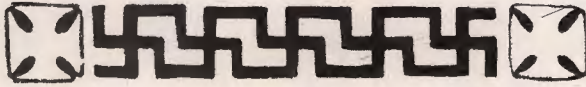


Triumph of the Will



OUTLINE OF TRIUMPH OF THE WILL

Wagnerian marching music.

Blank screen. Then: The eagle, emblem of the German Reich, Swastika.

Titles: TRIUMPH OF THE WILL

The documentary film of the Reichs-Party Meeting 1934 at Nuremberg.

Produced by the Fuehrer's order.

Created by Leni Riefenstahl.

September 5, 1934. 20 years after the outbreak of World War, 16 years after German woe and sorrow began, 19 months after the commencement of German renaissance, Adolf Hitler flew to Nuremberg again, to review the columns of his faithful adherents. (end titles)

Body of film:

An airplane, clouds, bird's-eye view of Nuremberg, of marching columns of Nazi storm troops. Music: *Horst Wessel* song.

Reception at aerodrome—cheering women and children. The door of the plane is opened. Hitler steps down, greets with military abruptness. Sees cheering crowds. Grave smile.

Hitler's car rolling through streets, between two rows of cheering crowds. Right arm lifted in right angle, set smile. Behind Hitler's car columns with men in various uniforms. The car rolls past famous buildings of medieval architecture. The car stops. A little girl, sitting on her mother's arm, offers some flowers to the Fuehrer, then lifts arm in Hitler salute. Faces of awed and smiling children. Cheers, cries. High narrow roofs.

Hitler standing erect in his car. His left hand which holds his cap is put against the windscreen of the car.

Uniformed orderlies surround the car. Soldiers with steel helmets standing to attention. Hitler, nodding, smiling, steps out. He enters the Hotel Deutscher Hof. The crowd cheers. Groups of chorus-speakers shouting "Heil Hitler" and "We want to see our leader."

Hitler standing at the window of his hotel room. He lifts his right arm to greet the cheering masses. He looks as if deeply moved. The screen is darkened.

Music, torch-light parade. Drums. The Flag of the German Reich. A serenade is being performed by a military band. Thick crowds of listeners are being gently pushed back by orderlies. The words "Heil Hitler" formed by electric bulbs, the silhouettes of soldiers in helmets are visible in the darkness. Music: military marching songs.

Dawn. Roofs. A window is being opened, a big swastika flag is flying in front of it. Innumerable flags and banners, hanging from the houses are seen flying in the morning wind. A view of the river Pegnitz and its arched bridges. The water, reflecting all these flags. Spires and towers. Chimes. *Meistersinger* music.

Bird's-eye view of rows of white tents. The music is changing into a reveille. Hitler Youth boys beating drums, blowing trumpets. Morning toilet in the open. Showers, laughter, noise. Campfire music. Youths pushing a wagon laden with wood to the field-kitchen for firing. Sausages, beans, soup in large dishes and bowls. Smiling lads crowding around the cook and his helpers for their morning rations of food. Camping Hitler Youth lads wrestling, racing; onlookers; a boy writing a postcard in front of his tent.



Concertina sounds. A man in peasant-costume carrying and playing a concertina, behind him a group of men, women and children in peasant costumes of various German districts: Franconian, Bavarian, Schwalm, Black-Forest costumes.

Hitler, reviewing the peasant group, is striding towards them. He holds out his hand to a woman in peasant costume. She is smiling up to him. He shakes hands with a young girl who beams at him and offers him flowers. Children and young girls are eagerly smiling at him. Handshakes, smiles, cheers.

Music: *Horst Wessel Lied*. * Flag-carriers, their profiles turned towards Hitler, parading past him. They stand to attention. Hitler stops to speak or to shake hands with each of them. Affable, fatherly smile. Grave nods. He steps into his car. Growing, frenzied cheers. Hess acknowledging cheers with Hitler salute.

* The *Horst Wessel* song was the official battle-song of the National Socialist Party. In English the text would be: "Let's raise our flag, close our ranks, storm troops march on with firmly-quiet steps. The shadows of the comrades killed by red-front and reactions are marching in our midst."

Interior of large dark hall. Emblem of the Reichs Eagle against banners and curtains, forming the background of a tribune. Meeting. Hess in uniform speaking on platform:

"I am opening this, our sixth party congress, in respectful remembrance of our General Field-Marshal and Reichspräsident von Hindenburg [the audience rises from the seats] who has passed on into eternity. We wish to remember the great Field-Marshal as the first soldier of the Great War, and by this, we are, at the same time, honoring our dead comrades.

"I wish to welcome the high representatives of foreign countries [close-ups of some foreign representatives] who are honoring the party by their presence, and, in sincere friendship, the representatives of our military forces, now under the leadership of our Fuehrer." Waves of applause. Hess, turning to Hitler, slowly as if worshipping:

"My Leader! Around you are gathered the flags and banners of this National Socialism. Their cloth will be threadbare when, looking back, people will be able to understand the greatness of this time and to conceive what you, oh Fuehrer, mean to Germany. You are Germany."

Hitler, stern and composed, is looking into the audience. Hess beamingly continues:

"When you are acting, the nation acts. When you are passing judgment, it is the German people that passes judgement. [Cheers] Our Thanks offering is our vow to stand by you for better and for worse, come what may!" Pause. Hess continuing:

"Thanks to your leadership, Germany will attain her aim to be the homeland of all the Germans of the world. [Wild applause] You have been the guarantor of our victory, you are our guarantor of peace." He steps back. Then shouts: "Heil Hitler, Victory Heil." Loud cheers and cries of "Heil Victory." Hess with uplifted right arm faces Hitler. Then Hitler shakes hands with him. Cheers, applause.

Excerpt from the Fuehrer's proclamation, read to the audience by Wagner:

"There is no permanent revolution that would not lead up to anarchy. Just as the world does not live on wars, the nations do not live on revolutions. Nothing great on this earth, lasting and dominating for mille-

niums, has been built up in decades. The higher a tree, the longer the time of its growth. Things that have to bear up against centuries can grow strong only during centuries."

Rosenberg speaks: "We trust in our young generation that will march on, destined to continue the work which

was founded in the stormy years of the Munich revolt and which today is incarnated by the entire nation."

Dietrich speaks: "Truth is the foundation on which the power of the Press stands and falls, and our only demand to the foreign press is to report the truth about Germany." Applause.

Todt speaks: "The construction of the automobile road system of the Reich has been started in 51 places. Although this is just the beginning, 52,000 men are already working at the construction of this road and another 100,000 men are occupied in the timber-yard, in the quarries, in the bridge-works."

Reinhardt: "Wherever we look, buildings go up everywhere. Everywhere values are being improved or newly created. Active life everywhere since last year and active life will continue in the future."

Darré (peasant-leader): "The health and welfare of the German peasant is the mainstay of internal and export trade and the foundation for prosperity in industry and economic life."

Streicher: "A people that does not attribute the highest value to racial purity must perish."

Ley: "One thought must dominate all our works: to make the worker a proud, upright and equal member of the nation."

Frank: "As head of German justice, all I can say is that for us our supreme leader also represents our supreme judge, and that we know that the principles of justice are sacred to our leader. Therefore, we can assure you that this National Socialist state is a bulwark of freedom and iron justice." Cheers.

Goebbels, with quick smile to the audience, then grave: "May the shining flame of our enthusiasm never be extinguished. This flame alone gives light and warmth to the creative art of modern political propaganda. Rising from the depth of the people, this art must always descend back to it, and find its power there. Power based on guns may be a good thing; it is, however, better and more gratifying to win the heart of a people and to keep it."

Hierl (Head of Labor-Front): "Today the German people has reached the psychic and mental maturity for the introduction of general labor-service conscription. We are waiting for the orders of our leader. Heil!"

Close-up of labor-front flag, bearing the emblem of spade and ear. Music, trumpets, horns.

Hitler is stepping forward on the platform. He salutes, shouting: "Heil, labor-men!"

Hierl continuing: "My Leader! 52,000 laborers are ready for your orders." Continued cheers and "Heil" cries.

A column of uniformed laborers is saluting Hitler with their spades. Drums, melodramatic music.

A chorus of uniformed labor-frontmen "From Silesia," lead by a speaker.

Chorus: "Here we stand, ready to step into the new era, into Germany."

Speaker: "Comrade, whence dost thou come?" One labor-man: "From Frisia." Speaker: "And thou?" "From Bavaria." "And thou?" "From Koenigsberg" "From Silesia" "From the Black Forest" "From the Rhine" "From the Danube" [pause] "and from the Sarre river."

Chorus: "One people, one leader, one realm, Germany! Today, united in work, we are in the quarries, in the sands, on the dikes of the North Sea. We are planting trees, large forests. We are building roads from village to village, from town to town. New fields we are gaining for the peasant. Forests, corn and bread—for Germany." Close-up of Hitler's profile. Trumpets. Drums.

Speaker and chorus singing: "We are the men of peasant-stock, faithful to our soil!" Drums.

Speaker: "We were not standing in the trenches nor were we under fire, and yet we are soldiers! We are the young people of this realm." Music, playing *I Had A Comrade*. Banners, held by young men in labor-front uniform, are being lowered in memoriam of famous battlefields of the World War.

Speaker: "At Tannenberg, at Verdun, at Liège." Each time the name of a place is pronounced, one banner is laid down. All stand to attention. "At the Somme river, in Flanders, in the West, in the East, in the South, on the seas, on land, and in the skies. Comrades!—shot dead by the reds and reactionaries [the flags are suddenly lifted], you are alive, in Germany!" Emotional silence. Close-up of Hitler, who in grave silence is looking at the various groups. He speaks:

"My labor-servicemen! It is the first time that you are standing here in this formation for review, under my eyes and thus under the eyes of the German people. You represent a great idea. We know that to millions of our people work will be a notion uniting all of them, and, particularly, that there will be no man living in Germany who will see something inferior in the work of the fist [manual labor] as compared to any other work. The whole nation will have to undergo your training. There will be a time at which no German will be able to grow into the community of the people unless he has been in *your* community first. In this hour, not only the hundreds of thousands at Nuremberg but the entire German realm is looking at you. And I know: just as you are serving this German realm in powerful devotion, Germany, in proud joy, will see you, her sons, marching!"

Music. Cannon-shots. The columns sing *We Are Work's Soldiers*. They are marching away.

Marching music. Torches. Silhouettes of stormtroopers in the dark. Cries of "Heil, Victory!" One storm-trooper officer, his profile visible, speaks to the storm-troops:

"Comrades! I remember the time when, in the first years of our movement, I marched as a stormtrooper with you in closed ranks. You stormtroopers have always known one thing only: Service for the Fuehrer!"

Acclamation. Cries of "Heil" and "We want our leader!" Music. Rockets in the darkness. Torchlight fire burning on a tribune. Silhouettes of stormtroopers, looking at the rockets.

Close-up of the mouth of a trumpet, of a drum. Flutes and fifes, played by youngsters of the Hitler Youth formation. Hitler comes. The boys cheer wildly. Hitler smiles and greets, his right hand lifted up in a right angle. He looks pleasantly touched. Hess, at his side, smiles. Hands, flags, cheers. Goebbels eyes the scene through his field-glasses. Hitler salutes the crowds. Hess and Schirach, leader of the Hitler Youth formations, are at his side.

Baldur von Schirach: "My leader, my comrades! Again the hour has come that makes us happy and proud. At your order, my leader, German youth is facing you—a young generation, that does not know notions like class and caste. Because you are the highest expression of unselfishness of this nation, this young generation wants to be unselfish too. Because you are the incarnation of faith for us, we too want to be faithful. Adolf Hitler, the leader of German youth, will speak."

Wild cheers and "Heil" cries. Hitler acknowledges this ovation by emphatic nods. He speaks:

"My German Youth! After one year I can welcome you here again. You are here again, in this shell a section only of what, outside of it, is spread all over Germany. We wish that you German boys and girls absorb in your minds all that we expect of Germany in times to come. We want to be one people and you, my German youth, are to become this people. In the future, we do not wish to see classes and tribes and you must not allow them to develop among you. We want to see one realm in days to come, and we must prepare for this time. We wish this people to be obedient, and you have to practise obedience. We wish this people to be peace-loving but also brave, and you will have to be peace-loving. [Cheers, profile of Hitler in inner emotion] You will have to be peace-loving and, at the same time, courageous. We wish to have no weaklings in this people, and you will have to harden yourselves for this task while you are young. You must learn to bear dangers without ever breaking down. For, whatever you do, we shall pass away, but in *you*, Germany will live on, and when nothing will be left of us, then you will have to hold the banner which we have lifted out of nothingness." He pauses.

"For you are flesh of our flesh, blood of our blood, and in your brain the same spirit which dominates us is at work. Only tied to us can you exist. And when the great



columns will march victoriously through Germany, then I know you will join these columns. [Applause] And we know: Germany is within ourselves, Germany is marching in us, and Germany is coming behind us." Among ovations. Hitler is shaking hands with Schirach.

Hitler standing erect in his car—waves, nods, salutes. The youths cheer him, stretching out their right arms. "Heil the leader" cries. Marching music. The car is passing between two rows of Hitler Youth formations who are giving the Nazi salute.

Flags. Profiles of Hitler and his suite. Hitler reviewing cavalry riding past him. Goering and a military dignitary next to him. Parade, tanks, mechanized forces, artillery troops. Cavalry music.

Clouds. Close-up of the Reichs Eagle. A forest of flags, bearing the swastika emblem, carried by invisible hands, seems to be marching. Floodlights at back, lightening the scene. Illuminated platform. Hitler standing on it salutes the flags with outstretched arm. He speaks:

"One year ago, the first meeting of the political leaders of the National Socialist Party took place on this field. Now, 200,000 men have assembled here, summoned by nothing but the order of their hearts, nothing but the commands of faithfulness. Our people's great distress seized us, united us in battle and made us fight and get strong. Therefore, all those who have not suffered the same misery among their own people, are unable to understand us. To them it seems a mysterious and incomprehensible thing that has led together hundreds of thousands and made them bear misery, suffering and privation. They think such a thing possible only at the order of the State. They are mistaken. It is not the State that orders us, but we that order the State. [Cheers, applause] It is not the State that has created us, but we that are creating our State." ["Heil" cries]

"Heil our movement! It lives, built on sound foundations and, up to the last breath, each of us will devote his entire strength to the movement, just as in the years gone. Drum to drum, banner to banner, guest to guest. Then, at last, this gigantic column of the united nation will lead together the people which had been disrupted and torn in the past. It would be a crime if we ever gave up what had to be achieved by so much labor, sorrows and sacrifices. [pause] You cannot be unfaithful to something that has given sense and meaning to your whole existence. All this would not be worthwhile, were it not directed by a great command. No earthly being has but our Lord, who has created us. Therefore, let us take a vow this evening, namely, at every hour, on each day, to think of Germany, of the nation, of the realm, of our German people. To our German people — Heil Victory. Heil Victory. Heil Victory!"

Cheers, black silhouette of the platform, lights, torches. Fifes, marching feet, hands holding torches: Hitler, right arm raised, is reviewing the parade. Emotional expression.

Reichs Eagle emblem. Open field with two rows of uniformed men seen from bird's-eye view. Broad white road between the rows. Three figures: Hitler, Himmler and *aide de camp* approaching pillar with wreath and flag lying on it. Commemoration of dead party members. Stopping short with outstretched right arms, they step back. Solemn music changing into *I Had A Comrade* tune. Flags are lowered. Fanfares. Officers of elite stormtroop formations, carrying banners, are marching towards the platform on which Hitler is standing. Marching forest of flags. Hitler, with crossed arms and dressed in stormtrooper blouse and breeches, looking on. Military banners, adorned with oakleaves. Drumbeaters. All stand still. Trumpet sounds. One of the officers with banner says:

"My leader! As in old times, when we did our duty, we shall also in future times wait solely for your orders. And we comrades-in-arms know only one thing: to execute the order of our leader. Our leader—Adolf Hitler, Victory Heil!" Crowd cheers.

Hitler speaks: "Men of the storm detachments and troops! A few months ago a dark shadow has spread over our movement. Neither the storm-troops nor any other institution of the party has anything to do with this shadow. All those are mistaken who believe that even the slightest trace of it has crept into our movement. And if anyone is sinning against the spirit of my storm-troops, this will not break the storm-troops but those who dare wrong my faithful ones."

Wild cheers. Hitler lifting his hand as if conducting an orchestra, in an effort to conduct the cheers: "Only a madman or deliberate liar can come to the conclusion that I or one of the others would dissolve what you have built up in many long years. No, comrades, we are firmly standing by this Germany, and we have to stand firmly by her.

"I trust you with the storm-banner, in the conviction that I am bestowing it on the most faithful hands that exist in Germany. For in days gone you have given thousandfold proof of your faith, and in the days to come it cannot be different, and it will not be different. ["Heil"-exclamations] And so I greet you, my old and faithful stormtroopers. Victory Heil, Victory Heil, Victory Heil."

Cannon-shots. Hitler inaugurates banners by touching them with the old battle flag of the party. He shakes hands with each flag-carrier. He looks grim and martial. *Horst Wessel* song is played.

Meistersinger music. Flags. Streets. Hitler in his car. Streets hemmed in with cheering crowds, chiefly women.

Decorated windows. People waving hands and small flags at windows. Hitler greets them with smiles and raised right hand. Noise, cheers.

Drums. Goose-stepping Elite troops marching past Hitler. Parade. High naval Officer salutes Hitler. Hitler and Goering, both wearing storm-trooper uniforms, salute. Hess. Reichs-labor-front detachments marching by, saluting the three men. A family looks out of the window of a medieval, flower-and-flag decorated house. Hitler with crossed arms, looking to right and left. Hitler raises his right arm. Close-ups of Ley and Hitler, profile-view.

Storm-troop officers marching past. Parade of military forces. Goose-stepping columns. Hitler salutes them. Motorized forces. People on wooden galleries rise from their seats.

The river Pegnitz reflecting the marching columns. Banner carriers. Nuremberg churches, roofs, monuments. Officers, labor-front men. Front view of Hitler saluting. People looking down from windows. City-gates. Vista of city-gates with leaving troops marching through.

Storm-troop bodyguards. Black Corps (Elite Guard) on parade. Himmler marching ahead of them. Handshake with Hitler. Crowds of spectators. Drummers of storm-troop formations. Goose-stepping stormtroopers. Reichs Eagle. Hitler in back and front view. Hess behind him, walking up to platform in large hall. Hitler and Hess greet audience with smiles. Hitler smiling, perspiring. Applause. Hall decorated with banners and flags. Music: Wagner's *Siegfried* motif. Giant swastika, banners, forming background of platform. Hess stepping forward on platform, says:

"The leader speaks." Frenzied applause. Hitler, immobile, waits for the noise to die down. He clears his throat, then starts:

"The sixth party-meeting of our movement is coming to its close. What may have been but an impressive spectacle, a display of political power for millions of Germans who are not in our ranks, has meant inexpressibly more to the thousands of fighters: the meeting of the old comrades-in-arms!—and perhaps one or the other among you, in spite of the compelling greatness of this troop-review of our party, may have thought back with some wistfulness to those days when it was not an easy thing to be a National Socialist." Pause, applause.

Gesticulating with his right hand: "When our party consisted of only seven men, it already voiced two principles, the first being that this should be a true people's party and the second that it should be the sole and only power in Germany.

"As a party we had to remain a minority, because, at all times, the most valuable elements of fighting and sacrifice have been those who, in the nation, were in the

minority, not in the majority. And because these men, the best of the German nation, claimed the leadership of the realm in proud knowledge of their own value, with pride and courage, the people in large numbers have accepted this leadership and supported it." Holding both arms to his sides, he pauses. Close-up chrysanthemums at the right of platform and Hitler.

Continuing with diplomatic, man-of-the-world gestures, raising his left hand: "The German people is happy to know that the eternally changing phases of events have now been definitely replaced by a resting pole." These words are accompanied by wave-like movements of both hands.

With clenched fist: "At all times, only one part of the people will consist of really active fighters. The demands upon them are heavier than those upon the millions of comrades. Mere acceptance is not enough for them. Their motto is: 'I fight.'"

Prolonged cheering. Pointing with his right hand into his audience: "For all times the party will represent the political leading elite of the German people. Unchangeable in its doctrine, hard as steel in its organization, supple and adaptable in its tactics, in its entirety, however, a stronghold."

Moving his clenched fist up and down: "All, decent Germans are National Socialists. Only the best National Socialists are party comrades." "Heil" cries. Hitler is pausing with arms akimbo.

With contemptuous voice and gestures: "In the past our enemies took care of sifting the chaff from the wheat by waves of prohibition and persecution. Today, we must do the mustering and eliminate those who have proved bad and therefore do not belong to us." Accompanied by abrupt gesture, as if tossing off something.

Putting right hand on his heart: "It is our wish and our will that this State and this realm may last in the milleniums to come. [Close-up of soldiers in helmets] We may be happy in the knowledge that this future is entirely ours!"

Opening his arms with rapt gesture: "While the older generation may still be unstable, the young generation is ours, body and soul." In deep emotion, raising his hands in visionary gesture and finally placing them upon his heart: "Only if we are able to make the party the highest embodiment of National Socialist thought and spirit, this party will be an eternal and indestructible pillar of the German people and of our realm. Then our magnificent, glorious army will enter the service of the party which then will be steadied by its tradition, and these two will educate the German people and carry on their shoulders the German State, the German realm!"

With clipped, military voice and gestures: "At this hour, many of our party-members are already leaving

this town. And while many of them will still be revelling in recollections of these days, others will be busy already to prepare the next meeting. And again people will come and go, and again they will be moved and inspired, for our ideal and our movement are the living expression of our people, and therefore [moving clenched fist up and down] Heil to the National Socialist movement, Heil to Germany." Continuous, roaring "Heil" cries in the audience. Goering nods his head in agreement, apparently overcome by emotion. Hess looks rapt and solemn, also Hitler. Hess tries to speak but has to wait for the cheering to die down, then says:

"The party is Hitler; Hitler, however, is Germany, just as Germany is Hitler. Hitler Heil! Heil Victory, Heil Victory, Heil Victory."

The *Horst Wessel* song is played. All rise from their seats and join in the singing. Goering, amid the others, seen singing the *Horst Wessel* song. Outstretched right arms, rapt faces.

Gigantic swastika. Marching columns under clouds.

KKK



If there is any one film that can lay claim to being the most important in the history and development of the motion picture, surely **THE BIRTH OF A NATION** must have that distinction. It is the most written about film ever produced, and premiered at the Liberty Theatre in New York at a \$2.00 admission charge in the days when movies were a nickelodeon novelty. It had a specially composed musical score played by a full orchestra.

THE BIRTH OF A NATION is a story of the Civil War and the Reconstruction, based on the novel "The Clansman" by Thomas Dixon. Its battle scenes were staged on a scale undreamed of, and even today are impressive and tremendously effective. Historical events such as Sherman's march to the sea, the burning of Atlanta and the assassination of Lincoln are presented with painstaking care.

Director

D. W. Griffith drew upon all the technical devices of motion picture making that had been used before as well as his own innovations: the film uses close-ups, fade-outs, "pan" shots, moving camera and inter-cutting of parallel actions. Combined with the remarkable photography of G. W. Bitzer, it established the motion picture as a new form of dramatic expression and persuasive entertainment. Starred are Henry B. Walthall, Mae Marsh, Lillian Gish, Wallace Reid and Donald Crisp.

THE BIRTH OF A NATION has been the subject of a constant controversy since its original premiere.

Negro stereotypes and glorification of the Ku Klux Klan have caused many groups to protest its showing to the general public, but whatever its historical importance to the cinema is unchallenged.

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