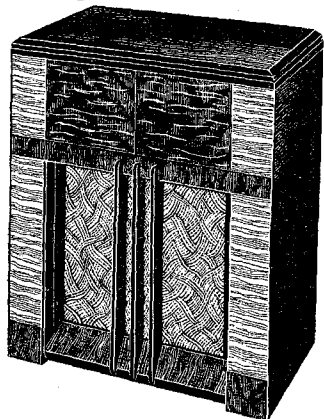


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when one grants all of Lawrence's weaknesses, the frequency with which he transcended them becomes the more remarkable. He was often a fool and sometimes, in his muddled way, a dangerous reactionary, but to say merely that is not, as Kingsmill would like us to believe, to do Lawrence justice.

Compared with Kingsmill's book, Miss Macaulay's seems innocuous and almost commendable. Yet, if its inadequacies are not so shocking, they are nonetheless regrettable. Both Lawrence and Forster deserve better books. Vastly dissimilar in temperament, they have certain similarities in outlook—compare, for example, *Where Angels Fear to Tread* and *The Lost Girl*—that ought not to be ignored. Both of them say something significant about and for our times. What it is Mr. Kingsmill has not tried to ask, and Miss Macaulay has indulged only in random surmises.

GRANVILLE HICKS.

## Brief Reviews

METROPOLIS: A STUDY OF URBAN COMMUNITIES, by Howard Woolston. D. Appleton-Century Co. \$2.75.

This book will add nothing to the stature of the author, a liberal professor of sociology at the University of Washington. Although he has investigated at first hand all the great metropolitan centers of the world, and has lived on the edges of tempestuous maelstroms of war and revolution, Woolston remains an isolated, self-conscious, pre-war academician. Pity the poor students who will be obliged to purchase this condescending text for their courses in what is quaintly called "urban problems." They will find neither scholarship nor wisdom, nor a method of grappling with facts or with social situations. Sterile generalizations are built into a planless static, fragile scaffold. The factual documentation is vapid and dated. Reality is so distilled that nothing is left but hot air.

The entire book is a striking example of what intellectual isolation, through non-participation, can do to the academic mind. ALAN BAER.

THE DANUBE FLOWS THROUGH FASCISM, by William Van Til. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$2.75.

Mr. and Mrs. Van Til, an American university professor and his wife, realized, like other sensitive people, that guide-conducted tours through Europe are as unrevealing as the average travel book, so they bought themselves a *falboot* and started down the Danube. They had heard terrible things about fascism, but they wanted to see for themselves. They saw. Van Til's comments, if precious at times, are sound and interesting. With no preconceptions on the matter, the Van Tils came at once to hate fascism. Unfortunately, however, the reluctance to condemn without first observing ends with fascism; and Van Til finds himself able to slur Communism without benefit of a cruise down the Volga or Dneiper.

RICHARD H. ROVERE.



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## S I G H T S A N D S O U N D S

## Two Pictures About Doctors

Two new pictures about the medical profession present themselves as the best movie shows this week. Both are by MGM, one a quota picture from England, made from Dr. A. J. Cronin's novel, *The Citadel*; and the other *The Young Dr. Kildare*, made in Hollywood, but lacking almost all the usual clichés of plot and characterization. *The Citadel* is the more important because it goes deeper and wider into the problem of the honest doctor plunged into the chicanery of medicine.

King Vidor, a good director neglected by Hollywood, takes Dr. Cronin's stinging rebukes against the evils that have grown up in medicine—the workers' health ignored; occupational hazards like silicosis; superstitious hostility to independent research; "fashionable" practitioners bleeding rich hypochondriacs almost as thoroughly as a medieval barber; fee-splitting; phony vitamin lamps; absurd consultations—the mumbo-jumbo and the magic gadgetry that seem inherited directly from the witch-doctor. Dr. Cronin has made a workmanlike diagnosis of this knavery, working with his rubber gloves off.

Having diagnosed the symptoms with clinical accuracy, Dr. Cronin fails to write a prescription. He flirts with the idea of socialized or group medicine but never takes the leap. He thinks things are in terrible shape but he hopes people will stop acting this way. This is a little less than good physic for social ills. Robert Donat performs admirably in the role of Dr. Manson, who begins his career in a factory town as a hireling of another medico, goes on to become a salaried doctor for a Welsh miners' union, a starving practitioner in London, and finally a society doctor, preying on the mentally sick rich. The death of an old friend under the bungling scalpel of a quack colleague brings back Dr. Manson's old idealism and the picture ends with a trial for malpractice before the British Medical Union, in which Dr. Manson defends himself in a thrilling speech.

The people and the settings of Dr. Manson's early proletarian milieu are as solid as the best English documentary. The presence in *The Citadel* of these gritty, genteel factory towns, beside which an American mining community seems quite gaudy, mocks the bourgeois analysis of Dr. Cronin. There's something rottener here—defeated strikes, an aged, hereditary factory system, the workers themselves tainted by the hypocritical manners of the ruling caste. There is a deep sickness in the very society, aggravated by the despicable

*Weltanschauung* brought to polished perfection by Mr. Neville Chamberlain. It is an ill that Dr. Cronin has not named. It was set down by a German refugee who frequented the British Museum in the sixties.

The English film is geared up directly to the governmental policies of the moment. The workers' health is such a concern to the industrialists and the generals that medical reform has long been an acknowledged need. The British tory recognizes the simple truth that you have to keep workers alive to exploit them properly. The lag between their health ideas and ours come out strongly in the fact that such a forthright picture could be made. What seems revolution itself to the American Medical Association is just good business in England. We can well profit from the propaganda aid for our embryo health-program provided by this expert and absorbing film.

Lew Ayres, in the title role of *Young Dr. Kildare*, does a fine job of restrained playing in a picture that is quiet, honest, and refreshing. Upon graduation from medical school the young doctor leaves his hometown to go into a big New York hospital as an interne. Social implications are avoided but the script develops real interest in the purely professional vicissitudes of Dr. Kildare. Lionel Barrymore plays an old crotchety genius, Dr. Gillespie, who guides the younger man's career. I have a strong distaste for the lazy, stereotyped stuff Barrymore has been doing, but he, too, seems to give something extra to this picture.

WHILE WE ARE WAITING for *Prof. Mamlock*, the Soviet film on Hitler anti-Semitism, the Cameo is marking time with *Danton*, the first German film to be banned by Hitler. The picture is a literal version of Georg Büchner's play, *Danton's Death*, which Orson Welles promises to bring to Broadway in the near future. The thesis of the film, one of

heavy sympathy for Danton at the expense of a villainously caricatured Robespierre, tells not enough and that not enough with considerable distortion. The period of the schism between Danton and Robespierre over the basic direction of the revolution involved many deeper issues. The picture gives no hint of these forces—Danton, the bourgeois revolutionist, losing his stomach for the logical revolutionary drive led by Robespierre, leader of the left wing, and Danton making common issue with the conservatives in their program of halting the revolution so as to leave the rising capitalist class in full control. The picture ends with Danton's trial, in which the masses are represented as being behind him in his fight. This is untrue to the events, for Robespierre was the accepted representative of the popular masses, however possible it may be that Danton's claqué crowded the trial chambers.

Fritz Kortner, as Danton, plays it in the grand style to make a picture loaded with excitement and energy, as extra good in the acting as it is extra poor in the history. The picture is entirely in German with no English dialogue titles, merely four insertions of synopses at the beginnings of the acts of the play. In a film almost entirely made up of speech-making this is inexcusable on the part of the Cameo. A revival of Pudovkin's classic, *The End of St. Petersburg*, bolsters up the bill.

*Service De Luxe*, a New Universal farce, has a good gag idea in it—a coldly efficient girl who runs a service bureau which provides all things to all men from wedding arrangements to getting Junior reinstated in Yale. The idea is developed in a mildly amusing way with Mischa Auer scoring the best laughs.

A new colored picture album of airplanes, *Men With Wings*, covers aeronautical history of aviation in hands of enlightened modern enterprise. The air scenes are noisy and handsome but the plot involving Ray Milland, Fred MacMurray, and Louise Campbell is merely noisesome. The use of technicolor is justified in the air scenes, director William Wellman having made excellent use of clouds, a camouflage, and the funeral pyres of crippled machines.

The first moving pictures of the destruction of Guernica will be shown at midnight, Saturday, November 5, at the Roosevelt Theatre, for the benefit of the Committee For Basque Refugees. JAMES DUGAN.



Charles Martin