

Ethnicity, Authenticity and Exile: A Counterfeit Trade?

German Filmmakers and Hollywood

© Thomas Elsaesser, 1998

“Strangers in Paradise”

Why was it that so many talented European film-makers, actors, script-writers, composers and set designers ended up in Hollywood? The question has attracted a fair amount of attention from biographers and cultural historians, but mainly to flesh out with anecdote an answer already known in advance.ⁱ Especially when concentrating on personnel from German speaking countries, writers have their narrative emplotment more or less ready-made, for it makes sense to see the emigrés as political refugees, first fleeing Europe because of Fascism, then frustrated by uncultured movie moguls and finally persecuted and witch-hunted by paranoid anti-communist U.S. senators. Prominently featured in this version are Fritz Lang and Bert Brecht, expressionism and *film noir*, Thomas Mann and Arnold Schoenberg, Marlene Dietrich and William Dieterle. This canonical version does not lack either plausibility or corroborating testimony, yet its self-evidence is nonetheless deceptive.ⁱⁱ It may be time to complicate the picture slightly, by extending it backward in time, and then by doubling the political dimension with another one: that of trade and competition, of contracts and markets. Finally, the anti-fascist war and the trade war have themselves an uncanny *Doppelgänger* in many of the films themselves: I am alluding to the looking glass war of competing representations of identity and origins. There, the question of what it means to have a home, to leave a home, and to dream of return, receives a further turn.

Immigrants or Invasions, Exiles or Trading Places?

While the cinema is undoubtedly *the* American art par excellence, it has long been recognized that migration, exile and immigration are constitutive of what we understand by the American film industry. Hollywood - originating when the independent producers escaped the (Eastern) Motion Picture Trust to set themselves up on the West Coast - is incomprehensible without the play of ethnicity and family values as the tropes of economic-institutional bonding along with a disavowal of origins. If the disavowals in many ways reinforced the bonding, neither quite dissolved without residue into the immigrants' assiduous striving after assimilation and integration. The process left sediments of transit, habit and defiance which, when projected into an entrepreneurial future of dynastic ambitions and cultural aspirations, defined the conformism of a self-made élite. Carl Laemmle was a German-born book keeper whose career began in a clothing store in Wisconsin; Samuel Goldwyn, born in Warsaw as Samuel Goldfish, was a glove merchant from upstate New York before he married into the Lasky vaudeville family; Adolf Zukor was born in Hungary and made his first fortune as a furrier in

Chicago, before moving into penny arcades; William Fox was born Wilhelm Fried in Hungary and set up in New York's Lower East Side garment trade, before buying up Blackton's bankrupt arcade business; Louis B Mayer, born in Russia, moved from his father's scrap metal business in Boston to owning cinemas in New England; Joseph and Nicholas Schenck also came from Russia, owning drug-stores and amusement parks in New York, while keeping their sights on the high risk motion picture business. Another Russian, Lewis Selznick, owned jewellery shops in Pittsburgh, gambled away a fortune made in movies, but fathered two famous sons that were to make the family name part of the Hollywood legend.

Yet ethnic memory or even the Jewish faith as such is perhaps not what was most remarkable about Hollywood's 'founding fathers'. The paradox of these first-generation Americans is that they played such a large part in transforming film production into the cartel known as the Hollywood studio system, precisely because they wielded a cultural influence over mass taste, while claiming simply to be in a business. For even if they did not altogether 'invent Hollywood' by repressing and disavowing their own homeland and heritage,ⁱⁱⁱ they must have helped install at the heart of Hollywood an ambiguity regarding cultural identity which has typified the role of foreigners in Hollywood ever since: either assimilate and become 110% American, or be European and Exotic, but also 110%! Such a-symmetry and excess might in fact represent two hidden figurations that sum up this relation to a 'centre' which is itself the projection of different kinds of otherness, hinting that the questions of emigrés and ethnicity, of homeland and Hollywood has to be located also in a broader context.

The contradictory field of force is perhaps most noticeable among the German emigrés to Hollywood, arguably the largest group, or as indicated above, the one most written about. The story of Germans in Hollywood is complicated by two factors: they came from a country which, at least in the 1920s, could boast of a strong film industry, but they also came from a country which was politically a pariah: associated with war, aggression, and Prussian brutality after World War I, it became in the 1930s the country that openly persecuted the Jews. As a consequence, two master-narratives compete for credibility. One is centred on the 1930s and 1940s and tells the story backwards, with the emigrés-refugees fleeing Europe to escape a fascist dictatorship and the war, only to be humiliated in Hollywood by tyrannical, ill-read and ill-bred movie moguls like Louis B Mayer, Darryl Zanuck and Harry Cohn. This narrative gradually replaced an earlier one, also centred on a war. It described the Germans as invaders and a flood, terms first used when *The Cabinet of Dr Caligari* (Robert Wiene, 1919) and *Madame Dubarry* (Ernst Lubitsch, 1919) made money for their (American) distributors, but the metaphors allude to militaristic national clichés in everyone's mind after 1918, when there was substantial resistance against the import of German films.

Particularly the trade press of the time was fond of such bellicose expressions, which reached a climax when Ernst Lubitsch came to stay and brought with him his whole Ufa retinue. David Robinson, in *Hollywood in the Twenties* echoes the mood when he writes: 'Ernst Lubitsch, the most successful and enduring of the foreign invaders', and John Baxter takes up the same theme:

The arrival in New York on 24 December 1921 of Paul Davidson and Ernst Lubitsch - and the more flamboyant landing a few weeks later of Pola Negri [were the] harbingers of a flood that fundamentally changed the American film industry,^{iv}

adding, somewhat gleefully, a few pages later, that the flood was eventually 'beaten back', either because directors 'returned in disgrace' or because Hollywood 'ruined the brightest European talent'.^v

One could argue that Baxter's claim as much as his disclaimers are an exaggeration, and indeed, I shall try and put forward a slightly different case. For instance, if the military vocabulary about 'invaders' has any justification, it applies more to Hollywood than to Germany: throughout the 1920s, the campaigns were masterminded and conducted by US studio executives, coming to Europe for what Fritz Lang called 'trophy-hunting', the objective being the defeat of a rival by buying out their best talents in order to exploit them internationally. On one of these talent shopping trips Harry Warner 'bought' Michael Kertesz in Berlin, who had taken refuge in Germany from Hungary, after the collapse of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and who in Hollywood, transformed himself into Michael Curtiz, the most dependable and inspired of Warner's contract directors, directing for them some 50 films in twenty years, among them a German language version of Llyod Bacon's *Moby Dick* (*Dämon des Meeres*, 1931) and (much later) everyone's favourite emigré film, *Casablanca* (1943). On the other hand, Carl Laemmle's summer vacations during the 1920s in the (now Czech) spa towns of Marienbad and Carlsbad were notorious occasions, where Berlin film folk fell over themselves, in the hope of garnering a contract for work at Universal.^{vi}

Baxter, however, makes an important point in passing: when discussing the emigrés of the film business, it can be misleading to focus on the directors alone, because the asset Hollywood wanted was the popularity (in the European market) of certain stars which the directors were deemed to be able to 'deliver' (apart from Pola Negri, Lubitsch also brought Emil Jannings, while Mauritz Stiller brought Greta Garbo). Hermann Weinberg, in *The Lubitsch Touch* also recognized the nature of trade:

The foreign 'invasion' had begun, though it was never a real invasion, for the

European contingent had been invited one by one, nay, *lured* to come here. Thus on the heels of each other soon appeared Emil Jannings, Conrad Veidt, Erich Pommer, Alexander Korda, Paul Leni, Lothar Mendes, Lya di Putti, Karl Freund, Lajos Biro, Friedrich Murnau, E.A. Dupont, Ludwig Berger, Camilla Horn and many others - stars, directors, cameramen, and scene designers, leaving Ufa all but bereft of many of its best talents.^{vii}

Even with the lesser talents the aim was to make films destined for the penetration of the foreign national markets at the expense of indigenous producers. As Lubitsch's personal assistant, for instance, came a young man called Heinz Blanke, who would become, behind the scenes, one of the most important middlemen in the traffic between Berlin and Hollywood, until from 1933 to 1962 he acted as a key producer for Warner Brothers under Hal Wallis.

The anti-Hollywood sentiment of Weinberg has been taken up by other writers, such as Siegfried Kracauer and Lotte Eisner, who speak of an exodus, a drain which leaves the German film industry deserted and depleted. Here the economic argument shades into the political argument, for it implies the notion of a steep decline of the German film industry in the latter years of the 1920s, leading inevitably to its artistic demise in 1933. But as already George Huaco pointed out, this narrative cannot be right, since films made in Germany in the late 1920s and early 1930s - *Menschen am Sonntag* (*People on Sunday*, Billy Wilder/Robert Siodmak, Fred Zinneman, 1929), *The Blue Angel* (Joseph von Sternberg, 1930), *Der Kongress Tanzt* (*The Congress Dances*, Eric Charell, 1931), *M* (Fritz Lang, 1931), *Die Dreigroschenoper* (*The Threepenny Opera*, G.W. Pabst, 1931), *Vampyr* (C.Th. Dreyer, 1932), *Kuhle Wampe* (Hans Eisler/Slatan Dudow, 1932) to name only a few- are aesthetically as important, thematically as adventurous and stylistically as diverse as anything produced at the same time as Hollywood, quite apart from the fact that these films, among others, ensured that the German film industry was financially more stable and internationally more successful than at any time in its history. The profits from a series of musicals produced by Ernst Pommer and directed mostly by Hanns Schwarz, Karl Hartl and Gustav Ucicky (all of whom stayed on) were enough to keep the Ufa balance sheet in surplus, despite the studio's huge investments in the conversion to sound.^{viii} Considering how generally hostile avant-garde critics tended to react to the coming of sound, one wonders whether the political argument of the exodus after 1933 might not have found reinforcement in an aesthetic prejudice.

Wave after Wave?

A more historically grounded assessment of the relation Germany-Hollywood, therefore,

cannot be either solely economic or purely political. The two master-narratives of 'The German Invasion' and 'The German Refugees' at once contradict and complement each other, precisely because they are held together at another level - the ethnic imaginary - where the dilemma of the Germans of the 1920s as well as of the 1930s matches the situation of the 'founding fathers' of the 1910s. Hence the interest in tracing the peculiar cultural logic underpinning the interchanges. Starting with the economic interchange: if the Germans did not make for a flood, one may compare them to waves, but which need to be distinguished from each other. Lubitsch in 1921 could be called the crest of the first, and Murnau headed the second in 1925. After the success of *The Last Laugh* (1924) he was imported with the more specific brief of bringing to Hollywood the values of 'cinema art',^{ix} while behind him were those whom Hollywood regarded as specialists in particular styles or niche-markets, such as E.A. Dupont and Paul Leni: both, like Murnau, known for exceptionally innovative, but also esoteric films in Europe (*Waxworks* [1924], *Variety* [1925]). Dupont's and Leni's motives were primarily economic, or at the very least, professional: Hollywood made films with higher budgets, in better equipped studios, for larger audiences.

Besides directors with some experience, such as Lothar Mendes and Ludwig Berger, this wave also brought to Southern California adventurers with little previous experience, such as Fred Zinnemann, or with varied experience, such as Edgar Ulmer, who first visited as an assistant to Max Reinhardt in 1923, then came back as part of the Murnau troupe in 1925, returned to Germany in 1929, only to try his luck once more in Hollywood as an art director in 1931, until he hit his stride with *The Black Cat* (1933), and found a specialized niche as the most important director of Ukrainian and Yiddish films between 1935 and 1940.

These filmmakers, then, were neither poor immigrants fleeing their country of origins to escape hunger in search of the American dream, nor political exiles and refugees, but film artists and cinema professionals who were attracted because of the opportunities in technology, resources and rewards which Hollywood could offer. Migration, or 'transfer' is therefore first and foremost an expression of the extraordinary economic dynamism of the film industry generally during the mid and late 1920s, and of the inescapably international character at every level of its operation, be it production, distribution, exhibition.

Nothing demonstrates this more clearly than another 'wave' around 1930, which brought to Hollywood William Dieterle, Hans Heinz von Twardowski, Günther von Fritsch, along with several other, less permanent visitors. They were hired by Warner Brothers' Berlin subsidiary, Deutsche National in order to make foreign language versions of Warner films, with Dieterle being chosen because he could act as well as direct, and Fritsch because he had enough Spanish to direct a Latin American version alongside a German one, saving Warner transport, board and lodging on their imported labour. Germans thus made German films in

Hollywood, while still contributing to the American picture business, especially in the then crucial overseas (European, Latin) markets. In a similar context, Dupont was able to revive his faltering international career by directing, between 1928 and 1931, a number of English, French and German language versions for the London-based British International Pictures and its German subsidiary, Südfilm.^x

The last example shows that fighting fierce competition and forging strategic alliances was not only the *modus operandi* between Europe and Hollywood, but also between the different national industries as well as among national producers. What moved people and personel from country to country was often the sheer power of capital needing to stay in circulation within the various sectors of the (international) film industry. This is even the case with the 'wave' that landed after 1933, and which with more justification can be called 'political refugees': Fritz Lang, Joe May and Billy Wilder, and later in the decade, Robert Siodmak, Curtis Bernhardt, John Brahm, William Thiele. One common feature shared by these emigrés is that they arrived in Los Angeles not from Berlin or Vienna, but from Paris, where all of them had also directed films, while some came via London, where they had gone in the hope of being able to return to Germany once things improved politically (which proved a false hope). Few had intended to seek their fortune in Hollywood, and all had to remake themselves culturally as well as professionally in order to prosper.

The Paris staging post most clearly indicates the mixture of economic and political motifs, because it points to the dominance of the German film industry over that of France from the late 1920s throughout the 1930s. Only the final wave of emigrés during the late 1930s and early 1940s, notably Max Ophuls, Jean Renoir, René Clair (escaping from occupied France, or via Holland), and from Germany, Reinhold Schünzel, Frank Wisbar and Douglas Sirk were to leave Europe for political reasons. The last three had a difficult time once they arrived in America, not least because the emigré community regarded them with suspicion, since they were known for having made prominent and highly successful films for Ufa after the Nazi takeover, such as *Victor und Viktoria* and *Amphitrion* (both Reinhold Schünzel 1933, 1935), *Anna und Elizabeth* and *Fährmann Maria* (both Frank Wisbar 1933, 1934), *Schlußakkord* and *Zu Neuen Ufern* (both Douglas Sirk 1936, 1937). The most tragic case perhaps is that of G.W. Pabst, known in the late 1920s and early 1930s for his experimental (*Secrets of a Soul*, 1926), socially committed (*The Joyless Street*, 1925), new-realist (*Diary of a Lost Girl*, 1929), liberal (*The Loves of Jeanne Ney*, 1927) and critical-pacificist films (*Kameradschaft*, 1931). He, too, went to the States in 1934, after making French and French-language version films between 1930 and 1933. When *A Modern Hero* (1934, made for Henry Blanke and Hal Wallis at Warner Brothers) was not a success, he resumed directing in France from 1936 to 1939. With a ticket on the 'Nomandie' to New

York already booked, Pabst returned to his mansion in Austria, where he fell ill just as war was being declared, which postponed his departure indefinitely. Film historians have not forgiven him for 'missing the boat'.^{xi}

Pabst's example underscores more dramatically than the meandering careers of Ulmer, Bernhardt or Dupont that to speak even of 'waves' is misleading, since much of this was a two-way traffic.^{xii} Especially in the late 1920s and early 1930s individual trajectories were at once contingent and accident-prone, before political events in Europe and Hitler's rise to power forced upon so many careers the fatal pattern of persecution, exodus and blighted prospects. Although everyone who was in the public eye was affected by the changes in Germany after 1933, often it was the actors, the writers, composers and singers who experienced fascism and anti-Semitism more directly as a threat to their lives as well as their livelihood: they made up the hard core of the political refugees. The directors, especially those with a reputation already established, had contacts abroad as a matter of course; they were familiar with the basic techniques and technology of picture-making everywhere, and many knew the working practices in other studios, quite apart from the fact that language was less of a barrier to finding work than for writers or actors. Certainly during the 1920s, improved communication and sea travel meant a continuous back-and-forth between Europe and America. John Baxter points to this, when he writes:

Many came to Hollywood - it is hard to find a single major European director of the period who did not make at least a token visit to Los Angeles - but only a fraction (...) stayed there.^{xiii}

This, too, is not the whole picture: behind the directors, there are the producers. Paul Davidson's role in getting Lubitsch to Hollywood has already been mentioned,^{xiv} and Pabst was able to work in France because of his long-standing association with Seymour Nebenzal's Nero Film, which had connexions with Warner Brothers and Pathé Nathan. But the close ties that the German filmmaking community had with Paris, London and Los Angeles was in no small measure due to the vast network of contacts and incessant travel of a single individual: Erich Pommer, the Head of Production at Ufa for much of the 1920s, who began as the German representative Gaumont, worked for Eclair, had contracts with Paramount and MGM, and in the 1930s produced films for Fox in France and the US, with Korda in England, shuttled between London and Los Angeles for most of the 1940s, and returned to Germany as a US Officer to reorganize the West German film industry in 1947. If at one end, it is the impersonal, abstract logic of capital which provides the necessity as well as energy for competition, collaboration and exchange, at the other end, the engine that kept the

revolving doors in motion was the charismatic personality of Pommer, either directly or indirectly.^{xv}

The Dynamics of Uneven Exchanges

But what, one is obliged to ask, is finally being traded in this pattern of uneven and non-equivalent exchanges? What profit-and-loss ledger actually keeps score? Is it commodities, reputations, services, expertise, markets, know-how, patents? If one concentrates on the most tangible commodity, the films, it is obvious that very few German films from the so-called classical German cinema were commercial or even critical successes. After the flurry of excitement caused by *The Cabinet of Dr Caligari* not only the press became more critical. As Baxter observes:

By the time *Passion, Deception*, Buchowetzky's *Danton* and the remaining post-war epics had been released in the US, Hollywood's ardour for the German film was considerably diminished. Having bought every new production of any reputation in order to keep it from competitors, the studios viewed their accumulated holdings with alarm.^{xvi}

Baxter goes on to quote from an interview with a production head from Famous Players/Paramount who in 1922 was in charge of re-editing Joe May's 8-part series *Mistress of the World* (*Die Herrin der Welt*, 1921) for the American market. Dismissing German films for their 'shape that the most amateurish of American picture fans would laugh at', he finds that 'the German mind cannot condense (...). Editing seems a totally unknown art in the German film studio'. A similar, though more famous response was Randolph Bartlett's 'German Film Revision Upheld as Needed Here' in the New York Times, 13 March 1927, a justification of the decision to re-edit Lang's *Metropolis* (1926). Bartlett argued that the re-edited and re-titled American version 'brings out the real thought' of the film which Lang had somehow failed to put across in the original. As for the stars, not even Emil Jannings was able to sustain a career in the US into the 1930s, while Pola Negri, more famous for her romance with Rudolph Valentino and the feuds with Gloria Swanson than her American films, criss-crossed between Hollywood and Germany throughout the 1930s and 1940s.

Yet what the focus on the films', on the stars' and the directors' fortune in the US loses sight of, is that the battle was usually not over the American market at all, but over American influence on West European, South American or East European audiences. As suggested by the investments initially made in multi-language versions both in Hollywood and at Paramount's Joinville studio outside Paris, the US film industry was always vigilant regarding

its dominant role in the export field, threatened, or so it seemed, with the advent of the talkies. Such profound technical and financial changes in the industry as the conversion to sound, make it doubly difficult to construct the narrative of film emigration to Hollywood around the front-line personalities. Throughout the 1920s, film industry personnel came to Hollywood, whose influence was in some ways more lasting and more profound than that of the directors or the films. One could take cameramen like Karl Freund, Theodor Sparkuhl or Eugen Schufftan, art directors like Hans Dreier and Ali Huber, composers like Erich W Korngold, Franz Waxmann, Max Steiner or Dimitri Tiomkin: each had a very individual career in Hollywood, and made a contribution difficult to underestimate in their respective fields, recognized by the industry if not always by the general public.

Karl Freund, for instance, is a figure who deserves a major study all to himself. After being responsible for the camerawork in *The Last Laugh*, *Variety* and *Metropolis*, Freund not only became a key director of photography for Universal and MGM, a director of eight feature films (among them such classics as *The Mummy* [1932] and *Mad Love* [1935]), he was an activist in the Society for Motion Picture and Television Engineers, and after the war worked in television as chief cameraman for Lucille Ball at the Desilu Company. He had also acquired -since the mid-1920s- important patents in sound, colour and optical instruments technology. These he exploited commercially through his own company, the Photo Research Corporation, which in turn had close ties with US Defence industries working on guided weapon systems.

If Freund thus had several 'visible' as well as 'invisible' identities as an emigré, moving with seeming ease between his roles as film director, director of photography, inventor, patent holder and businessman, a champion chameleon in the survival stakes of Southern California, the case of Henry Blanke, already mentioned, is special, because of a career conducted almost entirely out of the public eye, inside the whale, so to speak. His longevity as line producer at Warner Brothers throws a fascinating light on the forces that controlled, or at least shaped the fate of many of the German emigrés. After working for Lubitsch until 1926, Blanke went to Berlin to be Lang's production manager on *Metropolis*, another sign that Ufa conceived this film right from the start with the American market in mind. He returned to Warner in 1927, only to be sent back to Berlin in 1928, when Warner opened their own production in Germany (Deutsche First National). There, Blanke got to know William Dieterle, who made one of his biggest successes *Der Heilige und ihr Narr* (*The Saint and Her Fool*, 1928) for First National, as well as working for the German subsidiary of another US firm, the Deutsche Universal, headed by Joe Pasternak. With the introduction of sound in German first-run theatres in 1929, Blanke was recalled to Hollywood to oversee German language productions, for which he hired Dieterle.

Dieterle for his part was only too eager to accept, having had to default on substantial debts incurred on a contract with the Silva Film company. In the files of the Bundesarchiv/Film Archiv Berlin, one can inspect a warrant issued for Dieterle's arrest, dated from about the same time in July 1930 as the *Thüringer Allgemeine Zeitung* reported on Dieterle's "Sudden flight to America". A month later, the Berlin trade journal *Film Kurier* ran a First National publicity still of Dieterle, his wife and other German and French actors waving from the engine of a train that has just pulled into Los Angeles Station. In the Dieterle files of the Berlin Kinemathek there also exists the copy of an out-of-court settlement from January 1931, according to which Warner Brothers' New York office agreed to employ Dieterle for 40 weeks, paying \$ 400 each week to Silva Film in Berlin, while Dieterle received only \$ 200 a week salary.

The incident neatly underlines the trade and barter between German and US firms, as well as Dieterle's status as a 'hired hand' when he first arrived in Hollywood. Ironically, the reason why Silva Film could claim such high damages for breach of contract (2 million RM at first, though they seemed to have settled for 80.000 RM) was Dieterle's German box office pull as both a leading actor and a director. Blanke continued to work with Dieterle on the many of the latter's more famous bio-pics (*The Story of Louis Pasteur*, 1936; *The Life of Emile Zola*, 1937), but Dieterle had to pay off his debts to Warner by directing a number of remakes of his former German colleague's films, such as Joe May's *Ihre Hoheit Liebe* (which became *Her Majesty Love*, 1931), the Billy Wilder scripted *Ihre Majestät Befiehlt* (which became *Adorable*, 1933), and Lubitsch's *Madame Dubarry* (which became *Madame Du Barry*, 1934). At the same time, Dieterle also directed some of the fastest-paced, most action-packed and wise-cracking pre-Code Warner Brother programmers, such as *The Last Flight* (1931), *Jewel Robbery* (1932), or *Lawyer Man* (1932). Only the arrival in Hollywood of his former teacher Max Reinhardt, who agreed to have him direct *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (1935). This became a prestige success for Warner Brothers and upgraded the studio's image, while rescuing Dieterle from the namelessness of remaining a B-picture director, after having already been an A-director in Germany. Refugee or adventurer, 'lured' to Hollywood or waiting desperately for that Hollywood 'phone call the Berlin press was always joking about? But although neither Jewish nor a prestige European import, Dieterle and his wife became the most welcoming Hollywood home for German political refugees, using all their influence to obtain, entry visas, affidavids or contracts for Germans in need.

Dieterle's initial task - the remaking of German pictures for the American market - highlights a common feature in the careers of German and German-speaking emigrés. Understandably, many tried to sell to the studios subjects or treatments with which they had already been successful in Europe. A good example is the playwright and screenwriter Lajos Biro originally from Hungary. Biro sold Lubitsch the play on which was based *Forbidden Paradise* (1924, remade as *A Royal Scandal* by Otto Preminger in 1945); he wrote *Hotel Imperial* (1927, Erich Pommer's first Hollywood production, and remade twice more, once by Billy Wilder as *Five Graves to Cairo*, 1943), and returned to London with Alexander Korda to write *The Private Life of Henry VIII* (1933, itself inspired by Lubitsch's 1920 *Anna Boleyn*).

Such networks of ethnic bonding, trading on the common culture, and cashing in on kinship contacts became so notorious that Alexander Korda put on his desk a sign that read: 'It's Not Enough To Be a Hungarian'. The obverse of the close-knit community, which depended on each other, but also vampirized one another were often bitter personal enmities and rivalries among the emigrés, especially prior to the late 1930s. The composer Kurt Weill, for instance, who became one of the most successful 'assimilationists', heartily detested his occasional encounters with fellow refugees, calling the evenings spent with them 'nights in the mummies' cellar' and complaining about the 'execrable German' spoken there, 'that awful mixture of Hungarian and Viennese', while bemoaning the fact that the subject of conversation was invariably gossip about other emigrés.^{xvii}

Old World New World

Stories like these are of course only too familiar among Diaspora communities everywhere and at all times: they illustrate painful dependencies, uprootedness, and the perverse need to reassert individual identity in the face of a common fate. But especially among artistic and intellectual circles, where the immigrant ethos of trying to blend with the host culture in order to give positive value to a decision forced upon one by external circumstances is blunted by resentment about the loss of prestige and nostalgia for the status enjoyed back home, a deep distrust of the American values in general and those of Hollywood in particular made integration unlikely. Personalities of such opposing views as Bert Brecht and Thomas Mann, Theodor W. Adorno and Lotte Lenya, Arnold Schoenberg and Hanns Eisler were agreed on one issue: that Hollywood represented culture at its most corrupt, venal and hypocritical.

How could such insistence on difference amidst commonality and tacit consent amidst divergence manifest itself in the work the emigrés were able to realize? Did the split consciousness body forth its own coherence, or were the fault-lines visible in the films the Germans produced, authored, directed, or otherwise had a creative input in? I have, in the context of the German 'contribution' to Hollywood par excellence, namely *film noir*, argued

for a more cautious, and thus discursive rather than deterministic model of 'influence'.^{xviii} Not only did the different cadres of foreign or exiled professionals impact the film industry in varying degrees and often unexpected ways - as in the case of Karl Freund or William Dieterle already mentioned - the logic of this impact is furthermore such that adequate terms have yet to be found. What can be said is that here, the 'cultural' paradigm transforms and yet also instantiates the economic and political determinants. Hence my suggestion of calling it an 'imaginary', to indicate a relation between orders of being which cannot be thought of as contiguous or complementary, while nonetheless exhibiting the binding force of a mutually sustaining fantasy. I have already signalled the ambivalence among the Berlin film world of the 1920s vis-à-vis Hollywood, reflecting the ambivalence of Weimar Germany vis a vis 'America' generally.

Only against this historical backdrop of a complex cultural rivalry between the first and second world's most powerful and powerfully modernizing nations can some of the contradictory attitudes of the various 'waves' of emigrés be mapped, and it thus provides the 'ground' on which, for instance, the films themselves can be read as the 'figures'. The process is well-illustrated by a director from the 'first wave' like Lubitsch, who epitomizes the most salient features of the German-American film exchange. While the lure of America for Lubitsch was living in a society that had successfully entered an age of perpetual revolution and modernisation - in industry, life styles, technical inventions, from which emanated the glamour of speed, wit and energy, what America wanted from Lubitsch was something quite different. Having considered himself Germany's most American director (with satires of Germany's 'Americanitis', such as *The Oyster Princess*), Hollywood needed him to be an out-and-out European.

Once arrived in the United States, Lubitsch, along with other 'name' emigrés who came to Hollywood with an international reputation, realized that for the New World, they were representative of the Old World: they found Hollywood hungering for images of a Europe fashioned out of nostalgia, class-difference and romantic fantasy. Obligated to recreate and imitate a version of the world they had left behind, directors found their previous work in Germany little help in fashioning an American career. In this context, Vienna became a key reference point, the master-sign and key signifier of 'Europe' to America, comparable only to the function of Paris. Lubitsch, a Berliner through and through, had to revive time and again Vienna and the Balkans, thus reversing the historical process whereby scores of directors, producers, writers - from the Korda brothers to Michael Kertesz, from Joe May and Fritz Lang to Billy Wilder and Emeric Pressburger - had come to Berlin to get away from the decadence of Vienna and the decrepit reality of the collapsing Austro-Hungarian Empire.

The secret affinity that existed between Hollywood on one side and Vienna or Paris on

the other, was that they were societies of the spectacle, cities of make-believe and of the show. The decadence of the Habsburg monarchy was in some ways the pervasive sense of impersonation, of pretending to be in possession of values and status which relied for credibility not on substance, but on a convincing performance, on persuading others to take an appearance for the reality. That there is a historical basis to this construction can be seen when one thinks of Vienna as a 'melting-pot' city, in which class conflicts and ethnic tensions are veiled by a kind of permeability between classes, a state of affairs dramatized most succinctly in operettas, where the *lumpenproletariat* and the aristocracy can find themselves enjoying the same places, not least because they have a common enemy: the hard-working, production-oriented, upwardly-mobile bourgeois. Similarly, the Paris that attracted Hollywood was the Paris of Jacques Offenbach, the operetta composer, during the period prior to 1848, the end of the Restoration, and before the Revolution. The power of Vienna as a signifier haunts the emigrés well into the 1940s: Max Ophuls did not originate from Vienna any more than Lubitsch, but he too became a specialist in Viennese charm, admittedly a choice that predated his work in Hollywood, as his German and French films from the 1930s amply indicate.

Erich von Stroheim and Joseph von Sternberg are good illustrations of a more drastic reversal of signifiers: fashioning for themselves identities as European aristocrats, they made their personality into a brand name, which consisted, at least to the outside, of Sternberg's trappings of an old world dandy. Stroheim, with his boots, his monocle, his military pseudo-pedigree, might be said to have demonstrated the Vienna-principle to dizzying perfection: son of a poor immigrant hat-maker, he lived not only the fiction of an aristocrat, but of an Austro-Hungarian aristocrat, doubling the connotations of pretence, style and play-acting, and taking it from screen roles into his biography, and choosing for his life and work a mode, where the Prussian and the Austrian impersonations are not at all felt to be contradictory (as they were in history) but almost cancel out the falsehood in either, to make one totally convincing persona.

Sternberg made a film with Emil Jannings which, in the admittedly somewhat different context of the Russian Revolution, nonetheless very poignantly engages with this subject: *The Last Command* (1928) was scripted by none other than Lajos Biro. The film is about a Tsarist general who, fleeing from the Bolsheviks and now living as political refugee in the US, is reduced to making a living as a Hollywood extra in Los Angeles. As fate would have it, he is cast in an anti-communist epic about the heroic last stand of a White Russian battalion. Obligated to watch a Hollywood actor play a Tsarist general, his distress at the fake performance makes him rush up to the director, and explain to him who he 'really' is. The director eventually gives in, and - dressed once more in his full military splendour - the

general-turned-pauper-turned-movie extra is able to die before the camera the heroic death on the battlefield which life so ignominiously denied him.

Other directors of European origin also promoted themselves as more or less subtle versions of national stereotypes: one thinks of Chaplin or Hitchcock, and in a lesser register also of Dieterle, who affected wearing immaculate white gloves on the set during the shooting of his 1930s films. The Hollywood publicity machine ensured not only that the private self could be consumed as myth, but also that it was a highly coded and thus immediately recognizable myth.

Clichés in the Air

The story of the German film emigrés thus presumes a twofold estrangement: from their own home, and from the view which their US hosts have of this homeland. The consequence is a kind of schizophrenia, which yields a double perspective also on American society, as admiration, cynicism, hypocrisy and a hyper-critical view all vie for priority. The dilemma of the emigrés in this respect refigures the cultural attitude of the 'pioneers' who created Hollywood: did they repress their ethnicity or did it give them a sharper insight into what it meant to be American?

Many of the emigrés' bio-filmographies do in fact make little sense, if one does not read them against the (economically and film-industrially programmed) trade and barter I have tried to sketch above. But they also need to be read in light of this other movement, of mis-cognition and recognition, across the gap that opens up between the two kinds of imaginary, represented by Europe's view of America and America's view of Europe. For however much a biographer might be tempted to construct the linearity of a lived life around the fate of the immigrants, emigrés, adventurers and exiles, it may be much more coherent to assume that many of them lived several parallel - except for the single body barely connected - lives, and yet each 'life' responding with some degree of logic to the requirements of a particular film-historical or film-economical exigency.

Two striking cases in which mutual miscognition played a crucial part are the American debuts of Joe May and E.A. Dupont. May, an unwilling emigré, came to the US via Paris with Pommer, for whom the 1933 arrival was more critical than that in 1926, when he was wooed back to Berlin by the new Ufa management. *Music in the Air* (1934) which Pommer and May undertook for Fox (continuing his Fox-Europe connexion) was very much an emigré project, with Billy Wilder as co-scenarist and Franz Waxmann writing the score. Pommer had wanted an unknown to star, but the studio insisted on Gloria Swanson. May's films, including his 1928 success *Asphalt*, were quite unknown in the States - perhaps a blessing in the light of the acid comments made about *Mistress of the World* - and he could only point to a recent work of his which had been remade by Warner Brothers, the already mentioned *Ihre Majestät die Liebe*.

The film was not a success, though it must be said that its release coincided with the deep financial crisis of Fox, in the wake of the bid for Paramount, leading ultimately to the takeover of the company by Twentieth Century and Zanuck. *Music in the Air* is interesting as a project, not only because it is calculated to cash in on a number of Pommer/Ufa films that did make waves in the States, such as *Der Kongress Tanzt*, *Ein blonder Traum* (*A Blond Dream*, 1932), *Liebeswalzer* (*Love Waltz*, 1930) and some of the other early sound musicals, with which Ufa, as indicated, was impressing the world and redressing its balance sheets. But *Music in the Air* had the added piquancy of being based on a Broadway hit by Jerome Kern/Oscar Hammerstein, which, precisely, took an 'Olde Worlde' setting and a typical operetta plot as its subject. What was being exchanged in this film made by Europeans, and adapted from an American musical were national stereotypes in the form of mutual cultural compliments, and maybe the film should have been called 'Cultural clichés in the Air'. May did not get a second chance until 1937, and apart from a few assignments in the 1940s, had no film career to speak of in Hollywood. Even his other venture, running a restaurant, called - how could it be otherwise? - *The Blue Danube* did not rescue him and his wife from the most desperate and humiliating penury.

Ewald André Dupont, too, saw his filmmaking career fizzle out in the Hollywood of the 1940s, but in order to understand the logic of his professional life, one needs to treat it as several, rather discrete 'slices', happening almost to different individuals. In contrast to May's enforced exile, Dupont was more of an adventurer. He signed a three-year contract with Carl Laemmle in 1925, came to Hollywood and directed *Love Me and the World is Mine* in 1926. His stay proved exceedingly brief, for by July 1926 he had severed his ties with Universal and was on his way again: not to Germany, but London. The fact that by the end of 1932 Dupont was back in Los Angeles, and once again (briefly) under contract to Universal, before moving to Paramount and beginning a tragi-comic roller-coaster ride to disgrace, oblivion, and a post-

war comeback as a hack director, underscores one's sense that in his case, the term 'emigré director', with its political overtones, is peculiarly inappropriate. And yet, Dupont's diverse career moves do actually fit into some of the patterns outlined so far.

What made Dupont attractive to Laemmle was the major international success of *Variété*, a Pommer/Ufa production which was neither Dupont's first film, nor his first foray into the milieu of artistes, circuses, and wandering players (cf *Alkohol*, 1919; *Der weiße Pfau/The White Peacock*, 1920; *Das Alte Gesetz/The Ancient Law*, 1923). What made *Variety* such a success was the blend of closely observed milieu, indeed sordid naturalism, with a particularly intense, brooding psychological study of male masochism, jealousy, and murderous rage. It was also a virtuoso display of film technique, with camerawork by Karl Freund which could be fluid and unobtrusively mobile, or vertiginously drawing attention of itself in the scenes where it substituted itself for Emil Jannings' perception and feelings. Especially 'modern' were a number of set pieces (as in the famous scene filmed through a revolving fan) which were attributed to Freund but whose conception can also be found in an earlier Dupont film, not shot by Freund (e.g. *Alkohol, Die grüne Manuela/Green Manuela*, 1923).

Yet when Dupont arrived in Hollywood, what project was he offered? *Love Me and the World is Mine* (1928), after the novel *Hannerl and her Lovers* and thus, as one critic commented, 'another piece of Viennese schmaltz'. It seems that, whatever directors had been known for at home, all that American producers could think of was 'Old Vienna'. Furthermore, as with May, whose film was to give Gloria Swanson a comeback, and also reminiscent of Lubitsch who, it will be remembered, was called over by Mary Pickford to give her career a different turn (with *Rosita*, 1921), the Dupont project was intended by the studio as a Mary Philbin vehicle, whose career had been in decline since *The Phantom of the Opera* (1925) and *The Man Who Laughs* (1926). The 12 April 1926 issue of the trade journal *Film Kurier* announces the completion of Dupont's first 'Super Jewel Film' *Hannerl and her Lovers* [ie *Love Me and the World is Mine*], which was to be followed by *Romeo and Juliet*, also with Mary Philbin, and with sets designed by Paul Leni. On the same front page, the *Film Kurier* also carries the notice that *Variety* was being screened to the Paramount renters' convention in Atlantic City, on the first day in its Berlin version, and once more at the end the week, re-edited for the American market, 'to give the 400 representatives a chance of decide for themselves'. Clearly, in the world of a film industry trade journal, the two items have nothing to do with each other, indicating once more the subordinate status of the director.

Sound Strategy?

Traditional wisdom has it that it was the coming of sound which most damaged the 'international' dimension of the cinema. In *The Shattered Silents*, a study of the American cinema on the eve of the transition to sound, Alexander Walker recalls the films to be seen in New York during August 1926, when the Warner Theatre on Broadway showed its first Vitaphone sound programme:

Next door or just down the street, were Rex Ingram's *Mare Nostrum*; Rudolph Valentino's *The Son of the Sheik*; King Vidor's *The Big Parade*; Sjöström's *The Scarlet Letter*, MGM's *Ben Hur*; E.A. Dupont's *Variety*; *The Waltz Dream*, another Ufa film; and a whole repertory season of Emil Jannings' pictures. Sophisticated in their narrative-telling, international in understanding, without speech, yet intelligible in all languages, each one bearing the individual signature of a director, star or studio: such movies as these presented some of the silent cinema's finest flowering.^{xix}

Although it therefore makes sense to say that with the coming of sound, movies became not only more realistic but also more nationally specific, my argument would be that the introduction of sound was not an especial barrier to, for instance, German directors moving between different countries in Europe, or between Europe and America. Neither did it displace the peculiar trade-offs, just noted around Lubitsch or Sternberg, between an outsider's view on America and the American public's desire to see on their screens a particular view of Europe, which the emigrés were not averse to providing. On the contrary, the films of Lang, Preminger, Wilder, Siodmak as far as urban America is concerned (*Woman in the Window* [Fritz Lang, 1944], *Laura* [Otto Preminger, 1944], *Double Indemnity* [Billy Wilder, 1944], *Phantom Lady* [Robert Siodmak, 1944]) and those of Ophüls (*The Reckless Moment*, 1949) and Sirk (*All that Heaven Allows*, 1956) with respect of suburban America shaped and fixed the (US) national mythology in very important respects. The 'Germanic' touch detected so often in the psychological thriller, in *film noir* and melodrama seems thus more convincingly argued once one takes into account these mutually sustaining 'national imaginaries' I've been outlining than any direct, linear descent from 'Expressionism'.

The complementary counter-example is Dupont. If *Variety*, or rather, its quasi-unanimous success with an international public as well as the critics was to haunt the director throughout his life, earning him the somewhat sadistic sobriquet of the 'one-time genius', Dupont figures by rights once more in the history of the cinema, with a film rarely recalled because of its aesthetic merits or its mythical resonances, and rather remembered for its technical novelty. In 1929, working by then for British International Pictures in London,

Dupont was responsible for the first European talking picture, an adaptation of a play about the sinking of the Titanic, which became *Atlantic* (1929) and was filmed in three versions, with Dupont directing the English and the German one but not the French.^{xx} More multi-language films followed: *Two Worlds* (a story reminiscent of the already mentioned *Hotel Imperial*, with Charles Rosher as cameraman) and *Cape Forlorn* (1931; the German version [*Menschen im Käfig*] has an all-star cast of Conrad Veidt, Fritz Kortner and Heinrich George) completed his deal with BIP, and Dupont returned to Germany.^{xxi} What intrigues me is just what kind of link might exist between such distinctly disparate moments focused on the same name, beyond the pure accident of someone called Dupont having directed, among many other films, these two landmarks of film history. On Dupont's side, however, there is no mystery. Insofar as European filmmakers have always, at least in principle, been recognized as artists, i.e. as independently creative individuals, Dupont can be seen to have tried, throughout his career, to achieve a work that resembles his 'persona' and is consistent with itself, rather like a writer or a painter. But since being an auteur in the cinema also implies having to survive, and remain close to the technological-economic means of production, this 'staying in the game' represents a director's true working capital, his currency within the industry and for the critics, who in the case of Dupont, never stopped playing off his previous success against his present flops. For work in Hollywood, *Variety* was both Dupont's launch pad and his meal-ticket. But it also was the cage from which he tried to escape - though often enough by a sort of compulsion to repeat. His motto seems to be 'repetition by variation', for every time Dupont finds himself at the cross-roads in his career, he seems tempted by yet another variation on the motifs of *Variety*: show people entangled in the eternal triangle. After his arrival in Britain, the first films are *Moulin Rouge* (1928) and *Piccadilly* (1929, also set in the milieu of dancers, gigolos and show-people), and his first film after returning to Germany is called *Salto Mortale* (a triangular love story of trapeze artistes). The question which poses itself, however, is not: what personal obsession or existential themes might Dupont the auteur have wanted to articulate across the themes of the circus, vaudeville, or the world of the spectacle, but rather, why, when arriving in Hollywood in 1926 at the height of his reputation, did he *not* make a film featuring a circus ring or a *ménage à trois* (ie a remake of *Variety*), and instead adapt a popular Austrian novel (ie *Hannerl and her Lovers*), the sentimental story (with happy ending) of a young woman who has to choose between a paternal professorial type and a young lieutenant departing for a war from which he may not return. The second question concerns *Atlantic*, that is, how was it that Dupont found himself in the vanguard of sound film and the multi-language versions, when little in his previous work indicated this turn? The answer has to be sought in the dynamics of European production companies finding themselves with too small a national market to remain

competitive. British International Pictures intended to break into the European and American market, and so it was looking for an 'international' director, with experience in its largest rival markets, the US and Germany. *Piccadilly* was the biggest production BIP had so far undertaken, the first of a series of 'prestige' films, which not only explains the presence of a German director, but also of American stars (Anna May Wong and Gilda Gray, inventress of the 'shimmy'). Dupont in effect found himself in the situation similar to that of Lubitsch when hired by Hollywood: the 'Trojan horse' smuggled into enemy territory. The dynamics thus bear signs of a comedy of errors and mistaken identities, not without tragic potential, making history at times seem like a prankster. For in this also comparable to Pabst's missed boat, some of Dupont's career moves are the result of awesome accidents, though in the opposite direction to Pabst's 'bad timing': a Dupont project called *Der Läufer von Marathon* (*The Marathon Man*, 1932) involved location work in Los Angeles during the Summer Olympics of 1932. When the film opened in February 1933 in Berlin, Dupont had already seized the opportunity to stay on in the States, for by May of 1933, he was back under contract with Universal, never to return to Germany, having suddenly become, after years as an international adventurer, a political refugee with the Nazi's seizure of power.

Cultural Contraband

It is in fact around the anti-Nazi films in particular that the German emigrés once more became an important force, but also a source of controversy with the Production Code. While Fritz Lang was praised by the MPA for the delicate handling of difficult domestic subjects such as lynching and blacks in *Fury*, when Pabst wanted to propose as his second Hollywood venture a film about a mad radio-operator (Peter Lorre) starting a proxy (European) war on board an ocean liner, the project was promptly vetoed by the Hays office as unsuitable for overseas markets and thus as diplomatically tricky. Dieterle, on the other hand, did get himself involved in a number of politically sensitive films: over *Juarez* (1939), there were endless squabbles with ambassadors from both Spain and Mexico, over *Dr Ehrlich's Magic Bullet* (1940, about the inventor of a cure for syphilis) there was an issue regarding the Jewish origin of the hero, and *Blockade* (1938, about the Spanish Civil War) gave rise to trouble with the American Catholic Church.^{xxii}

The brush of the emigrés with the Production Code over the anti-Nazi films highlights a number of additional ironies, which only the exiles, the Jews, the refugees from Europe could fully appreciate. In the anti-Nazi films, it was often Jews who had fled from Hitler's Germany that ended up playing SS men or high-ranking Nazi, these being often the only roles they could get because of their accents (Reinhold Schünzel, Alexander Granach, Gustav von Wangenheim, Hans Heinz von Twardowski, Conrad Veidt, Fritz Kortner in films like

Litvak's *Confessions of a Nazi Spy* (1939), Douglas Sirk's *Hitler's Madman* (1943), Fritz Lang's *Hangmen Also Die* (1943), or *The Hitler Gang*. Otto Preminger, blacklisted by Daryl Zanuck, was only allowed back to C20th Fox after his Broadway success as an actor playing the Nazi in *Margin for Error* (1943). But it is Lubitsch, underscoring the theatricality of the Hitler regime in his *To Be or Not to Be* (1942), who fully exploits the supreme irony of the emigrés cultural camouflage. *To Be or Not To Be* brings back that imaginary dimension I briefly alluded to in the beginning, when I argued that in the traffic between Europe and America images are being traded, images of America, but also images of Europe: after the 'Viennese pastry' and 'schmaltz' of the 1920s and 1930s, it is a European political tragedy - a dictatorship practicing genocide - that is caught in the mirror of a double reflection that seems to date back to the early 1920s. The extent and kind of involvement the emigrés had with the political realities of their time were thus refracted via the politics of make-belief, so that the stylization of *film noir*, the double-entendres or sight gags of sophistication comedy, and the 'imitations of life' of melodrama might turn out to be just as 'politically engaged' as the anti-Nazi films.

By contrast, Dieterle's and Dupont's stories help to focus on the way some directors found it more difficult to shape out of several dozens of films a coherent work, and this in two respects: their individual films do not seem to be more than the sum of the circumstances under which they were made, which may not add up to a reason why they were made. Useful for the historian, because they become symptomatic of the forces at work in the film business, the films end up being more interesting for their apparent incoherence, their gaps and fissures, as I have tried to show in a case study of Dieterle's Warner Brothers bio-pics, notably *The Story of Louis Pasteur*. Secondly, Dieterle's and Dupont's films, for all their qualities -and with Dieterle, for all their political intentions - never seem to engage with the awareness of this historical situation of the double reflection, as I tried to argue was the case of other directors who found themselves caught by the overdetermined signifiers 'Austria', 'Viennese decadence', 'Germany' and 'America'. For what some emigrés achieved was to make out of make-believe a morality: only by piling up the falsehoods can one get closer to a truth. Highly self-conscious and self-referential, their films play with appearance and the many levels of irony involved in make-believe. This has always been recognized about the American films of Lubitsch, of Lang, but it is equally the case for Wilder, Ophuls, even Preminger. If the spectacle is false, it can nonetheless only be judged by another spectacle. And while it is the combination of economics and inter(natio)nal politics that must be seen as the driving force for the conversion to sound, the workings of the Hays Code, and for the cultural camouflage adopted by Europeans in Hollywood, there is after all, a dimension to this counterfeit trade in images and imaginaries, which in its way is as politically delicate as the issue of America's

isolationism in the late 1930s, and as morally disturbing as the depiction of its gangsters in the early 1930s. When it comes to finally assessing the question of influence which among others the German emigrés had on Hollywood, it may not be so much this auteur or that film style, but rather something altogether politically more acute and yet intangible: is it not the immigrants, the 'invaders', emigrés and refugees that helped to make, for all of the world, including the United States themselves, out of Hollywood a country of the mind: the supreme fiction of displacement, transport and virtual realities?

If the dream-factory was thus partly Made in Europe, the worlds of make-belief, disavowal, deception and self-deceptions have their own share of historical reality, fashioned not least out of the contradictory triangulations of migration, national-ethnic stereotyping and exile.

Notes:

- i. Among the extensive literature, one can best consult the following titles: John Baxter, *The Hollywood Exiles* (New York: Taplinger Publishing, 1976); Mark Davis, *City of Quartz: Excavating the future in Los Angeles* (New York: Vintage, 1992); Otto Friedrich, *City of Nets* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1997); Gundolf S. Freyermuth, *Reise in die Verlorengegangenenheit* (Hamburg: Rasch und Röhring, 1990) Anthony Heilbut, *Exiled in Paradise* (New York: Viking Press, 1983); Maria Hilchenbach, *Kino im Exil. Die Emigration deutscher Filmkünstler 1933-1945* (Munich-New York-London-Paris: Saur, 1982) Jan Christopher Horak, *Fluchtpunkt Hollywood* (Münster: Moks, 1984); Martin Jay, *Permanent Exiles* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1985); Frederick Kohner, *The Magician of Sunset Boulevard* (Palos Verdes, CA: Morgan Press, 1977); Thomas Koebner (ed) *Exilforschung Band 2* (Munich: edition text + kritik 1984) Jan Michel Palmier, *Weimar en Exil* 2 vols (Paris: L'Harmattan 1988); Cornelius Schnauber (ed.), *One Way Ticket to Hollywood. Film Artists of Austrian and German Origin in Los Angeles 1884-1945* (Los Angeles, n.d.)
- ii. The outlines of this story are strangely congruent with another inter-American migration -that of the 1940s and 1950s, when east-coast or mid-west artists, show-people and writers moved to Hollywood, often to leave again, disenchanted, or with careers blighted and lives destroyed. Heading the list are Orson Welles and Joseph Losey, but especially after the McCarthy witch hunts, it includes countless New York writers, Broadway actors, theatre producers, choreographers.
- iii. As argued in Neal Gabler, *An Empire of their Own: How the Jews Invented Hollywood* (New York: Doubleday, 1989).
- iv. John Baxter, *The Hollywood Exiles*, p.36.
- v. *ibid.*, pp. 54, 65, 72.
- vi. Frederick Kohner, *The Magician of Sunset Boulevard: The Improbable Life of Paul Kohner, Hollywood Agent* (Palos Verdes, CA: Morgan Press, 1977), p. 52.
- vii. Herman Weinberg, *The Lubitsch Touch* (New York: Doubleday, 1964), p.47.
- viii. The most comprehensive accounts can be found in H.M.Bock and Michael Töteberg (eds), *Das Ufa Buch* (Frankfurt: Zweitausendeins, 1992) and Klaus Kreimeier, *Die Ufa Story* (Munich: Hanser, 1992).

- ix. Douglas Gomery/Robert C. Allen, *Film History: Theory and Practice* (New York: Random House, 1985), pp. 91-108.
- x. Andrew Higson, 'Film Europa: Dupont und die britische Filmindustrie' in J. Bretschneider (ed.) *Eward André Dupont: Autor und Regisseur* (Munich: text + kritik, 1992), pp 34-52.
- xi. Hans Michael Bock, 'Documenting a Life and a Career' in Rick Rentschler (ed.), *The Films of G.W.Pabst* (New Brunswick: Rutgers University Press, 1990), pp 228-230.
- xii. It is well-known that Louise Brooks became a star after being imported from Hollywood to work for Pabst on *Pandora's Box* and *Diary of a Lost Girl*. See Louise Brooks, *Lulu in Hollywood* (New York: Knopf, 1982). What is perhaps less well-known is that it was Emil Jannings who, anxious to restart his career in Germany, brought with him Josef von Sternberg to direct *The Blue Angel*.
- xiii. John Baxter, *The Hollywood Exiles*, p. 54.
- xiv. Paul Davidson remained in Germany. After the formation of Ufa, his once so brilliant career began to falter, and in the wake of a few false starts, he died in 1926, probably having committed suicide. See Hans Michael Bock (ed.), *CineGraph- Lexikon zum deutschsprachigen Film* (Munich: text + kritik, 1984ff).
- xv. Ursula Hardt, *From Caligari to California: Eric Pommer's Life in the international film wars* (Providence/Oxford: Berghahn Books, 1996) esp pp 141-162.
- xvi. John Baxter, *The Hollywood Exiles*, p 54.
- xvii. Quoted in Wolfgang Schivelbusch 'Turnip into Asparagus' *London Review of Books*, 5 June 1997, p 34.
- xviii. Thomas Elsaesser, 'A German Ancestry to Film Noir?' in *Iris* no.12, Spring 1996, pp 129-144.
- xix. Alexander Walker, *The Shattered Silents: How the Talkies Came to Stay* (New York: W.Morrow & Co, 1979), p 198.
- xx. Jean Kemm directed the actors in the French version, but judging from the version I was able to see at the National Film Archive in London, he utilized almost all of the non-talking scenes shot by Dupont.
- xxi. In Germany, Dupont once more became a name 'author', judging by his different studio-affiliations. He took on the post of production head at Emelka (a Munich company) in February 1930, but his first film after returning to Germany was actually made for Harmonie Film Berlin (*Salto Mortale*, 1931), before directing a major hit for Emelka in 1932 (*Peter Voss der Millionendieb/ Peter Voss, Gentleman Thief*).
- xxii. See Ruth Vasey, *The World According to Hollywood, 1918-1939* (Madison: University of Wisconsin Press, 1996).