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"THE BRIDGES AT TOKO-RI"
Starring
**WILLIAM HOLDEN
GRACE KELLY
FREDRIC MARCH
MICKEY ROONEY**
with
**ROBERT STRAUSS
CHARLES MCGRAW
KEIKO AWAJI**
Color by **TECHNICOLOR**
Produced by **WILLIAM PERLBERG**
and **GEORGE SEATON**
Directed by **MARK ROBSON**
Screenplay by **VALENTINE DAVIES**
From the Novel by **James A. Michener**
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Orchestra directed by Ray-
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in

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A New Comedy by **JOHN PATRICK**
(Adapted from the Novel by **Vern Sneider**)
with
PAUL FORD • JONATHAN HARRIS • WILLIAM HANSEN
and
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Music Composed by **DAI-KEONG LEE**

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NEW EDITIONS

Short of Seventy

THE authors of "The Wrong Box" are always listed as Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne, but probably the usual order should be reversed, for there is evidence that Osbourne had blocked out the story pretty thoroughly, and even done a complete version of it, before Stevenson took it in hand for some finishing touches. Whatever the details of authorship, this famous farce is now in the World's Classics (Oxford, \$1.35), with an introduction by Bernard Darwin that is written in the facetiously reverent mood common to the Baker Street Irregulars when they approach the vicinity of Number 221B. Indeed, Mr. Darwin begins his introduction with the flat statement: "Perhaps no book boasts worshipers more utterly devoted than can 'The Wrong Box.' They regard themselves as an elect body; they quote the book to each other in and out of season; they look with pity on those who have never read it and with ineffable scorn on those who having read it do not enjoy it." These are warm persuasive words, but I can only think that Mr. Darwin speaks for a generation that is passing, or largely passed, for I cannot believe that many readers who are under seventy today spend much of their time quoting the choicest bits of "The Wrong Box" to one another. But there are choice bits, and choice characters, and it is a pity not to know them; and the whole ridiculous yarn is, to my mind, great fun. A friend of mine, a professor of English for whose opinion I have great respect, calls the book "utter rubbish." I disagree firmly, for I find it delightful nonsense. Never have writers managed to extract more sport from an errant corpse. Of course, I can't go as far as Mr. Darwin; but the explanation, probably, is that I am still quite a few years short of seventy.

When Christopher Isherwood spent the years from 1929 to 1933 in Berlin, an artistic temperament came in contact with a social situation, and the result was fiction that made a literary reputation. Mr. Isherwood's reputation still rests on the writing that came out of his Berlin experiences—no subsequent adventures have so brightly kindled his talent—so it is good to have "The Berlin Stories" in a single volume (New Directions, \$3.50). Here you will find "The Last of Mr. Norris" and "Goodbye to Berlin"; here you will find an imaginative reconstruc-

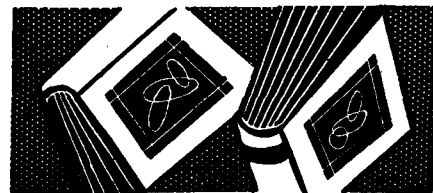
tion of a reality odd enough to stimulate the liveliest imagination; here you will find fiction worth rereading.

"The Damned" (Lion Books, 35¢), edited by Daniel Talbot, is a far, far better thing than its sensational title and provocative cover-girl might suggest. In fact, it is an anthology of first-rate short stories by writers of the stature—or varying statures—of Hemingway, Gorki, Joyce, Zweig, Maupassant, Anderson, and some others who can keep pace with the company in which they find themselves. If it takes a cover-girl in a transparent dress to sell such writing, then one can only praise the girl for a job well done. Those who buy to look will remain to read.

THE famous Nelson Classics (Thomas Nelson Sons) are back in circulation in this country, thereby creating more competition among low-priced books in the hard-cover field. I have seen only four of these handy little volumes—"Vanity Fair" (\$1.25), "David Copperfield" (\$1.25), Hugo's "Notre Dame" (\$1), and "The Last of the Mohicans" (\$1)—but there are many more titles in the series from which to choose.

Philip Duschene is distributing a delicately beautiful Folio Society edition of "Daphnis and Chloe" (\$5), with etchings by Vertes that bring the very breath of youth to the page; and he is also importing "Ask Mamma" (\$6), as the sixth volume in the Folio Society edition of the not-too-serious-but-ever-enjoyable works of R. S. Surtees, whose sporting tales remain eminent in their field. Notable additions to the Modern Library are "Great Voices of the Reformation" (\$2.45), an anthology, edited with commentaries by Harry Emerson Fosdick, and "An Anthology of Irish Literature" (\$1.45), edited by David H. Greene. And for those who like good reading in small portions, I recommend "A Renaissance Treasury" (Doubleday, \$6), edited by Hiram Haydn and John Charles Nelson.

—BEN RAY REDMAN.





SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Who'll Buy Violence?

ONE of the most exciting suspense scenes I have ever seen in films was in a Hitchcock early-times called "The Woman Alone," in which a small boy carried a valise containing a time-bomb across London. And when the minute hand reached the hour the boy was blown up.

A similar time-bomb ticks all through the astonishing French film "Wages of Fear," and it has the added piquance that we never know the exact moment when it is going to go off. And for almost the first time in film history a camera crew has approached the South American-Central American littoral without stopping off at Devil's Island. They have picked instead a less attractive place, a sun-baked oil-town in Central America, where a gang of international tramps keep themselves bored scrounging drinks at the local bar and dreaming of earning plane fare to get away.

Suddenly an opportunity presents itself. Three hundred miles in the hills an oil well explodes. Two teams of truck drivers are offered \$2,000 a man to drive a load of nitroglycerine over the tortuous mountain trails to blow the fire out.

If the first half of the film has been atmospheric and laggard, things begin to perk up when the trucks begin to toil up the mountain roads. The nearly unbearable suspense of the trip is presented as a test of the manhood of the four characters who have been selected to drive, but it is almost a test of the amount of tension an audience can stand.

Clouzot has cast his picture well, using Charles Vanel as a hard-bitten confidence man and Yves Montand, the Parisian chansonnier, as a young man who takes him for a mentor in the village but finds him wanting in courage on the road.

Colorful as the players are, they do not really matter in this naked, spiritually-empty film. What matters is that the director has decided to blow them up, and the only question is when and how.

* * *

Tricky as it might be to base the analysis of a single film on national character, it is clear that there have been few films quite so British as "The Intruder," a recent British attempt to deal realistically with the problem of the man with the gun. In this Associated Artists Production a retired British colonel (Jack Hawkins) discovers that the burglar

in his parlor (Michael Medwin) is none other than the chap who proved himself a mighty fine soldier in tank crews during the war. Colonel tries to set burglar right by offering him whisky and advice, but the burglar will have none of it, and buzzes off. Now the officer has to look up the men in his old unit to try to find the poor chap, and by a flashback technique we also learn the story of the wartime adventures of some of the men in this particular armored squadron.

It takes rather a long time till we get back to the burglar in the parlor, who turns out to have been the unluckiest waif in Great Britain, what with a cruel uncle beating the hide off a younger brother and a blonde girl-friend who has taken up with a flat-footed spiv.

* * *

A home-grown variety of the man with the gun appears in Universal's "Six Bridges to Cross," a film based on Collier's hypothetical version of the Brink's robbery in Boston. The film is chiefly interesting for its documentation of how a police department catches criminals: i.e., by other criminals squealing for their own advantage.

As in the magazine story, the picture traces the association of an honest cop and the reform-school kid he has wounded in a neighborhood burglary. Over the years the hoodlum feeds the officer enough information to win him promotion to lieutenant of detectives. At the same time the crook becomes one of the powerful gangland executives in the Boston suburbs, ignoring the corrective sermons of the policeman who has become his friend.

In the original story the cop knows that the criminal has planned the robbery of the Armored Car Company from the service station which he has purchased across the street, but no legally admissible proof can be produced. The film-makers have thought it necessary to alter this ending in the interests of good citizenship. I suppose they had their reasons.

In any case, "Six Bridges to Cross" is a sociological document of some interest, but as a good cops-and-robbers story it lacks those suspenseful scenes which our picture people have done so well ever since the days of "The Great Train Robbery."

—LEE ROGOW

PICTURE OF THE MONTH

IN

CINEMASCOPE

M-G-M's "Bad Day at Black Rock" is a red-letter day in suspense, a great day for Color and CinemaScope and an acting field day for a fine cast headed by Spencer Tracy.

A streamliner screeches to an unscheduled stop in the small desert town of Black Rock. This is its first stop in four years and the entire population of 37 souls freezes in mid-motion, like hunted men at a sudden knock on the door.



A stranger steps off the train. A fog of fear — so thick you can taste it — quivers across the brooding row of hushed houses.

Thus begins a spine-tingler — filmed at fever-pitch with the exactitude and importance we expect in a personal Dore Schary production.

Why has the interloper, the man Macreedy, come? Here is one of the great roles, greatly played by Tracy. Macreedy is tempered steel, flecked with gentle humor; a proud man with the look of eagles.

Robert Ryan turns in a towering performance as the bully who bestrides Black Rock—a suave leer of a man with a special reason for keeping the town's grim secret.

Walter Brennan, that player of many arts, is a superb town wit. Caught in the middle of the chilling riddle, Anne Francis is a white-hot jet in blue-jeans. John Ericson's frightened youth, Dean Jagger's drunken sheriff, Ernest Borgnine's and Lee Marvin's stinging brute-studies generate excitement.

* * *

M-G-M presents in CINEMASCOPE and COLOR SPENCER TRACY, ROBERT RYAN, in "BAD DAY AT BLACK ROCK", co-starring ANNE FRANCIS, DEAN JAGGER, WALTER BRENNAN, JOHN ERICSON, ERNEST BORGNINE, LEE MARVIN, RUSSELL COLLINS. Screen play by Millard Kaufman. Adaptation by Don McGuire, based on a story by Howard Breslin. Photographed in Eastman Color. Directed by John Sturges. Produced by Dore Schary. An M-G-M Picture.

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