

tions humanize the sometimes awesome figure of a master musician.

Where a conductor might chance the revival or premiere of a symphony lasting twenty-five minutes, an impresario would think twice before risking a necessarily huge investment in anything but a surefire production. And he would be fully justified in rejecting an opera that was bogged down in dull musical stretches, a static libretto, or both. Audiences attending performances of Cilèa's *L'Arlesiana*, Mascagni's *L'Amico Fritz*, or Glinka's *A Life for the Czar* have to endure many arid minutes before coming upon the oases of musical inspiration.

Working on the assumption that even though an opera fails as a stage presentation it may have much to recommend it from a purely musical standpoint, the record companies have "restored" a number of these faded musical canvases.

THERE is a point beyond which musical archaeology degenerates into a form of Collyer brothers' collection mania. Age alone does not make a violin great, a wine fragrant, or a musical work interesting. The lack of discrimination accompanying the flood of new recordings from all parts of the world is reflected in the pages of the expanding LP catalogue. Among the pieces of dead wood are such monstrosities as Liszt's *Battle of the Huns*, Beethoven's *Wellington's Victory* (*The Battle of Vittoria*), Dvorák's *The Middy Witch*, and Humperdinck's *Moorish Rhapsody*.

The record companies' new interest in unfamiliar repertoire since the advent of LP recording techniques might seem like the answer to a musicologist's prayer. But the layman, too, can fill in the background that lends depth and perspective to his appreciation of music.



Dr. Jamboree

Takes the Stand

BILL MAULDIN

WELL, SIR, the powers that be finally saw the light and authorized a subcommittee to investigate the clergy, after all. And it's about time, too, or my name isn't H. Winthrop Jassack, assistant counsel to the subcommittee. Take this evangelist we hauled in today on subpoena, Dr. Jamboree. It was my pleasure to question him before Representative Veldt took over, and I submit the following transcript for your examination and conclusions.

Q. Is Jamboree your real name, Reverend?

A. Well, yes and no. It's really J. Amboree, but I always thought it sounded kind of nice to run the name together, since my tent meetings are noted for happiness.

Q. I see. It would be accurate, then, would it not, to say that you go about with a name other than your own?

A. If you want to put it that way.

Q. You say you meet in tents, sir.

A. That's right.

Q. Rather furtive sort of thing, eh? Here today and gone tomorrow.

A. I go where there are sinners to be saved. When I have given them the Word I go on to the next town. I expect the local pastor to keep them on the beam.

Q. Tell us, Dr. Jamboree, what do you preach?

A. What I believe. I don't prepare sermons; I simply talk about what is on my mind.

Q. Well, then, please tell the subcommittee what you believe.

A. About what?

Q. About, say, the American way of life. Free enterprise.

A. I am against devotion to material things. I seek to drive the money-changers from the temple. A



man ought to put a tithe of his earthly goods into the collection plate to help support the good work and give some to the poor.

Q. Are you aware that your ideas are roughly parallel to the Communist line in regard to the distribution of wealth?

A. No. I thought the Russians gave everything to the government. I said give it to the poor.

Saving Jones or Spode

Q. Are you a loyal American?

A. Sure, I guess so. Never thought of asking myself before.

Q. Do you display the American flag at your meetings?

A. Didn't used to. Got into some trouble with the American Legion about it, though, a year or so ago up in Jersey. They had some local ordinance that said any gathering over five people had to display the flag. I always carry one around now for safety's sake.

Q. Do you believe there are many Communists among the clergy?

A. There are queer ducks in every line of work.

Q. Do you personally know any,

er, colleagues who follow the party line in their preaching?

A. Well, sir, it already looks like you and I might not agree on what is the party line. What seems to me like doing God's work could look to you like downright treachery.

Q. I have here in my hand a photostat of a membership card in the Communist Party, number 99991899, made out to a "Jam B." Do you know anything about that?

A. No.

Q. We have it on what we consider reliable testimony that it is your card.

A. Wait a minute. I just remembered something. Was the fellow who told you that a short, heavy-set young man with red hair and glasses? Name of Jones or Spode or something like that?

Swapping Sermons

Q. You must realize we are not at liberty to divulge the identity of our informants.

A. Of course not. But I'll bet that's the fellow. Young kid, kind of worked up about something. He sat down front during a service in Baltimore not so long ago and kept heckling me until I told him if he had so much to say I'd let him take over the pulpit for a while. He wouldn't do that, but he stayed after the service and we sat up half the night preaching sermons at each other. He said revolution is the only way to cure the heathens and I said God prefers to work in gentler ways without all that bloodshed. I finally saw we weren't either of us getting any place by arguing, so I told him if he'd join my club I'd join his and that would settle it. I prayed with him and saved him and passed him the collection plate, and then he took my name down on a card and took his money back out of the plate for my initiation fee. I guess I must have done a pretty good job of salvation on him after all, eh?

Q. What do you mean by that?

A. Why, he came right over to work for you people, didn't he?

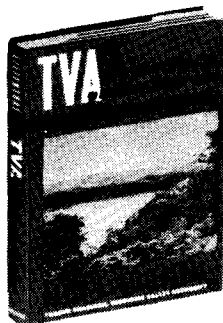
Q. That will be all for the moment, Reverend.

A. Thank you, son. And whenever you get ready to renounce this life of sin and folly yourself, drop me a line. You know where to reach me.

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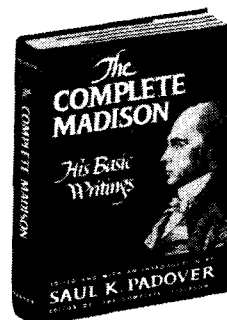
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CHANNELS: Comments on TV

MARYA MANNES

CLOSE ON SOCRATES. MOTIONLESS. DEAD. CRITO BENDS DOWN, STROKES HIS BROW, KISSES HIS FOREHEAD LIGHTLY, AND SLOWLY COVERS HIS FACE AS THE CAMERA STARTS TO PULL AWAY.

WALTER CRONKITE'S VOICE:

Thus was the tragic end of Socrates, the barefoot philosopher of Athens, the first master of the method of dialectics in the search for truth. And this knowledge became the property of his friends as well as his enemies as man's quest continued through the ages for the meaning of freedom and justice and virtue and truth.

CLOSE ON CRONKITE.

Indeed Socrates did not know all the answers. No one man can know them all. Among his distinguished pupils, including Plato and Xenophon, there were those who in his name later did much evil and those who did much good. But in Athens that night, and the days following, in the homes and in the streets, on the steps of the Acropolis, and in the palaestra, there was a great sorrow. They could not but grieve for the loss of this stubborn old man, simple and gentle of soul and sharp and clear of mind, who would never let them rest in their comfort and vanity and ignorance. And they were forced to think better and deeper of the true dignity and noble aspirations of man beyond his strivings for luxury, wealth and power. The cup of poison then became in their minds a test and symbol of high principles and purity. And all who would live by such goals were bound for centuries after to taste again in some way this bitter brew. What kind of a day has it been? A day like all others which illuminate and alter our times. AND YOU WERE THERE.

THESE WORDS were spoken the other day, not in a university, not in a school, and not in a lecture hall, but over a commercial television network (CBS Sunday) to an audience of millions. The end of the program is quoted here to show what educational television can be: a moving, stimulating experience.

It is cited also as a beacon for those struggling to establish a system of noncommercial, educational stations in the best interests of the American people.

For the main trouble with educational television as it now stands is the word "educational." It is a word which sets up immediate and largely negative reactions in the public mind: boredom, indifference, the unpopular twinge of duty—possibly even of guilt. On the networks, "ed-

ucational" is a dirty word; applied to programs it is the kiss of death. In any context, it is a dull name for an exciting goal: the awakening of mind and spirit through the most powerful means of communication yet known.

The first thing its proponents must do, then, is to change the name. Call it Elevision, or Edeo. Call it anything but what it is called now. The second thing its proponents must do is to work closely and humbly with those network professionals who have learned how to entertain while they inform, for no child or adult in the country will listen to an amateurish performance. Finally, the proponents must fight tooth and nail (as many are now doing) against commercial opposition, public apathy, and myopic politics to secure those channels and those hours of the day most suited to reach people when they are at home and free to listen. Enormous pressures are already being exerted to shunt noncommercial programs to frequencies which are unavailable to the majority of sets and to hours which are poor money-makers; in other words, to make Elevision the Cinderella of the networks.

If this happens, if television is allowed to continue the way it is—ninety per cent commercial exploitation to ten per cent public service (and that is a generous estimate)—we may easily become a nation of spiritual illiterates. There are now more than twenty-one million TV sets in the United States, each one—according to a very recent survey—tuned in on an average of *four hours a day*.

THE Federal Communications Commission has reserved 242 channels throughout the country for educational TV—about 11.5 per cent of the available frequencies. Licenses for these channels are being applied for by universities, school systems, state boards, and educational foundations.

The slow rate of application has been food for the opposition, who cry, "You see! there isn't enough demand!" or "Let the channels revert to commercial stations after the June 2 limit on filing." These are the same voices that cried out against public

