

NEW YORK ART THEATRES

Walt Disney's exciting True-Life Adventure feature!

THE AFRICAN LION

TECHNICOLOR

AIR CONDITIONED
TRANS-LUX **NORMANDIE**
57th St. at 6th Ave. JU 6-4448

"A JOY!...A SCREAM!"
—Crowther, N. Y. Times

"THE SHEEP HAS 5 LEGS"

Directed by HENRI VERNEUIL
UMPO RELEASE

FINE ARTS 58th St. betw. Park & Lex.
Phone: Plaza 5-6030

in COLOR

STORY OF MOULIN ROUGE

"SVENGALI"

Hildegard NEFF

STAR OF BROADWAY STAGE HIT
"SILK STOCKINGS"

TRANS-LUX 52nd on LEXINGTON PL. 3-2434

ROBERT MITCHUM · SHELLEY WINTERS

THE **NIGHT OF THE HUNTER**

BRANDT'S **MAYFAIR** 7th Ave. & 47th St.

IF YOU WRITE

A publisher with standards invites your attention. No condescending, misleading promises, no high-pressure sales devices—such as you may already have experienced. Just honest, careful subsidy publishing, by book people—which is rare enough!

THE AMERICAN PRESS
Mr. Saunders, 489 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 17

Film Programs Puzzling?

Complete New index of 16mm film reviews and feature articles which have appeared in SR's "Ideas on Films" and "Film Forum" now available.

Send 10¢ in stamps to cover
handling and postage to

FILMS

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

25 West 45 Street
New York 36, N. Y.

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES



The Permutations of Sister

IT IS remarkable that "My Sister Eileen" has been so long-lived and lively a property. The original Ruth McKenney stories in *The New Yorker* have made a Broadway play, a movie, a Broadway musical-comedy ("Wonderful Town"), and now they have furnished the libretto for a charming musical movie for Columbia Pictures. Yet any casual examination of this serviceable work fails to reveal the sturdy pillars and solid dramatic geometry that must be present even in a comedy classic.

Two little girls from Columbus, Ohio, come to the big city to make their fortune. They occupy in Greenwich Village a cellar flat chiefly distinguishable for its built-in running gags, which include a history of tenancy by less virtuous young ladies, a greedy but colorful landlord, a door-knob that falls off when the door is closed, a series of well-timed explosions from the subway building nearby, and a pretty neighbor living in unsanctified domesticity with a football player who does the laundry when out of season.

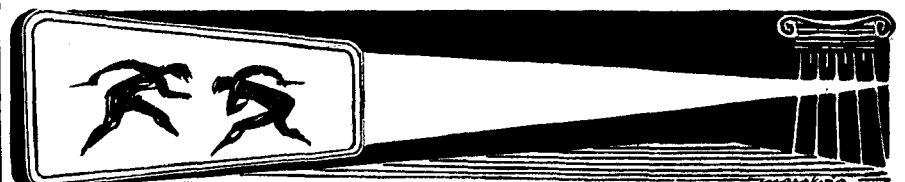
The drama which unfolds between the explosions is, as someone once remarked in another context, rather less than meets the eye. Eileen, the pretty sister, gets all the fellows. Ruth, the writing sister, does not. It says here that the reason for Ruth's romantic troubles is the fact that she is an intellectual mouse, but since they always cast in this role some esculent charmer, in this case the enchanting Betty Garrett, this is obviously no more than a convenient fiction. There is, in fact, almost no drama in this durable little masterwork. There is nothing but gaiety and invention, and an idea of Greenwich Village which exists nowhere but in the heart. For approximately the fifth time this combination proves to be a sprightly way to fill a couple of hours.

The major virtues of Columbia's new mounting of "Eileen" are the cheerfully melodic score by Jule Styne and Leo Robin, dance numbers by Bob Fosse which are in the simple,

The Saturday Review regrets to announce that this review is Lee Rogow's final contribution to this magazine. On September 13 Mr. Rogow was killed in a plane which crashed while taking off from Mitchel Air Force Base, Long Island. Mr. Rogow was a hardworking and sensitive man of thirty-six, liked and admired by everyone who worked with him. In addition to being a partner in an advertising agency, and his book and movie reviewing for SR, he wrote fiction and articles for other magazines and helped with the musical comedies "Mad Money" and "Two's Company." He is survived by a wife and two children.

impish, underproduced tradition of the in-between numbers of the early Astaire-Rodgers films, a devastatingly humorous performance by the now-masterful Jack Lemmon as the suave editor of *Manhattan* magazine, the off-beat but sparkling casting of dancers Bob Fosse and Tommy Rall as the two young men in Eileen's life, and Miss Betty Garrett. This young lady, who has been kept off our screens for some time for reasons that have nothing to do with her talent, has apple cheeks and big blue eyes, and she can sing and dance and deliver funny lines and do everything, in fact, but persuade me that she is really typing stories for a smart magazine on that typewriter.

Another word about Jack Lemmon. Through some chance his past three or four pictures have required this busy actor to portray a seducer, and he has become a virtuoso of the man-and-woman-alone-in-the-bachelor-apartment-scene. In this one the suave editor sings to the girl whose story he proposes to buy, "It's Bigger Than You and Me." As she escapes into the elevator the young lady delivers my favorite line in the picture: "Thanks for the floor show, but your prices here are ridiculous." —LEE ROGOW.





TV AND RADIO

No Soap on "Skin"

A FEW weeks ago when the National Broadcasting Company courageously, and quite correctly I thought, presented "The Skin of Our Teeth" over its television network there was a contest among second guessers the following morning.

"I stayed with it five minutes," said one. "I was watching the Sullivan show in two minutes, ten seconds," said another. The winner turned out to be a Madison Avenue gent who had tuned it out when the title had been established on his screen. Mistook the whole operation for a Colgate toothpaste commercial.

The effort on the part of NBC to introduce from time to time something above the level of the run-of-the-mill entertainment which plays the TV circuits day in and day out is of course most commendable. Perhaps "The Skin of Our Teeth" was a little startling a change for the ordinary television fan. Even during its Broadway run the play was seen by only two kinds of people—those who hated it and those who loved it. I never heard anyone say it was pretty good or pretty bad. It was either great, or what was it?

So it was no big surprise to find home viewers wondering what Thornton Wilder was talking about. Things returned to normal Sunday-evening stuff the following week when you could read in the *Times* program selections for that night things like: "7-7:30—Lassie is attacked by an unusually vicious bull-terrier and Gramps suspects illegal pit-bull fights are being staged near the farm." Or at 9-9:30: "Play—The blond dog of a movie star is killed and a man is held as a murder suspect. With Cornel Wilde and Jean Wallace." Or later on at 10-10:30: "Loretta Young Show—My Uncles O'More, story of a teacher's romance abetted by two pupils."

Since this is typical of some of the highspots of ordinary Sunday-night entertainment perhaps two hours of "The Skin of Our Teeth" was not a wise choice, although personally I was one of the viewers who helped swell the rating the show received in the reports the next day. I loved it. I don't know who the other viewer was but I'd like to get together with him some day and compare notes on what we read into the meaning of the play.

But the point I'm trying to make is that home viewers should gradu-

ally be conditioned to having to think about the plays they see on television if NBC is going to continue to try more of these, which I hope they will. I've always held the opinion that years ago, in the early days of radio, mass audiences might have been conditioned to, let us say, Shakespeare. If, instead of "Portia Faces Life" fifteen minutes across the board, some sponsor had had the same courage NBC now displays by presenting "Macbeth" fifteen minutes Monday through Friday morning. Portia never faced a fraction of the life Lady Macbeth faced. Instead of "Ma Perkins" and "Hilltop House" and "Just Plain Bill" and "Stella Dallas" and "Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons" and "Road to Happiness" the radio schedule would have given housewives "Julius Caesar," "King Lear," "The Winter's Tale," "King Richard II," or "A Midsummer Night's Dream." And how about "Troilus and Cressida"? (Can't you just hear the announcer: "Meanwhile, back at the palace, etc.?"")

AT ANY rate, by now the mass audience of radio, transplanted to television, would have had some smattering of Shakespeare. And the transition from Shakespeare to "The Skin of Our Teeth" would not have been as wide a leap as it is from "Lassie is attacked by an unusually vicious bull-terrier and Gramps suspects illegal pit-bull fights are being staged near the farm" to "The Skin of Our Teeth."

However, the broadcasting business being what it is—a marketplace to hawk soaps and cigarettes and detergents and lipsticks and facial creams—I've always had the feeling that sponsors wouldn't want their audiences to start thinking. Some of them might one day begin thinking there isn't that much difference between one cigarette and another or one soap and another. And if they stayed tuned to a show like "The Skin of Our Teeth" they might sit around for an hour or two after the performance discussing the meaning of the play and its merits, and forget all about running down to the drug-store NOW and buying the large economy size. —GOODMAN ACE.



RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL

Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center

"IT'S ALWAYS FAIR WEATHER"

In CinemaScope and Color starring

GENE KELLY
DAN DAILEY
CYD CHARISSE
DOLORES GRAY
MICHAEL KIDD

Story, Screen Play and Lyrics by
BETTY COMDEN and
ADOLPH GREEN
Music by ANDRE PREVIN

Photographed in Eastman Color
Directed by
GENE KELLY and STANLEY DONEN
Produced by ARTHUR FREED
An M-G-M Picture

ON THE GREAT STAGE

"SALUT À LA FRANCE"

Dazzling, color-splash spectacle produced by Russell Markert, with the Rockettes, Corps de Ballet, Choral Ensemble . . . Symphony Orchestra, directed by Raymond Paige.

Reprints Now Available of

"More Money For Our Colleges"

Interest in the article "More Money For Our Colleges— and Where It's Coming From," by John W. Hill and Albert L. Ayars, has exhausted the supply of the July 30th issue. However, special reprints are now available and may be obtained without cost by writing to

Reprint Department
Saturday Review
25 West 45th Street
New York 36, New York

Because of the importance of this article, The Saturday Review has waived its usual reprint charge, as a public service.