TELEVISION QUARTERLY

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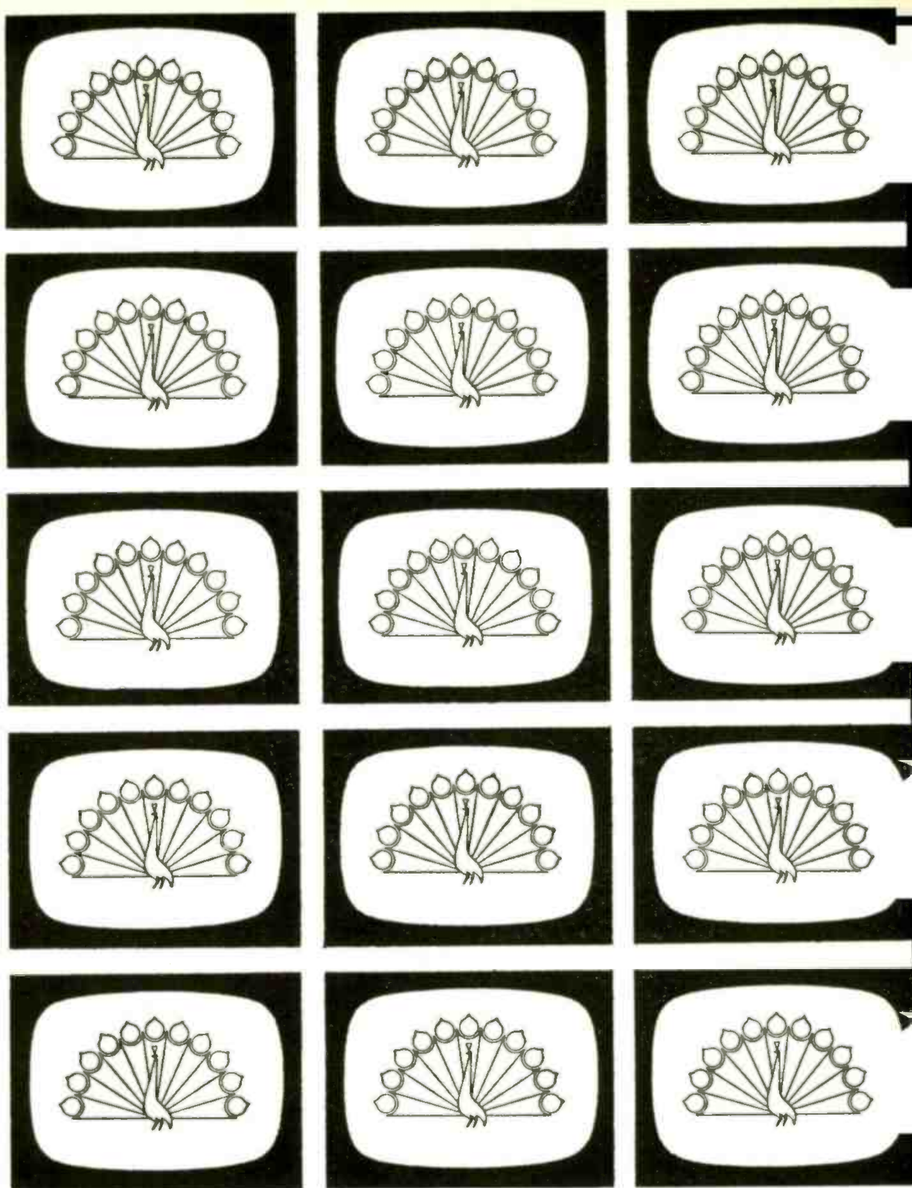

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CONTENTS

ARTICLES

Television: In Peril of Change — 9
Gilbert Seldes

TV Form and TV Sense — 19
Richard J. Stonesifer

Rx for TV Doctors — 28
Murdock Head

Let's Not Offend Anyone — 34
Matthew Rapf
Wilton Schiller

A Day of Peace — 41
Paul Tabori

The Intimate Documentary — 49
George Bluestone

Reading, Writing and TV — 56
Don R. Browne

Edward R. Murrow— — 67
BORN TO THE NEW ART

DEPARTMENTS

Books in Review — 71

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THE CRITICS

With high skill in instruction and discourse, GILBERT SELDES has succeeded in making the mass media a subject for attention and inquiry by all serious men. He taught us that the media must be studied not simply as (a) carriers of some kind of art product, or (b) instruments of social influence, but, instead, as a unique communicative synthesis of both called "the public arts." Now retired from his post as Dean at the Annenberg School, Mr. Seldes continues as an interested observer of the media and an active participant in the affairs of this journal. At our invitation, he submitted a commentary ("hardly more than an outline," he terms it) upon TV's state and status which reveals his growing preoccupation with the definable responsibilities of the medium.

While TV's public functions dominate Seldes' thoughts, the medium's potential as an art form is the central concern of RICHARD J. STONESIFER'S critical analysis of TV programming. Applying the standards of the literary critic to current TV fare, he finds much of it lacking in appropriate balance between form and content.

The third round of debate in our series of confrontations between professional men and the producers who supervise their fictional portrayals on TV focuses upon medicine. MURDOCK HEAD assails the current crop of "doctors" on TV as unrealistic and unworthy of the profession. A spirited rejoinder is made by MATTHEW RAPF and WILTON SCHILLER, who hold production reins on one of television's most successful medical programs, *Ben Casey*.

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TELEVISION: IN PERIL OF CHANGE

GILBERT SELDES

Basic changes in television are taking place and others are coming. Some—the technical changes—are known, although their effects are not always clear. Some—changes in the obligations of the broadcasters and in the duties of the FCC—are proposed in such ways that the final purpose is concealed.

The direction television will take will be determined by the interaction of several forces: the broadcasters, Congress, the FCC, and the public. In each of these, all of the elements will be influenced by myths as well as by facts. Some of the myths will be put forward by people or groups in the belief that they actually are facts; some will be propaganda. The separation of one from the other is essential.

About a year ago when I began this, two myths were current: (1) that television, going far beyond its duty and at great cost to itself, cancelled entertainment programs and commercials from the time of President Kennedy's assassination until the morning after

Among the first to recognize the artistic and social significance of the new media, GILBERT SELDES has shared his critical insights through his major books, *The Seven Lively Arts*, *The Great Audience* and *The Public Arts*, as well as in numerous reviews and essays.

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his funeral; and (2) that television was primarily responsible for the murder of Lee Oswald. Current now is a half-myth that the networks lose vast amounts of money in the preparation of programs. The two older myths must be examined because they stand in the way of a clear definition of the capacities of the medium as they were revealed during those days in November, 1963. The current one is closely connected with the status-changes and these in turn are connected with the new technologies becoming available.[1]

The principal technical changes are the gradual move into the UHF band, the totally new kind of pay-TV now available, and the appearance of CATV on a national scale. The status-changes proposed are opposed to one another: either to impose more regulations, including rules governing the source and quality of programming; *or* to grant to television certain freedoms now denied. The end result of the first of these would make television into a *public utility*; the end result of the second would free television from its legal, contractual obligation to operate with due regard to the *public interest.*

What we have learned of the capacities of television as a medium and of its faults as now handled cannot be so easily summarized. But we do have some clues:

> The identification of the event with the TV report of the event is a prime factor. It represents a new experience for mankind.
>
> The engulfment of virtually an entire nation in an event because of the way in which the event was reported is a close second.
>
> These two effects rise from the inherent qualities and capacities of television. They were reinforced by an extraordinary mastery of the instruments and by an almost total devotion to the right use of the instruments.
>
> The flaws came from habits tolerated long before television arrived: of manipulating news (which provided the background for the murder of Oswald) and of manipulating sentiment.

The above may be considered as a "data-sheet." The items have to be correlated.

The move to UHF, now in progress, will make room for many more stations in each community and will probably lead to the creation of new national or regional networks. In the past, new competition for the audience, especially network competition, has resulted in lowering the quality of programs.

The new pay-TV system, using wires instead of air-channels, offers subscribers a choice between three programs, different in quality

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and appeal. (Pay-TV on the air offered only one program.) One pay-TV station using wires can equal or surpass the variety of programming now available to 60% of the population. No way has yet been found to force such stations to apply for licenses under the FCC.

The appeal to the voters in California to outlaw this kind of pay-TV was successful. While it seems clear that the most active propagandists against Weaver's system were the motion picture interests, we must remember that commercial television, a great beneficiary of the principle of free enterprise, has itself tried to hold back competition. While perfectly willing to introduce color, which would compel people to buy new sets, it opposed the extension of UHF for a considerable time.

As for CATV, the situation is not firm and one of the most encouraging features is the effort being made by its proponents and the regular commercial broadcasters to arrive at a reasonable *modus vivendi*. The complexities may be gauged by a single item: several applications for CATV were made in Philadelphia, including some from network-affiliated stations. With CATV, a station could bring in from New York a sports event involving a local team and blacked out on local stations. (Taken in connection with the more and more common inter-marriage of sports and TV, this becomes a problem for super-statesmen to solve.)

UHF, pay-TV, and CATV are alike in one respect: each adds to the total possible number of sources of programs in a given area. Together they bring up our next problem. We do not know whether television can serve the public interest in such competitive situations. The convention coverage by the three networks was accepted as a public service, but over half of the audience, wherever non-network stations existed, preferred old movies or whatever was offered. If, as has been suggested, the networks divided the coverage (two putting on popular programs while one was filling time between the few events a convention affords), the fall-off in the audience would have been far greater.

In the process of serving, broadcasters define the public interest. It is possible that the power to serve depends on having a quasi-monopoly of the air. Where anything close to a monopoly exists, the status of the franchise-holder tends towards that of the public utility. Efforts to impose restrictive rules on broadcasters tend, in my judgment, to this end, which the broadcasters naturally abhor. They want to be free even of those regulations now current. In

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effect, they want freedom to define the public interest themselves, without any legal obligation to do so.

In this connection the myth of TV's self-sacrificial service after the assassination of President Kennedy becomes significant. In essence, every licensee was obligated by his contract to cancel all entertainment programming at this time. The money spent on coverage as well as the "minus-quantity" (money not made from sponsors during that period) were spent *in the fulfilment of a contract.* The contract with the FCC allows profit to be made *conditionally*—if it is made without being against the public interest. The contract does not suggest that broadcasters have the right to make a profit on every minute on the air. It does, until now, say, without being explicit, that *every program* on the air must be in the public interest—or, at least, not against it.

When broadcasters speak as if they had the right—which they didn't exercise—to continue entertainment programs at the time, it exposes a fundamental weakness in their appeal to be allowed total freedom in defining the public interest. *What they did* is the strongest point in their favor.

It can be noted here, too, that two of the chief requests of the broadcasters are for free access wherever the press is admitted and for release from the duty to give "equal time" in controversy. Parallel to this is the comparison broadcasters make between their cancellation of commercials and the continuance of ads in the papers after the assassination. The demands and the comparison—if they are honestly made—indicate an ignorance of the nature of television which, in itself, disqualifies the broadcasters as judges of their duty to the public. It is as if bus-lines demanded the same speed limits as railroads because they are both forms of public transportation.

Here, as before, the actual practice of the broadcasters is in their favor. The amount and quality of informational programs—easiest to identify as being in the public service—have been conspicuously high.

Absolving the broadcasters of special guilt in the murder of Oswald is desirable because making TV a scapegoat prevents us from seeing the long corruption of news which has been taking place. Omitting the press, we find re-enactments for newsreels presented as actual events. For television, the process has to be reversed when on-the-spot coverage is offered; the event does not take place until the presence of the cameras is promised. This is a variation on Boorstin's "pseudo-event" in which the event would not take place at all except for the publicity it can get.

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Manipulation of news has a parallel in efforts to make people say what will be most exciting or "right." This occurs in the less intelligent popular discussion programs and in interviews on the street. The widow of the policeman in Dallas and hundreds of other people, including those who had known Oswald and were pressed to say something damaging of him, are examples. The judiciousness and the propriety, however, of the network commentators and reporters were virtually flawless. In the conditions of their work—the double pressure of haste on one side and the compulsion to fill time on the other—the achievement was magnificent.

Television has revealed itself as a phenomenon. Every observer, regardless of background in sociology or psychology or the special field of communications, has found in this revelation some backing for his own principles. But every honest man in the field—and in the business, too—knows that we haven't begun to understand what was revealed. We do not yet know the full magnitude of the power TV can develop.

And at this point television is threatened.

The technological changes all tend toward multiplication of entertainment programs. We cannot be sure that the public service side can continue in these circumstances. We cannot be sure that the public interest will be served and, if it is, whether it will attract enough of the public. The proposed changes in regulation, tending toward changes in status, reflect television as it is today. We do not know whether, regardless of their merits, they are appropriate to the future.

The latest proposal of the FCC, to limit network control of programs so that a fixed percentage of what occurs on the air is independently produced, is an ill-conceived attempt to "do something" about program-quality. It is as wrongheaded as the networks' attempt, some years ago, to drive independent producers of documentaries out of business by insisting on their own "duty" to create and be responsible for all news-connected presentations. In each case, the standard of judgment is faulty. The quality of a program, not who made it, is important.

So far, the networks' response has not been bright. "We lose money," they say, in pilots, in series that drop out after 13 weeks, etc. They no more "lose" money than anyone else who invests in a process which doesn't pay off and then makes a fortune on another which succeeds. But the FCC exposes a weakness in the whole

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relation between broadcasting and government which is serious. I suspect that the proposal which, in essence, is a gross interference with the broadcaster's freedom of judgment, may be so phrased as to pass trial—before the Supreme Court eventually. What is merely legal is not necessarily desirable.

I am totally committed to the principle that "variety is even more important than excellence." An ideal program schedule imposed upon people who could not exercise choice would seem to me undesirable precisely because it would stupefy, it would not challenge the viewer, it would eliminate his faculty of judgment. But the proposal of the FCC compels the broadcaster to omit programs which are in his judgment good, because they are not admissible under the quota; and compels him to seek out programs to meet the other side of the quota. But if he fails to find good ones. . .?

The weakness which I mentioned is this: that after some 40 years of broadcasting we have not found a sensible way to discuss, let alone solve, our difficulties. The problem of program-control involves primarily the sponsor, his agency, independent producers, broadcasters, and the public. The FCC does not enter until all these other interests have been canvassed. The FCC could, to be sure, propose and even finance a series of studies in which the essentials of all the interests would be examined, and it is not beyond human power to imagine that these interests could be balanced. Hearings on the proposal—the FCC totally committed to it in advance—are not the same thing as a mutually undertaken study. The assumption that diversity of source will of itself improve quality is parallel to those considered in connection with UHF and the other changes in technology. Without certainty, the desirable course is to consider alternatives; the essential thing is to observe, compare, analyze—to think.

The first step toward the right answers is to ask the right questions. My formulation reflects certain prejudices and I cannot say that my conclusions are wholly logical.

The questions can be put in this way:

Is it in keeping with the nature of our society to place under government regulation a business which offers its product to the consumer on the basis of his individual taste? Isn't this "sumptuary legislation"? Doesn't it lead eventually to (a) control and, perhaps, (b) censorship of the subjects and styles of production of entertainment and eventually to (c) creation of programs directly under government auspices?

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And if the questions are put this way, they must also be put in another way: Is it in keeping with the nature of our society—in the second half of the 20th century—to give freedom to a business which may, in the pursuit of profit, offer so much entertainment of such low quality that it induces—or even creates—mental inertia, debasement of taste, and a brain-idle contented population? Can a society based on the system of popular election afford a citizenry which can be prevented from thinking? Or can we risk making a medium which is able to inform and to entertain at *every level* useful only at a very high level? Have we the right to let it become less than a universal medium? And can we afford to let it become useful only at the level of universal popularity?

My own conclusion is that television should have the greatest possible freedom in the area of entertainment—although its achievements there have been less than admirable—and that the imposed duty to operate with due regard to the public interest must be kept in force. The first reflects my feeling, appropriate to the time in which I grew up, that laws governing normal behavior should be a last resort, that every effort should be made to accomplish the desired effect without passing laws. The second reflects a conclusion I have come to from my work in communications: that a proper definition of "the public interest" must be made, even through grievous trial and error, by a constantly increasing number of people. As of now, the law makes the FCC the judge of what is or is not in the public interest and the FCC represents the people officially.

But we shall not have a clear concept of the public interest until the public—in large numbers—asserts itself. And this assertion, I believe, cannot be effective until the public uses its own greatest medium, which is television, to express itself. The exhortation we have from Thomas Jefferson is "Preach, I pray you, a crusade against ignorance."

When the greatest instrument of enlightenment (next to the human being) begins to take its part in the creation of a critical public, it can properly ask to be relieved of harassing regulations. Until then, whatever its defects, it can ask, as a minimum, that regulations do not go against the grain of our society. Television is so central to our lives that it can never hope to be wholly free of correction; but it cannot hold that central position if it is to be always under threat of punishment for nothing more than human error.

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NOTE

1. I am indebted to a distinguished gentleman, concerned with science and international affairs, whom I will not name for fear I may misrepresent what he said, for two additions to my very brief notes on technical changes:

A. Already available, although expensive, the machinery which permits you to go away from home, press certain buttons, and come back finding a film or tape of what was on the air at the appointed hour, available for you to feed into your TV set or projector (I am not sure which) whenever you want to see it.

B. Farther in the future, a storage-and-retrieval system. You will have a catalogue of what has appeared on the air; you will have the apparatus to summon whatever you want whenever you want it. (You'll pay.)

Obviously, both of these multiply manifold the variety of choice. They differ from UHF, pay-TV, and CATV in one respect—each requires a choice on the part of the viewers more urgently than the mere offering of competing simultaneous programs.

It is possible that I had heard of either or both of these new devices before; but in my concern with more immediate changes, I had forgotten them. They are not as compulsive in their effect on what we will be seeing in the next five years as the technological changes I've mentioned. But they are a warning. Just at the time television was beginning to engulf radio, a technical change occurred which, as I recall it, would have cut the cost of radio transmission by 50 or 75%. It arrived too late. What we have to keep in mind is the acceleration in the rate of invention. Consider the time between Gutenberg and Mergenthaler in comparison between the time of Mergenthaler and the current war against the automatic setter of type. Consider the time-lapse between the megaphone and the radio in comparison with the time between radio and television—and the time between black-and-white television and color.

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With rare exceptions, the organizations, personnel, policies and procedures of national networks, group owners, individual stations, commercial sponsors and advertising agencies do not and cannot extend opportunities for excellence in cultural program categories. Nor, may I add, can any form of pay television, whether by wire or radio, be expected to be different in that respect.

This is in no sense a criticism. It is merely a frank recognition of the diversity of man's talents, temperaments, and aims. We do not criticize birds for not being able to swim or fish for not being able to fly. We should not blame commercial organizations for not being versatile enough to provide adequate opportunities for excellence in cultural and artistic programming.

Yet we must seek such excellence, and such programming must be provided *independent* of commercially oriented organizations, personnel, policies, and procedures. I want to address myself to the question of how our government can best further this condition of independence.

The answer, I believe, lies in a section of the Communications Act which might least be expected to provide such help. I have in mind Section 315. Section 315 contains four principles: (1) it seeks to guarantee equal access to broadcast facilities for competing political candidates; (2) it provides specific exceptions for newstype programs to enable broadcasters adequately to perform their journalistic responsibilities; (3) it provides that broadcasters shall not be treated as common carriers with respect to the use of their facilities by political candidates; and (4) it prohibits broadcasters from censoring political broadcasts. In return, the courts have recognized that broadcasters are not responsible for what is said in the course of political broadcasts.

In other words, broadcasters provide *facilities* for political broadcasts, but they do not write the *scripts*. Political broadcasts are supposed to be presentations *by* political candidates. They are not supposed to be presentations *about* political candidates as seen through the eyes of broadcasters or sponsors.

Cannot this principle be applied to cultural and artistic programming? Cannot broadcasters provide the facilities but be relieved of any responsibility for cultural program content? Cannot the artistic and cultural community assume the responsibility for program content in this area?

OREN HARRIS
Chairman, Committee on
Interstate and Foreign Commerce,
U. S. Congress
(before The International Radio
and Television Society; Feb. 3, 1965)

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TV FORM AND TV SENSE

RICHARD J. STONESIFER

Austin Dobson, a critic whose thoughts and preferences often drifted back to the eighteenth century, put a basic idea good for any century into three chiseled lines:

> Form is the Cage and Sense the Bird.
> The Poet twirls them in his Mind,
> And wins the Trick with both combined.

It is a neat expression, and one which the formulators of much television programming in the 1960's need desperately to keep in mind, for they obviously need to win more tricks than they now are taking. It doesn't take a Cassandra—or Marya Mannes—to spot a salient point: that the care for form, for style, for structure, for precision of artistic utterance is largely being neglected in television, and by this neglect that television may be destroying itself, or allowing itself to be destroyed, as the independent artistic entity it could rightfully be.

In the published version of a 1964 address, under the heading "New Forms," Robert Sarnoff listed many of TV's accomplishments:

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the creation of novel forms of advertising, a constant search for program diversity, the rise of the "special" and the "90-minute series," and fresh formats in the area of television journalism—the "instant" news special, the Great Debates of 1960, the innovation of an entire evening's programming as a single unit in NBC's *The American Revolution of 1963.* Taking nothing away from Mr. Sarnoff's right to be proud of any or all of these achievements, a critic nevertheless is constrained to ask if this represents the degree of triumph it ought to represent. Or, sweeping back to the sixteenth century, to ask again with Montaigne: "What if he has borrowed the matter and spoiled the form?"

The literary critic, wandering the vast reaches of Minow's wasteland, in short, does not find sufficient evidence at hand of the willingness—or ability—to be artistically experimental in television. Shrugging his shoulders, the critic may choose to take the long view, content to observe that commercial television has now seemingly worked through its early obsession with wrestling, with cowboys, with quiz shows, and has now recently passed from its pre-occupation with nurses and medical syringes to an emphasis on little but comedy series which are low on humor but loud of laugh-track. This last phase is inevitably destined to pass too, but the critic is likely to agree with a reviewer's plaint at the beginning of the 1964 season that the shift to comedy series has been "almost indecent" and to wonder if the very virulence of the almost total capture of the airwaves may not portend a long sway.

The critic will not, if he is arithmetically minded, find cause to celebrate in a countdown by category at the beginning of the 1964–65 season in the prime-time programming scheduled on a regular basis by the networks—4% devoted to dramas about medical personnel; 8.2% devoted to the showing of old movies; 4% to what he must be content to call "drama" (into which category he will have to fit such as *Peyton Place*); 3.4% to programming more-or-less aimed at children specifically; 2.7% devoted to dramas about politicians or teachers (*Slattery's People* and *Mr. Novak,* both hopefully filled to the brim with ethical concern); 17.6% to variety shows; 1.3% to documentaries (into which category he will, however illogically, have to thrust *Candid Camera* in order to achieve even that figure); 2.7% devoted to game shows; 3.4% devoted to programs centered on the current monster-witch-robot mania; 21.8% to situation and domestic comedies; 25.1% to action and adventure dramas; 1.3% to "culture" (*The Telephone Hour,* to achieve this); 2% ap-

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proximately unprogrammed by the networks; and approximately 2% devoted loosely to what might be called "public affairs" (including *CBS Reports,* which exists, seemingly, to be moved around or to be preempted for other glories,[1] and NBC's *That Was the Week That Was,* which kept twisting uncomfortably between being a satiric instrument and just another variety show with more-or-less topical material).

But these loose calculations, dismaying as they may be to the critic's sensitivities, will merely confirm his awareness of the fact that the bulk of what is presented on television is now, and is destined to be, centered on light entertainment that can be widely—and wildly—popular, done on a quality level that will only occasionally surpass the quality level of the ordinary detective story, the drugstore paperback adventure yarn, the action thriller produced on a modest budget for the lower half of movie double-bills, the comic strip, the soap opera, the variety show that has been dear to the hearts of Americans since Weber and Fields. He will be content with agreeing with Robert Bridges that "hope is ever livelier than despair," which means that he will make the pragmatic decision to relax and recognize that the probabilities for our time is that the bulk of television entertainment is going to be pitched on a level that the sensitive, the literate, the sophisticated are going to regard as unattractive to them personally, if not downright God-awful. Having done so, he will do what sensitive, literate, and sophisticated people are now doing with 95% of television—he will ignore it largely, tuning in now and again and holding up a litmus paper to see if things have improved since he last glanced that way. Having looked, he may well turn away, clutching to his bosom the words of Aristophanes:

> Happy is the man possessing
> The superior holy blessing
> Of a judgment and a taste
> Accurate, refined, and chaste.

Having thus cavalierly dismissed the bulk of television, however, the critic with a conscience is likely to be nagged by the recurring realization that at least 5% of total television prime-time ought to belong to the like of him, and that he is simply not getting his fair shake under present arrangements. He will also, I submit, since he is also sensitive to aesthetic values, worry a bit about the search for new forms which is so absent in television in the 1960's, albeit Sarnoff's protestation that it is omnipresent.

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One of the wisest little essays yet produced on television fell from the pen of Walter Kerr of the *New York Herald Tribune,* entitled "What Good Is Television?" and printed in the March, 1960 issue of *Horizon.* Kerr, writing against the aftermath of the quiz show scandals, observed that "any medium can ride out an incident of corruption. What it cannot ride out is a corruption of form." He then went on to add that "it is conceivable that television is not a form at all, but simply a convenient device for channeling other forms into millions of homes."

Here is the dreaded realization which bothers the intellectual and the critic more than all others, i.e., that in television we had—but now have lost to the pressures of commercialization—what Aristotle, were he around, would call a distinctive medium or form. And that what we have left is just an electronic device for exhibiting motion pictures on a truly mass basis. If so, as Kerr goes on to put it, "a form is straining every nerve to compete where it cannot compete...whenever a form spends its time doing what another medium can do as well, or better, it is headed straight and swift for the boneyard."

Kerr wrote in 1960, when the competing still seemed to be going on. The critic in 1965 cannot even be sure that much urge to compete remains. And he cannot get out of his mind the validity of what Gilbert Seldes wrote in *The Great Audience,* that television can be "a sort of platonic ideal of communication." It is not so much the torments of vast wastelands that bother him as it is the absence of glowing horizons, the fear that tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow will creep in their petty pace through the same dismal sameness, and that little or nothing that is new will be allowed to emerge.

Television's current tragedy, of course, is that it persists in turning itself for economic reasons wholly into the old-fashioned motion picture business. For awhile in its beginnings, it was a medium in search of its proper forms, as a new medium should be. Then it discovered that this was economically unwise and creatively straining, so it relaxed and is now largely content to do little in most of the sectors of programming that the motion picture cannot do better—or has done better years ago. This glaring tragedy cannot be made into a supposed asset. No one who is interested in genuine creativity for television is fooled. It only makes television's failure to achieve what it might all the more bitter.

It might, in short, be wise to go back, to ponder again with respect

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at least to a minuscule 5% or so of prime-time programming some of the salient critical wisdom of the ages *about literature*—for television is, as Charles Siepmann once remarked, "a kind of language" and what it produces is "a kind of literature." Hopefully, some of its literature can be superior, even superlative, as indeed some of it has been.

Wordsworth gives us the essential touchstone in the first lines of his *Preface to the Second Edition of Lyrical Ballads,* an unlikely place, one might imagine at first glance, to find an apt description of the maker of superior television programming. And yet here we find it:

> ...He is a man speaking to men: a man, it is true, endowed with more lively sensibility, more enthusiasm and tenderness, who has a greater knowledge of human nature, and a more comprehensive soul, then are supposed to be common among mankind...a disposition to be affected more than other men by absent things as if they were present....

Wordsworth was describing the poet, as Aristotle was in his celebrated observation that a poet is a maker of imitations and that these imitations differ from one another in four fundamental respects—in the medium used to set forth what is made, in the specific objects set forth, in the manner in which the setting forth is accomplished, and in the purpose or function of the setting forth.

It is a long road from Aristotle to Wordsworth to *Slattery's People,* but it is an essential one. For the goal, assuredly, in producing the hoped-for 5% of prime-time television programming that really matters, programming that will allow television to be regarded as an artistic medium in its own right, is the selfsame one that Aristotle spotted long ago, "a form at once complete and self-sufficient." Form, the proper form, *is* the cage or essential structure, and sense allied with it *does* the trick. These truths are self-evident. Yet, in the words of William Dozier, "television is in a marked decline on the creative front." Or, as Marya Mannes put it in a recent *TV Guide* piece, "...there is not one writer of real stature now working on a regular basis for television, and the few well-known writers who have lent their names to recent series have, it seems, either withheld their talents or allowed them to be progressively eroded by commercial exigencies."

Miss Mannes' castigation may be a bit too sweeping, since a writer's being well known may have little to do with his will to achieve artistic integrity or his accomplishments in doing so. A survey of programming presented over the networks in the first

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half of the 1964–65 season, for example, throws into bold relief some names of men who in this period have either attained or come close to the Aristotelian-Wordsworthian ideal I have held up: Richard F. Siemanowski, John Sharnik in a few of the scripts for *World War I,* Peter S. Feibleman for a *Profiles in Courage* script directed by José Quintero, Arthur Barron in *The Burden and the Glory of John F. Kennedy,* Frank DeFelitta in his *Battle of the Bulge,* Rod Serling for a few sections of his *Carol for Another Christmas,* Lucy Jarvis and Sidney Carroll for *The Louvre,* Sol Saks for episodes of *Bewitched,* James Moser and Matthew Rapf for *Slattery's People,* and Carl Reiner for the consistently fine sense of what might be done with the comedy of manners on television exhibited in the *Dick Van Dyke Show.*

Having named these, however, one has pretty well reached the edge of the oasis that presently exists in the vast wasteland, at least as it has been revealed in the first half of the current season. Walter Kerr, going back to the essay already referred to, opines that the "visual essay," which is akin to the documentary but is frequently different in the way in which it uses material, is the only truly distinctive television form. A close examination of the programs listed above bears out this observation—a moment such as occurred in *Battle of the Bulge,* in which rapid cutting, musical score, and an almost unbearable emotional impact combined to make a brief treatment of the Malmedy Massacre both unusual television and a moment when a kind of visual poetry was created, is so rare as to be unforgettable. Or the generally high level of the scripts produced for *Profiles in Courage,* which led Cleveland Amory, quite correctly I think, to observe in a *TV Guide* review that "the key...seems to lie in the underplaying, documentary approach to drama about vital, bone-deep issues—which makes it such a powerful contrast to so many other overblown, skinny-dip sagas."

Thomas Moore of ABC recently noted, in a discussion of *Sophia Loren in Rome,* that 8,943,000 households had watched this program because Miss Loren was featured, whereas only 2,000,000 might have watched if the show had not been hitched to a star. This is probably true, but hardly comforting to a critic who is anxious to see television seek forms for its presentations that suit it, a point which comes clear if one compares ABC's tour of Rome with NBC's *The Louvre.* Sophia Loren guiding us around Rome left one with more knowledge and respect for the glory of Miss Loren than it did for the grandeur that was Rome, for in their quest for

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meaningful forms the producers of that program conveniently settled for what was all too immediately obvious. Aside from the fact that the cameras spent almost more time lovingly following Miss Loren's undulant walk than they did surveying Rome, the hour was a horror because it tried in large part to put onto the small screen something that clearly calls for VistaVision—I refer to the sweep of Rome, of course.

The magnificent hour in and out of the Louvre, on the other hand, was an artistic triumph because its directors, aware of their problems, sought and found the proper forms. The opening was slow—a lonely janitor traversing the awesome distances of one of the central corridors, a far cry from the grab-them-in-the-first-thirty-seconds technique that *Only You, Dick Daring!* tells us is a TV essential. The ending involved a crowd of sightseers being ushered out into the Paris twilight at 5:00 P.M., and the viewer was then allowed to do something that he could not do as a visitor—to walk, by means of the camera's eyes, through the deserted galleries. In between, by oscillating back and forth between cleverly contrived models of the Louvre, Charles Boyer as commentator, and the art objects themselves, a meaningful history of the Louvre and of Paris was portrayed. And all of it in terms that were admirably contained by and presented from the smallness of the glowing television screen.

Herb Brodkin recently observed that "everybody in TV copies everybody else. Nobody comes up with new forms." Which is largely true, and when we do see an experiment it is usually in the area of Kerr's "visual essay," where something is surveyed with cameras in a way in which the eye of the viewer could not have done it, or where a point of view is presented which has about it the "comprehensive soul" of which Wordsworth spoke. It is a truism that when the *avant-garde* is finished with a form, the form usually enters popular culture. In this light, it is assuredly imperative that the networks spend some effort in surveying the artistic possibilities, and that they free the creative people to experiment—and possibly to fail in the process.

My further idea is that television drama has moved far away from the days that gave us *Marty, Little Moon of Alban, Requiem for a Heavyweight* and *Twelve Angry Men* not only because it has dropped anthology drama, which allowed for a change in pace and variety, but because it has dropped its emphasis on what television can do best: the exploration of character development, with heavy

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concentration through dialogue on situations that really matter to people. John Dryden's classic definition of drama—"a just and lively image of human nature...for the delight and instruction of mankind"—might well be tacked up on the walls of the workrooms of TV playwrights, just as most of them need to recall the wise words of Jean Paul Richter, that "the test of pleasure is the memory it leaves behind." Most television drama, alas, is like the tiny blob of light that flickers for a moment when the set is turned off, and then is gone too, forever gone.

This is hardly a point of view that is original with me. Gilbert Seldes voiced it in 1950 in *The Great Audience* in these words:

> That television drama needs careful plotting is true enough; but if the twist becomes standard, if it spreads beyond the mystery drama in which it is acceptable, television will not only be distorted—it will be stunted. For, going back to its unique power to convey the fullness and the truth of human beings, it possesses an endless source of material in the drama that rises out of the relation and the conflict of character, a source so natural that everyone must respond to it and so unfailing that it has supplied the theatre and the other arts of fiction from the first day when men invented stories about men and women. The plot that develops naturally and logically from character has its own complexities, its own surprising turns, it needs no artifice of twisting, because human beings are unpredictable, and it will keep the audiences of television contented because "people are interested in people"—perhaps even more than in plots.

Years ago at Oxford a don put before me what he called "Shakespeare's four essential steps in creating a play," which were these: (a) Shakespeare decided that he needed some money, (b) Shakespeare decided he would touch up some old play and make it his very own, (c) Shakespeare *really looked at* the old play and decided that the thing slavishly copied the accidents and absurd incidents of life but in the process created no distinction between these accidents and incidents and the fundamentals of life, and (d) Shakespeare then created a drama *that made essential life more clear.*

Only the last of these four steps really takes genius, and few, of course, will approach the levels Shakespeare attained. But Seldes and Shakespeare come together at the same point—and it is the point that television drama in the 1960's sedulously avoids, i.e., real emphasis on character, moving beyond the mere depiction of absurd incidents or accidents of life. The dynamics of television presentation are such that compression is everything. But compres-

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sion needn't oust validity of depiction, and that is precisely what has been tossed out most frequently in the stuff I've been watching recently.

It will be objected immediately, of course, that such high-level fare will not be watched by a significant number of Americans, that Mr. Nielsen's idiotic Audimeters scattered among his magic 1,200 will turn thumbs down on any artistry that rises above the level of *The Munsters*. All of which may be true, and all of which deserves no attention at all. No attention, that is, if television aspires to be an artistic medium in its own right. The kind of viewer who keeps television locked into its present position of dreadfulness came into view recently when a movie starring the Beatles opened in Sioux Falls, South Dakota. Teen-agers lined up for blocks to get in, and a reporter noted an old woman at the head of the line. He asked her if *she* liked the Beatles. "No," she said, "not particularly. But I sure do love movies."

Commercial television has been catering almost exclusively to that kind of person. It is my idea that television can put a different kind of fare before that kind of person to TV's own improvement and probably without losing his or her (one is tempted to say *its*) attention. It takes a little courage to make the decision, but it just might work. And as Leon Blum once observed, "morality may perhaps consist solely in the courage of making a choice."

NOTE

1. Between September 19 and February 5 in the 1964–65 season, *CBS Reports* was preëmpted nine times out of thirteen times at the post in its original spot at 7:30 P.M. (E.S.T.) on Wednesday evenings, switched to Mondays at 10:00 P.M. in the week of December 19–25 to make room for a talking horse and promptly preëmpted for *Christmas in Appalachia,* and was then preëmpted four times in the following six weeks—all for worthy purposes—in its new time-slot. Its preëmption rate, however, reminds one of Disraeli's dictum that "a precedent embalms a principle."

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Rx FOR TV DOCTORS

MURDOCK HEAD

Some professional critics have claimed that television doctors are over-idealized, meaning that no person is ever depicted as receiving a bill for skilled professional services; that no person in need of care is ever denied entrance to a hospital and that doctors are unfailingly wise. This, of course, may be true about *Dr. Kildare, Ben Casey* and *The Doctors and the Nurses*. (Even *The Fugitive*—a pediatrician who has been convicted of the murder of his wife—is acknowledged to be innocent of the crime.) In these programs, the medical doctor is nearly always treated with respect; stories avoid giving false hope to the incurable, and the skill of the physician is kept within reason.

My concern here is not for the members of an honorable profession, frequently engaged in a drama of life and death, but for the possible effect of medical drama on millions of viewers. There is a misgiving about the false pictures that the laymen may forever carry in their minds about hospitals and doctors. I have come to suspect that the dramatic medical license of some programs may be enough to set a layman's nerves on edge and perhaps to drive him to swallowing inordinate quantities of the nostrums offered hourly to the television audience.

DR. MURDOCK HEAD holds degrees in three professions: dentistry, medicine, and law. While professor of forensic medicine at George Washington University Medical School, Dr. Head became interested in television. He has since produced a series of public affairs programs for WMAL-TV and is engaged in film production at the Airlie, Va., Conference Center, which he founded and heads. *Reprieve*, his film on the useful lives ahead for victims of heart attacks, won an "Emmy" Award from the Washington Chapter.

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It is a truism in schools of medicine that students tend to acquire the symptoms of each disease they study. Fortunately, this tendency is put into its proper perspective as the student continues his training. I am wondering, however, if the members of the television audience are able to develop the same kind of perspective. Because the television audience has no medical training, the picture it receives of the medical world can be misleading. It is often one that inspires little confidence.

There are numerous examples. The proper atmosphere for a hospital is one of calm efficiency in which the care of patients is carried out as a matter of routine. The television hospital, on the other hand, is a place in which crisis is continuous. Activity is frenetic, rather than regular; someone is always rushing from one emergency situation to another. A vague feeling of doom is abroad.

For the purposes of *melodrama,* this maintenance of tension may be necessary: it allows TV doctors to rush in with a combination of sage medical knowledge and histrionic derring-do to bring about miracle cures and startling recoveries. For the purposes of serious drama, I wonder if all of this is really needed; and for the purposes of public information, such histrionics tend only to confuse the viewer. They often bring rueful smiles or frowns to the face of a physician who might be watching. Judging from some of the scenes in the halls of the TV hospitals, one might reasonably conclude that medical administration is chiefly a problem of high density traffic control. The avoidance of head-on collisions between fast-rolling stretchers and fast-rushing interns is a task that might well challenge the talents and experience of a detail of mounted police in Times Square.

The personalities and demeanors of some television physicians can hardly be a source of comfort to the viewing public. Certainly they are at variance with their real life counterparts. The arrogance of a Ben Casey would never be tolerated by the attending staff of any hospital; Doctor Casey would receive a rapid and pointed course in manners from his superiors. If he didn't pass that course, his appointment to the hospital would be terminated. Surgical residents do not dictate hospital policy—except in their dreams.

Doctor Casey is not the only one whose demeanor may be questioned. The general atmosphere of hostility that one finds among doctors in television hospitals is both disquieting and unrealistic. A hospital staff is made up of a group of professionals who, for the most part, treat each other with respect and civility,

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no matter what their personal feelings might be. This civility and respect is a necessary element in the proper functioning of a medical center. Without it the quality of patient care would be dismal. I know of few physicians who would tolerate the lordly tyranny of a Dr. Gillespie, who hands down platitudinous decisions in the manner of a Gilbert and Sullivan general. A physician on the attending staff of a university hospital is a man who, through his professional training and accomplishments, has earned the respect and the courtesy of other members of that staff.

The treatment of patients by television physicians could well be another source of concern to a viewer who might have to enter a hospital at some time in the future. I have the distinct notion that if I were a bed patient in a hospital and were exposed to the tender mercies of Doctor Casey, my condition would take a turn for the worse when he entered the room. There is no reason why a doctor can't be polite to his patients. Most physicians are courteous because they know that a good personal relationship between patient and physician is a necessary ingredient in successful treatment. Conversely, I don't think that it is essential that a physician be as mild as Dr. James Kildare, but I do feel that it is not good practice to enter a patient's room wearing an unbuttoned smock and an aggressive manner.

Physicians are also people. They have had intellectually demanding professional training after eight disciplined years of college. In life, if not on television, they usually have families. They often have wide interests beyond medicine. They may take an active part in the affairs of their communities. Many of them have hobbies. Their lives—outside of medicine—are much the same as the lives of other citizens with comparable educations. They are not inhabitants of an insulated world that is enclosed by the walls of a hospital.

It seems to me that the personalities of the TV doctors might be enriched, as well as delineated more fully for the audience, if these men removed their white coats—at least once in a while—to experience a fuller life. I remember that Doctor Kildare did have a date once, but that was really because the girl was a patient he was treating for epilepsy. The writers who govern his activities might remember that he is not a monk, but an active young physician with the same intellectual and emotional requirements of other men. One wonders, too, what happens to Dr. Gillespie after he puts on his black fedora and walks out of the hospital into the night. The only incident that I can remember in Gillespie's personal life

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was an episode in which he was being pursued by a wealthy widow. He was able to spurn her obvious charm with almost the same *élan* he ordinarily reserves for impertinent suggestions advanced by cheeky interns.

Of Dr. Casey's personal life we know little. One conclusion that might be drawn is that Casey finds the practice of medicine so offensive that he moves around in a state of continuing depression. This portrayal might be enough to frighten away potential medical students, who—like other people—want to lead normal lives that contain a certain amount of satisfaction, variety and even humor. Medical television could in part account for the doctor shortage!

The subject of medical humor is a resource that remains virtually untapped in the television medical shows. Doctors *do* have a sense of humor; they have their own "inside" jokes and share a special humor that comes from mutual understanding of the implications of their profession. None of this is seen in the confines of an institution like Blair General Hospital. To a television medical-writer a hospital is a place where everyone goes to be sick and sad. Anyone who dared crack a joke in the doctors' dining room would be drummed out of the corps.

In their search for a hero's role, the writers of television's medical melodramas feel constrained to assign to their man every task in medicine. Dr. Casey, for example, is a resident in neurosurgery. As such, he should be concerned almost exclusively with problems in his specialty. During his internship, he would have been concerned with cases of all kinds. However, training for neurosurgery is just what the name implies; it is not general practice. A resident in neurosurgery is only one of many residents in a hospital. There are men who are being trained in internal medicine, general surgery, pathology, ophthalmology, otolaryngology, psychiatry and other areas. Each of these specialists has no time for exotic tropical diseases or other afflictions that fall outside the realm of his immediate and continuing concern.

Residents in neurosurgery don't spend their time treating psychiatric patients, any more than a resident in internal medicine spends his time removing tumors of the brain. The reason there are specialists is that there is so much knowledge in each field that no one man can master all of them adequately. This is a fact that the public needs to understand.

A related fact is that specialists in various fields consult with one another in order to take advantage of each other's training and

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experience. The team concept of patient care that is so important in hospitals seems to have eluded the television hospitals almost totally.

The published critics have invariably attacked the believability of medical programs in the wrong way. There were complaints about the "father and son" relationship of Ben Casey and Dr. Zorba, or between Dr. Kildare and Dr. Gillespie. As in all education, the older and experienced are responsible for the training of the young and inexperienced.

My own criticisms of "TV Rx" are advanced with the full understanding that these programs are designed to entertain, to divert or to enthrall rather than to inform. To do so, they must present activity that involves the viewer with the action and that persuades him to identify with the protagonists. Without this identification the viewer would turn to another channel. But it is this intense quality of identification that I find disturbing when I see the unrealistic portrayals of physicians on television. Viewers, through identifying with the TV doctors, are receiving an impression of physicians and of medicine that can disturb the physician-patient relationship that is vital in actual life. This relationship is built upon the maintenance of trust and confidence so that adequate care may be provided for people in need of it.

Without losing the important elements of drama, it would be possible to portray some measure of reality without distortion, and still heighten dramatic impact. There is "drama" in the daily life of every practicing physician. In fact the physician has been a favorite subject of plays for hundreds of years. After all, he is a man who is concerned with life and with death, with suffering and with compassion. But not all drama is found in the cataclysmic events of people's lives; there is drama in simple things as well. I shouldn't have to mention the drama implicit in love, or dedication, or even in dereliction of duty. There is also drama in the cut finger of a child—certainly as far as mothers are concerned. There is also an opportunity to provide information, accurately and understandably, without weakening the value of entertainment.

Let us look for a moment at the relationship of medicine to our total society. Medical problems are seldom problems simply of pains and drugs, or of hospital emergencies. They are also social problems, economic problems, problems of the environment in which we live. The teen-ager with a knife wound has usually suffered many other wounds before he reaches the situation in which a

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knife might be thrust at him. These previous wounds have been inflicted by society. These and other injuries have also affected the wielder of the knife. It is the legitimate province, it seems to me, of the medical television shows to explore the many areas of life that have a bearing on medicine and to illuminate the relationship of medicine to these areas. Certainly there is adequate drama in this kind of approach. And—more important—there is truth. There is drama, too, in the rehabilitation of alienated youths, in the treatment of victims of chronic disease, in the problems of air pollution and even in the problems of communicating medical knowledge. These things, and many more, are part of medicine today. And medicine is part of them. The role of medicine in society needs to be illuminated; and that role is far broader than one could imagine if he formed his opinions solely on the basis of television viewing. Unfortunately, too many viewers are forming their opinions on that basis.

Where is *The Defenders* of medical television? Where do we find television physicians as believable as the Prestons are as attorneys? Certainly we need dramatists and poets and storytellers. But the art of fiction doesn't have to be a stranger to fact. I realize that liberties must be taken in order to tell a story in the short time allotted to a specific television program. What I object to in the medical television programs that I have seen is a continuing tendency to present characters that are unrelated to life.

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LET'S NOT OFFEND ANYONE

MATTHEW RAPF
WILTON SCHILLER

If one day, at a television awards dinner, jesting Pilate appeared, asked "What is truth?", and tried to get away without staying for an answer, he wouldn't make it to the door. He would find everyone there ready and willing to give him an answer. Any answer. For we who toil in the television vineyards have grown terribly defensive over the years. We offer excuses and apologies before an accusation is leveled; we flee guiltily when no man pursueth; we stand with our chin tucked behind a shoulder, and our left held high.

So it is with a feeling of "here we go again" that we once more assume a defensive position, this time to answer our medical critics. And it all stems from one basic misunderstanding: the difference between "fact" and "dramatic truth."

We all by now have been firmly convinced by the poets that beauty is in the eye of the beholder. But where, O where!, is the poet who will explain away the generally-held belief that a fact is a fact? A startling discovery that has arisen after four years of *Ben Casey* is that a fact can also be in the eye of the beholder. Seems impossible? Let us explain.

MATTHEW RAPF has produced many feature films and television series. He won the Screen Producer's Guild awards for both *Ben Casey* and *Slattery's People*.

WILTON SCHILLER has been a free-lance television writer for many years. He has produced *Ben Casey* for the past two years, and is Executive Producer for the upcoming season.

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Every television show has its critics, the most severe of which, generally, are members of the profession that the series portrays. The criticisms would be helpful if, for instance, they were at least consistent. But the two most frequent charges leveled at *Ben Casey* by members of the medical profession are these: (1) Too grim. Everybody dies. When is Dr. Casey going to save a patient? (2) You are telling a fairy tale about neurosurgery. Is that great genius, Dr. Casey, ever going to *lose* a patient?

Which leads us to ask a question of our own: Are these people all watching the same series or, which seems more likely, are they bringing to the tube their own prejudices and preconceived notions of what the show is about?

A case in point is Dr. Head's complaint that TV doctors never remove their white coats and venture out of the hospital "to experience a fuller life." He *does* recall that Dr. Kildare once dated a girl, but he doesn't really count that because Kildare was treating her for epilepsy. Now we know for a fact that Dr. Ben Casey has had many on-screen romances, and that Dr. Kildare has had even more. Possibly Dr. Head missed these many episodes, and one could hardy fault him for having spent those hours pursuing a more useful hobby...except that he presents as his credentials a careful viewing of medical programs.

Another of Dr. Head's charges is that "writers of television's medical melodramas feel constrained to assign to their man every task in medicine." He goes on to point out that Dr. Casey is a resident in neurosurgery and should concern himself "almost exclusively with problems in his specialty." As a point of plain fact, he does just that. Of course, someone with a neurological problem may also have a psychiatric, ophthalmologic or other problem, but in those instances, the appropriate specialist is called in.

At one point, Dr. Head criticizes the dedication of Ben Casey to medicine, and his impatience with anyone or anything that would interfere with the care and treatment of a patient, as "arrogance," and flatly states it would never be tolerated in any hospital. Later he *faults* the Ben Casey program for showing that a resident neurosurgeon, who attempts to clown his way through his residency, and whose humor is often in bad taste, would not be tolerated in a hospital.

Either Dr. Head is merely looking for something to criticize to flesh out his charge or, if he is right, there is something basically wrong in the attitude of hospitals towards their staffs.

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Which brings us to the subject of humor on medical shows. We do try to get in as much humor as possible, but neurosurgery is necessarily a grim business, and too much revelry in 56 West might just be a little frightening to the potential patients in our audience. We know that doctors do have special inside jokes, but the best of them fall in the category of graveyard humor, black humor and hangman's humor, and the exposure of this type of wit on a medical show might do the very thing our medical critics fault us on—make people more uneasy about entering a hospital than they already are.

This is an area wherein we tread with great care. We have one firm rule which occasionally involves a complete distortion of the truth. We do not do a show or even a scene which is "not in the public interest." We start with the conscious knowledge that people are afraid of hospitals, and we bend over backwards, yes, even lie, to avoid compounding that fear. If, for instance, the fact that a patient's illness is completely incurable is essential to our story, we will not name the illness, but will instead concoct an impossible syndrome, so as not to alarm any member of the audience suffering from the disease.

Another criticism leveled at medical shows by members of the medical profession is that we use diseases that are rare, or that a development of a disease "rarely happens." The answer, of course, is that this is the essence of drama. For the guest star of the episode to be troubled by a common cold might just possibly wind up unexciting, and, incidentally, not involve a neurosurgeon.

The above is of a piece with Dr. Head's statement that the television hospital is a place in which crisis is continuous. Of course. All drama is a matter of selectivity, and if we obviously choose to focus our cameras on County General during a time of crisis or conflict, we do not feel that anyone can seriously criticize that choice. Of course we could find a good, honest sixty minutes when all is calm at County General, and when nothing exciting happens, when there are no emergencies and no hint of conflict. No doubt we could, but would a mass audience sit through those nice, honest, quiet sixty minutes?

Dr. Head, in his advocacy of the small, realistic, quiet story, states there is drama in the cut finger of a child. And we grant there is, for the mother of the child; but we cannot honestly expect the thirty million strangers in the audience to get emotionally involved.

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To date, we have done about 130 different episodes in the *Ben Casey* series, and never has a doctor, patient, or nurse said "hell" or "damn." No, not even "Good God!" Now surely this type of language is used almost daily in almost every hospital in the land. Yet, it is an interesting fact that none of our medical critics have even mentioned this strange and glaring omission, this distortion, if you will, of the truth. They seem to have an instinctive awareness of the limitations caused by time and budget, and the network and sponsor taboos—in every area but their own.

So it comes down to this: why, if we are seriously interested in presenting at least a dramatically-true picture of hospitals and doctors, are we subjected to so much criticism by members of the profession? Which brings us right back to jesting Pilate's question, "What is truth?" Or to *our* question: "What hospital? Which doctors?" Anyone who has ever had business with more than one hospital in more than one state, for instance, will readily agree that there is no consistent picture of a hospital. And physicians are like the rest of us: they come in all shapes, sizes and characters.

What we are trying to say is that it is not only difficult, but impossible, to please everyone. The fable of the father, the son, and the donkey is a case in point. Closer to home is the following: a skit was once written for a television awards dinner by a writer who had been badly scarred over the years by the amount of "technical advice" his scripts had been subjected to. He postulated a television series entitled *Berserk*. The subject of the series was homicidal maniacs. So, of course, the producer hired a homicidal maniac as technical advisor. The first edict laid down by this spokesman for his colleagues was: "We don't want to offend them as a group."

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INTERNATIONAL TELEVISION

Various phases of international TV have already been reviewed in this journal in essays and articles by Wilson Dizard, Thomas Petry, Frank Iezzi, Stewart Wilensky, Harold Anderson and others who have reported upon their experiences and research in this expanding field. Now PAUL TABORI, who is General Secretary and Treasurer of the International Writers Guild, as well as International Secretary of the British Screen Writers Guild, offers a remarkable account of how writers can collaborate on a world-wide scale. Mr. Tabori traces the genesis and development of the first international TV film series, *A Day of Peace*—a project in which 13 countries participated.

In view of recently heightened activity within the International Writers Guild, Mr. Tabori was invited also to provide a summary of the history and aims of that organization. His account of the founding of the IWG as a significant new aspect of international cooperation is printed as prologue to *A Day of Peace*.

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The truism that writers are individualists needs no elaboration. Yet ever since Beaumarchais established the simple principle in the eighteenth century that the creative artist has a right to share in his own success, some sort of collective action has become essential to achieve a measure of security. Slowly and painfully writers' organizations developed, still feeble and rudimentary in some countries, well-established and prosperous in the United States and a few others.

Yet until recently these guilds, associations or clubs were strictly national, each preoccupied with its own local problems, largely ignorant of conditions and problems even in the next bailiwick. This meant that writers were sadly behind the times. Movies and television, radio and the theater had all become truly international. While composers and producers, for instance, formed global organizations, writers lagged behind. *Federation Internationale des Auteurs des Films,* the only existing federation of screen and television writers, was under French leadership and was little more than a talking shop with a tiny budget and with hardly any prestige.

In 1961 the Writers Guilds of America and the British Screen Writers Guild (after discussions beginning as early as 1958) signed an affiliation agreement which has worked remarkably well. This was followed by bi-lateral agreements between the British Guild and the Australians, and between Britain and Yugoslavia. At various meetings between 1962 and 1964 the groundwork was laid for an International Writers Guild. A Constituent Assembly was called in London in November, 1964 at which representatives of writers' organizations in 18 nations agreed to form an international trade union of radio, screen and television writers. Apart from the USA, such countries as Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, the four Scandinavian countries, Austria, Switzerland,

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Western Germany, Japan, Yugoslavia, Hungary, Uganda, Poland, and Bulgaria have now formally adhered to the IWG. France is represented by *Syndicate National des Auteurs et des Compositeurs de musique,* the most important entertainment union which has special sections for radio, film and TV writers.

The aims of the IWG are eminently practical. To gather reliable information on production in the member countries, to collate the existing terms and conditions for writers, to promote royalties and residuals on a global basis (with the necessary policing), to publish an international newsletter, to arrange seminars and congresses, to establish international awards—these are only some of the immediate tasks. The headquarters is in London with regional offices in New York and Belgrade. The organization is naturally entirely non-political and believes in preserving both the freedom and dignity of the writer under whatever system he happens to live and work.

The first International President is James R. Webb, the present National Chairman of the Writers Guilds of America. The Vice-Presidents include Howard Clewes of Britain, Rados Novakovic of Yugoslavia, Torre Zetterholm of Sweden, and Jean Ferry of France. (Five more are to be elected.) The General Secretary-Treasurer is Paul Tabori; there are two associate secretaries: Manya Starr of the U.S. and Oto Denes of Yugoslavia. The Advisory Council includes Ivan Boldizsar of Hungary, Velko Bulaic of Yugoslavia, Richard Lane of Australia, Paul Vialar of France, Carl Foreman and Allan Rivkin of the U.S., and Lord Willis of Great Britain.

In the fall of 1965 the IWG will hold its first international executive committee meeting in London, combined with a seminar on television writing. It is hoped that its first international congress will be held in Hollywood late in 1966.

P.T.

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A DAY OF PEACE

PAUL TABORI

In July, 1963 I took a delegation of British screenwriters to Pula on the Istrian peninsula where for some ten years the Yugoslavs have held their national film festivals. In the vast arena, over two thousand years old, about thirteen thousand people gathered every night to watch the choice offerings of the Yugoslav film industry. It struck as rather forcibly that out of the dozen or so films, ten dealt with war. This was hardly surprising for in the bitter years between 1941 and 1945 one in every ten Yugoslavs died; the traumatic experience left an indelible trace, not only in films but also in the books and the creative arts of the country.

With our Yugoslav colleagues we discussed the possibility of international cooperation that might lessen or modify this national preoccupation with death and destruction. My friend Oto Denes, the distinguished writer-director, at that time general secretary of the Yugoslav Screenwriters and Directors Association, was only too clearly aware of the difficulties and challenges of such a project. He was in his early teens when he escaped from a concentration camp and joined the partisans. He had fought for four years while boys of his age in other, more fortunate, countries would have been at school and at play—and out of these years came his deep conviction that the primary duty of writers and film-makers was to help prevent the recurrence of such a holocaust.

We talked, then, about the possibility of developing an inter-

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national television series with a predominantly European flavor—one that would be equally acceptable and attractive to East and West; something built on a sound financial basis and yet experimental and bold enough to say something new in a new manner. This, of course, was not easy to find and we left Pula without having discovered it.

But a few weeks later, one night in London, the idea came in a flash. The inspiration—if I can permit myself to call it by that old-fashioned and grandiloquent name—had two sources. One was the remarkable Russian film I remembered having reviewed, as the film critic of the *London Daily Mail* in 1944. It was called *One Day of War*. On a chosen day the Soviet High Command had sent several hundred cameramen to photograph the events of 24 hours along the main front line that stretched from the Arctic Sea to the Caucasus. The result was certainly remarkable if perhaps a trifle long-winded. The other memory was that of a speech made in 1954 by the late Charles Morgan who was then International President of P.E.N., the greatest and oldest world-wide organization of writers. The meeting had been held in Amsterdam and his speech began: *"A June night and no war...."* It was a phrase Morgan used again a year later when the writers gathered in Vienna. The idea he developed was striking and simple: so many June nights had been made hideous by the shriek of battle and the screams of the dying, by howling sirens and droning bombers—but now we were enjoying peace, however precarious, and on these June nights we should count our blessings.

Out of these two memories I wove the idea of an international television film series to be called *A Day of Peace*. It was to be a series devoted to life rather than death, to love and understanding rather than hate and discord; a series to celebrate the joy and beauty of the world and to eschew all politics, racial or national. Within this framework, all participating countries would be given a completely free hand and experimentation, new techniques, new approaches would be encouraged. Each country would make its film at its own expense and get the others for unlimited exploitation within its own territory. Outside the participating countries, the series would be sold collectively and the proceeds shared. In this way, I hoped, we could establish a rudimentary European television cooperative—which, in time, might equal the artistic and financial resources of an American network.

I tried the idea out on some friends and colleagues, and their response was encouraging. But the first two television companies

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to whom I offered it seemed to be frightened by such a revolutionary structure, such an experimental enterprise that could not be subject to the usual tight control. In November, 1963 a group of French and Yugoslav screenwriters came to London, and my wife and I gave them a little party. Once again we talked about the dream of establishing an international television series and I told them of my conception which now, after two rejections, seemed less bright.

One of the guests at the party was Ted Willis, chairman of the British Screenwriters Guild, equally distinguished and fertile as a playwright, film and television writer—and soon to become Lord Willis of Chislehurst. I lured him from the crowded room and explained the idea and the present condition of *A Day of Peace*. He immediately became enthusiastic and promised to do all he could to find a British basis for it. This he did by going, a day or two later, to Mr. Lew Grade, the Managing Director of Associated Television, the vast and prosperous British commercial television company. The enthusiasm of Lord Willis must have been certainly infectious, for Mr. Grade caught it at once. Just before Christmas I was at the ATV Offices and by mid-February I was on my way to recruit the participating countries.

This was still an experimental stage—for, I think, my British sponsors did not quite believe that it could be done. However, they very kindly said that if I brought back three partners from my first exploratory trip, they would be willing to proceed with the project. I was lucky—or perhaps sufficiently persuasive—for I returned with eight. After periods of shorter or longer deliberation, France, Holland, Sweden, Poland, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Senegal and Algeria all joined us. A few months later, Bulgaria and Spain also became members of the family—so now we were eleven. Italy and the Lebanese were also considering their participation. This was the first time that East and West European, capitalist and communist, countries and two new African nations were collaborating in such a plan.

At Whitsun, 1964 we met in London; contracts were signed, subjects were agreed on and production dates set. Part of the gross receipts was reserved for the International Writers Fund, attached to P.E.N., to provide traveling scholarships for young film and television writers.

Six weeks later I was able to start, as coordinating producer, on a tour of the first five countries in which *A Day of Peace* was to be produced.

The Swedish film in the series was the responsibility of a group

www.americanradiohistory.com

of highly talented young people, most of whom had left the state-owned Swedish Television organization in order to form their own company, Svensk TV Produktion AB(STV). The moving spirit in this adventurous and light-hearted enterprise is Åke Süderqviest who has been called, without protesting against the appellation, the David Frost of Sweden. Unlike Mr. Frost, he sports a luxurious moustache and beard—which is perhaps the reason why the satirical revue in which he has appeared with three other men and a charming lady singer has been called *The Beards.* (At least his three fellow actors—though not the lady—conformed sufficiently to grow very impressive ones.)

For their subject, the Swedes chose the story of a middle-aged, gentle-mannered clergyman who is almost driven frantic by the pressures and iniquities of modern life. Everything offends and assaults him while he tries to find peace in a park—transistors, radios, girls in bikinis, indecent drawings on a notice board—until, in desperation, he reaches a gate bearing a curious sign: FOR CHILDREN ONLY—ADULTS WILL BE PROSECUTED. As he passes through, disregarding the notice, he finds himself changed into a child though still with an adult body. He joins children at play and goes into an observatory where through a telescope he sees the antics of some highly unorthodox angels. And then, having found his own brand of peace, he returns through the gate, but removes the sign and leaves it wide open so that others, too, can pass from the world of adults into the world of childhood peace.

The film was directed by Lennard Olssen who has been for several years personal assistant of Ingmar Bergman and is now chief producer of the Malmö Municipal Theatre. Its star is Allan Edvald, one of the leading Swedish comedians whose recent outstanding triumph was in the title part of Bracht's *Schweik.* The script was written by Per Egholm and Gisela Friesen who, in a delightfully effective collaboration, created a whole series of television programs and who not only write their own scripts but design their own puppets and build their own sets for their unusual and highly successful children's shows.

What could be more characteristic among the days of France than July Fourteenth? That is why Actualités Françaises, the official newsreel company which was responsible for the French contribution to *A Day of Peace,* chose the national fête of *Quatorze Juillet* for its subject. The story (written by Pierre Bost, president of the French Screenwriters Association and scriptwriter of such classics as *Le Diable au Corps*) is about a young man who sets out, early on

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the morning of July Fourteenth, determined to find himself the "right" girl before the day is much older. He does, soon enough—but loses her; finds others, almost equally charming but still not the right ones; and is re-united with the lady of his dreams in time to dance with her in the Place St. Michel until dawn. The film was directed by André Zwobada and most of it was shot in a single day, employing about a dozen cameramen. From the grand parade down the Champs Élysées, to the busy throng of painters on the Place de Tertre, from the majestically illuminated Notre Dame on a night of *Son et Lumière* to the finish of the Tour de France, from the ball of the fireman to the Eiffel Tower, from St. Germaine-des-Près to the *bateau mouche,* the beauty and excitement of Paris are enchantingly held in the framework of the film.

The Yugoslavs chose a more sombre theme. Produced by Filmske Novosty, the official newsreel company under the supervision of Sima Karaoglanovii, and written and directed by Oto Denes, their film is called *It Happened in Skopje*. Their day is the first anniversary of the shattering earthquake of July, 1963 in which almost two thousand people died. Its main characters are a Scandinavian writer and a young Yugoslav girl who acts as a tourist guide.

Some time before the earthquake, the Scandinavian writer loses his wife, suddenly and tragically. He cannot bear to live any longer in the house in which they had been so happy together—and so, after hearing of the Skopje disaster, he makes a gift of it to the stricken town and it is shipped from the Baltic to Macedonia. Now he comes to find out about the people who live in his former home. He finds a couple who lost their two small boys in the earthquake and who have just completed arrangements for adopting two orphans in their place. Through their courage and affection, the visitor himself finds a new will to live and—though there is only a hint of it—he might even find love again. The film was shot entirely on location in Skopje and stars Slobadan Perovie, one of Yugoslavia's leading actors who has recently scored a triumph in the Serbian version of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?,* and Dunja Rejter, a young and very pretty Croatian actress and singer who has also appeared in West German films.

The Poles set their story in the ancient Wavel Castle above the beautiful old city of Cracow which had miraculously escaped damage during the last war. The famous director Jan Rybkowski, whose best-known film is *Tonight a City Is Going To Die* (about the destruction of Dresden), and the leading Polish screenwriter, Ludwik Starski, created a delightful story about a small boy who runs

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away from his mother and, at loose in hundreds of rooms and maze-like corridors of the former royal castle, plays at king and ferocious warlord. He roams through the fabulous tent of the Grand Vizier Kara Mustapha (captured by King Jan Sobieski during the relief of Vienna), through treasure chamber and private chapel, throne room and audience hall—until at the very end, weary and chastened, he decides that the pomp of royalty and the power of bloodthirsty generals are no real fun.

In order to make this film, both state and church authorities put their most precious treasures at the director's disposal—gem-encrusted helmets, ancient swords, valuable alabaster vases and priceless Persian carpets, worth a king's ransom. Few films could have been shot against backgrounds of such authenticity; and the little boy playing the lead, a veteran of ten motion pictures, gives an especially delightful, pert performance. The Polish film has been the responsibility of Zespo Rytm, one of the biggest of the autonomous groups into which Polish film production is divided, and was produced by Zygmunt Szyndler.

The Hungarians, true to their traditions, made music the basis of their contribution to *A Day of Peace*. Charles Wiedermann, the young director-writer, developed a moving yet unsentimental tale about a violin and a violinist, both of whom (or which) are involved in a serious motor accident. The film tells, without a word of dialogue or commentary, how the victims are healed and restored, not only to complete health but to the state of a perfect instrument and its master. The background of the film is extremely varied—it ranges from the shores of the serene Lake Balaton and its vineyards to Martonvasar where Beethoven's "immortal beloved," Countess Teresa Brunswick, lived; from the great open-air music festival at Szeged to battered yet defiantly beautiful Budapest. This film was produced by Hungarian State Television under the supervision of its deputy chairman, Mr. I. Kulcsar, and the head of its documentary section, Mr. Jeno Randé, who has been for several years radio and television correspondent in New York and London.

The Dutch partner in the series is Telefund Ltd., of Amsterdam; and its managing director, John Rosinga, chose a most effective bit of Walter Mittyish fantasy for his subject. The story is that of a ferry-boat captain of Amsterdam who has, for 40 years, covered the same narrow stretch of harbor waters—until, on the very day of his retirement, he decides to take his ship out to the open sea. A good many complications arise from this rash resolve, but in the end all reach port safely, both literally and symbolically.

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The other films in the series are equally unusual and varied. The Senagalese have done a day in the life of a carthorse and its owner—showing the contrast between shantytown and the *plateau,* where skyscrapers and luxury villas rise in modern Dakar. The story is told by the carter himself who takes a rather poor view of humanity and does not really find much to be enthusiastic about now that independence has come to his country. Still, for a simple and overworked man, he is optimistic enough to believe at least in survival.

The English entry, directed by Denis Mitchell, is based on the sad truism that people are becoming more and more conformist in our automated world—and then sets out to prove that this isn't true at all. For at least in Britain we still have a magnificent crop of eccentrics, of people with their private dreams and ambitions that sometimes even come true.

The Algerians have chosen an episode of their recent conflict (the interval of the so-called False Armistice) and, within this context, tell about a young boy's dream of peace being shattered by man's cruelty to man. The Bulgarian contribution has a background of the Palace of Weddings in Plovdiv in winter and is written by Mr. Z. Bozhev, the deputy director of Sofia Television. The Spanish subject is a Sunday in Madrid and has been written by the eminent Spanish screen and television writer, J. M. de Arozamena, who has been the adapter of J. B. Priestley, Terence Rattigan and Noel Coward and who is also managing director of the Spanish Writers Association. Televisão España is responsible for the production itself. The Italians and Lebanese are just about to make the first choice of their subjects as I write this.

Whether *A Day of Peace* will be a success or not, I do not know. Certainly, many people of high professional and artistic standing have shown a remarkable faith in it. But I feel that it is an experiment well worth making, if only to teach the participants and the world that with a little tenacity and goodwill, national and political differences can be bridged and sometimes even eliminated. It is, indeed, better to devote a television series to a day of peace than to a day of war; it is better to insist on counting your blessings without false optimism and facile solutions than to cry havoc. If this experiment becomes the achievement we all hope for, it will have opened completely new vistas for international cooperation in the realm of the latest and perhaps most exciting form of creative expression, the field of television.

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DOCUMENTARY

In *From Caligari to Hitler* Siegfried Kracauer relates how Karl Freund, cameraman for Ruttmann's 1927 classic, *Berlin,* went about the city with a camera concealed either in a truck with slot-openings for the lens, or in a box that looked like a suitcase. Of this "candid camera" operation, Freund said: "It is the only type of photography that is really art. Why? Because with it one is able to portray *life*. These big negatives, now, where people smirk and grimace and pose...Bah! That's not photography. But a very fast lens. Shooting life. Realism. Ah, that is photography in its purest form."*

The quotation serves to emphasize once again the early pre-TV beginnings of the major methods and approaches now being used in television documentaries. While the *cinéma-vérité* and "mobile camera" styles of recording actuality have had a long history in the cinema, they also exert a peculiar affinity for the presentation of the actual on the TV screen. Many argue that the blur, rush and diffusion of life-caught-unawares is a valuable and almost essential element in video documentary. Others contend that neither a form nor a satisfactory philosophy of documentary can be built upon mere chance and unpredictable events.

George Bluestone, documentarist, teacher and critic, pursues with enthusiasm the arguments expressed by Karl Freund nearly four decades ago. In his essay he cites still further distinctions between those documentary approaches which proceed from either a journalistic or poetic base—the "informational" and the "intimate" documentary. Mr. Bluestone does not insist that one or the other must dominate the TV screen. His emphasis is upon the rewards for the viewer in those brief moments when the small TV screen yields its richest lode: a direct revelation of totally unplanned, unanticipated human behavior.

*Siegfried Kracauer, *From Caligari to Hitler*. New York: Noonday Press, 1959, p. 183.

www.americanradiohistory.com

THE INTIMATE DOCUMENTARY

GEORGE BLUESTONE

Recently I completed an hour documentary called *The Monkey and the Fox: Kyogen in America*. The film deals with the first encounter between the Nomura family, the celebrated comic actors of Tokyo, and American audiences at the University of Washington and Eastern colleges. From the beginning we faced certain problems in making a documentary about Kyogen, Japan's ancient comic theater: a language barrier, the actors' diffidence about the intimate camera, a new set of theatrical conventions, etc. The year we spent working out solutions to these problems led me to a hard look at television documentary. I came to the conclusion that "documentary" is an obsolete word.

In the wake of technical innovations during the past ten years there has been such a proliferation of "documentary types" that the term has become hopelessly stretched. It covers too much. There is something wrong with a tag that describes films as various as Huntley-Brinkley "specials," *The Real West, Lonely Boy, The Most, Chronique d'un été,* the Ricky Leacock, Drew-Pennebacker cycle, *Boxing's Last Round* and *Oswald and the Law*. I submit that the "worlds" created by such films are so different that calling them

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"documentaries" is like calling dogs and tables quadrupeds: it conceals more than it reveals. We know intuitively there is more difference between *The Most* (the Canadian spoof on Hugh Hefner and *Playboy*) and *The Real West* than there is between Gary Cooper's narration and, say, *How the West Was Won*. But we still yoke the two together in the same creaking collar.

I suggest that a more accurate way of dealing with the "new" documentary is to distinguish between information and intimacy. As I see it, the informational film deals with topical crises, social conflict, and headline celebrities. Its voice is analytic, educational, detached; it is concerned rather than involved. The intimate documentary drills behind official facades, the public masks of *Meet the Press,* to complexities of character, to the hesitancies, doubts, even the perversities of human personality. The tone of intimate documentary is iconoclastic, often irreverent, as though the camera were a child crying out that the emperor has no clothes.

Informational documentaries exploit stock responses; intimate documentaries reverse the predictable twitch. The informational narrator, even when he leaves the viewer "to make up his own mind," always tells him what to think. The intimate documentary, in dispensing with the narrator, lets the subject speak for himself. It tries to make the film-maker invisible. It is willing to use ordinary people, even anti-heroes; it is brash enough to see the man behind the demi-god. The informational film uses objectivity to *observe* its subject; the intimate film uses objectivity to *become* its subject.

The informational film tends toward the illustrated lecture, the audio-visual report; the intimate documentary tends toward experience. Informational films are self-congratulatory; intimate films unhinge us. The informational documentary lays out issues, gathers facts; the experiential film goes beyond the facts—it has the courage to be surprised.

The differences comes clear when we look at documentaries dealing with similar subjects. Contrast *The Making of the President 1960* to Ricky Leacock's *Primary; Hollywood and the Stars* to Wolf Koenig's *Lonely Boy*. Wolper's Kennedy is a hard-working but glamorous deity; Leacock's Kennedy is a shrewd political mortal. Wolper's stars are domesticated royalty; Koenig's Paul Anka is a lonely pawn in the business of teen-age eroticism.

Obviously these types overlap, reinforce and even learn from each other, but the differences are worth insisting on. The intimate film may be hard to define, but like jazz we know it when we see it.

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Its distinctions from the older documentary point up not only the present difficulty of finding showcases for the intimate film but an entire range of feelings and attitudes which amount to a radical difference in vision. When *The Making of the President 1960* shows Nixon before The Great Debate nervously fussing over timing and format, or Kennedy meeting listless workers outside a factory, forlornly dramatizing the indignities of primary campaigning, the film enters the intimate world. Such moments stand out from their setting like the celebrated hole in Stevenson's shoe.

I would defend "intimate documentary" as a better term than "Free Cinema" or *cinéma-vérité*. The first describes a group of short films made by Tony Richardson, Lindsay Anderson, Karel Reisz and others before they became the feature directors of Britain's New Wave. *Cinéma-vérité* was coined to cover the kind of documentary made by Jean Rouch, Chris Marker and others, but it has now extended to include Americans like Ricky Leacock and Canadians like Wolf Koenig and Colin Low. Both terms are intended to distinguish post-war films from such classic documentaries of the thirties as *The City, The Plough That Broke the Plains* and *Song of Ceylon*. The latter type, so the argument goes, were successful in finding graphic images of social problems and solutions; they were interested in change. On the other hand, the films of Free Cinema and *cinéma-vérité*, even when they deal with social action, are personal, unheroic, direct, more interested in revealing a man's psyche than in solving his Problem.

I prefer "intimate documentary" for two reasons. Within their limits the documentaries of the thirties were no less "free" and no less "true" than the new kind of film, and the offspring of the old form like Tom Daly's *The Mad War* are as technically exciting as *Lonely Boy*. Grierson, Rotha and Pare Lorentz were simply choosing another kind of reality, and I do not want to disparage their achievement. What has not been sufficiently recognized, however, is that the techniques of intimate documentary have generated new ways of seeing. By dispensing with the narrator, allowing continuity to impose itself from events as they happen, by using lightweight equipment to catch experience on the hoof, the intimate documentary not only gets extraordinary close to its subject, it *changes* its subject. Imagine, for example, Nanook of the North being able to talk!

Finally, the term is useful to distinguish the new documentary from films like *World Without Sun* and *Mondo Cane,* extensions of

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the travelogue; from *The Guns of August* and *Point of Order,* what Jay Leyda calls "compilation" films; and from network specials on ancient Greece or the Louvre, which deal with objects, not men.

In contrast to the CBC, American networks at present have an unfortunate prejudice against intimate documentary. It is not so much the subjects they resist. As we have seen, many of Ricky Leacock's films are topical (e.g., *The Crisis*). It is the *approach* that upsets them. I would guess, without knowing the details, that Chet Huntley's *Hemingway* gets wide circulation and the Robert Hughes *Robert Frost* does not because the first is informational and the second intimate—in manner. Commercial television has not yet become accustomed to the intimate way of seeing.

In *Primary,* for example, there is a magnificent scene in which Hubert Humphrey's cortege moves along a bleak and rainy Wisconsin countryside. The windshield wiper on the lead car is swinging monotonously while Humphrey gamely evaluates his campaign. A moment later Humphrey begins to nod; seconds later he dozes. That one sequence gives us more insight into the bone-crushing fatigue of a primary campaign than a thousand narrative assertions. The conventional program director would object because it advances no information, moves forward no argument, makes no discursive point. It is experience, not information. And therefore dispensable.

Still another root-difference between informational and intimate documentaries is ambiguity. Because of their methods, all the intimate documentaries I have seen reveal a high degree of tolerance toward mystery and novelty. All are guilty of television's greatest sin: unresolved tension.

Network executives assume that mankind cannot stand too much novelty. And the irony is that they may be right. Take away an easily recognized frame of reference and the average viewer panics. He not only wants it clear; he wants it clear *immediately*. As Robert Penn Warren said in another context, "It is not evil that shocks us; it is the unexpected." That is why the informational documentary (which allows complexity but not ambiguity) tends to flatten out experience while the typical intimate documentary has amplitude and resonance. It is not hard to see why. The intimate film exploits the collision between novelty and certainty. It appropriates the very mixed feelings which the informational film carefully rejects.

One of the most powerful documentaries produced by KING-TV, the NBC affiliate in Seattle, was the Robert Schulman-Barry Farrell production of *A Volcano Named White.* The wisdom of the pro-

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ducers lay in allowing Don Anthony White, a convicted murderer, simply to talk about himself. White is a good talker, a hip poet who has an uncanny ability to articulate his feelings. On the night a group of friends saw the program, reactions were mixed. One bright lawyer spoke up first: "I've never seen a crazier guy." I had had exactly the opposite reaction. As White talked about himself, I remember thinking, "There but for the grace of God go I." It was his *normality* that impressed. Hindsight now tells me that this cues the characteristic ambivalence of intimate documentary. Since my lawyer friend and I were provoked by the same stimuli to opposite impressions, I imagine the station got more than it bargained for. KING bought a "case" and received a man.

Local reviewers found the program a strong argument against capital punishment. But later, when the film was given limited network release, the reactions of New York reviewers were mixed. Most found the film disturbing because, I suspect, it allowed them to get *too* close to Don White. Intimacy hurts.

Since the intimate documentary gets its effects through the artful juxtaposition of images instead of through narrative intermediaries, the new film-maker sometimes takes such conflicting reactions as a sign of success. Most viewers find *The Most* a devastating satire, but I hear that Hugh Hefner is pleased with it. Al Maysles delights in reporting that while most viewers see his *Showman* (Joseph E. Levine) as a self-seeking boor, some find him admirable, a typically hard-driving, self-made man.

This curious tension helps account for the open-ended effect we feel at the conclusion of these films. It explains why they ring in memory and why like all felt experience they have a strong residual power. It explains those unanswered questions that hang in the air to be mulled over and digested. Is Hugh Hefner's brother in *The Most* really that fatuous, or is he just pulling our leg? Is Eddie Sachs in *On The Pole* a tragic hero or a born loser? Is Paul Anka in *Lonely Boy* the victim of his agents and hysterical fans, or is he cynically cashing in on a good thing?

What I am arguing is that network television ought to be still more open to intimate documentaries. The best of its type has already evolved a more personal and unique vision of how we live than the traditional documentary. Ours is an age of ambivalence. Still, some commercial channels are so suspicious of open-ended experience that we are seeing the paradox of networks giving more and more prime-time to old movies, while films designed for television, like

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Leacock's *On The Pole*, must settle for art houses, film festivals and, occasionally, Channel 9 in New York. I had to travel to Paris to find an evening of films by Drew Associates.

It is bad enough that networks rarely consider anything but characters *in extremis*. It is worse that the tyranny of old formulas has a way of killing off spontaneity, surprise, Penn Warren's "unexpected." As a rule, commercial TV is disinterested in a subject unless he is a celebrity, an accused murderer (*Bill Witherspoon, Oswald and the Law*) or an actor in yesterday's headlines (*The Mad War, Boxing's Last Round,* almost anything on juvenile delinquency). Intimate documentaries which do not fit these slots are forced into a fugitive existence underground.

My personal reaction to the formula documentary has been to become a Moment Watcher. A Moment Watcher is someone who sits around waiting for those human slips, asides and silences which make a TV shadow leap alive. Sometimes such moments occur in informational films. Bill Witherspoon has a painful interview in which his warden tries to explain what it does to *him* to put a man to death. For a moment, the killer becomes the father-confessor.

Sometimes I find my moment in the evening newscast. The German diplomat announces formally that he brings greetings to America from Chancellor Adenauer; a sweaty attaché reminds him that the present chancellor is Erhard; the diplomat retreats in confusion, retracts. Or during a pro football game the on-field mike picks up a lusty obscenity.

I remember one newsclip showing the aftermath of the historic meeting between Annie Lee Cooper and Sheriff Clark of Selma, Alabama. Three deputies had Annie Lee, an enormous woman, down on the ground and were manacling her hands behind her back. Annie was saying, "That's all right, that's all right." *What* was all right never came clear. Moments after Annie Lee had slugged him, Sheriff Clark was asked if he planned to press assault charges. Sheriff Clark, breathing hard and peeling back his lips to form an outraged smile, replied, "Ask a silly question—" but couldn't finish his sentence. Watching this footage, my wife said in a shocked whisper, "She's Dilsey, isn't she?" My wife of course was right. Because the newsclip was a moment of pure intimacy, Annie Lee Cooper catapulted into legend. I remember my disappointment when the newscaster moved on to the next item. What I wanted to see, what I still want to see, is an intimate film about Annie Lee Cooper.

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NEVER TOO LATE

Whatever wonders await those future generations for whom, it has been predicted, the "skill" of reading may be by-passed with direct audio-visual experience, it is inconceivable that civilization as we know it can exist without the printed word. While some theorists have predicted the widespread use of TV to train functional illiterates in performance of some routine mechanical tasks (thereby absorbing them as useful citizens within a social system), throughout the world men with higher hopes seek to employ television as an instrument for letting others share the mind-liberating experience of reading.

In the following essay DON R. BROWNE describes three approaches to teaching literacy by television and offers some useful comments upon their relative value and effectiveness.

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READING, WRITING AND TV

DON R. BROWNE

Our age is characterized by the almost universal presence of the instruments of mass communications—so much so, that many have seen in these instruments the possible means of condensing the work of generations or centuries to a matter of years. And of all the media of mass communications, perhaps the greatest hopes have been placed in television.

Consider the problem of illiteracy—a condition affecting one-half of the world's population. If, 30 or 40 years ago, anyone had considered the possibility of substantially reducing illiteracy throughout the world, a conservative estimate might have been that it would take a hundred years to accomplish the task. Such a figure would have taken into account the fact that the teaching of illiterates would have to be done on a face-to-face basis; with well over a billion illiterates at the time, the estimate of a hundred years might not have been far wide of the mark.

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But television now enables one source to communicate with millions at a time. It is, in theory, a universal medium, since impassable roads and bad weather cannot obstruct its passage and since it can be received by any person or group possessing a set. It can be used simultaneously by few or many, taking into account certain maximum limitations on group size. But perhaps most important, from the standpoint of the illiterate, is the fact that it can be understood without reference to written symbols.

Experimentation in the use of television to teach illiterates is of fairly recent date. Most of the activity in this field seems to have started less than ten years ago. Its relative infancy is no indication of its extent, however. Some 20 nations, from Africa, the Middle East, Europe and the Americas, are using television in their efforts to reduce illiteracy. An examination of three of the more extensive projects in this field will indicate something of the nature, problems and possibilities of success here.

The most widely distributed "literacy by television" series in the United States is *Operation Alphabet,* produced by Station WFIL-TV in Philadelphia. This series has been seen, thanks to videotape, on over 40 American television stations, including outlets in Boston, New York, Cincinnati, Cleveland and San Francisco. The series runs for 100 programs, each of 30 minutes duration. In Philadelphia, *Operation Alphabet* was shown from 6:30 to 7:00 A.M., five days a week; in Boston, it appears from 6:15 to 6:45 A.M. Choice of hour is not arbitrary; the American illiterate is a member of a very definite minority, and regards his status with something less than pride. This early hour often makes it possible for him to conceal from his children or friends the admission of illiteracy that watching this program would entail.

Operation Alphabet is designed for home viewing, and reinforcement of material comes through a study book, prepared by a group of teachers selected for their knowledge of the problems of teaching illiterates. The book is so designed that a person following the program can use it without help, although the presence of a literate friend will certainly facilitate the task and reinforce the lesson; again, this fact of "possible independence" allows the illiterate to retain his pride. The pace of these lessons is slow: four or five new words per lesson, plenty of repetition, frequent reintroduction of familiar words, and periodic reviews. The vocabulary and situations are chosen for their usefulness in terms of everyday life: words one encounters when shopping at the supermarket, when going to the

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hospital or clinic, and, later in the course, how to write letters of application, thanks, and so forth.

The basic pedagogical method, too, is very simple: repetition of each word under study, isolation of individual letters within the word, illustration of the meaning of the word through verbal explanation and photograph. Much of the success of the method, of course, depends on the instructor. In the case of *Operation Alphabet,* the man chosen—Dr. Alexander Shevlin—seems admirably suited to instruct adult illiterates. He is relaxed and easygoing, but also manages to convey a businesslike atmosphere. Along with occasional elementary plays on words, there remains the impression that Dr. Shevlin earnestly wants his pupils to learn and use what is being presented. Two points in his manner of presentation deserve special emphasis: he carefully avoids the frequent tendencies in dealing with illiterates of talking down to them (primarily through over-simplification) and of speaking to them in an extremely slow, careful fashion.

The success of *Operation Alphabet* is hard to judge. In its initial presentation over WFIL (from the end of January to mid-June, 1961) the estimated audience was set at between 50,000 and 75,000, and several thousand viewers requested a test at the end of the course of study; successful completion of this test would earn them a certificate of achievement. Numerous letters of thanks stated that the programs had been instrumental in bringing about promotions, helping the mentally retarded, and teaching new words to recent emigrés. WFIL has since repeated the course, and this past June initiated a second course designed to extend and reinforce the first.

The other major American effort in the field of literacy by television is slightly older and somewhat less traditional than *Operation Alphabet. Streamlined English,* a series of 98 half-hour programs, was first presented in January, 1957 by Station WKNO-TV in Memphis, Tennessee. It utilizes a method of instructing illiterates devised by Dr. Frank Laubach, the essence of which is that one begins by learning the letters of the alphabet through a certain visual association. The outline of the human hand with index finger extended and all other fingers and thumb closed in, for instance, suggests the letter "h". After the letters of the alphabet are learned, students move on to entire words. Eleven hundred of the most basic, useful words are taught, and these in turn build up to simple stories.

Another difference in the Memphis approach is that this series is designed primarily for group viewing, and that each group is to

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be under the supervision of an assistant, who can then work with the class before and after the lesson. This presents one problem, but solves another: a participant will have to reveal his state of illiteracy more publicly if he has to leave the house to follow the lessons; the Southern illiterate, however, in contrast to his Northern counterpart, often cannot afford a television set, so that the group method at least enables him to follow the lessons. Certain educational authorities also feel that there is merit in the group approach, since any single illiterate very quickly feels that he is not alone, and may even progress more rapidly within a competitive atmosphere.

When the course was first offered, 750 adults enrolled in 34 viewing centers; we can safely assume that many more studied at home. The station reviewed samples of written work early and late in the course, and noted very definite improvement in most cases. After the course had ended, there were a number of "letters of testimonial" of much the same nature as those received by WFIL for *Operation Alphabet.* Encouraged by this response, WKNO prepared a follow-up series entitled *A Door Opens.* Here, the programs both reinforced what had already been learned and added 320 more words to the student's reading vocabulary. Where the first series had dealt more with words and sentences in themselves, however, the second series was more concerned with instilling and altering opinions and beliefs regarding proper diet, careful shopping, hygiene, and moral and spiritual needs. Along with these went a certain amount of instruction in basic arithmetic.

Finally, like *Operation Alphabet, Streamlined English* has been made available on tape and kinescope, and over a dozen other stations (mostly from the Southeastern states) have used it.

Closer in pedagogical approach to *Operation Alphabet* than to *Streamlined English* is a series of televised lessons for illiterates offered by RAI—Italian Radio and Television. The series, *It's Never Too Late,* first came on the air in November, 1960. Each program lasts for just 30 minutes, and there are three lessons a week. The series is intended primarily for organized groups, due largely to the fact that, in Italy, few illiterates indeed would possess their own TV sets. As in *Streamlined English,* each group is supervised by an assistant, who spends 30 minutes preparing the group for each lesson and one hour in reviewing and reinforcing the main points after the televised lesson is over. A study guide accompanies the

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course; a nominal payment is asked of those who can afford it, but thousands of these guides have been distributed free of charge by the Ministry of Education.

Letters, words and sentences are taught by the traditional method of repetition and reinforcement, and the instructor—Alberto Manzi—has much the same combination of informality, sense of humor and basically "adult" approach that characterizes *Operation Alphabet*'s Dr. Shevlin. The choice is deliberate on RAI's part; the organization had these basic qualifications in mind before starting the series, knowing how resentful the average illiterate would be of any sign of superiority on the part of the teacher.

The Italian government itself encouraged local communities to set up group viewing facilities, and, where absolutely necessary, gave financial assistance. For the initial series, there were some 2,100 of these facilities, with a total of 38,000 pupils—an average of 18 pupils to a group. When the course ended six months later, 80% of this original enrollment was still in attendance.

The Ministry of Education then administered a special examination which, if successfully completed, would earn the pupil an official Certificate of Promotion. Of those who finished the course and took the examination 80% passed. In addition, thousands wrote to RAI or to Professor Manzi to express their personal thanks. But perhaps the greatest tribute to the success of the program was the demand for a repeat performance which flooded RAI shortly after the initial series got under way. This demand was so strong that RAI scheduled repeats of the original series on a two-per-week basis, starting in mid-February, 1961 and continuing through the summer. About 1,500 viewing groups were organized for these repeats, and total enrollment was nearly 20,000.

In the fall of 1961 the first series was again repeated, but a second, follow-up series was initiated; officials felt that something had to be done to keep the "new literates" from relapsing. Here, the "three R's" which had been learned in the first series were reinforced and broadened, and there were specific lessons on hygiene, Italian history, and other primary school subjects. Successful completion of this second course, which was televised three times a week for a six-month period, gave the participant a diploma equivalent to that received by the primary school graduate.

Three experiences with reducing illiteracy through television cannot furnish us with any final answers on the relative merits of this form of instruction. As different as each is from the other, how-

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ever, they all have certain points in common. First, each places great stress on the need for the proper sort of teacher: informal, friendly, and *never* condescending. Nowhere else in the general field of educational television is the personality of the instructor so important, for this is no captive audience, and its members are likely, because of their illiteracy, to be particularly suspicious of "being taught like school children."

Second, each series makes a certain effort to "entertain" the viewer. The relative informality of the instructor is a part of this, but there is also a heavy use of visuals. In the Memphis and Philadelphia series this runs to blackboard sketches and photographs. In the Italian series both of these are used, and to them are added short dramatic sketches with two or three actors, appearances by well-known performers and athletes, and even a puppet, who questions the instructor and often repeats words being stressed in a given lesson. There is also a "victory board"—a lighted panel containing in separate squares all of the letters of the alphabet. The panel is lit up at the end of each lesson with a particularly strong light on the letter which has been learned that day. The aim of this is to give the students the impression of having achieved a victory each time they master a new letter. All of this elaborate visualization seems to be an attempt to show that "learning can be fun." While this philosophy may be questionable in other circumstances, it would seem to have a great deal to recommend it where the education of illiterates is concerned.

Third, each of the three operations engaged in this field has seen fit to implement a follow-up to the first course. In his work with illiterates, Dr. Frank Laubach has noted that there is a rapid relapse from literacy if material tailored to the modest skills of the new literate is not immediately available. Since limited vocabulary textbooks are still few in number, the follow-up series on television can help to fill the void and encourage the new literate to continue his work. Without such a follow-up, and without the proper materials, the initial television series may have been so much wasted effort; worse yet, the illiterate's fragile confidence in his newly-acquired abilities may be shattered when he finds that virtually all printed matter is still beyond his modest capabilities, making him more suspicious than ever of any further attempts to bring him into the literate world.

Fourth, each of these efforts shows the need for widespread cooperation among various community or national elements. WKNO

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in Memphis enlisted the aid of church groups, social welfare organizations, and even other radio and television stations in publicizing and promoting *Streamlined English.* WFIL did likewise. RAI worked closely with the Adult Education Division of the Italian Ministry of Education, but also through local officials, clergymen, anyone who could "bring the message" to the intended audience. This sort of total effort is absolutely necessary when working with illiterates, because they need to be both informed and reassured that the programs will be worthwhile before they will put aside their suspicions, swallow their pride, and sign up. Great tact is necessary in enrolling pupils for these courses, however, especially in situations where illiteracy is the exception rather than the rule. A Charlotte, North Carolina TV station using *Streamlined English* changed its approach from "Would you like to read?" to "Would you like to *improve* your reading?" and experienced a marked increase in enrollment.

Finally, each series has concentrated on teaching a limited vocabulary—approximately 1,000 words—which will cover the everyday situations in which the student finds himself: in the market, reading street signs and directions, filling out applications, writing simple letters. In presenting this basic vocabulary, furthermore, all three series have restricted themselves to four or five new words per lesson and to a time limit of 30 minutes for the television lesson itself. All of this is designed to take into account the shorter attention span of the illiterate.

Each program series seems to have been relatively successful, if one goes by those measurements of success that are available: the test results from *It's Never Too Late,* the graduation ceremonies held for hundreds of successful candidates each time *Streamlined English* has concluded a "run," and the thousands of letters of thanks received by all three operations. Illiteracy *can* be reduced through television. But what about the specific advantages of television *itself* in reducing illiteracy? What can it do that other methods of approaches cannot do, or at least cannot do as well.

Where illiteracy is a condition of a small minority, television has a very definite and unique potential role to play. Assuming that the illiterate is ashamed of his condition, and assuming that he has his own television set, he can, if the hour is right, watch in the privacy of his home. It is difficult to say how effective this "self-instruction" is; the group method at least offers the advantage of being readily observable. The letters of thanks for *Operation*

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Alphabet seem to be as numerous as those for *Streamlined English,* but there is no other real basis for comparison.

Yet illiteracy, if it is the condition of a small minority of Americans and Europeans, is a major affliction in the rest of the world. It is here, perhaps, that television really comes into its own in reducing illiteracy. The basic shortage of trained teachers in most of the underdeveloped nations means that instruction on the conventional "one teacher, one class" scale is simply impracticable. There is a shortage of television sets and of electricity in most underdeveloped areas, it is true, but sets and power generators are less expensive than highly trained teachers, and no crash program is necessary to train them.

There are several pedagogical advantages inherent in televised instruction, as well—at least in regard to working with adult illiterates. First, even if there were enough teachers available everywhere, few would possess that particular chemistry which wins the respect, admiration and cooperation of the illiterate pupil. Television can take those few who do, select the best one, and present him (or her) to the entire region or nation. Second, a teacher thus selected gains additional respect simply by virtue of that selection. To people in underdeveloped countries in particular, appearances on television are generally reserved for important and highly qualified persons. The teacher selected is therefore by definition important and worthy of attention.

Third, rural dwellers in many countries or regions tend to feel that their urban counterparts always get the best of the educational bargain—that teachers who come to the smaller villages are second- or third-rate. Television performs a leveling function here; the teacher seen in the village is the same person who appears before the audience of the largest city. This heads off any suspicion of a "second-class" education. If the program is being viewed in groups, the basic accusation may well be valid of the local "assistant" who reinforces the lesson, but at least a substantial part of the whole will have been the same for everyone.

Finally, there is the "novelty" of television itself. Adult illiterates who are convinced that any form of education in the traditional sense holds no hope for them may be willing to try something as different, and at the same time familiar, as television. This novelty factor was a big part of RAI's initial promotion of *It's Never Too Late.*

One fundamental question remains, and it is by no means

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limited to television's role in reducing illiteracy: How does one reach the illiterate, convince him that literacy is desirable and that the program in question will help him to achieve it, and, ultimately, get him to attend week after week in pursuit of what must often seem a rather nebulous goal? All three experiences cited suggest that many community and national organizations can and should be enlisted in the effort to reach the illiterate. Once reached, however, he must be shown why literacy is desirable; but this is not always as easy as it might seem to be. In underdeveloped countries, the illiterate often lives in an illiterate world, where there are few signs and symbols, and little indication of any potential value these might have. Illiteracy may well be closely linked to poverty, but merely saying so will not convince the average African or Asian peasant that this is so. Therefore it is important to make the course as practical as possible—to relate it to the pupil's everyday life, but at the same time to show him how it can extend and enrich that life.

If a tangible goal can be set up at the end of the course, so much the better. A Certificate of Achievement may or may not be meaningless, depending on the value scale of the student and his peer group. A diploma which is the equivalent of a primary school education, however, is a mark worth shooting for in almost every society. Whether this could be granted after two years of following a limited number of telecourses is a decision that might best be handled by the local or national educational authorities.

If we who are connected with the medium believe that television can play a major role in reducing illiteracy, then we should really feel a double sense of obligation to take an active part in promoting it: first, because of our intimate knowledge of how much can be, and already has been, accomplished by television; and second, because of what television may do, if left undirected, to *reinforce* illiteracy in many underdeveloped nations. The latter point is a definite possibility when one considers the recent history of communications. Up until 40 years ago, the bulk of the world's knowledge and information was conveyed through print, in the process of which it was also preserved. With the coming of radio, and now television, there is a very real danger that newly-emerging nations, where illiteracy is most widespread, will feel less than ever the need for literacy, since radio and television can bypass the written symbol. That these media also bypass the preservation of knowledge may not be so apparent.

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The effort to expand literacy training through television is gaining momentum both here and abroad, and many of us may find ourselves involved, either as consultants to a foreign operation, or as producers and advisors here in the United States. This field seems as challenging as anything in television; but based on what has so far been achieved, the prospects for further success appear excellent—if we approach the task with the thoroughness and understanding that it demands.

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The great Winston Churchill had a towering contempt for reporters. He considered them to be inferior competitors of his in the job of telling the story of his times.

To that attitude he made but one exception—Ed Murrow—who could never visit England without being invited to the Churchill office and the Churchill table.

It was as though he acknowledged Murrow to be hewn from similar material and, like him, shaped rather larger than life.

When Murrow walked into a room, even if your back was turned, you would know a commanding presence had come in, so strong was his personality.

Back when he covered breaking stories he wrote journalism you can still find in books as models of excellence.

And he spoke it in a voice of which it was said—if he merely said "twenty two," he made it sound like the most important utterance since the Gettysburg Address.

There is argument about who is the best lawyer, or architect, or politician. But nobody argues about who is the best TV newsman ever: it is Murrow.

Howard K. Smith
ABC Radio
April 28, 1965

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EDWARD R. MURROW— *BORN TO THE NEW ART*

It was not his perfect poise, his magnetic face, or even his compelling voice that made him the first great literary artist of the new medium of communication. No practice, training, or artifice made him the greatest broadcaster by far in the English tongue. He was simply born to the new art.

This was Eric Sevareid's picture of Edward R. Murrow in Sevareid's autobiographical *Not So Wild a Dream* (1953). It is an indication of the almost worshipful loyalty that Murrow could inspire and it is the only good explanation for Murrow's phenomenal impact on the broadcasting business. Broadcasting over the last 40 years has been primarily a medium of entertainment; yet Murrow, who was concerned solely with non-fiction programs, became more widely known, more highly paid and more honored than nearly any one of broadcasting's actors, singers or comedians.

One widely accepted theory about the essential ingredient for success in broadcasting is the possession of a seemingly uncomplicated personality. The audience likes to think it knows and understands the man who gets and holds attention. So, Jack Benny (since 1932) has been a penurious, vain character; Perry Como (in front of microphones and cameras) is the overly relaxed "sleeping Prince" and Bob Hope is always breezy and cheerful, although a born loser.

Little was simple about Murrow. He was never understood except through contradictions and paradoxes.

He quit, in 1947, as Columbia Broadcasting System vice-president and director of public affairs and explained: "I don't like the 'in' basket and the 'out' basket. I don't like budgets. I'm not a very good administrator."

Yet, in 1961, he took a 90 per cent cut in salary to become Director of the United States Information Agency. The job required supervision of more than 10,000 employes at 218 posts in 98 countries. From an old-fashioned, stand-up desk, he managed to handle skillfully the red tape that afflicts any government agency and he dealt quite competently with a multi-million dollar budget and Congressional spending critics.

Sen. Stephen Young (D-Ohio) had never hesitated to speak harshly of Murrow's predecessor. Of Murrow's work the outspoken Young once said:

"USIA has become one of the tremendously important agencies in our Cold War effort. Murrow has inspired it with a new sense of purpose and direction in its task of convincing the people of the world that our policies are in harmony with their legitimate aspirations for freedom, progress and peace."

Murrow's work as a broadcasting reporter brought him at least 13 honorary degrees and virtually every award and honor that a broadcaster can win. (He, alone, received the George Foster Peabody Award four times). Yet, to a friend Murrow confided that the "most gratifying" comment he ever received was "from a woman who said she had been listening to me for 13 years and still doesn't like me."

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One must accept Sevareid's conclusion that Murrow was "simply born to the new art" of radio broadcasting. He was not trained for journalism, never worked for a newspaper. No one ever taught microphone technique to Murrow (and it is just as well that no one ever tried). He had entered broadcasting from an educational organization, in 1935, as the CBS Director of Talks and Education. Two years later Murrow was sent overseas, not as a correspondent, but as the network's European Director. As such, he was supposed to arrange broadcasts of cultural programs.

Murrow was launched as a newscaster the day that Hitler's Nazis marched into Austria, and even before the United States was drawn into World War II, Murrow had made a large segment of the American population conscious of the heroism and the universal human cause of the Battle of Britain.

No dramatic director could have improved Murrow's delivery of his opening remark: "This (pause) is London."

He got backing from CBS Radio President William S. Paley and he benefited from the administrative skill of the late Paul W. White in setting up broadcasting's first real foreign reporting staff. The men he picked to report sometimes came close to matching Murrow's fame. They included Sevareid, William L. Shirer, Charles Collingwood, Larry LeSueur, Bill Downs, Howard K. Smith, Richard Hottelet and Winston Burdett. Broadcasting historians frequently cite the famed "CBS World News" as one of the forces that helped propel America out of isolationism in 1940.

Murrow was capable of doing things one could not logically expect. He had something close to reverence for the intellectual and the scholar; but he deliberately chose to fly with bombers on dangerous wartime raids and found ways to jam his 6-foot, 1-inch body into the cramped space behind a fighter pilot on a combat mission.

In the comparative quiet of uneasy, post-war peace, Murrow decided he needed to deliver a first-hand report on what one felt when riding an airplane into the eye of a hurricane. This trip was made in a B-29 Weather Service plane in 1954, and while observers noted that Murrow sweated profusely, he never lost his composure or air of quiet confidence.

Television, with its cumbersome equipment, make-up and busy directorial signals, never gave Murrow the same satisfaction he had felt in radio. Still, he became a master of television and with producer Fred W. Friendly pioneered many of the documentary newsfilm techniques that are still being used in TV.

The *See It Now* program, for example, was begun December, 1951, with a live broadcast that was memorable for its use of television's powers. Murrow sat before monitor sets and offered viewers simultaneous views of the Atlantic Ocean and the Pacific Ocean. Electronic communication had shrunk the continent to the dimensions of a 17-inch television receiver.

Murrow, himself, found many faults with his most famous, most controversial television production. This was a dissection of Sen. Joseph R. McCarthy on March 9, 1954. The program contrasted McCarthy's own words with his activities and Murrow concluded that the Red Hunter from Wisconsin had repeatedly

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overstepped the line between investigation and persecution. Near the end of this program, Murrow fixed the blame for McCarthy on the American people. He said:

"We cannot defend freedom abroad by deserting it at home. The actions of the junior Senator from Wisconsin have caused alarm and dismay among our allies abroad and given comfort to our enemies. And whose fault is that? Not really his. He didn't create the situation of fear, merely exploited it, and skillfully. Cassius was right. 'The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves.'"

McCarthy demanded and got equal time to answer. He accused Murrow of having been friendly to Communists. The bill for filming the McCarthy answer came to $500 and it was paid by CBS.

Murrow was more proud of the skills and techniques that went into a March 16, 1954 *See It Now* documentary about McCarthy and a dismissed Pentagon

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employe, Annie Lee Moss. Murrow pointed out that this program made better use of television film and had not required extensive commentary to make its point.

Murrow's salary in the middle 1950's was reported to be over $350,000. When time came to negotiate a new contract, Murrow resigned from the CBS Board of Directors in 1955 and he explained: "It seems to me inappropriate that I should remain a member of the Board while these negotiations are in progress."

The sponsor of the weekly *See It Now* dropped the program, July 5, 1956. Murrow continued the hour-long *CBS Reports* programs, taking up such complicated subjects as "Biography of a Missile" and detailed accounts of the Southern school desegregation story.

Murrow and his CBS bosses developed "policy differences" in 1959 and he decided to take a year's leave of absence. The leave was partly to give Murrow a badly needed rest, partly to provide him with a better perspective on world problems and partly to permit him to ponder the newly-created CBS News policy, something called "the cult of no personality."

No story sums up the Murrow personality better than a series of events that took place at CBS News in the early 1950s. A group of employes formed a "Murrow Ain't God" Club. Murrow applied for membership and cited as his qualification that he was the most fervent believer in the cause embodied in the name of the club.

The organization quickly disappeared.

About a year after Murrow returned from his world tour he came to Washington to join the New Frontier and the U. S. Information Agency. At his office, a red telephone linked him directly to the President. Murrow referred to the telephone as "the blowtorch."

USIA had been a favorite whipping boy of Congressional committees since its formation, and morale of the employes was low. It started upward when the newly-appointed Murrow told them: "If there are any repercussions, I'll be the one to be repercussed."

To the news broadcasting business, Murrow brought a sense of purpose, a strong personality that gave creditability and flavor to his words, an enormous capacity for work and a willingness to rely on the integrity of his personal judgment. His independence and strength were an example for others to follow. All electronic journalists advanced on the thrust of Murrow's intellectual gifts and uncommon competence.

At the Information Agency, the same strength reshaped the public's ideas about the electronic and print artisans who are America's international advocates.

LAWRENCE LAURENT
(courtesy of *The Washington Post*)

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Charles F. Tull. FATHER COUGHLIN AND THE NEW DEAL. Syracuse, New York: Syracuse University Press, 1965.

Fascism is a loose term used to describe a revolt in many countries against democracy and its failure to bring them out of the poverty and despair following World War I. It took different forms. Generally it was extremely nationalistic, violently anti-communist; it promised sweeping reforms through an authoritarian state and was deliriously led by a demagogue. In its incipient stages it was not altogether a despised word. Its appeal was to the lower middle class which it promised to raise to supremacy. Mussolini and Hitler were spellbinders who talked themselves into absolute power, thanks to some extent to the magic of radio. And as a generalization, any spellbinder making glittering promises to the poor, appealing to anti-communist and nationalist fervor and disparaging democracy, could be counted a manifestation of fascism.

In the United States there was no precise replica of Mussolini or Hitler, but there were demagogues making a somewhat similar pitch. They were not copying European fascism or even much aware of it. But they were properly called either fascist or premonitions of a possible fascism to come. Huey Long and Father Coughlin were the best known of these. Long's assassination removed him from the national stage just as he was branching out from Louisiana, and he was succeeded by the Rev. Gerald L. K. Smith, more outspokenly fascist but never so effective. Dr. Francis E. Townsend, father of the $200-a-month pension plan, turned political and joined hands with Gerald Smith and Father Coughlin in a new Union Party, dedicated to the defeat of Roosevelt in 1936. They did not expect to elect their own candidate but were sure they could throw the election into the House of Representatives. This can be called the climax of the rise of fascism in this country. It produced a fiasco that even today seems too good to be true. Father Coughlin promised to leave the air waves if the new party did not poll seven million votes. The figure did not seem extravagant. It polled 900,000.

Father Coughlin's career did not end then and there. He resumed broadcasting, lambasted Roosevelt still more intemperately (he even blamed him long before Pearl Harbor for driving Japan into the war), he preferred Nazi Germany to Great Britain, published the Protocols of Zion in his weekly *Social Justice*, and finally became so obnoxious after World War II was well along that Attorney General Biddle threatened sedition proceedings. These were dropped on the pledge of Archbishop Mooney, Coughlin's superior, to silence him. He has remained silent ever since.

The life of Father Coughlin is a kind of goblin-story of radio. He started out quite harmlessly trying to build up his small parish by radio talks. Then he was touched by the magic of the microphone and discovered his

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own power through it. Soon he was buying time on a nationwide network for which his rapt listeners flooded him with money to pay the cost. He began by preaching social justice as set forth by papal encyclicals. He was an ardent New Dealer for a time, but even more he was a fanatic on the subject of money. He was sure that social control of money could wipe out poverty forthwith. He was vague and vascillating, broke with Roosevelt and returned to him, broke again. He was always changing his mind about his activities and programs, even about his responsibility for his weekly *Social Justice*. He was possibly hypnotized with having led the defeat of America's adherence to the World Court, and having contributed to the defeat of President Roosevelt's reorganization bill. He kept moving farther from reform to frantic, ill-digested political schemes. But he ceased to be formidable after the fiasco of 1936. Who today remembers Lemke, the Union Party candidate, who polled 10 per cent of the vote in only 36 counties outside his native North Dakota?

Professor Tull's study of Father Coughlin shows a conscientious effort to tell the factual truth about him, and indeed to reprimand him. But he somehow under-reacts. He is able to write: "Except for his occasional reference to a corporate state, there is little reason to charge Father Coughlin with fascist sympathies. Only an extremely loose interpretation would find clear similarity between his proposals and fascism." But while Father Coughlin was many things at many times, he did advocate a corporate state, attempt to organize his followers into "platoons" not even allowed to choose their own leaders, foretold the end of democracy, and was violently anti-communist and antisemitic. These are ingredients of an American kind of fascism, which fortunately has passed into limbo.

The rise and fall of Father Coughlin should in time become one of the sagas of this country, a lurid tale of warning and of a blessed escape, something with which to frighten one's grandchildren. Professor Tull has not written the script for it, but he has supplied much of the preliminary research.

RAYMOND SWING

David Brown and W. Richard Bruner (eds.). I CAN TELL IT NOW. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., 1964.

In case you've let your concerns with the day-by-dayness of labor in the media make you a little too blasé for human tolerance, *I Can Tell It Now* might serve as a healthy reminder that you've been living through one great big hell of a generation.

How have we survived the quarter-century with which the book concerns itself, without losing our collective sanity—if that isn't begging the question?

There's little that's remarkable about the book itself: here and there some depth penetration; now and then a newly told anecdote; merely some 38 reminiscences (arranged chronologically to span the period from the outbreak of Hitler's war against humanity to the opening weeks of the era of LBJ), told by members of the Overseas Press Club of America to memorialize the organization's first 25 years with something more notable and edifying than a cocktail party.

Little remarkable—but then read it straight through from foreword to tailpiece, and then wonder how civilization has persisted: the Big Lie; the

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Blitz, Hitler and Stalin; assassination; the Bomb; the Exodus; Korea, Integration and Men in Space; Castro, and the Hot Line.

It's a chronicle of the Age of Violence.

The contributions are not of even value, as might be expected in an anthology. Some of them are merely in the Richard Harding Davis tradition, personal boasting of high adventure among people of importance: Kaltenborn's bit on how he guessed the meeting was being held at Yalta; and Louis Lochner's good yarn about the Black Madonna, to mention only two. Others become little more than a retelling, usually in more detail than was ordinarily possible in the original, of how a certain story unfolded; sometimes, unfortunately, with little more meaning than the story had at the time it broke, as though time had eroded away none of the superficialities of the journalistic moment.

Then, here and there, is a new revelation, a new insight that ties together yesterday's event with tomorrow's development, thus serving well the processes of history. Russell Hill's "Nuremberg—Was Its Lesson Learned?" is a case in point, as is Sigrid Schultz's "The Final Hours of Adolf Hitler." Unfortunately for the book's chances of a long life of influence, this type of contribution is outweighed and outnumbered.

And then there's the one by Fleur Cowles. Now, how did *she* get in there in that company?

I don't know what the book proves, if anything, except, of course, that as a collection of writers, journalistic or otherwise, the Overseas Press Club is an association of thoroughbreds. If it were not for the gratitude one might feel for the general excellence of the writers, one might well wonder about the omissions. Surely Edward R. Murrow should have been included. And where is William L. Shirer, and Bill White? And Eric Sevareid—isn't it time for him to recount that otherwise-lost interview with Gertrude Stein following the Liberation?

Weren't their dues paid?

Incidentally, the book is a setup for a television documentary series, virtually made to order; and if some enterprising producer doesn't latch onto it while the majority of the contributors are still around, it'll be a miracle. Of course, doing it into a series might prove a field day for a corps of attorneys. Not only does the book bear a copyright under the name of the Club, but in addition each individual writer holds his own copyright, carefully noted.

I Can Tell It Now is nothing short of first-rate reading. What will the OPC's fiftieth anniversary volume be like? Should we wonder—or shudder?

MILO RYAN

University of Washington

Warren V. Bush (ed.). THE DIALOGUES OF ARCHIBALD MACLEISH AND MARK VAN DOREN. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., 1964.

We seem to be living in a time of compulsive violence, international tuggings and pullings so convoluted and complex that solutions appear agonizingly difficult and all the arts seem to be busier enjoying the dollar benefits of the cultural explosion rather than moving out ahead of it. Creatively we appear to have an overabundance of efficient and precocious pigmies. No emergent giants are detectable. The rough go that the drama of ideas is having in every medium is symptomatic.

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In this clutter of confusion the reading of *The Dialogues of Archibald MacLeish and Mark Van Doren* is a rewarding and serene experience. As almost everyone must know by now, this book is the full transcript of two days of conversation between these poets. From these conversations CBS extracted a one-hour program broadcast in the fall of 1962. The conversations took place at MacLeish's farm at Conway, Massachusetts while the two literary figures walked MacLeish's acres, ate, drank, sat and talked. And mighty rewarding talk it is. The range of it is astounding. Although it sometimes rambles and has repetitive moments, these very flaws give it an intimacy, a presence that is part of its charm.

Poetry is, of course, a major theme. Like everyone else, poets like to talk shop, but they like to talk about a lot of other things too—at least these poets do. Mathematics, the characteristics of drama as a writing form, the peculiar tug New England has for all Americans, marriage, Greece past and present, and God are some of the items they explore with wit and profundity.

Consider Van Doren on poetry: "I think the function of poetry is to remind us of our own knowledge of what the world is. Because we know what it is already." MacLeish enlarges upon the thought by quoting Wordsworth's "It carries truth alive into the heart with passion." And Van Doren again: "What we all want is to be able to say things briefly, isn't it? With breath-taking brevity. And many people don't know that poetry is the shortest way of saying things, not the longest."

To listen to MacLeish and Van Doren talk about poetry brings one to the realization that all our lives would be fuller if we read poetry more. And they give us thoughts to ponder, in areas close to the work in which many of us are engaged.

MacLeish says, "Far and away the greater part of the fiction that is produced in our time, and far and away the greater part of the drama that is produced in our time, is produced for the purpose, not of bringing one to a complete realization of experience, but in some way or other, by some means or other, the experience is pushed away so that you don't have to think about it. Go to the theatre for a lovely escape. Laugh all night. Read a novel to find out what it feels like to have somebody else love somebody else. . . ."

Put 99% of television drama up against that criterion and see where it comes out.

Further on drama, they suggest this fascinating gambit. MacLeish says, "I wonder why it is that the dramatic form seems so essential to any attempt to deal with the enormous passions that ravage our lives." Van Doren replies, "Well, I wonder if it isn't that the play by definition deals with people who find themselves in crisis. There is nothing but the crisis. You don't get ready for a crisis, you have it. A play had better have it right there in the beginning, hadn't it? You don't want to monkey around with it; the crisis must be upon you. And then all that happens is that somehow the crisis is passed through. Everything works out of the crisis."

And that indeed is the very birth of what drama is all about. These are random samples from a cornucopia of similar goodies, intellectual and pragmatic at the same time. But perhaps the most significant quality of these dialogues, never stated but emerging clearly and compellingly, is the aura of the men themselves. Their wisdom, their impressive mixture of gentleness and intellectual toughness, their curiosity, their capacity for wit and wonder are a precious thing to share. It also seems quite evident that whether together, with others or alone, their dull moments must be few

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and far between. For they are rich in all the things that make life lively and meaningful.

For those of us laboring in the television jungle this book, it seems to me, should be especially therapeutic.

It would seem abundantly evident to anyone that we are the children of an uneasy and inevitable shot-gun marriage between creativity and the market place. This book asserts some eternal verities that can make that marriage more harmonious, more rewarding.

HUBBELL ROBINSON

Oscar G. Brockett. THE THEATRE: AN INTRODUCTION. New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1964.

Robert W. Corrigan and James L. Rosenberg. THE ART OF THE THEATRE, A CRITICAL ANTHOLOGY OF DRAMA. San Francisco: Chandler Publishing Company, 1964.

Professor Brockett's book represents the sort of mother-hen approach to theatrical history and practice that is both comforting and disappointing. It is comforting because it diligently embraces all the distinctive movements, attitudes, forms, and personalities of the Theatre Universal within a pair of hard covers. This wrap-up, like the re-cap at the end of a newscast, assures us of broad and facile coverage—a treatment eminently desirable for the teacher and student of Drama Appreciation I.

The author's approach is disappointing, however, because in trying to make the book comprehensive yet detailed, topical yet historical, theoretical yet practical—in other words, salable in a wide market while yet remaining true to the textbook writing conventions of the academic Establishment—he tends to flatten history, to rob it of the vaulting personal and cultural crises that produce a signal form of theatre. It is not the decorous arrangement of fact, not the scrupulous reduction of a significant Movement to one or two tidy illustrations that ultimately moves and attracts the student who is undergoing his first serious exposure to the theatre.

Even mature and responsible scholars like Professor Brockett tend to forget, I think, the massive immunities against "history" that years of inept secondary education have built up, immunities that have likewise found expression among those who are potential supporters and lovers of the theatre. And if these immunities are to be reduced or abolished, "Introductions to..." the theatre should treat history metaphorically—that is, as a symbolic, evocative, and emotional statement, psycho-physical containers into which the student may pour a little of himself.

I may have reservations about the way the subject matter is treated, but I have none about Professor Brockett's taste for order, clarity and accuracy. *The Theatre: An Introduction* is an admirable addition to the texts now available for first courses, and may rightly replace many of them.

But the nagging questions persist: When will introductions begin making a passionate, and not just a scholarly, statement on our theatrical inheritance? When will writers be moved by the kinetic thrust of the theatre and not just by academic approbation? When will Thought and Feeling come to be mingled in books *on* the theatre as Thought and Feeling must always be mingled *in* the theatre? Soon, I hope. Student generations are already

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slipping through our fingers as data-processed equipment. They make lousy audiences.

If publishing houses were all run by Chinese, 1964 would be called The Year of the Corrigan. With a burst of prolificy that borders on profligacy, Professor Corrigan has offered up new, old, and foreign plays in anthologies that have kept library cataloguers in a mild daze. But it's all to the good. The few fresh translations he brings to the present volume are most welcome, even if—as in the case of *Lysistrata*—the translator (Donald Sutherland) seems more concerned for developing the ultimate lexicon of earthy jargon than in keeping the lyric idiom intact.

The critical essays included in the volume are most germane and useful, particularly the Fergusson on *Macbeth* and the Sharp on the nature of a play.

I feel in no way intimidated by Professor Corrigan. He may produce as many more volumes as he likes.

JOSEPH GOLDEN

Syracuse University

Babette Hall. THE RIGHT ANGLES. New York: Ives Washburn, Inc., 1965.

If you're in advertising, or book publishing, or education...if you're a newspaper or magazine editor, an interviewer or book reviewer, on radio or television, a writer or columnist...in short, if you're in any of a score of areas linked with the wide world of communications, chances are that sooner or later (probably the former) you'll receive a news release from Benn Hall Associates. You'll learn about a soon-to-be-released book, a few facts about the author, and data of the where and when of publication.

Unlike much of your daily mail these days, you didn't get this release by accident. Your name was chosen by design; specifically, by design of Babette Hall, wife and partner of Benn Hall.

Apparently, you've reached a level of prominence and influence in mass communication that rates you a place on Mrs. Hall's extensive mailing lists, one geared to your particular interests. Releases to you are justified because it serves Mrs. Hall's (i.e., client's) purposes and, conversely, also meets your needs.

How Mrs. Hall learned of your rise to influential status, why she put you on one of her lists, why you were chosen to learn of this particular event, and dozens of other perplexing questions about publicity are the subjects of *The Right Angles,* subtitled *How To Do Successful Publicity.*

In her Foreword, Mrs. Hall makes a fine distinction between her slim volume and weightier tomes on public relations. She makes no pretense of treating the broader, theoretical aspects of public relations. Very practically, like the content of her book, she has carved a small but significant slice of the public relations pie as her exclusive domain. And her attention seldom strays from this focus. She draws examples from her vast experience in book publicity primarily, but the principles suggested have obvious parallels in publicizing virtually any product or service.

Mrs. Hall's definition of publicity and its relation to public relations is subject to debate. When she strays into conceptual areas, she is bound to draw fire from the more conservative professional who hesitates to equate publicity with p.r. To these professionals, publicity and Barnum are

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synonymous. Yet, as Mrs. Hall points out, publicity is a vital ingredient in the recipe for successful public relations.

In her section on the tools of publicity, Mrs. Hall is on much firmer ground. The veteran p.r. practitioner might do well to check this section even as a refresher and become better acquainted with the development, preparation (care and feeding) of lists; services, artwork, clipping bureaus, sources of information; and dozens of similar tools that belong in every publicist's toolkit.

Similarly, sections on the use of releases, tip and fact sheets, press kits, arranging interviews, placing stories, finding clients, reaching special groups, etc., may not have startling information for the veteran. But for the layman or the beginning publicist, the data are most welcome, particularly as treated in layman's language.

Mrs. Hall's stated purpose is to present a closeup of the publicist, to show what makes him tick. Seen from her vantage point, this is a medium closeup. Within her limited framework, she employes a cookbook technique, demonstrating with example rather than theoretical concepts.

The mechanics and techniques outlined by Mrs. Hall are perhaps a bit oversimplified and generalized. But it is this forthright methodology that makes the book appealing to the person seeking a career in publicity or to the beginning public relations person trying to find his way through the maze of media.

Mrs. Hall's approach strips away the curtain of mystery and glamour which too often pervades the thick volumes of theory written by other public relations specialists who garb their so-called professional "secrets" in the cloak of semantics.

Her thesis is that the mechanics of publicity are the same whether publicizing a book or a loaf of bread. And her descriptions of campaigns for books like *Kon-Tiki* and *The Search for Bridey Murphy* are basebook material. And on occasion, she leaves the book world to deal with other clients which have included museums, doctors, scientists, politicians, corporations. Mrs. Hall amplifies her own wealth of experience with authoritative voices.

Edward L. Bernays, the "father" of modern public relations, has written the Introduction. This demonstrates Mrs. Hall's adherence to the principles she has outlined dealing with a direct link between client and audience. Among Mr. Bernay's clients in the early 1920's was a book publisher. Given Mrs. Hall's work in publicizing well over a thousand books for many publishers, we readily grasp this principle.

Of special interest and value is the section by one of Mrs. Hall's five contributors: Leonard Traube, Administrator, Corporate Projects, National Broadcasting Company. In "The PR Man and Broadcasting," Mr. Traube cites the challenges and opportunities presented the publicist by this most massive of mass media. TV, he asserts, can be a gold mine for the creative publicist. But the claim must be worked on the basis of filling a programming need. Will the segment be interesting to the audience? is the question the publicist must keep asking. While this might seem obvious to the veteran p.r. man, the layman often forgets, and even the veteran occasionally chooses to ignore this basic principle.

Mr. Traube, from the insider's view, pinpoints the publicity possibilities for the p.r. man who takes the time and trouble to learn the table of organization and become familiar with the exact function of personnel in the electronic media. He indicates a number of "showcases" that provide potential for creative exploitation. He also cautions the reader of "taboos" which one can learn of only by traumatic experience.

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Mrs. Hall reiterates these and similar experiences in her presentation of media relations. With so large an area to cover, with so many segments to discuss, so many bases to touch, there are unavoidable gaps. Granting this, *The Right Angles* is a yeomanlike job delineating the role of the publicist in mass communications.

S. J. WEISSBERGER

Syracuse University

Robert Riger and The ABC Sports Staff. ABC WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS. New York: American Broadcasting Co., 1965.

The first annual publication of *ABC Wide World of Sports* skillfully interweaves concise and appropriate written description of sports events with a pictorial presentation of people who participate in them in a fashion that should be enjoyed by amateur and "professional" spectator and participant alike. Author Robert Riger and a staff of well-known personalities involved in the sports scene have provided apt "inside" commentary to enhance the reader's appreciation of the many photographs and drawings.

Based on the best 1964 programs, with emphasis on the winter Olympic games and summer Olympic trials, Riger, *et al.*, have, through their efforts, contributed a permanence to televised sports events. The selected subjects and incidents do many other things: for the most part the publication is a photo album to be enjoyed, it serves as a source for reminiscing, and even becomes a means for settling friendly arguments as to results, strategy, and/or technique.

Additionally, the book is a highly useful tool in analyzing skill in sports. To the serious participant and teacher of sports, it is valuable because it describes *what happened!* Analysis can be minutely undertaken because of the clarity of the photographs and drawings, not on a problematical base, but on actual performance. Participants in the sports presented, who are not highly analytical, will likely be much more appreciative of expert performance and achievement as a result of studying the details and complexities involved in a partial or total act of a particular skill.

There is little doubt the book is an edification of people in sports. It documents how they performed; it demonstrates (as far as a photograph can) their emotional involvement—particularly their concentration, determination and obvious dedication.

Yet the book is also a subtle reminder that sports are a meaningful part of the lives of individuals in our society and the world. It reflects the important role sports play in culture—a role that has been immeasurably enhanced as a result of television. Obviously, such a comprehensive treatment of sports events and the number of personalities involved would not be as meaningful, or possible, were it not for the initial frame of reference provided by television.

PETER P. CATALDI

Syracuse University

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Actor and Architect, edited by Stephen Joseph. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1964.

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RECORDS

Cinderella (Columbia OL-6330/OS-2730)

Lion's Heart, The (Group W)

Not So Long Ago (RCA Victor LOC-1055)

Outskirts of Hope, The (Group W)

Peyton Place and Other Great Themes (ABC-Paramount 513/S-513): Addams Family; Bewitched; Combat; General Hospital; Hollywood Palace; My 3 Sons; Peyton Place; The Rogues

Time to Keep: 1964, A (RCA Victor LOC-1096)

World War I (RCA Victor LM-2791/LSC-2791)

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Where will tomorrow's talent come from?

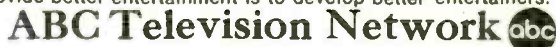
The same places it always has. Little theatre groups, drama workshops, off-Broadway, local radio and television stations.

But will tomorrow's supply of talent meet the demand? This is the challenging question currently facing three networks, 569 television stations and over 100,000,000 viewers.

The American Broadcasting Company is doing something extra-curricular to help develop new talent. At the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, ABC will underwrite acting courses for sixteen students each year. At the Annenberg School of Communications, University of Pennsylvania, ABC scholarships will cover courses in communications management. Grants for aspiring writers will be established at Yale University's School of Drama.

And in the Fall of 1966, ABC will set aside one hour a week of prime time for a program that will give young performers—as well as writers, directors and technicians—a chance to try new creative departures.

The best way to provide better entertainment is to develop better entertainers.



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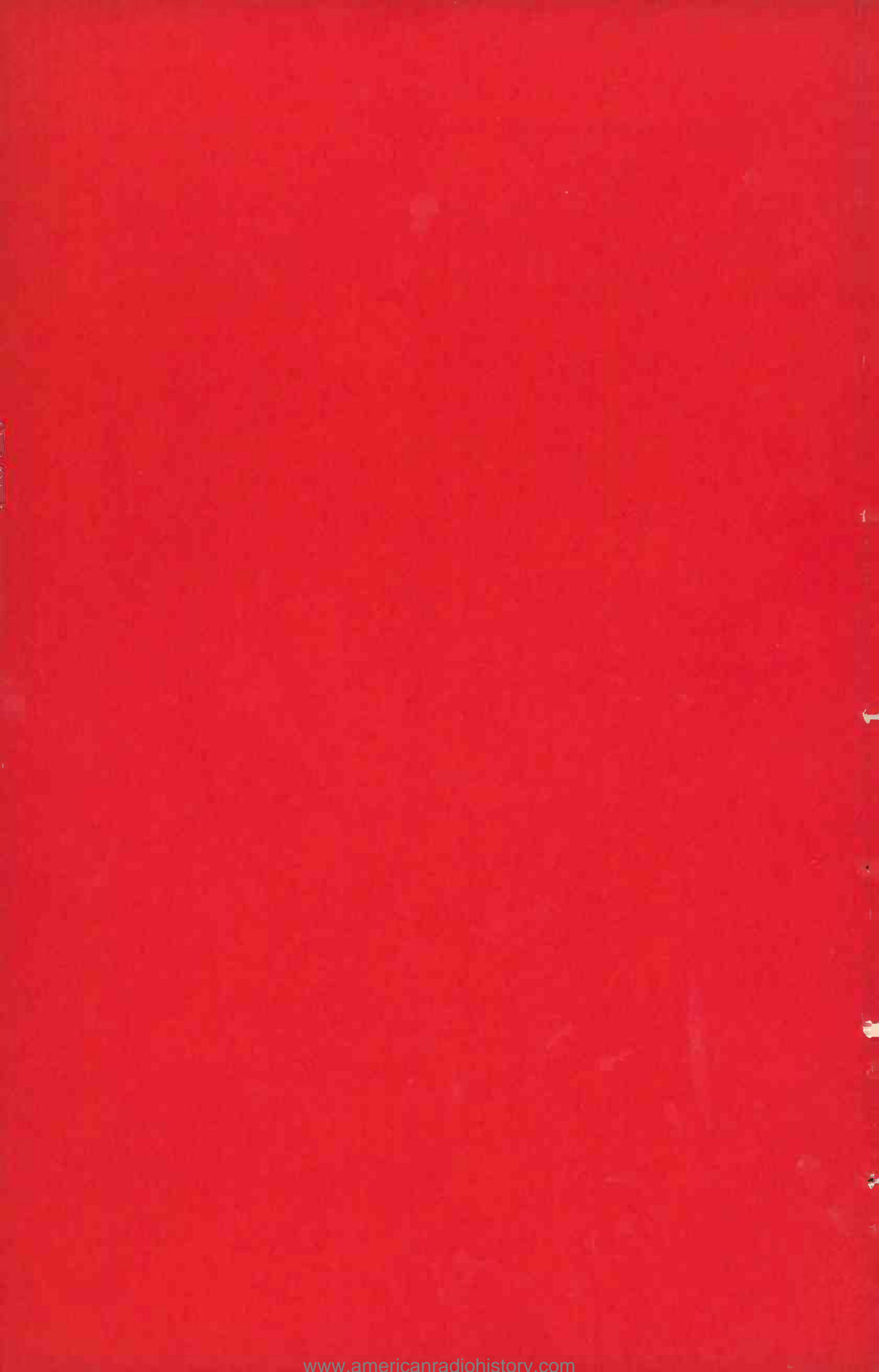

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