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June 2, 1931

Dear Mr. Rotha:

I have just been reading your The Film Till Now and want to thank you for having written it. I think it must be impossible for Europeans to realize the complete lack of information about the cinema which exists in America. There is, of course, little demand for this sort of information, and that small demand is supplied by the fan magazines. Because of this many of us who are aesthetically interested in the cinema are of necessity in almost total ignorance of the development of production abroad. Such a book as yours comes rather as a bombshell, and in my own case it has destroyed many cherished notions, as well as confirming others. By comparing the few German and Soviet films I have seen (The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari, Faust, Variety, The Last Laugh, Spies, Potemkin, Ezor Ivan The Terrible, Ten Days That Shook The World, The End of St. Petersburg) with our own native product, I had long ago concluded in a vague and haphazard sort of way that Hollywood misses the whole point of the film, and that what valuable work has been done

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was not done by America. The Film Till Now has confirmed this, and other videos, and given me a firmer basis upon which to place my valuation of cinematic art. And I think there are probably many others who Americans have benefited similarly.

Your chapters on the American cinema were deeply written and your analyses of the work of the better American directors authentic, but there are points which I think you see from a somewhat distorted angle. In my eyes, Hollywood is not so much to blame for its poor productions as America in general is. As Mr. Richard Watts, Jr. remarked recently, a certain number of good movies are produced annually (not true films, but far above the general movie level) and these are nearly always a financial failure. This seems to me to show a disposition to make good pictures on the part of the producers — that they should be willing to produce movies which they know before a camera has been set up will be failures. I think it is largely a matter of personal vanity on the part of the producers. Samuel Goldwyn for instance — he is never so happy as when he is pursuing ~~some~~ a famous writer or theatrical star. The reason our films are so poor is that

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what is called the intelligentsia is absolutely indifferent to them. This seems almost impossible, considering the fact that they have caused a renaissance in our theatre and literature, but it is sadly true. There is an article in The Atlantic Monthly for June, 1931 which deals with this side of the question, and with the social side — for there is a social side. If the American public is ever to be brought to any degree of culture, it will probably have to be through American movies. I think perhaps you may dislike the article, but it interested me.

Of course there is the depressing danger that, if the intelligentsia should ever decide to help Hollywood, they would be content with intelligent ~~[illegible]~~ stage plays well photographed, and neglect the true film — I consider this a very real danger. Bernard Shaw, Theodore Dreiser, and H.G. Wells are tirelessly fostering the illusion that the cinema's best use is as a medium for the reproduction of great stage plays, acted by the world's greatest stars. This seems absurd, and most of the intelligent people in America whose opinions I have heard indorse its view.

And it is no wonder. America has no

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Film Society to show us what has been done by the great film directors of other countries. Intelligent picture-goers have to fall back on your pet aversion, the star system. Movies are so vulgar, stupid, and poorly directed that there can be nothing of interest in them save the characterizations of the actors. These characterizations are in many cases authentic portraits, done by most of the stars who do anything but display their personalities, in a modification of the theatrical manner. (Greta Garbo, who acts each movie as if she were playing in a film, is a notable exception to this rule.) And until the public has changed enough to enable Hollywood to offer something better, I shall cling like grim death to the star system. Erm you seem to find some good in concentration of attention upon an individual actor at times – for example, Zasu Pitts in Greed. I was delighted by your recognition of Miss Pitts' ability. I consider that she, with Blanche Sweet a close second, is the greatest example of Hollywood's waste of talent.

No doubt all I have said so far seems to you to indicate a preoccupation with side-issues, but let me assure you that the true film is my chief

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interest. But it is difficult to avoid showing the influence of Hollywood, after being steeped in it for so many years.

In closing, I ~~would~~ like to bring to your attention a few minor errors of detail or statement made in your survey. In a foot note on page 26, you give the author of When The Movies Were Young as D. W. Griffith. Mrs. Griffith (Linda Arvidson) wrote the book. On page 37 you state that The Joyless Street was never shown in America. It was released in this country under the title, Streets of Sorrow. Miss Lillian Gish's first name was mis-spelled throughout the book as Lilion. Herbert Norris was given as the author of McTeague (on p. 96) whereas Frank Norris wrote it. Miss Za Su Pitts' name was mis-spelled Zazu throughout. Mlle. Falconetti was called by you Madame - but this is negligible! On page 235 Mauritz Stiller was said to have "died in Hollywood", whereas he returned to Sweden and died there.

I hope if you have written any other works on the cinema they will soon be published in America.

[/s/ Richard Griffith]

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Arnell! Then I am supposed – subject to
to start viewing footage for the Hitler film during Jan/Feb! No time now to talk
for ole in detail – but the Hamburg trip paid off to-date. Certain details
only to settle. But it will mean living in Hamburg most of the time for 6-9
months! But I do think it is an immensely important & much needed film.

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December 30. '59.

Dear Dick -

Blessings & thanks for such a quick reaction to the book & even more for the fine things you say about it. I need hardly say that your opinion and Greisan's were the ones I was most apprehensive about: now thank God you have both responded well. The list of errata is most helpful & will be heeded in every case. But by far I do appreciate the warmth of your response. It's been to work some eight months with no reaction at all: Bas was really not much help - he just went on agreeing all the time. (He has now just said that the doctor permits him 3 weeks in Jan. to complete his film & then he must have 6 to 8 weeks holiday!) Who the hell is going to write the vital last chapter? I shall have my work cut out to make the many amendments now to hand from Huber, John Goldman, John Taylor - then Greisan's million comments to consider and also to edit & insert newly-received material from Irving Lerner & Richard Arnell! I To say nothing of what may come from Steven Marchant!! Silence to date!
Then I am supposed - subject to the contract arriving & being OK - to start viewing footage for the Hitler film during Jan too! No time now to talk for ole in detail - but the Hamburg trip paid off to-date. Certain details only to settle. But it will mean living in Hamburg most of the time for 6-9 months! But I do think it is an immensely important & much needed film.

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June 10, 1958

Dear Dick:

contact. She has, I am told, Pierre with her.

Will write you more about it later. It's still very much off the record - by the way. Brown is here but not seen him yet because of Xmas. Thank you for seeing him & for skills. B.C. John did not come through: a Hollywood company got the contract, but Hitler this time is much the more important of the two. 'Doc. Films': how it's for me to be on the spot. How can I possibly write it in Hamburg? It will be tough enough seeing them the Flaherty people there. But I'll think it over & write you. Some way out must be found. Am terribly glad that Ann's H-T work goes well - but I do understand all the problems. My own? All I can say is that I think it likely I shall be in Hamburg by myself. Need I say more? She is now drinking much too heavily... God, I'm sorry for her: this going thro. Tell poor girl, but we just can't stay together any more.... Love to you both: Forgive this writing but typewriter is in dock ...

P.

BY AIR MAIL
PAR AVION
AIR LETTER
AEROGRAMME

SIXPENCE POSTAGE

Mr. Richard Griffith
Globaugh Pond Road
Groton-on-Hudson
N.Y. U.S.A.

First fold here

Second fold here

Sender's name and address: R Otho
Cuddington
Aylesbury. Bucks

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To open cut here

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June 10, 1958

Dear Dick:

Little to tell you. The 5-mins of shortenings in CAT have been made (I'm sorry about one of them---Rod's big speech about his upbringing in Chicago) and the new print redelivered to Eros. Again we wait their clemency. British Lion have turned down two subjects---including the dug-up TONGUETIED CANARY---and are now considering a third---RED JUNGLE---a story of actuality set in Malay during the war of a party of four men and a radio-set cut-off from the Allied armies for over three years, their relations one with another and with the Malayan Peoples Army (or Malayan Communist Party) with whom they are supposed to cooperate. Eventually, the group wins through (or rather three of them do, the fourth goes off his head, betrays them to the Japs and commits suicide) and is taken off by a British submarine. All smacks a little of Kwai but is better in human values. By strange coincidence, the chap what wrote the book (which is selling well here) and who was second/command of the party, lives about 2 miles away from Cuddington and is enough of a fan of mine to give me an option for-free. So I wait on British-Lion. If they accept, I'll make it in color. My first.

Have accepted to serve on Jury at Berlin Film Festival, from June 26-July 8. Frank Capra issaid to be the US member, Jean Marais from France and Carl Lamprecht from Germany, plus an unknown Indian and Japanese. Why should I refuse? They pay all expenses and who knows whom I might meet that could lead somewhere. I hope Capra comes; I have never met him and would like to and shall take him a copy of the Flying Yorkshireman in case he has never had it. Then on July 17 I go to Venice to be Chairman of the Jury there for the Documentary Festival, returning about the July 27. In time for nothing..... Very much off-the-record, a letter from Stan Hawes in Australia asking if I would be prepared to be guest-of-honor at the Sydney Film Fest next October, again all paid for two weeks....

Have just had my 50th birthday and feel sick at the irony of this prestige stuff. Here am I, silly bastard, hardly able to scrape up a months rent or pay the grocery bill, with no film to make and almost no work on hand, and yet they keep asking me to these goddamned fiestas. No one lets me make another film, oh no, but they would be honored if I'd represent the British in Berlin (this from the Feature Producers Association, if you please). Someone could write a good satiric story about this. Grasin Kanin?

Iris is said to have been in town for a FIAF meeting but I've seen no sign of her and she has made no effort to contact me. The BFI had a party to celebrate FIAF but needless to say, I wasn't asked. But then I know nothing about the history of the cinema; I only thought I did. All the same, I am surprised that Iris didn't make some effort to contact. She has, I am told, Pierre with her.

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Carl Foreman and Carol Reed's The Key all the talk. On the whole, bad reviews which it doesn't deserve. There's some phony stuff all symbolic and reminiscent of Reed's symbolism with Newton in his studio in Odd Man Out, but there's a great deal of very fine stuff. Very well acted and produced. Cost £700,000, which is the hell of a lot. The critics were very shallow about it, and it deserved a deeper understanding.

After three abortive letters to Mrs Mary Mainwaring (who wrote that thesis, you remember, about Bob) at last a reply, to the effect that she herself is engaged on a book about him to be called The Man from Iron Mountain. Fair enough---but if Frances knew of this and has never told us, it's a pretty fair piece of double-crossing on her part. I just cant believe that Frances knew of this. I have of course written to her immediately on the assumption that it will come as news to her as it did to me that another book about Bob is in preparation.

I have done a lot to fix sundry lecture dates etc for Frances's trip here after she has been to Cork. The boys in Dublin are putting on a show for her and she will have, as far as I can see, about four weeks of lecture dates here during October. She haspromised to bring across the stills which you have and which we need so badly for the book, as she is coming by sea and weight will not be the trouble that it is by air. I hope that nearer her point of departure, mid-September, you will get in touch with her about it if she has failed to contact you. If we had the stills in London for the four weeks she is here, we could select what we want and have copies made if necessary. She declares that she has nothing else of interest to us for the book at the farm.

No more news from Berman. He never sent me his story as promised after turning down all my suggestions. Max Youngstein rejected my last submission--the old Bar Sinister story renamed Fight for Life. I haveNOt sent him anything else because of my current negotiations with British Lion.

Have got Muriel R's trip fixed for her. Reservation made in attractive hotel nearby Puck Fair in Killorglin. Wish I could go to, but cannot unless something breaks in the meantime to finance me. I don't know yet if she intends coming through to London to talk with me. She is, as you know, a bit vague in her plans. She also talks of a possible source of money for a film based on her book of the Fair, names a theatre-man named Wheeler or Wilder or something who is supposed to be in London right now, but I've heard nothing and no one reliable here seems to have heard of him. Maybe he's a figment of Muriels imagination.

Nothing from Lindgren about the copies you hold--so trust that no news is good news about them.

Love to you both

—P.

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Cuddington Nov 26, 1959

Dear Dick:

This is quite a day! I have sent by air-freight copy of the MS of the Flaherty book, or at least the six important chapters of it, to Frances and David; copies to Grierson and the publisher; and finally a copy by surface-mail to you to your office. I am sorry that I simply can't afford to send your copy by air (pennies are that short), but you should get it reasonably soon. I must also apologise for sending it not beautifully encased in a binder, or something, but that again is for the same reasons. No doubt you can cope and clip it together somehow; although I know you'll swear because it is typed on a paper-size you don't use in the States, although why I never could know.

Now this letter must keep to the point--the Flaherty book. And that point is that the publisher now wants to have the final MS from me as soon as humanly possible, and that means with the inclusion of all comments, additions etc. from those of you who are going to read the damned thing. I have made it clear to Frances (who will of course get her copy ahead of you because of airmail) that I must have her notes etc airmailed to me so that I receive them not later than the end of December. Grierson has promised to read it in two weeks and give me a week-end on it. Could you do this?: I am short of copies, having only been able to type six on my machine. Could you skim through PARTS ONE to FOUR quickly, then have a good look at the remaining parts which involve you quite a lot, and then shoot these two parts--PART V and VI, which are THE LAND and LOUISIANA STORY---up to Helen van Dongen so that she can okay the extracts I have used (with her agreement, of course) from her diary and production-notes. She should have time on her hands and could then airmail me direct her remarks and send the typescript back to you. Then if I could have your final comments etc by, say, the end of the first week in Jan? If possible by before, then wonderful? The point, as you will have grasped, is that I can't spare a separate copy to send to Helen.

Now about you and the book. As I said earlier, I have taken the liberty of quoting a good deal from your book, both your own original writing and your quotes from other people, but you will see that in every case I have made proper acknowledgment. I shall also pay you a handsome and richly-deserved tribute in the acknowledgments pages. I am sure that your own book is out-of-print with Gollancz here, so I don't think my quotes from it could hurt any future sales of it. It might, on the contrary, stimulate a demand for your book and Gollancz might reprint it; that would be a rich reward! I am also taking great care not to duplicate any photographs between the two books. I have not yet got around to making a final selection, indeed I can't until Mike Orrom gets back with some from the Museum, but I promise you that I'll make every effort to use none that you have used.

Now what is left? During December I shall write the final and most important chapter--the summing up. I have of course made notes for this all along while writing the main part of the book, but my anxiety has always been to get the damned factual stuff to Frances and David. The final chapter will be wholly a matter of opinion. I have also to type the appendices. Only one of these- the filmology--needs go to Daivid for checking. I won't trouble you with it. And then, as you will see from the note that precedes the MS, I am still waiting on some people to send stuff, which I must incorporate as it comes in. Also dozens upon dozens of letters to write for permission to quote and returning things people have loaned. But I do aim--for reasons I'll give later--to turn in the final and complete MS to Hutchinson by mid-

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January at the latest. That means I shall have spent rather more than 8 months on it----the MS you will receive runs to 122,000 words. I think I'm pleased with it; I don't know, it's the old story of being close to a thing. But I hope you will think it does the old boy justice while at the same time being absolutely honest? By the way, I have never had from you the Gideon Bachmann book; hasn't it appeared yet? All I got were some extracts which he sent to the film societies magazine here and they kindly sent them on to me. I shall only use one small piece from it.

Now in addition to filching from your book, you will see that I have quoted extensively from your letters and these extracts I want you to look at very carefully to see that you approve them. This applies not only to your recent letters this summer, but from some old letters, particularly two which you wrote me immediately after Bob's death. I personally find them very moving and would like to use them as they stand, but that is for you to say. I obviously would not dream of using any part of them without your agreement. I have also used your denigration of Man of Aran and Tabu, but you will see that I have (cleverly?) given you the chance of a come-back in hindsight.

However, I cannot wait to hear your comments. You will observe that Basil's name hasn't cropped up in this letter. Well, he hasn't actually written a word of the book as yet, and that was the deal between us. He read the MS in long-hand and made a few, very few suggestions, which are incorporated in the typesecript. But before he could finsih reading the latter, he has gone sick and is in hospital now. He has been working very hard on this film he has been making all summer and he does from time to time suffer from some infection he picked up in Siam in 1953. But, alas, he is likely to be out-of-action for about three weeks, so perforce I must go ahead. I don't know what will happen about the final credits on the book. It ought by all honesty to be by me, in association with Basil, or some such credit. But he certainly hasn't done enough, even in giving opinions or ideas, to qualify for a full joint credit with me. However, this is something I can't possibly bring up unless he himself sees it that way. Maybe the publisher, who knows the position, will suggest it.

Thank you for your cable about Esso. I haven't as yet written. It is a tricky situation. If Esso did come through with some money to help finish the book, they would almost certainly want some acknowledgmt in the book. This is something the publisher naturally doesn't like. On the other hand, the publisher will not advance any more money. So I have the problem of raising enough to live on from pretty well now until mid-Janurary. If only the American rights of the book were sold, then some advance could be raised from there, but Hutchinson, rightly or wrongly, do not want to do an American deal until they have the book in page-proof form with illustrations. They maintain they can get a much better deal with an American publisher at that stage than now. I guess they're right. I know that four or five American houses are after it. So that explains , you see, why we can only draw on advance royalties against the British edition. So what I am going to do is to write to Carl Formeman (who is making thousnds now with Columbia) and ask him for a loan against the American deal. I am also going to write to Helen van Dongen and put the same thing to her and Kenneth. I only want 900 dollars, which isn't much to set against an US deal. So I shall write to both tomorrow (when I hope to have Basil's okay; I can't do it without) and hope that one or other will come through. Or if you can think of anybody who would do it, then for God's sake let me know pronto.

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I said I'd explain why I want to be quit of the book by mid-January. Two possible projects have come up together. The first is a film in British Columbia. A young man by name Keith Cutler blew into town about a week ago. He is a partner in a company named Fortune Films in Vancouver, with Osmund Borradiale (who shot Elephant Boy and with whom I have had correspondence this year) as another partner. They are in very close touch with a big and wealthy paper concern in BC, whose public reations department would seem to want, what they call another Louisiana Story making around timber, mills, pulp etc. In colour and wide screen, for theatres, with no advertising, about 60 minutes. But they at once came to the conclsuion that there was no one in Canada qualified to take the script and direction of it on. So Mr Cutler came to London and at Borradaile's suggestion called me. I've said that I very interested, named them some figures, and now Mr Cutler has gone back to Vancouver saying that he is dead sure he can tie things up and that I'll hear within a fortnight. If it works, it would mean two trips--one to recommaissance and write script over 3 to 4 months, mid-January to mid-April or May, then back here for a month or so, and then back again to B.C. to shoot during the summer and cut there, too. I don't think they are prepared to spend a quarter of a million dollars exactly but the guy seemed to think they would not be scared of a 150,000 figure, with which one could do a lot. Borradaile would photograph. So I wait.

The other thing is an out-of-the-blue letter from my old friend Robert Neumann (you remember--THE INQUEST, CHILDREN IN VIENNA etc)--who has been livjng in Switzerland, Germany, Austria of late. He is linked up with Real-Film, of Hamburg, to write for them a feature-length compilation documentary on the rise of fascism or naziism in Eurpe since the turn of the century. He has asked me if I would be free to produce and supervise the editing of the job. He has, he tells me, got access to much hitherto unused material in Eastern Germany. The idea would be to fit up a cutting-room at Ascona, in Switzerland, where Neumann lives, and make the rough cut there, going to Hamburg later to record and finalize. The position on this one is that I have again said I'm interested and I await a specific offer from Real-film. This could be a very important film indeed, especially as they want, as a by-product, six short films on the same theme specially designed for schools. The political importance of this is immense.

But if they both come through, I can't do both! But maybe neither will; I am so used to things going wrong. There has been, by the way, a ~~fish~~ slight renewed interest in THE TRAITOR (JUMBO'S WIFE). Could you have your secretary airmail me back the copy of the synopsis which that guy in NY sent to you at my request? I have only one copy here and no time to make more. Thanks.

FILM TILL NOW proofs of Epilogue passed amd book will be out in March, they say. You haven't yet let me know about how long you want to do the updating of DOC FILM? Six months? Fabers are asking....

I do not dare write you of matters at home. It is a tense and delicate situation which I do not think I can bring myself to write about, even to you, just now. I must confine myself to work. But I will write soon about it.

And you--and Ann---and all? I have made no comment on all your TV activities, forgive me, but I'm so short on time. God luck to all! That you know from me. Love to you both....

I never thanked for "Anatomy - Murder" book: what do P. say? No harm done to you for doing it - but I still don't like Mr.P. even after seeing his film which is immoral to a 100 %.

IL

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December 6, 1959

Dear DicK;

This is an as-you-were letter. Forget the request that you send the two chapters of the book dealing with THE LAND and LOUISIANA up to Helen van Dongen, and hang on to them yourself. The reason for this is that Basil Wright has now recovered sufficiently (I think I told you he is in hospital) to have read his copy, made his relatively few and mostly grammatical points, (these I have now transferred to my master-copy) thus freeing a copy, of which I am sending the relevant two last chapters to Helen. Second, I can get them to her quickly because a freind of Irma's, who has been playing in sundry concerts in Europe, is in London this week and leaves by air for New York on Friday. She has kindly said she will take the package for Helen and mail it from NY for me. Thus it is possible that Helen may after all have her two chapters before you get your's, since your's is probably still on the high seas.

David writes from Vermont that they received their airmail copy okay and promises faithfully to send me all their comments, additions etc., before Christmas, which is fine. Grierson came on the telephone yesterday to say that he had skimmed through his copy, but after about 45-mins on the line, it was obvious that he'd read the damned thing right through in detail. He was extremely complimentary about it, said it was most exciting reading, and that he had only very few points to add. He can give me more information about the famous incident in the hotel in Birmingham, and he wants me to clear up the exact the facts of F's leaving of England in the summer of 1939. It seems it wasn't by any means only Lorentz's wire to Bob to come back and make THE LAND that brought the old boy back. Frances also had a lot to do with it, and JG literally acted as a messenger on her behalf, coming from NY to London, rounding up Bob and taking him back to Canda, where he was reunited to Frances with tears in all eyes. JG says he has never felt so left out of any situation in his life. But all JG's points are helpful and constructive, for which I am thankful. I thoughht he'd pull the bloody thing to pieces. But both he, Golightly and Margaret Grierson say they like it all very much. So now in trepidation I await your comments and the broad-side which will probably come from Brattleboro.

News from the Real-film-Neumann thing, that they are considering the business side of the deal. No news yet on the BC thing. I expect both will jell this week and I shall have to make a ghastly decision.

Mike Orrom will be on his way back soon. Give him what you can to bring back in the way of stills. There may not be another chance. Don't forget that early one of Bob(about 15)that you had hanging in the spare-room out at Croton.

No more news. In great haste. To keep me going in the final stages of the book, some of the old gang had a whip round, which was good of them. JG, Legg, Elton, John Taylor, Golightly, all sent me a few quid which has been a great help.

Love----- Paul

But it may take months and months to (am)terialize. However, a train is started. MAIL

x See note at end. All OK.

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The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Griffith	13

PAUL ROTHA.

ecember 14, 1959

BY AIR MAIL
PAR AVION
AIR LETTER
AEROGRAMME

AYLESBURY
12 15PM
7 DEC
1959
BUCKS.

for CHRISTMAS

URGENT

Mr Richard Griffith
Museum of Modern Art Film
Library
11 West 53 Street
NEW YORK 19
NY U.S.A.

First fold here

Second fold here

Sender's name and address: Rotha
Cuddington
Aylesbury
Bucks England

AN AIR LETTER SHOULD NOT CONTAIN ANY ENCLOSURE; IF IT DOES IT WILL BE SURCHARGED OR SENT BY ORDINARY MAIL.

To open cut here

chapters went off to Helen via Irma's friend on Thursday to be mailed from NY. So she should have them by tomorrow.

Love and in great haste------ P.

Will keep you posted but still use the cottage as an address.

But it may take months and months to (a)materialize. However, a train is started. MAIL

x See note at end. All OK.

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PAUL ROTHA.

December 14, 1959

Dear Dick -

Am going to Hamburg on Wednesday and then probably down to Locarno-Monti in Switzerland to see Robert Neumann. It looks as if the Hitler-Nazism film is the one to come through first. Real-Film are paying my expenses to Hamburg etc to discuss the terms of contract. I hardly think they would do that if they were not serious. Neumann writes that they have plenty of money, are reliable, and one of the best West German companies. So if it comes off, I shall be involved once more in a vast compilation job---feature length. But out of it may come---repeat may--what I have waited twelve years for---a feature based on Neumann's THE INQUEST. Sensibly, Real-Film want to make the documentary first. I still wait too on the British Columbia offer. I had a letter a few days back saying they would cable one way or the other by the end of this coming week. I cabled back to say that I was leaving London for Germany on Wednesday morning to finalise things there; they knew I had another offer on hand.

I shall only stay long enough over there to finalise a contract, discuss the shape of the film with Neumannn and agree to start work in mid-January. Then I must be back to finish the Flaherty book. It will thus become imperative that I complete all revisions by mid-Jan.

Grierson called me long distance and talked for 45 minutes. He said he had 'just flipped through it' but it became obvious after a few moments that he had read the MS in great detail. He was more than enthusiastic; and it has come back to me from other sources that he is going round saying it is a magnificent book. He'd better wait till he sees the last chapter. John Monck (Goldman) came through with £100 loan to be repaid from American royalties, and I have hopes that Balcon will do the same. So maybe I shall live. As usual (why does he always do it?), just as we reach a critical stage in the book, Basil goes ill and in hospital. Actually he is out now but cannot be disturbed by letters or any kind of work until after Xmas. It is always the same; whenever he gets to a critical stage on a film or anything else, he always goes sick. Often he disappears to unknown foreign parts and cannot be reached at all. It is not as bad as that this time. But once again it means that everything falls back on me. I gather from my publisher that even if an author (such as you) has given permission for quotes to made from his book (meaning yours), I still have to write to the publisher, the English one if there is one. So Gollancz will in due course be writing you. I hope you haven't changed your mind. The two chapters went off to Helen via Irma's friend on Thursday to be mailed from NY. So she should have them by tomorrow.

Love and in great haste------ P.

Will keep you posted but still use the cottage as an address.

But it may take months and months to (a)materialize. However, a train is started.

MAIL

P.S. Thanks for the note re F's films in PL: annie just this moment

Mark you will help me with stock footage in the U.S.?

x See note at end. All OK.

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The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection: Griffith	Series.Folder: 13

NATIONAL FILM THEATRE

6D

PROGRAMME

idea of a film based on his book at the [illegible]. However, a train is started. MAIL
But it may take months and months to materialize.

* See note at end. All OK.

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	Griffith	13

THE BRITISH FILM INSTITUTE

presents

THIRTY YEARS OF BRITISH DOCUMENTARY

It is just thirty years since John Grierson's DRIFTERS was first shown, heralding a vital new movement in world cinema. There had been realist films before, of course: but Grierson's was a whole new conception, to which it is fair to say every documentarist who has worked since 1929 owes some debt.

To celebrate this anniversary, and to give members a new opportunity to assess the achievements of British documentary over three decades, we are presenting a special season of British documentary.

This is probably the most complete survey ever shown at one time in this country: we shall show more than eighty films ranging from DRIFTERS to WE ARE THE LAMBETH BOYS and the newest works of young British documentarists.

The programmes will be introduced personally by the films' directors or (in the case of Massingham and Jennings) by personalities intimately concerned in the making of the films.

National Film Theatre

idea of a film based on his book at the same time. A good method of approach. MAIL
But it may take months and months to materialize. However, a train is started.

x See note at end. All OK.

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The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Griffith	13

"The documentary idea, after all,
demands no more than that the affairs of
our time shall be brought to the screen
in any fashion which strikes the imagination
and makes observation a little richer
than it was."

But it may take months and months to ~~a~~materialize. However, a train is start[illegible]

* See note at end. Bill OK.

FOR STUDY PURPOSES ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION.

The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Griffith	13

TONIGHT'S PROGRAMME

SHIPYARD (1934-35)
Extract: TODAY WE LIVE (1936)
Extract: A CITY SPEAKS (1944-46)
Extract: THE FOURTH ESTATE (1939-40)
Extract: NO RESTING PLACE (1950-51)
Extract: CAT AND MOUSE (1957-58)
THE WORLD IS RICH (1946-47)

Mr. Rotha will speak at this performance.

with love, gratitude & a
bottle of gin —
Aug 22 nd 1959
from old Rotha to dear young
Griffith, bless him +
his
(Ann)

But it may take months and months to ~~am~~terialize. However, a train is start[illegible]

× See note at end. All OK.

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	Griffith	13

PAUL ROTHA

NOTES.....by Paul Rotha.

Rotha's first film was Contact, made for Shell-Mex and B.P. Ltd. and Imperial Airways, in 1932-1933, after a six-month stint at the EMB film unit the previous year. His last film was Cradle of Genius, about the old Abbey Theatre, Dublin, in 1958-59.

SHIPYARD
(1934-35)

Production:.....G.B. Instructional for Orient Shipping Line.
Direction, Script and Editing:..... Paul Rotha.
Photography:...George Pocknall, Frank Bundy, Frank Goodliffe, Harry Rignold.

An impressionist attempt to condense a 12-months process into a 25-minute film, at the same time showing something of the social life related to the ceremony of building a ship. No money was available for any location sound or for music; the complete sound-track was fabricated in the studio or adjacent workshops in London. At the time of making the film, unemployment was bad in the North. The picture was shown at Venice, 1935.

TODAY WE LIVE
(1936)

Production Unit.... Strand (Sponsored by National Council of Social Service.
Producer.....Paul Rotha.
Direction.....Ruby Grierson and Ralph Bond.
Photography..... S. Onions and Paul Burnford.

But it may take months and months to [illegible]. However, a train is [illegible]

* See note at end. All OK.

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Made at a time of widespread unemployment and distress, the film attempted to deal with morale in the so-called Black Areas and the break-up of community life in rural villages. Two separate units shot simultaneously in the Rhonnda Valley and in the Cotswolds, the whole being welded by the producer who also edited. The prologue shown today was an early attempt at compilation from stock footage.

A CITY SPEAKS
(1944-1946)

Production:..Films of Fact Ltd. for Manchester Corporation.
Produced, Directed and Edited:..... Paul Rotha.
Script:..Walter Greenwood, Ara Calder-Marshall, Paul Rotha.
Associate director:.....Francis Gysin.
Photography:.....Harold Young, Cyril Arapoff.
Music:.....William Alwyn.
Diagrams:.....Isotype Institute.

A 7-reel film about a city and its local government (sponsored by the Manchester Corporation) gets a bit dull around Reel Six and this piece of pyrotechnics was dreamed-up to enliven the film at that stage, and at the same time to make good use of Sir John Barbirolli and his merryboys who had to figure in the picture somewhere as well as play its music, by Alwyn.

THE FOURTH ESTATE
(1939-1940)

Production:...Realist Film Unit, for the Times newspaper.
Script, Direction & Editing:..... Paul Rotha.
Photography:.....James Rogers, Harry Rignold.
Collaboration on Narration:.....Basil Wright.'
Music:..... Walter Leigh.
Continuity:.....Yvonne Fletcher.
Production Manager:.....Pat Moyna.
Sound:.....Len Page.
Main Narrator:.....Geoffrey Bell.
Supervision:.....Film Centre Ltd.

But it may take months and months to ~~m~~aterialize. However, a train is [illegible]

* See note at end. Bill OK.

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A 7-reel museum piece. Started in the spring of 1939, the film was essentially conceived as a picture of peacetime Britain as seen through the pages of its most Establishment-minded newspaper. The film was completed in March, 1940, but has never been publicly shown because of its dated contents. The section shown here takes place after the 4.15 p.m. editorial conference. The main news-story of the evening had to be fictitious; at that time, Mt. Everest had not been climbed. The cast was wholly drawn from the staff of the paper. The drama critic was the late Charles Morgan.

NO RESTING PLACE
(1950-1951)

Production:..... Colin Lesslie Productions Ltd.
Direction:.....Paul Rotha.
Script:..... Paul Rotha, Colin Lesslie, Michael Orrom.
Photography:..... Wolfgang Suschitzky.
Art direction:.....Tony Inglis.
Music:.....William Alwyn.
Editing:.....Michael Orrom.
Cast included:..Michael Gough, Eithne Dunne, Brian O'Higgins, Noel Purcell, Fred Johnson, Jack McGowran, Diana Campbell.

The locale of Ian Niall's novel was shifted from Cumberland to Ireland because its story was set in the late 1900s and there are no tinkers left in England. In addition, it was the aim to benefit from Ireland's rich storehouse of acting talent, both professional and amateur. The film was wholly shot on location, with no studio, in 13 weeks from August to October 1950 on a low budget. It was one of the British entries at Venice, 1951 and was also shown at Edinburgh the same year, but it was refused a circuit booking in Britain. It was recently revived on Australian and American television. The cottage in which the sequence shown here was shot was some 200 years old, had not been lived in for 50 years and measured approximately 15ft. by 12ft. With the exception of Michael Gough (who was born in Ireland) all the cast come from the Dublin theatres.

But it may take months and months to [illegible]. However, a train is [illegible]

* See note at end. Bill OK.

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	Griffith	13

CAT AND MOUSE
(1957-1958)

Production:..... Anvil Films Ltd.
Script, Direction and Producer:.....Paul Rotha.
Executive producer:.....Ralph May.
Photography:.....Wolfgang Suschitzky.
Art Direction:.....Tony Inglis.
Editor:.....Bill Freeman.
Distribution:.....Eros Films Ltd.
Based on a novel by Michael Halliday (John Creasey).
Cast includes:...Lee Patterson, Ann Sears, Hilton Edwards, George Rose, Victor Maddern, Stuart Saunders.

A modest budget 'suspense-thriller' shot in 4-weeks. Adapted very freely from a John Creasey novel, only the bare bones of the early part of the plot were used; the main character was changed from an Irishman to an American deserter. "Involved in crime, Rod keeps an English girl a prisoner in her own house hoping to compel her to reveal the secret hiding place of some jewels, which she doesn't know. His credo of violence is pitted against, and finally loses, to the girl's skill of argument."

Miss Sears appeared momentarily as the blonde in The Bridge on the River Kwai; Mr. Patterson has appeared in many second features and on TV.

Completed over 18 months ago, the film still awaits general release.

THE WORLD IS RICH
(194601947)

Production:..Films of Fact Ltd., for the Central Office of Information.
Direction and Editing:.....Paul Rotha.
Script:.....Arthur Calder-Marshall.
Associate direction and editing:.....Michael Orran.
Photography:.....James Ritchie.
Diagrams:.....The Isotype Institute.
Music:.....Clifton Parker.
Narrators:...James McKechnie, Valentine Dyall, Allan Michey, Robert Adams, Elizabeth Cowell, Leonard Sachs, Roy Plomley.

But it may take months and months to [illegible]. However, a train is [illegible]

* See note at end. Bill OK.

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The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
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One of three films commissioned by No. 10 Downing Street - the other two never got beyond script stage - this was a 95% compilation job following up the theme of World of Plenty (1942-43). The technique used was so that the film could be easily translatable into several foreign versions. It was the last to use the so-called Living Newspaper technique. The writing of the script-narration proceeded simultaneously with the ever-changing assembly of the visuals, which were edited from some 800,000ft. of stock footage from innumerable sources. Michael Clarke, who acted as librarian for this vast mass of material, and Michael Orrom who assisted in the editing, were the real heroes of the film.

It had its first showing at the F.A.O. Conference in Geneva in 1947 and was at Edinburgh the same year. It had the 1948 British Film Academy Special Award and was released by British Lion.

In October-November, 1958, the Museum of Modern Art Film Library in New York presented a 5-weeks season of Rotha films made up of eight programmes.

PAUL ROTHA

by Richard Griffith.

"In 1930, the book The Film Till Now reached people all over the world with the excited realization that there was an art of the film - as they had all along suspected - though it was yet in embryo, its potentialities far greater than its record. Its young author's passion was film-making, and his international readers looked forward eagerly to the day when in his films he would realize his and their dream of what the cinema could be. The first actual Rotha films astonished and perhaps somewhat shocked his early admirers. For Paul Rotha had joined what has become known throughout the world as "the British documentary film school": a school devoted not to film for film's sake, but to films which served purposes beyond themselves.

"One of those purposes was what had already been called by Sir Stephen Tallents 'the Projection of England' - the projection not alone of her imperial achievements but also and even more of those qualities which have occupied the long debate of British public life - justice, equality, social improvement and development, what we call

Did you really write this? If so, it seems you're rather a nice guy, or so it appears to me on Marylebone Station, Sunday morning, 9.15 am, Aug 23 1959

But it may take months and months to [illegible]. However, a train is [illegible]

* See note at end. All OK.

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civilization. Indeed, the young men around John Grierson who included such talents as Basil Wright, Sir Arthur Elton, W. H. Auden, Benjamin Britten, Walker Leigh, Harry Watt, and Sir William Coldstream among others, conceived themselves social servants first and film artists a long way after: such was the climate of the Thirties. As documentary expanded in this climate, it fell to Rotha more and more often to produce films rather than direct them, to encourage and train young talents and open new fields of subject matter. While this was useful, and a designed part of British documentary progress, it was a matter of regret to many that a film talent of this proportion should be to a degree dissipated in administration and promotion.

"When Rotha's personal touch re-emerged in his films, it was in a new climate and in a new kind of film. The necessities of World War II made him the producer-editor of a number of films composed from "stock shots". As Frank Capra simultaneously discovered with his American "Why We Fight" series, only compilations from the vast newsreel record of global war could reflect and interpret the great humanities and inhumanities of the conflict. The aesthetic problem was to shape thousands of shots taken at different times and places into a coherent and magnetic whole. The particular approach Rotha took to this problem, in such films as World of Plenty and The World is Rich was entirely new to films. Previous documentaries had been narrated by a 'voice of God' commentator who with varying degrees of oversimplification explained the visuals with an authority which brooked no back-talk. Back-talk was exactly what Rotha, and his script-writer the late Eric Knight, introduced into this new form; they provided several commentators, each with a mind of his own, who argued the issues of the film from varying points of view - and in doing so, for the first time let the audiences into the argument too.

"Whether this approach to this material led him into it, or because it was logical to Rotha's personal development, his films from 1943 increasingly featured an international approach to social, economic, cultural and other human problems. Even when his subject was specifically British, it got itself expressed in terms of a shrunken world where we now all stand naked to the winds of doctrine and of destiny. New Worlds For Old, World of Plenty, The World is Rich, World Without End, The World is Ours - in these films Rotha tries to speak for modern man, lost in the chaos of the machine civilization he has created, and now seeking to create a new life on a more human scale.

But it may take months and months to [illegible]. However, a train [illegible]

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For these films of complex social and economic argument touch at every turn the humblest levels of living - birth and death, feast and famine, beauty and ugliness, the elements of experience common to all.

"In that sense they approximate, more perhaps than any other films, the old original dream of film-lovers, that the movie would become a universal language, 'a kind of Esperanto,' as Lillian Gish called it so many years ago. In that sense, too, it becomes increasingly clear that Rotha never abandoned his love for the aesthetics of films in favor of its social utility. His documentary films are meant to persuade and to persuade a film must come to life. If that is to be, emotion must shape observation. It is clear enough in any case from his first fiction film, No Resting Place, which, though it deals with the life of Irish tinkers little-known to the rest of the world, speaks the language of everyman."

(Richard Griffith - Curator of the Museum of Modern Art Film Library, New York)

✡ This is discerning praise, & true (I hope)

✗ See note at end. Bill OK.

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The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
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British Documentary may be dated from the premiere of DRIFTERS in the 33rd programme of the London Film Society, on October 10th, 1929.

AS A SOUVENIR OF THIS 30TH ANNIVERSARY, THE BRITISH FILM INSTITUTE HAS PRODUCED 500 FACSIMILE COPIES OF THE ORIGINAL FILM SOCIETY PROGRAMME.

WHILE SUPPLIES LAST, COPIES OF THIS PROGRAMME ARE AVAILABLE FROM THE STAFF OF THE THEATRE, PRICE 6d. PER COPY.

* See note at end. Bill Orr.

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The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Griffith	13

Sept.

script

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agree that Moby-Dick is great film.

will write next week if gout improves.

What news?

P. R

ctober 1956

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to the 60 min film
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She is not accustomed to
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ng to do. It may help.
It is all too complex to go into now but very unhappy.

I struggle on giving advice on the Labour Party little film. Apart from that, a blank.

No word at all from John Adam. I hear indirectly that he is in London, have left word at my flat where I can be got, but so far not a murmur. Thank Anniee for the picture. Can't we get some free packs for that? Love to both----

PTO

PR

PTO

Dave stared at Tom's medical certific

on China to the embassy here at the end of this month and wants to bring up the idea of a film based on his book at the same time. A good method of approach. But it may take months and months to materialize. However, a train is started.

HIR MAIL

* See note at end. All OK.

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The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Griffith	13

1st. Sept.

Out of the blue a 2-reel script has turned up to save the day + give 4 weeks work. Never say die!

Enclosed [illegible] (circulati[illegible] my Wor[illegible] N.Y. for [illegible] suffering [illegible] in both [illegible] agree that Moby-Dick is great [illegible]

Will write next week if gout improves.

What news?

P. R

P.T.O

Have stayed off [illegible] medical certific[illegible]

ctober 1956

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× See note at end. Bill O'K.

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× See note at end. Bill O'K.

PTO

Have stared at Tox medical certific

AIR MAIL

4.24

Enforced but brief recuperation after attack on flu plus shingles. Most unpleasant! Returning London on May 1st. Would welcome your remarks on the Life Now MS, please. Wonderful & warm Spring weather. Will write fully later. Love. P.

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The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
	Griffith	13

1st. Sept.

Out of the blue a 2-reel script has turned up to save the day + give 4 weeks work. Never say die!

Enclosed dope from today's "Radio Times" (circulation 8½ million copies) re, at last, my World TV program. Apply to BBC N.Y. for a 16 mm. copy... Have been suffering the torments of hell through gout in both wrists - unable to type. Don't agree that Moby-Dick is great film!

Will write next week if gout improves.

What news?

P. R

P.T.O

Have stayed off [illegible] medical certific

October 1956

two fingers of the become! The purpose to the 60 min film osin, Sufrin and Bagley. Rogosin (who is here) in NY until he got inburgh. At Venice it Edinburgh nothing official US. delegates re representing the ice without success. Ed. Kingsley who was me, it really is some- paling but so compassionate s. Will you please try colleagues what to do t is led by a woman off or Steloff at a gres--they publish that it Kirsoff? But you inemaimages for you? c since The Quiet One, emeber. I have reviewed t the Edinburgh people town about it. Please ...

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The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection: Griffith	Series.Folder: 13

General disgust here at Selznick Award to Olivier! Might just as well give Nobel Peace Prize to General Franco!! Has made Laughing-stock of See he U.

:tober 1956

:wo fingers of the :dome! The purpose to the 60 min film :sin, Sufrin and Bagley. :gosin (who is here) :n NY until he got :burgh. At Venice it Edinburgh nothing official US. delegates representing the :e without success. Ed. Kingsley who was me, it really is some- :aling but so compassionate . Will you please try :lleagues what to do is led by a woman ff or Steloff at a tes--they publish that it Kirsoff? But you nemaimages for you? since The Quiet One, meber. I have reviewed the Edinburgh people own about it. Please ..

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PTO PR

on China to the embassy here at the end of this month and wants to bring up the idea of a film based on his book at the same time. A good method of approach. But it may take months and months to materialize. However, a train is started.

AIR MAIL

× See note at end. All OK.

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PAUL ROTHA

10 October 1956

Dear Dick,

Another brief note tapped out with two fingers of the left-hand---but look how expert I become! The purpose is to draw your immediate attention to the 60 min film On The Bowery, made by [illegal] Rogosin, Sufrin and Bagley. You must have heard [illegal] Rogosin (who is here) tells me he has b[illegal]n NY until he got critical reacti[illegal]gh. At Venice it got the main d[illegal]urgh nothing because I str[illegal]cial US. delegates (old Col. We[illegal]senting the USA. They [illegal]out success. Rogosin tel[illegal]gsley who was scared stif[illegal]really is some-thing extra[illegal]ut so compassionate and full of[illegal]l you please try and see it [illegal]s what to do wih it? I[illegal]d by a woman called - he[illegal]teloff at a joint calle[illegal]ey publish that little maga[illegal]off? But you can sure ha[illegal]ges for you? It is the m[illegal]The Quiet One, and Bagley [illegal]I have reviewed it at lengt[illegal] [illegal]inburgh people are bringing out and have gone to town about it. Please do see it--but not with a hangover...

Miss Albina Landstreet Parkins
With much love. 1901 Wyoming Avenue

Here I perhaps slowly mend. Some days better, some days worse, but have persuaded the doc not to confine me into hospital. I still cannot write except a few words a day. To make matters worse, my illness and inability to do much for myself has gotten Margot down completely. She is not accustomed to me as anything but a good-healther, and it has set up an extraordinary reaction in her. She starts to see a psychiatrist tomorrow; it is the only thing to do. It may help. It is all too compplex to go into now but very unhappy.

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Another brief note tapped out with two fingers of the left-hand---but look how expert I become! The purpose is to draw your immediate attention to the 60 min film On The Bowery, made by Messrs. Rogosin, Sufrin and Bagley. You must have heard about it, but Rogosin (who is here) tells me he has held up showing it in NY until he got critical reaction at Venice and Edinburgh. At Venice it got the main documentary award; at Edinburgh nothing because I strongly suspect that the official US. delegates (old Col. Webb) disliked the picture representing the USA. They tried to stop it at Venice without success. Rogosin tells me he did show it to Ed. Kingsley who was scared stiff of it. Take it from me, it really is something extraordinary. Horrible, appaling but so compassionate and full of feeling for alcoholics. Will you please try and see it and advise Rogoson and colleagues what to do wih it? I understand that a print is held by a woman called - hell, something like Koshoff or Steloff at a joint called Cinemaimages or Filmagres--they publish that little magazine, you know. Or is it Kirsoff? But you can sure have your office locate Cinemaimages for you? It is the most important social doc since The Quiet One, and Bagley photographed too, you remeber. I have reviewed it at length for the new paper that the Edinburgh people are bringing out and have gone to town about it. Please do see it--but not with a hangover...

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STOP PRESS: URGENT

Letter from Vision Press asking for any news from you? If not, and not likely to be in near future, what is our attitude to pritning another 1000 of present edition as they are right out of stocks. Please let me know your reaction. Mine is Yes.

PS To keep you in know, have dropped friendly note to Bosley Crowther telling him to keep personal look out for "Bowery" film + yr its critical success here + at Venice.

idea of a film based on his book at the same time. A good method of approach. But it may take months and months to materialize. However, a train is started. MAIL

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Cuddington, February 18, 1957

Dear Dick:

Your letter (Feb 9) just about the warmest, best kind of a letter I've had since I started having letters. You are over-generous in some of the kind things you say, but it did, and does, me good. I read it while getting the breakfast and then again at midday in the winter sun, and it warmed me each time. If you feel like that, with all your honesty about things, then it can't all be too bad. One thing you're dead right about---I surely haven't lost my desire to do something, I am not sunk into apathy; the problem is simply and solely - to do what that will make me some money to keep going? That has become the simple, stark problem. Later here I will give you up-to-date news of projects. Meantime, I have not actually heard from my bank that the money is there but I shall be in town tomorrow and will (disguising myself) call in and enquire. They should correctly have notified me but, as I explained, they are a little old-fashioned and sometimes forget. But I am sure it will be there when I call tomorrow,* and then I can at least, thanks to the Griffiths, meet the major requests on March 1st. That is a relief. You are both very sweet to have made this arrangement and handled it in such a casual way as if you got $100,000 tax-free from the Museum each year. My very real appreciation is not easy to put down here, but I think you know it. My only deep hope is that the long-promised trip to England for you both materializes soon and that by then work will again be plentiful for me and I can repay you threefold. Let's hope that way.

Of course, all that you say about my having made Wardour Street my enemy is all too true, and I think I said so to you. Perhaps I'm crazy to go on fighting back. But if you believe, as you do, in the cinema and its interpretation of life and all the other things we've believed in all these years, what else can you do? Maybe I have earned a few people's respect. I believe that to be true. But respect doesn't pay the bloody rent! So I agree with all you say except one thing: I am not sure you are right in saying that "a scandal might break"if I was forced right out of films. I think there'd be a general deep sigh of relief! Not a few people would be happy that Dick Winnington is no longer around to lead the critics in the fierce battle. You interest me inwhat you say about Elton. I had no idea you had been in occasional touch with him. Curiously enough, only last week I had the sudden idea that Shell might take over the UN World Energy script and make it, perhaps as an international contribution to the world exhibition at Brussels, 1958. Elton might or might not want me with it. But at least the script would'nt be wasted. I dropped him a note and he responded by saying he'd much like to read the script. So he has it now. The scope of the script, after all, includes oil. And Shell must (cannot afford not to) be interested in the development of the so-called underdeveloped countries. So that is one project that may jell.
At the same time, I think I am right (and you partly confirm) about Elton's general attitude towards me. I have never trusted him since that day in spring, 1940, when he asked me to resign from Film Centre because "an economy" had to be made somewhere, I being the only member of Film Centre at that time who wholly depended on my wage for a living. It always struck me that was a particularly dirty thing to have done, especially when Grierson was on the other side of the world and Wright was away on one of his customary bouts of indisposition. Somewhere there is a mean streak in Elton; I've seen it come out in other connexions than myself. A recent attempt, for example, to get young Donald Alexander out of his post at the Coal Board,(which didn't come off,) I'm glad to say, but it made life for Alexander very uncomfortable for a time.

Saw Boyd-Orr on the matter of which you wot. Thought it a good idea. Wanted to ponder carefully over method of approach. Is due to turn in the MS of his book on China to the embassy here at the end of this month and wants to bring up the idea of a film based on his book at the same time. A good method of approach. But it may take months and months to (am)terialize. However, a train is started.

AIR MAIL

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Am in touch with Columbia, with Mike Frankovich (whom I met with Rossellini in Rome way back in 1948) who is now European manager and in charge of their European film production activities, and with the writer Wolf Mankovitz (who wrote Kid for two Farthings, etc) who has signed himself up as story-adviser to Columbia. They have my two subjects in front of them, the Wallace Case and Peggy and the American Soldier. Have written a story-outline of the latter for them. It is the hell of a good subject, is exactly what the title says, and is set against the London of the buzz-bombs and D-Day. So many British films are glorifying the war exploits of the RAF etc. etc., but no one has thought of doing the civilian home-front. But everyone now, ten, twelve years after, looks back to it with a kind of nostalgia, they remember the community - sense that kept Britain going then. It is that atmosphere that I want to recapture, with also this inevitable love-story that happened to so many wives left husbandless. Tilsley's novel is very well-written with admirable dialogue and characterization. It could be made very cheaply but I'm not saying that to Columbia or they may look down their noses. It now rests with them. I think I told you that the Film Finance people seemed genuinely keen to see me in production; the idea is to team up with Peter Cotes (whom you met in New York). (There's irony here, which I'll tell you about sometime.) No use boring you more with this until it comes off. If so, I'll send you the story because I'd like your reactions to it before I begin to script.

Also, a good friend of mine, Heinrich Fraenkel, who once worked with Ufa, is going to Germany this week and will be in contact with all producers there over a new book about German cinema. He carries a little weight. He seemed very distressed when I met him by chance in the National Film Library the other week that I was unworking and of his own free-will suggested that he explored the ground in Germany on my behalf. As a subject I've given him the old one I've told you about before, Robert Neumann's biography of Zaharoff, the Armaments King, from which I swear to this day that Orson Welles swiped his continuity-unfolding device for Kane. I know Neumann well and we have often talked and worked out ways of doing a film on the book. He is one of the most widely-read authors in Europe (next to Mann) and I know would collaborate up to the hilt. Maybe Germany today might like to make an anti-armaments film? Could be what is called the correct "psychological moment" ---I must write to Kracauer and enquire! So something might happen there.

So, as you correctly say, I am not withdrawing into a shell of nothingness. It's simply the appalling problem of keeping abreast with living until one or other of these things breaks, or something quite unexpected turns up. Where I was foolish, looking back now, was to have waited for so long on the UN thing. I should have given them six weeks to make up their minds and then gone out for other things. I did, looking back at the file, write some fairly strong letters to Bokh. at the time but I suppose his Pakistani philosophy precluded him from realizing that a film-maker must live. And, despite his plausibility, I always suspected Liu of double-crossing but reckoned that as I was dealing on a Dag-and-Bokh level, that Liu wouldn't count for much so long as I kept him sweet.

Since at this stage I seem to be looking back again, there is little doubt in my mind, and in my doctor's, that one, (I wouldn't say the only,) cause of my affliction is and has been what you diagnose. It was the double-anxiety of the UN thing and the other. Neither can now be helped. I am steadily getting better, however, and now only have the devil under the heels and arches of the feet to contend with. It'll go. Have no fear of that. And although I have the utmost difficulty in holding my pipe in my mouth, I shall win that one too! Sometimes I do get very low, but then the old fire returns, especially when I have a letter like your's.

Sometime this month or next you may get a call from Robert St. John. He is doing some lectures briefly. He was, you remember, an ace-commentator for NBC, was purged, exiled to Geneva, has written some fine books. He spoke the opening

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(Momentary thought; isn't it wonderful the way this beautiful paper lasts? I bought a box of it in Mexico City with Unesco money and still have a lot left!!) (Thinks: Why can't one buy decent airmail paper in England?)

******* ********* *******

(Thinks: pause quite unnecessary. Only reason for it is I like using these ***** on my typewriter. My new MS for Faber is full of *******. Quite legitimate in a book made up of small pieces....)

******* *********** *********

narration for World of Plenty and for the abortive USA film in 1943 and then vanished into the combat zones. I have been in touch with him again since around last June and brought him to London to speak the narration to the much-slated Challenge of TV program for the BBC. We have corresponded quite a lot since. He has just finished volume 2 of his autobiography for Doubleday. If he does call you, try and see him. He's a swell guy. You'll like him a lot. He said something about trying to fix a lecture for me in the US. Maybe he'll speak to you about that?

When I turned in my MS to Faber's last week, I happened to mention about your new book to them and they asked right away, could they have a first look at any proofs. I don't know what arrangements your publishers may have in England, but Faber's would be a good bet. I leave any move on this to you, of course.

Thorold Dickinson: I'm glad you've seen something of him and helped him. He's honest, knows about film and likes it, and I wholly agree with you has done a fine job in getting the Refugees film out and on the screens so quickly. It went out here over BBC-TV last Wednesday, the day they press-showed it. Rogosin again. You never told me, by the way, if you got around to seeing his Bowery film. Please read my review of it in the new Edinburgh paper, The Living Cinema. (What a rag-bag the first issue is!) The film (Refugees) is not important in itself but it is important that the UN put it out and so soon! (For a much better refugees film see one made by Peter Shankland on East/West refugees for the unit in Hamburg about 1950, hardly ever seen by anyone. Cut and massacred to a one-reeler by Mr. J. Grierson when he was briefly at Crown). I've written congratulating Thorold and all the boys.

The Cork Film Festival in Ireland. Did I write you about this last year when I went? Last May they had a week's showing of films, some stars, large contingents from Rank, MGM, etc. etc., but it went the wrong way for the trade boys and, as I was chairman of the jury giving the awards, we kept the thing on sensible lines. Now that Edinburgh is getting more and more in the hands of the trade, and it is despite what Norman Wilson says, Cork seems to me something to back. It's Irish, which means its gay, poetic, liquor-wise, and it has funds from the Irish Tourist Board. Last year they paid the complete expenses of quite a few people, including mine needless to say. This year they applied again to the official trade body--the International Federation of Film Festivals, or whatever it is called---to hold another film festival and were turned down. So Dermot Breen, in consultation with me over some good John Powers Gold Label in London, has got his people in Dublin and Cork to back an unofficial film festival. This means that a number of very distinguished film-makers---De Sica, Lattuada, Renoir, Ophuls, Kurasawa, maybe Fred Zinnemann, Wyler---are being asked personally if they'd like to be a guest at Cork for a week and devote one evening to showing some of their own work. The afternoons will be devoted to documentaries from all countries. In the mornings, they'll be informal meetings between the film-makers to discuss the state of the cinema.... I don't know how far the funds will permit bringing people from the US, but I did strongly recommend he asked you. So if you hear

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anything of or about the boyos of Cork, remember they are good lads with sound ideas and not scared to fight officialdom and with none of the bourgois snobbery that has sunk deep into Edinburgh these past few years. (The Queen's visit to see the Gene Kelly dance film just about did it this last year). So in my free-booter way, I'm all for supporting the Cork boyos and if they can get half-a-dozen directors to go from June 3-10th next, then there'll be a riotous time had by all. It's the nicest town in Ireland with more pubs than any city in the world. I was wildly drunk most of the time I was there last year and went fast asleep through the new Wilcox picture and was rather off-hand to Anna Neagle at a reception afterwards; I got her muddled up with Sybil Thorndike and complimented her on her performance as Nurse Cavell in Wilcox's Dawn in 1928 (or thereabouts). Wilcox wasn't too pleased. But the Irish loved it because they thought the new film was the bottom. However, no more about Cork now, but how wonderful it would be if it turned out as your first visit across the atlantic....

No more news of J.G. and his trip. I saw him again the other evening but he wasn't in a state for talking with; he could only talk at, and since no three words made any coherent sense, no one at the meeting got very much work done. But he seems definitely to be setting off for Canada in March. What else after that is your guess as much as mine. You'll know first, anyway. (Margaret Ann, eh? Nothing better in the stock shot library than that?)

Keep well yourself, and young Ann. If cigarettes were as expensive to you as they are here, you would have to curtail!!! I've never heard of Dexamyls. My charmers are Dexadrines, but they pep you up. Couldn't have lived without them these past few months. But they give you tremors after a while and don't mix with spirits, so I've found. They're cheaper, however. Above all, and here is my immodesty, don't worry about me. You've done the hell of a lot to brighten things for me, hence the jovial tone of this letter. I know no more what's going to be the state of things in three weeks time than I did before, but I do know that I can see ahead a little, thanks to those Griffiths.

Am going to hold this back from today's mail until after I have been into the bank in the morning.X

Paul

To mock everything, the astonishingly mild weather has brought all the Spring flowers out weeks too soon. Snowdrops, crocus, winter cowslip, dwarf tulips, alyssum--all out now in mid-February. It's a terrible temptation to be out in the garden all the time, but I am a disciplinarian and only allow myself a half-hour. But with green showing everywhere on the trees and hedges, it is amazing. But wham! along will come a frost soon and kill the lot....

X Have just been in. An elderly gent. out of Great Expectations dusted a ledger ten inches thick, delved into it, & said, "Yes, quite correct." In the name of Griffiths - £88. 10. 2½d., equivalent of $250 less charges etc. I'm so sorry, we should have informed you...." So it's there! Yours truly!!

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Prelude to CORK FILM FESTIVAL - 1957.

IRISH COFFEE

detestable

(The most ~~delectable~~ drink that has ever uncrossed the palate)

RECIPE

INGREDIENTS : thick widow

CREAM—~~rich~~ as an Irish ~~brogue~~.
COFFEE—strong as a friendly hand. (NY Police Force)
SUGAR—sweet as the tongue of a rogue.
WHISKEY—smooth as the ~~Shit~~ of the land.

PRODUCTION

~~PREPARATION~~ : but cracked

Heat a stemmed whiskey goblet
Pour in one ~~jigger~~ of Irish whiskey, the only whiskey with the ~~smooth~~ taste and full body needed
Add three cubes of ~~sugar~~ uranium
Fill goblet with strong black coffee to within one inch of the brim + pour on to floor.
~~Stir~~ to dissolve sugar
Top off to brim with whipped cream slightly aerated,* so that the cream floats on top + so do you.
N.B. — Do not stir after adding cream, as the true flavour is obtained by drinking the hot coffee and Irish whiskey through the ~~cream~~. cars.

bugger / Boil / flagellated

to replenish dear boys destroyed by John Ford + Wayne

SLÁINTE!

"GOOD HEALTH"

Health and long life to you,
Land without rent to you,
A child every year to you,
And may you die in Ireland. †

(Old Irish Toast)

* you - not the cream. † your skeleton urgently needed

...ING CAVALIER"

...or

...BANKS SAGA"

...for a Series of
...alf-hour TV films
...er theatrical and
...ical possibilities

Paul Rotha, 1957

Paul MAIL

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Great Southern Hotels
IRELAND

(by kind permission of the "Quiet Man", Maureen Fitzgerald, John Ford + John Wayne whose Resting Place will never be Ireland)

PARKNASILLA - KILLARNEY - KENMARE - GALWAY - SLIGO - MULRANY.

POSTAGE: TO GT. BRITAIN 2d.: TO UNITED STATES 3d
AIR MAIL TO UNITED STATES 6d. TO CHINA 1d.
TO MOSCOW ½d.

Dear Obie + Kiva Ricardo GRIFFITHE
of CELLULOID PRESERVATION INC.

Am goosing Lindgren. Everyman doing a show Love —
in Feb April. P.R.

Proposal for a Series of
irteen half-hour TV films
th further theatrical and
n-theatrical possibilities

Paul Rotha, 1957

Paul MAIL

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28.1.58

Have located the mysterious "Cameron McCabe", author of "Face on the Cutting-Room Floor". He turns out to be none other than — our old friend Ernest Borneman!! Whaddyaknow!! He's very keen I should do the book. It was published in the U.S. pre-war. N.Y. public library should have copy. Am goosing Lindgren. "Evergreen" doing a show in late April.

Love —
P.R.

PROPOSAL

HE LAUGHING CAVALIER"

or

THE FAIRBANKS SAGA"

Proposal for a Series of
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Mr Richard Griffith
Colobaugh Pond Road
Croton-on-Hudson
N.Y. U.S.A

A Proposal for a Series of
Thirteen half-hour TV films
with further theatrical and
non-theatrical possibilities

Paul Rotha, 1957

Paul MAIL

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"THE LAUGHING CAVALIER"

or

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PROPOSAL

Now that the motion picture has apssed its sixtieth year, the opportunity arises to make authentic film biographies.

By this is not meant a feature film based on a semi-fictionalized life story, such as has been made of Valentino, but a series of films compiled from famous sequences out of a star's best-known films, presented and commentated intelligently and accurately.

Four American motion picture personalities whose names are still world-famous and about whom such unique screen-biographies could be made are:

Chaplin, Mary Pickford, Greta Garbo and Douglas Fairbanks

This proposal concerns the latter.

A series of 13 approx. half-hour films is suggested designed for TV distribution in the U.S., the United Kingdom and some European countries. These thirteen could be condensed into a feature length picture for later theatrical release in non-TV countries.

Each film would be introduced and narrated by Mr. Douglas Fairbanks Jr. Footage would be drawn from films not only of historic fame suchas Robin Hood, The Three Musketeers, The Thief of Bagdad, The Black Pirate and The Mark of Zorro but also, if the negatives are available, from the vigorous early Westerns, such as Arizona, Headin' South and The Man From Painted Post and from the sparkling social comedies, of which Mr. Fix-It, Say! Young Fellow, Knickerbocker-Buckaroo and The Matrimaniac are examples. If the rights can be cleared, sequences might also come from The Taming of the Shrew and Don Juan.

Continuity links between these extracts might be drawn from authentic newsreel footage that must exist of Fairbanks during various stages of his screen career. His visit to London in 1930 (when he posed for the photographers by standing 50ft above Piccadilly on a hotel balustrade) was certainly covered and there may be 16mm footage in private possession that could be unearthed and used.

Over these "actuality" sequences there would be appropriate narration by Mr. Fairbanks, leaving the "action" sequences from the old films to be covered by specially-written music which would catch the spirit of the time.

A special caché might be given the series by having it produced under the auspices of the Museum of Modern Art Film Library in New York, which published the admirable monograph on Fairbanks by Alistair Cooke in 1941.

If considered necessary, the films might be produced to rank for British quota by having the required proportion of labor costs paid to British citizens. The script-writer and editor, the music composer andmusicians, studio staff - for Mr. Fairbanks's introductions and narration - the titling

Paul

HIR
MAIL

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and all the recording could be British. Only the selection of the footage, the laboratory work of "stretching" the negatives, the necessary duping, need be carried out in Hollywood or New York.

"The Fairbanks Saga" would make screen-history. It would be the first compiled screen-biography of its kind to be made anywhere. It would have wide popular appeal and could later go into repertory cinemas, film society programs, national film archives etc. It would be assured of a wide Press in all countries. If the narration was written simply and not combined with music, the voice-track could be easily translated into foreign versions because we should rememeber that Fairbanks was as popular in Japan or Mexico as he was in the United States and Great Britain.

Finally, it is suggested that this proposal is more imaginative and more practical than a re-issue of certain Fairbanks films with added synchronization, as did Chaplin with The Gold Rush. All the Fairbanks films depended basically on movement and it is on that, as personified in their hero, that they will live again today introduced by the son of their star.

Paul

AIR MAIL

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Very

D

closed memo is obviosuly written in terms that I hope will appeal to it is not meant for people like you! Sp please if you have thoughts ut it and they might affect an interview that I aim to get with Fairbanks, o let me know pronto.

Meantime: No news from Elton. I gather he is in Holland. Peggy has gone from Columbia to Eros, a small British distributor but quite lively. They don't think that Richard Basehart has enough name to carry it. Have you any ideas for a youngish American actor, some one like Buzz Meredith ten or even fifteen years ago, who would want to come to England (for income tax purposes) and who would be amenable to direction? Montgomery Clift or John Ireland could also both have played it years back but are now obviosuly too old to play an American rear-gunner in 1944. Again if you have ideas, let me know.

I have revived another old idea: a series of TV films made from Knight's Sam Small stories. I shouldn't begin to know how to direct them TV-wise (234 shots a day, you know!) but I could adapt and produce them. Curtis, Brown are the agents here and I gather the rights are clear. Which brings me to---do you ever hear anything ever of Jere now? I had a letter about15 months ago very briefly saying that Paul Horgan was on his way over, would look me up because he knew of me through Eric, and that as Horgan would be bound to say, she had better say it first - that she and Freddie had parted and that it was all for the best and that she was going to live permanently at Pleasant Valley. I wrote back evasively and without comment except that I should much look forward to hearing from Horgan, which I never did. Since then silence from Jere. I ask, because if I can set a deal TV-wise for the Sam Small stories, she might come in somehow on them and so reduce the obviosly vast sum that Curtis, Brown will ask. I know she has always been keen to conserve some pounds ~~here~~ and has never touched all Eric's royalties which are banked here. So I just ask in case you have ever heard from her or of her and can give me any news.

Thanks: I'm now in touch with the copyright owners of the Public Ledger, but have yet to hear anything in reply to my letter via you to Mrs Isaacs re Theater Arts Monthly.

Irma writes to say that she may have a tame Texas oil millionaire in tow for something "cultural" in May or June. She asks for my ideas. I suggested my biography one, or alternatively the formation of the trust for TILL Now. If she thought the latter a good idea, I told her to contact you for all the particulars. It may be just one of those things, but you never know.

No news re China or Germany yet. Too soon. Re Cork. Dermot Breem the efficient organizer, writes to say how well he knows you by repute, how much they would love to have you at Cork, BUT the problem of the fare from NY is a bit too much for them. I was afraid so. Unles you could persuade Rene that it really was time you had your long-postponed European trip. But that would be too much to hope. But how wonderful if that happened and you could have your first smell of the European shores at Cork....It doesn't bear thinking about. If it happened, of course, I should hear from China a week before asking me there immediately!

I get steadily better all the time. Am in good spirits. Write about Doug. Fairbansk if you think well of it. The idea might be extended.

Love to you both —

Paul

AIR MAIL

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Very Private: Cuddington, April 3, 1957

Dear Dick:

I've been put into a position of having to make a most difficult decision and one that I cannot possibly make without advice and help from yourself. It has come as a complete surprize, is a most generous and noble offer prompted by the very best interests, but nonetheless places me in a dilemma the like of which I have never been in before. In brief, it is this:

Since last being in NY, I have been in frequent touch by letter with a certain lass who lives over on West 57th Street. She has had many troubles and much very serious sickness, and perhaps my letters have aided her a little. She has my deep respect for her courage and integrity, and through correspondence (apart from two brief spells in NY) we have become good friends. From time to time my letters have inevitably told of my problems and plight and, despite her own not inconsiderable problems, she has given time to mull over mine. I don't think I need say more.

Among other things, I mentioned to her how much I should like to find someone who would "invest" in me to write the long-delayed biography for Faber. You will remember I wrote you also about that, a crazy idea of mine that some wealthy guy might help a penniless character like me by advancing money to be set eventually against possible royalties from the book. It is a reaching-for-the-moon idea.

Now, out of the blue like a space-ship, comes a letter from her saying that she has suddenly and quite unexpectedly been left a sum of two thousand dollars, that she herself has enough personal money saved to see her through the summer until she takes another job in the fall, and that the windfall should be put at my disposal to come to New York for 3 months. She believes that I have come to a dead-end in England, that I am going round and round in hopeless circles seeing the same people and having my projects continually rejected, and that I need a complete change of surroundings and people to get myself restarted in new projects. She suggests that I work on my book while in New York (or rather proposes living some way out as you do and commuting when necessary) but also spend time seeing people (perhaps going up to Canada to the NFB) with a view to getting something going for myself there. In return (but this is not put in any way as a bargain!) she claims that my being in NY will greatly help her readjust her attitude to things and to regain her confidence about future work in view of her serious illnesses etc.(I feel that if anything comes from this, she must tell you that part of it herself).

Now one thing is immediately obvious from the above. If I should accept---and I hasten quickly to say that I have made no decision; (I have merely wired back my thanks and that it needs much thought and many problems are involved)---I cannot possibly come to NY publicly in such a way. There are too many obvious reasons for this to need explanation here; one of them is the matter of getting my US visa renewed--for that I must have a letter from a responsible body in NY asking me to come across for a specific purpose, (for example the FCA-invite and a letter from the UN asking my advice while in NY made my last visa possible); failing that, one must find a person or family who will guarantee my upkeep while in the US and that means much probing by the authorities (which would be unwelcome). Her idea is that your Museum should ask me on the grounds that I would be needed for some preliminary work on the proposed Rotha Cycle of films, but surely that would be very involved and ask you to become implicated in dealings which would be difficult to explain to the Museum authorities? * If a way has to be found, and I can at this moment only think of the idea of some person---such as Arthur Mayer---inviting me across for a specific purpose, then it must be all above board. I feel your help and advice are desperately needed here and I am writing to the lady-in-question (by the mail after this), to discuss the whole problem with you, which she herself suggested she should do.

asking

asking her

AIR MAIL

* especially as the Cycle is by no means a certainty!

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If the thing becomes a reality, the money side can be handled simply by her sending me direct (not via anyone else) sufficient for the travel and for settling up certain essential matters (like tax) here before I can leave. What is much more difficult, as you will have seen by now, is to find a way by which such a visit can be explained both here and in NY so as to be credible. I can leave here with no publicity or hullabaloo but on arrival in NY, people do (after all) know me around the place and I'm going to be asked why I'm there and at whose expense? Everybody will know not at my own! But let us assume, for the moment, that this side of the matter can be solved, perhaps by some brilliant idea of Griffith's, and look at the proposal more broadly.

"57th Street" is possibly right about me and England. I dislike admitting it but I am getting more and more frustrated in my attempts to get something going. I am not discouraged but I am trying to face up to the brutal fact that there is no work for the likes of me. I can go on trying to get a feature film set-up. I have, as you know, been trying since last November and am very little forward. PEGGY is still with Fairbanks, who is away, and with a new production company called Palmeira Films who have a tie-up with Fox. It has been turned down by Columbia, Eros and RKO-Radio. My other subject (WALLACE), the actuality-murder story, has run into really difficult censor trouble. Even with the goodwill that I have with the Board, it will be hard to get through unless I fictionalize the facts (so to speak!) which deguts my whole idea. And I am still searching for a third subject. The Fairbanks Sr. idea that I sent you still awaits Fairbanks Jr's return. The SAM SMALL sries might come off in an odd tie-up between NBC, the BBC and Basil Wright's unit but all depends of having a reply from Jere about the rights (as explained in my last letter). But even then, this project is only a filler, a TV film series with no deep interest for me other than that Eric wrote the stories. It would, however, earn me money on my own account and this is important. If any of the above should materialize, they would have to be my first choice. Why? Because I must ethically do something to earn money by my own mind-and-muscle. That is my first duty to myself and to those who have put faith in me by helping me through these past desperate months, such as Ann and yourself, and others. But, as the firsts-of-the-month come up so quickly one after another, it becomes increasingly hard to meet the bills. Even the odd article to write now seems more infrequent. It is as if there's a jinx on anyone askig me to do anything. Just how much longer I can go on under this strain I do not know. I'm not far from the busting point.

Now let me see it from another angle. Suppose I accept this sudden, very generous offer? I live for 3 months* in NY on yet more borrowed money although, like your's, with no immediate strings. I cut myself off from all projects here. I chance my hand at starting up something new in NY or Canada. You know the odds on this better than I do. Frankly, I don't see much work being done in NY on the book. For one thing, I need a great deal of research material which is all here; it would be plain stupid to ship it all across just for 3 months. And I have always reckoned that the MS would take me some 6-9 months to write. Added to which, I feel instinctively that it must be written here where my roots are and where, security being available, I can work hard and well on a long stint of writing. And so, supposing if after 3 months when the dollars are gone, I am no further forward with a new set-up, what then? I shall be faced with coming back to England to a completely blank outlook. In the meatime, I shall have wasted away the lady's legacy of 2000 bucks. Sounds somehow unmoral to me.

I wish to God you were here to talk this damned thing over. With no Dick Winnington around, I have absolutely no one whom I trust to discuss it with. I cannot--need I say this?---discuss it with Margot. The personal side of all this needs thought, too. One thing is clear, however; if I came to NY, it would make no difference or change in my personal life. (Margot and I have our problems; they are deep and very difficult; but despite lapses she has been very good to me in many years of hardship. She could not be left alone now to cope with life single-handed for any length of time. This much has always been made crystal

AIR MAIL

* see last page.

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clear to the lass on 57 Street.

So I come back to Griffith, whom I have known so long, for advice and maybe help.

Something should be said here about timing, I suppose. The idea (if I decide to come) suggested is for June, July and August. If that should be agreed, it would have to be about the middle of June because I have pledged myself to go to Cork on June 2nd and, indeed, if I can last out till then, want to go. But July and August are bad months in NY, are they hot, to get anything started? Supposing it's a ghastly hot summer? Doesn't everyone (who can) leave town? If I dropped going to Cork, I could of course come earlier; in fact, to be honest, I have no work commitments to stop me from coming in a week or two's time although it would obviously take longer to arrange than that. I don't know. I am in the hell of a state of indecision about it all. Poor "57 Street"! She hoped that this wonderful offer would put me out of my misery! Alas, although I cannot say this, it has posed me a problem to which I can't right now find the true answer.

What I would like, Dick, is this, if it is not asking too much of you. I shall ask madam to call you in the hope that you will meet and will bring to bear your cool, keen mind on the matter. Maybe you'll have an entirely different idea of using the dough to help Rotha? But there will be only one basic proviso, it must entail my coming to NY. If one thing is clear, it is that it is useless investing any more money in me while the cards seem so stacked against me here. I think that maybe she's right. The utter cul-de-sac in which I am now bogged down in England will finally break me up. Not yet! But I don't think I can go on and on like this. I think you understand.

So will you please have a couple of sober long scotches and peer deeply into your glass, consult if you like with Ann, and send me your findings. I shall make no move at all until then, except to write to "57th Street" asking her to get in touch with you.

**** ***** ****

Ike Kleinerman was here. He has left Pete Salomon and NBC and got a new but very similar set-up with Colombia TV. He starts in October with a compilation series to be called the Twentieth Century. I have found him a good librarian in London and he may offer me a small fee for consultancy everywhere now and again. Not enough to live on.

57th Street mailed me copies of S&S's publicity matter about your book with Arthur Mayer. Impressive! I have sent it on to Faber's, as promised.

I would still like your reaction to the Fairbanks project in case he comes back with an interest.

Sorry to set you so many problems when you must be busy with your own!

Love to you both:

Paul

[See over]

AIR MAIL

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P.S. I have been doing some rapid mathematics with those 2000 dollars. It sounds the hell of a big sum but it soon dwindles down when you add things up! I can't, for example, leave here without making some adequate provision to keep the home-front alive; I can't leave without meeting certain tax requirements; and the round-trip (even the cheapest by sea) eats quite a whole. Assuming that my earnings here between now and any date fixed to leave will just about break even (and there's no guarantee at this moment that they'll even do that), I don't see that 2000 bucks stretching further than 2 months in NY. Unless, of course, I can supplement it by earning while I am there, which would be fine. But even that cannot be relied upon and would not begin until after some weeks when I had landed myself some work. Aw hell, it's all so complicated!

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March 3, 1957

Dear Dick:

Seeking round for fresh projects, I have come on an old one that if it came off might involve you and the Museum. So I hasten (in hope) to send you a copy of the memo dealing with it. It is this:

It began some years back with an idea I had of doing a kind of screen-biography of Garbo from her old films. (I may have mentioned it to you at the time?). I sent the idea through to Dore Schary at MGM, who replied friendlily but turned it down because "she would be so difficult". One day soon after I had lunch with my dear Max Ophuls, who remarked that he was going on afterwards to meet Doug. Fairbanks Jr. I had happen to mention the Garbo idea to Maxie, whose quicksilver mind switched it to the senior Fairbanks. I redrafted the scheme and sent it to Fairbanks via my at-that-time agent. To which I had never a reply. Maybe my agent lost it. Agents do that. Last week, I found a means of direct access to young Fairbanks via Peter Cotes. Fairbanks had sent for him. He is about to make some more ½ hour TV films from plays and apparently wants Peter to direct some. Peter said Yes; he has to, like me. He has also put up to Fairbanks the idea of our joint film about Peggy and the American Soldier (which Colombia has turned down, not on story but because Frankovitch says he has more than enough British product to last a year). Thinkin about young Fairbanks made me look up my old memo about the senior Fairbanks and I hope to get it to him next week.

It is, I hope you will think, an attrative idea? One that I needn't be sorry to be associated with, if it came off? It is old stuff over again, but what the hell, if no one will let me make new pictures, then I must turn back to the past. Some time after I sent the memo the first time to Fairbanks, a press story appeared that he intended reissuing some of his father's films in their entirety with up-to-date sound tracks narrated by himself. But to my knowledge nothing has ever appeared, certainly not here. That was before TV became a factor in our lives. It seems to my dim-witted mind that my proposal carries several attractive sides to him. It is both of immediate cash value and of long-term prestige. He is alleged to be a snob, presumably snatching at "culture" and "prestige" as and where he can get it. This, surely, would be a wonderful opportunity and wouldn't cost very much money---in his terms of money. One hears that he (or his wife) has just come into a dollop of money from somewhere. Maybe he use part of it for this? You will see that I make specific reference to the Film Library on page one of the memo. You may have some further ideas about this aspect of it? If you have, and they could usefully strenghen my memo, I should be very glad of them as soon as you could put them in a letter. If I get to see the great young man, I don't suppose it will be until the week after next, starting the 11 March and by then I should have back your comments if any. I don't even know if the Mus. has ever had any contacts with Fairbanks over anything. I am assuming in all this, of course, that he owns the copyright to some if not all of the original negatives. Somewhere, sometime, I seem to have seen something to that effect, that old man Fairbanks was very careful to preserve the copyrights in his name. That, of course, might not apply to the pictures predating the United Artists release. Before that I think Paramount handled the films. But even if we had to scrub out the very early stuff and started with The Three Musketeers, we'd have something. (Have just checked in Cooke's book and see that the first picture to be released via UA was His Majesty the American in 1919, which gives us The Mark of Zorro and The Nut, too).

Have a hunch that this is a good idea, if only I can sell it to the young man as something that will benefit him as well as the cinema.

AIR MAIL

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* for address use Tel. no. thus:

ROTHA – HADDENHAM (BUCKS) 296.

ENGLAND (you have to put Bucks because there are several Haddenhams over the U.K.)

September 1, 1959

Dear Dick:

Its far too long a time since I've written, but you must blame the book; I've given my all to it. I have this week-end finished up to Bob's death, which leaves only the last and most difficult chapter of all--the summing-up. This I shall leave to do when I have revised all the MS to date and added the mass of stuff that has come in since I began on May 1st last, plus all Basil's many notes, and typed the MS up to that point. The wordage now totals 114,000! So I think you will agree that I have not wasted much time in four months to a day today! If someone had said to me four mnths ago that I shouldwrite over 100,000 words in 18 weeks, I'd have called them a liar as Old Tam said in NRP. However, they are written. Now I am back at the beginning and on the revise.

Now comes one reason for this letter: I am stuck for money to finish the book. I had lunch with Basil yesterday to talk it over. The exact position is that Hutchinson advanced one-third of the contract price in 1957 and which I used up entirely on coming to the US; in other words it went on keeping the home-front alive while I was away for those 3 months. In May last, Basil persuaded his bank to allow him to draw £500 against the forthcoming royalties of the book, which he paid over to me to keep me alive thse past four months. Thus about £660 have been drawn against the book. We have every hope that now the first draft is written, Hutchinson will advance some more but, the problem is, ~~that~~ the man with whom we deal there---and like you at S and S, only one man deals with a book---is away until the end of this bloody month. Somehow, from somewhere, we have to raise sufficient for me to complete the work, which will take I estimate about three months, maybe less. Now Bas and I wondered if an approach to Standard Oil might bring about some favorable response? After all, we are always given to understand that they were very ahppy with ~~the~~ all the prestige from L.S., and we could make very suitable acknowledgements to them in the opening of the book. But before doing anything, I thought I would ask your advice first. So could you reply to me very briefly as follows:

i) Do you think in the first place that S.O. might respond favorably? ii) if your reply is Yes, then to whom should we write? iii) I know Ed Sammis very slightly, met him with you in 1955 twice. iv) is he the right person to approach? I did write him about the book to ask for details about the inception of L.S., whose idea was it actually in the first place and also asked him to forward a letter to Roy Stryker. That was on July 16 last but I have not had any reply, either from Sammis or from Stryker. I assume that Sammis is away. He may or may not have sent on my letter to Stryker, who also hasn't replied. (Helen van D has subsequently sent me an address for the latter in Pittsburgh and I have now written direct). I should think to be absolutely on the safe side, we should ask S.O. for 2000 dollars. This must be chicken feed to them, but do you personally think they would respond? If your answer is Yes, and Sammis is the right guy to approach, could you through your office send me a cable, since the matter is urgent?* You could simply say: YES; TRY SAMMIS. If I don't hear from you by early next week, then I'll assume that you think it is a bad idea. Needless to say, I don't want any of this to come to France's ears!

A second reason for this letter: on Sept 9 a very good friend and old co-worker of mine flies from London to California via NY. He is Michael Orrom, whose name may strike a bell with you. He's a scatty sort of guy of whom I'm very fond. He came to my unit early in the war as a junior, he got sidetracked onto some highly secret electronics stuff (so secret that I don't think he knew what he was doing)but he continued to work nights in my cutting-room suchwas his love for films (They don't come like that these days). He worked on the cutting with me of WORLD IS RICH, helped to script NRP and edited that film. Since them he has been out on his own, writing and directing very well. Elton, for Shell, is sending him to California to make an epic in color about plastics. He will stop off for a few days on the 10th in NY to see the Shell head people, then he goes on to California to script, then he flies back to London via NY again. Then he will return later in the year to shoot with an American unit. I understand that Elton has given him introductions

AIR MAIL

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my one complaint with your Flaherty book? No bloody index to it! I'm going to have a law passed internationally that no book, other than fiction, can be printed sans an index!

Some vague Australian possibilities cropped up. The Latrobe Valley (Brown Coal) one went down the drain, not enough money. But an independent guy there called Cecil Holmes, who once directed an omnibus feature there called THREE IN ONE, has written saying that he 's raising some money to make a feature on an original story which he has sent and is not bad at all. A story of the rivalry between an Australian and an Italian immigrant fishing fleet off the SE Coast. Its based on fact. So I've said okay and the next move is with him. But nothing else lined up at all. It's difficult if not impossible to keep negotiations going on any new project from down here. No further news, incidentally, about the Adelaide Film Festival. Its not too late to hear. The last news, in March, was that the guy with whom I was talking liked my proposals sent to him (as we agreed) and was putting it to his committee. But right now is their mid-winter and I'm not surprised that I haven't heard. I may still.

What else? Yes, a superb Polish film, ASHES AND DIAMONDS, by Vajda, who made CANAL and REGENERATION. This is really the works. I think it'll get our Winnington Award this year. This you must see. I have, twice; its better and better. Very very well directed and acted and theme, well it's got everything that needs saying about Communism and Humanism. Please see it.

Flaherty book again! I am told that that little lad Gideon Bachmann is publishing as a book all the tapes he recorded of people talking about Bob. He offered to play them to me, you'll recall, but as there were some 30 odd hours of them and no selction had been done--and it was during my gout session---I never got around to hearing them. If this news is true, can you get hold of an early copy of the book and mail it me? Maybe its got nothing that I haven't got in my slow old-fashioned way but you never know. And one other thing---Costello's bar where Bob frequented, was it on Third Avenue? Is there anything I can say about it, local color etc? I don't remember ever having gone there. I should have done. But anything you can tell me about it and the types that went there in Bob's day would be useful material.

No more for now. I keep Rotha Information Services Inc going to amuse Ann. She sent me a sweet letter a week or two back. God knows if ever I'll get around to doing the Lassie piece for your local sheet. I put off everyhting (except writing to you it seemes) for the book. So back now to the beginning of the MAN OF ARAN chapter.

Haven't had gin now for six months. Poisonous stuff! Only Scotch and very little of that because literally can't afford it. Mostly beer, which means that I have put on weight, which is bad.

Grierson still operating from Scotland on his TV series. Basil now in throes of making his 4-reel color film for the Goldsmiths Company. I send him my MS section by section and he makes a few comments but---between you and me still--it's my book so far. I think it had to work out like that. Two people can't write a book together unless they split it up as we do. And it wouldn't have been possilbe to have done that on the Flaherty book. Still, it will be another one to put on the shelf and I hope will be of importance even beyond a study of Bob and his work--it also touches fundamentals on the whole documentary thing. I didn't see it taking that shape at first but that's the way it is working out.

Give Mary my love: she's a nice lass! Love to you both (and dogs) as always from us

Donald Alexander, about those films I found nice comments in your old letter, was here for a day. Seems a good boy! Boy, his as old as you are. [P.T.O] Paul

AIR MAIL

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Had a party shown from Oxford Press in Bombay in the
12 months - April/April 1958-59, they only sold 193 copies!

Doesn't seem to square with a letter from Sheldon Meyer
earlier in year who expressed himself very satisfied
with sales!

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to Irving Jacoby and Ricky Leacock with a view to seeing if he can use their sevices, and I am also telling him to see Willard, who might help. For union reasons, Orrom must find an American unit with whom he can work as a kind of supervisor. He might do better to use a Los Angeles unit, but he doesn't know yet where the majority of his shooting will be, West or East Coasts. I am giving him your private telephone number in case you may still be on leave. I think you'll like the boy (I call him that still; he must be around 38 by now); he is very sensitive and appreciative of good things but a bit wacky. He has also agreed to call at the Film Library on his way back from California to get from Miss Oplatka the stills she is holding for me. She knows about this and agrees. I hope that by then she will have had copied the youthful one of Bob that you own at your house, if you will take it up to the office one day. I have also asked her to send me some stills from THE LAND, of which there are none here at all. So when Mike Orrom arrives on the 10th, he'll try and contact you either at the Library or at Croton. He's travelling on Shell money, so he ought to buy you the drinks.

Now let me briefly say, what I may have said already briefly on sundry postcards to you, that your two letters of August 1 and 12 were of tremendous help to me on the book. I have drawn on them extensively both to rewrite and to quote from direct. I have been as discrete as reasonablypossible about the Capra story, but in any case I promise you that you shall receive a typescript of the complete book before it ever goes to the printers so that you can check through wherever I've quoted you. Obviously, too, at that date, I shall more than welcome all your comments and criticisms. Did I tell you that Helen van D has been wonderfully helpful too. She sent me her day-by-day diary she kept at Abbeville all during the making of L.S. and also some detailed notes about editing THE LAND in Washington. Also the final recording sheets for the latter film, which have been of great value to me. Another person who has been of value has been an odd character called Newton Rowe, who was a government inspector on Savaii when Bob made MOANA, and got to know him later in London very well indeed. It is really amazing the number of characters who have turned up who knew Bob well at various times. About the only person from whom I cannot get a reply is Ricky Leacock. I know he's willing but just too busy (or too lazy?) to put anything down on paper. Osmund Borradaile sent me some good stuff about ELEPHANT BOY from the farm where he now lives in Canada. People by and large have been very good.

Your SEA-CHANGE week-end sounds quite out of this or any other world! The money that these people must have in total represented! But what a great bore for you and how damned thoughtless to let it eat into your vacation. And what if anything came out of it all? I'd like to think some more money for you, and for the F.L. But in all they probably decided to buy another Matisse or Picasso. But you sure do move among the Top People these days! Hope you approved of John D. Rockefeller's garden.... Did you shoot any footage there? Bet it was out of focus due to the gin....

Glad more than I can say that Ann has started in her new work. Hope it goes well. Maybe it will help matters there. I do so very much hope it will. About my onw affairs thataway, I must not write just now. It is all very tricky.

I note looking back to your August 1 letter that you started your vacation on that day, which means that you will be back at the Musum this week. So I'll tell Mike Orrom to call you there first, if he arrives in the day time, if not to call you at home. If you feel like it, Mike would be the right kind of guy to have out to the house one Sunday, he'd fit in well. HE's got a nice wife and a sweet young baby girl but they're staying here of course in England.

Literally no time for more now. Send me that wire if you think the S.O. approach is a sensible thing to do. Love to you both and two dogs.

AIR MAIL

No news from Read yet but Faber's anxious to know how long you want to do your part of revised bit?

Event really saw Potter + Guernica films; Enid seen here about 6 weeks to clear them thro customs! Many thanks for sending them! see

P.T.O.

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Odd News.

(1) The C+M - Columbia rumor proves to be false.

(2) The Flaxbags refused to send CRADLE to Cann! Why? Search me: I'm not had a crack at them since last April! Have no idea if they did a deal with Lesser.

(3) David (who, thank God, didn't go to Calif with Frances) has sent me much more stuff. He says Bob never lived at Cherry House. Eric must have dreamed up that one!

(4) Send me any thing you think worthwhile about Benson Calligraphy film. I screened about 60 mins of this stuff at the Museum.

(5) Don't forget to send the Bachman anthology.

(6) Did you get around to seeing "Ashes + Diamonds"?

(7) I'm told that The Savage Eye by Strick, Maddow + Meyers is something! Was shown at Edinburgh last week: created sensation.

(8) Please thank Eileen for sending me the Floyd Crosby clips. I'd also like to have Rick Leacock's articles.

AIR MAIL

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	Griffith	13

BY AIR MAIL
PAR AVION

AYLESBURY
7 45PM
6 DEC
1956
BUCKS.

POST EARLY
for CHRISTMAS

Mr. Richard Griffith,
Colobaugh Pond Road,
Croton-on-Hudson,
N.Y.

U.S.A.

U. S. A.

31, 1956

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inning of February, 1958.
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I think---in March next.

Rain, rain and more rain. Please thank
Ann
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York now after a fanta
ive to Texas and back. She's left Palmers
since May. It will be good to hear from you when there's time. Love
to you both as ever.

Paul

Weston took this picture.—AY2796.

west-End, what the
name for not sitting on a film so you can bet that I'm anxious to have it seen

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The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection: Griffith	Series.Folder: 13

LONDON ENGLAND

BY AIR MAIL
PAR AVION

FS FS

Mr. Richard Griffith,
Colobaugh Pond Road,
Croton-on-Hudson,
N.Y.

U. S. A.

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The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection: Griffith	Series.Folder: 13

PAUL ROTHA.

December 31, 1956

Dear Dick:

Thanks your's of Dec 16. Have consulted with Faber and they are so anxious to coincide with you that they have agreed a publication date for the book ---which will be called Rotha on the Film---at beginning of February, 1958. This means the MS from me by March 1st next, which can be done. So if you can get the project through, you know the date for which to aim. If the [illegible] help with the copy [illegible] petent and generou[illegible] happens at all. That is [illegible] sider that Rotha i[illegible] seum, what about J[illegible] f he'd remember me but [illegible]

Please [illegible] nd also is the Theater [illegible] I did for it in 19[illegible] address for it, plea[illegible]

So am ba[illegible] very three weeks, c[illegible] g film is all read[illegible] y 10th. It is not a[illegible] e old Living Newspape[illegible] for a party politica[illegible] ially made for the [illegible] ics calls it.

The hand[illegible] y. Am having a course[illegible] g around the place is[illegible] w and for longer periods. I place my faith in the New Year. Had a bottle of claret a week or two ago and suddenly came out in black patches on all the joints where my affliction has taken up residence. A most frightening experience. Thought I had bubonic plague. No more wine, says the doctor.....

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West-End, what the [illegible]
name for not sitting on a film so you can bet that I [illegible] anxious to have it seen.

Second fold here

Sender's name and address: Rotha
Tibbys Cottage
Cuddington
Near Aylesbury
Bucks. England.

AN AIR LETTER SHOULD NOT CONTAIN ANY ENCLOSURE; IF IT DOES IT WILL BE SURCHARGED OR SENT BY ORDINARY MAIL.

Weston took this picture.—AY2796.

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The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection: Griffith	Series.Folder: 13

December 31, 1956

23 September 1956

Dear Dick,

Here we go with 2 fingers of the left-hand! A great achievement--the first letter I8ve written in weeks. I agree with everything said by Havelock El lis except that when gout is in the victim's blood etc etc and when it is in his joints,his mind becomes abnormally clear and vigorous. My mind is far from either vigorous or clear! Have now had the damned thing for 4 weeks, in both wrists---the right far worse than the left---and in the mornings I wake up with it in the feet but this lessens as the day goes on. Am now on a 3-week treatment of dipping the affected limbs into hot paraffin wax, letting it set for ½ hour, then peeling it off--this twice a day. The doctor says also no work at all. Ha, ha, ha! Though I must say it is a little diffcicult to work when you can neither write nor type. However, this letter is a pioneer mark on the great trail--so far its has taken me 12½ minutes to get as far as here. But I am glad to say that compulsory slowness makes for more accurate typing! I must say you place me among some very strange cahracters in quoting Mr. Roueche's list! So I morosely hang around the place, drink a bit (but don8t feel like much) and wonder how the bills will be met at the end of the month.

The script for the 2-reeler was a sudden godsend. I wrote it in 10 days and made enough to stave off tax people and to live six weeks. Now a Sunday newspaper wamts three 1000 word articles which I shall try and dictate. The 2-reeler: iroinc after all these years? Suddenly the Labour Party has a 25-minute spot to fill on both commercial TV and BBC simultaneously first week in January and want a film on Housing. Will I script and then produce? Yes, if done anonymously, I say. So I remembered Land of Promise and scripted a kind of Living Newspaper for them which they like. They are now discussing costs. I think they'll make it all right but there are so many committees and sub-committees for it to go through. But the important things is that it marks a new policy for propaganda for the Labour people, who for so many years (as you know from me) have been more reactionary than the Tories. They tell me that if this one goes through, they will dp three next year and ask me to take care of all. Like Capra during the war, it is important that these films should be the anonymous product of the Labour Movement. It will get around that I'm doing it, but at least no newspaper publicity, my life with the film trade is hard enough as it is.... So you too keep it quiet, please.

The World-TV film got appalling reviews here mostly. The 16mm copy put out by the BBC was poor quality, but despite that the critics here completely missed the international point of the project.

Hvae left word about John Adams with Cliffords Inn so that he will be given my tel. number out here. Will try and get into town to meet him or else ask him domn here. I travel as little as poss. because of expense and sheer discomfort. Delighted to hear that you both have been working on the house. Much that wants doing here but can't do it, alas, yet. Hope Mother comes across with the shekels.....
much appreciated and gave much plea

name for not sitting on a film so you can bet that I I anxious to have it seen

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	Griffith	13

PAUL ROTHA.

December 31, 1956

BY AIR MAIL
PAR AVION
AIR LETTER
AEROGRAMME

AYLESBURY 6 30PM 23 SEP 1956 BUCKS.

POSTAGE POSTAGE E R 6D SIXPENCE 6D

Mr. Richard Griffith
Colobaugh Pond Road,
Croton-on-Hudson
NEW YORK. U.S.A.

First fold here

Second fold here

Sender's name and address: Rotha
Tibbys Cottage
Cuddington
Near Aylesbury
Bucks. England.

AN AIR LETTER SHOULD NOT CONTAIN ANY ENCLOSURE; IF IT DOES IT WILL BE SURCHARGED OR SENT BY ORDINARY MAIL.

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York now after a fantastic car drive to Texas and back. She's left Palmers since May. It will be good to hear from you when there's time. Love to you both as ever.

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Please let me have the Public Ledger address when possible; and also is the Theater Arts Monthly still in existence. I want to use a pice I did for it in 1938 and must write for permission. Can you mail me an address for it, please?

So am batting away at the radio-scripts (!!) getting one out every three weeks, other odds and sods of articles etc. The Labour Housing film is all ready and goes out over all stations in the U.K. on January 10th. It is not a film; it is a TV pamphlet. But you will recognize the old Living Newspaper style. No credits are being taken on it, rightly for a party political thing of this kind. It's not bad. But it is essentially made for the Little Screen, or the Idiot Lantern as one of our critics calls it.

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Paul

West-End, what the circus, eh, ... name for not sitting on a film so you can bet that I'm anxious to have it seen.

Weston took this picture.—AY2796.

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Now come with us to Cuddington to a bend in a village road not far from the school. Even the sun was making one of its rare appearances when Alec Weston took this picture.—AY2796.

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The Museum of Modern Art Archives, NY	Collection:	Series.Folder:
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Friday

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August 31, 1956

Light

1,500 m. (200 kc/s) 24

5.0 DUDLEY SAVAGE
at the BBC theatre organ

5.30 NORMAN BURNS
and his Band
with Beryl Wayne and Dick James
(*Norman Burns and his Band are appearing at Butlin's Ocean Hotel, Saltdean*)

Shipping Forecast
on 1,500 m—5.58-6.0

6.0 SIX O'CLOCK JAZZ
6—Henry Levine
and his Dixieland All-Stars
Introduced by Harold Rogers
Produced by Alex Turnbull
(Recordings made available by courtesy of 'Voice of America')

6.15 OUR KIND OF MUSIC
A programme of British music
sung by
Joan Bramhall, Robert Simmons
and the BBC Singers
Conducted by Cyril Gell
with
Sidney Davey and his Players
Produced by Charles Beardsall
(BBC recording)

6.45 'THE ARCHERS'
A story of country folk

BY AIR MAIL
PAR AVION

AYLESBURY
6 30PM
3 MCH
1957
BUCKS

Mr. Richard Griffith,
Colobaugh Pond Road,
Croton-on-Hudson,
N.Y.

U.S.A.

SEPTEMBER 19

DAY 3

FROM 5.0 P.M.

10.0 Greenwich Time Signal
NEWS
10.15 TOPIC
FOR TONIGHT
See panel

10.20 JOHNNY DANKWORTH
PLAYS
Part 1
'Themes'
A survey of popular music
with Cleo Laine and Frank Holder
Produced by John Burnaby

11.0 A BOOK AT BEDTIME
'The Fortnight in September'
by R. C. Sherriff
(to be read in twenty instalments)
Abridged by Jane Bowness
Read by Malcolm Graeme
1—'Marching Orders'

11.15 JOHNNY DANKWORTH
PLAYS
Part 2
'Variations'
Music of our time
for the modern enthusiast
with Cleo Laine and Frank Holder

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Issue dated
AUGUST 31
1956

RADIO TIMES

INCORPORATING WORLD-RADIO

British Broadcasting Corporation,
Broadcasting House, London, W.1

Editorial: BBC Publications
35 Marylebone High St.
London, W.1

Copyright of all programmes in this issue is strictly reserved by the BBC

Television is Linking the World

PAUL ROTHA writes here of the making of a film, 'The Challenge of Television,' which shows how the new medium of communication is breaking down barriers between the nations. The film, to which more than thirty television services have contributed, will be seen by BBC viewers on Monday

'THIS girl in Japan is playing for the Japanese to see and hear. They are seeing it *as it happens*. You are seeing it now because it has been recorded on film . . . but tomorrow you, too, may be seeing it "live"—as it actually *happens*.'

These few words, summing up one of the most fascinating aspects of television, are from the narration of a 45-minute documentary programme about television's impact on the world.

It was in December, 1953, that the idea first arose of making a film that would survey and dramatise the world-wide spread of television, its social impact on an ever-increasing audience, and the challenge which it poses for the future communication between men. Henry Cassirer, Unesco's television expert in Paris, and I, at that time in charge of the BBC's documentary department, held mutually stimulating discussions, planning a way to make this venture as a joint BBC-Unesco project. If the final film was to give an impression of how television operated in countries as far apart as the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A., Japan and Cuba, clearly the co-operation of television services in many countries would be essential. This was where Unesco could help.

When the BBC promised initial support by agreeing to make the film, in June 1954 Unesco approached some twenty of its member nations who were actually operating a public television service at that time. The request, mostly made through Unesco national commissions where appropriate, sought to find out if governments or other organisations would agree in principle to send film coverage of their TV stations at work, studios, typical viewers, and so on to the BBC in London for inclusion in the film. If the response was generally favourable, then further more detailed requirements were to be sent when the script was ready. If a country agreed to collaborate, it was proposed that it should receive a copy of the completed film for use over its own TV service, in translation if necessary. It was stressed that this project was the first to be attempted in television on such a wide international scale. 'It is hoped,' said the letter, 'that the film will draw attention to the great opportunities of this new medium of television for the promotion of better and more personal understanding between nations, and for the spread of information to people who today live largely in individual, social, geographic and national isolation.'

Gathering Material

The replies were encouraging. Promises of contributions in varying degrees came from the majority of countries approached. It was decided to begin research, in which Unesco helped, and to prepare the script. But writing a script of this complexity is not a task to be undertaken at odd moments and it was not until May, 1955, when I left the Corporation, that work really began. The script was finished and revised in two months. In July of last year, detailed requirements were sent to all the nations who had agreed to collaborate.

Requirements varied from country to country. For example, we wanted as many types of receiving aerials (or antennae) as possible, the 'fingers' that keep in touch with the world through the ether: the rows of masts on an apartment block in Harlem, the single H above a Cotswold thatched-roof, the curly aerials among Paris roof-tops, the masts on the isolated Mid-west farmhouse, the factory in Moscow, the school-house in Japan, the community centre in Mexico—aerials singly, in pairs, in rows, in forests.

From France we wanted scenes of the co-operatively-owned TV sets in villages; from the U.S.S.R. the use of TV for training; from Denmark, Canada, Japan, and the Netherlands the televising of their Parliaments; while from all countries we wanted shots of transmitters and relay-stations —such as the one 14,000 ft. above sea-level on the Paso de Cortez north of Mexico City and the one 12,000 ft. above the Jungfraujoch in the Swiss Alps. Most difficult of all, we wanted scenes of how TV is affecting people's daily lives.

All during the winter and spring of this year, film arrived from Belgium, Canada, Cuba, Denmark, France, Italy, Japan, Mexico, the Netherlands, Switzerland, the United Nations, the United States and the U.S.S.R. During the same period, Norman Swallow was out-and-about getting special shooting in Britain and making coverage of particular events, such as the General Election telecasts, in the BBC's own studios. Co-operation came, too, from the commercial TV companies who supplied film material of their studios and programmes.

Finally, Ian Callaway began to assemble and edit for us the vast mass of film that had by now been collected. Technically the process was complicated because much of the film from abroad was on 16 mm. stock while the BBC's own material was on 35 mm., so it was decided to make the final programme on 16 mm. Sound tracks and tape-recordings of special effects came from many places and formed a fascinating experiment in sound montages which would suggest to viewers many kinds of programme without the programmes actually being seen.

The Challenge of Television covers the medium from almost every point of view—nationally and internationally as entertainment, news, information, sport and education; in industry, science and medicine as well as in the home. Sequences deal with outside broadcasts of practically every sport, State events, and even a murder trial; with programmes for children and programmes for peasants; with political personalities, philosophers and scientists; with TV's brief history since the 1920s and with some account of earlier methods of communication such as movable type and the cinema. Distinguished personalities who appear in programme extracts include the Pope, Sir Anthony Eden, Prime Minister Nehru, Bertrand Russell, Dr. Robert Oppenheimer, Lord Attlee, President Eisenhower, Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard, Mr. Adlai Stevenson and Mr. Truman. Among the specially filmed contributions are those from Dag Hammarskjold, Secretary-General of the United Nations, Sir Mortimer Wheeler, Mlle. Jacqueline Joubert, the popular announcer of French television, and two well-known TV critics, Peter Black in London and John Crosby in New York.

After its first screening to the British public on Monday, copies of the film will be available to go to all those countries which took part in the most ambitious attempt yet at international collaboration on a single television programme. In the final words of the narration: 'From North to South, from East to West—the crowded air is carrying images to all who want to receive them. May these images be carriers of goodwill . . .'

Countries Supplying Public Television Transmissions: 1956

ALASKA
ARGENTINA
*AUSTRALIA
AUSTRIA
BELGIUM
BRAZIL
BULGARIA
CANADA
CUBA
CZECHO-SLOVAKIA
DENMARK
DOMINICAN REPUBLIC
FRANCE
GERMANY (EAST)
GERMANY (WEST)
HAWAII
HUNGARY
IRAQ
ITALY
JAPAN
LUXEMBOURG
MEXICO
MONACO
MOROCCO
NETHERLANDS
PHILIPPINES
PUERTO RICO
SAAR
SWEDEN
SWITZERLAND
THAILAND
UNITED KINGDOM
U.S.A.
U.S.S.R.
VENEZUELA

* *The Australian service will start in the autumn of 1956 for the Olympic Games*

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MUSIC DIARY

By ARTHUR JACOBS

'Masses and Fugues and Ops.'

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN'S Mikado threatened a certain class of criminal with the punishment of 'Masses and fugues and ops.' Pleasure rather than punishment, however, is promised in the Masses by Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert which come from the Edinburgh Festival in the Third Programme this week. Josef Krips conducts.

The performers are the Vienna Hofmusikkapelle, or Court Music Chapel, a title proudly retained from Austria's Imperial days. This body of singers and instrumentalists includes the Vienna Boys' Choir, which has its own high reputation, and of which Schubert himself was once a member. The Masses demand vocal soloists and full orchestra, as well as a choir. For this reason, and also because of the composers' freely individual approach to the Latin text, these are works more readily suited to the concert-hall than to churches today.

Mozart's 'Coronation' Mass (Thursday) was composed for the ritual crowning of a statue of the Virgin. Mozart was twenty-three then, and chafing in the service of the Prince Archbishop of Salzburg. Shortly afterwards he went to Vienna as a free-lance musician, became a Freemason, and left church music untouched for almost a decade. But in his last year he wrote the motet *Ave Verum Corpus* (Hail, True Body) and as much of the Requiem as he could before death overtook him. These two late works are also to be heard in Thursday's concert.

Beethoven's Mass in C (Saturday) is neither as long nor as famous (nor as difficult to sing!) as the composer's later Mass in D: but it stands up nevertheless as essential Beethoven. Characteristically effective is the last page, when the composer rounds off the work by quoting the music of the *Kyrie Eleison* (Lord, have mercy) which opened the Mass.

Schubert's Church Music

The Mikado was not wrong to link Masses with fugues. We hardly associate the composer of the 'Unfinished' Symphony and *Gretchen at the Spinning-Wheel* with fugues—yet even Schubert, writing his Mass in E flat shortly before his death, evidently found in the fugal idiom not only a traditional solemnity but the kind of cumulative effect he wanted. This Mass and other church music by Schubert make up Friday's Festival concert.

Schubert shuffled the word-order of the Mass to his own musical convenience. Edmund Rubbra is a Roman Catholic composer who, on the contrary, has scrupulously respected the text of the Mass so that his setting is fully suitable for church use. His 'Mass in Honour of St. Dominic' (in Latin, for unaccompanied choir) is included in the recorded programme given on Tuesday (Third) by the Schola Cantorum of Wellington. This fine small choir, as I found out in New Zealand three years ago, is possibly the Dominion's brightest musical ornament.

Not a Mass but a setting of the *Stabat Mater* (the medieval Latin poem about Mary's vigil by the Cross) represents Dvořák at the Three Choirs Festival this week. This work, conducted by Dvořák himself when he first visited London in 1884, comes from Gloucester Cathedral on Wednesday (Home).

That evening at the Proms Sir Malcolm Sargent will conduct an enchanting and too-rarely-heard orchestral work of Dvořák's, the Symphonic Variations (Home, except Scottish).

The same Prom presents the Clarinet Concerto by the young Welsh composer Alun Hoddinott—a work with a deftness and a serenade-like character which left the happiest impression on me at the Cheltenham Festival two years ago. Also from the Proms this week come Mozart and Beethoven (Friday, Home). And to the mixed-bag evening on Saturday (Light) Sir Malcolm brings the braves and squaws of his own Royal Choral Society to sing the second part of Coleridge-Taylor's *Hiawatha*. Heap big sound.

For Musical Adventurers

The week's spot for intrepid musical adventurers is Monday evening (Third), when a sample will be heard of the Electronic Music now being cultivated by certain West German composers. The composer assembles the music himself from tape-recordings of 'pure' tones which he combines as he will. He can use notes in between the normal musical notes, and tone-colours not available on any normal instrument.

'On the average hearer it produces a sense of nausea.' No, I am not anticipating the verdict on Electronic Music or any other recent arrival. I merely reproduce one of the more restrained judgments (by a leading London critic) on Richard Strauss's opera *Salome* shortly after it appeared. Fifty years have gone by since then; but this opera about Salome's craving for John the Baptist may still stir up strong reactions at Edinburgh this week. A complete broadcast awaits Home Service listeners on Thursday.

Among soloists at the Edinburgh Festival this year are Irmgard Seefried, the soprano, and Wolfgang Schneiderhan, the violinist—in private life husband and wife. Both are soloists with the London Mozart Players (Monday, Home except Midland and West), in a programme which includes an excerpt from another Mozart Mass.

Wolfgang Schneiderhan and Irmgard Seefried

The distinguished soprano and her husband—who was at one time leader of the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra—are giving Mozart concerts and recitals together all over the world. On Monday they can be heard with the London Mozart Players from Edinburgh. Irmgard Seefried was born in Bavaria, and joined the Vienna State Opera in 1943. Now she has become an international artist, but still spends a few months each year singing with the Vienna State Opera

PLAYS OF THE WEEK

By PETER FORSTER

THERE have been a good many plays about the problem of the modern scientist who rebels against the uses to which officialdom puts his work. Edward Hyams's *Compassion* tackles that even more immediately important person, the scientist who acquiesces. His Sir Arthur Sloman is a world-renowned authority on plant viruses, a public personality very much on the official bandwagon. So much so that his wife, Meriel, has come to fear that in his mind science, as an impersonal ideal, has made him forget that science must affect people, and that from the human point of view his researches might possibly be put to sinister use. As a concert pianist, she knows the need for warmth of emotion to balance technical brilliance.

And here Mr. Hyams (writing in a different manner from his usual tart satire) goes beyond to the deeper problem adumbrated by his title: namely, whether Sir Arthur's desire to benefit mankind in general is borne out by his personal attitude towards people in particular—such people as, for instance, the old family servant crippled by rheumatoid arthritis who so annoys him. 'There never was yet philosopher that could endure the toothache patiently,' wrote Shakespeare, and this play ironically anatomises the difference between Sir Arthur's public protestations and his private behaviour. (Monday, Home, except Midland.)

* * *

William Templeton's *The Ivory Tower* is also concerned to relate public to private life, though here the arena is political not scientific. The place is an unnamed middle-European country; the time the recent past when the communists have just gained power. That they did not have to seize it by force was due to the moderating influence of the outgoing, non-communist Foreign Minister, Jan Daubek, who held their usurpation to be inevitable and preferred it to be bloodless.

But the new rulers know that what has been won with a semblance of legality cannot be consolidated without force, and that Daubek, the man of moderation and integrity, will represent a potential rallying-point for anti-communist opinion. His father was the country's greatest musician; his very name is synonymous with freedom and patriotism. Thus when Daubek returns to his home town and, as he hopes, a peaceful retirement with his family, ruthless plans are already under way to remove him from the political scene. This is a study of a man gradually forced to realise that he cannot avoid conflict with evil; when the play was produced in London a few years ago it was widely accepted that it had been inspired by the tragic death of Jan Masaryk. (Saturday-Night Theatre.)

* * *

The central character in *The Paddy Pedlar*, another Irish play by Michael J. Molloy, is one of those loquacious and ingenious scamps in which the Irish drama abounds. Ooshla Clancy lives on his wits and moonshine whisky; he is a friend of the poor, being one of them himself, but despises mere manual labour, for 'digging'd dull my brain again and I'd not be clever enough to help the poor against the rogue bailiffs and the rogue landlords.' The play tells of Ooshla's attempts to rob a blind pedlar of the riches he is supposed to be carrying. (Wednesday and Saturday, Third.)

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SEPTEMBER 3

MONDAY TELEVISION

TED HEATH and his Music at 9.15

3.0 Greenwich Time Signal

Mainly for Women

TWICE TWENTY

A magazine for older women

Autumn Fashion Preview

Anne Lambton suggests ideas for smart dressing in the colder weather

Meeting Place

Peggy Mount, Walter Kous, and Isobel Park find something in common to discuss—mothers-in-law!

Tokens of Faraway Places

Alice Hooper Beck shows some curious shells from her collection and tells where and how she found them

In Birmingham Today

David Martin introduces you to some interesting people from the Midlands

How They Said It

Denise Robins reminds you of proposals of marriage made by well-known characters from famous novels. They are portrayed by Elaine Usher and Charles Houston

(Continued in next column)

THE CHALLENGE OF TELEVISION

An American snatches a bite to eat at a lunch bar in New Rochelle, New York, while pictures from hundreds of miles away flash on to the television screen behind him. Tonight's film by Paul Rotha traces at 8.30 the international developments of this new and powerful method of communication that has become an influence on the lives of people all over the world

Your Theatre Guide

Alan Melville tells you about some of the shows to be seen in London

Introduced by Bill Fairchild
Produced by Monica Sims

(Peggy Mount is appearing in 'Sailor Beware' at the Strand Theatre, London)

All About Animals

George Cansdale shows you some more animals

This Was News

A programme that helps you to understand some of the events of recent weeks

★ ★ ★

3.45-4.0 WATCH WITH MOTHER

For the Very Young

Picture Book

Pages turned by Patricia Driscoll

Edited by Maria Bird

(A BBC Television Film)

★ ★ ★

5.0-6.0 CHILDREN'S TELEVISION

'Georgoe and the Two Tiny Oxen'

A cartoon film of a Polish folk story

(Continued in next column)

7.0 Greenwich Time Signal

NEWS

Sports News

Newsreel

followed by

The Weather

7.20 HIGHLIGHT

People, events, comments of today

Introduced by Geoffrey Johnson Smith

7.30 ADVENTURES OF THE BIG MAN

Wayne Morris in the film

'Edge of Darkness'

8.0 FIND THE LINK

with Kenneth Horne in the chair

and

Carole Carr, Josephine Douglas
Bruce Seton, Eric Sykes

finding the links between the challengers

Special investigators:
Pauline and Larry Forrester
Presented by G. B. Lupino

8.30 'THE CHALLENGE OF TELEVISION'

Today there are Television Services in nearly forty countries. This film has as its theme the growth and power of this latest means of communication between men

Written and supervised by Paul Rotha

Produced by the BBC in collaboration with UNESCO, and with contributions from the Television Services of Belgium, Canada, Cuba, Denmark, France, Italy, Japan, Mexico, the Netherlands, Switzerland, the United Kingdom, the United Nations, U.S.A., and U.S.S.R.

See page 3

9.15 'SHAPES'

by

Ted Heath and his Music

A pictorial fantasy illustrating the sound of this famous band

Designer, Stewart Marshall
Produced by Francis Essex

10.0 THE HEART OF THE VALLEY

See foot of page and page 6

10.30 NEWS

10.45 V. S. Pritchett in STORY TIME

Followed by

The Weather and Close Down

PURITAN

for all the jobs that soap does best

the Modern home soap

TWO TABLETS 1/1d.

FU 177-795-65

BBC TELEVISION STATIONS

STATION	CHANNEL
Crystal Palace	1
Divis	1
Douglas, Isle of Man	5
Holme Moss	2
Kirk o' Shotts	3
Les Platons, Jersey	4
Meldrum	4
North Hessary Tor	2
Norwich	3
Pontop Pike	5
Rowridge	3
Sutton Coldfield	4
Truleigh Hill	2
Wenvoe	5

'THE HEART OF THE VALLEY'

BBC film and Outside Broadcasts cameras visit the Workmen's Institute at Tredegar, Monmouthshire, to meet the personalities and choirs of the Sirhowy Valley at home

PREFACED BY THE RT. HON.
Aneurin Bevan
M.P.

INTRODUCED BY
ALUN WILLIAMS

★

Produced by
SELWYN RODERICK

AT 10.0

The Rt. Hon. Aneurin Bevan, M.P.

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SEPTEMBER

MONDAY 3

EVENING FROM 5.0 P.M.

Light Programme

1,500 m. (200 kc/s) 247 m. (1,214 kc/s) 89.1 Mc/s VHF

5.0 DUDLEY SAVAGE
at the BBC theatre organ

5.30 NORMAN BURNS
and his Band
with Beryl Wayne and Dick James
(Norman Burns and his Band are appearing at Butlin's Ocean Hotel, Saltdean)

Shipping Forecast on 1,500 m—5.58-6.0

6.0 SIX O'CLOCK JAZZ
6—Henry Levine
and his Dixieland All-Stars
Introduced by Harold Rogers
Produced by Alex Turnbull
(Recordings made available by courtesy of 'Voice of America')

6.15 OUR KIND OF MUSIC
A programme of British music sung by
Joan Bramhall, Robert Simmons and the BBC Singers
Conducted by Cyril Gell
with
Sidney Davey and his Players
Produced by Charles Beardsall
(BBC recording)

6.45* 'THE ARCHERS'
A story of country folk
Written by
Edward J. Mason and Geoffrey Webb
Edited by Godfrey Baseley
Produced by Tony Shryane
(BBC recording)

7.0 Greenwich Time Signal
News and RADIO NEWSREEL

7.25 app. Sport

7.30 Continental Edition of
WHAT DO YOU KNOW?
The second of three programmes in which a Continental team plays against a British team in a general knowledge contest

2—London v. Hamburg
London team:
Dr. H. Mostyn Lewis
Richard Tilbury, Frank Goodman
Hamburg team:
Dr. W. Koelle, Peter Funcke
Reinhard K. Lochner
Chairman in London, Franklin Engelmann
Chairman in Hamburg: Dennis Scuse
Programme devised and written by John P. Wynn
Produced by Joan Clark
(BBC recording)
(Contribution from Germany made available by courtesy of Norddeutscher Rundfunk, Hamburg)
To be repeated on Wednesday at 12.0 (Home Services except Midland)

8.0 THE SHOW BAND SHOW
Bringing you the music of the BBC Show Band
Directed by Cyril Stapleton
introduced by
Bob Monkhouse and Denis Goodwin
with
The Stargazers, Harold Smart
Dennis Wilson, Bert Weedon
The Show Band Singers
Directed by Cliff Adams
and the Show Band's new singing star, Dawn Lake
Script by
Bob Monkhouse and Denis Goodwin
Production by John Browell

9.0 HULLO MUM!
Greetings from young members of Her Majesty's Forces, to their parents at home. Together they challenge the BBC Gramophone Library to produce their choice in record time
Introduced by Alan Dixon
Produced by Derek Chinnery
The programme this week comes from the Royal Air Force Station, Hawarden, Flintshire, North Wales

9.45 JOHNNY'S JAUNT
From somewhere near Windsor, Johnny Morris describes the fourth week of his jaunt down the River Thames from its source in Gloucestershire to the sea
(BBC recording)

Topic for Tonight

This evening sees the return, for its ninth session, of the Light Programme's popular series on current affairs. Five nights a week speakers from 'Topic's' special panel of contributors will bring you the facts that help to fill in the background to subjects in the news

at 10.15

10.0 Greenwich Time Signal
NEWS

10.15 TOPIC FOR TONIGHT
See panel

10.20 JOHNNY DANKWORTH PLAYS
Part 1
'Themes'
A survey of popular music
with Cleo Laine and Frank Holder
Produced by John Burnaby

11.0 A BOOK AT BEDTIME
'The Fortnight in September'
by R. C. Sherriff
(to be read in twenty instalments)
Abridged by Jane Bowness
Read by Malcolm Graeme
1—'Marching Orders'

11.15 JOHNNY DANKWORTH PLAYS
Part 2
'Variations'
Music of our time for the modern enthusiast
with Cleo Laine and Frank Holder

11.50 Highlights of tomorrow's programmes

11.55 News Summary

12.0 Great Tom
Close Down
followed by
Shipping Forecast on 1,500 m. only

Third Programme

464 m. (647 kc/s) 194 m. (1,546 kc/s) 91.3 Mc/s VHF

6.0 MORALS AND POLITICS
Three talks by J. W. N. Watkins
Lecturer in Political Science in the University of London
3—Systems
(The recorded broadcast of March 14)

6.20 ELECTRONIC COMPOSITION
Works by Oscar Sala
Scherzo-Etude for electronic orchestra
Concertante Variations on an original theme
performed by the composer
(Recordings made available by courtesy of Radio Bremen, Germany)

6.45 GAELIC SONGS OF SCOTLAND
4—Songs of Duncan Ban Macintyre
sung and introduced by J. C. M. Campbell
The last of these four programmes is devoted to the songs of Duncan Ban (1724-1812), considered by many to be the supreme poet of Gaelic Scotland. James Campbell introduces and sings the songs to Misty Corrie, to his bride, and to his gun. He ends with Duncan Ban's last farewell to the hills.
(BBC recording)

7.5 LANEHAM'S LETTER
A letter from Robert Laneham, an officer attendant at Court, to his good friend Master Humphrey Martin, containing part of the entertainment to Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth Castle in the Summer's Progress of 1575.
Edited by Jane Marris
Read by Peter Woodthorpe
Produced by Sasha Moorsom
(The recorded broadcast of Aug. 19)

7.25 JOSQUIN DES PRES
Mass: Pange Lingua
Philippe Caillard Vocal Ensemble
Directed by Philippe Caillard
on gramophone records

8.0 LAW IN ACTION
35—'The Landlord intends . . .'
Talk by a barrister
Today business tenants are entitled to renew their tenancies unless the landlord can establish certain grounds of opposition. Two of these depend on what the landlord 'intends' to do, and the meaning of this word has occasioned much recent litigation.
(BBC recording)
To be repeated on Friday at 11.15
followed by an interlude at 8.25

8.30 Howard Marion-Crawford in
'ALSO AMONG THE PROPHETS'
The career of a doomed king
by Louis MacNeice
with John Sharp
Peter Wyngarde and Allan McClelland
Agitator.....John Gabriel
Samuel.....John Sharp
Gomer.....Duncan McIntyre
Saul.....Howard Marion-Crawford
David.....Peter Wyngarde
Michal.....Margot van der Burgh
Jonathan.....Allan McClelland
Abigail.....Dudy Nimmo
Witch of Endor.....Violet Marquesita
with Denis Goacher, Donald Gray
Malcolm Hayes, Edward Jewesbury
Alun Owen, Manning Wilson
Music composed by Matyas Seiber
sung by the Dorian Singers
Production by Louis MacNeice

The Old Testament story of Saul, the first king of Israel, is shot through with tragic irony. The corruption of power was thrust upon this innocent young man by a prophet who himself was bitterly opposed to kingship. 'And the Spirit of the Lord will come upon thee,' said Samuel, 'and thou . . . shalt be turned into another man.' But Saul, after his early successes, was turned into another man in a tragic sense; 'for thou hast rejected the word of the Lord, and the Lord hath rejected thee from being king over Israel.'

Abandoned by Samuel, Saul becomes gradually madder and unhappier, and his one consolation is in David—till jealousy makes him David's enemy. He swings to and fro between love and hate, between sanity and madness, and, as he swings, is propelled towards disaster by his own actions and by circumstance.
(Recording of broadcast on Feb. 5)

10.5 SCHUMANN
Phantasie, Op. 17
Waldszenen, Op. 82
played by
Robert Casadesus (piano)
(BBC recording)
Last of six programmes of piano music by Schumann

10.55 THE LETTERS OF EDWARD GIBBON
Talk by Steven Runciman
The Letters of Edward Gibbon, edited by J. E. Norton, have recently been published in three volumes.
(The recorded broadcast of July 2)

11.15 ENGLISH FOLK SONGS FROM THE SOUTHERN APPALACHIANS
The broken token; Shooting of his dear; Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor; The rich old lady; The lonesome prairie, The battle of Shiloh; Poor old mail
sung by Wilfred Brown (tenor)
(Recording of broadcast on June 25)

11.35 Close Down

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Easter Friday

PAUL ROTHA. April 19, 1957

This is a quick reply by return of mail to thank you for three letters in all, the last written after you had seen Dick. What a bloody nuisance I am to you all and what problems I impose on my friends! But you all seem so willing to help and conspire to get me across!! This must be an interim letter for both Dick's and your consumption, because it has in it recent matters about which Dick does not know and because I simply haven't time to write two letters this Easter week-end. I'm going to list my points for easy following:

1. The visa. I cannot find out about the conditions of this till next Tuesday at the earliest because the US visa office is closed because of Easter until that day. I'll be there that morning. Pending that, I am sure that personal sponsorship must be avoided at all costs. I know it takes months and would be inconvenient for all of us concerned. I will find out exactly from the Visa people here what documents I need to get my visa renewed. Thank God I already have got one and it has been reneweed as recently as last year when I thought I was coming for UN; I took the precaution to have it done and it only expired on March 31 of this year!

2. Next, and very important however reluctantly I say it, I am sure we must not rush this thing too much despite the fact that summer in NY is doldrum-time. Things are conspiring all over the place, as you will read if you can be patient, to get me to NY beyond your good selves. They must be tied together and it will all gell. Now listen:

3. The Douglas Fairbanks project. Dick knows about this. D.F. has replied very warmly to my proposal, saying that Sol Lesser went ahead (as Dick informed me in his last letter) but that he, Fairbanks, was not up-to-date on the position. He has written to Lesser at once for a report on the present position. DF is without doubt much taken with my suggestion; his vanity has been tickled and his letter to me says that he may very well go ahead with my proposal (which of course means a visit to NY and possibly but not necessarily Hollywood) if he finds that Lesser has more or less let things drop. It is important here, please, if Fairbanks or Lesser should contact the MMA-FL, for Dick to say--if he can--that the FL will give all support to my proposal provided it costs it no money. Dick has got a copy of my project as put up to Fairbanks. This project might be one way of paying my fare, giving me some money in NY, and something to come back to here afterwards.

4. Flaherty Book. Dick will smile sardonically! Hutchinson, the English publisher, have revived the idea of a Flaherty biography. They have been in touch with Frances who told them about the Rotha-Wright project of some years back that came to nothing. H realize that the book will be a production-for-love and that a good deal of research is necessary in the US, mostly either among the Flaherty material at the FL or with Frances at Battlebrough. H are thinking of approaching an American Foundation for a grant for this purpose. But it at once came to me that something along these lines might help out the proposed NY trip. It is possible that H might put up in sterling my round-trip fare. I on my side could say that I could find living money in NY. A possibility now could arise from this of using the Flaherty Foundation to send me the necessary letter for visa, on the

name for not sitting on a film so you can bet that

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grounds that the research for the book can only be done in the US, which is quite true. Then either the money is made available to the Flaherty Foundation by you and they forward what is necessary to London, or alternatively it is done by Dick personally. His opinion is needed on that piece of machinery. You can do nothing on this for a week or two until Hutchinson have worked out costs and found out how much they are prepared to advance in royalties which will cover the fare for me. Please wait on me before exploring your end except to tell Dick, but then everything in this letter is for Dick too. (A good excuse for a couple of dirty Scotches!).

also

5. If the Fairbanks project should materialize, then we change our approach to the Flaherty book. We still get their letter asking me to do the research in the U.S. but instead of using the Hutchinson money for fare, we use it towards expenses in NY or for me to settle things here before leaving.x The point is that if both projects come through, I can do both. It merely means longer in NY for me! We could still spend part of the time vacationing (what is that?) and I might be able to stay over into the fall. I think Dick will agree that neither the research on the Flaherty thing nor the Fairbanks project would be hindered in any way by its being July and August in NY? [NOTE: IMPORTANT: If the Flaherty thing works, can the MMA-FL provide me with an office? Nothing else. Just an office and a telephone and typewriter. That would give me a base under proper auspices. It would also give confidence to Hutchinson that I am getting on with the job and not summering in Alaska. Mind you, Frances will have to play on the biography idea. It would still, as originally suggested, be finally written (next year?) by Basil Wright and myself as a definitive biography but it could not attain the gigantic scale that Frances once suggested of 4 vols on the Jay Leyda level. Hutchinson have in mind a big and expensive book with many illustrations, published in a limited edition, but not the vast epic 4-volume work that Frances once fondly imagined. I hope she will play, now that time has passed. Dick's word about the above request for office-space at the FL would be useful as soon as possible.]

6. The Sam Small idea has fallen through for reasons I needn't detail.(One of them is not enough stories for a series of 13, let alone 26.) But I've substituted another idea---a series of thrillers based on a character called "The Baron" (to be played by Leo Genn) which have been best-selling here, in US and in Europe for 10 years. Pulp magazine stuff but not boring. I am in process of negotiating a 3-corner deal on this with BBC (supplying studio-space), NBC the US release and hence guarantee on which to raise production cost, and Anvil Films (late Crown Film Unit). All this is too involved to explain here. What matters is that Wheeler, NBC's European representative, likes the set-up, arrives in NY on April 30 for discussions with his chief (Davidson Taylor) and will stay a month. He has my prospectus for the project (and also for the Nobel Prize Winners scheme) but wants from me a script of the first film to be airmailed to him while he is still in NY. The author of the stories and Anvil Films have so much faith in the project that they have jointly commissioned me to write the first script, which is what I should be doing if I wasn't writing this letter. This has solved my immediate and most pressing financial worries for about 3 weeks and may lessen the amount to be spent here by you. If this project works, it will not come to a practical head until the fall and could be something for me to come back to. It is not, in any case, wholly dependent on me. If I fell out, after having written the pilot script, someone else could step in. I'm not wedded to the project; it is merely bread-and-butter.

x the latter is better; it does not call for H to find dollars.

name for not sitting on a film so you can bet that [illegible]

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7. My immediate afterthoughts on the above, and on the excellent suggestions made in your letter (Dick's idea about TIll Now might be used in addition to the others), is that we must not rush into my leaving here in a few week's time. I am sure that I must have all May here for these projects to finalize. And I want them to finalize, if only for my own self-respect. I am sure that both of you fully appreciate that? If it can be my own work that gets me on my feet again, it must be, although it may still be helped by your generous offer. But I am anxious that my proposed time in NY, be it two, three or even four months, has a proper basis of work for me. You will agree that neither the Flaherty book nor the Fairbanks project is exactly an exhausting chore. They should leave me plenty of free time for other things. The only real problem I see arising out of all I've said above is accommodation in NY or elsewhere. I know that I am being infuriating about this by asking for more time before final decisions are made, and that this may mean making-do with less pleasant surroundings than if you could fix same now, but I am sure I am right in not finally committing myself to a date until I hear from Fairbanks and Hutchinson. This must be within a matter of 2 weeks or so at the most. I would, if I could, still like to do Cork. I should like, if all works out well, to leave here fro NY about June 14 or 15.

8. Re transport: Tourist airfare is round-trip - approx 522 dollars, which is approx 62 dollars more than by sea. But it saves 4 days and helps out on tips etc. I shoud still have to send a trunk by sea because of needing clothes for so long and to avoid excess weight on the plane, which is costly. What Irma could do, if she so wishes, would be to make a provisional booking (that sounds like a reality!) for me with either PAA, TWA or BOAC, on either of the two dates suggested above in June. Tourist-class, remember. There is no good reason why this should not be paid for in dollars and the airline office will send me the tickets from its London office. I think I am correct in saying that such a booking can be cancelled without loss of money up to within a day or two of the flight? I am told that bookings in June are heavy both ways across so it might be a useful preliminary move as well as a precautionary one if this were done? But don't get obligated into any deposit not refundable! I make the suggestion that the tickets are bought in NY because obviously it means fewer dollars sent across via banks and thus less payment of bank charges for such transfers. [By the way, I did find out at the airline-office here that one thing absolutely stipulated before you can get a visa is a round-trip ticket. Date of return is of course left open.]

9. The draft letter from "a gentleman who wants a film on the Romance of Glass and China" is so authentic that I nearly replied to it in the affirmative! It was a most clever and imaginative idea which can be carefully filed but may no longer be needed in up-to-date circumstances. However, I do congratulate you on the skilful drafting of the letter and am more sure than ever of your, Irma's, business capacities.

10. A last thing: an excellent new subject has cropped up for me for a feature. The author has given me a free option on the book. As soon as I have got the TVfilm script done, I must synopsize this book and get it circulated. I might get it accepted and a deal for production set for next fall, and be able to write the script while in the US! If I could get an advance on the script, that might

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help towards keeping the "home-front" going while I am away. Another reason for more time needed by me here before leaving. Also, PEGGY has not quite died. A letter from Palmeira Films today saying sorry they have been so long considering it but I should hear good news from them after Easter! But I don't count too much on such as that.

No time for more now. Sudden activity on all fronts! I will write or even cable the moment I have news of either Hutchinson-Flaherty project or from Fairbanks. Meantime, Dick could think over well the Flaherty thing, just how the Museum can cooperate by making its material available, just how Frances or David F. could be talked into sending me the right kind of letter needed for the visa (I'll send dope on that, too, pronto), the provision of office-space at the FL in which I could work (again, a letter from the MMA to me saying that they welcomed the Flaherty research being done, would offer help (but not money!) and space if needed would be invaluable for the visa), and so on. And we needn't forget Dick's idea about further research needed for TILL NOW. He could still send me in due course a personal letter saying that he was in touch with prospective publishers for a new edition, that more research would be needed which could only be done at the FL and he could even add (without any commitment!) that I could stay with him at Croton for part of the time. You see, what the visa people really want to make sure of is that a visitor doesn't suddenly go on US relief, or try and get a job without the necessary labor permits being obtained. I'm right about this, I'm sure.

Please both of you forgive such a hard matter-of-business letter but there is no time for more right now. It all seems to be working. I must now turn to my chore----38 books all about a modern Raffles type, each a 250-page novel to be condensed into a half-hour film! My God!! Thank Jesus I have only to write one pilot script, not 26.

Love to you both----- Paul

P.S Dick: you may have wondered about Basil Wright's position vis-a-vis the Flaherty book. Basil (bless him) always agreed that I should do the research and thus consume what money was advanced on the book and he is happy with that. Then we should do the book at our leisure for love, next year, the year after. Basil understands in these new circumstances that if Hutchinson can find my fare to NY and back, I can find sufficient hospitality etc in NY for living purposes and pick up some bits and pieces to make it worth my while. I shall not inform him of the exact nature of our undertaking as outlined above. Nor need the Flaherty Foundation know? You must think about that side of it.

PPS Irma:

Thanks for dope re Weaver. That can be explored later on the spot?

name for not sitting on a film so you can bet that I'm anxious to have it seen.

MoMA

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PAUL ROTHA.

Cliffords Inn
Fetter Lane
London E.C.4

May 19, 1957

Mr. Richard Griffith,
Museum of Modern Art Film Library,
11 West 53 Street,
New York 19 N.Y. U.S.A.

Dear R

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Third, and not least important, I trust that you yourself will be able to find the time to have a long series of meetings to discuss the whole future of THE FILM TILL NOW and DOCUMENTARY FILM? We both agree, I know, on the necessity to find the ways and means to put the future of these standard works on a secure basis and you have already have my memorandum setting forth my preliminary views. But there is a great deal to discuss and explore here and I sincerely hope that you will be able to give me the time for this?

At the same time, if there is anything I can usefully do to help the Film Library while I am in New York, you know I shall be happy to do so. Incidentally, the proofs of my new book from Faber & Faber, due out in January, 1958, will be mailed across to me and reference to your book library will be very helpful to me while correcting them.

name for not sitting on a film so you can bet that I'm anxious to have it seen

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PAUL ROTHA.

Cliffords Inn May 19, 1957

Dear Dick:

You will by now have had carbon of my last letter (May 15) to Irma, and know that my visa is okay. All that I need now is a letter from you, and if possible a formal letter on MMA paper, to produce to the immigration authorities at the airport to state roughly what I shall be doing in the US. and most importantly how long that work will take. Since ~~xixix~~ writing to Irma, it has occurred to me that from your point of view it would be much easier for you to have a formal letter from me to which to reply. This can then, if you wish, go on the record. I leave it to your discretion. So please find enclosed a letter from me to you as Curator of the FL asking youfor help etc. Youwill note that I have not made any mention of the Rotha Cycle of films because I do not know if this is still an unofficial idea in your own mind or if you have yet put it up to the powers-that-be. So again I leave it to you whether you wish to mention it in your reply or not. If you feel you can refer to it, it gives an even more important reason for my visit. It is, of course, I need hardly say, vital that no reference be made to my receiving any money while in NY for work done.

Other points raised in Irma's lastletter:

Thank youvery much for saying that I may use the MMA-FL as a postal-address. I have pointedly made reference to this again in the enclosed. I quite appreciate that the office request is impossible. Sorry to have worried you over that.

Frances. I have warned Hutchinson of the "collaboration" danger. Fortunately, I know the top man there personally very well and was able to make the position clear to him. He now awaits a reply from Frances. If she agrees, then he will contract right away and the advance will be a great help to me here with the home-front.

Fairbanks: Saw him Thursday. Likes the idea. Has written Sol Lesser re all the copyrights etc., and what work and cash has already been expended and awaits reply. Wants to show me the one they did synchronize (Man in the Iron Mask) next Thursday. But he will not commission me until he has sold the idea to a sponsor in theU.S. This will take time, but I have told him that I shall be in NY for a month as from June 14 and willstay on for him if desired after that. That gives him a little time to get Lesser's agreement and a sponsor lined up.

Irma's Millionair: I am sure the best bet to try out here is the TILL NOW idea, as outlined in the memo youalready have. Will you give this your pretty urgent consideration? There seems a possibility that I may see this gentleman in London before coming to NY . Irma also has a copy of the memo and I am writing to her that she may give this to the gentleman if you agree, and with any amendments you may care to make. It would be even better if it could be fixed for you to meet him in NY although I gather from her last letter that his stay there before flying on to London will be very brief. I leave this between you and she. But I feel sure you will agree that it is shrewder to try and get his interest for a venture like TILL NOW than some vague production project?

Finally, it looks very likely that I shall get a feature project fixed for a thriller

name for not sitting on a film so you can bet that - I am[illegible] to have it seen

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Called CAT & MOUSE for me to return to direct in the fall, but it also looks as if the script will be commissioned from me while I am in NY. Everything depends on how soon a distribution-guarantee can be got for it.

My immediate dates:

London or Cuddington: from now till June 1st.

Ireland

Cork: The Victoria Hotel. from June 3rd-9th.

Cuddington: June 10 - 11.

London: June 12 - 14. Leave London around 9pm that night!!

Yours in great haste----

Paul

name for not sitting on a film so you can bet that I'm anxious to have it seen

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May 29, 1957

Dear Dick,

Just to let you know that Hutchinson have played ball over the projected Flaherty book provided that Frances gives me an affirmative reply to the enclosed. I think you should have this for your information. This contract from Hutchinson plus the advance they are prepared to make will greatly help my leaving things tidy here before I leave for NY on June 14.

Haven't had your formal letter yet, but guess it's on the way.

Love and be seeing you both soon now.

Paul

Bosley Crowther has asked me to send a piece about the Cork Film Festival. Another help.

Am giving MMA-FL can you as a post-restant address. Do hope this is OK with you?

this work?

Second, I hope very shortly to conclude an arrangement with Douglas Fairbanks along the lines of the memorandum I sent you some time back. This involves the re-editing of some of his father's films for a TV series and again I hope that the Film Library will help - provided that the copy-right owners agree - since I know that you hold some, if not all, of the negatives? We must discuss this project in detail, of course, but your agreement in principle would be good to have.

Third, and not least important, I trust that you yourself will be able to find the time to have a long series of meetings to discuss the whole future of THE FILM TILL NOW and DOCUMENTARY FILM? We both agree, I know, on the necessity to find the ways and means to put the future of these standard works on a secure basis and you have already have my memorandum setting forth my preliminary views. But there is a great deal to discuss and explore here and I sincerely hope that you will be able to give me the time for this?

At the same time, if there is anything I can usefully do to help the Film Library while I am in New York, you know I shall be happy to do so. Incidentally, the proofs of my new book from Faber & Faber, due out in January, 1958, will be mailed across to me and reference to your book library will be very helpful to me while correcting them.

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PAUL ROTHA.

Cliffords Inn
Fetter Lane
London E.C.4

May 19, 1957

Mr. Richard Griffith,
Museum of Modern Art Film Library,
11 West 53 Street,
New York 19, N.Y. U.S.A.

Dear Richard:

I expect once again to be in New York around June 15 and to be able to stay for a time to carry out various projects which have their initiation in England but depend on American cooperation.

First, I know you will be pleased to hear that the idea for a ROBERT FLAHERTY biography, which Basil Wright and I discussed with Mrs. Frances Flaherty some years back, has been revived by the London firm of publishers, Hutchinson & Company. They want to commission the book but at the moment await Mrs. Flaherty's agreement to make available for research any material she may have so that I can undertake this work while I am in the U.S. I feel sure she will agree. At the same time, I should like to ask if the Film Library will also make available to me any material, films or documents, that may be of help in preparing this work?

Second, I hope very shortly to conclude an arrangement with Douglas Fairbanks along the lines of the memorandum I sent you some time back. This involves the re-editing of some of his father's films for a TV series and again I hope that the Film Library will help - provided that the copy-right owners agree - since I know that you hold some, if not all, of the negatives? We must discuss this project in detail, of course, but your agreement in principle would be good to have.

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name for not sitting on a film so you can bet that I'l anxious to have it seen

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PAUL ROTHA.

Mr. Richard Griffith. -2-

I do not know at this point just how long I expect to stay but it will not be less than two months. More likely three to get all work completed. I realize that July and August are pretty off-season months in New York and therefore that things may take a little longer than usual. I must, however, be back in England by early October at the latest to begin work on a feature production, much of the script of which I hope to find the time to write while in the U.S.

As I expect to be stopping with friends during my visit, may I ask as an old associate of the Film Library if, at any rate for the first month of my visit, I may use your address as a poste-restante? It would be a great saving in time for me.

I shall look forward to hearing from you if you can offer me help along the lines proposed above?

With kindest regards,

Sincerely,

Paul Rotha

name for not sitting on a film so you can bet that I'l anxious to have it seen

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March 20, 1958

Dear Dick:

Yours of March 12. All good news, especially that you are yourself feeling better. Watch any diet. One can lose too much weight too quickly and get bloody ill as a result. I saw that happen to poor Dick Winnington only a year before he died. You want a gradual diet and a gradual losing of weight. Its the only sensible way.

Now for business: Please feel absolutely free to arrange and rearrange the films as you yourself want. Who am I to say what shall be shown, and how, or whether in entirety or in excerpts? I shall feel absolutely happy to know that you are doing what you think right with the stuff. The main thing is that by and large most of the films have materialized from somewehere.

Yesterday I saw another copy of NRP, decidedly better than the earlier one. It has, of course, a plethora of scratches at the beginning and ends of reels but not nearly so many joins and breaks as before. And no shots out of place. Sound somewhat better too. And Su's photography is good enough to shine through any copy! So I have told L to send this copy to you, presumably by sea now. I think its as good as you will get without actually having a new copy printed up and that I well understand you cannot afford. But this will pass muster. Seeing the old picture again has reminded me of some sequences which were left on the cutting-room floor, and which now I see the thing again I wish I had fought harder with Colin Lesslie to keep them in.* For amusements sake, I enclose a little note I have written about them, so that you may bear it in mind when you see the film again. These sequences were , of course, shot but discarded at final cutting because Lesslie felt the film was too long. They would have brought it from its present 80 mins up to 90. But the point is that they were all action sequences and their inclusion would, I think now, have met the criticism made of the film that it was slow. However, nothing can ever be done, they were junked long ago, but you might be interested just to know what they were.

* This has not happened with CAT.

Re stills. I am asking Su to send you some specially good large ones he has of his own of NRP. I'll tell him to send them via Lindgren. Officially, for trade union reasons, Su wasn't supposed to take stills but he sneaked a few on the side and they are good. Also, it occurs to me that I included none from CITYSPEAKS in the package I sent. If you want them, best write direct to the Town Clerk of Manchester Corporation. But from what I remember, they weren't very good.

I think that's all about the shows? If there is anything else at all I can do, let me know and it shall be done. I've relinquished all hope of getting acrssss now. My correspondence with Berman drags on interminably without real result. He has now at least definitely rejected FACE ON CUTTING-ROOM FLOOR & FIGHT FOR LIGHT and promises to send me his material for a spy-war film in due course. I have suddenly remembered that oldie I wrote years back called THE HOUSE IN THE HOLLOW, which centres round two American stars and could be cheap to make. So I'm retyping that and sending it to Berman as a last hope. But I'm frankly doubtful now that anything will materialize. He's a nice enough guy all right and am sure, honest, but the distance is too great to finalize anything and he's not very good at expressing his mind in letters. But if you should have time ever to see him, treat him kindly; he's a gentle creature and [illegible]able.

I look to see the first copy of CAT from the labs any day now. [illegible] glad you have written to Michael Hyams. He's probably not even heard of the picture [illegible] yet! How soon Eros put it out here will depend, of course, on a mixture of things--- how many other releases they have ready, what theatre openings there are in the West-End, what the circuits say when they see it, and so on. But Eros have the name for not sitting on a film so you can bet that I'l anxious to have it seen.

AIR MAIL

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as soon as possible in the hope that it will bring me other work. You are right in your fears. I had my final payment from Anvil some weeks back and that is all that exists between me and poverty. Maybe wrongly, I've held back here from putting up new projects to new sources (Anvil definitely not wanting to do anything for a while)until CAT was available to screen. I can't help feeling that it is an entertaining commercial job which may persuade some other production set up to try me.... I can but wait a few more weeks and hope. I wrote you my excitement at discovering Waugh's book about newspapers, SCOOP. Alas, Rank has it, doesn't intend making it, and wants 30,000 dollars for a resale! This makes it impossible for any set up I could get going. Pity, it was a good story.

(Telephone has just told me that I can see first copy of CAT tomorrow morning at 10 am!)

Flaherty book. I wait on you for news about stills. Please send to Ernest the GUERNICA material. Basil and I want to screen it very much. It shall be sent right back. And we shall look for copy of THE LAND commentary when you have time. Otherwise it goes slowly. Somehow I don't seem able myself to get down to writing on it, but Basil starts in quite soon, when he has finished his Greek film in a few weeks time. I have seen nothing of the latter as yet.

Thank you for the clippings. My, they are a fine lot! I am so very pleased. And may the sales go steadily on. I can guess that the Griffith household is very proud of itself right now and how well they deserve to be. What with your fine record of reviews and Ann's healthy contract, I'll bet the dogs can't keep their tails still, let alone their master and mistress. I enclose one or two more reviews of my book, too. I'm told it is selling well but it's too early to have any idea of numbers. Frankly, I don't expect it to do much, it is so very specialized. Had a nice note from Sheldon Meyer saying the copies had arrived in New York from Fabers and that he was very pleased. So far so good. Glad you got APPARITIONS. May it keep you awake! Looking at it again, I thought it looked pretty dull. But then I'm not the connoisseur that you are in these matters. Keep it as long as you like. I'm also mailing you surface a copy of the current F&F with a review of my book by Peter Cotes. Nice boy.

Here it is cold but fine and sunny for sveral days on end. A very late Spring compared with last year. Am down at the cottage most of the time except usually for Tues and Wed in town. Its cheaper down here. No, my boy, national health certainly don't cover everything! You see, in this particular case Margot is having a long series of treatments from an osteopath and osteopathy is not recognized as being respectable by the British medical profession. So I have to pay. And when I had the long series of physio-therapy treatments, I could have had them free if I'd gone into Aylesbury each time, waited anything from half-an-hour to a couple of hours (you can't make an appointment) each time and then travelled back home. At that rate, I'd have spent three half-days at the hospital each week which, bearing in mind I was writing the CAT script against time, was out of the question. So I had to have someone come to the cottage and, of course, pay. On the other hand, to be fair, Margot did get all her hospitalization free during the past few years, plus medical treatment thrown in. But if she'd wanted a private room to herself, we'd have had to pay ordinary hospital rates. Nat Health only entitles you to a bed in a large ward with thirty or forty others.

No time for more now or I shan't get the village afternoon mail. Love you both as ever and keep going.

Paul

AIR MAIL

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NO RESTING PLACE

The following sequences were shot for the film (as scripted) but were omitted at cutting-copy stage:

1. After the scene of Alec Kyle and his wife and boy searching for wrfok and travelling through the countryside on their cart, there was a dusk scene in a camp where Alec saddles up his pony. He tells his wife that he's going to ride over the hills to meet his two brothers as promised at Craig's farm and get their vengeance back on him. Meg begs Alec not to go but he rides off and over the hills in the moonlight. He meets his brothers and they ride into a field of carrots (the same as we saw them in picking earlier in the film) and proceed to gallop up and down the field and so destroy the crops. Then, not content, Alec goes off into the farmyard to steal a bag of wheat. His brothers won't go with him but Alec runs into the farmer, who has been disturbed, and has a fight with him which, of course, he wins. We then see Alec riding back to his camp through the night. The whole of this was a moonlight sequence.

2. After Alec has persuaded the doctor to come with him to see Meg, we had a sequence of the doctor sitting up on the cart, clinging on for dear life as Alec drives home like hell. They stop at a wayside pub, where Alec--not having too much faith in medicine---goes in and buys a bottle of Scotch. This explains later why he gives it to Meg before he drives the doctor home again. Again an action sequence.

3. After the funeral of Meg, there was a wake scene in Alec's cottage, with the other brothers and their wives done up in their fine clothes. It ends with Alec getting terribly tight and they leave him lying talking to himself on the floor. His little boy is scared stiff. This explains Alec's ghastly hangover when we next see him washing and the bailiff arrives with the eviction order.

4. After the eviction and the bailiff has put out the fire, there was a short scene outside the cottage. Alec's few belongings have been piled up by the bailiff's men, with the wooden table on top. Alec, who has remained remarkably restrained (for him) up to then, suddenly breaks out, seizes up an axe and proceeds to hack the table to pieces with mighty blows. With several persons present, he dare not vent his temper on the policeman but instead takes it out on his miserable possessions. Again an action scene.

Two minor points of interest on reseeing the film. I had forgotten that I intended Meg's plaid shawl to have such symbolism. It is worth watching its course all the way through the film. It always has a meaning, whether worn by her or snatched up by Alec during the eviction from the cottage. In the same way, watch the old phonograph. It appears and reappears all the way through but does not play a significant part until used by the boy at the very end so that its sound drowns the approach of the policeman. The song they sing together, by the way, is a very popular and ancient Irish folk song, oddly enough used by Bob in Louisiana Story.....

P.R.

AIR MAIL

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PAUL ROTHA.

London EC4
28 February 1960

Dear Dick:

Yours of Feb 16 reached me in time on Friday in Hamburg, also your wires. Very many thanks, as always. We were suddenly summoned to a 2-day conference in Hamburg by Real-Film, hence my wire to you. All went off well. But with one major change. My plan was to clean up all possible sources of footage in the UK, taking until about March 21, and then proceed to Germany. But for sundry reasons too complicated to explain here, Real-Film had a very good reason for wanting all German sources tapped first, and then return to others in the UK, USA, etc. So, I go to Dusseldorf and Coblenz next Sunday, the 5th March, spending a week at each place. All the Government and UFa material is there. Then to Hamburg about the 20th for a few days before going on to East and West Berlin. The East have promised everything without any strings. Then back to Hamburg again. By that time a mass of BxW print should have collected and Robert Neumann, my cutter (Kruger) and I will have a week's session looking at what we've got. Then I shall set out, or Lavies may do some of it, to see what can be found in Copenhagen, Amsterdam, Brussels, Paris, Vienna and Milan. Somewhere in bewteen I shall get back here to clean up what will be left undone when I leave in a week's time. After that will come the US and if necessary Canada.

So---will you kindly explain to Judy Greene that I am sure that Real-Fill will in due time want to make use of her services, but I cannot predict quite when at this moment. But I think you will agree that it makes sense to get as much as we possibly can from European sources in the first place. I myself feel sure that an Amerivan visit will be essential but I must sell this to Realfilm after we have searched the European vaults. So I should think that my trip would be somewhere in May or June but obviously we should let Judy Greene know well before because I would expect her to have stuff ready for me to screen. Her fee seems fair enough to me but that will be Realfilm's decision of course. So leave it in my hands now. I apologise for having hastened you on it but at that time, a week or so ago, I did not know or appreciate Real's very sound reasons for starting in first on the German sources ~~first~~.

As far as it goes, I am happy to date with the set-up. I like the Real people, and of course Neumann and I are old friends. But facing a rooting-up from here of what may extend easily to nine months is quite a problem. Happily I've let the flat here and Margot prefers to stay on at the cottage. It is the only way out of the tricky problem. I shall write you as often as I can from odd places where I get to, but for a permanent address use, as from March 6th,

% Real-Film GmbH
Tonndorfer Haupstrasse 90
Hamburg-Wandsbek
Germany

But if I am away, they will not forward mail. Anything sent here, to the Inn, will come on to Hamburg. Real-Film's cable address is: Realfilm, Hamburg-Wandsbek, Germany. Where I shall live in undecided. I priced a few appartments and pensions this week and they are prohibitive. I shall probably live in a tent. I'll make out.

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PAUL ROTHA.

My one great regret is--yes, you know what's coming---the final Flaherty chapter is not finished. You were right; it has been impossible to do it, for all the many notes I have, while screening material here etc. Basil was supposed to have written his version of it since Christmas but so far doesn't appear to have done anything!! But somehow I must do it in Germany. Fortunately, I have now coordinated all the million and one comments from you, JG, and everyone else, into one master-copy of the MS and this I can turn over ~~the~~ to the publisher this week. All the appendices are done, too.

The overall collection of the pictures is magnificent, excepting always The Lan.d. God, how I wish you could find the stills you speak of. David says he has none at the farm. Where the hell are they? If they do turn up, or if you can get some better ones blown-up for me, will you please send them direct to Basil, % Realist Film Unit Ltd., 9 Great Chapel Street, London,W.1. Do not send them to me in Germany with the chance of their getting lost. I shall turn over all the stills to Basil this week. This raises the question: what do we do with those of your's which we are not using? Do we hold them until the blocks are made of those which we do want to use from the FL, and then find some means of sending them all back together? Perhaps you would let Basil know that, too. I can't at this moment tell you exactly how many of the FL's lot will be finally used because the publisher will not say now the limit of the total number of blocks. But I have seen that all your's are marked asthe FL's property.

No time for more now. Am submerged in clearing up ready to go. Packing one trunk to go in advance to Hamburg; packing three suitcases to last me for Coblenz and Dusseldorf. It's the film business all over again. But I am excited, realise that I am on to something really big once more, and very confident that I can do it. And thank you a million timesfor offering all your experience and knowledge behind Judy Greene; that is a great comfort to me. And we'll hope I get across as planned. So maybe once again I shall set foot on chez Grffith! I can't wait.

There is a lot more I could say about personal things but I refrain. In good time, you shall have the whole story. My dearest love to Ann, as always. I hope all is well for her, too.

Love----

Paul

Enclosed 2 photos for Ann's album of distinguished criminals

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	Griffith	13

of Hitler and the boys as early as 1926.

I had a fine two days shooting in East Berlin last week with a camera crew supplied by Defa. It will be the only new shooting in the film, for the ending, the ruins of the Presidents Palace, of Hitler's bunker, and what the famous Wilhelmstrasse looks like today, which is nothing because it is all pulled down save for the Presidents Palace. It occurs to me it might be interesting to lay behind it some sound-tracks of Hitler's promises to the German people.... Did I tell you I had a fascinating talk with Hitler's maitre d'hotel, Kannenberg, who now runs a restaurant in Dusseldorf? I got much personal gossip from him about what and how the Fuhrer ate, slept, and so on. No film, of course, but valuable for the narration. Kannenberg also played the concertina well and Hitler liked to be played to late at night. His favourite tune? WHo's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf. No one ever dared tell him that Disney made it a world hit. Actually I have found out that it is an old German tune taught in schools years ago. But H liked it the best. His favorite film? THE GOLDEN STATE directed by Veit harlan, the biggest lump of kitsch you have ever seen, set in Bohemia, with everyone in peasant dress and a ghastly heroine with flaxen hair and big titts. I did not sit it all through. Another favorite music piece was the main theme song from WHITE HORSE INN. It all fits together so clearly. Saw again yesterday THE GREAT DICTATOR with a view to using a clip from it. It is masterly. I am in a position to say this perhaps more than anyone else, having seen so much authentic material. Chaplin must have screened some of it before making his brilliant parody. The famous arrival of Musso (Jack Oakie) and his being met by Hitler is a superb parody of the many such meetings which actually took place and of which, of course, I have interminable footage. Come to think of it, there can be no other person (outside actors) in the 20th century of whom more film was shot than Hitler. Not even Churchill. We have been told, by the way, that no prints exist at all, either in the States or elsewhere, of the HITLER GANG film. Have you any information to the contrary? If there exists a print in America, maybe I can get it sent to NY for screening?

I don't know if you have ever had sight of the catalogue we have from the Custodian but going through it I was amazed to see how many early classic German film are listed. I expect you know they are there---pixtures like HINTERTREPPE, VANINA? GENUINE, CHRONICLE OF THE GREISHUUS, NIBELUNGEN, WAXWORKS, and many others. Maybe this is news to you? And they are supposed to be in negative as well as print.

Spent an hour with Fritz Lang in Berlin last week. He is flying to New York this week for a year I gather. He seemed very fed up with Germany. I have never met him before and the hour went too quickly. We found that he and Constance had many friends in common in Hollywood, such as Wanger. I hear from other sources that the two films he has made here are not so hot. He was reluctant to talk about them but wanted instead to hear all about the Hitler film which he regarded as all important. He was far quieter and more reserved than I had expected. Bosley Crowther was here a while back but I missed him, being at Mannheim or some goddamned place. But I saw two pieces he did about German films. Luft told me that there was piece about the Hitler film in Variety the week he was in New York but he failed to send me the cutting. If your office could locate it, I'd like to see it. I gave the story to Variety's erlin correspondent in Mannheim. It would presumably be an issue dated the same week as Luft came to see you.

LATER: [redacted]

Just heard that a meeting is going on at top level here about the immediate future of our film in view of the premier tonight in Hamburg of the Swedish picture mentioned earlier. I don't think for a moment that Kopel will call

PTO

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the whole production off, he has spent far too much money on it for that, but he may have changed his mind about the American trip being so urggent. So please read the early parts of this letter with the thought in mind that it may not be so certain after all that I come in late August. I will keep you posted as soon as I know more. Meantime, love to you both. as always-----

Paul

GESAMTLEITUNG WALTER KOPPEL
PRODUKTIONSCHEF GYULA TREBITSCH

REAL FILM

KOMMANDITGESELLSCHAFT WALTER KOPPEL

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October 16, 1959

Dear Chum:

Am just badk from Trento and Milan in North Italy and find your two letters of Sept 30 and Oct 5. This is a very hasty reply, needs be.

No, you didn't send me no cable, so I did nothing. Now you say try. But you do not, as I asked in my letter, send me the name of the person in S.O. to whom to write or their address. What has happened is that Hutchinson did cough up a furthr advance, enough to let me live through October, but I shall be in same trouble again very shortly. So I should like to write to S.O. as soon as possible if you will send me the information I ask above. The trouble is that more and more material keeps coming in, calling for additions and revisons, and all the time I try and get the MS into typescript. For example, Harry Watt has sent me screeds about his months on Aran; Al Lewin, Pare Lorentz, Ray Doyle, Irving Lerner, Floyd Crosby, etc., are all sending stuff. Along with typing and making constant revision, I can see another 3 months work on the book but with no income to keep at it. So I feel we must try SO.

I realise that you are submerged in the TV thing and pretty much hell it sounds. But I am convinced that you make an excellent TV personality. You have all the charm and assurance needed. That's not a crack; it's true. I can see you doing it very well, but can sympathise with the chaos and under-rehearsal. But you'll win though somehow. We always do, whatever the strain.

Trento was fine. Only 37 films in all to see. Excellent ones from France, Germany, Japan and Italy. Stinkers from England. Nothing at all from USA or USSR. I guess you two great powers don't climb mountains nor make expeditions any longer. The basic idea of the festival is good; the communal effort needed for climbing and exploring. It keeps the festival tidy and restricted. The French walked away with top prize with a feature, Les Etoiles du Midi. Good. Then a big lecture at a Cultural Centre in Milan, with North Sea, Song of Ceylon and World is Rich. Went down very well. Now back to work.

Domestically, matters are tough. The attacks of aggression have been getting worse and worse all this summer. No cooperation by going to see psychiatrist or anything like that. Then about three weeks ago, a real smashing-up event occurred, which meant calling in the police. Not funny in a little village like this. Some good friends came in answer to an emergency call and took M away with them, and she hasn't been back since. A doctor is seeing her and trying hard to get her to take some voluntary treatment, but so far (I am told) she has refused. There the matter now rests. She is living with these friends in the village but has done nothing at the cottage at all, while I was away or now that I am back. This means that I must now house-keep and all, as well as type like mad at the book. And the money shortage all the time. The friends tell me that she has not drunk anything save beer now for three weeks, and this is a good sign. The mad attacks of aggression on me nearly always occur after a drinking session. So all that can happen is that we must just go on living separately for a time. I wish to God that she would agree to have voluntary treatment, but I know that she is scared of it. So you can understand, chum, that things are far from happy. If it wasn't for the grim fact that I say to myself that I must keep at the book all the time, I too should be climbing up walls. I think the ten days in Trento, even at a film festival, just about restored my sanity. So please understand if I don't go into all the matters raised in your letter just now.

only hoping that this will not coincide with your vacation, or if it does that you will be at Croton and not Fire Island or somewhere. From what Mrs Greene says in her letter, it looks as if all the screening can be done

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About DOC FILM: you ask how many words? This must rest with you. How many do you want to bring it up-to-date? Road has definitely said he can't do the European etc, so I shall have to try. I feel very incompetent to do it. There is so very much I haven't seen. But I'll have to fudge something. Faber is anxious to have the contract signed, so do send me your word requirements as soon as possible. Also, any additions you want to make to the appendixes, the list of films etc.

Thank you for seeing Orrom. And for sending stills via him in due course.

I hear that Langlois walked out at Stockholm after a big storm. Silly man. Was Iris there? For your private ear, I heard in Milan that she is considered as treating her responsibilities at FIAF all too lightly. In fact, I think she didn't go to Stockholm. If so, this is getting the Museum of MA a bad name in Europe, which I deplore.

Give Ann my dearest love. I do hope she makes out well through the test. At least she is being a sensible girl and is seeing somebody about matters. And I am glad her work goes well. The garden has gone to hell. What time is there?

Re LOOK BACK IN ANGER, no time to make my points but read current piece in SIGHT AND SOUND by David Robinson.

Is the Gideon Bachmann book about Bob out yet? Can you send it to me, please?

No news from Frances, but David is being very good about replying. Please send me a reply to first paragraph as soon as possible. Love to you both from a very harrassed and worried character----

P.

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Rotha
% Real-Film
Hamburg-Wandsbek
Tonndorfer Haupstr. 90
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C/o Real-Film
Tonndorfer Haupstr 90
Hamburg-Wandsbek
Germany

CABLE ADDRESS:
REALFILM HAMBURG-WANDSBEK

May 19th 1960

Dear Dick:

I wish there was time to write you fully of all that has happened, especially in East Germany, especially the wonderful cooperation of the DDR and Defa as compared with the stickiness of the West Germans and of the Bonn Govt. But I heard from Volkmann, the Curator of the East German Film Arkiv, that the FIAF meeting is now set for June 8th in Amsterdam and wonder very much if you are coming? I have got forwards/ Real-Film's permission to go to Amsterdam at the end of the FIAF meeting to talk with the various archive directors about possible footage for my film and also to seek out at first hand some Resistance footage which I have found out exists there (but not with the Filmmuseum). I do not at this moment know how long the FIAF meeting goes on for, but I could be there about the 13th June. It would be fine, very fine, if you do come. I shall be at Mannheim as from the night of May 19th until May 30th, when I return to Hamburg----my address there (Mannheim) will be at the Palast Hotel-

My proposed trip to New York etc is still undecided. Obviously Real-Film do not want to go to the cost of sending me and keeping me in New York and Washington if it is not absolutely necessary----it would, in fact, be cheaper for them probably to emply Judith Greene to get the footage as per my written instructions. We have written to the Archives in Washington for a catalogue of what footage they have. Also, we have now found so much material in East Berlin that, with what we know exists in Paris, Warsaw, London, Rome and Prague, we may well have more than enough for our film. Anyway, I do not think that Real will finally make up its mind about an American trip for me until after all the BxW print is here at the studio from above countries and we have had a maraton screening. The labs here are painfully slow in coping with our demnds and as things are at present, I do not see us having the marathon screening until mid-July or even August. If then it is thought essentialthat I should come to the States, it is pointless coming during August and its NY close-down, so probably the trip will be put off until early September. We have also been told, incidentally, that the Washington people have returned a great deal of the footage they had some years ago to the archives in West Germany but find this difficult to prove. The weak spot there, for your information, is the guy Dr. Lavies at Wiesbaden (the West German FIAF representaive) who is a weak and thoroughly inefficient character. He will not come out with a clean answer to any question. In fact, I don't think he knows what he has or hasn't got in his damned vaults.

Now one thing you can possibly help me with is this: Can you name for me any feature films made in Hollywood or elsewhere in the USA which had Hitler played by an actr? I can think off-hand of the following titles which may or may not have this----Five Graves to Cairo, Fritz Lang's film about Heydrich (the Butcher of Prague) which was I believe called Manhunt, a film by Dymtryk called (I think) Hitler's Children, and maybe Litvak's Confessions of a Nazi Spy. I may not be right about these and certainly there must be others, but there are no bloody books of reference here, believe it or not. I have not forgotten the Chaplin Great Dictator, of course, but he might be too diffcult to deal with. Of other films from elsewhere, I can think of the Pabst film variously called The Last Act, or The Last Days of Hitler, the Russian Fall of Berlin film, and an English film. I will not now go into why I search for these films, but you can guess that I have a good gimmick for my film.

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So if your memory can help me, thank you as always.

One other thing: whether you come to Amsterdam or not, you must sooner or later know that I have formed another personal partnership. Whether it is permanent or not neither of us can say, but it has gone on now for six months first in England and then ever since I have been in Germany. It is, however, secret so far as England is concerned, although how we have managed to keep it so I cannot think. I am, however, doing nothing officially legal about matters in England. M is living at the cottage and I am, of course, providing for her in all ways. Sooner or later it will have to come out into the open: at the end of the six months trial period which M and I agreed we must have without seeing each other. I did not intend saying all this to even you and Ann just yet, but if you should come to Amsterdam, then of course you will see for yourelf and will be surprised to hear a name that you already know. More than this I will not say right now, except that this new relationship has brought me many moments of happiness since last December. But inevitably in such cases, there are many problems involved.

Ike Kleinerman due here on Sunday, but alas I shall by then be in Mannheim. My assistant, Kruger, ~~here~~ will however see him. Kruger worked for Ike in London getting stock footage.

No more for now. Much work to do. It is still not too easy with Real-Film but I think it will work out. The Germans are very strange people. It is impossible to get close to them these days. Some of them have regained all their pre-war arrogance. And they've so much bloody money now.

Love to you both as always

P.

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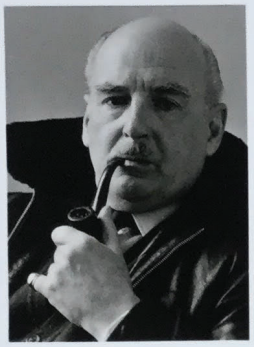

FILM

AFT WALTER KOPPEL

ALTER KOPPEL
YULA TREBITSCH

July 15, 1960

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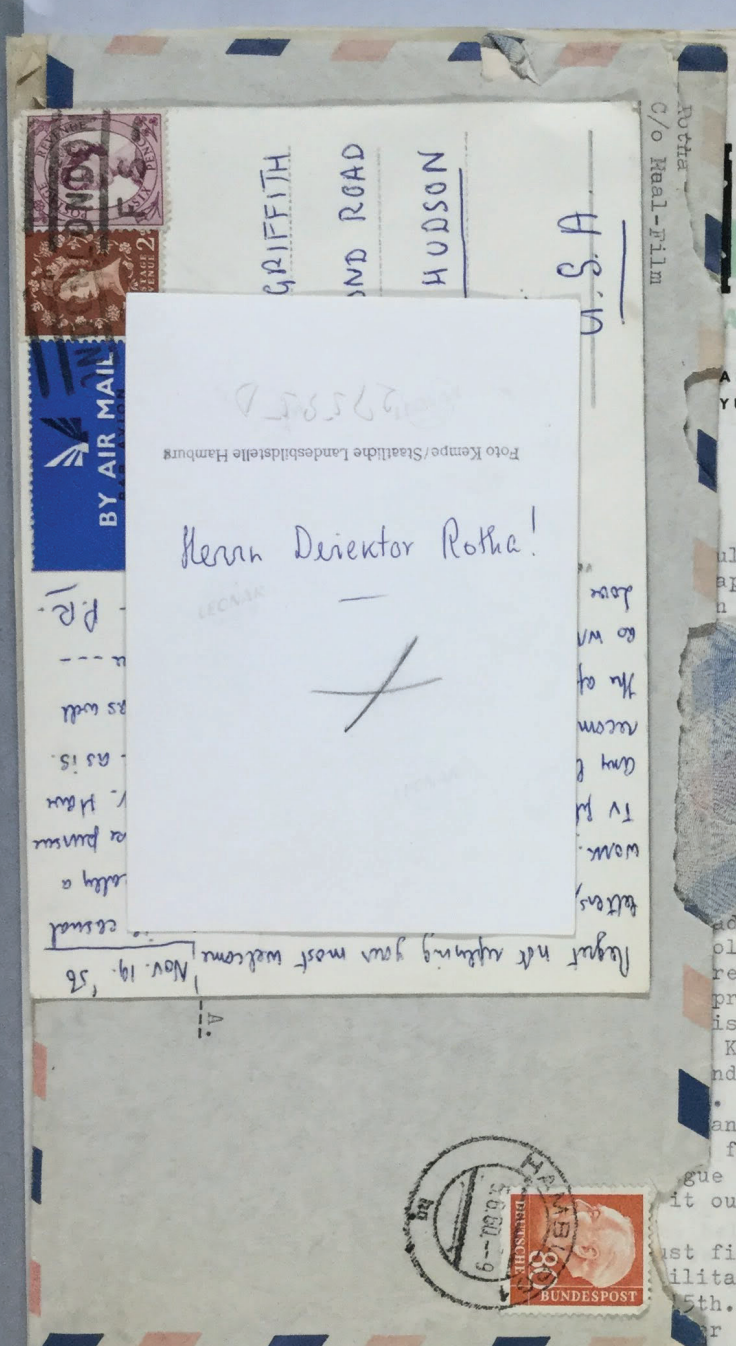

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BY AIR MAIL

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C/o Real-Film
Hamburg-Wandsbek
Germany

Colobaugh Pond Road
Croton-on-Hudson
N.Y.
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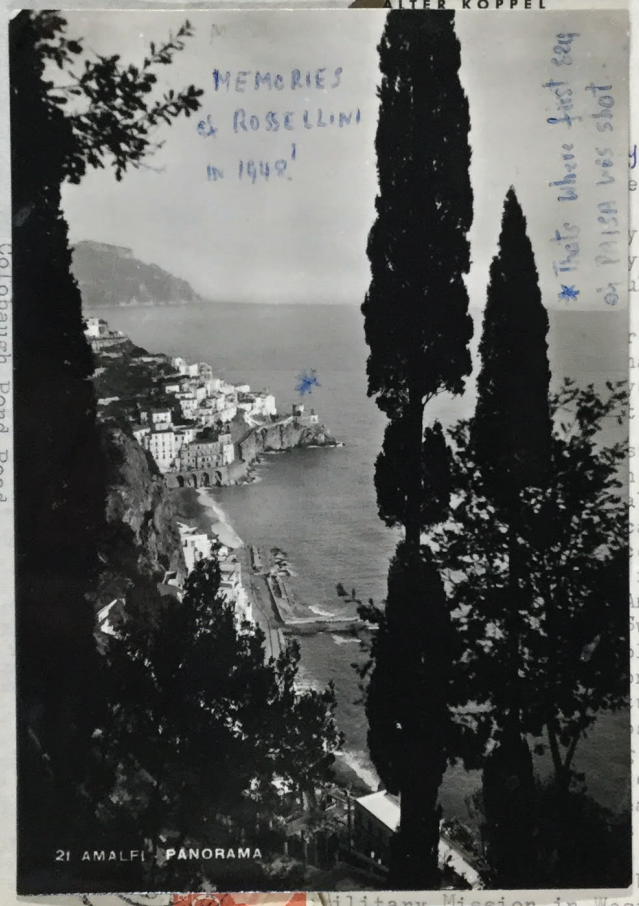

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July 15, 1960

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PAR AVION
BY AIR MAIL

Rotha -
C/o Real-Film
Hamburg-Wandsbek
Germany

Mr. Richard Griffith
Colobaugh Pond Road
Croton-on-Hudson
N.Y.

U.S.A.

Regret not replying your most welcome Nov. 19. '56
letters, but still a struggle to keep abreast with casual work. Housing film being shot this week. Really a TV film-pamphlet. Little else of interest. Please pursue any line thought advisable for "Tell Now" project. Have recommended Vision print small edition of book as is. The affliction still, also, taking its toll - in feet as well as wrists now but can write a little as you see ---
Love to you all: am keeping wolves at bay — P.R.

VERA FOTOGRAFIA RIPR. VIETATA FOTO-EDIZIONI ANGELI - TE

MR. RICHARD GRIFFITH
COLOBAUGH POND ROAD
CROTON-ON-HUDSON
NEW YORK
U.S.A.

BY AIR MAIL PAR AVION

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FILM

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a p.t.

HAMBURG-WANDSBEK · TONNDORFER HAUPTSTRASSE 90
TELEFON 66 0741/49 · BANKKONTO DEUTSCHE BANK A.G. HAMBURG
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REAL FILM

KOMMANDITGESELLSCHAFT WALTER KOPPEL

GESAMTLEITUNG WALTER KOPPEL
PRODUKTIONSCHEF GYULA TREBITSCH

July 15, 1960

Dear Richard

Rocha
C/o Real-Film
Hamburg-Wandsbek
Germany

Mr Richard Griffith
Colobaugh Pond Road
Croton-on-Hudson
N.Y.

U. S. A.

MIT LUFTPOST
PAR AVION
BY AIR MAIL

film. However, the American catalogue saved the day. Real have now decided to make a major film, not to rush it out, and this means I come to New York.

final para. a p. 4.

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Hamburg June 4th 1960

Dear Dick:

Thank you for yours of May 21 to Mannheim. Of course I am very disappointed that you will not be coming to Amsterdam but see the reason. I shall have the pleasure of seeing Iris again. I shall not go for long ~~now~~, just time to see the footage I want and to meet some of the archive heads who may have stuff for me. My American trip still undecided. I think, rightly, that Real want to see first how much material can be gotten from Europe before committing themselves to the expense of sending me across. No reply yet from the Custodian of Enemy Property, Washington, although we wrote over a month ago. Ike was here ten days ago and saw Kruger, my assistant. He suggested that many doors might be opened if we had some backing from the American Ambassador here. That gave me the idea of writing to Jock Whitney in London, reminding him that he once gave Abbott and me lunch in 1937, and asking in a discrete way for his help and advice. Some backing from him might work miracles. Agreement from the Bonn Government at last seems certain. So that means that many copyright problems will be solved. Julian Brian has replied offering any of his footage, which is good. Also a bulletin from UCLA says that they have acquired what they call some unique Hitler material for their archives. I have written to find more details, especially about what copyright they hold. Real-Film seem to possess some magic influence over labs, so footage will begin to roll in soon. Then we'll be able to get somewhere. It has been tantalising viewing so much, marking it up, and then sitting around waiting for the print to come.

Mannheim this year was a flop. Many journalists brought there by the festival and all they did was to have a great drunk-up. Unhappily I went down sick with acute tonsilitis and a blockage in my throat. I was rushed into hospital, apparently hovered between life and death for a couple of hours, was put into an oxygen tent, and then rapidly recovered so that within three days I was again doing my chores as head of the jury and delivered my final speech, I am told, with great aplomb. But there was much scandal about it. The real truth is that as you imagine there are many people in Germany who either don't want to see this film made at all, or are jealous that I am making it. You are right. I do not like working in this country. The Germans are arrogant and rude and so lousy with money that they despise everything else. There is a terrible guilt-complex around. The women are ugly and cruel. The men are sadists and bores. These are dangerous and wicked generalisations but they are based on having been to six different cities and both East and West Germany. For the record, I found less of these unpleasant qualities in East Germany. Contrary to all reports, both and I found the East Berliners and the East Germans around Babelsberg happy and warm, but there again this was only a first impression and we do not know the language although my assistant does. But you can sense an atmosphere and that of West Berlin was tense and guilty and inhibited whereas on the other side there seemed a relaxness and a greater sense of freedom. This is utterly opposite, I know, to all one reads in West newspapers but I can only report what we ~~ourselves~~ found, not on any conducted tour but just wandering around for ourselves. Everyone in West Berlin warned us that we should be stopped and searched and asked for passports and have to have visas and so on. No one stopped or accosted us whatsoever. True, I had to have a special visa when I went out beyond the Berlin city zone to the Babelsberg studio but it was no great problem to get one (admittedly signed by three ministers) and to check in with the local People's Police, who were courtesy and charm themselves. As I think I wrote earlier, the help and cooperation we got from Defa in the East outstripped anything we have got from the people in West Germany.

Thank you for the information re Hitler in feature films. I have now nailed it down to the Pabst film, THE LAST ACT; the Russian FALL OF BERLIN; the Hollywood HITLER GANG and another picture called THE something-or-other FACE in which H was played by Luther Adler; and the Chaplin. This is enough for my purpose and anyway the gimmick may not come off. I can't tell until I try it.

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I have written to Stuart Schulberg and asked if he can send me some detailed information about his films. I keep stumbling on news about them but ~~nnnnnx~~ no one actually seems to have seen them here. I am told that they were sent back from Munich without having any distribution here. Why I don't know. But even if I can't see the original films, he might be able to tell me his source material and that is what matters.

The New Relationship: you will have by now got my card and will see that no pioneer British film producer is involved. I first met the lady about ten years ago when I sat next to her at a dinner given by the Council of the British Film Academy to Sam Goldwyn. I had just finished NRP and as she stems from Ireland, we talked about Ireland and the Irish and I marvelled that such a very beautiful woman could be so intelligent. She was, however, at that time with John Boulting and had just played in THE MUDLARK. Boulting left her (and a good thing too), she got a Fox contract, married an actor called Brian Forbes but was with him only a short time in Hollywood. You know the pictures there--- Preminger's THIRTEENTH LETTER (remake of LE CORBEAU), TAXI, MAN IN THE ATTIC etc., but she never went Hollywood; a rebel like Knight. Then Italy and more films, another husband, this time from a rich, fascist aristocratic family, which again for reasons I need not go into did not work out. She was given one hell of a time. The arrogant Catholic Italian aristocrats and a working-class girl from Dublin (who once won a Rank Beauty Competition because her mother sent her photo in without telling the girl and then took all the money). So, this girl ups and leaves Italy last August in the clothes she stood up in and just her air fare to London. I met her---or rather to be exact remet her---through Peter Cotes, who thought she would be good for JUMBO'S WIFE and that she still had a name in England and possibly in America. So we met and I thought her dead right for Bibiana in my long-held dream of INQUEST. After that things went fast and I cannot talk of them now. I took her to Hamburg and Switzerland with me last December. Robert Neumann completely agreed with me about her perfect righness for Bibiana. He has got back the rights of INQUEST and we plan to try and set it up after the Hitler film. So. But there are, as in all these cases, many problems and complications, as you will observe. We are both married, although Constance's is one of those involved Italian affairs by which she is married in the eyes of only one Italian state (a Communist one) and not elsewhere. All that will be worked out in time. What matters now is that we are superbly content and work well together. I knew you and Ann would be happy about it. Thank you for your wishes.
No more can be said at this moment.

I envy you the garden and miss mine more than I can say. It is possible that I shall never again live at Tibbys Cottage; I do not say. This is all in the future and nothing can be rushed or forced. It will happen.

Bssil Wright has sent his draft for the final chapter of the Flaherty book and I now work to collate my notes with his draft. I hope to get this done in the next two weeks and then Hutchinsons can go ahead and get the thing into print.

I am immeasurably happy that Ann is so muchbetter and that she licked the thing herself. This is indeed good news. Give her as always my dearest love. Can I sometime see some samples of her column? I don't want to lose touch with her writings, please.

Herbert Luft, from Hollywood, was at Mannheim and has suddenly turned up here today to our delight. He is a sweet little man and has become a good friend. He flies back to NY on Thursday next week and I have suggested that he calls you. Be nice to him. He will tell you a lot about us. He has also been in Copenhagen with Skot-Hansen.

Love as ever to you both--------

P.

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to stress her intellectual consistency and to define Victorian radicalism.

Professor Webb, who is Associate Professor of History at Columbia University, pays attention to all the main absorptions and influences of his subject's life. He depicts the Unitarian background, the sharp criticism of American society and the slave-trade, experiences as the first woman leader-writer on a daily newspaper, the interest in mesmerism and positivism, life at Ambleside as an enthusiastic 'Laker', as well as the physical suffering and the sense of martyrdom this engendered in her character. Of the new material unearthed in this adventurous piece of research, the letters (cannily preserved against the writer's wishes by her brother, James, who attained eminence as a Unitarian minister), are of outstanding importance. When all is said, Miss Martineau is worthy of the close attention this historian has lavished on her opinions and her times. The woman armed with ear-trumpet and ready for gossip, whose onslaught on polite drawing-room conversations may appear no more than a conventional defiance of conventionality, did back up much of her folly with layers of principle and dogma. At times, indeed, she sounds almost like a female Karl Marx: 'Not in programme, to be sure, but in spirit. Hers was a clear manifestation of the radical temper'.

E. W. MARTIN

Houdini. By William Lindsay Gresham. Gollancz. 21s.

Though I never saw him either in the flesh or on the screen, Houdini was one of the great heroes of my childhood, a man of superb courage who could not be held by fetters or handcuffs, and who could escape from a straitjacket dangling from the top of a skyscraper or from the bottom of the Hudson River manacled in a sealed chest. He was of the world not of fact but fiction; fabulous as Dr. Fu Manchu, Dracula, Professor Challenger, and Arsène Lupin.

So to be presented in middle age with Mr. Gresham's detailed portrait of Ehrich Weiss, the rabbi's son who called himself Harry Houdini, because he admired the French illusionist Robert-Houdin and thought Houdini meant 'like Houdin' was a shocking, if salutary, experience 'Is nothing sacred?' I felt, as I discovered that accomplices stuck skeleton keys under the locks of cells from which the master escaped, and that the more hazardous of his escapades were stripped of all elements of risk, that the man who walked through walls crawled underneath them, and the milk churn filled with water had a false top so that he did not even have to hold his breath while taking off his fetters. Only in his ability to hold things in his oesophagus and regurgitate them when needed does the Houdini of real life match my boyhood image.

All but one or two of the master's tricks are revealed by Mr. Gresham's patient research; and the illusionist who so baffled the public of his time that he was credited with supernatural powers is shown forth as an utterly humourless trickster with a superb flair for publicity and an egotism scarcely credible.

But Mr. Gresham takes us beyond our disillusionment in the illusionist. Behind the stunts which can be explained lie the mysteries of human personality. Was Houdini's exposure of the tricks of mediums partly due to his desire, and failure, to communicate with the spirit of his dead mother? Why did Houdini in later life attack the reputation of Robert-Houdin, who inspired him in his youth and whom he imitated all his life? What was the relationship between Ehrich Weiss, the little Jewish boy who adored his Mom and did his kindnesses in secret as 'mitzvah', and the great Houdini, intolerant of rivals and avid of publicity?

Houdini does not emerge from Mr. Gresham's study as a lovable figure. He was too ridden by the demon of his destiny. And the profession of escapologist in its highest forms demands fanatical attention to the techniques of illusion rather than the humaner disciplines. But this work should take a lasting place among the lives of those who foster the fantasy than man is born free and has nothing to lose but his chains.

ARTHUR CALDER-MARSHALL

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→ See final para. on p. 4.

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REAL FILM

KOMMANDITGESELLSCHAFT WALTER KOPPEL

GESAMTLEITUNG WALTER KOPPEL
PRODUKTIONSCHEF GYULA TREBITSCH

July 15, 1960

Dear Dick:

Thank you yours of June 20. Luft should not have alarmed you. He knows, it is true, the story of an unpleasant happening; and there it must rest until one day I will tell you in person when we meet which may be very soon now. I say no more about it now. So I will "be careful" as you recommend; but I always thought my major vice was that I was too careful. However.

I wired you this week because of no reply from Judith Green after nearly three weeks, which alarmed me. Now however her letter has arrived to tell me that she cant do the job for excellent reasons. As you may already know, she strongly recommends Mel Stuart and I anxiously await a letter from him.

The matter is now urgent. Three days ago, much to my astonishment, the catalogue arrived from Washington. We have been through it---it is a very bad job, incidentally, giving a minimum of information about the films--- and listed much material I need to see. Walter Koppel called a meeting two days agao. A decision had to be made---either to race ahead and make the film out of the footage already collected and which is cascading into the cutting-room, or to take it leisurely, include the American trip, and try and finish by the New Year. The problem is that a Swedish firm has just brought out (first night in Munich this week) a film wholly from stock which they publicise as being based on Mein Kampf. I saw it some weeks back. It is a dull, two-hour long job, heavy and undramatic, factually correct but not doing the job that our film could. It is called Those Bloody Times. Most of their footage came from Defa and the UK, nothing from here or the USA. Real naturally are worried. Any film about Hitler could damage our film. However, the American catalogue saved the day. Real have now decided to make a major film, not to rush it out, and this means I come to New York.

→ See final para. on p. 4.

It is difficult to say when. I must first go to Warsaw but have to wait three weeks for a vida from the Polish Military Mission in West Berlin. This means my getting back here about August 15th. By that time my assistant will have broken down and arranged in date order all the footage already obtained. So we have a marathon screening, with the two writers, Neumann and Helga Koppel in on it. Then long discussions about the general shape etc of the picture. This has been impossible until a giant screening could be made. Then I can come to NY, about the 23 or 24 I suspect. Maybe a little later, because I want to leave here on a Friday, break my trip in England for the Saturday and part Sunday, and fly on to NY on the Sunday night. How long in NY I cannot say. It depends on how much preliminary work Mel Stuart can get done. I think Real will contract him at once, when we know his price. But I should guess that I shall need to be around maybe three weeks? I am only hoping that this will not coincide with your vacation, or if it does that you will be at Croton and not Fire Island or somewhere. From what Mrs Greene says in her letter, it looks as if all the screening can be done

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in NY or at Long Island, with maybe one short trip to Washington on the official side of things. Anyway, there is time to sort all this out before then. I should dearly love to bring Constance with me but don't see how it can be afforded.

So, the exact position is that an official letter has gone from Real to the Custodien in Washington formally asking permission to screen the film and then use it if necessary. The German company who own all the rights of this material (so far as we can ascertain) are also writing to say that Real have permission to use the footage on a world basis. So that should satisfy the Alien Custodian. The only snag that I see is that the Custodian may not like moving quite so fast so that things are cleared by the end of August.

Have your friend Weis has not actually been mailed.

Whitney replied, by the way, but not very helpfully, sidetracking me to the American consulate here. Smooth character who said No to everything. However now that we are in direct touch with Washington, I hope it will work out. Stuart Schulberg sent a nice letter. His film is with U.S.I.S in Washington and he thinks they will not show it to me. But he has his own 16mm print which he offers to run to me. Its not so important to see his picture but to find out his sources of footage and tothis end he has helped by giving me thename of the German editor who worked on the job for him. I am contacting her in Munich. Eva Knoll.

May I, by the way, use the Museum as a mailing address while I am there? And there is one thing I must do, that is to mark up a print of THE LAND for stills. May I do this? I expect the final draft of the ending chapter of the book from Basil any moment now. Then it goes to Press. I shall send you a copy of this chapter and then we could discuss it at leisure (?)and any points you want to bring up could be done on the proofs. I am not sending a copy to Black Mountain. It would cause endless trouble although I don't see that Frances could possibly be anything but happy at our final conclsuions. No matters of accuracy or fact arise.

Re DOC FILM! I have written my agent on this, but find he is in Italy for three weeks. But I'll get him cracking on it. The only problem is---when the hell am I going to have the time to write anything? I see work on the film here going on till into the New Year. Although my boy Kruger will be working hard in the cutting-room while I am away, I don't seehow I can finalise cutting, get narrations written, recorded etc, music and all by Christmas. A 90-minute picture is a long task. It took a year to make WORLD IS RICH, six months searching and dix cutting. So far I've been five months on this one. And the hell of a lot of that time in travel. If we have a showprint by March, we shall havedone well. And it may take weeks to get the footage from NY to here, what with labd, customs etc.

Sorry about Ann being sick. Hope she is all recovered by now. Give her my love as always. I cant wait to see you both again. This time I shall try and not spend so much time raking the leaves in the pouring rain. And about that weight of yours, why not try sawing up that pile of wood. I have lost quite a lot--weight not wood--since coming here. Maybe its because I dont like German food any more than I like them. Maybe its being in love. Fancy that from an old stager like me.

Correspondence with Raymond Fielding, UCLA, finally reveals that they havnt really much of interest for us there, and anyway they have no copyright title for the footage to be sold outside. They claim to have 16mm (sic) out-takes from TRIUMPH OF THE WILL and then say that the material is bad quality and merely consists of parades and marching. I have got much better stuff of Party Days on other years than anything old Leni shot. What early footage Fielding has is of 1933 and from his descrition I already have it all safely in the vaults. Anyway, 1933 is not early to us! I have footage

at Nuremberg

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shall have to write the bloody thing myself and not be paid for it. In fact, having seen the raw material this week (minus still some 20,000ft to come from East Berlin--held up now because of the aggravated political situation---and the Warsaw footage chosen last week, and what I may find in America,) we have some fantastically exciting stuff. How much has been seen outside Germany I cannot say. But I fancy the Warsaw Ghetto stuff, some of the ghastly Auschwitz material, and much of the early Nazi Party film has not been seen. I know Ike has used bits and pieces but not what we've got. Did I tell you about the Swedish film? They have just whipped it out to stymie us. Called at first Those Bloody Times, they have retitled it Mein Kampf. It runs nearly two hours, has some excellent material but nothing which we haven't got, and is dull as a film. But the footage is so good that it is proving a box-office winner in Germany. This is no harm to us. Their film makes no attempt to tell of the causes of Nazism, the forces behind Hitler, or the psychology of the German mind. That is what I am hopefully after. Theirs is the usual story told in chronological order while ours I hope will be more a profile, an assessment of a man and his age. Hence I am playing down on World Wars and battles, anyway we've seen it all. However, I'll tell you all when we meet.

By now I think you will have had the typescript from Basil of the final Flaherty chapter? I made a number of amendments to his draft and so has Grierson. If you have any substantial suggestions which really alter the text, you had better let Basil have them direct with a copy to me. If not, leave it till I come and the changes, if small, can be made in the proofs. I hope you will like it. We worked hard on it. David has sent me some blow-ups a friend of his made from a print of THE LAND: they are better than anything yet, but I would still like to run through the film myself on a winder and chose certain frames for enlargement. I hope you can fix for me to borrow a print? I am bound to be using a cutting-room sometime with Mel Stuart and can do it then.

The latest plan this afternoon is that after I get back from the US, we shift the complete material down to Ascona in Switzerland, where the two writers---Neumann and Helga Koppel--live, a very beautiful lakeside place near to Locarno. The crazy idea is to equip a cutting-room there and use the local theatre. It has two advantages--the beauty and climate of the place and the presence of the writers at hand. Since Helga Koppel is the wife of Walter Koppel, who owns and runs Real-Film, and the ex-wife of the Hungarian producer, Trebitsch, who is supposed to be my producer although I haven't seen him for three months, maybe the idea will materialise. I don't mind where I cut the bloody picture so long as there is a well-equipped cutting-room. But I am determined to spend Christmas with Constance in Dublin. It will be the firt time she has been back to Ireland for several years. That we have promised ourselves.

About DOC FILM, I have an idea to overcome our problem but it is too long and complicated to set out here and must wait until we meet. It would involve bringing in another collaborator who has already done much of the work on the European end. In other words, to replace Sinclair Road. Can you wait another month? Of course you can, because you'll be on leave.

No more now. I am anxious for you to get this. Send me your Fire Island address and I'll let you know what Mel Stuart says.

Greatest love to you both----

Paul

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June 28, 1961

Dear Dick:

Stuck with problem of title for English-American version of picture. Koppel is dead set for his THE LIFE OF ADOLF HITLER for the German version and he is probably right, but this is useless elsewhere. The best I have come up with myself is THE TRUTH ABOUT HITLER which I admit insinuates that Leiser's MEIN KAMPF and all the others are not the truth. My title is at least true of my film!

The German commentaries are now recorded and the picture is being cut to them. Music is being scored. Sound effects looked out. As soon as I have translation of Gwrman commentaries, I shall rewrite my English one to match and then record. Voices? Maybe Leo Genn for main voice of HISTORY and Trevor Howard for REASON. Tried to get Peter Finch for HISTORY but he is too involved. Genn's voice is liked I believe in the US as well as in England. For the Nazi voice, either Marius Goring or Albert Lieven.

Picture now runs around 1hr 45 mins and looks well as far as I can see it. But it will be end of September before we have first print. Got to get all the neg yet from so many places. The bastards at the newsreel libraries in New York and Hollywood never printed through edge numbers!

No other news. We are both well. The sun is shining and I hate being at the studio but---- Sabra is brighter than ever. But on the bed at night she weighs heavier than ever. Now one year old. Worried about what I shall do next. Did I tell you that UCLA (from whom I have never heard a word) offered Basil Wright the job they dickered with me and that Basil has accepted at about half what I asked? C'est la vie! as the Swiss Somalis used to day until Billy Graham got there.

Did I tell you that Connie and I now have an agent in both London and Hollywood? But he has not sent us any secret plans as yet. The one in London tells me that he has put me forward as one of the four directors for a super-duper epic of epics to be made by Fox about D-Day called THE LONGEST DAY? I have already cast the film---John Mills, Jack Hawkins, Gregory Peck and Richard Widmark, with the stay-at-homes in Deborah Kerr, Diana Dors and Constance Smith. As I have seen this past eighteen months more actuality footage on the landings in Normandy than any other person, I shall undoubtedly not get the assignment. What the hell!

Margot is still in hospital. I telephoned the house-doctor there the other night and he reported well. But it means another 4 weeks there. After that I do not know. So both the cottage and the flat stand uncared for.

Did you know that Cartier-Bresson photographed Bob? I have got the picture and permission. MS is now finally revised and back at publisher. Hope to God is now with printer.

Kracauer's book out here in July. I am doing 1000 words for Guardian on it. Its the best of all papers. But cant think of what to say.

Reported here that Richard Basehart is playing Hitler in future Allied Artists picture which will depict Hitler's life with Eva Braun and Leni Riefenstahl. Director---Stuart Heisler. Irving Lerner turned it down.

Love to you both. Come to Europe and join the Common Market. At a party of stuck-ups at the British Consulate here, Constance retired to the ladies room and returned with a piece of toilet-paper which had printed on it PROPERTY OF THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT! Connie said, Now I know that my arse has been put to good purpose.

Best----

Paul

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July 29, 1960

have this week written to Mel Stuart offering to engage his services on tler film. We await Stuart's reply, which I assume will be favorable e Real accepted his terms without comment. This means that Stuart can ead right away on fixing up screenings, sifting footage etc. Real have o confirmed thta I come to the States, but not until after the marathon reening here of all footage so far collected in Europe. I do not myself see how that can possibly be until the first, or even the second, week in September. It is impossible to get firm delivery dates out of labs either here or in East Germany. I suspect myself now that our maraton screening will be at the very end of August here, then a few days script discussion, and then I shall get away. But, as distinct from the hesitation of my last letter, my American trip is now definite and Mel Stuart is fixed. I will let you know immediately I have more finalised news. I shall hope in the meantime to hear more about your own movements as from the end of August through Sept.

I have yours of July 15, which crossed mine. If Bea Cunningham gets in touch I will of course do all I can to help her. If I am already on my way to you, then tell her to contact my assistant, Robert Kruger, who will be at Realfilm from now on. He worked as you know for Ike and I think knows the Churchill sources very well. I know that the BBC has been quietly amassing footage on the old bastard ever since I was there, and that was in 1955. Kruger can also tell her of the massive footage we've seen here dealing with almost every aspect of world affairs since 1900; he cannot open doors to her but he can tell her maybe where material lies. Both the Germanys, east and west, are sticky about unleasing material. They have to be satisfied as to bona fides of scipt, personnel etc. Here Walter Koppel's own personal reputation in Germany has helped a lot, and some people seem to have heard of me, too. I'm delighted to hear that you are working on the project too, and being paid. Good work. Maybe I can help you when I get to New York? I cannot now estimate any longer the footage we've seen since Feb 1st last. It must reach some 10 million feet.

I started off at 5 a.m. last Wednesday morning for Warsaw, got as far as West Berlin and on came the old plague in my left foot. I laid up all day in a hotel and then decided it was bloody stupid to go to Warsaw in that condition which travel might aggravate. So I returned to Hamburg crestfallen. Now I wait perhaps a week or so before going again. I am laid up for the moment but that does not prevent me from working so long as I dont get around. So I stay fuming in my hotel. I wish to God that Basil would send me the finalised version of the Flaherty last chapter. I could well work on it and then send it you. I keep writing him for it but get no reply. Please remember from my last letter that one of the very first things I want to do in NY is to mark up a print of THE LAND for stills to be made.

Going back to an earlier letter of yours, I'm glad the Polish season went so well for you. I noted that Cecile Starr had a catty piece about the Museum in the last Sight and Sound. No news yet from my agent aboutDOC FILM but will have news before I come. I can see this damned Hitler film running well into the New Year now. But Real dont seem to be overmuch worried. We are both well, on and off. Too much travelling and no settled life. I look to hear from you anyday but know how busy you are. Enclosed is a Jennings I chanced to find. My love to Ann and you as always. See you soon although not known exactly when.

+++ Another thing that of course conditions my date of leaving is the official reply from the OAP: I have written to Col. Willard Webb at the Lof Congress asking his help to speed things up, this at Mel Stuart's suggestion. But obviously I cannot leave here until the OAP formally agree to screen the films they hold. I think the rights situation is now clear.

P.

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REAL FILM

KOMMANDITGESELLSCHAFT WALTER KOPPEL

GESAMTLEITUNG WALTER KOPPEL
PRODUKTIONSCHEF GYULA TREBITSCH

Sept 2, 1960

Dear Dick:

Yours of Aug 29 just here and I reply immediately in the hope that you will get this before leaving for Fire Island. We have just broken for a half-hour ~~for~~ lunch (which I dont eat) on the last day of the marathon screening which has gone on for 8 hours a day since 8 am last Monday, having only arrived back from Warsaw the night before and where I also screened for 4 days! I am sick of film.

However, up-to-date news. Everything depends on two things: first, on OAP giving in to us possibly by our engaging Film Finders (mel Stuart) to get the stuff for us and then handing it on: second, on Mel Stuarts availability in New York. He keeps writing and wiring to say come over at once and then says that he is going to the Coast early Sept. It is pointless my coming without his being in NY. So I sent a final precise cable to him yesterday saying that if necessary I would postpone my trip until early October but will he please give me a hard date when he will be back in NY from LA. I await that reply. Then I can fix a definite date. I dont know if he is a youngster or not, but he is wonderfully vague in his letters and wires, but seems very knowledgable. Re OAP, perhaps I did not tell you that they finally replied to Real turning us down flat. This on top level. We are now trying through the US Consulates Political Officer here. But even if OAP continue to shut the door, Stuart writes that there are other ways of getting at some of the material and it is very possible that Real will think it worth sending me for this reason and also because there is other footage in other sources for me. But to recap, as Stuart says he leaves NY on September 12, I think it ~~almost~~ for sure that I shall not come until he gets back. And he wont say when at the moment.

I am happy that you both get your holiday. You must both badly need it. You're right---so do I! But what a hope! Incidentally, you neglected to give me your address on Fire Island in case I need to get in touch. When I do finally come, I shall try and do what I have done before, fly on a Friday night, arrive Saturday and come out to see you. Anyway I will let you know more definitely later.

Same evening:

Problem with this film is that the two writers dont know anything about film. As we sat through reel after reel, they kept saying We must use that, we must use that, until after the five days if I used what they picked out as being important I should end up with a 50-reel picture. Actually, I dont think that they've a clue as to what to write. They have tried hard to get at my ideas but I've played cunning and said, No, I want to see your outline first. So now they have retired for the week-end and promise to come up on Tuesday with a sequence by sequence synopsis. I wonder. Eventually, I suppose, I

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Cuddington July 16, 1959

Dear Mr Griffith:

(This is how I once used to address you; I now do so again). I have long suspected that the art of blackmail is the most skilful way to earn a living, but the means has always evaded me. Now, as a result a day's reading of a correspondence between a Richard Griffith Jr and a certain P. Rotha (which began by the former approaching the latter on June 2, 1931) I think at last I have the formula. On February 5, 1935, the said Mr Griffith went solemnly on the record in a letter signed by himself to the effect that a motion picture, by name MAN OF ARAN, was one of the most "reactionary, escapist, inhuman films that he had ever seen", that the maker of the said film, one Mr Robert J. Flaherty, was "a romantic runaway", that the "sea scenes" in the said film were most badly shot; in general, MAN OF ARAN was a lousy bad film without characterisation or important message. Now what about it? You have the answer. The copyright of the letter is vested in you, so long as you are alive, so you can prevent me from printing it. But I can say that the great attack on the said Mr Flaherty as a 'romantic, sentimental, escapist' was not, as is commonly believed for so many years, started by those damnable British documentary chaps but by none other than Mr Griffith himself!

You see, I had a hunch that if I took the trouble to read through all the correspondence between us, and also the Knight letters again, I should find some bits relating to Bob. And I did. Nothing, seriously, to quote but some very interesting comments. From this you will gather that I am hard at the book, which is true. I have done nothing else how since May 1st and have written 45,000 words, which brings me up to Industrial Britain. It has been fascinating. Inevitably, I have found myself quoting from your book. It cannot be helped. Not so much from your own actual writing but from Frances and from the diaries. So I shall have to officially ask for your permission and for Gollancz, the English publisher, a little later on. Except for Frances's description of the making of Moana, and the arctic diaries, however, I find that wherevr else you quote from Bob, it has also been used elsewhere. I have had access to all the BBC scripts of the radio talks he gave in 1949--dozens of them, some never even put out, and he goes over all the old ground again but in more detail. So, provided that the fullest and most complimentary acknowledgements are given, I trust that I may quote from your book? Back to Flaherty later.

Your long letter of June 22-July 3 more than welcome. I guessed that you had been caught up on the Preminger thing. Let me answer points from it first. Yes, I threw the shingles behind me. They are a very unpleasant experience. Not for this boy again. But how can you avoid them? I have been out here all the time, except for an odd day in town to meet someone who has had stuff for me on the book, and a steady schedule of writing, orderly like, from 8.30 - 12 noon; from 3.30 - 8pm. Every day including Sundays. That has been the only way I could get through it. I aim to complete what will inevitably be a first draft by mid-September latest. Then copies of that Ms will go to Frances and David, you (if you will), Grierson, Wright and the publisher. Frances to date has been helpful but erratic. She answers some queries, David answers others, and then they dry up. I cannot help feeling that if left to it on his own, David would have been much more helpful. Now there is a gap in their help because they are going off to California for the seminar. At first Frances wanted to leave all her help until I had written the first draft, but that would have doubled my work. (Somehow I've gotten back onto Bob again).

TILL NOW. I'm glad you agreed the Epilogue. I found it hard enough going, but if you approve it, that's fine for me. There are bound to be omissions and errors. It will now have to await the big new project, which I do not see as dead by any means. But discussion of it can wait.

The new DOC FILM. Your reply was less tardy than Road's. He is now the films

AIR MAI

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officer for the Iraqui Petroleum Company which has a film unit in Bagdad. And you know the kind of monkey-business that has, and is, going on in Iraq. Road kind of commutes between the revolutions. But I did finally get him on the phone (in London, not Bagdad) last week. He will know his future plans in about a month's time and so I have given him till then to make up his mind. If he doesn't feel he can bring his part up-to-date, then I think I'll have a crack at it myself, now that I know you will do yours---for which I am more than pleased. It all seems sown up from Faber and Univ of California Press's viewpoint. But please don't do any work on it yourself (except maybe seeing some films) until I finalise it with Road and send formal letters etc. Am glad you agree the business side. It made sense to me. So hold your horses on it until you get more word from me.

Columbia called me yesterday to go to a party for Mr Preminger. No thank you. But I'm glad you eventually did the book and got some dough for it. May I have a copy sometime? I'll see the film as and when. You remember, I haven't got the respect for Mr P that I seem to remember you as having. I disliked his St Joan more than most films. But confess that I didn't see Golden Arm, which I know you liked.

CRADEL; (new American spelling). You have been more than kind about this. I had a letter from Lesser and replied putting him in direct touch with the Plowboys. I cannot negotiate anything. I only hope they reply to his letter, of which he sent me a copy. If I were them I'd do a deal with him. But I cannot speak for them, as you know too well. In fact, I have had not a word from them since last March! They do not answer any communication I send them. The Mannheim Festival wrote asking specially for a copy of the film for showing but had no reply from Dublin. Lesser, by the way, wanted all N.American rights, TV, non-t, theater etc. His chum Don Gillin called me and I saw him on Tuesday. A nice guy; liked him. He seemed interested in possible coproduction with the English, and liked what I told him of the JUMBO'S WIFE story. Did I tell you I tried to get Orson Welles for it, but with signal failure. After COMPULSION, he is unapproachable under about $500,000 per film. But on my telling of the story, Gillin came up with the idea of Lee J. Cobb, which is an idea. Lee Cobb, Siobhan McKenna and Cusack is a good cast. Anyway, I've airmailed copy of story-outline plus budget to Gillin, who returned to NY yesterday, and will wait tricks. Thank you for all you've done in this. A real chum. I don't think I'll blackmail you, now.

C&M: extraordinary rumor that I haven't taken the trouble to check (I've so lost interest) that Carl Foreman saw the picture, liked it a lot, and got Columbia to buy it from Eros! Can't believe it to be true because surely Carl would have called me and told me so, but on other hand, he's seems to be all over the world and maybe it is true and he didn't have time. If ture, at least Columbia won't let it rust on vault shelf. Vault! That's the funny story I wanted to tell you.

"Two mice were in the vaults of a Wardour Street renter. One had got the lid off Reel One of ROOM AT THE TOP and was nibbling away. Says the other mouse, "How is it?" Mouse the First chews and swallows, then says, "Not so good as the book".

This I like.

I hope Ann does the Digest things. What's wrong about earning an honest $10 million dollars for a 1000-word piece? But I'm sorry about psychiatry thing. This doesn't sound like her, but then I recall the dexadrene fights. I can sense that there is a problem and it will be worrying you a lot. I wish that I could help. From this distance it is very hard to do so. I feel I know you both so well but feel so helpless to put anything into writing. It seems outrageously impertinent of me to say what in all probability a psychiatrist will first ask, How's the sex-life these days, and if I say it, it is because I take the risk of being a very old friend to you---28 years in fact. But I know from own experience that I get so very absorbed in my day-to-day, or even month-to-month, work that I become to some extent sufficient unto myself, so to speak, and forget that my companion may not have the same faculty for becoming submerged in work. It is in fact

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should like to print the exact facts, regardless of Capra's feelings. I had my bellyful of him in Berlin last year. Will you do this? And may I have it by the end of August latest? I can fit it in afterwards. I rely on you. No one else knows the story.

Two other Bob matters: I wrote your Miss Oplatka (?) some weeks back about some additional stills she showed me last fall. No reply from her. Maybe her vacation? If not, will you stir her up? Also the youthful photograph you have of him which hung on the wall of your spare-room. You promised me a copy. May I have, please!

Also, about Frederick O'Brien. As part of background work, I have been reading his WHITE SHADOWS. Never read before. No wonder Bob fell under its spell. Did you ever read it? Is O'Brien still alive? Can you send me a few-line note about him for a footnote--date of birth, other books etc. Information is nil here. I had one hell of a job to get hold of the book. I am really getting fascinated in doing the book. I can see that gradually it is shaping up into a big climactic chapter about Bob vs the social documentary. And how both were right in their respective ways. I have got hold of Sir Stephen Tallents's unpublished memos about the founding of the EMB unit and Bob's arrival there in 1931. Good stuff. And I've now talked with dozens of people about him, including Balcon, John Taylor, Norris Davidson (who took him to Aran first), John Collier (who scripted (sic) Elephant Boy, Teddy Baird who worked on latter as location-manager, Jo Golightly who recalls the whole Industrial Britain journey vividly, Crighton who cut Elephant Boy and knows the true story of the Korda rows, and many others. I find also that most times I met Bob and talked with him in the 30s I had the lucky habit of including the talk in my next letter to Knight. More than useful.

(Typescript of The Land narration: David finally turned this up for me)

Mannheim was enjoyable. Britian and USA shockingly represented. Good jury, naturally under me! Shocked everyone by giving top award to Jean Rouch for his MOI - UN NEGRE. Very good indeed. Iris was invited by Dr Joachim Fischer, the intelligent and charming Director of Mannheim, but did not reply to letter. She made a mistake. Another important festival is Oberhausen. Met the energetic and very intelligent young man who runs it. Calls it an experimental festival but that is just a cover to get what he thinks are the best films available. It is held in February. Next year he plans a Rotha Festival and asked me who I should like to be invited to introduce it? He pays a lot towards costs of travel. I promptly said you. Who knows, the Europe visit might naterialise by then? I have drawn a blank so far on the University lecture idea for you, which we discussed. None of the endowed lectures about which I can get information would cover the kind of theme you want to do. Have you any idea yourself? I gather that the BFI is trying to foster the University angle re fellowships etc., but then my relations there are not warm. They're not frigid either; it's just that Quinn regards me always with deep suspicsion since he got the post over my body. Lindgren is always polite and friendly and does what he is asked, but no more. I'll see if I can make some headway on your behalf. I can always fix lectures for you, of course, to the Academy, the leading film societies etc, but you want something bigger than that. Let me know if you've done any more thinking or planning about it?

First week in October I go to a place called Citta di Trente in the mountains back of Trieste once again to do a fesitival chore--this time a Festival of International Films about Mountains and Exploration! Where do the Italians get the money from for these affairs? They offer to pay both Margot's and my full expenses for the week, so I'm going. October 3-10th. Italy should be pleasant just then. Venice asked me again this year but refused. The work on the book too important.

Another Flaherty request: can you send me brief dosier on Floyd Crosy? Just his main credits.

Nothing recent from Rukeyser. She agreed last March sometime that she must do more work on PUCK FAIR but nothing since. Maybe she's disappointed in me? Youknow

AIR MAIL

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February 9, 1957

Dear Dick:

Your wire has been telephoned to me. What can I say except a million thanks for helping me on and that it shall be refunded one way or another, somehow or somewhere, as soon as things break again. They cannot go on forever like this; or can they? I often wonder now. But at least I can breathe again for a few weeks.

On Monday I take in my completed Ms to Faber's. I've chosen some 80,000 words spanning from 1928 until last year, with 32 illustrations. It gives a curious cross-section of cinema! I've edited pretty hard, as you can imagine, but never changed sense or opinion, of course. Even though I have got the MS through before the end of this month, Faber will still work to the end of January, 1958, for publication date, but it may mean proofs earlier which can be circulated hopefully in NY. The main problem I foresee about getting an American publisher is that, inevitably, a great deal of the book deals with the British cinema. It is in four parts: (1) Between the Reels, which is general material ranging from an appreciation of the older Fairbanks in 1929 and the famous article about art-direction that got me fired from Elstree to a more recent piece about WWE and the World idea, (2) FILMS IN REVIEW, which is what it says, reviews of films from some old Cinema Quarterly ones (Jew Suss, Private Life of Hy 8th, etc to the best of the ones I have been doing recently for Films & Filiming, Il Bidone, Lust for Life etc); (3) Some Problems of Documentary, which is mainly British, and: (4) The Constant Crisis, which is the industrial story of British films from 1939 till today. Thus only parts 1 and 2 have a wide international interest. That cannot be helped. But we'll see when proofs eventually arrive.

I'm trying now very hard to get a another feature (modest) set-up in collaboration with Peter Cotes. The Films Bank will help <u>if</u> I can get a distribution guarantee. I have two stories with Mike Frankovitch (whom I know slightly) who heads up Columbia Pictures here. They have backed some British production and are perhaps not so biased against me as Rank would be, or ABC. I will not bother you with my stories; they are both obviously box-office but with twists to them that <u>could</u> make them interesting to make. Maybe, maybe. But I was pleasantly surprized at the sympathetic hearing I got from the Film Finace people, who said it was far too long since I had made NRP and what a tragedy that picture's distribution was. They won't, of course, find all the money but they have offered very favourable terms and waived certain conditions which is <u>most</u> unusual. If Columbia turn me down, then I have two small British renters to try.

As a last chance in documentary, I am trying out the UN atom script on Elton at Shell. There is the Brussels Exhib of 1958 to be thought about and Shell will surely make one big prestige film for that. It could be mine. After all, it deals with world energy as a whole, including oil. Then I'm getting Boyd-Orr to write to China on my behalf; he was recently there, met Chou-en-Lai and Mao and is in direct contact. They might ask me there with Western know-how to teach or <u>even</u> make a film. If the latter, I guess the American TV rights

[illegible] reggy doesn't take the risk.

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would be worth something. If I get any kind of favorable response, I shall NBC and CBS in London. What price The Face and Mind of China for a title? And there are endless other things I'm trying. You know how it is.

Unfortunately, all this is not made any easier by the frayed relations and conditions in domestic life. I must not unload this worry on you, but it is very upsetting. The major problem is that my doctor, who knows about it, says that my affliction could well return and flare up as a result. He puts the cause of it down partly to upset and worry last summer arising from the same reasons. But I mustn't go on with this side of matters, but know you will understand. It's a problem that is very, very complex and difficult to solve. Just plain separation wouldn't work.

No more for now. Thank you once more. Both of you. I'll keep you posted as to any worthwhile news.

Love to you both-----

Paul

Don't forget to send me some of Ann's column when it starts-

First fold here

BY AIR MAIL
PAR AVION
AIR LETTER
AEROGRAMME

AYLESBURY 6.30PM 10 FEB 1957 BUCKS.

Mr. Richard Griffith
Colobaugh Pond Road
Croton-on-Hudson
N.Y. U.S.A.

POSTAGE EIR 6p SIXPENCE POSTAGE

Second fold here

Sender's name and address:
Rotha
Cuddington
Nr. Aylesbury, Bucks,
England

AN AIR LETTER SHOULD NOT CONTAIN ANY ENCLOSURE; IF IT DOES IT WILL BE SURCHARGED OR SENT BY ORDINARY MAIL.

To open out here

will be on film, sound [illegible] association) have okayed it provided they like the first draft script which I shall design for them and take an easy period first.

[illegible] reggy doesn't take the risk.

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18th June 1950

Dear Dick,

Thank you for your note of the 10th June. I wired you at once because only the Part 1 of the American section had arrived. The receipt of the balance is critical. So please airmail it if you do not receive a wire from me before receiving this letter.

Your Part 1 reads very well. But Road and I are worried about length. He has an idea, however, about a recasting of our format which he is working on this week-end and will tell me about next week. I don't mind shortening part of the reprint of the old text because the new stuff is so important. However I'll mail you on that.

I had the cable from your production pals, and wired back that I could'nt give a decision before thend of the month and asked for more details than a wire can give. As a matter of fact, jaundice first by me for five weeks, and then by my wife for another four weeks, has completely wrecked my schedule for Phantom Lobster. So we have (with Balcon's full approval) postponed the whole project until next spring. It was the only thing to do. Then, out of the blue, came an offer to direct a film in Ireland on a wonderful subject called No Resting Place, a story of tinkers and their running fued with the police. An all-Irish cast from the Abbey and Gate Theatres and an all-location picture. I wrote a master scene script of it in 10 days, and now it is with the Films Finance Corporation. If we get their backing (and I think we will), I go to Dublin next week for location finding and casting and then back here to script. We aim to shoot from mid-August till Mid-October. I can't say more now than that it's a hell of a good subject. No stars. No concessions.

I have also signed a contract with BBC Television to prepare for them before next February six 45 minute films designing primarily for television on the History of the British Film. The trade here has blessed it, which means I can use excerpts from anything, feature or documentary, up till the end of 1949. The BBC are getting the full TV and non-theatrical rights on it, which means that they might, in time, present copies to other TV stations or to the Museum, Cinemathque, and so on. At the moment this is all highly confidential, but I have signed the contract---the highest figure that the BBC has ever paid for this kind of programme. My precise status is [redacted] script writer and supervisor. I am having my own cutting girl in on it. We shall shoot some special stuff for it, interviews with characters like Lean, Reed, Balcon, Korda, and the early people like Hepworth, Geo Pearson, etc. I plan it in 6 parts; from 1900-1929, the thirties in feature and in documentary, the war in feature and documentary, and post-war. The whole thing will be on film, sound track as well. The CEA (our exhibitors association) have okayed it provided they like the first draft script which I shall design for them and take an easy period first.

[illegible] to stop. David [illegible] letters, in fact, urges [illegible] Peggy doesn't take the risk.

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So from now until next Feb. I shall be hellish busy. The film in Ireland and the TV job. In addition, I have signed a contract with a publisher for doing Knight's letters, a 90,000 word book with continuity links by me. There's no delivery date on this. And to date I've kept up with 1000 words a week for Public Opinion.

I have no news at all of Till Now in America. Is it out? It continues to go well here, the third thousand is being bound now. Movie Parade also goes well. I should much welcome news from you about it, if any.

I enclose a little note I wrote some weeks back to Joe Losey for you to forward. I liked his film a lot. It has got shown before the Green Haired Boy one.

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No other news, except that the jaundice pulled one down a lot. Have been two months now without drinking. Have'nt seen Bob since he's been back. No sign or news of Grierson either for months.

Shall look forward to hearing from you. The book of my film, No Resting Place, by Ian Niall, was published in America and did very well. Try and get it. You'll like it.

Yrs ever.

P.R.

Forrest Judd back from India saying that Renoir film is best ever. Has postponed Children in Vienna because of non-availability of Adrian Scott and is doing The Inquest first with Magnani signed on the dotted line. Is trying to make up his mind on director between Renoir, Autant-Lara, Dassin (!) and Alf Sjoberg. None is suitable in my mind but I'm prejudiced because I want to do it.

Summoned to have dinner with Sam Goldwyn next Tuesday night.

x. Dassin - Engel - Widmark's Night + the City has had a real panning here: its a shocker!

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PRODUCTION POINTS

1. Though this story is set in London during the last war, it is <u>not</u> a war story in the accepted sense of the term. It is concerned with the problems and relations of human beings on the home-front - not on the battlefield or the bombing raid.
2. Its background of London during the morale-breaking V-I attacks has not before been used on the screen. Both the author of the book and of this story-outline lived in London all during this period. If needed, excellent stock-footage exists of the V-I's.
3. It is <u>also</u> a story that embraces many simple and human aspects of Anglo-American understanding - and misunderstanding. These are as important to ventilate today as they were during the war years. There are still many thousands of U.S. Servicemen stationed in England. In a short outline such as follows, it is not possible to bring out all these points, which are mainly dialogue.
4. Much of the dialogue in the book is admirable and suitable for the screen.
5. The two lead parts of the American airman and the English girl obviously make the story of Anglo-American appeal.
6. The writer of this story-outline holds a long-term option on the motion picture and television rights of the novel on which it is based.

----- Paul Rotha

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"PEGGY AND THE AMERICAN SOLDIER"

It is London, 1944. The year of D-Day and of the Buzz-bombs on southern England. The year of the war when tension in London was at its highest - the tense expectation of the long-awaited invasion of Europe and the tension of being attacked night-after-night by a new and secret weapon - a tension which heightened the lives and human relations of all people in Britain - soldiers and civilians, English and American.

****

Peggy Windsor lives with her in-laws in Streatham, south London. Her husband, David, is in the RASC in Italy. They have been married two years but David was sent overseas after a honeymoon of one brief week. Peggy is very much in love with her husband. To get his airgraph letters is her biggest delight.

Peggy works in a real-estate office near Central London. Mr. Clynes is her boss and his business prospers. Plenty of money can be made out of letting furnished accommodation, especially to Americans, and Mr. Clynes is not slow to do so. At the same time, he collects anti-American 'funny' stories which circulated in hundreds in England during the war. And he loves to tell them in the office.

Every day Peggy meets her friend Ethelfor a snack-lunch. It is Ethel who is always trying to persuade Peggy to 'go out' more, to go along to dances at the American Club. Ethel is all for Camels and Nylons. 'There's no harm in it, if a girl knows when to stop. David wouldn't mind, you silly.' David in his letters, in fact, urges Peggy to go out and enjoy herself. But Peggy doesn't take the risk.

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She reads and re-reads her airgraphs, stays with her in-laws and works hard at her job.

That night, however, Peggy gets a surprize. David's father, putting it tactfully, wants her to move back to her own parents. There just won't be room now for Peggy and the new Morrison shelter due tomorrow. Sadly, Peggy agrees. Her parent's home is not far away but she was happy with the Windsor's. They were a close link with David.

At the office next morning, Mr. Clynes sends Peggy out to the suburbs with a client who has an empty house to sell. The property is neglected and in bad repair. She is shocked by the high price the man is asking for it. But, says the owner, people will pay anything these days.

When Peggy returns to the office, Mr. Clynes is out. Mrs. Norbury, the middle-aged typist, is trying to cope with two American soldiers. They are mildly high and Mrs. Norbury is thankful to turn them over to Peggy. They want, as usual, a furnished apartment. But the rents fixed by Mr. Clynes appals them. The taller of the pair, Nick his pal calls him, is getting tough. He lets fly a logg pent-up tirade at the way the British are taking the Americans for a ride in this war. Peggy, too, loses her temper. The rents are none of her fixing. She resents the Americans' rudeness and orders them out of the office.

At that moment, Mr. Clynes appears. Sesnsing good business, he tries to pour oil on troubled water but Nick, seeing everything that he dislikes about England and the English summed-up in Mr. Clynes, gives vent to his full opinion. Then with his pal Shorty he clears out, crashing the door behind them. Mr. Clynes and Mrs. Norbury express their opinion of these damned 'Yanks'. Peggy is too ashamed of

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herself for losing her temper to care what they think and she is secretly pleased to have seen Mr. Clynes put in his place.

Peggy has moved over to her parents' house. Over supper she tells them about the scene in the office. Mr. Gardner, who knows everything there is to know, says his piece about the 'Yanks', but Mrs. Gardner sticks up for them . 'They're just poor lonely boys who're thousands of miles from their mother's. They should meet some 'nice' English girls and be asked into some 'nice' English homes.

That night there is an air-raid. Oddly enough, Peggy can't get the face of that American, Nick, out of her mind.

Into the office next morning come a RAF officer and his young wife - the Wrightson's - wanting to buy a house. Mrs. Wrightson is expecting a baby; her husband is on a week's leave. Peggy tells them about the house in the suburbs. It is in bad repair but the owner might take an offer. The Wrightson's like the sound of it and depart with the key to view over.

On her way as usual to meet Ethel for lunch, Peggy sees that people in the street are staring up into the sky. 'Forts!" cries a small boy. 'You're wrong, son, they're B-17s', drawls a voice at Peggy's side. Yes, it's Nick holding a huge bunch of mimosa and daffodils. He presents them to Peggy as a peace-offering and an apology for his rude behaviour yesterday. Peggy is polite but not over-friendly. But Nick's charm and persuasion melt her reserve. He asks her to have lunch. No, says Peggy, she is meeting her girl-friend. May Nick join them? Peggy finds it impossible to say No.

Over lunch, Ethel can hardly suppress her surprize at Peggy having been licked-up by a 'Yank'. Over lunch, too, emerge many of those small differences between the English and the American way of life.

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Food is one example: service in cafes is another; differences that can often begin with a laugh and end up in bad temper.

But before lunch is over, Nick has been told all about Peggy's husband. About his own home background, he is reticent. The blond girl in the snaps? That's his kid-sister. Nick sees Peggy back to her office but in spite of all his offers, she refuses to make another date with him. But the flowers are lovely.

To the curious Mr. Clynes and Mrs. Norbury, Peggy won't say where the flowers came from. They serve to provoke, however, another of Mr. Clynes's 'Yank' jokes, this time rather smutty. Peggy boils within herself. She is glad to be interrupted by the Wrightson's. They like the house. But it is more than they can afford, with all the repairs as well. Peggy likes the couple. They are obviously so much in love. She makes up her mind to help them. She promises to see what can be fixed about the price - perhaps a Building Society may help. They are grateful and leave it in her hands.

At home that evening, Peggy has to tell who gave her the flowers. Mrs. Gardner is delighted. The generous 'Yank' must be invited to tea. But, alas, Peggy realizes that she knows neither his full name nor his address. 'Never mind,' says her mother, 'he's sure to find you out again'. Mr. Gardner is full of the new rumor in the local pub. Rockets! Hitler is going to use his secret weapon at last. But Peggy is more concerned with the fact that there has been no word from David for more than ten days. That has never happened before since he's been in Italy.

Next day, Peggy is in a sweetshop near to the office to get her sweet-ration. She gives it each week to a little crippled girl who lives in the house opposite at home. She is considering what to buy

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when, 'Don't worry, kid,' says that now familiar drawl. This time Nick has a big box of candy in his hand. The shopgirl giggles. Peggy tries to Hide her confusion by insisting on having her own ration's worth of sweets. She explains that little Josephine likes a certain kind. Outside, she accueses Nick of spying on her. How did he know she went into that shop? 'What else can a guy do, lady, when a dame won't make a date?' Peggy is politely furious, refuses his renewed offers to lunch, to dinner, to a dance. Finally, with a shrug, Nick accepts the complete brush-off. Peggy hurries back to the office.

In another interview with the Wrightson's, Peggy tells them that she has found a favorably-inclined Housing Society and also a builder who will carry out the repairs cheaply. But, although the deal looks like being set, Mr. Wrightson says that he has suddeny been recalled. Can it be left over in Peggy's hands until he can fix a short-leave? Peggy promises to do her best. She'll not tell Mr. Clynes nor show anyone else about the house.

At home, Peggy finds herself being joked about the box of candy and her new American boy-friend. Mrs. Gardner can't wait to invite him to tea. But Peggy is annoyed. It is no joke to her. There's a tension in the house that night - and there's still no letter from David. At midnight, the sirens wail out. There's talk among the air-raid wardens and Mr. Gardner about these mysterious pilotless planes that come over now and again.

Next morning there is at last a letter from David. All's okay - but he hopes she's not sticking at home pining all the time. Peggy has kept the letter to read in the office while Mrs. Norbury is out at lunch. Her thoughts about David are shattered by the telephone. For

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a moment she doesn't know the voice. Then, with a missed heart-beat, she hears that soft drawl again. Abruptly, she gives the name of the firm and hangs up the telephone. She goes to the window. Overhead 'Forts' are streaming out again - high up. The phone rings again loudly. She lets it ring. She stares up at the planes with their vapor trails. At that moment Mrs. Norbury comes in, picks up the phone and then holds it out to Peggy. 'It's for you, dear. A man, sounds like a Yank'. With Mrs. Norbury right there, Peggy is froced to take the phone. Off-handedly, she makes a date to meet Nick for that evening. Only for a short time though. If looks could kill, Mrs. Norbury would be dead.

Nick's there on time. He has got an idea. Why not Peggy take him with her to give the little crippled girl some more candy? That's safe enough, thinks Peggy. They go and Nick delights the child. But what Peggy didn't allow for was Mrs. Gardner watching them from opposite and then popping out to be introduced and then inviting the 'Yank' right back for high-tea.

Nick, of course, is a huge success with the Gardner's. He captivates Mrs. G. with his display of charm, while with Mr. G. he gets involved in an argument about the different meanings that the same word can have in English and American. Even Peggy forgets herself and joins in the laughter. When Nick asks if he can take Peggy out to supper for the evening, it is Peggy's parents who leave her no choice but to go.

In the bar at Princes, it is Nylons for Peggy this time. He's kept them hidden in his pocket all the afternoon. Over drinks, Peggy begins to melt. She is fascinated by his voice, his face, his hands. She sits back and listens to his rambling on about New York, about bars and night-spots and Fifth Avenue and Statten Island at dawn. The drinks lead to dinner and then to 9 o'clock. Well, if she must go,

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she must - but he'll escort her as far as her bus-stop in the black-out.

Outside Nick takes her arm. Peggy is happy with the drinks and the good food. 'Aw, hell,' says Nick, 'I forgot to get cigarettes.' The London pubs don't have Camels and to Nick it's Camels or nothing. But there's a little club place just here in an alleyway where many Americans meet. It won't take two minutes to buy a pack.

It takes till closing-time. And then it's Peggy who doesn't want to leave. The heat and the smoke, the jazz piano and the jiving, the slap-happy friendliness of the Americans and their temporary girl-friends - these stimulate a gay, by now rather high Peggy. A Peggy who finally has to be assisted up the stairs from the cellar and placed in a taxi whose driver, by good luck, garages at Streatham. A long and deep kiss; a pound note to the driver; and then Nick flings away from the slammed door. Silly bastard to let it end like that. But there'll be another time. He wanders back along Piccadilly in the black-out. There lots of other girls.

Luckily for Peggy when she gets home, her parents are asleep. And there is no alert that night.

Weeks pass. Nothing from Nick. No news from the Wrightson's. But an exciting letter from David. He has put in for a commission and may be sent back to England for his OCTU - perhaps for three months. Peggy is overjoyed.

Saturday morning at the office. Mr. Clynes suddenly wants to know from Peggy about the house she has promised to the Wrightson's. She tells him reluctantly the position. Mr. Clynes laughs. Can't wait on when a chap may get his next leave. He's had a good offer for that kind of a house. Peggy protests. He can't do that. The house

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is as good as promised to the Wrightson's. 'Can't do what?' Mr. Clynes demands, 'run my own business?' This leads towhat has been smoldering in Peggy for months - her loathing for Mr. Clynes and his profiteering and his cheap jokes about the Americans. There is a sharp exchange of words but Peggy just manages to keep her temper.

That night it is Peggy's turn to fire-watch at the office but Mrs. Norbury, seeing how inwardly upset she is after her row with Mr. Clynes, offers to do it for her. Her husband is away, too, and she's got nothing else to do on a Saturday night. Peggy is grateful. She can do an afternoon's shopping with Ethel. Her parents are not expecting her home anyway.

Right outside the office is Nick. No flowers, no candy, no nothing this time - only himself. He looks tired and drawn. None of the usual banter. Over lunch, it all comes out. He's been on operations again and had some bad flights. 'Aw, hell,' he growls, 'Why talk about it? Let's go to the movies.'

At the cinema, the newsreel is given over to combat shots of Forts in a raid over Germany. As men parachute out, the audience madly applauds. Peggy sees that Nick is very silent and white. She suggest they go. Outside, Nick abruptly says that he wants to be on his own for a serious night's drinking, no use in her being around. This is a new, tough Nick. Peggy senses that he mustn't be leftalone. She insists on going to a pub with him. Some of the story comes out - but not all. Then the pub has no more Scotch. But Nick has a bottle back at his apartment. He tries to get rid of Peggy. But she, having made sure that Shorty'll be at the apartment too, goes back there with him. Shorty, however, is about to go out to a date and that date won't be kept waiting. Peggy risks staying with Nick alone. And as he drinks,

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Nick spills out the whole story of the raid he was on, how he lost his best pal, Lou, how for the first time after all the op's hours he's flown, the thing has got on top of him. Peggy listens and soothes and helps in spite of his bitterness and scorn. Time slips on. And Peggy stays the night.

(NOTE: The motivation of this sex-climax between Peggy and Nick must be clear. It is not only a mutual and irresistible physical attraction, though that is there all right - especially of Peggy for Nick. Nick is no 'mixed-up' kid nor fornication-hunter, but a war-flier whose routine job of bombing and killing under the constant strain of being killed or captured himself has so far been held down. But the killing of his pal, Lou, and the grisly sight of his body being cut to pieces in the prop. of the plane (all of which Nick has told Peggy through his Scotch in the foregoing scene) finally breaks him up - momentarily. But talking about it is not by itself enough. Peggy sees that Nick must have some totally different release for his stemmed-up emotions and she knows that she can give it to him by physically surrendering herself. She is quite sober and knows exactly what she is doing and believes it to be right. But only on this one occasion. Peggy could never become Nick's regular girl.)

At home on Sunday morning, a letter from David gives the news that he will be home in a week's time for his course, but he hopes to get some leave too. He will only have an hour in London between trains and asks Peggy to meet him at Waterloo Station.

That afternoon Peggy meets Nick for tea as she promised. She tells him about David's letter, in fact shows it to him. She is now ashamed of herself. She has betrayed David. Nick tries to make light of it, at first. Hell, it was only natural, what thousands of girls have done. David need never know. But if it happened again? Peggy is adamant. There must be no opportunity for it to happen again. They mustn't meet again. That's for sure. Anyway, Nick is off on operations again in the morning. Something big is stirring. Outside the cafe, they say Good-bye. Nick watches Peggy disappear into the Sunday evening crowd. The end of an affair.

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At home that night, there are quarrels. At the office, too, the next morning. Mr. Clynes jubilantly announes that he has sold the house for more than even the owner was asking for it. Peggy thinks of the bitter disappointment of the Wrightson's. 'Forts' streaming out overhead switch her thoughts to Nick. He'll be up there. They also prompt Mr. Clynes to tell the office his latest story about how medals are got in the U.S. Air Force, which he heard at the glof-club last night. It is too much for Peggy. She loses her temper and tells the astonished Mr. Clynes what she has been wanting to tell him for months. Then she flings on her things and quits the office for good.

To David, standing in the crowded corridor of the train, this seems a strange England. All the RAF sergeant next to him can talk about is what do wives do when their husbands are away in the Services? Hurry, Waterloo!

Peggy flings herself into David's arms. So much to say and only one hour in which to say it. They have a cup of tea in the buffet. David explains that he must report at his training-centre and then apply for leave. A couple of days and then he'll be backwith her. Funny, he finds himself saying what the RAF sergeant on the train had been saying but David says it almost jokingly. Then he catches sight of Peggy's face. With a tremendous effort she begins to stammer out the truth to him. She had meant to keep from telling him until he came on leave properly but with his saying what the RAF sergeant said--------she cannot keep it back any longer.

David cannot believe what Peggy tells him. But her face tells him the truth. Blind with anger, he turns abruptly and leaves her.

At breakfast next morning, Mr. Gardiner is excited at the 8.0 am news on the radio. It looks as if the long-expected invasion of

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Europe has begun. Didn't David know anything? Peggy has been very quiet about David to her parents, making out that she only saw him for a few moments - which was strictly true. But the BBC man says that British paratroops have been dropped at Le Havre according to German radio reports. Peggy's mother puts down her lack of enthusiasm to her short time with David. She consoles her. He'll be here with you on leave soon. And where's that charming Mr. Nick? Taking part in the invasion most likely.....

Peggy cannot stand her home any longer that morning. She says she is going up to town to see about a new job. In the West End, the news is official. It is D-Day at last. Excitement is everywhere. Peggy is on her way to try and find Nick. At least she must tell him what happened at the station with David; at least she must have an address for him other than the apartment. "We Have Landed in Europe" shout the bill-boards. As she climbs the stone stairs to Nick's apartment, someone comes clattering down. It is not, as she hopes, Nick - but Shorty. He tries to brush past her, saying he must report. But then he pulls himself up. She can see at once that something is wrong. 'Nick?' she asks. Nick's ship didn't come back from its flight yesterday. He has been officially posted as "Missing". 'D'you think there's a chance, Shorty?' Shorty heard from another aircrew who saw the plane in flames. There's not a hope. Only one of the crew got clear and his 'chute failed. Shorty excuses himself and slips away. Peggy crouches on the stone stairs. Then she wanders at random among the crowds.

At home that evening, there is a curt wire from David. He'll be home tomorrow and will call to see her. No more. But what else could he say in a wire?

Later that night the buzz-bombs begin zooming and dropping all

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over South London. Now it is known that they're certainly not the pilotless planes as first thought. There are too many for that. They are the real thing - Hitler's Secret Weapon - at last. V-I's, Doodle-Bugs, Buzz-bombs - everyone has his own name for them but everyone agrees that they are more frightening than the earlier Bliztes. The trouble is with these new things that you find yourself waiting - waiting until that terrifying sound cuts out and then that seemingly endless pause of silence until the explosion. Every one of them seems to have your name on it. London's morale, which never waivered during the Blitzes, was for the first time shaken by these guided missiles. Peggy and her parents spend a sleepless night in their small shelter.

Next day, David arrives at Euston station. There is an alert on. These days there always seems to be an alert on. You never know. He boards a bus bound for Streatham. Nearing his destination, they run into a raid area. The bus stops. Many people run for shelter. David stands on the side-walk with some other men. A bomb sound comes nearer and nearer and then suddenly veers away to explode perhaps a mile away. Life goes on again. To David, this is more unnerving than anything he experienced in North Africa or Italy.

At the house, Peggy opens the door to him. She explains - Mr and Mrs Gardner have gone to the pictures. To beginwith the tension between them is very strained. Then David breaks the ice. Who is the 'other' chap? She tells him - an American. David probes the wound with a needle. And Peggy finds herself defending both Nick and herself.

Then from the distance the sound of a buzz-bomb comes louder and louder. Peggy is really scared and David cannot stop himself from putting his arms round her. As they hold each other without speaking

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a word, the bomb passes noisily overhead and fades away into the distance. They separate. 'And this chap, Nick, are you going to see him again?' 'No,' whispers Peggy, 'I shall never see him again'.

The next time it seems from the sound that the bomb is coming dead straight for the house. Peggy shouts, 'Let's get to the shelter'. They run for the kitchen and creep into the Morrison shelter. The sound of the bomb is now shattering. David's arms go round Peggy. He kisses her as she clings to him. There is the cut-out of the bomb. Then that deadly silence while it makes up its mind where to drop. All Peggy can say, over and over again, is, 'I love you'.

There is an appalling crash, falling debris, and all goes black. As the sound quietens, their voices whisper together. They are both unhurt and completely buried under the ruined house. David finds a flashlight. They are smothered in debris and dust. 'The best chance', says David, 'is to start tapping on the steel-frame of the shelter'. Sooner or later a rescue-party will hear them and dig them out. But meantime Peggy knows that David is her's again and that she loves him more than anyone else in the world. In the darkness, with an occasional flash of the torch, they talk softly to each other.

END

NOTE: In the book, Peggy discovers that she is pregnant by Nick. She does not know this when she meets David at the station but finds it out before he comes home on leave. Thus when she goes to find Nick on D-Day at his apartment, it is to tell him about the child. Thus also in the final scene the problem is not only that of David forgiving Peggy's infidelity but also what is to happen to the baby? This raises not only a censorship problem possibly but also creates a difficult continuity lapse. The matter needs discussion.---P.R.

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17th December, 1957.

Mr. Richard Griffith,
Colobaugh Pond Road,
Croton-on-Hudson,
New York,
U.S.A.

Dear Dick,

This is a very brief note just to say first that I am delighted at the success of your book and have read a wonderful review in a copy of "Variety" which arrived this week. You know how happy I am for this great success. I am writing this in the last week of production to say that Lee Patterson (who as you know has played the lead in our film) is flying to New York early next week. I am anxious that he should at least have the chance of a drink with you and I am equipping him accordingly with a letter of introduction. Please give him a Martini with me at the Faisan d'Or. I will write to you in greater detail over Christmas.

Love to you both as always.

Paul

Paul Rotha.

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available for me at their cutting-room so that I can mark up sections. I now wait to hear from him. He was his usual lazy self and seemed bored by it all but realized that he had to do something. If I don't hear again from him in a matter of a week or so, I'll stir him up. What seems vague is, who pays for any printing that has to be done? If, for example, I mark up the sections needed from, say, HISTORY OF PRINTING, do you pay the print cost or who? I think that needs clearing up. One major problem looms up---the print of No Resting Place. L is finding out if a moderately good 35mm print exists anywhere but both he and I are most doubtful. This means a new print from the neg with Colin Lesslie's permission. But again, who pays? It is an 80min picture and I'm sure you will appreciate that I cannot pay for a print, much as I'd like to. And the BFI isn't interested enough. What I do not understand is why can't a 35mm copy be found in NY? It was shown there theatrically. Also it had a good distribution in Canada. I recall that it played successfully at all the Canadian Odeons and that the man who handled its distribution came down to see me in NY during the time I passed through either to or from Mexico. Somewhere in my files I must have his name and address in Canada. But alas all my American files are at the cottage and I cannot get down there (Margot being ill) till next Saturday. But I'll search then and if I can find him, maybe he has a good 35mm print? Or maybe Odeon's head-office in Canada will remember booking the film if you approach them and can tell you the distributor? It will have been in 1952.

The London Times had a nice note about the show but little else has appeared here. I enclose the Times piece. It was the best paper of all to have it. There was also reference in the trade-papers and a very nice pice in the Irish Times (Dublin) copied from the London Times.

Stills: how ~~many~~ many do you want? I'm thinking of expense in mailing them. Tell me and I'll send them.

5. C&M or FLICK OF A KNIFE. Saw an assembly of 11 reels on Thursday night. Coming on. Moves fast. Much to be done on it. The cutter is working hard to my notes and I go into the cutting-room on Wednesday. Dubbing date is fixed for March 1st, which means a show-copy before the end of that month. Now runs 97 mins but will come down to say 85. On private information, have every hope that I can get through the new title. I hope you like it better than C&M? Did Lee Patterson contact you or were you still down with flu? Thank God my own affliction has really cleared up in a miraculous manner, thanks I'm sure to Ann's prayers.

6. The book is out here from Faber on Feb 28. Advance copies will be available, on or about Jan 28 and I will mail you your's at once. Fabers say that Oxford will have their copies in ample time for your show. Pity Oxford are not wealthier or maybe they could pay my way over? But I don't think they have the funds.

Must get some food for poor Maggie prostrate in bed now. Let's hear from you soon and do hope you've recovered.

Love - Paul

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the show and will hold up this till after that. Sunday.
Jan 19.

Sorry, had to hold it up longer because Margot suddenly appeared from the cottage with the disc that she displaced two years ago looking much like beig displaced again. Had to get surgeon and doctor and what not, so my whole week hase been awry. Today is Sunday and between getting meals, tending the sick, trying myself to supress Asian flu (my remedy is not gin--that's no damn use--but rum) I'll somehow finish this to you. But I must be brief:

1. The MARY DEARE. Collins, the publishers, wrote at once to say that the film rights are sold. I haven't bothered to find out to whom.

2. Have contacted Robert Harling (as page 1), and PAPER PALACE rights are free again; also those of his new novel in page-proof about another H-scientists and a psychiatrist in Italy, a good story. I'm meeting Harling this week to see what can be done. He also put me onto a young scriptwriter who has done on spec a treatment of the ENORMOUS SHADOW. I've read this and it's not a fair job of the book. But I have some hopes of Harling's last book, THE ENDLESS COLONNADE if he'll alter parts of it. It all takes place in Italy during an English Architectural Society's tour of the places and villas etc of the Palladian period. It might mean an Angle-American-Italian coproduction. If Harling will give me an option, I'll contact Berman.

3. FACE ON THE CUTTING-ROOM FLOOR. Gollancz, the publisher, have had no word of the author, Cameron McCabe, since 1942, when he was in Canada. Can you suggest any bodies--such as the Screenwriters Guild?---to whom I could write in the US for possible help? All that is known about him here--and I have checked endless places---is what I have said on page 1. I would be grateful for any suggestions you can make as to where I can get hold of him, or at least find out if he's still alive.

4. Dand. We had drinks. He assured me that he has looked into the FO's refusal to send me over and is quite satisfied that it is genuinely a case of lack of money. He said the case was considered after it had been fully backed by BIS New York and then reconsidred and finally, and he maintains, reluctantly turned down. He does not think it can be reopened. It would seem that under present economic strictures, the FO's fund for sending people overseas is very restricted indeed. So we're no further forward. It would look as if we are dependent on whether I can infuse Berman with a script subject and get him to find my fare for script discussions. I had a friendly letter from him this week saying that he was awaiting the outline of BAR SINISTER with interest.

5. LINDGREN. Had a long session with him. Went through every film as per your lists. He is getting on to COI again to bully them for films which I know they have. He is also contacting non-COI people for us. He will also have copies of those pictures from which experpts are liste

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PAUL ROTHA

Jan 13, 1958

Dear Dick:

Sorry to hear about the Asian flu. There's been a lot around here too but so far we have escaped. Does gin help? Probably a most tactless enquiry because you dont feel like it. Sorry. But thank you for writing so fast about the suggested book. I bought it right away and read it in one sitting. It is a first-class story, you're right about that, but----dear boy, think of the cost of the wrecking and all the sea stuff. It could be done, no fear, but I think it would fall into the £200,000 class without doubt and that sort of money here, at any rate, is only being found by Rank and the ABC group and just now Rank has suddenly cancelled 4 major productions due to begin shooting. The TV smash at cinema attendances is being more and more felt here, just as it was two or three years back in the U.S., and the wholemovie trade has got cold feet. I have not yet enquired whether the story is free or not (having read it over the week-end) but I'll find out today just in case an opportunity should arise to market it. But I'm scared of the budget. True, I want something a bit more costly than C&M but not about 10 times so. But---it is a good story....

Have come across only one other and cannot make up my mind about it. It is called THE ENORMOUS SHADOW and is based around the Pontecorvo, Fuchs, Burgess and Maclean idea of a missing H-scientist. It is very well written (if a bit literary) and has a fine, exciting ending which involves the Tower Bridge. It is by Robert Harling, who wrote also THE PAPER PALACE which I was keen on some years back but of which Robert Morley, the actor, holds the rights as an investment. (A popular gimmick here by actors to buy up film rights of likely novels and so avoid income tax). I'm getting on to Harling this morning to find out about the rights on this one. Apart from that, I've put up to Berman the old one I have always liked, BAR SINISTER (or FIGHT FOR LIFE) by G.F. Hughes, about a band of street musicians set in London but my idea is to make it in Dublin, and also a thriller published here before the war called THE FACE ON THE CUTTING-ROOM FLOOR, by Cameron McCabe. McCabe was an American cutter who came over to work for Korda at Denham in the mid-thrities. He wrote this one book, a good murder story set as the title suggests against a film studio background with the gimmick that the "I" who tells the story (an editor) turns out to be the murderer. It could pose the old and fascinating problem of the first person singular in the cinema, so badly messed up by Montgomery in LADY IN THE LAKE. Unfortunately, the book is terribly hard to get here. Only very few thousand were printed in 1937 and even the publisher has only a file copy. I eventually got it some years back and have now revived my interest in it. If Berman bites on this one, I shall have to do a synopsis I suppose. Another complication is that no one seems to know what has happend to the author, McCabe. I'm trying the publisher but they are not hopeful. If not luck, I may come back to you on this to see if you know any way of tracing a film-editor and writer last heard of in 1937....

I'm seeing Lindgren tomorrow morning for a session about the films for

AIR MAIL

Also

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January issue.

By the way, Hutchinson gave much consideration to our FTN project and finally turned it down as being uneconomic. Now that I see your book, and Knight's, I wonder more and more about the need for any future FTN? And also Kracauer's due out next year sometime? I just feel now that I haven't the energy needed to do anything more about it---and I guess you must feel the same. From all counts it just isn't an economic publishing venture on the level that you and I envisage it. To hell with it.... I don't mean that really, but this morning's hangover dictates it....

I've done little if any work on the Flaherty book. Basil is back from Greece with (I'm told) some wonderful footage and has sunk himself rightly in his cutting-room. I obviously have been too occupied to do anything. But mid-January we shall get together and work out a schedule. Somehow it's got to be written. This explains too why I've done nothing about the stills and Hutchinson but I will do and let you know in due course. Patience...

About your suggestion to revive Verdict of Twelve, isn't it too like Twelve Angry Men? Also, a British B picture was recently made on a similar theme based on a novel by Gerald Gould. Will try and locate With My Little Eye. Any other suggestions?

Glad to hear your news about 57 St. To me no news, which is perhaps as well. Yes, I sent her a copy of the final script; also a wire for Xmas. I guess she thinks me the heel I must seem, and probably am. But if there was deception, it was not only mine. If mine. To hell with that, too.

I think a lot about you and Ann and the dogs and the house and wish many times that I was with you. Maybe the snow has gone now or are you still snowed up? Here it is too mild and sticky and unpleasant. Must now go marketing. Love you both as always.

P.S. Tell Annie I don't love human-beings this morning.

Paul

AIR MAIL

← Also

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July 12, 1958

Dear Dick:

Yours of June 28. Delighted about Brazil. Just the rest you need, both of you. Delighted about C&M, will reply re your comments later. What I must write about now (in between arriving back from Berlin and going to Venice on Wednesday) is Australia and NY. My trip to Sydney, Melbourne, Caberra is now definite. My departure date from London not fixed and dependent on whether British Lion come through on RED JUNGLE making it necessary for me to spend some weeks in Sept in Malaya on way to Sydney. That does not effect you. I have written to Frank Bagnall, of the Australian Film Division, who is handling the matter while Hawes is recovering from an operation, asking him to write to you direct before you leave for your Brazil trip. What must be fixed is the date on which I can leave Australia to be in New York on time for your opening of the Rotha films. The Sydney Film Festival is dated for October 3rd - 6th. If I left on [illegible]th, I could

Rotha
Cliffords Inn
London EC4

Mr Richard Griffith
Colobaugh Pond Road
Croton-on-Hudson
New York

U.S.A.

the right people and films. Made some useful contacts for long-term projects. Will write you all about this later. I still may not go to Venice. No sign of a round-trip air-ticket as yet and if they don't send one, I don't go. I am not risking paying out (even if I could!) for a ticket to Venice and being repaid months later in lira! So if I dont hear by Wednesday next, I don't go. Some ways I shant be sorry. Its hell being away knowing how Margot must scrape to keep going in my absence. That way things are increasingly difficult. Back to the old borrowing again. Hell. No sign of Eros showing C&M yet, but they did send a print for me to show(with success) ex-Festival in Berlin and I am told a trailer is now being made. I note all your remarks and will deal with same. I think we are both too close to judge. But am a little worried about your being unhappy at the timing of the pseudo-American. Glad the books go well. And the garden.

* We has just signed [illegible].

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AIR MAIL

* Also it will heart-warm Iris -

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July 12, 1958

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AIR MAIL

* Also it will heart-warm Iris-

Telephone: CENTRAL 3149 (Two Lines).

The Scotsman
20, North Bridge, Edinburgh

1 MAR 1958

Cutting fr dated.....

FILM NOTES

CINEMA'S ANGRY YOUNG MAN—FOR 30 YEARS

By Our Film Critic

THE British film industry has no more exacting critic than Mr Paul Rotha, whose chronic discontent with the use of the film medium in this country has made itself manifest in his numerous writings. A selection of his observations on the cinema, written over a period of 28 years, now appears in one volume "Rotha on the Film" (30s Faber). A less presumptuous and more appropriate title might have been "The Constant Crisis," a description Mr Rotha himself applies to the chequered history of British films.

"What I have always had at heart," he writes in a provocative foreword, "is a British film industry which is not only economically healthy but is also an honest reflection of contemporary life and thought and artistry." Regretfully, he admits, "The fact is that we have learned less in Britain than in any other country, including the United States, about how to equate art with industry in the cinema."

For 30 years Mr Rotha has been an "angry young man" and intends to remain angry "until something drastic is done to provide real freedom of opportunity for the independent and progressive film-maker."

PROFIT MOTIVE

He is angry when he sees the film medium, which he believes to be the most exciting and imaginative so far available to an artist in this century, misused and abused for the sake of material profit alone. For the profit motive to be the sole arbiter of film's shape and subject, style and stars seems to him to be shocking abuse of a great medium.

Anyone who is seriously interested in the cinema and is aware of the current policy of the British film industry, must share these sentiments. Mr Rotha is a powerful advocate but his advice has too often been ignored by those in high places, both in the government and in the film industry.

It is surprising, however, that such an outspoken critic as Mr Rotha should himself be so sensitive to criticism. More than a trace of bitterness is to be detected throughout this book, although he seems justified in retorting to comment in "Sight and Sound" which he describes as "that esoteric and cultish quarterly of the British Film Institute."

Always surmounting, even stimulating Mr Rotha's discontent is his affection for the cinema. "If I have learnt one thing about the cinema over the years," he says, "it is not to be cynical. When the public screens are filled with an endless stream of meretricious floss, suddenly from somewhere—and it can sometimes be Hollywood—comes a lively, exciting, unheralded picture to reaffirm all one's belief in the cinema. It is only infinitely regrettable to me that such a film so seldom comes from England."

Freedom of expression is all that Mr Rotha demands. It is lamentable that such a plea should be necessary but heartening that there is a man sufficiently dedicated to films to submit it so persuasively. His book is fittingly dedicated to the memory of Richard Winnington "who saw it all through and saw through it all, but still loved what was left of the real cinema."

"PATHER PANCHALI"

Both Edinburgh and Glasgow are to have the opportunity of seeing a film whose director, Satyajit Ray, has clearly been allowed complete artistic freedom. "Pather Panchali," which will be shown next week at the Cameo, Edinburgh, is a beautifully observed study of family life in an Indian village. Rarely if ever has the cinema captured so tenderly the world of childhood or indicated so simply the sadness of old age. Since it was first shown in Edinburgh at the 1956 Film Festival it has acquired sub-titles which, of course, add immeasurably to one's enjoyment.

Another Edinburgh Film Festival entry, "The Bolshoi Ballet," returns to the city next week. This colour record of the great Soviet company's performances in London will be shown at the Gaumont.

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COPY FOR MR GRIFFITH.

Berkeley House
Hay Hill
London W.1.

January 25th 1958

Paul Rotha Esq
Cliffords Inn
Fetter Lane
London E.C.4

Dear Paul

I read in The Times the other week that there is going to be a season of your films in New York and naturally I am only too happy to give permission for NO RESTING PLACE to be included.

I am afraid, however, I never knew the name of the Canadian distributor and can only suggest that Gordon Rayner, of ABFD, may be able to help. He should be able to find out from his files.

I hope you will only allow the film to be shown provided a good print can be found.

Yours sincerely,

Colin Lesslie

at all. The reason is that being such a cheap picture, they just haven't the

AIR MAIL

* Also it will heart-warm Iris -

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July 12, 1958

Dear Dick:

Yours of June 28. Delighted about Brazil. Just the rest you need, both of you. Delighted about C&M, will reply re your comments later. What I must write about now (in between arriving back from Berlin and going to Venice on Wednesday) is Australia and NY. My trip to Sydney, Melbourne, Caberra is now definite. My departure date from London not fixed and dependent on whether British Lion come through on RED JUNGLE making it necessary for me to spend some weeks in Sept in Malaya on way to Sydney. That does not effect you. I have written to Frank Bagnall, of the Australian Film Division, who is handling the matter while Hawes is recovering from an operation, asking him to write to you direct before you leave for your Brazil trip. What must be fixed is the date on which I can leave Australia to be in New York on time for your opening of the Rotha films. The Sydney Film Festival is dated for October 3rd - 6th. If I left on the 7th, I could presumably be with you in New York on the 8th or 9th. If, on the other hand, you could make your opening a few days later, say about 13th, then it would ease matters a little. I must be back in London before the end of October if only to meet Frances here and discuss the book etc. So if on receipt of the letter from Bagnall, you can finalize the date for NY, please let me know. At a small party the BFI gave yesterday for Kracauer, at my urging, Lindgren told me that all owners of the Rotha films have agreed you keep copies until October. So that helps that side. I estimate from your letter that your Brazil trip will take you some 7 weeks, so that you will not be back in NY until about mid-September. Thus I imagine you will want to fix the Rotha shows date before you leave NY. I have asked Bagnall to send me copy of his letter to you.

If all works well, there still remains my living in NY for the few days while there. By then, of course, I might get a few more royalties from Oxford if the book has sold at all. I should, of course, love to stay with you if Ann could ever put up with me again? This time at least I should be a solo commitment. And if the Museum could find a little for a drink or two, so much the better. It would not be for long anyway, so far as I can see. I am hoping desperately that RED JUNGLE will be fixed by then and that I shall have a script to get on with. I have asked British Lion for a decision by the middle of next week because if I am to stop off in Malaya on the the way to Sydney, it will have to be in Sept and that is not far ahead. You might, by the way, send me your Rio address.

Berlin was hectic, too many films, too many obligatory receptions. Was very disappointed in Capra for reasons that must wait. But am glad the awards went to the right people and films. Made some useful contacts for long-term projects. Will write you all about this later. I still may not go to Venice. No sign of a round-trip air-ticket as yet and if they don't send one, I don't go. I am not risking paying out (even if I could!) for a ticket to Venice and being repaid months later in lira! So if I dont hear by Wednesday next, I don't go. Some ways I shant be sorry. Its hell being away knowing how Margot must scrape to keep going in my absence. That way things are increasingly difficult. Back to the old borrowing again. Hell. No sign of Eros showing C&M yet, but they did send a print for me to show(with success) ex-festival in Berlin and I am told a trailer is now being made. I noté all your remarks and will deal with same. I think we are both too close to judge. But am a little worried about your being unhappy at the timing of the pseudo-American. Glad the books go well. And the garden.

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at all. The reason is that being such a cheap picture, they just haven't the

AIR MAIL

* Also it will heart-warm Iris-

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Came down to the cottage last night to find ours overgrwon and unrecognizable. Have entertained the Kracauers as much as time and money permit and introduced them all round. They seem very happy with it all. Saw Over Brusendorf in Berlin who sent you love. No time for more now. Love to you both.

Paul

First fold here

BY AIR MAIL
PAR AVION
AIR LETTER
AEROGRAMME

6 SEP 1953
BUCKS.

Mr Richard Griffith
Colobaugh Pond Road
Croton-on-Hudson
New York
U.S.A.

The Lloyd Brazilian Co.

SIXPENCE POSTAGE

Second fold here

Sender's name and address
Rotha
Cliffords Inn
London EC4

AN AIR LETTER SHOULD NOT CONTAIN ANY ENCLOSURE; IF IT DOES IT WILL BE SURCHARGED OR SENT BY ORDINARY MAIL.

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AIR MAIL

* Also it will heart-warm Iris-

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June 25, 1958

Dear Dick:

On the eve of going to Berlin, I have had a letter from Stan Hawes, Australia. He asks me to keep this private for the moment but as it could involve you, I write. I am to be asked if I will fly to Sydney to be guest-of-honour at their film festival there the first week in October. They can find me a fee to make it worth my while leaving London, and Unesco is apparently putting up the round-trip fare. Hawes makes the point that money-wise it makes no odds if I return via New York. At once the idea occurs to me that it might be possible to coincide your show of the Rotha films at the Museum with my return from Australia? I might somehow be able to scrape up sufficient dollars to stay in NY for at any rate a few days. If you think this a practical idea, could you let me know as soon as possible so that I can let Hawes know?

In addition to this, British Lion seem warm at the moment on the RED JUNGLE subject. If they really agree to do it, I must make a survey of locations in Malaya before I write the final script. Thus, if things worked out well, I would fly to Singapore at the beginning of September, make the location-survey, then on to Australia for the festival, back via NY for you, and then write the final script before Christmas with a view to shooting in Malaya in the New Year. The favorable thing from British Lion's viewpoint is that my fare to Singapore would not fall on them. But they have not yet made a final decision on the subject, although indirectly I hear they are impressed.

The shortenings on CAT all done, the picture delivered back to Eros, and again we wait. But they are giving it some picture publicity in the trade press here. They are also showing it privately ex-Festival at Berlin, which will be nice.

I fly back here from Berlin on July 9th, have about a week here (with Kracauer) and go to Venice on the 17th for 10 days. In case you can reply at once, my address in Berlin is:

Hotel Zellermayer
Berlin W 15
Meineckestrasse 15

Am much looking forward to meeting Capra and am taking him a copy of the Flying Yorkshireman letters.

What news with you both? Imagine you are both working hard. Remember this time last year? Lets hear.

Love------

Paul

AIR MAIL

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PAUL ROTHA.

May 5, 1958

Dear Dick:

BY AIR MAIL
PAR AVION
AIR LETTER
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LONDON.E.C.3
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1958

6
SIXPENCE POSTAGE

Mr Richard Griffith
~~Colobaugh Pond Road~~
Croton-on-Hudson
N.Y.
U.S.A.

First fold here

Second fold here

Sender's name and address: ~~Rotha~~
Cliffords Inn
London EC4
England

AN AIR LETTER SHOULD NOT CONTAIN ANY ENCLOSURE; IF IT DOES IT WILL BE SURCHARGED OR SENT BY ORDINARY MAIL.

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* She has just replied Yes.

[illegible] February [illegible] the distributors reaction. Again, to date, Eros have interfered not at all. The reason is that being such a cheap picture, they just haven't the

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AIR MAIL

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PAUL ROTHA.

May 5, 1958

Dear Dick:

Enclosed is a formal reply to yours of the 25 April. It is fated bad luck, or else my enemies set fire to the Museum. The news as reported briefly here did not suggest that the damage was as bad as you state. It said that the outbreak and damage were confined to the second floor and that the rest of the building was untouched. However.

Odd bits of business. I wait to hear from Frances as to whether she is definitely coming to Cork and if so, if she will bring the stills with her. Our news, unofficial, from Cork is that their invitation to her was quite specific. In a letter to me, she said that she would accept if copies of Bob's films were available for showing there on 35mm. We know they are. So the matter must be left there for now. Thank you for the copy of NEW MOVIES. It is useful to have. Our research for the book goes on steadily, and quite a flock of interesting letters have come in, as a result of our widely published letter, from Canada, India and England, especially those who met Bob way back before NANOOK. We have now a wonderful picture of him sitting in a canoe when he was about 17. Long meetings with Jo Golightly and John Taylor have given us a mine of background information about the actual making of Industrial Britain and Man of Aran. We have now located John Goldman (now Monk), who edited Aran. If you have a spare minute, could you call Ricky Leacock on my behalf and ask if he will answer my long letter? It is about 6-weeks since I wrote him. The only person from whom we have drawn a complete silence is Mrs Mainwaring, the woman who wrote the thesis about Bob's films. Both addresses in Chicago given me by the Flaherty's bring no result. The loan of her typescript would have been helpful.

Here there is no news. Eros have sat on the film for six weeks. No plans for its showing. They are not interested in making a new distribution deal since, they say, they have enough product on hand for 12 months. So I am trying elsewhere but it is hard going. Rank will sell back the old Tongue-tied Canary, I have a TV-play by Ted Willis (the so-called English Chayevsky)that Peter Cotes would direct with me as producer/writer, and another thriller called No Here. We wait and wait. I say We. Anvil will come in on another picture not with cash but with kind; they will supply front-office management, sound recording etc for free, or rather throw them in to be reimbursed from takings. I have sent another subject to Max Youngstein and await verdict. So we live on the last and final payment for CAT, which gets less and less each week. I have had perforce to write SheldonMeyer to send me across the advance payment he was holding on the book for me. Alas.....

So I go to town as little as possible to keep appointments which might bear fruit and spend the rest of the time at the cottage feeling guilty that I am not in town. It's like being an extra waiting on Central Casting to call you. My ears are ever listening for the telephoone or my eyes waiting for the postman to come down the lane. I have read through all the letters that went to and fro prologuing my visit last year. An awful guilt descends on me. Yet, if I hadn't come, what would have happened?

× She has just replied Yes.

...orauary ... what happens then will ... the distributors reaction. Again, to date, Eros have interfered not at all. The reason is that being such a cheap picture, they just haven't the

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The Flat.

November 6, 1958

Dear Dick (and of course Ann):

Your welcome note here today. I had meant to write before this but held back because I wanted to send the review of Hide-a-Bed but fate and a vast volume of work banked up has prevented me from doing either. But I hope to do the review this very weekend, when I get through the pile of stuff that calls for immediate action. None of it, alas, is especially exciting but always might lead to- Had session[illegible]h Redgrave and his agent yesterday and [illegible]d they want[illegible] somewhat. This[illegible] to see [illegible] borrow but [illegible] could not get [illegible] of the top UA m[illegible] porunity aris[illegible] t less like[illegible] nt. In the [illegible] y and, now [illegible] uch more plot [illegible] good subj[illegible] stralia.

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It wa[illegible] hour early at L[illegible] nk it was abou[illegible] But all is w[illegible] particul- arly [illegible] had a good laff over it, especially the search for the pipe in the downpour. So now it behoves me to say what I tried to say so badly in NY, that I so very deeply appreciated all you both did for me during those 10 days and how very happy you bothmade me. I really felt that I had a "second" home in the real meaning of the word. No two people could have made me more welcome and happy, even if I did greatly enjoy a bath when I got back to the flat on Wednesday afternoon------

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AIR MAIL

Also it will heart-warm Iris-

Rotha, Cliffords Inn, London, EC4

BY AIR MAIL
PAR AVION

Mr Richard Griffith
Museum of Modern Art Film Library
11 West 53 Street
New York 19
N.Y.

U.S.A.

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The Flat.

November 6, 1958

Dear Dick (and of course Ann):

Your welcome note here today. I had meant to write before this but held back because I wanted to send the review of Hide-a-Bed but fate and a vast volume of work banked up has prevented me from doing either. But I hope to do the review this very week-end, when I get through the pile of stuff that calls for immediate action. None of it, alas, is especially exciting but always might lead to----- Had session with Redgrave and his agent yesterday and British-Lion (who are not wholly cold on Colonnade) and they want a rewrite of the damned synopsis to change the slant somewhat. This I now do. It looks asif it will be impossible for me to see Youngstein here. UA tell me he is due in today or tomorrow but will only change planes at the airport which means I could not get to see him. But I have explained the position to one of the top UA men here and he will bring up the matter with Max if opporunity arises. But the more I think about it, the more I think it less likely that Max would reverse the decision of his lieutenant. In the meantime, I am going to write to Muriel about the story and, now I have read it again carefully, point out to her how much more plot and motivation are needed. I still stick by it as a good subject if the story is good too. No news as yet from Australia.

Tell Ann, I found aletter from Nick Bentley (of Andre Deutsch), to whom I had written about the book, to say that a copy of the book lay on his desk as he got the letter from me. I gather that S&S's agent had sent it. Nick is reading it and giving it consideration but does point out in his sweet letter to me that short pieces in a book are a headache to any publisher. However, do not despond.

It was fine to be home in many ways. The plane was a half-hour early at London and I got down to the cottage that night. I think it was about time, too. Margot was very very lonely and fed up. But all is well now. I told her at length all my experiences and particularly the fun and games of the last 10 days at Croton. We had a good laff over it, especially the search for the pipe in the downpour. So now it behoves me to say what I tried to say so badly in NY, that I so very deeply appreciated all you both did for me during those 10 days and how very happy you bothmade me. I really felt that I had a "second" home in the real meaning of the word. No two people could have made me more welcome and happy, even if I did greatly enjoy a bath when I got back to the flat on Wednesday afternoon------

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BY AIR MAIL
PAR AVION
AIR LETTER
AEROGRAMME

SIXPENCE POSTAGE

LONDON S.E.1
3 45PM
6 NOV
1958

Mr Richard Griffith
Tolobaugh Pond Road
Croton-on-Hudson
N.Y.
U.S.A.

First fold here

Second fold here

Sender's name and address: Rotha
~~Clifford's Inn~~
London E.C.4.

AN AIR LETTER SHOULD NOT CONTAIN ANY ENCLOSURE; IF IT DOES IT WILL BE SURCHARGED OR SENT BY ORDINARY MAIL.

To open cut here

I shall send the memo, probably revised, to Sheldon Meyer just as soon as I get round to it. And I'll keep you informed.

When you have read the Ned Kelly book, would you send it back as soon as ~~possible~~ possible? I might get something going on this. I had a very pleasant lunch yesterday with Carl Foreman, who vaguely indicates that he would like me to do something with him but not saying what. He has specially asked to see C&M. No news whatsover on this. Eros appear not to have done a thing.

I told Basil about the Museum and his Greek film. Ominbus is also after it for a single TV showing. I think that B will probably come over himself to negotiate in due course, but not till after Christmas. His film has had (all but one) wonderful reviews and is running as a double-bill with WILD STRAWBERRIES and looks like doing so for a while. It is now being considerdd by the Rank people. That, I should say, is being very optimistic.

No time for more, now. Rain, rain and more rain. Feel I have some flu attack coming on, which will never do. Will write again just as soon as Annie's review is done.

Love to both--and to the dogs. And thanks.

Paul

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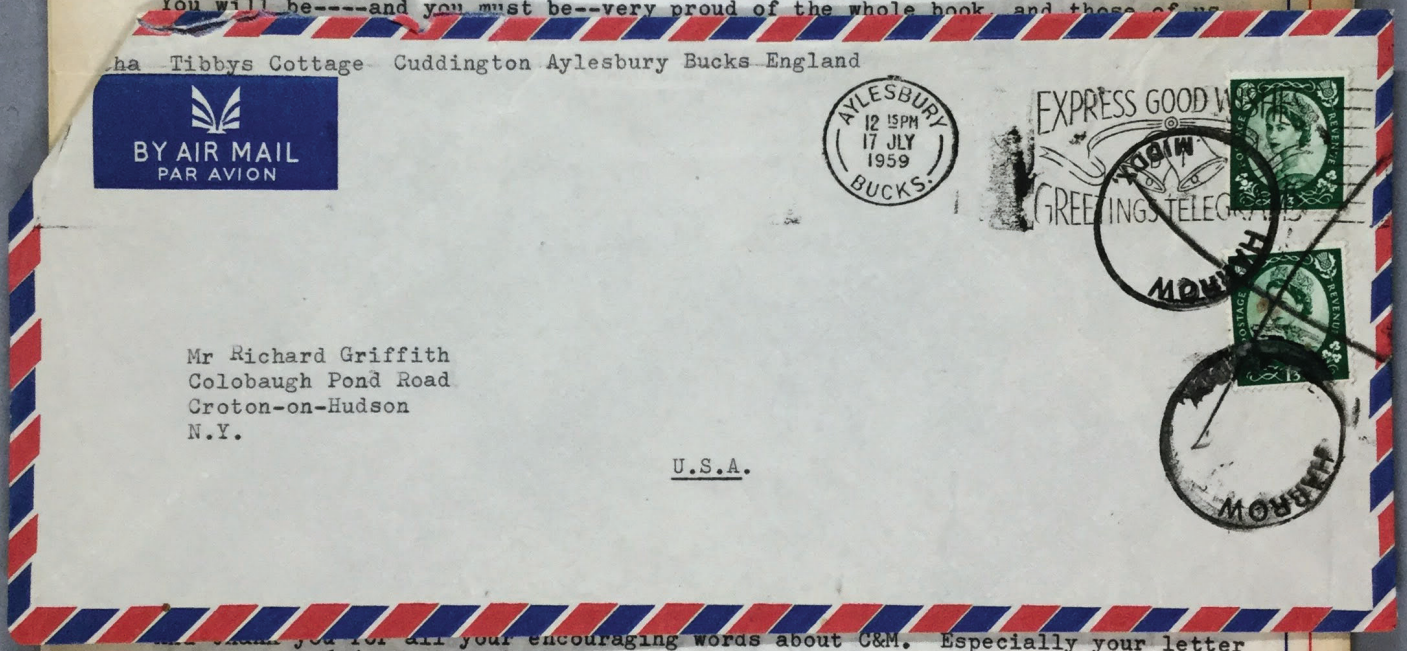
Boxing Day, 1957

Dear Dick:

First and foremost--your wonderful book! It arrived on Monday, just before Christmas and I went to the Inn specially to get it. I remember you always told me that the make-up and choice of photographs would mean everything and not your text, but it is the combination of the two that makes the whole thing so fascinating. I spent most of yesterday---Xmas Day---sitting by the fire and going through it page by page. Apart from my intense curiosity and admiration for the illustration choice and the captioning, I have to review the book (together with Arthur Knight's little opus) so that Films & Filming have my MS by Monday next. You will be-----and you must be--very proud of the whole book, and those of us



[illegible] you for all your encouraging words about C&M. Especially your letter of December 6 (snowed in!). I sent you a wire on last Friday when I saw the last shot in the can at midday---half-a-day under schedule. For your own private ear, we shot an average of six minutes screen-time a day, some seventeen set-ups. We have so far spent 45,000 dollars out of a 60,000 dollar budget and that includes all cast and expenditure to date. So I have 15,000 dollars left with which to cover editing, final mixing etc. It should be plenty. Without being over-enthusiastic, I think there is an exciting, tension-holding little thriller that cannot fail to make money as a result of its fantastically cheap budget. Even for a B picture in England these days, it has cost ridiculously little but we're not saying so loudly because onee you've done it that cheap, you're expected to do it again and I never again want the strain and tension of that four weeks shooting. Anvil never interfered at all at any time. They couldn't have been better behaved. I carry the weight of producer/director/writer which gives me much authority but even then, Anvil finding the money (most of it) call the final tune. But so far they have behaved magnificently. The position now is that my cutter makes a first rough assembly by the middle of January and I go into the cutting-room with him for a final cut then. We aim to mix the second week of Febrauary and have a showprint by the beginning of March latest. What happens then will depend of the distributors reaction. Again, to date, Eros have interfered not at all. The reason is that being such a cheap picture, they just haven't the

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What a monumental work it is! And with what relief I find that so many of the stills are ones that even Rotha has not seen before! That is a great achievment! It makes Arthur's well-used stills look amateur. Looking through the book again, I cannot quite see what Arthur M's contribution has been? Maybe I'm mean about this but the book surely is your's all through? Maybe it has been valuable to have his name from an Industry viewpoint? But the text and its relation to pix is all Griffith as I know Griffith---with a fine and warming sense of wit and humor. Bless you for it and may it bring you---and Annie---very great rewards. You both deserve them, how I know it.

And thank you for all your encouraging words about C&M. Especially your letter of December 6 (snowed in!). I sent you a wire on last Friday when I saw the last shot in the can at midday---half-a-day under schedule. For your own private ear, we shot an average of six minutes screen-time a day, some seventeen set-ups. We have so far spent 45,000 dollars out of a 60,000 dollar budget and that includes all cast and expenditure to date. So I have 15,000 dollars left with which to cover editing, final mixing etc. It should be plenty. Without being over-enthusiastic, I think there is an exciting, tension-holding little thriller that cannot fail to make money as a result of its fantastically cheap budget. Even for a B picture in England these days, it has cost ridiculously little but we're not saying so loudly because onee you've done it that cheap, you're expected to do it again and I never again want the strain and tension of that four weeks shooting. Anvil never interfered at all at any time. They couldn't have been better behaved. I carry the weight of producer/director/writer which gives me much authority but even then, Anvil finding the money (most of it) call the final tune. But so far they have behaved magnificently. The position now is that my cutter makes a first rough assembly by the middle of January and I go into the cutting-room with him for a final cut then. We aim to mix the second week of Febrauary and have a showprint by the beginning of March latest. What happens then will depend of the distributors reaction. Again, to date, Eros have interfered not at all. The reason is that being such a cheap picture, they just haven't the

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STOP PRESS

Eros, having retitled C&M as The Desperate Ones (not to be confused by any chance with The Defiant Ones), having resubmitted it to the Censor under new title, having reregistered it with the Board of Trade, have subsequently done nothing.

ROTHA INFORMATION SERVICE regrest delay in identifying lady on sweepstake ticket but found that two out of three Dubliners did not know either. Finally, bell-boy at hotel confirmed that it was a nurse and that a different one is chosen each year. The current one did not apply for a part in my picture.

Bill Alwyn, who has been asked to do the music for the Cagney-Michael Anderson just finished at the new Ardmore Studios near Dublin, says that it is a very good picture. I suspect that it will be the first of a Black-and-Tan cycle, as Carl Foreman is slated to make O'Flaherty's Insurrection (a great hulk of a novel and unsuited to film) next year for Columbia. So I'm suggesting hard to any one who will listen that now's the time to make a good lowe-budget film about the period of the Troubles with genuine backgrounds, preferably Frank O'Connor's magnificent short story Jumbo's Wife. But no one will listen, as usual.

In a stock exchange deal over shares, the Bernstein Brothers seem to have cleaned up a cool million pounds between them, of which they are letting sundry members of Granada TV share. It is locally estimated that Denis Foreman (whom no doubt you will recall and who is and has been for 3 years executive producer at Granada) picks up some £250,000 and still retains his shareholding! How do they do it? I wish I was that clever.

But my
speak their contributions
I have used Barry Fitzgerald, Maureen Delany, Siobhan McKenna (now in NT again), Cyril Cusack, Denis O'Dea (remember the Chief Constable in Odd Man Out?), May Craig (in NRP), and Eithne Dunne (also in NRP). And I shot an amusing and fascinating meeting between Sean O'Casey and Barry Fitzgerald in the former's house in Devon. They hadn't met for nearly 30 years! They sing a wonderful duet together. Our old chum Frank O'Connor has written and spoken what narration is necessary and does it with much wit. It runs 45 mins, a fact to which Cooke has not raised any objection. We've called it CRADLE OF GENIUS from a famous quote by Yeats. It's been fun doing it but gruelling as usual. A very tight budget, only 18,000 dollars, but don't tell anyone that please! Apart from TV, I should think it is good for a limited specialist showing in the US and over here a cinch for non-theatrical of all kinds. I don't see how it can fail to make some money. I took very little for making it but a share in the profits if any. And it has built up my prestige in Ireland, of course. Something else may transpire there, if not PUCK FAIR. The two lads for whom I made the film, who have formed a company called Plough Productions, seem to have access to more money and intend to do more pictures, possibly features on lowe budgets.

My own future: the two Canadians (did I tell you about them?) have reappeared with their project for a low-budget feature to be made in March and April in Denmark. They have a script of a kind, not bad, and a tie-up with our old friend Skot-Hanson, whom you may remember as UN films officer in Hollywood, a nice guy. He is most anxious that I should make it because I am known in Denmark and liked. I had the premiere of the Manchester film there in 1947. So it remains for the two Canadain boys to make up their minds if they want me or not. They have a 'Continental' director in mind, they tell me, but will make their choice next week.

I've reached a deadlock over ENDLESS COLONNADE. Redgrave still most anxious to do it. British Lion finally turned it down. But Redgrave has been away in Moscow and Austria and will only be back next week. So we shall discuss it again then.

AIR MAIL

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January 31, 1959

Dear Dick:

I know that you will understand why you have not had a proper letter from me for so long. But only today for the first time in weeks have I come to the surface. I have now almost finished cutting the film and we dub final sound next Thursday. A last minute rush broke itself on us because Alistair Cooke replied to my offer of the film for Omnibus to the effect that he was most interested especially as a possible choice for their program on the Sunday before St Patricks Day, which is March 17. Also, both BBC-TV and Granada TV here want it for the same day. So allowing for the fact that neg cutting takes such a long time here and that Cooke wants to screen the copy by March 1 latest to make a decision, it has meant a terrific speed-up these past few weeks. Anyways, there's little left for me to do now.

It's not really a film at all. It is a series of nicely shot interviews and dialogues with some very fine actors against the charred shell of the old Abbey Theatre, which was partially destroyed by fire in 1951. And I've used some quotes from some of the most famous of the plays---Plough and the Stars, Playboy etc--- in the sound track laid over shots of the empty and scarred theatre interior. But it is by no means a nostalgic or sentimental film. The Abbey went into a decline about 12 years ago for reasons I needn't go into here, but Irish actors and writers feel strongly about it. So some of them are highly critical of the Abbey today. The building is being rebuilt this year to a fine new plan. And everyone's hope is that it will then become the National Theatre of Ireland. But my main card was having so many fine actors to play around with and they all speak their contributions---entirely off-the-cuff---magnificently. Among others I have used Barry Fitzgerald, Maureen Delany, Siobhan McKenna (now in NY again), Cyril Cusack, Denis O'Dea (remember the Chief Constable in Odd Man Out?), May Craig (in NRP), and Eithne Dunne (also in NRP). And I shot an amusing and fascinating meeting between Sean O'Casey and Barry Fitzgerald in the former's house in Devon. They hadn't met for nearly 30 years! They sing a wonderful duet together. Our old chum Frank O'Connor has written and spoken what narration is necessary and does it with much wit. It runs 45 mins, a fact to which Cooke has not raised any objection. We've called it CRADLE OF GENIUS from a famous quote by Yeats. It's been fun doing it but gruelling as usual. A very tight budget, only 18,000 dollars, but don't tell anyone that please! Apart from TV, I should think it is good for a limited specialist showing in the US and over here a cinch for non-theatrical of all kinds. I don't see how it can fail to make some money. I took very little for making it but a share in the profits if any. And it has built up my prestige in Ireland, of course. Something else may transpire there, if not PUCK FAIR. The two lads for whom I made the film, who have formed a company called Plough Productions, seem to have access to more money and intend to do more pictures, possibly features on lower budgets.

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AIR MAIL

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interest to intervene. They will, of course, be in on the final cut of the film before the first showprint is made. My running-time on ~~my~~ present estimate is about 85 minutes. It could make a first feature, or at worst a co-feature.

I have nothing but praise and gratitude for Ann Sears and Lee Patterson, and for the 'strong supporting cast' as they say in the trade-papers. The pysychological pattern of relationship that I built up between Lee, Ann and myself held right to the bitter end. It became strained. But the triangle held intact even if it bent once or twice! The strain was not so much on the floor during the shooting but out-of-hours in the evenings and at week-ends. He is a wild boy, curiously true to the type he played as Rod. He is now in Canda and aims to be in NY about the 8 or 9 Jan. I have given him a line to you, and also sent you a formal note about him. He was born in Chicago in circumstances not unlike the Rod in the film. He is no actor--but a perfect screen-type and hence just what I wanted for molding. He will emerge as a tough, virile, steel-spring of a character who relies only on violence to achieve his ends. Ann was in her way just as good. A born professional actress, although as yet with only six years experience, she was really wonderful to handle. As you will know from the script, her's is far and away the most difficult of the two parts and I think she brings it off brilliantly. From the news that has spread around already about the picture---you know how rumor spreads in the studios---she has received contract offers but wise girl, is doing nothing about them until this picture is finished and shown. Then I think she will be in a position to pick and chose. Su and Tony Inglis did me a superb job on photography and sets respectively. I still privately wish I could have shot it all in real locations but I am satisfied now that it would have cost more and taken longer to shoot. Some interiors are real, as I wrote, but most of them are studio. But we did our utmost to be as realistic as possible in the confines of a studio.

We shall, I hope, change the title. I was never keen on it, you remember. It is too tame for the picture. I don't think the publicity to date, or the sales of the novel, need deter us from this. The title I want, if I can get it past the Censor here, is THE FLICK OF A KNIFE. * But there's been such a hullaballo here in recent months about the sale of flick-knives to teen-agers that the Censor may not accept this new title. I have used "the knife" as little as possible in the film, and played what violence there is off-screen. But as you know too well, subtlety can make the thing a damn slight more effective. I think we shall get an X Certificate here almost for certain, but that's what the distributors wanted!! But despite this, the basic theme of anti-violence comes out very strongly in the rushes. I wrote in quite a lot of additional dialogue on these lines when I got back from NY in the final shooting-script, mainly lines from Ann.

I learnt a lot from the shooting, mostly about human beings. The three weeks of pre-rehearsals paid off handsomely because during that time I was able to find out so much about the personal past life of Lee and Ann. I soon found that I was in a strange position of being a kind of psychiatrist-cum-priest. It became only a matter of days before they both, separately of course, revealed to me all their most private thoughts and fears and hopes about life and this private knowledge of them enabled me to draw out of them the kind of performances that you will see on the screen. It did only one other thing, utterly exhausted me! Because it never let up the whole time during rehearsals and shooting. I don't think I could have stood another week of it! But it was worth it! And happily my own affliction bore up magnificently during it all. I cannot with truth say that it wholly disappeared--that would be asking too much! But it never once seriously interfered with my work and it has kept away from me since last week. I put this down to one's own personal willpower and to the wonderful treatment that the masseuse put me through between mid-Sept and the first day of shooting. Blessings on the skill of physio-therapy! Much better than cortizone or benemid!!!

AIR MAIL

* What are your reactions to this as a title for the U.S. market?

Stay

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About the immediate future. I am searching for a subject to send to Berman to interest him sufficiently to commission a screenpaly from me. Margot's reading of about fifteen Creasey's reveals what I supected--they are mostly far too involved and have too many characters for screen-transference. But I shall find something, never fear! The news about BIS and no money for me is, to put it mildly, disappointing. The advance which the Oxford people will give me on the book in dollars could last me three or four weeks in NY but it cannot possibly pay my fare across. I don't know quite what to do next about this. What I have made and am due to make from C&M will square many problems here, of course, and look after the next two months but not pay a transatlantic fare as well. If I can presell Berman on a subject and he will make a reasonable advance, that might solve the trick. I cannot expect Anvil to make a further move so far as I am concerned until at least the work-print of the film is accepted and liked by Eros. I am sure they will make another picture and, I hope, ask me to make it for them, but it would be asking too much to get them to make this decision before say the end of February. If you have any idea of other sources that I might explore for the fare across, do let me know. Otherwise, I'm afraid that you will have to have your season without me!

About the cycle. Now that I shall be cutting, I shall have more time to spend on it. Let me know precisely what I can do. I will chase up anybody or anything here if you tell me what and who. When exactly did the press-release go out about it? I spoke with both The Times and Man Guardain friends of mine a few days ago (whose names were on the list I left with you) and they hadn't received anything. I appreciate how busy you've been, not only with the book but with your German season, forthcoming Jap season and so on, and maybe things haven't worked out as we planned. For example, I never received any copies of the release as I had expected, except for the rough one you sent me.

About Arthur Mayer. I will indeed write this day or tomorrow to explain that as soon as I got back to England I had to immerse myself in two projedts (a) write the shooting-script for the film and (b) get well enough to make the bloody thing. I was hardly in London at all all that time and just couldNit find a minute to call him. I'm sorry---but.

About Muriel. I have now heard from her and will write her also immediately. The general news on that front is good. Hutchinson here will, I think, take a PUCK FAIR book from her if she will send a synopsis. I8ve had no reactmon from them as yet about the WILLKIE book. Publishers move very slowly. But now that I've heard from Muriel direct, don't worry further. I just couldn't understand her silence.

Thank Ann for her Xmas card, with its usual Annisms. Much appreciated. The Year That Gout Vanished from the Earth has, tell her, already begun. But her especial prayers are deeply appreciated. The truth is the The Devil has now found that I am a pretty unrewarding person in whom to reside, that I have such good friends as yourselves who are prepared to take my side in the battle, that he has obviously taken his poison from out of me to put it into some other character from whom he will get better dividends. Nevertheless, I am always on the look-out for his return visit and if he makes a sudden sortie, tell Ann, I will call on her for further supplications.

December 28

With the best intentions in the world, I meant to finish and mail this letter yesterday but being the festive season, things interfered, drunk too much gin for example, and here we are Saturday and unfinished. And now I must be brief so that I can write the review of your book to mail to F&F tomorrow for their

AIR MAIL

Sun

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Carl Foreman very friendly and says he wants to talk to me about a low-budget film for Columbia in two weeks time. Maybe something there. Also, Australia still interested in my doing the Latrobe Valley script. I wait to hear from them now.

Prof Bishop of Adelaide University acknowledged my long proposals to him about the festival and he is laying them before his next Council meeting.

The Mannheim people have asked me to go on their jury for this yeaRs meeting in May. Its probably the best of the European festivals devoted to shorts and docs. So I've said I'll go. They wanted me to suggest an American for the jury but haven't the money to bring someone from NY. So I suggested Iris. But find that I have not got her address. Can you send it to me? They pay all expenses in the European area. Maybe she'd like a week in Mannheim; I'm told by people who have been before that they give you a fine time.

Had a letter from Sheldon Meyer of OUP saying that youd lunched. But before I can reply to his questions, I want to get quite clear how we stand with Vision. It has got to be offered to them first, alas. If they do not want to undertake a English edition (to be set in England as Sheldon wants), then we are free to go to Fabers or Hutchinsons or elsewhere. I am letting my agent handle it. So if you see Sheldon, tell him that I am doing something about it. What are your own views? Incidentally, always the faithful servant, I brought up Annie's book with Innes Rose (of John Farquharson, my agent) and he had already had it. He is, I gather, the London representative of Anne's agent. He has tried several publishers here with it but, regrettably, they all say the same as Nick Bentley. Its too exclusively American to get more than a very small sale. It is very disappointing. How is the new one going?

Going back to the Abbey film: quite apart from TV in America, how do you advise about getting a specialist theatre release and non-theatrical handling in the US? I am sure that the Plough boys cannot afford to come over, which is really what should be done, or for them to send me. Whether Omnibus show it or not, it has got to be offered to others in NY. It really ought to be shown to all the distributors like Ed Kingsley, etc. But whom can one get to do that for you? I suppose a reliable agent. But who? Have you any suggestions? Bearing in mind all the drama groups and university depts interested in the theatre, it should have a long non-theatrical life in North America. Do you recommend a direct sale to a distributor for cash, or a sale based on a percentage of returns? The Plough boys are wholly innocent of the movie business and it will all be left to me, I can see that. So I would welcome your advice in this direction. I should think a first move will be for me to ask Alistair to let you know when he screens the copy. You could then see it at the same time. If Omnibus turn it down, who else in TV could we have it screened to? Is Ike of any help here?

I gave a card to you to Francis Gysin, a nice boy who started with me many years ago. He worked on the Manchester film, Land of Promise and many others for me. For the past ten years he has been in charge of the Nat Coal Board's monthly magazine, MINING REVIEW, but is now going to take over the Shell Unit in Venezuela. I think he arrives in NY for a few days next Tuesday. Please see him if you can. He knows all about you and the Museum but has not been to NY before. He has a sweetwife too.

Re PUCK FAIR, British Lion felt about it much as you did. I got them to put it into writing and sent it off to Muriel. She writes to say that she is doing some more work on it. So I really wait on her now. No other news. Margot is as well as her back permits; I have kept amazingly well. Weather is typicallyEnglish winter with a lot of fog and frost. Great trouble in the cottage because Tibby has caught the mange from another cat and has had all (almost) of his fur cut off. Love to you both as always and the dogs. Write when you have time. Did you get the Salt-Knight piece. Jere wrote to say she liked it very much.

AIR MAIL

Paul

You never sent me any clippings on the Pathe Show. I guess there weren't any? Jere (and Helen Van D) write to say something did appear in the N.Y. Times. Did ya see it?

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Will you for the next 3 months send mail to: TIBBYS COTTAGE
CUDDINGTON Nr AYLESBURY BUCKS.

PAUL ROTHA.

May 4, 1959

Dear Dick:

Have owed you a letter for such a long time that I cannot recall what I've already written or not. (That sentence is obviously inspired by Dublin). But you will have had my card from Sandgate, from where we are now back somewhat refreshed, although what one gets in the way of weather in England in late April is good only for the publican. However, we did have two very fine days and one terrific SW gale that brought the waves almost within reach of our bedroom window. But the ten days were essential to Margot and I if we were to retain our sanity. Except for a few days in Dublin while I was shooting, M hadn't been away for nearly four years, while my only rest was at your house last fall. But by a skilful piece of financing (about which I will tell you anon) I contrived to have this little vacation and we are really both the better for it.

What has happend is this. The Flaherty book. Not unnaturally, Hutchinson were beginning to get a little restive as to where their MS was. Basil is wholly tied up this summer making another film (lucky bugger). So, in a nutshell, he has advanced some of the royalties due to us both so that I can take the next three months down here at the cottage writing the book. It will still finally appear as his and my joint work but in truth I shall do most of the writing.* I'm not terribly looking forward to it, but what else? And there is just sufficient money to live here frugally for May, June and July. During this time, plans may go ahead for the Irish film---Jumbos Wife---and for other things maybe. So tomorrow I shall open the enormous file that has collected of material for the Flaherty book and start writing letters to all the people who promised to send things and haven't. (Including you: you remember I asked for a typsescript of the narration of THE LAND? You promised to send it and didn't).

Now this brings up another matter. Faber's want an updated edition of DOC FILM for publication next year. They have as good as sold out the 1952 edition and say that the demand is steady. The University of California Press have agreed to take the book and have offered an advance of $ 500. I have written to Road to see if he will undertake his share again. Will you?

My proposal to you is as follows: Looking up the file way back in 1949, I find that all you ever made out of the 1952 edition was the dollar equivalent of £25. As we both know, the book was never published in the US so you got nothing from any royalties. Most unfair. My suggestion now is that you should receive $250 of the advance from UCP for your work in the proposed new edition (you covering as before North and South America) and that you should also have the other $250 as repayment of the same sum that you loaned me way back. UCP need not know this; all they will know is that you will receive the whole $500 advance. Any royalties that may accrue after that I suggest should be equally shared between us. Would that be a fair proposition? The only snag I see to it is that if UCP pay you the advance of $500, you will have to pay tax on it. I could, of course, have the $250 due to me sent across here and then refund it to you as from here but that makes Treasury problems for me. You know how difficult it is to get Treasury sanction here to pay in dollars. It would

* Frances, Jeanne, does not know this: nor does anyone.

something about what happened for me? You were right there in it and know.

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from my point of view be much easier if the whole 500 was paid to you and you would regard half of it as repayment of the loan made to me.

The next point is, Will you have the time? I cannot start work on my part of it until certainly August or September because of the Flaherty book. I think we should aim to deliver the MS to Faber by the New Year at latest. They will also require some new illustrations and the appendix of films will of course have to be updated too. We would not have to touch the existing text except to correct any errors in spelling or dates that we may have spotted. Our updating would take the form of a supplement at the endof the book, with of course a new index and appendices. Another point, how many words would you need? 10,000?

Fabers say that Lilienthal, one of the directors of UCP, will be in Londonin the third week of May and will want to finalise matters with them. So could you give this your prompto attention and write me almost by return? I do very much hope that you will agree. But by Jesus it will mean you seeing some films!!!

I am guesing that you have been busy on the Preminger stunt, that's why you have not sent me your remarks on the new FILM TILL NOW text sent you on March 7th. I'm afraid that I shall just have to let it go to the printers without your comments. I still haven't had the proofs of it yet so it is not too late for your remarks to come in.

On the strength of your cable and my own arithmetic, I turned down the offer from UCLA. Without travel, it simply wasn't good enough, especially as I couldn't possibly leave M for that length of time. I worked it out over and over again and when I took in travel expenses and the cost of living in Los Angeles, it would have been less money that I got in 1937-38! So I wired back regrets and gave the reason.

The Australian script(and film)is off. Not enough money from the Government end. No more news from the Adelaide people about the festival. The last letter was encouraging but unofficial. The Dublin boys are as elusive as always. Jim O'Connor finally showed up here full of bounce, full of American "offers" but has subsequently disappeared again. I had one small show here of it and it was much liked but most agree with me that it is too long. My own cut-length would have been 30 mins. But the two boys wanted it full-length. I think you were very good to them with all your help and I only hope that O'Connor expressed his appreciation. They have had some showings of it in Dublin but I only got to hear of them through press-clippings. These were all excellent. No news of C&M still. Lost of promises that it will go out this summer. Israel Berman writes that he will be here very soon and appears keen on the O'Connor story. Am now trying hard to get Orson Welles for the lead. He has the outline now in Rome. Siobhan McKenna and Cyril Cusack have both agreed to come in. But this will have to cook while I am on the Flaherty book this summer. Little else of note to record.

Hope all goes well with you both. Your last letter suggested that you were working more than hard. Don't overdo it. Keep spme time for the garden. We cut the grass for the first time this year today. As always in Spring, the colour of everything is wonderful. Our love to you both. Have not forgotten our talks about your projected visit here. Am seeing Wright tomorrow and will discuss it with him. Love as ever----

Paul

going Ilse at Mannheim Feb film May 24-31. Thanks Anne for her wonderful letter.

something about what happened for me? You were right there in it and know. I

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PAUL ROTHA. March 7, 1959

Dear Dick:

Under separate cover, by registered surface mail, I sent you yesterday the MS of the supplement for the interim edition of TILL NOW. However burdened down with work you are---and it looks plenty from your last letter---will you please take 15 minutes off to skim through the MS before the end of this month? It has been a terrible chore doing it, as you can well imagine. So many, many films that I have not seen. But it may fill the gap until something more comprehensive can be done by us. What I would ask you to do, if you will, is to look out for any startling and unforgivable omissions, or any ghastly errors I may have made. As you know, Vision Press are printing only 1000 of this interim edition to meet current orders for the book; after that the big decisions will have to be made by Oxford, you, me etc. But I hope you will agree that the enclosed (I mean by separate mail) has not been a waste of time. If ever we do get around to covering 1948-1958 in a new edition althgether, this work will not have been wasted. It is a kind of first skirmish. I should add that the whole book is not being reset; the addition will be headed an Epilogue and will come at the end of the volume. I do not quite know what they will do about the Index; if this is to be reset, then this Epilogue must be included. I have also asked Vision if it is possible to make any small changes in the main body of the text. Some two years ago I had a very interesting letter from one of the new heads of UFA listing a number of errors, mainly dates and name-spellings, in the German sections. If this is possilbe, have you any errors to be corrected?

It really has been a chore to write this. Maybe I am just pooped out writing about films at all; or maybe I am demoralised because I had what little money Vision would advance on this interim edition last September before I left for Australia. It helped to keep the home-front alive while I was away! But now I feel I never want to write another word about films again, ever-----
Actually, counting up afterwards, I am a little amazed at how many of the films mentioned in the piece I have actually seen! I can't think when or where, but a count shows that out of the total number of titles given, I have seen three-quarters!

No news whatsoever from Jim O'Connor about the Abbey Film. I don't know if he contacted you or not. And his partner in Dublin neither answers letters nor has a telephone number which gives sensible replies. The only concrete thing I do know is that BBC-TV turned it down as being too specialised in subject for a British network. I still think it too long as finished, but that is Plough's fault; they wanted 'everything' in.

Denmark is postponed until September, no reason being given. Still waiting for news from Australia. Berman replied full of enthusiam for the O'Connor short story, JUMBO'S WIFE, and hopes to be in London in March himself. In the meantime, Carl Foreman called last week saying that he might---might---have some good news for me next week, would I wait on a call from him. I can't think what it can be but Carl is not someone to make false promises and he knows my position all too well. Something has got to turn up before the end of this month or I really do hit the bottom!

[illegible] have you time to scribble something about what happened for me? You were right there in it and know. I

AIR

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beyond sending you that card -

Going back to your letter of Feb 14, thank you for making so many admirable suggestions for handling the Abbey film in the US. All I could do in the circumstances----Jim O'Connor just grabbed the first print immediately it had been screened at the labs and jumped the first plane to NY leaving me with no address or anything---was to tell his partner in Dublin (whom I presumed knew an address for him) to cable him to contact you immediately. Since I know now by hard experience that these Irishmen do exactly the opposite of what you recommend them, I should not be at all surprised if you had heard nothing from him at all. Or even that he flew to Valparaiso instead. But I do think that if handled seriously along the lines you suggest, the picture could be a little money-earner over the years. My main interest is that I am entitled to a small cut on whatever it does earn, after neg cost has been recouped.

THE DESPERATE ONES---née CAT & MOUSE--has been remarried and divorced and has retaken its orginal name! The last word is that it will go out with a Republic picture called THE MAN WHO DIED TWICE. As to when, that is a secret kept by Eros. To hell, I've forgotten all about it now. But I don't think it will get a press-show. That's tough on Lee Patterson and Ann Sears, who worked so hard.

A letter from Jere, saying that she liked the Salt piece, and reaffirmed that it was now with AMERICAN HERITAGE. No further news. Glad you saw Gysin. A nice boy.

Sorry about the February doldrums. I didn't know about Feb being a low-morale month. It explains a lot. I can't think why I bothered to do any work at all then. But in telling me of your new projects---writing ones---you do not say what has happend to Ann's novel about her life in the war? I thought she was doing that under commission? But I have an idea for you, one I suggested years ago to you and you promptly replied that I should do it myself. It will make a lot of money for you. A picture-book, with some text written in your fine slap-happy style, about Western movies. I don't have to tell you what a stapple ingredient they are in all TV, here as well as there. No one has done it. The great golden myth of the West, perhaps related to what did actually happen from time to time--Bret Harte, Owen Wister etc. Years ago, Tom Baird--when I knew Tom Baird---sent me a Pocket Book of Western Stories, (1945) with a very good introduction by Harry E. Maule. Wouldn't S & S jump at it? And think of your wealth of pictures! GREAT TRAIN ROBBERY onwards for ever and ever. I'd buy a copy. I'd even make a selection of stills for you from the BFI collection here, mainly from Western stills of my own which I once collected avidly years ago. See MOVIE PARADE.

The income-outgoing position is discouraging. But at least you keep going, which is in itself a achievement. I don't really even do that. But 1959 must be my lucky year. On that I insist. You ponder on the fact that since the New Year we haven't had a drink of any sort in the house! True, we do drink at the local pub at nights but now only beer for cheapness sake. I haven't bought a bottle of Scotch or gin since Xmas. And I just can't get my expenses back on the Abbey film from Plough.

Spring comes slowly but some wonderful fine weather for three days last week with the thermometr in the upper 50s. Crocuses out, and primroses; daffodils, hyacinths, tulips, all bursting with life. But rain today. We need it.

this but like a bloody fool I didn't make any notes. Have you time to scribble something about what happened for me? You were right there in it and know. I

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Home-life very upset these past five weeks by cat having a tumor in its mouth and also mange caught from a local farm cat. Can master the mange by sulphur baths but the tumor--not so funny. The vet said give it a week and it would either grow or go. If grow, then nothing to do but destroy poor Tibby. But for some reason inexplicable to the vet, the tumor hasn't done either. It has stayed just put. So we hope for the best. We should miss him dreadfully. But he's taken a lot of nursing, especially at nights. But it's worth it.

Elton writes asking em to see Haanstra's first feature on March 17. Almost everyone we know down with flu. Village pub is empty. Venice this year is holding a retrospective festival of what it calls 'milestones of the cinema' selected from films which have been shown there since 1932. They write asking to show CONTACT, but I counter with SHIPYARD to which they have agreed. I wish one could get a pension for prestige! By the way, I've resigned from the British Film Academy. It's been merged with the TV Guild, mainly to keep Manvell in a job, I suspect. It now has the Duke of Edinburgh as its President, which is a signal that it's high time for me to get out. I've made no "thing" about it; I've simply failed to join the new combined body. Many others have done the same. No more now. It is Saturday morning and time to go marketing and then to the pub for a couple of Guinness. Love to you both from us both. Tell Marlene I, at any rate, still think she's marvellous! At a distance....

P.

Then storms and it's broken up, but it will return. Last February I prophesied a long dry summer; how did I know? The rooks built high in the elms, that is how. It's always the same. When they build low, because of winds, it's a wet windy summer. Yesterday was St Swithin's Day. It didn't rain. So for 40 days and 40 nights we shall have no rain. It rained today. But the garden has been superb. Never such a year for roses, pinks, sweet peas, carnations, lavender; and the peas, broad beans (do you have these?), new potatoes, young succulent turnips, all wonderful. It has been a joy to have been out here. One drear sad thing. We held on to Tibby as long as possible. He got over the mange but when examining him the vet spied a tumor under his tongue. For a time it responded to penicillin injections, but then began to bleed, and to swell up so that he had difficulty to eat. He began to show that he was in pain so there was nothing else to do. But sweet Jesus, how you miss them! Nothing to replace him yet. Its better not for a time. Something will arrive, just as the black sheep-dog did that we had so long, and then, only a month after some bastard ran over him, Tibby arrived unheralded out of space, or to be more accurate, just runing down the little lane that leads to the cottage. So something else will come. A hedgehog appeared with much noise of hissing the other night but you can't keep them for a pet for long!

Thank you for the Dietrich booklet. Looks well. Must have been hell with her, from all you say. Just about as uncooperative as that sod Rotha was. You really did oughta do the Westerns book. Why not? Someone else will one day. Don't be so daft as to say that I could do it! The nearest I ever got to the West was wearing jeans at Cherry House; maybe you never got nearer either. Cherry House brings me back to Bob. Eric once wrote that Flaherty lived at Cherry House while he was cutting NANOOK. See Portrait of Flying Yorkshireman, pages 111 and 133. I can find nothing to support this from Frances. Have you anything on it. And now we're back to Bob again, I want some help. The period with Capra after The Land. The State of the Nation fiasco. One night last October you did tell me something of this but like a bloody fool I didn't make any notes. Have you time to scribble something about what happened for me? You were right there in it and know. I

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more complicated in my case because, alas, M lost her interest in my work--and I hurt myself in writing this---a good time ago. At one time she read everything I wrote, did most of the typing for me, came to the studio and saw rushes etc., but not of recent years. In some ways I understand this; my work has for her been a failure because it has led ~~to~~ one spell of insecurity to another and seldom has it blossomed out into real material results. In other words, it has been a long spell of years of never enough to have this done or that mended in the house, never enough to have a refrigerator nor a real holiday for more than ten days nor many another thing that could make her life happier. By this I do not mean that in any conceivable way that she seeks the glad-rags and bright lights; nothing could be more to the contrary. She is miraculously thrifty in the housekeeping and in all else. Despite her bad back, and its getting very bad now, she still works in the garden and many other things--but never anything connected with my work. We just don't talk about it. That's the best, if easiest, way. But this in turn drives me more and deeper into it and I consequently forget her needs. I live, sleep and dream whatever I am working on--and this makes me a bad husband. This, I know; at the same time I find it hard to do anything about it. So I let it slide.

All this sudden and unanticipated aside has nothing to do with you and Ann. It somehow just came out on to the typewriter. Forget it. But relationships are so goddamned difficult between the sexes, as old Eric used to say. I don't really know how two people, male and female, ever manage to live with each other for more than a year or two. It becomes a bloody habit, that is the whole curse. And habits can lead to an overlooking of some pretty basic things between people. To hell, I'm writing junk.

Back to your letter. We too had the heat, for England. Two weeks of glorious unbroken sunshine, with the thermometr in the 80s, so rare here but wonderful. Then storms and it's broken up, but it will return. Last February I prophesied a long dry summer; how did I know? The rooks built high in the elms, that is how. It's always the same. When they build low, because of winds, it's a wet windy summer. Yesterday was St Swithin's Day. It didn't rain. So for 40 days and 40 nights we shall have no rain. It rained today. But the garden has been superb. Never such a year for roses, pinks, sweet peas, carnations, lavender; and the peas, broad beans (do you have these?), new potatoes, young succulent turnips, all wonderful. It has been a joy to have been out here. One drear sad thing. We held on to Tibby as long as possible. He got over the mange but when examining him the vet spied a tumor under his tongue. For a time it responded to penicillin injections, but then began to bleed, and to swell up so that he had difficulty to eat. He began to show that he was in pain so there was nothing else to do. But sweet Jesus, how you miss them! Nothing to replace him yet. Its better not for a time. Something will arrive, just as the black sheep-dog did that we had so long, and then, only a month after some bastard ran over him, Tibby arrived unheralded out of space, or to be more accurate, just runing down the little lane that leads to the cottage. So something else will come. A hedgehog appeared with much noise of hissing the other night but you can't keep them for a pet for long!

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PAUL ROTHA.

54 West Street
Ewell Surrey

25 July 1965

Dear Dick:

Your letter distresses me more than I can write. What a hell of a time we both seem - no, are - going through. What have we done to deserve it?

Thank you for news about Alistair; I shall write yet another of my begging letters and see if he can help an old friend. How I hate the humiliation of doing this! I am amidst changing my agent; change your agent and change your luck, they say in show-bizz. We shall hope. I have found, or maybe I wrote this before, a good thriller story - Chandler, Simenon plus- with a Dutch background which is fortunately published also in Dutch and Rudi Meyer is supposed tobe reading it which means his wife does. I had to telephone him the other day to find out if any more money might be coming from OVERVAL. He was very friendly and simpatico and said he would see what he could do. But there is not a smell of anything here. I write and write and telephone but always there is nothing. Almost all production here is American financed and that means in most cases an American writer and director brought over. God and you know I am no nationalist but I do somehow think it unfair that capable film-makers are out of work here and Americans brought over ad lib. I have indeed taken it up with our union but their attitude is that such films give work for a large number of English technicians - viz: electricians, carpemters, make-up men, etc. Our union has little consideration for creative people.

I get up these days about 5 in the morning and just sit and think and think what I can do. If I went into a hospital (which honestly I think I should do) what the hell would happen to Connie? Most of thw time she is as sweet and charming as only Connie can be; other times there are still thse moods or outbreaks of violence. She now quite often takes a knife to me, or some other handy weapon. I never dare turn my back to her. Of course, the landlord here has objected to thse violent scenes - after all, I have to disarm her and she is quite strong - and he insists we quit here on Sept. 1st. I still have found nowhere to go to, quite alone from the money problem of the move etc. I have been in some pretty desperate situations in my stupid life but never one so bad as this. Enough of me.

Whatever happens, you must not lose your Museum job, nor lose Annie. Of these two things I am sure, although on the latter Eric once said to me "You must not intrude in anothwr man's personal life." I am taking drugs too, but only under doctor's permission; they are much stricter here, as you know. The major thing is for something to make me sleep at night. I do, but only for a short time. And I freely admit to

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PAUL ROTHA.

drinking too much now, but never to get drunk - to forget, which is I suppose a sign of weakness. Connie is also drinking, in my opinion, far too much. This I am sure is one of the causes of her violence against me. In some ways it is worse than the Margot days, because Margot only once used an actual weapon against me - a broken glass. But Connie, being Irish I suppose, will seize anything to hand. That is what I have to watch out for all the time. Once we get security again, by which I mean work, all this will, I am sure, vanish. Thanks to the tolerance of local tradesmen, we still get local credit, but how long it will continue I wouldn't know.

Still, I must not send you too drearier a letter when you have so many problems of your own. Our dearest love to Annie and of course the dogs. Sabra is fine and doesn't know anything sbout all the problems although from time to timr she looks at me with those Spaniel eyes as if to say she does.

As ever, dear Bick.

Paul

No news whatsoever re the Encyclopedia. Silence from K.K. I shouldn't be surprised if he ~~doesn't~~ drops the whole project. The secretary at Focal, who worked so well for me, has left. So K.K. is left with a vast file of letters, commissions, articles, which he will never understand. If a new editor is, or has been, appointed, my sorrow is with him!