Journal of the Film/Alfred Hitchcock Special Interest Group

The MacGuffin

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EDITORIAL

THE MAIN ARTICLE THIS time is about *The Trouble With Harry* (1956) and about the notion of the MacGuffin itself. I thought of both those things - the Hitchcock film and the MacGuffin - when last year I read John Buchan's 'John Macnab' (1925). The book's title-character doesn't even exist - the perfect MacGuffin! And Buchan's feeling for landscape often seems to look forward to *Harry*. As in this passage:

> *The highway by the Larrig side slept in the golden afternoon. Not a conveyance had disturbed its peace save the baker's cart from Inverlarrig, which had passed about three o'clock. ... (Chapter 5)*

Such rural idylls have a special place in British literature, and that brings me to my next point.

Last issue, I described how disappointed I had been with the recent book, 'Alfred Hitchcock: The Legacy of Victorianism'. I just wish its author had read Jackie Wullschlager's 'Inventing Wonderland' (1995). Ms Wullschlager has a sure grasp of the Victorian and immediate post-Victorian outlook as reflected in the works of five outstanding children's writers of the time. Her book is sub-titled, 'The Lives and Fantasies of Lewis Carroll, Edward Lear, J.M. Barrie, Kenneth Graham and A.A. Milne'. It shows how these five writers each created a vision of an alternative reality: that is, five visions subsequently beloved by generations of readers who probably first encountered them in childhood.

Now, the tales encompassing these visions constitute a unique form of modern idyll, or 'pastoral'. Ms Wullschlager is very specific. She sees something both bold and optimistic in the summery imaginings of Carroll's 'Alice in Wonderland' (1865) and the riverbank idyll of Graham's 'The Wind in the Willows' (1908) which reflects the confidence and prosperity of Britain between 1860 and 1914. Such enchanted worlds, she says, could only have been produced by societies 'more innocent, happy to accept absolute values, less knowing and cynical and relativistic than our own'.

The optimism she describes lasted until World War I, when suddenly to die ceased to be the awfully big adventure that Barrie's 'Peter Pan' had seemed to imply. In the 1920s, A.A. Milne's stories of Winnie the Pooh and parts of Barrie's own 'Mary Rose' (1920) - not to speak of a Buchan story like 'John Macnab' or the courtly thrillers of Dornford Yates - clearly represented a *throwback* to happier times. Even so, I want to suggest that Milne's 100 Acre Wood and Barrie's 'island that liked to be visited' have some still later counterparts. I'm thinking of Sparrowswick Heath in Hertfordshire in the novel 'The Trouble With Harry' (1949) and of the suitably autumnal New England we see in Hitchcock's film version of that story ...

Having said that, I'd add that I see no special reason to think that Hitchcock was *more* predisposed to enjoy the ambience that attaches to idylls of childhood than he was to enjoy, say, the crime-filled fictions of Poe and Dickens and Chesterton and even some of the 'penny dreadfuls' of his day (the latter vigorously defended by Chesterton) which we know he also enjoyed. In a sense, both of these things - the idylls *and* the penny dreadfuls, etc - are a form of 'pastoral', of escape. At any rate, that's my position when at one or two points in my analysis of *The Trouble With Harry* I take issue with Lesley Brill's very fine study of that same film but which I nonetheless think lacks a certain balance.

Likewise, though I don't say so in my article, I hope that my analysis may serve as some sort of refutation of Adrian Martin's 'heretical' position expressed last time ('MacGuffin' 20, p. 5), that Hitchcock's work tends to be 'a bit cold, mechanical and limited'. In my view, all artists have their limitations - just like the rest of us. But as Jung showed, in some famous studies of 'individuation', it's possible for an individual to mature into a more rounded and 'complete' person than when he/she started out. So that's another of the hidden themes of my article.

Since our last issue, so many people have been in touch - many of them by email - that I can scarcely thank them all here. But I'll try. Steven L. DeRosa, Dan Auiler, and Jim Davidson were among those who shared their first-hand impressions

of the newly restored print of *Vertigo* in 70mm. Steven's article, "A Very Different 'Slice of Cake'", appears in this issue. So, too, does Jim Davidson's letter.

Martin Grams Jnr has been doing remarkable work researching the radio and television series 'Suspense', to which Hitchcock was a regular listener/viewer. Hitchcock's association with the series actually went further than that, and I hope to publish soon on the 'MacGuffin' Web Page Martin's article called "Murder and *Suspense*: Hitchcock's Established Reputation". Meanwhile, I can reveal here that on July 22, 1940, Hitchcock directed his first show for American radio, an adaptation of Mrs Marie Belloc Lowndes's 'The Lodger', starring Herbert Marshall. Co-starring as the husband and wife who suspect that their boarder may be Jack the Ripper were Edmund Gwenn and Lurene Tuttle. Gwenn was actually repeating the role taken by his brother, Arthur Chesney, in Hitchcock's original 1926 film of the same story. And character actress Tuttle would play another wifely role for director Hitchcock exactly 20 years later, as Mrs Al Chambers in *Psycho*.

Nandor Bokor teaches at the University of Technology in Budapest, and just last February was responsible for the publication in the Hungarian language of Truffaut's 'Hitchcock'. Nandor has written a very readable account of his 'Hitchcock tour' of the US a few years ago, during which he visited as many Hitchcock locations as he could. That account will be up on our Web Page soon.

Also up there soon will be author Talmage Powell's account of working for Shamley Productions on no less than three episodes of the 'Alfred Hitchcock Presents' series. Talmage remembers with pleasure the atmosphere at Shamley under producer Joan Harrison as being the most pleasant for a writer he has encountered anywhere.

I'm very grateful to Elyse Hayes for sending me a copy of the Alfred Hitchcock 'Pathfinder' she compiled just last year. A 19-page list of resources for students setting out to do work on Hitchcock, it can be obtained by emailing Elyse at <EMIHayes@aol.com>. (If you order a copy, be sure to reimburse Elyse for postage.)

Special thanks to all our letter writers in this issue. Equally, my thanks to the many people with whom I've enjoyed chatting about Hitchcock and movies generally, either by mail or email: Jay, Leslie, Patrik, Andrew (of the *Vertigo* Web Page), Susan, Race, Pam - and quite a few others!

Lastly, it's good news that the Film/Alfred Hitchcock SIG got a write-up in the most recent issue of the Australian Mensa journal, 'Tableaus'. Australian SIGs co-ordinator Jeremy Malcolm was responsible for that. (I enjoyed being interviewed, Jeremy!) We may be able to welcome some new Australian members soon, I trust.

To everyone, good viewing.

P.S. Certain items have been held over until next time. One of them is the Index for issues 17-20.

NEWS

(Readers are urged to send in reports and cuttings for this feature. Both general interest and Hitchcock-specific items are sought.)

British version of *Strangers on a Train* screens in US

Hard on the heels of the 'restored' *Vertigo* (see article "A Very Different 'Slice of Cake'" in this issue), another Hitchcock film was re-released in the US at the end of last year. As mentioned in 'MacGuffin' 8, the British version of *Strangers on a Train* (1951) runs two minutes longer than the more generally-known version. In particular, a homoerotic attraction of Bruno for Guy receives more emphasis in the dialogue of the opening scene on the train. Also, the ending is different - the scene with the clergman has been omitted.

Though the British version had a Cinemax airing in the US a few years ago, and has since been shown there on cable TV, the recent screenings at the Castro in San Francisco and the Nuart in Los Angeles constituted its first general cinema release. An article by Bill Desowitz in the 'Los Angeles Times' (November 17) gives further information about why Hitchcock released two versions. It seems that he trimmed the opening train sequence after a sneak preview in Los

Angeles. He also paid unusual attention to the final scene (known as 'the minister's tag'), shooting it in several ways, including using the same actor in nonclerical garb.

Thus, speculates Desowitz, Hitchcock may well have prepared two versions of *Strangers on a Train* as a precautionary strategy. For the final US release, he preferred a tighter opening, and for the UK release he retained the complete opening yet cut 'the minister's tag', presumably to avoid religious controversy.

Out-shining the others

Winner in most of the main categories, including Best Film, at this year's Australian Film Institute Awards was *Shine*, the story of the difficult life of concert pianist David Helfgott.

The film's director, Scott Hicks, received the prize for Best Direction; Geoffrey Rush, who portrayed the adult Helfgott who suffers from a nervous disease, won for Best Actor.

***Rebecca* a flop!**

We're talking about the CD-ROM issued by Rutgers University Press and called 'The *Rebecca* Project', which scrutinises Hitchcock's 1940 classic film using everything from archival screen tests to Lacanian critique. A recent report said that fewer than 250 copies had been sold.

In a way, that statistic doesn't surprise us. When we inquired about purchasing a copy of the Project, we learned that it's only available for Macintosh computers. Sounds to us like the marketing-folk at Rutgers have still to enter the 1990s. Someone should tell them about IBM and the success of the PC. (Notwithstanding, 'The MacGuffin' hopes to review 'The *Rebecca* Project' soon.)

Publications

We haven't space this issue to list all the items we'd like. Try to check out the list that's on the 'MacGuffin' Web Page. But here's information about the latest 'Hitchcock Annual' (1996-1997 edition). Highlights include an interview with Donald Spoto, a full shot-list for *The Lodger*, information about Hitchcock's 1945 propaganda short called *Watchtower Over Tomorrow* (on the concept of the United Nations), and Professor Christopher Morris writing on "Feminism, Deconstruction, and *Vertigo*". The latter article puts a Nietzschean slant on Hitchcock's great film, thus complementing such other recent analyses along similar lines as those in respectively Royal S. Brown's 'Overtones and Undertones: Reading Film Music' and (even) parts of the 'MacGuffin' Web Page.

Subscription rates (US Currency) for the 'Hitchcock Annual' are $10 for individuals, $12 for institutions. Foreign subscribers should add $3. Mail a cheque or money order to P.O. Box 2568, New London, NH 03257.

- Some forthcoming books we're looking forward to include Dan Auiler's account of the making of *Vertigo* (to be published by St Martin's Press in the Fall); Steven L. DeRosa's book on Hitchcock's collaboration with screenwriter John Michael Hayes (publication date to be set); and Martin Grams Jnr's study of a classic radio and TV series, '*Suspense*: Twenty Years of Thrills and Chills' ('due for a 1997 release').

Kubrick's *Eyes Wide Shut* not opening just yet

Speaking of things we're looking forward to, a note posted on the Web's 'Kubrick Multimedia Page' reports that *Eyes Wide Shut* is 'Now in Production, Expected Fall of '97 at the earliest.'

Reportedly, the film has finished shooting in London. The 'Kubrick Multimedia Page' says that the film's plot 'essentially deals with married psychologists (Tom Cruise, Nicole Kidman) who betray each other with a pair of husband-and-wife patients (Jennifer Jason-Leigh, Harvey Keitel). (Cruise sleeps with Jason-Leigh, Kidman with Keitel.)' The script is said to be written by Frederic Raphael from 'Rhapsody: A Dream Novel' by Arthur Schnitzler (the Austrian writer, two of whose often strongly erotic works provided the basis for the Max Ophuls films, *Liebelei*, 1932, and *La Ronde*, 1950). We sense affinities with the flashback shots of dancing couples in the Overlook Hotel in Kubrick's *The Shining* (1980) ...

Hitchcock statue gets the bird

The town of Dinard in Brittany hosts an annual film festival of some stature. But besides the stature, there's also a statue. It's of Alfred Hitchcock, and it stands proudly on a pathway to the nearby beach. Sculpted seagulls perch on Hitchcock's shoulders, and are sometimes joined there by the real thing. Believe it or not, smaller versions of the statue are handed out as prizes at the Dinard festival. Last year, the Golden Hitchcock went to Michael Winterbottom's *Jude*, and the Silver to Angela Pope's *Hollow Reed*. The same festival also featured a clutch of selected British movies from the 1930s - Brittany is a popular resort for English visitors, after all. Hitchcock titles shown included *Young and Innocent* and *The Lady Vanishes*. We're told that all the screenings played to enthusiastic packed houses.

LETTERS

Kent Jones, Cappa Productions, USA

I had some thoughts on *The Wrong Man* that I wanted to share. This is a film about which I've always felt a little ambiguous. For me, it's exceptionally brilliant and frightening right up to the scene where Henry Fonda and Vera Miles have the argument in their bedroom, and then I think it goes off the rails a bit, not much but just enough to knock the film off course, as happens occasionally with Hitchcock. I think the reason is that Hitchcock becomes curiously abstract when confronted with the wife's madness. It becomes another threat to Fonda, and the scene doesn't have the bone-chilling specificity of the rest of the movie. Perhaps it's something to do with the way that Miles plays it (very *Snake Pit*-ish, close to Novak standing at the ringed tree stump in *Vertigo*), but whereas the rest of the film has been so honest and straightforward about money and middle-class life, this scene seems too telescoped, relying as it does on old ideas of a woman's madness, etc. Perhaps in order to do it right Hitchcock would have had to make a much longer film and lay out the wife's disengagement just as methodically as the prison scenes or the inquiries into the whereabouts of the witnesses. And this is part of the reason that, as magnificently as Hitchcock films it, I don't admire the famous dissolve from Fonda to the real perpetrator as much as I might. In Godard's latest *Histoire(s) du Cinema* instalment he shows that scene and claims that Hitchcock and Dreyer were the only people who knew how to film miracles. Maybe, but for me the necessity of revealing the thief has preceded the desire to show a miracle in progress: it seems to me like an expedient (albeit beautiful and arresting) narrative device more than anything else.

Since Hitchcock's body of work is so rich and endlessly rewarding, its failures are often just as engrossing as its successes. A few years ago in 'Cahiers du Cinéma' there was a roundtable discussion between some French filmmakers about the importance of Bresson's *Pickpocket*. André Téchiné finally decided that as much as he liked Bresson he thought Hitchcock was the superior filmmaker. I spent some time with Téchiné recently and brought this up. He became reverential on the subject of Hitchcock, and we agreed that he's one of the most important filmmakers, perhaps *the* most important filmmaker, for young people cultivating a passion for cinema. I remember myself at the age of 13, when I was first starting to become aware of what a director did, what editing was, with a worn copy of Andrew Sarris's 'The American Cinema' under my arm at all times. I saw *Psycho* on television for the first time late at night in the spring of that year. I think of that experience often - so clarifying, so fulfilling, so mysterious. As a kid I didn't really understand, for instance, the perceived sexual deviations of Norman's mother, nor did I understand the significance of 'Eroica' on the turntable. But I experienced the feeling of the close-up of the record and the shot of the bronze folded-hands so clearly and directly. The next day, my mother and I drove up into the Catskills to see a family friend, a long ride into the mountains through forests and pools of sunlight. On my lap was Robin Wood's book about Hitchcock. My passion for films had begun when I was 8, but it was solidified and brought to a new level when I was 13, by Alfred Hitchcock.

[Editor's note. Many thanks, Kent! There's so much here. I suspect we all agree with you that Rose's breakdown in *The Wrong Man* isn't as well-handled as it might have been. But perhaps the dissolve to the real criminal at the moment of Manny's prayer is a different matter. I find that Hitchcock's capacity to always put the narrative first goes with his best films' absolute minimum of foreclosure. Each is 'only a story', so nothing has to be denied! In the article on *The Wrong Man* last issue, I found it useful to draw a parallel with Schopenhauer's essay, "On Religion: A Dialogue". (Note the narrative format.) To me, that's a remarkably *open* work. Now, let me skip to the 'Eroica' reference in *Psycho*. It's so *suggestive*, isn't it? I mean, Robin Wood is right to note the scene's mustiness and stagnation. Raymond Durgnat is equally right to think of 'erotica'. And just today I've been struck by how the Beethoven citation in that film has a parallel in the *Mozart* reference in *The Wrong Man*. About the latter film, then, I think it's important to say that its 'miracles' always concern many more people than just Manny and Rose ...]

Evan Williams, Killara, NSW, Australia

In note 26 to your piece on *The Wrong Man* ('MacGuffin' 20, pp. 23-24), you referred to Steven C. Smith's comment in his book on Bernard Herrmann that the composer had been pleased by a review of the film by an Australian critic (identity unknown), who had written perceptively about the music.

This review was written by Lindsey Browne, and appeared in the Sydney 'Sun-Herald' of June 23 1957. Lindsey was also the music critic of the 'Sydney Morning Herald', and his film reviews appeared in the Sunday edition of the paper. (Those were the days when Australian newspaper proprietors were too parsimonious to employ more than one writer on 'cultural' matters, and too mean-spirited to give them by-lines.) Lindsey is still active in his 80s and continues to compose cryptic crossword puzzles for various papers. He was also a cricket writer in the Cardus tradition. When I read your note I guessed that the only reviewer at the time with a knowledge of both films and music was probably Lindsey, and a quick check at the State Library confirmed my hunch. A pity Herrmann can no longer write to express appreciation of our far-flung antipodean insights. The context of the quote is as follows:

> *The film is a certainty for our 10-best list for 1957 - if for no other reason than that it is a classic demonstration of the use of extreme quietness in developing suspense. The gaunt sound-track music, for instance, is a series of plucked low notes from the musician's own double bass, always in a rhythm to suggest the footfalls of a ghost - and this gives a weird feeling that ghastly intangibles are stalking the 'hero' into a world of eerie bewilderment and horror ...*

Philip Kemp, London, England

Fascinating to hear about the re-organised version of *Marnie* on Channel Nine ("Odd Spot", 'MacGuffin' 20); it might be interesting to collect other examples of this kind of 'clarifying' or (prudish) reworking. Powell and Pressbuger's *The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp* (1943), of course, got comprehensively reordered to eliminate the 'confusing' flashback structure, with the whole 'War begins at midnight' sequence shoved to the end of the movie. Then there's Garbo's last film, *Two-Faced Woman* (1941), where she plays a wife who, to shake up her husband's ideas, pretends to be her own frivolous sister. The Catholic church raised such a howl of outrage that Metro, to Cukor's fury, withdrew the film and inserted an extra scene to show that the husband knew about his wife's ruse all along - thus totally screwing up the plot. And someone once told me they'd seen a version of Clouzot's *Les Daboliques* (1954) on Spanish TV where a scene of Paul Meurisse (the husband) prowling around the school was taken from early on in the film and re-inserted after his supposed murder, just to make it nice and clear he wasn't really dead ...

Ross Campbell, Fitzroy, Victoria, Australia

Many thanks for your message regarding the restoration of *Vertigo* which I found of enormous interest. Most unsettling was the information about the newly recorded 'foley' tracks including effects that were not on the original, e.g. seagulls over San Francisco Bay.

[On the other hand, the visuals would seem to be intact, judging from the November 'American Cinematographer' with its] superb colour photographs drawn directly from the restored print on 70mm, which are an almost exact match of the original. I can say that with a measure of certainty, being very familiar, as you know, with a 35mm Technicolour 1958 print. The muddy Eastmancolour reprints in the 1980s were a disgrace and are still being booked by cinemas.

P.S. The best-ever recording of Bernard Herrmann's film music has hit town: the Los Angeles Philharmonic conducted by Esa-Pekka Salonen *in the original tempi* on Sony Classical SK 62700. *The Man Who Knew Too Much*, *Psycho*, *Marnie*, *North by Northwest*, *Torn Curtain*, *Fahrenheit 451*, and *Taxi Driver*. Superb quality!

Jim Davidson, Concord, California, USA

[Editor's note. Jim Davidson attended the San Francisco premiere of the 'restored' print of *Vertigo* and found most of the film's images 'incredibly deep and rich, especially the interior of Ernie's'. His letter, though, is mainly about the occasion and what it suggested to him. Immediately following this letter, we print another first-hand account of viewing the new print of the film on 70mm. Readers' comments are invited.]

I've thought a bit about *Vertigo* since seeing it with an audience. There was some laughter in some of the wrong places and, while part of this can be attributed to the film's just being 'dated' (such as when Midge mentions the 'gay old bohemian days of gay old San Francisco'), I think that it partly reveals a weakness of the film. I have often felt that *Vertigo* has some serious problems in the way the characters are written and that, while it is a truly beautiful film, it is something of a flawed masterpiece. For instance, it seems to me that Scottie falls too fast and hard for Madeleine, that he is too easily drawn into Madeleine and the story of Carlotta Valdes. One of the scenes the audience snickered at was when Scottie and Gavin are having a drink at the club and Scottie says of his liquor, 'I *need* this!' It just doesn't ring true somehow. Also, Scottie's relationship with Midge seems problematic. Why does he just seem to hang around her apartment all the time?

By the way, I should say that I thought your review of the book, 'Alfred Hitchcock: The Legacy of Victorianism', in 'MacGuffin' 20 was outstanding. I agree with you wholeheartedly - I was very thrilled when I first found the book and thought that it was full of promise, but was somewhat disappointed that the themes weren't carried through fully. Also enjoyed the long article on *The Wrong Man* although I am not yet convinced the film is a 'near masterpiece'. I think Fonda's performance and the way Manny's character is written are serious flaws in that film.

A Very Different 'Slice of Cake': Restoring Alfred Hitchcock's *Vertigo*

By Steven L. DeRosa

AS I SAT IN New York's Ziegfeld Theater on the first day of the commercial run of the restored *Vertigo*, I could not help but put myself in the place of John 'Scottie' Ferguson, the obsessed detective played by James Stewart. For through the course of the narrative, Scottie is subjected to an impostor: the Madeleine he falls in love with is not really Madeleine at all, but rather, as the second half of the film reveals, Judy Barton. Having first heard the soft, tortured whispers of Madeleine, it was easy for Scottie to fall in love. But when he meets Judy as Judy, his ears are subjected to her somewhat harsh, nasal voice, as she utters such phrasings as 'What do you want?' and 'Go on, beat it.' The reason I felt like Scottie was because the film I was hearing was not *Vertigo*, but rather a poor imitation.

Robert Harris and James Katz are to be commended for their painstaking effort. However, after looking forward to the presentation of the 'restored' print for some time, I am saddened to say that the effort was disappointing.

The presentation at the Ziegfeld opened with a filmed introduction by Martin Scorsese, who went on to extol the virtues of *Vertigo*, the genius of Alfred Hitchcock and the importance and urgency of film preservation and restoration. Scorsese has long been a champion of film preservation and has been responsible for much interest in the rediscovery of both underrated classics as well as highly regarded films such as *Vertigo*. In the restored print following the Universal logo, the original Paramount Release and VistaVision logos have been restored to the film -- both had been absent from the prints and videos of the film since Universal released the picture in 1983.

The main title sequence, designed by Saul Bass and accompanied by Bernard Herrmann's brilliant score, was in excellent condition. There was only one noticeably torn frame in the print, during the scene where Scottie asks Judy to change the color of her hair. And except for the flashback sequence where Judy (Kim Novak) recalls her climb to the tower where Gavin Elster waits with the body of his wife, the negative seems to be in fine shape. That sequence in the restored print seems to have suffered the most from differential shrinkage (of the black and white separations) and appears rather 'dupey'. The timing of the print was also uneven. In particular the finale, where Scottie brings Judy back to the scene of the crime, was printed much too dark. It is one of the greatest sequences in the Hitchcock canon and much of its impact was lost due to the fact that the actors were difficult to see.

Where the 'restored' version fails however, is in the area I thought it would succeed greatly. The texture, tone, and level of many of the film's sound effects and in some instances, dialogue passages, have been degraded for the sake of utilizing a digitized recording of Bernard Herrmann's original score. Employing foley artists to create whole new sound effects tracks, the restorers claim in the press kit for the release to have utilized the pages and pages of Hitchcock's personal sound notes; however, Harris and Katz have rather boldly second guessed Alfred Hitchcock. Instead of trying to recreate the sound effects as closely as possible to the original film, the 'restoration' uses additional sound effects which were never there to begin with, and in a few instances sound effects have been omitted.

These differences may seem minor to the casual viewer. However, to someone familiar with the film, from the very first gun shot of the opening sequence to the ringing of the tower bell in the finale, the differences are jarringly apparent. These variations from the original work go beyond the scope of what a restoration should be.

The level of each newly created footstep, the rustling of papers, and the automobile sounds appeared too hot throughout the picture. Perhaps I am being too critical of the mix, feeling that the sound effects were not at all subtle -- almost as if the foley artists wanted to call attention to their work -- but one cannot be too critical of the creation of effects that were never there before, especially since the restorers had the original film to guide them.

At a single viewing of the 'restored *Vertigo*, I noted the following major differences. During the scene where Madeleine jumps into San Francisco Bay, the original picture does not contain sounds of seagulls; the 'restoration' does. The day after Scottie saved Madeleine from the bay, he follows her in his car as she drives back to his house. At one moment a car can be seen pulling into the street on the right side of the frame. In the original film, the sound of a car horn accompanies this point-of-view shot, and is absent in the 'restoration'. Later in the same sequence, Scottie makes a gesture to engage the hand-brake as he parks his car, and the accompanying sound effect is no longer there. In the scene in Ransohoff's, where Scottie gives a saleswoman specific instructions as to the clothes he wishes to buy for Judy, the 'restoration' now includes the familiar chime of department store elevators, whereas the original soundtrack does not. When Scottie is waiting for Judy to return from the beauty salon, he stands in the doorway to her hotel room, and in the original picture there is the sound of the elevator door sliding open and then Judy appears. In the 'restored' version, the sliding elevator door is replaced with a bell sounding the arrival of the elevator. It is outrageous that such liberties were taken with an Academy Award Nominated sound track.

Audiences in 1958 got to see *Vertigo* printed in IB Technicolor - the color process in which colored dyes (yellow, cyan and magenta) are actually placed on the film. The beauty of true Technicolor is obvious to anyone fortunate enough to see a screening of an archival print in a revival house or museum. On May 25 1996, the American Museum of the Moving Image in Astoria, New York, screened an original 35mm IB Technicolor print of *Vertigo*. The print, while suffering some signs of its age (1958), was quite beautiful to see. There were colors and subtleties that I had never seen before in any of the 1983 release prints.

Harris and Katz went to great pains to locate original costumes and paint-chips from antique cars in order to match the look intended by the original filmmakers. The purpose of this seems most a means of showing off. IB Technicolor prints of *Vertigo* are in existence. These original prints would have served as the best guide to match the colors and sound. The green dress worn by Kim Novak does look a certain way in reality, but that is not necessarily the shade of green that it might appear in Technicolor. All the restorers really needed to do was look at the original film as printed in Technicolor, and sequence by sequence, scene by scene, they would have had the same palette from which Hitchcock created the look of *Vertigo*. Aside from some printing problems, the restorers have done an admirable job pictorially. It has been rumored that subsequent 35mm prints may be printed in IB Technicolor -- let's hope so.

One final plea to Tom Pollock at Universal. Mr. Pollock, please, for the sake of Alfred Hitchcock, the studio, and generations to come, who will want to enjoy and study *Vertigo*, be sure to include the original sound track on one of the audio channels for the laser disc release.

BLOOPERS

Nothing too calamitous this time. But I regret an ambiguity last issue, in note 17 on p. 12, where I referred to certain critics of 'Cahiers du Cinéma' who had 'rather effusively and unsystematically stated' what they understood to be Hitchcock's metaphysics. I certainly didn't mean to suggest that it was Hitchcock himself who was being effusive and unsystematic!

Also, I may have been mistaken when I suggested on p. 21 that Hitchcock had based certain shots of the imprisoned Manny Balestrero in *The Wrong Man* on television footage of Ohio physician Dr Samuel Sheppard, who had recently been arrested for murder. I now seem to recall reading somewhere that Hitchcock had based these shots on footage of the head of the New York Stock Exchange, who likewise had recently been arrested on a capital charge.

And, yes, the co-restorer on 70mm of *Vertigo*, Robert Harris, has the middle initial 'A'. (See 'MacGuffin' 20, p. 2.) So he's almost certainly the Robert A. Harris who in 1976 co-authored a solid, well-illustrated book called 'The Films of Alfred Hitchcock'.

Finally, in 'MacGuffin' 16, on p. 11, Adrian Martin wondered why the credits of the recent movie *Lifepod* (d. Ron Silver) say that it's based on 'a short story by Alfred Hitchcock and Harry Sylvester' rather than on the Hitchcock film itself as officially scripted by Jo Swerling from a story by John Steinbeck. In fact, there was indeed such a short story by Hitchcock and Sylvester: it appeared in 'Collier's' magazine, November 13 1943, pp. 16-17, 52-54, 56-58. (Source: Sidney Gottlieb, ed., 'Hitchcock on Hitchcock', 1995, p. 329.)

[Editor's note. As promised last time, here is an article written by actor Miles Mander who played the villain, Levet, in Alfred Hitchcock's first film as director, *The Pleasure Garden* (1925). That film and Hitchcock's next, *The Mountain Eagle* (1926), were both shot in Germany at the so-called Emelka studio (the name comes from the letters M.L.K). The article appeared in 'Kinematograph Weekly', September 10, 1925, p. 54.]

Production Methods in Bavaria
by MILES MANDER
Who has been playing "Heavy" in the Gainsborough Unit at Munich

EMELKA (M.L.K.) or Münchener Lichtspiel-Kunst, i.e., "Munich Moving Picture Art," is the second largest film concern in Central Europe. By virtue of its many affiliated companies its directors control the film interests of Bavaria and Southern Germany, to say nothing of their connections in the countries of the Little Entente, the Balkans and the Near East.

It is rumoured locally that their net profit for the year ending 1924 was £134,000. In addition to their huge circuit of theatres they are producing at the rate of 26 pictures a year.

They have not until recently worried about the English or American markets, having regarded them as unapproachable with the purely German films which they were manufacturing, some of which were made under the factory conditions which have obtained in certain English studios.

However, in the last six months things have altered. Two English units have been in Munich collaborating with the Emelka concern in the production of pictures destined for a world market. The directors have been men well known in England, Walter Niebuhr and Alfred Hitchcock. The stories have been in both cases by English authors, and the artistes and finance international.

The studio is situate at Geiselgasteig, four miles outside Munich. The Emelka estate, which represents a clearing of 50 acres in beautiful forest country, is growing into a miniature Universal City. A marked progression has taken place since my last visit four years ago. The studio, in which five sets can be comfortably erected at once, is a daylight one. Lighting equipment is adequate, although not of the first efficiency, but in other respects production facilities excel anything we have in this country.

There is a good canteen, resting-rooms and beer garden, a most extensive and well-kept wardrobe, and a professional friseur or "maker-up" is always at hand both for the leading artistes and crowd. Hot baths are an adjunct to the dressing-rooms.

The staff, particularly the electricians and carpenters, are more industrious and quicker workers than one is accustomed to find in English studios, although they only get from 30s. to £3 per week with 25 per cent. increase for overtime.

There are, perhaps, 30 or 40 full-size and permanent outside sets representing almost everything from a Venetian canal to a Burmese village. The river Isar flows within a stone's-throw, and there are numerous beautiful lakes within a few kilometres, which furnish the necessary medium for aquatic scenes.

Apart from the international co-operation mentioned above, there have been other visitors to Munich. The behaviour of some of these people has been anything but commendable. They have now left, but in some cases the police and abundant creditors are still seeking their whereabouts.

This would not concern us if it were not for the fact that the film people in question were English-speaking foreigners, and for this reason the Bavarians are not all able or willing to classify them as anything but English.

It is somewhat disconcerting to follow in the wake of people who are so notorious that they cannot obtain work either in this country or their own, and in the interest of the English film trade the Germans should be acquainted of these facts. As Emelka enjoys a reputation of high integrity, it is the more unfortunate.

The Universal Hitchcock: 'The Trouble With Harry' (1956)

Flaggin' the train to Tuscaloosa
Oh how I love that choo choo sound.
Flaggin' the train to Tuscaloosa
Flaggin' the train that's homeward bound.
- Song in *The Trouble With Harry*

If we can imagine an unrepressed man ... such a man ... would have a body freed from ... fantasies of return to the maternal womb. ... In such a man would be fulfilled on earth ... the resurrection of the body, in a form, as Luther said, free from death and filth.
- Norman O. Brown[1]

[Synopsis of the film. On a glorious autumn day in Vermont, and into the moonlit night, each of four people thinks that he or she has killed Harry Worp, whose body lies on a hillside in the woods. The people are all local residents: the retired seaman Captain Wiles (Edmund Gwenn), the middle-aged spinster Miss Gravely (Mildred Natwick), the petite, very pretty Jennifer Rogers (Shirley MacLaine), whose son, Arnie, is aged four, and the handsome painter Sam Marlowe (John Forsyth). In the space of a few hours, the four inter and disinter Harry several times. However, in doing so, they arouse the suspicions of local Deputy Sheriff Calvin Wiggs (Royal Dano), who lives with his widowed mother (Mildred Dunnock) in the nearby 'village' - the latter really little more than a church cum schoolhouse adjoining the Wiggs general store. The four must use teamwork to foil Calvin's investigations. Finally, the eccentric local doctor, Dr Greenbow, pronounces that Harry had after all died of natural causes, and thereby frees Jennifer (widow of Harry, it turns out) to marry Sam, and Miss Gravely to wed the Captain.]

ALMOST INADVERTENTLY, THIS ARTICLE illustrates various theories of mine about the MacGuffin. Recall that Hitchcock spoke of the MacGuffin as something of no real consequence - yet about which both audience and characters feel concern. The jewels in *To Catch a Thief* (1955), let's say. Well, there's surely a sense in which the jewels are nothing at all. Like the film itself and its glittering cast, they merely provide an occasion for fantasy. Moreover, once the film ends and the projector is turned off, what remains? Just the memory of an 'insubstantial pageant' that has melted 'into thin air'! Small wonder, I think, that Hitchcock once wanted to name a film of his after those lines from Shakespeare's 'The Tempest'.[2]

Then, too, the MacGuffin reminds me of what early-childhood researcher, D.W. Winnicott, calls a 'transitional object'.[3] In stressing how every child must find out that it and the mother are not the same person, Winnicott tells us that the child's 'disillusionment' will invariably take place around its first cultural artefact. For that purpose, practically anything will serve: a piece of cloth, a teddy bear, a ritual. That's to say, the object has no intrinsic value, it merely provides the occasion for a growing-up experience. To me, that's exactly the way both a Hitchcock film and its MacGuffin are designed to work.[4]

Nor is that all that Winnicott can tell the Hitchcock scholar. For instance, the very young child is said to experience moments of instinctual tension, connected mainly with hunger. So strong does this tension become that the baby fantasises or hallucinates a ferocious cannibalistic attack on the mother's breast. As paraphrased by author David Holbrook:

> *The cannibalistic attack on the mother's breast, a breast (we may remember) for some time thought by the infant to be part of itself, makes it feel that the consequence of its assault may be an 'emptiness' in the mother - Winnicott calls it 'a hole', where 'once was a body of richness'. It also feels, since it was taking in good from this source, that now in its own inside it contains both good and 'self-supportive' things, and, in conflict with these, bad and persecutory things - which return to attack it, as it were, in consequence of its attacks on the mother. The 'hole' is also felt to be within itself.*[5]

By analysing *The Trouble With Harry*, I hope to show how a Hitchcock film refers to, and in a sense makes reparation for, the time when real or imagined injury was done to the mother. And how the MacGuffin plays a significant part in this

project by invoking for the viewer unconscious memories of the 'hole' seemingly located both 'within' and 'without' his/her own body - as well as nowhere.

Let's be clear at the outset about what constitutes the MacGuffin in *Harry*. Without a doubt, it's the troublesome, unlamented corpse of Harry Worp himself. The fact that Harry is regularly buried and dug up, which also involves the making and unmaking of a 'hole', shows well enough that he's simply the 'transitional object' whereby a new order of being is postulated! A time of guilt is evoked, and a 'way out' implied, almost simultaneously. Note that I'm far from denying *Harry* its status as a comedy. Very possibly, it's one of the most delightful ever filmed. But I'm also agreeing with Professor Lesley Brill when he insists that the film is about rebirth and resurrection.[6] As for the association of MacGuffins and holes, Hitchcock himself would surely verify that. Discussing *North by Northwest* (1959), he pointed out to François Truffaut how its MacGuffin consisted of a trade in 'government secrets', or 'just nothing at all' ...[7]

Here are a couple more preliminary observations. I've said that there's an element of reparation in *Harry*. According to Holbrook, many of us spend our lives making symbolic 'restitution' for what we feel we owe our mothers.[8] Moreover, the earth itself always remains a particularly suggestive site. We speak of 'Mother earth'; and astronauts in space are reported to have pangs of 'earth-sickness'.[9] Yet we don't have to leave the earth to feel that, of course. In *Harry*, Sam Marlowe sings robustly about the same idea: the urge to return 'home'. The only trouble with such a quest is the fact that it may indeed take a lifetime. Not only is it based in fantasy dating from a period even before the infant's 'disillusionment', but what we're really talking of here - the nature of the quest - is the entire journey from womb to tomb, to one's final 'resting-place'. So there's a nice irony in the remark heard near the end of *Harry*, to the effect that Harry Worp is now 'going home for the last time'. His quest has been all too successful!

The same theme is among the most universal of all. You also find it, for example, in the films of Howard Hawks (notably, in some of the sing-songs in *The Big Sky*, 1952, and *Hatari!*, 1962), and in the titles of some of the novels of reminiscence written by Thomas Wolfe (such as 'Look Homeward, Angel', 1929, and 'You Can't Go Home Again', 1940). And here's one more example. In at least two novels[10] by Charles Dickens (1812-1870), he includes this significant piece of doggerel:

> *Thrown on the wide world, doom'd to wander and roam,*
> *Bereft of his parents, bereft of a home ...*

The theme of lost childhood has been a familiar one to perusers of literature and the arts for at least the past 200 years.

On that note, here are some brief remarks about sources I've drawn on for this article. Some of the sources I've already mentioned.

- David Holbrook, 'The Quest For Love' (1964). A study of certain literary works from Chaucer to D.H. Lawrence. This fine book by a British poet and scholar, based on the theories of infancy and childhood proposed by Winnicott and others, remains seminal to my own thinking about such Hitchcock films as *The Trouble With Harry* and *Marnie* (1964).
- Norman O. Brown, 'Life Against Death' (1959). Subtitled 'The Psychoanalytical Meaning of History', Brown's linking of Nietzsche and Freud is another powerful book that can tell you more about Hitchcock's films (without ever mentioning them) than nearly any other.
- Peter V. Marinelli, 'Pastoral' (1971). A fine monograph which distils a huge amount of wisdom concerning a topic itself vast: the literary genre that deals with rural life, often in an idealised way.
- Lesley Brill, 'The Hitchcock Romance' (1988). Subtitled 'Love and Irony in Hitchcock's Films', and reviewed very favourably in 'MacGuffin' 2, it contains the best essay there is on *Harry*. The present article draws on, and attempts some critique of, Brill's understanding of that film.
- Jack Trevor Story, 'The Trouble With Harry' (1949). A delight, and showing a rich knowledge of the pastoral form.
- Paul Klee, 'Paul Klee on Modern Art' (1924; 1948). A celebrated monograph by Hitchcock's favourite painter, it has some Nietzschean undertones.
- Arthur Schopenhauer, 'The World as Will and Representation' (1819,1844; 1958), in two volumes. A description of the world in truly universal terms which profoundly influenced the young Nietzsche. In my view, it comes very close to matching Hitchcock's own understanding and attitudes. (Recall that Hitchcock was critical of some of *Nietzsche's* more original notions.)
- Charles Dickens, 'The Mystery of Edwin Drood' (1870). Dickens and Hitchcock have much in common, as Edward Buscombe pointed out in his 1970 article, "Dickens and Hitchcock", in 'Screen' 11, no. 4-5. In the present article, I once or twice use 'Drood' as a sort of 'parallel text' to illuminate aspects of *Harry*.

- E.M. Forster, "What I Believe" (1939). This famous essay seems to me relevant to a consideration of the characters in *Harry*.

* * *

> *Man, the discontented animal, unconsciously seeking the life proper to his species, is man in history: repression and the repetition-compulsion generate historical time. ...[U]nrepressed life would be timeless or in eternity.*
>
> - Norman O. Brown[11]

> *'Don't you think about Harry. He's part of the earth. He's with eternity, the ages. Take my word for it, Harry's ancient history.'*
>
> - Sam Marlowe, in *The Trouble With Harry*

As this is to be an article on 'the universal Hitchcock', let me start by commenting on an apparent paradox. *The Trouble With Harry* is set firmly and unequivocally in New England in autumn, when the leaves are turning.[12] An element of local colour - if you will - was inevitable in the film, and to help him render it Hitchcock again employed gifted screenwriter John Michael Hayes, a native of Worcester, Massachusetts. He also drew once more on the great talents of cinematographer Robert Burks and composer Bernard Herrmann. All of these people responded most ably to various nuances of the story plus several knowledgeable points of detail that Hayes himself gave the script. Yet for every *localised* detail, I think it's fair to say that there were others, of sheer universal appeal. The signs of mutability and change, and even the mechanics of comedy itself, are just two aspects of 'the life-force' which is so much on display in *Harry*, and with which this article is basically concerned. New England can speak, as it were, for (old) England, where the original novel is set. Yet nor need an audience in Belgrade or Tokyo or Melbourne feel estranged from the film's goings-on. I mention those three places for particular reasons. Belgrade: because my 1970 copy of the novel notes how it 'has been translated all over the world - most recently in [the former] Yugoslavia'. Tokyo: because, watching *Harry*, I can't help thinking of the Japanese aesthetic term *mono no aware*, traditionally used to describe 'a serene acceptance of a transient world, ... a [feeling of being content] created by the knowledge that ... leaving it is, after all, in the natural state of things' - and defined thus by Donald Richie in his excellent book 'Ozu'.[13] Melbourne: because the vivid countryside in Hitchcock's film evokes for me rich memories of holidaying in the Dandenong Ranges outside Melbourne. The slightest rustle of a fallen leaf, or honk of an unseen truck slowing down (or not slowing down) on a nearby road, when I hear these in *Harry*, stirs me.[14] I trust that my readers feel similarly ...

Now, no sooner has Sam said to Jennifer that 'Harry's ancient history' than there's a knock at the door. Miss Gravely and the Captain have come to insist that Harry be dug up again. Time after time, the business with Harry gets repeated. I've suggested above that it evokes buried memories from infancy of the attack on the mother's breast, but there's a more general aspect to be considered. As Freud showed, and Norman O. Brown gave a Nietzschean context, material that has been buried or repressed is destined to 'return', over and over. There's an instance in Hitchcock's own *Suspicion* (1941). In that film, Lina marries Johnnie and goes to live with him in a big house in the country, a more modern version of her parents' house. Straight away she's beset by doubts and fears. As I suggested in 'MacGuffin' 7, her condition represents nothing less than what Brown calls universal repression and a consequent universal neurosis with its 'unconscious bent for self-destruction'. Though Lina may in fact come to pride herself on her *responsibility* - as opposed to Johnnie's alleged *irresponsibility* - what always betrays her is her repetition-compulsion whereby nearly every moment of marital crisis is accompanied by memories of the incident on the hillock where Johnnie had first behaved ambiguously towards her.[15]

Following Brown, I consider Lina's repressed and neurotic condition to be a universal one, shared by Hitchcock's audience. Which is why the situation I've just described in *Suspicion* is paradigmatic of nearly all of Hitchcock's American movies. In *Vertigo* (1958), for example, Scottie's pursuit of the 'eternal feminine' in first Madeleine and then Judy is the sign of his neurosis so strongly hinted at in the film's opening scenes. But let's come back to *Harry*. It, too, is full of both repetition and references to time and timelessness, eternity.

The repetition is simply all the business of burying Harry and digging him up again. As for the several references to time, think first of young Arnie. His sense of time is such that yesterday, today, and tomorrow are all one to him - the perfect illustration of psychoanalyst Marie Bonaparte's contention that '[t]he days of the child seem to unfold in some sense outside of our time'.[16] In other words, they correspond to a form of pastoral. Then there's the film's artist-figure, Sam, who makes at least *a play* at sharing Arnie's outlook, by wearing a watch that's broken. Winnicott, a modern-day Romantic, always saw 'play' and imagination as vital components of adult creativity.[17] Brown preferred to cite the mystic Jacob

Boehme (1575-1624) in support of his view that '[e]ternity is the mode of play'.[18] Either way, clearly the Romantic link between child and artist is strong in *Harry*.

In a delightful scene set in the 'Wiggs Emporium', Sam insists on cutting Miss Gravely's hair so that she may look her best for her *rendezvous* with Captain Wiles. 'It will take ten years off your birth certificate', he tells her. He foresees that 'the true Miss Gravely' will be 'timeless with love and understanding'. Sam is never more the artist than when he speaks those words! Sadly, the Captain's remark elsewhere about the 'hasty reverence' with which Harry is buried and unburied would seem closer to describing how the film's characters must actually live their day-to-day lives. And all the while, the local church clock inexorably chimes the passing hours ...

So the situation seems to be this. On the one hand, the film implies the vital roles of both art and love (or 'understanding', as the case may be) in allowing its characters to become again like the child and thereby attain salvation from earthly time. Here we may see the appositeness of the film's epigraph provided, seemingly all unawares, by the myopic Dr Greenbow when he recites from a book the supreme *artist* Shakespeare's declaration that 'Love's not time's fool'. Such a vision, as offered here by *Harry*, implies the escape from history into eternity about which various thinkers have speculated.

On the other hand, that vision contains its built-in ironies. One, as we'll note, involves the true nature of the child, over whom a question-mark must always hover. Another returns us straight away to the real world, where all of us remain repressed: specifically, we're like Scottie in *Vertigo* and like those other city-dwellers characterised by Sam in *Harry* as 'little people ... people with hats on'. Brown sees all of this profoundly when he tells us that '[t]he infantile conflict between actual impotence and dreams of omnipotence is also the basic theme of the universal history of mankind'.[19] There, surely, is the main theme of *Vertigo*. But *Harry* shows us how the same idea has its obverse side, and one which necessarily involves a moral dimension. David Holbrook understands it. Appropriately, he seems to have reached his understanding by observing the young child as it begins to face up to its separateness from the mother. The lesson in hard realism that Holbrook offers is this: 'to become capable of love we must ... relinquish for ever certain desires to be omnipotent, to possess an idealised perfection, and to control what cannot be controlled.'[20] That lesson is one which *Vertigo*'s Scottie learns tragically and too late.

* * *

> *Two elements predominate [in the myth of the golden age]: a lack of ambition and aspiration, which implies a virtuous lack of the avarice and pride which are their source; and a desire for sinless pleasure, which in turn implies a virtuous lack of the passion of lust.*
>
> - Peter V. Marinelli[21]

> *A nice little pastorale.*
>
> - Hitchcock, referring to *The Trouble With Harry*[22]

If you're seeking wisdom, the literary form known as pastoral has much to offer. Imbued with 'the myth of the golden age', the form appeals to humankind's 'universal remembrance of a better time'.[23] Or so Peter Marinelli reports, and he's not alone. Indeed, since the end of World War II, scholars on both sides of the Atlantic have been particularly active writing about the nature of pastoral and its associated myths, whose origins go back to ancient Greece.[24]

But that would hardly have been news to Hitchcock. Ever since his first film, *The Pleasure Garden* (1925), his work had contained imagery of the garden and of the Lost Paradise. On occasion, as in *The Paradine Case* (1947), a serpent visibly invades the 'garden' (see 'MacGuffin' 12). At other times, the garden is barren to begin with: think of the desolate Cornish vistas we're shown in *Jamaica Inn* (1939), and of the curiously somnolent-looking seacoast that provides the chief setting of *The Birds* (1963). At still other times, the garden has seemed at least initially to be as secure or happy a place as the womb itself, as with the Isle of Man depicted in *The Manxman* (1929), arguably the flashbacks inserted into *The Lodger* (1926) and *Shadow of a Doubt* (1943), and the symbolism attaching to Gabriel Valley in *Spellbound* (1945). However, only in *The Trouble With Harry* does the genuine pastoral note dominate for virtually the film's entire length. Blackbirds sing in the opening scene; they continue to sing as the film ends.

Almost everywhere in *Harry*, a benign spirit reigns. The effect is often pleasingly child-like. The scene in which a millionaire arrives to dispense gifts may remind you of the episode in 'Little Lord Fauntleroy' (1886), or any of its film versions, in which young Cedric dispatches the lawyer Mr Havisham back home to New York to grant the wishes of the boy's friends. And what modest requests for gifts the characters in *Harry* make: for Jennifer, fresh strawberries every month; for Arnie, a 'smelly' chemical set; for Mrs Wiggs, a chrome-plated cash register; for Miss Gravely, a hope-chest,

'full of hope'; for Captain Wiles, fresh shirts and a hunting outfit; while for Sam ... a double-bed will do nicely. In every sense, this is a modest and contained world, removed from most of the exigencies of the metropolis. Moreover, in such an Arcadian setting, it's evident that Nature, Art, and even Commerce have just about come to terms. New England is the perfect locale, and you naturally think of Emerson and Thoreau's 'less is more' philosophies.

Mind you, there's another remark of Marinelli's to be considered here: does humankind's first bliss consist in innocence or pleasure?[25] Traditional forms of pastoral allow either. Hitchcock covers himself, in effect, by consistently giving his films trajectories in which 'spiritual' and 'libidinal' seem inextricably linked. Yet let's recall that in *Spellbound*, discussed in 'MacGuffin' 15, his depiction of the Gabriel Valley sequence *had* shown a sophisticated grasp of exactly what's 'recoverable' and what isn't, of where true freedom may be found. The point again is that the matter is both a universal one ('Nature') and one of individual action ('Art'), and that Hitchcock is aware of this. Marinelli speaks of 'pastoral's double concern for the primitive beginnings of the entire race, and with the primitive beginnings in childhood of the individual'.[26] *Harry*, equally, reminds us of what is at stake:

> *Sam: I'll have you know that picture is symbolic of the beginning of the world.*
> *Captain Wiles: That's where I first heard of the world - kindergarten.*

Two different 'gardens' are being evoked, though they may be (to all intents and purposes) one.

Now here's a summary of what's been said so far. Nietzsche may have held up to us an ideal state of unrepressed existence, a kind of 'eternity', but such a vision has in fact been available to humankind since our race began and/or since each individual was conceived and dwelt first in the womb and then at the mother's breast. Artists have presented the vision to us in the form of pastoral and the myth of the golden age. What Nietzsche perhaps never properly faced were the moral issues in the here-and-now which the individual must resolve if he/she is to attain a 'higher innocence' (or 'higher joy'). Indeed, someone like novelist Thomas Wolfe finally repudiated the possibility of our regaining a nirvana-state here on earth: as noted, his last novel was called 'You Can't Go Home Again' In 'MacGuffin' 7, discussing *Suspicion*, I reached a similar conclusion. '[I]t would seem', I wrote, 'that Schopenhauer, Freud and Hitchcock, pessimists all, are united in doubting the *feasibility* of the Superman solution'.[27]

Whatever nirvana we individually and/or collectively achieve is more than likely going to have to be a symbolic one. There's perhaps more room for irony in pastoral and, specifically, *Harry*, than Lesley Brill's 'The Hitchcock Romance: Love and Irony in Hitchcock's Films' allows. Let's now consider Hitchcock's passionate regard for the art of Paul Klee (1879-1940).

* * *

> *My favourite painter is Klee.*
> - Hitchcock[28]

> *[C]hosen are those artists who penetrate to the region of that secret place where primeval power nurtures all evolution. There, where the power-house of all time and space - call it brain or heart of creation - activates every function; who is the artist who would not dwell there?*
> - Paul Klee[29]

In the time he lived abroad, the Swiss painter Klee was in turn associated with the Expressionist *Blaue Reiter* movement and the Bauhaus school of design. He returned to Switzerland in 1933. During his stay at the Bauhaus, he had written a short treatise which Herbert Read would call 'the most profound and illuminating statement [on modern art] ... ever made by a practising artist'.[30] The above quotation referring to the artist's would-be arrival at a 'secret place' comes from it.

Note that Klee associates that secret place with what he calls 'the power-house of all time and space'. His phrasing is very Nietzschean, directly comparable to author John Buchan's in the title of his 1913 novel called 'The Power-House' (immediate predecessor of 'The Thirty-Nine Steps', 1915) - which overtly alludes to Nietzsche in the philosophy of its chief villain, Mr Andrew Lumley, aka Mr Julius Pavia.[31] Elsewhere in Klee's treatise, he says that the artist who penetrates to the secret place succeeds in embracing 'the life force itself', thus transcending 'the oppressively pathetic [crudely imitative] style' and arriving at 'that Romanticism which is one with the universe'.[32]

Klee's words seem to me to show a more profound grasp of the nature of Romanticism than Lesley Brill exhibits in 'The Hitchcock Romance'. (The term 'romance', which Brill borrows from Northrop Frye, is finally too constrictive.)

Crucially, the Romantics had aimed to embrace life on a scale that was entirely new; and Hitchcock, as a 20th-century artist, inherited their disposition twice over, both via his allegiance to the story-telling tradition of Poe and Dickens and via his other allegiance to the outlook and techniques of German Expressionism.

Now, here's the immediate point. Hitchcock owned at least two works by Klee,[33] and for *The Trouble With Harry* he commissioned artist Saul Steinberg (1914-) to design the film's titles-sequence after Klee's *faux-naïf* style. The resulting watercolours and line-drawings, which Brill simply calls in passing 'the Steinberg sketches',[34] add up to one of the most eloquent titles-sequences in Hitchcock. Certainly they constitute one of the most witty and charming.

The drawings are laid out as an extended panorama in a manner that Klee himself often favoured. No doubt the film's use of VistaVision helped suggest the approach. A tracking camera is employed to successively reveal birds in trees, a tall white house, more birds in trees under a sunny sky, and finally a *horizontal* object, a body lying on the ground. Bernard Herrmann's ringing passage for solo horn declares the corpse's presence with finally just the trace of a sour note, a passage that will be employed again in the film proper. On the right of screen, one more bird, but this time a parti-coloured one, helps bridge the sequence to the scenes that follow showing the variegated colours of autumn.

As I say, the sequence imitates the mock-naïve style of Klee. The birds with their stick-legs, and the twiggy trees, could have come from such paintings or drawings by Klee as 'Bird-Garden' (1924) and 'The Steamer Passes the Botanical Gardens' (1921). Together with the drawing of the white house - which in fact resembles the film's church cum schoolhouse - they evoke a childhood world, one more image of the garden like those we've been discussing.

But of course that garden is 'tainted' by the incongruous corpse. So it's interesting to note the different titles-sequence, with its own downbeat note at the end, which John Michael Hayes originally scripted.[35] (Bear in mind, too, as I describe the sequence, what Klee wrote about the neo-Romantic artist who succeeds in embracing 'the life force itself'.) The original sequence was going to show, in speeded-up motion, the growth to maturity of a single maple-leaf, from the merest protuberance of a young bud to a full-blown leaf whose palm would have 'color[ed] down from the scarlet fingers to a paler red, deep orange and into yellow'. Finally, the veins of the leaf would have darkened and stiffened, 'holding the leaf up with Autumn's regal pride before the death of winter'.

As I noted in 'MacGuffin' 15, this is one of several Hitchcock titles-sequences (actual or just mooted) in which the action of the life-force is made visible. But the faintly Walt Disney-ish flavour of this one weighs against it, and it does seem to me to lack the *degree* of vivacity that's in the sequence that was finally laid out by Steinberg.

I've already implied the aptness of the Steinberg sequence. I mean of course its aptness to the film proper. Peter Marinelli might be speaking of either or both of those entities when he says of pastoral that the term 'has come to mean any literature [or art] which deals with the complexities of human life against a background of simplicity'.[36] And he cites poet Robert Frost's 'hard primitivism in New Hampshire ... the pastoral part of Robert Frost', as an example.[37]

Still on the subject of a deceptive simplicity, it's appropriate that we examine next the novel 'The Trouble With Harry' and what Hitchcock found there.

* * *

> *The sureness of fantasy, exactness of writing and casually mortal malice remind one of the early Evelyn Waugh ...*
>
> - 'New Society', on the work of novelist Jack Trevor Story[38]

> *Protestants won't understand that, or Moslems, or Buddhists.*
>
> - Hitchcock, explaining why the premise of *I Confess* (1952) had caused the film's box-office failure.[39]

I once wrote in 'The MacGuffin' that I thought the two best novels filmed by Hitchcock in America were Daphne du Maurier's 'Rebecca' and Helen Simpson's 'Under Capricorn' (allowing that, strictly speaking, the latter was shot in England). But I'd forgotten how good 'The Trouble With Harry' is. In truth, it's just about perfect, and it deserves all the translations it has ever had. Read it and be joyous! For joy is its prevailing note. In an early chapter, Sam Marlowe's 'strong, virile, baritone voice' is heard singing these proud words from Blake's 'Jerusalem':

> *And did those feet in ancient time*
> *Walk upon England's mountains green ...*

At the end of the novel, Sam is still singing, though this time it's a song of praise to his new-found love, Jennifer. Finally, when the characters have gone back to their homes,

> *the song remained on the heath ... gladdening the hearts of all the little creatures.*

A measure of the novel's quality is the fact that Hitchcock chose to film it almost unchanged, removing just one main character and substituting another; for pages of the novel at a time, the rich comic dialogue and incident are transposed to the screenplay practically intact.

True, 'Jerusalem' becomes 'Flaggin' the Train'. Nonetheless, the essential joyousness of the moment comes across in an inspired passage of cross-cutting which links all the main characters and at least one other: namely, the tramp who, on hearing the song, kicks up his feet - now wearing Harry's shoes - and goes on his way, like a rather more famous tramp before him. So natural-seeming is the passage, which occurs about a quarter of an hour into the film, that you may miss it at a conscious level. But it's there, and it's exactly right.

I've mentioned the tramp for a particular reason. Jack Trevor Story (1917-),[40] the novel's author, displays in much of his work a wealth of reading. In the case of 'Harry', his first published novel, it's apparent that he knew exactly what he was doing when he drew on the pastoral form: *vide* the reference to Blake's 'England's mountains green' and even, on one occasion, a further reference to the tramp's 'mumbling something from Virgil' - no doubt the 'Eclogues' or the 'Georgics'! There's a real cultural mix at work in the novel. I said that the film has removed one of the novel's characters. That character is the libidinous landlord of the local housing-estate, Mark Douglas. We're told that he 'loved anything in skirts that didn't play bagpipes' and that his proclivities had on one memorable occasion sorely offended the late Mr Wiggs, a staunch Catholic. The relevant point here, though, concerns the fact that if Mark Douglas is felt to be the novel's villain, his equivalent in the film is the latter's own creation, Calvin Wiggs (Mr Wiggs's son). Only, in Calvin's case, he's been given something of the puritan upbringing of Mr Wiggs Senior, if one of the connotations of 'Calvin' is any guide.[41] The libidinousness from the novel has been gently re-distributed in the film, but not dropped. As I say, the puritanical Calvin is its villain.

But we were discussing the novel's cultural mix and, at times, cultural *clash*. In the end, such clash is shown to be simply wrong-headed. The novel implies that Harry Worp was a Jew. At least, his son there is called Abie (not Arnie), and clearly Harry's being Jewish would fit his 'outsider' status in the plot. A somewhat comparable reading has in fact been given the *film* by French critic Noël Simsolo ('Hitchcock', 1969), and suggests that the pastel drawing Sam Marlowe makes of Harry's face is like a *Christus* by Georges Rouault (1871-1958). The idea in that case becomes, in Donald Spoto's paraphrase, that *Harry* 'is really a filmed parable on the death and resurrection of Christ, presented ironically'.[42]

Well, maybe. Such a reading would just about accommodate Norman O. Brown's hope that one day *all* humankind will experience 'the resurrection of the body' in an unrepressed state - certainly it fits with Lesley Brill's account of the film overall as being about redemption and resurrection. But the novel and I think the film offer a great deal more than any single connotation. I can hardly stress that enough, given what I see as the filmmaker Hitchcock's cosmopolitan outlook. Now, there's an especially fine chapter in the novel, called "Let's Get This Straight". As in the film, Sam encounters not one but two deaths this day. The first is that of a mother hedgehog (in the film, a rabbit), and here's how the first death affects Sam:

> *Sam turned the hedgehog over gently with his sandal. He heard a tiny commotion in the bracken nearby and he walked across and looked down intently. He saw the baby hedgehogs moving around and crying gently to one another. Sam was filled with a vast and overwhelming sorrow.*

These orphaned baby hedgehogs, gathered up by Sam and passed on to Abie, have their equivalent in the film in the frog which Sam gives to Arnie and about which Jennifer says, 'It's hungry, it needs a mother'.

But when Sam comes on Harry's corpse, the new discovery strikes him as merely a surprise and 'not ... a tragedy, as [finding] the hedgehog had been'. At the same time, 'Sam felt strangely full.' Looking closely at the dead man's face, he receives the inspiration he has been seeking:

> *The dead face of this man held the millions and millions of dead faces of all the centuries. ... The faces of the Jews and the Gentiles, the Romans and the Egyptians and the Greeks. ... [T]he people of every day in every country, all standing looking and not knowing.*

In short, out of his vision of a harsh cosmic destiny or force, Sam is inspired to paint the dead face of every mother's son or daughter. That vision resembles no less a person's than the philosopher Schopenhauer's - and, I think, Hitchcock's.

Just for the moment, you may want to ask 'what price Blake's vision of Jerusalem now?'

* * *

> *In nineteenth-century art, emotion tended to be associated more and more with unworldly and otherworldly attitudes. In his 'World as Will and [Representation]' Schopenhauer made the aesthetic moment of stasis memorable as the prime means by which one could, as it were, stop the world and get off.*
>
> - Marshall McLuhan and Harley Parker[43]

> *It is almost as a reaction to the stress on the aesthetic moment that the Romantics developed a deep concern with the creative process in both art and life.*
>
> - Ibid[44]

But of course art is itself a form of pastoral - paradoxical as that sounds - and one that like a glorious day in Hertfordshire or Vermont may stimulate the partaker to appreciate more, rather than less, of the dark side of life. Blake said, 'I must create a world lest I be enslav'd by another man's'; moreover, he was a pioneer of the mock-naïve style in both painting and in poetry which in his case expressed a profound understanding of the child and its psychology - not to speak of *adult* psychology.

Likewise, a complex understanding of psychology, and how the child may be father to the man, informs Hitchcock's pastoral vision. In 'MacGuffin' 15, I wrote of the flashback in *Spellbound*, '[d]eep down, children are not little angels, but little monsters.' Perhaps I should rather have written that children are both of those things, almost at the same time. Look at how *The Trouble With Harry* depicts young Arnie. Our first glimpse of him shows him to be toting both a space-gun *and* a six-shooter. Later he'll 'swipe' lemonade from his mother, do a sharp bit of trading with Sam (and then complain that Sam got the better of the deal), and con Miss Gravely into parting with not one but two blueberry muffins. All of which merely reflects the larger-scale disposition of his elders, who thereby exhibit what Schopenhauer called the world's amoral Will, or life-force. That's something whose power to motivate our behaviour may leave legislators, and would-be law-enforcers like Calvin Wiggs, floundering ...

Next, notice that ultimately there's no conflict between Schopenhauer's theory of the aesthetic moment and the Romantics' emphasis on the creative process. *Through* creativity an artist like Klee or Hitchcock arrives at that secret place where he can embrace the life-force and contemplate all time and space. Thus he attains a knowledge of what Klee calls 'Genesis eternal'.[45] At the same time, he becomes as the child again, is presumably uncorrupted, and can at last glimpse 'home'. There's further good news. McLuhan and Parker add this crucial observation: 'It remained only to devise means to include the audience in this creative process in order to reach that stage of aesthetics that is familiar in Expressionism and in the speculations of the twentieth century.'[46]

So in Hitchcock's films there's something for everybody. Lesley Brill notes the several Christian allusions in *Harry* but not their obvious complement, allusions to the occult. His excuse might be that finally all other motifs are subordinated to *Harry*'s main theme of 'death's fertility and life's indefatigable rebirth',[47] yet the embracing richness of Hitchcock's conception needs to be seen and appreciated. Captain Wiles is characterised from the outset as someone who takes comfort *wherever* he can find it. Though his mother had always told him that he would 'come to no good', he'd supposed that just satisfying his 'primitive instincts' by taking 'a harmless pot-shot at a rabbit' with his hunting-rifle ('Old Faithful') would be all right. (The rabbit's point-of-view is simply omitted from the Captain's equation.) But things haven't exactly worked out - such is life - and now Harry lies dead in the woods.

The Captain realises that the omens were there from the start. As he tells Sam:

> *First thing I seen, when I rode out this morning, was a double-breasted robin drunk as a hoot-owl from eating fermented choke-cherries. Right away I knew somebody was in trouble. What I didn't know was, it was me.*

As usual, the Captain's point-of-view is strictly his own, and not necessarily that of his fellow-creatures. Harry, for instance, might have put a different interpretation on those same signs. But the Captain's remark has further interest. It

suggests both a primitive belief in portents and a representative instance of what Story's novel calls 'people ... looking and not knowing'.

After setting out, the Captain continues on what, in two senses, is his errant way, his chief article of faith being literally his hunting-rifle. He even indulges in a casual blasphemy or two. Coming on Harry's corpse, he exclaims what sound like the words, 'For rice cape, I've done him in!' Also, here again there's more than likely a self-centred assumption on the Captain's part, comparable to his attributing loyalty to his rifle. And a little later, when nobody seems to be much concerned about Harry's death, the Captain manages to tell himself, 'This could turn out to be the luckiest day of my life!'

However, if the Captain at first disregards his fellow-creatures' points of view, which would suggest that the privileged understanding of the artist has passed him by, that's hardly true of the film itself. The latter is capable of having Arnie say that the 'poor rabbit ... should have carried a four-leaf clover' and Sam to add in double-sympathy, '[a]nd a horse-shoe'. It's significant that the film attributes to 'understanding' the very highest status, on a par with love itself, as when Sam speaks of a transfigured Miss Gravely made 'timeless with love and understanding'. I take 'understanding' to be synonymous with what Schopenhauer calls 'compassion', and akin to what Christians call 'caritas'. At one point, the Captain himself acknowledges Sam-the-artist's understanding, and contrasts it with Calvin Wiggs's *lack* of the same quality.

Round about here we may glimpse how the film equates the characters' amorality with their proneness to superstition - which at the same time represents their incipient readiness to acknowledge in themselves a certain lack. And what they lack is precisely the true religion: infinite love and/or compassion and a grasp of the noumenal. Again this is very Schopenhauerian, though another way of noting the same thing might be to speak of Hitchcock's small-c catholicism.

The occult fails when it leads to a decrease, rather than an increase, in love or understanding. That's the main lesson concerning Harry Worp, after all. On his wedding-night he'd deserted his bride, Jennifer, saying that his horoscope had warned him against starting any new project that day. Commendably, a dismayed Jennifer had packed her bags and gone home to her mother's.

In Hitchcock's films there's something for believers, non-believers, and even sceptics. That's part of the films' universal appeal, not unrelated to their expression of sheer Will. I see much wisdom in Hitchcock's famous remark to 'Movie' (UK), about how 'everything's perverted in a different way'. Other universal matters repeatedly touched on in the films are the dream of a Lost Paradise and the twin subjects of mothers (source of our earliest sense of relationship) and death (where it all ends). Late in *Harry*, a bugle-like sound rings through the night. Miss Gravely is no less superstitious than some of the other characters: she thinks the sound is 'the call of the phantom stagecoach that used to pass by here 200 years ago'. In other words, the sound suggests a traditional emblem of arriving death, as in a famous poem by Massachusetts poet Emily Dickinson (1830-1886).[48] However, on this occasion the sound is benign, being made by the horn on the millionaire's car. He has come to buy Sam's paintings. In true Romantic vein, he considers the paintings 'works of genius'. [49]

* * *

> *The primal act of the human ego is a negative one - not to accept reality, specifically the separation of the child's body from the mother's body.*
>
> - Norman O. Brown[50]

> *In a general way, the repressed seeks to 'return' in the present, whether in the form of dreams, symptoms or acting-out: '... a thing which has not been understood inevitably reappears; like an unlaid ghost, it cannot rest until the mystery has been solved and the spell broken'.*
>
> - J. Laplanche and J.B. Pontalis[51]

The Trouble With Harry contains performances by three fine actresses. Like almost everything else about the film, those performances have much charm. So, too, do the people delivering them. I'm talking here about the importance of casting. Newcomer Shirley MacLaine, as Jennifer, and character actress Mildred Natwick, as Miss Gravely, are impressive in a way I'll have occasion to remark again below. Here, though, let me single out Mildred Dunnock's very special playing as the widowed storekeeper Mrs Wiggs - a character whose name happily repeats that of the eponymous battler in a much-filmed 1901 play. The Mrs Wiggs in *Harry* is herself a battler, though the fact isn't dwelt on. Indeed, the film contains not one but several characters who have known trying times. And if the mother of Calvin Wiggs was probably never a beauty, the essential thing about Dunnock's playing is the fact that she does 'plainness' so well. Clearly it's just

what the script called for. 'Wiggy', as she's known, always wears a grey woollen bonnet and has a laconic New England drawl.[52] My favourite comic moment involving her occurs when she has been roused from her bed by the millionaire's unexpected visit, and appears outside wearing her late husband's dressing-gown plus the ubiquitous grey bonnet.

But I've been centring my remarks about the film's characters on Captain Wiles, whom I've already begun to suggest is *representative*, and I'd like to return to the Captain now. Veteran actor Edmund Gwenn[53] conveys every last implication of the part. Though *Harry*'s characters may well be the amoral, opportunist lot I've called them, the film itself seems to me to have a strong *moral* dimension. And let's not forget that pastoral can be an *ironic* form - in the hands of Theocritus, say, if not Virgil.

To the Captain, then. He's the most haunted of the characters, being repeatedly startled by the closet-door that yawns open at Jennifer's house. The script explains this at one point: '[i]t is almost as if the spirit of Harry Worp had entered the room'. The Captain of course believes in his self-centred way that it was he who killed Harry - but then, so do Miss Gravely and Jennifer each think that *they* killed him! Accordingly, I think the situation is this. The Captain is a representative-figure, and like many such figures in various art forms, he's given pronounced characteristics so that we may spot these and feel their implications. He *represents* something in all of the film's characters and in us, too. For instance, he feels beholden to his mother - yet still fearful of her. It's as if his superstitions all go back to her. In turn, we see how several of the other characters feel beholden to *their* mothers. Jennifer, a mother herself, is such a character. Calvin Wiggs is another. The script reveals that Calvin is paying alimony to an ex-wife,[54] and so we may assume that he's grateful to be back boarding with his mother while he earns money from home by restoring antique cars and being on call as Deputy Sheriff.

Mrs Wiggs is astute in assessing the nature of Calvin's work. She refers to the cars as 'mechanical antiques' and to the Deputy Sheriff's job as 'piece-work'. There's something discontinuous and non-organic about Calvin![55] You'd be forgiven for diagnosing in him a problem connected with his early upbringing and the death of his father.[56] For obviously all those references by the film to mothers and mothering have their point, and as we've begun to see, the nature of child-rearing is an important part of what's involved. Holbrook tells us that the very young child's ambivalent 'love-hate' relation to its mother is centred on the mother's breast, a breast which provides the child with nourishment and its earliest sense of continuity. A sense of continuity is almost as vital for proper growth as nourishment itself. Holbrook sees a symbol for it in D.H. Lawrence's image of the rainbow, and would apply the notion not only to infancy but also to the child's and the adolescent's perception of its parents' togetherness. However, he insists that 'the first five or six years are critical and the first six months are crucial'.[57]

We've also noted already a couple of complicating factors: how the infant soon starts to feel both a rudimentary 'disillusionment' and a rudimentary 'concern', both feelings being related to the alternating presence and absence of the mother. More specifically, in the case of the infant's 'concern' (useful word), this derives in large measure from the infant's own fierce cannibalistic attack on the mother's breast, and its resulting sense that a 'hole' has opened up both in the mother and in itself. Notice how vertiginous that sounds ...[58]

Yet, amazingly, due to an 'amnesia' we all undergo, the first few years of life are generally perceived by us afterwards as having been idyllic. That's an irony which several Hitchcock films exploit. One more irony is this. We can infer that in the normal course of events the young child's relation to its mother is such that it receives at this time the rudiments of a moral sense, something it then carries usefully into later life. By the same token, part of the moral drive in the *adult* is always likely to be an unconscious need to make symbolic 'restitution' to the mother, for reasons I've explained.

Towards the end of *Harry*, Captain Wiles has a little speech: 'If I grumbled too much at my share of the work in burying Harry, I'm sorry. I can see now it was well worth it.' Drawing on what we've been discussing, I want to suggest that the Captain has encountered several basic human situations (which I'll specify) and has been made to literally work his way through them - perhaps thereby becoming emancipated. We're not all so lucky. In the lives of most of us, we can only endlessly re-live such situations in unconscious fantasy-form. That's to say, for us wisdom will consist largely in following a dictum of Robert Frost's, about freedom being just 'feeling easy in one's harness'. Yet *Harry* allows us to have our cake and eat it. As noted, during the film we effectively remain in Arcadia. Meanwhile, like the Captain, we've re-encountered the mother symbolically ('Mother earth'), we've re-experienced the original 'hole' (within and without us), we've made 'restitution' (all that digging), and we've been shown the truly 'ghostly' nature of the whole repetitive 'undertaking' (!).

So the business with the yawning closet-door has had its point. What's concealed behind the door is - nothing.[59] And for those who truly grasp the notion involved, I'd add that Paul Klee was right and all that remains is to embrace the life-force itself. As we know, that's something which is on display in *Harry*, and simultaneously working away in every frame.

The scene in which Captain Wiles first brings Miss Gravely to his cottage called 'The Ship' may be cited here. It begins with one of the film's glorious long-shots, framed by autumn foliage, as the reinvigorated Captain rows his prospective visitor across Farrington's Pond and escorts her up his jetty. 'Come aboard', he invites her. 'Just an old salt's snug anchorage. ... But homely, very homely.'

He's right! The cottage houses a cluttered bachelor's-quarters, and the Dickensian interior - full of ships' relics and antiques - does suggest a homely spirit, albeit with a touch of the fantastical about it. But that figures. For the Captain isn't after all the retired old salt, like Dickens's Captain Cuttle or Lieutenant Tartar, R.N., that he evidently wants Miss Gravely to think. He's but an ex-tugboat-skipper. The scene has a visual gag about that fact which you only pick up on a second or third viewing. On the wall hangs a large photograph of a great ocean liner (the 'Queen Mary'?). But look carefully and you'll also see, in the same picture, hard against one edge, a tugboat attending the liner ...

The Captain's self-centredness provides another visual gag. 'I'm a man who can recognise the human qualities in a woman', he boasts. He's unaware that he's leaning on the red-lacquered figure of a bosomy female, which may once have adorned a ship's prow. You feel that the Captain still has a few nautical miles to go before his words ring true! Meanwhile his superstitious *penchant* for bosomy figures will continue to betray his unconscious attachment to 'Mother'.

Both in this scene and the next, the moral superiority rests with Miss Gravely. The Captain will be fully redeemed only when he confesses the truth about himself at the end of the film. Miss Gravely's own 'confession' comes in the present scene. She owns up to how she fears it was she, and not the Captain, who killed Harry - with the leather heel of her hiking-shoe, after Harry had tried to assault her. As she speaks, a golden, late-afternoon glow suffuses the cottage interior, bonding the newly-intimate pair.

However, there's another, rather shocking, visual gag in the next scene. In the woods, Harry finds himself dug up again. But such is the Captain's sudden 'proprietorial' feeling towards Miss Gravely, that he lets her do much of the work. It's a form of recidivism on his part.[60]

* * *

> *The* bad *man everywhere feels a thick partition between himself and everything outside him. The world to him is an* absolute non-I *and his relation to it is primarily hostile. ... The* good *character, on the other hand, lives in an eternal world that is homogeneous with his own true being. The others are not non-I for him, but an 'I once more'. His fundamental relation to everyone is, therefore, friendly; he feels himself intimately akin to all beings ... .*
>
> - Arthur Schopenhauer[61]

> *I believe in aristocracy, though - if that is the right word, and if a democrat may use it. Not an aristocracy of power, based upon rank and influence, but an aristocracy of the sensitive, the considerate and the plucky. Its members are to be found in all nations and classes, and all through the ages, and there is a secret understanding between them when they meet. They represent the true human tradition, the one permanent victory of our queer race over cruelty and chaos. Thousands of them perish in obscurity, a few are great names.*
>
> - E.M. Forster[62]

A moment ago, I referred to 'complicating factors' in the young child's relation with the mother. Here's another. Even when it's physically satisfied after a feed, the very intake of nourishment 'will rob the infant of zest for life for a time, and *the infant does not know it will return*'.[63] Holbrook speculates that a buried memory of such occasions may explain why an adult feels 'distress when an urge of desire fails to be satisfied by sexual intercourse, or [why] even that satisfaction is feared which may unconsciously seem to have the power of destroying a zest for life'.[64] However, he adds that '[t]he melancholy of "not knowing the zest will return" is overcome by that mutuality in love which establishes continuity, as by the "quiet" mother, and by a closer approach to reality'.[65]

In another of the scenes set around Harry's makeshift grave, Captain Wiles echoes Holbrook. Overcoming on this occasion his reluctance to exert himself, the Captain bangs down the freshly-dug earth with the back of a shovel, and remarks that 'love adds zest to your work, Sammy boy'. Now notice the film's happy conjunction of events. The action of successively burying and unburying Harry, an action in which all the main characters participate, comes to have a therapeutic effect vis-à-vis *buried* memories of harm done to 'Mother', as well as memories of her loving forgiveness

which had helped to make all well again. (Crucially, she had always come back ...) It's the action of the digging - perhaps a crude echo of the original 'attack' on the mother - which both indulges the repetition-compulsion and may finally neutralise the repressed memories associated with it. Harry is just the 'excuse' for the digging, the MacGuffin. Meanwhile, this remarkable day has seen two pairs of lovers (Sam and Jennifer, Captain Wiles and Miss Gravely) meet and become engaged, and now they seem destined for joy. With their new lease of life and zest, anything seems possible. Sam even envisages a marriage which will truly bestow freedom, though Jennifer feels that he must be 'practically unique, then'.

Here's a further happy thought. If 'Mother earth' represents the mother's body, then the landscape itself may speak of the cycle of the seasons and of the sense of continuity associated with parental love. As noted, D. H. Lawrence's symbol for that parental love was the overarching rainbow. In *Harry*, the autumn colours of Vermont provide an equally benign equivalent. But it isn't, perhaps, the only one. Very often in Hitchcock, a quite minor character unwittingly acts as a *deus ex machina*; I think Herb in *Shadow of a Doubt* (1943) is such a person. Likewise, at the end of *Harry*, Dr Greenbow brings 'release' for the main characters when he pronounces that Harry's death had been from a heart seizure. In the doctor's case, both his noble profession and his reading-acquaintance with Shakespeare might seem to qualify him for a providential function. But I don't think either of those things matters here. It's the doctor's resonating name - Greenbow - which best signals the sort of symbolic freedom he finally bestows, albeit he himself remains oblivious of his surrogate *father's* role (as you could call it) ...

Holbrook takes pains to remind his readers of how wisdom and a sense of Nature's continuity go together. He stresses that much of the art of living is bound up with one's learning to accept the 'in-between' times, knowing that the 'good times' will return. A mature person sees and can accept general human imperfection, both in the short term and in the long term. By the same token, that person sees how particular projects may be fulfilled in the course of one or more generations, and so learns to be patient. The attaining of such wisdom often indicates that the person has arrived at a state of goodness, where egotism has been abandoned in favour of a more selfless kind of love - love of a parental kind, for instance.

At least twice in *Harry*, we're reminded of how after autumn comes winter - and, the implied corollary, after winter comes spring. The Captain says that it's no use trying to submerge Harry's body in the pond. Not only may it soon pop up again, but, besides, 'they'll be cutting ice there next winter ...'. And above the mantelpiece in Jennifer's cottage, framed by vases of autumn leaves, hangs a painting of a snow-scene. The idea, surely, is that one season implies the other, and that the characters see no incongruity in this.

Now, as Holbrook demonstrates of 'The Winter's Tale' (c. 1611), in Shakespeare's plays certain characters constitute 'the forces for good'. They await, often in exile, the time when a better, more benevolent régime will rule, or the present régime will have a change of heart. A variant on the same idea occurs in the mature works of Dickens. In 'Our Mutual Friend' (1864), in a sort of mini-pastoral, the good characters assemble by a paper-mill near the headwaters of the Thames. And in 'The Mystery of Edwin Drood' (1870), the corresponding set of characters come together for regular meetings in what they call 'bean-stalk country', Lieutenant's Tartar's ship-shape rooms in London, full of souvenirs of his travels. The very quaintness of the locale, and its fanciful name, suggests that the defeat of evil is seen by the characters as being far from inevitable. For the present, they will simply provide themselves with a haven.[66]

In *Harry*, too, the main characters constitute 'the forces for good'. Whatever their foibles, they are *felt* by the viewer to be thoroughly decent and likeable people. One clue to the fact of their goodness is the sheer speed with which they draw together in mutual helpfulness, especially in the several scenes set in Jennifer's cottage. Another is their own expressed understanding of what - apart from Harry - brings them together:

> *Captain Wiles: Oh [Miss Gravely's] a very nice lady, Sam, very nice.*
> *Sam: We're all nice. I don't see how anyone could help but like us today.*
> *Captain Wiles: That's just how* I *feel today.*

In short, these are people who belong to E.M. Forster's 'aristocracy of the sensitive, the considerate and the plucky'. Forster, indeed, might have been anticipating the spirit of *Harry* when he added that he was against ascetism ('I am with the old Scotsman who wanted less chastity and more delicacy') because after all our bodies 'are the instruments through which we register and enjoy the world'. Yet he felt this wasn't a major point. 'It is clearly possible to be sensitive, considerate and plucky and yet be an ascetic too ...'.[67]

Exactly. It isn't Calvin Wigg's puritanism *per se* which makes him the 'villain' of Hitchcock's film. It's rather his narrow, suspicious, and purely 'mechanical' grasp of things. What he lacks is 'understanding', i.e. compassion, which that most universal of philosophers, Schopenhauer, tells us has the power to dissolve the veil of Maya (Hindu for 'illusion')

and grant us a glimpse of nirvana. As I wrote in 'MacGuffin' 8, that veil is scarcely dissolved or rent in *Torn Curtain* (1966). But in *Harry*, it is dissolved - at least for a time.

Notes

1. Norman O.Brown, 'Life Against Death' (Sphere Books, 1968), pp. 254-55. (Brown's book was first published in 1959.)

2. The film was the 1956 *The Man Who Knew Too Much*. Draft versions of the screenplay were called 'Into Thin Air'. Of course, a Hitchcock film had *already* been named after some lines from 'The Tempest', viz. *Rich and Strange* (1932).

3. Much of my information about Winnicott, the English psychoanalyst and paediatrician, comes from David Holbrook, 'The Quest For Love' (1964). Holbrook discusses the 'transitional object' on pp. 58-59.

4. Raymond Durgnat's ultimately unsatisfying book on Hitchcock, 'The Strange Case of Alfred Hitchcock' (1974), suggests on p. 36: '[Hitchcock] catches us in that semi-serious, semi-infantile area where we accept innocent and wicked as real moral states, and then insists that we grow up, a little.' While there's indeed some truth in this notion of how a Hitchcock film toys with its audience, there's also rather more to the matter than Durgnat allows ...

5. Holbrook, p. 79.

6. Lesley Brill, 'The Hitchcock Romance' (1988), pp. 283-91, passim. These pages constitute the book's closing chapter, on *Harry*. It suggests at one point: '[u]rgency would be misplaced in this film, for resurrection may be safely assumed. Death passes and life renews without effort or anxiety.' (pp. 283-84)

7. François Truffaut, 'Hitchcock' (1967), pp. 99-100. *North by Northwest* is, of course, designedly almost as full of 'holes' as a Gruyère cheese: see, for example, a couple of notes to that effect on the 'MacGuffin' Web site. Think too of *Notorious* (1946). The MacGuffin there is the uranium ore hidden in the champagne bottles in Alex Sebastian's cellar: the womb-like cellar, and the very connotations of champagne, are both apt.

Concerning the psychoanalytical referents for 'nothing' and 'holes', here are some variants. Norman O. Brown, p. 237, speaks of how 'Adam never really fell ... the primal crime is an infantile fantasy, created out of nothing by the infantile ego in order to sequester by repression its own unmanageable vitality (id)'. And Anthony Wilden paraphrases Jacques Lacan: '*we are condemned to desire a desire* [of the Other], which is like trying to find a hole to fill up a hole'. See Anthony Wilden, "Libido as Language: Jacques Lacan's Structuralism", in 'Psychology Today', May 1972, p. 86.

8. Holbrook spends much time on this idea. Following Winnicott, et al., he stresses the importance of 'good mothering' whereby the infant finds its behaviour understood and tolerated. In later life, such a person feels only 'true guilt' (as opposed to 'implanted guilt'), and the urge to make reparation can become a positive and creative urge. Holbrook therefore concludes by quoting the medieval carol: 'Blessèd be the time that apple taken was!' (pp. 80-81). On that last matter, see note 58 below.

9. Compare Holbrook, p. 53, where he quotes Mrs Len Chaloner.

10. 'Bleak House' (1853) and 'Our Mutual Friend' (1864) - both of which, incidentally, Hitchcock had studied at school.

11. Brown, pp. 88-89.

12. In Episode 2 of the fascinating TV series, 'The Private Life of Plants', Sir David Attenborough notes that the reason why the maples and aspens of New England and the Appalachians glow with colour in autumn is that the trees have started to 'shut down' for the winter. With the withdrawal of chlorophyll from the leaves, their accumulated waste-matter is revealed. (Elsewhere I've read that the soil of New England is a factor here.)

13. Donald Richie, 'Ozu: His Life and Films' (1974), p. 52. On a related matter, I almost wholly agree with Thomas M. Leitch - indeed had noticed this myself - when he writes of the use of transitional extreme-long-shots in *Harry*: '[t]hese shots, which are unique in Hitchcock's films, are reminiscent of what Noël Burch has called the "pillow shots" of Yasujiro Ozu: they break the action into episodes and simultaneously provide a sense of the primacy of the non-human environment,

so that human action itself is perceived as having an eruptive force.' ('Find the Director and Other Hitchcock Games', 1991, p. 183) Where I perhaps don't quite agree with Leitch concerns his claim that such shots are unique in Hitchcock's films. Some sequences in *The Manxman* (1929) start in very similar manner.

14. Donald Spoto, 'The Life of Alfred Hitchcock' (1983), p. 356, notes as follows: 'the director was delighted that the music [in *Harry*] never intruded upon the sound of the body being dragged over dry ground, the "little noiseless noise among the leaves" that recalled Keats and, now, Hitchcock'. Spoto here is quoting a passage from Keats's 'I stood tip-toe' - though Massachusetts poet Emily Dickinson (1830-1886) might also have been cited. In a letter to a 'Friend', she wrote of 'a noiseless noise in the orchard that I let persons hear' ...

15. 'MacGuffin' 7, pp. 11-22, passim. See especially p. 12 and p. 20 (n7), and compare Brown, Chapter VIII ("Death, Time, and Eternity").

16. Quoted in Brown, p. 90. In the film, even Sam is bamboozled by Arnie's peculiar sense of time.

17. 'Throughout his life, Winnicott believed "creativity" gave a person's life meaning. The use of "play" with adults, that is playing with ideas, and imagination add to one's creativity. He also wrote of destruction as linked to creativity. For example, a child builds some blocks, destroys them, and then creates a new form. This happens throughout one's life; the rhythm of destruction-creation.' The passage just quoted comes from text posted on the World Wide Web by the Lifschitz Psychology Museum, to accompany an exhibit curated by Marvin Lifschitz, Ph.D.

18. Brown, p. 91.

19. Brown, p. 34.

20. Holbrook, p. 72.

21. Peter V. Marinelli, 'Pastoral' (1971), p. 15.

22. I've always remembered Hitchcock saying this. It was perhaps in a broadcast for the BBC in the 1960s or 1970s, called "The Time of Your Life". The 'pastorale' Hitchcock had in mind could easily have been a musical or a painted one.

23. Marinelli, p. 15.

24. I hear that Professor Paul Alpers, who teaches English and Comparative Literature at Berkeley, has 'What Is Pastoral?' forthcoming from the University of Chicago Press. I also hear that he and Berkeley's Vice Chancellor, Professor Carol Christ, are jointly conducting a short course on 'The Films of Alfred Hitchcock' as part of English 24. Lucky Berkeley students!

25. Compare Marinelli, p. 21.

26. Marinelli, p. 20.

27. 'MacGuffin' 7, p. 13.

28. Charles Thomas Samuels, 'Encountering Directors' (1972), p. 239. Compare John Russell Taylor, 'Hitch' (1978), p. 142.

29. Paul Klee, 'Paul Klee on Modern Art' (Faber paper covered edition, 1966), p. 49. (Klee's treatise was written in 1924 and its English translation was first published in 1948.)

30. Klee, p. 5.

31. Both Nietzsche's and Schopenhauer's reputations in Britain peaked towards the end of the 19th century and in the early part of the 20th. In Schopenhauer's case, the famous 'Westminster Review' had promoted his work, which no doubt helps to explain why such outstanding writers as Hardy and Conrad fell under his influence. Meanwhile, a leading champion of Nietzsche in Britain was George Bernard Shaw, whose play 'Man and Superman' was first published in 1903. Hitchcock would later own an autographed copy. However, Hitchcock also greatly admired the novels of John Buchan (1875-1940)

and the stories and novels of G.K. Chesterton (1874-1836). Both of those writers expressed ambivalent feelings about the Superman concept; for example, Chesterton's novel 'The Man Who Was Thursday' (1908) makes its head villain a super-man figure (see, for instance, Chapter VI). In some ways, too, 'The Man Who Was Thursday' critiques the gloom and pessimism of Conrad's 'The Secret Agent', which had just come out. Chesterton afterwards stated his aim: '[My novel] was intended to describe the world of wild doubt and despair which the pessimists were generally describing at that date; with just a gleam of hope in some double meaning of the doubt, which even the pessimists felt in some fitful fashion.' (Letter by Chesterton to the 'Illustrated London News', 13 June 1936)

32. Klee, p. 43.

33. George Perry, 'The Films of Alfred Hitchcock' (1965), p. 156.

34. Brill, p. 285. In fairness to Brill, it should be noted that his previous sentence has referred to '[t]he primitive drawings accompanying the titles ... composed of childlike, mostly natural, images.'

35. The unpublished Paramount Studios screenplay I am drawing on here is dated '9-20-54'.

36. Marinelli, p. 3.

37. Marinelli, pp. 3-4. The author says that in this modern instance of pastoral 'we have exchanged the soft primitivism of Arcadia for a hard primitivism in New Hampshire'. I'll have occasion to refer again to Robert Frost (1874-1963) in the main text.

38. Quoted on the back cover of a 1989 paperback edition of three of Story's novels comprising the 'Alfred Argyle Trilogy'.

39. Charles Higham and Joel Greenberg, 'The Celluloid Muse' (1969), p. 96.

40. Story, who from a 1960s photograph looks to have been a dead-ringer for Frank Sinatra, had his share of eccentricities. For a while, he lived with a poodle in the Hertfordshire woods, where 'Harry' is set. Yet he also seems to have been quite a lad, was married at least twice, and had eight children. One of his most successful fictional creations is the character named Alfred Argyle, a provincial foot-in-the-door salesman whose sometimes scabrous escapades are told in a crackling trilogy of novels. These have been highly praised by the English reviewers, though regrettably they don't seem to have proved 'exportable' in the way that 'Harry' was.

41. 'Calvin' of course also reminds you of Vermont's most famous son, Republican President Calvin Coolidge (1872-1933). And that's fitting, when you remember that Vermont has traditionally been a very conservative state, perhaps most notably in its opposition to any form of Federal intervention in its internal affairs. *All* the main characters in *Harry* display something of that stubborn independence.

42. Donald Spoto, 'The Art of Alfred Hitchcock' (1992), p. 238. Spoto isn't enthusiastic about such a reading; no more am I. See main text.

43. Marshall McLuhan and Harley Parker, 'Through the Vanishing Point: Space in Poetry and Painting' (1968), p. 22.

44. McLuhan and Parker, p. 23.

45. Klee, p. 45.

46. McLuhan and Parker, p. 23.

47. Brill, p. 288. When I so enthusiastically reviewed Brill's book in 'MacGuffin' 2, I nonetheless felt constrained to add that the book also seemed to me in a way wishful and distorted. I see little reason to change that view now. For one thing, to say, as Brill does, that Hitchcock really 'meant' *Harry* - that it represents his own 'dream' of 'a life in which human beings are complete and fulfilled', while in films like *Vertigo* and *Psycho* he was being mainly 'ironic' - looks a little pat. As noted, irony is itself a permissible part of the pastoral mode in which *Harry* operates. In the text, I give instances of such irony in the film.

Further, reviewing Brill's book, I likened *Harry* to the country scenes in Dickens's 'Pickwick Papers' (1837) considered in relation to the rest of that tale, filled with law courts, prisons, and genuinely ironic (or life-like) misunderstandings. My point was that Dickens threw himself with equal zest into narrating both aspects of his tale. As many of his contemporaries remarked, Dickens was *fundamentally* a man bursting with life and energy, who took inspiration where he found it.

Hitchcock, too, always understood how life has two sides - light and dark. And not only are the two sides bound up with each other, but the one can become the other in an instant. (Why do I think of the man cited in *The Birds* who had jumped up and shot his wife because she had changed channels on the TV set while he was watching it?) In note 60 below, I remark how Hitchcock manages to imply that even gentle Miss Gravely may become murderous.

Also, the reader may gather from the text that I simply don't agree with Brill when he claims (on p. 290 of his book) that *Harry* totally excludes destruction from its world.

In sum, I think this. Naturally Hitchcock sometimes dreamt of a trouble-free existence, of 'a clear horizon' as he himself put the matter. Most of us have such a dream. Nor do I doubt that Hitchcock's childhood and young manhood were comparatively, even richly, happy. But I also believe that it was only when Hitchcock's art and other factors brought him into contact with the very well-springs of the life-force, and that force began to flow increasingly freely in his work, that his art acquired the truly rich and *universal* expression that *Harry* manifests in every frame.

To claim for *Harry* that it was especially 'meant' by Hitchcock seems to me to be - as they say in *Sabotage* (1936) - a moot point. Nonetheless, I think that Brill and I differ only on matters of emphasis.

48. The poem is the one beginning 'Because I could not stop for Death ...'. Film buffs will naturally also think of Victor Sjöstrom's famous film called *The Phantom Carriage* (1921).

49. Genius and the nature of genius were preoccupations of the Romantics. Schopenhauer had some excellent thoughts on the topic, as I noted when analysing *Psycho* in 'MacGuffin' 4.

50. Brown, p. 145.

51. J. Laplanche and J.B. Pontalis, 'The Language of Psychoanalysis' (1988), pp. 78-79.

52. I fancy I heard Ellen Burstyn 'echo' that drawl recently in a television clip from the film *The Spitfire Grill*, which is set in Maine.

53. My copy of Shaw's 'Man and Superman' lists Edmund Gwenn (1877-1959) as a member of the original cast when the play opened at the Court Theatre, London, in 1905. Before *Harry*, Gwenn had appeared in three Hitchcock movies: *The Skin Game* (1931), *Waltzes From Vienna* (1933), and *Foreign Correspondent* (1940). He won an Oscar in 1947 as Best Supporting Actor with his Kris Kringle in George Seaton's *Miracle on 34th Street*. His brother was Arthur Chesney, who played the father in Hitchcock's *The Lodger* (1926). Gwenn himself appears to have played that role in a radio production by Hitchcock in 1940. (My thanks to Martin Grams Jnr for that last piece of information.)

54. I thank Steven DeRosa for reminding me of this particular detail, which is mentioned in the screenplay's dialogue but was omitted from the finished film.

55. Hitchcock's characterisation of Calvin here reminds me of how Dickens characterised at least two of *his* villains: Bradley Headstone in 'Our Mutual Friend' and John Jasper in 'The Mystery of Edwin Drood' (1870). Headstone, who 'could do mental arithmetic mechanically, sing at sight mechanically, ... even play the great church organ mechanically' (Book the Second, Ch. 1), foreshadows the cathedral organist Jasper. Of the latter, Dickens writes: 'Constantly exercising an Art which brought him into mechanical harmony with others, and which could not have been pursued unless he and they had been in the nicest mechanical relations and unison, it is curious to consider that the spirit of the man was in moral accordance or interchange with nothing around him.' (Ch. XXIII) Compare next note.

56. Here I think of how Hitchcock characterises Covent Garden greengrocer - and murderer - Bob Rusk in *Frenzy* (1972). Rusk and his mother are both redheads, as we learn from a memorable shot in which together they lean over a window-box full of red geraniums to talk to Dick Blaney in the street below. Rusk introduces his mother as coming from 'Kent, the garden of England' - and you sense how his own present relation to the remembered 'garden' of his childhood has become merely parodic and mechanical. You also sense the absence of a strong father in his upbringing ...

57. Holbrook, p. 16.

58. Holbrook, pp. 48-49, links the Biblical Fall with our memories of the womb, 'a closed circle (as of a garden) on which no environment impinged'. He adds that 'the baby's fear of falling is one of its greatest, after the surrounding confinement of the womb is left behind'. Then he adds: 'The symbol of ... the Fall, or its focus, is the "apple" of knowledge of good and evil. That this [in turn] is the symbol of the mother's breast is born out by the way ... many artists who have illustrated the myth ... have made Eve hold the apple in one hand and her breast in the other.' So there you have suggestive associations for Hitchcock's symbolism as deployed in *Harry*, *Vertigo*, and *Frenzy*. In a footnote on p. 48, Holbrook adds a further association by referring to how a child's first 'ideogram' in painting is a circle or spiral, which Holbrook suggests represents the enclosed 'self' ...

59. Compare an identical motif, and outcome, in 'A Dream Play' by the great Expressionist playwright August Strindberg (1849-1912). Influences on Strindberg included Hindu and Buddhist thought, probably Schopenhauer and certainly Nietzsche, and the mystical writings of Emanuel Swedenborg (1688-1772). Two of his favourite authors were Poe and Dickens.

60. Still, there's at least one joking (?) suggestion by the script about who may have the last laugh. Miss Gravely keeps a stock of elderberry wine. Perhaps she's seen Frank Capra's 1941 film, *Arsenic and Old Lace*, and knows to what sinister use that particular beverage may be put. Perhaps, too - her first name being Ivy - she has read Mrs Marie Belloc Lowndes's famous 1927 novel, or seen Sam Wood's 1947 film version, called '[The Story of] Ivy', and recalls that there also the woman poisons her husband. (In that case, Miss Gravely's first name would become as funereal-sounding as her surname.)

61. Arthur Schopenhauer, 'On the Basis of Morality' (1841; 1965), quoted in Christopher Janaway, 'Schopenhauer' (1994), pp. 82-83.

62. E.M. Forster, "What I Believe", in the collection by the author, 'Two Cheers for Democracy' (Penguin Books edition, 1965), p. 81.

63. Holbrook, p. 78.

64. Holbrook, p. 78.

65. Holbrook, p. 79. Hitchcock himself claimed in 1971 that he'd been lucky enough to have a very placid mother. See 'MacGuffin' 19, p. 19.

66. However, Dickens does imply the necessity and even advisability of encountering evil in day-to-day life. Such regulated commerce with evil may in fact be the best form of inoculation against it.

67. Forster, p. 81.

San Francisco: Places to Visit

Internet-user Walter Ulrich recently posted on the <alt.movies.hitchcock> newsgroup site the following 'addresses' of locations from *Vertigo* .

Madeleine's apartment: The Brocklebank, 1000 Mason Steet.
Scottie's apartment: 900 Lombard Street, at Jones.
Judy's hotel: The Empire Hotel, now the York, 940 Sutter Street.
Ernie's, now the Essex Supper Club, 847 Montgomery Street.
Palace of the Legion of Honor: Lincoln Park/ 34th Street.
The Old Fort (looking north at the Golden Gate Bridge): off Lincoln Blvd in the Presidio.
The Redwood Forest: Muir Woods, 13 miles north of San Francisco (take the Mount Tamalpais exit off U.S. 101. [But see bulleted note below.]
The 'Church Tower': Mission San Juan Bautista, 90 miles south of San Francisco (take 101 to California 156 east - between San Jose and Salinas). (Note: there is no tower, it was added by special effects.)

- A contributor to Andrew Morrison's *Vertigo* Web Page claims that 'Muir Woods' in Hitchcock's film is in fact Big Basin State Park, southwest of the city of San Jose.

Coming Attractions

Rich and Strange; the sources of *Rear Window*; book reviews (incl. 'Hitchcock on Hitchcock' - plus an interview with its editor, Professor Sidney Gottlieb). And the usual features, incl. 'Letters'. Extra items always wanted.

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Some past 'MacGuffins' have featured *The Wrong Man* (issue 20), *Vertigo* (17, 11, 1), *Foreign Correspondent* (16), *Spellbound* (15), Thomas Elsaesser on "The Dandy in Hitchcock" (14), *Young and Innocent* (13), *The Paradine Case* (12), *Notorious* (10), *The Lady Vanishes* (9), and *Torn Curtain* (8). These are the issues most recommended.

ODD SPOT: NOTHING NEW IN THE DARK

Virtual reality has a long history.

In 1781 De Loutherbourg, the theatrical scene painter, exhibited in London 'Various Imitations of Natural Phenomena, Represented by Moving Pictures'. His panorama-device caused a sensation. The painter Gainsborough made one for himself capable of showing sunrise and moonrise as well as storms and ships at sea.

The Victorians replaced the 'Eidophusikon' with the more static - but more elaborate - 'cyclorama', which was soon being built everywhere. Melbourne, Australia, had at least two. One depicted the Battle of Waterloo, the other the siege of Paris in 1861. To enhance the *trompe l'oeil* effect, awestruck patrons viewed the real objects and painted canvas through binoculars.

Alfred Hitchcock recalled something similar from about 1910. 'Hale's Tours' in London consisted of a room set up as a railway coach and a view of an exotic locale, such as the Swiss Alps, projected onto a screen at one end.

Now someone has suggested that the origins of horror movies go back still further than all of this. In his 'Book of Firsts', Melvin Harris cites a presentation of animated lantern slides which took place in London in 1710. It fascinated audiences by showing a 'lively cockroach which jumped into the mouth of a sleeping man'.

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