

# Přílohy

Příloha č. 1







**Die internationale Revue der Wunder und Tatsachen**  
im SPORTPALAST

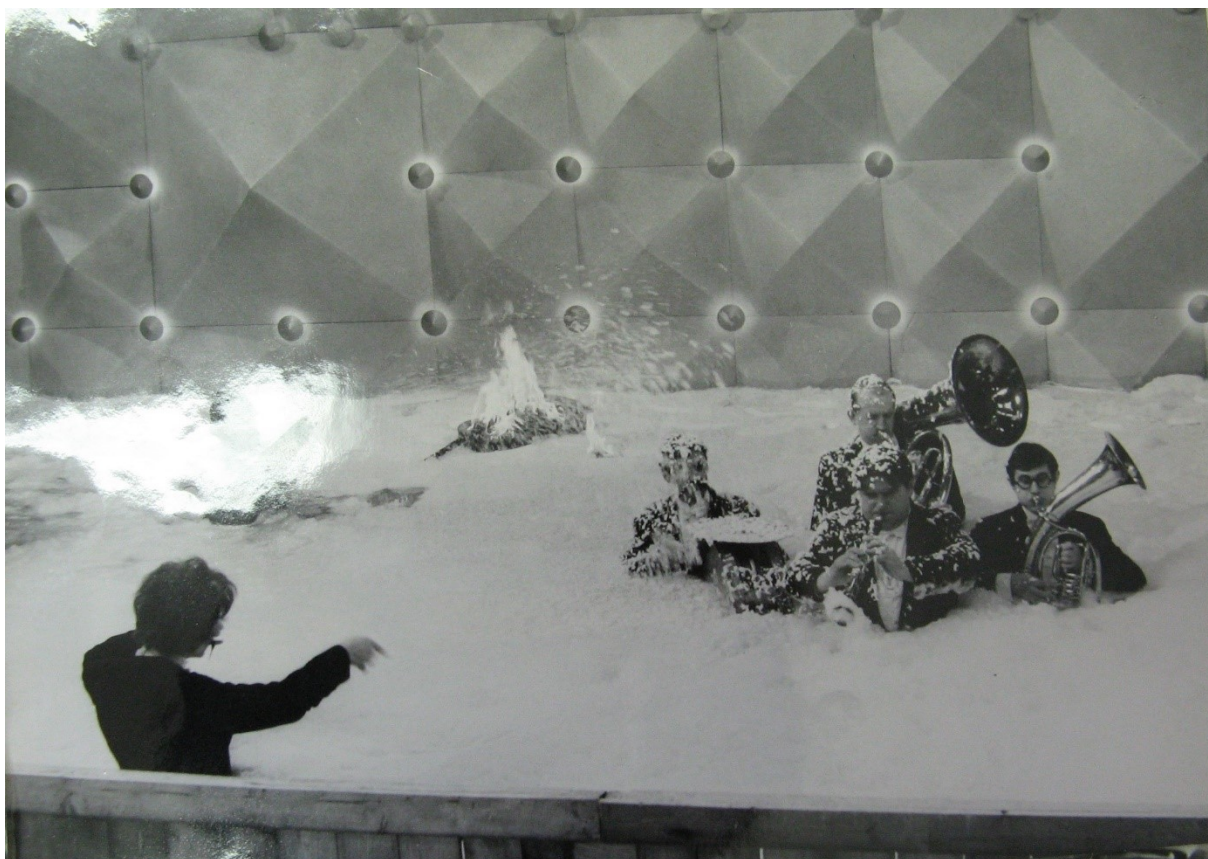
Příloha č. 4



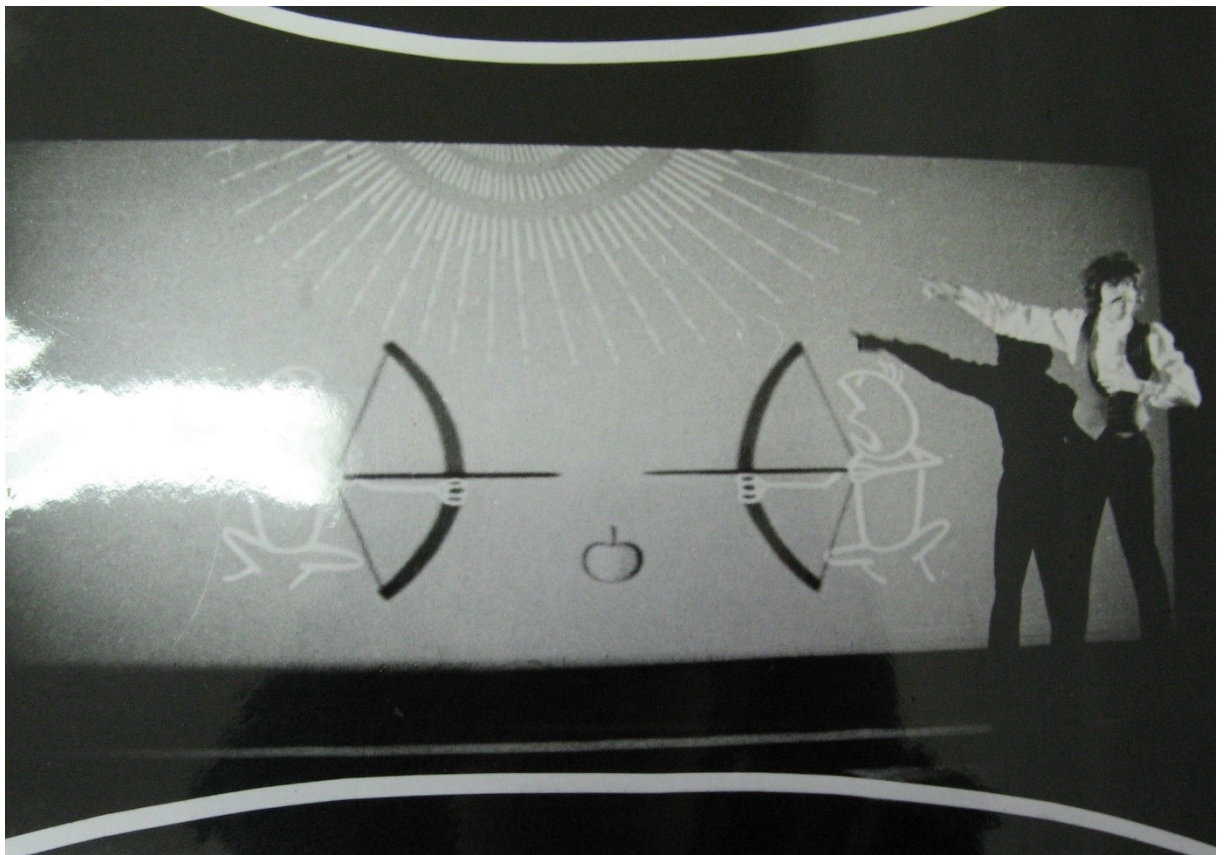
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Příloha č. 7



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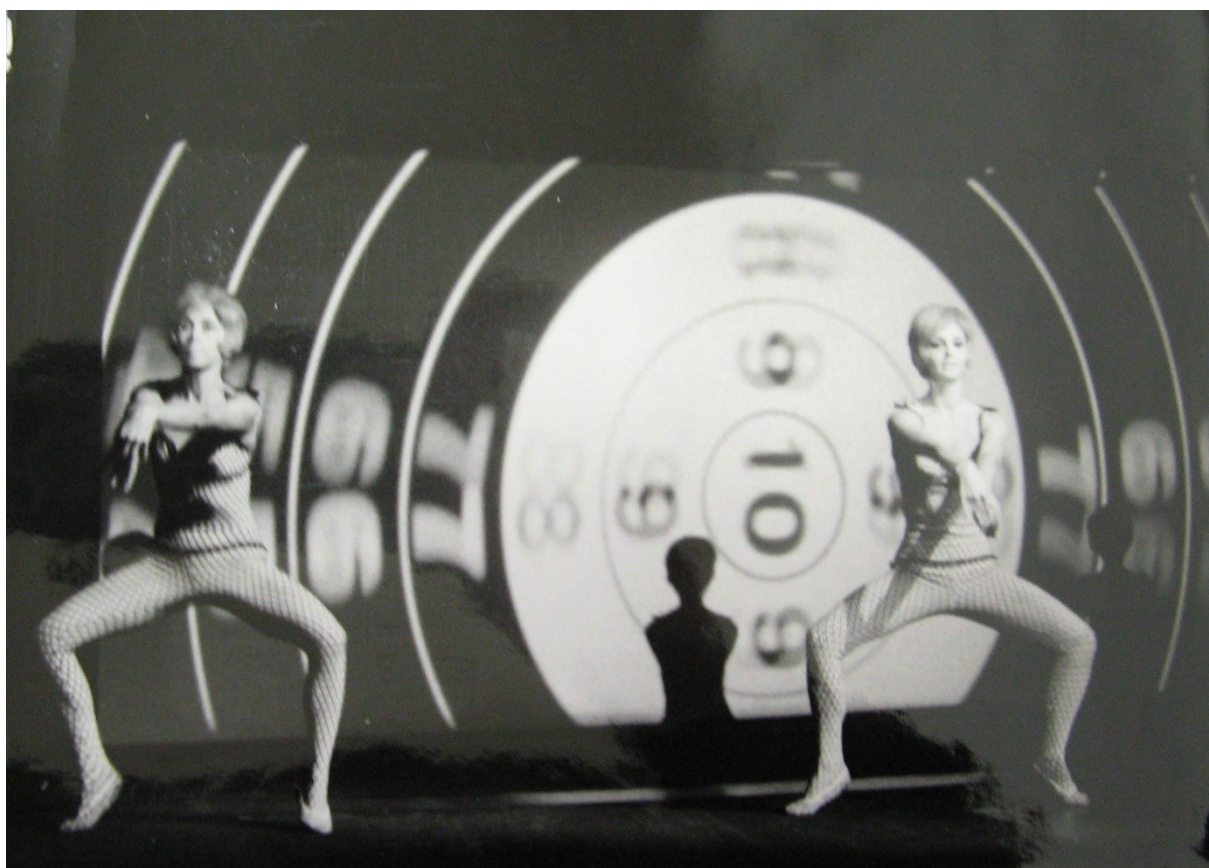




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Příloha č. 10



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**'For the Most Ladylike Ladies'**  
*Eugenia Sheppard on Yves St. Laurent, Page 12.*

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THE  
LATE  
CITY

TEN-CENTS

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**'Laterna Magika'**  
—Reviewed by  
**Walter Kerr**

**"LATERNA MAGIKA"**  
CARNegie HALL

A historical presentation combining live performers with motion pictures and experimental sound with a comedy and variety program. Directed by Richard Barlow and Harry Bernstein Jr. Consists of two parts.

**"TALES OF HOFFMAN,"** A "complete" by Richard Barlow, of the original production by Victor Kralik, produced by Film Studio Burrows of Prague. Live cast includes: Zdenek Svoboda (Hoffman), Jitka Zvolanová (Antonia), Anna Penesková (Olympia).

**"VARIATIONS,"** Five variety numbers of comedy, song and music numbers in the new technique. The live cast includes Pavel Vesely and members of the National Theater and Laterna Magika.

By Walter Kerr

**DURING** the first intermission at "Laterna Magika" last night my companion remarked to me that she didn't know what I was doing there. The event called, she thought, for a film critic or a music critic. But I knew what I was doing there. I was there to bury the dead.

For the moment, the living drama was dead, dead, dead, and film was looking pretty greenish itself. The fact that film was looking greenish was not entirely due to the fact that the cameraman had shot most of Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffman" in this Czechoslovakian import with a dribbling green filter superimposed upon his more ghoulish faces. It was simply due to the fact that a group of ingenious engineers had put their heads together in Prague and decided to take what we must hope is a reversible step. They had decided to let film and live action meet, to spread three differently-shaped screens about the stage, to lure breathing actors into the hollow space between them, and to have every one count cues like crazy to make certain they all kept to the same soundtrack.

The two forms do meet. They meet in mortal combat and they run each other through. In ten minutes or less there is blood everywhere, and all of it is cold.

What is savagely wrong with the current fusion at Carnegie Hall—and if this be fusion, let us have fusion—has little to do with the nature of film as such. True, the three isolated screens which give off contrasting images are placed too far apart ever to let them complement one

another in a single sweep of the eye—unless, perhaps, you happened to be sitting on the opposite side of 87th St. The effect, as things now stand, is of a nervous tie to the left, then a nervous tie to the right. (Don't worry: the two ties tend to cancel each other out, and you will probably emerge from the theater normal.) But it has already been demonstrated, by the extraordinarily effective "To Be Alive" which is being shown in the Johnson's Wax exhibit at the Fair, that the human eye and psyche can accommodate three images at once and make a single—though complex—meaning of them. It just doesn't happen here.

Nor can it be held against the art of film that the art in this particular film is old-hat arty. We are first of all looking at standard tricks: double exposures (sometimes shaky), reversals, film printed upside down, distortions, and smears of the camera lens in enormous closeups which suggest that the photographer has been firmly told "Don't shoot till you see the whites of their eyes." And the entire vocabulary of familiar surrealism is run through: ticking clocks, closing doors, sleeping beauties, dressmakers' dummies, hats on hat-racks. It's as though someone had gone into the Cabinet of Dr. Caligari and come out with an old pair of false teeth.

But these things are simply lame, not subversive. The first thing that really hurts is the first moment when a man—an actual man—walks into the vacuum and begins singing a duet with a face on film. The actuality of the man ravages the film and exposes the graininess of all its mechanisms in a way that would never happen if film were left to itself. He belittles the form of film.

Ah, but his turn is coming. If film cannot survive the presence of flesh, flesh cannot survive the nightmare scale and mobility of film. The film images are bigger. They leap more, they roar louder—as they have every right to do. And poor little man—or poor little line of willing can-can dancers—can make only the feeblest show



+ PRELUDE

Pavel Vesely in "The Breakneck Ride," one of the variety numbers from "Laterna Magika."

of comparative animation, can only wistfully throw a roll of real confetti at a sky that is already abuzz with the lightning-like power of film to make confetti out of the universe. Man comes to seem a pigeon on the grass, alas, and a crippled pigeon at that.

Yet we have still not said the worst. There is a moment in "Tales of Hoffman" when a real ballerina begins to promenade before massive faces looking down at her from screens, to the accompaniment of a recorded score which is their accompaniment, not hers. She is once removed, then suddenly she begins to sing as she spins. But she is not singing, only mouthing. The singing is coming from still another source. She is twice removed. Between the dazzling absence of direct sources for what she is doing, it becomes impossible to say what sort of dance-step she is doing. A nonchord, I suppose. In any case, she is a twice-hired automaton, human prisoner of an irreversible machine.

Whenever a human voice is working in tandem with what is prefabricated, the chill knowledge returns: there is no room for impulse here, the singer dare not feel or breathe. The show must go on: the computer backstage says so.

Of course there are incidentally effective tricks now and then: if a man walks forward as the camera pans forward, the suggestion of motion is increased—in a manner that is rhythmically not quite right. But the project as a whole is surely a compounded error, even a contrived one.