



Our Grace and Their Adolf

THINGS seem to be working out just fine. Grace Kelly's new movie, "The Swan," has been finished up by M-G-M in time for her real-life wedding and, by a coincidence that is too extraordinary to be anything but a coincidence, she plays a princess who marries a prince. Probably never before have the publicity boys had an easier time of it getting word around about a new picture. The entire press of the world is concentrating its reportorial guns on the little principality of Monaco this week; every dispatch sent out will be a free plug for the movie. For those souls who automatically harden themselves against the grinding of the publicity mills it probably ought to be stated at once that "The Swan" is a pleasant, well-made motion picture and that it has touches of elegant comedy of the kind Hollywood seldom deals with lately.

It might be interesting to note that Audrey Hepburn had to go through a turmoil in "Roman Holiday" somewhat similar to the kind Miss Kelly endures in "The Swan," and in each case the princess in the story decided against love and in favor of duty. Each movie goes in for some fluffy, enjoyable whimsy, but while "Roman Holiday" had moments of high hilarity, the tone throughout "The Swan" is quieter and somewhat subdued. The latter has been adapted by John Dighton from Ferenc Molnar's sturdily lightweight play, and Mr. Dighton has revamped and brightened it a good deal.

But fairytale, fable, or whatever, the story has some good basic stuff, and the characters are just meaty enough to allow for some polished performing by a first-rate cast. Charles Vidor, who directed, has put a fine sheen on the proceedings, and if events move a little slowly at times there are always the actors to relish. These include Alec Guinness as the sleepy, bored prince, Brian Aherne as, of all things, a sophisticated monk, and Jessie Royce Landis, Agnes Moorehead, and Estelle Winwood as ladies of royal Middle-European lineage.

Miss Winwood plays the fluttery great-aunt of Alexandra, the princess, and handles her lines with such precision that, given a little more scope, she might have made "The Swan" a sort of personal triumph. But that doesn't happen, and one reason is that our Grace is now a thoroughgoing

professional in her own right. She is delicate, lovely-looking, and speaks well; more important, she convinces you that she is a young, rather inexperienced princess who finally allows her chaste hand to be taken by the rather bored hand of Mr. Guinness.

\* \* \*

The well-known German director, G. W. Pabst, has made a movie based on those famous last days of Hitler in the underground bunker. It is called "The Last Ten Days," and much of it focuses on the ravings and frothing-at-the-mouth of the late Adolf. Pabst's view is that Hitler was capable of several infamies even in his final hours, but the climactic one—the flooding of the Berlin subways, where several thousand wounded, women, and children were gathered—somehow comes off as anticlimactic, perhaps because it is built up with too heavy a hand. This is nevertheless a stark, interestingly photographed film, without too much embellishment of what is assumed to have actually happened. Hitler and his general staff are given no sympathy whatever, but a German major plays a part in the story and obviously represents the real Germany that was there all along, although sadly repressed and misguided. "Never say 'sir' to anyone again," is the last piece of advice the major has to offer, before expiring. Or "heil," he might have added, too.

\* \* \*

That fine English director Carol Reed has made a movie called "A Kid for Two Farthings" and is pretty far off from what one usually expects from Mr. Reed, an expert in suspense. It is a warm, mellow, sentimental story he has to tell about a boy who works some very minor miracles in the lives of the people around him. David Kossoff has the richest of roles and is most sympathetic, and if you're anxious to see what Britain's answer to Marilyn Monroe, Diana Dors, looks like, here she is. The setting is poorer-class London.

\* \* \*

"Touch and Go," is a British comedy starring Jack Hawkins as a family man who decides to cart his family off to Australia. He doesn't quite make it and the movie tells why. All rather innocuous, and a touch too familiar and predictable to get very much involved in the family's problems.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

**RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL**  
 Showplace of the Nation  
 Rockefeller Center

**MARIO LANZA**  
 in  
**SERENADE**  
 Co-Starring  
**JOAN FONTAINE**  
**SARITA MONTIEL**  
**VINCENT PRICE**  
 Color by WarnerColor  
 Produced by HENRY BLANKE  
 Directed by ANTHONY MANN  
 A Warner Bros. Picture

**THE MUSIC HALL'S GREAT EASTER STAGE SHOW**  
 "Glory of Easter"  
 Far-famed Cathedral Spectacle produced by Leonidoff . . . and  
 "WELCOME SPRINGTIME!"  
 Produced by Russell Markert, with the Rockettes, Corps de Ballet, Choral Ensemble . . . Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Raymond Paige.

**"ENCHANTING MUSIC"**  
 —ATKINSON, N. Y. TIMES

**"HANDSOME AND TUNEFUL"**  
 —CHAPMAN, NEWS

**RODGERS & HAMMERSTEIN'S**  
 NEW MUSICAL SMASH HIT

**PIPE DREAM**

SHUBERT THEATRE, 44th St. West of B'way  
 Eves. 8:30 Sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30 Sharp

**"ONE OF THE BEST MUSICALS OF THE CENTURY!"** —ATKINSON, Times

JULIE  
 REX  
**HARRISON ANDREWS**  
 My FAIR LADY  
 MARK HELLINGER, 51 St. W. of B'way  
 Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

**BUY U. S. SAVINGS BONDS**

# DRUM BEATING!!

Can't blame us for being proud of the recent accomplishments of our clients! Featured article in **THE MUSICAL COURIER** on Maurice Ravel; featured nature story in **FURY MAGAZINE**; Special prize in the **Putnam Second Annual Prize Contest** for N.C.—novel **OUTBACK**; and others too numerous to mention.

Would you like us to collaborate with you? Write for terms. You incur no obligation and it may help you to learn of our sales in all fields—TV, Book, Fiction and Non-Fiction. Literary assistance of the highest standards.

## DANIEL S. MEAD

LITERARY AGENT  
Dept. SR, 419 Fourth Avenue  
New York 16, N. Y.  
New York Telephone: Oregon 9-1150

**APRIL 17 thru MAY 6**  
METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE  
*The Ballet Theatre*  
Eves. Incl. Sun. 8:30. Mats. Sat. & Sun. 2:30. No Mon. Perf.

THE J. ARTHUR BARK ORGANIZATION PRESENTS  
**DOCTOR AT SEA**  
COLOR BY **TECHNICOLOR**  
starring **DIRK BOGARDE**  
In VistaVision - A REPUBLIC RELEASE  
TRANS-LUX 52nd on LEXINGTON PL. 3-2434

America's health  
is  
America's wealth!



Join the  
**NATIONAL FUND FOR  
MEDICAL EDUCATION**  
BOX 313, NEW YORK, N. Y.



## TV AND RADIO

### Getting There—and Back

**T**RANSITION is a vital word in live television drama. Transition is the art of getting from one scene to another. In film TV this presents no problem. Each scene is individually "shot," and an actor may be hurtling over a cliff at one second and the next he will be sipping tea in a drawing-room—the film editor or cutter having gotten him there in a splice. Not so in live TV. The different sets required for a story are arranged at some distances from each other on the studio floor; and often as many as ten to fifteen seconds may pass between the time an actor leaves one set and arrives "on his marks" on another. Seasoned television writers are aware of this technical fact and take care to arrange their scene endings and beginnings accordingly. Either an actor finishing one scene is not required to enter another scene immediately, or, if he is, the director is afforded an opportunity to keep his camera on another actor, who is in motion or speaking, while the transitory player is dodging cables and finding his way to the new set. Actors thus in passage have been known to get lost, with resulting frenetic moments in control room and on stage.

The easiest way to recognize a "stall" transition is to watch for a tight close-up of a character at the beginning of a scene. If a shadow nibbles at the corners of the image, attended or not as the case may be by the sound of scraping chair or heavy footstep, then you may be sure the calm actor who appears by his side as the camera pulls back to a wider angle has just accomplished the dangerous crossing in a probably headlong flight. On a recent Goodyear TV Playhouse Sunday night an important transition was effected by an unusual method. The script read as follows:

#### JOEY

(To the Blonde) My mother—  
(He stops) Nothing. Let's go.  
(We fade out on them as they leave the kitchen.)  
(Up on the park. Cut to them sitting on a bench, throwing crusts to the birds.)

This is the kind of cavalier author's instruction that deranges volatile directors. Such a transition is obviously impossible. The director (Robert Mulligan) and scenic designer (Richard

Senie) solved the problem with the aid of semi-starved pigeons. Their wings gently taped, feathers harmlessly clipped, and their diets restricted prior to the air show, the pigeons hugged the bread-crumbed area near the park bench and provided pretty atmospherics for the camera to look at while Joey and the Blonde made their cross from kitchen to park. The method was rather daring because no one could guarantee that a hungry pigeon wouldn't elect to take an NBC forty-cent tour onto the adjacent set (a cafe) rather than go for the crumbs in the park. Fortunately, Goodyear's faith in pigeons paid off. The canny creatures put first things first—they ate and let the glamour go.

The play the pigeons appeared in was a pleasant surprise. Billed simply as "Joey," by Louis Peterson, in the week-end TV schedule, the drama promised no special delivery, as did some other highly-touted programs that day. But TV becomes more like politics and prizefights with each new season—audiences depend for their "kicks" on the rare "sleeper." "Joey" was a sleeper, a program that shattered this viewer's quiet fury at TV after a long day's futile hunt for something rewarding to watch. The shatterer was a splendid example of the type of dramatic writing which television has produced as uniquely its own—the little man who is inarticulate-but-suffers-much-and-is-universal type. It would be difficult to write a character more inarticulate than Joey, the title role. A shy, twenty-year-old lower-middle-class youth, withdrawn, "dumb," inadequate, Joey is almost a curse on his parents, a shame to the neighbors. He washes dishes in a restaurant, feeds pigeons, has no social life, cannot be trusted with alarm clocks, and is firmly compelled by his mother to safety-pin his weekly salary in his breast pocket to assure its arrival home.

This Joey meets a warm, brassy nightclub "stripper" who is forced to take a temporary job as his "assistant dishwasher," when the police threaten her with jail if she is caught practicing her art again. His anxieties, her anger produce a wall of silence between them which eventually melts under the impact of their essential kindness. The blonde discovers that Joey can sing and takes him to the pianist at her nightclub, who confirms her discovery. Then she takes Joey to his home, and after a failure