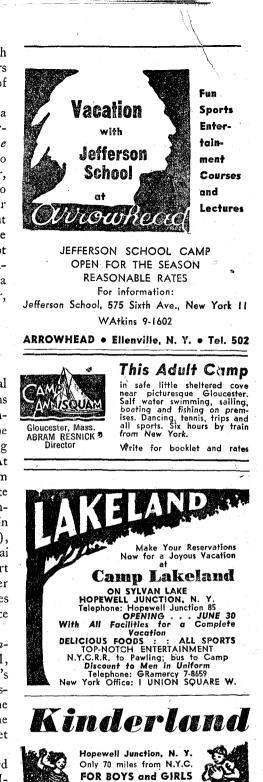


not because its theme was true—which it was—but mainly because its characters were *in themselves* a condemnation of society as it is constructed.

It has been a long time since such a play appeared on Broadway. The nearest approach in recent memory is *The Glass Menagerie*, but this play is too pastel to compare with *Juno*. However, when a playwright comes along who will face the dirtiest corners of our world and set about cleaning them out with real characters we shall have theater again. Until that time let us not forget that what is not true is not beautiful. And for playwrights—the drama of our time lies in the man next door, not in the newspaper he is reading.



5 - 16

Opens June 30

Music - Singing - Drama

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Records

PERHAPS the imaginative and musical blight which for these many months has beset our major recording companies is coming to an end. I hope the recent appearance of two interesting Victor sets is a reliable omen. At any rate, I welcome the selections from Boris Godounoff and the second suite of Ravel's Daphnis and Chloe. Alexander Kipnis carries the major share in the Boris (Victor DM-1000, ten sides), assisted by an orchestra led by Nicolai Berezowsky and a chorus led by Robert Shaw. The great singer's voice has never sounded better; the choice of passages is intelligent, and the whole performance extraordinarily good.

Koussevitzky's performance of Daphnis and Chloe (Victor Showpiece 1, four sides) is also exceptional. Ravel's wonderful music is caught by the Boston Symphony in all its delicacy. The orchestral pattern is always clear; the forte parts are never blurred. This set too I recommend highly.

I cannot say as much for Leonard Bernstein's On the Town (Victor DM-995, eight sides). Though technically well done by chorus and orchestra, the music itself is none too impressive, being, for the most part strident and unoriginal, save for "Lonely Town" and "Some Other Time." The orchestration, as always in Bernstein's case, is excellent, but there isn't much in the content that isn't hackneyed.

Among the single disc records that have come to hand, Toscanini and the NBC Symphony do a re-recording of the Prelude to *Lohengrin* (Victor 11-8807) that is remarkably mediocre both in performance and in mechanics. By contrast (and in their own right too),

July 3, 1945 , KM

For the SPIRITED: Tennis - Handball -Swimming - Ping-Pong Badminton - Archery -Mountain trails - Cro-

30



Fiedler and the Boston "Pops" Orchestra sound brilliant in Mendelssohn's *Fingal's Cave* (Victor 11-8745). The movies are represented by Alexander Tansman's *Scherzo* from *Flesh* and *Fantasy* and Mercer-Raksin's theme from *Laura* (Victor 11-8808), both musically insignificant.

Frederic Ewen.

Movie Check List

- The Clock. A charming though somewhat unreal account of a GI on a forty-eighthour pass, with his girl.
- Corn Is Green. Starts off as a serious film on education in rural nineteenth-century England, changes its mind part way, and ends up as a "will-he-make-it-or-will-he-not?"
- Counter-Attack. A timely and first-rate job by John Howard Lawson on the Janet and Philip Stevenson play. The Korda-Lawson team of Sahara scores again.
- God Is My Co-Pilot. Atheism gets the bums' rush. Chennault's Flying Tigers engage in dogfights and special missions without further worry over their souls.
- *Pll Be Seeing*. You. Attempt to deal with problems of psychoneurotic veteran hampered by labored effort to match his problem with that of a "prison-stained" girl.
- It's a Pleasure. The newest Sonja Henie ice classic. A minimum of skating and a maximum of bad acting. Not kept on the ice quite long enough.
- Molly and Me. Not another Holy Matrimony, but fair entertainment despite Woolley's now over-familiar roaring and sneering.
- Picture of Dorian Gray. Banal attempt to translate Oscar Wilde's novel to the screen.
- Princess and the Pirate. Bob Hope in his corniest routines to date.
- Roughly Speaking. A not-too-convincing cavalcade of America of the past thirty years. Central philosophic concept is that the man with a smile is never licked, come flood or unemployment.
- Royal Scandal. History treated as a plot writer's after-breakfast assignment. This one has that hangover touch.
- Thunderhead, Son of Flicka. Pleasant picture of horses and scenery. A weak second to National Velvet.
- Valley of Decision. A Greer Garson love dish larded with some weird rewriting of labor history.
- The Way Ahead. A realistic account of a British platoon that could easily apply to our own GI's. By the brilliant Eric Ambler, author of Background to Danger, Cause for Alarm and others.
- Where Do We Go From Here? Fred Mac-Murray tangles with history in a moderately amusing comedy of anachronisms.
- Without Love. Ingratiating and humorous film with Tracy and Hepburn, on matters of total unimportance.
- Wonder Man. Well, you know it has Danny Kaye, so what are you waiting for?



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