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Frankenstein creates his Monster, and then abandons him. It is natural to read this as a reproach, aimed at a negligent Deity who creates beings with internal contradictions and then does nothing to resolve them.

And of course the geek's ideal solution to the problem of finding a mate would be to create her in the laboratory. — Here I cannot resist the gloss that in the great early variation on the cinematic theme of Frankenstein, the silent serial *Homunculus* [Otto Rippert, 1916], the only friend of the protagonist, an artificial being created in a laboratory who becomes a Nietzschean *Übermensch* who conquers the world to slake his rage for having been created incapable of love, is his faithful dog.

It is interesting to note that the original ending¹ was that Homunculus, who is, it would seem inconsistently, supposed to be emotionally distraught at his inability to feel emotion — perhaps more accurately, at his inability to feel emotion except at second order, *without reflection* — has vowed to revenge himself upon his creators and thus must of course be destroyed, but the only way to do it is to create another artificial being in the laboratory; suggesting a regress which is an uncanny image of the Faustian dilemma of modern science — and, of course, anticipating the logic that makes Deckard himself a replicant in *Blade Runner*.

¹ Lotte Eisner, who must have seen this before it was a subject for archaeology, discusses it in *The Haunted Screen* as an early specimen of, and (particularly for Lang) point of reference for, Expressionist cinema, but the film — originally a six-part serial with hour-long chapters in the style of Feuillade's *Fantômas* and *Les Vampires* — was thought to have been for the most part lost until quite recently; only a partial reconstruction of about 65 minutes (with Italian subtitles!) was available from the Eastman archives. A more complete reconstruction has been supervised by the British Film Institute, however; the result premiered at MoMA on November 21, 2015, and was reviewed in loving detail by Kristin Thomas and David Bordwell in their blog, *Observations on Film Art*. Alas, I have yet to see it.

