

temps. These two seldom-heard pieces, especially the first, are shining gems; never has Debussy been more explorative, more original in his manipulation of orchestral color. *Gigues* has an amazing formal clarity and concision; at the same time, its strange melancholia and biting, at times acid coloring create an atmosphere, a mood that I find impossible to define. Why these pieces have waited so long for recording is a mystery. Monteux, conducting the San Francisco orchestra, is ideal for this music, and gives a beautiful performance. The recording is excellent. Victor also issues Chausson's *Symphony in B \flat* , conducted by Frederick Stock. The recording of this work was not so urgent, and perhaps the chief value of the album lies in its rounding out the picture of the Franckian symphonic school.

Under criminal waste should be noted the recording and issuing of Holst's *The Planets*, of which four movements are conducted by Sir Ernest MacMillan with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra. There is not one word to be said in favor of this noisy and bombastic wasteland, in the *goût anglais*, which should long since have been forgotten, and one can only lament the loss of precious shellac.

It is good to see Hargail, on the other hand, recording a work by a young American for a change. Leonard Bernstein's *Sonata for Clarinet and Piano*,

first performed last year at a League of Composers' concert is a work not especially distinguished for originality, but it is well assembled and professional, and it gets an excellent performance with the composer at the piano. The fourth side contains three short piano pieces. Continental gives out an album of Latin American piano music, played by Erno Balogh, but since it has not yet arrived for review comment is reserved.

Columbia resorts for the most part to reissues. Fauré's *Requiem* still sounds merely pious to my ears; its prettiness and elegance still seem more at home in Sainte Clothilde than Nôtre Dame. The *Delius Society Album Number 1* is orchestral — the tone poem *Paris, Eventyr*, the *Serenade* from *Hassan*, and the final scene from the opera *Koango*. *Paris*, for all its looseness of form, is by far the most living of these works, has more of the peculiar warmth and sensitivity that can make some of Delius' later music so appealing.

Decca has made an experiment by getting out an album of music from the film *For Whom The Bells Toll*. I myself doubt the permanent value of film-music independent of picture except, perhaps, as object lesson for the composer's lab. But in this instance there is not even the benefit of good music, for the music of Victor Young is the typical watered-Rachmaninov that surges through so many super-films.

ON THE HOLLYWOOD FRONT

By LAWRENCE MORTON

IT is many years since I have read *Jane Eyre*, and I have forgotten all

but its main outlines. I hope it is not like the film, for if it were I should be

obliged to question the wisdom of the century which made of it one of the classics of English literature. I found the film disappointing. Its ingredients are mostly phoney — the morbidity of Gothic romance, the striking of Byronic attitudes by a hero who had none of Byron's satirical wit, the stereotyped characterizations of the stony-hearted schoolmaster, the malevolent aunt, the kindly (i.e., quaint) servant-woman, the socially progressive doctor, and the ready willingness of nature to cooperate with their megrims and vapors and hysteria. All of this conspired to evoke everything that there is of ham in Hollywood, in Orson Welles, and not least of all in little Margaret O'Brien. This may be an escapist movie for some; it made me eager to return to the real world of total war.

Bernard Herrmann's score was the redeeming feature of the whole production. It stopped short of being fulsomely romantic and thus served in some measure as a check upon the general extravagance. Herrmann's real achievement is that he accomplished this within the framework of the music's functional requirements. The general style was indicated in the main-title music. Here, without any fanfares or other pompous introductory material, the strings took up a broad and extended melody with a characteristic leap of a major seventh for its second interval. This melodic style, established at the outset, was maintained throughout. Emphasis was thus placed upon mood and atmosphere rather than upon an acoustical imitation of screen action. There is nothing new or original about this procedure, but it is rarely successful since it is much more difficult to spin a tune than it is to concoct a motif or a label. Its results are a

breadth and spaciousness which create for the audience a continuity of perspective that the camera alone cannot provide. In *Jane Eyre* it does even more; it confines, almost within the limits of credibility, those elements of story, acting, dialogue and photography which have a constant tendency toward exaggeration. Herrmann's music, more than any other single factor, gives the film whatever it has of shape and dimension.

Other scores have been less significant. Dimitri Tiomkin did one for the new version of *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*. It is Spanish-romantic — Granados, Albeniz and Co., — its stylistic apotheosis in a nocturne replete with trills, bird-calls (woodwinds) and impassioned string music. And there is an interesting anomaly: Tiomkin uses as a direct cue the well known tune by Paganini — which both Brahms and Rachmaninov varied — in this picture with a date-line of 1774, ten years before Paganini was born.

Except for Hugo Friedhofer's title music, there is no score for *Lifeboat*. Alfred Hitchcock is reported to have asked where the music would come from on a lifeboat in mid-Atlantic. A musician is reported to have asked where the camera would come from. Having thus won his point, Hitchcock has no score. Although it may be a heresy to say so, I cannot see that the picture suffers. The sound-track is busy enough without music.

Robert Stolz of *Merry Widow* fame has done the music for *It Happened Tomorrow*. The picture had wonderful possibilities which Stolz no more realized than René Clair did in his direction. Intended to be a combination of fantasy and comedy, it turned out to be dangerously close to slapstick. The score

properly locates the action in the 1890's – if you are looking for that kind of thing – but otherwise it is a stultified replica of what theatre organists considered adequate in the days of silent pictures. It is functional only in the most

superficial way, and so reminiscent of Viennese popular music that one expects to meet a countess, a baron or old Franz Josef himself every time the camera turns a corner.

WITH THE DANCERS

By S. L. M. BARLOW

I think that it is axiomatic that great art tends to the symbolic rather than the illustrative; this is certainly true of Greek art, the Gothic, and the early and best Renaissance. As corollaries to this, I would put first a religious motive (that motive which sends people to the tomb of Lenin or the Bo-tree at Buddh-Gaya), and second the formal necessity of a science under which technics can be developed. The B-minor Mass, the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, the Sainte Chapelle, and the chryselephantine Minerva of Phidias are apt examples.

Dancing – and to a certain extent every art – in America lacks some one of these major elements. We must usually rely upon personality, upon the unique nimbleness and grace of Pavlova or Pearl Primus or Paul Draper. And they in turn have little to rely upon but their inventive instincts and their muscular control. As such, they are bound to remain sports and, to some extent, the art itself an aberration. In music, we are peculiarly inclined to consider that the art progressed, like the Great Roc, from pinnacle to pinnacle – from Bach to Beethoven to Debussy –, but nothing could be further from the truth. The fertile valleys

before and between are there, flowering and bridging in unwarranted neglect. The programs of Yves Tinayre alone would serve to knock the pinnacle theory overboard.

It is because symbolism, tradition and reverence, and technic so strongly mark the work of La Meri that her "School of Natya" is of primary importance. As far as I know, there are only two great schools of cooking: the French and the Chinese. Other countries have regional dishes. In the dance, there are perhaps three schools: the Indian, the Russian (which for the moment commands ideas essentially Italian or French), and the "Modern," which includes Graham, Wigman, Weidman, and several junior groups, here and in Europe. The only one of the three which has a book of revelations of its own and a steady and provable tradition for at least two thousand years is the Indian. The joy of the Hindus in a dance-theatre is immemorial. And there was divine precedent, for there was a claque in Heaven.

Just as Carlo Blasis codified the Classic Ballet, and Gautier and Noverre advanced its theories, Bharata set forth his conception of the dance-theatre many centuries before: "I made