

ing plain up-and-down stupid. At various times in the production, which resembles a high-school pageant in Maplewood, N. J., more than anything else, there appear characters named John L. Green, William Lewis, Burl Rowder (or something that sounds like that), assorted adagio dancers, dancing doctors and nurses, sailors, soldiers, "proletarians." Mr. Barry appeals to them all to get together. There is another high point at which someone also says that "the trouble with the upper classes is that they've sat too long on their ——" This, I submit, is valid social criticism.

Well, the Naval Air Service takes off (without benefit of airplane, although you hear a motor offstage), returns, announcing he has made a deal with the Three Shirts. He was wrong, because you can't appease them; they won't be appeased. Okay, says Naval Air Service, "You asked for it," and he puts on his heavy overcoat (with epaulets), draws his sword, and sticks them in the gizzard. Liberty's old nurse, named Ireland (who has always been fighting for Liberty, get it?), yells "That's the only thing they understand!" And the assorted population of soldiers, sailors, and proletarians (but no upper classes who are apparently still sitting), sails in and helps Naval Air Service.

So Liberty, who had married both Tom and Dick in a double ceremony, traverses the Bridge Over the Dark Space with a light step and high courage. Tom apparently vanishes in the process (peace brings disarmament, get it?), for Liberty returns alone, bearing his sword, wearing his heavy overcoat, but without a baby. (Nancy Coleman is a pretty redhead.) The assembled populace cheers.

If you still don't get it, ask the Theater Guild for a libretto.

ALVAH BESSIE.

## Stock Farce

In "Out of the Frying Pan" almost everything happens.

**N**O ONE can call *Out of the Frying Pan* (by Francis Swann, at the Windsor) inspired farce, but it has a lot of laughs and a very amusing performance by Miss Florence Macmichael, who is making her first Broadway appearance.

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are three or four exceedingly funny moments, and the pacing is quick when the fun lags. But it is the happy combination of likeable actors and billiard-ball situations clicking against each other with apparent, but far from actual ease that is responsible for the agreeable total effect. With some debt to the more successful comedies of recent seasons in which everything has appeared but the kitchen stove, the author has selected his situations with a certain degree of judgment. He has even given us the kitchen stove. But beyond this he offers nothing, and it is the performers, not the author, who inject warmth and credibility into the valid emotional dilemma of the actor who has no place to act.

Except for Miss Macmichael and Mabel Paige, who plays the landlady with a rare and gentle humor, the individual performances show earnest workmanship rather than extraordinary talent.

INGRID SVENSON.

### "Ain't It the Truth"

The new revue of the American Youth Theater.

THAT irrepressible group known as the American Youth Theater is at it again, this time in a revue called *Ain't It the Truth*. With a bounce and an ingenuousness that characterizes their work, these youngsters are rapidly taking over the spot once held by TAC Cabaret.

The American Youth Theater has produced three musical revues to date, and *Ain't It the Truth* is by far, the smoothest, most accomplished venture thus far.

The sketches, however, are somewhat less successful than the musical numbers. They tend to be farcical where satirical treatment would be more consonant with a progressive theater. Of course there is nothing wrong with broad lusty comedy, but such an excellent selection of subjects as Hollywood, baseball, the detective novel, etc., might profit by more incisive and pointed treatment.

The rest of the show imparts glow, sparkle, and relevance. The opening number is an exciting and novel ensemble introduction called "Opening Finale." "It's Great to Be Alive at Sixty-Five," with fine tune and lyrics, celebrates social security for old age, but marks the need of a little security now for those who are sixty-four and under. Langston Hughes' poem, "Let America Be America Again," has vigor and pace. "Take a Poem, Miss Hogan," is a moving, powerful, anti-war plea by Norman Corwin. The finale of the revue, "Jitterbug," is perhaps the most successful number of all. It makes its statement for peace in the popular idiom of the dance, and is therefore most at home in a musical show. The revue was staged by Paul Roberts, a young and talented actor.

The American Youth Theater is perhaps the only social theater that has survived those days when TAC, and half a dozen groups