

Week 5

I

[Alma-Ata, 16. XI. 1941]

Begin with:

'The work of this master is the greatest contribution of the American people to art.'

Dozens and dozens of newspaper clippings, modifying this sentence in various ways, pour down upon the astonished master. They are all from different statements, in different places, to different newspapers and different journalists. And they all come from one and the same man. A Russian filmmaker who had just landed upon the North American continent. However, the same news had already preceded him from England. There for the first time and on the very first day of his arrival on British soil, he had rushed off to see the works of the man upon whom he had showered such passionate praise in all his interviews. Thus long before their meeting in person, friendly relations had been established between praiser and praised. Between a Russian and an American. In short—between Disney and myself. When we met each other in person, we met like old acquaintances. And all the more so since he also knew our pictures.

Young and with a small moustache. Very elegant. The elegance of a dancer, I'd say. There's undeniably something of his own hero in him. Mickey has the same grace, ease of gesture and elegance. Not at all surprising!

As later becomes clear, his method is as follows: Disney himself acts out the 'part' or 'role' of Mickey for this or that film. A dozen or so artists stand around him in a circle, quickly capturing the hilarious expressions of their posing and performing boss. And the extremely lively and lifelike preparations for the cartoon are ready—infectious through the whole hyperbolization of the drawing only because taken from a living person. No less alive are the Wolf, the Bear, the Hound (the coarse partner of the refined Mickey); again not accidentally full of life, he comes from Walt's first cousin who, in contrast to him, is chubby, coarse and clumsy.

We tour his tiny studio, far, far away in those days from the centre of Hollywood vanity and life. We are amazed by the modesty of his equipment, considering the colossal scale of productivity. 52 'Mickey's' a year,<sup>1</sup> plus 12 *Silly Symphonies*, including the unsurpassed *The Skeleton Dance*,<sup>2</sup> with the

From Eisenstein on Disney by  
S. Eisenstein  
Madison 1988

skeletons who play on their own ribs as xylophones! We are surprised by the harmony of the collective. By the harmony of technique. And especially by the fact that the soundtrack is made in New York, where they send the most precisely marked rolls of the drawings' movements, shot to the most precise music score. Not in the slightest resulting in Impressionism. Disney's plastic visions, echoing the sounds, are captured *a priori*. Placed in a vise of the strictest plastic and temporal calculation. Made real. Coordinated by the dozens of hands of his collective. Shot on irreproachable rolls carrying charm, laughter and amazement at his virtuosity around the entire world.

I'm sometimes frightened when I watch his films. Frightened because of some absolute perfection in what he does. This man seems to know not only the magic of all technical means, but also all the most secret strands of human thought, images, ideas, feelings. Such was probably the effect of Saint Francis of Assisi's sermons. Fra Angelico's paintings bewitch in this way. He creates somewhere in the realm of the very purest and most primal depths. There, where we all are children of nature. He creates on the conceptual level of man not yet shackled by logic, reason, or experience. That's how butterflies fly. That's how flowers grow. That's how brooks marvel at their own course. That's how Andersen and Alice charm in Wonderland. That's how Hoffmann wrote in lighter moments. The same current of interflowing images. The archivist Lindhorst,<sup>3</sup> who is also King of the Elves, etc. One of Disney's most amazing films is his *Merbabies*.<sup>4</sup> What purity and clarity of soul is needed to make such a thing! To what depths of untouched nature is it necessary to dive with bubbles and bubblelike children in order to reach such absolute freedom from all categories, all conventions. In order to be like children.

The very last line written by Gogol's hand was: 'For only as a child may you enter the Holy Kingdom.'

Chaplin, too, is infantile. But his is a constant, agonized and somewhere at its core, an always tragic lament over the lost golden age of childhood. The epos of Chaplin is the 'Paradise Lost' of today. The epos of Disney is 'Paradise Regained'. Precisely Paradise. Unreachable on Earth. Created only by a drawing. It's not the absurdity of childish conceptions of an eccentric clashing with adult reality. The humour of the incompatibility of one with the other. And the sadness over man's forever lost childhood, and mankind's

Golden Age, lost irrevocably to those who want to bring it back from the past, instead of creating it in a better Socialist future. Disney (and it's not accidental that his films are drawn) is a complete return to a world of complete freedom (not accidentally fictitious), freed from the necessity of another primal extinction.

As an unforgettable symbol of his whole creative work, there stands before me a family of octopuses on four legs, with a fifth serving as a tail, and a sixth—a trunk. How much (imaginary!) divine omnipotence there is in this! What magic of reconstructing the world according to one's fantasy and will! A fictitious world. A world of lines and colours which subjugates and alters itself to your command. You tell a mountain: move, and it moves. You tell an octopus: be an elephant, and the octopus becomes an elephant. You tell the sun: 'Stop!'—and it stops.

You're able to see how the image of the hero who stopped the sun arose among those who were powerless to even take cover from it, and whose whole way of life was at the mercy of the sun. And you see how the drawn magic of a reconstructed world had to arise at the very summit of a society that had completely enslaved nature—namely, in America. Where, at the same time, man has become more merciless than in the Stone Age, more doomed than in prehistoric times, more enslaved than during the slave owning era.<sup>5</sup>

Disney is a marvellous lullaby for the suffering and unfortunate, the oppressed and deprived. For those who are shackled by hours of work and regulated moments of rest, by a mathematical precision of time, whose lives are graphed by the cent and dollar. Whose lives are divided up into little squares, like a chess board, with the sole difference that whether you're a knight or a rook, a queen or a bishop—on this board, you can only lose. And also because its black squares don't alternate with white ones, but are all of a protective grey colour, day after day. Grey, grey, grey. From birth to death. Grey squares of city blocks. Grey prison cells of city streets. Grey faces of endless street crowds. The grey, empty eyes of those who are forever at the mercy of a pitiless procession of laws, not of their own making, laws that divide up the soul, feelings, thoughts, just as the carcasses of pigs are dismembered by the conveyor belts of Chicago slaughter houses, and the separate pieces of cars are assembled into mechanical organisms by Ford's conveyor belts. That's why Disney's films blaze with colour. Like the patterns in the

clothes of people who have been deprived of the colours in nature. That's why the imagination in them is limitless, for Disney's films are a revolt against partitioning and legislating, against spiritual stagnation and greyness. But the revolt is lyrical. The revolt is a daydream. Fruitless and lacking consequences. These aren't those daydreams which, accumulating, give birth to action and raise a hand to realize the dream. They are the 'golden dreams' you escape to, like other worlds where everything is different, where you're free from all fetters, where you can clown around just as nature itself seemed to have done in the joyful ages of its coming into being, when she herself invented curiosities worthy of Disney: the ridiculous ostrich next to the logical hen, the absurd giraffe next to the loyal cat, the kangaroo mocking the future madonna!

Disney's beasts, fish and birds have the habit of stretching and shrinking. Of mocking at their own form, just as the fish-tiger and octopus-elephant of *Merbabies* mock at the categories of zoology. This triumph over the fetters of form is symptomatic. This triumph over all fetters, over everything that binds, resounds throughout, from the plastic trick to the hymn of *The Three Little Pigs*: 'We're not afraid of the big, grey wolf...'<sup>6</sup>

With what triumphant joy the millions of hearts join in this chorus, who every moment are afraid of the big grey wolf. The 'grey wolf' in America is behind every corner, behind every counter, on the heels of every person. One moment he blows away to the auction block the home and property of a farmer, ruined by the financial crisis. Another moment he blows out of his comfortable house a man who's worked many years for Ford, but who couldn't make his last payment. Frightening, frightening is the 'grey wolf' of unemployment: millions and millions of people are gobbled up by its voracious appetite.

But 'we're not afraid of the big, grey wolf' flies carefreely from the screen. This cry of optimism could only be drawn. For there is no such slant on truthfully shot capitalist reality which, without lying, could possibly sound like optimistic reassurance! But, fortunately, there are lines and colours. Music and cartoons. The talent of Disney and the 'great consoler'—the cinema.

There exists a touching legend from the Middle Ages about 'The Juggler of the Holy Mother'. A pilgrimage was made to bring gifts to the Madonna. He alone had nothing to take her. And so he spread out his mat before her statue and honoured her with his art. This didn't please the fat monks and greedy priest: they preferred fat and candles, silver coins and wine. But even so, the legend of the juggler was preserved with reverence, even by them.

This is how Americans, once they start to undertake the realization of the Golden Age of the future, will recall with warmth and gratitude the man who cheered them up with 'golden dreams' during their period of oppression.

Who, for an instant, allowed them to forget, to not feel the chilling horror before the grey wolf who, while you were at the movies, pitilessly turned off your gas and water for non-payment. Who gave a feeling of warmth and closeness with grasshoppers and birds, beasts and flowers to those whose dungeons of the streets of New York were always cut off from everything happy and alive.<sup>7</sup>

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Among the strange characteristics of the tribes who populate this continent, North America, is the one by which its inhabitants choose specific stars for themselves and live their lives in worship of them.

These are not stars of heaven, but of the movies, but that doesn't change matters. It even provides a way of strengthening the financial resources of the Postal Service through an unending flood of letters addressed to beloved stars.

The American magazine, *The New Yorker*, once ran a cartoon making fun of this strangeness and passion of its fellow-tribesmen. An elderly lady from the very highest society, with a diamond diadem in her grey hair and a discreet butler bowing in the background, is busy at the same activity as any young shopgirl or officeboy: she is writing to her favourite star...

But the point is not in the act of writing itself.

The point is the addressee.

The letter begins with the greeting: 'Dear Mickey Mouse'.

That is the point.

The huge, all-embracing, international popularity among all ages which is possessed by this small, drawn hero of the great artist and master, Walt

Disney, who exceeds in popularity that other American by the name of Walt—Walt Whitman.

Truly, all ages—from children to the elderly, all nationalities, all races and all types of social systems are intoxicated by him with the same delight, surrender with the same fervour to his charm, with the same ecstasy allow themselves to be carried away by Disney's living drawings (animated cartoons).

How is this achieved?

First of all, one could say that Disney's works seem to contain all the faultlessly active features by which a work of art influences—seemingly in the greatest possible quantity and the greatest possible purity.

In terms of the faultlessness of its influence, Disney's work statistically scores the greatest possible number of points, considering the viewers won over by it.

And our supposition, therefore, is entirely legitimate.

We shall try to enumerate the peculiarities and characteristic features which distinguish Disney's work. And we shall try to generalize these features. They shall prove to be decisive features in any art form, but only in Disney, presented in their very purest form.

## II

[Kratovo],<sup>8</sup> 21. IX. 1940

Childhood recollections have deposited three scenes in my memory.

The first was from a reader. Some poem about an Arab in the desert and his crazed camel. About a mad camel who chases his master. About how the Arab, fleeing from the camel, falls into a precipice, but catches hold of a bush hanging over the bottomless abyss.

And about how, in the middle of this hopeless situation—with the infuriated camel above him and the bottomless precipice below—the Arab suddenly notices two or three red berries on the bush and, forgetting about everything, reaches for them.

The next recollection is vaguer. It must be earlier. In it, some sort of odd, sentimental angels are allowed to descend into Hell to lay their refreshing hands for an instant upon the heads of sinners boiling in pitch. Or, perhaps, to let a drop of moisture fall upon their thirst-tortured lips . . .

The third recollection is more concrete. It has an author—Victor Hugo, a precise place of action—Paris, and specific names of characters. His name is Quasimodo. Hers is Esmeralda. Accompanied by an elegant little goat, Esmeralda goes up to Quasimodo, who has been cruelly whipped and chained to a scaffold; to Quasimodo, suffering and tormented by thirst and the crowd's mockery. She lets him drink and gently presses her lips against his hideous, tortured, suffering face.

While watching Disney's *Snow White*, I recall these three scenes.

But not because Snow White kisses the funny and ugly gnomes one by one on their bald heads; not because a flock of no less elegant deer and wild goats follows behind her; and not because she is surrounded by fairy tale terrors and horrors.

But because Disney's works themselves strike me as the same kind of drop of comfort, an instant of relief, a fleeting touch of lips in the hell of social burdens, injustices and torments, in which the circle of his American viewers is forever trapped.

Beyond the framework of the poem, the Arab, of course, will fall into the precipice or will be trampled to death by the camel. The sinners will go on suffering in the cauldrons of boiling pitch. The angels' caress, the two or three refreshing berries, Esmeralda's cup and goat will in no way change

their fate. But for an instant, for a fraction of a second, they give them the most precious thing in their situation—obliviousness.

And Disney, like all of them, through the magic of his works and more intensely, perhaps, than anyone else, bestows precisely this upon his viewer, precisely obliviousness, an instant of complete and total release from everything connected with the suffering caused by the social conditions of the social order of the largest capitalist government.

Disney neither brands, nor exposes.

We are used to the beasts in fables. The beasts there provide no comfort.

They don't bite the reader, don't scratch, don't growl at him and don't kick.

But they do something a lot less pleasant: they hold a distorting mirror up to their bigger brother—man.

This is how he thinks, the bigger brother, man. His own . . . snout is actually warped.

And this disturbing exposure is further aided by his smaller brothers—goats and sheep, foxes and lions, eagles and snakes, frogs and monkeys.

Disney's don't expose anyone, don't blame and don't preach.

And if most of them didn't flash by us so quickly in one or two short little reels, we could be made angry by the moral uselessness of their existence on the screen.

But because of the fleeting ephemerality of their existence, you can't reproach them for their mindlessness.

Even the string of a bow can't be strained forever.

The same for the nerves.

And instants of this 'releasing'—an expression which unsuccessfully conveys the sense of the untranslatable [into Russian] word, 'relax',—are just as prophylactically necessary as the daily dose of carefree laughter in the well-known American saying: 'A laugh a day, keeps the doctor away.'

The triumphant proletariat of a future America will erect no monument to Disney as a fighter either in their hearts, or on street squares.

Memory won't crown his brow with the glory of a fabulist or a lampoonist, if you can even call a 'brow' the merry, moustached, mocking and ironically affable face of the creator of Mickey Mouse.

But everyone will recall him with warm gratitude for those instants of respite amid the torrential, desperate struggle for life and existence which he gave to the viewer in the troubled years of the social paradise of democratic America.

We know many workers in cinema who also lead the viewer to an obliviousness of the truth of life and to the golden dreams of a lie.

We know the concealed purpose of this. We've seen the fluffy dramatizations of similar spectacles off the screen as well.

With the same goal—to distract the attention of 'the man on the street' from the genuine and serious problems of the interrelation of labour and capital to such absurd pseudo-problems as the struggle around the 'Dry Law'.

And here too, as in the corresponding works, obliviousness is evil.

Obliviousness as a means of lulling to sleep; obliviousness as a way of distracting thought from the real to the fantastic; obliviousness as a tool for disarming the struggle.

This is not what Disney gives us.

Not a pile of 'happy ends'—happy only on the screen; not a gilded lie about the fast-paced, honest careers and generosity of capitalist magnates; not a base sermon, slurring over social contradictions, is delivered by the small screen of Disney's cartoons—in contrast to the 'big' American screen. Without encouraging to fight against this evil, neither does he neutrally serve the cause of this evil by hiding behind a hypocritical: 'I'm not responsible for what I create'.

Disney is simply 'beyond good and evil'. Like the sun, like trees, like birds, like the ducks and mice, deer and pigeons that run across his screen. To an even greater degree than Chaplin. Than Chaplin, who sermonizes and often gets lost in Quakerizing.

Disney's films, while not exposing sunspots, themselves act like reflections of sunrises and spots across the screen of the earth.

They flash by, burn briefly and are gone.

In a certain French song, a cat stole a round piece of cheese, but the obliging moon placed on the empty dish a little white round reflection of the lunar disc.

He who takes it into his head to bite hold of Disney by the usual analysis and yardstick, the ordinary requirements, the standard norms, inquiries and demands of 'high' genres of art—will gnash his teeth on empty air. And still, this is a joyful and beautiful art that sparkles with a refinement of form and dazzling purity.

As much a paradox in the community of the 'serious' arts, as the unprincipled but eternal circus, as the singing of a bird—lacking any content, but infinitely exciting in its warbling.

And, perhaps, precisely in this lies the especially curious nature of the

method and means of Disney's art, as the purest model of *inviolably-natural* elements, characteristic of any art and here presented in a chemically pure form.

Here it's like an aroma given without a flower; a taste extracted from a fruit; sound as such; affect freed from any purpose.

How is this amazing phenomenon achieved?

To a certain extent, of course, it only seems to be so.

For at the centre of Disney, as well, stands man. But man brought back, as it were, to those pre-stages that were traced out by . . . Darwin.

In *Merbabies*, a striped fish in a cage is transformed into a tiger and roars with the voice of a lion or panther. Octopuses turn into elephants. A fish—into a donkey. A departure from one's self. From once and forever prescribed norms of nomenclature, form and behaviour. Here it's overt. In the open. And, of course, in comic form. Seriously, as in life—and especially in American life—there's no such thing, it doesn't occur and cannot.

Is this a motif in Disney's works, or chance?

Let's look at other films.

Let's examine the characteristics of the pre-colour *Mickey Mouses*.

What do you remember from them? A lot. There's the steamboat that folds logs like pastries; there are the hotdogs whose skins are pulled down and are spanked; there are the piano keys which bite the pianist like teeth, and much, much more.

And here too, of course, are the same traits of a transformed world, a world going out of itself. The world around the author—an inhuman world, and probably for that very reason inciting Disney to humanize Wilbur the grasshopper, Goofy the dog, Donald Duck, and first and foremost, Mickey and Minnie.

But one external trait especially sticks in the mind—a purely formal one, it would seem.

Mickey starts to sing, his hands folded together. The hands echo the music as only the movements of Disney's characters are capable of echoing a melody. And then reaching for a high note, the arms shoot up far beyond the limits of their normal representation. In tone to the music, they stretch far beyond the length allotted them. The necks of his surprised horses stretch the same way, or their legs become extended when running.

This is repeated by the necks of ostriches, the tails of cows, not to mention all the attributes of the beasts and plants in the *Silly Symphonies*, shot so as to make each one call to the tone and melody of the music.

And here too, as we see, there seems to be the same playing at 'something else', 'the impossible'.

But here it's deeper and broader.

In this aspect, is it characteristic only of Disney?

To solve the secret meaning of this phenomenon, let's look for examples beyond Disney's works.

Disney has become on the screen what in the world of books in the 'seventies was *Alice in Wonderland* by Lewis Carroll.

The same rabbits with vest pockets, rats and mice, turtles and walrus live in its pages.

And . . . in the very first two chapters of her adventures, we find what we're looking for.

Alice is in a desperate situation: in Carroll's method, this is presented literally—there are no ways out from the place she has landed in, having fallen through a rabbit hole.

That is, there are some doors, but they're all locked.

And moreover, the doors are so small that at best her head could get through, but certainly not her shoulders. 'Drink me'—is written on a little bottle on a little table next to a little golden key to the door.

" . . . —What a curious feeling!" said Alice. "I must be shutting up like a telescope."

(She had drunk the contents of the little bottle.)

" . . . And so it was indeed: she was now only ten inches high, and her face brightened up at the thought that she was now the right size for going through the little door into that lovely garden. First, however, she waited for a few minutes to see if she was going to shrink any further: she felt a little nervous about this; "for it might end, you know," said Alice to herself, "in my going out altogether, like a candle. I wonder what I should be like then?" And she tried to fancy what the flame of a candle looks like after the candle is blown out, for she could not remember ever having seen such a thing.'

But Alice doesn't manage to go out into the garden. She forgot the little key to the door on the table, and now her small height prevents her from reaching it. And her attempts to scramble onto the table along its leg are useless—it proves to be too slippery . . .

Alice starts to cry.

'Eat me'—is the beautiful writing on a little cake.

'Curiouser and curiouser!'—cries Alice who ate it:

" . . . —I'm opening out like the largest telescope that ever was! Good-

bye, feet!" (for when she looked down at her feet, they seemed to be almost out of sight, they were getting so far off). "Oh, my poor little feet, I wonder who will put on your shoes and stockings for you now, dears? I'm sure I shan't be able! I shall be a great deal too far off to trouble myself about you..."

Alice is now so huge that again she can't pass through the doors of the underground room.

In a new fit of despair, she starts to shed tears, but suddenly she notices that she's quickly started to shrink again: the reason for this is the fan she's been waving back and forth. She just barely manages to throw it away before she disappears completely, and then suddenly falls in a lake of tears—her own tears she had shed when she was huge. 'I wish I hadn't cried so much!' says Alice, swimming about the salty waves. But we'll leave her here, for the episode of expanding and shrinking height which interests us is over.<sup>9</sup>

Is there a borrowing here by Disney? Or is this image of elasticity of shapes generally widespread?

I find it in the drawings of the German caricaturist, Trier.<sup>10</sup> The adventures of a little boy with a super-long arm.

But this same image I also find among eighteenth century Japanese etchings. The many-metred arms of geishas reaching out after frightened customers through the gratings of Yoshiwara's teahouses.

More ancient are patterns with an abstract interplay of infinitely stretching necks, legs and noses. Stretched noses are the property of even an entire breed of mythological beings—the Tengu, etc. Moreover, I recall the circus arena and the entirely incomprehensible interest which has compelled hundreds of thousands of people over the centuries to follow with bated breath this same thing which the stage and variety artist is capable of doing within the limits of human possibilities: before the viewer is a 'human snake'—a spineless, elastic creature, for some reason most often dressed as Mephistopheles, if it's not by chance the 'Snake Dancer' of New York Negro night-clubs, where the same kind of creature writhes in abstract, silk robes...

The attractiveness of this process is obvious. I purposely cited it as the first example in the very purest and even abstract and storyless form. This doesn't mean it cannot be used as a working model for loftier, moralizing and philosophical purposes. And without losing any of its 'attractionness', as I called a similar attraction in my youth, which imparts a warm lifelikeness and vital imagery to the most morally-ethical thesis. For aren't there echoes of the attractiveness of this very phenomenon in the fate of the shrinking



quite dull and stupid for things to go on in the common way  
So she set to work, and very soon finished off the cake

\* \* \* \* \*  
"Curiouser and curiouser!" cried Alice, (she was so surprised that she quite forgot how to speak good English,) "now I'm opening out like the largest telescope that ever was! Goodbye, feet!" (for when she looked down at her feet, they seemed almost out of sight, they were getting so far off) "oh, my poor little feet, I wonder who will put on your shoes and stockings for you now, dears? I'm sure I can't! I shall be a great deal too far off to bother myself about you: you must manage the best way you can — but I must be kind to them", thought Alice, "or perhaps they won't walk the way I want to go! Let me see: I'll give them a new pair of boots every Christmas."

And she went on planning to herself how she would manage it.

11

Facsimile of Lewis Carroll's manuscript of *Alice's Adventures Underground* (1864).

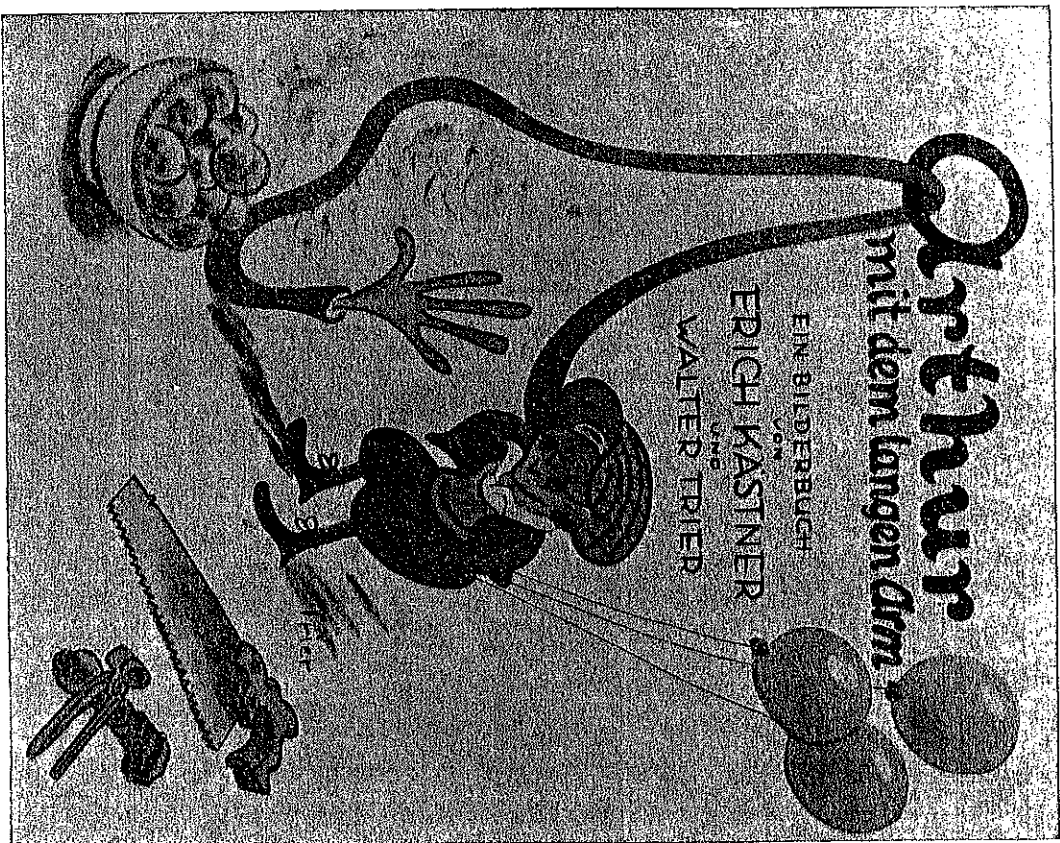


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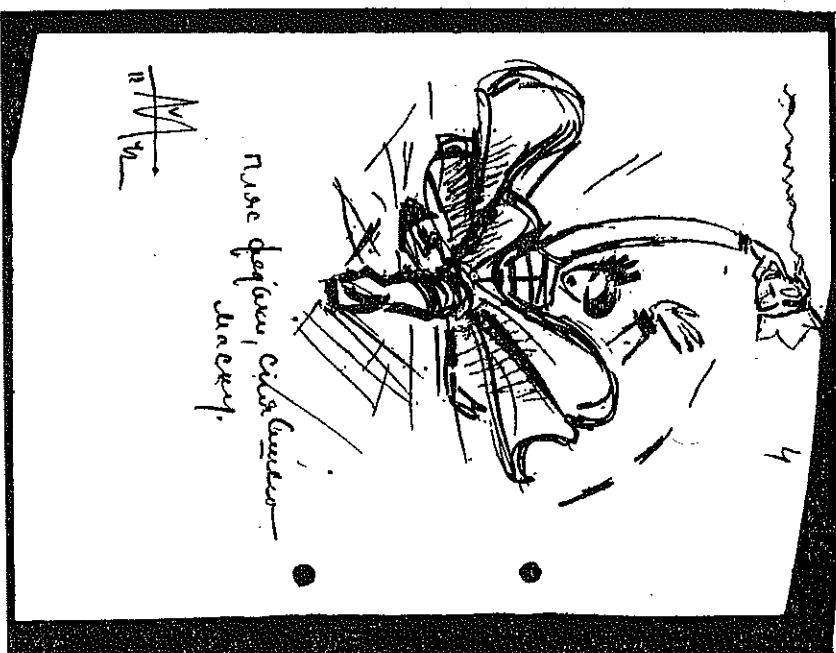
John Tenniel's version of Alice (1865).



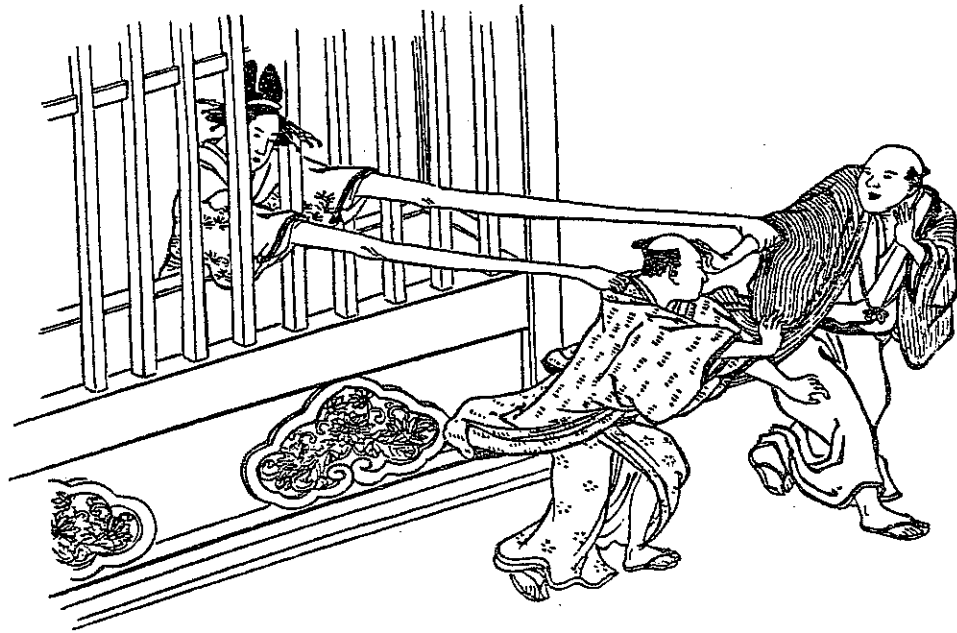
A preproduction sketch by Eisenstein for *Ivan the Terrible*: 'Efrosinia on her knees before Vladimir' (26 November 1942).



Walter Trier, cover illustration to Erich Kästner's *Arthur mit dem langen Arm* (1931) (Butler Library, Columbia University).



A sketch by Eisenstein for *Iron the Terrible: 'The Dance of Fyodor, unmasked'* (11 May 1942) (Eisenstein Cabinet).



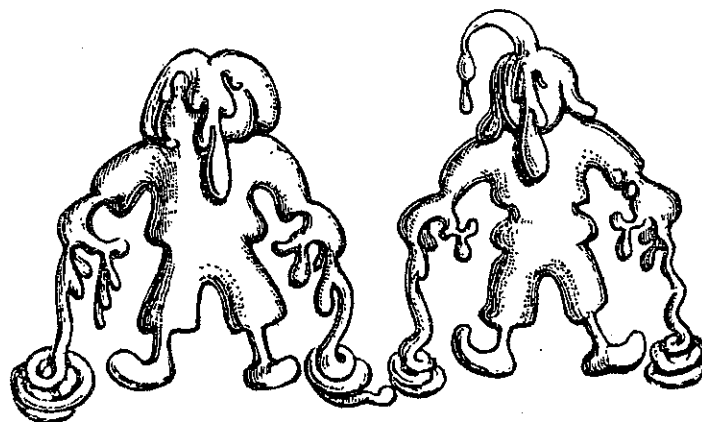
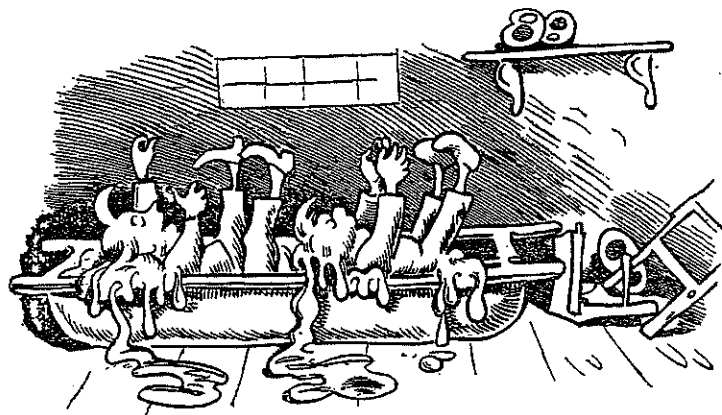
'An Attractive Beauty'. Woodcut by Toyohiro (1828).



'Rewarded Gallantry'. Woodcut by Bokusen (early 19th century).



Print by Katsushika Hokusai.



Wilhelm Busch, *Max und Moritz* (1865).

skin which serves as the central image of... Balzac's *La Peau de Chagrin*? An image which is profound in thought and irresistibly attractive and exciting in form?

What's strange is not the fact that it exists.

What's strange is that it attracts!

And you can't help but arrive at the conclusion that a single, common prerequisite of attractiveness shows through in all these examples: a rejection of once-and-forever allotted form, freedom from ossification, the ability to dynamically assume any form.

An ability that I'd call 'plasmaticness', for here we have a being represented in drawing, a being of a definite form, a being which has attained a definite appearance, and which behaves like the primal protoplasm, not yet possessing a 'stable' form, but capable of assuming any form and which, skipping along the rungs of the evolutionary ladder, attaches itself to any and all forms of animal existence.

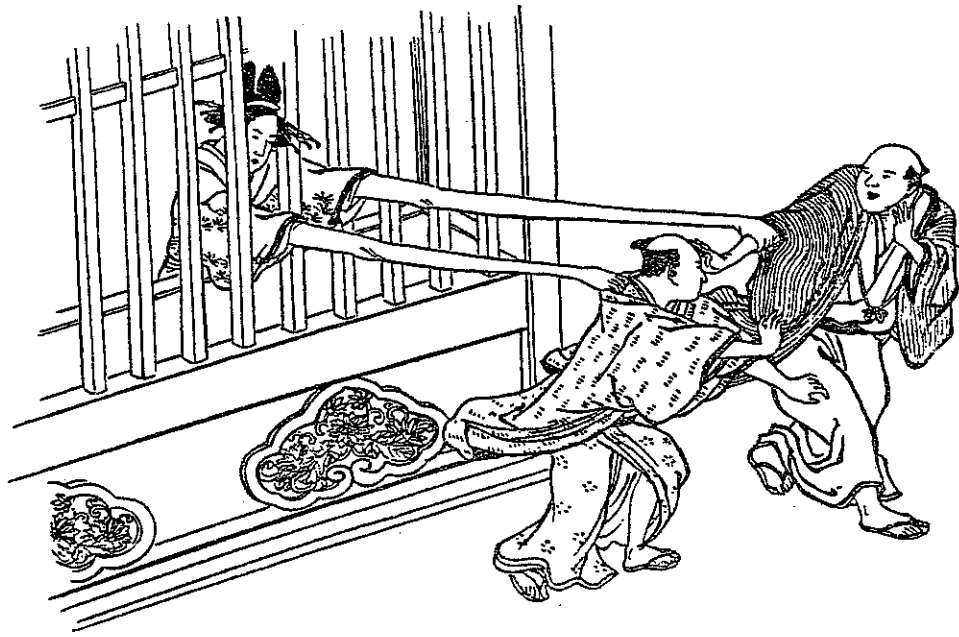
Why is the sight of this so attractive?

It's difficult to assume in the viewer a 'memory' of his own existence at a similar stage—the origin of the foetus or further back down the evolutionary scale (even if one measures the depth of the 'base' of memory not just as it resides in the brain, but in all its predecessors, right down to the cellular tissue!).

But it's easier to accept that this picture is inescapably attractive through its trait of all-possible diversity of form. In a country and social order with such a mercilessly standardized and mechanically measured existence, which is difficult to call life, the sight of such 'omnipotence' (that is, the ability to become 'whatever you wish'), cannot but hold a sharp degree of attractiveness. This is as true for the United States as it is for the petrified canons of world-outlook, art and philosophy of eighteenth century Japan. This is also true for the starch-bound and tuxedoed habitué of nightclubs who feasts his eyes upon the boneless elastic figures, who know nothing of the rigid spine and stiff corset of high society.

A lost changeability, fluidity, suddenness of formations—that's the 'subtext' brought to the viewer who lacks all this by these seemingly strange traits which permeate folktales, cartoons, the spineless circus performer and the seemingly groundless scattering of extremities in Disney's drawings.<sup>11</sup>

[It's natural to expect that such a strong tendency of the transformation of stable forms into forms of mobility could not be confined solely to means of form: this tendency exceeds the boundaries of form and extends to subject



'An Attractive Beauty'. Woodcut by Toyohiro (1828).



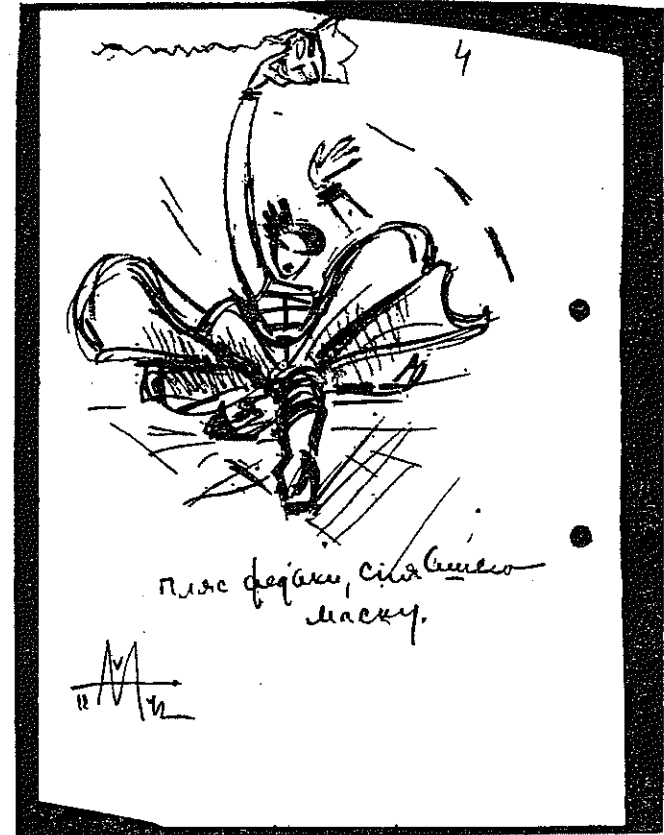
'Rewarded Gallantry'. Woodcut by Bokusen (early 19th century).



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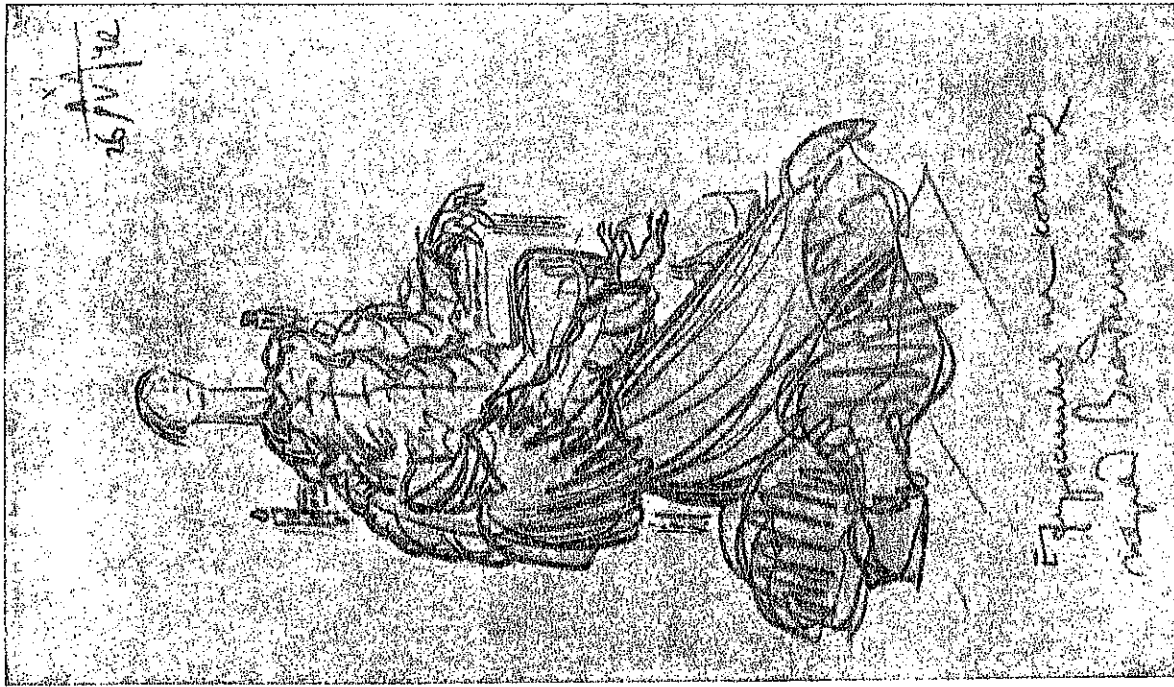


Walter Trier, cover illustration to Erich Kästner's *Arthur mit dem langen Arm* (1931) (Butler Library, Columbia University).



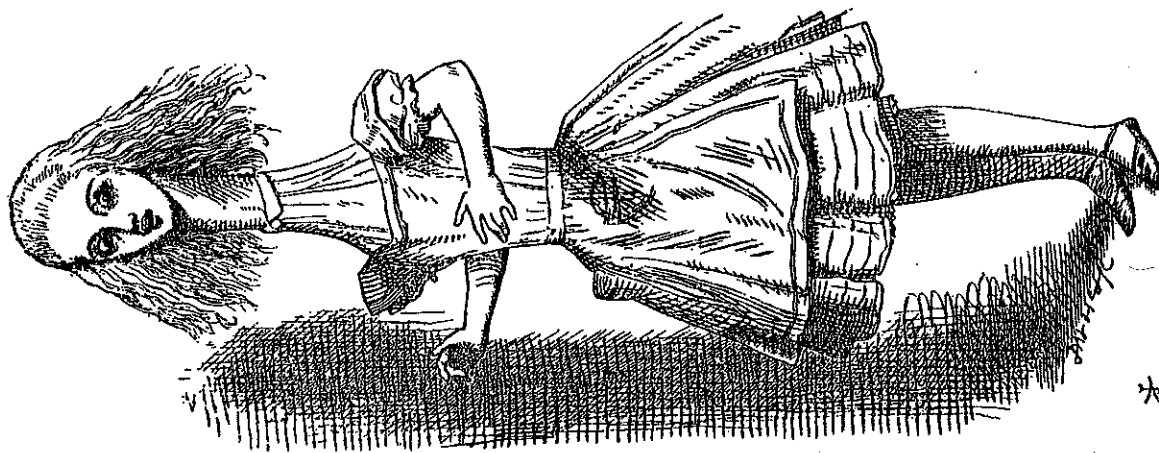
A sketch by Eisenstein for *Ivan the Terrible*: "The Dance of Fyodor, unmasked" (11 May 1942) (Eisenstein Cabinet).

15 / EISENSTEIN ON DISNEY

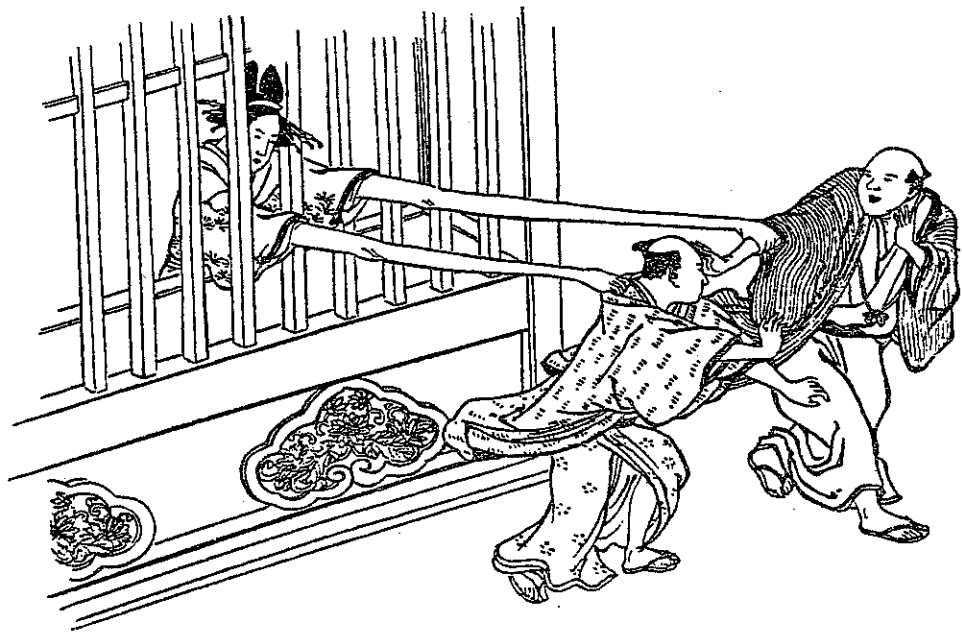


A reproduction sketch by Eisenstein for *Jean the Terrible*: 'Efrosinia on her knees before Vladimir' (26 November 1942).

14 / EISENSTEIN ON DISNEY



John Tenniel's version of Alice (1865).



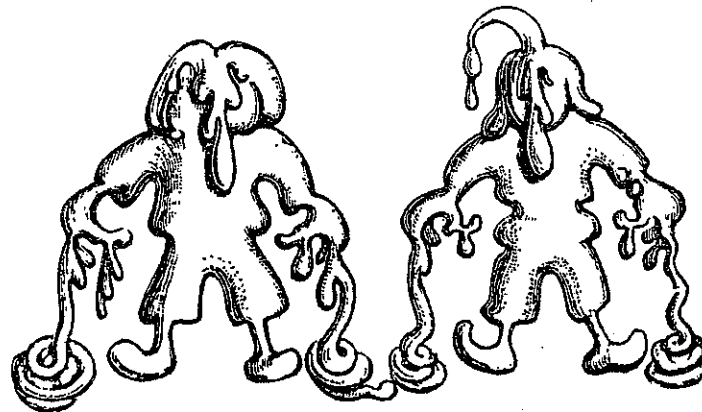
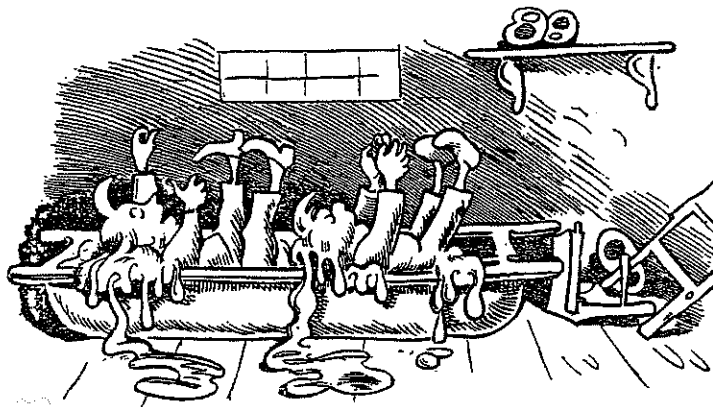
'An Attractive Beauty'. Woodcut by Toyohiro (1828).



'Rewarded Gallantry'. Woodcut by Bokusen (early 19th century).



Print by Katsushika Hokusai.



Wilhelm Busch, *Max und Moritz* (1865).

skin which serves as the central image of... Balzac's *La Peau de Chagrin*? An image which is profound in thought and irresistibly attractive and exciting in form?

What's strange is not the fact that it exists.

What's strange is that it attracts!

And you can't help but arrive at the conclusion that a single, common prerequisite of attractiveness shows through in all these examples: a rejection of once-and-forever allotted form, freedom from ossification, the ability to dynamically assume any form.

An ability that I'd call 'plasmaticness', for here we have a being represented in drawing, a being of a definite form, a being which has attained a definite appearance, and which behaves like the primal protoplasm, not yet possessing a 'stable' form, but capable of assuming any form and which, skipping along the rungs of the evolutionary ladder, attaches itself to any and all forms of animal existence.

Why is the sight of this so attractive?

It's difficult to assume in the viewer a 'memory' of his own existence at a similar stage—the origin of the foetus or further back down the evolutionary scale (even if one measures the depth of the 'base' of memory not just as it resides in the brain, but in all its predecessors, right down to the cellular tissue!).

But it's easier to accept that this picture is inescapably attractive through its trait of all-possible diversity of form. In a country and social order with such a mercilessly standardized and mechanically measured existence, which is difficult to call life, the sight of such 'omnipotence' (that is, the ability to become 'whatever you wish'), cannot but hold a sharp degree of attractiveness. This is as true for the United States as it is for the petrified canons of world-outlook, art and philosophy of eighteenth century Japan. This is also true for the starch-bound and tuxedoed habitué of nightclubs who feasts his eyes upon the boneless elastic figures, who know nothing of the rigid spine and stiff corset of high society.

A lost changeability, fluidity, suddenness of formations—that's the 'subtext' brought to the viewer who lacks all this by these seemingly strange traits which permeate folktales, cartoons, the spineless circus performer and the seemingly groundless scattering of extremities in Disney's drawings.<sup>11</sup>

[It's natural to expect that such a strong tendency of the transformation of stable forms into forms of mobility could not be confined solely to means of form: this tendency exceeds the boundaries of form and extends to subject

and theme. An unstable character becomes a film hero; that is, the kind of character for whom a changeable appearance is . . . natural. Here, changeability of form is no longer a paradoxical expressiveness, as in the case of stretching necks, tails and legs: here, God Himself commanded the character to be fluid.

Such a picture is about ghosts. Here, Mickey and his friends are members of a company that exterminates ghosts.<sup>12</sup> And the whole film draws peripeteias of a heated hunt for ghosts throughout a deserted house. There's no limit here to the outburst of transformations of a greenish cloud with the appearance of red-nosed mischievous ghosts. But the film is further remarkable in that the basic theme here appears distinctly in the whole solution of the thing.

This film, if you will, is not only nostalgia and daydreaming about the liberation of forms from the laws of logic and forever established stability, as it was in *Merbabies*. This film, if you will, is a challenge, and its 'moral'—an appeal to the fact that, only having loosened the fetters of stability is the attainment of life possible. Indeed, we will look upon this opus not as a work rolling gaily along beside us, but as a document that has 'come down to us' of certain eras and tendencies, like folktales of antiquity or myths. And its tendencies will become completely clear. The 'Ghost Exterminating Company'—isn't this actually a symbol of formal logic which drives out everything living, mobile, fantastical? Its failures and losses in the war with a handful of ghosts, with the fantastic which lurks in the nature of every night table, in every soup bowl, behind every door and in every wall! And the victory over ghosts? It's provided by a charming scene: the frightened 'agents' of the war with ghosts, after a thousand and one adventures where they are duped by the ghosts, fall into a mass of dough. Just like Max and Moritz.<sup>13</sup> But here they don't become gingerbread men, but run around as terrifying white shadows, dragging their tails of dough. Their appearance is fantastic, ghostly. They themselves become like ghosts. And then what? The ghosts themselves, frightened by them, take off like a bullet from the 'haunted' house! A stroke of pure Disney charm. In essence—a unique morality-play on the theme that, only having joined in the fantastical, allogical and sensuous order is it possible to achieve a mastery and supremacy in the realm of freedom from the shackles of logic, from shackles in general.

This . . . is a fictitious freedom. For an instant. A momentary, imaginary, comical liberation from the timelock mechanism of American life. A five-

minute 'break' for the psyche, but during which the viewer himself remains chained to the winch of the machine.<sup>14</sup>

But at the same time, this situation is also a symbol of Disney's method. For through his whole system of devices, themes and subjects, Disney constantly gives us prescriptions for folkloric, mythological, prelogical thought—but always rejecting, pushing aside logic, brushing aside logistics, formal logic, the logical 'case'.

Let's take another example. Who else is in a silly situation in a film about prescriptions for self-control?<sup>15</sup> Who masters himself, who instead of giving free reign to his impulses, obediently repeats the prescription broadcast on the radio, and meekly counts off 1, 2, 3 . . . up to ten.

And with what delight Donald Duck smashes this machine of self-discipline and self-control—the radio, after having suffered over the course of the picture a thousand and one misfortunes, in which he had inhibited his own spontaneity and consciously tried to fetter and enslave it to please the hypocritically sanctimonious voice from the radio, which appealed to the purely Christian virtue of the enslavement of one's own individuality. In what a flood of treacle flows the same kind of sermon throughout the United States—the innumerable churches, brotherhoods, sermons, leaflets, societies! How powerful in America is this Christmas-time appeal of the Salvation Army and the followers of Mary Baker Eddy ('Christian Science') and Aimee McPherson:<sup>16</sup> to make the shackles imposed by the social order on the life and existence of its free people glow as virtues!

Disney doesn't go into the roots. But has fun and entertains, mocks and amuses—jumping like a squirrel from branch to branch somewhere along the very surface of the phenomenon, without looking beneath to the origins, at the reasons and causes, at the conditions and pre-conditions.

But the unstable hero with purely protean greed seeks ever newer and newer forms of embodiment.

Mobility of contour is not enough for him. The play of waters, moving like a giant, living, formless amoeba in *Hawaiian Holiday*<sup>17</sup> with Goofy and his surfboard, are not enough for him. (In one of his black-and-white films, the waves, thus playing, tousle a steamship, gathering into puffs of foam, puffs which suddenly become . . . fists in boxing gloves, delivering punches to the poor sides of the steamships.) The collapsible steamship which arises from a system of bolls to scatter suddenly again into nothing, is not enough for him. (Elastic necks of contours are stretched here to the gigantic propor-

tions of a whole ship arising from nothing and again dissolving into nothing.) The interplay of storm clouds in the sky and the greenish cloud of endlessly changing ghosts inside the deserted house, is not enough for him. The ghostly mask which prophesies to the witch in *Snow White*, appears in . . . fire. And what, if not fire, is capable of most fully conveying the dream of a flowing diversity of forms?!<sup>18</sup>

And thus arises *The Moth and the Flame*.<sup>18</sup>

Its hero is—fire.

There exist many explanations for the mysterious attractiveness of fire.

Including some deeply suppressed sexual interpretations by German sexologists, compelling German criminologists to attribute 'aimless' arsons to the category of crimes of . . . a sexual nature(!). Thus the well-known criminologist, Dr Erich Wulffen, allots an entire chapter to this question in his book, *Der Sexualverbrecher*.<sup>19</sup>

More interesting and convincing is the incidental material which he touches upon indirectly in connection with these questions.

Here he cites Bloch's<sup>20</sup> opinion on how, besides the survival of the common infantile 'institution of destruction' (for example, in the breaking and smashing of toys), a role is also played by the colour of fire. The colour red, as it turns out, plays a large role in the *Vita sexualis* of man. (One could suggest to Bloch a reference to the 'red light'!) And Bloch suggests (how persuasively is still a question!) that there may be an associative and synesthetic connection here.

Another researcher, Näcke,<sup>21</sup> sees other interpretations for 'pyromania'. He believes that what underlies it is first and foremost phototropism, characteristic of all living matter—that is, the attracting power of bright light, the sun, or fire. Here he also attributes, to a certain extent, thermotropism—that is, the magnetic power of warmth on the cells of an organism.<sup>22</sup>

Finally, Näcke points out also the magnetic power of the *movement* of fire: ' . . . These movements of fire are monotonous, almost rhythmic and through them, it would appear, from continual staring at fire, there gradually are formed slight circulatory disturbances in the brain which produce the same pleasant and semi-intoxicating effect as the influence of alcohol, dancing, swinging, etc. This is further assisted by the brightness, colour and outbursts of the flame . . .' Wulffen, not entirely convincingly, wants to embrace all this under his thesis. More successful is his somewhat surprising reference to . . . Wagner: ' . . . Richard Wagner, one of the greatest psychologists, in the monotonous, rhythmic music of *Feuerzauber* [the magic of fire] in *Walküre*—

conveyed exceptionally well this stimulating and pleasant semi-intoxication which the movement of fire produces in one who watches it . . .' The inclusion in this tonality of the theme of love between Brunhilde and Siegfried, in combination with the image of fire and the splendid results attained by this, Wulffen then attempts to reduce entirely to erotic pre-conditions, calling Wagner 'the greatest musical sexologist' (!!!)

In no way disputing the magnificence achieved by Wagner, freely admitting to a vague connection between the element of 'fiery' emotions and the element of . . . fire, we are nonetheless surprised that Wulffen doesn't use an example much closer to him—one of Rachilde's novels (*Les Hors-Nature*),<sup>23</sup> where the doubly encountered fire is truly strictly conjugal. Where fire in the form of a double self-cremation is the sole means capable of resolving the love-conflict of the novel's heroes, who are unable to find any other way out of the created situation.

In leaving the accent on eroticism to the lot of Rachilde's novel, I'd like in the case of Wagner to harp not so much upon the same pre-condition (entirely probable), but the *phenomenon of movement* arising from it, and to see in it the basic attraction of 'Magic Fire' which I was called upon in production to run through my own fingers.<sup>24</sup>

And this element of movement, no longer necessarily monotonous, unquestionably rhythmically essential to Wagner for the absolutely unique requirements of *Walküre* and *Siegfried*, but in the form of a wild dance by another of Wagner's characters—Loge, the God of Fire,—returns us to our initial thesis: the attractiveness of fire first and foremost through its omnipotence in the realm of the creation of plastic shapes and forms.

It's not accidental that the first revelations of later doctrines are seen by the majority of prophets and founders of religious-philosophical teachings precisely in this fertile womb of fire.

The burning bush which appeared before Moses, the heavenly fire before Zoroaster and Buddha [cf. Charles Francis Potter, *The Story of Religion* (New York: Grosset & Dunlap), 1929], at the very origins of the systems which spread as though from a spark . . . it was in fire, precisely fire, according to the legends, that there were depicted the numerous quantity of future images and destinies of the teachings themselves.\*

This same image flows like a sea of fire throughout the primary school

\* In *Snow White*, the Wicked Queen stares into fire, and a face of fire prophesies to her about Snow White! [S.M.E.]

diary of a young man who was fated, just as fantastically, to shred the destinies of nations and countries, as fantastic as the play of fire in the poetic imaginings of his youth, written by the future great man,—the man who needed precisely fire, the fire that raged in the Russian capital of Moscow, to be a torch to light the path to the twilight of his glory.

The first thing written by Napoleon in the form of a story was [connected with fire].<sup>25</sup>

And it's not accidental that another 'beast from the abyss', in the twilight of his declining strength, at the point of exhausted strength and imagination, at the stage of physical and moral impotence, at the zenith of disintegration of what could no longer be called a human spirit and human nature, turns precisely to fire, the fire that spreads from end to end across the eternal city—across Rome, burned to the ground with such satiety by Nero. Nero who, perhaps as a last effort, still tries to find in the tongues of the flames a play of images and themes for his soul and conscience which had faded in debauchery, waned in crime and died.

Nero sings a hymn to fire.

For a brief moment, the element of fire, through its play of images and dance of visions, is able to 'kindle' the walking corpse of the Emperor . . .

But, of course, the most brilliant, the most unexpectedly rich, diverse and, at the same time, the most objectively concrete images must appear in flames not to abstract thinkers creating abstract religious systems, but above all to artists creating real, concrete works of art.

One of them, one of the greatest artists in general, is especially deeply connected with fire. The fieriness in his struggle for the great cause of the working class, his ardour in everything concerning it, seems embodied also in his attraction to the element of fire, about which many of us heard testimony in his own words during his lifetime. One already senses that we're talking about Gorky. And it's sufficient to take but one of his sketches, *Fires*<sup>26</sup> (or *Fire*, as it's called in another collection), in order to encounter the most colourful examples illustrating our thought:

'Great is the attraction of the magic power of fire! I have often noticed that the most self-denying people yield to the beauty of the evil play of this power, and I am not free from its influence myself. It is always a delight to me to set fire to a wood-pile, and I am just as ready to sit for days insatiably watching the flames as I am to sit and listen to music.'

The joining of fire and music here is not accidental.

And, of course, herein lies one of the secrets of the attraction of fire . . .

for the artist. For music too is remarkable in that the images created by it flow continuously, like flame itself, eternally changeable, like the play of its tongues, mobile and endlessly diverse.

Let the libretto suggest to you that this is an ocean surf, and that—the sounds of a forest; this is a storm, and that—the play of sunlight in branches. How many varied storms and forests, suns in branches and surfs appear here to each individual imagination, how many different ones—to the same person on different days, at different hours, at different moments of his own emotional life. Music has preserved this emotional plurality of meaning in its speech, the plurality of meaning which has been displaced from language that seeks precision, distinctness, and logical exhaustion.

But it too was once like that. It did not seek precision of expression, but attempted by means of a sound-image of a word to stir the widest possible layer of emotions and associations, harmonious to this word: to convey not a precise conception, but a complex of feelings accompanying it.

This trait has been preserved in poetry. To a certain extent. To a small degree verses are dry. To a large degree they are abstract (Mallarmé). But even now in the Far East, when encountering the Chinese language, the European logician, the pedant of responsible precision of language, is made indignant by this musical similarity of polysemantically flowing meaning in the elusive definition of words.

The centuries of work on language in our countries have forced this attribute out from the realm of words, but music is full of this mysterious life of not fully perceptible precise outlines of an object and image, which are just as visually captivating in the play of clouds or fire.<sup>27</sup>

But let's return to Gorky, to fire, and to his story, *Fires*.

It's interesting that just as headlong, at any hour of the day or night, another writer of the Russian land rushed to watch fires, a man who apparently could not be budged from his sofa by anything other than this spectacle. Could it have been in fire that he too found the outlines of the innumerable lively figures which run throughout his fables? Throughout the fables of Krylov?<sup>28</sup>

But let's take a look with Gorky at the swarm of fairy tale figures which the outline of the raging and spreading flame depicts to his own creative imagination. It's curious—they almost all are in the guise of beasts. Precisely fiery fables!

He begins the sketch with an image, classical in its purity and impres-

'Coming, one dark February night, to the Osharsk square, I saw a frisky fox-tail of fire peep out of a garret window and shake itself in the air, speckled with large fluttering snowflakes that fell to earth slowly and unwillingly. The beauty of the fire excited me. It was as though some red beast had sprung suddenly out of the moist, tepid darkness into the window under the roof, had arched its back and was gnawing furiously at something; one could hear a dry crackling—as a bird's bones crack between one's teeth.

'As I stood watching the sly artfulness of the fire I thought: Someone ought to go and knock at the windows, wake people up, and cry: "Fire!" But I felt incapable of moving or shouting: I just stood, captivated, watching the quick growth of the flame: the hue of cock's feathers had begun to flash on the edge of the roof, the top branches of the trees in the garden became pink and golden, and the square began to light up . . .'

The 'red rooster' of folk-sayings comes into its own. And later on, Gorky piles up page after page of ever newer and newer images which the outburst of flame blows his way.

It's curious—later on, too, almost all of them are in the guise of animals, these fiery fables! This fiery tale about the burning forests by the Volga. These images and shapes can't be made up. They have to be seen. Read by the keen eye of the artist in the play of the element of fire.

' . . . At night I lay on the dry, hot ground and watched the purple flames swell and balance in the sky over the forest as though bringing a sacrifice to propitiate the Wood-Goblin, incensed with thick smoke. Small, red animals jumped and crawled on the tops of the trees; bright, broad-winged birds whirled up into the smoky sky; and everywhere the fire played, full of magic and caprice. At night the forest acquired an indescribably weird, fairy-like aspect: its blue wall seemed to grow higher, and inside it, among the black trunks, the red hairy little beasts scampered wildly! They ran to the roots, and, clasping the trunks, crawled up like dexterous monkeys, struggled with one another, breaking the branches; hissed and roared and snarled; and the forest cracked as though a thousand dogs were gnawing bones.

'The silhouette of the fire among the black trees changed like a kaleidoscope, and the dance of the flames was untiring and relentless. Here a large, red bear of fire rolls out on the meadow, jumping clumsily and turning somersaults; losing tufts of his flaming hair, he crawls along the trunk as though to gather honey, and, reaching the top of the tree, hugs its branches in the hairy embrace of his crimson paws, balances on them, strewing pink needles in a rain of golden sparks. Now he heaves himself lightly across to

the next tree, while on the one which he has left numerous blue candles light up on the bare, black branches; purple mice rush up and down the boughs, and by their rapid movements one can see how capriciously the blue ringlets of smoke dance; hundreds of fiery ants climb up and down the bark of the trunk.

'At times the fire crept slowly out of the forest, like a cat on the look-out for a bird, and then, suddenly lifting its pointed muzzle into the air, watched as though choosing its prey. Or else another bear, a sparkling, fiery beast, would appear from the thicket and crawl on its stomach, throwing out huge paws and raking together the grass into its huge red mouth. Or else a crowd of little dwarfs in yellow caps would come running out of the wood, followed from afar in the smoke by a dark being, tall as a mast, who marched brandishing a red banner and whistling. In light hops, like a hare, a red clod hurries away from the forest, all covered with fiery needles like a hedgehog, flourishing a red tail of smoke behind it. And fiery worms and golden ants crawl about the trunks; red beetles wheel with dazzling wings.

'The air grows more and more stifling and acrid, the smoke thick and hot; the earth smoulders, one's eyes seemed scorched, eyelashes burnt, and one can feel the hairs of one's eyebrows move with the hot blast. It is impossible to stand any longer the smoky air which tears one's lungs, yet one feels strangely unwilling to go: when shall we have the chance again to watch such a magnificent feast of fire?' (All citations taken from M. Gorky, *Izbrannye proizvedeniia*, GIKhL, 1932).<sup>29</sup>

[The next example is from *La Débâcle* by Emile Zola.

Here we have before us the moment of culmination in the struggle of the aroused people against their enslavers.

Before us is an inverted canvas of the Apocalypse, of the downfall of the Second Empire, like Sodom and Gomorrah, symbolically perishing in the tongues of flame devouring the Tuileries Palace.

And it contains a dance of the tongues of flame which spreads into a metaphor of a fiery ball:

' . . . On the left the Tuileries was burning. By nightfall the Communards had set fire to both ends of the palace, the Pavillon de Flore and the Pavillon de Marsan, and the fire was rapidly moving towards the Pavillon de l'Horloge in the middle, where a big explosive charge had been set—barrels of powder piled up in the Salle des Maréchaux. At that moment there were issuing from the broken windows of the connecting blocks whirling clouds of reddish smoke pierced by long blue tongues of fire. The roofs were catching, splitting open

into blazing cracks, like volcanic earth from the pressure of the fire within.

'... Maurice, now in the delirium of fever, gave vent to the cackle of a madman.

'"Lovely party going on at the Conseil d'Etat and the Tuileries... the outside all illuminated, lustres all glittering, women dancing... Go on, dance in your smoking petticoats and flaming hair!"

'With his good arm he sketched visions of the galas in Sodom and Gomorrah, with music, flowers and unnatural orgies, palaces bursting with such debaucheries, the disgusting nudities illuminated with such a riot of candles that they themselves were set on fire.'<sup>30</sup> (*La Débâcle*, Part Three)]

But whom, especially, ought flame to attract?

He, of course, who more than anyone else, lacks its fascinating traits: and foremost—freedom of movement, freedom of transformation, freedom of the elements.

The slave of nature—primitive man, who saw in it not only the source of life's blessings, but also a symbol of easy control over all nature, where almost nothing is capable of resisting the power of fire. Isn't it from here that Fire-worship comes?

But then also the prisoner, shackled by the weight of cruel confinement, must sense fire especially strongly as a symbol of freedom, life and power. Precisely such is the fate of yet another character from Gorky's *Fires*—the priest, Zolotnitzki.

He is imprisoned for thirty years for some sort of heretical ideas to solitary confinement in a stone cell of a monastery prison.

I myself had an occasion to see these crypt-like cells in the Prilutsky Monastery near Vologda: to survive even one night in them would already seem a feat... Zolotnitzki was allowed one comfort:

'... During the languid course of eleven thousand days and nights, the only consolation of this captive of a Christ-loving Church, as well as his sole companion, was fire: the heretic was granted permission to light the stove of his cell unaided by others...'

Zolotnitzki doesn't hold up. His reasoning becomes clouded.

'... He left prison a fire-worshipper, and grew animated only when he was allowed to light a wood-pile in the stove and sit in front of it, watching it. Seating himself on a low little stool, he lit the logs lovingly, making the sign of the cross over them, and murmured, shaking his head, all the words that still lived in his memory:

'"Thou, who art... Eternal fire... Omnipresent... Omnipotent...'

Unlike anyone... Thy face shines throughout the ages... Praise and glory to Thee, Oh Burning Bush!...'

Not light, but precisely flame. The variability of its living forms. The diversity of flowing images read in it—that's what bewitches, attracts, fascinates.

And to encounter enslaved light, many times brighter than the fire from his stove, but shackled and deprived of movement, Zolotnitzki had to be horrified.

'... Zolotnitzki's horror was great when he first saw an electric lamp, when the white, bloodless light, imprisoned in the glass, flared up before him mysteriously. Having stared at it for some moments intently, the old man waved his hands in despair and began muttering plaintively:

'"What! the fire imprisoned too!... oh—oh!... What for? The devil's not in it, is he? Oh—oh! Why have they done it?"

'... Tears streamed from his dull, colourless eyes...'

'... He sobbed, lightly touching the shoulders of those who stood close to him with his small, dry, trembling hand:

'"Oh—let it go—set it free!"'

A passion for fire and its appearance is characteristic for regressive conditions and is so well-known in psychiatry, that there even exists a special euphonious term for it—'pyromania'.

I'm purposely quoting from such an unspecialized work as the basic textbook, *Legal Psychiatry*<sup>31</sup> (Moscow, 1941):

'... Pyromania is most often observed in immature, psychologically and physically underdeveloped subjects. In simple cases, the desire to commit arson can arise from a love for the spectacle of fire, not infrequently characteristic of normal people, especially children and adolescents. In pathological (sick) cases, this attraction acquires the character of an uncontrollable urge. In immature, mentally defective persons with poorly developed self-restraints, this urge can turn into action, that is, into arson...'

For a normal person, as we see, it is characteristic of the period when sensuous thought predominates—that is, in childhood. This is especially intense in pathological cases, which are characterized by the higher layers of consciousness being weakened and inactive, and sensuously spontaneous reactions and urges emerging in the foreground.

All this is further characterized by the case of the fourteen-year-old girl, Sh., who was accused of setting fire to seven occupied houses—a case illustrating pyromania in the book.

From the materials of the investigation, it is clear 'that the arsons committed

by her were done so without any ulterior motive . . .' (that is, a purely sensuous urge).

' . . . Her desire to commit arson arose in periods of a sort of unaccountable melancholy and inner unrest, during which she became irritable. It was then that the desire to see fire would arise . . .'

' . . . After having committed the arson, at the sight of fire . . . she would always become calm . . .'

' . . . The defendant comes from a hereditarily troubled family. From early childhood she was uncommunicative, whining, suffered head pains. At the age of eight, she first noticed her love for fire. She would often go into the woods to look at campfires, and when she herself built a fire, she "would become happy". Later, she became irritable, fits of depression would come over her and uncontrollable, often wild urges which she "could not suppress within myself". Then "whatever comes into my mind, I do, no longer able to control myself". In such a condition, the defendant . . . would commit the arson.'

The sight of fire evokes pleasure at the level of sensuous thought. On the other hand, the appearance of fire immerses one in sensuous thought. The urge (melancholy, etc.) is satisfied whenever a fire is lit (later—arson is committed), she becomes 'happy', 'calms down': the immersion in sensuous thought is achieved.

The defendant possesses all the corresponding prerequisites:

' . . . Together with physical underdevelopment, there was confirmed an organic affection of the central nervous system, accompanied by a slight reduction of the mental faculties. However, she is sufficiently well oriented to everyday reality and responds critically to her situation. Her committing of arsons is explained by an uncontrollable urge to see fire, the bustle and excitement of people running towards a fire. At the sight of a blazing fire, her heart "tickles with joy". After the fulfilment of the urge (arson), she experiences satisfaction, accompanied by a feeling of relief and serenity . . .'

The conclusion states:

' . . . In the cited case, there is sufficient evidence to warrant the actions of Sh. (arsons) to be regarded as actions which are unconscious, impulsive, resulting from an organic affection of the central nervous system . . .'

Thus we see that for an 'unconscious', 'impulsive' condition, in the presence of suppressed higher nervous activity (consciousness), such a phenomenon as pyromania is characteristic and typical (in certain cases).

Consequently, persistent suggestion through fire, the appearance of fire, the play of fire, images of fire, is capable in certain cases of provoking 'uncon-

scious' and 'impulsive' conditions—that is, of bringing 'sensuous thought' to the foreground, and forcing 'consciousness' into the background.

Visions in fire seem to be a cradle of metonymies: in contiguity with the Tuileries Palace, they flare up into a fiery ball; in contiguity with a forest—into a swarm of animals, insects and birds.

But irrespective of this, let's let this swarm of animals return us to Disney—to his central characters—to his little animals, to these great-great-grandchildren of the animal epos.

The animals in *Merbabies* substitute for other animals: fish—for mammals.

In Disney's works on the whole, animals substitute for people.

The tendency is the same: a displacement, an upheaval, a unique protest against the metaphysical immobility of the once-and-forever given.

It's interesting that the same kind of 'flight' into an animal skin and the humanization of animals is apparently characteristic for many ages, and is especially sharply expressed as a lack of humaneness in systems of social government or philosophy, whether it's the age of American mechanization in the realm of life, welfare and morals, or the age of . . . mathematical abstraction and metaphysics in philosophy.

It's interesting that one of the most outstanding examples of such a rebirth of the animal epos is provided precisely by the century that saw the birth of systematized metaphysics—the seventeenth century. Or more precisely, the eighteenth century, which sought to overcome it.

' . . . The French Enlightenment of the eighteenth century, in particular *French materialism*, was not only a struggle against the existing political institutions and the existing religion and theology; it was just as much an *open* struggle against *metaphysics* of the *seventeenth century*, and against all metaphysics, in particular that of *Descartes, Malebranche, Spinoza and Leibnitz . . .'* (K. Marx and F. Engels, *Works*, III, 1929).<sup>32</sup>

Thus write the classics of Marxism. And I think that this is not contradicted in the present case by Hippolyte Taine, who sees in the flourishing images of the animal epos in the fables of La Fontaine, a share of participation by the poet in this general protest of the eighteenth century against the seventeenth.

He writes about this in *La Fontaine et Ses Fables*:

' . . . What is a dog, an ant, a tree? The philosophers answered that they are machines, something like clock mechanisms which move and make noise: "The many wheels within them take the place of man's soul; the first one moves the second, a third one follows, and finally sound is heard." Male-

branche, so tender and affectionate, beat his dog mercilessly, maintaining that it felt nothing, and that its cries were no more than wind passing through a vibrating pipe. And this was by no means a simple paradox lost in a single mind of a metaphysician. This was a general current. From a love for reasoning and discipline, the whole of man was confined to his soul, and the whole soul was allotted to reason. This reason was made an independent being, existing unto itself, separated from matter, lodged by some miracle in a body, possessing no power whatsoever over this body, supplying it with no impulses and receiving impressions from it only through the intermediary of a God called from above for the express purpose of enabling them to act upon each other. Then all beauty, all life, all nobility were given back to the human soul; empty and lowly nature was now merely a mass of pulleys and springs, as vulgar as a manufactory, unworthy of interest except for their useful products and curious at most for the moralist, who could pull from them speeches, edifying and praising their constructor. There was nothing there for a poet, he should leave animals alone and no more concern himself with carps or cows than with a wheelbarrow or mill.

'His habits cut him off from them no less than his theories. For aristocrats or salon people, a weasel or a rat were no more than common and dirty creatures. A hen was a reservoir of eggs, a cow—a container of milk, a donkey was good only for carting vegetables to the market. Such creatures are not to be looked at, they are to be turned away from when they pass by; at best, they are to be laughed at and lived off as their comrades in yoke—the peasants; but they are to be walked past quickly; it would be a degradation of thought to linger on such things. These trimmed lords and ladies who spend their lives pretending, feel at ease only between sculptured panelling and before glittering mirrors; if they set foot upon the ground, then it must be a well-swept lane; if they tolerate the woods and waters, then they are the waters spouting from the mouths of bronze monsters; they are woods lined with hornbeams. They care for nature only when transformed into a garden . . .

' . . . As the eighteenth century advanced, rules became more strict, language was refined, pretty replaced beautiful; etiquette defined more precisely the slightest movement and conversation; a code was established which instructed the proper way to sit and to dress, to make a tragedy and a speech, to fight and to love, to die and to live: so well that literature became a machine of phrases, and man—a doll for curtseys. Rousseau, who first protested and

covered nature—La Fontaine, without protesting or declaiming, discovered it before him . . .<sup>33</sup>

That which Rousseau denounced through overt polemics and slogans, the works of La Fontaine had already said through artistic image and form:

' . . . He defended his animals from Descartes, who made machines of them. He doesn't dare to philosophize like the doctors, he asks permission; he hazards his idea as a timid supposition, he attempts to invent a soul for the use of rats and rabbits.' Moreover: ' . . . Like Virgil, he too felt sorry for trees; he did not exclude them from life. "Plants breathe," he said. At the same time that an artificial civilization was clipping the yews and hornbeams of Versailles into cones and geometrical figures, he wanted to preserve the freedom of their branches and their foliage . . .'<sup>34</sup>

The heartless geometrizing and metaphysics here give rise to a kind of antithesis, an unexpected rebirth of universal animism.

Animism, in which there wander vague ideas and sensations of the interconnection of all elements and kingdoms of nature, long before science guessed the configuration of this connection in sequence and stages. Hand in hand with it went also an objective understanding of surrounding nature.

Before this, man had known no other way than the supplying of the environment with its own soul and judgement by analogy with himself.

Even the ancient Chinese held forth on this:

#### *The Happiness of Fish*

'Chuang Tzu and Hui Tzu were strolling along the dam of the Hao River when Chuang Tzu said, "See how the minnows come out and dart around where they please! That's what fish really enjoy!"

'Hui Tzu said, "You're not a fish—how do you know what fish enjoy?"

'Chuang Tzu said, "You're not I, so how do you know I don't know what fish enjoy?"

'Hui Tzu said, "I'm not you, so I certainly don't know what you know. On the other hand, you're certainly not a fish—so that still proves you don't know what fish enjoy!"

'Chuang Tzu said, "Let's go back to your original question, please. You asked me *how* I know what fish enjoy—so you already knew I knew it when you asked the question. I know it from my own happiness in standing here beside the Hao."<sup>35</sup> (*Der alte Chinese Tschuang-Tse. Deutsche Auswahl von*

None of this, however, prevents La Fontaine from observing in the keenest way his characters in real life. Their humanization in no way hinders this. Perhaps even the opposite. Let's recall Grandville,<sup>36</sup> for example, where human nature is absolutely indissolubly interwoven with an image of animals.

'... Once when he (La Fontaine) was to dine at the house of Mme Harvey, he got held up and only arrived close to midnight. He had been enjoying himself following an ant funeral all the way to the burial grounds, then he had accompanied the cortège back to their hole...' <sup>37</sup>

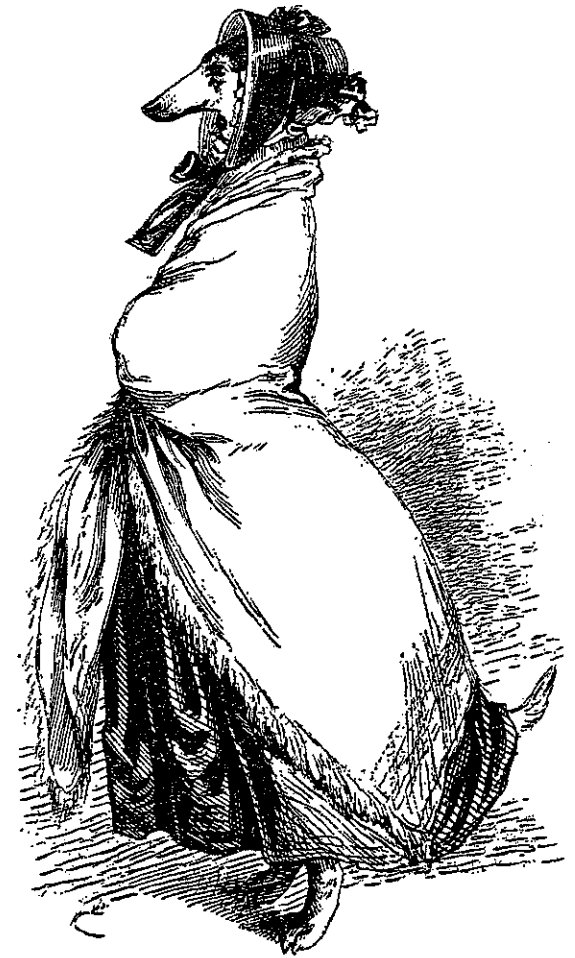
This accounts for such a knowledge of the life, habits and behaviour of animals, which involuntarily form an image and personality resembling man. This accounts for such a skilful assignment of roles: the Ant (in French the word is feminine), even in its appearance—dry, lean, thin-waisted and dressed in black—bears a resemblance, of course, to a tireless housekeeper, thrifty and businesslike. Frogs are usually given stupid roles: but having gazed into their round, vacant eyes, it's impossible not to agree with such a role assignment.

This knowledge of animals is often lacking in other fabulists. Florian<sup>38</sup> was far from always successful in casting animals for the right roles. He will either give affectionate, brotherly feelings and sensitivity to a silly and too coquettish bird, or make a rabbit a romantic dreamer, worthy of elegies. The speeches of such a rabbit not only come off as rhetoric, but are completely out of keeping with the disposition of a rabbit: quick, frivolous, gluttonous, and a very poor father.

Such misses are not to be found in either La Fontaine or Disney. It's sufficient to listen closely to Goofy's guttural sounds of self-satisfaction, to look closely at the gluttonous, loutish behaviour of Donald, or to admire the gliding gait of a Swedish skater in the movements of Wilbur the grasshopper along the surface of water—not to mention the carefree gaiety of 'The Three Little Pigs'—in order to be convinced how much to the point, appropriate and in character they are all selected.

But that's not all. A certain foreign critic correctly noticed yet another trait: Mickey, not only in his personality, but even... anatomically, is consistent—on his paws, as is the case with mice, there are not five human fingers, but four, wearing white gloves.

It's interesting the degree to which this does not hinder the rich fantasy of transformations, which the author of Mickey possesses: how easily and gracefully these four fingers on both of Mickey's hands, playing a Hawaiian



Grandville, 'A Female Greyhound Who Got Lost and Was Impounded', from *Scènes de la Vie Privée et Publique des Animaux* (1842).



Grandville, 'The Elegantly Narrow-waisted Wasps One Meets in Society',  
from *Scènes de la Vie Privée et Publique des Animaux* (1842).

guitar, suddenly dissolve into . . . two pairs of extremities. The two middle fingers become little legs, the two outer fingers—little hands. The second hand becomes its partner. And suddenly there are no longer two hands, but two funny, little white people, elegantly dancing together along the strings of the Hawaiian guitar . . .<sup>39</sup>

And I'd like to repeat about Disney, the words on which Taine concludes in favour of La Fontaine his comparison to Buffon:<sup>40</sup> 'He achieves effects that Buffon does not . . . A mass of observations are assembled within him, imperceptible even to himself, and form a unique impression, as waters rushing from all directions flood into a reservoir, from which they leave for another voyage and along a different course. He saw the attitudes, the gaze, the fur, the dwelling, the shape of a fox or weasel, and the emotion produced by the combination of all these perceptible details engenders within him a moral character complete with all its traits and inclinations. He does not copy, he translates. He does not transcribe what he has seen, he invents based upon what he has seen. He condenses and he deduces. He *transposes*, and this is the most precise word; for he transports into one world what he has seen in another, into the spiritual world, what he has seen in the physical world. The zoologist and orator attempt, by means of enumeration and grouping, to give us an ultimate sensation; he installs himself from the very first in this sensation in order to develop further ones within us. They clamber step by step towards the top; he places himself naturally upon this top, and every step he takes is towards a superior domain, to which this is but the stepping-stone. They learn, and he knows; they prove, and he sees. This is how a fabulist can be at the same time and in the same place both a painter of animals and a painter of men. The mixture of human nature, far from concealing animal nature, gives it relief; it is in the transformation of beings that poetry gives the most precise idea of them; it is through altering them, that poetry expresses them; it is because poetry is the freest inventor, that it is the most faithful imitator.'<sup>41</sup>

The principle of poetry is to transform; to convert.

In comedy, this 'principle' becomes action.

In Shakespeare's tragedies, people change. In Shakespeare's comedies, the characters are transformed constantly . . . by disguising themselves, or undergoing physical transformation through magical means.

In Disney—they turn into each other. One of the devices of comedy is the literalization of a metaphor.

and spy, whether in Greek theatre or in scandalous literature of the eighteenth century—appear in comic form in one case as . . . the last names of their authors, and in another—in Aristophanes—as funny masks, representing a single gigantic eye, and a single gigantic ear.

That's why poetry's principle of transformation works comically in Disney, given as a literal metamorphosis . . .

Metamorphosis is not a slip of the tongue, for in leafing through Ovid, several of his pages seem to be copied from Disney's cartoons.<sup>42</sup>

### III

Alma-Ata, 4. XI. 1941

A new setting dictates a new modus in which to work: there is no material to quote from on hand. The modus is prompted by . . . *Ivan the Terrible*. There, it's done this way: episode follows episode, and all the *Beleg-Material* [supporting material] of ideas is *als Anhang* [like an appendix]. Perhaps there is an outlet and salvation in this: in Moscow, I was 'drowning' in citations. Perhaps this 'new' approach will help to focus correctly the *essence* of the ideas, and it will be possible to embellish in an appendix. It's funny—I'm writing in the same small handwriting that I used during . . . the Civil War! The identicalness of setting engenders, etc? Put more simply: no paper!

Walt Disney's work is the most omni-appealing I've ever met.

It's justifiable to suppose that *this* work has *most* or all the traits of pre-logical attractiveness.

Let's consider the traits characteristic of his work and decipher them.

First, let's enumerate the traits found in Disney's pictures:

- A. They are animated drawings.
- B. Stroke drawings.
- C. Humanized animals.
- D. Further animated\* (with humanlike souls).
- E. Absolutely synesthetic (audio-visually).
- F. Metamorphic, and again in two (both) senses—both as subject and as form:
  1. Things like *Merbabies* (octopuses 'playing' elephants, the striped goldfish—a tiger).
  2. The primal plasmatic origin, i.e. the use of poly-formic capabilities of an *object: fire*, assuming *all* possible guises.

Doesn't the attractiveness of fire lie in this, and *one* of the 'mysteries' of fire-worship?

This is substantiated in Gorky (*Fires*), where fire takes the form of beasts.

\* NB. Doubly animated: both in the sense of the animated immobility of a drawing, and in the sense of animals, *animated* with human traits and emotions. Animated both 'physically' and 'spiritually'! [S.M.E.]

3. Also in relation to form as such: from this comes the writhing that is typical of Disney—a plasmaticness of contour.

Disney and *Alice*—necks, sizes, etc.

G. Not just the animal world, but also the plant world.

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A deciphering of all these individual traits.

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About the animal epos. Totemism. About 'reverting into a beast' as the idea of strength through the *pars pro toto* of wearing horns (ancient weapons); this is on an ironic plane (i.e. reversed 180 degrees) in 'horn-wearers' [cuckolds]—as the 'wearers' of impotence! (NB. Here belong 'bestial' *Schimpfwörter* [terms of abuse]—obviously as a twist on the earlier, magical 'extolment' of a quality through appellations: 'Coeur de Lion', etc.).

In terms of their material, Disney's pictures are pure ecstasy—all the traits of ecstasy (the immersion of *self* in nature and animals, etc.)

Their comicality lies in the fact that the *process* of ecstasy is represented as an *object*: literalized, formalized.

That is, Disney is an example (within the general formula of the comical) of a case of *formal ecstasy*!!! (Great!) (Producing an effect of *the same* degree of intensity as ecstasy!).

America and the *formal logic of standardization* had to give birth to Disney as a natural reaction to the prelogical.

In the history of literature and art, this is not the first time: similar traits of past ages gave birth to quite similar phenomena.

Such was the case with La Fontaine as a 'protest' against the logic of Cartesian philosophy.

This was brilliantly demonstrated by H. Taine (*La Fontaine et Ses Fables*).

Something (less splendid) also appears in the period of scholasticism, when an outlet from the pincers of the logic of ideas also proceeds along some similar 'bestial' paths.

*Kinderspiele* as beasts—this is a station on the way—a phylogenetic repetition.

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*Metamorphoses* is a direct protest against the standardly immutable.

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The *stroke drawing*, as a line, with only one contour, is the very earliest type of drawing—cave drawings.

In my opinion, this is not yet a consciously creative act, but the simple automatism of 'outlining a contour'. It is a roving eye, from which movement the hand has not yet been separated (into an independent movement).

This is preceded by the stage when simply the *whole* man *encircles* an object, making a drawing *with himself* (there is an element of this in the Acropolis).

The silhouette drawing has its own attractiveness, evidently on the basis of this (cf. Japanese silhouettes as such in the book on silhouettes).<sup>44</sup>

Mobility of contour is still a certain 'link' with the past in the sense that then, drawing was *fundamentally* (and almost exclusively) *running*, a movement which was as if only accidentally erased.

It's especially notable that Norwegian cave drawings are approximately the *natural size* of deer and other models (i.e. even in scale, an untouched, *direct* impression!) (See the data on this in the corresponding volume of *Pro-pyläen-Kunstgeschichte*.)<sup>45</sup>

The animated drawing is the most direct manifestation of . . . animism! That which is known to be lifeless, a graphic drawing, is animated.

*Drawing as such*—outside an object of representation!—is brought to life.

But furthermore and inseparably, the subject—the object of representation—is also animated: ordinary lifeless objects, plants, beasts—all are animated and humanized.

There occurs the process of the mythological personification of phenomena of nature (a forest—as a wood-goblin, a house—as a house-spirit, etc.) in the image and likeness of . . . man.

From an unexpected shock—a man bumps into a chair in the dark—you regress to the stage of sensuous thought: you curse the chair as though it were a living being.

into emotions of a psychical change—a shock, into the 'blissful' state of the sensuous stage!

The audio-visual synesthetics are obvious and speak for themselves.<sup>46</sup>

The very idea, if you will, of the animated cartoon is like a direct embodiment of the method of animism. Whether a *momentary* supplying of an inanimate object with life and a soul, which we also preserve when we bump into a chair and curse it as though it were a living being, or whether a *long-term* supplying with life, with which primitive man endows inanimate nature.

And thus, what Disney does is connected with one of the deepest-set traits of man's early psyche.<sup>47</sup>

In his article, *Typical Development of Religious-Mythological Works*, E. Kagarov cites curious data on the external appearance of the soul in folk beliefs:

'... Among the most common conceptions of the external appearance and form of the soul are the following:

1) *Breath, smoke, steam, wind, fog, clouds* . . .

2) *Animals, especially birds and insects*; among reptiles—*snakes*. Recently the Russian scholar, V. P. *Klinger*, in his work, *Animals in Ancient and Contemporary Superstition* (Kiev, 1911), outlined beautifully the role of the concept of the animal-soul in folk belief, ritual and, to some extent, poetry at various times and among different peoples. Separating animals by class and searching for motives in their respective comparisons with the human soul, the researcher arrives at the conclusion that the linking conceptions here were:

*wind*, as one of the most frequent images of the soul (birds, winged insects, fleet-footed animals such as deer and horses);

*earth*, as the dwelling-place of the dead (reptiles, rodents, ants);

*night*, as the time when the dead walk the earth (nocturnal beasts: the wolf, the lion) and, finally,

*fire*, as the other equally widespread image of the soul (the rooster and the chicken) . . .<sup>48</sup>

NB. Birds—'sky words'.<sup>49</sup> The initial metonymy at the basis is quite obvious.

*Fire-beast* (in superstition): Tylor, cf. *Primitive Culture*:

'In various forms and under several names, the Fire-god is known. No-where does he carry his personality more distinctly than under his Sanskrit name of Agni, a word which keeps its quality, though not its divinity, in the Latin "ignis". The name of Agni is the first word of the first hymn of the

Rig-Veda: "Agni I entreat, divine appointed priest of sacrifice!" The sacrifices which Agni receives go to the gods, he is the mouth of the gods, but he is no lowly minister, as it is said in another hymn: "No god indeed, no mortal is beyond the might of thee, the mighty one, . . . O Agni!"

'... The Carinthian peasant will "fodder" the fire to make it kindly, and throw lard or dripping to it, that it may not burn his house . . .

'... To the Bohemian . . . it is not right to throw away the crumbs after a meal, for they belong to the fire . . .'<sup>50</sup>

For 'bestial metaphors' in a description of fire, cf. Gorky's *Fires*.

They are interesting in their transitivity from 'action' ('fire-devourer'), to an association with 'plastic form' (the 'fox-tail of fire'), etc.

Among the descriptions of fire-worship in Asia, we can point to the story of Jonas Hanway from his *Travels* of 1740, about the 'everlasting fire at the burning wells near Baku, on the Caspian . . .'<sup>51</sup>

The attractiveness of fire lies in its infinite changeability, modulation, transitivity and the continuous coming into being of images.

Thus, fire is like an embodiment of the principle of eternal coming into being, the eternally life-producing womb and *omni*-potence. In this sense, it also resembles the potentiality of the primal plasma, from which everything can arise.

The very enumeration of the traits of fire, as an object of contemplation, demonstrates how close its attributes are to the principles governing the Universe!—the principles of dialectics.

Fire as a spectacle, a spectacle which is not bound by the question of good or evil, a spectacle of aesthetic *an und für sich* [in and of itself] contemplation, 'assembled' as it were according to a dialectical 'formula' (just like ecstatic compositions!). In Gorky's summary of the aesthetics of fire (*Fires*) through individual stories, it's as if there were strewn the theses of the aesthetic system of fire.

From the precondition—a release from the problem of fire to an *an und für sich* worshipper of fire—the fire-setter, free from moral restraints.

To the strict division of the element of fire from light: for example, in the story (I would say, in the 'allegory') about the old monk imprisoned in the monastery and the electric light bulb (in which the god of fire has been 'chained'!). The erotic element of fire. German sexologists, naturally, make this interpretation. The statistics on young girls in the period of *Pubertät*, especially inclined to arson—"in their blood burns the *fire* of desires"—the *ardour* of love, etc.

I think all this is, as always, 'way stationing' on eroticism.

For eroticism is the 'cheapest' (and the most readily available) means of attaining ecstasy. A connection is made between fire and Eros—or rather, they should be connected not directly, but through a common, general third—ecstasy as such: in both, there is the formula of *des grossen Mysteriums der Entstehung* [the great mystery of origin]. Notwithstanding the complete absence of any 'causal' connection between them or any kind of genetic connection, etc. It's simply that both, like so much else, *zielt in denselben Kern* [aim towards the same core], and *it appears* that they have a *direct* connection.

Freud makes the same mistake when he interprets dreams as a sign of sexual dissatisfaction—and hence, supposedly . . .

Ecstasy is a sensing and experiencing of the primal 'omnipotence'—the element of 'coming into being'—the 'plasmaticness' of existence, from which *everything* can arise.

And it is *beyond* any image, *without* an image, *beyond* tangibility—like a pure sensation.

In order to capture this sensation, man searches for an image with traits capable of resembling this state and sensation. This image will then be linked to an idea, a verbal sensation, a communication, a story about this state.

Thus there will be phenomena with poly-formic capabilities: the ever-changing (1) appearance of fire (the poet Gorky after the prophet Moses!), (2) plasmatic, inconstant form, (3) water (water becoming a boxing glove), (4) clouds (all four concepts are in Disney), (5) music: but fire for Gorky is music!

In many respects, herein also lies the secret of the fascination of music, for its image too is *not stable*.

The arising images are different for everyone (depending on the base community), different for the same listener in different moods, and this sensation of multi-diversity is one of its fascinations.

But they are equated, music and fire, by the fire-worshipper Gorky:

' . . . Great is the attraction of the magic power of fire! I have often noticed that the most *self-denying*\* people yield to the beauty of the evil *play*\*\* of this power, and I am not free from its influence myself. It is always a delight to me to set fire to a wood-pile, and I am just as ready to sit for days *insatiably* watching the flames as I am to sit and listen to music . . .'\*\*\*

It's interesting that what primitive man has in superstition (Agni), the poet (Gorky) has in images.

In the philosopher, it turns out to be an emblem expressing the very same sensation, the same thought, but through a philosophic generalization.

Three philosophers agree on this: Heraclitus, Hegel (who speaks of Heraclitus) and Lenin, who excerpts the following passage in *Conspectus of Hegel's 'Lectures on the History of Philosophy'* (cf. *Philosophical Notebooks*).<sup>52</sup>

' . . . In regard to the fact that Heraclitus considered fire as a process, Hegel says: "*Fire is physical time, it is absolute unrest*" . . .'

But what is time?

' . . . Heraclitus said: "*die Zeit ist das erste körperliche Wesen*"—"Time is the first corporeal essence . . ."

Lenin considers the expression, 'corporeal'—'unfortunate', but *he* says, time is 'the first sensuous essence . . .'

Hegel says of time:

' . . . Time is pure Coming into Being, as perceived . . .'

Hegel must be studied.

Heraclitus must be studied.

Anyhow:

. . . fire is a process . . .

. . . fire is physical time . . .

. . . time is the first sensuous essence . . .

. . . time is pure coming into being . . .

There we are:

*Fire is an image of coming into being, revealed in a process.*

' . . . Absolute unrest . . . ' is obviously a designation for the womb of the birth of 'all-(omni-) possible phenomena and forms'.

Ergo: there is nothing on earth as attractive as this!

Engels *par excellence*: he sees each phenomenon in *the dynamics of the process* of coming into being—*both* the system of philosophy, *and* . . . landscape.<sup>53</sup> Sensing the unity of the whole system of the world just as keenly as a poet, the correspondence or the difference of its diversity. Hence the amazing ability to equate movements of this basis.

A tremor of contour—is a tremor of the author, like the tremor of the visible in a pure aspect.

The 'rhythm' of your experience is the 'basis of the rhythm' of your construction.

(*My On the Structure of Things*).<sup>54</sup>

These stretching necks, etc. Disney again, *directly* and spontaneously.

But still another trait—the plasmaticness of form, as such.

The next stage in metaphor is metaphor in form and objects.

Here there is no longer a projection of self onto an object or from an object onto self, but a transference from object to object.

But the process occurs not in 'comparisons' and 'parallelism', as Veselovsky<sup>55</sup> writes, but again according to the laws of sensuous thought: by the identicalness of the emotional (affective) perception from both these and others.

Thus, 'a deer is corn' arises on the basis of the fact that both nourish (Lévy-Bruhl).<sup>56</sup> As such, they can be derived from movement. In such cases, an identicalness of the motor outline of the visual perception of form (or of the movements of different objects) evokes an identical perception of movement, and by the principle of *pars pro toto*, an equal sign is placed between the entire phenomena to which they belong.

But the most interesting thing, of course, is the 'apparent reversion' to the primal state on the very highest levels.

Over time, a dynamic picture may become complex, and whole systems of thought may, in a sufficiently comprehensive and full consciousness (i.e. equally logical and prelogically figurative), result in striking comparisons on the basis of the dynamic picture.

Such 'synthetic consciousnesses' were the classics of Marxism, which commanded a living synthesis of both sources of thought in dialectics.

#### *The Animal Epics*<sup>57</sup>

[Alma-Ata, November 1941]

Man in an image—in the form of an animal.

The most literal expression of any poetization, of any form: the difference of levels between form and content!

The 'form' of an animal—evolutionarily a step backwards in relation to 'content'—to man!

In psychology: 'don't arouse the beast in me'—i.e. the early complex—this always takes place.

Here it's brought to the surface and to the touch!

Compare Totemism and Darwinism—descent from animals!

*Totemism* [passes through three stages]

*The first stage:*

the unity of man and animal (the evolutionary stage). 'Factual' metamorphosis and the belief in the migration of souls.<sup>58</sup>

*The second stage:*

the unity of man and animal in totemistic belief.

*The third stage:*

the comparison of man with animal—the metaphoric series.

Cf. below: Veselovsky (p. 193)—examples from Homer.

In this sense, Disney is on the 'Homeric' stage: his beasts are metaphoric to people, i.e. reversed to the comparison of man with animal. They are plastic metaphors *in essence*.

The gamecock is a plastic metaphor of . . . an aggressive, cocky fighter. Taken in reverse and literally.

The point here, of course, is still more profound:

We compare a fighter to a cock, for boxing, both as a sport and as a spectacle (there is no difference of principle: the viewer helps the boxers along. Note how exhausting is the spectacle of boxing—muscular exhaustion, and not from the tension of attention!), is an activity of . . . the 'aggressive', cock-like level. That is, the animal-sensuous level.

This last (a 'duelling activity' even of animals) is rooted, of course, still deeper:

It is: the concentrated, primal, physiological, biological, magnetic and other reciprocal influence of oppositions.

The comical device of 'the literalization of a metaphor' rests upon the archaism of the absence of a transference and figurative sense, that is, the pre-metaphoric (meta-phor: transfer) stage. (Why the effect is comical is seen in a separate excursus.)

*The second stage*

. . . A folk tale from Annam (probably of Chinese origin): once a childless man wanted to eat a huge eel that lived in a spot where several rivers

converged. A bonze appeared and asked him not to touch the eel. Seeing that his appeals were in vain, the bonze asked if he could have something to eat before he left, to which the man agreed. When he cooked the eel, there appeared in it the food he had given the bonze. He then realized that the bonze was none other than an apparition of the eel itself... (Veselovsky. *Historical Poetics*, p. 533).

[In the specialized literature on this subject there is the particularly popular example of one of the Indian tribes of Northern Brazil.

The Indians of this tribe—the Bororo—maintain that, while human beings, they are none the less at the same time also a special kind of red parrot common in Brazil. Note that by this they do not in any way mean that they will become these birds after death, or that their ancestors were such in the remote past. Not at all. They directly maintain that they are in reality these actual birds. It is not here a matter of identity of names or relationship; they mean a complete simultaneous identity of both.]<sup>59</sup>

The next level within this stage is mixed: no longer a *simultaneous double existence*, but (1) descent from an animal (totemic); (2) mating with animals; (3) animal wet nurses; (4) animal helpers.<sup>60</sup>

All four cases are in the nature of a gradual moving away from joint existence.

Finally, the 'animal helper' turns into... descriptive characterizations of help—epithet, metaphor, comparison, revealing the next stage-category.

### *The third stage*

The more ancient the epos, the less man is separated from animal, the closer he is to him, and the more abundant and splendid the comparison with beasts and animals.

I'm citing an excerpt made by Veselovsky from Homer (in reference to something else) in his work, *Psychological Parallelism and Its Forms Reflected in Poetic Style* (1898) (*Historical Poetics*, pp. 192-3):

'... There is a scent of something archaic from the comparison of Sigurd with a deer (*Gudrun*, II, 2, 5), of Helga with its dew-covered calf, antlers glistening in the sunlight, while he himself towers above all other beasts... or Agamemnon with a great bull standing out from the rest of the grazing flock (*Iliad*, II, 480); the two Aiantes, standing together in battle—with a pair of bulls in a yoke (*Il.*, XIII, 709); the Trojans following their commanders—

wasps descending upon a little boy who has destroyed their nest (*Il.*, XVI, 641); the men who fall upon the body of Sarpedon (*Il.*, XVI, 641; II, 469), with flies buzzing around a milk-filled saucer; the courage instilled in Menelaus by Athene (*Il.*, XVII, 570), with the courage of a fly, constantly shooed and still descending upon a man in order to feast upon his blood; while the Trojans who flee from Achilles to Xanthus, are compared with locusts, escaping from fire into a river, or with a fish fleeing from a dolphin (*Il.*, XXI, 12, 22).

'Odysseus bears malice towards the maids who pander to Penelope's suitors: such is the animosity of a dog guarding his pups (*Odyssey*, XX, 14); Menelaus guards the body of Patroclus, ready to ward off attack, as a cow will not leave its first-born calf (*Il.*, XVII, 14). (NB. Achilles?). When the Aiantes, dragging the body of Patroclus, remind the singer (*Il.*, XVII, 743) of two mules dragging a mast tree from a mountain; when Aias yields reluctantly before the onslaught of the Trojans, like a stubborn ass who has wandered into a field and won't yield to the blows that little boys shower upon him (*Il.*, XI, 558),—we won't understand the meaning of these images if we don't remember that in Homeric poems, an ass does not appear in the typical light we are accustomed to, which we attribute, for example, to the images of a sheep and goat; whereas in the *Iliad* (IV, 433-), the murmur of the Trojan army is compared with the bleating of sheep in a rich man's pen; the Trojans—with bleating goats, afraid of a lion (*Il.*, XI, 383); the joy of his comrades at the sight of Odysseus returning from Circe—with the joy of calves leaping towards their mother coming back from the field, and running around her with moos (*Od.*, X, 410-).

'The *Rig Veda* went even further, comparing the beauty of a song with the mooing of a dairy cow, just as in one quatrain of *Hála* it is said that to divert one's eyes from a beautiful girl is just as difficult as it is for a feeble cow to get out of silt in which it is stuck. All this was just as natural as the images of the killing or killed animals, which the death of this or that hero suggested to Homer (*Il.*, XVII, 522; *Od.*, XX, 389; *Il.*, XVI, 407); when, for example, the companions of Odysseus, captured by Scylla, are compared with fish pulled from the water and quivering on the bank (*Od.*, XII, 251)...

Etc. ad infinitum.

Such is the stage where the 'animalization' (the opposite process of the 'personification' of an ape, moving forward) of man, with the effect of the reconstruction of the sensuous system of thought, occurs not through identi-

The sensuous effect is obtained only when there is a sensuous 'immersion' in the likened subject.

This is critical in the substitution of man by an animal, and of an animal by man.

The unexpectedness for us of such 'a-poetical' comparisons (a cow, a sheep, a fly) stems from the fact that here, the estimation of an animal is made in terms of its basic economic value. (A cow—nourishment, sheep—wool, etc.)

For a society with a sufficient 'table of ranks', such as the Greeks, this is an obvious survival (but poetry is always a step behind in the consciousness) of the stage when there was no such 'table of ranks'—a moral, aesthetic, even class (!) table relating to phenomena of nature. 'Precious' and 'non-precious' metals are a reflection of a class-differentiating society. So are a 'beast of burden' and a 'free falcon'.

Also in terms of aesthetic appraisal.

A cow is first and foremost a wet nurse, and the aesthetic appraisal of its gracefulness (less than that of a fallow deer) does not yet figure.

The same for a sheep.

There are no 'ranks'. Each animal is considered directly in terms of its usefulness, its necessity.

Even the fly is valued for its qualities useful for borrowing: for example, persistence—from *its* position, and not pestiness—from ours!

What is completely lacking is a moment of reverse projection—the elements of man and his traits onto animals.

We've already discussed the 'social theories'. Also the moral theories. When man's individual traits prove to be not unique and exclusive, but the leading traits for a whole species of animal: the courage of a snow leopard, the craftiness of a fox, the dirtiness of a pig (although it's in a puddle for reasons of hygiene and to get rid of possible parasites!). The stubbornness of an ass, the slow-wittedness of a sheep.

This trait of reverse projection has the same pre-stage in myths of the embodiment of people in animals. Directly.

And therefore, the personification of animals in this moralizing, fabulist manner, has as a sensuously nourishing subtext its own offshoot of totemistic belief in the 'factual' 'regression' into an animal.

Cf. Veselovsky, *Poetics of Plots* (1897–1906): '... The transformation into beasts and plants in myths and folk tales, as the reverse process of totemistic concepts...' (*Historical Poetics*, p. 524).

Through this method of the personification of an animal, Disney directly, plastically and effectively achieves the embodiment of that which exists in the beliefs of the Bororos:

the Indians of the Bororo tribe believe that they are *simultaneously both* humans *and* red parrots—their totemic beast;

The peacock and parrot, the wolf and horse, the night stand and dancing flame of Disney are actually simultaneously and identically *both* an animal (or object, or bird) *and* a human!

The formula of the Bororos, incomprehensible to the conscious, logical mind, but clear to sensuous thought, becomes tangible and effective in Disney's parrot, and, of course, completely immerses us in the system of sensuous thought.

#### *Animism*

I'm taking the definition by Veselovsky from his article, *Psychological Parallelism and Its Forms Reflected in Poetic Style* (NB. I conduct a polemic on the subject of 'parallelism' with A. N. Veselovsky elsewhere—here, I'm using only the factual material of the cited illustrations and the general ideas which are indisputable):

'... Man assimilates images of the external world in forms of his own self-consciousness; especially primitive man, who has not yet developed habits of abstract, non-figurative thought, although the latter can never occur without a certain degree of figurativeness. We involuntarily transfer onto nature our own experience of life, which is expressed in movement, in the manifestation of a force directed by a will; in phenomena or objects in which movement was detected, there were suspected at one time or another signs of energy, will, life. This view of the world, we call animistic...' (*Historical Poetics*, p. 125).

(The definition by Lévy-Bruhl—participational—and other definitions which result from the idea that a non-differentiating consciousness reflects a non-differentiated social environment, I like more. Cite them.)<sup>61</sup>

This view of the world 'rests upon a comparison of subject and object on the basis of the category of movement'. (NB. There is not yet a 'comparison'. For there is not yet a differentiation of the subjective and the objective. And it's from here that the 'animation' of nature arises: I and nature *are one and the same*, later on—*identical*, still later—*alike*. Before the stage of a sense of—*difference*, they all work towards the animation of nature, towards animism. This needs to be outlined very distinctly and sharpened in principle.)

'... On the basis of the category of movement, or action, as a sign of volitional, vital activity. Animals, naturally, were seen as objects; they most of all recalled man; here was the distant psychological basis of the animal apologist; but plants, too, pointed to the same resemblance: they too were born and blossomed, matured and bent against the wind. The sun also appeared to move—it rose and set, the wind chased clouds, lightning rushed along, fire enveloped, devoured branches, etc. The inorganic, immobile world was involuntarily drawn into this series, . . . it too lived . . .' (*Historical Poetics*, p. 126).

In English, Disney's moving drawing is called . . . an animated cartoon.

And in this name, both concepts are interwoven: both 'animateness' (anima—soul) and 'mobility' (animation—liveliness, mobility).

And the drawing actually is 'animated through mobility'.

Even this condition of the indissolubleness (the unity) of animateness and movement is already profoundly 'atavistic' and completely in accord with the structure of primitive thought.

I myself had occasion to write about this with respect to material of Norse mythology—about this unity in connection with the divine functions, which the Nordic world attributed to the Father of the Gods—Odin-Wotan, this product of the 'animization' of the forces of nature.

In my article, *The Embodiment of a Myth*, I wrote in regard to my staging of Wagner's *Die Walküre* in the Bolshoi Theatre (in the journal, *Theatre* [Moscow], n, 10, October 1940):

'To Wotan is assigned the element of Air . . . But since this element can be perceived only in *motion*, Wotan at the same time personifies movement as well, *movement in general*. Movement in all its forms—from the gentlest breeze to the all-destructive hurricane.

'But the consciousness that creates and gives birth to myths, knows yet no division between a direct and figurative concept. Wotan, who personifies movement in general and especially the movement of the forces of nature, simultaneously embodies also the whole range of *spiritual movements*: from the tenderness of lovers' feelings and the lyrical inspiration of the singer and poet, to the militant passion of warriors and the manly rage of the heroes of antiquity . . .'<sup>82</sup>

From the very same principle comes the idea: *if it moves, then it's alive*; i.e. moved by an innate, independent, volitional impulse.

The degree to which—not in a logically conscious aspect, but in a sen-

phenomenon, becomes evident from our perception of the 'living' drawings of none other than Disney.

*We know* that they are . . . drawings, and not living beings.

*We know* that they are . . . projections of drawings on a screen.

*We know* that they are . . . 'miracles' and tricks of technology, that such beings don't really exist.

But at the same time:

*We sense* them as alive.

*We sense* them as moving, as active.

*We sense* them as existing and even thinking!

And from the very same sphere of this stage of thought also comes the 'animization' of immobile objects of nature, everyday objects, lines of landscape, etc.

The eye of the observer (the subject) 'runs round' the observed (the 'object'). The very term—'runs round'—preserves within it the preceding stage: when the 'comprehension' of an object was made with the arms, and the 'running round' took place . . . with the legs moving around the object not comprehended by the arms. Then this process was concentrated into 'comprehension' through a glance,—a glance 'running round' the object.

The difference from the preceding case consists of the fact that here the subject (eye) moves along the outlines of the object (thing), and not the object (thing) itself is moving in space.

But as is well known, at this stage of development there is yet no differentiation between the subjective and the objective. And the movement of an eye, running along the line of a mountain's contour, is read just as easily as the running of the contour itself.

The eye glances off in the direction of a road, and this is read just as easily as the road itself moving off into the distance.

Thus, in a linguistic metaphor,—which also arises from this process and exists as traces of this stage of thought in the fabric of language—the process consists of the fact that in a number of cases, the action of glancing itself (which has already figuratively transferred the actions of man, the whole of man, onto itself, as a part of man) is 'animistically' ascribed to the object of observation.

I'm citing a number of examples from Veselovsky, which I happen to have at hand (*Historical Poetics*, p. 127):

'Un parc immense grimait la côte . . .'

'Behaglich streckte dort das Land sich  
In Eb'nen aus, weit, endlos weit . . .

Hier stieg es plötzlich und entschlossen  
Empor, stets kühner himmelan . . .'  
(Lenau. *Wanderung im Gebirge*)

'Sprang über's ganze Haideland  
Der junge Regenbogen . . .'  
(Lenau. *Die Haideschenke*)

'Fernhin schlich das hagre Gebirg, wie ein wandelnd Gerippe,  
Streckt das Dörflein vergnügt über die Wiesen sich aus . . .'  
(Hölderlin)

'Der Himmel glänzt in reinstem Frühlingslichte,  
Ihm schwillt der Hügel sehnsuchtsvoll entgegen . . .'  
(Möricke. *Zu viel*)

The process of formations is quite apparent.

The eye 'leaps', 'creeps over', 'skips'. On the basis of the *characteristic* of this one trait of movement, its outline, rhythm, pattern—in accordance with the law of *pars pro toto*—there is reconstructed *the full act* of the 'leaping', 'creeping', 'skipping' of *the whole man*.

Through an identification of subject and object—or rather, through the indivisibility of the two for this stage—all these movements and actions are ascribed to the landscape itself, to the hill, hamlet, mountain chain, etc.

This kind of motor metaphor (transfer is a later process, capable of being carried out, and mainly of acting—but only because of this prerequisite, earlier condition—*affective identicalness, identicalness of affect*) is the very earliest, most ancient type of metaphor—*directly* motory. (Thus the Father of the Gods, Wotan, is Movement.)

It is 'verbal', *active*, a process, but not objective.

Not objectively *visible*, even less 'a comparison of something with something' (two objective phenomena between each other, which would already be a later stage)—but rather a motor-subjectively *sensed* metaphor, *par excellence*.

This is so true that Chamberlain (*Goethe*),<sup>63</sup> for example, overlooks this type of comparison! For example, he considers that for Goethe and Goethe's realistic greatness, there is a characteristic avoidance of metaphoric comparisons. As proof, he cites 'Still ruht der See' ['Quiet lies the sea'], and con-

trasts its non-metaphoric austerity to the metaphoric outburst of comparisons in one of Wieland's sunsets.

He completely fails to see that Goethe is full of precisely verbal metaphors. The most primal, the very deepest, and therefore, the most sensuously captivating. And least of all objectively 'visible', more in the muscular system, through the reproduction of 'trans'-visually perceptible metaphors (both 'trans'—*vorbei* [along; past], and 'trans'—*mimisch* [mimic]). Fogs 'schleichen' [creep], a lake 'ruht' [rests], etc.

It is this process that Disney palpably and objectively depicts in drawings.

It is not just waves, factually 'boxing' the side of a steamship. (And in accordance with the well-known formula of the comical, therefore gathering its outlines into a boxing glove!)

It is also the amazing, elastic play of the contours of Disney's images.

With surprise—necks elongate.

With panicked running—legs stretch.

With fright—not only the character trembles, but a wavering line runs along the contour of its drawn image.

And it's here in this very link of the drawing, that there is accomplished precisely that, for which we have cited so many examples and excerpts.

Here is a very curious phenomenon.

For if, in terror, the neck of a horse or cow stretches, then the representation itself of the skin will stretch, but not . . . the contour of the drawing of the skin, as an independent element!

In such stretching of the neck, neither will there be that which we said of the 'running away' road or the 'skipping' contour of the mountain ridge.

And only after the *contour* of the neck elongates beyond the possible limits of the *neck*—does it become a comical embodiment of that which occurs as a sensuous process in the cited metaphors.

The comicality here stems from the fact that any representation exists in two ways: as a set of lines, and as the image that arises from them.

The graphic drawing of numerals and hands on a clock face, and an image of the time of day that comes from their specific combination.

Normally—this is indissoluble.

In an affect—this is broken (Vronsky glances at the clock on the veranda of the Karenins' home after Anna has informed him of her pregnancy, and sees only a geometric pattern, not being in a state to comprehend what time it is).

In a comical construction there is also dissection, but of a special type:

the perception of them as independent of each other, and simultaneously as belonging together.

That is, a picture, *formally* and *mechanically* in stasis, reproducing the *dialectical* idea of the unity of oppositions, in which 'each by itself' opposition at the same time coexists in unity, which is possible only in a process, in movement, in dynamics.

(Compare the snake devouring its own tail in Indian tradition—and the dachshund wrapped around a telegraph pole.)

Upon this principle is constructed Chaplin's wonderful trick in *The Great Dictator*.

On the little barber's storefront, Nazi stormtroopers have written the terrible, damning word, 'Jew'. The shell-shocked(!) Chaplin (note the depths of psychological motivations of this comedian!) erases this word, taking it for a series of abstract (and devoid of meaning) white streaks.

The comical mechanism is clear: essence and form are dissected. The effect results from the fact that we know them to be indissoluble and belonging to each other.

The greatness of this comical number, of course, consists of the fact that in its essence, racism is nonsense, and the comical approach of Chaplin through direct action—in an image of an act—demonstrates this idea materially.

The comicality of the contour of a neck elongating beyond the neck itself, is constructed by Disney upon the same thing and in the same way.

Here, the unity of an object and the form of its representation is dissected.

And the comicality of the effect resides in the fact that their representational co-membership is persistently emphasized. (Take away the representationality of lines. Let them follow the emotions in an abstract, linear, rhythmical and 'seismographical' way—and they'll no longer be comical, but will be the graphic equivalent of Scriabin's colour dreams.)\*

The independently elongating contour is read as a 'neck going out of itself'.

And then it skips over to a comical embodiment of the formula of pathos and ecstasy.

As is well known, this formula consists of the principles of dialectics being taken as the dynamic, compositional source.

\* A wonderful, graphic equivalent of exclaiming is the exclamation mark, although it's not funny. But a man who bends over like a question mark, does produce a comical impression. (The situation is not changed by the fact that the origin of the question mark is non-affective

And the formula of 'comical pathos', therefore, is the formula of the most primal comicality.

Thus, it turns out that the contour, the outline of a drawing—its generalizing line, suddenly begins to take on an independent life, independent of the figures themselves, the objects themselves.

It's interesting that this seemingly unlikely and inconceivable phenomenon is also connected with definite stages of primitive and primordial thought.

This time, let's take an example from child psychology—for according to the fundamental biogenetic law, a child not only physically, but also psychically and psychologically, passes through stages which correspond to earlier stages of human development. And the psychology of a child at specific stages of development corresponds to the peculiarities of the psychology of peoples who are at the 'childhood stage' of social and societal development.

In paging through Dr Georg Kerschensteiner's impressive research into children's drawings, *The Development of Drawing Skill*,<sup>64</sup> among the many curious peculiarities of children's early drawing, we find the following such case.

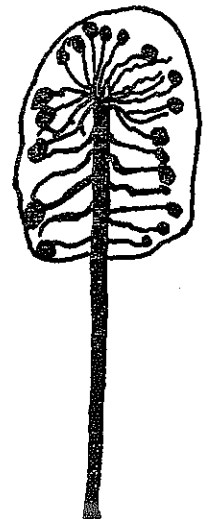
It is found in the section devoted to the representation of plants. In Table 61 (p. 199), there is reproduced a drawing of an eight-year-old girl, the daughter of a bricklayer, depicting a tree drawn from memory.

This drawing is remarkable in that within it there exist independently: a line of the general outline of the tree and the system of branches, whose contour in reality, in nature, blends into such an outline. Here they exist separately, living independently.

The consciousness of the child is not yet capable of comprehending the unity of the whole and the part, and the part separately from the whole.

A certain amount of time will pass, and the plastic unity of both will be grasped by the child's eye, just as in the consciousness there will start to be formed a sense of the unity of the part and the whole.

This moment also occurs in the well-known manner



both eyes in this profile looking—from a full face position. Here too, the general dimensions of the head and the details of the surface of the face live independent lives, without combining into the realistic unity of a whole image.

It's interesting that in the infinite spirals of cultural progress, every time a certain creative cycle finds itself on the threshold of evolution, there occurs an analogous phenomenon with its own qualitative peculiarities.

This usually relates to periods of especial ripeness and impressiveness, characteristic for the primitive stages of a cultural or artistic phenomenon. And especially ripe, precisely because these phenomena, at this stage, structurally reproduce those very same laws, which are characteristic of the structure of primitive and sensuous thought.

Let's recall the two 'ripest' phases in the history of the evolution of theatre: the Italian comedy of masks (*commedia dell'arte*) and the early, pre-Shakespearean dramaturgy of England.

When, in a poetic turn of speech, we fall back on a reconstruction of a similar course of thought, we always come out sensuously enriched. In his tale, *Night*,<sup>65</sup> Andersen describes a mother who went after Death to get him to return her dead child. She cried her eyes out, because only at this price could she cross the lake; and so as to be able to penetrate the dwelling-place of Death, she gave up to the old gravedigger *her long black hair, receiving in exchange—the old woman's grey hair!*

This trait of the 'division of a unity' makes just as strong an impression as its opposite: a forcible merger, especially in those cases when it's not just a flashy, formal trick, but when there truly underlies it not an objective unity, but a much more profound moral, conceptual or thematic unity.

For example, Bierce's staggering description in his story, *Captain Coulter*,<sup>66</sup> when the colonel goes down into the cellar of a plantation house and suddenly sees a man with a long, jet-black beard slouched over. The man turns out to be Captain Coulter, who had been forced by the artillery general to fire upon his own house. And what had appeared to be a black beard, turns out to be the dishevelled hair of Coulter's wife, who was killed during the shelling, and whose lips he was kissing in despair . . .

The effectiveness of this description, of course, comes from the fact that a primitively-lowest, sensuous method of exposition fuses together in a formal way that which should exist separately, and it simultaneously serves as a

tangible image of the embodiment of Coulter's mad love for his wife, fusing the lovers into a single unit.

A child perceives a verbal picture in precisely the same way. Werner, I believe, cites an example in *Developmental Psychology*<sup>67</sup> of a child who was asked to illustrate with toys the biblical saying: 'Komm, Herr Jesu, sei unser Gast' ('Come, Jesus, be our guest'). The child placed at the table not one figure, but . . . two. When asked who the first one was, he answered: 'Jesus'. The second one turned out to represent . . . the 'guest'. A unity of the invariable and constant ('Jesus') and its temporary, particular aspect (the role of the guest)—does not at all enter the mind and thoughts of a child. The contour of the crown of a tree is not seen as being composed of the countless contours of leaves which make it up. Each one lives separately, independently. Each one trembles on its own, just as the drawing and the contour of Disney's horses, cows, goats, ostriches and monkeys rush along, leaving themselves behind.

In both cases, a single, inviolable characteristicness prevails, namely: a self-contained independence of the outlined character and an independence of his actions.

There is not yet present that element which makes Shakespeare great or any outstanding master of the realistic dramaturgy of later stages.

There is not yet the theory that revelation and formation of personality are determined through action, that an abrupt turning point of action coincides with a revelation of new traits of the human image; that a trait of personality determines the course of action and that an action, in turn, moulds the personality of the character.

In the comedy of masks, there exists a definite set of characters, which remains invariable for the countless number of interludes and comedies, which only in their broadest outlines result from the traditional and once-established pattern of the interaction of the invariable functions of once-established characters, appropriately called not characters, but masks.

These are not the only possible personalities in the only possible connection of dramaturgical events and situations, like Hamlet and Othello; but rather, they are a kaleidoscope of hieroglyphs, complete in themselves, which are combined into any number of patterns of the arbitrary plots of the comedy of masks.

The very same thing is characteristic also of pre-Shakespearean theatre. For Webster too, it is characteristic for the outlining of images and personalities to take place by itself, and the course of situations and events—in its own

way, and independently. For here there is the same, almost canonical set of invariable image-masks, such as 'The Revenger', who, only with the arrival of Shakespeare, receives his own paradoxical (for the tradition of the era) reinterpretation in *Hamlet*, but until then, recurs as a finished, traditional stencil throughout a variety of plays and skits, instilling terror in the viewer in exactly the same way that in Italy, through the chain of eternally changing interludes, the figure of 'The Captain' makes him laugh. It's sufficient to compare his great-great-grandsons—Gautier's 'Captain Fracasse', or Rostand's 'Cyrano de Bergerac', to see clearly the profound connection between the personality of the character and the action of the play, in contrast to the early stage, where the independence of the separate existence of both is invariable.

The very same peripeteias have been experienced by such a popular and unquestionable unity as 'the unity of form and content'.

Outside of the perfection in works of classical completeness, even this seemingly inseparable, organic unity opens up or comes apart.

For periods of changing phases, of mutation of styles, or of definition of new social formations, there takes place an unbalanced outstripping of one by the other.\*

For periods of collapse, i.e. a regressive return to primitive patterns, there is characteristically the very same collapse of the unity of form and content, as for periods standing on the threshold of their future merger.

Construction becomes an end in itself. Composition—the sole content of the thing. Anecdote—a comprehensive value of a formless work.

## IV

[Alma-Ata, 3. XII. 1943]

### DISNEY

*Bambi*, of course, must not be ignored.

*Bambi* is already a shift towards ecstasy—serious, eternal: the theme of *Bambi* is the circle of life—the repeating circles of lives.

No longer the sophisticated smile of the twentieth century towards totems. But a return to pure totemism and a *Rück-Ruck* [reverse shift] towards evolutionary prehistory.

A humanized deer, or rather, *Rückgänglich* [conversely]—a 're-deerized' human.

*Bambi* crowns, of course, the whole study on Disney.

Separately, there's still *Fantasia* as an experiment in the realization of *synthesis* through *syncretism*.

The greatness of Disney, as the purest example of the application of the method of art in its very purest form.

[Kratovo], 8. VII. 1946

*Life* arrives (March 11, 1946 issue).

Again, an absolutely ingenious, new Disney: *Make Mine Music*.

Traditional and mediocre (in terms of the drawing) is S. S. Prokofiev's *Peter and the Wolf*.

In the same family is *Casey at the Bat*.

But absolutely stunning is *Willie the Whale*.

A startling juncture in the triangle with two other Americans—Melville (*Moby Dick*) and . . . Edgar Poe (*The Pit and the Pendulum*).

A trans-oceanic juncture with my *The Terrible*—the murder of Vladimir.

(Strictly, through *Ivan*, I also thus 'read' Willie.)

It begins with an absolutely wild, direct 'kick', which you receive from the page with the three pictures where Willie performs 'in the Met' (in the

The very same 'kick' which is always connected with subconscious mechanisms.

And the 'kick' is very quickly deciphered into the fact that we are dealing here for the first time, perhaps, in Disney (or so clearly, at any rate) with *prenatal*<sup>68</sup> elements, expressed *not as a process, but as an object*.

Usually Disney (for the most part) appeals to this realm through the *structure* of his works, through *devices*, through *elements of form*.

For example, the 'plasma appeal' in (1) a *varying contour*—expanding necks and legs, or (2) *variations of species*: octopuses—elephants, striped fish—tigers in *Merbabies* (cf. the same thing, but non-comical, for it's comparatively metaphorical, in D. H. Lawrence, when D. H. compares horses with butterflies or fish; for example, in *St. Mawr*).

One could call this the *protean element*, for the myth of Proteus (behind whom there seems to be some especially versatile actor)—or more precisely, the appeal of this myth—is based, of course, upon the omnipotence of plasma, which contains in 'liquid' form all possibilities of future species and forms.

It's glaringly significant that this most typical thing for Disney occurs also here, entering into the group of basic and most baffling means of influence:

'... Willie not only sings, but is capable of singing in any voice range—tenor, baritone, soprano or contralto, sometimes all of them at once...'

The *significance* of this element as *protean*, i.e. an alterable unit, is emphasized also by the fact that Disney uses for this phenomenal trait of Willie, *not a group* of singers of different registers, which is more than possible during the sound recording!—but gives him the voice of the singer 'phenomenon', Nelson Eddy, who sings *by himself* the whole range of voices *from soprano to bass* (I heard such singers in music halls in America and Europe).

'... Willie is remarkable for his many voices. All of them, from soprano to bass, belong to Nelson Eddy. To sing a duet with himself, Eddy would record one part, then sing the other while the first was played back. For the 400-voice *Ave Maria* chorus, a special device multiplied 100 times the quartet of Eddy, Eddy, Eddy and Eddy...'

It's interesting that here the *variability* is inserted not in the 'animal' itself—not in his forms (*octopuses* become elephants, *a neck* grows), *but in the voice*, with the form of its source remaining unaltered!

A new page in the 'history of Disney'.

During the war, Disney emerges from the infantile and pre-human realm towards maturity.

His pictures become utilitarian—*instructionally technical*—'thematically mature'—progressive. (A sort of De Seversky's aviation book for me.)<sup>69</sup>

One can admire him, but... he's losing one's interest. (NB. This is being written in Alma-Ata and there are also some notes.)

Then there occurs the same 'transition to grown up'—a transition to man formally, with actors and unsuccessfully: *The Three Caballeros*.

Where a real, three-dimensional man 'on the human level' is mechanically merged with the conventional 'subhumans' of Disney's palette.

Trash in its lack of principle.

*Fantasia* is two-faced: it's good when in the realm of Disney, the grotesque equivalent of music and animated caricatures.

It's bad when serious or dramatic. (From this point of view, *Bambi* is also bad. Cf. *Non-Indifferent Nature* as to how he ought to have handled *Bambi*.)<sup>70</sup>

*Make Mine Music* evidently intentionally avoids this.

'... Walt Disney's newest full-length picture, *Make Mine Music*, is a vaudeville show designed for those who were a little overwhelmed by his high-flown *Fantasia*...'

'... The picture's "stars" remain in the background only as voices (Nelson Eddy, Jerry Colonna, the Andrews Sisters), as shadows (Dancers Tania Riabouchinska and David Lichine), or as tootlers (Mr Goodman and his men). To spectators *Make Mine Music* may seem either a new art form or just a collection of good Technicolor cartoons. Not all the acts quite make the grade, but those that do have all the brilliant imagination of the wonderful Walt at his best...'

The latter is *not* surprising, for Walt makes a correct *plunge* into the 'sub-human level'—an inexhaustible fund of *uniquely*, irresistibly active images, 'wonderful' and 'brilliant' in their 'imagination'.

(Imagination—both as inventiveness and as imagery!).

As we have seen, it is this that grows into the very *subjects* of the images!

Thus he emerges from the 'blind alley' and 'dead end' where he had been at the beginning of the 'forties.

In terms of form of audio-visual synthesis and the *frameworks available to him in this*, the grotesque, cartoon solution of the animated film remains for him, of course, a limitation.

A tragic and dramatic resolution of this synthesis is possible only in the realm where I work.

How interesting! He and I both have—Prokofiev.

Two *different* Prokofievs: the Sergei Sergejevich of *Peter and the Wolf*

(included in *Make Mine Music*), and the Sergei Sergeyeovich of the scores of *Alexander Nevsky* and *Ivan the Terrible*, *par excellence*.

In the realm of music itself, *Peter and the Wolf* does precisely the same thing that the 'correct' Disney does between music and a cartoon:

an ironic synthesis.

Sergei Sergeyeovich's instrumental timbres *are comically localized throughout representational, concrete realms*.

An enumeration at the beginning: a quacking duck, a cat, a bird, a wolf, Peter.

This is exactly what Disney does in his best films with drawing, doing the same thing in relation to music: an abstract correspondence (the *only one possible*—cf. *The Film Sense*)<sup>71</sup> of sound and drawing—forcibly clothed in concrete forms (which is why it's funny).

Remaining in the realm of *structures*, we find *not an illustrative correspondence between the essences of the musical movement and the movement of the image*.

For example, 'Ocean-Sea, Blue Sea'<sup>72</sup>—where the orchestration is *like a synthesis of the traits of the sea*.

One group plays the depths of the sea,  
another—the play of light along the surface,  
a third—the boundless width,  
a fourth—the blueness.

(NB. The first two, he himself pointed out to me at an orchestra rehearsal. Three and four, and many others, are easy to detect!)

It's trite when there is *one* trait: for example, a graphic 'surf'.

And it's a different matter when 'surfiness' repeatedly cuts through a many-sided and complex image of the sea *à la* Sergei Sergeyeovich.

Here is both the similarity and the difference of our junctures—Disney's and mine in the same audio-visual field.

And here is also the response to Georges Sadoul, who writes:

'... Eisenstein's *Ivan the Terrible* ... is a grandiose work. Prokofiev's wonderful music serves as a base to a counterpoint of images which are permeated by certain visual forms, repeated as leitmotifs; the film is to ordinary films what opera is to everyday theatre, and Eisenstein's experiments, through wholly different means and with wholly different aesthetic goals, call to mind certain preoccupations of Walt Disney in *Fantasia* ...' (*France-USSR. Numéro spécial: 'Le Cinéma Soviétique'*, 1-ier Avril, 1946).

## APPENDIX



From Eisenstein's childhood drawings. 'In the World of Animals', Riga, 1913-14. (Eisenstein Cabinet)

[Moscow], 14. IX. 1932

Why are my drawings, despite a complete lack of anatomicalness, humanly physiologically disturbing for viewers? Wouldn't it seem that 'not anatomical' means 'not imitative'? The point is that these drawings are *protoplasmic, avant tout*. And elemental because they capture the process between the primal protoplasm and formed man.

In my drawings, the truly appealing theme is *the coming into being* of the human form from plasma (in this lies the attractiveness of Olaf Gulbransson<sup>74</sup>—cite his drawings).




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Mickey Mouse—the first factual dynamic drawing—has this plasmation *par excellence*:

here is the true basis of that which I reduced in Kretschmerian limits to plant vegetation (as a plant).

This is the plasmatizing of solid objects: the stretching of necks, legs, the rhythmical swaying of trees, of solid figures, etc.

Note too the disintegration and assembling, very frequent in Disney, like quicksilver scattering and rolling back into a cohesive little ball.

It's curious that this plasmatic tradition is also found in comical, *non-drawn* tricks:

the elastic steam engine from some old comedy, 'panting' from the heat. Or the fight in a safe—between a group of hunters and a lion—where the safe becomes elastic (a balloon), and the movements of the whole fight are visible.

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To this one can attribute in general the tradition of mutually penetrating objects in painting and drawing.

These too are plasmatic reminiscences: Picasso, Annenkov<sup>75</sup> (especially), Grigoryev,<sup>76</sup> etc.

With them, this turns into the sticking of certain objects into others.

With the surrealists: Dali, for example—even the very objects become plasmatic (for example, a drooping watch, folded over like a crêpe) . . .

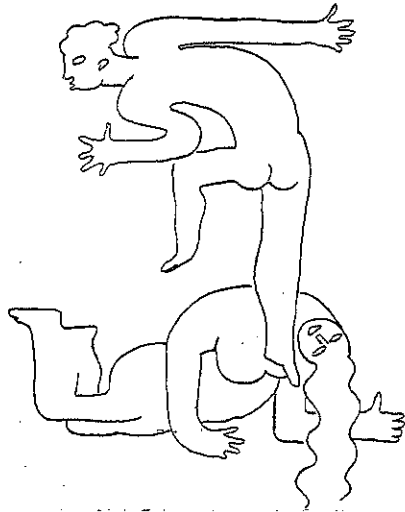
Revealing are the drawings of the full-blooded ecstatic—Khlebnikov<sup>77</sup>—being, in general, nothing more than the slightly personified fabric of plasma, fully resembling illustrations for a physiological atlas.

15. IX. 1932

Arms and legs in my drawings are always . . . pseudopods of the primal plasma-amoeba.

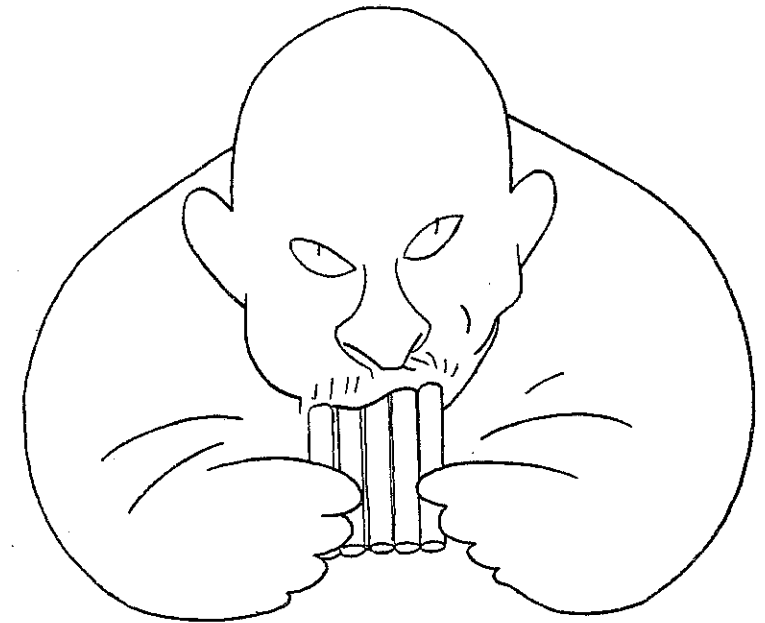
21. IX. 1932

*Вакуф Гфеггасуед*



In drawings of the accompanying type (NB.: very similar to the 'Macbeth' series)<sup>78</sup> there is yet another 'plasmatic' factor: the figures 'hover' in space; that is, the atavism in them belongs to the period before being set upon solid ground, to the amoebic-plasmatic stage of movement in liquid.

This is the graphic equivalent to the sensation of 'flight' among ecstasies: an identical uterine sensation of gyroscopicness and the identical phylogenetic pre-stage—the floating of the amoebic-proto-

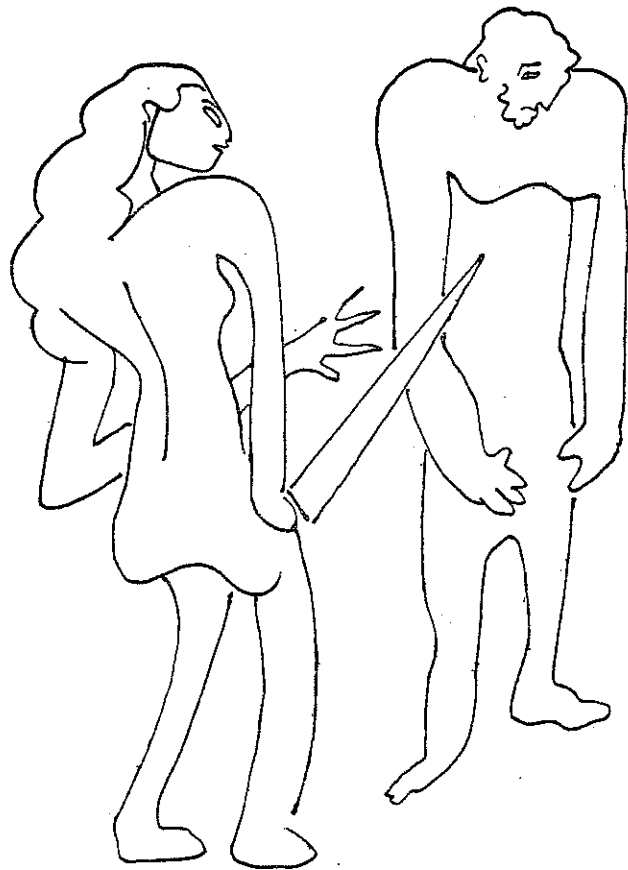


'Olaf Plays the Flute', self-caricature by Olaf Gulbransson (1914).

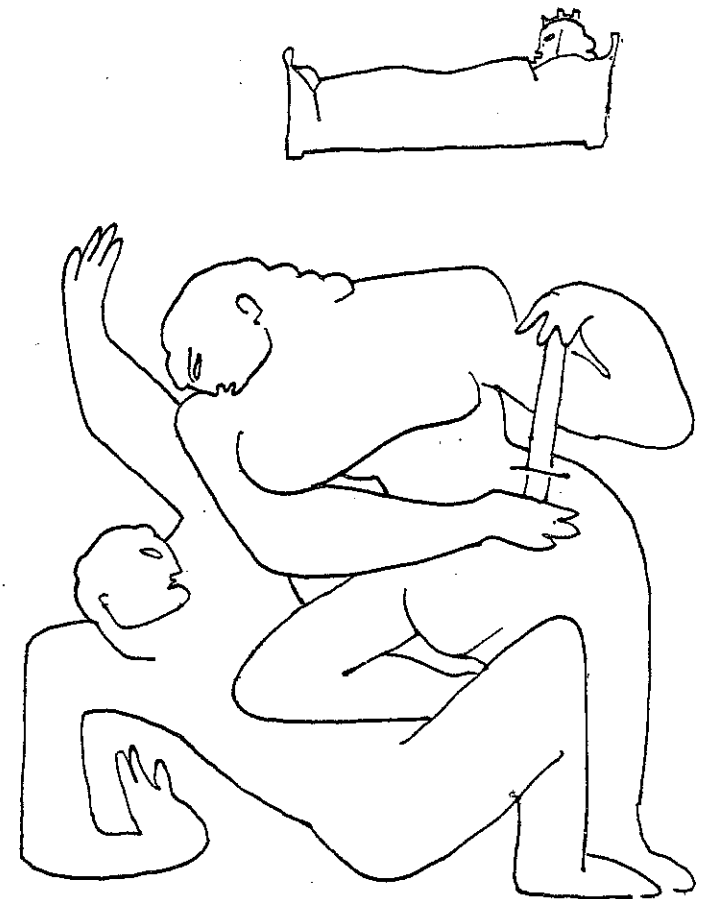


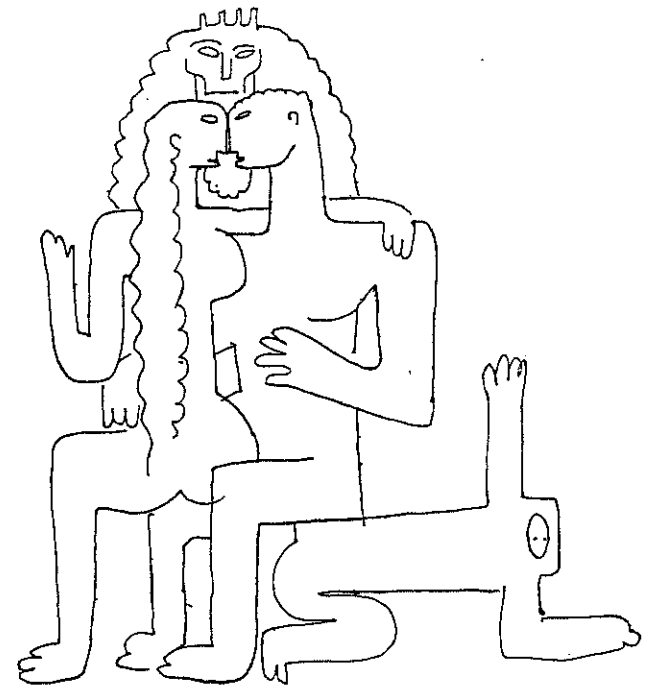
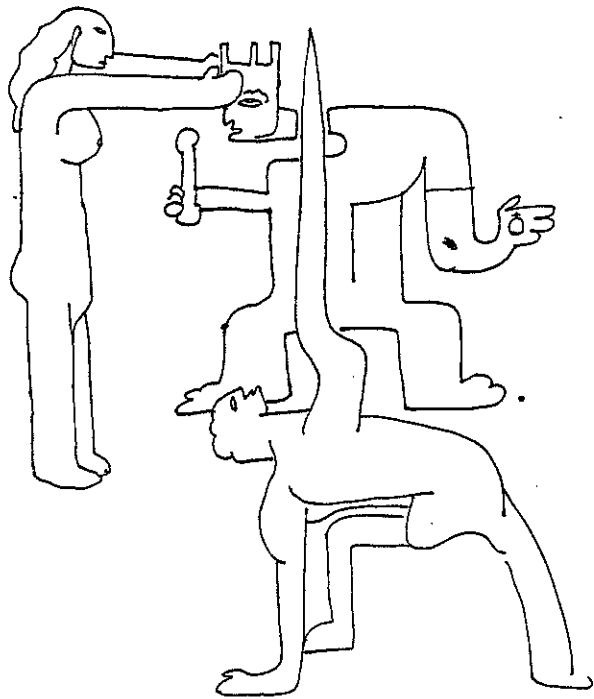
Above and opposite: Georges Annenkov, illustrations to Alexander Blok's poem, *The Twelve* (1918).





Above and following three pages: Eisenstein's 'Macbeth' series,  
c. May/June 1931 (Eisenstein Cabinet).





## II

Alma-Ata, 3. I. 1944

I'm slightly troubled by one apparent controversy in my conception of the principle of composition.

Namely: the principle consists of the fact that a compositional formula is the content of what is represented, taken to the limits of generalization—the three or four strokes dividing the canvas and indicating the direction of the leading sections.

The unity of the representation and the thus-understood principle of composition also constructs that which we (I) call—an image, imagery. (For colour, its analogy is in the formula of the correlations of values.)

Each taken separately is incomplete and lacking imagery.

Representation alone is naturalism and 'itinerancy'.

Composition alone is constructivism.

*Nun aber kommt die Frage* [Now, however, arises the question]: *how* does this fit into the general formula of the concept of art as a unity of the logical and the prelogical, the sensuous?

In other words:

the 'logical' side—this, of course, is 'subject', 'anecdote', theme, content—that is, a narrowly understood representation (a horse, a bouquet, a flogging, a bankruptcy);

the prelogical and sensuous component must comprise composition—and this *par excellence*, for it is the limit of maximal emphasis on *form* (even the *conception* of form).

It turns out, however, that composition is the (even highest!) degree of *generalization*; that is, something which would seem to be the furthest removed from the sensuous and prelogical—rather the abstract and super-logical?!

The controversy is seeming, and results from a superficial understanding of the nature of . . . generalization, or rather from a lack of indoctrination in the problem of the *nature of generalization*, resulting from the purely colloquial use of this word.

Generalization is truly *super-logical*, but at the same time, unavoidably dialectical. And as such, it is also simultaneously (Lenin's *as if!*) sub-logical.

That is, to external appearances, identical and alike, but in essence (nature) with a certain adjustment (by means of an intermediate link).

Of course!

Let's follow the crudest, plastic trait: in both, instead of a representation (objectively complete), there are *signifying strokes*—a 'pattern' (cf. the material on this in the German edition of Kretschmer's *Medizinische Psychologie*<sup>79</sup>—about schizophrenics and the abstraction of schematism).

The *compositional skeleton* of, say, Rubens' *Descent From the Cross*—the *pattern of the arrangement of the figure*—is absolutely identical in appearance to the cave-wall 'representation' of man: the stick-figure devils or the little figures drawn by Indians on buffalo hides.

In both, there is a linear *pars pro toto*!

And the difference?

The difference is that the primal, sensuous *pars pro toto* takes *any trait* in place of the whole, while at the higher stage of *pars pro toto*, the generalization (a *generalized image*—in contrast to a *real image*, which unites a generalized image—composition—with an object: a representation) is the *unique trait* that completely embodies the principle of the whole (the *most important thing* about the whole).

The first stage is conventionally agreed upon—accessible by agreement to the initiated—the hieroglyphic-runic stage of a secret, conventional language.

The second is universally accessible, universally readable—preserving the 'primitivism' of *direct* (sensuous) perception together with cognition, deliberately based upon the *analysed essence*.

## III

*On a certain graphic effect*

12. X. 1946

I have the habit of drawing on the blackboard a lot when I lecture.

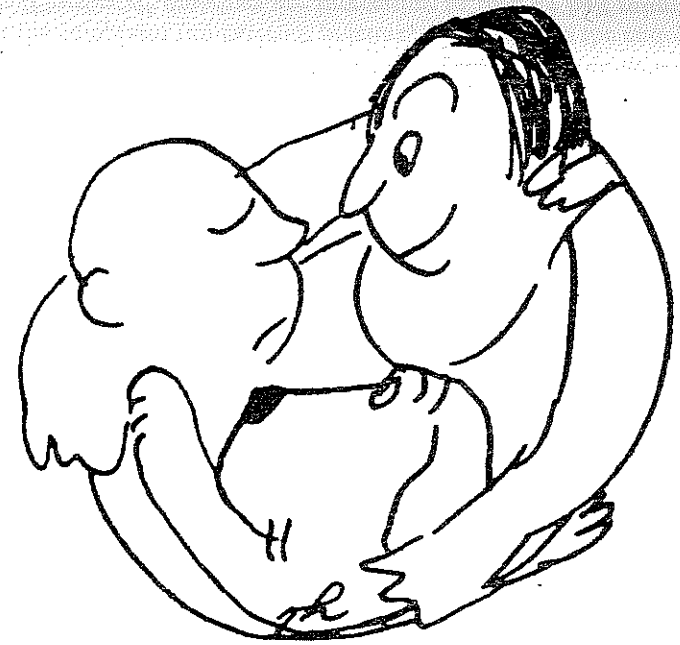
I invariably draw my figures like this:



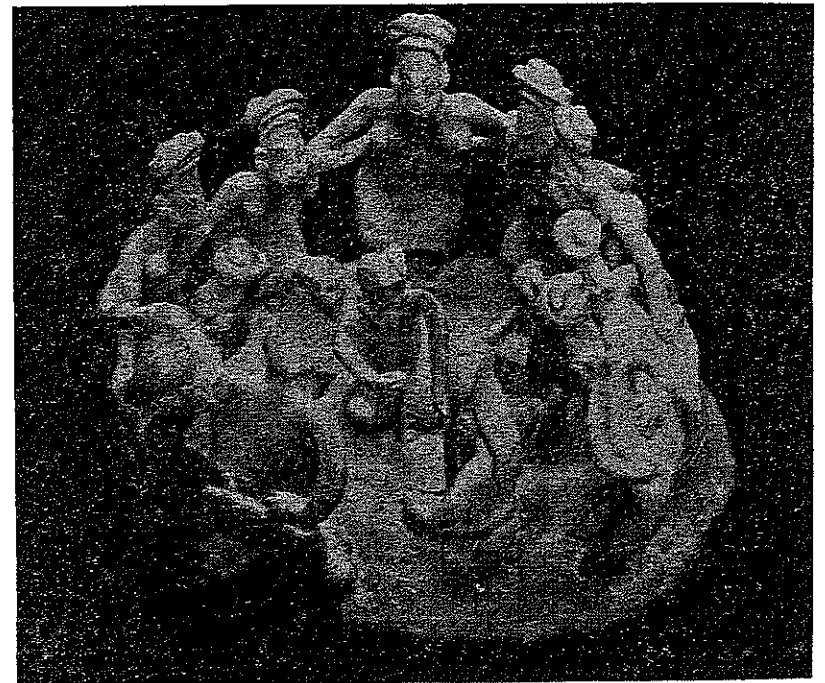
And I must say that they have an extraordinarily dramatic effect.



Saul Steinberg, untitled drawing from *All in Line* (1945).



James Thurber, untitled drawing from *Men, Women and Dogs* (1943).



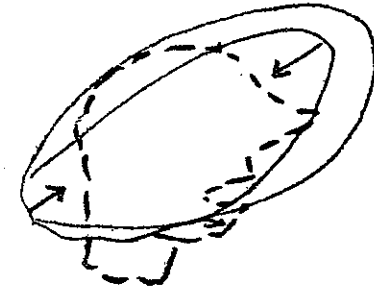
Tarascan clay figures, c. 15th century.



20/10/46

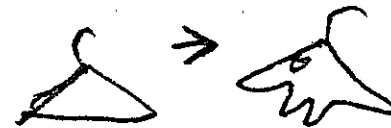
Untitled drawing by Eisenstein, dated 20 October 1946.

It's as if the ellipse pushes in and out, settling on the object according to its contour.



The drawings of Covarrubias (*Negro Drawings*).<sup>82</sup>  
Remarkable!

Saul Steinberg<sup>83</sup>—whose drawings, in actuality, arose at first from a bent wire! (Written about somewhere in *Life*).



He even has a drawing where this is depicted! And this mark serves as an epigraph on his first album.

(NB. cf. Cocteau's waxed thread drawings and their imprint on his graphics.)

This very same thing is also present in . . . three-dimensional figures: from which comes the amazing expressiveness (i.e. a plastic embodiment of conflicts!) in the plastics of . . . clay figurines—Mexican clay primitives (cf. the collection of specimens from the collection on Diego Rivera, or *Medieval American Art*).<sup>84</sup>

Our Vyatka toys<sup>85</sup> are the same, and this is one of the secrets of their irresistible appeal.

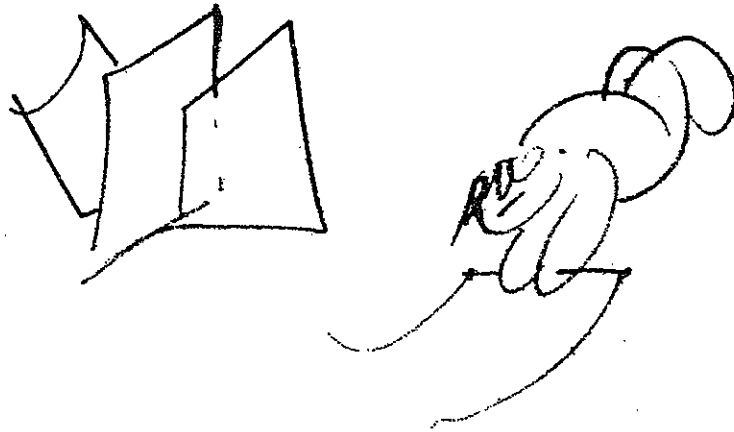
The tendency towards a sphere. Everything pushed out beyond the limits of sphericalness—like an *Aufgedunsenheit* [swelling] from within or a pressure from outside—that is, the interrelation and interplay of several conversely directed forces. And again, an *Ebenbild* [similarity] to pseudopods, forced out by an impulse from within and pushed back into a ball-sphere by the pressure of the ectoplasm (an external pressure, as opposed to the endoplasm).

dynamics of the play of lines in a plane and half portrays the three-dimensional clay figures of the type of the Mexican primitives.

(A sensation of an illusory 'ballish' roundedness accompanies Thurber's linear outlining.)

Volume in Steinberg is more 'planar'—his closed surfaces appear as *schräggestellte* [slanted] planes—volume and space are constructed on the model of counter-reliefs.

But not like Thurber's:



The importance of all this analysis (here, of course in purest form—purer is not to be found!!!) lies, of course, in the context of the thesis about the 'second plane' *jedes Gebietes* [of every realm] given by the basis on which the 'appearance' stretches.

Cf. the primitivism of the *subtext*, that is, the true theme of a phrase. (Here belongs the Freudian 'slip') and the necessity of a 'complex' underlying the situation ('Oedipus' in *Hamlet*), etc. etc. etc.<sup>87</sup>

## NOTES AND COMMENTARY

- 1 Beginning with *Steamboat Willie* in 1928, the Walt Disney Studio produced *Mickey Mouse* shorts. The figure of 52 a year cited by Eisenstein is clearly exaggerated.
- 2 *The Skeleton Dance* (1928)—The first cartoon in the *Silly Symphony* series, directed by Walt Disney.
- 3 A character from E. T. A. Hoffmann's short story, 'Der Goldne Topf' ('The Golden Pot') (1814).
- 4 *Merbabies*—a 1938 *Silly Symphony* directed by George Stalling.
- 5 The manuscript contains the following notation in parentheses: 'O. Henry a city slums'. One can assume that if Eisenstein had developed the planned comparison of Disney's films with O. Henry's stories (with their invariable 'happy endings'), he would have mentioned Lev Kuleshov's film, *The Great Consoler* (1933) which was structured upon a counterpoint of three lines: the filming of O. Henry story, 'A Retrieved Reformation', a depiction of the tragic, real-life fate in jail of Jimmy Valentine—the 'inmate of the slums', and the perception of 'consolation art' by the poor shopgirl, Dulcey. It is apparently in reference to this unwritten passage that Eisenstein later calls Disney's films, 'the great consoler'.
- 6 *The Three Little Pigs* (1933)—A *Silly Symphony* directed by Burt Gillett. At its first Moscow International Film Festival in 1935, *The Three Little Pigs* was awarded a special prize by the jury, on which Eisenstein served as president. Eisenstein further expressed his admiration for the film later in the year when, in response to a film journal's poll, he cited it as the year's major achievement in the advancement of film art.
- 7 A notation in the manuscript: 'A peu près ainsi. [Something like this.] On less emotionally.'
- 8 A suburb of Moscow where Eisenstein's *dacha*, or country house, was located.
- 9 On a separate page, Eisenstein made the following notation: 'In chapter five however, poor Alice again experiences the same adventures. Here, the sides of mushroom have the same magical effect.' He then cites the corresponding passage in a Russian translation made by himself, as were all the other citations from Lewis Carroll's story.
- 10 Trier, Walter (1890–1951)—German cartoonist and illustrator of children's novels by Erich Kästner (1899–1974): *Emil und die Detektive* (1929) and *Arthur mit dem langen Arm* (Berlin: Williams & Co., 1931), to which Eisenstein here refers.
- 11 The section enclosed in square brackets which follows this paragraph, was written on 6 October 1940 and is marked: 'Between plasmatism and fire'. This later insertion replaced the following sentences of the first-draft text: 'But there is yet another element, even more plasmatic, more free in its diversity, more tempestuous in the rate at which it engenders the most unexpected outlines. And, of course, too is rendered its due by Disney's creative imagination. *The Moth and the Flan* is the name of this film.'

- 12 The reference is to *Lonesome Ghosts*, a 1937 *Mickey Mouse* directed by Burt Gillett.
- 13 The title characters of a comic strip by the German cartoonist, Wilhelm Busch (1832–1908): *Max und Moritz; eine Bubengeschichte in sieben Streichen* (München: Braun und Schneider, 1865). A recent English translation appears in *The Genius of Wilhelm Busch: Comedy of Frustration*, an English anthology edited and translated by Walter Arndt (Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1982).
- 14 The manuscript contains the following marginal notation: 'Modern Times'. Eisenstein undoubtedly intended to mention Chaplin's *Modern Times* (1936), which contains a satirical scene of a conveyor belt system that turns man into an appendage of machinery.
- 15 Eisenstein has in mind *Self Control* (1938), a *Donald Duck* short directed by Jack King.
- 16 Eddy, Mary Baker (1821–1910)—American religious leader and founder of The Church of Christ. McPherson, Aimee Semple (1890–1944)—American evangelist and 'faith healer'.
- 17 *Hawaiian Holiday*—a 1937 *Mickey Mouse* directed by Ben Sharpsteen.
- 18 *The Moth and the Flame* (1938)—a *Silly Symphony* directed by Burt Gillett.
- 19 Wulffen, Erich (1862–1936), *Der Sexualverbrecher; ein Handbuch für Juristen* (in the series, *Encyklopädie der modernen Kriminalistik*, bd. VIII), elfte auflage (Hamburg: P. Langenscheidt, 1928). Eisenstein's copy is dated 20 September 1940.
- 20 Bloch, Iwan (1872–1922)—German psychologist, whose work, *Beiträge zur Aetiologie der Psychopathia Sexualis* (Berlin, 1903), is cited by Wulffen.
- 21 Näcke, Paul Adolf (1851–1913)—German psychologist, author of 'Feuermanie' in *Hans Gross Archiv für Kriminal-Anthropologie und Kriminalistik*, bd. 26 (1906). Cited in Wulffen.
- 22 A notation in the manuscript: 'Hempelmann'. The reference is to Friedrich Albert Hempelmann (1878–1954), a German zoopsychologist highly regarded by Eisenstein and whose book, *Tierpsychologie vom Standpunkte des Biologen* (Leipzig: Akademische Verlagsgesellschaft m.b.h., 1926), Eisenstein repeatedly cited in his writings.
- 23 Rachilde, pseudonym of Marguérite Vallette Eymery (1860–1953), French writer closely associated with the Symbolists. *Les Hors-Nature* (Paris: Mercure de France, 1897).
- 24 Eisenstein staged Wagner's *Die Walküre* in the Bolshoi Theatre in 1940. A discussion of his directorial approach to the opera, in particular the 'Feuerzauber' episode, appears in his article, 'The Embodiment of a Myth'. See Eisenstein's *Film Essays and a Lecture*, ed. by Jay Leyda (Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University Press, 1982).
- 25 This sentence was left unfinished in the manuscript. Eisenstein possibly had in mind Napoleon's story, 'The Mask of the Prophet'. In the culmination of this story, the hero, Hakem, having led a revolt against the Caliph and suffered defeat, burns the bodies of his soldiers in a gigantic fire, and then himself. See *Napoleon Wrote Fiction*, ed. and trans. by Christopher Frayling (Salisbury, England:

- 26 Gorky, Maxim (1868–1936). 'Fires' in *Fragments From My Diary*, translated by Moura Budberg (New York: Praeger Publishers, 1972). All excerpts from Gorky in the present publication are from Budberg's translation, which has been occasionally modified to conform more closely to the original Russian text.
- 27 Following this paragraph, there is a gap in the manuscript and a notation: 'Hamlet and clouds'. Eisenstein undoubtedly intended to include here his interpretation of the dialogue between Hamlet and Polonius about the shape of a cloud (*Hamlet*, Act III, Scene ii). He later used the same example in his book, *Non-Indifferent Nature* (1945–47): 'This point in the tragedy has been given countless different interpretations based on the reasoning that the cloud preserves its outlines, and the Prince arbitrarily changes his interpretation of its contours. The scene is therefore usually discussed as Hamlet's mockery of Polonius or as a continuation through the Danish Prince of the theme of madness. I don't think this is quite correct, and above all because no one in reality pictures to himself the outlines of a cloud such as are described here. And furthermore, the succession of contours of a camel, a weasel and a whale are completely logical successive phases of a cloud changing its form. . . . Therefore, it seems to me that the three successive comparisons represent above all the passage of time—the time in which the cloud twice manages to alter its form.' (Eisenstein, *Izbrannye proizvedeniia v shesti tomakh*, v. III. Moscow: Iskusstvo, 1964, pp. 365–6).
- 28 Krylov, Ivan Andreyevich (1769–1844), Russian fabulist.
- 29 There is a gap in the manuscript following this paragraph and a notation: 'Zola (*La Débâcle*). The Tuileries fire'. We have filled in this gap with a fragment from *Non-Indifferent Nature*, where Eisenstein cites the same excerpt in a different context.
- 30 This translation taken from *The Debacle*, trans. by Leonard Tancock (Middlesex, England: Penguin Books, 1972), pp. 489–92.
- 31 *Sudebnaia psikhiaetriia* (Moscow: Uridicheskoe Izd. NKYu SSSR, 1941), p. 160.
- 32 This translation taken from *The Holy Family; or Critique of Critical Critique*, trans. by R. Dixon (Moscow: Foreign Languages Publishing House, 1956), p. 168.
- 33 Taine, Hippolyte Adolphe (1828–93), *La Fontaine et Ses Fables*, 24<sup>e</sup> édition (Paris: Librairie Hachette, n.d.), pp. 162–5.
- 34 *Ibid.* p. 179.
- 35 This English translation taken from *Chuang Tzu: Basic Writings*, trans. by Burton Watson (New York: Columbia University Press, 1964), p. 110.
- 36 Grandville (real name: Jean Ignace Isidore Gérard, 1803–47), French caricaturist, illustrator and satirist. Eisenstein especially admired his book, *Un Autre Monde* (Paris: H. Fournier, 1844), to which he here refers.
- 37 Taine, op. cit. p. 167.
- 38 Florian, Jean Pierre Claris de (1755–94), French dramatist, novelist and fabulist.
- 39 Eisenstein's manuscript contains the notation: 'Gold Rush'. The analogy implied is the famous 'Dance of the Bottles' scene in Chaplin's *The Gold Rush* (1925).
- 40 Buffon, Georges Louis Leclerc de (1707–88), French naturalist, author of the 26-volume *Histoire Naturelle* (1740–88)

- 42 The text of 1940 ends here with the notation: '(Citation). Metamorphosis into Metamorphoses'. The citation from Ovid's *The Metamorphoses*, however, was not included.

Judging from the first draft materials and notes, it is apparent that Eisenstein planned to draw yet another parallel to Disney's work—the tales of Hans Christian Andersen, based on the analysis made of them in an article by the outstanding Danish literary critic, Georg Brandes (1842–1927). Here is a note made by Eisenstein on 10 January 1942:

'We are consciously limiting ourselves to three complete "analogies" in theme and form to Disney: Lewis Carroll's *Alice*, Andersen's *Tales*, La Fontaine's *Fables*. An analogy of the "resurrection" of the natural, the animal (not in the sense of "beast", but in the sense of "das Animalische") as antitheses: La Fontaine to the seventeenth century (H. Taine), Andersen to the eighteenth (Brandes), *Alice* to the nineteenth, Disney to the twentieth.

'NB. Rousseau—*Paul et Virginie* [a sentimental novel of 1787 by Bernardin de Saint-Pierre]—Andersen. Andersen completes in pure form the line of this tendency from the end of the eighteenth century. La Fontaine pioneers for the seventeenth century. Lewis Carroll is an antithesis to industrialized, positivistic England (Dickens as well).

'They are also interesting as *interstages*. The a-moralism of Carroll (pure fantasy). The semi-moralism of Andersen (not always pure fantasy). The moralism of La Fontaine (rational fantasy). That is, the percentage of the conscious and tendentially directed element in each is different. It's quite interesting that Disney is still further from "consciousness" than perhaps even Carroll! That is, the tendency of the *prevailing* of prelogic (its deepening and expansion) precisely echoes the growth of the opposite wing: Descartes—Voltaire—industrial England (Kant)—industrial America. This crescendo of the rational is echoed by a "degradation" into the prelogical: La Fontaine—Andersen—Carroll—Disney. A reverse crescendo of purity of prelogical method runs towards the very most primal.'

- 43 *Batrachomyomachia* (literally, 'Battle of the Frogs and Mice'), early Greek poem parodying the epic style and subject of the *Iliad*.
- 44 The reference is probably to E. Nevill Jackson's *The History of Silhouettes* (London: The Connoisseur, 1911), a copy of which Eisenstein owned.
- 45 *Die Kunst der Naturvölker und der Vorzeit* (*Propyläen-Kunstgeschichte*, bd. 1) von E. Sydow (Berlin: Propyläen-Verlag, 1923).
- 46 The following note, made by Eisenstein in Moscow on 14 October 1944, may help to explain this sentence:

'Here, magic is not just an empty phrase of speech. For art (true art) artificially returns the viewer to the stage of sensuous thought—its norms and conditions—which is also the stage of a magical relationship with nature. When you achieve, for example, a synesthetic blending of sound and image—you have subjected the viewer's perception to the conditions of sensuous thought, where synesthetic perception is the only kind possible—there is not yet any differentiation of perceptions. And your viewer is "rebuilt" in accord with the norms not of the

present, but those of primordially sensuous perception—he is "returned" to the conditions of the magical stage of experiencing the world. And an Idea, carried by means of *such a system* of influence, given form *through such means*—irresistibly controls emotion. For the senses and consciousness in such a condition—are subjugated and controlled almost as if in a *trance*. And because of the passively-magical state of the perceiver, art is simultaneously—actively-magical in terms of influence and control over the viewer by the artist-magician.'

- 47 To this passage, Eisenstein appended the following citation from *Webster's Dictionary*:  
'*Animal* . . .—Lat. *anima*—breath, soul . . . akin to Lat. *animus*—soul, mind. Greek *anemos*—breath, wind. Sanskrit *an*—to breathe, to live . . . To supply with life, to enliven; as how the soul *animates* the body . . . An *animated picture*. *Animism*—from Lat. *anima*: soul . . . The belief that all objects possess a natural life or vital force or that they are endowed with an indwelling spirit. The term is usually used to designate the most primitive and superstitious forms of religion.'
- 48 Kagarov, Yevgeny Georgievich (1882– ?), 'Tipicheskie razvitiye religiozno-mifologicheskogo tvorchestva' in *Voprosy teorii i psikhologii tvorchestva*, v. 5 (Kharkov: 1914), pp. 374–5.
- 49 The reference is to the Soviet paleolinguist, Nikolai Yakovlevich Marr (1864–1934), who theorized that all words denoting 'birds' and 'sky' in ancient and primitive languages come from the same prehistoric root, which arose when primitive man did not yet differentiate between the two concepts. For a discussion of Marr's theories and debt to Lévy-Bruhl, see Lawrence L. Thomas' *The Linguistic Theories of N. Ja. Marr* (Berkeley/Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1957).
- 50 Tylor, Edward Burnett (1832–1917), *Primitive Culture*. Fourth edition revised, v. II (New York: Bretano's, 1924), pp. 281, 285. Eisenstein cites the Russian edition: *Pervobytnaia kultura* (Moscow: Sotséiz, 1939).
- 51 Cited in Tylor, op. cit. p. 281.
- 52 This translation from Lenin, *Philosophical Notebooks* (*Collected Works*, v. 38), trans. by Clemens Dutt, ed. by Stewart Smith (Moscow: Foreign Languages Publishing House, 1961), p. 263.
- 53 The reference is to Engels' 'Landschafte' (1840), which Eisenstein discusses in detail in *Non-Indifferent Nature*. An English translation appears in K. Marx and F. Engels, *Collected Works*, v. II (London: Lawrence & Wishart, 1975).
- 54 Translated as 'The Structure of the Film' in Eisenstein's *Film Form: Essays in Film Theory*, edited and translated by Jay Leyda (New York: Harcourt, Brace Jovanovich, 1949).
- 55 The reference is to the outstanding Russian philologist, Aleksandr Nikolaevich Veselovsky (1838–1906), whose article, 'Psikhologicheskii parallelizm i ego formy v otrazhenii poeticheskogo stilia' (1898), Eisenstein quotes from *Istoricheskaia poetika* (Leningrad: GIKhL, 1940). Although Veselovsky's works appear never to have been translated into English, a discussion of his general place in Russian letters and influence on later writers can be found in Victor Erlich's *Russian*

*Formalism: History-Doctrine*. Third edition (New Haven/London: Yale University Press, 1981).

- 56 Lévy-Bruhl, Lucien (1857–1939), French anthropologist whose theoretical views and observations exerted a strong influence on Eisenstein. In his book, *Les Fonctions Mentales dans les Sociétés Inférieures*, Lévy-Bruhl cites the evidence of Carl Lumholtz concerning the concepts of the Huichol Indian tribe: “Corn, deer and hikuli” (a sacred plant) are, in a way, one and the same thing to the Huichol.” (C. Lumholtz, *Symbolism of the Huichol Indians*, p. 22). At first this identification seems absolutely inexplicable. To make it intelligible, Lumholtz explains it on utilitarian grounds: “Corn is deer (food substance) and hikuli is deer (food substance) and corn is hikuli . . . all being considered identical in so far as they are food substances.” Lévy-Bruhl interprets this fact from the point of view of his own concept of participation (see note 61 below): “. . . in these collective representations of the Huichols . . . the hikuli, deer and corn participate in mystic qualities of the highest importance to the tribe, and, for this reason, are considered as “the same thing”.’ (This English translation taken from Lévy-Bruhl, *How Natives Think*, trans. by Lillian A. Clare (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1926), pp. 122–3).
- 57 Next to this heading in the manuscript, Eisenstein made the following notation: ‘F. and C.’ (i.e. ‘Form and Content’). In *Method*, Eisenstein substantiates in detail ‘form as a stage of content’ of an artistic work. The correlations of the categories of content and form in Eisenstein’s aesthetic system are discussed in his articles, ‘Perspectives’ (*Film Essays and a Lecture*) and ‘Film Form: New Problems’ (*Film Form*).
- 58 In *Method*, Eisenstein explains that ancient (in particular, ancient Indian) concepts of the ‘migration of souls’ were ‘a presentiment of evolutionary theories’ which later found scientific expression in Charles Darwin’s *The Origin of Species Through Natural Selection*.
- 59 This fragment in square brackets is taken from Eisenstein’s article, ‘Film Form: New Problems’ (*Film Form*, pp. 135–6), and fills in a gap left in the manuscript with the notation: ‘Bororo and parrots’. There also exists in the archive the following note of 5 January 1944: ‘Mickey *plastically* truly embodies the “ideals of the Bororo”—he is *both* human, *and* a mouse! (And—NB.—unavoidably comical! For this unity is not dynamic).’
- 60 The manuscript contains the following footnote: ‘Examples in Veselovsky: *Historical Poetics*, pp. 522–4. To be copied out later.’
- 61 In his copy of *Les Fonctions Mentales dans les Sociétés Inférieures*, Eisenstein marked the following assertions of Lévy-Bruhl: ‘In his recent work on *Animism in the Indian Archipelago*, Kruijt believes it necessary to distinguish two successive stages in the evolution of primitive communities: one in which individual spirits are reputed to inform and inspire every being and every object (animals, plants, boulders, stars, weapons, tools, and so forth), and another and earlier one, in which individualization has not as yet taken place, in which there is a diffused principle capable of penetrating everywhere, a kind of universal and widespread force which seems to animate persons and things, to act in them and endow them with

life. (Kruijt, *Het Animisme in den Indischen Archipel*, 1906, pp. 66–7) . . . The differentiation of these two periods corresponds with a difference in the mentality of the social group. At the time when souls and spirits are not yet individualized, the individual consciousness of every member of the group is and remains strictly solidary with the collective consciousness. It does not distinctly break away from it; it does not even contradict itself in uniting with it; that which does dominate it is the uninterrupted feeling of participation. Only later, when the human individual becomes clearly conscious of himself as an individual, when he explicitly differentiates himself from the group of which he feels himself a member, do beings and objects outside himself also begin to appear to him as provided with individual minds or spirits during this life and after death.’ (*How Natives Think*, p. 365).

Eisenstein made the following notation in the margins of the book: ‘A bit more complex and not so direct: this does not define “animism”, but merely—why there are gradations in its evolution; cf. my writings.’ Eisenstein’s understanding of this problem, which plays an important role in his article on Disney, was set forth in a note he made on 3 March 1933 and inserted into Lévy-Bruhl’s book: ‘Animism is quite clearly no more no less than a transitional stage between prelogical and logical thought in the part of it that concerns the unity of subject and object. At first, “I” and an object—are one. Then there arises the element: both one and not one, but still without a qualitative differentiation between the attributes of “I” and the object: the object continues to be regarded as independent of the “I”, but not independent of the attributes of the “I”; i.e. the same thing is considered to be present in it that you start to notice about yourself (hunger, emotions, etc.) A conception of the object is created “in one’s own image and likeness”—if a swarm of “Regungen” [feelings] makes up a soul, the concept of a soul, then objects are endowed with a soul. The point, essentially, is not in a soul, but in the fact that an object is considered to be capable of the same actions as man himself. Then there occurs a second separation—not just from himself, but also from the attributes characteristic of him and by experience not appearing in the object. Thus he enters the stage of contradictions—the basis of logic. *Pour en retourner* [So as to return] to a dialectical unity at the dialectical stage of thought.’

- 62 This passage is omitted in the shortened translation of this article that appears as ‘The Embodiment of a Myth’ in Eisenstein’s *Film Essays and a Lecture*.
- 63 Chamberlain, Houston Stewart (1855–1927), British-born political philosopher who became a German citizen in 1916. Eisenstein’s heavily marked copy of Chamberlain’s study, *Goethe* (München: F. Bruckmann, 1912) is dated 8 October 1937.
- 64 Kerschensteiner, Georg Michael Anton (1854–1932), *Die Entwicklung der Zeichnerischen Begabung* (München: Druck und Verlag von Carl Gerber, 1905). Eisenstein refers to the Russian edition of 1914, *Razvitie khudozhestvennogo tvorchestva rebenka*.
- 65 This tale is also known as ‘The Story of a Mother’. See Andersen’s *Eighty Fairy Tales*, trans. by R. P. Keigwin (New York: Pantheon Books, 1983).

- 66 Bierce, Ambrose (1842–?1914). Eisenstein has in mind Bierce's 'The Affair at Coulter's Notch', which he analysed in lectures to his directing class at VGIK on 11 and 18 September 1941. These lectures were first published in Russian in *Kharakter v kino* (in the series, *Voprosy kinodramaturgii*, n. 6) (Moscow: Iskusstvo, 1974). An English translation appears as *On the Composition of the Short Fiction Scenario* (Calcutta: Seagull Books, 1984).
- 67 Werner, Heinz (1890–1964). *Einführung in die Entwicklungspsychologie* (Leipzig: J. A. Barth, 1926). Eisenstein's heavily marked copy is dated 26 January 1934. An English-language edition appeared as *Comparative Psychology of Mental Development*, trans. by E. B. Garside (New York: Harper and Brothers, 1940).
- 68 In the last years of his life, Eisenstein devoted considerable attention to the problems of 'prenatal' or 'intrauterine' memory, believing that this type of memory, formed at the stage of 'pre-individual existence', plays an enormous role in the unconscious. His hypotheses are expounded in portions of *Method*, and also in his *Memoires*, on which he worked in 1946.
- 69 The reference is to Alexander De Seversky's 'best seller', *Victory Through Air Power* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1942), from which the Disney Studio made a training film for the U.S. Armed Forces in 1943.
- 70 In the final chapter of *Non-Indifferent Nature*, Eisenstein writes:  
 '... I was especially distressed by [*Bambi*]—by its complete failure, its absolute non-musicality of landscape and colour.  
 'Disney is a stunning master and unsurpassed genius at creating audio-visual equivalents to music through an independent movement of lines and graphic interpretation of the internal movement of music (more often even melody than rhythm!). He is amazing in this respect, when he deals with a system of comically exaggerated movement of humanlike characters, masked in the guise of funny animals, but the same Disney is astonishingly blind with respect to landscape—to the musicality of landscape and simultaneously the musicality of colour and tone.  
 'Even in Disney's early films—his best series, in my opinion—the *Silly Symphonies*—there was a disturbing stylistic rupture between the childish, pathetically tinted background and the striking perfection of movement and drawing of the animated figures in the main foreground...  
 'This was especially noticeable in such a masterpiece of a motor equivalent to music as the dance of the skeletons, set to Saint-Saëns' *Danse Macabre*, where the naturalistically shaded dead background is especially shockingly disagreeable.  
 'In the *Mickey* series—especially the black-and-white ones—things were a little better, for landscapes there were usually drawn in the same linearly-graphic manner with a solid black filling-in of the landscape and background, as was used in the drawings of Mickey and Minnie themselves.  
 'And here it's important to keep in mind that for the failure of landscapes, Disney bears full responsibility—for unlike us, who are forced to chase after effects of real nature and to beg on our knees for symphonic elements of setting and rising suns, foggy dawns or racing storm clouds,—he, after all, is complete master of the atmosphere and elements of his landscape!

'Moreover, the possibilities of the art in which he works provide absolutely unrestricted possibilities for elements of landscape—changing shape in reality—to live and pulsate in tone and to the emotions of another action.

'Here, there is possible an actual flow and *factual* coming into being of landscape, transitions from one element of landscape to another, not only by means of a dull pan or simple retreat of the camera from a crude naturalistic blur of background, as is the case, say, in *Bambi*, where this is especially disagreeable.

'But this isn't the worst: this is further accompanied by a total rupture of stylistic manner between the flat drawing of *conventional volume* in the figures and the *false three-dimensionality of the surroundings*, copied with all the precision of a cheap popular print of the worst mould.

'It is precisely the culture of Chinese landscape that could contribute so much here, for despite everything, apart from "seasonal" effects (winter, spring) in landscapes, here and there an attempt is made to convey emotionally rich "atmosphere". But it's been forgotten that it is possible to achieve this only by means of a definite "dematerialization" of the elements of this landscape. Instead, there is an oleographically copied, *emphatically objective* environment which, in contrast to Chinese landscape where everything is given as a hint, *is not subject to a conveyance of mood of any kind*.

'In *Bambi*, where the point was no longer *parodic paradoxicality*, but *genuine lyricism*, a slight erosion of forms of the surroundings and background should have been used, which could then turn into each other and echo the change of moods, creating genuinely plastic music in their flow.

'*Bambi* also strikes me as incorrect in its preservation of Disney's previous manner of drawing with a tightly closed contour line, and a continuous *bordering* of colours.

'In Disney's previous works, this manner of drawing wholly corresponded to the basic paradoxical charm of Mickey, which consisted precisely of the fact that Disney forced the self-contained objective representational form to behave as a non-material volitional play of free lines and surfaces. This is one of the fundamental sources of the comicality of his work. *Bambi* is the very opposite.

'There the most important thing is—lyricism.

'In a correctly drawn landscape, the figures would genuinely blend together, drawn with an *unclosed stroke*—such as we know again in Chinese *drawing*—and with soft dabs of colour with eroded edges. This too is typical of the Chinese, this time in *painting*, in their treatment of fluffy animals—monkeys or baby birds.

'It's all the more sad and disappointing that in the preliminary sketches for *Bambi*, all this seems to have been taken into account.

'These sketches reveal a total harmony between the outlines of the character and background, and the manner itself in which both are drawn and the colour solutions adhere very closely to what I've been lamenting about here. (I know several such sketches through reproductions in a good book: Robert Feild, *The Art of Walt Disney* [New York: The Macmillan Company], 1942, drawings 112–115 and especially 119).

'The totally drawn film which is incapable of finding a *graphic and pictorial manner* for a full expression of its aspirations, the totally drawn film, which is incapable of finding a *stylistic unity of surroundings and figures*, is, of course, a very sad spectacle . . .' (Eisenstein, *Izbrannye proizvedeniia*, v. 3. Moscow: Iskusstvo, 1964, pp. 425-7).

- 71 Eisenstein refers to the fourth chapter, 'Form and Content: Practice' in *The Film Sense*.
- 72 The reference is to a song written for the 'childhood' prologue to *Ivan the Terrible*, Part I. This scene was dropped when Eisenstein shortened the sequence and moved it from Part I to Part II as a flashback. The full childhood sequence, including this song and other material, has recently been discovered and re-constructed in Moscow's State Film Archive ('Gosfilmofond').
- 73 The present text, which is directly related in subject-matter to the article on Walt Disney and elucidates a number of its ideas, is extracted from Eisenstein's unpublished 'Work Notebooks'.
- 74 Gulbransson, Olaf (1873-1958), Norwegian caricaturist and illustrator, popular for his satirical drawings in the German magazine, *Simplicissimus*. Gulbransson's work exerted an undeniable influence on Eisenstein's own graphic style.
- 75 Annenkov, Georges [Yury] Pavlovich (1889-1974), Russian émigré artist who lived in Paris after 1924. Eisenstein met Annenkov in Paris in 1929/30, when Annenkov sketched his portrait.
- 76 Grigoryev, Boris Dmitrievich (1886-1939), Russian painter, illustrator and caricaturist.
- 77 Khlebnikov, Velimir [Vladimir] Vladimirovich (1885-1922), Russian poet, closely associated with the 'Futurist' movement.
- 78 Nine graphic series (more than 150 drawings) on the theme of 'The Murder of King Duncan' from Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, were made by Eisenstein in May-June, 1931 in Mexico.
- 79 A reference to the chapter, 'Schizophrenic Thought-processes and Expressionism' in the book, *Medizinische Psychologie* by the prominent German psychologist, Ernst Kretschmer (1888-1964). In the copy which Eisenstein owned (3rd ed., Leipzig: G. Thieme, 1926), the following confession by one of Kretschmer's patients is underlined: 'I visualize all outward forms in terms of geometrical stylization—as triangles, squares, and circles—I seek to schematize everything, to divest everything of the actual reality!' (This translation from Kretschmer, *A Text-book of Medical Psychology*, trans. by E. B. Strauss (London: Oxford University Press, 1934), pp. 105-6).
- 80 Vishnevetskaya, Sofia Kasyanovna (1899-1962), Soviet Art Director of stage and screen. Wife of the famous dramatist, Vsevolod Vishnevsky.
- 81 Saudek, Robert (1880-1935), English psychologist and expert on graphology; founding editor of the journal, *Character and Personality* (Durham, N.C.: Duke University Press, 1932- ). Eisenstein owned a copy of Saudek's basic work, *The Psychology of Handwriting* (London: George Allen & Unwin, 1925), which he dated 8 June 1933.
- 82 Covarrubias, Miguel (1904-57), Mexican painter, book illustrator and ethnographer. Eisenstein purchased his album, *Negro Drawings* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1927) in Hollywood on 21 September 1930. It is possible that this book, together with the impressions made on him by ancient Mexican plastics, the engravings of José Guadalupe Posada, the frescoes of Rivera, Orozco and Siqueiros, helped stimulate Eisenstein to take up drawing again after an eight-year break (1923-30).
- 83 Steinberg, Saul (b. 1914), American caricaturist, well known for his contributions to the magazine, *The New Yorker*. Eisenstein owned a copy of his album, *All in Line* (New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce, 1945), which he received from Jay Leyda on 26 May 1946.
- 84 Kelemen, Pál, *Medieval American Art; A Survey* in two volumes (New York: The Macmillan Company, 1943).
- 85 Traditional Russian clay figurines. Eisenstein's fondness for the Vyatka toy is evidenced not only by his personal collection of them; he viewed folk-art plastics as one of the prototypes of a genuinely national style of Russian cartoon. Eisenstein expressed this idea in an article entitled 'The Vyatka Pony' (in his book, *Colour*), in which he reproached Soviet animators of the period for their blind imitation of Disney. (See *Izbrannye proizvedeniia*, v. III (Moscow: Iskusstvo, 1964), pp. 500-12.)
- 86 Thurber, James Grover (1894-1961), American cartoonist and frequent contributor to *The New Yorker*. Eisenstein owned a copy of his collection, *Men, Women and Dogs* (New York: Harcourt, 1943), which is dated 2 January 1946.
- 87 This last sentence reveals Eisenstein's sarcastic attitude towards the claims of the psychoanalytical school to a universal explanation of art. Thus, he rejected not only the attempts of the Freudians to exhaust the plot conflict of *Hamlet* with the aid of an 'Oedipus complex', but also their tendency in general to reduce any artistic phenomenon to a set of psychological 'complexes' and 'traumas'. To an equal degree, Eisenstein reacted hostilely to the term, 'subtext', seeing in it an analogy to the 'repression in the subconscious' (according to Freud) of the true motif, which 'breaks out' in slips of the tongue, slips of the pen, unintentional actions, inadequate intonations, etc. In Eisenstein's aesthetic system, the point is not a 'non-coincidence of text and subtext', but the essential dialectical contradiction which determines the multiple levels of situations and multisignificance of artistic imagery.