

Music

Notable New Recordings

HAVING devoted the last few pieces to European affairs and told of various records which are difficult to get in this country you will perhaps be pleased to hear that there are a lot of good new ones over here. Of the ones which have come to my notice, however, the majority are noteworthy not on account of the novelty or particular excellence of the compositions played but because of the skill with which they have been played and recorded.

Outstanding from the standpoint of unusually brilliant execution which has been faithfully transcribed to the wax is the old standby, Dvorak's *New World Symphony*, as played by Erich Kleiber and the Berlin State Opera Orchestra¹. The clearness and delicacy of the pianissimo passages and the extent to which a crescendo is achieved without blare or rattle marks a definite step forward in symphonic recording.

For sheer beauty of tone in a composition of rarely surpassed loveliness of melody Fritz Kreisler and Serge Rachmaninoff would be hard to improve upon as they play the *Sonata in A Major, Opus 162*, of Schubert². This is Kreisler at his best and the records might be criticized solely on account of the extent to which Rachmaninoff subordinates himself.

A single piano record which no lover of that instrument should be without is Paderewski's beautiful rendition of Chopin's *Polonaise in E flat Minor, Opus 26, No. 23*. Surely you know and appreciate what Paderewski can do with Chopin.

In the popular field the Victor Company and Waring's Pennsylvanians have lost no time in bringing out sprightly versions of *Sing a Little Jingle* and *I Found a Million Dollar Baby* from *Crazy Quilt*⁴; *Falling in Love* and *You Forgot Your Gloves* from the *Third Little Show*⁵; and *Dancing in the Dark* and *High and Low* from *The Band Wagon*⁶. These selections from our newest and brightest Broadway revues are all danceable and, as played by the Pennsylvanians, can be listened to as well. But, to my mind, the best low-down news of the week is that the Boswell Sisters have recorded *Sing, Sister, Sing* and *Roll on, Mississippi, Roll on*⁷, although the Dorsey Brothers unfortunately do not accompany them.

O. C.-T.

1. Brunswick, Album No. 30.
2. Victor, Masterworks Album No. 107.
3. Victor, 7391.
4. Victor, 22707.
5. Victor, 22706.
6. Victor, 22708.
7. Brunswick, 6109.

Prose and Worse

AT a meeting of the National Advisory Council on Radio in Education, Mr. Davis, managing editor of *Science Service*, warned his hearers that if the radio audience suspected any desire to educate it, its radios would immediately be turned off. "In radio dramatization," said Mr. Davis, "probably lies the most effective means of presenting science over the radio. Within this category may be included the broadcasting of events in the field of science."

Well, leaving aside the question of whether or not the radio audience objects so much to features that are educational, or even intelligent, as those responsible for our programs seem to think, will Graham McNamee's broadcasting of the christening of a new telescope, or the discovery of a new vitamine, arouse your enthusiasm? Science, it is true, offers a vast and virgin field for the sowing of Mr. McNamee's wisecracks, and perhaps he can do for it what he has done for the newsreels, so vulgarized and cheapened that intelligent people now wear ear plugs. Or perhaps we shall have talks in German dialect by Herr Neanderthal, or dramatic sketches with Mr. Hydrogen, Miss Oxygen and Uncle Sulphur as dramatis personae, or a debate between Amos Science and Andy Religion.

Mr. Davis made one suggestion, however, which fired our imagination. "The least we can do," he said, "is to ease the listeners into the talk by theme songs." Now, these can't be the ordinary theme songs. They must have a scientific slant. And we have composed one to introduce a lecture on evolution, which we call "The Mammalian Blues." As the announcers say, with that charming rising inflection—Here it is!

Ah'm a mammal now,
An' how
Ah regret it!
Ah've worked an' Ah've sweated
For a million years
To get where Ah am.
Oh, damn!
Oh, dry those tears!
An' now
Ah'm a mammal
With a famil-
Y to feed—
Indeedy-deedy-deed!
I got those mammalian blues—
Oh, baby, what's the use?
Ma tears run down

An' darn near drown
Ma shoes.
Yes, they doos.
They's somepin, jest somepin that Ah
can't explain,
A wigglin' an' a jigglin' in ma poor old
brain;
I wanna go back to ma life in the mud
When Ah didn't have brains and Ah
didn't have blood.
Each cerebral convolution
May be proof of evolution,
But to me
It's just another wrinkle—
Oh, baby, can't you see!
And Ah think'll
Lunge—plunge
Back into the ooze and be
a sponge
Or a wrinkle.
What a time
We had, we amoebas
In the prehistoric slime;
Never had the heebie-



jeebas
Though we never had a dime.
Then Darwin, darn him,
Changed all my anatomy,
Made a monkey out of me,
Then he did worse,
Made me what I'd rather be anything
than—
A man!
(Oh, roll around the hearse!)
Nature's stepchild,
Worse than a reptile,
With educated fingers and an unskilled
brain.
Oh, man,
Let it rain!
I wanna drown ma troubles
In bubbles
Not of booze,
But of prehistoric ooze.
I got those damn-where-Ah-am clammy
mammy,
Mammalian blues!

☆☆☆☆☆

Aeneas B. Hooker contributes:

Who keeps the dusty highroad,
Nor glances left nor right,
Shall travel in good company
And reach his goal at night.

But he who shuns the highroad
And wanders at his will
By unfrequented valley,
By brake and glen and hill,—

He, though his coat be ragged,
His bed the dew-drenched sod,
Like Moses in the Bible tale
Shall walk alone with God.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

