

## Document Citation

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BY CARL SANDBURG.

In "The Gold Rush," our old college chum Charlie Chaplin has accomplished two things.

He makes use of his old time laugh-making stunts—with a swifter twist to them.

And then he has interwoven serious things not to be found at all in his old time films.

From some angles "The Gold Rush" is an epic in the sense that Frank Norris' novels, "McTeague" and "The Octopus," were epic.

Just as a piece of story telling it is immense.

We can name, if required, a printer, a professor, a photographer, a lawyer and a newspaper man who have been to see the picture twice and have viewed it from start to finish three times.

Of all the pictures Chaplin has made this seems to have more of a pull on it to "come see me again" than any other he has made.

A New York friend tells us Charlie had a string of dinner engagements fixed up for him there; he fixed up one or two of them himself.

And then he didn't show up at a single dinner.

They knew, of course, that he wasn't hungry.

And they tried to figure out what had happened.

As near as they could spell out the cabalistic signs of the mystic diagram, Charlie eats when he pleases—just as he makes picture and hands them out to the great hungry public when he pleases.

He is an independent artist forty ways.

If he arrives to-day on the Twentieth Century as scheduled he will be looked at a little more than hitherto—on account of "The Gold Rush."