

Varese of the *Arcanes* that one should like to see recorded.

Robert McBride, at twenty-five, has had an orchestral work recorded. That sets a precedent, I believe for American music and the RCA Victor Company, who made the recording. McBride's *Fugato on a Well-Known Theme* (other side: Mossolow's *Iron Foundry*, an exploded firecracker) probably has sales value because it is an amusing trifle, well orchestrated, and well performed by Fiedler's Boston Pops Orchestra. One wishes that the composer's sense of musical logic were better, for even a light piece should have some idea as to where it's going. Still, it's a start towards a day when orchestral works by Americans will be less of a rarity on discs.

Other scores received:

From Czechoslovakia (Hudebni Matice): Pavel Borkovec, *Concerto* for piano and orchestra; Pavel Haas, *Suite* for piano, Opus 13; Jaroslav Jezek, *Little Suite* for piano; Isa Krejci, *Trio* for clarinet, contra-bass, and piano; Josef Suk, *Piece* for string orchestra.

From Italy (Ricordi), Orchestral works in miniature score: Ennio Porrino, *La Visione d'Ezechiele*; Ludovico Rocca, *In Terra di Leggenda* and *Salmodia*; Ezio Carabella, *Giro-Tondo dei Fanciulli*; Penzo Rossellini, *Canto di Palude*; Ricardo Zandonai, *Concerto Andaluso* (Solo cello and small orchestra).

From Hungary (Rozsavolgyi and Company): Leo Wiener, *Passacaglia* for piano, Opus 17; Andres Ysasi, *Films* for piano, Opus 54.

From Jibneh Edition (U.S.A.), Lazar Wiener, *Three Songs* to Jewish texts.

THEATRE AND DANCE

EDWIN DENBY

WORLD'S FAIR AND OTHER SHOWS

I LIKE what the World's Fair looks like now, and I think it will be still better when it's finished. It isn't art, but it's something pleasant. It's like "folk" art when it's neither foreign nor historical, that is when it's something you don't think about,

like postcards or skyscrapers or radio sketches. It hasn't any rational style of architecture, neither shapes nor colors nor sizes mean what they ought to, rationally. I guess they never do in folk art, just as they don't in swing. The Fair is in gas station style, and gas stations are one of our liveliest and folkier Americanisms. It's functionalism as she is spoke. It makes no sense and leaves no headaches. There is nothing to be critical about, so when you stop enjoying yourself you don't have a moral obligation to hang around and gripe.

I hope the Fair gives us some spectacles in the same vein. As big and as cheerful. The Preview Motorcade and Festival wasn't up to that because it was timid and endless. Certainly the circus had done much better just before. I don't mean to say we shouldn't have artists. But we should have artists who for the moment aren't doing art—even commercial art—but who are doing a fantastic stunt for everybody's amusement, like Chaplin acting in a charade at a party. We ought to have pageants, but not "The Battle of Roses" or "Peter Minuit and the Indian Braves;" we ought to have something to astonish you so much you haven't time to look at your program. I suggest some thirty minute pageants, say *A Martian Tragedy* by Orson Welles, or *The Subconscious of Tomorrow* by David Sortor. I'd like to see—under the pretext that it's art—Monteverdi's *Combattimento* with two story armor and sixteen foot swords, and a string quartet and voice amplified mile-wide from the top of the Trylon. But we need bigger marvels—Sandy Calder doing sky-writing in colors, Aaron Copland improvising a cannon concert during a thunder storm, Virgil Thomson lecturing on Wagner from a parachute, his voice all over the Fair grounds. It's true the pleasantest things at a fair are those that happen by accident, as in the Plymouth Rock pageant, when the Pilgrims couldn't land, because the Rock floated out to sea, and the Indians had to wade in after it, and their color came off, and by that time the rock was so wet the Pilgrims slipped off. But if a thing is done in the right spirit happy accidents are bound to come, especially to artists. I hope none of this sounds supercilious or ironic, because I don't mean it that way. I like the bigness and the naturalness that the Fair suggests. It makes you want some popular wonders.

We're all ready for a good time and being crazy is what we like a lot just now. Let's go crazy in a big way. Let's be ourselves. The start is in the right direction.

But—to be practical—the open air stage at the Fair is no good. A human figure can't look interesting from a distance without something to scale it by, something fixed by which you can judge its movement. Indoors the proscenium gives such a scale, and out of doors the field on which the figure moves, if seen from above—seen for instance from balconies or steep tiers. An open air theatre has some special possibilities (the supertheatrical distances between figures, the length of entrances and exits) and these have to be conveniently arranged by the builder. And you can't have much fun without machinery. There are plenty of people who know all about these things and who could give practical advice.



For serious dancing the open air is not a good place anyway. People are apt to look silly expressing their bits of individuality where the eye of the audience is not artificially concentrated. The effect is like that of a lady at a grand piano singing Schubert in Times Square. Outdoor dancing is most effective when the audience accepts the style it is in without effort—dancing like that at the Savoy, or even tap dancing if the performer (like Paul Draper whom I saw at Loew's State) has the rare gift of a friendly intimacy with the audience.

Paul Draper has of course an even rarer gift than that—the one of communicating the emotion of dancing, a leap, of a *port de bras*; not that he does these things technically better than other dancers, not that you admire a feat when you see them but that you feel the pleasure that lies in doing them, the rare pleasure of dancing.

I suppose people who like dancing go to the Savoy frequently on Tuesdays for the "400 Club" competition. It is always a pleasure. The Cuban Negroes (Nanaga) on Friday at the Cafe Latino are completely different and very good, too. Their rhumba is as fierce as that I saw at the Tres Hermanos in Las Fritas (near Havana). I particularly like the way they do some steps and then stop dancing a moment and then start in again. This is also a matter of giving a scale, so to speak, and a trick that modern

dancers and even the ballet too often overlook. And—though this is a different world—during the voodoo dance the dancer was for a few moments really on the verge of becoming possessed.

ON THE HOLLYWOOD FRONT

By GEORGE ANTHEIL

FILM music—at least in Hollywood—may be roughly divided into three different categories. The first is synchronized to the action of the film, the second to the mood, and the third to the locale, that is, it attempts to show whether or not the action is going on in a bistro, Mexico, Atlantic City, or down in the South Seas with Dorothy Lamour.

The first category belongs to the very infancy of film music. Whenever a screen man would fall downstairs in the nickelodeons of yore, he was almost sure to be accompanied by a down-into-the-bass glissando on the piano. When a close-up of a birdie signaled *Came the Dawn*, birdie trills in the treble were *de rigueur*.

This first movie music, however, has had the direst of effects. As most Hollywoodian directors cut their teeth upon it; it has for them a certain sentimental allure; they cannot stop asking composers to write music that ties up inanelly with every bit of the picture's action. In fact Hollywoodian music is "action-crazy."

Much, however, as I detest the literalness of most of Hollywood's movie music, I detest the European method of scoring even more. For European music usually plays so completely "against" the film to which it is "set," that one cannot imagine why it was placed there, except, perhaps, for the very good reason that the film composer had an octet, a symphony, and a couple of string quartets tucked away, and so decided that this sound track was as good an occasion to get them heard as any other.

That, alas, is also the impression this commentator gets when he hears most "art" films. I have looked at and listened to these long and pretentious pictures, and I have been confused. This, certainly, is not the movie music of the future, any more than the