PORTFOLIO

for
Experimental Art Studio
at
24 Brentwood Dr.
Avon, CT 06001
USA
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Nikolay Synkov
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Project Team

- Team Size: 7 people.
- Project Time Frame: May 2002-May 2006
- Workload:
  - Full time (40 + hr/week): Team Leader only.
  - Part time (10÷ 30 hr/week): All Team members.
  - Temporary workers were used during several constructional phases. The scope of their work was limited to cleaning and technical support for tools and equipment.
- Roles and Responsibilities:
  - Construction work (6 people).
  - Design concept development for the house interior and exterior (7 people) (Led by the Team Leader and a fifth-year student of Architecture at Carnegie Mellon University team member).
  - Art design and finishing (4 people).
  - Landscape concept design and implementation (2 people).
  - Literature search, technical documentation, presentations (4 people).
- Permanent jobs of the team members are:
  - A forth-year PhD student at Massachusetts Institute of Technology.
  - A forth-year undergraduate student at Harvard Extension School.
  - A software development engineer in the company that is the world leader in products, services, and solutions for information management and storage.
  - An application engineer in the company that is the industry leader in providing innovative and cost effective solutions to airflow management needs.
  - An engineering specialist in the company that is the world leader in integration, design, engineering and production skills in naval shipbuilding.
  - A Team Leader: Nikolay Synkov:
    - Has two technical degrees from universities in Nizhniy Novgorod, Russia.
    - Has more than 28 years of engineering experience and holds eleven patents in power distribution systems for subsurface and surface ships related to aviation for naval forces.
    - Since 1994, the year the family immigrated to the U.S., he opened his own business, “House Repair and Service”. In 2006 he completed his third house (Experimental Art Studio) in Avon, CT. The two previous houses were in Newton, MA and Portland, OR.
    - Massachusetts Home Improvement Contractor Registration No.: 124727
    - Massachusetts Construction Supervisor License No.: NS 070562
Motivation

“After the period of materialist effort, which held the soul in check until it was shaken off as evil, the soul is emerging, purged by trials and sufferings. Shapeless emotions such as fear, joy, grief, etc., which belonged to this time of effort, will no longer greatly attract the artist. He will endeavor to awake subtler emotions, as yet unnamed. Living himself a complicated and comparatively subtle life, his work will give to those observers capable of feeling them lofty emotions beyond the reach of words.”

Wassily Kandinsky (Ref. 1)

“…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 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”

Keneton Parkes (Ref. 4)

“The general assertion of the lead-user theory is that users who have a high personal need for innovations and are in a position ahead of an important trend are more likely to develop innovation of high value to others”.

N. Franke, E. Von Hippel, M. Schreier (Ref. 2)

“The architect is always a receiver, an amplifier and a “retransmitter”. You first have to feel emotion in your head, and then manage to reinterpret it with your maximum possible strength and in that way enable the whole world experience it as well”.

Jean Nouvel (Ref. 7)
About the House

House
Avon, Connecticut
Built c. 1961,
Expanded 2002-2006

This charming eleven-room cottage, situated on almost an acre in Avon, Connecticut, was completed in
1962. The present owners bought the house in 2001, and aside from making necessary repairs and
decorating the exterior and interior of the house, made structural changes by expanding the house, which
almost doubled its size. Subtle reminders of the house’s original form exist as cues to the past,
reconciling the new with the old, as opposed to hiding it. The house is spacious and comfortable with
dining room, greenhouse, as well as other common rooms on the ground floor, and five bedrooms with
three bathing rooms on the second. It was well-built and some interesting features were employed in its
construction. For example,
•the foundation has an insulating layer of stucco-based material.
•basement interior walls and ceilings were plastered to form fire-resistant and soundproof surfaces with
the use of diamond metal mesh lath.
•preassembled (modular) panels were used for the second floor addition that reduce material use by 30%
and are structurally stronger.
The woodwork becomes dramatically different in changing weather and turning seasons; seasons lived in
and around this house make the most memorable kind of experiences. Deck, gazebo, concrete flower
beds, colored concrete walkways, and seating areas give additional richness and character to the
composition.
The exact origin of the design seems unimportant when one looks at this charming, shingle style cottage,
with its dusty rose paint contrasts the wood ornament. The exquisitely carved wooden tracery around the
exterior and interior of every window and door, the wooden ornamentation of the corners with copper
accents, in addition to other picturesque touches, are enchanting.
The tranquility of the house in its surroundings; despite being an iconic addition to the neighborhood,
does not jar the eye or compete. It invites that genuine, almost childlike, curiosity from passersby and
visitors alike. Nikolay Synkov, who designed and built the expansion, is a devotee of Wassily Kandinsky’s
paintings and writings, and embellished the rooms with details from the world of his mind's inner fantasy.
He is intrigued with wood ornamentation as a means of enhancing design. The forms he developed for
the building harmonize—either by contrast or by assimilation—with the pervading spirit of the mysterious
and beautiful power of nature: they belong to the landscape.
About the House - continued

Before

After

- This comparison provides a visual representation of how, with the aid of the artist, a standard house can be designed in accordance with the customer feelings and thoughts.
- This house is based on the ideas of Wassily Kandinsky. It reflects that peace is more honorable than the tragedy of war.
About the House – 1st Floor Plan
About the House - continued

Exterior
– Techniques Used:
  • Non-through carving
  • Edge carving
– Art Material Used:
  • Copper
  • Plastic glass
  • Net
  • Color concrete

Interior
– Techniques Used:
  • Non-through carving
  • Edge carving
– Art Material Used:
  • Copper
  • Texture
  • Burlap
  • Fabric
  • Paint
  • Adhesive

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Nikolay Synkov
I recently saw a friend of mine, Mayer Rus, who is a specialist in interior design. I mentioned your house to him and told him he might be interested in seeing photos of it. In any case, he told me that if you are interested in showing images of the house to one of his assistants, Geraldine de Puy, you should contact her and mention his name. Her email: geraldine_de_puy@condenast.com Telephone: 212-6302437 Good luck. Robert Rosenblum

Dear Professor Rosenblum:

Nikolay asked me to pass this letter to you:

Sincerely yours,
Tatyana Ishutkina.
Dear Tatiana,

I wonder if you and your husband know of the work of Gordon Matta-Clark, who in the 1970s made a series of "building cuts"—that is, highly poetic and charged alterations of existing structures. His work is both sculptural and architectural, deeply imbued with a sense of history and of the ongoing political and social issues of his day. He was the son of the surrealist painter Matta. A very good book about his art is Pamela Lee’s Object to be Destroyed. You may or may not find the connection to Matta-Clark a helpful analog to your husband’s work, but, if not, rest assured that there is something comforting about one’s work not being easily classifiable.

Sincerely,

Alexander Nemerov
Professor
Department of the History of Art
Yale University
N. Synkov Experimental Studio

a 1@pk.edu.pl <a 1@pk.edu.pl>
To: Tatyana Ishutkina <tishutkina@gmail.com>

Krakow, 10 June 2007

Dear Professor Tatyana Ishutkina,

Thank you very much for sending us such an interesting material. The work of Mr Synkov seems to be highly inspired and immersed in spiritual symbolism. However, as our institute deals mainly with conservation of historic monuments of Poland and with the technical conservation aspects of wooden architecture, we do not entirely feel competent enough to evaluate a project so strictly linked with the tradition of Eastern symbolism.

Therefore, please accept our best wishes.

Regards,

Andrzej Kadruczka,
Head of the Institute of History of Architecture and Monument Preservation
Dear Mr. Synkov,

Thank You for your warm and heartfelt communication, for your active interest in Art.

Your work, which you have shared with me, I find very interesting and unique. It’s distinctive in its original character and manner of execution. You have skillfully used the color accents, the tactile features of wood, and its subtle intricacies to reveal the live, dynamic and expressive nature of the material.

The use of wood in Your work – is a connection to the nature, to the world full of vital energy, to the Universe, and the Divine Source, which fills all the elements on this planet with the life-giving Spirit; the planet in which we exist, and to which we are connected by the great sacrament of Life. Practically in all ancient traditional cultures, Wood is an important sacral object-symbol, which unites worlds that are visible and invisible, immanent and transcendent. Wood – is a vertical, which brings together all Heavenly (absolute) and all Earthy (living, animal, trivial). Wood – is a witness to events, which may have happened hundreds and thousands years ago, and which we may not have access to due to our short-lived existence. That is why, Tree – is both our ancestors – roots, and our descendants – branches.

For example, the Tree of Life of the ancient Slavs, Igdrasil (the Ash-tree of Existence) from the Scandinavian-Germanic mythology, Sefirot Tree of the ancient Jews, the Tree of Knowledge (the fruit of which Adam and Eve had tasted (in essence, the fruit of knowledge). The three-barred cross of the Russian Orthodox Church – is the same interpretation of the universal Tree of Eternity. According to a legend, it consists of the three Holy trees – cedar, cypress and fir.

We can endlessly talk about the semantic meaning of wood as an archetype of the human understanding of the world, and give countless examples. Here, it is important to acknowledge an absolutely extraordinary, symbolic role of working with such remarkable material, and the sanctity, holiness of its use, as well as the unique role of the architect, carpenter, or joiner.

It is also important to acknowledge an ecological aspect, which is quite popular in today’s world, of the use of this live, warm material – positive from the point of view of the construction physics, energy and psychological comfort.

In Your work, I was pleased to see unity, correlation of the architectural design with the literary theme and pictorial art. This connects and fuses different types of Art into one character, a complete artistic concept.

In general, I would like to say, that Your work is interesting in its original artistic discovery, which is characteristic to a person who is well-read, a thinker, who feels and is able to empathize, an artistic person – traditional Russian intellectual from the golden age of Russian Culture.

I can’t say that I liked absolutely everything in your work. I well understand, that the stereotypes and conventions of the modern industrial conjuncture do not allow for more artistic freedom. American standards of wood construction are certainly high and considerable. However, conventional elements of the modern industrial wood construction bear the imprints of rigid technical standards. Incidentally, it’s not only indicative of the American, but the modern industrial environment in the whole, with its consequent dominant stylistic norms and preferences of a mass consumer. Several modern stamps are apparent – the use of standard trimmed board, which does not convey true individuality, uniqueness, lively nature, etc. In the industrial society, it is difficult to avoid such reality. These standard elements considerably restrict Your artistic individuality. Please don’t consider this as a reproach. On the contrary, I would like to emphasize Your desire, as an artist, to overcome the standard, ordinary and uninspired nature of modern mass culture defined by mass consumption.

From the point of view of a European, a resident of the “Old World”, it seems strange to see a certain degree of cosmopolitanism, as well as the absence of ethnic character, which usually is one of the ingredients of the stylistic individuality. I believe that even in a multi-ethnic, mixed American society, the Ethnic grain still exists: whether it’s the reference to the culture of the native North American Indians, or the reference to the Latin-Hispanic and Mexican components (in Southern states), or to the Old English and German traditions (in the North East), or the Russian Slavic culture, or, at last, the Celtic, Jewish or Afro-American traditions. I think that the ethnic aspect will definitely add a distinctive individuality and uniqueness to any work of Art, will make it more powerful and expressive.

I wish You further success in your noble work.

Respectfully,

Igor Klímov, Professor

KSTUCA (Kharkiv State Technical University of Construction and Architecture)
Work Conceptualization: Review - continued
Work Conceptualization: Review - continued
“Introduction” by W. Kandinsky

INTRODUCTION

Every work of art is the child of its age and, in many cases, the mother of our emotions. It follows that each period of culture produces an art of its own which can never be repeated. Efforts to revive the art-principles of the past will at best produce an art that is still-born. It is impossible for us to live and feel, as did the ancient Greeks. In the same way those who strive to follow the Greek methods in sculpture achieve only a similarity of form, the work remaining soulless for all time. Such imitation is mar-

ing. Externally the monkey completely resembles a human being; he will sit holding a book in front of his nose, and turn over the pages with a thoughtful aspect, but his actions have for him no real meaning.

There is, however, in art another kind of external similarity which is founded on a fundamental truth. When there is a similarity of inner tendency in the whole moral and spiritual atmosphere, a similarity of ideals, at first closely pursued but later lost to sight, a similarity in the inner feeling of any one period to that of another, the logical result will be a revival of the external forms which served to express those inner feelings in an earlier age. An example of this today is our sympathy, our spiritual relationship, with the Primitives. Like ourselves, these artists sought to express in their work only internal truths, renouncing in consequence all consideration of external form.

This all-important spark of inner life today is at present only a spark. Our minds, which are even now only just awakening after years of mate-

rialism, are infected with the despair of unbelief, of lack of purpose and ideal. The nightmare of materialism, which has turned the life of the universe into an evil, useless game, is not yet past; it holds the awakening soul still in its grip. Only a feeble light glimmers like a tiny star in a vast gulf of darkness. This feeble light is but a presentiment, and the soul, when it sees it, trembles in doubt whether the light is not a dream, and the gulf of darkness reality. This doubt, and the still harsh tyranny of the mate-

rialistic philosophy, divide our soul sharply from that of the Primitives. Our soul rings cracked when we seek to play upon it, as does a costly vase, long buried in the earth, which is found to have a flaw when it is dug up once more. For this reason, the Primitive phase, through which we are now passing, with its temporary similarity of form, can only be of short dura-

tion.

These two possible resemblances between the art forms of today and those of the past will be at once recognized as diametrically opposed to one another. The first, being purely external, has no future. The second, being internal, contains the seed of the future within itself. After the period of materialist effort, which held the soul in check until it was shaken off as evil, the soul is emerging, purged by trials and sufferings.

Shapeless emotions such as fear, joy, grief, etc., which belonged to this time of effort, will no longer greatly attract the artist. He will endeavour to awake subtler emotions, as yet unnamed. Living himself a complicated and comparatively subtle life, his work will give to those observers capable of feeling them lofty emotions beyond the reach of words.

The observer of today, however, is seldom capable of feeling such emotions. He seeks in a work of art a mere imitation of nature which can serve some definite purpose (for example a portrait in the ordinary sense) or a presentment of nature according to a certain convention (“impressionist” painting), or some inner feeling expressed in terms of natural form (as we say—a picture with Stimmung¹). All those varieties of picture, when they are really art, fulfill their purpose and feed the spirit. Though this applies to the first case, it applies more strongly to the third, where the spectator does feel a corresponding thrill in himself. Such harmony or even contrast of emotion cannot be superficial or worthless; indeed the Stimmung of a picture can deepen and purify that of the spectator. Such works of art at least preserve the soul from coarseness; they “key it up,” so to speak, to a certain height, as a tuning-key the strings of a musical instru-

1 Stimmung is almost untranslatable. It is almost “sentiment” in the best sense, and almost “feeling.” Many of Corot’s twilight landscapes are full of a beauti-

ful “Stimmung.” Kandinsky uses the word later on to mean the “essential spirit” of nature.—M. T. H. S.
Imagine a building divided into many rooms. The building may be large or small. Every wall of every room is covered with pictures of various sizes; perhaps they number many thousands. They represent in colour bits of nature—animals in sunlight or shadow, drinking, standing in water, lying on the grass; near to, a Crucifixion by a painter who does not believe in Christ; flowers; human figures sitting, standing, walking; often they are naked; many naked women, seen foreshortened from behind; apples and silver dishes; portrait of Councillor So and So; sunset; lady in red, flying duck; portrait of Lady X; flying goose; lady in white; calves in shadow flecked with brilliant yellow sunlight; portrait of Prince Y; lady in green.

All this is carefully printed in a book—name of artist—name of picture. People with these books in their hands go from wall to wall, turning over pages, reading the names. Then they go away, neither richer nor poorer than when they came, and are absorbed at once in their business, which has nothing to do with art. Why did they come? In each picture is a whole lifetime imprisoned, a whole lifetime of fears, doubts, hopes, and joys.

Whither is this lifetime tending? What is the message of the competent artist? “To send light into the darkness of men’s hearts—such is the duty of the artist,” said Schumann. “An artist is a man who can draw and paint everything,” said Tolstoi.

Of these two definitions of the artist’s activity we must choose the second, if we think of the exhibition just described. On one canvas is a huddle of objects, painted with varying degrees of skill, virtuosity and vigour, harshly or smoothly. To harmonize the whole is the task of art. With cold eyes and indifferent mind the spectators regard the work. Connoisseurs admire the “skill” (as one admires a tightrope walker), enjoy the “quality of painting” (as one enjoys a pastry). But hungry souls go hungry away.

The vulgar herd stroll through the rooms and pronounce the pictures “nice” or “splendid.” Those who could speak have said nothing, those who could hear have heard nothing. This condition of art is called “art for art’s sake.” This neglect of inner meanings, which is the life of colours, this vain squandering of artistic power is called “art for art’s sake.”

The artist seeks for material reward for his dexterity, his power of vision and experience. His purpose becomes the satisfaction of vanity and greed. In place of the steady co-operation of artists is a scramble for good things. There are complaints of excessive competition, of over-production. Hatred, partisanship, cliques, jealousy, intrigues are the natural consequences of this aimless, materialist art.

The onlooker turns away from the artist who has higher ideals and who cannot see his life purpose in an art without aims.

Sympathy is the education of the spectator from the point of view of the artist. It has been said above that art is the child of its age. Such an art can only create an artistic feeling which is already clearly felt. This art, which has no power for the future, which is only a child of the age and cannot become a mother of the future, is a barren art. She is transitory and to all intent dies the moment the atmosphere alters which nourished her.

The other art, that which is capable of educating further, springs equally from contemporary feeling, but is at the same time not only echo and mirror of it, but also has a deep and powerful prophetic strength.

The spiritual life, to which art belongs and of which she is one of the mightiest elements, is a complicated but definite and easily definable movement forwards and upwards. This movement is the movement of experience. It may take different forms, but it holds at bottom to the same inner thought and purpose.

Voiled in obscurity are the causes of this need to move ever upwards and forwards, by sweat of the brow, through sufferings and tears. When one stage has been accomplished, and many evil stones cleared from the road, some unseen and wicked hand scatters new obstacles in the way, so that the path often seems blocked and totally obliterated. But there never fails to come to the rescue some human being, like ourselves in everything except that he has in him a secret power of vision.

He sees and points the way. The power to do this he would sometimes faint lay aside, for it is a bitter cross to bear. But he cannot do so. Scorned and hated, he drags after him over the stones the heavy chariot of a divided humanity, ever forwards and upwards.

Often, many years after his body has vanished from the earth, men try by every means to recreate this body in marble, iron, bronze, or stone,
on an enormous scale. As if there were any intrinsic value in the bodily existence of such divine martyrs and servants of humanity, who despised the flesh and lived only for the spirit! But at least such setting up of marble is a proof that a great number of men have reached the point where once the being they would now honour, stood alone.
“Separating pragmatic and aesthetic characteristics of a work for critical evaluative reasons may seem to offer a useful strategy for gaining an understanding of the characteristics of a work, but in doing so one ignores both the importance of designing as a set of creative, interrelated, and complex act, and the value and meaning of architecture as a setting for creative interpretation of human needs and desires within a civilization”

Matthew D. Ziff (Ref. 10)
An Experience of Work: A Synthetic Experience (Based on Ref. 10)

Physical Engagement

Emotional Engagement

Intellectual Engagement

Light

Form

Material

Volume
Pragmatic and Aesthetic Issues: Interpretation and Application
(Based on Ref. 10)

“The designer should remember that any interior is possessed of more than practical functions; there are physiological, symbolic, and narrative functions as well”

Stanley Abercrombie (Ref. 10)
Pragmatic and Aesthetic Issues: Interpretation and Application (Based on Ref. 10) - continued
“An aesthetic appreciation … requires not only an understanding and an informed engagement with the work, but also the interest and ability to find enjoyment in observing, understanding, and experiencing the work”

Matthew D. Ziff (Ref. 10)
## Names Designated to the Areas

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Area Location</th>
<th>Name (English / Russian)</th>
<th>One Sentence Description</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>First Floor: Exist. Corridor. Remodeled</td>
<td>Pink ice / Розовый лёд</td>
<td>...freezes expectations and reorients you to the lyrical interpretation beyond the foyer...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>First Floor: Exist. Living Room. Remodeled</td>
<td>Life and Chronicle of Don Quixote / Жизнь и летопись Дон Кихота</td>
<td>The mantle-piece and fireplace set the tone for evenings spent with windmills under an Iberian sunset...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>First Floor: Exist. Dining Room. Remodeled</td>
<td>Battle from the XVIII century / Битва XVIII века</td>
<td>Kings and their crowns parade before green fields of marching legionnaires.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>First Floor: Exist. Family Room. Remodeled</td>
<td>Diverse geometric form giving life / Разная геометрия форм дающих жизнь</td>
<td>The plenty of the harvest manifests itself in the kitchen's many surfaces.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>First Floor: Exist. Kitchen. Remodeled</td>
<td>Illusion of marble in squares / Иллюзия мрамора в квадратах</td>
<td>The musical composition of stone and glass...minerals in scales.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>First Floor: Exist. Bathroom. Remodeled</td>
<td>Life after the last judgment / Жизнь после судилища перед концом света</td>
<td>Echoes and gusts from far off sun-drenched seas, shells, bottles and picture-frames.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>First Floor: Green House. New</td>
<td>Battle from the XXI century / Битва XXI века</td>
<td>Cacophony! Dissonance! Screech! Bang! ...silence_ the tweet of birds...the party of life is underway, and Kandinsky keeps a watchful eye on the festivities.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>First Floor: Garage New.</td>
<td>How the whiteness scattered itself on the field and the redness embraced it / Как это белое рассыпалось по полу и красное приняло его</td>
<td>Oh, to drive for hours in the blowing freezing cold snow, and make it safely back to this garage...in the summer we are even reminded of that warm feeling.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>Stairway to the Second Floor</td>
<td>Main sheet of remembrance: there was no storm. It turned into a wind blowing some bubbles / Парус воспоминаний: бури не было. Она оказалась ветерком надувшим пузыри</td>
<td>On a breeze of memory we are blown as a leaf to rest upstairs..dreams..quiet.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No.</td>
<td>Area Location</td>
<td>Name (English / Russian)</td>
<td>One Sentence Description</td>
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<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>Second Floor: Exist. Bedroom #1. Remodeled</td>
<td>Different generations and judges in robes. And the smell of warm lilacs / Разные поколения и судьи в мантиях. И цвет тёплой сирени</td>
<td>Ornate spring rains, flowers of spring, looking forward to the crimson remembrances of autumn...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>Second Floor: Exist. Bedroom #2. Remodeled</td>
<td>Pastel in bed and cracks in the ceiling / Пастель в постеле и трещины на потолке</td>
<td>Spring into summer, long hot sun of august, yawn...--stretch--., н.п.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>Second Floor: Exist. Master Bedroom. Remodeled</td>
<td>Threshing accepted by the walls / Перемолото и стенами принято</td>
<td>...hot tea and the warm sands of time wash the walls...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Second Floor: Exist. Master Bedroom Bathroom. Remodeled</td>
<td>Remembrances after the battle / Воспоминания после битвы</td>
<td>?</td>
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<td>16</td>
<td>Second Floor: Exist. Bathroom. Remodeled</td>
<td>Oceanic shells and pebbles / Морские ракушки и камушки отточенные океаном</td>
<td>Gold, bronze on the beach, azure is the water that laps the shore..</td>
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<td>17</td>
<td>Second Floor: Exist. Hallway. Remodeled</td>
<td>Preamble / Приамбула</td>
<td>Blue sky, bronze tapestries...?</td>
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<td>19</td>
<td>Second Floor: New Addition Corridor</td>
<td>Guard at the door and mirror of honor / Охрана входа и зеркало чести</td>
<td>The fog is bright white as we transition into new, uncharted territory in the offing, the abstraction of a clear mind.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>Second Floor: New Addition Bathroom</td>
<td>Television of the XIX century / Телевидение позапрошлого века</td>
<td>Ornately carved layers, all of it wood! Tree..mirror..wood..mirror..tree.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>Second Floor: New Addition Bedroom #1</td>
<td>Eternal sprouts producing life / Вечные ростки дающие жизнь</td>
<td>Sprouts .. seeds .. germination.. grow ..sprouts!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>Second Floor: New Addition Bedroom #2</td>
<td>&quot;Polovtsians dances&quot; of faces / &quot;Половецкие пляски&quot; лиц</td>
<td>From hearts of copper animals dance in our dreams.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No.</td>
<td>Area Location</td>
<td>Name (English / Russian)</td>
<td>One Sentence Description</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-----</td>
<td>---------------</td>
<td>--------------------------</td>
<td>--------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td>Second Floor: Attic Above the New Garage</td>
<td>Subway Station #A / Станция метрополитена # А</td>
<td>Your train has arrived..but where the tracks go you must imagine..</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td>Second Floor: Attic Above the Entrance to New Addition</td>
<td>Subway Station #Z / Станция метрополитена # Я</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26</td>
<td>Second Floor: Attic Above New Bedrooms</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28</td>
<td>Basement: Finished Laundry Room</td>
<td>Rotation and cleanliness / Вращение и чистота</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29</td>
<td>Basement: Finished Wine Storage</td>
<td>Toast room in honor of the victors / Тостовая в честь победителей</td>
<td>A round of drinks to toast the victors!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Basement: Finished Recreation Room</td>
<td>Yashmak / Паранджа</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>31</td>
<td>Basement: Finished Machinery Room</td>
<td>&quot;Unnecessary&quot; equipment for the victor returning from the war / &quot;Лишняя&quot; техника для победителя пришедшего с войны</td>
<td>A drink they may need..but all this machinery..exquisite!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>32</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>33</td>
<td>First Floor: Exist. Porch. Remodeled</td>
<td>Rigidness of brick and ornate wood / Прочность кирпича и узоры дерева</td>
<td>This porch has ornament as structural as it is ornate and gleaming.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>34</td>
<td>First Floor: Exist. Patio. Remodeled</td>
<td>Incorrect patio / Неправильное patio</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>35</td>
<td>Roof above Patio Door. New</td>
<td>Disrupted rectangular / Нарушенный прямоугольник</td>
<td>Long ago, the monks ran aground their raft on a snag, and journeyed ashore to see what this new land had in store for them.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>36</td>
<td>Deck. New</td>
<td>Landed Wharf of the Inoks / Застраившая пристань иноков</td>
<td>The gazebo is born from the living spirit of a great tree, and it too remembers the fallen.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>37</td>
<td>Gazebo. New</td>
<td>Rebirth / Перерождение</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>38</td>
<td>Exist. Shed. Remodeled</td>
<td>Ornate house from vines / Дом с орнаментом из вьюнов</td>
<td>Did this little house sprout from these delicate vines?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>39</td>
<td>Garbage Platform. New</td>
<td>First roof of the tribe / Первая крыша племени</td>
<td>An outpost on the way into a dark forest..</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
# Copyrights

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**NATURE OF THIS WORK**: Wood Carvings

**Publication as a Contribution**: N/A

**DATE**

**NAME OF AUTHOR**: Nikolay Synkov

**DATES OF BIRTH AND DEATH**: 07/04/1946

**NOTE**

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**Register of Copyrights, United States of America**

### Title of This Work

**Rebirth**

### Nature of This Work

*Wood ornament with copper accents*

### Names and Information

1. **Nikolay Synkov**
   - Date of Birth: **07/04/1946**
   - Country: **USA**

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Photo Gallery
“Awakening”

Carvings by Nikolay Synkov
24 Brentwood Drive, Avon, CT
2001-2005
“Awakening” - continued
“Awakening” - continued
“Awakening” - continued
“Awakening” - continued

Reconnaissance
translated by Yelena Synkova

I walk on tiptoes
Catching the seconds
The steps counting
Pages of books
And wedges from tales
Watered down songs
The movement of the quiet
Covered faces
Everything, everything is closed there
There, is a computer world
Communication through bast sandals
We have gotten used to
But here there are no more
No cries here
There buttons, book
Connected to the air
Thus the human world is strengthened
Letters ranked
And quiet syllables
And no words

Поиск
by Nikolay Synkov

Хожу на цыпочках
Ловлю секунды
Шагами меряю
Страницы книг
И клинья сказочек
Размытых песенок
Движенья тихоньких
Покрытых лиц
Всё, всё закрыто там
Там мир компьютерный
Связь через лапотье
Привыкли мы
А тут уж нету их
Тут крика нет
Тут кнопки, книжечка
И связь в эфир
Так крепнет мир мирской
Ширенги букв
И тишь слогов
И нету слов

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“Landed Wharf of the Inoks”
“Landed Wharf of the Inoks” - continued

"Landed Wharf of the Inoks"
Wood ornament  2004-2005
Nikolay Synkov
24 Brentwood Dr.
Avon, Connecticut

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Nikolay Synkov
“Landed Wharf of the Inoks” - continued
“Landed Wharf of the Inoks” - continued

Застрявшая Присстань Иноков
by Nikolay Synkov

Есть описание жизненных правил
В строительном деле у нас
Из трёх поступатов
Правила эти, они состоят:
Построить, застроить, кирпич
Построить, это значит застроить
То место на нашей земле
Изящно кирпич уложив
И вырастет новенький, стройный
Красавец на нашей Земле
Скольки достроить и как
Чтоб дошло до дела
Описания
То есть
Правил
Застроены,
Вроде бы
В свободное время (1)
От грустных
В учебное время (2)
В рабочее время (3)
Где
Правила эти состоят:
1      -1%
2      -2%
3      -10%
Кто входит в погруженную сцену
Театр работникам
И лишишь братцев семьи
Кто мы увидем на сцене
Конечно бы если пошли
Построили мы эту землю
К которой пришли
И на новое заключенье
Дать сцену городам гулять
Причины для принятия такого решения
Достаточно много их всех накопилось
Созревшее яблоко созрело было
Тогда и вошли декорации жили в спектакль
Нельзя же в уютные люди жить нашей
Затем
Пускать и народ, тут братать пойдет
Призваные в любви, обьясненья,
И смешанных браков решения
Да также юристы точно и правил
Не полностью были готовы
К изданию новых законов любых влечений
Чтоб брать к производству дела «тупика»
С того как у нас книжки
К желанию пришли
Иль новому заключенью
Дать сцену городам гулять
Но вот и пришло нам то время
Чтоб бы для людей украшать
Начать надо было и строить
Жильё для людей и господ
Что можно взяв было то взято
С уютных тех людок книжки
Но то для людей лишь с достатком
Кармана, капризов души
Да там декорации лишь жемчуг
И не вошли в них тех границ
Там художники были
Начать и закончить тех стен покрылало
И бело пространство в сочетании
Гармонию в жизни любили они
Для всех же людей без достатка
Был выбран цвет белый для стен
С глобуса плоскость для них
И стал этот стиль как стандартом
На многие годы, века для жилья

“Лишь только из жизни своей
Ни кто никогда не нашел
Декораций своих”
Глаз стек, белый цвет
Не даёт вниманию писателей пьес
Они все меняют, меняют
Чтоб душу понять человека
В льсе своей отразить
Нам лишь только осталось смотреть
И сравнить……………..
Мы мир для людей стран далеких
Хотим показать также свой,
В сравнение и дать мир иной

Тот жгучий
Где присстань людей,
Тот и мир наполняют
Да только лишь дом,
Тот в котором живёт
Инок в этой жизни просто
Мы техникой мир услаждали

Тяжёлый лишь труд упрощаем
(из рабства пришло то понятне, его отменили у нас)
Так дайте же свободно творить то жилье,
Чтоб любить и его
Чтоб думы гармонию с бытом нашли
Богатство души,
Это то с чем привели в мир иной
На первой ладье те иники
Что мир основали наш здесь
Да они
Те иники
На первой ладье в мир иной
И приняли их берег другой
Американск и вам приют
Наполнил их силой творений
Для мира спасенья готовит
Чудесная эта земля
Растут и вот первенец вышел
Дан бой “мудрецам от спасенья”
И будет он выгон во имя спасения
Всех стран на земле
А страны
Да ищут спасенье
Глаза в твой берег Землы
Тогда и показывать миру что будет
В тех мирных беседах
Во время поездках туда
Навряд ли охрана нужна будет миру
Металлом оружий
Любовь к сему дому
Воз будет тот парчика ключ

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42
“Rebirth”

- Gazebo by Nikolay Synkov • 24 Brentwood Drive • Avon, Connecticut • 2004-2005

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“Rebirth” - continued
“Rebirth” - continued
“Rebirth” - continued

Rebirth
translated by Oxana Luna

Two meanings ahead
It’s slippery
Snow has fallen
Blizzard’s moan
It’s getting colder
You hear, someone’s voice calling
Then silence again
Maybe it’s nothing, no one’s there
Can’t hear cries
Maybe because it went dead
Maybe the wind
Is just whistling away
It’s getting colder
Morning is here
The sun of our victories risen
All of us see it from far away
But meaning of it
Won’t come to us yet
Countries crown troops for victories
Presidents know
What victories take
Only the presidents of honor
Symbols of courage and wisdom
Symbols of words distorted
Who will replace you, how and when
Only in battle such courage required
After the battle, wisdom is needed
Distortions are in everything always
Only one place, free of distortions
Bestowed on us by our Creator, our God
It’s the love of the mother
To her soldier son
She who deserves all the glory

Always meant to be remembered
It is
It always will
We need not to forget, and to help and protect
Also to love the one you have
Gold of wars, victories’ splendor
Shine of medals embellishing jackets
All this to live through, to understand
Given to people
As a moment of happiness
Tears of loss, mothers’ screams
Grief of the fathers
How about understanding that
But there is a country, and who will protect
The same fathers, mothers and children
Rebirth,
Renewal, reanimation
There are further terms
But the original meaning
Was lost in time
Now, many distortions of words
Are carried to us
By those who try to interpret
How dependent we are on them
Here is a reason
For people to learn
More than one language
Say 5 or 6
Master the fluency of a discussion
So that our opinions don’t depend
On those who try to interpret them
That’s how we also preserve
Our native tongue
For ourselves and generations to come

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“Rebirth” - continued

Перерождение
by Nikolay Synkov

Два впереди пониманья
Скользко
Под окнами снег
Вьюги стон, крепнет мороз
Слышишь вон кто-то позвал
Тихо опять и не слышино того
Может и не было там никого
Или уже не кричит
И затих насовсем
Или то ветра был свист
Крепнет мороз
Утро настало
И солнце побед к нам пришло
Это всем видно далёко, далёко
Но пониманье придет не сейчас
Что значит солнце побед
Страны венчают отряды бойцов для побед
Президенты страны
Отрядов бойцов для побед
Значат что надо для тех их побед
Но только лишь
Президенты чести
Символы лихости, мудрости символы
Символы слов искаженья
Где кто подменит когда и кого
Но лишь в бою эта лихость нужна
Мудрость нужна в продолженье сраженья
Лишь искаженья находят себя
Во всём и всегда
Но не найдешь ты их только в одном
В том чем нас бог наградил наш творец
В той лишь любви, мать за сына бойца
Слава ей, только лишь ей
Помнить всегда предназначено было
Есть
Также будет
Мы же лишь вспомнить, помочь, защитить
Также любить та которая есть
Золото войн, злато побед
Блески наград на пиджаках
Всё это нам пережить, озарить
Людям дарить
Как счастья миг
Слёзы утрат, вскик матерей
Стонь отцов, их бы понять
Но есть страна, кто защитит
Тех же отцов, матерей и детей
Перерождение,
Появление, оживление
Дальше всё больше значений
Нет лишь понятия изначала
Стерто со временем
А сейчас множество слов искажений
Их нам несут толкователи всех букварей
Как мы зависимости также от них
Есть та причина
Знать людям нации
Несколько лишь языков
И беглость дискуссии также освоить
В языках скажем 5 или 6
Чтоб не зависеть в сужденьях своих
От тех толкователей слов языков
Тем же родную мы речь сохраним
Для себя, для потомков своих

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"Pink Ice" - continued

Pink Ice
translated by Yelena Synkova

First steps
Those movements erased,
That brings with it every wise man
Wailings, complains
That everything,
Everything has happened, happened
Not wanting to see,
Only sufferings receiving,
For me, salvation alone
Well here, it is only the end
Passed along a wise man
The end to all fairy tales has come
Well and here, like the eternity of the world
In them is outlined one
Or all of them to the alter
Well, with whom do we wed them with
Here, the wise man sank deep in thought
So it seems, is not the end
The brave has not been born yet
To take them to the alter
Then there must be a continuation
Until the birth of that brave
Young and crafty
Well, but maybe there’s another
Without riches, without love
All in lilacs from weed
Who needs this one
Emaciated and weak
Well here the wise man fits the match
It’s time for the fairytale to start
That’s it. The start.
In one…

Розовый Лёд
by Nikolay Synkov

Первые шаги
Стиранье тех движений,
Что несёт с собою всякий мудрец
Стонь, жалобы
Что всё,
Всё было, было
Видеть не хочу
Одни мученья принимаю
Мне спасенье надо
 Ну, а тут, один конец
Передал один мудрец
Сказкам всем пришел конец
 Ну и так, как вечно, мир
В них изложена одна
То и всех их под венец
 Ну, а с кем венчать их будем
Тут задумался мудрец
 Ну так значит, не конец
Не родился молодец
Что б их взять и под венец
Значит будет продолженье
До рождения молодца
Молодого удалого
 Ну, а может быть иного
Без богатства, без любви
Весь в сирени из ботвы
Так кому нужна такой
Испитой да немощный
 Ну так мудрый весь под стать
Сказочку пора начать
Всё. Начали.
В одном...............
“Life and Description of Life of Don Quixote”
“Life and Description of Life of Don Quixote”
“Life and Chronicle of Don Quixote” - continued

The idols of this world will vanish
While leaving visions of eternity with us
And the hurray of endless hymns
Will come again
The artist’s gift
Put on a broad display
The audience will see its hero’s eyes
The hats come off in sign of love
They disappeared
Went away with ages
They won’t dress up again
With all their valor decorations
The armor and the victory awards
There’s no strength inside toreador, ages gone
He called to victory and went away
The idols of this world abandon us
Their call for love is left inside a mailbox
Where are those Bards with Arlecchino song
The synchrony of life won’t be preserved
By loving and believing that a good rhythm of life is chosen
We guard the emptiness
We don’t touch the art
Emotions, rumors
We don’t feel the world
We clip and clip
Then we are ones who gone
We are different
The marriage has occurred
Our appearance is just the thing we keep
Taking along a notebook with buttons

We are under convoy all the time
And those orders of the leader
We carry out
They become convenient to us
The sense of purpose of the song
You won, and we belong to you
The sparks of flint
Will bring you revelation
The wisdom of the song
Not the words
Will make you understand
What toreadors need in life
The outer appearance
And how open your soul
Not to reject the whole world
Your mind, your intellect
To listen, understand
Inspire soldiers, quiet humble
To take the journey leading to the victory
Chains from their hearts need to be removed
Do not forget,
Or they’ll perish
They’ll die in trenches
Searching for a grave
They won’t lead you
To the shores
Where home is
Instead, they’ll lead you to assassin
To behead
Жизнь и Летопись Дон Кихота
by Nikolay Synkov

Кумиры мира покидают нас
Взор вечности нам оставляя
И гимнов нескончаемых ура
Приходят снова
Но будет то артиста дар
Который дан нам в обозренье
И публика увидя взгляд героя
Снимает шляпки в знак любви
Они пропали
Канули в века
И не одеть им снова
Награды доблестей побед
Доспехи, ордена тех битв
Нет сил в тореодоре чрез века
Призвал к победе и пропал
Кумиры мира покидают нас
В почтовый ящик свой призыв любви бросая
Ища тех бардов с песней Арлекино
Нельзя синхронность жизни сохранить
Любя и веря что хороший выбран жизни ритм
Мы пустоту оберегаем
Не трогаем искусство
Волненья, крикотолки
Мы мир не ощущаем
Мы обрезаем, обрезаем
И вот уж нет и нас
Мы другие

Процесс венчания произошел
Мы только сохранили облик свой
Беря с собою кнопок книжку
Му под конвоем каждый час
И те приказы командира
Мы выполняем
Становятся они удобными для нас
Направленность стенаней песни
Ты победила, мы твои
Лишь искры кремня
Дадут тебе прозреенье
И мудрость древней песни
Не слова
Даст понять что надо
Тореодарам в жизни
Наружный облик
И как твоя душа открыта
Весь мир принять
А разум, ум твой
Слушать, понимать
Читая, призывая в дыл побед
Солдат смиренных, тихих
Оковы снять с тех их сердец
Ты не забудь, иначе стгинут
Умрут в окопной тишине
Ища себе могилу
Не выведут они тебя
К тем берегам
Где дом твой
А приведут лишь к палачу тебя
И голову отрубят

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“Battle from the XVIII Century”
Битва XVIII Века
by Nikolay Synkov

Вот хороводы, пляски, возбужденье
В присутствие всех в мире тех людей
Закрытых от своих врагов
Одним лишь вожаком
Его уменьем
Всех отражать и в войнах побеждать.
Но песни пляски,
Цветы нарядов головных у женщин,
Присутствует везде у матушек, детей
А вот и поселенья даровитых граждан
Все речи дружно говорят
И кланяясь при встречи
Поклоны отдают
И древность предков их
Лишила примесей понятий
В простом движении души
Борьба чтоб выжить
Сохранить свой род
Ну а народ
В защиту к нам придет
И поколенье новых
Защитников отчизны он родит
Пригнанное новое мы стадо
Из кабанов, быков, овец, коров
И будет чем занять

И нас, себя и всех
Хорош период был
Да так ли всё и было
А где же короли и лиры
Племянницы, племянники, внучаты
И где порывы ветра, сотрясенья
Материка земель движенья
Откуда, бог с тобой
Того и не было в помине
Того что знаешь ты сейчас
Ты в заблужденье диком
То археологи писатели тех книжек древних сказок
Чтоб приукрасить общий фон всех жизней на земле
Придумали и написали, ну а художники со временем и навяли
Чтоб созданы музеи были
И чтобы можно было в них ходить тебе
Не страшен был тот прошлый век
Ну или чуть чуть раньше
Да что же тут бояться
Танцуй, пляшите тебе богатый барин
Умоет, вычистит и защитит
О как мне хочется в повозку
И убежать в тот мир
Честен народ был
И честен оказался на века
А мудрость всех веков из жизни передалась через книжку мудреца

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“Diverse Geometric Form Giving Life”
“Diverse Geometric Form
Giving Life” - continued

Разная Геометрия Форм Дающих Жизнь
by Nikolay Synkov

Как чуток мир земли к тем потрясеньям в мире
Что по неволе, невзначай случились и пришли к нам
Так просто вот и появились
Мы гоним их
Они не как
Не пропадают, не уходят
Присутствуют всё разрастаясь
И вот уж нас и нет
Мы в мире их пропали
Запутались, устали
И сели отдохнуть
А тут опять зовут
Вот мы
Мы с вами, тут мы тут
О чем нам говорить с тобой
Ты вон какой усталый
Всё впереди тебя
А ты постигнешь нас лишь
Устал и нет в тебе движения
Так может мало нас тебе
Пошли все прочь
Ну-ну потише малый
Мы с уважением к тебе
Ну да напомни, так что же
А хочешь встанем и уйдем
Тебе роднее станет

Твоя душа покрытая слоями
Той копотью присказок жизни
Предвзятых самомнений
Побед
Над труженниками
Лет
И где скопилось много всякой дряни
Нет, нет ты чист
Родник течёт внутри тебя
И все твои устойчивые речи
Полны и мудры
Но только для тебя
Так вот откуда появились мы
И только у тебя
Так вот откуда появились мы
И только у тебя
Давай все ж сядем и поговорим
Но только о тебе

.........
Ты дома этого хозяин
И вот то место
Что тело усляжает
Дает возможность насладишься
Дарами явственных напитков мира
В душевный разговор вступить
Так перейдём и мы в иной сей мир
И будем слой за слоем
Все накипи слои снимать
Тогда и пропадем мы все
Ну а сейчас......

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“Illusion of Marble in Squares”
“Illusion of Marble in Squares” - continued

Illusion of Marble in Squares
translated by Yelena Synkova

Coming together, reunification and separation
Block from glass
Erased occlusions, the visibility of attempts
What is there outside
No, the details of the buildings are not clear
Only highlights, images
Everything like in life
Everything washed away
All around there’s only judgment, distortion
Tears sparking
This is but a moment in life
And there, what of it, everyone will state themselves
Examining the marbles; design of the rock
Where is one’s life
Yet everything is here;
The look, the smile, the songs, the dances
The smooth speech
But the waves of the lakes, seas, deserts
Took all this in, compressed and washed out
The only thing left is truth, life.
Yours, mine
Everything extra is gone…
But you were here
Maybe created, or maybe lived
But the room is empty
Only the mould of life in the world
Is left of yours

Иллюзия Мрамора в Квадратах
by Nikolay Synkov

Соединение, воссоединение и расторжение.
Плитки из стекла
Разводы стёрли видимость попыток
Что там снаружи
Нет, не видно чёткости строений
Лишь блики, лики
Всё как в жизни
Всё размыто
Кругом одни сужденья, искривленья
Блестнёт слеза
Но это лишь мгновенье в жизни
А там, что там, изложит каждый сам...
Рассматривая мрамор, камешков узоры
Где чья тут жизнь
А есть тут всё
И взгляд, улыбки, песни, танцы
И плавность речи
Но волны рек, морей, пустынь
Всё это взяли, спрессовали и отмыли
И лишь осталась правда, бытие.
Твоё, моё
Всё лишнее пропало...
Да ты тут был
Творил ли, жил ли
Но комната пуста
Лишь слепок жизни в мире
Остался твой

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“Life after the Last Judgment”
“Life after the Last Judgment” - continued

Life after the Last Judgment
translated by Yelena Synkova

Built in hidden words
Squeezed hands, knees shaking
Mouth revealing, word, their flow
Or after
Scrag-ends nearby
Or smooth faces
Hair covering up their expressions
Everything is the same
Everything is one
Longing to wash them
Take off those masks
Crumble into a ball and throw at the birds
Let some bird pick it up
And weave a house for itself and its children
To live and be happy
Royal songs
Sing to us
And be an example
Slender, simple, credulous base
Everyone “amaze”
We “compose”
And the world “praised”
Is that so, little book
Will you be able
Transfer everything so that it will be received.

Wooden Panel
A horses’ clatter was heard
Do you hear
The sweat and splashes of the road
The foam is dripping down the bridle
And passionate steed flying
Blood from eyes
No shaking fear
Feeling the whistle of the wind
Longing for gratification
To bring about calmness
And squint to take away
In the light happy celebration of love

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“Battle from the XXI Century”
“Battle from the XXI Century” - continued
Extension of connectives with the further world
The world saving the wonder of life carefully carrying
The love for nature, growing and framing
One color, just being praised
Color of life
The color that lets us all live
And what is there under the blanket
Empty, or alive
A playful look
Motif of appointed merges
With projections on the rivers, mountains, forests
And covering the lively plants
The earth and human walking miles
Giving life, cover, and strength
And renounce comfort
The soul of peacefulness and life of quiet
But here disappear the contemplation of the work from foot
With worries, thoughts or returning from flight
This whole world, the person
Designed to take to under blanket
The growing limitations of creations
To stupefy those and self
To live or disturb the rustling sand
Turn everything
Like strong fetters
Folded structures happen
Deciding after many years
Only one question
We will be or we won't
How easy to make laws eternal
What give us these: “create”, “create”, “create”
Destiny of global countries
It is not so refractive
In its meanings there is no rush
The wisdom of contemplation is only present
They are responsible for life on earth
And eternal youth
Halo of their glory
Experiment on the level of existence
Here is their destiny
Short stormy splashes
Abundance of strength
And the turn of all human positions
The pus of science on the outskirts
Cleansing
Receive the world
Birth and continuation
An infant on its knees for the altar
Well, and there, just for thought
Silence ensues

And a period of silent sleep
With one eye slightly open
Directing the ray of hope
Into the soul with one dream
How to live, the human life
To save
Have governments’ imaginary shoots
Where imperials thrones are reduced to chairs
Rulers forge the earth
They are elected into the schedule of the world
To govern it
For that duration
Until the clump of earth does turn to sand
Desert of life is its dream
And bent over, with gray added to the hair and
Skewed soul, on throne they take seat
Phenomenon to understand
A cricket was born, a worldly stepchild
To cut him down and throw away
Not let him flourish
Try to short the earthly life
With ranks of archers, the world, the earth filling
Forge just for yourself
A clump of metal with burrows for the belly
Only predilection towards rocks saved
Create and multiply them
And in the clothes of a demon
Rise up before that world
Which, having created
Rough boulder using in the layer of the wall
Building an earthly house
Builds a sacrificial altar
To himself
He thought for the people
But turned out for the stones
Creator of stones
And himself living in their eternal glaring presence
The world not able to imagine other
How was book born
Why

Or fervor and people’s deeds
Everything filtered prior
Or spread the tears of people later
Maybe the person should cry
To cry, to be a tough person
And here the rock appeared
Who will be next
Receive and give and answer
And carry out
So all people would receive
But this you will
Or maybe a creation of similar ranks for you
Where and when
In which year
The century left behind
Not playing cards
Yes life - only costs one cent
A new dictionary published
Without letters there are only buttons, buttons
A century according to the dictionary from buttons will be ours
Come together with spices, clothes or in attire
At the crossroads of thee roads
Two giants
From Glass, Concrete, Steel, Bronze
Holding in one hand but a single cudgel
The candle light
And squint from twilight
Carefully looking ahead
Suddenly they see each other
And shouting
Horses, bring us horses
Here old jade rides out
And laying down a mark about self
Went where her eyes would look
Old I have become, carrying these geldings
Wait, what about, the forecast of the world
Where is Sivka-Burka finally
Or of bad end, that steed, that we grew through the world
Confound you all, here nothing makes sense
But we must move
History hears all
We can not slow our step down
Let us go - one tells the other
And……
Here voices of the chorus heard
For good fortune or of mourning.
“Battle from the XXI Century” - continued

Битва XXI Века
by Nikolay Synkov

Пристойность связей с дальним миром
Мир сохраняя дивность жизни бережно несёт
Любовь к природе, растет и обрамляет
Цвет один, его лишь воспевая
Цвет жизни
Цвет дающий жить всем нам
А что же там под покрывалом
Пустынная жизнь
Игрив ли взгляд
Мотив назначенных сливаний
В проекциях на реки, горы и леса
И покрывала жизненных растений
Но то земля и человек идущий мили
Дающий жизнь, покров и силу
И отрекаясь от уюта
Души спокойствия и жизни тишины
Но вот пропало созерцанье мира шагом
В заблудках, думах или возвращаясь из полёта
Весь мир вот этот человек
Решив под покрывало взят
Растя избытки тех твоих творений
Чтоб одурманивать ими и собой
Иль жить или в песок шуращая
Всё превратить
Как крепкие оковы
Бывают сложены структуры
Решая многими годами
Всего один вопрос
Нам быть или не быть
И как легко увековечивать законы
Что нам дают "творить","творить","творить"
Судьба глобальных стран
Она не так строптивая
В понятиях её нет специки
Присутствует лишь мудрость размышления
Они ответственно за мир земли
И вечность молодости
Орешек их славы
Эксперимент на уровне понятий бытия
Вот их удар
Коротким бурным выплеском
Избыточные силы
И поворот всех жизненных позиций
И нюансы нарицательных
Очищенные
Прими ты мир
Рожденные в продолжение

Младенца поколенья для венца
Ну, а там, для размышления
Наступает тишина
И период тихой слякоти
Глаз один чуть приоткрыв
Луч надежды направляя
В душу лишь с одной мечтой
Как нам жить чтоб жизнь земную
Сохранять
Но есть отростки в государствах мнимых
Где трон величья сократив до ступа
Куют правителей земли
Их назначают в расписанье мира
Для управленья оным
На тот срок
Пока комок земли не превратится в песок
Пустынная жизнь вот его мечта
И он синув, седины добавив в волос
Кривая душой, на трон садится
Понять явление это
Стручок родился пьяньзок земли
Чтоб срезали его и выкинув
Не дать ему развиться
Пытаясь жизнь земную сохранить
Отрядами стрелков, мир, землю наполняя
Кует себя лишь одному
Комок металла с норами для чрева
Присваиватель к камням лишь сохраняя
Их твора и множа
И чтоб в обличье дьявола
Представлять мир мутным тем
Который съедает
Нетесанный кирпич беря в укладку стен
Он строит дом земли
Построил жертвенник
В покое себе
Он думал для людей
А вышло для камней
Камней творец
И сам живущий в сооршаньи их
Не может мир себе другой представить
Как кивиенька родилась ты
Зачем

Или задор и деяня людей
Всё фильтровать заранее
Иль разносить потоки спёлей людей
А может ли и должен плакать человек
Слепленность, надо твердым быть
И в тот уж камень появится
Кто будет следующий
Примы и дай ответ
И разнеси
Что бы ответили все люди
Но это будешь ты
А может созданный подобным ред тебе
Когда и где
В каком году
Остался век
Не в карты же играем
Да жизнь- всего лишь стоит цепь
Словарь идищет новый
Без булка там только кнопки, кнопки
И век по словарю кнопок будет наш
Сойдутся в притоках, ведущих иль в уборах
На перекрестек трёх дорог
Два величаны
Из Стекла, Бетона, Стали, Бронзы
Держа в руке один лишь палицу из ваксы
То свечи свет
И шурую от потёком
Поприятельней смотря вперед
Увидят вдруг друг друга
И закричат
Коней подать, коней
Тут ключи старая выходят
И положите отрезок о себе
Пошла куда глаза глядят
Стала я стала, сих мерников взойти
Постой, а как же, предсказанье мира
Где Сивка-Бурка наконец
Иль на худой конец, конь тот, что мы растерили мир
Тьфу вас всех, тут ничего не разобрать
Но надо двигаться
История тебе всё скажет
Нельзя нам замедлять свой шаг
Пошли -один другому говорят
И .......
Тут слышны голоса короли
За здраве иль за упою по

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“How the Whiteness Scattered Itself on the Field and the Redness Embraced It”
"How the Whiteness Scattered Itself on the Field and the Redness Embraced It" - continued

Как это белое рассыпалось по полу и красное приняло его
by Nikolay Synkov

В ресторане сидят
Вино льётся рекой
Табунами любимчики ходят
Ох, пойду я с тобой
Ох, пойди ты со мной
Люди ищут друг друга
Находят
Приключеный побед
Наслаждений побед
Круги танца в соломенных шляпках
Ловко делая "ПА"
Поцелуй мне даря
И амуры по запу разносят
Поцелуй мне даря
И амуры по запу разносят
Слышен крик журавля
Я твоя, Я твоя
И амуры по запу разносят
Ну а там, да и тут
Все танцуют вокруг
И вино серебрится в стаканах
Я твоя, Я твоя
Слышен крик журавля
Уж вино не разносят в бокалах
Я устала, потешь же
Потешь ты меня
Поцелуй в губы сладко, о сладко
Я устала, не счас
Ну уйди же сейчас
Унеси хоть куда
Было гадко

Всё было как гадко
Я противна тебе
Я пьяна, я пьяна
Стой, замри
Слышишь сердце в груди
Ох, как было все сладко, о сладко
Так прими же мой дар
Забери ты меня
Что б нам было ох жарко, как жарко
Нет, нет, нет не сейчас
Ну прости, помоги
Мне растаться с собой
Ох как было все жарко, о жарко

По миру ходят
Покаявшись люди
Глушь покаянья даря
Брызги стирая
Лишь капельки свечек
Всем раснося и даря

Ох как было все сладко, о сладко
А принял ли цвет любви
Девицы дар
И девственность земли
Пропала
Рожденье,
Вот лишь то,
Что мир земли не остановит
Победы и vivat виват побед спасений
Всё то что нужно для него
И будет нам всем распит
Бокал шампанского
И мир найдет свое спасенье.

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“Main Sheet of Remembrance: There Was No Storm. It Turned into a Wind Blowing Some Bubbles”
“Main Sheet of Remembrance: There Was No Storm. It Turned into a Wind Blowing Some Bubbles” - continued

Main Sheet of Remembrance: There Was No Storm. It Turned into a Wind Blowing Some Bubbles
translated by Yelena Synkova

What should I remember,
What to remember
Somersaulting everything flying at once
How to forget, what to retell
Or should everything going its course
Its own order
Wind, wind picks up everything
Scatter those leaves from life
This life of ours, always “golden”
I am led along an intricate path to the storage room
Lazily going along
Suddenly, an ice hole appears
And in it a golden fish
A pike, a pike came after
Ivanushka, Ivan where are you
Hello!
Well this was long ago
And now
Where should I turn or back towards
Lie down or rest or give oneself to a glass of cognac
And here a cuckoo’s cry is heard
The countdown of my life has started
Looking at me with reproach
The owl rotating its head
Why have you come here
To hear all of this and
Should have sat on the shore sighing, remembering
That a whiff of wind can make a present
Well yes, remembrances have come
But should this all be this way
Remembrances
Those caps, bonnets made of straw
And ribbons beating on the wind
Remembering me those moments of love
And the whisper of leaves, agitations souls
Was it really how it was
The beatings of the wind and their victories
Those ribbons on bonnets
Above myself
That was a moment of a bravado life
But this was all long ago

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Парус Воспоминий: Бури Не Было. Она Оказалась Ветерком Надувшим Пузыри

translated by Nikolay Synkov

Что мне помнить,
Что вспомнить
Кувырком полетело всё сразу
Как забыть, рассказать что
Или пусть всё идет как попало
Чередом своим
Ветер, ветер ты всё подхвати
Разнеси те листочки из жизни
Жизни нашей всегда "золотой"
Меня ведёт изящная тропинка в кладовую
Лениво двигаясь по ней
Вдруг вижу прорубь появилась
А там и рыбка золотая появилась
А щука, щука и за ней
Иванушка, Иван где вы
Ay-Au
Ну это было так давно
А сейчас
Куда мне повернуть иль вспять податься
Прилепи ли, отдохнуть иль ромком конька отдохнуть
А вот сова летит на ветке разместилась
А тут и крик кукушки раздаётся
Пошёл отсчет мне жизни лет
С укором глядя на меня
Сова вращая головой
Зачем сюда пришел ты
Чтоб слышать и все это
Сидел бы на берегу вздыхая, вспоминая
Что дуновенья ветра могут подарить
Ну да, воспоминания пришли
Но так ли то всё надо
Воспоминания
Тех шляпок, шляпок из соломы
И ленточках в биеньях на ветру
Напомнили мне те мгновения любви
И листьев шепоток, волнения души
Неужто это всё так было
В биеньях на ветру и их побед
Тех ленточек на шляпках
Надо мной
То был момент бравады жизни
Но это было так давно
“Different Generations and Judges in Robes. And the Smell of Warm Lilacs”
Different Generations and Judges in Robes.
And the Smell of Warm Lilacs - continued

Sedge poison growing almost everywhere
Plains, fields, sands and marshes
All her places are familiar
She can give birth to herself
Or is she planted artificially
No
Withering the earth
Nourishment from all fields
Which is also useful for fodder cereals
She takes all from mother earth
And wither in her fields with wheat, rye.
Sought after ways of saving one from her
Defined a row of codices and laws
With every year she spreads
And we multiply measures
We can and want to bring her to destruction
We only this does not want
Are we that strong with powerful might, wanting
Or the lack of these fodders what be with them
And we do not need them
Or all of this bravado of our strength
So then we are powerless even here
To weave, and weave the cloth for a robes
Even more with every year
Generations of people have changed places
And yet we need it even more
And we plan, raise people for the deed of the ropes
But here let us decide and end with the sedge
Suddenly, even right away
We'll wake up in the morning and no more sedge
The sparrow was exterminated from the fields of China
Well yes, where should we put the cloth, brothers
Yes, of lilacs in the warmth
It only needs a little bit
In order to be born
And then that warmth will only destroy it
Apparently everything is permitted
And in order to win one must only know more
About this very victory.
Or simply to multiply the cloth for the robes

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“Pastel in Bed and Cracks in the Ceiling”
Pastel in Bed and Cracks in the Ceiling
translated by Yelena Synkova

Raised to the n\textsuperscript{th} power, a number can be
Retelling a fable
Reading a poem
Quietly in the night
Or close to the morning
We really never thought of it
How could it be, what is occurring
Without connection to our understanding of love
We do not need this
It is itself already present in everything
Why do we need hurricanes, storms, wars
Why is slavery present, jealousy and enmity
Well yes, the wrath of the sovereign
And searches for miracles are in the devil's face
And all of that is sent to us from the cosmos
And we advance towards the dwelling wharf
And through the priests
We send off our gift of love
The Highest being, to Him
And praising, we ask forgiveness
For our sin, which
Adam and Eve committed
Bit the apple, having plucked the forbidden fruit
Through incitation of only a snake
And place of people living
In one moment everything changed
Earth to them became "heaven"
Thus through love
With what the snake only presented people
Forever is the crack upon the blanket
People's abode
A gift from the Highest being was left
And we forever patch it up.

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Pastel в Постеле и Трешины на Потолке
by Nikolay Synkov

Устепения, много числа
Рассказывая ли басенку
Читая стих
Тиха ли ночь
Иль близко утро
Нам было как-то невдомёк
Как может быть то, что происходит
Без связи с нашим пониманием любви
Нам этого не надо
Оно само присутствует во всём
Зачем нам ураганы, бури, войны
Зачем присутствуют и рабство, зависть и вражда
Ну да,то гнев владыки мира
И произки деянй лика сатаны
И всё то космос посылает нам
А мы идём в те пристани обителей
И чрез жрецов,
Мы посылаем наш дар любви
Всевышнему, ему
И восхваляя, мы прощенье просим
За грех наш, который
Адам и Ева совершили
Вкусили яблоко, запретный плод сорвав
По наущению всего лишь змия
И место проживания людей
В момент все изменилось
Земля им стала "раем"
Так чрез любовь
Чем змей лишь одарила людей
Навеки трещина над покрывалом
Обители людей
В дар от всевышнего осталась
И мы веками латаем лишь её.
“Threshing Accepted by the Walls”
Threshing Accepted by the Walls
translated by Yelena Synkova

Backwoods
In darkness such fright
Night is dark
Yes, morning couldn't be seen
An animal roar is heard
And nearby
The crackle of a fire
And then paradise
The heart missed a beat: maybe it will pass by

Morning has come
How hot
The sun has risen again
The sound of wheels is heard
And close by
Tearing by that sudden detachment
Genius of thoughts
Hero of all victories
And a passer-by walking on foot
Who will distinguish you at that moment
Where moments of decisions collide
Unrealized hearts of somebody
Suddenly a push, cannot be buried
The cosmos is near
Looking there in the distance
What you search for in your path
Yes.
You are only a fellow traveler to passer-by
Who will dispel in you that sorrow
What the intoxication of those nightly agitations
Laying down those perturbations of the soul
White swan,
Receive the image
No, it has already became another
Sivka-Burka
You should at least come
There rushing by headlong without stopping
The laughter of Satan is walking the earth
Lots of tears and love are all gone
Fear has come for you, for myself
Who, who will come in that night
Take by the hands, quietly sing
The new musical motif of life
And we will walk the world together

Threshing Accepted by the Walls
translated by Yelena Synkova

Глушь лесная
В потёмках как страшно
Ночь темна
Да, утра не видать
Рык звериний раздался
А рядом
Треск костра
И затем благодать
Сердце ёкает, вдруг пронесёт

Наступило и утро
Как жарко
Солнце встало опять.
Стук колёс раздаётся
И близко
Проскочил тех внезапных отряд
Гений мыслей,
Герой всех побед,
И пешком проходящий прохожий
Кто тебя отличит в тот момент
Где столкнутся мгновенья решений
Неосознанных чьих-то сердец
Вдруг толчок, сгореть не сможешь
Космос близок
Глядя туда вдаль
Что ты ищешь в пути
Да.
Ты все лишь попутчик прохожим
Кто развеет в тебя ту печаль
Что дурман тех ночных возбуждений
Заложил те смятенья души
Лебедь белая,
Образ прими
Нет, она уже стала другая
Сивка - Бурка
Ты хоть приди
Вон пронёсся стремглав не вставая
Ходит по миру смех сатаны
Много слёз и любви не осталось
Страх пришел за тебя, за себя
Кто-же, кто-же придёт в той ночи
Примет за руки, тихо споёт
Новой песенной жизни мотив
И мы вместе по миру пойдем
Или…
“Remembrances after the Battle”
“Remembrances after the Battle” - continued

Remembrances after the battle  
translated by Yelena Synkova

To understand and after just lay in bed with you  
To know all the darkness, passions, storm’s moan  
To know all this  
And suddenly to hear quiet – forgive-  
Quickly getting up, you left  
Silently closing the door  
And disappeared forever  
But this is only with love to…  
Yes, what remains, what is gone  
Without thought a hand traces  
On the wall with chalk  
Not looking up above  
As s… splash  
That cannot be held  
Like the feelings of passion  
We cannot understand  
We grow thoughts in confusion  
Jostle joyously  
We fly down from a hill  
I’m first,  
I reached bottom before all  
And here flies, flying, flying  
Where and why we keep flying  
And not just walk  
Have we grown stronger in our bodies  
Or gained more wisdom  
Reading…  
No  
We’re only going through our old clothes  
Which we are afraid to even throw away  
And to wear it is already too late  
We want only to asperse it  
To save the century old wisdom  
And turn all to darkness  
And was there a shot from the ironclad  
Was it the first or in series  
How s… splash  
Which cannot be contained  
That the feeling of passion  
We do not understand  
Is it not that only this we’ve understood  

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“Oceanic Shells and Pebbles”
“Oceanic Shells and Pebbles” - continued

Oceanic shells and pebbles
translated by Yelena Synkova

The beginning comes gradually
And gradually we tire
We make up promises to the elephant
Also knowing that we will die as well
At least it has large tusks
Yet it feeds on only grass
It is big so it will be lucky
In this life, and also in that
To shed tears, but to whom
To drink vodka, but for what
Easier to come early and discover
The bird which has long since flown away
The sore is washed out and there are no more shells
Birds, their flocks scud past
Only and here can’t be saved
They don’t have sun or salvation
Clouds and thunder of the skies
Cudgel, moans and screams – save –
Yes, only I have these dreams as well
Moans, begging, - you towards me –
In an hour all grew quiet suddenly
In the luster of water the moon appeared
Someone is boiling a fish soup over the fire
Stars in the skies
There are many
Quietly on the shore together we go
Glory to the motif of this story of nature
The smell of shells, smoke from a fire
The breeze carries all
To awake early is only to remember yourself
Pebbles, smooth you should look at them
Well, and the wave keeps on sharpening them
Everything seems so simple and merry
Seagulls flying
Channels and currents confluences everywhere
An invitation ashore – come –
Invitation
A solid road
Do not go there
The surface of amber will swallow you up
That and that is all needed
To look on you
And confession of love
They cannot be counted

Морские Ракушки и Камушки Отточенные Океаном
by Nikolay Synkov

Постепенно приходит начало
Постепенно и мы устаем
Мы придумав слону обещанье
Также знаем что тоже умрём
У него хоть и бивни большие
Но питаешься только травой
Он большой значит будет удачлив
В этой жизни, а также и в той
Слезы лить, так кому же
Водку пить, так за чем же
Легче рано прийти и застать
Птицу ту что давно улетела
Берег размыт и ракушек уж нет
Птицы, их стан несутся
Только и тут не спасти
Нету им солнца, спасенья
Тучи и гром поднебесья
Палица, стонь и крики - спаси –
Да, только снится мне тоже
Стоны, мольба, - ты ко мне -
В час всё затихло и вдруг
В блеске воды появилась луна
Кто-то уху на костре себе варит
Звёзд в поднебесья
Их много
Тихо по берегу вместе идём
Славься мотив этой сказки природы
Запах ракушек, дымок от костра
Всё ветерок лишь разносит
Рано вставать, лишь себя поминать
Камешки, гладь ты на них посмотри
Ну, а волна их всё точит и точит
Всё так и просто и весело вроде
Чайки летают
Токи протоки, слиянье везде
Вызов на берег - приди - вызов
Твёрдая дорога
Не ходи туда
Янтаря поверхность поглотит тебя
То и то всё надо
На тебя смотреть
И в любви признанье
Их не перечесть.
“Preamble”
“Preamble” - continued

Preamble
translated by Yelena Synkova

That is quiet and how quit it is
That loud and how loud it is
But that is all later
Stepping into the world of the people
Trying to understand them, separate and bring together
With each other
Hoping to do something in the world
But for them
You be the start-reader
Their earthy victories
You see the shooting star
Look, it disappeared
It is no longer
Who will remember
This is about it
For it to always be and preserve the light of rays
Yes, only the star-reader

Приамбула
by Nikolay Synkov

То тихо и так тихо
То громко и так громко
Но это всё потом
Вступая в мир людей
Пытаясь их понять, разнять и помирить
С собой
Надеясь что-то сделать в мире
Но для них
Ты звездочётом будь
Их жизненных побед
Ты видишь вон звезда летит
Смотри она пропала
Нет её
Кто вспомнит
Так о ней
Чтобы она всегда была и сохраняла свет лучей
Да, только звездочёт

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“Guard at the Door and Mirror of Honor”
Guard at the door and mirror of honor
translated by Yelena Synkova

Guard at the door and mirror of honor
translated by Yelena Synkova

Guard at the door and mirror of honor
translated by Yelena Synkova

Guard at the door and mirror of honor
translated by Yelena Synkova

Ghost, that which cannot be lead through
But together step quietly
Clasping hands close to hips
And standing by that head of the bed
I, honestly recognize you, have called
Signora, madam, pani, lady
Oh, no for you there is no hand
All slender handsome army man
You will not find, they are not here
The schedules arrived from the army
Again that crusade
But those warriors are not present
Nor those armies
That clash for the honor of those fathers
Who in statues of bronze
Remained in the hearts forever
Bowing low for the lady of your heart
Leaving to fulfill the obligation to the fatherland
And the standard banner to be saved
To die in the array of war
To give up a moment to idols
That world which was glorified by the poets
To the beloved who only waited
To sing out and quiet down forever
And have repent to the world
That moment has come for the hearts
That love with passion and fire
But no they do not exist
There are none
To walk by the mirror of pride
To give them a deep bow
To those far far away idols
With their lives they have only saved you
A short moment in a life of an idol's pride
In the heat of passion and love
Or in victory, or in battle
Only no, no
Not in war
But the postulates are not known
To fight an enemy but not vanquish him
And his destiny is but only success
The standard of pride of the cavalier
The halo of his victories.

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“Television of the XIX Century”
“Television of the XIX Century” – continued

Television of the XIX century
translated by Yelena Synkova

What to see how it was
In a world of travel horsemen and coachmen
At the moment when it broke
The wheel's metal felloe
But then,
Yes, the was success with ladies
Their faces they cover up with pretty ones
All shivers and trembling
Only in the movement of tarantass
Hearing the hearth of invocating trumpets
Absorbed in herself the sweetness of victories
And engagement
Yes,
That was the turn
“Those in love” hearts in the law

Much in the continuation
Talking not about this
But admitted those defeats
Then to whom shall we present
The color of forests, valleys of mountains
And fields of flowers
And through love the heart injure
What then who should we love
Hearing the hearth of invocating trumpets
Impermeable tendrils of thoughts
Sweetness of fleshy flows
The refining tribute to dress
Or the toes of the shoes
Or the quiet whisper of the leaves
A kiss, all suddenly
Or business, a flow of deeds
In gratification of the country
Or simply in the continuation of posterity
Knowing that all of this is only
But only in herself

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“Eternal Sprouts Producing Life”
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
Умри, 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, каменей, 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
Оглашатели 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 значение этих истин
И половину растеряли
Как велико значение 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 букварь 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 учиться 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 название своем
имеет

Так может семя там

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Половецкие Пляски
by Nikolay Synkov

Слава приходит в большом понимании
Тех всех заслуг чем страна уж богата
Лишь в процветанье, развитии их
Нет нам не надо богатств "подземелья"
Кодексы правил понятий любви
Всё это крепко и слито едино
Стих всех сложений взят временем рек
Тех всех и путников жизни далёкой
Дальних понятий лишь может мудрец
Может и слово в подарок дарить
По и притом может молча пройти
И никому не чего не ответить
Гордость походки, что отклик души
Разные точки опоры для мира
Отклик души, то мгновенны побед
Да тех побед над собой в продолженьи
Ну, а в молчанье есть тоже утеха
Что нет разменных монет для победы
Смотрят и слышат биеций сердце
Тот ли их ritm не выходят из нормы
Тех всех заслуг чем страна уж богата

Смотрим помимо тебя и любя
Тут же сравнимым мы с жизнью находим
Ну и когда то пришло невзначай
Ну и тогда не найти президента
Тех всех побед пониманий в пути
С тех всех струков
Что лишь срезаны будут
Вот и гонец повстречался в пути
Счатье несёт, он в той сумке
О, счастье
А ведь мог выбрать он сумму для наци
Тех и плохих всех понятий и грубых
Но он принес только сумочку счастья
Слава ему, славься труд тех побед
Что понесём мы в тех сумочках счастья
Каждому в ручку дадим мы пакет
(ну маленький такой, не надрываться же людям)
С теми конфетами из сумок для счастья

Ну а народные где же тут пляски
Надо их души сладить и сладить
Славься о мир и победе утрат
Всё что в движенье и смерти и сну
Как эти символы только побед
Есть в них спасение тех от кого уже нет
Есть в пропущенных тех слов пониманье
Много нам плату снисоку не взять
Что же дарить нам всем братьям по миру
Тот лепесток из венка их сердец
Жизни далёкой, запутанной, пришлой
Много проигранных с сердцем пришли
Нам не принять их это будет нежгом
Надо людям всем, всем людям понять
То что с насока взять можно и снять
Только лишь папоротник счастья златого
Да те поняты ушли не вернуть
Их повторить никому не возможно
Срезать струков нашей дальней любви
Дать сделать это, сказать о люби
То чего нет, нет того невозможно
Мистика смытых мастер в тех сердцах
Душ впечатлений растерзанных кровью
Кровью омытых, умытых не встать
Так почему все нам это любить
Тех дребезжащих и маленьких снов
Что дружно за руки крепко взялись
И хороводы лишь вода и водыра
В знак той большой не предваля любви
Внутрь никого, никого не впуска
Вот и кольцо, и другое кольцо
Шар наш земной опозать не просто
Ну а участники песен и пляск
Сделают это, так просто, шутя
Что и в момент тот конец не заметишь
Толь и нет уж тогда и тебя
Так же зачем хороводы лишь вода
Так чтобы время убыть, не себя
Время которого нет на тебя
Ну, а где яблоням сада расти

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“Subway Station #A”
“Subway Station #A & #Z”

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 хороши и прост
Не надо волноваться ни о чем
Всё просто
А в любом поняте
 Что замысловато было
Так то, недаработок много
Ни к чему они
Их надо в назидание "мудрецам"
Жизнь недалёка у которых
Всё возвратить им
О, нет
Иль лучше всех оставить без любви
К нам женщинам,
Прекрасному,
Воспетому поэтами веков
Той половине жизни человека на земле
И тут же,
Решила поделиться с братом по любви
К всему прекрасному
Что было на земле
Закон введён
Был быстро обнародан
Все плакали от радости такой
Свершилось наконец
То что, о чём давно мечтали
К любви всем мудрецам пришёл конец
Снимая лепестки у роз
Доротти пальчик уколола
И кровь пошла
Закапано немного 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 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
Движение, 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
Любясь 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 цвятам он все же сохранил
Оквы оденья на себя
Ты ключик все же сохранил
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 одного далеко позадь
А у другого нехватило для него
Немножечко металла
Но жизнь в себе оно таит
И в путь далекий манит

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“Yashmak - Toast Room in Honor of the Victors - Rotation and Cleanliness”
“Yashmak - Toast Room in Honor of the Victors - Rotation and Cleanliness” - continued
Sketches
By Sean Cummings
House Sketch
Window Elements #3 & 4
Kitchen Cabinet Element
Custom Made Furniture
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

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on to its prestige for sustenance, relinquishing its culture; the Mediterraneans, 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
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 Mediaeval 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 sincerity 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...
"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 Patlaguean, Moric Lipchitz, Isaac Pailles, Serge Yourievitch, Jacques Loutachansky, 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 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 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 Kirpitchenkova does not take her art lightly, nor does she her life. The two are one, and this passion is shared by her husband, Kirpitchenkov, 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. Kirpitchenkova'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

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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 Kirpitchenkova 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
CHAPTER X
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SLAV ADVANCE: RUSSIAN SCULPTORS

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Dukes Michael and George, Anna Pavlova, Tamara Karsavina, as well as generals and political personages. He also made busts of Rodin and Sacha Guitry.

His chief sculptural work, however, is decorative. He is a true Russian of the Orthodox Church, and is a maker of images which were inspired by the worship therein. He carves in wood and frequently invests the surfaces of his images with Chinese varnish or lacquer. His designs are completely original and show a considerable decorative faculty. The images themselves make no pretence to academic finish, and exhibit only a crude anatomical knowledge. They follow in this respect rather the practice of the Indian artists, and, indeed, the image entitled Apocalypae has distinct Indian characteristics. A female figure, with outspread legs, squats on certain bestial forms suggestive of the rhinoceros and the calf, superimposed on the back of another standing quadruped of simple and unknown form. The woman is naturalistically treated, but with no insistence on inner structure. Her face wears a slight enigmatical smile, and in her hands she holds a cloth and a chalice. The Resurrection is also of a definitely decorative character. The Christ is an elongated figure with loincloth; His arms are upraised and supported on the heads of two cherubs, while two kneeling angels support His feet, raising Him from the earth. These angels kneel upon a base carved with figures of sleeping Roman soldiers. It is a simply conceived and executed piece, the figure of the Christ being quite unanatomically stated. Moses is an impressive and dramatic work, in which certain futurist features are allowed a place as decorative detail.
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figure stands with extended right leg and uplifted arms, holding above his head the tables of stone. His features are august and are made more so by an Egyptian form of hair-dressing and a long beard continuing downwards until conventionalised into ornament. The figure is robed, the drapery being very simply carved and hanging over the raised left leg. Behind is a piece of carved ornament, which completes a striking design.

This elongation and attenuation of the lower limbs reaches an excessive degree in the figure of an angel called Allelouia! This, again, stands on a cubic base; is nude save for completely conventionalised wings, which converge to the front around the thighs. The Angel of Sorrow is a stumbling figure on a vorticist pedestal, with massive wings of conventionalised feathers; it is draped, but the drapery is carved into vorticist shapes, the whole making an effective if almost completely unreal ensemble. It is in this way that one modern artist sees religious subjects, and his vision is so unaffected, so simple and so naive, that I am inclined very much to believe it closely akin to that of the Gothic carvers. In point of fact, the spirit of most Russian artists is identical with their Gothic predecessors; it is only in the statements of it that new forms have been involved. The sincerity and earnestness of the earlier men are the constituents of the artistic conscience of the later, and whatever the forms they evolve, I am sure they are the expressions of honest convictions.

Troubetzkoy's insistence in his sculpture of the external facts of life has not commended itself to most of the younger Russian sculptors, not even those who

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were indebted to him for guidance or influence. The more recent sculptors are concerned with the expression of ideas largely through symbolism. As Leonid Andreiev and Alexander Blokh are their literary representatives, Wroubel and Roerich the painters of the movement, Kononenko and Goloubkina are the sculptural protagonists. Their symbolism is based on the essentials of Russian character, and is materially expressed by the native and unsophisticated method of carving in wood.

Kononenko stayed in Russia throughout the War and the Revolution. He is a fine and honest artist who has suffered much and hoped much. His many statues in wood are mainly suggested as to form by the material, and they possess naturalistic attributes informed by the intense spirituality of the artist's nature. Kononenko was born in a village of Central Russia in 1874, and as a boy gave indications of his sculptural faculty. The peasants of the village were so impressed that they collected 50 roubles—an enormous sum for them—about £5, enabling him to set out for Moscow to join there the High School of Painting, Architecture and Sculpture. He probably walked there, for walking was the peasant's way—walking and working—and Kononenko is the peasant's interpreter in Russian art. He finished at Moscow with two medals, and first exhibited in 1890, the work being The Stonecutter, on the merits of which the School gave him a small subsidy to enable him to travel in Italy. The treasures of Florence and Rome impressed him, but did not influence him. There was an elemental force in his character which resisted any artistic influence whatsoever. His humanity has always
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served him and saved him. The impressions of his youth have never faded. As his friend Kirpitchenkov told me, he was affected by the dreary majesty of the thick, mighty forests among which his native village was lost, the hardly perceptible footpaths encumbered with the charred bodies of thunderstruck secular oak trees, the limpid rivulets lurking deep in the ravines, the whole peopled by the attractive Pucks and fairies in which Russian folk-lore is astoundingly rich. But the one being which was to take hold of the artist's mind was the moujik, his brother, the peasant of Central Russia. The moujik became the central figure of his creative activity, the moujik which, as a hundred-million-headed sphinx no Russian writer nor artist has been able to withstand." Turgenev and Tolstoi tried to interpret the moujik, but his fascination has never been explained away, and it would seem that every true Russian would be loth to understand! He still wants to wonder about him; still desires him as a symbol of the great Russian subdued power which may possibly move the whole world anew. To appreciate Konenkov's art it is necessary to realise that once the moujik was a slave and was fed by his master; later, when emancipated, he starved under the landowner who did, or did not, employ him, but sometimes ordered the wife of the moujik to feed his greyhound's cubs from her breast! Eighty per cent. illiterate, practically the only book available for the rest being the Bible, the moujik still survived as a reasoning being, still loving the soil, which was regarded as holy: God's earth—and the moujik's! From this he always gained renewed strength and even solace, and now and then there arose from it an artist. Konen-
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kov’s history is the moujik’s, and Kirpitchenkov’s vision, engendered from the knowledge of the moujik’s profound respect for learning, knowledge, science and art, sees in the moujik’s hundred million lives the future of the world, because the moujik has vision; he is a wanderer; sometimes a seer; and he is as strong in his numbers as he is in his symbolism.

Konenkov has never forgotten his moujiks’ 50 roubles, and so all his sculpture is devoted to the moujik, and that is why it is so seldom named. There is one piece in the Art Gallery at Moscow expressly called ‘The Moujik, The Man of the Field,’ but the name may well stand for all. Kirpitchenkov says, “feverishly he carved, hacked and tortured his blocks of wood, still more torturing himself. It must not be expected that classical beauty will be found in the results: Konenkov has carved more for truth than for the embellishment of it. There is no physical beauty in the faces of his old men; they are worn out, riddled and distorted with toil and rain, but there is in them the moral beauty of that almost organical good-heartedness and supreme quietude, coming from the deeper understanding of the things of life.” Often Konenkov’s sculpture, from the face downwards, loses much of the definiteness of the human body; the stump of the strong oak tree takes its place; the tree which was deep-rooted in the soil from which it is inseparable. It is symbolical in that it indicates the power of man and the power of the soil, and by this symbol Konenkov provides his answer to the sphinx-question, “What am I?”

There are, however, indications here and there in
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the sculptures that Konenkov is not entirely unconcerned with pure beauty. There are heads of girls, nudes, torsos and draped statuettes of women, by which he intends to convey to the monijik the line of development he must follow in his aspirations after beauty, and these form an illuminating chapter in the history of modern aesthetic. In his appeal, Konenkov does not omit the intellectual content of the problem, and towards its elucidation he has made busts of Tolstoi, Dostoevsky and Paganini which convey the agony and consternation of the artist confronted with life's problems, and, to some extent, the fierce joy of the confrontation.

There are some few others who pursue the aims which Konenkov seeks to make convincing, and one of them is Osip Zadkine, a young Russian, born at Smolensk in 1890, who was sent to England when a child, but never became completely acclimatized. He made his first attempts in sculpture at Sunderland, and after reaching London studied at the Regent Street Polytechnic. In 1910 he went to Paris, and after six months at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, decided that the training of the schools was not in his line and so decided to work alone. He is a carver of wood and a modeler, and he makes pieces of a religious character. In 1912 he exhibited The Holy Family, in 1914 Job and His Family, and in 1916 Maternity.

Followed three years in the French Army at the War, and in 1918 he began to exhibit again with Venus (now in the collection of Mme. Marval), La Femme a la Cruche, The Drinkers, and The Tiger, which is now in the Museum at Grenoble, where is also the marble

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Head of a Girl of 1919. All these works have been seen in the Autumn and Independent Salons or in the gallery of La Lécorne at Brussels; at Berlin and Rome; and some of them in London at the Grafton Gallery International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers Show in 1921, when The Guitar Player was exhibited, a gaunt black figure, its form dictated by the log from which it is carved. The following year's exhibition included a new Maternity in marble, and The Prophet of the year 1915, while a later work—of 1921—was the double figure called The Musicians in coloured wood.

Zadkine is the most thorough-going of the artists who see in Negro sculpture a pure, primitive instinct worthy of emulation. His enthusiasm for this form of art has led him perhaps too far, for there is a tendency in his later work to imitation of actual form in excess of what is demanded from the practice of primitive representation. Before he was thirty years old he broke away from the accepted plastical representative tendencies of Rodin, Bourdelle and Maillol, rejecting their modern realism, medievalism and new classicism respectively. The way for him was hard to find and the evolution of principle slow, as happens in most cases where a young artist sets out to discover a fresh method, but the fear of making mistakes is generally modified, and the modifications in Zadkine's case were indicated at the Autumn Salon of 1923 by A Woman with a Fan in stone and The Deer.

Konenkov and Zadkine are the most uncompromising exponents of the school which believes that the material, in its shape, texture and other qualities, should
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dictate the form of its emergent plastic. At the second exhibition of sculpture en taille directe in 1924, Zadkine exhibited The Prophet in oak, The Musician in painted apple-wood, Maternity in pear-wood, A Head of a Man in box-wood, and two heads in stone—proving himself a true disciple of Konenkov—as well as five water-colour drawings. At his one-man show at Tooth's Galleries in London in 1928 the artist brought together most of the varieties of form in which he has experimented, plastic as well as glyptic, but there was no indication that he has up to the present arrived at a definitive stage.

I remember him telling me he hoped never to finish trying to find out.

Like Zadkine, Osip Tsapline finds his inspiration in the Russian forests, of which he had some experience, not always of too pleasant a character, during the War, from which he escaped to Paris, where he was gratefully accepted as barbarian. He took advantage of his welcome and produced wood-sculpture which was seen at the Stodenc Gallery and regarded as the eccentric work of "a moujik of the Faubourg Saint-Honoré." His work has been described as academic and as impressionistic, but it is neither, but rather a development on smooth and well-designed lines from Rodin in the direction of Maillol, but with a larger sense of composition, well adapted to the material on which it is exercised.

Jacques Loutschansky, born at Vinnitza in Podolia and living in Paris, is one of the Russian artists who have given new life to wood-sculpture. He is one of the most accomplished of them, and although he has a

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strong bias in favour of the naturalistic method of Konenkov and Zadkine, his tendency in the direction of academic statement is even more pronounced. His strong individuality, however, and his personal vision result in his imparting a new form to naturalistic study without so far straying from that method of representation as to embrace expressionism. He selects only typical subjects, and distils from them their character, in some cases dispensing with an elaborate definition of form in order to achieve a simple statement, as in his Balalaika Player.

In his early life Loutschansky was largely under the influence of Rodin, but all evidence of such disappears from the later works. He is not a purely plastic artist, as was Rodin, and his wood-carving definitely proclaims his glyptic preference. Like most of the Russians, he is a carver par excellence, and even in his more or less smoothly executed Head of a Man he retains the signs of the cutting tools and maintains the intention of their technique. In the still smoother Head of a Javanese Girl, the same thing is still apparent; it does not show any signs of building up, but proclaims itself an analytic study. His most characteristic work in wood in this direction, however, is his Milkman, an admirable piece of portraiture from life: a large fat face to a smallish head, with heavy cheeks and small eyes; the head set heavily upon the chest, with little neck to spare; the hair represented as closely cropped—a now well-known piece of wood-sculpture.

Eugen Zak, the German critic, says that Loutschansky possesses an understanding eye for the secrets of Nature, recalling the words of the Indian thinker:
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‘Only Nature, tradition and originality combined can produce a masterpiece.’ The Milkman is a masterpiece in a small way. The artist has never confined himself to the study of any one epoch or land, but has studied and learned to value the masterpieces of all times without prejudice, and so retains his veneration for Rodin. Although he has marked out now for himself a strong individualistic line, he believes that the same ideals, ideas and truths underlie the differing expressions of art.

He does not therefore restrict himself to wood-sculpture. His Maturity, exhibited in 1924 at the Salon des Tuileries, a noble and notable presentation of a much-used theme, is a departure. It represents very simply as a sitting girl its subject. The artist has said that “sculpture must be like a beautiful symphony, perfect and without discords,” and this lovely statue is a testimony to his powers of realising his definition, tender, while his Milkman and his Balalaika Player are robust and strong. In marble his chief work is a relief of a Baker, a rounded figure hewn out of the matrix, what is left of it serving as an integral part of the design, supporting and strengthening the figure. There are two heads of young girls carved in stone which give further proof of the artist’s definite glyptic qualities, one of them with long hair, the other with short curls clustering closely round the head, as is sometimes seen in Greek work, and, indeed, this piece is much more classical in its content than any other of Loutschansky’s works. Here, as in his other things, the essence of expression is the main preoccupation of the sculptor. He uses his materials with the greatest
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skill, and his knowledge of the art of the periods helps him to express, as in the case of the head of a girl with Greek feeling, and the Milkman, which has all the air of a Chinese wooden figure: this was shown at the Salon des Indépendants in 1922. Another head of a man and another of a woman were exhibited in London at the Russian Exhibition at the Whitechapel Art Gallery in 1921, when he first became known to the English public.

Nathan Imenitoff is another Russian living in Paris who carves in wood as well as models, showing at the Salon d'Automne, 1923; a project for the doors of a building for the League of Nations; and Stelletsky is still another, and works in the style of the Florentines of the fifteenth century.

Léon Indenbaum was born at Sievsk in the then government of Omsk in Russia in 1890. He learned to carve in wood at Vilna in Lithuania during 1908 and 1909, and in the latter year proceeded to the Imperial School at Odessa to learn drawing, where he stayed during 1910. He then went to Paris and worked in his own studio quite apart from any school or teacher. He has an innate faculty for drawing, and the purity of his line is observable in all his works, which are somewhat various in style. 'The almost classic simplicity of the beautiful stone Torso of a Young Girl, seen in 1921 at Whitechapel; the simplification of the Head of a Girl in rose marble now in the Collection Civisioveloni; the severity of the Portrait Synthétique in black granite, reproduced in bronze for Mrs. Knoedler of New York; the naturalism of the bust of Dr. M. exhibit the same power. All these works were seen together at the
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Salon d'Automne of 1920 with another portrait, and the collection was recognised as being very exceptional. It achieved an admirable success and established Indenbaum's fame in Paris as a direct sculptor of the highest rank. He is not claimed as an adherent of taille directe, but his practice is in accord with the principles of that school.

The year 1920 was important, but it had been led up to by exhibits from 1913, when his bas-relief, The Shepherds, was carved in Milan marble and shown at the Autumn Salon, while at the Salon des Independants his Jewish Infant in onyx appeared. Colonne, L'infini in grey marble, a Head of a Boy in black granite followed after the War.

Indenbaum as an authentic direct carver, is entitled to the honourable state by early training, and later usage; by the variety of his productions, which, beyond what I have already mentioned, include decorative panels in wood in carved low relief, two of which are in the collection of M. Jacques Doucet of Paris, curious elongated subjects with treatment of details recalling those of Soudhinie, but used in a totally different manner.

These panels, too, accord with the architectonic principles of Bourdelle, and it has been said that Indenbaum has been influenced by the French masters of modelling, but no such influence makes its appearance in the style of the Russian artist's work, although it agrees in structure. The severity of the Girl's Torso suggests rather Maillo's advanced classicism. In point of fact, Indenbaum's art is by its very nature classically severe, but by no manner of means formal.

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He is always sober and always ready to adopt ideas of to-day, as well as of the past suitable to it, and such as remain well within the limits of the character of the materials in use and the methods he has of working them. He, similarly to Casanovas, illustrates sculptural research into materials, and he allows textures and qualities to define the character of his work and guide him to the form it will take. It is a fascinating principle, and even if it sometimes endangers free expression, it produces most interesting spontaneous results, as, for instance, in the remarkable Portrait Synthetique, and the Young Girl's Head, where the contours and grain of the mineral structure have been utilised in the carved structure of the cheeks. Indenbaum lets his materials lead him to form, and will not have form dictated arbitrarily. The Portrait Synthetique is a work comparable with the finest Egyptian granite heads.

Equally determined in this respect is Isaac Paillès, who was born at Kief. He is the last-comer of all the Russian carvers. He, with Zachine as leader, has adopted the primitives' scheme of work, but has carried it further than most in making compositions or ensembles instead of single figures only, as is seen in his groups some 2 feet high in orange-wood and white marble. The latter, strangely enough, while retaining the Negro type in its execution, exhibits certain impressionistic modifications which are of interest and moment, and give indications of the extension at no distant date of this artist's outlook and a breaking of the bonds which now restrict his work and horizon to some extent.
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David Ginsbourg was born at Dwinsk in the same year as Indenbaum, and is an even more devoted wood-sculptor, but has received a larger amount of training. He was at the School of Art at Kazan from 1905 to 1910, and until 1912 at the Academy of Arts at Petrograd. After that the Ecole Nationale des Beaux-Arts at Paris claimed him until the War put in a more imperative call. All the training Ginsbourg received only served to make better in quality the unconventionality of his work. He is distinctly of the moderns, though free from the Negro school and only slightly intrigued with the cubist. He, like Indenbaum, is led by the material of his work both in kind and in shape, and his Souvenir, belonging to M. Paul Huet of Paris, seen at the Salon des Indépendants in 1920, illustrates this freedom, as well as reproduces certain characteristics of the Rumanian Brancouzi's work. The big unseeing eyes of the latter's Mlle. Pogany stare blankly out of this Souvenir, whose shape is as confined as is the shape of the block from which it emerges. A different spirit is seen in La Femme of the year following, exhibited at the Salon d'Automne, although the form is related to the Souvenir, the hair and the face being largely similar. The expression of the face is a humorous one, and is communicated to the figure, which extends its arms downwards and behind, raising the shoulders in its leering snare. This work is now the property of M. Paul Ferrandoux of Tours. Expressive more of tradition than of the year's fashion in sculpture, however, is the high relief of a woman's figure, back view, which was seen at the Salon des Indépendants in 1921. For wood this nude is remark-
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ably and exceptionally detailed in its carving, and is one of the finest pieces of work in this respect that I know of. Its technique is interesting, too, inasmuch as its creator has dug down into the solid mass of his block to get his relief, instead of leaving it standing out on the surface.

In the wood-sculpture of Sandomyrskaya a return is made to surface treatment as simple and naive as the cruder forms of Negro work. The artist, however, pursues the path of naturalism and avoids the grotesque. The artist's main preoccupation is with the type-bust, and, with the adherence to the proletarian movement of the Russian modernists, he has made a number of excellent heads of peasants. The movement culminating in the exhibitions in Moscow of 1927 of the younger Russian artists has virility; it has, during the last ten years, experimented with all the "isms" since impressionism, sincere and insincere, and has once more arrived at naturalism.
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 Loutachansky, 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 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 Croecian. He has read Shakespeare, and "Venus and Adonis" laid the seed of a great sculptural subject. When a wide block of ash, unworn, as it had grown perhaps for centuries—English ash—came into his possession, the conception matured, and he set to work incontinent 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 Kamashov 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...
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in Florence and then at Paris with Bourdelle. All this time he was modelling, and it was not until he arrived in England that he discovered his métier. He had modelled many portrait busts delicately and with feeling, and then he realised, by means of a study of the carving in wood of Grinling Gibbons, that modelling can easily be carried too far; he saw that in the work of Gibbons the wonderful craftsmanship had reached its limit, the glyptic faculty had been usurped by the plastic, the use of wood had been prostituted.

He turned back. At the Victoria and Albert Museum he found in the earlier Tudor carving what to him was the greatest thing in glyptic art. He saw a bust in wood by Gauguin—a man with no technique but with a violent thirst for expression—and found that in spirit it corresponded with early Tudor work. His hour had struck, and he abandoned modelling for carving and conceived the ambition of carving in wood for homes and halls as in Tudor days. The true sculptural instinct came to him in his desire for an architectural expression of it. In his group of Lot and his two Daughters, seen at the London Group Exhibition in 1926, this desire is made manifest, for subconsciously this remarkable work is such as to loudly demand an architectural setting; it is indeed an architectural detail.

The same feeling is engendered by his Salome, a half-life-size figure in Hungarian ash, draped, with the head of the Baptist suspended at arm's length, the figure upright as the tree trunk from which it is made grew: a caryatid. A longitudinal panel of English oak carries two nude figures languidly along its length of 4 or 5 feet, and is obviously fitted for some such architectural purpose as an over-door, or part of a frieze, its subject, perhaps, being Spring. All the time the impression conveyed presupposes the material, and of his material Lozoff has made a prolonged and intensive study. He has also given a good deal of attention to the practical details of the wood-carving craft. Wood is a treacherous material which splits in alternating conditions of heat and cold, and Lozoff claims that by a system of the application of water and oil he has at length got at the secret of preventing this. Further, he can so treat wood that has already fissured or warped as to disguise in a very natural manner this disability. He loves wood as a carving material—its rich warmth yielding gracefully to the chisel, gouge and mallet—and it is due to this affection that his pieces are so completely sympathetic. His group of two figures closely embracing, which he calls Hyde Park, made in Hungarian ash, is one of the most characteristic examples of the true principles of wood-sculpture. A Striding Woman, armless, with legs separated, owes its convincing form entirely to the shape of the bifurcated tree trunk from which it is made. Lozoff has exhibited but once: he has no ambition to make studio pieces, but to work for architecture he feels to be the most profitable way of exercising his powers as an artist-craftsman.

The Young Russian school claims that it includes two tendencies, but is compact of one principle. The latter is direct work; the former is combined construction or architectonic, and research into materials. As regards the constructive tendency, clay modelling
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and other accessories of plastic are allowed, but with regard to carvable materials only irreproachable glyptic methods are tolerated. Within these particular restrictions, the young Russian sculptor freely pursues any style that appeals to him and offers a free way to expression. This is the case with Jacques Lipchitz, who hails from Drouskienki, where he was born in 1881, and on whom M. Maurice Raynal has written a monograph. Lipchitz is for the moment pursuing his research on cubist lines, not following Archipenko, who is a modeller and painter, but developing his sense of architectural growth with a cubistic formula. He has not the sense of architectural structure such as Henri Bouchard claims for sculpture and as Céline Lepage practised in her modelled work based on Nature's intimations in this direction, or of that of Krop and Remiens in Holland, who, with a corresponding aim, have gone back to the primitives; or such as is possessed by Toma Rosandić and Ivan Meštrović. Jacques Lipchitz models and carves only in forms defined as abstractionist.

Among the contemporary Russian sculptural artists, the women take a clearly defined and important position. They are even more fearlessly progressive than the men, although the progress is backwards into pre-traditional times in some important respects. But their progress is also onwards into the regions of thought and feeling; their technique only is retrospective. Catherine Kirpitcheskova, who has returned to Russia, is a typical instance of an artist devoted to psychological speculation. For some years during and after the War she lived in Paris, following an extensive world-travel. She was born in Moscow in 1881 and studied at the High School of Painting, Sculpture and Architecture from 1901 to 1903, finishing with two medals for sculpture, and drawing under Paul Troubetzkoy. For another two years she continued her study of drawing in the studio of Sero. She is passionately an artist; she is musical. She carves in wood and models in plaster; she essays other modes of expression, for she is an expressionist to the last degree of intensity. She cannot express all she feels or thinks; she is often in despair at her inability to do so; she broods; she listens to the rhythms of art; she feels them and they are her life. Especially she feels the rhythms of music, for they are the most abstract things in art to her—except those of architecture. Music and architecture are abstract because they do not imitate Nature. The rhythm she understands and feels, she desires to express in plastic form, and she made two attempts thereat in a high relief exhibited at the Moscow Salon in 1912 of Grieg's "Funeral March," and another exhibited the following year of "The Death of Asa from "Peer Gynt." These are all expression; naturalistic aids in form have been used as little as possible; it is the musical idea she has striven for and for which she has invented the form. As a result of her observations during her travels, her earlier works of the Moscow period included Orient and Fellah, two haut-reliefs, and a mask, Tirtey, and she also made a number of portraits, which were exhibited at the Moscow Society Tovarischevto. During the War she worked as a nurse in Macedonia, and returned to her art only in 1921 with two bas-reliefs,

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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 Kirpitchenkova does not take her art lightly, nor does she her life. The two are one, and this passion is shared by her husband, Kirpitchenkov, 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. Kirpitchenkova’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 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 Kirpitchenkova 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.”
Another Russian woman wood-sculptor, who, however, prefers practice to preaching, is Chana Orloff, born at Czareconstantinovska in 1888. From 1912 to 1914 she studied at the Paris School of Decorative Arts and has since exhibited in most of the galleries of Paris, and the Salons d’Automne and des Indépendants. At the former in 1920 was her bust of Gaston Picard and The Lady with the Fan, a half-figure in wood, life size, the form reduced by simplification, as is the case with all her works. At the same exhibition was a portrait in cement of the Jewish painter, Edmond Fleg, in which there is more than a hint of caricature, but caricature without humour, a somewhat fearsome method of accentuating natural features and propensities. A further work in cement is the life-sized L’Adolescent. Another portrait, less drastic, but even more simplified, is that of Laboureur, the artist, exhibited at the Salon des Indépendants in 1922, and an earlier one of 1920 in wood is of Jaacovleff, the Russian painter, an imposing work. The Man with a Pipe was a striking life-size half-figure in plaster at the Salon des Indépendants in 1921, and a very good bust in gilded bronze of Mlle. Schwob belongs to that year. Another portrait head is that of Miss S. The Little Girl is a study in wood, 1 metre high, which was purchased by the French State in 1921; it is exaggerated, but yet lifelike more than doll-like, so potent is the power wielded by Chana Orloff in producing a naturalistic effect by means of the simplified convention she employs. In wood the artist has produced works of an unusual description since 1914, to which year a half-figure of a woman, 164
life size, called Madonna belongs. This is the least mannered of all the artist's works because one of the earliest. It possesses greater naturalistic features, but has the beginnings of the later style, influenced thereto by cubism, quite apart from the development of simplification at a later stage. This begins to show strongly in The Amazon, which, with three other pieces, was seen at the Whitechapel Exhibition in 1921. It is the most toy-like of any of Orloff's things, but it has qualities which speedily developed and appeared in the beautiful and very simple Maternity, a woman and child, only ¾ a metre high, of 1918, which now belongs to M. d'Alsace of Paris. The Dancers, a group of two draped women, 1 metre high, belonging to Mme. Brooks of Paris, retains the structure of the wood, but is too toy-like. It, however, marks the end of that class of work and makes way for the more developed examples already described.

Antoine Jousaytis, who was born at Kialulpe in Lithuania, is a carver in stone of animals. He showed at the Salon d'Automne, 1923, an Indian Cock, a Pigeon and other pieces in marble. Another Lithuanian is Léon Droucker, born at Vilna, who, at the same Salon, exhibited a nude in wood.

Gleb Derujinsky was born at Smolensk in 1888, and studied art at St. Petersburg and at Paris, where he had some teaching from Injalbert and Verlet. The Russian Revolution interfered with his career, but, after working in South Russia, he escaped and reached the United States in 1919, where he made good. Derujinsky is a modeller who carves occasionally, and three of his cut pieces were seen at his one-man show at Knoedler's.
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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 Pietà; 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 Bezgabel 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
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painter, but in graphic art he expresses himself most
tantely with the etching needle. Heredity has
demonstrated itself strikingly in the case of the Glicen-
stein family, for the sculptor's son, Emmanuelle, born
in Rome in 1897, is a young painter of exceptional
promise.

Glicenstein is a product of the teaching of Rumann of
Munich, but his individuality is so strong and his
passion for expressing himself so imperative that there
is no distinct indication in his style as to the origin of
his technique. Unlike most of the other considerable
Jewish sculptors, he retains the vision of the Jews of
the Old Testament and works on subjects derived from it.
He was awarded the Prix de Rome in 1895, and
his first exhibited work of importance was at the Paris
International of 1900: Cain and Abel, or, as it was
otherwise called, The First Death, and for this he was
awarded a medal. In 1905 his Messiah was seen in
Berlin and is still there in a private garden, and the
plaster cast is at the Art School at Jerusalem. It is a
colossal seated figure, the upper part nude, the head,
with long hair and beard, bent upon the chest—an
impressive conception of the Bearer of the burden of
the world. In 1920 he published two series of etch-
ings in illustration of the Book of Samuel.

Glicenstein began to exhibit in 1896 plaquettes and
other small pieces, indicating a thorough apprecia-
tion of the craft of modelled drawing in this class of
work, which he continued for some ten years, producing
them in various shapes—circular, square and oblong.
In the round, he has modelled various busts, and that of D'Annunzio in bronze, when exhibited at the

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International Exhibition at Munich in 1905, gained for
its author another gold medal, and his massive bronze
portrait head of Dr. Ludwig Mond, father of the late
Lord Melchett, is well known. A fine bust in
terra-cotta, which the sculptor loves to work in, is at
the Heinemann Gallery at Munich and is known as
Jochanan.

At this gallery a one-man show was held in 1912, and
at this period collections of Glicenstein's works were
seen at exhibitions organised by the municipalities of
Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main and
Cologne. His fame was established in Rome and in
Germany, and in France he had been elected an
Associé of the Société Nationale in 1907.

At the Public Art Gallery in Bremen he is represen-
tated by a bronze statue entitled The Song, and in the
Strogonow Gallery at Moscow there was a representa-
tive collection of his work done before the War. In the
Rosenheim Collection in Paris and in that of Herr
Rudolph Mosse, the proprietor of the Berliner Tage-
blatt in the German capital, a number of his sculptures
are included.

In the Spring Salon of 1921 at Paris, his beautiful
veined marble statue called Miriam of which his
daughter was the model, was exhibited. She is
represented sitting, her knees bent upwards, her hands
flat on the base at her sides. Her hair hangs in
two waves over her shoulders, and on her face is a
slight but charming smile. Of the same subject, the
artist has made a head which has been reproduced in
majolica. He is always glad to have direct permanent
reproductions of his modelling, either in baked clay or
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in pottery, knowing that in such he gets the authentic plastic touch and so gets the direct effect. He works direct in all materials, being expert in bronze-casting and working with the file on the cast figure after completion to gain his effects. He carves direct in wood and chisels stone, and there is no medium and no method in plastic and glyptic art of the larger kind which he has not mastered.

In 1909 Glicenstein was called to Warsaw, the capital of his native land, as Professor of Sculpture at the Academy of Arts. He started on the journey to take up the post, but did not get further than Cracow, where a dispute arose with the leading Polish architect, Hajden, with regard to the use of copies of sculpture on buildings, which he deprecated, desiring an impetus to be given to original sculpture. The Press was occupied in publishing his address on accepting the post, the fact of a Jew being appointed affording material for discussion. These things made him pause, and his wife, disliking the idea of living in anti-Jewish Poland, added persuasion to indecision, and this resulted in their return to free Italy where, for a year afterwards, he was assailed by the authorities at Warsaw in their endeavour to make him reconsider his resolve. He remained in Rome, however, his home having been established there since 1895, his residence there being broken only at brief intervals until he set out for England in May, 1921, where, if possible, he intended to make his home in the future. In 1922 he held a one-man show of his sculpture, drawings and drypoints at the Greetorex Gallery, which was successful in every way except the way of finance. He was

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greatly disappointed at his reception in London and to some extent embittered. London never realised his importance, but he has now made a success in the United States.

Some few of the early works of Henry Glicenstein were carved direct in stone, and an example in marble is to be found in the Warsaw Museum, his Idyll, a group of a woman with a peacock. The marble bust of his wife was also carved by him. I asked him once if he liked to carve direct, and he said he did. “Always?” I queried. “Oh, yes, yes, yes; if I had time,” he answered. “Why?” I questioned further, and his burning eyes glistened more than usual as he summoned his limited English to reply: “Because I cut what I feel!” That is a characteristic of all direct carvers; it was the way of Stirling Lee in his fine groups, and it was the way of Arthur J. Walker when he attacked the block of marble discarded by his friend, Stirling Lee, and created out of it his touching, sincere and convincing Mother and Child, and with it representing auto-carving in England in one of its finest manifestations.

A great idea is expressed in the sketch for a War memorial which Glicenstein produced in London in 1921. It is called Resurrection, and is architectural in character although in essence it is a sculptural work. It is in columnar form, constructed by interwoven human figures, and is designed to rest on a base as an altar; the column on which all the figures are tending and striving upwards to represent the ascending fierce flame of sacrifice. It is original in conception, although based on the old idea, the eternal idea, the biblical idea,
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of the re-emergence of the body on the final day. The symboliam is simply expressed, but the modelling of its details is complex. The figures, in their interlinked condition, afford an opportunity of a fine display of light and shade which is facilitated further by the fact that the column is modelled to be regarded from all points of view and the play of light is therefore seen from all directions.

Glicenstein does not consider his work by any means achieved by the representation of any idea, however important it may be. His aim is the creation of absolute plastic and glyptic form, and his place in art is based on the discipline he applies in bringing out the lasting values of every part of his sculptured works so that they shall stand not merely as complete figures but of equal finished significance and importance as fragments.

There are many sculptors whose inspiration is derived from their study of the work of Pheidias and Praxiteles, many who go back to the primitives for theirs, but the number of those whose feeling coincides with that of the artists of the later Greek period is not so large. One of them is Henryk Kuna, born at Warsaw in 1880, in whose work sympathies with Canova and Thorwaldsen may be found, but coupled with a definitely modern feeling which places it abreast of the rest of the progressive work of the time, and produces a distinctly individualistic impression. There is no more than the smallest exterior likeness to the work of Havard Thomas and Joseph Bernard or to that of Johannes Bjerg in it, but yet the feeling and the spirit of these masters are similarly conveyed; this neo-

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Greek sculptor is gentler in feeling, his line is suaver, and there is a softness of contour in his work and a dream-like appeal that is compelling if even it leads to languor. The effect is decadent in the best sense, essentially static, the antithesis of violence. In the exhibition held at Paris in 1921 and at McLean’s Gallery in London in January, 1922, there were thirteen examples of Kuna’s work, and several of them possessed the attitude in common of raised arms—Spring, Dawn, Rhythm and others, even including the female Torso in veined marble. The cumulative result was one of appeal to the gentler emotions, and this also was accentuated by the more portentous action projected in the figure in wood, a male nude, the left leg bent and slightly draped, the right extended, called Boatman, certainly the one piece in the exhibition which possessed potential vigour of movement. The others, curiously, were a little bent or crouching, an engaging pose which obviously their creator is fond of. The beautiful nude in marble, with a little drapery on the left leg, a young girl, bends forward at the knees; the other full girl’s figure, Dawn, in creamy-yellow marble, rests on the right knee, and another characteristic to be coupled with that of the upraised hands is the treatment of the hair, which is conventionalised in a manner reminiscent of later Greek and Roman work.

Slightly tinted marble is used also in the Girl’s Head and in The Woman in a Bonnet, this latter title being misleading, for the bonnet is unlike any head-dress so named that I have ever seen. Another woman’s head was in slightly blue-veined marble, with smoothly

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vaxed hair, while a very simply designed and executed head is that of a small child called Meditation.

These attitudes, however, it is evident, are contrived for a definite purpose, as surely as those of Havard Thomas’s Thyraia, Lycidas and Cassandra are so contrived. In the first place, they convey a sense of ingratitude which is their spirit; in the second, they provide for a display of knowledge in technique which is form; and, in the third, they project their creator’s intuitions regarding the abstractions which it is the business of his thought to reduce to representations: Rhythm, Dawn, Meditation. The sculptor deals with ideas; his products are pure form pervaded by mental functioning.

Edouard Wittig is more cosmopolitan than Kuna, but he has by no means deserted his birthplace, Warsaw, where from 1915 to 1919 he was the Professor of Sculpture at the School of Art. He has, however, lived largely in France, where he studied under Lucien Schnegg, after leaving the Vienna Academy. His bust of Marshal Pilsudski is well known, and he has carved other important portraits. His style is serene, and in the fine three-quarter-length figure of Peace, made in 1913, somewhat cold and severe, but admirably compact and well related to the matrix. His principal marble pieces in Poland are L’Eveil, a fountain group of woman and children, a stone high-relief for a fountain, and Eve, a large figure in stone. He has many bronze works, including Life and Death, two figures of women, in the Luxembourg Museum, Paris. He is a Sociétaire of the Salon Nationale des Beaux-Arts and Salon d’Automne, a Chevalier of the
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Legion of Honour and has the Polish Croix de Guerre. His work is advanced, but is essentially naturalistic.

Many of the Polish sculptors are striving for a freer scope and a wider range: Elie Nadelman, for example, who was born in Warsaw, conquered Paris, then London, and has now in New York become an American citizen. He was one of the foremost of the advanced band in Paris in the earlier years of the century. His work is highly expressionistic, and he certainly produces new versions of form, but he is almost exclusively a modeller.

Meanwhile art goes on going back to Nature and glyptic occupies itself with natural substances in which to work. Nowhere more than in Poland do craftsmen of the naturalistic spirit abound, and the very advanced men like August Zamoyski, with all their strivings for the future of sculpture, work in wood and stone. Zamoyski's heads are among the most expressive things now being done by the forward men. The teachers in the arts and crafts schools encourage their students' inventiveness, even when engaged only on trivial tasks, and so from these schools emerge such promising works as those of Antoni Kenay, Stanislaw Javazaek and Wladyslaw Miertelski to witness to the fosterings and suggestions of their masters. Distinctively glyptic, Jan Szepkowski, who was born in 1878 and is a professor at the Industrial Art School at Warsaw, and August Zamoyski, a younger man, born in 1893, take a foremost place in the ranks of the direct carvers. The former works mostly in wood of a decorative architectural character; the latter as an exponent of pure form in stone, marble and granite.
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Nowhere in Europe has wood been more exploited by the peasants of the past than in Poland. The tradition of the wooden church and house, and the furniture for them, was held until it began to wane, as in the rest of Europe, during last century. Now the ethnological museums being established in many of the important cities of the north and middle of the Continent, are drawing attention to the old carved woodwork, and inducing the foundation of schools and ateliers for its revival. In Poland there are at least three of these schools in which carving is taught, at Warsaw, Cracow and Zakopane. There are three headmasters who are encouraging their students to carve their own ideas, while preserving tradition and not neglecting Nature—Charles Stryzinski, Roman Olezowski and Thadeus Breyer. The use of tools, and the treatment of material are taught with circumspection, and the rest is left to the imagination of pupils of ages under the twenties. This results in good craft-work, for the most part of a simple nature, and occasionally an artist emerges and is sent to the higher school for developmental artistic education. The professors of these schools are invariably talented artists who, although they have for the most part studied abroad, have yet kept well to the national tradition. As to teaching of academy rank, in Poland it is available without recourse to a long sojourn abroad, at Warsaw and Cracow.

An old friend and fellow-student of Henry Glicenstein is Konstanty Laszczka, who is the Professor of Sculpture and was at one time the Rector of the Academy of Arts at Warsaw. He is mainly a modelling
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artist, but occasionally carves, and one of his glyptic works is an impressive and expressive study of a head of a Jew in lime-wood, a very natural presentation of physiognomical and psychological type characteristics.

Provided by the Government with posts and commissions in order to keep them in their native land, the Polish sculptors form an imposing national asset. Poles, however, have always been rovers, and Polish artists are found in other lands than their own by birth.

In Paris there lives and works Georg-Clémont de Swiechowski, who, although he is like his countryman, Laszczka, a modeller, is also an exponent of direct carving. From his studio in the Boulevard Raspail have come distinguished works which have, as much as any, vindicated the practice by which they were achieved. The principal are Notre Dames des Réfugiés, The Virgin and Child, The Wise Virgin and the Foolish Virgin, St. John and St. Paul, and St. Francis of Assisi. He has also taken subjects from the Old Testament—four of the Prophets. He has made a convention of his own in the treatment of the figure and in that of drapery, which is always arranged in long folds, most often straight or nearly so, and carved to an edge instead of rounded. This treatment makes his statues look abnormally tall, as may be seen in The Wise Virgin, a stately static figure, to be matched with others from his atelier, such as Notre Dame de Montrouge, and A Young Basque Girl.

Another talented Polish sculptor is Marie de Szczytt-Lednicka, born in Moscow in 1895, who received lessons there in 1911 and 1912 before proceeding to Paris in 1913 to become a pupil of Bourdelle.
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in La Grande Chaumière. At the end of the following year she began to work independently, in London, Paris, Moscow and Warsaw. She exhibited in Moscow and Petrograd works in wood, stone and marble, and on returning to Paris became a member of the Autumn Salon, and her exhibit there in 1922 was a work in wood entitled The Black Angel, an extraordinary sitting figure with heavy butterfly-shaped wings, and hands held up to the face, which was afterwards seen at the Polish Exhibition at the Musée Crillon. Another life-size statue, The Virgin, is in oak and was shown at the Autumn Salon, a still stranger figure, the trunk treated naturalistically, the lower part as a series of sloping curves, thus retaining the character of the tree and achieving the form of a pillar. The artist works en taille directe, but still practises modelling, examples of which are the bust of Comte T. in bronze, a fine naturalistically studied portrait, and L'Adolescent, another bust, of a boy, in white marble, treated very delicately, which was in the Polish Section of the Salon Nationale. A half-size kneeling female nude, very simply treated, as Kuna treats similar subjects, was exhibited at the Spring Salon in Paris in 1921. Her sculptures have been sent during the last few years to Warsaw and London.

One of the finest works in modern wood-sculpture is the Mother and Child of François Black, the Pole, which may well be compared with the similar subject by Rosandić, and contrasted with the treatment in several examples offered by Meštrović and Rosandić.

Ksawery Dunikowski began to exhibit in 1900 works in plaster and some bronzes. He was then influenced

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by Gothic work, and this, in very modified form, with excursions aside, as in his monument of Homage to America in stone, he has more or less strongly maintained. He is a wood-sculptor who has exercised his powers on the production of a long series of heads of men and women of historical importance for the House of Deputies at the Wawel Palace at Cracow. These are all treated in polychrome, as in Gothic times and as befitting the character of the castle. He has even ventured on a painted wood half-length portrait of an American lady. In his America monument, however, Dunikowski has abandoned the Middle Ages for the age of Greece.