

New Theatre



"TEN MILLION GHOSTS"

an interview with
Sidney Kingsley

OCT. 1936 • 15c

RANDOM HOUSE



CONTEMPORARY DRAMA

Dead End

By SIDNEY KINGSLEY. Unabridged, illustrated, \$2.00

That Was Balzac

By GEORGE MIDDLETON, \$2.00

The Theatre Guild Anthology

The complete and unabridged texts of fourteen famous plays: *John Ferguson, Mr. Pim Passes By, Liliom, He Who Gets Slapped, The Adding Machine, Saint Joan, Goat Song, The Silver Cord, Porgy, Strange Interlude, Hotel Universe, Reunion in Vienna, Mary of Scotland* and *Rain from Heaven*. Publication date, November \$3.50.

Romeo and Juliet

A motion picture edition, including the complete screen script, \$2.00.

Night Must Fall

The thrilling murder play by EMLYN WILLIAMS, \$2.00

The Ascent of F-6

By W. H. AUDEN and CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD, \$1.50

THREE PLAYS

BY CLIFFORD ODETS

Waiting for Lefty, Till the Day I Die and Awake and Sing! In one volume, \$2.50.

NINE PLAYS

BY EUGENE O'NEILL

Selected by the author, \$4.00.

BURY THE DEAD

Irwin Shaw's anti-war play, \$1.00.

THE PULITZER

PRIZE PLAYS

The complete and unabridged texts of the sixteen Pulitzer prize-winning plays from 1918 to 1934, inclusive, edited by Kathryn Coe Cordell and William H. Cordell, with an introduction by William Lyon Phelps. \$3.50.

THE PLAYS

OF S. N. BEHRMAN

End of Summer, Rain from Heaven, Biography. Each \$2.00.

BOY MEETS GIRL

By Bella and Samuel Spewack, \$2.00.

THE DARK TOWER

By Kaufman and Woollcott, \$2.00.

FIRST LADY

By Kaufman and Dayton, \$2.00.

MERRILY

WE ROLL ALONG

By Kaufman and Hart, \$2.00.

Send for a complete catalog of plays in book form

RANDOM HOUSE, PUBLISHERS, 20 E. 57th ST., NEW YORK CITY

NEW THEATRE

OCTOBER, 1936

The work of the Screen Actors Guild in consolidating itself with organized labor during the past year, in which time it was admitted to the California State Federation of Labor and received representation on the Los Angeles Labor Council, was climaxed last month by the election of Kenneth Thompson, executive secretary of the Guild, to a vice-presidency in the State Federation. This significant event took place at the Federation's convention in Sacramento, and was the prelude to a series of resolutions which clearly showed labor's wish to complete the unionization of the Hollywood studios (already accomplished among the majority of the technical workers) by establishing a closed shop for actors, writers and directors.

One resolution called for a completely closed shop. Another favored legislation reducing the length of optional contracts from seven to three years; this would limit the producers' power to tie up outstanding artists in all fields in order to prevent them from responding to a strike call by the screen guilds. Still another resolution demanded legislative action prohibiting the employment of city- or state-paid police in the making of films.

The Screen Actors Guild's awareness of its relation to militant struggles on other fronts in the labor movement has been signaled by the collection of a \$5,000 fund by its members for the Salinas lettuce pickers' strike. Contributors include Fredric March, Gary Cooper, Robert Montgomery, James Cagney, Brian Aherne, Eddie Cantor, Gloria Stuart, Lionel Stander and many others. When Thompson announced the donation at the Federation convention, the members signified their understanding of the significance of the event by a ten-minute ovation.

The success of the Screen Actors Guild in establishing itself as part and parcel of the labor movement makes it inevitable that the campaign for a hundred per cent closed shop in Hollywood will be extended to the screen writers, with A. F. of L. recognition naturally going to the strongest group in the field—the Screen Writers Guild

of the Authors League of America. A certain indication that such a move impends is the sudden panic into which the membership of Screen Playwrights, Inc., has fallen. This is the group, it will be recalled, which split away from the Screen Writers Guild last May, inveighing against radicalism and the suppression of writers' liberties. The producers' control of the new organization has been clearly shown by the fact that although they declared their willingness to consider a code of practice submitted by the Screen Playwrights, no such code was ever submitted! Now the producers are putting salary cuts into effect, a measure which, as NEW THEATRE predicted last June, has already struck at writers who were loyal to the producers during the "late unpleasantness" and who are now members of the company union. In great alarm the membership of Screen Playwrights is now demanding that its leaders take definite steps to safeguard their interests and come to an arrangement with the producers. Such action seems unlikely, in view of the overwhelming evidence that the leaders never intended the organization they formed to serve any purpose other than that of being the producers' weapon, in the ruthless attack directed by the late Irving Thalberg on the Screen Writers Guild. The attempt to annihilate the Guild fortunately proved unsuccessful, and it is to be hoped that in the light of present events the rank-and-file of Screen Playwrights will realize that their salvation lies, not with the producers and their stooges, but with organized labor and the Screen Writers Guild of the Authors League of America.

Vote "No"

The proposed amendment to the constitution of Actors' Equity changing the qualification for Senior membership from two years (dating from one's first acting job), to *fifty weeks' acting experience including paid rehearsals*, is up now for referendum. Voting closes October 15th. Frank Gilmore, president of Equity, declares the issue to be one of artistic experience: no one without fifty weeks' act-

DRAMA

Preview	5
Designs by Moi Solotaroff	6
"Ten Million Ghosts" • Eleanor Flexner	7
Portrait of a Man With a Headache • Emanuel Eisenberg	11
Memorandum on Hedgerow • Mary Virginia Farmer	13
The Project Workers Serve Notice • Morris Watson	15
Historians to Come • Irwin Swerdlow	19
Atkinson on the Soviet Theatre • James Burke	24
Shifting Scenes	26
Backstage	30

FILM

Notes on Hollywood • Joris Ivens	8
"Der Kampf" • Max Ophuels	16
Film Miscellany • Robert Stebbins	17
Educational Films • Lou Kendrick	21

DANCE

Russia Dances • Pauline Koner	22
----------------------------------	----

Cover
• Harry Sternberg

HERBERT KLINE, Editor • GEORGE REDFIELD, Managing Editor • ELEANOR FLEXNER, Assistant Managing Editor • ROBERT STEBBINS, Film • EDNA OCKO, Dance • BEN BLAKE, Europe •

DAVID CRYSTAL, Business and Advertising Manager • JIN STERN, Circulation Manager.

Associates: JOHN W. GASSNER, RAY LUDLOW, MARK MARVIN, NORMAN STEVENS.

VOL. III, NO. 10. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE NEW THEATRE LEAGUE AND NEW DANCE LEAGUE. EDITORIAL AND BUSINESS OFFICES: 156 WEST 44TH ST., NEW YORK CITY, BRYANT 9-8378. SINGLE COPY: 15C. YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION: \$1.50. FOREIGN: \$2.00. SUBSCRIBERS ARE NOTIFIED THAT NO CHANGE IN ADDRESS CAN BE EFFECTED IN LESS THAN TWO WEEKS. ILLUSTRATIONS AND TEXT CANNOT BE REPRINTED WITHOUT PERMISSION OF NEW THEATRE MAGAZINE. ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER, OCTOBER 29, 1934, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879. COPYRIGHT, 1936, SOCIAL THEATRE PUBLICATIONS, INC. ADDRESS ALL MAIL TO NEW THEATRE MAGAZINE, 156 WEST 44TH ST., N. Y. C.





Martin Harris

891 PRESENTS (FEDERAL THEATRE PROJECT) REHEARSES "HORSE EATS HAT"

ive experience behind the footlights is qualified to vote in trade union affairs. Actually, the amendment is so worded as to conceal its real purpose, which is to require, not fifty weeks' acting experience, but four or five years from the time of his first engagement before a young actor can become a full-fledged member of his union! For what young player nowadays can accumulate fifty weeks' paid employment in the theatre in less time than that? And who shall say that this is because of lack of talent, rather than economic conditions existing in the theatre today? Most insidious of all is the retroactive clause which would require present Junior members to fulfill the same requirement of fifty working weeks. Clearly the idea behind the amendment is to keep young—and presumably fresh, vital blood, out of Equity, and leave it in the control of the established players. Vote "No" on the amendment!

Dramatists' Play Service

The Dramatists' Guild has announced the formation of the Dramatists' Play Service, Inc., to handle the non-professional acting rights of such plays as members wish to turn over to it. It should prove a valuable enlargement of trade union activities and of distinct benefit to the members. Too often in the past a dramatist sold the amateur rights of a successful play for a flat sum to an agent who later reaped ten-fold the price he had paid. When, on the other hand, the author refused to sell such rights outright

and retained an agent to handle a play on a commission basis, he found the agent pushing the plays he owned in preference to one on which he only collected a commission on author's royalties. The Dramatists' Play Service will be headed by Barrett Clark, and more than a hundred dramatists have already signified their intention of turning over to it the exclusive handling of amateur rights to their plays, among them George Abbott, Sidney Howard, John Howard Lawson, Clifford Odets, Paul and Claire Sifton and Robert Sherwood. The Dramatists' Play Service and the Repertory Department of the New Theatre League hope to cooperate on a practical basis, details of which have not yet been worked out.

Politer than the Rose

There are enough contradictions in Mr. Nugent's two reviews (New York Times) of *The General Died at Dawn* to satisfy the inveterate hunter of critical boners. The reviews, however, are singularly consistent and alike in one thing—the incredible tastelessness exhibited in the niggling remarks about the preview audience. According to Mr. Nugent's far from unprejudiced eye, "the left bank whooped with joy and looked over to the center orchestra to see how the capitalists were taking it. Restraining themselves with difficulty from parading down the aisles . . . there was another riot among the leftists. . . . By this time the claque was ready to tear the carpets up, glared defiantly at the loges. . . . The ushers

had to restore order. . . ." Mr. Nugent attributes this extraordinary behavior to the "fact" that the audience evidently was under the delusion it was seeing *Waiting for Lefty* and ascribed their subsequent silence ("even the claque quieted down before long") to the sudden realization that the film was *The General Died at Dawn* after all. "At home on Broadway, Mr. Odets may fling bitter words about strikes, unemployment, the helplessness of the white-collar men and the laboring classes. Out yonder in Sunny California he must be content to denounce a Chinese war lord for exploiting the suffering coolies in a conquered province." Mr. Nugent even ventured to suggest that perhaps "Mr. Odets will be made to pay for this. Possibly he will be drummed out of New Theatre. . . ." Though it is true, as is pointed out elsewhere in this magazine, certain moviegoers expected more from *The General Died at Dawn* because pre-release stories had created a false impression of the film, it is absolutely unthinkable that anyone for a moment doubted the value of Mr. Odets' contribution. If anything Mr. Nugent, in his first review, seemed to have fallen into this error when he spoke of General Yang, the protagonist, as a "fee-fie-fo-fumming war lord." In his second review Mr. Nugent got around to admitting that "Hollywood was showing unusual courage in coming out so boldly against the Chinese war lords. A Graustarkian war lord may be attacked with impunity: a Chinese war lord is something else again." Quite obviously, when Mr. Nugent is under the gratuitous necessity of proving the he is redder and politer than the unmannerly rose he doesn't make very good sense. It seems unfortunate, in addition, that he should throw his critical decorum in doubt for a paltry handful of questionable puns and witticisms considerably less than wholesome.

"Millions of Us"

The unanticipated and completely unwarranted withdrawal of the film *Millions of Us* from the Filmarte Theatre's first program comes as a most unpleasant surprise to us and will undoubtedly occasion deep disappointment to our readers. The establishment of a theatre admittedly favorable to the showing of pro-labor films was a source of great satisfaction to those who felt the distinct lack of such an institution. The unwarranted action of the proprietors, therefore, is entirely inexplicable. NEW THEATRE urges its readers to write the proprietors of Filmarte and request that *Millions of Us* be restored to the program for the remainder of its scheduled run.



Martin Harris

891 PRESENTS (FEDERAL THEATRE PROJECT) REHEARSES "HORSE EATS HAT"

Preview

The 1936-37 season is at our doors. One hundred and ninety plays have been announced, and although it seems likely that of this particular aggregation a full hundred will fall by the wayside and another hundred be conjured up to take their places, it is at least certain that this year will see no shortage in dramatic entertainment. From Hollywood comes the promise of at least five hundred pictures. Without entangling ourselves in any dangerous predictions regarding the up-surge or the downfall of the theatre or the art of the film, we can safely promise our readers that the next few months will bring them some substantial fare in the way of plays and pictures, and some pretty discouraging items as well.

Proceeding as rapidly as possible to the specific, we note with keen anticipation that the social theatre will offer new plays by Clifford Odets, George Sklar, John Howard Lawson, Sidney Kingsley, and Paul Green. The Theatre Union, abandoning its three-year headquarters on Fourteenth Street, will enter the Broadway arena by renting uptown playhouses for the run of its presentations. It will shortly present John Howard Lawson's *Marching Song*, an epic of an abandoned factory and the recent present depression, followed by George Sklar's *Life and Death of an American*, which surveys the last thirty years in terms of the life of a middle-class American—unless the order is reversed, with Sklar's play first and Lawson's second. The Group Theatre will lead off with Paul Green's *Johnny Johnson*, a fantasy with songs throughout in the musical comedy manner, the music by the distinguished exiled German composer Kurt Weill. Russell Collins will play the lead. The Group's second presentation will be Clifford Odets' third full-length play, *The Silent Partner*, which will not be seen before January. Sidney Kingsley, not content with being an author-director, has now turned producer as well, and will start off an ambitious program with his own *Ten Million Ghosts*. It concerns itself with the unsavory doings of munition manufacturers, and its characters and situations are, contrary to the usual practice, "taken from life." Orson Welles will play the lead, and Mr. Kingsley is directing. Following *Ten Million Ghosts*, Mr. Kingsley will present Peter Lorre, of moving picture renown, in the title role of *Napoleon the First*, adapted by the producer from the original by Ferdinand Bruckner.

There are other possibilities, which may prove as eventful additions to the contemporary social theatre as the first unheralded works of Odets and Irwin Shaw: an adaptation of Robert Briffault's *Europa*, on Max Gordon's production schedule, Francis Gallagher's *Iron Men*, an opportune drama about steel workers, to be presented by Norman Bel Geddes, *Sweet River*, George Abbott's new dramatization of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, *Two Hundred Were Chosen*, E. P. Conkle's play about the Alaskan settlers, to be the vehicle of that Actors' Repertory Company which appeared in *Bury the Dead*, *Glory for All*, a political satire, and *So Proudly We Hail*, concerning life in a military school (opened too late for review). There is also the possibility of a dramatization of John Steinbeck's *In Dubious Battle*, by John O'Hara.

Plays about the departed great will, seemingly, abound. The historically minded theatre-goer will be able to sam-



GEORGE SKLAR

ple plays about Napoleon (Sidney Kingsley, Max Gordon), Richard Wagner (the Theatre Guild, Wilfrid Lawson to play the composer himself), Frederick the Great, the ill-fated Crown Prince Rudolf Hapsburg (the Theatre Guild, one of three Maxwell Anderson plays in the offing), Marie Bashkirtseff, and Henri Gautier (in *The Laughing Woman*, with Tonio Selwart and Helen Menken).

The Shakespeare season should be one of the most interesting in years. There will be an opportunity to compare two Hamlets, both by first-rank actors. John Gielgud comes from London, where his Hamlet was acclaimed as *the* Hamlet of this generation, and where he is recognized as the leading actor of the day; he

will be supported by Judith Anderson as the Queen, and Lillian Gish as Ophelia, and the whole affair will bear the cachet of a Guthrie McClintic production. Leslie Howard will be supported by a cast brought chiefly from England; it is his first venture into Shakespeare. Katharine Cornell promises *Antony and Cleopatra*; Walter Hampden will do *Coriolanus*, *King Lear* and *Othello*. Walter Huston may also bring his *Othello* to town; it was declared a singularly exciting performance by those who saw it out in Central City two summers ago.

Among the other items which seem likely to prove successful (we forbear to be too encyclopaedic) are: Maxwell Anderson's *Wingless Victory*, a verse-tragedy laid in early nineteenth century New England with Katharine Cornell enacting a Malay princess married to a sea-captain; the same author's *High Tor*, a comedy which will feature Burgess Meredith; the George Kaufman-Edna Ferber *Stage Door* (with Margaret Sullavan), Gilbert Miller's presentation of Congreve's *The Country Wife*, with Ruth Gordon, and his importation of *Tovarich*, adapted by Robert Sherwood; *Night Must Fall*, a melodrama with and by the talented Emlyn Williams, which ran for two years in London; and *The Eternal Road*, the Max Reinhardt spectacle which came to grief last fall. A new play by Lillian Hellman is also promised and hoped-for.

The Federal Theatre Project has announced with great elation the production of Sinclair Lewis' *It Can't Happen Here*, in some twenty-eight simultaneous productions throughout the country, several of which will be in New York. If the dramatization is carried out with clarity and honesty, it should prove a powerful contribution to the anti-fascist theatre. *Noah*, *Native Ground*, *R.U.R.* (by the Marionette Theatre!) and Friedrich Wolf's *Dr. Mamlock* are also scheduled. Midseason will find the different New York units cooperating in presenting a number of American plays selected from the past to give the public a picture of the significant steps in the development of American drama. Some of the offerings will be *Copperhead*, *Fashion*, *Sun Up*, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, *Return of Peter Grimm*, *Declassé*, *The Emperor Jones*, *The Adding Machine*, *The Front Page* and *Yellow Jack*.

It is safe to assume that the coming flood from Hollywood will be largely negligible. On the other hand certain pictures, through the fortunate conjunction of good material and directors capable of endowing their scripts with meaning and significance, may be awaited with keen anticipation. We refer to

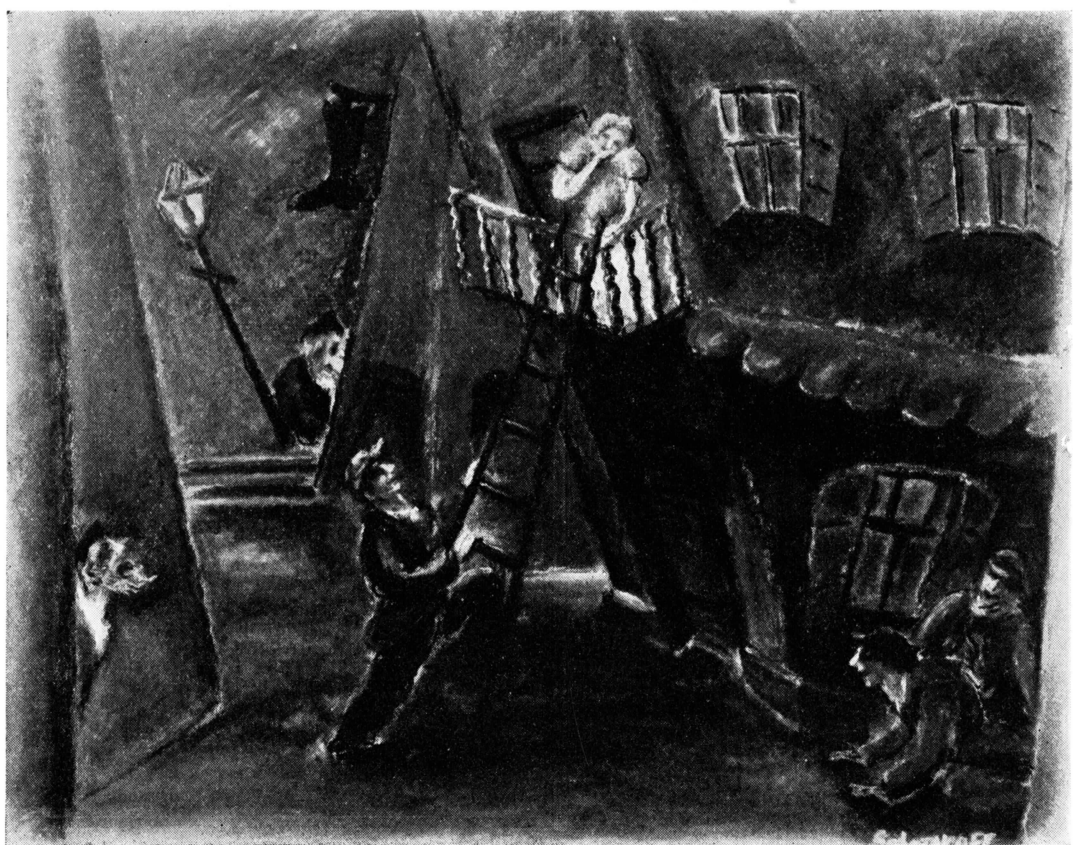
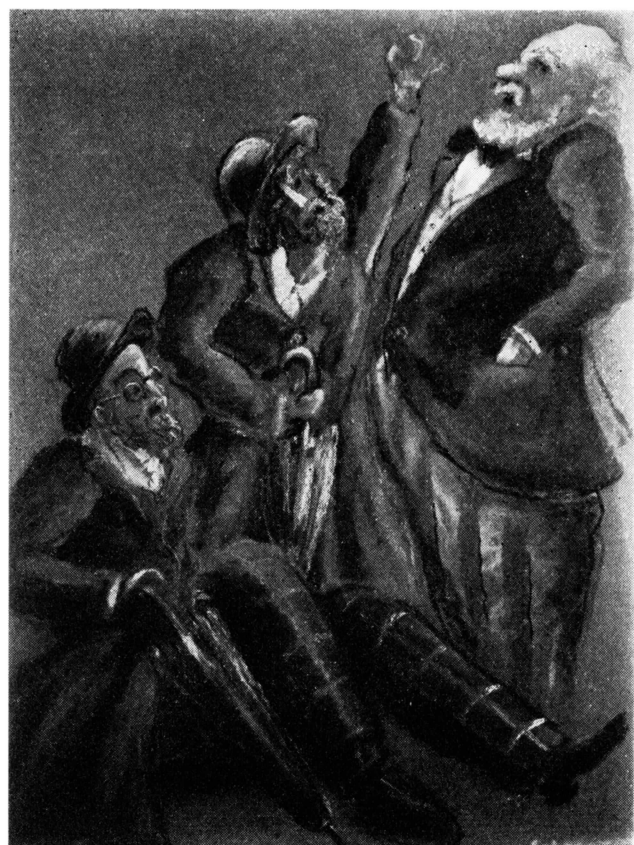
(Continued on page 23)



Designs by Moi Solotaroff

Above: setting and costumes for *200,000*, by Sholom Aleichem, the Artef's first production this season. Below: left, costumes for *200,000*; right, setting for *Recruits*, by L. Resnick, in the Artef's regular repertory. An exhibition of Mr.

Solotaroff's paintings of designs for settings and costumes is being held at the A.C.A. Galleries, 52 West 8th Street, New York City, October 15 to November 1, under the auspices of the New Theatre League. Photographs by Martin Harris.



"Ten Million Ghosts"

An Interview with Sidney Kingsley

BY ELEANOR FLEXNER

When Sidney Kingsley's new play, *Ten Million Ghosts*, opens in New York this month, the St. James Theatre program will carry a line saying: "Most of the incidents of this play are based on actual historic fact." In addition, the program will contain a chronological list of the historical events in question. Audiences will have no opportunity to accuse Mr. Kingsley of embroidering the facts in order to make his points; they will be unable to escape from the evidence which shows that only the fictitious parts of the play are innocuous and unimportant, and that truth is indeed stranger and stronger than fiction.

For instance, there is that well-known incident about the Briey Basin. This was that section of the Ruhr, it will be recalled, from which Germany drew 90% of her coal and iron during the greater part of the war. A concentrated long-range bombardment of the area would have ended the war, particularly during the last year of the struggle, when Germany was "metal hungry." Yet this was the sector of the whole front from Switzerland to the Channel where the fire was lightest.

This is one of the historic truths on which *Ten Million Ghosts* is based. There is a scene during the play (containing known fact, although the actual lines were written by the dramatist) in which a French general, aware of the vital importance of the Briey Basin, pleads with headquarters for permission to shell it. Permission is refused. The general orders a bombardment on his own initiative; before his orders can be carried out, he is recalled.

The leading protagonists in the play are thinly-disguised historical figures. Sir Basil Zaharoff, the internationally powerful industrialist and munitions manufacturer, inspired the character of Zachary. Another figure in the play was suggested by the armaments magnate, Von Wendel. These men are shown as the products of the system in which they operate. They embody forces, conflicts, contradictions, which are inherent in the chaotic, "cock-eyed" social organism as it exists today. Against them are arrayed the workers and the intellectuals. Not at first. In the opening scene the dramatist shows the workers to be the misguided tools of the war-mongers. Workers in a French munitions factory in 1914 read in a newspaper (belonging to Zachary) that a German industrialist has bought into the Rus-

sian Putilov works where the vitally important secret of the French .75 gun is held.

Inflamed by the jingoistic journal, the men attack a German who happens to be working in the French factory. It is in time of peace, but racial antagonism is already aflame. Later it is brought out that the German is being inflamed against France by another paper, also controlled by Zachary interests! By the end of the play, thirteen years later, there are signs that the workers are no longer passive; strikes break out; and the terrified industrialists look around for safeguard against the working masses, and find—Fascism.

The intellectual opposition to destructive capitalism is represented by two sharply differentiated types—the poet-dreamer Pequot, and the realistic, hard-bitten journalist, Ryan. The poet hates Zachary and his ilk, and is imbued by faith in the goodness of man and trust in God. He gives his life in fighting Zachary, and knowing at the end that he has failed, pins his hope on Ryan; he must carry on the struggle. Ten years elapse. Ryan, blessed with a cushy job on a yellow newspaper, hates his work, hates himself for clinging to security, and at the same time pierces the hypocrisy of Zachary and De Kruif to find out what is going on. In the end, remembering his friend, and overwhelmed with nausea for what he knows and has been furthering, through his reporting, all these years, he throws up his job in order to tell the truth.

At the end of the play, Zachary disclaims his responsibility for making wars: man has always fought, and always will. Ryan warns him: you can dope them just so long, and no longer, he says in effect, and then, watch out!

Kingsley began his play just three years ago, shortly after the opening of *Men in White*. Fascinated and outraged by the spectacle of a world which seemed then, as it does today, on the verge of plunging into a war far more destructive than the one it had just fought to end all wars, he began to formulate a play based on the machinations of the munitions manufacturers. At the end of a year's work, however, he laid it aside; he felt that he had been defeated, temporarily at least, by the difficulty of properly integrating the necessary admixture of fact and fiction.

The danger, he found, was not so much of writing an exposé which would be too

violent, too un-dramatic and tract-like to live in the theatre. Having evolved a "plot" which would carry the facts he wished to communicate to his audience, he was threatened by the fictitious elements swamping the real subject matter. Under his pen, almost, the interest of the play shifted away from the broad issues at stake—war and peace, financial irresponsibility and individualism, the interrelation of banking, commerce and the world press, to the human relationships which he had created to dramatize these concepts in terms of theatre.

He found himself, time and again, writing a supposedly anti-war play which, like others he had seen and read, ended by leaving the audience chiefly pre-occupied with the heroine's romance or the hero's victory over adversity and fell circumstance! He made many attempts before he achieved what he felt to be a successful integration of the two necessary and yet warring elements of his play.

His subject-matter presented him with yet another inherent difficulty. Not only in playwriting, but later when he came to visualize his production as a physical problem, he was baffled by the scope of the story he found himself forced, by the nature of his material, to tell. The first scene of *Ten Million Ghosts* takes place in a French munitions factory on the day of the assassination of the Austrian Archduke at Serajevo. The last is laid at Geneva, shortly after the collapse of the Disarmament Conference in 1927. With such a canvas it was necessary to write in short, fast-moving episodes. But in production, short, frequently changing scenes are an impediment to just the thing they are written to insure: pace. The audience loses the thread of the play, grows restless, irritated. Remembering that he had a wealth of vital material which he could not incorporate into the actual play, Kingsley has hit on a device which should obviate both difficulties. He will throw stereopticon slides on a screen, behind which the scenic changes will take place; these slides will communicate necessary information to the audience, thereby forwarding the action of the play, and at the same time maintaining the necessary uninterrupted psychological continuity.

On the basis of its theme and technical innovations, *Ten Million Ghosts* promises to be the first significant play of the opening season. Its advent is eagerly awaited.

Notes on Hollywood

BY JORIS IVENS



JORIS IVENS AND KING VIDOR

To us in Holland, and in the whole of Europe, Hollywood appears a strange empire, with embassy palaces and consulates in every country, city and hamlet. Whoever enters one of these palaces (and he must pay for it) is on neutral ground: on the outside are sorrows, insecurity, protests—demonstrations, struggles, war. Inside is darkness. An endless series of false illusions flicker across the screen, and the cunning producer, with the help of a Clark Gable, Jeanette MacDonald and Shirley Temple, tries to prove to the whole world—the American coal miner as well as the Dutch peasant—that human nature never changes.

It is clear in whose interest such a perversion of fact and reality is perpetuated. Who owns the screen? The talkie? The loudspeaker? Think of the thundering yell of culture over the world each evening—and think also of the following story.

In British India there lived a strong isolated tribe of mountaineers who didn't like continually paying taxes to the London bankers. They took their rifles and marched against the authorities. A bright English officer proposed to his general that he send an aeroplane with the world's most powerful loudspeaker over the camp of the mountaineers who were so audacious as to defend their liberty. A well-paid Hindu priest assuming the voice of the God of the Mountains announced through the silvery amplifying tubes that he wished the tribesmen to bring all their rifles, weapons and powder to the river bank. The people complied, and were conquered. Today, some of their young warriors are studying radio

engineering and aviation in order to be able to deliver their own message.

I

Hollywood seemed to us in Holland very far away, much farther than the film centers of London, Moscow, Paris, Berlin. With these centers our own independent film groups and audience organizations like the film leagues maintained regular contact. Celebrated continental directors spoke at our public meetings on their conception of film art and their methods of work: René Clair, Pudovkin, Renoir, Eisenstein, Pabst, and others. But Hollywood remained far removed. Our only contact with it through the years was its many mediocre and bad pictures. You can imagine what a distorted idea of American life the Dutch, the French, the English, received. A country full of gangsters and G-men; every office girl with the chance to marry her boss; the old fairy tale that every boy has the opportunity to become a millionaire; Negroes who were merely clowns with nothing to do but dance and sing the whole day long. All this time and time again.

Things took a turn for the better much too slowly. Every year four or five good works (of course far too few) came out of this dream factory where films—500 per annum, 65% of the world's production—were made on the conveyor belt. Names like King Vidor, Milestone, Mamoulian, Von Sternberg—later John Ford, Capra, Cukor, Hawks, La Cava and Le Roy—and those of a few good actors and actresses, appeared. Pictures began to be made which could no longer be derisively labelled "box office," "religion and sex," "war and sex." One had to

differentiate. We now saw some good pictures. Hence there were some good people in the field, creative forces, artists who wanted to create something beyond cheap entertainment.

II

During my first few weeks in Hollywood, as a craftsman I naturally concentrated on the marvelous working places. Hollywood is indeed a magnificent place in which to produce pictures—a mild even climate, for many a bit too monotonous—a lot of sun, little wind, scenic variety and in addition, the best technical equipment in existence. People from all over the world come to watch the studios in operation and to study their perfected methods of production. (Shumiatsky, for instance, the head of the Soviet cinema industry, came to Hollywood preparatory to the building of a gigantic film center in the South of the Soviet Union.) Visit these studios for a few hours and compare them with London or Paris, the sureness, the speed and calm of the directors, cameramen, stage and electrical workers and carpenters. Here one finds a working method of the utmost efficiency, systematic mass production, a concentration of the whole population of a city for one end—to produce films.

Technically, everything is possible. The lenses move over the scene faster than the eye of the interested visitor. The microphone hears more acutely than the ear of the snooping publicity agent. In twenty minutes one passes through twenty different streets, through a few thousand years of human history. Indeed, a marvelous place in which to produce pictures.



JORIS IVENS AND KING VIDOR

Then, after a week, one suddenly remembers that this apparatus, technically so marvelous, only produces four or five good pictures a year. It is not as efficient as we thought! One realizes the discrepancy between the technical possibilities and the result. Why?

In the scenario department the inbreeding of ideas proceeds on an unprecedented scale. Every year an endless row of variations on boy meets girl or the Cinderella story. Experiments in direction and shooting by director or cameramen are impossible, or emerge mutilated from the cutting-room. An actor has to fight for his life to escape standardization; once a dancing girl, gangster, butler, always a dancing girl, gangster, butler. In Hollywood one is not permitted to change. One is not permitted to make use of the rich life outside—American life. And it lies right next door—all around. Do not forget: Hollywood borders on Los Angeles, a city of two million, with the greatest aviation industry in the United States, the greatest fruit orchards of America, the second greatest center for rubber and oil. But between Hollywood and Los Angeles lies a boulevard, which separates the motion pictures from reality.

In the scenario department the last word in contact with life is a short story from the Saturday Evening Post, or a

book. Sometimes even a good book. But the pages are juggled, and often wiped clean of their words, leaving a blank white sheet to be used as a movie screen!

III

There are certain things in Hollywood, however, which are not hampered by restrictions. One is the censors. You get the feeling that these all-powerful and ignorant midwives got in on each film from the very birth of the idea, that they hover over each meeting of boy and girl armed with the vetoes of religious and moral decency.

The curiosity of the public is similarly unlimited and unhampered, stimulated by the fan magazines, whose myrmidons scurry, like rats, in and around private life. Diaries, bedrooms, gardens, are all open to them. They dutifully help to make the atmosphere of Hollywood deadly for true talent. Many writers succumb in the struggle and become business men, more so than in any other film center I have observed and worked in. Most of them come to Hollywood with a modest package of ideas but the package is soon emptied. Life in Hollywood makes the writer soft. "Of course, I only came for three months, to make a pile. Soon I'll quit and do what I want—write a book—a play—or study—or make my own film." But if you ask these

writers (or actors) how long they have been in Hollywood, they answer, "Three years—four years."

Among them there are those who really had something to say. But after three or four years they dried up—like the sea in Holland—slowly, painlessly, in a marvelous climate, in a house with a view and a good car. Only a few of them can indulge in the luxury of permitting themselves individuality. With these, the producers have their troubles! The better type of production requires strong, original talent. The producers engage writers who are known to possess it and then have to nullify the very qualities they need so badly, because in most instances the writer turns up with a scenario far too powerful, too original, too honest. ("Controversial topics are barred.")

The producer has other troubles. He has to get writers into some sort of collective relationship, because it usually takes more than one to turn out a script on a picture. I experienced one typical case. The collective didn't form itself around the theme or the idea of the picture, but around the prospective title: four words. (The producer assured me, "Every letter is worth gold.") I shall not divulge it, it was something like *Love On the Moon*. Four writers, the producer and the title—a brilliant gathering! A very strange process: four writers brooding like roosters over an empty egg-shell, making a full egg of it, and the public having to swallow it!

The writers are divided into various categories. After the *Love On the Moon* collective has done its work, the gag men and the heavy dialogue men are called in. ("And I have three idea men—fine fellows. No, they always do the same kind of work.") Once I was almost run over by the first aid doctor. "Help! One of the idea men has suddenly developed into a laugh man!"

Such a "collective" is a vulgarization, a profanation of collective work as I have experienced it in Moscow.

IV

Instead of resorting to such travesties of the creative process, Hollywood should turn to the rich, full life at its door, life in which a Balzac or a Zola would revel! I saw a fruit-pickers' strike—three thousand Mexican workers—which offered material for at least two *Viva Villa's*. In la Habra I was present at the birth of a fighting song, the circumstances of which, if incorporated in a film, would have had ten times the strength, and directness and optimism and probably have been more of a popular hit than the usual Hollywood epic. Yet how many Hollywood film workers were aware of this heroic primitive struggle in the fruit



STILL FROM JÖRIS IVENS' DOCUMENTARY FILM, "NEW EARTH"



STILL FROM JORIS IVENS' DOCUMENTARY FILM, "NEW EARTH"

orchards, where trees seem to be better cared for than men?

In San Francisco it shouldn't be necessary to fake an earthquake to create a theme of interest. San Francisco provides other themes for pictures besides earthquakes. On any ordinary day there is more tension in this harbor than in the Hollywood superfilm. One is conscious of five continents meeting in the harbor; international complications offer great cinematic material.

The writers must add depth to their work, they must tell more than they do at present. The screen writers were right to organize. It was and is necessary. They must defend not only their salaries but their professional honor and integrity.

Fuller and richer scenarios would not have to wait for good directors and actors; they are there, they *want* to make better films. There are great artists and experts available; I realized it again when I saw Capra shooting *Lost Horizon*. It is the love of an artist, of a craftsman for his profession that guides him. With equal intensity he directs a mass of one thousand people or the wrinkled brow of one of his actors. He notices with equal acuteness the mistakes of five extras is a mass of a thousand, or an incorrect fold in Ronald Colman's Chinese gown. And he corrects everything himself. He doesn't trust his eye, and controls the screen picture in the finder of the camera. One would almost think he had the screen with the completed film on it right beside him while he is shooting. I asked him whether he cut the film himself. "Of course. I consider that part of the director's job." Capra is one of the few directors in Hollywood who are free from front office interference. In his studio there reigns the quiet, the intense atmosphere of devotion essential to the making of good pictures, which I also found with René Clair in Paris and Pudovkin in Moscow. The same is true of others here whom I watched at work: Vidor, Milestone, Mamoulian. The calm sureness of men who are the complete masters of their art, their craft. One becomes furious at the thought that such talent has not the freedom necessary for the further development of the filmic art.

One might think that Hollywood would be a marvelous green-house for actors. On the contrary. I have already commented on how each actor is typed. Only with the help of courageous directors or perhaps an intelligent producer can they escape this fate. All too rarely do they work earnestly at their profession. They always have time and energy for a physical work-out, tennis, polo, etc., but only rarely to study their roles, the character

they are playing, before work on the film is begun. I had expected a great deal; I had thought that at least something of the methods of the Russian film actors had reached Hollywood, or that the modern American theatre had exerted some influence. Such was not the case. At times I saw an astounding lack of discipline among most of the leading actors and stars. The players lack the power or the desire to submerge themselves in their work. Concentration is impossible.

At home their calendar is full of engagements. I tried to remain calm when a star with a yearly income of at least two hundred thousand dollars complained earnestly to me: "Thursday night and Saturday night, no date, no invitation!" (Invitations are the barometer of popularity.) One mustn't wait! Call up your friends! Organize a party yourself! That's the first straw one clutches at. (Modern court atmosphere.) Publicity manager. These are her troubles. Her final goal is a footprint in the concrete at the entrance to Grauman's Chinese theatre. Madam has worries indeed!

The young cameraman working for years without advancement has greater worries. No promotion possible. In certain companies a small group of older cameramen is in control and effectively block the way. No younger man however talented is allowed to get a chance. Tired musicians tell me of overlong working hours and bad pay. Matters are even worse among the army of extras. The Central Casting Bureau reports that of the 15,275 people given work during the first six months of 1936, 13,463 earned less than \$200. This is the Hollywood about which the fan magazines never write.

V

When I said that Hollywood was shut-in and isolated, I did not mean that it was not completely dominated and controlled from the outside, and that it was not being used as a powerful medium to reconcile the masses to the insecurity of their daily work and life by giving them cheap entertainment as an escape from reality. To my mind Hollywood is the world's greatest center of agitation and propaganda. One has only to remember how in 1917 the war spirit was worked up with miles of celluloid and a few telegrams and meetings. Would not such a thing be possible again today?

The mental attitude of those who work in this center of propaganda is not simple. Meeting different people in Hollywood taught me to understand better what Donald Ogden Stewart said at a public reading of *Bury the Dead* about the profession of screen writing. There

are many fine, charming people in Hollywood. At home they play with their children, read a great deal, take an interest in art. But at the office they write and produce bad films which their own children and the rest of the world as well, will see. They distort, consciously or unconsciously, the fundamentally healthy illusions of human beings, and project them on the screen as a new kind of reality. Their work constitutes a moral disarming of the masses.

If one asks the producers or film magnates: Why entertainment on such a low level, why so few good pictures?—they always hide behind the box-office, which they insist represents the wishes of the masses. The masses become a sort of big brother. "My big brother likes it that way." But "big brother" is becoming wiser, more conscious of his own life. He spends his earnings to see these pictures. And he finds them too empty. The industry's answer is, not better pictures, but the double feature. Still my "big brother" is not satisfied. The pictures give him nothing for tomorrow, for the hard working day. And the industry's answer? Screeno, and Bank Nights! Still not enough? Then give away a car! What next year, producers, directors?

It is a pity that a few of the leaders of the film industry couldn't accompany me on my tour on which I showed the films of independent film groups in Holland and Belgium. They would have marvelled at how widespread and lively is the desire for better pictures in all circles, among students, intellectuals and workers. The honest film critic could render great service by voicing this too little expressed desire.

All those who wish to raise the American screen to a higher level should heed the example of the young new theatre movement in America. No other country except the USSR can show such a steady growth of the modern theatre as America. (In Germany, by contrast, the theatre has withered away under the Nazi dictatorship.) Playwrights, directors and actors in New York sense a great task. The American screen must follow their example; the days of merely cursing or deploring Hollywood are over.

Hollywood can produce such pictures as *The Informer*, *Modern Times*, *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*, *Fury*, *Pasteur*. Good artists in Hollywood need the help of the public in order that the box-office risk of such pictures can be reduced. The producer must sense a new terrain with new possibilities. Educational, youth, peace and labor organizations could support such productions, could stimulate the demand for progressive films and form a
(Continued on page 28)

BY EMANUEL EISENBERG



PORTRAIT OF A MAN WITH A HEADACHE

See the man behind the desk. Observe the drooling ashtray of half-smoked cigarets, the gaping tin of aspirins, the shot bottle of Courvoisier. Why is the man's head in his hands? Has he a headache? Oh, yes, indeed. The man has a terrible headache. The man has such a violent headache that he would like to bash his fists into his temples until the drum inside falls with a sick crash.

Is it something he et? A hangover heachache? The neural megrims?

Nothing like it. This is an occupational disease; it flourishes in late August, all through September and right into early October; it has even been known to carry through to the first days of November.

Its name is Producer's Headache.

Do you know what causes it?

Explanations differ.

Some maintain it is the sloppy pile of colored manuscripts in the corner of the desk; others contend it comes from the manuscripts which are NOT there. The difference is slight. In both cases the Producer is going nuts because he doesn't know what to do next. And there you have the core of it: it's the not-knowing-what-to-do-next headache.

For the Producer is, tragically, not a self-generator. He doesn't write plays; he doesn't even get ideas for them; he doesn't direct; he doesn't design sets or costumes; he has nothing to do with the lighting; in fact, he has no hand in the actual production.

Then what does he do?

He coordinates.

Yes, but what does he DO?

All right, he hunts and worries.

Mostly, he worries.

Because hunting plays is a waste of

energy; most of them come by messenger from agencies or are personally delivered by the jittering authors.

So all the Producer can do is wait and worry.

Skilled exclusively at overwhelming his moneyed acquaintances into investment and hiring a playhouse at shrewd terms, the Producer is unable to proceed with either of these exhibitions until a play has been chosen and put into action.

Then why doesn't he choose a play?

There are no plays.

No plays at all?

Oh, sure; there's this play and that play: but not THE play, the knockout, the lulu, the unquestionable sockeroo.

What would such a play be like?

Ah, now you've struck it: nobody knows. It's anybody's guess. And the Producer is trying very hard to guess. See how he lifts the Courvoisier and drains it and drops it in the basket and rips out another bottle from the back of the bottom drawer.

He is trying to guess many things. Primarily, he is wondering what in the name of God almighty the season facing him will be like.

Will it be a season for originality? Or will they want the old stuff again? Maybe radicalism will be rampant. Think of the banner year that Clifford Odets fellow had. No: the old stuff always goes. But which old stuff? If he picks one style or another, how is he to know whether last season wasn't the high point for it and whether they'll go for it again the next time?

Whom can he ask? Who has the low-down?

Nobody knows. A smart Producer is a smart guesser. Headache, stay away from my door.

With comedy you're always safe.

Comedy's a money-maker; in fact, it's the only thing that makes any dough at all. Look at last year: *Three Men on a Horse*, *Boy Meets Girl*, *Idiot's Delight*, *End of Summer*.

And the movie sale. God, the sweet coin from the West. Hollywood wants laughs, nothing but laughs.

Yet what's wrong with a good hot melodrama? Is *Dead End* still mopping up or isn't it? And what's the matter with straight plays? Did *The Children's Hour*, *Winterset* and *Victoria Regina* rake it in or not? Class is what they had, Class. And what do they bring? Prestige. Everybody can use Prestige.

Foreign plays: there's a way of gaining Prestige through Class. Maybe he should take a jaunt to London, Paris, Vienna. At least you don't have to guess from the manuscript that way. You can see the production. But how can you tell when New York will like what Europe liked? How can you guess?

You can't, you can't, you never can. Why did he ever go into show business, anyway, and leave that nice steady accountancy job?

It's crazy. Because, even if he had a knockout of a play to put on, a sure smash, how could he figure out whether it should be presented in the late fall, the middle of winter or the early spring? There's something about putting on a play at a perfect time of the year. What is that something? One year a guy can pick it and another he can't. Who's got the formula down? Give him a ring quick and tell him to come over this minute. I'll give him a one per cent interest in the show, I swear I will.

See the cigarets being lit and dinched, one after the other. The Producer takes two puffs at a weed and it's doomed.

BY EMANUEL EISENBERG

PORTRAIT OF A MAN WITH A HEADACHE



Nerves. And the undiminishing Headache.

Suppose you have the play finally, the heartbreak melodrama that'll bring the women stampeding to the matinées; you know it ought to go on about the second week of November to get the right kind of attention for such a show: what good does it do you to have gotten that far? For, what are you going to do about casting?

The female lead is an absolute natural for Ina Claire. Try and get her away from the Guild. And the male lead was born for Paul Muni. Contrast, like. Is there a dog's chance of wheedling him away from the movies? And who could ever pay the insane salaries they want if you did manage to get them? What are you going to do, turn all your profits over to them? Are you working for them or are they working for you, in the name of God?

And who wants stars, anyway?

Stars don't mean a thing any more. Take *The Children's Hour*, *Dead End*, *Three Men on a Horse*, *Boy Meets Girl*: did anybody ever remember who was in any of them? They went over for what they had, not for who was in them.

But suppose your production is the kind that needs everything it can get, that cries for a star the night before you open, that has a chance of going over only if there's a star in it? How are you to know, oh, how are you to know?

Do not be alarmed by the crushing sound: the Producer is trying to beat the Headache out of his temples, but it will do him as little good as ever: he will have to continue the Camels and the aspirins and the Courvoisier to forget. Watch how neatly the second bottle is going.

All right, now you have the play, the people who ought to be in it, the right time to open: where are you going to dump it? What theatre will you fight for? Anybody can pick the Empire, the Henry Miller, the Belasco, the Martin Beck, the Booth; if you've got a Class Play, it's almost too easy to go after one of those. And you pay their price. To pick a theatre notorious as a flop house which no one else would ever touch; or a theatre on an obscure street that people wouldn't go to normally, a house you can take over for nickels: and to prove that audiences will flock anywhere for a smash: that's smart, that's being a showman.

But what do you do, what do you do if you find during the third week of rehearsal that you're stuck with a dud, that the show needs every possible break to put it over, that it ought to be on a street with standing-room-onlies so it can catch the overflow? What good does it do you to have been smart enough to

settle on an out-of-the-way street or in a house with FLOP written all over the front of it? And how can you know in advance?

The Producer's head is on the desk now. The bottle, the tin and the pack of cigarets all seem to have failed him for the moment. He wants to shut out the light more than anything else. Sink, sun. Come, blackness.

Because the darkest vision of them all has just assailed his poor bruised head. As in a nightmare he has seen the Critics. The monstrous, unpredictable Critics. What are they going to like? What will they say about this or that? Nobody knows. Unanimous raves and the box-office shines. Solid pans and you're dead. Mixed notices and you might as well kill yourself.

For what will you do with mixed notices? Will you take the good ones and advertise them in the sheets that gave bad ones? Or won't the readers pay any attention when their own critics have rapped the show? Then should good notices be reprinted in the rags that gave them? But isn't that a waste of heavy dough? The customers know already that their paper liked it, or don't they?

But who, who are the customers? Which is the public for this show? Where do they come from? How can you get to them? And work on them? Will gags do it? Stunts? Dignity? Handouts? Can we pull a \$3.85 top? Or can't we get away with more than \$2.20 this season? Maybe we could live on a dollar house-tax for passes? Or two for one at Leblang's?

The Producer lifts his head a little and suddenly bangs the forehead down against the desk. Soon he is quiet.

You look for a play; you find it; you cast it and you hook the angel; you book the right house and it goes into rehearsal for the right opening date—and then the void. For who is going to come? How do they ever come? By what miracle do a thousand people all decide to invade one playhouse on a given evening?

And if they don't come?

What do you do?

Why is it so formless, so unseizable? Why isn't it more arranged?

Watch out, now; the Producer is rising with violent swiftiness; something terrible may happen. But, no: he is all gentleness and sweetness, the peace of exhaustion and coma. He lifts the telephone receiver and presses the tiny button which stirs his secretary in the adjoining room. "Oh, Miss Schultz, will you give Warner Brothers a ring and tell them I'll be over in the morning to discuss my going out to the Coast for three years? Thank you, Miss Schultz."

First Offerings

The first few offerings of a season are rarely among its best, and this year's early crop proved no exception to the rule. The initial arrival was *Spring Dance* of which, although it lingered only briefly, it is nevertheless necessary to speak because it was written (adapted was the term used, I think) by Philip Barry, and produced by Jed Harris. Just why either of them ever touched it remains a mystery. Although it is several years since either has done anything really worthy of their earlier reputation, they usually turn out a finished job of stagecraft, no matter how trivial. Mr. Harris once produced and staged *The Royal Family*, *Coquette*, and *The Green Bay Tree*. Mr. Barry hurled some mean shafts of wit in *Holiday* and did some honest thinking in *Hotel Universe*. None of these things were apparent in *Spring Dance*, a crude little farce, crudely produced and crudely acted, about the war between the sexes at a girls' college weekend house-party.

There followed a number of melodramas, one of which, *Timber House*, distinguished itself by capturing the annual cup for a one-night run at a record early stage in the season, and then *Seen But Not Heard*, by Marie Baumer and Martin Berkeley. This provides an evening's entertainment thanks to some good writing and human playing in the roles of the three children who are central characters in an otherwise routine murder case. If one turns one's back on the basic improbabilities of the entire affair there is even a good deal of enjoyment to be extracted from it. E. F.

The Winter Edition of *New Faces* finds itself in the unenviable position of knowing what it ought make fun of, but having neither the wit nor the insight to know how to do it. Mrs. Roosevelt, Mrs. Hoover and Girl Scout Jamborees, a Wolf of Wall Street, the trek of the literati to Hollywood, Louella Parsons' affection for the dear, dear Marion—this is authentic material for satire, but the authors ineffectually meander through the satiric pastures, conscientiously harvesting the dried-up chaff of mildly sophisticated banter instead, firm in the adolescent belief that blasé is synonymous with witty.

Imogene Coca is at her best as an out-of-step ballet student in *Miss Mimsey*, a somewhat amusing pantomime, directed by Irene Moore. The music and lyrics are undistinguished, and the only warm and healthy item on the program is the spot reserved for Billie Haywood and Cliff Allen, sweet hot singer and hotter pianist, respectively. E. O.

Memorandum on Hedgerow

BY MARY VIRGINIA FARMER

The most interesting theatre in America today is housed in an old converted mill in Moylan-Rose Valley, Pennsylvania. From its unobtrusive beginnings in 1923—there was no “founding”; Jasper Deeter and others merely presented *Candida*—the Hedgerow Theatre has become a byword wherever theatre is envisaged in terms other than those of profit.

If it wished, it might become the most important theatre in this country as well as the most interesting. I do not know whether it cares about being important. In my opinion it ought to care. It is now so much of an entity that it has a distinctly social duty to perform towards its audiences; and toward the American theatre as a whole (or our hope of one), an artistic duty. At the present time neither of these responsibilities is being fulfilled as well as it should be, largely, it seems to me, because the organization does not exercise sufficient selectivity in its choice of plays, in the work of its artists, in the form of its productions, and in its social outlook. There is a hiatus between its keen understanding and high standards, and the expression of these in theatrical terms.

Even as it stands today Hedgerow presents a tremendous accomplishment which should be encouraging and stimulating to every struggling new theatre. The first Hedgerow play was presented at the old mill in Rose Valley in April

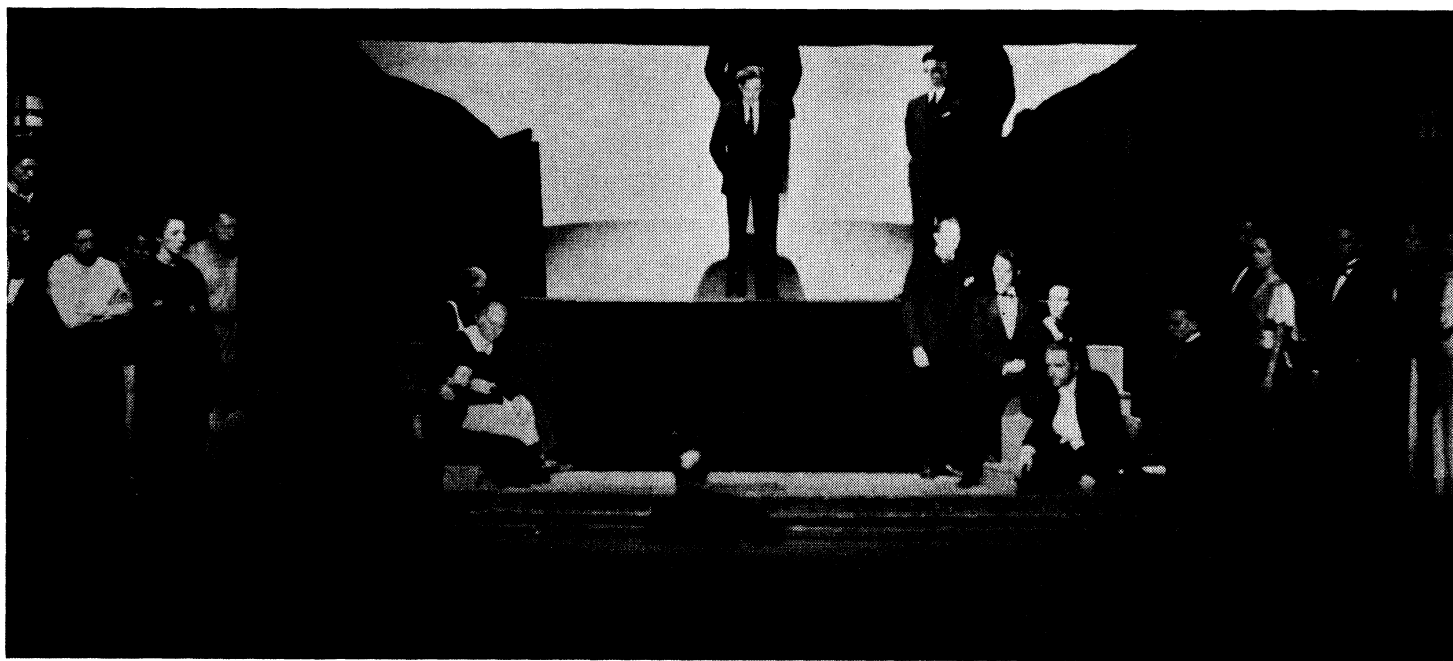
1923 by Jasper Deeter, several people who were later to become members of the Hedgerow acting company, and others who were interested amateurs of the neighborhood. The theatre, and the company, began to take shape at the end of that summer, when three people were provided with board and lodging (in theory at least, and part of the time actually!) by week-end box-office receipts. The following summer saw the first theatre house, where ten or a dozen actors, members of the regular company and guest players, lived in attempted cooperation!

By the summer of 1926 the Hedgerow was carrying a debt of \$11,000. Today, it is within a few hundred dollars of owning its own theatre outright. It is buying its own house with three acres of ground. It owns a truck, a bus and a station-wagon. It does its own printing and photography, its own laundry, raises its own vegetables, and grows the wool for its blankets on its own sheep. Members of the company take care of the housekeeping and marketing, and in addition to these multifarious activities, keep a repertory of thirty-five plays going (playing six performances a week most of the year), including an average of eight new productions a season (new and old plays), with sets and costumes made entirely by the company! The theatre supports twenty-two people (its acting resources are larger, however, and include a special part-time group which appears in Irish plays and in other parts as well,

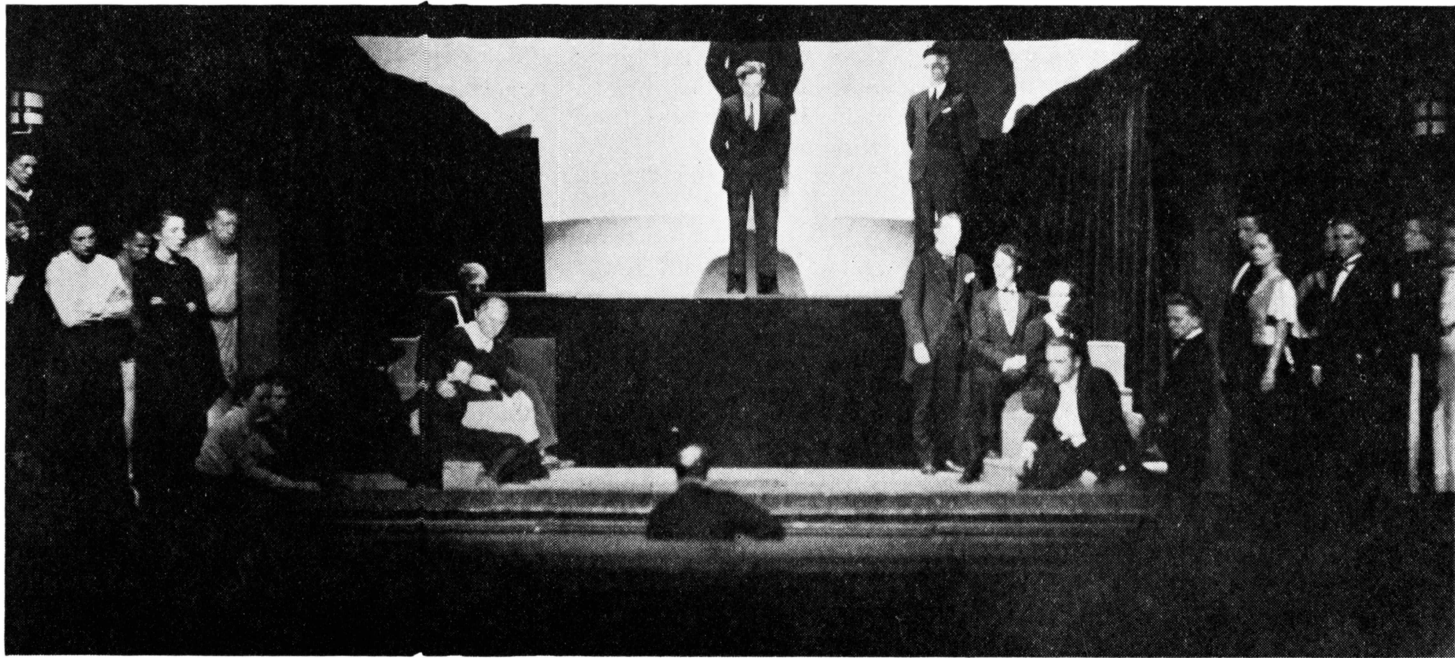
and a number of Negro players who work with Hedgerow on a part time basis when opportunity offers). Maintenance includes excellent food, every detail of personal necessity, any special health requirements, and \$5.00 a week in cash, although this privilege is seldom used!

There are no debts other than the amortization on the theatre properties. There are no endowments on the books either, and few gifts of consequence. How has this growth in economic capacity been accomplished? Through the intake of a theatre seating 156 people, the highest priced seat being \$1.65.

Twenty-two people run a theatre in a successful cooperation of living and artistry, with a saner interplay of energies and understanding, of leadership and group activity, than I have seen in any other place. More specifically, Hedgerow functions like this: There is an incorporation for business purposes, and the company. The separation between the two is purely technical. There is no departmentalization of personnel throughout the theatre. The two people who are responsible for the balance of income and expenditure also act, direct, build sets and go to market. Everybody who is capable of giving correct change has charge of the box office at one time or another. One of the theatre's most valuable actresses, in association with one of the actors, recently reorganized the property department; another ran the costume department for years



THE TRIAL SCENE IN THE HEDGEROW PRODUCTION OF THE PISCATOR-DREISER "AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY"



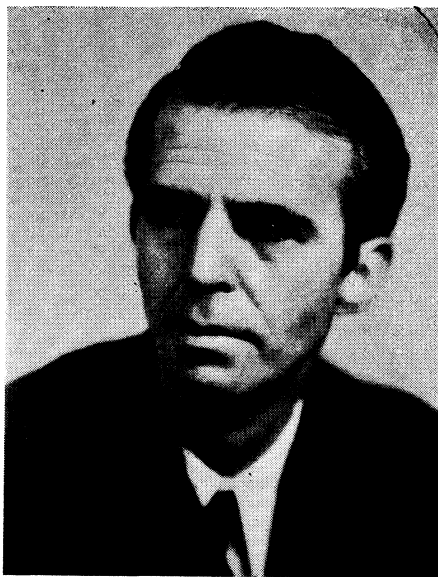
THE TRIAL SCENE IN THE HEDGEROW PRODUCTION OF THE PISCATOR-DREISER "AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY"

with such efficiency and concentration that it endangered her health, whereupon the company put her in charge of the vegetable garden instead, where she has done an equally good job! There is no production manager or department. Jasper Deeter chooses the plays, and casts and directs them; whoever has the most interesting scenic production idea for a play which fits the director's idea of the play's content, works with him as producer. Other members of the company build, paint, sew, upholster, shop, shift scenery, and handle lights, according to ability, and the time and energy they are able to devote to the work.

Policies are discussed and decided upon at company meetings which take place by necessity or request rather than at set times. At such gatherings the discussion ranges from the termination or renewal of contracts and the addition of new members to the company, to whether or not the theatre shall tour, whether a member shall take a short-term picture contract for the sake of helping the theatre, whether box office prices shall be lowered or raised, and the purchase of new machinery or equipment. Criticism is freely voiced; Deeter's word is final on the choice of plays or casts, but he is open to frank question and discussion. Always the attitude is: what is best for the Hedgerow Theatre? What will best help its growth and stability—at this moment? In a year's time? And the primary interest of each individual lies in what he is doing for the theatre rather than what he feels about what he is doing!

In recent years Hedgerow's relation to its audience has been carefully guided, but it is now due for a more definite and conscious development. The theatre has a steady patronage from Philadelphia and its growing suburbs. This public, largely middleclass, sees a wide variety of plays: tragedy, comedy and melodrama by Shaw, O'Neill, Sherwood Anderson, Lynn Riggs, Ibsen, Shakespeare, Jean Jacques Bernard, Gantillon, Chekov and many others old and new. On nights when *The American Tragedy* or Susan Glaspell's *Inheritors* or *The Emperor Jones* are on the bill, the audience becomes partly, sometimes predominantly, working-class.

During the years through which many of them have been coming to Hedgerow they have learned to come on time, to look at the bulletin board in the lobby for the current cast and at their programs only for the characters and locale of the play, and to take for granted that each production is a collective Hedgerow effort with the credit taken collectively. This last means only one company curtain call at the end of the performance,



JASPER DEETER

and no favoritism to individual actors in the way of entrance or exit "hands." They have also learned to enjoy the quiet and beauty which have been created around the old-mill which houses the theatre, and the exhibitions by associated artists in the Green Room.

This is a fine relationship. The danger lies in the fact that the increasingly self-contained economic functioning of the theatre, detailed above, may tend to isolate its members and shut them off in a special protected world of their own. The more than liberal attitude most of them possess is apt to grow more divorced than it is now from a realization of the actual conditions and needs of life today. The theatre's self-sufficiency is an economic necessity, and the struggle to achieve it has developed a fine inner organization. But it is one which—it must be realized—tends to develop away from that trend of group development today which aims to create group relations and exchanges rather than to decentralize units from the social and economic fabric as a whole.

In its new leaflet for its audiences Hedgerow tells them: "We still spend from \$15,000 to \$20,000 a year. We should, if we can spread co-operation, buy from you men and women who support us." And it asks then, "What do you sell? Where is your place of business?" Possibly this feeler may initiate a new phase of co-operation between audience and theatre which may help to offset the very real trend towards isolation. It could also be guarded against by conscious education against too isolated and self-sufficient a point of view, and by participation in some form of activity with other organizations engaged in a struggle for free collective functioning and equalized standards of living.

It is encouraging to hear in this connection that Deeter will direct two plays for the Philadelphia New Theatre, dividing his time equally between Hedgerow and Philadelphia, for the entire fall season. Hedgerow cannot fail to benefit from its director's close contact with the living labor theatre movement.

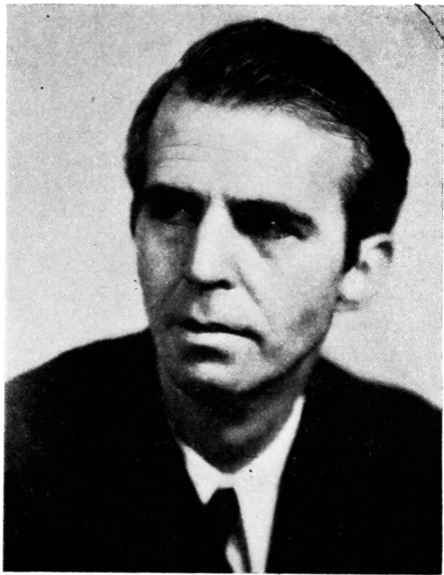
The problem may be approached from another angle. All this fine organizational growth, all this hard work, simple living, high thinking and feeling—what is it for? To make a theatre, of course. The new leaflet says "Our job is, we hope, the creation of beauty and pleasure." Jasper Deeter, writing in the July issue of *Theatre Arts Monthly*, says "The purpose of the theatre is to suggest." Hedgerow has produced no further manifesto. Nothing has ever been said at Hedgerow about its being an art theatre or a social theatre or an experimental theatre; there is no set policy of expression. Let us see what this attitude has produced, theatrically.

In thirteen years there have been one hundred and nineteen productions, of which thirty-one were world premieres and nine American firsts. The active season's repertory consists of thirty-five plays; in the winter there have been tours by bus and truck to almost every section of the country. In July this year the third annual Shaw festival took place—two weeks of Shavian plays.

There is an enormous variation, both in the level of acting and production, and in the content of the plays. There is no better playing available—true, exciting, solidly related to the production and content of the play—than is to be seen in the Hedgerow production of *Saint Joan* and of Lynn Riggs' *The Lonesome West*. Almost as much may be said for *Liliom*. On the other hand you may also see a good fast stock production—no better than that—of *The Devil's Disciple*, or a thoroughly bad production of one of Mr. Shaw's most outmoded plays, *The Doctor's Dilemma*, or a much better performance than it deserves of Shaw's *Misalliance*. The present repertory includes a version of *Alice in Wonderland* and other plays for children; in the past it has included Harry Wagstaffe Gribble's *March Hares*, and the mildest and most popular of A. A. Milne's romantic comedies.

The acting at its best is interesting, moving, satisfying; at its worst, although seldom false, and always sincere in intention, it is incomplete, undeveloped and immature. After thirteen years there is still too much of the latter. Many of the players need study and practice. The control and use of voice and body and

(Continued on page 27)



JASPER DEETER

The Project Workers Serve Notice

BY MORRIS WATSON

A delegation which went to Washington early in August to protest the shifting of the four Federal Arts projects of WPA from direct federal control to the administrative jurisdiction of the New York city WPA administrator was told to go back and "have faith."

Nobody knows to this day why the shift was made. The Washington officials said it was to give the local administrator a chance to help the arts projects with their "headaches." In view of the fact that the arts projects hadn't had any real headaches since they had been removed from the tender clutches of Victor "Fire the Loafers" Ridder, the "headache" gag was without sense.

The shift was made. Nobody had the "faith" Washington wanted them to have and nobody was surprised when the new local administrator shot in a new "headache." In less than a month he ordered the non-relief personnel exemption on the arts projects reduced from 25 to 10 percent.

On top of that he announced, via the New York Times, that his order meant the firing of 1,500 people on September 15, unless they could qualify for relief. Who are these people on the projects under the non-relief exemption? They are artists and technicians necessary to the functioning of the projects whose abilities cannot be found on the relief rolls. Despite their proficiency there is no place for them in private industry. Most of them sometime or other tried to get on relief. Most of them failed because they had a third cousin who owned an old Ford automobile, or because the relief investigator didn't like their looks, or because they truthfully told the investigator they had been living by sponging off their friends, or because they had a great uncle who was earning ten dollars a week hawking neckties—and so on, ad nauseum.

The supervisors' organizations of the four projects joined in sending a delegation to see the local administrator, Colonel Brehon Somervell. Colonel Somervell was amazed. He is on leave of absence from the army. He has been taking orders from his superiors without question for 27 years. One of the supervisors made the rough, but apt, remark that "we aren't in the army, now." The colonel said the order for the reduction came from Washington.

The supervisors of the four arts projects held a joint meeting and invited representatives of other unions and or-

ganizations. They voted to inform the WPA officials that they, the supervisors, would not cooperate in the issuance of any pink slips because of relief status (a pink slip is a notice of dismissal) and that they would join with the workers in any stoppage or other action which they might take because of dismissals.

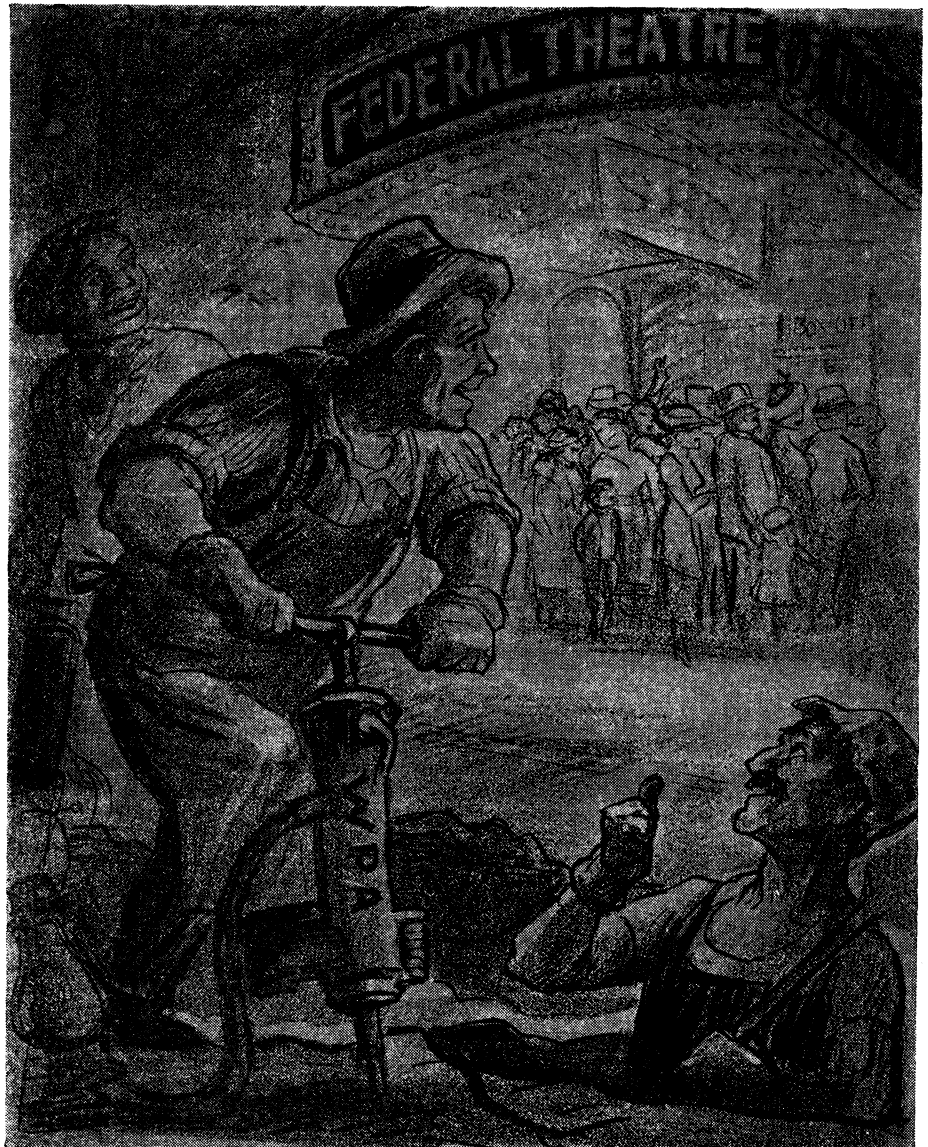
From their ranks the supervisors elected a Committee of Action to go to Washington. They instructed the committee to enlarge itself by inviting every other union and organization concerned with the four arts projects to send delegates. The only important union which failed to join the committee was Actors' Equity.

The committee proceeded to Washington on September 17. It represented a union of unions, a potentially powerful federation which included four A. F. of L. affiliates.

Politely, but plainly, the committee told Thad Holt, assistant WPA administrator in charge of labor relations, that the organized workers on the WPA arts projects in New York *would not tolerate the issuance of even one pink slip because of relief status.*

Mr. Holt left the room and telephoned Colonel Somervell. Colonel Somervell already had responded to pressure (he was visited by other unions) enough to halt his announced firing program temporarily. He permitted the non-relief workers to sign statements saying they would have insufficient means to support themselves without their WPA jobs. But these statements were to give the workers temporary relief status only until investigators from the Emergency Relief Bureau got around to refuting them.

(Continued on page 29)



Don Freeman. Courtesy Federal Theatre

"WELL, JOE, LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT ANOTHER HIT ON OUR HANDS."



Don Freeman. Courtesy Federal Theatre

"WELL, JOE, LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT ANOTHER HIT ON OUR HANDS."



"Der Kampf"

BY MAX OPHUELS

I wanted to sit down and write the director a letter:

Dear Gustav von Wagenheim! Yesterday, together with a couple of German refugees living in Moscow, I saw your film, *The Struggle*. The sound was bad, the lighting poor—but the picture was strong. So strong, so powerful, that I, as your colleague, must say "Thank you." It has nothing to do with criticism, with professional or personal esteem. You have achieved something for which the great united front of film workers who were driven from Germany must be grateful, and will be, some day. You have been the first to redeem their honor.

The literary talents who have emigrated from Germany have long found a place in the world. It is harder for the cinema. With the exception of the Soviet Union, it cannot find a "publisher." The international producer anxiously avoids any political avowal. Let us not be unjust; perhaps he is compelled, by censor-

ship, the danger of diplomatic complications, the requirements for labor permits, to take such a stand.

But from all these limitations you are free. It was you, therefore, who shouldered the task of making a Dimitroff picture. A great and heavy task! And one which you have carried out with such a sense of responsibility, with such integrity, that your enemies, who honored you by depriving you of citizenship, may well take a lesson from you.

This picture is no cheap glorification of a hero. There are countries today in which the head of the state must issue ordinances against the too frequent use of his portrait on handkerchiefs, powder boxes, playing cards and beer tankards. Your film is free from any such excesses. The great man who, at his trial, faced the gigantic might of National Socialism unarmed and alone, hardly appears at all, excepting for several close-ups at the end. Yet he is omnipresent, in every foot of

the film! Often one hears him speaking at the trial, as a background to other scenes. And with the invisible Dimitroff, who laboriously wrestles with the words of a foreign tongue, there is present the *idea* which was supposedly crushed during those days, the belief which made Dimitroff victorious, and which will not die—the belief in the other, new Germany. In *The Struggle* this belief shows itself repeatedly, often in a joyous, optimistic guise. There is one scene which lasts hardly a minute. Nazi automobiles are pursuing a young worker, one of the underground opposition, in the early morning. He runs around a curve in the road. Roadworkers are shovelling stone. In a flash the boy has sized up the situation. He comes rushing up to them; laughing. Laughing, he tears off his coat, one of the unknown comrades pushes a shovel in his hands, and laughing exultantly, he begins to heave stone, and they all shovel together—and the



“Der Kampf”

BY MAX OPHUELS

Nazi cars rush past. There are many such scenes.

In all of them is reflected the secret comradeship which is forever reaching out its hand, in hope—a solidarity which never falters, which flares up, like lightning, in countless places and situations, and when pursued, dies down with the same suddenness. And in this film it is not shown as a secret underground organization. It is present—a great, heart-warming brotherhood—in every conversation, every handclasp, every look.

Nothing in the picture is shown in sheer black and white. No matter how grim the subject-matter—imprisonment, concentration camps, assault, blood purges—the figures of the other side are never overdrawn, never caricatured or depicted with blind hate. Often there is a residue of humanity shown, which may lead them back, some day, where they belong, on the other side.

There is still another aspect to *The Struggle*. It is a memorial to the one-time unpolitical, non-partisan, respectable Germany, which was taken unaware and overwhelmed by the Hitler regime. There is, for instance, Dr. Hillstedt. He is supposed to certify a death—one of the "suicides." He resists. Later he sits in the comfort and intimacy of a small beer-hall, at the table reserved for patrons of long standing, waiting for his friends, gentlemen of the law, of science. They do not come. Instead, a young storm-troop leader and his new comrades, in new uniforms, surround him, sit at his table, propose a toast. The doctor is saddened. Later he helps a fugitive. The man comes to him in his office hours, for a first aid dressing. Suddenly there is an uproar on the stairs, the doctor steps to the door and opens it—and is struck down by a revolver shot. Respectable Germany.

Dear Gustav von Wagenheim, it was for all these things that I felt I had to thank you. I think that many in our profession will be thankful too, and not judge this film as they do others, by the photography, the dialogue, the cutting, alone. They will see in it something no one else has achieved. And this achievement, conceived by you and executed by all the actors, who speak and play, not as if they were living in Moscow, but as if they had just taken the city tramway from Wedding or Schönberg to the studio, will not be limited in its appeal to any one class, party or country.

Your film is called *Der Kampf*. May it not some day be entitled, with far greater right than the super-films generated by Leni Riefenstahl and Goebbels, *Der Triumph des Willens*, or *Sieg des Glaubens*?

Film Miscellany

BY ROBERT STEBBINS

Best Seller into Film

Anthony Adverse (Warner Brothers—Fredric March, Olivia de Havilland, Claude Rains—directed by Mervyn LeRoy), *Last of the Mohicans* (United Artists—directed by George B. Seitz), *The Gorgeous Hussy* (MGM—Joan Crawford, Robert Taylor, Lionel Barrymore, Franchot Tone—directed by Clarence Brown): It must be flattering to know that your favorite fiction has received recognition by the movies—a sort of vicarious trip to Hollywood. The fact remains that having bought a well-known title the producer, feeling the battle won, seldom troubles to provide effective or faithful cinematic realization. If anyone expects *Anthony Adverse* to offer the excitement and scope of the novel he will be disappointed. The film is at best an inoffensive hobby-horse that never rises above the orchestra floor. Stories have reached us of the enormous sums involved in the production but no evidence is present in the results. The advertising budget, the greatest in years, must have been included to swell the expense account. *Last of the Mohicans* not only does mayhem on the defenseless body of the narrative and characterizations but reduces the entire proceedings to a shameless parade of sadistic revelry and dime novel nonsense. As for *The Gorgeous Hussy*, which purports to deal with certain phases of Andrew Jackson's career, one feels that the legend, "the events and characters in this story are fictitious and any resemblance to actual events and persons is entirely a coincidence," would have been appropriate.

Semi-Musicals

Swing Time (RKO—Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers—directed by George Stevens), *Sing, Baby, Sing* (Twentieth Century-Fox—Adolphe Menjou, Ted Healy, the Ritz brothers—directed by Sidney Lanfield): Next to *Anthony Adverse*, *Swing Time* is the most publicized and over-rated film of the new season. Excellent principals, capable comedians and absolutely no click. Negligible story and paceless direction to blame. Dance routines, excepting for the Bojangles number, are poor, largely rehashed material. The Bojangles number, however, disclosing new dance possibilities in the

free counterpointing of person and shadow, makes for considerable interest. *Sing, Baby, Sing* slipped into town with a modesty and absence of bally-hoo most unlike *Swing Time* and at once established itself as the best semi-musical of the year, miles ahead of Twentieth Century's last attempts in the genre—*Thanks a Million* and *King of Burlesque*. Not that the comic potentialities of the theme, the recent trans-continental pursuit of John Barrymore by Elaine Barrie, have been completely realized. But the shaft of wit strikes near enough the heart of the affair to make the film exceptionally amusing. Menjou's maniac impersonation of Barrymore is on a par with his superb boxing manager in *The Milky Way*. The Ritz Brothers come off far better on the screen than in vaudeville. Their savage lampoon of Harry Richman was exquisite balm to one who has loathed the flying master of ceremonies ever since his detestable short, *I Love a Parade*.



Adolphe Menjou in
Sing, Baby, Sing



STILL FROM THE FRENCH FILM "LA KERMESE HEROIQUE" ("CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS")

Comedies

Picadilly Jim (MGM—Robert Montgomery, Frank Morgan, Eric Blore—directed by Robert Z. Leonard). *My American Wife* (Paramount—Francis Lederer, Ann Sothern, Fred Stone, directed by Harold Young), *They Met in a Taxi* (Chester Morris, Fay Wray, Lionel Stander, Raymond Wolburn): Of these *Picadilly Jim* is easily the best. Screen play by the resourceful Charles Brackett from the book by P. G. Wodehouse. Good miming by Frank Morgan, Eric Blore and Robert Montgomery. Tells the amusing tale of a cartoonist who achieves fame and fortune by creating a comic strip around the peculiarities of a cracked family of American nouveau riches only to discover that the girl he is mad about is related to them. Eric Blore's retort to Cora Witherspoon, who has been taunting him, "And that, Madam, leaves me in a state of indifference bordering on the supernatural" is likely to linger in memory for a long time. *My American Wife* is again another matter. The film is a touching tribute to the peace that reigns between the best pioneering families of America and the impoverished aristocracy of the old world. Francis Lederer, an expensive but mobile museum piece, has been bought in marriage to enhance the prestige of a family of mid-western bankers patriarched by Fred Stone, who opposes the whole business. Lederer surprises everyone by insisting on tilling the soil, breaking high-spirited horses and winning the affection of the old man. In the process, Ann Sothern, temporarily led astray by

her mother (played excellently by Billie Burke, who, by the way, helps enliven *Picadilly Jim*), soon comes to her senses and settles down to an unspecified period of millionaire farming with the charm boy. *They Met in a Taxi*, featuring the far from distinguished efforts of Chester Morris, is a rather pure example of the quickie, good for a laugh or two if you are not too choosy.

Melodrama

The General Died at Dawn (Paramount—Screen play by Clifford Odets—directed by Lewis Milestone): Preceded by an avalanche of publicity and false angling, particularly in the left press, it was perhaps inevitable that some moviegoers should feel let down. Of course, the conjunction of Clifford Odets, Lewis Milestone and Gary Cooper is not exactly a light to keep under a bushel. Nevertheless, the opposite is true. *The General Died at Dawn* was over-publicized. People were given to believe they were going to get *Das Kapital* in eight reels and received instead a better than average melodrama that very effectively, if not over-subtly, accomplishes the broad purposes of the author. Odets' enlightened dicta on Chinese life may appear obtrusive to those on the lookout, but the general movie audience will experience no such difficulty. Following the example set by *Fury*, Odets and Milestone adroitly use the thriller to convey some pretty unpalatable truths. True, the conclusion of the film with its near-glorification of General Yen (Akim

Tamiroff) rather upsets the cart, but by that time something significant toward the better understanding of the Chinese masses and their problems has been contributed. Mr. Odets has not yet achieved a cinema style. His long and freighted sentences are still in thrall to stage necessities. There is no reason for believing, however, that he will not get there.

Mysteries

Seven Sinners. (Gaumont-British—Edmund Lowe, Constance Cummings—directed by Albert de Courville), *The Case of the Velvet Claws* (Warner Brothers—Warren William): The former is an expertly directed cruise over well-charted waters. Poorly cast as to principals, Edmund Lowe and Constance Cummings obviously included to get the American market. There are some good characterizations by minor players and good directorial inventions that make this a better than average work. The conclusion of the film in the movie house with the "heavy" lying dead at the foot of the screen while a voice announces that he is being tracked by the police of Europe is especially good. *Seven Sinners* is heir, however, to all the faults of the genre. You never for a moment know exactly what is involved, what the conspirators are about. Cause and effect and logical narrative sequence are continually slighted in the service of pace and sleight-of-hand. All things considered *Seven Sinners* is nevertheless good movie entertainment. Which cannot be said of *The Case of the Velvet Claws*, a Perry Mason story with Warren William as the lawyer-detective for the last time. He is to be replaced in the next of the series by Ricardo Cortez and will probably not regret the change. Only go to see on Bank night.

Scientific

His Brother's Wife (MGM—Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Taylor—directed by W. S. Van Dyke): Some idea of the contents may be gathered from Chick Lewis's selling hints in the Showman's Trade Review—"Use eye-arresting catchlines like: Blood is thicker than water—and love is stronger than both! Loving one man, she married his brother—only to discover the bitterness of revenge. . . . Emphasize the love theme, the brotherly love slant and the sacrifice of the woman for the man she loves. It rarely fails and always catches the fancy of the women folk. Mention the bitter struggle of the expedition to conquer the fearful spotted fever in the jungle."

(Continued on page 24)



STILL FROM THE FRENCH FILM "LA KERMESE HEROIQUE" ("CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS")

Historians to Come

BY IRWIN SWERDLOW

Barring Montrose J. Moses' brilliant one-man show, *The American Dramatist*, the work of Professor Quinn* represents the most ambitious attempt at relating our native dramatic history. But the job of historian is at best a ticklish proposition: the interest, the desire, the point of view of the author not only supply us with a full length portrait of himself, but determine the value and the course of the narrative; and if the point of view is apparently invalid, as in the case of Professor Quinn, the results may well be disastrous.

The chief fault that we find with this book is that it is history written in a vacuum. One of the early heroes, in this study, for example, is Bronson Howard, a dramatic pillar of the genteel tradition, which is, incidentally, Professor Quinn's major preference. Detached from the age in which he lived, Mr. Howard emerges as the gentleman who first made playwriting pay in this country. But Howard lived in the most flagrant period of this nation's history, the Gilded Age, and instead of assuming the artist's responsibility of resistance and opposition, chose rather, to paraphrase Nym Crinkle, to be embalmed in the nurseries of good taste. Only an apostle of sweetness and light could set himself on record as saying: "*Ghosts*. Great work of art! Ibsen a brute, personally, for writing it." "Brownstone" Howard may, if we are to believe Augustus Thomas, have had something to say in *The Henrietta* and *Aristocracy*, but a mistaken sense of respectability and a desire not to offend made him sound the pianissimo revolt against speculation and social climbing with eight-button gloves. As Nym Crinkle would have said, the function of aggressiveness in thought and action was dead in him. General Sherman, who was an inveterate first-nighter, and who thought war was hell, thought *Shenandoah* was a hell of a good show. But *Shenandoah*, in which Howard combed out the Civil War, and in which a consideration of broad forces is sacrificed to meaningless detail, is a perversion of the truth.

The treatment of William Dean Howells betrays serious defects in Professor Quinn's literary apparatus. One of the chief concerns of the historian is

origins, and nowhere in his chapter on Howells does Professor Quinn suggest the possible genesis of Howells' satires and farces. But Heine, the acid kid, was a heritage from Howells' Pennsylvanian German mother, and he acquired a taste for Goldoni after a campaign life of Lincoln had procured him a job as consul in Venice. *A Foregone Conclusion*, which Howells dramatized, and whose theme is extremely unpleasant to Professor Quinn (is it because an Italian priest irreverently chases after an American girl, or is it because of Howells' implied criticism of American puritanism?), is plainly Goldoni. Howells definitely set himself the ideal of Goldoni in playwriting and never sought to surpass it. He was content to create a miniature *comédie humaine*, in which he anti-

ipated Ibsen's sober themes with a borrowed eighteenth century gaiety; but if the street car strikes of 1886 got into *A Hazard of New Fortunes*, and the latter in turn got into Herne's *Shore Acres*, Howells was strictly not serious when concocting his score or more of one-act plays. He deliberately eschewed themes of major importance in his playwriting.

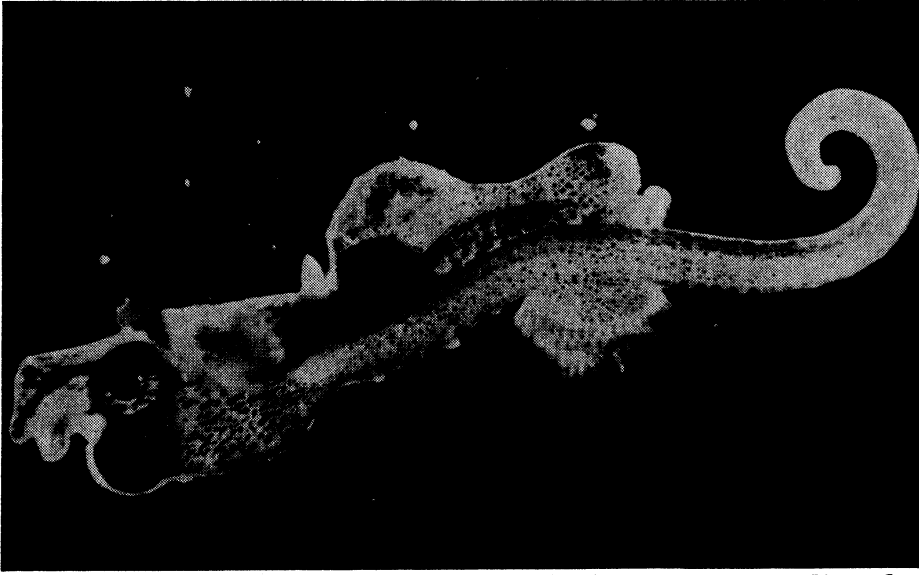
As the work progresses, Professor Quinn's obscurantism becomes increasingly obvious. He observes the significance of drama as social history and its relation to the main currents of our literature and then blithely ignores both. The hollowness of heart present in the dramatic work of Bret Harte and Mark Twain is unrecorded, and the social revolt, which produced Steele MacKaye, Jim

(Continued on page 28)



ADRIFT

* *A History of the American Drama From the Civil War to the Present Day.* By Arthur Hobson Quinn. F. S. Crofts & Co. \$5.00.



Courtesy French Motion Picture Corp.

STILL FROM THE FRENCH EDUCATIONAL FILM "L'HIPPOCAMPE" ("SEA HORSE")

Educational Films

BY LOU KENDRICK

In every large city of this country classes are settling back in darkened school rooms. There is to be no recitation. A screen is pulled down over the blackboard. A movie flashes across the room. Everybody likes it, not because it's a good movie but because it's a movie. If it lacks Gable and Harlow, at least it asks no embarrassing questions about unprepared homework. Pictures speak effectively to children; moving pictures do more. They are easily understood and not hard to remember. They carry a child's eyes to places where every inquiring child wants to go. They are a safe bet with even the most sophisticated child, and safe bets are hard to find for him these days.

Educational films do not stop at pleasing the child. After the show he gets a pamphlet full of questions about the film's content and before the period is over, what with questions and pictures, the message of the film is pretty well planted. The teacher may even go farther and require a theme to be written at home on one of the questions in the pamphlet. Even if she doesn't the pamphlet is taken home to be included in a notebook and is fairly certain to be shown to mother.

Each of these films, of which hundreds are shown to millions of school children every year, is financed by a large business concern. This is not done solely in the hope that the pamphlet and the story of the film may reach the pupil's mother. That is a pleasant possibility and in order that its sales promotional value

may not be missed the pamphlet bears the name of the sponsoring company. But that would be too uncertain a return for the large investment required to produce and distribute an educational film. The company wishing to use this form of propaganda must go to one of the commercial film companies, such as Castle Films, Jem Handy, General Business Films, Films of Commerce, or the commercial film departments of the big producing companies. These organizations undertake to submit satisfactory scenarios, and produce the completed picture. This involves cameramen, directors, actors, laboratory and office staffs. Some of these companies go farther and undertake the distribution of the films through their own depositories. The finished product is expensive. The average cost is from ten to twenty thousand dollars a year for the production and distribution of one film. Much more than this is spent on the more elaborate films. But our interest is in seeing just why large corporations are willing to undertake this investment.

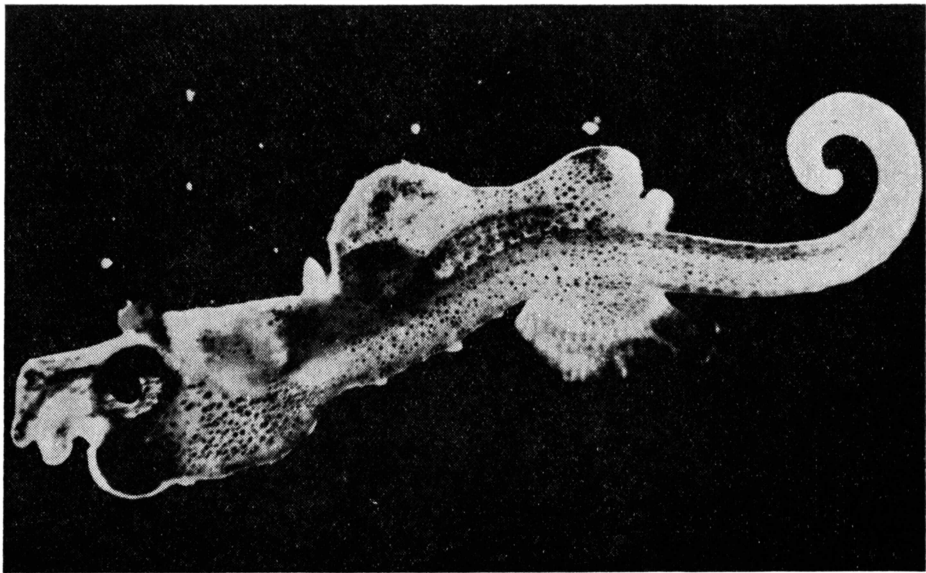
To understand the value of these films we must go into publicity budgets beyond the section usually called "sales promotion" and into that department known as "public relations." The Steel Institute, the organization which handles the combined publicity of all the large steel industries, has been spending heavily in this department. In the face of the C.I.O.'s effort to unionize the steel workers it has been to the interest of the owners to do everything possible to de-

stroy any sympathy for this movement among the general public. Companies which depend upon mass purchasing maintain a budget for public relations at all times. The steel industry may spend thousands of dollars to meet a specific crisis but companies selling staples such as soap, fruit, cotton and sugar must have the good will of the people all of the time. That good will depends in part on the belief that the companies are good employers, that a large percentage of the money paid for the finished product goes to maintain a high standard of living and the best possible conditions for workers. Rumors of oppressions practised upon employees make the buying public uneasy. They must be counteracted.

A child who has early learned from actual pictures that the native boys who carry bananas on their heads are well fed and smiling will distrust the stories of a "Central American Empire" where men work endless hours for a few cents a day, only to have it taken away from them at the company stores. He cannot know that the boy he saw carrying bananas may have come from the shipping office of the company or a local hot-spot, that he was chosen for his smile and not because he was typical of the fruit workers. A child who has seen enough pictures of happy Negroes picking cotton cannot easily understand the desperate situation of the share croppers. Faced with the true conditions under which the transient fruit pickers of the West are working, he has to combat it the remembered picture of an incredibly pretty girl from a California Eden holding out oranges to him. The child cannot be expected to realize that the girl who held out the oranges was paid ten dollars an hour to do just that and may never have seen an orange ranch before or since. The United Fruit Company, the Sunkist Orange Co., and the Nassau Cotton Mills are presenting just such propaganda in the schools today.

The films do their work well. One such film reaches from one to three million people a year depending upon how much the sponsoring corporation is willing to spend on it. The films go not only to schools but to colleges, churches, the Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A., clubs and community centers. It is interesting to note that to the men who produce, distribute and pay for them they are not known as educational films but as commercial films. But it is as educational films that they reach the spectators, and their content is accepted as education, not as propaganda.

That some of these films can have sales promotion value, propaganda value, and



Courtesy French Motion Picture Corp.

STILL FROM THE FRENCH EDUCATIONAL FILM "L'HIPPOCAMPE" ("SEA HORSE")

at the same time be educational is worth noting. The series of films put out by the Chilean Nitrate Company is a case in point. Their films, prepared under the supervision of recognized agricultural authorities, prove that Chilean Nitrate is a good fertilizer. It is. They also show how to get the best results with Chilean Nitrate and in doing this they give very sound farm instruction. The films are shown at agricultural schools and colleges with the result that many graduates use the fertilizer successfully. But it is also worth noting that the Chilean Nitrate Company is helping the public forget how many millions of dollars they cleared in profits out of the slaughter of the World War and how many millions more they are likely to make out of the next.

In many cases the content of an educational film is distorted in the process of pleasing its sponsor. Only half truths are told. Products are given an implied value far beyond their actual value. Not one health film being shown in the public schools has yet received the approval of any of the Public Health Associations. This is not because the pictures present actual untruths but because so far no company has been willing to present a complete story. However good certain brands of Baby Products may be, their use does not constitute correct baby care. Freedom from infection is not achieved by the simple application of a recognized antiseptic. The use of certain trade marked brands of milk or bread or breakfast food does not insure correct diet. Yet these are exactly the implications made by "health" films being shown in the schools.

Nor is it impossible to present in a film a complete and accurate story. Dr. Gisell of Yale recently completed a series of films on child care and psychology which is complete, accurate, and absorbing. However, the school systems are unwilling to budget money for the rental of films like the Gisell series. Consequently the domestic science classes, the maternity clinics, and the nurses' training schools find themselves deprived of sorely needed educational material.

This is the situation in America. We can afford to take time out to compare the films which are reaching our children with those produced and distributed in Europe; films like Painleve's excellent *L'Hippocampe*, set to music by the distinguished French composer Darius Milhaud, or the highly praised English short *Earthworm*, produced under the supervision of the well-known scientist, Julian Huxley. Concerning the latter, Robert Herring, film critic for the Manchester Guardian, wrote, "This film can make a

critic rub his eyes, be glad they exist and thank God for his conviction that sometimes they are of use in cinemas. . . . An elaborate study of the behaviour and structure of the common earthworm it undoubtedly is—and much else. It is basic and brilliant and the facts it teaches are presented in a way to fall into place beside almost everything of the imagination." Other films that have received commendation in European educational and cinema circles are *Milestones* and *The Birthplace of America*. Life and Letters, the English publication, describes these films as "first-rate examples of a calm, unflustered mind facing instructive and entertaining facts."

The African Lungfish is another European educational film which has received favorable comment. Produced in Sweden, it is only one of the more than five hundred shorts which have been made under the jurisdiction of the Swedish Ministry of Education for use in the schools. In America, unfortunately, neither the African lungfish, earthworm or sea horse involve large scale industry. Therefore, such films as have been mentioned cannot be free, and the schools fed on free films are unwilling to pay for good ones.

The situation in the Soviet Union where the production and distribution of educational films is a part of the educational system has never been even remotely considered in America. We insist that the text books our children read should be written by authorities and paid for by the school system. We would not think of limiting our children's reading matter to advertising pamphlets because they could be had for nothing. But we are limiting their visual education, the most vivid and effective form of education in the world, to advertising films, which distort facts and prejudice children against all working class struggles.

There are two other classes of educational films equally objectional—the "vocational guidance" and the "sales train-



Diagram of a student outline for the "educational" film, Cane Sugar Refineries, distributed in the public schools through the "courtesy" of the National Sugar Refining Company of New Jersey, makers of Jack Frost Sugar. Note the "Jack Frost" label on the sugar containers.

ing" films. The sales training films are made ostensibly to teach sales methods to employees but they carry additional "educational material." The good employee is not only the one who never fails to cinch a sale, but who has the necessary loyalty to the kind organization which provides him with his job. The opportunity for advancement is stressed and steady promotion is pictured as the reward of complete docility to, or "cooperation with," the policies of the employer. The happy union of employer and employee is the principal theme of the pictures. R. H. Macy's of New York spends more time and effort than any other department store in developing an *esprit de corps* among its employees. Their motion pictures are only a small part of the sales training program and before the employee is fully initiated he is likely to be as loyal to Macy's as any college freshman is to his Alma Mater. Needless to say this is one of the best methods of preventing wage disputes and the organized attempts of employees to better their working conditions. The International Business Machine Company has gone one step farther than the retail organizations. It has found it profitable to keep an independent motion picture unit of its own constantly busy turning out films for its employees. These films, often making no pretence of sales training, are success stories, fables of a fatherly system to which the employee owes everything.

The vocational guidance films go still farther. They are issued to schools and colleges to help students choose a life work. They present the story of the industry which pays for them with the idea that the student may become an employee. It would be ridiculous to suppose that during the present period of unemployment industry is in such need of men that it must campaign for them in the schools. The companies are not in need of men to work for them but they are always in need of the employee who sees things their way. *What the Job Pays*, issued by the Western Electric Company, is typical of the films in this field.

There remains one other class of films which are made available to adult and juvenile audiences at no cost—the recruiting pictures. Through the Y.M.C.A. Exchange alone, some forty films glorifying life in the U. S. Navy are being distributed. On the other hand, one looks in vain for a single anti-war picture being distributed in schools or the Y.M.C.A. in this country. As I was told succinctly by a producer of educational films to whom I mentioned this fact, "Well, the money's not behind peace. It's all for war."

Russia Dances

BY PAULINE KONER

PAULINE KONER



Tremendous searchlights from all corners of the square are trained upon the crowds of people, waiting excitedly for the first tune of the brass bands. They begin, and suddenly the entire square is transformed into a swinging, twisting, stamping mass of laughing people, old and young. Clapping, shouting and whistling lend added gusto to the spectacle. Thousands are dancing at once and when they suddenly burst forth into jubilant song it is joyous life itself, trembling in the great square. It is May first in Moscow.

I was so hypnotized that I joined in with delight, and never in my life have I danced with such enthusiasm. Yes! Red Square danced! And Red Square is the symbol of the whole Soviet Union.

Dancing is an expression of great emotion, and when I saw this gay, bright, vivid dancing, I could draw only one conclusion—the masses in Soviet Russia must be very, very happy. Now after a two year stay I am more firmly convinced of that than ever. My experiences showed me that Soviet workers, economically assured of the future, and enjoying unusual privileges socially, have a right to be happy. They have the right to laugh, sing and dance, for doesn't the new Soviet constitution guarantee them the right to work and receive payment for it?

Impatient though I was to arrive, I had many misgivings about the outcome of my invitation to dance in Soviet Russia. I felt I had to uphold the reputation of the American dancer.

The Russians, steeped in their age old love and admiration for the ballet, are loath to accept a rival, so that the modern dance up to now has found very few adherents among them. The two or three modern dancers who had by chance appeared there came away disappointed and disillusioned.

My first engagement was not one to make me feel any the easier. I was scheduled to appear at the Master of Arts Club in Moscow, before some of Moscow's greatest artists. Here was an audience tuned to the highest point of criticism—an audience not easily won over. For the first time in my life I was nervous. The stage was too small, the lighting insufficient and the pianist as yet unreliable. I had planned my program after a definite pattern, introducing first the more lyric, and then building up with the more dynamic dances interspersed by an occasional ethnographic study. In this way I hoped to introduce my audience to the new style of movement and then lead them on by an increasing intensity.

When the curtain opened I could feel the excitement and suspense across the

footlights. After the first dance I felt their sympathy, after the second, their interest, and after the third, their warm enthusiasm. Hurrah, I had won one step in my battle. The performance ended in an ovation of "bravos" and "encores." It is difficult to say why they suddenly took to the modern dance. However, I think I had arrived at a psychological moment when the Soviet taste was clamoring for something new. Besides this, they were fascinated by the synchronized complexities of movement of the entire body as opposed to the stiff, limited classic ballet technique. Thirdly, they were overwhelmed by the intelligent and sensitive use of music as opposed to the more metronome-like quality of their ballet.

When the terms of the contract were discussed I began to wonder who was crazier—they or I. They offered me so many concerts that I was afraid of overwork. I insisted on not more than five a month, since a great deal of traveling was involved. They couldn't understand my refusal and made me promise to accept more if I were not too tired. Can you imagine such a contract in capitalist countries, especially for a dancer?

I soon discovered that once an artist has been recognized he has absolutely no worry about engagements. As a matter of fact most artists suffer from serious overstrain. There is one type of concert which is particularly popular with Russian audiences. That is a joint recital given by a number of well known artists. This, besides employing many performers of all kinds, also keeps the performance from being monotonous, and allows an audience to sample various kinds of art in one evening. It is a well known fact that artists, particularly at holiday time, have as many as five or six engagements in an evening. I still have a vivid recollection of how during the October Celebrations I breathlessly finished one concert only to rush out post haste, in make-up and costume, grab the waiting taxi and rush to the next one and the next one and the next. The number of concerts given greatly exceeds the number of artists available; and because of the importance attached by the government policy to spreading culture and developing more taste in art, artists are among the most highly paid workers (they are considered workers) in the Soviet Union.

My first official concert was in the Leningrad Philharmonia where it is traditional to present important concerts. A beautiful concert hall, but not equipped for dancing. There was no cyclorama, no curtain, and the two spots found for the occasion went wrong immediately. What was I to do? I had to



dance under the illumination of the great prism chandeliers. Beginning half-heartedly, I nevertheless warmed up and strange as it seemed under the circumstances, never in my life have I had such a reception! I was not allowed to stop until the lights of the house were darkened. Only then did the audience begin to leave. I had danced before every kind of audience, but I soon learned that the workers' audience in the USSR is the most warmly receptive and appreciative in the world.

While I was in Leningrad many dancers came and asked to be told more about the modern dance. The information they had had was very limited; nevertheless vague interest had grown to a real desire to learn and know more about it. Even the old traditional Ballet School of the famous Leningrad Ballet showed their interest by inviting me to give a special performance for the students of the School. I walked through the studios where Pavlova, Fokine, Nijinsky and Karsavina had studied and spent their childhood, and where the same old traditions of ballet still exist. Even here, where I least expected it, I was very sympathetically received. Although these ballet dancers, trained in the rigid old technique, did not want to revolutionize the ballet immediately, nevertheless they showed an active interest in the modern style and asked to have the basic elements explained to them.

Here in Leningrad I was also invited to give a short intensive course to a group of young dancers under the wing of the Institute of Physical Culture. At that time I did not know how closely affiliated we were to become during the second year of my stay.

The first year I spent touring the length and breadth of the western part of the Union. It led me from Archangel in the north, where I saw the midnight sun, to Tiflis in the south where I danced in stifling heat. My farthest point east was Chaliabensk, the beginning of Siberia, where, because of lack of adequate accommodations, the recital was given in the circus, and where the dogs outside were intelligent enough to bark only during the intermission! Here was an audience who had seen very little dancing at all and the performance I gave was real pioneering. It makes a good anecdote but I hope it is my last experience in a circus arena.

After having given some sixty odd concerts during a year of constant travel, I gladly accepted the offer to conduct a special course in the Higher School of Artistic Movement, a department of the Physical Culture Institute of Leningrad.

Here is the nucleus of the modern Soviet dance movement. The school, organized on a basis of the most advanced theories of pedagogy, needs an article to itself. Perhaps in some future issue I shall be able to enlarge upon it. However, in brief outline, its aims are to develop highly qualified teachers and professional dancers. It consists of an intensive course of various types and styles of the dance plus correlative studies, such as music, solfeggio, anatomy, physiology, pedagogy, theatre-directing, etc. The pupils, as in all higher schools of learning in the U.S.S.R., are paid throughout the period of study and are assured positions on leaving.

The Soviet student is unique. He is serious, independent, self-reliant and conscientious. Each one feels responsible for the discipline of the entire collective. I found them a joy to work with, and became very attached to them. Without the worry of material existence they are able to throw themselves wholeheartedly into their work. I shall never forget the zeal with which they prepared, sometimes ten hours a day, for the performance at the Physical Culture Festival given July 12th, on Unitsky Square, Leningrad.

I directed a *Dance of the New Youth*, which I had planned for the people. Since it was entirely new in style for Soviet Russia there was much fear as to its having a première on so important an occasion. But, sure of my viewpoint, I was firm against all opposition.

The parade was a thrilling experience. Seventy thousand boys and girls, in brilliantly colored polo shirts, marched by the tribune of government officials, full of the "joy of life", so synonymous with the present day Soviet youth. Actual swimming pools, boxing rings, and other forms of sport were included in the extravagant parade. This was followed by a performance of various gymnastics, sports and dances. The enthusiasm of the audience as well as the performers, caused an overwhelming sense of happy victory and triumph.

My own confidence was justified. The audience and the press were enthusiastic, and, as a result the institute has been commanded to continue its work in dancing and to introduce more plastic movement even in gymnastics. This cuts out a great chunk in the wall of opposition to the modern dance. I feel proud to have been a pioneer there and am going back to batter this wall down completely, with the help, I hope, of other American dancers. I hope some time in the near future to be able to present to New York the first group of New Soviet Dancers.

Preview

(Continued from page 5)

Frank Capra's *Lost Horizon*, George Cukor's *Camille* (with Garbo), John Ford's *The Plough and the Stars*, Rene Clair's *Bicycle Built for Two*, Paul Czinner's *As You Like It* (with Elizabeth Bergner), and Max Reinhardt's *Danton's Death*, for which Romain Rolland, author of the original play, is preparing the screen script. One may also look forward to *The Good Earth* (with Paul Muni), *Pickwick Papers* (with W. C. Fields), *The Robber Barons*, *Winterset* (with Burgess Meredith), *The Man Who Could Work Miracles* (from H. G. Wells' story), *Rembrandt* (an Alexander Korda production with Charles Laughton), two James Cagney films, and two pictures on the life of Emil Zola, of which one will center around the Dreyfus case.

Other promised films may well fill the movie fan with apprehension as well as expectation. Alfred Hitchcock is a great director, but what will he do with *The Hidden Power*, which is based on Joseph Conrad's distorted picture of radical activities in pre-war England, *Secret Agent?* Two Black Legion pictures are under way—but there is more than an even chance that they will be quite as much anti-labor as anti-Legion. What will Walter Wanger, latest apologist for Mussolini, do with Vincent Sheean's *Personal History?* Will Albert Halper's *The Foundry* emerge in anything like recognizable form and point of view from the MGM lot? Such subjects furnish magnificent opportunities for another and greater *Fury*—will they instead be cut on the same pattern as *Riff Raff*?

The dance world will witness two major importations from Europe, the Jooss Ballet, and the De Basil Monte Carlo Ballet, which has become an annual visitor. The American dance promises record-breaking activity, with a series of extended tours, among them the Martha Graham group, the Humphrey-Weidman group, the New Dance League soloists, and others. In this connection a word concerning that much-maligned unit of the Federal Theatre Project, the Dance Theatre, is not out of place. Suffering from muddled and incompetent supervision and administration, it needs the prompt enlistment of talented modern choreographers, and unstinting support of fellow theatre workers, to insure its continuance. There is no reason why the Dance Project, given half a chance, should not contribute as effectively and richly to the renaissance of the American theatre outside New York City as the Federal Theatre Project is doing.

Atkinson on the Soviet Theatre

BY JAMES BURKE

Mr. Atkinson's reports in the New York Times on the Fourth Annual Dramatic Festival in Moscow have been curious things. Theatre lovers from all over the world have unequivocally praised the Soviet theatre as the most varied and most inspiring in the world. Consider for example the testimonies of Gordon Craig, Norris Houghton, Harold Clurman, Lee Simonson, Elmer Rice, Lee Strasberg, Edmund Wilson, Richard Watts, Jr. But Mr. Atkinson reports merely that, (a) he saw some fine productions and some very bad ones; that (b) generally speaking, the plays were inferior to such pieces as *Idiot's Delight* or *End of Summer*; that (c) "poor Meyerhold is only the husk of a director when he crooks his knee to a classic"; that (d) the Moscow Art Theatre is still the finest in the Soviet Union and probably in the world; and that (e) art has a difficult time under a dictatorship!

To anyone who has studied the Soviet theatre in Moscow, it is apparent that Mr. Atkinson's uncoordinated remarks are in part due to the superficial presentation of the Soviet theatre through the medium of these annual dramatic festivals. The very name "festival" would indicate that the visitor is to be shown the most representative work, if not the "cream," of the Soviet theatre. Apart from the absurdity of representing the extraordinary range of the Soviet theatre in ten days, the selection of performances has generally been fairly thoughtless—particularly this season. In its effort to please a very broad trade, these festivals have been arranged with a kind of Cook's Tour eclectism, giving a little of everything, including showy but insignificant items. Apparently too the performances are offered just as "shows" without conveying to the visitors the historical background—past productions and aims of every given theatre—which might make each particular production an enlightening experience.

Mr. Atkinson himself seemed especially in need of such explanation in regard to the performances he saw. For example, his comments on the Meyerhold production (which we are quite willing to believe was a poor one) reveal an almost complete lack of preparatory investigation. To speak of the creator of two of the most original and imaginative productions in the world-theatre of such classics as Gogol's *Inspector General* and Ostrovsky's *Forest* as "poor Meyerhold . . . who is a husk of a director" is nothing

but critical impertinence. To discuss Meyerhold at all without knowing anything of his ideas, his development, his influence (not merely his "reputation!") is sheer critical irresponsibility.

Mr. Atkinson complains about the poor plays suggesting that they result from a slavish attitude to a supposed "dictatorship"! Aside from Mr. Atkinson's striking innocence in political matters, he should be informed that (1) the Soviet critics are at least as severe as he in pointing out the short-comings of Soviet dramaturgy and that (2) a comparison of Soviet plays by American standards is beside the point since it is not a very simple matter for playwrights to assimilate a war, two revolutions, a civil war and a new ever changing world in so brief a period as twenty years. Soviet plays are generally weak as organic pieces of literature, but they have the vitality nonetheless that comes from keeping abreast of crucial, historical times, of reflecting as best they can contemporary events profound and all embracing enough to stagger the imagination. . . . The present Russian plays might be likened to "primitives" in the sense of growing out of a world at its birth, and there is no more sense in comparing a new Soviet play to a good American play, or for that matter, to a play by Chekov, than there would be to compare an early Christian morality to Hamlet!

No one will quarrel with Mr. Atkinson's enthusiasm for the Moscow Art Theatre. It is true that its company is the most mature, most complete in the world. *Dead Souls* is certainly an enjoyable production for its many colorful characterizations; and the Moscow Art Theatre will long remain an admirable institution to which we may all go to learn. But much that is instructive pleasurable and universally valuable has been added to the Russian theatre since the heyday of the Moscow Art. The Soviet critics might point out to Mr. Atkinson that the Vachtangov Theatre production of Gorky's *Egor Bulitchev* is more typical of the present Soviet theatre than the Gogol piece at the Moscow Art; and that there are a number of younger theatres doing productions which for the theatre student today are more significant news than the Moscow Art's *Pickwick Papers*.

But these lapses of Mr. Atkinson are nothing compared to his references to the artistic limitations due to the social setup of the Soviet Union. Our protest here is not political but specifically theatrical.

For Mr. Atkinson has failed to convey the actual facts which are that, whatever our political convictions, the theatre in the Soviet Union enjoys the greatest freedom. And this is the *cardinal* feature of the present Soviet theatre—this *artistic* freedom: the large permanent companies paid 52 weeks a year, the variety of credoes and methods of the different theatres, the packed houses all the year round all over, the lavish and careful productions of Shakespeare as well as of classics of other countries ("straight" productions without any "propaganda" if you please!), the long rehearsal periods, the lack of worry over "backing" and money, the stagehands, musicians and technicians working harmoniously with their own theatre organizations, the free theatre schols, the use of the repertory system in all theatres. Yes, Mr. Atkinson, we might all say "Amen" to the wish expressed by Nemirovitch-Danchenko, director of the Moscow Art, who knows our theatre from something more than a ten-day visit. "Oh, if only my dream were to come true, and that in all your theatres of America, of Italy—such a system (as that of the Soviet stage) were not an exception but the first rule of every theatre!"

Film Miscellany

(Continued from page 18)

Pathological

Girls' Dormitory (Twentieth Century—Fox—Herbert Marshall, Ruth Chatterton, Simone Simon—directed by Irving Cummings): A shameless piece of plugging for the new French importation, Simone Simon (pronounced See Moan, See Moan) that Twentieth Century would have us believe is a movie. Actually we are presented with two close-ups of an unintelligible ingenue with an obscene and undeviating yen for her timid but prurient school master, Herbert Marshall. The loathsome opus is nothing but an extended trailer. Criminal to charge admission.

Sociological

Der Kampf (Mejrabpomfilm—Lotte Loebinger, Bruno Schmitsdorf—directed by Gustav Wangenheim), *To Mary—With Love* (Twentieth Century—Fox—Warner Baxter, Myrna Loy, Ian Hunter—directed by John Cromwell), *Yours for the Asking* (Paramount—George Raft, Dolores Costello—directed by Al-

exander Hall): to dispense with the trivial, *Yours for the Asking* is a genteel little thing about the reclamation of a square-shooting gambler, George Raft, into all that the Social Register could desire, by Dolores Costello, a penurious slice of the upper crust. *To Mary—With Love* presumably concerns itself with the effects of the depression on a "typical" American family (penthouse in boomtime) and results in nothing but insufferable bathos and wretched mishandling of a significant theme. The clever interpolation of newsreel clips and the gibes at the economic prophecies of Hoover and his followers make up some salvage to carry away from the wreck.

We may now proceed to *Der Kampf*, which is at one and the same time the most important, moving, formalistically the most interesting, and yet the most incomplete and imperfect film of current running. Acted, directed and produced by German refugees, now living in the Soviet Union, it partakes of the bitterness, passionate utterance, the eloquent denunciation that Nazi despotism and butchery make inevitable. There is little wonder that this pent-up protest has crystalized in the greatest single movie performance of the last five years—Lotte Loebinger as Mother Lemke—a portrayal

worthy of place beside Martha Lapkina in *The Old and the New* and Marie Falconetti in *The Passion of Joan of Arc*. Structurally, as we have already indicated, the film is most unusual. It parallels two similar incidents, one, the burning of the Reichstag—treated as a documentary with Dimitroff and Henri Barbusse appearing—and the enactment of a framed fire in a munitions factory and the consequences to the principals. The two strands of the story run side by side and at times cross to the illumination of each. Unfortunately neither is sufficiently clear to make for a complete and logically acceptable whole. We have spoken to refugees from Germany in this city who assure us that the characterizations are absolutely free from exaggeration and that the events depicted are truly representative of what occurred after the ascension of Hitler to the Chancellorship. All its shortcomings taken into consideration, *Der Kampf* is an unqualified must, if only that it proves that films need not be pure divertissement but can be as rich, raw, and full of protest as life. Two sequences in themselves would make any film memorable. The first shows us Mother Lemke pleading with her son Fritz, an ardent footballer, to join her in underground work against the Nazis. Out of the conflict within her between the knowl-

edge that if her son joins her he is faced by death and the certainty that her cause is just and that her work is consecrated, arises an intensity of emotion that is without parallel in the history of the cinema. The other places us in a concentration camp where the prisoners despite the greatest repression recreate the Dimitroff trial. One gets the feeling of being present at the birth of new legends, of new folk-lore. The Homeric legends of tomorrow unfold before our eyes. We get a sense of participating in the future.

Debut

The Filmarte Theatre has the good fortune to begin its career with *Millions of Us* (to be reviewed next month) and *La Kermesse Heroique*, the most scintillating and adult costume comedy that has ever come from abroad. Francoise Rosay as a Flemish Lysistrata of the seventeenth century is cast and plays to perfection, a distinction she shares with a large and equally competent cast. The film has received a facture lavish beyond what one thought possible to French movie finance. All in all a remarkable enterprise in which Jacques Feyder, the director, astounds with the spontaneity and unfailing rightness of his seemingly inexhaustible comic devices.

NOV. 1st
NOV. 8th

DANCE RECITALS

DANCE and the NEGRO
recital of prominent dancers both black and white sponsored by the
HARLEM CULTURAL SOCIETY


Further notices in newspapers.

For information:
HARLEM CULTURAL SOCIETY
Harlem Y. M. C. A. New York City
Tillinghast 5-3800

New Dance League
presents
TAMIRIS and Group
in a new dance suite
"MOMENTUM"

Tickets 35c to \$2.20

For information:
NEW DANCE LEAGUE
55 West 45th Street New York City
LOngacre 5-9116



REPERTORY:

National Center for criticism, publication, distribution and rights to the new social plays. Agents for "Bury the Dead," "Private Hicks" and other social plays. Write for new catalog of plays just published.

PUBLICATIONS:

"The Awakening of the American Theatre," 64 pp., illustrated—25c—the story of the new theatre movement in detail. "Censored," 32 pp., illustrated—5c. "Audience Organization," 50 pp., 50c—an indispensable manual for every theatre producing social plays and, of course, *New Theatre* magazine and *Theatre Workshop*, a quarterly review of the theory, practice, and history of the theatre arts.

SERVICES:

Repertory Department; Social Drama Book Service; Play Criticism Service; Regional and National Conferences; Publication of creative, technical, and organizational material; New Theatre School; Production Department—"New Theatre Nights"; Booking Agency; National Organizational Department.

New
Theatre
League

A national theatre organization of interest and value to every theatre and theatre worker. Send 3c for descriptive brochure. *Join now!*

National Office
NEW THEATRE LEAGUE
Box 300, Grand Central Annex, N.Y.C.

Shifting Scenes

NEW THEATRE and the New Theatre League are hopeful that another *Waiting For Lefty* or *Bury the Dead* will emerge from the \$200 prize play contest that closes October 5th. So are the new theatre groups throughout the country, judging by the number that have already applied for production rights to the winning script. Over two hundred entries to the contest have been received, and the results will be published in the November issue of NEW THEATRE.

Meanwhile playwrights have still another opportunity to show their mettle, in the contest for plays on Jewish life, sponsored by the New Theatre League and the 92nd Street Y.M.H.A. of New York City, which closes November 15th. Details may still be obtained from the New Theatre League, P. O. Box 300, Grand Central Annex, N. Y. C.

From all over the world—England, Scotland, Australia and South America—come requests for production rights to *Bury the Dead*. Alex Yokel, who sponsored the Broadway presentation of the Irwin Shaw play, has plans for an early English production, as well as an American tour.

With the New Theatres

Coinciding with the fall revival of activity on Broadway come reports and announcements of ambitious programs from new theatres throughout the country. The Chicago Repertory Group is planning an ambitious season, with *Black Pit*, by Albert Maltz, and a new original musical, *Rebelries of 1776*, as its mainstays. This is the group, it will be recalled, which offered several musical programs last season with signal success, and has led the way in demonstrating the value of this medium to new theatre groups. The San Francisco Theatre Union and the San Francisco New Theatre, the most recently chartered theatres of the New Theatre League, are already publishing a west coast theatre bulletin. The former group is presenting *Bury the Dead* in Oakland; simultaneously the University of California Little Theatre will offer it in Berkeley. It is also being projected by the Toronto Theatre of Action.

The Brooklyn Progressive Players, seen last spring in a three weeks' run of *Blood on the Moon*, will open their new season with Albert Maltz and George Sklar's *Merry Go Round*. This expose of municipal politics first introduced these pioneers of the new theatre movement to New York audiences, and in addition caused a good deal of discomfort to the politicians of the Jimmy Walker regime, back in 1931. The play will be given for four weeks, beginning October 12th, at the Brooklyn Little Theatre. The New York Theatre Collective, under the directorship of Brett Warren, plans at least one full-length production and a series of one-act plays, this winter. Mary Virginia Farmer, their former executive, has assumed an important post with the Los Angeles Federal Theatre Project.

Repertory and Publications

The New Theatre League Repertory Department has just released its new fall catalogue, which may be obtained at 55 West 45 Street, New York City. The department is also in a position to handle inquiries on a number of full-length plays recently presented by the New York Federal Theatre Project: *Battle Hymn*, *Class of '29*, *Help Yourself*, and other plays, including *Stevedore*, *Black Pit*, *Blood on the Moon* and *Question Before the House*. It is expected that full information on rights to *Bury the Dead* will be available October 5th.

A tremendously useful handbook on play producing, touching in practical fashion upon literally every problem which confronts amateur production groups, has been published by the University of North Carolina, already known to workers in the new theatre movement through the activities of Paul Green, and Professor Frederick B. Koch's Carolina Playmakers. This handbook can be procured from the New Theatre League for fifty cents, plus postage. A. A. Smirnov's *Shakespeare*, reviewed in the September NEW THEATRE, has been such a large seller that it is shortly going into a second edition. It deserves a place on the library shelves of every theatre, and may likewise be procured through the League.

The scores of subscriptions pouring in for the League's new publication, Theatre Workshop, a quarterly magazine of the practice, theory and history of the theatre arts, indicate the great need for such a periodical. Readers of NEW THEATRE are urged to subscribe to Theatre Workshop also, as a supplement to their theatre reading.

Peter Martin, co-author of *The Young Go First*, is preparing a script dealing with the problems of American youth for the American League Theatre. All those who would be interested in working on the production should communicate with Tilly Kelly, 826 Sixth Avenue, New York City.

Peace Players, of 2 West 45 Street, New York, are looking for full-length and one-act anti-war plays. Their first presentation will be *Testament of Drums*, by William Dorsey Blake. The second will be *Our Honor and Our Glory*, by the distinguished Norwegian dramatist, Nordahl Grieg. The play was presented last year at the State Theatre in Bergen, Norway.

WPA Conference

The New Theatre League will send an official delegate to the nation-wide conference of white collar WPA organizations in Cleveland on October 10th, 11th and 12th. This will mark the first national gathering of WPA workers, and will attempt to influence the policies of the WPA and strengthen the opposition to the curtailment of the various projects. The League has already proposed to present its plan for a National Theatre, as outlined in the July issue of NEW THEATRE, to the assembled delegates.

New Theatre League School

The New Theatre League School announces the following new instructors for its Winter Term: Benjamin Zemach, formerly with the Habimah Players, director of Hollywood Bowl productions, and more recently associated with Max Reinhardt as dance director in the latter's projected production of *The Eternal Road*; Alfred Saxe, pioneer leader of the new theatre movement and up till recently director of the New York Theatre of Action; Lawrence Moore, formerly with the Pasadena Community Playhouse, one of the outstanding community theatres in America, and the Hollywood Playhouse; and Florence Erskine, editor of a trade magazine, and writer of radio scripts. An innovation of the school's winter term will be the formation of a production studio group, which will offer regular presentations, thus carrying out the school's policy of demonstrating the active practice of the theatre arts. The National Training School, which failed to materialize this past summer because of tardy registration of students, will definitely be held next year, and plans for its curriculum are already being formulated.

Guest lecturers for the winter will include Norris Houghton, author of *Moscow Rehearsals* (reviewed in the May NEW THEATRE), and Herbert Kline, editor of NEW THEATRE, who returns shortly from the Moscow Theatre Festival, and an extended stay in Russia as the guest of the Soviet government.

Provincetown: 20 Years After

Censorship, just in case any of our readers have sat back and considered it a closed chapter, is still among us. Douglas Gregory of the Wharf Theatre in Provincetown, declined to permit an engagement of *Let Freedom Ring*, Albert Bein's fine play about the Carolina textile workers, in his playhouse. The reasons given, according to members of the Artists' and Writers' Union who wished to sponsor the occasion, were anti-Communism and anti-Semitism. The latter was denied by Mr. Gregory. It is therefore a matter of his word against theirs. The fact remains that last summer the Selectmen of Provincetown banned *Waiting for Lefty*, and this year Provincetown eschewed *Let Freedom Ring*, a depressing record for the birthplace, some twenty years ago, of the Provincetown Players, who inaugurated a new period of honesty, vitality and imagination, in the American theatre.

Great Britain

In Great Britain the new theatre movement is gathering headway. Last month such industrial centers in the north of England as Durham and Newcastle, where unemployment has been at its blakest for fifteen years, saw Clifford Odets' *Waiting For Lefty*, which was taken on a fortnight's tour by the London Unity Theatre Club. Glasgow is to have its own Scottish People's Theatre, which will boast a young company that has undergone an initial four months' training period, followed by two months' intensive rehearsal for its initial production. Its director is an ardent disciple of Stanislavsky's, and betook himself to the September Theatre festival in Moscow for first-hand inspiration, before launching on his ambitious job. In London a professional social theatre, the Left Theatre, is consolidating a mass basis grounded on trade union, cooperative and Labor Party support, before launching into a full season's production program.

Two and three reel 16 mm. films on social problems are no novelty in England. But with the release of *Hell Unltd.*, the British workers' film movement takes a long stride ahead. Dealing with the armament racket, the role of profits in war-making, imperialist aggrandizement, and the gruesome realities of the next war, the film drives home its message of who makes wars and how they can be stopped by imaginative camera-work, and cutting of the highest professional standards. It was made by Norman Maclaren and Helen Biggar of the Glasgow School of Art film group. It is to be hoped that Kino, the organization which handles social and labor films in England, will be able to arrange for an early release of this picture in this country, where its message is as urgently needed as in Great Britain.

A correspondent writes in to tell us of an exciting production of Clifford Odets' *Till the Day I Die* in Perth, Western Australia, by the Theatre Group of the Workers' Art Club. Its particularly aptness lay in the fact that a Nazi party had recently made its appearance in those parts.

I.W.O. Broadcast

On October 1, 8, 15 and 22 the International Workers Order will present the New York Theatre Collective in a broadcast over station WMCA of specially written radio scripts dramatizing the problems of social security and insurance protection. Similar broadcasts will also be made during the month from Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, Cleveland, Pittsburgh and Boston.

Memorandum on Hedgerow

(Continued from page 14)

in make-up. The same unevenness is evident in the details of production. Lighting and scenery still err at times in taste or in interpreting the content of the play. It is not talent that is lacking so much as broad knowledge of the theatre, expertness and care in detail.

I believe that Hedgerow should now train its artists more completely and more carefully, through special work as well as through rehearsals and performance. I believe that for the sake of the theatre the less developed and promising actors should be willing to step aside for a time from parts in which others could be more effective. The theatre must go into the next phase of growth for which, it seems to me, it is so obviously ready: that of an adult, world theatre, in which artistic callowness, sloppiness and incompleteness have no place. If Hedgerow takes this step it will eventually be of far greater service to the beginner in the theatre, actor or producer, than it is now.

Why should Hedgerow bother to take such a step, which may involve a good deal of trouble and effort, when it is doing so nicely now? Because it is already a force which affects people, and because it should continue to do so with increas-

ing clarity. One way is by artistic and technical improvement; another is through its repertory, which is in need of increased clarity and coherence of viewpoint.

The Hedgerow repertory includes such social plays as Susan Glaspell's *Inheritors*, Andreyev's *King Hunger*, Ibsen's *Pillars of Society*, Sidney Howard's *Lucky Sam McCarver*, Bernhardt's *The Prisoner*, O'Neill's *Hairy Ape*, Giacosa's *Like Falling Leaves*, Faragoh's *Pinwheel*, Hallie Flanagan's *Can You Hear Their Voices?*, Shaw's *Heartbreak House*, the Dreiser-Piscator *An American Tragedy*, and O'Casey's *Plough and the Stars*. Such a record indicates profound human sensitivity, but little consistency in social point of view. This lack of consistency carries over into production, which is too often confused or over-generalized, and results in failure to guide the audience to any clear understanding of social problems *as a whole*, and in direct relation to *themselves*. There is a growing desire in the Hedgerow Theatre for plays that speak decisively and to the point on the social, economic and political issues of today, and I hope that this attitude will soon dictate the theatre's choice of plays and the productions it gives them.

Lastly, I hope that Hedgerow will turn its attention to the need for attaching

playwrights to itself for training and creative work. The theatre's business and artistic relations with its writers are good, but it has no poets of its own. I once heard Deeter say that a theatre only reached its full dimensions when it could speak through its own poet. When will the collective theatres recognize that truth?

Bearing all this in mind, it must still be remembered that Hedgerow has much to teach. In particular, the new theatres can learn from the naturalness and flexibility of its organizational growth, and from its methods of sustaining itself as a full-time theatre, not only by audience support but by self-maintaining activities. They would do well to study these things on the ground, by sending representatives to visit Hedgerow.

ELSA FINDLAY

MODERN DANCE
EURYTHMICS

64 East 34th Street
New York—ASH. 4-2090

GERALDINE CHANIN

(of the Benno Schneider School)

CLASSES IN RHYTHMICS

Steinway Hall, Studio 615
Murray Hill 4-6869

New Dance League

announces

FALL TERM

NEW DANCE LEAGUE SCHOOL

COURSES

- Technique — beginning and advanced
 - Modern
 - Ballet
 - Tap
- Dance Composition
- Early Dance Forms
- Group Dance
- Dalcroze Eurhythmics
- Music Improvisation for Dance
- Percussion
- Social History of Dance
 - Compulsory for NDLE teachers
- Classes for Children

Discounts to members of New Dance League and affiliated groups. Special consideration to other organizations.

REGISTRATION OCTOBER 15-25

Address inquiries to NEW DANCE LEAGUE, 55 West 45th Street, New York
Telephone: LOnacre 5-9116

Historians to Come

(Continued from page 19)

Herne, Augustus Thomas, Sheldon Klein and Walter, is not considered as a movement at all. Steele MacKaye, for instance, was not merely dramatizing another novel when he did the socialist Tourgee's *A Fool's Errand*, which dealt graphically with the breaking up of the Ku Klux Klan. The book had to be printed anonymously, and the amount of violent discussion that it occasioned rendered its adaptation for the stage an act of rare courage. Again, the Haymarket riots, which Professor Quinn avoids mentioning, were directly responsible for MacKaye's writing *Paul Kaurar; or, Anarchy*. MacKaye and William Dean Howells vainly tried to get the United States Supreme Court to grant the Chicago anarchists a new trial. Nor were MacKaye's sympathies with the royalists, in his play about the French Revolution, as Professor Quinn suggests; a contemporary critic saw in it "the throes of a great nation."

It was the tragic destiny of Augustus Thomas that he approached a frightened bourgeoisie with his plays of social protest at a time when they were recovering from the horrors of the Pullman Strike and when Governor John P. Altgeld "moved partly by the appeals of sentimentalists, and partly by his own instinctive sympathy with lawlessness," according to Harry Thurston Peck, pardoned Schwab and Fielden, the only surviving Chicago Anarchists. And so Augustus Thomas, Houdini-like, took to playing parlor-tricks with the occult.

William Vaughn Moody pursued the escapist tendency of romanticism to its remotest goal in mysticism. His endeavors to transplant the middle ages to America resulted in the enfeebled Sunday school Christ of the *Faith-Healer*.

To produce a substantial evaluation of Eugene O'Neill has become the desideratum of every historian of the American drama. More guesswork and purposeless analysis have been expended on him than on any other figure in American literature, and again Professor Quinn contributes his slender mite to the general confusion. Hardly any one suggests, for example, the correlating of O'Neill's plays with the author's ascent in the social scale; or the Tolstoyan analysis of some of O'Neill's bourgeois plots as they proceed through the successive stages of pride, eroticism and weariness of life. Professor Quinn selects instead to be solemnly vague. This position becomes inexcusable when even a clinical specimen, like *Where the Cross Is Made*, decomposes quite simply into the Count of Monte Cristo's treasure, New England insanity, Melville gone sour, and Viennese methods. A discussion of the perplexing *Dynamo*, one of O'Neill's most significant plays, will also not get very far, unless we are prepared to examine its source in the twenty-fifth chapter of the *Education of Henry Adams*, entitled *The Dynamo and the Virgin*.

Professor Quinn's long-awaited verdict on plays since 1927 is a veritable holocaust. A selection at random from a previous decade may prepare the reader somewhat: "In *The Adding Machine* (1923) he (Elmer Rice) descended into a sordid analysis of human life and an absurd description of heaven"—the latter good enough for Plato—"couched in terms of exaggeration and so-called expressionism, which for a short time deceived some critics as to its importance." Most critics are apparently still deceived. It is not entirely unexpected, therefore,

when Professor Quinn three pages before the conclusion of the book, awards Clifford Odets the booby prize.

The American drama still awaits a Parrington who will trace its hopeful if difficult development as a vital part of American life. Professor Quinn may be an invaluable drama actuary, but his bourbon account of our playwriting is hardly a dependable source of inspiration.

Notes on Hollywood

(Continued from page 10)

bulwark against anti-labor, fascist and war tendencies in pictures.

It must be made possible for Hollywood writers, directors and actors and with them the public, to face the real problems of life. The film must take part in the cultural development of the people as must the theatre, literature, music, painting and the radio.

Why shouldn't directors, screen writers and actors found an experimental studio for a systematic examination of the fundamental laws of the art of the film? This is essential. This studio would shoulder the cost of the experiments which the producers of feature films do not want to assume. Special studio films intimately associated with the reality of the world would enrich their aesthetic sensitivities and give new vitality to their work.

Independent film groups are engaging in courageous pioneer work with already excellent professional quality: Nykino's *Labor March of Time*, American Labor Films' *Millions of Us*. It must go on. For the public good pictures are indispensable in its struggle for life.

Pictures with the power, the artistic level and the social function of books like *Don Quixote*, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* are now due in America. A young film movement must open the way.

Fundamentals of Body Movement and Rhythm

DANCING * SPECIAL CORRECTIVES * ACTING

RUTH BLUESTONE

Instructor in body training and dancing for well-known theatre artists, including The Theatre Collective and members of the Group Theatre.

FALL COURSES

- The correct use of the body by the actor, musician and dancer
- The basis of dancing in the natural functioning and movement of the body
- Corrective exercises for postural defects and other individual conditions

121 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY. PHONE MURRAY HILL 4-3165

The Project Workers

Serve Notice

(Continued from page 15)

When Mr. Holt came back he promised there would be no dismissals for thirty days. And that before any dismissals were made he and Colonel Somervell and the Emergency Relief Bureau would negotiate with the Committee of Action for the purpose of agreeing upon a definition of need for non-relief workers. The committee, of course, will resist the sadistic means test of the ERB.

Following the committee's return from Washington it reported to a mass meeting which jammed the ballroom of the Hotel Delano on the afternoon the hurricane struck. The mass meeting gave the committee a rising vote of thanks and took several significant actions. It ordered an open letter sent to the president to ask him to square the conduct of WPA with his fireside talks. It declared opposition to ERB investigations and recommended that the Committee of Action be made permanent until the arts projects achieved permanency. It asked the Committee of Action to write to Actors' Equity and invite that union to participate, or explain why it refused to participate.

With a mass "Aye" that made the struc-

ture quiver it voted in favor of stoppage if any pink slips are issued.

At this writing the matter stands—a promise that there will be no firing for thirty days and that the definition of need will be negotiated; some twenty unions welded into a potentially powerful federation through the Committee of Action.

The thirty days will be up in the middle of October. I believe the Committee of Action will be ready for any eventuality

WHAT IS HAPPENING IN THE SOVIET UNION

Alert men and women now keep au courant by reading these informative Soviet monthlies and weeklies in special ENGLISH editions:

TOPICAL WEEKLY. Reports major Soviet events. Masterly articles, illustrations. Thousands now subscribe in U. S. 6 mo's (26 issues) \$1; 1 yr. \$2.

DE LUXE PICTORIAL MONTHLY. Portrays the contemporary Soviet scene. Printed in Mezzotint. 6 mo's \$2; 1 yr. \$4.

POPULAR MONTHLY. Devoted to life, letters, science and art in USSR. Foremost artists and writers. Illustrations in COLOR. 6 mo's \$1; 1 yr. \$2.

Ask your newsdealer or mail subscriptions to **BOOKNIGA CORP., Dep. 245 Fifth Ave., N.Y.** WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG OF USSR PUBLICATIONS

ANNOUNCING AN EXTRAORDINARY SALE OF **100,000 PARLOPHONE**

Odeon, Decca discs. These marvelous European recordings comprise the cream of the world's finest music. A selection to gratify every taste. Sale prices: 50c & 75c per record. Values \$1.50 & \$2.00. Mail orders. Catalog.

GRAMOPHONE SHOP, Inc., 18 E. 48th St., N. Y.

FASCISTS IN HOLLAND OBJECTED TO "KERMESSE HEROIQUE"

(CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS)

and the Picture was
BANNED!

But you can see it
—NOW—

at the new rendezvous for
cinema intellectuals

FILMARTE THEATRE

58th St. just West of 7th Ave.

25c from 1 P.M. to 2 P.M. Daily Continuous to 11 P.M. Daily

Don't Take Chances!



SICKNESS . . . Are you prepared to meet a difficult situation in event of sickness or accident? Wages stop, doctor's bills pile up; food, rent and other expenses must still be met.

DEATH . . . Protect your beloved ones in event of your death. Provision for their welfare can be made through low-cost insurance in a chartered non-profit making membership organization.



INSURANCE
\$100
to
\$2000

\$500. INSURANCE
\$8. SICK BENEFIT
for
\$1.13
A MONTH

SICK BENEFITS
\$4 - \$6
\$8 - \$10
WEEKLY

MEDICAL SERVICE IN
MANY CITIES

A TYPICAL POLICY AGE 35

includes tuberculosis benefit
\$20 a week for 30 weeks

PROTECT THE WHOLE FAMILY AT MINIMUM COST
IN A CHARTERED NON-PROFIT FRATERNAL ORGANIZATION—THE

INTERNATIONAL WORKERS ORDER

105,000 MEMBERS RESERVE FUND \$1,000,000 2,000 BRANCHES

Write for illustrated booklets on Valuable Premiums, Prizes and Membership

THE I.W.O. OFFERS

30 FREE TRIPS TO EUROPE

LONDON PARIS
MOSCOW

Join the present 50,000 Member-
ship Drive Contest and become
eligible to

WIN A FREE TRIP!

"I. W. O. ON THE AIR"

Station WCFL, Chicago, Thurs., Oct. 8, 15, 22 and 29 at 8:30 P.M. Station WIP, Philadelphia, Thurs., Oct. 1, 8, 15 and 22 at 9:30 P.M. Station WJBK, Detroit, Fri., Oct. 2, 9, 16 and 23 at 9 P.M. Station WMCA, New York, Thurs., Oct. 1, 8, 15, 22 at 9:45 P.M. Station KQV, Pittsburgh, Thurs., Oct. 1, 8, 15 and 22 at 9:15 P.M. Station WHK, Cleveland, Fri., Oct. 2, 9, 16 and 23 at 10:30 P.M.

INTERNATIONAL WORKERS ORDER
80 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Name..... Age.....
Address..... City..... State.....

Membership is open to all under the age
of 45, regardless of nationality, color,
religious or political beliefs.

BOOKS JUST PUBLISHED!

and added to stock
of the
**WORKERS AND
PEOPLES BOOK SHOPS**

- FRANCE FACES THE FUTURE,
R. Fox\$1.25
(Paper edition for only 25c.)
- FRANCE TODAY AND THE PEOPLES
FRONT, Thorez 1.25
- THE OLIVE FIELD, Bates 2.50
- EYES ON JAPAN, Yakhontoff 3.50
- EDUCATION BEFORE VERDUN,
Zweig 2.50
- LINCOLN STEFFENS, (autobiography) 1.69
- MEN AGAINST DEATH, Paul de Kruif 1.49
- GOD'S GOLD, Flynn 1.69
- THE ROBBER BARONS,
Matthew Josephson 1.49
- THE WORLD'S ILLUSION, Wasserman 1.49
- THE AMERICAN SONGBAG, Sandberg 1.89
- THE WAY OF A TRANSGRESSOR,
Farson 3.00
- SOVIET SCIENCE, Crowther 4.00
- SOVIET GEOGRAPHY (Economic—In-
dustrial), N. Mikhaylov 3.50
- THE BIG MONEY, Dos Passos 2.50
- SANFELICE, Vincent Sheean 2.50
- EYELESS IN GAZA, Aldous Huxley... 2.50
- MORE SIMPLE SCIENCE, Huxley 2.50
- SUMMER WILL SHOW, Warner 2.50
- THE EARTH TREMBLES, Romaines ... 3.00
- THE OXFORD BOOK OF ENGLISH
VERSE 1.69
- A MARXIST INTERPRETATION OF
SHAKESPEARE (paper edition
only)35
- NEGRO SONGS OF PROTEST
(illustrated)) with notes 1.00
- BIOLOGY AND HUMAN BEHAVIOR,
Graubard 2.50
- FIRES UNDERGROUND, Liepmann... 2.00
- LUST FOR LIFE, Irving Stone \$2.50 (and \$5)
- ROAD TO EXILE, Emilio Lussu 2.50
- TWO WORLDS, Lester Cohen 3.50
- DAYS OF WRATH, Malraux 1.75

Come in and get our reduced special
book items selling for as low as 49¢,
which originally were \$2.50 and more.

Order from

**WORKERS AND PEOPLES
BOOK SHOPS**

50 E. 13th St., N. Y. C.

Workers Library Publishers
Box 148, Station D., N. Y. C.

Order from Your Local Book Shop
for Prompt Service.

Join our Circulating Libraries where
the above books may be read for a
nominal fee.

Backstage

Morris Watson is managing producer of the
Living Newspaper Unit of the Federal Theatre
Project in New York City.

Irwin Swerdlow is drama critic of Justice,
publication of the I.L.G.W.U., and instructor in
History of the Theatre at the New Theatre
League School.

Lou Kendrick has worked extensively in the
commercial film field.

Max Ophuels, director of *Liebelei* and *The
Bartered Bride*, is now in Holland making a
new film, *Comedy for Gold*, from a scenario by
Walter Schlee. His article on *Der Kampf* was
translated from *Das Wort* by Eleanor Flexner.

Ernst Toller, distinguished German play-
wright, arrives in America this month for an
extensive lecture tour. His schedule to date is
as follows: Boston, Oct. 18; New York (under
the auspices of the Henri Barbusse Committee),
Oct. 23; Montreal, Nov. 1; Sweet Briar, Va.,
Nov. 13; Brooklyn (at the Academy of Arts and
Sciences), Nov. 19; Chicago, Nov. 23; Colum-
bus, Ohio, Dec. 2; Chicago, Dec. 8; Evanston,
Ill., Dec. 19.

Worth Seeing

PLAYS

Boy Meets Girl. Cort, W. 48th, E. of B'way.
8:50 P.M. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:50 P.M.

Dead End. Belasco, 44th St., E. of B'way.
8:40 P.M. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. 2:40 P.M.

Help Yourself. Adelphi, 54th St., E. of 7th
Ave. Eves. at 8:45.

Horse Eats Hat. Maxine Elliott, 39th St., E.
of B'way. Eves. at 8:45.

Idiot's Delight. Shubert, 44th St., W. of
B'way. 8:40 P.M. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. 2:40
P.M.

Injunction Granted! Biltmore, 47th St., E.
8th Ave. Eves. at 8:45.

On Your Toes. Imperial, 45th St., W. of
B'way. 8:30 P.M. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:30
P.M.

Path of Flowers. Daly, 63rd St., W. of B'way.
Eves. at 8:40.

So Proudly We Hail. 46th St. Thea., W. of
B'way. 8:40 P.M. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:40
P.M.

Three Men on a Horse. Playhouse, 48th St.,
E. of B'way. 8:45 P.M. Mats. Wed. and Sat.,
2:45 P.M.

Tobacco Road. Forrest, W. 49th St. 8:40
P.M. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:45 P.M.

FILMS

Der Kampf. Cameo, 42nd St., E. of B'way.
The General Died at Dawn.

La Kermesse Heroique, and *Millions of Us*.
Filmarte, 58th St., W. of 7th Ave. 10 A.M. to
11 P.M. Daily.

My Man Godfrey.
Sing, Baby Sing.

PLAY OPENINGS

Ten Million Ghosts. St. James, 44th St., W.
of B'way. Scheduled to open Oct. 16.

Hamlet (John Gielgud). Empire, 40th St. and
B'way. Opening mid-Oct.

It Can't Happen Here (Federal Theatre Proj-
ect). Scheduled to open Oct. 27.

200,000 (Artef). Artef Thea., 247 W. 48th St.
Opening Oct. 9.

Noah (Negro Theatre). Lafayette, 131st St.
and 7th Ave. Opening Oct. 7.

THEATRE TECHNICUM

HARRY COULT, DIRECTOR

EVENING SESSION

for theatre people amateur and
professional, and for actor stu-
dents, who are otherwise occu-
pied during the day.

\$11 monthly

PRIVATE MORNING CLASSES FOR ADVANCED THEATRE PEOPLE

Address inquiries to Secretary

52 West 9th Street, New York, N. Y.

OCTOBER TO JUNE

FUNDAMENTALS
LIFE STUDY
IMPROVISATION
BODY TECHNIQUE
PLAY ANALYSIS
CHARACTER ANALYSIS
REHEARSAL TECHNIQUE
MAKE UP
VOICE AND SPEECH
PRODUCTION

STuyvesant 9-5552

TAMIRIS SCHOOL

RE-OPENS SEPT. 15

- Classes for Beginners,
Intermediates, Advanced,
Concert Group.

REGISTER NOW

52 West 8th Street, New York City

GR. 5-9753

VERNON GRIFFITH

and his

CLUB VALHALLA ORCHESTRA

is still among the best that can be obtained
237 West 148th Street New York City
EDgcombe 4-8792

LILLIAN SHAPERO

CLASSES IN MODERN DANCE

for

ADULTS and CHILDREN

79 West 12th Street

AL. 4-7760

SIDNEY KINGSLEY
PRESENTS HIS NEW PLAY

TEN MILLION GHOSTS

OPENING IN MID-OCTOBER
AT THE ST. JAMES THEATRE W. 44TH ST.

*A comprehensive training in the theatre arts
within the reach of sincere students of the theatre.*

NEW THEATRE SCHOOL

Established by: **NEW THEATRE LEAGUE** Official Organs:
NEW THEATRE MAGAZINE
THEATRE WORKSHOP

Winter Term — October 5-January 30

Beginners' and Advanced

DAY AND EVENING CLASSES

•
SUBJECTS:

Acting Technique, Body Movement, Children's Theatre,
Costume Design, Directing, Experimental Directing,
History of the Theatre, Lighting, Make-Up, Music in
the Theatre, The Negro in the American Theatre,
Play Analysis, Playwriting, Radio Broadcasting, Pup-
pets and Marionettes, Stage Design, Theatre Manage-
ment, Voice Training. :-:- Classes for Children.

PRODUCTION STUDIOS FOR SELECTED STUDENTS

LEADING INSTRUCTORS • **LOW TUITION**

Descriptive Catalogue Upon Request

55 W. 45th St. • **New York, N. Y.**

HARRY ELION, Director **VICTOR CUTLER, Managing Director**



A NEW ARTEF PRODUCTION

"200000"

By Sholem Aleichem

A 3 ACT COMEDY

DIRECTION: Benno Schneider **SETTINGS:** Moi Solotaroff

MUSIC: Ben Yomen **DANCES:** Benjamin Zemach

OPENING FRIDAY, OCTOBER 9th

at

ARTEF THEATRE

247 W. 48TH STREET NEW YORK

For benefits and theatre parties call CH. 4-7999



When patronizing our advertisers, please mention NEW THEATRE



SIDNEY KINGSLEY
PRESENTS HIS NEW PLAY

TEN MILLION GHOSTS

OPENING IN MID-OCTOBER
AT THE ST. JAMES THEATRE W.44TH ST.

NEW THEATRE and THEATRE WORKSHOP—both for 1 year for only \$2.00!

**For those who act at once —
a unique combination offer!**

Here is a bargain of bargains—New Theatre in combination with Theatre Workshop, the New Theatre League's new quarterly publication, *for only \$2.00.*

New Theatre is \$1.50 a year; a subscription to Theatre Workshop costs \$1.50 a year (four numbers). This is your opportunity to get a year's subscription to both New Theatre and Theatre Workshop, the new 96-page quarterly magazine of the theory, practice and history of the theatre arts, *at a saving of \$1.00.*

Present subscribers please note: Regardless of when your subscription to New Theatre expires, you may take advantage of this special offer to renew it for an additional year and get a year's subscription to Theatre Workshop.

**ACT QUICKLY! FILL IN AND
MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY**

TO NEW THEATRE, 156 West 44th Street, New York City

I enclose \$2.00 (check or money order preferred). Please enter my subscription to *New Theatre* and *Theatre Workshop* for one year.

Name

Address

City State.....

COMING IN NEW THEATRE

THE PRIZE WINNING PLAY IN THE
\$200 PLAY CONTEST

HOLLYWOOD STORY CONFERENCE

By Arthur Kober

THE THEATRE GUILD

By Hiram Motherwell

SEAN O'CASEY

By Montagu Slater

EARLY AMERICAN FILM DIRECTORS

By Richard Watts, Jr.

REX INGRAM and MARSHALL NEILAN

By Lewis Milestone

(The first articles in a series on leading American and European film directors.)

DORIS HUMPHREY, CHARLES WIEDMAN:
FOUNDERS OF MODERN BALLET

THE GOOD DEAD INDIAN

By Irwin Swerdlow

MUSIC IN THE FILMS

By Virgil Thompson

And articles and reviews by John W. Gassner, Emanuel Eisenberg, Charmion von Wiegand, David Wolf, Virgil Geddes, William Lorenz, Robert Stebbins and others.

THEATRE WORKSHOP

The new quarterly publication of the New Theatre League, will feature full length and detailed studies of the theatre arts by outstanding contemporary writers as well as out of print and little known theatre material of the past. Edited from the point of view of the practicing theatre worker, each issue will be devoted to some single phase of the theatre.

The first number of Theatre Workshop, to appear early in October, will be devoted to the art of acting.

THE WORK OF THE ACTOR

By I. Rappoport (of the Vakhtangov Theatre)

SHAKESPEARE AS ACTOR AND CRITIC

By George Henry Lewes

SOME VIEWS OF ACTING

By Tommaso Salvini

FILM ACTING

By V. Pudovkin

Articles by Lee Strasberg and Harry Elion