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'accidentitis.' All the blame is thus put on the victims who are supposed not to be "normal." This is Freud traduced, and the people with him.

In an Eastern state in the early Thirties about three times as many Negroes died of tuberculosis as white people. About ten times as many were the victims of homicide. About nine times as many were executed.

Statistics of this type are not too accurate. Probably the facts are even more unfavorable. But supposing only half of it were true. We do not like to think these things through to their logical conclusion. But the time will come when there will be a name for these preventable deaths, and that name will be *murder*. Such statistics then will be called geese flying the mathematics of murder.

It seems clear that we live in a period of general devaluation of life. When Napoleon announced the Continental blockade he felt it necessary to excuse himself for its effect on "private persons" and characterized the

measure as reminding one of "the barbarism of distant centuries." One hundred years later, in World War I, the strategists of starvation felt no such excuse necessary either during the war or afterwards. By the time of World War II the procedure was cut and dried.

"Who shall heal murder?" asks Byron in his "Cain." There is no healing murder. The real problem is prevention. That requires not only the changing of man but the changing of conditions, the modification not only of individual impulses but of social institutions. The question is not only why one does it, but how one justifies it. Those dangers of violence that threaten us come not from the heads of individual men but from social circumstances. Murder is an embolus. The disease lies elsewhere. It is not so much a matter of episodic violence as a continuous violation of the dignity and value of human life, which even now is no more than a vaguely professed ideal.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
GIVE UP THE GHOST Margaret Erskine (Crime Club: \$2.25)	Mass murder along classical lines in English manufacturing town embroils Scotland Yarder Finch with inextinguishably proud local family.	Finch's penetrating of "Equaliser's" gory pattern aptly handled, with scads of rather reminiscent horror and outcome that leaves clan haughty as ever.	Good British Gothic
BLUE HARPSICORD David Keith (Dodd, Mead: \$2.50)	Fatal bopping of Sutton Place milliner (book-binding taken in) puts young Latin professor in tough spot—from which he escapes adroitly.	Good to see really literate job turning up so early in year. Fast, furious, fantastic, funny, well-characterized, and trickily plotted.	Grade A
DUET OF DEATH Hilda Lawrence (Simon & Schuster: \$2)	Brace of hackle raisers about people in danger of violent death and how they escaped it without calling in cops.	Highly atmospheric horror-suspense tales—American scene—whose clever typographical juxtaposition is not quite equaled by plot ditto.	Fair
DARK WANTON Peter Cheyney (Dodd, Mead: \$2.50)	Stolen lists of war criminals sought by Quayle of British Secret Service—and found, after considerable spectacular double-crossing and slaying.	Agile brains, steely nerves, and icy hearts of assorted plotters keep tale popping until surprise (and slightly unfair) ending.	Good thriller
DEATH DRAWS THE LINE Jack Iams (Morrow: \$2.50)	Strange studio slaying of dipso creator of adored comic-strip character plunges feature editor and nice gal into terrible tangle.	Something doing every second in this lively, pungent, satisfactorily melodramatic, and ably plotted item—with satirically explanatory "comics" thrown in.	Extra good

The Film Forum

MUSIC FILMS (2)

The Saturday Review's Weekly Guide
to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.

STORY OF A VIOLIN

Produced by the National Film Board of Canada. Obtainable from N.F.B., 620 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y. In color. (20 mins.)

This film is unique in that it shows, stage by stage, how a violin comes to be built, and as such is especially useful in interesting children in the story of the instruments they are learning to play and enjoy. The framework of the film is very simple. Twelve-year-old Bill breaks his violin in a friendly tussle with his playmates—and they, feeling guilty about the accident, club together to buy him a new one. While the weeks pass and Bill and his friends go about their daily lives, the old violin maker is bringing to the construction of Bill's instrument all the love and skill which he has inherited from the European craftsmen who first perfected the art.

The central part of the film consists of a long animated sequence which shows a violin springing apart into its separate elements, each of which receives a name on a card. The structure of the violin is thus clearly explained.

"Story of a Violin" was produced by Eugene Kash, concert violinist and head of the Film Board's music section, and it is he who accompanies the animated sequence on his fiddle in Bach's Gavotte in E from the Violin Sonata No. 6. The sound recording is good, but the color is medium to poor.

CARMEN

A condensation of Bizet's opera, produced at the Royal Opera House, Rome, and distributed by Official Films, 25 West 45th St., New York 19, N. Y. (25 mins.)

One of a long series of potted operas produced in Italy, "Carmen" is a laudable attempt to make the world's most popular opera equally popular on the screen. By using different actors and singers for each part, and combining the voices and lip movements by post-synchronization, the producers planned to make the best of both worlds—the voices of mature singers, the appearance of young and handsome actors. Olin Downes, famous music critic and composer, supplies a brief commentary to explain the plot.

It cannot be said that all these excellent intentions have been realized in "Carmen." The condensation into twenty-five minutes of film is so excessive that little of the plot remains, and the *verismo* for which the opera became famous disappears under a heap of gorgeous stage trappings. However well the singers may look in repose, their distorted grimaces in close-up make many of the arias look rather ridiculous. And lastly the narrator breaks in most disturb-



ingly on several emotional scenes.

Nonetheless, the opportunities of hearing opera are for most people so slender that any attempt to bring it to the home and school screen is welcome. The voices in "Carmen" are fine and resonant, and are quite faithfully recorded on the 16mm. sound track. Moreover, enough of Bizet's magnificent score remains to give the audience some idea of the enthusiasm which a good performance of "Carmen" always creates.

LISTEN TO THE PRAIRIES

Produced by the National Film Board of Canada. Availability: See above. (20 mins.)

A CITY SINGS

A short version of "Listen to the Prairies." (10 mins.)

At the opposite end of the musical scale from "Carmen" we find this unassuming narrative of the part which music plays in the life of a typical prairie city, Winnipeg. As the annual Manitoba Musical Festival comes round, we see the city's youngsters busily preparing their parts in choruses and orchestras, solo performances, Gilbert and Sullivan opera. Here and throughout the film, the stress is on music.

The festival begins. The performers are nervous, then gradually relax. The judges go into learned huddles. In a series of brief vignettes, we see a number of well-known choral societies and a group of young performers, several of whom have already made their mark in the musical world in the three years since this film was produced.

In the final sequence the audience does indeed "listen to the prairies" as the magnificent music of a chorale from Bach's "St. Matthew Passion" floats out over the vast stretches of the plain and its wheat fields, where another harvest of the future is gathering.

—RAYMOND SPOTTISWOODE.

Always ask for
MORROW
mysteries

at your bookstore

Bedrooms Have Windows

by A. A. FAIR

The blonde winked, and Donald Lam sized her up as another Venus without arms—the shooting kind. But when bullets started to fly, detectives Lam and Bertha Cool found things extremely hot.



Death Draws the Line

by JACK IAMS

"Funny and expert stuff concerning doings in a big New York newspaper-feature syndicate. . . . First-rate handling of fresh material."—
The New Yorker



by DAY KEENE

Blackmailed and charged with murder, screenwriter Robert Stanton said he'd been framed. The police said he was framed in guilt. But was he? Mill-Morrow



For information about the purchase or rental of any films, please write to Film Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York 19, N. Y.

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