Littoral Dawn

FRANCES FROST

The full moon burned the western slope of dark, the shadow of light crept faintly up the east; and on the shore the wet irregular mark of water, curving landward from the vast tides breaking gold on Africa, lay scratched by gull-tracks; and the breaking foam was white with moonlight while the delicate unmatched amber slowly spread behind the flight of black and silent birds. Slowly the sand revealed what the moon had silvered secretly—the weedy litter, the ocean-tarnished hull, storm-shattered mast and salty-rusted band of copper, severed crab-claw, fluted shell—and night and day crossed lances on that sea.

Tomorrow's Broadcast

DAVIDSON TAYLOR

MOST men in radio are beginning to see that they have at their disposal an entirely new medium, requiring a unique approach. It is not enough to transfer to the air the materials of stage, concert hall and lecture platform. The time has arrived when all radio programs must be planned in terms of radio itself. Tomorrow's broadcast must become specifically a product of the medium.

I believe that in the immediate future, serious composers will write increasingly in terms of the microphone. Dramatists will learn to write specifically for the air, and radio will get better authors who will be better paid. Announcing will become simpler and more natural, and eyewitness reports of news while it is happening will multiply. The microphone will restore the poet's vocal contact with his audience, and radio will markedly affect the common speech.

Recently a man brought me an arrangement of César Franck's D Minor Symphony for broadcasting. At first I thought him presumptuous and ridiculous, but he insisted, "If Franck had written for the microphone, he would have scored his symphony differently."

Carlos Chavez, the distinguished Mexican composer who conducts the Orquesta Sinfonica de Mexico, believes that in twenty years there will be no more concerts in the present sense, and that all real musical events will happen on the air. He says, "The old principles of instrumentation have broken down. No composer can consider himself informed if he does not know the microphone. Is it not absurd to compose for two thousand people in a concert