

Philharmonic Farmer

"I DON'T eat, I don't sleep, I don't smoke, I don't drink. Practically. How can I when I work 24 hours a day? Now what do you want me to say?"

Artur Rodzinski, director of the Philharmonic Symphony, passed his hand over his renowned brow and opened his eyes skeptically. Then shut them.

"What do I do beside music all day long? Oh—what a complication. I give interviews to the press." He opened his eyes at us again. "I see boards of directors, managers, women's committees, thousands of composers, hundreds of musicians, all wanting to play. What has the war done to music?" He shrugged. "A lot. All the people want more music. That is good. That is all right. They should have it. There is this boom in this 'corny'. But I never hear it. I hear only the Golden Gate Quartette and this Eileen Farrell—so lovely. But them I hear only because they come before the news. Why should I turn on the radio to put more music in my head. There is enough in it. What is this *Pistol Packing Mama*? Can you sing it?"

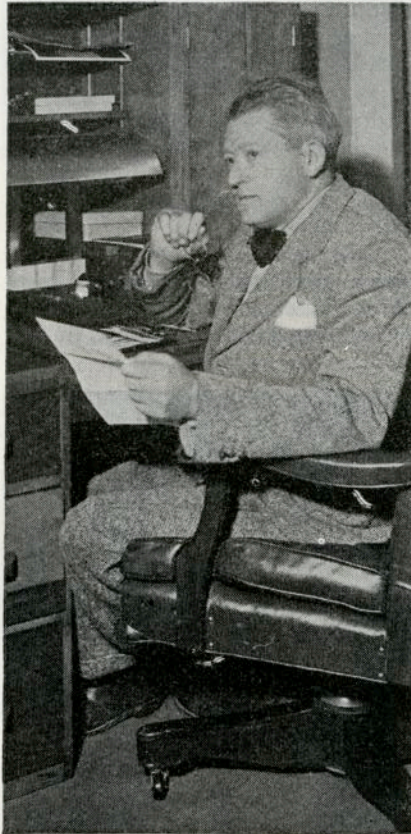
He began to hum something himself and shut his eyes again. Mr. Rodzinski, who was born in Dalmatia of Polish parents, was brought to this country by Stokowski to be with the Philadelphia Orchestra. He has been conductor of the Los Angeles and Cleveland orchestras. Due to his brilliant work, the latter is regarded as one of the most outstanding orchestras in tonal quality and balance.

Apart from directing orchestras and maintaining a severe formality on the podium, Mr. Rodzinski is a charming and simple tiller of the soil. He showed us the callouses on his hands from plowing and harrowing his farm in Stockbridge, Mass., and the place under his chin where a bee stung him.

"Even with my bee hat on, he came in. But my bees—I love them. They are wonderful. I will sit here until tomorrow morning speaking of them. I, personally, single-handed, got 600 pounds of honey this season. Now they are put away for the Winter. No one else must touch my bees. Do you know this? A bee in flower time flies the same length as around the world three times. This year I have ten hives, next year I will have 15. They are so won-

derful, my bees. My goats? Oh, they ate too much. I had to do Summer concerts to support them. My bees, they feed themselves."

Mr. and Mrs. Rodzinski have just moved into a large duplex apartment which is filled with the fruits of their harvest—pounds of butter, pears, cabbages, eggs and quantities of honey which will be packaged for Christmas.



Artur Rodzinski, conductor of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, ponders a problem at his self-designed desk

National War Fund

IN MAYOR LA GUARDIA'S words, the National War Fund is "an expression of our hope and love" to the soldiers and peoples of the United Nations. This Fund is an appeal for the support of the major war-related agencies in America, united for the first time since Dec. 7, 1941.

In New York your gift to the National War Fund will equal 26 gifts

to the 26 metropolitan agencies. You will comfort the prisoners of war. You will bring medicine to Russia, food to the starving people of Greece, assistance to the tortured people of China and to the hundreds of thousands of homeless and destitute refugees throughout the world. You will bring timely aid to our own fighting men and those of the United Nations.

The national goal has been set for \$125,000,000. New York City's quota is \$17,000,000.

On October 30, there will be a huge military parade, comprising divisions of every section of our armed forces and units of British, Polish, Russian and other United Nations military services. From November 1 to 13, Fifth Avenue will become the "Avenue of the Allies," from the Eternal Light at Madison Square Park to the Plaza at 59th Street. On December 7, there will be a final and gigantic Victory Rally at Madison Square Garden.

Down Mobile Way

ONE day last week we slid out of the rain and into the Museum of Modern Art on 53rd Street, where we forgot the rain, the war, and allied personal problems, in the contemplation of the work of Mr. Alexander Calder.

This work, which the museum people call "constructions, stables and mobiles," and which our own Maude Riley (CUE, October 9) said was "20th century sculpture . . . elusive and unpredictable," is swinging, swaying, tinkling and sometimes even making faint clashing sounds, all of this and most of next month at the museum.

Whether you know what you like in art, or don't and admit it, you will be impressed, amused and entertained (according to how you approach art) by the exhibition. You will certainly not be bored. The whole business is like walking through a wave of laughter and about as easy to describe. You come out of the museum surprised to see a world with its feet still on the ground. You expected a child's paradise, inhabited by buildings that swing around on ferris-wheel structures and helicopter taxis scooting about on wings of metal leaves. At least that's the way it affected us.

Maybe it was partly the fabulous Mr. Calder himself, who, with the staring, untroubled blue eyes of a child, and gray hair in the most artful feather cut we've seen yet, padded through the exhibition with us. Mr. Calder has a modest, unassuming manner which might (or might not) cover the soul of a true artistic snob. At any rate, he does not take his work seriously (for publication), refuses to see anything remotely resembling use or purpose in it.

We, in our crude commercial way, thought it full of enchanting ideas for everything from display art to children's toys. Mr. Calder stared but seemed unoffended by such suggestions.

Moving bear-like and happy through the highest circles of modern art in America, Calder speaks in a desultory way of his own work. He can afford to, however, since such experts as James Johnson Sweeney write artistic doubletalk about it. Says Mr. Sweeney of Calder's sculpture, "humor when it is a vitalizing force not a surface distraction adds a dimension to dignity." And of Calder, says that he has "a sensibility to material that introduces new forms and an insatiable interest in fresh patterns of order." Mr. Calder also has an insatiable interest in fresh patterns in socks, judging by the red, blue and black pair of knockout wool ones he was wearing.

Sitting in the members' lounge of the museum, watching the rain sluice



Arsene Studio

A gustatory interlude in the lives of Frank Sinatra, swooning at the Waldorf, radio thrush Morton Downey (see col. 3) and Guy Lombardo of the Roosevelt

down the face of New York, Mr. Calder remarked that the rain would be good for the farmers, particularly for his farm in Connecticut where he lives surrounded by French surrealist painters, when he, his wife and two children are not in New York. Says he likes to laugh, have a good time, dance in a hurly-burly fashion, eat and give parties big enough to invite all his friends, which he estimates to number at least a hundred.

Calder, son of sculptor A. Stirling Calder, graduated from Stevens Institute of Technology in New Jersey, where he studied engineering. He was

an auto-engineer, draughtsman for a light and power company, engineer editorial advisor to a lumber trade magazine, efficiency engineer for a window sash company, demonstrator of a motorized garden cultivator, fireman on a coastwise steamer, time-keeper in a logging camp—all before the Autumn of 1923, when he enrolled in the Art Students League in New York. Later years found him shuttling back and forth between Paris and New York while his reputation took shape. And a very solid shape it is, too, considering his type of work.

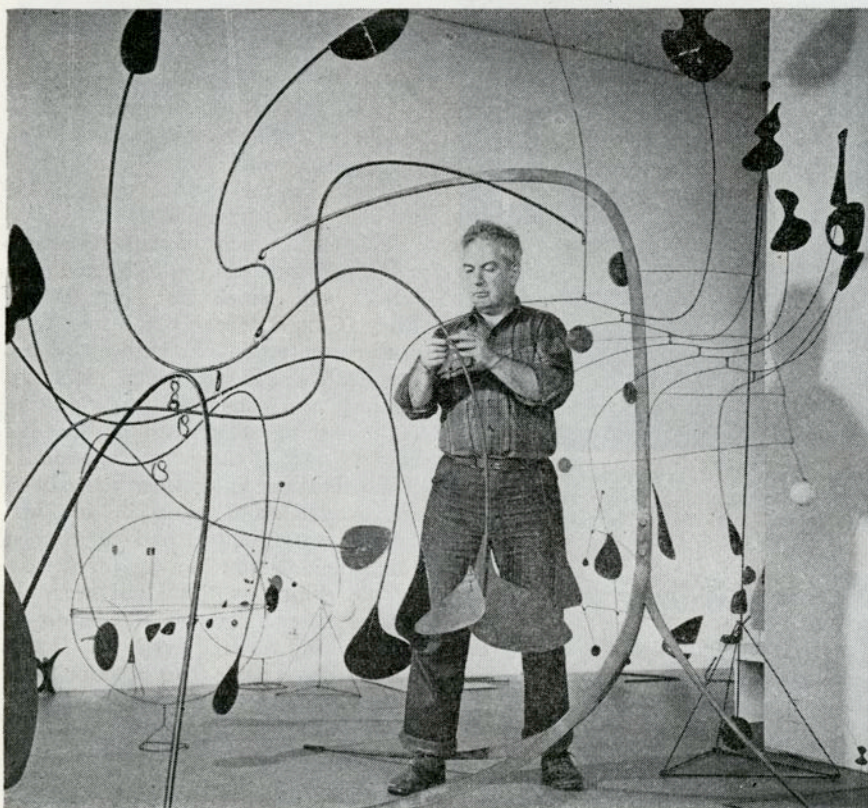
Now, at 45, in the more acceptable words of Mr. Sweeney, he reflects "the marriage of an educated sensibility with a native American ingenuity." Now at 45, in our own words, Mr. Calder is a perfect and engaging example of the layman's idea of what artists should be like, and so frequently aren't.

Chapel in the Air

IT MIGHT have been a little church in the country with the light pouring through the long, high windows and the soloist's voice lifting through the quiet. You thought of lonely people with their troubles locked in their folded hands, finding consolation. In a moment the hymn would end, and the minister would rise in his black robes.

"O.K., Downey." David Ross, announcer for the "Chapel in the Air" program, heard each Friday at 3 p.m. over the Blue Network, took over the mike. We sat back in our chair and watched the rehearsal. Mr. Downey came over and sat beside us while Raymond Paige's orchestra did a mellow arrangement of *Beautiful Ohio*.

"The response to this program amazes me," whispered Mr. Downey. "Honest, we had no idea people were so crazy about hymns—even the soldiers. All over the world they're writing in, asking for hymns we never heard



News Pictures

Alexander Calder, sculptor-constructivist, caught in a forest of what he calls stabiles, mobiles and constellations. These and other entertaining Calderisms are on view at the Museum of Modern Art. (Page 11, Col. 3)