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Fig. 1. Iris Barry. Courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art Film Stills Archive.



## Iris Barry, Writer and Cinéaste, Forming Film Culture in London 1924–1926: the *Adelphi*, the *Spectator*, the Film Society, and the *British Vogue*

Leslie Kathleen Hankins

*Nowadays cinema and other arts are old marriage partners. Then they would barely acknowledge each other's existence with a nod. Iris was essential queen pin of the battle to make them better acquainted.*<sup>1</sup>

As scholars recover traces of London's film culture of the 1920s—particularly the connections between the *litterati* and the *cinéastes*—one intriguing figure meets us at every turn: Iris Barry. But, she remains somewhat a phantom.<sup>2</sup> Although scholars have unearthed film work from the late 1920s and early 1930s by H. D., Dorothy Richardson, and Bryher in *Close Up*,<sup>3</sup> and have shown some interest in Virginia Woolf's 1926 essay, "The Cinema,"<sup>4</sup> we are just beginning to realize the vital role of Iris Barry, born in Birmingham, who came to London to become one of the most prolific and influential figures in film forums of her day. Barry led the way in the 1920s as film culture swept London both in print and through that phenomenal cultural institution, the Film Society. Thanks to Iris Barry, cinema was in vogue; cinema was, in fact, in *Vogue*, the *Adelphi*, the *Spectator*, and the *Daily Mail*. In 1924, she penned her earliest film criticism: two film reviews for the *Contributors' Club* in the *Adelphi* for March and April. She went on to write over forty essays for the *Spectator* in 1924–1927, at least five essays for the *British Vogue* in 1924–1926, and over sixty columns for the *Daily Mail* from 1926–1930. Her many articles and her pioneering book, *Let's*

MODERNISM / *modernity*

VOLUME ELEVEN, NUMBER

THREE, PP 488–515.

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HOPKINS UNIVERSITY PRESS

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490 *Go to the Pictures*,<sup>5</sup> published in the autumn of 1926, shaped a generation of cinema enthusiasts. The quantity of Barry's film contributions (around sixty articles and one book between 1924–1926 alone) and the range, from regular columns in newspapers to articles in a high fashion magazine and a little magazine, are staggering (fig. 2).<sup>6</sup>

By all contemporary accounts, Iris Barry was unforgettable. But, history works in strange ways, as feminist scholars have shown for decades. Resurrecting her from footnotes and archives, this article will foreground Barry's presence and her voice, to allow a new generation of film theorists to hear from this astonishing and prolific public intellectual. Barry was an original, a New Woman writ large: outspoken, bohemian, and intelligent. Self-educated in cinema after a convent school education abroad, she was enterprising, energetic, and inspiring. Years before her cinema book was published and before her leadership role with the Film Society, Barry was a familiar figure in London as a writer, poet, and satirical novelist in the bohemian circles of little magazines of the teens; Sidney Bernstein and Ivor Montagu recall: "When the old original film society was conceived . . . Iris was already a literary figure on the *Spectator*, her Bloomsbury parties attended by poets, musicians, critics, artists and gate-crashed by Society figures who strove desperately to attach to themselves the epithet 'intellectual' in mitigation of the label 'snob.'"<sup>7</sup> One of the young generation of poets discovered by Ezra Pound,<sup>8</sup> she sent him, as she put it, "a suitcase full" of poetry, some of which appeared in *Poetry and Drama*, *Poetry*, the *Little Review*, the *Apple*, the *Egoist*, and *Others*. She published reviews of plays and a short story, "Grandmother," in the *Adelphi*. And, she was fascinated by film—which she found intellectually stimulating as well as entertaining. At the time, London offered few intelligent essays about cinema—other than ones imported from France or in international journals, such as *Broom*.<sup>9</sup> Ivor Montagu points out, "Apart from Iris Barry, who was given a chance to do some film criticism in the *Spectator* by the Strachey's, there was no film criticism in any of the serious papers."<sup>10</sup> As one reviewer of *Let's Go to the Pictures* suggested, most film essays before Barry were the work of the "dilettante intellectual who has taken up the cinema as a hobby."<sup>11</sup> Some in the other arts, such as Clive Bell, the art critic, occasionally penned impressions of the cinema,<sup>12</sup> but intellectuals in London did not give film their full critical attention. Then came Iris Barry.

In an excerpt from her autobiographical sketch in the Museum of Modern Art Film Studies Center archives, Barry tells how she began writing about film:

Mr. Strachey with his customary dash and foresight felt that "something should be done" by his *Spectator* to call attention to the currently sad state of the English film and the deplorable consequences and general state of the cinema in England. Articles or even editorials should be written. His son, recently graduated from Oxford and now a member of the *Spectator* staff, said in his inimitable drawl: "There *is* a woman whom I have met who *seems* to know quite a little about the subject. I think we might try her." No sooner said than done. The woman was myself. I had had the pleasure of dining with the Strachey son and his room-mate, Edward Sackville-West not so long before and evidently must have talked a lot, probably perhaps too much, about the movies. . . . So I began to write about movies for the *Spectator*—every week a sort of brief guide to current films—the



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Fig. 2. Iris Barry and the *Adelphi*, the *Spectator* and *Vogue*. Collage by Leslie Hankins. Courtesy of The Condé Nast Publications, Ltd.

title of the film, the movie theatre where it could be seen and a couple of lines of comment, often quite emphatically for or against. As at that time none of us (none of my contemporaries) knew what fear or favour was, the comment was often absolute: avoid this big absurdity at the West End, go and see this other fascinating oddity even if it means making a wearisome journey by tube to an outlying suburb. And there must have been some persistent readers of the lines, as proved by occasional correspondence and fairly frequently telephone calls to the *Spectator* on the subject. Soon, the paper commissioned me to write occasional articles or reviews of films and at the same time I wrote occasionally on the same topic for *Vogue*, thanks to the interest of the American editress, Miss Dorothy Todd and her assistant Miss Madge Garland.<sup>13</sup>

Barry was, as one reviewer stated, something quite new on the scene: “a thoroughly well-equipped, well-informed and whole-time professional cinema critic.”<sup>14</sup> Her prolific and influential forays into film almost single-handedly shaped the film culture of England, initiating lively interest in the new art. Soon, Barry, Aldous Huxley, Bonamy Dobrée—and Anon—discussed cinema and its future in the British *Vogue* and beyond.<sup>15</sup>

Meanwhile, the excitement about cinema moved beyond the printed page; Iris Barry became active as a founder of the Film Society. Inaugurated in 1925, this private subscription screening society brought film to the forefront of London culture. It would be impossible to overestimate the importance of the Film Society to film forums in

492 London of the 1920s—or Iris Barry’s role within that scene. Montagu explains why Barry was a crucial part of the effort: “It was as *Spectator* critic and, of course, because nearly all of us knew her and she knew everybody, that we asked her to join our crusade.”<sup>16</sup> Barry’s colorful description of the genesis of the Film Society captures the threshold moment:

It began with a telephone call from an unknown person—a man who said that his name was Ivor Montagu, that he had been lunching with Hugh Miller the actor and that they both wanted to come and talk to me. About the cinema. About something to do with the cinema. And as the cinema was one of the things that interested me most at the time, to a degree which most of my friends regarded as eccentricity or mania, I said that they had both better come round at once and have tea with me so that we could talk. . . .

Briefly what Montagu said was this: there exists in London a distinguished and successful Stage Society. Let us found a Film Society which like the former will give programs on Sundays—but in the afternoons—to its subscribers. In this way we could show to an intelligent audience which we must suppose to exist the quantities of films new and old, American or foreign, which now remain unseen or perish miserably for want of the right audience or, indeed, are entirely forbidden or mercilessly mutilated by the censor.

My agreement was immediate and enthusiastic and we got out pencils and paper at once to sketch a program of action.<sup>17</sup>

Not limited to *cinéastes*, the Film Society involved intellectuals from all the arts, and the screenings touched visual artists, critics, and poets. Montagu remembers the Society’s strategy this way, “we could draw into film, artists, sculptors, writers, who up to then disdained films. Films were in general disdained. It was supposed to be low taste. Intellectual snobs would have nothing to do with film but of course when it was organized on the lines of the Film Society, they poured in.”<sup>18</sup> Promises of support came from an impressive roll call of Lords and Ladies as well as figures from art and literature such as H. G. Wells, Noel Coward, Bernard Shaw, Julian Huxley, Roger Fry, Lydia Lopokova, Maynard Keynes, and Eddy Sackville-West. The first performance of the first season of the Film Society was at 2:30 P.M. on Sunday, 25 October 1925, in the New Gallery Kinema in Regent Street; Ivor Montagu recalls the scene: “Half the snobs in London, intellectual and social, were at the opening. Iris, who had flung herself into the thick of the battle, more than held her own in a tall black super-poke hat with a wide brim and wide scarlet ribbon, like a witch.”<sup>19</sup> In a memoir capturing the fervor surrounding the early days, Montagu recalled Frank Dobson’s report of a “riot” involving Clive Bell at the 17 January 1926 performance.<sup>20</sup> In *Close Up*, H.D. in 1927 wrote fondly of “those admirable Sunday afternoon performances of the London Film Society.”<sup>21</sup> From the rather cavalier beginnings described in Barry’s notes, the Film Society became a stunning success. Lest we think the screenings were a small group of devoted *cinéastes*, Montagu informs us, “Our Sundays became so fashionable we had to transfer after a few seasons from the New Gallery to the Tivoli, from a cinema holding 1,400 to one accommodating between two and three thousand.”<sup>22</sup>

The Film Society brought modernists together in an electric cultural moment. It had ambitious—and at times competing—agendas:<sup>23</sup> to make film more upscale, to



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Fig. 3. Iris Barry. Courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art Film Stills Archive.

get around the ubiquitous censorship, to encourage intellectual film criticism and viewing, to stimulate the trade to market better films, and to show potential British filmmakers what such films were like. The Society mediated between highbrow, mainstream, and avant-garde elements. Programs reveal an eclectic mix: newsreels of yesteryear, science shorts, revivals of vintage Hollywood films, groundbreaking international films not otherwise available in England, farces, satires, and experimental avant-garde films. They embody Iris Barry's wide-ranging love of all cinema. The performances and conversations about them left their traces in diaries, letters, and memoirs, as well as more lasting artifacts: publications. Film Society performances were reviewed in publications as diverse as the *London Mercury*, the *Nation & Athenaeum*, *Close Up*, *Vogue*, and *Kine-Weekly*.<sup>24</sup> The performances and reviews introduced films that became touchstones in cinema essays: *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*, *Entr'acte*, *Ballet mécanique*, the *Secrets of Nature* shorts, and assorted other films. Cross-references to these films in writings by various intellectuals show how the Film Society and the coterie culture around it shared and shaped film discourse.

High society *Vogue* touted the Film Society. In late December 1925, Bonamy Dobrée in "Seen on the Stage," added an important section entitled "The Film Society" which reviewed the 2<sup>d</sup> program and meditated upon the role of the Society: "There is no reason why this *Cinderella* should not be a popular favourite. But the Film Society exists, presumably, to give us films that could never be popular, to do for the cinema what the Stage Society has done for plays."<sup>25</sup> In late January 1926, he highlighted the Film Society, sketching the frenetic pace for the cultural voyeur:

Sunday, December 20<sup>th</sup>, should go down to history as a veritable St. Bartholomew of the cultured. There was scarcely a moment when the protestants of art were left to peaceful sloth. Lunch hurriedly swallowed, we were up and off to the Film Society, chiefly to see the much advertised German film *Raskolnikov*, produced by the director of *Dr. Caligari*.<sup>26</sup>

After a damning review of *Raskolnikov*, he notes that on the same program Comte Etienne de Beaumont showed the first of his new films [*"A quoi rêvent les jeunes films?"*]; Dobrée argues that "in his attempt to abolish all literary significance from film-drama and rely simply on speed, light and form, he is moving in the right direction and away from the German art film."<sup>27</sup> *Vogue* regularly praises Film Society programs; "The Future of the Cinema," in Early March 1926, highlights its central role: "The Film Society has now given enough performances for one to be able to judge the present state of the Art of the Cinema."<sup>28</sup>

Though Barry could complain in 1925 in a *Spectator* column, "the cinema lacks *chic*,"<sup>29</sup> that was no longer the case by 1926. *Kine-Weekly* complained in late 1925 that the Film Society was highbrow and Ivor Montagu bristled in reply.<sup>30</sup> Yet one could not deny that the high fashion and highbrows certainly did take up the Society in 1925 and 1926, as articles and reviews in *Vogue* indicate. Published discussions of film dramatically changed between 1924 and 1926, no doubt in part because in that interval, Barry's dynamic presence—in person at the Film Society, and in print—helped to transform London's intellectual film culture. In this pivotal two year period, intellectuals became eager to engage with film; for example, the *London Mercury* embraced the movies as one of its *Chronicles* beginning in November 1925.<sup>31</sup> In *Vogue* in Late December 1925 and Late January 1926, two subtitles of the regular feature, "Paris Screens and Footlights," focus on film: "The Ballet 'Relâche' and an Exciting Film at the Champs Elysées: Mme. Georgette Leblanc in 'L'Inhumaine,'"<sup>32</sup> and "Two of the Latest Plays Follow the Old Traditions of the Paris Stage, while an Extraordinary Film is the Newest Achievement of the Ultra-Modern School."<sup>33</sup> The landmark year, 1926, found film between the sheets of several of the most influential little magazines. The *New Criterion*<sup>34</sup> turned attention to the cinema in January; Walter Hanks Shaw's "Cinema and Ballet in Paris" offered a glimpse into the world of French avant-garde film. That conversational spark plug, the *Little Review*, in its winter issue, celebrated avant-garde film in articles by experimental directors, such as Fernand Léger, Richter, and de Beaumont, on the object, rhythm, and abstract cinema.<sup>35</sup> In June and July of that year, Virginia Woolf published a meditation on cinema in *Arts* and the *Nation & Athenaeum* (and, without her permission, in the *New Republic*), and in September Gilbert Seldes reviewed her essay in the *New Republic*.<sup>36</sup>

What happened between 1924 and 1926? It began with Iris Barry, in the *Adelphi*.

### The *Adelphi*

The lively *Adelphi*, edited by John Middleton Murry, began to consider cinema in the October 1923 issue: "Why is it, I wonder, that there is no real criticism of the

cinema?”<sup>37</sup> That spring, Iris Barry answered the call and offered *Adelphi* readers “real criticism of the cinema” in the form of two film reviews which appeared in the *Contributors’ Club* section in March and April of 1924.<sup>38</sup> Preceding her columns in the *Spectator*; these were her first sustained film essays, introducing her distinctive voice, with its self-assured humor, risk-taking, and intimate camaraderie. These first essays indicate the direction her later film criticism would take; they combine her keen observations of the cinematic apparatus with her analysis of the psychological experience of film viewing. “Three Films” begins with a characteristically disarming conversational tone; she anchors her analysis in her immediate experience as a thoughtful spectator, rather than in impersonal abstractions: “I often consider, when I am in the cinema, how much each unique individual sitting in the darkness there, watching that representation of other interacting individuals on the screen, resembles the solitary creatures who sit at home behind a veil of window-curtains, peeping out at passers-by” (TF,” 926). Her analysis of the pleasures and drawbacks of voyeurism anticipates our discussions of the cinema voyeur, as she draws parallels between the Peeping Tom and the spectator; both, she argues, share “something common” and she ventures: “I think the curiosity is to know how life is lived: its resources” (“TF,” 927). But, again characteristically, she finds cinema more rewarding than real life for the voyeur, because film spectators experience more complex psychological dynamics: “At least the watchers in the cinema get more satisfaction; for there, besides the spectacle of moving creatures they are constantly drawn out of themselves by a vicarious participation in the action of the play, and they are sometimes drawn into themselves to comment and reflect upon the causes and effects of the action, to judge what truth there is for themselves personally in the play” (“TF,” 927).

In her inaugural essay, Barry critiques the Hollywood films of Tom Mix and German films: *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*, *The Street*, and *Destiny*. The selection of films for this first essay—German producers and Hollywood—is significant, setting forth interests that continue throughout her career. In her analysis, she moves beyond the superficial thrill that action films produce in spectators in order to make astute judgments about their more nuanced psychological effects: “The films of pure action, for example, those of Tom Mix, are exhilarating as a toboggan-ride, a sort of Cook’s Tour of the mind. But recollection of them fades because these films of uninspired action are a drawing-out of the spectator to a world where he has no point of reference. The pictures that remain most in the memory are those in which the action crystallises an attitude to life, and evokes a judgment on what is done, drawing something inwards to add to the spectator’s own conscious experience” (“TF,” 927). Her meditation on that prototype of art films, *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*, traces the film’s impact on the mind of the viewer: “Is life like that to a madman? I ask, looking outwards. And, what then is life like to me? I add, looking inwards. Perhaps it is only in degree less like reality than the madman’s story is like fact. I suddenly doubt the evidence of my senses, which I had thoughtlessly accepted as testimony on the appearance of the world: it is good and important that I should doubt that evidence. The film is a new point of reference for me: a dream that colours waking life” (“TF,” 928). Expanding the mind in ways unique

496 to the modern moment, film is, according to Barry, a learning experience for the attentive viewer; she probes the interplay between the film and the critical consciousness of such an astute spectator. Choosing to use “I” to designate such a spectator, Barry forges an intimate bond with readers, bringing them into the immediate experience of viewing and learning along with her.

Barry develops this intimacy by foregrounding the personality quirks of her film critic persona—including her passions and pet peeves. She is at her most provocative when she challenges the usual mores; for example she mates sensuality and morality in a surprise coupling when she writes of *The Street*: “I thought: this is the most refreshingly sensual and the most moral film I have ever seen . . .” (“TF,” 928). Condemning hackneyed treatments of moral dilemmas and simplistic romantic plots, she leads into her discussion of *Destiny* with the reflection, “And then I wondered if romance could ever be destroyed and idealism still retained” (“TF,” 928–9). Praising the “skilful devices” that link the subsidiary love tales and “an appropriate use of Freudian symbolism” in the film, she is not ashamed to admit, “I was glad, too, that this piece had this kind of ‘happy ending’” (“TF,” 929). Moving from the intimate to the general, Barry closes her essay with thought-provoking reflections about the state of the medium: “These German producers have been the first to appreciate how much more than mere spectators a cinema audience can be moved to become, though others have claimed more noisily that cinematography is an art. It can be” (“TF,” 929).

Barry’s second contribution to film criticism, “The Woman of Paris,” in the April 1924 *Adelphi*, sets up a focus that will fill many of her later essays: her analysis of the production apparatus of film. She probes the effects of corporate production on a film’s aesthetics and unity: “Most films are the work not of any one person, but of a corporation. *A* invents a plot: *B* writes the scenario: *C* directs the acting, chooses the sets. The actors themselves frequently have no clear idea of what they are supposed to be doing. When the string of photographs is assembled, pruned, along comes *D* to add the subtitles” (“WP,” 1009). Then, anticipating auteur theory of mid-century, she praises the director, Charles Chaplin, for challenging that disjointed corporate model: “The first merit of Chaplin’s film, *The Woman of Paris*, is that it is the work of one man and the expression of a single individual’s unromantic but generous view of humanity” (“WP,” 1009). Though she admits, “I do not pretend this unassuming plot has much value,” she finds much to praise: “the telling of it in picture-phrases which suggest the whole nature of the characters, the resourceful development of minute situations, and the indications of atmosphere are masterly. There is hardly an inch of unnecessary explanation” (“WP,” 1010). Impatient with humbug and sentimentality, Barry welcomes the psychological authenticity of this film: “each incident of action is based on a convincing revelation of its psychological cause” (“WP,” 1010). And, as an advocate for the intelligent (rather than intellectually elite) cinema audience, she claims, “Chaplin really understands the eloquence of the moving-picture, and he is the one American producer who does not underrate the intelligence of his audience” (“WP,” 1010). Barry praises Chaplin for eliminating “stock-types to the dustbin”; she argues against screen-characters who are “the mere personification of an attribute” because she finds that

such personifications diminish the drama: “they are labeled *thief, sailor, jealous husband*, and when they are neither thieving, hitching up their slacks, nor out-husbanding Othello, they do nothing, have no existence apart from their ‘humour’” (“WP,” 1010). Close viewing and analysis back up her points. Barry ends once again on a note that moves from the specific to general speculations about cinema: “If a poor film is one which merely distracts the sight, and a good film one which also intrigues the imagination, as I believe, then this, while brilliant rather than profound, is a notable one” (“WP,” 1011).

### **The Spectator**

Barry’s regular film articles in the *Spectator* from 1924–1927 fed into her groundbreaking book, *Let’s Go to the Pictures*, published in the Fall of 1926. Ranging between 600 and 1,500 words, these essays allow for rhetorical maneuvering and development of an argument. In her inaugural article, “A Comparison of Arts,” of 3 May 1924,<sup>39</sup> Barry—with characteristic verve—takes on the formidable task of evaluating the arts to establish cinema’s claims to be one of them. Her feisty tone in the first lines indicates that she intends to pull no punches: “Some glib fraud long ago invented the detestable phrase “the silent stage,” as though the cinema were nothing more than the theatre docked of its words. Yet partisan comparisons between the cinema and the stage are actually rather unfair to the stage, because the cinema has so much wider a scope” (“CA,” 707). From the defensive posture *cinéastes* adopted in response to the dismissive rhetoric of the established arts, Barry shifts to an assertive stance, as she challenges the traditional hierarchies and rhetoric. Quick to find compensations for any supposed advantages of theatre, she dismisses the use of the spoken word as “not essential” and argues that, even if it were, “ideally the visual beauty of a film should be the aesthetic alternative to the stage’s poetry” (“CA,” 707). Imagining ideal future films, she claims, “I can conceive of films throughout which pictures of ineffable loveliness should continually melt into each other. There will be such films yet” (“CA,” 707). But, she does not limit her advocacy to the future of cinema; she celebrates the promise of current film “in one flash of conscious pictorial organization (the groupings of some choristers) in *Rosita*, in the perspectives and architecture of *Caligari*, in the coordinated movement on many planes of the crowds in *The Golem* and in a treatment of landscape in *The White Sister*” (“CA,” 707). She argues that one cannot make qualitative judgments between works in different media: “it seems to me idle to insist that the cinema is inferior, artistically, to the stage: as idle, since the difference is one of medium, as to claim that Tchekov is a greater artist than Van Gogh” (“CA,” 707). Her point that one cannot make such qualitative distinctions does not stop her, however, from pointing out the advantages of film. The essay relies upon scientific evidence to support her assertions: “Visual imagery, less primitive and more sophisticated than auditory, is also sharper, more rapid, richer, and more permanent” (“CA,” 707). Barry is quite optimistic that in the future the alliance between science and art will advance film rather than theatre: “when the cinema is tuned up to the acute visual machinery of the public, then I think it will be a very exceptional stage-play indeed which will give

498 in dialogue anything like the delicate analysis of character, the diverse, minute and intuitive flashes into behaviour by which the films of the future, solely by means of pictures, will express drama" ("CA," 707). Responding to theatre's purported advantages, Barry argues, "the personal presence of the actors on the stage is compensated by the cinema's increased intimacy, by the possibility of seeing the actor's every gesture and changing expression and, more, his very thoughts in concrete form" ("CA," 707). And, she finds that the stage's spatial confinement is inferior to cinema's spatial expanse: "the world of the screen is not only spatially unconfined, it is a fuller world than that of the theatre. It has infinite variety of scene, endless angles of vision and focuses, it can use for its own ends all the resources of landscape and architecture" ("CA," 707). In addition, she argues, cinema—through artful exploitation of the close-up—can make objects come alive in its art: "The dramatic advantage of having Desdemona's handkerchief a protagonist, not a property, is obvious" ("CA," 707). It is strategic—and amusing—that she uses an image from a canonical play to make her point; along with the reference to Van Gogh, the reference to Shakespeare adds a touch of class to cinema by association. Her parting shot at theatre suggests that the battle between theatre and film is, for her, no contest: "So psychologically satisfying is cinematographic drama that, were it a question of mere rivalry, were it not that the theatre is a totally different art-form, fulfilling a different function, I feel positive that, not only would the movies already have invaded certain West End theatres, but that, before long, there would be no regular theatre at all" ("CA," 707).

Barry's second article for the *Spectator*, "Hope Fulfilled" of 17 May 1924,<sup>40</sup> again presents her delicious combination of advocacy and analysis, as she considers Lubitsch's *The Marriage Circle*. She begins by brainstorming about criteria for comedy in any medium, noting that "a really efficient comedy—in which there is perception behind the wit and a perfect rounding of the action so that nothing irrelevant or forced mars the bright sparkle—is a rare thing" ("HF," 788). Naming authors of theatrical comedies, such as Congreve, the essay enhances the status of film by association. Though she admits that earlier films offered "only the succulent fun of the music-hall and the circus, not the dry wit of the true comedy," she insists, "*The Marriage Circle* may well silence those who claim that the film cannot compare as dramatic form with the stage-play" ("HF," 788). As she often does in her essays, here she takes on the persona of a cinema advocate, an ardent guide who professes an intelligent love for pictures. The rhetorical strategy is complex. Through an intimate conversation with the reader, Barry forges a "we" led by the writer, in league against those hidebound reactionaries still doubting the artistry of film ("those who claim . . ."). By setting up anti-film persons as figures to laugh at or to pity, or by removing them offscreen, she undercuts their authority. Rather than addressing them herself, which would give them the status of adversaries, Barry delegates to her readers the job of converting the misguided, though she provides her deputy-readers with arguments and strategies for leading the opponents to picture palaces.

Barry asserts that *The Marriage Circle* "is at once perfect cinematography and perfect conventional drama," that it "has shown, not told the story" ("HF," 788). She lauds

the way gestures and situations, presented visually, wittily develop the plot. Arguing for the primacy of the visual, she brings in a theatrical example again, only to undercut it: “Of course, the story is not very edifying. But then neither *The Importance of Being Earnest* or *The Way of the World* is exactly a Sunday School narrative” (“HF,” 788). Claiming that the film perfectly captures the subtle nuances of “the psychology of motive,” Barry argues, in a deft rhetorical coup, that her very difficulty to describe how film works proves the limits of words and the supremacy of the visual: “any attempt at a verbal description at once demonstrates the superiority of the pictorial over the verbal method of telling such a story. Henry James could, in a light mood, have told it as minutely as Lubitsch has in pictures: but at what a length. I do not believe that any dramatist living or dead could relate it in dialogue quite so delicately, so intuitively or so effortlessly as this unpretentious film does” (“HF,” 788). From that rather audacious thought, she leaps to another: “Therefore, I cannot understand why not one of our playwrights or novelists has yet been attracted to this subtle new method of dramatic expression and of story telling” (“HF,” 788). Here she turns the tables on the familiar dynamic of a writer berating a director for failing to do justice to literature in a film adaptation. Rather than arguing that filmmakers should learn from literature, she argues that authors should learn from—and write for—cinema. Reversing the traditional hierarchy of the arts, in which literature is high status and film low, she dares to advocate that writers be students and directors, professors: “Possibly some of our writers will see *The Marriage Circle* and be convinced that there really is an unequalled opportunity for self-expression in the medium of a film. I even hope that subsequently a few of them will unite in presenting a humble petition to one of the seven producers of genius there are (the names are Lang, Grune, Wiene, Lubitsch, Chaplin, Griffiths and Seastrom) to be allowed to go to school under them in their studios and learn the business of writing for the screen. The great and lonely seven might well admit reinforcements” (“HF,” 788). Thus humbling writers and elevating filmmakers, Barry mandates a shocking about-face for elitist literary modernists.

An overview of Barry’s over forty *Spectator* essays demonstrates her wide range and varied roles in film culture. The essays cluster around several persistent themes and rely upon a repertoire of rhetorical strategies, but they all work to forward Barry’s ambitious agenda for cinema. As a self-proclaimed “cinema enthusiast,” Barry—with missionary zeal and great good humor—clarifies her role as a proselytizer for cinema in essays permeated by such telling terms as “missionary,” “unbelievers” and “convert.”<sup>41</sup> In the guise of cinema advocate, she encourages other members of the public to become ardent activists, to speak up as consumers for the films they want, and to protest those they do not want.<sup>42</sup> In essays such as “Sublimity Versus Vulgarity,” she plays the impatient reviewer, scathingly panning Hollywood catastrophes.<sup>43</sup> Considering film from the point of view of aesthetic theory, she places film—to its advantage—alongside the other arts. Committed to enhancing the status of cinema, she uses a double move to raise cinema’s status while deflating the status of the more reputable arts.<sup>44</sup> She writes against literary adaptations, believing that the cinema would be better served by writers writing scenarios directly for the screen;<sup>45</sup> she crusades for

500 writers to write for film.<sup>46</sup> Eager for cinema to develop, Barry celebrates innovations and avant-garde experiments as necessary means for refining and developing the medium of film.<sup>47</sup> Taking on the role of industry analyst, she evaluates the British film industry, and suggests ways to salvage and encourage it.<sup>48</sup> And, donning the hat of social theorist, she examines the social role of cinema in modern nerve-wracked culture.<sup>49</sup> Ever the educator, she wants to teach spectators how to appreciate art in all films, and to teach those in the trade, directors, producers, and others, how to make good films.<sup>50</sup> In her many guises, Barry works to encourage the growth of intelligent and active institutions around cinema, from an informed and demanding public to intelligent writers well trained in the specific art of scenario writing. Always the cinema optimist, she celebrates the positive elements in individual films and in the industry as a whole that advance the medium.

### **Vogue (British)**

That *Vogue*—the quintessential female fashion publication aimed at upscale women—played a role fashioning the interest in film as an art, is surely significant. Dorothy Todd, visionary editor of the British *Vogue* from 1922–1926, celebrated Bloomsbury highbrow culture<sup>51</sup> and the new art of cinema.<sup>52</sup> The magazine fashioned film as another modernist must-have cultural accessory for the intelligent, chic modern woman. Under Todd, *Vogue* was high fashion in ideas as well as apparel; as the editor reminds readers in the Early October 1925 issue, “But there are other fashions to be observed as well as the fashions of our frocks and coats, hats and shoes. The fashions of the mind are also to be considered.”<sup>53</sup> From mainstream film to the avant-garde, film graced the British *Vogue* during the highbrow era of Todd, encroaching on—and at times displacing—the theatre columns. In her influential series of *Vogue* essays of 1924–1926, Barry both shaped and critiqued the *Vogue* fashioning of cinema.

Iris Barry truly launches film in *Vogue* in Late August 1924, with a featured space in the Contents (albeit under the heading *Miscellaneous*). In this issue, *Vogue* offers a film spread, including “Seen on the Screen,” a full page of mainstream film star photos and stills from *The Bright Shawl*, a film adaptation starring Dorothy Gish, and a smaller still from “He and Ski,”<sup>54</sup> a “disguised travel film.” The spread continues with Barry’s pioneering article, “The Scope of the Cinema,” illustrated with stills from *The Niebelungs*.<sup>55</sup> This essay is a skillful intervention to dismiss any lingering doubts that film is worthy of serious critical and artistic appreciation. The opening line claims the lure of cinema for the intellectual and artistic aristocracy and offers an explanation for it: “It is really no wonder that numbers of well-known writers, and artists too, go frequently to the cinema, when it provides them not only with an easily obtainable mental distraction but also stores up layers of experience, of local colour, in their subconscious minds for use in the future” (“SC,” 65). Strategically, Barry associates film with the more reputable arts to raise its status—as would H.D. and Dorothy Richardson a few years later in *Close Up*. She compares movies to literature, finding the appeal of cinema to be more immediate because “the moving picture is really extraordinary”; it

is “entertaining in the good old way by telling a story, and telling it in the most vivid way—that is, directly to the eye in pictures” (“SC,” 65). Dismissing the shady past of the movies, Barry focuses on the dramatic changes in the short history of cinema, finding that film has evolved to play a significant role meeting the needs of the uniquely modern consciousness: “The cinema, from the penny-in-the-slot affair it was twenty-five years ago, has become not only the regular entertainment of millions of people, but a dream into which everyone can dissolve while retaining as much consciousness as he chooses” (“SC,” 65). Associating film with modern psychology, she finds that it enriches the storehouse of the subconscious, and provides immersion in the dream-state. She claims it as one of the “psychological necessities of modern humanity,” asserting in a parenthetical aside: “(for it is obvious that the cinema would not have established itself as it has but for the fact that it does in some way solve the complexes of our age)” (“SC,” 65). According to Barry, travel films and News Pictorials, “with their thrilling and often beautiful scraps of information on the method of counting blood-cells, the manufacture of battleships and bangkok hats, the form of champion tennis players and the manner of the newest frocks,” broaden the life experience of the spectators (“SC,” 65).

But, Barry continues, even the film-play proper is not mere entertainment, but has artistic merit of different sorts depending on the type of film, “from the pageantry of *Robin Hood*, *Scaramouche*, and *The Fall of an Empress*, with their vast swirling crowds and their historical atmosphere, from the cold visual beauty of *The Niebelungs*, that dignified German screen-epic of the Dragon era of Europe’s past, to the riotous farces of Buster Keaton” (“SC,” 76). She insists that some films could pass the test of a canonical aesthetic authority: “The first, painted in on a broad canvas, obey many of Aristotle’s dramatic canons” (“SC,” 76). And, she claims a social and psychological function for film: “the farces, which are to our time what the circus was to our ancestors, provide surely the pleasantest wish-fulfilment ever devised for the amusement of mankind” (“SC,” 76). Barry demonstrates the scope of cinema by asserting that “every mentality is catered for between those two extremes, in the melodramas which the cinema presents so much more effectively than Drury Lane can, in the social satires, the sex dramas, the Wild West films with their exciting *tempos* (rushing express trains, avalanches, motor-dashes, aeroplane fights and what not), in the witty comedies of Constance Talmadge, the fantasy of *Felix the Cat*, and the very intellectual films of Charles Chaplin” (“SC,” 76). If cinema can accommodate every mentality, according to Barry, it can also meet the needs of all classes: “City men slip away (you can see them in the West End cinemas any afternoon) to follow the allure of roguish Mae Murray or drop an easy tear for a white-haired mother. Typists wallow in the supposed goings-on of the very smart, and the very smart safely court danger in the squalor of a Bowery crook’s life” (“SC,” 76). Film thus allows for class mobility, albeit fleeting and in fantasy.

At the core of Barry’s essay is her claim for the aesthetic quality of film; “here and there on the screen in any of these films may flash a fugitive beauty,” a beauty unique to “a story told in motion” (“SC,” 76). This beauty is new to art through the medium of

502 film: “in the various rhythms of speed as well as in the more obvious ‘artistic’ staging the film-producer can now and again capture for us both psychological and visible loveliness” (“SC,” 76). Barry expresses eagerness to see films coming from Germany that “experiment with the yet undiscovered possibilities of the cinema as a new form of expression” (“SC,” 76). Exploiting another literary link, she draws parallels between the landmark art film, *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*, and a well-known literary touchstone: “*Caligari*, an old story now, but important in the history of the cinema, was frankly futurist and achieved in pictures what Poe did in words.” Catholic in her taste, Barry celebrates the merit in most films; “But there are delights for the eye in almost all films; a still-life on the screen, beautiful in itself, takes on a fresh beauty because of its dramatic importance; the whole resources of sea and landscape may be selected by an artist—for some producers are artists—as a background to the action, and the characters may so move and thread their way, in the story, through the scene that both it and they acquire new value, stimulate vivid flashes of imagination in the spectator” (“SC,” 76). If Barry waxes eloquent about the ravishing scope of current cinema, she is even more enthusiastic about the films of the future, noting with relish that American films have begun to “capture atmosphere and to wean the camera at last from its tendency to insist on realism” (“SC,” 76). Cinema is on the cusp of even greater achievements, she finds: “all good new films promise something so unique, so little understood by any of us as yet, that it is with growing interest that one follows the development of a real film-technique, that one notes the broadening of the cinema’s inspiration and scope” (“SC,” 76). Barry’s celebratory essay leaves little outside the scope of the cinema.

Though it is not listed in the Contents, the Late September 1924 issue of *Vogue* contains another article by Iris Barry, “The Autumn Cinema,” occupying a half page juxtaposed with an advertisement for Elizabeth Arden.<sup>56</sup> In this piece, once again Barry covers a range of topics in cinema, from a discussion of mainstream period films such as *Monsieur Beaucaire* starring Valentino, to a witty diatribe against false and stereotyped films of Spain, and a tribute to the brilliant German actor, Emil Jennings, in *The Last Laugh* (named *The Last Man* here). Aware of the poor repute of the British film industry, she comments encouragingly on the British picture, “Decameron Nights,” and urges another British producer, the young Adrian Brunel, to produce more of his witty, satiric films, such as the “brilliant skit on travel films, *Crossing the Great Sagrada*, [which] “made all Wardour Street weak with astonished merriment when it was shown privately.”<sup>57</sup>

Another piece by Iris Barry, “The Cinema in Three Moods,”<sup>58</sup> graces the Early October 1924 issue; it is further back in the magazine and, again, juxtaposed with a half page advertisement for Elizabeth Arden. Adroitly aligning herself with readers and viewers, she begins with a characteristic demand that ‘we’ must adjust ‘our’ attitude to cinema:

We shall have to stop generalizing about “films.” In the earlier days of the moving picture types of plays were narrowly confined to farce (in which, as in the children’s game, “they all fall down”), sentimental comedy of the serving-maid to society-woman order, melodrama of two varieties—one with a baby and a rainstorm, the other with either a railway

smash or a heroine rescued by cowboys—and historical or costume pieces with slight regard for accuracy. They were all “films”; you paid your money and you got a mental rest and probably a fairly crude emotional tonic. But to-day a joyous differentiation has begun. The old banalities persist, but since pretty well fifteen hundred films are made every twelve months it is not so astonishing that some really good films of diverse kinds should up out of the crowd now and then. [“CT,” 104]

The essay analyzes three moods of mainstream films: Lubitsch’s light social satire, *The Marriage Circle*, Douglas Fairbanks in *The Thief of Baghdad*, and Frances Marion’s conception, the historical drama, *Abraham Lincoln*. Lubitsch she admires: “The whole thing is a beautifully managed succession of witty situations, and, best of all, it is pure cinematography. Lubitsch ‘says it with pictures’” (“CT,” 104). Praising Fairbanks’s incorporation of German films’ romance of chiaroscuro, she finds that “the shadows in *The Thief of Baghdad* are the most beautiful part of it; they, more than any spectacle, evoke fantasy, speak to the imagination” (“CT,” 104). With her signature wit, Barry adds: “And, being tedious, I reiterate that it is only in so far as the moving picture stimulates, in some way or other, the imagination that it is good. The cinema is not, properly, a continuous peep-show of the obvious” (“CT,” 104). She ends the essay with another jibe at those who still fail to appreciate the art of cinema: “And so one would say, if there are still unregenerates who scoff at the power of the picture-drama, that they should be somehow led to see *Abraham Lincoln*. They will not scoff as they come out; and afterwards they can be taken unresisting to see, a pungent contrast, Lubitsch’s *The Marriage Circle*.” (“CT,” 104).

A half page illustration in the *Vogue* Table of Contents for Early January 1925 demonstrates the rising cultural cachet of cinema: a fashionable society woman runs a movie projector, showing a film of fashion models.<sup>59</sup> The triangle of projected light forms the “V” for *Vogue*. In this issue, cinema is decidedly upscale, highbrow, and avant-garde. Bonamy Dobrée’s regular column, “Seen on the Stage,”<sup>60</sup> in a significant switch, focuses on films instead of plays. Another regular item, “Paris Screens and Footlights,” describing the Swedish ballet, notes that “an interval in the ballet was gloriously filled with a film by MM. Picabia and René Clair . . . [*Entr’acte*] which had all the charm and inconsequence of a dream; avant garde and arrière garde could meet on a common Freudian basis here.”<sup>61</sup> Continuing to examine the film milieu in Paris, the article notes, “the cinema proved the most adequate purveyor of the truly modern thrill.”<sup>62</sup> In Early January and Early February 1925, “Paris Screens and Footlights” foregrounds avant-garde cinema, celebrating *Entr’acte* by René Clair, *L’Inhumaine* by L’Herbier, and *Ballet mécanique* by Fernand Léger and Dudley Murphy.<sup>63</sup>

In response, perhaps, to *Vogue*’s hyperbolic celebration of the avant-garde in the issues before, Barry’s essay, “The Cinema Continues to Improve,” in Late February 1925, attempts to shift attention to the broader film-going public and the film industry.<sup>64</sup> This is the third of Barry’s essays in *Vogue* to share a page with an advertisement for Elizabeth Arden—an interesting juxtaposition, because as Elizabeth Arden shapes the appropriate modern body, Barry’s articles hope to shape the appropriate viewer (see fig. 2). If the Elizabeth Arden advertisement on the left urges self-improvement

504 for the body, asserting, “Every woman wants a *lovely figure*,” Barry’s essay on the right extols a self-improvement plan for film. Here, Barry suggests that film is doing quite well on its improvement plan; she asserts: “The curve of merit has been bent sharply upwards in this past year” (“CC,” 78). Rather than repeating familiar charges that film is in poor shape, Barry praises the positive and the exemplary: “Nothing could have been more encouraging than the public success of perhaps the most lovely and serious film yet exhibited, *Warning Shadows*” (“CC,” 78). She claims that active spectators and more aware film producers are responsible for the improvements: “many of the producers have realised that a film is neither a stage-play photographed with the words left out, nor a bare illustration of a novel, but an entirely new means of telling a story by related pictorial compositions which strike direct, through the eye, to the mind” (“CC,” 78). Lauding cinema and cinema enthusiasts, she asserts, “The enthusiasts who clamoured all along that the cinema is a mishandled but stupendous form of art-expression are gaining adherents daily” (“CC,” 78). Instead of condemning Hollywood, she welcomes its capacity to grow, and has high hopes for film as a social force: “the cinema ought to bring to every individual an intensification of life, all kinds of vicarious experience denied by the ever-narrowing grooves in which a mechanical civilisation fixes us” (“CC,” 78). And, in a claim sure to please both movie enthusiasts and avant-garde intellectuals, she praises Chaplin, claiming “his is high if not classical art” (“CC,” 78).

Chaplin—that iconic figure bridging the popular and the elite—is her centerpiece when, in Early February 1926, Barry returns to *Vogue* with an essay “The Cinema,” (fig. 4)<sup>65</sup> beginning with a full page picture of the cinema star, captioned:

He is the most popular man alive. We all call him by his Christian name, for we regard him as a friend. But he is more than that, he is each one of us. His misfortunes are ours, his disappointments and his quick recoveries. He is the intelligence in us which is beaten down by brute force, the idealist in us who comes up against cruel facts, the poet in us who rises undaunted above them, the prophet in us whom none will listen to, the anarchist in us whom the mechanism of society fails to subdue. He is the pilgrim who fights with Giant Despair; the Saint who preaches to the birds when men turn away; the Pierrot who wants the moon or gives his heart to those who neither want it nor deserve it. He is, in fact, a legendary figure comparable to Don Quixote. He is Charlie.” (“C,” 52).

The essay proper, subtitled “Eloquence Without Words—The New Film, ‘Stella Dallas’—Strauss and the Operatic Picture, ‘Der Rosenkavalier,’” offers a wide ranging survey of current film. Barry notes, “The cinema is young and full of possibilities,” and claims that one of those possibilities is “its ability to give the world great histrionic performances, differing from those of the stage, but as eloquent in its silences as anything the footlights ever shone upon. By gesture, poise of body, shade of facial expression, it can (but too seldom does) give us drama to stir all the emotions” (“C,” 53). She celebrates the popularity of film as evidence that it is a democratic art: “Low comedy has, however, so far been the strong suit of the cinema, as of those other democratic entertainments, the circus and the music hall” (“C,” 53). And, she praises Emil Jannings, Menjou, and Stroheim as film actors. But, she saves her highest accolades for the new



Fig. 4. Iris Barry article, *Vogue*, Early February 1926. Steichen/Vanity Fair © Condé Nast Publications Ltd. Iris Barry/*Vogue* © Condé Nast Publications, Ltd.

film, *Stella Dallas*, arguing, “for the first time a film which will obviously be popular, easily understood, which is a melodrama pure and simple, can claim the distinction of being thoroughly well played throughout” (“C,” 53). Barry offers a succinct critical manifesto: “The fact that it is above no one’s head is a merit. The cinema is (though we give thanks for all daring experiments of an eclectic kind) for the large public” (“C,” 53). She dares to celebrate the emotional quality of melodrama: “Emotions varied and evanescent as clouds pass across the two women’s faces; then for a moment the social bar is lowered while decency and generosity recognise each other . . . There is something rare and lovely in the film at this moment. Some people may not be moved to tears by it; most will be swept away on a tide of emotion. And while it stirs the feelings, this film also satisfies the mind pretty well” (“C,” 53). As if to compensate for her emotional enthusiasm, the essay then moves to reassure readers that film is not only for the feelings: “But, that our emotions may not only be excited, the cinema is to bring us soon for repose a new and soothing picture—*Der Rosenkavalier* in fact, acted under the supervision of Strauss himself, who has rearranged his honeyed and witty music to bear along the translated opera” (“C,” 53). In a further attempt to raise the cultural status of cinema in England, Barry urges her readers to learn from the status of film abroad: “It is noteworthy, by the way, that on the Continent the cinema is held in more repute than in England; stage celebrities are glad to give their best work to even a quite tiny part in a film, artists design scenery for the studios, and musicians of world renown hasten to compose movie music. Is it not time that Britain ceased to pretend a contempt for this new and lively art? Or (seeing that he

506 patronises it so freely) does he perhaps only seem to belittle the cinema in order to creep into its entertaining bosom with the more satisfaction?" ("C," 53). After this stinging rebuke, she ends with praise for Chaplin again, citing the purest genius of humor in *The Gold Rush* ("C," 53).

Barry's essays draw attention to an undercurrent of tension between popular and experimental films apparent in various film essays and illustrations in *Vogue*.<sup>66</sup> Her position argues for balance between popular film and the avant-garde. That stance is visually enacted by the illustrations for this article: a full page studio shot of Charlie Chaplin faces her essay and three avant-garde caricatures of Chaplin by the painter and experimental filmmaker, Fernand Léger, are interspersed within her columns (see fig. 4). *Vogue's* tug of war between avant-garde elite cinema and popular movies hints at the familiar question of whether the popular can be art. For Iris Barry, the answer was emphatically "yes." In her *Vogue* essays she encourages spectators to welcome the experiments of the avant-garde abstract films, but to celebrate even more the intelligent *and* popular mainstream films such experiments make possible.

### **The Daily Mail 1926–1930**

Along with her entries in *Vogue* and the *Spectator* in 1926, Iris Barry began a four year stint as a popular columnist in a quite different venue: the *Daily Mail*. As entries in a mass-market daily, Barry's *Daily Mail* columns are quite different in form, tone, and focus from the articles in the *Adelphi*, the *Spectator*, and *Vogue*; they demonstrate her versatility. The columns are splashier; sporting a big title and a byline "By IRIS BARRY" in capital letters, they are accompanied by pictures, often of stars or directors. The topics shift in the *Daily Mail* columns, placing more emphasis on Hollywood and on the trade in general. These columns include more discussion of stars and directors, and less of art and international experimental cinema. Celebrity profiles and behind-the-scenes industry information enter in (especially later in 1927 when Barry travels to Hollywood for a series of columns there). Many of the columns encourage British film, focusing on British directors and the film industry. Such columns coach British filmmakers—and spectators—about what "we" do and do not want, the direction film production in England should be taking, and the way to make good British films. The *Daily Mail* columns range between 300 and 500 words; clearly, they are columns rather than articles. The brief pieces are composed of short paragraphs of two to four sentences each, rather than the fully developed paragraphs and longer essays of the *Spectator* articles. The tone shifts dramatically in these columns; if the *Spectator* and *Vogue* articles set up a rhetorical dance through which the reader and the writer move together, the *Daily Mail* pieces are shorter and to the point. Barry's tone is more chatty, almost breezy, and rather telegraphic or journalistic in style. One has the sense, reading these short pieces, that she has edited discursive pieces down to the bare bones—or that they are notes for a longer article, jotted down in passing. The *Daily Mail* pieces fire off a few ideas and judgments, rather than inviting conversation and reflection. "The Lesson of Fairbanks," for instance, reads like the *Cliff Notes* of

one of her longer discursive essays about film failings and potential. This new style suits the paper, though readers familiar with Barry might miss her well-developed essay style from earlier articles. As befits the newspaper format, her diction in the *Daily Mail* columns is more conversational, and she uses more popular slang. Though in all her writing, Barry could be rather blunt in her assessments, she uses terms such as “stupidity” or “idiotic” more often in the *Daily Mail* than, for example, in her *Vogue* pieces, which she sprinkles instead with French phrases. She knew her readers.

### **An Art and Criticism for the People**

*It is an art of the people. This to my mind is a merit . . . (“AP,” 51).*

*The fact that it is above no one’s head is a merit. The cinema is (though we give thanks for all daring experiments of an eclectic kind) for the large public.<sup>67</sup>*

Barry’s education in film came through her experiences as an engaged, intelligent spectator, as one of the founders of the Film Society, and as a reporter, investigating film in England and in Hollywood. There were no Oxbridge studies in cinema. To be a woman, not one of the Oxbridge elite, and a “cinema enthusiast” to boot, marked Iris Barry as a triple outsider of the intellectual aristocracy that still retained such presence in the culture industry of the 1920s. Daring to be a film critic in the early 1920s was to be rather declass e, unless one were, like Clive Bell, a Cambridge educated art critic, penning elitist articles about film (about which he knew little and liked less). Barry turned the outsider position, to a degree, to her advantage, claiming her film-going experience and celebrating, rather than apologizing for, cinema. Her film criticism brought to bear upon cinema a wide experience and a keen intelligence. She saw many films, thought about them with genuine curiosity and appreciation, and registered their impact on her questing intellect and emotions. Her vast screening experience enabled her to place any film in a context, to draw inferences from the specific and to see experiments as part of the overall dynamic of cinematic development. Her criticism is characterized by an open-minded curiosity. As she stated often, she found something of merit in all films and in all areas of film culture. She defined herself “as a pleasure-loving member of the public” who went to films all the time and liked much of what she saw—and then she used that position to lecture to the film producers about what the public wants and does not want (“AP,” 51). Paying attention to the screening environment, the spectator, the social context of the screening experience, the production side of film-making, the writing of film scripts, and the situation for actors, she found no arena of the film experience outside her scope and interest. As a cinema enthusiast, she worked to make her enthusiasm contagious. In her essays, she cajoles, flatters, browbeats, and begs readers to become active and ardent viewers too. She demands that audiences play the active role of consumer-advocates, urges potential writers to pen scenarios, encourages directors to experiment and to learn their craft through her timely advice, and professes, through it all, her admiration of film, her respect for the medium and its spectators, and her faith in its future.

She wrote for the people; her critical voice speaks for the intelligent, “reflective” public, not for the elite, and, not for the “sheep,” those members of the public she found not capable of discriminating. By taking film seriously and considering it with intelligent analysis and appreciation, she earned the respect and attention of her readers, who were drawn into her confidence and shared her perspective. Writing in a broadly accessible style, addressing the public as “we” rather than disdainfully as “they,” she forged a coalition with a vast audience. Her experiential education in film viewing made it possible for her to situate herself as a “common viewer” akin to Virginia Woolf’s “common reader.” Because her education in cinema was based on experience and a keen intelligence open to the material before her, her film criticism implies that her readers—whatever their level of education—could attain the same education by attending the films and using their intellects to examine them. Cinema is a democratic art, she claims, and she recommends a democratic, rather than an elitist, education and criticism to suit it.

### Voice and Choice

*Something of the swift dynamic quality of the screen races through the pages.*

Bryher<sup>68</sup>

Just as she celebrated cinema as a democratic art, Barry chose to write her criticism in a variety of tones that welcomed the democratic public in all its diversity, striking up conversations with a range of readers. Of Barry’s style in writing and in conversation, a colleague from MoMA recalls, “She wrote with the enviable ease of the educated British, and her conversation flowed naturally, putting everyone at ease.”<sup>69</sup> Barry’s writing ranges from academic prose articulating highbrow aesthetic theory to breezy slang expressing the delight of a film fan. Her inclusive style and chameleon tone are her most apparent characteristics as a critic. She has the ability to do “the critic in different voices,” somewhat akin to the range of voices in T. S. Eliot’s *The Wasteland*, and she chooses, and uses, whichever voice she needs to make her point. Ranging from high style, to middle style, to the vernacular, sample passages demonstrate her scope:

though the moving picture has affinities with the respectable muses, it is a substitute for none of them, but one of the phenomena for which our age will be remembered: a new art born painfully and ingloriously, as no doubt the other arts too were born in unremembered days—a new art more than we realize, for though it tells a story it is not a literary form; though it is a pictorial medium it is also a dramatic one; yet its concerns are not those of the theatre and its problems the very opposite of those that confront painters.<sup>70</sup>

Meanwhile it is useless for novelists to complain as they for ever do now, that their novels are changed when they pass across the screen. They should ask themselves what Chaplin would think of a book which purported to be his *The Gold Rush*.<sup>71</sup>

There *are* idiotic and ugly films, but the theatre is the mother of *Tons of Money*. [“CA,” 707].

Barry's range of voices suggests that she selected the voice to best address an intended audience and to put forth her agenda for film. As a truly "public" public intellectual, committed to communicating with all, Barry was profoundly inclusive. Because she was passionately interested in making a difference in every area of film, from the industry to aesthetics, she deployed her criticism on multiple fronts, sometimes addressing the highbrow and sometimes the film fan. She wooed the upper crust in *Vogue* and the Film Society; she reached out to the bohemian *literati* in the *Adelphi* and to the intelligent citizen in the *Spectator*; she spoke to the broader public in the *Daily Mail*; she even trekked to Hollywood to engage with industry figures there. And, she pulled all this together in her 1926 book, appropriately entitled, *Let's Go to the Pictures*, a book that bonds the reader and writer together into an active unit with the goal of going to see films together.

Reviews of Barry's book shed light on the class and gender dynamics and biases of the cultural moment of the 1920s. Her choice of voice confused some reviewers, who missed the point. With characteristic elitism, the *Times Literary Supplement* delivered a critique drenched in class snobbery. First, it offers slight praise: "Miss Barry has a genuine, not a patronizing, interest in her subject, and a wealth of experience as a film-goer," but the essay then proceeds to patronize her: "Unhappily she is so determined that no 'film-fans,' however slight their powers of concentration, shall find her tedious that she is no sooner face to face with the aesthetic problems that the films suggest than she hurries away from them to bright, discursive chapters on 'stars,' producers and directors which are little more than a series of notes" ("F," 904). It accuses her of raising questions "in passing to impress the 'hicks' without troubling them" rather than examining them more in depth, fulfilling "the duty of a critic who escapes from a newspaper into a library" ("F," 904). The review articulates upper-class disdain:

Meanwhile we learn that "I love Jackie Coogan but I don't call him a big actor," that "my favourite female star is Lil Dagover"; that "Rudolph Valentino had a talent," or that a film called *Greed* was "so terribly moving that it upset one as much as sitting through three Greek tragedies to see it." She says, too, that all the regular film-goers she knows, including herself, enjoy whatever they see. It is useful thus to be reminded that there are people in the world more fortunate than ourselves; but the reminder is no substitute for that discerning criticism of film theory which Miss Barry approaches but does not pursue. ["F," 904]

Robert Herring continues the vein of Oxbridge elitism in his review in the *London Mercury*.<sup>72</sup> Faint praise describes Barry's style: "Miss Barry writes brightly," but Herring then faults her content: "she does little else but arrange an average intelligent person's ideas in print." He credits her experience: "Miss Barry has, as readers of the *Spectator* and *Daily Mail* know, enormous experience; she believes in her subject and she remembers, despite their thousands, the films she has seen," and her willingness to express opinions: "She knows her mind and makes no bones in expressing it" ("P," 314). However, he is dismissive about her ability to make decisions about audience and voice: "She should make up her mind as to which public she is writing for and not,

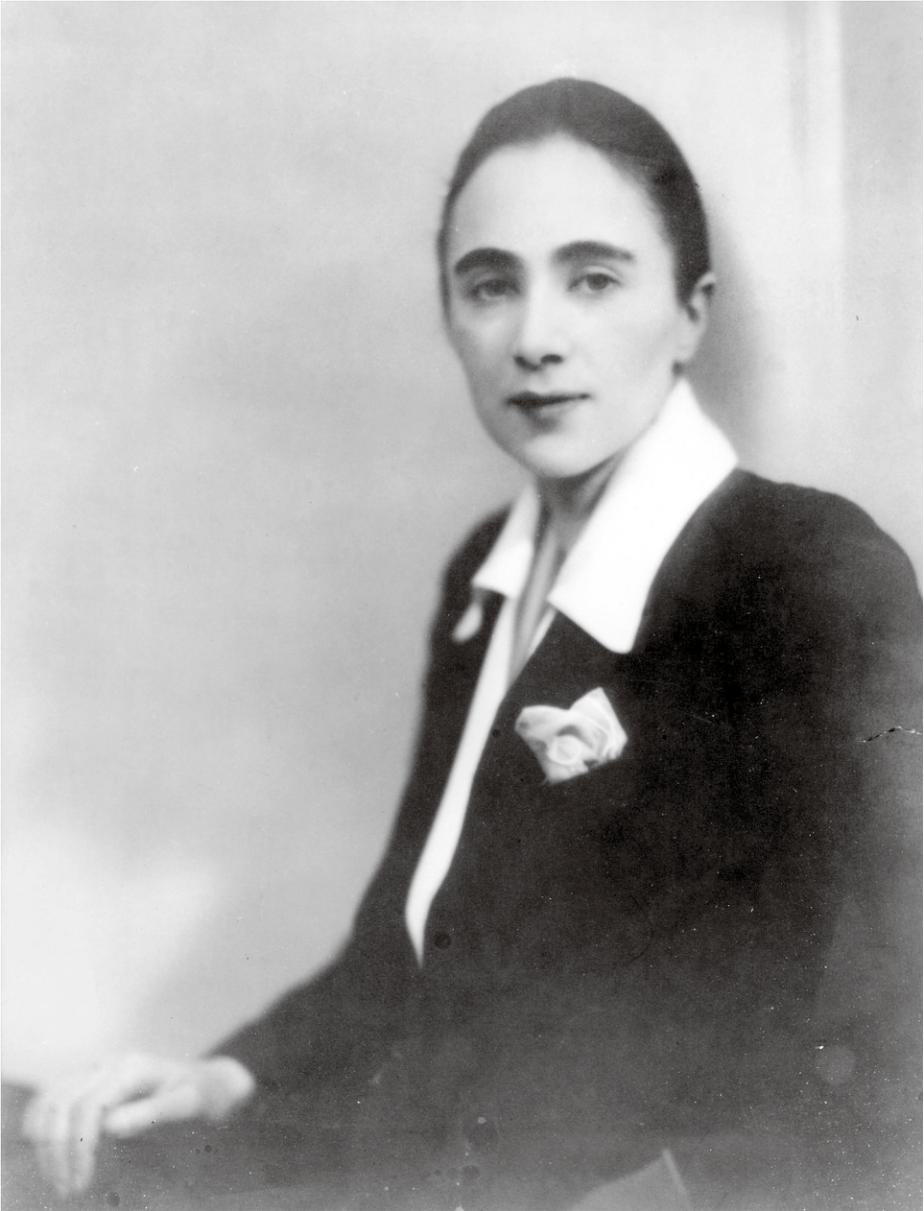
510 in trying to place her experience at the service of too many, fall foul of the vulgar without touching the highbrows" ("P," 314). His assumption that she could not make up her mind, and failure to recognize that she had made a choice not to write as the Oxbridge elite, are surely shaped by class and gender. The gendered spin and snobbery of that response is writ large in one sneering passage, "The fault of the book lies in phrases such as 'Films, like press-fasteners and garter-elastic, fulfill a long-felt want,' (although she sincerely considers the film as an art). This at first disturbed me, until I found that she described highbrows as people who read Masfield and *The Constant Nymph*; then all was clear" ("P," 314). The last line of his review completes the damning with faint praise: "There are many interesting photographs in this vivacious book, and the publishers are to be congratulated on the binding" ("P," 314). Against the backdrop of such hostility and sheer bewilderment—inflected by male and class privilege—the radical inclusiveness of Barry's writing stands out as a courageous choice. Paraphrasing her own comments about the cinema, we might claim, "Iris Barry is a critic for the people. To my mind, that is a merit."

### At Once Popular and Different

*Of course it is the films which are at once popular and different that do the most good, send the public flocking in greater numbers than ever into the picture-houses.*<sup>73</sup>

Barry's belief that the best films were "at once popular and different" sheds light on her criteria for the best criticism. It reminds us that, for Barry, the bottom line was to "do the most good" for film as a medium. Barry hoped to accomplish that through critical writing that is both original and popular, in order to reach the public "in greater numbers than ever." This was an active agenda, not an abstract one. As her autobiographical sketch tells us, she was one impervious to "fear or favour," who "got out pencils and paper at once to sketch a program of action." As Sidney Bernstein and Ivor Montagu record, "in committee her commonsense cut through waffling to decision and action."<sup>74</sup> Whether the project was setting up a Film Society, brainstorming about ways to invigorate the British film industry, finding ways to educate the public about film, or educating the film industry about the public, Barry was ardent, active, and productive.

Because Iris Barry found film "one of the phenomena for which our age will be remembered," she put her gifts in the service of that phenomenon.<sup>75</sup> Her writing, and her work as a public intellectual (founding the Film Society, founding the Museum of Modern Art Film Library) came from that passion. Not everyone agreed with Barry and her inclusive agenda. But, as we take in the broader sweep of film culture in the twentieth century, her legacy is unmistakable. Her descendents include all of us—all who teach film, all who write about it, all who have screened it. When she left the London scene, she did not disappear; she came to New York to found the film library and archive at the Museum of Modern Art, and continued her prolific and astonishing career of bringing film to the public. And, in the vibrant intelligent voices of film



▲  
Fig. 5. Iris Barry. Courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art Film Stills Archive.

critics today, we catch the traces of that original personality, who, with wit, intellect, and enthusiasm, so shaped film culture.

### Notes

1. Sidney Bernstein and Ivor Montagu, "Iris Barry," *Times* (London) 3 January 1970.
2. The panel I proposed for MSA5 in Birmingham, "Iris Barry from Birmingham: Modernist, Writer, Bohemian, *Cinéaste*," planned to re-introduce Barry to scholars in the city of her birth. Peter Brooker, Laura Marcus and I presented on diverse areas of Iris Barry's British contributions to film culture.

3. See James Donald, Anne Friedberg, and Laura Marcus: *Close Up 1927–1933: Cinema and Modernism*. (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1998); Rebecca Egger, “Reading by Half-Light: Cinematic Spectatorship in Modernist Women’s Writing” (Ph.D. diss., Cornell University, 1995); Charlotte Mandel, “The Redirected Image: Cinematic Dynamics in the Style of H. D. (Hilda Doolittle).” *Literature/Film Quarterly* 11 (1983): 36–45 and “Garbo/Helen: the Self-Projection of Beauty by H.D.,” *Women’s Studies* 7 (1980): 127–35; Adalaide Morris, “The Concept of Projection: H.D.’s Visionary Powers,” *Contemporary Literature* 25 (Winter 1984): 411–36; Susan Gevirtz, *Narrative’s Journey: The Fiction and Film Writing of Dorothy Richardson* (New York: Peter Lang, 1996). For some references to Iris Barry, see Peter Brooker, *Modernity and Metropolis* (London: Palgrave, 2001); Peter Brooker, *Bohemia in London* (London: Palgrave, 2004).

4. See my “‘Across the screen of my brain’: Virginia Woolf’s ‘The Cinema’ and Film Forums of the Twenties,” in *Virginia Woolf’s Multiple Muses*, ed. Diane Filby Gillespie (Columbus: University of Missouri Press, 1993), 148–79; “A Splice of Reel Life in Virginia Woolf’s ‘Time Passes’: Censorship, Cinema and ‘the usual battlefield of emotions,’” *Criticism* (winter 1993), 91–114; “Tracking Shots through Film History: Virginia Woolf, Film Archives and Future Technologies,” *Virginia Woolf Turning the Centuries: Selected Papers from the Ninth Annual Virginia Woolf Conference*, ed. Bonnie Kime Scott and Ann Ardis (New York: Pace University Press, 2000), 266–75. Maggie Humm, in *Modernist Women and Visual Cultures: Virginia Woolf, Vanessa Bell, Photography and Cinema* (New Brunswick: Routledge, 2002), incorporates some of the scholarship on Woolf’s “The Cinema.”

5. Iris Barry, *Let’s Go to the Pictures* (London: Chatto and Windus, 1926); published in America as *Let’s Go to the Movies* (New York: Payson & Clarke Ltd, 1926).

6. Barry’s articles in different publications have varying lengths, which determine the depth of argument and analysis. The *Adelphi* review-essays are 1,048 and 703 words each; the *Spectator* articles range from 600–1,500 words. The *Vogue* essays are over 1000 words (“Scope” 1,123; “Autumn” 1,132; “Moods” 1,140; “Improve” 1,047; “The Cinema” 1,118). Two of the five have illustrations and an additional full photo page alongside the essay. Some titles are listed in the table of contents; some are not. The *Daily Mail* columns, though they sport a photograph, impressive title, and byline, were only 300–500 words, consisting of short paragraphs of 2–4 sentences.

7. *Times* (London) “Iris Barry.”

8. Iris Barry, “The Ezra Pound Period,” the *Bookman* (October 1931): 159–71.

9. See *Les Cahiers du Mois, Cinéma* 16–17 (Paris: Éditions Émile-Paul Frères, 1925–1926. As early as September 1923 the international journal *Broom* contained a sophisticated article on “The ‘U. S. A’ Cinema” by the French critic Philippe Soupault and theoretical articles, “Motion Picture Dynamics” by Robert Alden Sanborn and “A Note on Sculptural Kinetics” by Slater Brown. See *Broom* 5: 2 (September 1923).

10. Peter Wollen, Alan Lovell, and Sam Rhodie, “Interview with Ivor Montagu in London on 24 May 1972,” *Screen* 13. 3 (autumn 1972): 72.

11. “The Metaphysic of the ‘Movies,’” review of *Let’s Go to the Pictures* by Iris Barry. The *Spectator*, 13 November 1926, 864.

12. See Clive Bell, “Art and the Cinema: A Prophecy that the Motion Pictures, in Exploiting Imitation Art, will Leave Real Art to the Artists,” *Vanity Fair* (November 1922): 39–40. Another piece by Bell rather belatedly (1929) admitted the need for art cinemas; see Clive Bell, “Cinema Aesthetics: A Critic of the Arts Assesses the Movies,” *Theatre Guild Magazine* (October 1929): 39, 62–3.

13. (typescript four pages, autobiographical sketch of Iris Barry. Barry Collection. Museum of Modern Art’s Celeste Bartos International Film Studies Center) I am grateful to the MoMA Film Studies Center, particularly to the assistance of Ron Magliozzi. The British Film Institute Archives, through the able assistance of Janet Moat, and the BFI archival film viewing, with the generous and patient help of Steve Tollervey, made my research possible and delightful. The Mugar Library of Boston University also provided access to valuable Iris Barry papers. An NEH Summer Stipend enabled me to work in these archives, as well as in the Colindale Newspaper Library of the British Library, for work with volumes of the British *Vogue*.

14. "The Metaphysic of the 'Movies,'" 864.
15. Aldous Huxley, "Where are the Movies Moving? The Brilliant Success of the Cinema in Portraying the Fantastic and Preposterous," *Vanity Fair*, (July 1925): 39, 78; and "Where are the Movies Moving? Some Notes on the Potentialities of the Cinema in the Expression of Fantastic Themes and Extravagant Flights of Fancy," *Vogue*, (early December 1926): 76, 124; Bonamy Dobrée, "Seen on the Stage," *Vogue*, (Late December 1925); "Seen on the Stage," *Vogue*, (Late April 1926); "Seen on the Stage," *Vogue*, (Early December 1926); and "Seen on the Stage," *Vogue*, (Late December 1926).
16. Ivor Montagu, "Birmingham Sparrow: In Memoriam, Iris Barry 1896–1969," *Sight and Sound* 39: 2 (spring 1970), 107.
17. Iris Barry autobiographical sketch. Museum of Modern Art's Celeste Bartos International Film Studies Center. The complete autobiographical passage, one of Barry's *Vogue* articles, excerpts from *Let's Go to the Pictures* and selected columns from the *Spectator* and the *Daily Mail* will be published in my cinema section in *The Gender Complex of Modernism*, ed. Bonnie Kime Scott, (University of Illinois Press, forthcoming).
18. Wollen et al., "Interview": 72.
19. Montagu, "Birmingham Sparrow," 107.
20. Wollen, "Interview": 72. I discuss this riot in my essay "Across the screen of my brain," 53–4.
21. H.D., "The Cinema and the Classics." I. "Beauty," *Close Up*. 1: 1 (July 1927), 26.
22. Ivor Montagu, "Old Man's Mumble: Reflections on a Semi-Centenary," *Sight and Sound* 44:4 (Autumn 1975): 223.
23. The back of the first program offers a statement akin to a manifesto:
 

The Society is under no illusions. It is well aware that Caligari's do not grow on raspberry bushes, and that it cannot, in a season, expect to provide its members with an unbroken succession of masterpieces. It will be sufficient if it can show a group of films which are in some degree interesting and which represent the work which has been done, or is being done experimentally, in various parts of the world. It is in the nature of such films that they are (it is said) commercially unsuitable for this country; and that is why they become the especial province of the Film Society.
- The Film Society Programmes 1925–1939*, ed., George Amberg, (New York: Arno Press, 1972), 4.
24. Ivor Montagu, "The Film Society: 18th Performance. November 13," *Close Up* 2:1 (January 1928): 81–2; P. L. M., "The Film Society: Successful Second Show," *Kine-Weekly* (1925) 63; Review of the 4th Performance of the Film Society, "Alpha to Omega," the *Nation & the Athenaeum* (30 January 1926); Milton Waldman, "The Movies: Review of Film Society 6th Performance": 81–2; the *Black Pirate*, and *Livingston*, the *London Mercury* (May 1926).
25. Bonamy Dobrée, "Seen on the stage," *Vogue* (Late December 1925), 82.
26. Dobrée, (Late January 1926), 59.
27. *Ibid.*, 82.
28. "The Future of the Cinema" *Vogue* (Early March 1926), 69.
29. Iris Barry, "American Prestige and British Films," the *Spectator* (11 July 1925), 51; hereafter abbreviated "AP."
30. Ivor Montagu, "Not 'Highbrows': A Defense of the Film Society," *Kine-Weekly*. (15 October 1925): 69.
31. "Editorial Notes," the *London Mercury* 63: 73 (November 1925):2–3.
32. "Paris Screens and Footlights," *Vogue* (Early January 1925): 65.
33. "Paris Screens and Footlights," *Vogue* (Early February 1925): 63.
34. Walter Hanks Shaw, "Cinema and Ballet in Paris," the *New Criterion* 4: 1 (January 1926).
35. Comte de Beaumont, "Of What Are the Young Films Dreaming," the *Little Review* (Winter 1926); Hans Richter, "Rhythm," the *Little Review* (Winter 1926); Fernand Léger, "A New Realism—The Object (Its Plastic and Cinematographic Value)," the *Little Review* (Winter 1926).
36. Gilbert Seldes, "The Abstract Movie," *New Republic*, (15 September 1926).
37. The *Journeyman*, "David and Goliath," the *Adelphi* (October 1923): 430.

- 514 38. Iris Barry, "Three Films," the *Adelphi*. (March 1924): 926–29; hereafter abbreviated "TF." Iris Barry, "The Woman of Paris," the *Adelphi* (April 1924): 1009–11; hereafter abbreviated "WP."
39. Iris Barry, "Comparison of the Arts," the *Spectator* 3 May 1924: 707; hereafter abbreviated "CA."
40. Iris Barry, "Hope Fulfilled" the *Spectator* 17 May 1924, ; hereafter abbreviated "HF".
41. "Warning Shadows," the *Spectator*, 15 November 1924; "Greed—a Film of Realism," the *Spectator*, 14 March 1925; "A Guide to New Films," the *Spectator*, 16 May 1925: 804–5; "Fairbanks Triumphant," the *Spectator*, 20 March 1926.
42. "The Cinema: Of British Films," the *Spectator*, 14 November 1925: 870–1.
43. "Sublimity Versus Vulgarity," the *Spectator*, 11 October 1924: 501–2.
44. "Progress is Being Made," the *Spectator*, 14 February 1925: 235–6.
45. "Sublimity Versus Vulgarity"; "The Peter Pan Film," the *Spectator*, 24 January 1925: 501–2, 15; "No More Classics," the *Spectator*, 6 February 1926: 214; "Back to Simplicity," the *Spectator*, 17 July 1926: 88.
46. "Hope Fulfilled," the *Spectator*, 17 May 1924: 788; "The Cinema: Of British Films," the *Spectator*, 14 November 1925: 870–1; "The Peter Pan Film": 115 "On Writing for Films," the *Spectator*, 7 August 1926: 208.
47. "The Necessity for Good Films," the *Spectator*, 24 October 1925: 672; "The Niebelungs," the *Spectator*, 14 June 1924: 955.
48. "American Prestige and British Films," the *Spectator*, 11 July 1925: 51–2; "The Cinema: Of British Films"; "The British Film Situation. II. The Plight and the Remedy," the *Spectator*, 9 January 1926: 43; "The British Film Situation. The Plight and the Remedy," the *Spectator*, 23 January 1926: 123–4.
49. "Progress is Being Made": 235–6; "A Change for the Better": 10; "American Prestige and British Films": 51–2.
50. "The Niebelungs," "Sublimity Versus Vulgarity," "Films We Do Not Want," the *Daily Mail*, 24 September 1926.
51. For pioneering studies of Bloomsbury in the British *Vogue*, see Jane Garrity, "Selling Culture to the 'Civilized': Bloomsbury, British *Vogue*, and the Marketing of National Identity," *Modernism/Modernity* 6 no. 2 (1999): 29–58; Jane Garrity, "Virginia Woolf, Intellectual Harlotry and 1920s British *Vogue*," *Virginia Woolf in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction*, ed. Pamela L. Caughie (New York: Garland Press, 2000): 185–218; and Nicola Luckhurst, *Bloomsbury in Vogue* (London: Cecil Woolf Bloomsbury Heritage), 1998.
52. The British *Vogue* film presence included Classified ads ("Can you act? A Film Career May Be Yours"), references to ladies of stage and screen in advertisements for Nestle permanent waves, cartoons and blurbs in the society columns, promotions for the Baby Ciné projector for children, faux diary society columns penned by an anonymous social butterfly *flâneuse* about London, the latest—including film—from Paris and on stage and screen around London, studio photos of Chaplin and Valentino, and more lengthy feature articles about cinema as an art.
53. [Editorial] *Vogue* (Early October 1925), liii.
54. "Seen on the Screen," *Vogue* (Late August 1924), 64.
55. Iris Barry, "The Scope of Cinema," *Vogue* (Late August 1924): 65, 76; hereafter abbreviated "SC."
56. Iris Barry, "The Autumn Cinema," *Vogue* (Late September 1924), 78.
57. *Ibid.*, 78.
58. Iris Barry, "The Cinema in Three Moods," *Vogue* (Early October 1924): 58; hereafter abbreviated "CT."
59. "Table of Contents," *Vogue* (Early January 1925), i.
60. Bonamy Dobrée, "Seen on the Stage," *Vogue* (Late December 1925): 64, 82; (Late April 1926): 51, 94; (Early December 1926): 74, 116, 118 and (Late December 1926): 42, 66.
61. "Paris Screens and Footlights," *Vogue* (Early January 1925): 37, 70.
62. *Ibid.*, 37.

63. “Paris Screens and Footlights: Two of the Latest Plays follow the old Traditions while an Extraordinary Film is the Newest Achievement of the Ultra-Modern School,” *Vogue* (Early February 1925): 63; “Paris Screens and Footlights: “The Ballet ‘Relâche’ and an Exciting Film at the Champs Elysées: Mme. Georgette Leblanc in ‘L’Inhumaine,’” *Vogue* (Early January 1925): 65.

64. Iris Barry, “The Cinema Continues to Improve,” *Vogue* (Late February 1925); hereafter abbreviated “CC.”

65. Iris Barry, “The Cinema,” *Vogue* (Early February 1926), 52–3; hereafter abbreviated “C.”

66. An unsigned feature article, “The Future of Cinema,” in *Vogue* (Early March 1926) (69) plays a significant role in the ongoing power struggle between mainstream and avant-garde film. A far cry from Barry’s celebration of all film, this writer does not find artistic merit in most films. And, Bonamy Dobrée’s “Seen on the Stage” highlights four stills from “Ballet Mécanique,” by Fernand Léger and Dudley Murphy, recently shown by the Film society (Bonamy Dobrée, “Seen on the Stage,” *Vogue* (Late April 1926): 51.

67. Iris Barry, “The Cinema,” *Vogue* (Early February 1926): 53.

68. Bryher, “More about Films,” review of *Let’s go to the Pictures* by Iris Barry, *Outlook*, 22 January 1927.

69. Margaret Barr, “The Belle of Bloomsbury” in *Remembering Iris Barry* (New York: Museum of Modern Art, 1980), 4.

70. “Progress is Being Made”: 235.

71. “On Writing for Films”: 208.

72. “The Films,” *Times Literary Supplement*, 9 December 1926: 904; hereafter abbreviated “F.”

73. Robert Herring “Publications,” the *London Mercury* (January 1927): 314; hereafter abbreviated “P.”

74. Iris Barry, “The Cinema: The Necessity for Good Films” the *Spectator*, 24 October 1925: 692.

75. Sidney Bernstein and Ivor Montagu, “Iris Barry,” *London Times*, 3 January 1970.