

Should the U. S. Government Join in Concerted Action Against the Fascist States?

YES

says

EARL BROWDER

General Secretary, Communist Party, U. S. A.

NO

says

FREDERICK J. LIBBY

Executive Secretary, National Council for the Prevention of War

Hear the Arguments for Both Sides in a Debate at Madison Square Garden, Wed., May 4, at 8 p. m.

ARRANGED BY NEW MASSES AMERICA'S INDISPENSABLE WEEKLY

ADMISSION: 40c., 55c., 83c., \$1.10, \$1.65; boxes for nine, \$9.90 and \$14.85 (all seats reserved except 40c. section). Purchase tickets at accredited agencies only—not from speculators.

Manhattan—New Masses, 31 East 27th St.; McBride's, Paramount Building; Workers Bookshop, 50 East 13th St.; Workers School, 35 East 12th St. (third floor); National Peace Conference, 8 West 40th St.; Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, 542 Fifth Ave.; American League for Peace and Democracy, Room 500, 112 East 19th St.; Tyson's, 1531 Broadway; Literature Department International Workers Order, 80 Fifth Ave., sixteenth floor; Chelsea Bookshop, 58 West 8th St.; Columbia

Bookshop, 2960 Broadway; Putnam Bookstore, 2 West 45th St.; Rand Bookshop, 7 East 15th St.; New York University Bookstore, Washington Sq.

Brooklyn—Brownsville Workers Bookshop, 365 Sutter Ave.; House of Knowledge, 3152 Brighton 6th St.; Boro Park People's Bookshop, 1309 44th St.

Bronx—Prospect People's Bookshop, 920 Prospect Ave.; Coop Office, 2700 Bronx Park East.

Newark, N. J.—People's Bookshop, 216 Halsey St.

along, but with direct questions put after the "we wonder"; to ask all the questions we like, but to carry in our questions our wish; to show continually the lives of our own people under the times they carry; and to supply the cleanest, sharpest, most alive words we know to meet these faces and these scenes.

MURIEL RUKEYSER.

Brief Reviews

WE ACCUSE! *The Story of Tom Mooney*, by Vito Marcantonio. *International Labor Defense*. 5 cents.

The story of the greatest frameup in American labor history is one that every worker should know. Most of us know that Tom Mooney went to jail because he was charged with dynamiting something, sometime, somewhere. Most of us know that he was put in jail and kept in jail for a crime he did not commit, because he was a labor leader and because the employers did not want him around. But too many of us do not know the history of the case, the exact charges, what those interests were that railroaded Mooney to San Quentin and kept him there for twenty-one years.

This little pamphlet tells the story and gives the details. It shows how the case against Mooney has crumbled and how each "fact" presented by the prosecution has been proved a lie. It tells the dramatic story of an innocent man who would never compromise with his beliefs, and who from behind prison bars kept his case alive and fought for justice—not only for himself but for the class that he so bravely and unswervingly represents.

The Mooney case, and with it the case against Warren K. Billings, has entered a new stage. Today the chances of their obtaining freedom are greater than ever. This pamphlet by the president of the International Labor Defense supplies the information necessary to rally progressives to the movement which will help Mooney and Billings regain their freedom.

BRUCE MINTON.

I KNOW THESE DICTATORS, by G. Ward Price. *Henry Holt & Co.* \$3.

G. Ward Price is the roving correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph* who has managed to get most of the exclusive interviews with Hitler and Mussolini in the past few years. Both dictators have adopted him as their favorite sounding-board in England. His book is just one elaborate glorification and "humanization" of his benefactors. Mussolini never made a mistake; Hitler never wronged a soul; neither aspire to anything but world peace. Mr. Price's favorite political panacea for all existing problems is an Anglo-German-Italian alliance. But the photomontage on the cover is symbolic. It shows Hitler and Mussolini, side by side, superimposed upon a map of Europe. They are looking towards France, and beyond.

IRENE LANE.

AN ENCYCLOPAEDIA OF PACIFISM edited by Aldous Huxley. *Harper & Bros.* 50 cents.

These are lean days for pacifists, and it would be less than kind to grudge them this handy, pocket-size encyclopaedia giving all the answers from "Armaments, Private Manufacture of" to "Women in Modern War, Position of." Essentially they are the same answers as were put forth in *Eyeless in Gaza*, *What to Do About It*, and *Means and Ends*, but arranged in the manner of a Lydia Pinkham directions booklet. Conceived in Mr. Huxley's agile mind, they are probably the best pacifist arguments that can be constructed, but, as has been pointed out in *NEW MASSES* reviews of the above three books, they are not good enough.

GEORGE L. ROSENBERG.

NEW MASSES, 31 EAST 27TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

Enclosed you will find \$..... fortickets to the Browder-Libby debate at \$..... each.

Name

Address

City

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

Shakespeare, Ibsen Revivals

SHAKESPEARE, Ibsen, and Clifford Goldsmith of Philadelphia had plays produced last week on Broadway, and of them all Mr. Goldsmith fared the best. The Shakespearean work was that dreary slapstick called *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, which, in Shakespeare's history, represents a play written by royal command of Queen Elizabeth. She wanted the lusty Falstaff to be in love, and Shakespeare provided her with a mud-pie comedy in which the great figure is vulgarized and feebly equipped with wit. In a half-designed, half-directed, and badly acted production, *The Merry Wives of Windsor* played four performances at the Empire Theatre. The producer was Robert Henderson, known chiefly for operating summer stock in a dignified way. The cast included Estelle Winwood, who should know better, and Effie Shannon, who, veteran though she is, could not help this work. The Falstaff was Louis Lytton, of California, who stomped, bumbled, and sputtered through the part in the way that is usually described as competent.

Ibsen was revived in the form of *The Wild Duck*, presented at the Forty-Ninth Street Theatre by one Henry Forbes. The latter had announced his purpose of taking the William Archer translation and substituting American for English idiom. He did that to some extent, but the language was still much too ponderous to match the modern clothes in which Mr. Forbes saw fit to garb his actors. Then, too, the direction was of a dull, ponderous kind. Too much reverence for a classic seemed to

hang heavy over the stage, in spite of the modern touches. The pace was much too slow and nothing was done to indicate that the people in *The Wild Duck* are relevant on the current stage. Mr. Clifford Goldsmith's contribution, a comedy about a high school, is *What a Life*, a hit at the Biltmore. With *Brother Rat*, about the military schools, now behind him George Abbott, the producer, has retreated to a younger generation in the high school. Mr. Abbott has had no luck with anything of an adult nature he has tried this season. Three flops are behind him: *Brown Sugar*, a stupidly vicious treatment of Harlem, *Angel Island*, a pallid melodrama, and *All That Glitters*, a cheap comedy melodrama about a whore-lady who made good on Park Avenue.

What a Life is almost incredibly naïve in its attitude toward the youth of the nation. The story is pure *Saturday Evening Post*. The hero is a sixteen-year-old boy who is always getting into trouble. He is the principal's most frequent caller. He comes late, copies his answers from other students, and is finally accused of stealing the instruments of the band. He suffers from an aggravated case of self-deprecation and is reconciled to being in the wrong in any given situation. His only talent is drawing, and that gets him nowhere because he draws only caricatures of his teachers, which inevitably get to the subjects.

Part of Mr. Goldsmith's observation of high-school life is reasonably accurate. He leaves out, however, any idea that the children might also have brains. They behave more like the sixth grade than juniors in high school. However, approached lightly, *What a Life* will do for an evening of laughter. The leading role is magnificently played by Ezra Stone, who is only twenty-four or so himself. The other parts are handled with accuracy, and the deftness of the famous Abbott direction is everywhere evident.

JOHN WELLS.

Recently Recommended Plays

Prologue to Glory (Maxine Elliott, N. Y.).

Federal Theatre production of E. P. Conkle's play about Lincoln's early life, the affair with Ann Rutledge, and his first steps away from the life of the New Salem country store.

Haiti (Lafayette, N. Y.). Rex Ingram plays the lead in this stirring tale of how one of Toussaint L'Overture's generals foiled Napoleon's attempt to restore slavery in Haiti.

One-third of a Nation (Adelphi, N. Y.). The current issue of *The Living Newspaper*, headlining the lack of adequate housing for President Roosevelt's 33 1-3 percent, and emphasizing the need for action. Thoroughly documented, witty, and admirably produced.

The Shoemaker's Holiday (National, N. Y.). Alternating with *Julius Caesar*, and produced by the Mercury Theatre, Dekker's play represents with vigor and authority the Elizabethan love of life. A bawdy and lusty comedy that must be seen.

Hollywood in the Air

I MUST agree with the press agent for *Test Pilot*, new M.G.M. melodrama at the Capitol, that it is "Hollywood at its best!" The cast is of the best: Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, Spencer Tracy. The dialogue is the monosyllabic speech of the pilots, the mechanics, and their barroom companions; Frank Wead's plot of the terrifying way of life of a man who knows he is doomed to spectacular death, and the strain this fact puts upon his wife and his friend, is piled up with gripping effect. Finally, another of Hollywood's virtues, the wonderful trick-effects of Slavko Vorkspitch in the air scenes, the grand vio-

lence they get in airplane and gangster pictures, is here. Gable is a charming, nerveless rascal who swoops down on Myrna's farm and carries her off on his smoking steed; Spencer Tracy is his majordomo and mechanic, rescuing him from the women and the hangovers, catching on again with one of his rockbottom, taciturn crony sketches, so real you can meet that kind in any garage, foundry, or airport. There is a definite spirit and mood in *Test Pilot*, some dialogue almost of poetry but spoiled by Myrna Loy's flat delivery, and always that guy Tracy keeping it genuine. It has to end, of course, with a phony denial of the logical direction it has taken, with Tracy dead and Clark with a ground job, a baby, and a happy wife. Lionel Barrymore drips all over the place, with his tongue sticking clear through his cheek, in one of those ripe old father-confessor roles, just like the ones in *Navy Blue and Gold* and *A Yank at Oxford*, a really disgusting business in a picture as good as this one. I wet my palms frequently at the suspense of *Test Pilot*.

Test Pilot is also the name of an autobiographical story by Jimmy Collins, greatest of the test pilots. The movie does not follow his book but it suggests that the unsavory manufacturer, Lionel Barrymore, is as much a hazard for the airmen as the stunts he has them do. Scenarist Wead does not mean to say this, but Barrymore's unctuous performance accidentally leaves the impression. Science must march on: the limits of performance must be found by throwing planes into screaming power dives. The pilot who survives the test gets a handsome check, but the genial manufacturer multiplies the sum in profits from the test pilot's courage. Jimmy Collins realized this and became a Communist. He lived in danger from the Greek

Recently Recommended Movies

Life Dances on. A French *tour de force*, marked by the finest acting in years by Pierre Blanchard, Françoise Rosay, Harry Baur, Louis Jouvet, Raimu, Fernandel and others. Highly recommended.

Lenin in October. The reincarnation of Lenin by Boris Shchukin is of magnificent fidelity and regard to detail. Made for the celebration of twenty years of Soviet power. A triumph in theater art.

Mad About Music. A musical with Deanna Durbin. The first musical in a year of Tuesdays from which you could drop the music and still have first-rate entertainment.

The Adventures of Chico. An animal picture by the Woodard Brothers of Mexico. Authentic photography; a rare and beautiful picture.

The Adventures of Tom Sawyer. Mark Twain's story of kids on the Mississippi; in technicolor.