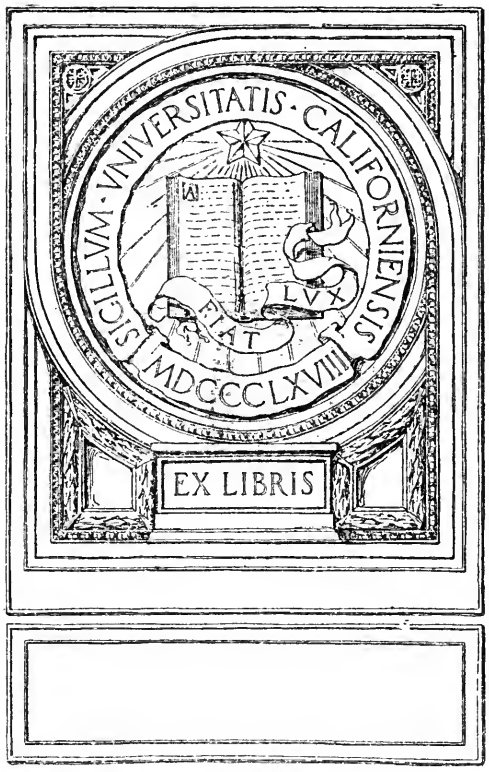
VOL. XII, No. 2

ART AND ARCHITECTURE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ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

An Illustrated Monthly Magazine

Published by THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY

OF WASHINGTON, AFFILIATED WITH THE

ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE OF AMERICA.

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY PRESS, Inc.

VOLUME XIII FEBRUARY, 1922 NUMBER 2

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RUSSIAN NUMBER

With the collaboration of Edgar L. Hewett.

TERMS: $5.00 a year in advance: single numbers, 50 cents. Instructions for renewal, discontinuance, or change of address should be sent two weeks before the date they are to go into effect.

All correspondence should be addressed and remittances made to ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY, the Octagon, Washington, D. C. Also manuscripts, photographs, material for notes and news, books for review, and exchanges, should be sent to this address.

Advertisements should be sent to J. Carlisle Lord, Advertising Manager, 786 Sixth Ave., New York, N. Y., the New York Office of ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

Entered at the Post Office at Washington, D. C., as second-class mail matter. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized September 7, 1918.

Mizguir, the young Tartar merchant in "Snegourotchka." Russian fairy opera. Book by Ostrovsky on an old Russian folk-story of "The Snow Maiden." Music by Rimsky-Korsakoff. Painted by N. Roerich for Chicago Grand Opera Company production.

ART and ARCHAEOLOGY

The Arts Throughout the Ages

VOLUME XIII FEBRUARY, 1922 NUMBER 2

THE JOY OF ART IN RUSSIA

I.

By NICHOLAS ROERICH

[We have great pleasure in publishing this article by the world-famous Russian artist, Nicholas Roerich, which doubtless will be greatly appreciated by our readers.]—ED.

LITTLE knowledge brings dusk with it; great knowledge brings light. Spurious art brings the commonplace; genuine art creates joy of spirit and that power on which the building of our future rests. We should now firmly establish everything that can lead Man along a new road. As in pre-historic times Paleolith was replaced by Neolith, so in our days the "mechanical civilization" is about to be replaced by culture of spirit. The Druids secretly cherished the laws of wisdom; similar to that, in the engendering kingdom of spirit, attention is tending towards knowledge and beauty, and many a home is already lighted up by that sacred fire; many are united, each of them a creative atom in the new construction. The same thought springs up in different countries simultaneously, like a strong plant sending forth many new shoots from the same root.

Friends, you would like to hear about art in Russia? You seem to be interested in it and kindly expectant. You are right.

The Russian nation has always been closely attached to art. Since the times of yore all its modes of life have been saturated with self-expression of true art. The ancient heroic epos, the folk-lore, the national string- and wind-instruments, laces, carved wood, ikons, ornamental details in architecture,—all of these speak of genuine, natural artistic aspirations. And, even at the present moment, all exhibitions, concerts, theatres and public lectures are invariably crowded.

It was but a short while back that Kuprin wrote:

"The White Monastery." From collection of Miss Mary Garden. Painted in London, 1920, by N. Roerich.

"The Varengian Sea." Painted in Petrograd, 1909, by N. Roerich.

"Russian villages welcome the intellectuals. They have become more kindred to the peasants' conception. A new-comer from among the students, man or woman, is trustfully asked to teach small village children, while their elder brothers and sisters are keen on learning not only music, but foreign languages as well. Wandering photographers are met with lots of orders. A painter who is able to produce on a piece of canvas or of linoleum an approximate likeness to a human face can rely upon a long life of safety and comfort in the country. I say *safety* because the village bestows its sincere guardianship upon these strange artists."

I, too, could point out numberless instances of love of art and of enlightenment among the simple Russian people.

It would be impossible to cover in one article every section of the vast horizon commanded by Russian art. But it is possible to point out the milestones, and to map out the main roads which will lead us from our day into the depth of the ages.

Besides the modern Russian masters—Serov, Trubetzkoy, Vrubel, Somov, Bakst—you have shown your appreciation of our outstanding nationalists, such as Riepin and Surikov, Nesterov and Levitan. You have also come across the names of old masters; the classic Brulov, the religious genius Ivanov, the interpreter of national life Venezianov, and our great portrait painters Levitzky and Borovikovsky. But it is necessary all the same to point out the characteristic national features and movements of Russian art from a bird's eye point of view, as it were.

What shall we cast away from our art in marking each successive step of development? What shall we adopt? Which way shall we turn?—towards the new interpretation of classicism, or to the antique sources? Shall we sink into the depths of primitivism, or find new light in the "Neo-nationalism," with its fragrance of Indian herbs, its spells of the Finnish land, its inspiring thoughts of the so-called Slavophilism?

We are deeply excited over the question—Whence is coming the Joy of Art? For it is coming, although it has been less perceptible of late. Its

"Sadko's Palace." (Old Novgorod.) By N. Roerich. Painted for the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, London, 1920.

re-sounding, approaching strides are tangible already.

Amongst the recent achievements one is notable and bright: the understanding of the decorative, of the adorning nature of art, is growing rapidly. The original purpose and meaning of art is again coming to the fore, rightly understood as the *embellishment of life*—which makes the artist and the on-looker, the master and the owner join in the ecstasy of creation and exult in its enjoyment.

We have reasons to hope that these modern aspirations will fling away the dead weights forcibly attached to art in the last century. Already the word "to adorn" seems to be acquiring its renewed meaning among the masses.

Very valuable is the fact that the cultured part of society is just now keen on studying the birth-springs of art: it is through these crystal-like springs, that the great value of embellishing human life will be realized again. It may acquire quite a new style and lead to a new era beyond the limits of our present imagination; but one thing is certain, that that new era in its intensity of exultation will be akin to the first human ecstasies.

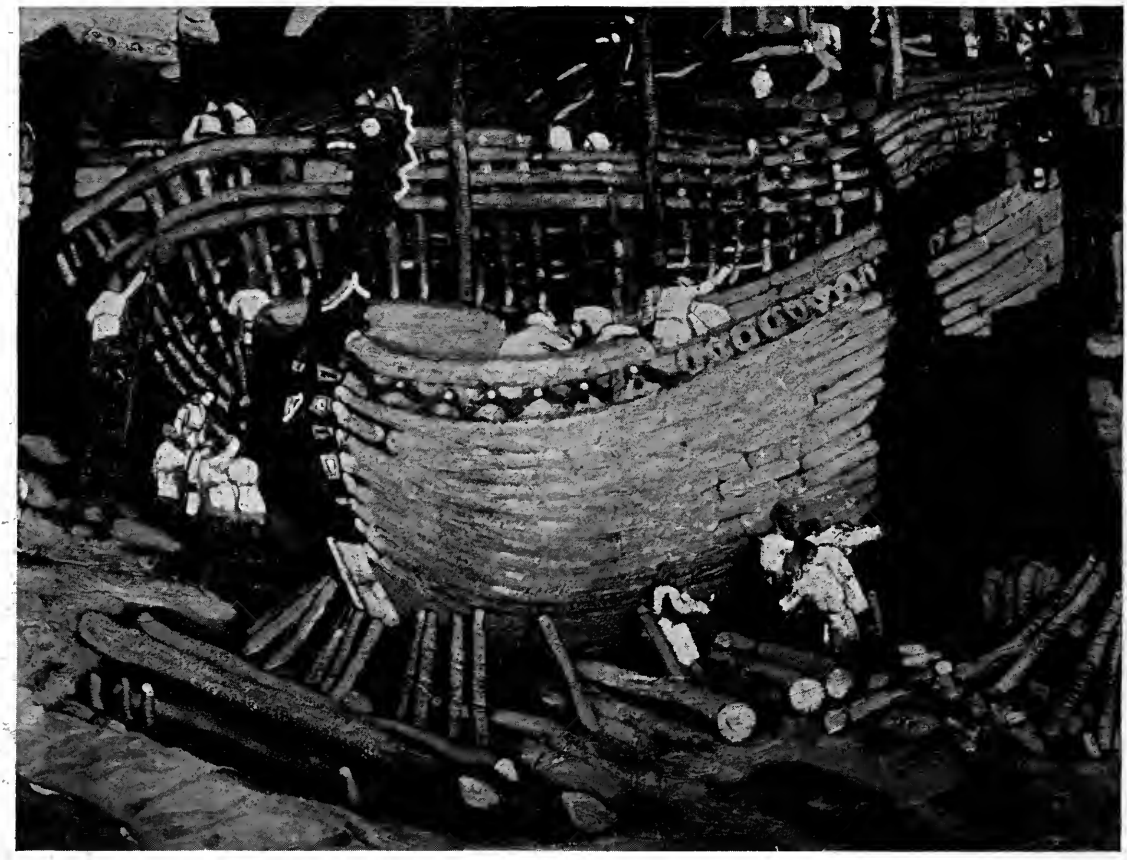
But flowers do not grow on ice. In order to mould that new era it is necessary that society should follow the artists; people should become their co-workers. The public mind, assisting art work by prompting its creations through the demand for exhibitions, art galleries and private collections, will be that warmth without which no roots can produce plants. Happily, as I say, the interest of the cultured public is veering round to the dusk of the past ages, in the midst of which gems are sparkling: either costly or modest gems, but equally great in the purity of thought which has given them their material form. We are trying to discern what we would see if we were transferred into the depth of those times: would we be amazed at the wisdom of an innate artistic instinct, or would we find just gifted children around us? No; we would find not children, but wise men.

We are not going into the details of various ancient art creations; such measurements and explanations might offend both their masters and their modern possessors. It is the impression of harmony that is essential in art; and that what still bears the fascination of beauty and purity, of nobility and of singularity, should be counted as art, and need not fear any libel. As it is, judging art creations of our days, many of us are given to dwell on their flaws and drawbacks. This is a sign of youth with a country where it is done.

Let us look at the Thirties of the last century and further back still. Much of it stirs our heart-strings; the noble bloom of the epoch of Alexander I, the truly decorative sparkle of the times of Catherine the Great and of Elizabeth (XVIII) and the amazing conglomerations of art in Peter the Great's time. Happily, a great deal of it all has escaped ruin and vividly speaks for itself.

What is by far less known and understood are the "pre-Peter" times. Our conception of these had been out of gear for a long time due to the admixture of "self-made" knowledge—which is always the result of *little* knowledge. The safest way to study the homes and churches of the pre-Peter epoch is to transfer into it in our minds the treasures from our museums, the objects of jewelry, clothing, textures, ikons, etc.

Almost the highest place amongst the ancient Russian art creations should be given to the ikons—applying this



Building of Ancient Russian "Warship," X Century, by N. Roerich. Now in Oakland Art Association Museum.

definition on a large scale. The faces on these "wonder-working" paintings are magically impressive. There is a great understanding of the effects of the silhouette-painting in them, and a deep sense of proportion in the treating of the back-grounds. The faces of Christ, of the Virgin, of some beloved Saints—they seem actually to radiate the power attributed to them: The Face of Judgment, The Face of Goodness, The Face of Joy, The Face of Sorrow, The Face of Mercy, The Face of Omnipotence. Yet—still The Same One Face, quiet in its features, fathomless in the depth of coloring. The Wonder-working Face. No one dared until recently to regard the ikons purely from the artistic point of view, and only then a powerful decorative spirit has been discovered in them at last—in the place of naïveness and crudeness which were supposed to be their characteristics hitherto. A genuine decorative instinct gave their unknown creators, in their days, the complete mastership even over the largest surfaces of church walls. We are still in the dark about the proximity of that instinct in regard to actual technique and knowledge, but the "specialists'" indifferent descriptions of these wall- and canvas-ikons often call forth feelings of pain and offense for those works.

It is not sufficient to sense the exulting audacity of color in the wall

Yaroslavna's Tower Room. Scene for Prince Igor; Diaghileff's Paris and London production, 1914, by N. Roerich.

paintings of the churches in Yaroslavl and Rostov? Just have a good look at the interior of John the Forerunner in Yaroslavl. What harmonies of the most transparent azure with bright ochre! What atmosphere of ease and peace in the greyish emerald of the verdure, and how well it blends with the reddish and brownish garments of the figures. Serene Archangels with deep yellow haloes round their heads flying across the warm-looking sky, their white robes looking only just a shade colder against it. And the gold: it never hurts your eye, it is so perfectly placed and so perfectly balanced. Truly, these paintings are the daintiest, the finest silk tectures befitted to clothe the walls of The Forerunner!

In the labyrinth of the church passages in Rostov every one of the tiny doorways startles you with unexpected beauty of color harmonies. Softly outlined human figures are discerned looking at you through the strangely-transparent pale ash-grey of the walls. In some places you seem to feel the heat of the glowing red and chestnut chords; in others, peace comes breathing from the greenish-blue masses of color; and, suddenly, you stop short—as before a severe word from the Scripture—faced by a shadowy figure in ochre.

You feel that all this has been created consciously, not casually; and that you have been brought to that house of God for some reason, and that you shall

"Frost and Wood Spirits." Scene for the fairy opera "Snegourotchka" (The Snow Maiden), by N. Roerich.

keep the impression of its beauty and benefit by it more than once hence.

These works—to quote from an old book of the XVII century—have been painted "with honest mind and decent purpose, and with noble love for embellishment, for the people to see themselves here as standing before the face of The Highest."

When the later-on famous "wonder-working" ikon of the Virgin *Iverskaya* was to be painted, the planks for its foundation were bathed in consecrated water, an exceptionally arduous service was held, the paints were mixed with petrified remains of some Saints, and the painter, while at that work, consumed food only on Saturdays and on Sundays. The ecstasy of painting an ikon was great in those days, and it was a real happiness when the lot befell a true artist, elated by the eternal spiritual beauty which he was to embody.

Some splendid laws of the great Italians can be traced in the Russian wall paintings, applied from a purely decorative point of view. On the other hand, the Far East has poured, through the Tartars, a tinge of wilfulness into our old art works. Towards the Tsars' period of our history (16th cent.) the decorative element in every day life came to its highest. Whether temples, palaces, or small private dwellings, they all clearly reflected a perfect sense of proportion through which the structure itself blended with its ornamentations into one. Looking at them you find nothing whatever to argue against!

The noble character of the arts that flourished in Novgorod and in Pskov—on "The Great Water-way" leading from the Baltic into the Black sea—was saturated with the best elements of Hansa culture. The lion's head on the coins of the Novgorod Republic is extremely like the head of St. Mark. Was it not the northern giant's dream of the distant southern queen of the seas, Venice? The now white-washed walls of Novgorod—the "Great Town which was its own Master," to quote its ancient name in full—look as if they could very likely have borne on them paintings of the Hansa character. Novgorod, famous for, and wise with, the incessant raids of his "Freemen," might have turned his face away from a casual wanderer,—but only through wilfulness and not from shame: there is not one stain on the fame of the famous old town; it has kept many of its old features even until the XIX century.

It is different with the influences of the Far East. The Mongol invasions have left such a hatred behind them that their artistic elements are always neglected. It is forgotten that the mysterious cradle of Asia has produced these quaint people and has enwrapped then in the gorgeous veils of China, Tibet and Hindustan. Russia has not only suffered from the Tartar swords, but has also heard through their jingling the wonder-tales known to the clever Greeks and the intelligent Arabians who wandered along the Great Road from the Normans to the East.

The Mongol manuscripts and the annals of the foreign envoys of those days tell us of an unaccountable mixture of cruelty and refinement with the great nomads. The best artists and masters were to be found at the headquarters of the Tartar Khans.

Besides the adopted view-point of the text-books there can be another one: It was the Tartars' contempt and cruelty that taught the Russian Princes to give up their feuds and to rally against their mutual oppressors; it was the Tartars that taught them the omnipotence of merciless victors; but, at

"Rostoff the Great" (from collection of Dr. W. Porter), by N. Roerich.

the same time, those nomads brought from Asia ancient culture and spread it all over the land which they had previously devastated.

It is more painful to think of the ancient weapons of the Russians themselves with which they ruined in their quarrels each other's towns even before the Tartars invaded them. The white walls of the Russian temples and towers—"shining as white as cheese," to quote from the ancient annals—suffered many a hard blow from kindred clans.

Walking through the plains beyond the outskirts of Rome, one is unable to imagine that it was just in those now empty places that Caesar's capital was unfolding itself, giving gorgeous shelter to some ten million inhabitants. It is equally unbelievable to imagine the gorgeousness of Kiev—"The Mother of Russian Towns"—where Prince Yaroslav the Wise entertained foreign guests from East and West. The remnants of the wall paintings in Kiev's cathedrals, all these large-eyed, serene figures of world-wise men interpreted by the brush of real artists, give us a glimpse of what art actually meant to the Russians of those times (about 1000–1200 A. D.).

A few years ago there were excavated in Kiev some remnants of ancient

Church in Sousdal (XVI Century), by N. Roerich.

walls, frescoes, tiles and ornaments; these are believed to be fragments of the Princes' court-yards. I have seen some of the exquisite frescoes, and I found them bearing the features of art of Asia Minor. The structure of the stone walls in itself indicates a special quaint manner of technique, which usually marks the periods of great love for architecture. I think that the Rogère Palace in Palermo gives an idea of the palaces of Kiev.

It was really a combination of North and South: the metal sheen of the Scandinavian style beaded with the pearls of Byzantium made the ancient city that place of beauty which led brothers to fight for it. The astounding tones of enamel, the refinement of miniatures, the vastness and dignity of the temples, the wonders of metal work, the masses of hand-woven textures, the admixture of the finest laws of the Roman style—all these melted into one in giving Kiev its noble elegance. Men of Yaroslav's and Vladimir times must have had a very developed sense of beauty, or the things left by them would not have been so wonderful.

Note those paragraphs from the heroic epos where the people's mind dwells on the details of ordinary life, leaving alone for a while the achievements of heroism. Here is a description of a private house—a "terem":

"The Last Angel." From pre-war prophetical series. Painted in Talashkino, 1912, by N. Roerich.

Around the terem—an iron fence;
Its spikes—topped with carving;
Each one of them crowned with a pearl.
The gate-way—floored with whale tooth.
Over the gate-way—about seventy ikons.
In the middle of the court—the terems do rise,
The terems with their gilt domes;
The first door-way—in wrought iron work,
The middle door-way—in glass;
The third door-way—latticed.

One can trace in this description a likeness to the images on the Dakian structures on Trojan columns.

And, here is a description of horsemen:

Their clothes are of scarlet cloth.
Their leather belts are pierced with wrought metal clasps.
Their caps are black and pointed,
In black fur, with golden crowns.
Their feet are shod with precious green leather,
Tilted at the toes like awls;
The heels are pointed too:
There's room enough for an egg to roll round the toes,
There's room enough for a sparrow to fly round the heels.

This is an exact, although poetic, description of the kind of garments that can be seen in the Byzantine wall-paintings.

And, here again is the picture of the hero himself:

The helmet on his cap shines like fire.
His plated shoes are in seven shades of silk.
Each has a golden tack in it;
Each toe has a precious emerald in it.
On his shoulders—a coat of black ermine,
Of black ermine brought from over the seas,
Covered with embossed green velvet.
Each button-hole has a bird woven in,
And each golden button—a furious beast cast in.

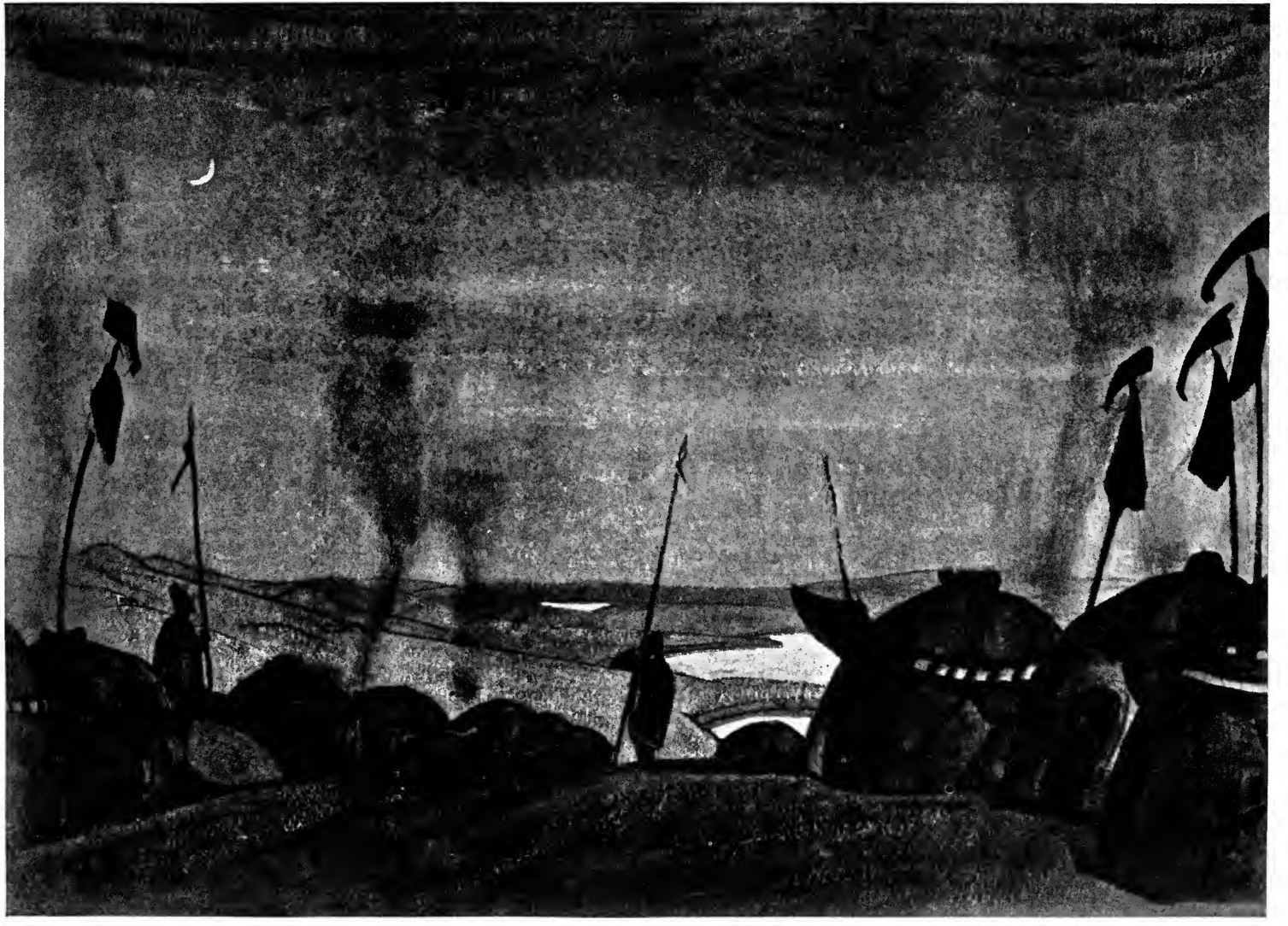
I would suggest to regard such a description not from the view-point of philological curiosity, but as a piece of direct realistic information. The details are an archaeologically-true evidence. Thus, in this quaint statement we can see a fragment of a great culture,—one that was not enforced, not strange to the simple people: the unsophisticated folk, obviously, had no objection to it whatever: they spoke of it without the scorn of the "lower" classes for "the elect," but freely expressed a genuine pride in what was beautiful and elegant to their own senses as well. In those days the elaborate arrangements of the Princes' hunts, the merry feasts they gave—in the course of which they would put a number of wise questions before their foreign guests,—the nobility in the construction of new cities,—all this blended together in harmony. Such life did not jar on the poetic mind of the simple people; and it is evident that wise initiators of art have inhabited and ruled The Mother of Russian Towns.

Here is a quotation from the first historical annals (the exact language of which remains untranslatable, being a mixture of Russian with the Old Slavonic which in itself makes it a piece of poetry of the XI century):

"Yaroslav founded Kiev the Great, and its golden gates with it. Also the Church of St. Sophia, also the Church of Annunciation upon the Golden Gates, also the Monastery of St. George and St. Irene.

"Loving the laws of Church and being a master in books, he read them by day and by night, and wrote them too, thus sowing book-words in the hearts of true men, which we now reap. For, books are rivers that carry wisdom throughout the world, and are as deep as rivers. Also, Yaroslav lovingly embellished the churches with gold and silver vessels, and his heart rejoiced upon it."

Yaroslav's exulting over the gorgeousness of St. Sophia temple is immeasurably removed from the exclamations of our contemporary savages at the sight of bright colors. Yaroslav's was the exultation of a man who sensed in his creation a monument of art that would live for ages. One can envy



"The Polovetsky Camp." Scene from Prince Igor, opera of Borodini, by N. Roerich (produced more than 500 times in Russia).

and admire the modes of life where such art was in demand.

A question may arise: How could Kiev have become a centre of culture at the very start of Russian history?

But, do we possess any knowledge about the foundation of Kiev? That city tempted Prince Oleg, the Varengian—a man of the world, a man of experience. Before him, the Princes Askold and Dir coveted Kiev, and so did many other Normans. "And many Varengians foregathered and came into possession of the Slavonic Land." It should be noted that there are no indications anywhere in the lines of the annals about Askold and Dir being *un*-cultured. Thus, the facts about the foundation of Kiev are really pushed back into the depths of the legendary times. Let us not despise tradition, either; it says that the Apostle Andrew has visited Kiev: why should an apostle come to virgin forests? But his appearance in Kiev becomes quite comprehensible if one thinks of the secret cults of Astarte which have been recently traced near Kiev. These cults take us back to the XVI-XVII centuries before Christ. A large centre of mental interest ought to have existed already in order to shelter such cults.

It is a comfort to know that all of the Great Kiev is still resting within the ground in peace, un-excavated. There are glorious discoveries to come yet. They will open almost the only gate into the depths of the past of our land. Even the Scandinavian period and the Bronze period will have a light thrown on them through those gates.

There is no doubt that the joy of art has grown in Kiev side by side with the neighboring Scandinavian culture, without being engendered by the latter altogether. Why should the birth of the Russian Scandinavia be attributed entirely to the legendary Prince Rurik? The ancient annals mention a fact which is of great significance, yet it has never been picked up as a key:

"The Russians pushed the Varengians beyond the sea and would not pay duty to them." Now, if the *expulsion* of the Varengians took place before Rurik's name came in at all, *when did their first appearance* in the Russian land take place? It is quite possible that the Russo-Scandinavian era may have been rooted in the depths of the ages.

We have a startling illustration of carelessness in the "historical" textbooks on the subject:

The famous phrase attributed to the old Russians which is meant in the textbooks as a wholesale invitation from the Russian land to the Varengians "from over the sea" runs thus:

"Our land is large and prolific, but there is no order in it. Come and rule over us." What is usually given as a sequence to this invitation are the following lines: "There came the Varengian Rurik with his brothers Sineus and Truvor (800 A. D.)."

Now, in the Scandinavian annals, the words "*sinhuus*" and "*truver*" mean, "his household" and "his true guard." Therefore I would suggest a different explanation of the famous phrase: very probable, it has found its utterance not on the part of the ancient Russians themselves, but among the Scandinavian colonists who inhabited the banks of the northern river Volhov. It is they that must have asked Rurik from behind the Ladoga lake (which is very much like a sea—where he, most likely, used to come from Scandinavia for hunting), to come and organise a military force

"The Call of the Bells." Old Pskov (XVII Century). By N. Roerich.

for them. And that men—with his household and his guards, with his means and his probable love of adventure—came to the asking of his compatriots. By and by, his kind of "princes," the warriors hired in the North of Russia, were attracted by the Kiev Principality where the rôle of a "prince" was more than that of a warrior and included the position of a statesman.

In the tenth century, northern culture saturated with its influence the whole of Europe. No one denies that the Scandinavian epoch forms one of the most attractive artistic problems. The monumental art of the Scandinavians is exceptionally serene and noble. For a long time it was only the skiffs with their motley sails and carved dragons that used to bring the elements of The Wonderful with them into Russia. Our people adopted these with open hearts. There is no reason to regard the Northerners as rough conquerors of the original Novgorod; in any case, they lived in a way which made them kindred to art—a feature which was a powerful factor in their blending with the inhabitants of the Russian plains who had artistic imagination innate in them.

We know that the Varengians brought with them the ideas of human deities; but, before that, did the Slavs not deify the powers of nature—one of the most poetic forms of religion? This was the cradle of their creative inspirations.

Going further into the depths of ages, we find the last frontier of realistic entities. Apparently, only dust seems to be left beyond those frontiers, and an amateur is put hard to believe that it is not merely a theory of dull archaeology that we are asked to adopt. But, in reality, there survived some atoms of fascinating gorgeousness that did live in the past. Now it is time for every-

Winter Group in "Snegourotchka." By N. Roerich.

one to realise that art has existed not only where this is obvious to all; but that much, much is hidden from us by the veils of time. And what seems dull now will appear one day lit up by the joys of penetration. The onlooker will become a creator. Herein lies the fascination both of the Past and of the Future. He who cannot grasp the Past is unable to imagine the Future.

The fantastic bas-reliefs on the northern rocks, the tall hillocks along the trade-routes, the long daggers and the attire so rich in design make one love northern life; they awaken respect for the primitive forms of beauty beyond which our imagination sinks in the depths of the bronze patines.

A great deal of art can be sensed even in the mysterious and dusky periods which stand back furthest from us. Can the animal Finnish phantasmagoria be astrange to art? Do the bewitched forms of the far East escape artistic penetration? Are the first adaptations from the antique world hideous in the hands of the Scythians? Are the ornaments of the Siberian nomads merely coarse? No; these finds are kindred to art, and one can envy the clarity of conception with the ancients. They incarnated symbols that meant to them so much, and created well-defined, distinct, for manifold artistic forms.

It is in the mysterious cobweb of the Bronze period that we have to look round. Every day brings with it new conclusions. We can discern a whole pageant of peoples. Beyond the shining, gold-clad Byzantines we see the motley crowds of Finno-Turks pass by. Deeper still in time majestically come the gorgeous Aryans. Still deeper, there are only the extinguished bonfires of unknown wanderers; these are numberless.

It is the gifts which all of these have left for us that are nowadays building up the Neo-nationalism. The younger generations will heed it and will become strong and sane through it. If the blunted modern nationalism of art is to be turned into a bewitching neo-nationalism, the foundation stone of the latter will be the great ancient

Boyars in Summer in "Snegourotchka." By N. Roerich.

world in its genuine conceptions of truth and beauty. This truth and beauty will find one day its equal in the great future.

The remotest annals of the Christian era are unable to convey the fascinations of the effaced cult of Nature. The so-called "animal" in everyday life, the "devilish" in merry making, the "unseemly" songs described by the chronicler of the ancient times in Russia, should not be swallowed wholesale as such: the chronicler was an ordained person, and a partial point of view was unavoidable in his case. Church did not bring art with it: it only rested its foundation upon it; and, although it created some new forms, it crushed the other, equally beautiful, ones.

All the certainty of assertion ends for us with the Scandinavian period. What remains of the ages that preceded it gives us but approximate indications. We can only see that objects of beauty were necessary in people's life; but all actuality as to the exactness of centuries in speaking of the details of home life escapes our searchlights.

The darkling depths of the Bronze and Brass periods defy us, especially if we try to hold on to the Russian soil. Yet, such countries as Greece and Phoenicia were bound to have made an immense impression on the surrounding populations. Of course, the transitory moments of history must have effaced the importance of ornamental art even then, as it also happened in Russia at the period of the internal feuds. The unskilful use of a new treasure such as metal must have pushed aside, at the time, real artistic taste. But the dark periods of iron, bronze and brass lasted very long, and we cannot expect any clarity from our researches there.

In the direction of ornaments the creative spirit of the ancients has been working unfailingly. The love for symbolical design was enveloping humanity like a safe-guarding net: and a modern uncultured woman of the tribes Mordva or Cheremissy (in the East of Russia) has no conception of the value of art which has reached her through ages and which she possesses in her ornaments.

(To be continued.)

THE RUSSIAN BALLET

By FRANCES R. GRANT

TO Europe, Russia of yesteryear was an elusive mystery. Great, dark, colorful, it seemed a constant enigma. Behind its boundaries, Europe sensed a constant chaos—but it was a chaos of reason, such as precedes the rising of a curtain.

And the curtain rose.

It was in 1909 that Paris was aroused to sudden attention by a spectacle of irridescent splendor. A band of ardent Russians, bringing with them the secrets of a new art, colorful, gorgeous, had appeared at the Théâtre du Chatelet. From then on the world knew the brilliance that was the Russian Ballet's.

Over the Théâtre du Chatelet, there had come a resplendent change. The season before it had sheltered "The Adventures of Gavroche." And despite its obviousness, Parisian crowds delighted in it. Then appeared this inspired troupe from Muscovy. With a zeal incalculable the interior of the playhouse was transformed; enthusiasm worked its miracle over everything. And when the season of the Diaghileff Russian Ballet began, even Paris the *blasé* sat bewildered before the gorgeousness of "Prince Igor," the splendor of "Armide," the charm of "Chopiniana" and the abandon of the "Bacchanale."

But the opalesque brilliance of the Diaghileff ballet had not been created in a day, or even in a season. Behind it lay a venerable tradition and its background was interwoven in the history of Russia.

Dance is an inseparable part of the Russian character. It is as definitely entwined into the life of the nation as is music and is as important a part of the people's self-expression. History tells us that the art of ballet was introduced into Russia as early as the reign of Czar Alexis Mihailovitch. Stirred by a desire to bring the ballet to his country, Alexis is said to have dispatched his aide-de-camp Col. Van Staden to the western countries to order a troupe of dancers for his palace. A further record has it that in 1673–74 a group of German and Italian dancers came to Alexis' capital and diverted the court with performances of "Orpheus and Eurydice" and other performances.

The actual installation of the ballet as part of the official educational system, however, can be traced to the reign of the Empress Anna Ivanovna, who opened the Imperial Ballet School in the Royal Palace in 1737. The French ballet master, Landet, was engaged to take charge of the work and with the assistance of a Neapolitan composer and musical director, the school was initiated. Since that date the Imperial Russian Ballet School has continued its undisturbed course. Supported by the court, the choice of Europe's ballet masters and teachers were summoned to the faculty at princely cost and the art of ballet there kept abreast with the highest standards. France, Italy and Scandinavia contributed its teachers to the school, and the leadership of the faculty passed among men whose names were to be conjured with in the contemporary progress of the ballet.

In the furtherance of their training, the pupils of the school were inspired by the appearances at the Imperial Ballet of the leading dancers of the world. For their illumination the grow-

Anna Pavlowa.

ing generation of Russian dancers had the privilege of seeing such dancers as Fanny Elssler, Carlotta Grisi, Cerrito, Grimaldi and other representatives of that halcyon decade of ballet dance on the Imperial stage. Nor did the Imperial Ballet School have to look long beyond its own lists in emulation of others; it flourished apace and soon its own roster was illumined by famous names. Under the leadership of Marius Petipa, who assumed the head of the ballet in the middle of the nineteenth century, the personnel of the school reflected such names as Mouravieva, Bogdanova, Nikitina, Kchechinskaja, Stoukolkin, Kchesinsky, Gerdt Loukjanoff, and better known to America, Karsavina, Pavlowa, the Fokines, Bolm, Mordkin and Nijinsky.

It would be well to glance more closely at a system which produced such a wealth of artists of transcendent quality. The Imperial Ballet School had built up a stalwart curriculum, the completion of which might well insure and test the student's ability. Each season, some twenty-three students were chosen to enter its course out of the several hundreds who annually made application. Beginning at the age of ten or thereabouts, the neophyte would devote some eight years of his life to the training, and under the tutelage and supervision of the school, obtained not only his training in the technique of his art, but a correlative education and culture which could but serve to advance his artistic accomplishments. Thus, the Imperial Ballet School provided its graduate with a knowledge of the dance, but gave him as well a profound insight into the traditions of the cultured world.

The system, by its very thoroughness in training the students to an acute artistic judgment, provided them with a weapon. Keenly subtle to the possibilities of their own art, they turned the weapon inwardly to probe the limitations of the contemporary ballet.

Those who have followed the history of the ballet know that in the nineteenth century, its decadence seemed imminent; interest in it seemed destined to languish. Between the conceits of the French school and the manifold and grotesque acrobatics of the Italian school, it seemed hopelessly enmeshed and its freedom forever throttled. In Russia, under the leadership of Petipa, and of necessity infused with foreign influence, it assumed the form of great and bedizened spectacles, weighted down with innumerable conventions.

It was at the end of the nineteenth century, even as early as 1890, that the younger artists, products of the training of the Imperial Russian Ballet School, began to comprehend the irksome yoke under which the ballet was stagnating. Hoping to liberate it from its rigid traditions, they formed a circle of young artists all infused with a faith in the future of the ballet, yet still uncertain of the path to follow.

At this time, Isidora Duncan, who too had been filled with the inspiration to rid the art of dance forever of its imprisoning rules and who had reverted to the Greeks and the Classic Dance for her inspirations, began the tour of Europe. She reached Russia about 1907, and at the invitation of this group of younger dancers, gave an exhibition of her work.

Enthused still further by her art, the band of the faithful in Russia began their labors for the liberation of the ballet. In their vanguard stood Serge Diaghileff, who although not a dancer himself, was a writer and connoisseur,

Adolf Bolm.

Photo by Maurice Goldberg

Waslav Nijinsky in "Le Spectre de la Rose." Serge de Diaghileff's Ballet Russe.

who was heartiest in his desire to acquaint the rest of the world with the billiance of Russian artistic traditions. A graduate of the Petrograd Conservatory of Music, Diaghileff had for long been the editor of the art monthly, *The World of Art.* In 1906, desirous of introducing Russian paintings to Europe, he had gone to Paris, rented an art gallery, and therein exhibited to the astonished Parisians the magnificent works of his compatriots. The following year, Diaghileff again went back to Paris, this time presenting some of Russia's musicians in concert and giving examples of his country's musical equipment. It was natural that the circle of dancers should turn to him for leadership.

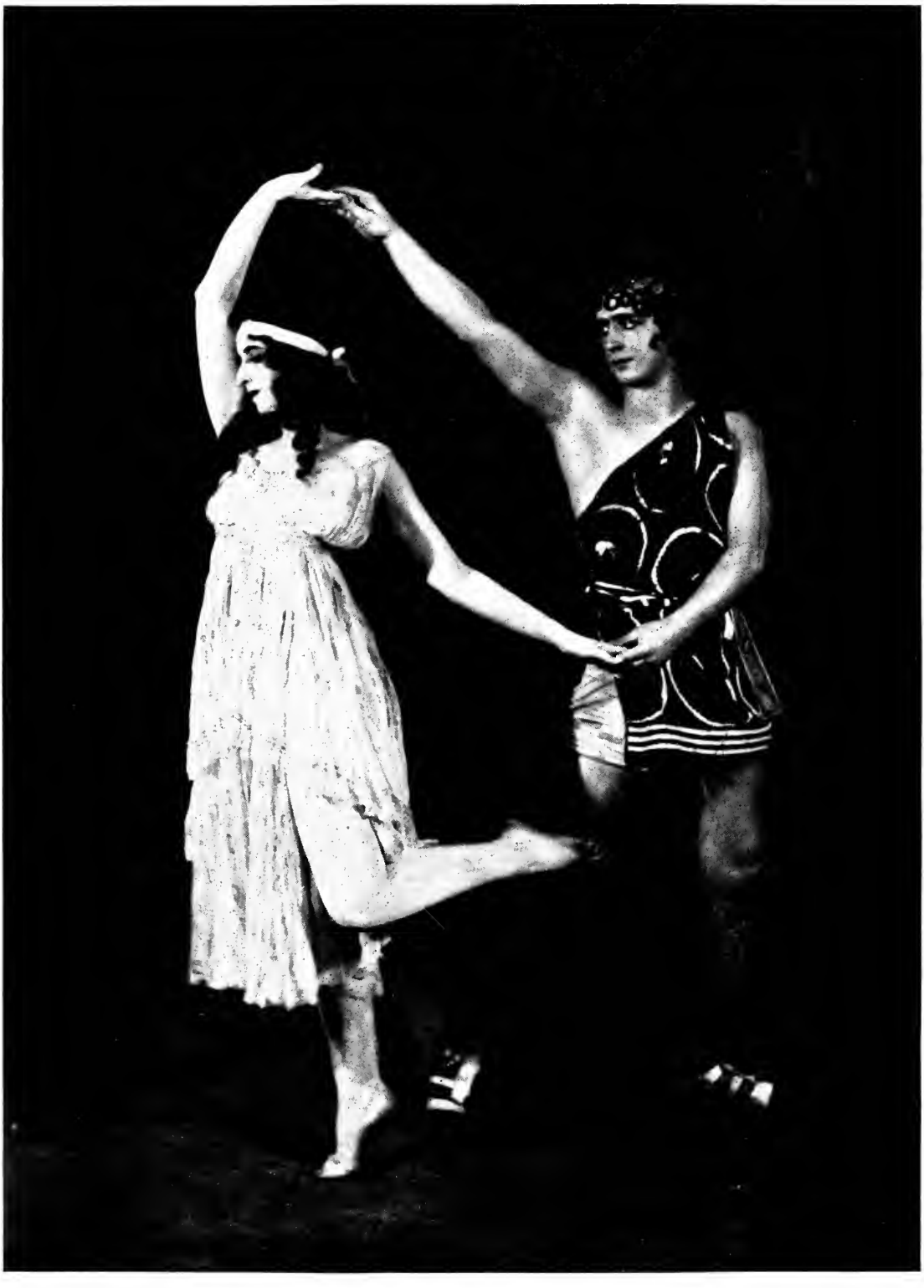
In the matter of artistry there stood at the head of this band, Michel Fokine, to whose vision and genius much of the brilliant conception of the present-day Russian ballet is due. Fokine, infused with the ideals of a new ballet, had enlisted the finest musicians of Russia as well as her painters in the cause of his creations. With such men as Stravinsky, Strauss, Ravell and others he talked over his ideas of what the chorographic art should become, and, aided by such grandiose talents as Bakst, Roerich, Benois, Seroff, he proceded to create that magnificent art which was to astonish Europe and America. No longer were the deadening conventions which had prevailed in costume, chorography, and music, to stultify this art. Alive with the new freedom, artists, musicians and dancers combined zealously with Fokine in consummating his visions.

Immediately, however, an inimical bombardment assailed the liberated ballet. Stars of the old régime, eagerly awaiting their pensions and languidly satisfied with their past triumphs, refused to join its ranks; old ballet masters; relatives of composers to whose works Fokine sought to provide chorographic settings; all joined the line of the reactionaries in attacking the Diaghileff group, which had in the face of such concentrated opposition, to delay its illuminating début.

In the meantime, however, Adolph Bolm, one of the younger cynosures and lights of the ballet, having graduated from the Imperial Ballet School with honors, had determined for a while to feast himself with the arts of the rest of Europe. Through Austria, Russia, France, Italy and Germany he traveled, absorbing himself in the treasures of Europe. The journey left him with one overwhelming impression: the utter ignorance of the rest of Europe of Russia's cultural accomplishments. Immediately upon his return to Russia, although but twenty-one, he organized a company of some twenty-eight dancers, including Pavlowa, who in this company made her first appearance outside of Russia, and set out on a month's *tournée.* Traveling through parts of Russia, Finland, Sweden and Germany, the company met with constant and stupendous successes. It was this tour that inspired Diaghileff to undertake his trip to Paris, and in 1909 in the French capital, the world first became acquainted with that art, vital, lucent, which had been conceived by Russian genius.

To America there came echoes of the triumphal tours of these dancers who were reaping honors in Paris and London. But beyond the encomiums and paeans which reached her through the press, this country remained unacquainted for many years with the artists.

The first initiation into this art of Russia came in 1909. Anna Pavlowa



Michel Fokine and Mme. Fokina.

and Mikail Mordkin were engaged to appear in the Metropolitan Opera House, and in the spring of that year they made their first appearance in "Coppelia." The opalesque art of these two met instant approval and the Pavlowa-Mordkin visit was received with acclaim both in 1909 and the following seasons when the two repeated their visits to these shores.

The success of the Russian ballet abroad, and the anticipation which it had aroused here, did not fail to rouse many of the lesser lights to imitation. Hence the cause of Russian art was somewhat dulled in America by the appearance here of various collections of dancers, who, styling themselves as Russian Ballets, paraded a somewhat hybrid art before the public. The vaudeville stage, the musical comedy theaters and other centers presented to their audiences a conglomeration of ballet numbers by dancers who presented themselves as authentic Russian dancers, but whose tradition had been acquired far from the Imperial Ballet School and some far from Russia.

Memory of this somewhat ill-odored period of quasi-Russian art was immediately wiped out, however, on the arrival to this country of the Diaghileff forces themselves. And it was on January 17, 1916, that the Russian Imperial Ballet gave its first performance in America. That evening in the Century Theater, America beheld the plastic fantasies of "L'Oiseau de Feu" of Stravinsky, "Scheherazade" of Rimsky-Korsakoff, "Princesse Enchantee" of Tchaikovsky and Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Soleil de Nuit." And the following morning the critics acquainted the waiting world with descriptions of the luminant new art; of the pregnant subtleties of the settings; of the redoubtable chorographic genius of Fokine, and of the powerful dancing of Bolm, Massine, Macklezowa and the rest of the ensemble.

Followed a series of performances in New York, which brought forth most of the entrancing conceptions that had entranced Paris, "Cleopatre," "Spectre de la Rose," "Petrouchka," "Narcisse," "Apres Midi d'Un Faune," "Les Sylphides," "Prince Igor" and "Sadko," which had its world's début here. In addition to its New York performances the Diaghileff Ballet traveled through New England and the Middle West, leaving in its wake audiences astonished and entranced, but convinced of the beauties of this exotic and revelant medium.

The following year the ballet returned to America again, and with similarly brilliant performances renewed again its triumphs. It was during this second season, that of 1916-17, that the first alliance of Russian and American art was sealed in the presentation of "Til Eulenspiegel" for which Robert Edmond Jones, the American painter, provided the scenic background.

It is the Ballet Intime of Bolm that has carried the torch of the Russian ballet throughout the country. Through its work the people have been awakened further not only to the beauties of the Russian art, but have perceived how that art may be wedded to American conceptions. With this ballet, composed almost entirely of Americans, and utilizing the works of Americans in costumes and setting and music, Bolm has wrought an art of more intimate and delicate suggestion. In a manner, the Ballet Intime has gone a step beyond the Russian Ballet; from the spectacular and brilliant, it has advanced to the more subtle. Whereas the pictorial was the great preoccupa-

tion of the former ballet; the more intimate art weds itself to psychology and poetry and a more suggestive humor, satire and philosophy have stolen into the plastics of the dance.

At the same time interest in the ballet and in the brilliant theatrical effects which characterized it have so correspondingly increased that two years ago Michel Fokine, the original genius of the Russian Ballet, and Mme. Fokina, were invited to this country by a leading producer. Here Mr. Fokine has staged "Aphrodite" and several other glittering spectacular dramas. With Mme. Fokina, herself one of the leading dancers of the Diaghileff forces, Fokine has also toured America in dance recitals.

Similarly other ballet movements have begun in this country. The latest of these is the inauguration of what has been called a National American Ballet. The movement was begun last February with a meeting at Town Hall, under the leadership of Mme. Lubovska, an American dancer.

The movement, which is being assisted by prominent persons in the artistic and society world, purports to initiate a school for the training of American ballet dancers. The courses, according to present plans, are to be held in the summer, and are to extend for six seasons for the neophyte. The training of the novice is to begin at the age of ten and no pupil will be permitted to enlist in professional work before she is sixteen. From these plans it would seem that the American movement had looked towards Petrograd of yesterday for inspiration and ideas. The movement has numerous possibilities and bears promise of distinct interest.

Another similar activity is that begun in Seattle this season by Nellie Cornish, the Cornish School. There amid inspiring surroundings, Miss Cornish is attempting to build up a school of the theater, a movement which this season had further impetus in the presence of Adolph Bolm, Maurice Brown and others there who gave master classes. It is the first time Mr. Bolm has taught outside of New York, and it is indicative of the new spirit and understanding of ballet that its beauties are being appreciated and felt throughout the country.

Certain it is that a greater understanding of the ballet has permeated the country and this feeling undoubtedly had its beginning in the visit of the redoubtable Diaghileff forces. Since their visit a change has come over the arts of this country; a new force; a greater virility has been reflected in their creation. The art of the Russians, which eschewed pallidity, which embraced the force of color and the fire of freedom, has spread its gospel. Here in America, where our ideas of the dance are not influenced by folk expression and where the traditions of ballet have not been handed down from the creations of a national youth, the Russian art has found fertile soil. And yet the ballet of America is not the ballet of Russia; nor are the arts of America those of Russia. To the freedom taught us by that troupe of the faithful we are learning to add a new spirit, one reflective of this land; upon that foundation, we must continue to build a new art revelant of the soul of America.

Again the Diaghileff forces traveled across the country, and although success attended their trip constantly, the tremendous costs of a trans-continental tour forced them to abandon their American visits. Since their return to Europe they have continued their successes in Paris, Italy and London.

With the two seasons here, however, the flashing successes of the ballet had left their mark upon this country's art. There is no question but that the Diaghileff performances brought to American creation a vitalizing force, one which has given to our art a greater resplendence. The unity of chorography, music and painting, wedded so ideally in the ballet, impressed itself upon all three branches of our native culture and has infused the works of our artists with a more virile force. Especially can this be noted in the theatrical arts of this country, which have reflected greater luminance since the Ballet's visit.

Following the departure of the Imperial artists for Europe, the cause of ballet in America was kindled by new forces.

It had happened that Adolph Bolm, one of the leaders of the Diaghileff band, through an accident, had been prevented from returning to Europe with the rest of his fellow-artists. The declaration of war which followed shortly then kept him here.

In 1917, Mr. Bolm organized his Ballet Intime. This, made up of American artists, sought to perpetuate the traditions of the Russian art, and at the same time aimed to utilize American material, not only in its personnel, but in the music and settings. At the same time, the Winter Garden and other theaters of America, realizing the force of the new art, invited Mr. Bolm to stage several chorographic scenes.

The following season a momentous instance of the effect of the Russian ballet was offered in the invitation given to Bolm to stage the "Coq d'Or" of Rimsky-Korsakoff on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House. The success of the ballet was instantaneous—one of the really captivating successes of the Metropolitan répertoire. Bolm had taken his dancers from the Metropolitan and among them were many American dancers. Into them he had almost uncannily infused the spirit of the work and the chorography of Fokine was revivified resplendently.

Together with "Coq d'Or," the following season Mr. Bolm was asked to stage "Petrouchka," again meeting with similar success.

Possibly the finest example of this close-knitting of the American and Russian mediums of expression came the following year, with the performances in Chicago and New York of "The Birthday of the Infanta," by John Alden Carpenter, and presented by the Chicago Opera Company. To the work, certainly the most scintillant yet written by the well-known American composer, and with the cooperation of Mr. Jones, who had previously revealed his understanding of the Russian spirit, Mr. Bolm set a fantastic and inimitable chorography based upon the delightful Wilde story. The performance revealed that a company recruited entirely from Americans, might carry on the traditions of the Diaghileff ballet, and at the same time advance a step further in chorographic subtleties. The work brought to Mr. Bolm further triumph; it indicated that to him had fallen the mantle of leader of *maitres de ballets*.

In his Ballet Intime, Mr. Bolm made an epochal performance from "The White Peacock" of Griffes. In the work of this most-gifted of Americans, now unfortunately gone from us too soon, Mr. Bolm perceived splendid descriptive beauties, and to this, his ballet of the "White Peacock" gave evidence.

New York City.

NATIONALISM IN RUSSIAN MUSIC

By Dr. Alexis Kall

WITHIN the last few months here in America, I have read scores of articles treating the same subject of the possibilities and necessity of creating a national musical art in America. Is a great country entitled and expected to have her *national* music that would be representative of her national ideas and ideals and not only a sum of separate individual talents each one reflecting a single individuality? Is a young country able to create such a national art without decades and centuries spent in preparatory work of self-concentration and gradual assertion of national peculiarities and ideas, like we see it, for instance, in Italy, Germany and France?

How does nationalism express itself in music? What are its sources and ways of expression? Instead of answering these questions in the usual way of abstract and speculative reasoning I will try to contribute to the solution of this moot point in a practical, concrete, purely historical way. I shall speak of the nationalism of music of my country—poor, devasted, godforsaken Russia. At the present time she is downtrodden, stricken by famine and epidemics, torn asunder by political dissensions and fanatical doctrinism, but in her past, in her short past, being herself like America a young country, she has created a national art of such beauty and so intensely typical of her national soul that it cannot be found perhaps in any other country of the world.

As a matter of fact national Russian music as a cultured product of conscious art (and not unconsciously in the folk song) did not practically exist until Glinka's first national opera (1836). Since then the national elements in Russian music gradually first condense, then crystallize themselves and after a short period of some two scores of years in the eighties and nineties, we feel, they have expressed themselves in all species of musical creative art in the greatest imaginable purity, intensity and beauty. The climax is reached, and since then we can watch in Russian music the decline in interest for national tendencies. The Russian national soul has found its adequate expression in music, everything here was said and emphatically repeated; and new ideas of broader expansion have substituted themselves and with them new goals and new tendencies. And so, within the short limits of much less than a century in a country where the art of music did not practically exist—a national school of music has been founded, had time to create works of undying beauty and worldwide importance, to reach its climax and to die gradually in giving place to other broader and more modern tendencies and aims. All that in less than a century. Is this not an instructive and encouraging example for a young country like America!

Everything that is national in the wide meaning of this world, everything that reflects the pulsation of a great, collective heart, that of the nation, may be a source of national art. National history, national legends, epics, folk songs, folk lore, religion may give the right spark to set into sacred fire the creative imagination of an artist, who wants to reflect in his art instead of his own insignificant indi-

viduality, this great one of a collective soul—a nation.

For the composer this spark is given primarily by the folk song. I emphasize: folk song, not popular song. Popular song is mostly a product of civilization (very often a wrong one), it is mostly "low-brow." Folk song is a sacred thing. It is plain, naive, unsophisticated, but it reflects a great collective heart of the people. If it is, for instance, a cradle song—any mother of the great nation may sing it as her own. If it is a love song, any loving heart may be moved by it. But real folk songs are seldom popular. In Russia we know wonderful folk songs, known and sung only in one little out-of-the-way hamlet and totally unknown in the neighborhood. Some of those songs were discovered by a lucky chance by some collectioneer of folk songs and so made known to some great Russian composer, who used them in his composition.

How many of such rare, unknown gems have been gathered, for instance, by Rimsky-Korsakov in his folk song collections and used later on in his operas! Often such a real folk song is brought by a peasant from a remote village of Russia recruited for the military service, and made known to his fellow-soldiers of the regiment. Sung by them it is deprived of its natural flavour, adapted to their quasi-civilized notions of music and becomes a degenerated popular soldier song. Other songs are in the same way brought into the factories and become popular workmen's songs; others too—bad popular dancing tunes. The real folk-song must be collected and written down before it comes into contact with civilization and loses its purity and natural flavour. In America, for instance, with the rapid growth of conventional civilization the situation is more dangerous than anywhere else. Civilization is crawling steadily into most remote Indian reservations and the great movement of collecting this invaluable source of inspiration for national music—I mean the Indian songs,—this move so valiantly started by Arthur Farwell (the "Wa-Wan" movement), Charles Wakefield Cadman and others may be very soon frustrated by the intrusion of civilization or quasi-civilization.

This opinion, I confess, may be subject to heated argument, but I firmly believe that the progress of civilization among the people being of the greatest value for the furthering of all kinds of manual arts and even for the development of musical taste, has the most harmful and even killing effect on the folk song. The latter being a great and primordial power, like an element, is primary to any culture and civilization. Being influenced by it, it becomes weakened and decoloured; if, on the contrary, the folk song influences art, as the greatest product of culture, it becomes for it a source of great inspiration, gives to it a tremendous invigorating power and creates a great and truly national art.

Considering the tremendous area occupied by Russia, the Russian folk songs in their essential features present astonishingly few varieties. We can certainly discern between the songs of the north and those of the south, where (especially in Ukraina) we find more lively and cheerful melodies, but generally in the whole area, occupied by the endless plains of European Russia and of Siberia, Russian songs are sad, dreamy, rather monotonous. Sometimes, in the middle there are sudden outbursts of buoyant gaiety, but of a short duration and of a rather

unhealthy nature, and the sad melody of the beginning resumed seems still more melancholy and hopeless. It is a natural expression of Slavonic dreamy and melancholy national character. It could not be otherwise, in a country where summer is short and winter long and rough, where sunshine is a rare guest and rain and snow are pouring almost incessantly, where people have been always persecuted and taught humility first by the Tartars, then by the Moscow Czars, later by St. Petersburg Emperors, by the church, and by the jails or penal prisons of Siberia.

Humility and sadness! That is what Russian people have been taught for centuries and what they have expressed in their folk songs, with all their privations, sorrows, and pains.

So there is no wonder that more than seventy-five per cent of Russian folk songs are in minor. To be more precise, it is not a real modern minor, but usually some ancient Greek Church key, mostly Hypodorian or Locrian. That accounts for the strange termination of real Russian folk songs, in a fourth below the note that would be the tonic, if the key would be reckoned as a modern minor. In the well-known song of the Volga Boatman, for instance, which is supposedly written in G minor, every phrase is terminated in D.

In metrical respect, remarkable is the freedom with which the accents in words and in verses can be moved. The same word can be used (as it was in antique metric), with different accents. The word "Louchina," for instance, can be used as "Louchína," "Loúchina," and "Louchiná." And the singers of the people understand it with perfect skill, to bring the logical accent in accord with the metrical accent.

From a rhythmical point of view, it is to be noted that Russian folk songs present very often a strange, unsymmetrical structure: a combination of even and uneven rhythms (5/4, 7/8, 9/8 and even 11/8).

In harmonic respect, except a few very ancient songs, that are sung in unison, the greater part of songs of central and northern Russia, are sung in a peculiar free and polyphonic manner, the leader ("zapievála") singing the main melody, the chorus "or company" (in Russian, "artiel") joining in, and each group of singers developing the same melody, according to their individual taste. In Russia, while listening to such performances of folk songs, I always wondered how it was possible that common peasants, plain, uneducated people, could develop such a fine, polyphonic taste that is usually a symptom of a great musical refinement and culture.

A Russian folk song performed in that way, sounds like a real "fugato," and we feel that it is enough for an educated composer just to slightly retouch it, and it will turn into a regular fugue. So is, for instance, the folk song "V buriu, vo grosu" ("The Storm Burst Out") in the first act of Glinka's "Life of the Czar": being quite Russian in character, it sounds like a regular fugue by Bach.

Not until Glinka did the Russian folk song enter the realm of art-music.

In Russia, at the close of the eighteenth and in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, the prevailing interest in music was chiefly confined to foreign importations. Italian opera and Italian composers reigned supreme on the operatic stage, and the first Russian composers who wrote music on Russian libretti, while using some folk songs, strived to adapt them to the foreign forms, to make regular Italian arias or "ensembles" out of them and

so totally disfigured them and deprived them of their national flavor. So was Volkoff, whose opera, "Taniousha," is credited with being the earliest work having in any sense a Russian character; Fomin, for one of whose works Catherine the Great, herself, supplied the libretto, or Verstovsky, the composer of an opera which attained considerable popularity, "The Tomb of Ascold."

The same conditions prevailed in the realm of songs. It was the epoch of sentimental or "lacrymous" songs (as they used to be called in Russia), and an amazing quantity of such songs were created in the first part of the nineteenth century by composers, who, at that time, were very popular: like Titov, Aliabyev, Gurilev, Varlamov and others. Some of these songs like, for instance, Aliabyev's "Nightingale," or Varlamov's "Red Sarafan," attained a world-wide popularity and even up to now are wrongly considered abroad as *real* Russian songs. In reality they contain only a Russian theme, forcibly pressed into the foreign forms of a German song or a French "Romance."

It was the genius of Michael Ivanovich Glinka (1803–1857), who first understood how impossible and humiliating for the national pride of Russia were these conditions and who first strived, and succeeded, to make the treasury of national song the fount of national music.

Born and educated at the village of Novospasskoi, in the very heart of Russia, in the government of Smolensk, he, from his childhood, had embraced opportunities to hear plenty of folk songs, and this timely assimilation of the folk song style was the cause of the germination of his adult passion for the national idea.

At the age of twenty-seven, feeling how insufficient was the musical education of an amateur that he received in St. Petersburg, he went to Italy to study music and during the three years spent there in continuous learning and self-concentration, he was incessantly haunted by the idea of solving the problem of nationalism in Russian music and creating an opera that would be Russian, not only by virtue of its Russian subject but its musical substance.

Just in Italy, surrounded by a foreign atmosphere and suffering from a great longing for his country, he understood how thoroughly Russian was his heart and it was there that the idea of a Russian national school of music was generated. It was like in Gogol's case, who also in Italy conceived the idea of the most "Russian" novel ever written: "The Dead Souls."

Having come back to St. Petersburg, he enthusiastically took to the subject proposed to him by the great Russian poet, Joukovsky, treating the heroic and patriotic deed of a Russian peasant, Ivan Susanin, a subject presenting great potentialities as to national color, both dramatic and musical. The opera was written in comparatively a very short time and was accepted by the management of the Imperial Opera, and so, in 1836, the first Russian national opera, "The Life of the Czar," saw the footlights of the stage.

It cannot certainly be expected that Glinka could at once get rid of the consequences of his sojourn in Italy: there are in the "Life of the Czar" a great many Italian arias (both in melody and in style); there are also Russian themes that are treated in Italian style, but there are enough of real Russian folk songs arranged with a wonderful skill in a manner that all peculiarities of Russian folk songs are

thoroughly preserved in melodic, rhythmical and harmonic respect.

Glinka's second opera, "Russlan and Ludmilla" (1842), presents a much greater achievement from the point of view of purity of national style. Being rather a failure from a dramatic point of view, owing to its impossibly fantastic libretto, this "concert opera," as it is often dubbed in Russia, presents such a great amount of wonderful music, truly Russian in its conception and spirit that through the whole further course of the history of Russian music, even up to now (in Stravinsky's ballets) it has not ceased to be a source of inspiration and learning for the Russian composers. But for its epoch it was too great a revelation; but very few could understand its tremendous value, and the opera was received only half-heartedly. Hurt by this lack of appreciation, Glinka left Russia for Paris and Spain, where he spent several years.

In Glinka's operas, we find beautiful musical characteristics of several greater and smaller nations, spread over the waste area that was occupied by the former Russian empire. There are Caucasian dances and a ballad of a Finn in "Russlan and Ludmilla" and there is a whole Polish act in the "Life of the Czar."

In the last years of his life Glinka was going to devote himself to Russian church music. Here also he wished to create new ways of expression, but a premature death (1857) frustrated his plans.

The problem of nationalism in Russian music was solved by Glinka for almost all species of musical art. His successors, first Dargomijsky, then "the Invincible Band" of the "great five:" Balakireb, Borodin, Moussorgsky, Cui and Rimsky-Korsakov, could only continue Glinka's life-work adding new important features to the ways of musical expression of nationalism that were already found by Glinka. His ideas continued to be propagated with ever increasing refinement and ever broader expansion, and it was in Rimsky-Korsakov's last operas (especially in his "legend of the invisible City of Kitej") that they reached the climax of refined mastership and almost mystical beauty.

The ways of nationalism began to grow too narrow for Russian composers. Even Rimsky-Korsakov, had he lived longer, would probably turn from a nationalistic idiom to a broader, all-human, musical language. I remember my last talk with him a short time before his death, when he was talking of his plans of a new fantastic opera, an "opera-symphony" as he called it, that would be no more "Russian," but would treat as subject the life of prehistoric humanity.

The younger generation of Russian composers did not care to continue to walk in the path of nationalism: Glazounov growing more and more cosmopolitan, Rachmaninoff—a typical individualist, Scriabin having strived to express in music abstract theosophical and mystical tendencies and only Stravinsky incidentally expressing his ideas in Russian musical idiom.

Nationalism in Russian music has given way to the expression of broader, cosmopolitan, all-human and even cosmic ideas, but in its time it was of tremendous value for the generation of a Russian national school of music that we, Russians, at present time, "in days of doubt, in days of dreary musings on our country's fate" consider as one of our most precious and cherished national treasures.

Los Angeles, California.

RUSSIAN LITERATURE—GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS

By ALEXANDER KAUN

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IN LITERATURE the national mind of Russia has expressed itself more successfully, more intensely, more quint-essentially, than in any other art. The notable achievements of Russian music, painting, plastic arts, are but partial when compared with the universal triumph of Russian letters. The suppressed, pent-up national energy has sought an outlet chiefly in literature, which voiced the sentiments, aspirations, sufferings, hopes of the silent millions. Russian literature gives expression to the vastness of the country which stretches from the Pacific to the Baltic and from the Arctic to the borders of China and Persia. It gives expression to the complexity of a nation consisting of sixty-five races with more than one hundred tongues, and yet possessing the harmony of a many-voiced organ in its basic tones and motives. It is *the* voice of Russia.

It is difficult to discuss this subject without employing superlatives, for Russian literature contains the elements of the heroic and of the wonderful. What other epithet but "wonderful" may be applied to a literature which produces within one generation such a constellation of writers as Pushkin, Lermontov, Gogol, Turgenev, Dostoyevsky, Tolstoy, and lesser lights? Of its heroic element we shall speak later; the feeling of wonder at Russian literature is enhanced, when we consider that this shower of great artists poured with an overwhelming suddenness upon an audience practically unprepared. Before 1820 Russia could scarcely boast of a single literary work deserving to be called national or original.

This statement needs qualifying, to avoid the impression of modern Russian literature emerging out of a vacuum. To be sure, one must remember the inexhaustible treasury of folk-lore songs and fairy-tales, particularly the *Byliny*, the heroic sagas chanted by illiterate bards from generation to generation, in certain parts of Russia to this day. But when it comes to written literature, one finds only a single secular masterpiece preserved towards the advent of Pushkin, "The Lay of Prince Igor."[1] This epic was composed probably by a contemporary of the battle between the Russian prince and the savage Polovtsy, in 1185. By its vividness, forcefulness, serene emotionalism, the epic ranks with the "Song of Nibelung" and with the "Song of Roland." Curiously enough, the poem contains not a single reference to the Church or to Christian precepts, but it abounds in Pagan similes, names of idols, and anthropomorphic descriptions of nature. In the introduction the singer mentions with reverence the great bard, Bayan, who evidently presented a whole category of composers. Yet nothing has been preserved of such works either antedating or succeeding the "Lay of Igor." Byzantine Christianity, to which Russia was converted by Prince Vladimir in 988, consistently persecuted every manifestation of "heathenism," whether it were in the form of ceremony, dance, or song, or instru-

[1] Put to music by Borodin. Nicholas Roerich painted the designs for this opera. This is characteristic of the cooperative spirit noticeable in Russia among the arts.

mental music. Until the time of Peter the Great the written word was ecclesiastic in form and substance. Of this literature the "Chronicle of Nestor," a history of Russia brought down to the eleventh century, stands out unparalleled in beauty of style, epic calm of the narrative, and lofty sentiment, though the work is obviously theological by authorship and in spirit.

From the second half of the seventeenth century until the early part of the nineteenth, Russian literature (and not only literature) went through a gradual process of adaptation to Western ways. Already under Tsar Alexis, the father of Peter, there began to appear translations and compilations of foreign romances. The breaking up of patriarchal, ecclesiastic Russia, became evident at this time also from the fact that a theatre was established for the entertainment of the Orthodox Tsar! The westernizing process was violently accelerated by Peter the Great, who was impatient with slow evolution, and "spurred Russia on her haunches," in the words of Pushkin. The revolutionary activity of this crowned Maximalist laid its stamp on every phase of Russia's life, on customs and costumes, institutions and classes, attitudes and beliefs. As most of his reforms bore the label of "made to order," so also the arts under him and his successors lacked spontaneity and naturalness. Throughout the eighteenth century Russian literature wore the clumsy garb of pseudo-Classicism, endeavoring to practice the tenets of Boileau, and to emulate Corneille, Molière, and Racine. Though there were many talents among these writers, as for example Lomonosov, Sumarokov, Derzhavin, they were blighted in the artificial atmosphere of a school whose pompous grandiloquence was particularly out of place and tune amidst a society that was just learning how to walk, so to speak. Another reason for the ineffectuality of the literary efforts during this time lies in the fact that they were stamped with servility to the reigning monarch and the court, with a desire to please and flatter the powers that be.

Pseudo-Classicism was superseded at the close of the eighteenth century by a short reign of Sentimentalism, under the leadership of Karamzin (1766-1826). His lacrimose effusions were as alien to the native soil as had been the Gallicized Hellenism of his predecessors, but still Karamzin departed from the artificial Olympus and descended a step towards reality, *via* human tears and emotions. Moreover, Karamzin had the temerity to abandon the stilted Church-Slavic style, and began to employ the living Russian prose. What he did for prose, Zhukovsky (1783–1852) endeavored to do for poetry. He greatly simplified the language and the structure of the Russian verse, but he used this medium for themes un-Russian. Zhukovsky performed an important service for his country, by transmitting western Romanticism, by translating and adapting Schiller, Uhland, Herder, Byron, Thomas Moore, and others.

Thus we see that before the publication of Pushkin's "Russlan and Ludmilla"[1] in 1820, there had appeared in Russia no original, national written literature since the "Lay of Prince Igor," the twelfth century masterpiece. Alexander Pushkin (1799–1837) leaped out of the slumbering mind of the nation like Athena from the head of Zeus: in full armor. While at school he was graciously noticed by old Derzhavin, and was patronized by Karamzin and Zhukovsky, but the youth safely

[1] Put to opera music by Glinka.

escaped the influences of these coryphaei of the three literary movements that dominated Russia for a century. True, he paid his tribute in youthful poems to all these schools, while the spell of Romanticism lingered quite a long time on his lyre, tinging his verse with a Byronic hue. But the significance of Pushkin lies in his being the first Russian *national* poet of modern times. National in the same sense as Dante, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Goethe, Hugo, were national. "To be a Russian, in the true sense of this word, means to be universal," was the dictum of the nationalist Dostoyevsky. Perhaps this criterion may be applied to all national art: Whatever is truly and genuinely expressive of its own soil and its inhabitants, must needs bear an all-human appeal. Pushkin was a national poet not only because he made use of the fairy-tales told him by his old peasant nurse for a series of delightful folk poems; not only because he made the Russian landscape and his contemporary society live in word-pictures, notably in his novel in verse, "Eugene Onyegin";[1] not only because he immortalized some historical personages of Russia in his powerful drama, "Boris Godunov," and in his prose tale, the "Captain's Daughter"; not only because he perfected Russian prose and verse to such a degree that his predecessors appear to stutter in comparison with him, while he has remained an ideal model for his numerous emulators to this day. Pushkin was a national poet because, in addition to his accomplishments just enumerated, he expressed the universality of the Russian mind, the catholicity of its interests and strivings. This characteristic trait of Pushkin is common to all great Russian artists, which is to say—to all genuinely national Russian artists.

For the Russian mind is intrinsically universal. Geographically and historically the Great Plain has resembled an open palm outstretched to the universe for contributions, a broad receptacle of ideas and creeds from the Norse and the Finns, from Western Europe, from Byzantium, from Asia. Russia has been overrun by many races, invaded by various armies, pervaded by multifarious civilizations, systems of thought, schools of art, religious movements. But this arch-borrower among nations has not been a mere imitator: the Russian mind has absorbed and assimilated the world-values, and has recreated and reproduced them in an intensified, universalized, synthesized form. Witness the Russian ballet, this synthesis of Egyptian, Greek, Persian, Caucasian, Italian, French, Slavonic dances. Or take another illustration—Slavophilism. Derived from the teachings of Schelling and Hegel, originally based on the doctrine of "master nations," this borrowed idea has in the main developed not along the lines of its sister-idea, blatant Pangermanism, but in the direction of universal brotherhood, illuminated by such exponents as Aksakov, Dostoyevsky, Vladimir Solovyov. Again, Russian Socialism, if we consider the *majority* of its adherents, refuses to remain within the Procrustean frame of petrified Marxism. To the careful observer it is still in the process of synthesizing the teachings of the Nazarene, of Nietzsche, and of the mouzhik's soil-philosophy.

We have given so much space to Pushkin in this short paper, for the reason that he was the tone-giver and

[1] Opera music by Tchaykovsky. Practically all of Pushkin's long poems were put to music. Among the composers who made considerable use of Pushkin we may mention, beside Glinka and Tchaykovsky, also Rubinstein, Dargomyzhsky, Musorgsky, Borodin, Napravnik, Rimsky-Korsakov. This list is far from exhaustive.

exemplar for the galaxy of writers who became the glory of Russia, and all of whom were the poet's contemporaries, or at any rate were born during his life-time. In his footsteps followed Lermontov (1814–1841), who flashed through life like a radiant meteor, seeking to reconcile the irreconcilable (in his "Demon"),[1] singing of the pathos of youth and freedom (in "Mtsyri"),[2] analyzing the contemporary malady of pseudo-Romanticism *à la* Byron (in a "Hero of Our Time"). Followed Gogol (1809–1852), who developed to the utmost the realistic method which Pushkin had suggested not only in his prose, but even in his poetic works, and which became the dominating method in Russian literature, as the most suitable for the national temperament and mind. Abhorring sham and affectation Russian literature quite naturally adopted realism, profound realism, one which is concerned not with the reproduction of the reality visible to our physical eye, but which strives to fathom the complex reality of both our inner and external life, in which mental adventures and dramas, collisions of vague thoughts and of ineffable emotions, mystic yearnings and subconscious experiences, play at least as important a part as tangible actuality. The genius of Gogol was one-eyed, as it were. It could detect and unearth only the mean and commonplace in life, which it exposed with the descriptive power of Dante, and with the exhaustive thoroughness of the Dutch masters. Hence the characters of "Dead Souls" and the "Inspector General" are as convincing and as all-human as Iago or Sancho Panza or Tartuffe.

Turgenev (1818–1883), too, prided himself on being a disciple of Pushkin, and indeed, no Russian has approached Pushkin's musical speech as close as Turgenev, one of whose last "Poems in Prose" was dedicated to "the great, powerful, truthful, and free Russian speech." Turgenev's numerous works are pervaded with a certain rhythm which lends them all a musical unity, so that one may regard them in *ensemble* as a grandiose symphony, whose "main theme" is Russia, with "variations," such as peasant-Russia ("Notes of a Huntsman," or "A Sportsman's Sketches"), gentry-Russia ("Rudin," "A Nobleman's Nest," and elsewhere), "superfluous" Russia ("Rudin," "Diary of a Superfluous Man," "Hamlet of Shchigrov District," and elsewhere), Russia of Westerners and Slavophils ("Smoke"), of Nihilists ("Fathers and Sons"), of youthful Narodniki who attempt in vain to merge with that sphinx—the people ("Virgin Soil"). Five decades of Russian public life, with their important currents of thought and social movements, are presented as if in a musical epic.

No one eulogized Pushkin more than that "cruel talent," Dostoyevsky (1821–1881). Yet there is a striking difference between the two artists. Pushkin is serene, rhythmic, proportional, Hellenic. Dostoyevsky is—chaos. His life and work bear the stamp of a continuous physical and mental torment. All his works display perennial conflict—between freedom and morality ("Crime and Punishment"), man and God ("Possessed"), individual and society ("Memoirs from a Dead House," "Possessed," and elsewhere), good and evil ("Brothers Karamazov," the "Idiot"), individualism and collectivism ("Possessed," "Notes from Underground"). Dostoyevsky himself, and his characters, sorely destitute

[1] Put to opera music by Rubinstein.

[2] Put into a "symphonic poem" by Catoire, and also by Senilov. As in Pushkin's case, numerous poems of Lermontov were used by Russian composers, among them by Rachmaninov, Medtner, Cherepnin.

of peace and harmony, are torn with inner contradictoriness, are tortured with perverse notions. With the clairvoyant power of an epileptic visionary, he penetrates the most hidden crevices of the human mind, and with a sadistic glee he chuckles over vivisecting the inner Ego, and demonstrating its brutishness and morbidity. At the same time, and with equal convincingness, he reveals for us the eternally human, compassionate, and good, in the lowest outcasts of society, in criminals and prostitutes, in drunkards and degenerates. He succeeds in destroying the established lines of demarcation between good and evil, sanity and insanity, pity and cruelty, reality and hallucination, atheism and religious fanaticism. The one clear leading motive throughout the labyrinth of Dostoyevsky's world sounds the precept of forgiveness and compassion for those whom we are apt to condemn. Thus in the end the "cruel" artist, after turning us inside out and showing our own slumbering instincts and potential evil, forces us to refrain humbly from throwing stones at our fellow-beings.

To the same group and period belonged Grigorovich (1822–1899), who preceded even Turgenev in his peasant sketches and novels, in which he endeavored to force upon his countrymen the conviction that the serfs were "human," hence deserving equal treatment with the gentry. Goncharov (1812–1891), whose masterpiece, "Oblomov," has made Oblomovism a generic epithet for the good-hearted, lackadaisical, will-less, and pathetically futile Russian noble. Ostrovsky (1823–1886), the first and for a long time the sole playwright, whose subject-matter consisted largely of the merchant class, with their quaint old-Russian ways and customs, wilfulness and bovine obstinacy. Nekrasov (1821–1877), the poet of "national wrath," whose forceful verse was dedicated largely to the peasantry, their quotidian sorrows and joys, their perpetual tragedy as a class of serfs. It was Nekrasov who, as editor of a leading monthly, sheltered and encouraged the young military officer modestly signing his first sketches with the initials "L. T."

Leo Tolstoy (1828–1910) later in life jested that instead of becoming a general in the army, his original ambition, he achieved the rank of a general in literature. The youngest of that wonderful pleiade which actually *is* Russian literature, Tolstoy has not only outlived his confrères, but has outshone them in world fame and popularity. He, too, owed allegiance to Pushkin; "Anna Karenin" originated in his mind under the influence of one of Pushkin's prose tales. As an artist Tolstoy stood much closer to Pushkin than Dostoyevsky. In his "Cossacks," "War and Peace," "Anna Karenin," and other works, he resembles the great poet in the serene epic calm with which he unfolds the life and events of his individuals and masses. Tolstoy the artist has given us the Iliad and the Odyssey of nineteenth century Russia, gigantic panoramas of human actions and passions, all of them saturated with a luminous joy of life, almost Pagan in its intensity. But Tolstoy the moralist asserted that the only "hero" of interest to him was "truth," and that which appeared to him as truth urged him to battle continually the Pagan in him. Tolstoy the Christian renounced his works of art, and gave himself unreservedly to the practice of his preaching—simplification, self-perfection, non-resistance to evil, life according to the Gospel. One may doubt whether he

succeeded in achieving perfection and harmony (his tragic flight from home on the eve of his death showed how poignantly conscious he was of contradictions and discrepancies in his own life), but to Russia and to the world the personality and career of the sage from Yasnaya Polyana will ever stand out as a great phenomenon in the history of human quests after truth. Though dead in body, Tolstoy continues to be considered by his countrymen as "the conscience of Russia."

With the "pleiade" terminates the period of the wonderful and the heroic in Russian literature, giving place to more "normal" achievements. The men we have been discussing were not only endowed with an enormous creative power and with the freshness and vigor of pioneers on a virgin soil; they also possessed the nobility of spirit common to the heroic Intelligentsia.[1] For one must remember that the history of modern Russian literature presents a continuous martyrology. Russian literature begins to be worthy of this name as soon as it breaks its servility to the Court, and strikes the note of opposition to the mighty of the earth, a note destined to be its distinguishing feature to this day. In 1790 Radishchev published his "Journey from St. Petersburg to Moscow," in which he described the terrible conditions of serfdom, and appealed to his fellow-noblemen "to bethink themselves." Catherine II, erstwhile friend of Voltaire and Diderot, had Radishchev sentenced to death for this crime, which sentence she commuted to life exile to Siberia. Though from the literary point of view Radishchev's work was of the pre-Pushkin variety, written in a stilted style and after a foreign model (Sterne's "Sentimental Journey"), it struck the keynote of Russian literature, in its sentiment, authorship, and fate.

The sentiment of abolitionism, from the abolition of serfdom to the abolition of all fetters on the human personality—political, social, economic, or ethical, has been the *leit motif* of the Russian writers, of the "pleiade" as much as of their successors. It rang in the passionate pleas for the emancipation of the serfs, of Herzen, Turgenev, and other "men of the Forties"; in Dostoyevsky's harangues against the tyranny of all bonds; in Tolstoy's criticism of the state of the church, and of other institutions; in the naïve vociferations of the Nihilists, during the eighteen-sixties; in the Narodnik literature which championed and idealized the peasant through the latter third of the past century; in the conscience-waking writings of Korolenko (born in 1853); in the stories and plays of Chekhov (1860–1904), which form on the whole a powerful plea for the abolition of pettiness and smugness from our life; in the works of Gorky (born in 1869), who chants hymns to Man (*chelovyek*), free from conventions and blinders; in the harrowing analyses of Andreyev (1871–1919), which leave not one of our beliefs and accepted values unexamined, and spur our conscience and consciousness to abolish all sugar-coated half-truths, to doubt and question perpetually; even in the sensual novels of Artsibashev (born in 1878) one feels the passionate craving for the abolition of binding principles, of those high ideals which drove Russian youth to sacrifice their life and freedom. The sentiment of abolitionism pervading Russian literature has

[1] The term "Intelligentsia" has been considerably discussed in Russia and greatly abused abroad. In the way of an inclusive though not too concise definition, we may suggest that by Intelligentsia we understand those men and women who have struggled and sacrificed themselves for the welfare of the people, regardless of their personal, social and economic interests, and rather to the detriment of these.

made it largely negative, critical, salutarily destructive, since abolition is the preparatory, purgative stage before the dawn of the constructive era, before the pursuance of the positive ideal—the perfect, free individual.

The authorship of the "Journey from St. Petersburg to Moscow" has also been characteristic of Russian literature. Radishchev was a noble, as were nearly all the writers and leaders of the Intelligentsia and of the revolutionary movements till the latter part of the nineteenth century. The men and women who belonged by birth to the privileged class, who possessed estates and serfs and high positions, and who fought for the abolitionof these privileges, who sacrificed their comfort and freedom and often their life in an effort to undermine their well-being as a class, have permeated Russian literature and public activity with the spirit of unreserved altruism. This idealism naturally implied its concomitant, the fate of Radishchev, prison, exile, at times death, hence the road of Russian literature and of the Intelligentsia in general has been strewn with victims.

It is evident that a literature which, in the absence of other outlets, serves as the focus of public thought and opinion, and which, furthermore, is created by fervent altruists, cannot serve art for the sake of art. Until the end of the nineteenth century thinking and creative Russians, with very few exceptions, felt duty bound to devote all their faculties and accomplishments to the service of the people. Literature, in particular, bore the stamp of the "repentant noble," the landowner of a sensitive conscience, who felt obliged to atone for the sins of his fathers, and to repay his debt to the *narod*, the people. Yet though Russian literature was pervaded with a "purpose," with a sermon, it never degenerated into didacticism. The writers could not, even if they wished, carry on open propaganda anent the burning issues of the day: The threatening red pencil of the bigoted censor dictated reserve and caution, Aesopian language and subtle symbolism, the replacement of the specific and precise by the general and infinite, of the local and transitory by the universal and everlasting. But the universality and permanent value of these writers is due, of course, not so much to the negative effect of the censor, as to their inherent aesthetic sense, to the intrinsically Russian quality of their genius.

Modern Russian literature, in a word, is distinguished by the same characteristics which we have indicated before, and which we may recapitulate as: Focus of the national genius; "Art for life's sake," yet not didacticism; abolitionism—the emancipation of the individual from all fetters; reserve, intensity, universalism, due in part to censorship conditions, but chiefly to the inherent qualities of the Russian mind. It is difficult to gauge the state of Russian letters to-day, while the country is going through severe trials and subversive upheavals: *Inter arma silent musae.* Yet from the scanty information which filters through from Russia one may conclude that even at present, amidst conditions of material misery and mental humiliation, the printed page and the stage continue to pledge the immortal power of the national mind. Russian literature has been, and will continue to be, let us hope, something more than an art: an all-human religion, an evangel, a pillar of fire in the gloomy reality.

Berkeley, California.

Dame Margaret Lloyd George (Mrs. Lloyd George). Her Royal Highness, Queen Alexandra.
Paintings by Dorothy E. Vicaji, on exhibition at the Ehrich Galleries. (See p. 93.)

NOTES FROM THE NEW YORK GALLERIES

By HELEN COMSTOCK

Contemporary art predominates in current exhibitions in New York, and there is an unusually comprehensive showing of oils, water colors and sculpture to represent the work of modern artists on both sides of the Atlantic.

George Luks at the Kraushaar Galleries

George Luks, at the Kraushaar Galleries, is showing both oils and water colors, equally interesting as the expression of entirely different moods. "The White Macaw" among the oils, is a lady who smiles rather insipidly under her bonnet with its drooping white feather. The features, portrayed with infinite softness of outline, are nevertheless vivid in the suggestion that the lady's character may resemble the bird whose plumage she wears. Gray tones dominate with a telling use of white on the bonnet.

The "Breaker Boy" has the masterly ease of the artist who is sure of his medium. The boy's face, whose unhealthy whiteness is slightly smudged with grime, stands out from a dark background broken only by the flame in his cap and the glow of the cigarette he holds with such nonchalance in his fingers. "Mike McTeague," in bright orange, is no more than a baby, but shows unmistakable belligerence. "Mary" is a little girl in fancy dress, and in the "Girl from 'Tinicus' " there is glowing emphasis on the fish she holds in her hand. In "New York Cabby" the contours of the face are built up as in clay, and there is vivid emphasis on the coloring of nose and cheeks.

The water colors, fifteen in number and all of New York, are evidently a direct response to the artist's love of color and movement.

John Marin's Pictures at the Montross Galleries

The growth of John Marin's art since 1908 to the present day is traced in a comprehensive exhibition of his water colors, oil paintings and etchings at the Montross Galleries. Water color, his favorite medium, offers the most significant record of his development. His facility in handling pure wash, evident from the first, has adapted itself to varied methods and points of view during this period.

The trees, islands and sea near Stonington, Maine, recur again and again as his subjects, seen most frequently from the cliffs, and spread out in an intricate pattern that never neglects a basic unity of design. A glimpse down into the valley to the hills beyond is expressed in the simplest terms, yet all that is fundamental is embodied in the seemingly broken lines, each one of them a key-note to complete form.

Often his color is subtle and quiet, unobtrusive, yet insistent, and the emphasis is allowed to rest on structure and design, and again, particularly in his most recent work, there is color simply for the sake of color, as in "The Island, Blue and Orange, Maine, 1920," with an appeal direct to the emotion in its glowing spontaneity.

The oils, only a few in number, include "St. Paul's, New York, 1921," and "From Brooklyn Bridge, 1921," expressing his most recent viewpoint, and approaching more closely the field of abstraction.

Etchings record a growth away from the delicacy, and also the conventionality, of his French and Venetian series to a highly individual technique, characterized by firm, strong lines, in "Brooklyn Bridge, 1913" and "Woolworth Building from River, 1913."

André Derain's Paintings at the Brummer Galleries

In André Derain, whose paintings are exhibited at the Brummer Galleries, 43 East 57th St., through February, modern French art finds a particularly courageous exponent. Influenced from the outset of his career by Cézanne, his continued experiment in the inter-relation of form and color has given him leadership among "Les Fauves"—the artists of revolt. An able draughtsman, he is not content to draw outlines, but must create form through the suggestion of the very fundamentals of its structure.

A still life, "La Table," evinces his mastery of drawing, and has in it the sincerity and simplicity that relate it to the classic spirit.

Among the landscapes, "L'Arbre dans l'Ile Fleurie" has marked strength of composition and is characterized by deeper tones than he generally employs. The great tree that spreads its branches across a vista of water, island, and deep blue sky, dominates by sheer force of line. Lighter in key is his Italian landscape, "Environs de Castelgandolfo," which employs a delicate green in the foliage of a group of trees that circle a rolling stretch of country. There is a suggestion of an exquisite, lacey quality in the leaves of the trees, while the trunks are emphasized in strong, bold strokes. "La Route d'Albano" is similar in subject and feeling.

In painting a portrait, Derain insists on the introduction of a purely personal interpretation of his subject. One of these is really a drawing in oil, so simple is its treatment. Another, "L'Italienne," is arresting for its strength and power.

"Lifting of the Fog." By Eric Hudson. From the Ferargil Galleries.

Eric Hudson's Marines at the Ferargil Galleries

It is not often that an artist is able to make you forget his canvas and feel instead the very presence of his subject. Yet Eric Hudson, whose marines are exhibited at the Ferargil Galleries, 607 Fifth Avenue, does this and even goes a step further, for he not only makes you feel the sea, but, out of his own experience, increases your knowledge of it. He paints it as Masefield writes a poem, with the authority of intimate understanding. The sea he paints is not the pleasant background to a summer vacation that most of us know, calm under an occasional sail, or only mildly vigorous at most, but has all the might of a primal force, splendid and untamed, that has dominated men's lives since the Phoenicians first went exploring and the Vikings set out for unknown lands. The boats he paints are not the trim, white affairs for pleasure and sport, but fishermen's boats that wring men's living from the sea and are built sturdy and strong to stand the buffeting from wind and water alike.

"Off Shore Breeze" combines many elements,—the blue sea shading down to black in the hollows between the waves, a dark boat with sail in shadow, and a dory trailing behind, the high black rocks close by, and, more than that, the tang of the salt air and the sting of a brisk breeze. In the "West Wind," one of the larger canvases, two boats move in opposite directions, one in the background having quite the same effect of movement as the other, more strongly delineated, in front of it.

"Figure Half-Draped." By Abbott H. Thayer.

Thayer's Exhibition at the Milch Galleries

Abbott H. Thayer's "Figure Half-Draped," recently exhibited with the remaining pictures in the Thayer estate at the Milch Galleries, has just been purchased by a collector for $40,000. The painting is considered one of the finest examples of the art of the great American figure painter, and is characterized by the firm modeling which links his work with that of the masters of the Renaissance.

The figure is one of great majesty and poise, with white flesh tones emphasized by the rich olive green of the drapery. In accordance with the wishes of the Thayer family, no other title has ever been given to the picture, although "Muse" has been suggested because of the lyre indicated in sweeping strokes at one side.

Art lovers will have another opportunity to see the picture before it passes to its new owner as it is to be loaned for the Thayer Memorial Exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum from March 20 to April 30.

Exhibition of Portraits by Dorothy E. Vicaji at the Ehrich Galleries

The reports of the splendid work which Dorothy E. Vicaji, a young English portrait painter, did during her unheralded visit to the United States last year, are more than verified by the exhibition of her work current at the Ehrich Galleries from January 30th to February 11th, which offers the American public its first opportunity to judge of portraiture which has been hailed with great acclaim by the art critics of Great Britain. The portraits shown by Miss Vicaji, among them recently completed ones of H. R. H. Queen Alexandra and Dame Margaret Lloyd George, prove her to be a master of color and an artist endowed with the power of catching likenesses which are startling in their accuracy.

Particularly interesting are two portraits of children, one of them a riot of gorgeous color, in which the youngster stands against a background of brilliant rhododendrons. In direct contrast to this is the portrait of the wife of the premier, which is simplicity itself. Easily posed in a dress of dark blue against a sombre background all the interest is concentrated in the face, in which one finds the strength and the ambition which has been of such aid to Lloyd George in the difficult days through which he has passed. The portrait of the Queen, painted as she was at the height of her glory and beauty, presents her wearing the broad blue ribbon of the Garter, the storied crown of England and many of her various orders. Her Majesty was so pleased by it that she gave Miss Vicaji her consent to bring the portrait to America and it is with this permission that it is shown at the Ehrich Galleries.

The most striking thing in Miss Vicaji's portraits, in addition to her surprising feeling for color, is the strength with which she paints. At no time does her work suggest that it was done by a woman, for it has none of the pale lightness so often found in portraits painted by women. When one stops to reflect that Miss Vicaji is at the very threshold of her career, having begun to paint professionally only at the end of the war, one realizes how true is the declaration of a leading American critic who said, "America is greatly honored to at last have Dorothy Vicaji painting on this side of the Atlantic."

G. H.

Mr. LaFlesche. Mr. Evans.

Band of Poncho Indian ceremonial dancers and musicians from Oklahoma who performed on the Indian Night of the Archaeological Society of Washington.

CURRENT NOTES AND COMMENTS

Poncho Indian Ceremonial Dances

Indian Night of the Archaeological Society of Washington

Through the hospitality of Mr. Victor J. Evans, the Archaeological Society of Washington gave, January 21, 1922, an Indian Night with ceremonial dances by Poncho Indians from Oklahoma, interpreted by Mr. Francis LaFlesche of the Bureau of American Ethnology.

The President of the Washington Society, Hon. Robert Lansing, former Secretary of State, presided. Mr. Burke, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, was introduced and made a few remarks. Mr. Francis LaFlesche of the Bureau of American Ethnology, was then introduced, having been requested by Mr. Evans to explain the meaning of the ceremony and its regalia. The Indians entered the room in processional form and engaged in the ceremonial dances, which Mr. LaFlesche described as follows: The He-thú-shka is the name of an ancient society of warriors. The name is archaic, it had long ago lost its meaning as well as the history of its origin. Tradition says that the society originated with the Omaha and Ponca tribes, who acted jointly in its organization. The society had two officers, the Nu-don-hon-ga or Commander, and the Wá-gtha, or Herald; these were elected by the members, usually by acclamation. The Commander must be not only a warrior of distinction but a man held in popular esteem, and the Herald must be a man generally liked by the people. Membership in the society was restricted to warriors who had won military honors, which must have been publicly and ceremonially confirmed.

In ancient times when a season or two had passed, during which battles with the enemy had taken place, the warriors who had fought decided to make formal application to certain tribal authorities for the public awarding of decorations. This ceremony was called, "The Assembling of Military Honors."

A day was appointed for the ceremony, which was held in the open. Before the authorities was placed a shrine containing the symbolic articles that pertained to war. When the people, at the call of a herald, had gathered around the place of ceremony the applicants for military decorations entered the circle in a body. A man approaches the shrine to recount the deed for which he makes claim to an honor decoration. He holds high above his head, so that all may see it, a little red stick, a symbol of truth. If there are witnesses who can prove that the man speaks falsely they step forward with cries of protest. The authorities, however, give permission to the claimant to drop the red stick upon the shrine, first telling him that he who speaks falsely will be punished by the supernatural powers. The man drops the stick, but if it falls to the ground the people shout in derision. The next claimant comes forward, lifts high the little red stick as he tells his story, drops the stick gently upon the shrine, then a great shout of approval rises from the crowd. In this manner the ceremony proceeds to the end.

The honor decoration for each of the three highest degrees is, the middle feather taken from the tail of a mature golden eagle. The warrior to whom an honor is awarded must provide himself with this particular feather, but he is instructed by the authorities how to wear the feather so that it shall indicate the degree it represents.

A warrior who had won more than one of each of the three highest degrees for valorous deeds became entitled to wear, at the dance of the He-thú-shka, a special decoration which is attached to a belt and symbolizes the scene of a battle field after the combatants had left. This decoration is called "Crow" because this bird is always the first to find the battle field. The crow's head and neck are attached to the belt. Next to the crow the magpie comes to the scene, then the buzzard, and lastly the eagle. The gray wolf is represented in this symbolic decoration, for that animal also feasts upon the slain.

The feather war bonnet is the most picturesque of the Indian decorations. The right to make a war bonnet goes with the honor that is publicly and ceremonially awarded to a warrior for his valorous deeds.

There is a special dance, dramatic in character, for the bravest of the brave. In this dance each warrior reenacts, in a way, his movements as he fought in battle when he won his honors; the crouching positions, the moving from side to side, all of which follows strictly the rhythm of the music and represents the dodging of the arrows of the enemy. The warrior who had been wounded in battle goes through his struggles for his life, but never fails to keep in perfect time with the rhythm of the music. This dance was given by the Poncho Indians with pleasing effect.

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

A New Memorial to Jeanne D'Arc in Washington

Meridian Hill Park, in Washington, D. C., so recently signalized by the erection of the new Dante Monument, was the scene on the afternoon of January 6th of another important unveiling ceremony, at which the President and His Excellency the Ambassador of France were guests of honor, with Mrs. Harding, Madame Jusserand, and other distinguished visitors. An equestrian statue of Jeanne d'Arc, erected at the center of the Grand Terrace, opposite fashionable 2400 Sixteenth Street, N. W., was dedicated on this, the five hundred and tenth anniversary of the birth of the Maid of Orleans, who was born in the village of Domremy, France, in 1412.

The beautiful new Jeanne d'Arc Monument is a gift to the National Capital from the Société des Femmes de France of New York, presented through their President Fondatrice, Madame Carlo Polifeme. More than five years ago, in May, 1916, Madame Polifeme wrote to the Commission of Fine Arts: "Le Lyceum, Société des Femmes de France of New York, in a spirit of Patriotism, nurtured by exile, inspired with a deep sense of the friendship that binds our two sister Republics, animated by a sympathy born of closer and closer relations, Le Lyceum intends to perpetuate these sentiments by erecting in their new home a monument to Jeanne d'Arc, emblem of Patriotism, emblem of Love and Peace. The statue of our French heroine will be built to the glory of womanhood, dedicated by the women of France in New York, to the women of America, and offered to the city of Washington."

"The work is regarded by artists as the finest equestrian statue of modern times," so the Commission of Fine Arts informs us. Paul Dubois is a leading French sculptor. This monument is a replica of the celebrated statue of Jeanne d'Arc in front of Rheims Cathedral in France, which it was believed miraculously preserved the Cathedral from destruction during the bombardment of the late war. Another copy is in Paris. Our new statue was prepared under the direction of the French Minister of Education and Fine Arts, at Paris. It measures about nine feet in height and ten feet in length, and is supported by a pedestal of about six feet in height, designed by McKim, Mead and White, architects of New York City.

Modern research often shatters romantic illusions, and now informs us that Saint Joan of Arc, canonized as we all know by the Church, was not, as is popularly supposed, a shepherd girl. She was carefully educated, as all young French girls are, and her parents were neither ignorant nor impoverished people.

Unique in history stands Joan of Arc, a symbol of patriotic womanhood, of inspiring idealism. So great has become the faith in her that French soldiers swear Joan of Arc appeared to them in the late war, leading them again to Victory. Sceptical American soldiers even admitted a mysterious influence, bringing magical power.

It is fitting that her Monument in Washington should crown the hill of Meridian Park, that Jeanne d'Arc should be honored there, with Dante not far away, who has immortalized Beatrice, another incomparable and unknown woman.

GERTRUDE RICHARDSON BRIGHAM.

BOOK CRITIQUES

Olympic Victor Monuments and Greek Athletic Art. By Walter Woodburn Hyde. 404 pp. l. 8vo., with 30 plates and 80 figures in photogravure. The Carnegie Institution of Washington, 1921.

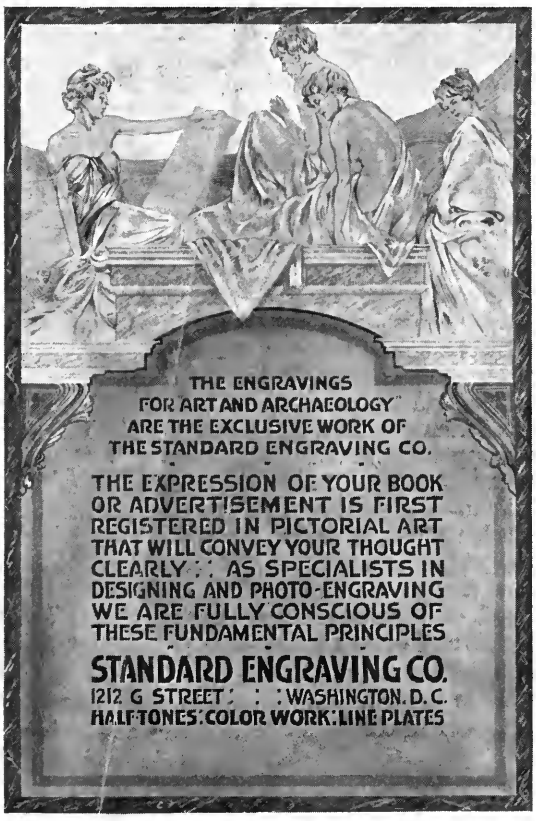
Here is a stout volume of broadly international scholarship to prove that American exponents of classical studies have not allowed Azerbaijan and Chita to suffocate their memories of Athens, Aegina and Argos. Friends of physical sports will do well to consult the author's initial chapter for the newest and straightest dope on Greek games and prize awards. His researches confirm the opinion that all the greater national games were sepulchral tributes to dead heroes. The Amerindians observed similar rites. There is a fine suggestion here for American Legion holidays.

Prehistoric researches on Greek soil have acquainted us with many carved and painted portrayals of outdoor sports in the island kingdom of Minos, which the ancients remembered but dimly. Cretan vessels were freighting cargoes of horses from Africa or Syria as early as 1600 B. C. Mr. Hyde misses none of the Minyan and Mycenaean toreadores and toreadoras. The white skins of the latter establish their sex beyond controversy in spite of their male ring dress, and one may add they do not leave our overrated modern emancipations of young womanhood a leg to stand on. Paired boxers on a carved drinking horn in the Museum at Candia use the right arm for attack and the left for defense; some of the contestants wear helmets and cuirasses (a good idea), others wear boxing gloves.

Further on, the author shows how steadily competitive athletics in Hellas moved away from material prizes like slave women, fatted oxen and mares in foal, silver jars and talents of gold to crowns of pine, celery and wild olive. A writer of Emperor Hadrian's time quotes the very test of an oracle which directed King Iphitos of Elis to award the last of these guerdons of victory at Olympia, nine hundred years before Hadrian; the present author erroneously conjectures that earlier masters of the games in question previously awarded bronze tripods to the victors, for the oracle expressly states the earlier prizes were apples. Prize-winners consecrated the implements of their exercises and models of these implements, such as small bronze chariot wheels, at an early period; they will presently erect small and large statues of themselves and of their racehorses near the altars of the gods who have favored them. A stone of 315 pounds' weight now lying at Olympia was hurled furthest by a Greek Siegfried named Bybon, whose inscription it bears in an uncouth spiral. One Eumastos consecrates another extant stone weighing 1,056 pounds English, which he has lifted, on the island of Thera. Respectable performances both.

The author next analyses the characters of victor statues as to size and proportions, clothing or nudity, coiffure, attributes and artistic qualities, in three methodical essays replete with exact information (Chapters II–IV). His account of Greek horseraces and chariot races and of other contests like music and shouting, in Chapter V, includes the monuments commemorating victories in these non-gymnastic events. Little or none of the scattered literature of his subject has escaped him. His repudiation of the current opinion that Greek statuaries executed all their portrayals of athletic victors in bronze, as given in Chapter VII, is cogently fortified with examples of victor statues done in stone and marble. He dares to assign a stunning Fourth Century boxer's head in the Museum of Olympia to no less an artist than Lysippos of Sikyon, a master formerly reputed the greatest of all Greek statuaries. Hyde's examination of the marble in question is rightly based, not on the pseudo-Lysippian Apoxyomenos of the Vatican Museum, but on a statue which Preuner has proved to be certainly a plagal, if not a wholly authentic piece of sculpture by no other than Lysippos (plate 28 and figure 68). This frontal portrait statue of the Thessalian nobleman and champion wrestler Agias at Delphi and the three dimensional man-with-the-strigil of the Vatican (plate 29) were never modelled by the same eye, or even in the same century. Our critic would have done well to throw the Victorian misattribution of the latter statue to Lysippos altogether to the discard, as he stops short of doing. Professor Hyde's discovery of this new original by Lysippos, which he names Philandridas, deserves to rank with Eugenie Sellers' assignment of the Aberdeen head in London to Praxiteles. He connects another head of a young hero wearing a lion scalp, found at Sparta and now in Philadelphia, with the manner of Skopas.

It is mere foolishness to demand documentary evidences before conceding the value of



constructive criticisms like these, as indolent British scholars used to do to save themselves the trouble of following "the conjectural vagaries of the Germans."

All but one of the illustrations are good, and are judiciously chosen. There is a telling juxtaposition of three antique copies of Myron's famous diskthrower accompanied by a correct plastic restoration of that last masterpiece in plates 22, 23 and figures 34, 35. This demonstration renders the familiar misfit of the London and Vatican Statues with a nonpertinent head turned the wrong way utterly intolerable. It is time American teachers hit the Fifth Grade with the correctly headed Diskobolos Lancellotti, *discovered in 1781.* Several other plates and figures will direct scholars and connoisseurs to superb heads of young athletes they may have overlooked, in Constantinople, Naples, Dresden, Paris, Boston and New York.

A capital index of nearly thirty pages completes this noteworthy connected discussion of the reciprocal relations of manly sports and the fine arts in ancient Greece.

ALFRED EMERSON.

A History of European and American Sculpture from the Early Christian Period to the Present Day, by Chandler Rathfon Post. Vols. I, II. Cambridge, Harvard University Press, 1921. $20.00.

The author states that his purpose in writing this book was to meet the need of a history of the sculpture of our own era for collateral reading by students outside of the lecture room and at the same time to gratify the demands of the general interested public. His intent was not only to give a comprehensive idea of the various epochs but also to trace the evolution of the several national schools and briefly to criticize the sculptors in those schools as revealed in their chief works. His plan has been to distribute the space according to the esthetic significance of the epochs and masters under discussion. The greater length given to the sculpture of the last two centuries is due to the fact that it has hitherto been less satisfactorily treated than the production of the earlier centuries. Fortunately, particular emphasis is placed upon American sculpture, illustrated by specimens in American collections, and its relations to European sculpture have been carefully considered.

It is gratifying to see, after a careful perusal, how adequate a work the author, starting out with these fundamental ideas, has produced—one which will be for long years to come an

indispensable book of reference for every student of sculpture whether specialist or layman. It bears the stamp of careful study and literary excellence on almost every page; it is an ably written, and on the whole, a well proportioned contribution to scholarship.

Volume I discusses Early Christian Sculpture (21 pp.), the Middle Ages (130 pp.), the Renaissance (122 pp.); Volume II, the Baroque and the Rococo (82 pp.), Neoclassicism (32 pp.), Modern Sculpture (155 pp.). There follow an extensive bibliography, in which articles from ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY are several times mentioned, an index to names of sculptors and an index to places mentioned.

The two volumes contain 205 full-page illustrations, carefully chosen and admirably reproduced in half-tone. They give a comprehensive list of the most important sculptures of the Christian era from all the European countries and the United States. Each part contains an historical introduction, then follows a treatment of the general character of the sculpture of each country and of its national schools in the various periods.

In part III, devoted to the Renaissance, it is gratifying to see that the author, like Taylor in his "Thought and Expression in the 16th Century" (see A. & A., Vol. XI, p. 283) regards "Renaissance" as a misnomer if understood as a "Rebirth" from the Middle Ages. Both periods possessed their own great and peculiar qualities, and the "diversity between the two ages manifested itself in two principal channels—in humanism, the more eager and intelligent comprehension of antiquity; and in individualism, the greater emphasis upon personality." In his interpretation of the 16th century, Mr. Post admirably supplements the work of Taylor in his discussion of the general field of sculpture.

Part IV, devoted to the Baroque and Rococo, is of especial value because the author rehabilitates these by emphasizing their excellences. He shows how the Baroque is a manifestation of Italy's marvelous genius for esthetic invention in accordance with the spirit of the age, and that the rococo is the lighter and more refined form of the baroque that took rise in France. The crowning virtue of the baroque is its grandiose impressiveness; of the rococo, its "individualism and even intimacy" of feeling and its desire for sensitiveness in art. Though applied primarily to the greater exuberance of architectural decoration, the rococo in sculpture, by its extreme nicety and subtlety, reflects the ultra-refinement of the French Court.

Part V, Neoclassicism, represents a spontaneous reaction against the extravagances of the

baroque and rococo, brought about largely by the discovery of the buried treasures of Herculaneum and Pompeii and the literary propaganda of Winckelmann. The cardinal principle was the study of the ancient masterpieces rather than of nature, and Rome became the world's aesthetic capital.

Space does not permit us to dwell on the excellence of Part VI devoted to modern sculpture. Suffice it to say that the section devoted to the United States gives us a brief and comprehensive treatment of the development of American sculpture and of its present status. These two large volumes possess all the perfections of the printer's art, for which Harvard University Press is famous. M. C.

Arts of the World, by Edwin Swift Balch and Eugenia Macfarlane Balch. Philadelphia. Press of Allen, Lane and Scott. 1920.

Comparative studies of the arts of the human race in their bearing upon ethnology, beginning with the earliest examples exposed in art and archaeological museums and in the authors' own collection, pursued during a number of years by Edwin Swift Balch and Eugenia Macfarlane Balch, are published in a handsome, clearly printed volume from the press of Allen, Lane and Scott, bearing the title of "Arts of the World," and should be regarded as a valuable addition to the list of works upon a subject that is daily growing in interest. The point of view taken by the authors is rather different from that of most of our American writers, although quite often encountered in the works of many distinguished foreign archaeologists.

Covering the field from what is known as Pleistocene period when implements of stone are the principal objects remaining to us of the handicrafts, to the cinque cento revival in Italy, the arts of man in all parts of the world from prehistoric times are touched upon and compared with each other, broadly, scientifically and with absolute impartiality.

The book is especially interesting through the information conveyed in reference to the primitive arts such as the Negroid wood and bronze sculptures, the drawings and ivory carvings of the Eskimo and Chuk-chee tribes of the north-west Pacific, the pottery and decorations of the cliff dwellers of Arizona and New Mexico. The monoliths and bas-reliefs of the Maya art and the architectural monuments of the Aztecs and their decorated pottery and textiles are given their true classification as examples of an advanced stage of culture in the arts. The geographical distribution of the racial arts are shown in a series of maps.

EUGÈNE CASTELLO.