

that you can tune in WQXR for a solid hour of good music which may be anything from Teleman to Jean Françaix. Thereafter, until 12 o'clock midnight (their time has recently been extended to this hour instead of 11 o'clock) good music is available from this station.

If you stay up late, WEVD carries a symphonic hour from 12 A.M. to 1 A.M. The announcer is a little "talky" (he says: "This is *definitely* dismal Tchaikowsky") and you are apt to run into *Aida* or *I Puritani*, but at midnight those things don't seem to matter so much.

## ON THE HOLLYWOOD FRONT

By GEORGE ANTHEIL

THE general run of music issuing from the Hollywood studios has been very disappointing indeed. Only one piece of encouraging news is definite, that Kurt Weill's score to Fritz Lang's *You and Me*, previously announced in this column as being indefinitely postponed, has not only been replaced on Paramount's production list, but is actually nearing the end of production. What I've heard is in Weill's best style, and if it's not barbarously cut upon the dubbing stage it will certainly prove a sensation in Hollywood and, very possibly, pave the way to better things for all composers.

All else is rumor. Ernst Krenek, according to news given me yesterday by Ben Hecht, is being seriously considered at Sam Goldwyn's. The author of *Jonny Spielt Auf* may be asked to lend his talents to the *Music Festival*, a "gigantic" picture about present-day Salzburg. Dr. Ernst Toch now seems to be a permanent member of the Fox-Twentieth Century Studios; one feels happy that a musician of his calibre has at last found a niche of such importance in the film world. Another rumor is that Kurt Weill's music for Walter Wanger's *Castles in Spain* will not be lost; that picture too will go into production shortly. And Louis Gruenberg, so it is said, will shortly write a score for the producer and director, Frank Lloyd, creator of *Wells-Fargo*.

The biggest piece of Hollywood news, of course, is that Sto-

kowski has signed for one picture, *Sorcerer's Apprentice*, at the Walt Disney Studios. Disney, as has been long evident, turns out the most consistently good scores here. His music department should be recognized by serious American musicians as the most ingenious in the motion picture centre.

This correspondent has dutifully visited any number of foreign-language motion picture theatres, of which there are now many in Hollywood, vainly hoping to find an outstanding score. There were none of importance. *Club des femmes*, a French production is interesting, refreshing, but—honestly—too trivial. The score, by Marius-François Gaillard, misses the dramatic punch that all motion picture music must have. Nevertheless, it is at least genial alongside the heavy-handed, post-Straussian scores that are so blatantly Hollywood.

Yesterday I attended the preview of *The Buccaneer*, a Cecil B. DeMille production, for which I wrote the music. I was astonished not to hear a single note of either of two longish "war sequences;" the entire score had been dubbed down so low, beneath the cannon shots and dialog, that hardly a musical sound came through. There was, in consequence, a marked let-down in this scene. When will moviedom realize that music stirs the heart and builds up to adequate climaxes only when it can be heard. We had a markedly better effect in *The Plainsman*; the battle music here was heard to considerable effect. This is all very discouraging. It will be many years, at this rate of progress, before a serious composer can put his signature to a Hollywood musical production without quivering and without apprehension. He should think twice before accepting a commission to write a purely "background" score. The results create an overpowering sense of futility.

## WITH THE DANCERS

ELLIOTT CARTER

WHEN I consider how often large, official artistic ventures miscarry, I must admit that the Dance International (which was held all through the month of December) did a