

## STAGE

MICHAEL KANIN in association with  
ALDRICH & MYERS  
presents

**MADELEINE CARROLL**  
in  
**GOODBYE, MY FANCY**  
A New Comedy by FAY KANIN  
with CONRAD NAGEL • SHIRLEY BOOTH  
and SAM WANAMAKER  
Directed by MR. WANAMAKER

MOROSCO W. 45th St. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

**THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS**

**MAKE WAY FOR LUCIA**  
By JOHN VAN DRUTEN  
with ISABEL JEANS • CYRIL RITCHARD  
CATHERINE WILLARD  
Directed by Mr. VAN DRUTEN  
CORT Thea., W. 48. Mats. Thurs. Sat.

**JOSÉ FERRER in**  
**THE SILVER WHISTLE**  
By Robert E. McEnroe  
Directed by Paul Crabtree  
BILTMORE Thea., W. 47. Mats. Thurs. Sat.

**Life with Mother**  
with DOROTHY STICKNEY HOWARD LINDSAY  
EMPIRE, B'way & 40th St. Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

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man, it seems safe to say, would have such a boudoir approach to Karl Marx. Only a Frenchman would have had his young revolutionist shoot a Communist leader, not because the Party had ordered him to do so, but because he had caught his wife in the arms of that leader.

Having demonstrated his ability to

deal with ideas in such plays as "No Exit" and "The Flies," it is a pity that M. Sartre should so fail the fascinating ideas which lie behind the ironical dilemma of "Red Gloves." The Communist mind is his subject—that mind so inhuman in its logic, so frigid even in its fanaticism, so naked in its opportunism, and so proud of its lack

## Monument

By A. M. Sullivan

**I**T was a mischievous wind that pushed him; a murderous gust that jarred young Jan from the scaffold.

He teetered and swayed a hundred feet from the river over weirs of iron and concrete.

Jan clawed at the wind but the assassin slipped through his fingers and raced down the catwalk.

Jan reached for a cloud, for the horizons' thin line, for the wing of a gull that leaned on the air.

The river paused at the cofferdam, fumed at the gorge, and boiled through the tunnels of iron,

And a thousand men at their jobs saw a shadow that brushed the wires and rigging around them.

Jan fell like a tumbling mallard, splashed in puddles of concrete, a spine of steel in his liver.

Jan's hat was a trophy of thieves, tossed and spun in gullies of air, white buttons dancing in sunlight,

But Jan was smothered unseen in a vomit of stone that poured from the lip of the flume,

And the lime in his bones was one with the lime that came from the heart of the mountain.

Water and blood were welded to stone as the breath of Jan rose high in a rainbow bubble,

And the bubble burst with the loosened spirit that raced from darkness hardening around him.

The rigor of death was matched with the rigor of stone ere they found Jan's hat by the river.

Rivers have flown by the tombs of the kings; the Nile, Euphrates, the Tiber, Yangtse, and Thames;

No king has a tomb so great as the tomb of Jan who was hurled from his throne by knaves of the wind.

Rich is Jan in the vastness hovering about him, the starry vault of the hills, the cool lake pressing against him.

No ghou! shall enter his tomb for the Union card, the pocket knife, and the new St. Christopher's medal.

No roar of the water in the turbines shall rouse King Jan in the solemn depth of his slumber

No wail of the ghosts in the windy gorge shall probe to the ears that are sealed with the weight of a stone,

His mouth is gagged with the silence till the blast of a trumpet high on the ledges of heaven

Pounds the tombs of the world into dust and loosens the dust of Jan who sleeps with his back to the river.

of sentimentalities. It is M. Sartre's subject precisely as it was Arthur Koestler's in his powerful and unforgettable novel "Darkness at Noon." Where Mr. Koestler, however, illumines that mind with its strange loyalties and surrenders, M. Sartre leaves it largely unexplored. His melodrama is to Mr. Koestler's book what an eye-dropper is to Niagara.

Surely nothing about the odd world in which we find ourselves is odder than the voluntary abandonment of identity, personality, choice, mind, will, and spirit that Communists make, and cheerfully make, to become and remain Party members in good standing. To those who have tasted liberty, this abdication of it in the alleged interest of securing it for all is as saddening as it is incomprehensible.

"There are only two conceptions of human ethics, and they are at opposite poles," says the Communist interrogator to Rubashov, the fallen leader in "Darkness at Noon." "One of them is Christian and humane, declares the individual to be sacrosanct, and asserts that the rules of arithmetic are not to be applied to human units. The other starts from the basic principle that a collective aim justifies all means, and not only allows, but demands, that the individual should in every way be subordinated and sacrificed to the community—which may dispose of it as an experimentation rabbit or a sacrificial lamb."

The cleavage between these two concepts is the greatest and most terrible truth of our time. No division in history has been so global in its reach or menacing in its possibilities. None has been more clearcut or dug deeper into fundamentals. Our present lies under its shadow. So does our future. Certainly it is too big a theme to be squandered on so little and poor a play as M. Sartre's "Red Gloves."

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

#### LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "Remembrance Rock." 2. "Picture of Dorian Gray." 3. "The Razor's Edge." 4. "Bridge of San Luis Rey." 5. "Where the Blue Begins." 6. "Trader Horn." 7. "Buried Alive." 8. "The Little Foxes." 9. "The Stars Look Down." 10. "Androcles and the Lion." 11. "The Semi-Detached House." 12. "Lost Horizon." 13. "An Affair of State." 14. "The Egg and I." 15. "A Streetcar Named Desire." 16. "Hound of the Baskervilles." 17. "The Good Earth." 18. "The Grapes of Wrath." 19. "The Bishop's Mantle." 20. "A Certain Rich Man." 21. "The Gathering Storm." 22. "The Trial." 23. "War and Peace." 24. "Bright Feather." 25. "The Flowering of New England."

JANUARY 1, 1949

## The Film Forum

**THE FOREIGN FILM (2)** *The Saturday Review's Weekly Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.*

### ENGLAND

#### THE OVERLANDERS

Produced by Ealing Studios, London. Starring Chips Rafferty. Written and directed by Harry Watt. Camera: Osmond Borradaile. Music: John Ireland. Available from United World Films, 445 Park Ave., New York 22, N. Y. (87 min.)

16mm. film users can now rent a picture which, though highly praised by the critics, was so slighted by exhibitors that few have ever had a chance to see it in the theatres. Yet in the history of the movies it will surely stand with "Grass" and "The Covered Wagon" as an epic of human achievement on the world's frontiers.

"The Overlanders" tells the story of the great trek across Australia when a thousand head of cattle were driven 2,000 miles down from the Northern Territories, threatened by Japanese invasion early in 1942. The story is a simple one, and the acting too is simple—naïve, in the opinion of many brought up in the lilac-scented atmosphere of Hollywood pictures. But "The Overlanders" is essentially tough, tough in a kind of elemental way which makes the average Western look like a Noel Coward drawing-room comedy. It is dominated by the figure of Chips Rafferty, a tall and muscular figure of immense strength who, as leader of the drive, lashes his little team of helpers along with loud-mouthed oaths and with the force of his own relentless example.

The real heroes of the film, however, are the cattle themselves. Month after month they plod onwards, driven along a few miles each day, dying of disease, climbing mountains and falling headlong from the crest, creeping across the pitiless desert where water-holes are often several days apart. In recording all this, and in painting a picture of the great Australian interior, the camera of Osmond Borradaile has succeeded marvelously. Many sequences are breathtaking in their excitement, and are reinforced by a powerful orchestral score from the pen of John Ireland. This film puts Harry Watt in the front rank of film directors of the outdoors.

### FRANCE

#### ZERO DE CONDUITE (ZERO FOR BEHAVIOR)

A film written and produced by Jean Vigo. Available from Cine-Classic Films, 117 West 48th St., New York, N. Y. (51 min.)

Jean Vigo produced only two films that were at all widely seen before he died in poverty at the age of twenty-eight. His life was a continual struggle to get financial support

for his own uncompromising view of what film should say, which fell into none of the popular art styles of his time.

"Zero de Conduite," which has had a profound effect on other film makers, cannot perhaps be recommended for general screening any more than Auden's poems for general reading, and for the same reasons. It will be enjoyed by all who have felt that the film still has vast unrealized powers of expression, and are interested in seeing them put to use to penetrate the strange thoughts and behavior of children. Vigo here follows the arrival of a new teacher at a boys' school, and involves himself in the turmoil and rioting which surround the school's principal, a dwarflike creature much smaller than the boys themselves.

The film has no continuity in the ordinary sense. It moves from scene to scene with a logic of its own, viewing the antics of the elders through the eyes of a child. There is the master who creeps around corners peering into the children's lockers looking for candies to steal; the walk through the town which goes faster and faster until the kids can scarcely keep pace with the teacher; and the famous pillow-fighting sequence in which the slow-motion camera is used with marvelous imagination.

Many will be bored and even repelled by Vigo's film; but there will always be a discerning few on whom it will cast a haunting spell akin to that of Alain Fournier's "The Wanderer" ("Le Grand Meauline").

#### LE FIN DU JOUR (THE END OF THE DAY)

Directed by Julien Duvivier. Starring Michel Simon, Louis Jouvet, Michele Morgan, and Victor Francen. Available from United World Films, 445 Park Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

This film has all the characteristic strengths and weaknesses of the director of "Carnet du Bal" ("Life Dances On"), "Pepe le Moko" (which was remade in Hollywood as "Algiers") and "The Great Waltz." The plot has insufficient purpose to make this a great film, but it contains nevertheless many shrewd and warm characterizations.

Duvivier takes us to an old actors' home in France, whose occupants have passed out of the limelight into obscurity. The former matinee idol clinging to the remnants of his charm, the actor who feels that he has never had a break, these and many other familiar figures are to be found in a film which stars many names that are famous in the French cinema.

—RAYMOND SPOTTISWOODE.

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.