Cotten, who often seems ill at ease in his native haunts, becomes persuasive and appealing among all the stiff-necked and dangerous foreigners.

Valli has very little to do in the picture; she is a dreary girl mourning her dead lover and is called on only to look wan and pass the back of her wrist across her forehead, a gesture that Jane Cowl herself could not repeat indefinitely without beginning to seem pallid. Orson Welles, on whom the mystery somewhat precariously depends, extravagantly overdoes what he is supposed to do. The hamminess of Welles is no longer a joking matter; this youthful bad habit has become a settled vice that may make him unemployable and a public charge. Ernst Deutsch, an Austrian, displays the most blood-chilling smile in screen history.

There is probably nothing wrong with "The Hasty Heart" on the screen that wasn't already wrong with the original John Patrick play. It has been filmed cleanly and simply, with an admirably directed cast including Ronald Reagan, Patricia Neal, and Richard Todd, a newcomer whose Scots burr and vulnerable boyishness are instantly disarming.

What is wrong with "The Hasty Heart" is that it is one of the most barefaced tearjerkers ever concocted. This tale of an objectionable young misanthrope, a bastard by birth as well as personality, who is known to be dying by everyone in the company but himself, is not written from an understanding of tragedy but from a shreded appraisal of the financial value of reducing an audience to moans and sobs. It lacks respect for human dignity and invites you to overlook improbabilities, inconsistencies and soft-headedness in exchange for vicarious heartbreak. There is so much of the real thing around today that no one need accept this mechanical substitute.

One spring afternoon in Paris, Charles Laughton, Burgess Meredith and Franchot Tone were sitting cozily on a café terrace drinking crème de menthe frappés with a couple of good little girls named Jean Wallace and Patricia Roc. Suddenly one of the boys, probably dear Burgess, said mysteriously, "Wouldn't it be fun if we made a movie all by ourselves, with no grown-ups around to tell us what to do?" Whereupon the others clapped their hands in high glee, and they all skipped off to make "The Man in the Eiffel Tower." That at least is a plausible explanation of how so many well-known performers got embroiled in so dreadful a picture.

"The Man in the Eiffel Tower" is a mystery (adapted by Harry Brown from a Simenon novel) which conceals the identity of the killer for the first 10 minutes. The rest of the picture (87 minutes) is devoted to the spectacle of Tone feigning what he conceives to be madness and dashing Laughton, ace sleuth of the Sûreté, to run him in. Why he doesn't immediately do so remains a mystery to the end. In this great drama of character, Tone looks silly but not crazy, Laughton looks like Bette Davis on holiday, and Meredith, in a red wig borrowed from Harpo Marx, looks as though no one had given him a pair and he was making one up as he went along. The French capital is still photographing well, but on this occasion seemed unhappily crowded with Hollywood celebrities. ROBERT HATCH

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MUSIC: The International Scene

SINCE the end of the war, musical activity has been growing with astonishing vigor in nearly every corner of the globe. In Europe, the old institutions have resumed their interrupted careers, and new ones—notably scores of summer festivals devised to attract tourists from the Western Hemisphere—have sprung up. For the first time the Latin American countries now occupy a significant position on the musical map, and such former outposts as South Africa and Australia are expanding and improving their musical life.

In preparing a documentary issue of Musical America (January 15, 1950) devoted to music all over the world, I was impressed by the volume of writing and performance in every country that subscribes to Western methods and aesthetics (as opposed to the totally different musical life of the Orient). Permanent symphony orchestras are now maintained in Johannesburg, South Africa; in each of the six states of Australia; in Bogotá, Colombia; in Oporto, Portugal. Chamber music thrives in Mexico and several other Latin American countries. Toronto, Canada, and Santiago, Chile, support permanent ballet companies. Premières of new operas by native composers have been given not only in Italy, but in Montevideo, Uruguay, and Mexico City. Chile provides some of the finest musical education in the world, in its National Conserva-
tory and its University. Composers are active everywhere, and their works are being heard—in Melbourne, in Lima, in Glasgow.

Yet despite this land-office business, a note of sadness and alarm runs through many of the reports of correspondents abroad. Music is a fine thing, they all agree, and a great many people want to have a lot of it written and performed; but how is it to be paid for? Except in the United States, most of the significant musical institutions are kept alive by government subsidy. Apart from the Metropolitan Turcios are kept alive by government support native works.

In Europe, Australia and several Latin American countries, the radio has become a powerful force in the support of new music. Concert organizations, in general, tend toward extreme conservatism. (Anyone who accuses the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Society of closing its mind to contemporary music should examine the arch-traditional programs of the British, French, German, Austrian, Belgian, Italian and Swiss orchestras.) But in several countries the radio has set itself the mission of providing abundant contemporary music, particularly that of native composers— Radiodiffusion Francaise, in Paris, and Emissions Flamandes, in Brussels, have broadcast hundreds of pieces by living composers—international celebrities and young experimentalists alike. Radiodiffusion de la Suisse Romande, in Geneva, follows a similar policy, though on a smaller scale; and even the Italian radio began last year to show a glimmer of interest in new music. The South American and Australian radios are not as venturesome, but they are gradually beginning to support native works.

The spread of performance facilities naturally provides a stimulus to composers. Music—sometimes good music—is being written today in more parts of the world than ever before, and this one European art is taking on a fresh and interesting cosmopolitan look. I shall discuss this development in a future column. CECIL SMITH