

into the camera field—an effective and necessary innovation anyone could have learned from Disney, but which nobody tried till now. It is the only way dancing can make sense in the movies.

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As long as nobody else has mentioned her, I think it's only fair to add a word about Marie Eve, the dancer at the nightclub called the "Ruban Bleu." Her numbers aren't at all the usual thing. In each she tells, with an unemphatic ironic charm, a little character story, put together of nonsense words and ballet steps, about some romantic young lady who, more often than not, enjoys being dreadfully complex because she really isn't; and so she enjoys it. There is nothing quite like Marie Eve elsewhere in the dance world, and her precision, her charm, and her good sense make her bright subtlety very attractive.

ON THE HOLLYWOOD FRONT

By GEORGE ANTHEIL

THIS has been a singularly dull six months, with practically nothing of importance to report except that Kurt Weill has finished his picture *You and Me*. Paramount tells me that the score is excellent. I have heard only sections; what I did hear is typically Weill, it makes no concessions to Hollywood. Most "better" composers who come out here believe that one must make concessions; it is a mistake; one need only satisfy the rigors of the motion picture form, which is, of course, dramatic and special unto itself.

I still believe that Hollywood producers and directors really want a new music. There is only one trouble—there are not enough intelligent and forward looking music directors in Hollywood. Hollywood still offers American composers a great possibility. There are it is true, still many reprehensible things—for instance the butchery of the dubbing stages—but one cannot imagine this situation as permanent. I have proved to my own satisfaction, at least, that Hollywood now wants—and will want more and more—"background" scores of a new and indi-

vidual coloring. They not only want them but they must have them; the old "background" technic is wearing so thin that now practically everybody—even producers—can see bare skin.

American composers may regard the sound track of the motion picture as a crass medium indeed for the propagation of their musical thoughts. Nevertheless they should remember—especially in this day when the hue and cry is for new audiences—that 90,000,000 persons a week hear movie music in America alone, and over 500,000,000 persons a week hear various Hollywood scores throughout the world. They are gradually forming an emotional musical language out of various pieces of these. Remember too that practically every "movie" note is explained to the ear by what the eye sees upon the screen. And if such emotional eye-and-ear tie-ups seem too literal, please remember it was out of the "literal" popular song that opera was spun. And from the opera publics emerged the audience that established the symphonic concert as the proudest social function of creative music. Big oaks from little acorns grow.

And it will again be a gradual process. Back in 1930, I wrote that the right way for American music to understand itself was to look into the mirror of a sympathetic American public. Several years later I again urged American composers to write for the stage, at least occasionally, so that the American public through an eye-crutch, might be let in on our secret, and, last but certainly not least, we be let in on the secret of our countrymen's reactions. Today I have the satisfaction of seeing a number of successful musical works written for the American stage. They substantiate my early views: apparently my words were not unprophetic.

I am going to presume, therefore, enough upon past judgments to predict that although the present state of Hollywoodian music is very bad indeed, there will be a tremendous improvement with the coming year. And no matter how crass Hollywood music may be now, it still speaks to the largest audience on earth, and has three jumps on radio. Never forget that in this limpid "baby-talk" music, eye helps ear as well as vice versa. In other words the composer who can train motion picture music to perform, sit up, and be good, will, without doubt, mold the future "Ear Of The World." No one interested in wider publics, the education

of the people, or the general emotional vibrations of the times, can leave motion pictures out of his calculations.

Besides, not all motion pictures are made in Hollywood. Although it is traitorous for me to say so, I firmly believe that Hollywood will not always be the film capitol of the world. There will be hundreds of smaller motion picture companies throughout the country—this instead of a few large companies out here. Day after day the present Hollywood set-up becomes more impossible, commercially—and daily more independent producers appear.

Meanwhile Hollywood is rapidly becoming the radio center of America. There is a migration of the "talent" that radio craves out to the West Coast. At the corner of Sunset Boulevard and Vine Streets one can see a vast radio edifice slowly arising, which is only equalled by the new Columbia Broadcasting Building coming up right alongside of it. Programs originating from the orchestral recording stages of the big studios prove that these recording stages make wonderful radio stations; unfortunately however, they are usually cluttered up with studio business.

OVER THE AIR

GODDARD LIEBERSON

HABIT is a wonderful thing. In the play *Casey Jones*, Casey's father, an old railroad man, can tell the time without looking at his watch. I, an old radio listener, am no less remarkable; for I can turn switches on and off with an accuracy which would spell terror to all radio speakers, and to a few announcers.

No idle boast this, for I have long been subjected to an enormous amount of musicological effluvium. And the announcers who pronounce the names of Cameron or Kennedy get only as far as Cam or Ken before my hand, like a whip, is on the control button. Unfortunately, my record isn't quite what it might be. Two Sundays ago, Mr. Cameron got as far as "Friends of the Sund—" before I could get to the throttle, but when I did get there, the turning off process was a triumph of sadism.