



Hermann Wilhelm Goering



Joachim von Ribbentrop

THE PATHS OF GLORY

BY MARTHA GELLHORN

The judges of Nuremberg dealt in more than justice for mere men. They have given meaning and force, for the first time, to international morality

RADIOED FROM PARIS

FOR ten months and ten days they sat there under the hard blue-white lights, and each one found an expression for his face which would last as long as the trial lasted. They were strange faces and told nothing.

Goering's terrible mouth wore a smile that was not a smile, but only a habit his lips had taken. Next to him Hess, with dark dents for eyes, jerked his foreshortened head on his long neck, weird, inquisitive and birdlike. Ribbentrop held his mouth pursed and sat rigid as the blind. Keitel was nothing, a granite bust badly made of inferior stone. Kaltenbrunner, whose face was terrifying even now when it could bring fear to no one, stared ahead with a flat, polite attention.

Rosenberg seemed smeared, a meaningless, soft face which had only silence to hide behind. Frank, sheltered by dark glasses, had a small cheap face, pink-cheeked, with a little sharp nose and black sleek hair. He looked patient and composed, like a waiter when the restaurant is not busy. Frick's gray-blond cropped head and lean, horsy face bent forward to listen, almost as if he were a visitor here. Streicher chewed gum, the long loose mouth working steadily, and his face too showed nothing; the face of an idiot, this one.

Funk, slumped in his chair, had a dog's face with dewlap jowls; he looked sorry for himself, ready to cry, sleepy and grotesque. Schacht sat very straight, disagreeable and righteous, with the lights shining on his eyeglasses and an expression of disapproval as hard as iron on that mean, down-curving mouth.

Behind them in the second row were the lesser men. There were the two nondescript admirals, Doenitz and Raeder; then the dreadful, weak face of Schirach (there were times when from the side Schirach looked like a woman who has suffered from imagined ailments all her life and blackened her family's existence with complaints); Sauckel, a puzzled stupid butcher-boy face; Jodl, held together by his military tunic; Von Papen, looking handsome and somehow crafty and careful; Seyss-Inquart, whom you could imagine as once arrogant and who now seemed made of wood and dull as wood; Speer, a technician turned criminal with a face you could see anywhere, in any sub-

way, in any drugstore; Neurath, with the breeding and culture of his face only a deceit, and something gone bad beneath the good looks; Fritzsche, the youngest, with a sensitive fox's face, vain perhaps, wearing a romantic sadness like a minor poet who has killed his mistress. None of them moved or looked at one another or changed his separate expressions.

They were just faces, some crueler than others and all more insignificant than you would believe possible. They were just men after all, with the usual number of legs, arms and eyes, born like other men; they were not ten feet tall and with the revolting masks of lepers.

You sat there and watched them and felt inside yourself such outrage that it choked you. These twenty-one men, these nothings, these industrious and once-confident monsters were the last left alive of that small gang which had ruled Germany.

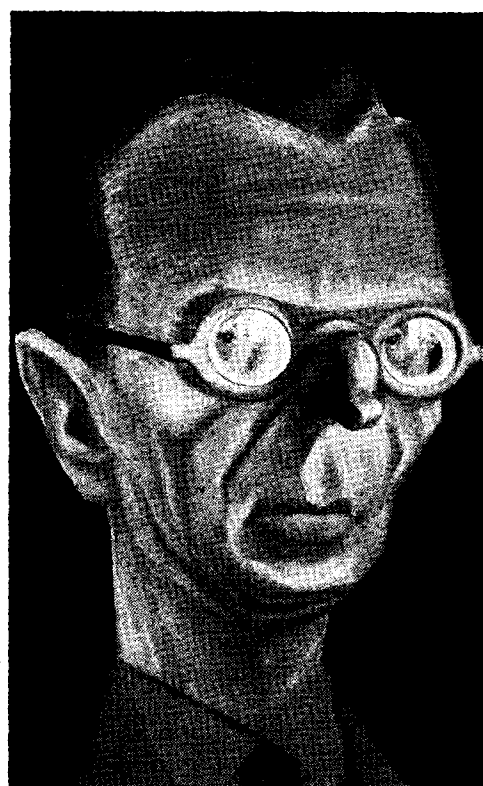
Dead Millions Bear Witness

The cowed and mindless people of Germany followed them, feared or cheered them, and because of their guiding brains—because of this unimposing gang—ten million soldiers, sailors, airmen and civilians are dead as victims of war, and twelve million men, women and children are dead in gas chambers and furnaces. In great common graves where they were shot, in the stockyards that were concentration camps, dead of hunger and disease and exhaustion, dead all over Europe. And all these deaths were horrible. What these men and their half-dozen deceased partners were able to do, no famines, no plagues, no acts of God ever did: They produced destruction as the world has never seen destruction. And there they sat, behind their fixed faces.

Perhaps you think one might feel pity. We are not trained to gloat when we win, we cannot help feeling that the strong must have mercy on the beaten. But the pitilessness of these twenty-one men was so enormous, so beyond all human understanding, that one could feel no pity for them now.

It was a quiet court and a cold one. There was no anger here and no hate and no question of vengeance. Thirteen years of misery and crime can never be wiped out, twenty-two

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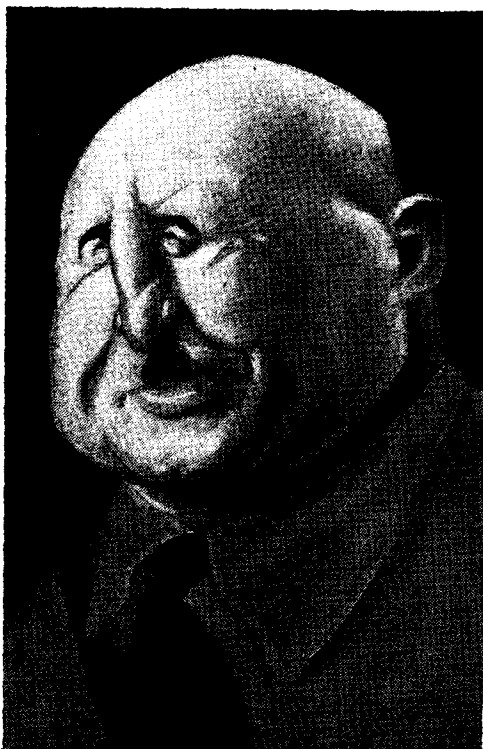


Arthur Seyss-Inquart



Wilhelm Keitel

Julius Streicher



Alfred Rosenberg



CARICATURES BY SAM BERMAN

REVOLUTION WITH A CAMERA



Here's how a sock on the jaw looks from the receiving end. Player Dick Simmons delivers to the camera



The hero can dish them out, too. Here Lloyd Nolan takes a blow from the hero—in this case the camera

OUTSIDE Stage 22 on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot, a studio guard paced up and down, questioned all persons who tried to enter and turned most of them away. Nailed onto the heavy "icebox" door leading to the stage was a sign that read: CLOSED SET. POSITIVELY NO VISITORS!

Inside the stage itself, on an oddly hushed set, an expectant crew clustered about to watch. A cameraman, looking like a citizen of Mars, stood with a full-sized camera strapped onto his shoulder by means of a special harness. Facing him glowered a tough-looking character, who, at a signal from the director, suddenly hauled off and sent a brass-knuckled fist crashing squarely into the lens of the camera. The man with the camera staggered violently, stumbled and pitched forward onto the floor. The director leaped from his chair, yelled "Cut!"—and the assembled crew burst into cheering applause.

This unusual performance signaled the start of shooting on a revolutionary motion picture, *Lady in the Lake*. Its director and star is veteran-actor Robert Montgomery—just back from the wars. What sets it apart from all other movies is a style of filming never before used to tell a complete story on the screen.

So novel is this technique that during production all technicians working on the picture were pledged to secrecy; journalists and all studio personnel not specifically assigned to the film were barred from the set; details of the picture were not even discussed between mouthfuls of Shrimp Louis in the M-G-M commissary. It was all very hush-hush.

Now the film is completed and the secret of *Lady in the Lake* can be revealed. Here is a film in which everything that appears on the screen is shown as it is seen by the hero. The camera lens is his eye all the way through the picture.

In the conventional motion picture, the camera stands by in the role of disinterested observer and records the action without actually taking part in it. But in *Lady in the Lake*, the camera and the story's hero are one and the same. We hear his voice, we see his hands, we are constantly aware of his presence—but we do not actually see him except when, at scattered intervals in the plot, he appears before mirrors.

As Phillip Marlowe, private detective, Robert Montgomery starts to tell his story directly to the audience. As he talks, there is a dissolve, and everything seen on the screen from there on in is shown as it appears to him.

To be sure, the basic idea of this approach is not new. Subjective shots, in which the camera is for a moment placed in the position of one of the characters, have been used before—usually as a novelty, as for instance to show how the world would look through the eyes of a drunken man.

But *Lady in the Lake* is the first feature to use this technique to tell an entire story. It is sure to cause a good deal of comment pro and con; it may even stand *Hollywood* on its ear. It fairly dares the audience to sit there and calmly munch popcorn while all hell breaks loose literally before its very eyes.

The film is based on Raymond Chandler's twofisted whodunit of the same name. It was pommeeled into a fast-paced, sometimes racy, sometimes brutal screen play by Scenarist Steve Fisher.

The plot concerns the aforementioned detective, Marlowe, who, for "ten bucks a day and expenses," is retained by the sultry female editor of a chain of crime magazines to keep an eye on her boss' wife. From that point on, the premises become littered with a bonanza of corpses that pop up in the most bizarre places. In the midst of all this slaughter, Marlowe pokes his lenslike nose about, alternately finding corpses, getting beaten within an inch of his celluloid life, and making passes at the shapely crime-story editor—played by the torchy-throated Audrey Totter.

The story behind the story is, in this case, almost as exciting as the film itself. For Director-Star Robert Montgomery, the campaign to get this un-