

THE GREATEST COUP OF THE AGE

By
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Success comes to those who endure. If you cannot succeed in one way, try another. Sic., a great singer returns to America with invaluable propaganda, the hand-clappings of the great immortalized forever upon a motion-picture film.

The story is worth retelling. All persons were satisfied; the singer has her film, the pianist has his notoriety, and the audience has itself in a film, clapping. But how? Let us see: Upon whom is the joke?

Mme Georgette Leblanc-Maeterlinck arrives in Paris from America prepared to give a serie of soirées for the most famous artists of Paris. Arriving with the editress of the "Little Review", Margaret Anderson, these artists are naturally artists like Brancusi, James Joyce, and Jean Cocteau, etc. The artists, wary dogs, fail to respond. Necessary to a vast scheme of financed publicity in America, the omission becomes pressingly necessary to be rectified. Accordingly the following steps are taken:

Mme Maeterlinck is starred, during the summer, in a vast French film by the Cinegraphic, as the woman of affairs about Paris, the diva at whose marvelous home all the artists of affairs in Europe gather. This is the film soon to be sent to America where Mme Maeterlinck will embark upon a concert tour. Being a publicity film, it needed a touch of authenticity, which was added in this way:

The great scene demanded a full dressed, fashionable concert audience in a beautiful Parisian theatre. The Great Diva, whose part Mme Maeterlinck was playing was to be singing before this audience which was to be in the greatest uproar, fighting amongst itself over the modern music she was singing... (alas, she had programmed Milhaud for this particular evening, but neither of these combinations would have been responsible for the terrific uproar that followed).

The élite of Paris were invited and came. They came while the invitations were printed in such a way as to suggest that a moving picture was to be made of them, and that a program including the Swedish Ballet was to be given. But a few of the greatest artists came because it had been given out that a young pianist composer who had been creating riots all over Central Europe, and the most dangerous menace to present-day compositions, was to play one of his compositions. A bomb was to be exploded irregardless of motion-pictures. The composer was George Antheil, the young Polish-American fresh from riot upon riot in Budapest, Berlin, and Vienne.



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