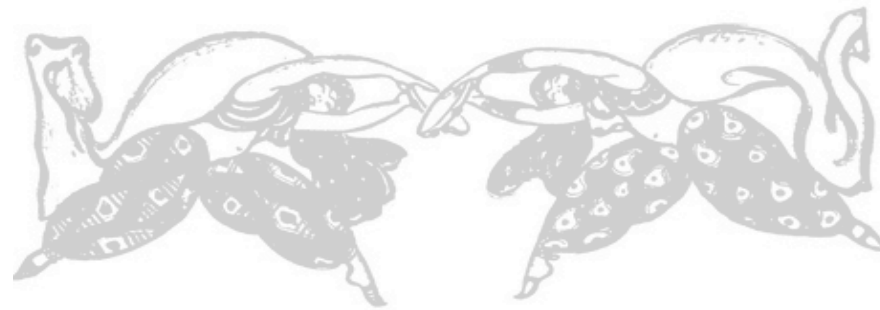


Séminaire “Image et critique”



Vendredi 30 avril 2021
Webinaire Teams

Rythme, mouvement et illustration



Danse et illustration :
La marionnette et le masque de l'illustrateur

Sophie Aymes (Université de Bourgogne)

Edward Gordon Craig, *A Mask* (1910)



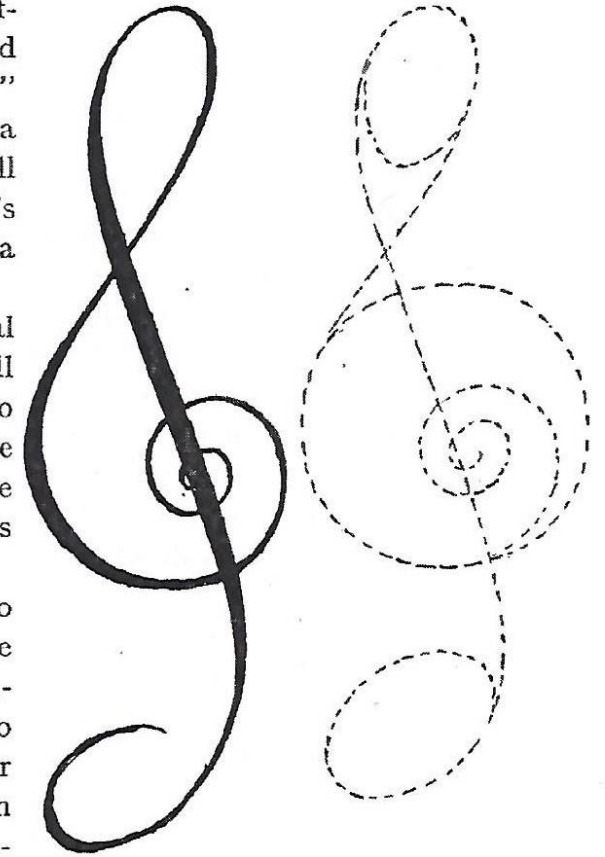
Edmund J. Sullivan
Line: An Art Study (Chapman & Hall, 1922)

These forms arise only from the use of the pen, and bear no reference to the use of the chisel, where the connecting stroke would be a most laborious undertaking. To see imitation script over shop fronts carried out in carved and gilded lettering is a perpetual affront to a well-formed taste, even though it may be unable to give its reason off-hand; and "Sacred to the Memory of" carved upon a headstone with all a writing-master's flourish is a desecration.

A rhythmical combination of all the curves is to be found in the musical sign of the treble clef, as here indicated.

The student who has mastered these curves may confidently proceed to apply them either to the composition of ornamental design,

or to the representation of objects, since he has already dealt with every element of curvature to be met with; proportion and arrangement are the only lions in his path, so far as drawing is concerned, apart from emotional expression.



The Dome, n°1 (1897)

Londres: The Unicorn Press

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L'acteur et la marionnette

Edward Gordon Craig

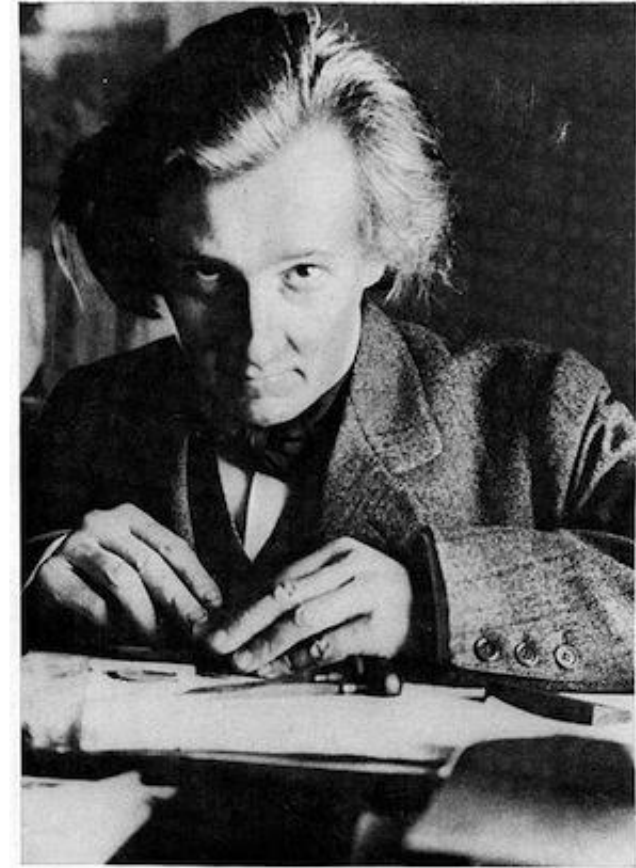
The Page (1898-1901)

The Mask (1908-1915, 1918-1919, 1923-1929)

The Marionette (1918-1919)

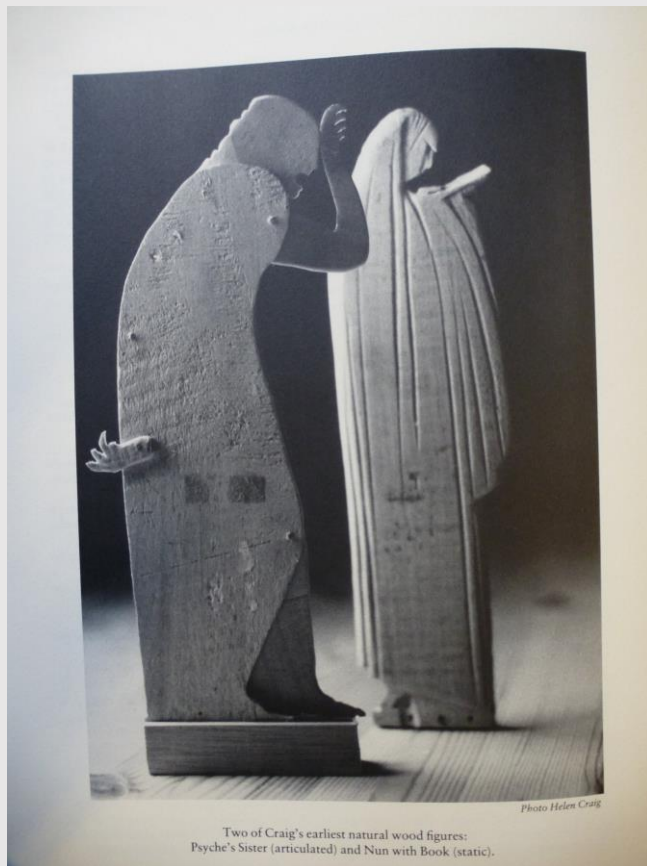
“The Actor and the Über-Marionette”

The Mask 1:2 (Avril 1908), pages 3-15

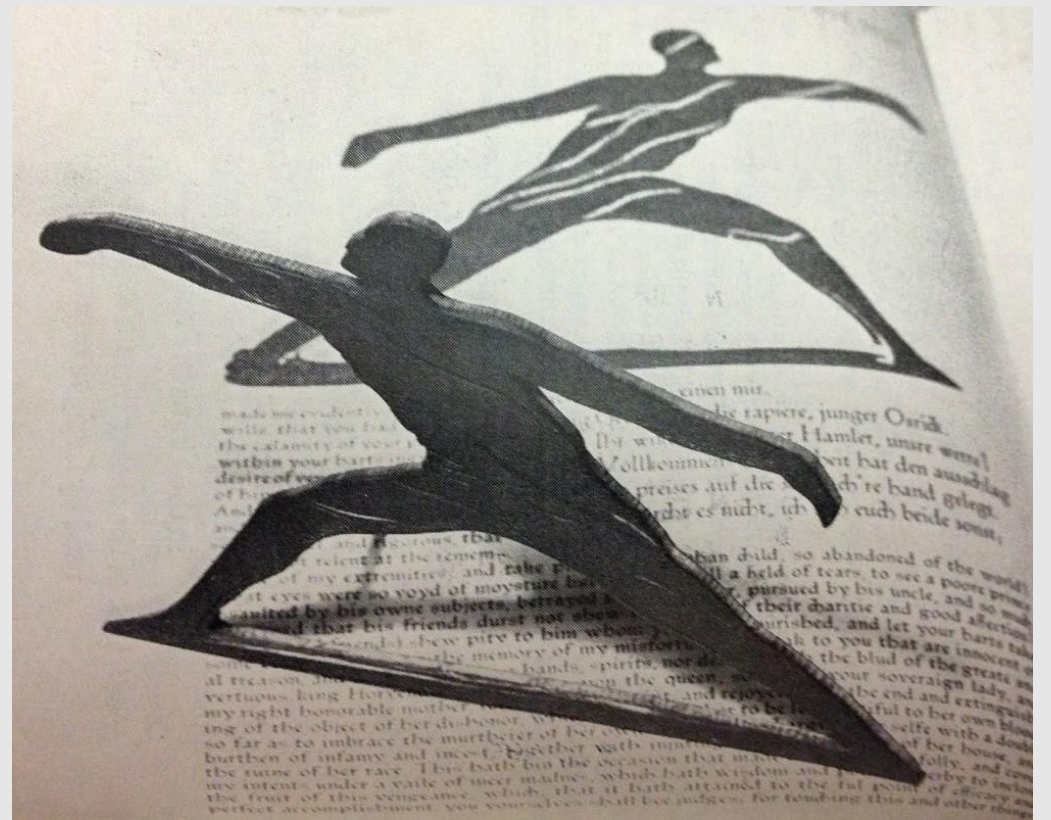


Arthur Symons, 'An Apology for Puppets' (1903)

Gesture on the stage is the equivalent of rhythm in verse, and it can convey, as a perfect rhythm should, not a little of the inner meaning of words, a meaning perhaps more latent in things. Does not gesture indeed make emotion, more certainly and more immediately than emotion makes gesture?

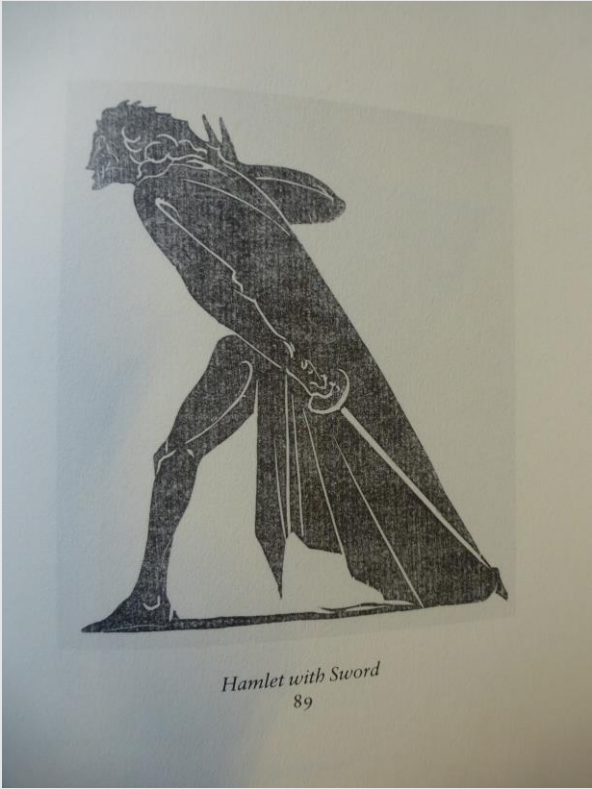


L. M. Newman,
The Black Figures of E. G. Craig (1989)



C. Franklin, *Fond of Printing* (1980)

Hamlet, Cranach Press (1929-1930)



ACT IV SCENE V THE TRAGICALL HISTORIE OF
LINES 56-74

meisme, puis que c'estoit par luy, que j'avois perdu ce qui me lioit à telle consanguinité et alliance. Homme pour vray hardy et courageux, et digne d'éternelle louange, qui s'armant d'une folie cauteleuse, et dissimulant accortement un grand deuoymement de sens, trompa sous telle simplicité les plus sages, fins, et rusez, conseruant non seulement sa vie des efforts et embusches du tyran, ains qui plus est, vengeant avec un nouveau genre de punition, et non excogité suplice la mort de son pere, plusieurs années apres l'exécution, de sorte que conduisant ses affaires avec telle prudence, et effectuant ses desseins avec une si grande hardiesse, et constance, il laisse un jugement indecis entre les hommes de bon esprit, lequel est le plus recommandable en luy, ou sa constance et magnanimité, ou la sagesse, en desseignant, et accortise, en mettant ses desseins au parfait accomplissement de son oeuvre de long temps premedité. Si jamais la vengeance sembla auoir quelque face et forme de justice, il est hors de doute, que la pieté et affection qui nous lie à la souuenance de nos peres, poursuivis injustement, est celle qui nous dispense à chercher les moyens de ne laisser impunie une trahison et effort outrageux et proditoire; veu que jacob que David fut un saint, et juste Roy, homme simple, et courtois, et debonnaire, si est-ce que mourant il enbarga à son fils Salomon, luy succedant à la couronne, de ne laisser descendre au tombeau quelque certain, qui l'avoit outragé, non que le Roy, et probain de la mort, et prest à rendre compte devant Dieu, fust

King. Pretty Ophelia.
Oph. Indeede la, without an oath Ile make an end on't,
By gis and by Saint Charitie,
Alack and fie for shame,
Young men will doo't if they come to't,
By Cook they are to blame.
Quoth she, Before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to wed,
(He answers.) So would I a done by ponder summe
And thou hadst not come to my bed.
King. How long hath she bene thus?
Oph. I hope all will be well, we must be patient, but
I cannot chuse but weepe to thinke they would
lay him i'th' cold ground, my brother shall
know of it, and so I thanke you for your good
counsaile. Come my Coady, God night Ladies,
god night, sweet Ladies god night, god night.

*Leoung
d'Amleth
le tyran.*

*Vengance iuste,
ou est ce qui doit
estre vengie.*

*Introu
de David
comandant
cette vengeance.*

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Vol. One N.º 1. MARCH 1908

THE MASK

A MONTHLY JOURNAL OF THE
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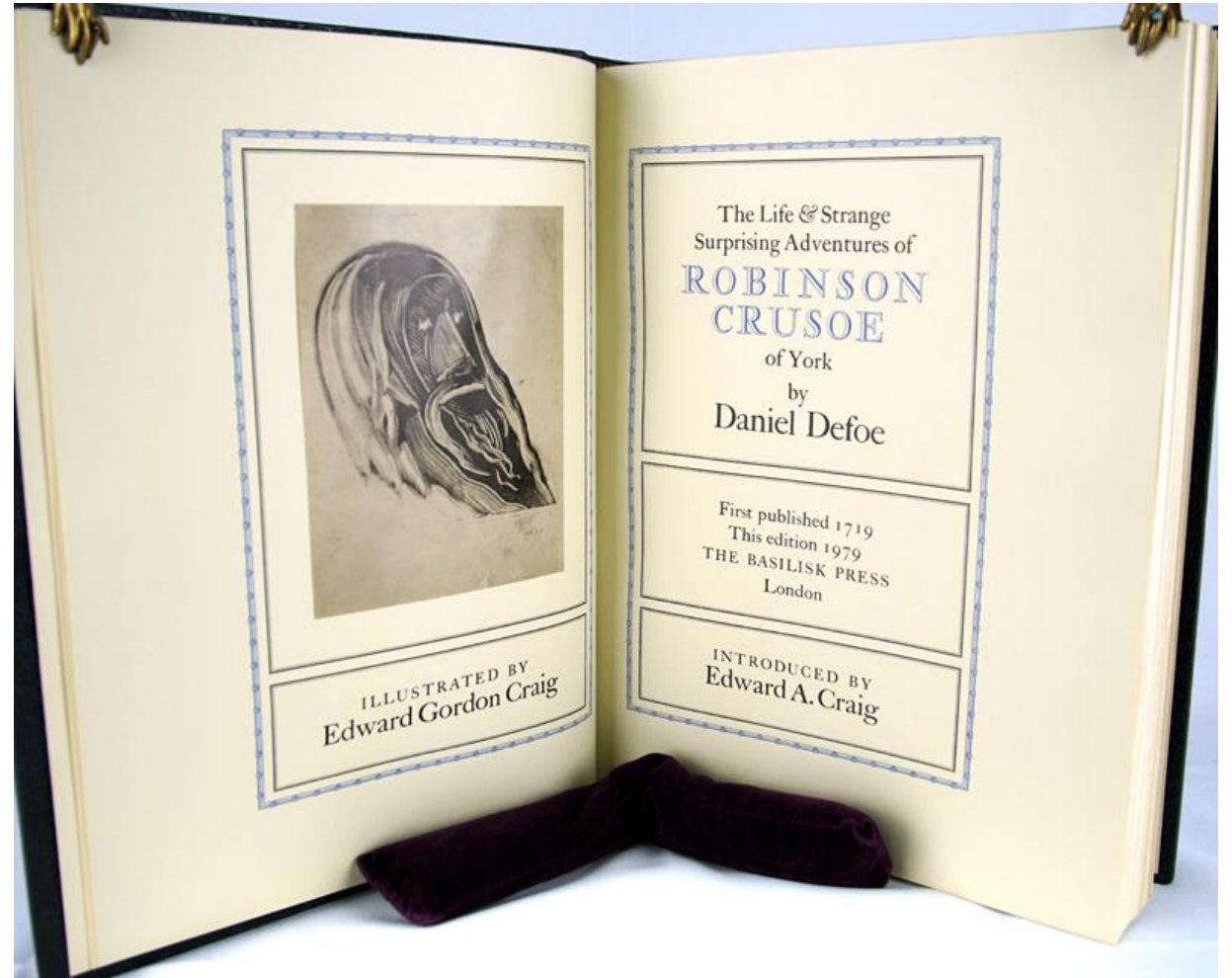
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Robinson Crusoe : une « étrange découverte »

Daniel Defoe, *Robinson Crusoe*
(The Basilisk Press, 1979)

‘An Odd Discovery’

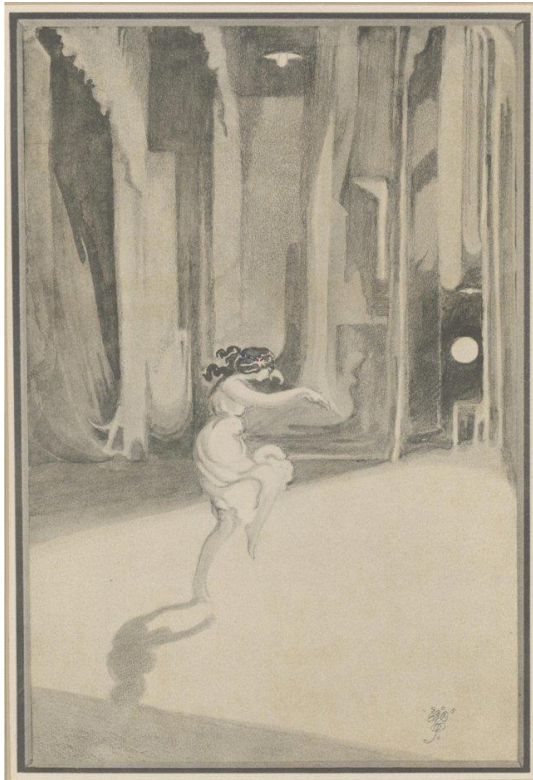


Anon. Masque africain
(BnF, fonds E. G. Craig)





Et la danse ?



'Gluck' [Isadora Duncan]
Leipzig, Insel Verlag (1906)



Herman Mishkin,
Nijinski dans le rôle de Petrouchka (1911)



Le rythme graphique : de l'illustration au design

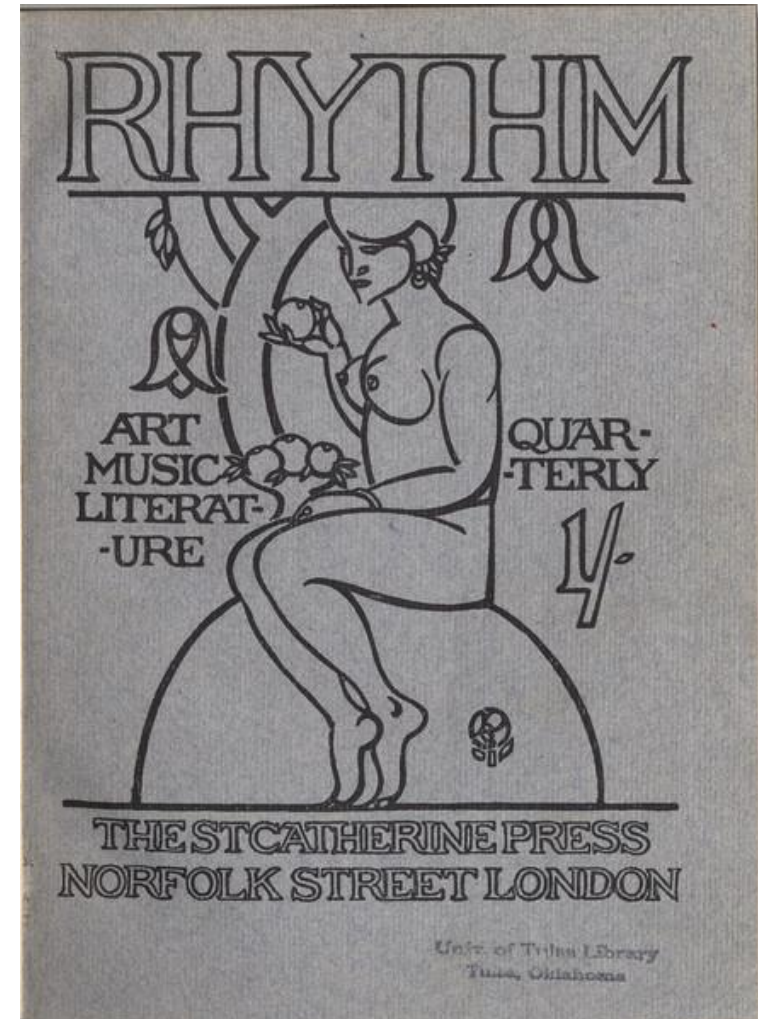
John Middleton Murry, Michael T.H. Sadler
et Katherine Mansfield

Georges (Dorothy) Banks

'The Russian Ballet' (*Rhythm*, vol. 2, n°6, juillet 1912)

Anne Estelle Rice

'Les Ballets russes' (*Rhythm*, vol. 2, n°7, août 1912)



PETROUCHKA

(Produced by the Russian Ballets)

Scènes, burlesques, en tableaux de MM. Igor Stravinsky et Alexandre Benois.

Musique de Stravinsky.

Décors et costume de Benois.

Au milieu des réjouissances de la semaine grasse, un vieux charlatan, à l'aspect oriental, produit, devant le public ébahi, des poupées animées: Pétrouchka, la Ballerine et le Maure, lesquelles exécutent une danse effrénée.

La magie du charlatan leur a communiqué tous les sentiments et les passions humaines. C'est Pétrouchka qui en est doué plus que les autres. Aussi souffre-t-il davantage que la Ballerine et le Maure? C'est avec amertume qu'il ressent la cruauté du charlatan, son esclavage, son exclusion de la vie commune, sa laid-eur et son aspect ridicule. Il cherche à trouver une consolation dans l'amour de la Ballerine et il est sur le point de croire à son succès. Mais la belle le fuit n'étant qu'effrayée par ses manières bizarres.

L'existence du Maure est toute différente. Il est bête et méchant, mais son aspect somptueux séduit la Ballerine qui tâche de le captiver par tous les moyens, ce qui lui réussit enfin. Juste au moment de la scène d'amour, arrive Pétrouchka furieux de jalousie, mais le Maure a vite fait de le mettre à la porte.

La fête de la semaine grasse est à son comble. Un marchand fétard accompagné de chanteuses tziganes distribue à la foule des poignées de billets de banque. Des cochers dansent avec des nourrices, arrive un montreur d'ours avec sa bête et, finalement, une bande de masques emmène tout le monde dans un tourbillon endiablé. Tout d'un coup des cris partent du petit théâtre du charlatan. La rivalité entre le Maure et Pétrouchka finit par prendre un tour tragique. Les poupées animées s'échappent du théâtre en courant, et le Maure assomme Pétrouchka d'un coup de sabre. Pétrouchka, misérable, meurt sur la neige entouré de la foule en fête. Le charlatan qu'un policier est allé quérir s'empresse de tranquiliser tout le monde et sous ses mains Pétrouchka redevient poupée. Il prie ceux qui l'entourent de s'assurer que la tête est en bois et que le corps est rempli de son. La foule se disperse. Le charlatan resté seul aperçoit à sa grande terreur au-dessus du petit théâtre le spectre de Pétrouchka qui le menace et fait des grimaces de moquerie à tous ceux que le charlatan a bernés.

Each little figure, strangely human in its repose, hangs upon its nail in the dim light, gazing before it with eyes as inscrutable as those which yet meet ours from under the quiet brows of the gods of Egypt and Etruria. It is their silence, their passionless gaze, their profound indifference which give so supreme a dignity to the frail little bodies tricked out in gauze and tinsel. As in the fallen descendant of a great family some one trait may yet remain to recall a noble origin, so does that impassive gaze, that air of seeing beyond all the transitory and the accidental, still proclaim for the marionette his kinship with the grave stone images of the ancient eastern world.

(*The Mask*, octobre 1909, "A Note on Marionettes")



forthcoming immediately? And it is just as certain that after a month or a year, the new set would be about as efficient or inefficient as their lamented predecessors. But thinkers and poets like Davidson and Middleton are not forthcoming in this profusion. If there is no "demand" for them in England, there is assuredly no "supply" in the usual sense of that overworked word.

What shall become then of a people who take the children's bread and give it unto dogs?

FRANK HARRIS.

THE TWO LIVES

Now how could I, with gold to spare,
Who know the harlot's arms, and wine,
Sit in this green field all alone,
If Nature was not truly mine?

That Pleasure life wakes stale at morn,
From heavy sleep that no rest brings;
This life of quiet joy makes fresh,
And claps its wings at morn, and sings.

So here sit I, alone till noon,
In one long dream of quiet bliss;

I hear the lark and share his joy,
With no more winddrops than were his.

Such, Nature, is thy charm and power—
Since I have made the Muse my wife—
To keep me from the harlot's arms,
And save me from a drunkard's life.

WILLIAM H. DAVIES.



ANNE ESTELLE RICE

old man. "You say your book is valuable," he said politely. "That's interesting." The old man's head was sunk on his breast. He was asleep. Soft as a cat Feodor seized the book and crept away from the chestnut tree—across the court—up to his tiny room.

"I have done the right thing—that's certain. To-morrow I shall sell it, and to-morrow evening I shall be gone from here for ever." He put the book under his pillow and went to bed.

Feodor could not sleep. Hours passed—slowly passed. His bed was hard as a dry field. And the darkness moved as he moved, breathed to his breath, watched him with a swarm of narrow eyes. Finally he got up, lit a candle and taking the book crept downstairs with it. "If the old man is not there I shall keep the book—I shall have to keep the book—but if he is there I shall put it back again or give it to him." He was perfectly confident that the old man would not be there. He'd have gone hours ago. But this was a good idea of his, otherwise he'd never have rested in peace again. He slipped the bolt of the door and as the door opened he saw in the deep shadow the old man still there—under the tree. Feodor went back to his room—threw the book into a corner and fell fast asleep.

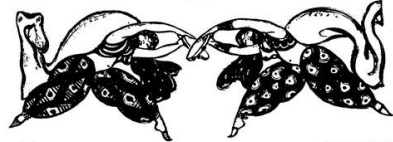
Maria Schulz ran down the passage. Her face was red, her hair tumbled. "What's the matter," shouted Feodor. "There's an old man," said Maria. "The police are in the courtyard now. An old man—found on the bench this morning, dead and cold as a stone."

KATHERINE MANSFIELD.



L'APRÈS-MIDI D'UN FAUNE

ANNE ESTELLE RICE



SCHÉHÉRAZADE

LES BALLETS RUSSES.

ANNE ESTELLE RICE

"Le Théâtre ne relève que du Théâtre." The theatre is not a moral enterprise, nor a literary manifestation, nor an exposition of realism (as ordinarily understood). The theatre is a place of action. It is the union of the theatrical arts to create a work of art, the equilibrium of the artistic elements acting and reacting on each other to maintain in a production all the qualities indispensable to a perfect representation of a dominant idea.

Collaboration and the maintenance of a few fundamental principles will make the art of the theatre a comparatively simple affair, and help to free it from the absurd confusion which has rendered it so complicated. There is a real need for the material art of the theatre, and the greatest problem on either side of the footlights is to arrive at a point where the perspective manifests itself in proper relation to the three walls and the audience. To obtain this relation a properly constructed theatre would undoubtedly be obliged to sacrifice a number of seats, and the modern theatrical edifice would entail the problems of placing seats, arranging the orchestra out of sight, pre-eminently the problem of dealing with the acoustics. If the intention is to create a work of art, no money, artistic energy or pains should be spared. Even if we accept the architectural structure of the present-day theatre, much can be done to give the illusion of perspective by adhering strictly to simplicity of line and proportions. The relation of lines, shapes, masses, colours, and movement, the quality of line and colour, create the life and make the stage a living force, instead of a maquette of stupidly painted scenery.

The first step in the improvement of staging was of course a natural reaction to extreme simplicity, even to the poverty-stricken idea of no scenery, corresponding to the idea that no picture is better than a bad one; then simplicity of what we may call an artistic or aesthetic kin, playing

little realizes the sensibility, logic, thoroughness and patience necessary to produce these marvellous representations. The Russian ballets are elemental to the last degree, full of the visions of Asia, a tropical heat, not of stillness, but of new life born every instant, where realism and fantasy combine and multiply into a fluidity of moving reds, blues, oranges, greens, purples, triangles, squares, circles, serpentine and zigzag shapes. It is in extreme use of characteristic line—"Cléopâtre" evoking the vision of an Egypt bathed in gorgeous splendours of bacchanalian dances, vibrating blues, reds, greens, yellows, lines of severity and voluptuousness, angles relieved by curves, a night beginning with passionate love and ending with cruelty. Apart from the historical consideration of the angular feature in "Cléopâtre" (which does reveal the Egyptian temperament), direction of line produces a susceptibility to varying sensations. M. Léon Bakst and M. Fokine "maitre du ballet," in their composition of line effects, maintain a dominant note—the angle.

"Schéhérazade" obviously expresses a circle, the sensuous note. In this Arabian Nights' orgy of voluptuous fullness, where designs, drapery, arms, legs, bodies, groups have a circular movement, the luxuriant overhanging emerald green curtain, the undulating movement of the dancers, the immense trousers of the supple almes, the full rich flowing music of Rimsky Korsakov—harem and spectator are caught up in a maddening whirl of sound, colour and curve to the point of exhaustion.

"Le Dieu Bleu," pictorially, is a monumental animated painting, an artistic conception of supreme balance, where lighting, colour, lines; masses and composition of ballet manifest their relation to each other in a joyous splendour of orientalism. M. Jean Cocteau, in collaboration with M. Madrazo inspired the theme for the ballet and in this fabulously beauti-



THAMAR

ANNE ESTELLE RICE



SCHÉHÉRAZADE

ANNE ESTELLE RICE

ful Indian fête, Bakst's Asiatic orchestration of colour overpowers the rather Whistlerian palette of M. Reynaldo Hahn, whose curious, caressing harmonies do not give spontaneous action, but rather stop the action of the ballet. Lighting, which can utterly destroy a representation when all the other elements are of equal strength, in "Le Dieu Bleu" and in "Pétrouchka," adds a strong decorative value, following the main lines, without destroying the literary interpretation.

In Thamar, on account of extreme perplexity of cross lighting, the essential effect is lost and the eye is tired by the very evident multitude of details.

For a combination of theatrical qualities, it is in "Pétrouchka" that a triumphant harmony is reached. The music of M. I. Stravinski, the decorations and costumes of M. A. Benois, the choreography of M. Fokine, have combined to make in these four burlesque scenes a marvellous unity. "Pétrouchka" is introduced by an overture drop curtain of a "vieux charlatan" majestically seated on a throne of clouds in a starry intense blue space. The value of overture and entr'acte curtains is that they prepare and continue the illusion for the spectator from start to finish. The first and fourth scenes represent a "fête foraine," collective in movement, but always retaining a central action, and here there is a corresponding setting. The "vieux charlatan" and his puppets move and have their being in an old-world Toyland of sound, where action is an alliance of reality and fantasy, of natural movements and gestures mechanically characteristic. In the third and fourth scenes where the human interest is of great importance, the action is centralized by a simple accessory, a background of enormous screens; and before this extremely simple setting an eternal drama in pantomime is enacted.



SCHÉHÉRAZADE

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NIJINSKI, dans l'"Après-Midi d'un Faune"

Aquarelle originale de Léon Bakst.

7^e Saison
des
Ballets
Russes

RS. NAT.
PARIS Op. A. D. 331 (2)

Rhythm (Décembre 1912), p. 28.

André Derain, « Création »
G. Apollinaire, *L'Enchanteur pourrissant*
(Kahnweiler, 1909)



CREATION. BY ANDRÉ DRAIN.

By permission of M. Kahnweiler.

little realizes the sensibility, logic, thoroughness and patience necessary to produce these marvellous representations. The Russian ballets are elemental to the last degree, full of the visions of Asia, a tropical heat, not of stillness, but of new life born every instant, where realism and fantasy combine and multiply into a fluidity of moving reds, blues, oranges, greens, purples, triangles, squares, circles, serpentine and zigzag shapes. It is in "Cléopâtre" and "Schéhérazade," extreme in character, where there is extreme use of characteristic line—"Cléopâtre" evoking the vision of an Egypt bathed in gorgeous splendours of bacchanalian dances, vibrating blues, reds, greens, yellows, lines of severity and voluptuousness, angles relieved by curves, a night beginning with passionate love and ending with cruelty. Apart from the historical consideration of the angular feature in "Cléopâtre" (which does reveal the Egyptian temperament), direction of line produces a susceptibility to varying sensations. M. Léon Bakst and M. Fokine "maitre du ballet," in their composition of line effects, maintain a dominant note—the angle.

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THAMAR

ANNE ESTELLE RICE

Ethelbert White, *La Reine de Géorgie*.

Cyril Beaumont, *Impressions of the Russian Ballet: Thamar* (Beaumont Press, 1919), p. 5.



THAMAR

' *A l'appel de Thamar—péri mystérieuse—
Se rendait le marchand—le pâtre—le guerrier ;
Une porte pour eux s'ouvrait silencieuse—
L'Eunuque aux sombres traits était la pour veiller.*

' *Mollement étendue—aux ors de sa tunique
Mélant l'éclat nacré des perles d'Orient—
Apparaissait Thamar—vision féérique . . .
Dans deux coupes de vin débordait, pétillant.*

' *En étreintes de feu les bras s'entrelaçaient,
Chaque baiser rivait deux souffles pleins d'ardeurs
Des cris passionnés dans l'ombre s'amaïssaient
Réveillant de l'écho les stridentes clameurs.'*

(From Stcherbatcheff's French rendering
of Lermontoff's *Thamar*.)

THAMAR is another example of a ballet composed to music already extant. There is a well-known Russian legend which relates the history of a certain cruel Queen Thamar, who, in the twelfth century, lived with her court in a lonely castle built on the precipitous heights of the Dariel Gorge, through which pour the stormy

Adrian Allinson pour Cyril Beaumont
(modèle en papier, 1915)

Figurine : Léonide Massine (prob. Ethelbert White, 1920?)

“[...] something between a photograph and a statuette – something that would preserve the memory of a dancer as she appeared in a particular ballet.”

(V&A, Complete Catalogue of the Publications of C.W. Beaumont, 1928)

