

HOLLYWOOD

Sound Dubbing Is Aladdin's Lamp As Studios Utilize Tricks of Trade

By PAUL HARRISON
Times Special Writer

HOLLYWOOD, Aug. 30.—There are indications that the movies finally are getting around to some of the more obvious uses of their unique technical advantages as in sound dubbing, which can be employed for comedy as well as convenience.

Probably you have seen it in "Turnabout" John Hubbard and Carole Landis spoke with each other's voices. That was the simplest sort of trick with sound film.

Funnier yet will be some of Frank Morgan's sequences in "Hullabaloo," in which he has the role of an imitator. So he goes through the picture talking in the distinctive tones of various celebrities.

Metro might have put a professional impersonator into the part with fair success, but the effects will be infinitely more startling and easily identifiable this way—because when Morgan opens his mouth the voice you hear actually will be that of the person he's supposed to be imitating. He can be Garbo or Mickey Rooney or Wallace Beery or anyone.

An especially good scene should be when each finds it expedient to make love to a hatched-faced old hussy. So he charms her into a palpitate dither by imitating the voice of a great screen lover.

Substitution of sound tracks is an old trick on films for foreign release. All the studios used to have laboratories in Europe which would put French and German dialog into English-speaking pictures merely by recording new sound tracks with native actors and actresses.

Of course the words didn't match very well with the lip movements seen on the screen, yet the glibly dubbers became amazingly clever and audiences didn't mind.

ONE THING Latin American audiences do mind is the intrusion of strange dialects. In Argentina, patrons will hoot at Mexican Spanish; and for that matter, pure Castilian Spanish isn't used conversationally anywhere south of the Rio Grande. Also Holly-

wood didn't seem to realize until lately that Portuguese is spoken in Brazil.

Improper dialects have accounted for the failure in South America of dozens of costly pictures—besides causing actual resentment down there.

Actually the first film ever to be properly dubbed for full South American release is 20th-Fox's forthcoming "California." It'll be done in one Portuguese and six Spanish dialects.

Fearing charges of falsery, Hollywood always has shushed its singing-voice and other musical substitutions. Very little vocal dubbing is necessary these days, though instrumental performances are almost always tricked off for convenience in recording) unless the camera is turned on some famed band or a concert star such as Jascha Heifetz.

Even at that, in "100 Men and a Girl," Leopold Stokowski garnished his piano playing with an extra sound track. The music was all his, but it wasn't all done at the same time. After he had recorded a selection, it was played back and he accompanied himself with a few touches of fancy bassing and treble flourishes. A combination recording, or one-man duet, was what was heard in the picture.

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IN THE SAME WAY, Nelson Eddy amused himself on a recording stage the other day by harmonizing with the playbacks of some of his "Bittersweet" songs. It sounded swell, but of course it won't be in the picture. I should think, though, that such tricks would be good in comedy.

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Mr. Green, It Appears, Abhors His Own Mud



Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy scarcely had scraped the mud of "Boom Town" from their expensive committances when John Garfield and Frances Farmer found themselves involved in some heavy going in "Towing Gold," another oil saga.

RECORDINGS

Victor Dedicates Album of Month to Franck, Who Gave the Organ Impetus

By JAMES THRASHER

Franck, Organ Music: Charles M. Compton at the organ of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, New York (Victor).

CESAR FRANCK, besides writing one inordinately beloved symphony, opened new vistas in organ music and gave impetus to the modern French school of organ composers. And it is to Franck, the modest, mystic organist of Sainte-Claude, that Victor dedicates his featured album of the month.

Included are examples from Franck's three most important publications for the organ: "The Pastorale" from "Six Pieces for Organ" (1862); the "Pice Heroique" from "Three Pieces for Organ" (1878); and a movement from the E Minor Chorale and the entire Chorale in A Minor, from "Three Chorales" (1890).

The two chorales are, of course, monumental and familiar works, and the grandiloquent "Pice Heroique" is extremely popular. The surprise of the lot is the "Pastorale," an unfamiliar work of glowing beauty and compelling interest. For those allergic to Franck's chromatism, this probably will be most appealing.

There is nothing pedantic in Dr. Compton's playing. It is, rather, the ultimate coloration and unhampered. These qualities we take for granted in performers on other instruments. However, it is a rare and welcome treat when someone makes an organ behave like an intimate, pliable means of expression. All of which gives an interesting album added merit.

Chopin, Mazurkas, Vol. III: Artur Rubinstein, pianist (Victor).

Someone once remarked that a pianist should not attempt to play the Chopin Mazurkas unless he were a Pole. This remark has since passed into the realm of axiomatic acceptance, which probably exceeds its late author's expectations.

However, on hearing Mr. Rubinstein again in the third volume of these pieces one is inclined to let the edict stand. Certainly this artist understands their subtle implications and deepest meaning.

And since it's a fact that Western European and American pianists do steer clear of the Mazurkas, you owe it to yourself to hear the Rubinstein albums if you love the piano and particularly Chopin. For here, as in the Preludes, the composer is found at his intimate, assured, masterful best. Though close to the soul

and the people, the Mazurkas are at the same time the vehicle for some of Chopin's most subtle expression.

Copland, Two Pieces for String Quartet: Dorian String Quartet (Columbia).

Mr. Copland's music is quite as unaffected as its title. The first piece, marked Lento molto, is pensive, dignified and almost as square-cut as a hymn tune. The second, a Rondino, is a syncopated and capricious morsel, full of sly humor and some captivating turns of phrase. Altogether, the disc is a delightful, original example of modern American chamber music. And delightfully played by an ensemble which has a special affinity for its contemporaries.

Bach, "Fantasia and Fugue in C Minor: Edward Comette, organist (Columbia).

Mr. Comette gives a clean, competent performance of this soul-satisfying work, though his playing is scarcely very vital or inspired. But we so seldom hear Bach's organ music except in transcription that this record is something of an event.

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