

about the general tendency of audiences throughout the world. We no longer produce films for the United States alone. Most of the revenue of each film made here comes from outside the U. S. A. Movie theatres in the remotest parts of India, and the middle of the Sahara will show the films of Hollywood, and it is immediately obvious to every would-be cinema-composer that a great many Least Common Denominators must be either negotiated or intelligently contemplated. Melody should be the mainstay of the sound film. But melody, too, need not be "old" it can be as new as a bright penny. The very faults of the cinema business can be utilized to make a new kind of music, open, brilliant, and astonishingly simple.

The serious composer of today has few outlets for the commercialization of his often vast musical technic. If he wants to earn his own living he certainly cannot do so by writing symphonic or chamber music. Happily each year sees the cinema offering him a more and more respectable creative field, at a salary which will help him materially in the production of other more serious musical works. Here is the first text book (but we hope not the last) upon the subject of movie music, the first step towards such an Elysium, and it is not at all a bad start.

George Antheil

"COMPILING" THE DANCE

IN a sense *Dance*, a short history of classic theatrical dancing, by Lincoln Kirstein (G. P. Putnam) is what it claims to be. It follows the course of general Western history, from Pharaoh to Hurok, like a three hundred page footnote on dancing. It lays no claim to completeness or originality. And in so big a scheme it is a detail if the *Commoedia del Arte* is skimped, or if the part on contemporary German dancing is ill informed. The chief thing is that this is the only book of its kind in English. The facts are conveniently collected and well worth notice. Those to whom the history of the ballet is unfamiliar will find lots of surprises. And one can praise wholeheartedly the many quotations.

It is in the last chapters when Mr. Kirstein ventures more into criticism that the book is unfortunate. Such a devotee of discipline for dancers could be very useful if he applied the same

rigor to his own work as a critic. A contemporary dance critic might well attempt to integrate critically into the body of academic tradition those further principles that Isadora Duncan and Nijinski each made clear. Since their day a critic can look in his critical way—as they looked in their way—for a touchstone: "the roots of human physical activity in its theatral uses." The book gives no impression of integrity. At least, Mr. Kirstein is full of fine enthusiasms, for Noverre, for Isadora, for Balanchine. On the other hand it is a shame he thinks that because you can see it further away, Massine's Farucca from the *Three-Cornered Hat* is better than real Spanish dancing. But why should Mr. Kirstein be taken for a critic when he offers us only a compilation.

E.D.

THE OFFICIAL STRAVINSKY

IGOR STRAVINSKY's *Chroniques de ma Vie*, (Volume II,* Paris, Denoël et Steel, 1935) is brief and smug. Smug is perhaps too strong a word to describe the neat aplomb of it, but there is something in the work somewhere, or in the author's attitude toward it, that gives one the feeling that Mr. Stravinsky has just swallowed the canary and doesn't mind our knowing it.

It is all surprisingly like his post-war music. I say surprisingly, because although composers have often written voluminously and well, almost none has ever carried quite the same conviction on foolscap as on music-paper. Stravinsky does. He writes French with the same tension, the same lack of ease with which he writes music. It is a tight little package, like the *Sonate pour Piano*. It is as neatly filled up, too. It may be stiff and *guindé* but it is not empty.

It seems strange he should continually pose himself such limited problems, that he should never for once really want to do something large and easy. But restriction is apparently of his nature. It certainly is in his later music, much as I admire many of the works. They have tension and quality but no *envergure*, no flight. He seems for some years to have been quite content to say small things in a neat way and to depend on instrumental incisiveness to turn his little statements into concert- or theatre-

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