THE QUARTERLY of Film Radio and Television

Volume X • WINTER, 1955 • *Number 2*

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PRESS
BERKELEY AND LOS ANGELES

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The TV Plays of Paddy Chayefsky

FRANK W. WADSWORTH

FRANK W. WADSWORTH is an assistant professor of English at the University of California at Los Angeles. Mr. Wadsworth has published in various learned journals, and is currently working on a study of John Webster's tragedies.

THE APPEARANCE OF *Television Plays of Paddy Chayefsky* is more than a passing moment in publishing history, marking the first time that the plays of a single television dramatist have been gathered together into one volume. Three hundred and forty years of wonderful theater have come and gone since a similar event—the first collected edition of plays by an English dramatist—occurred; yet, there is an interesting parallel to be observed between the arrival of Ben Jonson's *Works* in 1616 and Mr. Chayefsky's six plays in 1955. Jonson's dramas were the product of a highly commercial theater, and the literati who graced court affairs (the literary teas of the day) elevated their elegant noses at the thought that the author of writings designed to make money should have the temerity to consider his plays literature. Similarly, Mr. Chayefsky's plays are the product of a medium that few will deny exists mainly for the purpose of making money and that, according to the judgment of the purer literary circles, is therefore incapable of giving birth to anything of real value.

But Jonson's plays confounded the critics and, in spite of the commercial nature of the theater which begot them, turned out to be among the brightest achievements of English drama. As a result, it seems not unreasonable to ask, without implying in any way that the author is another Jonson, whether the six plays of Paddy Chayefsky do not also have intrinsic value as drama.

Messrs. Simon and Schuster, the publishers, seem to have some doubts, one notices, for their advertising of the volume has stressed Chayefsky's own analyses of his craft, which accompany the plays, rather than the plays themselves. As Franklin Fearing pointed out in the Fall, 1955, issue of the *Quarterly,* these anal-

yses are of great interest and value to the would-be playwright. But for the student of the drama, at least, the main significance of *Television Plays of Paddy Chayefsky* is the appearance in print of six plays by a gifted young writer who is widely acclaimed as television's foremost dramatist. Here, at last, is a chance to form a literary judgment not only of one of the finest serious writers in this newest of entertainment media but through him, perhaps, of the literary potential of the medium itself.

This essay, therefore, will attempt to answer two questions on the basis of the evidence afforded by Chayefsky's six plays. First, can television drama validly be classed as literature? Second, if it can be so classed, to what extent is its value as literature affected by the peculiar demands of the television medium? Before turning to the answers, however, it will be helpful to summarize the major characteristics of the plays.

With the exception of *Holiday Song,* a realistic fantasy in the O'Neill tradition, the plays are brief, intimate dramas of lower- and middle-class life, designed to be played in fifty-odd minutes of viewing time. In keeping with their author's conviction that the television screen cannot effectively handle more than four people at any one moment, they seldom bring in view more than this number at once. Yet, there is no feeling of thinness, or of over concentration; for Chayefsky, aided by the spatial fluidity of his medium, makes constant use of the subplot, thereby filling his plays with a goodly number of people.

Since Chayefsky feels that the seemingly undramatic events of ordinary existence are far more significant to a modern audience than the great tensions of the traditional drama, his plays all look searchingly at the run-of-the-mill problems of run-of-the-mill people.

Marty, for example, details the coming of love to a squat, unattractive butcher of an Italian district in New York City and a thin, plain schoolteacher who at twenty-nine seems destined to be an old maid. It is a tender, moving story, revealing sympathetically the drabness with which love enters the life of the lonely

and unbeautiful, and honest to the point of showing its hero's momentary wavering when he is reminded of the girl's homeliness.

The Bachelor Party, too, is a story of loneliness and love, this time of the loneliness of marriage and of the attempt to find that romantic-sexual excitement which the routine of lower middle-class existence can so easily destroy in the marriage itself. Chayefsky shows a young accountant's quest for excitement, setting it against a background of empty frustration personified by the other members of the bachelor party. Frightened by the thought of bringing up his unborn child on his small salary, troubled by a persistent but dimly understood longing for the body of some woman other than his wife, Charlie takes part in the bachelor party with sullen aggressiveness at first. Soon, inflamed by drink and the seeming erotic freedom of the Bachelor's unfettered life, he is loudly shouting that he wants to "find some women!" But a sodden tour of the city is unsuccessful ending in a bar graced only by one battered veteran of the city's streets. In his own frustration and in the loneliness of the Bachelor, Charlie recognizes the quiet virtues of his own marriage; and he returns to his wife with a new love and understanding.

One other play, *The Mother,* has this quality of hyperordinariness. *The Mother* is the story of a recently widowed woman of sixty-six who is determined to return to her old job as a seamstress in the garment industry in order to combat the loneliness of her new life. She is handicapped, however, by her aged ineptitude—it has been forty years since her last employment—and by the opposition of her daughter, a determined martyr out to protect her mother from the world even though her protection increases the misery of the old lady's remaining years. When, having been given a chance to show her skill, she mistakenly sews only left-hand sleeves, and is fired, the Mother is ready to concede defeat and to move in with her overly possessive daughter. But a single night reaffirms her determination to work, the only kind of life she has ever known, and to live out her last years in her own

home, surrounded by her own possessions. The daughter, finally understanding her mother's determination, accepts it and, for the first time, directs her solicitude toward her own family.

Marty, The Bachelor Party, and *The Mother* are marked by a subdued realism of character and event that gives them the immediacy of ordinary, day-to-day existence. The problems that the characters face are the problems most of us face, cannot escape facing, and Chayefsky's characters come to them no better or worse equipped for a solution than do we. Compared with these three plays, *Printer's Measure* and *The Big Deal* suffer from an excess of theatricalism and contrived action—but only in terms of Chayefsky's own work, let me emphasize. Beside such landmarks of the realistic drama as *Street Scene* or *The Silver Cord, Printer's Measure* and *The Big Deal* are quiet indeed. Nevertheless, both plays smack of the unusual, not in relation to the events of literature, perhaps, but in relation to the ordinary events of life.

The Big Deal tells the story of Joe Manx, once a successful builder of houses, who for fifteen years as a bankrupt has been existing on big dreams and big talk. Joe is a theatrically effective figure as, scorning a humble, low-paying job, he goes from place to place trying to wangle the four thousand dollars that will enable him to get started on the unsound project that is his big deal. He is, in fact, a bit too theatrically effective, a bit too much the distillation of all such useless dreamers, so that when he finally goes to the daughter who has been supporting him and attempts to borrow her carefully saved five thousand dollars, we feel that the action is unfolding rather too patly. This is true also when she offers him the money without a moment's hesitation, and when he refuses it and decides then and there to take the humble job. The play is highly effective as theater, and it is quite possible that intelligent directing and acting could lessen the contrived effect; but *The Big Deal* does not have the simple, basic life rhythm that marks the action of *Marty* and the other two plays.

To a lesser extent, this is also true of *Printer's Measure,* the

story of a proud old compositor faced by the challenge of a Linotype machine. In his picture of the old-fashioned craftsman with his fierce artistic integrity, Chayefsky has again come up with a type character, with the result that the action unfolds almost too logically to the moment when the compositor takes a sledge hammer and gives vent to his pent-up resentment by smashing the Linotype machine to bits. Dramatic, exciting—but shallow stuff compared to the deep, slow-moving emotions of *Marty, The Bachelor Party,* and *The Mother.*

The sixth play in the volume, *Holiday Song,* is written in a somewhat different vein. The story of an elderly Jewish cantor who temporarily loses his faith in God, it depends upon extraordinary coincidence (albeit based on a true occurrence) and a mysterious, angelic figure to return its central figure to belief. The play, as Chayefsky himself points out, is essentially a comedy—gentle, wistful comedy—probing Jewish traditions and temperament with kindly irony and revealing that the author's talents are not limited to a single approach to drama.

All six plays were highly successful on the television screen. *Marty,* of course, was made into a motion picture, one of the year's most distinguished. *The Mother* has, I believe, been sold to Hollywood. But a motion-picture version of a television play, no matter how faithfully it may attempt to follow the original, is bound to be a different work of art. Unless these plays also exist as literature, apart and distinct from the unique screening that gave them life, their artistic existence has been disappointingly ephemeral. I think that it can be demonstrated that they do exist as literature—and this in spite of the fact that the author himself is on record as stating "I do not write literature; I write drama, and drama depends entirely on how it is played." It is to this demonstration that I now turn.

In a thoughtful and provocative essay published some years ago, Professor Erwin Panofsky argued that the motion-picture script is subject to what he called the principle of coexpressibility; that is, unlike theater drama, which can express itself by words

("speech") "free and independent of anything that may happen in visible space," the motion-picture script exists only as an incomplete part of the visual movement, which is the heart of the finished production, the words alone leaving us either bored or embarrassed. Thus, he claims, good movie scripts seldom make good reading and usually go unpublished.

This does not necessarily hold true for good television scripts. The very limitations of live television force the playwright to pay more than lip service to the spoken word; at the same time, these limitations result in a kind of compressed visual action that can be effectively re-created in the playwright's expository inserts between the stretches of dialogue. Although the directions in the actual shooting script of a television play may, because of their strange format, offer a block to the imagination of the average reader, the more literary passages found in the final published version do not. These passages plus the dialogue result in a dramatic form that has not only a verbal magic rarely found in the motion-picture script but also a coexpressiveness unusual in the published drama. Thus, like the plays of J. M. Barrie, those of Paddy Chayefsky make extremely happy reading. For, whether he is fully aware of it or not, Chayefsky has clearly prepared his texts with the reader in mind, not only the would-be television playwright, but the average lover of published drama. If by literature one means a significant form of writing capable of existing in time independent of any ephemeral, nonliterary phenomena that might originally have accompanied it; then, Chayefsky has, in fact, been writing literature at the same time that he has been writing what he describes as drama.

Chayefsky's descriptive passages go beyond the exigencies of mere production. In *Holiday Song,* Sternberger, the elderly cantor who has lost his faith in God, is pictured as "a gentle little man in his fifties—a scholar, generally confused by the outside world. His lean, sensitive face is gaunt with inner pain." We are told that his eyes are "deep" and "pained" and "wide with some unknown fear." Here is visibility, clear and revealing, yet not so

detailed as to destroy the necessity of the reader's own imaginative creation, that positive act which is one of the chief rewards of reading a play. This same quality characterizes Chayefsky's description of physical action which, by relying upon selected rather than exhaustive detail, encourages the reader to complete the picture. *Holiday Song* opens on Naomi, the cantor's niece, ironing, "nearsighted and intense." When she receives a visitor, she sits down "and straightens her skirt"; when she tries excitedly to tidy herself up for the appearance of a prospective husband, we are told

> She notices the kitchen towel lying on the table, picks it up, stuffs it into her apron. Then she realizes the apron is no costume in which to greet Brother George from Cleveland, hurriedly takes it off, looks nervously around for some place to put it, finally throws it into the grandfather's clock.

With such descriptive passages, Chayefsky makes us visualize the action of his drama. With such unobjective comments as the faintly ironic "Brother George," he sustains and clarifies the tone of the dialogue, thus giving the reading text the tonal direction that would come in production from the attitudes of the actors. When it appears that Naomi has found herself a husband, she reveals her excitement by starting to hum a Jewish wedding tune. Then, writes Chayefsky, "Slowly the wedding dance swells within her" and she begins to dance. The metaphorical "swells" is surely as revealing of Naomi's emotion and of Chayefsky's attitude toward it as any visual indication could be, and the whole paragraph of description becomes not simply a stage direction, a substitute for action, and therefore essentially an unorganic part of the play, but rather an integral part of the unity of the drama as literature.

Chayefsky's full stage directions, in other words, are essentially literary, conceived as organic parts of the experience of reading the play and written in a style harmonizing with the effect of the dialogue, simple, direct, and usually very effective. Occasionally, they become obtrusive, as when he tells us parenthetically that

Cantor Sternberger's living room is plain because "(Cantors don't make very much money.)" Or when, after the old aunt in *Marty* has described for the Mother the loneliness of finding one's children all married, he writes "The aunt has hit home." But, in general the passages, simply and pungently written in the idiom of the play itself, and seldom technical in nature, give the reader a sense of words and movement that only the most experienced, imaginative reader can get from the conventional dramatic text.

Even without this extra dimension, Chayefsky's plays could stand independent of the picture on the television screen. Unlike the motion picture with its vast, almost endless visual scope, the television drama is limited by the physical restrictions of current studios, by relatively small budgets, by, as the talented TV writer is well aware, the literal smallness of the televised image. As a result, the television play must perforce have something of the verbal distinction of the legitimate drama, its dialogue the central element, dominating the action rather than being dominated by it. And the real strength of Chayefsky's plays lies in words. I cannot think of any modern writer, whatever his medium, who better captures the essence of ordinary speech. By ordinary, I mean the everyday conversation of lower middle- or upper lower-class people, or whatever one wishes to call the vast army of little men and women who are America. Chayefsky's verbal stronghold, of course, is New York City and its environs (except in *The Big Deal*), and his dialogue normally reflects the idiosyncracies of this area. But his dialogue is so natural, so unforced and lacking in artificiality that it transcends its peculiarities and speaks to every one willing to listen.

Two qualities seem to me to characterize his handling of dialogue. First, he writes speech, not dialect. There is none of the heightening, none of the exaggeration and wrenching of words for special effect which mark so many efforts to capture the flavor of ordinary talk. This is not to say that Chayefsky's language is a literal reproduction, something taken from a tape. Chayefsky is too much the artist to fall into that old naturalistic trap. His

language *sounds* like ordinary speech; it does not reproduce it. And his characters only *seem* to have the inarticulateness of ordinary men, actually speaking with the tongues of poets. His dialogue, in other words, is truly a work of art, superior, from the point of view of readability, even to such a master of realistic speech as James Farrell.

The other quality is harder to define, being in part the result of Chayefsky's firm grasp of characterization. It is a poetic quality, one revealing rich strata of subsurface meaning in lines of seemingly simple dialogue. It recalls the buried tensions of Hemingway, though here the vibrations are quieter, less disturbing. Take, for example, the revelation of loneliness in *Marty*. The play abounds in passages of quiet anguish, in which banal conversation is made vivid by the emptiness it seeks to cover. In the following bit of dialogue, two desperate men, each in his thirties and each monumentally unpopular with the girls, face the prospect of another lonely Saturday night:

ANGIE: Well, what do you feel like doing tonight?
MARTY: I don't know, Angie. What do you feel like doing?
ANGIE: Well, we oughtta do something. It's Saturday night. I don't wanna go bowling like last Saturday. How about calling up that big girl we picked up inna movies about a month ago in the RKO Chester?
MARTY: (Not very interested) Which one was that?
ANGIE: That big girl that was sitting in front of us with the skinny friend.
MARTY: Oh, yeah.
ANGIE: We took them home alla way out in Brooklyn. Her name was Mary Feeney. What do you say? You think I oughtta give her a ring? I'll take the skinny one.
MARTY: It's five o'clock already, Angie. She's probably got a date by now.
ANGIE: Well, let's call her up. What can we lose?
MARTY: I didn't like her, Angie. I don't feel like calling her up.
ANGIE: Well, what do you feel like doing tonight?
MARTY: I don't know. What do you feel like doing?

And the painful comedy continues, as it has night after night, the ineffable loneliness of the two young men crying out from under the seeming inanity of their talk.

The answer to the first of the two questions asked earlier—can television drama validly be classed as literature?—would seem, then, to be yes, it can. Chayefsky's plays in their published form not only retain something of the visual dimension of dramatic production but have, as well, the verbal richness of the legitimate drama. Let us turn now to the second question posed, and seek to determine the extent to which the demands of the TV medium affect literary excellence of these plays.

Perhaps most interesting from a technical point of view are the structural problems that television production presents to an author. He is asked to do in less than sixty minutes a dramatic job comparable in many respects to that done by the legitimate dramatist in double the time. Chayefsky has been only partially successful in this difficult task of dramatic compression. In many ways, his plays are unusual in the skill with which the story has been fitted to the truncated hour normally devoted to full-length television drama. Shocking in the half-hour playlet, and still noticeable in the longer play, has been the television playwright's failure to proportion his drama successfully within the time limits of his medium. The result of this failure has been a rash of plays which are all exposition, plays in which the resolution, if it occurs at all, is hasty and startling in its inappropriateness. Chayefsky's dramas, on the other hand, indicate an awareness of the problems posed by the brevity of even the hour show; and they have a welcome architechtonic, getting under way easily and without dragging, developing their conflicts at some length, and resolving these conflicts with a certain care and thoroughness.

To perform this miracle, however, Chayefsky generally relies upon a second plot to act as a catalyst, using this subplot to bring the main conflict to a head. At least once, in *Printer's Measure,* this subplot is handled both awkwardly and obviously, for the introduction of the death of the narrator's father as a means of having the narrator desert old Mr. Healy, the compositor, is unconvincing. The shift in emphasis, at least temporarily, from Mr. Healy to the boy is unfortunate, since the author does not have

time to develop the boy's story to the point where it becomes an organic part of the whole. This lack of unity is felt again, if to a lesser extent, in *Marty,* where the story of Marty's embittered old aunt seems proportionately long for its function of turning Marty's mother against the girl. To create this hurdle for Marty's love to overcome, Chayefsky is forced to introduce the distinct and rather unrelated troubles of the aunt and of her daughter and son-in-law.

Chayefsky handles the subplot much more effectively in the other plays, especially in *The Big Deal* and *The Mother.* He introduces it early and, particularly in *The Mother,* integrates it with the main action. His handling of the subplot is aided (as, to some extent in all the plays) by the fluidity of his medium, the photographic technique of fading from one scene to the next enabling the author to make the effortless transitions characteristic of Elizabethan drama.

One important result of this fluidity is the television playwright's freedom to go to his characters instead of being forced to assemble them on some few, static sets. Television does not, at present at least, offer the possibilities of the motion picture. But, by comparison with the limitations of the modern stage, the TV dramatist is in a position to poke his nose hither and yon with relative freedom. Because of this freedom, Chayefsky's plays have an intimate quality seldom if ever found in the legitimate drama. They reveal the ordinary with a loving attention to the little things of life. The mobile camera with its fondness for close-up scrutiny, emphasizes the familiar dialogue accompanying the ordinary actions of life. In this way, we get a kind of verbal close-up together with a visual one.

But Chayefsky's attention to the patterns of everyday existence does not result in quite so deep a probing of the human consciousness as he seems to think. He claims, in his analysis of *Marty,* to have "ventured lightly" into such things as the Oedipal relationship, reversion to adolescence, latent homosexuality. However much these themes may have been present in his mind

when he was writing *Marty,* they do not seem to me to be embodied in the text of the play (as distinct from the motion picture); that is to say, they are not there in any recognizable form, for they cannot be proved by the play, any more than Hamlet's so-called Oedipus complex can be proved by the text of Shakespeare's tragedy. *Marty* concerns an outcast whose particular form of ostracism is adequately explained by his appearance and by the defensive mechanism he has created for it. The play examines the plight of this outcast tenderly and thoughtfully, showing his painful enfetterment in the chains of social custom and his eventual but somewhat reluctant escape. It does not go much deeper. In spite of the intimate view given us of Marty, we know him incompletely, superficially, never being favored with any flashes of truly profound insight.

This failure may come in part from the temporal limitations of television, since probing is a delicate, time-consuming task. It also stems from Chayefsky's avowed belief that television should avoid the greater tensions of traditional drama, for "there is more exciting drama in the reasons why a man gets married than in why he murders someone." I suspect that this is not necessarily true. It is certainly doubtful, dramatically speaking, that all the minor crises in a man's life will reveal his inner self with the clarity that a single, unusual, soul-shattering event is capable of doing. Chayefsky, who is neither accurate nor wise in his criticism of the legitimate stage, draws a misleading comparison between the subdued realism of his own plays and the more flamboyant realism of the theater. If it is true that the theater cannot capture the intimate, ordinary quality of Chayefsky's plays, it is also true that he has not, at this writing, captured the penetrating quality of the best legitimate drama.

But what Chayefsky does he does well, revealing the patterns of everyday life not only with technical skill but with true understanding of their significance. For his attention to routine detail is no mere naturalistic decoration; it is the result of his awareness that such seemingly little things are the essence of ordinary exist-

ence. Whether it is the frustrating experience of being interrupted at a moment of petty triumph, as in *The Big Deal* when the wife tries to tell her husband of their daughter's engagement, or the failure to pick up a girl in a cheap dance hall, as in *Marty,* Chayefsky paints his everyday crises with loving care, understanding and making us understand that they are ordinary only in the sense that they occur as part of the normal pattern of life.

And Chayefsky sketches these crises not without humor, a humor ranging from the obvious, visual comedy of *The Bachelor Party* to the tear-provoking smiles of *The Mother.* Both *The Bachelor Party* and *Holiday Song* are funny, the former with its scenes of drunken revelry, the latter with its old-world Jewish flavor and its rather typed characters. Through all the plays, there runs a strain of kindly irony, seen in such episodes as Naomi's request that her uncle put off losing his faith for two weeks so that the loss won't inconvenience her search for a husband; the hilarious confession of the proud possessor of a hundred and eighty-nine dollar suit of imported Egyptian fabric that the suit is unbearably hot ("I'll be honest with you. I don't know how they manage in Egypt with it"); or the reply of one old lady to another who has accused her own son of wishing to "cast his mother from his house" . . . "Catherine, don't make an opera outta this." Finally, there is the admixture of tragedy and comedy with its gentle Chaplinesque appeal, which characterizes *Marty* and *The Mother* especially: Marty in the phone booth attempting to play the gallant; Marty trying with clumsy desperation to kiss the first girl who has ever liked him; and, perhaps the most poignant touch of all, but one still essentially comic rather than tragic, the bundle of sleeves, all for the left arm, that the Mother has sewn in her desperate attempt to hold her new job.

It would seem from what has been said that the medium of television offers mixed blessings to the serious writer. If the brevity of the performance creates structural problems sometimes difficult of solution, and limits the kind of psychological analysis feasible, the fluidity of the camera makes possible a unique inti-

macy which can be exploited with sympathetic understanding and quiet humor. But television exerts another form of control over the dramatist, this one thematic rather than technical, which would seem to place almost insuperable obstacles on the road to literary excellence. For television, as Paddy Chayefsky is painfully aware, is at present an advertising rather than an entertainment medium, with the result that the dramatist is prevented from writing about "almost anything that relates to adult reality." Such subjects as adultery, abortion, and the social values of our times are out, protests Chayefsky; and so the serious television writer, prevented from expanding "in breadth," must turn to "minutely detailed studies of small moments of life." Unfortunately, even these suffer from advertising necessity, as Chayefsky's own plays reveal.

For all their wonderful insight, Chayefsky's dramas do not ring completely true. Seemingly frankly realistic, they actually leave one too much aware of the pathos of life, too little aware of the tragedy. This impression is partly the result of the plays' having happy endings, at least in the sense that the people involved come to accept, more or less gracefully, the conditions in their lives against which they have been rebelling. Cantor Sternberger finds his faith; Mr. Healy, the compositor, accepts his lot, whatever particular interpretation one may attach to the ending of the play; Joe Manx takes the job as building inspector; Marty decides in favor of his homely girl; the Mother continues the good fight, as her daughter accepts the inevitable; Charlie returns to his wife unsullied and content—saved, as someone has remarked of Scott Fitzgerald's heroines, after hanging over the cliff.

Adding still more sugar-coating to the bitter pill of existence is the essential goodness of Chayefsky's characters. The people of his drama are fundamentally decent and, once we get to know them, likable in spite of some annoying surface traits. Thus, when the chips are down, Joe Manx in *The Big Deal* is capable of self-sacrifice; he cannot bring himself to take his daughter's savings. And the meddling aunt in *Marty* is a long way from being vicious;

she is simply a lonely, deserted old woman with a crusty disposition. Similarly, the Bachelor in *The Bachelor Party* turns out to be a tired young man trying to fill up the corners of his loneliness with desperate revelry, not a smalltime Iago attempting to lead his married friends astray. In the same way, the selfish daughter in *The Mother* is finally capable of real affection.

Chayefsky's people are convincing enough as individuals. No one character is too good to be true, nor is the revelation of goodness under a harsh exterior unbelievable in any single instance. It is simply that it happens too often. Older ideas concerning original sin are not fashionable today, and we are lectured by those who should know to the effect that man is never bad, merely maladjusted. Nevertheless, individual experience teaches us that the world contains a fair share of people who are mean and vicious, wherever these traits may come from. And a world in which such people never appear, no matter how faithfully it presents appearances or examines the people who do inhabit it, is not a wholly true one.

That this saccharine quality does not reflect Chayefsky's own outlook on life, but comes from the necessities of his medium we may be sure. Indeed, his essays make it clear that he is uncomfortable in his bed, Procrustean rather than of his own making. But perhaps it is not altogether accurate to blame television alone for this sweetness; a wiser judgment might be inclined to view the fault as one rising out of the not infrequent inability of American culture to accept reality. Certainly American realistic literature, notably the drama, has seldom shown the honesty of the best European writing. In the field of the motion picture, this contrast is even more obvious. Thus, it would seem to be faintly un-American to fail to cater to the romantic immaturity that is the mark of a home-grown audience. And it would seem also to be rather unfair to blame the least pretentious of our artistic media for attitudes that, if it still panders to them, it at least did nothing to create.

Nevertheless, if television is to fulfill the great promise Paddy

Chayefsky sees in store for it; if it is indeed to become the basic theater of our century, it will do well to face up to the harsh truth of life. To recognize that man can be mean and vicious and to honor him in spite of this requires infinite compassion and comprehension. Paddy Chayefsky appears to be a young man who has these attributes and, in addition, the literary skills to go with them. Perhaps this talented writer will one day be able to force television to discard the pathetic for the strange mixture of ugliness and beauty, evil and good, that is human existence. If he does, it will not be long before television will be producing a truly vital, powerful literature of its own.

Patterns in Wartime Documentaries

DOUGLAS W. GALLEZ

DOUGLAS W. GALLEZ is a member of the Army Signal Corps, and has been an instructor in English at the U. S. Military Academy at West Point. He worked on a SHAPE training film produced by Basil Wright in Europe, and has scored the music for a recent documentary about West Point. Captain Gallez is currently assigned as a student in the Department of Cinema at the University of Southern California.

THE WAR IN KOREA did not produce in the United States a noncommercial documentary film that equaled the best produced during World War II. Therefore we must examine films originating from the earlier struggle if we would analyze film content and discuss patterns in wartime documentaries. I apply the term "documentary" not only in the strict sense that such a film deals with "moral, social or economic issues," and is used "primarily to extend experience . . . [and] emphatically and purposefully to suggest conclusions, stimulate ideas, change or affirm attitudes."[1] Rather, I include under the label "documentary" those factual films that inform the public about the doings of men in wartime.

Since it would be impracticable to study here more than a few of the many worth-while documentaries stemming from World War II, I have selected from the best of these films John Ford's *Battle of Midway* (1942); William Wyler's *Memphis Belle* (1944); Louis de Rochement's *The Fighting Lady* (1944); John Huston's *Report from the Aleutians* (1943), *The Battle of San Pietro* (1945), and *Let There Be Light* (1945); and Frank Capra's series of orientation films, *Why We Fight* (1943). In these pictures, only Huston and Capra followed the true documentary tradition. The work of these two directors had social consciousness, evoked compassion, and attempted to mold public opinion. *Memphis Belle* was more interested in the mechanics of a bombing raid over Germany; *The Fighting Lady,* in depicting carrier life in the Pacific. *The Battle of Midway* primarily showed the results of the

[1] Richard Griffith, in Paul Rotha *et al., Documentary Film* (3d ed.; London: Faber and Faber Ltd., 1952), 358.

Japanese aerial assault upon Midway Island. Nevertheless, most of these films, perhaps with the exception of *The Battle of Midway,* had something worth-while to say and merited the considerable praise they received.

Let us study these documentaries some ten years later. How do they impress us, now that the urgency of World War II is past?

Ford's picture comes close to moving us with the beautiful shots of PT boats bearing flag-draped remains out to sea, but the narration misfires badly. The near hysterical, superfluous description by Donald Crisp and the unctuous commentary of Jane Darwell detract from what might have been an excellent combat film. John Ford's failure to control the sentimentality of his picture (a fault we sometimes discover in his feature films) makes it the weakest of the documentaries. There is no doubt that in 1942 an aroused public could be moved by the atmospheric shots of men waiting for the Japanese attack, the sight of the flag flying triumphantly against a pall of smoke, and heroic fliers returning from their great victory at sea. But looking at this film in retrospect, we find *The Battle of Midway* rather shallow picture making.

However, it is only fair to note that we are lucky to have any record at all of the Midway battle, imperfect though this film is. In making the picture, Ford lost considerable footage when two of his three 16-mm. cameras were destroyed in the action; and Ford himself was wounded. Besides, there was some urgency for showing the public evidence of an important American victory, what with all the grim news from the Philippines. Thus we can partially understand why *The Battle of Midway* is an uneven film. The picture has all the earmarks of hasty editing and of making the most of the available footage. Nor can we find justification for the use of four narrators. Even in a carefully assembled film the integrity of the commentary would probably suffer from a multiplicity of voices. But to use several narrators in a film already marred by disjointed continuity merely serves to compound incoherence.

Other sections of the film partially make amends for these inadequacies. We have already noted the moving scenes showing the burial of the dead. Besides this, an effective device is employed that obviates the use of dialogue. The fliers have just returned from their missions. As one prepares to leave his cockpit, the narrator asks him how many planes he has bagged. Smiling, the pilot answers by holding up several fingers. Another device involves the counterpointing of sound and picture. The sound track vibrates with machine-gun fire and aircraft engine noise. Then an engine sputters, and we hear the scream of a plane plunging earthward. A moment later the plane explodes. While we hear these sounds, we see various angles of the ground action and the destruction caused by the attacking planes. Immediately after we hear the explosion, we see the smoking wreckage of a Japanese plane. The montage suggests that this is the plane just destroyed; it is one of the few creative touches in the entire film.

All told, *The Battle of Midway* is a patchwork that runs the gamut of emotional clichés designed to appeal to the home front. Although Ford worked on other wartime documentaries, *The Battle of Midway* is the only one which has been clearly credited to him. Unfortunately, it adds nothing to his reputation. Perhaps the documentary just isn't his medium, for he certainly more than made up for the shortcomings of *The Battle of Midway* in the stirring feature film *They Were Expendable* (1945) that he made several years later. This taut, robust account of the last days of the PT boats in the Philippines is a memorable tribute to heroism; it is Ford at his best. Possibly the explanation for the contrast between the two films lies in the different production circumstances. Ford made *They Were Expendable* under the production setup he had been accustomed to before the war. But, when he left Hollywood for service in the Navy, he was faced with conditions that discouraged his particular genius, the same conditions that somehow enable documentarians to flourish.

Wyler's *Memphis Belle* has weathered the years better than has Ford's picture. It still has impact and vitality, deriving from care-

ful building and sustaining of mood. The narration of Lester Koenig rings as true as ever; false heroics and mawkish sentiment do not intrude.

Memphis Belle details in simple fashion the business of waging war in the air. First seeing an English village, we discover bombers being readied for a mission. "This is an air front," the narrator tells us. Bombs are brought to the planes; fuzes are inserted, screwed tight. Meanwhile the crews are briefed. Afterward they attend religious services. Then we concentrate on the crew of the *Memphis Belle*. Here they come, all piled on a jeep. The pilot gives last-minute instructions to his crew. Now they are ready. The bombers take off.

Once in the air, we get acquainted with the crew of the *Memphis Belle*. They form a cosmopolitan group, coming from several walks of life and hailing from many parts of the country. They are a microcosm of democracy, representative of the thousands of American airmen fighting in European skies. We learn more about these men while the bomber heads for the Channel. Then the tactics of the raid are diagrammed and explained. The *Memphis Belle* and her sisters reach the target through a curtain of flak, drop their bombs, and head back for the welcome shores of England. Some fail to return. Ground crews search the sky anxiously, train their ears expectantly for the first sign of planes. At last their vigil is over. Limping aircraft with wounded aboard signal with flares and land clumsily, haltingly, their tires screeching.

We move in close as the wounded are taken to the hospital. We see the strained faces and hear the agitated conversation of weary crew members who are "in no mood to have their pictures taken." And then the *Memphis Belle* reaches base, jubilantly buzzes the field before landing. Having completed her twenty-fifth mission, she has earned the right to go home. Her crew is congratulated by the King and Queen of England, a deserved "Well done!"

Memphis Belle has much to recommend it. The narration is at all times controlled and spoken with purposeful understatement.

Only one person comments on the action, in contrast with Ford's quartet of speakers. The excellence of the narration is matched by the restless, forthright music of Gail Kubik which remains a remarkable example of documentary-film music. The photography is of high caliber also. The lovely, dangerous vapor trails that enable the enemy to detect approaching aircraft make an unforgettable impression. The dramatic close-ups of damaged planes register with equally compelling force. Nor should we forget the artistry of the film editor. When the bombers take off, he achieves a sense of increasing momentum by accelerated cutting, suggesting multitudes of planes becoming air-borne. In opposition to *The Battle of Midway,* which loses continuity by flashing back to scenes on the home front (the young pilot's family), the editing in *The Memphis Belle* keeps the narrative moving forward constantly. All told, it is hard to find fault with Wyler's film, which remains every bit as effective today as it was when first released.

The Fighting Lady, produced by Louis de Rochement and directed by Dwight Long, is a document of life aboard an Essex-class aircraft carrier in the Pacific Theater. All the elements of naval air activity are shown: scenes of planes taking off and landing, briefing, fire-fighting, defense against torpedo bombers. Warmth is provided by intimate wardroom shots, close-ups of individual pilots, humorous touches. But, despite the trappings of smooth technique, including the superb photography done under the supervision of Edward Steichen, *The Fighting Lady* makes no great impression when we view it today. Perhaps we have seen too many Hollywood features that have made generous use of combat footage taken by the Armed Forces during World War II and the Korean War. *The Fighting Lady* consists of so many loosely integrated sequences that it is often no better than a series of newsreel shots. There is no building of tension; there is little excitement, despite the material involving the first Battle of the Philippine Sea. John Stuart Martin's workmanlike commentary, narrated by Lieutenant Robert Taylor, U.S.N.R., gives

little luster to the film. It is hard to understand nowadays why this film was singled out for praise back in 1945. One can only surmise that critical judgment wavered during the war toward any film that detailed life in the services.

Turning now to the work of John Huston, it is appropriate to look once again at his first documentary, *Report from the Aleutians* (1943). When first shown, this study of the hardships encountered by our men in an early phase of the war in the Pacific was called "one of the most remarkable pictorial records to emerge from this war," and "a picture important not only for what it tells but for the way in which it is told."[2]

Report from the Aleutians is the record of the construction of an air base on Adak Island; it depicts the great efforts involved in preparing for the attack on Kiska and Attu Islands; and it details the assault itself. The struggle of our forces against harsh weather and terrain, the heroism of our men in action against the enemy, and their display of indomitable spirit while undergoing the privations of their isolated outpost—all are depicted faithfully by this initial Huston documentary.

The film was photographed in 16-mm. color by Huston, Rey Scott (of *Kukan* fame), and four others[3] during the fall and winter of 1942. To get the required footage, Huston's unit experienced the same hardships and hazards as the other troops that inhabited Adak. The remarkable episode involving the raid on Kiska was compiled from footage obtained by different members of the unit on fifteen separate flights; Scott himself received the Air Medal for going over the Kiska targets nine times in six days; Huston had two close brushes with death, one of them during a crash landing.

Report from the Aleutians, as we look at it today, has lost much of the freshness it held twelve years ago. However, we are still impressed by the incredible feat of building a landing strip in eleven days against formidable odds. (Adak offered little more than rock, tundra, and drinking water to the troops landing on

[2] Theodore Strauss, "A Delayed Report," The New York *Times,* Aug. 8, 1943, II, 3.
[3] Jules Buck, Freeman C. Collins, Buzz Ellsworth, Herman Crabtrey.

its forbidding shores.) When the picture takes us on a bombing raid, we have the highest regard for the courage of the plane crews who fly from the hazardous, inundated landing field, regardless of the heavy fog and ice that shroud their aircraft. We come to feel, as they must, that the weather is our worst enemy, not the Japanese awaiting us on Kiska. While we struggle with our major antagonists, terrain and weather, we also find time to experience the primitive life of the men as they grow their unaccustomed beards, take delight in their meager PX rations, and read each other's mail in order to relieve their miserable tedium. And, with them, we pay silent tribute to the comrades who gave up their lives in this far-flung outpost. All these scenes affect us still, painfully yet proudly recalling the steadfastness of the men who stood guard in the desolate, wind-swept Aleutians, when the outcome of World War II continued to hang in the balance.

Huston's intial documentary was a forthright presentation of the way in which our men fought a dirty war, but it now appears somewhat overshadowed by the films that succeeded it. Huston subsequently studied the documentary medium more extensively and was able to eclipse *Report from the Aleutians;* but this first work is significant, if for no reason other than that it pointed the way for the finer documentary films that followed. Of these, *The Battle of San Pietro* stands as Huston's enduring monument to heroism and sacrifice.

San Pietro, the compelling record of the assault and capture of a remote Italian village, is more than the account of a bloody struggle; it is a moving, pacifistic document that shows the tragedy of destruction, of disrupted lives. It contains wonderful shots of children—happy children, suspicious children with haunted eyes. And the old people make an equally indelible impression. A woman survives the carnage of battle, only to be destroyed ironically by a booby-trap left by the retreating German army. The commentary, written and spoken by Huston, is eloquent. It underscores with great power the terrible cost of war, especially when it notes that San Pietro was but a prelude to the far more

costly struggle for Cassino. As in the other films, we see close-ups of individuals (in this case infantrymen) which provide momentary warmth to contrast with the stark narrative of the battle itself. But we are most impressed by those sequences concerning the virtual annihilation of the tank outfit that attempts to enter the town by the single available approach; the infantrymen leaving their fox-holes, passing by their dead buddies; the awful pyrotechnics of white phosphorus shells; the burial details after the town has been taken. One cannot ignore this film, for it exhibits superbly the persuasiveness of the true documentary film in the hands of a master.

Huston's last service film, *Let There Be Light* (1945), promised by all odds to be his best. Unfortunately for students of documentary, it was withdrawn from public circulation shortly after release. Because the picture carefully explored the Army psychiatric program and penetratingly revealed the neuroses of military patients, worrisome legal entanglements forced authorities to recall the film, despite the many protests of critics and public alike.[4] Since then few persons have been able to evaluate *Let There Be Light*. Archer Winsten has been among the fortunate. The film inspired him so much that he has written:

> I felt as if I had never before witnessed emotion on the screen so stripped of extraneous self-consciousness and other kinds of reticence.... It is a visible ascent from Hell of a damaged mind to the blissful Heaven of recovery. It is an experience to remember for years.[5]

Richard Griffith claims that the film was intended to convince the public that soldiers treated for wartime neuroses "are not 'nuts' or dangerous." Pointedly, he goes on to say,

> But its implications are deep. One was the intolerable strain that combat puts on men; one was that... symptoms which they show stem often not only from the battle experience itself but from far deeper emotional conflicts dating back to childhood experiences. Perhaps most striking of all is the tacit implication that everyone needs (and an ideal society would pro-

[4] To replace *Let There Be Light,* the Army produced *Shades of Gray* and used professional actors instead of actual patients.

[5] *Current Biography* (1949), 289.

vide) security and that this would include readily available psychiatric treatment for everyone.[6]

Although this powerful study of the aftermath of men's reaction to combat did not enjoy wide circulation, Huston nevertheless profited from the knowledge gained in making the picture. For, as Griffith has noted, Huston employed that knowledge in his moving adaption of Stephen Crane's intensely personal study of men and war, *The Red Badge of Courage* (1951). The great critical—if not public—success enjoyed by that notable film might not have been possible had it not been for *Let There Be Light.*

Let us now shift our attention from the intensely personal documents of Huston to the orientation film series, *Why We Fight* (1943), made under the supervision of Frank Capra. These films were designed to make the men in our Armed Forces acutely aware of the dangers of totalitarianism and of the outstanding contributions and sacrifices of our allies in the global struggle. Composed primarily of newsreel clips and stock-library footage, these pictures were widely shown in the United States and overseas; and they were carefully studied and admired by Soviet film makers, ever conscious of the great propaganda powers of the motion picture. Much of the content of *Why We Fight* hits us with great impact even today, despite the fact that the political scales have dipped in the opposite direction. (What had to be left unsaid in *The Battle of Russia* and *The Battle of China* is now clearly apparent; the omission of any reference to the complicated internal tangles of those nations is indeed ironic these days.) Nevertheless, the hideous expansion of the Japanese Empire from before the Manchurian affair to Pearl Harbor, and the greedy subjugation of territories by Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy still constitute grim reminders of the dangers of freewheeling militarism. *Prelude to War, Divide and Conquer,* and *The Nazis Strike* remain remarkable documents of an agonizing period in world affairs. *War Comes to America* cannot be watched

[6] Rotha *et al., op. cit.,* 356.

without concern for the isolationist sentiments that periodically affect American thinking. The remaining films, *The Battle of Britain, The Battle of Russia,* and *The Battle of China,* according to today's perspective, seem to rank in this order. As a group they were less satisfactory than the other four pictures, yet they contain frequently moving, eloquent passages which point up the extraordinary ability of people to take punishment unflinchingly and to summon the courage that enables them to survive and to triumph over their oppressors.

Here, then, are several notable films that originated from World War II. But what do they tell us of the trends in wartime documentary? What patterns have emerged from this genre?

First, we can see the tendency of personalization—that is, the showing of incidents that permit the viewer to identify himself with the participants. This trend is demonstrated in the *Battle of Midway* by the scenes of the young pilot's family (the engineer father with oil can in hand, the mother at her knitting, the sister on the telephone); in *The Memphis Belle* by the individual shots of the crew, along with identifying commentary; in *The Fighting Lady* by the wardroom scenes of the pilots, especially the combat-fatigued youth who is later killed in action; and in *San Pietro* by the close-ups of infantrymen before the battle.

Second, we can observe the tendency to show the common bonds that unite fighting men, the value of teamwork. The vital importance of men working together toward a common end is sometimes stated explicitly, at other times implicitly. In *The Memphis Belle* the interdependence of crew members is evident; the importance of the ground crew as members of the team is no less so. In *The Fighting Lady,* we clearly see that the very survival of the carrier, as well as the fulfillment of its mission, depends upon the willingness of each member to the ship's complement to do his job to the best of his ability. The spirit of working together is equally evident in many of the other films.

Third, we can note how the wartime documentary tends to underscore how our men are fighting under God for a just cause.

Men prepare themselves for battle in devout prayer; last rites are administered for the dead; the costliness of war in human lives is made clear. But the great, underlying theme is our essentially pacifistic nature, our hatred of war, and our recognition of its incalculable cost. We engage in a crusade against war-makers; yet, when the fighting is done, there is concern for the needs of defeated peoples, there is respect for the dignity of man.

These are the themes, the very worth-while themes, that confront us. If we look into our wartime documentaries with sufficient care, it also becomes apparent (as we might expect) that in the early stages of the conflict emphasis is placed upon the righteousness of our cause and the ruthlessness of the enemy (as in the *Why We Fight* series). But, as the war draws to a close, we become more aware of the terrible price of waging it; we become increasingly concerned for the welfare of helpless peoples and for mitigating the suffering of our own casualties (as in *Let There Be Light*). No longer do we indulge outraged anger, for the needs of peace are at hand. These motives will probably form the pattern for future documentaries, should another global war come.

The Coming of Sound to the Screen

KENNETH MACGOWAN

KENNETH MACGOWAN, a former producer of plays and films, is a member of the staff of the Department of Theater Arts at the University of California, Los Angeles, and an editor of the *Quarterly*. This article is part of a forthcoming book, *The Film of Yesterday and Tomorrow*.

WHEN LEE DE FOREST invented the audion amplifier in 1906, he fathered something besides the radio. That other thing was the talking picture. De Forest's vacuum tube provided the basic means for making an actor's voice loud enough to reach the last row of a 3,000-seat theater; indeed, now it increases the intensity of a sound more than a thousand times.

Talkies Sixty Years Ago

In a crude form, the talking picture is as old as the silent. As early as 1887, Edison began work on wedding the screen to the mechanical phonograph. In 1894 and for a short time afterward, some of his Kinetoscopes had earphones to give peep-show patrons sounds as well as pictures. Two years later, Charles Pathé and Oskar Messter tried fruitlessly to combine motion pictures with a German talking machine. Between 1896 and 1900, half a dozen French inventors and showmen—including Méliès—succeeded better in linking phonograph records with movies, and gave private and public showings. The talking pictures of three of these men—Berthon, Dussaud, and Jaubert—attracted the attention of a French steamship company, and were made a feature of its display at the Paris Exposition of 1900. At the same time Clément Maurice opened the Phono-Cinéma-Théâtre, a movie house devoted entirely to talkies. There, the distinguished players Coquelin and Rejane acted dialogue scenes from famous plays. The English comedian Little Tich sang and danced, and there were many vocal numbers. Sarah Bernhardt appeared in the duel at the end of *Hamlet,* but the audience may have heard only footfalls and the clash of rapiers provided by noisemakers

behind the screen. The Paris fair had yet a third show of talkies, this one at the Théâtre de la Grande Roue. Here, Henri Joly presented an original comedy *Lolotte*. Instead of confining his films entirely to songs, music-hall turns, and scenes from plays, this inventor became the first screen writer for talking pictures.

The Failings of the Phonograph

From French accounts, these shows were none too popular. Yet, for fifteen years, inventors in Europe and America went on trying to link the screen image with dialogue from a crude form of phonograph. Léon Gaumont showed quite a number of films in Paris as well as a few in New York in 1913. In 1908, Edison brought out his Cameraphone, and by 1914 he had made and shown more than a dozen talkies. When his studio burned down, he gave up the unequal struggle.

The failure of all these attempts was due to several things. The recording mechanism was too insensitive. Except in a close shot, it couldn't be placed near enough to the actors to get a good volume. So, sometimes the voices were recorded first; and then the acting was photographed to a "play back" from a phonograph—a method now used for all musical numbers. Even when the image and the voices were correctly recorded on film and record, it was extremely difficult to keep the two "in sync" at a showing. Ropes and pulleys and electrical connections, as well as ingenious signals to the projectionist to speed up his hand-driven machine, didn't solve the problem satisfactorily. Worse still, the early phonographs behind the screen couldn't get enough volume out of the mechanical vibrations of needle and diaphragm.

Other and cruder efforts were made to supply dialogue and the sounds of nature. Enterprising exhibitors put actors behind the screen to speak the lines of the characters. They installed machines from which an operator could draw as many as fifty different sounds; these ranged from the cry of a baby and the bark of a dog to the noise of escaping steam and the wind and thunder of a storm.

Talkies via the Phonograph Again—Briefly

When sound at last came from Hollywood in 1926, it came on a phonograph record. Just as Edison mistakenly concentrated on the cylinder instead of the disc for his talking machine, the first producers of modern talkies began by using the disc instead of a photographic sound track. Since sound on film was available—indeed it was soon to replace the phonograph record—it may seem extraordinary that the first studio to adopt sound used the older method. This was partly because projectors were no longer hand-driven, and they could now be synchronized accurately with the turntable of the phonograph. Then, too, through electronic means, records were better made than they had been; and their sounds could be greatly amplified through powerful loud speakers of high quality. Finally, we must remember that sound on film was slow in developing. It was hardly achieved by 1920. And up till 1925 or 1926, a voice on a phonograph record was far clearer than a voice on film. In 1922, a technician who heard one of de Forest's film recordings found it "barely understandable"; and de Forest himself wrote, "I well remember the grim satisfaction I felt when, for the first time in reproducing a photographic record of my voice, I was able to determine whether or not it was being run backwards!" A year later he said of another recording—in accents of triumph—"one can understand every word the first time through."

Pioneers of Sound on Film

The story of the recording and the reproducing of sound on film is involved with very difficult concepts and with the development of very intricate scientific processes. It is, in fact, even more complicated than the history of the invention of the silent motion picture. The chief problem was the turning of sound into pulsating light and, of light into sound again. Along the way, sound became electricity, and electricity became sound.

The first experiments go back more than seventy-five years. In 1878—only a year after Edison had perfected his talking machine—Professor Alexander W. Blake of Brown University

described how he attached a mirror to the diaphram of a phonograph and then recorded photographically the vibrations of a beam of light reflected from the mirror. By 1880, Alexander Bell was sending his voice on light and was using the sensitive metal selenium to turn it into electric impulses. At the same time, another American Charles E. Fitts used selenium to reproduce sound patterns photographed on a band of paper. More than two dozen inventors, here and in Europe, worked on the numerous problems of sound via light before the recording and reproducing of sound on film began to take definite shape in 1918. Here is a list of the most important men and the dates when they filed their patents:

1886, the team of A. G. Bell, S. A. Bell, and S. Tainter, who recorded light from sound through a fine slit.
1887, C. J. Hohenstein, who put sound on film by a method later used by General Electric.
1900, J. Poliakoff, who used positive film images with a photoelectric cell.
1901, Ernst Ruhmer, whose Photographophon is described as "something like the sound camera of today."
1906, Eugene A. Lauste—formerly with Edison, the Lathams, and Rector—one of whose contributions was later developed by RCA.
1913, E. E. Ries, whose patent proved almost basic but took ten years to get through the Patent Office.

20th-Century Scientists Work on Sound

After de Forest's invention of the vacuum tube in 1906, more than ten years passed before he and his fellow technicians began to close in on the problem of sound on film. It was a decade later when Hollywood began to think of making pictures.

The end of World War I set some scientists free to work in the area of entertainment. Three Germans, three Americans, and a number of men employed by three big manufacturers of radio and electrical equipment in the United States led the field. The Germans worked together as Tri-Ergon. Of the three Americans, de Forest sometimes worked by himself and sometimes in loose association with Theodore W. Case and his partner Earl I. Spon-

able. The chief manufacturing companies that developed sound on film were General Electric, the Bell Telephone Laboratories, and Western Electric. Bell and Western Electric coppered the deal by playing both films and records.

De Forest Brings Talkies to New York in 1923

The association between de Forest and Case-Sponable was a curious one. They exchanged information freely while developing their own sound cameras. Between 1923 and 1925, they had an agreement by which de Forest used certain devices of the other two in his Photophone system. I am not belittling the work of de Forest when I say that he gave a great deal of attention to production and exhibition while Case and Sponable made the greatest technical advances.

Edison had hardly got through saying that there was no field for talking pictures when de Forest showed a half-hour program of his films at the Rivoli Theater in New York on April 15, 1923. They started off with a picture in which a man explained the making of movies with sound. (This, remember, was the year when de Forest boasted that he could "understand every word the first time through.") During 1923, he exhibited some twenty-five short subjects. The next year, he recorded speeches by President Coolidge, Senator Robert La Follette, and other notables. More important than these films or the monologues that he made with comedians like Eddie Cantor, George Jessell, and De Wolf Hopper, he produced in 1924 a two-reel comedy *Love's Old Sweet Song* with Una Merkel. It was the first all-talkie fiction film, unless his sketch with Raymond Hitchcock may have preceded it.

In 1925, in the first theater built especially for talkies, de Forest showed his films at the British Empire Exhibition. By the end of the year, he saw Phonofilm equipment installed in thirty-four American movie houses. But de Forest couldn't gain the ear of Hollywood, and William Fox—who was later to adopt the Case-Sponable system as Movietone—ordered the de Forest projectors out of the six Fox theaters where they had been installed.

The Work of the Radio Manufacturers

Besides de Forest, Case, and Sponable, scientists working for the makers of radio and electrical equipment played an important part in exploring the mysteries of sound for the screen. From the work of all these men came refinements in the use of the oscillating mirror, the photoelectric cell, and the vacuum tube, and also notable developments such as the light-valve, the microphone, and the loud speaker. As early as 1920, Charles A. Hoxie of General Electric demonstrated sound on film in one of its laboratories and, the next year, recorded speeches by President Coolidge and other public figures. In 1923, Western Electric made an animated sound film on the workings of the audion tube, while it was developing the electronic recording of sound on disc. Bell as well as Western Electric achieved good synchronization through an electric motor that drove both projector and phonograph. Electronic recordings and powerful loud speakers made this system reasonably satisfactory, though not so good as sound on film.

Thus, by 1925, the work of de Forest, Case, Sponable, and the manufacturers made the talkies a reality—outside Hollywood. The mute movie and the blind radio had brought forth a child that could talk and be seen.

Sound for Money's Sake

Up till 1926, the film studios felt too prosperous to waste time and money on the gestation and accouchement of this prattling baby. When the Hollywood talkie was born at last, it was under the sign of the dollar—or, perhaps I should say, under the sign of the missing dollar.

The silent screen didn't die of old age. By 1926, its artistic potentialities were far from exhausted, as Russia was beginning to demonstrate. But the commercial film, made to please as many people as possible, began to repeat itself and grow dull. To hold the audience, America's first-run exhibitors added symphony orchestras and vaudeville; and they fused these into what they called "presentations" or "prologs." For an hour, film audiences

watched revues with singers, comics, vaudeville acts, elaborate scenery, and a teeming chorus of dancing girls whose mechanical perfection put a millepede to shame. In spite of all this, audiences shrank. And, though audiences shrank, Hollywood producers turned a deaf ear to the sounds that ingenious inventors were offering them—all the Hollywood producers, that is, except the one that was in the worst shape financially. This was Warner Brothers. It was on the edge of bankruptcy, so it had nothing to lose. As things turned out, Warners—and the Hollywoods of both hemispheres—had a world to gain.

At first, Warner Brothers seems to have thought mainly of bringing orchestral scores, musical stars, and short turns, not only to the first-run theaters but also to the smaller houses that couldn't afford them. (As early as 1924, de Forest had recorded Hugo Riesenfeld's musical score of *The Covered Wagon* and projected it at the Rivoli during the "supper shows" when the regular orchestra was resting.) On August 6, 1926, adopting the Western Electric process under the name of Vitaphone, Warner Brothers presented its first program with electrically recorded sound on discs. The feature was a silent picture *Don Juan* with John Barrymore, accompanied by a score recorded with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. There were short films in which Mischa Elman played the violin, Martinelli and Marion Talley sang solos, and Negro musicians played banjos. The only talking voice came from a moving picture of Will Hays, czar of the industry, who—with more of vision than most Hollywood men enjoyed—introduced Vitaphone as something that would revolutionize the screen.

Fox Steps in with Case and Sponable

Before William Fox ripped out the de Forest equipment that had somehow wormed its way into a few Fox theaters, the magnate refused to talk to the inventor on a transatlantic crossing. But, a couple of years later, when the film man heard that Warner Brothers had made a contract for Vitaphone, he was willing to listen to a Case-Sponable demonstration. The realistic twitterings

of a canary decided him. Before the rival studio showed *Don Juan,* Fox had agreed to accept the Case-Sponable brand of sound on film and to exploit it under the name of Fox Movietone. This was in the summer of 1926. By the end of October, the Fox-Case Corporation was making tests on a new sound stage in New York. Sponable has amusingly noted that Harry Lauder stopped in the middle of a song and—to make sure the film couldn't be used commercially—announced quite clearly, "This is a test."

A Leisurely Race between Two Studios

Fox was a late starter compared with the Warners. They broke the barrier in August, 1926, with a synchronized score, musicians, and Hays's speech. It was the next January before Fox put his silks on a singing short with the Spanish Raquel Meller. In May, Movietone showed its heels with the first Hollywood short with dialogue—*They're Coming After Me,* starring the comedian Chic Sale. After that, it was a dingdong race for position. But it was a slow race all the same.

The Warner Brothers were sluggish pioneers. After the debut of Hays, they waited more than a year to put songs and a little dialogue into a long film. Then nine months of gestation went by before they brought forth the first "all-talking" feature. Fox, too, found it slowgoing in the fiction field. It took him two years to move from the Chic Sale short to his first feature-length talkie.

Fox moved faster, however, in the field of the news reel. Case-Sponable's sound on film proved more mobile than Vitaphone's phonograph recording. In the summer of 1927, camera crews recorded the departure of Lindbergh and his welcome back in Washington; they went abroad and interviewed Mussolini. By December, the first weekly issue of Movietone News appeared. Within a year, the output trebled; and in July, 1929, Fox delivered four news reels a week.

The Jazz Singer—"You Ain't Heard Nothin' Yet"

In spite of earlier demonstrations, it was the Warner Brothers that first amazed and staggered movie-goers with the possibilities

of spoken dialogue on the screen. For some reason, the sensational success that de Forest couldn't win with his Phonofilm in 1925, or Fox with Chic Sale in the summer of 1927, Warners achieved when it presented *The Jazz Singer* on October 24, 1927. Al Jolson's songs were arresting, of course, but the public had already heard singing in one-reelers. It had heard dialogue, too. Yet, when Jolson finished his first song in reel two and said to the guests in a café, "Wait a minute, wait a minute. You ain't heard nothin' yet!" the theater audience was electrified. There was a kind of prophecy in this favorite line of his that he had carried over from many a musical show on Broadway. *The Jazz Singer* had only a little more dialogue, but the success of the film told other producers that they must turn to sound. They were surprisingly slow to react.

The First All-Dialogue Films

After the success of *The Jazz Singer*—it made a handsome profit even though there were only about 100 theaters equipped with sound projectors—Warner Brothers, Fox, and others hurriedly added talkie sequences to films that were all but finished. The first completely dialogued film, *Lights of New York,* didn't come from Warner Brothers till July, 1928. Paramount joined the all-talkie procession five months later with *Interference.* The otherwise enterprising Fox didn't come through until January, 1929, but *In Old Arizona* had the distinction of being the first talking feature shot out-of-door. The great Griffith, who had made a failure with songs recorded on phonograph discs for *Dream Street* in 1921, let Lupe Velez sing and dance in *Lady of the Pavements* (1929). But it was 1930 before he made his first all-talkie in *Abraham Lincoln* (1930).

In 1928, there had been musical numbers and night-club scenes in *The Singing Fool* and *Lights of New York;* and, early the next year, with MGM's *Broadway Melody,* Hollywood discovered that sound made a new kind of film possible—and very profitable—the musical show. MGM cautiously made a silent version as well as a talkie—quite a feat, I should think. RKO was more confi-

dent, toward the end of 1929, when it made an entirely voluble reproduction of the Broadway hit *Rio Rita.*

In 1929, there were 234 different types of sound equipment. Most of these involved discs. Yet, within a short time, three systems of sound-on-film systems had squeezed out all the phonograph records.

In 1930, the Silent Fades Away

For Hollywood, 1929 was the year of decision. In March, Fox gave up producing silent pictures. The others slowly followed. According to listings in the *Film Daily Year Book,* in the twelve months, Hollywood companies made 335 features with complete dialogue. They turned out only 175 silent films. In between, lay 75 with musical scores and sound effects, and 95 with a mixture of a little dialogue and a lot of subtitles. The number of theaters wired for sound increased more than fifty times between December 31, 1927, and December 31, 1929. Sponable has said that, at the end of 1927, there were only 157 houses equipped for sound and not more than 55 of these could handle sound on film. Two years later, he counted 8,741, and most of them could use both disc and film. There remained some 10,000 theaters—mostly on the small side—that had no sound equipment of any kind. That was why 175 of the 335 all-talking features of 1929 went out in silent versions, too, replete with subtitles. All told, however, there were 505 features with some kind of sound against 175 that could be seen but not heard.

Sound spoke long and loudly in comedy and drama, the Western, the musical show, and the operetta. Even Britain listened. Under some strange misapprehension, the otherwise astute Alfred Hitchcock had shot *Blackmail* silent; when he heard the belated news from Hollywood, he remade it in sound. Germany saw Tri-Ergon films as early as 1922, but producers didn't go in seriously for talkies until 1929.

By the end of 1930, the screen of America and Europe was full of sound and fury, signifying—what?

Films from Overseas

GERALD WEALES

GERALD WEALES is a member of the faculty of the English Department of Wayne University. In addition to his regular contributions to the *Quarterly*, Mr. Weales has published in *American Scholar, Atlantic Monthly, Commentary, Commonweal, Films in Review, Hudson Review, Nation,* and *New Mexico Quarterly.*

THIS QUARTER OFFERS two unhappy helpings of Shakespeare, Renato Castellani's *Romeo and Juliet*[1] and Orson Welles's *Othello*. There is justification for the use of the possessive in the opening sentence because in each film the director's intention results in the sacrifice of Shakespeare's play. I am not one of those Shakespearean purists who bleed each time a line is cut, but I resent that *Romeo and Juliet* becomes tiresome and that *Othello* is reduced to a series of weird camera shots.

Castellani attempts to re-create the Verona of the early Renaissance, but his creation is too richly quiet to house either the violence or the wit of Shakespeare's play; both are muted. The highly praised and undeniably beautiful colors that he achieves are in the end self-defeating; although brighter colors are present, the browns and yellows become dominant; and the effect is one of peace and calm. As the camera lingers lovingly over details of costume, furniture, and architecture, it brakes the speed that is so essential to the story of Romeo and Juliet. If the characters of the play had had the time that Castellani's camera allowed them, it is doubtful that there would have been a tragedy. After all, the fantastic series of accidents that lead finally to the double suicide make sense only because the heat of youth and the heat of summer and the passionate need for love in the midst of hate forces everyone to be in a hurry.

There is one exquisite scene in the film when the Nurse advises Juliet to marry Paris. Typical of most of the other pictures that

[1] Cf. Paul A. Jorgensen, "Castellani's *Romeo and Juliet:* Intention and Response," *The Quarterly of Film, Radio, and Television,* X (Fall, 19$$), 1–10. The editors are printing this additional estimate because there has been so much disagreement about the value of the Italian film.

Castellani paints, this one is apparently made on Italian models; but the effect of the clothes, the faces, and the warmth of the woodwork behind the character is almost Flemish; it is very beautiful and quite wrong. The ballroom scene in which Romeo and Juliet first meet uses setting and color most advantageously. Some combination of red and gray make up the costumes of most of the dancers. Against this, the white of Juliet's dress and the black of Romeo's suit stand out sharply. In the dance that follows, the film manages to convey in purely pantomimic terms the meaning of the famous exchange about the pilgrim in which Romeo asks for and gets a kiss. Castellani, who has no compunctions about meddling with the text—witness his meaningless decision to let Romeo kill himself with a dagger instead of poison—decides to let the pilgrim lines remain. However, since their delivery is so patently without understanding, not only the effect of the lines but of the dance itself is lost.

Frequently, the director insists upon presenting Verona at the expense of a scene. For instance, the play's opening brawl depends upon the sudden, angry appearance of Tybalt to transform a comic quarrel among servants into a fight in earnest. In the movie, however, the killing of one of the Montague servants requires that Benvolio and the remaining servant chase the offenders on a long, meaningless run through the streets of Verona to the Capulet gates. Only then, does Tybalt appear with his, "What, are thou drawn among these heartless hinds?" This remark no longer makes sense, since Benvolio's sword is plainly not drawn at all. Thus, the director's apparent desire to get the most out of Verona reduces the early definition of the Montague-Capulet feud to a foot race.

Much more fatal than the sacrifices to setting are the faults of casting and acting. Castellani's instinct was right in his choice of a Romeo and a Juliet; he avoided assigning the adolescent roles to middle-aged stars. Having avoided one pitfall, however, he promptly tumbled into another; his youthful Romeo and Juliet proved incapable of acting the parts. Since *Romeo and Juliet* is

a very funny play through most of the first three acts, the transition to the tragic, or at least fatal, end of the play demands great skill from the leads. Romeo has to show the difference between his fashionable infatuation with Rosaline and his genuine feeling for Juliet, a feeling which passes within the space of a few scenes from flirtation to a love deep enough to lead to suicide. He has also to show that he is a young man with sufficient wit and charm, when he is free of distraction, to be an equal with Mercutio. Juliet must be at once a little girl wheedling her nurse for a favor, a witty young woman who keeps stopping her lover short in his protestations of love, and a woman with determination enough to take the sleeping draught. Laurence Harvey looks like Romeo and even sounds like him occasionally in the early scenes; but he is unable to handle the poetry with ease, and he can do nothing with the later, increasingly serious scenes. Flaxen, flaccid Susan Shentall is not really an actress at all. She was obviously chosen for her youth and for her coloring which goes so well with the backgrounds, but Castellani's conception of the tearful Juliet and Miss Shentall's attempts to convey her produce certainly the soggiest Juliet on record.

The Nurse and Friar Laurence, played by Flora Robson and Mervyn Johns, are conceived as mirror images of each other; both are poky, pottering, primly suggestive old maids who serve as interfering choruses to the action of the lovers. Such characterization necessitates a watering down of the Nurse who is essentially vulgar in a hearty sense, completely without a sense of right or wrong, and governed only by her love for Juliet. Shakespeare's sketch of Friar Laurence is so dim that the actor and the director must always create the part, but the decision to turn him into an ineffective Mary Worth is a mistake. Around Friar Laurence, Castellani has also built an irrelevant and annoying framework that suggests St. Francis. Disney-like shots of baby birds and cute rabbits are cloying, and so much deliberate messing about with flowers makes it easier to think of Browning's Brother Lawrence than of Shakespeare's friar and to say with Browning's solilo-

quizer, "Water your damned flower-pots, do!" Since Friar Laurence is never able to get any of his long speeches delivered without supposedly amusing interruptions, the sense of foreboding that first shows itself in those speeches is lost altogether. A still more tiresome low-comedy priest is Friar John, who takes part in a long charade that explains why he never delivers Friar Laurence's letter to Romeo; George Cukor made the explanation much more neatly in his version of the play.

Castellani has so heavily edited Mercutio that it is difficult to see why he picks the fight with Tybalt that Romeo refuses or why Romeo should be so deeply concerned when he is killed. Norman Wooland's Paris is such a solid citizen, a middle-aged assistant director of a bank who obviously commutes to London every morning, that the scene at the tomb becomes a little ridiculous when Romeo calls him "good gentle youth" and urges him to go away.

There are many other incidental points for objection, but such picking obscures the basic fault: the film begins to drag noticeably before it is half over, which seems an incredible thing to have happened to *Romeo and Juliet.*

* * *

Those critics who think that *Hamlet* got lost in Laurence Olivier's excess of castle—and I am one of them— will find that *Othello* got lost in Welles's nervous camera. The tragedy of Othello disappears completely in this determinedly arty film. It is standard procedure in the film, for instance, to allow two of the characters to begin a conversation walking toward the camera; suddenly, the camera begins to creep up behind them, then it looks down from a parapet and reduces them to toy figures, then it stares up from the grounds outside or looks through a grill at the soles of their feet or peeps through a latticed doorway at them, waffled by shadows. By the time the camera has finished playing peekaboo with the characters, the lines have passed off unheard. If the story were not familiar to start with, the movie would be meaningless. Come to think of it, Welles's version is not familiar.

The film opens with a shot of the dead Othello's face, taken from the top of his head. Then, the scene opens to show the whole corpse being carried in a long, chanting column of monks which joins angularly to another column bearing the dead Desdemona. While the elaborate funeral procession passes, a scuffle takes place in which Iago is captured, placed in a cage, and raised high in the air. Naturally, all this takes place just in time to catch the breaking of the dawn. Othello's death scene is also characteristic. Having strangled Desdemona, he wanders away from the bedchamber, to be confronted with Emilia and the truth. Othello is on one side of a heavy, grillwork door, which is as much symbol as it is iron, and his accusers are on the other. Breaking his last long speech into two parts, he stabs himself and then wanders for miles through the corridors of the palace back to the bedside of Desdemona. At this point, the camera leaps to the ceiling, and gives the impression that the bedchamber is in a sewer—an idea that Welles may have picked up during the filming of *The Third Man*. Then, the screen blacks out all but the face of Othello, who speaks his final lines clearly and movingly. But by this time it is too late to be moved. Welles shifts, cuts, and adds scenes and lines to suit his taste; these changes would be forgivable only if the result were in any way coherent.

There is much interesting if irrelevant camera work (the credits list five men as responsible for the photography) and a few amusing ideas, such as the decisions to have Roderigo try to kill Cassio in a Turkish bath and to have Roderigo and Iago arouse Brabantio by shouting up from a gondola. Even these are more symptomatic than they are satisfying. There are moments in the film that indicate Orson Welles might have made a very good *Othello,* if he had been at all interested in Othello; but it is obvious that he is still chasing some aesthetic bluebird that is taking him farther and farther from the quality of his early films.

* * *

There are several examples of non-Shakespearean love this quarter. Claude Autant-Lara's *The Game of Love,* based on a

Collette novel, vaguely suggests *Devil in the Flesh* because it contains, among other things, a love affair between an adolescent boy and an older woman. However, since *The Game of Love* is never clear in its intention, it is much less touching than the latter film. Sometimes the film is played for sentiment; sometimes, for comedy; sometimes, for farce. The affair, just one of a number of incidents that make up a summer at the beach, is subsidiary to the plot which shows the developing relationship between the boy and a girl of his own age. At times, in fact, the older woman theme approaches parody. For instance, we once see her through a gauze curtain, stretched on a couch, smoking with a long cigarette holder. Pierre-Michel Beck and Nicole Berger, the two young people, are very good for the most part; but the girl becomes a little wearing, mainly because the role of Vinca is too determinedly on one note, both in conception and in the playing. The entire opening of the film, the beach during an approaching storm, is played very broadly. The famous nude sequence in which the young man, after nearly drowning, makes his way home with only a hat to hide his nakedness is sometimes funny, although it has no real relation to later events. There is a running gag concerning the operators of a tent cinema, a big brute of a blonde pianist, her tiny projectionist husband, and the stolid, violin-playing son. But they, like so much of the beach activity and the byplay in the family, are irrelevant to the story of the young man and his two very different loves. Possibly Autant-Lara wanted to achieve a kind of wryness or hoped for nostalgic laughter, but the result is too diffuse; the film is almost *Mr. Hulot Meets the Devil in the Flesh.*

* * *

Bread, Love and Dreams is another bouquet of irrelevancies, mixed with a few funny scenes. Even the title is dragged in almost by accident. A man munching a crust of bread tells Vittorio De Sica, who plays the commander of the *carabinieri* in a small Italian town, that they are all living on bread and dreams. This statement would have more meaning in the film if there were any

emphasis on poverty beyond one speech by the priest and one by the barefoot Frisky, so healthily played by Gina Lollobrigida. Mostly, the film is comically about love. The *commendatore* distantly courts the local midwife, while imagining that he may seduce Frisky, who loves and is loved by one of the *carabinieri* too shy to state his intentions. Of course, the couples get paired off correctly at the end. The best thing in the film is De Sica's performance, a kind of courtliness that kids itself. Credited with directing the actors—which makes the job of director Luigi Comencini a little vague—De Sica is probably responsible for the most successful parts of this film. The funniest invention is the *commendatore's* carting the midwife on his motor bike between expectant mothers, but it becomes overextended. Many of the local jokes that are lost on a non-Italian audience include remarks about Naples, which depend for their point on an accepted Neapolitan stereotype. Some incidents seem funny enough in conception. For instance, Frisky's mother finds the money that the *commendatore* has secretly left in the house so that Frisky can buy a new dress; she immediately thinks that it has come from St. Anthony; and, within a few minutes, a shrine springs up around the home. But this scene, like the film as a whole, does not quite come off.

* * *

Once Todoro, the good bandit in the Brazilian film *Cangaceiro,* runs away from the gang to take the kidnapped schoolteacher to safety, only two endings are possible—the cinematic or the operatic. Since director Lima Barreto, who also wrote the screenplay, eschews the first by not letting the two get away to live happily ever after, he can only let Todoro die grandly. He does. When the band catches up with the runaway, who holds them off while the girl gets safely to town, Captain Galdino, the bandit chieftain, already wounded to the death, allows Todoro to walk toward a distant tree. Each of the twenty-three bandits is given one shot at him; his reward is freedom if they miss. He walks majestically toward the camera with the bullets biting the dirt around him,

until he is hurt, at first superficially, then fatally (the telltale blood from the edge of the mouth); and he dies clutching his earth, just as the captain, who wanted only to outlive the man he considered a traitor, dies after one last look at the rings on his fingers. Both the earth and the rings have been set up earlier as personal symbols. This description is quite factual, and Todoro and the schoolteacher are as dull and stock as they sound. Nevertheless, in a sense, this absurd reduction of the film is unfair because Milton Ribeiro's performance as Captain Galdino is fascinating, if just on the edge of caricature. There are also some good scenes showing the cruelty and the childishness of the bandits; there is a fine collection of contrasting facial types both within the band and among the women who are carried off to tend camp for them; and there is an excellent use of songs that sound like genuine folk ballads.

* * *

The Japanese *Hiroshima* greatly resembles some of the German films of the twenties. In nobility of intention and in naïveté, it can be compared to Fritz Lang's *Metropolis.* Unfortunately, the comparison does not hold for technique or imagination. Directed by Hideo Sekigawa, *Hiroshima* tells the story of the atom bombing of the Japanese city and of the physical and psychological effects that have extended far beyond the explosion. It is told through the experiences of a variety of characters, whose relationships are at first difficult to sort out. Although we know from John Hersey's *Hiroshima,* which is in no way related to this film, that the horror of the bomb can best be understood in personal terms, the early confusion of characters lessens the impact of the film. Nor is the simulation of the bomb's explosion effective since the destruction is so obviously synthetic. Despite some excellent moments, this section of the film, which needs so desperately to be successful, is largely stagy and false. After the reconstruction begins, the film wanders into innumerable bypaths, seems time after time to have reached a conclusion only to go off jerkily in still another direction. The ending is an impassioned

plea for peace with which no sane person can find fault, although the dead need not have risen to testify to the terribleness of the war. That testimony should have been made as the film went along. *Hiroshima's* conclusion can only make the viewer shake his head sadly. We all know that an atomic war should not be allowed to happen, but what we do not know is quite how to avoid it.

* * *

The stars of at least two of the newer films were chosen in hopes of a wider market than that offered by the art houses. David Lean's *Summertime,* in which Katharine Hepburn plays the American spinster, is obviously cashing in on wider distribution with much more success than Edward Dmytryk's *The End of the Affair,* even though Deborah Kerr and Van Johnson are the lovers in the latter. Both of the films are disappointing.

Summertime is the film version of Arthur Laurents' play *The Time of the Cuckoo,* which tells the story of an American schoolteacher in Italy who must conquer both her Puritanism and her dreams of a great romance ending ecstatically and legally at the altar, in order to accept the temporary but rewarding love of a married man. The slightly fatuous contrast between the American and the Italian ways of looking at infidelity, voiced by the schoolteacher on one hand and her *pensione* keeper on the other, give to the Laurents play an air of pomposity, where worldly wisdom was the intention. Still, sociology aside, the play did provide Shirley Booth with a role in which she could display with every gesture and inflection her adeptness at hard-boiled pathos, for the schoolteacher is conceived as a laugh-a-minute girl whose heart breaks in secret until the second-act curtain gives her a chance to display it.

Obviously, Katharine Hepburn could not play the schoolteacher—a private secretary in the movie—as Shirley Booth did. Miss Hepburn's angularity is more than a physical characteristic; it is her acting style just as Miss Booth's acting turns back in on her like the sagging circle that her body becomes when she is ready to let it go pathetically limp. Katharine Hepburn is brittle,

severe, and stylish where Shirley Booth is pliant, soft, and dowdy. However, the difference in their performances should only have been in kind, not in quality. Anyone who has seen no more of Katharine Hepburn's acting than the scene in *The African Queen* where she takes the boat over the rapids, knows that she is a match for Shirley Booth in a fair fight. Still, Hepburn loses by the comparison with Booth. The fault probably lies as much with Lean and with co-writer H. E. Bates and with Venice, which seduced them both, as it does with Miss Hepburn. Although some of the original lines are retained to show that the character is supposed to wear a wisecracking surface, that side of her is not much in evidence in the film. From the moment that the wonderfully expressive Hepburn face appears on the screen, there is no doubt that the girl is suffering; she has no more shell than an open wound has. The only variation that she is allowed is ecstasy over the glories of Venice, and therein lies the weakness of the film.

As so often happens, the director became enamored of his setting and chose to focus his attention and his cameras on it, rather than on his characters and his story. The Venetian scenes are lovely, but in the end they defeat their purpose. They are there supposedly because Venice is a valid part of what happens to the vacationing secretary; but the film suffers when the weight of the background buries the love affair. The intrusiveness of Venice is apparent not only in the harm it does to Hepburn's performance, but also in the minor characters who have been reduced to meaninglessness. There is no more than a suggestion of the domestic and aesthetic problems of the American artist and his wife; and Isa Miranda, as the lady who runs the *pensione,* has nothing at all to do. The couple who caricature the stock American tourist, trying enough in the play, have become impossible in the movie.

* * *

In retrospect, in comparison with *The End of the Affair, The Heart of the Matter* (*Quarterly,* Fall, 1955) seems to have reached more deeply and surely into the confusion of pity and mercy out

of which Graham Greene operates. The difficulty that the earlier film faced in trying to show Major Scobie's suffering becomes an impossibility with Sarah Miles in *The End of the Affair*. Part of the difference probably lies in the actual inferiority of *The End of the Affair* as a novel, since Lenore Coffee, who wrote its screenplay, has shown the same respect for Greene that Lesley Storm put into her treatment of *The Heart of the Matter*. In the novel, Sarah Miles's approach to a kind of sainthood produces something cold and standoffish in a way that Major Scobie's relationship to God never did, and the final miraculousness of her relics is too much for the average reader—even the average reader of *The Golden Legend*—to take. Miss Coffee has wisely discarded the miracles and has left Maurice Bendrix, the other half of the love affair, probably on the way to God; but, in the film too, Sarah Miles manages to put a chill, almost of disbelief, over the whole of her story.

The film's recounting of the affair twice, from the viewpoints of Sarah and Maurice, does not help. Nor was it quite wise to rely on Greene's prose for narrative explanation of the subtleties, since the story needs to be made clear in dramatic terms. Besides, the precision with which Greene's writing speaks from the page becomes almost pedantry when it is read aloud.

Most of the supporting roles in the film are played with understanding or efficiency. John Mills, for instance, as the private detective, is one of those eccentric, pathetic people of whom Graham Greene is so fond; and Deborah Kerr's performance of Sarah has amazing moments of real revelation. Van Johnson is hopelessly miscast as Maurice, another false step in an attempt to turn him into a serious emotional actor. He consistently uses the same mannerism, the tight fist against the blubbery lip, the forehead knotted above, which he has already unveiled as his stock suffering bit in *The Last Time I Saw Paris*.

* * *

I Am a Camera is also headed for wider distribution, partly because Julie Harris is the star, partly because it has annexed a

reputation for naughtiness which the distributors are exploiting with reprehensible advertisements. The whole business of Sally Bowles's intended abortion, which has caused all the hullabaloo, is childish. Director Henry Cornelius and screen writer John Collier have kept in the talk of the abortion, as though pandering to schoolboy wickedness, and have erased the actual operation, as though they were on the side of the angels. As a result, the whole point of the sadness and shabbiness of Sally's brittle search for fun is lost. Here is an example of producers' bad taste being transmuted into a profit by those protesting groups who do not like to hear abortion discussed on the screen. In addition, the distributors are quoting a leading columnist who favorably compares the heat of the dialogue in *I Am a Camera* to that of *The Moon Is Blue*. This selling point really indicates nothing more than that the columnist has been out of high school long enough to forget what conversations were like at that stage of his life but has not progressed beyond the high-school view of spicy chatter.

The film brings Sally Bowles closer to the original in Christopher Isherwood's *Goodbye to Berlin* than John van Druten does in his play, the immediate source of the movie and its title. Sally is essentially a mindless creature, who is capable of accidental cruelty or kindness, who is under the impression that she is a great lover with an endless capacity for LIFE, and who is actually easily loved, as a child is. The pathos of her frenetic existence, although apparent to Isherwood, should be apparent to Sally only occasionally and uncertainly. Van Druten has focused on those moments when Sally seems most aware of the pathetic side of her life; the film treats her almost as a character out of a farce. In his series of Berlin portraits, Isherwood's intentions were to relate the emptiness and unreality of much of the life in Berlin to the conditions that were building toward the success of the Nazis. There is some attempt to hold to his purpose in both the play and the film, but the filmed version is unsuccessful because the emphasis on farce and on Sally as the center of action—she is actually at its periphery—reduces the novelist's serious business to filler. If all such

material had been cut, perhaps the film could have been accepted more easily simply as the story of a little girl who thinks she is a big girl. But even on that level, it would have been occasionally tiresome.

Julie Harris plays Sally Bowles as though she were Beatrice Lillie playing Frankie Adams in *The Member of the Wedding;* that effect or that of Frankie Adams as Lady Peel is the one intended, and it is occasionally quite funny. It is also wearing. At those moments when Sally is allowed to show something behind the mask, as when she takes the taxi supposedly to the nursing home, Julie Harris is able to indicate with only a little variation in expression and tone of voice the little girl behind the painted creature. She is too good an actress to be wasted on stuff like Sally Bowles. Although such a role may be fun to do and occasionally fun to see, it is limiting; Julie Harris has nothing to learn from it.

Shelley Winters is supposed to have made a special effort to get the role of Natalia, the primly advanced Jewish girl. Although her performance is no more than competent—an achievement not to be frowned on—the part is more important in indicating a considered attempt to break away from the dowdy-sultry parts, redolent with tears, which have been her unhappy burden since she did so well in *A Place in the Sun,* and which have become a parody since then.

The asexual relationship between Chris and Sally makes sense only in the general atmosphere that the novel sets up, and the healthy English boy performance of Laurence Harvey does not clarify the vagueness of that relationship. The film gives most of its attention to the adventures of Chris and Sally with Clive, the American millionaire. This character, who is only incidental to the story and to the play, has been extended mercilessly. Ron Randall plays him as a stock Texas millionaire, with all the mannerisms, the heartiness, the stupidity that the stage stereotyping of that character demands. The joke was old when Kenny Delmar finished with it; and, when vaudeville routine becomes a substitute for a noisily confused individual, it seems even staler.

John Collier has not only mixed up a little Isherwood and a little van Druten in his screenplay; he has also introduced some bona fide Collier. The grotesque medicine men who come to cure Chris of a supposed illness in one scene—almost as crowded, if not nearly so funny as the stateroom in *A Night at the Opera*—are types that would not be uncomfortable in one of the bizarre Collier short stories.

* * *

There is only one possible excuse for *The Man Who Loved Redheads,* a piece of sentimental fluff written by Terence Rattigan: the presence of Moira Shearer in four different roles as the various and momentary loves of a man who keeps searching, despite a comfortable wife and a career in the foreign service, for his ideal woman. Miss Shearer is extremely beautiful in all the roles, as an ideal should be; but she is particularly good as a careless shopgirl, World War I variety. The script allows her to dance a section of *Sleeping Beauty* and to do a technically adroit and amazingly stately Charleston. For the rest, the film is not funny enough or charming enough to overcome the treacle and the plot encumbrances; there is a particularly annoying narrative in which the voice chums up to the audience, talks directly to characters, and intrudes in other less tiresome ways. Joan Benham as a tired, bored mannequin and Patricia Cutts in the more conventional role of a flapper of the twenties are funnier in their brief bits than most of the rest of the picture.

* * *

Doctor in the House pretends to be no more than a bit of sentimental fun about the sweetest bunch of medical students this side of Miss Susie Slagle's. The hospital is pretty well milked for gags by the time the hero graduates. As in so many other English comedies, like *Genevieve,* most of the cast of this film plays with obvious skill and with the knowledge that the parts are only parodies of people.

Dialogue between the Movie-Going Public and a Witness for Jean Cocteau

RAYMOND JEAN

RAYMOND JEAN was an assistant professor of French Literature in France, and is currently an associate professor of Romance Languages at the University of Pennsylvania. His publications include articles in les *Cahiers du Sud,* le *Mercure de France,* and les *Cahiers du cinéma* and a booklet of poetry by the Editions P. Seghers in Paris. The following article is a part of a short essay resulting from a conversation between the author and Jean Cocteau.

Public: May I let you in on a secret? I have an awful feeling that Jean Cocteau, in his recent works, is complaining more and more about us.

WITNESS: Yes, his complaints are coming more frequently nowadays. He seems to be suffering.

Public: Do you think he's really suffering, I mean in a sincere way?

WITNESS: I do.

Public: But from what?

WITNESS: It's hard to say.

Public: From not being understood?

WITNESS: Probably.

Public: Do you mean in regard to his work for the films?

WITNESS: That in particular.

Public: You will admit that he's largely responsible. When you want to be understood, you must express yourself clearly. His films are beyond me sometimes.

WITNESS: Do you mean that they're over your head?

Public: How do you mean?

WITNESS: Do they leave you indifferent? Or do they annoy you?

Public: Eh . . . eh . . . Well . . .

WITNESS: Sometimes, maybe?

Public: Sometimes . . . yes . . . but . . . it's something else.

WITNESS: What?

Public: Well, I don't understand the obscure allusions in his films.

WITNESS: What obscure allusions?

Public: What he's trying to say.

WITNESS: But he's not *trying* to say something. He just *says* it.

Public: I know that story, too. You're going to tell me I have only to look at the film without looking for hidden meanings in it. But that's asking too much of me.

WITNESS: Your symbols and your logic lead you astray. You are looking, at any cost, for a meaning in those things which have other values than meaning alone. You reason too much about these things, as you always will. And how you distort them!

Public: What else should we do?

WITNESS: You are trying to understand, you say. Are you sure you are trying to see what is going on in front of you? What Cocteau is reproaching you for is your inattention, your lack of eagerness to look closely at what took months of meticulous work to prepare. In his films, the least image missed, he says, ruins the whole. But when it comes to knowing what the film means as a whole, you're at a loss because you have missed that single image. You don't understand, and you are dissatisfied because you don't understand. But while the film is going on you are talking, laughing when you shouldn't be, passing around popcorn or candy and crumpling paper, or getting affectionate with your date. (He—Cocteau—is still speaking.)

Public: Does he reproach us for all that?

WITNESS: He reproaches the French film-going public—little given to granting a film its complete attention—for behaving in that way and considering itself authorized at the same time to pass flippant judgment on works which take much time and work to produce.

Public: Well, I pay for my seat to enjoy myself.

WITNESS: That's exactly what you don't do.

Public: What's that?

WITNESS: Enjoy yourself. I am speaking of course of that false

élite of the big premières who claim to be the only ones who ever think, who make comments and judge the value of the film, who think they know it all and can say in two words what they think they understand.

Public: You mean the intellectual snobs.

WITNESS: Yes, and the other imbeciles. They are the people who revolt Cocteau. He told me that the people with nothing to do, the idlers, are the most dangerous people in the world; for having nothing better to do with their time, they are always prepared to speak ill about anything, spread wrong impressions, criticize, and falsify.

Public: That's right. But I thought nevertheless that our man Cocteau depended on these same intellectual snobs for a lot of free publicity.

WITNESS: Of course, he does benefit by the support of those people who, dazzled by the brilliance of his works, acclaim them without understanding them.

Public: But who does understand them, then? That's what I'm waiting for you to tell me. I can see you are going to end by telling me that Cocteau's real audience is the popular audience.

WITNESS: No, but the members of that audience have ideas of their own. They want you to tell a story, and to plunge right away into the narrative; they want to identify themselves with the hero and the heroine, and are delighted to see how good-looking they are at such close range, to take part in their journeys and adventures, to share in their love affairs. All this, they do quite simply and honestly.

Public: And what do they think about the ideas in these films of Cocteau?

WITNESS: Since they are concerned only with the form of the picture and not with the content, they don't care about the ideas. They are interested only in what they see. They like to be transported to another land, of the marvelous, the supernatural, fairy tales. That's all they look for in the sumptuous and facile productions of American westerns and musicals. They're not at all interested in quality and technique.

Public: Then our poet Cocteau is the poet of the crowd.

WITNESS: I don't mean that. But from the crowd he gets the most favorable reactions, those which he wants the most. The studio sceneshifters disappoint him less than the critics. And then we have the facts . . .

Public: What facts?

WITNESS: The facts of his success. You seem to forget that Cocteau has succeeded—and this is something without precedent—in reconciling artistic success with commercial success. This has amazed even his producers. You can see for yourself the general success that *l'Eternel Retour* and *Orphée* have had. They have been playing for long runs even in neighborhood theaters.

Public: Yes, because of the infatuation of working girls.

WITNESS: I believe rather because he pleases the young. That puts things in their proper place. And then perhaps Cocteau appreciates more the active interest of the working girl than that of the girls from a Catholic psychoanalytic center who persisted in seeing a phallic symbol in the smokestack of a factory in *Sang d'un Poète.*

Public: You can't be serious.

WITNESS: I certainly am.

Public: Didn't this also fool the young people who support him?

WITNESS: That's not very probable. For Cocteau has never stopped being young himself. His secret? He belongs to no school (schools can become hard and dry up) but rather to a movement. From one movement to another, he goes beyond the *avant-garde* and always comes out in front of these movements with something completely new and different. He never sits idle.

Public: And what about the place his films have in all that you've said?

WITNESS: They have their place. Many young people who are interested and stimulated by them turn to Cocteau.

Public: What is his opinion of these young people?

WITNESS: He thinks that our modern cities are stifling them, preventing them from working and from expressing themselves.

Public: Is he ever severe with them?

WITNESS: No. He only reproaches them for letting themselves be led astray by passing fashions, for making decisions without consulting any authority, for remaining obstinate in their opinions, and for not working.

Public: How are they supposed to work?

WITNESS: It's true that the doors of the jungle that is the movie business are closed to them. And also, they would rather hope to get a few million from some Aga Khan than to have to work.

Public: So Cocteau is not optimistic about them.

WITNESS: No, that's not it. He thinks rather that those of them who have anything to say will say it in the end.

Public: Oh!

WITNESS: And then he knows quite well that among these young people he has a chance of not remaining unknown.

Public: Unknown! You must be joking!

WITNESS: No. Already too often photographed and interviewed and too much adapted to the public's idea of him, he no longer resembles himself.

Public: That's because of the legend which surrounds all artists.

WITNESS: Why are you smiling? Do you think that the idea of a legend is the same thing as the legend itself?

Public: Somewhat.

WITNESS: You're wrong. The poet himself has probably helped to contribute to the false picture which surrounds him. But only in order to protect himself. What you know is only an effigy, a Cocteau of straw which you think is the real Cocteau. The other Cocteau, the true Cocteau, remains intact.

Public: Is that why he attacks this day and age so freely?

WITNESS: He has not himself been spared insults.

Public: Why not?

WITNESS: Probably because he is a man who has chosen to remain free and has not allowed himself to become occupied with any

work other than his own. And also because he is of an extreme nobility and refinement—qualities not easily tolerated today.

Public: Do you really think so?

WITNESS: Yes. And what's more, people refuse to believe that these qualities of his can be reconciled with his *avant-garde* spirit, with his aesthetic originality, and with his love for the beautiful. Clown or serious artist, only you can make the distinction.

Public: Many people also feel uneasy and uncomfortable before his films and his other works.

WITNESS: That's another matter. He always goes *too far*. Rare are the people who like anyone who goes *too far*. Certain everyday realities are just not tolerated; even more, certain plays and films are not tolerated. People have their teeth set on edge when they are presented with the shrill, the violent, the virulent. Take Buñuel, for example. People prefer to close their eyes. If they are compelled to look at these films, any injury done to them serves as a cure, an exorcism.

Public: Don't you recognize in that something harmful?

WITNESS: That's just one of the many aspects of poetry and art.

Public: That's true.

WITNESS: Cocteau knows this. Not long ago, he organized with *Objectif 49* the "Festival du Film Maudit" in Biarritz where they were to show some of these films, "exorcised" by the exploiters from the big motion-picture theaters, by the jury, and by the regular movie-going public.

Public: And if the regular movie-goers were to walk out suddenly, who could stop them?

WITNESS: The others.

Public: What? Whom do you mean?

WITNESS: I mean those young people intensely interested in the film as an art; those old people, curious about something new and different; the intellectual snobs; the affected people. I mean all those people who go to the cinema clubs everywhere to see these films which the big theaters never present. Fortunately, those people still exist!

Public: But they are definitely in the minority!

WITNESS: As a matter of fact, you start out making these films for only a handful of friends.

Public: That's admirable!

WITNESS: And, by your leave, you sometimes make them even for yourself. That's the best way to go about it for that is an end in itself. "The more we become advanced in age, the more our work should enrich and reflect us as if they were a child who resembles us."[1]

[1] Jean Cocteau, *Journal de la Belle et la Bête* (Paris: J. B. Janin, 1946), 57.

The Language of Our Time

DOROTHY B. JONES

DOROTHY B. JONES served as chief of the film reviewing and analysis section of OWI during World War II. During 1950–52, she was a Fellow of the Rockefeller Foundation in the field of film criticism. Last year, she made a study of the portrayal of China and India in Hollywood motion pictures for the Center for International Studies at M.I.T., and another on "Communism and the Movies" for the Fund for the Republic. Currently, Mrs. Jones is preparing a handbook for movie-goers entitled *How to See a Movie.*

OURS IS UNDENIABLY a visual age. Children eagerly pore over comic books long before they recognize the printed words that accompany the pictures. Revisions in our educational system have placed increased emphasis on visualization as a means of learning. Twenty-five or thirty years ago, children learned to read by first memorizing the alphabet; today, they associate the word as a whole with the picture object, and phonetics falls into a secondary place. Filmstrips, slides, and motion pictures are in everyday use in the classroom. And few youngsters of today have ever heard or read the great children's classics in their original form; instead, they meet *Alice in Wonderland, Peter Pan, Cinderella,* and the story of Robin Hood or Pinocchio in comic-book form or on the screen in colorful Disney adaptations.

Nor is the current demand for pictures found only among children. Adults of all ages also look at comic books and, with a minimum of reading, absorb the news from newspapers and magazines that feature photographs. Circulations of such magazines as *Look, Life, See, Pic,* and *Ebony* have risen steadily since the introduction in this country twenty years ago of the modern picture magazine. *Life,* with five and a half million readers, far outsells any other national magazine with the exception of the *Readers Digest;* and *Look* is one of the ten top-selling periodicals.

This emphasis upon visualization throughout our society points to a fact that we have been slow to recognize and accept. But with more than 400 telecasting stations operating in this

country, with over 36,000,000 (as of June 1, 1955) television sets in use, and with set-owning families spending an average of well over three hours each day before their TV sets, we can no longer deny that the language of pictures—and, more specifically, that of moving pictures—is the language of our day.

Actually, television bears somewhat the same relationship to the moving picture as the printing press has borne to the manuscript: it provides a means for wide distribution of the language of motion pictures, just as the printing press has provided a means for disseminating the written word. The children of today learn this picture-language several years before they enter school. This is not to say that people no longer read. Indeed, with the general decline of illiteracy and with the increased availability of higher education, there is more reading now than ever before, as evidenced by the rising sales of books, magazines, and newspapers. Nevertheless, the average person no longer accepts the written word as certain fact. Once, the written word carried authority, was respected, and even revered. But in the past twenty-five years, the man in the street has learned to be wary of words; and he now gives to pictures the unqualified respect and attention that he once gave to the written word.

Predating the establishment of the alphabet, pictures in one form or another have existed through the ages as a means of communication. Only in the twentieth century did the picture begin to compete with the printed word and to command even greater attention than the word itself. How and why did this shift in attention from words to pictures come about? Are we, as many educated people fear, in danger of becoming illiterate because of our growing interest in pictures and our increasing reliance upon them in communication? What disadvantages not found in words and what advantages, if any, do pictures offer in communication between human beings?

The invention of photography marked the birth of the new visual era. Not only did the camera provide the speedy and accurate recording of actualities; it also made possible the seeing of

more than actuality itself, for time stands still in a photograph. What were once fleeting images or events in the happening became permanent records, which could then be studied at leisure and re-examined later with fresh perspective. The viewer's new awareness stimulated a new hunger to see more of the world in this revealing manner. At the end of the nineteenth century, assurance for the future of the visual era came in the form of the motion picture. If the still photograph's "freezing" of actuality in reference to time had been novel, exciting, and visually stimulating, the ability to record people, scenes, and events moving through time and space was revolutionary.

With the motion picture, we began to witness events happening, even those that had occurred long ago and in distant places. By speeding up or slowing down the camera, we controlled the relationship of time and event. Even nature's secrets, which had been too slow or too fast for the human eye, became observable movements on film. But most important, from the standpoint of communication, the motion picture gave us a new language—one based primarily upon the flow of visual images rather than upon the flow of words.

Like most languages, the language of the film developed out of necessity. Inserted subtitles gave the dialogue and explanations in the silent films. Then D. W. Griffith groped his way toward a method of cutting film in order to communicate meaning with a minimum of words. This editing process has formed the primary basis of expression in the language of moving pictures. The essence of this film language is discontinuity: in making the association of ideas suggested by successive strips of film that may have purely subjective significance, the observer is able to grasp what the film creator wants to say. An elementary example occurs in Fritz Lang's first American film, *Fury* (1936), in which a scene of three women gossiping together dissolves into the image of a group of clucking hens and then returns to the women to continue the story. During the silent days, the language of motion pictures developed to such a point that a gifted director like F. W.

Murnau told a complete story without the use of subtitles in *The Last Laugh*.

By the end of the twenties, the shift in emphasis from written word to picture in communication was actively taking place. The movie habit had made Americans very visual minded, capable of grasping pictured similes, metaphors, inversions of meaning, abbreviations, and abstract concepts. Furthermore, the movies had become to the majority of Americans, not merely a popular form of entertainment, but almost an emotional necessity. The demands of a rapidly expanding economy and the tensions generated by a rigidly scheduled mode of living combined to make life increasingly complex and exhausting. The film's discontinuity became an absorbing experience whereby the individual could be transported into another world that created his very thought associations for him, in a concrete, easily comprehensible, and visually exciting manner.

During this same period, the flow of words, both written and spoken, steadily increased through other mass-communication media. Newspaper circulations soared, new books and new editions of old books appeared in ever-increasing numbers, and book circulation per capita in public libraries throughout the country rose steadily. And, with the introduction of radio, words took to the air as the number of homes with sets increased from one quarter million in 1922 to nine million in 1929.

By 1927, radio had begun to compete with silent films for the public's leisure time. In the process of meeting this challenge, the film itself surrendered to the word. At the première of *The Jazz Singer* on October 6, 1927, Al Jolson delivered the first line of spoken dialogue to come from the screen: "You ain't heard nothin' yet, folks. Listen to this." And listen we did! What had been primarily a dynamic visual medium became for many years a static verbal one or, as the billboards of that day so accurately proclaimed it, a "100 per cent talkie."

Americans began to distrust the word during the 1930's. As technological developments made pictures more available, there

was increasing reliance upon them in mass communication. In the slow process of disillusionment that characterized the depression years, people became more wary, more skeptical, more inclined to doubt all but tangible actualities. The distorted use of words by the Nazis in psychological warfare also raised doubts about the reliability of words. To help us understand and partially resolve our new distrust of words, the science of semantics came to the fore; and its rapid popularization reflected a crisis in communication. And, interestingly enough, radio with its earwitness accounts of events-in-the-happening undoubtedly accelerated the demand for pictures to help fulfill the new desire people had to observe and judge events for themselves.

The impetus toward visual communication occurred in a wide variety of channels. In 1934, *Roto,* the first modern picture magazine, appeared. *Life* and *Look* soon followed and met with immediate public acceptance. In July of that year, comic books first appeared on newsstands and began their amazing ascent in sales that now total about twenty billion copies per year. This was the period of the candid camera craze. Even responsible publishing houses began to experiment with full-length books that reproduced photographs, drawings, and paintings with only a few lines of explanatory text; by 1936, over fifty such books had been published. The documentary film likewise came into prominence and won acceptance as a film form, and many young photographers began to experiment with this type of film.

In the past twelve to fifteen years, the motion picture has assumed an ever-growing importance. During World War II, films became the chief means to train over twelve million men and women for military jobs; and, after the war, educational leaders finally gave full recognition to the efficient and timesaving qualities of films. Since the war, motion pictures have come into much greater use than ever before in education, in business and industry, and in scientific research; and there has been a broader public acceptance of the value of this medium that had formerly been known to the public primarily as a vehicle for entertainment.

Although silent films largely made the public visual-minded, television has extended and assured the future of visual communication by gaining wider film distribution and by coming into our home. The rapid growth of television in this country has been spectacular. Between 1947 and 1955, the number of television sets in use increased from about one quarter million to over thirty-six million. Public acceptance of television in America followed a period of rising movie-theater attendance, which began in the thirties and culminated in an all-time high in 1946 when the estimated average weekly movie attendance was eighty and a half million. Then, as television made moving pictures available in the home, theater attendance began a marked decline.

In the past few years, so much has been written and said about competition between television and movies that many people think of them as essentially opposed and different media of communication. Actually, however, the existing competition is not between two different forms of communication. Rather, it is between two different industries that are seeking revenues from the distribution of films. Hollywood, with a history of fifty years of film making behind it, has obtained its revenues from the box office. TV, on the other hand, taking over the pattern of the radio industry, relies upon revenues from companies that sponsor its productions. But the end product—whether a photographed and edited film or a direct telecast, whether viewed on a large theater screen or on our TV sets—is a moving picture.

This is not to say that television has no special characteristics of its own. To this new medium have been correctly ascribed the qualities of "immediacy," "spontaneity," and "actuality," which are lacking in movies. When we view a major sports or news event on television, our satisfaction stems in part from our awareness that what we are watching is occurring at that very moment, that it is spontaneous—has never happened before and is consequently unpredictable, and that it is real and actual, rather than something merely enacted. Nevertheless, what is seen on the home

television screen is a moving picture. Indeed, the average viewer finds it difficult to distinguish between a direct and a filmed telecast of an event.

Television in the United States has been mainly developed by the radio industry. And early TV reflected radio's reliance on the transmission of sound for communication. These first programs were, in fact, televised radio broadcasts, and many TV shows still retain this essentially radio-conceived character. However, with increased use of films, television turned naturally to experienced film makers. Today, men and women who have made their reputations in the movie capital hold many of the top production jobs on all three television networks.

It is well known that big-name movie stars have established new careers in television. But it is not generally known that many cameramen, screen writers, art directors, film editors, directors, etc. also have cast their lot with the new video industry. A survey of the motion-picture guilds of these talent groups—made as long ago as March, 1955—revealed that an estimated 25 to 45 per cent of the active memberships were either exclusively working in television—making TV films or producing live shows—or were dividing their time between television and movie making; the percentages now are undoubtedly higher. For a number of years, Hollywood's annual production of films for television has outstripped its production of films for theater distribution, in terms of film footage. To date, most of this production has been done by small independent producers; but within the past year, the major studios have also begun to produce films for TV. The emergence of home-toll television which is generally regarded as an inevitable future development, will further interrelate these two important media.

Actually, the future of the television industry, like that of the motion-picture industry, is inextricably bound up with the future development of the motion picture as a language and as an art. It is now fully evident that television is doing for the motion-picture industry what the movies did for the stage in the early

1900's. Movies drew off the audience that sought entertainment of a casual sort in the theater, and left the theater smaller but free to devote itself, of necessity, to a more discriminating audience, those genuinely interested in the stage. In a similar way, television is drawing off the audience interested in casual motion-picture entertainment. With TV available every day in our homes without cost, the motion-picture industry has been freed to make a better type of film for the tastes of the more discriminating movie-goers. In the past, films judged successes by the critics more often than not were a failure at the box office; whereas, in recent years, many films rated high by the critics have proven to be financial successes as well—for example, *Gentlemen's Agreement, The Snake Pit, High Noon, The Quiet Man, A Streetcar Named Desire, Moulin Rouge, From Here to Eternity, Shane, Lili, The Living Desert, The Vanishing Prairie, On the Waterfront,* and *The Country Girl.* Once again, there are long lines in front of movie theaters because, in the words of one exhibitor, "Hollywood has discovered that audiences have grown-up—and audiences have discovered that Hollywood has grown-up."

The development of the motion picture in this country has been greatly hampered by the general public's ignorance of its history and traditions as exemplified by the best film works of the past. Now, television in its role as a distributing medium can make the finest films of the past available to the entire television-viewing public. This has already been done with a limited number of American independent productions—films like John Ford's *Long Voyage Home,* Lewis Milestone's *Of Mice and Men,* William Wellman's *Story of G.I. Joe,* and Jean Renoir's *The Southerner.* The major film companies still refuse to allow their best films of the past to be shown on television, and will undoubtedly continue this policy toward TV until the basic economic conflicts between the two industries have been more completely resolved, through toll television or some other means.

Finally, television itself is providing a new opportunity for experimentation with film language. Thus far, only a few tele-

vision shows are frankly experimenting in methods of visual presentation—notably, *Omnibus,* supported in part by funds from the Ford Foundation and *See It Now,* Edward R. Murrow's illuminating visual account of issues of the day. However, from the changing methods of presentation on some of the dramatic shows, it is obvious that a freedom to experiment does exist; and such signs, however fleeting, are encouraging. Through television, the language of the film may once more become alive and in flux, and thus begin to fulfill the hopes that were held for it during its earliest years of growth.

For it must be recognized that the language of moving pictures is still in the formative stage of development. The introduction of sound, which temporarily shifted the primary burden of expression from picture to word, interrupted the early rapid growth of this visual medium. Since then, the addition of new elements—especially color and third-dimension, both of which are also destined to be available on television—has strengthened and reemphasized the essential visual character of motion pictures. Color not only added a heightened sense of reality but made possible the enriching and enhancing of the meanings of images by its dramatic and symbolic use. The recent introduction of third-dimension by the use of Polaroid glasses or by various wide-screen processes has made possible a new use of spatial relations as an element of expression. Unfortunately, however, there has been a tendency to exploit the novel and sensational aspects of each new element rather than to explore its true cinematic potentialities. As a result, much remains to be learned about the enormously rich and complex language of the film which employs so many different elements—image, motion, time, space, color, natural sound, music, and (as but one element among many) the word.

Few who have given the matter serious thought doubt that the moving picture, as exemplified in the average television program with its overwhelming emphasis upon sex and crime, presents a possible threat to our society. However, we must be careful not to confuse an appraisal of the visual media's current uses with

an evaluation of the media themselves. To writers and scholars, the word is understandably all-important; and they are inclined to minimize the importance of visual communication per se. Intellectuals looked upon the early movies with scorn or indifference, and now they speak ruefully of television. Appalled by the apparently insatiable appetite for pictures that is evident in our society today, some people have even asked whether we are not in danger of returning to a primitive level in communication.

In some ways, this point of view appears to be partially justified. Pictures do appeal on a primary level. The child understands much of what goes on about him long before he understands words. Pictures, rather than words, remain for the vast majority of adults the usual form of thought and fantasy. Even the word-conscious intellectual, psychiatrists tell us, dreams in pictures. Thus, in a sense, in our demand for pictures we are reverting to a more direct form of communication.

However, this heightened interest in pictures in communication is also a sign of growing health and maturity in our society—an indication that we are achieving a new respect for actualities themselves, and are less willing to substitute the word for the actuality. As the semanticists have pointed out, most of us tend to think in terms of good or bad, black or white, plus or minus. What we need to do, they tell us, is look about with greater objectivity, accept and think of things as they *are* rather than label them with words that inherently express inferences and judgments. If we can stick to *actualities*—to facts—then we can approach the "multi-valued orientation" that will facilitate social understanding and social change.

In addition to using words more accurately, we must also find new and more direct methods for representing the constantly shifting actualities that govern our lives. Since pictures provide one such means, the language of pictures warrants far greater attention and study than it now receives.

Finally, the universality of picture understanding makes pictures a vital instrument for international communication. Amer-

icans comprehend foreign films with only a minimum of English subtitles, and the rest of the world understands American movies. Often, words elude translation from one language to another; yet, visualization makes meaning concrete and transcends language barriers.

Obviously, visual images present dangers of their own in communication. "Seeing is believing." We accept what we see in a picture as fact far more readily than we accept a verbal description. Thus, as Stalin and Hitler knew well, the motion picture is—above all other forms—a powerful instrument for interpreting events and for imposing beliefs upon men's minds.

An even more serious charge made against the motion picture is its encouragement of a passive attitude toward learning. Many parents report that their movie-wise and television-bred children expect to be spoon-fed in the learning process. Since the young people find sitting back and watching a film so easy and pleasant, they have little zest to read and seek out the facts for themselves.

The extent to which this condition prevails must, in part at least, be attributed to new habit patterns in learning that visual communication has brought about. Reading a book ordinarily requires greater mental alertness and activity than does watching a movie. Words are symbols that, to have meaning at all, must be translated into terms of our own individual experience. Motion pictures, on the other hand, are direct and require no such intermediate step for understanding. Furthermore, because the moving picture proceeds rapidly and provides no opportunity for "rereading," it must make what it wants to say immediately obvious to the viewer.

Nevertheless, seeing still or motion pictures instead of eliminating the desire for reading may actually stimulate it. More than coincidental possibly are some figures published by the American Library Association. They reveal that, with the advent of television, public libraries for the first time in twelve years began to report an increase in book circulation per capita, an increase that has continued steadily for the past eight years. For a time, it

was generally believed that, when a book was made into a movie, no one would be interested in reading the book. However, public libraries and publishers alike report that a filmed novel invariably creates a new demand for the book itself. In recent years, some publishers have even asked a few writers of successful screenplays to put their work into novel form in order to capitalize on the sure book market that successful movies had created. Similarly, the telecasting of sports events has stimulated interest in sports, with the result that more people read books about sports than ever before. Thus, pictures and words go hand in hand, as they do in the documentary film or in a picture-journalism—the picture catches the interest and tells the story, while the accompanying words elaborate the particulars.

In communication, the word and the picture each has different and vital functions to perform. The supremacy of the word in the communication of ideas and abstractions has not and cannot be challenged. *Actually, the great danger is not that we may overemphasize pictures and neglect the written word, but rather that we may allow the moving picture, which so abounds in potentialities, to remain primarily a medium for supplying diversion and entertainment.*

At a time when, above all else, people of the world need to find a common ground for understanding, we are indeed fortunate to have at our disposal a language that can be understood by people of all nationalities, by the illiterate as well as the literate. Because of its directness and clarity, the film or TV appeals strongly not only to young people but also to tired adults who, at the close of a day's work in our industrialized society, are often too weary to read. Yet thus far, we have failed to assure—through government or other means—that any but an extremely small portion of the existing time of TV stations be given over to programs that further the public interest. The Federal Communication Commission's requirement that television stations have sustaining programs "in the public interest" is vague and cannot be meaningfully enforced. Educational channels, of which there are

but a few in operation at the present time, can offer only a partial answer. Remedies for this situation must be found so that motion pictures can be used to benefit rather than ceaselessly entertain the still rapidly growing TV audience.

Today, unfortunately, there are few creative people who think visually. Editors of picture magazines complain that it is extremely difficult to find educated people who can think in terms of pictures; and, in the entire history of moving pictures, there have been relatively few writers who have created primarily in visual images rather than in words. Thus, it is probable that the full potentialities of the motion picture will not begin to be realized until the children of today, reared in a picture-minded society, begin to explore and develop their own medium. But we cannot afford to wait for that day to come. Television has brought the moving picture into our homes and has made it a powerful daily influence in our lives and in those of our children. Therefore, it is imperative that we devote attention, time, thought, and study to this new medium in order to make certain that ways are found to use it for socially constructive and creatively significant ends. For, whether we like it or not, the language of our day is the motion picture; and those who make use of this language and those who control its main channels of distribution will, for better or for worse, be most influential in shaping our future destinies.

TV Commercials Come to Britain

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WINSTON BURDETT, staff member of the C.B.S. news, has distinguished himself for his coverage of top events on both hemispheres and by the accuracy of his broadcasts as they bore on future events.

[Speaking over short-wave radio from London on Sunday, Sept. 25, 1955, Mr. Burdett devoted almost all his fifteen-minute news period to the momentous debut of commercial television in Britain. The *Quarterly* is printing this transcript of his talk through the courtesy of the Columbia Broadcasting System.—THE EDITORS]

LAST THURSDAY EVENING, in the midst of the season's most vivid thunderstorm in southern England, the British launched a bold, new enterprise which nearly everyone feels is going to have a revolutionary effect on the life, habits, taste, and manners of the people of this island. Commercial television made its long-awaited bow in Britain with a fanfare of trumpets, a burst of orchestral music, a solemn round of inaugural speeches, and an advertisement for toothpaste. In spite of the thunderstorm, the reception on opening night was sharp, clear, and uninterrupted within a 70-mile radius of London; and, in spite of the vivid storm of controversy that has raged on the subject, it is already obvious that commercial television is not only here, but here to stay, an accepted and permanent feature of the life of this nation.

Commercial television has been a hotly controversial issue here for the past three years. No other public question has created a greater outward fuss on the upper levels of British politics. During the three-year debate, the British have heard a thousand dreadful warnings about the damage that commercial TV would do to the British way of life. The TV monster, as it is commonly referred to by its legion of unfriendly critics here, would bring in its wake a host of undesirable things—the debasement of taste, the corruption of youth, the breakdown of law, and a huckster's riot of vulgarity. Eminent public men, like Lord Halifax on the Conservative side and Herbert Morrison on the Labor side, have

denounced the monster as an enemy of reasonable culture. It would be a dark day for British culture, they said, when that central institution of British life, the British Broadcasting Corporation, lost its august and absolute monopoly of the air and commercial advertisements were permitted on British television screens.

Well, it has happened. The B.B.C. has lost its monopoly, and its new rival—known as the Independent Television Authority—is competing for the eyes and ears of the nation. British viewers for the first time have a choice of programs; and, if they don't like what they see on the B.B.C.'s Channel 1, they can now switch to the rival shows on Channel 9. They have already had their first taste—taste of television commercials. They have heard about the merits of toothpaste and toilet soap, electric razor and television set, hot chocolate and baking mix. They have even heard their first singing jingle, about a popular brand of cornflour pudding.

In view of all the dire warnings of the recent past, the most remarkable thing about the change has been the ease and speed with which British viewers and critics alike have adjusted to it. The advent of television commercials has brought hardly a murmur of protest. Indeed, the general complaint of the London press has been that the commercials thus far have been too subdued and too dull. Several reviewers have frankly avowed their disappointment. One of them said that the commercials lacked the sparkle and novelty of American television advertising. Another complained of their lack of impact and called for more professional polish and smartness in the American manner. Even the sedate London *Times* absorbed the shock nicely. The *Times* found that the commercials were not particularly clever or memorable and added, "Offensive would be too strong a word by far for these comic little interruptions of the entertainment, but one did feel, nonetheless, that a thick skin of resistance to them would be needed before too long." Obviously, the *Times,* like everybody else, was taking the new age of commercial TV in its stride.

The British are a practical people, and now that the new age is irrevocably here they plan to make the most of it. Already several of commercial TV's most vigorous opponents in Parliament—in the House of Lords, no less than in the House of Commons—have changed their minds, and have agreed to appear as stars on panel shows on the new commercial service. And the man who by all odds has been commercial TV's most ferocious critic, Sir Thomas Beecham, the conductor, has capitulated and signed up for a series of orchestral broadcasts over a commercial station. All along the line, it seems, TV's die-hard enemies in Britain are busy making their peace with the monster.

The new service is referred to here both as Commercial TV and as Independent TV. In fact, it is not strictly independent; nor is it wholly commercial in the American sense. Like the B.B.C. itself, the new Independent Television Authority is a public corporation with a charter from the government. It is, therefore, *not* independent of the government, but independent only of the B.B.C. This corporation stands at the top of the new setup. It builds and owns the new television stations. In the middle are the private companies, or contractors, who rent the stations and produce the programs. At the bottom are the advertisers who buy time from the contractors. The new corporation has wide powers to enforce the rules relating to the impartiality and handling of news and the discussion of controversial issues. Commercial TV is supposed to obey the same fourteen-day silence rule which the B.B.C. obeys—the rule that says that there may be no discussion whatever of any matter of public policy that is due to come up in Parliament during the following fourteen days. It is hoped here that public opinion will eventually sweep away this ban, but meanwhile the new TV Authority is empowered to cancel programs, levy fines on contractors, and, if necessary, revoke the contractors' licenses.

The main difference between Britain's commercial system and our own is that there will be no sponsored programs in Britain. In theory at least, the advertisers will have no say about the pro-

grams; they will simply buy time in which to advertise their products. The most that they can buy is six minutes out of every hour, and the cost will range from about a thousand dollars a minute during the morning hours to a thousand *pounds* a minute (that's twenty-eight hundred dollars) at peak hours in the evening. The rule is that the commercials will be seen and heard only during natural breaks in the program. In the words of the Postmaster General, who is the supreme authority in the television field, Hamlet will not be allowed to interupt a soliloquy to tell us the brand of toothpaste that is popular in Elsinore.

The feeling behind the new service is that competition will infuse fresh life and vigor into British TV programs; and, in the long run, it undoubtedly will. It's generally agreed that the B.B.C., for all its remarkable achievements, has been in a deep rut for a long time. As a public corporation, it labors under a load of official inhibitions; and, as a service without a rival, it has tended to coast along. What the B.B.C. does well it does superbly—the spot coverage of great public events like the coronation of Queen Elizabeth and the national elections. The quality of the talk, urbane and quiet tone, and leisurely style are refreshing; but, when it comes to drama and popular entertainment, one misses the technical proficiency and the pace and brightness of American TV productions; and one finds that British popular taste is certainly no better than American popular taste. The B.B.C. is weak on political discussions and commentaries because of the official restrictions, and its news programs are seldom more than deadpan, listless readings of news bulletins. The accidents that happen on B.B.C. television are startling to an American viewer. No one seems dismayed here if transmission breaks down and the screen goes black for five minutes. No one seems surprised if a program runs over for fifteen or twenty minutes; and if you see a news announcer talking, but there's no voice—well, that happens, too. From time to time, the stagehands wander out in front of the camera. It's all very casual. The B.B.C. has a passion for colorless anonymity, and its announcers are supposed to be as

devoid of personality as conceivably possible. There was the recent case of a girl announcer who was so charming on the air that the B.B.C. fired her. She had just too much personality, and was getting too popular.

These are some of the things which the new commercial service hopes to change. It proposes to set new standards of technical excellence, bring new verve into political discussions, improve the pace, and revive personality. How long it will take to achieve all this is anybody's guess. The new channel already has had a full quota of accidents and operating breakdowns. There was a picture but no sound for four minutes during a news show; films got mixed up here and there; an advertiser spoke for tea but became confused with the station identification signal. Two shows were faded out because they were running over, and one commercial got cut off while another was shown twice. A spokesman explained that it was just "teething" troubles and that there will probably have to be many months of shakedown and experiment before the new service can show what it can do and before the B.B.C. will show the invigorating effects of the new rivalry.

Until today television has had only a light and gentle impact on British life. It is still very far from being the great popular institution and all-powerful influence that it now is in the United States. But this week, Britain opened the TV floodgates to the dynamics of commercialism; and thoughtful Britons realize that, as a result, this country will never be quite the same again. There are less than five million television sets in Britain today, and only a half million or so here in the London area are equipped to receive the new channel; but television sales are at their highest in history. By January, 1956, there will be a new channel in Birmingham; by next fall, another in Manchester; and, in a few years, there will be a national network of twenty commercial stations. Like all British revolutions, this one is taking place gradually. The floodgates are being opened inch by inch, but everyone knows that they will never be closed again.

In larger terms, the advent of commercial TV in Britain is

another step in the Americanization of Europe. The Europeans do not like to admit that this process is taking place, and the British quite naturally insist that they are going to use this powerful new medium in their own way. No doubt they will, and no doubt we will be able to learn from them. But the paramount influence in the television world is America; and it is bound to be powerfully felt here from now on, for we, after all, are the leaders in twentieth-century commercialism, the world's experts in mass communications and mass entertainment. The British already are seeking American stars and programs for their new channel. In the long run, the impact of American techniques and American ways will be incalculable.

Film Music on Records

Compiled by GERALD PRATLEY

GERALD PRATLEY is a film commentator for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, for whom he writes and produces the weekly programs "The Movie Scene" and "Music from the Films." A frequent contributor to the *Quarterly,* Mr. Pratley presented compilations of film music on records in the Fall, 1951, Fall, 1952, Winter, 1953, and Winter, 1954, issues of the *Quarterly*. Here, he brings the compilation up to date as of July, 1955.

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The JARO FM are sound-track recordings issued by the J. Arthur Rank Organization, but are not available commercially.

Many of the pieces of music listed have been recorded by several orchestras; in such instances, only the most important recording is mentioned. This is taken from the sound track, is played by the same orchestra as in the film, is conducted by the composer, or is closest to the original score. Information about alternative recordings may be found in record catalogues. A second orchestra is given in cases where the first named may not be available overseas or in North America.

Not listed are songs written for motion pictures—unless they formed part of the background score—or scores based on existing music. Except where stated, vocalists listed sang the songs credited to them in the respective films.

Original film titles are given in brackets.

All American record numbers apply to Canadian pressings.

Key to symbols:

* Included in "Night Music."
** Included in "Hollywood Rhapsodies."
† Included in "George K. Arthur's Prize Package."
‡ Included in "Original Movie Themes" Volume 1.
§ Included in "Original Movie Themes" Volume 2.

Recordings Listed for the First Time

ABADY, Temple

Martin and Gaston (1954)

"Theme Music" †12″——**American MGM E3151 (33⅓ rpm)**

Orchestra under the direction of Muir Mathieson

(Recorded from the sound track)

ADDINSELL, Richard

Out of the Clouds (1955)

"Out of the Clouds," "The Flame"

10″——English JARO FM154–5 (78 rpm)

London Symphony Orchestra—Dock Mathieson

ALPERSON, Edward L., Jr.
Magnificent Matador (1955)
"Magnificent Matador"
10″——American CAPITOL 3137 (78 rpm)
7″——American CAPITOL F3137 (45 rpm)
10″——English CAPITOL CL14268 (78 rpm)
7″——English CAPITOL 45–CL14268 (45 rpm)
Orchestra conducted by Frank DeVol
Connie Russell (vocalist)
(Sung in the film by Kitty White)
(Lyrics by Paul Herrick)

ANTHEIL, George
Ballet Mecanique (1925)
"Ballet Mecanique"
12″——American COLUMBIA ML4956 (33⅓ rpm)
Carlos Surinach conducting the New York
Percussion Group

AURIC, Georges
Fête à Henriette, La (1953)
"Sur Le Pave" **10″——American LONDON 1530 (78 rpm)**
7″——American LONDON 45–1530 (45 rpm)
10″——English DECCA F10387 (78 rpm)
Frank Chacksfield and his Orchestra

BERNSTEIN, Leonard
On the Waterfront (1954)
"On the Waterfront"
10″——American MERCURY 70465 (78 rpm)
7″——American MERCURY X70465 (45 rpm)
10″——English MERCURY MB3157 (78 rpm)
Malcolm Lockyer's Orchestra

BROOKS, Jack
Run for Cover (1955)
"Run for Cover" **10″——American CAPITOL 3037 (78 rpm)**
7″——American CAPITOL F3037 (45 rpm)
10″——English CAPITOL CL14305 (78 rpm)
7″——English CAPITOL 45–CL14305 (45 rpm)
Nelson Riddle with his Orchestra and Chorus
Bob Graham (vocal refrain)
(Lyrics by Howard Jackson)

Tanga Tika (1953)
"Farewell" ("For Just Awhile")
10″——American COLUMBIA 40100 (78 rpm)
7″——American COLUMBIA 4–40100 (45 rpm)
Mitch Miller and his Orchestra and Chorus
(Lyrics by E. Lund)

BURKE, Sonny
Female on the Beach (1955)
"Theme" **10″——American DECCA 29563 (78 rpm)**
7″——American DECCA 9–29563 (45 rpm)
Victor Young and his Singing Strings
Danny Carter (alto saxophone)

BURNS, Wilfred
Broken Horseshoe (1953)
"Theme" **10″——American MGM 30844 (78 rpm)**
7″——American MGM K30844 (45 rpm)
Wilfred Burns and his Orchestra

There Was a Young Lady (1953)
"Theme" **10″——American MGM 30844 (78 rpm)**
7″——American MGM K30844 (45 rpm)
Wilfred Burns and his Orchestra

BUTTOLPH, David
Long John Silver (1954)
"Long John Silver: Themes," "The Ransom Gold," "Bachanalia," "The Way of a Sailor," "Long John and Jim Hawkins," "Purity Shopping," "Jail Break," "Purity Rides Again," "The Union Jack," "The Trek," "Jim's Delusions," "Finale"
12″——American VICTOR LPM3279 (33⅓ rpm)
Two 7″——American VICTOR EPB3279 (45 rpm Extended Play)
Sydney Symphony Orchestra—David Buttolph
(Recorded from the sound track)

CARR, Michael
Shadow of a Man (1955)
"Theme" **10″——English COLUMBIA DB3551 (78 rpm)**
7″——English COLUMBIA SCM5156 (45 rpm)
Jackie Brown and his Orchestra

CARWITHEN, Dorween

Stranger Left No Card, The (1953)

"Theme Music" (Based on Hugo Alfven's "Swedish Rhapsody")

†12″——American MGM E3151 (33⅓ rpm)

Orchestra under the direction of Muir Mathieson

(Recorded from the sound track)

COATES, Eric

Dam Busters, The (1955)

"March" **10″——English PARLOPHONE R4024 (78 rpm)**

Sidney Torch and his Orchestra

CUGAT, Xavier

Americano, The (1954)

"The Americano" (with Rosner)

"Flute Nightmare" (with Dimanlig)

10″——American COLUMBIA 40377 (78 rpm)

7″——American COLUMBIA 4–40377 (45 rpm)

10″——English PHILIPS PB413 (78 rpm)

Xavier Cugat and his Orchestra

DUNING, George

Tight Spot (1955)

"Forbidden Love" **10″——American MGM 12039 (78 rpm)**

7″——American MGM K12039 (45 rpm)

Leroy Holmes and his Orchestra and Chorus

FERRER, Jose

Shrike, The (1955)

"The Shrike" **10″——American CAPITOL 3195 (78 rpm)**

7″——American CAPITOL F3195 (45 rpm)

Les Baxter, his Chorus and Orchestra

FORBES, Louis

Cattle Queen of Montana (1954)

"Montana" **10″——American CORAL 61316 (78 rpm)**

7″——American CORAL 9–61316 (45 rpm)

The Sons of the Pioneers

Tommy Doss (vocal refrain)

(Lyrics by Bob Nolan)

Passion (1954)

"Passion Tango" **10″——American DECCA 29311 (78 rpm)**

7″——American DECCA 9–29311 (45 rpm)

10″——English BRUNSWICK 05386 (78 rpm)
7″——English BRUNSWICK 45–05386 (45 rpm)
***12″——American DECCA DL8085 (33⅓ rpm)**
***Two 7″——American DECCA ED826 (45 rpm Extended Play)**
Victor Young and his Singing Strings

FRIEDHOFER, Hugo
Soldier of Fortune (1955)
"Soldier of Fortune" **10″——American MGM 12023 (78 rpm)**
7″——American MGM K12023 (45 rpm)
The Elliott Brothers and their Orchestra

Vera Cruz (1954)
"Vera Cruz" **10″——American MERCURY 70514 (78 rpm)**
7″——American MERCURY X70514 (45 rpm)
10″——English MERCURY MB3197 (78 rpm)
Richard Hayman and his Orchestra

GILBERT, Herschel Burke
Riot in Cell Block 11 (1954)
"Riot in Cell Block 11"
10″——English HIS MASTER'S VOICE BD1323 (78 rpm)
Ken Mackintosh and his Orchestra

GLANZBERG, Norbert
Prince for Cynthia, A (1954)
"A Waltz for Cynthia"
†12″——American MGM E3151 (33⅓ rpm)
Orchestra under the direction of Muir Mathieson
(Recorded from the sound track; see under Bruce Montgomery who incorporated this theme into his main score)

GOEHR, Walter
Betrayed (1954)
"Johnny Come Home"
10″——American MGM 30859 (78 rpm)
7″——American MGM K30859 (45 rpm)
10″——English MGM 772 (78 rpm)
Holland Street Organ
Diana Coupland (vocalist)
(Recorded from the sound track)

GORDON, Mack
Young at Heart (1954)
"You, My Love" **10″——American DECCA 29387 (78 rpm)**

7″——American DECCA 9–29387 (45 rpm)
10″——English BRUNSWICK 05386 (78 rpm)
7″——English BRUNSWICK 45–05386 (45 rpm)
Victor Young and his Singing Strings

HEINDORF, Ray
Pete Kelly's Blues (1955)
"Pete Kelly's Blues" (with Sammy Cahn)
10″——American COLUMBIA 40533 (78 rpm)
7″——American COLUMBIA 4–40533 (45 rpm)
Ray Heindorf and the Warner Bros. Orchestra
Larry Sullivan (trumpet solo)

HERRMANN, Bernard
Egyptian, The (1954)
(Written in collaboration with Alfred Newman; see under this composer for further details)
12″——American DECCA DL9014 (33⅓ rpm)
Four 7″——American DECCA ED902 (45 rpm Extended Play)
12″——English BRUNSWICK LAT8040 (33⅓ rpm)
Alfred Newman conducting the Hollywood Symphony Orchestra and Chorus

Hangover Square (1945)
"Piano Concerto"
12″——American CAMDEN CAL205 (33⅓ rpm)
Janssen Symphony of Los Angeles—Werner Janssen

HUGHES, Arnold
Man Without a Star (1955)
"Man Without a Star"
10″——American DECCA 29508 (78 rpm)
7″——American DECCA 9–29508 (45 rpm)
Jack Pleis and his Orchestra
Martin Newman (vocal refrain; sung in the film by Frankie Laine)
(Lyrics by Frederick Herbert)

ICINI
Summertime (1955)
"Summertime in Venice" (with Sigman)
10″——American MGM 30882 (78 rpm)
7″—American MGM K30882 (45 rpm)
David Rose and his Orchestra

KAPER, Bronislau

Glass Slipper, The (1955)

"Take My Love" (with Helen Deutsch)

10″——American MGM 30875 (78 rpm)

7″——American MGM K30875 (45 rpm)

David Rose and his Orchestra

Prodigal, The (1955)

"Samarra" **10″——American MGM 11992 (78 rpm)**

7″——American MGM K11992 (45 rpm)

Leroy Holmes and his Orchestra

Saadia (1953)

"Theme" **10″——English PARLOPHONE R3876 (78 rpm)**

Roberto Inglez and his Orchestra

LEE, Lester

Man from Laramie, The (1955)

"The Man from Laramie"

10″——American VICTOR 20–6157 (78 rpm)

7″——American VICTOR 47–6157 (45 rpm)

The Voices of Walter Schumann

(Lyrics by Ned Washington)

Prize of Gold (1955)

"Prize of Gold" **10″——English DECCA F10432 (78 rpm)**

7″——English DECCA 45–F10432 (45 rpm)

Joan Regan (vocal refrain)

(Lyrics by Ned Washington)

LIEBER, David

All I Desire (1953)

"All I Desire" **10″——American MGM 30796 (78 rpm)**

7″——American MGM K30796 (45 rpm)

David Rose and his Orchestra

LILLEY, Joseph

Seven Little Foys, The (1955)

"Comedy Ballet," "Love Scene"

12″——American VICTOR LPM3275 (33⅓ rpm)

Two 7″——American VICTOR EPB3275 (45 rpm Extended Play)

Orchestra under the direction of Joseph Lilley

(Included in selection of songs "The Seven Little Foys" from the film with Bob Hope, dialogue)

LOUIGUY

Underwater (1955)

"Cerezo Rosa" (with Leonardi, and used by Roy Webb in his score)

10″——American DECCA 29387 (78 rpm)
7″——American DECCA 9–29387 (45 rpm)

Victor Young and his Singing Strings

(See also under Perez Prado)

MANCINI, Henry

Private War of Major Benson, The (1955)

"Toy Tiger"

10″——American CAPITOL 3195 (78 rpm)
7″——American CAPITOL F3195 (45 rpm)

Les Baxter and his Orchestra

Six Bridges to Cross (1955)

"Six Bridges to Cross"

10″——American DECCA 29402 (78 rpm)
7″——American DECCA 9–29402 (45 rpm)
10″——English BRUNSWICK 05389 (78 rpm)
7″——English BRUNSWICK 45–05389 (45 rpm)

Orchestra directed by Joseph Gershenson
Sammy Davis, Jr. (vocal refrain)
(Lyrics by Jeff Chandler)

MARTIN, Hugh

Athena (1954)

"Athena" (with Ralph Blane)

10″——American MERCURY 70465 (78 rpm)
7″——American MERCURY X70465 (45 rpm)
10″——English MERCURY MB3184 (78 rpm)

Malcolm Lockyer's Orchestra

MISRAKI, Paul

Orgueilleux, Les (1953)

"Valse des Orgueilleux"

10″——American LONDON FC146 (78 rpm)

Louis Corchia son accordéon et son ensemble

MOCKRIDGE, Cyril

Woman's World (1954)

"It's A Woman's World"

10″——American DECCA 29269 (78 rpm)
7″——American DECCA 9–29269 (45 rpm)
10″——English BRUNSWICK 05348 (78 rpm)

Orchestra directed by Jack Pleis
The Four Aces (vocal refrain)
(Lyrics by Sammy Fain)

MONTGOMERY, Bruce
Prince for Cynthia, A (1954)
"Theme Music" (including Glanzberg's "A Waltz for Cynthia") †12″——**American MGM E3151 (33⅓ rpm)**
Orchestra under the direction of Muir Mathieson
(Recorded from the sound track)

MOTTOLA, Tony
Violated (1953)
"Violetta" **10″——American MGM 11593 (78 rpm)**
7″——American MGM K11593 (45 rpm)
Tony Mottola and his Orchestra

MURRAY, Lyn
Bridges at Toko-Ri, The (1954)
"Love Theme" **10″——American MGM 11914 (78 rpm)**
7″——American MGM K11914 (45 rpm)
10″——English MGM 801 (78 rpm)
Leroy Holmes and his Orchestra

NASCIMBENE, Mario
Barefoot Contessa, The (1954)
"Song of the Barefoot Contessa"
10″——American VICTOR 20–5888 (78 rpm)
7″——American VICTOR 47–5888 (45 rpm)
10″——English HIS MASTER'S VOICE B10791 (78 rpm)
7″——English HIS MASTER'S VOICE 7M273 (45 rpm)
Hugo Winterhalter's Orchestra and Chorus

do NASCIMENTO
Bandit, The [*O Cangaceiros*] (1953)
"Theme, The Bandit"
10″——American COLUMBIA 40323 (78 rpm)
7″——American COLUMBIA 4–40323 (45 rpm)
Percy Faith and his Orchestra

NEWMAN, Alfred
Bluebird, The (1940)
"Theme Melody" **10″——American DECCA 29567 (78 rpm)**
7″——American DECCA 9–29567 (45 rpm)
Alfred Newman and his Orchestra

Désirée (1954)
"The Song from *Désirée*"
10″——American VICTOR 20–5934 (78 rpm)
7″——American VICTOR 47–5934 (45 rpm)
10″——English HIS MASTER'S VOICE B10807 (78 rpm)
Frank Cordell and his Orchestra

Egyptian, The (1954)
"Prelude: The Ruins, The Red Sea and Childhood, The Nile and the Temple," "Her Name Was Merit," "The Pharaoh Akhnaton," "Nefer, Nefer, Nefer," "The Lotus Pool" (with Doreen Tryden, soloist), "The Valley of the Kings," "At the Tomb of Amenhotep," "The Martyrdom of Merit," "The Death of Akhnaton," "Horemheb, the New Pharaoh," "Exile and Death" **12″——American DECCA DL9014 (33⅓ rpm)**
Four 7″——American DECCA ED902 (45 rpm Extended Play)
12″——English BRUNSWICK LAT8040 (33⅓ rpm)
Alfred Newman conducting the Hollywood Symphony Orchestra and Chorus
(See also under Bernard Herrmann)

Seven Year Itch, The (1955)
"The Girl Upstairs"
10″——American DECCA 29567 (78 rpm)
7″——American DECCA 9-29567 (45 rpm)
Alfred Newman and his Orchestra

NORTH, Alex
Unchained (1955)
"Unchained Melody"
10″——American CAPITOL 3055 (78 rpm)
7″——American CAPITOL F–3055 (45 rpm)
10″——English CAPITOL CL14257 (78 rpm)
7″——English CAPITOL 45–CL14257 (45 rpm)
Les Baxter and his Orchestra and Chorus

PLUMB, Edward
Saludos Amigos (1942)
"Argentine Country Dances"
10″——American DECCA 23330 and Album A–369 (78 rpm)
Charles Wolcott and his Orchestra
(See also under Smith and Wolcott)

PRADO, Perez

Underwater (1955)

"Maria Elena" **10″——American VICTOR 20–5965 (78 rpm)**
7″——American VICTOR 47–5965 (45 rpm)
10″——English HIS MASTER'S VOICE B10833 (78 rpm)
7″——English HIS MASTER'S VOICE 7M295 (45 rpm)
Perez Prado and his Orchestra
(See also under Louiguy)

ROSENMAN, Leonard

East of Eden (1955)

"Theme" **10″——American DECCA 29523 (78 rpm)**
7″——American DECCA 9–29523 (45 rpm)
Victor Young and his Singing Strings

ROSENTHAL, Lawrence

Yellowneck (1954)

"Todd" **10″——American DECCA 29356 (78 rpm)**
7″——American DECCA 9–29356 (45 rpm)
10″——English BRUNSWICK 05444 (78 rpm)
7″——English BRUNSWICK 45–05444 (45 rpm)
Jack Pleis and his Orchestra

ROZSA, Miklos

Green Fire (1955)

"Green Fire" (with Jack Brooks)
10″——American MAJAR 139 (78 rpm)
7″——American MAJAR 45–139 (45 rpm)
10″——English PARLOPHONE R4016 (78 rpm)
7″——English PARLOPHONE MSP6168 (45 rpm)
Joe Leahy and his Orchestra

SALTER, Hans

Wichita (1955)

"Wichita" **10″——American CAPITOL 3179 (78 rpm)**
7″——American CAPITOL F–3179 (45 rpm)
Orchestra and Chorus conducted by Dennis Farnon
Tex Ritter (vocalist)
(Lyrics by Ned Washington)

SKINNER, Frank

Back Street (1941)

"Love Theme" (Side 1, Band 1)

Between Us Girls (1942)
"Sparkling Burgundy" (Side 2, Band 2)

Black Bart (1948)
"The Shawl Dance" (Side 2, Band 3)

Bright Victory (1951)
"Love Theme" (Side 1, Band 4)
"Love Theme" (Side 1, Band 5)

Dark Mirror, The (1946)
"Love Theme" (Side 1, Band 2)

Lady Gambles, The (1949)
"Love Theme" (Side 1, Band 3)

Ride the Pink Horse (1947)
'Zozobra" (Side 2, Band 1)
10″——American REVERE SM5001–2 (33⅓ rpm)
Gordon Kibbee at the Hammond Console
(Contained in LP entitled "Frank Skinner's Five Favourite Motion Picture Love Themes and Three Dances")

SMITH, Paul
Saludos Amigos (1942)
"Pedro from Chile"
10″——American DECCA 23318 and A–369 (78 rpm)
Charles Wolcott and his Orchestra
(See also under Plumb and Wolcott)

Vanishing Prairie, The (1954)
"The Vanishing Prairie," "Bird Dances," "The Buffalo," "The Prairie Dog," "The Coyote and the Prairie Dog," "The Elements" **10″——American COLUMBIA CL6332 (33⅓ rpm)**
10″——English PHILIPS BBR8058 (33⅓ rpm)
Walt Disney Orchestra conducted by Paul Smith
(Recorded from the sound track)

STEINER, Max
Battle Cry (1955)
"Honey Babe" **10″——American VICTOR 20-6025 (78 rpm)**
7″——American VICTOR 47–6025 (45 rpm)
10″——English HIS MASTER'S VOICE B10865 (78 rpm)
The Sauter-Finegan Orchestra

Gone With the Wind (1939)
"Gone With the Wind," "Tara," "Invitation to the Dance,"

"Melanie's Theme," "Ashley," "The Prayer," "Bonnie Blue Flag," "Scarlett O'Hara," "Scarlett's Agony," "War," "Return to Tara," "Bonnie's Theme," "Rhett Butler," "Bonnie's Death," "Ashley and Melanie," "The Oath"

10″——American VICTOR LPM3227 (33⅓ rpm)
Two 7″——American VICTOR EPB3227 (45 rpm Extended Play)
Orchestra under the direction of Max Steiner

STEVENS, Leith

Private Hell 36 (1954)

"Private Hell 36," "Havana Interlude," "Easy Mood," "Daddy Long Legs," "Joshua," "Lilli," "Dance of the Lilliputian," "Private Blues"

10″——American CORAL CRL56122 (33⅓ rpm)
Leith Stevens and his Orchestra

STONE, Wilson

Sabrina (1954)

"Sabrina" **10″——American COLUMBIA 40302 (78 rpm)**
7″——American COLUMBIA 4-40302 (45 rpm)
10″——English PHILIPS PB337 (78 rpm)
Mitch Miller, his Orchestra and Chorus

TIOMKIN, Dimitri

Adventures of Hajji Baba, The (1954)

"Hajji Baba" **10″——American CORAL 61275 (78 rpm)**
7″——American CORAL 9-61275 (45 rpm)
§**10″——American CORAL EC81112 (45 rpm Extended Play)**
Dimitri Tiomkin and his Orchestra
"Hajji Baba" ("Persian Lament")
10″——American CAPITOL C1400 (78 rpm)
7″——American CAPITOL F1400 (45 rpm)
Orchestra and Chorus conducted by Nelson Riddle
Nat "King" Cole (vocalist)
(Lyrics by Ned Washington)

Bullet Is Waiting, A (1954)

"Theme"
‡**7″——American CORAL EC81069 (45 rpm Extended Play)**
Dimitri Tiomkin and his Orchestra
10″——English PHILIPS PB365 (78 rpm)
Bill McGuffie and his Music

I Confess (1953)
"Theme"
‡7″——**American CORAL EC81069 (45 rpm Extended Play)**
Dimitri Tiomkin and his Orchestra

Land of the Pharaohs (1955)
"Theme" **10″——American CORAL 61388 (78 rpm)**
7″——American CORAL 9–61388 (45 rpm)
Dimitri Tiomkin and his Orchestra

Lost Horizon (1937)
"Love Theme"
§7″——**American CORAL EC81112 (45 rpm Extended Play)**
Dimitri Tiomkin and his Orchestra

Strange Lady in Town (1955)
"Strange Lady in Town"
10″——American CORAL 61388 (78 rpm)
7″——American CORAL 9–61388 (45 rpm)
Dimitri Tiomkin and his Orchestra

"Strange Lady in Town"
10″——American COLUMBIA 40457 (78 rpm)
7″——American COLUMBIA 4–40457 (45 rpm)
10″——English PHILIPS PB478 (78 rpm)
Mitch Miller and his Orchestra and Chorus
Frankie Laine (vocal refrain)
(Lyrics by Ned Washington)

TROJAN, Vaclav
Prince Bayaya (1954)
Incidental Music to the Puppet Film: "Once there was a Boy," "Bayaya's Journey towards the magic gardens," "A white horse, a sword, armour and magic," "Dance Intermezzo" (Ancient gavotte), "Bear's Dance," "Incantations before the duel with the dragon," "Bayaya declares his love for the Princess," "March of the Comedians," "Bayaya's song of love and happiness," "Ceremonial music at the Royal Banquet," "The bridegroom and his courtship," "The wedding of the three Princesses," "Tournaments at the royal castle celebrating Bayaya's victory"
10″——Czechoslovakian SUPRAPHON LPM168 (33⅓ rpm)
Film Symphony Orchestra—Otakar Parik
and Children's Chorus

VAN HEUSEN, James

Not as a Stranger (1955)

"Not as a Stranger"

10″——American CAPITOL 3130 (78 rpm)
7″——American CAPITOL F3130 (45 rpm)
10″——English CAPITOL CL14326 (78 rpm)
7″——English CAPITOL 45-CL14326 (45 rpm)

Nelson Riddle and his Orchestra
Frank Sinatra (vocal refrain)
(Lyrics by Buddy Kaye)

VLAD, Roman

Romeo and Juliet (1954)

"Musical Introduction and Prologue," "Fight of the Montagues and Capulets," "The Prince's Warning," "The Feast of the Capulets," "The Balcony Scene," "The Nurse Brings News of Romeo," "The Wedding," "Romeo Visits Juliet Secretly," "Juliet Takes the Friar's Potion," "Romeo Hears of Juliet's Death," "Romeo's Death," "Juliet's Death and Reconciliation of the Montagues and Capulets"

12″——English PHILIPS NBL5002 (33⅓ rpm)
12″——American EPIC LC3126 (33⅓ rpm)

Orchestra conducted by Lambert Williamson
Prologue spoken by Sir John Gielgud
(Recorded from the sound track, with dialogue spoken by Laurence Harvey, Susan Shentall, Flora Robson, Guilio Garbinetti, Sebastian Cabot, Enzo Fiermonte, Mervyn Johns, Lydia Sherwood)

WALLACE, Oliver

Lady and the Tramp (1955)

"Lady" **10″——American DECCA DL5557 (33⅓ rpm)**
Two 7″——American DECCA ED728 (45 rpm Extended Play)

Oliver Wallace and the Disney Studio Orchestra
(Included in selection of songs "Lady and the Tramp" from the film)

WARREN, Harry

Marty (1955)

"Marty"

10″——American MGM 11970 (78 rpm)
7″——American MGM K11970 (45 rpm)

Orchestra conducted by Joe Lipman
The Naturals (vocal refrain)
(Lyrics by Paddy Chayefsky

WAXMAN, Franz

Rear Window (1954)

"Theme, Lisa" **10″——American DECCA 29266 (78 rpm)**
7″——American DECCA 9–29266 (45 rpm)
10″——English BRUNSWICK 05337 (78 rpm)
***12″——American DECCA DL8085 (33⅓ rpm)**
Two 7″——American DECCA ED826 (45 rpm Extended Play)
Victor Young and his Singing Strings

This Is My Love (1954)

"This Is My Love" **10″——American CAPITOL 2981 (78 rpm)**
7″——American CAPITOL F2981 (45 rpm)
10″——English CAPITOL CL14214 (78 rpm)
7″——English CAPITOL 45–CL14214 (45 rpm)
Orchestra conducted by Harold Mooney
Connie Russell (vocal refrain)
(Lyrics by Hugh Brooks)

WIENER, Jean

Touchez Pas Au Grisbi (1954)

"Grisbi Blues," "Le Grisbi"
10″——American COLUMBIA 40343 (78 rpm)
7″——American COLUMBIA 4–40343 (45 rpm)
10″——English PHILIPS PB342 (78 rpm)
Jean Wiener and his Trio
Jean Wetzel (harmonica)
(Recorded from the sound track)

WOLCOTT, Charles

Blackboard Jungle (1955)

"Love Theme" **10″——American MGM 12028 (78 rpm)**
7″——American MGM K12028 (45 rpm)
MGM Studio Orchestra—Charles Wolcott
(Recorded from the sound track)

Saludos Amigos (1942)

"Inca Suite: Llama Serenade, Inca Princess"
10″——American DECCA 23329 and Album A–369 (78 rpm)
Charles Wolcott and his Orchestra
(See also under Plumb and Smith)

YEPES

Forbidden Games [*Jeux Interdits*] (1952)

"Jeux Interdits" **10″——Italian DURIUM DC16562 (78 rpm)**
10″——English DURIUM DC16562 (78 rpm)
Manuel Diaz Cano (guitar)

YOUNG, Victor

About Mrs. Leslie (1954)
"I Love You So"
10″——American MERCURY 70390 (78 rpm)
7″——American MERCURY X70390 (45 rpm)
Walter Scharf and his Hollywood Orchestra

Accused, The (1948)
"Latin Rhythms" **10″——American DECCA 24676 (78 rpm)**
Victor Young and his Orchestra

Johnny Guitar (1954)
"Johnny Guitar"
10″——English COLUMBIA DB3492 (78 rpm)
7″——English COLUMBIA SCM5126 (45 rpm)
Norrie Paramor and his Orchestra
Eric Shear (guitar)

Our Very Own (1950)
"Our Very Own" **10″——American DECCA 27067 (78 rpm)**
Victor Young and his Orchestra and Chorus

Strategic Air Command (1955)
"The World Is Mine"
10″——American DECCA 29523 (78 rpm)
7″——American DECCA 9–29523 (45 rpm)
10″——English BRUNSWICK 05448 (78 rpm)
7″——English BRUNSWICK 45–05448 (45 rpm)
Victor Young and his Singing Strings

Timberjack (1955)
"Timberjack"
10″——American CORAL 61343 (78 rpm)
7″——American CORAL 9–61343 (45 rpm)
Lawrence Welk and his Champagne Music
The Lancers (vocal refrain)
(Lyrics by Ned Washington)

New Recordings of Scores Previously Listed

TIOMKIN, Dimitri

Duel in the Sun (1946)
"Ecstasy Theme"
§**7″——American CORAL EC81112 (45 rpm Extended Play)**
Dimitri Tiomkin and his Orchestra

High Noon (1952)
'Do Not Forsake Me"
§7"——**American CORAL EC81112 (45 rpm Extended Play)**
Dimitri Tiomkin and his Orchestra

American Recordings Previously Listed—Now Available in England

(Note: For details of orchestras and scores, please refer to previous listings. *The Glenn Miller Story, The Robe, The Moonlighter,* and *Jubilee Trail* themes were previously listed as available in England on 78 rpm. They are included here as part of an LP selection.)

AMFITHEATROF, Daniele
Lost Moment, The (1947)
12"——BRUNSWICK LAT8041 (33⅓ rpm)**
Two 7"——BRUNSWICK OE9026 (45 rpm Extended Play)**

DUNING, George
Miss Sadie Thompson (1953)
10"——MERCURY MG25181 (33⅓ rpm)

MANCINI, Henry
Glenn Miller Story, The (1953)
12"——BRUNSWICK LAT8041 (33⅓ rpm)**
Two 7"——BRUNSWICK OE9026 (45 rpm Extended Play)**

MANSON, Edward
The Little Fugitive (1953)
"Joey's Theme," "Coney Island"
10"——PHILIPS PB393 (78 rpm)
"The Story of *The Little Fugitive*"
10"——PHILIPS PB392 (78 rpm)

NEWMAN, Alfred
Robe, The (1953) **12"——**BRUNSWICK LAT8041 (33⅓ rpm)**
Two 7"——BRUNSWICK OE9026 (45 rpm Extended Play)**

ROEMHELD, Heinz
Moonlighter, The (1953)
12"——BRUNSWICK LAT8041 (33⅓ rpm)**
Two 7"——BRUNSWICK OE9026 (45 rpm Extended Play)**

SHUKEN, Leo
Belle Le Grande (1951)
12"——BRUNSWICK LAT8041 (33⅓ rpm)**
Two 7"——BRUNSWICK OE9026 (45 rpm Extended Play)**

SKINNER, Frank
Magnificent Obsession (1954)
12″——BRUNSWICK LAT8045 (33⅓ rpm)

STEINER, Max
So Big (1953) ****12″——BRUNSWICK LAT8041 (33⅓ rpm)**
****Two 7″——BRUNSWICK OE9026 (45 rpm Extended Play)**

STEVENS, Leith
Wild One, The (1953) **10″——BRUNSWICK LA8671 (33⅓ rpm)**

SUKMAN, Harry
Gog (1954) ****12″——BRUNSWICK LAT8041 (33⅓ rpm)**
****Two 7″——BRUNSWICK OE9026 (45 rpm Extended Play)**

TIOMKIN, Dimitri
Dial M for Murder (1954) **10″——VOGUE Q2016 (78 rpm)**
High and the Mighty, The (1954) **10″——VOGUE Q2016 (78 rpm)**

YOUNG, Victor
Jubilee Trail (1954) ****12″——BRUNSWICK LAT 8041 (33⅓ rpm)**
****Two 7″——BRUNSWICK OE9026 (45 rpm Extended Play)**

Perilous Journey, A (1953)
****12″——BRUNSWICK LAT8041 (33⅓ rpm)**
****Two 7″——BRUNSWICK OE9026 (45 rpm Extended Play)**

Scores Previously Listed—Now Available on Long-Play
(Note: For complete details, please consult previous listings.)

RAKSIN, David
Laura (1944) **12″——American CAMDEN CAL205 (33⅓ rpm)**

SHAW, Artie
Second Chorus (1940)
12″——American VICTOR LPT1020 (33⅓ rpm)

SKINNER, Frank
Magnificent Obsession (1954)
"Theme" ***12″——American DECCA DL8085 (33⅓ rpm)**
***Two 7″——American DECCA ED 826 (45 rpm Extended Play)**

TANSMAN, Alexander
Flesh and Fantasy (1943)
12″——American CAMDEN CAL205 (33⅓ rpm)

TROJAN, Vaclav

Emperor's Nightingale, The (1951)

10″——Czechoslovakian SUPRAPHON LPM199 (33⅓ rpm)

78 rpm Records Previously Listed—Now Available on 45 rpm

(Note: For complete details please consult previous listings.)

ROTA, Nino

Glass Mountain, The (1949) **7″——English HMV 7EG8025**

TIOMKIN, Dimitri

Dial M for Murder (1954) **‡7″——American CORAL EC81069**

High and the Mighty, The (1954)

‡7″——American CORAL EC81069

Miscellaneous

BIZET, Georges

Carmen Jones (1954)

"Overture," "Opening Medley," "Dat's Love" (Habanera), "You Talk Jus' Like My Maw," "Dere's a Cafe on de Corner," "Dis Flower," "Beat Out Dat Rhythm on a Drum," "Stan' Up and Fight," *Quintet* "Whizzin' Away Along de Track," "Card Song, "My Joe," "Duet and Finale"

12″——American VICTOR LM1881 (33⅓ rpm)

12″——English HIS MASTER'S VOICE CLP1034 (33⅓ rpm)

Orchestra conducted by Herschel Burke Gilbert

(Recorded from the sound track)

(Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II)

JAZZ DANCE

Jazz Dance (1955)

"The Jazz Blues," "Ballin' the Jack," "The Royal Garden Blues," "When the Saints Go Marchin' In"

10″——American JAGUAR JP801 (33⅓ rpm)

(Recorded from the sound track of the film)

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A Bibliography for the Quarter

Book Editor, FRANKLIN FEARING

THE URGE TO PUT ONE'S LIFE—or judiciously selected portions thereof—between the covers of a book seems to be one that few people in show business and the allied professions are able to resist. This urge comes rather late in life when a certain pinnacle of success has been achieved, and when at least a small following of adoring fans can be counted on to buy the book. The outcomes of all this are apt to be pretty dismal; and the present spate of memoirs, autobiographies, and the like, with perhaps one notable exception, run true to form.

Elinor Glyn was a figure whom a few nostalgic and middle-aged persons will remember as the famous and glamorous author of *Three Weeks, His Hour, It,* and similar epics of purple sin. At least, it seemed purple then. They may perhaps wryly recall the jingle in which the irreverant celebrated at least one of the author's trade-marks, and which ran approximately as follows:

> Would you like to sin with Glyn
> on a tiger skin,
> Or would you prefer
> to err
> with her
> on a more expensive fur?

Three Weeks sold five million copies, and the movie grossed a million dollars. In *Elinor Glyn* (Doubleday & Company, Garden City, N.Y., 1955, $4.50), the grandson Anthony Glyn has reduced the romantic Elinor to somewhat stodgy prose. The net effect in 1955 (she died in 1943, a few weeks before her 79th birthday) is that she seems considerably less glamorous, although, it must be confessed, still interesting.

In *Sunshine and Shadow* (Doubleday & Company, Garden City, N.Y., 1955, $4.95), Mary Pickford celebrates Mary Pickford.

Pickford fans will love it. There are scores of photographs proving, pretty relentlessly, that Mary *is* America's Sweetheart, but with a shrewd eye for business. Between the two of them, this reviewer prefers Elinor.

Knight Errant by Brian Connell (Doubleday & Company, Garden City, N.Y., $4.00) is also about a romantic—a male romantic with a penchant for derring-do and the cloak-and-dagger. Douglas Fairbanks Jr., now apparently lost to Hollywood in the greater glamor of British high life, has, according to a friend whom his biographer quotes, a "chest especially designed for medals," of which he has accumulated an impressive array. This reviewer was able to count fourteen in the picture that adorns the dust cover. However, Douglas sees himself in another and more serious role. According to his own admission, he wishes to be a promoter of Anglo-American unity, a sort of roving ambassador who, because of his celebrity value, can make a solid contribution to international affairs. Compactly written, the book is amply illustrated (there is one characteristic these show-business people have in common—an ample supply of photographs) and isn't bad reading, even for a nonromantic.

Memoirs of Will H. Hays (Doubleday & Company, Garden City, N.Y., 1955, $7.50) is a book of altogether different character. These recollections are of the life and times of a well-known political figure who, for twenty-three of his later years, was a dominant personality in the motion-picture industry. Some people anathematized the "Hays Office" as the epitome of stupid censorship; others glorified it as a shining example of how an industry can police itself. Mr. Hays takes the latter view.

In spite of the wealth of factual detail, the book conveys a curious sense of unreality, the result, apparently, of the author's superb capacity for avoiding the unpleasant. With incredible resoluteness, he manages to ignore, or at least not to talk about, the seamy side. We learn, for example, a great deal about the election and administration of President Warren Harding—the author was Chairman of the Republican National Committee

and Postmaster General in the Harding cabinet—but there is no mention of the scandals and scandalous personalities for which that administration was notorious. Albert Fall is mentioned only once, in the list of members of President Harding's cabinet.

There is a similar reticence in the discussion of the attacks on the movies in the 1930's, which were in part responsible for the well-known Payne Fund studies. Although these researches were the most extensive attempted to that date and revealed a pretty grim picture of the effects of motion pictures on the young, they seem to have escaped Mr. Hays's memory. He does remember, however, the book by Mortimer Adler in which these studies are extensively and severely criticized; and, remarkably enough, he is able to discuss Mr. Adler's book without mentioning the Payne studies. Bland is the word for Will. The *Memoirs* are smoothly written, and this is the only book in the lot with an index.

We have reserved the best for last. Ethel Merman in *Who Could Ask for Anything More* (Doubleday & Company, Garden City, N.Y., 1955, $3.50) is neither America's Sweetheart nor a great romantic, and she certainly isn't bland. She is thoroughly and raucously uninhibited. She also comes through as an honest human being whom it would be a pleasure to know personally. The title page's "as told to Peter Martin" indicates that Mr. Martin put the words on paper, but this reviewer is inclined to agree with the dust cover's "the most skillful listener-biographer in the business." The book reads like pure Merman. It has a characteristic none of the others possess—liveliness. Anybody interested in show business will find this fascinating reading, not only because of the picture it gives of an extraordinarily interesting human being, but because of the glimpse it affords of an extraordinarily interesting business.

* * *

In *Film* (written for the Penguin Series in 1944), Roger Manvell virtually inaugurated a new kind of writing about motion pictures. He was explicit in the preface as to what it was *not* about—not a history of the cinema, a history of the careers of directors and actors, a guide to montage, a tour of the studios, or

an introduction to film making. What does that leave us? Just those topics which most cinema-art courses and film magazines discuss the least and which are central to the whole business: why we go to the cinema, why films are as they are, how they influence us, why and how they get themselves censored, and the functions they serve in the contemporary world. Mr. Manvell discussed these and related topics but could find no adequate phrase for the title except the colorless *Film*. Ten years later in *The Film and the Public* (Penguin Books, 3300 Clipper Mill Road, Baltimore 11, Md., 1955, 85 cents), he has not only found a more descriptive title but has continued and extended this kind of writing about films.

There are five parts. The first, "Seen in Perspective," reviews the films of the silent era and the new dimensions introduced by sound. The second gives the detailed analyses of a group of individual films representing the major forms and styles of film making. Included are such films as *Siegfried, Greed, Italian Straw Hat, Mother, The Informer, Citizen Kane, Oxbow Incident, Ivan the Terrible, Le Jour se Léve, Monsieur Verdoux,* and *On the Town*. Part three concerns itself with the film as an industry; and part four, "The Cinema and Society," discusses such problems as censorship, films and delinquency, pressure groups, and the star system. The supplements contain brief articles on the work of the British Film Institute, selected lists of films and film makers, and a list of published studies of film directors.

Roger Manvell is probably the only person on either side of the Atlantic who could write this kind of a book. Clearly written, it deals with important problems, and is scholarly without being bookish. Anyone interested in films as a social phenomenon will find it fascinating reading. There is, however, one small error. In the list of journals in which studies of individual film directors have appeared, this *Quarterly* is twice credited to the University of *Southern* California. For the benefit of our transatlantic friends for whom the geography and complex educational system of California must indeed seem confusing, certain facts are herewith set forth. *The Quarterly of Film, Radio, and Television* is

published by the University of California Press on the Berkeley campus and is edited on the Los Angeles campus. To make things more confusing, these are only two of the eight campuses of the university. The University of Southern California is also located in Los Angeles, but has no connection with the University of California.

* * *

Our Modern Art the Movies (Center for the Study of Liberal Education for Adults, 940 East 58th St., Chicago 37, Ill., $1.00) by Ernest Callenbach is a guide for discussion groups interested in intelligent movie-going. It is one of a series prepared by the Center as part of its program of university-level adult education. The method is to present a series of films representing a wide range of movie-going experience, and the guide contains essays sketching the historical background of each type of film together with a list of carefully phrased questions designed to stimulate discussion of each. The manual contains material for eleven sessions: 1) Westerns (*The Oxbow Incident*); 2) Animation (*Silly Symphonies, Brotherhood of Man*); 3) Critic and Film (*The Great Train Robbery, Birth of a Nation, The Overlanders, Odd Man Out*); 4) Montage (*The Battleship Potemkin*); 5) Neorealism (*Paisan, Open City, Bicycle Thieves*); 6) Silent Comedy (*The Navigator*); 7) Filmed Novel (*All the King's Men*); 8) Filmed Play (*Les Parents Terribles*); 9) Experiment (*Begone Dull Care, Film Exercises #4 and #5, The Lead Shoes, Weegee's New York*); 10) Pictorialism (*The Informer*); 11) Documentary (*The Quiet One, The Plow That Broke the Plains, Listen to Britain*). There are lists of supplementary readings and notes for the discussion leader.

This is the best thing of the sort that this reviewer has seen. The essays are perceptive and well written; the questions are searching and stimulating. It is a pity that Roger Manvell's *The Film and the Public* was not published in time to be included as a basic supplementary reading.

* * *

Still another kind of writing about films is found in *Cinemages*

3, Six Talks on G. W. Pabst (The Group for Film Study, Inc., 3951 Gouverneur Ave., New York 63, N.Y., mimeographed, $1.00). *Cinemages* appears periodically and explores the cinema and its creative personalities. Each issue contains factual data, biographies, and filmographies as well as statements of opinion and evaluation by film critics and historians. To date, the topics covered include the work of Buñuel, Jean Epstein, Pabst, and Griffith and the analysis of such films as *Greed,* Dreyer's *Vampyr,* and Pudovkin's *Mother.* Among the sponsors of the Group for Film Study are Rudolph Arnheim, Jean Benoit-Levy, René Clair, Siegfried Kracauer, Hans Richter, and Herman Weinberg.

The *Six Talks on G. W. Pabst* consists of a recorded discussion by Marc Sorkin (Pabst's major assistant), Paul Falkenberg, Jean Osser (Pabst's editor from 1929 to 1937), Leo Lania, Eugen Schueftan, and Siegfried Kracauer. Included is a complete index of Pabst's films.

The entire collection of seven issues of *Cinemages* published to date may be purchased for five dollars, and the subscription rate is three dollars per calendar year. This appears to be a promising venture in film analysis and discussion.

* * *

The preface to Albert Abramson's *Electronic Motion Pictures* (University of California Press, Berkeley and Los Angeles, 1955, $5.00) is arresting and worth quoting:

> The art of making motion pictures is now undergoing revolution of major proportions, a change more radical than the mere adoption of stereoscopic or wide-screen techniques. It is the first basic change in the entire history of the cinema. This is a change in the basic means of producing motion pictures; a change based on the use of the electronic camera. This innovation promises to create new avenues of technical advances that surely will bring about artistic progress as well. Little has been written about this new process, how it came about, where it stands today, which direction it may take in the future. The purpose of this study is to analyze the past and future development, and if possible to encourage the advancement of this new process.

This appears to mean that the motion picture is converting from a mechanical to an electrical process, that film will be replaced by magnetic tape, and that a large-screen electronic reproducer will take the place of the usual projector. The book describes these changes, traces the history of the film camera and early television systems, and projects the future of electronic "films." This is a fairly technical book, but is clearly written with ample illustrations and full bibliographic notes. The general reader as well as the specialist will find it interesting. The author is a television engineer.

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Two new items in the "How to" series of Communication Arts Books have appeared. *Auditioning for TV* (Hastings House, 41 East 50th St., New York 22, N.Y., 1955, $3.50) by Martin Begley, Casting Director, N.B.C., and Douglas MacCrae, N.B.C. television writer, tells how to become a working actor in TV. There are chapters on the psychology of acting, choosing material, sight reading, verbal ruts, nervousness, and two complete TV scripts.

How to Direct for Television (Hastings House, 41 East 50th St., New York 22, N.Y., 1955, $2.50) is edited by William I. Kaufman, and consists of a series of brief essays by TV directors Garry Simpson, Sidney Lumet, Herbert Swope, Jr., Stanley J. Quinn, William Corrigan, Clark Jones, Donald Stuart Hillman, Delbert Mann, and Peter Birch.

These books are written simply and directly, and do not appear to promise more than they can deliver. Up to a point, they should be useful for beginners. The essays in *How to Direct for Television* in particular are lively and interesting and seem to express a genuine desire to be helpful.

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The technical staff of the Coyne Electrical School has prepared the *Coyne Technical Dictionary* (Howard W. Sams & Co., 2201 E. 46th Street, Indianapolis 5, Ind., 1955, $2.00). It contains some 4,000 terms, abbreviations, and symbols used in the television, radio, electrical, and electronic fields. There is also a data section

containing formulae, tables, tube characteristic charts, symbols, wiring diagrams, and other reference data. Since it must be exceedingly difficult to keep abreast with the rapidly expanding terminology in this field, this should be a useful book, providing the definitions are authoritative.

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A dictionary of quite another sort is the *Dictionary of Etiquette* (Philosophical Library, 15 East 40th Street, New York, N.Y., 1955, $3.50) compiled by Nancy Loughbridge. Undoubtedly, there must be persons who take these things seriously, but the present opus also has its entertaining moments. Take, for example, the item "Office Party." According to Miss Loughbridge, "The only *sensible* rules of etiquette concerning the office party seem to be (a) don't go if you can possibly help it and (b) if you *do* go, leave early." After indicating for those who *must* go the obvious pitfalls to be avoided, such as the dangers of drinking too much, she notes the advisability of keeping mum about the party the following Monday morning.

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If you are worried about television—and who isn't—you should look at *The Egghead and the Others* (Coachhouse Press, Chicago, Ill., 1955, $2.75) by Donley Feddersen (with marginal doodles by the author). This is a fable about a professor (Ovicaput by name) who is alarmed about television and its influence on the "others" (a tribe of mythical creatures who live in another part of the Forest). The professor has a wife, a small son, Position, Intelligence, and a mortgage. The impact of television on all this is engagingly and hilariously depicted in drawings and text. It will make any disturbed parent less disturbed and any serious intellectual, less serious. And, oh yes, Mr. Feddersen confides that he has trouble endowing animals with professorial characteristics and can draw elephants, who are obviously professorial, only in profile. This troubles him because a sideways elephant "can never look you straight in the eye without seeming to leer, and my professor is not a rake." The author is a professor at Northwestern University.

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Our distinguished contemporary *Lo Spettacolo* continues to be impressive. This journal is unique in that it covers all the mass media and entertainment enterprises, thus living up to its title which may be roughly translated "show business." The American *Variety* is the only magazine that approximates *Lo Spettacolo's* coverage, but it is difficult to imagine *Variety* with tables of statistics or articles entitled "Public Entertainments and Nonessential Consumption in Italy" ("Spettacoli e Consumi Voluttuari in Italia") or "Postural and Facial Reactions of Twins to Comic and Dramatic Pictures" ("Reazioni Posturali e Mimiche di Gemelli Alla Proiezione di Film Umoristici Ed Ansiogeni"). The January–March, 1955, issue which contains these also has two additional articles: one in which the broadcasting services of Great Britain, France, and Italy are compared, and another on the forms of state intervention in the cinema business in several producing countries. *Lo Spettacolo* apparently makes no concessions to those who find research results or even statistics either disturbing or incomprehensible.

Each issue includes abstracts in English and French of the leading articles. The editor is Antonio Ciampi, Director General of the Italian Society of Authors and Publishers. The Advisory Committee consists of Luigi Amoroso, Professor of Economics, University of Rome; Antonio Carrelli, Professor of Physics, University of Naples; Raffele D'Addario, Professor of Statistics, University of Rome; Ernesto D'Albergo, Professor of Financial Sciences, University of Bologna; Nicola De Pirro, Director General for the Theatre and Cinema; and Gaetano Stammati, Lecturer in Economics and Director General, Ministry of Finance.

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UNESCO has issued *Catalogues of Short Films and Filmstrips* (No. 14, Reports and Papers on Mass Communication, Mass Communication Clearing House, UNESCO, 19 Avenue Kléber, Paris 16e, February, 1955, no price given). Included are catalogues published by all member countries.