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urge, as Eve would have to admit. Undoubtedly, it drove people into the streets and to station platforms all the way across Canada.

But curiosity was by no means the only compulsion. Fortune could not have been kinder than having two such handsome and winning young people represent one of the most venerable of British traditions. They were youth personifying a great and long past. They were proofs that the Old Country was still close to the New. In the midst of the present's dissensions and animosities, they were polarizing points for affection. They, and the pageantry revived to welcome them, brought needed reassurance in an insecure world that there are things which survive, strong and unshaken.

NO ONE responsive at all to the echoes of history can see Elizabeth and Philip on the Plains of Abraham without a stirring awareness of the past and present overlapping. When Elizabeth reviews troops from a white jeep instead of a white charger, the extent to which the machine age has overtaken medievalism is amusingly demonstrated.

But in spite of all changes, the British Crown continues. Though its powers have been drastically and fortunately curtailed, it has adapted itself to the new order, and in the process gained a new strength. Being beyond party or politics, it flourishes on character as much as tradition. Goodness is its chief obligation; goodness its real power. That persuasive and steadying goodness, backed by youth and charm, shines as clearly as the fine color work of the photographers in "The Royal Journey."

—JOHN MASON BROWN.



"... a storybook princess."

Broadway Postscript

ANTA has two "Golden Boys" these days: producer Robert Whitehead, who has hit three jackpots in a row, and the revival of the Clifford Odets classic, which should run about as long as those connected with it wish it to. The production of "Golden Boy" is what can best be described as a bargain package. A personal appearance by the combustible John Garfield, a magnificent performance by Lee J. Cobb, a tour de force by the reptilian Joseph Wiseman, and three hilarious minor portrayals by Michael Lewin, Rudy Bond, and Arthur O'Connell are all included in the price of one admission. And if that's not enough, you can add a directing job by the author which contains brilliant spurts of effective theatre (the boxer releasing his pent up emotions on the cord of the window shade as if it were a punching bag, or the illiterate fight promoter laughing in antiphonal response to the sound of the boxer's vicious bag-slapping).

Only the ungrateful will be foolish enough to look the current "Golden Boy" in the mouth. When they do, they may find that while the dialogue remains as fresh as it was in 1937, the motives behind some of the characters' actions now tend to seem less real than they did fifteen years ago. A violin-playing humaneness and a professional boxing ruthlessness are black and white alternatives which look artificially extreme to a world that has learned to live in the gray. This may explain why Mr. Cobb as the boxer-violinist's Old World father appears to be a solitary Stanislavski-ite in search of a related actor. Except for a put-on bow-legged walk, his performance is intensely real and he provides the show's best moment when he hugs his son passionately in the midst of a fierce disagreement.

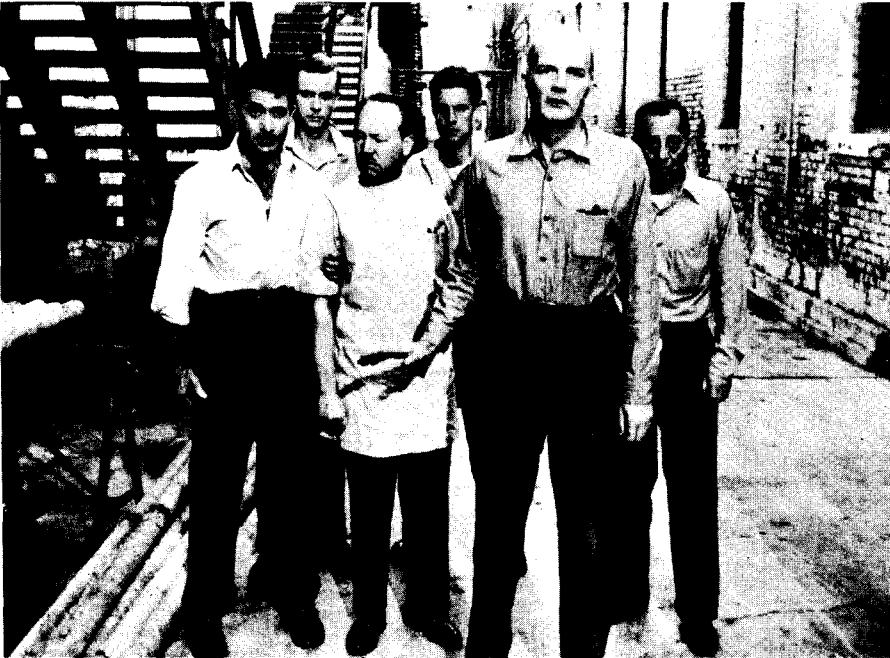
These sudden bursts of deep feeling are also Mr. Garfield's meat, and this part of the character of Joe Bonaparte he expresses superbly. As for the gentler facets, it is another story. In 1937 Harold Clurman turned down Mr. Garfield for the role because he felt the fiery young actor "had neither the variety nor the pathos to sustain the role." Mr. Garfield has had a considerable coming up in the world since his Group Theatre days, but he still does not give the impression that he could play a musical instrument much more intricate than the bass drum.

Despite these weaknesses, ANTA's "Golden Boy" is rich in humor and theatricality and is memorable even where it is not entirely credible.

—HENRY HEWES.

SR Goes to the Movies

STANLEY KRAMER'S SIX CONVICTS



—From "My Six Convicts."

"... an urgent sense of humanity."

NO SMALL part of young Stanley Kramer's startling success in the movie industry has been due to his persistent search for off-beat material, for stories that any larger studio would think twice about filming, and then reject. Producer of "Champion," "Home of the Brave," "The Men," and the current "Death of a Salesman," Kramer advances sound arguments to justify his somewhat unorthodox story selections. "To make a place for himself," he wrote recently, "the independent producer has to add something to the industry's output. He cannot be a small-scale echo of what the majors are doing—much better than he can hope to." But Kramer has actually added more than simply unusual stories. The whole approach to films in the Kramer organization is a convincing reaffirmation of the old principle that motion pictures are really a collaborative effort. No single, shining geniuses here. Instead, a solid nucleus of intelligent, hard-working, film-conscious men—production designer Rudolph Sternad, editorial supervisor Harry Gerstad, production manager Clem Beauchamp, composer Dimitri Tiomkin, and, until a few months ago, writer Carl Foreman—who make their contributions in a working plan that is smooth and efficient, a plan that calls for a maximum of pre-production preparation and rehearsal. Shooting time, the greatest

single expense in any film, is held to an absolute minimum.

Kramer's non-star combination, with the addition of screen writer Michael Blankfort, is now responsible for "My Six Convicts" (Columbia), a vigorous and adult filming of Donald Powell Wilson's best seller of last year. Blankfort has done a remarkable adaptation, stringently avoiding the more obvious movie aspects of Wilson's somewhat sensational account of prison psychiatry, and correcting most of the chronological discrepancies that troubled critics of the original book. But its core remains, the steady accumulation of data on the criminal mind and what makes it tick. (Kramer seems to feel that the best way to make a good picture is to start with a strong script. He puts less emphasis on the star director than any quality producer in Hollywood today.)

To enact the hardened cons and their wary warders, Kramer has worked a miracle of casting. John Beal is excellent as the young psychiatrist introduced into a Mid-Western prison by a reform administration and faced with the problem of winning the confidence both of the convicts and the prison officials. But the six convicts of the title, the six men who finally volunteer to make up the doctor's permanent staff, are the center of the story, and Millard Mitchell as Connie, the prison-wise safecracker, Gilbert

Roland as Punch, the tough killer who rules his fellow-convicts by fear, and Jay Adler as Kopac, the pathetic ex-bookkeeper who finds life easier inside the walls than out, are the real stars of the film. Discovering their personalities, their characters, their minds becomes at least as exciting as the melodramatic prison break that marks the film's finale.

All of this has been put together with a cleanliness, a lack of waste motion that makes the picture constantly absorbing. There is sure film craft in every scene, a knowledge of how to build tension and when to let relax with a laugh, when to pour on sound and when to use silence. Photographically, too, "My Six Convicts" is a striking job. The camera seems to penetrate to the core of whatever it may be shooting. You see not only the grime on the men's faces, but also the sweat beneath the dirt. The prison is an old one, and you see the scars on its walls, feel the harshness of its concrete, the solidity of its steel. But more important than all the skilled picture-making, there is an urgent sense of humanity about this film. "We have shown you these men," it seems to say, "not for mere sensationalism, but to help you understand what a criminal is, and why. Now, what are you going to do about it?" "My Six Convicts" will not leave you unconcerned about the answer.

IF THE technique of "My Six Convicts" is to hurl its question at you at the very end, the technique of "Deadline—U.S.A." (Fox), which seems to blend the recent death of the *New York Sun* with the even more recent investigation of Frank Costello, is to reassure its customers at the very last minute that everything is being properly taken care of. And that manages to take away some of the punch, some of the immediacy from an efficient and frequently effective demonstration of the power of the press. But writer Richard Brooks has created a story which, as the various threads almost casually come together, gathers its life and vigor from situations that are constant reminders of the day's headlines. His language is often tart and amusing, his situations generally tense and dramatic. And director Richard Brooks has set all this in a world he obviously knows and loves. No reporters with hats tilted to the back of their heads, no clutter of whiskey bottles. His is a hard-working city room, the staff carrying on a sensational crime syndicate expose despite the fact that their paper is being sold out from under them. There is a nice awareness of the facts of life about "Deadline—U.S.A."—cer-