

# NEW THEATRE

DRAMA FILM DANCE

JUNE 1935 15c

PAUL PETERS  
GEORGE SKLAR  
PAUL STRAND  
LOUIS NORDEN  
PAUL LOVE  
MOLLY DAY THACHER  
ROBERT EDMOND JONES  
JOHN HOWARD LAWSON



*Photo by Paul J. Woolf*

JIMMY SAVO IN "PARADE"



**SEPT. 1<sup>TO</sup> 10**  
**MOSCOW**  
**THEATRE**  
**FESTIVAL**



In all the world of the stage, no dates gleam brighter than these. In this, its **THIRD ANNUAL FESTIVAL**, Moscow achieves a scope and power greater even than the brilliant success of 1934 . . . productions ranging from Rimsky-Korsakoff's *Sadko*, sung at the Bolshoi by the foremost Soviet stars, to the Realistic Theatre's ultra-modern presentation of Pogodin's *Aristocrats* . . . from the Jewish Theatre's *King Lear* to Tairov's strange synthesis of Shaw, Pushkin and Shakespeare in *Egyptian Nights*. Puppet shows and children's plays, opera, ballet and drama . . . all are included in the nine evening and five matinee performances on the program.

Rates for guests of the Moscow Theatre Festival include all expenses for the ten days in the Soviet Union . . . Soviet Visa, Hotel, Meals, Theatre Tickets, Sightseeing, Guide-Service. First Class rates are \$165, Tourist Class \$95, Third Class \$65. Plan to be there . . . even as a trip to the Soviet Union is the most dramatic experience in travel, so this Moscow Theatre Festival will surpass anything you have experienced in the field of drama.

Write to Intourist, Inc. for booklet and further information.  
 Book through your local travel agent.

**INTOURIST** INC.

U. S. Representative of the  
 Travel Company of the U.S.S.R.  
 545 Fifth Avenue, New York

THE  
 THEATRE  
 GUILD

*presents*

**P A R A D E**

A Satirical  
 Radical Revue

*with*

**JIMMY**  
**S A V O**

ESTHER JUNGER      CHARLES D. BROWN  
 CHARLES WALTERS      JEAN TRAVERS  
 DOROTHY FOX      AVIS ANDREWS  
 and a large cast of 60

*sketches by*

GEORGE SKLAR, PAUL PETERS  
 FRANK GABRIELSON, DAVID LESAN  
 ALAN BAXTER, HAROLD JOHNSRUD

*Music by* JEROME MOROSS

**GUILD THEATRE**

52nd St. West of Broadway

Mats.: Thursday and Saturday  
 Telephone Col. 5-8229

Evening Prices: 1.10, 1.65, 2.20, 2.75, 3.30  
 Thursday Matinees: 1.10, 1.65, 2.20  
 Saturday Matinees: 1.10, 1.65, 2.20, 2.75



JUNE, 1935

# NEW THEATRE

Editorials	3
Sketches from "Parade"	5
The Law of Conflict	
JOHN HOWARD LAWSON	10
Pescados Photographs	
PAUL STRAND	11
Two Scoundrels Die Hard	
LOUIS NORDEN	12
Plays of the Month	
MOLLY DAY THACHER	14
The Third Stage	
PAUL LOVE	16
Men Must Dance	
GENE MARTEL	17
Mens Recital	
	18
Color in the Films	
ROBERT EDMOND JONES	19
Movies About Us	
ROBERT GESSNER	20
Voice of the Audience	
	21
New Theatre League Schools	
	22
The People's Dance	
RICHARD CHASE	23
Actor's Forum	
	24
Waiting For Lefty	
	25
A \$200 Prize Play Contest	
	25
Backstage Notes	
	26
Film Front	
	27
Film Checklist	
	29

## Cover photo by Paul J. Woolf

Photos by Alfredo Valente, Vandamm, Martin Harris, and Paul Strand.

## EDITORIAL BOARD

Herbert Kline, editor. Molly Day Thacher, drama. Louis Norden, film. Edna Ocko, dance. William Entin, art. Jay Leyda, U. S. S. R.

## ASSOCIATES

Lionel Berman, Ben Blake, S. Foster, Leo T. Hurwitz, Muriel Rukeyser, R. Ludlow, R. Steck, David Crystal, Bess Sorman.

Vol. II, No. 6

Published monthly by the New Theatre League and New Dance League at 114 West 14th Street, New York City. (Phone CHelsea 2-9523). 15c. U. S. A. (Subscription, \$1.50 a year). 20c. Foreign (\$2.00 a year). Illustrations and text cannot be reproduced unless credit is given to New Theatre Magazine. Entered as second class matter Oct. 29, 1934 at the Post Office, New York City under act of March 3, 1879. Address all mail to New Theatre, P. O. Box 67, Station O, New York City.

PROMPT and vigorous mass protest forced up the curtain which the censors rang down last month on *Waiting for Lefty*, *Stevedore*, and *Too Late to Die*. In Boston, Cleveland, New Haven and Philadelphia, the police found they could not prevent the public from seeing plays which dared to deal with life in militant terms of social conflict. And then, during a deceptive calm which followed, when it seemed that the wave of suppression was halted, censorship appeared again in Chelsea, Mass. The New Theatre Players of Boston, who fought the Hearst press to a standstill in Boston and went ahead with their production there, were prevented by the police from giving the same play in Chelsea.

Chelsea, a neighbor of Boston, and a center for the manufacture of rubber goods, leather, shoes and paper, has a police squad which keeps close tabs on Boston's "red squad" (i.e. anti-labor police detail). When the New Theatre Players arrived on May 10 to give an evening of revolutionary plays before a workers' audience, the police were ready. As Richard Frey, playing the capitalist delegate to the Disarmament Conference in Alan Baxter's skit, *The Militarist*, struck a stage policeman, out of the audience surged Patrolman Connor.

"Hey fella, come down off that stage!" he shouted. Rushed off to the station-house, Frey was charged with profanity there, and Connor explained to the lieutenant at the desk:

"He (Frey) said, 'You goddam mick!' Also, Lieutenant, he punched this policeman in the belly, below the waist. Anyway, they're all Communist plays, because at the end of the last one (*Newsboy*) they said, 'Get up at the top of Bunker Hill and fight, fight, fight!'"

Connor returned to the theatre in time to stop *Waiting For Lefty*, on the grounds that the permit had been voided by Frey's use of profanity on the stage.

The audience, outraged by the evening's continued police annoyance, rose at the request of an actor, and protested against this unwarranted interference.

Pending trial, the I. L. D. has paid Frey's \$25 bail, and members of the New Theatre Players deny that Frey used profanity and point out the fact that since Boston, when *Lefty* was purged of its "obscene" language—but not of its militancy—their repertoire has been acceptable to Northampton, Cambridge, and Roxbury.

The police of Chelsea, a workingclass town, were out to stop the performance of a group including *Lefty*. This one play, with its loud double voice—defeat for the

bosses, hope for the workers—has cornered the reactionaries wherever it is played. And whenever that happens, supporters of Clifford Odets' fighting play and the theatre it represents, rush to its defense.

*Waiting For Lefty* will shortly be played by more than twenty theatres which now have it in production. At least as many cities where the censors may try to stop it will see this play. Stand ready to send your protests against censorship and reaction wherever they rise.

BROADWAY'S smartest managers claimed it couldn't be done. But the Group Theatre has been going strong as a permanent company for five years. Their remarkable ensemble acting and the brilliance of their productions is not an accident nor can it be credited entirely to the fact that the Group includes a number of the outstanding talents in the theatrical profession. Their serious collective study of theatre craft and theory based on the Stanislavsky Method, together with their recent concentration on strong plays of social protest, have made possible the Group's swift development into America's leading professional theatre company. Today with their own Clifford Odets generally recognized as the most important American playwright to come forward since Eugene O'Neill, and with *Waiting For Lefty*, *Till the Day I Die* and *Awake and Sing* current hits on Broadway, the Group's position seems so bright that even its best friends in the new theatre movement are taking it for granted that Odets' stirring plays will go on and on forever. But summer is coming and will seriously affect attendance—UNLESS every reader of these lines who has enjoyed these stimulating plays helps keep them alive by considering himself an unofficial press agent and urges friends and acquaintances to attend these plays and arrange theatre parties for their support. Their importance to the new theatre movement cannot be overestimated.

ALTHOUGH the Group is the only professional theatre that has been able to maintain itself as a permanent company, it is not the only established theatre collective in America. The Workers' Laboratory Theatre, now the Theatre of Action, was organized five years ago. Alfred Saxe, Ben Blake, Will Lee, and Harry Elion, charter members of this pioneering group, have played leading roles in the dramatic rise of the revolutionary new theatre movement to national prominence. Their organizational skill and artistic ingenuity stimulated the growth of 300 workers theatres, the building of the League of Workers' Theatres (recently reorganized as part of the national New Theatre



League), the publication of *NEW THEATRE* magazine, and laid the foundation for the development of the "agit-prop" theatre to such high points as *Newsboy* and *Waiting For Lefty*. Now the Theatre of Action is deepening its artistic work, concretizing its mass audience, and raising its standard to professional levels. In addition to its established policy of going out to workers' clubs and union halls as a mobile theatre, the Theatre of Action will present several full-length plays each season. The first of these, *The Young Go First*—a play of C.C.C. camp life by Peter Martin, George Scudder and Charles Friedman, is playing at the Park Theatre on Columbus Circle.

**T**HE National Dance Week Award for "distinguished contribution to the field of Concert Dancing for 1934-35" has just been awarded the New Dance League. An Advisory Council composed of the directors and presidents of Dancing Masters of America, the English Folk Dance Society of America, the *American Dancer*, Columbia University, Roerich Society, Chataanooga Dance Institute, *Theatre Arts Monthly*, the Music Library of New York, voted the League this honor for bringing a "new purpose and dedication in concert dancing." A survey of the concert work of the League this year explains on what basis the award might have been given.

On November 26th and December 3rd, a program of dances introduced the soloist as a factor in the revolutionary dance. Thousands were turned away from the packed theatres, and the reviews on all sides were singularly laudatory. On December 23rd, the first group recital of the season again filled the house. On January 23rd, the League gave its first recital outside of New York, in Newark. The outstanding event of the year took place on February 17th, at the Center Theatre, Radio City. Filling a house of 3700 seats, using every available bit of standing room, and before a most enthusiastic audience, the New Dance League presented a program of the best solo and group dances created for the year. The occasion marked the largest concert audience ever attending a dance program in New York. On April 7th, new soloists were presented by the League. On April 12th, a performance was given in Philadelphia; another one on April 13th in Newark, and one in New York on the 21st. On May 3rd and 4th, with the commendation of the entire New York dance press, the League presented, together with *NEW THEATRE*, a two-day program of men dancers, which marked the first recognition of men as a definite force in the modern dance.

This compendium of activities in the dance field would be a remarkable accomplishment, even if it were not the work of an organization whose third year of existence will be commemorated this June at a Dance Festival. No other group in America has worked so persistently, and with such united endeavor to present a mass audience with dances of high artistic and social merit. This mass audience reached by the New Dance League is, of course, a workers' audience. Dance groups

and soloists average about five performances a week before workers in New York. Audiences range from thousands at Madison Square Garden rallies and the Coliseum, to less than a hundred at language and workers' clubs. At least one million persons have seen the New Dance League perform in a period of one year. If for no other reason, this extension of the audience for the dance, warrants commendation for the New Dance League.

**I**N the March issue of *NEW THEATRE*, *The Youth of Maxim* was reviewed by Pudovkin after its first showing in the Soviet Union. It is not necessary during its first American showing to repeat his critical judgment of this remarkable picture. That it is an important film has been acknowledged by critics in virtually every publication in the world. In one sense, it is probably the greatest picture to come out of Russia, surpassing even *Chapeyev* which American critics proclaimed the most important film of the year.

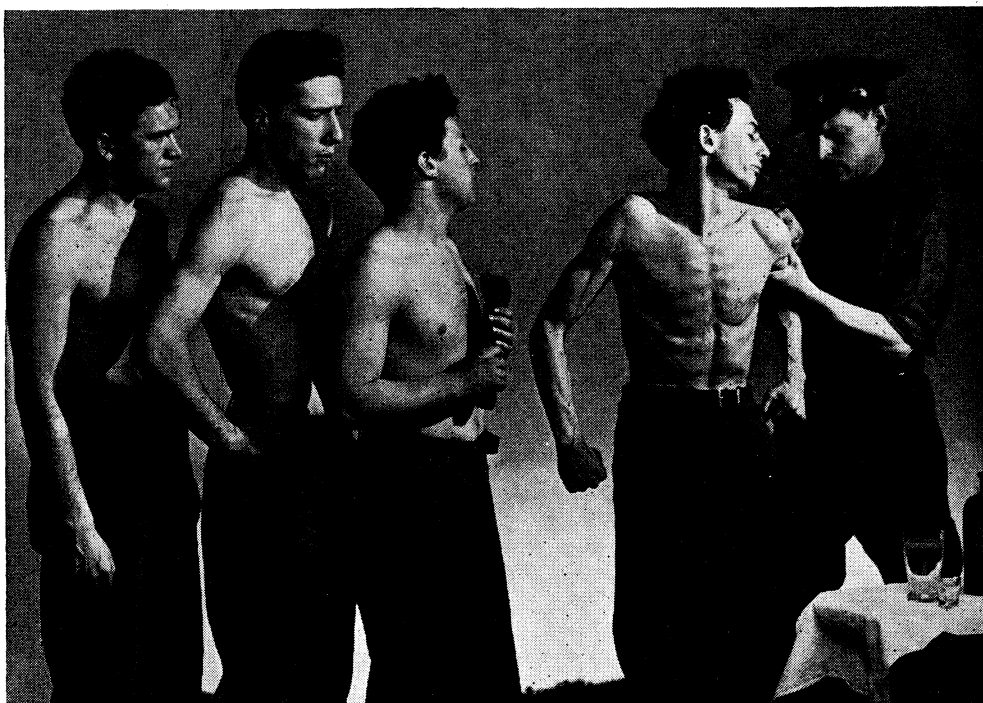
But only from the American viewpoint is *Chapeyev* a more important picture than *The Youth of Maxim*. For American audiences have been conditioned to the type of picture of which *Chapeyev* is representative. It must be remembered that American directors are restricted to the production of the spectacle drama. Projection of personal drama is an impossibility in Hollywood where reality is banned. A truthful picture of a man must reveal the decadence or the revolutionary aspects of the society in which he moves. Banker control of the movies prevents this type of presentation, and Hollywood directors are consciously restricted to the romantic drama, in which they do not believe and from which they are turning, or to the spectacle into which all of their evident talents have thus far been led.

*Chapeyev* was the focal point for all Americans interested in the future of the cinema. It competed with the Hollywood product on its own ground and showed directors, writers, actors, technicians and audiences just how far ahead the Soviet cinema has progressed even in the production of the only kind of film drama that Hollywood can do with telling effect.

*The Youth of Maxim*, on the other hand, is far removed from the Hollywood product. Here is the drama of a man—a portrayal which American directors would like to produce but cannot, not because of any inability on their part, but because of the system in which they must work and live, a system which offers them no alternatives other than obedience to the dictates of its masters.

That Hollywood wants to produce the more provocative personal drama, in which the whole battle of a class is projected, through directorial selection, through the actions and reactions of one individual, is reflected in the periodic appearance of such films as *The Informer* and *Gentlemen Are Born*. That directors are able to project stirring drama through this type of film is evident in the success of the former. But that the system itself restricts them is shown in the mystic or happy endings they are forced to append, and in the infrequency with which these pictures appear.

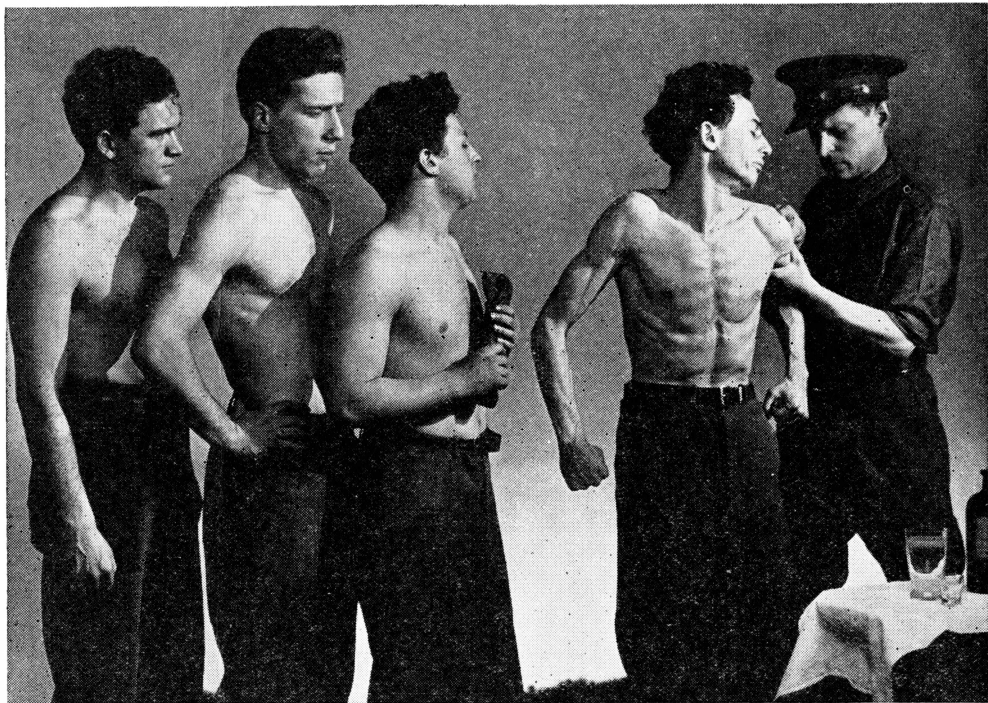
John Ford, Josef von Sternberg, Frank Capra, Frank Borzage, King Vidor and hosts of other directors and writers will find in *The Youth of Maxim* a challenge they cannot ignore. Meanwhile, except for too rare instances, they must continue in the DeMille tradition or else spread the sweetness and light to millions of Americans who are beginning to demand the honesty and allegiance thus far denied them.



The Theatre of Action in *The Young Go First*

Alfredo Valent





The Theatre of Action in *The Young Go First*

*Alfredo Valent*





The Tabloid Reds directed by Philip Loeb, settings by Lee Simonson

Vandamm

# Sketches From "Parade"

## THE TABLOID REDS

By Paul Peters and George Sklar

*A darkened stage. Dim figures slink on to the accompaniment of sinister music. They form in a huddle. There are whispers. Somebody says "Sh . . ." Figures dance off to stand guard on either side. Someone lights a match and applies it to the fuse of a bomb he is holding in his hand. He places the bomb on the floor and they back off toward the footlights. There is a terrific explosion, followed by wild laughter from the figures. A white beam of light picks them out revealing three men and three women; they have bushy beards and wild streaming hair. They raise their fingers to their lips and say "Sh . . ."*

*Music starts a vamp and they sing:*

1st RED:

Destruction is our chief delight  
We plot in cellars in the dead of night  
Our diet is buckshot and dynamite  
We're the tabloid reds.

2nd RED:

We eat little children with gunpowder sauce  
We make little bombs which we love to toss  
And if we miss we're very cross  
We're the tabloid reds.

3rd RED:

We're those monstrous ghoulish creatures  
That populate the Sunday features  
Scare the kindergarten teachers  
We're the tabloid reds.

4th RED:

We butcher, slaughter, lust for gore,  
Blood's our drink and we thirst for more  
When we can't get it we're VERY sore  
We're the tabloid reds.

*They yell "Ay!" and whirl around in a circle. From offstage some cries of "Extra." A boy in kneepants comes roller-skating on the stage, pushing a baby-carriage. He wears whiskers and has a newspaper in his hand.*

BOY: Mama! Papa! Yankel! Fritz!  
Uncle Louie bombed the Ritz!

ALL: Hurrah for Uncle Louie!

BOY: And here it says that Cousin Kate  
Set fire to the Empire State

ALL: Hurrah for Cousin Katie!

BOY: And look it says that Comrade Jerry  
Sunk the Staten Island ferry.

ALL: Hurrah for Comrade Jerry!

BABY: Mama, Papa, Yankel, Lee,  
Baby wants some TNT!

ALL: Oh, isn't he the darling?

*(A telephone bell rings. One of the women pulls a phone out from under her skirt.)*

WOMAN: Hello! Hello! Who is this calling?

Oho! He says it's Moscow calling!

ALL: *(crowding around her excitedly, yelling into phone)* Moscow! Moscow!  
Moscow calling!

WOMAN: Hello!—You say it's Comrade Stalin?

Hello, tovarish! How's it comin'?

ALL: Hello, tovarish! Tovarish Stalin!  
WOMAN: You want to hear what we have done?

All right, we'll tell you. Number One!  
*(Each in turn takes the phone and recites his deeds.)*

A MAN: The Mississippi flood was left to me —

I'm here to say I did it to a T.

A WOMAN: My report I know will win your thanks—

I engineered a run on all the banks.

ANOTHER MAN: Of the drought that hit the West you should be told:

The weather man was fixed with Moscow gold.

FIRST MAN: *(Listens intently at the phone.)* What? Who? Why? Where? When? —

You say she's coming down the street— and then?

As soon as it's over you'll send us our pay?

O. K., Joe, we'll do the job today!

ALL: *(Singing.)* O. K., Joe! We'll do the job today!

FIRST MAN: He says we boys should get up on our feet—

Mrs. Morganfeller's coming down the street.

ALL: *(Singing.)* Morganfeller! Morganfeller! Mrs. Morganfeller's coming down the street!

FIRST WOMAN: *(To the tune of the Volga Boatman)* Katie, get your gun. Yankel, get your knife.

FIRST MAN: *(Continuing.)* We're going to nashunalize Morganfeller's wife!

A WOMAN: SSSSShhh.

*(A caricature dowager leading a little Lord Fauntleroy boy comes prancing across the stage in comic ballet steps. Seizing their weapons the Reds prepare to attack them. But a cop saunters across in ballet step. The Reds assume innocent attitudes and dance blithely. The moment the Cop is off they surround the Dowager. The Little Lord Fauntleroy rushes whimpering across the stage. The Red Baby rises in her buggy as he passes, leans out, and with deadly aim socks him on the head with a mallet. The Reds strike a pose.)*

REDS: *(Singing.)* We're the tabloid reds!  
*(A terrific explosion blots out the scene.)*





The Tabloid Reds directed by Philip Loeb, settings by Lee Simonson

Vandamm

A WOMAN: My report I know will win

## THE LAST JACKASS

By Paul Peters and George Sklar

*In the background a battered-down old farm house. Center stage, two rows of cardboard cotton. A farmer, his wife, a mule, and a plow. The farmer is trying to make the mule pull the plow. The mule refuses to budge. Near the house is a baby in a crib which the wife rocks from time to time.*

FARMER: Giddap, mule, giddap! (*The mule doesn't budge.*) Did you ever such a pesky old critter? Come on, Emma, giddap, Emma, giddap! (*The mule doesn't budge.*) Well, by God and by Jesus! Hit him, Hannah, go on, hit him. (*The wife raises an old broom with both arms and brings it down on the mule's rump.*)

WIFE: Giddap! (*The mule turns his head around slowly and looks at her.*) 'Tain't no use, Paw. She just won't budge.

(*Offstage, a male quartet is heard approaching in full song. It is a slick-looking man, Vergil B. Butterspread, and his three assistants. They enter singing and carry a portable radio with them. They all wear mortar boards and college jerseys with huge letters: AAA.*)

BUTTERSREAD: (*Singing*) If you're losing money on your cotton and your hay—

THREE ASSISTANTS: Hey! Hey! Hey!

BUTTERSREAD: Just sign right up with the AAA!

THREE ASSISTANTS: A.A.A.

(*Butterspread does a tap dance.*)

BUTTERSREAD AND ASSISTANTS: Oh the AAA

Will give you more pay

Hurray, hurray!

For the AAA!!

BUTTERSREAD: Howdy, Farmer Brown. Howdy, Mrs. Brown. Vergil B. Butterspread speaking, representing the Administration's specific for agricultural difficulties, the universal panacea, nature's own remedy, the AAA!

THREE ASSISTANTS: Hey! Hey! Hey!

BUTTERSREAD: All right, boys. Let's get the lay of the land. Hep! (*They form a military line and pull out pencils and pads.*) Manfred, you take the live stock.

ASSISTANT: (*Saluting.*) Yes, sir!

BUTTERSREAD: Ethelbert, you take the crops.

SECOND ASSISTANT: (*Saluting.*)

Yes, sir!

BUTTERSREAD: Ronald, miscellaneous.

RONALD: (*Saluting.*) Yes, sir!

BUTTERSREAD: All right, boys—hep!

(*They go off singing, "Oh, the AAA—etc."*)

BUTTERSREAD: Well, I got good news for you, Farmer Brown. I got that bounty for you. Plowed your cotton under yet?

FARMER: That's just what I'm tryin' to do.

BUTTERSREAD: That's the stuff! Every ball of cotton we plow under is a bullet in the belly of the depression.

FARMER: Emma don't follow this e-conomics.

BUTTERSREAD: Well, I'll take care of her! Come on, Emma. Step on it! Plough under that cotton. (*Emma looks at him scornfully.*) Come here, Farmer Brown, give me a hand on this. Emma, we don't want to force you to do anything. We just want to appeal to your sense of reason. (*Butterspread starts showing on Emma's rump. Farmer Brown and Mrs. Brown join him. They heave and grunt. Emma looks back at them amused, and then trots gaily away. They all fall flat on their faces. Emma trots blithely around in a circle and taps out "shave and a haircut, bay rum."*)

BUTTERSREAD: Emma, I'm going to talk to you. I'm going to talk to you just like a father. (*Emma whinnies. Butterspread turns "Hearts and Flowers" on at the radio.*) Emma, we are now in the fifth year of the most deep-seated and thorough-going crisis the United States has ever seen. As you well know, Emma, the farmers of this country have suffered severely. Farmer Brown has suffered. Mrs. Brown has suffered. You have suffered. (*Emma whinnies.*) But your suffering has struck an echo in the great heart that beats in the White House. For days our President sat in silence and pondered over the problem. And then one day he called me aboard his yacht. "Vergil B. Butterspread," he said, "I have a plan, a plan that will save the farmer. Destroy crops. Burn them. Plough them under. And lo! And behold! There will be a shortage of crops! And people will cry out for food. And prices will rise. And

there will be a great boom and prosperity will return into the land!" (*He pulls out an American flag and waves it. The radio plays "America the Beautiful."*) Emma, I ask you in the name of our President, plow under that cotton. (*No response.*) Emma, if you don't plow under that cotton, unrest will sweep the land. The constitution will be undermined by Reds. Emma, do you want it said that you get your oats from Moscow? Do you want to be nationalized, Emma?

(*Butterspread pulls out a red flag and advances menacingly on Emma. She lowers her head, and snorts. The radio goes into the bull-fighting march from "Carmen." Emma charges the red flag. Butterspread steps aside and sweeps back the flag in toreador fashion. They engage in a burlesque bullfight, at the height of which, Emma, charging the red flag, knocks down half the rows of cotton. They all cheer and clap each other on the back in great glee.*)

RADIO: Cotton is 8:10—8:30—9—9:40—10—

BUTTERSREAD: Cotton's going up. Hurray!

FARMER AND WIFE: Hurray! Hurray!

BUTTERSREAD: I'm proud of you, Emma. I'm proud of you. You're a hundred per cent American.

RADIO: Cotton is 11—12—13—15—17—20—

BUTTERSREAD: Farmer Brown, I'm proud of you. Here's your bounty money. (*He takes out a roll of bills and starts to count it out.*)

WIFE: We're going to get the bounty, paw.

FARMER: My cotton's ruined, hurray! (*Ethelbert comes in with a blazing torch and the gasoline can.*)

BUTTERSREAD: O. K. Ethelbert?



The Last Jackass

Vandamm





The Last Jackass

*Vandamm*

ETHELBERT: (*Elated.*) Yes, sir, prettiest fire you ever saw.

RADIO: Wheat going up! Wheat going up!

BUTTERSPREAD: More bounty money for you, Farmer Brown.

FARMER AND WIFE: Hurray! Hurray!

MANFRED: (*Rushing in, stopping at the crib, and taking the milk bottle away from the baby.*) My God—milk!

BUTTERSPREAD: (*Appalled.*) No!

MANFRED: Yes! (*Ferociously he tears off the nipple and pours the milk on the ground.*)

RADIO: Milk going up! Milk going up! (*Manfred tap dances his way out, singing—"if you're losing money on your cotton and hay, Just sign right up with the AAA"—Simultaneously, Ronald tap dances his way in singing—"Oh, the AAA will give you more pay, Just sign right up with the AAA"—Ronald takes up an axe, and starts tap dancing his way out.*)

BUTTERSPREAD: Where are you going, Ronald?

RONALD: Oh, Farmer Brown has two hundred of the loveliest leghorns. (*He taps out into the wings. Immediately you hear a terrible squawking of chickens, and a flutter of feathers descends on the stage.*)

RADIO: Poultry going up! Poultry going up! Poultry going up!

(*A siren shrieks on the radio.*)

FARMER: What's that?

RADIO: Drought! Drought sweeps middle west.

(*The remaining rows of cotton topple with a crash.*) Kansas ravaged. Missouri burned to cinders! Prices going up!

BUTTERSPREAD: Hurray! Hurray!

FARMER AND WIFE: Hurray! Hurray!

BUTTERSPREAD: Farmer Brown, You're a real patriot. Here's your bounty money. (*He hands Brown some bills.*)

WIFE: Look, Paw! Money!

FARMER: I know. I used to see it when I was a boy.

BUTTERSPREAD: Now you can make a payment on your mortgage! I'll just collect for your banker. (*He takes the money out of Brown's hand.*) Thank you, Farmer Brown, thank you. Send you the receipt first thing in the morning. (*Farmer Brown gulps audibly.*) Well, so far, so good! Now, let's see! (*He looks about eagle-eyed and fixes on Emma.*) Ah—too many jackasses! (*Drawing a pistol from his pocket and holding it out to Farmer Brown.*) All right, Farmer Brown. Here you are!

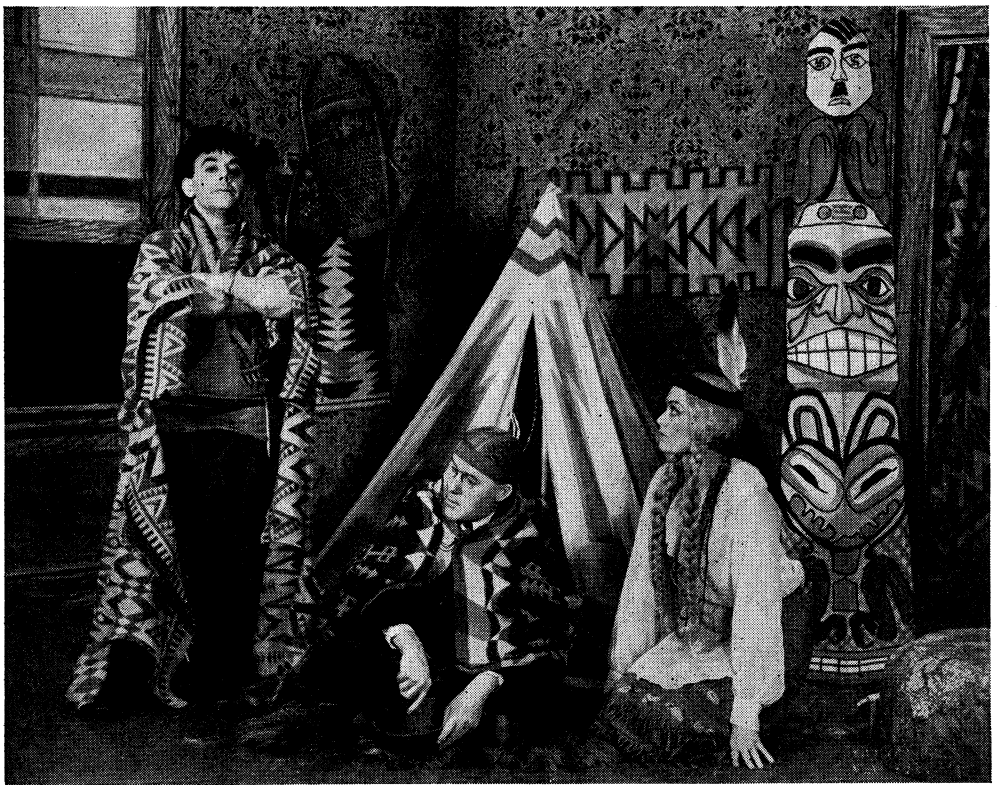
FARMER: (*Looking at the pistol.*) You mean—?

BUTTERSPREAD: Yes, Farmer Brown. Do your duty. (*He presses the gun in Brown's hand.*)

FARMER BROWN: (*Scratching his head.*) Well, if you say so! (*He pops off Butterspread and his three assistants.*)

FARMER BROWN, WIFE, AND EMMA: (*Dancing.*) Jackasses going up! Jackasses going up! Hurray! Hurray!

(*Blackout*)



The Home of the Brave

Vandamm

## THE HOME OF THE BRAVE

By Frank Gabrielson and David Lesan

(*An announcer before the curtain.*) Ladies and gentlemen, if you've been reading the papers lately, instead of sleeping on them, you must have seen many slight or slighting remarks about Adolf Hitler. Among Mr. Hitler's many, many policies, none is more interesting to watch—from a safe place—than his insistence on the Germans becoming more German. At this time we should like to present a picture of Life in America when an American Furor has fought or bought his way into power and has insisted that the American people likewise return to the heritage of their ancient greatness. The scene is the New York City apartment of John Smith—any John Smith—at that time. . . .

*The curtain rises on the living room of a New York City apartment in a future time. No tables, couches, or chairs; but all manner of Indian weapons and paraphernalia are hung from the walls. The floor is covered with the skins of animals. On the upstage wall there is a picture of an Indian chief in full regalia; he wears a small black mustache.*

*On the floor is seated John Smith, a small man of about 35, wearing a blanket over his business suit and a feather in his hair. He holds a wooden pestle. A radio is playing "By the Waters of the Minnetonka." His wife, an average woman, dressed in an Indian costume over a house-dress, enters in alarm.*

WIFE: For God's sake, John, stand up! It's the National Anthem.

Suppose the neighbors see you.

SMITH: I don't care if they do.

WIFE: But they'll tell the authorities,

and we're under suspicion already.

They say we're un-Indian.

SMITH: I'd rather be un-Indian than uncomfortable.

WIFE: Sh! Someone will hear you. John, why can't you be like other men. You're the worst brave in the building. We never even have any fresh meat.

SMITH: I'd like to see you take that bow and arrow and hit one of those damned little rabbits.

WIFE: And this disloyal passion for foreign foods—spaghetti, sauerkraut, and sardines. Thoroughly un-Indian, and dangerous, too—if they find out! Everybody talks about it.

SMITH: You don't have to tell me. I know what they say. Worst brave in the building, am I? The rest are just afraid, that's all. Braves, huh? I'll show you who's a brave.

WIFE: Please, John, don't do anything foolish.

SMITH: Now you go down to the corner and get some jerked horsemeat; I'll tend to the rest of the dinner. I'll show you a good provider. (*Gives her several belts of wampum.*) Here, take some change.

WIFE: All right, dear, but be careful. (*She exits and SMITH rushes to telephone.*)

SMITH: Susquehanna 1492. (*He tries to light a long peace pipe with an Indian bow drill.*) Say, is this Joe's place? Well, let me speak to Joe? (*Looks around furtively, sneaks out a cigarette lighter, lights pipe, and conceals the lighter.*)

Joe? This is John Smith. Tepee 8A in the Wigwam Arms. Listen, Joe, I want six Irish potatoes. Yes, six, and I want them fast. And Joe—none of this "Home Grew" stuff. Real IRISH potatoes. (*Hangs up: to wife, as she enters.*) A brave, huh? You just wait.





The Home of the Brave

*Vandamm*

WIFE: John, the inspector is coming. Get the baby, and *please*, for all our sakes, try to act like an Indian. (*John exits.*) (*Wife cleans up room, discovers book, screams.*) John! John! Come here! (*He enters with baby strapped papoose fashion on back.*) Where did this awful book come from? "The Courtship of Miles Standish"?

SMITH: Oh, I was poking around the ashes the day of the last book burning.

WIFE: Forbidden books again! And the inspector coming! It's a wonder to me that we've kept our scalps. Only last week a man was sent to a reservation camp for reading the "Life of Buffalo Bill."

SMITH: It's great. I read it. He killed nine hundred Indians.

WIFE: You're hopeless, John. Don't you know those books tell nothing but lies. The White Man never really overcame the Indian. That's just vicious pilgrim propaganda.

SMITH: Now don't malign the pilgrims. My ancestors were pilgrims.

WIFE: (*clapping a hand over his mouth in alarm.*) My God, John, don't boast of it. You promised you'd never tell. Keep quiet or we'll have a pogrom down on our heads.

SMITH: Pogrom be damned. (*terrific screams and yells offstage.*) Good God! What's that?

WIFE: (*running to window and looking out.*) It's the inspector and the scalping squadron. It's terrible. They've got the family downstairs.

SMITH: What for?

MRS. SMITH: I don't know. Wait a minute and I'll find out. (*leans out the window and shouts.*) Yooo-hooo, Mrs. Pale-moon! What did they find? (*turning to husband.*) Good God! They're killing them! (*out window again.*) I say, Mrs. Pale-moon. What did they find?

VOICE (Mrs. Pale-moon): Irish potatoes.

SMITH: What did she say?

MRS. SMITH: Irish potatoes.

SMITH: (*groans and runs to telephone.*) Susquehanna 1492. It's life and death.

MRS. SMITH: (*out the window.*) How many Irish potatoes?

MRS. PALE-MOON: Two.

MRS. SMITH: Did you hear that, John? Two Irish potatoes. Isn't that terrible? Ttttttt!

SMITH: (*counts on his fingers up to six; a ghastly look creeps over his face; speaking into phone.*) Get me Joe, quick! (*more screams from below.*)

MRS. SMITH: John, this would make your blood run cold.

SMITH: (*groans; then into phone.*) What's that? Joe's on his way up here? Oh, my God! (*the baby on his back cries.*) Listen, baby! What have you got to cry about?

MRS. SMITH: John, they're coming upstairs. We'll have to get ready. Hide that terrible book. I'll fix things in the bedroom. (*she exits. More yells from below.*)

SMITH regards the book with alarm;

*from outside a terrific warwhoop. SMITH quickly hides the book in the papoose.)*

(*JOE enters: he is a typical gangster type, wearing an old moth eaten bearskin coat with blanket over it; and on his head is a derby with a few seedy feathers. He is agitated.*)

SMITH: Oh, it's you, Joe.

JOE: Here's the package. Hurry up and pay me. I got to beat it.

SMITH: Well, Joe, I decided I don't want the potatoes.

JOE: I don't neither. Not after what I seen downstairs.

SMITH: What happened, Joe?

JOE: Complete stoilization—two men an' a boy—just like dat. (*He snaps his fingers three times quickly.*) A pogrom, dat's what it is. (*SMITH nervously starts to light smoke with cigarette lighter.*) There was one guy caught with a cigarette lighter.

SMITH: Aaah! (*he hides lighter in the papoose.*) What did they do to him, Joe?

JOE: They slipped him the poige. He's up to his ears in castor oil.

SMITH: Just for a teeny little cigarette lighter?

JOE: Yeah. It ain't Indian. And have they got it in for dem Pilgrims! I coit'nly am glad I'm a genu-wine Indian!

SMITH: Joe, I can't take those potatoes.

JOE: (*belligerently.*) What do you mean, you can't take 'em. You ordered them, didn't you?

SMITH: Oh, if it's money that bothers you, Joe . . . (*he pulls out a great string of wampum from his pocket.*)

JOE: (*takes the money.*) Damn right, it ain't the money that bothers me. I gotta get out of here. Here you are. I have spoken!

(*A tremendous warwhoop outside. In desperation Joe throws the potatoes at Smith, who drops them all over the floor. Joe dives under the nearest bear rug. Another loud warwhoop is heard. Smith scurries after the potatoes, gathers them all up, and pops them into the papoose. As he conceals the last one, Mrs. Smith enters with a lighted candle which she sets in front of the picture.*)

MRS. SMITH: Salute the picture when they enter and don't forget to use national speech. (*The loudest warwhoop of all is heard; SMITH and MRS. SMITH raise their troubling hands in salute to the picture. The INSPECTOR, followed by his men, slowly and regally enters the room. He is a large Irishman with a strong brogue, dressed in regulation police sergeant uniform, but wearing a huge Indian head-dress. He is followed by half a dozen cops with smaller head-dresses. Some have warpaint on their faces. Seeing the devotion of the little family, the raiding party join in the salute to the Furor.*)

ALL: How! How! How!

INSPECTOR: This Tepee 8A? You Brave Strongheart Smith?

SMITH: Yes, sir. (*His wife nudges him.*) I mean nigh.

INSPECTOR: This your squaw, Grim Dawn?

SMITH: Ugh.

INSPECTOR: Your man child, Laughing Water? (*pointing to baby.*)

SMITH: (*Patting baby's behind.*) Ugh. Plenty.

INSPECTOR: (*patting Smith's papoose.*) Him make heap big warrior some day. Big Brave to fight for Great Red Furor. (*He takes baby from Smith's back; discovers cigarette lighter.*) Ugh.

SMITH: Ughhhh!

INSPECTOR: (*Finding book; large scowl.*) Ugh.

MRS. SMITH: Ugh.

INSPECTOR: (*finding all six potatoes: ominously.*) UGH.

JOE: (*head out from under bearskin.*) Ugh.

INSPECTOR: Braves! Ketchum prisoner. (*They seize SMITH roughly.*) You heap big shame on nation and big blot on scutcheon of Great Furor! Me holdum court right here, pronto.

(*Three braves hold discovered objects. Inspector points at the lighter.*)

INSPECTOR: Him?

POLICE: (*pointing to SMITH.*) Him guilty!

INSPECTOR: Him catchum purge by castor oil. Ugh. (*Pointing to book.*) Him?

POLICE: Him guilty!

INSPECTOR: Him catchum reservation camp. (*Pointing to potatoes.*) Him?

POLICE: Him guilty!

INSPECTOR: Him catchum sterilization.

ALL POLICE: Ugh.

INSPECTOR: (*Fiercely.*) Also, me know you no Brave Strongheart. YOU PILGRIM!

POLICE: Heap guilty! !

INSPECTOR: Scalpum! (*They seize SMITH and draw tomahawks.*)

SMITH: Wait, boys, wait. Me Injun!

INSPECTOR: Naw, you no Injun. You name Smith.

SMITH: Sure. My name Smith. Me got royal Injun blood in veins. My great-great-grandfather, he Captain John Smith. He no PILGRIM. He hold heap big powwow with little Injun gal name Pocahontas. They have plenty damn big affair.

ALL: (*So awed by this news that they give SMITH the salute.*) How! How! How!

SMITH: The usual way, I imagine, the usual way.

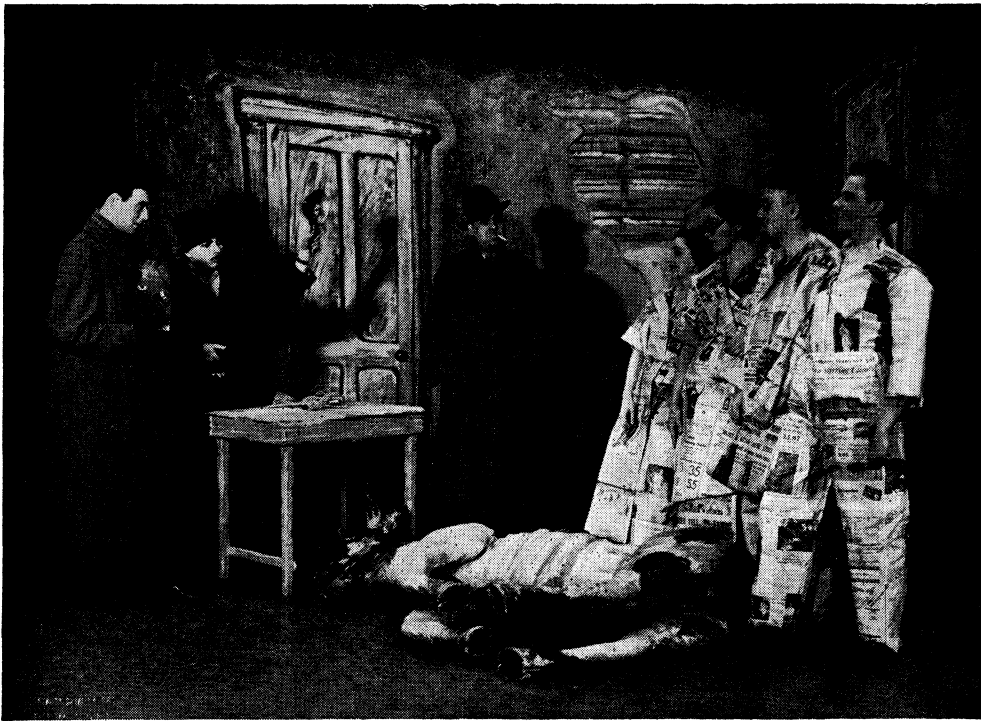
BLACKOUT

## THE DEAD COW

By Alan Baxter and Harold Johnsrud

Scene: A simple home. Unfurnished except for a gnawed plain table, and an ungnawed antique what-not. FATHER, MOTHER, and their TWO YOUNG SONS are clad only in copies of the *NEW YORK JOURNAL*. One copy of the *JOURNAL* is in FATHER'S hands. Otherwise there is absolutely nothing but the three walls.





The Dead Cow

Vandamm

*At Rise:* MOTHER sits chewing the table-top. JOHNNIE and MARY sit against the back wall. FATHER sits reading his copy of the JOURNAL.

FATHER: (Looking up, jovially.) Hey, now, Mother, just you save some of that there table-top for me. I ain't et yet.

MOTHER: You got a fine right to complain. I'm savin' a whole leg for you, ain't even been touched.

FATHER: Never mind—you know durn well the top's the best part. The legs is maple. You lived with me long enough to realize I'm partial to white pine.

MOTHER: (Sitting back on the floor.) All rightie. There's a nice piece left around the nail. . . . You know, Henry, sometimes I sorta wish we had somethin' else to eat outside of the papers and this here table. Not that I'm complainin'—we been better off the last four years than most.

FATHER: Yer durn right we been. You oughta be glad we're livin' in the good old U.S.A. Looka these here pitchers in the *New York Journal*—looka this one—a Rooshian fambly. Looka them starvin' Rooshian kids standin' by that there dead pig. My gosh, ain't that terrible?

MOTHER: Yes, sir, Henry, it sure is awful. But I can't help wishin' we had a pig like that.

FATHER: What for, Maw?

MOTHER: For eatin', Henry, for eatin'.

FATHER: Durned if ya ain't right. Ya can eat 'em, cantcha? I plumb forgot.

MOTHER: They taste good if they're cooked.

FATHER: Well now, I dunno. Speakin' of eatin', today's the day the Government Relief Man promised to send us a butchered cow.

MOTHER: Oh, Henry! Honest?

FATHER: Sure. I spoke to him last year about this time, an' he said he'd

send one this year on April Fool's Day,—that's today.

MOTHER: Why, that's wonderful, Henry. Makes me wish we had that old stove we hocked two years ago.

FATHER: Gosh, these here (on his side) are swell pitchers of Rooshia. I wonder how they got 'em? It must be awful dangerous takin' pitchers in Rooshia. Mr. Hearst is sure got a lotta guts to live over there and be takin' snapshots.

MOTHER: You're a good provider, Henry. I don't know what we'd do without that there subscription to the *Journal*. It was a right smart thing to do with yer savin's. With th' *Journal* comin' in every day fer three years, we ain't got nothin' to worry about. We can burn 'em to keep warm, wear 'em fer clothes, an' them comics an' pitcher sections makes right flavorsome eatin'.

FATHER: Eatin'? *Readin'!* Looka here, what them durned Communists done to these here Rooshian kids.

MOTHER: I seen it.

FATHER: No, ya ain't. This is a diff'rent one. In thissun there's *three* starvin' kids, an' they're a-settin on a dead *hoss*. . . . Looka this, Jimmie—get some edjication. Ain't it awful?

JIMMIE: (Looking.) I'll say. It's sure funny how Mr. Hearst c'n get them pitchers without bein' killed by them Communists.

MARY: Paw, I'm cold!

FATHER: Whaddaya mean, cold? Don't be a sissy. How many times I got to ast ya to remember ya sprang from a long line o' dauntless pioneer forebears? If ya was livin' in Rooshia, now, ya'd have somethin' to kick about. At least, we got a roof over our heads. (A section of the roof falls through.) Well, that there plaster'll make good eatin'. . . especially if th' relief man don't bring that there cow like he promised.

(MOTHER begins gathering plaster.)

JOHNNY: Hey, maw, look at Mary. MARY has lighted a match, is about to apply it to FATHER'S newspaper suit, from behind.)

MOTHER: (Rushing over, knocking match from MARY'S hand.) Mary, what on earth do ya think yer doin'?

MARY: Well gee, maw, I'm cold!

MOTHER: Well that ain't no reason you should set fire to yer paw!

FATHER: That's the last straw! Bring me that table, maw. Time fer dinner.

(MOTHER drags the table over to FATHER, who begins munching it, then takes plaster she has gathered and goes out. FATHER looks up, notices JOHNNIE chewing at the what-not.)

FATHER: Hey, Johnnie—what in tucket are ya at? Durn ya, how many times I got to tell ya to stop chawin' on that there what-not?

JOHNNIE: It tastes good.

FATHER: I don't care how it tastes. That there what-not belonged to yer maw's grandpaw, what fit in the Civil war, an' it's gonna be th' last thing to go. (MOTHER rushes in.)

MOTHER: Henry—the relief man's here! He jest driv up, in a big truck, an' he's got two men carryin' up a butchered cow—jest like he said!

FATHER: (To the kids.) There ya are—wh'd I tell ya? Now if you was livin' in one o' these heathen furrin' countries you see in th' pitchers would ya get service like that?

(They compose themselves happily and wait. Enter men with cow and a camera.)

MAN: Here we are folks!

(They pose the family and take a flashlight picture.)

CAMERA MAN: All right. Take it out. (Cow is removed.)

FATHER: Wait a minute. Leave that for us to eat!

MAN: Hell, no.

FATHER: Ain't you the Relief?

MAN: We're from the *Journal*. We're out for a picture of a starving Russian family!

## BLACKOUT

Originally written for the Theatre Union, admittedly altered by concessions to the Theatre Guild's opinion of its audience, *Parade* is the first major attempt to put the realities of the American scene into the most American of theatre forms. Paul Peters and George Sklar wrote *Stevadore* and they will write other serious social plays, but they saw that there are thousands of people best reached by vaudeville and revue sketches and by popular songs.

Theatres wishing to perform it should communicate with the New Theatre League for further information.

As we go to press, the critics are "taking it out" on the Theatre Guild's first revue, not understanding, perhaps, that they are reacting as they invariably do when revolutionary playwrights attempt to deal with social issues in a hitherto unused form. This much of their criticism is true. . . . *Parade* is something of a hodge-podge. This is due, not to the weakness of the original *Parade*, but to the failure of the Guild to really let the revue go on as originally written—as a left review. We publish these skits in the belief that New Theatre groups everywhere will and should attempt the revue form. They are published with the permission of the authors, and the Theatre Guild, who own all rights. A review of *Parade* will appear in July.



The Dead Cow

*Vandamm*



# The Law of Conflict

By JOHN HOWARD LAWSON

THE history of dramatic theory gives us certain general principles, upon which we can base at least a preliminary definition of the art of playwriting.

We have seen that three very broad principles are involved: action, unity, conflict. One cannot say that there is complete agreement either on the meaning or the necessity of any of these elements. It has been noted that Andreyev, Maeterlinck, and many others have questioned the idea of *action*. *Unity* has been variously interpreted. Brunetiere's law of *conflict* has also been strongly questioned and hotly debated.

It seems to me that conflict is the most fundamental of these principles, and that we can properly use this as a starting point. Since drama deals with social relationships, we may also say that dramatic conflict is of a social nature. Then our preliminary definition can be as follows: The essential character of drama is conflict: persons against other persons, or individuals against groups, or groups against other groups, or individuals or groups against social or natural forces. Play construction, then, is concerned with presenting, developing and resolving conflict. But it is self-evident that, while every play may be a conflict, every conflict is not a play. In order to be intelligible to an audience assembled in a theatre, the conflict must be presented in a certain manner, which can be summed up in the following four laws of construction: (1) it must be presented in action; (2) it must possess unity; (3) it must be logical; (4) it must be based on knowledge, both of individual psychology, and of the social forces which condition the psychology of individuals.

These points must be considered in detail. But first of all, it is necessary to examine the law of conflict, and make sure that it is really a sound and inclusive definition.

Brunetiere's law, as quoted in the previous chapter, emphasizes the element of *conscious will*, "the spectacle of the will striving toward a goal." As Brander Matthews points out, "he subordinates the idea of struggle to the idea of volition." William Archer objects to Brunetiere's theory, "The difficulty about this definition is that, while it describes the matter of a good many dramas, it does not lay down any true differentia, any characteristic common to all true drama, and possessed by no other form of fiction." As illustrations of plays in which there is no assertion of the human will in conflict, Archer mentions, among others, *Oedipus* and *Ghosts*. He also says, "No one can say that the balcony scene in *Romeo and Juliet* is undramatic," yet

he feels that there is not "a clash of wills" in this scene.

It seems to me that these examples offer very strong proof of Brunetiere's theory. To be sure the "clash of wills" in the balcony scene in *Romeo and Juliet* is not between the two persons on the stage. But Brunetiere never maintains that any such direct opposition is required. On the contrary he very specially emphasizes that the theatre shows "the development of the human will, attacking the obstacles opposed to it by destiny, fortune, or circumstances." And again: "This is what may be called *will*, to set up a goal, and to direct everything toward it, to strive to bring everything into line with it." Certainly *Romeo and Juliet* are setting up a goal and striving "to bring everything into line with it."

The doom of *Oedipus* lies in the fact that his will to escape his doom is thwarted. If there were no will, no conscious effort to escape, there would be no tragedy. In *Ghosts*, the struggle carried on by Oswald and his mother is by no means a passive one. Mrs. Alving is a woman of strong character, who has very actively endeavored to shape her environment and control her son's career. Oswald does not accept his fate, but fights against it with bitter violence. The end of the play shows Mrs. Alving faced with a terrible decision, a decision which strains her will to the breaking point—she must decide whether or not to kill her own son who has gone insane. If this is not a struggle involving conscious will, I don't know how such a struggle could be imagined.

What would *Ghosts* be like if it were (as Archer maintains it to be) a play without a conscious struggle of wills? It is very difficult to conceive of the play in this way: the only events which would be partly unchanged would be Oswald's insanity and the burning of the orphanage. But there would be no action whatsoever leading to these situations. And even Oswald's cry, "give me the sun," would of necessity be omitted, since it expresses conscious will. Furthermore, if no exercise of conscious will were concerned, the orphanage would never have been built.

To be sure, I am here using the term, "conscious will" in a very broad sense. But this is the sense in which it is generally understood. If one is going to limit the use of the term, one must be careful to define the way in which it is limited. This, I think, Archer has not done.

While admitting that conflict is generally (but not universally) present in the drama, Archer maintains that the word, *crisis*, is more characteristic of the special quality of theatrical presentation: "The drama may be called the art of crises, as fiction is the art of gradual developments."

The truth of this is so obvious that it really admits of no discussion. While it in no way contradicts the law of conflict, it

adds something very essential to it. One can readily conceive of a conflict which does not reach a crisis; such a conflict would by its nature be undramatic. However, simply to maintain (as Archer does) that "the essence of drama is crisis" is insufficient. An earthquake is a crisis, but its dramatic significance lies in the reactions and acts of human beings. Thus conscious will comes into play. If *Ghosts* consisted only of Oswald's insanity and the burning of the orphanage it would include two crises, but no conscious will, and no *preparation*. The idea of conflict includes the struggle of wills, the inter-play and opposition which make crises inevitable.

Henry Arthur Jones, in analyzing the points of view of Brunetiere and Archer, tries to combine them by defining a play as "a succession of suspenses and crises, or as a succession of conflicts impending and conflicts raging, carried through ascending and accelerated climaxes from the beginning to the end of a connected scheme."

This is a remarkably inclusive, and richly suggestive definition. Although it is not very specific about the *conscious will*, one may assume that it includes it, because "a succession of conflicts" among human beings involves the exercise of will. A conflict without will is an unimaginable abstraction, because there would be no motive for the conflict to continue—or, for that matter, to begin.

However, I think this definition, in spite of its value, is unsatisfactory because it deals with dramatic *construction* rather than with dramatic *principle*. As a definition of the construction of drama, it is not perfect, because it does not clearly present the ideas of unity, logic, and social content. On the other hand, in defining the principle upon which dramatic art is based, it seems to me that greater clarity and simplicity are desirable.

The law of conflict is both simple and fundamental. But it is evident that this law must be so phrased as to include the idea of a crisis. A crisis is, one may say, the breaking point of a conflict, the point at which the strength of the opposing forces is so strained that there must be a cracking of the strain. If this is the case, then there is a very important new point which must be considered: we are concerned not only with the *consciousness* of will, but with the *strength* of will. The exercise of will must be sufficiently vigorous to sustain and develop the conflict to a point of issue. A conflict which fails to reach a crisis is a conflict of weak wills. In Greek and Elizabethan tragedy, the point of maximum strain is reached with the death of the hero: his will cracks in the struggle with destiny or environment.

Brunetiere is clearly aware of this point: "One drama," he says, "is superior to another drama according as the quantity of will exerted is greater or less, as the share of chance is less and that of necessity greater." One may well question Brunetiere's statement that "the quantity of will exerted" determines the superiority of one

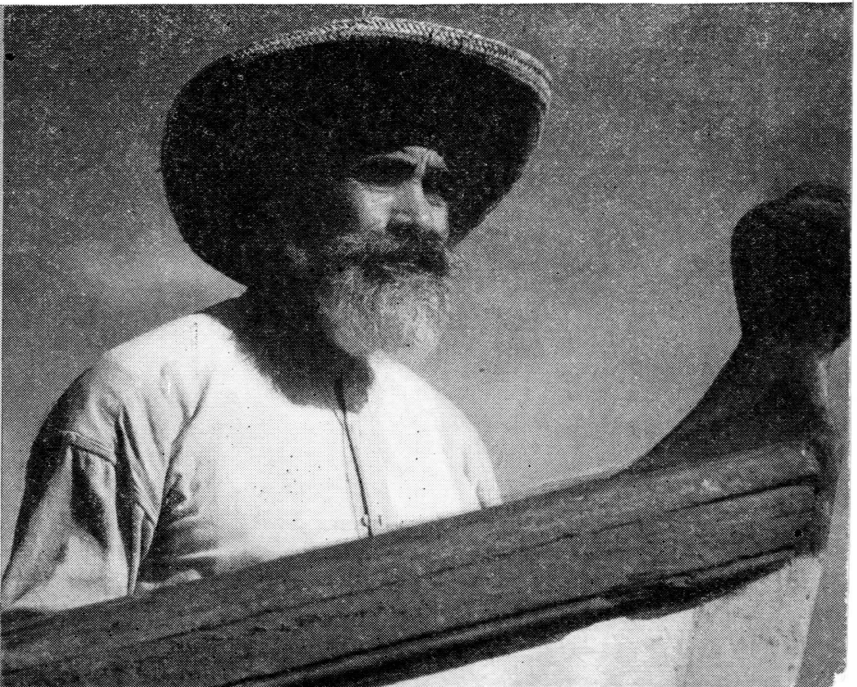
(Continued on page 27)



## \*Pescados

A dramatic educational film, describing the revolt of the fishermen of Vera Cruz against enslaving economic conditions and the usury of the *Patrones*, made under the supervision of Paul Strand for the Department of Fine Arts of the Secretariat of Education of Mexico. The story was written by Paul Strand with the assistance of A. Velasques Chavez; Screen adaptation by Henvar Rodakiewicz; direction by Fred Zinneman and Emilio Gomez Muriel; photography by Paul Strand; music by Sylvestre Revueltas; film edited by Guenther von Fritsch; stills by Ned Scott.

*Pescados* has not yet been released by the Secretariat of Education. Paul Strand, who is one of America's greatest photographers, is at present in the Soviet Union. An article about *Pescados* by Paul Strand will appear soon in *New Theatre*. \*(Caught Fish)





# Two Scoundrels Die Hard

By LOUIS NORDEN

REALISM and mysticism are strange bedfellows. Yet, in both *The Scoundrel*, Ben Hecht-Charles MacArthur production for Paramount, and in *The Informer*, a really great picture based on the Liam O'Flaherty novel, the incongruous combination is accomplished, and the result is no great shakes. In *The Scoundrel*, mysticism creeps in at the middle of the picture and from that point on, this pseudo-artistic production becomes a dish of tripe. The mysticism of *The Informer*, tacked on during the last hundred feet, is the only major weakness in the picture.

When the traitor, Gypo Nolan, kneels before the cross in a Dublin church, the burning bullets of the patriots in his bowels, and asks forgiveness of the mother of the man he has betrayed for twenty pounds, the picture loses some of its strength. For the audience can have no sympathy for Gypo Nolan, the man who has betrayed his comrade. It can only wish him dead that he may not again betray the revolutionaries who are leading the Irish against the tyranny of British imperialism. This is the only conclusion the picture can draw—that the man who squeals can expect no sympathy, no pity, nothing but a cold loathing.

*The Scoundrel*, too, is realism—mixed with some of the pseudo-brilliance in which Ben Hecht is a specialist. It depicts the shallowness of the literary gang that haunts the Park Avenue apartments of the wealthy. It tells the mildewed story of an insolent publisher, a sex-mad philanderer, whose ante-room is always "quivering with outraged geniuses." This publisher, Tony Mallare, played by Noel Coward, lacks love for any but himself, boasts of his vileness, is always willing to cast off one woman for the purpose of besieging another. Mad for a woman as impudent as himself, Mallare flies to Bermuda to be at her side. The plane crashes, and he is killed. Realism now ends—and mysticism flies in the window.

"Those who die unmourned find no rest in the grave," and Tony Mallare comes back to life for a month to find the tears that will bring him peace where he lies beneath the Atlantic's waves. He roams the streets of Manhattan—hunting for a girl whose life he has ruined, yet the only one he knows who might cry for him.

He finds her in the furnished room to which she has followed a former lover in the hope of winning repentance for her sins. She despises Tony, cannot cry. But her lover pulls a gun, attempts to kill the animate shade, then commits suicide. Realizing he can never win peace, Tony turns to God and prays that the world may be as if he had never lived in it. God answers the prayer, the suicide comes back

to life and the girl turns to Tony, tears in her eyes, to thank him. Fade-out.

You see how silly it all is, how mysticism can never be the good companion to realism. Realism is vital stuff, a true picture of the world as it is, an honest delineation of people as they are, through eyes that can see past romanticism, mystic hooey and the absurdities that are borne in the minds of the uninformed.

In the case of *The Scoundrel*, it is a pandering to the box-office, a capitulation to the illusion of what constitutes public taste at which Hecht and MacArthur have sneered so long. But, whatever the intent, the mysticism of the picture can have but one result. And that, too, is the purpose of Mary Pickford's latest book, revealingly entitled *Why Not Try God?* For all the ills of humanity, for all the insecurity of modern times, for all the desperation of millions of people, try God—the one cure-all for all ills. Certainly, as long as people are content to continue to try God, they can never threaten the existing order.

But, *The Informer*, despite its touch of mysticism, is a great picture. Its minor weaknesses lie in Dudley Nichols' failure to adhere to the original story. But *this*

tragedy of a stool pigeon is one of the few pictures in recent years of which Hollywood can be proud.

Set in 1922, during the Sinn Fein rebellion against British imperialism, it tells the scathing story of Gypo Nolan who betrayed a friend for twenty pounds. All turn against him, all except the few sycophants who are willing to call him "King" Gypo as long as he has a pound left to his name. Director Ford has depicted his terror under accusation, his squirmings to avoid being found out.

The picture follows Nolan through one night in Dublin, the night of his betrayal and the death of Frankie McPhillip. It shows Gypo's accusation of another man to protect his own hulking body, his blustering attempts to forget while spending the blood money on whiskey and his friends of the night. It takes him to the court of inquiry, shows him under the stress of accusation and his break-down when he knows he can no longer deny his guilt.

ABOUT to die, Gypo escapes the court of inquiry, hides in the room of the girl for whom he wanted the money. In the novel, Liam O'Flaherty has her betray him. For even Katie Madden, prostitute though she is, cannot stand an informer. In the picture, she comforts Gypo, and her reaction is softened to "I love you Gypo, but you'll never know what you've done to me."

When Gypo falls asleep, Katie goes to the home of the commandant of the revolutionary organization and pleads with him



Julie Hayden, Charles MacArthur and Ben Hecht in *The Scoundrel*





1543-119

Julie Hayden, Charles MacArthur and Ben Hecht in *The Scoundrel*



Victor McLaglen and J. M. Kerrigan in *The Informer*

to spare Gypo. But Dan Gallagher is a realist. He knows that now the Black and Tans have their claws in Gypo, they'll never let go. As long as Gypo lives, he is a menace to the lives of all of the comrades, threatening the existence of the organization. While Gallagher talks to Katie, three of his men go to her room to surprise Gypo. In the fight, all three are injured, but while Gypo is making his escape, another of the men waits at the foot of the stairs and coldly pumps lead into the stool pigeon. Then, he calmly walks away.

Here the picture should end. What follows is the only touch of unreality in the film. Mortally wounded, the retributive bullets burning within him, Gypo staggers into a neighboring church, begs and wins forgiveness from Mrs. McPhillip, Frankie's mother.

You will, perhaps, remember John Ford as the director of *The Lost Patrol*, one of last year's ten-best, in which McLaglen also starred, and the recent *The Whole Town's Talking*. *The Informer*, however,

is easily his best work, as it is McLaglen's.

When you see it, as you should, watch how adroitly Ford handles the camera, moving it back and forth to give the feeling of depth to a scene. Notice how he contrasts his lighting effects, proving for once and for all to such men as Boleslavski, that a picture can be well lighted and still be artistic. Here, too, are lessons in characterizations for all of the makers of workers' films, that it is not necessary to oversimplify characterizations, to make villains completely bad, heroes nothing but heroic.

There are moments in the picture when one is bound to pity Gypo Nolan, but the total effect is one of hatred. You despise the police as the killers of Frankie McPhillip and yet, when the Black and Tans hand Gypo the reward money, pushing it toward him at the end of a stick, you can see how much even they despise a stool pigeon. One of the revolutionaries shows his weakness as a man in hesitating to pick the straw that may determine whether or not he is to have the honor of killing the

informer. Yet he evidently has the courage of his convictions.

See *The Informer*, the Hollywood portrait of a Van der Lubbe, one of the great screen portraits of all time; see Victor McLaglen give one of the screen's finest characterizations and wonder how it was ever possible for him to play the role of stooge to Edmund Lowe in those agonizing comedies.

ONE other picture must be given more than passing mention. It is another Warner Brothers - William Randolph Hearst epic of militarism, entitled *Dinky*. With Jackie Cooper as the box-office appeal, it is a brazen preachment of nationalism and the militaristic spirit, with all of the emotional fanfare of its predecessors.

The story is set in a military school, the drill field of which backs against an orphanage. Jackie is a cadet whose main ambition is to win his sergeant's stripes. His mother becomes involved in a stock swindle and goes to prison. To save the money with which to help her fight the case, the boy leaves school, persuades his guardian to have him admitted to the orphanage where he has many friends.

He becomes captain of the orphanage football team, wins the game against the snobbish cadets, thus welcomes his mother home. William Randolph Hearst's conception of good "Americanism," part of his vast propaganda campaign further outlined in the Film Front column in this issue, is spouted from beginning to end.

In one tearful scene, Mary Astor is saying farewell to the boy at a restaurant to which they have been accompanied by two detectives. In one scene, the detectives are shown trying to eat spaghetti. "Why didn't they pick an American restaurant?" he complains. Mr. Hearst believes even foreign dishes to be a subversive influence.

Several scenes show the orphans in the asylum. The institution is pictured as a glorified boarding school, with no hint of the actual conditions that exist in such asylums throughout the country. True, one of the boys never does have an undershirt without a hole until Jackie presents him with one; they have no candy; their clothes are not exactly clean—but they are all well fed, they spend no time in the institutional sweatshops that masquerade under the guise of "workshops," and each morning they bravely march down to the drill field and watch the cadets march by to their morning flag drill.

It is important to Mr. Hearst that the orphans be pictured in this guise; if they were not, if the asylum were shown realistically, it would be necessary to show the orphans hating, with all their strong little guts, the well-fed cadets next door—good Americans who some day will grow up into bankers and industrialists and make the orphans sweat blood in factories and drip blood on battlefields.



Victor McLaglen and J. M. Kerrigan in **The Informer**



# Plays Of the Month

BY MOLLY DAY THACHER

**P**ARADE excepted (we discuss it elsewhere) the Broadway gestures of the month were a dispirited and dispiriting lot, best reviewed quickly so that one can get to more important theatre matters. The Pulitzer Prize is by now so thoroughly discredited that the title of the winning play is sufficient comment on the judges who picked it. *The Old Maid* is a stilted and innocuous piece about a fluttery girl who goes wrong in the 1830's and lives to pose as the adopted aunt of her child. Her cousin wins the girl's affection from her, and the "old maid" takes to creeping about the house at night with a period candlestick and talking to herself in self-commiseration. Buried in the story are elements of human emotion and social causes which if probed might have been both moving and revealing: the warping of women in a society which kept them completely subordinated to their men, the further warping of a code of morals and manners which made it impossible for two ladies to express a healthy hatred of each other—or in fact to do anything but sit at home and knit and give polite parties; the very logical turning of the "fallen" cousin into a hyper-sensitive watchdog of morality. As it stands, the sets are pretty, and the play is a rambling vehicle for two star actresses both of whom have exact voice control and a disinclination to appear unsympathetically before the public. If the Pulitzer Prize meant anything, we would have a right to be indignant that *Awake and Sing* was passed over for this staleness.

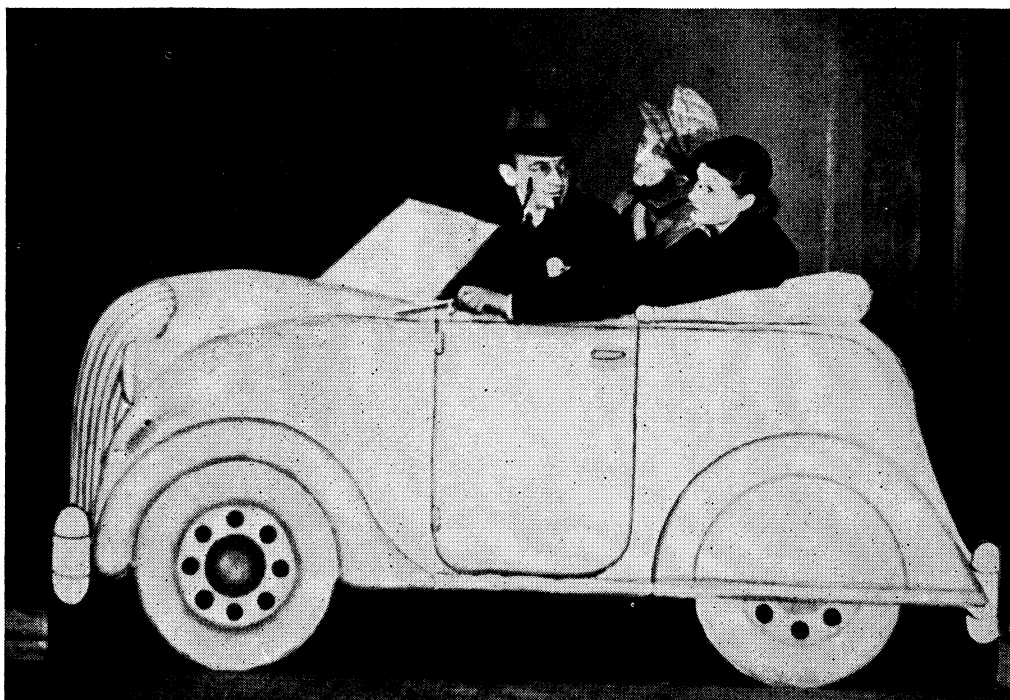
*To See Ourselves* is an even weaker sister, a pale upperclass trifle about a woman who goes into hysterics because she has a short conversation with an Irishman who shows a grain more imagination than her stolid husband. More honest, because it has no pretensions, is the one about the corpse that, scene after scene, rolls out of fire escapes and trunks and closets. *If a Body*, with a few laughs and much stock company acting, falls between being a thriller with comedy relief and being a parody of mystery plays. More skillfully directed and acted than the rest is the tale of a *Kind Lady* (Grace George) whose misguided humanitarianism leaves her prey to a gang of crooks. It achieves a creepy horror at her imprisonment in her own house—and pretty well defines the unambitious scope which the producers, Potter & Haight, have set themselves. *Double Door* (mystery with a lady villainess), *Post Road* (melodrama) and *Kind Lady*—smooth, competent, productions of plays which rank in the theatre with *Red Book* stories in literature.

If you have more respect for your time than to kill it with any of the above, remember the theatre is more than these. The most exciting productions I saw this

month were performed, one in the basement at 240 East 80th Street, and the other in an inaccessible Philadelphia suburb: the revue *So Leben Wir* by the German New Theatre Group, and Dreiser's *An American Tragedy* at the Hedgerow. (Too late for review are the Theatre of Action's C.C.C. play, *The Young Go First* and the Group's special performance of *The Tide Rises*.)

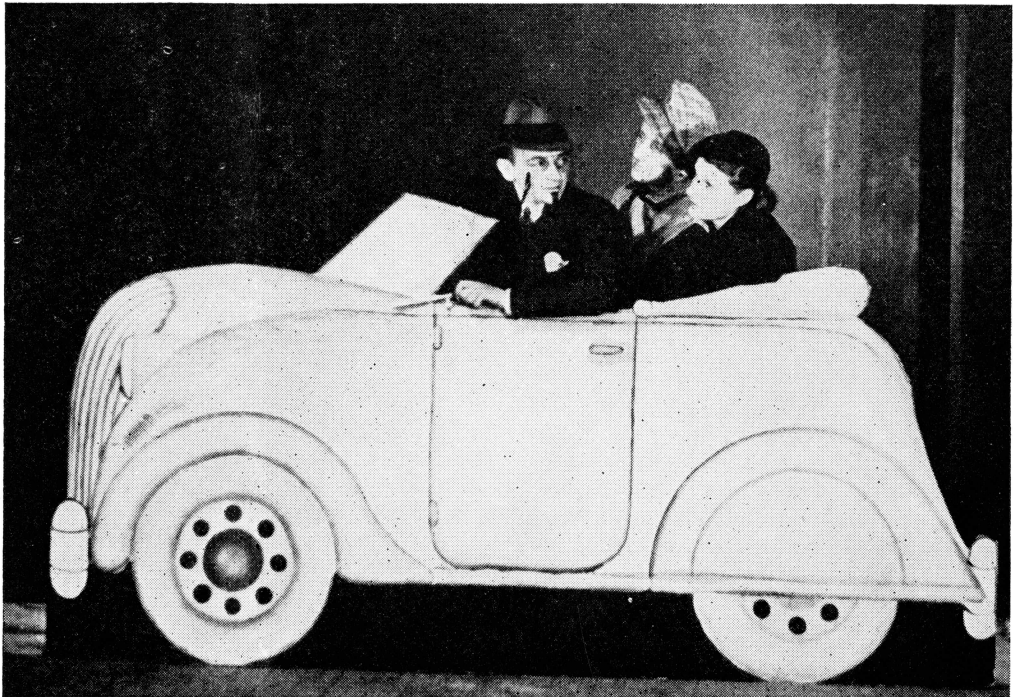
**I**F the theatre should be dramatic of itself, Broadway for all its ballyhoo and lights is not. If you want to see a theatre that is, go to the Anti-Nazi revue that is staged in the heart of Yorkville, New York's Nazi center, and see young German actors playing clearly and strongly and competently, to an audience of their neighbors, their satire of Hitlerism. These are shopkeepers and workers, people for years dispossessed from the theatre, who come to see a good musical show, and stay to be moved by strong laughter and shrewd ridicule against fascism. The best production to come out of a workers' theatre since *Newsboy*, its revue form makes it amusing for an English speaking audience as well as for Germans. It makes as craftsmanlike and effective a use as I have seen of the means at its command and the circumstances under which it works. The actors are not experienced and have great need of body and voice training as well as practice in many kinds of roles—therefore the revue form, with its short scenes and quick alternations of mood, of personalities, of songs and sketches, is used to relieve them

of the burden of sustained performances. Sharp (and inexpensive) changes of costumes and properties maintain the interest and variety. The most serious sequence, the series of scenes showing the coming of fascism in Germany, is extraordinarily moving and pointed. (The Repertory Department of the League will soon have it in translation for use of other theatres.) In 1930, a girl persuading her boy friend to go on a picnic with her instead of to a protest meeting against reaction—it's spring!; 1931, an old woman in a delicatessen store complaining of the high prices; a Social Democrat haranguing his listeners to keep in the middle of the road; then a file of prisoners singing the deep song of the concentration camps; the boy of the first scene saying goodbye to his girl as she prepares to escape across the border, telling her to carry the word of united front against fascism and war. Limited by the narrow hall, and small stage space, John Bonn shows in his settings the same craftsmanship that Rudolph Wittenberg put into writing and composing the revue for the company. The stage uses the full width of the room. Bonn makes two entrances on either side upstage, masked by flats parallel to the footlights, thus giving a variety of playing spaces: between the two flats, in front of each of them, the clear strip at the front of the stage, as well as full stage, the floor of the auditorium, and even the tops of the flats, across which one of the songs is sung. In this mastery of the limitations of the place and the company, as well as in the reaching of a real neigh-



The German New Theatre Group in *So Leben Wir*

Martin Harris



The German New Theatre Group in *So Leben Wir*

*Martin Harris*



The Aatef Players in *The Aristocraten*

borhood audience, the Neue Deutsche Theater Gruppe sets an example to the new theatres.

The New Theatre of Philadelphia could learn from them. Its members are a little hurt and puzzled by the adverse notices given them in the left-wing press; possibly also a little disappointed by the lack of excitement it caused in even the most reactionary Philadelphia papers. If *Too Late to Die* had appeared four years ago, it would have been acclaimed for its attempt to put real subject matter—evictions, relief, and the solidarity that can save the tenants—on the stage. The carelessness and inexperience of the play would have been forgiven as a first step in an important movement. But the theatre of social realism and protest has passed its first steps. For an audience which had already seen *Stevedore*, *Too Late to Die* was a retrogression. We have proved that such facts belong on the stage, but we have learned that our audience as much as any other deserves and demands effective artistry in presenting them. No theatre starting in a new city needs to repeat the painful steps and first bad productions of the pioneer groups. Even though their own members are inexperienced there are ways of taking advantage of what has already been done. Good scripts exist. While it is important to develop new playwrights (the author, Christopher Wood, is a member of the Philadelphia theatre) a whole theatre in an important town must not be held back while the playwright learns his craft. Inexperienced actors more than others need playable plays—and in this case the actors and director proved themselves more competent than the playwright they selected. He has an ear for characteristic American speech, but his many-scene account of the trials of one of the dispossessed was crudely descriptive rather than dramatic. With a large company such as the theatre has, it would be possible to try out a new playwright's work in an experimental studio production without risking the fate of the theatre upon it. The vitality of the actors, the size and

which they are a part.

IT was a curious experience to go from this fumbling effort by a consciously social theatre to a so-called "art" theatre, and find in the latter much that was missing in the former. Buried in the flowery suburb of Moylan, playing to a half-empty house, was *An American Tragedy* full of the intricacies of human variations, yet with the simple facts of class struggle stated in all plainness and firmness and factualness and mounted with exceeding artistry. In Piscator's dramatization, the novel becomes the tragedy of an individual torn between two classes: Clyde Griffiths in the no-man's-land of the middle class, torn between the working class of his origin and the fable of success and glamour. Jasper Deeter has disregarded Piscator's constructivist production with its elaborate elevators and other mechanical devices, and conceived the characters in human realistic terms. To the left of the audience and on the lower level, he plays the workers scenes, to the right and above, the wealthy. A Narrator introduces the play by stating its class theme, interrupts it at will as it proceeds, to make clear the life behind the individuals whom we see, argues with the characters about their course of action, confronts the audience suddenly and hostilely with their indifference to the tragedy before them. The device bears studying. It is sharply effective at moments, and certainly it makes the moral inescapable. On the other hand it tends when it interrupts to intellectualize the play—to make it a study, an example, but break its emotional hold. In his use of sound, and stage pictures, and movement to present an idea memorably, Deeter is a master. The Christmas Eve scene stands out. Clyde walks into a tailor's, tempted to buy a dress suit so that he can mingle with his wealthy relatives and spend the evening with Sandra, the debutante. The tailor, the tailor's dummy in the center stage create the scene without properties. At stage left with other voices behind them, three pretty choir girls sing Christmas carols with a photographic realism just

interest of the audience, prove the possibilities ahead of the Philadelphia New Theatre. Upon the individuals who make it up rests the important responsibility of turning themselves into a united group which will respect and satisfy the social and artistic hunger of an important audience, and integrate themselves with and take advantage of the country-wide movement of

touched with satire. At right shiver the gang of unemployed whom Clyde deserted when they were locked out of his uncle's factory. They bark, "You'll get pie in the sky when you die!" They know. The song grates and penetrates the beginning of the festivities above. Sound in ideology, sharp and mature in its artistry, moving in many of its scenes, created independently of theatre clichés and conventions—here is a production that has not yet found its audience. It belongs to the workers, and especially the lower middle class whose tragedy it is. It must come out of its secluded residential district, and find the audience which will with responsiveness and recognition cure its few flaws and bring it to life.

A play which knows its audience is *Aristocraten* the Artef's production of Scholem Aleichem's kitchen-and-parlor satire on the foibles and ignorance of the masters. It is not the most serious or important work of the Artef, but delightful it is, and altogether charming. A revival of the first production by Beno Schneider with the Yiddish-speaking company it has flash after flash of his rich inventiveness and lively humor. He has a gift of making physical and visible the most subtle facets of characterization, the most delicate as well as the most pointed satire. He is a craftsman in the theatre, and he knows that the theatre is action, movement, color, variety, as well as the recital of a playwright's lines. So he enriches and creates a whole life beneath the lines—until the lines become almost superfluous and a person who understands no Yiddish can follow his meaning and his humor. We have come to take the Artef's competence for granted, but for your own sake, do not miss this display of it.

This month produced also the first left-wing revue that we know of in a college. *My Country, Right or Left*, written by four Vassar upperclassmen and deftly directed by Hallie Flanagan, is interesting rather as an indication that thinking on social lines is fermenting in the colleges, than as a production to be repeated elsewhere. Its best moments are those which satirize the people they know: the chorus of debutantes, the polo players, the club-women, are neatly told off. The economic theory which it attempts to present is muddled, and the mechanical treatment of the workers is startlingly reminiscent of the earliest and crudest of agit-prop plays. This should be a beginning from which much clearer satire and more powerful expressions should come. As such we welcome it.

As we go to press, *Parade*, *Tide Rises* and *The Young Go First* have just played their opening performances, and, though *Black Pit* is closing, *Waiting for Lefty*, *Awake and Sing* and the Artef's new plays are still going strong. Yes . . . the Left theatres are forging ahead, and intelligent audiences sensitive to exciting and significant drama will keep them going strong while fussy old judges and fussy young things flock to *The Old Maid* if only to be able to say that they've seen the latest Pulitzer Prize Winner.





The Aatef Players in *The Aristocraten*

# The Third Stage

By PAUL LOVE

IT makes it difficult, as Mabel Dodge Luhan has asininely said, to cope, coping being one of those arduous tasks which demands mental and physical strain. No doubt it would be more pleasant to flow or to be content with a rose is a rose is a rose. And far more convenient than the necessity of regarding with unastonished eyes such things as Perpendicular Frontality, which is one of the "three great principles of ballet technique." It does seem a little late in life to be still thrilled at the ability to stand on two legs, and to say that the origin of this ability is to be found "in the court assemblies of the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries" stuns the mind and the tongue into silence. We hope Mr. Kirstein does not mean this, even though he says so very logically in paragraph 9 of his article on "The Dance as Theatre" in the May issue of *NEW THEATRE*.

The second great principle, "the extension of the human silhouette in a linear plane," we may dispense with, since it is no more than a technical feat. But the third, "the plasticity derived from display of different aspects of the body turning on the ground, or rising and falling in the air," is again astonishing. The Italian Futurists tried this in sculpture some time ago and achieved little more than a rock pile.

Whereupon we come to the crucial point. Mr. Kirstein asks: "Is it wise to cast away a form which is the residual, collective effort of four hundred years?" The disgruntled modern dancer, even up to the present moment, might say "Yes" unhesitatingly. The modern critic, however, would say "Yes" only with certain qualifications. It would not mean that the ballet should be entirely junked, that it has nothing whatsoever worth preserving. It would mean that the ballet as *The Dance*, as *The Only Form*, should be cast away.

And, by making this statement, the modern critic does something which neither Mr. Kirstein nor any other ballet critic, as far as I know, has done. He goes so far backward beyond the four hundred years that those four hundred diminish into one year, one minute. The world for him does not begin with the Italian Renaissance and continue on its course uninterrupted to the present day. Nor is the course of history either a cycle or a pendulum.

This is too short a space and, furthermore, it would be presumptuous on my part to go into any theory of technics, but some faint indications are necessary. Historically, little has been said about the ballet except that it was the child of the aristocracy, that the aristocracy was vanishing and therefore that the ballet should be on its death bed. It seems more important to say that the development of the ballet paralleled almost point for point the development of the machine civilization. It

was born and it flourished during the great period of science and invention. Similarly, painting was running along the same track, with interest less and less in the human, more and more in technique, perspective, composition, etc. The concretion of these efforts in painting was the Academy; the concretion of these efforts in the dance was the ballet school. Each developed its own science for perfection and each, eventually, stubbed its toe. Both Isadora and Fokine were aware of this, but Isadora made the larger jump. Fokine, despite his sense of the sterility of the ballet, remained an academician in the same manner as the Pre-Raphaelite painters in England.

FROM this point onward, there are several approaches to the modern dance. The easiest, I believe, is to regard these two forms (Ballet: rigid technique and Duncan: free expression) as a Tick and a Tock, with the modern dance at the present moment as the first attempt toward Tick-Tock. This may sound ridiculous; it is not.

The Duncan dance went to one extreme and dispensed with technique entirely, being too busy expressing its soul. Hence its art drowned in Formlessness. The ballet went to the opposite extreme and froze its art in mathematical technicalism, being too interested in how long a dancer can remain in the air during a leap, how long a leap he can make, how many times he can criss-cross his legs while making a jump. The final result of this preoccupation can be seen in the vaudeville's adagio dancing, which we may admire for its stunning acrobatics but which we cannot call art, since it is purely a form without meaning.

I have set Duncan's free expression and the ballet technique on opposite poles, the one with no technique, the other with too much; the one too close to Nature, the other too close to the Machine. Eisenstein has phrased it so: the hypertrophy of organic naturalism drowns the Art in formlessness; the hypertrophy of the purposive impulse causes the Art to freeze to a mathematical technicalism.

Eisenstein has applied these terms specifically to the film, generally to all art forms. His union of these two divergencies is based on the fact that all Art is Conflict. "In its substance it consists of a conflict between Natural Existence (Organic Inertia) and Purposive Initiative (Creative Impulse) . . . The limit of organic form (the passive Existence-principle) is Nature. The limit of rational form (the active Production-principle) is Industry. On the point of intersection between the two stands art."

We have had, on the one hand, dancers who wilt; we have had, on the other hand, dancers who are rigid. The free-expression dance is overburdened with Relaxation; the ballet is overburdened with Ten-

sion. The free-expression dance is an expression of Natural Existence (Organic Inertia) and hypertrophy of organic naturalism drowns the Art in formlessness. The ballet is an expression of Purposive Initiative (Creative Impulse) and hypertrophy of the purposive impulse causes the Art to freeze to a mathematical technicalism.

It was this sense of the necessity for the Hyde as well as for the Jekyll which impelled Fokine to look at (unfortunately) Alma Tadema, to be inspired by Isadora Duncan, to bring into the ballet the story and the pantomime. Unfortunately, he could never reconcile the two, for the simple reason that there were elements of the story which could not be expressed through the technique at his command. The ballet had been so busy conquering the air, conquering space, that it had forgotten the earth, just as painting had been so occupied with painting light and depicting space that it almost puffed away in Impressionism. To conquer the air it is necessary to remain at a high tension. Naturally, the human organism can remain so only for short periods and "poses" had to be invented to enable the body to rest. Realizing the lack of a large, encompassing Form in this sporadic business, the more revolutionary ballet dancers tried the story and pantomime, not understanding that an aerial technique could not express everything.

It took the modern dance to posit the simple truth that the body must move as an integer, and to point out that neither the Duncan nor the ballet body did so. In short, it took the Relaxation of the one and the Tension of the other and combined them into a single unit. It insists on such double terms as Tension-Relaxation, Push-Pull, Kinesis-Metakinesis. Isadora very specifically located the central dynamo of power in the chest, the seat of the rhythms of blood and breath. Because of this, most of her expression came through the arms, which had the closest physical connection with the chest. The ballet located it in two places: the focal point of the arms and of the legs, with the torso as a rigid pole between them: and because of its interest in space-conquering, most of its expression came through the legs. The separation of the arms and the legs forced the ballet to rely on the academician's theories of balance and symmetry in order to unify them.

THE modern dancer broke down the limitations inherent in either of these positions by stating that the source does not always have to be in one place; that it may shift from pelvis to torso to chest and even to the extremities, so long as that point is focused and all the members are related to it. Through this distinction, she opened up innumerable possibilities for vital movement and brought all the parts of the body into cohesion and integration.

As a result of this, Form came into the dance and Transitions became apparent.

(Continued on page 30)



The Weidman Group in *Studies in Conflict*, Men's Dance Recital

## Men Must Dance By GENE MARTEL

**M**EN have danced since the beginning. We all know that primitive man used movement as a means of making himself understood and of establishing a close communication with his gods, the forces that controlled the life around him. Throughout early civilization, the dance was an integral part of existence and celebrated almost every action of life. There were dances at the birth of a child, dances of courtship, of marriage, funeral dances, dances before and after battles. In many cases we find that men performed the most solemn dances, and there were those which no women were allowed even to witness, such as the initiation of a young boy into manhood.

Dancing was not a feminine pastime. Dancing was a Man's art—at least until the advent of the Ballet. The Ballet was born and flourished during the era of doublet and hose, lace cuffs, perukes, and snuff. These furnishings parallel its superficiality, its lack of wholesomeness and strength—a reflection of the court life of the period. Decidedly a feminine art, tending only towards prettiness, it robbed man of his essential quality of virile movement and expression.

After a long period of stagnation, a great force appeared in the person of Isadora Duncan. Her first appearance in St. Petersburg in 1905 was all that was necessary to set off the spark to the powder keg of the Modern Dance. Fokine, the great ballet master, believing thoroughly in her theories of freedom, but deploring her lack of sound technique, proceeded to inject her ideas into the established technique of the Ballet. He broke away from the old

academic form, with its rigidity of movement, and freed the whole body: making use of the hands, arms, and the torso where before only legs had moved.

Nijinsky continued the work of revolutionizing the Ballet. We find him enlarging upon the vocabulary of foot positions by adding movements in a straight line, composing even more exercises for parts of the body ignored by the traditional form, and advocating a point which is a stronghold of the Modern Dance—namely, that "any imaginable movement is good in dancing if it suits the idea which is its subject." In other words, a decided trend towards the masculine, since all qualities of movement became acceptable, and men could use movements which showed them off to better advantage. The emergence of this new force is not yet sufficiently recognized in relation to men.

The strangest and most amusing fact in connection with the Modern Dance is that, excluding Fokine and Nijinsky, women have been the leaders, with an art which is singularly masculine—ininitely more so than that of the majority of male dancers. We expect all our young female dancers to display great physical strength and we are likely to get it. Our men, however, fall short.

Ted Shawn is credited with pioneer work in the field of male dancing in this country. His contribution was truly great. In addition, he developed a form which directly preceded our modern understanding of significant movement. Using the ballet technique as a foundation, he added a new freedom resulting in the "barefoot ballet" of the Denishawn School.

If we examine Shawn's work today, we find that his Oriental characterizations served and still serve to introduce strong dramatic movement; but in those dances not in a foreign style, the movement is altogether decorative and personal in the sense of making the audience conscious of performer rather than composition. We see his movement in the extremities, but the torso remains dead. Being such a large portion of the body mass, the torso, if used fully, obviously creates a form of expression far superior to one in which only arms, legs, and head are employed.

**T**HE Modern Dance has as its male leader in this country Charles Weidman, who has done more for the use of masculine strength and dramatic movement in dancing than anyone heretofore. It is difficult for many people to get any kind of perspective on his contribution, inasmuch as he is still pioneering in the Modern Dance.

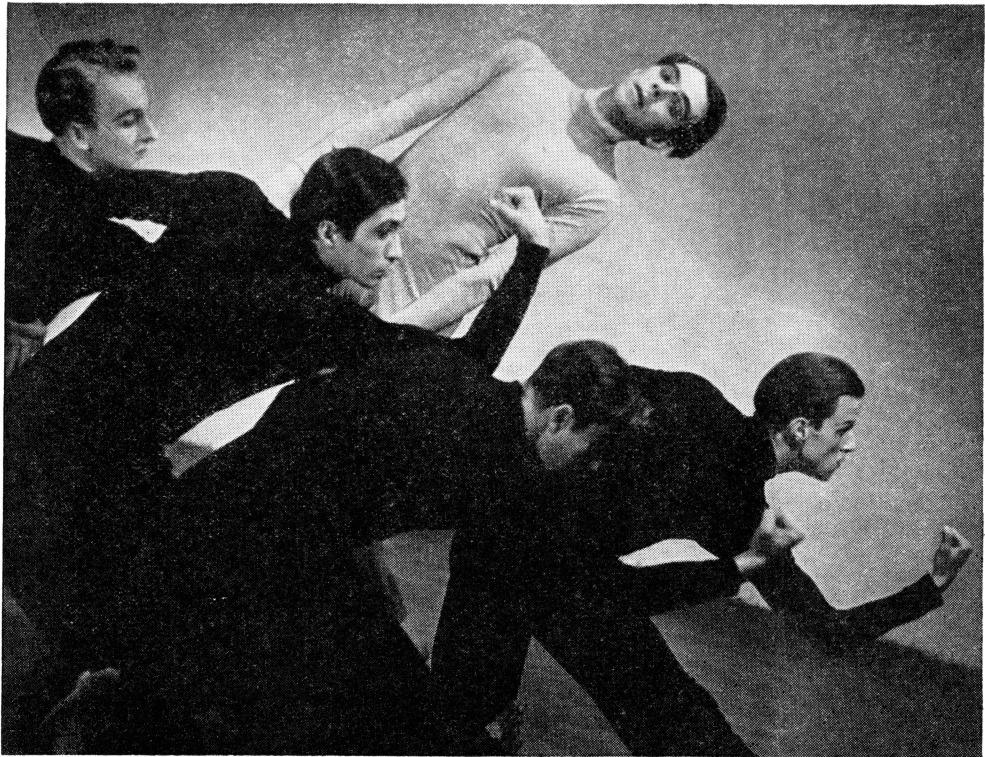
Man's interest in modern dancing comes as a result of many things. For one, he desires strength and flexibility, which the modern dance offers to a greater degree than a gymnasium and with less consciousness of military drill. Then, he feels the need of mental and bodily coordination and rhythm. And thirdly, there is an emotional outlet which he sometimes will not admit or perhaps has never been conscious of.

Because of the dance's return to virility, men in all walks of life are turning to it. Business men, factory workers, and men in professions outside the field of Art, are learning to dance. Men, in their every day activities, are in reality on the borderline of the dance. Acknowledged as the stronger sex, they have been more closely allied with those activities requiring greater scope of strength and movement. Even now, when woman is accepted as man's equal—when she is recognized in the fields of business and art, there are still the large-movement activities—operating the bigger machines, building, fighting wars, etc., in which she has very little or no part to play.

Since man has gone this far, he needs only to take one small step to understanding that his dancing can grow from these very movements he ordinarily employs. If he were to realize this fact, dancing would not strike him as a woman's pastime any more than a ball game does. Inhibitions must be broken down; technique, and the coordination of his experiences with dance symbolism acquired.

Our greatest problem is the lack of proper teachers for men. All artists are expected to build up a perfect balance of both masculine and feminine qualities in their work which eventually leads to a character described as neither masculine nor feminine but a synthesis of both. The intensity of a movement often determines its sex. There is the common ground whose movements refer to either and there are extremes which are either male or female. Most men are working with women teachers only so that they are over-balanced on the female side. Very few have had an intensely masculine influence. I believe it is important to their development as men dancers.





The Weidman Group in **Studies in Conflict**, Men's Dance Recital

Work has been devoted to developing technique suitable for men. But this does not necessarily mean that women are excluded from the possibility of executing it. Women and men, in doing the same exercises, naturally adapt the movements to their own requirements and physical capabilities. This brings us to a subject of vital importance.

So many people, including dancers, have a notion that there exist radical differences in the various schools of the Modern Dance, and allegiance is sworn to one or another of these schools. It is true that differences exist; but what exactly are they? They are not, as many imagine, inherent in the technique of body movement itself, for despite the fact that we have no standard system such as the ballet has, we are all speaking the same language. Each school, emphasizing its particular characteristics, can be likened to separate dialects of this language. The differences lie only in the approach to the subject, the personality of the teacher, and the peculiar specialization of certain movements.

**E**ACH dancer chooses his own method of attack, but in the final analysis is working along the same lines as every other dancer who recognizes the fundamental principles of movement—which are universal. Our modern schools have grown directly out of personalities. Wigman, Graham, Humphreys-Weidman, to cite the pioneers, have all established their schools and their concert companies in their own image. They have given the younger dancers the materials with which to work; and it is our job to use these materials in our own way, eliminating the personal characteristics of those who handed them down. Concerning specialization—personalities have developed to a high degree certain movements or principles of movement which they consider important. For example, one school has dramatized the very act of breathing to a point where the body acts in exaggerated movement of contraction and release; another school has stressed swing, vibration and so on. We have come to recognize the school a dancer has been the product of by these specialized movements.

Eventually there must be a dance which has an impersonal technique based on the general principles we all understand, and adapted to our own needs. No one should be branded as a Graham dancer or a Humphreys-Weidman dancer but merely as a dancer, with a background of all the training necessary to one who uses the body as his medium of expression.

The language of movement is universal, establishing the closest kind of communication among people who are otherwise estranged from each other. This contact must grow, carried on by a large portion of society, rather than by a few scattered individuals who die out and carry their art with them. Man has the harder fight, having grown away from using the body as a medium of artistic expression. The confidence, understanding, and support of men must be gained. Men *must* dance; it is their natural heritage.

## MEN'S DANCE RECITAL

**T**HE recital of dances by men given at the Park Theatre on May 3rd and 4th, was the first important step in the establishment of a sympathetic public for men in an art which for the last decade seemed dominated by women. That the men came through with flying colors, that they had style and verve, and a distinctive approach to the problems of dance, is part of the story; the evening in addition was interesting and at times definitely exciting.

The work of Charles Weidman, Jose Limon and their group was most representative, both from the standpoint of performers and subject-matter. Jose Limon, William Matons, Gene Martel, Irving Lansky, all performers of high technical proficiency, stem from the Weidman school, and it is also to Mr. Weidman's credit that their dances were most sympathetically received by an enthusiastic and friendly audience. *Studies in Conflict*, *Dance of Sports*, and *Traditions*, composed especially for the occasion, were group dances of fire and strength. The latter, a satiric commentary on the ridiculous collapse of decayed traditions, could have been more trenchant, if briefer. *Conflict* indicates how exciting dance cycles by men could be if this well trained group worked with specific *ideas* of conflict, rather than technical ones.

*Kinetic Pantomime* proved again the mastery of Mr. Weidman's dance wit. The

solo work of Jose Limon has a unique tone of inner exaltation that colors his dances to such an extent that one almost condones their abstractness. *Anathema* and *Parade* by Gene Martel prove this young dancer as a splendid technician whose specific message, however, seemed diffused and indeterminate. In all these dancers, including William Matons' *Demagog* and *Waiting for Relief* there is a tendency to reiterate and overstate beyond the actual demands of the matter at hand.

Ludwig Lefebvre's *Menace* and *Youth* seemed somewhat naive compared to the maturer work of the aforementioned artists. Roger Pryor Dodge's jazz studies lost some of their fresh rhythmic flavor on the concert stage. There remains the one exponent of the ballet school, William Dollar, whose dance evoked a definite performance on the part of an audience which, until then, showed no partisanship. The hisses and cheers were equally distributed. In both cases, we are sure that the talent of William Dollar was unquestioned; that the controversy was one of form and content. Of the latter, Dollar had none, of the former little can be said save that, on the concert stage, it seemed incongruous.

The program opens up tremendous possibilities for men in the dance. It is hoped that the New Dance League and New Theatre, sponsors of this performance, repeat the experiment and reach other artists who were unavailable at this time.

E. S.

## Towards a New Theatre

The *New Theatre League* is the national organization of all the new social theatres which are springing up to mark a renaissance in the American theatre, to indicate the upsurge of a living drama that reflects contemporary life and struggle, and that stands as a bulwark against the cultural degradation and menace of fascism, censorship and war. Little theatres, student, trade-union and farmers dramatic groups—all are linked together in the *New Theatre League*.

Anyone connected with any theatre, amateur or professional, can join the N.T.L. Amateurs without past experience can join if they belong to or are establishing a new theatre. Write now! Membership, only 25c a year.

### NEW THEATRE LEAGUE SERVICES

REPERTORY—*Exhibit A* by McCall.  
*Great Philanthropist* by P. Barber.  
*Sharecroppers Unite* by Levin  
*We Shall Conquer* by Ben Blake  
*Hunger Strike* by W. Anderson  
*Newsboy*, *Waiting For Lefty*, etc.  
20c to \$1.25 (50% off for N.T.L.)

TRAINING: Schools in Chicago, New York, and Los Angeles. Courses in acting, playwriting, directing, stage craft, social basis of drama. Summer school now being planned. Write now for information. 50% off regular prices for N.T.L. members.

BOOKINGS: Dramatic Groups, Dance Groups, Lecturers on Theatre, Film and Dance, Singers, Entertainers, Orchestras. Programs of all types at low cost. Let us arrange your party or affair.

## NEW THEATRE LEAGUE

National Office - CH. 2-9523  
114 W. 14th St., New York City

Mid-West Office  
20 W. Jackson St., Chicago, Ill.

# Color in The Films

An Interview with  
ROBERT EDMOND JONES

WE are faced with a new art. Robert Edmond Jones is back from experimentation with the first full-length color film *Becky Sharp*. "I worked harder, I thought better, I was more concentrated and stimulated than I've ever been in my life before." Once a pioneer in the theatre and always outstanding as a perceptive and tasteful stage designer, his analysis, and even more his creative enthusiasm for the new film possibilities command attention. He has acclaimed the color film in other articles and interviews. In talking to him I groped for the answers to these questions: what will color movies mean to the public, to the artist, and to the workers in the industry?

Color is definitely here. "All the technical problems are conquered. We can get absolutely accurate recordings of every tone and value—this room—the draperies—the silk texture—the shadows—flesh tones—without blurring or distortion. It's still difficult. The lighting has to be controlled very carefully. It's more expensive. But the point is, it can be done."

Color will require as complete a making over of movie technique as did the addition of sound to the silent films. It is an integral element of a picture—but the present form is built upon its absence. Its use means much more than the mechanical recording of the colors on the lot which the camera heretofore has blotted out. It means, whether the producers know and like it or not, new problems and immense new possibilities. For one thing, color can give the illusion of depth to an otherwise flat picture. For another, it accentuates and complicates the composition of every shot. It makes a problem of every object included in the film frame. But chiefly, and positively, it has a dramatic power and meaning that has to be controlled and used: color can give emphasis, mood, characterization, much stronger reality, much sharper and more interesting fantasy. "We learned long ago the emotional power of color on the stage. Imagine it on the screen!"

These complications lead to one thing: control by an artist, or, as Mr. Jones specifies, "a colorist." The interior decorator and costumière are no longer sufficient to supervise the visual aspect of the films. (And if, as the interviewer believes, they never were, Mr. Jones' point still holds, for color will make their dramatic deficiencies apparent.) Artists to plan a production become as necessary as a writer to plot it. Whether it should or not before, cutting cannot with color be left to free experiment after the shooting is done. On *Becky Sharp* Jones worked four months before a camera clicked, making color sketches of key moments in each sequence in addition to his scene and costume drawings. He planned the dominant colors to

be used in each sequence, the modulation into the following sequence, even some of the transitions from long shot to close-up in the same sequence. He worked out a plot for the progression of color throughout the entire film: beginning with low values so that the color is almost unperceived in the opening shots, and building climactically to bright posterous color harmonies in the scenes of dramatic action. He studied the characters: Becky, a vivid personality, conventionally wicked, would have made of her every costume a *tour de force*—he gave her theatrical colors, frequent changes of dress; Amelia, who plays opposite her, is an almost neutral character with a mild Victorian sweetness—her clothes had to be sweet pinks and blues.

"For such work artists *must* be used. And the implications of *that* are so enormous that they are hard to grasp: I wouldn't like to say for the first time in history—but certainly for the first time in centuries—the artist will have the chance—in fact he will be forced—to come into direct contact with masses of people. His work will be seen; it will have influence. He will have to work. On a production schedule. That prospect doesn't frighten me. Michaelangelo did too."

(This is the prospect for the artist, according to Jones. It is the optimism of a high-salaried and carefully-treated expert who, moreover, is interested above all in the uncontroversial matter of technique. Even when one tempers his statement with well-tryed cynicism as to the use and standards to which artists-in-Hollywood will be held—even then the fact of the medium and the mass audience remains.)

The public, says Jones, will like color because it is more real and more exciting than black and white; will insist on color once they've seen it; will learn to like and use good color just as they've been trained to good music over the air . . .

(But the analogy proves a different point from his: the probability that cheap color work will pervade the screen just as cheap music chokes the air—the only thing for which there is no counterpart is the good music which already existed, so that the radio stations could simply set up their microphones to transmit it. The radio—run for profits from and for advertisers—has not created good music. What it has done, like the movies, is to spread as vicious and more vivid pro-war and anti-labor propaganda than the newspapers, under more stringent and more centralized censorship. For what end will the bankers use these "more convincing and more emotional and more vivid" films? In the single-mindedness of Mr. Jones' absorption in the technique such thoughts seemed irrelevant. Yet they might stop more socially-minded artists. And I wondered whether even in the field of "pure" art the businessman, chasing profits, might not lose interest in say, a man of Jones' talent and artistic range if his experiments took a direction that promised no cash returns. In fact I was not wondering, I was

thinking that it had happened to writers and actors and directors so regularly that they themselves forget what films they might be making if they were free.)

Mr. Jones was not reading my mind. "The public," he was saying, "once the novelty has worn off, will demand not merely color, but good color. And, incidentally, they won't pay any more than they do now."

"Who will pay the cost of the extra color?"

"Well, the companies needn't make the profits they do, nor pay the ridiculous top salaries . . ."

"Oh . . . What guarantee is there that they won't take it out on the extras, the lower-paid technicians, who, we understand, are already underpaid?"

"I don't know . . ."

"Here's a magnificent invention," I was thinking, "and one's afraid to hear of it because of the way it may be used. . . .")

M.D.T.



USSR  
(RUSSIA)

Send  
a **TORGsin ORDER**  
to your relatives in the  
U.S.S.R.—Torgsin Stores are  
located in all the larger  
cities of the Soviet Union  
and carry about 15,000  
different domestic and  
imported articles of  
high quality.

Prices compare favorably  
with those in  
America.

For Torgsin Orders  
see your local bank  
or authorized agent.



TORGsin

General Representative in U.S.A. at  
AMTORG, 261 Fifth Ave., N.Y.



# Movies About Us

By ROBERT GESSNER

EVERY time I come out of a movie, when I hit the hard pavement and the overhead lights and the street jam, I say, "Well, that's just about what you expected, wasn't it?" And despite the reality of the taxi-brakes and monoxide I'd turn around and go back in the next time. That is, I used to. But I haven't gone back since *Black Fury*.

Well, then, if the movies Hollywood offers us continue to slobber vulgarities based on decadent philistine tastes and ideas, or drip sentimentalities designed to cool the heated brow of a socially-ill body politic, or romantic song-and-dances drawing curtains across the slow, plodding bread-line, or now brazenly express the ideals of fascism—if all these continue month after month for years now, what are we going to do if we want movies about us?

First of all, who are we? We are labor in America. We are the mass of the American people who are fed up with the National Run Around. And there's plenty more like us, getting more truth-conscious every day. And for us the cinema is not only a cultural habit, more than any other entertainment, but it is a *revolutionary necessity*. Lenin once told Lunacharsky that he should "bear in mind that of all the arts the cinema is the most important for us."

Who, then, is going to make our films? The answer is obvious—if we can no longer expect Hollywood to make films of reality, films of labor, then we must make them for ourselves.

Immediately, a hundred questions arise: how, where, with what? These inquiries need not floor us this time. The answer is: It's been done. The baby's been growing nicely all this time, thank you—in fact, too quietly. Not enough people know, have heard, and are assisting. It is a shame that more people have not come to an understanding and appreciation of the work of the Film and Photo League. Fortunately, the recent premiere of the League's latest production gives me an opportunity to review the achievements of the revolutionary film to date.

*Taxi* is the first feature film in America about us and produced by us. Although it is the first enacted movie by the Film and Photo League, it will perhaps be on record as time goes on as their worst. From the point of view of production, it is disappointing: the photography is erratic and amateurish; the direction is almost entirely absent and the editing is weak, the titles misplaced and poorly worded. The scenario, if any, is so much in the background that you feel the cameraman is doing the writing while shooting. All this is obvious. But these faults are *not* the important features of this film. They are redeemable faults, which can be easily corrected by experienced and competent creators. The importance of *Taxi* is that it shows *what can*

*be done*. Because of the material it deals with—the struggles of the taxi-drivers—the film is interesting. The raw meat of social reality is preferable diet to the cream-puffs of Hollywood. This we know. We have the material for production. What is needed is the immediate production of good films.

The Film and Photo League has done pioneering work in its production of shorts. It has proven a technical proficiency in editing newsreels and shooting short stuff around New York. *America Today*, for example, is a fine example of revolutionary montage. From commercial newsreels the story of America today has been graphically told. The section on Roosevelt is perfect: showing the President signing a bill—then a shot of the Fleet at maneuvers firing off broadsides—then Roosevelt blotting his signature and looking up at the camera and giving the ol' campaign smile. The Ambridge massacre sequence is also in *America Today*. I'd like to know why this short hasn't been more widely shown, especially to workers' clubs throughout the country. And the workers will wonder too, when they've seen it, why it's been in a vault. The commercial distributors took the Ambridge shots off the screen when they saw it, believing such true "propaganda" too hot to handle. Has it been too cold for us?

**I**N *World In Review* Hitler salutes and the Hitlerites march. Here also is a perfect montage of Mussolini speaking, where his oratory (silent) is interspersed with the cheers of the crowd: the demagogue jerking the puppet strings. *World in Review* likewise deserves a wider distribution.

*United Front* is a documented short on the recent Madison Square demonstration against fascist legislation. The indoor shots are as good as any of its type I've seen. The same can be said for the documentary job just finished on the I. W. O.

congress, also in Madison Square. The direction and editing of Edward Kern in *United Front* is excellent. This short should do much, when distributed through the American League Against War and Fascism, to gain new recruits in the fight.

*East Side, West Side* is a hodge-podge of interesting shots, attempting to contrast the life in New York on the opposite sides of Fifth Avenue. This is a swell idea, and should be taken up more seriously and done probably as a feature. The shots for instance, of models in expensive show-windows and the revolving doors and the fainting Prometheus of Rockefeller Center are both humorous and pathetic alongside of West Side breadlines and evictions.

*Marine* is the best creative short yet done by the League. It was directed by Edward Kern and shot by Leo Seltzer. The short is an attempt to portray the struggles of longshoremen, and is done by shooting their life from the moment they awake at dawn sleeping out on the docks of New York. The photography of this early sequence is artistically excellent. The actors are the workers themselves, many of them not knowing they were being shot, and the result has been better than most Hollywood casting. *Marine* is weak, however, on scenario. This is the general weakness of all the creative productions of the League. The acting of *Taxi* is the best part of the film, because the taxi-drivers themselves did their stuff together with professionals from the Theatre Union—but the scenario was the weakest factor, as it was in *East Side, West Side*.

We have the actors—the American working class is our casting list—and we have some trained producers. A few of us have done time in the jails of Hollywood. What is needed is coordinated action for production—and money. These problems can best be solved by reorganizing and enlarging the League until it becomes for the workers in the field of cinema what the New Theatre League already is in the theatre. Then we can have full-length movies with sound which will be, as a weapon *against* war and fascism and *for* the workers, "the most important for us."

## Association of Dalcroze Teachers in America

9 EAST 59TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

The complete list of authorized teachers of Dalcroze Eurhythmics in New York and vicinity is as follows:

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| Paul Boepple, 9 E. 59th St.                        | Frances Teall-Mangravite, 281 Rye Beach Ave., Rye, N. Y. |
| Helen Clarke, 15 E. 10th St.                       | Irene Mittelsdorf, 131 Connet Place, S. Orange, N. J.    |
| John Colman, 9 E. 59th St.                         | Hannah Neviasky, 9 E. 59th St.                           |
| Gabrielle Egger, 9 E. 59th St.                     | Harvey Pollins, 71 W. 55th St.                           |
| Elsa Findlay, 264 Fifth Ave.                       | Nelly Reuschel, 50 W. 88th St.                           |
| Johanne Gjerulff, 9 E. 59th St.                    | Loma Roberts, 9 E. 59th St.                              |
| Emilie Hahn, 999 Pelham Parkway                    | Ethel Robeson Keller, 321 W. 92nd St.                    |
| Lucy Duncan Hall, 80 Washington Square East, N. Y. | Lola Rom, 7 E. 62nd St.                                  |
| Marguerite Heaton, 2 E. 65th St.                   | Mita Rom, 7 E. 62nd St.                                  |
| Inda Howland, 174 W. 4th St.                       | Frieda Schoenfeld, 321 E. 54th St.                       |
| Laya Kessner, 119 E. 17th St.                      | Doris Suckling, 116 E. 59th St.                          |
| Fiona McCleary, 319 E. 50th St.                    |  |

# Voice of the Audience

## New Theatre in Detroit

To the Editors of NEW THEATRE:

I watched an elderly, well-groomed corpse go through precise and elegant motions to a pitterpatter of refined applause. The following evening I saw a lusty, bright-eyed kid, with a raucous voice and gestures that were at times a little crude, bring the flesh and blood of life to the eyes and ears and hearts of those who knew how to applaud without restraint.

The elegant corpse—unfortunately it stank a bit—was the dramatization of Sinclair Lewis' *Dodsworth*. It is a neat, tailor-made drama about a bunch of lost souls in search of a means of killing time—stale variations on a staler theme. I don't know whether Broadway gave this piece of dramatic upholstery three stars or not, but it is a splendid illustration of the vast and meticulous vacuity of contemporary bourgeois art.

The lusty young kid was New Theatre Night, presented by the New Theatre Union and the New Dance Group of Detroit. They are both outgrowths of the John Reed Club of Detroit. There is nothing unique about them. In that fact lies their significance—the fact that all over the country such groups are springing up and are collectively helping to create something that is unique; revolutionary proletarian culture and art.

Two years ago, when I first saw the dramatic and dance groups of the Detroit John Reed Club, they were well-meaning but callow, with an air of fumbling improvisation about their performances. Today the New Theatre Union is capable of such a sparkling production as *Opus 1935—A Flat* by Lewis Fall, and the symphonic breadth of Kreyborg's *America, America*, while the New Dance Group, in *Strike*, has done something at once imaginative, stirring and beautiful.

There is a danger facing the New Theatre Union: that it will try to bite off more than it can chew. This was apparent in its production of the one-act play, *God's In His Heaven*. It was the weakest number on the program, and the fault does not lie entirely with the play, which is technically and ideologically immature. The New Theatre Union, it seems to me, will have to decide whether it is going to concentrate on developing a stationary theatre or, as in the past, on the form that has become known as the agit-prop play. At present Detroit does not have the forces for both. The production of *God's In His Heaven* revealed the difficulties that the realistic theatre presents for a non-professional group of young workers and students who have only spare evenings to devote to the job. A good production required much more work and more rigorous training than the New Theatre Union was able to give it—much more than was required to achieve the effect of *America, America*.

But these problems are also part of the growing pains. And the past of the New Theatre Union is a guarantee that its future will hammer out their solution.

A. B. MAGIL

## Help Free Corea Senda

International Union of Revolutionary Theatres  
Petrovka 10, Suite 69  
Moscow, U.S.S.R.

April 2, 1935

Dear Friends:—

For more than two years, the famous Japanese actor and director Corea Senda (his real name, Kunio Ito—member of the Secretariat of I.U.R.T.) languishes in Japanese jails. Corea Senda is not only well-known in Japan but in many other countries, as well. The regisseur and theatre critic, Ryokiti Sugimoto (member of the Federation of the Proletarian Cultural Organization in Japan) has also been imprisoned for more than a year.

Participation in the revolutionary theatre movement, is the accusation brought against these two workers. The Japanese police thought that by imprisoning our friends they would crush the movement. But this is not the case.

The source and foundation of the revolutionary theatre movement in Japan lies in the general impoverished and oppressed condition of the Japanese people.

The secretariat of the International Union of the Revolutionary Theatre appeals to you to organize a special committee which will struggle for the liberation of Corea Senda, and Ryokiti Sugimoto. Prominent representatives of the artistic intelligentsia must be drawn into this committee, as for example, directors, playwrights, actors, etc.

Duties of this committee:

1. Issue an appeal to the world artistic intelligentsia demanding them to protest against Corea Senda (Kunio Ito—brother of the famous dancer in Hollywood, Michio Ito) and Ryokiti Sugimoto being imprisoned without trial.

2. Organize meetings of protest.

3. Send telegrams and letters of protest to the Japanese government.

4. Send a delegation to the Japanese embassy with a demand for the release of these workers.

5. Publish the facts of the Senda-Sugimoto case so that the friends of the NEW THEATRE in America will assist in fighting this case.

(Signed) HEINRICH DIAMANT

## A Healthy Criticism

To NEW THEATRE:

The Theatre of the Workers School, following the general broadening tendency, has changed its name to the New Theatre Players. It carries with this action a clearer definition of policy.

It feels that most left-wing theatre groups are far too ready to swing to large-scale productions. This relieves them of a primary obligation—that of bringing the Theatre directly to the workers' organizations. The New Theatre Players has determined to continue limiting itself to so-called "shock-troupe" work. This means concentrating on the writing and producing of plays of less than thirty minutes duration, with small casts and simple props.

This type of play has been presented on over fifty week-end bookings since last Fall. It has been found to be of the greatest value in entertaining and propagandizing all organizations that may be brought into the struggle against war and fascism.

The two acting units of The New Theatre Players are now working on *The Miners of Pecs* by Walt Anderson, and *One of the Bravest*, a play about Nazi Germany, by E. V. Abeles. These plays shall be produced with an eye out for mobility. If there is any loss of artistic quality, it will simply indicate that more attention than ever must be given to the development of this form.

—Submitted by M. Shore,  
New Theatre Players,  
47 East 12th St., N. Y. C.

## More About Clifford Odets

May 15, 1935.

To NEW THEATRE:

A revolutionary movement grows and expands as a kind of huge amalgam and common denominator of thousands upon thousands of individual problems, of countless distresses, hopes, fears, insecurities, sorrows and tragedies, dreams, aspirations, fantasies, desires, frustrations lodged in the consciousness of individual human beings. One of the functions of revolutionary literature is through the various efforts of different revolutionary writers to reveal and recreate a sense of some of these things, to give a sense of the background of individual problems and distresses and troubles and aspirations out of which the revolutionary movement grows. By so doing, it intensifies our awareness, deepens our emotions, gives us a more organized insight into that human material which is the agent of any social movement.

This function is precisely the one which Clifford Odets performs, I think, in his admirable *Awake and Sing*. In this play, he

reveals to us not merely the Jewish lower middle class of the Bronx, but rather a section of the lower middle class of America. He recreates the pressures destroying and crippling their lives and mangling their personalities, and he establishes against this defeat and frustration, the revolt of a younger generation which refuses to meet the same fate supinely and with a shabby philosophy of resignation. He tells us hence not only to awake and sing, but also some of the reasons why we should, and why people do, awake and sing. In so doing, he establishes a background, and the revolutionary theme of his play has an internal conviction, and it is thereby to be distinguished from so much ineffectual revolutionary writing, both in the drama and in fiction.

In addition there is revealed in his play an enviable competent and alive sense of dialogue, and a grasp of the technique of play writing. Thus, to cite one example, he can put seven people on the stage at the same time, and make them all stand out as clear cut and distinct characters.

JAMES T. FARRELL,

## From An Old Friend

Vassar College  
Poughkeepsie, New York

To NEW THEATRE:

Your magazine grows better each time it appears. It is rather startling to remember that an article I wrote for *Theatre Arts* in 1933 on "Theatre As A Weapon," in which I discussed the workers' theatre movement and the Workers' Laboratory Theatre magazine (at that time mimeographed) was jumped upon by all sorts of people who wrote in to say that I was drawing on my imagination, that no such movement existed. Mrs. Isaacs received a storm of criticism for printing the article, and one irate gentleman from Chicago wrote "This writer is crazy. I have lived in Chicago for twenty-five years and no workers' theatre exists here."

HALLIE FLANAGAN

Langston Hughes  
Eugene Gordon  
Paul Robeson

and many others  
write about

**THE NEGRO**  
on the  
**WHITE MAN'S**  
**STAGE**

IN THE 40-PAGE JULY  
ISSUE OF

**NEW THEATRE**

Write for Sample Copy—15c

c/o P. O. Box 67, Station O, N. Y. C.

# New Theatre League Schools

5:30 P. M. Buildings are fast emptying their human contents. The majority of these hurrying forms are going home to rest, to eat, to play, but a few are on their way to 114 W. 14th Street. There, after a day's work in shop and office, these people come to study. By a quarter of six a full classroom is concentrating on an improvisation. The problems of the office are thrown aside for the problem of expression in pantomime. This is the Acting Class. Or perhaps you have come upon a scene "in the park." Groups of five and six are working under the supervision of several on the side lines, who are intently watching and correcting every move. This is the Directing Class. Later we open another door and what seems to be an Indian Reservation is the Make Up class struggling with the correct application of foundation grease. Miniature replicas of overstuffed chairs, sofas, etc. are part of a set for a problem in Stage Technique and is the handiwork of a boy who spends his days over a set of accounting books. Every day in the week, from five o'clock until nine, full classes are working and training working-people in the fundamental principles of theatre technique. This is the newly reorganized New Theatre League National Training School. Here are being developed the voices that will be heard more and more in the theatre.

The necessity of raising the technical standard of amateur theatres has long been recognized. The New Theatre League has worked within their groups along these lines, sending directors to work with them, organizing special classes, etc. but with the inception of the National Training School, the aim of raising the technical standard of the theatre has been realized to a greater degree than ever before. While the School is organized for the specific benefit of New Theatre League dramatic groups, the Spring Term of the school opened its doors for the first time to persons not affiliated with the League. One hundred and sixty-five students were enrolled in this session. This response conveyed the desire felt for cultural improvement as well as the need for technical training in the theatrical arts. Particularly gratifying was the response of the affiliated groups. Representatives were sent to cover every course in the curriculum. Groups from all over New York, Newark, Elizabeth, Bayonne, and even Pennsylvania were represented. These workers are determined upon a theatre of their own and are avidly acquiring the fundamentals necessary for their expression. For the most part, delegates were sent at the expense of the entire company. Hard earned dimes and quarters made up the tuition for the chosen one. The training gained here will be taken back to the theatres and disseminated in the process of production. Workers in factories, in offices, who have desired this means of expression and who have labored to perform crudely, are now reaping the benefits of specific training. Others, not associated in dramatic circles, who have not had the wherewithal to develop their tendencies in this field, are being brought into the work. They attend classes and the desire to crystallize this training motivates them to join theatres or to organize their own.

The problem of bringing training of a satisfying calibre, at an expenditure within the reach of these groups, has been accomplished. It is due to the generosity of the people who have come forward and volunteered their services and their training that New Theatre League is able to point with pride to one of the really fine theatrical workshops in New York. The names of Elia Kazan, J. Edward Bromberg, Tamara Daykarkhanova, Art Smith, Philip Barber, and others of merit, place the Training School in the very first ranks of institutions of this nature. The curriculum is one of the most complete, covering every field of work in the theatre.

Because of this enthusiastic response, plans are already under way to enlarge both the scope and the enrollment of the school, next fall. The New Theatre League and New

Dance League are planning courses together, with several classes in a course scheduled to take care of the large enrollment. It is planned also to raise funds for scholarships to be awarded to representatives of affiliated theatres and dance groups throughout the country. These scholarships will enable the student to live in New York and attend classes at no personal expense.

No longer will dramatic or dance training be the hobby of the rich or stage-struck individual. Instead the new trends in the theatre and dance will be nourished and developed by those instructors and students cooperating in the maintenance of the New Theatre League and New Dance League National Training School.

HATTIE GREENE

## THE THEATRE COLLECTIVE IN PRODUCTION

ON the north side of Washington Square one of America's best known and least seen revolutionary theatres is working its young head off toward production. To date the Theatre Collective has never been accused of resting on its past laurels—because it hasn't any to rest on.

Through the experience gained after several unsuccessful full-length productions, it is now possible for us to give our friends and those who are not acquainted with us the following rough statement of our status quo.

The Theatre Collective today has studios with a registered membership of 150 people. Classes are in session night and day, while some three hundred applicants, both amateurs and professional theatre people of long experience have had to be turned away, temporarily at least, for lack of space and instructors.

Attracted by the program and aims of the Theatre Collective some of the finest forces of the professional theatre have come to us as instructors, actors, directors, and playwrights. Most of these are from the Group Theatre, whose productions of *Awake and Sing*, *Waiting For Lefty* and *Till the Day I Die* are now Broadway hits. From the Group Theatre we have such outstanding artists as Lee Strassberg, Morris Carnovsky, Sanford Meisner, Virginia Farmer, Cheryl Crawford, Lewis Leverett, Art Smith and Bobby Lewis. We have also had the assistance of Herman Shumlin, noted producer and director of *Grand Hotel* and *The Children's Hour*. From the Yale Dramatic School where he was Professor George Pierce Baker's assistant came Philip Barber to head our department of playwrights.

We are working under one system of training—in the Stanislavsky Method. Therefore, in our studies we have classes in fundamentals of acting, body work, voice, scene designing, playwrighting, directing and Marxism, coordinated and related to one another so that one goes from class to class with no conflict of method or approach. Our class in Marxism is as important to our development as a theatre. For, in order to project clearly our ideology, we must clearly understand it. We are not a theatre in a vacuum. We are a workers theatre, and it is our aim to present in the highest artistic form of which we are capable the true picture of the lives and struggles of the working class. And, as has been said before, the truth today is revolutionary. That, and precisely that, has been our real attraction for the intellectually honest workers of the professional theatre. They have sought us out because they have wanted to be a part of a living and vital theatre. And they have given, tirelessly, of their time and knowledge to the building of the Theatre Collective and other workers theatres.

Because of our intensive training with the aid of these professional forces, we now have an acting company in action. And this summer will see its first production. We have, be-

sides, an ambitious program for early fall production. It is already in work, and is to be known as the *Struggle in America* program. Every department of the Theatre Collective is busy now and will remain at work through the summer months preparing for this production, which will be a vital kaleidoscopic view of the American scene.

Other workers theatres are making use of our studios and instructors to gain experience and training, and we ourselves expect to send out our own trained forces to other pioneering groups the country over, bringing to them, as soon as possible, the guidance and help which we in New York have so fortunately received from those fine and sympathetic professionals.

R. CLARK

*Note:* The descriptions of the New Theatre League and the Theatre Collective School given above illustrate the type of school that will be forced under if the Sullivan Bill for licensing art and trade schools should go through. Its substitute, outlined in a letter from Bernard S. Deutsch, president of the Board of Aldermen, to the editors of *The American Dancer*, is merely more inclusive than the earlier measure, and turns over the sole power to grant licenses to an individual, the Commissioner of Licenses.

Schools and teachers, aware of the viciousness implicit in the measures, have got their organizations under way. The Dancers Union, since its appeal in April, has formed a Dancers Committee representing 32 dance organizations to combat the bills. This became the nucleus of a Joint Action Committee, including the New Theatre League, Artists' Union, Writers' Union, Theatre Union, Group Theatre, Workers School, Theatre of Action, Composers Collective, Pierre Degeyer Club, John Reed School of Art, and many other cultural organizations. The Committee has already been instrumental in reaching thousands of prospective victims of this restrictive measure, which would cut off schools and productions, act as tax-collector, censor, and police.

Unless an immediate rally of all cultural groups forces the withdrawal of these bills and all other like measures, it is easy to see whose hands the rising new cultural movement will fall into, and what excuses can be invented for cutting off artist from audience again. Support the Joint Committee; send in your protest against the Sullivan Bill and its substitutes; maintain our movement against its enemies.

**THE CLIMAX OF  
NATIONAL THEATRE  
WEEK**

●

**15 New Theatre Groups  
in 15 New Plays**

●

**TWO NIGHTS OF  
Dramatic  
Competitions**

●

**Different Program Each Night**

**FRIDAY, MAY 31  
SATURDAY, JUNE 1**

●

**8.30 P. M.**

**Manhattan Lyceum**  
66 East 4th St. New York

---

Adm. one night 25c and 40c  
Comb. two nights 35c and 55c

---

**Tickets Information**  
**NEW THEATRE LEAGUE**  
114 W. 14 St. CHelsea 2-9523



# The People's Dance

By RICHARD CHASE

**T**HAT America has a "Folk-dance"—one of the most highly developed group-dances that any people has ever evolved—is a fact that is hardly known to us as a nation. This traditional dance is done by the working classes of our rural areas from New York state to as far west as Colorado; but it is particularly native to the South—to the entire rural South, and is not confined to the Southern Mountains.

The origin of this dance is, at present, unknown. It may have been brought over from the north of Ireland by the "Scotch-Irish"; but it has grown and been given its form by its use in this country until it has become "American." It resembles only one other known English Country Dance out of some two-hundred known dances. It shows traces of primitive ritual-dance including many figures from the Sword Dance of northern England.

The late Cecil J. Sharp, foremost authority on the traditional music, songs, and dances of England and Anglo-America, recorded the dance on one of his ballad-hunting trips in Kentucky and took it back to England where it has become quite popular. The dance was called by Mr. Sharp "The Running Set" and it is known by this name to the members of the English Folk Dance Society in England and in New York and Boston. This name is Mr. Sharp's invention, and was probably due to the fact that the Kentuckians spoke of "running a Set" instead of "doing a dance." (The hill-country Baptists frown on the word "dance" but give a grudging consent if the young folk call their "playing" a "Set" or a "Play Party.")

Our people have no one name for the dance, since its general style and its run of Figures vary from State to State, or, in the most isolated regions, from one side of a ridge to the other! It is called "Square Dance," "Barn Dance," "Country Dance," and by such names as "Break Down" (Alabama) or "Kitchen Hop" (New York). However, the pattern of the dance is universal: a "round for four couples," or, in its more recent and perhaps corrupted form, a "round for as many as will." Within either of these two forms is an almost unlimited number of Figures usually involving two couples at a time.

The Figures done are determined by the "Caller" whose shouted directions, usually in rhymed couplets, keep the Set coordinated.

A full description of the dance is impossible in the scope of this article, but an attempt to give the general nature of one four-couple Set may help to visualize its actual form.

As the four couples stand in a "square," the men have their partners on their right; the woman on the man's left is his "Corner." The couples are numbered counter-clockwise, 1st to 4th. Here are a few "Calls" and their execution:

"All hands around and circle to the left"—the four couples join hands in a ring and move around clockwise once, to places;

"Turn your partner once around"—men turn their partners clockwise, a half-turn (hands engaging elbows);

"Turn your corner upside down"—men move on the outside of the Set and turn their Corners in the same way;

"Take your own and promenade home"—men move (on the inside of the Set) toward their partners, take crossed hands (R in R & L in L) and all move around once, counter clockwise, to places.

The above calls make up one *Promenade Figure*.

A particularly interesting figure is the second one:

"First couple off for the Ocean Wave"—1st couple moves to the right and faces 2nd couple, the other couples wait.

"Wave of the ocean, wave of the sea,

Wave that pretty girl back to me."—1st couple moves forward and back (no set phrasing of steps) between 2nd couple, while 2nd couple separate and circle (inside the Set) around the 1st couple, 2nd man circles clockwise, 2nd woman counter-clockwise (man passes woman R shoulder to R), 2nd couple on reaching home turn once to get into place, as 1st couple reaches center again.

Then 2nd couple goes forward and back while 1st couple circles them, as above.

This Figure is repeated by 1st couple with 3rd and 4th couple whereupon the Promenade is done by the entire Set. Then 2nd, 3rd, and 4th couples lead the Figure in turn, each round being followed by the Promenade.—This makes one set, whereupon dancers and musicians rest.

**T**HERE is a sort of Prelude Figure to the whole evening's dance, as well as several ways to vary both the "Little Promenade" and the "Grand Promenade."—There are some fifty-odd known Figures in the Square Dance; here are some of the most interesting ones: Shoot the Arrow, Cowboy Roll, Cowboy Loop-i-ty-loop, Grapevine Swing, Grapevine Twist, Old Shuck Basket, Break the Chicken's Neck, Wind Up the Ball Yarn, Black Snake, Georgia Rang Tang, Duck for Oysters. Some Figures have not specific names but the entire Call; e.g.

"Lady round the lady and the gent also, lady round the lady and the gent don't go."

"Couple up four; half and back; ladies whirl and the gents step back; gents whirl and the ladies step back; everybody whirl and couple up four."

To give any full description of this dance would require a volume. It is much better to learn it from a "Caller" and there are many such in the state of New York. Near Glens Falls we have seen dancing

in which each Figure had its own tune, to which the Calls were sung. This triple coordination of Call, tune, and Figure we have not found elsewhere in America; a fact which would indicate that the New York tradition is a genuine and reliable one.

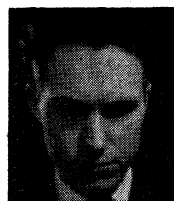
*The Step* used is a quiet but very swift walk done with a jauntily dignified lift of the whole body, a "style" which is quite impossible to describe or even to teach.

*The Music* used for the dance varies all the way from ancient morris dance tunes (of which "Turkey in the Straw" is a good example,—its former name being "Old Mother Oxford!") to Sousa marches. It is important that the musicians know the dance and its general style, and that they have endurance!

There seem to be only two classes in America that take any interest in this dance: the working class and genuine "intellectuals." The middle class has no use for this sort of thing; jazz is properly theirs, their creation and their expression. In their hands such a "Folk" dance as this would become inevitably burlesqued and corrupted.

It is absurd to talk about "reviving" or "preserving" this tradition; it exists, vitally, in the body of our working class and only needs a little careful stimulation and direction under the proper leadership. Left by itself in the face of the "modern world" it has degenerated in the hands of those workers who think they must ape middle class habits and attitudes and do what is "popular." Older citizens and class-conscious groups (for example, in the mining sections of West Virginia) take great pride in being able to go through a Set of difficult Figures, and regard the dance as a handed-down thing which is worth while for its own sake. It is a true art, and an example of true culture, typical of the background of a people. It can never be anything but a group-expression to be used as a social welding force.

## Warning!



The New Theatre League cautions all theatre groups and workers' organizations against admitting Manfred Ettinger to membership. Ettinger has absconded with funds belonging to a New York theatre organization. The money he has stolen included the small salaries of his co-workers. Theatre groups are warned to watch out for Manfred Ettinger (alias Ralph Rammelkamp) and to send any information as to his whereabouts to the New Theatre League. Ettinger is six feet tall, thin, sallow, and has a slight limp. He has lived in Kansas City, Mo., Mena, Arkansas, and Chicago.

# Warning!



*M. Ettinger*

The New Theatre League cautions all theatre groups and workers' organizations against admitting Manfred Ettinger to membership. Ettinger has absconded with funds belonging to a New York theatre organization. The money he has stolen included the small salaries of his co-workers. Theatre groups are warned to watch out for Manfred Ettinger (alias Ralph Rammelkamp) and to send any information as to his whereabouts to the New Theatre League. Ettinger is six feet tall, thin, sallow, and has a slight limp. He has lived in Kansas City, Mo., Mena, Arkansas, and Chicago.

# Actors Forum

**"FOR God's sake get it back again!"** These were the last words of Heywood Broun's speech before five hundred Members of Actors Equity at the recent meeting of the Actors Forum in Union Church. Mr. Broun was referring to the militant spirit of the actors during the 1919 strike, a spirit which, he pointed out, Equity had completely lost since then. The Actors Forum is that group of Equity members who are fighting to unify and strengthen their union.

In the course of his talk, Mr. Broun made several valuable points based directly on his own experience as president of the American Newspapermen's Guild. He showed how the managers like to make the actors believe that they are in a romantic and glamorous profession, and that money means nothing to them. Newspaper publishers try to convince the reporters of the same thing. "But," he said, "I've always found that newspaper work is just as romantic when I'm overpaid as when I'm underpaid."

Another argument which managers as well as publishers advance is that wages will be flattened if the workers win their demands. Mr. Broun pointed out that in

the first place the actors (or newspapermen) in the high salary brackets need not worry about their wages, since they can bargain for themselves, and secondly that the purpose of the Actor's Forum is to better the conditions of the vast majority of the actors, those with low salaries or no salaries at all.

The reasons that Equity has failed to do anything since 1919, he showed, are that first of all the actor, until recently, has felt a repugnance at being considered a worker, and secondly that the whole tendency of the American Federation of Labor leadership has been to forget that the A. F. of L. is a labor union, and when it remembered it has sold the workers out.

The Forum approved the following Independent Ticket for elections to the Council: Margaret Barker, Charles Brokaw, J. Edward Bromberg, Jack Byrn, Morris Carnovsky, Mary Virginia Farmer, Edward Everett Hale, Sam Jaffe, Zita Johann, Alexander Kirkland, Burgess Meredith, Hugh Rennie.

On the question of the stagehands: those who think that the Stagehands Union harms the theatre are completely wrong, and if Equity would follow the stagehands' example to a greater extent, the actors would be better off. Granting economic security to workers in the theatre, cannot be harmful to the theatre, for who makes up the theatre but the workers in it? The

actors should not make concessions. They should fight for such demands as pay for rehearsals and the abolition of the Junior-Senior minimums. That is why the Actors Forum is such a valuable thing for the actors.

At the same time Mr. Broun showed that the Forum is not trying to split Equity, but, on the contrary, is trying to unify it. A split would be the worst thing in the world for the actors. After Mr. Broun finished, John Brown of the Actors Forum, pointed out that the blame for the "hoodlumism" at the last Equity membership meeting lay not on the members of the Forum, but on Mr. Gilmore, president of Equity, for his complete disregard for parliamentary procedure. A resolution protesting Mr. Gilmore's conduct was sent to the Council.

Edward Everett Hale showed that *Equity Magazine* was not an organ of the membership, but the mouthpiece of the administration, that the editors had consistently either refused to print or had deliberately distorted articles about pay for rehearsals, the Junior-Senior minimum and other questions of vital concern to the Equity membership. A committee was designated to prepare a resolution with specific suggestions for the reorganization of the magazine (to be presented to Council).

BOB RICE

THE THEATRE of ACTION  
(formerly the WORKERS LABORATORY  
THEATRE) presents

**THE YOUNG  
GO FIRST** A  
drama of  
the CCC  
camps

By Peter Martin, George Scudder & Charles Friedman

PARK THEATRE formerly the  
Cosmopolitan  
on Columbus Circle, 59th St. and Broadway

**LOWEST PRICES IN TOWN!**  
25c — 45c — 60c — 75c — \$1.00

For information regarding  
benefit Theatre Parties  
Call: R. RAMMELKAMP,  
Theatre of Action —  
PARK THEATRE. Phone  
Cir 7-4848 or Theatre  
of Action Studio ST  
9-1821



# Waiting for Lefty

ON January 6, 1935, an audience assembled at the Civic Repertory Theatre in New York City for a New Theatre Night, witnessed the birth of a new era in American social drama, and the awakening of a new singer. The play was *Waiting for Lefty* (winner of the New Theatre-New Masses Play Contest) presented by the Group Theatre, and the author was Clifford Odets. Even then, when the audience rose in their seats and cheered until their throats were sore, no one realized fully the widespread significance of this occasion. Today, *Waiting for Lefty* is playing in twenty different cities from coast to coast, presented by twenty different companies, to audiences ranging from the silk hats and satin gowns of the Hollywood intelligentsia to the textile workers who make those silks and satins in Paterson, New Jersey. Six months after its downtown debut in New York City, the Group Theatre's Broadway production is still "packing them in."

In New Haven, Connecticut, *Waiting for Lefty* produced by the Unity Players won the famous George Pierce Baker cup at the Yale Drama Tournament in April, and won the right to be produced throughout the state in spite of Police Chiefs, politicians, and munition manufacturers. Among the three thousand workers who have seen their performances in less than two months time, are the strikers at the Colt munition works, for whom Unity Players gave a benefit at the Hartford Central Labor Union.

Besides performances at Yale, Harvard, and neighboring universities by New Theatres, *Waiting for Lefty* is being produced by a number of college dramatic groups on hitherto virgin campus soil. The Johns Hopkins University Playhouse in Baltimore, Maryland, the Lansing Civic Players Guild of Michigan State College, the Syracuse University chapter of the National Students League, and the dramatic group of Nichols Junior College in Dudley, Massachusetts, are among the examples of awakening interest in academic circles for working-class issues, as crystallized in this dynamic play about the taxi drivers' strike.

In Chicago, Illinois, a veteran taxi-driver is playing the leading role of "Agate," who rouses his fellow workers to action at the climax of *Lefty*, in the New Theatre League production which opened May 25th. In Milwaukee, Wisconsin, the play is being presented by the dramatic section of the Retail Clerks' Union. The Social Arts Club of Peoria, Illinois, is giving *Lefty* to audiences of farmers, miners, and unemployed throughout the state. In the face of California terror, the New Theatre Group of Hollywood is touring the West Coast with Clifford Odets' play. The Young Peoples' Socialist League of Philadelphia performed *Lefty* for the National Biscuit Company strikers.

Leading little theatres and art groups of the country, such as the Goodrich Social Settlement of Cleveland, Ohio, and the Group Theatre of New Orleans, Louisiana, are flocking to the social theatre movement with technically-competent productions of *Waiting for Lefty*, and finding through this work a new consciousness of their role in interpreting modern life. Through their participation, the play is reaching audiences hitherto untouched by the New Theatres, and enlisting them in the building of a mass American theatre.

*Waiting for Lefty* has been suppressed

ALICE EVANS

## A \$200 Prize Play Contest

The New Theatre League and the American League Against War and Fascism announce a \$200 Prize Play Contest for the best new anti-war and anti-Fascist plays. The incentives to professional and amateurs in their special contribution to the fight against war and fascism are a first prize of \$125, a second prize of \$50, and a third prize of \$25.

War echoes in the columns of every newspaper: a stormy Europe wrangling over boundaries, a Far Eastern imperialism, armed to the teeth, our own country, in the face of mass poverty, spending billions for new tools of war. Fascism strikes in Gallup, New Mexico, where defenders of the workers' interests are kidnapped and beaten. Southern lynchers continue to frame-up, torture, and murder—Fascism presides over a California court, and eight heroic leaders of labor are sentenced for union activities. Fascism comes from behind the pillars, as new and more vicious deportation laws are proposed in Washington. Student strikes against war are deplored by college administrations, and suppressed by the police. New sedition, censorship, and criminal syndicalism laws are offered in the interests of the rich.

Here is our world, today. The new social theatres of America, amateur and professional, are asking for plays with which to throw the emotional power of a fighting stage into such struggle. Answering these groups—art theatres, workers' theatres, college theatres, settlements, churches—many of them affiliated with the New Theatre League—this contest is begun. We must supply them with arresting, vital plays that will reach masses of people as yet unaware of the fight against war and fascism. We must have good plays. There is no more potent available force than the new theatres to counteract the vicious war bait of the movies, the emergent fascism of Coughlin, Long, and Johnson on the air, the high-pressure hysteria of Hearst and Macfadden. There is an abundance of sob-stuff about war; and plenty of slogans about fascism. This is not what we need. We must have real people in our plays; they must project social truth through motivated characters and imaginative realism. This is the job facing our playwrights.

**RULES:** Contest begins June 1, 1935, and closes October 1, 1935. Winners will be announced in November issues of *NEW THEATRE* and *Fight*. The New Theatre League and the American League Against War and Fascism reserve all rights, including publication and performance, of winning plays, and—with the author's permission—of other manuscripts considered worthy of production. They also reserve the right not to award prizes if the material submitted is not up to the necessary standard. Plays are to be 30 minutes to one hour in length; no full-length plays will be considered. Any subject dealing with the fight against war and fascism, in any form, and in any scene arrangement is acceptable. Manuscripts submitted are to be clearly typed and accompanied by return postage. The author's name and address are *not to be on the manuscript*, but must be enclosed in a sealed envelope, with the name of the play on the outside of the envelope. Send all plays to Repertory Dept., New Theatre League, 114 West 14th Street, New York City. All manuscripts will be registered, and those rejected will be returned with careful individual criticism. A playwright may submit any number of scripts.

**JUDGES:** Liston Oak, editor of *FIGHT*; John Gassner, *THEATRE GUILD*; Herbert Kline, editor of *NEW THEATRE*; Paul Sifton, author of *1931* and *The Belt*; and Paul Peters, co-author of *Stevedore* and *Parade*.

# Backstage Notes

THE following letter answers the Stage Hands Union, Local No. 1, who have been picketing the Artef because of charges which are regarded unjust by NEW THEATRE. Considering the circumstances outlined below, and the red herring which has been waved by John Casey, secretary of Local 1 of the Theatrical Protective Union, the New Theatre League has issued an appeal for all workers and especially trade-union members to support the Artef and to demand an inquiry into Mr. John Casey's actions. If the Artef were unfair to organized labor, we would be the first to protest and picket. The signers of the letter include Sidney Kingsley, author of *Men in White*, Brooks Atkinson of the *N. Y. Times*, Albert Maltz, author of *Black Pit*, and Margaret Larkin, of the Theatre Union.

"As ardent admirers and unofficial sponsors of the drama group known as the 'Artef,' it has been brought to our notice that a picket is on duty regularly at the Artef Theatre in West 48th Street in the name of your organization.

This was shocking to us in view of the widely known conditions under which the Artef works. The facts that the actors have different occupations during the day, that they perform in the evenings sheerly for the love of the work and with no remuneration whatever, that whatever funds are taken in at the tiny playhouse go entirely toward the payment of rent and a few weekly advertisements,—all these facts seem to us to put the organization in the category of the amateur theatre (in the highest sense of the phrase) and, as such, eminently free from your picket's charges of unfairness to union labor.

The Artef is a working class theatre creating admirable drama against tremendous odds. We, the undersigned, feel that your undeserved grievance against them unreasonably complicates these difficulties, and we strongly urge that the picket be withdrawn as soon as it is at all possible."

THE life of the Negro artist in the white man's world, the Jim Crowing of Negro audiences north and south, the rich revolutionary traditions of the Negro spirituals which were used as secret codes to spread the news of slave revolts; the reaction of the Negro people to plays and movies purporting to represent their lives; these are just a few of the subjects that will be dealt with by such outstanding Negro actors and writers as Paul Robeson, Langston Hughes, Gus Smith, Eugene Gordon, Otto Hall and Ben Davis in NEW THEATRE'S special July Issue on the contribution of the Negro to the theatre arts in America. Robert Stebbins, J. O. Bailey, Edwin Rolfe and Herbert Kline are other contributors. Because this issue is perhaps the most important effort any magazine has ever made towards an evaluation of the great contributions of the Negro to American culture, NEW THEATRE must count on the greatest cooperation from all new theatre groups and all individual readers to secure the widest possible circulation. Despite the usual summer slump affecting theatre magazines, NEW THEATRE will print 15,000 copies for July, an increase of 2,500 over June in the expectation that our readers and workers organizations everywhere will order extra copies for distribution among friends and acquaintances and for sale at summer theatres, summer camps etc. The importance of this issue must not be underestimated. Like *Stevedore*, it will be a powerful attack on the discrimination and oppression of the Negro people.

AS we go to press, National Theatre Week celebrations are taking place in New York City. The theatre of Action's new play *The Young Go First* opened National Theatre Week on Saturday, May 25th. On Sunday May 26, *Tide Rises*, the new play, about the San Francisco general strike, by Art Smith, was given on a special benefit performance for NEW THEATRE by the Group Theatre. Jimmy Savo, famous comedian and star of the Theatre Guild's *Parade* made his first appearance, on a New Theatre program as Master of Ceremonies. The following lectures on creative problems are scheduled at NEW THEATRE, 114 W. 14 St.: Monday May 27—Randolph Edmunds, *Problems of and Prospects for the Negro Playwright*—Anita Block of the Theatre Guild, *Playwriting for the Theatre of Today*—Herbert Kline, *Playwriting for the Revolutionary Theatre*; Tuesday, May 28—*Acting and Directing in the New Theatre* by Lee Strasberg of the Group Theatre and Walter Hart of the Theatre Collective; *The Latest Developments in Stage Designing* by Mordecai Gorelik, famous designer and winner of this year's Guggenheim award in his field, and M. Solotarov of the Artef. Culminating this series of events will be the competitions of fifteen theatre groups in new plays at the Manhattan Lyceum, 66 E. 4th St., Friday, May 31st and Saturday, June 1st. No NEW THEATRE reader within a day's travel from New York can afford to miss National Theatre Week.

WHILE on the subject of NEW THEATRE's circulation, it is rising steadily, thank you, BUT subscriptions are not rising as rapidly, probably because our readers do not realize how much more subscriptions mean to a young magazine than sales of individual copies. Besides saving you money, and insuring your receipt of a copy simultaneously with its appearance on the newsstands, NEW THEATRE gets a larger percentage from subscriptions than from individual sales. And, since NEW THEATRE has always operated on an incredibly low budget, your \$1.50 investment will enable the magazine to improve steadily. If only half of our regular readers would subscribe within the next thirty days, NEW THEATRE could again be enlarged and improved. Your subscription, if mailed in *now* will help make NEW THEATRE a finer, more interesting and more valuable magazine. Please send in \$1.50 today, or take advantage of the special subscription offer with Clifford Odets' plays. (See back cover.)

Your vacation will be pleasant at  
**CAMP NITGEDAIGET**  
 ON THE HUDSON  
 Beacon, New York Tel.: Beacon 731  
 HOTEL ACCOMMODATIONS  
 — COTTAGES FOR TWO AND FOUR —  
 — CULTURAL AND ATHLETIC ACTIVITIES —  
 TENNIS — HANDBALL — SWIMMING — DANCING  
 \$14.00 PER WEEK  
 Cars leave daily from:  
 2700 Bronx Park East, Bronx, New York  
 New York Central trains to Beacon. For further  
 information, call: ESTabrook 8-1400.

**LIGHT LUNCH AT  
 PROLETARIAN PRICES**  
 IDEAL HOME MADE  
 DOUGHNUT SHOP  
 101 W. 14 ST.

IN the lead editorial of the May NEW THEATRE, the dramatic editor of *Zits*, theatrical weekly, was included among the critics who were paying belated attention to the new theatre movement. Milt Luban of *Zits* objects strenuously and correctly that he has written articles sympathetic to the new theatres for some time now. In addition, Luban has the first article against the Legion of Decency censorship to his credit. We stand corrected, and hope that Mr. Luban will continue to attack censorship and to support the new theatres.

In Paul Romaine's article *The Little Theatres* in the May NEW THEATRE the following unfortunate error was made due to a shifting of type: In column 3, page 12, after the sentence "3. Straight endowment by wealthy people (\$10,000 etc.)" Insert the portion farther down in the column beginning with "The high school dramatic survey made by the Russell Sage Foundation" and ending "... 354 ( or 32%) reported courses in dramatics and are a study in themselves."

**SPRING SPECIALS**  
 on  
**BOOKS**  
*Especially selected for New Theatre Readers*

1. Fascism and Social Revolution—  
R. P. Dutt .....net \$1.25
2. Fatherland—Karl Billinger, net \$1.90
3. Coming Struggle for Power—  
John Strachey .. .net \$1.75
4. Red Virtue—Ella Winters, net \$1.55
5. In Place of Profit—  
H. Ward .....net \$1.65
6. Red Medicine—Kingsbury, net \$1.55
7. And Quiet Flows the Don—  
Sholokhov .....net \$2.25
8. Out of Chaos—  
Ilya Ehrenbourg .....net \$1.25
9. Are the Jews a Race—  
Karl Kautsky .....net \$1.00
10. Disinherited—Jack Conroy, net \$1.25
11. Lenin—Ralph Fox .....net \$1.25
12. Chinese Destinies—  
Agnes Smedely .....net \$1.45
13. Chinese Testament—  
S. Tretiakov .....net \$1.55
14. Stevedore—Peters & Sklar, net \$ .50
15. Uprising—Gessner .....net \$ .39
16. Anti-Duhring—  
Frederick Engels .....net \$1.90
17. Leninism (Vol. I)—  
Joseph Stalin .....net \$1.90
18. Time Forward—  
Valantine Kataev .....net \$ .75
19. Jews Without Money  
(New Edition)—Gold ....Net \$ .75
20. Armed Intervention In Russia—  
Coates .....net \$3.25
21. Ideal Marriage—  
Van De Velde .....net \$6.50
22. I Love—A Avdyenko .....net \$1.00
23. Chapayev—D. Furmanov ..net \$1.50
24. The Conveyor—  
James Steele .....net \$1.25
25. A History of the Epoch of Industrial Capitalism—  
Freiburg .....net \$1.00

**Order From  
 WORKERS  
 BOOK SHOPS**  
 50 EAST 13TH STREET  
 Near B'way, New York City  
 369 Sutter Ave. & 25 Chauncey Street  
 Brooklyn  
 699 Prospect Avenue, Bronx  
 Write or Call for Free Lists and the  
 "Guide To Readings in Communism."

**T**HE New Theatre League's New York section at 114 W. 14 St., announces a Central Booking Bureau to handle the bookings of films, dance groups, theatre groups and other forms of dramatic entertainment. Leading American revolutionary poets including Kenneth Fearing, S. Funaroff, Alfred Hayes, Edwin Rolfe, Robert Gessner, James Neugass, Muriel Rukeyser and Charles Henry Newman will give recitals of their new poetry under the direction of the Central Booking Bureau. A Lecture Bureau has also been established with a staff of prominent playwrights, actor, directors, dancers and critics who will speak on a number of subjects concerning the new theatre arts. All cultural and labor organizations are expected to greet this step as it will make possible the bringing of the new theatre to new and larger audiences.

*Theatre Front*, the organizational bulletin published by the New Theatre League for its member theatres, inaugurates in its coming issue a technical department conducted by Richard Westfield. An experienced professional technician and a clear writer, Westfield will write each month in *Theatre Front* on some problem of building or lighting in the theatre. He will also advise NEW THEATRE readers and League members on specific technical problems which may arise in their theatres. These include: construction of stages, drawing up of specifications, the purchase of materials, as well as the solution of production problems. Plans of layouts will be furnished at cost (not more than 50c for two blue-prints) and visits from qualified technicians can be arranged, at cost, to any theatre within a day's automobile ride of New York City.

Below is an outline of the subjects to be discussed in the *Theatre Front* articles:

1. Leasing the proper building: location, dimensions and layout for a theatre; building and fire regulations.
2. Building the stage platform, proscenium wall, dressing rooms, (permanent and portable).
3. Electrical layout (permanent and portable): feed, control boards, lighting and lighting equipment.
4. Building and painting the scenery; installing the rigging; travellers and curtains.

*Theatre Front* may be secured from the New Theatre League at 5c a copy.

## The Law of Conflict

(Continued from page 10)

drama to another. In the first place, one cannot measure the quantity of will; in the second place, the struggle is relative and not absolute: the quality of the forces and the way in which they are opposed, cannot be reduced to such an easy formula as "the quantity of will exerted."

Nevertheless, it cannot be doubted that strength of will is an important factor—and that it must be sufficient to create a balance of forces and to attain a point of crisis.

We may then go back and re-phrase our earlier statement of the law of conflict:

*The essential character of drama is social conflict—persons against other persons, or individuals against groups, or groups against other groups, or individuals or groups against social or natural forces—in which the exercise of conscious will is sufficiently strong to bring the conflict to a point of crisis.*

NOTE: This excerpt from John Howard Lawson's forthcoming book on the craft of playwriting is the first of four chapters that will appear in NEW THEATRE before the publication of the book in October.

# Film Front

**T**HAT Public Enemy William Randolph Hearst is in the film business for reasons other than the profit motive or a creative impulse, the American public has long suspected. Two items from recent issues of the *Hollywood Reporter* and *Variety Daily*, trade papers, will prove that his motive is propaganda for the molding of public opinion toward the acceptance of his Fascist aims. Thus

"William Randolph Hearst insists that the name of Cosmopolitan Productions be removed from any credits on the Warner picture, *Oil for the Lamps of China*, because of its attack on corporations."—From *Hollywood Reporter*, May 6.

Two days later, the results of Mr. Hearst's wily suggestion were to be duly noted.

"To soften what some previewers and Warner's execs regarded as unsympathetic treatment of a fictitious but typical corporation in the production *Oil for the Lamps of China*, a few added scenes have been inserted in the final reel. New takes are designed to show corporation in less callous attitude toward its outpost employes than was the case in the first assembly of film made from Alice Tisdale Hobart story."—From *Variety Daily*, May 8.

Can Mr. Hearst have the arrogance to claim that the only reason for his threat to Warners was his desire to add to the box-office value of the picture? Or that corporations really are nice old things to have around the house and that the Hobart novel was subversive propaganda in the first place?

**D**EVELOPMENT of a new type of film stock designed to transfer the profits of the existing monopoly into the Dupont coffers, has just been announced. Being tried by RKO, with whom Mr. Dupont's connection is more than friendly, the new film is made of cellophane, instead of the gelatine which Eastman-Kodak has long sponsored. Non-inflammable, non-scratchable, the new product has no emulsion, sensitive silver and cellulose base being mixed. 70% cheaper than the present raw stock, it is supposed to be without grain, resulting in better sound reproduction, 7,000 feet of the new film will fit on an old 1,000-foot reel, with big savings on insurance premiums. The film has already been tried out in France under the name of "Ozophane."

If successful, it will mean a remarkable scientific and social advancement which, however, could hardly reach its fruition except in a socialist society. Under the existing social system, the new product will be used as a competitive weapon to further concentrate the film monopoly into the hands of the Duponts and the Rockefellers, will result in the unemployment of thousands of employees of other corporations now manufacturing the old gelatine stock.

**I**S "recovery" on the way in the film business? *Columbia* pictures, according to Dow-Jones financial tickers, has made a profit of \$600,000, or about \$3.40 a share on common stock, during the quarter ending March 31. The highest quarterly profit in the company's history, it brings the net profit for the 9-month period to \$8.50 a share as against \$5.69 for the entire preceding year.

Radio Corporation of America, owners of RKO, announce a profit increase of 31% for the first quarter of 1935 against the same period of 1934. Yet, the gross income gain was but 11%. The huge difference between 11% and 31% comes from "efficiency in operation" which means nothing more nor less than salary cuts and firing of "non-essential" employees.

Paramount, brazenly showing how film companies go about getting "increased efficiency in operation," releases the following publicity story to all newspapers west of the Rockies:

"The quickest way to a man's heart is through his stomach." That time-worn expression, the proof of which is sworn to by many housewives, took on a new meaning today, when Wally C. Bryant, chief of the police department at Paramount studios, declared that nine out of ten radical uprisings in the studio are settled with that appeal.

"Bryant, who has just celebrated his twentieth year as chief of the department, said that when the agitators are apprehended they give up their radical tendencies when faced with the prospect of going hungry.

"Whenever a radical starts his soap-box yodeling in a department one of my men finds him and brings him into the office," explained Bryant. "Without any force or bullying we impress upon him the fact that his job in the studio depends upon his behavior, and that unless he stops his agitating he will be discharged.

"However, we always give the chap another chance, and so far, in my twenty years, that ends that particular worker's complaints."

Only in the last paragraph it is made plain that these "agitators" are really workers, some of whom have been with the studio for years. If you resent speed-up, intensification, long working hours, salary cuts, you're a radical and subject to being fired. Take what they give you, my boy, and like it! Maybe the film workers will soon organize a union strong enough to handle even Hollywood.

While the American public is battling for the right to live at the standards to which they are entitled and wonders what are the reasons for inability to get more than a subsistence.

## RUTH ALLERHAND ● SCHOOL OF THE DANCE

### ● Announcement

All classes have been re-organized into Co-Operative Groups.

Gymnastic Group — 2-3 hours weekly  
Intermediate Group — 4-6 hours weekly  
Semi-Professional — 6-10 hours weekly

These groups have been arranged to give the student a broader opportunity for study, with rates paid in form of a monthly group membership fee, regardless of the number of classes taken each month.

148 West Fourth Street, New York  
Near Washington Square

# THE PARK THEATRE

(Formerly the Cosmopolitan)

On Columbus Circle & Broadway is available for meetings, symposiums, movie showings, music and dance recitals and theatre productions.

- Large - Modern - Completely Equipped
- 1200 seats - one balcony
- Easily accessible.

For information: JOSEPH LAWREN,  
PARK THEATRE. Circle 7-4848



wage, RKO proudly announces the expenditure of \$1,000,000 on the production of *The Last Days of Pompeii*, and Sam Goldwyn plans to make *Lorna Doone* with Merle Oberon in the title role. MGM, for its part, proudly announces that Mr. Clifton Webb and his 24 trunks of clothes will appear, in his debut, opposite Joan Crawford in *Elegance*.

While statesmen talk "peace," American newsreel companies take a more realistic view of the world situation. A. J. Richards, editor of Paramount News, is about to start on a European trip, it is announced, to prepare the ground for war. Proper newsreel coverage while men are dying is important. Unless death and destruction are properly "covered" by Paramount, other companies will get all the profits out of the exhibition of battle scenes.

Will H. Hays, politically born during the corrupt Harding administration, is to continue as movie czar until 1941, his contract with Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc., having just been renewed for another five years. Among his jobs: Timing kisses, measuring skirts, cutting smutty jokes, banning pro-labor films, deleting all criticism of even fictitious political figures, clergymen, police, or any statement that might be favorable to another social system. In his odd job he O. K.'s militaristic propaganda, anti-Communist films, Fascist stories, and goes horseback riding in Central Park. —L. N.

**NOTE:** Film and Photo League announces the discontinuance of its fortnightly publication, *Film Front*. With this issue, *NEW THEATRE* becomes the official publication of the Film and Photo League, and the film section of this magazine will be conducted under its sponsorship. The Leagues will work together to achieve wider distribution of films.

# ★ ★ ★ ★ The Springboard onto the Holiday Season!

## GREEN MANSIONS' DECORATION DAY WEEK-END

★  
SPECIAL DE LUXE PULLMAN ROUND TRIP  
4 full days in the Adirondacks, May 29 to June 2

GOLF, TENNIS, SWIMMING, THEATRE,  
CHAMBER MUSIC

An all inclusive holiday for \$32.50. The board at camp without fare is \$18.50 for the Decoration Day Week End.

### GREEN MANSIONS REMAINS OPEN WITH ATTRACTIVE JUNE RATES

For details address: Lena Barish, S. Carlen, 157 W. 57th St., N.Y., COL 5-6346

**ROBERT GARLAND** says: "You May Not Like Everything New Theatre Says But You Just Can't Lump It."

You simply can't afford to miss a single *NEW THEATRE*. See the Special Offer on the back cover and Subscribe Now.



## "AWAKE AND SING!"

By CLIFFORD ODETS

BELASCO  
THEATRE, W. 44th St.

Mats. Thursday & Saturday

PRICES • Matinees, 55c, \$1.10, \$1.65, \$2.20  
Evenings, 55c, \$1.10, \$1.65, \$2.20  
(Tax Included)

## "WAITING FOR LEFTY"

AND

## "TILL THE DAY I DIE"

By CLIFFORD ODETS

LONGACRE  
THEATRE, W. 48th St.

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday

PRICES • \$1.65, \$1.10, 83c, 66c, 40c  
(Tax Included)

For information concerning special theatre party rates phone Helen Thompson, PE 6-7234

"THE HOUSE OF CONNELLY"

GROUP

"NIGHT OVER TAO"

"1931"

THEATRE

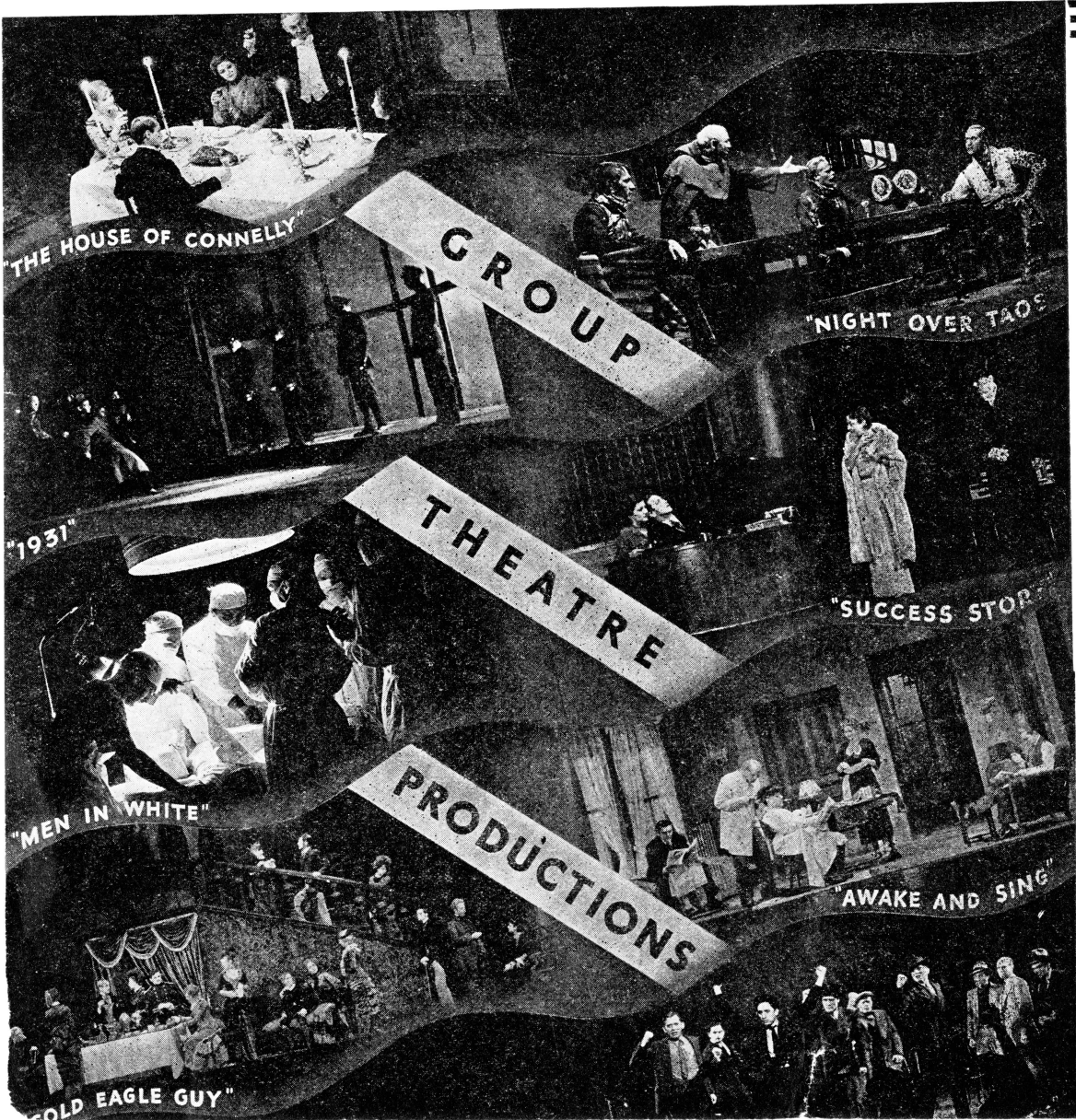
"SUCCESS STOP"

"MEN IN WHITE"

PRODUCTIONS

"AWAKE AND SING"

"OLD EAGLE GUY"



# Film Checklist

**AGE OF INDISCRETION**—With Paul Lukas, Madge Evans, May Robson. The old divorce story and its effect upon the little son of the divorced couple. This one has a new angle; the youngster doesn't bring his mama and papa together again, but helps the old man find happiness in his secretary's arms. Whoops!

**BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN**—With Boris Karloff, Colin Clive, Valerie Hobson, Elsa Lanchester. It continues where *Frankenstein* left off, bringing the monster to life again with hopes of another profitable box-office picture. The story is as nondescript as any sequel.

**CHASING YESTERDAY**—With O. P. Heggie, Anne Shirley, Helen Westley. The Trick that made *Anne of Green Gables* comes back in this picturization of Anatole France's *The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard*. The vigor and charm that Anne Shirley, nee Dawn O'Day, displayed in her first picture, has here degenerated into an over-grown Shirley Temple selfishness.

**DOUBTING THOMAS**—With Will Rogers, Billie Burke. George Kelly's *The Torchbearers*, now terribly dated, comes to the films as the worst of all Will Rogers' pictures. When the Little Theatre movement was riding the crest of the prosperity wave and all suburban socialities satisfying their desires for self-exhibition by indulging in amateur theatricals, *The Torchbearers* was amusing. Today, the backers having withdrawn their support, the Little Theatre Movement is dying or has joined the national movement of workers' theatres, presenting live social plays. The day of *The Torchbearers* is over. The moral of the picture coincides with Hitler's preaching, "Woman's place is in the home."

**GIRL FROM TENTH AVENUE**—A Bette Davis fan from 'way back, we still cannot understand the Academy Award to Claudette Colbert. Though this film tells the old story of the social registerite, jilted by his girl for a man with more money, who marries a girl from Tenth Avenue on the rebound, Bette Davis brings new life to a part that has already been portrayed a hundred times before.

**GOIN' TO TOWN**—With Mae West. Another step on the road of her declining popularity, once the expression of the decadence of the society that acclaimed her, today her pictures fail because she has added nothing new to her original formula.

**G-MEN**—With Jimmy Cagney. Warner Brothers and Hearst get the jump on the other producers who have *Men Without Names*, *Let 'Em Have It*, in the making, with this glorification of the government agents who in this picture are occupied with the excitement of a gangster hunt. It is important, for Mr. Hearst, to instill into the public consciousness a love for the federal dicks who are already occupied with rounding up militant foreign-born workers engaged in a united fight for better conditions. The picture is the old gangster theme with a reverse twist in which the federal dicks use the machine guns. If you like shooting, it's exciting.

**IN CALIENTE**—With Dolores Del Rio, Pat O'Brien, Edward Everett Horton. Another boring Warner Brothers musical, this time bringing horses to the dance floor. "The Girl in Red" is a tuneful, though reminiscent number, but you'll hear it over the radio—without cost.

**MARK OF THE VAMPIRE**—With Lionel Barrymore, Elizabeth Allen, Bela Lugosi, Lionel Atwill. The horror-mystery story to end all of its kind. It spends three-fourths of its time building audience acceptance of the reality of the horror story, then shatters it all with an unreal mystery twist.

**MARY JANE'S PA**—With Guy Kibbee, Aline MacMahon. An amiable but unimportant diversion on the Enoch Arden theme.

**OUR LITTLE GIRL**—With Shirley Temple, Joel McCrea, Rosemary Ames. Another Shirley Temple picture on the same wooden plot out-

line constructed to contain the charm which she brought to the films and to capitalize on the amazing popularity which has meant big box-office returns. Unless you haven't yet seen Shirley Temple, the picture is unimportant.

**RECKLESS**—With Jean Harlow, William Powell, Franchot Tone. An obvious picturization of the Libby Holman-Smith Reynolds story. Franchot Tone is the "sweet, unhappy boy," son of a millionaire, married by the big-hearted show girl who hopes to wipe away his unhappiness. The unhappiness is ingrained too deeply; he commits suicide. Never accepted by her husband's family, the girl is now thoroughly ostracized. Her child is born; she makes a come-back on the stage due to the devotion of a Broadway sports promoter. It drags; it bores; and you'll be sorry you went.

**HEROES OF THE ARCTIC**—The daring expedition of 105 men, women, and children on the Soviet Steamer "Chelvuskina" across the Arctic Ocean in an attempt to reach the Pacific coast of North America, the sinking of the "Chelvuskina" and the dramatic rescue by the Soviet and American aviators furnish the

material for this new Soviet film, now playing at the Cameo Theatre. The film was taken under the supervision of Soyuzfilm, Moscow. The Russian dialogue is explained by English titles.

**TOVARISHI**, a new Soviet talkie had its Premiere at the Acme Theatre on Friday, May 24th. Nikolai Batalov, star of *Road to Life*, is in the feature role. *Tovarishi* was produced by Lenfilm, Leningrad, under the direction of S. Timoshenko, and the musical score has been supplied by Dunavevsky, composer of the music of *Moscow Laughs*. There are English dialogue titles.

**VAGABOND LADY**—With Robert Young, Evelyn Venable, Reginald Denny. A pompous department store owner has two sons. One is his business associate, a carbon copy of the father. The other is a glorified waster with a love for adventure. Both are in love with a girl in the store. The adventurer gets her. Berton Churchill's unusual portrait of the mercantile magnate is amazing; the store is infantile.

## Can You Really Answer--



1. Do Communists believe in "force and violence"?
2. What solution does Communism offer the middle class?
3. Does Communism mean strikes? revolution? women's rights? "Moscow Gold"? democracy? patriotism? peace? war? Socialism? religion? atheism?

# WHAT IS COMMUNISM

*A Series of Brilliant Articles*

**By EARL BROWDER**

GENERAL SEC'Y, COMMUNIST PARTY U. S. A.

Printed in the New Masses. In popular question-and-answer form Earl Browder answers authoritatively the above questions and the many more increasingly asked everywhere today. With forceful clarity he analyzes the real position of the middle class—teachers, doctors, business men, merchants, etc. First time in America, it is indispensable to every intelligent person. 32 Pages—Editorials, Drawings, Stories, Articles, Reviews.

**NEW  
MASSES**

America's Only  
Revolutionary Weekly

10 Cents

NEW MASSES,  
31 E. 27 Street, New York, N. Y.  
I enclose \$1, for which enter my subscription for  
15 weeks beginning with May 7 issue.  
Name .....  
Street Address .....  
City and State .....  
Occupation .....



## THE THIRD STAGE

(Continued from page 16)

The ballet very naturally had obliterated the transitional phrases as far as possible, since it was striving toward a mechanical precision, toward the nervous quivering of a wire. What we saw was moments of high tension punctuated by completely static moments. This ordering of movement prevented any formal climax, since each movement in itself was a climax. The modern dancer's balance of tension and relaxation, however, allows for all of those terms which we are accustomed to associate with a well-organized work of art. Transitional phrases become an integral part of the dance and the dance itself comes to be regarded in the same way as music or painting.

When you judge a painting, you judge it as an entity contained in, let us say, an oblong frame three feet by two. You do not pick out three square inches in one corner and say, "This is brilliant, therefore the painting is superb." But too many dance spectators and critics do precisely this. They forget that a ballet, if it takes ten minutes to be presented, must be judged in relation to those ten minutes. The brilliance of two minutes of that sum will not negate the remaining eight minutes. The modern dance, in this sense, acknowledges a frame and it expects to be treated not for moments, but for the complete time that occupies that frame.

It is, in this sense, architectural, whereas the ballet is a series of beads on a string. Every movement, every movement-phrase, every rhythm is placed as a building stone, as a necessary contribution to the idea that is being projected. You do not think of applauding and shrieking at some brilliantly executed passage in a symphony while the symphony is still in progress, because your ear is sufficiently trained to know this as part of a progression. In other words, you are aware of continuity which should not be broken. The modern dance, unfortunately, must wait for wide acceptance until the eye has been trained to remember as well as the ear. Meanwhile, it must restrain its wrath and go on its way until Mr. Kirstein and the ballet audience get around to coping.

**T**HE JUNE FESTIVAL of the New Dance League marks a departure from the annual affairs formerly held by the Workers Dance League. The program of activities consists of two dance recitals; the afternoon of June 8th for amateur groups competing for appearance on the program of professional groups in the evening. All groups, both in and outside the League, are invited to participate, since the basis will be laid at this time for an annual Dance Festival endeavoring to present audiences with a broad cross-section of the modern dance. On the afternoon of June 9th, a conference will be held with delegates from the entire Eastern section of the League, plus invited speakers and guests. The discussion will center around the policies of the New Dance League and its relation to all aspects of the American dance. That same evening a dance will be given for the public at large. It is hoped that this series of events will further cement friendly relations among all dancers sincerely concerned with the advancement of the dance as a social force in America.

# Stage

## in the theatre of action on Broadway and the summer theatre

**T**HE Stage is catholic and eclectic in its liking for entertainment in every field.

The Stage admires the theatre of action—when it has something to say, and says it well. The new theatre has made a significant and vital contribution to the drama of today, and The Stage admires it for that.

The Stage likes good Broadway, and is viciously contemptuous of bad Broadway.

The Stage likes summer theatre, in spite of its foibles and shortcomings, because in major part it is young and

vital and full of promise.

The Stage covers music all over the map, the motion picture and the radio—and all our lighter forms of entertainment.

The Stage—aesthetically, and perhaps politically speaking — is intensely liberal. It is only radical about those things which evoke vital and human appreciations—and deep seated dislikes.

The Stage is a very good magazine. If you haven't seen it, it may well provide you with an ample 35 cents worth, bought on any newsstand. Or better still, let us send you

**THE NEXT FIVE ISSUES FOR ONLY \$1.00!**

This special, "get acquainted" offer for readers of New Theatre expires June 30th. Tear off the coupon printed below for your convenience and mail it **TODAY**. Payment may be made after you have received and enjoyed your first copy.

Stage  
50 East 42nd Street, New York

In accordance with your special offer, please enter my subscription for five months. Upon receipt of your bill I will send you \$1.00.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State ..... NT 6/35



**CENTURY**

# LEKOLITES

The latest type of precision controlled spot and flood lighting

Recent installations in Broadway Productions:

CHILDREN'S HOUR  
ACCENT ON YOUTH  
ANYTHING GOES  
KIND LADY  
WAITING FOR LEFTY

THEATRE GUILD'S PARADE  
3 MEN ON A HORSE  
AWAKE AND SING  
PERSONAL APPEARANCE  
THUMBS UP

Send for Catalog on Complete Stage Lighting Equipment

**CENTURY LIGHTING EQUIPMENT, Inc.**

419 West 55th Street, New York City

Size Ranges: 500 to 5000 watts

## "Nit Gefiedelt!"

A dramatization in three scenes of a Sholom Aleichem story by CHAVER PAVER.

(Gershon Einbinder)

DANCE OF SHOLOM ALEICHEM CHARACTERS by the Artef Dance ensemble, choreography by Lillian Shapero, music by Moishe Reich

FREIHEIT GESANGSVEREIN IN SONGS of Sholom Aleichem

H. GENDEL IN ORIGINAL MONOLOGS

50  
c  
75c  
\$1

## SHOLOM ALEICHEM EVENING

Commemorating the 19th anniversary of his death  
**GIVEN BY THE ARTEF PLAYERS**  
Under the direction of Benno Schneider

**SATURDAY EVENING**

**JUNE 8th**

**PUBLIC THEATRE**

2nd AVE.—4th ST.

## NEW DANCE LEAGUE ALL DAY DANCE FESTIVAL

**SUNDAY  
JUNE 9th**

matinee & evening

**NEW  
DANCES**

### EVE.: Professional Groups

Charles Weidman, Jose Limon and Group, Tamiris and Group, Ruth Allerhand Group, The Dance Unit, New Dance Group, Nadia Chilkovksy and The Dance Studio Group, Winner of the Afternoon Competition.

### MAT.: Non Professional Groups

Bill Matons and Experimental Group, Blanche Evan and Group, Nature Friends Dance Group, Newark Dancers, Junior Red Dancers, New Dance Group, Modern Ballet Group.

**Park  
Theatre  
Columbus  
Circle**

**TICKETS:** Mat.: 35c — 55c — 75c  
Eve.: 25c — 55c — 75c — 83c — \$1.10

New Dance League, 114 West 14th Street. American League Against War and Fascism, 213 Fourth Avenue. Box Office. Workers Book Shop, 50 E. 13th St.

**Benefit American League Against War and Fascism**

## "THE BIGGEST PLAY OF THE YEAR ★★★★★"

—Burns Mantle, News

HERMAN SHUMLIN presents

## The Children's Hour

By LILLIAN HELLMAN

"I imagine this is a play that cried aloud in the hours of the night, pleading to be written. Well, it has been written, and Mr. Herman Shumlin has endowed it with a gifted cast, a fine production and his own fluent and affectionate direction."

—ROBERT GARLAND,  
WORLD-TELEGRAM

"One of the most straightforward driving dramas of the season."

—BROOKS ATKINSON, THE TIMES

"The season's dramatic high-water mark. A fine, brave play."  
—Robert Benchley, New Yorker

**MAXINE ELLIOTT'S THEATRE** 39th St. E. of B'way  
Eves. 8:40—50c to \$3

**MATINEE WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY 2:40—50c to \$2**



# A "SCOOP" OFFER!

Your Choice of Clifford Odets' Thrilling Plays *and* NEW THEATRE For One Year —only \$1.90

A "SCOOP" BUY—If you mail in your order *now*. Exactly 235 copies are left . . . don't delay!

JUST OUT . . . Covici-Friede's special \$1.25 edition of Clifford Odets' thrilling plays. By a "scoop" purchase of exactly 350 copies of each book, NEW THEATRE is able to offer your choice of *Awake and Sing* or *Waiting For Lefty* and *Till The Day I Die* for ONLY 40c MORE than the price of a year's subscription (reg. \$1.50 for 12 issues). These are, unquestionably, among the finest and most vital plays of our time. And NEW THEATRE is indispensable to anyone aware of the vital new theatre, film and dance movement it represents.

FORTHCOMING FEATURES . . . For Special July Issue: *My Life On the White Man's Stage* by Paul Robeson; *Trouble With The Angels* by Langston Hughes; *From Uncle Tom's Cabin to Stevedore* by Eugene Gordon; *Negro Influence in the Dance* by Mordecai Gorelik; *Jim Crowing the Negro Audience* by Ben Davis; a scene from *John Henry* by Herbert Kline; *Nothing But Brass* by Edwin Rolfe . . . for August: *Shakespeare*, a revolutionary interpretation by Joseph Freeman; *The Craft of Playwriting* by John Howard Lawson; scenes from *Let Freedom Ring* by Albert Bein; and *Cult of the Flag* by Ilya Ehrenburg.

WHY DELAY! MAIL IN YOUR ORDER NOW!

NEW THEATRE, c/o Box 190, Station O.  
New York City. (Phone, Watkins 9-5473)

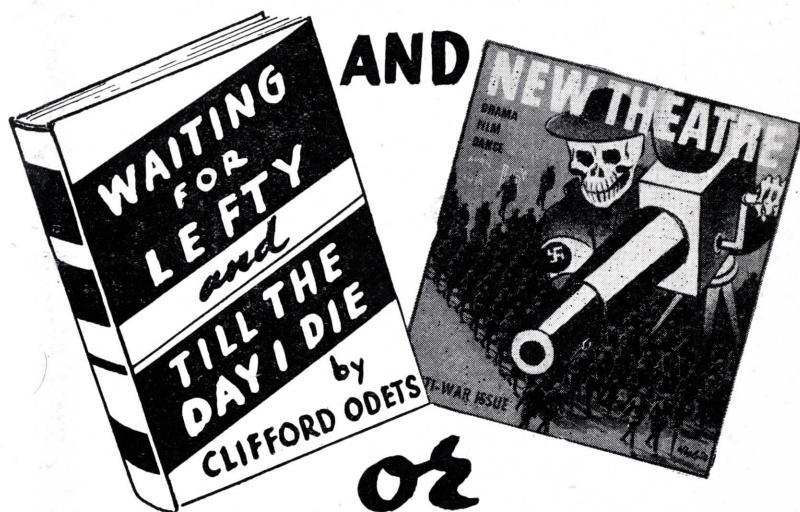
I enclose \$1.90. Please send me

- Awake and Sing and 1 year of New Theatre.  
 Waiting for Lefty and Till the Day I Die and New Theatre for 1 year.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State.....



both for

\$1.90

REGULARLY \$2.75