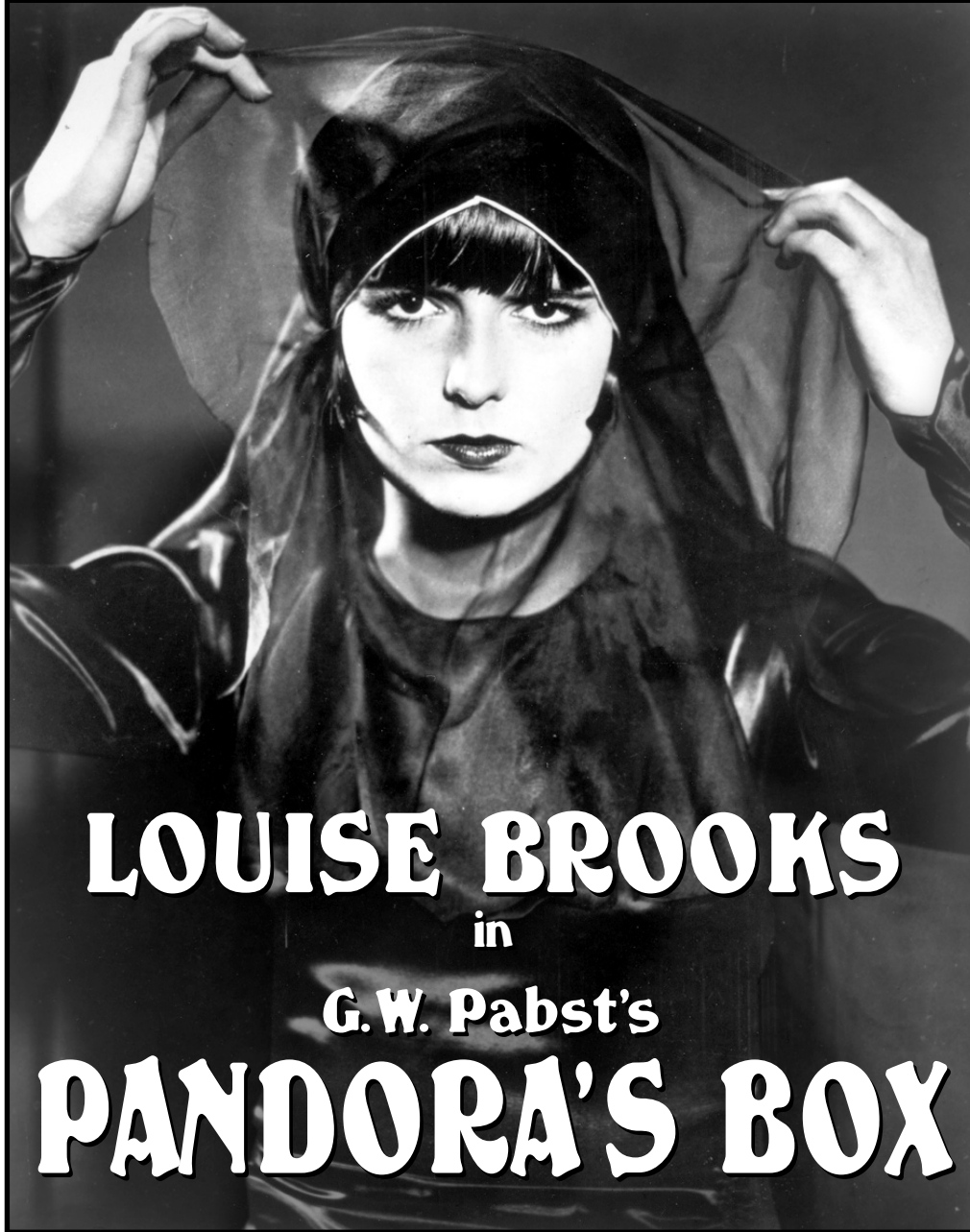


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I N T E R N A T I O N A L

PANDORA'S BOX
(Die Büchse der Pandora)

CAST

Lulu – Louise Brooks
Dr. Peter Schön – Fritz Kortner
Alwa Schön – Franz Lederer
Schigolch (Papa Brommer) – Carl Götz
Countess Anna Geschwitz – Alice Roberts
Marie de Zarniko – Daisy D'ora
Rodrigo Quast – Krafft Raschig
Marquis Casti-Piani – Michael Von Newlinsky
The Stage Manager – Siegfried Arno
Jack the Ripper – Gustav Diessl

CREDITS

Director – Georg Wilhelm Pabst
Screenplay – Ladislaus Vajda
Based on two plays by Frank Wedekind “Erdgeist” and “Die Büchse der Pandora”
Photography – Gunther Krampf
Art Director – Andrei Andreiev
Editing – Joseph r. Fliesler
Costume – Gottlieb Hesch
Assistant Directors – Mark Sorkin and Paul Falkenberg
Producer – George C. Horsetzky
Production Company – Nero Film A.G.

PANDORA'S BOX
(Die Büchse der Pandora)
Germany – 1929 – Black and White
Running Time: 110 Minutes

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I N T E R N A T I O N A L

PANDORA'S BOX (Die Büchse der Pandora)

SYNOPSIS

Peter Schön, a noted editor, meets Lulu, a flower-seller, when she attempts to steal his watch. Quickly after meeting, she becomes his mistress and Schön supports her education and dance training. When Schön tells her he is going to marry Marie Adelaire, the daughter of a minister, Lulu doesn't mind as long as he continues to keep her as his mistress. However, when Schön finds Schigolch (Lulu's former lover) in her apartment, he becomes jealous and rushes out. His son Alwa tries to convince his father to marry Lulu, but Schön decides against it - as he is afraid it would ruin his career.

Schön suggests to Alwa that Lulu dance in the revue which Alwa is organizing and for which Countess Geschwitz, who loves Lulu, designs the costumes. But when Schön brings his fiancée Marie backstage, Lulu refuses to go on. After an argument, Lulu succeeds in seducing Schön, but they are caught in the act by Alwa and Marie. Overjoyed with the knowledge that Schön will now marry her, Lulu dances in Alwa's show.

At the wedding reception, the drunk Schigolch and Rodrigo, an acrobat friend of Lulu's, go to the newlyweds' bedroom to put flowers on the bed. Lulu finds them there and kisses Schigolch. Just then, Schön enters the room and in a jealous rage, chases the men from the apartment with a gun. Shamed, Schön gives the gun to Lulu and orders her to kill herself. They struggle for the gun and Schön is killed.

Lulu is sentenced for five years in prison for manslaughter even though Alwa, who now declares his love for her, speaks in Lulu's defense. Her friends arrange her escape, and with Countess Geschwitz's help in obtaining a passport, Lulu and Alwa flee the country together.

On a train, Lulu is recognized by the disreputable Marquis Casti-Piani who forces Alwa to pay him so he won't turn in Lulu for a reward. He then convinces them to go with him to a gambling boat. Schigolch and Rodrigo come along.

Three months later, Alwa has lost all his money gambling and Rodrigo demands money from Lulu because he wants to get married.

(MORE)



PANDORA'S BOX
(Die Büchse der Pandora)

SYNOPSIS

(CONTINUED)

Unless Lulu can come up with enough money, Casti-Piani will sell her to an Egyptian cabaret owner. In an attempt to help Lulu, Schigolch tells Rodrigo that the countess is in love with him and will give him the money he needs. The countess gives Lulu money so Alwa can try his luck at cards. Though she finds him repulsive, the countess goes in a cabin with Rodrigo who then forces himself upon her.

Using marked cards borrowed from Schigolch, Alwa is caught cheating and the police arrive. Rodrigo is found dead and Lulu, disguised in a cabin boy's clothes, escapes to London in a rowboat with Alwa and Schigolch.

There, with no money or food, they live in a freezing cold garret and Alwa becomes ill. Over his protests, Lulu decides to earn some money by becoming a prostitute. On Christmas eve, Lulu brings her first customer back to the garret, not knowing he is Jack the Ripper. Though he genuinely likes Lulu, he can't stop himself from murdering her. Alma follows a Salvation Army band off into the night. Schigolch is given food at a pub. And neither of them knows what happened to Lulu.



LOUISE BROOKS - BIOGRAPHY

Louise Brooks' position in the Hollywood pantheon of stars is a unique one; although her smirking bobbed visage is now as famous (and reproduced) as Garbo or Dietrich, her reputation rests almost solely on two films, G.W. Pabst's *Pandora's Box* and *Diary of a Lost Girl*, both of which were all but ignored upon release. For most of her life she lived in relative obscurity, only to be rediscovered decades after her early retirement. But as Brooks herself wrote, "the great art of films does not consist in descriptive movement of face and body, but in the movements of thought and soul transmitted in a kind of intense isolation." In just a few films, Brooks powerfully essayed "movements of thought and soul" so modern in style and morality that it would take the world a quarter century to comprehend them, those handful of reels alone elevating her from "intense isolation" into the most sublime realm of stardom.

Brooks was born in 1906 in Cherryville Kansas, the second of four children raised by Leonard and Myra Brooks. Her father was a lawyer for the Prairie Oil Company; her mother was a woman of fierce independence and passion for the arts - qualities she would ferment in young Louise, who was encouraged to become a professional dancer by age ten. At fifteen, Brooks left for New York with her dance instructor where she was invited to join the edgy Denishawn company - meeting her lifelong friend Martha Graham.

After two years of rigorous touring and discipline, Brooks found her interests waning and was soon discharged from the troupe. Taking a decisive turn towards the popular arts, Brooks became a showgirl under the rubric of George White's celebrated Scandals revue. The mercurial Brooks then bowed from Scandals for an extended lark in London. Once that city's charms quickly lost her interest, she bounced back to New York and landed a job with legendary stage impresario Florenz Ziegfeld. Although Brooks' flighty ways persisted - she would sometimes drop out of performances in the eleventh hour if a more toothsome social engagement would arise - her moxy and presence sufficiently charmed the Great Ziegfeld. Brooks tapped for the 1925 go-around of Ziegfeld's Follies (alongside Will Rogers and W.C. Fields), gaining exposure which earned the entertainer a bit part role in Paramount's *Street of Forgotten Men*, shot in Astoria Studios.

While the Follies took its show on the road, Brooks remained in New York where she found herself courted by men and studios alike, quite often at the same time. Although Paramount exec Walter Wanger suggested Brooks sign with MGM to suppress rumors of their mixing of business with pleasure, she signed with the former in a characteristically cavalier move and began to appear in that studio's output with regularity.

(MORE)



LOUISE BROOKS - BIOGRAPHY (continued)

Early films from Brooks' resumé include Malcolm St. Clair's *A Social Celebrity* and *The Show Off*, and the W.C. Fields vehicle *It's The Old Army Game*. (This last was directed by Edward Sutherland, with whom Brooks embarked on her first short lived marriage.)

Brooks followed Paramount to Hollywood when they relocated to the West Coast in 1927, and continued a holding pattern of supporting then-popular stars like Adolphe Menjou and Wallace Beery. It was in Howard Hawks' *A Girl in Every Port*, made with Brooks on loan to Fox, that the tide turned in the actress' career. As a sea-side siren that pries between the prototypical Hawksian buddies Victor McLaglen and Robert Armstrong, Brooks brought to the screen the rudiments of a kind of femme fatale the world had not yet seen, a star presence not lost on German director G.W. Pabst, who saw the film in Berlin. Although this performance did give momentum to Brooks' popularity and choice of roles, Paramount exec Ben Schulberg told Brooks that because of the advent of sound production, a promised salary increase would be cancelled. When Brooks defiantly rejected Paramount's new terms and quit the studio, the surprised Schulberg confided in Brooks that Pabst had been hounding him for use of the star in what would become *Pandora's Box*. What Schulberg didn't know was that this news had already been leaked to Brooks, who wired Pabst her acceptance reportedly only minutes before the director was about to hire Marlene Dietrich instead.

As is often the case with boundary-breaking works of art, it would take several decades for *Pandora's Box* to find its deserved reputation. The film's scandalously adult universe brought on censorship and a limited release schedule, with an icy critical reception to boot. Upon her return to New York, the proud Brooks refused both a contract with RKO and a command from Paramount to re-shoot sound sequences for *The Canary Murder Case*, the Philo Vance detective film that had been her last effort for the studio. In retribution, Paramount planted a story that Brooks was dumped because of an unpleasant voice. This totally unfounded rumor, grafted onto her already tenuous persona of expatriate portrayer of libertines, coalesced into a soft blacklisting for Brooks as a Hollywood star.

(MORE)

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I N T E R N A T I O N A L

LOUISE BROOKS - BIOGRAPHY (Continued)

It didn't take much, then, for Pabst to lure Brooks back to Paris to shoot *Prix de Beauté*, originally to be co-produced by Pabst and directed by René Clair. By the time Brooks arrived in France, Clair had bowed out of the project. Rather than chalk up the trip as a debacle, Brooks agreed to return to Germany with Pabst to create a follow-up to *Pandora's Box*, *Diary of a Lost Girl*. Every bit as compelling as *Pandora's Box*, *Diary* mapped out the darker terrains of human desire and sexuality in much the same way as its companion piece and was similarly pushed into obscurity by a hostile public. By the wrap of *Diary*, a new director for *Prix de Beauté* was found in Augusto Genina, and Brooks completed shooting of that film in the summer of 1929. Another tale of deadly sexual jealousy and power, it was Brooks' first talking picture (though re-dubbed), and her last role of real merit.

Upon Brooks' return to Hollywood in 1930, the actress was greeted with the kind of sleazy sexual blackmail found within her Pabst films. Brooks had come back to the States on the promise of a contract with Columbia, but soon discovered the deal implicitly entailed a "casting couch" arrangement with the studio's notorious tyrant Harry Cohn. Other jobs were scarce and unfulfilling; minor roles in films like Michael Curtiz's *God's Gift to Women* and old friend Frank Tuttle's *It Pays to Advertise*. Fed up with the industry, Brooks moved back to New York for an attempted return to the stage, only to be fired from a pre-Broadway run of Norman Krasna's *Louder, Please*, which ended the actress' career on the stage.

The remainder of the decade was a slow grind back into obscurity. After a six month marriage to Chicago playboy Deering Davis, Brooks spent a year as a nightclub dancer, appearing at the Plaza Hotel's Persian Room. A flicker of hope came with a U.S. visit by Pabst, who was hoping to frame a version of *Faust* with Brooks and Greta Garbo, but this tantalizing possibility was never realized. From then on Brooks' only work was to be found in a few undistinguished B Westerns, and humiliatingly, a widely publicized demotion back to a rank-and-file chorus girl in Capra screenwriter Robert Riskin's *When You're in Love*. Made at Columbia, this last film was another lash of revenge from the monstrous Harry Cohn, still sore over a rejection from years before. After playing second-fiddle in the low-budget John Wayne oater *Overland Stage Riders* in 1938, Brooks called it quits and effectively retired from the screen at age 33. (Notably, Brooks's early withdrawal was at an even younger age than Garbo's more celebrated retreat.)

(MORE)



LOUISE BROOKS - BIOGRAPHY (Continued)

Completing the modern mythic circle of a Hollywood rise and fall, Brooks returned to her family in the heartland of Kansas in 1940, whose people “either resented me for having been a success or despised me for being a failure”. When an attempt to launch a dance studio proved unprofitable, Brooks returned to New York in 1943, where she worked for several years in radio soap operas rather ironically, given the smearing she received from Paramount in the late 20s. By the mid-40s, Brooks found herself working as a salesgirl at Saks Fifth Avenue and soon finding this unsatisfactory, made ends meet by being the mistress of three wealthy men. All three proposed marriage in 1953, and all three were given a flat refusal, forcing the now-middle aged Brooks out in the cold.

Fortuitously, Brooks' luck returned again in 1955, when a group of old friends from Hollywood arranged a modest annuity to keep the former star out of poverty. That same year, head of the Cinémathèque Française Henri Langlois dynamically boosted Brooks' critical reputation by placing her films prominently in his influential “Sixty Years of Cinema” retrospective, stating “There is no Garbo! There is no Dietrich! There is only Louise Brooks!”, in defense of his then unorthodox valuation. (Years later, Brooks would return the favor by threatening to pull her films from the Cinémathèque when Langlois was deposed by the government.) Further cementing her beloved status with cinephiles, Brooks moved to Rochester, New York in 1956 to help with preservation work at the George Eastman House, remaining there for the rest of her life.

From then on, the legend of Louise Brooks only grew, initially from continued feting by Langlois and eventually through writing, in the burgeoning field of film studies. Brooks herself demonstrated to be a witty and perceptive writer herself, and wrote a number of essays published in *Sight and Sound*, *Objectif*, *Positif*, and *Film Culture*. Famed critic Kenneth Tynan wrote a profile of Brooks in a 1979 issue of *The New Yorker*, which single-handedly sparked enormous interest in the actress' life and films, chiefly her work with Pabst.

(MORE)



LOUISE BROOKS - BIOGRAPHY (Continued)

Louise Brooks was one of the few Hollywood stars to leave behind a body of writing about film that demonstrated insight into the craft as well as the business, and her collection of essays *Lulu In Hollywood*, published to unanimous raves in 1982, was a treasure trove of stories and wit. After decades of exile, Miss Brooks lived to see the reverence due to her before she passed away in 1985.

LOUISE BROOKS – FILMOGRAPHY

Overland Stage Raiders (1938) Beth Hoyt
King of Gamblers (1937) (scenes deleted) Joyce Beaton
When You're in Love (1937) (uncredited) Chorus Girl
Empty Saddles (1936) 'Boots' Boone
Hollywood Boulevard (1936) (scenes deleted) Undetermined Role
Windy Riley Goes Hollywood (1931) Betty Grey
God's Gift to Women (1931) Florine
It Pays to Advertise (1931) Thelma Temple
Prix de beauté (Miss Europe) (1930) Lucienne Garnier
Tagebuch einer Verlorenen, Das (Diary of a Lost Girl)(1929) Thymiane
The Canary Murder Case (1929) Margaret Odell (the Canary)
Büchse der Pandora, Die (Pandora's Box) (1929) Lulu
Beggars of Life (1928) The Girl (Nancy)
A Girl in Every Port (1928) Marie, Girl in France
The City Gone Wild (1927) Snuggles Joy
Now We're in the Air (1927) Griselle/Grisette
Rolled Stockings (1927) Carol Fleming
Evening Clothes (1927) Fox Trot
Ten Years Old (1927) Photo used in newspaper
Just Another Blonde (1926) Diana O'Sullivan
The Show Off (1926) Clara, Joe's Girl
It's the Old Army Game (1926) Mildred Marshall
A Social Celebrity (1926) Kitty Laverne
Love 'Em and Leave 'Em (1926) Janie Walsh
The American Venus (1926) Miss Bayport
The Street of Forgotten Men (1925) (uncredited) A moll



Georg Wilhelm Pabst - Biography

Born in Bohemia on August 27th, 1885, Georg Wilhelm Pabst was raised in Vienna by Viennese parents. Pabst began his career as a stage actor and toured throughout Europe before sailing to New York where he began directing theatre.

Detained in France at the outbreak of World War I, Pabst continued to direct theater, now in French, until returning to Vienna at the end of the war.

He began working in film in 1921 as an actor, assistant director, and screenwriter for German director Carl Froelich. Pabst began directing in 1923 with *The Treasure*, followed by *Countless Donelli*, the next year. In 1925, Pabst directed Great Garbo in *Joyless Street*, a depiction of the human suffering caused by post-war economic difficulties and inflation. Its stark and savage portrayal of war profiteers and the corrupt poor shocked its audiences and caused the film to be censored in Europe and America. In *Secrets of a Soul* (1926), Pabst used dream sequences to illustrate Freudian psychoanalytic theory.

In 1928, Pabst brought in Hollywood's Louise Brooks for two films: *Pandora's Box* and *Diary of a Lost Girl*. For the first film, Pabst chose not to cast then then-unknown Marlene Dietrich as Lulu, because he felt she lacked the look of innocence essential to avoid making a burlesque out of the film's sensual atmosphere. The collaboration between Pabst and Brooks resulted in a powerful portrayal of a detached and passive Lulu, who unknowingly brings about her victims' downfall. Brooks again portrayed an innocent caught up in an outwardly respectable but inwardly base and evil society in *Diary of a Lost Girl*. This film was another of Pabst's indictments of Weimar Germany and, like *Pandora's Box*, another of his films to be attacked by the censors.

By the time *Westfront 1918* (1931), a highly acclaimed anti-war film, and *Kamaradschaft* (1932), a true story of a mining disaster, were released, G. W. Pabst as considered Germany's foremost social realist director, known for his "X-ray eye" camera. In 1932, Pabst filmed an adaptation of Brecht's *Threepenny Opera* before leaving Germany in 1933 with the rise of the Nazi, disillusioned by his films' apparent lack of impact on society.

(MORE)



Georg Wilhelm Pabst - Biography

(CONTINUED)

Pabst went to Hollywood to make *A Modern Hero* then returned to France where he made several films such as *The Shanghai Drama* and *Don Quixote*. After having stated his intentions of becoming an American citizen, Pabst returned to Austria for family reasons and remained in Germany during World War II.

With the end of the war, he made *The Trial*, a condemnation of anti-Semitism and *The Last Ten Days*, two of his many postwar films to explore the phenomenon of Nazism. G. W. Pabst retired from filmmaking in 1956 and died in 1967 at the age of 81.

G. W. Pabst Filmography:

Through the Forests and Through the Trees

Ballerina

It Happened on July 20th

The Last Ten Days

Afraid to Love

Voice of Silence

Cose da pazzi

Ruf aus dem Äther

Mysterious Shadows

The Trial

Fall Molander, Der

Paracelsus

The Comedians

Girls in Distress

The Shanghai Drama

Street of Shadows

A Modern Hero

Don Quixote

That Night

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I N T E R N A T I O N A L

*G. W. Pabst Filmography:
(Continued)*

Don Quixote
High and Low
Queen of Atlantis
The Lost Atlantis
Kameradschaft
The Threepenny Opera
Westfront 1918
White Hell of Pitz Palu
Diary of a Lost Girl
Pandora's Box
The Devious Path
The Loves of Jeanne Ney
One Does Not Play with Love
Secrets of a Soul
The Joyless Street
Gräfin Donelli
The Treasure

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I N T E R N A T I O N A L

"PABST AND LULU"

by Louise Brooks

Frank Wedekind's play *Pandora's Box* opens with a prologue. Out of a circus tent steps the Animal Trainer, carrying in his left hand a whip and in his right hand a loaded revolver. "Walk in," he says to his audience, "walk into my menagerie."

The finest job of casting G.W. Pabst ever did was casting himself as the director, the Animal Trainer of his film adaptation of Wedekind's "tragedy of monsters." Never a sentimental trick did this whip hand permit the actors assembled to play his beasts. The revolver he shot straight into the heart of the audience.

As Wedekind wrote and produced *Pandora's Box*, it had been detested, banned and condemned since the 1890s. It was declared to be "immoral and inartistic." If, at that time when the sacred pleasures of the ruling class were comparatively private, a play exposing them had called out its dogs of law and censorship feeding on the scraps under the banquet table, how much more savage would be the attack upon a film faithful to Wedekind's text made in 1928 in Berlin, where the ruling class publicly flaunted its pleasures as a symbol of wealth and power. And since nobody truly knows what a director is doing till he is done, no one connected with the film dreamt that Pabst was risking commercial failure with the story of an "immoral" prostitute who wasn't crazy about her work, surrounded by the "inartistic" ugliness of raw bestiality.

Only five years earlier the famous Danish actress Asta Nielsen had condensed Wedekind's play into the moral prostitute film *Loulou*. There was no lesbianism, no incest; instead *Loulou* the man-eater devoured her sex victims (Dr. Goll, Schwarz and Schon) and then dropped dead in an acute attack of indigestion. This kind of film, with Pabst improvements, was what audiences were prepared for. Set upon making their disillusionment inescapable, hoping to avoid even a duplication of the straight bob and bangs Nielsen had worn as *Loulou*, Mr. Pabst tested me with my hair curled. But after seeing the test he gave up this point and left me with my shiny black helmet, except for one curled sequence on the gambling ship.

Besides daring to film Wedekind's problem of abnormal psychology--"this fatal destiny which is the subject of the tragedy;" besides daring to show the prostitute as the victim, Mr. Pabst went on to the final damning immorality of making his *Lulu* as "sweetly innocent" as the flowers which adorned her costumes and filled the scenes of the play. "*Lulu* is not a real character," Wedekind said, "but the personification of primitive sexuality who inspires evil unaware. She plays a purely passive role." In the middle of the prologue, dressed in her boy's costume of *Pierrot*, she is carried by a stage hand before the Animal Trainer, who tells her, "... Be unaffected, and not pieced out with distorted, artificial folly, even if the critics praise you for it less wholly.

(MORE)

"PABST AND LULU"

by Louise Brooks

(Continued)

And mind--all foolery and making faces, the childish simpleness of vice disgraces." This was the Lulu, when the film was released, whom the critics praised not less wholly, but not at all. "Louise Brooks cannot act. She does not suffer. She does nothing." So far as they were concerned, Pabst had shot a blank. It was I who was struck down by my failure, although he had done everything possible to protect and strengthen me against this deadly blow. He never again allowed me to be publicly identified with the film after the night during production when we appeared as guests at the opening of a UFA film. Leaving the Gloria Palast, as he hurried me through a crowd of hostile fans, I heard a girl saying something loud and nasty. In the cab I began pounding his knee, insisting, "What did she say? What did she say?" until he translated: "That is the American girl who is playing our German Lulu."

In the studio, with that special, ubiquitous sense penetrating minds and walls alike, Mr. Pabst put down all overt acts of contempt. Although I never complained, he substituted another for the assistant who woke me out of my dressing-room naps, beating the door, bellowing, "Fräulein Brooks! Come!" The subtler forms of my humiliation he assuaged with his own indifference to human regard. Using his strength I learned to block off painful impressions. Sitting on the set day after day, my darling maid Josephine, who had worked for Asta Nielsen and thought she was the greatest actress in the world, came to love me tenderly because I was the world's worst actress.

For the same reason, the great actor Fritz Kortner never spoke to me at all. He, like everybody else on the production, thought I had cast some blinding spell over Mr. Pabst, which allowed me to walk through my part. To them it was a sorry outcome of Pabst's search for Lulu, about which one of his assistants, Paul Falkenberg, said in 1955: "Preparation for *Pandora's Box* was quite a saga, because Pabst couldn't find a Lulu. He wasn't satisfied with any actress at hand and for months everybody connected with the production went around looking for Lulu. I talked to the girls on the street, on the subway, in railway stations--'Would you mind coming up to our office? I would like to present you to Mr. Pabst.' He looked all of them over dutifully and turned them all down. And eventually he picked Louise Brooks."

Three years ago, after seeing *Pandora's Box* at Eastman House, a priest said to me, "How did you feel? playing-- that girl!" "Feel? I felt fine! It all seemed perfectly normal to me." Seeing him start with distaste and disbelief, and unwilling to be mistaken for one of those women who like to shock priests with sensational confessions, I went on to prove the truth of Lulu's world by my own experience in the 1925 *Follies*, when my best friend was a lesbian and I knew two millionaire publishers, much like Schon in the film, who backed shows to keep themselves well supplied with Lulus.

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I N T E R N A T I O N A L

"PABST AND LULU"

by Louise Brooks

(Continued)

But the priest rejected my reality exactly as Berlin had rejected its reality when we made Lulu and sex was the business of the town.

At the Edan Hotel where I lived, the café bar was lined with the better-priced trollops. The economy girls walked the street outside. On the corner stood the girls in boots advertising flagellation. Actors' agents pimped for the ladies in luxury apartments in the Bavarian Quarter. Racetrack touts at the Hoppegarten arranged orgies for groups of sportsmen. The nightclub Eldorado displayed an enticing line of homosexuals dressed as women. At the Maly there was a choice of feminine or collar-and-tie lesbians. Collective lust roared unashamed at the theatre. In the revue *Chocolate Kiddies*, when Josephine Baker appeared naked except for a girdle of bananas, it was precisely as Lulu's stage presence was described. "They rage there as in a menagerie when the meat appears at the cage. "

I revered Pabst for his truthful picture of this world of pleasure, which let me play Lulu naturally. The rest of the cast were tempted to rebellion. And perhaps that was his most brilliant directorial achievement--getting a group of actors to play characters without "sympathy," whose only motivation was sexual gratification. Fritz Kortner as Schön wanted to be the victim. Franz Lederer as in the incestuous son Alwa Schön wanted to be adorable. Carl Götz wanted to get laughs playing the old pimp Schigolch. Alice Roberts, the Belgian actress who played the screen's first lesbian, the Countess Geschwitz, was prepared to go no further than repression in mannish suits.

Her first day's work was in the wedding sequence. She came on the set looking chic in her Paris evening dress and aristocratically self-possessed. Then Mr. Pabst began explaining the action of the scene in which she was to dance the tango with me. Suddenly she understood that she was to touch, to embrace, to make love to another woman. Her blue eyes bulged and her hands trembled. Anticipating the moment of explosion, Mr. Pabst, who proscribed unscripted emotional outbursts, caught her arm and sped her away out of sight behind the set. A half-hour later when they returned, he was hissing soothingly to her in French and she was smiling like the star of the picture...when she was in all her scenes with me. I was just there obstructing the view. In both two-shots and her close-ups photographed over my shoulder she cheated her look past me to Mr. Pabst making love to her off camera. Out of the funny complexity of this design Mr. Pabst extracted his tense portrait of sterile lesbian passion and Madame Roberts satisfactorily preserved her reputation...

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I N T E R N A T I O N A L

"PABST AND LULU"

by Louise Brooks

(Continued)

Pabst was a short man, broad-shouldered and thick-chested, looking heavy and willful in repose. But in action his legs carried him on wings which matched the swiftness of his mind. He always came on the set, fresh as a March wind, going directly to the camera to check the set-up, after which he turned to his cameraman Günther Krampf, who was the only person on the film to whom he gave a complete account of the scene's action and meaning. Never conducting group discussions with his actors, he then took each separately to be told what he must know about the scene. To Pabst, the carry-over of the acting technique of the theatre, which froze in advance every word, every move, every emotion, was death to realism in films. He wanted the shocks of life which released unpredictable emotions. Proust wrote: "Our life is at every moment before us like a stranger in the night, and which of us knows what point he will reach on the morrow?" To prevent actors from plotting every point they would make on the morrow, Pabst never quite shot the scenes they prepared for.

On the day we shot Lulu's murder of Schön, Fritz Kortner came off the set with his death worked out to the last facial contortion; with even his blood, the chocolate syrup which would ooze from his mouth, carefully tested for sweetness lest it might surprise an unrehearsed reaction. Death scenes are dearer than life to the actor, and Kortner's, spectacularly colored with years of theatrical dying, went unquestioned during rehearsal. Pabst left it to the mechanics of each shot to alter Kortner's performance. The smoke from the firing of the revolver became of the first importance, or the exact moment when Kortner pulled my dress off my shoulder, or the photographic consistency of the chocolate syrup--all such technical irritations broke a series of prepared emotions into unhinged fragments of reality.

Dialogue was set by Pabst while he watched the actors during rehearsal. In an effort to be funny, old actors and directors have spread the false belief that any clownish thing coming to mind could be said in front of the camera in silent films. They forget the title writer had to match his work to the actors' speech. I remember late one night wandering into Ralph Spence's suite in Beverly Wilshire, where he sat gloomily amidst cans of film, cartons of stale Chinese food and empty whiskey bottles. He was trying to fix up an unfunny Beery and Hatton comedy and no comic line he invented would fit the lip action. Silent film fans were excellent lip-readers and often complained at the box-office about the cowboy cussing furiously trying to mount his horse. Besides which, directors like Pabst used exact dialogue to isolate and intensify an emotion. When Lulu was looking down at the dead Schön, he gave me the line, "Das Blut!" Not the murder of my husband but the sight of the blood determined the expression on my face.

(MORE)

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I N T E R N A T I O N A L

"PABST AND LULU"

by Louise Brooks

(Continued)

That I was a dancer, and Pabst essentially a choreographer in his direction, came as a wonderful surprise to both of us on the first day of shooting *Pandora's Box*. The expensive English translation of the script which I had thrown unopened on the floor by my chair, had already been retrieved by an outraged assistant and banished with Mr. Pabst's laughter. Consequently I did not know that Lulu was a professional dancer trained in Paris--"Gypsy, oriental, skirt dance," or that dancing was her mode of expression--"In my despair I dance the Can-Can!" On the afternoon of that first day Pabst said to me, "In this scene Schigolch rehearses you in a dance number." After marking out a small space and giving me a fast tempo, he looked at me curiously. "You can make up some little steps here--can't you?" I nodded yes and he walked away. It was a typical instance of his care in protecting actors against the blight of failure. If I had been able to do nothing more than skippity-hops of Asta Nielsen his curious look would never have been amplified to regret, although the intensity of his concern was revealed by his delight when the scene was finished. As I was leaving the set he caught me in his arms, shaking me and laughing as if I had played a joke on him. "But you are a professional dancer!" It was the moment when he realized all his intuitions about me were right. He felt as if he had created me. I was his Lulu!

Four days later I was less wonderfully surprised when he also subjected my private life to his direction. His delight in Lulu's character belonged exclusively to the film. Off the screen my dancing days came to an end when a friend of mine from Washington, with whom I had been investigating Berlin's nightlife till three every morning, left for Paris. On the set the next day I had just accepted an invitation to an "Artists' Ball"-Wow! when Mr. Pabst's quiet, penetrating voice sounded behind me. "Pretzfelder! Louees does not go out any more at night." Pretzfelder melted away as I began to howl in protest, "But Mr. Pabst, I have always gone out at night when I worked! I can catch up on my sleep between scenes here at the studio. I always have!" He didn't hear me because he was busy laying down the law to Josephine, who thereafter, when the day's work was done, returned his Eve to the Eden where I was bathed, fed and put to bed till called for the next morning at seven.

In the matter of my costumes for the picture I put up a better fight, although I never won a decision. My best punches fanned the air because Pabst had always slipped into another position. Arriving in Berlin on Sunday and starting the picture on the following Wednesday, I found he had selected my first costume, leaving me nothing to do but stand still for a final fitting. This I let pass as an expedient, never suspecting it would be the same with everything else I put on or took off, from an ermine coat to my girdle. Not only was it unheard of to allow an actress no part in choosing her clothes, but I had also been disgustingly spoiled by my directors at Paramount.

(MORE)

KINO

I N T E R N A T I O N A L

"PABST AND LULU"

by Louise Brooks

(Continued)

I had played a manicurist in 500-dollar beaded evening dresses; a salesgirl in 300-dollar black satin afternoon dresses; and a schoolgirl in 250-dollar tailored suits. (It tickles me today when people see these old pictures and wonder why I look so well and other girls such frumps.)

With this gross over-confidence in my rights and power, I had defied Mr. Pabst at first with arrogance. The morning of the sequence in which I was to go from my bath into a love scene with Franz Lederer, I came on the set wrapped in a gorgeous negligee of painted yellow silk. Carrying the peignoir I refused to wear, Josephine approached Mr. Pabst to receive the lash. Hers was the responsibility for seeing that I obeyed his orders, and he answered her excuses with a stern rebuke. Then he turned to me. "Louees, you must wear the peignoir!" "Why? I hate that big old woolly white bathrobe!" "Because," he said, "the audience must know you are naked beneath it." Stunned by such a reasonable argument, without another word I retired with Josephine to the bathroom set and changed into the peignoir.

Not to be trapped in this manner again, when I objected to the train of my wedding dress being "tied on like an apron" and he explained that it had to be easily discarded because I could not play a long, frantic sequence tripping over my train, I answered that I did not give a damn, tore off the train and went into an elaborate tantrum. The worst audience I ever had, Mr. Past instructed the dress designer to have the pieces sewn together again and left the fitting room. My final defeat, crying real tears, came at the end of the picture when he went through my trunks to select a dress to be "aged" for Lulu's murder as a streetwalker in the arms of Jack the Ripper. With his instinctive understanding of my tastes, he decided on the blouse and skirt of my very favorite suit. I was anguished. "Why can't you buy some cheap little dress to be ruined? Why does it have to be my dress?" To these questions I got no answer till the next morning, when my once lovely clothes were returned to me in the studio dressing-room. They were torn and foul with grease stains. Not some indifferent rags from the wardrobe department, but my own suit which only last Sunday I had worn to lunch at the Adlon! Josephine hooked up my skirt, I slipped the blouse over my head and went on the set feeling as hopelessly defiled as my clothes...

I did not realize until I saw *Pandora's Box* in 1956 how marvelously Mr. Pabst's perfect costume sense symbolized Lulu's character and her destruction. There is not a single spot of blood on the pure white bridal satin in which she kills her husband. Making love to her wearing the clean white peignoir, Alwa asks, "Do you love me, Lulu?" "I? Never a soul!" It is in the worn and filthy garments of the streetwalker that she feels passion for the first time--comes to life so that she may die. When she picks up Jack the Ripper on the foggy London street and he tells her he has no money to pay her, she says, "Never mind, I like you." It is Christmas Eve and she is about to receive the gift which has been her dream since childhood. Death by a sexual maniac. **END - Written by Louise Brooks**