



DANCED POETRY : CLOTILDE AND ALEXANDRE
SAKHAROFF

ART is one of the symptoms of a given epoch.

Through art the subconscious, the subliminal, finds its expression. If there is a transcendence which *can* be defined as supreme Beauty, Good and Truth, the roads to it appear as Art, Religion and Science. The Art, Religion and Science of a Nation indicate its cultural level, one being as important as the two others.

Very few minds are capable of a synthetic representation and therefore our ideas about the state of the world are defective. It is not enough just to know these three fields, one must recognise their most characteristic and representative expressions in order to be able to form a right judgment. New

Expressions are those which possess the most far-reaching effects, being revelations of new possibilities, new realms. Often eccentricities, which are only the last exaggerated consequences of old demonstrations and, as such, deprived of truth, are taken for new discoveries and hide the new conquest. Is there not more new art in the sovereign painting of a Roerich, for example, than in some crazy Cubist productions? Proust probably discovered a more novel path than the Dadaists or Surrealists. And does not Schönberg possess more original possibilities than Eric Satie? But the public is not able generally to establish such differences and does not at once assign the right place to the creators.

In a time of transition and preparation of the future, as is our time, it is difficult to possess a right evaluation, the old measures being no longer good. How can one ask the public to show enough intuition, to possess already a new measure, for example, for such artists as the Sakharoffs?

Much has been said about Dance in our days strongly influenced by Terpsichore. One knows about its antiquity, its religious aspect in Egypt, India, Persia; among savage tribes; or in the Christian worlds, where it slowly evolved into "Mysteries" and sacred drama. Gradually Dance became secularised and the romantic ballet appeared in Italy; but after a comparatively short success in Europe a certain deterioration, degradation, took place, until lately when the modern revival in Russia proved to what height the artistic standard of the ballet can reach. At the same time we witness a renaissance of individual classical Dance, for example, Isadora Duncan and Ruth St. Denis. In all these achievements much talent is to be found, but the whole significance of Dance is not yet revealed. It has not yet gained its rightful place among the other arts as an equally sacred representation of the higher Inner World. There is a certain depreciation attached to it, the degraded forms of it hiding its true