

## Document Citation

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# Passion of Joan of Arc

(FRENCH MADE)

Produced by the Societe Generale des Films, distributed by M. J. Gourland. Directed by Carl T. Dreyer from the scenario by Carl Dreyer and Joseph Delteil. Photography by Rudolph Mate and Kotula. At the Little Carnegie Playhouse, New York, (sure seater) week March 30. Running time, 85 minutes. Held over week April 6.

Joan of Arc.....Falconetti  
L'Eveque Cauchon.....Ellvain  
Coyseur.....M. Schutz  
Jean Beaupere.....Ravet  
Jean d'Estivet.....Andre Berly  
Massieu.....Antonia Artaud

This "Passion of Joan of Arc" isn't worth a dollar to any commercial regular picture theatre in the U. S. Unless the theatre is willing to rely upon the deceptive "Passion" of the title which is meaningless on the screen. If there is a field for this over here other than in some of the sure seaters, it is in the French Canadian districts or the French colonies in large cities of the U. S. The only French colony of any account is right in New York. Perhaps that is why "Jean" was held over a second week at the Little Carnegie Playhouse, or it may have been the rental inducement.

Extracts of reviews of this French made film, reprinted in the Carnegie program, are so utterly extravagant in phrasing, presuming the critics on the New York dailies write for the information of the readers, that it seems a pity picture critics in an endeavor to pose as art reviewers of the screen should have gone so far. If nothing else!

Here is a deadly tiresome picture made for the country where its idol is still a legend, merely making an attempt to historically screen narrate without sound or dialog an allegedly written recorded trial in the 15th or 16th century of Joan of Arc for witchery, this leading to her condemnation and burning at the stake.

One grows terribly weary of seeing her judges reappear, of the long series of captioned questions and answers, of Joan double crossed and of Joan doing a long distance burning sequence, with the French mobs in glimpses as inserts. Totally a cheaply economical film as a product.

In offsets there is some photographic value through the continuous allure of whole screen front closeups, of faces only, and in the exquisite makeups, mostly of the hard visaged elderly men in cloistered costumes. They look like stone images brought to life.

But they are always the same and ever in view, with the saving grace in appearance Joan, at all times immobile in countenance and always staring into the camera when she isn't washing tears off her face.

Joan has quite a scheme in tear making; it's much better than glycerine.

Through the raves by the daily picture critics of New York or some of them, two Variety reporters have seen this film at Carnegie. Both agree in this opinion; that it has no value of any account whatsoever for the picture houses of the States.

*Sime.*