

written what I did without investigating that angle is sheer journalistic malfeasance. This clears up everything. Berle could appear in Cincinnati at eight o'clock Tuesday evening, while Sinatra could be shown at another hour, and vice versa. So, with kinescope it is entirely logical that 860 Cincinnati children were watching Berle, and 310 watching Sinatra. And that total of 1,170 which I moronically pointed out disappears. Well, that settles that.

Incidentally, after receiving Mr. O'Meara's letter I investigated the situation in Cincinnati and I find the two shows are *not* kinescoped, and are playing opposite each other Tuesday nights at eight o'clock, but I'm happy with Mr. O'Meara's solution and the 1,170 children are not going to worry me any more.

Fifty per cent of the letters (2), both from New York City, suggest I take a course in radio and television research. A Mr. Richard Paige, of 426 West 18th Street, asks *The Saturday Review* to pay my tuition fee for such a course at Columbia University or City College. A Mr. George K. Schueler, of 336 Riverside Drive, offers to pay the tuition himself. It is interesting to note in these two samples that New York residents south of Fifty-seventh Street are not as generous as those north of that street. This has nothing to do with the problem, but it is an interesting bit of research.

The other letter is from a Mr. Tom Olsen in Washington, D. C., and he shyly begins his letter with "Goodman Ace is an idiot." Then he goes on to point out that television sets are equipped so that the owners can switch from one station to the other and thus see part of each of the two programs.

I like that kind of thinking. I'll buy that. That's it. The children switch from one station to the other, hear both programs in part, and when asked what they were watching last night report that they saw both Milton Berle and Frank Sinatra. That explains that total of 1,170 I keep getting. It could have been as high as 2,000 if every one of the 1,000 children switched from one station to the other. I like that solution.

Of course, I don't know how well that third station in Cincinnati is going to like it. Oh, didn't I tell you there's a third channel out there? There is, you know, and come to think of it, fellows, if all 2,000 of the 1,000 children are watching the other two stations, how many thousand does that leave for—well, I better not go into that. That old idiotic feeling's coming over me again.

—GOODMAN ACE.

# The Film Forum

## HOW-TO-DO-IT AND HOW NOT

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

**SAFE DRIVING Series.** Three films produced and distributed for purchase by Coronet Films, Coronet Bldg., Chicago 1, Illinois. For rental consult nearby SRL Film Referral Libraries.\*

Like the Ford series reviewed below, these are much-needed instructional films on the careful and competent operation of an automobile. A thread of story connects the three ten-minute films: a young boy takes his driver's test, earns a motor trip with his father, and gets a chance to show his skill on mountain and desert roads. The films seem particularly well-suited for high school learners, my only complaint about them (and the Ford films too) being that I got dizzy from the many shots taken inside moving automobiles, which made the streets and highways look like roller-coasters. Titles of the three Coronet films are "Fundamental Skills," "Streets and Highways," and "Advanced Skills and Problems." Each is about ten minutes long and is available in color or black-and-white.

**DRIVER EDUCATION Series.** Six films produced by MPO and distributed for loan and purchase by the Motion Picture Dept., Ford Motor Company, 3000 Schaefer Road, Dearborn, Michigan.

These storyless demonstration films, made with the counsel of a committee of safety educators, are easily recommended to veteran and beginning drivers. The titles are self-explanatory: "Parking the Car," "Driving in the City," "Driving on the Highway," "Driving at Night," "Care of the Car," and "Driving Under Adverse Conditions." Each is about ten minutes long. The films give sensible and considerate advice on sane driving in what is usually rather insane traffic. Now how about a film series to arouse people to analyze and do something about their local traffic troubles?

**CANYON COUNTRY.** Produced and distributed for free loan by the Motion Picture Dept., Ford Motor Company, Dearborn, Michigan. (15 min. color)

One of a series of vacation-travel films about our Western national parks, this one is generally pleasant to look at but annoying to the ear. It tours the Grand Canyon area with pictorial side-views of such phenomena as the Petrified Forest, Painted Desert, Monument Valley, etc. It enhances the pleasures of motor travel, but fails rather obviously to increase the value of travel films. Others in the series are "Yellowstone," "Skillfully Yours," "Nature's Cameo," "Rainbow of the Desert," and "Glacier National Park" (the last three in black-and-white).

**HOW TO CATCH A COLD.** Produced by Walt Disney Productions, sponsored by Kleenex Tissues, and distributed for free loan by Association Films, 35 W. 45th St., New York 19, N. Y. (10 min., color).

Some serious pointers about cold prevention and care are administered with some commendable touches of Disney whimsy. The scene for the most part is the bedroom of a common man with a common cold, and the narrator is his tiny *alter ego*, common sense. On the whole the film is worthwhile and fun—especially for groups that have to rely often on free films to keep their programs going. There is some advertising, but it never seems overdone or distasteful.

**THE CHALLENGE.** Produced by the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith and the American Jewish Committee (and other groups). Distributed for purchase only by McGraw-Hill Text-Films, 330 W. 42nd St., New York 18, N. Y. (30 min.)

The startling opening shots of the film shows a colored man shot down by white men on a country lane; in his hand he clutches a poll tax receipt. At the jury trial the killers are dismissed with a quick "not guilty," and two reporters wonder why. They decide to write a series of articles on civil rights. "The Challenge," based on the Report of the President's Committee on Civil Rights, falls down at this point, and never quite gets to its feet again. Around the country they interview men who have been victims of discrimination—men who cannot get admitted into professional schools, who can't get jobs, who are excluded from voting or from owning certain properties. Then we are told what we can do to correct such wrongs, to preserve democracy at home, for no one group can do it alone. It's all true and all good, but what a shame that such important ideas come across in the film with so little vigor.

**A PROFESSIONAL PORTRAIT.** Produced by Wilding Pictures and available for free loan from the National Highway Users Conference, 952 National Press Bldg., Washington 4, D.C. (32 min.)

Another newspaper man goes out to get his story, and it seems that every time it happens he ends up as leading man in a script. So far this year it has happened to about twelve newspaper-men. Well, this particular newspaper-man discovers that truck drivers are not a bad lot; they're generally careful drivers, reliable people, and important workers in the over-all scheme of things. I believed it all after seeing the film, in spite of the presence of the note-taking reporter.

—CECILE STARR.

\*For rentals consult the list of SRL Film Referral Libraries, available at 10c a copy from Film Department, Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

# Music to My Ears

"DON CARLO" RESTORED, WITH ASSISTANCE — FLAGSTAD AND WALTER

PEOPLE who read with disbelief of the censorship applied during Verdi's lifetime to such works as "Rigoletto" and "Ballo in Maschera" should ponder the fact that at the season's first performance of "Don Carlo" at the Metropolitan patrons peacefully concerned with a work of art had to make their approach to the theatre through a picket line. Though the work was written eighty-five years ago, concerning events of the sixteenth century, it was, apparently, the intent of those who protested it as a "mockery of religion" to make it a matter of current concern.

Contrary to customary practice, the signs did not identify the protesting groups. They did, however, denounce the Metropolitan for "Sovietizing" the theatre—whatever distorted notion that was meant to convey—and for discharging "Italian" artists on behalf of others not thus tainted. As luck would have it this particular cast offered in key parts such unmistakably Italian artists as Fedora Barbieri (Eboli), Cesare Siepi (Philip II), and Paolo Silveri (Roderigo). No matter; the palpable absurdity merely piled higher the total ignorance manifest in the attitude toward "Don Carlo" itself.

These are nervous times, to be sure, but if those whose sensitivities are riled by "Don Carlo" are allowed to have their way it will be merely another instance of a noisy minority corrupting a complacent majority. We may next expect the Public Library to be picketed for secreting such "mockeries of religion" as Schiller's original play, or the Metropolitan Museum of Art for containing Goyas and El Grecos.

On the night of "Don Carlo" this Metropolitan "museum" was alive with the vitality of Verdi's thought, conveyed by an excellent cast strongly directed by Fritz Stiedry. All concerned had been heard at one time or another last season, but all were more at ease with the duties required of them, working in uncommon unity toward a common purpose. It was a pleasure to welcome back the robust voice of Jussi Bjoerling, and a revelation to hear Delia Rigal sing a whole role squarely on pitch and with consistent control of her promising, but previously intractable, voice. Siepi's maturing Philip and Hotter's

imposing Inquisitor added dignity to a production which retained, on rein-spection, all the impact it had when new.

\* \* \*

Concerning minorities and majorities, the acceptance of Kirsten Flagstad by the mass of music lovers has provided for all and sundry a triumphant demonstration of her unquestioned supremacy as a vocal artist. What kind of preparation she indulged in prior to her Philharmonic Symphony appearances with Bruno Walter I do not know (she sang the Gluck "Alceste" on Wednesday); but her domination of the "Immolation" Scene from "Götterdämmerung" was complete and undeviating. Perhaps the subtlest indication of Mme Flagstad's mastery was the bodily repose and lack of extraneous gesture with which she flung out tone of amazing force and clarity. If she is determined not to sing publicly in the future it would be a notable service if she would take on a working relation to such an institution as the Juilliard, to pass on her knowledge of the singer's art.

For that matter, Walter performed a notable service in making the orchestra sound something like it can under knowing and persuasive leadership. The Philharmonic can be depended on for an occasion, and this one did not find them wanting, either in the C major Symphony of Schu-



Kirsten Flagstad—"amazing force."

## Modern Music-Makers

Contemporary American Composers

By MADELEINE GOSS

A BRILLIANT, detailed picture of the 37 greatest living American composers . . . Charles Ives, John Alden Carpenter, Aaron Copland, Roy Harris, Lucas Foss and many more are here brought creatively alive. A manuscript specimen of their musical composition, an intimate photograph, a full profile study of the man and his works based on personal interviews, a chart of the important developments in his life, a complete checklist of all his compositions—give the full story of the American contribution to serious music today. The fullest, most encyclopaedic book of its kind, a magnificent addition to any music library.

499 pages, lavishly illustrated  
\$10.00

E. P. DUTTON CO., INC.  
300 Fourth Avenue, New York 10

## BERTRAND RUSSELL'S

inspiring new book is a frontal attack on defeatism. Small-d democrats who are sick and tired of being on the defensive are urged to re-charge their courage by reading Russell's **NEW HOPES FOR A CHANGING WORLD.** \$3.00 at all bookstores. Simon and Schuster, Publishers.

Letters in  
sloping type are  
in hysterics.

BIGGER & BETTER  
**BONERS**

VIKING \$1.95