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## Documents Online

**Title:** “Les Ballet Russes—‘Ode’” by Allen Tanner

**Date:** Undated

**Location:** MC 2013.3, B4, F44

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"Comœdia" - Paris, 8/6/28

Les Ballets Russes - "Ode"

Spectacle in 3 Acts. Libretto by Boris Kodrino  
Decor by Pavel Tchelitcheff - Music by Nicholas  
Nabokoff - on the words of Lomonosoff

Serje de Diaghleff is a charmer -  
worthy of vying with Kashtschei the  
Immortal - except without mischief - for  
instead of fettering - he releases - and  
his gaze brings out the unfoldment of  
genius. So he has reserved for us - this  
year - a surprise which borders upon the  
miraculous. Striking with one <sup>knave</sup>  
not which magical sceptre - the <sup>soil of the</sup> 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 love Russia -  
must no longer despair. For political  
and social  
madness and malevolence is able to  
destroy the hearth - abolish institutions -  
abuse tradition - the name - even of the  
country - but the national genius resists.  
A race which gave us Poushkin - Tolstoi -  
Dostoievski - Glinka - Moussorgski and  
Strainsky - will never die.

Mr. Tchelitcheff - and Mr. Nabokoff  
are worthy heirs of this illustrious ~~line~~  
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.

“Les Ballet Russes—‘Ode’ by Allen Tanner

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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.