

On the Waterfront

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Foreword by

BUDD SCHULBERG



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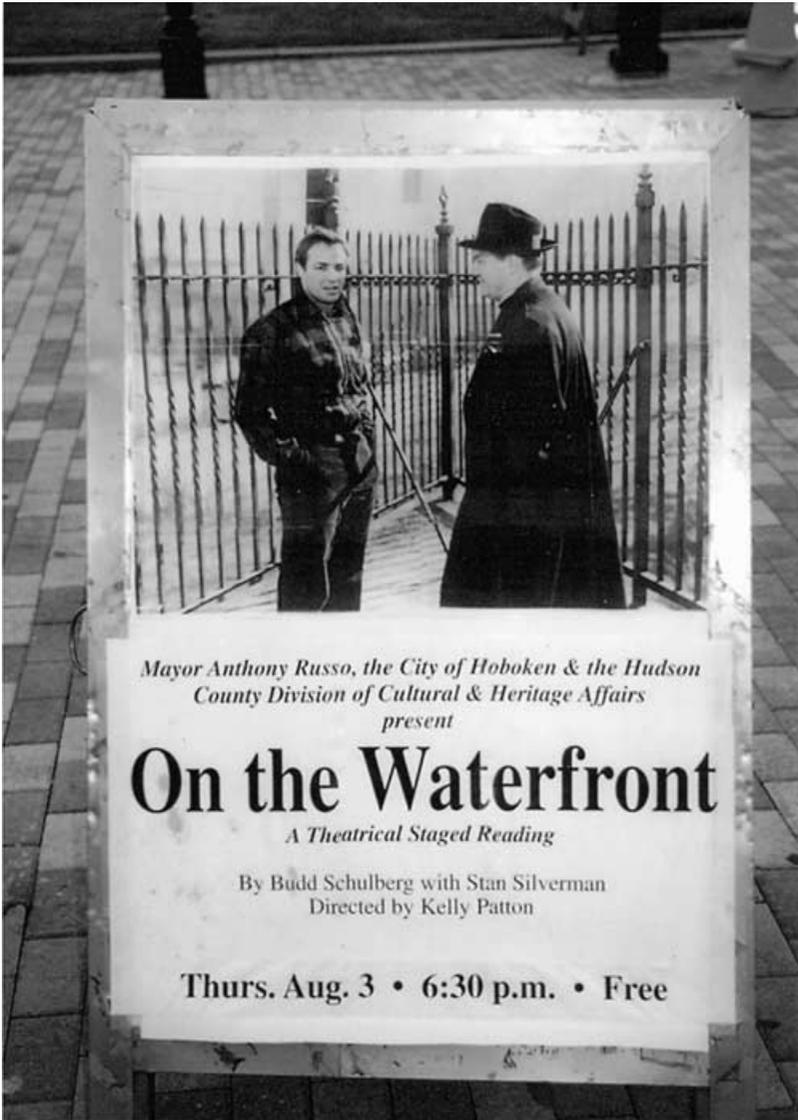
Introduction: “The Mysterious Way of Art”

Making a Difference in *On the Waterfront*

On August 3, 2000, at the Frank Sinatra Amphitheater on the Hoboken waterfront where *On the Waterfront* was shot, screenwriter Budd Schulberg was honored for his work on that film and for his contributions to the cultural life of this now beautiful and thriving community. A plaque has been placed where the piers once stood, marking the location of the filming of this landmark motion picture. With the gray light over the New York skyline as a backdrop, the play, *On the Waterfront*, adapted by Budd Schulberg and Stan Silverman from the film and novel, was given a staged reading to a largely local audience that included some people who had been on hand almost fifty years ago when cast and crew endured cold weather and a hostile waterfront environment to create the work that is the subject of this book.

On the Waterfront won eight Academy Awards in the spring of 1955 (it was nominated for eleven): Best Picture, Screenplay, Direction, Cinematography, Editing, Art Direction, Actor (Marlon Brando), and Supporting Actress (Eva Marie Saint). One of the awards it did *not* receive was for Leonard Bernstein's remarkable score, as Jon Burlingame discusses in his essay in this volume. Both Kazan and Schulberg have expressed some reservations about the music. “It put the picture on the level of almost operatic melodrama here and there. That's the only thing I object to” (Young 183).*

* References cited may be found in the section Selected Critical Bibliography at the end of this book.



1A. The Advertisement for the Theatrical Staged Reading of *On the Waterfront* in Hoboken, New Jersey, Thursday, August 3, 2000.

The film is number eight on the American Film Institute's greatest 100 American films of the 20th century, and even people who have not seen it recognize such lines as "I coulda been a contender." Many reviews at the time it opened [some included in this volume]



1B. Budd Schulberg speaking at the event. (Courtesy of Joanna E. Rapf)

recognized its greatness. *The Saturday Review* began quite simply: "Let me say right off that *On the Waterfront* (Columbia) is one of the most exciting films ever made in the United States" (25). The *New Yorker* described it as "galvanic" (52), while *Newsweek* got to the heart of its intensity as "a story of violence, of the hand and of the heart, that moves with the uncomfortable beat of a rising pulse. It is melodrama that transcends itself, its violence set off against striking depictions of love, corporal and spiritual" (78).

Although the auteur theory has led to the unfortunate habit of talking about a movie in terms of its director, this *Handbook* will stress the fact that making motion pictures is a collaborative art. *On the Waterfront* is a film that beautifully illustrates not only the importance of direction, but of script, cinematography, acting, art direction, editing, sound, music, and of that intangible, essential quality behind all great films: having something to say.

In putting this book together, I have been inspired not only by the brilliant collaboration that produced an undisputedly great film, but also by the fact that the screenwriter of this film is still a fervent fighter for social causes, including recognition of the writer who is too often hidden as only a name on a rolling list of credits

where the director takes the possessive. My personal connection is reflected in this book's dedication to Budd Schulberg and to my father, Maurice Rapf, his best friend and Emeritus Director of Film Studies at Dartmouth College. Budd and Maurice grew up together in Hollywood during the 1920s as studio brats, one the son of Paramount executive and producer, B. P. Schulberg, and the other the son of MGM vice-president and producer, Harry Rapf. The bosses' sons were inseparable. With the studios as their playground, they had access to costumes, sets, and a world of make-believe that was the stuff of dreams. They raised racing pigeons together (a hobby later incorporated into *On the Waterfront*), and as young men began a lifelong enthusiasm for sports, especially the opportunity to wager on college football in the fall. They even ended up at Dartmouth College together, and took a memorable trip to the Soviet Union in 1934. Both became outspoken leftists. After graduation, they began careers as writers, initially sharing the difficulties of working on the script of *Winter Carnival* (1939). In Hollywood, they participated in Marxist study groups, and Budd began the novel that was to become one of the great American books about a movie producer, *What Makes Sammy Run?* (1941). In his testimony to the House Un-American Activities Committee on May 23, 1951, he says his break with the Communist Party was triggered when John Howard Lawson and others associated with the Party in Hollywood told him that he could be released from his weekly assignments only if they approved the plan of the novel and oversaw its writing. This insistent pressure on his freedom as a writer was an anathema.

I decided I would have to get away from this if I was ever to be a writer. I decided to leave the group, cut myself off, pay no more dues, listen to no more advice, indulge in no more political literary discussions, and to go away from the Party, from Hollywood, and try to write a book, which is what I did.¹

Ultimately, it was his testimony before the HUAC that also caused a painful break with my father who, although he never testified, was blacklisted and remained a committed leftist. Happily, the two men reunited in the 1960s when their sons enrolled at their alma mater, Dartmouth College, and they renewed a friendship that lasts to this day. Budd, a "liberal anticommunist," and my dad, an "unrepentant

reactionary Communist," show that ultimately labels don't matter. Shared roots, a love of family, over eighty years of memories create a bond of friendship that transcends the vagaries of politics and human frailty.

Although Schulberg became disillusioned with the Communist Party, especially over its treatment of writers in the Soviet Union, he has remained a "leftist," committed to social causes, to making this world a better place, to fighting injustice, bigotry, racial intolerance. Perhaps his greatest legacy, besides his novels and the screenplay for *On the Waterfront*, will be the Watts Writers' Workshop in Los Angeles and the Frederick Douglas Creative Arts Center in New York where disadvantaged young people are supported in their creative work. He truly has changed people's lives and contributed significantly to the social, cultural, and literary wealth of the 20th century.

In the foreword to this *Handbook*, he writes about the importance of films that do not merely entertain, but "seek to stir our social conscience and make a difference." Obviously, *On the Waterfront* is such a film, as all the contributors to this volume agree. However, their perspectives are various, and not all flattering. Scholars, living above the trenches, sometimes have the reputation of being disconnected from the blood and guts of making a film. Schulberg is refreshingly critical of some of the essays in this book, and his perspective allows us to reflect on the difference between the way an author thinks of his work and the way we receive it.

Unlike Schulberg, who came from Hollywood royalty, the other man who might be termed an "author" of *On the Waterfront*, Elia Kazan, was an immigrant's son. He was four when his Greek parents came to this country from Turkey and settled in New York where his father became a successful rug merchant. He tells of this background in *America, America* (1963), based on his own largely autobiographical novel. A year after graduating from Williams College, and a stint at the Yale School of Drama, Kazan joined the Group Theatre in New York which had been founded by Harold Clurman, Lee Strasberg, and Cheryl Crawford in 1931 (for the history of Kazan and the Group, see the essay by David Thomson). During the Great Depression the Communist Party was attractive to artists and intellectuals looking for a better world. Kazan became a member in the summer of 1934. For the House Un-American Activities Committee

in 1952, he explained his reasons this way:

... it seemed to me at that time that the Party had at heart the cause of the poor and unemployed people whom I saw on the streets about me. I felt that by joining, I was going to help them, I was going to fight Hitler, and, strange as it seems today, I felt that I was acting for the good of the American people.

(Bentley 486)

Like Schulberg, Kazan has always had a social conscience. In the early 1930s he had hoped for social revolution and admired Franklin Delano Roosevelt. In hindsight, he now feels progress comes about “through resolution of dissension. When a problem is resolved, there’s a tiny step forward” (Young 177). His disillusionment with the Party came when he was “tried” for refusing to follow orders to instigate a strike in the Group Theatre. Although for many years after he says he still believed in the ideals of Communism, he wanted nothing more to do with American Communists, and he left the Party in the spring of 1936. Then the Stalin – Hitler pact shattered any idealism he had about the USSR.²

By 1950, Kazan was probably the most influential stage director in New York, with productions of Arthur Miller’s *All My Sons* in 1947 and *Death of a Salesman* in 1949, and Tennessee Williams’s *A Streetcar Named Desire* in 1947. In 1947 he cofounded the Actors Studio with Lee Strasberg, bringing the Stanislavski-based “Method” to the forefront of American theater. The Method, as Kazan sees it, involves “turning psychology into behavior. . . . You have to show what is being felt through behavior” (Young 150, 161). A number of the actors later to appear in *Waterfront* were students of Kazan’s, including Marlon Brando, Eva Marie Saint, Lee J. Cobb, and Rod Steiger. He was “the white-haired-boy director,” walking Broadway with a swagger, the king of the great white way.³

He also had a successful career in films, having directed a sensitive rendition of Betty Smith’s novel, *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*, in 1945. Three films he did for Darryl F. Zanuck at 20th Century-Fox stand out even today for their courage in dealing with difficult and controversial issues: *Boomerang!* (1947), a look at what happens when a man is unjustly accused of murder; *Gentlemen’s Agreement* (1947), about anti-Semitism; and *Pinky* (1949), about racism. Kazan had a

well-deserved reputation for caring about issues of morality, social justice, responsibility, and conscience. And it is because of this reputation that his cooperation with the House Un-American Activities Committee during its probe into Communist infiltration in the entertainment industry was so surprising to many (see the essays by Neve and Thomson). But he clearly acted out of conscience, a belief – perhaps stronger for his immigrant roots – that he was doing what he should as a “citizen.” He explores these ideas fully in his autobiography, *A Life*.

With both the writer and director of *On the Waterfront* having “named names,” Schulberg in 1951 and Kazan in 1952, it is inevitable that their film has been “read” as a defense of their actions. All the essays in this book touch on this issue in one way or another, but the consensus remains that if you did not know about the personal backgrounds of Schulberg and Kazan, it would be a stretch to see *Waterfront* as a commentary on testimony before the HUAC. As Lance Lee stresses in examination of the screenplay, “it is the work that counts,” comparing *Waterfront*’s greatness as a script to the greatness of Shakespeare’s plays. In both cases, their significance need not have anything to do with the lives of the men who wrote them.

Both Schulberg and Kazan had been working on waterfront stories before they testified, and for Schulberg especially, his focus was clearly on combating corruption on the New York/New Jersey waterfront. Kazan, on the other hand, *has* drawn a parallel between himself and Terry Malloy and the issue of testifying. In his autobiography, *A Life* (1988), he writes quite openly: “*On the Waterfront* was my own story; every day I worked on that film, I was telling the world where I stood and my critics to go and fuck themselves” (529). Yet in spite of this, the primary importance of the film is *not* that it’s a reflection of the political turmoil of postwar America, but that it is, simply, a great film, a work of art. One of the aims of the essays in this volume is to explain why.

If we look at the film’s preproduction history as a road map, there are two distinct paths that converge and lead to the collaboration of Schulberg and Kazan. First there is Malcolm Johnson’s Pulitzer Prize – winning series of articles for the *New York Sun*, “Crime on the Waterfront,” exposing union corruption on the docks of New York. In 1950 the articles appeared as a book and Budd Schulberg was asked

by fledgling film producer Joseph Curtis, a nephew of Columbia's Harry Cohn, to write a script based on the material. Robert Siodmak tentatively agreed to direct. The resulting script, also called *Crime on the Waterfront*, was finished in the spring of 1951. Schulberg describes doing research for the script in his *New York Times* article, "Waterfront: From Docks to Film," also included in this volume. He writes of hanging out in waterfront bars, drinking with, and gaining the confidence and respect of, the local longshoremen by talking boxing, a sport he loved and knew well (he had not only written a novel about boxing, *The Harder They Fall* (1947), but had comanaged a fighter). He learned first-hand about corrupt unions, run by mob bosses who hobnobbed with New York politicians, about "the shape-up," the bribery, the code of "D 'n D" ("I don't know nuthin', I ain't seen nuthin', I ain't sayin' nuthin'"), the fear, the violence. In cities like Hoboken it was hard to tell where politics ended and the rackets began. It was a system based on a three-way collusion of corrupt unions, the racketeers, and the shipping companies, all greasing the hands of local politicians. And Schulberg met the waterfront priests who championed the rights of the downtrodden longshoremen in whose bars he drank and whose homes he visited. He focuses in particular on Father John Corridan of the lower West Side, who became the model for Father Barry in the film. He describes him this way in the *New York Times* piece: "I got to know Father Corridan, a rangy, fast-talking, chain-smoking West Side product who talks the darndest language I ever heard, combining the gritty vocabulary of the longshoremen with mob talk, the statistical findings of a trained economist and the teachings of Christ."⁴

With a writer's ear, Schulberg picked up the language of the waterfront from the priests to the workers to the mob, and incorporated it into the dialogue of his script. But due to financial problems, this initial version of the waterfront story was never made, and the rights to Johnson's book, *Crime on the Labor Front*, reverted to Schulberg (see Georgakas for a full account).

The second path begins with Arthur Miller. In 1949 he was looking for a new project and became interested in the on-going waterfront struggles. He undoubtedly read Malcolm Johnson's articles, but Miller researched and wrote about the mob killing of a man named Peter Panto who tried to organize longshoremen in Brooklyn's Red

Hook district in the 1930s and whose body was dumped in the East River.⁵ Because of their common interest in such social problems as union corruption, Miller talked to his friend Kazan about collaborating on a film. The resulting screenplay called *The Hook* was drafted between February of 1949 and the summer of 1950.⁶ The title refers both to the Red Hook district of the Brooklyn waterfront, the setting for the film, and the longshoremen's hook. But like Schulberg's first script, this one too was never made. Miller pulled out when Harry Cohn of Columbia Pictures, on the advice of Roy Brewer of the Motion Picture Alliance for the Preservation of American Ideals, suggested that it would be politically expedient to turn the waterfront mobsters into communists. In *Ciment*,² Kazan says he got a phone call from Miller saying he didn't want to do the picture" (102). He told Jeff Young, "I asked why, and he said he couldn't tell me. He never explained it" (125), but in *A Life*, Kazan elaborates the story in detail (410–415), and both Georgakas and Thomson discuss it in their essays in this volume.

In *A Life* Kazan credits his wife, Molly, with the idea of contacting Budd Schulberg (486). Kazan had fallen out with Arthur Miller. *The Hook* had just been the first straw; Kazan's friendly testimony before the HUAC was the last. Schulberg had not met Kazan before when he got a phone call from him in the spring of 1952 at his Bucks County Pennsylvania farm. They spent a weekend together, discussing possible projects, and decided on the waterfront subject since they had a common interest there and Schulberg had his unproduced screenplay and the rights to Malcolm Johnson's book.

Schulberg began by continuing his on-site waterfront research that he describes as "a year-long experience that I shared with Kazan" ("Afterword" to the script of *On the Waterfront* 145). All during this time he was also writing articles for *Commonweal*, *The New York Times Magazine*, and *The Saturday Evening Post* about the longshoremen and their fight against the corrupt bosses who controlled their lives. He was their advocate; their cause became his cause. When Budd was ready to sit down and write the script, Kazan took a break from the project and went to work with Tennessee Williams on *Camino Real*, a successful production that reestablished him professionally. He came out of it, he says, "with a full tank of gas; my energy was back" (*A Life* 506).

The script went through at least eight drafts. Even the shooting script which Kazan annotated as he was preparing the film (dated June 28, 1953 in the Archives at Wesleyan) is still called "The Golden Warriors," and many of the characters do not yet have their final names – Johnny Friendly, for example, is still Mickey Friendly. Initially, the script was rejected by Darryl Zanuck at 20th Century-Fox, to whom Kazan still owed a picture. It is Zanuck who reputedly said, "Who's going to care about a lot of sweaty longshoremen?" ("Afterword" 147). Then Warner Brothers said no, followed by Paramount and MGM. This is 1953, the height of anticommunist hysteria in this country, and a script that some now see as a justification for informing was, paradoxically, seen by the studios as "pink," prolabor, prounion, maybe even "red."

Sam Spiegel, maverick independent producer who still went by the pseudonym "S. P. Eagle," came to the rescue and took on the project, eventually getting Columbia Pictures to distribute it. A fugitive from Hitler's Germany in 1933, he had just done *The African Queen* with John Huston and the British production, *Melba*, directed by Lewis Milestone. Spiegel was an expert at wheeling and dealing in Hollywood. After Marlon Brando initially returned the *Waterfront* script, turning down the role of Terry Malloy, Kazan had contacted Frank Sinatra for the part – "He spoke perfect Hobokenese" (*A Life* 515) – but Spiegel managed to maneuver Marlon Brando into reconsidering. At the time, Brando was a much bigger star than Sinatra and that would help with financing. He had made *A Streetcar Named Desire* (1951) and *Viva Zapata* (1952) with Kazan, but said that because of the HUAC testimony he now would not work with him. Spiegel convinced him otherwise and today his Oscar-winning performance of a mumbling, touching, anguished, lonely orphan, a fighter whose swagger covers inner doubt, is the most memorable aspect of this film. Kazan has written "If there is a better performance by a man in the history of film in America, I don't know what it is. . . . what was extraordinary is the contrast of the tough-guy front and the extreme delicacy and gentle cast of his behavior" (*A Life* 517).

The "Eagle," as he was known, was a stickler for script, a "bear for structure," who found *Waterfront* long and discursive ("Afterword" 141). The seemingly endless rewrites infuriated the screenwriter who, at one point, walked out. Draft number 6, simply titled "Waterfront,"

contains this notation in Schulberg's handwriting: "Revised script as of approx. Oct. 1, following Spiegel – Kazan suggestions for 'substantial reconstruction of continuity line'."⁷ In *A Life*, Kazan comments, "the script kept improving – growing shorter and tighter," until it became "a model screenplay, a near perfect piece of work" (518). Lance Lee's essay in this volume explains why.

The film was shot during the winter of 1953–54 with Boris Kaufman as cinematographer (see Chown's essay for a discussion of the decision to shoot the film in black and white and for Kaufman's contributions). Brother of Dziga Vertov and Mikhail Kaufman, both filmmakers and cameramen, he learned his craft with his brothers as part of the Soviet Kino – Pravda group. But in 1928 he went to France with his parents. There, he collaborated with Jean Vigo on all three of that cult figure's films (*A propos de Nice* [1930], *Zéro de conduite* [1933], and *L'Atalante* [1934]) before coming to the United States in 1942. He gained a reputation as an artist with b&w cinematography. He liked the soft shadows of early morning and late afternoon light, clear days for long shots and cloudy days for close-ups when diffuse light helps to bring out facial features. In an interview in this volume he talks about the problems of maintaining uniformity in the visuals while shooting this film for two-and-a-half months on the docks of Hoboken, New Jersey during the "worst months of the year – with rain, fog, and sunshine." Kazan says simply:

When we were filming *Waterfront*, one premise I set with him right away was that I didn't want to make the skyline of New York picturesque. Don't stress it. He gave me some real beauty, the kind of beauty that we like. He had a lot of guts, in the cold with a rebellious crew. He did a terrific job, and I admire him.

(Young 181–182)

Kazan's enthusiasm for this project was, from the start, related to his personal situation – "It was my reply to the beating I'd taken" (*A Life* 488) – but for Budd the film was an ongoing crusade against waterfront corruption. He followed the Senate Committee hearings headed by Senator Estes Kefauver on the corruption of the International Longshoremen's Association, hearings that eventually forced Governor Dewey, who had, like other politicians, been in thick with crooked longshore-union officials, to set up the New York State Crime

Commission. Every day, for forty days in 1953, Schulberg attended these hearings which revealed in graphic and sickening detail the sordid conditions on the New York waterfront. As he told Kazan, "I felt that life was writing the end of our film" (*Tikkun* Interview 9). There is a difference between being an informer, a "stool pigeon," a "rat" – and being a "whistle blower," as Jeff Chown discusses. It is clear that for Schulberg, the kind of testifying demanded of his character, Terry Malloy, was absolutely essential to cleaning up the hellish conditions under which the longshoremen worked on the New York waterfront.

Although *Waterfront* is Terry's story – and this was Kazan's affinity, as discussed below – Schulberg's interest was, from the start, the waterfront priest, Father Corridan in real life, Father Barry in the film, the "fast-talking, chain-smoking" man of God for whom the New York docks become his parish. He went on to write a novel, *Waterfront* (1955), and the play mentioned at the beginning of this essay in which the priest is the main character and Terry dies at the end. In discussing this book, Schulberg highlights his emphasis: "... the violent action line of Terry Malloy is now seen for what it is, one of the many moral crises in the spiritual – social development of Father Barry" (*The Saturday Review* 6). His focus is religious in scope, universal in his desire to reveal social injustice and to help to bring about equal opportunity to the workingmen and women of the New York waterfront.

Kazan, on the other hand, individualizes the story of the film: "This is about Terry! A Boy becomes a citizen! A man finds his DIGNITY AGAIN" (PN). Under the heading "Theme" in his Production Notebook, he jotted down for himself: "The Biggest loyalty a man has is to all the people, which in a Democracy, is the state. The Biggest obligation a man has is to be a *citizen*" (PN, italics mine), and for this son of immigrant parents, being a "citizen" means being a "man," but, "A man is not a man without pride and belief in himself" (PN). Describing the character Brando is to play, he writes to the actor that Schulberg's priest, Father Barry, never really comes to like Terry in the story, but Terry himself "goes out to REGAIN his Dignity and self esteem and he does – the HARD way. That is the personal story. A Bum becomes a man. That's it" (PN). And the central action in reclaiming his manhood is his decision to testify, a decision that has a double edge. It is, of course, crucial to the social drama of the

film – and to actual waterfront conditions – but it also relates directly to Kazan's own personal drama.

It was in the spring of 1952 that Kazan testified before the HUAC, and he and Schulberg began work on the *Waterfront* project shortly thereafter. There is no question that Kazan believed he did the right thing in testifying; like Schulberg, he wanted to fight the Communist Party's influence in the arts. He talks extensively about this in his autobiography, but admits that for a year after (the year during which *Waterfront* was being prepared), he felt enormous "shame and guilt" (*A Life* 466).

"I decided to stand alone. . ." (485)

"... the important thing is to fortify
and uphold one's sense of worth." (820)

His descriptions of Terry in the Production Notebook for *Waterfront* reverberate with these same emotions. For him, the film is "a study of the psychological anatomy of guilt" and of how "shame and guilt are replaced by self-reliance and dignity" (PN). And that key word "dignity" is everywhere in his notes. Terry had allowed himself to be exploited by both his brother, Charley, and his father figure, Johnny Friendly. Kazan explains, "Unconsciously, he is beginning to realize that Friendly and Charley degraded his dignity and castrated his sense of self-worth" (PN). He describes Terry's desperation, and underlines these words: "He wants his dignity Back!" (PN), and a few pages later:

... He wants his dignity back. He wants his
self-respect back. He's not going to be cowed
any more. ... He wants his dignity back. ...
He testifies! (PN)

Under the heading "Theme": "This Motion Picture is about one thing only: a Young man who has let his dignity slip away, and regains it!" (PN).

He compares Johnny Friendly (still "Mickey" in this version of the script) to such leaders in the American Communist Party as Jack [John Howard] Lawson and V. J. Jerome, and he sees Terry's rebellion [like his own] as against their authority. And underlined in pencil, with an arrow for emphasis: "What suffers most on the waterfront

from the shape-up etc. is an intangible quantity know as the dignity of man! dignity of man! dignity of man!"

The film begins as Terry Malloy (Marlon Brando), ex-boxer, brother of Charley Malloy (Rod Steiger) who is union leader Johnny Friendly's (Lee J. Cobb) right-hand man, is set up as an accomplice to the murder of Joey Doyle. The Union wants to make sure that Doyle doesn't "rat" to the cops on its illegal activities. Terry is stricken with guilt for his part in what he thought was going to be just "a little working over." Joey's sister, Edie (Eva Marie Saint) lashes out at Father Barry for not doing anything about crime on the waterfront – "Was there ever a saint who hid in the Church?" – setting up the arc for the priest's growth into a social activist. Edie meets Terry during the shape-up on the dock when he and her father, Pop Doyle, scuffle over a tab to work, and the first hint of his guilt-induced softening comes as he hands the tab over to Edie for her father. Father Barry, enraged at the system of the shape-up, suggests the longshoremen use the church as a safe meeting place "to talk." Terry is then recruited by his brother Charley to go to this meeting as a "spy" for Johnny Friendly, to give him the "names and numbers of all the players." This is Terry's first mission as a stool pigeon, and he's uncomfortable about it: "You make a pigeon out of me." His brother clarifies the distinction: "Stooling is when you rat on your friends, on the guys you're with." Terry will spend the rest of the film learning who his friends really are.

At the church, Terry rescues Edie from the Mob goons who attack the meeting and he walks her home. Here we have the famous scene where Edie drops her white glove and Terry picks it up and absent-mindedly puts it on his own hand, "suggesting both an intimacy and an awkward experimentation . . . with a different view of life," as Brian Neve writes in his essay on Kazan. Kenneth Hey is more specific, suggesting that it's "almost as if he were about to 'try out' her moral values. He had worn boxing gloves for the mobsters, and he will now try to fit into the white glove of virtue" (178). This scene may also contain one of the most romantic lines in the history of the movies: "You grew up very nice."⁸

Guilt and the stirrings of tender feelings toward another human being begin to work on Terry. In the Production Notebook, Kazan suggests that Terry's "need for purity and tenderness and love" has, up to this point, had its outlet only in the racing pigeons he raises. Now,

he observes "Something's beginning to come to life within Terry." When Kayo Dugan is killed in the ship's hold by the Mob for agreeing to testify before the Crime Commission, Terry's guilt and confusion grow to the point that he turns to Father Barry for help. He has already been served a subpoena, but he's told Edie, "I won't eat cheese for no cops, that's for sure." But as he listens to Father Barry's long "sermon," the one that Spiegel wanted to cut because it was too much talk and that Schulberg and Kazan fought to keep in the film (see Georgakas's essay and Schulberg's foreword), he's deeply affected by such lines as "Every time the mob puts the crusher on a good man – tries to stop him from doing his duty as a citizen – it's a crucifixion." Remember that Kazan wrote in the Production Notebook: "the Biggest obligation a man has is to be a citizen." It is only when Terry finally does "his duty as a citizen" and testifies, that the "Bum becomes a man" (PN).

Terry goes to Father Barry to confess about setting up Joey Doyle. Although the Father says he is not going ask him "to do anything" – "It's your own conscience that's got to do the asking" – he makes it clear that Terry needs to tell Edie and that he needs to testify against Johnny Friendly and his gang.

Edie learns the truth about Terry's role in her brother's death as she and Terry stand in the chill air of the waterfront. Their voices are masterfully drowned out by a ship's whistle, its high-pitched wail an aural echo of the inner anguish of both young people, and in Kaufman's cloudy day close-ups we see the pain on their faces. It's now clear that Terry is on the verge of testifying and the mob is worried. His brother, Charley, tries to convince Johnny Friendly to go easy on him. Friendly tells him to bring Terry to 437 River Street where they'll go over him to find out if he's a "canary" or if he's "D 'n D." The famous cab scene follows, the "I coulda been a contender" scene, the acting in which David Thomson discusses in detail in his essay. The two brothers come to an understanding of each other they did not have before, and Charley lets Terry off. Of course, Charley is killed for it, setting up the strongest motivation of all for Terry "to rat" on his former family.

At first Terry reacts with violence and goes after Friendly with a gun, but Father Barry stops him: "Fight him tomorrow in the courtroom." After Terry's testimony, Jimmy, the young member of the gang he founded, "The Golden Warriors," kills all his pigeons in frustration – "a pigeon for a pigeon" – and Edie tries to convince Terry to leave

the waterfront and go away, maybe to a job on a farm. But Terry still has not regained his dignity. He has testified, but he needs to prove he is a man by going back down to the docks to claim what is his: his right to work. Kazan puts it this way in the Production Notebook:

And again the Father works his shame building and mounting until he can't take it and he explodes. And this time he tells Friendly in front of the whole world that he did right and is not ashamed and that they are enemies to the death and that his great allegiance is to everyone – Terry, at the end, has his dignity back!

The ending of the film, as many of the essays in this volume discuss, has always been problematic. Johnny Friendly has been beaten, but the man the script calls “Mr. Upstairs,” the mysterious power behind the mob who is briefly seen watching TV and saying, “If Mr. Friendly calls, I’m out, and you don’t know when I’ll be back,” is still in control. Corruption still dominates the waterfront. One individual has a personal triumph, but as John Howard Lawson argued in his hostile review of the film, it can consequently be seen as “antidemocratic, antilabor, antihuman propaganda” (perhaps a bit extreme?). Terry establishes his right to work “*in spite of*” the union, according to Lawson, and “the unholy alliance of politicians, businessmen and gangsters” who are there at the beginning are still there at the end (4).

Less extreme is Lindsay Anderson’s analysis: as inspiring as Terry’s final walk is, with Leonard’s Bernstein’s stirring music swelling our emotions, “this agonized pilgrimage down the quay is pointless.”

The mob has been discredited; Friendly’s hold is broken; the dockers have it in their power to be their own masters. Yet, instead of rising to the occasion, they turn like leaderless sheep in search of a new master. . . . To whom are they to turn? To the new strong man, bruised and bleeding though he may be. (128)

The film, he argues, is finally “Fascist.” If Schulberg wanted a picture about how “self-appointed tyrants can be defeated by right-thinking people in a vital democracy,” the result was quite different. Anderson writes: “Terry is an individualist; his opposition to Friendly is personal; his concern is with himself. ‘I was ratting *on myself* all those years’” (127–129, italics Anderson’s). The conclusion of *Waterfront* is, in this light, either “savagely ironic” or “fundamentally