



—From "Albert Schweitzer."

Dr. Albert Schweitzer and patients at the Lambaréné hospital—"... reverence for life."

trize those who devote themselves to others, who concern themselves with human pain and its alleviation, but Schweitzer is someone quite impervious. He does what he does because he must; his actions are an outgrowth of what he believes.

It is out of ideas like these (badly summarized) that the Lambaréné hospital on the Ogowe River was created. Now some 5,000 natives a year come there for treatment. Dr. Schweitzer and his staff administer to their needs: dysentery, skin ulcers, sleeping sickness, strangulated hernia, elephantiasis, and leprosy. There is a leprosarium on the hospital grounds where whole families live. A patient needing an extended stay at the hospital need not stay alone. His family may stay with him. The able ones work in return for their food. There is a natural indolence due to the climate, but they work. Schweitzer works with them.

The money that Dr. Schweitzer earns through the sale of his books and his organ recordings helps support the hospital. The doctor, it is clear, has his roots in the nineteenth century. He is a craggy individualist, an anomaly in an organizational world. His eighty-second birthday comes this month, but this movie wouldn't be on

hand to help him celebrate it if it were not for the changes in the technology in the motion picture. He didn't want it shown until after his death, but when it was pointed out that screen dimensions were changing fast, that fewer and fewer theatres might be able to show a movie made in ordinary dimensions, he gave his consent.

Perhaps this fine documentary will suggest what should be done with more of the world's great living figures. It demonstrates that there is no more graphic way of showing to audiences everywhere how and why a man works, and what it is he has accomplished. Those who worry and cry (and sometimes scream out) about the lack of moral values in films, about the necessity of the medium to inculcate sound values in the young, might have the answer they are looking for if they will go and see "Albert Schweitzer." Here is the kind of movie that does it without preaching, without censorship, without ulterior motive. It only requires money to make them (and not nearly so much as the average Hollywood production) and there are people with the necessary skills and imaginations ready to go to work.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

● Looking Backward

THE year just past was notable for wide movies, good movies, and extremely long movies. Sometimes they were all three. It was a year, too, in which some of the biggest czars in Hollywood (known as executive producers) either abdicated their celluloid thrones or were pushed off. Darryl Zanuck of Twentieth Century-Fox, Don Hartman of Paramount, and Dore Schary of M-G-M all left their respective perches. It is not coincidental that they no longer hold their jobs. Custom tailoring is more and more becoming the style in Hollywood. Directors, writers, independent producers, and stars are seizing the reins, indicating a sort of divorce between "talent" on the one hand and "business" on the other.

There are now director-producers like John Huston, Elia Kazan, and George Stevens. There are star producers like Gene Kelly, Burt Lancaster, and—wonder of wonders—Marilyn Monroe. And there are producers content to be simply producers, knowing that the function entails a good deal of creative responsibility, as well as a hunch as to what makes both good movies and box-office: among the most successful are such as Hal Wallis, Harold Hecht, and Mike Todd. What is happening can be gathered by implication from the American contributions to the list that follows, a compilation of the ten best of the year made by *SR's* movie critics, Arthur Knight and the undersigned. The selections are not necessarily made in order of merit, but more or less as they emerged in furrowed recollection over a friendly martini.

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS: A mammoth movie, in Todd AO, with an untold number of stars, the world as its oyster, Mike Todd as its impresario, and S. J. Perelman crackling the lines.

LA STRADA: From Italy. Federico Fellini's masterpiece, filled with mood, mystery, hunger, and cruelty. A dream of a movie, fulfilling the potentialities of neo-realism when all had thought the well was dry.

BABY DOLL: The most controversial movie of the year—and of the moment—and one of the most fascinating. It is made up of the haunting South of Tennessee Williams, and has on it the peculiarly powerful touch of Elia Kazan. The answer as to whether it is moral or immoral, true or false, meaningful or empty, is to be dis-

covered only in the eye and mind of the beholder. This, in itself, is a good thing.

GIANT: Another of those monstrously long but pretty nearly always interesting movies. It includes a striking plea for racial tolerance, and some magnificent effects by that fine director, George Stevens.

LUST FOR LIFE: An honest, sympathetic account of the life of Van Gogh, based rather on the letters to Theo than on the book of the title. The performances are all good, and Vincente Minnelli, the director, has seen to it that backgrounds are related to paintings—of which scores are reproduced.

PICNIC: Lushly adapted from the William Inge play, replete with lively regional doings and notions of what life is like in the American Midwest.

THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN: Seven samurai in medieval Japan, made by Kurosawa, a director who not only knows his business, but has studied the American Western.

MOBY DICK: John Huston on the trail of Melville's white whale. He does better with the whale than with Melville's meanings, but nevertheless manages to contribute a lot of excitement to the screen.

THE KILLING: A low-budget film that is one of the best of the crime genre. It has a swift pace, an ingenious story, and some tightly effective direction. Not unlike the French "Rififi," which also has its excitements but is marred by pretentiousness and men with guns that go splat, splat! A young team, Stanley Kubrick and James Harris, made "The Killing" and the sleeper of the year.

RICHARD III: If not quite on the level of such other Olivier-Shakespeare triumphs as "Henry V" and "Hamlet," it nonetheless contains gems of acting, a chilling performance by Olivier, and a good deal of ingenuity in the adapting.

THESSE were the high points of the year. Pressing hard, however, for places on the list were such as "Attack," "Vitelloni," "The Friendly Persuasion," "The King and I," "Come Next Spring," "The Swan," "Trapeze," and "Marcellino." None of the TV adaptations amounted to much this year, although the big screen showed every willingness to borrow from the small screen. "War and Peace" and "The Ten Commandments" made news, but did not win high praise from SR's critics. The British and the French were not quite up to their usual best, the Italian story was all Fellini.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

"ELIA KAZAN'S MOST SKILLFUL FILM TO DATE! AN INCREDIBLE COMBINATION OF FAULTLESS DIRECTION, CAMERAWORK AND PERFORMANCE!"

Arthur Knight, SR

"THE CAST PERFORMS WITH WITHERING CANDOR! ELIA KAZAN'S DIRECTION IS SUPERB!"

Bosley Crowther, N.Y. Times

"KAZAN HAS A WAY OF BUILDING TO PEAKS OF EMOTIONAL VIOLENCE THAT ALMOST KNOCK THE MOVIEGOER'S BREATH AWAY!"

William K. Zinsser, N.Y. Herald-Tribune



ELIA KAZAN'S
PRODUCTION OF
TENNESSEE
WILLIAMS'

"BABY DOLL"

STARRING

KARL MALDEN
CARROLL BAKER
ELI WALLACH

STORY AND SCREEN PLAY BY
TENNESSEE WILLIAMS

DIRECTED BY ELIA KAZAN
A NEWTOWN PRODUCTION

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The Popcorn Millennium

THIS column is not in the habit of passing along stock-market tips, but if any readers are interested in a blue-chip spectacular I suggest they buy popcorn. Popcorn is due for a worldwide rise.

Everyone who watches television knows that Hollywood is taking over Madison Avenue. The late late shows and the million-dollar movies have been celluloids-in-the-wind for years now indicating the shape of things to come. This year, however, with the release to TV stations of first-run Hollywood features produced before 1948, the movie studios have begun to lower the boom in earnest on their electronic competitor. In Chicago WGN-TV, a local station, began grinding Twentieth Century-Fox first-runs recently—with thunderous results. The first film, "How Green Was My Valley," achieved a 73 per cent share of the audience. The old movie outdrew "Climax," "Dragnet," "Groucho Marx," "Playhouse 90"—everything. In Boston first-time-on-TV Warner Brothers features and Popeyes beat "Mickey Mouse Club" 14.5 to 12.6. Businessmen have taken note. *Advertising Age*, the authoritative "national newspaper of marketing," reported recently that the popcorn industry has been successful in its desperate drive to switch popcorn munching from movie theatres to home TV sets.

"Until about five years ago," the report states, "popcorn processors depended on theatres for about 65 per cent of their sales. The fall-off in movie patronage (due to TV) posed a serious threat to a major segment of the business. An answer to this threat came in 1953 when the Popcorn Institute was established for the sole purpose of increasing the consumption of popcorn. An estimated \$4 billion was spent on popcorn promotion; and now, in spite of the drop in movie theatre sales, overall popcorn consumption is at an all-time high of 200 million pounds a year. The popcorn industry has weathered its crisis by following more patrons home and becoming part of TV watching." Any shrewd market operator can put these two pieces of information together and make himself a cool million. With more people watching movies on television more people will consume more popcorn.

The Television Bureau of Advertising predicts that in 1957 all TV will

gross 22 per cent more than last year's record figure of slightly over \$1 billion. According to Nielsen, the overall daily average of television viewing reached six hours per American home in January 1956. But we are still in the foothills. World distribution of TV sets will have risen 18 per cent as 1956 ends to an estimated total of 50 million. The United States leads with some 40 million sets. Britain, Bavaria, Australia, Iraq, France, Russia, Finland, San Salvador, Spain, Japan, the Philippines, to name only a few nations, also have TV. Even Egypt, prior to its recent difficulties, ordered a \$336,000 television broadcasting system from RCA. It is reported that a great number of U.S.-produced films (\$2 million worth) have been imported into England.

True, the success of the imports has depressed some of England's intellec-

tuals. Wolf Mankowitz, noted British author ("A Kid for Two Farthings" and "The Bespoke Overcoat"), recently panned the American invasion of films on British TV as "canned pap." The author, doing a guest turn as TV critic for *The London Evening Standard*, testily asked what was so *British* about the British Broadcasting Corporation in view of its presentation of "Burns and Allen," "I Married Joan," "Roy Rogers," "Amos 'n' Andy," "Disneyland," "Liberace," etc. But Mr. Mankowitz is obviously an English egghead with no talent for getting rich quick in the stock market. He cannot foresee that after "I Love Lucy" must inevitably come Paramount, Columbia, RKO Pictures, etc., with their bulging backlogs of pre-1948 picture releases. The engulfing flood of American-made movies will eventually inundate all the TV stations now on the air or destined to be born in Europe, Asia, Africa, everywhere. And presently, in the fullness of history, the nations of earth will truly be united by the universal hush that falls at the the roar of Leo, the M-G-M lion—and popcorn will be there. —ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

The White Crayfish

By Robert A. Wallace

THE white crayfish lives in a cave
in utter darkness save
for the feeble yellow beam
turned into the stream—
which shows back surprise
in a thousand eyes
but runs on darkling clear
as twinkling glass. Here,
beneath the root-bearded sky,
miles or inches high,
where the darkened stream unseeing
mulls
the shiny pebbles
in its mind, the silent crayfish
in darkling wish
sits ivoried and wholly still
in the current's will,
one tiny heavy pincer lost,
a kind of armored ghost,
whose feelers slightly bend
in the liquid wind
the water is moving in his world.
His eyes are pearled,
cloudy and hard—useless
when strangely thus
exposed to light—though may it be
they sometimes see
the dark itself, the figures of it,
and show back, darkly, wit?

They show no special interest in
a kindly-meaning sun,
preferring dark to all the light
they've ever seen, or might.
A delicate star assembles high
in the hairy sky,
a shining water beadlet, drops,
tattering the water-top
like web-cracked window glass
and swiftly passes
seaward into dark, leaving the stream
as it had been
save for the mirrored vanishing
and backward spring
of the crayfish, who elsewhere
now in the clear
and watery dark sits motionless,
knowing what we only guess,
that dark has stars that slowly fall
but is as good, withal,
as light. Both running stream and
crayfish in their ways,
though dark as perfect night, conceal
what light reveals,
and lightless make a light reply.
In dark, stars die,
and dark is all the same as light,
if you see it right.