

"METROPOLIS" UNREELS AS MARVEL MOVIE

Ufa Picture Replete With Thrills of Mind and Camera

By IRENE THIRER

"Metropolis," a UFA production, directed by Fritz Lang and presented at the Rialto theatre.

THE CAST

John Masterman..... Alfred Abel
Eric, his son..... Gustav Froelich
Rotwang, the inventor..... Rudolf Klein-Rogge
Joseph..... Theodor Loos
No. 7..... Heinrich George
Mary..... Brigitte Helm

"Metropolis" is cinema fare in that bigger and better form they're always talking about but hardly ever accomplish.

With a worthy story, a capable director and an excellent cameraman, it is a two hour glimpse into a future seen by the makers of movies. Fritz Lang, who presided over "Siegfried," directed this one. Karl Freund, responsible for the camera angles in "Variety" has contributed wonderfully to the new picture. Channing Pollack adapted and titled the picture for American audiences. And everybody ought to be happy. Pollack's is a comprehensive treatment of material which mightn't have got over so well if it hadn't had his heartfelt co-operation.

Economic Conflict.

"Metropolis" has to do with the weight of capital upon labor, and vice versa. The film visualizes a great city of the future with brain dominating brawn. The working classes are so far beneath the materialists they occupy a separate world, far beneath the earth; far beneath the machines of which they are but spokes in the huge wheels.

John Masterman, with wealth untold, rules the city of Metropolis. Hundreds, thousands of laboring swain are under his cruel, capitalistic rule. Should such a thing as an explosion occur during any part of the ten-hour shift, killing men, injuring others, it's mere detail to John Masterman. He must not be bothered with such trivial matters.

Masterman has a son, Eric, brought up in luxury, far above the working world, knowing nothing of the suffering of those who are his father's subjects.

He Meets the Girl.

On rare occasions the children of the workmen's world are allowed to visit the upper world, under proper guardianship. So it is that Eric, in his father's sta-



Brigitte Helm

dium, comes upon Mary, a workman's daughter, guiding her neighbors' children that they may see their "brothers."

There comes to the boy a desire to see how these other men live—these men whose constant toil brings forth his own luxuries; whose efficiency gains his father's wealth.

Eric goes down to the workmen's world. And he sees. He comes upon sights horrible to his unknowing eyes. A laborer collapses

at a huge machine. Eric, changing clothes with him, takes his place.

Will the ten hour shift never come to an end? Eric struggles and sweats, sympathizing meanwhile with these men who know no other life. At the closing hour he is induced by some of his fellow workers to attend a lecture session given by Mary, the workman's daughter.

"Between brains and hands," Mary tells the mob of unkempt and fatigued workers, "there must be a mediator. The mediator is the heart."

Whereupon Eric realizes that his father is entirely without heart, without soul.

Machines for Men.

He labors thereafter to make his father believe that machines cannot be made of men; that both are equally important to civilization. Masterman is hard to convince. Not only does he feel that machines can be made of men, but he and a half-crazed inventor are producing a machine into which may be inserted human life.

The human is completed, human without a soul. In doing Masterman's will, it does wrong. The result—war, chaos, destruction.

Camera work on this production is more than remarkable. It is unsurpassable. Gustav Froelich and Brigitte Helm share honors for excellent performances. Rudolf Klein-Rogge, resembling Emil Jannings in character, deserves too, of plaudits. "Metropolis" is a marvel movie.