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## "THE GOLD RUSH"

Mr. Chaplin appears in a film play, written and directed by himself.

### THE CAST

The Lone Prospector.....Charlie Chaplin  
Big Jim McKay.....Mack Swain  
Black Larsen.....Tom Murray  
The Girl.....Georgia Hale  
Jack Cameron.....Malcolm Waite  
Hank Curtis.....Henry Bergman

Charlie Chaplin's new film comedy is entertainment good enough for anybody in the world. It is not so funny as, for example, "The Pilgrim," an dit did not seem to me to be so continuously robust as "The Kid." True enough, this is looking a long way back, and still the device of comparison is the solitary one available in making any kind of estimate of the work of this great player.

There is every reason to suspect that "The Gold Rush" will be considered by many as the best thing which Mr. Chaplin has done, and yet a close and fair-minded observation must certainly disprove it.

I am inclined to believe that the picture loses pace most generally as a result of its length. In it there are episodes as hilariously comic as have been placed upon the screen in years, and there hovers over it a strain of moving pathos. But at times when the good natured little man is not upon the scene there occur sequences of "plot" which are a little irritating and certainly of no considerable advantage to the running film play.

Mr. Chaplin has so directed himself that his entire production fades out and fades in in separate views, and the attempt has been made to join these individual scenes in a smooth running story, hung together by subtitles. Thus one finds in looking back at the picture that there are certain

distinct moments in which the talent of Mr. Chaplin flashes brilliantly, while again he seems to have acted rather listlessly through rather listless drama.

As almost every one must know, "The Gold Rush" brings back the engaging little comedian as gold prospector in the barren wastes of the great frozen North.

I thought he was immense when, face to face with starvation, he removed one of his famed and ample shoes and cooked it into a beautiful pot roast. And ate it, eve nto the laces. The scene in which he finds himself and his partner inside a hut which has been blown in a blizzard to the edge of a high precipice, where it totters back and forth as he moves about over the floor, were a thrill such as the Lloyd comedy, "Safety Last," provided. In those finely timed moments showing him awaiting patiently his New Years Eve guests who never were to arrive, he was exquisite, and particularly in the imaginary sequence which follows, picturing the lonely prospector entertaining the phantoms around his crude and silent table. When he did the tango and the fox-trot in the dance hall he was back in his old form, and I think the smartest and most inventive action of all was introduced when he performed, by the employment of two forks and two rolls of bread, a dance which was in imitation of himself and his own feet stepping off the Oceana Roll.

These are but fragmentary footnotes of a program which is long and generally corking. If \$ were you, I certainly would not consider missing "The Gold Rush."

QUINN MARTIN.