ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

Some Attractive Features of Future Numbers
Numerous Illustrations in Doubletone

AMERICAN ARCHAEOLOGY NUMBER (March, 1922)
(40 Illustrations in half-tone)

THE EXCAVATIONS IN CHACO CANYON IN 1921. Edgar L. Hewett
A NAVAHO FOLK-TALE OF PUEBLO BONITO. Byron Cummings and
Luther Wade Wetherill
THE MISSION OF SAN DIEGO DE JEMEZ. Lansing Bloom
THE SCIENTIFIC ESTHETICS OF THE RED MAN. Marsden Hartley
A GROUP OF PUEBLO INDIAN ARTISTS. Edgar L. Hewett

I. AMERICAN CITIES AS ART CENTERS
The Chicago Double Number (Sept.-Oct., 1921) was the first of a series on
"American Cities as Art Centers," to appear semi-annually. Baltimore, Cleve­
land, Philadelphia, St. Louis, San Francisco, Toronto, and other cities will follow
as material accumulates.

II. THE AMERICAN SCHOOLS OF ARCHAEOLOGY
Special numbers devoted to the researches and activities of the American
Schools in Athens, Santa Fe, Jerusalem and Mesopotamia are in preparation,
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Jugo-Slav numbers are far advanced.

IV. NOTES FROM THE GALLERIES
have become a regular department of the magazine, in which we shall keep our
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MISCELLANEOUS NUMBERS
will alternate, as heretofore, with the special issues, so as to maintain variety and
freshness of interest; CURRENT NOTES AND COMMENTS will attempt to give a
comprehensive survey of interesting developments in the entire field of art and
archaeology, and BOOK REVIEWS will notice the most important volumes ap­
ppearing from month to month.

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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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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.
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."


"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 Borowikovsky. 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
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 onlooker, 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...
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 naiveness 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 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 textures 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
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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 embel­
ishment, 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, con­
sumed 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
evertheless 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
them in the gorgeous veils of China,
Tibet and Hindustan. Russia has not
only suffered from the Tartar swords,
but has also heard through their jing­
ling the wonder-tales known to the
clever Greeks and the intelligent Ara­
bians who wandered along the Great
Road from the Normans to the East.

The Mongol manuscripts and the
annals of the foreign envoy’s of those
days tell us of an unaccountable mix­
ture of cruelty and refinement with the
great nomads. The best artists and
masters were to be found at the head­
quarters of the Tartar Khans.

Besides the adopted viewpoint 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 om­
nipotence of merciless victors; but, at
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 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 Rogere 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 astound-

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":
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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.
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 viewpoint 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
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 Varen-gian—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 ‘sinhus’ 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.
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. Tor 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-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
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 uncultured woman of the tribes Mordva like a safe-guarding net: and a modern iconographical design was enveloping humanity working unfailingly. The love for symmetrical moments of history must have mattered in Russia at the period of the internal feuds. The unskilful use of a new treasure such as metal must have crushed the other, equally beautiful, one.

All the certainty of assertion ends for us with the Scandinavian period. What remains of the ages that preceded it was a chaos of reason, such as perpetual chaos—but a constant enigma. Behind its boundaries, Europe sensed a constant chaos—but it was a chaos of reason, such as preceded the rising of a curtain.

And the curtain rose.

It was in 1909 that Paris was aroused to sudden attention by a spectacle of iridescent 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 Mikhailovitch. 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 English 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-