





Saturday, January Twenty-Eight, at 8 P. M. at the Club Mirador, 201 West 52nd Street, N. Y. C.

MEL WAYNE'S Swing Orchestra

Bar—Buffet Guest Artists
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the 1925 period, the film presumes on that knowledge and leaves much explanatory material unsaid for the American audience. Thus, the question of unemployment which is raised by the oppositionists in the film who say planned production and improved techniques will cause unemployment, is not answered adequately by the protagonists of the Soviet people. It is simple stuff for a Moscow schoolboy to answer that one. That answer is: there was no unemployment. Improving production freed thousands of workers for immediate jobs on other necessary works. Before the beginning of the second Five-Year Plan unemployment insurance was already a thing of the past because there was simply no unemployment.

JAMES DUGAN.

Noel Coward's New Offering

A was dull, banal, and imitative. The jokes were delicate little period pieces, dredged up from ten-year-old back copies of the *New Yorker*. The dancing was feeble. So was the singing. The two big numbers have been on victrola records for five years, to the delight of Harvard freshmen, circa 1932.

The revue starred one of the world's greatest comediennes. But although the audience cooperated manfully, the lady's material was so utterly awful that even she couldn't do much with it.

But because the revue was Set to Music, written, staged (and the staging was terrible), conceived, rehearsed, directed (the direction was halting, to put it in kindly phrase) by none other than the great god Noel Coward, the SRO sign hangs on the Music Box ticket window these brisk January nights and young men in white ties and silk hats fight for every inch of the available standing room. Ho-hum.

Beatrice Lillie carries the whole show on her wonderfully expressive shoulders, and there were moments when she almost—but not quite—made up for the incredible stupidity of the rest of the Coward opus. But even Miss Lillie can't do much with a spy sketch which has all the earmarks of something gotten up in a big hurry for the Harvard Hasty Pudding Club by one of its less talented members. "The Stately Homes of England" number is all very well, but it turns up in Act II as well as Act I and it's five years old in the first place. Besides, *Pins and Needles* and *Sing Out the News* people do that sort of thing with much more flair.

Set to Music is really a downright scandal. Only a British sophisticate with one of those cast-iron reputations would have had the nerve to dish up a revue so old, so inexpert, and so dull for a Broadway audience. After all, the standards are pretty high this season. We have Leave It to Mel and The Boys from Syracuse. But then, only a really blue-blooded New York night-club sucker would be dope enough to lay out \$4.40 for the dubious pleas-

ure of sitting through Set to Music. Only, I wish Beatrice Lillie would get somebody good to do her a show, because I think she's wonderful. Woe! that she has to struggle through the songs and skits of Mr. Coward's dreary offering.

We now come to one of the worst turkeys of this or any other Broadway season, a charming little number entitled Where There's a Will. It was billed as a comedy, and has something to do with one gang of the characters having illegitimate children at the expense of the opposition's honor. Sacha Guitry wrote and starred in the play in France, but either the translator took out all the dirty lines or Frenchmen are easily amused—for nobody laughed the other night when I saw it. Nobody at all. It was very awkward, and towards the end several people began to chuckle feverishly because they felt so sorry for the cast.

Incidentally, there was one interesting actress in it—a lady named Anita Bolster, who deserved far, far better for her American debut.

Heaven only knows why anybody in his right mind took the trouble to produce Where There's a Will in New York. The whole thing fills me with gentle melancholy.

RUTH McKenney.

Four Art Exhibitions

H ELD for the benefit of Chinese civilian victims of war is "Three Thousand Years of Chinese Jade," on view at the Arden Gallery, New York City, till February 4. The admission fee of 50 cents is amply repaid by the sheer sensuous beauty of the jade axes, hilts, spearheads, cups, daggers, ornaments which comprise the first comprehensive exhibition of jade to be organized in this country. Scholarship is not needed for one to know that here is art of a high order, an index of the ancient and stable civilization of China, now threatened by fascist invaders. Although the growing practice of charging admission to exhibitions is not wholly to be commended, this is a worthy cause and a noteworthy exhibition.

On view through February at the Riverside Museum, New York City, is the retrospective exhibition of the documentary photographs of Lewis W. Hine, some of them made as long ago as 1905. In a period when documentary photography is the vogue and when much photography is wrongly described as documentary, it is important to study these pioneer works. For they possess indisputable social content, plus form. They serve also as a tradition for the newer generation of photographers.

There is a lesson social artists may well learn from photography, namely, that to be a powerful social weapon a picture must be concrete and realistic, packed with tangible content. The nature of the photographic medium permits this objective to be achieved,

possibly more easily than in the mediums of painting and the graphic arts. At any rate, artists who rely on the older mediums will have to substitute for the unflinching fidelity of the camera eye an equal vigilance of the human and more fallible human vision. In calling for a greater degree of observation from social artists, the critic has this important precedent.

The recent exhibition at the ACA Gallery. New York City, "Paintings by Seventeen Artists on Social Themes," indicates that indeed artists are more and more coming to understand that no art can be born of lack of experience and knowledge. Even if they have not always been able to study their subjects from the life, as in Harriton's Memorial Day, Chicago, 1937, nevertheless the themes they choose to present are from life, though but reported. Other subjects, as Tromka's sharecroppers and coal town and Gottlieb's fishermen, have been directly observed.

A further step in growth is that artists are finding time to "think of their painting problems in esthetic terms." This fact, continues the brief introductory note in the exhibition's catalogue, means that "their works have plastic as well as pictorial meaning." An admirable instance is Evergood's The Hurricane, in which plastic values are created not for their own sake, but to enhance the psychological impact of the painting. This picture is built around the idea of the needless waste and devastation of the hurricane; horror great enough to arouse the human will to action is its method of protest. Here method and meaning are fused. Here, also, we have the argument of fact that form and content must be fused if the work of art is to achieve its objective.

An experiment in form and content which has a useful purpose of a somewhat different nature is the photographic documentation of the modern dance now being carried on by Barbara Morgan. Recently her photographs of Martha Graham, Doris Humphrey, Charles Weidman, Hanya Holm, José Limon, and younger dancers dancing have been exhibited at Columbia and Barnard. They are now being circulated throughout the country to numerous dance centers, including the West Coast, Chicago, New England colleges, Philadelphia, and elsewhere. For communities which have not had an opportunity to see in reality the revolution which has overtaken the dance in our era, these photographs are a revelation. For students of the dance and for future ages, they are indispensable documents. ELIZABETH NOBLE.

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