



ANNA SOKOLOV and Dance Unit

WILL BE INTRODUCED TO

NEW YORK AUDIENCES

IN THEIR

FIRST FORMAL CONCERT DEBUT

AT THE GUILD THEATRE

245 WEST 52ND STREET, N. Y. C.

SUNDAY EVENING

NOVEMBER 14 AT 8:45

ALEX NORTH, PIANIST



*The New Masses is pleased to sponsor this
important event*

Tickets on sale at New Masses

31 East 27th Street

I tell you gals dere's no use foolin',
And bile dem cabbage down.

In all that mass of rowdiness, beauty, sentiment, cruelty, confusion, dullness, simple madness, and realism that make up the play-party songs of America, one line perhaps sums it all up, as far as America is concerned:

Hind wheel off, and the axle draggin'.

ELI SIEGEL.

Brief Review

ASCARIS: THE BIOLOGIST'S STORY OF LIFE, by Richard Goldschmidt. Prentice-Hall. \$3.25.

This is a lucid, informative, and entertainingly presented account of animal life. The author, an eminent authority on the mechanism of sex determination, uses a dissection of the lowly parasitic worm *Ascaris* as a means for presenting to the lay reader a sketch of the general fundamentals of animal biology and an application of these fundamentals to a wide variety of organisms ranging from the amoeba to man. Dr. Goldschmidt's humor is forced at times, and we may question the omission of the plant kingdom from what purports to be the story of the whole of life; but these faults are slight, and compensation for them will be found in the relatively large amount of excellent descriptions of actual research methods used by the biologist to obtain his results.

G. G.

Two Anniversary Issues

SOVIET RUSSIA TODAY, November. 15c.

Celebrates the twentieth anniversary of the Russian revolution. Contributions by Corliss Lamont, Theodore Dreiser, Martin Anderson Nexö, Anna Louise Strong, Mary Van Kleeck, Sidney Webb, H. P. Smolka, Henry E. Sigerist, and other distinguished writers. An attractive map of the U.S.S.R. is included.

LABOR DEFENDER, November. 15c.

Commemorates the fiftieth anniversary of the Haymarket meeting and the tenth anniversary of Sacco-Vanzetti. Features an article by the widow of Albert Parsons, excerpts from the two famous trials, and an article by Governor Benson of Minnesota.



Recently Recommended Books

Little Golden America, by Ilya Ilf and Eugene Petrov. Farrar & Rinehart. \$2.75.

Bread and Circuses, by Willson Whitman. Oxford University Press. \$1.75.

LaGuardia, by Jay Franklin. Modern Age. 35c.

Rehearsal in Oviedo, by Joseph Peyré. Knight. \$2.

To Have and Have Not, by Ernest Hemingway. Scribner's. \$2.50.

The Labor Spy Racket, by Leo Huberman. Modern Age. 35c.

New Writing, edited by John Lehmann. Knopf. \$2.75.

Night at Hogswallow, by Theodore Strauss. Little, Brown. \$1.25.

Famine, by Liam O'Flaherty. Random House. \$2.50.

Reconstruction: The Battle for Democracy, by James S. Allen. International. \$1.25.

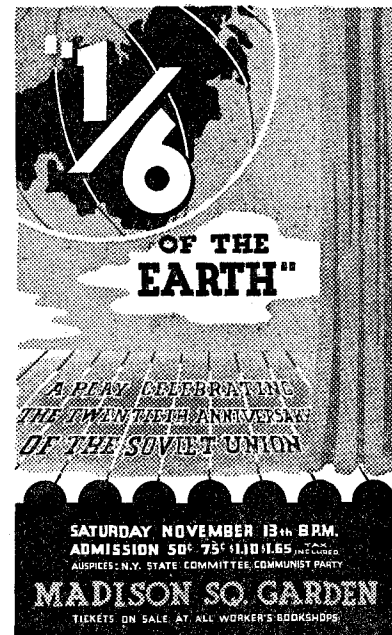
If War Comes, by R. Ernest Dupuy and George Fielding Eliot. Macmillan. \$3.

When China Unites, by Harry Gannes. Knopf. \$2.50.

... And Spain Sings. Fifty Loyalist Ballads. Edited by M. J. Bernadete and Rolfe Humphries. Vanguard. \$1.

Men Who Lead Labor, by Bruce Minton and John Stuart. Modern Age. 35c. Book Union Selection.

SAT.—NOV. 13—8 p.m. TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY Celebration of the Soviet Union



SPEAKERS:

WILLIAM Z. FOSTER, Chairman
Communist Party of U. S. A.

CHAS. KRUMBEIN JAMES W. FORD
SADIE VAN VEEN

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

Tickets on Sale Now at All Workers Bookshops
and Leblang's Broadway Ticket Agency

CELEBRATE
with the
NURSE
of
'38
FRIDAY
EVE.
NOV. 19

ANNUAL
DANCE
of
Association
of Hospital
and Medical
Employees
L.I.U. 413 C.I.O.

AT

HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA

Sub. \$1.00

Dress Optional

TEDDIE HART of "Three Men on a Horse"
and "Room Service,"

TONY KRABER of "Having a Wonderful
Time" and "Johnny Johnson"

WILL ENTERTAIN.

CINEMA ADVANCE
presents

"L'ATLANTIDE"

(English version) by G. W. PABST
Director "Kameradschaft," "Beggars' Opera"
SAT., NOV. 20 — 7-9 p.m. — Subs.: 30c
Union Methodist Hall — 229 West 48th Street
Tickets at Bookshop, 50 East 13th Street

Please mention NEW MASSES when patronizing advertisers

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

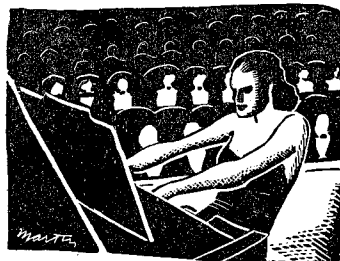
Odets's "Golden Boy" and other plays—Amkino's "Return of Maxim"—New disk recordings

THE people who saw Clifford Odets buried under a Hollywood tombstone last year must be feeling a little discomfited; the interment accorded the Group Theater in various quarters turns out to have been equally premature. For in *Golden Boy* Odets has written what is by far his best play, and the Group, under the direction of Harold Clurman, have given it a consummate production. Not only is the entire play structurally as solid and tight as were the individual scenes in *Waiting for Lefty*; not only is the characterization profoundly understanding and poignant, the writing vivid in Odets's inimitable style, the situations highly theatrical, and the thinking straight as a die. But in *Golden Boy* Odets has achieved that desideratum, a play rich in social implications but cast in a new mold: not a strike play, not a soap-box exhortation, not a "conversion" drama, but a story that grips for its own sake and yet plants its meaning squarely in any eye that can see.

The son of an old Italian fruit peddler, possessing a fine musical talent, young Joe Bonaparte is the victim of profound social disharmony. "There is no war in music but down on the streets, that's war. . . . People have hurt my feelings for years." Driven by his sense of inadequacy, his need for self-justification in a society that denies spiritual for material values, Joe discovers that his hands are not only those of a violinist but a boxer. Regardless of the risk to his priceless fingers, he deflects his passionate sense of life, his desire for achievement, into a career that promises him wealth and fame.

The manager into whose hands he falls has decent instincts; he wants a home, a family. But Tom Moody is now no better than the business of which he has become a part. The exigencies of the prizefighting game drive him to use his young mistress Lorna Moon to hold Joe to boxing when he begins to feel the pull of his old talent. Lorna and Joe fall in love. The triangle is a desperate and insoluble one, for Lorna cannot bear to hurt Moody, who saved her from the gutter, who needs her and loves her, and yet she cannot deny her love for Joe whose need for her, under the pressure of sudden success, inner confusion and bitterness, is no less great than Moody's. She tries to stick to Moody and fails, for in his big match Joe accidentally kills his opponent. He goes to pieces, and throws up boxing, but what can he do? His hands are ruined for music; he has been geared too high to step back into obscurity and simplicity. He is wasted, spoiled. In desperation he takes Lorna for a mad drive; they smash up and are killed.

Told baldly the story reads like a synopsis from a pulp magazine. It cannot convey any measure of the skill with which Odets shows his characters driven askew by what is at bottom a primitive struggle for survival that turns



Charles Martin

insensibly into a scramble for profit, by distorted values, by a heritage of confused ideals, by tragic frustration. Always possessing a gift for creating significant human lives, he outdoes himself in his portraits of the old fruit-vendor, with his hopeless dream of a life of beauty for his son; of the sensitive girl, sprung from a background of drunkenness and poverty, who "feels like a tramp"; of the ebullient young cab-driver; the philosophic neighbor, Mr. Carp; the sagacious trainer; the young C.I.O. organizer who finds a meaning in life by fighting for his beliefs, "a different kind of fight from Joe's"; lastly of Joe Bonaparte himself, driven by the virus of ambition and lust for riches—"those cars are poison in my blood"—alternately sickened and intoxicated by his success, a victim of the conflict between his real nature and the society into which he cannot amalgamate himself. The closing scene drives home the bitter lesson with hardly a word spoken. The idealistic father and the men who, themselves suckers, have preyed on Joe, are juxtaposed across the stage. Centered between them is the labor organizer; he has the last word: "What waste!"

There is hardly a performance which is less than first rate, and Morris Carnovsky as the father and Luther Adler in the title role contribute some of the finest acting that you can find in America today. If there is anything to quibble about, it is in the writing of the role of Eddie Fuselli, the gangster who muscles in as Joe's backer—a typical complex Odets creation, but whose attitude and relation to Joe lack the lucidity which inform the other characters and relationships in the play—and in Odets's occasional overemphasis on comedy, a venial fault which probably arose from a desire to safeguard the success of the play.

If one considers the Surry Players' production of *As You Like It* as a youthful frolic, its boisterousness falls into the proper perspective. Samuel Rosen has provided a stylized and fantastic pattern of staging for one of Shakespeare's loveliest plays. He breaks up the dialogue with constant movement, dramatizes the spoken word with vivid pantomime, and creates an atmosphere of zest and freshness at the same time that he gives full measure to the graver interludes—the loyalty and sickness of old Adam, Orlando's anger and despair at his brother's neglect.

Out of this conception arise the faults as well as the virtues of the production. Liveliness and verve too often slide into a kind of hectic burlesque. Katherine Emery's Rosalind, who is given to undue grimacing and hopping about seems induly naïve and childish. Although hampered by the fluttering walk which Mr. Rosen seems to have foisted on all his women characters, Anne Revere's Celia combines buoyancy with the happy serenity which is the essence of *As You Like It*. Shepperd Strudwick's Orlando is a gallant portrait, admirably combining the grave and the gay. The other actors all contribute straightforward and plausible performances and the entire cast handles the blank verse with ease and conviction. This *As You Like It* marks the debut of a group who hope to work together on some sort of permanent basis, eschewing Hollywood on the one hand and individual Broadway triumphs on the other.

In sharp contrast to the unpretentiousness of this Shakespearean production is the Theatre Guild's *Amphitryon 38*, about which pretention hangs like a stone, despite the unsurpassed and galvanic adroitness of the Lunts and the vivid performance of Richard Wood as Mercury. For three acts the action revolves around one idea and one incident whose tenuousness would endanger a thirty-minute one-act play. In the main S. N. Behrman's adaptation closely follows Giraudoux's treatment of Jupiter's legendary passion for a mortal woman, Alcmene, whose love for her husband Amphitryon renders her indifferent even to the advances of a god. A comedy of errors ensues in which Jupiter disguised as Amphitryon sleeps with Alcmene and the real Amphitryon retires with a friend of his wife by mistake. Nothing at all comes of this exchange since Jupiter benevolently spares Alcmene all knowledge of her double mistake, and withdraws from further competition.

Of course such a situation has comic possibilities. But contrasted with *As You Like It*, which also uses the mistaken identity device and relies plentifully on fantasy, and despite the brilliance of the Behrman-Giraudoux dialogue, *Amphitryon 38* appears not only superficial and lacking in all human values (so warmly present in the Shakespearean comedy) but tawdry. The honesty of Elizabethan bawdiness compares favorably with innuendo which passes for Gallic sophistication. There is more than a touch of decadence about *Amphitryon 38*, which is at best a deplorable waste of talent on the part of actors and writers alike.

ELEANOR FLEXNER.

THE SCREEN

EVERY spectator seeing *The Return of Maxim* at the Cameo Theater will come out knowing more of the conditions under which the revolutionary press fights and