

the playwright. "But there is also a quality of quaintness and pathos which, if we've been successful, ought to touch you a bit."

"**M**ISTER Pickwick" will be the fourth play the forty-six-year-old writer has had produced on Broadway in fifteen years of trying (previous entries were a verse drama entitled "Robin Landing," a play about Byron called "Bright Rebel," and "Ask My Friend Sandy"). The play he believes to be his best is "The Big People," which was written several years ago but so far hasn't been able to work its way north of Philadelphia. That he is a man of high principle can be inferred from the fact that although he makes his living as a partner in the publishing firm of Farrar, Straus & Young, he sanctions his novelist-wife, Nancy Wilson Ross, writing such best-sellers as "The Left Hand Is the Dreamer" and turning them over to the rival Random House. He doesn't carry this principle too far, however, and his next play is an adaptation of Fritz Peters's "The World Next Door," which was published by his own company. Young's almost constant worried look belies the fact that he feels happiest writing in the comic tradition of Dickens, which he defines as getting at the truth through broad caricature. He agrees with the assessment of Dickens in Louis Kronenberger's new book, "The Thread of Laughter," which places him as the one man who might have brought back to English stage comedy the quality that went out of it after Ben

Jonson. But the finest tribute paid to Dickens is perhaps the statement Shaw made in the January 2, 1911 edition of *The Bookman*, which Young has copied into a sheet of paper he carries in his wallet.

Upon being asked about Dickens's influence on him GBS replied that his own work was "all over Dickens" and that what appealed to him were "the monstrous and side-splitting verbal antics that never for a moment came within a mile of any possible human utterance; that is what I call mastery; knowing exactly how to be unerringly true and serious whilst entertaining your reader with every trick, freak, and sally that imagination and humor can conceive at their freest and wildest."

With such a document burning a hole in his back pocket, it is little wonder that Mr. Young should have a worried look.

—HENRY HEWES.

## Drama Note

**BEHIND THE VELVET CURTAIN:** The British have far more respect for their theatrical past than do we for ours. This respect accounts for a great many differences between their theatre and

Broadway. It also accounts for the flood of reminiscences that keep appearing. The most recent, "*Edwardian Theatre*" (Macmillan, \$4.50), covers the period 1901-1910. In it A. E. Wilson describes a world of entertainment and spectacle where the charm and beauty of the performers was infinitely more important than the shallow plays they appeared in. The author defends what would seem a fattening diet of bon-bons, by pointing out that the Edwardian theatre also found room for the unsugared wares of Shaw, Granville-Barker, and Galsworthy.

Reassuring to contemporary playgoers will be the discovery that this glamorous era of popular theatre was marked by frequently stated misgivings that drama was going to the dogs, a highly ballyhooed inquiry into the censorship problem which accomplished nothing, and a raging controversy about poetic drama with Stephen Phillips rather than Christopher Fry as the protagonist.

These values partially offset the book's inevitable weakness, which is its relative inability to pinpoint the hundreds of personalities mentioned in such a way that each will have a special life in the eye of an absent reader.

—H. H.

## The Factory

By Kenneth Chertok

**T**HE world is set in sadness  
And the children  
Shaded by the factories  
Feel the sadness  
Whisp'ring  
From the windows where the workers  
stay

The world is set in darkness  
Yet the workers  
Jaded by the factories  
Feel the darkness  
Leaving  
When the morning sends the moon  
away

Oh the world is set in madness!  
Can the children  
Faded by the factories  
Feel the madness  
Deep'ning  
In the marrow of each coming day?

# PSST!

Remember *Pygmalion* and  
*Major Barbara*? Well, wait'll  
you see what I've done to  
*Androcles and the Lion*!

—GBS



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ROBERT NEWTON · MAURICE EVANS

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 20th Century-Fox

Starring

**GREGORY PECK**  
**SUSAN HAYWARD**  
**AVA GARDNER**

with HILDEGARDE NEFF  
 Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK  
 Directed by HENRY KING  
 Screen Play by CASEY ROBINSON

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## SR Goes to the Movies

### DON'T BE CHILDISH



FOR much of its length, "Monkey Business" (20th Century-Fox) is a pretty amusing affair. It presents Cary Grant as a research chemist working up some kind of youth drug in his laboratory. His own experiments are unsuccessful, but a chimpanzee momentarily loose in the lab hits on the right formula, then dumps his brew in the water cooler. Thereafter, whenever one of the unsuspecting principals draws himself a drink, he or she is promptly transported back to adolescence. Writers Ben Hecht, Charles Lederer, and I. A. L. Diamond obviously had a good time fooling around with this notion, especially when Grant, taking the first swallow, is transformed from a staid scientist into a skittery high-school sophomore with a taste for speedy convertibles, sporty jackets—and Marilyn Monroe. They were still having fun when Ginger Rogers, playing Cary Grant's wife, takes the second drink and imagines that she is having a schoolgirl affair with her husband. After that, though, the plotting conceivably became a bit more difficult, what with propelling the right people to the cooler at the right time and keeping everyone else in the reasonably crowded laboratory away from it. At least, until the "sock" finale. The strain begins to show not only in the situations, but in some of the gags that pad out the last third of the film as well.

Even so, without becoming at all stuffy about it, "Monkey Business" agreeably reverses the general movie view of life, suggesting that there might be some virtue and dignity in maturity and that the golden dream of eternal youth could have its nightmare aspects. Cary Grant, a polished farceur, makes this point with con-

siderable skill and charm. Ginger Rogers, on the other hand, is often more than a little embarrassing in her hoyden passages, pursuing cuteness and coyness with cold-blooded and humorless efficiency. Charles Coburn proves helpful as the big drug tycoon. While Marilyn Monroe, who seems to spend a few minutes in just about every picture these days, lends her decorative presence to more than the usual number of scenes. She doesn't have a great deal to do, but she looks good doing it. Howard Hawks keeps the action moving along briskly, the lines are generally bright, and Leigh Harline has tickled it all up with a perky little musical score.

\* \* \*

For "The Devil Makes Three," M-G-M has carried Gene Kelly and Pier Angeli to Germany and Austria, setting them down in the midst of magnificent scenery and an unusually good story. The film opens in Munich a year or two after the last war. Kelly, an Air Force captain, has come back to pay his respects to the family that helped him escape from a Nazi prison camp. He finds only Pier Angeli, the daugh-

### SR Recommends

*O. Henry's Full House:* A quintet of O. Henry stories generally well translated to the film medium. (SR Sept. 13).

*Beauty and the Devil:* The Faust legend imbued by Rene Clair with his unique kind of frolic. (SR Sept. 13.)

*You for Me:* The Golden Rule takes a beating in a minor but entertaining comedy. (SR Aug. 30.)

*The Quiet Man:* John Ford goes back to the Old Sod to discover the loves and sports of Irishmen. (SR Aug. 23.)

*The Big Sky:* An engrossing and highly scenic screen adaptation of A. B. Guthrie Jr.'s novel. (SR Aug. 16.)

*Son of Paleface:* Bob Hope in a "wild man" film reminiscent of Keaton and Lloyd. (SR Aug. 9.)

*Ivanhoe:* A somewhat denatured but still splendid mounting of Scott's Norman-Saxon classis. (SR Aug. 2.)

*Carrie:* An absorbing match with Laurence Olivier's talent combatting his lack of verisimilitude in Dreiser's part. (SR July 12.)

*High Noon:* A very superior Western crowded with atmosphere and foreboding. (SR July 5.)

*Under the Paris Sky:* Some "snatch-of-life" episodes welded by Duvivier into a pictorially vivid apotheosis of Paris. (SR May 24.)

*Outcast of the Islands:* Conrad's early novel transformed by Carol Reed into a film with a full quota of authentic atmosphere. (SR Apr. 26.)