only “social” ones remain, then problems of conscience will indeed be the major ones. But that day is still very far off; the organization and procedures needed to bring it closer have not yet been worked out or put into practice. It is instructive that the legalistic campaign of the N.A.A.C.P. in education is at a standstill—in fact may even have lost ground during the past year. The surge of sentiment around its internal debate on “self-defense” and a growing tendency toward direct neighborhood action in cases of Northern police brutality show that new ideas are beginning to be thought about, but no one yet knows the form they will take, any more than one can tell what line the next solo will take when a band is really blowing.

But in society as in personality growth, conscience is forced upon us; and the Negro must politically teach the new conscience to the whites. (The makers of The Cry of Jazz might well agree—though the film, being aimed necessarily mostly at white audiences, cannot say so.) In The Cry of Jazz we have a kind of prelude to this. It is in some ways an amateur film, but it is a brave one, an immensely significant one, and a film that everybody should look at with attention.

—Ernest Callenbach & Dominic Salvatore.

The Seine Meets Paris

Water and stone, the quais with their houses stained by the centuries; desolate, dusty suburbs that seem to rise nakeedly from some old Carné film, or out of the sketches of his art director Alexandre Trauner; peaceful landscapes sliding by, busy docks far out from the city, heavy barges sinking deep into the water: somehow Ivens is suddenly near to Jean Vigo’s L’Atalante, because like Vigo he seizes the different moods of the river and its banks.

Behind the poetry of his beautiful shots lies reality. And if some sequences make us think of impressionistic paintings, it is the bold stroke of a Van Gogh and the same human feeling for misery and struggle. The creator of The Bridge and The New Earth has not only shot this short film for a sort of peaceful recreation between work which he was asked to shoot or may shoot again like The First Years or The Song of the Rivers, where lyrical elements sometimes suddenly arise from political themes. Lyric emotion in the purest sense of its meaning is always attached to the reality Ivens seeks. And if we look closer, we find that the shots of the Seine film are by no means just arbitrarily strung together. Ivens, this born magician of editing, always knows why he places one shot or one sequence just at this spot and nowhere else: his feeling for rhythm and dynamism is never a formalist one, never forced by mere aesthetic considerations.

Why argue or speculate if Ivens with this film is coming back to so-called unpolitical films,
like *Rain*? Ivens himself, when questioned, replies that he has never renounced shooting films which are combatant and humanitarian and that he thinks even his film about the life of the Seine is like this. Let us not put a label on films, as one does with insects in a collection.

The next film Ivens wants to make will be shot in the south of France, somewhere in Provence. It is going to be about the wind which animates this region, the famous mistral, sweeping vehemently over greyish-brown olive trees, dark cypresses, and flat roofs of white-and-pink houses under a hot sun. Again it is the changing of color which appeals to Ivens: the mistral transforms everything, bringing color along with it, restlessness, harvest, battle of clouds and winds; everything will be movement and shades and tinges succeeding each other.

“I have seen Arles,” Ivens tells me, “ten minutes under the mistral, just like a Van Gogh picture with trees like green flames under the sun.”

And again we shall meet people, get near their way of living, get under their skin—feel a country.—Lotte H. Eisner

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**Book Reviews**


This book is, so to speak, a double exposure. In the process of restating, with rare and admirable Christian charity, the shortcomings of the image industries (motion pictures and TV) it offers at the same time a somewhat bleak alternative.

It deplores the fact that the public imagination is today at the mercy of a monopoly. It contrasts the distorted and misleading fantasies of the world of the movies and TV with “reality.” It criticizes the mass media for stirring emotions unworthy of our finer sensibilities. It regrets the shackling of the imagination to certain limited aspects of life—notably sex. It laments the sacrifice to a uniformity of subject matter of the enriching diversity to be found in regionalism. It makes a plea for the recognition of the mass media as popular arts in the true sense, questioning in this context the validity of the distinction between art and entertainment, between the intellectuals and the mass. Finally, it urges critics, artists, theologians, and the universities to recognize the seriousness of the situation and to bestir themselves, in concert, to do something to meet it, implying that there are men of good will within the image industries who would welcome such a move.

So far, very good. But what are the suggested remedies?

In the author’s opinion the best chance lies in a close collaboration between the artist and the creative theologian. The latter, seemingly, is or should be a man not interested simply in wagging a warning finger at sinners, but rather one interested in life and all its positive activi-