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PORTFOLIO – PART III

for

Artwork “*Brentwood, No. 24*”

Avon, Connecticut
USA

“Eternal Sprouts Producing Life”



“Eternal Sprouts Producing Life” - continued

Вечные Ростки Дающие Жизнь
by Nikolay Synkov

Борьба лишь только может быть лишь
За то что свято в продолженьи
Но нет борьбы у лицедеев в масках
У них лишь фарс к всевышнему сему
Борясь за дар земных богатств из мира
Уми, они лишь говорят всему
Обволокивая тучами землю
Тёмный панцырь из стали готов
И шагают предгорники мира
Непрерывно лишь в горны трубя
И свой лозунг о мире даря
А ты пробуешь символы мира
Что и где, и какой победит
Ты в смятенье души, слабость тела
Нет и выхода места спастись
Не спасёшь ты себя из горнила
Вечных труб, что трубят не щадя
Вечность злата есть цвет лишь оправы
Ожерелий, камней, колец
Вечность золота к миру деяний
Не подходит
Значит всё, всё приходит конец
И копают творцы всех стран мира
Глубже золота, что там лежит?
Что несут те признанья из церкви
Оглашатаи нашей души
Что дают нам потоки тех песен
Кузнецов надувные меха
Что куют наши счастья любя
Где певец, где кузнец лик один лишь
Лицедейская это семья
И одеты они в ту одежду
Что приятна нам всем и чиста

Беря Букварь из истин
Но истин мудрецов
Мы при переводе истин из тех далёких книг
Немного упростили значенье этих истин
И половину растеряли
Как велико значенье буквы "я"
-"О тут мирским лишь духом пахнет"-
Букварь иной бишь скажет,
Другой всего лишь скажет
А у меня её и нет
Другой лишь промолчит
Да букваря в помине нет
И с чем сравнить не знает он
Чтоб высказаться и смолчит
Глядя на нас с улыбкой победителя
-"А у меня всё впереди"-
А истина пропала
А люди учаться любить господне слово
Хотят его услышать также
В течение всей жизни золотой
Своей конечно
А не толмача
На матушке земле
И в мир иной уйдя
Готовы ли они жить в мире том
И что с собой они захватят из мира этого
Немного о семени ростка
Но нет его
Откуда же его нам взять
А что же сеять нам
Где семя то
Которого ростки
Мир на земле лишь сохранит
Мы воды обнаружили
На той планете что слово не Земля в названиее своем имеет
Так может семя там
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“Eternal Sprouts Producing Life” - continued

Eternal Sprouts that Give Life
Translated by Yelena Synkova

A battle can only be only
For which is holy in continuation
But there is no war amongst the evil doers in masks
They simply have a farce towards everything on high
Fighting for the gift of earthly riches from the world
Die, they only say to everything
An earth draping over with clouds
A dark shell is ready from steel
And the foretellers blowing their horns of the world are pacing
Blowing their horns without ceasing
And presenting their slogan of the world
And you attempt the world's symbols
What and where and which will win
You are in a whirl of the soul weakness in body
There is no exit a place for salvation
You won't save yourself from life's burdens
Of eternal pipes, that sounds without pity
Eternity of gold is the color of only the casing
Of jewels, gems, rings
Eternity of gold to the world of miracles
Does not fit
That means all, all comes to an end
And the creators of all the world's countries are digging
Deeper than gold, what lays there?
What bring those confessions from church
Heralds of our souls
What the currents of those songs give to us
The inflatable bellows of blacksmiths
Those that forge our happiness with love
Where a singer, where a blacksmith there is but one face
An evildoers family it is
An they are dressed in those clothes
That is pleasant to us and is pure

Taking up the Alphabet book from the truths
But the truths of wise men
In the midst of translating from those ancient books, we
Slightly simplified the meaning of these truths
And lost a half
How mighty is the meaning of the letter "I"
-"Oh here it only smells of mortals"-
The other alphabet book will say,
Another will only say
And I do not have it with me
Another would keep quiet
There is no alphabet book at all
It is not comparable with anything
And chose to stay silent
Looking at us with a victor's smile
-"Everything is still ahead of me"-
But the truth had disappeared
And the people learn to love God's word
Wish to hear it as well
During the course of the entire golden life
Their own life of course
And not the metaphrast's
On mother earth
And leaving for another world
Are they ready to live in that world
And what will they grab from this world
A little of the sprout's seeds
But it is not there
From where can we obtain it
And what should we plant then
Where is that seed
From which the sprouts
Will only preserve the world on earth
Waters we discovered
On that planet which does not possess a title Earth in its name
Maybe the seed is there
????????????????????????????????

“Polovtsians Dances” of Faces”



“Polovtsians Dances” of Faces” - continued

"Polovtsians Dances" of Faces
translated by Yelena Synkova

Glory comes about in a great understanding
All those merits that a country is rich with
Only in prosperity, development of them
No we do not need the riches of the "underworld"
Codices of rules notions of love
All this is firmly and pour into one
Verse of all structures is taken by the river's time
All those and travelers of that distant life
Distant meanings a wise man can only
Can give a word as a present
But at the same time he can pass by in silence
And not answer a thing to anyone
Pride of the walk, as the soul's reboant
Separate points of support for the world
Reboant of the soul, those moments of victories
Yes those victories over the self in continuation
Well, there is pleasure in silence as well
That there are no tradable coins for the victory
Sees and hears the beating of hearts
Is that their rhythm does it stray from the norm
All those merits which the country is already rich with
Looking past by you and with love
Right away we find similarities with life
And when that unexpectedly came
Then the president cannot be found
All those victories of understanding in a journey
From all those seedpods
That will simply be cut down
And a messenger came across the journey
Bringing happiness, and in that bag
Oh, happiness
Yet he could have chosen the bag for a load
All those ill understandings and rude
But he only brought the happiness bag
Glory to him, glory to the labor of those victories
That we will carry in those bags of happiness
To each we will give a bag in the hand
(a small one, for the people should not strain)
With those candies from the bags of happiness
.....

And where are the folk dances here
Their souls should be sweetened and sweetened
Glory oh world and a loss to victory
All that's in movement above and below
How these symbols only of victories
There is in them salvation of those from who is gone
There is an awakening of those dreams understanding
Much gold we can't take from a sudden attack
What to present to our brothers in the world
That petal from the wreath of their hearts
Of a far away life, entangled, ecdemic
Many gambled away came with a heart
We cannot receive them that will be improper
All people should be, understood by all people
That from a sudden attack can be taken and won
Only a fern of golden happiness
But those understandings are gone without a return
They cannot be repeated to anyone
To cut down a seedpod of our far away love
To be able to do it, to tell about love
That which is not, not that impossible
Mysticism of washed away paint of those hearts
Impression of souls pulled to pieces with blood
Bathed in blood, washed, not to get up
And so why should we love all of this
Those shimmering and small snobs
That took up each other's hands tightly in friendship
And do circle dances 'round and 'round
As a sign of that big and not preconceived love
No one inside, no one is let in
Here is the ring, and a different one
Our earthly sphere is not easy to belt
And the participants of the songs and dances
Make this, so simple, joking
That in a moment that ending you won't notice
And there is simply no more of you
And so why do the circle dances only at all
So as to kill some time, not yourself
Time that you do not have on yourself
Well, and where should the garden's apple trees grow
??

“Subway Station #A”



“Subway Station #Z”



“Subway Station #A & #Z” - continued

Subway Station # A (Only for Loving Hearts)

Subway Station # Z (Only for Loving Hearts)

Translated by Yelena Synkova

Dorothy ran into the far woods
Taking off the roses' petals
Only them did she understand
Oh how our world is good and simple
With no need to worry about anything
Everything is simple
And in any understanding
Which had some intricacy
Like that, there were many non-completions
They are for nothing
They are needed as exemplary to "sages"
Life is not far to those
All returned to them
Oh, no
Or is it better to leave all without love
To us women,
The beautiful,
With praises sung by poets of eternity
That half of a person's life on earth
And suddenly,
Decided to share with a brother by a love
To all that is beautiful
That was on Earth
Of that her own design
Give out an order
And carry out all the instructions.
Agreement they found not ponderings
And silently they quickly signed
And from those heavy righteous work
All stretched out
And quickly fell asleep
Sleep of the righteous
In love to all beautiful
That was on earth
A law introduced

Was quickly spread to the people
All cried from such happiness
It finally occurred
That which, we dreamed about so long
To all sages' love has come to an end
Taking off the roses' petals
Dorothy pricked her finger
And blood came out
The dress was buried slightly
All roses' petals
Remained on the rose trees
Dorothy no longer went into the forest
Cool, even cold inside the forest
And many ghosts
Dorothy loved
The roses' petals so_
She whispered admissions of love to them
They whispered, when she gathered them
But blood washed out this understanding
Love has passed
The eyes had faded
And Dorothy grew silent
In eternal sleep.
So simply
Not undertaking anything
She quite simply just fell asleep
Because the decree of sages
She signed herself
And firmly her promise
She kept
Passing through fingers

Movements, and changes of being
Brother of that Dorothy
Drew flowers
And wisdom of the world reflecting on the canvas
Grew, got stronger and filled with life
And each one of those flowers
Did not repeat
But a new petal simply blossomed
The brother also loved petals
But not to break them off
Admiring and whispering
Pronouncing declarations of love
But draw, describe it
And each day a new one, new
Pronouncing declarations of love
And to this day he draws
Has he disturbed that decree
Brother of Dorothy
Or simply himself became one of the sages
And he became the sacrifice of his own decree
Through Dorothy's proposition
Became
But has remained alive
The love for flowers he still preserved
Arraying yourself in shackles
The key you should preserve
And present to people this and that
There's no eternal life without a horseshoe
And this and that piece of metal
But their symbols are in no way alike
Even though externally they look alike a little
But to the one the ring is finished
And to the other there was not enough of
A little bit of metal
But life hides itself in it
Entices onto the distant path

“Subway Station #A & #Z” - continued

Станция Метрополитена # А (Только для Любящих Сердец)

Станция Метрополитена # Я (Только для Любящих Сердец)
by Nikolay Synkov

Доротти в лес далёкий убежала
Снимая лепестки у роз
Она лишь только их и понимала
Ох как наш мир хорош и прост
Не надо волноваться ни о чем
Всё просто
А в любом понятье
Что замысловато было
Так то, недароботок много
Ни к чему они
Их надо в назиданье "мудрецам"
Жизнь недалёка у которых
Всё возвратить им
О, нет
Иль лучше всех оставить без любви
К нам женщинам,
Прекрасному,
Воспетому поэтами веков
Той половины жизни человека на земле
И тут же,
Решила поделиться с братом по любви
Ко всему прекрасному
Что было на Земле
О том своём намереньи
Приказ отдать
И все распоряженья сделать.
Согласие нашли они не размышляя
И молча быстро подписали
И от тяжелых праведных трудов
Все потянулись
И быстренько заснули
Сном праведников
В любви ко всему прекрасному

Что было на земле
Закон введён
Был быстро обнаружен
Все плакали от радости такой
Свершилось наконец
То что, о чём давно мечтали
К любви всем мудрецам пришел конец
Снимая лепестки у роз
Доротти пальчик уколола
И кровь пошла
Закапано немножко платье было
Все лепестки у роз
Остались на деревьях роз
Доротти больше в лес уж не ходила
Прохладно, холодно в лесу
И привидений много
Доротти так любила
Лепестки у роз
Она шептала им в любви признанья
Шушукались, когда она их собирала
Но кровь размыла это пониманье
Любовь прошла
Потухли и глаза
Затихла и Доротти
В вечном сне.
Так просто вот
Не предпринимая ничего
Она взяла и просто так заснула
Так ведь указ о мудрецах
Она сама и подписала
И стойко обещание своё
Она сдержала
Сквозь пальцы пропуская
Движенья, измененья бытия

Брат той Доротти
Рисовал цветы
И мудрость мира отражая в полотне
Рос, креп и жизнью наполнялся
И каждый тот цветок
Не повторялся
А созревал лишь новый лепесток
Брат тоже лепестки любил
Но не срывать
Любуясь и шепча
Признания в любви произнося
А рисовать, описывать его
И каждый день все новый, новый
Признания в любви произнося
И до сих пор рисует
Нарушил ли указ сей
Брат Доротти
Иль сам стал просто мудрецом
И жертвою указа своего
По предложению Доротти
Стал
Но жив остался
Любовь к цветам он все же сохранил
Оковы одевая на себя
Ты ключик все же сохрани
И людям то и то ты подари
Нет вечной жизни без подковы
И тот и тот кусок металла
Но символы их далеко не схожи
Хотя они немножечко похожи внешне
Но у одних закончено кольцо
А у другого нехватило для него
Немножечко металла
Но жизнь в себе оно таит
И в путь далекий манит

“Yashmak - Toast Room in Honor of the Victors - Rotation and Cleanliness”



“Yashmak - Toast Room in Honor of the Victors - Rotation and Cleanliness” - continued



Photo: Thomas Tolhurst

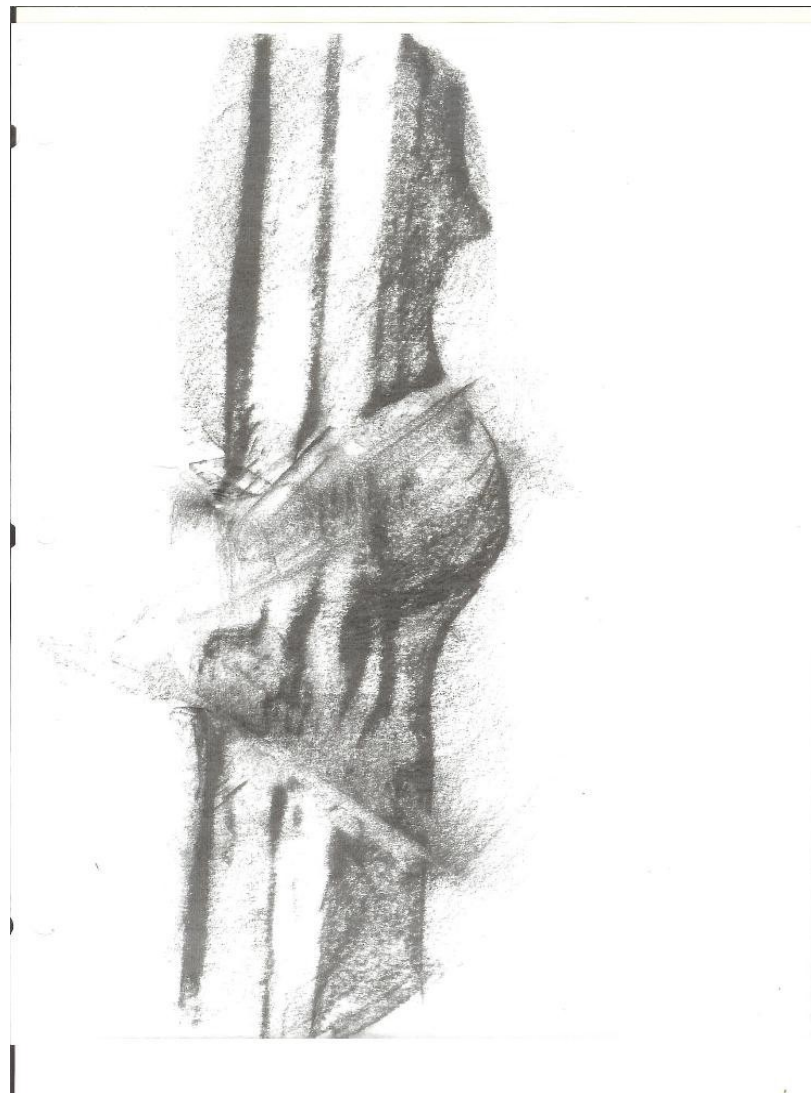
Sketches

By Sean Cummings

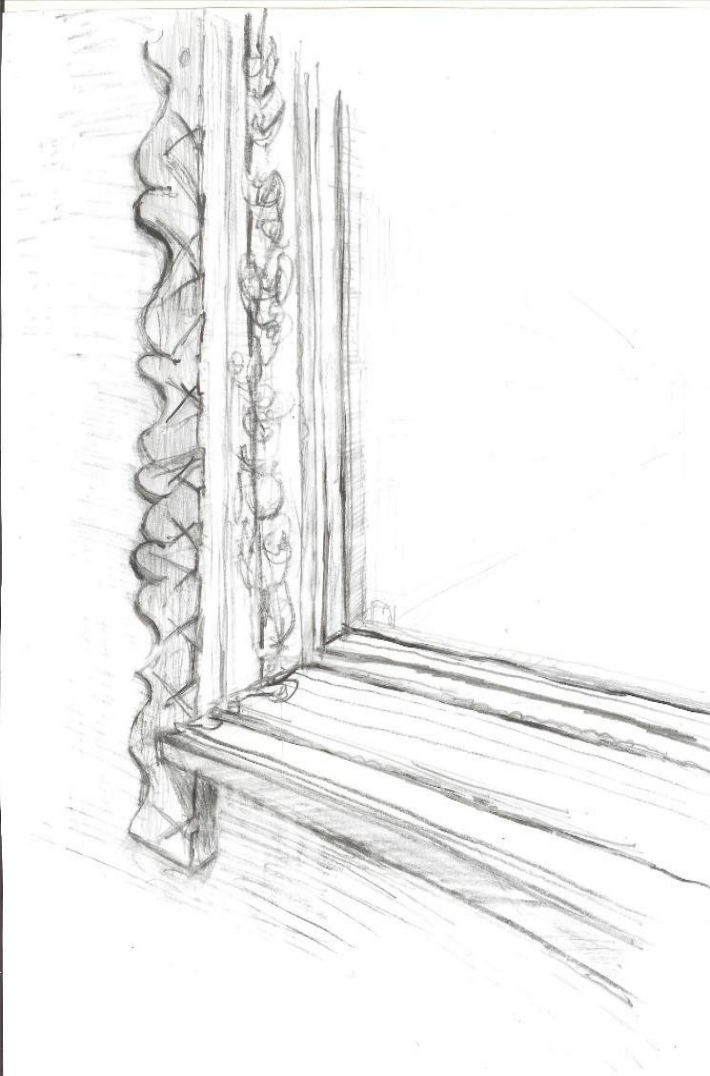
House Sketch



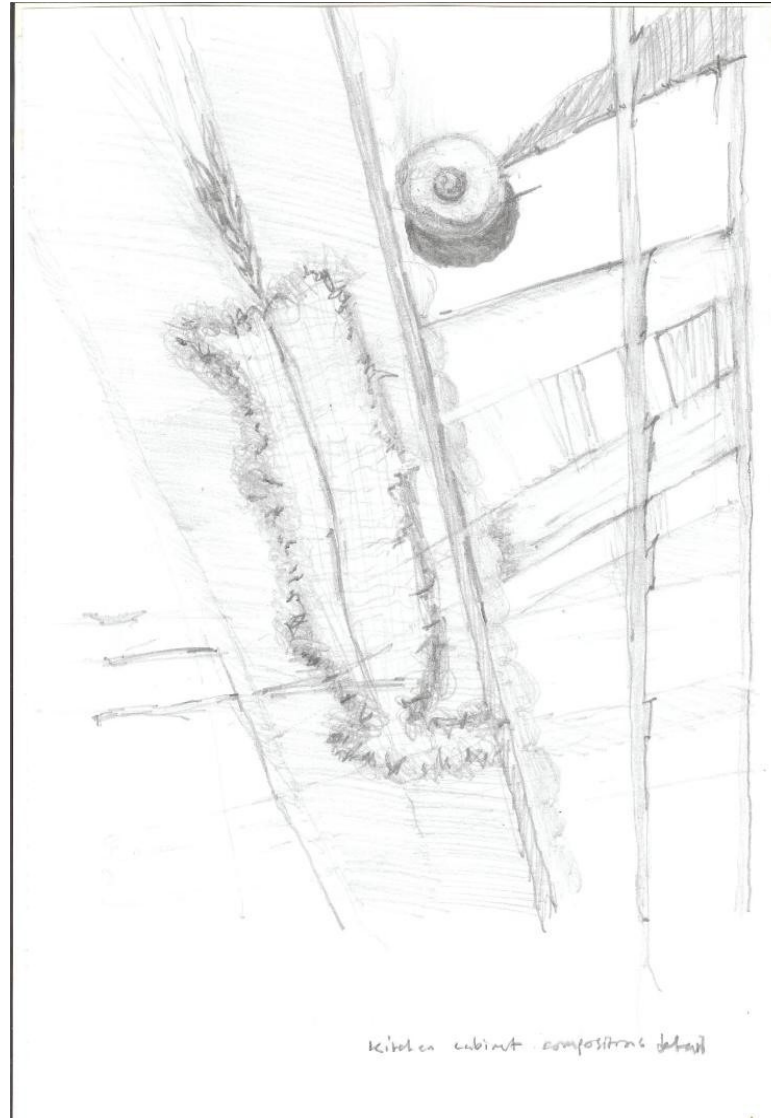
Window Elements #1 & 2



Window Elements #3 & 4

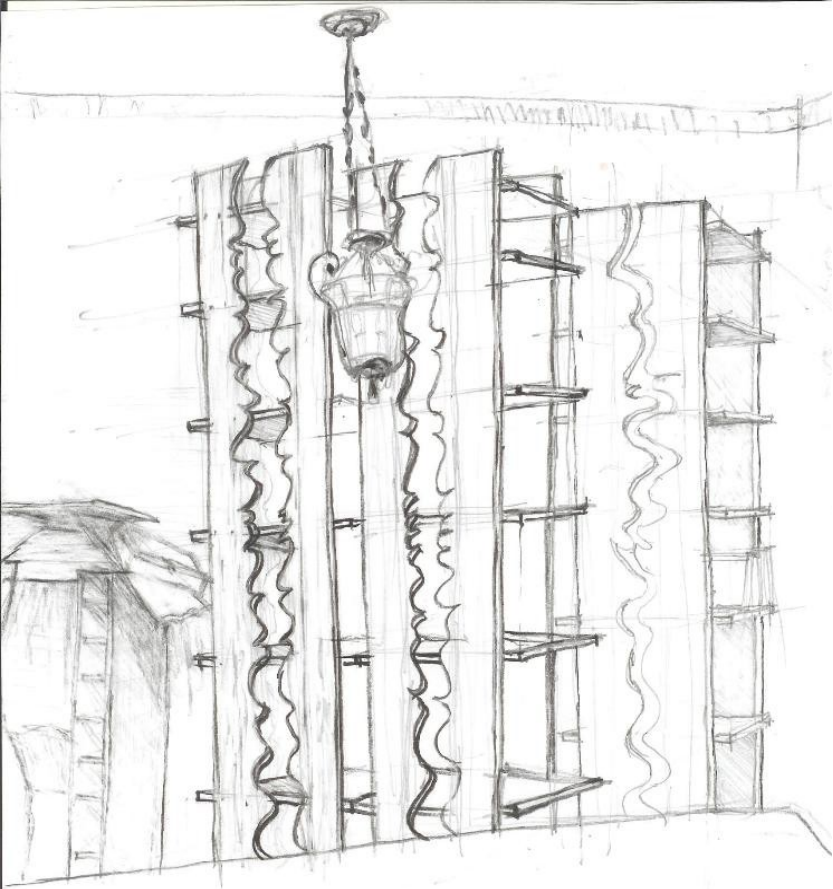


Kitchen Cabinet Element

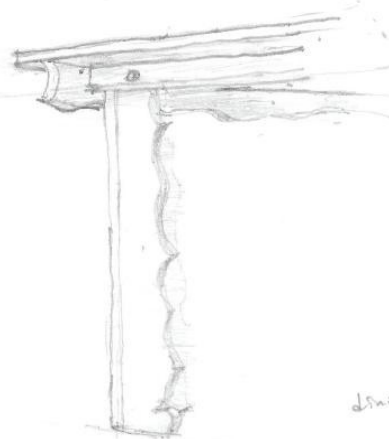


kitchen cabinet composition detail

Custom Made Furniture



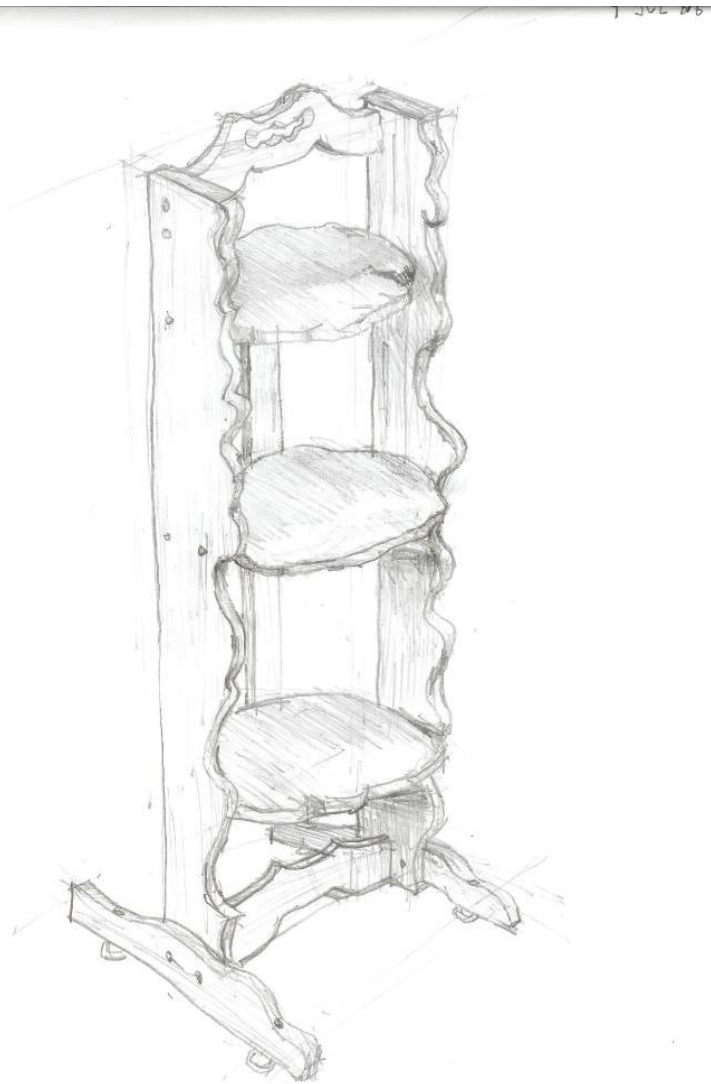
dining chair



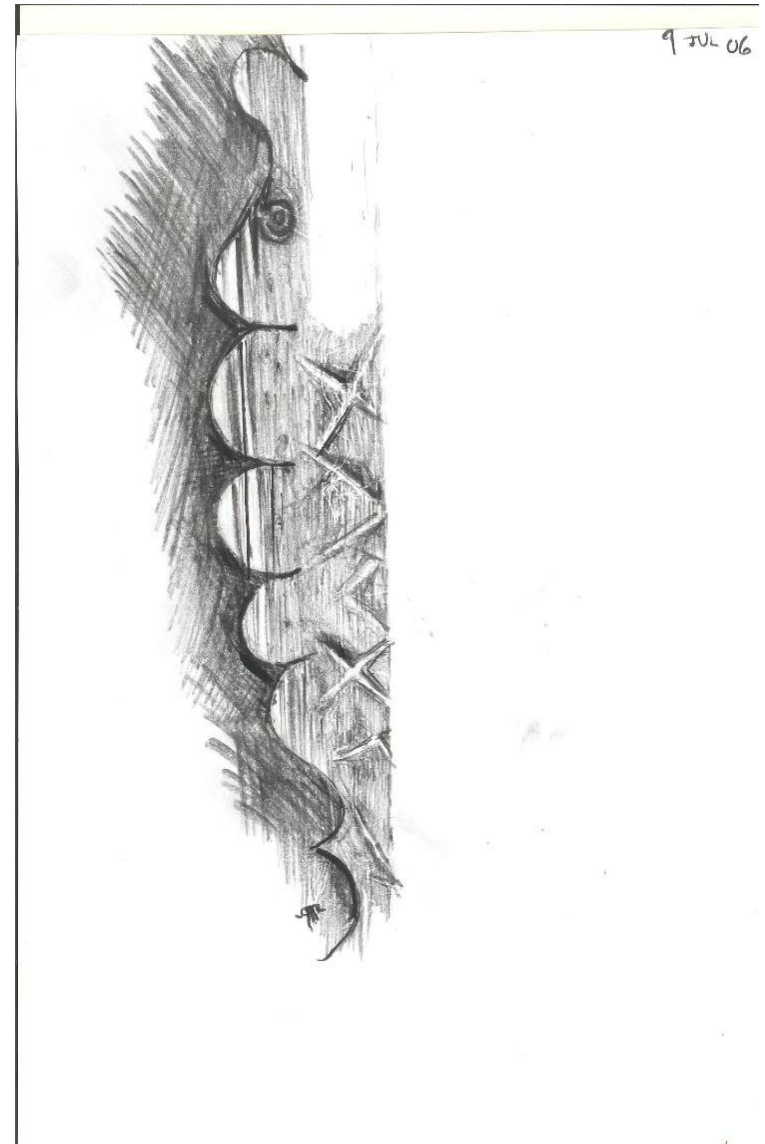
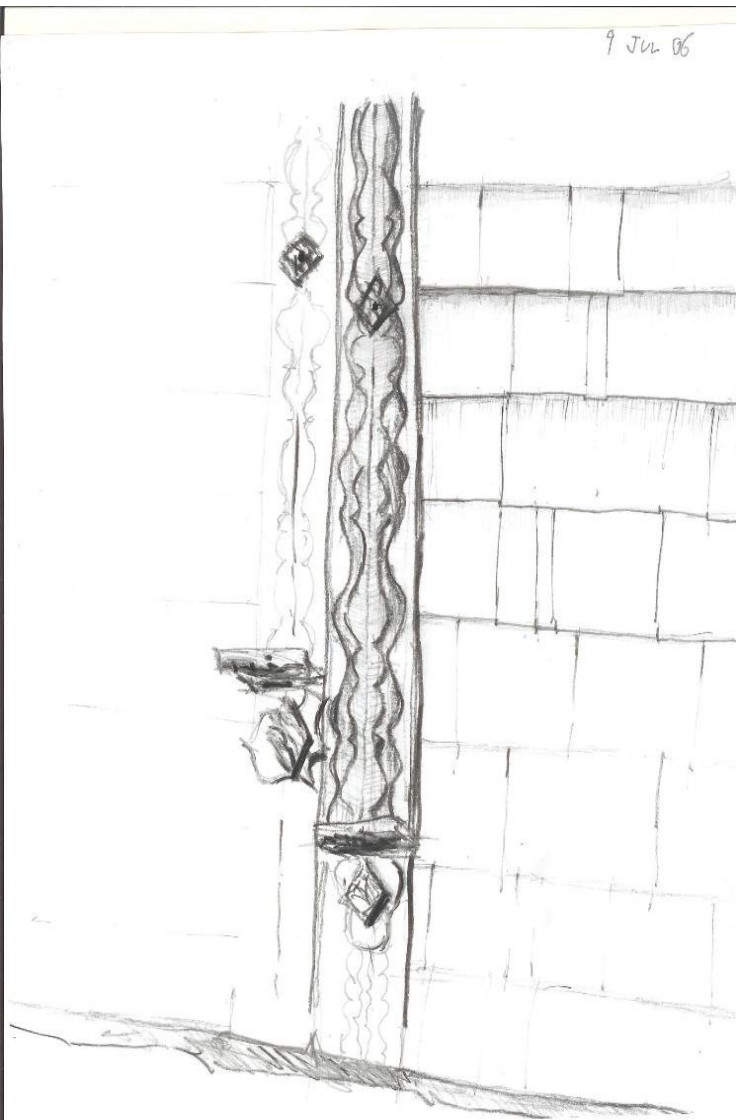
dining table detail



Custom Made Furniture - continued



House Exterior and Door Elements



Historical Notes

“The Slav Advance” (Ref. 4)

CHAPTER X

THE SLAV ADVANCE : RUSSIAN SCULPTORS

THE Slav advance across Europe and the Slav penetration of America are among the great phenomena of the modern world. Nothing is more striking nor more significant on the post-War map of Europe than the display indicative of the absorption by the Slavs of further territory to that occupied by them before 1914. The census of America indicates, apart from the fact that the United States is not yet a united people, that it includes an enormous Slav population which speaks its own languages and publishes its own newspapers. For more than 2,000 years Slavs have pushed out across Europe vanguards into the far West, to be followed by legions. The great mass is still behind, urged by Asiatic momentum, confronted by certain outposts of Latin and Teutonic civilisations, still potent, but showing their age. The Slav settlements are becoming effective after a millennium of effort, modified in their midst by such Latin cultures as the Rumanian ; such Asiatic offshoots as the Magyars of Hungary ; in the north by the cousins of the Magyars, the ancient settlers of the Asiatic push terminating in Finland and acting as a buffer between the Slavs and the cultured Scandinavians. The sea and the Arctic Circle did the rest. Little Greece held

SLAV ADVANCE : RUSSIAN SCULPTORS

on to its prestige for sustenance, relinquishing its culture ; the Mediterranean, Italy, France, Spain and England interposed their terrific forces against the Slav advance to the Atlantic, but the advanced continued and reached America.

Territorially, half Europe is Slav. To-day's map admits the Slav to the shores of the Adriatic and the Baltic. Slavonia has acquired great tracts of the old Germany, Austria and Hungary, and the push from the East continues, for there is an unlimited potentiality in Russia, in Europe and in Asia ; to an ethnic glacier, 2,000 years is of small account. In another 2,000 Slavonia's shores may include not only the Black Sea, the Adriatic and the Baltic, but the Mediterranean and the Atlantic Ocean. On the other side, there may possibly be a buffer state of Slavs clinging to the opposite Atlantic shores, imposed thereon by the irrevocable and irresistible pressure of the Asiatic overland route, allied with the Pacific tide.

Art is one of the potent forces of the Slav nature, and the arts bind the different Slav natures together. The Slav is persistent in his pursuit of culture and he absorbs it. The love of art and literature and music is strong within him, be he peasant or professor. He has the strength engendered by the possession of moral ideals. When he has acquired a realisation of maturity, he mounts on wings and, as he is strong and industrious, his flight is effective. It may be that the hordes are still enormous in extent, but the fine flower of culture blooms in the highest developments of the intelligentsia. Meanwhile, between there always remains the great body of peasants to whom the arts and crafts

“The Slav Advance” (Ref. 4) - continued

THE ART OF CARVED SCULPTURE

have never failed in their meaning, usefulness and solace. The peasant takes from Nature what Nature has to give and turns it into art. Nature has metal, stone, wool and cotton, leather and wood to give ; the craftsman has ingenuity, which he applies to Nature's gifts. The higher gifts of Nature ensue and the craftsman develops into the artist and treats his materials in a newer, higher and more imaginative fashion. He becomes less direct in his treatment, and his technique becomes sophisticated. In the old days he was simple-minded, and, even in work as advanced as the Gothic, he remained so. Not only his technique becomes complicated, but his imagination is less confined as he advances. The modern plastic sculptor has not, as a general rule, seized of the spirit which permitted the Mediæval glyptic artist to play fast and loose with naturalistic representation, now and then introducing grotesquery ; here and there a touch of caricature ; frequently exaggerations and distortions which only their obvious sincrcity could excuse. It is rare to find this in modern art, but it is present in the case of Seraphin Soudbinine, the Russian artist and maker of wooden images of a religious character not confined to the Christian faith.

Soudbinine was born in Russia in 1867 and was for a time an actor in Moscow. Arriving in Paris in 1905, he studied with Rodin and became an exhibitor very soon at the National Salon and the Salon d'Automne. His works have been seen also in Brussels, Petrograd, Moscow, Munich, Venice, Rome and London, and they include many portrait busts of celebrated Russians, including Maxim Gorky, Chaliapine, the Grand

140



APOCALYPSE

SERAPHIN SOUDBININE

“Vision and Practice” (Ref. 4)

CHAPTER XI

VISION AND PRACTICE: THE RUSSIAN AND THE JEW

IN a survey of Slav sculpture, the work of Jewish artists forces itself into prominence, and, indeed, takes some of the highest places. Marc Antokolsky, the greatest sculptor that Russia has produced, was a Jew. Chana Orloff and Helen Grunoff, David Ginsbourg, Numa Patlagean, Moric Lipchitz, Isaac Pailles, Serge Yourievitch, Jacques Loutschansky, Léon Indenbaum, Osip Zadkine and Naoum Aronson, I think, are all Russian Jews. Victor Brennen, Moses Ezekiel, Jo Davidson and Jacob Epstein are Polish Jews born in America.

A Jew Slav, or, rather, Slav Jew, is Abrasha Lozoff, who claims that Jews born in Russia are really Slavs, and, as all true Slavs are Christians, there are no Russian Jews. This Slav Jew or Christian mysteriously came to England in 1920 and settled in London, and at his large studio, once a chapel, in Notting Hill, he collected various tree trunks. Like many Russian sculptors, he is devoted to wood as a medium, and finds in it his inspiration. A tree trunk suggests to him a hidden subject, and it is his task to bring that subject to fruition. He denies, however, that this is a Russian characteristic; he says he is a Jew who happened to be born in Russia like many Jewish sculptors of the

VISION AND PRACTICE

present day, and his art has nothing national about it. None the less, it happens that Konenkov, the oldest living Russian sculptor, is a prophet in wood, and Zadkine, the youngest, treads directly in his footsteps: but Zadkine, too, is a Jew.

Lozoff told me his passion for wood is due to the opportunities that the tree trunk gives him for the act of creation. When he ponders over a bole, through his mind there passes a procession of all the conscious and subconscious conceptions which have been awaiting expression. He is a Crocean. He has read Shakespeare, and “Venus and Adonis” laid the seed of a great sculptural subject. When a wide block of ash, unhewn, as it had grown perhaps for centuries—English ash—came into his possession, the conception matured, and he set to work incontinently upon the revelation of the hidden subject awaiting expression. Venus, the horse, Adonis, the boar—all were there awaiting the hand and chisel and mallet of the revealer. The poem reappears in vivid glyptic form: Adonis hears the hunting horn and, tired of dalliance, turns away from the goddess who has wearied him with her caresses.

That is how Abrasha Lozoff feels his art, and how he expresses it, but his concept realises itself by means of an effective technique. Concept and execution should go hand in hand, and in this case they do. The artist was born at Kamashtov in Siberia in 1887, the son and grandson of owners of considerable estates. He left Riga when seventeen years old and went to America, where he studied art at the school on Lexington Avenue. He went to Montreal and became a national of Canada. Returning to Europe, he studied

“Vision and Practice” (Ref. 4) - continued

THE ART OF CARVED SCULPTURE

Quasi una Fantasia and Un Accord, which were exhibited at the Russian Exhibition in London. These were in plaster, but in 1922 the former, with some slight modifications, was rendered in wood and went to the Salon des Indépendants as Towards the Infinite, a haut-relief in wood, which became harder and more definite with the harder material; the direction of the striving at least was most clearly suggested, the mystic yearning more thoroughly indicated, and the work took on a wider meaning, which was more definitely suggested by its new title. Tortures is a bas-relief in wood, and this and a corresponding work, Sorrow, were shown at the Salon d'Automne. All these works are full of a sorrowful passion, verging at times upon agony. Catherine Kirpitchnikova does not take her art lightly, nor does she her life. The two are one, and this passion is shared by her husband, Kirpitchnikov, of whom I have already written, a grave, sensitive philosopher, whose character she has rendered in an admirable bust, treated literally, for there was no need to call in the aid of expressionism to a subject which so fully expresses itself.

In some of her works the artist uses colour, for she has seen the Della Robbia's in Italy and believes that they used colour as the Greeks did, serving as an accentuation of material and not as an aid to the subject. Kirpitchnikova's custom in this respect is to associate the two arts of sculpture and painting in their primitive and simple expressionism. She goes so far sometimes as to eliminate material altogether, for in the Orient she had to give the impression of bright and burning sunshine. The colouring of the Egyptian portraits

VISION AND PRACTICE

served her as model, and so she makes her polychromy as conventional as theirs.

It is not this artist's technique, however, that is of importance; it is merely used for the expression of the philosophy she shares with her husband. They believe that it is the artist's mission to suggest imaginative forms to the beholder, rather than to represent them. In art they believe it to be impossible adequately to make representation, but only to express the idea underlying and disturbing the imagination. They are Russians tinged with the Far East. There are two figures, a man and a woman, both disturbed by the impact of life. She leans back upon him to feel his strength; he moves forward to lift her to a higher plane. They do not want to see the obvious; they are imaginative as Russians and mystical as Easterns. They do not want things said so much as suggested, so that they may give rein to their own imaginative processes. They require to react to the creative force of another mind by an answering creative act. Wordsworth says all there is to say; he has little brevity and still less reticence, which does not suit the Russian taste. In Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar," however, they find themselves in a realm of their own, suggested by, but not created by, the poet; created by themselves, and so they obtain recurring joy, because it wells up within themselves eternally. In her expressionism Kirpitchnikova steadily keeps all this in view: it is a discipline for the beholder and a wholesome one. One of her latest works is a head called From the Other Side, suggested by certain discussions of these subjects the three of us had together, but more directly by "Crossing the Bar."

Generation Path

Larissa Synkova's work (at age of 94)



Yelena Synkova's work (at age of 19)



Yelena Synkova's work (at age of 19)



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Back-up

“The Slav Advance” (Ref. 4)

CHAPTER X

THE SLAV ADVANCE : RUSSIAN SCULPTORS

THE Slav advance across Europe and the Slav penetration of America are among the great phenomena of the modern world. Nothing is more striking nor more significant on the post-War map of Europe than the display indicative of the absorption by the Slavs of further territory to that occupied by them before 1914. The census of America indicates, apart from the fact that the United States is not yet a united people, that it includes an enormous Slav population which speaks its own languages and publishes its own newspapers. For more than 2,000 years Slavs have pushed out across Europe vanguards into the far West, to be followed by legions. The great mass is still behind, urged by Asiatic momentum, confronted by certain outposts of Latin and Teutonic civilisations, still potent, but showing their age. The Slav settlements are becoming effective after a millennium of effort, modified in their midst by such Latin cultures as the Rumanian ; such Asiatic offshoots as the Magyars of Hungary ; in the north by the cousins of the Magyars, the ancient settlers of the Asiatic push terminating in Finland and acting as a buffer between the Slavs and the cultured Scandinavians. The sea and the Arctic Circle did the rest. Little Greece held

SLAV ADVANCE : RUSSIAN SCULPTORS

on to its prestige for sustenance, relinquishing its culture ; the Mediterranean, Italy, France, Spain and England interposed their terrific forces against the Slav advance to the Atlantic, but the advanced continued and reached America.

Territorially, half Europe is Slav. To-day's map admits the Slav to the shores of the Adriatic and the Baltic. Slavonia has acquired great tracts of the old Germany, Austria and Hungary, and the push from the East continues, for there is an unlimited potentiality in Russia, in Europe and in Asia ; to an ethnic glacier, 2,000 years is of small account. In another 2,000 Slavonia's shores may include not only the Black Sea, the Adriatic and the Baltic, but the Mediterranean and the Atlantic Ocean. On the other side, there may possibly be a buffer state of Slavs clinging to the opposite Atlantic shores, imposed thereon by the irrevocable and irresistible pressure of the Asiatic overland route, allied with the Pacific tide.

Art is one of the potent forces of the Slav nature, and the arts bind the different Slav natures together. The Slav is persistent in his pursuit of culture and he absorbs it. The love of art and literature and music is strong within him, be he peasant or professor. He has the strength engendered by the possession of moral ideals. When he has acquired a realisation of maturity, he mounts on wings and, as he is strong and industrious, his flight is effective. It may be that the hordes are still enormous in extent, but the fine flower of culture blooms in the highest developments of the intelligentsia. Meanwhile, between there always remains the great body of peasants to whom the arts and crafts

“Vision and Practice” (Ref. 4)

CHAPTER XI

VISION AND PRACTICE: THE RUSSIAN AND THE JEW

IN a survey of Slav sculpture, the work of Jewish artists forces itself into prominence, and, indeed, takes some of the highest places. Marc Antokolsky, the greatest sculptor that Russia has produced, was a Jew. Chana Orloff and Helen Grunoff, David Ginsbourg, Numa Patlagean, Moric Lipchitz, Isaac Pailles, Serge Yourievitch, Jacques Loutschansky, Léon Indenbaum, Osip Zadkine and Naoum Aronson, I think, are all Russian Jews. Victor Brennen, Moses Ezekiel, Jo Davidson and Jacob Epstein are Polish Jews born in America.

A Jew Slav, or, rather, Slav Jew, is Abrasha Lozoff, who claims that Jews born in Russia are really Slavs, and, as all true Slavs are Christians, there are no Russian Jews. This Slav Jew or Christian mysteriously came to England in 1920 and settled in London, and at his large studio, once a chapel, in Notting Hill, he collected various tree trunks. Like many Russian sculptors, he is devoted to wood as a medium, and finds in it his inspiration. A tree trunk suggests to him a hidden subject, and it is his task to bring that subject to fruition. He denies, however, that this is a Russian characteristic; he says he is a Jew who happened to be born in Russia like many Jewish sculptors of the

VISION AND PRACTICE

present day, and his art has nothing national about it. None the less, it happens that Konenkov, the oldest living Russian sculptor, is a prophet in wood, and Zadkine, the youngest, treads directly in his footsteps: but Zadkine, too, is a Jew.

Lozoff told me his passion for wood is due to the opportunities that the tree trunk gives him for the act of creation. When he ponders over a bole, through his mind there passes a procession of all the conscious and subconscious conceptions which have been awaiting expression. He is a Crocean. He has read Shakespeare, and “Venus and Adonis” laid the seed of a great sculptural subject. When a wide block of ash, unhewn, as it had grown perhaps for centuries—English ash—came into his possession, the conception matured, and he set to work incontinently upon the revelation of the hidden subject awaiting expression. Venus, the horse, Adonis, the boar—all were there awaiting the hand and chisel and mallet of the revealer. The poem reappears in vivid glyptic form: Adonis hears the hunting horn and, tired of dalliance, turns away from the goddess who has wearied him with her caresses.

That is how Abrasha Lozoff feels his art, and how he expresses it, but his concept realises itself by means of an effective technique. Concept and execution should go hand in hand, and in this case they do. The artist was born at Kamashtov in Siberia in 1887, the son and grandson of owners of considerable estates. He left Riga when seventeen years old and went to America, where he studied art at the school on Lexington Avenue. He went to Montreal and became a national of Canada. Returning to Europe, he studied

“The Urge to Expression” (Ref. 4)

THE ART OF CARVED SCULPTURE

Galleries in Bond Street, London, in 1928: a portrait of Miss Lillian Gish, a St. George group in wood, and The Angel of Sorrow in marble. A very expressive relief takes the form of a Pietá; it is in wood with a good surface technique, and the expression of the woman's sorrow is admirably rendered. His Eve and the Serpent was awarded a gold medal at Philadelphia in 1926.

In Naoum Aronson the Russian School possesses a sculptor of the first importance, who has been established in Paris for so long that except for his name he would be regarded as French. He was, however, born in Russia in 1872, and went to Paris as a student. He is a modelling carver, but largely a carver, for he has been exhibiting works in marble and granite for more than twenty years. His Study of a Head, emerging from the marble matrix, is a good example of his glyptic work.

CHAPTER XII

THE URGE TO EXPRESSION: THE NEW POLAND

HENRY GLICENSTEIN is a Jew and a Pole, born at Turek in the province of Kalisz in 1870, son of a Talmudist and scholar; a craftsman also who decorated synagogues with carved figures. The son transcended the father, and, in defiance of the Mosaic law, made images which express the fulness of life and the joy thereof in the perfection of naturalistic plastic and glyptic form. He began carving with a penknife, anxious to improve on the paternal specimens. His pious father intended him to be a rabbi, and he studied at the Rabbinical Seminary until the age of seventeen, when the call of plastic art determined him to abandon the rabbinical career, and he proceeded to Lodz, the largest manufacturing city of Poland, where he became acquainted with Samuel Hirschenberg, whose sister afterwards became Glicenstein's wife.

Hirschenberg was a favourite pupil of the great Polish painter, Matejko, and the greatest Polish-Jewish painter of the generation. He was made Professor of Painting of the Bezabel School of Art at Jerusalem, where he died in 1907. Of him Glicenstein made a portrait bust, which is in the National Museum at the Wawel Palace at Cracow. Glicenstein is himself a