

THE BROOKLYN DAILY TIMES

THE NEW FILMS**"Metropolis"**

METROPOLIS—With Alfred Abel, Gustav Froelich, Rudolph Klein-Rogge, Theodore Loos, Henrich George, Brigitte Helm and others. A Paramount-UFA Production. At the Rialto.

Once again must the cinema populace be lulled off its collective headpiece to those gentlemen of the UFA studios in Berlin, whose latest masterpiece, "Metropolis," has come to the Rialto Theatre for what should be a record-breaking stay. Bearing undeniable evidence of that same splendid attendance to detail that has characterized other UFA films, plus an inspired imagination and unquestionably the most marvelous photographic execution that has ever been seen, "Metropolis" falls immediately into that rare classification where a description can do nothing other than strip a hard-pressed vocabulary of all adjectival verbiage.

"Metropolis" strikes a Wellsian theme; it visualizes a city of the future, a city of stone and steel, a city of mechanical achievement, reflecting the rarest dreams of the utilitarians, wherein brawn and hands are subjugated to an extremity to the progressive brain of civilization. It is an allegory, an

hypothesis, asking whither drifts the world, when humanity, and love and sentiment are cast in the discard to make room for the accumulation of wealth and the advancement of mechanical progress. To illustrate the theme, they have constructed a city of the imagination, wherein the workers, the bees in the hive, slave ten hours a day in pits far below the surface of the streets, there living their lives in the darkness of shadow and repression. Above, the buildings pyramid to the skies, viaducts swing at dizzy heights, airplanes ferry from roof to roof, and the "brain" of the civilization pursues its helter-skelter, decadent life, reaping the worldly benefits from the sweat and toll of the nameless workers far below them.

The director, Fritz Lang, has cut his story with deep, revolutionary chisel strokes, thumping home the moral of the story with a rhythmic force that plunges the watcher into a engrossing suspense. Gigantic machines vibrate, Gargantuan wheels turn, while the uniformed workers, their bodies bent with ceaseless toil, pour as sacrifices into the gaping mechanical maw. The measured tread of the workers is attuned to the rhythmic turning of turbines, their every movement is guided by a piston or steam-driven arm.

Through the picture has been woven a message-laden story, that of the conflict betwixt brain and brawn and the final conclusion that neither can live without the other. The cast is splendid. Alfred Abel, who plays the part of John Masterman, the intellectual genius who has caused the city to be thrown toward the skies, gives a wonderful performance. Gustav Froelich, who plays his son, through whose efforts his father finally sees the fallacy of advancement without humanity, is none the less effective, and Brigitte Helm is a charming and inspired heroine.

There is too much in "Metropolis" to permit the mention it deserves in this limited space. Not only its inspiration, exemplified by the construction of a mechanical being destined to replace the fallible workmen, which guided by the masterman's hand, leads the workers to near destruction, but also its scope and photographic daring, are unlike anything that has been done before on the screen. It is something that most assuredly should be seen; its power is uncanny, its execution nothing less than inspired. Next to it "Variety," which was made by the same organization, pales into significance. It has a magnitude and truth that is overwhelming. Anyone so foolish as to miss "Metropolis" deserves to.

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