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Title: "Les Ballet Russes—'Ode" by Allen Tanner

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"Comoldia - Paris, 5/6/28 Les Ballets Russes - "Ode" Spectacle in 3 Acts. Libretto & Borns Kochmo Decors by Pavel tchelitchelf-trusic by Nicholas Nabahoff- on the words of Lomonosoff Serje de Diajhelett is a Charmer The worth of vying with Kashtschei the worth of vying with Kashtschei the Immortal except whent mischief for instead of fetterns he releases - and wis face terms out the unfold ment of this served for us-this year-a surprise which borders when the muraculars, Striking-with one trusing not which magical sceptre-the missing Fother-land - he has caused to gush forth-a spring of abundant and limbed lyncism -a song of fog-made of the object of the Sky those, who love Russia - must us longer despain, For political ocial during and in allegate as a scalle to and social agners and malevolence is able to a restraining - destroy the hearth - abolish institutions - abjure tradition - the national census resists. Country that your us Poushkin - tolstoi - A race while save us Poushkin - tolstoi - Destoievski - Glinka - troussorgski and Distoievski-Glinka-Moussongski and Strainsky - will never die. are worth heirs of this clustures descent line, Their new works - placed Wednesday evening between the violent "Pas d'Acies" & Prolofieff- and "Les Nocls" of Stravinskyboth 39 frave and magnificent - resembles no temselves can be compared to one burther-

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"Comedia"—Parid 8/26/28

Les Ballet Russes—'Ode'

Spectacle in 3 Acts. Libretto by Boris Kochno

Decors by Pavel Tchelitcheff—Music by Nicholas

Nabokoff—on the words of Lomonosoff

Serge de Diagheleff is a charmer—worthy of vying with Kashtschei the Immortal—except without mischief—for instead of [fettering?]—he releases—and his gage brings out the unfoldment of genius. So he has reserved for us—this year—a surprise which borders upon the miraculous. Striking—with one knows not which magical scepter—the soil of the missing Father-land—he has caused to gush forth a spring of abundant and limpid lyricism—a song of joy—made of the blue of the sky. Those who loved Russia—must no longer despair. For political and social madness and malevolence is able to destroy the hearth—abolish institutions—abjure tradition—the name—even—of the country—but the national genius resists. A race which gave us Poushkin—Tolstoi—Dostoievski—Glinka—Moussorgski and Stravinsky—will never die.

Mr. Tchelitcheff—and Mr. Nabokoff are worthy heirs of this illustrious line. Their new work—placed Wednesday evening between the violent "Pas d'Acier" of Prokofieff—and "Les Noces" of Stravinsky—both so grave and magnificent—resembles no more these two ballets—than they themselves can be compared to one another.