APRIL 27, 1937

The Jules Verne novel Michael Strogoff has been an old favorite of the movies—both here and in Europe. As early as 1916, Universal released a version and a few years later another one. Then a sound model was produced in Germany and another in France. R.K.O. bought the French version and imported the German star Anton Walbrook for the lead. They re-shot the close-ups with Walbrook and a Hollywood cast, and used the long-shots of the original European version—thus getting mass scenes of the Bulgarian army very cheaply. It is still a horse-opera with Czaristic-imperialist flavor.

Marked Woman (Warner Bros.): If you are sharp enough you might guess that this film is based on the recent Luciania (according to the New York Times, Luciano by all other papers) vice trials. Of course, punches are pulled and dramaturgy is absent in spite of the Bette Davis come-back. It is really a stereotyped gangster film with memories of Little Gaesar, et al. You will always be one jump ahead of the dialogue.

Swing High, Swing Low (Paramount): A new version of Burlesque with variations. Carole Lombard is the good wife and Charles MacMurray is the good-for-nothing trumpetplayer husband. Some "showy" photography (very dark shadowed) and little else.

I Loved a Woman (R.K.O.-Radio): The émigré Anatol Litvak was imported from Europe to do a conventional triangle story about aviators in the French army during the world war. Paul Muni, who wears his Zola beard, and Miriam Hopkins do not have much of an opportunity for acting.

PETER ELLIS.

THE DANCE

TECHNICALLY, the ballet lends itself to brilliance of virtuosity, and it is this inherent brilliance, intrinsically theatrical and exciting, that tends to confound the socially conscious audience. Here is apparently a contradiction: a moving quality in a definitely reactionary form.

There can be no doubt as to the fundamentally reactionary trend of the ballet offered these last seasons of "ballet renaissance in America." Nostalgic, sometimes mystic, and very often taking even a pre-bourgeois ideological position, the ballet certainly has lacked consciousness of contemporary social, economic,



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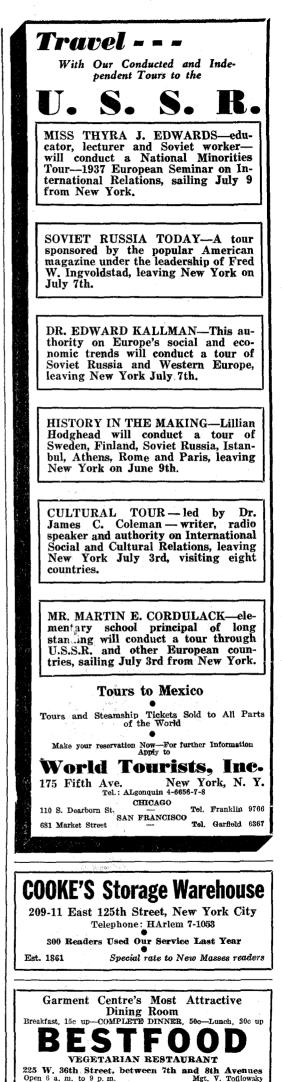
cultural forces. As a matter of fact, it's rather difficult recalling a single ballet composition that has been influenced by even the forces of the French Revolution, not to mention the Industrial Revolution. True, there was some ballet representation in concerts offered by the anti-fascist New Dance League (which, incidentally, presents its pre-amalgamation and last concert Sunday afternoon, April 26 in New York), but it was a Rip Van Winkle sort of stranger in a strange class-conscious *milieu*.

Simply, the ballet has been in the nature of a feudal hangover; and a long hangover it's been, extending its work this late into the 1930's. The two ballets that Mikhail Mordkin, at one time ballet master of the Imperial Russian Ballet, presented recently, *The Goldfish* in premier performance and *Giselle* for the first time since 1911, are both cases in point.

Giselle, based on a story by Theophile Gautier (who wore a "red waistcoat" and was thoroughly anti-bourgeois until the bourgeoisie was threatened by a rising workingclass movement) is a tall tale of lords and ladies and peasants, the nobility of the gentry and the honest servility of the peasantry epitomized in the love life of Giselle and the faithful-to-death Duke Albert. The Goldfish is based on Pushkin's fable of poverty to riches and the return to the old poverty, the story of the simple, kindly, poor fisherman (Good) and his hag of an old social-climbing wife (Evil), whose greed brings hard days and medieval sufferings to her simple-minded peasant of a husband. Better the empty larder than the wealth of the full table (and handsome costumes, music, dancing, slaves, etc.).

The Critics' Group has published an excellent group of Marxist dissertations on Pushkin and his work. What is here of special interest is to note that the source of the material of these ballets is their tie-up with bourgeois and even feudal morals, precepts, and traditions; and since this is the nature of its form, to question the validity of the ballet as a technique for other than reactionary forces in the contemporary scene. Nothing that the Ballet Russe (to be reviewed next week) nor the native (?) American Ballet has produced to date will serve but to strengthen the argument. It is only when the rigid structure of the "five positions" of traditional ballet is smashed that, as with the Jooss Ballet, there is some release from the reactionary hold of the old form.

Still, the young Viola Essen (almost a child) was movingly beautiful as Queen of the Willys (some spirit figure), and Mikhail Mordkin was a touching old fisherman in his excellent miming. If the technique can still be exciting, and to a proletarian audience (the ballet is the popular form of dance in the Soviet), then there must be some life in it yet. It's rather difficult to assign the popular approval to mass nostalgia; and yet form and technique are presumably inseparable—and certainly from the content of a work when the nature of that work has been consistently



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NEW MASSES



lined up with the influences of Reaction. One thing is to be remembered, however. The ballet has advanced through a series of historic changes while maintaining the "five positions" (since 1661), and floor patterns have suffered radical innovations while the "pointes" remained. It's true that the changes have never been of a fundamentally revolutionary quality, revolutionary particularly in the social, economic sense, but there have been changes; the art has not been completely static. This considered, and not forgetting the popular inclination to the brilliance that a ballet virtuosity may attain, it is not beyond possibility (though there may be considerable doubt) that a proletarian ballet technique may yet develop. It should be stated, certainly, that signs of such a major development are not OWEN BURKE. yet visible.

THE THEATER

HE scouts of the American Youth Congress might well look into the title song of the new Rodgers and Hart musical, Babes in Arms, to see whether it isn't close to a theme song for an American youth movement. And the rest of you had better begin tuning up for "Way Out West on West End Avenue" and "That's Why the Lady Is a Tramp," two other numbers from the very acceptable score which will probably be echoing strongly over dance floors and the air waves in the near future.

As for the show itself, it's mainly a large collection of pleasant and talented young folks cavorting to perhaps the best words and music of the Broadway season, and proceeding along the lines of a light narrative about how a neighborhoodful of vaudevillists' offspring, rather than go to the township work farm for the summer, defy the powers and engage in a coöperative effort to feed themselves while the old folks are away. Naturally, they decide to put on a revue, and there you are.

Apart from the title song, there's rather more than the usual quantum of social and political content in this musical. True, Communists come off badly where they're mentioned, but the most solid body of social viewpoint in the book is anti-white-chauvinist. New York's Mayor La Guardia gets a plug in the song, "That's Why the Lady Is a Tramp.'

Mitzi Green, whom you may remember as being a child cinema performer, has grown up enough to be a top-notch feminine lead, and certainly knows how to use the old socko to put over a song. The hoofing in the show is topnotch, especially that by Duke McHale and those two young Negro brothers, Harold and Fayard Nicholas. And with all due respect to Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart (which is not inconsiderable, in view of their history from the first Grand Street Follies through The Connecticut Yankee and many other shows, including On Your Toes), it must be recorded that without the expert direction of Robert Sinclair there might have been some yawning moments. As a whole, it is good,



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