

rode a horse real finé, and Rhonda Fleming struck me as mighty pretty. Glenn is just a sort of wandering cowpoke, and Rhonda is a dancehall entertainer who is really a courier in disguise for the Southern guerrillas (they're hot these days). A lot of messages and countermessages have to be delivered before our boy and girl can get together in what had all the earmarks of a non-rejectory clinch, and I might even be willing to suggest this one for an evening of innocent fantasy. It has some remarkable photography by Laniel Fapp, and Leslie Fenton's direction gets flavor into the action.

I also got to see "Dallas" (Warner Bros.)—practically a ritualistic Western—which has Gary Cooper as Reb Hollister, former Confederate colonel and now, so help me, an outlaw because of his guerrilla activities. The carpetbaggers are terrorizing around Dallas for all getout, and Gary by pretending to be a U. S. marshal (the real one doesn't shoot straight and true) cleans up the area, principally by disposing of the dreaded Marlowe brothers, with what seemed to me to be a lurking sense of humor. But what a barefaced potency symbol he represents! It's a situation that clearly demands more than a cultural analytical couch—perhaps as much as a full-scale Congressional committee with the stated objective of cleaning up Hollywood's subconscious.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

SRL Recommends

The Sound of Fury: Townspeople, inflamed by circulation-hungry headlines, lynch impoverished man sucked into crime, together with psychopathic killer. Gripping picture of mob violence, if somewhat unconvincingly motivated. [SRL Feb. 3.]

The Steel Helmet: Despite familiar "characters" and story line, a compelling quickie about the war in Korea. [SRL Feb. 3.]

Ways of Love: Recipient of the film critics' award for the year's best foreign picture, this packaged trio of short movies by Pagnol, Renoir, and Rossellini is distinguished by superb direction, camera work, and performances. [SRL Jan. 27.]

The Halls of Montezuma: Filmed in good but not too glorious Technicolor. Shots of actual Marine-Navy maneuvers laced with taut performances into overpowering climax. [SRL Jan. 20.]

Born Yesterday: Billie Dawn gropes hilariously through ABC's of democracy, with considerable private enterprise. [SRL Jan. 6.]

Breakthrough: Exploits of the infantry-battalion level at St. Lô. Realistically presented—within formula strictures. [SRL Dec. 9.]

Mad Wednesday: Harold Lloyd comes back in a film so funny you may hurt yourself with belly laughs. [SRL Nov. 4.]

TV and Radio

A MASTERPIECE A DAY

I FEEL TODAY like an impoverished scientist who has been experimenting with a synthetic bubble gum for his emaciated children when he suddenly realizes he has discovered a method to manufacture the hydrogen bomb for only \$265,541,-820.42.

Like any true scientist I hasten to pass along my discovery to all humanity or at least to that part of it bounded by Lever Brothers on the north, the tobacco auctioneers on the south, Colgate Toothpaste on the west, and Pat Weaver on the east. And, like any true discoverer, I am prepared to accept my share of the disbelief and derision heaped upon Columbus, who was considered a square because he believed the world was round.

But first to my discovery and then to the experiment which accidentally led to its conception. It is a new and noble use for a television set. I suggest the telecasting of paintings. That's all. Just paintings. The works of Renoir, Van Gogh, Rembrandt, Vandyke, Hals, Holbein, Picasso, Cezanne, Gainsborough, Degas, Goya framed on your television screen—a masterpiece which is yours to live with for a whole day. But only one masterpiece a day, because if there were more than one the temptation to insert between them "Ajax, the Foaming Cleanser" would be too great for any television station or advertising agency.

At first blush the idea seems preposterous. But I feel sure you will agree that the names of Renoir, Van Gogh, Hals, Holbein, Picasso, Cezanne, Gainsborough, Degas, and Goya compare rather favorably with the names of such masters as Jerry Lester, Jack Carter, Bobby Clark, Abbott and Costello, Sherman Billingsley, and others too humorless to mention. Imagine owning for an entire day a masterpiece by a great artist. It's something to think about—especially against the day when color television becomes a reality.

And now to the experiment which brought about the discovery. I saw Lilli Palmer on my television set the other evening. As I sat there entranced for what seemed like a few seconds and watched her loveliness dissolve into a CBS station break, after what they claimed was a full fifteen minutes, I was suddenly struck with the inequality of the television setup. To some are given a full hour—even more; to Lilli Palmer just a few minutes and a tantalizing promise to come back next Thursday evening. I toyed



—John Seymour Erwin.

"... the miracle of Lilli Palmer."

with the idea of taking a heavy sleeping potion until next Thursday evening. I considered calling the station and asking to have the fifteen minutes rerun for the rest of the evening. My excuse would be I didn't hear what she was talking about. I really didn't. I heard only the most delightful suggestion of a vague accent, saw only eyes which gazed intelligently and courageously into mine and lips which moved in provocative circles to form words which held me spellbound but left absolutely no impression on a brain reeling with the miracle of Lilli Palmer herself.

As I settled back limply to await the 168 hours till Lilli Palmer would return again I began to ponder the idea of a television station concerned only with telecasting Lilli Palmer. Realizing the toll this would take on her if she had to stand there and speak hour upon hour I compromised for just a close-up of Miss Palmer and nothing more. It was then I got the idea of telecasting nothing but masterpieces every day. And so I pass it along.

Just one more thing in this connection. Television may not have come a very long way in the past year or two, but the professional critics who review the television shows for the New York newspapers certainly have. A year or two ago these critics would have written—"Miss Palmer is not television. She is radio." The rule was, they wrote in their columns, that if

you could turn your back on a television set and just hear a show without having to watch it—it was radio. Whether the performer who stood there statically and spoke was entertaining or not made no difference. If there was no action it just wasn't television. I am happy to see that the critics have forsaken this idea.

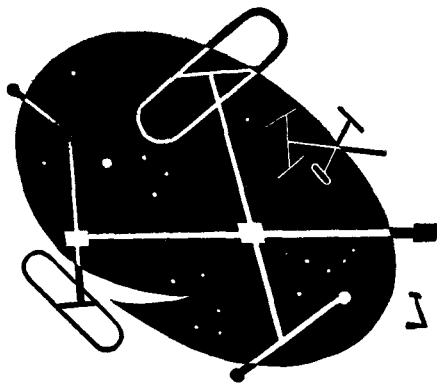
Of course with Miss Palmer in the picture this is rather an unfair assessment of a change of mind by the critics. For in her case what you see is of equal import with what she says. But let us take the case of another not quite so handsome performer who appeared in the past week or two and who was also acclaimed by these same critics who claimed that if there was no action or suggestion of a moving picture the performer should be confined to radio.

I refer to Sam Levenson. I was engaged once by the same network which now presents Mr. Levenson. My job was to find new talent. I found this gentleman on an Apollo recording, doing a three-minute monologue about going to Coney Island with the family, on the back of which was a monologue about his cousin who was being confirmed. I played the recording for several executives at that time and found no takers.

Now Mr. Levenson comes on as a full-fledged star of his own show, Saturday nights on CBS. Despite some weak, contrived gimmick which introduces children who will not practise the piano, who won't eat their meals, and who insist on wearing their mothers' clothes, Mr. Levenson emerged triumphant as a man who could stand there and talk entertainingly for any number of minutes without moving about. The critics gave him his just praise.

These are the same critics who a few months ago watched the articulate and brilliant Groucho Marx perched on a high stool quizzing his contestants and who wrote he was not television. The gentlemen have come a long way. Who knows? Some day somebody may put into operation the idea of telecasting a painting a day. They may say it's not practical, but they can't say it's radio.

—GOODMAN ACE.



SCIENCE

(Continued from page 20)

is here in competent, succinct recording, though had it been prepared by another hand more attention would doubtless have been paid to Mr. Hawkins's own considerable share in the operations of the laboratory. There are several excellent photographs.

—JOHN T. WINTERICH.

CHARLES DARWIN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY, with his *Notes and Letters*. Edited by Sir Francis Darwin. Henry Schuman. \$3.50. Darwin's "autobiography" is actually an informal memoir, made up of a series of mildly amusing anecdotes and running to a mere sixty pages. Nothing of great general consequence ever happened to the great scientist. He traveled around the world as a naturalist ("Voyage of the Beagle"); after he had spent twenty years preparing his "Origin of Species" a Mr. A. R. Wallace sent him a paper from the Malayan Archipelago containing the substance of his chief ideas. Otherwise his life story consisted of his devotion to his family, his ceaseless scholarship, his finicky experiments, and his hydropathic baths. The most interesting recollection is probably a rebuke Darwin received from his father: "You care for nothing but shooting, dogs, and rat-catching, and you will be a disgrace to yourself and all your family."

The remainder of the book includes principally a description by Sir Francis of Darwin's daily life and Darwin's correspondence with Lyell, J. D. Hooker, Asa Gray, and A. R. Wallace. The portrait is detailed and necessarily absorbing, but it is also sentimental and obviously screened. As for the letters, most of the references made in them will remain hopelessly obscure except to a naturalist, and the non-specialized passages serve chiefly to underscore Darwin's intense modesty and reserve. The reader, having finished this particular book, will find that Darwin's genius lay in his dogged application—which accounts for his preeminence among natural selectionists—and that the skeletons in his closet were lacquered, labeled, and calipered to the last bone.

—CHARLES SPIELBERGER.

THE MIRACLE OF GROWTH. University of Illinois Press, Urbana. \$2. The unsolved problem of sex education for the young—and the old, too—has received discerning treatment at the University of Illinois exhibit in the Chicago Museum of Science and Industry. "The Miracle of Growth" is a pictorial record of the exhibit. From

conception to adolescence photographs, charts, diagrammatic sketches, and comments tell the story of human life and growth.

The description of the incredible sequelae following the union of the male and female cells is for a non-professional book complete and unabridged. But the book, like the exhibit, does not end with the emergence of a viable fetus after 265 days. It explains the mystery of inherited characteristics and reduces genes and chromosomes to simple terms. It stresses the importance of play in the beginning years of life—important in the development of the senses, the coordination of physical abilities, the beginning of learning, and the development of speech.

With the coming of school years the child, now part of a group, develops a sense of community awareness and as a maturing member of society embarks on his life of problem solving. He struggles with language, space thinking, numbers, memory—or lack of it—and many other shibboleths of the learning process.

The often emotionally distressing problems of adolescence are recognized, with a plea to parents and teachers for the sympathetic understanding which will help the child move steadily toward emotional security. There are several pages of commonly asked questions, with their answers. Can disease be inherited? What mechanism decides the child's sex? Can birthmarks be caused by a shock to the pregnant mother? And so on. With a glossary of terms the book is complete and exceedingly important.

—DONALD B. THORBURN.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF THE PROTOZOA. By Winifred Duncan. Ronald Press Co., New York. \$3. A cupful of densely populated water from a Mexican mud puddle results in an Alice in Wonderland story of microscopic life, a story in which the animalcular denizens of the puddle become intelligent, reasoning personalities.

Of the single-celled animals whose adventures make up the first part of the book an amoeba is the principal character, and with good reason. It is the ancestor of all other animals and the first real animal to appear on this planet. It is composed of the master material, protoplasm, from which all life is built, protoplasm in an easily recognizable form. The amoeba "gangs up" and forms colonies, each with its specialized function, exactly as in the human body colonies of single cells "gang up" to form the digestive system, the nervous system, and all other systems. The amoeba reproduces through a bipolar arrangement of the chromosomes that com-