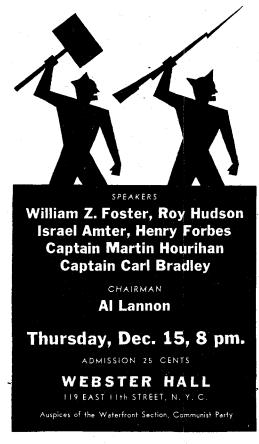


New York's Hit Musical Revue

"PINS AND NEEDLES"

MEMORIAL MEETING Marine Workers Killed in Spain

Harry Hines Hall, William Wilhousen, James Byrne, Joe Bianca, Robert Pick, Robert Reid, Erio Nyberg, William Hathaway, James Dotherty, Daniel Hutner, Wallace Burton, Tom Nelson, and Ralph Greenleaf.



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And it is in just such places that a young aggressive group in Local 802, is going to try to establish the principle of hiring musicians by virtue of talent rather than color. JOHN HENRY HAMMOND, JR.

Anti-Nazi Flops

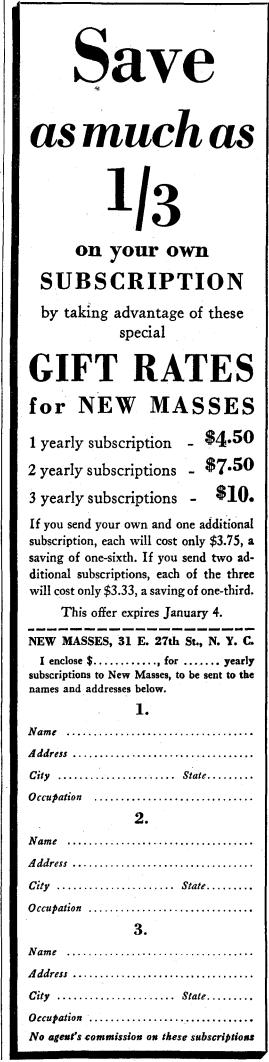
PLAYWRIGHTS who tackle anti-Nazi themes must know a little something about fascism, its nature, cause, and cure.

This may seem like elementary truth number seven-and-three-quarters, but, alas, there are apparently hordes of playwrights who believe that a well developed dislike for Hitler is enough to make a good play. It isn't. Two new anti-Nazi plays, for instance, limped into the Broadway theater district last week, both clothed in noble intentions and deep ignorance. *Lorelei* came the nearest to success — and *Glorious Morning* proved to be one of the worst plays of the season, anti-Nazi or otherwise. Basically, both plays failed because their authors had neglected, at least so far as the audience could discover, to read so much as a single pamphlet on the *mores* of Nazism.

Lorelei, which, incidentally, was beautifully staged, directed, and cast, tells the story of an exiled German professor. The first act is fairly good, although slow-moving, but by the final curtain the honest professor, bogged down in Wagner and so-called German mysticism, is shown crossing the border to give himself up to the Nazis for trial and martyrdom. It seems that he wanted to save German youth by the example of his heroic death. Jacques Deval, the author, made one rather major mistake-in Germany, anti-fascists are not allowed to die publicly. This simple error messes up the whole play, for the audience can only believe that the exiled professor was either insane or a Grade-A dope-anyone else would have known better than to expect to save German youth by facing a Gestapo court. If Germany's best anti-fascist fighters (the professor wrote pamphlets for the underground movement) are constantly toying with the notion of self-immolation, Hitler is secure indeed.

But Lorelei fails not only because of its errors, but also because of its omissions. Mr. Deval nowhere makes clear the answer to the question, who made fascism, and why. The brave fight of exiles and underground anti-Nazis in Germany is simply not understandable in romantic terms. The devastating effects of Nazi economy on the German masses are suggested in Lorelei-but merely suggested. Mr. Deval has done a good job with his Nazi girl. The effect of the Hitler combination of falsehood, mysticism, and fanaticism on the minds of the romantic middle-class youth is well realized. Yet Lorelei adds up to little more than three acts of good intentions. The anti-fascist play of today must compete with the newspaper headlines for drama, and with day-by-day experience for truth.

But if Lorelei failed, at least it went down



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trying. Mr. Deval had some vague notion of what he was writing about, and his play was generously assisted by the services of Philip Merivale, who was fine in the leading role. Glorious Morning, on the other hand, is one of the worst turkeys of the season. It's the dreary tale of a modern Joan of Arc in Naziland. Norman Macowan, the author, was apparently afraid of stepping on somebody's toes, for he put the Joan of Arc, model 1938, into a country coyly called Zagnira. The play centers around the very important issue of denial of religious freedom in fascist countries-but Mr. Macowan pays small attention to the equally important question of starvation, lowered standards of living, war, and so on. In fact, he states in the first act that fascism has increased living standards, provided fine housing, employment, better wages, and so on.

POLITICAL SATIRE, via song, dance, and skit is, as many an amateur group has learned to its sorrow, the most difficult anti-fascist medium—and the most effective, when expertly done. The Theater Arts Committee, a professional Broadway actors' group, is back again for the winter season with its Cabaret TAC. Run, don't walk, to the soonest performance.

I saw the show last Sunday at the American Music Hall, with the festivities beginning at 5 o'clock. The Theater Arts Committee will take the show up to the Manhattan Opera House for a bigger audience (cheaper admission, too) for at least one or two performances. The audience, both at the Music Hall and at the Opera House, sits at tables, sips Coca-Colas or headier drinks, sings with the actors, hisses the opposition, and has a fine time.

Material for this season's sketches is uniformly good, ranging from cheery tidbits like a song called "The Chamberlain Crawl," to a devastating piece of business, the best on the program, on the Jewish pogrom. Philip Loeb is gay, entertaining, and very witty as master of ceremonies and Hiram Sherman, Joey Faye, Sally Ellis, and Will Geer all get cheers from the audience. RUTH MCKENNEY.

Shaw's First Movie

UCH of Bernard Shaw's distaste for the shadowplay has been predicated on the ubiquitous presence of the love angle; he has enjoyed depressing various Hollywood deputations to Ayot St. Lawrence with the news that he would never allow the simpering camera near his brain children. He has more than once appeared personally in short films but the permission for these came from Shaw the publicity man, not the playwright. Now he has allowed Gabriel Pascal to make a picture of Pygmalion-perhaps a whim of his third childhood but a generous if belated deference to the movies, nonetheless. Not only did he throw himself into the task of adapting his play to the screen and assisting in its direction, but he has enjoined the distributors



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