the eternal card games and crossword puzzles that customarily while away the waiting time on movie sets. "The best reason for location shooting," he declared one morning when overcast skies were holding up production, "is not the money you can save. A couple of days like this one and you could lose your shirt. Studio shooting is really much easier on everybody. You just walk onto the set, and everything is ready to go. And yet I prefer to do as much of my pictures as I can on location. The sense of atmosphere, the feeling of contact with the real thing, helps the actors in their roles—and helps me too. Just look at that old house," he said, pointing to the two-storey white mansion, a wide gallery surrounding it on three sides, that is being used as Varner's home. "Do you think they could ever reproduce that in the studio?"

Two stuffed moose-heads on the front verandah of the old Merrick house were the sole contribution of the studio prop department in effecting the transformation. Built before the Civil War, the house has a graceful sloping roof surmounted by a New England style "widow's walk" and faces False River, an amputated arm of the Mississippi. For the "neighboring" Stewart (*née* Sartoris) home, the location crew selected one of the showplaces of that part of the country, Asphodel—some forty miles away. Built in 1835 in the Greek Revival style, the house is flanked by giant red cedars, some of them over 200 years old, while its winding driveway and spacious lawns are shaded by tall pines and poplars, all heavy with Spanish moss. Thirty miles in yet another direction a sharecropper's abandoned property was requisitioned for Ben's decrepit shack—a four-room cabin of unpainted, sun-splintered wood, its single central fireplace filled with refuse, its walls still decorated with faded Bible pictures and scraps of old calendars. But if the interior was squalid, the view from its broken porch presented all the plain, stark beauty of that part of the country that Faulkner so well describes.

IF 1957 was Hemingway's year on the screen, it seems safe to predict that 1958 will be the year the movies discover William Faulkner. Indeed, they have already begun to do so. Universal has scheduled "Tarnished Angels," based on Faulkner's "Pylon," for release sometime in January; and "The Long, Hot Summer" should be ready by February—at least, if the crew can make up in the studio some of the thirteen days lost in Louisiana waiting for the sun to shine. Meanwhile, Jerry Wald, its producer, is already planning to do "The Sound and the Fury" with Ritt again directing. And in all probability the country just north of Batan Rouge will once more serve as stand-in for Yoknapatawpha.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

ON THE HOUSE

Since most people live in houses, and since most novels, stories, and plays are about people, the word house frequently occurs in titles. An anonymous reader in Monticello, Mississippi, submits twenty such and asks you to assign the examples cited to the correct authors. Mortgage payments may be made on page 64.

1. "Alison's House" ( ) Gertrude Atherton
2. "Bleak House" ( ) Pearl Buck
3. "The Country House" ( ) James Branch Cabell
4. "The Fall of the House of Usher" ( ) Erskine Caldwell
5. "The House at Pooh Corner" ( ) Truman Capote
6. "The House by the Medlar Tree" ( ) Willa Cather
7. "A House Divided" ( ) Geoffrey Chaucer
8. "A House in the Uplands" ( ) Charles Dickens
9. "The House of Breath" ( ) John Galsworthy
10. "The House of Connelly" ( ) Susan Glaspell
11. "The House of Fame" ( ) William Goyen
12. "The House of Flowers" ( ) Paul Green
13. "The House of Lee" ( ) Nathaniel Hawthorne
14. "The House of Life" ( ) A. A. Milne
15. "The House of Mirth" ( ) Edgar Allan Poe
16. "The House of the Seven Gables" ( ) Dante Gabriel Rossetti
17. "The King Was in His Counting House" ( ) John Patrick
18. "The Professor's House" ( ) Giovanni Verga
19. "River House" ( ) Edith Wharton
20. "The Teahouse of the August Moon" ( ) Stark Young

MUSIC TO MY EARS

Symphonies, of Sorts—"Rosenkavalier"—Ballet

THE contagion which sometimes infects the body musical seems to be at work right now producing new "symphonies." Beginning with the one of recent date by Bondeville, there were, in sequence, a work by Dittersdorf which Thomas Scherman made out of two others, another by Henry Cowell in seven movements (none symphonic), and a third by the French composer Henri Dutilleux which began with a passacaglia and ended with a theme and variations. Taken together they wouldn't add—in my estimation of symphonic feeling—to the scherzo of Dvorak's No. 3.

Cowell's seven movements occupied but twenty-two minutes of Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra's time at a recent Carnegie Hall concert: thus, they are suiteish, rather than symphonic. The subtitle, "Seven Rituals of Music," suggests without precisely paralleling the Shakespearian ages of man, with a progression from birth to death. If a symphony connotes, merely, something that is sounded, then Cowell's No. 11 qualifies, for it is delicately, robustly, winsomely, wangingly written for a large orchestra with a vast array of percussive effects from the Balinese to the Harlemesque. It is, obviously, such a temptation for a conductor to arrange its aural effects (such as the total string sections playing *tremolando glissandi* against fluttery figures in the woodwinds, plus impalpably vibrating skins and metals) that continuity or basic meaning is inconsequential. I kept thinking how wonderfully it would hi-fi, and I am sure Cowell was not without such thoughts of his own.

On the same occasion, Ormandy introduced a "Passacaglia" of the Swiss composer Armin Schibler (a first offender, so to speak), written in 1950. Some persons who reviewed the composer's program notes (which were full of unfortunate references to "eternity" and the "dawn of human life") rather than the music found it pretentious and windy, but the work itself seemed to me the product of an orderly, well-stocked, and interesting musical mind. It is the kind of sonorous score in which the Philadelphia Orchestra is unexcelled, and Ormandy's grasp of its content preserved the record unimpaired.

Dutilleux's symphony has more substance than other novelties introduced by Andre Cluytens during his Philharmonic engagement, which is well short of ecstatic praise. As indicated, its elements are not symphonic in a traditional sense, but it conveys such a total feeling nevertheless. This is accounted for, in part, by Dutilleux's integration of the first and second movements by mood (the scherzo follows the allegro-passacaglia without pause), and the third and fourth by material (the theme of the finale's variations is derived from the preceding lento). Dutilleux has not, in this work, achieved an idiom of his own, but he is an accomplished craftsman. The program also offered an "Andante and Scherzo" of Duruflé.

The Metropolitan's "Rosenkavalier" is currently in the charge of Karl Böhm, who gave it the same kind of solid musicality he imparted to "Don Giovanni." Thus, it was neither inflammatory nor mesmerizing, which left some listeners dissatisfied. However, it could be argued that Böhm gave more values to the play-in-music than those conductors who deem the musical values all-important. I was conscious, too, of many details, sometimes slighted in the scoring, in the integration of voices and orchestra, in the composer's skill in weaving one situation into another, and making an act (such as the second) a consecutive whole. This may result in an interesting rather than an exhilarating "Rosenkavalier," but it is no mean intellectual feat on its own.

So far as the performing personnel is concerned, first honors must go to Risë Stevens's Octavian, which looks well and sounds almost as well as it did when she first made the part her own here in 1938. Miss Stevens has never been a paragon as a vocalist, but she gives us a character consistently conceived from first to last, equally picturesque as gallant or galumphing maid. Hilde Gueden's beautifully sung Sophie is beginning to encounter resistance from her unmistakably mature presence, but it is wonderful to hear.

Oddly enough, the same thread of time vs. talent runs through the other leading roles sung by Lisa della Casa and Otto Edelmann. A fine singer and a beautiful woman, Miss della Casa is still acting her part rather than feeling it, for the realities of the Marschallin's physical decline are still alien to her own experience. I am not arguing that a performer must "live" the role she plays—woe betide the opera house in which a "Salome" could only be produced under such circumstances—but there is, sometimes, no substitute for such experience. Della Casa's Marschallin is a lovely foreshadowing of things to come, but not yet the whole person. Edelmann's Ochs is still a mite too limber, physically, for the character, a little light of voice and short of range. Admittedly, he has a fresh, brilliant quality at the top, but an Ochs who must resort to mugging the low E at the end of Act II because it is not in his voice is really letting the part, and us, down.

It would be unkind to the efforts expended by others to ignore the dash and efficiency with which minor roles were played, especially Martha Lipton as Annina (a fine character study), Ralph Herbert as Faninal, and Thelma Votipka as Marianne. It is, of course, no effort for Kurt Baum to impersonate an Italian tenor, hold his top notes like one, and be properly offended when interrupted. Here, certainly, is proof that living a part helps.

ANOTHER performance of "Traviata" brought another performer of Violetta, Antonietta Stella. A hardworking, serious-minded singer, Miss Stella does not strike me as possessed of the sweetness of sound which must be available for a Violetta to use when she wants it. Act I was overdramatic and thickly sounded, Act II without genuine vocal pathos. Robert Merrill, as Father Germont, broached a handsome sound at every turn, and turned every sound into a manifestation of artistry. Daniele Barrioni, as Alfredo, improved his previous effort markedly.

"Square Dance," the first novelty of the New York Ballet's City Center season, is obviously not meant for learned analysis. It is something of a century-spanning divertissement, to which George Balanchine has brought his agile mind as the fusing element of eighteenth-century music by Vivaldi and Corelli, the nineteenth-century conventions of the square dance, and the twentieth-century "calls" of Elisha C. Keeler, an imported country virtuoso. A frothy affair, in which Keeler's "jiving" reference to "Sputnik" and "dig that crazy rhythm" contested for aural attention with the music, it appealed to me most when he was silent in a slow movement *pas de deux* of Patricia Wilde and Nicholas Magallanes, its principal performers. It was joyously performed, both by the dancers in their practice "costumes" and the musicians on stage.

—IRVING KOLODIN.