



STARS AND THEIR CARS

How Wagner and Bach Wrote
for the Photoplay ScreenA Distinguished Singer Analyzes the Relation
of Music to the Movies—Wagner for
Cowboys—Bach for Pullman Cars

BY FRIEDA HEMPEL

Since "The Birth of a Nation" showed the tremendous power of appropriate music in photoplay presentation most of the big feature companies have taken steps to supply the want. To the Paramount Corporation, which has just arranged with the firm of G. Schirmer & Co., the well-known music publishers, to compile specially selected scores for its films, the Evening Ledger is indebted for the following article by the distinguished singer:

MUSIC is a prime necessity for the future success of moving pictures. In these stories of silence, music must take the place of the spoken word. It plays the feelings of the drama straight to the heart. What we miss in the moving picture theatre are the voices of the actors, but now you tell me these are supplied by the great literature of music. In Richard Wagner's music there is everything adaptable to any drama ever conceived. And I can imagine nothing more suitable for a scene in a Pullman sleeper than some of Bach's music. It takes the music of "Die Walkure," it applies itself wonderfully to the interpretation of cowboy pictures. And if you want music for love scenes, why don't you take the love motif from "Tristan und Isolde"? I think that eventually you will develop certain chief motifs from great composers that will become recognizable in course of time by motion picture audiences.

I suppose that Richard Wagner is the only master who has applied literature to music. All of Wagner's dramas are magnificent literature. I mean by that, that Wagner with his genius, has not merely reached the emotions of the world, but in his scores he has also fascinated and nourished generations to come with the finest musical essays on philosophy; indeed, on many subjects that are usually limited to literary expression. It seems to me that in Richard Wagner's music there is everything adaptable to any drama ever conceived. And I can imagine nothing more suitable for a scene in a Pullman sleeper than some of Bach's music. It takes the music of "Die Walkure," it applies itself wonderfully to the interpretation of cowboy pictures. And if you want music for love scenes, why don't you take the love motif from "Tristan und Isolde"? I think that eventually you will develop certain chief motifs from great composers that will become recognizable in course of time by motion picture audiences.

What emotion of the most popular kind has not Wagner interpreted to the improvement of any other composer in the world? For instance, the "Ho Ho Hei" music of the "Walkure," with its stirring vitality of open-air and god-like courage, applies itself wonderfully to the interpretation of cowboy pictures of those beautiful outdoor scenes taken in your western country, in the hills of California. Wagner never saw them. He gained no inspiration from the great stretches of prairie and sky and valley which your western country so amply provides, but he had the universal imagination of great genius. He felt all things that were possible to human feeling.

You remember the wonderful music written for Hans Sachs in Wagner's opera "Die Meistersinger"? I have always thought that that music would apply itself to some of those home scenes I have witnessed in photoplays, where the masterful philosophy of heart is often shown in the character of the father. Of course, in these modern stories that are put before us in the motion picture houses, there is perhaps a purpose beyond the mere suspense of story-writing, but I was particularly impressed with the fact that in the production of "Diplomacy" I enjoyed the poetic feeling in the play because the ideal music selected, while I had not felt this when I saw the play produced abroad. You see, music will always idealize, and that is something we can never get too much of.

Of course, when the ballroom scene came, I instinctively expected to hear the "Blue Danube Waltz" by Strauss and when the wedding scene came of course I also expected to hear Wagner's wedding march. But I had never considered Mendelssohn as an inspiration to intrigue. Yet, I found the music selected for that big scene in the play in Dora's apartment from "Hebriden" by this composer was marvellously appropriate. So also was the serenade by Moszkowski, for another moment of intrigue in the scene between Baron Stein, the villain, and Countess Ziska. The selection from "Musetta" by C. Saint-Saens was ideal for the symbolic vision of Dora. As I watched the progress of the play, with its many opportunities for improvement over the mere theatrical production on the stage, I couldn't help wondering what the great Sardou would have thought of it himself.

I firmly believe that music is a prime necessity for the future success of motion pictures, and that the more beautiful the music the deeper will be the undercurrent of feeling stirred and the more sincere will the audience believe the screen story they are watching to be. Of course, I am a singer and my profession is music, but I do not believe that any human beings are fully nourished with the savor of idealism that is necessary to perfect happiness unless they hear and appreciate the finest music written. You know, the world has not changed since the great stories in mythology were written.

There is as much poetry, and, above all, a craving for poetry in the human heart today as there was in the æsthetic period of the ancient Greeks. I believe one of the reasons that the motion pictures draw such tremendous crowds is because they appeal to the primitive poetic aspirations.

LILLIAN GREUZE
Of the French Company coming
to the Little Theatre next week.

Continued on Page Two

Grumpy on the Long Road
Of Our "Provinces"When an Actor Turns and Returns Too
Often, the Joy of Traveling
Departs

By CYRIL MAUDE

For his third season in "Grumpy" the English comedian has journeyed to such remote stretches of the road as Akron, Mason City, Lethbridge in Alberta, and Saskatoon in Saskatchewan, and what such touring means he suggests in this letter, which was written for a sympathetic eye in the East:

Y'ou ask me what I think of this touring life in America, and at first there is only one answer that comes uppermost in my mind, and that is this: There is only one form of life that I really dislike more, and that is touring theatrically in England. Non, non pas post cet enfant, as well as—No, it's no good, I can't keep the French up in case Lou Tellegen or perhaps that brilliant Mme. Yorska might expose me!—well, then, if it were not for the filthy here that rolls in occasionally.

I say, mind you, occasionally, because, though I personally have nothing to complain of on this tour, still I gather that touring is not really quite what it used to be in the little towns which formerly had no other kind of amusement to look forward to except an occasional visit from some decent company or else a concert, or possibly, with greatest luck of all, a circus! I think also that some of these little places get rather out of the way of theatre-going. I have been to one or two lately where they had not had a play for months and months, and they seemed to come to the theatre like a hungry dog to a bone, but a bone which they have possibly some doubt about, as they have found some of the previous bones not quite what they had been led to expect by the press agent.

I must tell you of a simply perfect answer to an examination paper which I was told on Sunday by a delightful Harvard professor, who has now taken to conducting a delightful paper called—or perhaps yeller, as they would prefer me to call it, with its distinct savor of all that is best in older world daintiness and literary distinction—"The Hellman." The question was, "What do you know of Hercules and Pompeii?" And the dear boy—can't you see him, bless him, with his dear, puckered brow?—put on paper, "They were two towns completely destroyed by an extremely long overdraw of saliva from the Vatican." Or is that quite a word one can use in the States? Occasionally Englishmen do make mistakes, don't they? And it must seem so silly to you when we call a Crown Derby a bowl or a billycock or even a Prince Albert a frock coat.

I no well remember, when I was years and years ago acting the part of a somewhat racy sort of young man in some private theatricals in a certain very lovely house in London, I had constantly to say "What the devil!" After the first rehearsal a dear old cousin of mine took me aside and begged me to cut out the expression entirely, for, as she said, no gentleman ever says "What the devil!" I wonder what she would have said, that dear old cousin of mine, had she lived to see "Grumpy?"

But I am digressing. Yes, I have been and still am playing sometimes in the strangest places, where, if I do not see fiery and untrained cowboys at literally every street corner, I still see my name in glowing letters shining across the moon on every ash can, and I sometimes have seen printed in large letters on the canvas which separates me from the audience between the acts, "Please do not spit on the curtain."

The stage doors in Western American theatres seem always to be hidden away in the most curious manner, as if the architect only thought of them at the last moment and then shoved them in anywhere. I wonder sometimes how many architects really ever gave a certain amount of time to the study of theatre-building. They always seem to be built on exactly the same pattern as hotel bathrooms are. I have, by the way, heard of one architect who really seemed to have original ideas, for he forgot entirely to build any dressing rooms. Not that when we find the dressings rooms they are anything to go at once and write home about. And there is one thing that even the local manager, as well as the architect, seems to forget, and that is that actors sometimes want to wash their hands. It is somewhat distressing for young gentlemen who possibly have to go on the stage in a minute to represent the bluest of blue-blooded nobles, to find a small tin basin to render their hands into that state which the young Western lady is accustomed to think should exist in the drawing room.

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thing here except—but there, I will refrain from telling you, wishing, as I do, to emulate the example of a certain lady of title who came over to New York some two or three summers ago. She was most anxious to please, was this lady, whom we will call Lady Archie. Everything she saw in America was "sweet." At last the New York lady who told me this story and who hails from the South, becoming nauseated with her continual enthusiasm over everything American, said: "Oh, Lady Archie, you must meet my Uncle Bob. He is coming up from Roanoke, Va., and he chews." But Lady Archie was still unimpaired, and turning to I Lordship, her spouse, she at once said: "Oh, Archie, isn't it sweet, he chews!"

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