

wife who is flagrantly unfaithful to him. The poor chap seems headed towards a complete crack-up, until one of his students proves to him that his work has not been entirely in vain. It's from the play by Terence Rattigan, and everything from direction to camera work to acting is done in so accomplished a fashion that it takes a while before you realize the nose-blowing and sniffles aren't entirely genuine. Nevertheless, the level is always literate, and Mr. Redgrave is certainly someone to watch. At the very least it's a personal triumph for him.

\* \* \*

There's another movie in the science-fantasy vein to take your mind from ordinary troubles. This time the menace to Mother Earth is a new planet that's headed directly for a smashup with ours, and the title, "When Worlds Collide," means just that. George Pal, who made "Destination Moon," has produced this one in nice, bright Technicolor; the space ship, by means of which a few humans survive the general catastrophe, is the very latest model. Good cataclysmic fun, and no flying saucers for a change.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

## SRL Recommends

*La Ronde*: Reviewed in this issue.

*Detective Story*: Reviewed in this issue.

*The Browning Version*: Reviewed in this issue.

*When Worlds Collide*: Reviewed in this issue.

*Across the Wide Missouri*: What it was really like out on the plains with the Wild West men in 1829, based remotely on Bernard De Voto's book of the same title. (SRL Oct. 27.)

*The Lavender Hill Mob*: Alec Guinness as probably the world's most lovable bank robber. (SRL Oct. 13.)

*The Red Badge of Courage*: A translation of Stephen Crane's Civil War classic into what may well become a classic of twentieth-century American film making. Masterfully directed by John Huston; with Audie Murphy and cartoonist Bill Mauldin. (SRL Sept. 29.)

*The Well*: A screenplay about a little colored girl who falls into an abandoned well, told with excitement, dignity, and common sense. (SRL Sept. 22.)

*The Medium*: Gian-Carlo Menotti opera filmed in Italy and directed by the composer with knowing artistry. Marie Powers and Leo Coleman of original cast, plus "find," Anna Maria Alberghetti. (SRL Sept. 8.)

*A Place in the Sun*: Dreiser's universal values emphasized, his more dated polemics muted, in this well-acted remake of "An American Tragedy," expertly directed by George Stevens. (SRL Sept. 1.)

*A Streetcar Named Desire*: Tennessee Williams's prize-winning drama remodeled for screen with 20-20 insight by Director Elia Kazan and unexcelled cast. (SRL Sept. 1.)

# Music to My Ears

"VARIETY" AT THE PHILHARMONIC—HARRELL AS SACHS

WE SEEM to be in for a "variety" season at the Philharmonic-Symphony — meaning that someone has concluded that the major repertory (consisting in large part of what Virgil Thomson calls the Fifty Pieces) has been overplayed, and something should be done about it. Whenever a symphonic conductor confronts that problem (and all do, from time to time) his choice can go one of two ways: to play the smaller scale works of the first-rank composers, or the major works of the second- (to tenth-) rank composers.

My preference would be, emphatically, for the former, but that was not Dimitri Mitropoulos's at a concert which paid a lengthy tribute to Vincent d'Indy—who was conveniently born a hundred years ago—with his trilogy "Wallenstein." Lacking a thorough acquaintance with Schiller's tragedy, I couldn't connect the episodes, and the otherwise voluminous notes of Herbert Peyser were reticent on this point. The work, furthermore, spans nearly a dozen years of the composer's life, and merges a variety of stylistic impulses from Berlioz to Wagner in a score which sometimes dazzles and occasionally stimulates, but too often shows the author's concentration on the problem of getting from point to point musically. This inexperience is as weakening to the listener's attention as a similar manifestation is, in prose, to the reader's; and the somewhat hyped style of treatment applied to it by Mitropoulos only made the body quiver, rather than come alive.

As the solo diversion, this program offered the young Italian pianist Aldo Ciccolini, who was new last season and is still far from a known quantity. Italian pianists are relative rarities, perhaps because there is no native literature on which they can base a style. The inclination, then, is for them to become glibber than others, which is hard, considering the number of other nations producing pianists. Ciccolini certainly skirts this defile: he is a solid technician and an unsensational one, with a broader impact on the instrument than is favored by those who work principally for dexterity. I was not convinced that the Schumann Concerto is really his province—much of it was slow and a little ponderous, with thought usurping im-

pulse. Much of the thinking was good however, and suggested that a Beethoven work would respond more readily. He should be heard again, certainly.

For brackets to this parenthesis of music, Mitropoulos provided Pierné's orchestration of Franck's "Prelude, Chorale, and Fugue" and Dukas's "L'Apprenti Sorcier." The first is an oddity, for it amounts to an orchestral transcription of an organ work originally written for piano. Perhaps if Pierné had filled in the implied but absent colors of the organ, he would have done a more listenable job; the score he wrote is too rigorously a paraphrase of the original piano piece really to have much compulsion in its second treatment.

\* \* \*

The vicissitudes of the artist's life are many, and one can only sympathize with the talented Mack Harrell that his first venture as Hans Sachs, in a City Center "Meistersinger," was confused by the hardly pleasant circumstance that Oscar Natzka (Pogner) became ill in the first act and had to leave the stage. Harrell's venture was especially interesting because of his background at the Metropolitan in the smaller part of Kothner. As Wagnerians know, Kothner initially sings a prominent, rather florid bit of music, afterwards given by the composer to Sachs—and Harrell stood up to the comparison with the star singers of the big role better than any other baritone in years.

For Sachs, Harrell offered many amenities—good appearance, thoughtful command of the text, a fine skill in the lyric aspects of the part. But Wagner was not compassionate in the demands he made of his leading characters, and Sachs must be, as well as all these things, a vocalist who can orate, dominate, and finally fulminate. This crux of power Harrell did not manage in his first venture, while managing with a Schorr hand most other things. Of more than passing quality was the Beckmesser of Rolf Heide, a gifted artist not previously heard. (Those left in suspension by the reference to Oscar Natzka may be assured that he is recovering from a heart attack which caused the difficulty. Norman Scott replaced him more than ably.)

—IRVING KOLODIN.



# TV and Radio

## STANDARDS FOR CRIME AND MURDER

**D**URING the 1951 summer replacement season I heard via transcription over the ABC radio network two programs in the Canadian Broadcasting Company's series "Ghost Stories." Disappointingly thin, the tales were on the whole cleverly and expertly produced and directed by Esse W. Jungh. "Ghost Stories" seemed to abjure worldly brutality for other-worldly, macabre fantasy. There were tone, technical virtuosity, and artful attitude in the Canadian radio regisseur's work, which were refreshing variations from the American production norm.

Radio ABC is now presenting "Stage 52," a new transcribed Sunday series of CBC full hour drama, also produced and directed by Mr Jungh; and the qualities which mark his work were once again present in a recent performance. "The Man Who Watched the Trains Go By" was the title, and the piece was an adaptation by Lester Sinclair of Georges Simenon's original story.

"Stage 52," it would seem, is not allergic to violence. There were corpses in its first three shows, T. S. Eliot's "Murder in the Cathedral," the train story, and Ibsen's "Hedda Gabbler." Our Canadian neighbors, who work in a predominantly non-commercial broadcasting system which accents culture, have apparently no reservations about dealing in their fiction with crime and sudden death. But murder, accomplished with taste, imagination, and manner, may be as suspenseful and entertaining on the air as it often is on the stage, film, and printed page.

A managing clerk in a Dutch shipping line is the central figure of "The Man Who Watched the Trains Go By." A potential paranoiac living, in Thor-eau's phrase, a life of "quiet desperation," he is gently shoved from passive to active by the sudden flight of his embezzling employer from the world of respectability. Haunted by whistling trains, he deserts his family and journeys to Amsterdam to murder his employer's mistress. Thence he goes to Paris, where he talks back in offended soliloquy to the newspaper accounts of his crime, which pleasingly dub him "The Grey Ghoul" but misrepresent.

An assortment of further adventures in Paris and another attempted murder find him eventually naked and weeping in the night rain, laying

his suicidal neck on the rail of a track before an oncoming train. With fine Gallic irony it is the wrong track, and our nude rebel against a lifetime of anonymous inhibition ends his assault on society in a white cell in a brick building.

The tale itself is a neat one, although not quite up to the burden of a full hour's telling. What made it delightful to listen to was its very subtle, restrained, and completely stylized writing and production. For an hour one was back in our own radio's writing and production experimental days before the hardening of broadcast drama's categories. There was release from the chains of the literal in narration, scene, and scene-change. Constantly the author played around and about a sequence, deliberately avoiding the expected, with calculation seeking a second dimension to each incident. The sound and the music, though creative, were functional and well controlled. Except for a surprisingly stereotyped characterization of an American in Paris, the cast was excellent, and Alan King's performance as the paranoiac was facile and very perceptive.

"Stage 52" promises us "the world's great dramas." These, to be sure, make much of Cain and Abel, and blood rivals laughter as chief currency on the networks. The CBC dramas, knowingly selected, will not lose audience for ABC. Better, they promise to provide a standard which American writers and directors must admire and which, it is hoped, they may bestir themselves to emulate.

**H**OW HEAVY is the hand which delineates crime on video was demonstrated not too many Tuesdays ago on CBS-TV's "Crime Syndicated," starring Rudolph Halley, counselor-candidate for political office and former chief counsel for the Kefauver Committee. This was the series which Columbia enterprisingly put together to tie to the tail of Halley's comet-like flash in the headline pan. The programs, as per pre-premiere press releases, were to keep hitting out at organized racketeering and corruption after the fashion Mr. Halley set so brilliantly in the Crime Committee hearings. They were to be based on material gathered in the country-wide investigations.

The series, sampled, revealed that the stories and characters are fictional.

# Admiral TV

Built  
FOR THE  
Future



WITH Color TV OPTIONAL  
EQUIPPED TO RECEIVE UHF



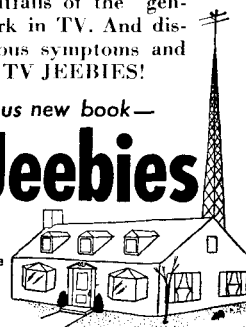
Is there a  
**SCREEN HOG**  
in your home?

**D**OES your home echo with the patter of little Hopalong Cassidy boots? If so, you'll enjoy this rollicking romp through TV land. You'll guffaw at the antics of TV addicts, the pitfalls of the "geniuses" who work in TV. And discover the riotous symptoms and cures for THE TV JEEBIES!

Read the hilarious new book—

## THE TV Jeebies

BY PAUL RITTS  
Illustrated by Dick Strome  
Foreword by  
Ed Sullivan  
\$2.00 • Winston



**SELECT THE BEST BOOKS  
AT A SAVING**

**FREE**  
128-page CATALOG

Make your own selections from the best books of all publishers and save money. New 37th annual catalog lists latest best-sellers and old favorites in fiction and non-fiction. We have served individuals, schools and libraries since 1895. Write today for FREE 1952 catalog.

**THE BOOK SUPPLY COMPANY Dept. 30**  
564-566 West Monroe St., Chicago 6, Ill.