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WINSLOW HOMER'S "EIGHT BELLS"

MARCH 1922

Twenty-Fifth Anniversary Number

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From the Will of
EDMOND DE GONCOURT
[TRANSLATED]

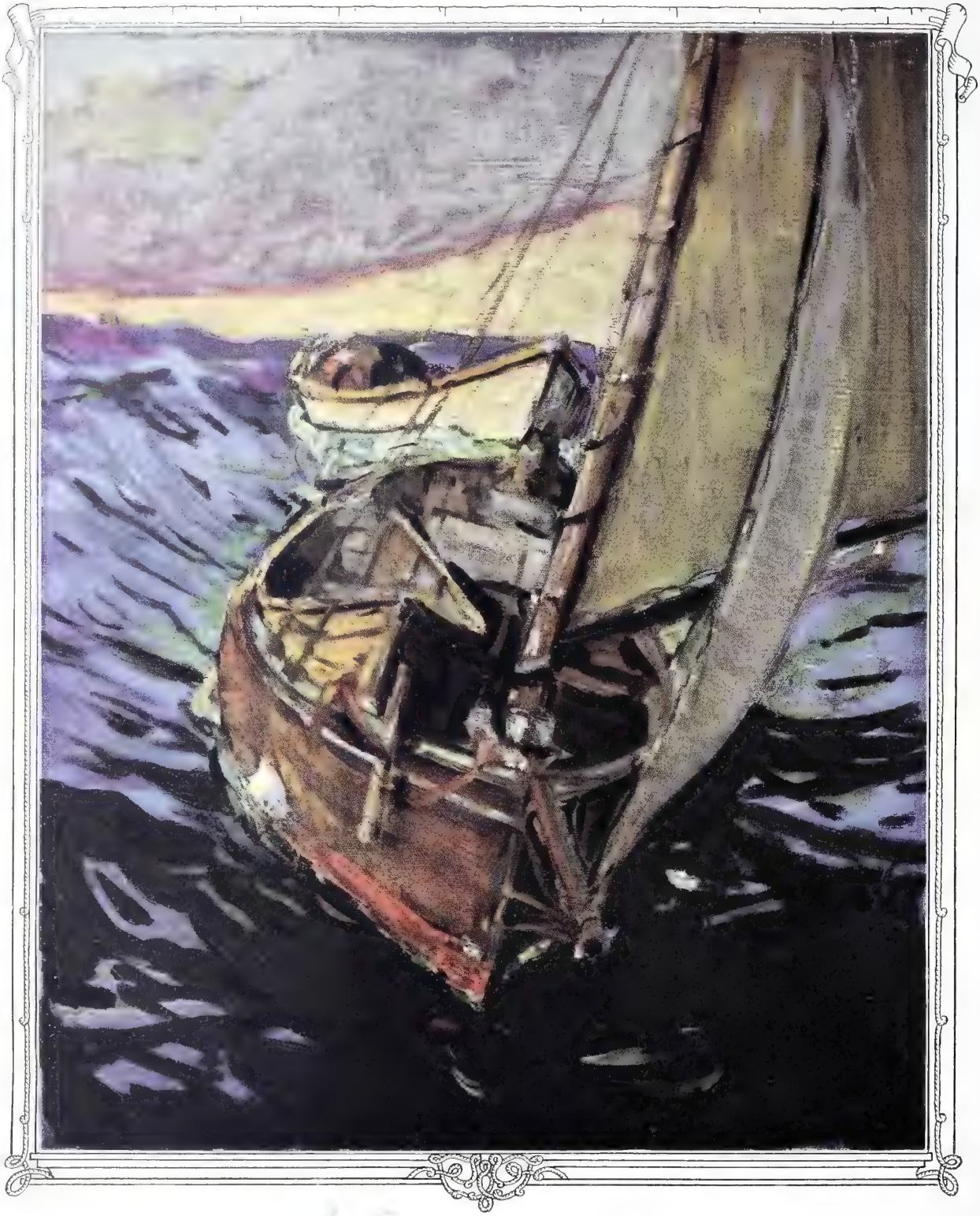
MY WISH IS that my Drawings, my Prints, my Curiosities, my Books—in a word, these things of art which have been the joy of my life—shall not be consigned to the cold tomb of a museum, and subjected to the stupid glance of the careless passer-by; but I require that they shall all be dispersed under the hammer of the Auctioneer, so that the pleasure which the acquiring of each one of them has given me shall be given again, in each case, to some inheritor of my own tastes.

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In the TROUGH of the SEA

by

ERIC HUDSON

INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

Vol. LXXV
No. 299

March
1922

TWENTY-FIFTH · ANNIVERSARY · NUMBER

ERIC HUDSON—Marine Painter

His color and power satisfy sea-lovers more than any artist since the days of Winslow Homer . by

WILLIAM B. McCORMICK

THERE is a tale told of Eric Hudson's youthful days in the art schools that when his class held an exhibition of its work and it was imperative he should be represented, Hudson would rush in with a picture the day before the exhibition closed and add it to the display of his colleagues. This anecdote is a fitting beginning for a review of his life as revealed in his art, for it indicates the outstanding characteristic of the artist—his profound belief that it is his work which counts and not the showing of it.

How strongly this faith has dominated his artistic life is made plain by the fact that it was not until January, 1922, that a representative group of his pictures had ever been publicly exhibited. And this despite that he is well along in the forties, that he has shown single canvases in most of the important annual art exhibitions of the United States and that he has a painting in the Luxembourg. Long before Mr. Thomas Russell visited Monhegan Island, in an effort to induce Hudson to show his paintings in the Ferargil Galleries in New York city, many of the artists visiting the Maine island, where Hudson makes his home for most of the year, had observed this same quality of reserve. It was not timidity, nor aloftness. His work in itself and of itself was the only thing that counted with him.

Biographical books of reference are barren of accounts of this artist's life, not that they have not been sought for but because Hudson does not think such public records are of any importance. It is even told of him that when he went to the art schools as Elmer Hudson and all the students began calling him "Eric," he retained that name because it was an easier thing to do than insist on the name his parents had given him. He has studied in various schools in this country and in France. And this last bit of information is interesting in connection with his work, for there are unmistakable Gallic influences in it, traces of that distinctive thoroughness and soundness which is so characteristic of French training when applied to any of the arts. He used to make his home in Bronxville, spending many months of the year on Monhegan, where he has a house. In recent years the spell of that Maine island has gripped him closer to its rocky heights; and nowadays he rarely leaves the place with which his entire art expression is concerned.

Those who know Hudson best, and they are not many, declare that it is a genuine, deep-seated love for the sea and ships that has drawn him to painting these subjects. And he knows both. For it is also said of him that "any fisherman on Monhegan will lend his boat to Hudson," a compliment that only those who know what pride fishermen take in their boats and how careful they are of them will appreciate to the full. To draw such a compliment from a fisherman is a higher honor in that world than it is to win a medal of honor in the field of art.

This love and this knowledge gleam out of every one of his canvases. From the very beginning of the occasional exhibition of his marines in the National Academy and the other big shows, every visitor who knew boats and the sea saw at once that a marine painter had come into the American art world who was a master in his elected field. These pictures were not the work of a man who sat on the shore and looked at surf and ships. They were the product of a man who had gone out on the ocean, had toiled on it, had



"MANANA"
BY ERIC HUDSON

fought against its enormous power, had enjoyed to the full the conquest of it through understanding. Nor had its ever-changing patterns, its varying hues, its countless beauties eluded his eye. Romance still abided on the sea; and because it did, romance entered into every one of Hudson's paintings.

This romantic spirit is notable in such a picture as "In the Trough of the Sea." In its pattern it is a theme that Ryder might have set down on canvas, did not the mystical element enter so strongly into that great master's work. In its color it has a depth that Ryder's method prohibited. You look down *into* Hudson's ocean waves. You look *at* the enamelled surface of Ryder's seas. And since Hudson is concerned in his art with observed facts of nature, as well as with its romance, it is only natural that he should present his facts with such a romantic vestiture. You feel these facts in the "knowing" form of the plunging sloop, bow on, with its dory on deck and the white seine-boat tossing high up on the crest of a sea astern. You feel them, also, in the rose-flushed sky that serves as a background for swelling sails and cresting waves.

Reference has been made to possible influences on Hudson's artistic expression by outside sources, specifically of the French schools. To this observer the Gallic quality of thoroughness appears very marked in the three pictures, "An Island Harbor," "January" and "Ebb Tide." In the first-named of this trio this soundness of form is to be noted in the hull of the brown-sided yawl boat lying in the foreground and in the dories and skiffs. These are boats (as the young engineer on the Panama Canal said of Joseph Pennell's lithographs of the great locks) that "will work." They have the same graces of beauty as mark the side of the ancient fish-house at the left of the composition, a structure whose grey sides have been tinted by time into lichen-like hues, tones of faded loveliness that have a touch of sadness in them. Then the picture carries the eye, with an uplifting of the spirit, through motion and life, across the still waters of the little harbor to the rocky heights beyond. It is on this note of uplift that the picture rests.

It is the perfection of the aimed effect of atmosphere that marks "January." Nothing could



"WEST WIND"
BY ERIC HUDSON

be simpler than this composition — some fish-houses on the end of a dock and a few boats tied up to the stringpiece. Patches of snow are here and there, crystal-hard under the pale blue sky. The air fairly tingles with the biting cold that grips the onlooker with its keen, frosty breath. The facts observed and set down here in such precise terms of realistic beauty are equalled in a softer vein in the "Ebb Tide." The deep-hulled schooner alongside the wharf is a real piece of maritime construction, of whose perfections of form and build only the initiated may know. But the white snow on the deck and the feeling in the air of the scene are ones that all can delight in and admire.

Pattern is so ever present in craft under sail that the correct use of it is almost the final test of the marine painter. Hudson's command of the knowledge of pattern in this field is shown at its best, after "In the Trough of the Sea," in "At Sea" and in the "West Wind." The boldness of the "placing" of the old schooner in the first named picture, with the main-topsail and flying-jib cut off by the limitations of the canvas, is an achievement in itself. It adds enormously to the feeling of life in the picture, to the forward motion of the ancient "down Easter" under the force of the strong breeze crisping the tops of the waves into foam. The boat towing alongside, one of the afflictions of sailing, is another evidence of Hudson's keenness of observation, for he has shown in it one of those wild shears on the towing line that are a part of the vicious habits of such craft, and which are the cause of much subdued profanity from the man at the wheel. The Dutch feeling in the "West Wind" is due rather to the accident of similarity of type of boat than anything else, for the "knockabout" rig coming down on the wind happens to look like a Dutch fishing craft, although the sloop heading away before the wind is unmistakably American in rig and the shape of the stern.

Of the feeling Hudson has for the sea in its more peaceful aspects, when it is glamored with the beauty of shifting atmospheric effects, there are many signs in the "Lifting of the Fog" and "The Signal." The sloop in the foreground of his fog study rides against a bold hillside, whose sloping face is delicately touched with the pale

greens of grass in springtime. Opalescent colors shift and play in the rising fog and on the gray-white water on which the moving dark shadows cast by the hull of the sloop make bold arabesques. In "The Signal" is pictured a mere note of the merchant marine service, a tugboat coming up to a square-rigger probably to arrange for a tow into harbor. There is a feeling of arrested motion in this composition that touches the subtler sense of such a moment, the quiet joy accompanying the incident that only those who have been moved by it can feel to the full. It is phases like this in Mr. Hudson's pictures that are so wholly satisfactory, since they show to us at once the romance and the beauty of the sea and its life.

It is as a colorist, however, that he makes his first impression; and it is as a colorist that his work endures. There is a depth and a resonancy to this element in his work that has all the unlabored feeling of the finest surfaces of Chinese porcelain. No one can look at "In the Trough of the Sea" without feeling the extraordinary beauty of its color, color that is at once superbly true and of a depth the like of which it is not easy to recall. Translucency is achieved, with an even finer sensation, in the picture entitled "Manana," a noteworthy passage of this kind being seen in the deep blue water under the stern of the dories bobbing around the anchored menhaden boat.

Since Winslow Homer died, it has appeared that we had no marine painter worthy to carry on his great tradition. Now Mr. Hudson comes to us, fully matured, as his artistic descendant. The knowledge and the power that the older man had is unquestionably possessed by the younger. And if Hudson lacks the dramatic sense of our greatest of marine painters that is atoned for by qualities which were foreign to Homer and which grace the younger man's work with countless strokes. Hudson may have no stories to tell in paint, but he has other things to give us. And they may be found in that element in his beloved ocean which made Maurus Jokai call his almost forgotten novel "Eyes Like the Sea," to denote, as our painter has, its ever-changing and ever-romantic beauty.

"Never in my life had I seen such wonderful eyes," wrote Jokai. "Every changeful mood was reflected there; so I have called them 'Eyes Like the Sea.'" Few appreciations of the ocean and its alternating transitions from quietude to tumult are so moving as these words of a man whose country knows no coast line. The "changeful mood" of the sea has made its appeal to our painter. If its tragedies do not invade his work, that is more a reflection of his spirit, not of his inability to fathom those deeper undertones of the ocean, his friend and not his enemy.



"AT SEA"
BY ERIC HUDSON



"SCENE IN THE BOIS" FLANDRIN'S PICTURE IN THE 1921 SALON DE LA NATIONALE

Significant FRENCH ART *of the Year*

Freakishness on decline and public and critics turn toward beauty and craftsmanship . . by

MURIEL CIOLKOWSKA

THERE are at least two ways of considering what is significant in contemporary artistic production. On the one hand we have the master work long elaborated in mind and studio which is calculated to furnish tradition in the future; on the other, we have that which has "come out." Said an old-stager in the war: "It is one thing to commit an heroic action; it is another *to be seen.*" The salons and arenas of artistic competition in general have always been battlefields where a great many significant deeds pass unnoticed and where many a less significant one is conspicuous.

And are we to consider that art is expressed chiefly in painting and sculpture? The hospitality increasingly extended by the four Salons to the "crafts," the mingling of these with

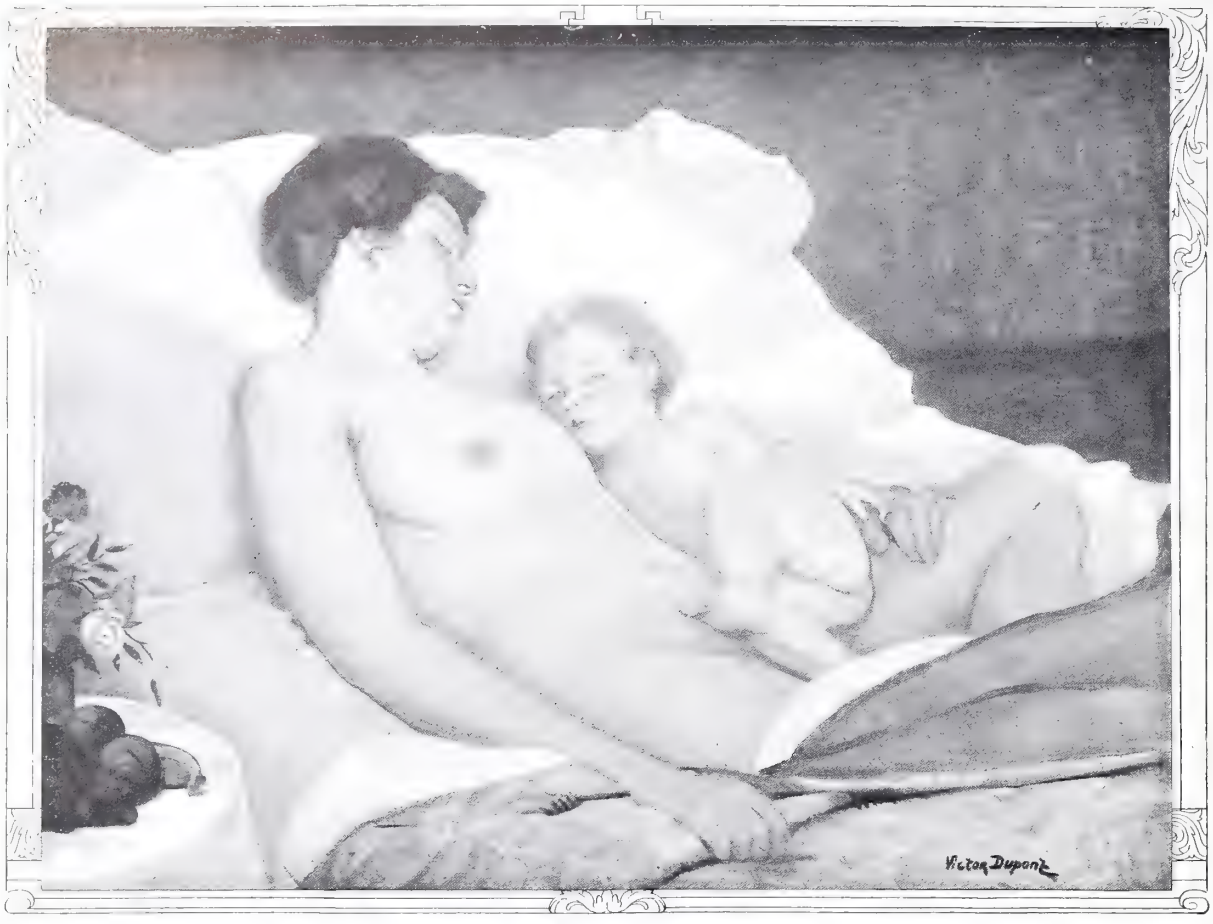


"BACCHANTE" BY JOSEPH BERNARD

Photograph by Giraudon

pictorial forms in all the minor shows, and the rendering of pictorial forms in materials other than "paint," as for instance Dunand's recent experiments in lacquer, the marked decline in the prejudice that "oils" should have precedence over other known mediums, are circumstances which should bring their own answer.

A striking movement toward close co-operation between the arts and crafts seems to be indicative of the advent of a period artistically analogous to the Middle Ages. We find a symptom favorable to the theory in the increase of special schools and classes within the usual educational establishments for the teaching of design and handicrafts. Apparently exaggerated pictorial production (I say "apparently," for who knows if it really is exaggerated) is not in opposition to this au-



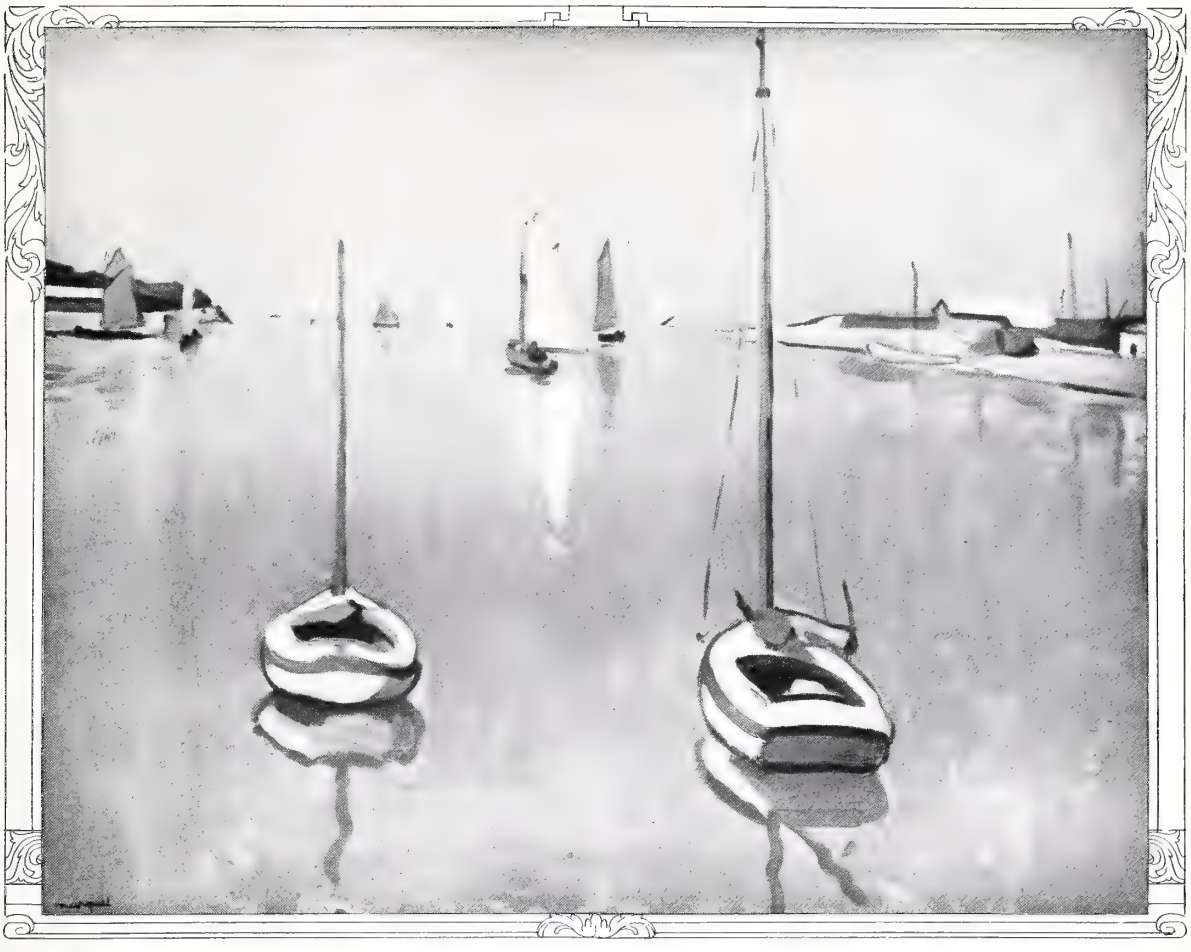
"MATERNITE" BY VICTOR DUPONT

gury, for we may be witnessing the social paroxysm which often precedes the turn in the tide toward a new harmony between the arts and life.

Nevertheless, the picture, especially that painted in oils, enjoys a favor commercially which it has not enjoyed at any former period. It has become a marketable value, a most useful article of international exchange and speculation. And, while the public professes to be saturated with the overwhelming production, it attends all the Salons and galleries assiduously and discusses tendencies and merits with fervor. For no subject adapts itself more readily to comment, a picture having the advantage over other art forms that a play has over a book of poetry.

Yet, though we talk a great deal about pictures and reviews and magazines and newspapers now devote as much space to art criticism as is desirable, such tremendous debates as were excited by Rodin's Balzac twenty years ago have not occurred since, for our interest and curiosities have lost in passion if they have gained in scope. Opinion has become more guarded. The public has been taunted so often with having laughed in the wrong place that it dares laugh no longer. Consequently it has become extremely "gullible." Now and again a feeble convulsion occurs, as last spring in the case of Van Dongen's portrait of M. Anatole France. Very much the same indignation was expressed as over the Balzac, though the fury did not rise to the same pitch, for the days of fine frenzy are well over. People were indignant not so much because their principles in art had been violated, but because the features of one of their favorite great men had not been treated with the respect they thought due to them.

A few rooms off the portraits of M. Jacques Blanche in a retrospective collection provided them with an opportunity to choose between two styles of portrait painting. In fashionable circles M. Van Dongen enjoys the favor which was bestowed upon M. Jacques Blanche twenty years ago, but among the critics they are neither of them popular now. Yet M. Jacques Blanche respects the human face and has turned out many an excellent portrait. The argument that M. Van Dongen is disrespectful is nonsense, for he serves upon the public no more of that caricature-like deformation than it has been encouraging and approving for years. In short, these sudden rever-



MARQUET'S ASTONISHING MARINE AT THE SALON D'AUTOMNE (1921)

sions of opinion are groundless and unjust. Success, be it remembered, is nearly always disproportioned to merits, and failure equally so to want of them.

While in Venice this autumn M. Van Dongen, who has participated too actively in modern tendencies in France to deserve repatriation to his native country of Holland, preferred to interpret the modern human life of the place as might have done Watteau and Hogarth to attempting what others have done so well before him. But he also brought back some novel aspects of the old lagoons.

The question of nationality in respect of artists is in truth irksome. Here we have, for instance, Jean-Maria Sert, living and exhibiting in Paris, who is of Spanish-Catalan birth and one of few modern artists with a scope of expression comparable to that of the masters of the Renaissance. His display at Arnold Seligmann's in the late summer was, with Iacovleff's the year before, the most remarkable pictorial manifestation we have had since the war. Should his place among French artists be disputed his share in the year's significant art here could not then be acknowledged.

The big Ingres benefit display had a more didactic effect than that of the Dutch masters immediately preceding it. For it is well known that Ingres is the acknowledged loadstar of a large class of young French artists. The opportunity was seized upon for the justification of certain oft expounded theories. André Lhôte, who used to be an out and out cubist, has evolved according to Ingres' doctrine, so he claims, but by this it must not for a moment be thought he attempts slavish imitation of the master's style and achievements. Several painters, French and foreign, are pursuing their studies in the same direction (Bissière, Charlot, Zarraga, etc.), giving rise to a classical revival, which must not be confused with the work of the self-styled "purists" whose ideal is "purely" negative. This Ingres-inspired movement is the definite reaction from Impressionism and that sentimental if skillful elimination and blurring as embodied by Carrière.

A painter who does not take part in any of these theory-supported group formations is Mathurin Méheut whose show at the Pavillon de Marsan, embracing work done during the war in

the trenches and since in Brittany, proved him to be exceptionally equipped for mural decoration on a vast scale and the illustration of epics picturesque and dramatic. He began his career drawing submarine flora and fauna and this has given his draughtmanship a fine decorative emphasis.

Another true and conscientious artist who withholds from social action in the art movement, and exhibits but rarely, is Albert André who paints nature without affectation and with an originality which is more than skin deep. To him substance and form are realities to which the painter's brush must adapt itself and to the rendering of which "personality" and "temperament" are secondary considerations.

Typically French for his extraordinary proficiency is Marquet, known chiefly for his seascapes but on occasion a most remarkable figure painter as was proved by a recent nude, which should go to the Louvre. His water-piece at the Salon d'Automne was astounding for limpidity and simplicity of means.

Despagnat's show at Marcel Bernheim's brought one of the various contradictions which might be cited to the prevalent opinion that much of the modern art is "sad," a view based on a popular notion that color is conditional on "gaiety." This depends entirely on the use to which it is put and the eyes that look upon it, one would think. Despagnat, Camoin, Ottmann, Victor Dupont, and others, though luminous, though still enamored of sunlight as were the Impressionists, are not "gay," while Marchand, Segonzac, Moreau and Boussingault, whom the play of light does not fascinate, their obsessions being more fundamentally directed, are not "sad." The point at issue is once more nonsensical and critics must be very short of ideas to discuss puerilities worthy only of people to whom the church organ is sad and the barrel organ cheerful. We don't look for sadness and gaiety in art and we admire Despagnat's beautiful young creatures disporting themselves in sunlit glades because he paints them well and in colors which are not cheap or strident.

Bonnard's "one-man" exhibition was also an event, for this painter has a very considerable following of admirers. Nuance and subtlety, and discreet, deep-lying skill are his characteristics, but he is too well-known to need comment here.

Among the notable revelations of the year were Emilie



"FLOWER PIECE" BY EMILIE CHARMY

Charmy and Mme. Bardet, neither of whom were widely known up to now, on account of their abstention from salons and clans. Charmy is an extremely fluent artist, a magic manipulator of oil paints, temperamental to the utmost, with a wonderful precision within her freedom. Mme. Bardet's is a concentrated originality. Whether it be in painting, drawing, or sculpture her efficiency is coupled to a curious and discreet faculty for observation. She is a draughtsman of the purest possible breed.

Almost to the last I leave the picture which drew upon itself approval from the highest quarters this autumn, the "Mother and Child," by Jean Marchand, exhibited in the much-discussed Salle 2 of the Salon d'Automne, by the side of Segonzac and other "harmonists" as distinct from the "melòdists" in other rooms. This success says much for the acumen of the painter's partisans, who for some years past have proclaimed him a master in the making.

The beauty of the picture lies in its unity, its warm though restrained spontaneity, the fullness,



MARCHAND'S "MOTHER AND CHILD" AT THE SALON D'AUTOMNE (1921)

directness, whole mindedness of the workmanship, all of which have served to express simple feeling eloquently and impressively. Yet it is somewhat to be feared—so adulterated is all opinion nowadays with considerations alien to art—that it was Marchand's presentation of this superb young creature suckling her child, clothed in homely garments and set in a scene suggestive of the artisan suburbs of big towns, that won him the admiration of those who would have it that fine painters should not paint "fine" people. However, it is quite certain that such considerations did not affect the exceptional praise of a man so genuine, who is a true lover of art, as is M. André Michel. The citizens of Pittsburg will have an opportunity of seeing another version of this picture which has been chosen for the Carnegie Institute's next display.



"VENICE" BY KEES VAN DONGEN

Flandrin, who is a most talented painter, pays no heed to these democratic appeals and at the Spring Salon he showed a very remarkable picture of a scene in the Bois with fashionable ladies and children on foot and on horseback, gay and exclusive. Maurice Denis'



MODERN TAPESTRY
DESIGNED BY FERNAND MAILLAUD

"Bacchanalia" appeared to react somewhat violently against the gravity a discontented public mistakes for solemnity. But it failed of conviction, for Maurice Denis is not quite himself when he is jovial and profane.

With the exception of Maurice Denis and Mme. Pauline Peugniez, who is charmingly gifted, there is very little that strikes one as very inspired in most of the "religious" art, so designated, which has blossomed forth of late. The memorable exception in recent years has been Bourdelle's "Vierge à L'Enfant" also shown at the Spring Salon by the side of his stirring fragment for the monument to Poland's national poet Miskiewicz. Bourdelle always carries one away because there is a swing and a spirituality in his magnificently thought out work unique in modern sculpture. His were the most admired exhibits at the last Nationale Salon, where Wittig, in the Polish section, Hernandez, a Spaniard, with his black granite animals, Loutchansky, a Russian, who carves his figures out of wood, were other sculptors represented by outstanding work.

Recently José Claret proved himself a past master in that very difficult material terra-cotta, which few modellers dare tackle. Like Jean-Maria Sert, he is a Catalonian, but he learned his art with Maillol and practices it in France where he is much appreciated. His works are robust and exquisite variations, it may be said, on the ever-pleasing theme of feminine grace.

Maillol's figure at the Salon d'Automne, at which he has been working seven years, has just been bought by the State. It is eloquent of the theory expressed by Maurice Denis that the Greek tradition can be detected in all fine modern art.

To conclude: Freakishness is steadily on the decline. The popularity of sane, well-balanced, unobtrusive work like Marchand's is evidence that neither critics nor public can endure it any longer. Gradually beauty in its true essence—we speak not of prettiness—is coming into its own again: beauty of form, beauty of craftsmanship, and not the cult merely of the feminine. Their union was majestically demonstrated in M. and Mme. Fernand Maillaud's tapestries shown in the autumn at the Galerie Artes and in an exhibition which closed the year at George Petit's where Jouve, in monumental representations of wild animals; Schmied, in wood engravings of the most accomplished character, and Goulden, in suggestions for lacquer ware carried out by the master-smith Dunand, were the most encouraging endorsement to the prophecy tentatively put forward at the outset of this too cursory survey of France's achievement in art works during the past year. It is apparent to all in the spring of 1922 that the creative spirit of art is alive in France, and now that beauty seems again to have come into its own, and ugliness no longer to be worshipped, the world will watch eagerly to see what the outcome is going to be.

Berlin and Paris ART EMBROGLIO

An echo of the world conflict

THROUGH the action of M. Anatole France, in calling attention to the exhibition of this archaic Greek statue of an "Enthroned Goddess" in the Kaiser Friedrich Museum in Berlin, there has been revealed an art story of the World War in which France suffers as a result of the integrity of her courts of law.

At the outset of the conflict this sculpture was found in the gallery of a Parisian dealer of German nationality and was sequestrated. Soon after an Italian appeared in Paris and claimed the statue as his property, stating he had merely deposited the work with the German. His claim was presented to the court and it decided in favor of the Italian. Once in his possession he sent it to Switzerland, giving as a reason for this action that Italy was on the verge of war.

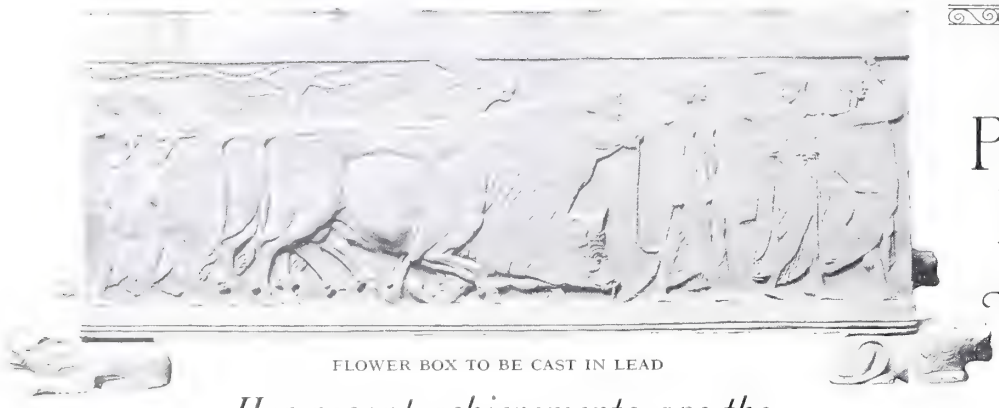


THE STATUE PARIS WANTED



THE STATUE BERLIN GOT

The fact that Germany was at war did not deter her art lovers, with the former Emperor at their head, from raising money to buy the sculpture, and so it passed from Switzerland into Germany. When the authorities of the Louvre first proposed buying the work the German dealer asked upwards of $500,000 for it, a figure regarded as prohibitive. Just what the Germans paid is not known. A report has been printed that they gave 1,000,000 marks. The figure is life-size and in remarkably fine state of preservation, as the photographs show. German authorities declare it to date from the fifth century, B. C., but some critics are of the opinion that it came from Sicily where it was the work of a sculptor of the third century, B. C., still dominated by the earlier mode.



FLOWER BOX TO BE CAST IN LEAD

LUCY PERKINS RIPLEY *Sculptor*

Her recent achievements are the product of a career wisely planned —she began by making pottery

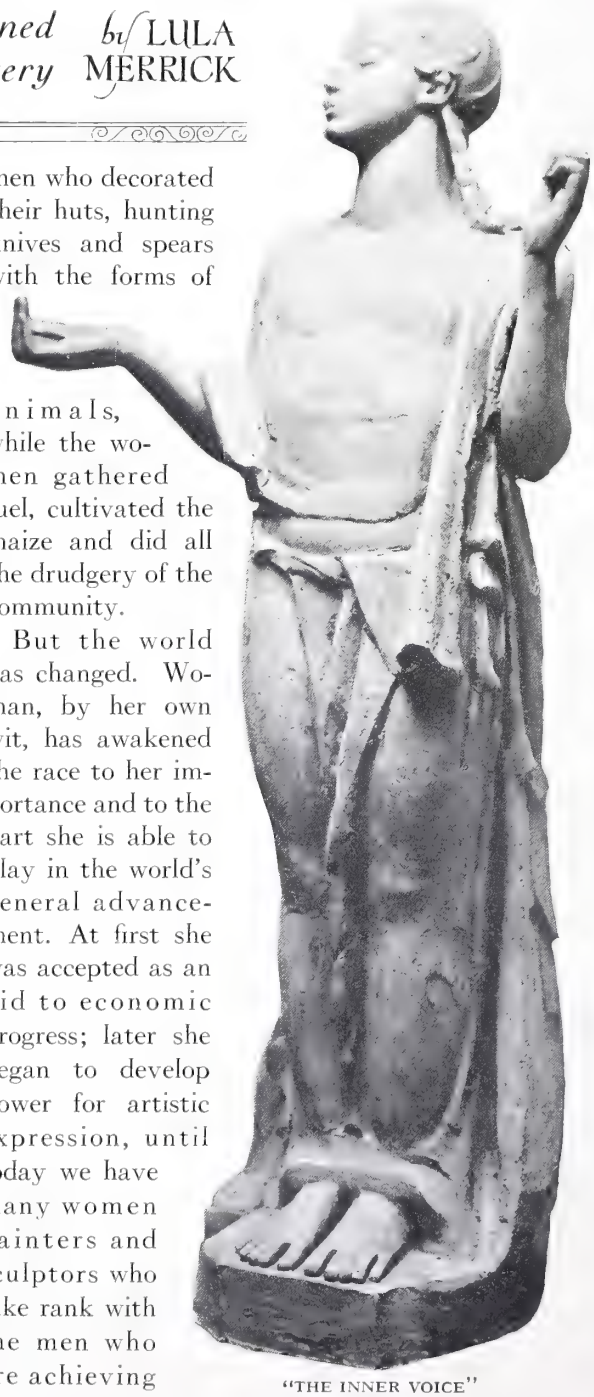
by LULA MERRICK

CENTURIES of tradition have encouraged the masculine sex to regard itself as pre-eminent in industry, politics and art; yet every once in a while some woman genius appears to shake the world's acceptance of the belief that to men alone belong the creative gifts and fine completeness of standards upon which civilization has been built. History, of course, records the names of many women who have had a profound influence upon art, literature and science—Rosa Bonheur, Angelica Kaufmann, George Eliot, George Sand, Madame de Sevigne, Madame Curie, etc. But their names have been so few as to make but a slight impression in the records of progress.

In early Greek, Roman, Egyptian and Italian art women never figured except as models. The Byzantine period is filled with sad-eyed madonnas who served as mute patterns through which the artists of the time expressed the religious urge within them. In the Italian Renaissance the two women best remembered in connection with art are the Mona Lisa of Leonardo, whose enigmatic smile has baffled the world, and Titian's Flora, she of tranquil, luscious beauty and bronze-toned hair. In France, in the days of the monarchy, when women were treated like dolls, Lancret, Watteau, Nattier, Greuze and Fragonard represented court belles and king's favorites for the pleasure of their admirers, while in England somewhat later Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney and Lawrence made their fame through their records of beautiful women, while the women themselves were content to employ their idle hours at nothing serious.

In America, where art is as old as the world, general belief to the contrary, it was the Indian men who decorated their huts, hunting knives and spears with the forms of animals, while the women gathered fuel, cultivated the maize and did all the drudgery of the community.

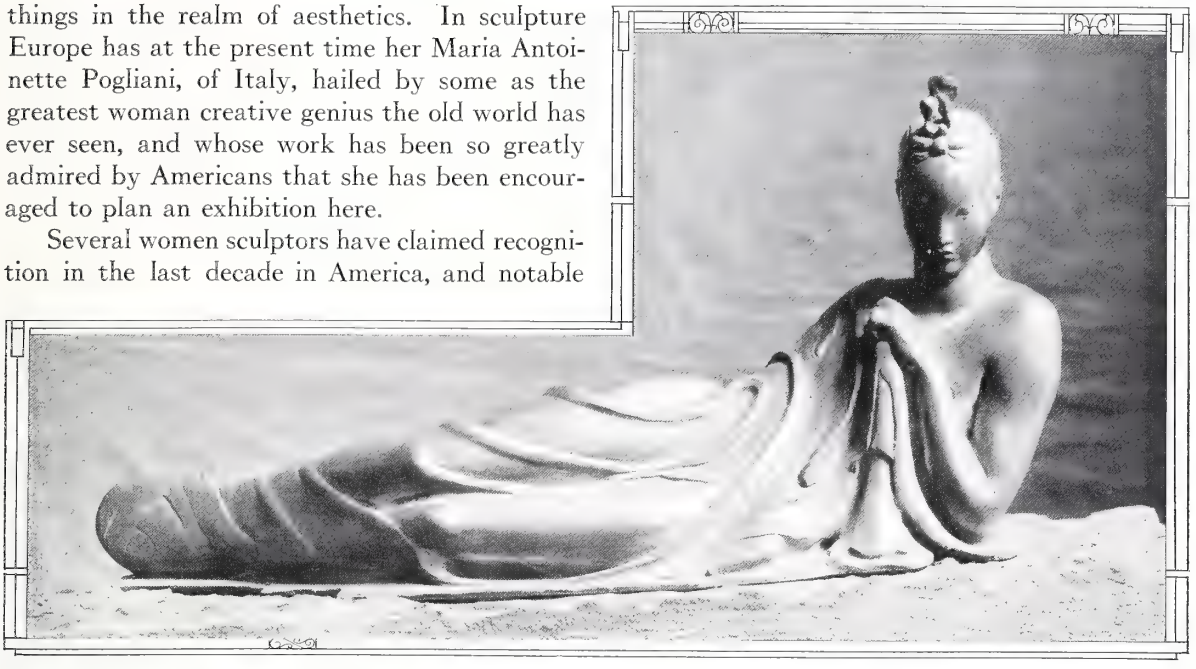
But the world has changed. Woman, by her own wit, has awakened the race to her importance and to the part she is able to play in the world's general advancement. At first she was accepted as an aid to economic progress; later she began to develop power for artistic expression, until today we have many women painters and sculptors who take rank with the men who are achieving



"THE INNER VOICE"

things in the realm of aesthetics. In sculpture Europe has at the present time her Maria Antoinette Pogliani, of Italy, hailed by some as the greatest woman creative genius the old world has ever seen, and whose work has been so greatly admired by Americans that she has been encouraged to plan an exhibition here.

Several women sculptors have claimed recognition in the last decade in America, and notable among them is Mrs. Lucy Perkins Ripley. Her career is worth recording for its lessons in self guidance, as well as for the beauty and strength of the art she has attained. Unlike the great majority of students, who after a few years of study plunge into competitions for monuments and big commissions, Mrs. Ripley early realized that the path of art is long. She was well aware of the "dangerous curve ahead," since she is a thinker whose calm judgment balances the fervor of creative emotion. After she had spent some years studying at the Art Students League, under St. Gaudens, she decided in her modesty that she was then equipped to make pottery. For some time Mrs. Ripley devoted herself wholly to designing flower boxes and fixtures for the general decoration for gardens.



"DAWN"

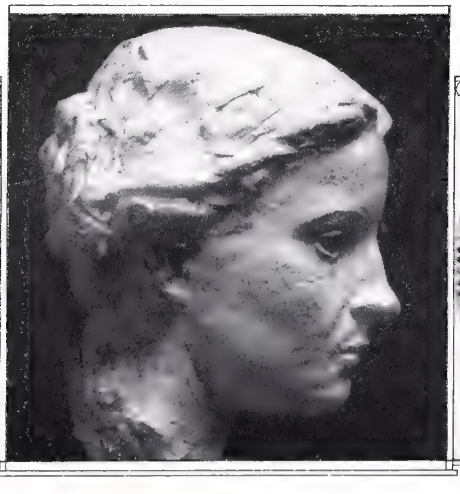
From this humble beginning, progress came surely and naturally. Leaders in the art world soon saw that she was no mere potter, but a sculptor with decided originality and rare creative force. The individuality and fine expression of her simplest designs brought her serious recognition and gave her a place of distinction in that phase of art expression in which she was then employed.

Always thinking of figures in design, even from childhood, it was but natural that she should mould them into her decorative motifs. The animals, birds and human forms that she used showed movement, force and vitality, albeit that she made no attempt at realism, but rather employed her forms in expression of her emotional conceptions. Her pottery at that time was conceded to be the best in design of any in America; she had given as much serious thought and study to it as she does today to her sculpture in the round. Her themes

VICTORY MEDAL
OBVERSE



HEAD OF POLISH GIRL



VICTORY MEDAL
REVERSE



even then testified to the fact that she had long been a student of the classics, of the primitive art of the Etruscans and of early Indian art, and that she had evolved from her knowledge of the ancients a mode of expression that complied with her temperament.

In her fine proportions, her stress on architectonic elements and her unusual patterns, Mrs. Ripley struck a new note in present day sculpture in this country, for she was the first to show frankly and fearlessly the influence of those earliest potters and to develop at the same time a creative genius so personal and compelling as to cause a decided stir in the art world. That she has had followers is the highest compliment the art fraternity could have bestowed upon her.

Mrs. Ripley's earliest work, even when she employed the smallest figures, bore evidence of the bigness of vision that has always characterized her. Broad masses, sweeping planes and a certain grandeur, dignity and purity of line, gave to her art from its beginning a sculptural quality keenly appreciated by the aesthetic world. She had early learned restraint and the strength of simplicity—the most difficult mode of expression—and in her accomplishment of both she has distinguished herself as a true artist.

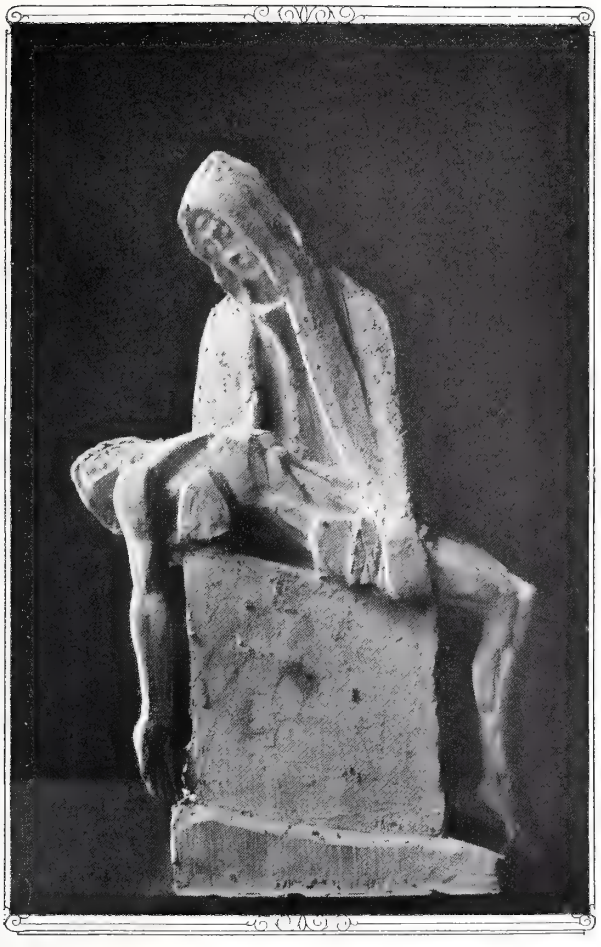


"SEATED WOMAN"



"MEDITATION"

Later, when Mrs. Ripley went abroad, studying the work of the world's greatest sculptors, from the Greek primitives down through the ages, with an open mind and sincere admiration, she nevertheless found nothing that changed her views one whit with regard to her own expression. The primitives had always appealed to her and the more opportunity she had to study them, the more was she enthralled by their purity, sentiment, depth of feeling and directness. The Byzantine, early Italian, Greek, Gothic, Assyrian, Etruscan, Persian and Egyptian artists all have had their place in her development, yet while one is thrilled and puzzled by the atmosphere her work exhales, the student must at length, in summing up her art, declare that its poignant feature lies in the fact that beyond all influence of her studies of great men, there is such a personal note, such rare individuality, intensity of feeling and creative force



STUDY



WALL NICHE —STUDY

that it is to Lucy Perkins Ripley's own artistic genius, her perseverance and her keen intelligence and great emotional being that he must pay homage.

While in Paris Mrs. Ripley exhibited her "Seated Woman" at the Societé des Beaux Arts. It was this work that so interested Rodin that he recommended it for exhibition, and which also made her eligible to him to become his pupil. When she returned to America she held an exhibition at her studio, which when brought to the attention of Stanford White immediately claimed his interest. He recommended her garden sculpture for various fine estates and soon Mrs. E. H. Harriman, Mrs. Charles Cary Rumsey, Mrs. Payne Whitney, Mr. Clarence Hay, Mrs. Arthur Curtis James and Mrs. Walter Bliss became her patrons. Mr. White purchased one of her well heads, conceived in Venice, for his country home at St. James, Long Island.

Mrs. Ripley's advancement to the place of distinction she now holds has been therefore a slow and natural growth from simple beginnings, through years of hard work, absorbing thought and study. That she was aware of the boundary lines of her talents and realized the struggle the years held for her, of close application and concentration, is something for which American art lovers can congratulate themselves. She was not satisfied with the knowledge of inherent gifts, and where others have left off she began.

When a group of her sculptures was shown last year at the Milch Galleries, they brought forth high praise from critics and artists. It was perhaps her figure, "The Inner Voice," that most impressed her audience. This work shows her to be a thinker in bronze, a spiritual associate with poets, the possessor of concepts apart from commonplace existence. It is a work of sculptured emotion. In it she has accomplished the remarkable feat not only of expressing her own inmost thoughts, but of influencing thoughtfulness in her audience. This statue betrays the fact that it has been the sculptor's independence of purpose that has led her forth. The nobility of her motif is reminiscent of rare bits of early Etruscan and Roman art, but in giving artistic form to her emotional inspiration she displays an inexhaustible volume of originality. The inscrutable mystery of

the face, its impassivity of expression, as though the soul were looking inward to its own depths, the majestic bearing of the figure, the poise of the expressive hands that so subtly correspond to the features and tell quite as much as the well-set head—all these combine to achieve in this work a fine completeness.

Rare in quality and high artistic purpose as this work is, Mrs. Ripley was yet not satisfied, and believing that she could carry her theme to higher realms, she modelled a heroic size statue of "The Inner Voice" which shows in a superlative degree the great qualities of the smaller, and which gave her opportunities for more intense breadth and simplification. When this work is exhibited, the American public will realize that one of our women sculptors is worthy of their pride. It is illustrated at the beginning of this article.

In "Dawn," the reclining figure of a woman, the artist has expressed her high aims in a most direct and simple manner, without convention. The face that appears to awaken to some mysterious life, with its conflicting emotions, surprise, apprehension and determination, has brought into unmistakable evidence the sculptor's power; but the whole expression is so veiled in a tranquil belief in the world at its best that the observer must long study its subtilities to glean the artist's and is as though the sculptor used the form as an incident to express an emotional moment; yet the body simply modeled, lives and breathes beneath the graceful folds of her drapery.

In her absence of sex emphasis in her art Mrs. Ripley betrays the essence of her genius. There is no evidence of a determination to show herself "strong," in the manner of a man's work. She forges ahead in her own way. In her independence and sincerity lies her strength—and her future in art.

BRONZE MEDAL TO
DOUGLAS CAMPBELL, ACE





SCENE in a GARDEN

by MIRAK

PERSIAN PAINTING

ITS AGE OF GLORY

For beauty of color and delicacy of line, the creations of her miniaturists have never been surpassed

by

W. G. BLAIKIE MURDOCK



PORTRAIT, PROBABLY OF THE YOUNG SHAH TAHMASP, BY SULTAN MAHMUD — PROPERTY OF BOSTON MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS



AST tracts of Persia being mere desert, her people long ago developed a signal skill in the construction of aqueducts. Water is doubly needful to these people, the love of gardening being strong among them. And is not this passion for flowers stamped clearly upon Persian painting, always so gay and glittering? It is indeed an excellent criticism of the artistic taste of the Land of the Lion and the Sun, which lies in her familiar proverb, "Fill the eyes of a Persian." But whence those extraneous forces which moulded Iránian painting, bringing about its peculiar character?

In 323 B. C. Alexander the Great, lying sick unto death at Babylon, expressed fierce regret that he had never conquered the Arabs. With the dawn of the Christian era, many powerful kingdoms were formed, round about Arabia. Yet her sons remained unsubjugated, and a halo of mystery was woven around them, since it was seldom or never they emerged from their chosen territory, caring not themselves to essay invasions. But when, at the outset of the seventh century, the Arabs were converted to Mohammedanism, they became fired with ardor to win the wide world for their faith. And swiftly they made fiefs of Egypt, Mesopotamia, and Syria; then, in 641 at Nehavend, not far from the southern shores of the Caspian, they gained a decisive victory over Persia. Accepting Islam, she became a mere province of the huge empire, the Caliphate, com-

posed of all the lands conquered by the Arabs, the whole of Spain save Asturias being ere long added to the domain.

There is no reason to suppose that the Arabs, at the date of Nehavend, were fitted to give artistic tuition to Persia. During long centuries before this she had been famous in many crafts. And nearly all the finest of the earlier mosques, built in Syria and Mesopotamia, were designed by architects from vanquished Irán. Nevertheless, made as she was, by her conquest, a part of the same realm as Egypt, she was brought into considerably closer touch than she had known recently, with the immemorial Egyptian culture. And the Arabs having intercourse with Byzantium, acquaintance with her art likewise shortly grew much wider with the Persians than ever heretofore. Centuries prior to the advent of Islam, Egypt had fashioned books, with pictorial embellishments, similar art having also been wrought superbly in Byzantium, just on the eve of Nehavend. And it was out of this same craft of book-decoration that there grew the fair flower, Persian painting. For with her acceptance of Islam, Persia waived her old form of writing, and espoused the Arabic script, presently yielding with it a wealth of beautiful copies of the Koran. And from this she passed to yielding beautiful copies of secular writings. But had not Mohammed, in his horror of worshipping idols, preached against pictures simulating animate nature? How did Persia come prodigally to create art of that sort?



"DERVISHES ON THE BORDER OF A BROOK"
SCHOOL OF RIZA ABBASI



"YOUNG WOMAN OFFERING A DRINK TO A POET"
BY KASSIM ALI—XVI CENTURY

In 680 Husayn, a native of Medina near Bagdad, made an effort to win the throne of the Caliphate. And being married to Sharlanu, daughter of the last king of the Sassanian dynasty, the rulers of Persia at the time of the Arab conquest, Husayn gained many Persian supporters in his grasp at regal sway. Slain whilst fighting for this, he was thereafter viewed as a saint and martyr by those Persian supporters. And some of them founded anon a Mohammedan sect, which becoming known as Shia, or the faction, did not interdict pictures representing life. In the mid-eighth century, the great empire of the Arabs having been disparted, rule over Persia was acquired by a house seemingly of Persian origin, the Abbasids. And under

the earlier monarchs of this line, Persia was notably fecund in the production of beautiful books. But their beauty lay mainly in arabesques, and the like, on the title-pages, and in the fine script of the text, caligraphy being regarded in Irán as a high art. As yet it was seldom that advantage was taken of the Shia permission to draw men or animals.



"PORTRAIT OF HUSAYN MIRZA" BY BIHZAD

The opening decades of the thirteenth century saw the Mongols begin their devastating marches into the Near East. In 1258 a Mongol force slew the last of the Abbasids; Mongol princes, caring for no sort of Mohammedanism, became overlords of Persia. And hence, throughout the land, the liberties which the Shia clergy had taken with the teaching of Mohammed met with much less disapproval than previously. Immediately before these happenings, heterodox Mussulmans, in Egypt and Mesopotamia, had started to engage in actually pictorial art, quickly achieving skill in it. But it was the destiny of Persia to be of Moslem countries the one chiefly doing exquisite work in art of that kind. The first really able ruler among the Mongol princes was Ghazan Khan, his reign extending from 1298 to 1304. And it was about his time that Persian painting soared into splendor.

Geographically placed as she is, Persia necessarily received not only the influence of the other Mohammedan countries, but also that of the Far East. Her pictorial art of the Mongol period is divisible into two classes: the works strongly resembling those of the heterodox Egyptian and Mesopotamian artists aforesaid, and the works recalling China, this latter class being the more numerous of the two. Nevertheless, the affinity with China is purely one of style, by no means of media. For Persia apparently never employed the big brush and greatly absorbent paper of the Chinese school, and rarely if ever the silk, which that school favored. With Persia, as with Egypt and Mesopotamia, pictures were commonly wrought on an almost opaque paper, hardly more absorbent than vellum. And much of the finest Iránian work, of the Mongol period, consists in drawings with a reed-pen, the black strokes enhanced with small touches in gold. But at this period, and always afterward, the usual Persian method when handling polychrome was at least to outline the prospective picture with a brush, simply dipped in water, the sketch being hence no more than perceptible. And, when satisfied with this outline or sketch, the artist would proceed to cover the entire surface of his paper with water-colors, or perhaps to introduce among them a passage in gold, the brushes used being generally diminutive. Complete illustrated books, dating from the era of Mongol sway, are treasures very seldom met with. But, the world over, finely illustrated volumes are apt to have their best pictures reft from them. And such would seem to have been the history of most of the beautiful Iránian paintings remaining from the years of Ghazan Khan and his immediate successors. For to this day, independent pictures intended for hanging on the wall are uncommon in Persia.

Ghazan's dynasty was to be ousted by compatriots. As the fourteenth century advanced, the most illustrious of Mongol soldiers, Tamerlane, commenced his onslaughts on Persia. And winning a great victory there in 1388, he added virtually the whole land to his colossal realm. This, on the conqueror's death in 1405, was divided among certain of his descendants. But coevally with these happenings, Persian painters yielded a plentitude of beautiful work. In 1469 Husayn Mirza, whose grandfather was a grandson of Tamerlane, took possession of the easterly

province of Persia, Khorassan, styled himself a king, and fixed his court at Herat. For although today belonging to Afghanistan, that town was formerly included in Khorassan, the Herat denizens being even now mostly Persian, with a Turkish strain. During a good while prior to her acquisition by Husayn Mirza, Herat had been a considerable centre of activity in painting, the artists there largely tending to emulate Chinese work, which tendency was the dominant one still at the close of the fifteenth century with the majority of painters throughout Irán. Nevertheless, at Herat there was to step into prominence the Persian master, who, subverting the current allegiance to Chinese art, led the way to Persia, having an essentially national school of painting. And that master was Bihzad.



"MEDJNOUN IN THE DESERT"
INDO-PERSIAN—LATE XVI CENTURY

In quite a number of early geographical books, for instance that of the Arab, Edrisi, who wrote in the mid-twelfth century, there is much praise of Herat, as a splendid town. The district around her being fertile, and the town a point where many caravan-tracks met, she was long the prime agricultural mart of Central Asia. And Husayn Mirza proving a ruler of high ability during his wise reign, Herat throve as never before; her wealth passed into a proverb; and the new potentate's court was far-famed, too, for its intellectual character. For Husayn was an enthusiastic connoisseur; he was personally a writer, alike of verse and prose; he loved to have men of taste around him. And thus, under him, Herat became, even more than previously, a rallying ground for workers in all fields of art. It does not appear to be known exactly where, or when, Bihzad was born, the master settling at Herat on the eve of the sixteenth century, and ere long he was working almost exclusively for Husayn Mirza. He wrought several portraits of the monarch, among them an equestrian one, which, no larger than an octavo volume, is yet well in the forefront of the world's equestrian portraits, those by Rubens, Velasquez, and Van Dyck not excepted.

Whilst Bihzad was earning renown at Herat, there had grown powerful, in Irán, a noble Iránian house, with a slight strain of Greek blood in their veins, the Safavi. And in 1499 a scion of this house, Ismail, was crowned king of practically all Persia, save Khorassan. In 1506 Husayn Mirza died; neither of his two sons inherited his ability; in 1510, his realm of Khorassan was annexed by Ismail. And hence Persia became, as in pre-Mohammedan ages, really a country, her rulers native. Ismail chose as capital Tabriz, in the Northwest, whither naturally migrated Bihzad, on the death of Husayn Mirza. And soon the master was as great a favorite with Shah Ismail as he had been with the monarch at Herat. Indeed, stout soldier though he was, the Safavid Shah was an ardent votary of the arts. It is told of him that, in 1514, when going out to battle with the hordes of invading Turks, he exclaimed that his dearest hope, in the event of the fray going against him, was that Bihzad should not be captured by the enemy. And coming home after stemming, if only stemming, the Turkish invasion, the Shah's first words were an enquiry concerning the welfare of his beloved painter. With this keen favor from Ismail, Bihzad inevitably spent the rest of his life at Tabriz. And his tomb there is pointed out yet to the traveler, 1525 having been the year of the master's death.

Nizami and Sadi, both of whom lived in the twelfth century, were still popular throughout



"WARRIOR"
BY MOHAMMED MOUKIM—
INDIAN—XVI CENTURY



"LOVE SCENE"
BY RIZA ABBASI—PERSIAN
—LATE XVI CENTURY

Persia, in the Safavid period. And those two were among the poets, copies of whose writings were illustrated by Bihzad. As a rule he signed his pictures, writing before his name sometimes *Al faqhir*, or the poor, sometimes *Pir ghulam*, or old servant. But since these signatures are usually microscopic, and put in a part of the picture where they would be the least likely to be noticed, it need not be deduced, from their tenor, that the great artist was addicted to mock-modesty. A beautiful draughtsman, his lines apparently conveying ever just what he desired they should convey, he would seem, nevertheless, to have admired restraint fully as much as his Western contemporary, Holbein. And further resembling that master's work, Bihzad's is nearly always neat and orderly, almost prim. But there was in him none of Holbein's austerity; he had the typical Persian affection for flowers. He loved to depict his group of people in a garden, rich in glowing blossoms.

An artist must have grand intellectual independence would he confront a strong, current tradition. And if Bihzad was opulent in such independence, rebelling as he did against the pseudo-Chinese style, the change which his rebellion brought about in Persian painting, occurred with tolerable quickness. In the years when the great master was growing old, many Iránian painters still keenly admired China, many studied fondly her pictures. Yet the fatuity of seeking actually to imitate these was virtually gone from Irán ere Bihzad himself laid down the brush. Of the group working in eminently national style, who came to the fore in Bihzad's later years, the earliest of high gifts was Mirak, a native of Ispahan, some 200 miles south from the Caspian. Dreaming eagerly, as a boy, of receiving lessons from Bihzad, he accordingly proceeded to Herat, his dream being duly realized there. And probably through the kind services of his distinguished preceptor, Mirak came under the friendly notice of Husayn Mirza. But on the annexation of Khorassan by Ismail, the young artist went to Tabriz, and it was in that town the bulk of his life's work was done.

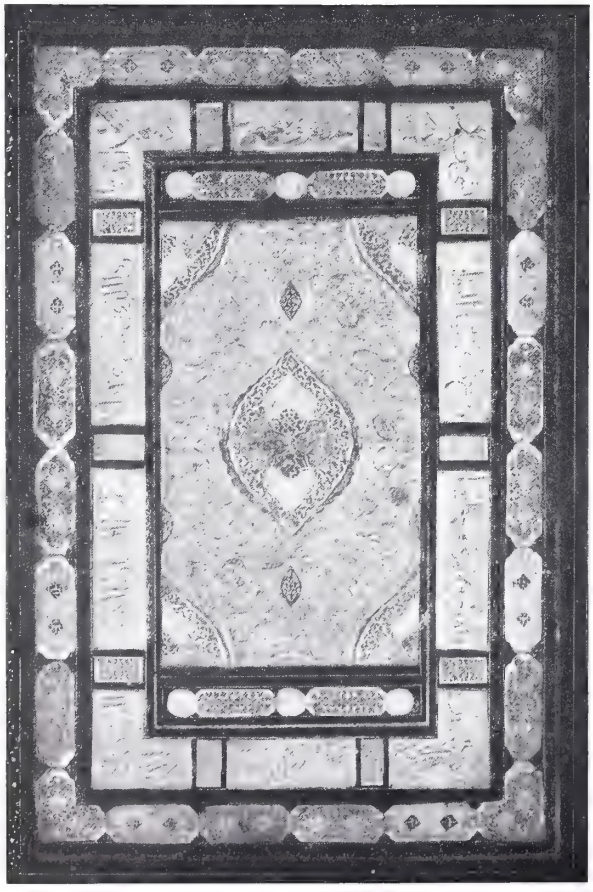
Mirak occasionally, though only occasionally, signed his pictures, these suggesting in general a sunny temperament, say like that of François Boucher. As with the Frenchman, there was with the Persian a tense preoccupation with elegance; he was enamoured of delineating people in postures

presenting graceful lines. He liked an interior as a setting for his group of people, or he would figure them in front of a building. And his interiors recall those of Lavreince, his buildings those of Piranesi. The art of Lavreince constitutes a precise record of domestic decoration, as practiced in France in the closing 1700's, the art of Mirak a precise record of the same, as practiced in Persia in the opening decades of the sixteenth century. For Mirak would perpetuate the inherent beauty of each separate article in a room, furniture or utensils. And thus also drawing a building, his prime interest was in the intrinsic architectural beauty. He would perpetuate this faithfully as ever Piranesi did, even unto the slightest details.



"RESTING ON A TRIP"
PERSIAN—XVII CENTURY

Like Bihzad before him, Mirak drew illustrations to the poems of Nizami. For be it noted, the famous Persian painters were hardly ever concerned, as so many of the ablest Japanese masters were, with the embellishing of books written in their own day. The aspiration with the wealthy Persian bibliophiles was almost exclusively to possess fine copies of the old authors. And very often the production of one of these copies was entrusted to four separate artists. Besides the calligrapher, there was the binder; and besides the illustrator there was the man adorning the title-page with arabesques, and the like. Never, it seems, did heterodoxy in Persia go the length of giving to the Koran decorations other than these last named. But the demand for finely illustrated secular writings quickly grew wider in the Safavid period than it had been previously. In the time of Mongol sway, the Shia clergy had not enjoyed much prestige, whereas Ismail, on his accession, announced that henceforth Shia Mohammedanism was to be the official faith with the Persian royal house. Thus the making of pictorial art became quite an orthodox affair. It was in fact fairly common for an artist, in noting at the end of a book his authorship of the illustrations, to couch this superscription in pious terms. He would say, for instance, that he had undertaken the pictures in hopes that his soul might be saved thereby.



COVER FOR KORAN—PERSIAN
—XVI CENTURY

Ismail, dying the year before the death of Bihzad, was succeeded by his son, Tahmasp. In him, the love of art was nothing less than a passion. And his ardor in collecting fine books made the pursuit more and more fashionable with the Persian nobles. The new monarch changed the capital from Tabriz to Kasvin, slightly to the southeast of the former, and hence Kasvin was shortly the main scene of activity

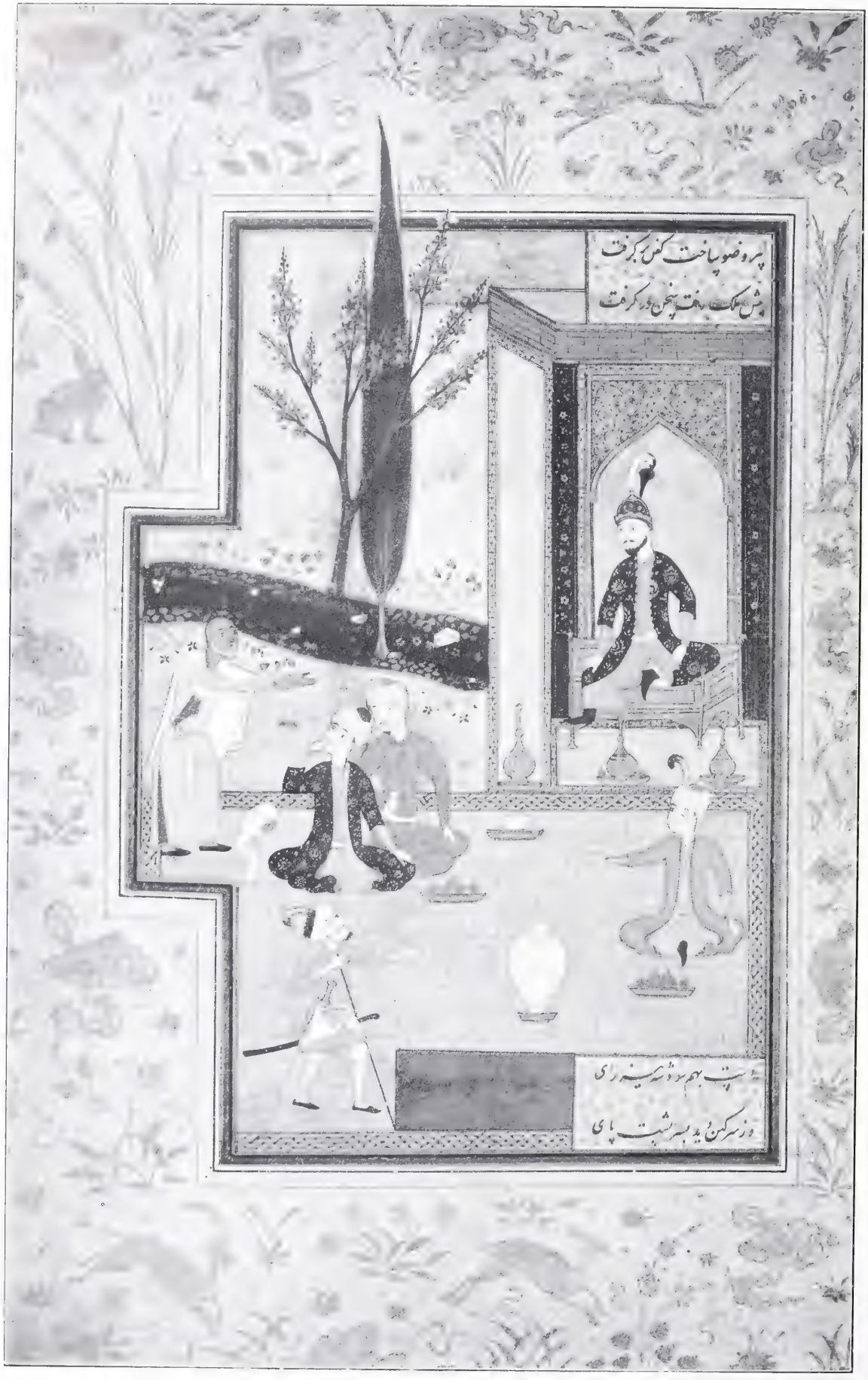
in painting. The artist winning especial celebrity in the reign of the second Safavid king was Sultan Mahmud, who, born about 1500, was not a member of the royal family, as might be supposed, for Sultan was long a popular name in Persia. Studying as a boy under Bihzad, Mahmud later worked for a while in Mirak's studio. And he was deeply interested, as endless Persians of his day were, in trying to fabricate porcelain, a deal of which ware was perforce brought to Irán from China. The quest proved abortive, no earth suitable for porcelain being discovered in Persia. But possibly the master's disappointment herein was softened by the keen favor he came to enjoy from Tahmasp. Although Mahmud duly engaged much in book illustration, he painted a considerable number of independent portraits, among them several of his royal admirers. The Shah presents here just the dreamy, refined guise naturally looked for in a man of his predilections. And an artist called Mahdi, of whose life nothing is known, painted a very beautiful portrait of Sultan Mahmud himself, shown gazing intently at a sheet of paper which bears a picture of flowers.

Sultan Mahmud frequently signed his pictures, writing beside his name the word *amalé*, equivalent of *pinxit* or *delineavit*. Numerous of his works have a crowded, almost confused look, hinting that he had not adequately planned his scheme, ere putting brush to paper. Yet he is one of the great personalities of Persian art, his style as grandly individual as Bihzad's, or Mirak's, his work indicating, moreover, a far deeper sense for nature, than any previous Persian had disclosed. Bihzad and Mirak, with all their love of the garden, would seem to have viewed the beauties of nature as Beardsley apparently did. They would seem, that is, to have thought of those beauties chiefly as something whence they might evolve, deliberately, a decorative background. Sultan's art, conversely, tells of a true intimacy with nature, an emotional susceptibility toward her mystery, her varying moods. Bihzad and Mirak painted often merely the flowers in the garden; Sultan went further, painting the very sentiment of the garden, and occasionally he would set his figures amid a mountainous scene. Certain of his genre pieces, with landscape backgrounds, hold almost a memory of the *Fêtes Champêtres* of Watteau. And Sultan dying about 1555, thereafter the painting of landscape backgrounds became a tolerably frequent thing with his compatriots. Indeed, whoso is well versed in Bihzad, Mirak, and Sultan Mahmud, has a good conception of the style of Persian painting, as a whole, in the greater part of the sixteenth century. For those three masters were nearly as dominant over Iránian pictorial art of their own and immediately subsequent times as was Rubens over the men of Antwerp, in his day, or Botticelli with his circle in Florence.

Reference has been made to the binder being one of the quartet of artists concerned with the creation of the fine books in old Persia. In the earlier 1500's, those volumes which were gems of caligraphy and illustration were almost always cased in morocco, decked with tooled or impressed patterns, gilding being also used often. But, as the sixteenth century advanced, it grew usual to coat thinly with lacquer the morocco bindings, so that they might be suitable for decorations with the brush. And these painted covers are alike the true glory and the most individual achievement of Persia in the binding craft: the best of them are among the finest things in the total art of the land. What daintiness of touch transpires in the studies of birds, or stags, or other animals, floral devices having also been greatly popular with the masters painting on the covers. And if those masters attained sundry of their rarest effects simply with pictures in gold on a black ground, many of the painted covers embody well nigh all the colors imaginable, the books so adorned having the glitter of a casket of jewels. Nor were paintings on the face of the book reckoned enough by some of the more affluent bibliophiles: they must have the insides, or doublures, of the binding coated also with lacquer, so that painting might be done here likewise.

Waiving the beautiful portraits aforesaid of Husayn Mirza, of Tahmasp, of Sultan Mahmud, with other portraits contemporaneous with them, the loose pictures remaining from the early and mid-sixteenth century may be assumed, like the analogous works dating from the Mongol period, to have been originally illustrations in books. They present no difference, in general guise, or in medium, from the pictures still conserved in the texts they respectively embellish. After the accession of Shah Abbas the Great, in 1587, there was a marked increase in the production of independent portraits, although the adorning of fair volumes remained a vast, if not the chief concern with the Persian school. With his boundless ambitions, Abbas made an alliance with Britain; he welcomed at his court embassies from various Western countries, Spain for instance; he did all in his power to encourage trade between Persia and the Occident. And he sent examples of Persian art as gifts to nearly every potentate in Europe. He was as desirous as Louis XIV or Napoleon that his reign should be a time signalized by lofty artistic exploits on the part of his realm. And removing

THE STUDIO



COURT SCENE—SCHOOL OF SULTAN MAHMUD—PERSIAN—XVI CENTURY

the capital from Kasvin to Ispahan, he founded there an Academy of Painting.

The painter mainly favored by Abbas was Riza Abbasi, whose works include several portraits of his royal patron. Riza had an excellent sense for design, understanding ably the value of simplicity, and his draughtsmanship is clever. But his art, like that of plenty other men of high technical faculties, lacks sadly an air of dignity. For this last can scarcely come save from an artist having greatness of mind and of character. And far from having these, Riza was conceited to the point of pathos, as witness his practice of signing his name prominently on any scrap of paper on which he had made the slightest sketch. With his favor from the crown, he was perforce regarded as something of an exemplar by the Persian painters of his generation. And if they were not the equal of the masters, who had worked under the spell of Bihzad, Mirak, and Sultan Mahmud, fine color-harmonies were nevertheless prodigally accomplished by the men of the reign of Abbas. Artists now tended, still more than previously, toward strong, glowing tones. For the able rule of the great Shah brought a new wealth into Irán, with the normal result that the grand in art was widely in demand. Moreover, in Abbas' reign Persian painting grew incalculably influential in India, whose Emperor Jahangir, reigning from 1605 to 1627, was a passionate votary of the productions of his Northern neighbor. Collecting Persian books, Jahangir lavishly invited Persian painters to settle at his court, numerous of them doing splendid work there.

At the outset of the eighteenth century, artistic activities were suddenly checked in Persia. In 1721, she was savagely assailed by an Afghan force; the Shah, Tahmasp II, was forced to fly from Ispahan; the Afghan general, Mahmud, seized the throne. And the country being thrown into a piteous state, Russia and Turkey were quick to take advantage, swooping down on Irán like vultures. But, again suddenly, there stepped on the scene a saviour, Nadir Kuli, a most romantic personage, for he had hitherto been a bandit-chieftain, in the mountain fastnesses of Khorassan. Quickly calling a new Persian army, he transpired to be a brilliant soldier; he beat the Afghans in fight after fight, hurling them from the land. He restored Tahmasp to the throne, then, his ambitions whetted by these triumphs, Nadir forcibly took the sceptre into his own hands, proving himself a legislator of strength.

Under Nadir's rule, painting began to revive, the bandit king being himself interested in books. But the dynasty of his founding was short-lived, 1796 seeing the accession of the house at present reigning in Persia, their name Kajar. And it was the first sovereign of this line who selected as seat of government the town to-day the Persian metropolis, Teheran. Like the Safavid family, the new monarchs cared seriously for art. And in the earlier decades of the Kajar period there was exquisite result of that revival of painting which the strong hand of Nadir Kuli had brought. True that, at this time, neither illustrating nor portraiture was carried to its old heights of glory. But it is a fair question whether, in the little realm of painting on bindings, the opening 1800's were not the premier epoch. As far back as the reign of Shah Abbas, binders had begun frequently to use paper-maché, instead of morocco, the former being very suitable for coating with lacquer. And it is of paper-maché that most of the finest painted book-covers are made.

Although China printed her books onwards from the tenth century, even at the outset of the nineteenth Persia entertained a positive prejudice against the typographic craft. It seemed to her an offensively mechanical thing; she would not believe that fine books might be yielded by it. And her first step toward other than purely manual reduplication of her great writings consisted in making lithographic editions of them. This step was taken toward the mid-1800's, Persia countenancing, if not actually admiring, the lithographic copies, since they implied a quota, at least, of dexterity of hand in the lithographer, and also because they might be approximately faithful replicas of manuscripts by famous caligraphers. But, as the 1800's waned, Persia at length accepted printing, in which espousal lay the death-knell of her beautiful books in the old style.

Inasmuch as every flower must fade, it is idle to dream of Persia reverting to her bygone mode with book and brush. And waiving predictions as to the future of painting in Irán, the channel in which her art is likely to flow hereafter, the writer feels himself in the Orient once more. Evening is falling; mile after mile around all is yellow, the droves of camels differing no whit in hue from the sands around them. The clump of graceful palms turns almost to black, as does the shapely mosque, with dome and minarets. And alike trees and building loom against a sky of dusky blue, flecked with gold stars. Nowhere, surely, is nightfall lovelier than in the Near East. Nowhere else, surely, does evening bring a more entrancing harmony than this, of black and yellow, blue and gold. Was it not inevitable that the Persians should be great painters, rare color the genius of their painting?

[*Illustrations by courtesy of Kouchakji Freres*]

OEDIPUS AND THE SPHINX by GUSTAVE MOREAU



BEQUEATHED to the Metropolitan Museum of Art by William H. Harriman, "Oedipus and the Sphinx" was first exhibited in the Salon of 1864, and marks the beginning of the best period of Moreau's art. Although the possessor of exceptional originality, his artistic lineage can nevertheless be traced back through Chassériau to Ingres and Delacroix. Always a dreamer and a mystic, and a reactionary from the practicalities of a scientific age, he turned to old myth and legend for themes which his fertile imagination elaborated in rich and intricate design.

Oedipus has replied to the riddle of the Sphinx, "What is the being who, having but one voice, and, alone of all beings, has successively four feet, two feet, and three feet, and has less strength insomuch as it has more feet?" The answer, "Man," according to the legend, destroys the Sphinx



"AFTER THE RAIN" BY TOKAYAMA TAIKWAN

The Art of the BIJITSU-IN

Japan sends to America a collection representing her Renaissance in painting · · · by

HELEN COMSTOCK

THE group of paintings by contemporary Japanese artists of the Nippon Bijitsu-in, which has recently been exhibited in the museums of New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Cleveland and San Francisco, expresses for us a particular phase of the modern Japanese spirit.

The stirring in the artistic consciousness of the world, simultaneous in East and West, has found a peculiarly significant expression in Japan through this body of artists. Drawn together at first by the desire to preserve the art of their race from denationalization by Western influence, they are also opposed to a slavish imitation of their own classic style. In one sense reactionary, they are in another the advocates of a new liberalism. Their insistence is on a return to the spirit of their own people, and yet they stand for freedom of individual expression in response to the needs of the Japan of today.

To understand the place they hold among their contemporaries, it is necessary to look back over the last fifty years to the beginning of the period which followed the Meiji Restoration. When the Tokugawa shogunate was ended and the Mikado was restored to his full authority in 1867, the period of peace that followed was favorable to the arts. A National Industrial Exhibition in 1877 made the first public recognition of the new activity. The study of antiquity which had marked the beginning of the century reasserted itself, with the result that the Imperial collection was classified and thrown open to students and scholars. A society which later became known as the Bijitsu-kiokai, held exhibitions twice a year at Uyeno Park, Tokio, in which treasured "old masters" were shown, and young artists were encouraged to follow without deviation in the traditional style of the Kano and Tosa schools.

Diametrically opposed to the cause of classicism were the advocates of Western methods, who had been growing in number since the seventeenth century, when Dutch traders introduced European art to Japan. The Dutch and Italian schools fell under their special observation, and in later times there has been a quick response to Impressionism and Post-Impressionism. The first Government School, which was closed in 1883, was under the



"CATFISH" BY MAEDA SEISON

direction of Italian teachers. Later, in 1896, when European influence was in the ascendent, the Government ordered that the study of foreign painting and sculpture be added to the curriculum of the Government Art School at Uyeno.

It was this order that caused Okakura Kakuzo, its director, and a certain group of sympathizers, to withdraw from the school. Their strong opposition to foreign influence inspired them with the idea of forming a school which should preserve Japanese tradition. During the next two years their numbers were increased by the exponents of many schools who had a common bond in a devotion to the ideals of the past and yet responded to the demands of a new individualism. They formed a colony in Kanaka, a suburb of Tokio, and it was here, under the leadership of Okakura, that the Nippon Bijitsu-in, or Fine Arts Institute of Japan, was formed. No tuition was charged, as the society was maintained by private subscription. Among their teachers were Hashimoto Gaho, a former head of the Kano Academy; Shimomura Kansan, a follower of the Tosa manner, recruits from the Ukiyoye or Popular School, and Yokoyama Taikwan, an admirer of the Tosas and of Korin. The fusing of elements which has resulted from their association has produced an art thoroughly original and at the same time purely Japanese.

In 1906 the studios in Yanaka were abandoned and the school was moved to Izura, a fishing village on the Pacific near Okakura's estate. From this remote spot they sent their paintings to the national exhibitions, on whose juries they were represented by Okakura, Gaho and Taikwan. In time it was felt that these exhibitions were breeding a certain type of art which discouraged originality, and they decided to hold their own exhibitions. The first of these was in Tokio in 1914.

Okakura's death in 1913 was so severe a blow to his followers that it threatened to disrupt the institution. Not often is such critical insight, creative ability and philosophic understanding of art in its relation to life combined with the wise leadership which Okakura exercised. But his followers rallied together, added to their number and returned to Tokio, where they have continued their work. Eighteen painters and nine sculptors are now affiliated with the association.

The paintings that are now traveling over the United States are twenty-four in number. Most of them are characterized by richness of color, the two that are illustrated being among a minority in monochrome. A comparison with classic examples reveals no sudden departure from the spirit and method that are inherent in Japanese art. Rather they are a continuation along the lines marked out by the ideals of their race and are the result of a movement toward color and decoration which Korin and Sotatsu inaugurated

three centuries ago. In their approach toward nature they are free and sincere. They combine conventionalism and naturalism in the fluency of line which is characteristically Japanese. Their modernism is revealed in the enthusiastic experiment with form in color which is absorbing the artists of all lands today, though their expression of it is without the slightest taint of Western influence.

"After the Rain," by Yokoyama Taikwan, illustrated at the beginning of this article, is rich in the subtle gradations of tone that the Japanese evoke from ink and brush. The suggestion of billowy form in the rising mists, and the varying intensity of shadow along the mountain slopes are handled with the ease of a patiently acquired simplicity. The same artist uses color with equal power in "Early Morning," representing the summit of Mount Fuji above a sea of clouds. Deep blue, pale golds, and green unite in a harmony of color and add a living quality to beauty of line. In "A Shinto Shrine," the deep, even blue of the sky and the green of pines mass the color in the upper part of the picture, while snow-covered slopes in the lower part hold their own in vivid whiteness.

Ochi Shokwan contributes two paintings of exceeding beauty in composition and color, "Calm Sea at Evenfall" and "Farmhouse in Autumn Twilight." The former has for its theme a boat with motionless sails drifting down a stream among mountain peaks touched with warm gold by the setting sun. The other is beautiful for its strange green-blue foliage banked against an exquisitely drawn house whose open door permits a glimpse of the interior.

Maeda Seison's decorative "Catfish" is illustrated here. "Running Deer," by Tomita Keison, is admirable for its effect of movement. Among other subjects are a Japanese lady rouging her lips; a study dominated by the vivid green of iris leaves; and a white cat under a delicate vine.

Side by side with the return to the basic principles of Japanese painting for which the Bijitsu-in stands, the influence of the West continues to make itself felt, and there are many who insist that the followers of Cézanne and Van Gogh are the leaders in Japan today. But for those whose love of Japanese art springs from a sympathy with the standards which have persisted since the distant Ashikaga period down to the present day, the return of the Bijitsu-in to the ideals of their race promises a deeply significant expression of the modern Japanese spirit.



A Forgotten DEATH MASK

Smiling face of King Henry of Navarre a relic of the days of revolutionary frenzy · · · by

HELEN W. HENDERSON

OBSCURELY placed, yet preciously guarded, in the library of Sainte-Geneviève, in Paris, is a death mask of that well-loved monarch, Henry IV—Henry of Navarre, King of France. Although this mask has a look of antiquity and one sees at once that it is an original and a treasure, there is nothing particularly remarkable about it except, perhaps, that it has more expression, a more lifelike quality than most.

Yet what is this legend which it bears? *Moulé sur le cadavre du Roi a St. Denis le 12 Octobre 1793.* So quietly is this astounding statement made that a casual visitor, not much up in dates, might pass it over without question. And yet—1793! The date is portentous. France was in full revolution in that year. And the king—there was no king. Louis XVI, Henry's grandson by seven generations removed, his successor by four reigns distanced, had been guillotined in January, and the queen, Marie Antoinette, waiting at the Conciergerie, was to lose her head four days later than the date on this label.

Yet one goes back to the placard: "Cast from the cadaver of the king at St. Denis October 12, 1793." One hundred and eighty-five years after the king's death!

I came upon this interesting death mask only recently in the modern building which houses the treasures of the old abbey of Sainte-Geneviève. The mask is kept in a glass case, the glass covered with a silk cloth, the case at the end of a very long room devoted to the preservation of precious manuscripts and rare illuminated books, saved from the sack of the ancient library at the time of the Revolution. One must ask permission to enter this room, which serves as a kind of holy of holies of the library, but the concierge has the keys and the favor is granted for the asking. The mask is

just of the face, barely to the ears. It wears a faint smile. The nose, the eyes closed as in sleep, the vigorous brow, the luxuriant moustaches, and the beard of which in life he was so vain, all are there. The mask appears to have been broken across the end of the chin and clumsily mended. The job was probably a hasty one, done possibly without the knowledge of the revolutionary authorities who were bent upon the destruction of every vestige of royalty.

The mask, then, was made from a mould cast from the head of Henry IV in 1793, at the time that the revolutionists profaned the royal tombs at Saint-Denis, and the body of Henry of Navarre, embalmed by the art of the Italians, was found in so perfect a state of preservation that the features of the king were unaltered. The *Miroir de Paris* of the date recounts that, enveloped in its shroud, the body was stood up upon a stone before an altar in a chapel of the crypt and thus delivered to the insults of a furious mob.

"A woman advanced and reproached him with the unpardonable crime of having been king; she gave him a blow which felled him to the ground . . . but a soldier, moved by a martial enthusiasm and after a long silence of admiration, drew his sword and cut a long lock of the king's beard, which was still fresh, crying out in a loud and military voice: 'I also am a French soldier and henceforth I shall have no other moustache!' and so placing the hair upon his upper lip continued: 'Now I am sure to vanquish the enemies of France and I march to victory.' Upon which he retired."

Of this extraordinary manifestation against the monarchy we have considerable data, both written and in drawings. Saint-Denis suffered enormously as the sepulchre of that royalty which the revolutionists had determined to exterminate. Much has been written of the orgies which accompanied the violation of the royal tombs, of which not one was spared, every grave having been opened, every vault searched, every casket emptied, every body rifled and forced to submit to the dishonor of being cast into a common trench. Nothing which had been royal was judged innocent. This brutal instinct, says Lamartine, revealed in the Revolution the desire to repudiate the long past of France. It would have torn up all the pages of its history to date all from the Republic.

During the seance of July 31, 1793, Barère read to the Convention a long report in which he suggested, as an appropriate means of celebrating the 10th of August, the date of the overthrow of the throne, the destruction of the "ostentatious mausoleums" at Saint-Denis, whose beauty formed a sort of "flattery to royal pride."

The report was sanctioned by a decree of the National Convention and the real fête appears to have been held, as ordered, on the anniversary of the storming of the Tuileries, when the best of the statues and monuments of royalties were cleared out of the church. But time pressed and there was much similar work to be done, so it was not until after Lequino addressed the national tribune, more than a month later, denouncing the failure to execute the decree which had ordered the entire demolition of the tombs of the "tyrants" at Saint-Denis, that the job was finished.

Meanwhile steps had been taken chiefly at the instigation of that devoted artist, Alexandre Lenoir, to preserve the monuments themselves from further damage and in his address Lequino himself cautions the tribune against the wanton destruction of works of art, specifying, however, that they must no longer be objects of idolatry but serve only to foster admiration for the genius which inspired them.

A special committee was charged to designate what works of painting and sculpture should be gathered up and Lenoir who had pushed the measure through the assembly was commissioned to hunt up the monuments and take charge of their transportation. He spared neither trouble nor fatigue and several times risked his life for the menaced monuments. He received a bayonet stroke when he flung himself before the tomb of Cardinal Richelieu when the furious mob rushed upon it.

What Lenoir had saved from the holocaust at Saint-Denis he carted with enormous difficulty into Paris to the shelter of the monastery of the Petits-Augustins which was seized upon as a temporary shelter. Meanwhile the annihilation of the sacred remains of royalty had been organized with diabolical thoroughness, and beginning on October 12, 1793, occupied exactly a month. Dom Poirier, the former keeper of the archives of Saint-Denis and one of the dignitaries of the abbey, was appointed to make a careful report of the proceedings and this old Benedictine has left a statistical account or diary of the affair of which he was an enforced eye-witness.

As gold crowns, jewels, or ornaments were discovered they were turned over to swell the national treasury; lead and bronze coffins were melted into arms and ammunition for defense, while the bodies of kings, queens, princes and princesses were thrown into trenches of quick lime and destroyed to the last vestige.

Lamartine has left the most vivid picture of

this strange scene. "The people falling upon the tombs seemed to exhume their own history and cast it to the winds. The axe broke down the bronze doors, a present from Charlemagne to the basilica; roofs, statues, everything gave way under the hammer, stones were torn up, tombs violated, coffins broken open. A mocking curiosity searched under wrappings and shrouds the embalmed bodies, the consumed flesh, the wasted bones, the empty skulls of kings, queens, princes, ministers, bishops whose names had resounded through the past of France.

"Pépin, the founder of the Carlovingian Dynasty and the father of Charlemagne, was nothing but a pinch of gray cinders which blew away in the wind. The mutilated heads of the Turennes, Duguesclins, Louis XII, Francois I, rolled upon the parvis; one walked upon heaps of sceptres, of crowns, of crosses, historic or religious attributes. An immense trench whose borders were covered with quick-lime to consume the cadavers was opened in one of the outer cemeteries called the Cimitière des Valois. Perfumes burned in the subterraneous vaults and passages to purify the air. One heard after each stroke of the axe the cries of the grave diggers who uncovered the remains of a king and who played with his bones.

"Under the choir were buried princes and princesses of the first race and several of the third, Hugues Capet, Philippe le Hardi, Philippe le Bel. They tore off their silk shrouds and threw them into beds of quick-lime.

"Henry IV, embalmed according to the art of the Italians, conserved his historic physiognomy. His uncovered chest still showed the two wounds through which his life's blood had flowed. His beard, perfumed and spread like a fan, as in his portraits, attested the care which this voluptuous king had for his person. His memory, dear to his people, protected him a moment against profanation."

This was on a Saturday. Dom Poirier records that everybody was at liberty to view the body until Monday morning, when it was carried to the choir and placed at the foot of the steps of the sanctuary, where it remained in the sight of all until two o'clock.

"The crowd," says Lamartine, "filed silently before the cadaver of their favorite and for two days he received in death the respectful homage of the mutilators of royalty." Finally the patience of Javogues, the people's representative, was exhausted by this display of superstitious awe and adulation and, infuriated at their softness, he broke out in remonstrance, accusing this brave and amorous king as the seductor rather than the servitor of his people. "He deceived," said Javogues, "God, his mistresses, and his people; let him not cheat posterity and your justice." They threw the body of Henry IV into the common trench.

In a monograph upon the Royal Church of Saint-Denis written by the Baron de Guilhermy is a footnote which says that at this time, on the afternoon of Monday, October 14, before the body was disposed of, the head of Henry IV was cast.

After Henry IV, his son and his grandson, Louis XIII and Louis XIV followed. Louis XIII was a mummy, well preserved and recognizable by his moustache. Louis XIV was a black mass of aromatics—the man, says Lamartine, disappeared after death in his perfumes as during life in his pride. This tomb of the Bourbons yielded its queens, its dauphines, its princesses, carried by armfuls by the workmen and thrown with their entrails into the gulf. Louis XV was the last. The infection of his reign seemed to exhale from his sarcophagus, which was opened upon the border of the trench and its contents quickly tumbled in and covered up, while the air was cleared and purified by the burning of powder and several shots of a musket.

I have said that no one body escaped the common fate. This is not true; for Turenne's cadaver, mutilated by shots, was venerated by the people and they stole it after a most curious circumstance. One of the first to be exhumed, the great general appeared almost unchanged. His body was given to the porter of the abbey and he placed it in an oaken box and exhibited it for eighteen months in a little sacristy of the church. Later, at the solicitation of Desfontaines, professor at the Jardin des Plantes, the body of the hero passed into the collections of the museum, where for nine years it figured in the laboratory amongst the Egyptian mummies and the skeleton of a unicorn. It remained for Napoleon to rescue this sad souvenir and give the maréchal a military funeral at the Invalides, where it received the adulation of a populace once more worshipful of military heroes.

Louis XVIII closed up the museum of the Petits-Augustins and ordered the restitution of the monuments. Under Viollet-le-Duc, the tombs of the church were arranged somewhat after the plan of their original disposition. But the death mask of Henry IV, guarded in this quiet corner of the Bibliotheque Sainte-Geneviève, has more power to revive memories, and seems more eloquent than any other tangible relic of this stupendous time, so fraught with change.



SENTENCED FOR LIFE

by

J-L FORAIN



"AU BUFFET" BY FORAIN

J.-L. FORAIN — the Man and His Work

Great satirist of Parisian life, whom the world war stirred to pity, "is always witty, often cruel—and invariably just" . . . by

LOUISE GEBHARD CANN

As a satirist of Parisian life, J.-L. Forain, the illustrator of the war, the engraver, the lithographer, is known the world over, but, even in Paris, Forain the painter is but slightly known, and the artistic influences of his life, with the full achievement that has resulted, are ignored by all but a few comrades and amateurs. This is mainly due to the singular fact that an *ensemble* of the Forain paintings has never been exhibited in Paris or elsewhere. The exposition of June, 1921, in the gallery of the rue de la Ville-l'Evèque included merely some twenty canvases, the importance of which, however, prompted M. Armand Dayot, director general of the fine arts of France and founder-editor of the quasi-official review, *L'Art et les Artistes*, to suggest that a comprehensive exposition of Forain's paintings, together with selected drawings and engravings, be held at the Ecole des Beaux Arts. A signal honor when one reflects on the difficulty of penetrating into those sacred precincts. When in 1888 Armand Dayot and a group of comrades in the face of violent opposition organized an exhibit at the École of the water-colors of Gavarni, the sepias of Henri Monnier and the paintings, then quite unknown, of Daumier, it caused a scandal. Fortunately protestation changed into apotheosis and the very dignitaries who had at first objected, won by the sumptuousness of the works, put Daumier into the Louvre. M. Dayot recounts this episode in his preface for the catalogue of the Ville-l'Evèque exhibit, with the hint to the authorities that since 1888 they have gained the reputation for "enlightened eclecticism."

M. Dayot's opinion of what such an artistic event will accomplish is a just estimate of Forain's position in contemporary French art. "It would be," he says, "a manifestation of salutary reach. Moralists would rejoice in it, and artists would find in it invaluable lessons, because the technique of the painter, obtained by long and persistent studies, by infinite research, based on a sincerity no ephemeral fashion can disturb, would there reveal itself with unexpected brilliance and a rare power of instruction." He continues with an observation that indicates how the older critics regard prevalent conditions in French art and the



"LE RETOUR AU FOYER" BY FORAIN

racial significance of Forain's achievement. "This exposition of the works of an incontestable master would stand, by the powerful and witty clarity of its so French expression, as a useful protest against the chaotic *melée* in which at this moment our school of painting is so pitifully floundering, between the mortal lessons of an antiquated instruction and a gross eccentricity, that one would say was inspired by a clever and mysterious propaganda, eager to destroy our most beautiful national patrimony, that is to say, all the qualities native to our traditional taste."

With a distinction and force unequalled by any other living French artist, Forain maintains the attitude of satire, mockery, peculiar to the French school, the sense of elegance, of the purely worldly, and of Catholic mysticism. Since the war, the element of the tragic has been added to his comedy of manners, enforcing the religious and emotional aspect. He shows his "claw" in everything he does, his bitter, mordant mentality, the inspirations of which spring immediately from hatred and contempt, the mark of temperament by which the racial material of his art is stamped and moulded. The virility and interest of his work demonstrates that the *école françoise of* Fragonard, Daumier, Gavarni, as a tradition, undistorted by the radicalism of the moderns, still hands down living wealth to its heir, who out of it all creates his own eminently contemporary estate.

As a tribute to the genius of the great satirist, *L'Art et les Artistes* has just issued a "Forain" number, in which M. Gustave Geffroy, president of the Academy Goncourt and director of the Gobelins, tells the story of the development of the man and his work. M. Geffroy himself is one of the comrades of Forain from the days of Manet and the café de la Nouvelle-Athènes, and enjoys the distinction, now that the ordeal is past, of being one of the few persons who sat to Cézanne for a portrait and, further, of alienating him—this was too frequent in Cézanne's sitters to be a distinction—before it was quite finished by discussing M. Clemenceau with enthusiasm. Speaking of the Master of Aix, in 1875 he looked over Forain's shoulder in the Louvre, when the youth was engaged in copying a Chardin, and he said to himself, as he afterward told M. Vollard, "That young man will arrive, because he studies drawing in



"LA RELEVE" BY FORAIN

form." When, overpowered by Manet's leadership, he deserted the reunions of La Nouvelle-Athènes, he cried, pointing out Forain, "That youngster already knows how to put a fold into a garment!"

The history M. Geffroy recounts is significant. J.-L. Forain, occupying a house in the beautiful Passy quarter of Paris, where for twenty-five years he has lived with his wife, herself an exquisite pastellist, and his son, talented in drawing, began his career in artistic Bohemia; but by incessant work, as well as joking, he struggled up from poverty and misery into journalism. Entirely by his own efforts with the pencil, the etcher's needle, the lithographer's stone, he acquired means, a comfortable home, and *bourgeoisie*.

His years of apprenticeship began early. The love of drawing was always with him, and as a boy of twelve and fourteen he faithfully visited the Louvre with his notebook. Here he made an acquaintance whose double influence has persisted throughout his life, the professor of drawing, M. Jacquesson de la Chevreuse, who was so struck by the child's copies that he arranged with his parents to give him lessons. At the same time, M. Jacquesson de la Chevreuse, who along with drawing professed the most assiduous piety, belonging to brotherhoods that went from parish to parish during periods of perpetual adoration, took young Forain to all the churches of Paris and even to those of the *banlieue*.

A second encounter, also in the Louvre, was with the sculptor, Carpeaux, who discovered the boy copying Michael Angelo's head of a satyr. The result was an invitation to work in Carpeaux's studio, faubourg St. Honoré. The day Forain called he found Gustave Geffroy present with Paul Hervieu; but the master was out. Forain took clay that he saw there and modeled a figurine which he left with his name and address. Carpeaux, who was at that time drawing master to the prince imperial, wrote to his new *protégé*, "It is magnificent, but you will not repeat it for thirty years. During that time you must *learn* and no longer *divine*." And so, Forain began to "learn" under Carpeaux, who sent him out into the street to hunt for a blind man under a *porte-cochère* in order that the boy might "realize" through observation one of the figures in a drawing he was at work upon.



"THE VERDICT" BY FORAIN

Forain continued to frequent the Louvre and also drew from prints in the National Library. Here, quite by accident, he chanced on a portfolio of Goya. "It was for me," he confided to M. Geffroy, "a thunder-bolt."

Such are the origins and the studies of Forain the draughtsman. In painting he made his first essay in the studio of Andre Gill. These studies were interrupted by the siege of Paris and the Commune and later by military service in 1874-75.

In the years that immediately followed, Forain found his true masters and comrades—Edouard Manet, Edgar Degas, the etcher Marcellin Desboutin. Meetings that were at first by chance, developed into regular reunions that finally took place each evening at the cafe de la Nouvelle-Athènes, Place Pigalle, Montmartre. Each one of the artists, called Bohemians, had his regular habits. Desboutin left his friends at half past nine; Manet at eleven. Degas was more easily persuaded to stay and talk. Forain was the "urchin" of the meetings. He charmed his elders by his "blague," in which the sharp point was not even then lacking. No doubt his fancy whetted itself on the wit of Manet, expert in definitions of bitter satire, and the judgments of Degas, delivered in a form that was light yet peremptory. The critics, Paul Mantz, Albert Wolff and Huysmans, were there, also George Moore, when in Paris, and the artists, Toulouse-Lautrec and Louis Legrand, both of whose work has something in common with one and another side of Forain's.

Forain was received but once in the Salon of those days. In the exhibits of the Independents his name appears in that of 1879, held at 28 Avenue de l'Opera, with the names of Degas, Mary Cassatt, Monet, Pissarro, the Bracquemonds. In 1880 he was with the same group, with the exception of Monet and two others, at 10 rue des Pyramides, to which were added Gauguin, Guillaumin, Berthe Morisot, Raffaelli. And in 1881 he took part in the sixth exposition of the Independents at Nadar's, 35 boulevard des Capucines. In the seventh, 1882 show, he did not appear; and from this time on the group that had been so compact began to disperse. When



"THE TRIBUNAL" BY FORAIN

their last show was given in 1886, Forain's work was not included. In 1890 the first exhibit of a collection of his drawings was held in the gallery Bousod-Valadon, boulevard Montmartre, presided over by the brother of Vincent Van Gogh.

When Forain exhibited with the group in 1879, Huysmans compared him with the artists of the official Salon and was the first probably to discern Forain's contribution to the representation of Parisian life. He pronounced, "There is more elegance, more modernity, in the slightest sketch of a woman by Forain than in all the canvases of Bouveret and the other manufacturers of the falsely modern." He said further of Forain's water-colors that they were little marvels of "elegant Parisian reality." In 1880 Huysmans celebrated Forain as a curious painter of certain corners of contemporary life, and declared, while attributing to him the sense of *soirees mondaines*—the gesture of the fashionable and correct at their pleasures—that he was even more spontaneous and original when he interpreted the various types of the women of the demi-monde, "who had found in him their veritable painter." In Huysmans' "L'Art Moderne," which was published by Charpentier in 1883, one may follow the further development of this conception of Forain's work. In "Certains," published by Stock in 1889, he placed Forain with this conclusion, "Added to his qualities of acute observation, of deliberate, rapid, summary drawing, of giving significance to the slightest appearance, boring beneath the surface of things by a single stroke, he has brought into art the sagacious irony of a mocking Parisian."

Forain and Huysmans established a friendship that endured until the death of the author of "A rebours." Amusing anecdotes are told of their comradeship, their witty invectives against the modern social system. When Huysmans retired to the Benedictines and gave himself up to religious mysticism, Forain paid him frequent visits. Beneath their official masks of "Mocking Parisians" they were both given to devotional contemplation and the practice of the Roman Catholic rituals.

Before marking his place as a painter, Forain had a long and brilliant career in drawing. But he

did not succeed all at once, M. Geffroy tells us, in penetrating into the reserved precincts of a newspaper. Armed with a letter of introduction, he showed his notebook to Pierre Véron, director of *Charivari*. Pierre Véron, after casually turning the leaves of the book, gave it back to Forain with the remark, "There is nothing in these for me!" The artist was more fortunate elsewhere and before long was collaborating with some twenty or more of the most important newspapers and periodicals of Paris, besides bringing out in 1889-90 the *Fifre*, his own paper, which ran for fifteen numbers.

In all the papers and reviews that made the reputation of Forain the draughtsman and the inventor of legends, his intrepid wit attacked every appearance considered respectable and every vice hypocritical or avowed. He especially made his butt the financier, the politician, the self-indulgent middle-aged man of means with a paunch. This fat, respectable and withal low personage is the hero of the Forain comedy, who appears in both the black and white and in the paintings. His author pursues him in all the divagations of his leisure with a remorseless and cynical index, which also points out the head-waiters, the servants, the actresses, the dancers, associated with his dissipations. Against him he plays his full denunciatory force, and though, like Gavarni, he is expert at analyzing the knavery that may reside in the feline grace of woman, nevertheless, in the opinion of M. Geffroy, with the exception of certain really frightful examples of the human female at her worst, Forain has not physically mistreated woman. Even where her associations are of the most sordid, he portrays in her an instinctive charm; and even where he aims at exposing the lowest tricksters of the species, he cannot refrain from marking the supple beauty of the body, the delicious ingenuity, or the amusing cunning, of the features.



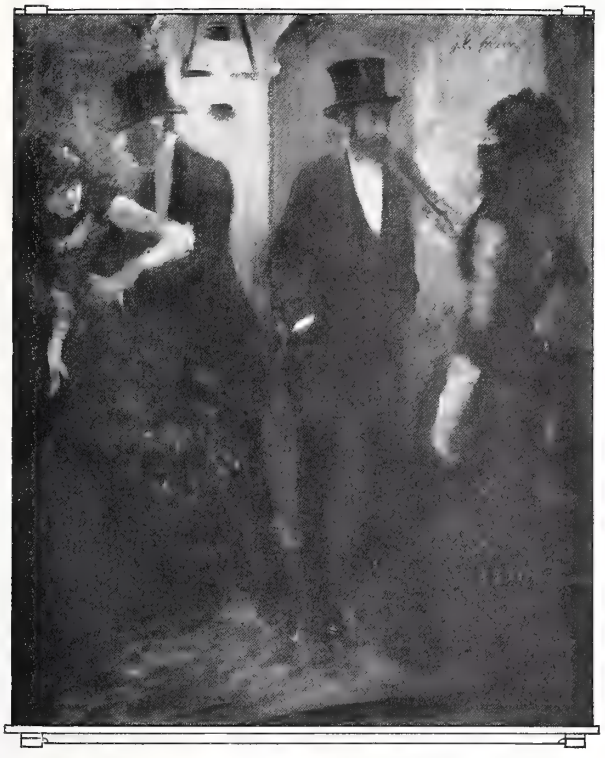
"LA FEMME AU CHIEN" BY FORAIN



"BEHIND THE SCENES" BY FORAIN

Though the great world has also undergone the ravages of his satire, he has revealed himself, each time he wished, as one who could note justly the polish of society. We see the various strands of his interest in every genre he undertakes, but it is more directly, perhaps, because of the medium and the journalistic purpose that the etchings, the drawings, the lithographs, with their always sarcastic legends, interpret the underworld and the shadowland where the world of so-called respectability meets it.

The entire work of Forain is immense. He has issued collections of his satirical drawings under the titles, "La Comédie Parisienne" (Charpen-



"DANS LES COULOIR DE L'OPERA"—BY FORAIN

tier - Fasquelle): "Doux Pays" (Plon); "Album de Forain," with a preface by Alphonse Daudet (Simonis Empis); "La Vie" (Juven); "Nous, Vous, Eux" (La Vie Parisienne); "Album Forain" with a preface by Maurice Talmeyr (Plon); "L'Album" (Tallandier), and "J.-L. Forain," by Henri Mantz (Figaro Illustre). He is now issuing two volumes, "De la Marne au Rhin," which will include his drawings of the war, 1914-19.

Besides the collections enumerated above, there are two important sources for the documentation of Forain the draughtsman. They are concerned with his most durable productions, his observations fixed by the copper plate or the lithographic stone. In the two volumes published by M. Marcel Guerin (Floury) and devoted, the first in two parts to Forain the etcher, the second to Forain the lithographer, we have the main aspects of the talent of the artist from his first etchings for the illustration of "Marthe" and "Croquis Parisiens," by J. K. Huysmans, to the evocations of the "Piéta" and the "Disciples of Emmaus," by way of the café-concerte, the dressing-rooms of actresses and dancers, private rooms in restaurants, gambling halls. In summing up, M. Geffroy says, "There are in these etchings masterpieces of the *genre*, dating from his first years of work—grimacing apparitions bitten in with oblique strokes, profound blacks, an entire modern life seen in nightmare with accents of raillery and caricature. There are also images of profound sentiment such as the "Trépassée," where we see a man's head weeping at the edge of a bed beside a corpse already rigid, and the "Tonnelle" or "C'est fini!" (It is finished), the image of separation as hard as death, the two lovers joining hands across the table, he with desperate ardor, she with a *laisser-aller* already indifferent. It is of the etchings that M. Armand Dayot writes, "Without doubt in their magnificent and concise statement they evoke the genius of Rembrandt."

Like Daumier, Forain was always a painter. Bound to earn his living by drawing for the newspapers, he at first satisfied in water-color his desire to paint. His oil of the Salon of 1884, "Au buffet," gives us the characteristic of the first period in its clear, delicate hues marked by a drawing a little bit dry and hard, but where the gift of observation is already incisive. We have beginning here and developing into a middle period, the unforgettable scenes of the foyer of the opera and of the police court, always witty, profound, often cruel and invariably just.

These themes have caused many to attribute to him an imitation of the invention and the technique of Daumier and Degas, but as Armand Dayot truthfully remarks, "the similitude of the general theme alone exists." The spirit and the expression of that spirit is certainly not the same in Daumier as in Forain. The arresting animation of line in the former, the violent intensity of the



"PROJETS D'AVENIR" BY FORAIN

initiator, cannot be confounded with Forain's form, which is the form rather of a virtuoso than of a composer. Inspired by his predecessor, he is already classical, and his work in spite of its drama is essentially calm. This calm belongs to the man who is not agonized by the necessity of forging from the beginning the instrument by which he communicates his thoughts and emotions. The instrument is at hand to be evolved and adapted; his adventure into the unknown has a sure guide. A student of actresses and dancers, an *habitue* of the opera and the theatre, he owes much to the theatrical *mise-en-scene*, much more I should say than does the fiery Daumier.



"LE GROS CIGAR"
BY FORAIN

From "Au buffet" of 1884 to "Le retour du Calvaire" of 1920, even the casual observer can trace in Forain the development of the skilled stage-director, preoccupied with the effect of the tableau. Between his dancers and those of Degas there is little in common beyond the bare fact that they are shown on the stage, in their dressing-rooms and so on. Forain's drawing and that of Degas are entirely different expressions of men both with pronounced temperaments but opposite. Forain much more nearly approaches Toulouse-Lautrec in intention. The painting, "La femme au chien" (The Woman with a Dog), gives the feeling that the former is very close to the latter in aim and means, for the movement of the line, here as elsewhere, compromises with the purely aesthetic end for sake of likeness. There is thus more conscious psychology in Forain than in Degas, and more obvious anecdote. Degas is never dramatic, he rarely "composes," his concern, as far as it would be possible, is purely one of medium, and his actual composition in the sense of the division of his canvas is always unexpected. But in Forain we feel the foreordained composition. It is wise, imposing, beautiful, but on the whole it is a stage setting by which he suggests a dialogue, and both dialogue and setting are very much what we expect, knowing the character of the satire, for it is fairly traditional, and the type of scene the tradition for its setting leads us to foresee. With Degas the aim has been so purely pictorial, dependent on the eye and the technical means of the artist, that the result has been a strange, personal statement, unlike and far from the statements of literature, for it is a message bound within the limits of line, the plastic simplification of the two dimensional plane.

One sees clearly by comparing a series of works by the two men that both by the handling and by the so-called subject, the dancers and their environment, there is space between them. Forain is always a moralist. Unlike Degas, whose temperament realizes itself in the form of his art, his realizes itself moralizing: medium is a means.

Forain's religious paintings are fundamentally related to those of the war, and in general belong with them to his present period. This last work marks a change in him that is a surprise to his friends and to those who know his career. Before the war he was called the "terrible" Forain, and was said to be in his political battles, as for instance in the Dreyfus case, positively "ferocious." At any rate, he brought to bear on any matter that enlisted his partisanship the entire force of his intellect and his art—a deadly instrument when directed against his enemies. But he followed the war from 1915-19, the trenches, the battlefields, the armistice, the entries into Metz, Strasbourg, Mayence. War put her stamp upon him—twice, in fact, in boyhood and in middle age.

In speaking of the work that has resulted from this mellowing of his nature, M. Dayot says, "The soul of the great satirist, which up to this time seemed to certain ones, though they deceived themselves, inaccessible to any sentiment of pity, was tortured by the most acute suffering in the presence of the cruel reality of the subject. Never was the horror of war more powerfully summarized than in these canvases bathed with livid light, where blood floats like vapor. They are scenes of smoking ruins, Dantesque landscapes, in which heroic deeds are performed amid cries of wrath and pain. And here, notwithstanding the poignant lyricism of the interpretation, is no falsely romantic concession. It is truly of these paintings of war that one can say that the beauty of the work is made from sublimated reality. Beside them the most picturesque engraving of Callot, the tragic aquatints of Goya, are merely beautiful anecdotal prints."

Illustrations by courtesy of Kraushaar Galleries, New York, and M. Armand Dayot, Paris.



EIGHT BELLS

by

WINSLOW HOMER

Reproduced in colors on the front cover of this issue

THIS master work by the great American marine painter, which formerly belonged to the Edward T. Stotesbury collection of Philadelphia, has recently been acquired by a connoisseur from the John Levy Galleries of New York, for $50,000, the highest price ever paid for a modern American picture. It ranks with "The Gulf Stream" in the Metropolitan Museum, "All's Well" in the Boston Museum and "The Life Line" in the George W. Elkins collection in Philadelphia, as supreme expressions of Homer's individualistic art.



ROOM IN PARKER KEMBLE HOUSE, MARBLEHEAD, MASS., FORMERLY OWNED BY COLONEL LEE, SHOWING THE "MOSQUE OF OMAR" SET OF WALL PAPER

WALL PAPER *of the* OLDEN TIME

How suggestive of the period when the Colonial dames trod the stately minuet or pirouetted through the Roger de Coverly are the scenic wall papers of yesterday! In imagination one almost listens for the rustle of the brocaded gowns, views the powdered hair and patches, as the fair dame courtesies to her partner in the spacious drawing room of the late seventeenth or early eighteenth century home.

There is no phase of interior decoration that appeals more vividly or romantically than do these quaint relics of the past. Unfortunately they are fast fading away through deterioration. Perchance the consistent setting of the charming old-fasioned room may enhance their artistic value; white wainscot, such an effective background for the choice mahogany furniture, stiff-backed to be sure, but in perfect sympathy with the surroundings. Particularly do they appeal at the present time, for has there not been demanded a revival of this type of wall hanging, brought about by the popularity of the modern colonial home?

There are still in existence genuine antiques in wall paper and they far exceed the reproductions in color value; especially since so many of the latter are totally unlike the original, both in tone and character. There are, however, charming examples that have been copied from old-time blocks that are almost, if not quite, equal to the originals. The best examples now in existence date back to a period beginning a quarter of a century before the Revolution and covering about seventy-five years.

These include pastoral representations where are painted high holiday tones of vivid green, long lengths of sunshine, falling athwart beds of flowers; there are graceful maidens coyly flashing ardent glances that pierce the lover's heart; artificial lakes where islands clothed in misty



ROOM IN THE J. P. LYMAN HOUSE, ASHBY, MASS., SHOWING A VERY RARE "PARIS MONUMENTS" SET OF WALL PAPER

Quaint and beautiful were the Scenic Rooms in our Great-Grandmothers' homes

by MARY HARROD NORTHEND

green disport themselves; tall oaks and lofty elms unmatched in height, while bubble-white moons float in an azure sky. These are but a few of the many that have been indelibly stamped on my mind and which loom up at me so vividly from the past.

In imagination I am seated in a high back chair which had been brought over by my emigrant ancestor. It was placed by the side of the fireplace with its McIntyre mantel. A cheery wood fire burns on the hearth in great grandmother's parlor and I sit dreamingly watching the dancing flame while I listen to the story oft repeated concerning the pictorial paper that is hung upon the wall. It was brought home about 1800 by great-grandfather, who was a merchant prince in my native town, to hang on the drawing room of the large square house to which he was to bring his bride. Great care has been taken of this paper and its color scheme is as bright as when it was placed there over a hundred years ago.

These old pictorial papers are now being eagerly sought after, for there are only a few that have never been used. The late war has seriously crippled the output of reproductions. To be sure the Paul Revere, done in soft grays, are still to be purchased, but the many colored pictorial ones are rarely found in the market. Occasionally we come across one which brings as high as $1,500. The blocks for their making are still in existence, sometimes as many as two thousand being necessary to complete a single pattern, but the workmen are not to be had these days who are capable of finishing them.

Many of the eighteenth century designs were drawn by famous artists and it is these that embody the choicest traditions of their period. It is really lamentable when you realize that both the art collector and the historian have not preserved more than a few of the rare specimens.

So costly are they that in many instances they



"THE HUNT—STARTING FROM THE CASTLE GATE" ONE OF A SET OF WALL PAPERS IN THE ANDREW SAFFORD HOUSE, SALEM, MASS.

are mounted on cloth and stretched over wooden frames rather than being pasted on the wall; this insures their being rolled up and carried away should the house pass out of the family. The cost of papering a room with them can be estimated when one finds in an old advertisement: "Twenty-four sheets of China paper with figure and gilt ornaments, at twenty-four livres a sheet." In American money $4.80. Today they are much higher than this.

The origin of the first wall paper is not known, but we are sure that when Columbus discovered America the walls of many Spanish houses were covered with squares of stamped and painted leather. Other European countries later copied this peninsular fashion.

The first wall decoration that was used in England was composed of the tanned skins of animals; later experienced artists worked designs upon tapestry. They were made in comparatively narrow strips and worked like a curtain, up and down upon rollers. Their use was to shut out draughts and hide unsightly walls. At the present time "tapestry paper" means an attempt to reproduce the effect of cross-stitch done in silk or worsted upon appropriate material.

Painted canvas was used as a cheaper substitute for tapestry, as was dyed cloth. From the



"THE HUNT—DEPARTURE FROM THE CASTLE" ONE OF A SET OF WALL PAPERS IN THE ANDREW SAFFORD HOUSE, SALEM, MASS.

records of the past it is doubtful if paper hanging was in use in England before the sixteenth century, coming then from Spain, Holland and the Far East. They were used sparsely, for the people were a conservative nation and did not take readily to new fashions.

The coverings were made in blocks instead of, as today, in long rolls, and the shading was done by hand, requiring the utmost care. Charming tones of red, blue and brown produced quiet color effects, needing from fifteen to twenty sets of blocks for the printing.

Holland was the first to establish wall paper factories and was followed by France and England. The designs were copied from Chinese tapestries or Indian cotton. Flock papers, imitating the old Florentine and Genoese cut velvets, were also made. This gave to the surface a velvety appearance, produced by first printing the design with a gummy substance, sprinkling afterwards with fine particles sheared from woolen cloths and dyed in various colors.

The middle of the eighteenth century saw noted artists interested in producing new and original ideas, their inspiration being taken from nature, literature or mythology. By this means panoramic landscapes were wrought out so large that some of them covered a whole room without a

repeat. It required an enormous number of blocks for this purpose. Take, as an instance, the Cupid and Psyche paper composed of twelve separate panels. This required no less than fifteen hundred blocks in its making.

One of the most popular subjects is Fenelon's version of the story of Telemachus, which is shown in the old Knapp house at Newburyport. In color scheme it shows a background of clear, peacock blue, scarlet and soft tones of green combined with black and white. The maker of this is unknown, but he surely was a master of the art. The figures of Calypso and her nymphs are exquisitely graceful and the landscape and architectural details, while florid in character, display a rich invention and fine feeling for composition.

We find this same paper in the Lindens, General Gage's headquarters at Danvers, Massachusetts. Though probably directoire in type, it was not hung until into the sixties. There is an interesting story concerning this paper, for when the house was owned by Mr. Peabody, one of Salem's merchant princes, he came upon a wall paper factory in Europe where there was a complete sample set. Then he remembered that in the old Forrester house, now used as the Salem Club, during the time of his grandfather's régime, there was a similar one on the wall. For sentimental reasons he purchased and had sent home this paper, which today is found in the upper hall of the mansion, now occupied by Mr. Ward Thoran.

In the J. P. Lyman house at Ashby, Massachusetts, we find a most unusual paper. This is the "Paris Monuments." It was imported in sections, each one of which was about eighteen inches wide, it requiring thirty strips to cover the entire room. It is as fresh in coloring as when first placed on the wall early in the nineteenth century. There is no repeat in the subject which commences in front of the Invalides, a view being shown of the Bourbon Palace. We pass on beyond the Tuileries and the Arc de Triomphe until we come finally upon Saint Stephen's—a stately panorama.



"CUPID AND PSYCHE" WALL PAPER
IN THE ANDREW SAFFORD HOUSE, SALEM, MASS.

The historic "Pilgrimage to the Mosque of Omar" on the Bosphorus is in Lieutenant Parker Kemble's house in Marblehead, which was built about 1743 and was occupied by Colonel William Raymond Lee, of Revolutionary fame.

Many of the reproductions of today are Chinese Chippendale in design, depicting groups of Oriental figures walking in a garden. They are

delicately framed by fantastic trellises, from which are suspended urns filled with flowers and foliage. The colors are red, green and brown upon a black background.

In direct contrast to the gorgeous Chinese Chippendale is a very interesting scenic paper that is shown in the Colonel Livingston mansion at Irvington-on-the-Hudson. It portrays Mary



ONE OF THE "ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS" SET IN THE OLD KNAPP HOUSE, NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

and Her Little Lamb, strolling through charming pathways where doves are hovering over them. Garlands of roses and branches of superb foliage, together with exquisite scrolls and festoons, enclose the scene, which is either gray upon a white background or else is shown in old pastoral colors upon a gray basis.

Hunting scenes imported from Antwerp were very popular. One of the best examples is in the Safford house at Salem, Massachusetts. Commencing with the huntsmen leaving the castle gate it follows the story of the chase until the capture of the brush. Scenes from Paris were much in vogue during Washington's administration as well as that of John Adams. For was not France in high favor during that period?

Rarely is an American subject shown, and yet at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, there is one of unusual interest, which was designed for a home in New Orleans. It was made in Paris in the early nineteenth century. All around the room there are displayed in topographical sequence the Mississippi River, New Orleans, the Natural Arch in Virginia, Niagara Falls and West Point. There are steamers plying up and down the river, unloading their cargo at the pier, while groups of American Indians execute a war dance on a nearby bank. Over the fireplace we behold Niagara Falls, and dusky groups of African origin are scattered around the room.

About 1820 Seth G. Macy purchased a house which had been built by a sea captain, and which had a very interesting paper, it being brought home by the captain from one of his long voyages. It is printed from wooden blocks on rice paper in shades of gray and finished by hand. Time has changed the color to the soft yellow brown of an old engraving. The designs are evidently the work of a European artist, but the rice paper and hand finishing stamp it as being a Chinese production.

Those who could not afford to import wall papers, painted their walls, either in one color or maybe they stencilled a simple pattern in imitation of French paper, each one of the panels containing a picture either large or small. The chimney breast received especial attention, this



"MARY AND HER LITTLE LAMB"
A QUAINT THEME



CHINESE CHIPPENDALE WALL PAPER
"A GARDEN SCENE"

being regarded as the real center of the room. In the old time wall papers there was real meaning. They expressed distinct ideas, a single theme being often elaborated so as to decorate a whole room. This is particularly true of the Don Quixote specimen which is shown in a Salem home, after having been stored away in an attic for forty years before it was hung. This is one of the three choicest wall papers to be seen in the country. The coloring is in tones of brown upon a creamy background.

In studying these relics of the past we cannot help being impressed by the fact that we have been unable even with the advance of science to improve or equal the tones. The methods were devised and perfected by Mongol craftsmen hundreds of years ago. Each color was printed separately and allowed to dry before proceeding with the next. This process gave it full depth and purity of tone.

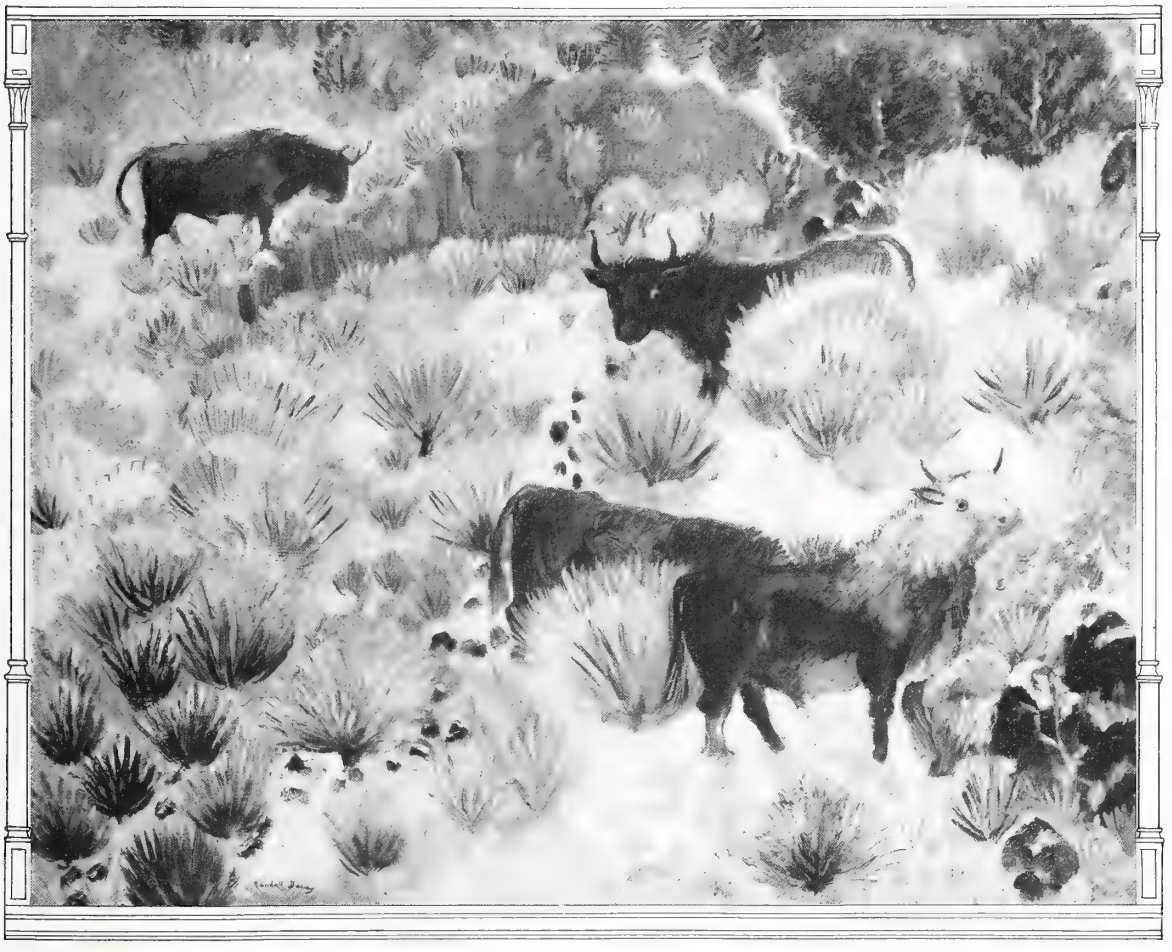
It is the linking of the old scenic wall paper with that of the twentieth century that gives it intense interest and there is no more fascinating task than to study the designs and compare them with the old time tapestry and the reproductions of the present day.



FLOWERS

by

RANDALL DAVEY



"BULLS" BY RANDALL DAVEY

The New RANDALL DAVEY

He went into the wilderness, held communion there - - - and gained a simpler vision of life · by

WILLIAM B. McCORMICK

RANDALL DAVEY, artist, who left New York city three years ago to live in New Mexico, was a very different personality from the artist Randall Davey who returned to New York to give his first exhibition, since his hegira, in the Montross Gallery in February and March. Of old, to paraphrase the words of St. Paul, he looked through Velasquez darkly. But now he looks man and nature face to face. And the contemplation of man and nature, freed from the artificialities of city life, of art exhibitions, and of the (unconscious, perhaps) domination of various artistic personalities, has caused him to put off many of his former mannerisms and emerge from the high solitudes of Santa Fe a "new Randall Davey" in view and deed.

There is nothing revolutionary about Mr. Davey's art in this new phase. It simply reflects growth. And this growth is plainly seen in his simpler, more personal vision; the wider scope and heightening of his color perceptions; the finer understanding of human nature; the increasing interest in other mediums than oil, as shown by his very remarkable water colors and his first complete "set" of etchings. In the cultural sense, as well as in the mere art of daily living, there is an austerity about life in places remote from civilization's supreme illustration of gathering up all these things into a great city. But this austerity of life has its rewards in that it makes men think and talk and act in a more direct and simple fashion. Monastic life taught this to the world centuries ago, and our own Thoreau pressed in the lesson in another form of art.

This feeling of austerity, the effect of solitude in its workings toward simplicity, is most felt in Mr. Davey's portraits and flower studies. That the old Spanish influence is at work, to a degree, is only natural in some of these portraits since

some of his subjects were of Spanish descent and the region of Santa Fe still shows the imprint of the early Spanish conquerors. But to stand before the bust portrait of "Señora Garcia," the second evocation of this subject, is to feel that only the abiding elements of the great Spanish masters remain and that this work has been lifted up, made distinctly personal, by truth to such local facts as color and costume, type and character. Lovely as "Señora Garcia" is in color, that quality must remain secondary to portrayal of character as indicated by the formal attitude, the pursed-up lips, the grave regard of the eyes, undimmed in their brilliancy in spite of the marks of age. The Señora's gown of white-and-blue is a triumph of näiveté, a complete illustration of the changeless grace of the peasant costume no matter where it is met.

Another Spanish type is presented in the "Man in a Red Shirt," a canvas that shows Mr. Davey's increasing command of color in its graver tones. If the ascetic character of the man's face recalls El Greco, this is only an incident of recurrence of type in a country still strongly dominated by the racial influence of Spain. And how marked is that influence can be noted again in the "Old Man Sitting by a Hill" who might never have moved out of sight of a mountain village in Spain. The immobility of peasant age, the keen eyes of mountain folk, the decent tidiness of his attire, the grip of the hands on top of his stick, all these personal attributes are noted and set down in terms that show how thoroughly the artist felt and understood what he was painting.



"CHRISTINE HUGHES" BY RANDALL DAVEY



"SEÑORA GARCIA" BY RANDALL DAVEY

But still higher flights in his rising power are reached in the portrait of "Christine Hughes." It is one of the mysteries of the recurrence of marked national types that this American girl of Irish descent should so strongly resemble the faces we see in the portraits of Dürer and Holbein. But it is much more interesting to note how the artist, whose work in the past has been too commonly associated with quite another tradition,



"MY HOUSE"
BY RANDALL DAVEY

should have risen to the unformed simplicity of his subject's character and represented it with the equally direct simplicity of the early German school to which he never was reputed to be devoted. To that form of realism he has added the sophistication of a later day in his treatment of the fabrics of his subject's blouse and the old Spanish chair in which she sits. In this portrait Mr. Davey's color reaches a height of brilliancy that is only equalled by the ringing notes he achieves in his resplendent flower pieces.

The response of our painter to the universal appeal of flowers, for their decorative and colorful importance, is shown in his latest work. "Art disposes to virtue," we were told long since, and by this is included the merit of good workmanship as well as of good morals. The virtue of sound painting is found in such an appealing and gorgeous canvas as the "Flowers" that is reproduced in colors on another page. It is found in the red and yellow dahlias themselves, in the time-polished top of the mahogany table, in the strip of white linen, the two old quartos and the red lacquer box. The happy differentiation in the three red tones of the box, the flowers and the table-top, the fine precision of their gradations, the dissimilar tactile qualities so firmly felt—all these make for a work that is in the front rank of flower painting. Sheer simplicity was aimed at in another of these canvases, garden flowers in a lustrous black pottery bowl, and it is arrived at by a means as direct as the intention.

Of the world he lived in during the last three years the visitor has notations in the canvases entitled "My House" and "Bulls." Interest in the human scene may be gratified by the pink-washed front of the ancient structure in which Mr. Davey and his family make their home and by the two figures with their horses in the foreground, horses being one of the absolute necessities of life in that section of New Mexico. Curiosity may naturally be aroused by the ornamentation on the house-front. This is not a flagrant imitation of Gauguin, but merely an artist's economical substitute for two windows that he felt the facade needed for architectural balance. And his design, adapted from the native scene, shows two burros feeding on a tree that is rather more startling in color and in the hues of the fruit it bears than is any arboreal growth to be found in that country-

side. "The Bulls" has the feeling of one of the most modern of influences, and yet it is a literal representation of cattle feeding on the coarse grass of a mountain arroyo in the snow. If this canvas conveys any special lesson it is that realism *can* be modern if the painter will be realistic and not permit himself to be bound by the conventions either of the schools or of individual artists.

Mr. Davey's water colors are a reflection of his habit of life rather than of the artist going out deliberately to paint pictures in this medium. That is one of their sincerities and one of the qualities which make them so remarkable, for remarkable they are. One of the few comments he made to me on his work was that in these pictures the form was "constructed." a term that is felt both in the solidity of his mountains, his cattle and his tree trunks. Although these water colors have been worked over in a manner not common in this medium, they are not labored in any sense. There is a feeling in the color as of enamelling—that is, in its purity, depth and evidences of patient, loving work.



"MAN IN RED SHIRT" BY RANDALL DAVEY

The high achievements in these water colors may be noted in such pictures as "Cattle in the River," "Hillside and Stream" and "The Reservoir." The green tree in the first named work shows just those points of constructed form and care in laying on the color that makes for such distinction in these paintings. And the cattle in the stream and the growths on the sloping hillside show plainly the reflection of habit rather than of the artist consciously sitting down to paint a picture. Nothing but familiar observation could be so convincing in its representation of native grass form and color as is shown here. And nothing but daily familiarity with cattle and their ways could make their forms so "knowing." The mountain habit of long distance seeing is felt in the remote vistas of "The Reservoir," in which the far heights are seen bathed in shining light.

Although Mr. Davey has shown one or two of his etchings here before he has never carried his work in this field so far nor to so complete a point of expression as in his "set" of ten plates of scenes in New Mexico that were completed at Santa Fe in 1921. Here is an etcher who has never followed the familiar paths of Venice, Paris and London in his progress as a worker with the burin but has been content to work in what Henry James might have called "the adoptive scene." It is a rare experience to find an American etcher without such backgrounds. And yet it does not appear to have cramped either his line or his feeling for what constitutes an etched plate. Probably it is responsible for some of the spontaneity.

What this artist has attempted to do with his burin is to express form through line instead of through the mass. He employs a great variety of line, uses it as what he calls an "inventional line" to create on his plate, out of something he saw and noted down in memory, a tree or a horse, or a human figure. Usually the line is bold and solid but, now and again, as in the wall back of the sofa in the lovely "Nude," it has a feathery delicacy that adds not a little to the supreme charm of this distinctive print.



PORTRAIT OF

MADEMOISELLE DE GOTTIGNIES

BY VAN DYKE

By the bequest of Edmund C. Converse, banker and art collector, the Metropolitan Museum of Art has become the possessor of this splendid example of Flemish portraiture. It is noticeably similar to the famous "Marie Louise de Tassis," and was painted during the same period, 1627-1632, after the artist's return to Antwerp from Genoa and preceding his visit to England



"MAN REPOSES AT THE FEET OF HIS SOUL" BY ROSE O'NEILL



"THE CENTAUR ESCAPES"

ROSE O'NEILL'S *Sculptured Drawings*

American woman who made funny Kewpies, astonished Paris with her powerful symbolism . by

EDYTHE H. BROWNE

THE buffoonery of the Kewpies and the passion of my serious drawings playing side by side is unusual, but not too unusual. In this droll existence the Hamlet and the Lear have always consorted with the clown.

Thus Rose O'Neill, creator of that bit of toy humanity, the Kewpie doll, explains how the same brush that frolicked over the rounded contours of the whimsical Kewpie was also creating the bold, forceful thrust of her sculptured drawings, which America is now viewing for the first time. These serious creations—these studies in black and white of man in diverse relations to the Nature from which he sprang—were exhibited in the spring of 1921 at the Galerie Devambez, Paris, and the Parisians, who always have leisure to examine scrupulously a work of art, explored them as if they were a new geological find. Both the Luxembourg and the Petit Palais wanted to buy sets of the drawings, but Miss O'Neill preferred not to sell them. She presented the Luxembourg with "Man in the Hand of Nature" and the Petit Palais with "The Smile Triumphant." Incidentally, she has been asked to make "The First Love Death" in bronze for a gigantic statue in a public square in Christiania, Norway. For her versatility extends further and she is sculptress as well as draughtsman. Of the surprising difference between these "poetic drawings" and the gamboling Kewpies, the artist says:

"The Kewpies were invented to Kewpify a certain child, and they went on with their Kewpification until our lives seemed to be completely reduced to Kewpishness. First the drawings and verses and then the dolls went scampering around the world. I was never more surprised. I had intended only to have a little fun, and it turned into terrific industry. Meanwhile, I went on making other things for a different kind of fun—these drawings and my poems which are now to be published by Knopf. From a long practice of hiding what I was loving most to make, I had

grown extremely shy. And I must confess that I dreaded 'exposure.'"

At the "exposure," the Parisians proved to be very diverse in their interest. Some said her drawings were like Poe or Whitman, or the sculpture of the Greeks or Egyptians. Some likened them to stones that recorded the whole history of the human race. Some found philosophies in them; and some found sinister terror. Again some said it was not the province of "Art" to carry so much "Idea," if indeed any. "But," she said, "I do not love Form less for its expression of Idea. It thrills me more vigorously, as the staggering beauty of a mountain or the sea is more piercing for the notions it excites in the human mind."

Miss O'Neill has delved to the very depths of fundamental human emotion for these drawings that suggest the chisel rather than the brush. In her choice of gigantic figures there is a subtle harmony with the colossal Idea permeating each figure. The slow evolution of form, the climbing up of the soul and the brooding persistence of Love—these phases of the fundamental essence that underlies human life are symbolized in the strained sinew of an enormous thigh or the hairy grip of a giant. It is just this tyranny of Idea and Thought over each figure that vitalizes the whole and which, with the peculiarly curved lines suggesting the plastic, makes the drawings pulsate with life, and then haunts the mind. Perhaps because Miss



"MAN IN THE HAND OF NATURE"
(Taken by the Luxembourg Gallery)

O'Neill is a sculptress, her drawings borrow much from the plastic. Perhaps, also, because she has been influenced by her own poetry these brush creations have been styled, for lack of a name, "poetic drawings." As Arsène Alexandre so aptly phrases it, they are "poems of the earth, of the aspirations of human nature." The drawings strive to translate in skilled line what the poet expresses in metaphor and simile.

"MAD"

"The soul is still a rude achievement of the earth, uncouth, but a giant," said Miss O'Neill of the drawing, "Man Reposes at the Feet of His Soul." A rude superiority of soul over body is the theme of this study, effectively suggested by the height and brawn of the figure with the pygmy at his feet. But the soul is so abnormally tall that his elbow rests on a cloud—"like some poor Titan leaning on the sky," as she says in one of her poems. The drawing is hyperbole in black and white; so masterfully executed, it fixes attention by sheer *tour de force*. All Miss O'Neill's work is born of an imagination



"THE MOUNTAIN"





"THE FIRST LOVE DEATH" BY ROSE O'NEILL



"BESIEGING THE LIPS OF EARTH"

rich in fable and mythology, yet free in her personal interpretation that makes cloven-hoofed Nature relent in the tender expression of a woman's face.

In more prosaic vein, the phrase "strong as a bull" is a mere implication of strength. But for the artist that same expression means a huge knee, huge muscle and a huge neck. The man of her creation is not only "as strong as a bull"; he *is* in all verity a human bull.

The Parisians have likened the drawings to Poe—Poe in all his gruesome and weird phantasms. But the association springs from the esteem in which the American Poe is held in France. For the French he is the great master of imagery. Therefore, when a piece of work savors of fervid imagination there is the temptation to link it to that great master. Yet Poe is hopelessly dejected; Miss O'Neill is philosophically reconciled. Poe nurses the grim and the terrible; Miss O'Neill leavens the grim and terrible with an earthy, personal stroke. Of this attitude she comments:

"There are people who have found some of my

pictures revolting. They hurt the eye. But I am not dejected—like Poe. I am in love with magic and monsters and the drama of form emerging from the formless."

But perhaps the closest affinity exists between the work of Miss O'Neill and that of William Blake. With her, as with him, poem and picture loom side by side, words and lines equally powerful. It is interesting to learn from Yeats' "Life of Blake" that the true name of the earlier Irish artist-poet was also O'Neill. Miss O'Neill has drawn her inspiration from such an equally living fount of symbolism and allegory as produced Blake's celebrated "ghost of a flea." This same tendency to substitute an image for an idea which clouded the meaning of much of Blake's poetry, heightens Miss O'Neill's work, as there is probably no more effective medium for the transmission of intellectual meanings than through the natural mold of human form. What Blake lost in trying to embody abstract ideas in verse, Miss O'Neill gains in culling abstract ideas for more facile expression in sculpture. And sculpture with a brush—how adroit must be the touch!

The prominence of Idea is ably illustrated in some of the drawings herewith reproduced. "Mad" suggests a horror of consciousness rather than a personal madness. "Centaur Escapes" embodies the spirit of freedom symbolized by the dash of the centaur into whirling clouds. The "Future in the Lap of the Past" is a striking picturization of that most abstract of conceptions—no less an intangible thing than Time itself.



"THE ETERNAL GESTURE"

M. Alexandre has called Miss O'Neill "his discovery." At her exhibition he was an enthusiast of her work. In a preface to the catalogue of the exhibition he says in part:

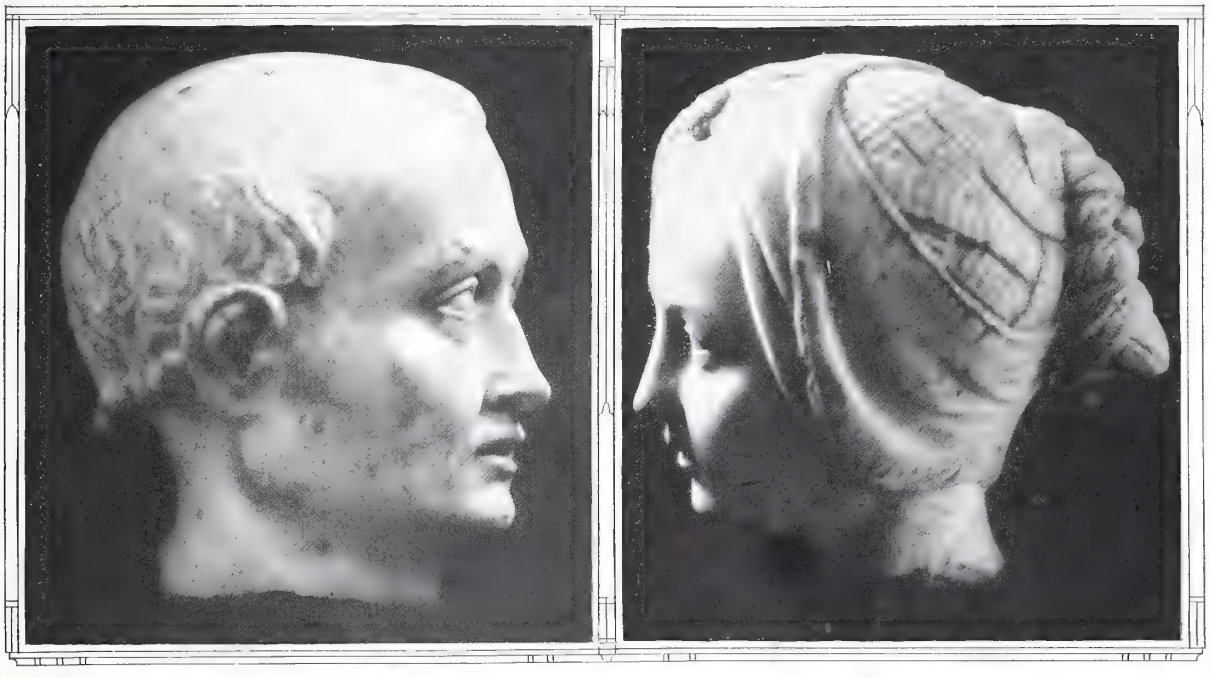
"With the revelation of these powerful drawings one is not surprised to learn that this strange and profound artist is also a great poet. The joy of these drawings is, it is true, rather strong and bitter, but all the more rare; powerful forms

adequate for powerful thoughts. Madame Rose O'Neill has realized in herself an alliance of paganism with a spiritual conception which the pagan world was unable to formulate. Her drawings are at once sombre and full of light, exalted and terrifying: these poems of earth, the ascension of matter from the unknown: all this expressed in luxuriant compositions and the works of sculpture now before our eyes."

It will be interesting to note just what response these drawings will bring from American critics. But for all this intensive work it is not to be judged for a moment that Miss O'Neill has forsaken her Kewpies. Conceived in a dream, the Kewpies always accompany her with their chirping laughter. They were the resounding materialization of her having "a little fun"; the "poetic drawings" are just "a different kind of fun."

"At any rate," says she, "these things were made for the maker's own delight, and are given to the public only under pressure of people who think it should be done, so the maker feels that she should not be put to the trouble of justifying her whimsies."

The Last Flare of the Gothic Spirit



THE two marble heads of the "School of Michel Colombe" of France in the first part of the sixteenth century, reproduced here, are recent gifts to the Cleveland Museum of Art made by Mr. William G. Mather. They represent, with delicate beauty and grace, the influence of a man who wielded a very definite power over the school of the Loire in the beginning of the sixteenth century; who fought hard against the growing spirit of the Renaissance to preserve the Gothic tradition in its last phase; and who is known best by one of his few authenticated works, the famous tomb of Francis II, Duke of Brittany, in the Nantes cathedral.

Beyond the record that the two heads have long borne the names of Héloïse and Abelard, nothing is known definitely of their history. From the fact that they are both modelled in the three-quarter round, the backs being unfinished, it appears probable they were broken from figures such as were usually employed in the niches of the bases of tombs of that day. A strong resemblance to some of the sculptures in the church of Brou suggests a very close relation to the work of some follower of Colombe who may have worked there.

The exquisite beauty of the heads and the skill with which the sculptor treated his surfaces are the positive rewards to be found in them—works that may be associated with a time that has been described as "the last and splendid adieu to Gothic in France."

Young MUSEUMS with New MISSIONS

If business men could hear the staff room discussions they would open their purses . . by

ROSSITER HOWARD



THE Curator of Paintings had brought a guest to lunch in the staff room. The two had been classmates at college, but their paths had separated. Durocher, after some post-graduate work in art and some fine training in an older museum of art, had been appointed curator of paintings in a new and richly endowed museum somewhere west of the Alleghanies, while Jones had developed his father's department store in a large Western town into an important institution.

The table was cleared, the pipes lighted, and the group had settled down to discussion.

"I can see," said Jones, "that your museum is as different from the kind I went to visit when I was a boy as my store windows are from those of my father. He had some fine merchandise among his goods, but the place was a mess. Those old museums looked like monumental curiosity shops, and I remember being as tired as a dog after the very mild pleasure of identifying some of the curiosities. But I'm not sure that I get you yet. What's your museum for?"

"Primarily to preserve works of art," said Durocher.

"Is that the reason you brought that Amico di Sandro from Italy, where the panel had remained in beautiful condition for four hundred years, risked it on a sea voyage, and then subjected it to a climate that varies between that of Moscow and the Sahara Desert, with a bit of England thrown in during the spring?" The speaker was Brown, of the Department of Public Instruction, who lacked the collector's instinct. "Why didn't you leave it safe in Italy?"

"We wanted it here, of course, to enjoy."

"For whom to enjoy, the curators or the public?"

"Naturally, the public."

"Then why not admit that the curators, let alone the founders of the museum, have it in the back of their minds that the museum is primarily a social institution?"

"I have a sort of notion about the purpose myself," put in the director. "There are a lot of trust funds mixed up with it; one to found a museum of art for the cultivation of art among the people; one to purchase works of art for the advancement of industrial art; one to advance the purposes of the museum of art; and several for the purchase of works of art. Certainly the duty of a curator is to acquire, preserve and exhibit works of art of the highest obtainable quality; but the purpose of the museum to cultivate art among the people will not be carried out unless the art is so presented that the public comes to care more and more for fine quality. It seems to me the science of art museums is in its infancy. I like to hear you youngsters fight about it, only I reserve the right to be the umpire. Score one for social institution."

"Like my store," put in Jones. "But I know what part my store plays in the public economy, and I'm not sure what you're aiming at. I'm one of the public, and after an art course in college and occasional visits to galleries in Europe, I'm probably prepared for museum enjoyment rather more than the average; but this 'Amico di Sandro' seems to me a bit dry."

"It was known as a Botticelli till last year."

"A rotten one, then," said Brown. "Is it any less stupid now when we call it by a less startling name?"

This left an opening for Mueller, the more elderly curator of classical antiquities, who had been called from a college where, year by year, as students of Greek fell off, he had been building up courses in art history. "Why, Brown, that ought to be particularly valuable to you; it makes such a happy link in the development of Florentine art."

"Yes, a link between a painting of 'the School of Lippo Lippi' and one by 'A Follower of Andrea del Sarto.' No, I thank you. I'm hired to get these collections under the skin of the public, and a study of mere development only gets them under the hat. A series on that level is better than the Wednesday Club's story of Cimabue and Giotto out of books, but there is more educational possibility—I mean in art appreciation—in a Rembrandt etching or in that one Greek fragment of a girl's head or in a water color by John Sargent."

"That 'Amico di Sandro' is a rare work."

"Rarity be hanged. This isn't a collection of postage stamps. Wonder at rarity diverts the attention from a genuine experience of beauty. A typical work

*Curator of Educational work at the Cleveland Museum of Art

is more valuable for my educational purpose than a rare one, and fine quality is our first need."

"Right," said Durocher. "Put up the best we can get and let the stupid public take it or leave it. The public don't know a good picture from a bad one."

"No, they don't, and I can't teach 'em how, especially when you and Harned don't agree, but they are susceptible to learning to enjoy, at least the children are. They need background and they need to be put into close touch with the works of art. Lectures will furnish the background and drawing will help the children to feel the form. You ought to have seen a bunch of sixth grade youngsters the other day studying some of Mueller's pottery—looking at a vase, then closing their eyes and drawing the form in the air with both hands. They felt it as keenly as Mueller, perhaps more so. If you'd only let 'em run their fingers over the pots, now!"

"A fine lot of fragments we'd have if we did," Harned objects. Harned was the curator of decorative art. "The hardest job the guards have is to keep the children's fingers off things. This place is getting to be a regular nursery."

"Sure it's a nursery—a hot-house for young connoisseurs. When business picks up so the children's fathers have their jobs again, we'll have to ask the trustees for two or three more teachers to take care of the crowd of rudimentary curators."

Jones lighted a cigar. "Why do you want such a crop of curators? What I want is a public to buy better goods. I'd a whole lot rather sell beautiful furniture than a lot of the stuff I have to sell, but the public don't understand it and my salesmen don't know how to sell it because they don't appreciate it. I saw upstairs here a walnut table labeled 'Italian XV Century.' I got one something like it last year—a new one, but similar in design and with a beautiful waxed surface. Along with it, my furniture man had a shiny varnished thing that sold ten times over, while the fine one is still on my floor, eating its head off in the cost of floor space. Why can't you get enough of such things to train salesmen to appreciate them so they can sell them?"

"We're trying to," said Harned, "but they come slowly—they are some of those rare things that Brown objects to. We had an exhibition of furniture last year, ancient and modern side by side for comparison."

"Yes," said Durocher, "and it looked like thunder. With a little effort I could stand the fine hand-made reproductions, but a Jenkinsville Louis XVI next to an original was too much."

The director admitted being irked by that combination. "Of course, it teaches the difference between the good and the bad, but I doubt if that's a function of the art museum. A school teaches how; a museum inspires a love."

"I don't admit that the Jenkinsville chair was bad furniture. It was only bad Louis XVI and it wouldn't have been bad at all if you hadn't called it Louis XVI. It was strong, comfortable, adapted to the scale of our houses, sensitively proportioned, and ornamented with forms adapted to machine production. I can imagine a connoisseur three hundred years from now sniffing at your authentic reproduction as significant of the decadent eclectic age we are leaving, and gloating over the Jenkinsville chair as a genuine early Twentieth Century example, the way we gloat over an early example of printing."

"Harned, do you honestly like the Jenkinsville chair as well as a fine reproduction?"

"No, I don't. But I recognize it as on the main road of advancement, and the reproduction is in a blind alley. I should like to loaf in the alley, but I believe I ought to march."

"What I want to know is how the exhibition took," said Jones.

"The decorators were interested and so were the architects and manufacturers, but the furniture dealers, who we thought would flock to it, hardly sent a man. The distributors are hard nuts to crack. I wish there were more like you."

"There are a lot of them like me, only they have not had the idea sold to them. You need a sales department of ideas."

"Jones," said Durocher, "If you introduce your commercial ideas into this already tottering temple of art, I shall be sorry I brought you to lunch."

"If I remember what we got in college, you needn't worry about commerce. It was commerce that made Florence and Venice what they were, and most of the objects in this museum, barring your paintings, look to me as if they were made for commercial purposes."

"Not in a factory system."

"No, but we can't eliminate the factory. It's been master long enough; now we're getting to master the machine, and I believe the museum has a big role to play making the machine produce beauty. You shrink from letting the museum make an appeal on the plane of money, but the museum lives on money, commercial money. And if you can get any large number of business men to realize that it will be money in the city pocket to deal in beautiful merchandise, and that the museum can help it, you'll find more support

than you'll ever get by an appeal to civic pride. Commerce needs art and art needs commerce."

"But the museum standards?"

"Higher than ever, Durocher, higher than ever," said Brown. "Second rate stuff won't do the trick. It isn't period styles we need, but inspiration. You can't, though, expect either a furniture salesman or the public to be led to the enjoyment of wood textures and fine design in tables and chairs from seeing scholarly differentiated works of the pupils of old masters."

"If you fellows are after quality, as I am in my store, what are you doing with these mummy cases and foolish little wooden dolls from Egyptian tombs? It seems to me I have better dolls made in Germany. How about it, Mr. Mueller?"

"Those are of archaeological interest. They show the Egyptian ideals and life."

"It looks like science to me, rather than art—organized scholarship, perfectly respectable, but I don't see how it furthers your museum purpose."

"Background," put in Brown. "There are some fine reliefs there, too, and the public approaches the art more sympathetically after they have some background of history. I wanted Mueller to cut out the dolls, but my teachers say they use them constantly and the children are keen for them. The history helps a lot."

"Brown is always talking pure aesthetics in staff room," said Durocher, "but tumbles into history as soon as we let him loose on an audience."

"Right," Brown confessed. "History is a great temptation. The public get it more easily. I saw an old fellow with his wife the other day reading a label on a Renaissance chair. '*Chair*,' he read. 'Gee, I guessed it, and a darned uncomfortable one at that. *Italian*. Must have been some tall dago to sit in it. *Sixteenth Century*. I didn't know they had chairs six hundred years ago. *Walnut*. Yep, and the varnish all scratched off. Let's go and find the mummies.' I stopped and told him a little about it, that it was made in the days of Columbus, showed him the acanthus finials, forms borrowed from ancient Rome because men were looking back to Rome for all kinds of knowledge, and the Persian design on the leather back that suggested the Oriental trade Columbus was seeking a shorter route to when he stumbled on America; told him a little about the kind of house it was made for and the kind of burgher folk that used it. Then he was ready to look at the structural design and the beautiful wood surfaces. Oh, yes, we fall into history, but we try to remember that it is only a help toward enjoying the art."

"How many other museums stress their educational work like this?"

"A lot of 'em. They all offer lecture courses. Boston started docent service fifteen years ago; the Metropolitan does a lot of work for children, industry and the general public; Worcester is doing fine work; Cleveland has an organized department; Minneapolis and Milwaukee are at it; Toledo is a regular bee-hive—just to name a few. The demand for it grows with what it feeds on, and we are all kept going so fast to keep up we hardly have time to stop and see where we are headed. No two of us work the same way, but any kind of work seems to show results. Some day we'll have time to compare and see what works best.

"Works best for what?"

"Developing art appreciation, of course."

"How are we going to measure it?"

"I'm not, Mr. Jones. I'm not a bookkeeper. But if you want to, measure it by what people buy—a fair measure of their taste and an expression of their soul."

"I must catch a train," said Jones, "but I shouldn't wonder if I could get a group of business men to start some such museum in my town. I have a mind to try."



"MOTHER BEAR AND CUB"



"HORSES"

SPEAKING OF CHILD ARTISTS

BEONNE BORONDA, painter of animals at the age of ten, is one of the child artists whose work is attracting attention quite on its own merit. While her art is obviously that of a child, it is just as obviously the expression of unusual talent. She began to draw at the age of two, and the block on which she first made a very clear sketch of an animal was included in a recent exhibition of her work at Mrs. Malcom's Gallery, in New York, as a companion piece to her latest oil painting, "Horses."

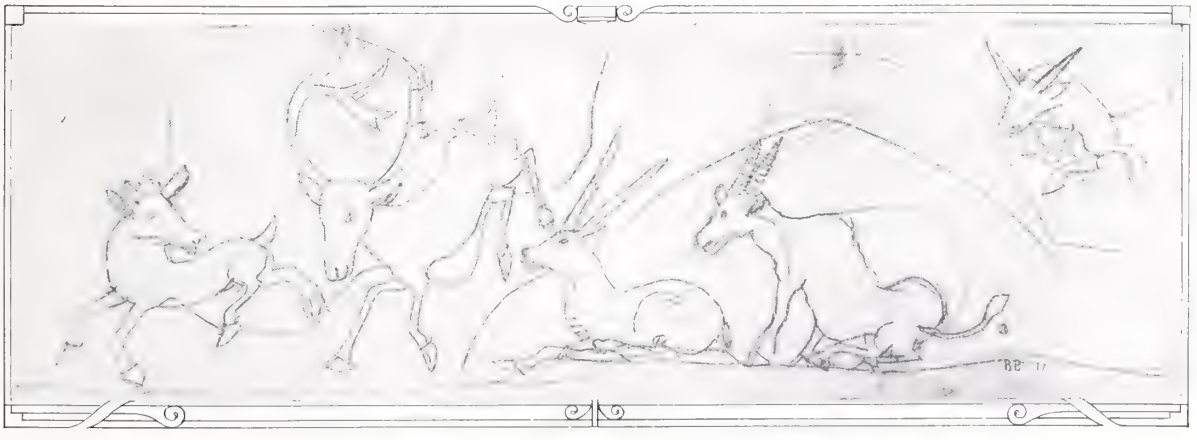
"Animal Study," a panel, was drawn at the age of five, and it does not require a great stretch of imagination to relate it to the famous drawings in the prehistoric caves at Altamira and the Grotte de Lorthet in the Pyrenees—which brings to mind Pestalozzi's theory that each individual passes through the successive stages in development that correspond to the evolution of the race as a whole. She has had no instruction of any sort. Her father, himself an artist, has purposely refrained from bringing any outside influence to bear on the evolution of her art.

A noticeable fact about her drawings is that she almost always portrays animals in motion, and the spirit, freedom, and play of muscle displayed in her running dogs, horses and elephants, catching the peculiar characteristics of movement in each, is little short of amazing. Firmness and assurance are combined with subtlety of line in her delineation of a leopard climbing a rock, a prancing horse, or a lively deer.

Her sculpture further bears out a very thorough understanding of form. "Mother Bear and Cub" is one of the strongest examples, and others, such as an antelope running at full speed, convey a distinct impression of movement.

Other child artists whose progress has recently had the attention of the art world are Pamela Bianca, of English and Italian parentage, whose work was shown here last year, and Eileen Soper, fifteen year old English etcher.

ANIMAL STUDY





A TRIUMPH IN TILES

THIS photograph shows the stately and fascinating effect that can be achieved through the use of American-made tiles

Courtesy of Walker & Gillette Architects

America Re-discovers TILES



Ancient Craft, in all its splendor, has rebirth here and architects achieve fascinating results . by

HANNA TACHAU

OLD MOORISH TILES ON WALLS—GRUEBY LOBELIA BLUE ON FLOOR MRS. JOHN L. GARDNER'S BOSTON HOME

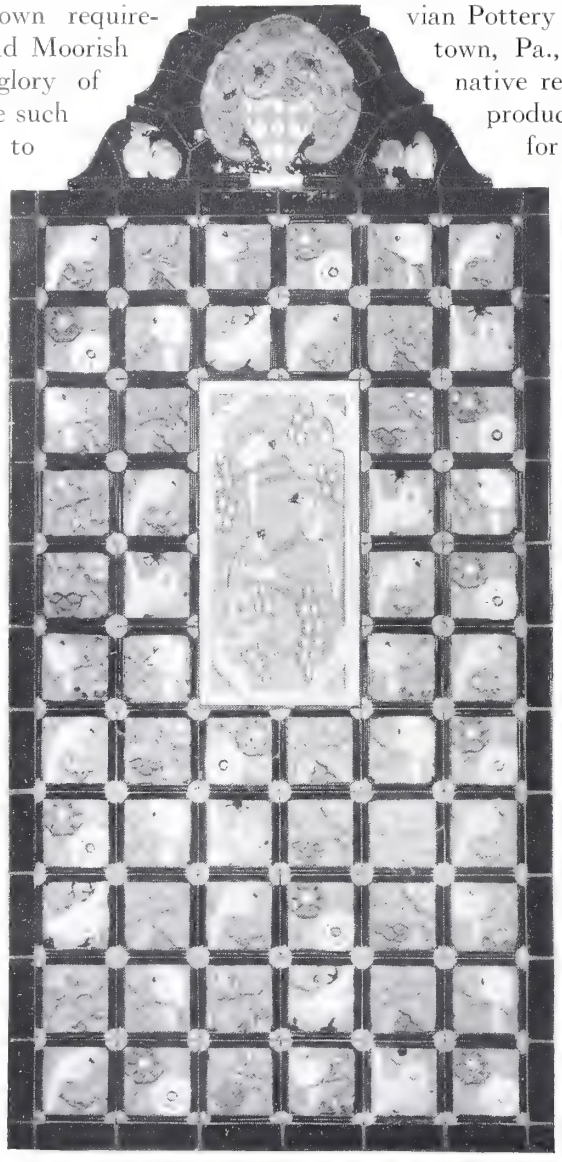
SINCE Colonial days American craftsmanship has suffered an inertia from which it is now trying to emerge. The machine, with its multitudinous fingers that produced endless duplicates of the same object, usurped the place of the craftsman, who was unable to cope with mechanical speed and the deadliness of mechanical perfection. All our thoughts and energies were so bent upon building up a great industrial nation that there was small concern for real art production and little time or desire for cultivating a fine discrimination.

But now that we have attained the tremendous success for which we were striving, we are beginning to realize our limitations. Not only do we need the beautiful flowering of a national art expression, but we realize that much of the progress of the nation depends upon the development of its industrial arts. Though we are rich in natural resources, the supply is not limitless. We cannot forever go on exporting a huge bulk of raw material, but must learn to fashion this material into finished products that will bear comparison with, and even overtop, those of other nations. To do this we must have highly trained craftsmen and artisans, who will be able to create beautiful objects, whose value will enhance the price of the raw material a hundred times. And so when we speak of the development of art in its largest sense, we do not allude only to its great aesthetic and spiritual significance, but to its practical application to commercial and domestic life as well.

The last fifteen years or so have marked a new era in the art life of America. We are demanding more beautiful things and we are producing them. One of the crafts that has been rescued is tiles. It is perhaps one of the oldest of the known arts and after being brought to a high state of development in the Far East found its way gradually to

all the more advanced countries of Europe. The Persians, Spaniards, Moors, Italians, Chinese, Dutch, had all realized the infinite decorative as well as utilitarian possibilities of tiles, and we turn to them for inspiration for our own designs. Our ornament differs in scale and dimension from that on ancient buildings, so we cannot utilize an exact reproduction of the old types, but we are attempting to catch the spirit of this time-honored art, to grasp something of its essence, and then to adapt it to our own requirements. The old Persian and Moorish tiles still retain all the glory of scintillating color that gave such a beautiful tonal quality to their structures, and they are well worth our study and admiration, but for a more restrained application we may turn to examples of the Italian Renaissance, when every detail pertaining to a building was as lovingly fashioned and carefully conceived as was the structure itself.

For many years we looked upon the hard, highly glazed tiles we were producing as purely a hygienic expedient to be used in bath-rooms, corridors, railroad passages or restaurants, where cleanliness and light must be got in the easiest way. Texture, color and fascinating design had not as yet made a direct appeal to our belated feeling for decoration. But there were pioneers even then who were experimenting and working out problems in pottery, and these have revolutionized the whole industry. Instead of continuing the conventional method of fashioning tiles from a die pressed by a machine, which showed a hard uninteresting surface, they have revived the early, more primitive way of modelling the design by hand, and these molds have a plastic quality—a marked individuality of their own—which only the freedom and spontaneity of the human touch can produce. Color has also been made the subject of deep attention by American potters and happy results have followed.



WALL PANEL—A BEAUTIFUL SPECIMEN FROM THE GRUEBY WORKS

This spirit of progress was greatly fostered by Mr. Henry C. Mercer, who, keenly interested in historical research, became fired with the desire to resuscitate the lost art of the Pennsylvania German potters. Though this particular experiment failed, the endeavor bore fruit in a far wider field; Mr. Mercer, mastering the potter's art himself, established what is known as the Moravian Pottery and Tile Works at Doylestown, Pa., where he found that the native red clay, though too soft for producing satisfactory pottery for household use, was excellent material for making tiles. With an artist's vision, he sensed that the time was ripe for making ornamental tiles, such as had never been created in this country, and his ambition was realized when, after years of experimenting, he produced an art that is distinctly modern and American.

He not only formulated new methods of cutting his colored clay into small units to produce his designs in silhouette, but he had his own ideas of obtaining remarkable effects by so setting them in concrete that they resembled—though with far greater color variety—the brocade patterns in very ancient tiles. Even when he wishes to tell a story, and introduces human figures, there is no distinct pictorial presentment of his theme, but rather a beautiful mosaic decoration, without a hint of perspective to bring the eye from the imaginative to a more realistic conclusion. The pieces of clay that form the mosaic are not the tiny bits that the craftsmen of mediaeval days used, but are boldly modelled slabs with their outlines and design defined by the cement in which they are set.

One feels, first of all, in viewing one of Mr. Mercer's imaginative decorations, the thing as a

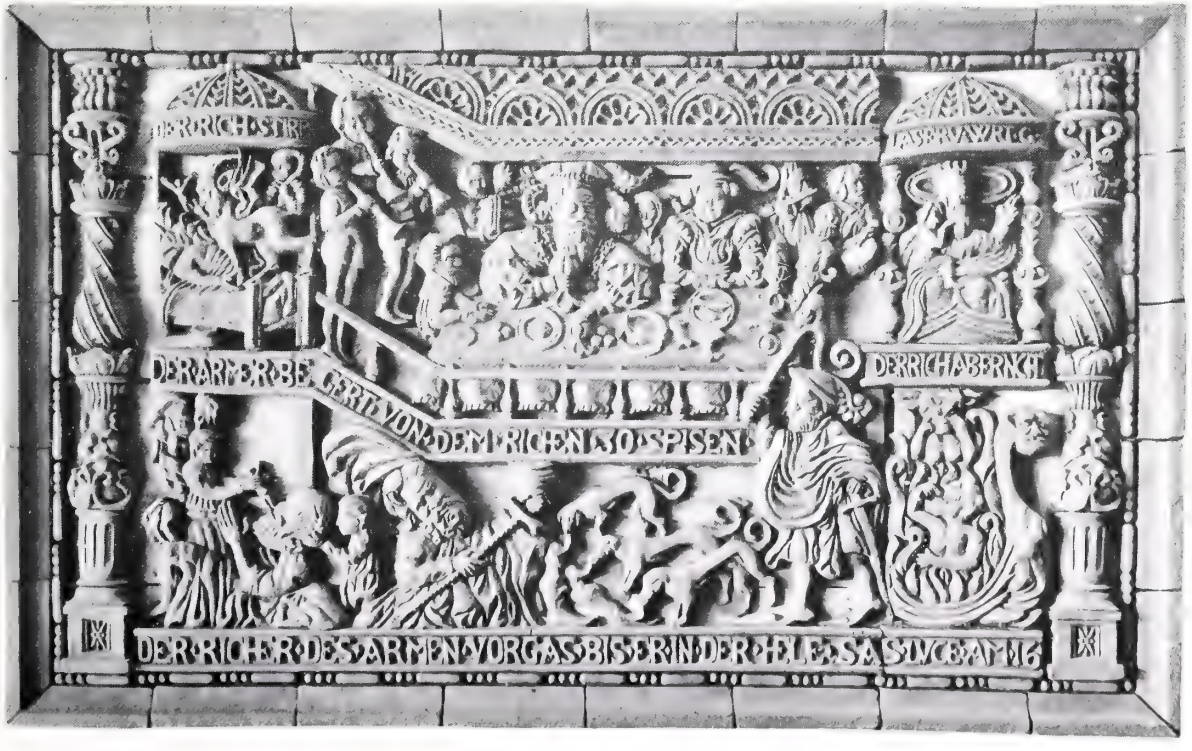


"THE BIBLE FIREPLACE"
AN INGLE NOOK MADE QUAINT BY THE MORAVIAN WORKS

whole—beautiful passages of color that glow where a high light touches them and that grow deep and luminous and mysterious when submerged in shadow. But gradually the eye takes finer note, detail grows stronger and more distinct, and the tale is told. Having so fine an historical background from his archaeological researches, he has also achieved a remarkable success in the reproduction of old tiles, whose designs and decorative qualities can never be surpassed by latter day workers.

Although the Moravian tiles are characterized by originality and an individuality all their own, there are other potters in America producing

"MURAL PANEL"—PRODUCED BY MR. MERCER'S MORAVIAN POTTERY AND TILE WORKS



equally good work who have done much to raise the standard of the craft to its present high level.

The Grueby Tile Company was the first to turn from the manufacture of strictly utilitarian tiles to the making of an art product that carried with it a message of beauty. Special orders from architects were sought that would give scope for the potters' skill, and Mr. Grueby realized that the then-accepted tile of unsympathetic surface and limited color scope did not fulfil its mission nor justify its use.

Up to that time, brightly glazed tile surfaces had been treated with acids, or other methods were employed, with unsatisfactory results, but a great departure from the old order of things was now effected simply through firing, which resulted in the soft velvety texture and pure tonal quality which is so characteristic of the Grueby tiles. They are especially adaptable for interiors where a warmer, more personal note is sought than is afforded by marble or stone, where color and design are suggestive of old brocades, and where the craftsman is able to sound an individual note of his own.

We are still young in the use of color decoration on the exterior of buildings and are still shy of introducing it into gardens, but we are beginning to realize its vast possibilities and to experiment with it as to location, form and emphasis. In warm climates, where the temperature varies but little, tiles have been used out of doors with splendid results, but where there are sudden changes from heat to cold the problem of making tiles weather-proof is a difficult one.

The Enfield Tile and Pottery Company has solved this question with remarkable success, producing material of great variety and of wide range in color and design. Not being limited in their manufacture to one or two special styles, they attack an architectural problem as a whole, treating each unit as a part of an entity. This can be done the more readily when each unit that is required by the design is produced by the same potters, who can then achieve a harmony of color and conformity of treatment that would often otherwise be lost.

We are also coming to a better understanding of materials and their legitimate application, and architects are more and more utilizing local material—concrete, wood, brick or stone, or a combination of these. But a feeling of joyousness—of spontaneity—in the use of color has somehow been lacking in our architecture. But we are getting away from this and are beginning to introduce color enrichment, whether in small quantities for emphasis, or in the mass when buildings need the relief of permanent brilliant tones. To obtain the best effects, the background for these bright bits of pottery must take on the same character as the decorative motifs themselves, and concrete, stone, rough plaster or marble lend themselves best for this purpose.

The American Encaustic Tile Company is minutely studying color in relation to architectural form as a decorative resource, and is brilliantly exemplifying what American craftsmanship can accomplish in this field of endeavor. Its artists are producing designs, too—adaptations of the old as well as original conceptions—that are very interesting.

The Batchelder tiles are a Western contribution, which have a particular quality of their own that should not go unrecognized. This concern's reproductions of Aztec and Mexican tiles afford a characteristic note that is very effective in the proper environment. The Rookwood Potteries, so well known for their beautiful essays in ceramics, are also producing tiles whose beauty lies in their rich colorings of yellow, browns and reds, that emanate mostly from the clay which abounds in the Ohio Valley.

As a decorative medium, tiles offer unlimited scope for artistic expression in permanent form, especially the plastic tile which can be so freely modelled in the clay. Like nomads, tiles have wandered for centuries from place to place, reaching us here at last in a guise that is worthy of their ancient heritage.

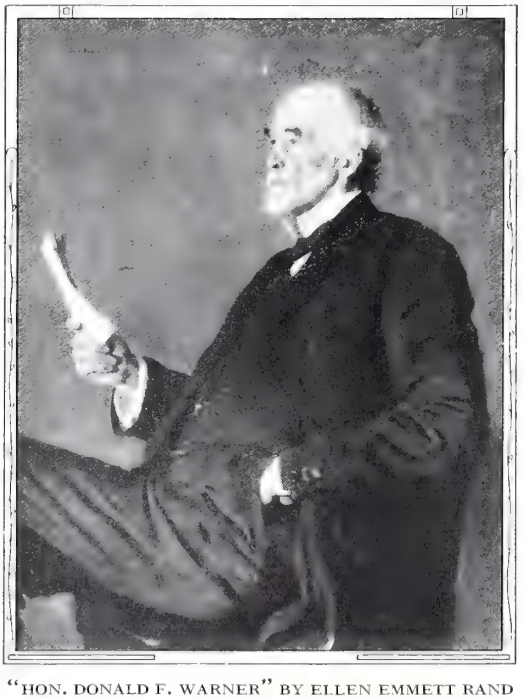
Prize Winners at the Pennsylvania Academy



"OCTOBER EVENING" BY WILLIAM L. LATHROP



"THE LITTLE GREEN HAT" BY IRVING R. WILES



"HON. DONALD F. WARNER" BY ELLEN EMMETT RAND

At the one hundred and seventeenth annual exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of Design, held in Philadelphia, from February 4th to March 26th, the Temple Gold Medal was awarded to William L. Lathrop for his "October Evening," the Beck Gold Medal to Ellen Emmett Rand for her "Portrait of the Hon. Donald F. Warner," the Walter Lippincott prize to Irving R. Wiles for "The Little Green Hat," the Mary Smith prize to Mary Townsend Mason for her "Still Life with Fruit," the Sesnan Gold Medal to George Oberteuffer for "The Bathing Beach, Wisconsin" and the George D. Widener Gold Medal to Beatrice Fenton for her lively work in sculpture, "Seaweed Fountain."



"NEW YEAR FRUCTIFICATION CEREMONY" BY FRED KABOTIE

America Has Its "PRIMITIVES"

Aboriginal water colorists of New Mexico make faithful record of their race · by

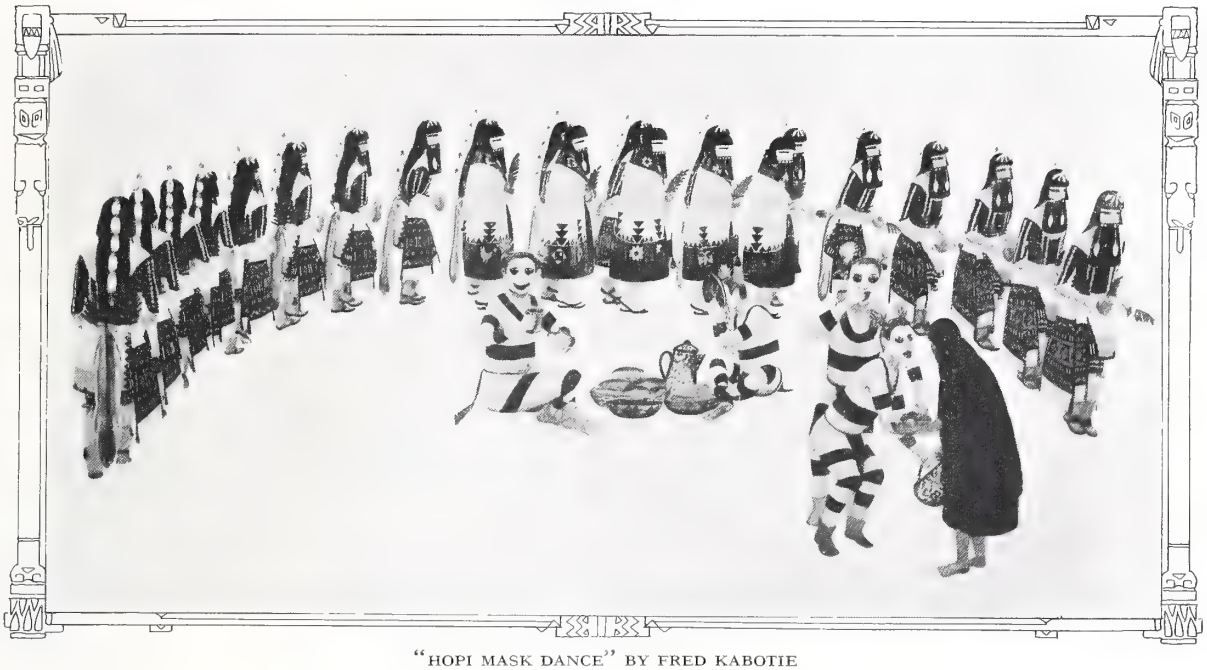
E. H. CAHILL

THE American Indian of popular conception, a strange, ferocious creature, good only when dead, and utterly oblivious, as were most fiction heroes before Balzac, to any need for economic activity, is getting summary treatment these days at the hands of Indian scholars. In his place we see emerging a comparatively peaceful, industrious figure, a child of nature, close to the soil from which he wins his living, cultivating the earth with a rough hoe, hunting wild creatures, and living with his tribe in a free democratic association. How really fine was the American Indian civilization—for it was a civilization—and how many things it has added to our Caucasian world is just now beginning to dawn upon us.

The Indian hoe culture—the Indian had no plough nor any domestic animal to pull it—gave us some of our most valuable food crop plants. Among these we may name maize, potatoes, tomatoes and squashes. (Tobacco, of course, is not a food.) These things our shrewd materialistic culture has taken over from the Indian without so much as a "thank you." But the higher elements of the Indian civilization, its philosophy, its poetry and its art, we have not bothered ourselves much about. We have usually told ourselves that there was nothing there worth noticing. Even today, with indisputable proof of the Indian's wonderful creative life before us, a large part of our public sticks its collective head into the broad sands of prejudice, and exclaims, "Indian art! There ain't no sich animal."

The pity of it is that this attitude is shared by many of those whom our benevolent paternalism has deputed as professional stepfathers to our aborigines—the Indian agents. But there are not lacking a few to stand out against this petty denigration of our Indian culture. They are usually the men who know the Indians best, the scientists and the artists who have lived among them. Specially distinguished among the appreciators of the redman's culture is Dr. Edgar Lee Hewett, of the Santa Fe Museum.

Dr. Hewett enters the present discussion as the discoverer and encourager of the Pueblo



"HOPI MASK DANCE" BY FRED KABOTIE

artists, whose water color pictures of Indian ceremonial life are a feature of the 1922 show of the Independents, in New York. He is a friend of the Indian, and his friendship is based on the respect that is born of knowledge. For many years he has worked to preserve what remains of the Pueblo civilization of the Southwest, and to encourage the Indians in new creative and expressive activity.

Some years ago Dr. Hewett, through his interest in the pottery of the San Ildefonso Pueblo, met Ta-e, the first of these Indian water colorists. Ta-e had got hold of some water colors and paper, and he conceived the idea of putting down the characters and costumes of the dance dramas of his people. In his spare time he made single figures from the dances. When these pictures of Ta-e came to the notice of Dr. Hewett he was struck by their simplicity and earnestness. He saw immediately that here was something to be encouraged, the spontaneous beginning of a new art among the Indians. Ta-e went on producing his pictures until he died, during the influenza epidemic which carried off a third of the San Ildefonso Pueblo. But art is the child of imitation, and Ta-e's delightful pastime had been taken up by other young Indians. Since his death it has been carried on and enlarged in scope. One of Ta-e's first followers was Awa Tsireh. The group of water-color artists now includes Awa Tsireh, Fred Kabotie, Velino Shije and Tonita Pean, the last a girl.

The works of these Indian artists, on view at the exhibition of the Society of Independent Artists at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, March 11 to April 2, must be seen to be fully appreciated. They mark the birth of a new art in America, the expression by the Pueblo Indian of his amazingly rich ceremonial life in the art medium of the white man. The number and remarkable character of the ceremonial observances of the Pueblos has captured the imagination of all those whose good fortune it has been to know this wonderful Indian people. No month passes among them without several ceremonial "dances," and every able-bodied Indian takes part in some performance during the year. Walter Hough says that these people have "the best round of theatrical entertainments enjoyed by any people in the world, for nearly every ceremony has its diverting side, for religion and the drama are here united as in primitive times." And he adds that this ceremonial life, "in the opinion of enlightened men, should have a record before the march of civilization treads it in the dust."

This record, in the finest possible way, is being made by the young Indian artists whom Dr. Hewett is encouraging. Their pictures record the emotional quality, the very feel and color and movement of the astounding Pueblo ceremonies. But more than that these water colors are works of art in themselves, valid for all time, even if they were records only of the creative imagination of the artist who conceived them. In them one feels the solemnity of great quiet places, the delicate embroidery of clouds against the endless heights of the desert air, the Sun-Father gleaming upon the yellow sands, and the mesa rising suddenly out of the arid expanse, much the same as the figures in these drawings materializing in all their rich



"WOMEN'S WHEEL DANCE" BY AWA TSIREH

and vibrant life out of the sheer blank whiteness of space.

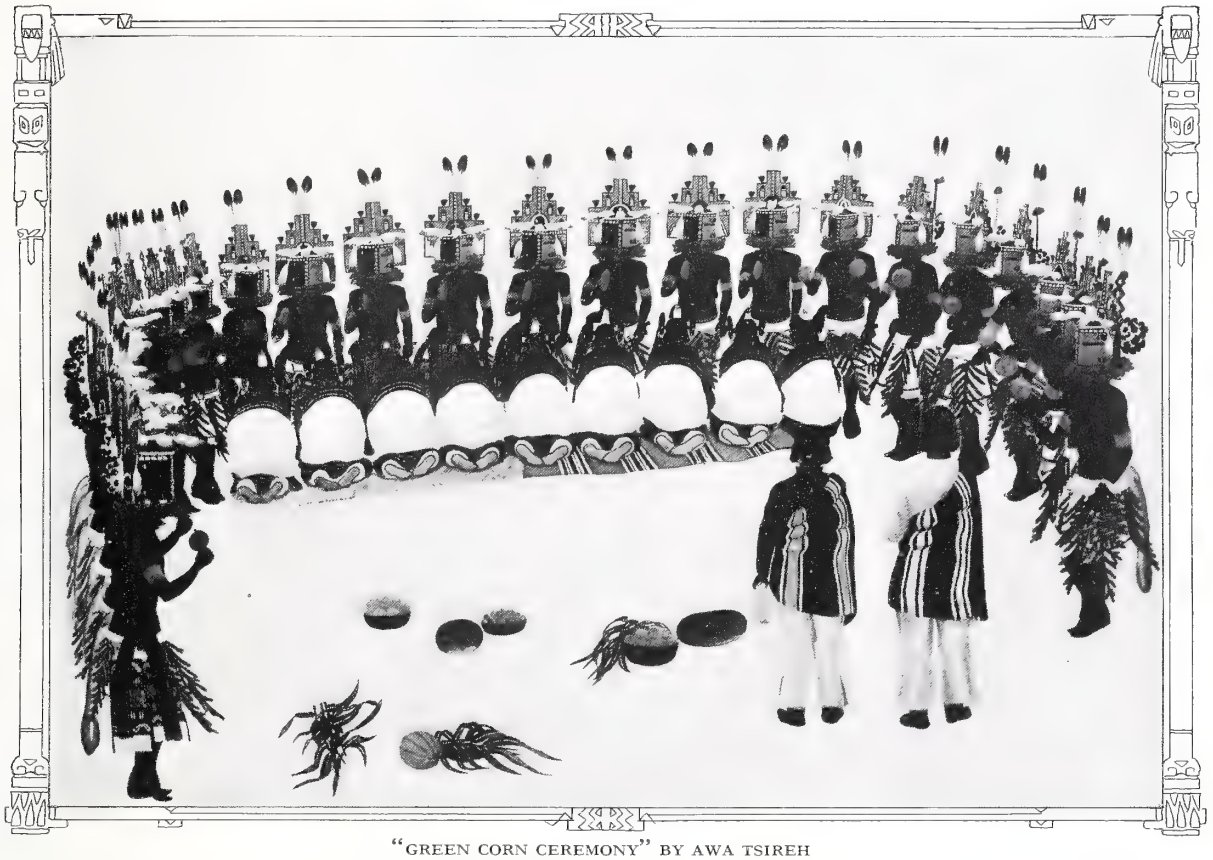
In the "Hopi Mask Dance" Fred Kabotie has achieved a fine rhythmic balance of figures. In the bending of the forms in columns there is a sort of mass modeling that is very beautiful. Here is rhythm and action and a vivid sense of life, not too realistically rendered. Kabotie has a feeling for bulk very near—one might almost say perilously near— to that of his white brother, but he knows how to keep it in check. The "Fructification Ceremony" has sensitive earnestness in the execution of the rows of strange masked figures bending and projecting toward us on the right and on the left of the composition.

Awa Tsireh keeps to the formalism of the Indian in his figure drawing. His "Women's Wheel Dance" shows a remarkable manipulation of the blacks of the heads against the gorgeous close-knit orchestration of color in the costumes. In the "Green Corn Ceremony" the yellow painted bodies strike in warm relief against the black skirts and hair. Awa Tsireh resists the sensations of bulk and consistently preserves the flatness of the Indian method.

An American or European painter trying to put down these Indian ceremonies would probably paint the time of day and the New Mexican sky. He would be struck by the nature of the sunlight, and would think the Indian blankets and costumes wonderful. He would handle his subject as masses of color in light and shade. That is, he would paint the phenomenon. The Indian concentrates on the thing itself. The European would record his visual sensations. The Indian records what he knows, emending his vision by his knowledge and his intuitive understanding—and art is usually in proportion as the artist does this. These water colors are an instinctive expression of the Indian's aesthetic life in a new dimension, the dimension of the European's art medium. These Pueblo Indians have made this medium their own, a part of their aesthetic and religious life.

The aesthetic and religious life of the Indian he feels to be an integral part of the nature with which he is at one. Nature, for him, is alive with beings like himself. The sun, the clouds, the rainbow, lightning and thunder, the fertility-bringing rain, and the Earth-Mother bearing grains and fruits for man, are venerated as the sustainers and enrichers of human life. To these animistically pictured forces the Pueblo Indian expresses his gratitude in song and dance and ceremony, in the decoration of sacred places and of his own body. Aestheticism and a deeply religious feeling permeate his culture, and find their best expression, perhaps, in dance dramas in which the actions of the beings that aid and sustain man are imitated. The inherent nobility and dignity of these Indian people is expressed in the magnificent gestures, the rhythmical movement, and the superb coloring of these dance dramas. The Pueblo Indian as an artist of symbolic pantomime has no superior on earth. His ceremonies show the play of a rich symbolic imagination, classic in dignity and in formalized spontaneity.

Someone—I think it was Waldo Frank—has pointed out that in certain of the Indian languages there is but one word for happiness and beauty. The Indian finds his joy in beauty, and in that



"GREEN CORN CEREMONY" BY AWA TSIREH

he is unlike us. For though we may recite with pious unction the line of Keats, "a thing of beauty is a joy forever," the walls of our sordid industrial Babel rise on all sides to give us the lie. We great Machine People, who have carried ugliness well-nigh to apotheosis in the fairest lands of earth, may well forego the conqueror's pride and learn wisdom from our humble brother of the pueblos, who has made the desert bloom with beauty.

These glowing Indian water colors show that the creative life of the redman of the pueblos is far from finished. The same genius which evolved his perfect ceremonial dramas, his gorgeous pottery designs, and the architecture of his community houses, lives on with renewed vigor in this new medium of expression. The ability of any race to create an art as great in its originality and its simple power as is this Indian water-color art is proof sufficient that it is far from its period of artistic senescence. These Pueblo Indian boys are the pioneers of a new race of American primitives. Primitives by virtue of a childlike vision and a delight in things seen, and not in any sophisticated or consciously cultivated näiveté.

MOBILE PAINTING

Art's Newest Expression

BY RODERICK SEIDENBERG



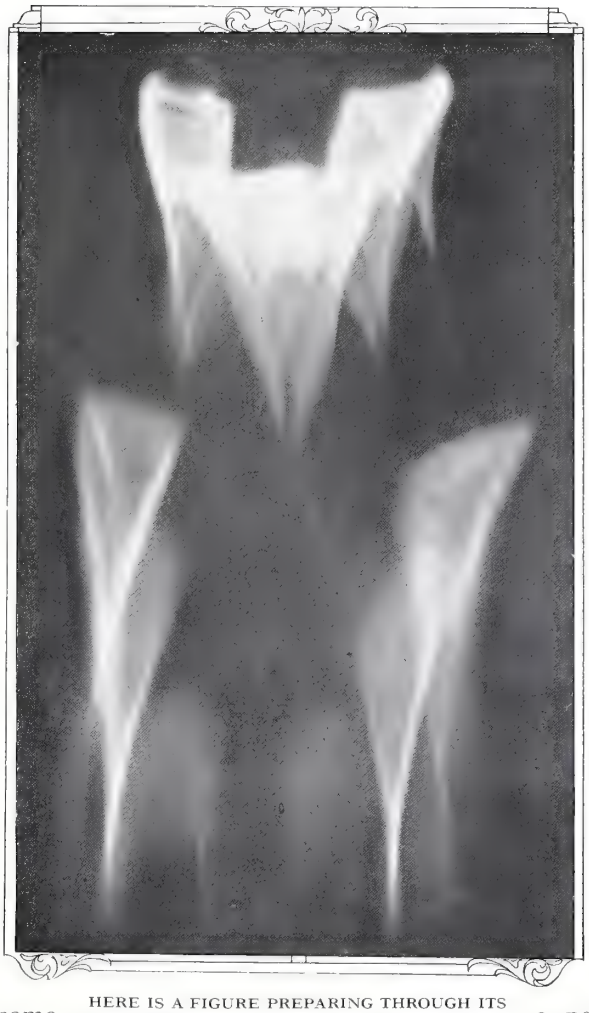
THE CLAVILUX AND ITS INVENTOR MR. THOMAS WILFRED

ATTEMPTS have been made to co-ordinate color and music, but thus far without encouraging results. The color-organ, or Clavilux, invented by Mr. Thomas Wilfred, and presented recently in New York at the Neighborhood Playhouse, differs from these experiments, despite its name, in that its compositions are played in silence and depend for their effect entirely upon a combination of color, form and movement. The color is produced by refracted light, which is projected upon either a plaster wall or a ground glass screen in luminous, mobile patterns. These patterns or images are capable of extraordinary transformations in all their elements whether of color, form or movement, independently of each other and in varying tempo. It is difficult to realize precisely what this amazing range in visible effects means; especially when we consider that few natural phenomena change in all their visible elements at the same time. Sunsets come nearest, perhaps, to such simultaneous changes of color, form and movement; but the comparison does little justice to the ordered and significant arrangements possible by means of the Clavilux. It is, in fact, a peculiar characteristic of these images that they cannot well be compared to anything; and while this adds to the difficulties of describing them or philosophizing about their aesthetic possibilities, it unquestionably accounts, in some measure, for their strangely stimulating and imaginative quality.

The performances of the Clavilux were given not only without any musical accompaniment, but in total darkness. This increased the intensity of the experience and permitted the faintest hues and gradations to become apparent. Mysterious effects were indeed often achieved by very subtle and barely perceptible hues which emerged from the surrounding black in vague masses, changing gradually into deeper tones and more clearly defined shapes until they achieved distinct forms in brilliantly luminous colors which now moved in new rhythms, changed into other forms or faded and disappeared again. Sometimes a form would arise, ascend slowly and then remain poised while new forms would come into being and revolve in front of the first figure, with very remarkable effects of depth and perspective, while, at the same time, the figures remained always transparent. The most complicated configurations seemed to be achieved with the same facility as the simplest, so that the compositions had a kind of

magical continuity, one figure flowing imperceptibly into another, precisely as one color became transformed into another, without any apparent breaks or changes. The emotional intensity with which these images affect us is striking; they stimulate the imagination, and hold us fascinated and entranced throughout.

At times the basic themes or designs upon which the compositions are built seem merely abstract conceptions, often very beautiful in form and movement; at other times they seem to be definite symbolic shapes. The colors, being produced by refracted light instead of by pigment, are luminous and thus heighten the abstract effect. In consequence, the mobile designs become suggestive in strange ways of many beautiful phenomena, either because of a similarity of color effect or, more often, because of a similarity of rhythm and movement in the basic forms. Thus we may have fleeting visions, or rather fleeting recollections, of an eclipse, a comet, visions of icebergs or again of great fires, beautiful changes, as of chemicals reacting upon each other; ethereal effects of swaying, gossamer, cloud-like forms; of motions that remind us of elemental things—of breathing, of the rise and fall of geysers, or of fountains, of the flowing of water, or the dissipation of smoke, of dancing figures, of revolving flower-like forms, turning slowly, of clouds fading and disappearing.



HERE IS A FIGURE PREPARING THROUGH ITS RHYTHMIC MOTION AND CHANGE IN LIGHT AND COLOR TO DEVELOP INTO A FORM OF GREATER UNITY, JOINING ITS SCATTERED LIGHT AND LINE INTO A MORE CONCENTRATED POWER

Throughout all these varying transformations the images have a tremulous vibrating character that animates their forms and adds to the dynamic nature of our inner reactions. The figures in their evolving movements are not necessarily suggestive of definite natural phenomena, but often give very vivid impressions of abstract or generic movements, as reaching, sinking, fading, rising—movements that might indicate release, grasp, dissolution, involution, evolution, enveloping, revealing, turning, winding, seeking, floating—innumerable fundamental movements which impart amazing fascination to the mobile designs as they develop before us.

These general terms are both vague and abrupt compared to the actual compositions they are intended to interpret. Nevertheless, it will be seen from even this brief and random description that the Clavilux is capable of an infinite range of variation, to a degree which pigment and canvas could not possibly attain in the expression of motion with its inevitable echo in our emotions. For, at best, painting is a static result and however unbalanced the masses in a painting may be in order to suggest motion, the picture remains fixed at precisely one moment of an extended action. The progression possible by means of moving pictures has, of course, completely effaced this difficulty. But moving pictures have been concerned, thus far at any rate, with a literal apprehension of things, so that, in effect, they have merely tended to complete the work of the camera by overcoming the static nature of a single picture. In consequence, moving pictures are more literal even than photographs, and, generally speaking, more lacking in aesthetic qualities. The Clavilux, while it possesses in perhaps even a more perfect degree the quality of movement that characterizes the cinema, promises to develop in a diametrically opposite direction; so that in place of literal representation we will have abstract forms, of a symbolic nature, or equally abstract forms unqualified by any derivative or superimposed significance. In art it is unquestionably true that where most is sacrificed, most is gained. The cinema, which sacrifices nothing of external similitude, has gained precisely nothing, and has

revealed nothing. It is not yet an art. The Clavilux is a language as abstract as music, and its effects promise to be as overwhelmingly rich and satisfying to mankind.

The progression which we see upon a motion picture screen is the literal representation of actual movement. The progression which the Clavilux reveals is the visual realization of emotions. This will seem more intelligible if we consider music to be the *oral* realization, or oral interpretation, of inner feelings. In this sense the compositions of the Clavilux are more nearly related to music than to any other art—but this does not imply any relationship between color and sound. The Clavilux is comparable to music because of the intensity, power and range of its emotional effects; mainly, however, because its images appeal to our feelings with the strange and compelling immediacy of a direct language, requiring no mental translation to become emotionally intelligible.



THE RADIANT CENTER FIGURE SHEDS UPON ITS TWO POWERFUL COMPANIONS A WHITE EFFULGENCE IN WHICH THEIR COOL GREENNESS, TOWERING AGAINST A VAGUE MAGENTA, SEEMS EVEN MORE ALOOF

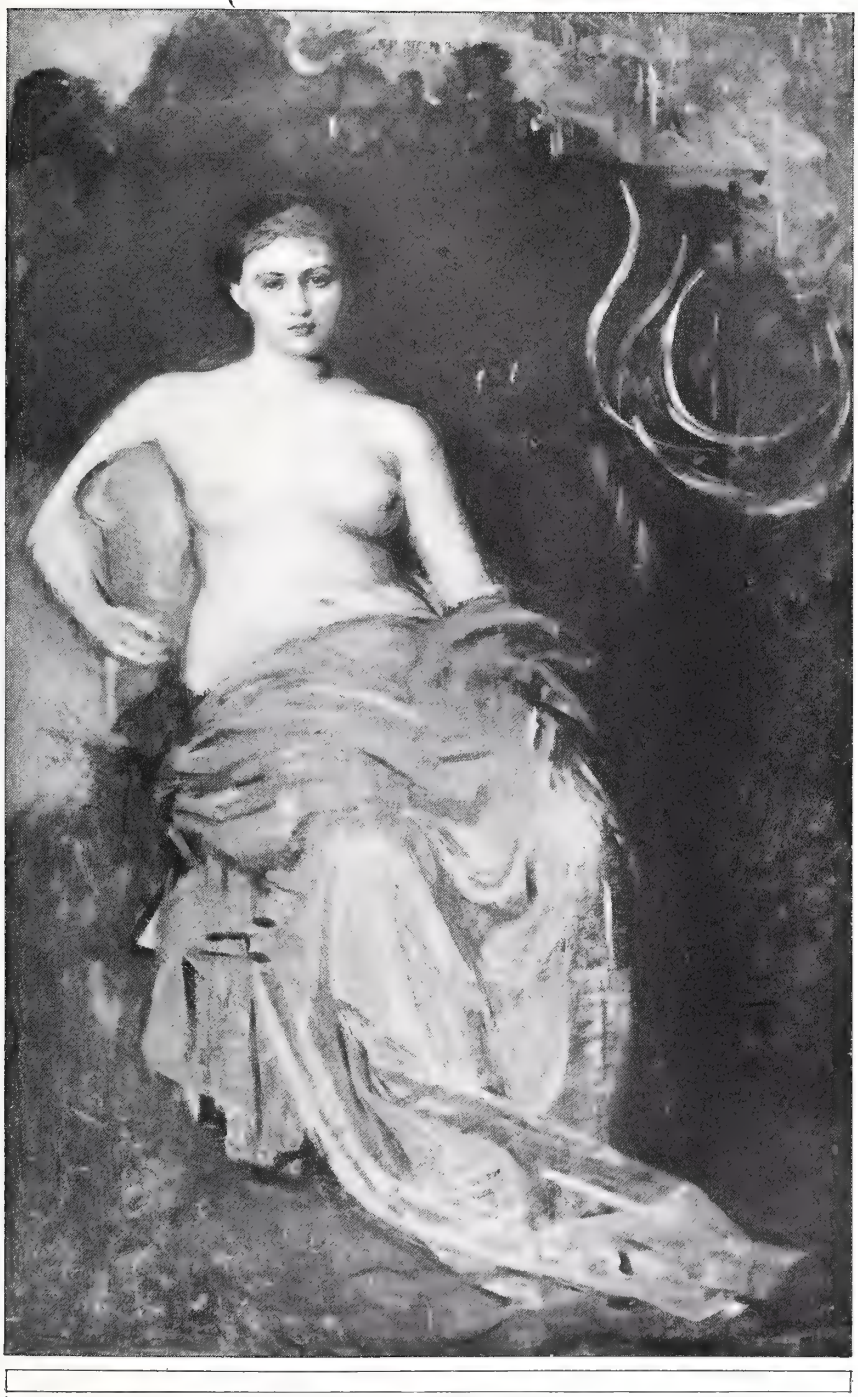
Modernism in painting has largely concerned itself with achieving this result. Despite its innumerable schools, painting has always been representational. It remained for Expressionism to conceive of painting in a wholly new manner which sought not only to escape from the imitation, in pigment, of visible things, irrespective of the ulterior significance to be derived from them, but which essayed the far more difficult problem of directly expressing inward states, moods, or emotional reactions.

In a very general way, it may be permissible to say that while painting has been able to express itself only through an interpretation of the appearance of things, music has concerned itself directly with the significance it wished to express. It is the aim of Expressionistic art to widen the range of painting in order to make it co-extensive with music. If it has failed it is not because composers are greater artists than painters. The modernists having largely freed themselves from the representational limitations of painting have faced something far more serious, its static quality. They have generally found themselves struggling desperately for expression through the use of broken or otherwise subverted forms, which seldom created an emotional reaction and never sustained it. For in order to sustain an emotion it is necessary to suggest with some fidelity its entire development. Just as we are completely at a loss, in looking at most modern work, to comprehend how the artist arrived at his conception, so we are equally at a loss to carry it on imaginatively. In consequence we consider the work without significance, whereas actually, it is merely an unrelated aesthetic conception of possibly very great merit. Emotions being illusive and volatile, are best expressed by a medium which is mobile and flowing. Expressionism may thus attain an unsuspected development by means of the Clavilux, which has given us the wholly new conception of mobile painting.

In so far as modern art is concerned with purely abstract aesthetic relationships of form and color, it will be possible to use the Clavilux with equally rich possibilities. Precisely what may result it will be difficult to foresee. Aesthetically we have nowhere ventured very far in this direction, possibly because, at bottom, we wish art to remain a medium of interpretation rather than an end in itself. Mr. Wilfred played several compositions of abstract forms which, considering the newness of the medium, were very satisfying. Conceivably these might be developed along more intricate and subtle lines on a far vaster scale with very imposing results. Indeed, it is one of the hopes of Mr. Wilfred to develop the Clavilux into an orchestra of instruments and, in place of the screen, to use a plaster wall of great height and width. Figures of perhaps one hundred feet could then be developed, in glorious effects. And, while all these developments take no account of other arts, it will be possible to use the Clavilux with perhaps amazing effectiveness in the new stage craft, where strange and magnificent things will be accomplished; with music and the dance, as a new form of accompaniment, or conversely, these things may be used as adjuncts to the Clavilux.

FIGURE-HALF-DRAPED

ABBOTT H THAYER'S *Masterpiece*



This distinguished work, which many regard as the best example of the art of the great American figure painter, has recently been purchased by a New York collector for $40,000. It was the feature of the exhibition at the Milch Galleries of the pictures belonging to the painter's estate. Childe Hassam has said of it that paint could go no further in portraying the human form. Characterized by firm modelling of subtle contour, which was Thayer's heritage from the masters of the Renaissance, it also gives evidence he was in no sense an imitator, but brought to his work a thoroughly modern and creative spirit. The painting will be loaned by its new owner for the Thayer Memorial Exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art from March 20th to April 30th.

The EDITOR'S STUDIO TALK for MARCH

THIS number marks the twenty-fifth anniversary of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO. It likewise signalizes the accession of a new policy in the conduct of the magazine, in consequence of the recent change in ownership whereby it passed wholly into American hands. In the quarter century of its existence, in which it has diligently served its part in the encouragement of art appreciation and the art spirit in the United States, INTERNATIONAL STUDIO has drawn to itself thousands of staunch friends. They have loved the magazine because of the work it was doing and the inspiration it was giving. The new owners have reverently taken up that work and will endeavor to carry it on in a manner that will deserve a continuation of the friendships that have existed, and merit the co-operation of the whole art world.

The affection which a publication is capable of inspiring in the heart of a reader may be a very real thing—a very precious thing. Some of the letters that have been received by the new editor of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO have served to quicken the sense of responsibility that he feels. One letter in particular will be treasured. It reads in part as follows:

"*I loved the old magazine more than these empty words can attest, and each issue, after its perusal, I placed carefully, tenderly away, as if it were some delicate bit of humanity. Perhaps this was an obsession!*

"*And in the moments when the world seemed blue, I would bring them to light again, each time holding and feeling a greater love and appreciation for them than before. Like old vintages, my affections grew stronger yet sweeter with age.*

"*One can become attached to an object (even a magazine) with such love and endearment, as to give vent to sentiments such as these.*

"*I am herewith wishing you success in the new management, and that you will measure up to all the old traditions that I held so reverentially in the old magazine.*"

NO violence has been done to the old traditions of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO. It has been enlarged slightly as to size of page, this being deemed desirable on account of the many reproductions of art works. The number of pages has been increased. The color plates have been improved in quality, and so has the typography, it being the idea of the new owners that no endeavor should be spared to make the magazine as efficient as possible in conveying the beauty and the spirit of its subject matter, which is art.

Many of the writers who have contributed to INTERNATIONAL STUDIO in the past will continue to do so. Other authors, whose views on various art subjects are considered authoritative, will join them.

The editorial management will try to fill the pages of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO with articles and reproductions that are *informative, significant* or *inspiring*. One or more of these attributes must, in the judgment of the editor, characterize whatever enters the magazine.

No "movement" or "ism" in art will be propagandized or, conversely, defended, in the purview of editorial policy, but writers, some of them perhaps biased, will not be discouraged from presenting subjects that may prove controversial storm centers whenever, in the judgment of the editor, such articles are *informative* or *significant*. It takes many tendencies, often sharply opposed, to make an art world.

The magazine will continue to be international, but that word used in this relation needs defining. INTERNATIONAL STUDIO will be essentially and thoroughly an *American magazine* that will afford an *international view of art for American readers*. Probably one half of each number will pertain to American art or to art that is in America; the other half will have to do with art elsewhere.

THIS "Twenty-fifth Anniversary Number" is dated March. There was no February number. Too many things had to be done, and it was better to wait and get a fair start. The January number ended Volume LXXIV and the March number starts Volume LXXV. Automatically, subscriptions will be extended one month.

THE purpose of this "Studio Talk" page is to chat with the reader about forthcoming articles. But there had to be some thunder in the index, and there is just room now to tell you that the April number, in the opinion of the editor, will contain several articles that will be very *informative, significant* and *inspiring*.

Peyton Boswell



STUDIOS OF FAMOUS ARTISTS

No. 10. The above photo shows the studio of F. S. Church, Member of the National Academy

Had the Mona Lisa Eyebrows?

SOME authorities believe that the eyebrows of The Gioconda were put in with a light glaze, and that they disappeared when the picture was cleaned.

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1. Which pigments are most durable and permanent in the various painting techniques?
2. Which pigments are obtained from: minerals, plants, animals, natural earths, dyes and chemicals?
3. In mixture with what class of pigments are the raw earth and certain metallic pigments best avoided?
4. Which pigments are most readily and visibly acted upon by sulphur or its compounds?
5. Which Whites are pure zinc oxide? Which contain lead? Which one possesses practically all the good properties of all combined and none of the bad qualities of any?
6. Which is the ideal painting oil for general use?
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8. What is the result of too much varnish or dryers added to oil paints while painting?
9. When should a Retouching Varnish be used and which is the best of these and why?
10. Which is the best varnish to use on a thoroughly dried finished oil painting and why? During restoration of old oil paintings which varnishes are most easily removed?
11. What causes certain varnishes to "bloom" and what will readily remove same?
12. What is used to restore lustre and rejuvenate aged oil paintings without being harmful in any way to the picture?
13. Why is it essential that the Artist be familiar with the composition of his materials to assure dependable durability and permanency of his work?

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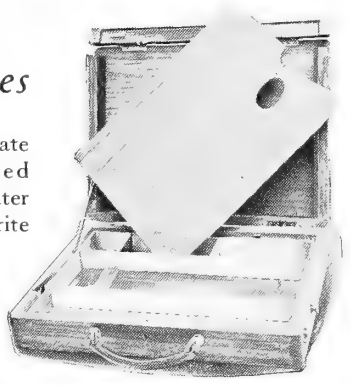
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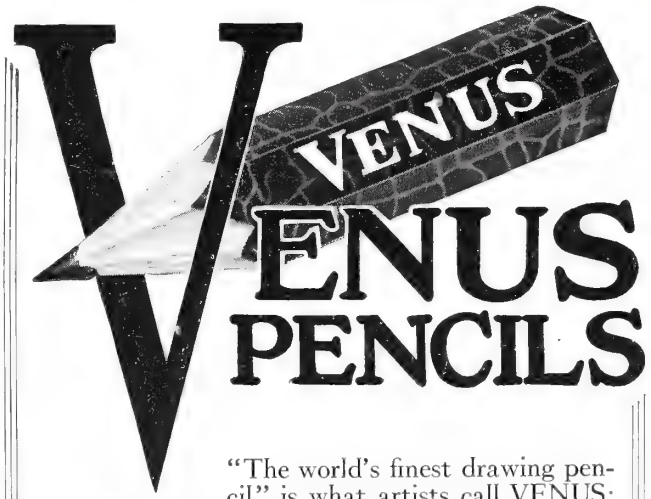
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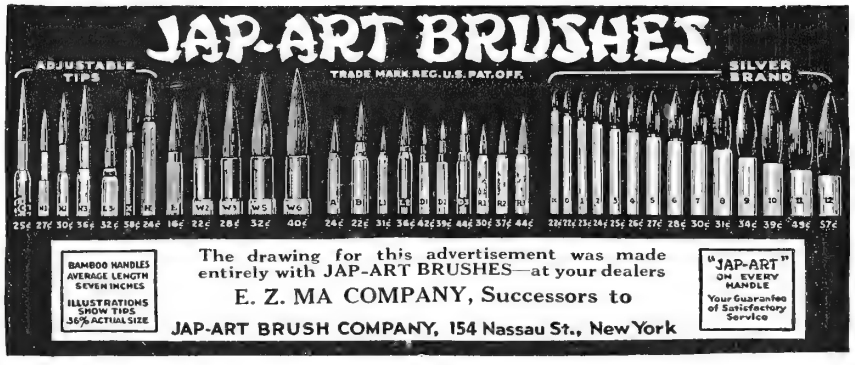
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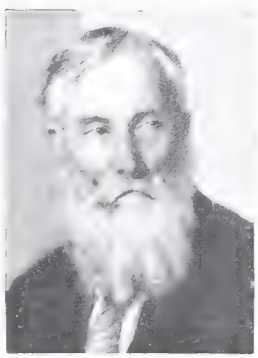
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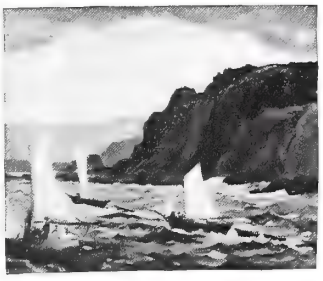
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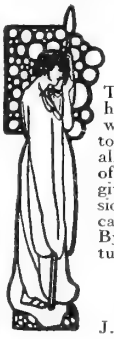
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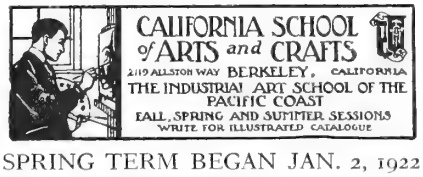
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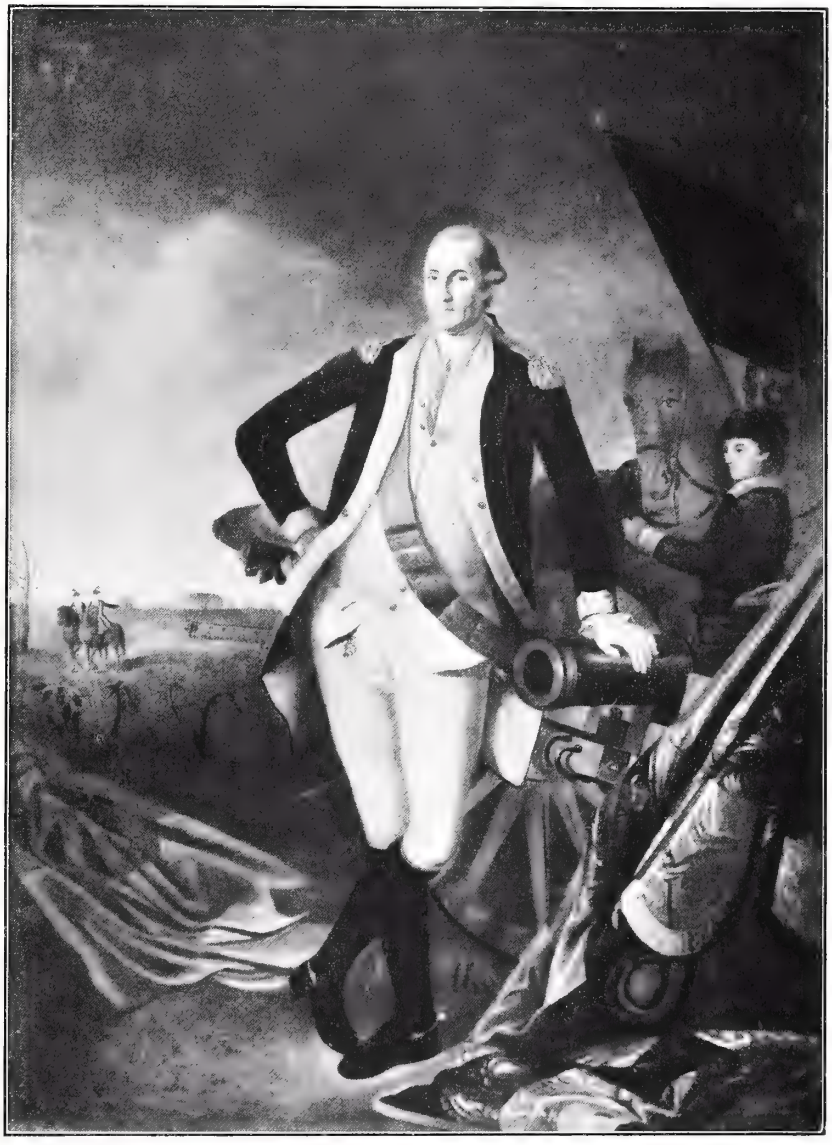
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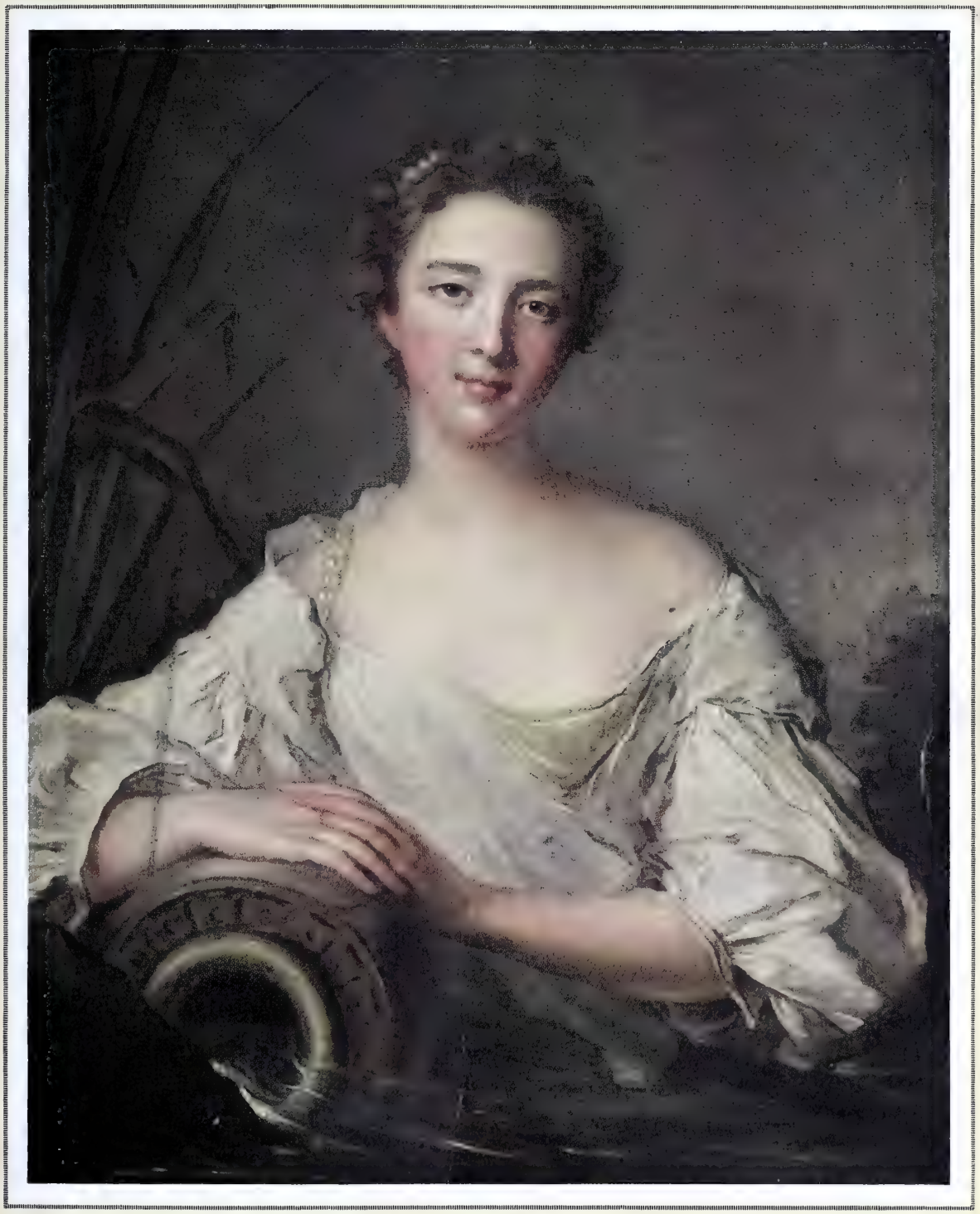
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APRIL
1922

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Articles are solicited by the editor on subjects that are interesting and significant in all branches of the fine and applied arts. No responsibility is assumed for the safe custody or return of manuscripts, but due care will be exercised.

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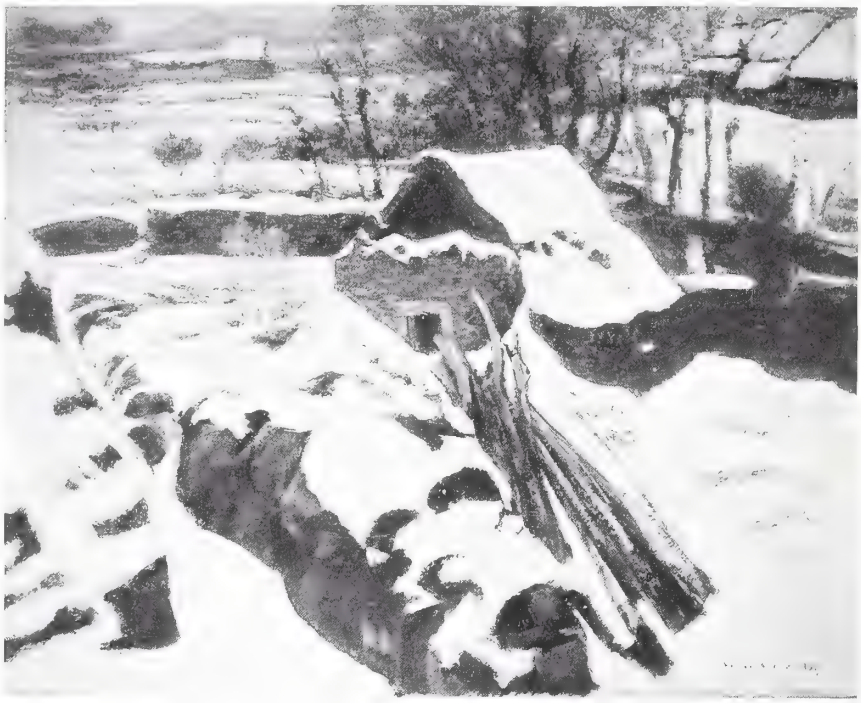
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INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

Vol. LXXV
NO. 300

April
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J. ALDEN TWACHTMAN—*Mural Painter*

Son of great landscapist has struck a new note in the decoration of American homes · · by

WILLIAM B. McCORMICK



SINCE the Colonial period in the domestic architecture of America passed away, the art of interior decoration has been dominated by the easel painting. The austerities of living forced upon the people of our country in its beginnings as a nation were reflected in their homes, for we must have a certain amount of leisure as well as of money before the pursuit of art enters into our lives. And of these elements leisure is the more important. Many private collections of art objects and private libraries have been formed by men with little money but with time enough to search for "good things." Our American forbears labored under the handicap of little leisure and less money to devote to the decoration of their homes. Yet those who did beautify them, chiefly merchants of seaboard towns trading with China, were not free of the domination of the picture although their homes knew Oriental porcelains long before their present great vogue in our houses of the Western world.

Of that very marked period of quietude in American domestic architecture and interior decoration which preceded what an American writer once wittily called "the reign of terror" of the '60's and '70's of the last century, we have a representative picture in the description of the Wentworth family home outside of Boston in the early 50's that Henry James made a center of interest in "The Europeans." The house had "large, clear-colored rooms, with white wainscots, ornamented with thin-legged mahogany furniture, and, on the walls, with old-fashioned engravings, chiefly of scriptural subjects, hung very high. . . . No splendors, no gilding; rather strait-backed chairs." The humor of this picture is inimitable. Then came an enormous increase of our foreign trade; and this with the expansion of our railroads and our industries made us rich. And with wealth came the "splendors and gilding"; the pictures were no longer "hung very high." In fact, our "parlors" began to assume the appearance of badly-hung art exhibitions, and in the full tide of the '80's and '90's they no longer adumbrated that idea, but bodied it forth. Walls disappeared behind easel pictures, whose overpowering gilt frames operated against that sense of repose which should be the dominating note in domestic decoration. The drawing-room, as such, did not exist. Private social functions were always held in what appeared, in very truth, to be private art galleries, very badly arranged.

Gradually a new influence began to creep into the domestic architecture of our Eastern cities—the authority of the architects who had studied in France and who were overcome by the external ornateness of the Late Renaissance. First making its impression on the exterior of dwellings, this domination of the architect reached to the interior. And the easel picture disappeared from the more formal rooms of such houses to be replaced by either a period interior or by hangings or tapestries. Those paintings that remained were either essential elements in the decorative scheme or, in the case of an important canvas, served as the keynote for the decoration of the room.

But the true note had not yet been sounded. The architects knew it. The interior decorators knew it. The painters knew it. The missing element was the mural painting, that greatest glory of the Italian Renaissance interior. Our public buildings were not wholly strange to this enormously important decorative art. The nearest



"CHINESE PANEL" IN HOUSE OF R. D. MERRILL, SEATTLE, WASH

approach to it in our most luxurious homes was the "decorated ceiling" which gradually was replaced by the timbered or coffered roof. The next step, of course, was inevitable. The hour of the mural painting in America had arrived at last.

It is one of the curious phenomena of the growth and change of American interior decoration that its mural paintings are less well known than any other art form connected with it. In an age of publicity it is not easy to determine what force operated to muffle all reports of such work. The opinion may be hazarded that the nature of those whose taste was fine enough to encourage such an art form was likewise so reserved as to object to revelations of this kind. But whatever the motive, the fact remains that American mural paintings in private houses are almost wholly unknown, even to the art world itself.

The case of J. Alden Twachtman furnishes ample proof. This painter passed through the Yale Art School in 1897–1900 and the Ecôle des Beaux Arts in the succeeding two years. He has been almost continuously engaged since 1906 in painting mural decorations for American homes—except during the World War period. Yet his work is practically unknown to everyone save the familiars of the houses in which his murals are treasured. Among these homes are the H. C. Frick residence on Fifth Avenue, New York; the house of Payne Whitney in New York; the Robert Goelet house at Goshen, N. Y.; and the home of R. D. Merrill in Seattle, Washington. His one public decoration, a series of twenty-seven panels in the restaurant of the Hotel Washington, Washington, D. C., suffered a like lack of publicity owing to overshadowing political events at the time the hotel was opened to the public.

One of the most conspicuous elements in the work of American mural painters is their mannered style. Their wall or ceiling paintings can be identified at a glance, so resolutely has each one of them clung to his convention. It is one of Mr. Twachtman's outstanding qualities that he knows no conventions in his decorative schemes, as the reproductions of some of them appearing in these pages show. His murals are conceived either to harmonize with the architectural features of the interior in which they are emplaced or to suggest



"CHINESE PANEL" IN HOUSE OF R. D. MERRILL, SEATTLE, WASH.

some exterior theme linking itself either with the personalities of the home or else with its situation.

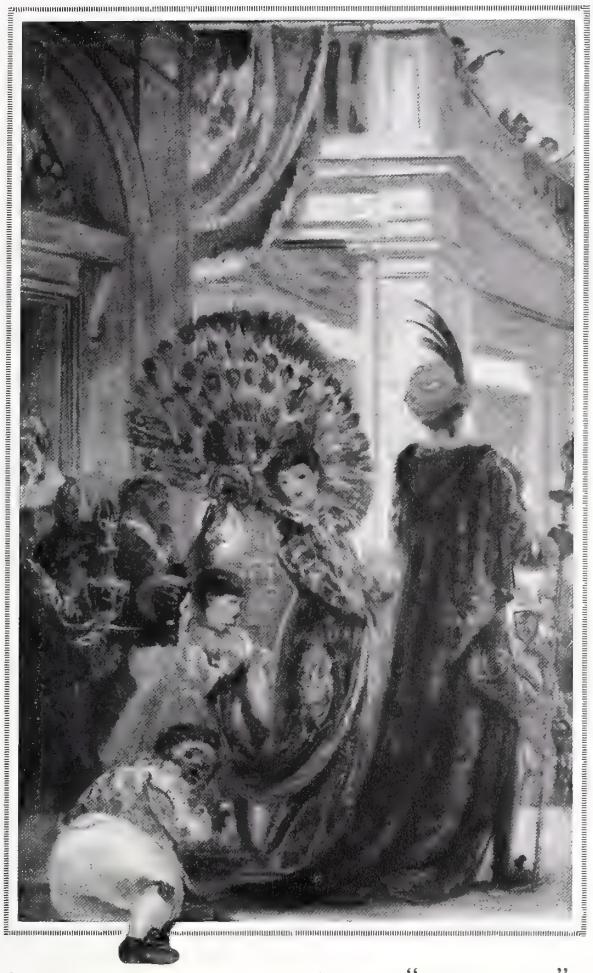
The three panels for the interior court of the country residence of Mr. Robert Goelet at Goshen, N. Y., perfectly illustrate a mural harmonizing with the dominating architectural character of the building. Since it is Italianate in manner, Mr. Twachtman held to the most ornate period of Renaissance in his general scheme, which represents the visit of a distinguished personage to the palazzo of a noble bordering on the sea. The old marble walls of the water-gate, at which the visitor has disembarked, furnish one of the dominating notes in the color scheme, the others being found in the red sail of the ship, the great banner of deep red embroidered with the coat-of-arms of the host, the gorgeous Renaissance costumes of the nobleman, his wife and the people of his suite.

From such glowing and varied hues Mr. Twachtman has departed completely in the two panels in the home of Mr. R. D. Merrill in Seattle, Washington. Since the house is in a Pacific coast city, the painter took one of those external ideas to which allusion has been made for his theme, the fancy that the house looked toward the Orient and thus was linked up with China. Moreover, since the house is Georgian in character, an Oriental decoration is eminently suited to it, the art of China having wrought a marked influence on Georgian interior decoration. The color scheme of these two murals is, in the main, dull gold, gray and blue, and with its Oriental phantasy combines many realistic notations, as in the flowers, the pagodas, bridges, stools and tables. The bravura masses of color in the Goelet decorations are equalled here, in the light of perfect relation, by the delicate grace and reserve of the composition and the color scheme.

Although the general subject of the twenty-seven panels in the restaurant of the Hotel Washington in the national capital is "The Fetes Given for the Marriage of Bianca Cappello—Florence" and, therefore, is of the Italian Renaissance, Mr. Twachtman has treated his decoration in a manner markedly different from that of the Goelet murals. A simpler note runs through these panels, a suggestion of the era when Renaissance architecture, costumes and manners were still clinging to the classical influences and were less vivacious than



CENTRAL PANEL OF "VENETIAN SET" PAINTED BY J. ALDEN TWACHTMAN
FOR ROBERT GOELET'S HOUSE, GOSHEN, N. Y.



LEFT PANEL OF "VENETIAN SET" FOR ROBERT GOELET'S HOUSE



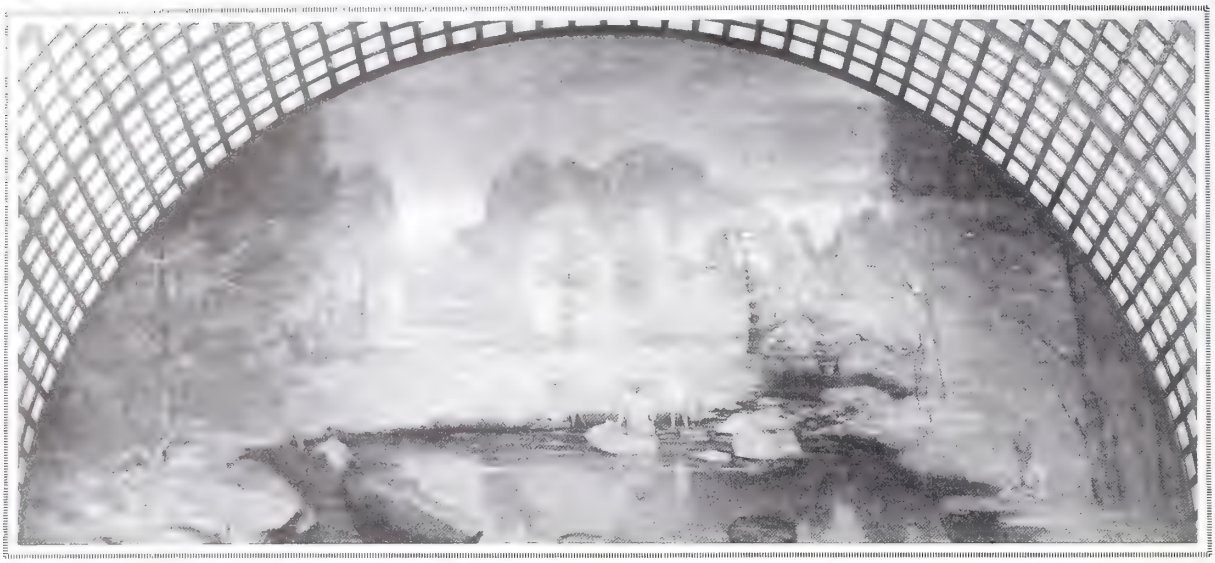
RIGHT PANEL OF "VENETIAN SET" FOR ROBERT GOELET'S HOUSE

in the later time. In the repose of the figures, the forms of the horses, the old Roman effect of the triumphal chariot these elements may be noted. Even the background of the formal garden has this strain of gravity of design, and its color is a part of this feeling of reserved emotions.

Much of this same academic calm pervades the panel in the New York city home of Mr. Payne Whitney. A pool of water in which children are bathing, a meadow stretching away to low hills, the whole almost completely encircled by trees—these are its pictorial elements. The composition is derived from a view out of one of the windows of Mr. Twachtman's studio at Greenwich, Connecticut. But it is engraced by a mood that charges it with delicate beauty.

The introduction of the personal note in these murals of Mr. Twachtman's finds an unusually varied expression in the decorations for the breakfast room and a boudoir in the residence of Mr. Thomas Hastings at Westbury, Long Island. The old rose trellis and the stone architectural elements in the design carry up the effect of the brick walls of the breakfast room, the stormy sky is a study from a summer day, the flying peacocks were drawn from originals on the Hastings estate. The weather-vane, showing a woman on horseback, is a study of Mrs. Hastings. In the boudoir decoration is introduced a likeness of Mrs. Hastings, in a Chinese robe, playing with Pekinese spaniels, and one of Mr. Hastings in a similar costume receiving the visit of a Chinese emperor, the attributes suggesting Mr. Hastings' profession of architecture. This was a familiar feature of Gothic architecture, but it is a unique note in American mural painting.

Sheer power and strength, the suggestion of force, is naturally out of place in domestic decoration. But to Mr. Twachtman fell the opportunity to display this emotion in a wall panel for the Owenoke Corporation in the Cunard Building in New York city. This organization took its name from an Indian chief of the seventeenth century who, in his day, was a leader of tremendous force, a warrior of uncommon distinction of character. The artist has represented him seated on a dais of tanned yellow skins against a background of green, attended by two members of his staff, and with turkey feathers, the pipe of peace, and a sheaf of arrows as his attributes and the attributes of cere-



PANEL BY J. ALDEN TWACHTMAN
IN TOWN HOUSE OF MRS. PAYNE WHITNEY

mony. The color scheme is confined to tawny yellow, green and a glowing crimson and it is extraordinarily brilliant in this respect, his crimson being markedly different in quality and depth here from that in the Goelet decoration. The chief himself is a superb figure, both in the modelling of torso, head and arm, and in the listening mood in his eyes. The writer can recall no painting of an American Indian approaching this for superb color, for its decorative qualities, and for its representation of Indian character at its best.

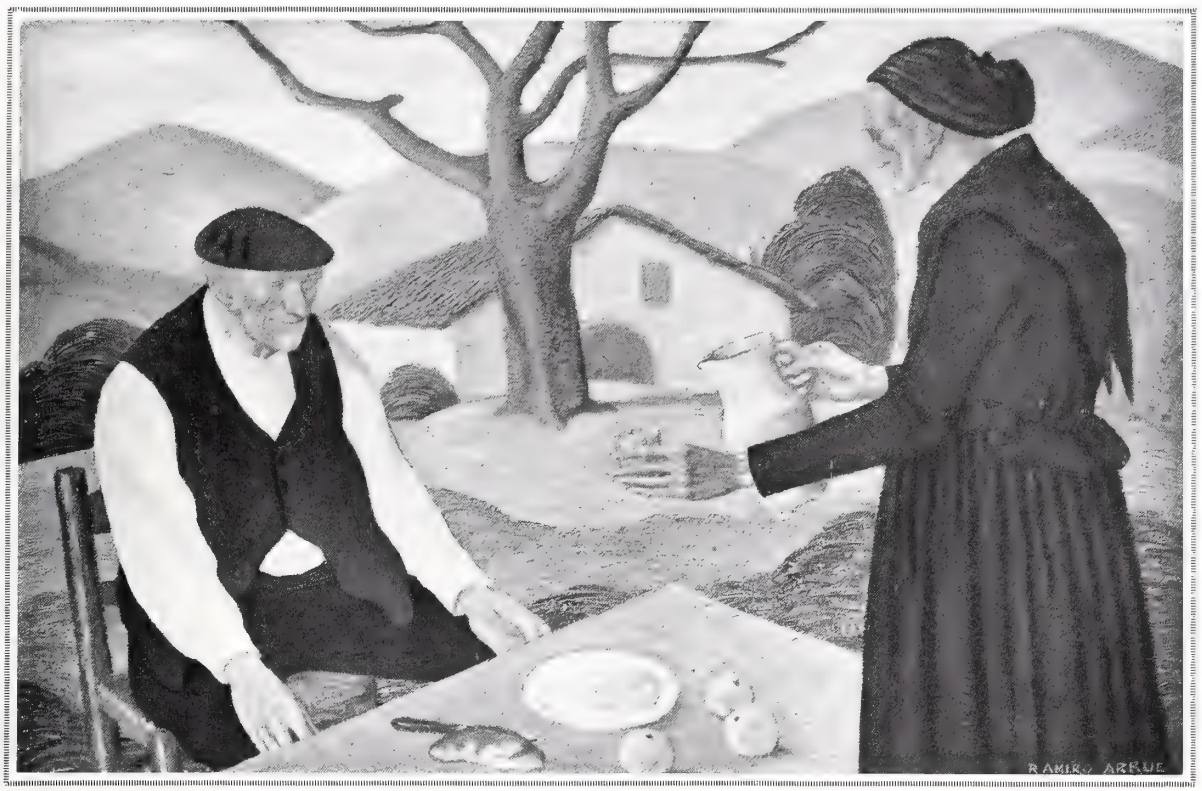
That a Mexican border cleft in the hills should have suggested so compelling and graceful a composition as the "L'Aventure Joyeuse," which is reproduced in color in this issue, is a strange outcome of Mr. Twachtman's experiences as a soldier in the World War. Yet the reddish cliffs, between which his lovely lady walks toward a happy experience, are painted from studies made when duty on the Mexican border in 1916 gave him an occasional holiday to go sketching amid the rugged surroundings.

This military experience of the artist, who is a son of John H. Twachtman, the distinguished landscape painter and pioneer of Impressionism in America, carried him far from the world of art into a field of mental concentration very different from that of the mural painter. He enlisted as a private in a Connecticut field artillery battery in 1916, was promoted to second lieutenant in June of that year, served in France in the hard fighting at Chateau-Thierry and in the Argonne with the Twenty-Sixth Division, and became colonel of the 103d Field Artillery before his discharge in April, 1919. Few men in the army have made such a record of advance in rank as this, and it is all the more unusual since the field artillery arm requires unusual competency in mathematics as well as sheer hard work. An artist's training is not one that ordinarily would be expected to lead to distinction on the battlefield.

The unusual beauty of color of J. Alden Twachtman's mural decorations inspires the hope that some day he will turn to the decorative easel picture—as did in his day Puvis de Chavannes.

SECTION OF THE "PEACOCK CEILING"
IN THE HOME OF ROBERT HASTINGS





"LES VIEUX" BY RAMIRO ARRUË

RAMIRO ARRUË—*Basque Painter*

Though a modernist, he expresses perfectly the ancient strangeness of his people · · · by

AMELIA DEFRIES

FIVE provinces, one in France and four in Spain, deep in the Pyrenees, are inhabited by about half a million people of a race that is different from all others. Not only physically is this sturdy, immutable stock foreign to its neighbors; but these people speak their own language, which is as old, or older, than Welsh and yet as unlike it as it is unlike all others. The Basques have no connection with the Celts or with any other race, and the only people at all resembling them are said to be the Japanese. This supposed resemblance may refer to the language, but I do not see signs of it in the physique. A mountain people, and very athletic, light dancers, remarkable swimmers and walkers, they have a national game which they play vigorously despite the heat of the southern sun. I have seen a game rather like it in Florence called Joca di Paola—from which tennis and, later, lawn tennis sprang. The Basque game is called Pelotte and it is probably as ancient as their language which, the French tell me, is too difficult for anyone to learn! The game is simple and from it one imagines "fives" may have come. There are several theories of the origin of the Basques, the most picturesque being that they are descendents of survivors of the sunken continent of Atlantis. Another is that they are kindred of the ancient Libyans, a white race of northern Africa depicted on the Egyptian monuments. All of this, however, is merely conjecture.

The national headgear for men is a sort of "tammy"—black and very small. It is strange to wear it in such sunlight as they have there, but they do not seem to need protection from the sun. The old women wear a black covering to their hair at the back; the young ones go bareheaded, except for church, when they wear lace enveloping their hair and eyes—not the Spanish mantilla, but a coiffure of their own. In their old churches the men are separated from the women and go upstairs where three rows of men's galleries have been for centuries. One of these galleries, at S. Jean de Luz, is reached by a thirteenth-century staircase.

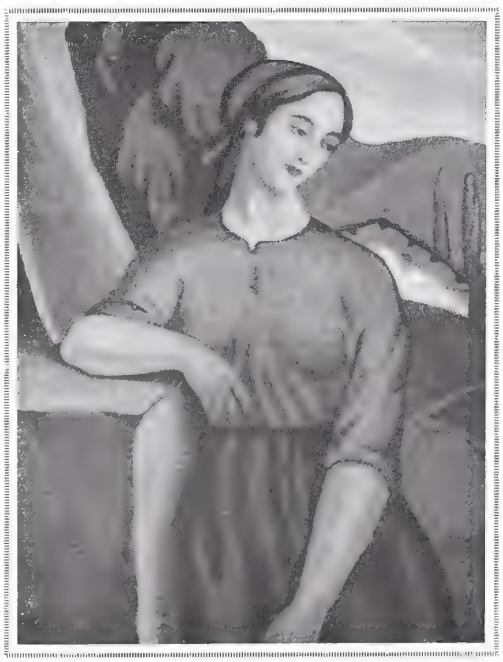
Another characteristic thing among them is the dancing of the fandango twice a week in the public square, under the trees, to the music of the town band—wearing red "berrès" (or caps). On



"BASQUE STUDY"
BY RAMIRO ARRUË

and do all their farm work with oxen, and they all wear white canvas sandals instead of shoes, and are able to carry heavy weights on their heads. They build their houses in a style of their own, and though some are French citizens, and the rest Spanish, yet they all have the national characteristics and types of the Basque country. They are very fond of bull-fights, which they have adopted from their neighbors.

These people, who dance so well, and whose customs are almost antique, whose men are so muscular and whose women are so big, naturally produce artists; and before the war the Basque painters formed a group of considerable importance, publishing an excellent magazine of their own. Maestu, who has been so successful in London, is a Basque painter and Ramiro Arruë is another. Both come from the Spanish side of the mountains which form the national boundary between France and Spain, but which, in truth, are no boundary to the ancient race of the Basques.



"BASQUE STUDY" BY RAMIRO ARRUE

In spite of their common nationality and the fact that they are friends, nothing could be more unlike than the art of these two men. Both do their work in their native land, but each sees it through the mirror of his own soul. Maestu delights in exaggerating, through some theatrical instinct, the size of his native women; but Arruë sees deeper into the immemorial characteristics of his native country.

Ramiro Arruë is a young man, chiefly self-taught, who has the modern spirit and the desire for extreme simplicity in art, as well as the Chinese tendency to see



"BASQUE STUDY"
BY RAMIRO ARRUË

all things rendered as form and color. His compositions are carefully thought out. There is nothing sketchy or incomplete about his work. But—and this is why I prophesy a big future for him—he is, like Tolstoi, impregnated with those feelings which come within the range of the simple emotions, common to all mankind. His pictures do not tell a story, are not illustrative in the nineteenth century sense and in technique they are very modern; but (and this can be said of few moderns) they do faithfully represent true and natural human emotions! They contain, also, the tranquility of soul, almost oriental, which looks out from the eyes of his country-folk and is in their movements, and which is felt in the scenery around them.



"PELOTTE" POSTER BY RAMIRO ARRUË

There is a wonderful peace at S. Jean de Luz, where he works, and this is in all his pictures. There are also beautiful lights on land and mountain, in cloud and sky, which he uses with decorative sense. An exhibitor at the Salon d'Automne and in Spain and southern France, he has never yet sent any work to England or America.

Without any appearance of straining for originality or for effect, Arruë is original and like no other painter. His pictures contain elemental verities and eternal feelings; and from them will always emanate that Buddhistic *peace* of the soil, of the water, of the sky, of the mountains and of growth, and the inevitability in the facts of daily life in ancientraces —which feeds the mind and rests the brain.



"JOYCE" — *by Howard Somerville*



ROGER FRY'S NEWEST TYPE OF POST-IMPRESSIONIST LANDSCAPE

ENGLISH ART *in the* PAST YEAR

Commingling of aims makes it difficult to put any sort of labels on the new output · · · by

MRS GORDON-STABLES

WHEN at the commencement of 1922 one sits down to analyze the development of art in 1921, one feels somewhat in the position of those misguided individuals who addressed themselves to the compilation of a History of the Great War while the Great War was still in progress. The very actuality of the events through which they were living served to blind them to their significance. It was as if they endeavored to discern the features through a mirror held too close to the eye. We must be removed to a respectful distance from that which we would fain criticise before we can hope to view it in a proper focus.

So with the art of 1921 in England. We know that the year established certain artistic reputations and ratified others. It brought us another year away from the cataclysm which dislocated what would otherwise have been a logical evolution in new methods of artistic attack and has enabled those who were roughly wrenched away from contemplation of the abstract in order that they might participate in the concrete, to gather once again the threads of theories which seek to make art a thing rather of spiritual than of physical vision.

There is, for instance, Wyndham Lewis back again after his soldiering, hard at work linking up his views of art with the philosophy of Bergson and the viewpoint of Einstein. To him the research into the fourth dimension is a more vital thing than the tradition of the past. He has done with the fetters of an art which sets out merely to portray in the accepted sense of the word. This Mr. Lewis plainly developed and expounded in the exhibition of pictures in his self-created school of "tyroism" held in the Leicester Galleries in the spring of 1921, the characteristic features of which were "laughter and teeth." So it is not



"LADY CATHARINE SOMERSET" BY SIR JOHN LAVERY

surprising that when he was asked for a title to the drawing which we reproduce herewith, his reply was "Call it any d——d thing; it doesn't matter what." If the work creates in one a greater realization of the life-force, of the significant emotions which lie behind existence, what matters the name?

One might perhaps class Wyndham Lewis and the men who in 1921 were following in the footsteps of this iconoclast who voiced his view with such clarity in "Blast," as the artists who are attempting to picture the unseen. Equally there are the men who seek to draw things as they are, those who prefer to draw things as they aren't, those who are out to give merely the impression of what they see and those who are interested in the impression of the emotion left by the object seen. Some it is difficult to label in any one class with exactitude, for of late there has been a commingling of aims, while at the same time men who have begun their artistic careers as rebels of the most pronounced order have seen fit to veer toward a mitigated classicalism in their latest efforts. Nevinson, for instance, to whom I fear to refer at too great length since his recent relations with American publications have not been of the most amicable, is a case in point. This artist having renounced all connection with "isms" of every nature, is working out his own salvation on lines which refuse to be classified under any heading.

In spite of many predictions as to the ultimate return of Roger Fry to the artistic fold of his earlier years, 1921 found him still upholding the banner of advanced Post-Impressionism, a term of which Roger Fry was indeed the founder. It could never be said of his work, as it is urged of that of so many, that he had adopted a simplified style for the reason that he lacked the knowledge and the skill to enable him to work on more orthodox lines, for there is not a draughtsman or a critic in our midst who is both technically and theoretically so steeped in the traditions of art as it has been handed down through the ages. Much of his early work shows him an accomplished landscapist of the school of Claude, while his figure painting is faultless enough to satisfy the most rigid and insistent disciple of what is termed "correct drawing." Today he has found a logical conclusion to his post-impressionist views in work of the type illustrated. Ruthlessly excising the non-essential, he arrives at that which is significant and vital and refuses to acknowledge limitations which those of academic bent have hitherto imposed on pictorial art. So if Roger Fry return to "the fold" it will likely be a fold remade to suit Roger Fry.

Among the younger of the Post-Impressionists, Duncan Grant has won himself a foremost place. The year 1921 saw the completion of the important decorative work which this artist undertook in conjunction with Mrs. Vanessa Bell for Professor



"THE HON. MRS. EDWARD A. STONER" BY FLORA LION

Keynes, the author of "The Economic Consequences of the Peace," a book which made so profound an impression on the civilized world. Maynard Keynes is an enthusiastic apostle of the most advanced forms of modern art and he has done much not only to familiarize the more conservative section of the public with work of an advanced type, but also to initiate it into the aims and objects which that work exemplifies.

There is in the work of Duncan Grant a lyrical quality which raises it into a very high sphere. He interprets rather than represents and his skill in the management of planes enables him to achieve his goal with unusual directness. He is one of the most interesting of the younger men and the year just ended gave promise of fuller and richer work yet to come from his brush.



"AN ARAB CHIEF"
BY ERIC KENNINGTON
Courtesy the Leicester Galleries, London

Capturing the public taste with his clever picture of "The Chef" at the Royal Academy, Sir William Orpen was easily the most talked about man in 1921. But it is not always that his work comes up to its best level. There are times when his paint lacks restraint and his characterizations point. Perhaps it is that his output is too great, for certainly the amount that this artist produces is amazing. Anyhow one feels at times that one would willingly sacrifice for a little of that fine fervor of his earlier efforts some of the rapidity and facility of his later productions.

Among those whose artistic reputation was distinctly ratified in 1921 is Eric Kennington, whose drawing of "An Arab Chief," here reproduced, demonstrates the directness with which he attacks artistic problems. He is one of the most interesting of the new men, for while he realizes the necessity for simplification and the elimination of all but the essential, he skilfully avoids the mannered and the bizarre. He is not out, like so many of his contemporaries "pour èpater le bourgeois," for his sincerity is incompatible with the prosecution of any particular cult. He has come to be regarded a master in modelling and in the treatment of masses; his soldiers and his Arabs are no mere creatures of a theatrical revue, but living men instinct with character and force.

When one writes of recent developments in art, one's thoughts turn instinctively to Augustus John, but since his reputation was well established long before 1921 and that year of grace did little or nothing to enhance it, he has small reason for consideration in this article.



"CALL IT ANY D——D THING; IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT"
BY WYNDHAM LEWIS

An artist whose sound workmanship and broad, geometric style have steadily won him appreciation is Howard Somerville, who has the distinction of having never attended an art school, but of having worked out his individual methods along lines of his own. Less "slick" than Orpen, and with a fine regard for brushwork, his characterization is unusual in its keenness. Problems of light are solved by him with conspicuous suc-



"BRIDGE AT BATH" BY WALTER SICKERT
DEAN OF ENGLISH IMPRESSIONISTS
Courtesy Goupil Gallery, London

cess, and from the point of view of a colorist he stands high among his contemporaries. While master of his medium he never sacrifices soundness to showiness.

The year 1921, which saw further determined efforts to voice the claims of women to admission to the ranks of the Academicians, undoubtedly witnessed the consolidation of woman's position in the art world. The names of such women as Laura Knight, Mrs. Swynnerton and Flora Lion stand for a personal vision and a mastery of medium which, irrespective of sex, it would be difficult to match. Among the portraitists, Flora Lion added further laurels to those already won. Awarded the silver medal of the Societè des Artistes Françaises, she is as greatly appreciated in French art circles as in British. Her work has a chic distinction and an elegance, her paint a quality and purity which place it high in modern portraiture. She never circumvents a problem but makes straight for its solution, as in the skilful treatment of blacks in the "Portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Edward A. Stoner," here reproduced. Shimmering tissues, the light and shade on silks, the delicacy of fine laces, the iridescence of jewels—are a few points in painting to which Flora Lion addresses herself.

Mrs. Swynnerton, whose work in 1921 confirmed her place among contemporary artists, is a poet of the palette, giving to her compositions a personal interpretation in paint that means much more than mere technique or theoretical reasoning. She is one of the artists who believe that open air studies must be carried out in the open air; hence her landscapes have a truth and actuality that no mere studio study can ever attain. Her figure work shows the same striving after the perfection of beauty as characterized the sculptures of the Rome which yields to her so much inspiration.

The year 1921 served, if anything, to emphasize the appreciation shown to Sir John Lavery, whose decorative studies of society women dominate every show at which he exhibits. I say "decorative" advisedly, for delightful as Sir John's portrait work is, there are occasions when one feels that the canvas tends to be rather in the nature of decoration than of delineation. Working in the Whistlerian manner, his portraits are color symphonies in which the fullest value is accorded to details of dress, while at the same time these are kept in proper subordination to the features and personality of the sitter. There is both a grace and a graciousness about his portraiture. His "Lady Catharine Somerset," here illustrated, was one of the most striking things in the Royal Academy of 1921. Sir John's landscape work did



ONE OF DUNCAN GRANT'S LATEST LYRICAL LANDSCAPES

much in 1921 to enhance his reputation as a landscapist.

What Landseer was thought to be and was not, A. J. Munnings can be said with truth to approach. The year 1921 saw this most accomplished artist acclaimed as the painter *par excellence* of animal life of the present day. There is a dash about his work one would go far to seek elsewhere. There is the smell of the stable about his horses and the sound of the kennel with his hounds. His unerring brush work and fresh pleasant quality of paint combine with a fine solidity to produce compositions that are as full of the open air as they are instinct with vitality. His 1921 portrait of the Prince of Wales on horseback achieved two notable points. Firstly, it brought back to us the style of the old sporting picture, whose art we seem to have lost for over a century, and secondly it showed us what an equestrian portrait of a royal personage could be, when the artist worked free from the trammels of conventionalism. Though one feels in Munnings' pictures that the horses and dogs interest him more vitally than the men and women, his figures are cleanly drawn. Always there is the breath of the country in his work, the sweep of the downs and the clear air of the hillside: his "local color" is convincing.

What Degas was to French Impressionism, Walter Sickert may be said to be to the English Impressionist school. He has served as inspiration to men who have gone a step still further, but few have achieved the brilliancy, the easy mastery that distinguishes the work of this pioneer. He is as much a force today as he was when the principles he stands for first dawned upon a public that first resisted, then yielded.

Writers, like children, are inclined to keep the "bonne bouche" till the last. For mastery in draughtsmanship, breadth of conception, richness of ideas and general "grip," Frank Brangwyn stands today practically unrivalled. He works in the grand manner, his fresco achievements have the freedom and dignity of the old masters; there is no sign of effort even in his most ambitious flights. At once decorative and significant, he satisfies and interests the spectator at one and the same time. He achieves with perfect ease and naturalness what a lesser man would mar with toil. He is a big man working in a big way.



"TOHICKON"
by Daniel Garber

"It looks like a tapestry," remarked a visitor at the National Academy of Design's ninety-seventh annual exhibition on seeing Daniel Garber's "Tohickon," which was awarded the Altman First Prize. This graceful and accurate appreciation of the manner in which the canvas is painted includes the whole spirit of the charm of the work. While in no sense a conscious reproduction of the style of the French tapestry workers, Mr. Garber's canvas has that feeling in his foliage and in the fashion with which his buildings spot the rising hillside. Of this handsome picture it may be said: It links the young art of America with the old crafts of France



CHESTNUT TREES - AUTUMN

by



"MUROLS IN SNOW" BY VICTOR CHARRETON

CHARRETON—Latter Day Impressionist

Auvergnat loves light and he brilliantly carries forward the tradition of Monet and Sisley · *by*

ALAN BURROUGHS

In Auvergne, townspeople from Clermont-Ferrand, La Sauvetat Volvie, Murols, and peasants round about, know a gentleman whose "passion is painting" in the same way that many of them have a *passion pour la chasse*. Workmen and landowners alike welcome him when he comes to their neighborhood and look back on his visits with almost a family interest as though he were brother to them all—which he is in spirit. One can imagine them saying, "What modesty . . . and he wears the ribbon! A fine man, not at all proud . . . he will be back this way next autumn, you will see, with his box and all, looking for pictures."

This Auvergnat, Victor Charreton, is a simple, sincere and self-evident artist if ever there were one. His life has not been extraordinary; now at middle age he can look back on a mild but promising career as a lawyer, a moment of great excitement when he left the law and his parents' home (for family feeling is stronger with the Charretons than even with the average French family, their name being an old one) and then a long period of romantic wandering in the circle of his own province, with occasional trips to Paris and a "vacation" in Brittany. He does not talk much about his paintings—not at all of the success he has had. His attitude is natural to a man whose world is as large as all out-doors—and as small as Auvergne. Without putting it into obvious words he must believe that trees, hillsides, farms and lively colors exist along with other beautiful things for their own sakes. Not like Renoir, whose eyes saw life in terms of paint, he is one to whom life means country air, peasant hardship and all kinds of friends, as well as landscapes. He is a wiry type of man and leads an energetic out-door life.

But let me stop to emphasize Charreton's



"RAYS OF AUTUMN—IN MORNING MIST" BY VICTOR CHARRETON

sincerity and erase any wrong impression I may have given. To him praise is a by-product of his own praise for a beautiful part of France. He does not look for honors any more than did Monet and he does not use the position they give him to seek for any other kind of success. When one realizes that Charreton is partly poet and romanticist and that he is not out of sympathy with artistic developments other than his own, it is easy to explain the reason for these official gifts of praise. His work, sent to Paris at the suggestion of a friend, had an auspicious start, for it appeared either among imitative, traditional work or in comparison with the austerity of the more advanced manner. Academicians turned readily to honor the beautiful as they discovered it in Charreton's love for color. In the minds of the Beaux-Arts officials he represents the true tradition that has come out of the great Impressionists, and has nothing to do with other traditions which have sprung up in half a century—the Cubistic which claims that the angle descends directly from the spirit of all tradition, the Post-Impressionist, which goes back to the primitives, and the Futurist. The Beaux-Arts will have nothing but the tradition of two generations ago. Victor Charreton himself probably smiles when his honors are mentioned, realizing in his honest modesty that in the field of official honor there is a great deal less competition than among the more diverse, the more inclusive modernists.

The newer art is too harsh for Victor Charreton. The two types are wider apart in spirit for being so close together in date. Charreton stands with those Impressionists who painted so cleverly that the younger men revolted and even resolved to paint clumsily. His pictorial style, his interest in problems of light and analysis of color are the same qualities which created revolutionary points of view in the questioning period of the eighties and which since have moved logically on to the "complexities of simplicity," the analysis of "Les Fauves," even to Dadaism. Living in the country and disliking Paris, Charreton is outside the influences which ferment so quickly in "the art center of the world." Where he would see subtle colors playing into one another, many of his contemporaries would see "opposed forces" or rhythmic motions. Where the modernist paints the bareness or the abstract quality he recognizes as vital, Victor Charreton may paint light, which he thinks is vital. It is not unusual for artists of this generation to be content with technical excellence, nice-



"WINTER—AUVERGNE"
BY VICTOR CHARRETON

ness of mood and sunlight, without a striking and, let us say, an intellectual dominant force. But such an acceptance is at the bottom of Victor Charreton's art. He looks for all the beauty he can find in the naturally poetic appearance of things.

The name of Guillaumin keeps intruding upon me when I look at Charreton's work—not because the two paint in the same way, but because there is a subtle distinction in the kind of pleasure each had in painting. Charreton is a younger Guillaumin, as observant and as sympathetic a personality, but with fresher energy and more individual interest in the subjects of his landscapes. The energy shows itself in his experiments. After thirty-five years he is still experimenting, trying to disengage prettiness from beauty, attempting compositions which are not obviously composed, and painting solid objects with the light behind them. He is anxious always to attain such skill that even his slightest sketch will be a complete record of his full and mature impression. With Guillaumin and especially with Monet the record was of their momentary vision; it was a more or less mechanical process of transposing an effect from nature to canvas. Pissarro and Sisley, on the other hand, were interested in their personal impressions, and it is to them Charreton is most of all akin. One French collector with a great capacity for admiration measures Charreton alongside of Monet in spite of the distance between them in their separate positions. The difference is really great; Monet with his heights and breadths, his large golds and greens is incomparable to the jewel-like intimacies of Victor Charreton, which again are different from the rather whole-souled intimacies of Sisley. Monet had the forceful nature to make a revolution among his fellow artists, but this the gentle Charreton would not care to have happen even if circumstances should make him an innovator. The rather halting similarity in their technique is not important. Except for the factor of time there is nothing to suggest that Charreton is a follower of Monet.

The outstanding characteristic of Charreton's work is the personal pleasure he takes in the feel of the sun, the dulled brilliance of winter days, the richness of autumn—the things a sensitive man knows as happiness. To follow Victor Charreton through a day's sketching would add greatly to one's appreciation of him. Up early in the morning, he starts for some spot he had passed perhaps the day before, or maybe he has no one scene in



"BROOK IN SUMMER SUN"
BY VICTOR CHARRETON

mind. He walks quickly, noticing along the road any number of beauties; his eyes are sharp, he knows fields and flowers and he sees them as a painter does. Perhaps the sun strikes a group of trees near a brook in a certain way so that the color combinations are particularly interesting; he chooses the best angle, sets to work and draws carefully before touching his pigments. To look at "Chestnut Trees—Autumn," here reproduced in color, one would not believe that Victor Charreton was a draughtsman. But beneath his color and in places between brush or pallet-knife strokes one can make out a detailed drawing. The boldest lines are blocked in, as for the tree trunks, and then the lighter lines and shadows are given values in a dark tone, which prepares for the freer and more subtle values of the final pigment. The range of his pallet is seemingly unlimited and careless. Mauves, pinks, grays, tans and little touches of pure color or thin strokes of complementary hues are put down quickly to reproduce his gay impressions. This canvas of autumn trees is one of the clearest in color that Victor Charreton has allowed Mr. Dudensing to bring to this country. It is clever as well as clear; in places he has utilized the neutral dark gray of the board on which it is painted in place of a tone; in other spots he has piled the pigments so thickly that they cast a shadow in a strong side light. His work is deliberate throughout and skillful; as one can see in the superb series of paintings which he calls "Winters in Auvergne," or in the "Sunny Garden at Varengeville" and the "Spring at Osny."

But in spite of his cleverness Charreton is always faithful to his sketch and on his guard against a mere technical splurge. He depends so on the facts of his scene that he can rarely finish a picture if interrupted. During the time in which he does not paint on the canvas the light may have changed, or he may not be able to get back to exactly the same mental attitude. If he tries to go ahead from memory only, or from a similar scene, he is not satisfied; he usually ends with an angry "Abime"—spoiled! Above, I spoke of finishing a picture; but to Victor Charreton nothing he does is finished, none of his sketches are satisfying to him when he decides to quit painting for that day. And in looking back over a year's production he is still not satisfied. Working day in and day out, either outdoors or in his studio when the weather is bad, he is studying always to make a beautiful expression of the light he feels rather than sees in landscapes. It is the one idea for him; he is absorbed and has been and will be in one aspect of life—the light in Nature. And among a



"TREES IN FLOWER"
BY VICTOR CHARRETON

group of his paintings it is almost impossible to decide whether it is the brilliant sparkle of summer, the mists of a spring morning, or the dim horizons of winter that he understands best.

There is noticeable through all of his work a quick response to the widely contrasting moods of the Auvergne landscape. His variety of expression proves a freedom from all preconceived ideas. He is receptive to every change in nature's aspect, not only from season to season, but as though he saw at every hour a quality never to be repeated. He can be brilliant and clear, or subtle and elusive. The luminous flame of autumn foliage and the faint opalescence of a spring hillside are equally beguiling to his brush. When a winter scene is his subject he brings to it an equal enthusiasm, and paints compellingly even without his brilliant palette. His pictures are just as strong when the flaming reds and yellows and greens have given place to browns and grays and white.

He understands how to employ the different gradations of tone, combining one quality with another, balancing that value against this, so that his canvases sing with color. Not the least part of his effectiveness lies in his concentration of emphasis where it has dramatic effect, as in the "Rays of Autumn—in Morning Mist" in which the warm gold of the foliage at the left strikes the final, ringing note in a crescendo, in which the vari-colored background shading from dim violets sweeps upward to the climax. Color is to Charreton like a musician's instrument in which he finds myriad tones and many keys for the weaving of his harmonies.

Coming late after the true Impressionists, those who have painted with "prismatic eyes," Victor Charreton is both fortunate and unfortunate. Obviously there are many people for whom the Post-Impressionists are now the great artists and for whom Victor Charreton, along with Maufra and the most recent advocates of Impressionism, represents the last of a group of technicians. This is unfortunate. But coming late after the true Impressionists, at a time when the individuality of an artist has become again fashionable and the greater part of his art, Charreton has passed through the worst of that which Impressionism brought with it, the scientific attitude. He seems to be definitely tending toward a poetic expression in color. Whether he achieves this or not, it is surely enough for him to be a faithful artist and to give us the tangible pleasure of his bright paintings. One does not need to read a big philosophic book in order to find it is pleasure to give pleasure to others.



PORTRAIT OF J. ALDEN WEIR BY JOHN FLANAGAN



PORTRAIT OF D. C. FRENCH BY JOHN FLANAGAN

JOHN FLANAGAN—*Sculptor and Medalist*

Fine realism and sense for color gain for him pre-eminence in low relief . . . . by

FRANK OWEN PAYNE

DISRAELI said "flattery is important in statesmanship, and whenever it is used for royalty it has to be laid on with a trowel." This dictum may be true as regards statesmanship, but the same cannot truthfully be said concerning expressions of appreciation of an artist's works. There, at least, flattery should be taboo.

So far as we know there has never been published any appreciation of the sculpture of John Flanagan and it seems now high time that there should be a word concerning his admirable works. That the public knows so little about him is largely the fault of the artist himself, for John Flanagan is a most modest man. He believes that an artist's sincere efforts are alone sufficient to establish his standing either as worthy or unworthy of praise. One cannot imagine him presenting an eccentric effort just to startle and shock, as such efforts usually do. He dislikes publicity; he is not famous among the populace, but is highly esteemed by his colleagues. One of them, Daniel Chester French, assures us Flanagan is "one of the few men who know all about the technique of medal making." MacMonnies says: "I consider him the leading medalist of America, an artist of high rank and a craftsman of infinite sincerity and devotion to his work."

Flanagan discovered his talent early and after having studied in the night classes at Cooper Union he was admitted as a student in the studio of St. Gaudens and also to the Art Students' League, where he studied under George de Forest Brush. For twelve years he worked in Paris, studying under Chapu, in the Academy Colorossi, the Atelier Falguiere and the Ecôle des Beaux Arts, winning many medals and prizes for his works. It was during his student life in Paris that he assisted MacMonnies in the great Columbian Fountain for the Chicago World's Fair of 1893.

Here we shall consider only one phase of the sculptures of John Flanagan, namely his medals and placquettes, for it is by his masterpieces of bas



PORTRAIT OF PHOEBE APPERSON HEARST
BY JOHN FLANAGAN

PORTRAIT OF MISS ANNA APPERSON
BY JOHN FLANAGAN

relief that the artist is best known. Undoubtedly he is capable of achieving monumental works, but his mastery of low relief has made him so popular in that particular class of sculpture that he has had little time for anything else.

Flanagan is not tied down to any of the canons of the past, and is equally uninfluenced by any of the "isms" of the passing hour. Plastic fads and fancies have no lure for him. On the contrary his works are the absolutely individual expression of an intensely sensitive and thoroughly sincere artist who goes his own way as a sculptor in pursuit of his own artistic ideals. Feeling deeply the joy and the beauty of the world and of the life that animates it, he endeavors to express it beautifully. He is a realist, but not of that school of realists which hunts for the gross and the hideous in order to idealize ugliness. His works betray no sympathy for that form of realism which exalts with affectation of reality subjects which are happily as uncommon as they are unlovely. His works prove the acuteness of his observation, which makes his rendering of a subject peculiarly convincing.

This artist's realism is seen particularly in his portrait sculpture. He is pre-eminently a master of portraiture. His interpretations of people are possessed of what Rodin would call "palpitating suppleness." The reliefs of Daniel Chester French, Paul Bartlett, J. Alden Weir and Joseph Pennell are singularly simple and direct in design, as free from affectation as Holbein's sketches. The placque of Walt Whitman presents a remarkable likeness of the most original American poet—a portrait which is not merely an adventure in bronze nor a portrait more or less revealing the psychology of the man, but one which invites a larger degree of criticism because of its natural alertness and convincing quality. Again, Flanagan's admirable placque of the Prince of Wales, modeled from life on the deck of the *Renown*, is a very happy effort of sculptural portraiture. With what charm the artist has depicted the fine and altogether pleasing countenance of that most debonair and democratic prince! It is a luminous likeness, living, and full of charm.

Portraiture is not always interesting, for it requires a great deal more than mere anatomical truth to produce a real portrait. It is the personality behind the face that must be portrayed if the artist is to accomplish a convincing work of art. And it is just that which John Flanagan has been able to do in his admirable representations of Pennell, French, Bartlett, Weir, Whitman and the Prince of Wales.

Flanagan has been called the foremost of American medalists, a title to which he objects since he has executed many groups, busts, statues, and other works in the round. But he plays so skilfully with all the delicate resources of relief, blending so admirably the boldness of high-lights with the modesty of shadows that these exquisite creations delight and captivate the observer and amaze one at the perfection of his workmanship. Among the best examples of these low reliefs are the Hudson-Fulton medal, the Pennsylvania Society medal, the Garden Club of America medal, the Lafayette medal designed for the Knights of Columbus, and several works inspired



VERDUN MEDAL—OBVERSE
BY JOHN FLANAGAN

VERDUN MEDAL—REVERSE
BY JOHN FLANAGAN

by the late war, the most notable of which is the Verdun medal executed as a commission for the United States Government. Representative collections of Flanagan's works are in the gallery of the Luxembourg in Paris, in the Fine Arts Museum at Ghent, Belgium, and in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

Yet it is his technique which entitles Flanagan to the highest distinction as a sculptor—a technique that has won encomiums from such artists as French, MacMonnies and Pennell. I have referred to his unique mastery of light and shade in relief sculpture. In these achievements Flanagan proves himself to be a colorist as well as a sculptor, a fact that reminds one of the celebrated dictum of Rodin that "color is the flower of modelling." He achieves the delicacy of etchings in his charming reliefs. To the layman at least, it is amazing that such striking contrasts of light and shade, such apparent distances and perspectives can be wrought upon surfaces whose elevations and depressions are comprehended within the thickness of no more than the quarter of an inch! Flanagan technically is a sculptor but his unique mastery of light and shade proves that he has an unusual perception and appreciation of color values as well. It is the dominant line and delicate melting of one plane into another, giving to his works the fine effects of monochrome painting, that demonstrates his complete mastery of harmonious light and shade. Moreover, his admirable qualities of style, drawing, color, and modelling exist chiefly as the reflection of truth.

Flanagan is an adept in the handling of draperies, which he renders in a sculpturesque manner, yet he is able to preserve enough of the texture and quality of the material to make it realistic. An example is the graceful drapery of the female figure on the Pennsylvania Society medal. His fondness for subtle forms and delicate fancies is seen in many of his works. His mastery of graceful line perhaps reaches the highest point in the rendering of the hair and beard of the Whitman placque—a work which excels in exquisite line, fine balance, and grace. In the difficult modelling of hands, ears, and eyebrows, probably he has not been surpassed in American sculpture. In technique he is true and facile; he resorts to no bizarre or unfamiliar devices in achieving results that are eminently gratifying. His works, like Whitman's poems, are full of rhythm and musical charm.

In the distant ages — millenniums hence — it is not hard to imagine some collector prizing John Flanagan's medals just as we prize those of ancient Rome.



SIPPICAN MEDAL
OBVERSE



SIPPICAN MEDAL
REVERSE



"THE ROAD AROUND THE ISLAND" BY JEROME BLUM

TAHITI UN-GAUGUINIZED

Jerome Blum restores tropical brilliance to islands Frenchman saw in heavy green · · · by

WILLIAM B. McCORMICK

"They change their skies who wander, not their hearts." This line from an old poem rose up in company with other memories of writers and painters of the South Sea islands and their life on seeing Jerome Blum's paintings of the landscape, the people and the sea of Tahiti and Moorea. Long before the recent revival of interest in those remote islands through the revivification of Herman Melville, the exhibition in this country of the work of Gauguin, and the travel books of Frederick O'Brien, Robert Louis Stevenson did much to put the life of these "uttermost parts of the earth" before readers of books, and our own John La Farge had visited and painted the world of the Society Group, as these islands were collectively named on the map long before so much romance came to be attached to them.

It was the comparison, the striking differences, between Mr. Blum's work and the pictures of LaFarge and Gauguin that recalled the poet's tender and melancholy presentation of man's changeless way of always being accompanied by the shadows of his native habit, customs, immortal consciousness. For to each of these artists Tahitian life wears such a different face that accountability for this marked dissimilarity must be found somewhere, somehow, to satisfy curiosity.

What La Farge did was to set down some hasty travel notes, making no pretense at anything else—very personal in expression and generally subdued in color but having great picturesqueness and beauty. To Gauguin, Tahiti was a world of heavy green foliage, through which the tropic sunlight filtered dimly, and dwelt in by a race of people who look out of his canvases with darkling eyes and brooding spirit. To Mr. Blum these islands are alight with brilliant colors in the trees, flowers, skies and sea. The trade winds ruffle the trees and send ocean rollers breaking into foam on the beach. The people in his pictures are very graceful; their bodies are beautiful;



"MARIAA, FLEUR EXOTIQUE"
BY JEROME BLUM

their character of grave dignity is at all times clearly indicated; and always in their eyes is to be seen the domination of the sad Tahitian proverb: "The coral waxes, the palm tree grows, and the man departs."

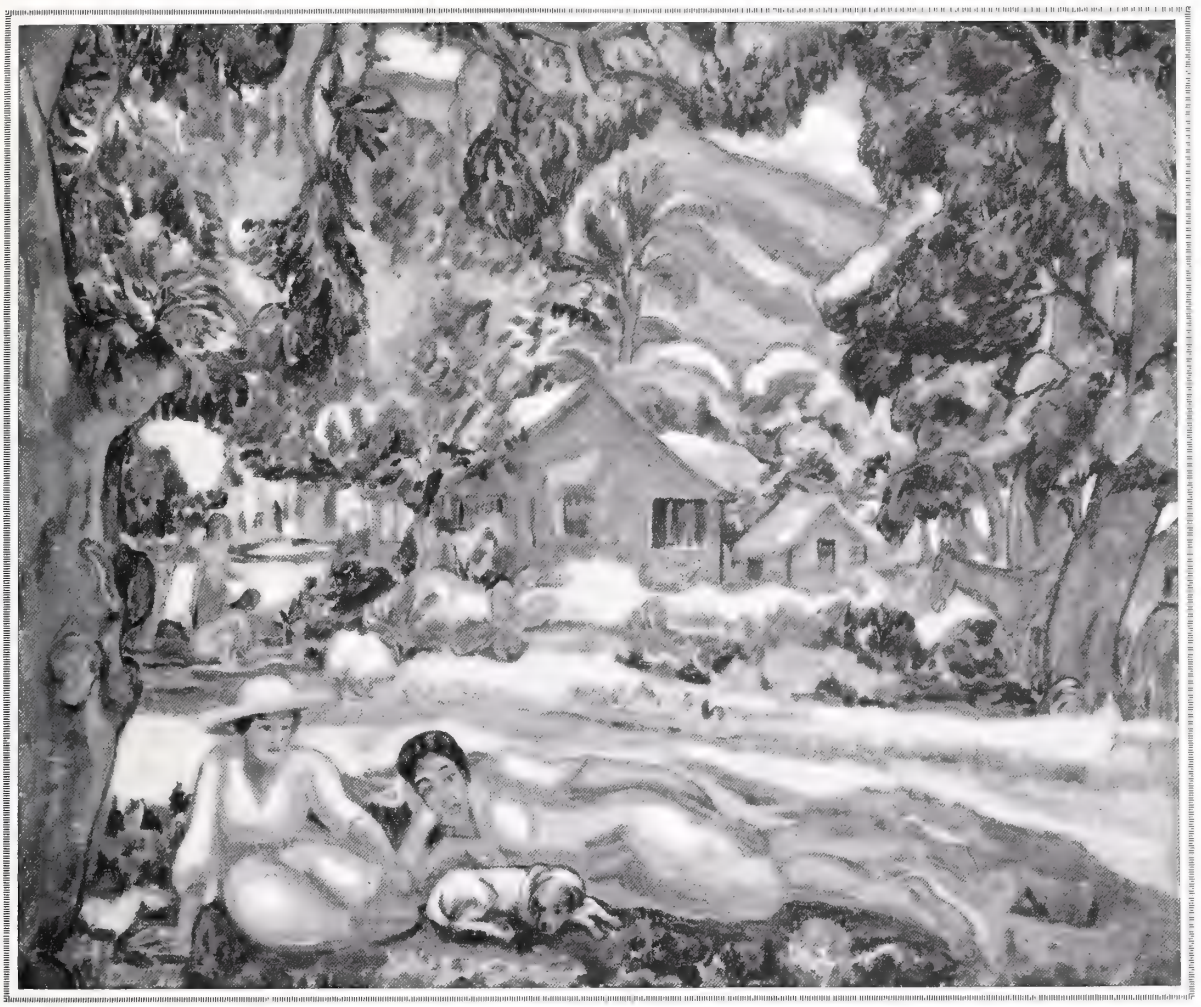
Thus the answer to these varied presentations of Tahitian landscape and native life is to be found in the personalities and the intentions of the three painters, as revealed in their work. Those of LaFarge are so plain as to require no special background. To understand Gauguin's interpretations of the island life it must be known that he was tragically unhappy when he went there, that he was not at ease with the natives, and that he finally aroused their enmity. The gloom and heaviness of spirit in which he was enwrapped is reflected in all his paintings.



"PU-AI WEARING FLOWER OF FRIENDSHIP"
BY JEROME BLUM

In contrast to both of these artists Mr. Blum went to Tahiti believing that he would like the natives, meaning to live their life as nearly as was possible for a white man to do, and with a cheerful outlook on life. And he brought back, in his pictures, ample and varied proofs of his liking and of gaiety of heart while among them.

Of how colorful and of how well-ordered and idle life is among these people he gives us two complete illustrations in the paintings, "Two Girls Under Mango Trees" and "The Road Around the Island." The European cottage in the background of the first-named picture is a symbol of the native spirit of politeness; for these houses were built many years ago rather to entertain possible foreign visitors than for any



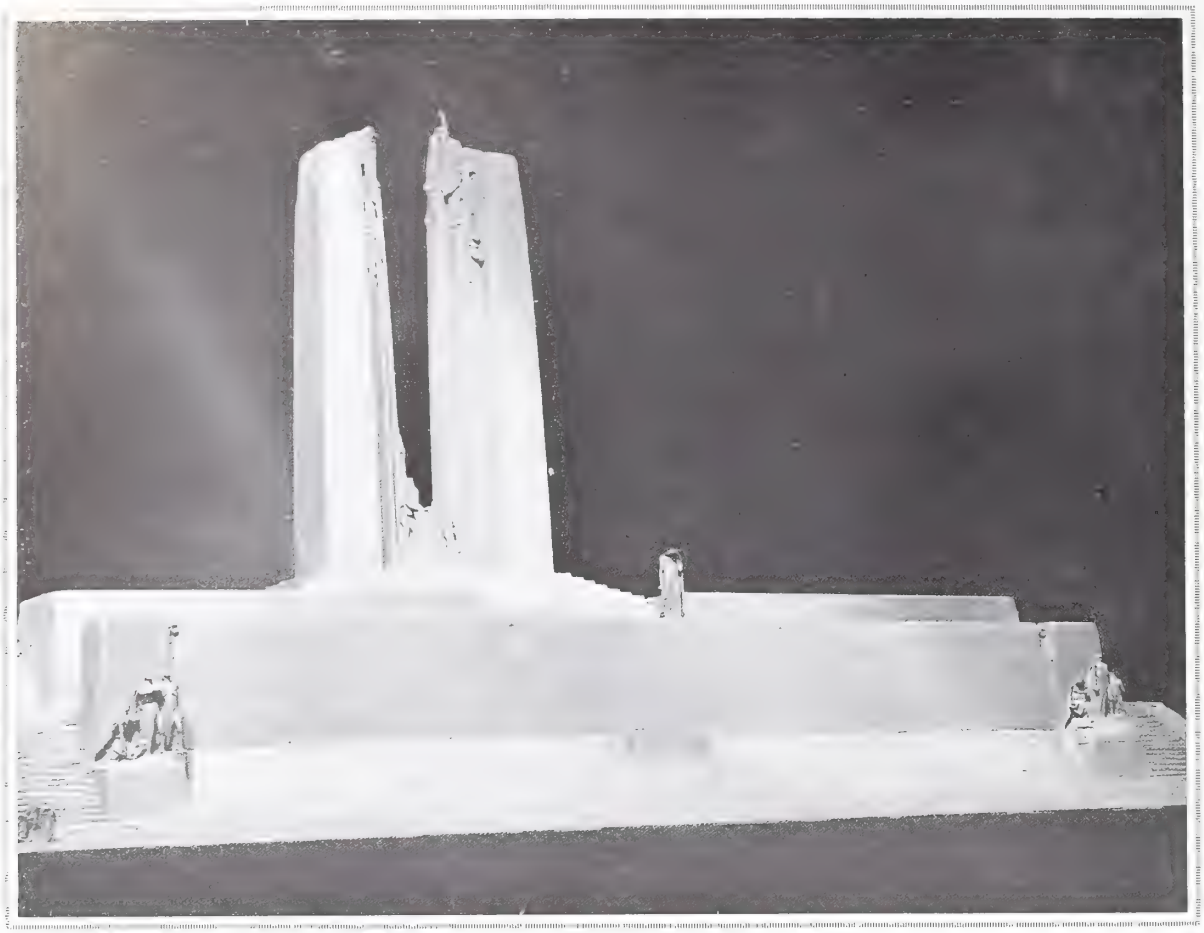
"TWO GIRLS UNDER MANGO TREE"
BY JEROME BLUM

native use, the palm thatched hut in the rear of the cottage being the real home of this particular Tahitian family whose members were the artist's friends.

Hot, bright tropical light and air fill these pictures, along with the light green leaves of the trees and the brilliant colors of the flowers. There is no sense of haste in them, nor of gloom. Patient study and happiness of spirit went into the making of them, and glows from them. Affection for the people and keen appreciation of their kindly, sensitive natures mark the portrait studies of the two women whose grave eyes look out of "Mariaa, Fleur Exotique" and "Pu-ai Wearing Flower of Friendship."

Admiration for the character of the Tahitians is a constant theme of most writers who have visited the Society Group and have set down their impressions in print. That character at its best is shown in Mr. Blum's portrait of "Poma, a Tahitian Princess," whose serenely lovely face rises above her crimson gown in a resplendent pattern of color against an island background of house-porch, flowers and landscape. All the fancies aroused by the word "princess," all its connotations of a sense of responsibility, wistful youth and grave charm are found in this face as well as the externals of fine modelling and superb color. In his study of a male type called "A Son of the Sun," is to be seen the same fine character, an open frank countenance, most engaging and attractive.

Keenness of observation of the color in Tahiti is to be found in this artist's tree forms. It is to be observed, possibly with astonishment, that red appears in the tree trunks as if the sap were colored that hue. As a matter of fact, there is a pigment in the formation of the islands or the earth overlaying it that tints the wood of the trees a dull reddish tone, as some wood carvings made by Mrs. Blum, the painter's wife, show. After every tropical shower these notes of red appear in the tree trunks, as the artist recorded them. His ocean views and their cloud-flecked skies are marked by this same feeling for color in high tones. In fact one can summarize his work as a whole by saying that Mr. Blum has restored tropical brilliancy to the South Seas in pictorial art.



DESIGN FOR CANADA'S WAR MEMORIAL IN FRANCE

WALTER ALLWARD—*Canada's Sculptor*

Former carpenter designs impressive monument which will forever guard Ypres sector · by

ANNE ANDERSON PERRY

ONE of the big figures in the art world to day is Walter Seymour Allward of Toronto, Canada, who has been awarded, by the Canadian Battlefields Commission, the contract to build on Hill 62, at Ypres, a memorial in stone and bronze, which will take years to complete, will cost a million dollars, and will give Canada, so competent judges from Britain, France and other countries aver, an enviable place in art, in the estimation of those who appreciate the best in modern sculpture, with its tendency toward monumentalism.

The Memorial is to be Canada's tribute, for all time, to the thousands of her soldiers who suffered, fought and died on the Ypres salient. Several other memorials, all of one design, that of A. Clemensha of Regina, Canada, will be placed on different battlefields in France by the Canadian people, but the Allward Memorial at Ypres is to symbolize in full the debt that Canada and the world owe to her gallant warriors who fell.

Walter Allward has not sprung into prominence in Canada suddenly. He has been doing good work for twenty years. His South African Memorial, in University Avenue, Toronto, has drawn praise from discriminating judges at home and abroad ever since it was erected in 1907. His Bell Memorial to the founder of the telephone, placed in Brantford, where Dr. Bell was born, is a magnificent piece of sculpture. The Baldwin Lafontaine group at Ottawa is only a little less fine, while the Stratford Memorial to her dead soldiers, now being completed by the sculptor, is said to reach high levels of conception, construction and a realized beauty of allegorical thought.

The sculptor was born in East Toronto forty-six years ago. His father was a carpenter, who put into his work a little more than nails and wood;

his mother a Pitman, distantly related to the family of Sir Isaac Pitman, of shorthand fame. She came of a Newfoundland sea-going stock, was a woman of deep intuitions and fine character. From her Walter Allward inherits his deeply spiritual and imaginative qualities, his keen sense of moral values and his uncompromisingly honest attitude toward life.

There were seven other children in the family, which was not heavily endowed with this world's goods. Walter Allward got a fair education in the public schools of East Toronto, but began to earn his living at the age of fifteen. He is strictly a self-made man; and if he knows all about the mediums of metal, clay, wood and stone in which he now works it is because he had first hand knowledge of them all. He was, for a time, in the Don brick works, he learned carpentry from his father and his marvellous sense of proportion comes, in part at least, from his actual experiences in various kinds of construction in these boyhood years.

From his earliest 'teens Allward took a deep interest in Michel Angelo and in the Greeks. He had seen nothing but pictures, cheap reproductions in plaster or print, of their work, but he studied these with intentness and at all times busied himself with modellings and constructions of his thoughts in clay or wood.

At nineteen he determined, after gaining an inspirational insight into the work of Rodin, the great French artist, that he would become a sculptor. He met with no encouragement from family or friends, but when he had the temerity to submit a model for a statue of Governor Simcoe, which was to be erected in Parliament Square, Toronto, he found several men among the members of the Committee of Award so full of understanding that they gave him the commission and so started him on his chosen career. From that time onward he has never lacked work, though, as he will humorously admit, he has frequently lacked money. Nor has he been without the appreciation of discriminating judges of the best in art, such as Earl Grey, a recent Governor General in Canada, and other powerful men who have enthusiastically aided in his arrival at the pinnacle he now occupies in the art world.

Walter Allward is a big man physically, with a deep chest, broad shoulders, singularly long arms and an arresting, strong head and face set on a powerful neck. His whole personality radiates quiet dignity and strength. His manner is open and sincere. His voice is very low but resonant, and the slender sinewy hands, with their abnormally long square tipped fingers, are as expressive as the face itself. When Mr. Allward talks, his face with its sombre sea-blue eyes, long distinguished nose and sensitive mouth, lights with interest, sympathy, humor or the fire of enthusiasm. But in repose it is almost sad. Nor does it belie his temperament, which unites with extraordinary powers of concentration and vizualization a profoundly spiritual outlook on life, a ruthless adherence to truth and a consequent lack of those cheering illusions which make for unchanging optimism. All these qualities of the spirit are reflected in his work.



WALTER SEYMOUR ALLWARD

Walter Allward married young, and very happily. His wife, Margaret Kennedy, of Galt, Ontario, is a fine mate for such a man and a fine mother to their two gifted boys. She has been a full partner in her husband's success, because she has shared fully in every experience which went

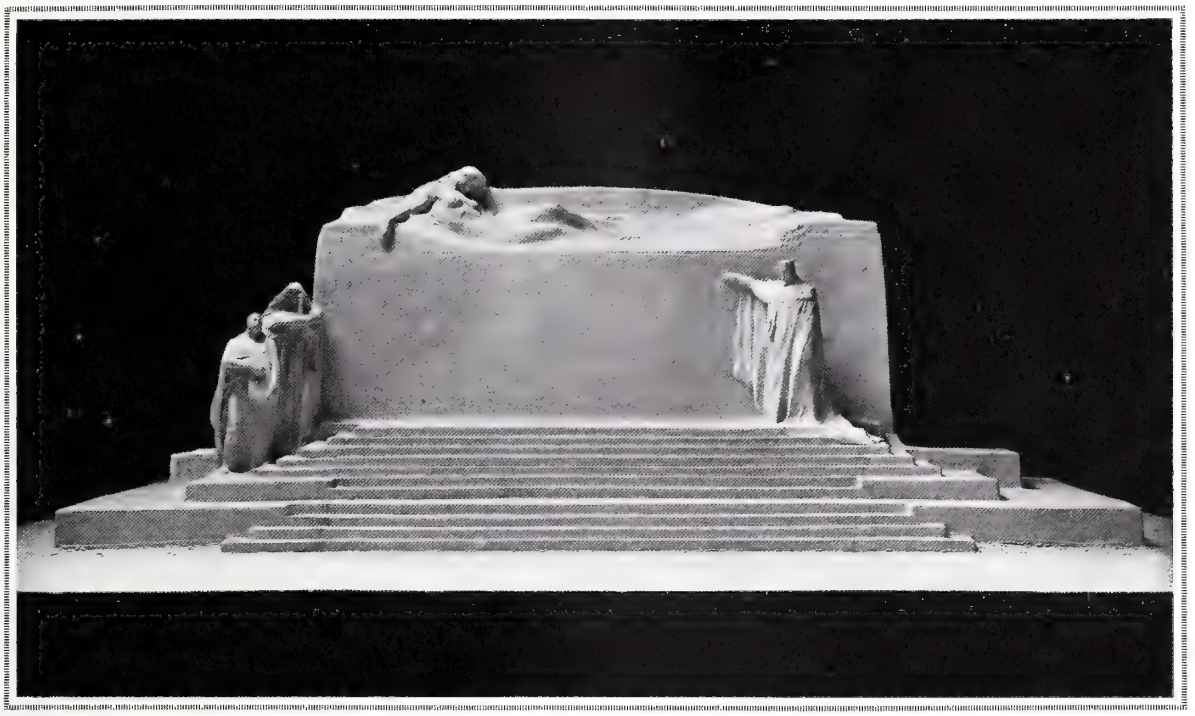


BELL MEMORIAL, BRANTFORD, ONTARIO
BY WALTER SEYMOUR ALLWARD

to its making and has herself contributed her full share to its attainment. Their home is at 78 Walker Avenue, Toronto, in a quaintly attractive house designed over twenty years ago by the sculptor as a home for his bride. The big studio is at the rear and through its portals none but the understanding ever may penetrate.

Of the genesis of the idea of the great Memorial, soon to be erected in France, and of which the completed model, now to be seen in the studio, is reproduced herewith, Allward tells the following story:

"When things were at their blackest in France, during the war, I went to sleep one night after dwelling on all the muck and misery over there. My spirit was like a thing tormented. So I dreamed. In my dream I was on a great battlefield. I saw our men going by in thousands, and being mowed down by the sickles of death, regi-



KING EDWARD MEMORIAL—OTTAWA
To be placed outside the Parliament Buildings
[INSCRIPTION] *"Through Justice and Truth He Strove that War Might Cease and Peace Descend Over all the World"*

ment after regiment, division after division. Suffering beyond endurance at the sight, I turned my eyes and found myself looking down an avenue of poplars. Suddenly through this avenue, I saw thousands marching to the aid of our armies. They were the dead. They rose in masses, filed silently by and entered the fight, to aid the living. So vivid was this impression, that when I awoke it stayed with me for months. Without the dead we were helpless. So I have tried to show, in this monument to Canada's fallen, what we owed them and will forever owe them."

The Memorial is to be 225 feet long and 130 feet high. The site on which it is to be placed will make it conspicuous to all the country for miles around. Its gigantic lower walls will rear themselves from a solid base of granite. They will rise forty feet and symbolize the impregnable Wall of Defence offered by the Allied armies. At the bottom of this wall two groups of Defenders stand out—one in which is shown the Breaking of the Sword; the other typifying the sympathy of Canadians for the ravaged and helpless victims of the conflict. Above these appear the mouths of guns covered with the olive and laurel of peace, while below is suggested a grave dec-



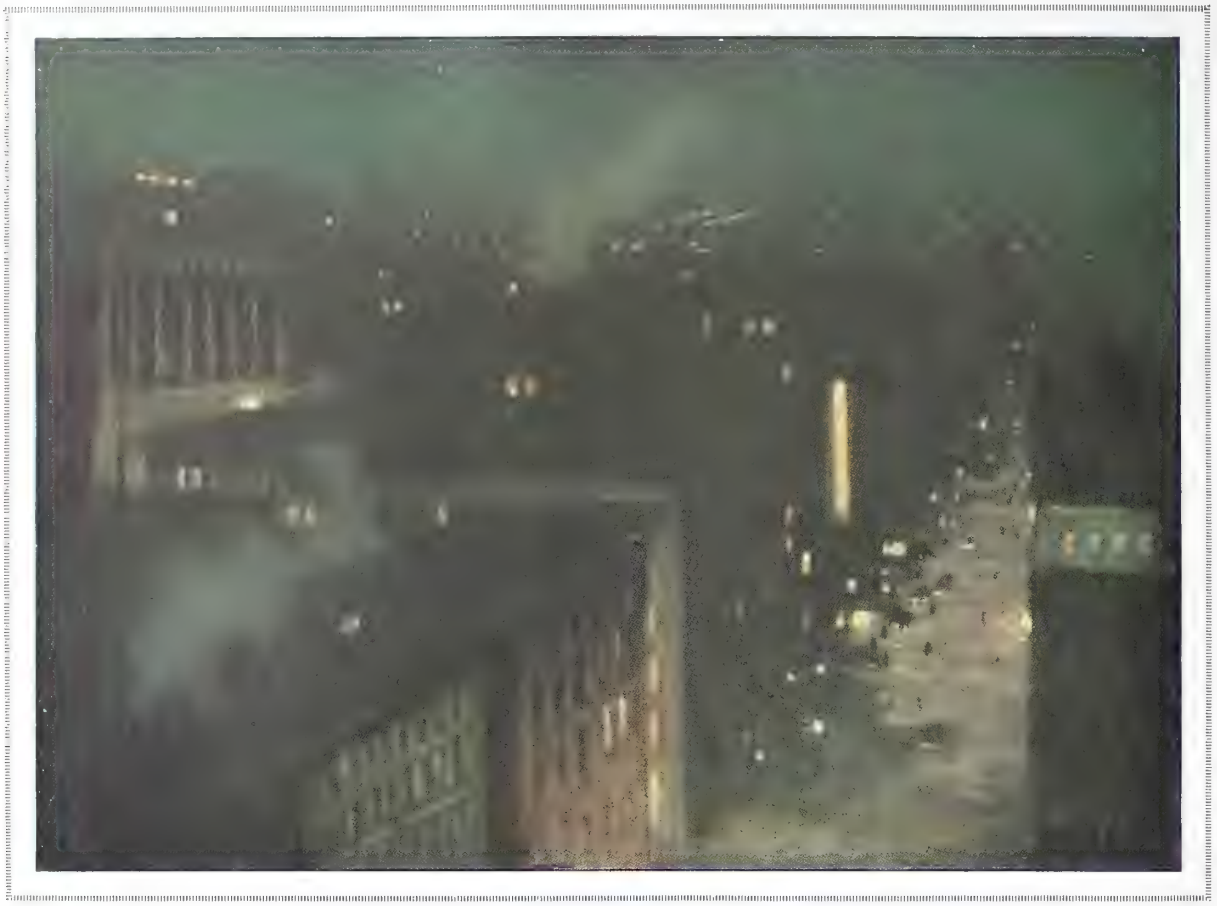
PANEL OF THE BELL MEMORIAL



GROUP FOR THE
SOUTH AFRICAN MEMORIAL—TORONTO
BY WALTER SEYMOUR ALLWARD

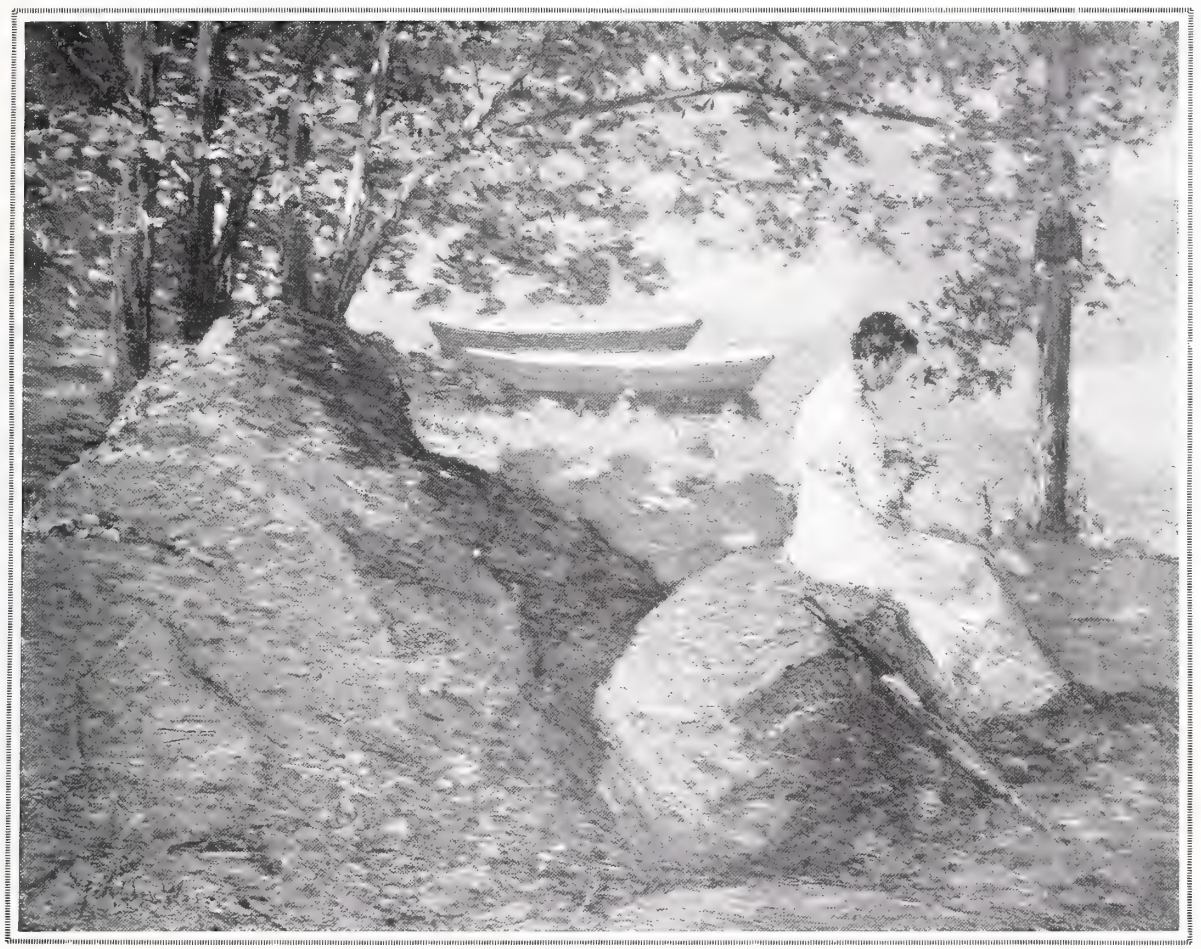
orated with helmet and accoutrements. At the end of the Wall of Defence majestic stairways lead to a higher level facing a still higher wall, and the spirit is carried upward until at the centre there is the sudden great uprush of two gigantic pylons, rising to a height of over a hundred feet, flanking the great central Field of Sacrifice wherein stands the Spirit of Sacrifice throwing the torch to his comrade. Looking up, these two symbolic figures behold the images of Peace, Justice, Knowledge and Truth, for which they fought, chanting the Hymn of Peace. Around these figures are the shields of Britain, France, Canada, etc. On the outer facets of the pylons is the Cross, while at the back are figures of the Mother and Child and other forms symbolizing humanity.

In its massiveness of conception and haunting grandeur of design the Memorial has been likened to the pyramids. It is expected to rank with the best memorials of the war; some think it will take a place with the great monuments of all time.



'NOCTURNE'

by



"ON THE SHORE" BY J. ALDEN WEIR

WEIR—*the* GREAT OBSERVER

To him and to Twachtman is due the credit for pointing America's way in landscape · · · by

F. NEWLIN PRICE

To travel in Connecticut when one knows the landscapes of J. Alden Weir is to find old friends waiting on every side—in the boulder-strewn hillside, in the giant oak that spreads its splendid limbs out over some rocky pasture, or in the gray barns melting into the silvery light of morning. A winding road fringed with weeds or golden rod has the familiarity of intimate acquaintance because Weir has already introduced us to its beauty and its charm. Like a hunter he explored all nature to bring back to us the precious note of some sylvan valley or rocky hill.

Weir was born August 30, 1852, at West Point, New York, where his father, Robert W. Weir, was instructor of art and drawing in the United States Military Academy. His early education was attended by many delightful episodes, completely demonstrating a thorough disregard for the necessities of book learning. The professor called to tutor the children of the Academy instructors reported to Robert Weir that his boys were doing well, Robert junior having a fine head for mathematics and showing great promise, and John being apt at history and rapidly acquiring a wonderful knowledge of that subject. He paused when he came to Julian, and finally said, "Julian—well, Julian is a great observer."

With this keenly interested observation and a delighted worship of nature dominating even his boyhood, it is not surprising that the work of his later years should reveal so deep a knowledge of whatever subject he undertook. His father's art world provided a rich background. Robert Weir was an artist of ability. The name of Weir would have had its place in the history of American art through his work alone. One of his paintings, "The Landing of the Pilgrims," appears to



"OVERHANGING BOUGH"
BY J. ALDEN WEIR

this day on an issue of United States five dollar notes. At the age of twenty-one, Weir went to Paris and studied under Jean Léon Jerôme at the Ecôle des Beaux Arts until 1877. His student days were filled with delight for he had the gift of endearing himself to a host of friends, who, out of their affection, called him "A young Greek god."

Returning to New York, his life and work became identified with all that was new and vital in American art. He was the center around which new societies drew together and his support proved the keystone of many a new movement for the betterment of American artistic expression.

His brother, Charles Weir, tells a story of those early days when the two were living at the old Benedict on Washington Square. They were returning from Coney Island one summer day, and, while the steamer was entering the harbor, were conversing with two young ladies. Julian (as his near friends called him) made some remark concerning his student life in Paris, when one of the young ladies exclaimed: "Oh, you are an artist. I must send my uncle over to see your work. He buys a lot of paintings."

The chance remark led to later developments, but in the meantime the two brothers were discussing their plans for the summer and Charles asked Julian what he intended to do.

"By Jove," said Julian, "I have eight hundred dollars—I'll sketch and enjoy myself."

But his eight hundred dollars were destined for other channels, for one day Charles discovered on his brother's easel a little painting that he had never seen before. Taxing Julian, he finally received the admission that it had just been purchased.

"By Jove, I found it in a little book store on Broadway and bought it."

"And how much have you left of your eight hundred dollars?"

"Oh, I paid six hundred dollars for the little still-life."

"And what about your summer?" came the reproach from brother Charles.

"That painting will be my summer," said Julian, and there the matter rested.

So, passing over a few weeks, there came to Weir's studio the uncle of the young lady, and while he looked at Weir's paintings, he discovered the little still-life and had eyes for nothing else. He must have it, and though he offered profit, Weir would not sell. But, when the summer was over, and on Thanksgiving Day the Weir family had gathered in Connecticut, Julian took Charles for a ride and showed him a farm at Branchville.

"See that old farm house and all the land? I got all this and my six hundred dollars for that little painting from the bookstore."

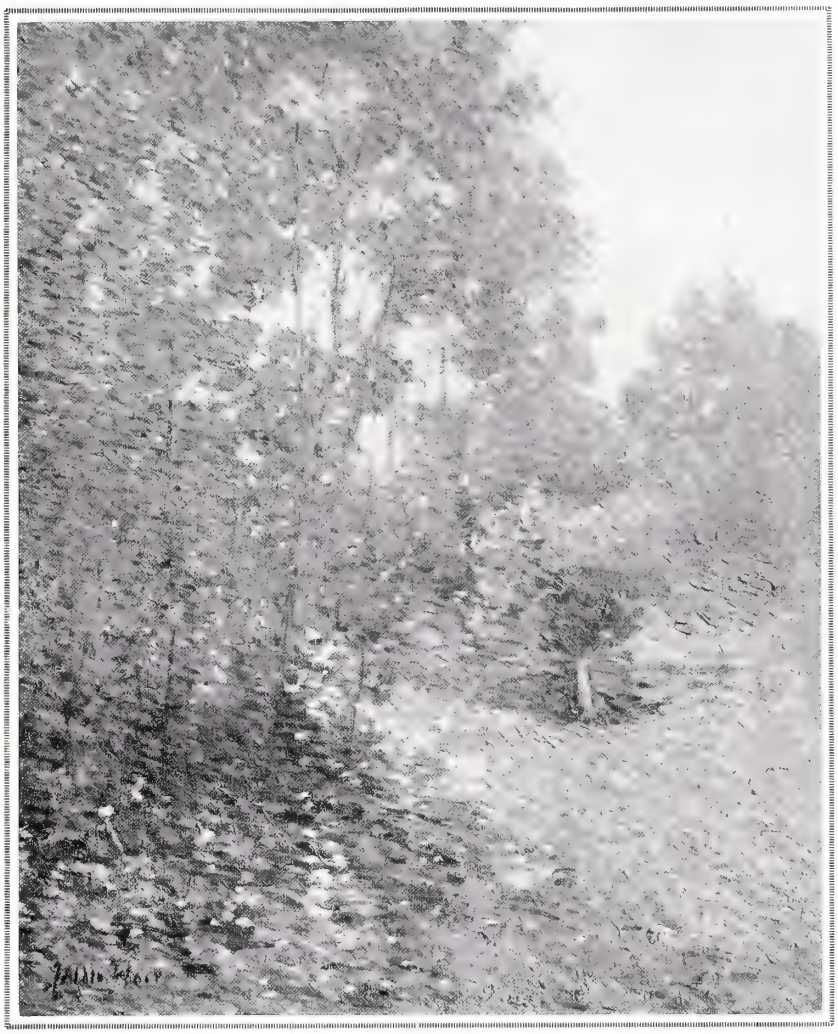
The man who bought the painting was Erwin Davis, for whom Weir afterward bought many things in Europe, notably Bastien-Lepage's "Joan of Arc," which is today in the Metropolitan Museum. It was Weir's perfect judgment that brought to this country for Mr. Marquand, who bequeathed them also to the Metropolitan,

Manet's "The Boy with the Sword" and the "Girl and Parrot." At that time he was offered Whistler's "Mother" and the famous "Carlisle" for fifteen hundred dollars, but was instructed to get the Rembrandt "Man with a Black Hat" and wait for young Whistler to "arrive."

Of his own work of this period is "Jeune Fille," that little head of a French peasant girl, so exquisitely beautiful that it might well have been an upturned face of an angel from some dream; "The Muse of Music," "The Good Samaritan"—all these dating from before 1893. Followed his "Summer Pastime," "Elinor," "Knitting for the Soldiers," "The Donkey Ride," "The Green Bodice," "The Gentlewoman," and "Miss De L—," all splendid and fine figure paintings. The spirit of his work was that of a gentleman of breeding and refinement. The late Kenyon Cox once wrote of his manner of portraiture:

"It is so that one might wish one's wife or sister painted—neither idealized nor made a protest for cleverness, but studied with attention and respect for the expression of such beauty of person or character as might exist."

For an illustration, writes W. L. Carrigan, of his approach and aim in portraiture, "it need only be stated that, after viewing an exhibition of portraits by Raeburn, his comment was that they were 'likenesses not portraits.'" And with due respect to Raeburn, however more gifted he was with ease of expression, placed alongside of Weir he will appear superficial. Here we approach that sense of size, particularly the sense of human size, in his portraits; the look of justness, rightness, comfort of view, of being at ease with ease. His people remain exactly where they belong in their frames; "obedient to the light," they hold the precise quantity of it for the distance expressed. The color, the tone, the light, the size, the exact measure of the distance in all these are qualities of proportion exquisitely adjusted by instinct.



"THE SUNSET"
BY J. ALDEN WEIR

Compared with most contemporary portraiture Weir's will be discovered to be of human size and thoroughly alive. He himself probably would have claimed that this is all due to the adjustment of the background of the head. In the portrait of his brother, Colonel Weir, the background turns upon the tones of grey yellow: and so exactly is it expressed in tone and distance back of the head, that only one long struggling with such a problem will be able to understand the superb accomplishment of that background. R. M. A. Stevenson points to Velasquez's "faun colored backgrounds of extreme simplicity." The chief glory of the "extreme simplicity" is the exactness with which they are tuned to the head and figure. However, though this problem of beauty may not interest all painters, it interests all of fine sight and feeling—all who are willing to labor in order fully to express what interests them.

In his landscapes Weir adopted the methods of the Impressionists, and there was an exhibition in which he participated with Twachtman, Monet



"ELINOR"
BY J. ALDEN WEIR

and Bernard. With Twachtman, Weir became the channel through which American landscape painting received the impetus that places it in so high a position today. Rodin wrote: "There is in America a renaissance of landscape painting equalled only by the Italian Renaissance in architecture." It was of such importance that even now few Americans appreciate its full significance. Royal Cortissoz says of his landscapes: "Weir recognized by instinct the perfect work of art. He painted the figure in fine adequacy as he drew it in his few etchings. When he turned to landscapes he added to that adequacy the charm of his figure paintings. When he painted one of these landscapes of his he gave it the delicate visionary loveliness of a dream, yet he left the picture the unmistakable portrait of a place." "Pan and the Wolf," "Three Trees," "The Red Bridge," "The Factory Village," and that amazing "Building of the Dam"—in these is evident that quality of a dream.

Although there came a flood-time of honors (from 1900 to his death in 1919), with the National Government appointing him on its Commission of Fine Arts, and with the National Academy electing him to its presidency (1915-1919) and with gold and silver medals coming from Paris, St. Louis, San Francisco, the Chicago Art Institute, the Corcoran Gallery at Washington, the Carnegie at Pittsburgh and the Pennsylvania Academy, still only a few had really appreciated the distinguished, gentle, fine art of J. Alden Weir. But here and there among the gentlefolk of America you will find a painting of roses by Weir that will compel you to pause and worship at the shrine where Weir bowed down in reverence of the beautiful.

It was seldom that his own work seemed to him adequate. He would say, "Pretty good," when he liked his work. I remember a very beautiful portrait I once saw in the old Tenth Street studio. I was enjoying it tremendously when he said, "Oh, that! By Jove, they gave me a gold medal on it, and as soon as it got back I saw what was wrong with it and scraped it down. I'll fix it some of these days." It was true, he had scraped it down smooth as ivory. On the other hand, though he criticised his own work without mercy, he always found something good to say of a young artist's efforts, and many of them owed to him even more substantial support than praise.

Many stories are told of Weir and Twachtman; how Weir tried to sell Twachtman's paintings to a Fifth Avenue dealer who held his hands aloft and exclaimed, "Why doesn't he paint beautiful fields with flowers in the foreground and a brook rushing over pebbles? Why does he paint such dismal swamps?"

Of his youthful idol, Bastien-Lepage, Weir once wrote: "I see in all his work that observation and individual rendering of whatever he undertook, that made him one of the first men of his time, and when speaking of his work I include all

of it, both early and late. He was uneven at times, and sometimes failed entirely; yet who but mediocre men do not make failures? He who dares and fails is often greater than he who enjoys popular renown. Bastien certainly had the courage of his convictions, and dared to dare.

"Bastien enjoyed out-of-doors nature, both in art and in life. The peasants in the fields were among his earliest observations. His impressions were keen and strong, and he admired and respected the laborer who tilled the soil. The subjects he chose were closely observed, but from a different viewpoint from those painters who had preceded him. Prettiness and daintiness of form or feature he put aside for the beauty that lies in the individuality and character of the peasant. His mind was not biased by the traditional; he put down clearly that which he observed, producing the impression at times of an almost scientific tendency in his art."



"THE LETTER"
BY J. ALDEN WEIR

More than one great artist has said that night is too difficult for him to paint, as impossible as electric light. Yet Weir painted night. The glory of its beauty is in "The Hunter's Moon," "The Coon Hunt," "Moonlight and Lantern Light," the "Nocturne from the Plaza," sparkling and colorful, and "The Shadow of My Studio." Ryder and Blakelock knew with him the poetry and mystery of night. Certain it is that in his canvases are the charm of the stillness of the day long gone, and night nestled over the gently active city, or a woodland at rest. There is music in the night air, youth, and refreshing revery—and Weir took it up tenderly, lovingly, and gave us the glorious color of its witching hours, its sparkle in the city, and the silver glow of moonlight over the countryside. Perhaps in the long solitude of his fishing trips, when night was his only companion and he waited long for the bass to bite, his observing mind learned deep facts. But whatever the source of his understanding, his nocturnes are like Riley's "nights that come down the dark pathway of dusk; with stars in their tresses, and odors of musk in their moon-woven raiments—bespangled with dews and looped up with lilies, for lovers to use in songs that they sing."

It is already claimed for Weir that he is "a man for the ages." His paintings, scattered over the country like a deposit of fine gold, are not for hurrying, rushing, thoughtless enthusiasts, but for those who can discern the genuine and the real. With his keen perception he saw through the mists of hurry and haste to the eternal verities lying back of them for only the wise and reverent to discover, and because his own devotion to the beautiful and true burned like some sacred fire before an altar, his art will forever be an inspiration to all those who are also stirred by beauty and by truth.

[*Illustrations by courtesy of the Milch Galleries and the Ferargil Gallery, New York*]



A SCENE OF STATELY BEAUTY

Formal arrangement of water on the estate of Charles M. Schwab in the Alleghanies

Charles Wellford Leavitt, landscape engineer : Paul Manship, sculptor



INFORMAL TREATMENT OF WATER-ROCKERY ON ESTATE OF E. T. BEDFORD, GREENS FARMS, CONNECTICUT
Built by Wadley & Smythe

FORMAL *and* INFORMAL GARDENS

The art of man makes nature yield classic stateliness or lively romance · · · by

HANNA TACHAU

THOSE of us who indulge in dreams have visions of some day owning a garden. Sometimes it appears to us perfected—glorious in its completeness—again it eludes us with transient glimpses of a thing half fulfilled. But those of us who want a garden—a really live and tangible one, must awake from dreams and face realities, for however beguiling and fascinating her ways, a garden is a stern task mistress who makes inexorable demands.

And so we must look to the material we have at hand—the size, the shape, the natural resources of our grounds, before we can justly decide what kind of a garden we can hope to achieve, for the house and the countryside are the real arbiters of the garden design. As these vary in form and dimensions, so our gardens must adapt themselves to them in size and shape, and will assume an important role, or be content to act as a simple background for an unpretentious house. For withal, there must be a harmony and unity between the house and garden just as an individual should reveal something of his personality in the garments he wears.

Though the scope of garden planning is wonderfully elastic—and this is one of its greatest charms—we can, broadly speaking, narrow the type of its design down to two styles, the informal or picturesque (or, if we so wish to call it, the romantic garden) and the formal or classic. Their very names reveal their intentions. The classic garden became the true expression of the times, and reached its highest perfection, when stately houses and splendid estates invited and demanded ceremonious living. The fashion was to entertain much out of doors, and the garden was designed as a fitting background not only for the palace, the baronial hall or spacious villa, but for the formal fêtes and garden parties which took place in the open. The landscape architect was thus given splendid opportunities for displaying in his plans all he knew of balance,



STEPS TREATED IN A FORMAL MANNER—VISTA ON THE ESTATE OF ROBERT S. BREWSTER, MT. KISCO, NEW YORK
Designed by Delano & Aldrich; planted by Wadley & Smythe

proportion and unity, and some of the wonderful old gardens of Italy, and later of France and England, still bear evidence of the finely conceived arrangement and carefully considered effects that made possible their final accomplishment. They still reap the benefits of intelligent planning.

When the plans of the formal garden are faithfully carried out, each architectual detail carefully balancing some prearranged natural effect, the completed garden finds its perfection in a comparatively short time. It needs then only to be cared for and maintained. Its studied care precludes all possibilities for nature to reveal caprices, nor can she recklessly devise surprises of her own —for the carefully clipped hedges, formal paved walks, immaculate lawns and correctly arranged flowers, all are made to appear in orderly array.

But even here there is ever present the beauty and the varying mood of light and color that come with the changing seasons, and there is the evanescent charm that time alone can give to the texture of stone and brick and wood, and the luxuriance of growth that the years can bring to trees and shrubbery. And unless there is a true partnership between architect and nature, and unless they work harmoniously together, nothing fine can be achieved, for though man can play the guide, nature must graciously respond and bring to fruition his plans and fancies.

In the beginning of the eighteenth century more democratic ideals of life came to take the place of the older formalities and living became simpler and less artificial. This new impulse was immediately expressed in what was known as the romantic movement in landscape gardening, which grew out of the desire to turn direct to nature for inspiration, to try to capture her mystery and beauty and bring them to one's very doors. The result was that gardens became spots of rural loveliness that gave no hint that man's cunning devised their plan. The romantic garden is as definitely the result of a carefully studied design as are the more elaborate and more apparent effects of the formal. It is difficult for the layman to believe this, because in the formal we can, almost from the beginning, see the designer's intent, while the informal garden is slow to unfold its scheme.

In planning such a garden, much depends upon what the grounds have to offer, whether the country is flat or hilly, or whether it possesses rocks and water and fine old trees; for every inherent bit of beauty the place offers is utilized and made the most of. But what is not there can be artificially introduced, so that an illusion is created whose glamor affords one much the same thrill that one experiences in the spontaneous heart of the woods. Perhaps the maker of an informal or picturesque garden receives his greatest homage when some one viewing it for the first time, excited by its sylvan loveliness exclaims,

"This is God-made; surely no mere man has had his hand in creating this!" And yet not only is man capable of enhancing and emphasizing what nature provides, but his craft enables him to transform barren, flat surfaces into delightful garden spots that defy recognition of their early state. But when there are some natural points of interest ready at hand, such as a glade, a brook, a clump of trees or a group of rugged rocks, they may be used as a nucleus from which to work out a garden scheme. And this gives each garden an individuality of its own, and presents problems so varied in their requirements, that both the architect and the owner have wide scope for displaying to the fullest both their taste and their practical ingenuity.



STEPS TREATED IN AN INFORMAL OR PICTURESQUE MANNER
GARDEN OF F. E. DRURY, CLEVELAND, OHIO
Courtesy of Vitale, Brinckerhoff & Geiffert, landscape architects

Much of the success of a garden design—whether it be of the formal or informal type—depends upon the treatment of the various elements that go to make up the garden as a whole. Water, paths, architectural features, boundaries, practical requirements and all other details must be considered. Each must be treated as of importance, yet so dealt with that a balance is maintained and none will obtrude itself and become too dominant in the scheme as a whole.

Water has infinite possibilities, and lends itself graciously to all types of gardens. The architect never tires of studying its varied effects and he has learned how to gain animation, sparkle, and a certain joyousness by introducing foaming, dancing water, or producing scenic grandeur by the splendor of thundering cascades or the sweet languor of repose by the murmur of running water. And his knowledge must further include that of the engineer in managing pipes and drains and that of the artist in realizing that color and sound are an essential part of the magic he wields.

In a formal treatment, the shapes of closed-in silent pools and the varied mouldings for stone basins are influenced by the design of their surroundings. Often the hard lines of copings are softened by the introduction of vines or they may be edged with reeds or aquatic plants. If the line is to be accentuated, grass is grown up to the very edge of the coping. With the motor power we now possess, it is not difficult to re-utilize water again and again, and so make possible the feeding of fountains, whose tall, slender sprays reach upward to the sky and whose waters flow back again into a basin that stands ready to catch each glistening drop.

Still pools of water can be carefully planned, keeping in mind their surroundings, their depth, their color beneath the water, the necessary height of the bank and the selection of trees and foliage that will produce the most interesting color reflections. Small lakes with islands planted in their centers, with groups of trees stationed like sentinels to produce a desired effect, wall fountains, and sculpture, all are part of the material utilized in building the formal garden. The aim of



IN A WORLD OF ROMANCE

A little picturesque lake made wholly by the hand of man
Estate of L. V. Lockwood, Riverside, Connecticut

Courtesy of Vitale, Brinckerhoff & Geiffert, landscape architects



FORMAL VISTA WITH FORMAL PLANTING—ESTATE OF BRADLEY MARTIN, WESTBURY, LONG ISLAND (FORMERLY THE H. P. DURYEA ESTATE)
Courtesy of Wadley & Smythe, landscape architects

The informal garden, on the other hand, is to hide all traces of boundaries and restraints. A brook or pool may be built by artificial means, but moss and rocks are used as nature would use them. Banks reveal no restraining walls, and plants and flowers are introduced that naturally grow in or near water. Here again, the contour of a body of water, though apparently the offspring of nature's whim, is carefully studied and made to fit in with the plan, just as in the formal garden. With a knowledge of perspective, it can be made to give the impression of great spaces with glimpses of woodland beyond, when in reality the ground it occupies may cover an area which is surprisingly small.

Water when restrained can be utilized to form lakes or pools for reflection, which have a distinct decorative effect. But water in motion captivates the imagination, stirs life to vivacity and animation as no one other element is capable of doing. Water makes possible the bringing within our vision of fish and other little creatures whose existence adds interest to our own, and it proves a strong attraction to birds that bathe in its shallow pools and hover about in its misty coolness. A quiet pool offers a mirror to the trees and sky and repeats their forms anew at every angle. When its surface is ruffled by the wind there is the fascination of rhythmic motion in the ripple after ripple with which it beats against its margin. Or if it flows in a slender stream, it seems to give especial character to the surrounding trees and flowers. We would do well to follow the precepts of the Italians, who perhaps best understood the possibilities and mastery of water. They built their villas high up where mountain streams were plentiful, and they utilized this supply with consummate skill. They believed that water was the life, the fundamental element, the most beautiful ornament a garden could possess, and they used it in its every form to create the most original and the most entrancing water-gardens in the world.

Grim Symbolism in New "Danse Macabre"



"DEATH MARCHES" BY PERCY SMITH

Terribly he keeps step with the serried ranks



"DEATH PONDERS" BY PERCY SMITH

Amid desolation he takes thought of man's destiny



"DEATH WAITS" BY PERCY SMITH

A Modern "DANCE OF DEATH"

Percy Smith's series of grim and terrible etchings based on the starkness of 1914-1918

PERCY SMITH, in some notes he set down in relation to the seven etched plates entitled "The Dance of Death: 1914–1918," wrote "The function of Art is to keep alive the spirit of great happenings." And he continued, "whether these happenings were pleasant or unpleasant to humanity, whether the happenings created unhappiness or happiness, is not the point."

With this as an art faith, it is natural that this young English etcher should have chosen Death as the theme of his soldier experiences in Belgium and France between 1915 and 1917; for the enormous lists of fatalities are the overwhelming "spirit of great happenings" left to us by the World War. Moreover the Macaber element in art, that was born of the all-pervading association with the idea of death due to the horrors of the Hundred Years' War and the Black Plague, has a recurrence after every great conflict in one form or another.

In common with every artist who has employed this "death motive," as operatic commentators style it, Mr. Smith has combined the literal with the imaginative in his plates. His soldiers are the men of the British and, in one instance, the German armies. They are the men he saw in the trenches, in dugouts, on the march. They are as matter-of-fact as soldiers always are. And always they are moving to the measures, sounding in their ears, sung by Death for his unending dance.

Above all else man's terror of death pervades these plates, it is their dominating emotion. Although the artist makes no pretensions of preaching or advancing any views, in theme his etchings are powerful and grim arguments against wars. It is the feeling of the inescapable hand of Death that makes this artist's compositions so vivid, so realistic, so compelling in their Macaber quality.

The sense of Death's arrestive moments is to be noted in the print "Death Forbids," when the skeleton with hood thrown back puts out an admonitory hand. His compelling, forward-going

Etcher's "Death" Shows Terrible Caprice



"DEATH FORBIDS" BY PERCY SMITH

Not man's will but Death's own is master here



"DEATH REFUSES" BY PERCY SMITH

When he is indifferent, his cruelty is keenest



"DEATH INTOXICATED"
BY PERCY SMITH

power is present in "Death Marches," the figure swathed in its robes, the serried ranks of squads bent in their effort to reach the goal their invisible commander has set for them. Most impressive of all, for sheer gripping power and horror, is the "Death Awed," Death halting his dance long enough to contemplate the most repulsive fruits of his work, shocked into a momentary attitude of infinite regret for the desolation he has wrought.

But, in the artist's perceptions and interpretations of the Dance, this is only momentary. In the succeeding print we see that "Death Refuses" the boon of his release for the suffering, wounded men in the trench. Again "Death Ponders" beside the prone figure of an infantryman on the battlefield, shrouded, mysterious, portentous of restrained power to blast another life forever. "Death Waits" reveals the figure, amidst barbed-wire entanglements, meditating in grisly silence over what new terrors he may bring to his human devotees. And finally he is seen as "Death Intoxicated," himself dancing in ghoulish glee, the most real of all the apparitions Mr. Smith has created in the average man's conception of Death in relation to War. Here the "Dance of Death" becomes reality. He dances, intoxicated, and the poised bayonet of the soldier indicates he shall presently drink again.

It has been said of this artist that he "appears to have freed himself from the tradition of Holbein," the reference being to the wonderful series of drawings that Holbein did in 1538 for the prints generally known as the "Dance of Death." This is true in the sense that there is no humor in Mr. Smith's series of etchings, nor occasional satire as in the work of the greatest of all creators of this form of pictorial symbolism.

But Holbein's terrible realism may be noted here. It is suggested in the details of the shell-blasted trees in "Death Forbids"; in the details of the soldiers' uniforms in "Death Marches"; in the duck-boards and that ghastly pair of flesh-filled boots in "Death Awed." Again we see this realism in the huddled soldiers and the trench-ladder in "Death Refuses"; in the dreary, shell-torn earth in "Death Ponders"; and in the wire-entanglements of "Death Waits." If Mr. Smith had not introduced these details of realism into his compositions they would not move us as they do. Death would then be a mere abstraction and not the tragic companion of Mars the artist sets before us.

"Subject does not really matter in Art," Mr. Smith observes, "so long as the truth is in it, and



"DEATH AWED"
BY PERCY SMITH

the people's memory must be constantly re-awakened if they are to gain by experiences. By being reminded of the truth of a great happening and what men went through, people ought to be inspired to a greater imaginative sympathy with humanity in general, and I hope to make my art a true revealer and interpreter of humanity."

Surely no one can study these prints without being inspired "to a greater imaginative sympathy with humanity in general" and particularly for the men who figured in "The Dance of Death: 1914–1918." It is seldom that an artist achieves so successfully, so completely, his conception as Percy Smith has done here, nor with such a simplicity of method. For his technical processes are of the simplest, everywhere shunning effect merely for effect's sake, working only to one end, to make his plates a pictorial and imaginative epic of the "great happenings" of the war in which he suffered and endured with millions of his fellows.

It is also no small measure of accomplishment for so young a man, an artist who has been concerned with advancing the art of lettering (which requires marked precision for its best effects), that these plates do not show the influence of any school. Since their appeal is universal, Mr. Smith has kept himself free of every limitation, gaining the feeling of universality thereby, naturally and directly.

The fact that his figures are chiefly those of British soldiers does not lessen this effect. In the United States, in Germany or in Russia, this series will have as profound an appeal, as direct and positive a reaction, as in England itself. This conviction is inescapable for the reason that the subject is one of world-wide appeal to the sense of awe and mystery always awakened by the contemplation of death. It is another proof of the impression these plates have made that they should be linked with a fame so great as that of Holbein's. He set the seal of his imagination on his work and created a tradition that artists since have tried to emulate with scant success. But Mr. Smith's creative ability places his work in a more triumphant category.

If the terrors set down by Percy Smith were not true, men would not go to war seen through the tear-dimmed eyes of those who love them. The art that functions in "The Dance of Death" serves to "keep alive the spirit of great happenings."

[*Illustrations courtesy of Greatorex Gallery, London*]



AMONG THE HILLS

by

Samuel Palmer



"BOATS, ST. TROPEZ (1914)" BY SAMUEL HALPERT

SAMUEL HALPERT—Post-Impressionist

He turned from emphasis on color and light to emphasis on form, and found beauty · · by

HELEN COMSTOCK

EARLY in his career Samuel Halpert made a discovery which others made before him but which comes to each artist as something of a revelation. This discovery was simply that schools were not teaching him art. He came to feel so strongly the futility of all instruction that he left the Beaux Arts, when he had been in Paris for only a short time, and proceeded to follow where his own creative fancy led. He is largely self-taught, though the expression is an anomaly in suggesting a process of instruction entirely from within oneself. Rather it means the ability to look back into the past, without outside guidance, and assimilate what is significant and essential. The true artist needs no interpreter between himself and the masters who have gone before. Neither does he need anyone to dissect or analyze nature for him. If he has eyes to see he will see all the more clearly in using them for himself. Halpert is such a one. The individuality evident in all he does is only the result of an inner strength of vision which impels him to see things for himself, and find his own manner of expressing them.

In 1902, during the young American's first visit to Paris, the Impressionists were still at the height of their influence, and it was natural that he should have entered heartily into their methods. Men like Monet and Pissarro, who were absorbed in the inter-relation of light and color, appealed to his imagination and for a time he painted in their manner. And when he, like others among the moderns, saw and accepted the revolutionizing ideas which Cézanne was proclaiming on every canvas, he took with him into the new field the palette of the Impressionists. All progress includes a fusion of much that has gone before, and in their development the Post-Impressionists have welded together certain elements from the past. They have looked upon the art of El Greco and the primitives from a new point of view and have



"MADISON SQUARE (1919)"
BY SAMUEL HALPERT

learned much about organization and form, and they give credit to the Impressionists for their knowledge of color. But their eclecticism ends here; by far the greater portion of their art is their own and is the expression of definite ideas regarding structure and volume—an expression which in its determination to get at the heart of things is typical of the spirit of the times in which we live.

The years between 1907 and 1911 Halpert spent in Italy and France. In Rome and Florence he came into a deeper appreciation and understanding of Giorgione and El Greco. He found the simplicity and austerity of the primitives singularly appealing, while the sincerity of their approach to nature struck a responsive chord. During this period the artist was rapidly finding himself. He sent his pictures to the Salon d'Automne and, being represented there during the five requisite years, became a member in 1911.

Like many of the other young artists whom Cézanne inspired, he accepted the great Frenchman's premises only as the foundation on which



"A TOWN IN PORTUGAL (1915)"
BY SAMUEL HALPERT

to build the structure of his own art. He has looked for himself at the aspect of things and found his own mode of expression. What he says is what he feels, and this is a supreme quality in art.

Halpert paints a landscape as one who has grasped something about its form as an entirety. It is not pieced together—a hill here, a group of houses there, a patch of sky overhead—but all these things are felt in so subtle a relation as to be a unit. He looks into the heart of the countryside and sees its bones and muscles, so to speak. In this kind of perception lies the ability to organize, and also the knowledge of what is essential in line and color. His understanding of essentials gives his simplification of form a firm and reasonable basis. There is nothing haphazard about it. He simply keeps his original conception of volume and structure clear before him while he builds into his picture only what embodies his impression. Detail is employed only as it is significant.

Among the pictures illustrated here, "A Town in Portugal" was painted in 1915, during a third trip to Europe, and "Madison Square" four years later. Both are strong, adequate, satisfying. And yet if the two are placed side by side and studied, now one and then the other, for any length of time, it is the later picture that finally wins the greater share of attention. There is something about those converging streets with their lines of automobiles that is a magnet to the eye. The heart of the picture is there. The surrounding buildings are felt rather than seen, and by simplifying their form the artist has maintained his emphasis at a chosen point. While each building is not rendered with architectural exactness, there is something decidedly architectural about the whole. It is built according to principles which organize a picture and give it unity and stability. The result is a distinct impression of related objects rather than a disjoined succession of detail. In this its simplification makes it truer to fact than if it were crowded with photographic data; for since it is possible for us to receive only one impression at a time, we do not see the street and its automobiles, the grass and walks of the Square, and the adjoining buildings simultane-



"HER FIRST BOOK OF LESSONS (1921)"
BY SAMUEL HALPERT

ously and with the same clarity with which we would see first one and then the other. And yet we do have a very vivid impression which embodies all these things and focuses at a certain point. The picture is a record of such an impression and has eliminated everything extraneous to it.

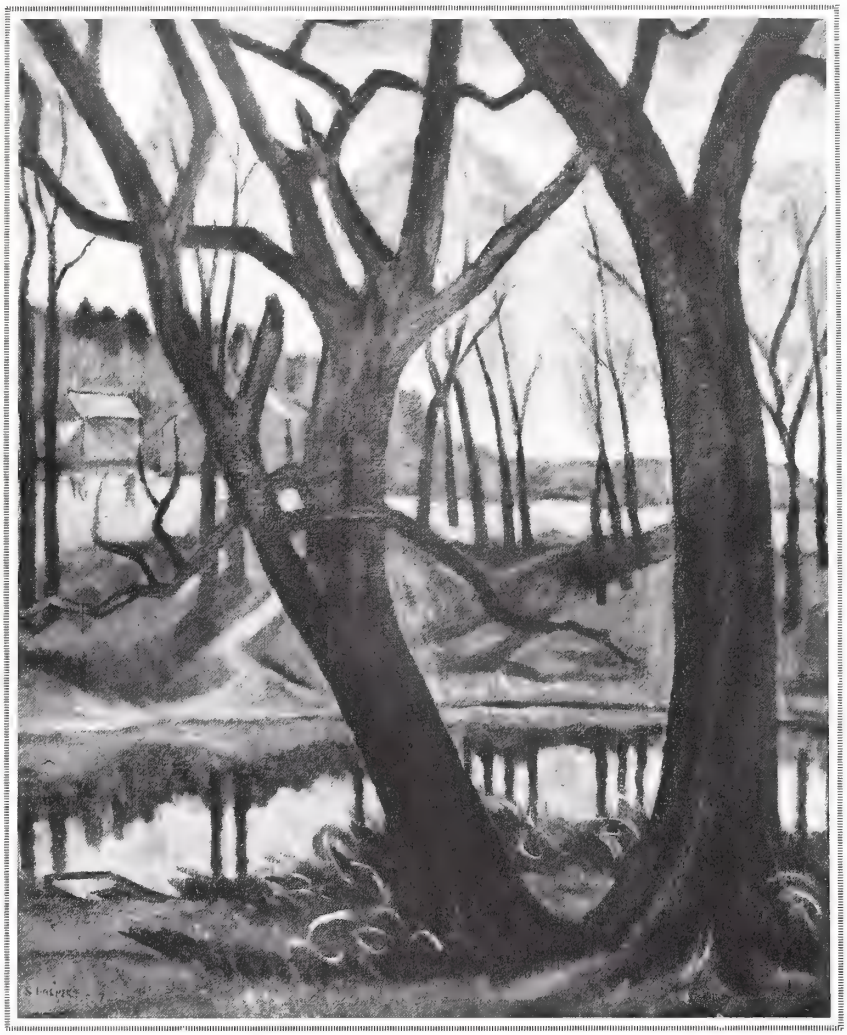
But "A Town in Portugal" is not to be belittled. It is splendidly executed. The sense of structure is maintained throughout. One feels the mass and solidity of the hill, the actual construction of each building that climbs up its slope toward the church which crowns it. Again the architectural element is evident. It is a picture over whose roofs it is a delight to let the eye wander. Lines and planes are well balanced and true. There is a very decided rhythmic ascent toward the summit. What it lacks as compared with the former picture is simply the quality the artist has been gaining of late years. It is not that the picture is weak in any sense; but the artist has grown stronger.

Consider "Among the Hills," reproduced in color. How great a feeling of oneness there is in it. It is an integral thing although composed of various parts. It is woven, or rather knit together, in an indissoluble basic unity. Its beauty has a lyric appeal, and it is because Halpert infuses a a landscape with what he feels about it that it is so profoundly moving. In this it is evident how ingratiatingly he can employ color. He manifests a keen response to its values without allowing it to swerve him from his purpose. He does not see color as an end in itself, but he does see form through color, and the two thus become united, each factor adding to the expressiveness of the other.

In his latest work, notably in the interiors and in the still life subjects which formed an interesting part of his recent exhibition in New York, he employs an unusual palette without being swayed unduly by a love of warmth and brilliance, or carried away by the possibilities of some original and striking color scheme. One feels that he sees clear and true, with everything in its proper relation. It is because of this that he can handle all the detail of an interior with so much success. "Her First Book of Lessons," which has just been acquired by the Detroit Museum, is a case in point. Color has been handled here with remarkable power. The story it tells is not of a pleasing patchwork of brilliant hues, but of the form of things, the table and chair, the flaming gladiolas and green hills. The longer one looks at it the more evident it becomes just how subtle its lines are, how satisfying its balance and how strongly organized its elements of design.

In "Boats, St. Tropez," line leads into line, preserving simplicity in the midst of intricacy. The reasons for its persuasive appeal lie so deep in its very structure that one realizes its balance and power without desiring to analyze the cause of it. It is enough that its construction is such as to give genuine aesthetic pleasure. Because of

the simplification of design these criss-crossing lines never pall. Since only the essentials of form are placed on the canvas, the scope can be much broader. The pictures never seem to be crowded or confused or tiring to the imagination. Each successive sail leading away into the distance with always another one just beyond guides the eye on and on with as near a suggestion of the limitless as is possible to give in terms of the painter's art. The picture becomes wonderfully complete in itself becauseof its escape from the limitations which impose themselves on the artist. It has the effect of not stopping at the boundaries of the canvas, but its hills stretch beyond the horizon, there are other boats than these just ahead, and the shore suggests its line upon line of houses. It is not like a piece which is cut out of something, ending definitely at this point and that, but it carries with it the key to the whole of which it is only a part.



"TREES (1917)"
BY SAMUEL HALPERT

"Interior (1920)" shows its strength of composition even in a black and white reproduction, but it should, of course, be seen in the original to appreciate the part which color plays in Halpert's art. Of such pictures as this, it is not indulging in mere words to say that the artist has seen form and color as one. His painting is not simply a tinted drawing, using color only for effectiveness. Nor does it represent the other extreme in which color is used for its own sake, with the forms whose outlines it takes being no more than vehicles for the glowing pigment. It is in the appreciation of the complementary relation of form and color that the significance of a picture by Halpert lies.

Herein is a distinguishing characteristic of modern art. It desires to deal with these two fundamentals of painting in a way which shall do justice to both. For heretofore either one idea or the other has dominated. The painters of the Renaissance were interested in the first of the two—form—and became so proficient in the treatment of it that, after Rubens, nothing more remained except to echo what had already been expressed. The opportunity for further growth had ended in supreme attainment. In later times Constable, Turner and Delacroix ushered in a naturalistic era so far as color and light were concerned, and Manet, Monet, Pissarro and Renoir carried their work to a conclusion as definite, in turn, as did Rubens the ideas which inspired the painters of an earlier period. So the second cycle ended and again artists were faced with the necessity for finding new ideas if they did not wish to remain imitators. For in order that art shall be vital and meaningful it must concern itself with ideas that have never before been perfectly expressed. Once they have been voiced it is essential to find new fields, new problems, new principles.

The artists of today heard the herald of the new order in Cézanne. He showed them that there still remained something that the masters of the past had never done—the relating of form and color in a manner which should emphasize the true



"INTERIOR (1920)"
BY SAMUEL HALPERT

significance of each. Taking this as their goal, they have set enthusiastically about their task. They feel themselves pioneers in a great movement, the forerunners of those who shall say for them what Rubens and Renoir did for the men who preceded them. Who they will be may not be for this generation to see, but they will be greater than either for they will combine the most notable achievements of both.

Art today is thrilling with creative strength. It desires to say what has never been said before, and it is not afraid that its first words may be crude and ineffectual. It knows that it will gain fluency of expression with time, for it knows what it would say. Among the moderns who are working quietly and determinedly toward this end, Samuel Halpert holds a definite place. He stands among the forefront of the Americans who are perfecting an adequate mode of expression for modern art. His outstanding characteristic is vitality. His art is living, growing.

Here is an artist who has something to say out of his own experience. He is unbiased, open minded, sane. His pictures suggest that back of each has been a very decided vision, a grasp of something significant about his subject that came with the flash of inspiration. It is as though his mind were open to sudden impressions of form and structure, light and color that spoke a definite message to him. His pictures do not look as though they had been arranged to order; they have not been assembled. Whatever is there is there because it belongs, because in the nature of things it is inevitable. He is gaining the increased ease of expression which comes with time and devotion. He is not losing the inspiration which came to him from Cézanne. But since the idea which one receives from another becomes one's own with the use of it, so it is futile to lay too much stress on what Halpert has received from the great recluse from the south of France or from any one else. The influences which shaped his art originally have been assimilated, fused, and the expression which is his today is entirely his own.

[*Photographs by courtesy of the Krausbaar Galleries and the Daniel Gallery, New York*]

Why Japan Collects WESTERN ART



Nation wants to study our taste so as to manufacture salable goods for our markets · · · by

WILLARD SLATER

THIS article could be written so as to abound in fine phrases about international art sympathies and the coming together of the arts of the Occident and the Orient, through the recognition by the foremost minds of Japan of the value of Western culture. Instead, I am impelled to set down my actual impressions of the real meaning of the great Museum of Occidental Art which is soon to rise on the slopes of a hill overlooking the Bay of Tokio and in sight of the famous mountain of Fujiyama.

Larger and more comprehensive than any other museum in the world will be this repository of the finer creations of the Western mind. It will cover ten acres, and, in the words of Kojiro Matsukata, its promoter, it will be greater in size and in the content and variety of exhibits than the Luxembourg and the Tate Gallery combined, and will be more thoroughly representative of Occidental genius than either or both, for "it will know no boundary lines, but will comprise works of art expressive of the civilizations of the Western peoples beginning three thousand years before Christ and coming down to the present day." Mr. Matsukata is the son of Marquis Matsukata, who helped overthrow the Shogunate in 1868, and who has twice been Premier of Japan and is now one of the five Elder Statesmen of the Imperial Household. In the course of the last five years Mr. Matsukata has acquired thousands of paintings, sculptures and other works at a cost of millions of dollars, and he has now approved the designs of Frank Brangwyn, the English artist, for the great edifice in which to house them.

I went to see Mr. Matsukata when he was in New York to get him to talk about his plans, and was charmed with his amiable manner and his seeming admiration for the art of the West. He discussed Rembrandt and Whistler, Monet and Rodin, Cézanne and Sargent, Cottet and Courbet and all the great ones of our civilization, and spoke of Grecian marbles and Egyptian antiquities with easy familiarity, and with ability to differentiate among the products of the various ages and countries and schools of art, and then I thought to get to the core of the question, and to receive a response gratifying to the pride of the Occident, one designed to increase the sympathetic interest between East and West, and I asked him:

"What is your main idea in establishing this great museum?"

And Matsukata's reply, delivered with bland and almost childlike frankness, was this:

"To enable my countrymen to understand the psychology of the Western peoples. It will help them in the application of Occidental methods in manufacturing, and in many phases of industrial life. Art is the expression of the soul of a people. I care nothing about your controversies over different schools of art; I buy examples of them all, for all are expressive of your psychology."

Vanished then all the illusions of international art for art's sake, or any thoughts about the soul of Japan seeking to be lifted to higher aesthetic planes by the master artists of the West. Or, if there were any lingering hopes of an Oriental-Occidental artistic entente, these were dissipated by his reply to this query put a little later:

"But don't you fear that Japanese art will become less and less a reflection of the soul of Japan, and that it will be corrupted by so great an influx of foreign art?"

"No. Rather, there will be a reaction, and Japanese art will become still more an expression of the Japanese soul than it is just now."

Thus did he show that he felt the Oriental to be beyond or above the influence of Occidental civilization, and that the East would always be the East, and the West the West. The Oriental will learn the Western ways in war, in commerce, in art, and will master them, but he can never be mastered by them.

It seems strange that in the years he has been purchasing, with a lavish but well-directed hand, the products of Western genius, the real significance of his activities has not become apparent, for he seems to have made no effort to conceal it. It is also strange that none but myself appears to have thought of the probability which, the more one thinks of it, the more of a certainty it demonstrates itself to be, that no one man, be he rich as Croesus, would spend, out of his own pocket, the immense sums Matsukata is laying out for the Museum of Occidental Art. Mr. Matsukata will not say how much he is disbursing, but a mere recital of some of the purchases he has already made, coupled with the colossal size of his museum, lead inevitably to

the conclusion that the Japanese government with all its resources is behind his plan.

In his apartments at the Plaza Hotel, where I talked with him for more than an hour and a half, a few days before he sailed for Tokio, near the end of January, Mr. Matsukata said he had purchased ten marbles and forty bronzes by Rodin, among which is the original of "La Porte d'Enfer," or "The Gate of Hell." This work is twenty feet in height and comprises a number of figures, and Rodin could not afford to have it cast into bronze, but it will be cast for Matsukata and shipped, with many other purchases, in tin-lined cases, to Tokio. Other Rodin works acquired by him are "Le Penseur" and "Les Bourgeois de Calais." He bought twenty-five Claude Monets from the artist himself, fifteen Gauguins, and a large number of pictures by Maurice Denis, Lucien Simon, Charles Cottet, Cezanne, Zuloaga, Van Gogh, Daumier, Pissarro, Courbet, K. X. Roussel and Van Dongen. He has bought Rembrandts, Tintorettos, Constables and other old masters wherever he could find them, in every great country in Europe. "I wish I could have bought them direct from the artists. You see, when one buys an old master, critics or connoisseurs may see it and, while they won't say anything, a shrug of the shoulders is very expressive, and I hate to see shoulders shrugged."

The English artists represented by his acquisitions include Frank Brangwyn, Sir William Orpen, Augustus John and D. Y. Cameron among the moderns, and numerous artists of past generations whom he said he could not at the moment remember. Of Brangwyn's paintings alone he has bought seventy, and he liked Brangwyn's ideas so well that he engaged him to draw plans for his museum. He said he could not recall the materials agreed upon, or the particular style of architecture, "but it will be modern, and the building will be fireproof, which is the main thing. Brangwyn showed me some designs and I told him to go ahead."

He has barely begun to buy the works of American artists. When he returns to this country six months hence he will add to his acquisitions here. Thus far he has obtained paintings by Inness, Chase, Whistler, Abbey, Sargent, Davies, Mary Cassatt, and Shannon, the American-born portrait painter who was recently knighted in England.

Mr. Matsukata speaks perfect English, for he is a graduate of Rutgers College, in New Brunswick, New Jersey. His wife was a student of Mount Vernon Seminary, in Washington. He studied law at Rutgers and was later admitted to the bar in Connecticut, but he never thought of practicing in America. Why should he? He merely wanted the mental training. He had previously graduated from the Peers' School in Japan, as his brothers, two of whom later went to Harvard, also did, for they belong to one of the most distinguished families of the island empire. He and his seven brothers are all prominent in financial or trade circles, and he himself once served a term in the parliament of his country. His father, the Marquis, when he was Finance Minister, gave Japan the gold standard, and he and all his sons are wealthy, but they are not individually or collectively as rich as the Mitsu or several others of the multi-millionaire families of Japan. Their combined wealth would not be enough to fill more than a few of the many galleries which the Museum of Occidental Art will contain, not to speak of the tremendous cost of the building itself.

But the Matsukata family is as close to the throne of Japan as it is possible for any family, other than imperial, to be, for the Marquis, as one of the Elder Statesmen, must be consulted about every change in the Cabinet, about declarations of war or peace, about treaties of alliance, or about any important affair of state—in fact, the Elder Statesmen are the real rulers of the country, and the Mikado is but a figurehead. What more logical, then, than to conclude that the Japanese Empire, whose constitution was patterned after that of Prussianized Germany, and adopted during the ascendancy of Marquis Ito, Bismarck's admirer and friend, should plan to wrest from the Occident its soul secrets from its art, and thus learn the way to dominate in trade?

The Japanese, however well educated they may be, do not think that Occidental art is beautiful, but only interesting. They feel no rapture upon gazing at Grecian marbles, they are not moved by the masterful color effects and character delineations of Rembrandt or Velasquez. Neither are they enthralled by the splendors of Shakespearean thought, nor by any of the most exquisite expressions of the Western soul found in our literature. Mr. Matsukata himself, who likes to be called cosmopolitan, told me that he read the works of the literary masters of France merely to learn the French language. Other cultured Japanese have made similar admissions. They are interested by what we do in art, and they desire to know how—or why—we do it. And now they are going to establish a great museum of our art, so that they may find what forms and

color effects move us, to the end that the knowledge gained may be used in manufacturing goods.

During the latter part of the Great War, Japanese toys and household trinkets and mechanical musical instruments largely supplanted German-made goods in the American market and in some of the countries of Europe. Japan has already lost much of that trade. Her manufacturers turned out dolls with the complexions and forms of Occidental children, but with slanting Oriental eyes. Whole cargoes of these were sent back by American importers, who could find no market for them. The Museum of Occidental Art will help to prevent such errors in the future. And what other tremendous results, from the viewpoint of international trade, may not result from it?

Said Baron Oura, of the Japanese Cabinet, in 1911: "That the majesty of our Imperial House towers high above everything to be found in the world, and that it is as durable as heaven and earth, is too well known to need dwelling on here. The only religion our country needs is a belief in the religion of patriotism and loyalty, the religion of imperialism—in a word, Emperor worship." And Matsukata speaks for the Emperor.

A Beautiful Nattier for America

It is not often that a painting embraces everything there was of the artist himself, of his viewpoint toward the world he lived in, and of that world itself, as does the portrait of the Princess de Bourbon-Conti by Nattier which is reproduced in color on the cover of this issue of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO by courtesy of the Knoedler Galleries of New York.

The court of Louis XV wore the air of being Olympians, affected being gods and goddesses, were notoriously insincere. Jean Marc Nattier, who was born in 1685 and died in 1766, was painter to that court. And it is one of the most striking attributes of his genius for that difficult task that he was able to discern the insincerity among the men and women among whom he spent the greater part of his professional life and on whose portraits his fame rests.

Nattier presents one of those rare cases in the history of art of a son inheriting the talent of his father and mother and completely overshadowing them in the same field. His father was a portrait painter, but he is best known as being the first master of his second son. His mother, Marie Courtois, was a distinguished miniaturist, but only specialists know her name today.

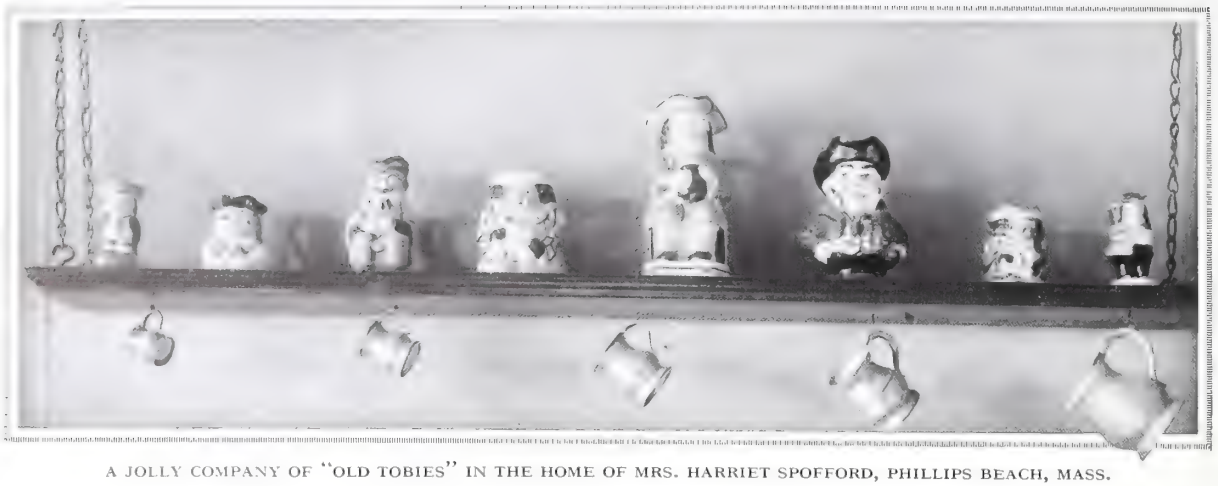
He has been criticised, in a phrase aiming at the paradoxical, for being "sincere in stating insincerity." But Nattier knew his world in all its shallowness, knew it so well that he was able, as in this portrait of the princess, to satisfy his world in its externals and yet satisfy himself by presenting the real character of the lovely original through the painting of the face.

As the women of the court loved to pose as Hebe and Dawn and Flora, Nattier introduced classical attributes in the water-jar, on which the princess rests her right arm and hands, and the rushes of the background. But the real person thus posed is to be seen looking out of the large, melting brown eyes whose sweetness of expression is a part of the ingenuousness of the none too classical nose and the large mouth.

The somewhat mature costume the princess wears is another concession Nattier made to the mode of the court. It was the fashion of that day for children to be dressed in frocks that were exact imitations of those worn by their elders. Nattier's portraits show many illustrations of this fashion, and in this respect his royal and noble children bear a resemblance to the Infantas of Velasquez.

Although the original of this portrait was only twelve years old when Nattier painted her, the satin gown and her pearl ornaments make her appear much older unless the face is considered as apart from these accessories. She was born in 1726 and her portrait was painted in 1738 at Paris, as Nattier's dated signature on the back of the canvas shows. Nattier had been a member of the Academy then for twenty years and was in the full tide of his success as painter to the court, a position he held for forty years.

Five years after the portrait was painted the princess was married to Louis-Philippe, Duke of Orleans, and she died, at the age of thirty-three, in 1759. The portrait has since been in the private collections of the Marchioness de Toulongeon and the Vicomte de Curel before being brought to the United States by the Knoedler Galleries.



A JOLLY COMPANY OF "OLD TOBIES" IN THE HOME OF MRS. HARRIET SPOFFORD, PHILLIPS BEACH, MASS.

The JOLLY OLD TOBY

He survives the days of stout brown ale when landlords kept good cheer . . . . . by

MARY HARROD NORTHEND

EVERY faithful collector of antiques has several tobies on his shelves, for no one can resist their quaint appeal. We have the toby mug, the toby pitcher and the toby jug, all passed down to us from the day of the old English ordinary, thence overseas to our own taverns and now, their mission ended, reposing in solemn conclave among the very choicest of our treasures.

What an interesting group they are, their jolly countenances, rotund figures and bright coloring attracting the attention of every lover of the unusual! The toby is always associated with the convivial quaffing of the nut brown ale at the social gatherings of our early settlers. However, it is none the less interesting to learn that long ago in the days of prehistoric America, the ancient Peruvians made jugs of a similar pattern which were filled with wine and buried with their owners that thirst and a morose mood might not overtake them in their journey to another world. These "huacas," as they were called, were made of the native clay, rudely fashioned into the shapes of animals or human figures and decorated with crude though not inartistic paintings.



A SMART FELLOW—"MR. TOBY MUSTARD"

France and Holland early made these interesting little jugs, but the most varied and best known examples were from the hands of the Staffordshire potters in old England. Ralph and Enoch Wood, also Whieldon made all sorts of quaint tobies, many of which still survive. The Wood potteries decorated their jugs with very delicate coloring, and life-like faces surmounted rotund bodies whose waistcoats were plentifully splashed with color. Brightly hued tobies were made by other potters and were popular for their dashing designs, which sometimes took the forms of animals, such as frogs and dogs and cats.

As early as 1700 the demand for these pitchers and mugs began. It grew more insistent with the years, until finally a large proportion of English potters manufactured tobies to supply their own and the American markets.

These queer little figures often bore the likenesses of famous military and naval heroes, such as Wellington, Howe or Drake; again George Washington or Benjamin Franklin were depicted as fat and jovial characters, from whose capacious hats were poured the concoctions famous in their day. These jugs are very much sought for and bring good prices. There is in particular a curious old toby ascribed to Ralph Wood, bearing the inscription, "It is all out, then fill him again." This was a figure toby, brightly colored. Stafford-

shire potters also made likenesses of some of the kings of England, as of George II and George IV, caricaturing them, of course, but pleasing the popular sense of humor with their highly colored, greedy countenances and their fat bodies.

Nearly all of the Staffordshire tobies wore cocked hats indicative of the period of their manufacture. These hats lent themselves well to the pouring out of the fragrant liquid waiting below. About 1750, landlords were universally using the gayly colored toby in their public houses, where row upon row leered down at the guest who stepped into the tap room for a comforting sip before proceeding on their way.



AN INTERESTING PAIR—"OLD TOBY" AND "YOUNG TOBY" BY RALPH WOOD

In Sunderland tobies were made to some extent, and a curious example was the "frog mug," which was often purchased by the inn-keeper who wished to enjoy his little joke. This mug was decorated outside with raised figures, but was straight and simple in form. However, down in its depths was a lifelike figure of a frog, crawling up from the bottom. When the mug was filled with foaming ale, the unsuspecting victim, taking a hasty draught, would spy the frog's head peeping up at him, and it was often difficult to make him believe it a deception, much to the amusement of the appreciative spectators assembled.

There was absolutely no end to these jugs. They appeared from the hands of almost every potter. Collectors now prefer the portrait tobies, and these bring higher prices. A genuine eighteenth century toby brings from fifty to seventy-five dollars, and a very rare one commands a larger sum, depending on its quality.

We have leering tobies, smiling tobies, scowling tobies and various tempered tobies. Usually they are squat and fat, the exception being those made by Whieldon of Staffordshire, whose figures were tall and thin, often equipped with a pipe as well as a glass, and though ever smiling yet dignified. Some of the earlier Staffordshire figures are very well modelled, as one of Falstaff with his sword; or a jug in the shape of an elephant, with a castle on his back, the cover being formed of a monkey and the handle of two serpents. There are satyrs, whose heads are wreathed in vines, also little shepherdesses. Some of the figures suggest the Oriental influence, as do so many other Staffordshire pieces. "The Drunken Parson" is an interesting toby example, the subject being exceedingly unsteady, pouring his liquor with difficulty, and dressed, as befits his calling, in black small clothes but a gay waistcoat. Sometimes the early English potter made a "Mrs. Toby," jocund of countenance and gay of attire, an exception being the Staffordshire toby depicting "Madam" as sad and pensive, with a rotund figure, attired sedately in a striped and spotted gown.

An odd conceit for displaying tobies is a mahogany shelf, upon whose dark surface are lined up jugs of different pattern and quaint design. This shelf is suspended by ox chains, and underneath upon hooks hang pewter mugs whose dull sides contrast pleasingly with the brighter hue of the tobies consorting so gayly above.

Seldom do we see a toby tea-pot, but one type exists with a fat jolly little face, low pointed hat "with a little round button on top," a dark waistcoat, and a chubby hand holding up carefully an equally chubby leg to form a handle. An extremely rubicund gentleman wearing a dotted waistcoat with his other garments of shepherd's plaid and bearing a mug is one of the oldest types of toby existing today. One collector shows us a very amusing type, a toby in knee breeches and buckled slippers who is holding in



DOG TOBY KNEW SOME TRICKS



"MRS. TOBY" MAY HAVE FORESEEN MR. VOLSTEAD

both hands a quaint speckled pitcher. A mustard pot toby is an interesting conceit, and his speckled waistcoat, cocked hat and fat little legs mark him as of Staffordshire design. It is very hard to place definitely the maker of each separate toby, for many potters left their jugs unmarked, but we know upon good authority that Staffordshire contributed by far the largest number of English tobies which were sent to us overseas and are still to be found in this country in our collections.

America finally contributed her quota to the manufacture of tobies and at Bennington, Vermont, until 1849, jugs were made of a mottled brown ware, many of which were likenesses of famous men, among them Ethan Allen, Washington and Franklin. Napoleon tobies were made in Philadelphia and were very popular at that time. One can sometimes run across them even now if the auctions are watched, and the antique shops visited faithfully, but they are not well modelled and the coloring is not quite up to standard.

Probably the largest collection of tobies in the world belongs to Captain Price, of Akeley Wood, Buckingham, England, who is the proud possessor of more than three hundred pieces, all of genuine value and great variety. One should avoid models of tobies in lustre, unless he cares for modern art, as a genuinely old example of that ware is not known to exist. Jugs of old English potters from 1775 to 1800 sometimes had inscriptions upon them, but these pitchers cannot properly be classed as tobies for they are usually straight sided and the decorations are flat rather than raised. We sometimes see the toby in its more elaborate form as an ornament for the mantel, and its bright colored figures make a pleasing note in a dark corner or hung in a row over an old chimney-piece.

Collectors have rushed into the acquiring of toby jugs with more zeal than caution, for it is difficult to distinguish modern specimens from those of early days. If, however, a bit is found to be chipped from the bottom and by that means it is seen that the clay is gray in coloring it is apt to be genuinely old. Modern manufacturers have flooded the market with reproductions so that thoughtful study and unhurried buying are necessary if one wishes to acquire a worthwhile collection. But it is well worth the while.



THIS "JOLLY TAR TOBY" HAS A SONG INSIDE

In the last two or three years there has been a marked increase in the avidity with which old tobies have been searched for. This decided growth of interest seems to have a counterpart in the sudden demand for the curious and beautiful old bottles in which our grandfathers kept their "spirits" —bottles of brown or olive green that sometimes bore Washington's countenance, or perhaps (a little later) Zachary Taylor's. It is just possible therefore that to the ranks of those who collect for art's sake there have been added other persons who collect for heart's sake, in order to throw an ancient atmosphere around a venerable but outlawed custom. Toby collectors must welcome them with grace.



ONE OF THE OLDEST OF "OLD TOBIES" BY RALPH WOOD



PORTRAIT OF CULLEN YATES, N.A.

by

De Witt Lockman

Ease of pose and general freedom from the "dead hand" style of the official portrait mark this spirited likeness of Cullen Yates by De Witt M. Lockman which won the Isaac N. Maynard Prize at the ninety-seventh annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design. It is, in the best sense, an artist's portrait of an artist

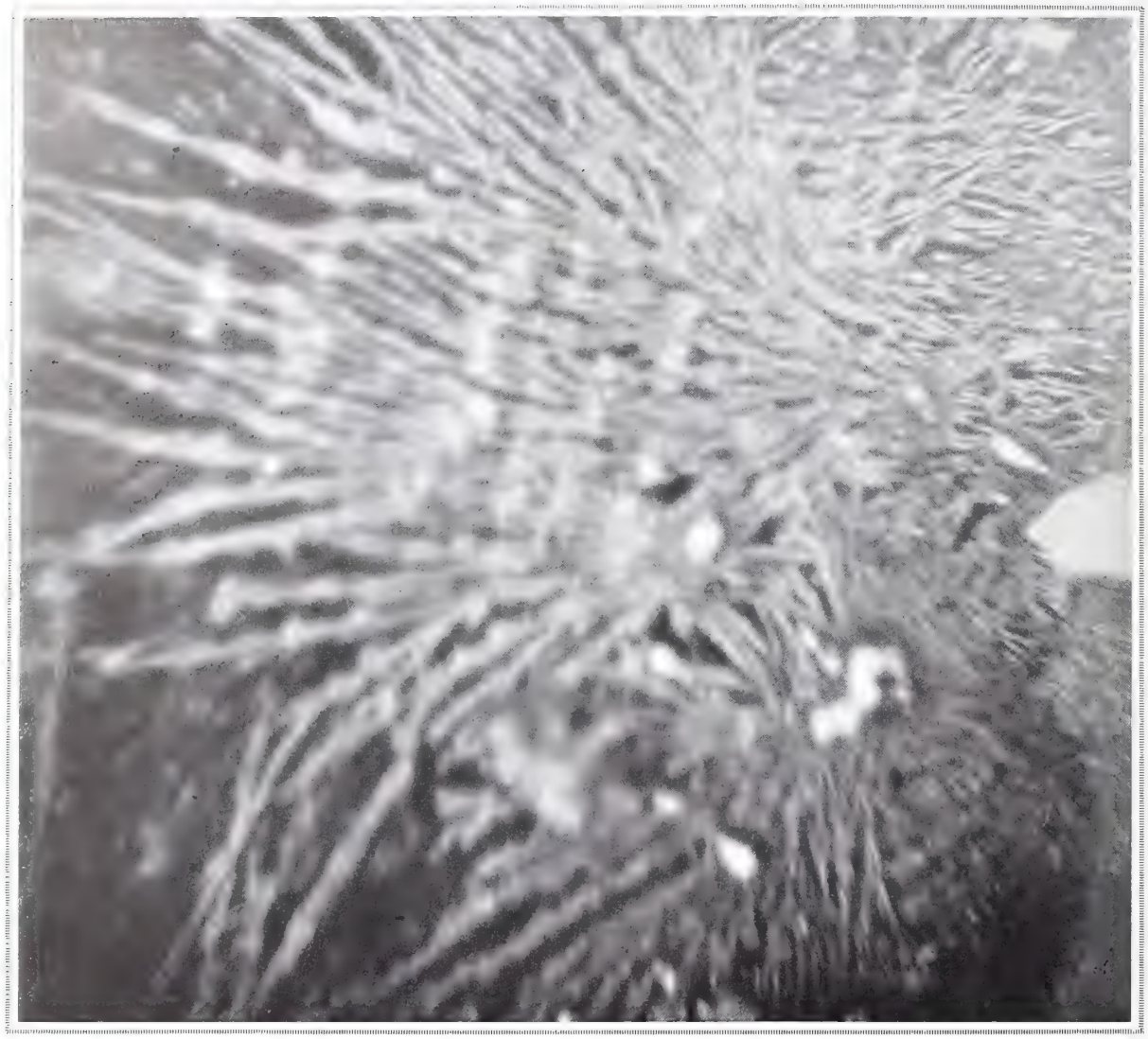


PLATE No. I—ALGAE WHICH VEGETATED FOR ABOUT 200 YEARS UPON A PAINTING—ENLARGED ABOUT 4500-FOLD

GARDENS *that Grow on Old Masters*

Microscopists by ascertaining age of vegetation can determine authenticity of painting · · · by

MARGARET BRIDGMAN

WHEN wandering through some of our museums the discriminating art critic often cannot banish a feeling of doubt as he beholds some of the so-called old masters. The great demand for the paintings of the illustrious artists of the past has facilitated fraudulent sales. If deprived of the pictures of doubtful origin, if only the absolutely authentic works were retained, many of our collections, it is felt, would shrink considerably in volume. The ambitious American collector has spared neither money nor labor in trying to enrich our galleries with fine old paintings. Often enough he has been guided by an honest dealer, but the European agent has not always dealt fairly with him. And what can the amateur collector do—the collector who often lacks the technical knowledge of how to judge the wares his money buys—to protect himself against possible frauds? Controversies have arisen attacking even the originality of such a world-famed picture as Raphael's Sistine Madonna of Dresden. What methods exist to establish unfailingly the authenticity of a painting?

Naturally, the professional agent who collects for the rich but often artistically ignorant magnate is familiar with the signature of an artist, his manner of composition, his brush strokes and the range of his colors, the paper or canvas of the period, and all the various historical details which help to decide the authenticity of a painting.

There, too, is the certificate of antiquity accompanying the papers of sale. But notwithstanding all these safeguards, which have not always been adequate, we ask ourselves this simple question: Is there an absolutely scientific process that will determine the authenticity of an alleged antique picture?

Fortunately, there is. The Institut Bandli, originally of Geneva, Switzerland, but now transferred to Davos, has for years been consulted by noted European collectors for microscopic analysis of their antique paintings. Its work of chemical and micrographical examination is very remarkable and very reliable. It is the only institute of its kind known to have produced a 12,000-fold enlargement of inferior fungus by its micro-photographical process. Reproduced herewith are illustrations which will show some phases of the interesting process.

It is obvious that the influences of light and air, and especially humidity, will cause a state of chemical disintegration in a painting, and that it will be attacked in some places by fungi and algae, which develop out of the organic matter of the paint. Plate No. 1 shows algae which germinated and grew upon a picture for about two centuries without anyone suspecting their presence. The species of inferior vegetation vary in their nature and manner of growth. Some vegetate in the cracks and fissures of a painting; others grow out of the decaying and dead matter of desiccated algae. A fungus of the last mentioned class is the Chaetomium, which, when found upon a picture, is proof of its great age. The scientist can determine the age of the algae and fungi, and from them draw his conclusions as to the antiquity of the picture. It is obvious that a painting must be as old as the fungi which grew out of its color strata.

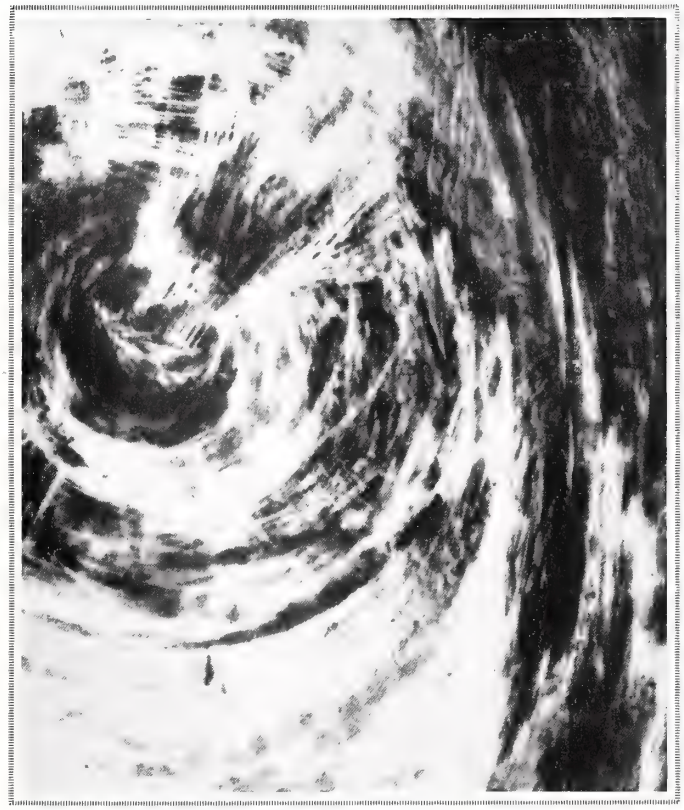


PLATE No. 2—AN EYE PAINTED BY RAPHAEL
ENLARGEMENT FOUR-FOLD

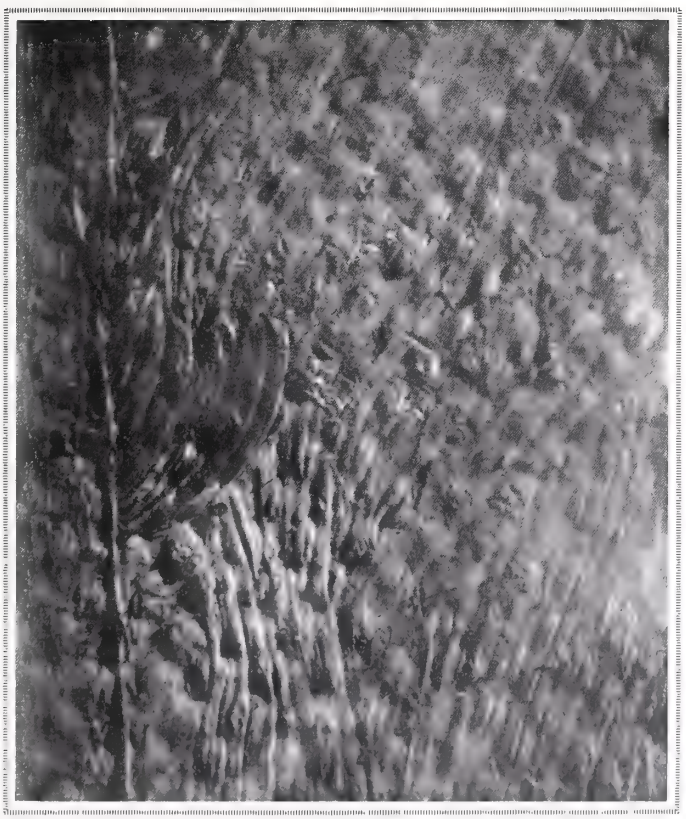


PLATE No. 3—BRUSH STROKES OF A COPYIST AND IMITATOR OF RAPHAEL. THE COLOR IS NOT SUFFICIENTLY DILUTED AND THE STROKES ARE VERY LARGE. ENLARGEMENT FROM PHOTOGRAPH IS THREE-FOLD

But having established the age of a picture does not of course identify its master. A great popular painter has often a number of collaborators, such as Penni and Romano of the Raphael school, who assisted him to satisfy the great demand for his works. Hence it is difficult even for the learned connoisseur to distinguish between a pseudo-Raphael and a real one. But the Bandli process analyzes the very intricacies of a



PLATE NO. 4—AN OLD CANVAS, WHICH WAS CLEARED OF ITS ORIGINAL COLOR-STRATA, THE FORGERS PAINTING A PORTRAIT UPON IT. BY ILLUMINATION WITH TRANSPARENT LIGHT THE REST OF THE OLD PAINTING CAN BE SEEN. ENLARGEMENT THREE-FOLD

master's original brush stroke as well as that of his imitators. Plate No. 2 is an enlarged photographic reproduction of an eye painted by Raphael, and demonstrating his brush stroke. His imitator, on the other hand, did not dilute his colors sufficiently, as the spectroscopic and chemical analyses prove. It must be said here that the Raphael brush stroke always photographs in a manner similar to the one depicted in our illustration, and that a photograph of a different character cannot represent the genuine Raphael brush stroke. Hence, identification is easy.

It is interesting to know that an expert forger will often use a mediocre old painting, clear the canvas of its original color strata, and then paint upon it his forged composition in the manner of an old master with whose method he has thoroughly acquainted himself. He even employs earth colors which he himself prepares according to ancient recipes. Plate No. 4 is an illustration of the brush strokes of such a forged painting. The rest of the old picture below appears through the layer of the covering paint above. The Bandli process is able to detect these frauds by illuminating the canvas with transparent light.

Another typical factor of the Bandli process is the microscopic examination of the cracks and fissures of a painting, which enables the investigator to draw conclusions from them as to the technique of a painter. We know that some schools of the late Renaissance obtained transparency of color, as in flesh tints and sky effects, by putting their paint upon the canvas in several layers instead of mixing it upon the palette. Often they did not give their colors time to dry sufficiently before a fresh layer was put over them. It is obvious that such a technique causes the dried paint to crack differently than would colors put upon the canvas in a single layer after having been mixed at a single operation on the palette.

Thus the little eccentricities and mannerisms of an artist, to which no importance is attached in his lifetime, may become fraught with much meaning generations after he is dead.

Paper or canvas also plays an important part in the examination of the authenticity of a picture. The wood and hemp fibres, or bone substance, are chemically analyzed and examined under the microscope. The time of manufacture of the paper can be determined by the size of the sheets, the grain of the texture and, above all, by the watermarks. All these details, insignificant as they seem to be to the uninitiated, claim their hours of attention in the Bandli laboratory, and help to establish the originality or the spurious nature of a picture.

To judge from the patronage of noted European collectors, the Bandli method of microscopic analysis must be worthy of adoption. Famous Italian, French and German museums consult the Swiss institute; sales and newspaper controversies also resort to its scientific decision. The institute returns the piece submitted for examination to its owner with an explanatory text accompanied by a number of photographs.

May it not be appropriate to advise our American collectors to interest themselves in the establishment of an institute for the scientific analysis of antique pictures such as the Institut Bandli in Switzerland, and protect themselves against possible frauds? Of especial importance may such an institution prove to be when the time comes to separate the sheep from the goats in the collections bequeathed to our American museums—a culling out process that will leave these institutions infinitely richer.



EAGLE IN DIORITE

MATEO HERNANDEZ
Spanish Sculptor

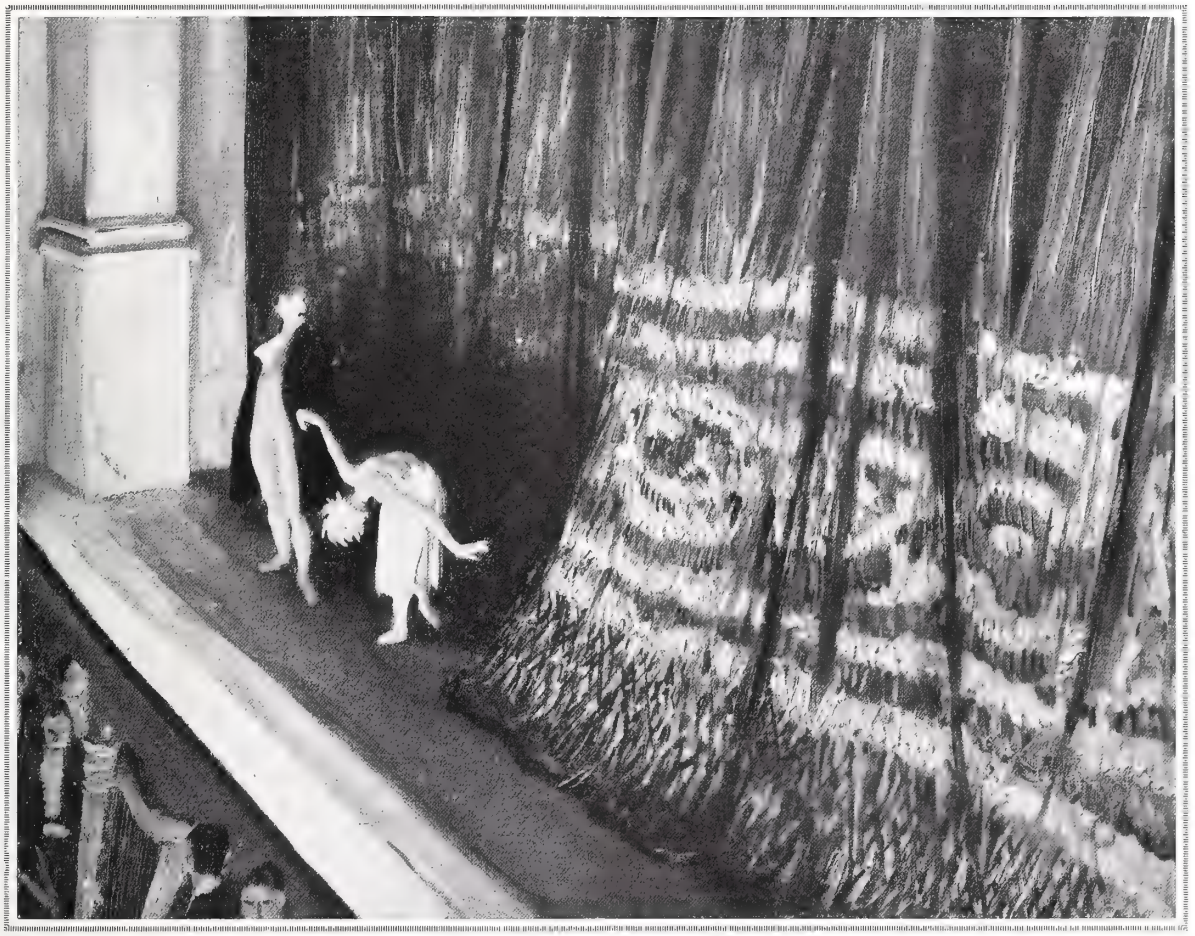
Mateo Hernandez is the greatest animal sculptor of modern times and, perhaps, the most gifted sculptor of any time in his native country, Spain, which is not prolific in sculptors. His "Hippopotamus" at the last Salon d'Automne, in Paris, made a sensation that was not entirely unexpected, for his exhibits have been most promising for some years past. Like the old Egyptians, Hernandez carves from nature direct into the hardest materials—for preference black granite, sometimes in diorite, on occasion rose granite, as in the case of the woman's head at the Salon des Indépendants. His studio is, chiefly, the Paris Zoological Garden, toward which he may be seen trending his way with the dead weight of his block of stone on his shoulder to accomplish the portrait of some beast or bird of prey.



HIPPOPOTAMUS IN BLACK GRANITE



"LAUGHING LADY"
by
Laura Knight



"PAVLOWA AND VOLININE TAKING THE CALL" BY LAURA KNIGHT

LAURA KNIGHT *& English Painter*

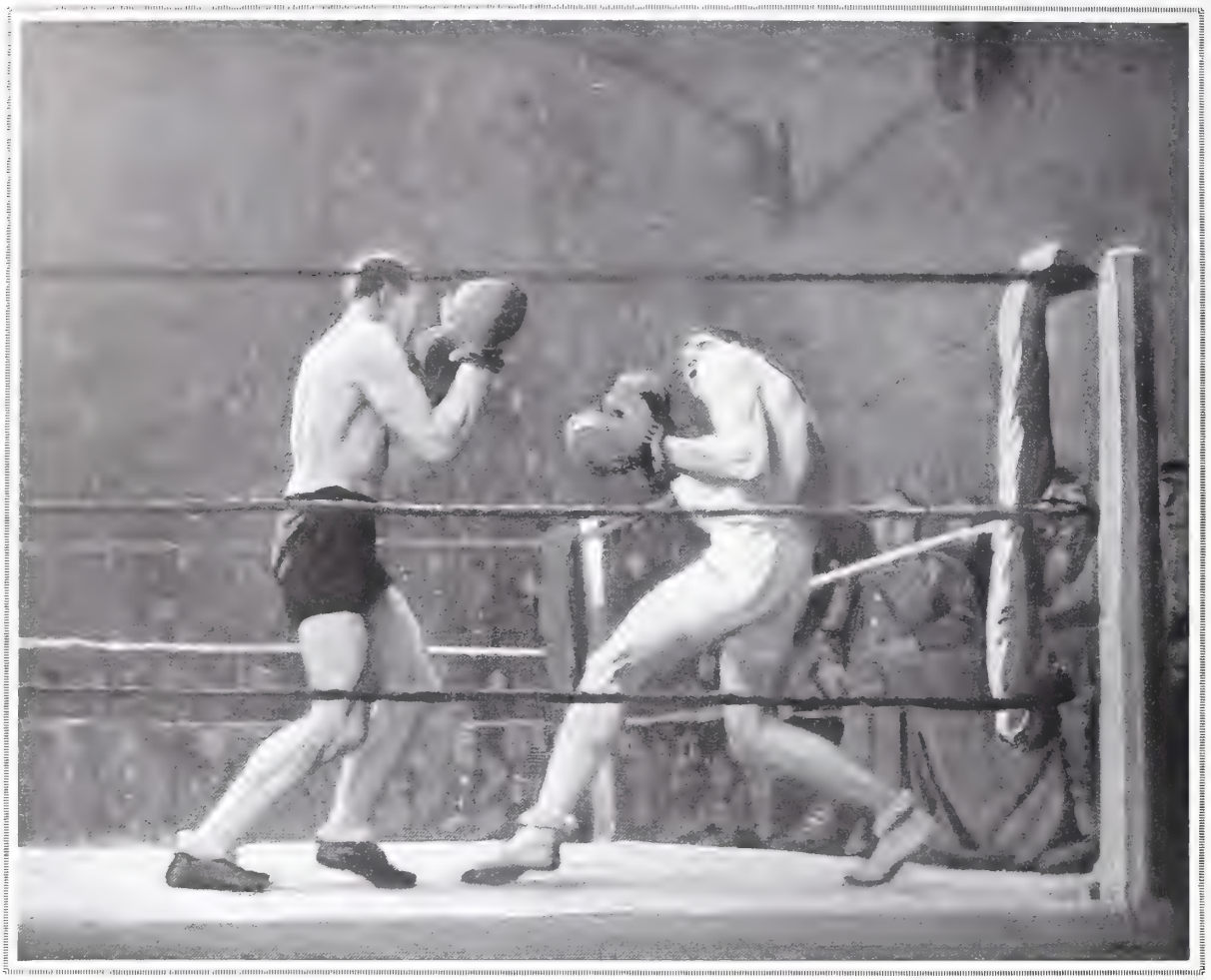
An intensely human element rules art of first woman foreign member of Carnegie jury · · by

LILY JOSEPHINE LEWER

At a Sunday night musical in the home of a well-known Londoner Laura Knight was one of several distinguished guests, but I had no opportunity of talking with her, so my hostess said: "You must not leave London without knowing our greatest woman painter. You must go to her studio and see her pictures. She is a great force in the art world and always was head and shoulders above all her classmates in the days we were students together. I think she is wonderful, and isn't it splendid that she has been appointed a critic on the Carnegie International jury? We are so proud of the honor falling to a woman of our country." Out of the goodness of her heart my hostess arranged for me to go to tea and have a private view—quite by myself—with this well-known English artist.

St. John's Wood bears an air of contradiction; it is cozy, charmingly homelike and yet a bit baffling. The unacquainted visitor enters with self confidence, perfectly sure that his intelligence will lead him to a simple address, then suddenly finds himself entirely confused. Much chagrined he turns to a policeman who is ever guarding the sacred precinct and begs guidance. "No. 2 Queen's Road Studios" was simple enough, but the policeman and I innocently strolled past the place and by knocking at the wrong knocker I found we were entirely mistaken. Not until an attractive bobbed-haired little artist took me by the hand and gently led me to the left and then to the right through a gate into the back-door regions of a "McDougal Alley" did I find "No. 2 Queen's Road Studios."

Up a narrow outside stairway we went, to a gallery where the first door bore my artist's name. Here Laura Knight graciously welcomed me and the instant I crossed her threshold I entered the



"BOXING CONTEST"
BY LAURA KNIGHT

kind of studio one dreams about. Canvases everywhere, large and small, finished and unfinished. Almost directly under the skylight was a startling study, "Behind the Scenes in Carnival," of the Russian Dancers. Laura Knight is reserved, even diffident, when she discusses her work, but when she mentions Pavlowa her eyes light up, her cheeks glow and her language becomes eloquent.

"There never was such grace, such a head—her neck it is wonderful and her figure—ah, I could talk for hours about that marvelous creature." The artist's emotions seem saturated with the dancer's personality, and the canvas "Pavlowa and Volinine Taking the Call" is forceful and poetic, and the background even majestic.

Laura Knight's brush is not subtle—she lacks in fine nuances. Critics declare that "her colors go to the limit of daring without departing from visual truth." Some have gone so far as to say that she was influenced by Augustus John, but the thoughtful critic sees that John's aims are entirely different and so is his method of painting. Certainly her art is less abstract than John's and one feels that her feet are firmly planted upon earth. She is modern, but not yet inexplicable. One feels that Laura Knight is intensely human. She responds to all phases of nature and life. She adores the Cornwall coast and the Devon country and is especially happy when working out of doors. I marvelled at her versatility. A portrait stands beside a seascape, a pastoral landscape presses up against a nude figure, a mother and babe may be in juxtaposition with—you cannot guess!—a prize fight. Yes, Laura Knight admitted her admiration of the sport and her art revels in the athletic limbs, the highly developed muscles and intricate postures of those who contend in the roped arena.

The bold realistic prize fight study I saw in her studio seemed incongruous when I turned and looked upon the womanly, the charming creator of it. I could share her enthusiasm for the dancers, her ecstacy in the coloring and atmosphere of the Cornwall country, and her tender love for sturdy, joyous childhood, for frisking dogs and nude bathers, but I could not exult over the brute males entangled in a deadly grip. But it demonstrates her interest in all phases of life and her feeling for attitudes, for rhythmic movement, and form and



"SUMMER" LAURA KNIGHT'S PICTURE AT THE 1922 CARNEGIE EXHIBITION

color. Bjerregaard says: "Life is a light, and if the colorist wishes to portray it, he must learn how Nature vibrates or throws off her potencies—in the degree in which we have physical and spiritual life our personality burns like a flame and can easily be seen and estimated." Laura Knight's personality is intensely human and it is through realism that she expresses her talent.

This realism and varied interest in humanity takes, as I have said, many forms. That Mrs. Knight should find artistic delight in so graceful and artistic a moment as her two dancers responding to the applause of their audience before the great and gorgeous stage curtain is perfectly natural; for such scenes have had a keen appeal to many painters since Degas first taught us the beauties of theatre and opera house interiors. And the canvas entitled "Summer" is another of these human interests that is simple of understanding as coming from her brush.

But to understand her vivid pleasure in boxing contests requires an appreciation of the difference between the British and American social viewpoint as to "prize fighting." Interest in all sports has a longer and more general line of descent among women in England than in the States. To an artist, the often superb figure of a prize fighter has an instant and strong appeal. And with this interest in form is the added one of color, particularly in the flesh of the boxers seen under the strong artificial light of the modern arena.

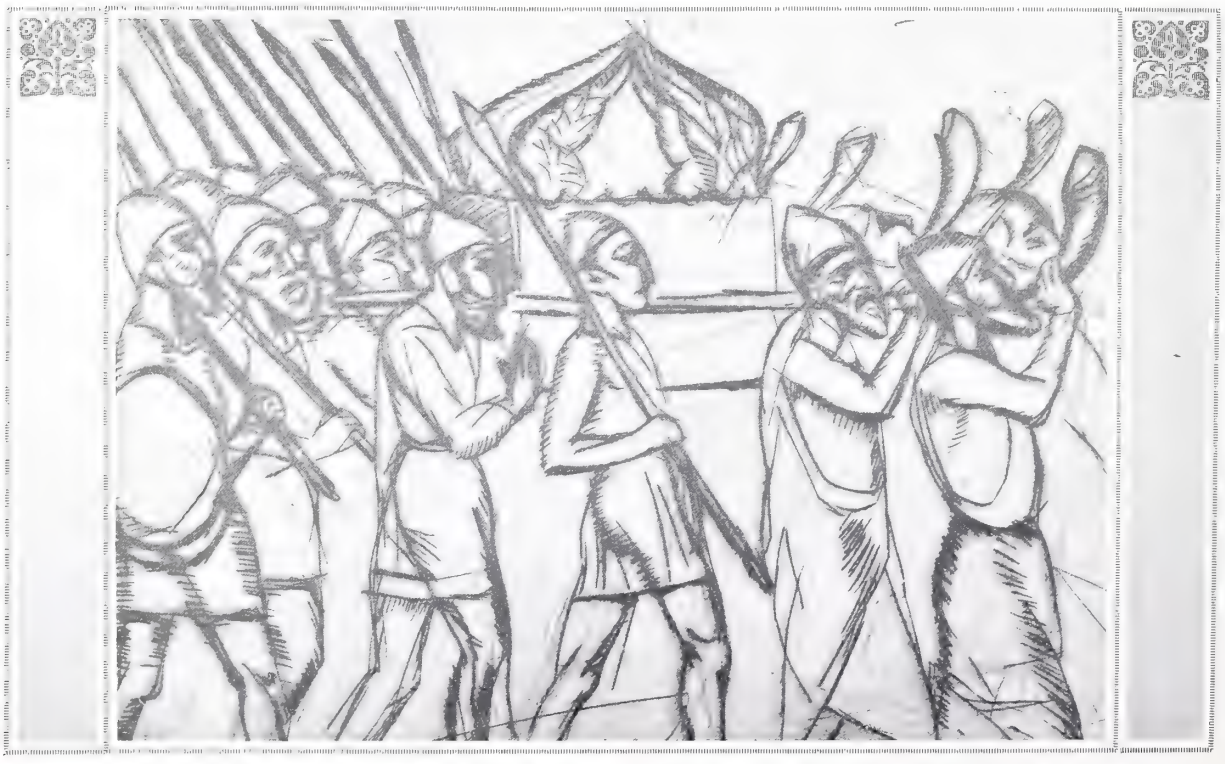
The rhythmical element of these figures she shows in the "Boxing Contest." The color, detail and repose of the fighters in such a contest she reveals in "Between the Rounds," in which she makes use of every detail, from the green pail in one corner of the ring to the exhausted expressions of the two pugilists. The inert figures of the fighters are no more soundly indicated than the heavy-set figures of the boxers' attendants. This is realism carried to the last degree.

Laura Knight will have reached America before this story is printed. She is the first woman from abroad to serve on the Carnegie International Jury. She proves beyond dispute what was argued out centuries ago in Plato's Republic that, "The gifts of nature are alike diffused in men and women."

A Jew's Interpretation of the Bible



"And there ran a man of Benjamin out of the army, and came to Shiloh the same day with his clothes rent, and with earth upon his head"



"And when the Ark of the Covenant of the Lord came into the camp, all Israel shouted with a great shout, so that the earth rang again"



"Then Eli answered and said, go in peace: and the God of Israel grant thee thy petition that thou hast asked of Him"

GLICENSTEIN—*A Creative Giant*

Jewish sculptor-etcher displays tremendous power in his plates for the Book of Samuel · by

P. G. KONODY

HENRY R. GLICENSTEIN who, after twenty-five years activity in Rome—an activity which, to judge from his amazingly prolific output, must have been ceaseless and feverish—has drifted to London, where his genius is slowly but surely conquering the apathy of a public notoriously unappreciative of the sculptor's art, shares with Jacob Epstein the distinction of leadership among the artists of Jewish race. There are many Jews who have taken up art as a profession, but rare indeed are the instances of Jewish artists who have risen above mere accomplished craftsmanship to real creative greatness. Glicenstein is essentially a creative genius. His very versatility is proof of it. He is a trained sculptor; but when his artistic impulse drives him to expression, he refuses to be tied to any particular technique. According to the impelling emotion, he embodies his visions, his ideas, his impressions, in plastic form or in sparkling color; in energetic, vital charcoal sketches; in pen scribbles which, in spite of their apparent looseness and scratchiness, combine the sculptor's mastery of form with the impressionist painter's sensitiveness to atmosphere; and in etchings, or rather dry-points, wrought on the copper direct from nature with rare incisiveness and sureness of purpose. Glicenstein will not allow himself to be pigeonholed as a sculptor or a painter or any other specialist. He is an artist who claims the right to make use of any means of expression that may serve to convey his mood.

To his being a Jew, and to his strict adherence to his ancient faith, Glicenstein largely owes both his rapid success and his failure so far to achieve the universal reputation which is his due, and which will inevitably be his when he steps out of the confines of Jewry. By this I mean that the clan spirit, so pronounced among the Jewish community, has supported him from the time he emerged from his master's atelier until the world war made a temporary end to his international intercourse and to extensive art patronage. His rare gifts were speedily recognized by his co-



"I am the woman that stood by thee here, praying unto the Lord. For this child I prayed"



The Lord called Samuel, and he answered—
" Here am I "



"And Hannah prayed and said, my heart rejoiceth in the Lord"

religionists, among whom he found a circle of ardent supporters. He never courted the critics; he never joined any artistic coterie; he never competed for commissions. He just produced his works in bronze and stone and wood and terra-cotta, and they were acquired by his Jewish patrons in Poland, in Germany and in Italy. A few found their way into public collections, but his very name, until recently, remained unknown in England, in France and in the United States.

As a sculptor, Glicenstein is not only a master of pure form who never fails to give his work monumental unity, compactness of contour from every point of view, and rhythmic articulation; but an artist who goes beyond this plastic perfection and makes his forms directly expressive of the idea by which he is inspired. Through tension, or a gently flowing rhythm; through a forceful accentuation, or graceful lightness; through the relation of planes, or the character of the silhouette—in a word, through form—he conveys his ideas and emotions so completely that it requires no particular sensitiveness on the part of the spectator to give the correct title to the majority of Glicenstein's sculptured works.

Strangely enough, his drawings—of which there must be thousands in his portfolios—are more pictorial than sculpturesque in character. His pen drawings in particular have not the compactness and massiveness one would expect from a sculptor's drawings. They are as unlike as could be to Rodin's. He seems to paint with his pen, which glides easily over the smooth paper, avoiding definite contours, but sprawling about in curious irregular, thin scribbles, each line in itself apparently without purpose, and yet, in conjunction with the other lines, productive of atmospheric as well as of plastic illusion. I know of no other artist with whom Glicenstein's pen drawings show any affinity, unless it be the great Dutch etcher, Bauer. But whereas Bauer carries this system of light scribbles into his etched work, Glicenstein, as an etcher, returns to his sculptor's treatment of massively blocked-out form.

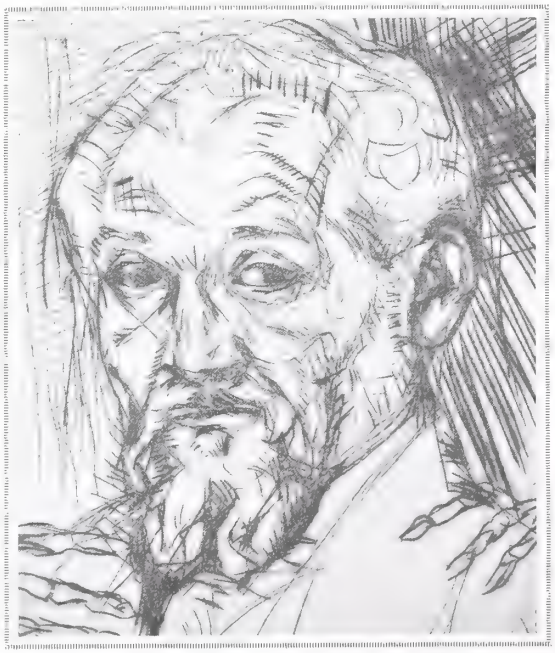
Only a sculptor—a sculptor steeped in the tradition of archaic art—could have produced that astounding set of the "Book of Samuel," which is Glicenstein's principal achievement in this particular branch of art. Every figure has monumental character and sculpturesque compactness. The very arrangement of the designs on the etched surface is suggestive of bas-reliefs; and the line itself is chiselled in rude strokes rather than delicately scratched into the copper. Throughout there is a primitive vigor and directness impatient of all unnecessary detail, and aiming solely at



"And Samuel told him every whit, and hid nothing from him"

the utmost expressiveness of gesture, action and movement. Glicenstein goes straight for the spirit and inner meaning of the thing, and discards all archaeology which would tie his interpretation to place or period. The appeal of these strangely fascinating dry-points is as universal as that of the artist's plastic conception. He is not a "painter-etcher," but a "sculptor-etcher."

For those interested in biography, I may add that Glicenstein was born at Turek, in Russian Poland, in 1870—the son of a poor tombstone engraver. God-fearing and upright and full of Talmudic learning, he was first intended to be a rabbi, but his artistic leanings prevailed, and he worked for some years as a sign-painter and wood-carver. At the age of twenty he entered the Munich Academy, under Professor Ruhmann, and made such rapid progress that he gained distinction after distinction, prize after prize. The Berlin Academy awarded him twice the *Prix de Rome*, and, in 1897, he settled in the Eternal City, where he continued to live and work with short intervals until quite recently, when, probably owing to the conditions resulting from the war, he decided to take up his domicile in London.



SELF-PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST

Just as great creative figures in art have been universal in their appeal, one need not be a Jew in order to feel the power and enjoy the sculpturesque quality of Glicenstein's work. If it has any other message, however, than one purely of art, it is that of the strength of the Jew's emotion toward his ancient traditions. And this in itself is universal and understandable by every race that has traditions to be loved and reverenced.

[*Illustrations courtesy of Greatorex Gallery, London*]



"BENEDICTION" — by Daniel Chester French

Midway between the towns of Verdun and St. Mihiel, on the military road bordering the River Meuse, are six rocky bluffs, at the foot of one of which the Commonwealth of Massachusetts is to erect a memorial to its men who died in the World War. The sculptural elements of this shrine, designed by Henry Bacon, have been modelled by Daniel Chester French. The Memorial is to consist of a terrace, with a flight of steps flanked by two bases bearing American eagles, a pedestal to occupy the rear of this opening, ornamented with rams' heads, symbolizing Sacrifice. On this will be placed a heroic winged figure of Benediction, below and in front of which will lie the form of a soldier covered by the American flag.

MRS. FULSOME *has an* IDEA

It is that paintings are unfashionable, so a heedless man has to set her right . . . . by

HENRY R. POORE

"What a lot of pictures you have," said the lady as, at a pause in the conversation, with craned neck and through her fluttering fingers, she swept a hasty glance over three walls of the drawing room. "I have stored all mine. You know they are not fashionable now."

"Really?" ejaculated the other, while an abashed and uneasy vacancy traced its course over her relaxed features. "What a pity we had not heard of it before finally closing for that Wyant and Cazin."

She sat in a reverie unwarrantably long for a hostess. It was annoying that Mrs. Fulsome should give her a point on fashion, and she also had a thought on a depreciable investment, the check for which had been sent.

"But how long is this fashion likely to continue, do you suppose? I presume it is silly to say so, but sometimes these pictures seem to talk. They speak to me from the walls, calling me out of my humdrum surroundings and sending me elsewhere. Do you know I quite frequently glance at them."

"Well, wall paper is the thing now, or brocades. Why, you can put a great deal of money on your walls, if you know how or get a professional to do it for you. It's not necessary to have gold frames hanging about to denote luxury and a long purse, and, more than that, they say there is a fashion in the frames themselves. Why, one of our pictures —I think it is by Bouguereau—had such a dreadful frame I had it put into the upper hall and now it is such a relief to have the whole place cleared out and get a figured brocade with style to it."

"You know, it is my husband who is the picture lover," broke in the hostess, with a hurried yet hesitating tone of concession, "and I have got what I know about them from him. He takes a wonderful satisfaction in hanging, rehanging and studying them in different lights and positions. He knows the qualities and distinction of every artist represented and he knows why that one down there, which looks to me so dreadfully unfinished, isn't so at all, but is to be viewed from a distance if one would see and understand the charm of sunlight and air in it. But there's his key in the latch now!"

"Do you know, my dear," continued the wife, after a first greeting was given to the man in the doorway, "that we are quite unfashionable with all these pictures about and that you've just been paying out money to make us more so?"

"Oh, but men don't know or care much for fashion," broke in the visitor, in a tone of defense and conciliation. "I suppose if you just have one room without a picture in it that will be enough to show you know what's what, but I took our builder's word for it and made a clean sweep, and you ought to come up and see us now."

The man of the house thrust his hands into his pockets with such energy that his shoulders assumed a strained elevation. He eventually drew them out and began to talk.

"So fashion has set to work, beaver like, to construct a dam across the stream of art that has been flowing uninterruptedly for the past five centuries!" he exclaimed. "It would be quite a triumph for the wall paper people if they could hold up art and mark the date: '*Boycotted in the Twentieth Century A. D. by the Paper Hangers' Union, aided by the Four Hundred.*' I wonder what Titian would say or Claude Lorraine or Velasquez? I fear that a term never needed in their days and only recently coined to fit a sociological necessity—decadence—is what their tongues would grope for. A generation back Whistler noted that 'art had become fashionable, to be coaxed into the houses of the rich as a token of respectabilty; that art was upon the town to be chucked under the chin by every passing gallant.' Well, now it appears she is to be thrown out again, quite naturally by the same class of people that took her up for fashionable reasons. What a pity, this entangling alliance with fashion.

"But art isn't fashionable and never was. Art is just a natural part of civilization and has usually stood as one of the surest gauges of its degree; in the same category as religion, philosophy and science. The next thing the 'fashionists' will do will be to place a ban on poetry, which no one can then read with any sort of self respect until it comes in again; or declare the opera *passé*. It is the unthinking vote which elects any fashion and it is therefore applicable only to things we need not think about—clothes, hats and functions. You must take it blindly, with no questions.

"But open your eyes on this move against

paintings and you will see that it comes about as a natural effect of the architect's seeking to supply the more expensive wainscoting of quartered oak in place of the plastered wall, because his fee, at five per cent, will be bigger, and with the decorator who is asked to see to what remains of the room after the architect leaves. The one who finally decides, however, between the sacrifice of pictorial art on the one side and wall paper or paneling on the other, is the householder. Last week my friend L—— told me he had been tearing out paneled wainscoting which a year and a half ago he had put in at the advice of his architect and was busy restoring his pictures to their accustomed places.

"The attempt the fashion people have made to bring pictures into disrepute has seemed to have had just the contrary effect, as may be inferred by the recent increase in the number of picture dealers in New York and the multiplication of exhibitions of art throughout the country.

"No, the Wyant and Cazin have long established their claim to distinction, which is something beyond the other qualification."

"Well," said the visitor, as she arose to go, "perhaps my only objection to the Bouguereau picture was the frame and I suppose I could have that fixed, but there's one thing I *do* know—you men are an up-and-down unfashionable lot."

The NATIONAL VICTORY MEMORIAL



WHEN President Harding laid the cornerstone of the National Victory Memorial at Washington last November, he placed within the stone a box containing a certified copy of George Washington's will by way of marking the fulfillment of one of the striking contemplations it contained. Over a century ago our first President planned for an institution that should promote literature, science and art. Since the war these plans have been revived and combined with other plans for a memorial to our soldiers and sailors. It is designed to fill a place in Washington life and national life as well, for it will include a museum, a place for archives, a library, a reception hall and an auditorium suitable for inaugural receptions and balls and national and international conventions.

There were 4,000,000 "service stars" in American homes during the war. It is planned to have on the ceiling of the auditorium a star for every one of these, and underneath the initials or name of the soldier or sailor it represents. It will form our "National Service Flag" and, according to plans for erecting the building, every organization or community will have the privilege of contributing to its construction in proportion to the number of stars on its flag. President Harding, in writing to the Governors of the various States regarding this Memorial, says that it has been designed to establish "a true shrine of national patriotism, representing for our country the sentiments that Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Church attest to Englishmen and the Pantheon and the Invalides for Frenchmen."

The EDITOR'S STUDIO TALK for APRIL

AMERICA'S pride in her landscape school is based on the achievements of several painters who have carried on the traditions of Inness, Wyant, Twachtman and Robinson, and among them none is better loved than Charles H. Davis, who has so wonderfully caught the varying moods of sky and field and windswept wood. The leading article in the May number of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO will be an appreciation of Davis' work, illustrated by a series of reproductions of his most spirited canvases, one of which, "On the West Wind," in color, is the finest thing of its kind the magazine has yet done.

F. NEWLIN PRICE, who writes of Weir in the present number, will give a characteristic glimpse of "Davies the Absolute" in May. No matter whether or not one may like the artistic flip flops of Arthur B. Davies, who does a handspring from classicism to modernism in a second, and back again from modernism to classicism in a jiffy, there is no denying that he is one of the big figures in American art, and that he is one of the most individual painters who ever lived.

ONE of the rarest and most fascinating arts of the ancients was that of gold glass. The commonest form was that in which the gold design was scratched into the surface with needles. The other method was to spread the gold over a high relief and then weld a covering of glass over it. Only one specimen of this latter method has survived, and this is reproduced in color in the May number as one of the illustrations for an article on ancient gold glass by Dr. Gustavus A. Eisen. It is Hellenistic in design and represents Cupid and Psyche, by a Greek sculptor.

MARK GERTLER, thirty years old, stands unique among English artists. A favorite with the "intelligensia," his pictures bring big prices in London. Though he belongs to the modern school, he is not one of the "poseurs" of the movement, but a very sound, solid artist, free from affectation. Because he is almost unknown in America, Mrs. Gordon-Stables' article in the May number will have especial interest.

THE most talked of and the most sought after portraitist in Paris is Kees Van Dongen. To be painted by him is considered the "smartest" and most desperate thing a person can do. The affair of the portrait of Anatole France will be well remembered. Here is an artist who paints his sitters as they really look to him and, to use a popular expression, "gets away with it." Louise Gebhard Cann contributes a most satisfying article on Van Dongen to the May number.

WHEN period furniture is mentioned, the mind naturally turns to styles like Chippendale or Hepplewhite or Louis XVI. Nobody thinks of the period of Amenhotep III or Rameses II. Not even the most ambitious connoisseur has an "Egyptian Room" with authentic examples of the Eighteenth Dynasty. The material does not exist outside of the precious specimens in the museums. Yet one of the most fascinating chapters in the history of furniture belongs to the ancient Egyptians. Their craftsmen were masters of their art and their products were often as beautiful of line as a lotus flower. The story of Egyptian furniture, written for the May number by Eliza M. Niblack is as interesting as a romance.

A VOGUE has been created in America for the work of certain modern British and Continental etchers, and their plates are much sought after by art lovers and collectors. But America has never fully comprehended the genius of Charles F. W. Mielatz, whose death occurred in 1919, and among whose three hundred plates are many examples that, in the judgment of artists, take rank among the finest of modern times. He was particularly the interpreter of New York City and the American countryside. He never studied or etched abroad. Though born in Germany, he came to America when six years old, and grew up a typical American. G. W. Harris will review Mielatz's life and work in the May number.

MANY other interesting and significant articles are scheduled for May. Bolton Brown will uphold pure lithography as against the newer process of transfer lithography, Edith W. Powell will write on Sully, and Sheldon Cheney will present the new school of German wood engravers. Guy Pène du Bois will review Guy Pène du Bois.

IN the succeeding months—but that is another story.

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State of New York, County of New York:

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared S. W. Frankel, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the INTERNATIONAL STUDIO and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in Section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and address of the publisher, editor and business manager are:

Publisher: INTERNATIONAL STUDIO, Inc., 786 Sixth Ave., New York City; Editor, Peyton Boswell, 786 Sixth Ave., New York City; Managing Editor, none; Business Manager, S. W. Frankel, 786 Sixth Ave., New York City.

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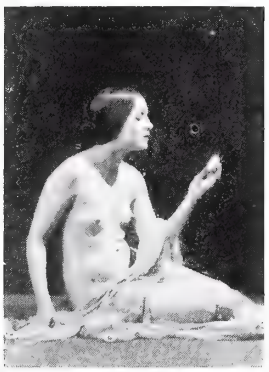
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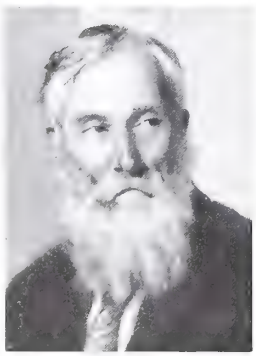
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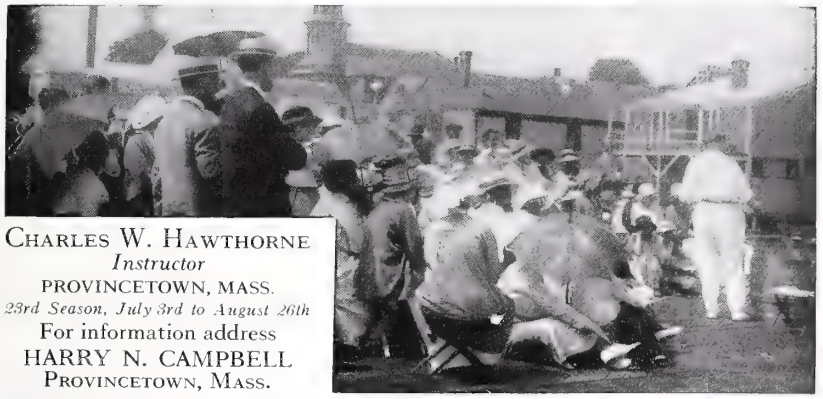
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JUNE
1922

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'ON THE WEST WIND'

by

Charles H. Davis

INTERNATIONAL STUDIO
Vol. LXXV
NO. 301
June
1922

CHARLES H. DAVIS—Landscapist

With light and joy he paints the spirit of Nature in cloud and hillside and wood

AMERICA'S place in contemporary landscape art is so well established as to make more than a passing reference to it trite and unnecessary. Critical analyses in great number are readily accessible to the student of the work of the best men of our recent past who, during the closing decades of the last century, established a landscape school that we and those who follow us may always reverence. Inness, Martin, Wyant, Twachtman and Robinson stand out among many other excellent painters as the great landmarks of our art of their time, and the years that have passed since they left us, in spite of "movements," "isms" and "scisms," have but strengthened our respect for them. Pioneers they were, blazing a trail of sanity and beauty that many since have tried, with more or less success, to follow.

It is still too soon, perhaps, definitely to know who of their successors will in the days to come be ranked with them. Perhaps we have some who, in the final reckoning, will be placed above them. We are still too close to the men themselves, to the individual idiosyncrasies both of painter and painting, to form unbiased estimates of current work. The most natural thing in the world is to like a man's creation because we like the man; it is equally human conversely to dislike. But it does not tend to a fair judgment of the work as art. It is probably true that the personalities of certain men—men with an inordinate appreciation of their own powers—are very real bars to a proper public acceptance of their pictures; and many a second rate picture or worse has been favorably received from the studio of an artist well loved by his fellow men. No one is wholly free from such preconceptions, however strongly he may strive to keep them out of analytical discussion. And so it is that in all critiques of an artist at close range, we must recognize the probable presence of the personal bias. Time alone, long time, with its sifting perspective, will answer for our successors the problems about present-day work that confront us now.

However all these things may be, it is certain that we have several sterling painters, artists to their finger tips, whose efforts are leading toward the definite goal of real achievement. It is not the purpose of this brief article to enter into a discussion of who they are, why they are, or why this man or that is not included in the list. Each of a score of painters can rally any number of staunch supporters to his claim to foremost place in the ranks of men still producing. It would be unprofitable to champion the cause of one against another in such a non-productive debate.

Probably no one would be less likely to put himself forward for honors of this sort than Charles H. Davis. Living a retiring and studious life in the beautiful surroundings of his Connecticut home, he is quite content to work out his own salvation, and to let time decide as to what his place is to be. He belongs to no clique, has no pet theories, and is far more concerned about the production of works of art than in a discussion as to the school in which they shall be classified. Occasionally he makes it a point to see and study special exhibitions both in New York and elsewhere, and each of his excursions to the city is never considered complete without a few hours at least in the company of the masters in the Metropolitan Museum. For he has a very vital interest in the best of the work of the past and is as keen a student of the old masters as of



"BLITHE JUNE"
by
Charles H. Davis



"EARLY SUMMER"
BY CHARLES H. DAVIS

the creations of his contemporaries. The rest of the year, except when an occasional art jury demands his service, is spent in solving his own problems in his own way. He is very close to nature, a beautiful nature, and his studio is set in a curve of the river amidst the hills and trees that form the familiar motive of his canvases.

Davis uses his landscape forms almost entirely as an expression of mood. He paints not a tree or hillside in spring, but the spirit of spring itself; not the tangled, tawny undergrowth of ravines and wood, but the somber quiet of a day in fall; not the snowy approach to the hill-top farm, but the mystery of winter with a hint of snow in the air. And yet, with all their spiritual quality his pictures are as solidly substantial as we could wish. We can walk on Davis' hills, his rocks have weight, his trees mass, his water depth. He gives us nature and the spirit of nature at the same time, and while one could not exist without the other, we find the combination all too rarely. And we find it most often in the best of the work of the past that has survived.

But while Davis both now and for most of his art career has worked apart from his fellow painters, he has never been without keen interest in them and in their work, and this has been generously reciprocated. As long ago as the early '90s it is recorded that when one of his pictures came before the jury of the National Academy of Design, it won the favor of Inness and Wyant, both members of the hanging committee, who tried to secure for it the post of honor, an effort in which, it is further recorded, they did not succeed. This picture was "The Deepening Shadows," bought at that exhibition by Mr. Thomas B. Clarke, friend and patron of Inness, who with Inness was one of Davis' earliest and most cordial supporters.

Davis' pictures of the '80s and '90s, however, have little in common with his work of today. He comes of a thoughtful family—his father was a schoolmaster of the old type—and it is not surprising that his earlier efforts were directed to a somber interpretation of nature in her quieter moods. "The Edge of the Village," his Salon picture of 1883, later exhibited in this country, well reflects the direction of the young artist's mood at that time. His first exhibition in America,

INTERNATIONAL STUDIO



"GREY BROTHERS"
by
Charles H. Davis



"BACK OF THE VILLAGE, SPRINGTIME"
BY CHARLES H. DAVIS

made the preceding year, when he was but twenty-seven years old, was entirely composed of pictures of this type. But a dozen years later a different note began to appear: more light, a higher color-range, and perhaps a more joyous spirit, crept into his pictures. From then on they showed the presence of a firmer hand, a greater strength, and a simplification both of subject and of rendering. Forsaking the intimate details of the French landscape which until now had dominated his thought, he devoted his attention to the broader aspects of nature, to the moods of rain-filled clouds over uplands, to the song of birds in spring, to the depth of the New England winter.

For Davis is as versatile in his subjects as he is in the methods he uses to depict them. For a time his cloud motives interested him so greatly that he came in the popular mind to be associated with them to the exclusion of the many other subjects that he painted with equal enthusiasm. It is certain that this growing reputation as a painter of clouds troubled him, and perhaps it is on that account that in recent years he has unconsciously devoted more and more of his time to spring, summer and winter subjects, with other than clouds as their chief characteristic. One of his finest successes, "The Sunny Hillside," which was awarded the Corcoran Silver Medal at the exhibition in Washington two years ago, was as far from the type of picture usually associated with his name as anything could possibly be. In its subtlety of form and color it was a picture that Twachtman would have liked—and indeed that would apply to many of his recent efforts. There is something in most of his more poetic canvases that unconsciously recalls the work of Twachtman's later days, though they are far from imitative of that great master's art. Instinctively we try to interpret the new in the terms of what has gone before, and it is to Twachtman if to anyone that we must turn to find Davis' forerunner among the men of the preceding generation. Perhaps that is why Twachtman admirers have immediately turned to Davis with keen appreciation, or perhaps such a reaction is merely the natural association of quality with quality. Since



"In Winter" by Charles H. Davis



"In Golden Light" by Charles H. Davis



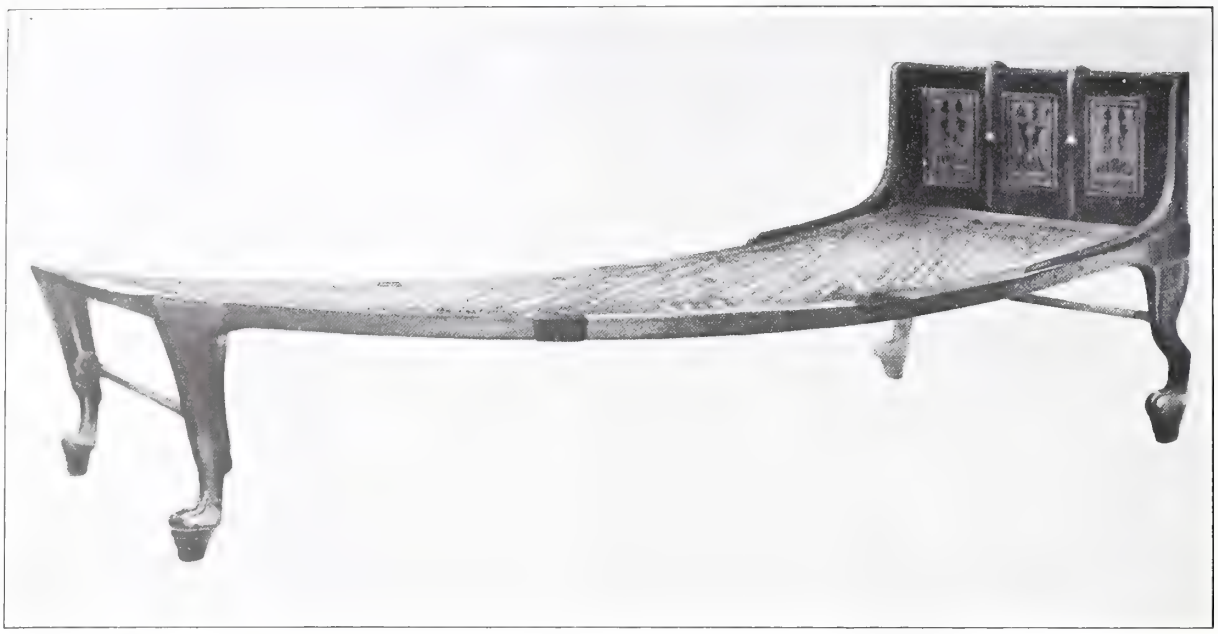
"JOYOUS DAY IN SPRING"
BY CHARLES H. DAVIS

his earliest American exhibition, honors have been coming to Davis wherever his pictures have been shown, juries uniting to recognize in him something almost always worthy of special distinction. He is represented in most of our leading museums, many of which recognized his merit some years before the general public responded to his highly individual art. There has been no lack of substantial appreciation in recent years, however, and there are few private collections of any importance in which his work does not occupy a conspicuous position. And, at that, his pictures are not fundamentally gallery canvases, as the warm place they take in many private homes that do not aspire to the collector's high estate amply indicates. They are pictures to be lived with day after day with an enjoyment that only a beautiful thing of the highest merit can possibly give.

The accompanying illustrations have been carefully selected to show the many-sidedness of Davis' art, and they cover all phases of nature as they have attracted him during recent years. "On the West Wind," reproduced in color as the frontispiece of this article, is what most people would designate the "typical Davis"; it is the Davis of clouds and hills, the subject on which his first big successes were based. But today it is no more typical than "Blithe June," or the "Early Summer" owned by the Minneapolis Institute of Arts, in which tree interest has been introduced as the dominant motive. Nor is it more typical than the spring pictures, of which "Back of the Village" is an excellent example, or the more wintry "Grey Brothers" and "In Golden Light." Each is the real Davis, the individual interpretation of the man whom all nature inspires.

So whether Davis belongs at the top of the list or not, really matters very little or not at all. And many years shall pass before we know. But in the meantime we can be sure that he is a splendid painter and a very real creative artist. Without indulging in too fulsome praise, in spite, perhaps, of strong temptation, let us be content to enjoy him for what he means to us now, and let time decide where his place eventually is to be.

[*Photographs by courtesy of the Macbeth Gallery, New York*]



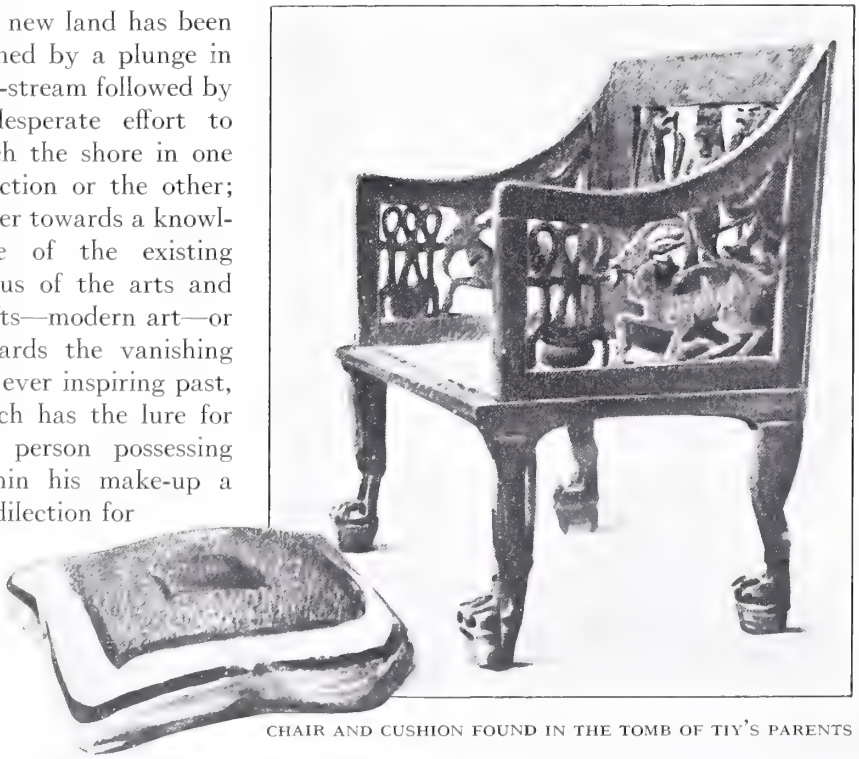
"BED OF OSIRIS"— FOUND IN THE TOMB OF QUEEN TIY'S PARENTS

FURNITURE IN ANCIENT EGYPT

Consummate craftsmanship 4000 years ago originated styles that survive to the present day · by

ELIZA M. NIBLACK

To remain in America and become a connoisseur along any line of art was in the past an almost impossible achievement. Fifty years ago there were few collections of any kind west of the Alleghanies. The taste of the elder members of most communities in this new land has been formed by a plunge in mid-stream followed by a desperate effort to reach the shore in one direction or the other; either towards a knowledge of the existing status of the arts and crafts—modern art—or towards the vanishing yet ever inspiring past, which has the lure for the person possessing within his make-up a predilection for archaeology. A contact, intimate or sudden, with a Jacobean table or a Chippendale chair may start the beginner on the collector's road, with high hopes and a quickened pulse and if, on coming to the fork of the road, he turns into the path which leads to the broad and open fields of the evolution and migration of design, he will journey toward antiquity in a search for the origin of shapes and motifs and the spiritual interpretation of many things which have been accepted as a part of our present lives.



CHAIR AND CUSHION FOUND IN THE TOMB OF TIY'S PARENTS

Thus a progressive and expanded study of the furniture craft in Europe if pursued to its logical beginnings inevitably leads back to Rome, Greece, Babylonia and Egypt—even to the Far East—where ideas of no special significance to the composite minds of the moderns were of most



A CHILD'S CHAIR FOUND IN THE TOMB OF QUEEN TIY'S PARENTS QUEEN TIY'S CHAIR

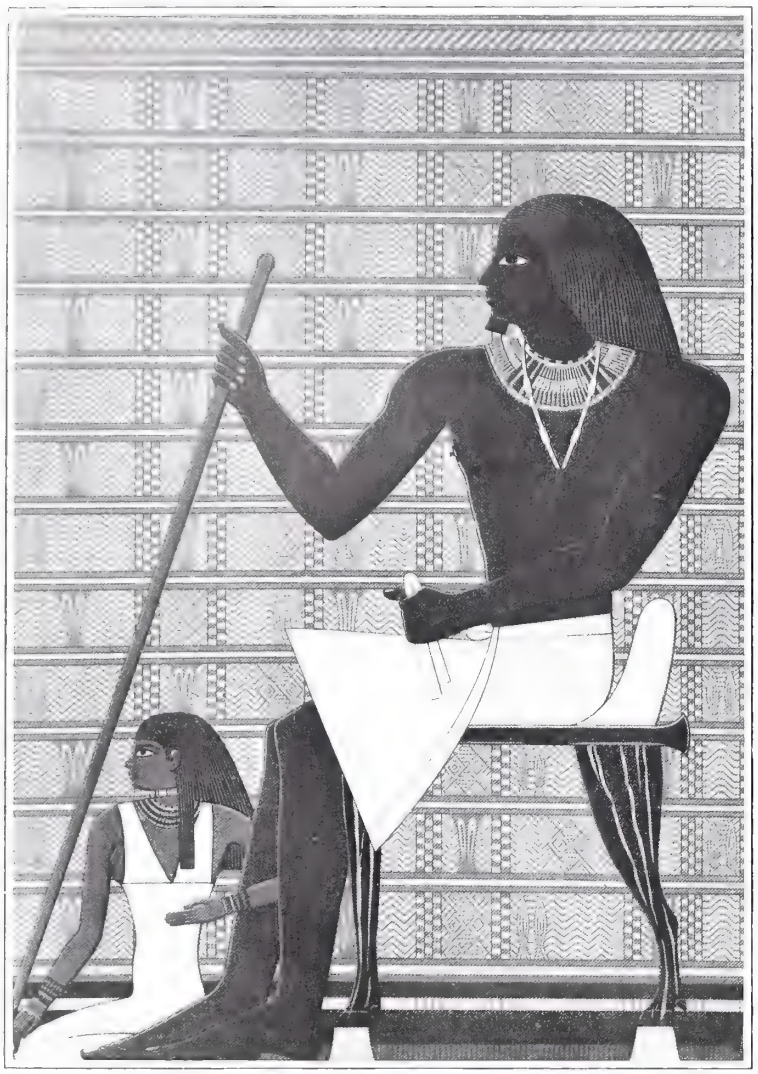
vital significance to the artists and craftsmen of old.

Egyptian furniture! On first thought one might be tempted to say that, owing to the perishable nature of wood and the long train of centuries which has rolled over this truly ancient land, a search for any such articles of value would be as uncertain as looking for water in the desert of Gobi. But in addition to the sparse yield of actual specimens of the craft in museums and private collections, the seeker may scan with more or less profit the remarkable wall paintings and sculptures in which the early Egyptians have portrayed the customs of their daily lives, the events, transitory and epochal, of their national existence and the strange monstrosities—a fusion of man and animal form—which constitute the multiple gods of their weird hierarchy. Following this impulse towards portrayal, which was prompted by the deeply-rooted conviction in the mind of the Egyptian that life after death was as real and as fleshly as life on this earth, and the detailed visualization of both existences, the preservation of these priceless records was ensured to us, people of far-distant unheard-of lands, by one of the most fugacious and impermanent of natural elements, the sands of the desert, which filled in, covered over and hermetically sealed such remains of temple and tomb as the vandalism of man had spared.



QUEEN TIY, WIFE OF AMENHOTEP III

It must never be forgotten that in studying Egypt we are deal-



TEI AND HIS WIFE
(V DYNASTY, 2750-2625 B. C.)
FROM THE TOMBS OF MEMPHIS

ing with great antiquity combined with a culture along certain lines which has never been surpassed. Against the word "ancient" we must balance the facts that a calendar year of 365 days was adopted in the year 4241 B. C.; that a pharaoh of the VI dynasty (2595-2575), the builder of the temple of Denderah, proclaimed that the plan of his edifice was based on a pre-dynastic structure that once stood on the spot; and that hieroglyphs of a simpler kind had been long in use before the time of Menes, the first king of united Egypt.

The opening up to the modern world of the treasure of the Nile valley by Napoleon's campaign in Egypt threw a light into the past which has increased with time and has revealed man emerging from shadowy surroundings by no means savage or semi-civilized into a state of development, even of splendor, undreamed of by us. One entirely unforeseen consequence of the French sojourn in Egypt was the Empire type of furniture, adopted during the Napoleonic régimé. No one can face this phase of the mobiliary craft without recognizing its parentage.

Although a technical study of furniture scarcely lies within the range of this article, it may be interesting to make two or three general observations upon the craft. An important group, though small in size of objects which collections and wall decorations have preserved to us, is that of stools. Possessing the principles of most varieties of mobiliary construction known in Egypt, they, strangely enough, suggest European styles, old and modern. In addition to features of French "Empire," we can foresee the three-legged Tudor stool; the solid-sided Jacobean panelled bench; the stretcher type of Italy and the Low Countries; the strutted construction of Japanese bamboo; the square - legged Chinese; the heavy square "Mission"; the turned legs and pads of the William and Mary; the curved leg with cresting of the Orange-Georgian; the graceful double curve of Louis XV, and the curule, adopted and invested with so much dignity by the Romans. Among the last, a curule chair, a fine specimen, shows the X-crossed necks of geese sweeping down and catching in their bills a connecting rod or, again, gliding with all the movement of a Japanese print to catch in their bills a disc which suggests (without being it) the Chinese coin motif or a ball, the flatness being more apparent in the delineation than the roundness. Beautiful stools with turnings which would do credit to any cabinet-maker of any age, sometimes made of costly ebony and other rare woods inlaid with ivory and imported woods, are in existence today. Among the curule stools of the XVIII dynasty one of them possesses ball and claw feet; another shows a lion's paws with a ram's head at the pivot, or, again, with an animal skin laid over the seat, the head and tail hanging down and the feet looped through the frame. One remarkable fact concerning Egyptian furniture which may be noted from the earliest time to the latest is the rare use, except in stools, of the stretcher. Strangely enough, the most beautiful specimen of its use known to the writer is in the

case of a chair of the period of Rameses III (about 1200 B. C.), on the walls of Medinet Habu where the stretchers flare at each end into a beautiful lotus flower at their junction with the lion legs.

As the earthly abode of the Egyptian was of a transitory nature, he built his house of rather light, open construction, as befitting the climate. As a consequence, no specimens of domestic architecture have come down to us. Judging from the records, we are warranted in believing that elegance and good taste prevailed. In some cases, covering in its various ramifications a space two or three hundred yards square, the Egyptian house was surrounded by gardens of fruits, vegetables and flowers, with ponds for goldfish and bowers for sitting in the open air. Undoubtedly the furniture of such a villa was of a high order. The walls of the Theban tombs, so rich in genre, warrant us in the assertion that chairs and couches were particularly handsome. Playing an important part in the varied functions of their lives—domestic, official and religious—they are frequently portrayed. Among the woods employed were the sycamore, extensively cultivated in Egypt; the tamarisk, to meet the demand for harder woods; deal and cedar from Syria; and ebony and rare woods from Ethiopia and Asia. These, and more, were often received as tribute from vassal states. As cabinet-making was a highly developed craft, we are not surprised to learn that tools similar to and methods quite as good as our own were used, and that 3,300 years ago veneering was much valued and skillfully applied by means of glue. It is interesting to note in passing that at an early day means of imitating tooled leather and fine-grained woods were well-known and frequently practised. Fragments of beds and chests, often made of ebony with ivory and rare woods, or of metal enhanced by gilding and chasing; and parts of stools with legs splendidly fashioned to represent the legs of a bull, may be seen among the museum treasures of various lands. Two such legs in ivory are in the Metropolitan Museum. Glass glazed faience plaques and ivory were inserted in furniture and other woodwork. A fine mural painting of the time of Thutmose III, at the opening of the XVI century B. C., pictures the entire process of *ebenisterie* from the wood arriving in the unhewn state to its coming forth in the form of a magnificent statue of ebony ornamented with gold. Beds, divans, footstools, armoires with double doors, buffet tables, caskets, coffers: all were made with the greatest care. Chairs of all styles were covered with fine textiles of linen, cotton or, at a late period, silk, plain or brocaded, dyed or painted, and the footstools were upholstered to correspond. Owing to the abundance of animal life in ancient Egypt, leather, much used for all purposes, was frequently employed, instead of strings and rushes, either as a cushion, a solid seat or as leather



AMENHOTEP II ON THE LAP OF HIS GOVERNESS, FROM THE THEBAN TOMBS (XVIII DYNASTY)

thongs. With the progress of cabinet-making stretchers were abandoned, as in England during the Orange-Georgian period, to such an extent that by the time of Joseph's sojourn in Egypt they were considered out of date. Indeed, except in stools, as we have noted (and then not commonly), they seldom appear in the wall pictures that everywhere adorn the tombs.

From a period as remote as the IV dynasty up to the latest delineation of customs in the tombs, a stool-chair used for ceremonial or religious occasions, like the chair shown in the painting, "Offerings to Osiris," is seen with a back, low or moderately so, the solid framework plain or painted with many patterns of decorative motifs, and always with a cushion under the person seated curling back over the rear support. On these sits the pharaoh or the god, or the pharaoh as representative of the god, receiving offerings and libations. Osiris sits before a monopodium loaded with choice viands receiving the offering of wines and delicacies such as were dear to the palate of the well-to-do Egyptian. One wonders with sly humor if the epicurean suppliant does not sometimes entrap the god by forestalling any objection to the indulgencies of the mortal, since, if the offering is accepted, the god cannot consistently object to consumption of such food by the giver. It is regrettable that the coloring in this painting cannot be reproduced. Upon a pale amber ground are patches of sienna, olive, black, pink, azure and chrome yellow or deep amber, as fine in value, as well registered within their firmly drawn outlines as Japan can provide in a perfect Kiyonaga print.

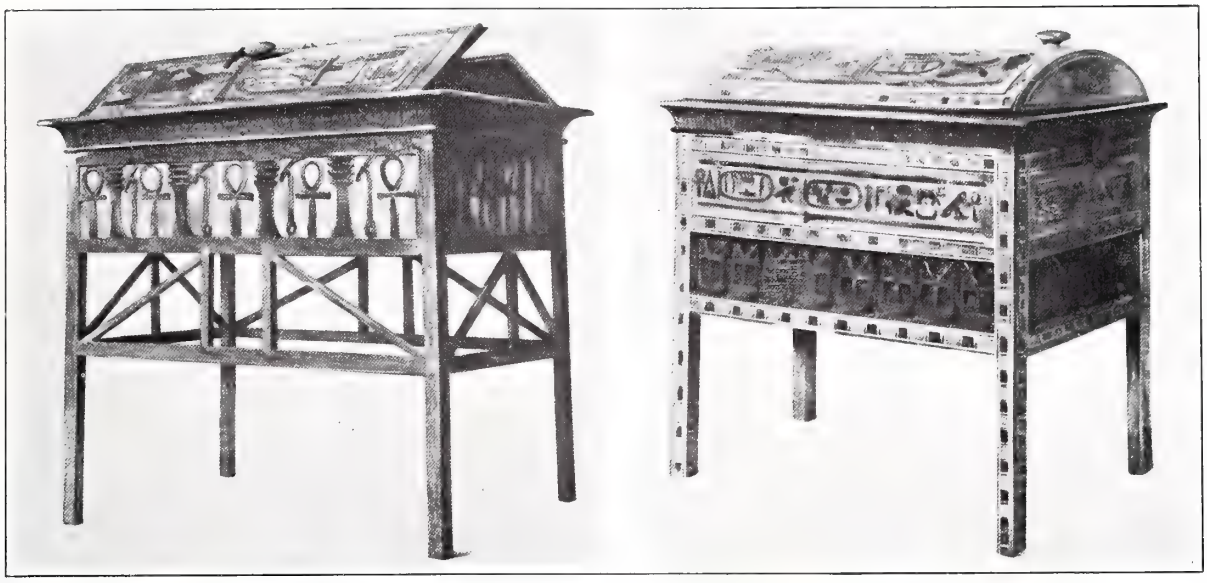


OFFERINGS TO OSIRIS, A TOMB PAINTING SHOWING A CHAIR AND TABLE AS USED IN THEBES IN THE XV DYNASTY

A more familiar type of early stool-chair dating back to the earliest records is the one with animal legs, either lion legs and paws or bull legs and hoofs, the side rail generally ending in a lotus terminal. The legs are always placed like those of the walking or standing animal and, however much we may be impressed with our own superiority of taste, we must confess that they are more logical than our chair legs, that they admit of graceful angles and curves combined with stability of construction, and are frankly what they set out to be, the legs of a creature upon whose back the sitter is borne.

In the delightful picture of Tei and his wife of the V dynasty (2750-2625 B. C.) one almost forgets the fine points of the stool because of the good drawing and superb coloring. The outer border of pale grey is enclosed in bands of black. On the background of pale yellow, across compartments of water and lotus motifs defined by stripes and checkers of pale turquoise green, is drawn in firm outline the imposing figure of the great official. If you for one moment doubt his greatness and power you will be forever silenced by a glance at his anti-suffragist wife, clasping his leg and looking quite happy and satisfied with her humble position. Her costume, quite up-to-date even now, is *en grande tenue*, a garment of white, collar and bracelets of gray, blue and black beads, set off by flesh tones of canary yellow, and a wig of black braids.

Tables seem to have been little used in our modern way by the Egyptians, and yet in the wall-paintings they recur like the words "I" and "he" in a narrative, ever with the ceaseless modification which a different verb lends to the pronoun in relating a story. Much pleasure may be derived from noting the variations of the



COFFER OF AMENHOTEP III, FROM THE TOMB OF THE PARENTS OF QUEEN TIY

COFFER OF AMENHOTEP III AND QUEEN TIY, FROM THE TOMB OF HER PARENTS

standards of the monopodia, which always present simple lines and good proportions. Always unobtrusive, these little adjuncts of ceremonies or domestic activities constantly appear—strutted tables; the solid rectangle or downward flaring tables with simple or ornamented cornice, and open tables with stretchers and braced corners.

After the period of oppression by the Hyksos, an alien people, rude and disdainful of all the refinements of civilization, the native art of the Egyptians blossomed forth with great luxuriousness under the New Empire, which began in 1580 B. C., and in their "delirium of unassuageable covetousness" the people began to appropriate to their own uses fine furniture and objects of art which had hitherto been reserved for the worship of the gods or the pomp of the pharaohs. Among their handsome furnishings were couches, day-beds and beds for sleeping. Day-beds were often accompanied by a metal mirror or the solar disk and generally made in the form of an animal, the heavy cushion representing the body and completing the contour. In a country where animals were so intimately associated with royalty and religion no one used their forms without significance. When the Egyptian used the lion, the jackal, the hyena, the hawk or the vulture he desired to place himself under the protection of the deity whose symbols they were, and when the front feet differed from the back, one pair being, for example, of a lion, the other gazelle, or when a couch bore the head and tail of a lion, the feet of a gazelle, with the front of a human being, he intended to invoke the protection of two or three deities. The cow Hathor, for example, was the Egyptian Aphrodite, the lion stood for force and the bee for royalty. Astrology had a great hold on the minds of these people and every hour of the day or night brought, in its turn, the influence of some animal upon a definite part of the human anatomy. A remnant of this superstition may be seen today in any of our old-style almanacs where the twelve signs of the zodiac are represented as related to twelve sections of the human body.

Of all Egyptian discoveries the richest in furniture was that of the tomb of Iouiya and Touiyou, the father and mother of Queen Tiy, who was the beautiful and capable queen-consort of Amenhotep III. The portrait of the queen shown in the illustration loses some of its charm with the lack of the harmony of color of the original painting. As the face has always been deemed of importance by the artists of Egypt, we may have some assurance that this portrait resembles the queen and gives at least a hint of her beauty.

The foreigners having been driven out by Thutmose I, he ascended the throne and inaugurated a new dynasty, the XVIII, which led Egypt into the greatest period of her history, the flowering of her civilization. Following the reign of Queen Hatshepsut one of the most notable of Egyptian monarchs, came that of Thutmose III, who conquered most of the nations in Asia Minor and left not only a great empire but achieved the historical distinction of being the first great conquerer in the history of the world. That his son, Amenhotep II, inherited great power and responsibility is shown from the wall-painting of the lad on the lap of his nurse with his feet planted upon

the heads of captives, Asiatic and Nubian, who were bowed beneath his might. To this worthy son of a great sire succeeded Thutmose IV and then Amenhotep III, who did not possess the force of character of his ancestors and leaned somewhat upon Queen Tiy, who was capable and wise. Her son, Amenhotep IV, upon whom devolved the duty of rescuing the provinces from rebellion was totally unsuited to his duties as king and gave himself over to the task of purifying the religion of Egypt. There is no doubt that the religion needed purifying but the country required a strong arm to smite the insurrectionists far more than a priest to propagate a new cult. A man of marked mentality, he gave all his time and thought to this new religion, the worship of Aton, or the power of the sun—a religion founded on conceptions which seemed to be reaching out toward the oneness of God, taught at a later period by the Hebrews. He has been called a prophet, a seer who caught a glimpse of truth through the darkness which surrounded him and henceforth could only follow the light revealed to him. Queen Tiy, his mother, was evidently a good woman, a faithful wife and a loving daughter. The glimpse of intimate happenings which the tomb of her parents reveals makes one realize that family life and love are not things of the present moment only. The coffins were of carved wood covered with gold and silver leaf, beautifully modelled and inlaid with colored glass and semi-precious stones. The chariot, which seems to have been used for the funeral only, was found in an excellent state of preservation. The body of it was covered with red leather, stuccoed and gilt in imitation of embossing, and the wheels were bound with leather tires.

The bed found in this tomb is pleasing to the eye both for grace of form and beauty of decoration. While we cannot admire wholeheartedly the animal-human gods carved in the panels we can nevertheless appreciate the decorative effect of the headboard. These beds (there were two in the tomb) have been treated in a manner of which there is but one other example known to Egyptologists. They are called "Beds of Osiris" and are intended to represent the idea of life springing from death.

Three fine chairs were placed in the tomb, one of which with busts at the front of the seat and lion paws and carved panels in back and arms, possesses a peculiar human interest because it seems to have been placed there by desire of the grand-daughter and, being a child's chair, may have been one presented to her by the grand-parents or in some way associated in life with them. Of course no Egyptologist would dare to indulge in such a speculation, since there is no inscription to bear out the theory. My own bit of sentiment is based upon the fact that the back panel shows the little princess receiving gifts of jewelry and the arm panel a scene of similar significance, showing that the chair had been especially made for the girl when small. Since there is no one to disprove it, I shall indulge myself in the theory that the outgrown chair was placed in the tomb by the grand-daughter with the thought that in the future life she would sit in her little chair and talk to her grand-parents as of old.

The second chair, with its open carved panels of gods on the arms, shows in the panel of the back the queen seated on a little pleasure boat on the water, her elder daughter standing at the bow and presenting her with flowers she has gathered, while the younger child, seemingly a girl, stands at the stern. The third, the loveliest of all, is in dove colors, enhanced with gold. In the panels of the arms are the figures of goats or gazelles, while on the floor lies a leather cushion still well preserved.

Two beautiful coffers well deserve attention. In both cases the bodies are of cerulean blue glazed faience, the one with strutted supports bearing a band of hieroglyphic inscriptions in gilt gesso over the blue. The dome shaped top bears among other motifs the cartouche of Amenhotep III. A band of rectangles of ebony, ivory (natural-colored and stained red), and blue glazed faience adds the finishing touch of color to this beautiful creation. The other coffer, instead of the strutting, has a band of wood, carved in rectangles, covered with gesso and gilt, with a piece of red linen placed at the back to show through and lend the charm of its note to the fine harmony of the whole.

Glad as we must be that objects of such beauty have been rescued from oblivion, we must feel sad at the thought that even lovelier things which were contained in the tombs of the pharaohs and their queens have disappeared forever.

But even though the gentle life of Old Egypt is gone, with its passionate striving for beauty, as exemplified in the love (almost worship) which the people had for the color and form of flowers and for the graceful contour of animals, we must be thankful that there has been preserved for us even these few meagre records of their everyday craft. They will be an inspiration for us in these times when we are coming to see, as a people, that life means something more than material achievement and that the truest gauge of any civilization—old or new—is to be found in its art.

SCULPTURES REVEAL GROWTH of GOTHIC STYLE

This XIII century French Gothic statue, reproduced below, which has recently been acquired by the Metropolitan Museum, represents a King of Judah—a subject which appealed particularly to the mediaeval imagination. Its particular importance is in showing the stirring of the new spirit of naturalism which gave rise to the Gothic style. Such a statue as this marks one of the first steps away from Romanesque formalism toward realism. It was found about thirty years ago in Avignon, and it is possible that it may have originally come from one of the now destroyed XIII century churches of that historic city.



SAINT PAUL

In the two hundred years between the making of these statues, Gothic art gained the fluent realism exemplified in the "Saint Paul." It bears a close resemblance to the work of Claus Sluter, the maker of the famous "Well of the Prophets" at Dijon, and is attributed to Sluter's nephew, Claus de Werve. The early history of the statue is not known, but in 1792 it was purchased from the Dominican convent at Poligny—a little town in the mountainous region of the Jura—by a certain Claude Antoine Dubois, in whose family it remained until recently. It is now in the Metropolitan Museum.



A KING OF JUDAH



The LADY *of the* DEW

Statue at Old St. Marks-on-the Bowerie, by Solon Borglum (1868-1922)

By Mary Plowden Kernan

By Old St. Mark's deep cloistered gate,
Haunting my dreams the whole night long,
She kneels; encased in clinging white,
Her beauty wreathed in flowing hair—
The Lady of the Dew.

Many a night in music mood,
My drifting hands on ivory keys,
Themes of luring tone I played
To call her from her sculptured stone—
The Lady of the Dew.

Alive in marble solitude,
Her body glistening in the air
She rose, as from a Grecian frieze,
And came to dance upon the green—
The Lady of the Dew.

She flittered on among the trees,
Between red cedars young as she—
Ah! jealous now! they screened my eyes
As they bent low to touch her brow—
The Lady of the Dew.

The halting tones, her swaying step,
Mused on together, rhythmic, slow;
As though entranced, in harmonies
That stirred her soul, she danced—
The Lady of the Dew.

Across the gentle pattering pool
She leaned, a wraith in dusk's gray tints
And blue; while clustering around the rim
The drooping mulberries guarded her—
The Lady of the Dew.

She raised her head, she gazed around
In search of Pan or wood nymph near;
Then startled into loneliness, she fled
The green, sought her cool stone—
The Lady of the Dew.



"MOSAIC TILE"-HOOK RUG

American Colonial — XVIII Century



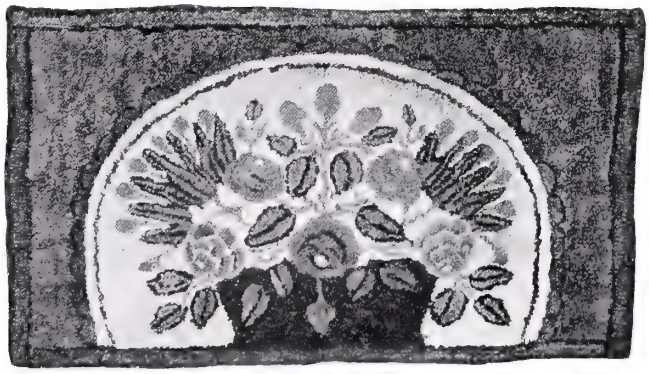
COMBINED "WELCOME" AND "ANIMAL" HOOK RUG—VICTORIAN ERA

The HOOK RUG ~ an American Antique

Beauty and charm found by collectors in quaint product of our ancestors' home-craft · · · by

FRANK H. S. KEEBLE

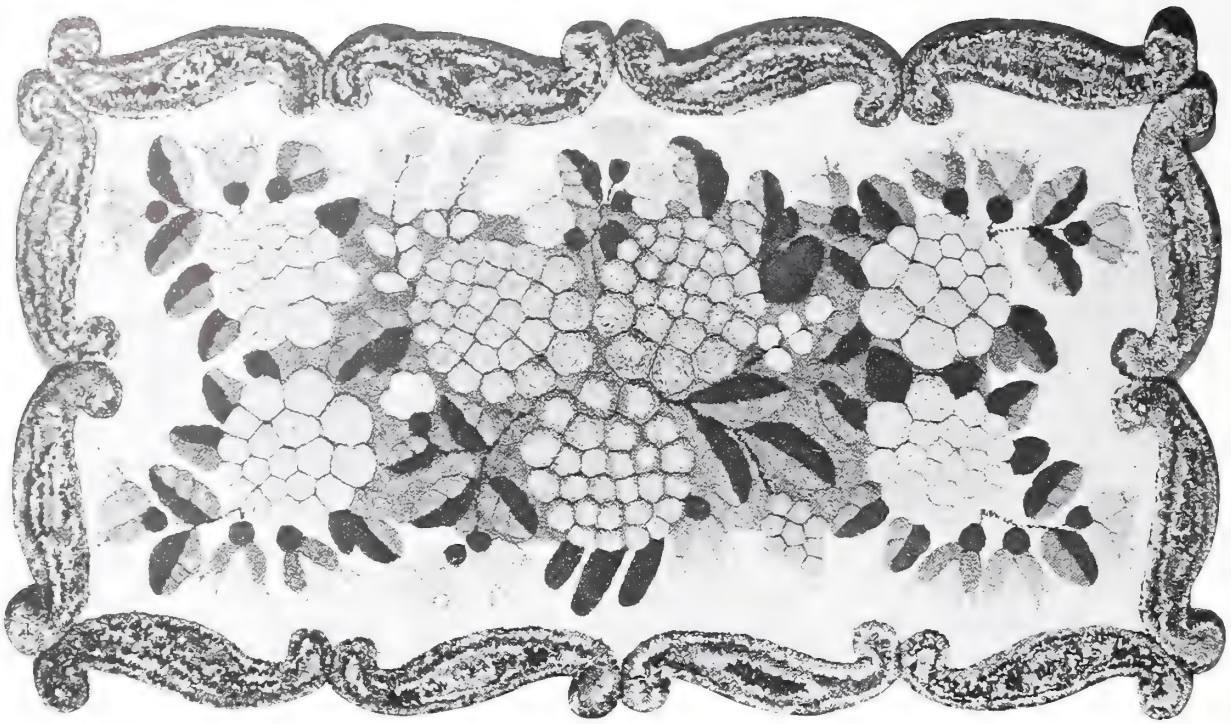
THE "hook rug," so admirably suited to the Colonial type of house, was originated in Colonial America during the early Eighteenth Century, and continued to be made in moderate quantities until the time of our grandmothers, well beyond the mid-Victorian era. Subsequently the inexpensive machine-made rug usurped the place of the hand-made hook rug with all its fine, durable qualities and charming individuality. During the last fifteen or twenty years these qualities have gradually become more and more recognized and appreciated. While in isolated locations this homecraft still continued, thus fortunately enabling the ancient traditions to give the present generation an easier opportunity to increase the output of this most meritorious floor covering, it is, however, only during the last few years that any appreciable number of rugs have been made. It is very greatly to be desired that this revival of interest will encourage many to take up the old time craft so that these beautiful rugs may again flourish and receive their just tribute.



"FLORAL BASKET" HOOK RUG— XVIII CENTURY

The "hook rug" is generally considered the most important type of rug indigenous to America. Examples are to be found in many museums throughout the country. There is little doubt that the rugs were not only made in all the New England States, but as far south as the Virginias. This statement is verified by local traditions still existing regarding the original owners and makers.

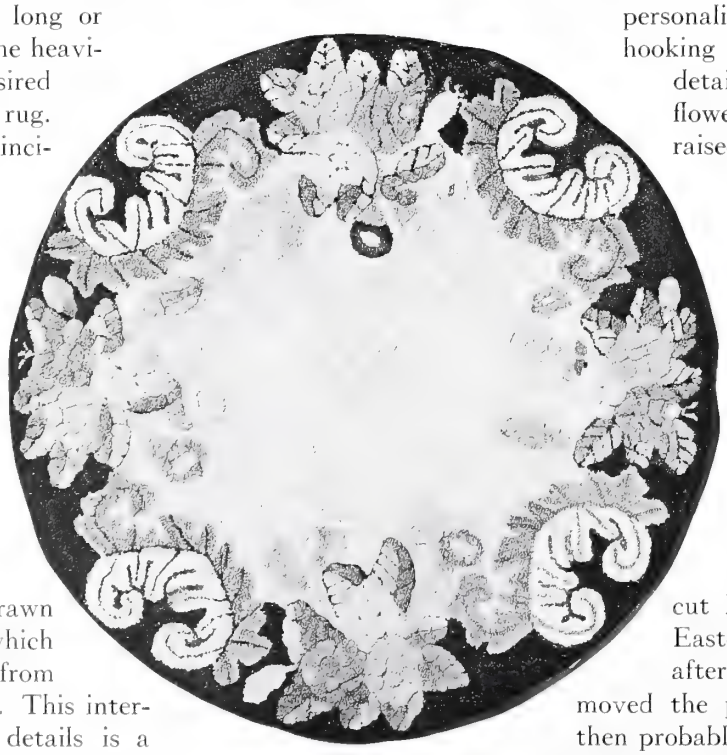
After all, what more delightful occupation could fill a winter's evening than "hooking" in the farmhouse or plantation, under the critical eye of a kindly grandmother. The execution, or "hooking," is not intricate, but the result is very substantial and often a most artistic tribute to the amateur craftsman. The best foundation is old-fashioned hemp bagging, no doubt originally brought over in the early days as covering for some commodity coming to America from Europe. For the



SCROLLED OBLONG HOOK RUG

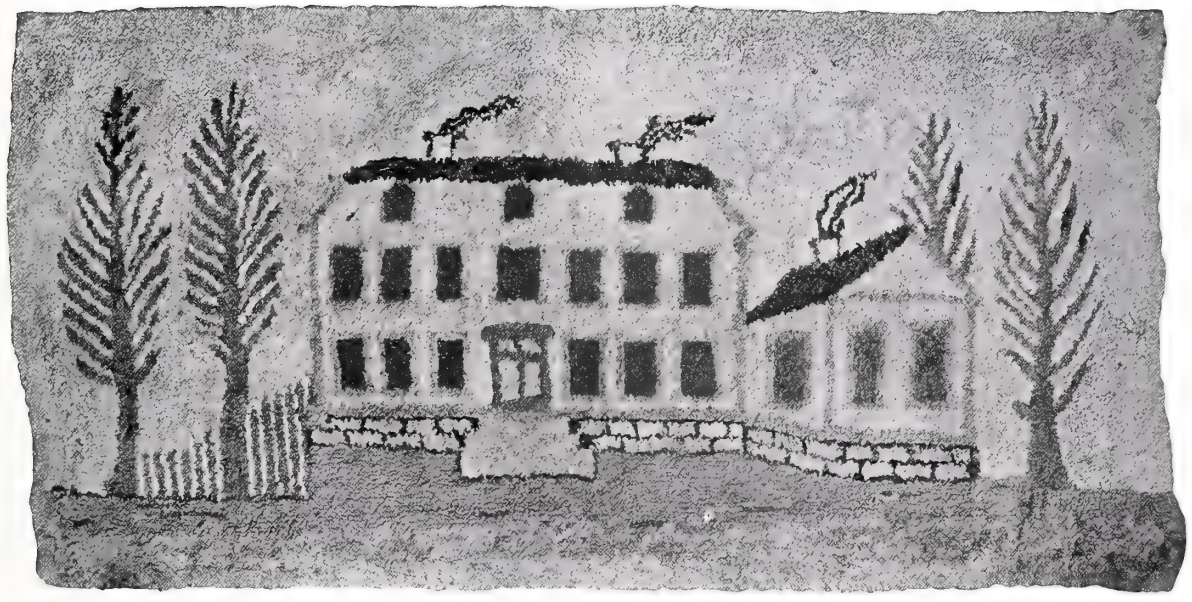
hooking, any cotton or worsted material of the color necessary to the pattern to be evolved is cut into strips and lightly folded or rolled, the width or diameter varying with the individual taste and the desired fineness of the hook. These strips are then hooked through the foundation, after the pattern has been outlined in black on the bagging or burlap, leaving the length of hook long or short according to the heaviness or lightness desired to be obtained in the rug.

Many amusing incidents and family discussions no doubt occurred in the earlier times during the selection and drawing of the patterns for the endless variety of designs, and the crude handling confirms the supposition that they were generally freely drawn from small sketches which had been obtained from neighbors or friends. This interesting diversity of details is a natural result of individual taste or imagination. It is a quality fortunately found in a greater or lesser degree in all handcraftsmanship, and is perhaps the salient feature of the hook rug, although the differences in the breadth of the hook, its length, its regularity or irregularity and closeness of hooking give innumerable interesting textures that are very alluring and often have a note of charming personality. Occasionally the hooking of the important details, such as the flowers of a bouquet, is raised and veritably modeled in low relief. This type of enriched hooking and also another type enhanced with long and short stitches of embroidery are now very rarely to be met with.



ROUND HOOK RUG
LEAF AND FLOWER MOTIF

It is very doubtful if the hooking was ever cut like the pile of an Eastern rug or velvet until after long wear had removed the pristine colors, and then probably it was the thriftiness of the age that suggested this method of bringing back the



"BRICK HOUSE" HOOK RUG

beauty of the original color from the interior of the rolled or pleated hook.

Much taste was often shown in the color schemes adopted, especially in the earlier specimens of the Eighteenth Century, which often betray fine pastel shades amplified by richer colors, as was then the vogue in France. These were unquestionably inspired by the beautiful brocades and embroideries of the period, modified to the purpose in hand, and time, with its mellowing purpose, has refined and softened the general tonality. Latterly, during the Empire period, stronger colors were to the fore, and during the Victorian era there appears a curious crudeness of color that almost parallels that which prevailed in England about the same time.

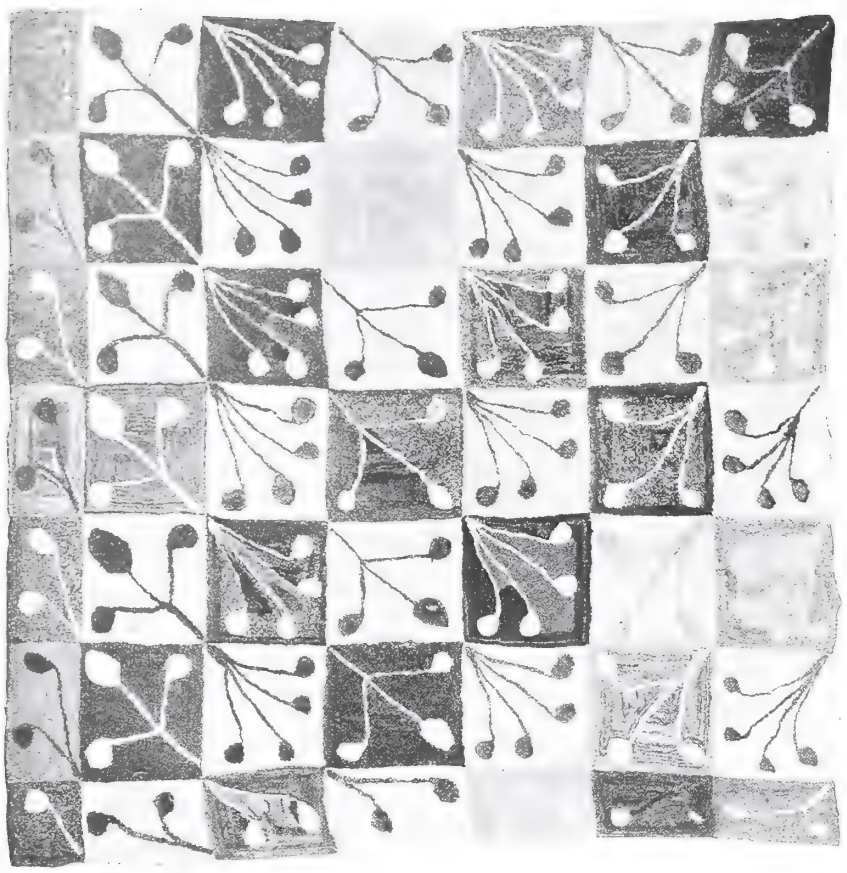
Many quaint effects in color are frequently seen, due to the fact that the original stock of material for the finishing of ground or pattern was too soon exhausted and the nearest color found had to be substituted for the completion of the rug. This feature is also often noticeable in Oriental rugs, where a new dyeing of the material has taken place while the rug was in an unfinished condition. Naturally, with a product mainly home-made, such as the hook rug, great versatility was developed, for the long distances between villages and towns and the inaccessibility during winter precluded much intercourse, so that many patterns must often have been drawn from memory.

During the Eighteenth Century numerous excellently drawn motives were evolved from English and French sources, such as baskets of flowers, floral medallions with infinite variations in the scrolling, borders and flowers, some of the latter being pleasantly reminiscent of Scutari velvet rug patterns, others less conventional. The Eighteenth Century "Floral Basket" rug reproduced herewith is extremely interesting, foreshadowing an early tendency to innovation in outer shapes, for although the rug is oblong, the basket of flowers is placed within an arched ivory field, an extremely novel arrangement for this period. The rug is well hooked in soft tans; the flowers are in rose-pinks, mellow yellow and greens.



OVAL MEDALLION
HOOK RUG
VICTORIAN PERIOD

At the very close of the Eighteenth Century the quaint "Brick House" rugs appeared, evidently a product of Boston, Philadelphia, or possibly New York. This pattern seems to have been taken from the samplers of a slightly earlier period. Many of the samplers exist today while the



"FLORAL TILE" HOOK RUG

An unusual "Floral Tile" carpet, shown here in part only, illustrates to what a degree of liveable comfort fine hooking can be brought when skillfully handled. It is very heavy and as soft to the tread as a French Savonnerie carpet. Squares of fluctuating tan and ivory are alternately placed on the field, bearing sprays of four ivory berries on the tan and sprays of three in tan on the ivory, a subtle but simple arrangement that attains a most satisfying result. Light touches of sapphire blue relieve any possible tendency to dullness. The border of similarly treated oblongs is made individual with slightly deeper tones.

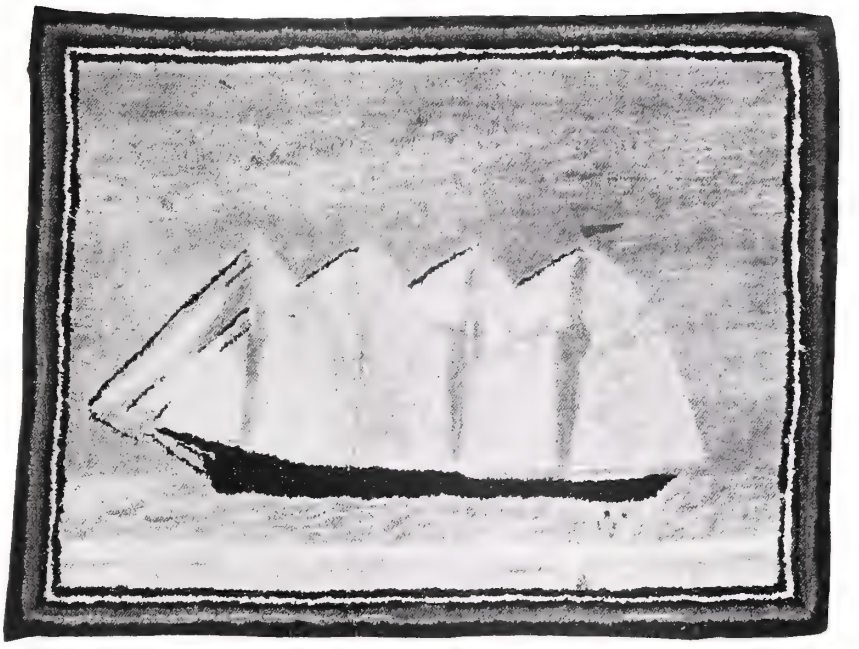
Very few hook rugs are found with any positive influence of the first Empire, although there was a distinct vogue in America for furniture of this type. The general motives of the Eighteenth Century, slightly debased, survived till the twenties or thirties of the Nineteenth Century; then animal rugs became quite the mode and favorite horses, dogs, birds, cats and kittens are seen in a very amusing array. In the early and mid-Victorian days the motives of the Eighteenth Century were gradually being forgotten and themes of a sentimental nature more or less take their place. These were mottoes, sometimes commemorating an event, as "Good Luck" on a bridal rug; others to be seen include "Call Again" and "Welcome."

The composite Welcome and Animal Hook Rug illustrated is semi-circular in form and embodies distinct types which rarely occur in one rug—the sentimental motto type and the type depicting favorite domestic animals—for as a rule either the one or the other is found with floral embellishment and a simple border. Side by side with these innovations in taste, both the floral and tile rugs still continued to be popular, but the tendency in them was to stronger motives and larger flowers distinctly following the trend of Victorian patterns. This is seen in a round hook rug reproduced, which has the extremely heavy hooking very compactly placed and the flowers of the scroll border slightly raised and modeled;

rugs of this type are exceptionally rare on account of the difference in their usages. Perhaps no quainter specimen of long loose hooking can be found than that in the "Brick House" rug pictured, with its three chimneys belching forth much smoke. This is in the collection of Mrs. John F. Erdman. It is notable for the beautiful simplicity of its color scheme, which develops fine tones of golden-brown and tan with the archaic trees in turquoise green very agreeably complementing the golden tones.

Contemporary with the "Brick House" are the admirable Mosaic and Spanish tile rugs which were more often made in carpet sizes than any other pattern of hook rug. The devices used in the composition of the patterns, while comparatively simple, attain a wide diversity of results by minor changes of color or of some seemingly trifling repeating motive. The "Mosaic Tile" hook rug shown herewith in colors is certainly one of the most intricately designed patterns of this early period. It is composed of golden-brown discs surrounded by curious leaf-like motives and lobed triangles; these devices surrounding the discs are extraordinarily blended with rose, soft greens, pale apricot and russet tones, so unusual as to give a rare positive and definite charm of color—something which even adds interest to the intricateness of the curious pattern.

the center is of creamy ivory and the flowers of brilliant greens, rose crimson, orange and blues for the morning glories — clinging vines eminently suggestive of the Victorian age. Resonant black on the outer side of the wreath-like border gives a quite imposing character to the whole rug. Another phase of hooking of this period is found in the "Oval Medallion" rug of the reproduction, which has a minutely hooked rich Jaspé ivory ground, with a medallion bouquet of flowers surrounded by half-wreaths to fill in the elongated ends and a further complete wreath of more varied flowers finishing the whole. Then again the "Scrolled Oblong" rug is a most interesting specimen of enriched hooking, for on the almost velvet ground so closely and minutely hooked in deep ivory are placed large bunches of lavender and purple flowers very admirably modelled in low relief, these interspersed with spray of pink and yellow rosebuds. The uniquely scrolled border is of mottled tan, completing a rug so very distinguished from several points of view.



"MARINE" HOOK RUG

The whaling ports of New England developed a type of rug that has not been found elsewhere and very seldom even there. These are the "Marine" rugs. They mostly picture full-rigged vessels under sail and generally were made to adorn a captain's cabin. The very closely hooked "Marine" rug reproduced herewith shows a four-master in full sail on a pale blue ground, finished with narrow borders of crimson and blue. The illustration of this unique hook rug was most kindly given for publication by Mrs. John F. Erdman. A few others occasionally seen have symbolic anchors or other ship's impedimenta in center, finished usually with borders bearing cable motifs.

One other type that captured the general approval and imagination of its day in the North was represented by the symbolic Patriotic rugs; these displayed United States coats of arms, American eagles and flags, very varied in the disposition of the symbols. Our example of Patriotic hook rug is a very unusual one indeed; it presents a defiant American eagle with outspread wings, perched upon and protecting a United States Coat of Arms which rests on a broad plain before a range of snow-capped conical mountains. The border is of oak leaves interrupted with red, white and blue scrolled flag motives. The colors are fine sapphire blue, red, ivory and varied tones of green.

A feature that gives immense individuality to the hook rug and that the skillful decorator greatly appreciates is the discarding in many instances of the conventional oblong or square shapes in favor of circular, semi-circular, oval and scrolled forms which have never been developed to any great extent in any other type of rug except the Chinese and then only very occasionally; this diversity of form indubitably gives the rug added charm and much larger scope in decorative schemes. The possibilities of the hook rug are endless, whether as a pastime or a serious artistic effort for everything that vibrates with color adds to the joy of living.



"PATRIOTIC" HOOK RUG



PORTRAIT OF RENÉE MAHA

by Kees Van Dongen

The artist has painted the cinema star as she looked to him—"nervous, disdainful, enforced by the glitter of jewels and those enormous, soulless chrysanthemums from the hothouse"



SCREEN IN GOLD, BLACK AND GREEN, BY KEES VAN DONGEN

VAN DONGEN *the* SINCERE

Despite Paris' accusation of "freakishness," famous Dutch artist has always been true to himself · · · · by

LOUISE GEBHARD CANN

ONE of the ironies of Paris criticism is the accusation of freakishness made against that most logical of painters, M. Kees Van Dongen. As will be remembered, his "Anatole France" of last year's *Nationale* was boded forth as a "trick" played on the public by a skilful painter in order to attract attention. The public took up the hint and came to the salon to laugh. It was thought that Anatole France would resent the "caricature," and it was deplored that M. Van Dongen did not use his "undeniable gifts and abilities" to the "serious ends" of which he was capable. But M. France is said to be delighted with his portrait. In that is meaning. It confirms the results of a careful study of this French-Hollander's temperament as seen in his entire work from the *nature-mortes* to the portraits and the murals.

One cannot help asking what is back of these accusations that begin with the professional critics and are echoed by the public? Inquiry suggests that the "serious ends" they expect are paintings somewhat like those they are accustomed to, works more imitative than expressive by the failure of the artist to show his sincere personal emotion through his medium; it is that insensibility to art peculiar to the critical and to the people they lead. To enjoy art means the ability to penetrate into the personality of the artist by the appreciation of his work. It is the expression of a human will that finally captivates us; and it cannot be denied that the stronger that will may be in its expressive result, the more powerful the ultimate grip, or life, of the art.

Is it reasonable to suppose that any artist living under modern conditions will be able to persist in mere freakishness for any length of time? He may paint one "joke," but, given the difficulties of painting itself, which include the personal inhibitions from which most free-lance workers suffer, the fight for leisure, food and shelter that permits him to handle brush and palette under a sky-light, and it is hardly likely he



"COMTESSE ARCHENTI" BY KEES VAN DONGEN

will continue to "joke" for ten years, or more, at a stretch. When one reflects that Van Dongen, for instance, during the years of his art study worked for subsistence as a porter in the markets of Paris in order to pursue his drawing at night, one can hardly believe that the fruits of this labor have been merely jokes and tricks.

When the artist places himself before his easel what does he long to produce? Not the commonplace. Being an artist means he cannot long to do this. As an artist he especially desires with his entire will to make concrete that which to him is splendid and significant. He is obliged by his very nature to pursue results that extend his life and satisfy him. It cannot be otherwise, for this is his way of objectifying his will, and the forces of the unconscious drive him in this direction. When he succeeds and does produce that which tends to satisfy him, either by its strangeness, or gorgeousness, or strong seductive quality, that is to say, when he makes real that unreal which he loves, then the obtuse and the callous, missing the usual to which alone they can respond, remark that the work is freakish, and even proclaim that the artist is not serious.

His art is peculiarly consistent. It may not be the form of so stubborn a will as Cézanne's, or so riotous as Zorn's; it is, none the less, the form of a will persistently true to itself. Born in Rotterdam some forty or forty-five years ago, of Dutch parents, in a certain way he remains a Hollander, though he has lived in Paris twenty-three years. He is self-taught, a thorough-going "independent,' and began under the influence of Impressionism, painting Monet-like canvases in chalky Delft blues. But having a good deal of Anton Mauve in him, and led by his instinctive craving for lyrical expression, with a touch of humor and a sense of drama, he gradually evolved through concentrated work, and in reaction to Paris, to the "Green-eyed Girl with the Blue Hound" and "Venise 1921." He is quite the opposite from a freakish experimentalist. His innate lyricism induced his characteristic line composition in combination with his color. He has been faithful to his own vision, his own palette for a long period of time, and by his sincerity to his personal emotion he has attained significant and alluring synthesis. By this logical and determined pursuit of his individual truth he has exerted, as he himself justly feels, an influence on contemporary artists, rather than received influences from them. It happens that he is frequently set up with Matisse as if he were in debt, to which he replies that if there be debt, it is the other way round. At the same time he points out that he and the master of Issy-les-Moulineaux in reality are not alike. Certainly this Hollander's cold lyricism with its lurking humor and vivid dramatic climaxes is a different form, carrying an opposite temperament, from that of the Frenchman's.

Van Dongen says he paints what he sees in nature, not, of course, all that he sees. He extracts the essential. He considers that Matisse paints only that which has been arranged according to his taste, that he is a decorator and has no interest in life. But here is, obviously, a defect of self-analysis in the former, for he implies that his essential is the pictorial presentment of the very essence of life and that he submits to its decrees. Not at all. In his own way his work is a rigorous, though maybe half-conscious, imposition upon nature of such colors and such lines and their combination as he as an artist can endure. These in their relation to the flat surface of the canvas have power over him and by them he exaggerates or compresses "life" to form the rhythms, oppositions and unities between that flat surface, those lines, those colors that alone can satisfy him. You may see very clearly in his most resembling work, as in the two portraits of men now in the *Nationale des Beaux Arts*, the "Baron Franchetti," and the "Pierre Lafitte"—portraits that are striking characterizations of their sitters—how little

Van Dongen cares for objective life, how absorbed he is by painter's life, the decorative possibilities of line, color, woven on the flat surface, the values and interest obtained in the application of the pigment, the technical means for the sake of art not for the sake of transcribing what we regard as literal existence.

In his portraits he shows more clearly than elsewhere, because of the limits on invention imposed by the genre, his ineluctable decorative impulse and his logical truth to his own vision. His gifts of high-key melody, dramatic climax, corrosive satire, are here exerted to present personality with animation and a charm that sometimes eludes the casual glance but wins with time. The "Anatole France" in its arrangement of rather chalky blue and white is at first unimpressive. The figure has the air of some old, old bird moulting its feathers one by one on a rock. But by force of its line composition, very simple and lyric, and the veiled symbolism of the entire canvas, it begins to take hold of you as a portrait of a wise and witty mind. It is moreover informed by that sympathy with advanced years that one remarks in the "Baron Franchetti," which I shall discuss later, and in a charming portrait of the artist's father, so much like the "Anatole France" that it might be mistaken for it.

Many celebrated portraits are to his credit. The "Madame Vandervelde," a little cruel in its precision of the features, so high-bred and vapid that the face of the spaniel seems to repeat; the cinema star, Renée Maha, nervous, disdainful, enforced by the glitter of jewels and those enormous, soulless chrysanthemums from the hothouse; the "Charles Rappaport" of the Autumn salon of 1920, resuming in his solid, flat-footed, shrewd-eyed person, the entire *Internationale*.

The portraits in the *Nationale des Beaux Arts* show how entertaining and suggestive portraiture may be by the decorative solution. The first view of the "Baron Franchetti" gives the impression that it is "washed out," the general harmony is in so pale a key. But you look again and you soon feel it is nothing of the sort. It vibrates, grows richer, as you contemplate it. An elderly stout man sits astride a small chair, its back between his legs. He wears a soft yellowish grey felt hat from underneath which flows thin curly strings of fawn colored hair, as silky in texture as a child's. In the button hole of the grey coat is a red rose with a green leaf and on the hand a yellow high light flashes from a ring. The face is singular and very European with its melancholy eyes and expression of resigned bitterness not unallied to a complete material comfort and leisure. It is accented on



"MADAME VANDERVELDE" BY KEES VAN DONGEN

the side of the nose with strong emerald shadows put on with a loaded brush in long peremptory strokes. This acid hue is balanced by orange and red and the figure is relieved against a cloudy grey-blue background, which is intended, so the artist tells me, to give the feeling of the discontented mentality of the sitter. We perceive the movement of regret in his curious eyes, the burden of reminiscence, the chill of acknowledged age. Teased by a certain secret of life that seems to promise revelation, we keep returning.

The "Pierre Lafitte" in spite of its out-door atmosphere, with the trees of the Bois for background, is much less lyrical than its companion. Its cold blacks and greys in contrast to the flesh lighted with strong blues, greens, reds, give us a spruce nervous personality, in which will and intellect predominate—a quite American make-up. The climax of the painting is in the black tie with white hair-stripes to match the waistcoat appearing above the half open top-coat. This tie is precisely, methodically businesslike and correct. It is hard, forbidding, without the slightest bit of sentiment or fancy. There is an exact worldly logic in it; and the most repellent and perhaps not the least accomplished qualities of M. Van Dongen's art reside in the gloss of this black and white string. This portrait is, on the whole, less sum-



"BAIGNEUSE" BY KEES VAN DONGEN

mary than the third portrait in the present salon, that of Madame M. C. R., with her Chinese embroidery personality and her absorbent eyes. And it is less synthetic than the "Anatole France." The modelling of the face is detailed for Van Dongen and in spite of the loose treatment of the coat, hat and gloves, one is lead to a sensation of precision by the minute care with which the shirt, the tie, the waistcoat, are carried out. The movement from this passage to the vapory trees against which we see the figure through the vivid flesh and the simple resolutions of the costume is a delightful and finely sustained rhythm. We feel in this work that the artist exerted his will to depict will, whereas in the "Baron Franchetti" we see an infusion of sympathy, a kindlier side, concealed by his curt simplification and Holland blues and greys.

If the "Anatole France" is his most poignantly lyrical portrait, the portrait of his wife, to be seen in his studio, is his most dramatic. Van Dongen says himself that he *adores* cold colors. The cold glitter of precious stones, the sheen of grey silks and satins, light quivering on blacks, the variations of whites, these so limited by words are seen in innumerable shades and tints, innumerable values, throughout his works. In them is his craving for drama. In the portrait of his wife they attain their full effect. The harmonies of greys and blacks are defined by the long slender rose-colored hand falling against the folds of a black velvet mantle and by the violently red lips. Like the "Pierre Lafitte" it is repellent. The twist and elongation of the splendid body, shimmering in sea-grey silk, the erection of the head, the translucent pearls and flashing blacks, represent a reptillian resistance and fascination. The haughty will of the *Parisienne* is felt in every line and hue of the canvas, in the hard precise handling, the polished clear-cut diamond lustre, the poster-like mosaic of the figure coiled across the background. Nowhere else are his blacks so rich, his greys so icy, nor the contrasting sensation of the greens, blues and carmines so delicious. Suspension, *dénouement*, aid the magic. But above all, here the steel-cold Northern temperament of the creator has taken form.

The difficulty of obtaining a likeness and at the same time of producing a decorative work interests this painter. He explains what he means by "likeness." A photograph is rarely convincing. Resemblance pertains to the expression of the entire personality of the sitter and includes a suggestion of environment. Madame M. C. R. with her enormous improbable eyes is so arranged with respect to the blue couch with the Chinese embroidery, the marks of her tastes and sentiments are so deftly indicated in the costume, the face, the posture, that she is there before us in her whole existence both mundane and psychic. The likeness grows upon us and establishes itself as the superficial resemblance in a photograph could not.

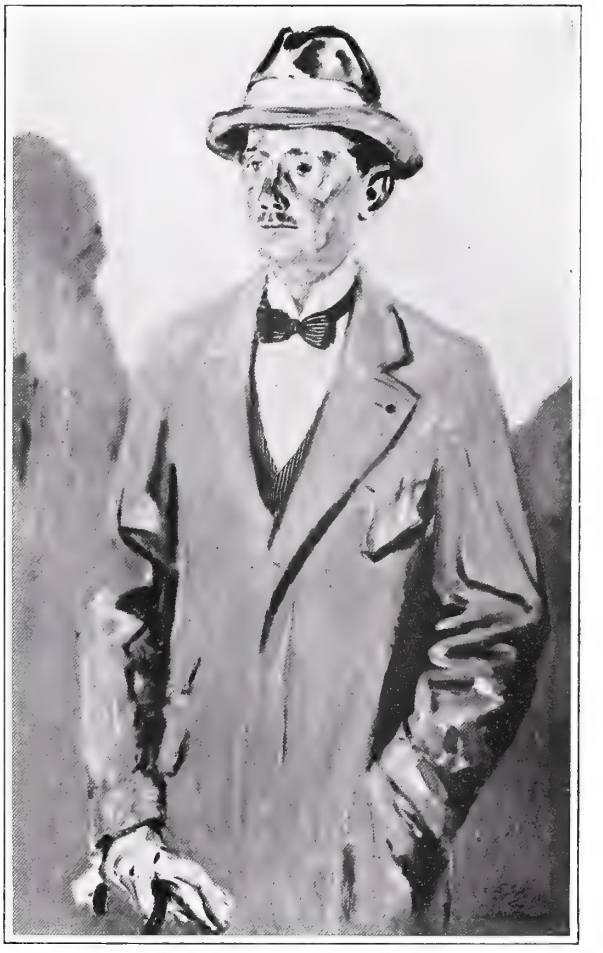
The main aspects of Van Dongen's form are the cold high-key palette with the unique value he gives his blacks and grey-blacks in relation to old rose, greens and blues; the linear patterns of parallel lines in uprights and horizontals, swaying harmoniously and bound into unities with appropriate curves to sustain whatever representative *motif* they suggest. The first aspect is seen fully in the portraits, but it is associated in them with a less characteristic linear form, in obedience to the exigencies of the genre, than in his landscapes, decorative panels and pure decorations. In these we have the two aspects united in a form that has attained the utmost simplicity. With this he presents to us a fantasy of nature, and continues and develops the lyrical drama salted with humor or astringent with satire, just as we observe it in his portraits.

It is impossible not to pause to speak of his flowers, which when not used in decoration fall

apart from his other work. The tulips seen this winter at Bernheim-Jeune's are typical. We have here not the texture of tulip petals, not the emotion they could possibly give to an ordinary mortal, nothing indeed to do with flowers, so fragile, ephemeral. We have the shape and the hang of tulips, exaggerated in size, plasticized by a thick red and yellow batter, striated with greens, held to an elongated oval mass that by its vigor and decorative aplomb can easily dominate a small room properly arranged for it. The heavy pigment flows in such a way that the flowers have a low gradual relief with emphasis in the tips of the petals against the even slate-colored background; and the entire object has the lustre of embossed metal. The emotion of them is almost human. They are flowers from the Parisian florist, cultured to accord with the artificial man-made satisfactions of the city and of this old, acutely conscious and exaggeratedly human civilization which is our environment.

"Venise 1921" is a series of sixteen small oils displayed this season for the first time at Bernheim-Jeune's. It was the most piquant exhibit of the season, not excepting the analogous series of "Henri-Matisse at Cannes," presented at the same galleries this spring. Each painting is a stanza of what one may term a poem of modern Venice—very up-to-date, cynical and quite the opposite from romantic. The perfect ensemble of this set is full of light, movement, a curiously advised freshness. Contrasts of intention animate it. Melancholy and lassitude in the "Gondoliers"; a hint of the sordid in those strange-eyed "Seekers" at the restaurant; wit in the "Russian Princess," her weather-eye searching the canal, with limpid interludes where the water sleeps in the sunshine and the doves settle along its edge. The typical Van Dongen simplification is found here in patterns of horizontals and uprights interwoven with daring or subtle curves to give novel and delightful linear harmonies. This lyricism of line is accompanied by accords of Delft or sea-blues singing among blacks, whites, greys, through modulations of sharp greens from the most delicate apple-green to strong malachites.

Van Dongen is a skilful decorator who handles a wall with ease. His murals like his other works are personal and carry a subtle undercurrent of symbolism. They are intimately related to the use of the room for which they are destined and the character of its occupants. His own house at the corner of Villa Saïd, with its windows looking into the Bois, is bright Van Dongen blue with yellow ornaments. Each room is based on one of the main colors of the Van Dongen palette with



"PORTRAIT OF PIERRE LAFITTE" BY KEES VAN DONGEN

furnishings, accessories, paintings, in harmony or in contrast. In this environment his decorative panels are seen to their best advantage, and one really cannot know the finest qualities of his work when it is transplanted to public galleries. In these, part of its delicate lyricism is lost. The "Green-eyed Girl with the Blue Hound;" "Three Women," a lyric of spring-green, white, grey, with contrasting rose; the sumptuous green, black and gold screen, are strong enough to be discoveries even in their own home.

One of the rooms on the top floor is a fine arrangement of huge conventional flowers, in a pattern of shrubs, cacti and vines, that occupies two walls from floor to ceiling. A small white ass at one end balances two slender dogs at the other. Birds, an aeroplane, fill an exact role in the mosaic, and an antique castle hardly more than an outline, stained with a grey-brown shade of rose, by opposing a flat surface of quite simple uprights and horizontals, to which the oblong of the aeroplane is the transition, introduces restfulness into the luxuriant and lively design.

Opening from it is an apartment with walls



"GIRL WALKING IN THE BOIS"
BY KEES VAN DONGEN

of a cold sombre greenish purple, on one of which is a single mural, a white and a grey nude accented with emerald. It is very curious by its linear design as well as by its hue with respect to the setting, and at first one stands there, pervaded, as it were, by the strange atmosphere evoked by the combination, and acutely sensible of a baffling, astringent chill. Whatever heat or commonplace cheer you brought with you is quickly absorbed, giving place to a poignant grey uneasiness. Unlike the adjoining room, this chamber, as will be seen, does not immediately yield up its charm. Indeed, charm it has not, but spell. Its primary cold repellent quality is in accordance with the strongest and the most characteristic of Van Dongen's art. It exercises an insidious fascination, all the more irresistible and persistent, because the warning of it comes at first through astonishment and repulsion. One cannot forget the sensation of that place, the long loose lines of the drawing, the unexpected, awkward and intriguing pattern of white, grey and acid green against the flat slate-color—the whole a melancholy, perhaps derisive, gesture of a sophisticated disdain and ecstasy.

If Van Dongen is often (as in "Venise 1921") light, witty, amusing, he is none the less as fatally bitter and paradoxical as Forain and much more disturbing. This is because his statement, or implication, is as purely one of medium as is the theme of music. Its initial appeal is to the emotions, and through them we attain interpretation. He says things, but solely in the painter's tongue; solely through color, line and pattern, and it is with these he begins, not with the legend. Once we submit to the vibration of his cold, simplified form we are robbed of peace by a curious seductive movement of our being, a pang, and a longing: this is the power of his medium. It is the function of the lyric to break in upon our stagnant souls and goad them.

There are those who deny that Von Dongen has attained anything beyond the novelty of his kind of simplification. But to visit his house is to realize that his paintings grow upon you the oftener you see them and that they attack your emotions with an immediacy that does not belong to earlier painting. Their aesthetic power is as direct, as indefinable, and perhaps as fugitive as sensation. For this sensation the walls and the checks of the intellect hardly exist. It pertains to a little, high-key world of the eye and the feelings upon which the eye alone orchestrates.

In these canvases we have no depth, no solidity, few values of touch, little perfume—hardly any of those opulent suggestions of the art of a Rubens, a Van Dyck, a Rembrandt. Though Van Dongen's line can be suave, just as his color is capable of richness, a reserved angularity, a skilful use of it, is one of the growing definitions of his art. A study of the "Green-eyed Girl with the Blue Hound," in composition related to a Van Dyck, shows how summary, and in any literary sense unhuman, non-intellectual and merely visual his art is.

But, as I have tried to show, he has manifested from the beginning an instinctive craving for lyrical expression, in which there is some humor and more drama. His choice of color represents

his own vision. His blacks and grey-blacks are unique in value beside his old rose, greens, blues and limpid greys. He is the opposite from freakish, for he has been true to his own palette for a long period of time. By his sincerity and logic he has attained emotional synthesis and utter and seductive simplicity of expression. This logic and truth to his own emotions leads one to conclude that he imposes his influence on others rather than receives influences from them. His painting, such as we have it, is a reaction to Paris. Had he lived in Holland or in America his art, of course, would have been different; for, say what we will and have as many prejudices as we like, the work of a true artist is always an expression of his reaction to his environment, even though it be a seeking for opposites rather than an interpretation.



"ABORDS DE L'HOTEL (VENISE 1921)" BY KEES VAN DONGEN

It is evident that the "splendor" by which he satisfies himself must leave the insensible and the conservative merely gasping. Those who fail to respond to his form, who miss his purely artistic aim, can find little but oddity in Van Dongen's work.

Is this the art of the future? is sometimes asked, as if our enjoyment of it depended on its survival power. There are others who have to be reminded that simplification is not necessarily a *cul de sac*. The important thing to us is, this art is contemporary, brilliantly so; and (something to be grateful for) it is never tedious.

A Child Portrait by Hoppner

Although John Hoppner painted many portraits of children that brought him great distinction in his lifetime, and which have been preserved among the finest royal and private collections of England and America, no picture in this genre came from his brush finer than the "Master Paget," which is reproduced in color on another page in this issue of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO.

The eight-year old lad playing with his hoop, in a lovely English landscape, was a member of the Paget family, long distinguished in English social and political history. As the reproduction shows, this is one of Hoppner's most serenely brilliant canvases, not alone in the painting of the costume, but also in the charming, warm-blooded face of the lad encircled by his silky fair hair.

Comparison has been made between this Hoppner and his "Princess Mary" and "Princess Sophia" in the Windsor Castle collection, his "The Sackville Children" at Knole, and the "Hoppner Children" in the Widener collection, the "Master Paget" suffering no depreciation of charm and importance thereby. It is now in the private collection of Mrs. Cyrus H. K. Curtis at her estate, Lyndon, Pa. The painting was sold by the Fearon Galleries, New York.

The 1922 CARNEGIE Prize Winners



"ELEANOR, JEAN AND ANNA"
BY GEORGE W. BELLOWS
Medal of the First Class

FOUR American painters and two Frenchmen have been awarded the three medals and as many honorable mentions by the jury for the twenty-first International Exhibition at the Carnegie Institute. Each canvas of the six has the distinction of being both thoroughly characteristic of the artist and one of the finest pictures he has painted.

To George W. Bellows was given the Medal of the First Class for his very distinguished portrait group, "Eleanor, Jean and Anna," a painting that has been recognized as his greatest work and as one of the finest achievements of American portraiture. Emile René Ménard was awarded the Medal of the Second Class for his "Women Bathing in the Greve"; and to Henri Lebasque fell the Medal of the Third Class for "The Banks of the Seine, Andelys." The three Honorable Mentions went to Henry B. Snell for his "Dawn on the River"; to Charles Reiffel for the "Summer Design"; and to Fred Wagner for the "Old Mills, Winter."

The work of Bellows and Snell is now thoroughly familiar to all American art lovers, that of Reiffel and Wagner less well known since they have not been so prolific nor have they exhibited so often. That of Ménard and Lebasque will be new to most visitors at the exhibition and to those who look at the reproductions of their prize-winning canvases here, although both are distinguished and familiar in Europe. It is because Mr. Snell's work is so very well known that place for reproductions has been given here to his less well-known American colleagues. Ménard,



"THE BANKS OF THE SEINE, ANDELYS"
BY
HENRI LEBASQUE

Medal of the Third Class

who was born in Paris in 1862, is a pupil of Baudry, Delaunay, Bouguereau and Tony Robert-Fleury and devotes himself both to the figure and to landscape, which he has combined in the lovely "Women Bathing in the Greve." Something more than the sturdy qualities of his teachers is felt in this painting. It is touched with a modern note of strength and decorative grace that reminds one somehow of the most modern of the English painters, and it was possibly for this quality that Meier-Graefe once linked Ménard's name with Frank Brangwyn's.

Lebasque is classed by French art critics as among the later impressionists. He paints portraits, figures and landscapes, and here, as in the case of Ménard, he has linked two of his favorite fields of work. The reputation he has won for painting in a high light key is beautifully preserved in "The Banks of the Seine, Andelys," this being as marked in the gracefully awkward pose of the pretty young woman as it is in the flowing Seine and the islands, trees and hills in the background.



Reiffel's "Summer Design" is one of the brilliant landscapes by which he has become known in the last few years. His title is a conscious appreciation of a scene so exquisite as almost to take on the air of artifice, yet the assembled rich foliage piled up in the masses and contrasted with the austere pattern of bare hillside and solid lines of trees is one perfectly

"SUMMER DESIGN"
BY
CHARLES REIFFEL

Honorable Mention



"OLD MILLS—WINTER" BY FRED WAGNER

Honorable Mention

familiar in the typical landscape of the East. It is "mannered," as all of Mr. Reiffel's compositions have grown to be of late. But his is a style so rich in its rewards of charm that it only tends to increase the spectator's admiration for it. This is his manner's reason for being.

How gravely beautiful the utilitarian ugliness of a group of factory buildings can be made, if the artist has the grace to see it, is shown in Mr. Wagner's "Old Mills, Winter." The winding curves of the ice-bound creek, the screen of leaf-stripped trees, the huddle of buildings in the background, are drawn together into a pattern of extreme simplicity and beauty, by a brush directed by a poet's inspiration.



"WOMEN BATHING IN THE GREVE" BY EMILE RENÉ MÉNARD

Medal of the Second Class





"DREAM MIRROR" BY ARTHUR B. DAVIES

DAVIES THE ABSOLUTE

Detached, alone, listening to the still small voice, he is absolute monarch of his art · · · by

F. NEWLIN PRICE

As the pearl, dropped in the glass of wine, dissolves, flows, and becomes a part of the fluid, so there have been in my life days and moments that all unrealized melted into my being and became somewhat of my individual make-up. I have no quarrel with the chemistry of life, but find it glorious. You, yourself, perhaps have stopped on the summit of a hill in winter and looked upon a valley far below, at the river filled with ice and the grey lands checked with light on snow-banked hills. Or, perhaps, at eventide when the sun has cast its halo on an autumn festival among the forests, you have stopped, compelled to worship at nature's shrine. Transcending yourself, you have communed completely in absorption absolute.

"The Absolute": I use the phrase as expressive of the art of Arthur B. Davies because he paints detached, alone, listening to the still small voice, an absolute monarch of his art. His art: you may not read the romance that he saw when, standing to his easel, like a mariner to his wheel, he worked and worked, and knew not what to say, until some strange reaction of his soul surged up and he committed to the canvas the result—with absolute conviction, the world well lost, and regardless of the tide of popular assent.

In the corner of "Against Darkness," is a nude, beautifully done, reclining on a pyre of silver light, while nearby a man and woman gaze up at her in silent wonder. There are other motives just as fine, but in the



"SEA AND PROMONTORY" BY ARTHUR B. DAVIES



"MOVEMENT IN A RAVINE"
BY ARTHUR B. DAVIES

corner of this canvas the nude is a fact, detached and beautifully absolute. I have cut apart the photograph of one composition. The fragments are complete in themselves; each is a "vision of delight most fair." Time was when Albert P. Ryder, poet, painter, seer, was wont to call Weir and Davies "you young fellows." He taught Davies one thing, that, far from artists and their companionship, away from busy centers, aside from ateliers and galleries, and the bohemian night life, the artist could and should speak for himself, uncriticized and unconfused. Ryder convinced him that an artist's soul must walk alone.

Davies is opposed to the smug complacency of some of our American landscapes. Apart from the academic perfection of the painting achieved, as rules have laid it down, he wishes to build delight. With him, a painting must have humor, mood and sudden definite delineation. To build a monument out of himself, the artist must dwell upon the hills of high Olympus, graced in the things he feels, completely aware of the old eternal beauties, and strong in his new vision. Life is glorious to the man who knows, observes, and feels its secret. Life—an adventure with facts, which work on one to transform and build. Life—an adventure in joy, with the influx of inspiration in the forms of continual transformation. This it is to Davies.

There was a time when Davies competed for a famous mural in a western courthouse. Someone



"INLAND STORM"
BY ARTHUR B. DAVIES

else received the rich contract. The sketch of Davies went far into mythology, deep into history, and was lyric with the song of flowers. Though he failed, into the reservoir of his mind had gone fact after fact, dug out of centuries ago. For in this period he was painting landscapes — classic, epic — of the redwoods of California, the peaks of the Sierras, or the ploughed hills of our own New York State. Far reaches of rolling hill or winding river may appear in these landscapes, but before you travel into the distance, some fact is truly presented, strong, impersonal, as it came to him, to be transmitted to us, who have not time to see.



"HORIZON OF THE TERRACES" BY ARTHUR B. DAVIES

Long ago the artist painted panoramas, or more exactly cycloramas. You will recall them. In the process, Davies tells me, a young painter one day felt that his effort was dull, and rushing out he brought back earth and grass and rocks and exclaimed: "See, the values are quite perfect, but give me a pot of white paint, and we will have some high lights." The effect was tremendous. So, why shall we challenge the way it is done? The result is what counts.

Davies tells me there is great need of art criticism. So much of it is like Spencerian penmanship, perfectly and beautifully regular. The critics labor under the delusion that they are the public; they look for no feeling, but keep on refining their outlook until they have no ecstasy in their joints, no surprises in their blood. On the other hand, I recall meeting Davies on Fifth



"WILD HE-GOAT DANCE" BY ARTHUR B. DAVIES



"BANQUET TO A HERO" BY ARTHUR B. DAVIES

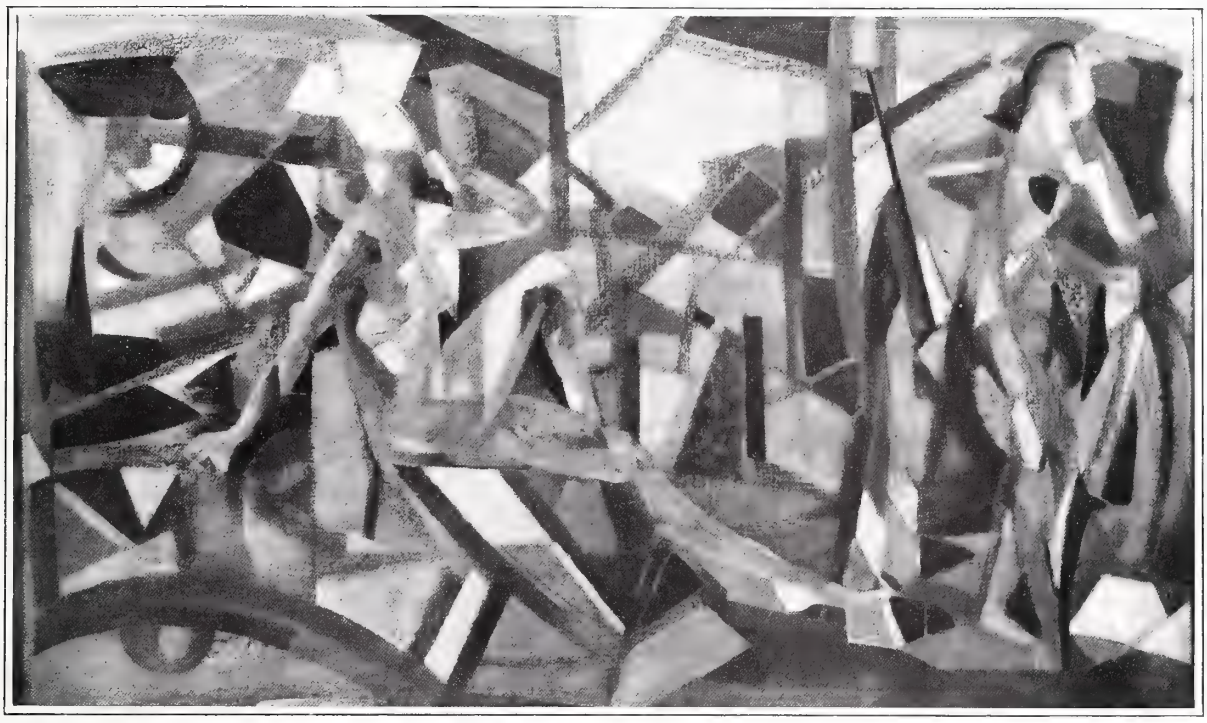
Avenue. He had just been up to see Babe Ruth knock a home run, and told me: "He struck out three times. He's no better than the rest of us—can't hit it every time." But suddenly from a dull state of mind we wake to a view of past endeavor in the light of future action. This is the "sanity of true genius."

I find the "Brahms Marine" of Davies all human and all music, with the pounding of the waves on the rock-ribbed cave. In one canvas a little (oh, so little) child is seated on a rock, gazing out into an immense white sky, over the widest of oceans. It might be called "Eternity and Youth." In another are trees tossed by the storm in weird fantastic shapes, while far below a man mob, quite small in scale, fights on its useless conflict with each other. And then the artist passes to a scene of sportive goats, that rollick underneath a sky of light and shade, that might be mountain tops, or lightning in black air, or, as you will, a hundred different things. Next—there are some placid pigs that might have sported round the shrine of ancient Circe, quite satisfied with their lowly status in life beneath high tree shade.

Some call Davies a decorator. One friend of mine will claim that in his designs will be found the key to murals for a century to come. Others know of him best as a sculptor of figures,



"JEWEL-BEARING TREE OF AMITY" BY ARTHUR B. DAVIES



"AT THE ANGLE"
BY ARTHUR B. DAVIES

that somehow give just one solid effect of line, important lines developed, and the detail left to you. Some think of Davies as an alchemist, working in enamels and glass in color, and how he mixes and fires them for himself around the little kiln he owns. Of course you know his etchings, and those lithographs that surprise with pleasure and take you journeying back to the haunts of youth and the glad half-forgotten moments of great unconscious happiness. But all of this is another episode. We speak here of Davies the painter.

Years ago, the late William Macbeth spoke to Benjamin Altman about a young painter who should study abroad. When Mr. Davies came back from a revel in the priceless art of India and Italy and France, and handed Mr. Altman the amount of his loan, the latter seemed aggrieved. From then on until the death of that great art patron, Davies worked and studied to paint something that might rest in the Altman Collection. He failed, but in that period he produced paintings that appeal. "The Little Girl with a Violin," "The Mother," "Sleep"—such canvases are much sought after now, they sing such a sweet understanding song. People love them; they were of the heart. Where today he puzzles and interests and intrigues you, then he made you love his paintings. The late Theodore Roosevelt, walking

"THE FIGHT OF A DREAM"
BY ARTHUR B. DAVIES





"MULTIPLE YOUTH"
BY ARTHUR B. DAVIES

through the famous Armory Show with Davies, stopped at the "Nude Descending the Stairs," the feature picture of the exhibit, and then passed to one of Davies, and said: "This is the foundation." These two had much in common, strenuous, hustling, dynamic, absolute, both of them. Davies is a keen sportsman, be it in boxing with his sons, or playing baseball, or just talking to you, talking with energy and absorbed interest in his theme. Then Davies is a farmer, and once years ago, when he could sell no pictures, the farm supported him. This after his effort at illustrating. It is told of an editor that he looked at Davies' drawings of the circus and said: "Why, you're not an illustrator, you are an artist." And of Davies himself that once, when his landlady annoyed him about a certain little matter, he didn't mince words: he was an artist, and she should look for her back room rent where she might find it; it could not conceivably be any concern of his.

Davies is a laborer in a literal sense. He has no one around. His workshop is piled with things started and completed. He lives in his work. His workshop gives one the impression of tremendous energy, filled with marble from the Taj Mahal, drawings from France, paintings from Italy. When you talk with him, you discover that his mind is very much like his studio, stored with no end of lore and ideas. He is very fond of the fable of the Unicorn, a wild and beautiful beast, with one curling pointed horn centered in his forehead. So spirited and sensitive was this wild thing, that no one but a virgin could approach him; others he destroyed. So in the realm of art; we color things we see with the purity of our



SKETCH FOR "THE DAWNING"
BY ARTHUR B. DAVIES

approach, and drink of the nectar of art or the dregs of cynicism.

Pity any one who is not played upon by paintings. To be sure they play differently on all. A certain strata of picture lovers finds harmony in blue; another set in red and crimson things, or golden brown, or English portraits, or the Hudson River school, or giddy headed Greenwich Village. Time was when art was made to reveal undetected beauty, as music is to be listened to for the shading of its tone and charm of volume. Today we love conversational art, the art orator, and we thank him for the stir he makes in a perhaps too placid and complacent pool.

Come with Davies! Drink the drams of dreams! One day he wandered northward from Venice, mounting the Alps to the neighborhood of Cadore, and there he saw two Italians arguing with heated words. He stood by and listened, and then came the master Giorgione, who, listening, took from Davies his box of pastelles, and kneeling down drew on a stone the very answer to the problem. As he finished, up came Titian, and Giorgione asked him if the answer was not correct, and Titian acquiesced. In the morning Davies awoke fresh from the solution of a problem he had long sought, and finished his picture. Often Davies tells me he stands in a gorgeous room, around which are hung great paintings by Inness —sunsets and landscapes with beautiful elms. To dream and make your dreams come true, to live in the lyric realm of Swinburne, Browning, Shakespeare, and then to paint with back of you great masters like Titian, Raphael, Whistler—yes, at your back, leaning close to your ear—that is art.



"THE MERRY-GO-ROUND"

by Mark Gertler

Belonging to the artist's Futurist "period"—painted in 1916 when he was twenty-four years old



"STILL LIFE" PAINTED BY MARK GERTLER WITHOUT INSTRUCTION AT AGE OF SIXTEEN

GERTLER'S SURPRISING CAREER

At thirty British artist has passed through Futurism and Post-Impressionism to individualism · · · by

MRS GORDON-STABLES

MARK GERTLER, though he has but recently arrived at the not very mature age of thirty, is one of those exceptional artists who win, as it were, a relay of reputations. I lay stress upon this fact, not because it is in itself remarkable that in a career so short in terms of actual time a young man should have achieved eminence in a number of directions, but because it stands for a sort of instinctive, logical progress from stage to stage, proceeding in a curiously inevitable fashion as each stage reached attains its limit of perfection. One talks of early, transition and late "periods" in the case of this young man of thirty just as one speaks of them in relation to the Old Masters, and although there is little doubt that Gertler has now, after struggles, both of a material and a psychical nature, attained the state at which he will work out his own salvation, yet that state too will no doubt have its developments and its subsequent modifications.

Mark Gertler's career has been a romance. It is because it so finely illustrates that inward urge that comes to a few, they know not whence, they know not why, yet leading them, defiant of all barriers, straight to the artistic goal, that I venture to tread on ground which otherwise would not be the concern of the general public. Born in surroundings wherein art was not so much a dead letter as a totally unknown one, the child from his earliest days found his greatest, if not his only, joy in the drawing of objects around him. Having seen no works of art, save the posters of the hoardings (if indeed such perpetrations can be so classed), never having visited a public museum nor indeed being cognizant of the existence of a profession such as that of an artist or sculptor, this boy was yet so enamored of the sport of copying in terms of pencil and paint the objects which he observed around him that nothing else appeared to him of moment. He would run off to gaze upon the shimmer of the fish lying on the slab of the fishmonger nearby and then run back home to implore his mother to come out and buy a fish for



"FATHER AND MOTHER OF THE ARTIST" BY MARK GERTLER—PAINTED IN 1912 AT AGE OF TWENTY

him to copy. And the copy would be made with the common tubes of paint such as house decorators employ. Such copies (they are sometimes of fruit and vegetables too) when by chance they come into the market, fetch prices which to that boy would have seemed beyond all dreams of avarice. He has been offered £100 for a study of apples on a plate which he carried out at the age of fourteen without ever having had a lesson, without ever having seen a picture. It has the charm of an old Dutch fruit study, something of the exquisiteness of a fine Fantin Latour. It was done at an age when Gertler simply copied what he saw without question, without modification. It was painted just a couple of years before the group which we illustrate herewith of a flask of wine, a lemon, a banana and other fruit. Was ever work like this done before without tuition?

When Gertler's rather sketchy education came to an end, the prospect of following any but his obvious bent was fraught with the direst misery and so after many difficulties to be overcome he found himself a pupil at a London Polytechnic art class, where his instructor soon had the sense to perceive that the pupil had more to impart than to absorb. Thence his transition to the Slade School was swift. There too he carried all before him, prizes falling to his work without effort on the part of the winner. He paints because he must—and can.

By this time wealthy patrons were forthcoming to help the boy who was making such sensational progress. All was *en train* to send him to the Continent to study the achievements of the past at the great art centres of the world. One would have expected such a prospect to inspire Gertler with mad enthusiasm. Instead it filled him with unspeakable gloom. He loathed the idea of being swamped by other men's traditions. He had his own problems and needed to solve them for himself in his own way. Nothing could give a better insight into Gertler's artistic outlook than the manner in which he threw material policy to the winds. He is an individualist in a sense which applies to few. He is an individualist, not because he is satisfied with his own accomplishments, but because he knows that whatever may be his accomplishment, it must depend on what he finds out for himself in his own way.

To this period belongs the portrait of his father and mother, here reproduced. Realism is still his foremost aim. Soundly and solidly he paints, giving as truly and truthfully as lies within his power the object visualized. Untroubled by abstractions or theories or cults, he copies, though he never imitates. This picture won him admission to the New English Art Club. It won him also a reputation as a portrait-painter and would have set him on the road to be a successful and fashionable portrait artist had he cared to tread it. But in this he would have found no satisfaction. For him he knew there were fresh worlds to conquer. So once again brilliant prospects were abandoned. For greatly was he disturbed by the first Post-Impressionist Exhibition, organized about this time by the art-critic, Mr. Roger Fry, at the Grafton Galleries. It was under its perturbing, stimulating influence that he painted, in 1914, the "Seated Woman," which illustrates the manner in which he at that period was working out the problem of bulks seen in relation to one another. The distortion of the

hands (which by the way are very finely treated, apart from the fact of size) was deliberately introduced in order that the desired impression might be emphasized. Since that picture was painted (he was twenty-two at the time) Gertler has discovered better and more harmonious means of attaining his end. This work, together with two others by his brush, are in the Tate Gallery.

Next came the period when Gertler turned his attention to abstract forms in art, expressing his ideas in a practically geometrical method. In 1916 we find him producing such work as "The Merry-go-Round" here illustrated, in which, as it were, he out-futurists the Futurists. The British public, which as a rule prefers an artist to go on producing the same thing, was ready once again to hail him as a past-master at a new type of craft. But having tested this abstract method, he found it wanting. It is too strong a convention for his taste, too rigid, for once explored it permits of one single solution alone. There can be no variety with a formula such as this. So once again he is off on his voyage of artistic discovery.



"SEATED WOMAN" PAINTED IN MARK GERTLER'S POST-IMPRESSIONIST MANNER (1914)

It is now that he makes his visit to Paris and is caught up in the modern French movement, the movement of Cézanne and Matisse. Again a time of turbulence and disturbance for the artist. A time however which, though rich in new ideas, is yet not destined to exercise a decisive influence. But while under its spell he makes yet another reputation with such work as "Portrait of a Lady," a painting which has since been purchased by the Contemporary Art Society, and which in conjunction with others constructed on the same principle, shows his mastery of that which underlies art of this nature.

And here a word must be said as to Gertler's attitude towards portraiture. With perfect frankness and truthfulness (and it would be a matter of sheer impossibility to associate anything but an extraordinary truthfulness with all that this artist attempts) he confesses that in portraiture he has no concern with psychology, no connection with the soul side of his sitter. Such matters he considers to pertain to literature, not to painting. He merely treats a face as if it were a bit of still life. He is interested with its surface, its texture, its lines, its relation to other objects, in exactly the same manner as if it were an orange or a china cup. Similarly with the nude. A nude has for him no purely human interest. It interests him because the human form happens to have a complexity of contours and masses which no other object possesses, and it is with the reproduction of these that he is concerned.

Again Gertler was to decide that the Post-Impressionist attitude was not that of which he was in search. This too he abandoned, to go straight back to Nature, to copy her with as great a realism as he could muster, yet with a realism very far removed from that of his earliest period. For now two things were to obsess him, firstly the composition of things seen, and secondly the simplification, that is to say the elimination of certain portions of the composition, as regards each of the three dimensions. He no longer copies Nature, he brings his personal vision to bear upon her, deviating from her wherever he finds it necessary for his composition, underrating, overrating contours and bulk to enable them to fit in and modifying his masses both in thickness as well as



"SELF-PORTRAIT" (1920)
IN THE ARTIST'S LATEST STYLE



"THE SAILOR AND HIS LASS"
FROM A CHINA FIGURE PAINTED IN 1921

in length and breadth. Always appreciative of objects, he finds in them an infinitude of varied interest, according as he views them in varied relations to one another. The realization of forms in space is what seems to him of paramount importance, and he cares little whether it is a house, a tree, a china figure or a live one that he is depicting. He has done with the temptation to make his forms abstract, he cares now far more about balance and relation. Nor has he further interest with the sophisticated, though very exquisite studies, rather in the manner of Augustus John, which formerly satisfied him. It is the light on objects, the look of those objects under different conditions to which he devotes himself.

The "Self-Portrait," done in 1920, is an example of Gertler's late manner. He works slowly but with a remarkable surety. All is conscientiously, logically and solidly built up, the painting is fine though sometimes a little labored. In talking of painting one may easily degenerate into sentimentality, but at the risk of such an aspersion I may remark that one could not imagine Gertler ever succumbing to the temptation to potboil or to work to order.

To his last period belongs a nude, which brings out in a curiously able fashion the relaxed character of the prone form, an achievement brought about by the vigorously realistic treatment of surface, texture and lighting.

It is because of the peculiar intensity with which Gertler sees things, that he is able to make the spectator see them also so intensely. One looks on an object painted by Gertler and discovers new qualities in it, fresh nuances of color, unsuspected beauties of texture. This is true of "The Sailor and His Lass," here illustrated, which he painted from one of those rough china ornaments which Gertler loves to collect. Having secured by his method of composition and elimination, a preliminary pattern of much rhythmical beauty, he proceeds to invest it with a significance quite beyond the common. It has the feel of china, just as a teacosy painted by him has the feel of wool embroidery and a newspaper of paper, and his nudes the feel of flesh.

That Gertler is one of the most significant of the modern English painters is generally acknowledged. Steadily improving as regards color, always intellectual in his outlook, and never sacrificing brushwork for effect, he stands in latter day art for a valuable principle. Economical of means, and producing a beautiful surface quality by the use of remarkably few colors, he obtains fine harmonies and delicate atmospheric effects very simply and directly.

POTTERY *that reveals a* PEOPLE

Sassanian collection given to the Metropolitan Museum depicts the Persia that succeeded Darius . . . . by

MAURICE PEZARD

Attaché au Musée du Louvre

THE civilization of the Sassanide Persians, beginning 226 A. D. and ending in 651 on the death of Vezdegard III, must be regarded as having held an exceptional place in the world during four centuries. Inheritor of the arts and the feelings of the older peoples of the Orient —Chaldea, Egypt, Assyria, Media, Persia—Iran under the domination of the successors of Arduchir, son of Papek, stands out as the touchstone of culture, the one nation which best developed this magnificent inheritance and, throwing down the gauntlet to the world, struck the blow from which it took the Greco-Roman art thirteen centuries to recover. For the Sassanide civilization not only dominated Asia Minor and India, but (first by way of Byzantium then through Islam) it spread through the Occident the force of oriental genius, always fresh in spite of cycles of time, causing a ray of this light to permeate the arts of our Middle Ages. Finally, more important than all else, it is Sassanide civilization, by the development of relations with China, which linked the Extreme East with the basin of the Mediterranean. I have hardly been able to enlarge in my work, "La Ceramique Archaïque de l'Islam et ses origines" (Paris: Leroux, 1920), a work that dealt with less general questions — on the protecting role which the Sassanides played in the world, but this fact would be worth a detailed study.



A SASSANIAN POTTERY VASE IN RED EARTH, THE BAS RELIEF DECORATION REPRESENTING A MONARCH ON HORSEBACK RIDING AT HEAD OF HIS ARMY

While most of the arts honored in Persia from the III to the VII century of our era—architecture, sculpture, weaving, silvercraft, jewelry, glyptics, etc., are fairly well known today, on the other hand, there is one branch, that of the ceramic art, that is hardly known at all, and I have tried to describe certain periods, but we shall never reach a complete knowledge of the question without having made deep archaeological researches solely devoted to this end; therefore, let us congratulate ourselves to find that museums are becoming interested in this pottery, which is so little known. In this regard the placing in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, of New York, of the fine collection which Mr. Demotte has so generously presented, constitutes an event of signal importance. Without doubt the museum will not fail to add to this first important gift further accessions in the future.

This series is in point of fact so original and unusual that it needs a word of explanation. The specimens composing it do not belong to the service used by the satraps and high dignitaries of the empire, but they are of popular character and give us a glimpse of one of the most curious and life-like types of all the Sassanide pottery.

From the technical standpoint, it is made of red earth, of which the design, often broad in outline, is in relief; a brownish red varnish generously covers the piece, but we also possess specimens enamelled in cobalt blue. The shapes are greatly varied; they are a complex of those originating in the antique Orient, and in Greece and Rome, but a few,



A SASSANIAN POTTERY VASE, WITH BAS RELIEF DECORATION DEPICTING PREPARATIONS FOR SACRIFICIAL OFFERING IN THE MYSTERIES OF MAZDAISM

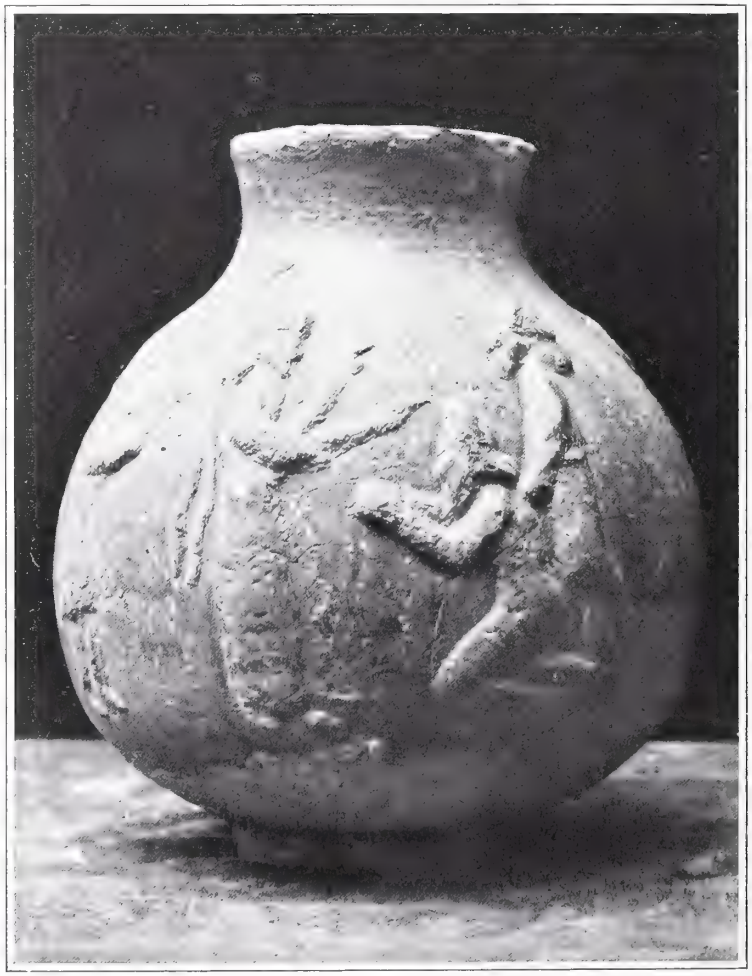


SASSANIAN VASE WITH DOUBLE HANDLES

such as the ewers for example, are a special creation of the Sassanides, which is found again in the Moslem arts. However, the chief interest in these pieces is centered in the decoration traced with varied and vital figures, allowing itself all license. In spite of the popular character of the pottery, the artist treats the most ambitious subjects as well as those of ordinary life. On the vases we find scenes taken from the feasts of sovereigns or from the mysteries of Mazdaism; here a king holds court on a high throne, receiving the homage of his vassals; there, he strikes his vanquished enemy, who kneels, holding out supplicating hands, or lies prostrate before him; or again he appears in might at the head of his army. Rustem rides on horseback—Rustem, the great legendary hero of Persia, whose deeds are sung in Firdusi's famous epic poem, the "Shahnama." In these little bas-reliefs we find an echo of the real sculpture, not only of that which the Shahpur and the Varahran have cut in the rocks of Naksh-i-Ranstem and of Naksh-i-Radjab, but also in bas-reliefs cut by the Chaldeans and Assyrians and the Achaemenidae many centuries earlier for the palaces of Babylon, of Nineveh, Susa and Persepolis. This surprising fact brings to us, as nothing else can do, the survival of the Oriental past at the period of the



VASE DEPICTING RUSTEM



SASSANIAN VASE WITH KING PARDONING PRISONERS

Sassanide power and, far from indicating any decadence, shows clearly a renaissance. The royal personage is sometimes treated more in the style of the time of Darius than that of Shahpur, and the true costume of a Sassanide prince really appears but once —on a vase, with a long, narrow neck, which is perhaps the most curious of the entire collection.

There are many motives taken from the Mazdian cult. We find on certain specimens the serpent of Zoroaster's mythology; on others, the "pyrées" (or sacrificial altars to Fire) and the attendant priests, and the adoration of the mystic tree.

And, as though their fantasy were still unsatisfied, the artists have made a profusion of details from the daily life of the people—the most typical being caravans, with camels and camel drivers, stick in hand.



SASSANIAN VASE DEPICTING A CAMEL CARAVAN

In our opinion, the origin of the potteries we have so rapidly described ought to be sought for in the yet little known Iranian civilization of the Princes of Perside, that valiant dynasty preceding Artaxerxes that resisted the terrific onslaughts of both the Greek and the Parthian conquests.



SASSANIAN VASE WITH SCENES FROM MAZDAISTIC MYSTERIES



VASE DEPICTING A MONARCH



A Masterpiece of CHINESE SCULPTURE

Among the many rare works in the current exhibition of ancient Chinese art in the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania, which is to continue through June, the great figure of Bodhisattva here reproduced stands out for its unusual pose and its serene dignity. It affords an unusual opportunity of studying the methods of the ninth century sculptors in applying paint and gilt to their works. The figure is about one-and-a-half times life size. It is carved in wood and was coated with successive layers of different colors originally, both on the exposed portions of the body and the draperies, the last one being of gold. Its pose alone makes this sculpture distinguished, the graceful hands, the upraised leg with the left arm resting on it giving an air of friendly, intimate ease that is reflected in the gravely smiling face and the kindly expression of the eyes.



CUPID AND PSYCHE

GOLD GLASS BOWL

Circa II Century B.C.



Gold glass bottom of a cup with design of Peter and Paul. Between them on a column rests the Constantinean Seal containing the two Greek letters X and R inside of a sun disk, reminiscent of the Vision of Constantine at the Milvian Bridge, before the battle which defeated the Emperor Maxentius

Gold glass bottom with the figure of the patron saint of the defunct. The inscription translated, means: "With thee I hope to drink and live." It is entirely erroneous to interpret these and similar words as a toast. On the contrary they express a recognition of the expected eternal life that is to come

The ART of GOLD GLASS

Matchless beauty of old technique, originating in Egypt, vanished in Byzantine crudity · by GUSTAVUS A. EISEN

WE must always bear in mind that the invention of glass and the first blowing of glass were not contemporaneous, but actually separated by thirteen hundred years. For while the first objects made of real glass are datable back to the XVIII Egyptian Dynasty, the discovery that glass can be blown from a bubble was made in the first century B. C., during the later Ptolemies. Glass blowing from a unit of liquid glass and from a bubble constitutes the very last stage of this art, which required more than thirteen hundred years to emerge from its primitive stage and original technique. During these long years the artists as well as their public contented themselves with a few forms of glass manufacture, which, though naturally primitive and crude, have never been excelled in artistic merit.

Volumes might now be composed upon each one of these types of glass making and glass objects, but as we must confine ourselves to but one in this essay, we must limit our references to the others to a condensed summary with only sufficient detail to enable the reader to follow intelligently the development of glass making in its major steps from original crudeness to a highly developed technique.

The earliest glass technique as regards vessels has elsewhere been referred to by the present writer as "core-spun" glass. It consisted of winding threads of fused glass around a core of sand and gum. After the threads had been fused and cooled the sand was removed by simply soaking the object in water. Of these core-spun objects our museums contain many specimens, mostly shaped like minute amphorae, of delicate forms and colors.

Another type, equally ancient, is the "pad-glass" which resulted from pressing a thick pad of fused glass into a mould generally in the form of a low plate or shallow bowl. These two methods of glass making continued in use, exclusive of others, until the time of the Ptolemies, in the fourth century B. C. These art-loving rulers encouraged progress, subsidized learned men and artisans and originated a typically Ptolemaic art of their own. Among new things of this period was the contrivance of enlarging a tube of glass by blowing, an improvement which two centuries later resulted in the discovery of glass blowing as it is now known to us. The tube-blown glass



Bottom of cup with gold glass design, fourth century A. D., Christ between Peter and Paul, with Sun and Moon symbols. The fragment is partly embedded in the cement closing the tomb. The piece was apparently ground off along the edges after the top had been broken away. All of these figures are beardless

vessels are among the most artistic known, the highest priced objects of antiquity considering their size, and so far never imitated in later art. But as the subject of this paper is the type of glass known as gold glass, we will now turn to this, also invented in the time of the Ptolemies, probably in their capital Alexandria, in the Delta of the Nile.

Gold glass is a padded, or pad-glass, and was made by enclosing a layer of gold film between two sheets of transparent glass. At least one of these layers was pure and colorless in order to permit the gold to appear. The back layer was sometimes blue or green and acted as a background for the picture. This kind of glass retained its favor from the second or third century B. C. to the fourth century A. D., or, perhaps more properly, the art was revived in this later period, in the time of Constantine. This art in the time of the Ptolemies seems to have been begun by the making of beads of gold glass. This feature of the process was never lost; we find gold glass beads in tombs of every century between the third B. C. to the end of the twelfth A. D. The earliest are magnificently made, refined and lovely in appearance; the latter are crude and coarse, the gold often being replaced by silver or even by yellow earth or paint.

The most important objects of gold glass are, however, the cups, bowls or plates, in which the gold film is confined to the base or bottom, and scratched with a needle into designs. Another type contains the gold film spread over a relief, or figures in relief, which thus stand out in vivid splendor. Of the fourth century gold glass cups about 300 are known to exist in museums and private collections. But of the type of gold glass relief, only one single entire specimen—the one illustrated in color at the beginning of this article—is known. But before we enter into a detailed study of this and other gold glass designs, it will be of interest as well as instructive to consider generally the important qualities and characteristics of this type of glass.

The most important quality of gold glass lies in its incomparable quality of line, which is superior to that of almost every other art ancient or modern. By line quality is comprehended that character of any line which makes it suitable to the object it defines. It is the quality which causes an object or a design to appear robust or delicate, well defined or suggestive, prominent or bold, modest or retreating. No objects or designs can be really great unless they possess quality of line, but many objects and designs which are otherwise poor and unattractive are saved from oblivion, and will even find their special devotees, if their line quality is characteristic, refined or peculiarly suitable to the object or design which they define. Line quality was known and practiced by the artists of Egypt and ancient Greece, many of whom were justly famous because of this feature of their art. Line quality, says Pliny, the first century critic and writer, not only defines properly the object, but it suggests what lies behind the design. Some objects appear harsh and unattractive because their line quality is too strong or too regular. Others again, like so many modern works, impress us with an over-softness because their line quality is that of "the dissolving line." Harsh line quality is generally softened by age, thus explaining why old objects are often considered more artistic than those newly made. Then, too, the line quality of objects made by hand is always more artistic than the line quality of those made by machinery or with instruments of precision. Hence, we have both artistic line quality and mechanical line quality, each proper in its own sphere of usefulness.

Then, too, we have line quality of surface as well as line quality of outlines, or lines bordering areas. The line quality of the surface makes this

surface pleasing. For instance, the glaring surface of gold, silver and brass wares is harsh to the educated eye, hence many like to see a slight gray patina on silver, a green one on bronze, while gold is dimmed in various ways in order not to appear too imposing and, according to some, even vulgar.

In former ages when the wearers of jewelry were more barbaric than at a later date, as for instance in the bronze age, the wearers often contented themselves with plain gold ornaments, holding color and durability as of prime value. Later, when the wearer became more refined in taste, the gold surface was engraved, and its harshness broken up by designs, by dulling, and in other ways. Fully realizing this deficiency of line quality in the metals, especially in silver and gold, the refined taste of the artists, in the times of the Ptolemies, invented the matrix which we are now discussing under the name of gold glass. By enclosing a thin layer or film of gold between two sheets of transparent glass, not only did the makers moderate the intense color of the gold surface, and its disagreeable reflection, but they also softened its outlines, which became refracted through the glass. Then, too, in objects with designs on the gold, these designs and lines were softened and made pleasing in a way that could not be produced by other means. In order to realize this effect, we need only to place a bead made of pure gold side by side with a gold glass bead and compare the two. The gold bead is valued because it is yellow and because it is gold, but it is not pleasing as compared to the gold glass bead although, no doubt, the former's intrinsic value is a thousand times greater. In the gold glass bead the color is soft, glowing and tender, like the soft golden hue of early morn; its edges do not reflect the harshness of bright gold, the overlaying white glass giving them transparency and softness.

In the Metropolitan Museum of New York there are several necklaces of this type exhibited in the Egyptian rooms. When their admirable quality is once recognized the educated taste will prefer them to those of pure metal, old or new. In looking at these beads, which are of many sizes and forms, some with moulded figures of deities in relief, the viewer does not perceive a single harsh line. Even the edges are softened because the gold leaf is entirely confined to the interior of the object, never even reaching the end, which consists entirely of white or uncolored transparent glass. The charm of this combination of glass and gold is so great that its realization should be readily acquired, even by those of us who have been accustomed to consider that pure gold alone is jewelry's most superior matrix.



A bottom of a gold glass cup or bowl. The edge, after having been carefully broken off from the sides of the bowl, was afterward ground. In the center a bust, probably of Christ, and around it the word "zeses" (live). The figures in the outer ring—which together form a biblical cycle—are taken from the miracles of Christ

Next comes gold glass in stratified structure. This type of glass or combination of glasses was invented in the time of the Ptolemies, apparently in the third century B. C., no specimens being datable earlier than that. It quickly rose to supreme favor, and there is some reason to believe that the two famous "winged vases" for which Nero paid a huge fortune were made of this kind of glass, the technique of which had been lost by his degenerate time. One could devote a book to this type of glass alone, but a few words must suffice to convey to the reader some conception of its refined appearance—an achievement never before equalled or since surpassed.

The invention of this combination seems to have been a result of the discovery that a tube of glass softened by heat could be enlarged to form a small flask. The method was as follows: The artist first prepared alternating sheets of white, colored and gold glass, which, placed on the top of each other, were fused without mixing their layered appearance. A slice of the whole was then cut along the edge, as a slice of layer cake, to use a



Two saints in gold glass design in the base of a cup. The nature of the personages is indicated by the outer ring of stars, by the ring representing the sun and its rays, and the two rosettes, which both stand for a star—always emblems of saints, heroes or deities, as well as symbolic of life

simile easily to be comprehended. Of this slice a tube of glass was formed by simply rolling it up upon itself and then fusing the margins. The tube was next enlarged by blowing, as in ordinary glass blowing, with this difference, however, that here a tube was enlarged instead of a molten bubble of glass matrix. As the tube or flask always remains thick, it was later ground down to the necessary thinness, even at the risk of losing the specimen by breakage.

Both our Metropolitan Museum and our private collections possess examples of this incomparable type of glass. A characteristic is that the gold film is full of minute cracks, the result of unequal expansion of film and glass. Modern and Renaissance imitators of this gold glass thought that these fissures reflected upon their skill and set to work to "improve" the method. They soon succeeded in overcoming the difficulty and produced gold glass without the fissures, but the result, instead of enhancing the beauty of the glass, caused a disagreeable glossiness, which now permits us to distinguish between the genuinely antique and the modern specimens. It is interesting to note that the cracks in the glaze of old pottery, sometimes produced artificially, always contribute to its beauty, as well as to its commercial value. And Pliny tells us that among the Roman connoisseurs and collectors, the worn Greek silver reliefs were held all the more valuable because of being worn, even when this bordered upon the actual blotting out of the sculptured design. Also, we all know that great antique rug masterpieces are enhanced in beauty and are made more valuable when worn (and thus softened) by age, their line quality being a stamp of beauty not found in the new.

Then comes gold glass in relief. In order to fully understand this type it is necessary to remember that the gold leaf in gold glass is never found on the outside surface of the glass but is always seen in the interior—both surfaces of the objects being plain glass, the gold film being enclosed between them. Thus far the process is exactly the same as with the gold glass beads. As there is but one entire piece of gold glass relief known since antiquity, we must naturally confine our descriptions to it, and merely conjecture what the others may have been. Later on we shall suggest a reason why other specimens have failed of preservation to our time.

This unique specimen of gold glass relief consists of a flat glass bowl with a bold design of two figures in the center, the relief being entirely in the interior of the glass, both top and base being absolutely flat. When seen in clear light the figures stand out somewhat greenish blue and nearly opaque, on a ground of most beautiful translucent deep blue of an almost inimitable tint. If we examine the plate carefully we see that the base is made of blue glass, which undoubtedly also once extended to the very edges of the plate. But the glass immediately above the figures is pure transparent uncolored glass. When held up to the light, they appear to be in slight relief, but if we view this plate in reflected or overhead light we see that the golden figures are in strong relief on a background of deep blue glass, the object being superbly effective.

The design is very fine, of the very best Greek style, although it must date from the second century B. C. The figures are Cupid and Psyche with an altar between them, the scene probably representing their nuptials as conceived by the Hellenistic artist. Cupid stands to the left, his two large wings folded behind. His legs are crossed between the knees and the ankles. His left arm stretches behind the shoulder of Psyche, whose right arm is similarly posed on the right shoulder of the god. Psyche is clothed in a flowing garment carried backwards by the breeze in graceful folds. On her left arm is a wreath. The altar is slightly

pyramidal with an elegant tripod on its top, the whole structure not reaching to their waists. Both the figures and the composition are characterized by an unusual grace, by a true Greek touch and design, and by a distinctly discernible "uplift of inhalation" in both the figures of the male and the female.

While it is impossible for this work to be later than the first century B. C. nor earlier than the time of the first Ptolemies, or the third century B. C., it seems quite evident that the design was not original but copied from some well-known masterpiece of Greek art at its height. The figure of the god reminds us of both Phidias and Praxiteles. The pose and outlines of Psyche resemble in fact the Iris of the Parthenon in the pose, in movement and in the robe. It also resembles the female figure immediately behind the chariot horses on the western pediment. However, even in the later period (430 to 490 B. C.) statues were made which might have served as models to our relief: an instance being the superb Nereid of Xantos, this composition having somewhat greater, or (to express it better) more emphasized, movement.

The glass containing the relief must have been first cast in a mould with concave designed figures. When cold, the figures on the glass were gilt with gold-leaf, which was made to adhere by heating or by the means of gum. Over this was poured a pad of fused transparent uncolored glass for protection. When cool the bowl was ground down to proper thinness and size.

The scarcity of these objects may be due to the fact that they were made at a time when the bodies of the dead were cremated. Sometimes valuable objects belonging to the deceased were not buried but were replaced by inferior works, often made for this express purpose, the finer works of art being kept by the relatives of the dead. But it is due to this habit of burning that personal objects of the great minor arts of the time of the Ptolemies, Pompey the Great and Augustus are much scarcer than those of a later date when inhumation came in use.

The later gold glass constitutes a distinct class by itself. No specimens have been found which can be considered earlier than the latter half of the third century A. D., and none that is much later than the fourth century A. D. The later limit is determined by the fact that white glass became exceedingly rare even at the end of the fourth century, and that the art was practically lost in the fifth century A. D., at least in the places where this type was made.



Bottom of a gold glass cup or plate, with two saints. Below is the Flagellation column, which was used symbolically in the same manner as we now use the Holy Cross. In fact, the column is marked by the Christogram, showing unmistakably that it represents the column to which Jesus was tied when scourged

These gold glass objects are also known as Christian cups, although some are decidedly pagan. They are characterized by the design on the gold film, which is always made with a needle, producing open lines where but pure glass is seen. The Christian designs contain principally figures of Christ and the Apostles in outline, made by scratching the film. The designs are of course exceedingly interesting and highly important to students of early Christian art, but they are not characterized by great beauty. About three hundred specimens (mostly in fragments) are known. All are executed in the harsh, unsympathetic style and with the same absence of feeling that characterize all Byzantine and Constantinopolitan sculpture and painting of that early period. Stiffness of pose, seriousness of mien, lack of motion, as if all action were sinful and condemnable, are the salient traits of this art.

Christ is often represented, sometimes as a youth and nearly always beardless, standing between two apostles, generally designated with their names scratched in golden letters over their heads. On these cups we see the Good Shepherd with the lamb on his shoulder or before Him.

There, too, are Peter and Paul, Sixtus, Timotheus, Laurentius, Cyprianus, Genesius, Lucas, Maria, Peregrina and a host of others. Some of these saints are without a halo, but by the end of the fourth century the halo was generally introduced. Unfortunately none of these figures can be considered as actual portraits, a disappointment shared by all Christians who have hoped finally to discover the exact appearance of those who wrote or who are mentioned in the Bible, or in the legends contemporary with Biblical events.

Not all of these gold glass cups are Christian, however. We possess cups with representations of the Jewish ark, the Jewish seven-armed candlestick, and even the Temple of Solomon erected by Herod. The latter is in Greek style, but with the candlestick standing in the tympanum; on one side are two columns, Jachin and Boaz, on the other the celebrated palm in the valley below the temple. This wonderful and important relic is now in the Vatican Museum of Christian Art (reproduced in color in Forbes' "Jerusalem"). Then, too, many of the gold glass objects represent pagan themes of conviviality, as a funeral banquet in which grief was tempered by the free use of wine.

A most amazing fact connected with these gold glass cups of Christian designs is that all were purposely broken; for they are principally found imbedded in the cement which closes the loculi or funeral chambers, the receptacles for the sarcophagi, in the Catacombs of Rome. These cups when first discovered *in situ*, that is in their original places in the catacombs, were always broken, the rims or sides of the cups were missing, the bottoms with the design alone remaining in place. They were so firmly imbedded in the cement that they had to be chiseled out with care and the adhering cement afterward removed by scraping. Many theories have been suggested in order to explain this curious circumstance which has baffled the ingenuity of many investigators up to the present time. Some held that these cups were gifts of groom to bride and vice versa at betrothal or wedding, and that the cups were broken on purpose when death overtook one of the partners of this marriage compact. Others assumed that these were private Eucharistic cups used by the dead and buried with them. The breaking has also been explained as accidental, the unconscious act of persons passing through the dark corridors of the Catacombs. Another theory is that these cups were inserted in the cement and employed in the place of epitaphs, on the assumption that the relatives of the dead would recognize the identity of the occupants of the tombs by the cups which were known to them. This latter theory is the one generally adopted by archaeologists, notwithstanding the great probability that only very few could possibly have known the cups of their relatives and friends, and regardless of the fact that, the passages in the Catacombs being so dark, it would have been impossible to recognize the design on the cups except by removing them.

There is but one explanation to cover all the known facts of position, condition and theme of these now so valued relics of early Christian art, and this is that the cups were used as amulets on account of the representations they bore, and were placed on the exterior instead of in the interior of the tombs in order to admonish the crowds of evil spirits and malign influences which were supposed to flit back and forth through the dark corridors, ready to seize upon the dead *manes* at every possible opportunity. These gold glass amulets with the figures of Christ, apostles and saints notified these influences—these phantoms of the old paganism—that the deceased had departed believing in Christ, and that thus he had acquired the right to rest in peace.

Thus we have a connecting link, in the imagination, between the new religion of Jesus Christ and the dark jumble of superstition that its followers inherited from their ancestors, who had believed in the gods of imperial and decadent Rome—a theology that had been corrupted from every source penetrated by the Roman arms (for the empire absorbed the gods as well as the goods of conquered nations). This glimpse into the minds of the Early Christians is even more absorbing when we stop to consider that they were for the most part recruited from the ranks of the common people, that hence pagan superstition was almost instinctive with them and that Christianity had a hard task in the early years of its existence to combat the psychology that was the popular inheritance.

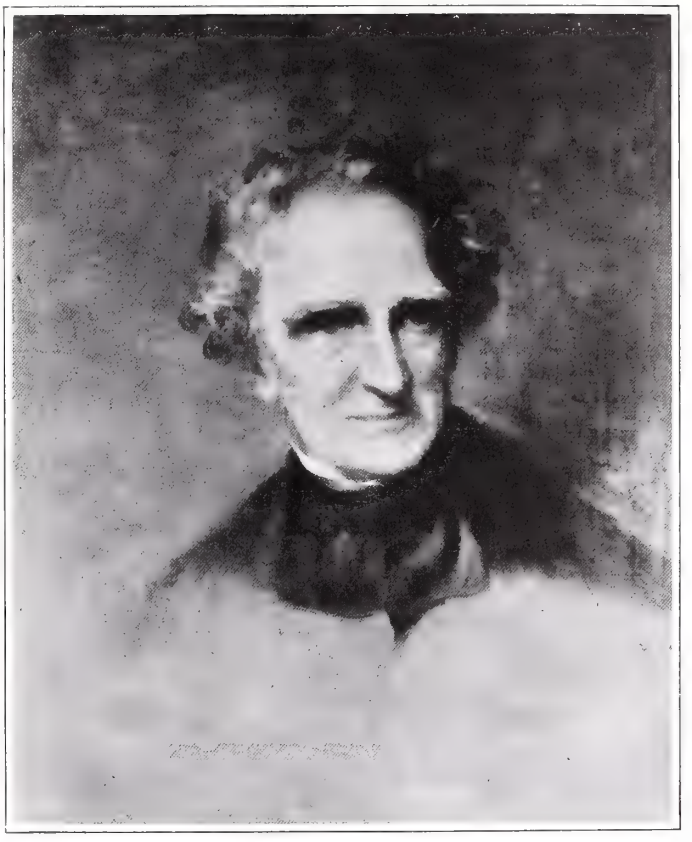
The breaking of the cups can hardly be satisfactorily explained as a mere process or ceremony at the death of man and wife, no mention of such rites having been found in the ancient records. It is the belief of the writer they were broken simply to insure their permanency on the tomb and as a provision of safety against theft. For their power as amulets lay alone in the design of Christ and saints, not in their form. To prevent theft the rims, edges and sides were broken away, always with greatest care, thereby making the cups useless to the living. Of the three hundred odd cups known to archaeologists, but one or two are entire, and those were found inside of the tombs, not outside.

AN AMERICAN "OLD MASTER"

Thomas Sully's beautiful art seen in memorial exhibition of 235 of his paintings · · by

EDITH W. POWELL

ALTHOUGH he was born in England, the name of Thomas Sully has always been intimately identified with Philadelphia, for he lived there for sixty-five years. Horncastle, in Lincolnshire, was the place of his birth, which occurred in 1783. He came with his parents to America at the age of nine, and lived in Charlestown and Richmond before going to Philadelphia at the age of twenty-four. Forty-five years of his residence in the last-named city were spent in the house at 11 South Fifth Street which Stephen Girard remodelled to suit the painter's purposes. From the first the eminent Philadelphians of his day flocked to him for their portraits. He was called the "court painter of Philadelphia" for he painted very nearly all her great and near great.



"SELF PORTRAIT" BY THOMAS SULLY

Since Philadelphia is so closely associated with the very beginnings of art in America, it is singularly appropriate that memorial exhibitions of some of the earliest of our painters should be held there today. Last November a large number of Benjamin West's most famous works were shown by the Art Alliance in Rittenhouse Square, and now, at the close of the season, comes the Thomas Sully memorial exhibition at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. The scope of the exhibition is shown by the fact that fully two hundred and thirty-five of his most famous paintings have been assembled.

Sully was before all else a portrait painter. In his recent biography by Edward Biddle and Mantel Fielding, the great majority of the 2,631 canvases listed are found to be portraits. In the present exhibition, the only work which is not a portrait or a head of some description is "Musidora," lent by the Metropolitan Museum, which was not original with Sully, but a copy of a painting by Benjamin West having a nude figure as its subject.

At the time that Sully was starting on his career, Gilbert Stuart was the greatest figure in American art. An interesting anecdote is related of the first meeting of the two in 1807, when the younger painter was given an opportunity to bring some of his canvases to the master for criticism. Sully was filled with apprehension, until, finally, Stuart said, "Keep what you have and get what you can." Keeping this criticism in mind, it is interesting to look over the great array of portraits that gaze from their frames on wall after wall of the Pennsylvania Academy. It will be seen that even his earliest paintings were distinguished by penetration into character and skillful technique, so that Stuart was more than justified in telling the young artist to "keep what he had." At every turn one is arrested by the compelling quality of his presentation of personality. He gives us a glimpse into the very heart of his subject in countless instances. Look at the twinkle in that mischievous maiden's eye. Here's a spirited and imperious girl. A dame of high degree, that. There is the man of instant action. What a fine, kindly face is this noted physician's! How appraising is the glance of that elderly Quakeress! And for all his wealth, that old man, without a doubt, lived frugally.



"THOMAS JEFFERSON"
BY THOMAS SULLY

One notes that the women are not out-of-door types. In Sully's day it was the fashion to be delicate and fragile. The word "ladylike" had deep significance. Ringlets and a demure bearing were inseparable companions. His subjects were the aristocrats of their day, and the catalogue of the exhibition reads like a list of the Assembly—affording no end of information as to the social ramifications of Philadelphia's prominent families.

Sully has been called the "Sir Thomas Lawrence of America" because of his grace of line and charm of color. Sir Thomas was indeed the painter whom Sully particularly studied when he had the opportunity to visit England as a young man. He went there at the age of twenty-six, being enabled to do so through the subscription of two hundred dollars each from seven leading citizens of Philadelphia. In order to remain as long as possible he practiced the most trying frugality. Speaking later of this period, he said he never passed nine months of more slaving toil, for he had promised to recompense each of his benefactors by a copy of some masterpiece. This required all of his efforts in the daytime. By night he studied osteology, for West had suggested to him on his arrival that he would benefit by a knowledge of the internal structure of the skull.

There are several canvases at the memorial exhibition made before this trip. One of these, the portrait of Miss Sally Etting, is very beautiful in its Rembrandtesque color and tone. That of Mrs. Joseph Hopkinson, wife of the author of "Hail Columbia," painted in the same manner, is fine in its flesh tones and composition. And the self-portrait in which he is shown painting the picture of the lady whom he afterward married belongs to this period. It is of unusual interest, as it is doubtless a truthful presentation of himself, and also shows how remarkable was his art even at this early period. He was practically self-taught. His only instructors had been a brother-in-law, a fiery Frenchman with whom he soon quarreled, and his brother, Lawrence, who dabbled in miniature painting. This brother made the only study from life of Patrick Henry, from which Sully made his portrait, so rich in dark reds and greens.

On Sully's return from England, in 1810, we find him painting the lovely Mrs. Chamberlain and Mrs. Walter Franklin. Both of these portraits are executed not only with power but with dignity, simplicity and unaffectedness. The next year he painted the admirable full-length portrait of Rear-Admiral Charles Stewart, grandfather of the Irish agitator, Charles Stewart Parnell. His likeness of President Monroe, made twenty years later, is also a full-length portrait, but is far less successful, and seems rather the delineation of a costume than a personality.

The head of George Frederick Cooke, the English tragedian, was made in 1811 and is an exceptionally good piece of work. It has rich, warm, harmonious color and is direct and knowing in execution. Soon after, he made the full length portrait of the same actor as Richard III, which in its excellence of draughtsmanship, inclusion of detail, and smooth application of pigment, is reminiscent of the manner to which the French Academicians of the 60's and 70's were devoted.

From members of Sully's family it is learned that he was always interested in developing different phases of his work. He made numerous experiments in the preparation of color and canvas, as well as in various artistic effects. For instance, in the portrait of Mrs. George G. Maris and her son, made in 1813, curls, clouds and a marble column seem to have interested him more than the personality of his sitters. In the portrait of Mrs. Hosack (the wife of Dr. David Hosack who seconded Alexander Hamilton in his duel with Aaron Burr) the painter was interested in the modelling of the face in the strongest of high lights. In his portrait of Colonel Jonathan Williams, loaned to this exhibition by West Point with a number of other excellent portraits of army officers, he employed a simplification of detail which appeared later in his portraits of Queen Victoria as well as in those of Fanny Kemble.



"REBECCA GRATZ"
BY THOMAS SULLY

Another innovation was the use of pastel color schemes in his portraits of women, and these seem particularly appropriate in his presentations of such a dainty personality as Mrs. John Price Wetherill, or the aristocratic Mrs. John Cox and the Penn-Gaskell sisters. And it was not long before pinker flesh tints were recurrent, as in the portraits of Mrs. Edmund Watmaught, and Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, all painted in 1826.

On several occasions, Sully met with difficulty in obtaining pay for his work. From the first he kept a register of all his paintings, stating when each canvas was begun, when finished, and data regarding his sitters, such as their social status and means. He also included the valuation he placed on the picture and what he actually received. One of the biggest of his business worries was connected with the "Washington Crossing the Delaware," now in the Brooklyn Museum. The Legislature of South Carolina had commissioned him to execute a portrait of Washington. Without orders, Sully decided to paint a "Washington Crossing the Delaware" instead. It turned out to be too large for the designated space and was refused by the Legislature. There was trouble also regarding payment for the majestic "Lafayette" in Independence Hall. It is said that a number of prominent Philadelphians engaged him to paint the distinguished Frenchman at the time of his visit in 1824–25. Sully's price for the work was $1,600. All that he received was $250, the proceeds from the ball given in Philadelphia in honor of the Marquis.

Another portrait of Lafayette which appears in the memorial exhibition is the preliminary study of his head, loaned by Miss Imbrey of New York. It is one of the finest works Sully ever produced, done in a moment of his greatest power, so deft, forceful and concise is its execution. There is no picture in the exhibition that the connoisseur would prefer to this.

Of his self-portraits, the one of 1834 is one of his most vigorous and interesting works. In this the ruggedness of the brush work is as modern as is his unmitigated realism. He seems quite gaunt and unkempt and nervously alert. Although there is a slight resemblance to his early portrait, already mentioned, in which he is painting his future wife, there is no similarity between this and his later self-portraits, in which he appears as a fastidious man of taste. One of the places of honor in this



"QUEEN VICTORIA" BY THOMAS SULLY

exhibition is held by the full length of Queen Victoria ascending her throne. It is not one of the two portraits of the Queen made from life. One of these is in the Metropolitan Museum, not loaned for the exhibition, and the other was made for Hodgson and Graves, engravers, of London. This full length portrait was made from sketches and from the first named work, and was not finished until more than a year and a half after his return. As a portrait, it is excellent; in color, it has a rose-brown tonality which shows how great was his restraint and control. As is well known, the Queen was short of stature. This Sully has cleverly concealed; he has lent her an appearance of stately height by having her coronation robes trail down the steps. This painting was made for the Society of the Sons of St. George of Philadelphia, with whom he later had his famous lawsuit because he made a copy of their picture for the citizens of South Carolina. The society contested his right to make a duplicate of the painting, but the court gave a decision in favor of the artist.

It was just before he went to England to paint the Queen that he made the six studies of Frances Anne Kemble in various Shakespearian roles. That in which she impersonates Beatrice is one of his most pleasing and best known works. It is included in the exhibition with two others of the six. Although it is said that she was not beautiful, it is incredible when one sees these portraits, until one remembers that Sully was a master in bringing out the best in his sitter. A remarkable proof of this, by the way, is the portrait of Rebecca Gratz, who was claimed to be the prototype of Rebecca in "Ivanhoe." The portrait was painted when she was fifty, and yet it is convincing as a presentation of a young woman anywhere between the ages of twenty and thirty.

From all accounts, Sully had a charming personality and was the most genial and courteous of men. His home was one of the centers of hospitality in the city. He was held in such high esteem that in his old age the city repealed an ordinance regarding the destruction of his house so that it could not be demolished until after his death.

His family numbered nine children of his own and three step-children. His wife was the widow of his brother, Lawrence, in whose family he lived during the early days in Richmond before he moved to Philadelphia. She appears in two portraits in the memorial exhibition. One of these was made just before he went to England in 1808 and was retouched fifty years later. The other shows her in her old age, with her dog, Ponto,



"SAMUEL COATES" BY THOMAS SULLY

gazing at her, his head laid fondly upon her knee. Among other portraits of the painter's family, which are so numerous as to form one of the features of the exhibition, is that of his son, Thomas Willcocks Sully. In this the quality of the flesh tones and the texture of the hair and skin are reminiscent of Titian. This son was himself a painter of ability, who died in his thirties. The canvas is undated and it is possible that the father may have worked over it long after the son's death in order to bring this labor of love to its rare perfection. Another portrait is that of a brother, Matthew, also undated, which has the same unity and beautiful tonal qualities. Then there is a daughter, Jane, who married the illustrator Darley. Sully's son, Alfred, is the subject of the "Torn Hat," which belongs to the Boston Museum.

Although Sully's paintings are often criticized as lacking in strength, this charge could never be brought against the majority of his portraits. He did, however, paint a number of fanciful heads of a sentimental type, and it is these that have cast a slight shadow over his reputation. He is considered chiefly as a painter of women and children, yet some of his keenest characterizations are of men. The greatest number of his best portraits were the fruit of his first ripe maturity, during his late twenties and early thirties, although he made his famous series of portraits of Fanny Kemble when he was fifty, and of Queen Victoria when fifty-four.



"COLONEL JONATHAN WILLIAM" BY THOMAS SULLY



"GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE" BY THOMAS SULLY

The general impression that one gets from his work is that he must have been by natural gift as well as by election a student of character. He understood the structure of the head; he knew how to draw. No matter how great was his amenity, or his desire to show his sitter in the most favorable light, he never let fancy obscure his vision of fact, and, above all, he remained true to his subject's personality. It is true that his more fanciful paintings do not appeal to our generation as they did to his. They seem to us insipid, sentimental and artificial. But in them he was influenced by the spirit of his time, and so our quarrel is not so much with the artist as with the age in which he lived. The painter himself must be judged by the work which was most characteristically his, in which his own particular talent stood revealed. It was in Sully's portraits that his individuality asserted itself and it is because of his portraits that he holds his eminent place in American art.



"THE FLAPPER"
by
Guy Pène du Bois

Guy Pène du BOIS by Guy Pène du BOIS

The writer in reviewing the art of the painter says "The bitterness other critics speak of is bosh"

It is possible to find a definite demarcation separating Guy Pène du Bois the painter and Guy Pène du Bois the writer. This article, in any case, by the writer on the painter may quite well be within the limits of that virtuous modesty demanded by nice Victorians, though this is doubtful. But I neither want to begin this enterprise on the defensive nor with a quibble set up in an effort to appear *degagée*, witty, brazen or justified. The last does not matter in the least.

That it is possible for the writer to push his pen in the interest of the painter merely shows that we are well out of the Victorian moonlight. The writer who has seen so many better writers could be jealous of the painter (he is not) who has never seen a painter of more potential value than himself. They have, however, very little in common, these two. The painter could be jealous. He is an egoist. He is emotional. The writer never. He can set the painter's works around him and judge them quite as though they were not a product of the other half of himself. In this find a certain implacability or, if cynical, a design drawn in order to disarm the reader. The last again really does not matter in the least.



"THE CONFIDENCE MAN" BY GUY PÈNE DU BOIS

Of these two, critic and painter, the painter alone is idealistic. He began life an idealist, a real one. He continues to be a real idealist. It is for that reason that in his satire there is sometimes something akin to a bite. But it is not from bitterness. There can be a love of the humanness in fault. People are all right. They are ludicrous only in the badges they wear, badges that are tokens of devotion to one ideal or another. Badges or marks left by the chains of their slavery. Funny slaves, proud of their chains, strutting in them, and nice in the ingenious generosity of all naiveté. It cannot be from hatred that they are satirized.

The bitterness other critics speak of is bosh. The painter began his career in the world—after some years in art schools here and abroad—as a police reporter on a New York newspaper. He had not become half writer yet. That was to come with art and music criticism. The music criticism, which never amounted to anything even pretty—left the painter to spend every evening of two long winters amid the dress suits and gowns of opera patrons. It was a change from the police stations. It set him painting shirt fronts. It set him thinking of the ideal to which these people were slaves. He never saw the badly dressed music lovers.

He has always been a little afraid to be led into a love of art. This at life's expense. Most painters write life down with an eraser. They are afraid that life might complicate their art. They tremble before impurities. Their art must remain virginal. It must be without vulgarities. It must be a thing with every t crossed and every i dotted—this or the reverse of it, which is to say of the conformist or of the non-conformist schools. It is natural if not inevitable that the particularizations of his youth should be giving way to generalizations, that he should now sometimes look back upon his art and find there something worth the reminiscence to him and that a great deal of exercise should give some mannerisms to the style of his exercising.

But all this is aside. He attempts to progress and, being stupid or slow blooded enough to like



"THE ART LOVERS"
BY GUY PÈNE DU BOIS

the processes of honesty, his progression wants that amazing rapidity which is seen now and then among those very young eclectics who study ways of talking about life in preference to studying life. He cannot repeat Cézanne and retain his own philosophy. He can like Cézanne's work but knows quite well that the man behind it would have bored him terribly. He is sophisticated to some degree but not to the degree which has sent so many youths to the study of the arts of children and savages. The painter has without the least sign of doubt less sophistication than the writer. He keeps trying to brush the smile off the writer's face. "You can be a clown if you like. Don't make me one."

He really must be taken seriously, not with a frown necessarily, but seriously. The solemn fellows in sculpture and mural painting are playing into the hands of the popular ignorance of art. This demands something a long way above the populace, a thing so inhuman that people will immediately believe in its superiority, something before which one may kneel, something that like a religion will have the truly pallid lure of aloofness. In a country whose art lovers whisper in picture galleries it is inevitable that the men who put art above life will be considered the greater artists. Familiarity with these people would breed contempt. They admire the terribly white marble of a colorless statue simply because they think they should. A picture of an angel, about which they know nothing, would, in accordance with this plan, be considered of more importance than a picture of a shop girl. There is no reverence for the familiar shop girl. There is a great deal of reverence for the unfamiliar angel. Art is great in proportion to its incomprehensibility. The moment that it seems a familiar thing striking into the consciousness of the observer with human rather than "art" terms it will seem to want dignity. It does not matter that the correct word for this dignity is pompousness. It does not matter that affectation takes the place of sincerity or,



"THE CAROUSEL"
BY GUY PÈNE DU BOIS

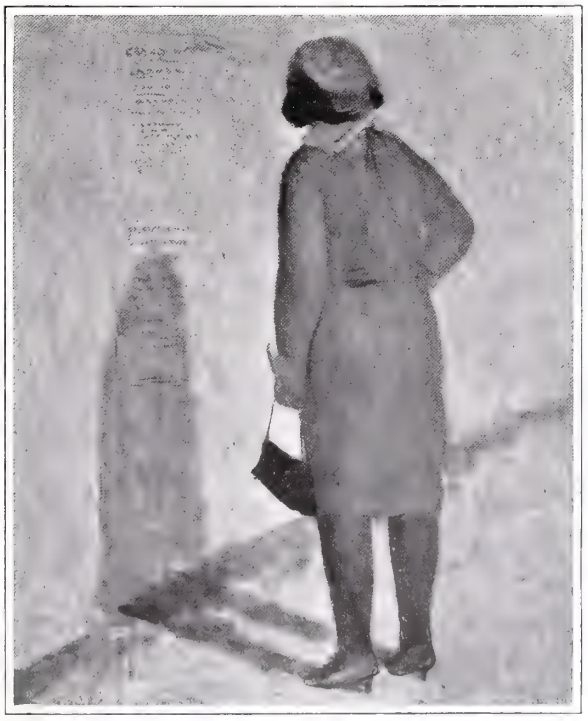
and rather, it does matter for the moment that a painter talks like a layman it will be suspected that he is not an artist.

It is, however, quite possible that the foregoing has nothing to do with this subject. It is quite possible also that it may be, with reference to the subject of this paper, misleading. There is nothing in the world more obnoxious than that hero of a few decades ago which we know in America as the "rough diamond," and who, though he has outlived his day as much as some few Parisian beaux who really belong to the period of Barbey d' Aurévilly, is still to be encountered occasionally in New York and much too often in the West. It is pitiable but true that he is still to be encountered among painters who feel that in order to convey an impression of truth they must use the most ordinary arrangements of the most vulgar or common words. Anything resembling elegance or suggesting a meticulousness in the choice of media is abhorent to these republicans. Truth should wear overalls.



"HALLWAY—ITALIAN RESTAURANT"
BY GUY PÈNE DU BOIS

Pène du Bois the painter only occasionally jumps out of the fatigue uniform of the republicans. His many homely phrases in paint this writer cannot readily forgive. He feels that in order to paint a convincing portrait of a man paying the sin of indulgence in fat it is not necessary to be one. He cannot feel that Clara Morris was an artist when, while playing a part, she worked herself into real tears. He has respect for artifice. The artist must not forget that he is an observer, a man watching the parade from a safe though convenient distance and armed, in any case, with enough strength of character to be kept physically out of it. This may be left as it stands.



"BILLBOARD"
BY GUY PÈNE DU BOIS

However, the important things about a picture are not the matters of fact. Rubens painted fat women in order to convey not his love of fat women but of luxury. The prim women of the Florentine portraits are the result of a reverence of chastity. The intensity of Ingres's classicism produced these cold figures so much disliked by the romantic Delacroix. The artist begins by gathering facts.



"GRETCHEN"
BY GUY PÈNE DU BOIS

He ends by building a philosophy out of them. It is important that the production of art be actuated by a love of life. The love of art produces picture buyers, connoisseurs, and dilletantes—it cannot produce art. The subject, however, is Pène du Bois painter. He is rather near the writer. He is so near the writer that he has become to him a commonplace like the windows of the room in which he writes. He can overlook the painter's occasional ripping of the masques of friends and enemies and passers-by. He can forgive the tendency to make inconclusive statements. He has watched him struggle to make a leg round and heavy, to make a figure stand in space, to construct a design that will have the substantial qualities of a public building.

Sometimes in his character of critic he smiles. There is so much dullness in the substantial painting of the world and so little imagination. Perhaps commerce which seems, unfortunately, to run the world is against imagination. It demands fact persistently. It would shear everything to the bone. It has created in this country, with the desire for efficiency and speed, a fear of elaboration in speech, in design and necessarily in thought. Probably he would prefer to have the painter on the Robert Chanler side of the art fence, doing fearless and extravagant flourishes in the manner—the arrogant manner—of a grandee. The writer is an aristocrat. It is to be feared that the painter is a plain man and as the prey of contemporary influences afraid to play with the truth, to splash with the royal purple of extravagance, to be unfair to his brother.

His pictures are inclined to be mincing. His language is. He has inherited carefulness and economy from Breton ancestors. The big brushes of his youth have grown smaller and with the loss in size has gone the love of splashing paint and with it recklessness—the more or less joyous pictures, joyous technically at least, of an afternoon's debauch. Perhaps paint slinging is a dream of youth. It is likely that most youth is spent in hammering unneeded nails. We need not go into that. But youth and follies in men are very often undying. They never cease liking to talk about themselves. They even write down things that spoken would have a very much better chance of being forgotten.



by



"PORTRAIT OF FERDINAND HODLER" BY EMIL ORLIK



"THE PROPHET" BY EMIL NOLDE

GERMAN EXPRESSIONISM IN WOOD

Modern movement finds an ages-old medium in xylography, which regains immense popularity in republic · · by

SHELDON CHENEY

If xylography, as some of us suspect, fell farthest of all the arts in the general Nineteenth Century decline, it has at least "come back" in these first twenty years of a new century with an abounding life and energy unknown as yet in any other art. In the two chief homes of modernism, France and Germany, there is today hardly a painter or sculptor of note who does not on occasion express himself in the wood medium; and there are scores of artists who make it their chief if not their only means of expression. In France (as in Italy and England) the finest contemporary books are those in which printer and wood engraver are designing hand in hand, while in Germany there is just now a bewildering new crop of block-illustrated books and portfolios of prints from the wood. In both countries, too, the windows and walls of art shops —thousands of them—are gay with the spirited work of "the younger engravers." Through all this activity—curiously enough, considering the "hardness" of the medium that is chosen—the lead has been taken and the honors carried away by the out-and-out modernists. Some of the critics and galleries, to be sure, go no farther than those artists who are timid enough to be called merely "Post-Impressionists"; but in general the critics, publishers and public have shifted their allegiance to types of engraving that lie between that sort of mild progressivism and the gorgeously outrageous things done by the wildest of the Expressionists. Certainly the thing hailed as the new art of wood engraving ten to twenty years ago—the sort of posteresque, half-naturalistic, half-conventionalized designs which really were new in that they revived a long lost technique of autographic and direct cutting of the block, but which are now seen to have belonged to the Impressionist rather than to the Post-Impressionist period—has been forced to give place to something freer, something more emotional, something marked by



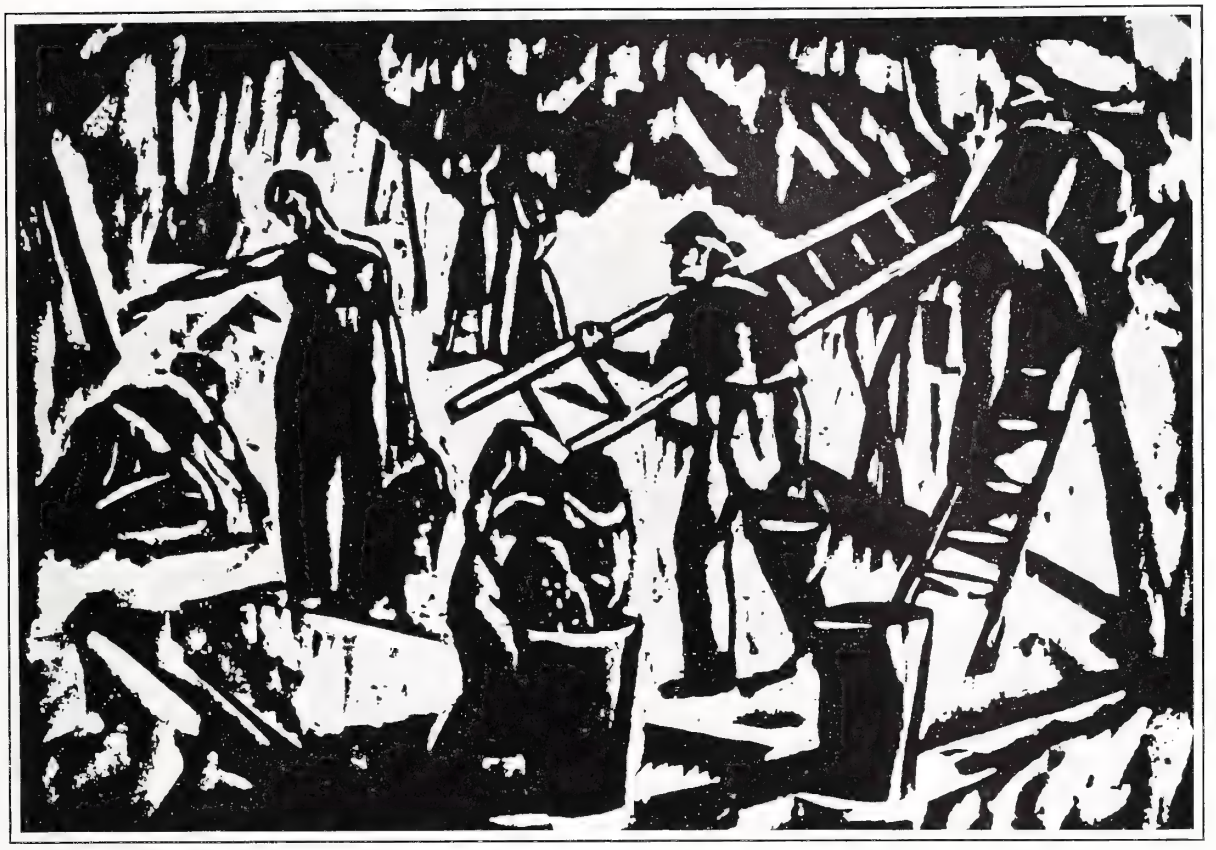
"LANDSCAPE"
BY RICHARD SEEWALD

a headlong search for "form" rather than by truth to nature and respect for "the hard, cold line." In France the voice of the older engravers still persists, but grows feebler year by year, while in Germany, if the voice is there at all, it is completely drowned out in the noise raised by and around the Expressionist movement.

By way of historical background, it is well to remember that wood engraving once before enjoyed a place among the important creative arts, so that the greatest contemporary artists used it as a means of expression; but that it then fell into a period of decline and neglect which finally led to the almost total eclipse of creative work in the Nineteenth Century. Germany particularly has a tradition of glorious accomplishment, bound up with the names of Dürer and Holbein, but even that did not prevent the decay of the art there as well as elsewhere in the world.

When you and I began to be interested in art, the thing that passed for wood engraving was a reproductive process involving the transfer of an artist's work in another medium—painting, wash or pen drawing—into the black and white illustration that could be used cheaply with magazine text. The engraver no longer needed and seldom had creative ability, the inventive part of the business being left to the artist whose work was being reproduced. Instead of cutting the wood directly and in white-line, he laboriously carved around the black lines laid down by some other hand, often coming to a marvelous imitation of the draughtsman's carefully drawn line or involved hatching, but adding nothing to the world's store of creative art. In another direction he was developing a virtuosity in tone-engraving that is likely to take place as one of the world wonders of technical proficiency; but again, in the conscientious imitation of the painter's brush-stroke or the transparent wash of the illustrator, he was merely transferring the distinctive qualities of one art into the mechanics of another which had lost its own individuality. This tone-engraving was so very fine in its field—particularly in the work of Timothy Cole and Henry Wolf in America—that it persisted long as a substitute for the mechanical half-tone reproduction and still crops up at times in our magazines.

Perhaps the interest in Japanese prints had something to do with it, or perhaps it was merely a questioning of all the arts at the end of the century, or a happy reflex of the unhappy "art nouveau" movement; at any rate a few artists began



"VINTAGE"
BY ALEXANDER GERBIG

to experiment, about twenty years ago, with the wood medium "in the old fashion"—or without regard to any fashion. Instead of copying other men's paintings and designs on the block, and engraving in a method calculated to compete with the current pretty half-tones of commerce, they became "painter-engravers" instead of reproductive engravers. They set out consciously to rediscover and to respect the distinctive limitations and possibilities of the wood as a medium of expression, and they inaugurated what may be called the modern creative period of woodcutting. Although they appeared in various countries almost simultaneously, their work has certain unmistakable qualities in common; most notably, perhaps, a posteresque conventionalization and directness, coupled with clean Nineteenth Century draughtsmanship, as seen alike in the prints of the German Orlik, the English Nicolson and Craig, the American Dow, the Swiss Valloton.

It is a print of Emil Orlik that is in a sense the starting point for this article. His portrait of Ferdinand Hodler will be marked at once among the illustrations as the most conservative (eighteen years ago it looked revolutionary) of all the prints shown. It combines good draughtsmanship, and doubtless fidelity to the subject, with pleasing composition and a technique that is fairly true to the wood (although there is a good deal of going around black lines instead of cutting away with white ones). It is typical of the best work of its day, and it has by no means lost its power to please the eye quickly and yet with something more than catchiness. But when it is compared with the other illustrations one does not need the date on its face to suggest that it is the oldest of the lot. Art has moved away from this sort of design and this sort of engraving in the eighteen years since it was made. One reason is that when one got that far in surface expression, it was almost impossible to go farther (without color). But the real reason was Post-Impressionism, and particularly Post-Impressionism leading through Cubism and Futurism and other technical credos to Expressionism, which embraces not a technical system or a new variation of the art-is-imitation philosophy, but a new approach to art. This Orlik portrait is of the Impressionist period, whereas almost every one of the other illustrations is tinged with Expressionism—if, indeed, some are not drowned in it. I realize that a large block of readers will find this the "best" picture of the series; but they will be the ones whose minds have been more or less closed for twenty years, who have been so carefully trained to look for fidelity to nature and technical proficiency that they



"PIERRO" BY MAX UNOLD



"LITERATI" BY W. SCHNARRENBERGER

cannot forgive the lack of those qualities for the sake of certain other elements which many (and apparently sane) people have concluded of late years to be more important in works of art. At any rate, there is my beginning point. Let me jump immediately almost to the other extreme of the illustrations: to Emil Nolde's remarkable and expressive print, "The Prophet."

Nolde's work seems at first to be careless beyond words; but on final analysis his looseness of handling is likely to prove less a matter of carelessness than a part of a well-grounded technique of directness. The lover of wood engraving of another sort is likely to be caught off his guard by such a print, and to exclaim, "Oh, *I* could make an engraving like that," or "That is the sort of thing one does by accident."

In the first place it has (as it seems to me, at least) an emotional depth, a quality beyond the surface, which I take to be the chief thing that the Expressionists are after. But perhaps—as happens whenever one ventures to write on *any* phase of contemporary German or Russian art—I can serve my purpose best by attempting a definition of Expressionism, since an understanding of that is the quickest way to an appreciation of most of the rest of the illustrations, as it is of most of present-day German painting. Primarily Expressionism is pre-occupation with the emotion evoked by an object, or purely creatively out of the artist's consciousness, and the conveying of that emotion by aesthetic form, as against pre-occupation with the outward aspect of the object and technical display in imitating it. Expressionism implies no adherence to any technical system, as did Cubism and Futurism, but its essence lies in a new approach toward art (new in the sense of differing from that generally followed for several centuries past). That approach finds its direction from the conception of art as primarily expression instead of representation. Western art since Raphael's time has been almost exclusively representative, and in the most recent periods the twin obsessions of the artist have been naturalistic representation and technical finish. The Expressionist turns around and says that it makes absolutely no difference whether an artist's completed work is like or unlike anything in nature, so long as he conveys that aesthetic emotion which he has experienced (possibly out of nature, possibly out of nothing tangible or seeable); and he further claims that in the struggle for technical finish, the desire for smoothed-down, facile and sweet surface execution, certain more important elements have been lost or obscured; native vigor, emotion, that something indefinable called form. He distorts nature oftener than not, he sometimes abandons recognizable objects entirely in favor of abstract arrangements, he strikes through to the essentials of emotion and form without regard to the niceties of surface technique. If he is both sincere and vigorously creative, he achieves something approaching naked aesthetic expression.

Woodcutting, depending on precision because of the very nature of the knife or the graver, would seem at first thought the most inappropriate of all



TITLE PAGE CUT FOR A "PASSION" BY EWALD DULBERG



"KLEINSTADT" BY FRITZ EHLOTZKY

mediums for an artist whose approach thus discounts literalness and clean line. But there is a precision of mass, of light-and-shade-in-contrast, and particularly of that "form" which conveys emotion, as well as a precision of natural outline, perspective and tone; and despite the general impression to the contrary, these are sorts of precision which the Expressionists do value—and occasionally achieve. Coming back to "The Prophet," there is, besides the obvious decorative posteresque value of the design, a subtlety, a sensitiveness, an emotional directness, which could be conveyed only by the nicest adjustment of vision and revealing technique.

As other examples of this extreme looseness of technique coupled with more or less distortion of outward nature, take the "Kleinstadt" of Fritz Ehlotzky or Otto Lange's "Worship of the Three Kings." The former will prove of exceptional interest to any one who has studied the handling of the graver, for it achieves a feeling of moving form, a transparency and vibration of light, that would seem the last possible qualities to be got from wood—and yet with an absolute reliance on the characteristic white graver-line. The Lange print exhibits the Expressionistic directness in a different sense, a striking through, without regard for inessentials like perspective and exact outline, to an individualistic conception of the subject and to a somewhat Cubistic treatment of form.

This print of a religious subject reminds me that I first took note of Lange's work at an exhibition of modern religious art in Dresden last winter. There were exhibits of all sorts of church arts and crafts—mosaics, tablets, altar-cloths, model decorated chapels, crucifixes, etc., as well as religious paintings and prints and cartoons for mural decorations. The general tone of the whole was far more radical than this illustrated print of Lange's, in many cases running into the work of the out-and-out "wild ones." I couldn't imagine any parson of my acquaintance looking over the show without coming out several times for air; and I can't conceive of any board of church trustees in America accepting an exhibit for placing within the walls under their moral protection. (It is an old Anglo-Saxon feeling, I think, that what is strange is more than likely to be immoral.) And yet somebody, many somebodies, must be demanding this sort of religious art in Germany.

Consider it a religion or blasphemy, there is an avalanche of prints and pictures on religious subjects just now in Germany. A second one here, reproduced chiefly for its interesting "painting in whites," is Ewald Dulberg's title page cut for a "Passion" series. Personally I rather dislike this sort of distorted realism linked with a sweetish technique; but the method is typical of a considerable group of widely appreciated engravers.

The other illustrations are representative of distinct phases of Expressionist experiment: the exaggerated but remarkably direct "Pierro" of Max Unold; the indeterminate "Vintage" of Alexander Gerbig, achieving almost a Cézannish sense of voluminous form and movement; the "Literati" of Wilhelm Schnarrenberger, with its touch of the grotesque and its mixed archaism and modernism in the execution; and the brilliant land-



PAGE FROM "ELIÀ" BY RUDOLPH KOCH



"WORSHIP OF THE THREE KINGS" BY OTTO LANGE

scape by Richard Seewald, with its rhythmic patterning of blacks and whites. The last illustration is a book page by Rudolf Koch, where design and lettering are both cut in the wood in an attempt to harmonize text and picture.

Out of such experiments—more experiment than solid achievement as yet—is the modern woodcut of Germany being evolved. There is no outstanding type as yet—fortunately—beyond the general one characterized by indeterminateness, looseness and struggle for direct expression. But the old engraving, even the semi-modern sort of Orlik and Valloton, has almost disappeared. One hears most, of course, of the extremist group, beginning with such prints as Nolde's and carrying on with the still looser and coarser work of that seething, searching, powerfully creative, but often wild group of "Junge Kunst" painters that includes Pechstein, Kirchner, Klein, Schmidt-Rotluff, Rohlfs and Heckel.

Every observer is entitled to his opinion in a matter so new as this. Mine is that the art of woodcutting of the future is more likely to evolve out of these feverishly direct, sketchy, short-hand blocks than out of any other "tendency" now apparent in wood engraving. I am perfectly willing to listen to the man who answers, "But they have lost beauty out of their work"—although I may suspect his definition of beauty. It may be merely something concerned with accuracy, not truth, and surface prettiness. But I grant that a lot might be said profitably about combining this vigor, power and spiritual drive of the Germans with surer execution, and with the tempering steadiness that grows out of self-discipline.

But it is the other point that I wish to emphasize again here at the end; that it is not carelessness or accidental effect that gives these prints their "feel" of freedom and emotion. I know from experience that wood does not work that way. It is perhaps the most uncompromising medium in the whole field of the graphic arts. A woodblock under the knife may, indeed, be one of the cussedest things in the world; I remember certain ones that for general misbehavior I can compare only with a duck I once attempted to carve with a dull knife on a greased platter. A real bit of carelessness, in the case of Nolde's "Prophet" or Gerbig's "Vintage" would have wrecked just those qualities that the artist was most intent on achieving. An understanding of what that apparent carelessness, in engraving as in painting, really means, what it implies by way of a theory of directness and immediacy of expression, that it is related inextricably with the fundamental problem of aesthetic form, why practically every artist since Cézanne has groped his way toward it in greater or less degree, consciously or unconsciously—an understanding of all that is perhaps the first key to appreciation of any branch of modern art.

(NOTE ON THE ILLUSTRATIONS.—The cuts by Nolde and Seewald are taken from the catalog of an exhibition of Expressionist woodcuts at the Hans Goltz Gallery, Munich. The designs by Orlik, Schnarrenberger, Unold and Ehlotzky are from "Der Original Holzschnitt," a book by Max Bucherer and Fritz Ehlotzky, recently published by Ernst Reinhardt. The Gerbig cut is from the Graphic Yearbook of the Fritz Gurlitt Gallery, Berlin, while the other three designs are from various magazines: that by Koch from "Das Plakat," that by Dulberg from "Der Weisse Reiter" and that by Lange from "Illustrirte Zeitung.")

Feature at National Portrait Show



"THE MAN IN BLUE" by George Luks

Although a portrait like "The Man in Blue" is distinctly novel, especially when it presents so modern a person as Mr. Luks' subject, the artist has gained his point by departing from the conventional. The coat of vivid blue, broadly brushed in, is highly successful in centering the attention on the face and on the incisive, vigorous delineation of contour. The picture was shown in the tenth annual exhibition of the National Association of Portrait Painters at the Knoedler Galleries, New York.



A VINE-CLAD RETREAT

In this pergola, garden seats have been placed along the tiled walk, whence one can view the beauty of the garden



SIMPLICITY AND BEAUTY MARK THIS PERGOLA IN THE GARDEN OF MRS. WILLIAM COOLIDGE, MAGNOLIA, MASS.

SPRINGTIME IS PERGOLA TIME

"Summer Houses" of our ancestors have assumed new guises from Europe and Japan · by

MARY HARROD NORTHEND

ALONG with the song of the birds, and the delicate breath of the hyacinth, comes our own ever new awakening to the joy of springtime and summer. We look out upon the soft green earth, so lately emerging from her snowy covering, and think of the joy we shall find in dressing the garden plot, the walk and the pergola in their spring attire. Of course, Mother Nature takes first hand at all this, for before it is really safe to venture planting, or sowing, she has brought out for our delight the tiny crocus bulbs, just peeping through the cold ground, encouraged the trees to dress in their feathery gowns and has altogether set her domain in order so that we may begin to do our own planning in the way of further decoration.

Perhaps we are thinking this year of making some changes in our garden plot. We are to build a tea house or mayhap a pergola or two and plant around them our favorite vines and flowers, until they are embowered in trailing beauty. Our grandmothers tripped gayly in and out of their little arbors or summer houses which were always a feature of every old-fashioned garden, even though that garden was not pretentious. Dear little arbors they were with their white latticed sides; simply constructed and covered sometimes with the Dutchman's pipe, or perhaps the yellow Baltimore Belle or other climbing rose; often, too, they used the old-fashioned honeysuckle whose tender fragrant flowers were not sweeter than the "old, old story" so often told under their arching vines. We cannot do better in many of our small gardens than to use the same type of pergola-arbor, always remembering that simple vines are most suitable and the rich dark green leaf most effective against the white lattice.

The pergola interests us today, as it is becoming a cherished feature in our posy plots and may



THIS SEMI-CIRCULAR PERGOLA SUPPORTED BY FLUTED COLUMNS IS IN THE LARS ANDERSON GROUNDS, BROOKLINE, MASS.

be appropriately placed as an entrance or arranged as a porch where are scattered comfortable seats of stone or wood or a bit of statuary in perspective. The latter is particularly charming as shown in a New England garden at the end of a long pergola. The roof of this is arched and its latticed sides covered here and there with vines of different kinds, but not so thickly as to shut out the sun, whose rays fall brightly across the green of the grassy orchard beyond, into the very heart of the pergola, casting lacy shadows as it sifts through the climbing vines. Another pergola on the same estate is constructed with the usual open roof, but the supporting pillars are tall and white, rising in stately fashion to meet the heavy masses of vines overhead and the curved effect of the whole as it shapes itself toward a beautiful fountain at one end is most unusual.

Pergolas probably originated in Italy, where the vinegrowers constructed these beautiful supports for their glorious clusters of royal grapes. These swarthy vinegrowers builded better than they knew, their only thought being to support the grapes, finding they ripened better in this way.

So from the sunny clime to our more wintry one we have transplanted the lovely pergola and developed it in many ways suitable to its surroundings. Sometimes we give it a rustic appearance to conform to a setting of wild flowers and trees, again its lines are of mission plainness, often painted white, or allowed to weather with the season, but always charming, always reminiscent of its origin in that sunny land where a pergola may be a joy to its possessor the year around.

Of all the vines whose clustering beauty clambers over the pergola, the lovely wistaria is most suitable and better adapted to a variety of gardens than any other. The plain old-fashioned woodbine with its bright summer green and glowing autumnal foliage is always charming. A rose-covered pergola, where the Dorothy Perkins or crimson rambler overspreads the sober frame with graceful lengths, makes an exquisite note of color in a plot where tall trees or high shrubs cast a sombre shadow.

Plant an English ivy, however, if your pergola has stone or brick posts. Its growth though slow at first is always satisfactory, and the rich green of the dark shiny leaves cannot be equalled



FROM THE PERGOLA ON THE GARDNER M. LANE ESTATE, MANCHESTER, MASS., ONE VIEWS THE WONDERFUL GARDEN BEYOND

by any other climber. A lovely contrast is gained by the planting of bright hued annuals massed along the ground at the roots of the ivy. There are many other varieties of vines which may be used with the pergola, but we must not forget the honeysuckle which flourishes so well and adapts itself to any location. The Japanese variety is especially fragrant and is loved by the humming bird and the bee. Another kind is the "Golden Netted," whose leaves are not so rich in color, but are marked with the fine network of little yellow lines. The "Heckratti" is beautiful with its rosy hued blossoms—and so on through the long list of climbers, remembering to use where suitable the delicate white star jasmine, the Japanese Kadsura or the Chinese jasmine, all of which bloom for long periods, except the Kadsura whose stems and leaves are red in early spring but whose flowers are small. Do not fail to plant a hardy clematis somewhere if you find a little space, for it will not conflict with any other climber in color. Use the white fragrant flowered variety, which grows so freely. There is no end to what one may use, carefully harmonizing the planting with the general scheme of the garden, and so producing an effect that is artistic and suitable. Besides arbors and pergolas there have come down to us from our English ancestors the garden tea houses, called in the early days of our own country "summer houses." They were a real institution in Colonial times and served as a delightful spot in which to entertain a chance guest with tea and sweets. Or perhaps the stately lady herself whose home was in the great house nearby would slip out into this quiet shady nook just to get a breath of the sweetness around her, where every flower breathed its fragrance through the soft summer air. These little houses were sometimes the work of a great architect, as that formerly owned by Elias Haskett Derby, of Salem, Massachusetts, which was designed by the noted Samuel McIntyre. This tea house is now on the beautiful estate of William C. Endicott, at Danvers, Massachusetts, and is interesting for its unusual shape as well as its age. Another garden house on the same estate was built by Joseph Peabody and has a pineapple top and latticed sides or wings.

In our simple, old-fashioned gardens where the heliotrope, the tulip, and the rose bloom in pro-



VINE-CLAD SUMMER HOUSE WITH BACKGROUND OF TREES ON GARDNER M. LANE ESTATE, MANCHESTER, MASS.

fusion and the box-bordered walks with their beds of posies delight the eye, the simply constructed tea house is the appropriate thing. Builded on Colonial lines, with perhaps white lattice sides and the fragrant honeysuckle or wistaria growing over all, there should be placed inside of it comfortably built-in seats and a simple table whose firm top may hospitably hold the afternoon tea things. Here and there may hang a Chinese or English vase, cornucopia-shaped, to hold a few bright flowers. Thus is contrived the simplest form of tea house, but one which is artistic as well as comfortable and inexpensive.

The rustic tea house stands next to the Colonial one as far as moderate cost and general adaptability are concerned. Do not place a tea house of this type in an Italian garden or in one with a Colonial setting, but in a woody, shady spot, where trees, rocks and wild flowers combine to form a cool green nook. A rustic house in such a place will blend with its surroundings as if nature herself had placed it there. We have in mind a tea house of this type with thatched roof at Ipswich, Massachusetts. It has for its setting a background of white birches and trees of darker hue, and by its side flows the little Ipswich River, the gentle ripple of its waves making music for the guests who delight to spend a few moments in this cool retreat.

A charming Japanese garden at Shrewsbury, Massachusetts, laid out by a Japanese landscape gardener, contains a little tea house which appears to have been dropped there straight from old Japan. It is very simple, built on straight lines,



OCTAGONAL TEA HOUSE AND STONE ARCH ON THE JOHN C. PHILIPS ESTATE, WENHAM, MASS.

and stands near a little stream which is crossed by a rustic bridge. The effect is charming and most unusual. At Wenham, reached by a short walk over a grassy slope is a tea house perched over an archway of rock, looking down upon a clear pool and white fountain, surrounded by iris and rushes. Under the arch is a comfortable seat and around it vines clamber, covering the old rock with a veiling of green leaves.

Vines of many sorts are of course a delightful addition to any tea house, but they should not be planted as thickly as for a pergola, for the sides of the tea house generally furnish sufficient shade and the planting around it may be lower, producing thereby a most effective setting. If your tea house is rustic, use low growing wild flowers, with here and there a creeping vine winding up the posts. If Colonial, treat it with old-fashioned vines and flowers. Should your garden house be of Japanese design, leave it almost without planting, trusting to the setting to carry out the effect. Give each tea house its own suitable treatment. Careful thought and planning should be the watchword, and a reliable garden book your guide.

Of the making of elaborate tea houses there is no end, but this thought should not discourage you, for a practical as well as beautiful tea or garden house can be built at low cost. If your purse is moderately filled and the space in your garden permits, study well its type and in just the right spot set your tea house or pergola, and you will be more than repaid for all of your thought and trouble.

The EDITOR'S STUDIO TALK for JUNE

WHEN the new management of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO put in big type on the cover of the March issue the words "Twenty-Fifth Anniversary Number," the purpose was merely to call the attention of the readers to the fact that the magazine had reached a laudably mature age. It was done in a spirit of celebration. The misconception that resulted was not foreseen, although it ought to have been. The art world naturally got the idea that the magazine had made a "splurge" to mark a big occasion, and that succeeding numbers would fall back into a standard neither so large nor so complete in the matter of reproductions and engaging features. Scores of readers sent letters commenting on the "anniversary number" and expressing good wishes for the future of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO, but not one seemed to accept the March issue as a real starting point.

Well, the March number was not intended to appear as a spectacular beginning, but was put together with trepidation and haste as the nearest approximation to the new management's ideal of an international art magazine. It was grievously hurried, and many mistakes were made, especially in the matter of physical appearance. An effort was made to correct those mistakes in April. The present number is regarded by the management as a still closer approach toward its ideal.

Perhaps the misconception that sprang from the March number, with its five-color reproductions and its ninety-four black-and-whites, was a good thing, after all, from the publishing standpoint, because it prevented the April number from assuming the character of an anti-climax. Everyone was surprised to see the next "regular" issue also come out with five color plates and with ninety-six reproductions in black and white. And all will agree that June, with its *six* color plates and *one hundred and seven* black-and-whites, more than keeps pace with the "Twenty-Fifth Anniversary Number."

One of the tasks of the editorial department is to keep the magazine evenly balanced in its contents, between the old and the new, and between painting, sculpture and the various other branches of art. The March and April numbers leaned too far toward the graphic and plastic; in June a better balance has been maintained.

One reader wrote: "I appreciate that your anniversary number was a costly number." That brings up a subject which, though forever pertinent, is not considered good form for editors to talk about. One of the problems that faced the new management was that of news-stand sales. The price of the magazine has been sixty cents a copy; in its new form it costs more than twice as much to produce as it used to. Therefore it has been deemed advisable, with this issue, to increase the price of the single copy to seventy-five cents. The subscription price, however, will remain six dollars a year.

The letters which reach the editor's desk indicate that INTERNATIONAL STUDIO in its new form has been received by the American art world as something that will fulfill a traditional need, and that will have a very decided influence on the development of art and art appreciation in the nation. If this is true, then INTERNATIONAL STUDIO deserves the positive and active support of every person connected, in whatever manner, with the American art movement. This support can be given in only one way—in the effort to extend its circulation. If the magazine's success is dear to you, help it to obtain subscribers. Bring it to the attention of others, and more especially help to see that it appears on the reading table of every club, every library and every school in the country.

The purpose of this page, however, is to chat about the articles that are to appear in July. But the space is nearly all used up, and to get more space the editorial blue pencil would have to be applied in a penitential manner—and who likes to have his copy cut?

Besides the usual articles (and there will be several that will live up to the test of being *interesting*, *inspiring* or *significant*), INTERNATIONAL STUDIO will present two very timely subjects in July—Artists' Week in Philadelphia, an epoch-making propaganda experiment, and the collection of German applied art at the Newark Museum, which will be fruitful of suggestion to our own industrial craft movement.

And there is Guy Pène du Bois, who is to have a range at random on art in general and in particular. It would be hard to make Mr. du Bois admit that he takes anything seriously, but INTERNATIONAL STUDIO readers will be mentally stimulated by his airy profundities and the delightful way in which he rubs salt on raw cuticle.

Peyton Boswell

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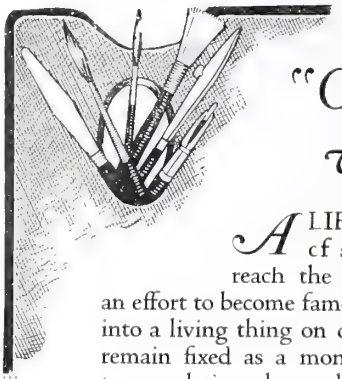
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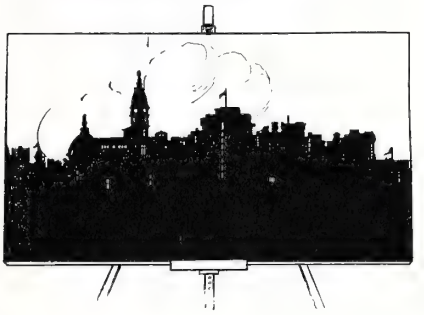
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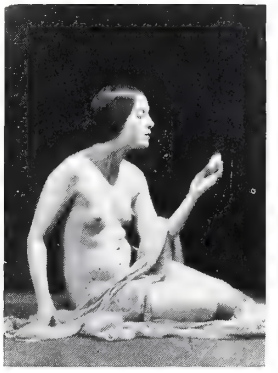
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A GATHERER OF SIMPLES



by George Fuller

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July
1922

GEORGE FULLER'S PICTURES

Loyal to an ideal of beauty, his work has a mystical exaltation of a rare sort · · · by

WILLIAM HOWE DOWNES

GEORGE FULLER was exactly the kind of man you would expect to find him if you were acquainted with his pictures. His personality corresponded with the work that he produced. He was a rather old-fashioned sort of person, not at all bumptious, and perhaps a little distrustful of his own powers, yet fully convinced that his way of doing things was the right way, for him, and the only way. He had little or no facility, and worked over a canvas with a good deal of what looked like experimental groping after something that didn't always come; but when he succeeded in getting what he was after it was unique and priceless. Just what it was is the harder to define in words because it was not altogether a material, physical, or superficial quality, but distinctly moral, spiritual and interior beauty —the kind of beauty that somehow survives the chances and changes of time and fashion and taste, and partakes of an artistic eternity. Though so different, it belongs to the deathless class of works of art to which we assign the rare visions of Hans Memling of Bruges. Fuller was in fact what our French friends are apt to call a "*nature d'élite*," and, like all choice spirits, he was entirely natural, modest, gentle and genuine. That, it seems to me, is what you feel in his pictures—his character comes out in them. It is not that they are technically well made; in point of fact they are not remarkable in this respect; but one feels that they are the works of a man of ideas, of strong feeling, of imagination. He had, too, an ideal of beauty and it was not commonplace. To it he was unswervingly loyal. Success and a measure of fame came to him in the closing years of his life, but prosperity did not spoil him. He had not been soured by adversity, but bore it with patience and with serenity.



SELF PORTRAIT
BY GEORGE FULLER
AT AGE OF 29

"The trouble with most of us," he said one day, "is that we do not work hard enough; we do not spend enough time over a picture; we do not devote enough thought to it." And at another time, as we stood looking at one of his ideal pictures, he said; "The picture itself is nothing but a few clots of paint on a canvas. Is there anything in it? Any idea, any thought,



"NYDIA"
BY GEORGE FULLER
(In the Metropolitan Museum of Art)
Copyright by Agnes G. Fuller

any expression of feeling? That is the question." This is, in truth, the creed of the idealist, and Fuller was more frankly and naturally an idealist than any other painter of his time in America. What Hawthorne was to literature he was to painting—that is to say, the interpreter of subtle phases of human nature, the romantic revealer of psychological mysteries. The parallel, however, goes no farther. In style Hawthorne was limpid, finished, whereas Fuller found oil paints the most refractory and recalcitrant of mediums, and "sweated blood" every time he worked on an important canvas. His method was extremely hesitating, and he could never be sure of his drawing. He had some singular mannerisms, which, however useful they may have proved in his own case, could not be wisely adopted by most painters. In spite of these facts he managed to convey to his public messages of high import; and we may say of him what Northcote said of Sir Joshua Reynolds, that he was in some degree ignorant of what might be called the grammatical part of the art, or scholarship of academic skill, but he made up for it by an eye for nature, or, rather, by a most sensitive feeling of harmony and beauty.

The first important work to attract wide attention by Fuller was "Winifred Dysart," painted in 1881, exhibited in Boston, and later at the National Academy. It was bought by Mrs. J. Montgomery Sears of Boston, herself an artist, who subsequently sold it to the Worcester Art Museum. "A dreamy picture, full of twilight haze, out of which looks a sweet-faced girl," is the simple and excellent description of it in the Academy Notes edited by Mr. Kurtz. In the opinion of many artists and critics, this still remains the best of Fuller's works. Its charm is undeniably great.

In 1882 Fuller exhibited three works at the Boston Art Club—a portrait of a young woman, an idealized figure called "Maidenhood," and a study head. At the exhibition of the Society of American Artists he exhibited his "Priscilla Fauntleroy" and "Evening — Lorette." The former represented the heroine of Hawthorne's "Blithedale Romance," standing in meditation near the edge of a wood. With one hand she had caught up her muslin skirt, while the other hand was raised to her face in a gesture of surprise and wonder, as if she heard those voices, audible only to herself, calling to her from out of the mysterious past. The creation of the artist was singularly identical in spirit with that of the novelist,



"AND SHE WAS A WITCH"
BY GEORGE FULLER

(*Metropolitan Museum of Art.*) *Copyright by Agnes G. Fuller*

yet Fuller assured me that he had no thought of Priscilla when he painted the picture, and indeed had not read the story. Mrs. Fuller happened to be reading it, and was struck by the resemblance between the personality on the canvas and the tremulous creature of Hawthorne's imagination. *Voilà comment on nomme les tableaux!*

"Nydia," "Psyche," and other ideal works appeared in 1883. Later came "Arethusa," "Fedalma," "And She Was a Witch." After Fuller's death, at Brookline, in 1884, there was a large memorial exhibition of his paintings at the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, containing more than 170 works. The collection included the "Arethusa," his last completed work, the "Winifred Dysart," "Nydia," the blind heroine of Bulwer's Pompeiian romance, "Priscilla Fauntleroy," the "Romany Girl" (1879), "The Quadroon" (1880), the "Fedalma," out of George Eliot's "Spanish Gypsy," the "Evening—Lorette" (1882), the "Turkey Pasture in Kentucky" (1882), the "Psyche" (1882), "The Gatherer of Simples," "And She Was a Witch," "Hannah," "The Puritan Boy," "The Dandelion Girl," "The Bird-Catcher," "Maidenhood," "Cupid," "Driving Home the Calf," "Near Messina," with many portraits, ideal heads and landscapes. Among the people who lent important pictures were Mrs. J. Montgomery Sears, Frederick L. Ames, J. T. Williams, S. D. Warren, Charles E. Lauriat, Joseph H. White, W. H. Abercrombie, William A. Tower, F. H. Lovell, Mrs. George Faulkner, Dr. Charles G. Weld, William F. Matchett, Miss Isabel M. Ames and Thomas B. Clarke.

Sixty-three of the pictures in the exhibition belonged to the Fuller estate, and these were offered at an auction sale in Boston, on May 13, 1884. The catalogue, a pamphlet of forty-four pages, contained a biographical and critical sketch of the artist by Mrs. Van Rensselaer, a portrait of Fuller, and reproductions of several of the paintings. The committee in charge of the exhibition was composed of Edward C. Cabot, A. V. S. Anthony, G. Spencer Fuller, Martin Brimmer, Waldo Higginson, W. B. Closson, Charles G. Loring, J. Foxcroft Cole, William F. Matchett, J. J. Enneking, Frederic P. Vinton, and C. C. Perkins. At the sale of the works belonging to the estate, the four most important pictures—"Arethusa," "Nydia," "Girl and Calf," "And



"OLD AGE"
BY GEORGE FULLER
(*St. Louis Museum*)



"MAIDENHOOD"
BY
GEORGE FULLER

She Was a Witch"—were withdrawn, as were five lesser works, while the fifty-four canvases that were sold brought a total of $17,470, or an average of a little over $323 each. The "Gatherer of Simples" was bought by E. P. Kimball for $1,700. "Driving Home the Calf" was bought by Miss Key for $1,950. Other buyers were J. D. Ripley of New York, A. Bowditch, A. W. Dimock, Martin Brimmer, C. E. Lauriat, J. F. Sutton of New York, J. H. Mason, G. Higginson, W. H. Abercrombie, H. O. Houghton, F. L. Higginson, J. J. Enneking, Dr. Wesselhoeft, Miss Boott, Miss Dixwell, and Mr. Wheelwright.

The more important of the paintings in the memorial exhibition have, following the usual way of such things, drifted from the private collections into the public art museums of America. And of those which still remain in private hands, or in the possession of dealers, it is the manifest destiny to become eventually the property of public institutions.



"ARETHUSA"
BY GEORGE FULLER
(*Boston Museum*)

Fuller's friends and admirers, not content with the memorial exhibition in Boston, proceeded to create a literary monument to his memory in the form of a George Fuller Memorial volume, containing a biography by William D. Howells, a critical estimate by Francis D. Millet, a poem by Whittier, and personal reminiscences by Messrs. Stillman, Ball, Enneking, and Closson. Mr. Millet's article had already been published in Harper's Magazine, and Mr. Ball's in a newspaper; the other papers were new. Mr. Howells's biography was quite long, and contained numerous extracts from Fuller's letters, which



"ROMANY GIRL"
BY GEORGE FULLER
(In a Private Collection)



WINIFRED DYSART
BY GEORGE FULLER
(Worcester Museum)

were very interesting, throwing much more light upon his character than could be derived from any external source. It was virtually Fuller's autobiography. It is evident that everybody who knew Fuller loved him, and Howells was no exception to the rule, as is proved by the eloquent sincerity of his closing passages, wherein he laments that he could not have seen more of him.

Mr. Millet's critical essay rises to the plane of a panegyric when he says that Fuller had attained a skill in rendering the finest qualities of expression in the human face "which has not been equalled in the history of art in this country." He goes so far as to claim for Fuller the title of a colorist; he even calls him a draughtsman, who "preserved all the large lines of the forms, while sacrificing the minor details to the beauty of the whole." In his studies of girlhood, Fuller, he says, "has fixed the loveliest expression of innocence and happiness that has ever been put on canvas," he has created a type of beauty thoroughly natural in its character and individual in its style, which will live as a representative impression of the feminine beauty of the day. "Winifred Dysart," in Mr. Millet's judgment, will always remain, in the mind of every one who has felt the graceful charm of her presence, as a unique type of the loveliness of maidenhood. "In the bewitching sweetness of the face, in the girlish grace of the figure, and in the wonderful delicacy of the color, there are united such elements of real beauty and such a wealth of artistic expression, that the spectator is



"GOLD AND OLD LACE"
BY GEORGE FULLER
*(The Butler Art Institute
Youngstown, Ohio)*



"THE QUADROON"
BY GEORGE FULLER
(Metropolitan Museum of Art)



"FEDALMA"
BY GEORGE FULLER
(In a Private Collection)

first attracted, then absorbed and elevated, by its contemplation."

After the "Winifred Dysart," one of Fuller's greatest masterpieces is the "Gatherer of Simples," an impressive twilight landscape with a figure, than which nothing could be more characteristic of Fuller's style and sentiment. The mystery, the elusive quality of the landscape, with its undefinable suggestiveness, and the peculiarly harmonious relationship that exists between the landscape and the bent, pathetic figure of the old woman, could only be conceived and given form by the genius of George Fuller. All of his personal feeling, his temperamental qualities, his imaginative power, are here manifested at their best. It may be said that the work is conceived in love; it is executed in reverence and sobriety; one might even say in a spirit of solemnity. This great canvas is truly lyrical in its implications of the gathering shadows of the day that draws to its close and of the life that also approaches its term; and this peculiar vein of lyricism has perhaps never been so beautifully wrought in pictorial art by any other American painter. The picture was recently purchased by Messrs. R. C. & N. M. Vose, of Boston, who have for many years specialized in Fuller's works, and have bought and sold many of his finest things; and by them sold to a Chicago collector for a price that ranks among the highest ever obtained for an American picture.



"HEAD OF A BOY"
BY GEORGE FULLER
(Metropolitan Museum of Art)

It will be recalled that the Voses sold "Fedalma" from one of their recent exhibitions; and it is of interest to know that it has since then changed hands at $40,000. They also sold "Old Age" to the City Art Museum of



"GIRL DRIVING TURKEYS"
BY GEORGE FULLER

St. Louis; "The Trial of the Salem Witches" to the Art Institute of Chicago; the "Girl Driving Turkeys" to the Worcester Art Museum, and "Gold and Old Lace" to the Butler Art Institute, Youngstown, Ohio. "Ideal Head" was sold in Pittsburgh by the Voses. It is not often that a firm of picture dealers has the privilege of placing so many admirable examples of a great painter's work in the public galleries of his country.

The last work finished by Fuller, and the only nude figure by him, is the "Arethusa," in the permanent collection of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. The nymph reclines on the ground, her head to the left, leaning on her right arm; beside her is a spring, into which she is dipping her left hand. Behind her are large trees. Arethusa was the nereid who changed herself into a fountain in a vain effort to escape the importunities of her lover Alpheus, who forthwith became a river, as related in Shelley's poem. The picture was a gift to the Museum of Fine Arts from a group of contributors, in 1887. The museum also owns "The Dandelion Girl," painted in 1877; it shows in a meadow a barefoot girl standing in profile, at the right, blowing the seeds from a dandelion in her left hand. In her other hand she holds a switch. A cow is grazing near her, at the right, and other cattle are seen farther away at the left background. This canvas was a gift from Dr. and Mrs. George Faulkner, through the trustees of Faulkner Hospital, in 1911. The third Fuller possessed by the museum is a portrait of a boy, given by Edward W. Hooper, in 1885.



"CUPID"
BY GEORGE FULLER

The more we attempt to compare Fuller's paintings with those of other American figure painters, not only those who were his contemporaries, but also those of earlier and of later periods, the larger his figure looms. And it would be placing the emphasis upon the



"THE TRIAL OF THE SALEM WITCHES"
BY GEORGE FULLER
(Copyright, Art Institute of Chicago)

wrong place to ascribe his superiority to his virtuosity as a craftsman. The most that can honestly be said for him as a technician is that, through sheer will power and the intensity of his desire to express himself, he was, in perhaps a half-dozen of his chief figure pieces, able to accomplish his purpose. But it would be beyond the justifiable limits of criticism to assume that he would have been a greater artist had he been more thoroughly trained and disciplined in the practice of his craft. That is something one has no right even to guess at.

There was never a painter, I suppose, more closely identified with his work than Fuller. He was the work, and the work was him, in a very exceptional degree. It is idle to find fault with a man who was so evidently born to do a thing in a given way. Perhaps it is but little more and little else than this to be what we call inspired. Fuller, with all his modesty, could never have been turned aside from his course by a single hand-breadth. If he is not unique, I know of no American painter who is unique.



"HOEING TOBACCO"
BY GEORGE FULLER

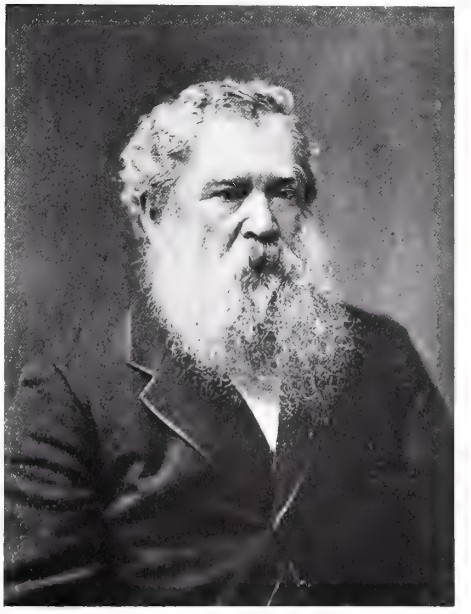
Fuller's biography does not serve to throw much light on the ways in which his life influenced the development of his artistic aims and ideas. That he should have wholly put aside his brushes and palette for some fifteen years, in the very midst of his professional career, in order to become a farmer, seems to have struck some of the art historians as having a great significance, but just what that significance was they do not



"TWILIGHT"
BY GEORGE FULLER

explain very clearly. It would be easy to exaggerate the importance of this interregnum, which was, in all probability, not so much a matter of deliberate choice as of economic necessity. However this may be, it is a plausible theory that the fifteen years on the Deerfield farm gave time for certain ideas to germinate and to take form, so that, when Fuller returned to Boston and established his studio in the Lawrence Building, he knew just what he wanted to do.

One of the critics has compared Fuller to Whistler, which seems to me very far-fetched. Fuller's method of expression has a much more obvious analogy with that of Carrière, and, in some of its phases, with that of Matthew Maris. But, in its final and finished manifestations, it was unique, absolutely personal, and therein lies its value to us, for the ultimate interest of a man's work is what it reveals of himself. It would be an interesting point to settle whether Fuller's art was peculiarly or exclusively American. Evidently it was far more so than Whistler's, than Sargent's, than Hunt's; but perhaps less so than Winslow Homer's. In Fuller I detect an English strain of sentiment, modified by his New England surroundings. I wonder if it is purely my own fancy that attributes to him a certain passion for virtue, a certain moral enthusiasm that finds a fairly exact parallel in English poetry and fiction? Certain it is that we cannot contemplate his best pictures without realizing that behind them is a mystical exaltation of a very rare sort, a note of extraordinary goodness, purity and tenderness.



GEORGE FULLER



A Salem Doorway

Few examples could excel this beautiful classic doorway at the Essex Institute in Salem, Massachusetts

INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

The WITCHERY of OLD DOORWAYS

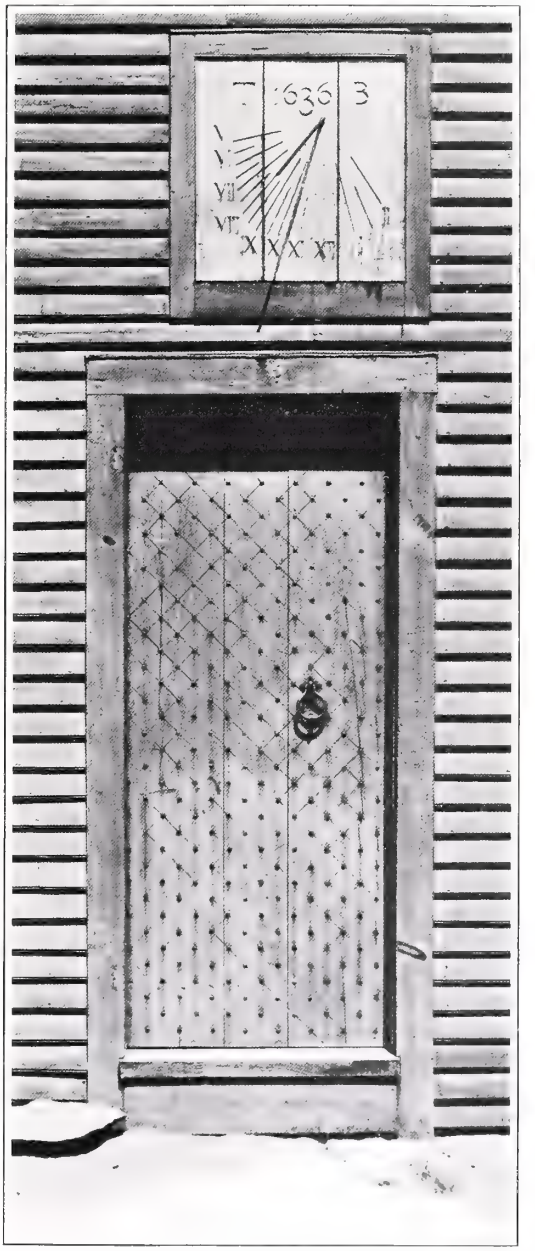
There is inspiration today in the artistry of our early American wood-carvers . . by

MARY HARROD NORTHEND

ROMANCE and history go hand in hand in the story of the doorway, a tribute to American architecture, and it is the unwritten narrative fraught with human interest that appeals. Long years ago when our country was in swaddling clothes, doors came into existence, during the log cabin episode, a period when our country was one vast wilderness and had only commenced to make history. There was a subtle charm in those one plank doorways, a quaint severity in their weather stained exterior, for did they not vividly depict the crude and vigorous character of the early architecture in our country?

Then, after a quarter of a century of frontier crudity, builders came over from England, bringing with them material for door ornamentation such as hinges, latches, and nail heads. They were filled with the tradition of Motherland, bringing into existence the cottage door, in reality a replica of English motives. Medieval doors were also designed, the first ornamental doors in our country, and familiarly known as batten doors. Two of these are known in Massachusetts, one on the Rebecca Nurse house at Danvers, Massachusetts, and the other on the Parson Capen house at Topsfield, Massachusetts. The nail heads on both formed patterns of squares and diamonds.

Both these houses are connected with legendary lore, for in the one, during witchcraft days, dwelt a gentle old lady, Rebecca Nurse, who met with an untimely end and today lies buried in a knoll close by her own home and overlooking the old-fashioned garden that she so dearly loved, while in the Capen house a battle royal was fought between the Parson and the Devil, wrestling for the soul of his maid-servant. But the Parson won, for he said the Lord's prayer backward quicker than his Satanic majesty could pick up a cupful of peas one by one that lay scattered over the floor, and today there is shown a hole in the old historic house through which the Devil is supposed to have disappeared.



THE REBECCA NURSE DOORWAY, ONE OF THE FIRST ORNAMENTAL DOORWAYS IN AMERICA

The Dutch Colonial door made its appearance about the same period; many of them are still in existence in Philadelphia. They developed from an unassuming entrance into a charming architectural feature in which Georgian motives of distinct architectural individuality were shown. Then slender columns were added together with fan lights, side lights, and leaded tracery, yielding a fascinating freedom of detail, all the more when painted green and ornamented with brass lock and knocker.

The use of entablatures and pilasters led to the extension of the doorway, often forming a hood or porch. A notable example of this is still shown in the Stark Mansion, at Dunbarton, New Hampshire, built by the redoubtable major of Revolutionary fame in 1783. It is a fine illustration of the effect of bevelled panelling, and the mossy flag stepping stones that



A TYPICAL NEW ENGLAND "PINEAPPLE" DOORWAY



THE VESTIBULE TYPE OF DOOR
SEEN ON THE PIERCE-NICHOLS HOUSE, SALEM, MASS.

lead to the house give a picturesque touch that is fascinating. This was the home of Elizabeth Stark, familiarly known by her husband's pet name for her, Molly, and still occupied by one of his descendants. Under this portal have passed many a distinguished guest, including Robert Morris and General Lafayette.

No period in architecture stands out more vividly than that which came into existence in the latter part of the seventeenth and early eighteenth century, and while houses designed in the North show the Puritanical influence, the Southern builders conveyed through their breadth a feeling of hospitality so characteristic in that section of the country.

Nowhere are these doors more impressive than those found at Salem, Massachusetts, representing many of them the work of Samuel McIntyre, the woodcarver. Classic detail appears not only in architrave, pilaster, and pediment, but in over-door decoration, illustrating the best efforts of the Colonial architect who appreciated the fine possibilities of wood detail, using it to ornament both frame and brick houses.

It might be an explanation of this wonderful stride in architecture to realize that many books of this nature had been sent over from the Motherland, and experienced workmen had come into our country. The architects, more especially those in seaport towns during the days of commercial prosperity, called to their aid experienced woodcarvers, employed in the shipyards for the carving of figureheads, and it was their training as craftsmen in this art and skill in the use of tools that made it a comparatively easy matter to design masterly bits that took on the lightness and grace so characteristic of the architecture of that period.

Many of these show reeded ornamentation and Ionic or Corinthian columns, possibly more elaborate carving in the form of garlands and rosettes. Doors with bevelled panels came into use, differing from those of early days in that they were molded and raised. The number of panels varied, for while six were generally shown in the earlier doors, in the later type of door four only were designed.

One of the most notable of these doorways is found at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, a part of the old Warner house, the first brick house erected in the town, the material being brought over seas. It is framed by Corinthian columns on which rests the elliptical architrave showing dentation. Over the brick pavement, laid herringbone fashion, and up the stone steps came many a dignitary, lifting the ponderous brass knocker so symbolic of welcome, and one can but imagine that perhaps this

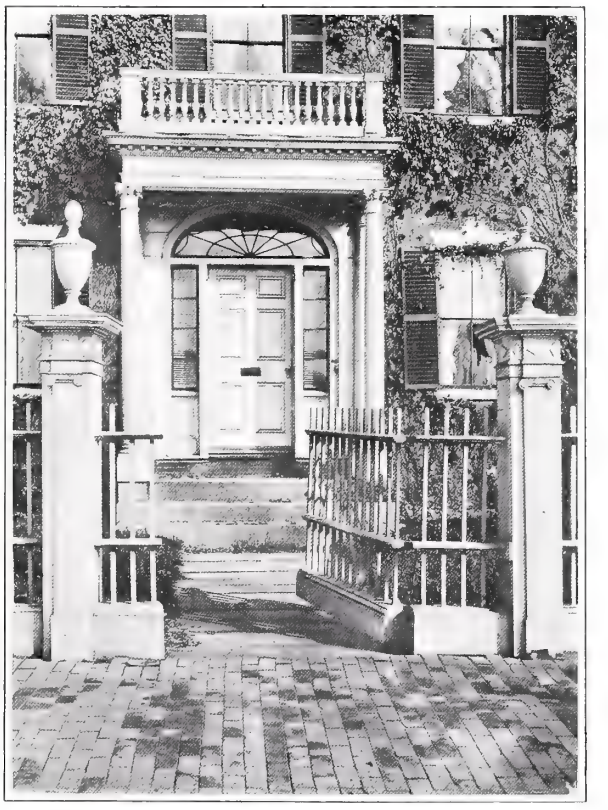
very one was struck by Washington, Hancock, Dolly Madison, or Lafayette.

Samuel McIntyre, the noted woodcarver, left many fine doorways, one of most exquisite design being shown on what was originally the Salem Assembly House, built in 1782. Here the vigorous carved grapevine that winds itself about the architrave is in direct contrast to much of his later work. It exhibits a restraint and refinement, far exceeding the later editions which surmount the porch. This has been the scene of many notable events, for under it passed Washington, to attend a ball given in his honor, and later Lafayette, too, was entertained sumptuously within its walls.

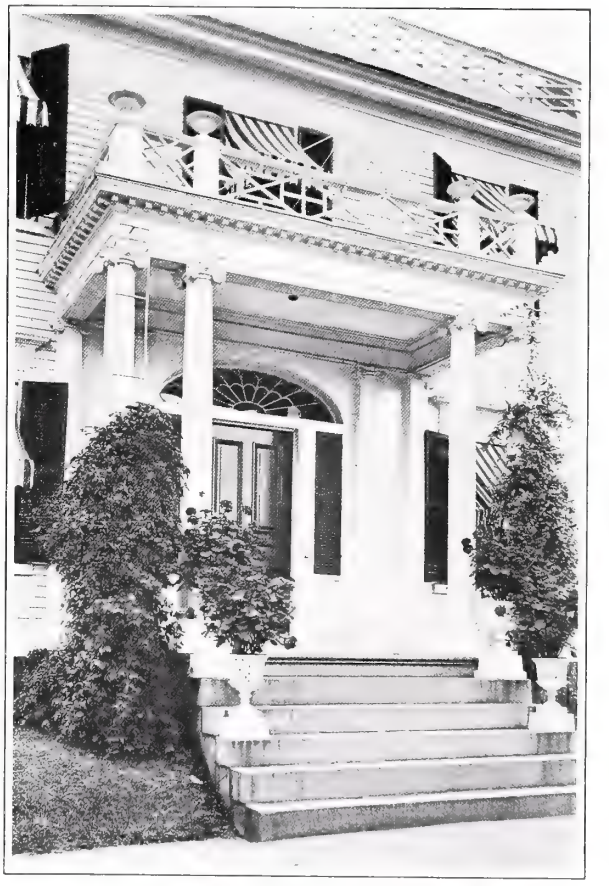
Long ago there came into existence at Quincy, Massachusetts, a notable mansion known as the Coddington house, a gathering place for free thinkers, including Anne Hutchinson and Sir Harry Vane. It was through this door that John Hancock came to woo Dorothy Q., and great preparations were made for the wedding, not carried out on account of the breaking out of the Revolution and the fleeing of the lovers to Lexington. Associations of the past gather ghost-like around the doorway, calling to mind the many missions it has been called upon to fulfill, for through it has passed the bride on her wedding day, and out of it has gone the christening party, while it is closed heavily at the bitter end of a quarrel, for does it not open and shut upon all who pass its portals with equal impartiality?

One of the most interesting examples is found in the Pierce-Nichols house at Salem, Massachusetts, built in 1782 and showing a semi-elliptical fan-light surmounting the door. Over this the pedimented hood extends for two or three feet, being supported by pilasters and columns that show pleasing Doric capitals.

Another of these interesting doorways stands farther up upon the same street, the entrance to the Cook-Oliver house, a most impressive bit of architecture that originally was designed for the famous Elias Haskett Derby mansion, the finest in all Salem town, built at a cost of eighty thousand dollars. During the time of the destruction of this old mansion Captain Cook was building a beautiful house on Federal Street and he chose for the door that of the Derby mansion showing columns with smooth shafts and high, square bases on either side the doorway, suggesting the Tuscan more than the Roman Doric. Perhaps this combination of doorway and entrance, more than any other in the city, demonstrates how closely they are tied together in architectural harmony, for chaste and beautiful in design, hand-



THE OLD LYMAN DOORWAY, OF SALEM, WITH "FLAMING URN" GATE POSTS



A MCINTYRE DOORWAY ON THE ROGERS HOUSE AT DANVERS, MASS.



AN OLD COLONIAL DOORWAY FRAMED WITH WISTARIA

the Captain Poynton pineapple doorway in Salem, Massachusetts, and is shown at the rear of the Lindens in Danvers, Massachusetts, General Gage's headquarters during his residence in New England. The original, which is treasured in the Essex Institute, shows a pineapple with broken pediment, the pineapple being gilt and showing green leaves.

The enclosed porch became popular at the end of the eighteenth century, serving the purpose of the modern day storm door. One of these is found on the Pierce-Nichols house, with little windows let into the sides. The triglyph of the treatment of the frieze and the fine dentil molding and fluted pilasters mark this as one of the best designed of the type.

The circular porch came into vogue in the latter part of the eighteenth century. This type developed into the rectangular porch with semi-circular balcony projecting

tooled in 1799, they are considered some of the finest examples in the city.

Although the typical Colonial doorway was generally painted white, occasionally mahogany was employed. A very rare type is to be seen on the Andrew-Safford house in Salem. It was recently found in the cellar behind some old boards where it had been hidden for over a century. This combines the square and elliptical motive showing perfect proportions and exquisite workmanship in the fluted Corinthian columns and entablature showing delicate moldings.

One of the most interesting of all these doorways is herewith reproduced from



A CHARACTERISTIC SALEM DOORWAY WITH FINIAL URN GATE POSTS

beyond it. The increasing delicacy of doorway design is accounted for through the workmen becoming more experienced. When the ship carpenters were employed for lighter work they were able to execute properly the intricate designs of the carving.

When we look, today, at the diversity of styles employed by architects, and especially at the examples of poor and debased design which followed shortly after the decline of the great "early American" ascendency which was typified by Salem, we are filled with spontaneous admiration.

To a great extent this is merited, while in another, and generally unthought-of direction, it must be remembered that our earlier architectural designers, in common with the designers of far older countries where pure styles have developed and flourished, were happily free from the many distractions and cross-currents which have beset designers since the general dissemination of books and photographs. We can never know whether or not the builders of Salem would have chosen the general style in which they worked if they had been confronted with the bewildering diversity of styles which are now a part of every architect's education. In the days of McIntyre, and earlier, there were but few architectural books extant or available, and those which served as the basis of inspiration for virtually all "Colonial" architecture were books portraying in scale and detail plates, no forms other than those of the Classic Georgian, and the somewhat later "Classic Revival," which has also been called the "American Empire," because of its derivation from the Empire manner of France, during and after 1812, when the difference of opinion with England on the sea caused a temporary estrangement from the mother country.

Classic traditions, however, held their own fairly well until after the Civil War, and most *ante bellum* mansions possess at least a certain degree of dignity in general plan and mass, even when the detail shows the approach of the architectural depravity which characterized the late '70's and the whole decade of the '80's. During the latter dark period, two main influences were at work. The first was an impulse of bourgeois vulgarity and desire for ostentation which turned to a peculiarly inartistic French type of mansard-roofed house, unattractive in mass and meretricious in detail. The second influence was one of misguided estheticism, under which the architects who had read Ruskin's unqualified praise of the Gothic style believed this style, executed in scroll-sawed wood, to be a suitable, and even a beautiful solution for the style of the private dwelling.



THE STATELY GEORGIAN COLONIAL DOORWAY OF THE ANDREW-SAFFORD HOUSE

We turn to old doors, as we do to old books, seeking for information, and realizing that in every period there are lessons to be learned which can be reproduced in our present day homes. Who has not felt a thrill of delight as he viewed one of these old Colonial entrances, especially if designed by Samuel McIntyre, Salem's noted woodcarver?



A MARQUETERIE COMMODE OF ROSEWOOD AND AMARANTHE, DESIGNED IN THE LATE "STYLE POMPADOUR"

FROM BOULE *to* LOUIS SEIZE

Evolution in furniture design seen in the works of famous French cabinetmakers · · · by

KARL FREUND

IN a shop of the Quartier Saint Germain were an American lady and a youthful Abbé from the Loire. Says the Abbé: "For the last two months I have peered through this window every afternoon, waiting to see the rays of the sun strike the commode you see against the far wall. It was a Fata Morgana."

The American lady inquired: "Is there anything wrong with the commode?" and the Abbé looked greatly agitated, his eyes grew colder, and as pronouncing anathema, he said: "*The commode is Dutch.*" And observing the obvious discomfort of the American lady, whose Dutch ancestry had until now embodied in her and her friends' eyes all elements of genuine civilization, he quickly added:

"I had hoped the commode was French—by Riesener. You ask why it might not be a French creation, and I might easily explain to you the elements of architecture, construction, marquetterie, and enrichments which put its birthplace far north of the Seine, but apart from the methods of ébénisterie, it completely lacks what I would call the 'geste français,' that irresistible animation characteristic of French people and their expressions. It lacks 'facilité'—*ease*—, the talent of achieving the difficult without the aching sound of labor, the talent which opened to Père Marquette the hearts of the Indians, closed to mighty buccaneers and conquistadores, the quality that makes French women of the soil grind without death to their emotions. It touches with light graceful hands the great problems of life; it makes romance out of science; one need but read French translations of Kant, Marx, Carlisle, or Henry James. It is this spirit that has absorbed elements of value of all nations, acclimatized them, and when they were ponderous, lightened them to taste.

"And compare our French-born 'armoires à deux corps*' to their parents, the mournful

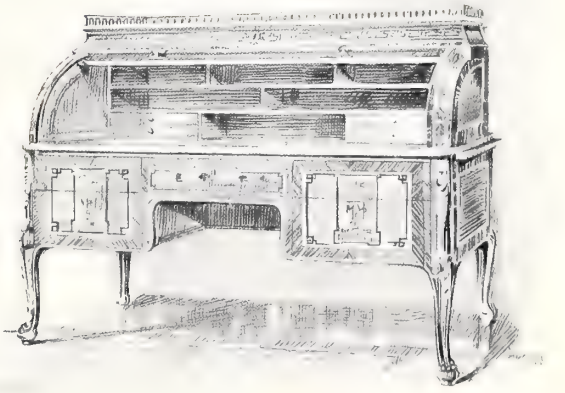
* *Made in two parts, to be easily transported, as the nobleman's furniture followed his body*



"BUREAU A CYLINDRE" DESK
— made by Riesener

This desk is covered with a great variety of figured veneers of bois d'amaranthe, bois de violette, rose, coral, lemon and maple woods. On a kneebole table of four chamfered cabriole supports, enriched with mounts by Martincourt and lions' claw sabots; the front furnished with panels of flower urns and a landscape, with architecture and figures laid in tinted and scorched exotic woods; the returns in marqueterie, simulating wainscot; the cylindrical flap with a circular voluted cartouche, occupied by emblems. This is headed by a meandered incurved cornice, furnished with drawers, and topped by a Bleu Turquin d'Italie marble top; guarded by a pierced rail.

The desk is shown closed in the color illustration; open in the sketch



"VERNIS MARTIN" DESK

— with mounts by Caffieri

This desk is enriched with chinoisieres, macaws and scroll motifs in gold, and furnished with bronze "cantonnières," of which two are crested by heads in high relief. The lower part is gondoled, and fitted with a hinged flap, uncovering a commode painted with a double handled urn in gold and floral sprays in naturalistic colors on an emerald green ground.

The interior of the desk is architecturally composed with small drawers and compartments, enhanced by flowered trellises in gold; the top is covered with a slab of jaune fleuri marble.



The desk is shown open in the color illustration; closed in the sketch

Flemish and German cupboards. To be sure the great ages of French cabineterie, from Catherine to the guillotine, abound with strangely sounding foreign names, but names now familiar to all lovers of true French art.

"We hear of Hans Kraus, 'Marqueteur du Roy,' in 1576, a Saxon by birth; Laurent Staber, arriving from Holland in 1608, and gaining fame at the Galleries du Louvre, and, thirty years later, Van Opstal, Ostermayer, Equeman, cabinet makers to the king.

"They had brought their native craft of veneer, tortoise, ivory and copper, and marqueterie-mosaics of exotic and costly woods, shipped to the shores of Holland from newly discovered fairy lands. The 'stippi' à l'Italienne, laden with jewels, the tables à l'Espagnole, the heavily carved armoires, the Flemish cabinets, the chairs à la Génoise, disappeared, together with the memories of Catherine and civil strife. Amateurs rivalled king and court in adopting these gaily cheeked children of the North, to teach them French manners and mannerisms. And not long after, when Jean Macé, of Blois, returns from Flanders with new secrets of marqueterie, and is installed at the Louvre, in 1647, 'placage' (veneer) of tortoise, ebony and figured woods, the enrichments of copper, pewter and ivory are translated by French ingenuity, so that twenty years before the advent of the great Charles André Boule we find this description in the inventory of Cardinal de Mazarin (1653): 'A cabinet of tortoise shell and ebony, faced with gilded copper on the sides, carried by four monsters of copper, silver-gilt; the four corners furnished with 'cantonniéres' of copper, silver-gilt, pierced à jour, enriched with leaves, masks, cartouches, and animals in bas-relief, representing divers fables from Ovid's 'Metamorphoses'; countersunk in cornices of tortoise shell.'

"It reads like a pronunciamento of the kingdom of French cabineterie, which from now on, through all its vagaries, flamboyantly exuberant, or stoically severe, reflects the national emotions. The foreign accents can now be detected in the materials only; designs and inspirations are French, or to establish the term, 'Parisian.'

"Charles André Boule is installed at the Louvre. His studios comprise twenty-six workshops; two occupied by the joiners, eighteen by the cabinet makers, and six by bronze workers, engravers and 'mounters.' Boule's miraculous success is due to his magic skill in expressing luxury and wealth with a delicacy and grace previously unknown. The mounts and friezes, alive with plastic expression, seem to grow from their bodies, so perfect in outline, and of contour easy to embrace by the eye.



ROSEWOOD AND MARQUETERIE SECRETAIRE À ABATTANT, IN THE "STYLE POMPADOUR," SIGNED "R. V. L. C."

"The mood of the nation under Louis Quartorze was magnificence, just as romanticism filled the souls in the middle ages, and to express magnificence and lavishness in good taste, to display riches without flaunting, was the purpose of architectural and interior adornment.

"While Boule flourished at the Louvre, two Italian designers, Philippe Caffieri and Domenico Cucci, at the Gobelins, gave the best of their brilliant native ability to the advancement of the 'Grand Style.' The well-tempered harmonies of Bérain's cartoons, and the boldness of Charles Lebrun's imageries, are the fertile ground which nourished the flowers of French artisanry. One can trace their influence in forms and enrichments alike, be it the work of Boule, or the plans of the Italians, Cucci and Caffieri, and the Lowlanders, Jaques Zomer, Golle, and Alexandre Jean Oppenord, immortalized in the interiors of Versailles.

"Their creations were acquired by king, court and financiers alike, who paid generous sums, and showed their appreciation in many gracious ways. Did not Roi Soleil himself write with his own hand



MARQUETERIE COMMODE OF BOIS DE VIOLETTE WITH ROCAILLE MOUNTS IN EARLY "STYLE POMPADOUR," BY I. P. LATZ

the word '*Bon*' on the margin of the Duc d'Antin's report? 'The second bureau of Boule,' he writes, 'is as beautiful as the other, and it suits the room (at the Trianon) to perfection.' And does it not beguile the art lover to read in the letter of Madame, the Duchesse d'Orleans, mother of the Regent:

" 'The present my daughter has received from the Duchesse de Berry is gallant indeed. She has given her a commode. A commode is a large table with large drawers—with beautiful ornaments.' Brief—but descriptive.

"A commode—a treasured gift to a royal princess! And does one not feel regretfully the change in the methods of extravagance, when listening to the tale of Paget and Monerot, the two financiers, and their generosity toward the celebrated Mme. de Brancas:

> "'*Des presents faits de bonne grace,*
> *Les avoient dans leur passion*
> *Tous deux de l'emulation*
> *Si l'un envoyoit une table*
> *D'une fabrique inimitable*
> *L'autre renvoyoit des le soir*
> *Un parfaitement beau miroir.*'

"The importance of furniture in the life of the nation can be measured by the volume of space accorded to it in inventories, and by the economic value it receives in dowries and bequests. Objects of such high estimation followed their owners to foreign countries, and it was due to Louise de Keroualle and the Duchesse de Mazarin that large orders for fine French 'ébénisterie' were given by the English court of Charles the Second. Thus the Merry Monarch and his successors, aided by the genius of Daniel Marot, aroused the native talents—teachers and forerunners of the great Georgian designers and artisans.

"Père Boule, the most gifted and coveted of all those who devoted their lives to instilling the fragrant spirit of luxury into Frenchmen's houses, lived and died a poor man. His life was fraught with financial and legal entanglements which culminated in the disastrous fire of the Boule studios, in April, 1720. Countless pieces of furniture and marqueterie, three hundred thousand books, and as many cartoons and drawings, the result of the long-lived collector's extravagance, are said to have perished. This conflagration appeared, to some of the contemporary observers, as a dramatic funeral of the 'Grand Style.' Already

copper and pewter embedded in tortoise shell had given way to rosewood, violet and amaranthe, patterned and shaded with the knowledge of the flower painter. The ebony, now ebonized pearwood, had been relegated to enrichments, and the upright majesty of form was sacrificed to the changing mood of the nation. A voluptuous undulating grace conquered artisans and patrons, and formed the 'style à la Régence.'

"The craving for new outlines again received nourishment from Holland. For years the kettle-shaped bodies of armoires and commodes from the Netherlands had gained considerable success in England under Dutch William and Queen Anne, and established a native school of sturdy dignity, lightened by the use of a sparkling figured walnut veneer. And it is highly illuminating to observe the plant rising on French soil from the very same seed.

"Conscious of these sources of inspiration, one can follow a caressing hand, which, with the volatile grace of the glassblower, reshapes the traditional lines, convexing, concaving, lifting the earth-bound bodies of commodes and bureaux from the ground, with variegated hooped arch openings, which also appear as outlines of pediments and crestings; moulding aprons and supports, with 'baguettes' of ormolu, or sometimes cloaking the sumptuous forms with bold mounts of acanthus.



MARQUETERIE GUERIDON BY NICHOLAS LANNVIER, ENRICHED WITH PLAQUES OF SÈVRES PORCELAIN

"Charles André Boule was too old to think in the new terms; he lacked what they called the 'coquetterie' of the new epoch, when they danced the gavotte, and not the stately Sarabande of his youth. 'Boulework à la Régence' is probably not by the master. However, the great quantity of marqueterie flowers recorded in his sale in 1732 indicates that he was in sympathy with the form of decoration which was to give such incomparable charm to the 'Style à la Pompadour,' the reaction subsequent to the 'Régence' and its exuberant evolution, the 'Rocaille.'

"The vocabulary of the 'Régence' is a veritable feast of the onomatopoetic gourmet; 'gondoler,' 'rebondir,' 'chantourner,' 'contourner,' 'boursoufler,' 'tarabiscoter' are but a few of the luscious interpretations of curved, shaped, and moulded profiles. To be in perfect taste a 'meuble' had to be 'contourné de sous sens'—without a straight line.

"The great 'Styliste à la Régence' was Charles Cressent (1685-1768), a disciple of Boule, who, for a considerable time, almost despotically, controlled the taste of the ruler and the ever-growing public of amateurs. Cressent's principles of construction, the true placement of ornament, the correctness of proportion, betray his familiarity with the work of Germain Boffrand, the master decorator of the Hôtel de Soubise, who enjoyed the reputation of having a 'perfectly masculine taste,' in an atmosphere ringing with the voices of Montespan and Maintenon, and at a time when a woman's whim could twist the plans of kings, not to speak of the outlines of tables, bureaux and commodes.

"All of Cressent's work is of a manly elegance, sterner in the treatment of his cabinets and medaillers, showing the gentle curves and mounts of the most discreet motion, and full of forceful fantasy in his tables, commodes, armoires, and cartels, rounded with the sculptor's decision of outline. It inspires a fluid grace of good breeding, which finds its equal only in the adroit choice and the originality of his bronze mounts, embracing every conceivable mood from Watteauesque groups of Amours, emblematic attributes representing Arts and Sciences, to the appliques on the two Singerie cabinets in the spirit of Huet. The curves and mouldings of Cressent, Dubois, La Thuile, the early creations by Gilles Petit, and Jacques Caffieri, typical of the 'Style à la Régence,' have remained a fountain of repose to eyes fatigued by the sight of office furniture, angular streets and awkward men's attire, and the 'Rocaille' at first would seem an unnecessary distortion of a satisfying system of forms. But think of the effect of Debussy and César Franck upon the ears filled with the melodious airs of Meyerbeer, Gounod and Massenet, and too much of sweet harmony—Cubism and Gauguinism on the eye blinded by Pleinairism and too much of the sun—thus the 'Rocaille' to



COMMODE OF CORALWOOD, BY CLAUDE-CHARLE SAUNIER IN THE "STYLE À LA GRECQUE" OF THE LOUIS SEIZE PERIOD

the existing 'Style Régence.'

"With the last straight line, intolerable, and considered funereal, erased from the designer's sketchbook and industrial designers vying in borrowing new twists from the serpent's seductive curves, we soon notice symptoms of impatience, a desire to disguise the rounded form, which, though well-mannered, assumes a placid air of the sweet commonplace. Why not distinguish one curve from another, by juggling with their outlines, starting at the expected point, but turning suddenly to the opposite goal, seemingly at hazard, still arriving in an unforeseen balance and harmony?

"The fertile imagination of Juste Aurèle Meissonier (1693–1750) is credited with having exhausted the accidents or freaks of nature for his seemingly chaotic effects of ornamentation. This artist, Pineau, Jules Oppenord, La Joue and others, starting with the rock and shell, a familiar sight in French garden grottos under Louis Quartorze, and then entering botany, by adopting the palm tree, and converting into ornament the celery and other vegetables, interlacing, twisting, and voluting all these elements beyond recognition, succeeded in multiplying the monotonous curve, appearing and disappearing under capricious vegetation.

"The effect of these eccentric experiments with the laws of symmetry was very gratifying. And though the purists of the time, led by Charles Nicholas Cochin, and those of today execrate the innovation, and assure us of the eternal harm done by these 'bad inventors of ornament,' we contend that it unbridled French ingenuity, we feel that Rabelais might have welcomed the Rocaille (or Rococo) as an outburst of 'Parisianism,' with its Socratic humor, as the foundation of all arts. It must have been a heaven for the designer, hunting amongst nature's hitherto neglected phenomena; and to this hunt we owe one of the most ingratiating vogues of the Eighteenth Century, the French-Chinese.

"The wares of the celestial Empire, while of great rarity in earlier days, had become quite within the reach of the amateur, if we believe Scarron's report of the Saint Germain fair:

"Menez moi chez les Portugais,
Nous y verrons à peu de frais
Des marchandises de la Chine,
Nous y verrons de l'ambre gris
De beaux ouvrages de vernis
Et de la porcelaine fine
De cette contrée divine
Où plutôt de ce paradis."

"Mazarin was an ardent admirer of things Chinese, and among the humble collectors we hear of Molière owning some Chinese cabinets and chairs; Daniel Marot proposing overmantels, composed of consoles bearing Chinese vases; and when the Grand Monarch in 1700 gave a ball and entertainment at Marly, entitled 'The King of China,' which required Chinese musicians and Chinese décors, the rest of France willingly succumbed to the fascination from the Far East. In vain the edict of 1709, forbidding the purchase, sale or ownership of wares from Asia, attempted to stop the deep impression its daring artistic principles had made on the French mind, and in spite of renewed prohibition, 'pagodes, lacs, porcelaines, tissues, papiers, bureaux, encoignures de la Chine et du Japon,' and a vast quantity of more or less successful imitations were openly sold by highly reputable merchants.

"The 'Rocaillistes' found a fertile field in the freehand irregularity of Chinese drawing, in the audacity of their composition of planes, and in the inexhaustible variety of motifs—pagodas, trellises, mountains, clouds, animals, and figures in strange flowing garments, and wearing grotesque pointed head-dresses—which they acclimatized and developed into a taste of an exquisite roguish grace. While Watteau delights at La Muette, Huet at Chantilly, Boucher at Bellevue, with their gallant chinoiseries, the coaches of nobles, and chaises à porteur (sedan chairs), bureaux and commodes are covered with gold-green 'vernis,' in the Chinese taste, by the brothers Martin, thus creating 'Vernis Martin.'

"That the Rocaille had a disastrous effect on the taste of foreign countries has been often asserted. Of all the purchasers of French decorations and 'ébénisterie,' Spain had chosen the most flamboyant and least suitable to her national character. Patriarchal Schoenbrunn and parvenu Potsdam selected wisely, as they improved upon their heirlooms; the scenic effects of Italy's 'Rocaille,' the 'goût Jesuite,' glow against the sky of Naples, and with the exception of Chippendale's heavy-footed excursion into Chinese ornament, England escaped unscathed.



CABINET WITH INSERTS OF JAPANESE LACQUER IN THE "STYLE À LA REINE," BY MARTIN CARLIN

"With the end of the 'Régence' and with the ascendancy of a king in his 'teens and the general feeling of poverty, following John Law's financial machinations, a wave of sobriety had come over France. It made itself felt in 'ébénisterie' by a greater modesty in the application of bronze mounts, in favor of marqueterie. The foliated scrolls and cartouches of ormolu found themselves replaced by broad bands of rosewood and thuyawood interspersed with formal enrichments of more sombre tones—frames of delicate floral reserves laid in rare veneers, which had become more accessible and less costly. The mounts though decidedly 'Rocaille' showed great restraint of movement, and were sparingly used to throw light on the dark bodies covered with violette and amaranthe. The self-asserting boldness of curve had given way to a silhouette of pronounced attenuation, the crest of the undulation now occurring in the upper half of the bodies, thus freeing and lightening the supports.

"Most instructive examples of the early 'Style Louis Quinze' were produced by I. P. Latz. His work seems equal in craftsmanship to that of

Cramer, Duperon, and Dautriche, all masters of this transition, and points clearly to the taste of Jean Francois Oeben, who marks the end of this transition, and the beginning of the luxurious and graceful 'Style Pompadour.'

"The appearance at Versailles of the Marquise de Pompadour in 1745 starts the halcyon days of French decoration. The woman who—to follow Voltaire—united 'all arts, all tastes, and all talents to please,' was destined to be the godmother of all those industries which represent French taste to the outside world.

"Her intimate contact with all art endeavor, her faculty of refining her surroundings, the knowing certainty of her imagination, inspired her Parnassians. Her abhorrence of the trivial in life and art made her enthuse over the new wonders of classicism unearthed by Winckelmann's rediscovery of Pompeii and Herculaneum. And unable herself to be among the fortunate ones to visit the sacred remains, she dispatched her brother, Monsieur de Marigny with a host of architects, designers, and learned men, to bring back to her the fresh impressions on their French souls of what they had witnessed. And from her mouth came the password of the return to classic ideals—'à la Grecque,' they called it at the Palais Royal, and 'à la Grecque' was the fashion of good taste and follies, but to the Marquise it meant simplicity without injury to airborn French genius and innate creative power.

"The porcelains of Sèvres, the tapestries of Beauvais, and the silks of Lyons, the bronzes and jewels, and last, but not least, the works of 'ébénisterie' of her time seem released by her magic white hand. We are impressed by her technical accomplishments and by her thoroughness when we read that she purchased the wood for the furniture at Bellevue 'by the tree,' and that she selected the lumber for Jean Francois Oeben to be cut into veneer 'for seven borders of amaranthe inlaid with flowers.'

"The immediate effect of 'Neo-Classicism' was a subtle straightening of the outline, with the result of a more intimate charm. A secretaire of this style, à abattant, suggests Pompadour with its gentle curves, its acanthus mounts, correctly supporting the marble slab, its engaging marqueterie pictures of Chinese personages posing 'à la Grecque,' and its interior enriched with softly colored 'treilages fleuretés.'

"We are tempted to call Pompadour the first decorator of interiors in the modern sense of the word. Capable of establishing an atmosphere of personal relation to the objects of her surroundings, she invented the comfort of the foyer. The bergère, the bonheur du jour—what an enticing name!—the cabaret, the trictrac, and the unending variety of useful secretaires, gueridons, gaming and work tables were thought of under the reign of the uncrowned queen. A monument to her zeal, to foster skill and faultless workmanship was erected by Jean Francois Oeben and Jean Henry Riesener in the form of the justly famous desk of all desks, the 'Bureau du Roi' (now at the Musée du Louvre). Though the bureau bears only Riesener's signature of the date 1769, the fact that Oeben, Riesener's master, had received this royal commission in 1760, four years before the death of the Marquise, excludes the doubt that all preliminary drawings, miniature and full size models, samples of the grain, quality and color of woods, and patterns of marqueterie had been submitted to her final judgment. The endowment of this comparatively small object with the results of every conceivable artistic aim, the perfection of architecture, the successful marriage between gilded bronze mounts of restrained magnificence and mosaics of softly colored marqueterie, composed of tranquil emblems, suggest her versatile presence.

"The 'Bureau du Roi' was a bureau à cylindre, named from its cylindrical flap, which would shut on a newly discovered device and conceal with one quick effort all the secrets strewn loosely on the morocco pad. It was a costly bit of joinery, requiring thoroughly dried woods and veneers, and an intricate knowledge of cabinet making. However, in spite of the costliness, it found amateurs galore, and Riesener's name appears on a number of writing desks of importance modelled on the same lines.

"The 'Bureau du Roi' proclaims the return of the straight line, as a subservient still to the sovereign curve, but particularly in the treatment of the gallery in the definite form of the 'Style Louis Seize.' This style in its incipient stage shows an imaginative quality which was lost in the coming days of hysteria and outward show; the sense of fitness of the Grande Dame was still in the air telling the designers that Paris and Athens could be friendly cousins, but not brother and sister. Our eyes repose on the chamfered cabriole, the blocked front, the unadulterated Greek mounts, and the increasing delight in beautiful marqueterie, rivalling in inventiveness the foaming fantastic 'Rocaille.'

"The vivacious Dauphine, at her arrival in France, found herself in an atmosphere of tasteful cultivation, naturally somewhat 'précieuse,' and curiously contrasting with the stately 'bonhomme' of Vienna under Maria Theresa. She



"THE RUTLAND COMMODE" IN LATE "STYLE LOUIS SEIZE," BY WEISWEILER, WITH MOUNTS BY THOMIRE FROM MODELS BY CLODION

eagerly sought to adjust her youthful eyes to the newly evolved forms and to find her own predilection. Until the advent of Roentgen, Beneman and Schwerdfeger, her contribution to the advancement of style—straightened to the point of Spartan severity—was her light heartedness, her feminine grace which found supreme pleasure in Martin Carlin's detached balusters and his poetic inserts of Japanese lacquer. And she must have thanked Pompadour for the gay plaçques of Sèvres porcelain,—gentle smiles in stern profiles.

"Riesener, Leleu, Roussel, and Claude Charles Saunier have regaled us with many fine examples of this worldly puritanism.

"The appearance of mahogany, imported in large quantities from the French West Indies, caused an unexpected revolution in the workshops of Paris. Its comparative cheapness and its greater solidity suited the chronic financial depression, while its sombre tone appealed to the pseudo-stoicism then assumed in some Paris salons, but these square cases, sparsely moulded, and clad in large leaves of dark veneers (mahogany, rosewood, palisandre, or platane), aroused no enthusiasm, and soon generous bronze mounts appear, willing to contribute a semblance of cheeriness; the treasury of the Parthenon was being ransacked, bronze became the primary element, with the woodwork a mere setting, at first achieving admirable results of virginal classicism, as on the Rutland commode, by Adam Weisweiler, with its solemn presentation of Clodion medallions, beautifully chased by Thomire, or in Cosson's familiar mounts, simulating geometrical marqueterie; but ultimately degenerating in a mood of idle pretense of the most gigantic proportions. It would be folly to place blame with Roentgen's, Beneman's, Schwerdfeger's, Desmalter's, commercialism. They only danced to the piper—a gentry, conscious of being glared at by the awakening proletariat, frantically protesting its privilege, and boasting of its art treasures."

"And what happened then, and what about modern art?" asked the American lady.

Said the Abbé, "I am living in the past, but, from distant observation, I should say that the French 'facilité' has fled from decoration to other pursuits, and will return when we grow away from the modern restrictions that are obscuring art for the *éclats* of the moment."



"Old Mill—Block Island"

From a dry point, by

C. F. W. MIELATZ

MIELATZ
American Etcher

Power and charm are combined with exceptional vitality in the plates of this great craftsman · · by

G. W. HARRIS



SPURRED on by a great love of his art and an indefatigable industry in its service for thirty-five years, Charles F. W. Mielatz was one of the most prolific etchers thus far schooled, nurtured and developed in the United States. His achievement, comprising a total of some three hundred original plates, places him in the first rank of those Americans who have practised successfully the art of etching. His Americanism—in his choice of subjects, in the virility of their treatment, in feeling—no less than the intrinsic merit of his work, has endeared that work to discriminating connoisseurs and collectors of American prints, and undoubtedly will cause it to be still more highly prized in years to come.

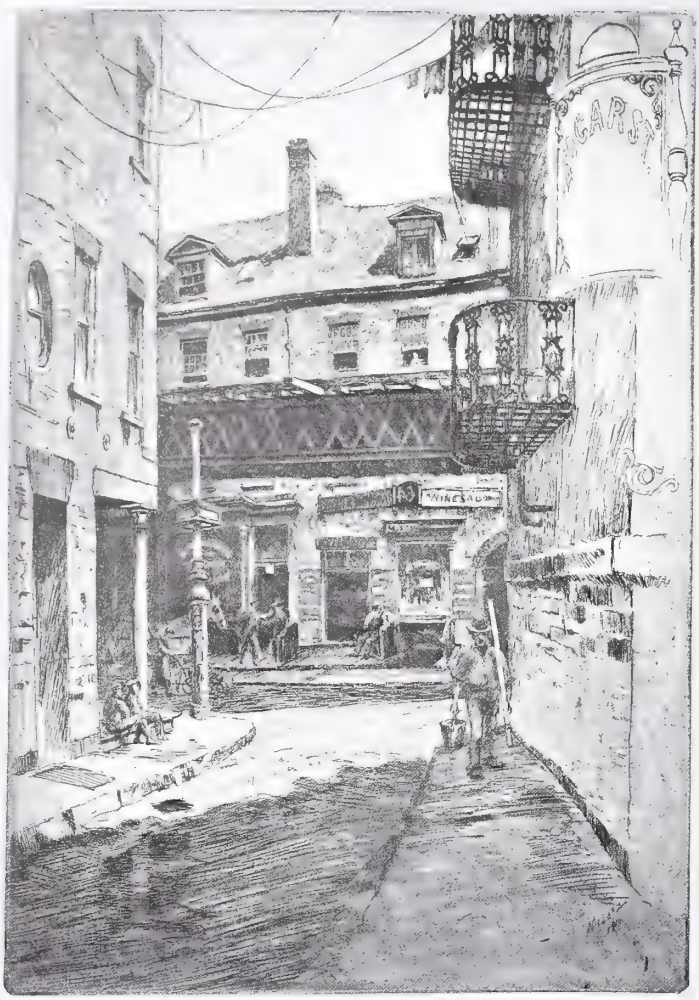
This vigorous, robust, stalwart Americanism of the man was of prime significance in his art, and no other etcher ever excelled the beauty, strength and individuality, or ever surpassed the diversity and variety of his depiction of the American scene. Often his friends, fellow artists and others, would advise and sometimes urge him to go abroad—see Europe—seek fresh fields. But he invariably answered "Why should I go abroad? The Old World has no appeal for me. I can find subjects enough, and beauty and interest enough, too, to last me a life-time right here at home. I don't need to seek any new field—the field in which I am now working is inexhaustible."

And so he devoted himself to American subjects exclusively, finding in city, town and countryside a wealth of appealing material for his art. Although not native-born, he lived his whole life here from early childhood, and he loved America as thoroughly, as loyally and as patriotically as if his forbears had dwelt here since the coming of the Mayflower. His untimely death at the height of his powers deprived America of an artist of rare personality, who saw her always with a lively appreciation, and who worked persistently and long to show that there are abundant American subjects, both romantic and picturesque, worthy of the best effort of American artists.



"THE PRIDE'S DOOR: ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH"
FROM AN ETCHING BY C. F. W. MIELATZ

Charles F. W. Mielatz was born at Breddin, Germany, on May 24, 1860. He died in New York City on June 2, 1919. His family was Slavonic. He came into the world with an innate love of art. His earliest delight was in pictures, and from the day his baby fingers could hold a pencil he was



"EDGAR STREET"
FROM AN ETCHING BY C. F. W. MIELATZ

always trying to make them. His mother was an amateur artist of some ability. The family came to America when the boy was only six years old. Setting up their new home in Chicago, young Mielatz was sent to the public school and he rapidly developed into an American boy. His ambition to become an artist grew apace, and as soon as he was old enough to be admitted he entered the Chicago School of Design.

When he was twenty-one young Mielatz came to New York. Drawing and sketching from nature was his preoccupation and passionate delight. A chance acquaintance which soon ripened into a strong friendship with General Gouverneur Kemble Warren took him to Newport, R. I., where that officer was in command of a division of the United States Engineer Corps. General Warren gave Mielatz employment in the corps, in which he remained for the next five years, working at surveying, building lighthouses, raising sunken vessels, constructing sea walls, and helping on the Cape Cod Canal. He drew many plans and maps, and every spare moment was devoted to studying and drawing the forms of things afield. Here too he became enamoured of ships and shipping and acquired that intimate and exact knowledge, too rare among artists, of the structure and rigging of various vessels—a knowledge abundantly attested in several of his finest plates done in later years.

One day when he was sketching on a wharf at Newport a stranger, after peering over his shoulder for some time, asked to have a look at his sketchbook. Mielatz handed it over. The stranger examined its pages with careful scrutiny and then asked:

"Did you ever try to etch?"

"No," answered Mielatz. "How do you do it?"

"I'll be glad to show you," said the man, and forthwith made an appointment to do so. This man was J. J. Callahan, an amateur etcher living at Newport, who had mastered the technic of the art and who made some very creditable copies of other men's pictures. He showed Mielatz what tools and materials to procure and taught him how to use them. The process fascinated the young artist. The more he worked the more enamoured of it he became, and he ended by devoting his life to etching.

In his long and assiduous practice of this exacting art he became a veritable magician with the needle, compassing in the multitudinous and surprisingly varied plates he completed both an exceptional power—in the virile handling of architectural masses and the depicting of such engines of force as modern battleships—and an exceptional and magic charm in delineating landscapes of poetic beauty, delicacy and refinement; in capturing the very spirit of picturesque buildings, nooks, corners, vistas in city streets; in portraying with rare and knowing skill and with loving care for accuracy of detail river craft and ocean shipping in their harbor haunts. An altogether unusual combination of power and charm was, indeed, the dominant characteristic of the man

and his work. He possessed and cultivated a keen sense for the picturesque wherever he saw it, and he had a sure eye for essential structural lines. As a draftsman he became a master of the virile but sensitive and vibrant line. Light and shade are dominant in many of his prints, but line is always an important factor, and it is to the purity of line that the shadows which tell so strongly in several of his most successful plates owe their strength. He did not often try to portray human figures, and the few introduced into his plates were casually, and sometimes faultily, drawn. But in the three classes of subjects in which he specialized —landscape, shipping, and architecture—he achieved rare mastery, such excellence, in truth, as cannot fail to give him permanent place among the foremost exponents of etching.

Such a statement, of course, implies an exceptional proficiency in the craftsmanship of etching; and Mielatz's work is especially noteworthy for the resourcefulness of his technical knowledge and skill. From first to last he was an explorer into the possibilities of the technical materials and processes of his art. A constant source of surprise to other etchers was the masterly freedom with which he used the bitten line, soft ground or hard, dry point, aquatint, color printing, monotype, or even the lithographic stone, frequently combining two or more processes to gain his results. So, again, was his tireless experimenting with acids, etching grounds, inks, tools, and with the use of textiles pressed against the plate. In aquatint he obtained delicate gradations of tone and texture formerly believed by etchers impossible.

Mielatz made his first etching in 1883. He sent some of his work to the old New York Etching Club's exhibition in 1884, and thereafter regularly as long as the club held annual exhibitions. He was elected a member of that club in 1890, and two years afterward became its secretary and treasurer, a post he held until the club went out of existence. His prints having found ready buyers, he had left the Engineer Corps in 1886 and set up a studio in New York. In the course of the succeeding years public recognition of his art grew apace. He was elected an Associate of the National Academy and for fifteen years was chief instructor in etching at the school of the National Academy of Design.



"COENTIES SLIP"
FROM AN ETCHING BY C. F. W. MIELATZ

His early days in New York were filled with eager and successful adventures in quest of historic landmarks, picturesque bits of architecture, alluring vistas, impressive atmospheric effects, individualistic aspects of the city's highways and byways. And as the years rolled by he kept on adding plate after plate to his graphic record of the American metropolis in its gradual but unpausing change, until that record, to which he gave the collective title of "New York Old and New," had surpassed all competition in the bulk of its pictorial interest, artistic excellence, and historic value. This series of etchings, dry points and aquatints of New York reaches the impressive number of more than one hundred, and includes subjects from almost every part of the city. No descrip-





"JUMEL MANSION" AND "THE TOY SHOP"
FROM ETCHINGS BY C. F. W. MIELATZ

tive enumeration of this great series can be attempted in this article, but only an inadequate hint of its surprising richness and variety. Selection is difficult, because nearly every one of these etchings possesses the faculty of provoking fresh interest. Such plates as "The Battery," "Castle Garden," "In the Bowery," "Catherine Market," "Bit of Baxter Street, Five Points," "The Tombs," "Oyster Market, Foot of Christopher Street," "Market Garden, Riverside Drive," "Rainy Day, Broadway," "Grand Central Station at Night," "Two Bridges on the Harlem," "Kingsbridge on the Harlem," "The Lock, Mott Haven Canal," and many another lure us back with appreciative delight to the town of a bygone day. "Sectional Docks, East River," "Near South Ferry," "Atlas Docks," "Under the Bridge," "Tramps, East River," and others are filled with the romance of ships that will not be seen again in New York Harbor. But Mielatz etched these subjects not for any possible antiquarian appeal, but because their peculiar qualities of picturesqueness pleased his personal taste.

The "Coenties Slip," with its shipping and the row of quaint old Dutch houses, topped by the tower of the Produce Exchange in the background, is a fascinating plate, and one that shows the artist's meticulous care in working over a subject until his picture satisfied his critical sense. It was begun in 1890, but the plate was not completed to his satisfaction until seven years had passed—in 1907.

The "Edgar Street" is one of the quaintest and most delightful of plates, as this shortest street in New York is one of the most picturesque of those survivals in lower Manhattan linking the busy modern city with the original street plan of early New Amsterdam. In those early days when the Hudson River extended to the present line of Greenwich Street this short thoroughfare probably ran from what is now Trinity Place to the waterfront. "Old Rookeries, Greenwich Village" depicts one of those unsuspected architectural secrets that sometimes come to light when a new street is opened up in an old part of the city.

One of the most charming features of the architecture of old New York was to be found in the doorways of the more formal mansions. These entrances were often designed in the best spirit of the Colonial period. Despite the rapid and now almost complete disappearance of the old city, there are still a few examples of this early period left, although they are mostly in a regrettable



"ROAD TO THE SEA—SPEONK, LONG ISLAND"
FROM AN ETCHING BY C. F. W. MIELATZ

state of neglect. Mielatz hunted out artistic gems of this kind, often in sordid streets where the buildings had come to be utilized for incongruous purposes, and recorded them in some of his most felicitous plates. One such is "The Toy Shop" (picturing delightfully and with an almost vagrant freedom a lovely old house in Third Avenue near 124th Street), which is the most popular plate in the whole series. When this house was built it fronted on the old Boston post road, "7 Miles from City Hall N. York," according to a milestone which was still there in 1903. It had probably gained the dignity of age when the news of the Battle of Lexington was brought by courier or stage coach, yet the fine lines of its entrance and its lovely windows have lost nothing of their dignity and grace. Still another is the adorable façade of the historic "Jumel Mansion," most stately and best preserved of all the relics of early New York, which was built in the year 1758.

The "Highbridge," done in 1917, is a direct and simple but fascinating presentment of another of New York's fine and characteristic monumental structures. This beautiful plate typifies Mielatz's feeling for essentials and a deeper note underlying surface picturesqueness. Equally remarkable, but in an altogether different vein, is a plate dated 1917, "The Bride's Door, St. Thomas's Church," with its exquisite precision, its sharp and clean detail, its vigorous contrasts, its marvelous denotement of the texture of limestone, and the velvety black of the door in deep shadow.

An amazing achievement of personality in treatment is the very large plate (etching and aquatint combined) of "Edgar Allan Poe's Cottage at Fordham." The late Edmund Clarence Stedman, most famous of Poe's editors, declared of this plate: "Not until now has an artist so chosen his site and so striven after the required tone as to convey a high imaginative quality—the quality of Poe's own mood and utterance—in the rendering of the scene."

Mielatz loved New York, yet landscape was his first love and remained his greatest. His etched landscapes are not merely literal transcripts from nature, but each of them is infused and permeated with poetic feeling and artistic insight. What bigness of feeling and grasp of the freedom of earth and sky he achieved in such plates as the "Fisherman's Home—Block Island," and the marvelous soft ground etching entitled "Road to the Sea—Speonk, Long Island,"—marvelous alike for its effect of buoyancy, freshness, breeziness, and its technical triumph over refractory materials. What lyric loveliness he transfixed in the "Old Mill—Block Island," the



"FISHERMAN'S HOME—BLOCK ISLAND"
FROM AN ETCHING BY C. F. W. MIELATZ

"Trout Pond — Moorsfield," the "Long Island Woodpath," the "Evening on the Caloosahatchie," and other dry points—plates in which the richness and subtlety of the dry point process are developed to an extraordinary degree. There are scores of these lovely landscapes over which to linger.

In his later years Mielatz had experimented with remarkable success in the production of polychrome etchings by a method of his own development, using a separate etched plate for each of three primary colors and a key-plate for the outline design, superimposing one upon another in the printing. The results he obtained are wonderfully beautiful and, like everything else Mielatz did, distinctively individualistic. He had an exact sense of color values in etching. He knew the perils of the smeary plate. So he worked with discretion and oftener than not his color spots are hints, indications, sometimes simply delicate suggestions. Notably is this true in a charming set of ten architectural subjects, in which again is revealed his love of the old gentility of forgotten streets and buildings, places where historic interest has long since been encroached upon or obliterated by the city's growth and change. One of the most successful pictures in this series is the "Balcony in Pell Street," the exterior of a Chinese restaurant whose balcony is exquisite in color modulation, with its panels of teak stained with the tender robin's-egg blue beloved of the Celestial. The "Washington Square," "No. 7 State Street," "Ericsson's House, Beach Street," are superb plates in a remarkable set in color.

In such prints as the colorful and poetical "Moonlight on the Hudson" (filled with night's mystery and calm); that fairly dazzling example of sheer virtuosity in color, "Woman and Macaws" (after a brilliant painting by George B. Luks); the lovely "Winter Night," in soft ground and aquatint, there are abundant proofs of Mielatz's color mastery and complete refutation of the old notion that "pure good color" could not be achieved by the etching process.

[*Reproductions by courtesy of Mrs. Mielatz*]

PHILADELPHIA'S OUTDOOR SCULPTURE SHOW

The gardens of Rittenhouse Square were made an exhibition gallery by the Art Alliance



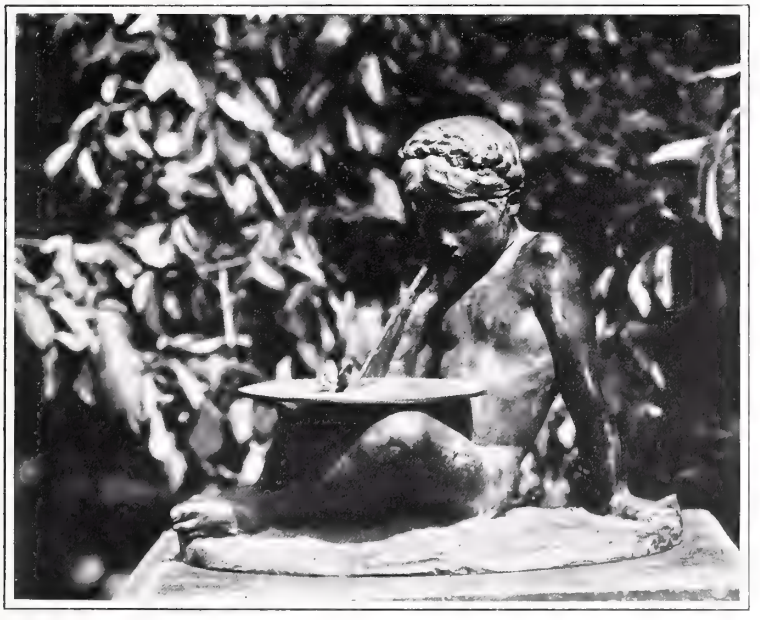
"THREAD OF LIFE"
BY
HARRIET FRISHMUTH

Standing in the open sunlight or embowered in the trees and shrubbery of Rittenhouse Square, the sculptures forming the outdoor exhibition of the Philadelphia Art Alliance gave an effect of natural charm never to be obtained when such works are shown indoors, presenting a convincing argument for art properly displayed.



"AN INFANT BURBANK"
BY
HERBERT ADAMS

Fountain statues in formal pools, figures meant for garden lawns, and sun-dials standing in the open, terminal figures gleaming amidst shrubbery, all fell into their proper relation to the surroundings with no feeling of straining for effect. Light and shade meant something in connection with sculptures so displayed, an achievement seldom obtained in the artificial illumination of galleries. Artists and public could see sculpture under circumstances testing its beauty. The show, by the enthusiasm it aroused, proved itself worthy of emulation everywhere in the country.



"SUN-DIAL"
BY
HENRI CRENIER

EMIL CARLSEN—*Painter, Teacher*

Draughtsman and exquisite colorist, his influence permeates the art of his country · · by

F. NEWLIN PRICE

"WHO draws a line and satisfies his soul, making it crooked when it should be straight? An idiot with an oyster shell can draw a line upon the sand all wavering, seeking no point nor pathway to a point. An idiot once removed, may choose his line, struggle, and be content; but God be praised! Antonio Stradivari has an eye which winces at false work and loves the true; and hand and arm, which play upon the tool, as willingly as any singing bird wakes him to sing his morning roundelay because he likes to sing, and likes the song!"—Song attributed to Stradivarius.

I

Once upon a time in the Academy there was a painting by Hale of his mother, and Carlsen stood close by with some young folks gathered around, giving a little lecture on the beauty of color and fine drawing, and a prominent artist came up and said, "Carlsen, you should leave such problems of drawing to the judgment of a figure painter." This to Emil Carlsen, who had taught drawing for close on forty years, and had come to the United States of America from Denmark and the Royal Copenhagen Academy as *an architect!*



"MADONNA OF THE MAGNOLIAS"
BY EMIL CARLSEN

Perhaps the painters who do the best drawing are the ones who are least conscious of the work of their own hands—and are, in consequence, the most modest.

Carlsen has painted portraits, many of them. Four of Dines, his son, will be long remembered. He has painted moonlight and summer, and the sea. I do not know of any snow paintings. He hates the cold. I recall a studio on a big sled—that of J. Alden Weir, built for painting winter—but Carlsen would not paint in it. Yet I think he would have done it most beautifully. If I could give to you Carlsen's early life as Carlsen tells it from time to time! He says he was always "dog poor" but now is "rotten rich." If I could—well, here's a go: He came over in '72, and went to Chicago to work for an architect. "He gave me $20 a week. When I left he said 'I will give you $40 a week.'" He opened a school there for mechanical drawing, but it did not go. "I had a partner who ran away with the cash. There was a large picture that I painted, and he sold that and took the money. Then I went back to the architect. He said, 'I will give you $10 a week.' So I worked for him a little while. He was a close old fellow—knew I needed the job. Holst, a Danish painter, saw some of the marine sketches that I had made in Denmark, and offered me $3 a day to work for him. I painted ships and figures and laid in canvases for him. He had a lot to do. I had a little sketch that I had painted in Elsinore in Denmark. This little sketch was in his studio, and he sold the picture, 10 by 12, to a collector who came along one day and said, 'I like that little sketch of yours.' Holst remarked, 'That is a little study I made,' and the collector said, 'All right, I will take that.' I told him that he had no right to sell my sketches,



"THE FAN"

by

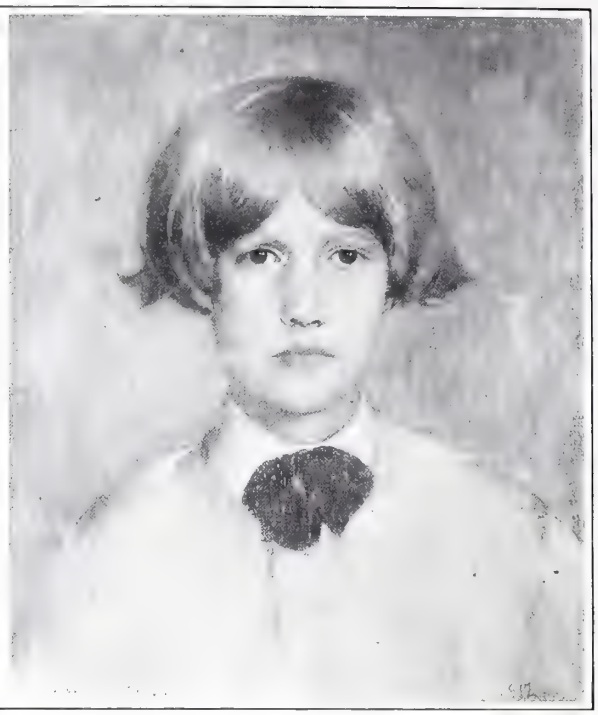
Emil Carlsen



"May Beechwoods"
by
EMIL CARLSEN



"THE GOLDEN BACKGROUND"
BY EMIL CARLSEN



"DINES"
BY EMIL CARLSEN

but he only remarked, 'That is all right,' and gave me $5 for it. He went back to Denmark and became a well-known painter afterward. Before he went back to Europe he said, 'You keep the studio, Carlsen,' and that was the way I started.

"Mr. Volk, the sculptor, of the Chicago Art Institute, wanted a teacher in the art school. I was the first teacher there. This was after the fire. I had a good salary at the Chicago Art Institute, and I sold quite a few pictures. I was then in the early twenties. I painted the 'Smuggler's Curse,' the one with the smuggler standing up shaking his fist at the revenue cutter—an awful picture. L. C. Earle, who had lately returned from Europe, advised me to go back and study. So I said, 'All right.' That was in '75. I went to Denmark, and then to Paris, where I studied until I had no money (six months), and then came back to New York.

"When I came back I had a studio near Murphy. Murphy had worked in Chicago, and I had known him there when he had taken care of Elkins' studio, cleaning and washing his brushes. That was where he started to paint, and even then his work had the promise he so splendidly carried to completion. In New York I lived in Twenty-third Street in a boarding house. I took twelve comic drawings to a downtown dealer who picked out one and said they might use some of the others. I got $2 for that, and never another cent. They kept the lot. I sent to Denmark for some money which was lost coming over. In '76 I went to Boston, did fairly well and feasted high." A very human sort of life!

Then came a period of hardship, and in 1879 he had an auction of thirty paintings; seventeen were sold, and the balance, protected for small sums, came back to him. In fact, after the sale Carlsen was in debt to the manager of the auction rooms some seven or eight dollars. This was fatal. He gave up the studio and took a position as designer and later as engraver. In two years his employer was making money gorgeously, and had raised Carlsen's wages from ten dollars for three days a week to one hundred dollars for a full week. The work, however lucrative, was unpleasant, and with debts paid he left the job and opened a small studio, painting again and teaching. This seems to have been the cycle of his days—paint, teach, work, and then painting again—until in the fulness of his life he created an art of his own, appreciated and of value.

It was then that Blakeslee, the art dealer, came to him and wanted to buy some of his paintings. He made a contract with Carlsen to take a picture a month from him if he would paint the canvases abroad, and Carlsen went to Paris and painted for him during the next two years. Metcalf, Mowbray, Isham and some of the other American painters were in Paris, and he saw a great deal of them, but associated mostly with French artists. Here he painted flowers and still life pictures for the dealers, mostly for Blakeslee. But he took time enough for a large figure and still



"THE SHADOW OF THE CLIFF" BY EMIL CARLSEN

life canvas for the salon of '85, which was later sold to Mr. George Seney, and after his death bought by Joseph Jefferson, himself a painter of no mean ability. This sale, incidentally, established for Carlsen a "bank account for one week," which was by way of being an event. However, Blakeslee wanted yellow roses and more yellow roses, till Carlsen got tired of yellow roses, and, breaking his contract, came back to New York.

On Fifty-fifth Street, in a studio Weir later used, he painted many pictures, and got along quite well. When things were getting low, Mrs. Richardson, the San Francisco artist, asked him if he would take a position as director of the San Francisco Art School. This he accepted and in 1887 went out to California for four years. His life at the old Bohemian Club would make a story in itself, full of charm and the most delightful sort of associations.

He returned to New York late in 1891, penniless and happy, and has made it his home ever since, except when in Europe. A great deal of his time he has given to teaching—in the National Academy of Design, or the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts. The latter knew his influence and delightful companionship until late in 1918. Carlsen himself had only one instructor, aside from his fellow students, J. Alden Weir, "an artist without knowing it," Kenyon Cox, Henry Golden Dearth, and John Twachtman. This teacher was his cousin, a painter, "and a good one" in Denmark. He is president of the Academy there now. Carlsen's mother painted and was "a highly gifted woman, a tiny little woman," who, according to her son, "never weighed a hundred pounds in her life."

II

From time immemorial there has been a custom, a pleasant, productive custom, perpetuating the genus art. One, by dint of greater energy and



"MOONLIGHT AND SEA"
BY EMIL CARLSEN

taste, took to him those younger and less gifted to learn, and the one was the master and the others worked and listened and followed him about. Even now, when we are blessed with great libraries and gifted orators, and a sure reward for ability, we depend on the personal leadership of the living masters of art. So when we see Carlsen, wandering like a troubadour over the land, teaching in California, Chicago, Philadelphia, New York, we must pay tribute to his inborn leadership. No one a better chemist in the mixture of paints, no one a better technician in the preparation of canvas than he. Recall Carlsen's preparing six canvases for Weir, and, later calling on him, finding them all hung up untouched, and Weir's "Old Carlsen, they were too beautiful." No one a better draughtsman with the power to see the thing as it really was, and lay its spirit in color before you in his own peculiarly emphasized manner, with a refinement that surprised you by its simplicity. The almost nameless colors of Carlsen's wood interiors mean to some a curious harmony of an indefinite solitude. The dim light that filters through his woodland corridors, which are so like cathedral spaces, makes you feel a presence there and brings you to acquaintance with a forest folk whom you have never met, nor had time to know. If that old Latin "Laborare est orare," is true, then Carlsen here has prayed with glory. "Anything is cause for him to paint a picture," said one artist as he looked at "May Beechwoods," where, from a matted golden red and green ground, rose high branchless trunks of ancient trees to vaulted tops and sunlit spaces. Just as his marines are blue and creamy white at times, so his woodlands are green and creamy brown. They are beautifully drawn. Weir's favorite criticism of Carlsen was "Old Carlsen, you draw too much." He was well advanced in



"PORTRAIT OF A TREE" BY EMIL CARLSEN

years before painting supported him. How could he help drawing beautifully when all his life he had spent in drawing, and teaching young folks to draw? I do not think you will object to the drawing—he has sensed the tree formations rather than entangled his design.

A little white sea, that washed like a flood of pearls upon the sand under a creamy gray sky—yes, a little white sea! They tell me that we must have gaudy red and apple greens and the strife of pure color, but in his case they would not have served. The beauty of Carlsen's little gray boat on the sand will send us out, patient and strong. As fine as Whistler and more fine in spirit are his little sketches of the sea.

Carlsen is a great admirer of Woodbury and cherishes a little study that Woodbury gave him. He calls it a masterly drawing of wave formation. But Woodbury says to Carlsen, "I do not like your water," and Carlsen answers, "That's nothing, I do not like your water." Carlsen's marines are done with a true love. Carlsen loves the sea. One artist relates how he met Carlsen at Ogunquit, and as they walked in the moonlight they stopped very often and looked out over the deep, dark sea with its pathway of sparkling light leading out of the horizon, and stood spellbound until Carlsen dashed his hat to the beach, and cried "My God, isn't it wonderful!" There are some of his moonlight marines that give you that feeling, that take you out of yourself, and you too feel his wonder and love.

There was an evening when I sat in a corner of the Salmagundi Club, a quiet pleasant evening, when old Carlsen came and sat down beside me. It was pleasant to hear his vivid description of a terrible still life that some one in Philadelphia had just painted.

"You can call him a darn fool, but that's no argument. Harmony of angles, ingenuity, invention, is this an artist's business, and does he paint these devices? Is there a soul that dominates, an ideal that lifts, inspires? I am old fashioned. I cannot believe these men. A tomato thrown at a



"AUTUMNAL"
BY EMIL CARLSEN

canvas might do as well. After all, a painting is not good because it is bad—it cannot be simply experimental. It must hold some other quality than a manufactured oddness. Beauty is lovable."

New art, modern art: Carlsen has given it to you. There is something so entirely personal in the still life of Carlsen, that no one can find it smug or complacent—the "Carved Panel," for instance. Carlsen found an exquisite French woodcarving of the fourteenth century of the interment of Christ, and he painted it back of the withered leaves of the lotus flower, so that the gray wood with its polychromed parts brings you a distinct revelation of beauty you had not seen before. Or take the "Madonna of the Magnolias"—color, fine drawing and, far more important, the spiritual. It leads you into the caves of time, and brings the spell of olden days near to you. "Oh ye of Little Faith" is probably Carlsen's best known painting. The domed blue sky of night, the quiet moonlit sea, the figure of Jesus walking on the quiet waves, lift you into the very soul of things divine.

Living in Paris near the Louvre, where he could admire and study Chardin, Carlsen tells many stories of still life painting—how at times they would eat the fruit, or mortgage themselves deeply to buy the flowers they needed. It was at this time he changed his palette and swung into the lighter colors. Gradually he developed a quality of surface that is an outstanding characteristic of his later works—the surface which he built and painted so carefully, only to cut it down and paint again, and scrape and paint to make the canvas finer and still finer. It stimulated his enthusiasm to have the surface heavy and beautiful in color, that the rare Phoenician glass might not suffer in his interpretation, but show splendidly opalescent. There is masterly drawing, and, further than this, mood of color and rich surface, as well as design, which make a still life by Carlsen a masterpiece resembling a rare gem beautifully set.

A Chapter of Ancient CHINESE ART

Taoist bronze figures preserve creeds and legends three thousand years old · · by

FRANK H. G. KEEBLE

THE earliest Chinese bronzes are mainly the sacrificial vessels used at the ceremonial worship of their ancestors, known in China as the "Offerings to the Shades of the Departed," and were made during the Shang dynasty, which existed considerably over three thousand years ago.

In the fall of 1917, Mr. Charles L. Freer exhibited several fine specimens of these archaic bronzes at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, thus giving, to those interested, a splendid opportunity for the study of this fascinating subject. Possibly the only figures evolved in bronze during this ancient period were the mythical heads of the T'ao-t'ieh ogre, so frequently used on the shoulders of the supports of a variety of sacrificial vessels, and the fabulous dragon; for tradition gives to the latter the very greatest antiquity. The Chinese have unquestionably conceived the most weird delineations of mythical monsters, such as are only seen in dreams. The varied forms taken by the T'ao-t'ieh which represents a marvellous gluttonous ogre-head are certainly the most curious and fantastic that the mind of man has ever devised.

The bronze libation cup of the Chou dynasty shown herewith, exhibits on its handle one of these ferocious ogres; it also has a band enriched with very curious figures of archaic dragons.

Bas-reliefs with humanistic figure subjects probably existed during the Shang dynasty, but no authenticated examples of that art have yet been discovered. Perhaps when the spirit of Western civilization permeates a little deeper and lessens the superstitions of the Chinese, further and more scientific archeological excavations can be made and we shall then be able to penetrate many of the secrets of the very early times of China. But at present the idea of disturbing, even by chance, the grave of an ancestor is not to be thought of by almost all classes of Chinese.

The powerful Chou dynasty which succeeded the Shang and existed for over nine centuries, offers a plentiful quota of sacrificial vessels that are, excepting the helmet shaped tripod libation cups, mostly lineal descendants of the previous dynasty; and no figures except those before referred to seem to have been developed. But when the Han dynasty existing from 206 B. C. to 220 A. D. is reached, many symbolic statuettes and figurines were sculptured. The early period of the Han dynasty was uninteresting in its bronze work due to the over repetition of models, brought about by the definite forms and measurements that were prescribed by the Taoist ritual. But fortunately this was dispelled by the advent of Buddhism, and a new all-pervading impetus was given to almost every Chinese art. This was naturally reflected in the works in bronze, for although the old characteristics and decorative motives were largely retained, a new deftness of touch and an improvement in technique became apparent.

Taoism, the first cult or religion of China, is so intimately interwoven with the legendary history of the country, that it is practically impossible to divest one from the other. The cult can be traditionally traced from the earliest inception of Pan-ku, their first man or Adam emerging in prehistoric times from chaos on earth at the mythical dawn of the Chinese nation, to its full conception as recorded by Lao Tzŭ.

That venerated sage was born at Lo Yang, now Ho-nan Fu, in the sixth century B. C.



CH'UNG CHEN, LAST EMPEROR OF THE MING DYNASTY



THE TAOIST IMMORTAL HAN HSIENG TZŬ

Pan-ku was followed by a series of mythical celestial, terrestrial and human emperors, the last of these, Sui Jên, credited with the discovery of fire, the first step toward raising man from a brutish animal.

A triad of emperors known as the San Huang begin a legendary period and the Chinese generally recognize the first Fu Hsi as the earliest of their rulers. He was a very beneficent personage and introduced a better and less wild social system, taught his people how to fish, hunt, tend their flocks and build primitive habitations. He also constructed musical instruments and replaced a former crude knot writing with a system of hieroglyphics and trigrams; the knot writing is supposed to have been similar to the quippus used by the Incas of Peru and recorded various transactions. The mystic eight trigrams of divination or Pa-kua were divulged to the emperor by a fabulous dragon-horse bearing these symbols on his back, when he rose from the sacred waters of the Yellow River. This fabulous animal was occasionally depicted in bronze at much later epochs. Chu Yung, the second of the triad, was celebrated as a conquering emperor who saved his country from marauding rebels and finally ruled with such force of character that the infliction of a fine or a punishment was unknown; certainly a remarkably idyllic condition of life, even if somewhat paternalistic.

The third of this interesting group was Shên Nung, who founded markets, invented a wooden plough and instructed his people in the usages of herbs and husbandry. The five succeeding rulers known as Wu Ti rose to much higher levels of civilization, fabricating weapons, digging wells, building palaces and governing their myriads of people with justice and celestial benevolence. Such indeed was the fame of the first of the group, Huang Ti, the yellow emperor, that the Taoists



A SOLID BRONZE LIBATION CUP OF THE CHOU DYNASTY. THE HANDLE IS DECORATED WITH THE T'AO-T'IEH, OR OGRE HEAD



THE TAOIST IMMORTAL CHANG KUO





TAOIST IMMORTALS—AT LEFT, LI TIEH KUAI : AT RIGHT, CHUNG LI CHUAN

These bronze figurines of the Taoist Immortals date from the early Ming dynasty, and complete sets are very seldom found outside China. Taoism was the earliest religion of ancient China, and is rich in myth and legend



THE TAOIST IMMORTAL TS'AO KUO CH'IN



GROUP OF SHANG TI, TAOIST TRIAD OF COUNSELLORS—THREE FIGURINES OF THE HAN DYNASTY



THE TAOIST IMMORTAL HO HSIEN KU

have deified and worshipped him as the inventor of alchemy and the regulator of the calendar. His consort Hsi-ling Shih has been also immortalized and is even today venerated in China for her introduction of the silkworm and weaving. The other four rulers of this group all had their merits but of a lesser degree. A supplementary emperor or god of writing and history also appears in this period and is worshipped as Tzi-Shên.

Confucius begins his renowned Classical Annals with the names of the next two rulers Yao and Shun, evidencing the fact that he believed that the traditional and legendary stages of Chinese history were passed. These two heroic leaders were noted for their immense hydrographic work. They commenced to rule in 2205 B. C. and were the first two emperors of the great Hsia dynasty which exercised sway till its overthrow in 1767 B. C. At the memorial temple to this dynasty, which stands outside their ancient capital of Ping-yang Fu, ancestor worship, the chief cult of Taoism, is performed even to the present day. Chieh Kuei, the last of the degenerate emperors of the Hsia dynasty, was overthrown by T'ang, the Completer, who founded the Shang dynasty, which remained in power till 1122 B. C.

The brilliant Chou dynasty followed and its first emperor Wu Wang, the son of Wên Wang, a prince of the Principality of Chou, had a very brilliant career. The other early emperors of the thirty-six that reigned till B. C. 255 are still as renowned among the Chinese today for their great virtues and wisdom as the celebrated mythical rulers of greater antiquity. During this powerful feudal dynasty many events of moment transpired and several renowned philosophers gave great lustre to learning. Mu Wang, the sixth emperor, is venerated in Taoist legends for the invasion of the Western Mountains; his wonderful charioteer Tsao Fu driving the "Eight Famous Horses" of Chinese history to the beautiful aerial Fairy Palace of Hsi Wang Mu, the royal mother of the West. This palace and the Taoist's paradise have been prolific sources of inspiration to many generations of artists.



SHOU LAO, THE GOD OF LONGEVITY. SUNG DYNASTY

The close of the sixth century B. C. produced Lao Tzŭ, enigmatic philosopher and reputed founder of Taoism, who was finally deified as Shou Lao, the god of longevity. Lao Tzŭ is recorded as having had at least one interview with China's most famous sage Confucius, who lived 551-475 B. C. Their philosophy seems to be summed up largely in teaching eminent virtue, especially humility, loyalty to their emperors and the continuance of the worship of wise ancestors.

Mencius, the third of the great teachers of this epoch, was



TWO BRONZE TEMPLE GUARDIANS OF THE MING DYNASTY

born in 372 B. C., and while a disciple of the great sage Confucius seems to have developed and broadened out his teachings in some degree.

Until this period the worship of Tao, Lao Tzŭ's concrete name for all previous traditions and his own philosophy, was invested no doubt with many curious superstitions, but does not seem to have been so ramified with the cult of the myriads of incarnate demons, spirits, geomancy and the searching for the Fairy Isles of the Eastern Sea, where the herbs of immortality were to be gathered, as prevailed about the second century B. C., during the Ch'in and Han dynasties.

A number of celebrated bas-reliefs, purely Chinese in character and bearing no trace of Indian influence, are identified with the opening period of the Han dynasty. These bas-reliefs are not only important for the earliest presentment of human figures yet known in China, but are most decorative and depict many traditional and legendary feats and exploits of the famous emperors of antiquity.

The figures in the panels are interestingly garbed in the quaint ceremonial costumes of the times. In one instance the methods of travelling are pictured, presenting war chariots variously drawn by two and four horses, almost identical in shape with our hansom cabs, now disappearing. Another is composed with a rare arrangement of horses, birds, scrolled swirling dragons, other fantastic monsters and deified human figures, curiously representing the contemporary idea of the Taoistic Aerial Abode or Paradise. Slightly later in the Han dynasty, during the first century B. C., there arose a very baneful influence on Taoism, in the person of a magician named Chang Tao-ling, who gave a further impetus to demonology

and set the seal on the greater humiliation of its dogmas by means of the strange and fantastic.

Chang Tao-ling, when in close retreat, professed to have compounded for himself the elixir of longevity and renewed his own youth. He became a high priest or *bonze* of the cult; declaring his supremacy over all spirits and was actually credited with the easy destruction of millions of demons. On his death he left his occult books and charms to his descendants; one of whom is now the high priest of Taoism and dwells on the mountain of Lung-hu in Kiang-si. Even today he is supposed to be animated by the spirit of his long departed ancestor.



THE TAOIST IMMORTAL LÜ TUNG-PIN

In 67 A. D. two Indian priests at the request of the emperor Ming-ti arrived at his court and the official approval was placed on Buddha's tenets. The two priests brought many sacred relics, manuscripts and paintings of Buddhistic figures, which were finally enshrined in the celebrated White Horse Temple, Pai Ma S'su, at the capital Lo Yang. The temple was erected in remembrance of the famous white horse, that bore the sacred burden of venerated relics from India.

It seems that shortly after the arrival of Buddhism, the priests and disciples of the Taoist cult were more active than before in the erection of temples and monasteries with ritualistic services; the ancestral worship having been previously largely offered at the shrines in the palaces or homes of the Chinese. Then naturally followed the serious development of the symbolic and deified figures with their attributes for the enrichment of these temple interiors and courtyards. Great gods, lesser divinities, genii and temple guardians, now became more or less involved by the new religion. The group of Shang-ti, the principal triad of the gods of Taoism, was modeled to take the place in the temples of the great Buddhistic triad. The figures of the three gods or counsellors, as seen in the illustration, are very archaic in character and of the Han period. One representing life, wearing flowing robes bearing the Shou mark, the ancient symbol of longevity, and carrying a long staff in his right hand; another Destiny, similarly garbed, bearing a child in his arms; the third Death with his fatal sceptre. These three counsellors are supposed to watch over the life of every individual, and receive much worship and magnificent gifts from



DANCING GENIUS STANDING ON A SYMBOLIC TOAD



THE TAOIST IMMORTAL LAN TS'AI HO

their devotees who subscribe to the ancient rituals.

Taoism from the Han dynasty on through the succeeding dynasties of the Wei, the artistic T'ang, the august Sung, the Yuan, the luxuriant Ming and Ch'ing, has further declined from the ideals of its main tenets, creating gods for almost all purposes, is even more extravagant in its demonology, and today advances the greatest opposition in China to the propagation of the science and religion of the West.

One of the illustrations is of an interesting jeweled and gilded censer and exhibits one of the twin genii of union and harmony, who so often accompany Shou Lao, the god of longevity, wearing gilded flowing robes and dancing on the mythical three legged horned toad whose eyes are of wonderful green jade. The history of this mythical toad in Taoist lore is very curious.

At the time of the great emperor Yao about 2000 B. C., according to tradition, there lived a great "Archer Lord," whose wife Ch'ang-O relieved her husband of his greatest treasure, the elixir of immortality, and fled with it to the moon. Ch'ang-O was there metamorphosed into this ugly toad in reward for her perfidy.

The Sung dynasty was notable for the fine simplicity of its figures as well as for its beautiful porcelain. Our figure of Shou Lao, the deification of the great sage and founder of Taoism, Lao Tzŭ, is significant of this period; his high and protruberant brow gives a fine expression of dignity; he frequently carries a peach or a spray of peaches, his robes were almost invariably embroidered with the Shou mark at a later period and he is often accompanied by one or two gazelles—all symbolic of his gift of longevity for which he is assiduously worshipped. Complete sets of figures like the early Ming group of the Pa-Hsien or eight Taoist Immortals, here reproduced, are seldom found outside of China and these are especially interesting, for their symbols are typical and easily identified. Chung-li Chuan, with his exposed drooping breasts, long beard, and shaved head, carries a fan in his right hand and a chowry brush in his left hand. Chang Kuo, with his priestly cap, wears long robes and his famous bamboo tube is in his right hand. Ts'ao Kuo Ch'in wears a three flapped cap and long flowing robes and carries a pair of castanets in his right hand. Han Hsieng Tzŭ, with hair closely dressed and bound into two knots at the sides, smiles with pleasure at the dulcet tones of his magic flute. Ho-Hsien Ku is attired in very quaintly ribboned robes and carries a symbolic spray of lotus blossoms. Lü Tung-pin wears a wonderfully ingenious flat cap and bears a sword in his left hand and a peach in his other hand. Li Tieh Kuai is depicted as a lame mendicant wearing scanty garb, helping himself with his famous iron crutch and carrying his always attendant gourd. Lan Ts'ai-ho, the last of this interesting group, is seen carrying a peach in the left hand and a basket of flowers in the other hand.

A seated figure of Ch'ung Chen, the last Ming emperor, gives some idea of the very magnificently embroidered robes worn at this period by the great dignitaries of the state. The title of this emperor when translated is "Great Luxuriance." Two temple guardians, in their unwieldly mock armor and flamed helmets, certainly appear ferocious in all but facial expression.

The nine heavens of the Chinese with their ever widening circle are all supposed to be peopled with innumerable fairies, genii and gods of many different propensities; even wealth, literature and history being represented among them. However, the Chinese have in general been very complacent toward the gods of rival creeds and it is not very infrequently found that vessels or even figures are invested with influences from all three of their cults, including as they do the Taoist, Buddhist and Mohammedan.

An interesting appearance of Indian influence developed in the mid-eighteenth century under the great Emperor Ch'ien-lung. This reign was renowned for the refinement and beauty of all the works of art produced therein, not only in bronze but in porcelain, silver and carvings in ivory, crystal and jade. The silk weaving of the temple and other banners reached a high pitch of perfection, presenting in many instances figure subjects, almost of the fineness of miniatures and glistening with gold threads. A profuse display of garlanded jewels and other distinctive motives can be traced to Thibet rather than to India.

Perhaps one of the chief pleasures experienced in viewing the bronze figures is the beautiful patina of the older pieces, due in some instances to their long burial in very varied soils, which have developed on them rose reds, malachite green and many other shadings between these two, often blending into very lovely tones. Added to this, gilding on bronze has at least been known since the Han dynasty, B. C. 200, for there is a tiny figure of that period in the Metropolitan Museum of Art which still bears beautiful gilding. Sparkling jewels and enamels so profusely used in India were not forgotten and the richness of the interiors of the temples with their myriads of scintillating figures must have been superb.



"LANDSCAPE" BY ERIC HECKEL

PRINCIPLES *of* MODERN GERMAN ART

Tendency is away from nature, toward strength of structure and toward compactness · · · by

DR. MAX DERI

May painting be imaginative? That is the problem of our contemporary art.

Two generations, more than half a century of naturalistic conception in painting had gone by, when, at the beginning of the new century a different way of artistic looking at the world began to gain power.

Nature is the mother of all painting. It is due to American research that the positivistic school carried the victory in psychology and philosophy. The absolute dependency of all psychic contents on previous experience has been proved beyond all doubt. With our eyes we gather impressions of the whole world, and we are able to reproduce whatever stirs our feeling. The vast scope of what we may call near-to-nature painting, all naturalistic styles at different periods in the history of mankind, bear witness of the immense amount of incitement that painters have drawn from nature.

But nature is so rich that certainly one way of looking at the world need not exclude another. And the fact that from the earliest days of our childhood our eyes gather a wealth of impressions, stored up within our souls, does not exclude the other fact that we can remould these impressions in unlimited variations and combinations. This faculty of our mind is an absolute fact and beyond discussion. Everybody knows from his own experience that reminiscences of facts can be changed, varied in size and color, combined in any way. Certainly all



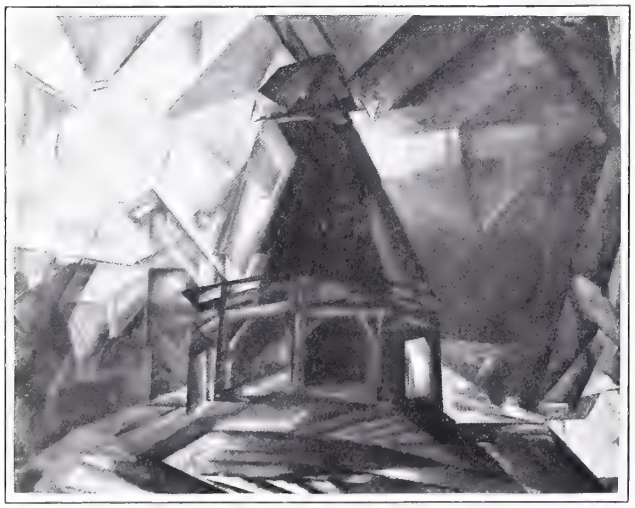
"THE BATHERS"
BY OTTO MÜLLER

parts of a combination of this kind must be taken from experience, but the resulting combination does not exist in reality: it is a creation of the soul. Our day-dreams are filled by thousands of images not existing in this world—constructions of that faculty of the soul which we call imagination.

What we call artistic imagination is in most cases nothing but this variation of experienced impressions. And still we know, that such images, though they are absolutely impossible of realization on this earth, can give us the greatest joy. Remember our fairy tales and the stories of mythology.

Once we acknowledge this, we will find the injustice of both contrasting affirmations: the one that demands that every work of art *shall be like* its model in nature; the other, so often cited in our times, that a work of art *must not* resemble nature. The truth, confirmed by history and personal experience, is that a work of art can as well be born from a naturalistic point of view as take its roots from imagination.

Periods of near-to-nature and far-from-nature production have always alternated in the history of art. Thus today we have just passed the turning period from near-to-nature to far-from-nature production. Two generations of painters, since Gustave Courbet's early works in the middle of the past century, had kept to the naturalistic point of view. This naturalism had found its highest development in Impressionism. Cézanne was the genius who, at the end of the eighties, led the way slowly and surely and with irresistible daring away from the old tracks. With him went van Gogh in France and Munch in Norway. What is common to all followers of these three leaders in all countries of Europe, even if they appear eversodifferent



"WINDMILL"
BY
LIONEL FEININGER

at a first glance, is a feeling for powerful construction, in contrast to the complete dissolution and delicate vibration in paintings of developed Impressionism and Pleinairism. Whether we look at landscape or still-life or portrait, everywhere we find the tendency to a compressing of the essentials, a strengthening of the color scheme, a more constructive composition and a withdrawing from the over-cultivated. In order to attain this end at any cost, artists began to draw away from nature in their work. They were no longer directed by the forms of nature but by the dreams of their imagination, which showed them another, stranger world, more glowing in color and weightier in form. This tendency—"strength, courage, force" — dominates all new paintings in Germany. These words may well be considered a motto, standing as they do for the powerful and the monumental, for construction and for consistency. A few typical examples are here reproduced, which will serve to give a comprehensive view of present tendencies.



"WOMAN AND FLOWERS" BY MAX PECHSTEIN

The landscape by Heckel has something broad and undulating in its character. The different fields are joined together as massive, distinctly separate pieces. The shapes of house and trees are taken together as one mass, strongly accentuated in the larger planes. The different parts of the picture are perfectly distinct and in its entirety it produces a sonorous, lasting, strong tone.

Feininger, too, in his picture "The Windmill" tends to build up the construction of the work. The mill, in the shape of a big cone, stands in the center of the picture at the top of a ball shaped hillock. In its separate parts the work is in the cubist manner, this too being in contradistinction to the past pleinairistic style. The several parts contrast strongly, light and shade touch and overlap and the whole impression is like one from a dainty, smoothly working mechanism.

Otto Müller shows a similar tendency in his picture of two bathing girls. If we recall Degas' ballet dancers with their iridescent, loose shapes and colors, we notice that in this picture, too, there is a longing for more compact, more constructed form in the bodies. A strong contour again encloses the separate form and detaches it from its surroundings. The anatomy no longer corresponds to nature; but in the quiet expression of these two bodies, leaning toward each other, the artist has tried to produce that frame of mind which is lacking in all everyday beings.

The "Woman and Flowers" by Max Pechstein shows a portrait and still life in one. Through the crowded picture, with its heavily loaded planes, the neutral background only shows a little at the top left hand corner. And this heavy fullness of the composition goes hand in hand with the full forms of the body and of the still life. The woman remains slow in her movement, the face over the broad cut of the bodice looks quiet and large; the vase holds the thick bunch of heavy flowers; broad, mellow stretches of color are placed in quiet sequence over the full forms, and something ripe and pregnant speaks to us. For this reason, in spite of its robust character, "Woman and Flowers" is in reality an imaginative work.

We could increase the number of examples and classify painters of all groups from this point of view. But as we only want to show the principles, these present pictures will suffice to show, on the one hand, the general tendency away from nature, the intentional disregard of naturalism in modern painting in Germany, and, on the other hand, that the common idea of the new tendency is a longing for compactness and a strengthening of the structure of the picture.

A MASTERPIECE of EMBROIDERY

Sixteenth Century specimen in high relief represents pinnacle of a short-lived art . . . by

GUSTAVUS A. EISEN

THE embroidered picture reproduced in color on the opposite page belongs to the second half of the XVI century, a period which, in the opinion of most students of embroidery, is the "golden age" of that beautiful art. With the advent of the Renaissance the old embroidered "stories" passed away and prominent artists were intrusted with producing designs more naturalistic and more artistically effective than the work of their predecessors. It is to this period that Farcy (La Broderie par Louis de Farcy: Paris, 1890) refers when he says: "They progressed from perfection to greater perfection, and the artists who made embroidery their specialty began to produce admirable 'tableaux' of such artistic value and such considerable expense that it soon became necessary to modify the art and renounce the type, replacing them with the very inferior works in which flakes of gold and silver and coarse paillettes took the place of the often microscopic threads of the 'golden age.'" Another author on this art, Leon de Laborde, says of this era: "At this time embroidery became a veritable art, a serious branch of estimable painting in which the needle supplanted the brush and traveling over the cloth left behind it a veritable painting in silk and threads of precious metals.

The sudden progress made in the art of embroidery was partly and perhaps principally due to the wars of Charles V, those of Charles VIII, Louis XII, and Henri II. As Charles V had come in contact with the Saracenic art through his expeditions to Tunis and his Moorish provinces in Spain, so the other monarchs of Europe came in contact with Italy and Sicily through their wars. The result was that a wave of southern art swept over western Europe, especially France, bringing with it new ideas and new types in sculpture, painting and embroidery.

According to Ernest Lefeburn (Broderie et dentelles: Paris, 1887) the art of embossed embroidery originated in Spain. "Some of the Spanish embroideries," he says, "are produced in such a high relief that they represent sculptures in wood." Such is the great "tableau" of Adam and Eve in the Musée de Cluny, the most prominent example of this kind of work known, executed with infinite skill and artistic feeling. Very few pieces of this kind of work are now in existence. In much lower relief, but in the same style, is the famous embroidery, representing a combat between a bear and dogs in the presence of Henri II and Diane de Poitier, now in the South Kensington Museum. But none can compare in spirited expression and artistic execution with those representing "Adam and Eve" and "The Conversion of St. Paul."

The latter work is a large "tableau" in very high relief, about thirty-two inches by thirty-six inches, evidently intended to be hung on the wall or over an altar in a church. It is executed on a background of silk or linen, but the whole surface is entirely covered with thread needlework in silk, silver and gold. It represents in a most admirable and naturalistic grouping the conversion of the saint while on his way to Damascus. In the sky, a little to the right of the centre, is seen Christ with outstretched arms, in the style of Raphael's well known fresco representing the Adam and Eve, or that of Michael Angelo, representing the creation of Eve, in the Sistine Chapel. The central part of the picture shows the confusion caused by the apparition. Moorish looking cavaliers on Arabian steeds dash forward, the centre being occupied by St. Paul who has fallen from his horse, and is now supported by one of his attendants. The horses are exquisitely drawn. The heads and faces are minutely treated, and seem to be attempts at portraiture. The dresses are distinctly oriental, except that of St. Paul and an armored soldier, who both are of a Roman type. The personages have all been struck with blindness and their expressions depict the awe experienced at the sudden manifestation of the supreme deity and the "voice." The foreground contains a motley assemblage of minor animals, such as serpents, lizards, a lion, a boar and others of evil nature, all fleeing in terror or trying to hide in their underground holes. In contrast with these animals of terror are gentle birds, so minutely executed as to permit us to recognize the species.

The smaller figures were produced directly on the background, but the larger ones were made separately and affixed. How the high relief was produced can only be conjectured, but we might presume that the filling, in order to retain its form in every detail, must have been hardened, possibly with wax.



"*The* CONVERSION *of* ST. PAUL"

Embroidered Tableau
in high relief — of the
Sixteenth Century

JEAN MARCHAND—*Neo-Classicist*

His art, emerging out of modernism, is expressive of the ages-old "esprit français" . . . by

LOUISE GEBHARD CANN

JEAN MARCHAND, but little known two years ago, is today one of the most discussed painters of that group which might be designated as the *men of forty* of the Salon d'Automne. Standing at this point of time and looking back over M. Marchand's development and noting its relation to the main current of French art, we see how he links the pre-Manet period with the present and how certain of the most interesting and distinctive features of the last thirty years find in his life and work a significant definition.

At the *vernissage* of the Salon d'Automne last fall one passed from room to room, along the gaunt corridors of the stairways, through the Belgian section and on into the Russian, and again into the French, with, on the whole, a sense of sameness. Apart from the variety of the foreign collections, a remarkable adhesion to leaders was evident in the rank and file. The Salon d'Automne of 1921 marked as never before the crystallization of the ultra-modern spirit into a school, governed by as hard and fast formulæ as the antiquated Artistes Français. Egyptian browns, earth-grays, acrid greens and yellows, reds that terrify, either mumbled at us in combinations of dullness or banged in dismal raucous reiterations. The prevailing form is the perfectly matured revolt of these days against that insipid pretense that human beings are pretty and the earth they occupy idyllic—a pretense embodied in the official salons of the last thirty years. The superficial atmosphere last fall was, as usual, sardonic joy in underscoring all that is ugly, grotesque, vulgar, in the human figure and its environment; and the somewhat tiresome claim of originality through violent distortions. It was as deadly monotonous as the exhibitions of the academic. I speak of the general impression. There is a deeper aspect of this movement which may be disengaged by an analysis of the art of certain of its chiefs, De Segonzac, Henri-Matisse, Flandrin, the inspired Maurice Denis, which shows both how great has been the influence of the main tradition of French art on this group and how much that is modernly expressive, valuable and refreshing it has contributed to that tradition. But, on the whole, the salons remain unities of mass-art, and the decay of what was before the war a new individualistic spirit, was evidenced by the uninspired in-breeding of the Cézannists through imitation of one another. The amazing story of the influence of Cézanne was told in the uniform brand of the manufacture. The irony of it is that an art so painfully sought out by him in isolation has become now in the ramification of the ideas and the principles extracted from it the vehicle for artists who refuse to seek and who are content merely to imitate.



"MATERNITÉ" BY JEAN MARCHAND*
(Carnegie International Exhibition, 1921)

Having reached some such depressing conclusion one emerged into hall No. 2 and involuntarily paused before the picture of a young woman nursing her child. It was executed in so simple and sincere a manner that one responded immediately with: "Here is an excellent painting." Marchand's

* *Compare with the Salon d'Automne "Maternité" reproduced in the March (1922)* INTERNATIONAL STUDIO.



"LES JARDINS EN TERRASSE" BY JEAN MARCHAND

"Maternité" by the deeply human spirit breathing from it, by its good and normal sentiment, as well as by its fine plastic attainment, was a noticeable relief from the condimented, coarse, essentially flavorless mixture, which, for the most part, had been offered the public. It stood out by its style, austere and classic. After being depressed, twisted up, revolted, provoked by sheer brutality into various inhuman and at last deadening reactions, one came upon its bland surfaces, its homely composition, its easily-grasped pathos of green-gray, and its perfectly comprehensible assimilation of the volume, as if after a long and fruitless walk through the tortuous streets of Paris, one had reached a friendly roof. For as I analyze the sudden adulation of the critics, the enthusiasm of the public, I perceive that the psychology of relief, and this is in no sense to be considered detraction, has a good deal to do with the discovery of Jean Marchand.

Marchand, a modest, retiring man whose lungs drive him South each winter, resumes in his life and work a typical cycle of French art. Born in 1883 of an old Parisian family that had never supposed one of its sons could become a painter, he found himself, so soon as he manifested the seriousness of his art aspirations, opposed without qualification and at eighteen left to make his way in the world unaided. He entered the *École des Beaux Arts* and at the same time frequented the studios of Bonnat and Luc-Olivier Merson (1902–1906). In 1909 he studied with Henri Martin. One of his comrades in the *École* and the studios was the now famous independent, Raoul Dufy. Monet, Sisley, Renoir, were at the zenith of their fame; the "fauves," Marquet, Henri - Matisse, Derain, Vlaminck, Othon-Friesz, were organizing in the conservatories of the *Cours la Reine* their first "salons without juries." In these they honored Cézanne, distinguished the naif custom-house employee, Henry Rousseau, and presented to the public a retrospective of Vincent Van Gogh. In 1906 we see Marchand painting the beggars asleep along the quays of the Seine, with very much the same academic ability and (to be fair) charm with which innumerable clever students of the *École* and the recognized *ateliers* have painted them for half a century and are still painting them today. In 1908 the Department of the Seine accorded him a "student's purse," and in 1912 he appeared at the exposition of the bursaries in the Grand Palais with a canvas painted in 1909, "Une Avenue," which indicated the course in painting which he would pursue during the following dozen years.

You may compare this landscape, in which the trees in the conscious desire to express the aerial volume of their mass, are painted with strong and voluntary simplification, with, for example, Cézanne's "Forét de Chantilly" (1888), in order to discover the precise kinship between Cézanne and the "fauves" of the salons without juries; for the influence of Cézanne on Marchand, as on many another pupil of the schools, craving novelty and yet foreordained to remain on the solid ground of formula, came from those who had extracted theory from the unconscious works of a man indefatigably seeking and realizing in a direction of which he was mainly unaware. Marchand, like his comrade Dufy and others, had been swept into the movement of the time partly by that osmosis of ideas, that contagion of fever, which hallucinates each generation into believing it is original, which makes us all reflections of our time whether we will or no. It is the mission of such groups as the learned "fauves" to squeeze out the pith and marrow of a previous period, to exhaust by varied

experiments its logical possibilities. They furnish the explanations of the signal genius which he himself is unable to give. By this they attain that equilibrium without which mere humanity is so uneasy, an equilibrium that rarely belongs to the research-mentality of the great forerunner.

Marchand's "St. Martin" (1911) is a further step toward Cubism in the relief of the muscles of the nude and the play of volume through the objects of the scene. Here we have the beginning of a characteristic division of the canvas by which its plastic continuity is obtained. In simple terms, the foreground is held in equality with the background, the distortions of perspective are denied. The structural means to the simultaneity of the planes is a looking-up effect, the masses of the middle-ground are below what would ordinarily be the background. The movement of attention is from below, above, instead of from front to back. It repudiates the sensations of chiaroscuro, depth, horizontal space, in favor of the perpendicular, and is an evolution of the flat mosaic patterns of the primitives. You may follow it through the "Baigneuses" of 1911 and 1912, the "Vue de Céret," the "Laveuses" (1913) to "La Mare aux Fées" (1919) and the Provence landscape of 1921. In the last the application is more reserved, and the triangle on which all the other paintings are based, a form by which he usually establishes his composition (we see it in both the "Maternités") is less apparent. To this element he owes much of the grave, static quality of his art. In "Les Jardins en terrassee" (1922) the triangle is obscure but the looking-up is carried out with remarkable continuity of the planes, a delightful simultaneity in the way in which background and foreground have equal importance—in every respect a fine success in the form elected by him, so accomplished as to conceal the long experimental effort that lies back of the achievement.

Certain affections are noticeable in the early period which have grown stronger with time. His theory of structure would naturally lead to an appreciation of surfaces, and we see how exhaustive are the researches into the values of surface among all Cézannists. But, as the well-known American radical of the Salon d'Automne, Mr. C. Thorndike, who himself has made some experiments along this line, as we saw in his landscape series at Bernheim's this April, remarks of Marchand, his comrade at Vence, where the two artists work together during the winter, "Marchand is more himself than many another who has come through the storm and stress of the new movement." Where, for instance, an artist like Mr. Thorndike subdues the surface to the pervading lyricism of his interpretations, Marchand from the beginning presents it to us in the epic style of a primitive, or with the objective classicism of a Poussin.



"LA CHAPELLE DE ST. MICHEL" BY JEAN MARCHAND

Remarkable and altogether personal is the rendering of surface in the now famous "Chapelle de St. Michel," painted this winter, so much discussed at Bernheim's where it hangs side by side with Derain, Marquet, De Segonzac and other insurgents. We have here that transposition which began in "Les Jardins en terrasse" by the sheen of the stone steps in the center, to a vigorous modelling of earth and hills, opposed to the forbidding sides of the chapel. Only through a veritable passion for such values and a deep artist's reason for them, a sure knowledge of their pictorial meaning, could he persuade us to admit his sense of the significance of this so unpromising theme. I for one am persuaded and agree with those Marchand enthusiasts like his friend,



"REFUGIÉE DU NORD" BY JEAN MARCHAND
(Collection of Martin Ryerson)



"FEMMES À LA FONTAINE" BY JEAN MARCHAND

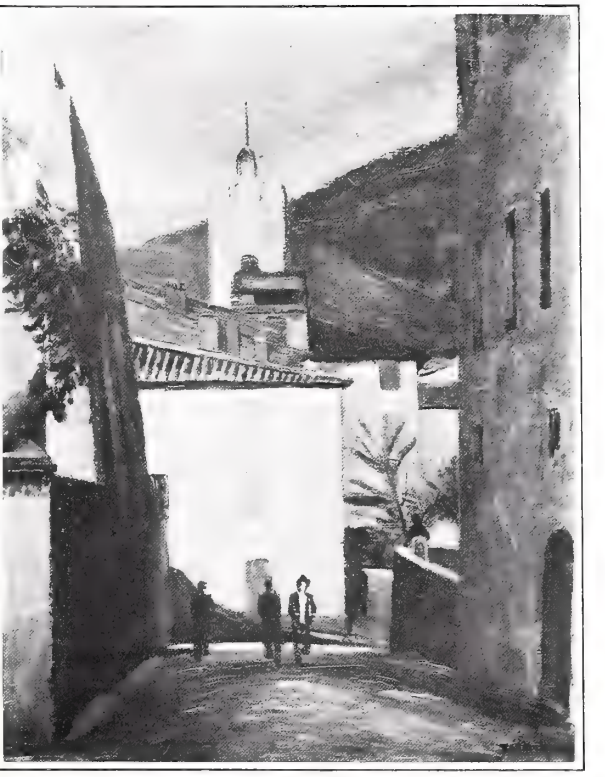
Thorndike, that here "Marchand is most thoroughly Marchand," that he has escaped from the decorative archaism of his earlier paintings, into a free strong expression of the world he loves. He is now at that happy stage of a man's reputation when his partisans quarrel with his enemies, when every work exhibited by him is the occasion of an uprising of vivid for-and-against opinion among colleagues and critics. An Alexandre Arséne, reluctantly admitting "Maternité," fumes that Marchand landscapes are "imbecile." A Roger-Marx finds that the austerity Marchand imprints on nature is one of the prime virtues of his art and is nowise afraid of his "large nude surfaces, these silent quadrilaterals of modern buildings as tragic under August dust as in winter soot," and feels in the landscapes by Jean Marchand of the Parisian suburbs "a poetry that no one before has ever expressed for us in painting."

Marchand is not a colorist. He uses a scale of gray in which black is a smudge, with none of the possibilities of black as revealed by the Japanese, or by the so personal values given to it by Manet, Degas, or, to mention a contemporary, Van Dongen. His rose and lilac tend to a sweetness not always engaging. Since the time he broke away from the bitter reds, greens and yellows in opposition to heavy blues, of his landscapes of 1913 and earlier, his color, until recently, has been dirty. In "La Charmille" (1921) we remark a development of color-variety through a subdued harmony in rose, honey-yellow, brown-gray, gray, black-brown and green. The blacks and the grays in the woman's dress are luminous and the color values if not subtle are just and pleasing. His use of golden browns in "Les Jardins en terrasse" is happy and appropriate and the blacks though sooty take their place in the color design, while the red roofs, the clear blue sky, furnish a bright freshness. It is apparent that he does not aim at "color," and by his attainment of solidity and simplification of form, he justifies in a great measure his poverty of execution, especially as he invariably gets his effects through paint itself, never by leaving part of the canvas bare, or by any of the tricks, or strokes of luck, so many artists take advantage of. In spite of what I have previously said about a new variation of his palette in certain of the latest landscapes, I see in the portraits of this year the massing of four main colors, Egyptian brown for the flesh, unmarked by shadows; prussian blue in the costume, gray-olive for background, with a brown-black for hair. In others, as in the head of a peasant girl, the background is vivid green leaves, but the treatment of flesh and costume remains the same.

His show at the Barbazanges galleries in November, 1921, united works dating from his early period to the present. The road he had traveled was unmistakable. Many of the devices that Vlaminck and other Cézannists had accus-



"PORTRAIT DE MADAME M." BY JEAN MARCHAND

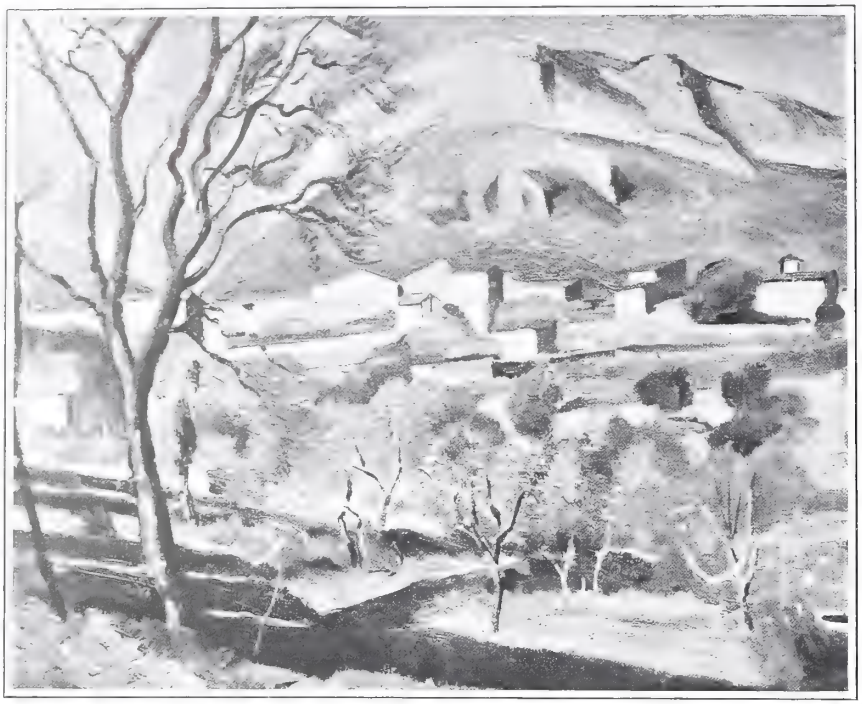


"EGLISE DE VENCE" BY JEAN MARCHAND

tomed us to were in evidence: the triangle separated into strong oblique lines to direct the eye of the spectator to those points of the canvas the artist intended to emphasize, and to hold the parts together; the framing of his landscapes in large simple masses, usually architectural, or the basing of them on the same; and in the portrait, as the "Madame M.," a curiously Cézanne-like vision of humanity. But in the post-war work, the artist began to emancipate himself more and more from these formulae. He became with developing certainty an interpreter aiming at personal expression. Through this he attained style as we have seen it in the "Maternité" of the Salon d'Automne. For the "Maternité" now in Pittsburg, though possibly a more unified work than the former, is more superficial in sentiment, more summary in execution, and not quite so uncompromisingly Marchand; that is, as we know him today. Emotion has always been one of the qualities of his work, but when subjected to the rigid theories of Cubism, it was dried and impoverished. And now his tender, brooding sentiment (which is the soul of this artist, however much he pretends to be grim) finds fuller expression as he gradually frees himself from the trammels of a school that denies emotion. By emotion and by style he takes art back across the thirty years of experiment to the time of Courbet, to whom he is often approached, and on to the Le Nains, Poussin, or even, as many claim, so far back as Jean Fouquet of the fifteenth century. He is incontestably neo-classic; but to compare one of his paintings with a painting of any earlier period is to learn what elements have come into French art since Manet.

Marchand, revealing his race and his art-inheritance, shows, also, his personal power of assimilation. Unlike many of the followers of the Aixien, he digested Cubism. As an art of analysis it led to synthesis, and we see in him this result carried out in such a way that we feel the benefits of the movement in its insistence on simplification of form. His maxim is, "The minimum of means to win the maximum of expression—that is, emotion." When one considers that he is not merely not a colorist but is on the whole incapable of color, that with an austere and at times harsh simplicity he persuades in us strong emotion, an emotion that becomes permanent as we revisit his works, we realize how well he uses those gifts that are his. We appreciate above all that he is endowed with a sentiment for the pictorial, which has been strengthened and purified by his studies and experiments, by the influences of his generation, but which relates him to one of the most deep-seated and the most enduring traditions of the art of his country, for he is intrinsically a Frenchman and manifests that vital resistance, and continuity of research and individual aspiration, characteristic of the *esprit francais* in the arts.

The false *naiveté* so prevalent since Cézanne



"PAYSAGE DE PROVENCE" BY JEAN MARCHAND

has never touched him, and that archaism associated with so much recent work has entirely disappeared from his. We find increasingly the nature of the man in his paintings. He has no fancy, no affectation. His joy is like sorrow. He has a deep, sober temperament, kind, sincere, and shy. There is something of "pudeur" in his interpretations. His landscapes do not tell his most intimate emotion; his figures even when voluptuous are so as if the artist merely observed the fact; his nudes, in contrast to the prevailing treatment of the nude by his contemporaries, have a certain impersonal discretion. An ensemble of his canvases, as at the Barbazanges, leaves one with the sensation that life in Paris is gray, dingy, a condition that provokes our utmost resistance, that exacts struggle against ugliness, filth, poverty. Romance is out of date—some say happily—beauty is a term to avoid. But in "La Charmille," 'Les Jardins en terrasse," the "Maternités" we have a softer, happier mood, and though M. Marchand has never in his entire artist life seen sunshine, he may now be unable to remain uniformly grim or sad.

We know that from eighteen until the war his life was a painful struggle. He was poor, very fragile in health, and lived in comparative isolation on the Isle St. Louis. His privations did not aid his physical condition, and he thinks he would not be alive today were it not for a friend who had him spend his summers at his country place in Savoy. It was through his Russian wife, Madame Lewitska, whose incomparable wood-engravings illustrate the Gogol and kindred *editions de luxe* issued in Paris, that he went to the Ukraine and studied the churches and monasteries along the shores of the Dniester. In spite of his bad health he was obliged to serve four years in the war in non-combattant work far too heavy for his constitution.

An early comrade who started in life by his side, M. Léon Marseille, a connoisseur of broad sympathies and of deep art learning, was responsible for presenting Marchand to the public through numerous exhibitions in Paris, Brussels, London, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Russia—with the result that today out of the two hundred and fifty paintings to Marchand's credit, hardly more than half a dozen remain unpurchased. His patronage is international, including Americans like the Princess Bassiano, who owns many of his works, Colonel Martin Ryerson of Chicago, in whose collection is the fine "Refugiée du Nord," and the Japanese collector, Matsukata, along with collectors in Paris and London too numerous to mention.

Marchand is thirty-eight and his work has not yet attained that fluency on which it will continue for a period before falling into the decline of overmaturity. As an expressive will he is still young. His creative power has developed logically from the beginning, and so we may infer from certain indications in his latest paintings the direction he is likely to follow in the future. In all probability this will be toward a still more personal use of his medium in the service of emotion. It is hoped by those who know his temperament that he will have the opportunity of bigger work, church and hospital decoration. In this field, in a large and epic treatment of surfaces, we may look for unusually interesting results, in which the austerity of his color in contrast to his sensibility, or in harmony with it, will find values that are both new and unexpected.

But we should listen to what the artist himself says. "After many a research first in the realm of color, second in the realm of construction, I have come to conceive of painting as outside all the modalities current during these last years, and

to reject all formulas, which in my mind end by obscuring and fettering art instead of emancipating it. I do not believe that one gives a special proof of modernity because he paints aeroplanes or spectacles borrowed from the automobile. In a few dozen years our aeroplanes and our elevators will be singularly obsolete, and the danger in this realm is in reconstituting a bric-a-brac of the twentieth century as there was a bric-a-brac romantic, naturalistic, symbolic. Cézanne was modern and discovered pictorial verities with provincial apples and preserve jars. Above all the current formulas is expression, and we should sacrifice everything to it, and attain it if necessary by the minimum of means. The future is not in the application of this formula of yesterday or of that of day after tomorrow, as so many of our young beginners believe, but in incessant effort guided by *the need to express*. I am an enemy of all eccentricities, which too often hide the commonplace and the trivial and which have been too easily confounded with true originality. Renoir said, 'A good painting doesn't have to be hung twice.' This epigram is a terrible accusation of certain tendencies of today. . . . Far from arresting the flight of painting toward enchanting tomorrows, I believe that only in this way shall we draw it back from commercialism."



"LA CHARMILLE"
BY JEAN MARCHAND

The July Cover, by a Painter of Outdoors

"Breezy Day," by Richard Miller, which appears on the cover this month, is representative of a subject which the artist has made particularly his own. Outdoor pictures, full of light and fine color, are his special province. One of his favorite themes is a sunlit verandah with the warm light filtering through a screen, as in "The Sun Porch," reproduced on page 344, which had the signal honor of being purchased for the permanent collection of the Carnegie Institute from its last International Exhibition.

Mr. Miller's pictures are not simply figure paintings with an outdoor background. They have a buoyancy about them which suggests the open air; they take into account the all-pervading sunlight. The girl in "Breezy Day," with her body braced ever so slightly against the wind, and one hand lifted to restrain her hair, is presented with an easy naturalness which is one of the most conspicuous charms of his art.

Richard Miller was born in St. Louis in 1875. He studied under Constant and Laurens in Paris, and in 1908 became a Knight of the Legion of Honor. His paintings are in the Luxembourg and the Petit Palais, in the museums of Antwerp, Rome, Venice and Christiania, and in the private collection of the King of Italy.

Although Mr. Miller has received many honors in foreign lands, he has by no means been without recognition in his own country. His "Nude" won the Potter Palmer gold medal in Chicago in 1914, and he was awarded the Thomas B. Clarke prize at the National Academy of Design in 1915. Medals were given to him at the Buffalo, St. Louis and San Francisco Expositions, and he is represented in eight museums throughout the country, among which are the Metropolitan, the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia and the Chicago Art Institute.



HIGH GLAZE PORCELAIN FIGURES FROM THE ROYAL MANUFACTORY, MEISSEN

The Lesson of GERMAN Applied Art

Exhibition brought to America serves as an inspiration to our own crafts movement · · by

F. E. WASHBURN FREUND

WHEN we make a survey of the art of the nineteenth century, we have to admit that, with the exception of certain schools of painting such as the Barbizon masters, the Impressionists, the Munich Leiblkreis, to which Chase and Duveneck belonged, and a few black and white artists, especially Whistler, the art of that period sank lower and lower the nearer the century approached its end. Architecture lost every spark of individuality and copied all the old styles in turn, generally in a dull and uninspired way. The noble art of the book became showy instead of noble. The woodcut descended from its high estate to become a mere aid in illustrating. All furnishings for the home —furniture, textiles, glass, earthenware, etc. —were either poor and careless imitations of earlier styles, or else they were lacking in every pretention to form and beauty. Everything succumbed to the craze of "usefulness" shorn of all grace or originality.

But a revolt had to come, and it was started in England by men representing all that was finest and best in ethics and aesthetics which the Victorian era had produced. With Ruskin as their mighty mouthpiece, artists like Rossetti, Burne-Jones, William Morris especially, J. F. Watts, and later Walter Crane, waged a practical campaign against shoddiness and artificiality. This movement was gradually taken up by smaller men, and finally became the special watchword of the well-known firm of Liberty & Co. But in England there was never any real organization of these groups to combat vigorously the want of artistic feeling and even aversion to anything better on the part of the great buying and selling public. This weakness is very characteristic of the English way of working such movements *individually*, as was again illustrated recently, for instance, in the effort for stage reform. Thus one may constantly observe many factions, quite good in themselves, wearing themselves out in useless fighting, or at least attaining a merely sporadic success, because each new fighter is forced to take up the



GLASS BY LOBMEYER OF VIENNA



MODERN GERMAN CRAFTSMANSHIP IN SILVER, BRASS, COPPER AND PEWTER



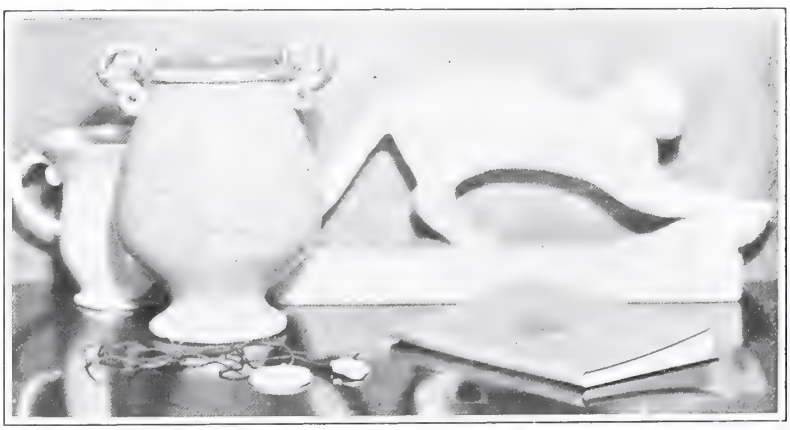
DECORATIVE CANDLESTICKS FROM WENTZ AND KUHN
MADE BY THE SILESIAN MOUNTAIN FOLK



GLASS BY LOBMEYER, VIENNA. FLOWERS BY GERTRUD GOEHRKE. PORCELAIN AND WOOD TRAY BY DEUTSCHE WERKSTÄTTEN, DRESDEN

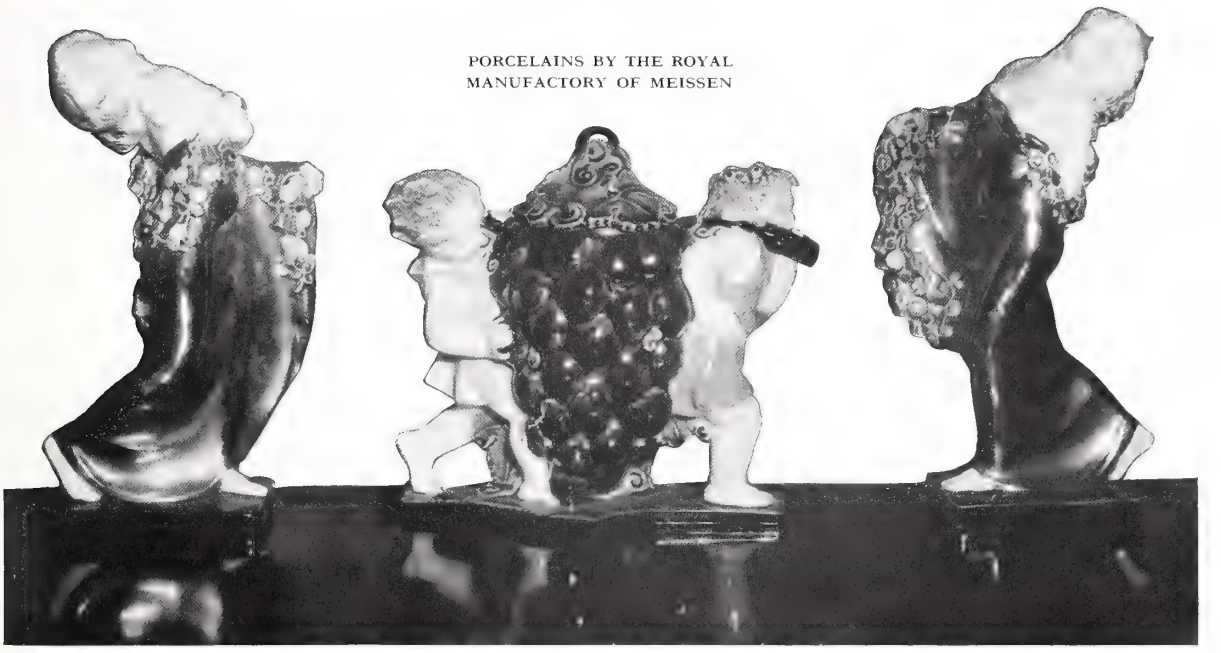
fight from the very beginning again. In this respect, Germany, the land of organization, started with an advantage. Of course, in any organization of intellectual and artistic forces lurks the possibility of great harm, which has by no means always been avoided in Germany. But on the other hand, it is just in times like the present, with their strong tendency toward *international* industry, that the demand is all for firm organization, and it is therefore not to be wondered at that Germany has for years played such an important role in science as well as applied arts, as these arts, with the exception of the greatest achievements of the greatest men (discoveries, mental speculations, and masterpieces of art) have everything to gain by a co-operative and directing organization.

That this was indeed the case in Germany, before the war, in regard to the applied arts, was proved here by a carefully selected travelling exhibition sent out by Mr. Dana of the Newark Museum, and shown in a number of cities of the United States, where it aroused keen interest and admiration. And now, the exhibition just opened, again under the auspices of Mr. Dana and his enterprising Newark



IVORY LOCKETS BY FRITZ SCHMOLL

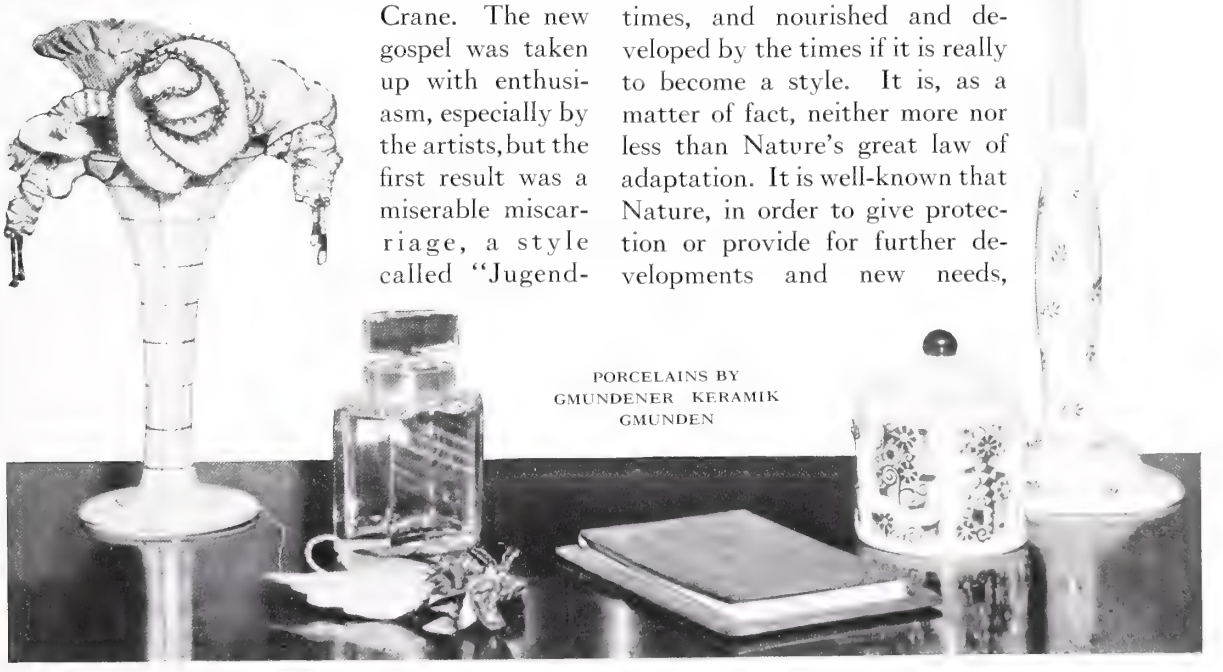
CERAMICS BY SCHWARZBURGER WERKSTÄTTEN, DORN V. GOUTARD AND DORKAS HÄRLIN



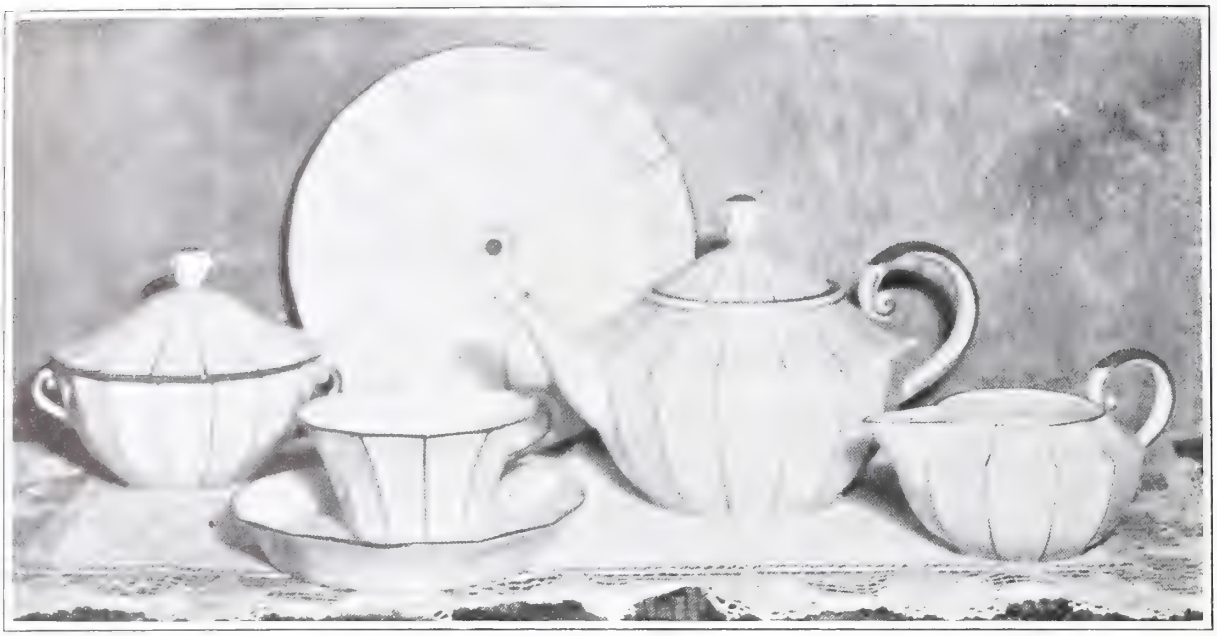
PORCELAINS BY THE ROYAL MANUFACTORY OF MEISSEN

Museum, shows that, in spite of the terrible years of the war, the same high level that was notable in the first exhibition is still maintained. Associated with Mr. Dana is Mr. A. Wiener, member of the *Deutsche Werkbund*, who has been an indefatigable worker in this field here for many years. It was at his instigation that the exhibits were selected and sent over to this country by a delegate of the "bund."

Thanks to the large circulation in Germany of the London *Studio*—the parent magazine of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO—at a time when German art magazines were few and far between, the new idea of art in the home was spread abroad in Germany also, its principal exponent being Walter Crane. The new gospel was taken up with enthusiasm, especially by the artists, but the first result was a miserable miscarriage, a style called "Jugendstil," which a number of artists and art journalists, without having first studied their subject properly and learning its possibilities and limitations, wanted to foist on the public as *the* modern style. This "Jugendstil" was the cause of much derision in Germany, but at length it came to be looked upon as a kind of "Jugend-illness," a childish ailment which, like measles and whooping cough, had to be got over. For it was realized that no single little coterie of artists could simply invent a "modern style," but that it must grow of itself out of the "Zeitgeist," that mysterious Something which the needs of the time evolve: that is to say, it must be born of the times, and nourished and developed by the times if it is really to become a style. It is, as a matter of fact, neither more nor less than Nature's great law of adaptation. It is well-known that Nature, in order to give protection or provide for further developments and new needs,



PORCELAINS BY GMUNDENER KERAMIK GMUNDEN



SET OF TABLEWARE BY ROYAL MANUFACTORY, MEISSEN

causes organisms, plants, animals and men, to grow new organs or make old ones perform new functions that have become necessary for the preservation of life. When, as in the present case, it is a question of the artistic and intellectual needs of man, this process of adaptation can and will take place *consciously*, at least partly so, through the efforts of a few leaders pointing the way.

The *Deutsche Werkbund* (Union of German Art Industries), founded some fourteen years ago, is an association of such leaders whose object is to spread through all classes the movement for ennoblingand beautifying everyday life by creating artistic surroundings. To this end they united in one organization all the elements that have to do with the art industries, that is to say, the artist and the craftsman, the manufacturer and the dealer, and of course the teacher in the schools for industrial arts (Kunstgeverbeschulen). Public buildings, dwelling houses, and last but by no means least, the factories, should be made in such a way as to elevate and stimulate the mind and please the eye, thus encouraging joy in life and at the same time joy in work. From this it can be seen that, without emphasis being laid on the ethics in the case (as the Victorians did according to the tendency of their time) here aesthetics and ethics, joy in life and good business, by no means exclude each other: that, on the contrary, business is the gainer. And once the



PORCELAINS BY SCHWARZBURGER WERKSTÄTTEN. BOX BY SERGEY KUTSCHER. FLOWERS BY GERTRUD GOEHRKE

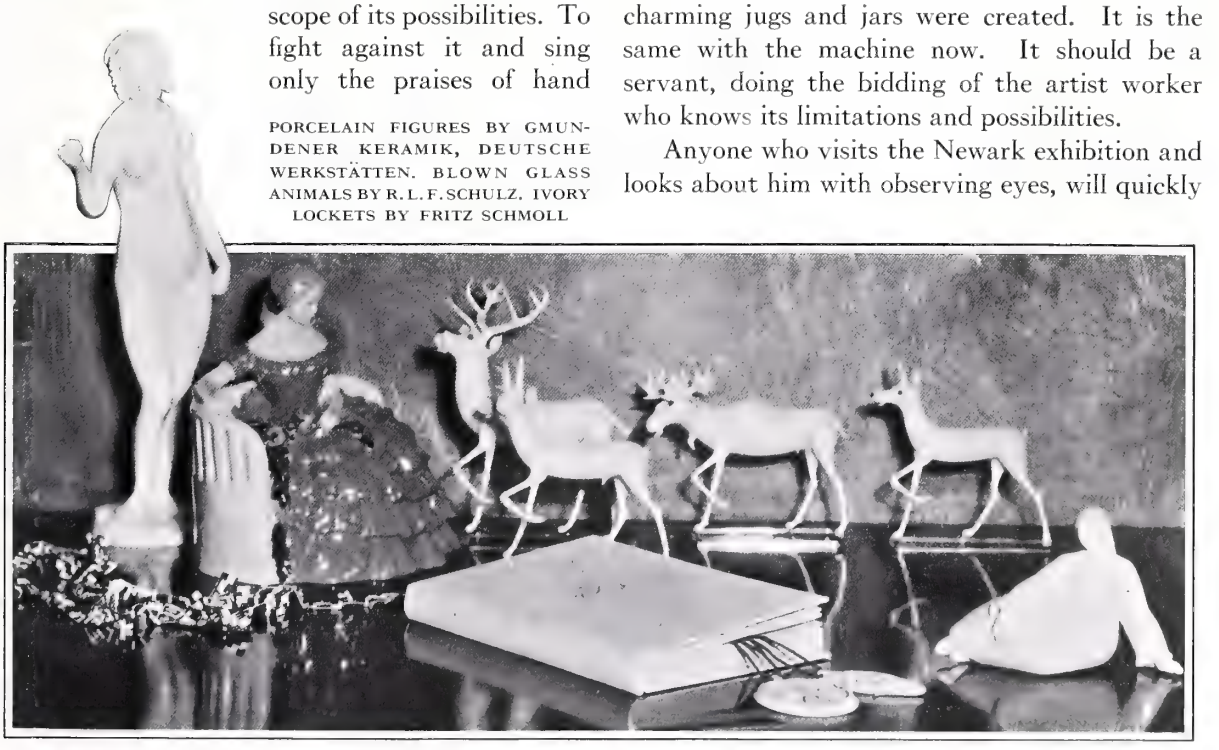
building itself is beautified, the contents of course must be made to match, down to the simplest kitchen utensil. Even the humble kitchen tumbler must have a graceful shape.

We have no longer to listen to sermons on "style," but three points especially must be kept in mind, they being, so to speak, the A. B. C. of the Applied Arts, out of which, quite naturally, the style of the time will develop. These points are: quality of work, genuineness of material, and development of the form in accordance with the character of the article, thus preventing all superficial and forced ornamentation or concealment of constructive parts. Everything strives toward genuineness, that is, in the ethical sense, honesty. Sham in any form is avoided. Machine made work must be quite openly machine made, and not try to pose as hand made. Machine work can and ought to be genuine in its own way and well formed. For that reason, trained artists and craftsmen must be called in, not, indeed, to the disadvantage of the manufacturer. On account of its cheapness, machine work has become absolutely necessary now-a-days, so that one of the most important problems of the whole new movement is: how to raise the standard of machine work within the scope of its possibilities. To fight against it and sing only the praises of hand work, as the Victorians used to do, would be love's labor lost, and would mean giving over the great mass of the people, who are forced to depend on machine made things, forever to tastelessness and shoddiness. When, for example, thousands of years ago, the potter's wheel was first invented, no one shunned its use, and things were no longer shaped by hand alone. And yet the most charming jugs and jars were created. It is the same with the machine now. It should be a servant, doing the bidding of the artist worker who knows its limitations and possibilities.



PORCELAINS BY ROYAL MANUFACTORY, MEISSEN. VASE BY KERAMISCHE WERKSTÄTTEN SCHLEISS, GMUNDEN

Anyone who visits the Newark exhibition and looks about him with observing eyes, will quickly



PORCELAIN FIGURES BY GMUNDENER KERAMIK, DEUTSCHE WERKSTÄTTEN. BLOWN GLASS ANIMALS BY R. L. F. SCHULZ. IVORY LOCKETS BY FRITZ SCHMOLL

recognize what has been wrought in Germany by this movement during the last fifteen years or so. He will find a number of quite simple articles in glass, porcelain, etc., which can only be called "genuine" machine made wares, intended for large sale. But then he will also note that the hand of the artist has been busy in all branches of everyday life. He will see the book with its charming or sombre binding, as the case may be, and the exquisite paper lining, specially designed by an artist; he will note that the type reminds him of the best periods of printing, and will enjoy reading a page made most inviting by reason of the perfect proportioning of printing, spacing, and margin. Then there are articles in brass and iron, hammered by hand, the difference in the two metals being finely utilized to gain certain effects. Some table silver is quite original in design, but well adapted to its purpose. Beautiful ceramics—vases, plates, etc.—charm the eye with their shape, glaze and color. Amongst them are some which deserve special notice, because, in the simplicity of their design, they resemble very closely the best Persian examples and also the old Pennsylvania Dutch plates and platters, the delight of all connoisseurs when they came up for sale by auction in New York recently. As there can hardly be any question of influence, this is surely a proof of the unity of all art of all times, in as far as it *is* really art. In porcelain there are groups of animals, quaintly conventionalized instead of showing the foolish error of trying to be realistic in a material which, through its very nature, demands stylistic treatment, because its chief attraction lies in its brilliant glaze and color and the stimulus it gives the artist to expand in a rhythmical flow of line.

Of glass articles there is a great variety, some of such lustrous blue color and beauty of shape that they remind one of the old Stiegel glass which is so greatly valued here now and brings such high prices, going back as it does to the old German art of colored glass. Amongst the glass exhibits are some very finely shaped things by Czech artists, to whom, as well as to the Austrians, a friendly hospitality was extended, the *Deutsche Werkbund* having been also open to workers of the former Austro-Hungarian monarchy. Amongst other interesting exhibits are articles in wood and plaited straw, which bear the character of their material with, one might almost say, modest pride; batiks in beautiful patterns and brilliant colorings, handsome artificial flowers of silk and velvet in conventionalized patterns, making exquisite trimmings for hats, etc.; beaded handbags beautifully worked in rich subdued tones; leather goods and textiles in great variety. Everything expresses the same spirit, the same desire to ennoble and beautify the daily life by art, which alone can give us the inner harmony we are all longing for as a means of escape from the demoralization of the present day.

Of dolls, there is quite a variety, amongst them, however, none of those inane wax specimens with their foolish empty smiles. Compared with them, how charming are the Kathe Kruse dolls which, like all real children, have their own individual characters! Expressionism has even invaded "doll-land!" There are expressionistic dolls, fashioned after figures of primitive peoples, some weird, some cunning, some pathetic!

Finally our attention is claimed by glass painting, of which, unfortunately, there are only a few examples in the exhibition. This art, as well as the art of mosaics, plays an important part in the artistic life of the Germany of today, especially as they have both adopted, more or less, the expressionistic style in their designs, inspired by the marvellous old stained glass windows of the Middle Ages. An extremely interesting piece of work, sent by Heinersdorf, Berlin, the most important factory of its kind in Germany, is a "Pieta," severely grand in design. This panel represents an attempt to capture the peculiar effects of stained glass windows (especially the austerity of style caused by the division of the glass into compartments by the lead tracery) at night when the glass cannot let light through it and can only reflect light falling on it. The panel shows, in a way similar to the impasto of an oil painting, ups and downs on its surface, which cause a vivid play of light and shade and greatly enhance the effect.

This and other works show how untiringly they experiment over there, in order to find out new means and methods. Only in this way is stagnation avoided and Goethe's wise saying becomes truth: "Wer immer strebend sich bemüht, den können wir erlösen" (He who strives always, will be saved).

Mr. Dana and his assistants have brought about this exhibition for the express purpose of stimulating the excellent movement, started here recently, for raising the standard of American applied arts, the visible signs of which are the creation of The Art Center in New York and the hearty support given to the movement by such institutions as the Metropolitan Museum. Comparison is the best teacher. So the exhibition will help to stimulate the demand that art here in America develop along lines of vigorous originality.

"The Tragic Muse" becomes America's



With the announcement that Sir Joshua Reynolds' famous portrait of Mrs. Siddons, known as "The Tragic Muse," has passed into the permanent possession of Mr. Henry E. Huntington, of California, comes the truly extraordinary circumstance of there now being in the United States the two supreme examples of the British school of portraiture of the eighteenth century. Gainsborough's "Blue Boy," first of these two immortal canvases acquired by Mr. Huntington, represents the highest technical qualities of that school. The tribute Reynolds paid Michael Angelo in composing his picture after the sibyls in the Sistine Chapel "is so consummate," as Armstrong says in his biography of Sir Joshua, "as to justify the plagiary."

America prefers Inness to Corot



"The SPIRIT of AUTUMN" by George Inness

"His best work was ever accomplished at white heat and under great emotion," wrote Elliott Daingerfield of George Inness and his method of working, adding: "Many canvases which have come down to us in their beauty and glowing glory cost him days of exquisite agony, so that we may truly say of them that they were painted with heart's blood."

Since his fellow artist knew Inness more intimately than most men, he has ample authority for this statement, rhetorical though it may read. Yet it was part of Inness's great talent that he kept all evidences of these stresses of feeling out of his paintings; and never more so than in this superb creation, "The Spirit of Autumn," which was recently sold to a Chicago collector by the Howard Young Galleries, the canvas having been one of the gems of the collection of the late Mrs. Potter Palmer. The price paid for it, $60,000, makes a new record for a modern American painting and shows how far Inness has gone in appreciation as the leader of our native landscape school.

"The Spirit of Autumn" was painted in 1891, when Inness was sixty-six years old and three years before his death—the year in which he also gave to the world the exquisite picture called "The Trout Brook." All the wealth of Inness's profound study of nature and the infinite grace of his art are combined in this masterpiece of American landscape painting.



PORTRAIT *of* MISS IRENE DOBSON

by

Millie Bruhl Fredrick

From BRICKLAYER *to* SCULPTOR

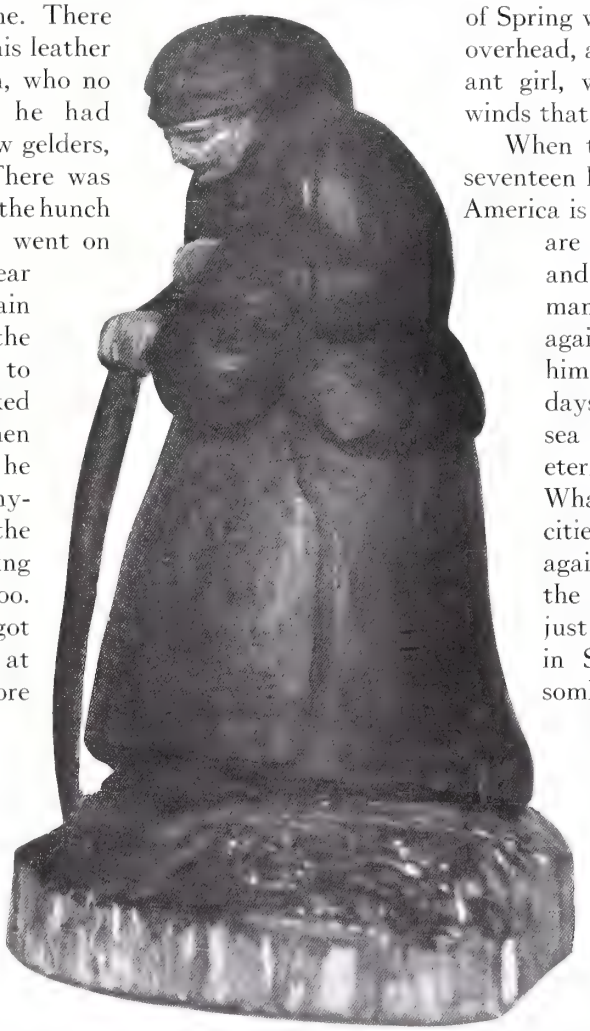
When Ben Anderson of St. Paul began taking prizes he had never had a lesson . . . . . by

GRACE E. POLK

IN the woods above the ceaseless pounding of the North Sea, a little boy lay listening. The pounding of the sea, all alone in the woods, sets one to thinking. He thought of all sorts of things, but most of all of the funny faces and figures of the people that came to his father's truck farm. There was old Granny Peterson, who walked very slowly with her cane, but got there just the same. There was the blacksmith with his leather apron, and old Mr. Olson, who no longer farmed because he had already laid by quite a few gelders, and no longer had to. There was his own old father too, with the hunch coming on his back, who went on planting just the same year after year, sun and rain alike. And there was the neighbor girl who came to see his big sisters, who looked very calm and sensible when she was in the house, but he had seen her mad as anything out all alone on the hills in the Spring. Spring made him feel that way, too. Now and then the boy got up and pulled and hacked at young bushes till he tore them out of the skraggy earth and then he fell to carving the knobs on the ends of them into faces, with his jackknife, and the lumps that the roots made he used for noses, for that made it easier.

The boy was one of many children. They giggled and sang together, but the laughing went quickly; for about them was always the large solemnity of great brown fields and the sunrise and the ceaseless pounding of the sea.

The oldest brother went off to Germany to learn a trade, and came back knowing all about flowers and plants, but with a cough that never left him but grew worse and worse: and than a second brother left home and he too came back with the cough and the red cheeks. The little brother watched them, growing thinner and thinner, with a sort of awe, and he knew from things he was not meant to hear in the house, but did hear, that some time these brothers would go away, and a great and nameless dread came down upon the lad, which sat always about him. And the mystery of death mingled in his mind with the miracle of Spring which he saw in the trees overhead, and in the awkward peasant girl, who became live as the winds that swept past her.



"GRANNY," A SUBJECT WHICH MR. ANDERSON LATER PAINTED, AFTER CARVING IT FROM BASSWOOD

When the Swedish lad reached seventeen he came over to America. America is very different. Here too are sun and wind and stars and the storms of winter, and man fighting as ceaselessly against the fate that engulfs him, but the old thoughtful days in the pines, with the sea beneath beating out its eternal challenge, were gone. What he saw here, in the cities, was man fighting against man. Outside was the jest and the laughing, just as in the farm home back in Sweden, but beneath a sombre tragedy—the knotted hands, the bent back, the dulled face of labor, working on unseeing, dumbly, in the grip of a destiny whose purpose it could not see.

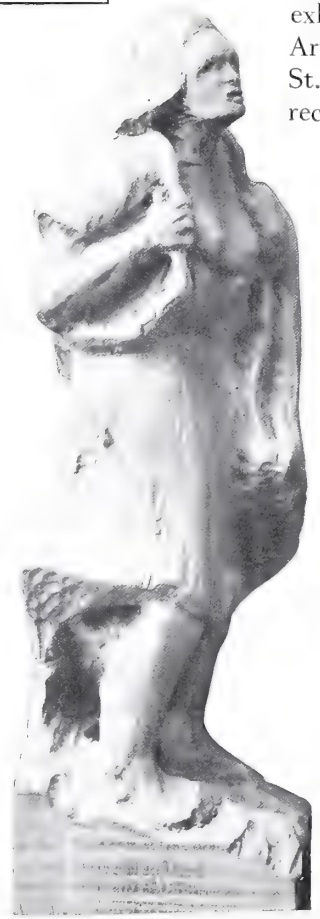
When a thing comes straight from the heart of the people, it speaks straight to the heart of the people. When Ben Anderson, young St. Paul bricklayer, with roots still gripping deep the sombre peasant soil of Sweden, began to carve out with his jackknife rude figures of the old home folks about the farm, men knew, crude though they were, that here was something which art schools had not taught and could not teach. In them the soul of a people spoke,



"A CONVERSATION"
A SKETCH OF SWEDISH TYPES, CARVED IN PINE BY BEN ANDERSON

gropingly, unsure of its medium, but with humor and poetic vision.

Young Mr. Anderson felt his way slowly. Certainly no man ever answered the inner voice of art less self-consciously than this young Swedish American workman. He came to St. Paul when he was seventeen: a sister lived there: that was the only reason he chose that city rather than another: he is twenty-three now. He became a bricklayer to earn his living. "If you are always looking, and looking, you must remember," he says with a dialect that bears strongly the stamp of Sweden. That is what he himself was doing, always looking and looking. As he worked he watched the men about him bent under the load of mortar, or the heavier load of ancestral toil. At night he went home, drew off rude sketches of the things he had seen, and then he began to cut them out in wood with his jackknife. Sometimes, as he laid brick on brick, some worker would greet the morning sun with a snatch of song, and then suddenly would come back to him some bit of old memory of that intimate life there in Sweden, but linked now, through the widening vision of manhood, with all the world; and these glimpses of what was, or was to be, he sought at night to embody in wood. Because it was the folks that lived about his father's farm that he knew best, old Granny Peterson, limping along on her cane, the garrulous blacksmith, his own father bent with the age of generations sowing in the field, it was usually these old-world types, etched deep into his boyhood memory, that he recreated to embody the new vision that life was teaching him.



"THE BREATH OF SPRING," CARVED IN WALNUT, BY BEN ANDERSON

In the fall of 1920, Ben Anderson took some of his wood carvings to the Minnesota state fair, at which artists from all over the state exhibit. He had never had a lesson in sculpture in his life, but in the "students' class" at the fair he was awarded second place. The following fall he again exhibited and was awarded first prize. A month later he entered "The Hod Carrier" in the annual exhibition of Twin City artists and won second place. He carved it out entirely with his pocket-knife, being unfamiliar with the use of wood carvers' tools. At the annual exhibition of the Minnesota State Art Society, which has just closed in St. Paul, Mr. Anderson's "Evil" received first award. Since he first exhibited twenty months ago, Mr. Anderson has taken a few evening lessons in drawing. They constitute his artistic training.

Ben Anderson does his work in the basement of his sister's house. He is a fast worker, but not a prolific one. A figure in soft wood he carves in six or eight hours. Once done, he sets it on his bureau or puts it away in his trunk. He has never sold, nor tried to sell a thing. He has vague ideas of their value. From the jackknife with which he worked up to a few months ago, he has changed to a set of six carvers' tools. He changes his woods continually, feeling for something that will express the mood of the figure on which he is working. He has carved in pine, bass, cedar, birch, walnut and mahogany. Walnut he calls

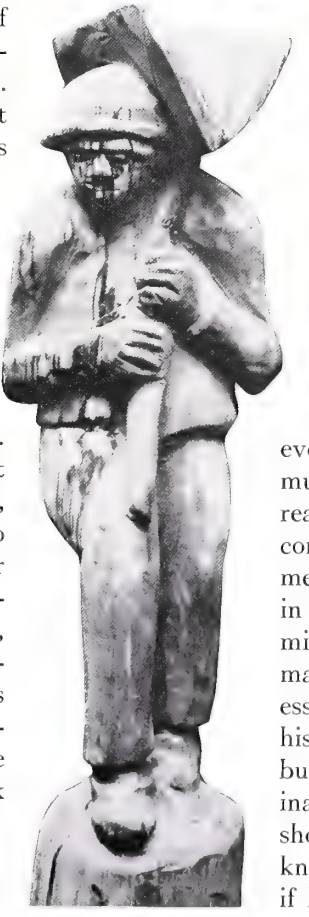
the wood of mystery. It was from walnut that he carved his figure "Evil," which received the Minnesota State Art Society award. He has not yet learned to pick his block of wood with technical care and defective spots have sometimes marred the finished carving. In "The Hod Carrier" a happier chance made a black streak in the wood appear like the dripping from the mortar. In working he blocks out only the height, then commences carving. Working in this informal way occasionally results in his figures not being well proportioned or well set on their pedestals, but in general he is remarkably sure of their placing and of their bulk proportions.

To this young sculptor's mind, the ability to think in three dimensions must come naturally. The figures which he evokes from blocks of wood are seen first in his mind "in the round." When he makes a drawing for one of them it is more in the nature of a memorandum, a means by which the idea is prevented from escaping until it emerges, in sculptured form, from the inarticulate wood.

Art critics who knew nothing of his personal history would probably class Ben Anderson as a modernist. His work exhibits the lack of detail and much of the disregard of form which has become the affectation of the moment. But the purpose behind it is quite different. Mr. Anderson knows nothing of artistic "schools" modern or ancient, nor of their pronouncements. If his figures appear hewn out rudely, it is not through conscious distortion of form, to an intimate knowledge of which he has attained by laborious study, but because, through individual tendency, he sees things large, or, in the fullness of seeing the spirit behind them, scarcely sees them at all. Unaffectation and sincerity characterize his work. For this reason an added interest attaches to Mr. Anderson's art, and a serious conjecture as to whether the similarity it has so far shown to the work of the modernists is a proof of their contentions, or merely a striking artistic coincidence. Is it true that meticulous academic training, as the modernists maintain, impairs the native vigor and spontaneity of the work of man's hand? There is interesting corroboration in the art of primitive peoples the world over. Or is the fact of the matter the simple truth that this unschooled artist has so great an artistic message to convey, that adequate means of expression come naturally to his hand? Here, too, the past history of art could furnish much substantiation. And disregarding the method, or the technique, it seems as though Mr. Anderson's work, even these first essays, exceeds in merit much modernistic work simply because he really has something to say. And there is a constantly growing belief that the artist's message is more important than the manner in which he conveys it. There is heart and mind behind it and that rare power to see man in relation to his destiny which is of the essence of genius. His workmanship is crude, his knowledge of his medium is imperfect, but so fresh, so strong, so spiritual and imaginative is his vision, that it is doubtful, should he go to school and learn the intimate knowledge of construction that he lacks now, if he could ever again quite recapture this



BEN ANDERSON, THE UNTAUGHT WOOD SCULPTOR OF SWEDEN AND ST. PAUL



"THE HOD CARRIER" CARVED IN BIRCH, BY BEN ANDERSON — ONE OF HIS PRIZE-WINNING STUDIES

first fresh and vivid inspirational vision of his.

Not a little of the secret of these vigorous carved figures comes from this unimpaired freshness of their spirit, a freshness which could not but have revealed certain modifications, certain reticences if they had been produced under academic direction. To work in this way, however, is the privilege only of the true artist.

Thus, lack of artistic schooling, which could not but be a serious handicap to the many, is, perhaps, an actual advantage to Mr. Anderson. Certainly it assures an unusually direct approach for the artist. His work is not seen through the possibly deceptive patine of mere technique, and for this reason it seems nearer to our comprehension—seems to bring the artist much closer to his public.

As in all art of real significance, the wood sculpture of Mr. Anderson is to a considerable extent a revelation of the man whose hand produced it: his vision, his old-world heritage and his reactions to life are all unequivocally expressed in the vigorous work of his hand.

Ben Anderson's philosophy of life is very simple. It is given to few to retain into manhood the straightforwardness, the naiveté and the eagerness of a child. He must work at his trade of bricklaying because he must earn a living, and toward this fact of his existence he has not the least bitterness. In the midst of his work, an idea comes to him. "I seem to be dreaming," he says. And then he can scarcely get home fast enough to begin to put the thing which he has seen into wood. With his chisels he works half the night and is as happy as happy can be. The spirit that broods over his work is one of mystery and the seasonal passing of the years as they come upon men, but in his own personality is reflected neither mystery nor brooding nor any sense of war with his own destiny. He seems just a simple, quiet boy, still unconscious that to him as to few has been given rare poetic vision and the gift to visualize it in wood. Another artistic trait is revealed in the fact that he knew instinctively the medium best suited to the art within him.

Into the art of the Northwest, with his crude but imaginative carvings, Ben Anderson has brought a new thing, whose spirit rises to the young Northwest but whose roots are twined deep into the soil of an old-world tragedy.



ABOVE: "THE OLD PLANTER," A VITAL AND IMAGINATIVE PORTRAYAL IN CEDAR, OF OLD AGE, BY BEN ANDERSON



LEFT: "EVIL," CARVED IN WALNUT BY BEN ANDERSON A PRIZE-WINNING STUDY IN A RECENT EXHIBITION

Engert—Master of the Silhouette



"TANZ"



"TIERE"

Silhouette cutting is not to be considered one of the major arts; but when a designer comes forward with indisputably the finest works that have been achieved in any particular medium, the world is likely, figuratively, to wear a beaten path to his door. And when his work is so spirited, so diverting and so sheerly decorative as the accompanying illustrations of "Shadowcuts" by Ernst Moritz Engert, the world is likely to stop long for appreciation, enjoyment and, in this case, amusement. Of the special qualities that distinguish Engert's designs, the most conspicuous is a highly stylized decorative handling, a shaping of the chosen subject into a black-and-white pattern instinct with movement, delicate grace, even elegance. There is an utterly sophisticated note, not only occasionally in the subject-matter, but almost everywhere in the exaggeration of flourishes and in a clever sort of rhythmic attenuation. But the artist always respects his medium; he never leaves the flat to attempt things that might be done better in more serious media, but always works by posteresque mass, by the revealing profile line, by decorative contour.



"HIOB"

"FLOTESPIELER"



"DIANA"



Illustrations from booklet, "Ernst Moritz Engert," published by Zingler's Kabinett, Frankfurt

Three Pictures from Three Nations

The Carnegie Institute buys them from its 1922 International Exhibition

The traditional museum aim to have "representative" works of individual painters in its permanent collection is seldom more completely achieved than in the acquisition by the Carnegie Institute of the canvases by Besnard, Lavery and Miller, reproduced on this page. Already owning one of Lavery's works, the institute now comes into possession for the first time of pictures by Besnard and Miller, each work being rich in the personal qualities of the individual painters.



"THE CONVALESCENT" BY SIR JOHN LAVERY

Anecdotal, in the true British convention, and rich in color, this composition has the true touch of Lavery whimsy in the reflection of the man in the mirror.



"THE SUN PORCH" BY RICHARD E. MILLER

Feminine charm being Miller's chief aim in his paintings in this vein, he has achieved this to the full in his graceful figure dappled with sunlight.



"UNDER THE WILLOW" BY ALBERT BESNARD

The great French tradition of sound workmanship is illustrated in this painting, as well as Besnard's good, true drawing and ringing, luminous color.

ART BY THE WAY

Guy Pène du BOIS

THERE are probably very few good reasons why any new venture in any field should need an introduction. Most people leap over them as they might hurdles in order to get into the desired field immediately. This one will require only a gentle step. The introducer has no faith in it himself. If the new department which it introduces does not make its aim plain to the least astute reader the introduction will seem to be nothing short of a crutch. It is perhaps in this instance merely an answer to tradition, the blowing of a herald's horn. The king approaches rapidly. He may leave in the same time. He is, at best, a symbolical king with a message to deliver to a symbolical people. It is even possible that the king, the message, the people are myths. Myths are given no reason by faiths. And the message, in this case the fact of real importance, aims to do a thing which in very many cases it is impossible to do. It aims to hitch art to life. Galsworthy in one of his satires described an artist who, whenever he found himself becoming interested in life, looked away in fear that he might contaminate his art. Hugo in the same way aimed to preserve the purity of his French by refusing to learn another language. The present generation has another way of looking at it—that's all.



"MAMA'S BOY"
BY LOUIS BOUCHÉ

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The professions of painting and sculpture are full of similar examples which come in the form of systems and are dealt in with a blind faith by every sort of art interest. The high priests of the systems most popular today are Maratta and Hambidge. The former for color, the latter for construction. It is a point of importance that neither of these men has produced in art anything worth bothering about. It is also a great point that neither of these men made their researches in life: that both of them made them in art. They are in this, like the sheep who follow them, dilettantes who find in art a refuge from life. One of my old professors once said, and is probably still saying to male disciples, that the way to being an artist is through manhood, or in order to become an artist you must first be a man. The trouble with that prescription is its simplicity. It is direct, plain, straightforward and in a republican country politic, for here it will make no end of romantic appeal. But it is only by inference that one arrives at his definition of "man." It is quite likely that his definition is the common one in a republican state. Before the realization of the republican, which is to some extent the Christian ideal, there were men and gentlemen. The men were treated like cattle the others like kings.

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My professor's "man," as I remember him, was patterned after Courbet and colored with rich tints of paint from Millet's romantic pot. In America he became something of a swashbuckler, a loud talking hearty sort of faker ordinarily designated, and with an effort at praise, as a rough diamond. He was never given credit for much aestheticism. He saw things squarely, or would have, had his eyes not been dimmed by a notion that he must uphold the ugly. Art in its search for beauty had overlooked that. He was really determined to be, at whatever the cost, the champion of

the downtrodden. Besides that, life was most manifest where its veneer was thinnest. People were wrong about beauty. It is not fine feathers that make fine birds nor important pictures. It seems to me that beauty, except derisively, was never mentioned in this professor's classes. The pupils heard that, were a real man ever admitted into the gossamer and artificial laces of a society parlor, he would soon be found armed with truth ruthlessly ripping them apart. It was important to be unimpressed by Chesterfield's letters to his son. Style is falsehood. The plain man here took on the character of a propagandist. His fight against one ideal was made in order that another might be favored. The other as a contradiction of the first was cut in the same cloth. A formal style, in other words, was to be displaced by an informal style. Man was asked to discard his top hat for a cap, his stiff shirt for a soft one, his wilful reserve for an equally wilful contradiction of reserve. The observe and the reserve sides, these two, of the same medal.

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The illuminating thing here is that the artist, whether he is or is not a man, cannot get a very clear picture of nature through glasses colored or befogged by a philosophy or that man is not more man in a soft than in a stiff shirt. It is moreover, quite generally understood that the man of action is rarely a man of vision. Artist really means a man of vision. It must be unquestionable that he will cloud his vision in the dust of combat.

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Nothing is truer than that professors, like borrowed philosophies, arm their pupils against vision, protect them from the shock of a new adventure or from the sight of a naked thing. Philosophically, professorial direction or dictation is at its worst destructive and at its best dangerous. This point could be applied as a corrective, if we sought to be didactic, either to the New York school of realists, little grandchildren of the Impressionist figure painters, or to the nation's monumental sculptors. The war is keeping the latter busy today. Both begin work with an *a priori* vision. Both advance upon their subject having settled their questions in the easiest way, which is to say settling them before discovering what they are. In the matter of monumental sculpture, governments resemble the most didactic of professors. So much is this true that good war memorials are usually those which have slipped, like the Victory of Michelangelo (wherein he permitted despair to enter the face of triumph), past momentarily blunted eyes of censors. It may be, however, only in theory that these censors are the most vicious of watch dogs. In America usually they are merely stupid. Their job is really to commemorate a past war with their eyes upon a future war. To judge from recently completed monuments, while they have succeeded in keeping back any suggestion of the horror of war, they have done next to nothing in picturing its glory. Even flag flying and drum beating and the gorgeous uniforms essential to the maintenance of a large army in times of peace are, at least from the point of a war minister, preferable to the compromises which are now being set up in so many city squares.

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The fact is that it is not easy to produce art while making it the tool of propaganda. Le Brun trying to prove the magnificence of Louis XIV with the sole assistance of intellect, turned to the grandiloquent gestures of Italy in decadence. His evidence has not the force today of La Valliere's simple but inspired "Le Roi Soleil." La Valliere was a lover and Le Brun a press agent. He makes the exaggerated statements of a circus circular. He was afraid to say too little. He said far too much. Le Brun was not sincere and the boss was awfully used to flattery. Government is a similar boss.

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Systems in art are also of the same nature. They are a medicine by which invalids attempt to gain strength, direction to muddle-pates lost without a green line to follow.

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The fight against MacMonnies' Civic Virtue, now somewhat ancient, is raised by people so without vision that they must borrow a systematic one. It is said by these people that Liliom is a bad play because a woman is hit in it; that the mercy of He's poison in Andreyeff's play was sinful because it produced death. The artist as a seer should be beyond such stupid adherence to dogma. He must be beyond or beside the contemporary philosophy. He must be a spectator. The popular artist pays for his popularity in the philosophic small change of the epoch. It is probably as mistaken to consider him insincere as to consider him valuable. He is a mirror flattering nothing not trivial. But that it is a mistake to suppose that his records of his time are true is

proved by those, so ironically misunderstood, which are produced by men able to perceive an artificial crust and thus able to remove it. The heart of the soldier is beneath his regimentals and his discipline. His salute is a falsehood bred by system.

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American art, like any other national art, may be divided into camps studded with trees neither more nor less alike than those of any little wood. In any of these camps, as in any wood, the men live on the same ground and in the same air with the same degree of intellectual and intuitional refreshment. Their exchange of ideas must be mitigable, a thing depending for variety upon individual vagary. How long the latter may stand the buffeting of the community is merely a question of time. The dominant vagary is certain to win the others over. Our mistake is probably in that we trouble about the others. Indeed all the sentimentalists of today's world are drawing frightful pictures of individualities being lost in the quicksands of communal thought. This as though the world could be run on anarchistic principles or, as though every trifling little vagary could live with hardier plants outside a hot house. The men whose heads are lifted above the level of others are alone of importance. It doesn't matter that as they bob up there is a general tendency to push them down again. It matters neither as we nor as they are concerned.

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If this department were to be conducted solely for the purpose of riddling the misconceptions made out of the didacticisms of the professors of art it might go a long way. It might, for one good piece of slum work, free a great many students of painting from the bonds in which they now glory. And, for another, it might prove to certain youthful extremists that the independence shown in deserting one school for another was, at best, negligible. But then it is entirely possible that we are all woven into the same fabric and that the only ones of us who become of importance are those threads which through some defect make a visible knot in the cloth. These are, at least, the noticeable ones. They are certainly those which the weaver of our time is unable to completely subjugate.

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At the time of the second election of Wilson to the Presidency it was said that the West had turned the tables and that it was now stronger than the East. The succession of smile weeks and clean up weeks and music weeks which have come to us since that time would seem to prove the justice of this assumption. Philadelphia, quite recently, in order, probably, to show its intellectual superiority in the choice of boom matter over the West inaugurated an art week. During that week all the studios were open to everybody and pictures were shown in the windows of a great many shops along the main thoroughfares. That there should have been considerable tremulousness among the painters who lent pictures for display in the shop windows is inevitable. At the annual exhibition of the Whitney Studio Club two pictures were removed by painters who did not like the way they were placed. Several years ago another painter slashed a picture of his at an exhibition in the National Arts Club because as it was hung it could not be seen to the best advantage. These are only two examples of arbitrary action in cases where painters considered themselves or their works misused. However, a Portugese sailor by Hawthorne could look well in a fish shop, or to get back to Philadelphia, one of Garber's fernlike trees at a florist's.

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It is said, probably by the dogs who do not wear distinguishing collars, that the so-called official art in New York City is being run by an organization that resembles Tammany Hall in many particulars and especially in the dispensing of privileged places. To this organization is given the credit or the discredit, for this is a country where restraining combinations are prohibited, of managing in some particulars three other organizations, two of which are described by the same adjective as a famous cash register and a biscuit company and with as much reason. It is almost impossible to prove that the repeated derogatory yaps of these collarless and apparently ownerless dogs were not inspired by a famous green monster who stalks the world putting venomous words into the mouths most in need of such comfort. That these are otherwise idle words is just as true as that to mix blue and brown is a silly way to produce black. No one certainly will have the temerity to attempt to show any precedence or any truly intellectual or really impartial analysis lurking behind these attacks. They are essentially ridiculous, the bricks of a house without foundation. The collarless and ownerless dog would seem to the casual observer to be the only free dog. Why should he, therefore, in art, on one side gloriously proclaim his independence and on the other attack his brothers, his less fortunate

brothers, who with a wilful acknowledgment of their weakness travel around in protective packs?

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To go on with the rumors which make a stir in those art circles where the commonplace of the work of art is no longer able to, a recent unofficial meeting of the New Society has created many whispers. These are so faint that it is difficult to catch them. With probably many omitted words and ideas they run somewhat in the way that follows. An attempt was made to get those members of the New Society who belong to the National Academy to resign from the National Academy. That much is quite plain. It is moreover a thought which probably originated outside the Society for the Society was organized merely as an exhibiting body. The whisperers, in any case, do not make the answers to the request very plain. It is probable that they were so complicated and compromised by contradictory statements that they left only a confused impression upon the minds of those whose patience permitted hearing them through. Since there have been no resignations from the Academy, only curiosity with respect to the reasons for the refusals could make it essential that a greater detective than this writer be called in. The point raised will make one think of those painters who are afraid to be considered either too radical or too conservative and who while progressing retain bridges on which to retreat. Cautiousness in the middle classes is a virtue. However, the ramifications in the machinery of art politics can be of interest to art lovers only as they reflect upon the nature of the work of the artists who are directly concerned in them.

When Whistler laid aside his brushes to hold a pen he sought to attack an existing institution or idea which seemed to him to be driving against the production of art or against its more sensible appreciation. One of his disciples over here who seems to have misunderstood him and is in this place an example of value, wields a pen, rather malicious than vital, in order either to carry on the shell of the master's tradition or to get himself into print. The writer prefers the first of these two reasons because it suggests reverence and because reverence is an old world virtue which seems to be dying even in China.

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One difference between the official painting of France and America worth mentioning is that, while the American devotes himself entirely to the production of a work which he considers art, the Frenchman feels that while producing art he must still entertain those people to whom art is a negligible quantity. The result of this practice in a Salon brings an attendance composed, in a fairly large majority, of people whose aesthetic reactions, when they have any, are still to be aroused. If it does not draw a great many art lovers it does draw a great many people who might become art lovers and, whether this is true or not, enough people so that the idea of art becomes a vital factor in the life of the nation. This difference quite naturally carries beyond the confines of art. The traditional American feels that his mere presence in a social gathering is sufficient compensation for the chair or the standing room or the tea alloted him. He mutters something about his golf, fishing, business and lets it go at that. The average American painter sits before a landscape to copy it. If he should happen to instill a mood into his copying so much the better; if not, the picture, since the brush marks are so well put down, will be hung anyway. The subject? Well, a house and a hill and trees and, for good measure, a river. These props will be recorded with the fidelity of a good reporter sent out to collect facts and forbidden to comment upon them. The French Salon painter tries to lend an interesting aspect to his collected facts. In the first place he collects more of them. In the second place these are collected with great care. In the third place they are put together so that the spectator will be, through shock, surprise, imagination, or ingenuity, entertained. While our man is a reporter the Frenchman is an editorial writer. All this would seem to lead almost inevitably to a little exhibition of the work of Louis Bouché which was held at the Daniel Gallery recently. Mr. Bouché might be called an *enfant terrible*. He is not a French Salon painter. But he is frightfully afraid to be a bore. Back a few generations, you find something analogous in Manet's penchant for painting barmaids and other figures that contemporary art lovers found disturbing, but which now never cause an eye to blink. Mr. Bouché's pictures are full of things which, whether shocking, which they sometimes are, or not, are always amiably discursive. He cannot look around him with the dull eyes of the man who puts carpentering above life. He has definite reactions from life. He is full of zest for the funny things which are to too many of us commonplaces and for those ideas, not always conventional, which romp in a young man's head. More power to him. Now, as always, mankind needs the lively sort of vision that is his.



A Sixteenth Century Flemish tapestry showing Pluto and Proserpine. The four small medallions give the story of Proserpine, in the Four Seasons. In Spring Ceres brings Proserpine to Minerva: in Summer, Proserpine is decorated with flowers by her playmates: in Autumn she takes leave of her mother, Ceres; and Winter shows the rape of Proserpine by Pluto, who carries her off to his dark kingdom. The tapestry thus narrates a tale which would otherwise have required a series of four.

This is one of a series called "The Canopies," on account of the arched enframement which appears in all as a setting for the main scene. The tapestry is richly interwoven with gold and silver threads, and the design, both for its style and its spirit, could be ascribed to a pupil of Raphael.

The VIENNA HOFBURG TAPESTRIES

The new régime will retain its old treasures for the people of the Republic

To the world of art the most impressive feature of the fall of the Austro - Hungarian monarchy was the release from the storerooms and apartments, for public exhibition and examination by connoisseurs and students, of the hidden treasure of tapestries of the Vienna Hofburg. Since early in the Sixteenth Century the House of Hapsburg had been gathering up superb examples of tapestry, only a few of which were ever shown in public, and this on great state occasions—much as the famous tapestries after cartoons by Raphael are hung in the Vatican on the occasion of important ceremonies of the Church. Although partly known to experts in tapes-



An Eighteenth Century French tapestry, one of a series of "Mythological Scenes," presented to Francis III of Lorraine by Louis XV. The scene portrays Venus, Psyche and Amor, and is a free adaptation in the style of the Eighteenth Century of Raphael's famous fresco in the Farnesina, Rome.



An Eighteenth Century tapestry depicting a soldiers' encampment of the period

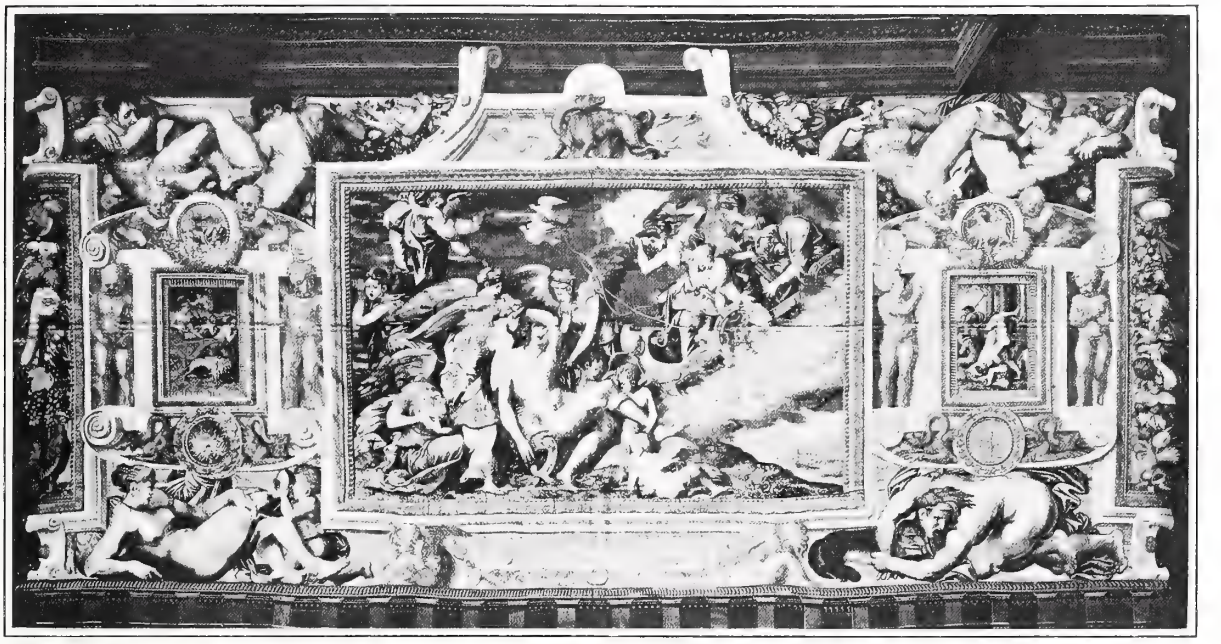
tries, when the entire collection was examined by the authorities of the new republic it proved to be very much larger than anyone had imagined, since it included about one thousand pieces, the quality of which can only be equalled by the collections in Madrid and Paris.

Art appreciation in Austria suffered no change with the passing of the ancient monarchy and the coming of the young republic. The authorities realized their obligation to their own people, and to the art world in general, to show these new - found treasures in public. And accordingly, in the summer of 1920, and again in 1921, exhibitions of the tapestries were given in Vienna that attracted an extraordinary amount of attention. The enormous monetary value of this treasure, indeed, suggested to some utilitarian souls in Vienna the idea that the tapestries might be hypothecated in the United States in return for a loan that would solve Austria's financial problems. But this proposal raised such a storm of opposition among patriotic and art-loving Austrians that it was quickly abandoned. For the present, at least, the world must go to Vienna to see this treasure of tapestries or else enjoy them through reproductions of such characteristic examples as are illustrated in these pages.



This Seventeenth Century tapestry is one of the numerous series which have for their subject the story of "Dido and Aeneas."

In point of time and in variety of schools, the six tapestries shown with this brief account illustrate fairly well the vast range and wealth of the Hofburg treasure. Oldest of all the tapestries is the "Triumphal Processions of Petrarch," which was woven about the beginning of the Sixteenth Century, probably in Tours. The



This tapestry was probably woven in Fontainebleau for Francis I. Its subject is the death of Adonis, and it is magnificently interwoven with threads of gold and silver.

"Death of Adonis" was probably woven in Fontainebleau for Francis I; it is richly interwoven with gold and silver threads, its ornamental design being after the works of Michelangelo and the decorations of one of the rooms in the Fontainebleau palace. The recumbent figures are very reminiscent of the Medici Chapel figures which have so often been adapted by artists since Michelangelo.

This is the oldest of the tapestries in the collection, being woven about the beginning of the Sixteenth Century, probably in Tours. Its subject is the "Triumphal Processions of Petrarch"





THE FIRST PRIZE WINDOW ARRANGEMENT, WITH FOUNTAIN BY BEATRICE FENTON

ART WEEK—*Philadelphia's* INNOVATION

The significance of a unique event, and what it accomplished in bringing art to the people · by

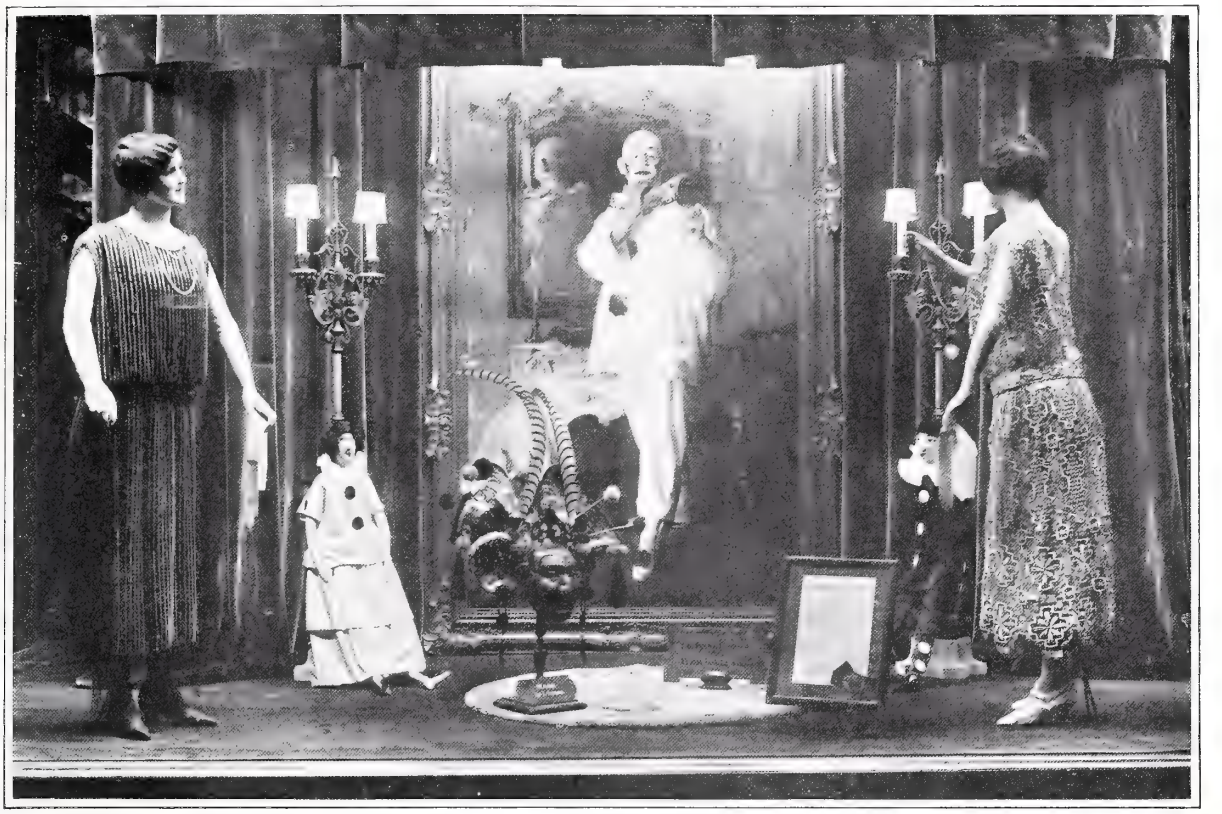
MARGARET MONTGOMERY

BETWEEN April 22 and April 29, in the present year of grace, the artists and people of the city of Philadelphia created an art event that probably has no parallel in history. This was the function styled "Art Week," designed to bring art into a closer relation to the people through the medium of the display of paintings, sculptures and the applied arts under conditions of publicity unknown to regular exhibitions, through lectures and discussions in formal meetings, and in the informality of public halls and school rooms.

In the golden age of Athens and Florence, life must have been lived under conditions that would make those Grecian and Italian cities appear like perpetual and ever-present art exhibitions to men and women of today, although to the Greeks and Florentines their existence must have been as matter-of-fact as contemporary life in any modern town. The social history of almost any country would show great art fetes to which a single day was devoted, but these would be nations with an older record than ours and with an artistic tradition deeply rooted in the lives of the people. But it is doubtful if any land, in its most utilitarian phase of development (such as our country is going through), can point to so unique an artistic, social, commercial and civic demonstration as Philadelphia made in those epochal eight days in April.

For this artistic phenomena is not one to be brushed lightly aside as a manifestation of the American mania for special "drive weeks." Nor is it of less importance than a solemn convention of an art federation which merely discusses what the artists and the people of Philadelphia made reality. It was this quality of reality which gave to Art Week its most profound significance, a reality that embraced the children in school, the merchant who offered his show windows for use as a temporary art gallery, the workers in stores and offices who fed their wearied spirits and bodies at the noon hour and on going home from work with long and unaccustomed draughts of "seeing pictures," the mothers and fathers of the children who contributed to the displays of school art, and the public officials interested in the fame and progress of their city. Indeed this living reality of art spread its influence so far that Chicago, Syracuse and St. Louis asked permission to send civic representatives to study the working out of the plans for the Art Week.

To one man with the long-held idea that there should be a more intimate relation between the artists and the people is the idea of Art Week due, and with the original help of twelve men and fourteen women it was accomplished. It is a matter of record that once a year, for the past

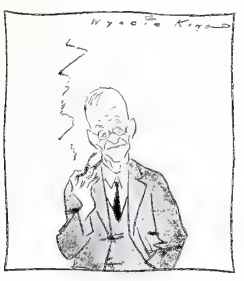


AN ART WEEK STORE WINDOW ARRANGED AROUND FRANK B. LINTON'S "FOOL'S FINESSE"

three years, Richard T. Dooner, of the Fellowship of the Pennsylvania Academy, has proposed to the members of that organization that they should hold "at homes" in their studios on a specified day or a number of days to encourage this closer relation of artists and people. It is also a matter of record that no action was ever taken on this motion, based on the desire to establish a more intimate relation between the men and women who create art and that public to whom art is more or less mysterious and far removed in thought from any connection with their daily lives.

In Mr. Dooner's breast appears to dwell the spirit of the soldiers in the World War who invariably responded to the chorused query, "Are we down-hearted?" with a vociferous "No!" Failing in his appeal to the Academy, he invited a group of men and women artists to meet in his studio and discuss his plans as a general and civic art group movement, to which was added the scheme of turning the shop windows of Chestnut Street into art galleries for a week. Twenty-six responded and to the efforts of this group of pioneers there was added the co-operation of all the art organizations of Philadelphia. Mr. Dooner soon found himself to be the fond parent of a child so lusty that it was difficult to manage.

Fred Wagner



The original group comprised Herbert Pullinger, Frank Reed Whiteside, Julius Block, Morris Molarsky, Nicola D'Ascenzo, H. Devitt Welsh, J. Frank Copeland, Richard Blossom Farley, Frederick Nunn, Joseph Sacks, Yarnell Abbot, Howard Patterson, Mrs. Isabel Branson Cartwright, Miss Beatrice Fenton, Miss Corinne Pauli, Miss Edith McMutrie, Miss Johanna Boericke, Mrs. Fern I. Coppedge, Miss Catherine Patton, Miss Katherine L. Farrel, Mrs. Clara N. Madeira, Miss Janet Wheeler, Miss A. Margaretta Archambault, Mrs. Juliet White Gross, Miss Mary Butler and Miss Elizabeth F. Washington.

The comparatively limited scope of the original plan soon broadened out, to the end that every public activity in Philadelphia was included in Art Week and its dominant purpose in making products of the fine arts real and intimate things for the people to understand and take to themselves and to their homes as a practical part of their daily lives. On the Sunday of Art Week

Joseph Pierson and Earl Horter





AN ART WEEK WINDOW ARRANGEMENT OF BRONZES AND DANIEL GARBER'S "ORCHARD WINDOW"

ministers discoursed on art in relation to religion in many churches throughout the city; and on Sunday night a forum was conducted in the Academy of Music at which Herbert Adams, Edwin H. Blashfield, Violet Oakley, Cass Gilbert, Charles Dana Gibson, Albert Kelsey and Dr. Floyd Tomkins, rector of Holy Trinity church, spoke. On five evenings during the week meetings were held in the Academy of the Fine Arts at which such pertinent topics as the relation of art to business were discussed, these ceremonies ending with a "Howard Pyle entertainment" in Rittenhouse Square, after which all the art students of the city marched in procession to South Camac Street where they were entertained by the various clubs whose rooms are there.

If Art Week had evoked no more than meetings of this character it would have presented little that was original and nothing that would have brought art into a more intimate and personal relation to the great mass of the people. This result was more directly achieved through the shop window displays of paintings and sculptures in Chestnut Street, through the exhibition of art work done by school children in the auditorium of Snellenburg's department store, and through the "illustrated" talks on art given by the school children themselves in the school rooms throughout the city.

Herbert Johnson, Herbert Pullinger, R. T. Dooner and W. Kriegbaff



Special stress may be placed on this last feature of Art Week owing to its elements of human interest and practicality. A typical illustration is furnished by the programme carried out in a class of girls, about twelve years of age. One of the young pupils was selected to speak on French art in relation to manufacture and it was part of her task to illustrate it with such articles of French arts and crafts as she could borrow at home or from her friends. The practical results of this selected case, typical of what was done in many other classrooms, was shown by the fact that the young speaker used as object lessons a French fan, a Limoges plate, a book of engravings of famous French paintings, a French blouse and several pieces of embroidered French lingerie. No child could ever after be indifferent to art who took part in an experience like this, for it brought art in relation to the actual daily lives of

Louis Hanlon and Alfred Hayward





AN ART WEEK DISPLAY
OF NICOLA D'ASCENZO STAINED GLASS

these children in their homes. If Art Week had done nothing more than to achieve instances like this it still would remain a monument on America's art highway.

But there was still the great mass of the public between the school children and those attending the various art forums to attract to the purpose of Art Week and to interest in it. For these, and the problem presented by them, the shop window art exhibitions were the solution. These displays presented another striking effect of Art Week on the commercial mind. At first the merchants along Chestnut Street were rather cold to the idea, those responding to it at first being men who for years have had direct contact with Europe and know that "art pays." At first "small pictures" were requested; but after the first few windows were changed into art galleries for the week, the committee in charge of this feature received many calls for larger, or more, pictures and sculptures.

Ample justification was found in the throngs that went to this temporary "Street of Art Exhibitions." The crowds looked at works, among many others, by Daniel Garber, Martha Walter, Carl Newman, Joseph T. Pierson, jr., Cora Brooks, John Sloan, Juliet Gross, Robert Henri, Frank Linton, Beatrice Fenton, the group of modernists in the Cafe L'Aiglon, Earl Horter, Hugh Breckenridge and Henry McCarter. Clerks and stenographers, business men and office boys, policemen and telegraph messengers, scrubwomen and the general shopping element, all were a part of this huge concourse of people who had art brought directly to them, in many instances for the first time in their lives.

H. Devitt Welsh, Committee on Arrangements



In the end, this window display was the striking achievement of Art Week in Philadelphia. For the one person who knew art and loved it intimately—for the one who went to hear the discussions in the series of forums—there were a hundred Philadelphians who had art brought to them in a manner unique in their lives.

It has long been the fashion to advance and maintain the idea that Americans are not an artistic people and cannot be made one. If Art Week in Philadelphia has any moral at all, and to this writer it has a most profound one, it is that Americans are more artistic in feeling than has ever been admitted; and that this demonstration proved the moral to the utmost. Art functioned to the fullest development of the aesthetic spirit during those memorable eight days; and the aesthetic spirit responded to a degree never witnessed before in the history of our land. Verily, the spirit of the Renaissance bloomed again in street, classroom and home.

The EDITOR'S STUDIO TALK for JULY

THE West sees plenty of pictures from the East, but the East has never been accorded that pleasure by the West. On the Pacific Coast several artists are producing paintings of beauty and significance, which find ready appreciation among the art lovers of that section. Only once in a while does one of them bring an exhibition to New York, but when he does he finds New York ready to enjoy him. Last season came George Townsend Cole, whose glimpses of mountain and desert created so deep an impression by their truth and their beauty, that another exhibition will be held next year. Mr. Cole's pictures bear no resemblance to those of the "Taos School": they are not an Eastern artist's reaction to the color of the desert, but a Western painter's interpretation of his own country. They ring true. A color plate of Mr. Cole's "El Capitan" leads the August number of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO, and the accompanying article, by Helen Comstock, goes deeply into his art.

Edward W. Redfield once painted a picture of a cow reclining in a pasture—(this was many years ago). Leaving the easel for awhile, he returned and found the canvas bare. The cow had come over, surveyed her presentment, and had liked it so well that she licked it affectionately. This cow was too appreciative. Hers, no matter how friendly, was destructive criticism. Not so F. Newlin Price's, whose appreciation appears in the August number, accompanied by a color reproduction of "Drifted Road" and several other reproductions in black and white. The article, which is entitled "Redfield—Painter of Days," is particularly timely, as the artist has become one of the big figures in American painting.

That authoritative, entertaining antiquarian, Mr. Karl Freund, who gives our readers this month an intimate and fascinating discourse on French furniture "From Boule to Louis Seize," has written for the August number an equally interesting and informative article on early stringed instruments—the harpsichord, the clavichord, the spinet and other types—and the text is illustrated by six full-page plates in color showing authentic instruments in the private collection of Miss Belle Skinner, of Holyoke, Mass.

Lee Lawrie, American sculptor, conceives of his art in its old, historical connection with architecture, and a view of his extraordinary achievements, in connection especially with his modern Gothic work for the Harkness Tower at Yale and the reredos of St. Thomas' Church, New York, is given by Hanna Tachau in August. "Whatever form his flights of fancy may take, whether it be a detail or a group of statues, a bas relief or carved foliations, it never projects itself out of the general scheme nor becomes a disturbing note in the harmony of the finished design."

Rosaline Bonheur and Rosine Bernhardt, whose first names became professionally Rosa and Sarah, were the most celebrated Frenchwomen of their century. Particularly did the career of the former make a precedent for woman in art. Vigée Lebrun and Angelica Kaufmann, both excellent painters, had been incidents of their age; but Rosa Bonheur was accorded so much popular worship in France, England and America that her fame became unique. This year is the centenary of her birth, and Mme. Ciolkowska in the August number gives an entertaining account of her career. Even extremists, who scoff at such naturalism as Rosa Bonheur's, will want to read it.

The feminist movement is not wholly new. Woman began to put an end to man's tyranny and appropriate some of the nice things he reserved for himself as far back as the eighteenth century. One of the first of these was the bandbox. Man used it exclusively at first as a travel container for his highly ornamental neckband—that wonderful creation that went with the powdered wig and ruffled shirt. Woman coveted it and appropriated it. And how she developed it and ornamented it! Mary Harrod Northend tells of "The Pictorial Bandbox" in August.

The Editor has sought to avoid familiar paintings from public collections for the magazine's cover. This month's picture, never shown before, is from the Macbeth Gallery, while last month's rare portrait by Sully was provided by the Rosenbach Galleries.

The furniture illustrations in the article "From Boule to Louis Seize" are by courtesy of Henry Symons and the Wildenstein Galleries.

Peyton Boswell



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The Restoration of Paintings, by Henry T. Dover. 223, 224

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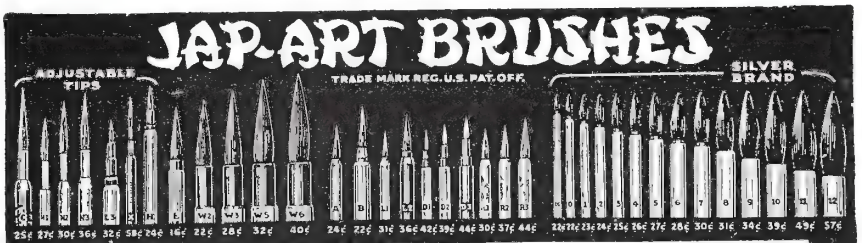
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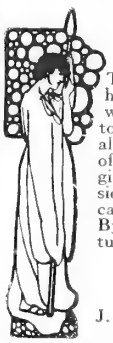
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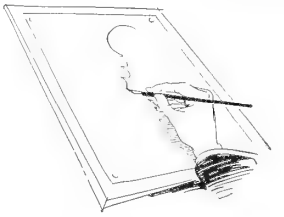
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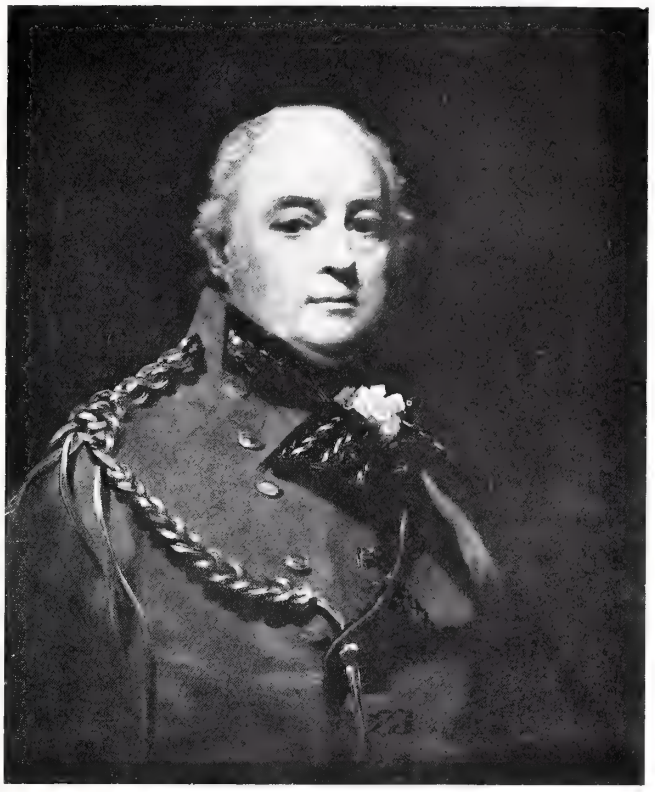
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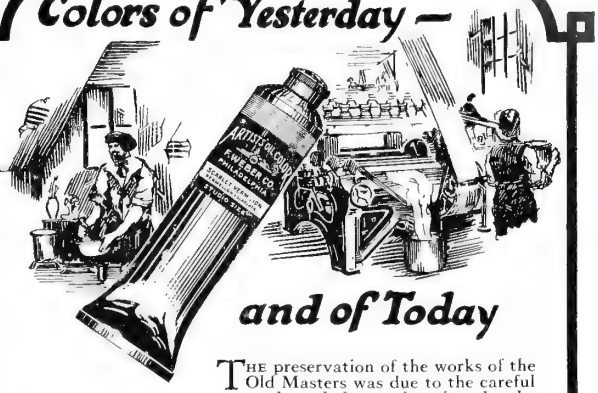
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"EL CAPITAN"

by

George Townsend Cole

INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

Volume LXXV

Number 303

August 1922

An ARTIST Finds a DESERT

Northern Arizona's grandeur and color inspire George Townsend Cole to dramatic heights . . by

HELEN COMSTOCK

To those who know the northern part of Arizona, the paintings of George Townsend Cole are like the faces of old friends, while they give to those who have never seen this part of the desert a feeling of intimacy rivaling that of actual experience. In these pictures the double ability of the artist is preeminently manifest. Part of this ability makes his paintings informative, physiographically, and the other and greater part expresses the selective judgment and creative imagination of the painter by which art is lifted above the plane of the photographic.

George Townsend Cole is a native of California. His father, Cornelius Cole, who is still enjoying life in his hundredth year, went west with the "forty-niners" soon after his graduation from Wesleyan College in 1847, and was Senator from California when Lincoln was President. He sat on the platform when the Gettysburg address was delivered, and he saw Lincoln only a few hours before he was shot. When the purchase of Alaska was under discussion, Senator Cole suggested the means for handling some of the financial difficulties of the situation. Needless to say, he is the oldest former United States Senator.

In America it is frequently only one generation from the pioneer to the artist. The leisure necessary to art is won with remarkable speed. George Townsend Cole is the youngest member of the pioneer's family. He grew up in an intensely western background, though because of his father's intimate connections with the East it was by no means sectional in a restricted sense. Yet he did not come East to study art, but went directly to Paris to the Beaux Arts. That was in the late 'nineties. He spent two years in Paris and three more in the Academy of Art in Vienna. When he returned to this country he went back to the coast to work. His home now is in Hollywood.



"QUICKSANDS, CAÑON DE CHELLY" BY GEORGE TOWNSEND COLE

The result has been that while Cole is known in the West, the East did not have an opportunity to become familiar with his paintings until his recent exhibition in New York. This is a reminder that the barrier of distance



"SHADOWS ON THE SAGIE"
BY GEORGE TOWNSEND COLE

has not yet surrendered to the ever increasing speed of communication. Painters in one section of the country become well known in their own locality while they are simply names to another. And yet artists, of all people, should be citizens of the nation rather than of any one part of it.

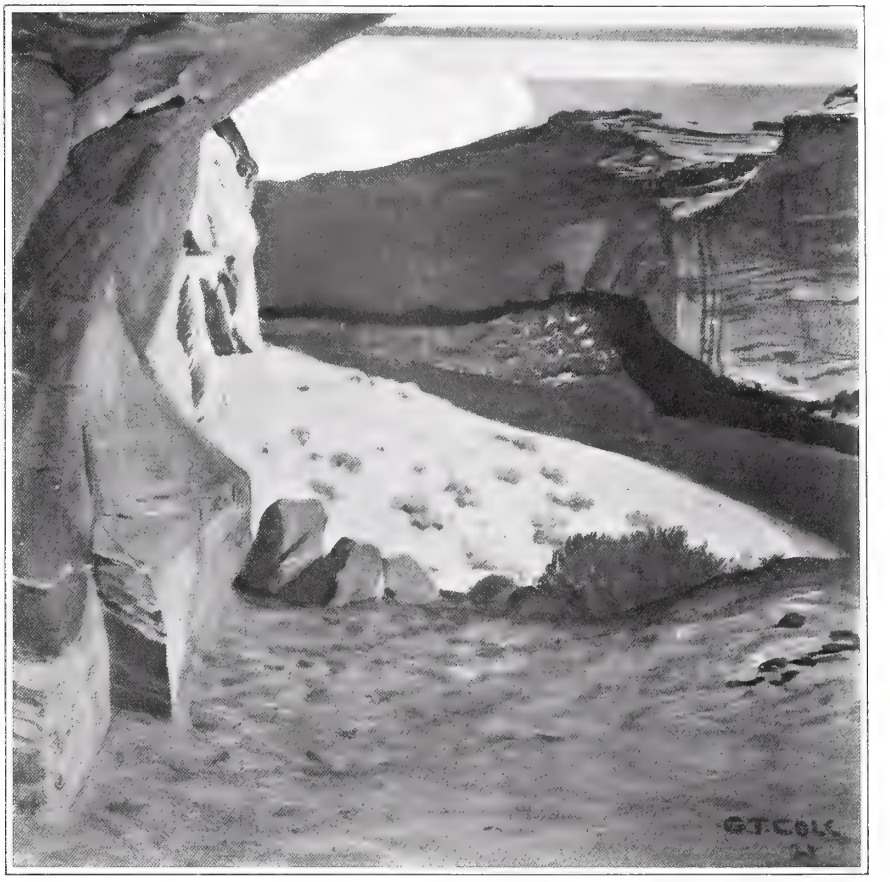
The country that Cole has painted is one of intense and powerful beauty, remote and inaccessible, lying in the upper part of Arizona, and including the Chin Lee Valley, the Cañon de Chelly and the Painted Desert, where the Colorado River twists its way westward before its downward drop to the sea. Many artists have made the southern part of Arizona and also New Mexico familiar to us—Groll, Remington, Ufer, and the Taos Society of Artists, but this particular region has not yet attracted so many painters as other parts of the desert. James Swinnerton went there before Cole did, but he was more interested in the Indians than the country, while Cole has centered his attention on the landscape itself.

Northern Arizona is a land of glorious color and majestic rock formations, a land where the unbelievable is ever present and where the unusual happens with startling frequency. Rivers flow along for miles and then suddenly disappear beneath the surface and pursue their courses underground. The clay and shale and sandstone of the Painted Desert are not only red and brown, but purple, blue, yellow and white. Wind and water have wrought violently and persistently over the face of the mesas and have carved the towering cliffs so that the land has become one of dramatic beauty. The very character of the place changes with the hours of the day, so that the mountain that seems a mass of purple immobility against the sunset has a pale and wavering opalescence in the early morning which makes it seem about to dissolve and float away.

To paint such a country is an adventure. Not only does it tempt an artist to put upon his canvas its vastness, its stately grandeur, and the fine delicacy of its horizons, but the journey itself is alluring to those who are able to cope with the desert. It is one thing to paint the desert from an artists' colony, or perhaps to make short expeditions into the surrounding country, but it is another thing to exist alone for weeks in a region of so few inhabitants and so many dangers as Cole chose to paint. He would be the last one to speak of his journeys there as anything out of the ordinary, for to one who was raised on a ranch it was all a matter of course. He felt that it was simply a matter of good fortune that he should be so thoroughly at home in the desert, for it enabled him to do authoritative work there. He did not make sketches to be finished later in his studio, but completed each picture while he sat before his subject.

Cole uses a medium which requires that he work with great rapidity and accuracy. He paints in gouache on canvas, a rare and seldom used combination, since not many painters even know how to prepare a canvas for gouache. It was during his student days in Europe that one of his masters told him of this technique. He was working in tempera at the time, but found that

gouache used on canvas had a greater depth of tone than tempera, and was more luminous, yet was equally smooth and clear. However, it is a medium of exacting requirements, and long experience with oil is a pre-requisite to its handling. For one thing it demands a well-trained hand and the power over line which shall express finality in the first stroke. There can be no working over or retouching. But because of this it is possible to attain with it great clarity of line and precision of form. This fits it admirably to the painting of a country whose characteristics are its clear-cut outlines and the gigantic bulk of its rock forms.



"CLIFFS OF MOENCOPIE"
BY GEORGE TOWNSEND COLE

One of the reasons for the satisfying truthfulness of Cole's paintings is the harmony between medium and subject. It makes it possible for him to reveal the manner in which the limpid clarity of the atmosphere preserves the finest detail of each sharply weathered rock and gives to the distant horizon an almost equal definiteness with objects close at hand. The problem of suggesting distance presents itself, of course, to all artists, but particularly to the painter of the desert. The clear desert atmosphere puts great difficulty in his path. When distant things are seen so clearly as the desert presents them, it is very hard to make them *seem* far away in a picture. The old methods of presenting "aerial perspective" are useless, for the desert does not veil its horizons; it presents them in minute detail, and defies the painter to do justice to their amazing definiteness of form and at the same time create the illusion of distance. It is in handling this particular problem without sacrificing clarity that Cole attains his greatest success. There is a fine example in his "El Capitan," here reproduced in color, for the space between the two rocks is made all the more difficult to suggest because the one in the background, being much larger than the other, seems the same size because it is so far away.

It was during the rainy season, in August and September, that these pictures were painted. At that time the rain-washed rocks blossom into their full beauty of color. It is then, too, that the finest cloud effects are seen. There are times when the clouds seem not less monumental than the rocks themselves. In his "Towers of de Chelly" the billowing, gleaming forms rear a second battlement in the sky, and in "Abandoned Stronghold" long streamers of white appear back of the piled-up clouds in one of those rare and beautiful combinations which only the desert at this season can give. In "Shadows on the Sagie" a gray curtain of cloud is partially lifted before a sweep of greenish blue sky of almost unearthly purity and radiance. The water is a deep blue, and red-brown banks rise abruptly on either side. The light falling across the water and the curve of the cloud above it give to this picture an unusual beauty of composition.

"Quicksands, Cañon de Chelly" embodies particularly the qualities of clarity and definiteness spoken of before. Of all Cole's pictures, this is the most striking in its sharp definitions. The sweeping curve of the quicksands, the sharp turns in the river, the silhouette of the rocks, the rolling clouds—in all of these line becomes particularly eloquent. Further, the picture has a purity of

tone and radiance of hue which complete the striking effect whose foundation is clarity of line. The edges of the clouds seem fairly to gleam, the smooth sands are pale, startlingly so, and the rocks offer their deep-toned reds and browns by way of contrast. It is not because many colors, nor particularly bright ones, are employed that the picture is so dramatic in its effect, but rather because of the most unusual quality of its tone.



"ABANDONED STRONGHOLD, PAINTED DESERT" BY GEORGE TOWNSEND COLE

It is noteworthy that Cole has preferred to paint the landscape itself rather than the inhabitants of the country. Many artists have found the Indians more interesting subjects. Cole camped near them frequently and saw them with their flocks—a quiet race, mindful of their own affairs, who were accustomed to go to bed at seven o'clock and leave the painter in a silence unbroken save for the occasional crumbling of some claybank. Of the two subjects before him, the Indians and the desert, the artist, though originally a figure painter, chose the latter, being deeply impressed by its solemn grandeur and beauty of form. In only one of his pictures do any kind of figures appear, "Towers of de Chelly," and they are so insignificant as to have no other effect than to emphasize the puniness of man.

Cole says that there are many reasons why this part of Arizona appeals to him more than any other portion of our western desert. Its unusual beauty makes a constant appeal to his imagination. Its skyline presents a continually changing arrangement of lines, due to its buttes, its cañons and its low lying clouds. There is greater brilliance of color here—even the trees, when they appear, being more intensely green than in the southern part of the state. But what he speaks of as being the greatest fascination of this region is its unity and harmony. Here is a land over which wind and water have played for centuries with no interruption from man on one side and comparatively few volcanic disturbances on the other. Although there are outcroppings of rock which have been pushed up through the earth by some great subterranean force, like the two in "El Capitan," the main configuration of the land has taken shape gradually. The buttes and cañons and mesas have grown old together and there is a feeling of consonance, of infinite relation between them. Such a picture as "Abandoned Stronghold" shows his response to this aspect of desert landscape. It passes on to the beholder the impression of harmony and structural unity. In "Towers of de Chelly" the great pinnacle near the center, worn out slowly from the rest of the cliff, impresses one with a kind of cousinship to the greater mass from which it has split away. These subtle relations do not exist where volcanic action or sudden disturbances have altered and twisted the earth's surface.

Cole's pictures have the mark of individuality that belongs to the artist who has gained a mastery over technical difficulties and has swung into his stride. He not only succeeds in giving us a vivid portrayal of a beautiful landscape, but he has fixed in our memories his own individual manner and style. His pictures have introduced us to a country and to a painter as well.



"TOWERS OF DE CHELLY" BY GEORGE TOWNSEND COLE

(Illustrations by courtesy of the Milch Galleries)



THE COVER PORTRAYS AN INSTITUTION, PROBABLY OF CONTEMPORARY RENOWN, AND ANIMALS DECORATE THE SIDES

The PICTORIAL BANDBOX

Man devised it for his necessity, but our great-grandmothers seized it for their vanity · · · by

MARY HARROD NORTHEND

IN old Colony days, when stage coaches ruled the road, the ladies took with them as they journeyed pictorial bandboxes, and we can almost visualize the color schemes as they peered out at us among the stage coach trunks which, shiny and black in their leather coverings and studded with brass-headed nails, were heaped inside or fastened at the rear. Every belle of that period took with her not one but many of these contrivances, hence the manufacture of them should be classed among the many industries of that early time.

There is but a tenuous relationship between the modern-day hatbox and that affected in the Victorian or pre-Victorian era, and some which can be found in the as yet unrifled attic. When did they first come into fashion and why? History surely tells us and a curious fact is developed—that is, that bandboxes were first designed for gentlemen, and admired and coveted by the gentler sex, who soon appropriated them to their own use.

During the eighteenth century the gentlemen of the day wore powdered wigs, ruffled shirts, buckled shoes, and knee breeches. This style of dress naturally demanded highly ornamental neckwear, and the demand was met by wonderful creations having as foundations buckram covered with satin, silk and velvet. These were edged with rich lace and adorned with jeweled buckles usually so voluminous that only a box of generous dimensions would contain them without crushing. They were called neckbands, and the container was termed a bandbox. It was what we would call a collar box, but it was soon found to be extremely useful to carry other things, especially the wig when not in place upon the head.

Our great grandmothers were intrigued by the charming possibilities of the bandbox, and swiftly appropriated it to their own uses; but did not change its name when it became the respository of their headgear, which just then was running very large—calashes, muskmelon hoods and poke bonnets so wide and deep as to hide the fair faces of their owners. Soon smaller boxes were made, for carrying muffs, caps and kerchiefs. At the height of their popularity, they varied in capacity from tiny specimens to mammoth ones holding more than a bushel.

The early specimens were models of strength combined with lightness, being made wholly of wood, covered with paper; for pasteboard was not



A BANDBOX PANORAMICALLY DECORATED WITH THE "GRAND CANAL"

utilized much before 1850 and marked the passing of their popularity. Time has dealt leniently with these relics of yesterday, for we find them as rich in coloring as when first made, and realize forcibly how much more durable were the vegetable dyes then in use than are our aniline dyes of today. While we have steadily advanced in art, we have never been able to equal the rich tone of the Colonial yellow, the soft shades of china pink and the cool hemlock green as employed by our ancestors.

In any collection of note, we are likely to come upon at least one specimen of wooden bandbox that has inside its cover a time-stained label, bearing this maker's name:

BANDBOX
MADE BY HANNAH DAVIS,
EAST JAFFREY, N. H.

Who says that the feminist movement is modern? It is only a modern application of an old, old theme. Greatness of spirit will always find some outlet, some mode of expression for its personality; and so we find Hannah Davis manufacturing bandboxes in East Jaffrey, New Hampshire, and she made boxes that have stood the test of time. She must have been very enterprising, for she purchased spruce logs, had them hauled to her door, sawed them into very thin boards, and then shaped them and cut them into proper lengths by a foot-power machine. Each box was elliptical and lined with newspaper; the outside was sometimes covered with fancy wallpaper, and again painted black, with a block pattern for ornament. Her prices were very reasonable, as she rarely charged over fifty cents for large boxes, and sold the small ones for twelve-and-a-half, which was the old New England "ninepence," as well as the "York shilling," never coined, but always a popular price. It was this reasonable cost, combined with their convenience, that made bandboxes so popular for so long a time. Those were days when journeys were often made on horseback, which necessitated the lightest possible style of luggage, so the bandbox was often fastened to the pommel of the saddle.



A HUNTING PARTY AND A STAGE COACH SCENE DECORATE THIS BANDBOX

Beyond question,



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE "GRAND CANAL" BANDBOX



ON THE LID, A SAIL-BOAT ON A MOUNTAIN LAKE, ON THE SIDE, SANDY HOOK LIGHT HOUSE, AND A SPIRITED MARINE

bandboxes originated in France. Proof of this is found in the fact that in any large collection we come occasionally upon one or more with "Carton," printed upon it. Inevitably they were copied in other countries, although the majority of those found in the United States today are of American make, and the pictures used for their decoration illustrate events that took place during the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries.

Each box had two decorations, one for the cover, the other superimposed upon the wooden or pasteboard sides of the box proper, which had first been covered with paper. Sometimes old fashioned wallpaper was used for this purpose, in which case no other decoration was needed; but much more frequently the covering was specially made for this purpose from paper thinner than wallpaper and of tougher quality. As this paper seems to have been perfectly plain, it had to be hand-printed, from wooden blocks, and many of these prints have considerable historic value, faithfully reproducing familiar landmarks in colors that have something of the charm of old Japanese prints and compare favorably with the posters produced in our own twentieth century.

Prominent among the designs used were pictures of the State House in New York, the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, Castle Garden, while it was still an island; the Capitol at Albany, the first Capitol at Washington, the New York Post Office, and Washington at Mt. Vernon. The New York State House, and the Deaf and Dumb Asylum in the same city are found on the same box, the former being shown upon the sides, and the latter on the cover.



A QUAINT DELINEATION OF THE OLD NEW YORK POST OFFICE

New York, and not Venice, is represented on the "Grand Canal" bandbox, the canal boat being drawn in a storm by mule power, while the lower part of the picture shows the archway of an aqueduct with a waterfall dashing by the side of the mill. The "Windmill and Railroad" bandbox shows rude cars, loaded with wood and miscellaneous freight, which is drawn over the rails by horse power.

Military scenes seem to have been very popular, and Napoleon often holds



A PANORAMA OF GARDEN TEMPLES, WITH A FLORAL BASKET ON THE COVER

"CLAYTON'S ASCENT," AN EARLY AERONAUTICAL ADVENTURE, IMMORTALIZED HERE

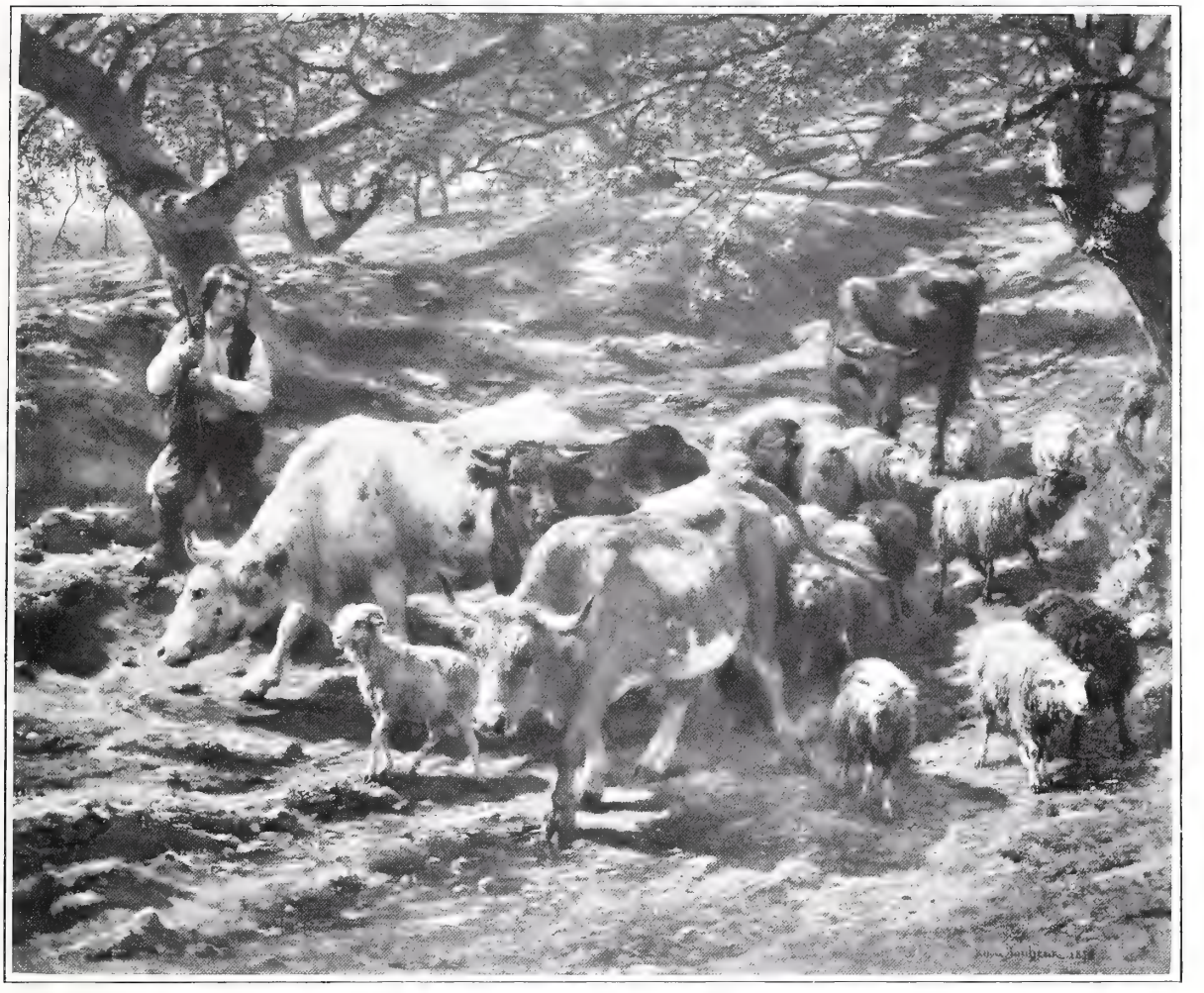
the centre of the stage, varied by Washington subjects or General Zachary Taylor "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground." There are also drills of both infantry and cavalry. Vying with martial scenes come the naval pictures, ships of all patterns in sailing craft, some in storms, and some in calms, but all of them, apparently, with every stitch of canvas set. One of these views depicts the Sandy Hook Lighthouse, with a full-rigged ship tossing to and fro upon a tempestuous sea, close at hand. This appears upon the side of the bandbox, while the cover shows a bold mariner sailing a boat upon some mountain lake surrounded by towering cliffs and castle-crowned heights.

In high favor with the ladies were all manner of floral representations, especially those featuring bits of Italian gardens, where strutted the gaudy peacock. This was often combined with baskets of flowers, with fountains, or with the grapevine pattern. The stage coach and the hunt were sometimes combined.



AN IMAGINATIVE RENDERING OF THE AMERICAN EAGLE, WHICH CAME INTO VOGUE AFTER THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR

The livelier design and colors were in use by the young belles and fashionable young matrons, while there were plenty of more subdued effects in lavender, gray or ashes-of-roses to suit the quieter taste of the middle-aged and elderly ladies. An elaborate and expensive box was often protected, while in use, by a bag-like covering of chintz or calico, something that could be laundered.



"BOEUFS ET MOUTONS" BY ROSA BONHEUR

ROSA BONHEUR'S CENTENARY

France's celebration recalls triumphant career of artist who gloried in naturalism · · by

MURIEL CIOLKOWSKA

BETWEEN the careers of Rosa Bonheur and Sarah Bernhardt more than one similarity occurs. Even their initials present an identity, for while the painter's first name was originally Rosaline, the actress's was Rosine. Both have been, without doubt, the most celebrated Frenchwomen of their century, their popularity abroad having equalled, if not surpassed, their own country's appreciation. Indeed, at one time in her life, on the occasion of her visit to England after the purchase by a London dealer of "The Horse Fair," now in the Metropolitan Museum of New York, Rosa Bonheur was welcomed with that peculiar éclat more often the experience of stars of the stage than of artists, whose personalities do not, as a rule, have so conspicuous a share in their triumphs. Since Rosa Bonheur's time, Rodin has been the only artist to be acclaimed by the public of Europe and America to the same extent.



She was born on March 16, 1822, at Bordeaux. Her father was an artist and became her teacher—the only one she ever had. Her mother was of noble blood. Rosa was small when her parents went to live in Paris. The family consisted besides of two brothers and a little sister who stayed behind in the care of an old nurse at Bordeaux. They were to go through very hard times in the capital. Raymond Bonheur had hoped



"LION ET LIONNE" BY ROSA BONHEUR

for success. It was denied him and the family bread was difficult to earn with drawing lessons. His wife had to help bring grist to the mill, but it was too much for her sensitive nature and she soon died.

The little girl was already showing talent for art, but her father's disappointments counselled him to discourage his daughter's inclinations and he put her as an apprentice at a dressmaker's. But she was so unhappy there and showed so little dexterity with the needle that he removed her to a boarding-school where he had arranged for her keep in exchange for drawing lessons given by himself to the other girls. Here Rosa had plenty of opportunity to exercise her gifts and soon she was free to go to the Louvre to copy Paul Potter and Salvator Rosa. At home, where visitors would find the whole little family pencil in hand, she would compose small pictures of rural life for which, at 300 francs apiece, she already found patrons. Among these was M. Micas, whose daughter, Natalie, was Rosa's pupil and eventually became her life-long companion.

Rosa Bonheur was nineteen years of age when she first submitted her work before the jury of the Salon. She sent two pictures. One represented rabbits nibbling carrots, the other goats and sheep. Certain parts of Paris, which are now entirely urban, were at that time fields and pastures and it was here the young girl would make her studies from animals. Both pictures were accepted. This was in 1841. Her father felt much elated and foresaw that he would realize his own frustrated ambitions in the person of his gifted daughter. And he would say to her: "Think of Mme. Vigée-Lebrun, but you must go further than she did." The following year she submitted three pictures and a little figure of a sheep in terra-cotta. All four passed muster with the jury.

At this period she was in fine form, as is testified by the head of a sheep, splendidly painted, on view at the commemorative display of her work at this year's Salon (1922). The third medal was awarded to her in 1845 and she was now so busy that her friend Natalie would help her by tracing her drawings on to the canvases, a process which was perhaps not entirely to their advantage, for Rosa's sketches show a spirit and firmness which seem to have got lost during transmission to the finished picture.

In Rosa Bonheur's day the study of Nature was considered an artist's first duty. No modern artist would claim that "In all I do, I endeavor to be exact down to the smallest detail." Painting, nowadays, has different aims and preference for them should not be detrimental to regard for Rosa Bonheur's efforts. She opened no door on new horizons but she strove after, and in many ways realized, that perfection which was the limit of the average artistic outlook in her time. Only a few pioneers went a little beyond it. Originality, personality, temperament, those were considerations quite foreign to the artist's program in the days of Rosa Bonheur's success.

Indeed in many respects her mind was rather that of a naturalist than of an artist, from our modern standpoint. Not only did she assiduously study anatomy in books, but she would do so also at the slaughter-houses, and to these expeditions, so strange for a woman, was due her adoption of masculine costume and the official license granted her to do so.

In 1847 she made a long stay in the Auvergne country and her sketches there were productive in a picture called "Le Départ pour le Marche," which fetched 32,000 francs in 1906. From morning till eventide she would work in the fields,



"CERFS"
BY ROSA BONHEUR

accompanied, as she always was, by her faithful friend Natalie Micas. The following year, to celebrate the restitution of a Republican government after the monarchical interval, the Salon became a kind of *Indépendants*. There was no jury and all pictures presented were hung. Their number was 5,180, more than double the usual number. Auguste Bonheur sent two pictures, one of which was a portrait of his sister. Isidore, the other brother, had one painting and a piece of sculpture, while Rosa herself was represented by two pieces of sculpture and six canvases, for one of which, a fine cattle picture, she was awarded the first medal, the committee consisting of Horace Vernet, Robert Fleury, Leon Cogniet, Delacroix, Meissonier, Corot, Jules Dupré, Flandrin and Isabey.

There can be no doubt that, whereas most women have found their sex a hindrance to recognition, for Rosa Bonheur it was a factor toward it, admiration for her talent having always been accompanied by curiosity in her person. Since Vigée-Lebrun no other woman artist had come to the fore in her country and the magnitude of the tasks she set herself far outdistanced those of her predecessor. In Rosa Bonheur's time, fan and miniature painting was considered the limit of women's capacities and as much as it was desirable they should undertake.

Close after the medal followed a presentation from the State in the form of a Sèvres vase and an order for a picture showing a plough scene, for in those days a picture's subject was all important. Thus was born the famous "Labourage Nivernais," for many years in the Luxembourg, but which has now its place in the Louvre and which was one of the main items in the commemorative display at the Salon des Artistes Français this year, celebrating the centenary of the artist's birth. She contrived to finish this work for the Salon of 1849 and in time for her father to see it just before his death.

Rosa Bonheur was twenty-seven when she painted this picture, a feat unique in the annals of feminine artistic achievement. Nor has any painter, before or after, more truly expressed the calm of the animal soul. At this time her enthusiastic critics would call her the modern Paul Potter, and give her more credit than they did to Delacroix or Barye. After her father's death Rosa continued to provide for her stepmother, brothers and sister, and in order to spare her brother Isidore from competition she gave up sculpture. In 1850 she made a trip to Germany where the doctors had advised her ailing friend Natalie to take the waters, and here, as wherever else she happened to be, her pencil was constantly busy.

About this time she was sent for by the Minister for the Interior, Marquis de Morny, who informed her that the new monarchical government wished in its turn to show its appreciation of her talent. Would she bring her portfolios so that the subject for a picture could be discussed between them?

At that particular time Rosa Bonheur was very full of "The Horse Fair," and, though intensely Republican at heart, her work came before her opinions and she thought that here was an opportunity which would facilitate the execution of so important a canvas. So she went to M. de Morny and told him she would like the State to commission her with "The Horse Fair" for which she had brought sketches. But the country's representative declined the offer in favor of a sketch of "The Haymakers" for which Rosa Bonheur did not very much care, arguing that her competence in the rendering of horses had yet to be proved while her proficiency with cattle was



"LABOURAGE NIVERNAIS" BY ROSA BONHEUR

an ascertained fact. Rosa Bonheur fought, but her plea that she had lately made a special study of horses, notably the Percheron breed, was of no avail and M. de Morny offered his price—20,000 francs—for "The Haymakers" and for that alone.

The disappointed young artist then asked to be allowed to paint "The Horse Fair" before starting upon the State commission, and to this the Minister agreed. In 1853 the great work was shown at the Salon. Her triumph was so great that henceforth Rosa Bonheur's pictures were not required to pass before the jury.

"The Horse Fair" was enormously successful. No woman and few men had ever attempted a *tour de force* the like. A purchaser not coming forward, Rosa Bonheur sent it to Ghent, in Belgium, where the Society for the Encouragement of Fine Arts expressed its admiration by having a cameo made after it and presenting it in the form of a brooch to the artist. In 1854 she had the picture exhibited at Bordeaux, offering it to the museum of that town for the moderate price of 15,000 francs, but the offer had to be turned down. The picture was being talked about so much that M. de Morny regretted not having accepted it and sent the director for Fine Arts with a message to the artist asking her to substitute "The Horse Fair" for "The Haymakers." But his envoy arrived just too late. The day before the picture had been sold to Mr. Gambart, picture dealer in London, who, though he knew of the Bordeaux failure, was glad to pay the 40,000 francs the artist asked to let her great masterpiece go out of her native land.

Mr. Gambart wanted the picture to be sent on tour in the English provinces, but he also wanted Thomas Landseer, brother of Sir Edwin, to engrave it. So Rosa Bonheur painted a small reproduction, which was later bought by Mr. Jacob Bell for the National Gallery in London. The original "Horse Fair" was bought of Mr. Gambart by Mr. Wright who sold it again to Mr. Stuart. At the auction sale of the latter's collection it fetched $53,000, a sum to which Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt contributed to permit of its acquisition for the Metropolitan Museum, where it now hangs.

"The Haymakers" which is not as stupendously skillful as "The Horse Fair," but is a fine piece of painting beautifully lighted, was shown at the following Salon (1855), where it won the gold medal.

It now occurred to Mr. Gambart that it would be a good plan were the author of "The Horse Fair" to visit the British Isles in person and on occasion to be seen simultaneously with her sensational picture. Rosa Bonheur was not fond of the idea of travel, but her love for the novels of Walter Scott and a desire to see the beautiful cattle of North Britain tempted her to accept Mr. Gambart's proposal. This tour proved a triumphal success and the receptions Rosa Bonheur met with surpassed anything she could have imagined even had she been more vainglorious and ambitious for personal success than she was. Every one wanted the honor of meeting the extraordinary woman, and the whole country, from the hosts in the stateliest homes of England to the man in the street, gave her a fairy-tale reception. There is a record of this wonderful tour in the letters written home by Rosa's



"THE HORSE FAIR"
BY ROSA BONHEUR

companion, Mlle. Micas. But not for a single moment did her modesty and common sense forsake her. Nobody has borne extraordinary success and popularity as steadily and simply as she did. Some people may have thought she adopted masculine attire to draw attention to herself. Nothing could be further from the truth. There was much of the boy in her. She was one of the first women to smoke, she loved a joke, and she preferred work and country life to society. As a rule she was averse to being seen in her working garb and when visitors called would quickly slip on a skirt.

When, after her English tour, Paris tried to lionize her, she quickly saw that her work was imperilled, and gave up the town home where her Friday receptions had become social events. She asked a friend to find her a retreat in the country suitable for herself, Mlle. Micas and her pets, and this proved to be the Chateau de By, in the forest of Fontainebleau, where she was to spend the rest of her life.

At this period engravings after Rosa Bonheur's pictures sold as fast as they were published, while America fought for her originals. The demand was so keen that her dealers would not give her time to show her pictures at the Salon. Yet she would not allow them to hurry her over her work and had law suits with various patrons whom she kept waiting in the execution of their commissions. In some cases she had to pay damages. In others, as in that of the picture ordered by the exiled royal Duc d'Aumale, she received checks for double the price she had asked.

Shortly after she had moved to By she received the visit of the Empress Eugénie, who came to order a picture. This was followed by an invitation to the Imperial court and by a visit from all the social notabilities of the day, including the Prince Imperial and the Princess Metternich, who had the bad taste to suggest exchanging a picture against some bottles from an old vintage in her cellars. Rosa Bonheur, who was as proud as she was democratic, coldly rejected the offer and referred the lady to her agents. The Prince Imperial was a frequent caller. When visitors of this rank were announced to Rosa Bonheur she would make a quick change in her costume. This disappointed them, and the Prince Imperial would resort to all manner of tricks to surprise the artist in the habit for which she was famous and on one occasion his curiosity was gratified.

Just a year later the Empress repeated her visit, the object of which, this time, was to fasten the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor on to her breast herself. The Empress had taken the initiative in asking for an exception in favor of the great artist, until then no women other than heroines in Red Cross work and charity being entitled to it. Rosa Bonheur was, therefore, the first woman exercising a profession to be thus distinguished, and the precedent was entirely due to the Empress's insistence.

In 1867 Rosa Bonheur broke her rule to abstain from taking part in public displays by sending work to the International Exposition. Her success abroad had made the critics bitter, according to the old principle that the absent are always at fault. They charged her with imitating the British painters and one went so far as to call her "Miss Bonheur."

Three years later came the Franco-German War, but the regard in which Rosa Bonheur was



"OXEN"
BY ROSA BONHEUR

held by all the world was such that her estate not only enjoyed immunity from occupation on the part of the victorious army, but her own person, that of her friend Mlle. Micas, and her servants were given every consideration, even the animals in her stables and cages being spared slaughter and requisition. German officers used to wander round the house in the hope of catching a glimpse of the great artist, but she would never grant them admission nor even allow them to look at her pictures. A few years later she was to become great friends with the Grand-Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. This was at Nice where she, in 1875, took to spending the winters and there received homage from all the world.

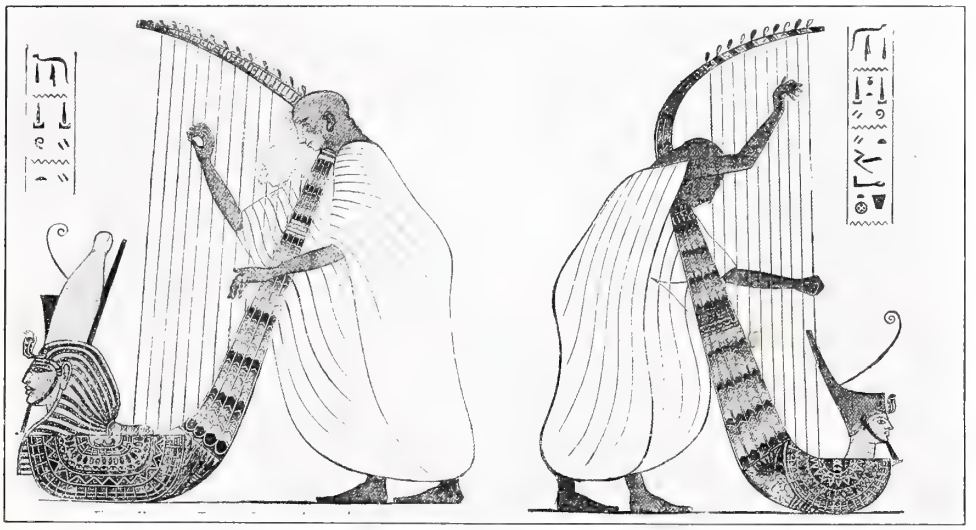
During the '90's her best market was America, a circumstance which, added to her early popularity in England, deprived France of the greater amount of her output. She had abstained from the salons forty-four years and when she made her re-appearance there in 1899, the very year of her death, and some one proposed she should be awarded the Médaille d'Honneur, there was a hue and cry that the idea emanated from dealers to keep up the prices of her pictures. Stunned with indignation, Rosa Bonheur wrote to the committee of the Salon refusing the medal, pleading that the small picture she had contributed that year did not deserve so large a distinction, though it is well-known that this reward is supposed rather to crown a career than to mark one specified piece of work. So it happened that a few words of spite deprived the celebrated woman of supreme recognition at the hands of her countrymen, a recognition she had not sought, but would have prized.

But nothing good or bad which occurred to Rosa Bonheur after the death of Natalie Micas mattered very much to her. This loss left her a lonely celebrity. Among her pets were lions and lionesses, for which she entertained absolutely no fear and her house was merry with songbirds which filled aviaries even in her bedroom. Dogs, of course, were always about.

One of the last great men to visit Rosa Bonheur was President Carnot, who made her, from knight, an officer in the Legion of Honor in commemoration of her participation in the World's Fair at Chicago, while the great consolation of her several last years was her friendship with the American artist Miss Anna Klumpke, to whom she gave her heart, her home, and, as afterwards published, the story of her wonderful life.



"TÊTES DE CHÈVRES"
BY ROSA BONHEUR



ANCIENT EGYPTIAN HARPS WITHOUT THE FOREPILLAR
(Redrawn by the Georgian traveller Bruce, from sepbulcbral frescoes of Rameses III, 1250 B. C.)

From HARP *to* HARPSICHORD

Evolution of ingenuity and art in stringed instruments from antiquity to the 18th century · · by

KARL FREUND

DID you ever experience the irresistible temptation to make old musical instruments speak, to touch the keyboards, to twang the strings?—only to become awake to the fact that they are but "illustrations" of their former selves, teaching the museums' disciples their share in the history of human ingenuity, though by force of circumstances condemned to eternal muteness. Did you ever realize how it would fill these silent instruments with envy if they could see some of their more fortunate brothers and sisters—spinets, harpsichords, viols, organs, like themselves—in a spacious white-walled temple, built for their comfort, their wounded soundboards, jacks, strings and pipes healed by an artisan-surgeon's tender hands, and their voices once more free to sing at the joyous behest of a host of admirers?

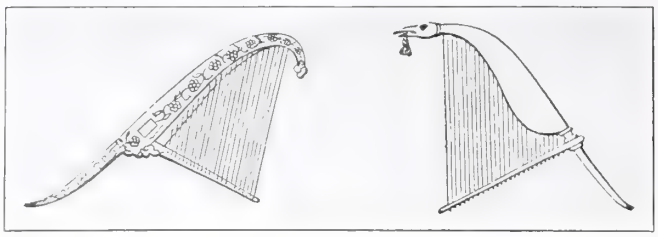
This paradise of old instruments is not an idle dream. It lies in a garden pavilion, part of an old mansion in the heart of New England, where music in the Puritanical past met with but little favor, but where now, after all these stern years, the suppressed strains of two centuries and more are sweetly heard. For it is a most curious coincidence that while English reformers and English adventurers were relentlessly depopulating and colonizing the North American Continent, living lives of self imposed deprivation, the joy of staying at home back in Europe was intensified by a widespread practice of both clerical and secular music and by the possession of musical instruments which in those days had reached a height of perfection and expression seldom surpassed. This was particularly the case of the fiddle and the spinet.

The knowledge among savages of sound production by vibrating strings made of hair, silk, vegetable fibres, animal gut and metal is contemporary with the most primitive form of articulate expression. The African Damara tightens the string of his hunting bow by means of a leather thong and sends forth weak plaintive sounds in place of the deadly arrow; but his neighbor ingeniously adds a hollow gourd to his weapon, and invents the sound box. The discovery of poliphony in one and the same string produced by alteration of its length on a fingerboard (often supplied with frets) by plucking the cord with the fingers or "plectra" of wood, metal or bone—on the harp, lute, cither, guitar, psaltery, and their prototypes of the Orient—or by whipping the melodious string with small hammers on the dulcimer, cym-

GREEK HARP AND LYRES PLAYED BY MUSES
(From a Greek vase in the Munich Museum)



bal and santir, established the beginning of instrumental music, practiced in similar forms but with varied accomplishment by the ancients in Egypt, Persia, India, Greece and Rome and in medieval Europe until the violin bow* and the keyboard released unexpected musical subleties and powers and brought on the modern era.

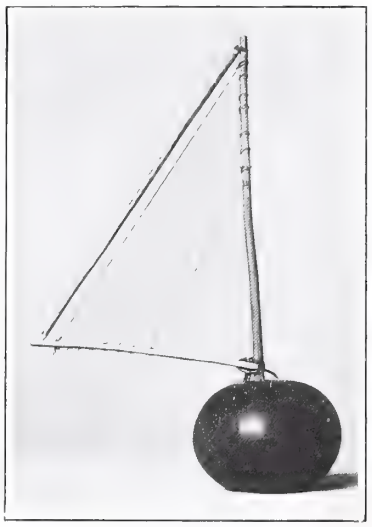


PERSIAN SCIMITAR HARPS, WITHOUT FOREPILLAR (ABOUT 1400 A.D.)

Among the instruments of great antiquity the harp, obviously descended from the primitive archer's bow, displayed at an early date the most ambitious musical construction and at the same time a fastidious elegance which explains the high consideration accorded to those twanging the buni (harp) strings by the Egyptian Pharaohs. The magnificent instruments redrawn by the Georgian traveller Bruce from the tomb of Rameses III (about 1250 B. C.) are composed of vigorously tapering sound tables terminating in boat or shell shaped cuvettes crested by heads of an astounding boldness.

Sepulchral frescoes and occasional discoveries of precious survivals have acquainted the student with a whimsical variety of harps, lutes and trigona, varying in form construction and having almost individual methods of manipulation—to be played vertically, horizontally, obliquely or with extended arms above one's head, always forming a linear continuation of the player's arms, and, when held upright, an alluring frame for the player's physiognomy. Lyres and trigona, sometimes approaching the harp, fitted with tuning pegs and being plucked with the player's bare fingers; or recalling the lute, with fingerboards, frets and plectra,—these instruments of the divine attributes of joy and rhythm were soon lost in the roseate mist of Parnassus, and are now merely remembered as favorite motifs for architectural enrichments.

Yet the harp lived on, from Egypt to India and to Persia, thence on the heels of the Arabs to Spain and to Northern Europe, where until quite recently in the Finnish kantele on the shores of the Baltic, the pillarless harp could still be found.



THE "OBAH," AN AFRICAN HARP WITH GOURD AS A SOUND-BOX (*In the Metropolitan Museum of Art*)

A curved forepillar seems to have been added by the bards to the harp of the Middle Ages. With the straightening of the column the power of tone is immeasurably increased and semi-tones are added to the diatonic scale by a skillful pressing of the strings or later with "Tyrolian hooks," an operation most hazardous in its results. Before Hochbrucker (1720) devised the convenience of the pedal the harp required such an uncanny dexterity of its player that to the onlooker he seemed imbued with supernatural powers. An old Irish belief would credit the harp with human animation and, according to Bunting,† Latin and Gaelic inscriptions would express the harp's own thoughts, such as "Ego sum Regina Cithararum" (I am the Queen of the Harps), or it would tell the name of its maker, Domdiadd Fitz Teige, or its favorite harper, such as Giolla Patrick M'Credon and Diarmad M'Credon. (The Irish and Scotch professional harpers would nourish their finger nails until they were long and strong enough to twang the brass strings as effectively as the crow quills of the later harpsichord.)

The harp was the object of a peculiar idolatry. Its tone was sure to cure the bite of the spider and Tallemant de Reaux relates in his "Historiettes" that the Duc de Guise lost his heart to Madame de Joyeuse, "who was neither young nor beautiful but played the harp to perfection."

Hochbrucker's pedal harp, introduced to France by Gaiffre, a celebrated lutenist who by his admiring disciples was nicknamed "King David"; and later on Erard's double action harp, were the cause of the great vogues in eighteenth century France‡ and England, and among the melomaniacs of the Empire, a vogue which has added to the beauty of the interior an object of continuous inspiration. The harp had become a symbol of romantic réverie and Moreau le Jeune in his ingratiating composition

**The story of the bow and its impression on the development of instrumental music is in itself too comprehensive to form part of the present article.*

†Bunting, collection of ancient music of Ireland, London, 1809.

‡A Cousineau harp fetched as much as 375 to 500 livres.



A DOUBLE SPINET
Decorated by Peter Paul Rubens

Made by Hans Rucker the Elder in 1579—one of the only two known instruments of this kind. It is composed of a large and a small portable spinet, with separate action. The interior of the cover is painted with a scene of Apollo and Marsyas, while the panels facing the keyboard and cover of the smaller instrument have village scenes and "putti" at play.



DECORATED VIRGINAL

Made for Nell Gwyn

London

1666

One of the few surviving keyboard instruments of Carolean England, made by Adam Leversidge. It is painted with views of the Mall in St. James' Park, with Arlington House in the background. The keyboard is framed by marqueterie panels of exotic woods, and rests on a contemporary turned walnut stand.



The SPINET of MARIE ANTOINETTE

Made in Paris

1778

Ladies' clavecin by Pascal Taskin, in a case of cream-colored lacquer, painted by Christophe Huet, with motifs from La Fontaine's Fables, and emblems of Love and Music.



An UPRIGHT SPINET
Made in Cremona
1525

This early instrument, called a clavicitherium, was made in Cremona, and painted with figure subjects in sky blue and gold, and the arms of Pope Gregory XIII in a cartouche. The sounding board is enriched with two gilt "roses."



A LACQUERED HARPSICHORD

Made in Hamburg

1710

The work of Johann Hass, this instrument is fitted with eight stops and four sets of strings. The keys are of ivory and tortoise-shell, and the exterior is painted to simulate tortoise-shell. The interior of the cover is decorated with "chinoiseries" in gold on a scarlet lacquer ground, and the sounding-board with flowers and emblems in distemper.



A DECORATED HARPSICHORD

Made in Antwerp, 1600
Remade in France
1750

Double keyboard clavecin by Hans Rucker the Elder, re-strung and fitted with unison stops by Blanchet, of Paris. The interior of the lid is painted by François Boucher, with Pastorales: the sounding-board bears, in distemper, the elements of floral sprays, and the monogram of the maker in a "rose." The Vernis Martin stand is of the period Louis Quinze.

"L'Accord Parfait" sees the very perfection of harmonious human relation in a lesson at harping.

The aesthetic outlines of the harp at all times invited the sculptor's skill. The crudely hewn clarshech (Ireland's Harp) is headed by bold carvings of Irish fox hounds and imaginative traceries of Celtic legends; the harp of Charles II is festooned by Grinling Gibbons, and Gouthière's inspired mounts of bronze grace the harp of Marie Antoinette by Cousineau.

And harps were captivatingly painted by the Martins in the Chinese taste, or à la Francaise with amorini, love birds and flowers, or covered with marqueterie by master *ébénistes*; the Adelphi Parnassians (the brothers Adam and their court of artisans) applied on the sounding boards of glistening satinwood the classic symbols and scrolls of Pergolesi. A salon without the harp's graceful presence was unthinkable. Harp recitals were in fashion everywhere, and those at Malmaison were the most memorable music events of the First Empire. And in 1818, under the Restoration, Madame de Genlis writes in her "Dictionnaire des Etiquettes de la Cour": "The harp will never grow out of fashion." But the prophecy of this great and venerable authority on the "bon gout du grand monde" has not been fulfilled. The gallant art of the *arpeggio* has deserted our dreams, no longer reposes one's eye on the slender bodies of such satisfying proportions so sadly needed in our utilitarian interiors; but grandly caparisoned the harp sits in the orchestra pit hailing Wagner's gods in Walhalla with their now mighty voices.



CALYPSO ENTERTAINS TELEMACHUS ON HER LYRE
(From a painting by Angelica Kaufman in the collection of Mrs. Nicholas Brady)

On our errand following the current of musical expression on string instruments, we observe tributaries of ingenuity arriving from all sides.

The lute,* ancient emblem of the Hindu goddess Saraswati, who, seated on a peacock, twangs the "vina," recalls in its early appearance as the Persian el oud the same jaunty outline and the principal elements of construction which characterized the mouthpiece of gallantry of the sixteenth century—a pine "table" pierced by a soundhole covered with a carved "rose" on a body (belly) shaped very like an elongated turtle. Its strings were usually paired and each pair was tuned in unison except the highest, a single string called the "chanterelle," which carried the melody while the others played the accompaniment. In "Poesies d'Amadis Jamyn" we find:

"Quand je la voy si gentille
et si belle
Si doucement les langues manier
du lut aimable
Et sa voix marier
Au son mignard que dit
la Chanterelle"

The lute—"omnium instrumentorum princeps"—ruler of a vast kingdom from the gigantic chitarrone to the toylike pochette by Stradivarius, was rewarded for sweetness of tone by inlays of ivory and silver in graceful allegorical designs and later with leaves of crimson tortoise shell held by finely engraved filets of precious metals. Its sound carries visions of the radiant Diane de Poictiers and of the poetic Ninon de L'Enclos (the daughter of a celebrated lutenist). Brantome enchants those who love the Scottish Queen by saying that Mary Stuart "sang well to the lute, which she touched very prettily with her beautiful white hand and her beautiful fingers, which even Aurora's did not surpass."

Distressing as it may seem, the magic of the lute, its healing power, experienced by the wounded Bayard, the *Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche* and its enchantment loses its glamor when one thinks of the task its owner faced in keeping it playing. Mattheson (1713) writes: "If a lutenist attains the age of eighty you may be sure he has tuned sixty years, and worse of it is, that among a hundred players, especially of the amateurs, scarcely two are capable of tuning with accuracy. Now there is something amiss with the strings; now with the frets; and now again with the screws, so that I have been told that in Paris it costs as much money to keep a lute as to keep a horse."

Toward the end of the seventeenth century this organ of gallant music was being outdone by

*Lute, luth (Latin, Testudo, leather-back turtle.)



HARP OF BRIAN BOROIMHE (BORU), SAID TO HAVE BEEN MADE FOR BRIAN THE BRAVE IN THE FIRST HALF OF THE ELEVENTH CENTURY
(From the Replica in Metropolitan Museum of Art)

the keyboard string instruments, though the Circe at Whitehall still plucked the guitar for the Merry Monarch, and Louis Quartorze paid vast sums of money to "joueurs du luth de la chambre" and to those "au service des pages," and while the more ambitious mastered the newly prefected bow, the household instrument of the day had become the virginal. For this we can trust Pepys' observation, written during London's great fire, in 1666: "Rivers full of lighters and boats taking in goods and good goods swimming in the water and only I observed that hardly one lighter or boat in three that had the goods of a house in, but there was a pair of virginals in it." However, long before Pepys and the Restoration, the virginal or spinet was established in public favor. The inventories of Henry VIII are replete with its mention and under Elizabeth virginals were installed in barber shops for the edification of a suffering clientèle. It seems a gallant legend that it was in honor of the Virgin Queen, herself an accomplished player, this instrument was named. The theory that all but vestals would profane the virginal's keys is alluring, too. The name in reality is probably devotional, given by the nuns to the instrument which carried their hymns sung to the glory of the Holy Virgin.

In England during the sixteenth and the greater part of the seventeenth centuries the name "virginal" was used for all kinds of keyboards—psalteries and clavichords, as well. In other countries only small, portable pentagonal boxes shaped like lecterns were known as virginals.



THE DALWAY HARP, AN EARLY IRISH CLARSHECH COVERED WITH GAELIC AND LATIN INSCRIPTIONS
(From the Metropolitan Museum of Art)

They were all of the psaltery class and their protruding keyboards were protected by folding hoods on hinges. Whether the keyboard of the hydraulic organ known to the Alexandrian Greeks carried its faraway inspiration to the unknown early monastic genius who contrived the key leverage, or whether the invention developed from the bridge of the pitch measuring monochord, or from the peg-stops of the medieval rotta, the newly evolved principle appears first applied to the tangent action of the clavichord.

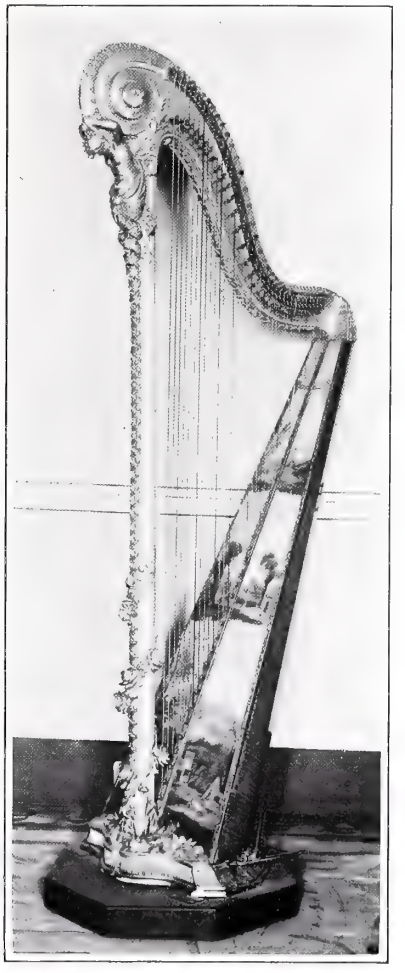
The music produced by the clavichord was of a timid but soulful quality, which could be enhanced by endless subtleties of touch. The profound respect inspired by its celestial tone is reflected in a letter of the year 1529 addressed to young Elena Bembo by her father, the poet Pietro, who writes:

"Touching thy request for leave to play the monocordo (misnomer for clavicordo) I answer that by reason of thy tender years thou canst not know that playing is an art for light-minded women. And I would that thou shouldst be the most amiable and the most chaste and modest maiden alive. Besides, if thou wert to play badly, thy playing would cause thee little pleasure, and no little shame. But in order to play well, thou must needs give up ten or twelve years to this exercise, without even thinking of aught else."

With all its tenderness of appeal, its rising and fading tremolo, the clavichord was too gentle to carry its beguiling voice very far beyond the player's own ears. The need for a more forceful instrument was supplied by the keyboard psaltery. This instrument though named after the psalterion of classic antiquity, a frame string instrument of the lyre or trigonon family, was a soundbox instrument composed of a horizontal table strung with a great number of sets of three, four or five animal-gut strings, tuned in unison and twanged by plectra of horn or metal, which were fastened by rings to the fingers of the player.



"LE PARFAIT ACCORD" FROM THE PAINTING BY MOREAU LE JEUNE ENGRAVED BY F. J. HELMAN
(Courtesy of Kennedy & Company)



18TH CENTURY FRENCH HARP BY COUSINEAU, SAID TO HAVE BELONGED TO MARIE ANTOINETTE
(Courtesy of Henry Symons)

The Arab kanoon represented the Oriental prototype of the beaten stringed instrument; the psaltery when beaten with mallets is called the dulcimer, (*dulcis*, Latin, "sweet," and μέλος, Greek, "sound"). It is known in the near east as the santir. A santir on an old Persian painting is most illustrative of the progress of the soundbox. It is pentagonal in form like the virginal, its table bears two movable bridges, acting as pitch measurers and the vibration is realized by curved sticks which combine the action of the crowquill and the mallet of the dulcimer.

All keyboard psalteries were built on the principle of "jacks and quills"—a simple combination of small wooden uprights

called jacks furnished with plectra of crowquill points or flips of prepared cowhide. The jacks rising with the depression of the keys permitted the strings to be twanged by the plectra. The vibration was swiftly subdued by cloth dampers fastened on the upper ends of the jacks. The plectrum homeward bound escaped the string by aid of a pivoting tongue (linguetta mobile) acting on a small metal spring fastened to its shoulder.

Virginal, spinet (from its points, resembling thorns, or spines) and clavicitherium supplied one string to each key, the harpsichord two, three or more tuned in unison, until Ruckers added the octave string to the action of the spinet.

In striking contrast to the homogeneity of construction stood the wealth of original thought displayed in the making of *coffres* which encased these musical boxes. They were made of cypress, cedar or pine wood enriched by the Italians with the extravagant magnificence of the seafaring magnates and decorated with appropriate scenes by master painters: colorful pageantries, ideal landscapes, pastoral and bucolic themes, bacchic and terpsichorean groups and an inexhaustible variety of pleasant motifs, which were often pictorial reflections of the players' and listeners' delight.

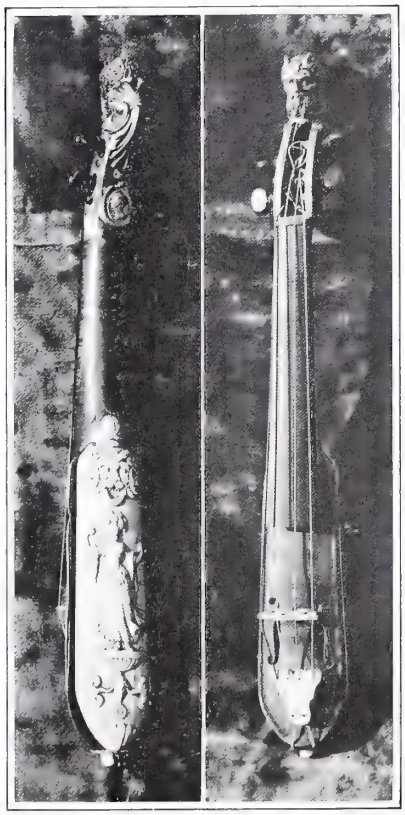
To fathom the wondrous admiration of the upper classes for the mysterious oracle asked to communicate its melodious secrets by the mere touch of two rows of dark and light keys, one needs but read the description of a spinet made in 1579 for Carlo Trivulzio by Annibale dei Rossi of Milan. It reads like a tale from the Arabian Nights. Its case was panelled with veneers of ebony relieved by plaques of precious stones in delicately shaped cartouches.



ARAB LUTE (EL OUD) ALMOST IDENTICAL WITH EUROPEAN TYPE



THE LUTE SEEN IN A PAINTING BY GERARD TERBORCH
(Collection of Mrs. Edwin A. Shewan)



BACK AND FRONT VIEWS OF A POCHETTE BY STRADIVARIUS
(In the collection of Miss Belle Skinner)

The panels again were framed by bands of ivory studded with jewels; in all, nineteen hundred and twenty-eight precious and semi-precious stones (including pearls, emeralds, rubies, garnets, crystals, carnelians, jaspers, turquoises, amethysts, agates and topazes) were employed to beautify the small body, which did not exceed five feet in length.

The keys were of light and dark agate, bordered with ivory and lapis, and they were joyously flanked at both ends with exquisitely carved figurines.

Almost frivolous in the light of this oriental splendor, appears a contemporary instrument bearing the date 1579 and the maker's initials in a carved and gilded "rose," a double spinet by Hans (Johannes) Ruckers of Antwerp, (now in Miss Skinner's collection) not only remarkable for its appearance and rarity, but for its place as a milestone in the progress of keyboard music. It marks the advent of the octave string on a small spinet of its own, called ottavino (or ottavina) which can be taken from its berth to be played separately or left snugly installed in the complete instrument, adding brilliance by its high soft tones to the "*jeu commun.*"

That the shells of the most cherished instruments often were beautified years after their completion—a custom becoming a mania in the Eighteenth Century—can be conclusively proved by a double spinet traditionally called the "Rubens-Ruckers." The master style and the copious imagination of Peter Paul Rubens, lavished on the instrument after 1611, carry the conviction that it lived an humbler life for a generation before its hut of drably painted



ST. BLASIUS PLAYING THE ROTTA, A PRIMITIVE STRING INSTRUMENT WITH STOPS OF THE 9TH CENTURY

cypress was transformed, verily, into an enchanted villa.

The spinet, though more asserting than the clavichord, lacked the latter's response to varied modulation. It inherited its "temperament" from the lute, its province of harmonies, its instinct for sustaining or relaxing tone; and this relationship procured the spinet the same public sentiment long enjoyed by the indispensable lute. The spinet and the lute are linked in a delightful and most informative passage taken from "Contens," a play by Odet de Tournebu which had its Paris premiere in 1584. "Monsieur," goes the advice of the benevolent Françoise, "you do well indeed to love Genevieve, because apart from the fact that she loves none but you, and that your reflection never leaves her heart and her eyes, she has many good qualities which make her as lovable as any girl in France. She is a good Catholic, rich, and a good housekeeper. She speaks well, writes like an angel, she plays on the lute, on the spinet, sings her part with assurance and knows how to dance and lead as well as a born Parisian."

The comparative mobility of the spinet gave it a long life. Even when the harpsichord was at its height of perfection its smaller and less forceful sister was still in demand. The repeated mention of straps, and velvet and leather pads made for the spinets of "madame" or "monsieur" indicate that these instruments were carried from room to room and likely from chateau to chateau. In England under Henry VIII there seems to have been little need for displacement, as in this kingdom of amplitude there were instruments for nearly every room in every castle and for nearly every occasion.

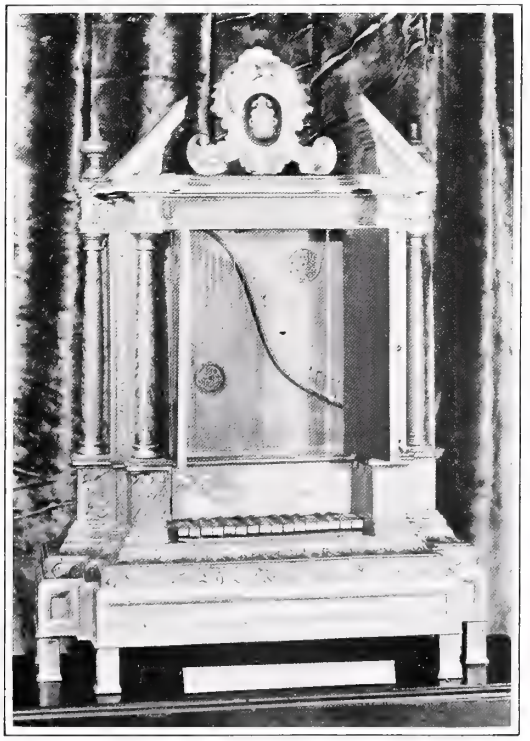


THE PERSIAN SANTIR, ORIENTAL PROTOTYPE OF THE DULCIMER

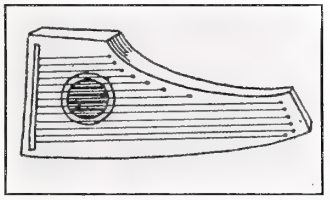
A virginal that once belonged to Queen Elizabeth was described in a catalogue of the South Kensington exhibition of 1874 as being in an excellent state of preservation, which would indicate that it had enjoyed a sedentary existence, and justify the assumption that the music loving Queen was equipped with a different virginal wherever she made her appearance.

The virginals then were full grown spinets with an average compass of from four to five octaves and capable of rendering the contents of the interesting volume of music published in London in 1611 and entitled "Parthenia or Maydenhead of the first musicke, that ever was printed for the Virginalls composed by three famous masters—William Byrd, Dr. John Bull and Orlando Gibbons, gentilmen of his Majestie's most illustrous Chapell." This interesting codification of Elizabethan music, generally called "The Virginal Book of Queen Elizabeth" started a new craft of instrument makers, independent from Italy or Flanders, and chiefly represented

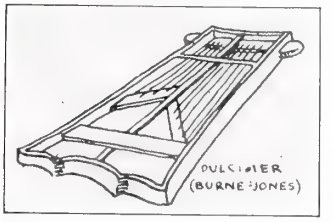
INTERIOR OF AN UPRIGHT SPINET OR CLAVICITHERIUM SHOWING THE VERTICALLY PLACED SOUND-BOX
(See color plate)

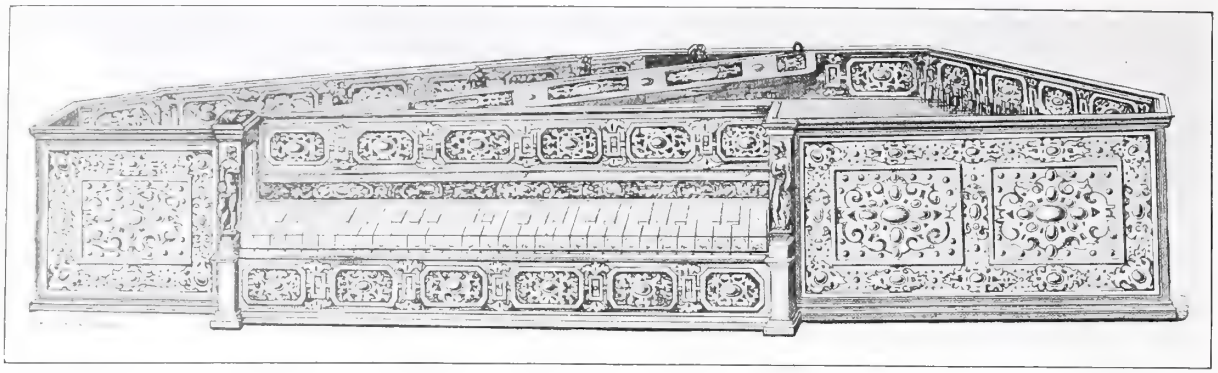


THE PSALTERY



THE DULCIMER





16TH CENTURY JEWELLED SPINET MADE FOR CARLO TRIVULZIO OF MILAN, BY ANNIBALE DEI ROSSI
(In the South Kensington Museum)

by John Loosemore, Stephen Keen and Adam Leversidge, the latter author of one of the most ingratiating spinets known to the amateur, both musically and decoratively, called the "Nell Gwyn Virginal." We are grateful to former possessors, and the present custodian, Miss Belle Skinner, for having tenaciously preserved the tradition of Nell Gwyn's original ownership. No tableau vivant could equal the vision of the British Ninon's slender fingers touching the sombre keys, no association could be more felicitous in conveying the personal charm of this virginal. Not the sweetly but naïvely painted cover with its sparkling array of gaily dressed ladies and befeathered gentlemen posing on the Mall in St. James Park, nor the exotic mixture of make-believe and real marqueterie, nor the slender walnut stand of timidly turned spirals, but the combination of all these elements leaves the impression of a French ballad coming from Nell Gwyn's beautiful lips with a primly captivating British accent. Truly the fancy is delightful!

The "Nell Gwyn Virginal" occupies an exceptional position, as it finally claims the right of the spinet to be regarded as an object of interior decoration, as a piece of furniture. It ceases to be a miraculous stranger in the room into which it is brought to perform. On the Continent in the seventeenth century "stands" were usually makeshifts and unworthy of the splendid burdens they had to carry, or in a few instances fantasies of the instrument maker's mind, which showed the dilettante's disregard for the prevalent style of furniture designing and gave the instrument when placed in well furnished rooms a rather arrogant appearance. (Vide the spinet with the Rouen tile with its stand of four cumbersome vase balusters topped by most unexpected capitals.) Different the "Nell Gwyn." Its merits as a fine example of the Carolean cabinetmaker's art are as obvious as the touching resonance of its strings on a soundbox as perfect today as when it aided Nell's first operatic and worldly conquests.



LADY PLAYING A 17TH CENTURY SPINET OF TRAPEZOID SHAPE
(From a contemporary tile of Rouen faience)

The spinet, musically outrivalled by the harpsichord, held its place as a delightful decorative accessory in tasteful interiors. The wing shaped variations of the old pentagon, or trapeze adopted under James II and William and Mary are reposeful to the eye. The back of the instrument fits snugly to the wall, the head is wavily curved and the obliquely protruding keyboard turns its pretty keys invitingly into the room. (Vide the spinet by Thomas Hitchcock, London, 1700, Metropolitan Museum, New York). But in spite of this charm and its sentimental associations, the spinet was then doomed to an early departure and harpsichord and piano acted as pall-bearers. An advertisement headed "*Annonces, Affiches et Avis Divers*," on May 7, 1765 reads like a death notice. In this the amateurs are offered: "An excellent table spinet, five feet long, eighteen inches deep, of which the cover is very agreeably painted by a good master which can be used as an overdoor; price six Louis—the cover alone was valued at ten Louis by connoisseurs." Although this bid for vandalism openly admitted that the spinet was dethroned, the *coquetterie* of court and gentry, consistently doing the unforeseen, kept the sweet relic from being declassed. Spinets by Ruckers were still being "remade" by Blanchet and redecorated by Audran and Huet, and Jean - Jacques Rousseau nearly lost his reason for joy over the gift of an antiquated instrument, and as late as 1778, when the piano was dangerously

threatening even the harpsichord, Pascal Taskin, the celebrated "claveciniste" built a delicately formed spinet for the Queen, with gondoled sides, like a jewel casket, and covered with finely drawn subjects from La Fontaine's Fables on a yellow Vernis Martin ground. It stood, we learn from the Marquise de Gouvernet, at Trianon to teach Dauphin and Princesse Royale the magic of a tranquil past. A symbol of feudalism, too "decadent" to carry the vigorous strains of the Marseillaise, this little instrument, made for a queen, suffered the indignities of all aristocrats. Thanks to a good fate, however, it escaped the guillotine and served a humorous and gourmande Jacobine as a laundry board. In 1828 it was discovered and returned to honor by Josephine Martin, a well-known pianist. Ever since it has lived in the best surroundings. Recognized by the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts in its exhibition (1880 at Bagatelle) as the "Epinette de la Reine Marie Antoinette," a clear pedigree followed the little gem until it reached its present appreciative ownership.

In chronologically travelling backward to the origin of the spinet's great rival, the harpsichord, we are intrigued by small upright cases resembling reliquaries or miniature bookcases, highly architectural of design, usually fitted with double doors which opened on a harp-shaped vertical sounding board. These "jack and quill" instruments, mostly of the single string, but occasionally of the double string type, are called clavicitheria ("claves," key, and "cithara," Roman "harp"). A diminutive clavicitherium or clavicembalo verticale came from the Vatican. It has a compass of but two octaves and two tones and a negligible string length, but it produces a vibrating sound which strangely haunts. It is said to have come from Cremona, the cradle of the violin, and to have been joined of the mysterious woods which could be made to resound by the touch of a metal bar when still part of the growing tree. The cresting bears the arms of Pope Gregory XIII (1572 to 1585), champion of education and art and author of the revision of our calendar. Its exterior is conceived as a portal with columns and doors decorated with crimson and gold cherubim after Giovanni da Fiesole on a rich sky-blue ground.

From the beginning of the seventeenth century the Ruckers family, Johannes, the father, and his equally gifted sons, Frans, Andreas, Hans and Anton, seem to have supplied an ever increasing demand for their instruments, presented to their patrons with unfailing taste, in cases of extraordinary beauty. Rubens, Nicolas Maes, Teniers, Brill, Wouverman, Palamedes, are mentioned among the Dutchmen and Flemings employed to trim these cases with the most pleasing compositions their minds could invent. A double keyboard harpsichord by Jean Couchet, nephew of Hans Ruckers the Younger (Metropolitan Museum, No. 2362) is of a very fine quality and in an excellent state of preservation. It is particularly interesting because of its lute stop, often mentioned in writings and inventories of that time but rarely to be found existing on instruments of this early date (about 1650).

That the Grand Monarque did not overlook the clavecin with its ability to entertain and enchant large gatherings and with its possibilities for alluring decoration, can be demonstrated by a number of beautiful examples at the "Cluny," at the "Conservatoire" and in private possessions. We also hear of a clavecin by Boule, and of others covered with Oriental lacquer, their stands enriched with bronze mounts gilded by Vincent.

The beginning of the eighteenth century was marked by a restlessness in the inner circle of "clavecinism." Composers, virtuosi and makers seemed unwilling to accept Ruckers as the last word of technical perfection. The efforts of these men were directed both toward enlarging and toward reducing the size of the clavecin.

The problem of a more powerful instrument than the type made by the Ruckers family was solved by Johannes Haas of Hamburg, who in 1710 developed a double-banked clavecin called "fluegel" (from its resemblance to the wings of a bird) which with the aid of six varying sets of strings produced an amazing gradation of tone. For fifty years it stood unsurpassed.

In France the menace of Cristofori's little hammers and the conflict between the growing demand for mechanical innovations and the public's disapproval of awkward proportions forced the clavecin makers to try technical experiments on the models of their great predecessors, whose choice of outline had been found irreproachable. It is therefore not surprising that the illustrious Ruckers family appears in inventories of the eighteenth century as the makers of numbers of clavecins, refitted with action and keys and decorations by later hands.

The culmination of this constructive revival, unique in art history for its general acceptance by a public proud of its own original achievements, can be found in the sale of a "Ruckers-Taskin" which took place in Paris about 1775, which realized the stupendous *prix d'amateur* of six thousand two hundred and forty livres.



A PANEL IN COLORED ALABASTER AND GOLD, ST. MARY'S CHURCH, TUXEDO, N. Y.
LEE LAWRIE, SCULPTOR

Lee Lawrie · Architectural Sculptor

American goes back to first principles of his art and attains beauty in structural unity · · by

HANNA TACHAU

OF all the arts, architecture has dedicated herself most faithfully to the service of the church and civic life; sculpture, her intimate, followed closely, finding its true mission in ministering to architecture's needs. So irrevocably interwoven are the histories of these two arts that it would be impossible to attempt to follow and understand the development of sculpture from its beginnings other than to consider it in its relation to architecture.

We may look back for greatest inspiration to the two supreme creative periods of organic architecture, the Greek and the Northern Gothic styles, when all the sculpture that contributed so largely to the charm of a structure was subordinated to one all-embracing architectonic thought and was conceived as an integral part of the entire composition. But such a union is rare. The Renaissance fostered the spirit of individualism, producing the masterpieces of men, each famous in his own particular métier. The result was a miracle of beauty and richness, a triumphant assemblage of exquisite details that were held together and made harmonious through some profound artistic instinct. And yet it is evident that no one all-pervading idea existed in the mind of the architect, else we would find the proper subordination of beauty in details to the grandeur and the superiority of structural unity.

It is an interesting event, then, to find that there is a sculptor living today whose art is indivisible from the architectural source from which it springs. So thoroughly is Mr. Lee Lawrie (whom I am introducing to you) imbued with the spirit, the specific character, of the particular architecture with which he has to deal, that when we first see his work we realize that here is an artist who does not picture his designs in terms of sculptured units, but views his art in its largest aspect—as architecture conceived in sculptured form. We feel at once that here is no dallying with idle embellishment or superfluous ornament. His sculpture is neither a detail casually applied nor is it used objectively as pure enrichment. It stands as the most living part of the building itself, expressing in symbolic form its character and purpose, emphasizing its type without making any attempt to exploit its possibilities as an adequate background for exhibiting the sculptor's own prowess as an artist. Whatever form his flights of fancy may take, whether it be a detail or a group of statues, a bas-relief or carved foliations, it never projects itself out of the general scheme nor becomes a disturbing note in the harmony of the finished design.

The two most pretentious and perhaps significant projects with which Mr. Lawrie has been associated in recent years are the imposing reredos of St. Thomas's Church and the sculpture

and innumerable models for the Harkness Memorial at Yale University. Other things that he has done show as fine a flavor and reveal perhaps even a more intimate and personal presentment, but the scope and splendor of these two undertakings seem to leap almost beyond the ordinary imagination. The sculpture of this reredos, modelled and executed during the distressing days of the war, was completed in ten months. The work on the Harkness Memorial was finished in two years. This record of achievement, of untiring effort to produce all that such a venture implies in a specified time, has not been surpassed even in the most productive days of creative ability. But herein lies the infinite and particular task of an architectural sculptor, whose work is explicitly a part of the building. He must work hand in hand with the architect, enriching with ornament, suggesting with symbols, enhancing with beauty the structure that finds its perfect fulfilment only when it is clothed in all its accessories.

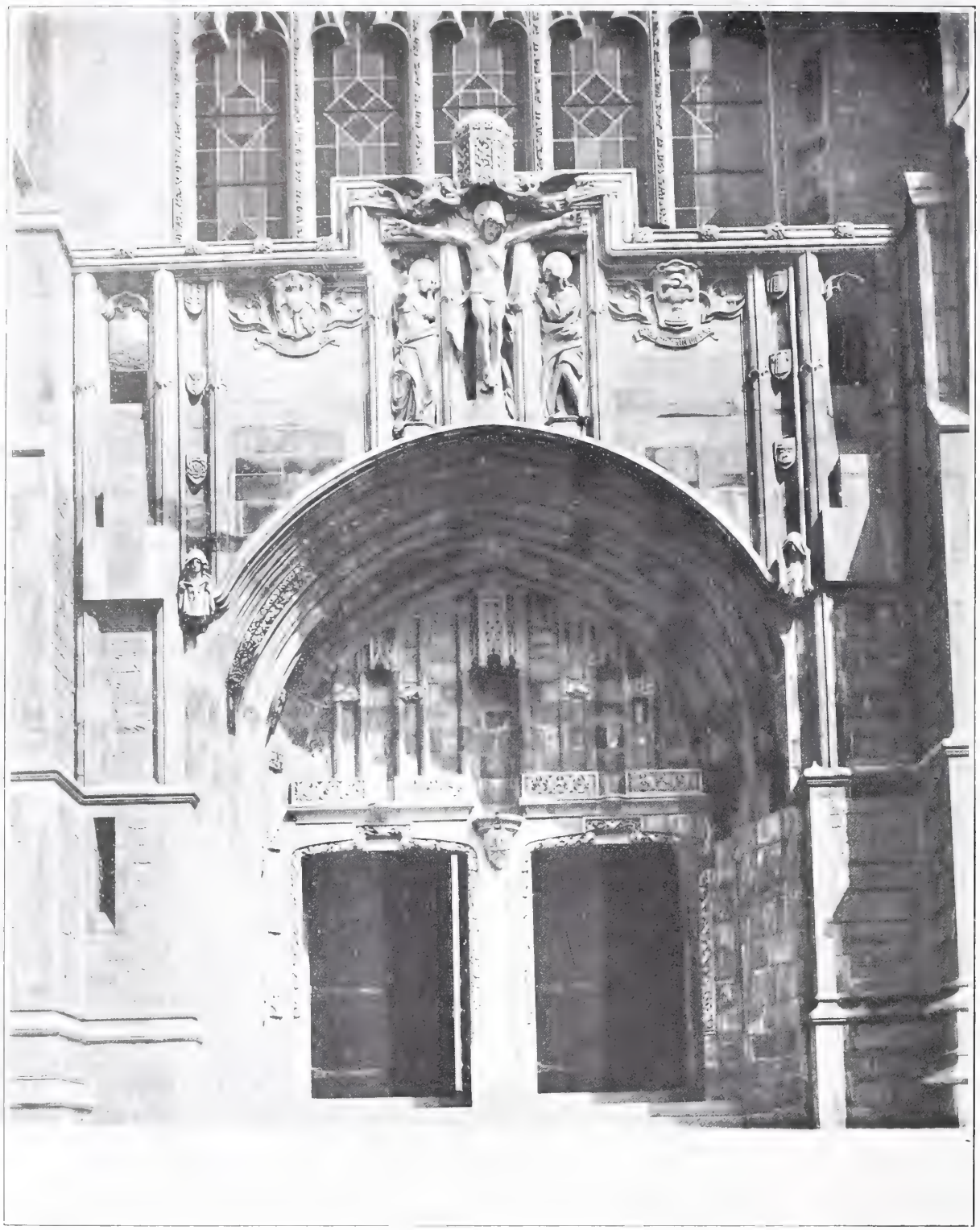


VIRGIN AND CHILD IN COLORED ALABASTER, ONYX AND SILVER, CHURCH OF ST. VINCENT FERRER LEE LAWRIE, SCULPTOR

A matchless example of this unity is found in the reredos of St. Thomas's Church, where both architect and sculptor seem imbued with the same aesthetic purpose, revealing all the poetry, the mysticism that is the essence of Gothic architecture. Once within the entrance, the eye immediately leaps to the chancel, where the splendor of the great reredos seems to concentrate and reflect the whole of the architect's intent. It rises majestically, presenting its dramatic assemblage of sculptured figures, delicately carved niches, and slender pinnacles that mount from the altar in ever-increasing richness of detail, until it touches the very apex of the main vault of the church. No more beautiful achievement in modern ecclesiastical art exists today.

Immediately above the high altar, silhouetted against the shadows formed by the deep recess, stand a group of figures showing St. Thomas on bended knee, acknowledging the Risen Christ. Surmounting this recessed panel, a huge cross vaults upward, capped by a diadem and a crown of thorns, and surrounded by adoring angels. How flowing, how beautifully certain are the lines of these exquisite figures, and how adequately they fill their allotted spaces! The whole panel is enclosed by a wealth of carved decoration-scrolls, foliations and emblems, symbolic of the church.

Rising above the cross, the impressive figures of Christ, St. Mary and the beloved St. John are seen, and all about and above them are stationed—each in its own niche, topped by intricately carved canopies, and separated by slender columns — saints and apostles, missionaries and reformers, and the great English and American prelates of the Episcopal Church. This stately throng of figures, studied minutely as separate problems, and again in their relationship to each other, form a living entity, echoing the



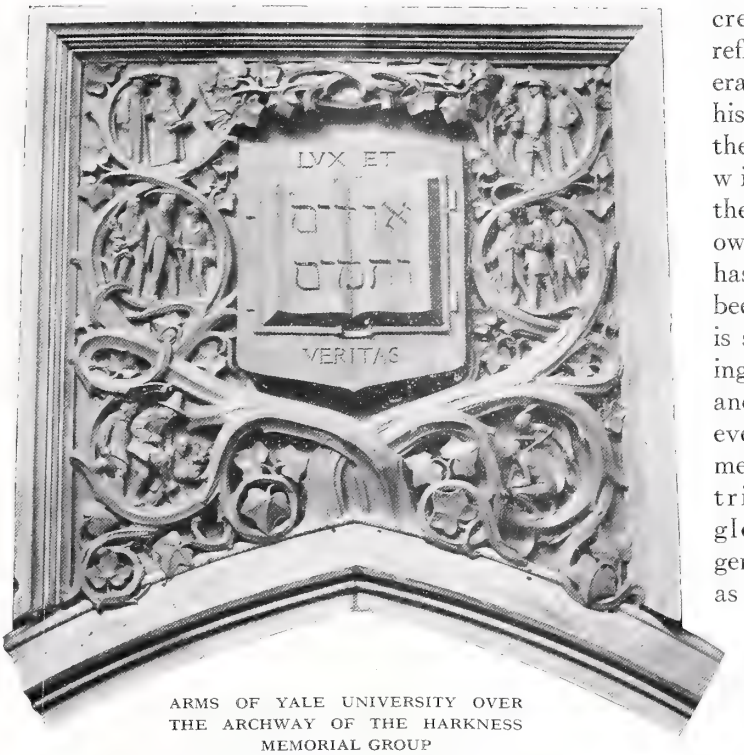
THE MAIN PORTAL OF THE CHURCH OF ST. VINCENT FERRER, NEW YORK CITY
BERTRAM GROSVENOR GOODHUE, ARCHITECT
LEE LAWRIE, SCULPTOR

spirit that animates the structure as a whole, yet introducing to it, by specific touches, a fresh vitality and a new verve and character.

The spiritual quality inherent in Gothic ecclesiastical art is revealed in the asceticism of the thin, draped figures of the early martyrs, whose look of resignation and suffering are characteristic of Medieval types. Mr. Lawrie, so quick to grasp the essentials, and equally quick in sensing the dependence of sculpture upon architecture, always works in the specific character of the building which he is to adorn, evolving his sculpture out of the horizontal, vertical and arching lines of architecture. So it was in the

days of the thirteenth century. The sculpture of Chartres, Amiens, Rheims is as different in character as is the difference in the Cathedrals themselves. The emaciated, elongated figures of his saints are true to Gothic type and he uses these long, straight forms to link his figures to the perpendicular lines about them.

But not alone does he achieve the Gothic spirit by resorting to ancient methods. The portraits of the Church dignitaries, men who lived in more recent times, are rendered in a very modern manner to conform with the needs of our day. They are splendid portraits of individualized personages, yet through the breadth and simplicity of their modelling and the fine restraint that eliminates all but the essentials, they are perfectly in tune with the whole fine fabric of the reredos; they are essentially Gothic.



ARMS OF YALE UNIVERSITY OVER THE ARCHWAY OF THE HARKNESS MEMORIAL GROUP
JAMES GAMBLE ROGERS, ARCHITECT
LEE LAWRIE, SCULPTOR

It is interesting to compare this tour de force of ecclesiastical Gothic, in which the architect is forced to conform, in a great degree, to past precedents and to follow certain traditions, with the Gothic that is made to lend itself to scholastic purposes. Much of the charm, the living quality, that animates the remarkable group of buildings known as the Harkness Memorial, is due to the enchantment emanating from the Gothic spirit that encourages originality in detail, intimacy of treatment and a certain lively freedom of expression. Here the sculptor again scores. In Mr. Lawrie's presentment of the Gothic there is a new note. He does not merely repeat something that is dead and gone, but is stirred to a new creativeness that reflects our own era, yet has in it his admiration of the past. He deals with modern themes, with our own history that has but recently been lived or which is still in the making, and he creates and makes live forever the images of men who have contributed to the glory of former generations, as well as to our own.

Although his work is full of quaint surprises, as is characteristic of Gothic craftsmanship, appearing upon the entrance archways, occurring as playful rather than fantastic gargoyles upon exteriors, or as ornaments and models for the interiors of these delightful "Quads," the Memorial Tower called forth his fullest powers as a creative artist. This tapering shaft that lifts belfry on belfry, growing ever lighter and more exuberant in form and color and ornament, reaches its culmination in rich traceries, delicate carvings and feathery pinnacles whose topmost finials are lost in the mystery of upper light—ever true to the Gothic spirit. Upon the eight corner buttresses that appear half-way up the belfry are canopied niches that mark the heroic figures of Yale's most eminent sons. Here stand Elihu Yale, Jonathan Edwards, Nathan Hale, Noah Webster, Fenimore Cooper, John C. Calhoun, Samuel F. B. Morse and Eli Whitney — steadfast sentinels, guarding and watching the future generations who may enter the sacred portals of their Alma Mater. Again in dealing



FIGURE OF SOCRATES FROM THE HARKNESS MEMORIAL ARCHWAY AT YALE UNIVERSITY
LEE LAWRIE, SCULPTOR



A PORTION OF THE REREDOS OF ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH, NEW YORK CITY

BERTRAM GROSVENOR GOODHUE
Architect

LEE LAWRIE
Sculptor



FIGURE OF
JOHN C. CALHOUN



FIGURE OF ELIHU YALE



FIGURE OF
S. F. B. MORSE

THREE FIGURES FROM THE TOWER OF THE HARKNESS MEMORIAL GROUP AT YALE UNIVERSITY
LEE LAWRIE, SCULPTOR

with modern portraiture, Mr. Lawrie shows his rare feeling for decoration. We are confronted with presentments of modern men whose likenesses he has carefully studied from reliable data, and yet they are never modelled too realistically nor finished too minutely. The very limitations of ancient handicrafts helped to contribute to the undeniable charm that we find in the old masterpieces, and there is much of this quality that gives delight in Mr. Lawrie's sculpture. Some of the figures lend themselves naturally to such treatment, but others of a more classic type were persuaded by subtle handling to accommodate themselves to the Gothic spirit that pervades the whole architectural scheme. Above these vast figures, in the belfry openings, are others, smaller in size, of Phidias, Homer, Aristotle and Euclid, symbolizing the arts and sciences; upon the central buttresses, silhouetted against the lantern openings on either side, appear figures unfettered in their imagery, representing Business, Law, Medicine, the Ministry; and in the angle of the corner piers are twelve more figures typifying Life, Progress, War, Death, Peace, Prosperity, Effort, Order, Justice, Truth, Freedom and Courage. The noble forms, the bigness of style, the breadth of drapery, but above

all the unity of the design with the architectural structure, proclaim the genius of the artist. And once again we are introduced to themes bearing directly upon our own history, for upon the light buttresses that have ascended ever higher, forming the corners of the lantern, are martial forms, reminiscent of the soldiers who gave their lives in the country's wars, from the Revolution to the late World War. Looking down from still greater heights peer the whimsical heads of gargoyles that impersonate, with ironic humor, the different activities of the undergraduate, scholastic, literary, social and athletic. Masks of the classic poets, who have been the inspiration of men, generation after generation, also have a place here. As the tower rises, lifting its head to a higher plane of romance and beauty, its richness of ornament grows until it finds its final blossoming in the most exquisite traceries and in a wealth of delicate sculpture.

In the many other buildings that bear the impress of Mr. Lawrie's art there is always present the same power for assimilating the architect's purpose, which results in revealing his own remarkable versatility. He has perhaps done nothing finer than the sculptured figures and ornamentation that appear upon the façade of St. Vincent Ferrer's, which are vigorously modelled to suit the robust character of the church. The cutting is left in the rough, and what could be more beautifully composed than the group above the arched entrance of the central doorway? Each figure is charmingly adjusted to the shape of the niche with which it is associated, yet they are all united by the converging lines of the figures and the flow of the graciously arranged draperies.



"SANTIAGO"
A MARBLE PANEL FOR THE HOUSE OF WALDRON GILLESPIE, MONTICITO, CALIFORNIA
LEE LAWRIE, SCULPTOR

Mr. Lawrie believes that the backbone of sculpture is design, and that no matter how beautiful a work of art may be, or how skillfully presented, if fundamentally it is not based upon structural design it cannot successfully fulfil its mission. This is why we feel that in his work technical perfection is never glorified to the exclusion of the more important things he has to say. His hand is made obedient to the dictates of the artist's brain, and he uses his technique not as an end in itself but as a servant to do his bidding and to realize the aim of his ideal.

It is fruitless to attempt to speak in detail of all his artistic achievements that may be seen throughout the country, yet mention must be made of his sculptured ornament for the West Point buildings, of his embellishment of more than fifty churches in various cities and of his decorations for a number of municipal buildings. Of his more intimate commissions, there is none more appealing than the haunting beauty of the "Virgin and Child" carved from onyx, with insets of alabaster and crown and sceptre of silver-gilt, that looks down benignly from the wall in St. Vincent Ferrer's. We wish, however, that it had been his hand that had touched it with color, rather than that the "toning down" should have been left to others. His subtlety of modelling and delicacy of carving is beautifully exemplified in the ornamentation of a house and garden and bridge in Monticito, California. Here he is in a more Classic mood and in the almost elusive quality of these very low reliefs, we see his complete departure from the simple, daring, naïve expression of his Gothic style. It is always illuminating, after viewing a man's monumental work, to glimpse the less important essays which have occupied an easier hour. The sun dial, for instance, in the garden of the Monticito home is a flat relief whose modelling is so tenderly achieved that it is scarcely raised above the surface.

It is a sign full of promise and pleasure to those who are interested in watching the development of art in America to find that as our architecture tends toward a fuller growth and a finer flowering there should also be a more intelligent understanding of what its sculpture implies. As soon as sculptors began to think of their figures as realistic representations of men and women and created them primarily to be admired for their own intrinsic merit, the art declined. Mr. Lawrie believes in restoring them as a functional part in the general scheme. His role is significant.

The ETCHINGS of KATHERINE CAMERON

A famous etcher's sister achieves unusual qualities of grace and whimsicality on the copper plate

By HELEN WRIGHT

KATHERINE CAMERON'S etchings are so individual in their treatment of an unusual subject that there is little danger of her being known simply as the "sister of D. Y. Cameron." Her particular field is so much her own that her reputation has neither been dimmed by the lustre of her brother's, nor increased by the mere fact of family relationship.

A few years ago, some appreciative, discriminating art lover brought a few of her prints back from Scotland. A dealer who saw them wrote to Miss Cameron for a complete set of her etchings, and received the reply that she would have to buy many of them herself from various owners in Scotland and England, as three-fourths of them were out of print. She obtained as many as possible and when they arrived they were all sold at once, before they could even be matted.

It seems strange that flowers and butterflies and bees did not long ago tempt etchers away from the landscape and architectural subjects to which they have always been devoted. Miss Cameron, however, understands that pure line, which plays so great a part in etching, is well fitted to portray the ethereal quality of a butterfly's wing or the fragile delicacy of a flower. Limited though she is through her medium, she imparts brilliancy and variety to her prints by the superb gradations of her blacks and the delicacy of her decisive and varied line.



"THE RACE"
BY KATHERINE CAMERON

There is delightful humor in "The Race," which interprets the leisurely progress of two caterpillars in terms of a human contest. In such touches as this, which are frequent with Miss Cameron, there is revealed the vision of the artist-lover of nature who possesses both sympathy and imagination.

As an etcher of landscapes, Miss Cameron is interested in Scotch dunes and level fields with far horizons, which she presents something in the manner of her brother. She is also well known for her illustrations for books, including "The Enchanted Land," "Water Babies," "Aucassin and Nicolette," and "Undine." The Library of Congress at Washington has recently purchased almost all of her etchings for its permanent collection. When placed on exhibition they attracted the admiration of print lovers at the capital.

The variety of Miss Cameron's interests, a trait inherent in all Scotch etchers, is reflected in these different subjects. If her choice of them is accounted feminine, the vigor of her line and of her blacks is masculine enough to restore wholly the balance of her art.



"GRASS OF PARNASSUS"
BY
KATHERINE
CAMERON



"A FRENCH VILLAGE" BY EDWARD W. REDFIELD

REDFIELD · Painter of DAYS

Each one has a mystery and charm of its own ready for his sensitive brush . . . . by

F. NEWLIN PRICE

His first visit to the glorious valley of the Delaware was in '84, when three boys went up the Delaware River, camping at Bulls Island, now Raven Rock. Enthusiastic over the beauties and sport of the Delaware, enjoying the life so much, they overstayed their funds, so they bought a flat bottomed boat that a former sheriff was selling for three dollars (chain two dollars) and rowed to Philadelphia, some sixty-four miles, the old boat filling with water twice. They reached Trenton the first night and pitched camp on the bank, but were awakened by mosquitoes in the night, and water lapping the tent poles. They had forgotten the tide. The boat had floated half across the river, so one of them swam out. Oh, the mosquitoes and blisters from that journey in a square ended boat!

At the age of seven his first picture, that of a cow, was shown in the school children's exhibit at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia (1776). Speaking of cows and realism, Redfield admits himself that at one time he was painting a picture of a cow on the island on his place, and was called home for a few minutes, leaving the canvas and paints until he returned, when he was surprised to find that the cow had risen from her pose and carefully licked off the painting of herself, leaving only the bare canvas. That's realism and real appreciation of realism.

Redfield went abroad in '87 and '92, with



DRIFTED ROAD

by

Edward W. Redfield



"THE ROAD TO CARVERSVILLE"
BY EDWARD W. REDFIELD

Robert Henri, Charles Grafly and Stirling Calder—a group of artists who have since made their mark. He worked at Brolles, near the forest of Fontainebleau. It was here he met the present Mrs Redfield, whom he married in London about 1893. She is a wonderful woman and a perfect partner for the enthusiastic temperamental artist. These were delightful times, youth traveling hopefully. At one time a canvas by Redfield got in the Salon and was sold. Most of the profits had to be spent for the consolation of his fellow students.

The budding artist became a sort of "flower boy" for his father in Philadelphia, selling roses and azaleas and delivering them. It was the sire's conviction that Redfield could not make a living at art, so he engaged him in his nurseries. Bradley Redfield at one time was a prosperous fruit broker, but he lost his money about 1896, when an extraordinary frost killed the orange crops in Florida on which he had advanced funds. Redfield was studying at the Spring Garden Institute, bent on being a portrait painter. Crayon presentments were then in vogue, and he did whatever came his way. His family had started nurseries at Glenside, Pennsylvania, where Redfield worked and painted. Later he studied at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. Trask tells a story of seeing a fine looking fellow give a beautiful bouquet of white carnations to Mrs. Gibson (who took the tickets at the Academy shows), saying "Couldn't sell these, Mrs. Gibson."

Many things crowded the year '98—the purchase of his present home and the island (in the Delaware opposite his studio), his first one-man show at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, where he realized a small sum, and the tragedy of his first child's death. Abroad again, where he stayed until the summer of 1900, when Laurent was born. Then, in the autumn, back to Centerbridge, and a second one-man show at the Philadelphia Art Club, which was decidedly successful.

It was then that Redfield became convinced that his paintings should be done at "one go," and he figured that if he did them spontaneously he would succeed. He allowed himself ten years, if he could stick it out, to win. He sold just enough to keep going, with the help of his garden, until his first real success, at the Corcoran's biennial, where he won the third prize, five hundred dollars, a sum which was augmented by another fifteen



"SOHO—PITTSBURGH"
BY EDWARD W. REDFIELD

hundred dollars when the Gallery bought the picture. Then honors came thick and fast until, in 1915, he was accepted by the American art world as a very able artist who had "arrived."

The Redfields lived a busy, domestic, elemental life, raising their own vegetables, enjoying the wide horizon and the changing seasons. When Frances was little, the one cow they had went dry. Redfield walked eight miles up the river to see a cow for sale, for which the farmer wanted forty dollars (this was only a few years back), and Redfield said, "It's not worth forty dollars." "What is it worth?" "It's worth thirty-five dollars," said Redfield, and the farmer sold the cow. When he got it home a farmer across the canal, Ed Johnson, came over and looking at the cow said, "Are you going to keep two cows?" Redfield explained that they had to have cow's milk from the same cow for the little girl, and made the proposition to Johnson that he would sell the cow if he got four quarts of milk every day for the baby. Johnson said "All right, I'll give you forty dollars for the cow and deliver four quarts of milk every day." Then Redfield walked up the river and saw the other farmer, and said, "I told you that cow wasn't worth forty dollars." "You said the cow was worth thirty-five dollars and gave me the money—what's the matter now?" "Well, that cow was worth forty dollars, and here's the five dollars."

Redfield has no love for the heart of the town, the pageantry of the city streets, the receptions and teas and social whirl. He came to New York on a trip a year or so ago. He drove over, and after he had successfully reached the forties, he crossed toward Fifth Avenue, and there pulled up behind a taxi and waited. After a bit he leaned out to see if the driver ahead were asleep, and waited a little longer there. Meanwhile several cars pulled up back of him. Finally one called out, "Hey there, Pennsylvania, get a move on." Redfield replied, "Talk to that fellow in front." Whereupon he was vigorously informed that the man in front would not move for some time. Couldn't he see that this was a "taxi stand?" Redfield does not like any big city too well. He goes there only when he has work to do.

He is in truth, just what he seems to be, direct,



"RIVER IN WINTER"
BY EDWARD W. REDFIELD

keen, a fine companion, and thorough workman, a man of the hills and the mountain streams. Below the wooded hills, between the canal and the Delaware, is a long row of frame buildings built with his own hands, a little village of his own that hides away from the main road. And from this retreat, when the earth is white with snow, and sparkles with the diamond dust of winter, he goes forth to record its glory—the vaulted sky and the gorgeous soft whiteness of it all.

Then spring will come, and Redfield's snow will turn the streams to raging, tumbling torrents, that tear down upon his home. Many times they flood into his house, and once the waters floated the dining room table eight feet over the floor. The Redfield family waited and watched to see if their home would go on a journey to the sea. Looking down from the upper gallery they saw a mouse on a cracker can, hungry and worried, floating about with the table. It is typical of Redfield that he went out after the mouse and said, "You belong to my lodge," and gave him a chance.

With nature he lives, very much a part of her moods and transitions. When the floods have passed and the sun warms the earth, he is very busy with his garden, and the blossoms that he loves to paint—peach and pear and apple, and the snow white cherry trees against the hills with the river beyond. There is nothing manufactured about his art, no over refining. And now, after continuous effort in the same direction, toward painting at "one go," he is able to handle more and more detail, giving a fuller impression of nature. He found that the first step was the relation of the ground to the sky, which often practically resulted in two flat masses. He was working for a complete impression in one sitting, and it has really taken twenty years to do it. He wants to portray nature, and as one day is so very different from another in atmosphere and light, it has been his effort to record that actual day, rather than some impression that might



"THE FROZEN RIVER"
BY EDWARD W. REDFIELD

evolve in the studio. So you will find some of his paintings named after a day, "March First," "March Second," or "The Day Before Christmas." They are in reality portraits of days.

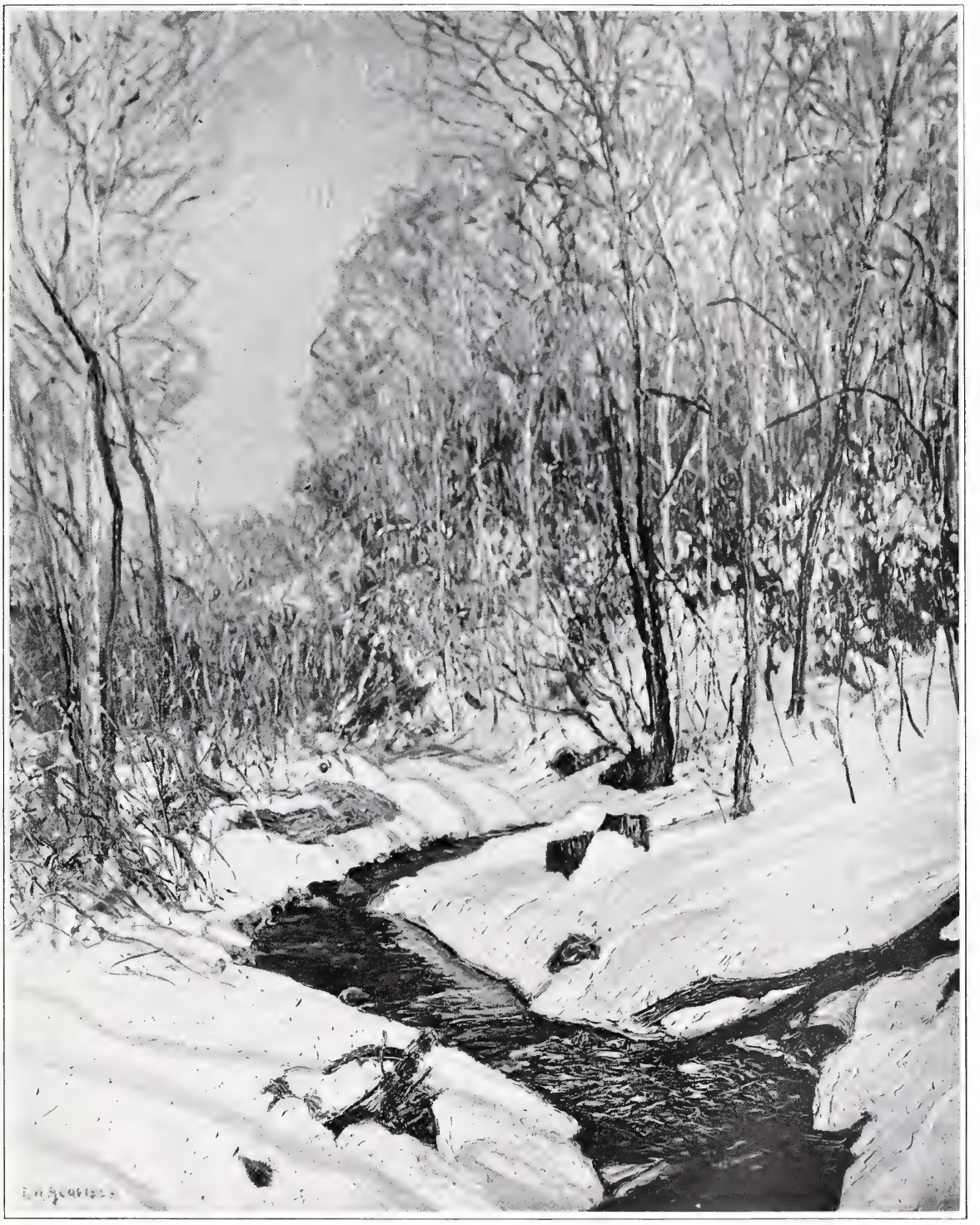
There is a strange hostility about Redfield. He will fight the winter's hardest weather, and struggle through the deepest drifts to paint. When the fever is on, it's mighty hard for anyone near him. He will say to his friends, "Sure, come up to the place, but you know the snow is on the ground and I am painting." Wise folks do not visit Redfield then, nor do they go when spring is surging over the land, and the fruit trees have burst out in all their glory.

They have called him the painter of "winter locked nature," and as surely as the laurel piles green over the snowbanks of the Delaware Valley, he has painted winter locked in ice and snow. Some have said he should paint other things as well, but the country under its white blanket sparkling in the sunshine, with all its well defined planes clear as only the snow will show it, has an endless fascination for Redfield. Imagine him standing at the end of the day by the fireside, warming his almost frozen hands, and his face iced over, with these words spoken: "And they say Blank paints them by the fireside." Redfield does not believe in the manufactured picture. There is no greater guide than nature. Those who paint the academic, the accepted design, whose art is no more than a formula, are not of his God.

They moved to Pittsburgh one winter (1919), with the five children. They had no furniture or fixings, but they got a house and then dug up the needed things, sent the boys to Carnegie and Redfield got to his painting of Pittsburgh, the famous. There was a furniture man who delivered things, and looking on the walls saw paintings, and exclaimed: "Madame, your husband is an artist." "Yes." "I thought so—you could hardly afford such pictures."

Today, of course, there is no dearth of money. But time was when the garden had to support them. Next to being an artist, Redfield is a great gardener. His tomatoes ripen first, his corn precedes that of the farmers, and his flowers fill the yard with a riot of color that lasts all summer and deep into autumn.

I recall a story of how he painted one of those village "Main Streets" that he likes so well. A little country girl from school stood watching him paint and after some time she asked what he did



"SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW"
by
Edward W. Redfield

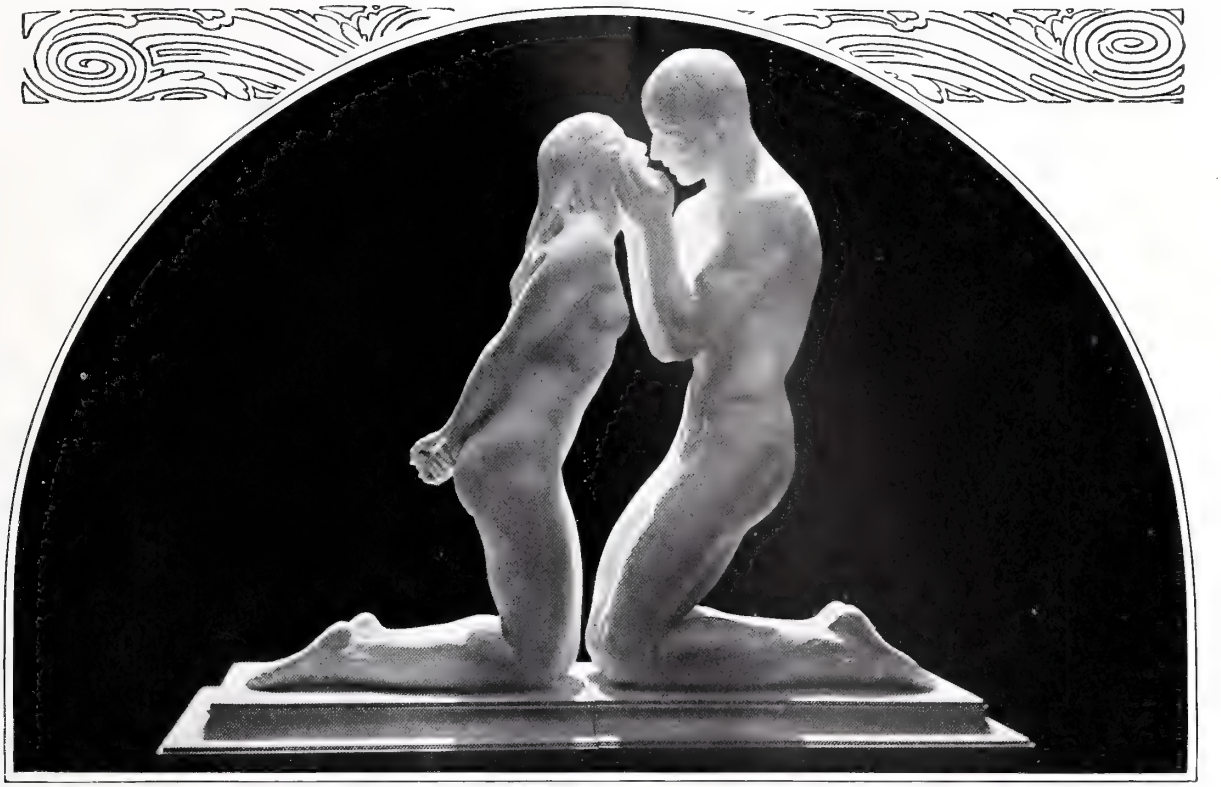


"SPRING"
BY EDWARD W. REDFIELD

with them. Redfield looked up and, liking the little red cheeked girl, said, "I sell them." "How much do you get?" was her query, and wishing to be plausible he said, "Five hundred dollars." She looked a second and then said, "You're a liar," and marched up the road. So the villagers watch this strange artist species much as the country folk looked at George Ade, whose country home grew finer and finer, although they saw no toiling or spinning. Time must come when America will reach that stage when it will know the glorious vocation, "interpreter of beauty."

Energy, and devotion to American art—a wise devotion—these are characteristic of the man. No strife of schools for him. He stands unyielding before the political storms of art and bends his back to help each movement, unmoved by selfish aims. Many young artists have known his encouragement. And the great national museum planned for Washington, but yet unborn, is one of his high hopes, very dear to his heart.

Redfield is vital, his method hard won, but simple. There journeyed to his studio a well-known portrait painter, whose wife was anxious that he make his mark, win prizes and recognition. Knowing that Redfield had received so many awards that there were none left for him to win, she asked how it was done, and he answered, "Paint the pictures." It may seem a long road—in fact it is a long road—for much water must pass under the bridge, and many a year must go by, great miles of canvas must be covered and bitter hunger and deprivations suffered before the real thing appears. "No royal road" to results. If it could be won by eloquence of words, or power of song, then it need not be painted. A feeling a mile deep, an ecstacy strong with an unquenchable desire,—that is the thing. Strong hearts are needed to portray this mysterious phantasmagoria, the dawn that glows in the east, and lingeringly fades into the west—a Day.



"L'OFFRANDE" BY MALVINA HOFFMAN

(*Copyright, Malvina Hoffman*)

The OFFERING
by Gertrude Nason Carver

"Eve offered me the apple: I did eat!"
Were not her lips the stern-forbidden fruit
That flowered on her slender body's tree?
And could a bough resist the sun? Her lips apart,
Her young breasts lifted like a twin-formed heart
That beats toward its desire, swift-lidded eyes
To hide the shyness of a girl, to rise
From the full glory of a woman's gaze—
Such offering Eve's new-born beauty was:
Damp clay, so molded by the hands of God,
And lips whose fragrance is His breath on sod.
Ah, not to touch them, Adam, would blaspheme
Eden itself and its most living dream!
Bend gently, Earth's First Lover that did dare
Forbidden fruit. To her sweet mouth now bear
The wondrous taste of sin she doth demand.
Remember with what ecstasy she leaned
The fullness of her beauty to thy lips,
And know it is a chalice thy love sips
Into profanity.

. . . . .

And yet I think
Thou wouldst have sinned more deeply—not to drink!



A SILVER COFFEE SERVICE DESIGNED BY PORTER BLANCHARD

American ART in SILVERCRAFT

Examples of recent design reveal native craftsmanship in an ancient art · · by

HANNA TACHAU

EVERY age stands revealed in the records of its applied arts. The humble articles of every-day use, the little accessories for personal adornment, tell their story as vividly and truly as do the more important essays in architecture and literature. A discriminating understanding of design will disclose a nation's dream of beauty; it will divulge its follies and foibles, its very virtues and vices, for, from the beginning, man has put himself into his art, proclaiming the tastes and tendencies of his day and generation, and disclosing all that has touched and affected him most deeply. And the influence and inheritance of all these past civilizations is having its effect upon art today.

One of the oldest and most enduring of the applied arts is silvercraft, and he who possesses the vision of true wisdom is able to read the secrets of ancient days, not in the mystic rays of a crystal goblet, but in the depths of a silver cup. We are on our mettle, then, to make the Twentieth Century speak more eloquently through its art than did the Nineteenth, for after the creative period of Colonial days, artistic development in America was practically at a standstill until the Centennial Exposition. In that interval, the machine swung into power and everything that could lend itself to mechanical production was fashioned in that way. Silver was more plentiful and its price lower, and it became an easy matter to stamp out hundreds of florid patterns for borders and intricate ornament without any pretense of preserving purity of style, or the durability that is the result of good craftsmanship. The main object of the commercial exploiters of that time was to produce silverware that looked rich and ostentatious at the lowest cost and the highest possible speed. Facile mechanics usurped the place of craftsmen, for there was no longer any demand for objects that were designed by artists and shaped by hand.

A natural reaction against this state of things, and the monstrosities that masqueraded under the name of art, came when prosperity, travel and education gradually developed a more exacting and discriminating taste, and finally, in 1897, a Society of Arts and Crafts was founded in Boston, whose object was to revive and stimulate an interest in handicrafts. This was somewhat similar to the movement started in England some ten years earlier, though on a much smaller scale



A HOLY WATER FONT IN WROUGHT SILVER DESIGNED AND MADE BY GRACE HAZEN

public interest in everyday objects fashioned by hand.

A few master silversmiths living in Boston still clung to Colonial traditions in the face of all obstacles. In the last twenty years they have produced silverware closely following Colonial types in form and feeling, that display the eternal beauty of the earlier designs, yet possess a certain individuality that naturally comes from a different age and the needs arising from different living conditions. Not only is much of their work executed as skillfully and with as great a reverence for beauty of line and simplicity of ornament as is displayed in some of the older examples, but certain pieces of utility, such as forks and spoons, are made heavier and stronger, for experience has taught the expediency of adding extra weight to points that in their everyday use bear the greatest strain and wear.

But the craft of the silversmith has narrowed down to a chosen few. The guild that so jealously guarded the interests of craftsmen in ancient days, and kept their work up to a given standard, is an institution that never flourished here. Apprenticeship, in its truest sense, finds but a cold response in the hearts of the youths who demand short preparation for quick success. We can only speak, then, of the few individual silversmiths who deem their lives well spent in "making beautiful or interesting that which is made for utilitarian purposes." And yet these devoted few have created a place for themselves in the art world. They have overcome incredible obstacles; they have combatted their malevolent enemy, the machine; they have found ways of escaping from the deadening influences that compel production of an endless number of objects, one the exact duplicate of the other, that menaced all individual expression. They have succeeded in finding a clientele, which, year by year, is ever growing more appreciative and more numerous.



A SILVER CHALICE DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY HELEN KEELING MILLS

But can a master silversmith, single-handed, under present factory conditions, make a living? Perhaps not, but it has been proven that small groups of craftsmen, working harmoniously together, practicing economy of both time and material, are not only able to produce work that reveals a fine aesthetic sense, but can make this kind of endeavor pay. Through their courageous adherence to art ideals that the love of their craft compels, they have become a significant factor in bringing to the public consciousness the fact that art need not be the exclusive property of the



A SILVER CIBORIUM DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY ARTHUR E. STONE

few who have riches as well as culture, but at the same time is the rightful heritage of the humble.

This new appreciation of beauty has also had a marked influence upon the character of the silverware now being made in the most progressive factories, for the demand for simple, robust shapes that show greater restraint in the use of decoration is steadily increasing. We are beginning to covet plain surfaces that reveal the inherent beauty of the material; to value the skill that can produce with the hammer smooth surfaces that are far more ingratiating than any gained by the mechanical polish of emery and burnisher, and to realize that profuse decoration is frequently used as a shield to conceal poor workmanship. It is, however, a fallacy to believe, as many do, that if a piece of silverware is created entirely by hand it must necessarily be a beautiful and significant object.



A SILVER CHAFING DISH DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY ARTHUR E. STONE



A HAND-WROUGHT SILVER BOWL BY CHARLES J. MARTIN

Unfortunately the term "Arts and Crafts" has come to be spoken only too glibly and is often applied to flabby work that attracts attention by flaunting certain aesthetic effects and affectations. To be ranked as a real art product, an object must serve a definite purpose, it must possess the beauty of happy design and a technical rendering that can freely express the intent of the artist. Such a piece will then be the means not only of giving pleasure but of serving a fine utility as well.

Some of the most prominent concerns producing silverware were quick to recognize the over-development of mechanically made silver and are introducing pieces made either partly or entirely by hand. The patterns are mostly of the Colonial type or are reproductions of old designs, and many of them are delightfully and beautifully executed and are a credit to the firms that produce them. These firms, realizing the knowledge and training that is necessary for the practice of this very subtle craft, have art directors who are connoisseurs and splendid critics, and they also have the services of designers and craftsmen who know their subject well.

Although we feel that the simple dignity of Colonial silver, that reveals so fine a reverence for form and for decoration (that includes only simple threading, beading and chasing) is particularly suited to our democratic way of living, there is a well-known American concern which has shown us something quite different both in design and decoration. The "Martelé" silver is the product of a newer school. Its decoration is naturalistic, bearing no relationship whatever to classic tradition, and the artist has gone direct to nature for inspiration, where he has sought to catch the evanescent delicacy of flowers, the illusive quality of growing things and render them in permanent form

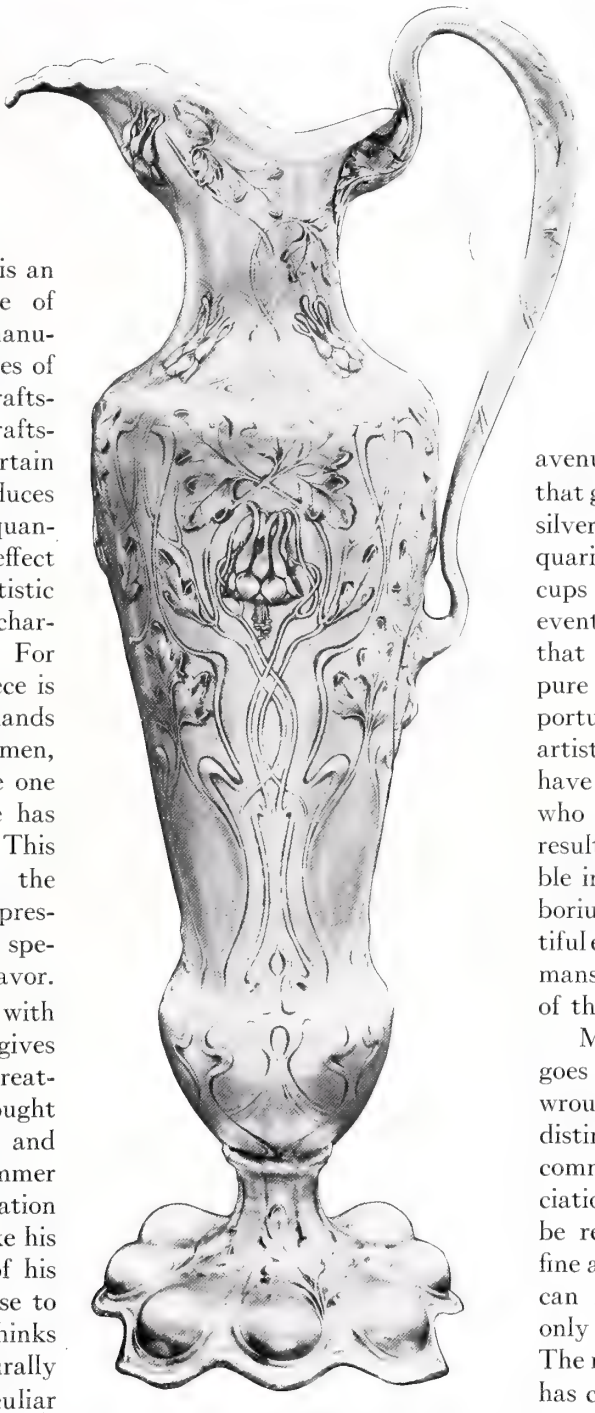


SILVER HOLLOW-WARE OF GRACEFUL GEORGIAN DESIGN BY ARTHUR E. STONE

in unconventional designs. Each piece is of necessity quite individual and distinctive because it is fashioned entirely by hand, and, consequently, no exact duplicate can be made.

Herewith reproduced is an illustration of this type of silver, produced by a manufacturer, and also examples of the work of individual craftsmen. The resentment craftsmen feel toward a certain type of factory that produces silverware in very large quantities is due both to the effect it has upon their own artistic development and to the character of the work itself. For rapid production, one piece is made to go through the hands of many different craftsmen, each man performing the one special task in which he has become most efficient. This method naturally limits the individual's power of expression and compels him to specialize in one line of endeavor.

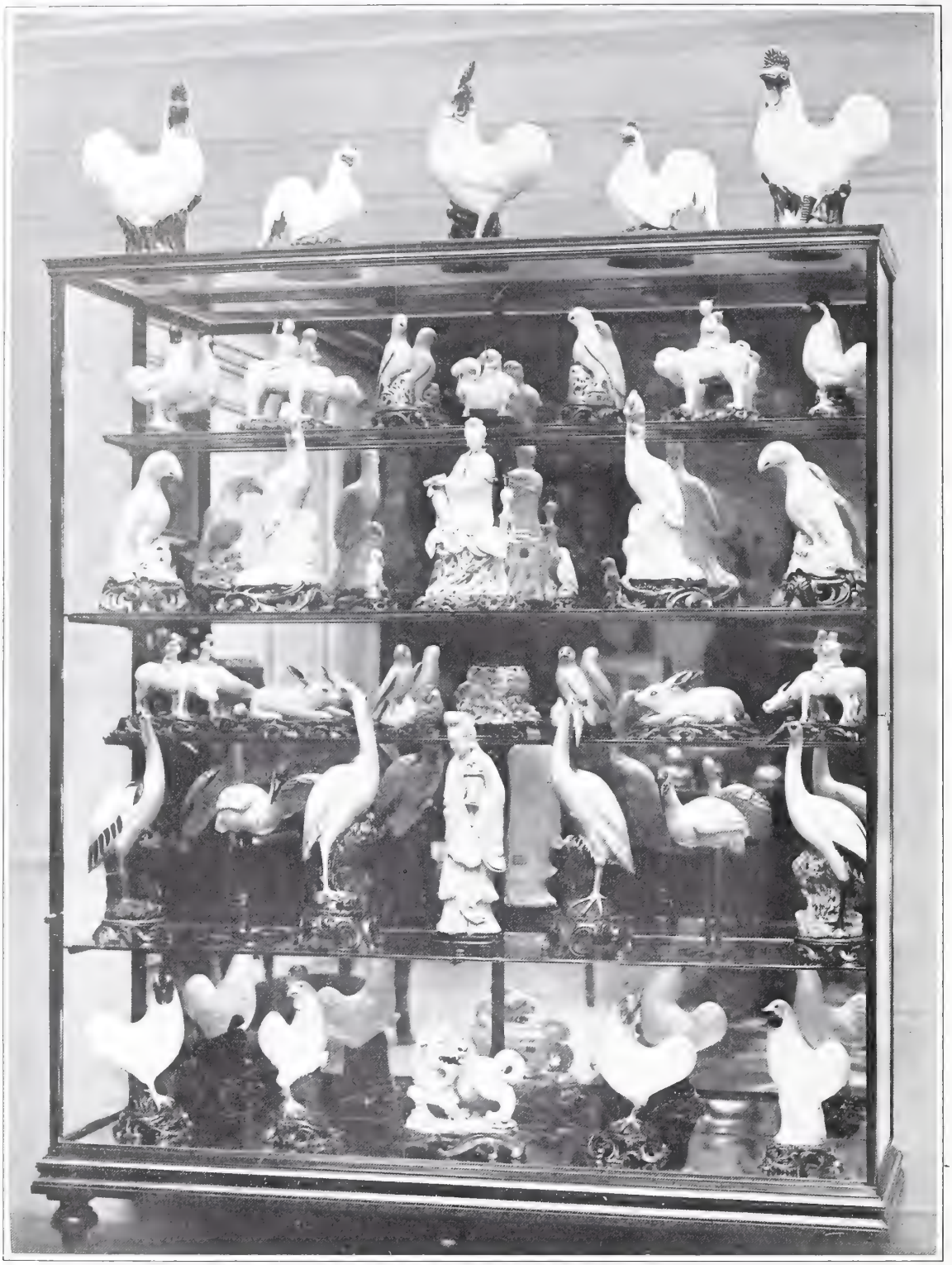
The silversmith deals with a malleable material that gives him the opportunity for creating form that may be brought to life through his skill and imagination. If his hammer becomes devoid of animation and he is not able to make his work reveal something of his personality and to disclose to others what he himself thinks and feels, the object naturally cannot fail to lack the peculiar essential spirit of an art product.



A FLAGON EXECUTED IN MARTELÉ SILVER, FROM THE DESIGN BY W. L. CODMAN
(Courtesy of Gorham Company)

An appreciation and understanding of art cannot be accomplished in a year and a day. It lies in the education of the artist as well as of the public. In interesting ourselves in all those things that lead to a renewal of the aesthetic impulses by which a nation expresses itself, we have rediscovered the significance that lies in the splendor of domestic silverware. Until fifteen or twenty years ago we were forced to collect old plate if we would possess some really beautiful pieces. Now we have craftsmen living here in America whose work rivals the beautiful examples we have inherited from the past. They show the delightful texture, the unerring feeling for fine proportion, and the admirable mastery in handling material of the lovely old Colonial and Georgian types. But there are other avenues besides domestic plate that give scope to the art of the silversmith. Vessels and reliquaries for the church, loving cups to commemorate special events, and vases and bowls that are created as things of pure beauty, offer splendid opportunities for displaying an artist's genius and skill. We have a number of craftsmen who have produced brilliant results in these fields. A notable instance is Mr. Stone's ciborium, one of the most beautiful examples of modern craftsmanship, made for the Church of the Advent in Boston.

More and more as time goes on we will find that silver wrought by hand will fill a distinct place even in this commercial age, and as appreciation grows such work will be recognized and ranked as fine art. Such pieces, however, can by necessity be enjoyed only by the comparative few. The machine, as an institution, has come to stay, and if properly directed can be made to fill the role of "the great distributor." The kind of work it distributes will depend upon the kind of work we demand. So long as the American public puts all its faith in European products, so long will there be a lack of distinctiveness in our own designs. The fact that many of the articles made abroad are more satisfying and are of better workmanship, is the very reason that art must be stimulated here at home, so that our workmanship will not only equal but overtop that of other countries.



FIGURES IN WHITE PORCELAIN

Ming and Kang-Hi Dynasties

(*Collection of M. Larcade*)



MOUNTED DRAGONS IN COLORED TERRA-COTTA : HAN DYNASTY
(Collection of Mr. Loo)

ANIMAL SCULPTURE *in* CHINA

Fine specimens of antiquity have style and power equal to the best of Greek and Gothic · · by

H. S. CIOLKOWSKI

THE important archaeological discoveries made in China within the last thirty years have brought the true dates of the origins of Chinese art, which obliging legends had ascribed to fabulous antiquity, nearer to hand, while simultaneously the interest of the collector has gradually stepped backwards from those medium periods to which the limitations of the market had restricted his interests hitherto. It may, moreover, be taken for granted that with the results obtained from excavations the taste for archaic art has been coincidently stimulated both among collectors and artists. And it is, no doubt, a fact that art, like philosophy, clothing and other things, is subject to fashion; however, to attribute these fashions to superficial causes would be to give proof of at least superficial judgment, for they answer to needs more deep-rooted than might be imagined. In this case, at all events, the prevailing fashion is matter for congratulation as it shows a determination to make return to solid foundations, and is exercising a strong influence on modern art, an influence far more healthy than would be one from mixed or decadent styles.



Ancient Chinese war-chariot from sculpture of the Han dynasty

Although, taking them all round, the French collections of Chinese art are not as well equipped as those in the United States, they are far from being insignificant. The donations which have accrued to them, as also happily inspired purchases, have much benefited them. The three most important collections are: the one in the Louvre, where the Granddidier gallery shows superb ceramics and the Pelliot mission has contributed its share; that at the Musée Guimet, specially designed to illustrate the history of Eastern religions, and that at the Musée Cernuschi, devoted to Chinese and Japanese art.

Being desirous of emphasizing the preponderant position occupied by animal representation in Chinese art M. d'Ardenne de Tizac, the eminent curator of the last named museum, has had the interesting idea of organizing an exhibition specially devoted to that subject, and for which purpose he has not only drawn upon his own gallery, but also upon specimens owned by private collectors and dealers, who have responded generously to his invitation.

According to the old Chinese texts—and all archaeologists appear to be in agreement on the



FIGURE OF A DRAGON IN BRONZE
HAN DYNASTY
(Collection of M. Peytel)

point—the oldest sculptures mentioned in the King-che-so annals date back to the second century B. C. The representation of the human figure, as also of animals, appears to begin at the period commencing with the Han dynasty, starting 206 B. C. and lasting four hundred years. However, in all statements concerning Chinese art and its origins one cannot be too careful. There seems to be little doubt, however, that China's artistic development was already very high in earlier periods. The treatment of bronze in particular would seem to be as old as China itself, for we know of bells and objects of ritual dating from the Chou and even the Shang dynasties, i. e. seventeen centuries B. C., which give evidence of a high degree of perfection, and there can be no doubt that other art forms, architecture, for example, had reached analogous development, but as building was accomplished in brick and stone nothing of it survives nowadays.



SCULPTURED HOG
IN STONE
HAN DYNASTY
(Courtesy of M. Levy)

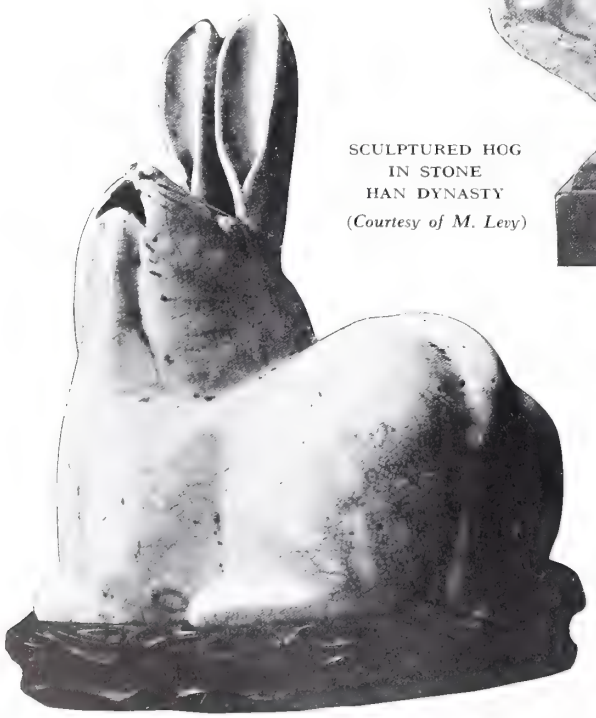


FIGURE OF A RABBIT
PORCELAIN : SUNG DYNASTY
(Collection of Mme. Langweil)

The ritual vase representing an owl, here reproduced, is a very rare example of bronze art in Chou style, (1122-255 B. C.) and is of surprising application and expression. The first Chinese carvings of which we have specimens were bas-reliefs on slabs in hard stone forming the inner walls of the sepulchres of personages of high standing. They are keenly sought after and the Cernuschi Museum owns some of great interest. They represent alternately mythological scenes, historical events and ceremonials, hunting scenes or scenes of



FIGURE OF A HORSE IN ENAMELLED TERRA-COTTA : T'ANG DYNASTY
(Collection of Comte d'Andigné)

battle, and comprise all kinds of animals, but particularly horses, which play so important a part in the life of warriors and in feudal times, executed with wonderful elegance and vigor.

But these bas-reliefs are not exclusively representative of Han sculpture, for the round was also practiced. The beautiful ram lent by Mr. Loo shows sufficiently what magnificent artists the Chinese were at this period. Its style and power are extraordinary and may be put on a line with the finest Greek and medieval achievements, combining convention and realism, those two qualities which constitute the touchstone of all permanent art. To many it will prove a revelation for it has long been a familiar dogma in many circles that while the Chinese were masters whom none have surpassed in ceramics, they were wanting in genius for sculpture. Writing on the subject in an important French standard work, an authority assigned these eight words to it: "La sculpture vraiment chinoise, c'est le magot" and no more. Yet the beautiful sculptures representing elephants, camels, horses and warriors which have been mounting guard over the tombs of the Ming Emperors these last five hundred years, never were buried and are at least familiar through reproductions, not to speak of the innumerable Buddhas, Kwan-yins and Boddhisatvas, belonging to all periods, and which are so noble, so lofty and so plastic, and whose eloquent expressiveness could not have been realized without deep knowledge of the science of sculpture and without technical experience handed down traditionally. But, no doubt, admiration and



SCULPTURED RAM
HAN DYNASTY
(Collection of Mr. Loo)

sympathy for Chinese art distorts our judgment to a point which renders it incapable of discerning that it is "influenced by bastard forms of Greek art gradually spread from the shores of the Black Sea towards Siberia and Central Asia," as M. Salomon Reinach contends in one of his volumes after a fashion one may be excused for considering somewhat rash, despite all one's admiration and very legitimate parochialism in regard of the Greek genius.

Much more thoughtful by comparison is the opinion of S. W. Bushell who finds, in his work on "Chinese Art," that "the origin of sculpture in stone is very obscure. In Chinese books its indigenous origin and development are always taken for granted and it seems natural to accept such views until the contrary is proved."

Indeed one cannot sufficiently repeat that the most extreme caution is advisable whenever Chinese art of high antiquity is considered. Take, for example, the superb ram already alluded to, which Mr. Loo, its owner, who is an expert in the matter, has good reasons for assigning to the second century A. D. Yet the photographs brought by M. Chavanne from his explorations in North China show rams entirely similar as to style and workmanship, one of which mounts guard over a Chuan tomb erected towards 700, while another from the Ho-nan guards the tomb of Emperor Jen T'song who died in 1063. It would be unwise to draw the slightest conclusion from these associations other than that for a long time the Chinese pursued a formula answering to their aspirations. Time has not the same value all round the globe and in China the centuries count for little. The constant craving after novelty tyrannizing the nervous West is unknown to the Chinese, and when they have found "something good" they are in no hurry for "something different." The static character of their nature, to which they owe both their strength and their weakness, has permitted their art to develop continuously and at times to attain to heights of unique perfection.

Among other sculptures a very rare and beautiful piece, the little ramping dragon in bronze, here reproduced, deserves special mention. It is full of movement and yet very pure in style. It was said recently in the *Journal de Pékin* that in certain caverns in the Itchang district the bones of prehistoric serpents, twenty-five and thirty meters long, showing claws, and extremely similar to the Imperial dragon, had been found under beds of ancient mud. According to this, what had always seemed to have been but the fruit of Oriental fancy was in reality a more or less conventionalized rendering of a living animal. The two colored terra-cotta



CHIMERA IN BRONZE
T'ANG DYNASTY
(Collection of M. Homberg)

mounted dragons are also very rare specimens of the same period. It is thought they were used to decorate the exteriors of houses. At that period animal representation had always a ritual significance, no objet d'art or bibelot having for purpose the mere recreation of the eyes, and these dragons, like those in China placed on the crests of houses, were intended to exorcize and to preserve against the evil spirits so numerous in the Taoist belief. It may be supposed they were fixed into the wall at each side of the entrance-door at which they so nobly mounted their guard.

The art of enamelled terra-cotta probably reached its highest degree of perfection during the T'ang period (620–905 A. D.). At this time horses were, as is well known, rendered with unparalleled feeling and skill. The little chimera here reproduced is a very rare and precious specimen of bronze art under the T'angs.

Among the numerous and beautiful porcelain animals shown at the Musée Cernuschi, a small rabbit, here illustrated, was most striking. It is a charming example of Sung art belonging approximately to 1000 A. D. The tiger is a fine painting on paper dating to the Yuan dynasty (1279–1333 A.D.), immediately preceding the first Mings. The specimens of this period are too well known to be dwelt upon. At this time China was approaching the apotheosis of her prosperity and her art reflected her new situation, having become extraordinarily recherché but having lost in force what it gained in delicacy.

Henceforward more attention is given by artists to material beauty and the value of the work resides more in its decorative than in its plastic



A TIGER, FROM A PAINTING ON PAPER YUAN DYNASTY
(Collection of M. Blondeau)



A RITUAL VASE OF BRONZE IN FORM OF AN OWL CHOU DYNASTY
(Collection of M. Peytel)



MOUNTED ELEPHANT IN ENAMELLED EARTHENWARE : T'ANG DYNASTY
(Collection of M. Wannieck)

qualities. This is the time porcelain reached its supremest expressions. We all know the delight afforded by a beautiful specimen, and in this respect the most striking contribution to the exhibition is, perhaps, the big cabinet displaying three hundred pieces of blue turquoise and another with white Ming and Kang-Hi porcelain, lent by M. Larcade and which are as much an enchantment to the eye as might be a bed of flowers.

This exhibition has come most propitiously at a time when western artists considered themselves faced by so many unanswered problems, when each is fumbling for a path. These sculptures have to do with another time and another country when artists asked no vain question, since all had their answer. To our doubting mind China opposes its convictions. Who knows but from her example we will some day derive a profitable lesson and it may be that Monsieur P. L. Couchoud, the well-known essayist and Orientalist, was a prophet of the truth when he said: "The future will see an admirable thing, namely the fusion of our ideals with those of the East. What it has to offer is a hundred-fold more significant than the Greek and Latin legacy. What it has to bring is of unsuspected wealth and boundless variety. It may fecundate our art and entirely renovate us. Then—the real Renaissance."

A Del Sarto for the Metropolitan



"THE HOLY FAMILY"
by
Andrea del Sarto (1487-1531)
(Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art)

A description of the "Borgherini Madonna," which has just been acquired by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, is given by Vasari (1511-1574): "Andrea made another picture almost exactly like the Charity aforementioned, for Giovanni Borgherini, in which are found Our Lady, the infant Saint John who presents to the Christ child a globe typifying the world, and a very beautiful head of St. Joseph." As this picture has just been cleaned, it gives a better idea of the original color than the del Sartos in the French and English galleries, whose brilliance has been subdued by the dust of centuries and many coats of varnish. The color which the Florentines loved and in which Andrea excelled is seen in the glowing reds and blues of the drapery back of the Christ child. The dress of the Virgin is an almost indescribable hue, approaching a rosy amethyst. The painting was for many years in the Fairfax Murray Collection in London

Sculptor Revives Old Nordic Style



THE ROPE MAKER



THE POTTER



THE BAKER



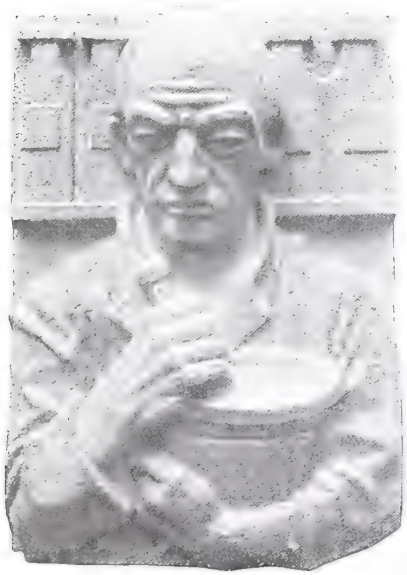
MODEL OF
THE ARCHITECT

THESE photographic reproductions of bas-relief figures which decorate the exterior of a new savings bank in the city of Eskilstuna, Sweden, afford excellent specimens of modern Swedish decorative art. The figures, sculptured in stone by Aron Johanson, are characterized by the strong line and fine simplicity which has always appealed to the Swedish people because it best expresses their national traits.

The human types are distinctly Swedish, and both figures and background are wrought with an economy of line and exclusion of detail that approaches austerity, thus harking back to the classical period in Nordic literature and art which leaves out no essentials and sternly rejects ornamentation and useless elaboration. This characteristic applies to the best in Swedish literature and music as well as art. There is at present a wave of strong nationalistic feeling sweeping Sweden, as well as all of Scandinavia, and this movement is best reflected in the literary and artistic production of these peoples. The Viking appears to be coming into his own once more. It is in the old Viking period that the forthright nature of the Scandinavians is seen at its best,—restless, splendidly generous, cruel at times, but always independent and always determined to face the facts. The city of Eskilstuna has been famous in Swedish industrial history since the seventeenth century, as the producing center of finely tempered steel.



MODEL OF
THE BLACKSMITH



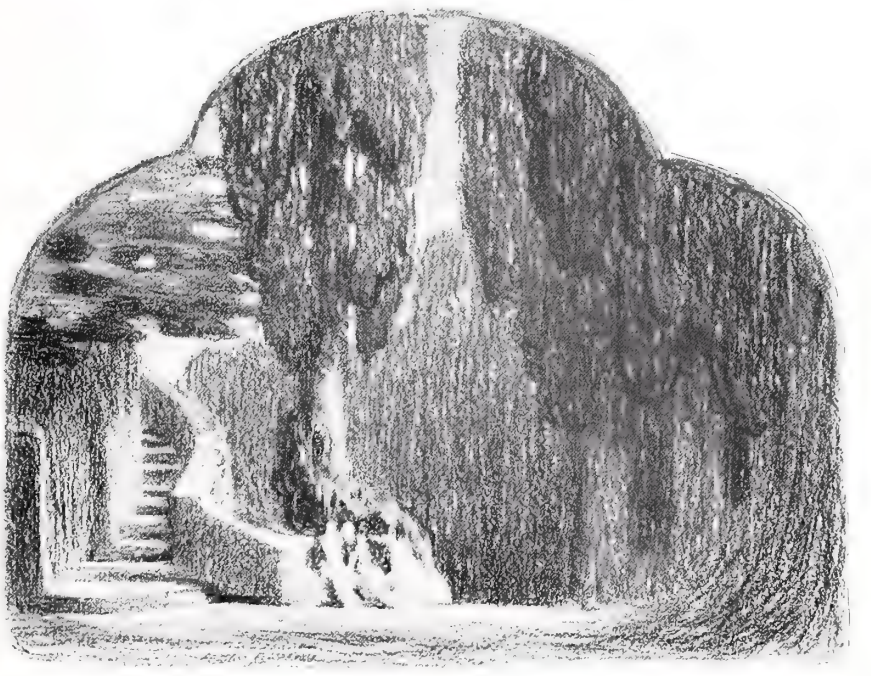
THE APOTHECARY



THE TINSMITH



THE NIGHT WATCHMAN



"ZLANBART," A SETTING BY P. ARAVANTINOS IN THE MODERN ROMANTIC STYLE

GERMANY'S *New* SCENECRAFT

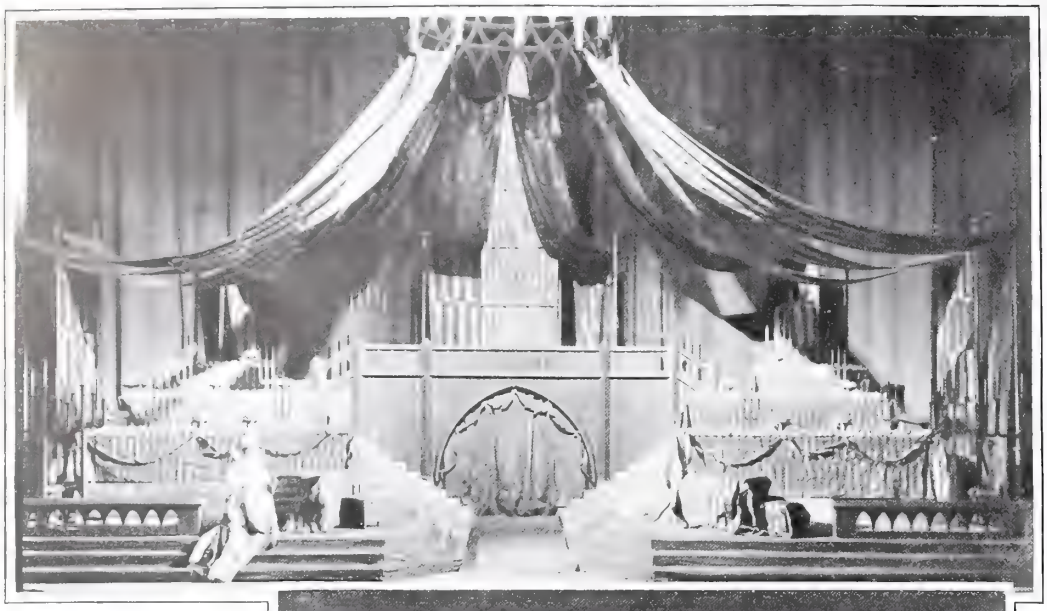
Plastic art of moderns creates settings that displace illusion with imagination · · · by

Professor OSCAR BIE

(Of the Polytechnic School, Berlin)

My theme will be the stage, not in its quality as dramatic representation but from its viewpoint as the product of plastic art. Our stage has undergone a most remarkable development, both spacially and spectacularly, within the last few years. And our leading architects and painters have devoted themselves to their new tasks with much application and success. An interesting and new school has proved its vitality in connection with the thorough changes that art as such has undergone in its entirety. This statement does not mean, however, that the old and time-honored stage setting has completely vanished, for it is still to be met with wherever its realism is necessary. The new direction has held its own so successfully, nevertheless, that it is even applied to older pieces in the opera as well as in the drama, and even classical plays may be seen in this new setting nowadays, which sometimes strikes one as somewhat strange under the conditions. It is, however, the trend of the times to force this style onto the stage and new surprises are offered us annually, whilst new ground is being gained continuously by the innovators in scenecraft.

A few introductory remarks are necessary for its characterization. For very many years the stage was regarded as a representation of real life, opened out to the spectators' view, who gazed on the realistic happenings and decorations as through a spyglass. The stage manager kept as closely to real life as he possibly could and the scene painter always vied with him to attain this end. But then the architect began to have his say and declared that the stage was not merely a peep-show for curious onlookers, but a part of the entire edifice that should be brought into closer connection with the auditorium from a spacial point of view. The stage was to offer less illusion from now on and instead be the pivot of all the presented events around which the feelings of the spectators circled in powerful concentraion. Or in other words: the play enacted was the expression of the sentiments of the audience by the mouths of the actors. They appeal to the public as a human being does to a human being, as an orator to a meeting, or, rather, as a speaker of ancient Greece to his community of believers. Modern literature, turning from psychology toward declamatory stylistics, favored this conception. Illusions vanished, the dividing



A STAGE SETTING
BY EMIL PIRCHAN
FOR THE
STAATS OPER
BERLIN



A STAGE SETTING
BY EMIL PIRCHAN
FOR THE
STAATS OPER
BERLIN



A STAGE SETTING
BY
EMIL PIRCHAN
FOR THE
STAATS THEATER
BERLIN

footlights were often ignored and the older stage structures enlarged by additions that jutted far beyond the curtain into the audience. Steps and narrow bridges led from the stage into the auditorium in various instances, as in Japan, so that the actors walked off the stage and onto it again in full public view, to the amazement of the onlookers. Or a plain platform would be deemed sufficient, with decorations that were only lightly hinted at, resembling a lecturer's platform more than a home of histrionic art.

Finally, the attempt was made to erect a modern theatre on a large scale according to these precepts. This resulted in Reinhardt's "Grosses Schauspielhaus," converted out of an old circus during the war by one of our cleverest of theatre architects, Pölzig. The seats are built amphitheatre-wise around the huge stage expanse, which consists of a front stage, rear stage and an arena, and is adjustable in all its parts, thus serving as the scene of the representation either in its several parts or in its entirety, as occasion demands. The ideal of a modern stage was attained here in securing the spacial and thus psychic participation of the public, instead of merely creating an illusion. But Reinhardt's craving for an ideal and wide space for production was sated even better in the open than in an enclosed theatre. I refer to the unforgettable days when he presented us with Hofmannsthal's mystery play "Everyman" on the Salzburg Cathedral square in the glow of the setting sun, and with inimitable decorations afforded by the Cathedral pile itself. None of us remembered that it was but a revelation of histrionics—we were in the sway of a grand and imposing religious service. This is the true meaning of things, and it is synonymous with a complete change in theatrical outlook and creation.

As a consequence, the stage setting even in the older theatres underwent so thorough a change that hardly any play may be regarded today as producing a purely illusionary effect. The modern stage technic has a weighty word to say in the matter. The reversible stage induces the production of small extracts on a large scale. The terrace-like structure of the stage leads to foregrounds and backgrounds that can be differently used for different purposes. For instance, in Wedekind's "Marquis of Keith" the symbolical scenes are played in the rear and above, the realistic ones in front and below. This happens in the Berlin State Theatre, where Director Jessner, one of the leading revolutionaries, has had great success in always setting all plays, old and modern, in terraced spaces; he has further made a name for himself by the steps that are invariably to be seen and on which whole scenes of "Richard III" are enacted. To signalize interiors or rural scenes a symbolical property only is necessary, such as a pillar, wall, tree, gate, meadow, and the spectator's imagination will itself replace, and more powerfully so, the illusions of former days. Or nothing is needed at all, any longer. Color drapings divide the space and create the backgrounds, whilst the rhythm of the human figure stands forth in pure and undisturbed plasticism. Nonessentials are done away with.



TWO SETTINGS BY ERNST STERN FOR "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE" AT THE DEUTSCHES THEATER

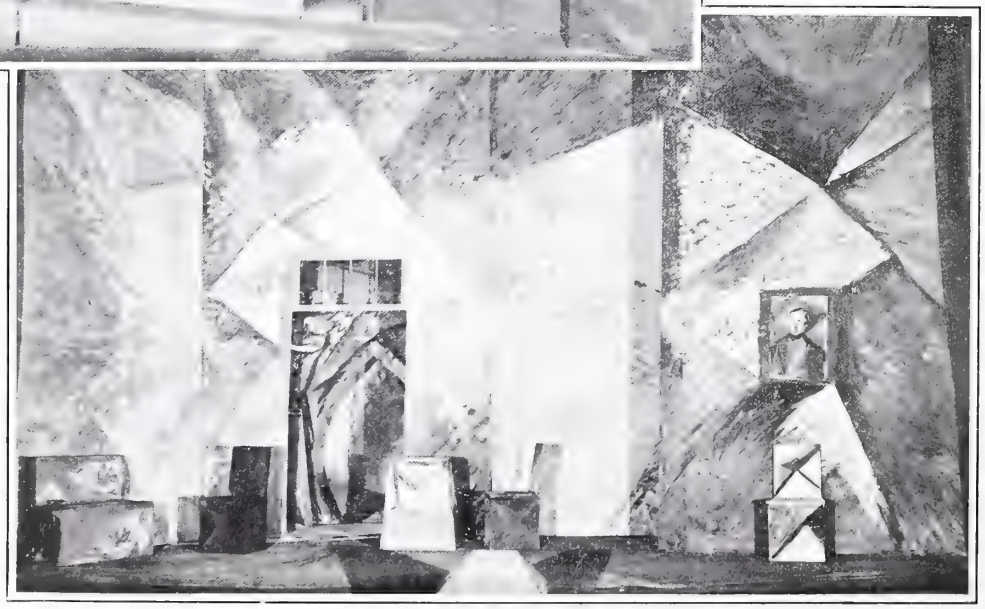
Our painters are confronted by great tasks and they undertake them according to their various conceptions. Corinth designed the decorations



SETTING BY
ERNST STERN
FOR
"DIE WUPPER"



SETTING BY
ERNST STERN
FOR
"DIE WUPPER"



SETTING BY
ERNST STERN
FOR
"DIE WUPPER"



A DECORATIVE SETTING BY
P. ARAVANTINOS FOR "DIE FRAU OHNE SCHATTEN"

for "Faust" and proved true to his naturalistic tenets, albeit with extremely aggressive coloring. Karl Walser created the most refined stage settings for "Mozart." Emil Pirchan is best suited to the demands of the modern stage on account of his pronounced susceptibility to form. The pliant manifold hues of his sinuous ornamentation that appeal to the whole world have made Ernst Stern one of the most popular decorators of the day. P. Aravantinos is a representative of modern romantic style. Cesar Klein is the happiest of all modern scene painters, as he adopted from the Expressionistic school of painting a bold method of creating interiors, street scenes, open places with tall lamp posts, trenches in battle scenes, the silhouette of Napoleon on Elba, in well defined lines without even approaching anything resembling banal illusions. Among the architectural artists pride of place must be awarded Pirchan for the simplicity and monumentality of the spacial acoustic effects he uses in so happy a manner even for opera and ballet, supported in his strivings by the refined taste of modern lighting and costumes, to which the present high level of our stage pictures is due in a decided degree as well. Artists of this type are arising all around us and it would go well with many a modern drama were its contents as good as the setting given it.

The bond of union enclosing all these manifold endeavors may be recapitulated in the following sentence: The stage is no longer life, but signifies it, and in thus signifying life it no longer follows the laws of illusion but the laws of its own beauty instead, mainly composed of the unity of space, the independent music of light, the ornamental truth of costume and the symbolical force of the principal requisites. That is the new order of the stage. And like all new orders it may become just as dangerous as fructifying.

Of course, as viewed in its historical aspect (if contemporary tendencies may be considered "historically"), the new German scenecraft must be recognized as a part of the Expressionist movement. Just as Expressionist artists have revolted against Realism and have demonstrated that paintings could be composed that would realize human emotion without mimicing outward form, and do it more poignantly thereby, so have German scenic artists proved that the drama could be provided with settings that would stimulate the imagination of the beholder without slavishly guiding it, obtaining effects more powerful and more convincing because originating within the conciousness of the spectator.



AN IRON WORKER'S STUDIO

The workshop of Samuel Yellin in Philadelphia

SAMUEL YELLIN · *Artist in Iron*

The craft spirit of the Middle Ages is felt again in his Philadelphia workshop · by

WILLIAM B. McCORMICK

FROM that remote day when architects and builders first began to use iron in their structures for its strength, economy of space, adaptability and ease in handling, two new elements were added to the history of architecture. These were the creation of the gild of iron workers and the growth of a beauty of utilitarian decoration that has no parallel in the applied arts.

In common with all crafts work as applied to architecture, the use of iron had its rise, its height, and its decline, until the application of this metal to buildings became almost obsolete. Its use persisted in Germany, however, and in Latin countries, the craft surviving with it, particularly in the northern nation where the purest traditions of the work have been carried down from medieval times. The traditional use of iron among Latin nations has been carried westward across the Atlantic. And, today, in all Latin-American countries, iron is used in domestic architecture, particularly in the fastenings of windows and doors, with a homely kind of ponderosity that is amusing to Americans travelling in those lands.

It is for the reason of this historic survival in Germany and the Latin countries that Samuel Yellin is carrying on the craft of iron worker today in a shop in Philadelphia, the architecture of which is dominated by Latin influences. German by birth and springing from a race of artists he comes naturally by his vocation in the fine arts. Entering school at the age of twelve, he soon attracted the attention of one of the masters (who was an iron worker outside of his teaching hours) by his fondness for using tools and his skill in design. It is an interesting case of predilection that from his childhood the boy Samuel preferred a hammer to any toy; and by his hammer he has wrought out his present high place, without exaggeration one may say the highest, among American craftsmen.

The apprentice system still maintains its old dignity in Germany, or it did in that time, thirty years ago, when the schoolboy Samuel Yellin first interested his master. And for the five years, until he was seventeen, the schoolboy was a regular apprentice in the shop of his teacher, in the classes, at the designing table and at the forge. He had then come to be a recognized master of ornament. And in accordance with the traditional custom of the new master workman, Samuel Yellin set out on his travels to earn his way with his hammers and the other simple tools of the iron worker.



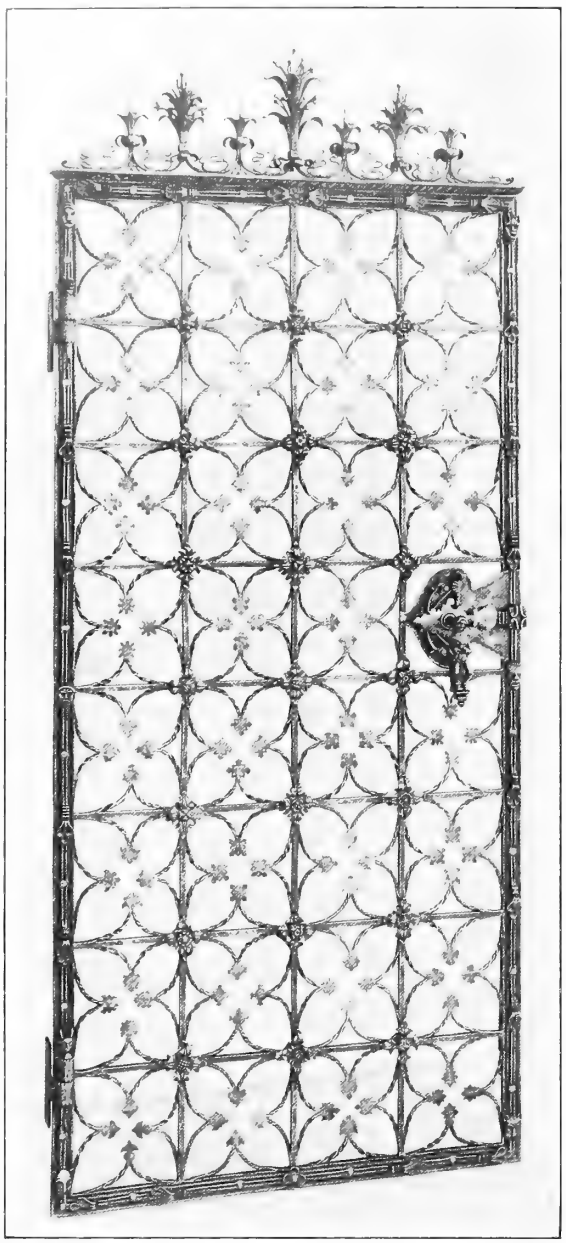
SAMUEL YELLIN
MASTER IRON WORKER
IN HIS STUDIO-
WORKSHOP

In Belgium he spent three years at his craft, reproducing Gothic ironwork and even in fashioning armor. The next two years he spent in England, coming to Philadelphia at the age of twenty-two. At that time our revival of interest in the teaching of crafts had just begun, and Mr. Yellin was engaged to organize the ironwork classes in the Pennsylvania Museum and

School of Industrial Art. It was only a short time before he followed the example of his old German master and set up a shop of his own. And for fifteen years, now, Mr. Yellin has been the "iron worker" whose name and craft is emblazoned in brass letters on the medieval swinging iron sign hanging on the façade of his picturesque Arch Street "shop."

With our traditional habit of using resonant titles, the word "shop" seems ill-suited and decidedly inappropriate for a structure so appealingly handsome as is this building of Mr. Yellin's. But that he uses it, as he calls himself an "iron worker," shows his profound admiration for the ancient simplicities of the gild. Like the craftsmen of those medieval associations, he counts his work and the place he creates it as standing in no need of adventitious attributes. And he has justified this belief in his shop itself and in the ironwork, created by his pencil and hammer, which beautifies so many American buildings and homes of today.

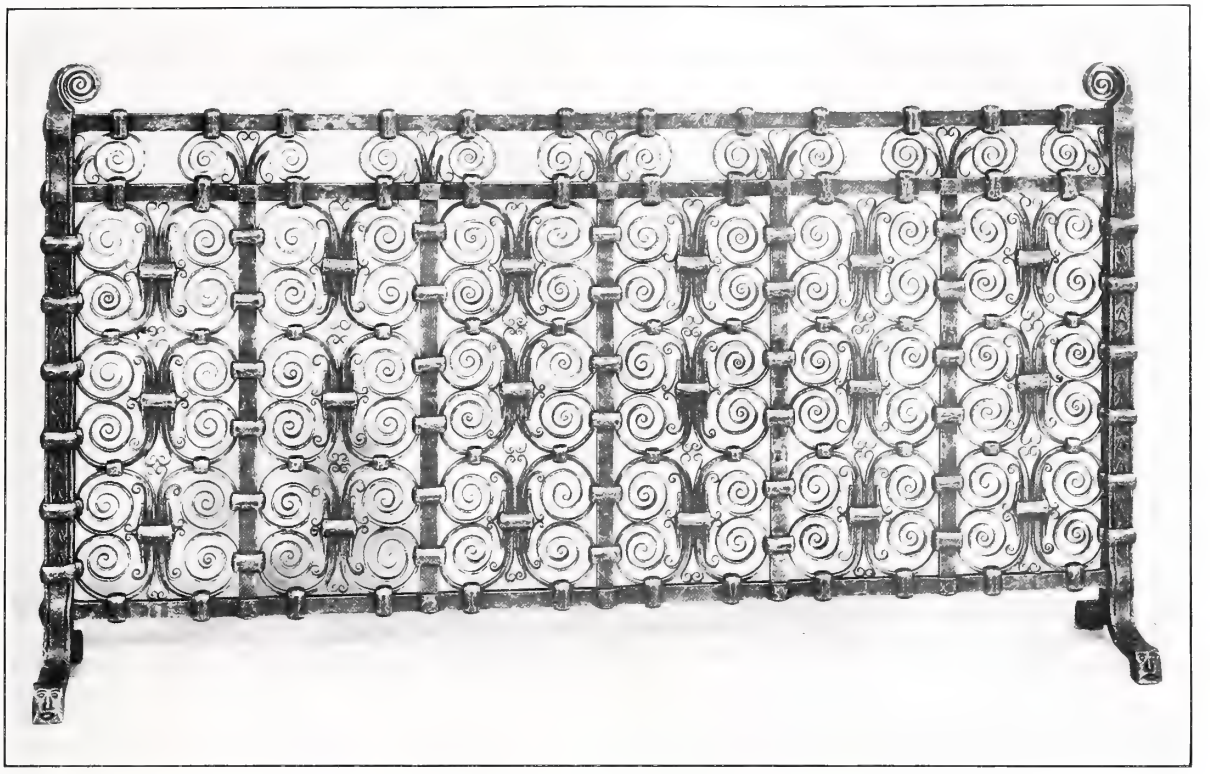
Since his shop is a little monument to his work and the traditions of his life and his craft, aside from its beauty and its practical character, a brief description of it falls naturally into this sketch of his career and art. Like all Latin buildings it stands flush with the street, its austere walls pierced with a few windows protected by wrought-iron grilles. On three of the principal grilles there are medallions with figures, and the appropriate attributes, of the three principal types of iron workers: the Forgeman, the Hingeman and the Armorer, the designs being as Germanic as the grilles are obviously Latin. The entrance is through a court, the vista of which is thoroughly reminiscent of the Mediterranean countries, although the first two doorway grilles are French Gothic while the wooden door, ending the level vista, suggests German Gothic.



A GOTHIC GRILLE DOOR DESIGNED AND WROUGHT BY SAMUEL YELLIN

On the first floor, opening off the court, is the business office and beyond that a large apartment called "my room" by Mr. Yellin. Here everything is rich in medieval atmosphere, from the plain walls, hung with old tapestries and examples of ancient ironwork and armor, to the beamed ceiling and the cavernous fireplace, before which stands a fine example of Mr. Yellin's art, a wrought-iron fire screen showing Spanish influence in its design. On an old oak chest stands a French Gothic wood carving of St. Eloi, the patron saint of the iron worker, a symbol of a very real presence in this shop where goodliness of craftsmanship reaches godliness in the best sense. In the second story are the designing room, the book room—or library, and a little museum where Mr. Yellin has gathered together the fruits of twenty years of devotion to collecting characteristic examples of the wrought iron work of Europe and the United States, this last taking the form of a group of curious cooking implements made in Colonial times. On the shelves of the book room is assembled a library of technical works so fine in character and of such great rarity that they are frequently consulted by crafts teachers and students in Philadelphia.

It may be remarked that all this does not seem much like the conventional idea of a "shop" where metal is forged and fashioned into such exquisite things as those with which Mr. Yellin's name is associated. The actual workrooms are in the rear,



AN IRON SCREEN DESIGNED IN THE SPANISH MANNER BY SAMUEL YELLIN

a forge-room on the ground floor with the assembly room above, two great, light-flooded rooms filled with forges, piles of iron rods, toolracks and benches, with two score craftsmen laboring with one kind of metal, for the most part, and turning the dull, rusty-looking iron into forms of exquisite, silvery - toned grace. Workrooms these are, and also schoolrooms. For it is Mr. Yellin's habit, as the "master," to give regular weekly lectures on art and the craft of the iron worker to his men. Not long ago the members of the Philadelphia Chapter of the American Institute of Architects visited his shop in a body and, after giving the members a talk on his craft and its relation to architecture, Mr. Yellin took them out into the shop and showed them in a practical manner how he worked with his hammer at forge and anvil. This practical method of interesting the architects in his craft is chiefly due to Mr. Yellin's conviction that "the architect must work with the craftsman" if the gild and its products are to progress in the United States. This relation existed in the golden age of the iron worker, and it must be revived completely, he declares, if the crafts are to approach their old perfections, a state toward which they are not working today for the reason that architects do not encourage them in the proper measure.



A WROUGHT IRON CHEST IN THE FRENCH GOTHIC MANNER, BY SAMUEL YELLIN

One of the chief causes of the lack of the development of the craft of the iron worker in this country, Mr. Yellin says, is the fact that "iron is used as a barrier and not as a bridge" to carry its user over an entrance way. Only once, in his experience as an iron

worker in the United States, has an architect paid his material the compliment of real appreciation. That architect was H. Van Buren Magonigle, who, on receiving a commission to design a Fifth Avenue dwelling, consulted with Mr. Yellin as to the ironwork that was to enter into the ornamentation of the façades. "What I want to do, Yellin," the architect said to the master, "is to have my house serve as a background for your work."

The three cardinal principles of Mr. Yellin's crafts faith are that ironwork must not be a barrier but must be inviting; that a worker in the metal must know the possibilities and limitations of his material; and that he must know how much ornament to use and how to use it. Three exquisite illustrations of the application of these principles to his work are shown here in his "French Gothic Museum Chest," the "Gothic Grille" and the floral finial over the doorway leading into the court. These objects represent Gothic design in its purest evocations—craftsmanship of so high an order as to arouse the most moving emotions of appreciation on the part of one who beholds them.



LANTERN AND OTHER IRONWORK OF SAMUEL YELLIN'S STUDIO-SHOP

Of the purest French Gothic design, the museum chest suggests to a sensitive visitor the impression that it was intended for presentation to a bride or wife for the keeping of precious objects, this being the actual fact, for Mr. Yellin's original of this work was such a gift. On its dull silvery surface the Gothic ornament is applied with the hand of a master of this craft, and on the panels are incised the signs of the Zodiac which likewise show the hand of an artist. On the hasp is a figure of a medieval monk holding a book in one arm, a tribute to the library in which the original stands. This figure is literally cut out of the iron and is a superb piece of craft sculpture.

To see the individual members of a piece of work like this, and like the grille and the floral finial, in their unpolished state is a revelation of the possibilities of true craftsmanship. The floral finial over the grille entrance door is a marvelous piece of pure artistry, for it is exquisite in its sense of free design, rising as gracefully from its base as a rosebush.

The Gothic grille, with its "exposed lock," is a complete illustration of Mr. Yellin's mastery of design, ornament and craft. The finials in each one of the square panels is of a different pattern, each panel forms a perfect quatrefoil, and this effect is carried out in each set of four panels. The bosses at the intersections of the members are all different, and are the result of Mr. Yellin's practice of what he calls "sketching with a hammer," using that implement in place of pencil or crayon.

In his shop at the present time he is carrying forward one of his largest commissions, the grille for the Harkness Memorial at Yale. In place of Gothic ornamentation, Mr. Yellin has applied medallions showing insignia of the United States Army and soldiers of the Allied armies, the memorial being for Mr. Harkness' son who was killed in the World War. These modern motifs fit as happily into the whole as do his reliefs of the Forger and the Armorer in the design of the façade of his shop, where rusty iron is transmuted into silvery beauty by this modern practitioner of a medieval craft.

American Sculpture for England

Dr. R. Tait McKenzie makes a memorial figure typifying the youth and manhood of Cambridge returning home from the field of great and victorious adventures

THE calm spirit of happiness pervading the thoughts and actions of a soldier returned from winning a war was the theme out of which Dr. R. Tait McKenzie fashioned the figure which constitutes the chief element in his Victory Memorial for Cambridgeshire, England, unveiled at the university town of Cambridge on July 3. His sculptured young soldier represents this through the carriage of his body, the expression of his face, the attributes of conquest in the rose he carries in his right hand with his helmet, and the German helmet partly concealed by the laurel wreath flung over his rifle barrel. He is on parade, as the condition of his uniform and kit testifies, passing through his native town, the pose of his head suggesting he has recognized some friend in the welcoming throng through which the troops are passing for their muster out of the military service.



VICTORY MEMORIAL FOR CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND
BY R. TAIT McKENZIE



DETAIL OF THE HEAD OF THE CAMBRIDGE "VICTORY"

Merited praise has come to Doctor McKenzie in the past for his figures of athletes in action, and much of this perfection of manhood is preserved in this latest work to come from his studio in Philadelphia. His aim was to present a type that would typify the young men of Cambridgeshire who left farm and shop and college to join the British army in the World War. As in keeping with the spirit of victory, this work breathes cheerfulness and happiness and awakens those emotions in every beholder of the memorial. The monument stands in the town of Cambridge at the meeting-place of three roads, a position that gives it a proper background and surroundings, as representing the thought of the people of Cambridgeshire who conceived the plan for the monument.

The MONOGRAM and the WAR

Change from stylistic beauty to looseness came in Germany with advent of Expressionism · · by

SHELDON CHENEY

SEVERAL of my best friends, and even relatives, have taken me to task recently for being too sympathetic toward the more recent movements in European art. They speak seriously of "the menace of Futurism"—using the term inaccurately and with finality, like those others who are constantly shouting "Bolshevism!" at any political or economic idea that does not happen to suit their fancy. But having just returned from a tour that took me through the chief art centers of Europe, I have ample reason to believe that the future of world art lies with the modernists. Moreover, I see that in Europe modern art has become not only popular but respectable—terms not altogether synonymous.



A DECORATIVE MONOGRAM BY ELLA WELTMANN-WEIN

In tracing the new movement abroad, I didn't pick up the trail with any certainty until I reached Amsterdam. Official Brussels and official Antwerp showed little sign of any influence beyond that of the late Impressionists, and of course official London had shown itself virginally innocent of any traffic with unorthodox thinkers. But in Amsterdam some unmistakably extreme canvases had got into the Stedelijk Museum; and when I wandered into the Kronprinzen-palais in Berlin, the new annex to the National Gallery, I knew that the avalanche had slid. Matisse, with his six canvases, began to look old-fashioned in such company—and even Matisse isn't in the Metropolitan yet.

Later I found that this official recognition of the radicals—Pechstein, Kokoschka, Marc, Kirchner, Heckel—was common among German state and municipal galleries. Each one has its room devoted to the "Junge Kunst" movement, usually with international representation. It was, indeed, the director of one of the world's most famous galleries who said to me: "There is no such thing as a conservative young painter in Germany; the country as a whole is committed to Expressionism." It was an overstatement, but substantially true. Both the republic of Germany and its neighbor Russia are centers of artistic experiment and revolution. If artists in the larger field of painting and sculpture have thus swung over to the side of the extremists, it is only natural that designers in the fields of the applied arts and of the minor graphic arts should similarly strike into new paths. It is in one of these minor arts that I have found an illuminating illustration of the whole situation, in the art of monogram-making, of the shaping of signets or emblems out of initials.

Before the war there appeared in Darmstadt a book entitled "600 Monograms and Signets," edited and published by Alexander Koch, who has done much to spread knowledge of the arts by issuing a group of sumptuous arts and crafts magazines in Germany. The book was by all odds the most intriguing collection of monograms existent, and the few copies that came to America have been passed around from designer to designer and from collector to collector, so that the volume has attained a considerable reputation.

Recently there appeared an advertisement of a new edition with changes and additions, and I secured a copy for comparison with the other. It is in that comparison that the idea for this article originated: in the obvious difference of ideal and method, in the different "feel" of the pre-war and post-war editions. Where the one carried design well-nigh to perfection of refinement and style, within the narrow limits of decorative lettering, the other breaks away from refined line and facile handling to seek new decorative values in freer forms and in looser technique. Without claiming that the war has actually accomplished this change in a by-way of design, as my title might

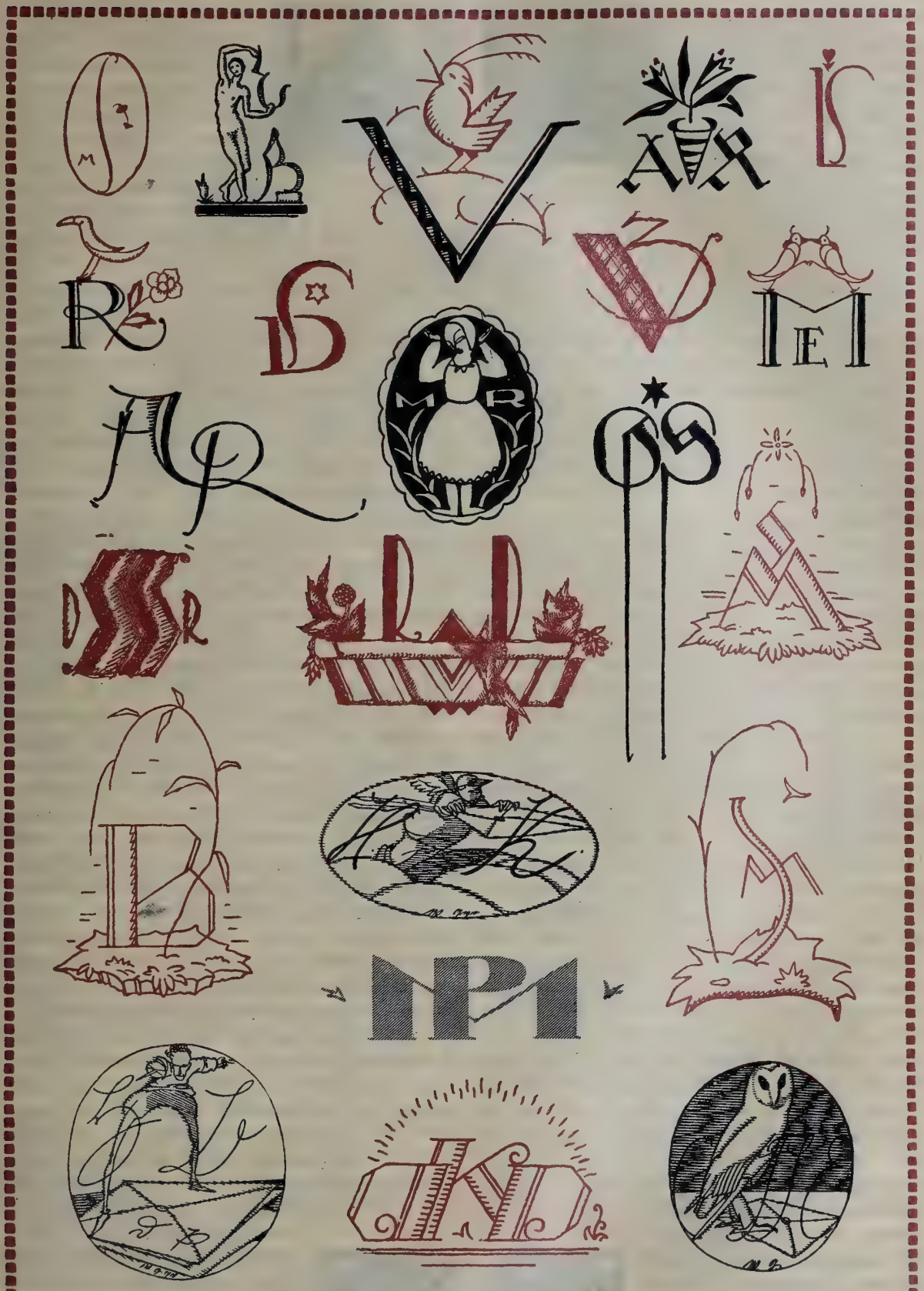


FIVE MONOGRAMS DESIGNED BY ELLA WELTMANN-WEIN



I. MODERN GERMAN MONOGRAMS FROM THE FIRST EDITION OF "600 MONOGRAMME UND SIGNETS"

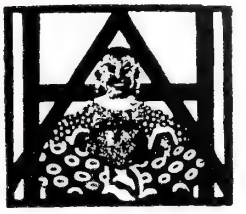




II. MODERN GERMAN MONOGRAMS FROM THE SECOND EDITION OF "600 MONOGRAMME UND SIGNETS"



suggest, I think it is certain that it hastened the revolutionary movement in art in Germany, finally discrediting the hanging-on creed of Impressionism (and with it all the other forms of realism), and bringing a wave of experiment outside the accepted realms of truthful imitation of nature and glorification of technique. The war too is a contributing cause to the overemphasis on violence, speed and horror that is manifest in much contemporary German and Russian painting and design: it brought forward the "power motive" in art. It displaced the static with the dynamic.





TWO PRE-WAR MONOGRAM DESIGNS
BY VON LOTTE KRAUSE-RUDOLPH

The problem of designing monograms or signets is one of the most restricted in the field of art, for a monogram which is not first and foremost legible, misses its reason for being; and the letters of the alphabet are fixed and uncompromising—even notoriously resistant to change. Readibility first, then decorative invention—invention in combining the letter forms, in a bit of added ornament, in shaping the fundamental letter-lines to new variations pleasing to the eye.

There is, of course, beyond that an indeterminate element of fitness to use and appropriateness to character. Milady wants on her notepaper a device rather daintier than the merchant stencilling his trade-signet on his cartons and packing-cases; and the "flapper" with her monogram on her stocking wants something less posteresque than the china-decorator. The designer ideally takes into consideration all these matters; whether the ultimate material is to be ink and paper, linen and embroidery, glass and paint; whether the user is man, woman or child, merchant or librarian, conservative blue-stocking or socialist. Little monogram, but big task!

The designers of the monograms shown on the first black and red page accompanying this article —all of them reproduced from the first edition of the book mentioned—have achieved some very appealing decorative compositions. In general they have achieved their aim by refining the letter forms and adding to the characteristic "bent" of the letter a grace and an elegance not ordinarily attained. They have "stylized" them with a high finish and a catchy refinement. In general they have avoided flourishes in the sense in which letterers of an earlier day added flourishes to the bare letter-form; these later designers have rather made the letter itself take on the character of a flourish. Sometimes a circle, square or other geometric figure is adopted and character given by the cleverness with which the combined letters approximate such an outline, or cross it or repeat it. But always the one, two or three initials are what stand in emphasis. There is no variation in viewpoint.

Cleancut execution, a highly artificial stylization, a sophisticated union of posteresque heaviness and attenuated elegance—such are the means by which the designers made the original book a treasure-house of grace, prettiness and refinement, as these qualities apply to monogram-making. They mark the height of polished style in the field of the signet. Such achievement sometimes carries its faults in the very accomplishment of its virtues. Refinement may turn out to be over-refinement, style may prove to be an ephemeral surface quality gained at the expense of sturdiness, directness, form. If the designs in the new edition really mark progress toward something more to be desired in art, as the artists represented and the editor evidently believe to be the case, the gain will be found in vigor rather than finish, and in the wider individuality which is made possible in a freer technique.

In turning to the second group of illustrations one recognizes at a glance that within a few years there was extraordinary loosening-up in handling, an abandonment of cleancut, polished surface technique as an end in itself, even a wilful swing toward sketchiness. That is all very typical of modernist art in its other branches, typical of the change in, or scorn for, technique. But the question follows: have these later monogrammists captured the other and more fundamental characteristics of Expressionism or Post-Impressionism, or only its surface aspect? It is evident that there are special difficulties in the way of their achieving a parallel to the abandonment of truth to nature, or making their designs primarily expressions of aesthetic form—both fundamental characteristics of Expressionist endeavor. The material of their art is not the outward aspects of nature, which after all do allow a considerable variation of approach, or anything subjective suggested by nature, or emotionally imagined form, but instead, a set of

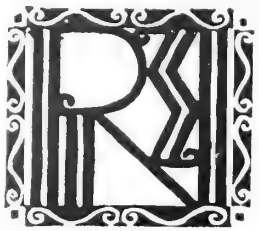




TWO PRE-WAR MONOGRAM DESIGNS
BY VON LOTTE KRAUSE-RUDOLPH

absolutely determined and arbitrary symbols. Their starting point is in something obvious, and they must keep that thing obvious in the end—and obviousness is a chief sin in the eyes of the modernist painter or sculptor. Their task is a hard one.

There is, to be sure, a creative or inventive element in the art, but it may lead away from concentration on the letter; or else, to be practical, it may have to take itself out in grace, style and catchiness—all surface qualities. In short, while I believe absolutely in the necessity for painting and sculpture to shift to an Expressionistic or emotional basis, I see difficulties in the way of bringing the new or rediscovered principles into the practice of the so-called applied or useful arts.

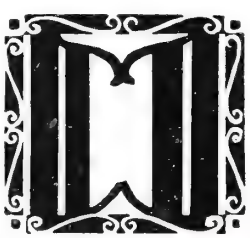


A PRE-WAR MONOGRAM DESIGN BY JOSEPH SOBAINSKY-BRESLAU

The relationship of the looser designs to Expressionism, then, seems rather a matter of surface handling than of fundamental principle. The new painters have cast aside refinement of technique; ergo, the progressive artist in every other line must get splashy. I credit the designers concerned with more sincerity than that statement would indicate. Doubtless most of them are animated by a desire to create more freely than was possible in the polished tradition. But looking at the two books of monograms, or even comparing the two small groups of illustrations herewith, I feel that the later group fails to register any such gain in aesthetic values as becomes apparent when one places the best of Expressionist painting beside the best of the period preceding. I find myself more intrigued still by the earlier book—and I think it is not merely a personal preference.

Similar comparisons might be made in several arts today; and perhaps the case of these two books, illuminating so clearly a change that has come over art methods in half a decade, might be made to illuminate a truth beyond: that there is an element of blindness in the way in which the applied arts are "catching on" to Expressionism, that principles or methods valid enough for the progressive painter or sculptor are being applied to architecture, stage decoration and book design without sufficient regard for the structural or the practical purposes inseparable from these other arts.

Perhaps because most of the uses of the monogram are sophisticated—note paper, embroidered socks, tea-room china—the art still finds its best development in sophisticated, smart, Secessionist design. Or will the next phase incorporate some Expressionist mannerisms while still retaining smartness and elegance, better worked out than in the examples added in the new book? Perhaps Mr. Koch will have another edition for us, with as marked changes, five years hence. Or perhaps I am all wrong in my judgment and deductions. But after all, this review has given INTERNATIONAL STUDIO excuse to reproduce for American readers some of the best examples of the art achieved anywhere at any time—and perhaps that is what really matters. Inspiration is better than precept.



A PRE-WAR MONOGRAM DESIGN BY JOSEPH SOBAINSKY-BRESLAU

Since this is in effect a review of the two books, let me add in literary column fashion that the exact title of the new (and presumably the only available) edition is "600 Monogramme und Zeichen," and that it is published by Alexander Koch at Darmstadt. The artists whose designs are here reproduced out of the first volume are Karl Sigrist, who did several of the designs in Plate I, Georg Breitwieser, Joseph Fuchs, Erich Büttner, Bruno Eyermann, Laura Kuno, Paul Dienst, Swanhild Hentschel, Gustav Lüdecke, G. Olbricht, Willy Belling, Paul Lang, Bernhard Wenig, Ida M. Demuth, Rudolf Koch, Julia Strobel and F. H. Ehmcke. The last-named is perhaps the chief propagandist for decorative-letter reform in Germany. The list is long enough, however, to indicate that no one man or one school is responsible for the excellence of modern German work in this field. The names of those making the second group of designs are Paul W. Hübner, four of whose designs for linen embroidery are shown, Hans Melching, Maria Kraus, Richard Kannenberg, Georg Schmidt, Helmuth Hauptmann, Anna Förster, Eugen Stolzer, and Willi Geiger. Any student of graphic art will find unfamiliar names here, Geiger being the only designer in the group who is well known outside Germany. The new edition of the book, incidentally, contains not only the work of this second group, but also some three-fourths of the plates from the earlier edition, bridging over, in a sense, the transition period from style to style.

Thus a little thing tells the story of a big change in art. Even a stray European postage stamp, posteresquely rendered, may open before an American, accustomed to his own, the tight little designs, a whole new horizon of possible beauty; and a monogram, neatly loose and carefully careless in look, bespeaks a world in conflict and a revolution in aesthetics.

ART BY THE WAY

Guy Pène du BOIS

MAGAZINES of any description using articles on painting or sculpture use only those in which the subject is glorified. This department is to be run without preconception. Were it a consistent reaction from the custom it would be spent in blame rather than in praise. Indeed some sort of adjustment is necessary under prevailing conditions: a stick to support a toppling fence. There are two sides to everything. There are even two sides to so great a popular modern idol as Cézanne. One of these is seamy. This department may end by being known as "The Seamy Side." But that is not in the least bit annoying. The only undertaker's magazine that has come to our attention is known as The Sunny Side.

In a country whose lack of interest in art is largely a product of its ignorance of art, it is an enlivening thing to be able to prove that esthetics are a by-product of art and that esthetes are rarer in it than ordinary men. Respect for art and ignorance are synonymous. In art, as in religion, respect is a halfway measure. Respected painting is one whose qualities while admirable are not likable. It is possible, for example, to respect or admire the patience and the booklore brought to the making of a decoration for a public building without in any way feeling the inspiring glow which comes in the presence of a real work of art; while, indeed, hating the thing as art.

The decorations which Barry Faulkner and Ezra Winter have completed for the Eastman Auditorium in Rochester were to be seen recently in their studios in the Grand Central Terminal. The auditorium is a gift to the city of Rochester. It is a public building and one of the largest and most expensive of its kind in the country. The interior decoration is Italian. The painted panels are the work of two graduates of the American Academy at Rome. It is scarcely worth while here to go into the fallacy of the architectural habit. That habit obtains no more here than abroad. Architects are built with their eyes facing backward. Engineers are able to make them see ahead rarely and then only for short spaces of time. The strain on the traditional cord is too strong. Their eyes must snap back. The exceptions are more numerous among mural painters. But mural painters are dependent upon architects. Especially is this true of those who would execute the larger works only possible in public buildings. The architect as an adapter of ancient styles cannot



"DRAMATIC MUSIC"
BY BARRY FAULKNER
One of a set of decorations done by this artist and Ezra Winter for the Eastman Auditorium, Rochester, N. Y.

look with favor upon a style derived from a greater love for the present than for the past. The mural painter then is chosen for his knowledge of the style adapted to the construction of the building to be decorated. He is given a great deal of freedom in his prison. However, the strong man makes the most of conditions (Titian painted under a patron's direction), and it is quite possible that restrictions simplify problems. There is this difference today: the modern painter is permitted every freedom while the modern architect admits the validity of none. Cramp a free man and you kill him; free a habitual prisoner, he is lost. The architect cannot be free, the painter cannot be tied. They can meet on common ground then only when the architect, who is the manager, is able to find and tame a free or, for the good of the simile, a wild painter. The American Academy at Rome is an institution given over apparently to that particular bit of business.

The decorations of Messrs. Faulkner and Winter may be compared to those done under the direction of Robert Chanler and Vadim Tchernoff for the Park Avenue fair, for both are frivolous. They are frivolous with a mighty difference, because while one proceeds with a very conscious sense of its own importance the other goes gayly on fully convinced of its utter futility. Faulkner and Winter want to be impressive. Chanler and his Russian friend wanted to be amusing. The first pair place their faith in tradition and the second in the shocking, which is certainly the antithesis of the traditional. There may be some question whether the aim to be amusing is frivolous or not. Puritans used to claim that it is. But this does not matter. The important thing here is that in order to be amusing it is necessary to employ inventive faculties, to think, to do serious work, while in order—if we are to judge from the panels of these Prix de Rome men—to be impressive one has only to borrow certain ritualistic things from tradition.

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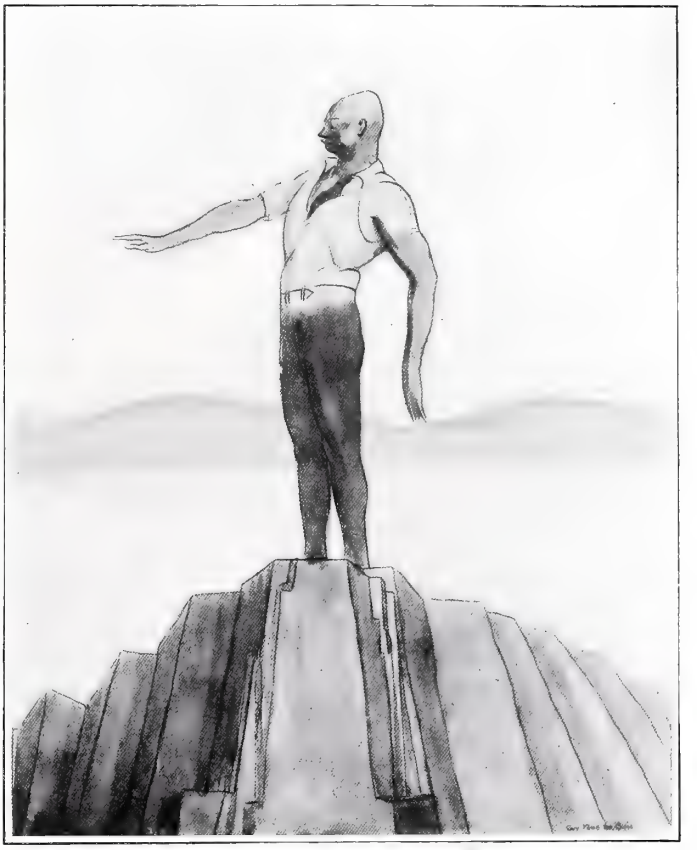
The most insidious resemblance to truth is probably produced by the librarian or by the cataloguing minds of men who work to make learning easy for laggards. This is not set down as a discovery. As long as there have been schools of thought, and they are probably among infinities, it has been found expedient to dispose of large bodies of men under one title. The first cataloguer divided humanity into white and black, yellow and red races. The second cut the world in half so that we had East and West, the East intuitive and the West intellectual. These were the casual generalizations of minds engaged in other pursuits. Germany had not yet produced meticulousness. Efficiency's head was still on the pillow. We spoke of good and bad people. Sub-divisions and sub-divisions of sub-divisions have since come into their own. There are more names to learn every day.

For the good of this note, there is the example of the traveling artist. Years ago it was said that the artist could go where he would to produce, for he brought his heart with him. Munkacsky, who certainly has ceased to count, was saying: "To be an artist have a heart and colors." Times have changed that a little. The heart is now considered a very efficient pump. Doctors examine it. When it murmurs, which is a purely physical protest, its owner is saved from insurance bills and soldiering. The truth is that when it ceases to be a pump it is without value in an efficient world. We need not go into memories of hearts, for they are confused with symbolism and symbolism will want popularity among intellectuals until it no longer needs to polish its appearance of efficiency.

The traveling artists are divided into men who make notes in passing and men who try to make finished pictures with an accent on "try." One is an amiable chap who compares new sights to ones he knows better; if he is from the North he finds palm trees theatrical. The other cannot quite make himself hunt heads in Borneo but wishes he were more adaptable. Most of them are casual fellows weary of the arm chair, the open fire and their own thoughts, who get away from the last by distracting them with new sights. Of course, they are all objective. There are other types, among them those of fashion who could not have lived having missed seeing Chauve Souris and the South Seas. Another one, and he is more frequent among engineers than among artists, is he who must pack rustic clothes and be off to God's country at regular intervals. Some, of course, are literally away for their heart's sake, like Robert Louis Stevenson. Few have made very deep notches in totem poles. But all this means nothing, for it is possible and probable that Taine's History of English Literature is the most important work on that subject and that Carlyle's French Revolution is not altogether bad, as we are beginning to believe.

Rockwell Kent has shipped for Tierra del Fuego as an able seaman. This news with any other painter might be shocking. With Kent it does not fall short of the expected. With those who know him well it might even seem to be a very necessary thing for him to do. In Chicago there is an "exclusive" club with a membership of five thousand and a dining room which could

vie in size with the Pennsylvania station. It is undoubtedly a result of civic pride and probably the fulfillment of a desire bred by that pride to possess something which, in being unique, shall be sensational. Peoples do not readily arrive at new ideas nor discard old ones. That size should be seized upon here is therefore natural. Besides the desire for sensationalism cannot be coupled with a sense of humor. A tiny club in Chicago would have truly been sensational for it would have been out of character, an anomaly. I may do both Rockwell Kent and Chicago an injury in supposing that they resemble each other. Rockwell Kent devotes a number of hours each day to exercise. That might mean that he devotes a number of hours each day to making himself into something which he is not naturally. Perhaps this is also true of Chicago. The will to be cultured is so strong there that there is absolutely no fear of those particular exercises that lead to culture.



"ROCKWELL KENT IN 'GOD'S COUNTRY'" BY GUY PÈNE DU BOIS

"From the mountain peak he will look out upon the world and find that men do not count in it at all, with one exception, and that exception will make him very happy"

Perhaps the comparison is ridiculous; it is, moreover, the result of a desire to please Kent rather than to please Chicago. Indeed no city of her character can be overjoyed by a comparison with so small a thing as a single man. The man on the other hand is given a size that must certainly be beyond whatever wild hope he may have placed in his exercises. There is a picture by Arthur B. Davies in which a mountain is balanced by the figure of a very slim girl. It is quite possible that most men who have seen that picture have preferred the girl to the mountain. Heroic proportions often fail to produce affection. The idea suggested by the girl and the mountain or by the little figure of Napoleon and the tremendous expanse of Europe is that size—Kent and Chicago willy nilly —has nothing to do with strength. We might go further here and assert, without more evidence, that vitality has nothing to do with exercise. The man who requires exercise to make himself strong is without natural strength.

That it is necessary for Kent to go to Tierra del Fuego or Alaska or Newfoundland may be proved by the dainty drawings done in the city and signed Hogarth, Jr., or by the fact of the strenuousness of his physical life. His secret aims could only be described with mighty words. He can get no sensations from trivial things. I do not know whether Tierra del Fuego is a more uncomfortable place than Alaska, but I am willing to wager that it is. He has gone from the Berkshire Hills to Monhegan Island, then to Newfoundland and then to Alaska and now to the southern end of the world. The drink each time is stronger. This fact permits the conjecture that as man grows he crystallizes, since greater and greater shocks are required to puncture the thickening skin of his callousness. Where will Rockwell Kent go after he has been to Tierra del Fuego? He is of the order of traveling artist who, at intervals, must find himself in God's country. The explorer Stanley described that country as one in which a terrible and impressive solitude drove him to the thought of God. That may mean that solitude drives man to the contemplation of his own soul. It is certain that the majority of mining engineers do not spend much time in the examination of their own or other people's souls in cities.

Rockwell Kent in the city is very much like them. Without solitude he is without soul. He discovers his emotions in the presence of an austere snow covered mountain. People in towns

are too tiny. It does not matter that the soul of man has filled lakes with mountains, for the objective nature is only moved by physical evidence. Man, whatever he does, compared to a mountain is an ant. Measure them and see for yourself. Some people consider a gigantic city a greater work than a gigantic mountain. But they are people who consider man so important that things done for him and by him become of the greatest moment; and who also know that one of the sins of cities is waste. Besides all this Rockwell Kent is an architect. He has drawn plans for buildings and found little men to put them up at so much a day. He cannot be awed by a building. He can be awed by that great waste which is a mountain. He will be made to feel small by a structure with the building of which he had and could have nothing to do, for it is inconceivable that any man could spend valuable time upon the construction of a mountain. And it will baffle him a great deal, so much so, indeed, that he will climb to the top of it in order to prove to himself or to the mountain that Rockwell Kent by pure force of will can arrive at a point where his line of vision will crown the mountain's. From the mountain peak he will look out upon the world and find that men do not count in it at all—with one exception, and that exception will make him very happy.



WAR MEMORIAL FOR WASHINGTON HEIGHTS
BY GERTRUDE VANDERBILT WHITNEY

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Uniforms are screens over human errors, a camouflage covering man's habit of expressing himself which he does in smaller things like neckties and shirts, a regulation of revolutionary emotional moments. When we call a soldier a martinet we mean that he resembles a mechanism rather than a man. That he should become one in a uniform seems natural enough to be inevitable. But most of us do the same things daily. While individual vagary makes many changes they are still very slight. They cannot be great and comfortable at once. Social outlaws are those who misuse napkins and forks. Indeed, divorcees are preferable to them, and murderers to the man who supplants a fork with a knife at table. But the groove built for the soldier's progress is the most terrible of all grooves, for he cannot parade down it in clothes of his own choice, nor fall into his own gait, nor speak without permission. The perfect soldier is an artificial pea in an artificial pod. That is the compliment that Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney paid to him in the monument which was recently unveiled at One Hundred and Sixty-seventh Street, New York.

Artificiality is a veneer that force will crack, a habit that tortured souls shake off. Sherman's "War is Hell" cannot be an altogether truthful statement, for it is too simple, straightforward, uncomplicated. It is entirely probable that three words can never make a truth. The military men who spoke at the unveiling of Mrs. Whitney's monument spoke from the dictation of their groove. Life and death and patriotism and love are the simple facts of existence. One speaks of patriotism with reverence, of love with a laugh. With death there comes a cessation of drilling. Perhaps time hangs heavily for soldiers in Heaven. But peace also must make sluggards of them. Sherman talked for the benefit of civilians. War is an opportunity to relieve with gay ribbons the drabness of efficient uniforms. Soldiers are school boys. Decorate them for running fast in the right direction and you win their devotion.

They like noise and glory. They like war. They like Hell. But you will never find a soldier to speak ill of the traditional mother idea. He never forgets that before he became a regulated boy he was a regular boy owning a mother able to overlook broken rules. With her he was never a mummy bound in regulation red tape, though he wears that with an air and gets joy out of it. Women have fortunate ignorance of platitudes or defiance of them, anyway. They can be economic. They can weigh values. If peace is important one might do well to remember the expense of glory. Only cheap things can be paid for in dollars. Mrs. Whitney writes something like this in her golden group.

Impersonal goddesses with widespread arms and eyes lifted for a sight of glory may be left to the hands of the academic males, to the pompous dealers in generalities. Besides only some cool sister to the goddess on the ten cent piece could remain unblinded by that sun. Young men who were straight, supple and confident up to arrogance bow before it. Most monuments are of soldiers on holidays, however,—atoms of armies in war. This one is of boys who had played at being soldiers and who, suddenly, one day, before dying, became serious. The idea presented here could lead into endless calculation. Is war worth that expense? Are the deaths of war an extravagance? The answer is—as you feel about it. War theories can be juggled like oranges. The thing itself is probably inevitable. Pacifist or militarist will read his own idea into the monument. Perhaps spankings are good for the race. There has been a difference in boys since the sparing of the rod. In any case the whole thing is here without the casual impertinence of the platitude. To a generation which lived through a war, a fact on it may have more significance than a designing bit of propaganda.

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On the question of art criticism I have heard many things of which the most ingenious was told me by an artist. He apparently was a little afraid that the secrets of his sleight of hand might become general property. He had his living to defend. He said: "It isn't fair for an artist to be an art critic." Whistler had said something like that about laymen. As radical statements they are both right and both wrong.

The most frequently reiterated attack on the artist as critic is made on the ground of his prejudice in favor of work of the character of his own. This will only sound reasonable to those who have never examined lay criticism. It must be true that to be a man at all is to own prejudices. The critic without prejudice, whether artist or layman, is a headless fellow whose feet will fit anybody's shoes. The really great trouble with the artist-critic is that he takes too much in art for granted and is therefore likely to leave things unsaid which would clarify the trend of his argument. The lay-critic, on the other hand, is amazed without reason for amazement. He will go tremulous over a mere technical trick.

"The Man with the Beautiful Hands"

The painting by Jan Mabuse (1472–1533) reproduced in color on the cover of this month's issue of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO was for several years prior to 1921 in the private collection of Charles-Léon Cardon, who called it a Holbein. In 1911 it was shown at Charleroi, Belgium, in an exhibition of Walloon art as a Mabuse. But when Cardon bought it he ascribed the work to Holbein owing to a resemblance he found in the treatment of the painting to that in Holbein's famous picture of "The Ambassadors" in the National Gallery in London. When the Cardon collection was dispersed in 1921 the work was purchased by Mr. Francis Kleinberger of the Kleinberger Galleries, (through whose courtesy the INTERNATIONAL STUDIO reproduces it), and Mr. Kleinberger at once restored to the picture its original attribution, in which step he was backed by the recognized experts in early Flemish art.

Everything that is characteristic of Jan Mabuse, both as an artist and as a man, is to be found in this work. Its supreme elegance, particularly in the marvellous painting of the hands, the brilliant palette, the impeccably smooth surface, the incisive outlines, are all here to sign it as a Mabuse. And the gorgeously ornate costume of "Le Gentilhomme" is a reflection of the painter's personal taste in dress, for there is an existing record of the predilection of Mabuse for clothes, splendid even for the first half of the sixteenth century. The character of the face itself shows another marked tendency of Mabuse, to give to his men a Socratic cast of countenance, a mannerism he shares with Quentin Matsys.

Philadelphia Acquires Rare Work



"James Peale and his Family" by James Peale

The Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts has just added this interesting portrait group to its "Gallery of Artists." James Peale, though not so well known as his brother, Charles Willson Peale, painted numerous portraits and was one of the first American miniature artists. This family group, painted in 1795, portrays the father and mother and five children with that mixture of quaint conventionalism and easy grace that is the chief charm of the pictures of the period. It is quite in the style of the "picture in the small" of the XVIII century. A "Gallery of Artists" is an important part of many European museums, notably the Uffizi in Florence. The one in the Pennsylvania Academy gives particular representation to the early Americans. A group which balances the one illustrated here is of Joseph Wright and his family, and near it is one of William S. Mount and his wife, both painted by the artists themselves. Mount was the first American genre painter. There is also a self-portrait by James Peale, while his nephew, Rembrandt Peale, is represented by his likeness of the French sculptor, Houdon.



"A STUDY" BY HELEN PEALE



"RATAN DEVI" BY HELEN PEALE

An ARTIST "By Right"

Helen Peale keeps alive the tradition of a family devoted to portraiture since the 1700's · by

HELEN COMSTOCK

WHATEVER may be our current convictions on the subject of heredity, it is an interesting fact that Helen Peale, present day portraitist, is a great-great-granddaughter of Rembrandt Peale, painter of Washington and his contemporaries. The modern representative of the family has connected Colonial art with the art of today in a truly unique manner, by adhering to tradition. History names four Peales who were artists, of whom Rembrandt was the youngest. The next in point of age was his elder brother, Raphael. Charles Willson Peale, their father, named almost all of his large family after artists, though only his two eldest sons became painters. He himself was a man of many talents. Not only was he a painter of note, whose many portraits have helped to preserve for us something of the spirit of an important era, but he was skilled in various crafts. He was a silver - smith, a modeler in clay and wax, he sawed the ivory for his miniatures, moulded the glass for them and made the shagreen cases. He was also a soldier and a legislator. The fourth artist of the family was James, brother to Charles Willson, a painter of miniatures particularly.



THE LATE
HAMILTON EASTER FIELD
BY HELEN PEALE

Although it might seem that Helen Peale's concentration on portraiture was due partly to example, she was really not led by emulation alone to adopt her profession. Her predilection



MR. WALTER EHRICH
BY HELEN PEALE

for drawing pictures of people was instinctive. Her family had moved to the West before Helen Peale was born and they had to some extent lost touch with the artistic tradition that still remained in the eastern branch of the family. She was brought up in an atmosphere in which her own individuality was encouraged rather than the imitation of the accomplishments of her ancestors. It was only when her art had grown to definite proportions and she had already embarked in her chosen field, that she came East, to Philadelphia, and there, in the home of a great aunt, stepped into the very atmosphere of the past and heard of her artist forbears from one to whom their illustrious memory was particularly dear.

In this home she saw Rembrandt Peale's first self-portrait, at the age of thirteen, and heard her aunt tell how he came home from school one day, threw down his books, and declared that he was through with all institutions of learning and had determined to be a painter. This portrait was the fruit of the declaration. Next to it hung another self-portrait, his last, made when he was eighty-one. On other walls were many portraits of the Peale family, and of Washington, which her aunt so cherishes that they have never been shown in public. This was a rich atmosphere for the young artist to revel in, and yet it came when the formative period was past, and did no more than to confirm her in her choice.

In view of the fact that Helen Peale has elected the pencil for her medium, it is interesting to read an account written by Rembrandt Peale himself of his early experiments in drawing, an account which appears in C. Edwards Lester's book, "The Artists of America":

"A sister, older than myself, was regularly advancing in a course of drawing that excited my admiration. Daily, as I was liberated from school, I rushed to her room and watched every movement of her pencil, which I comprehended as preliminary to drawing with the brush. When she chanced to be otherwise engaged, I sedulously, but unseen, copied the drawings she had made. It was the work of many days. But when she saw them, nothing could induce her to continue, because she erroneously supposed that I had drawn, without any effort, what had cost her so much pains. In my subsequent studies, from an impression it was best to leave me to my own impulses, my father only gave me a passing remark, or some general direction, but with this special advice—to acquire correctness in drawing before I should attempt the use of the brush."

If Helen Peale had been the recipient of this advice she could not have carried out his instructions more literally. Rembrandt Peale used his drawing only as the merest foundation, and passed rapidly on to the use of oils, but his descendent of today has gone far indeed with her pencil, so that with her it is a fine art. She has carried her medium to the top of its possibilities, and has devoted herself to it exclusively. Though the pencil offers only an economy of means, she has made it yield rich results. Because of its limitations, her expressiveness argues all the greater skill. The clarity, refinement, delicacy and

strength of her work are the result of turning its difficulties to profit and advantage.

Helen Peale is more than usually interested in human nature. Her drawings are more than accurate sketches of feature and form—in fact if they were only this, no matter how perfect technically, the artist would consider them a failure. If they are not vivid with meaning, if they do not give an illuminating glimpse into the character of her sitter, then she would consider the result worthless. She feels that her insight into character deepens with a study of varying types, and in looking over a group of her drawings it is noticeable how many different kinds of people have been her subjects and how well she has rendered the personality of each. She desires to make a portrait so expressive that even to a stranger it would reveal the "inner man."

In her concentration on character, she sets her own personality aside and lets her pencil become the channel for the expression of her subject's individuality. Her work is free from mannerism. She uses her pencil sparingly, and puts in no extraneous lines to show technical cleverness. There is evident in her work the wise restraint which knows when the culminating point has been attained in the process of recording her impression of the sitter's character and appearance. Because of the degree to which she possesses this rare quality, her portraits are remarkably illuminating in their revelation of the personality of her subjects.

Another characteristic is adaptability. She varies her method to suit her subject. With one she makes fine, firm lines express what she feels. In portraying another, she dispenses with all hard and fast outlines, and soft gray masses alone define contour. And again, there is a bold definiteness about the blocking in of light and dark. This variety in technique stands her in good stead, for her subjects come from every walk of life and from every race. Sometimes it is the inscrutable Slav or baffling Oriental that interests her, and it is a tribute to her penetration that she gives us so clear an impression of the very fundamentals of their natures. Sometimes her subjects are debutantes; again it is their mothers whom she draws, and as she presents each one you see something that stands for the essence of individuality. Her drawings of artists are among her best, perhaps because she herself, being an artist, has a sympathetic understanding of their keenly sensitive temperaments.



MR. ARNOLD GENTHE
BY HELEN PEALE

Helen Peale has exhibited her drawings frequently in New York in the last few years, and last February the Ehrich Galleries held a show devoted entirely to her work. Her next exhibition, she says, will be of portraits in oil. She feels the need for the richer expression that color will give. The depth and vigor, the greater vitality that is possible in oil, will give her a broader field. It will be like offering one who has a single octave the whole range of the keyboard. She has fulfilled the instructions of her famous ancestor to the letter, and has gained an assurance of touch, a mastery of line, a fluency in the handling of contour that promise achievement for the future.

The EDITOR'S STUDIO TALK for AUGUST

MR. MATSUKATA, Japanese ship builder, who amassed millions during the World War, is building in Tokio a great endowed Museum of Occidental Art. This gift to Nippon some say is to enable it to understand the taste of the Western peoples, in order that its artisans may manufacture goods that will sell in Europe and America. Others declare it is simply an expression of Mr. Matsukata's admiration for Western art and his desire to impart that admiration to his countrymen. Maybe both views are correct. At any rate Mr. Matsukata is spending millions in the erection of his museum and other millions in providing fine examples of painting and sculpture to adorn it.

The Japanese philanthropist engaged Mr. Frank Brangwyn, who is both architect and painter, to design the building for the museum. The British artist's problem was to evolve a structure in the European style that would not look out of place in the shadow of Fujiyama. How he solved this problem will be of interest to the whole art world. INTERNATIONAL STUDIO asked Mr. Brangwyn for the right to reproduce his plans. He replied that he would allow the magazine to reproduce his drawings first if it would devote a leading article to the museum and its contents.

This article, written by Mrs. Gordon-Stables from material supplied by Mr. Brangwyn, will be the first feature of the September number. It will be preceded by a reproduction in color of Mr. Brangwyn's "The Caravan," which is one of the paintings Mr. Matsukata obtained. There will be a full set of photographs of the architect's drawings, and twenty-seven reproductions of great examples of painting and sculpture bought by the ship builder. Altogether fourteen pages will be devoted to the museum.

One of the most individual and striking things in the whole range of contemporary American art is the symbolism of Robert W. Chanler, as expressed in his screens. Their vigorous and dynamic decorative quality sets them aside from any other productions of the kind. He has organized the sensuous elements of nature so as to obtain an effect that is exactly the opposite of the more subtle and more static productions of the great Oriental artists who have produced masterpieces in the form of screens. Mr. Ivan Narodny analyzes Mr. Chanler's art in the September number, and his article is accompanied by five beautiful and exact color reproductions of famous Chanler screens.

For several years in writing reviews of New York exhibitions the present editor of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO bemoaned the fact that American picture lovers had so enslaved Albert L. Groll that they kept him painting Arizona deserts to the exclusion of other and more beautiful phases of his art. Whether or not this reinforcement of the artist in his fight against trademarkism was of service, certain it is that Mr. Groll has had the temerity to execute an about-face. Under the title of "Groll Rebels Against Groll," William B. McCormick discusses in September the beauty and subtlety of the artist's new work. Besides several black and white illustrations there will be a color reproduction of "A Breezy Day—California."

Mr. Frank H. G. Keeble, who wrote the entertaining article on Taoist symbolism in Chinese art in the July number, comes back with "The Buddhistic Images of China" in September. The text tells the entrancing story of Buddhist historical symbolism, and the many illustrations reveal the characteristics of the deities and heroes. There is a color reproduction of a bronze temple elephant with all his magnificent trappings.

If any one were asked off-hand to classify the art of Guy Pène du Bois the chances are nine in ten that he would be lumped with Robert Henri, George Bellows, John Sloan and the others of that vigorous, semi-sociological, call-a-spade-a-spade school. Du Bois as an artist is just as unsparing as Sloan, almost as viciously satirical as Forain. And yet in the September installment of his "Art by the Way" he writes of "The Passing of Republican Painting" with especial reference to the work of Henri, Bellows and Sloan. Many readers who will disagree with him will be stimulated just the same. And to prove that the editor wasn't committed, it may be added that INTERNATIONAL STUDIO has projected, later on, articles that will do justice to the art of the three men whom Mr. du Bois so tantalizingly pillories.

Peyton Boswell



STUDIOS OF FAMOUS ARTISTS

No. 15. The above photograph shows the studio of Arvid Nyholm of Chicago

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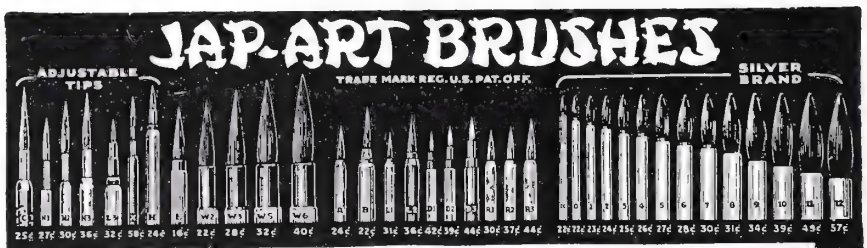
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Articles are solicited by the editor on subjects that are interesting and significant in all branches of the fine and applied arts. No responsibility is assumed for the safe custody or return of manuscripts, but due care will be exercised.

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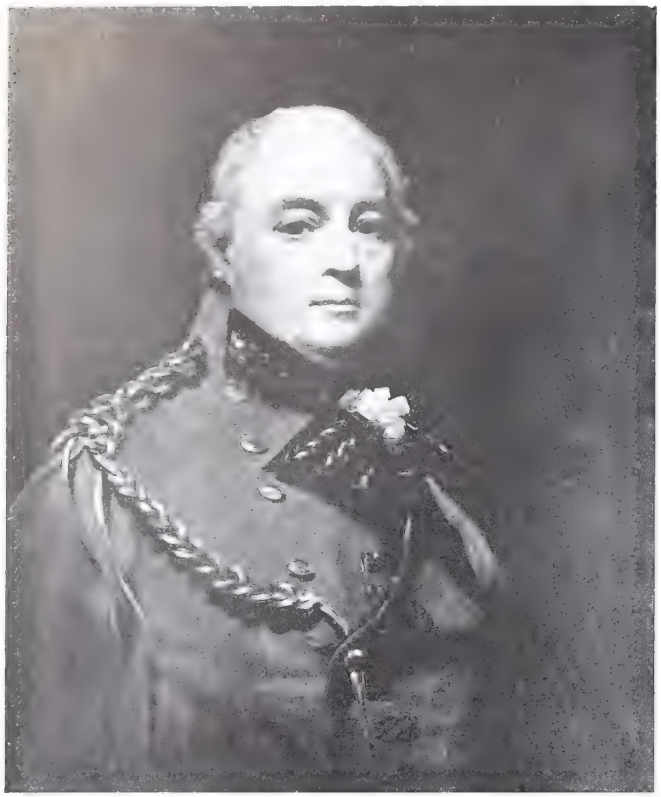
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"THE CARAVAN"
by
Frank Brangwyn

Purchased by
Mr. Matsukata for his
Museum of Occidental Art
in Tokio

INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

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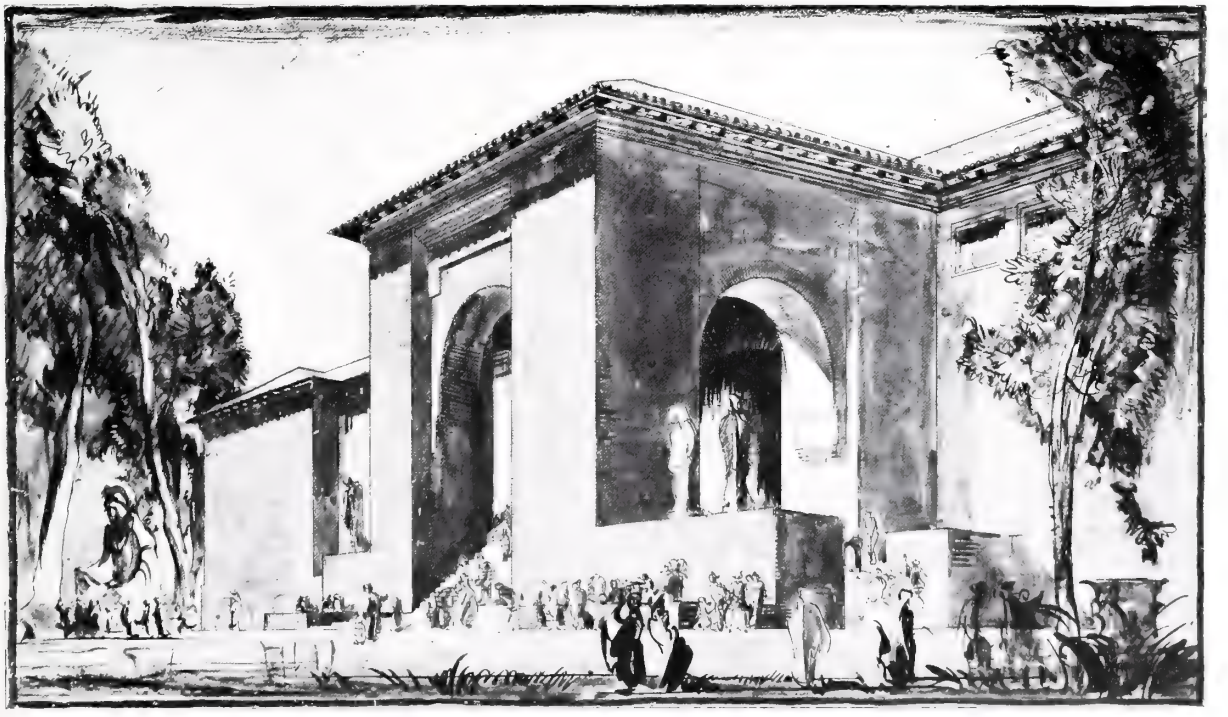
TOKIO'S *Occidental* MUSEUM

The plans for Matsukata's great repository for Western art are the work of Frank Brangwyn · · · by

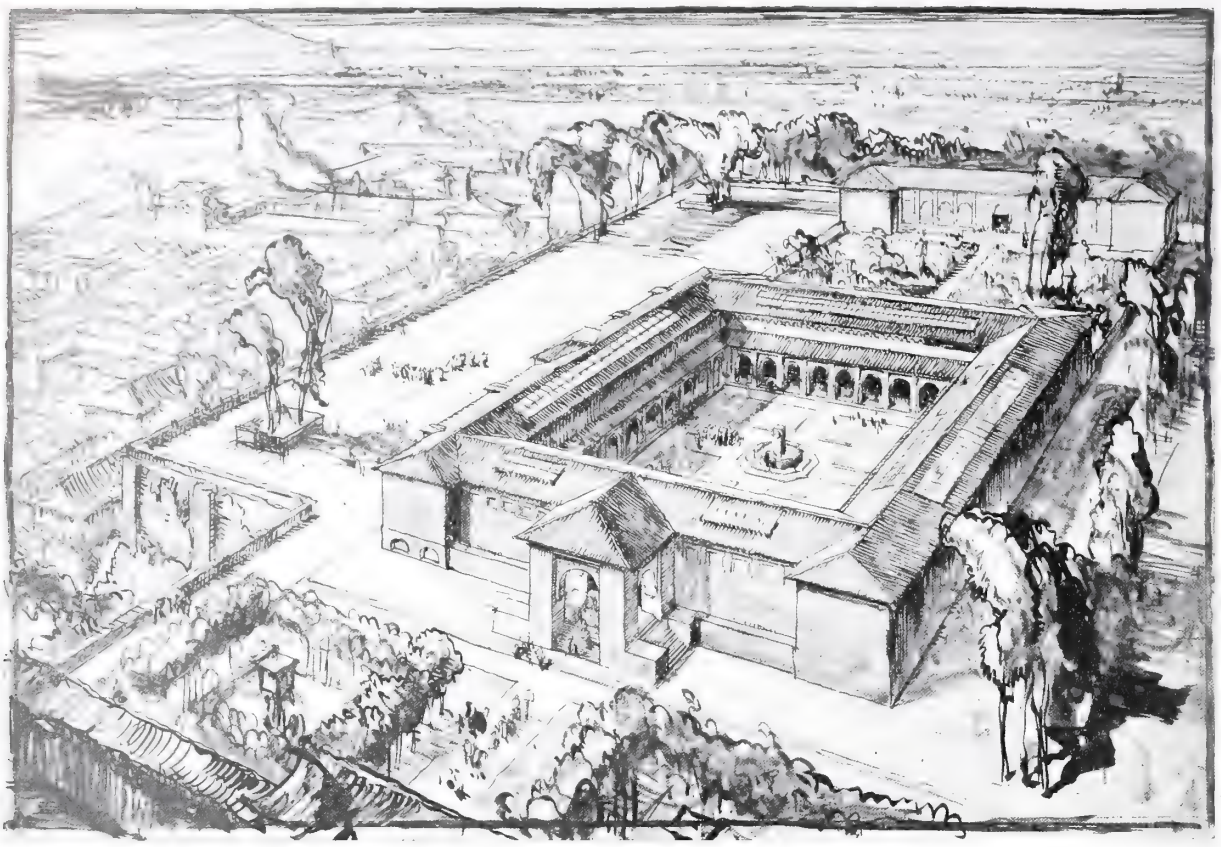
Mrs. GORDON-STABLES

Not alone is truth frequently stranger than fiction, but it wears moreover such an air of improbability that the ingenious-minded are often hard put to it to weave some fictitious explanation of its phenomena. Especially arresting is this diffidence in accepting the simple truth on its own incredible merits, when it happens that the occidental mentality is confronted with some psychological emanation from that of the Orient. For "East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet."

Hence it arrives that the western world, confounded by the unprecedented scale on which Mr. Kojiro Matsukata has both planned and equipped the unique Museum, of which Mr. Frank Brangwyn, England's master-draftsman at the present day, is the designer, has variously explained away the munificence of the wealthy Japanese shipbuilder as owing its origin to governmental propaganda and, on the other hand, as having its source in some subtle industrial organization intended, for commercial purposes, to familiarize the Japanese nation with the arts, crafts and methods of Europe and America. This profound misconception, (for it may as well be freely recognized at the outset that the Matsukata Museum,

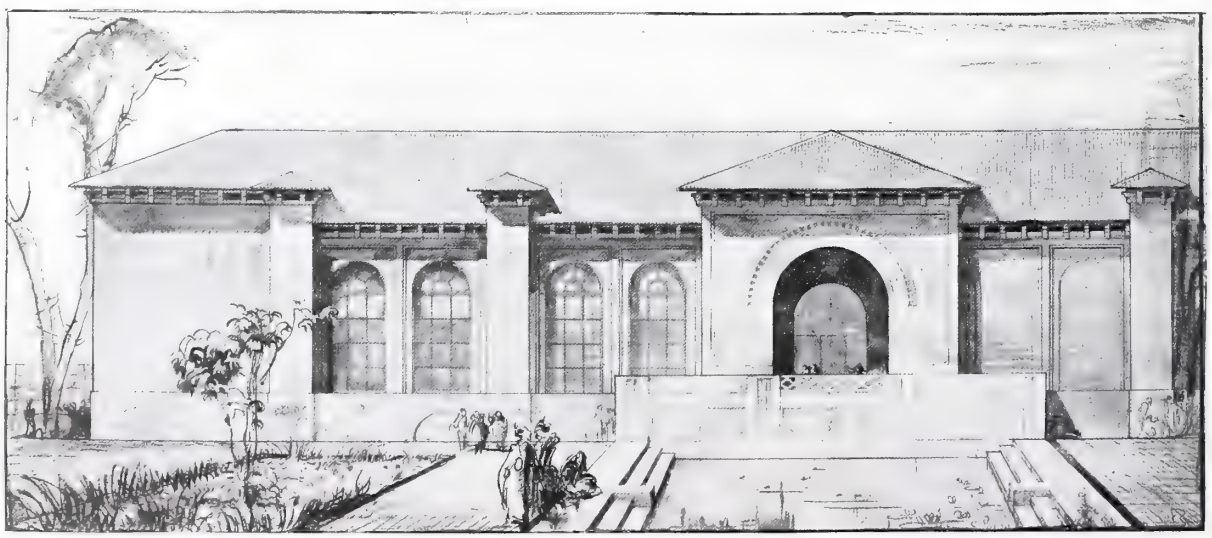


THE MASSIVE SHADOWS OF THE MAIN ENTRANCE PORTICO
(Drawn by Frank Brangwyn)



BIRDS-EYE VIEW OF THE ENTIRE LAYOUT OF THE MUSEUM
(Drawn by Frank Brangwyn)

now rearing its walls upon the plateau that overlooks the city and the bay of Tokio, is entirely what it purports to be—the open gift of an enlightened, progressive and public-spirited citizen), has its root in a fundamental divergence between the outlook of a millionaire of the Orient and that of a millionaire of the Occident. For when the latter, through the chances of war, becomes the holder of vast finances, there lie before him a whole host of accredited ways in which his resources may be expended. It will be a matter of wonder if he does not apply himself to the acquisition of extensive and entirely unnecessary estates, if he does not over-bejewel his wife and daughters, over-entertain his friends and acquaintances, acquire vast quantities of superfluous possessions, and generally so complicate existence as to leave for altruistic purposes but a negligible margin. But when the millionaire happens to hail from Japan, the land wherein he who



LOGGIA FROM WHICH IS VISIBLE A VIEW OF THE SACRED FUJIYAMA
(Drawn by Frank Brangwyn)



THE CENTRAL COURTYARD, WITH STONE-PAVED CLOISTERS
(Drawn by Frank Brangwyn)

has the fewest needs is deemed the happiest, and both wisdom and beauty are believed to reside in that instinct for simplicity which is one of the most deep-seated of the national characteristics, such directions for the application of his resources are apt to leave him unmoved. The simple life, as traditionally understood in Japan, is sufficiently idyllic to inspire in the cultured but small desire to exchange it.

Hence I believe I am justified in asserting that Mr. Matsukata himself does not feel conscious of any extraordinary magnanimity in bestowing on Tokio a museum conceived on a scale of magnitude never yet attempted. It probably seems to him merely the obvious and the logical means of disposing of wealth, which if put to personal, rather than to public ends, would bring him but problematical benefit. The idea did not, like Athena from the brow of Zeus, spring to life from the brain of its creator, fully armed. Rather was its evolution a gradual growth, gaining stability and character as it grew, and acquiring steadily that unity and completeness which are inclined to develop most consistently when an enterprise is the product of a single mentality, as opposed to that which is a matter of boards, committees and joint control. So far from being in any way connected with the Japanese government, the terms of Mr. Matsukata's gift to the nation carefully preclude all possibility of its becoming a state-directed concern. On the contrary, it has been bestowed for, rather than on, the people, the control being kept in the hands of the Matsukata family and its descendants, by whom its affairs will be administered in behalf of the nation.

When one considers the unfortunate frequency with which commissions for public buildings are placed in unsuitable quarters, one recognizes the soundness of perception that has led this modern Maecenas to enlist as architect an artist such as Frank Brangwyn, who not alone realizes to the full the housing conditions demanded by works of art, but who, by reason of his never-failing fertility of design and freedom from the trammels of convention, is qualified to give expression



THE ENTRANCE FOYER WITH BLUE AND GOLD MOSAIC CEILING AND STAINED GLASS WINDOWS DESIGNED BY FRANK BRANGWYN
(Drawn by Frank Brangwyn)



THE JAPANESE COURT BETWEEN THE MAIN BUILDING AND THE ANNEX
(Drawn by Frank Brangwyn)

to his ideas in a way which is destined to render the Tokio Museum a model to the whole world of what such an edifice should rightly be.

Many considerations in addition to that of erecting a suitable museum for the display of pictures, sculpture and other objects of art have been duly weighed and recognized, and many an artistic pitfall observed and avoided ere the final plans left Mr. Brangwyn's hands. In the first instance it would have been the direst error on the part of an European artist to have designed for the East a building obviously bearing the imprint of foreign traditions, or by its aggressiveness or pomposity striking a note out of harmony with its surroundings. It is the greatest tribute to Mr. Brangwyn's skill and judgment that the Museum is acknowledged by Japanese experts and critics to "look right" in the Orient. This somewhat difficult end has been achieved in the first instance by the meticulous care with which its designer has avoided the cult of any rigid style. The building is neither in strictly classic nor in Gothic manner. In so far as it permits itself to be classified under any heading it belongs rather to the Romanesque, and since the Romanesque owed its ultimate origin to the East, the wisdom of this choice is obvious. It has been treated throughout as such a building should be treated, that is to say, as a background to the works of art for whose sake it has been erected, and as an accompaniment to the natural surroundings in the midst of which it is placed. Nowhere, whether within or without, does its architecture or ornament clash with the exhibits, nowhere has full advantage not been taken of the richness and beauty of the natural surroundings. Indeed, in a number of instances, the plans have been definitely drawn up in such a way as to avoid the necessity for uprooting trees or sacrificing the luxuriant vegetation which distinguishes the hillside. Even the aid of the sacred mountain of Fujiyama has been enlisted to enhance the beauty of the building, for in the courtyard a pond has been specially sunk so that the reflection of the snowcapped mount may be displayed in the mirror of its waters.



A SIMPLY DESIGNED TEAK-WOOD CEILING AND GRAY WALLS CREATE A RESTFUL GALLERY
(Drawn by Frank Brangwyn)

The accompanying architectural studies by Mr. Brangwyn must not be regarded as having been made from the completed buildings, which, as already implied, are still in course

of construction. They have been carried out in order to make it possible, to some extent, mentally to visualize the Museum as its artist designs it eventually to be. In order the better to develop the picture, the buildings must be imagined as commanding from their hilltop site a comprehensive view of mountain scenery, blue bay, city and verdant plains. The dominant characteristic of the edifice is a splendid simplicity. Both beauty and dignity have been achieved by means of fine proportions, good perspective, well balanced sunshine and shadow. Harmony has been attained by the retention of the natural features of the ground, and sympathetic adaptation to the inherent qualities of the scenery.



SCULPTURE BY CLADEL

The material employed consists of brick of both Japanese and Chinese manufacture, of a warm, drab tone, slightly ruddier than that typical of London architecture. The roof is covered with the coarse, but extremely effective, roof-tiles proper to Japan, their thick pipelike ridges forming an important feature. Here and there the bricks have been worked into a slight, decorative patterning, while mosaics of black and white have likewise been sparsely introduced. To quote Mr. Brangwyn himself, "there are no frills to the architecture." The requisite variety has been achieved not so much by ornament, as by means of fine splashes of shade provided by well-proportioned arches, the noble sweep of flights of steps, the grace of terraces, the setting of statuary among the foliage of trees, and the retention of the landscape features.

The illustration of the general lay-out shows at a glance the masterly fashion in which the whole has been planned with a view to the perfect fulfilment of the Museum's purpose. The main building is composed of four great galleries built in quadrangle form round a central court, surrounded by cloisters, through which access is readily gained to the galleries. And herein enters the psychological aspect of the architect's plan. For since the militating factor against the development of the "museum habit" is the rapidity with which the average visitor becomes mentally sated and physically exhausted by concentration on that which rightly should delight and refresh, there has been provided, in order to obviate this contingency, an amplitude of opportunity for mental and bodily refreshment in the cool courtyards that surround the building on all sides. Here amid the sound of splashing fountains and the shade of trees one finds seats placed in company with fine statuary and lovely flowers.

The main building is connected by means of a paved court, flanked by sunken gardens, with the Annex, in which will be housed furniture, pottery, tapestries and applied arts of various types. Here, too, will be found the Library of Fine Art, which will be one of, if not the most, comprehensive in the world. A portion of the building will be devoted to the purposes of a guest house, which with its fittings and furniture, likewise from the designs of Frank Brangwyn, will have a character in keeping with the whole. The Japanese courtyard, with its wall-fountain and many features of artistic interest, boasts a loggia specially designed to afford a site whence one may enjoy a view of Fujiyama with the city of Tokio spread at its foot. All that is possible has been devised to enable the visitor to enjoy in combination the contemplation of the sublime in nature with that of the sublime in art.

A suggestion of what the entrance hall will be is furnished in the sketch illustrated.



A MEMORIAL SCULPTURE GROUP BY BISTOLFI



"THE WALL"
BY FRANK BRANGWYN

Some little imagination must naturally be brought to bear in order to visualize its ensemble. The mosaic ceiling is patterned in arabesques of blue and gold, the marble fountain is in shell form placed on a square base, its border being of blue, its tiles of buff. In its waters will be reflected the glory of the ceiling. The walls are lighted by means of four great stained-glass windows nobly designed by Mr. Brangwyn in illustration of forms of great modern industries such as boilermaking, bridge and locomotive construction, electrical enterprise, and so on. Mr. Brangwyn's forceful interpretation of such themes is too widely recognized to make it necessary to labor the point here. He is perhaps seen to his best when engaged on such subjects, his mastery of the human form and his unrivalled skill in the management of a number of figures in vigorous action producing an extraordinary impressiveness.



"EVENING — MOROCCO"
BY FRANK BRANGWYN

The walls of the interior have been kept a soft, striped gray, selected as being calculated not to clash in any way with the exhibits, and are very quiet, very restful, very unobtrusive. The



"PRISON—TANGIERS"
BY FRANK BRANGWYN

roofs are of teak, the rooms being lighted from the top in a way capable of being regulated in this respect according to the weather and the time of year. The panels at the base of the walls are of wood of extremely simple form, while the pedestals and seats placed in the center of the galleries are of paneled teak. Pictures and sculpture will be shown in company, the senseless fashion of divorcing the two finding no favor here. Thus the one will, as it were, minister to the other and that dead, inhuman quality which as a rule characterizes a sculpture room will be avoided.

Certain spaces have been reserved for mural decorations, Mr. Brangwyn having it in his mind, when designing them, that they might form the means of permitting some of the younger men later to show their mettle. It is, however, Mr. Matsukata's desire that Mr. Brangwyn should himself visit Tokio to embellish these wall-spaces with some of his impressive compositions, and it is possible that, health permitting, the journey may be made, at some future date. It would be fitting that a building which is the expression of the artistic creed of the great designer should boast mural decorations also from his hand.

So much for the building itself. To give but the most cursory of reviews to its contents would require not a single, but several articles, since these can, without exaggeration, be said to cover each and every school of modern occidental art and many of the previous schools. No other collection in the world has been planned on so comprehensive a scale, nor with so little



"STILL LIFE"
BY FRANK BRANGWYN



"LÈ FAMILLE"
BY EUGÈNE LAERMANS

prejudice or predilection. It would be a matter of impossibility to mention any Western artist of consequence, whatever his nationality, who is missing from it. Even those artists, examples of whose work are the most difficult to obtain, have, through influence, been included, sometimes not by one, but by a number of canvases. As an instance of such masters, mention may be made of Puvis de Chavannes, Böecklin and Segantini, all of whom are splendidly represented. And where else can one locate twenty-five to thirty Gauguins, fifteen to twenty Matisses, twenty-five Maurice Denys and forty Rodins? There is more than a hint of vulgarity in insisting on mere numbers in such a connection, as though one were weighing up pounds of tea or dozens of cheeses. But since Mr. Matsukata, true to the traditions of his country, will, in this Museum, have but a selection of its contents displayed at a time, and frequent variety effected, this wealth of examples is of supreme importance.



"A SCOTTISH DAME"
BY JOSEF ISRAELS

It is a proof of the founder's artistic perspicacity that he has secured from Frank Brangwyn himself between fifty and sixty oils and water colors. These, as will be seen from the illustrations, are of a number of characteristic types. There is "The Caravan," illustrated here in color, a fine, forceful piece of work, strong in tone, skilful in draftsmanship and giving very unaffectedly and simply the domestic feeling of the



CENTAUR

by

Bourdelle



"NUDE" BY MANCINI

homely scene. Even the old horse seems to enter into its spirit. This is no mere assemblage of details but a family group treated with rare unity and consistency. The domestic touch, though of a slightly different kind, is portrayed in the "Still Life," wherein a couple of pink pigs' heads are brilliantly presented in company with a bowl of glowing copper, onions, lemons and white cloths. There is humor in this composition, combined with the loving spirit of the old Dutch painters when they depicted the various factors that go to the making of a meal. That pink flesh, one easily recognizes, has been painted with a very real affection, not for the pork, so much as for the painting!

"WATERING HORSES" BY SEGANTINI





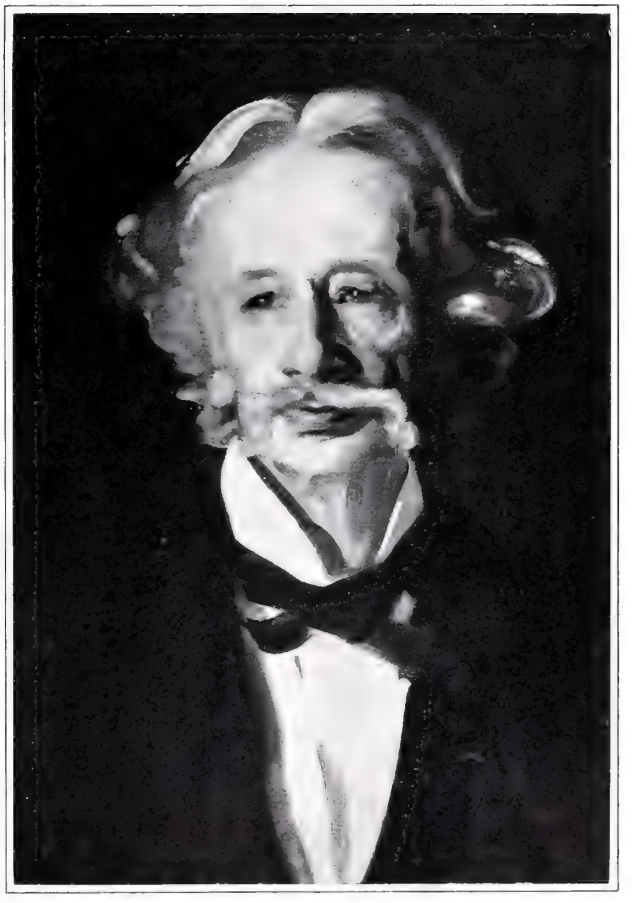
"MISS W" A PORTRAIT BY J. SOROLLA



"COPPER BASIN AND GREEN EARTHEN POT" BY A. VOLLON

Two twilight scenes are revealed, the "Moroccan Garden" with its tender, blue-gray light illuminating the roses and the seated women, and the "Walls of Avignon" with its trees bathed in the rich gold and blue of the setting sun. More lurid is the grim "Interior of the Prison, Tangiers," in which the strong blood-red tint of the alcoves contrasts significantly with the whitewash of the walls. Something of the stench and hideousness of the original has been brought into the canvas, a powerful, direct transcript of an African horror hole. Here, as in all Brangwyn's painting, is clean brush work, grip of the essentials of the theme, effective grouping.

Dotted about the gardens and courtyards and in the corners of the entrance hall will be groups of statuary by Bistolfi, dubbed the "Italian Rodin," whose "Grief Comforted by Memory" and "Memorial Sculpture," are in the collection, and of whose work the Museum contains as many as twenty specimens. Storm and struggle, emotion and a divine unrest emanate from his marbles. His figures are poignant with human tragedy, but there is no sickliness in his sentiment. "The Centaur" by Bourdelle and the "Reclining Woman" by the Belgian sculptor, Cladel, speak for themselves in their strength and fine elimination of all but the essential. It is little short of miraculous that Mr. Matsukata should so unerringly have placed himself in touch with all that is really "worth while" in the different countries he visited. His choice among the Belgian painters of "Lè Famille" by Eugène Laermans, with whom I fear too many English and American art lovers are still unacquainted, is an instance of his flair for the acquisition of the art that matters. One does not readily exhaust the qualities of a work of this calibre with its individual atmosphere, its infinite suggestion and its profound humanity.



PORTRAIT OF COVENTRY PATMORE JOHN S. SARGENT, R.A.

Segantini is not an easy painter to meet with outside of public collections, yet Mr. Matsukata has been enabled to secure two very fine examples of his work, each of which conveys to a nicety the aura of its own particular scene. "Sheep-shearing" is a complete version of a



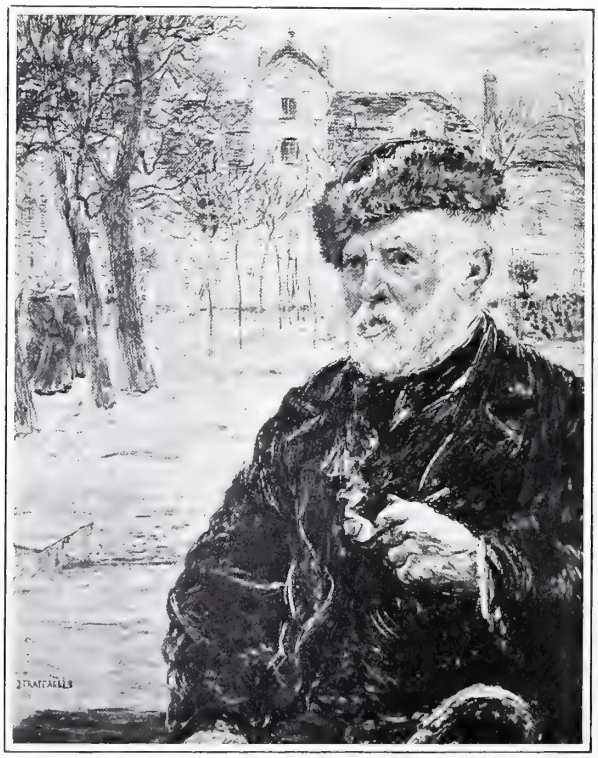
"PENMORE"
BY L. PISSARRO



"HEAD" BY MANCINI



"THE BULL FIGHT"
BY GASTON LA TOUCHE



"LE GRAND PÈRE"
BY J. F. RAFFAELLI



"SORROW—THE DROWNED FISHERMAN"
BY CHARLES COTTET

A Group of Paintings for Mr. Matsukata's Museum



"BEPPINO"
BY CAROLUS DURAN



"FEMME LISANT"
BY EUGÈNE CARRIÈRE

rustic incident; "Watering Horses," is equally satisfying and finished. Mancini is represented by no less than twenty examples, of which we are privileged to furnish two illustrations; Josef Israels, among others, by "A Scottish Dame," which shows him in a less sentimental and more sternly actual mood than that to which we are accustomed in him. Similarly the "Beppino" of Carolus Duran is an unusual work. It is interesting to turn from painting of this character to the dreaminess, the spirit-suggestion of Carrière, whose "Femme Lisant" is herewith illustrated.

It is one of Mr. Matsukata's triumphs that he should have succeeded in obtaining John Singer Sargent's "Portrait of Coventry Patmore," for I believe myself justified in claiming that the artist concurs in a very general opinion that this is among his most brilliant portrait work. Swift, sure, sound, it says what has to be said, indicates what has to be indicated, without faltering or hesitation. Representative of Sargent's landscape work is his "Spanish Landscape," very full of the sunlight of the South.

But these are mere indications of single exhibits in a vast whole. Drawings and etchings have remained unmentioned, as have textiles and metalwork. That the establishment of a museum of so extensive a scope cannot fail to exercise far reaching effects is beyond discussion. The right influences have been brought to bear on it, and the collection is both so fittingly housed and so well selected that it will always be of importance and significance. It has touched the human note, both in its arrangement and its choice; it is vital, it will endure.

"A SPANISH LANDSCAPE"
BY JOHN S. SARGENT, R.A.



The KING-MOTH

(At an Address by Violet Oakley)

By JOHN RUSSELL HAYES

WHAT happened while she held us in her spell?
A thing most light but lovely;—let me tell.

A great and lordly king-moth floated in
And settled on the sumptuous peonies there,
A splendid creature radiant and fair,
Clouded with gorgeous dyes,
Shadowed and ringed with velvety eyes,—
As 'twere a spirit from some finer air;
In silvery silent peace he came,
A thing of color and of flame.

Hovering and musing in the fragrant room
Where sweet dream-thoughts found bloom,
How richly did he blend with that high hour,
Filling for us the picture in our hearts,
Bright as a jewel, perfect as a flower!

Earliest Hawthorne Portrait



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE at the AGE of 31
By Henry Inman

This portrait of Nathaniel Hawthorne, painted by Henry Inman, presumably in Boston in 1835, represents the author and one-time Surveyor of Customs at Salem, Massachusetts, at an age five years younger than any hitherto known likeness. In all subsequent pictures Hawthorne does not wear the mustache which here adds a touch of the romantic to his countenance. The portrait, now owned by the Essex Institute, of Salem, was painted in thin color on coarse canvas, as is shown in this reproduction

CHANLER'S *Dynamic Symbolism*

His art, though abstract, is sensuous, and his designs have dynamic rather than static quality · · · by

IVAN NARODNY

"THE art of Robert Winthrop Chanler suggests more than all else a series of decorative fantasias, each of which is a complete and independent improvisation. Not satisfied with that which ordinarily meets the eye, he reaches toward the far magic of the sky, or dives into the shining depths of the sea, bringing forth fresh treasure troves of form and color. Strange beasts and fabulous birds appear at his beck and call. And one after another these gleaming aquatic monsters and gorgeous avian marvels float or fly to the surface of his creative consciousness and assume their appointed places in a given composition. It is all immensely stimulating, and typically Chanleresque."

The one outstanding feature of Chanler's art is its primitive dynamic symbolism, which manifests itself now in the nature of designs, then again in the rich color harmony or gorgeous combinations of gold and silver backgrounds. At the first glance it shocks us with its radical rhythm and bold chromatic harmonies which form the bases of a new decorative psychology, but soon that feeling gives place to a peculiar magic that seems to grow in potentiality with every successive sight. A strange spirit seems to breathe through his variegated compositions and grotesque forms. They suggest musical even more than pictorial images. This is easily explained by the fact that Chanler considers himself a decorative artist and believes that painting's ultimate message lies in decorative terms. All folk arts are meant to be decorative: accordingly, his best mediums of expression lie in screens, murals, panels, frescoes, and stained glass windows, as his latest New York exhibition at the Kingore Gallery demonstrated.*

According to Chanler the origin of decorative art lies in the magic of the days before primitive man built a temple and created his gods. It was the idea of secrecy and spirits which inspired our barbaric ancestors to invent symbols, sacred designs, amulets, talismans, ikons and vestments for occult ceremonies. The idea of a spirit was intangible, and could not be expressed in articulate words, therefore symbols were created. Out of those symbols evolved the folk arts. The caves of sorcerers were the forerunners of modern art studios. We infer from our fairy tales and legends that those caves were engraved and decorated with all kinds of strange designs and colors, now imitating magic herbs, feared snakes or monsters, then again the phases of some great event or calamity of nature. In all the secret doings and ceremonies of the ancient priests, there were certain symbols that expressed the meaning of the mystic forces of nature. All their ceremonies were impotent without symbols. And thus the supposed potency of a symbolic design was the result of primordial thinking—in subconscious decorative terms. Since the sacred design was capable of greater spiritual meaning than human speech, the imagination of primitive man endowed it with unlimited power, and out of the all powerful magic symbols there developed gradually our modern decorative art.

Chanler's art is so interwoven with the mystic symbolism of the Egyptians and the enigmatic fantasy of the East that it is necessary to view his works in the light of outstanding ethnographic events. It is a fact that the teachings of all religions laid great stress on the importance of the proper symbol in a sacred ceremony, garment or decorative design. The magic rod of Moses, used in his miracles before Pharaoh, was *crux ansata*, the crossed bodies of a man and woman, which was also used by the Egyptian priests as a magic symbol in healing the sick. The same symbol was the famous talisman of Horus, to raise the dead. Later it became the Christian cross. Hieroglyphs, the oldest of alphabets, were in their essentials magic symbols, but became later the most essential elements in the succeeding folk arts. Chanler believes firmly if a decoration is deprived of symbolic meaning it automatically loses its intrinsic aesthetic quality. For this reason—as it is interpreted by him—the ultimate aim of decorative art is the appropriate symbol, which lends to it a lasting value and lifts it above the ordinary work of a craftsman. Chanler's metallic underlays, overlays and reliefs in gold, silver or aluminum are executed with the idea of achieving a greater symbolic quality.

Chanler's symbolic design has to suggest some way or other the sensuous side of Nature's soul, and the sensuous force of his own emotions. The best illustrations in this respect are his "Flame" and "Deep Sea Fantasy," the former an elaborate decorative panel in Mrs. Gertrude Vanderbilt

*Philadelphia will have an opportunity to see Mr. Chanler's art in a comprehensive exhibition to be held at the Art Alliance in October.



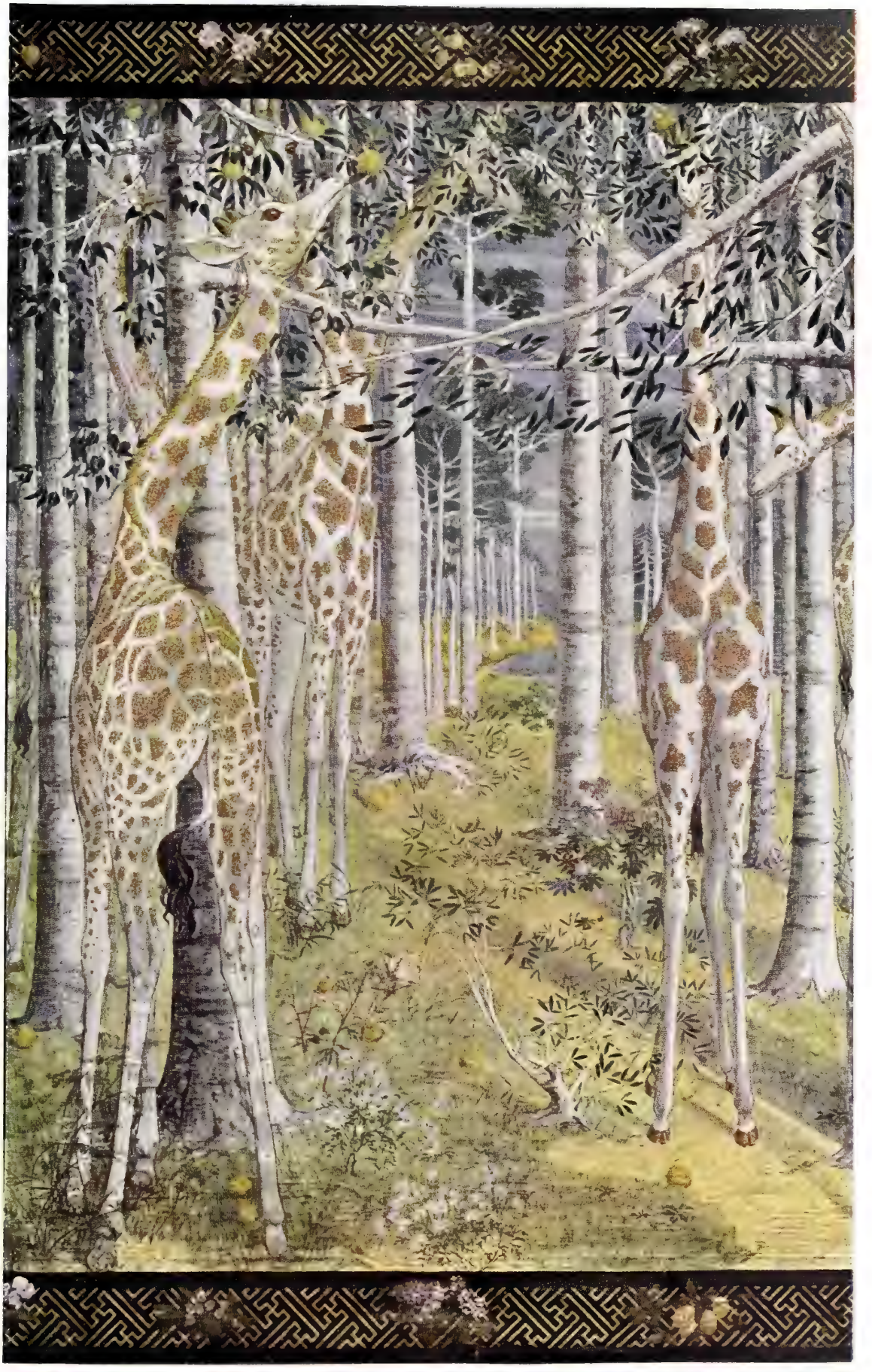
Portion of a Screen
by Robert Winthrop Chanler

"DEEP SEA FANTASY"



Portion of a Screen
by Robert Winthrop Chanler

"BEFORE THE WIND"



Portion of a Screen
by Robert Winthrop Chanler

"GIRAFFES"



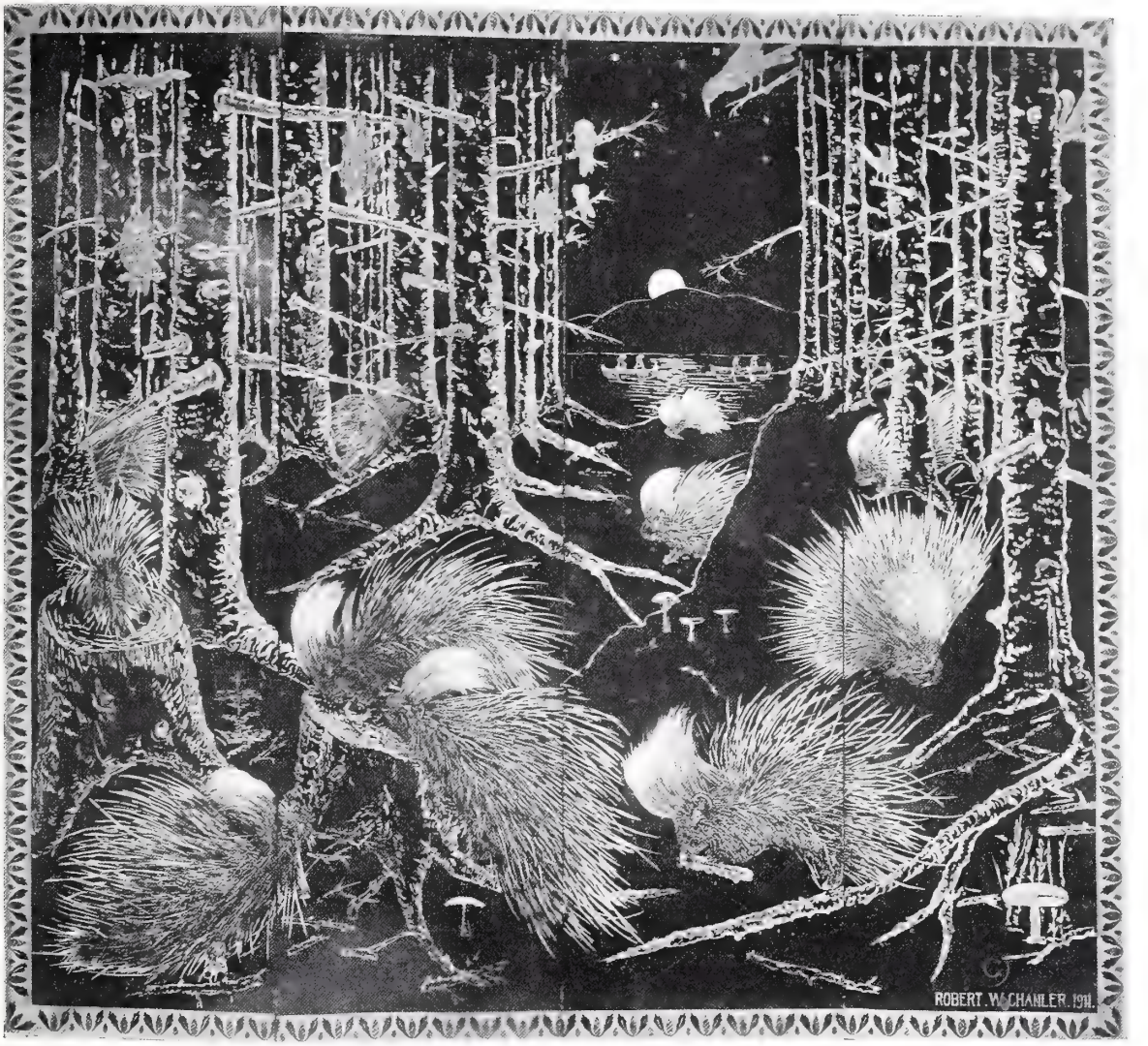
Portion of a Screen
by Robert Winthrop Chanler

"SUBMARINE"



Portion of a Screen
by Robert Winthrop Chanler

"FLAMINGOES"



"PORCUPINES," A SCREEN BY ROBERT WINTHROP CHANLER

Whitney's studio, the latter a six-paneled screen of wood. "Flame" is a symbolic picture of a sacred fire and of human passions. Considered one way it is the violent transformation process of the material world from one chemical compound into another; but in another sense it suggests the subconscious desire of man's ego to absorb all the pleasures of the world. In doing so it destroys itself, until, reaching the region of the sun-fire, the destructive phenomenon melts into a magic of cosmic regeneration—an allegoric re-incarnation. "Flames" thus depicts the striving of Nature and the striving of the human soul, the melting process of the material and the melting process of human emotions at the same time. Though a picture of actual physical flame, it is also the picture of the spirit of flame, the abstract sensuous symbol of something primitively human.

In the "Deep Sea Fantasy" we have an example of allegoric sensuous symbols from another angle. Here his aquatic monsters suggest the elemental yet metaphysical love forces of Nature in their most demonstrative phase on the one hand, and the birth-process of a new species on the other. This screen depicts the original life spirit of Nature anxious to manifest itself in its primeval form, thus producing those bizarre monsters of the ocean, which, according to biological authorities, may have been the first living beings. It may mean the very cradle of all universal life, the original Paradise for aeons of years before the appearance of the cave man; yet in another sense it may be the cradle of all our emotional fury, the visualized nakedness inside our heart. We see in it a display of fear, joy, passion and love. It is an allegoric fairy tale of the deep-sea—full of pleasure and joy, as if all living beings in their very elemental manifestation were billing, cooing and flirting, and playing with each other to the music of the waves. We almost hear the whirlpool of the dark depths, and feel the tremble of the sensations of primitive life. It is a work



"THE WHITE PEACOCKS"
BY ROBERT WINTHROP CHANLER

that penetrates to our intuition through its spontaneous virility. The longer we look at it, the more it evokes in us the painful yet pleasurable emotions of something elemental and merciless, as Nature is. The sensuous symbols herein defined and refined become dynamic images of those elemental life forces outside and within ourselves, which we fear and love.

One of the peculiar tendencies of Chanler's art is to select out of all imitative forms of the existing world the simplest aspects, and develop them as if in anticipation of Nature's development. In doing so Chanler employs sensuous symbols in all his works of art: various kinds of elemental picturesque beings—birds, octopuses, fish, butterflies, flowers and monsters, organic life that struggles for higher forms most violently. Throughout his works Chanler employs—like a composer—a definite *leit motif* and observes carefully the rules of a "pictorial rhythm." We see this best illustrated in his "Avian Arabesque," a six-panel screen owned by Mrs. John Sanford, the "Astrological Screen," owned by Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney, and "Autobiography," owned by Henry Clews, Jr. The idea of *leit motif* and pictorial rhythm runs through all these works, as it does through everything else.

As a symbolist, Chanler's art differs in many ways from that of the East, which is predominantly symbolic. The divergence lies particularly in Chanler's method of adding dynamic quality to the rhythmic, which at times becomes a pictorial syncopation. This expresses itself especially in the nature of a kinetic line which, shooting through more or less traditional forms, becomes in its ultimate finish distinctly Chanleresque.

The sensuous elements of Chanler's symbolism are so conspicuous that we cannot overlook the rôle they play in his art. In fact, the use of sensuous symbols in art is older than the verbal alphabet, and Chanler has exploited this principle successfully in his works by keeping to the ideals of the primitives. Primordial man expressed his first pictorial ideas of beauty in symbols of cooing birds, magic flowers or other emblems of his most vital emotions, embroidered on his garments or painted on his weapons, utensils and body. The underlying ideas of all folk art patterns and architecture are outgrowths of primitive sexual symbols. Verbal language developed the human intellect, but symbols were needed to develop the emotions: a sensuous symbol is that magic medium which appeals directly to our intuitive faculties, thereby avoiding the translating agency of the intellect. Intuition is the real source of all direct aesthetic transmissions. Like the ancient mystics, Chanler defines the general nature of art as being composed of three basically different allegoric charac-

teristics: (1) the symbol of the material, or the root of the composition; (2) the symbol of the idea, the theme, or the stem; and (3) the symbol of ecstatic conception, or the flower of the beautiful —in other words, the character of the form, the idea of the theme, and the abstract sensation of love. Out of these three Chanler builds his interesting pieces of art. With a few exceptions his works are all an outcome of his esoteric thinking and spontaneous emotions.

In order to have an appropriate medium for his individual art, Chanler has specialized more or less in screens. The Chanler screens have begun to attract wide attention not only in America, but abroad. For more than a century screens had been out of fashion. With the disappearance of the eighteenth century's romanticism, disappeared also the use of screens. The vogue for realism aided modern housing economy in banishing the idea of screens from modern life.

Screens were important household and ceremonial objects with the ancient nations of the East. The records of the Egyptians, Greeks and Chinese speak of ecclesiastic, magic and domestic screens. Those nations lived in houses which had only one or two large rooms, which they divided into as many partitions as they needed by means of screens. In Egypt and Greece the screens were made of papyrus or cloth, in China and Japan they were made of wood or silk; in Persia and Tartary they were made of hides or carpets. They were painted with all kinds of symbolic designs, flowers, animals or scenes of historic nature. In China they became records of family traditions and ancestral worship; in Egypt they were used as sacred emblems in the temples. When Jenghis Khan presented the Grand Duke Vladimir of Kieff a set of screens, he said to his host: "They will keep away from thee all evil and will harbor all virtue. They will counsel and console thee when other help has failed. Receive a woman only behind the red screen, and a man behind the blue one. If thy heart grows heavy and thoughts cease to come, use the purple screen with silver stars and golden herbs, and thou wilt fall asleep and wake wonderfully refreshed."

A screen by its very nature is a peculiar piece of art, far more unusual than the ordinary picture.

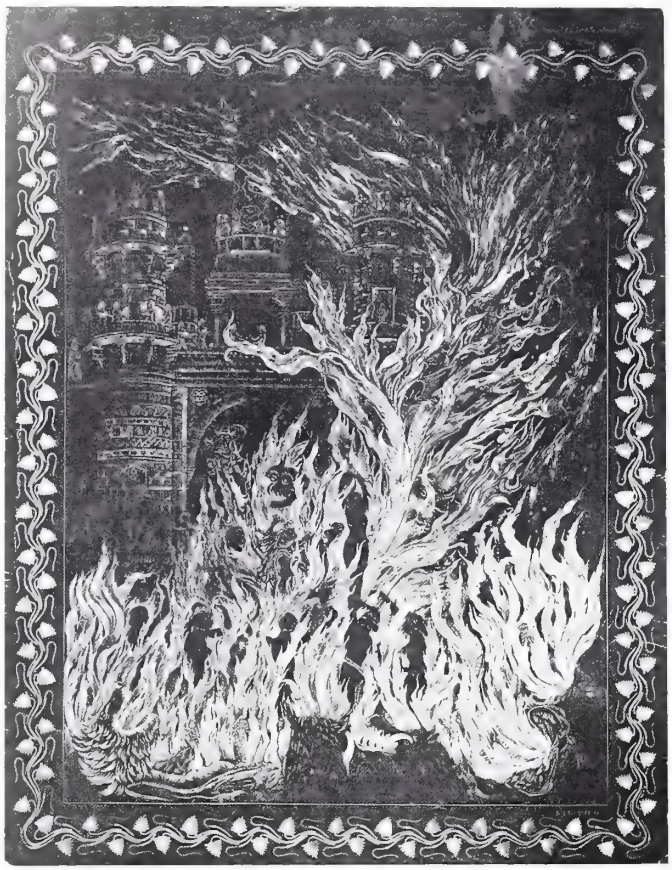


"CHINESE FANTASY" PANEL
BY ROBERT WINTHROP CHANLER

First of all, a screen is easily movable from place to place in a room; by means of it the whole atmosphere can be changed at will. Second, it adds mystery to a prosaic room; it can be used for hiding a hideous door or for creating a place of poetic privacy. Finally, it can add a great deal of romantic charm to a home by the nature of its painting. Dining-room, parlor, studio, library or boudoir can each display their appropriate decorative subjects, keeping the room in harmony or giving tone to it.

In Chanler's estimation a screen is not an

objective but a subjective piece of art and as such it differs fundamentally from a painting which we hang on the walls. Its purpose is to create an atmosphere of romance and mystery by providing a visible space and an invisible: beyond the screen is a domestic sanctuary. Allegorically speaking, it takes the place of a hedge, shrubbery or wall around a home. Beyond the screen begins the unknown dimension, the nature of which is suggested by the subject matter of the painting. Nothing but an abstract subject is appropriate in such a case; a realistic landscape, or an obvious group of figures, even a static picture of still life would be out of harmony with the basic idea. Chanler's tendency to avoid realism is thus the chief glory of his screens. Legendary, fairy or allegoric themes become the best magic mediums in his symbolism. The finesse and artistic quality of his pictorial expressions verge almost on the phonetic. Nothing could better illustrate the musical nature of his art than "Giraffes," a huge work sixteen feet square, painted in 1905 in Paris, and recently purchased by the Luxembourg. It resembles closely the sixteenth century's French tapestries and suggests the music of Bach, Gluck and Haydn, which really inspired his conception. Similarly his mural panels in the houses of Mrs. Walter Lewisohn, W. R. Coe and Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney exhibit the influence of Italian and Russian music.



"FLAME"
BY ROBERT WINTHROP CHANLER

Chanler with his decorative symbolism has developed an individual idiom, something that contains the rudiments of the ancient East, yet connotes qualities distinctly American. Particularly noticeable is the dynamic tendency, which we find dominant in most of his best works. In his "Giraffes" it is evident in the symmetric relation of the giraffes to the trees, while in Mrs. Whitney's astronomical screen it is expressed in the kinetic lines of the sky-monsters, proclaiming a mystic fatalism and conveying an occult feeling of something ominous; it might be termed "A Constellation's Craving for Action." Thus Chanler's symbolism differs from that of the East, which is negative and distinctly traditional—in most cases static—while his is positive and dynamic. Instead of having a floating, or (so to say) horizontal tendency, his symbols try to shoot directly upward or downward. For Chanler, flowers have eyes and ears, animals have roots and leaves. He not only puts his fish in the water, but in the air, on the rocks and among the flowers—amid life in its every aspect.

In defining Chanler's pictorial idiom as dynamic, we must acknowledge that its detailed description requires more space than an article of this kind can afford. Briefly expressed, it can be termed the emotional imprint of an artist's individuality, which can be fully grasped only by intuition—just as in natural objects emotional potentialities can be concealed and expressed in abstract art images by defying every articulate description. Chanler's art is an illustration of this aesthetic truth. It is not Nature, but the Spirit of Nature that interests Chanler. It is not life but the spirit of life that his art displays. In his works, generally speaking, Chanler employs frequently the graceful Oriental curve, the fatalistic dynamic image of Nature. Traditions mean little to him; the dynamic is everything. Dynamics in his vocabulary means the mystic forces of life and the soul, the elemental forces of action. In most of his symbols we see, in the forces visualized, images of modern urban rush and action. It is the energy and not the object that is dominant in his art.

While the folk arts were built around an object (the secondary thing), in Chanler's symbolism everything is based on the force of that object (the primary thing). Outstanding achievements of his symbolism are the floreate murals for the Colony Club, the beautiful panels for Mrs. Whitney's studio, the mural decorations of the houses of W. R. Coe and Walter Lewisohn, his previously mentioned screens and panels, and his own house, the House of Fantasy, at 147 East Nineteenth Street, New York.

We can conclude this condensed review of Chanler's symbolism with Christian Brinton's biographical résumé:

"The successive steps by which Robert Winthrop Chanler has attained to his present position are as picturesque as they are significant. A boyhood passed in almost feudal seclusion at Rokeby, the family estate in Dutchess County, New York, was followed by a score of years spent in Europe, travelling, studying, and painting in various continental capitals, with special emphasis upon Rome and Paris. It was the young man's original intention to become a sculptor, and with this end in view he began his apprenticeship in Rome under Mariano Benlliure. A brief course of training in the atelier of Falguière in Paris was, however, followed by his renouncing clay for crayon and color. The ensuing four years were divided between Julien's, the Académie Carlorossi, and the tutelage of that arch academician, Jean-Léon Gérôme.

"It was the day of studio realism, of painstaking copying of old masters, and the painting of conventional nudes in the approved professorial north light. Such names as Manet, and even the serene, idyllic Puvis were anathema to those in authority. Disgusted with the sterile instruction of atelier and academy, Chanler proceeded to Italy, where he revelled in the fluent decorative harmonies of Pinturicchio in the Borgia apartments of the Vatican, the memorable frescoes by Benozzo Gozzoli in the Palazzo Riccardi, Florence, and kindred triumphs of Renaissance taste and invention. Convinced that he had started on the wrong pathway, he returned to Paris in order to begin his artistic career afresh. He set to work with the ardor of a true proselyte. He was not handicapped by timidity. The result of his initial effort was the Peacock Room, a suite of four shimmering red and gold panels, the central motif being his favorite bird with proudly distended tail. This was completed in 1900.



"MARCHING MARTIANS"
A SCREEN BY
ROBERT WINTHROP CHANLER

"Technical terminology cannot however, adequately indicate the spirit of Chanler's art, a spirit that lies deeply rooted in the man's emotional content. Apart from the customary Anglo-Saxon heritage which the average American shares, there are certain picturesque elements that must be reckoned with. An extended sojourn in the southwest familiarized Chanler with the sure decorative instinct of the Indian, while from the negro he derives a racial rhythm, a species of subconscious syncopation, which is frequently in evidence.

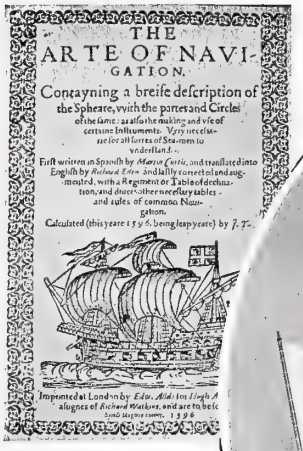
"Silhouetted against the drab, factual background of everyday existence, Robert Winthrop Chanler presents a striking figure both as man and artist. Throughout the half century of his existence he has resolutely defied discipline. He stands solidly against the craven, sinister conspiracy of contemporary society which tends to defeat the salutary variety of nature. At once full of refined sensibility and Rabelaisian ribaldry, sardonic or jovial, and gargantuan of temper, Chanler typifies the ascendency of the individual over soulless formalism, the right of sovereign man to be free, and to follow the dictates of his tastes and appetites.

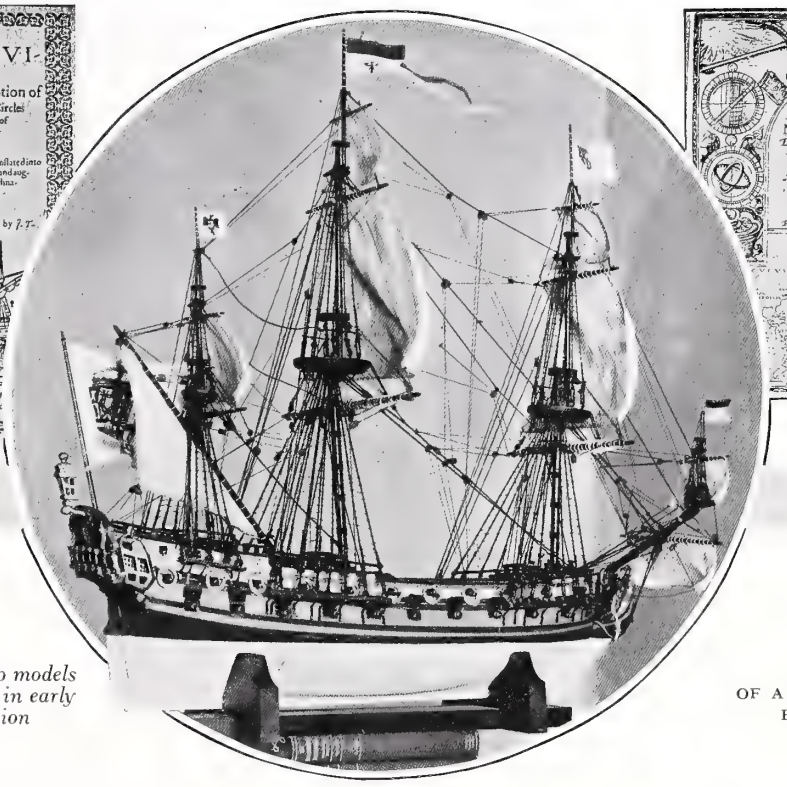
"Securely entrenched in his House of Fantasy, surrounded by books, exotic pets, and a few choice friends and familiars, he joyously abandons himself to creative expression."

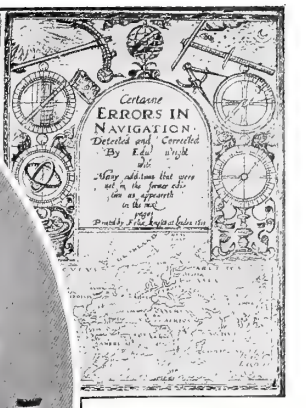


AN INDOOR FLEET

A few ship models in the collection of Mr. Irving R. Wiles, in a corner of his studio


THE
ARTE OF NAVI-
GATION.
Containing a breife description of the Spheare, with the partes and Circles of the same: as also the making and vse of certaine Instruments. Very necessarie for all sortes of Sea-men to vnderstand.




Certaine
ERRORS IN
NAVIGATION
Detected and Corrected

Many collectors of ship models also find great interest in early books on navigation

MODEL
OF A SPANISH GALLEON
BY E. W. OTTIE

CRUISING *with* SHIP MODELS

Historic craft have been turned into pleasure boats for the joy of the connoisseur and collector . . . by

WM. B. M'CORMICK

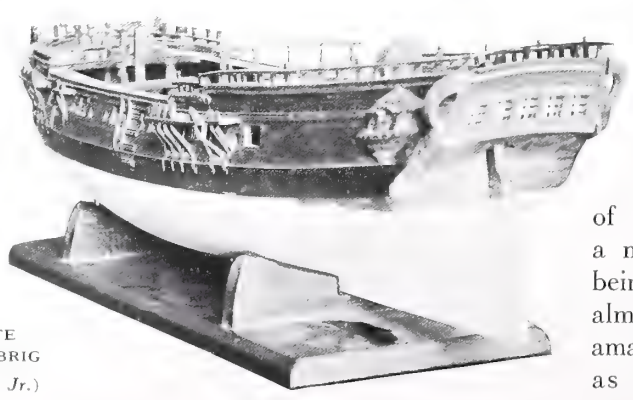
PICTORIAL records of ships go back to Egyptian times 3,000 years before Christ, and museums now show us actual models of the Nile river craft that date almost as far back as the paintings. Affection and admiration for the vessel he constructs are inseparable traits of the shipbuilder; and these feelings are reflected in the fact that wherever water craft are built there are always models of them to be found. The people of the great maritime nations have always treasured models of their ships. And in Europe, in particular, they have preserved these models, sometimes as votive offerings in churches, sometimes in local museums, and again in such great national collections as that of the Marine Museum in the Louvre and that of the British Admiralty. Holland used models of ships as wind-vanes on churches and state houses. A golden replica of one of these nautical wind-vanes is a striking note on the handsome office building of the Delaware and Hudson railroad in Albany, N. Y., which is a perfect reproduction of old Dutch architecture. From the earliest days, American shipbuilders kept alive this tradition of making and preserving ship models, with the result that we have the fine collections of the Peabody Museum, of Salem, Massachusetts; the unique Bourne whaling museum in New Bedford; those of the New York Yacht Club and India House in New York City; and the United States Government collection at the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

Oldest of these collections of models is that of the Peabody Museum of Salem, Massachusetts, the origin of which goes back to the founding of the Salem East India Marine Society with its museum in 1799. In those days objects connected with the life of the sailor were on every hand and were considered too common to put in a museum, but during the first fifty years of its existence many ship models were presented to the institution together with pictures of ships and related objects and portraits of Salem merchants connected with the shipping trade. In 1889 all these objects were brought together in the Marine Room of the Peabody Museum to which the possessions of the older society had been transferred in 1867. This collection includes



MODEL OF AN ENGLISH EAST INDIAMAN, 1800 BY E. W. OTTIE

one case containing miniature models made of wood, bone and glass between the years 1779 and 1904; a five feet long model of the U. S. Frigate Constitution, made before 1813 when it was given to the society by Captain Isaac Hull—one of the most highly prized models in America since it is the only accurate contemporary model of the frigate known; a full-rigged model of the U. S. Ohio, a ship-of-the-line built in 1820; a model of the "pinkie"—a type of coasting vessel now obsolete; a Salem brig of 1814; another of the ship "Friendship" of Salem, dating from 1803; one of the bark "La Grange" that sailed for California in 1849; a Block Island boat model; a model dating from before 1800 of the brig "Rising States"; a contemporary model of the New Bedford whaling bark "Sea Fox" of 1874; and a contemporary model of an American clipper ship with sails carved from wood. This collection specifically answers a question that is often asked as to the usefulness of collecting models. When the Navy Department wished to restore the famous frigate Constitution, at Boston in 1907, the department had to go to the Hull model in the Peabody Museum for the exact details to be followed out in the restoration of the ship. The Bourne Whaling Museum at New Bedford, Massachusetts, is another striking illustration of the historical merit lying behind this revival of interest in ship models. In the museum is a model of a whaling ship so large that visitors can go on board it, walk about the decks and go down into the cabin, every detail of a maritime industry that has now almost passed away, in so far as sailing ships are concerned, being most faithfully preserved in almost actual size.



BUILDER'S MODEL OF A LATE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY GUN BRIG
(Collection of Clarkson H. Collins, Jr.)

Amateur collections of ship models in our country, however, are comparatively new things. It is about thirty years since the formation of the first one was begun by Irving R. Wiles, portrait and marine painter. And for nearly a score of years, he and the late Alexander W. Drake, were the solitary representatives of the patient art of collecting ship models in the United States. The approaches to collecting of these two men represent the qualities that make a collector of ship models. To Mr. Drake, who was extremely sensitive to all forms of beauty, ship models were things to acquire for their grace of line and general picturesqueness. To Mr. Wiles the love of a ship model sprang from his love for the sea and his knowledge of ships. And, unlike his earliest colleague in this pastime, the artist was the first of our collectors to build a model of his own—this being nowadays considered almost as much a part of the amateur collecting of models as is the picking up of

some choice and interesting historical example.

To anyone who pursues this subject ever so little he will soon find that the best models from the technical viewpoint are the least picturesque. These are the so-called "block" models which are half sections of a ship or yacht made to scale; they preserve the exact form of the vessel, a record that is considered invaluable to the collector, but which is a recondite matter to the beginner. Of the type of model most sought after—an actual hull with all its rigging and ship's fittings in place—the finest ones known are in the Marine Museum of the Louvre and in the British Admiralty collections. These ships that never went to sea range from three feet to six or eight feet in length and their masts are sometimes twelve feet high. One of the most superb models in the Louvre is that of the "Royal Louis," which is dated 1690 and is absolutely perfect in every detail. An unusual feature of this model is that under its stern stands another, and tiny one, which is there to illustrate the relative proportion of the big model to the actual vessel. In France the aid of the greatest designers and court painters was solicited for the decoration of the vessels of this most ornate period, those for the famous "Soleil Royal" having been made by Coysevox. Pierre Puget and Le Brun are known to have made the decorations for other ships of that time. These official French models are seldom seen outside of France, but this cannot be said for those of the British Admiralty. By some means an occasional one has disappeared from the official museum and not a few of them have found their way into private collections in this country. Mr. Wiles has an Admiralty model, that of a British "fifty gun" dating from 1745, which is so complete that the tiny copper cooking vessels can be seen on the galley stove, the deck of the ship being left unplanked in parts to give a view of the interior of the hull.



MODEL OF A SPANISH GALLEON OF 1660
BY E. W. OTTIE

Colonel Harry H. Rogers, who is an ardent collector in this field, has an unusually fine group of British Admiralty models, chief among which are the models of the "Royal William" and a couple of the Charles II type. A typical example of this class of model is represented in the photograph of an early type of frigate, the H. M. S. Juno, dating from 1757, in the collection at the South Kensington Museum. In the New York Yacht Club collection is another of these Admiralty models, a warship of the last half of the seventeenth century that was found by Stanford White and presented to the club by the late J. Pierpont Morgan. It is known as the "Royal Sovereign" and is believed to have been abstracted in some way during the transferring of the collection of models from Kensington palace to the Naval College at Greenwich in 1830. Below the water-line the hull is left unplanked so as to show the method of building. The ship has an unusually ornate stern, with much carving, gilding and three poop-lanterns resembling Venetian lamps of the Renaissance. In the yacht club collection is also a fine model of the "Half-Moon" which was made in Holland at the time the reproduction of Hendrik Hudson's famous ship was sent to New York to take part in the Hudson-Fulton celebration.

In recent years interest in collecting and building these miniature craft has brought so many men, and some women, into the field that there was formed two years ago the Ship Model Society, which now includes about sixty members, the organization having given one exhibition

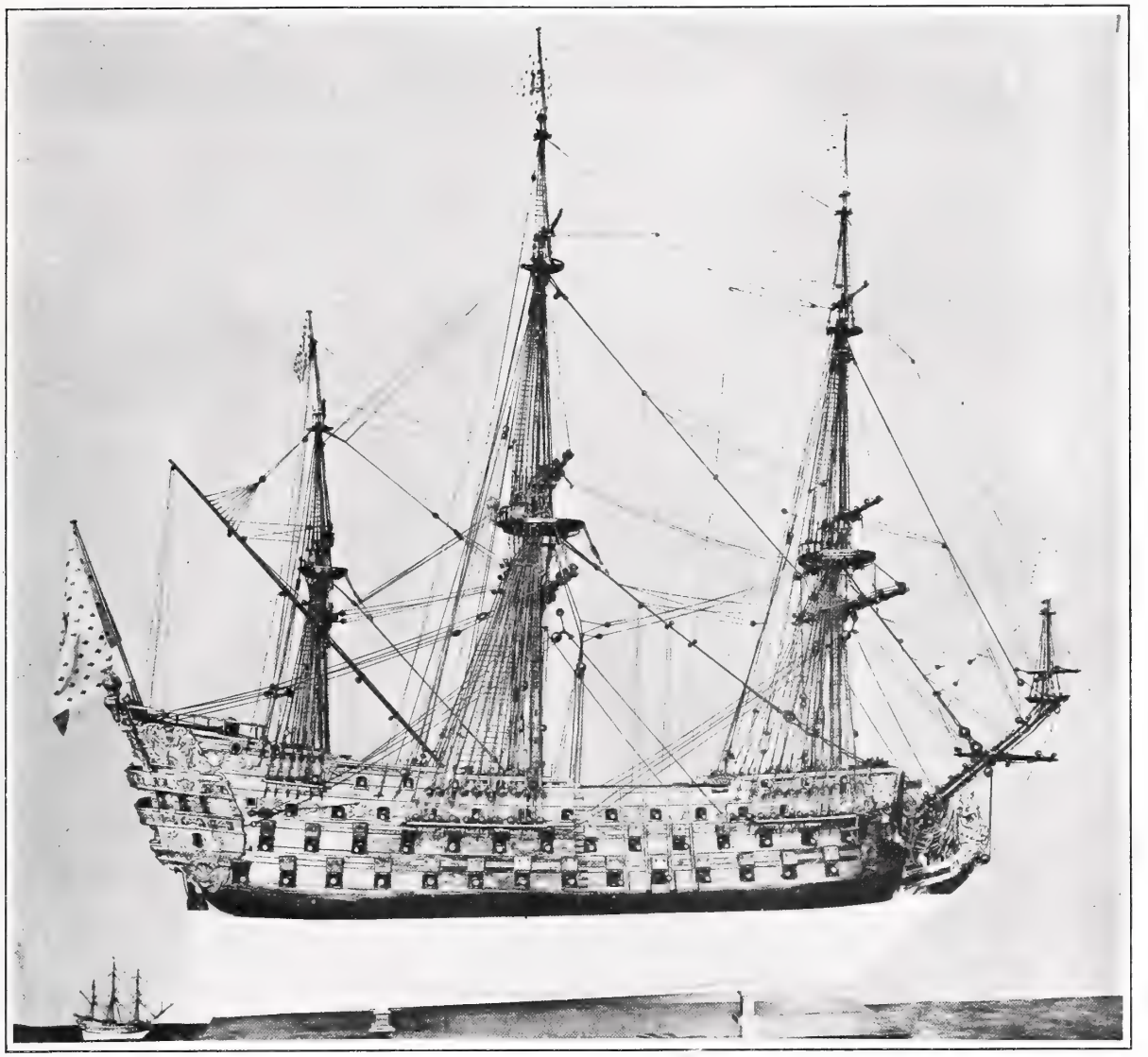


H. M. S. JUNO, AN EARLY FRIGATE (1757) IN THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM

in the Fine Arts Building in New York in the spring of 1921 of models loaned by the members. Included among the members are bankers, lawyers, authors, artists, writers and yachtsmen. There are two women members, who are collectors of models pure and simple. Mr. Clarkson A. Collins, Jr. has about fifty specimens in his collection, which in number leads the list along with that of Mr. Wiles. Henry B. Culver has won the reputation of making some of the finest models ever turned out in this country, although he is a lawyer by profession. He frequently exhibits the elaborate and ornate models he builds at the annual displays of the Architectural League and elsewhere. Junius S. Morgan, Jr., of the great banking firm, not only collects models, but has already built a very fine one of his own racing yacht in contradistinction to the usual custom of collectors of building models of ancient craft.

Booth Tarkington, novelist and playwright, has an interesting collection of models in his summer home in Maine. T. A. Howell, sugar refiner, has one of the finest groups in this country. Carlton T. Chapman, W. L. Aylward, Gordon H. Grant, Henry B. Snell, Ezra Winter and C. H. Patterson, all marine artists, also have collections, Mr. Chapman being one of the senior devotees of this pastime. The prize model of his collection is an Italian warship of the eighteenth century and he has several models of full-rigged merchantmen and of small craft.

One of the features of the great collection of models in the Louvre is the small craft of all nations, and it was this that inspired Mr. Wiles to reconstruct a model of the famous Block Island boats from measurements he made of a wreck of one of these "double enders," and also to build a model of a North River sloop, a type of craft that played an important part in the passenger and merchandise traffic on the Hudson River before, and even after, the advent of the steamboat. This model of the North River sloop, although not as attractive to the eye as many of the ornate types, is a superb piece of craftsmanship and is truly important since it preserves a craft that has now passed out of



"THE ROYAL LOUIS" (1690) A MODEL IN THE FAMOUS COLLECTION OF THE LOUVRE, PARIS
(The miniature model astern was made to show the proportion of the larger model to the actual ship)

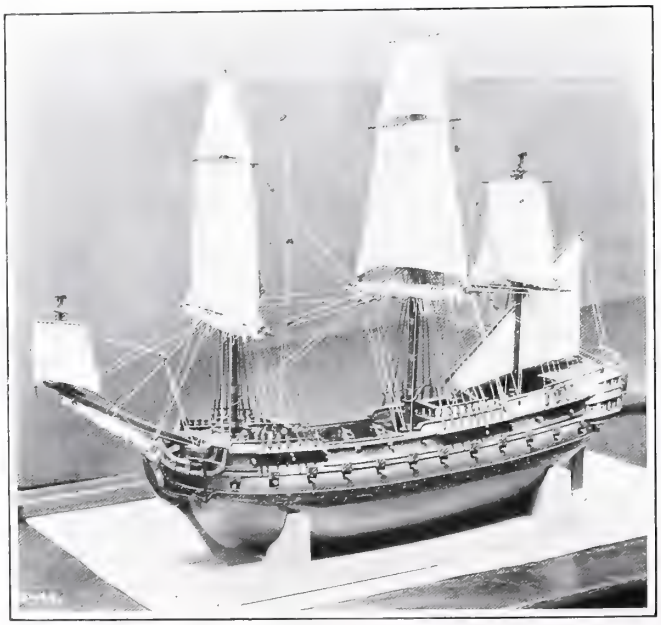
existence. It is because these authentic models embody ship facts for maritime history that they have been considered worthy of preservation by European sea powers. It must be understood that unless a model is an absolutely correct reproduction of its original it is not considered of real historic worth. This is the main reason why so many models made by sailors fail in the scale of perfection. While so far as masts and rigging are concerned they are usually technically perfect, the hulls of their ships are generally faulty, a sailor being apparently indifferent to that part of a vessel below the waterline.

Bruce Rogers, a leading authority on typography in America, is another well-known collector and builder of model ships. The first model he built, about ten years ago, was an exquisite reproduction of a French man-of-war of about 1660 that he exhibited at the Boston Society of Arts and Crafts. E. W. Ottie, of Boston, is another collector and a builder of many models, his Spanish galleon having been exhibited in Boston, at the Chicago Art Institute, at the San Francisco Art Museum and in Omaha, this record illustrating the countrywide spread of interest in this form of decorative art objects, as ship models are so often regarded. Among the unusual and interesting types Mr. Ottie has built in the last ten years are a model of a Dutch Admiralty yacht, dating from 1666; a model of the United States frigate Constitution (which has been exhibited in New York, Indianapolis and Chicago); a Dutch "ship-of-the-line" of the late seventeenth century; and an English East Indiaman of 1800. Each one of these is technically correct in every detail and represents wide study, the collecting of books on old ships usually going with collecting models. At the remote time in the



AN ADMIRALTY MODEL OF AN ENGLISH FIFTY-GUN SHIP OF 1745
(Collection of Mr. Irving R. Wiles)

annals of model collecting when Mr. Wiles and Mr. Drake were practically the sole amateurs of models in America, one of these tiny craft could be bought for almost any sum, twenty-five dollars being the maximum figure. But when more collectors came into the field prices began rising, until within the last few years as much as eight thousand dollars has been paid for a very fine specimen. There is one model, made for an American collector, which is reported to have cost thirty thousand dollars and to have taken three years to build. The finding of a fine model today and the acquisition of it at a low figure is a collector's dream seldom realized. Occasionally a collector with the true flair can find a gem in a rubbish heap. A case in point is the builder's model of a gun-brig of the late eighteenth century in the private collection of Mr. Collins. When he first saw this model it was in fragments, and only his keen eye for the intimate details of old ships enabled him to realize what the huddle of sticks actually was. It is due to his knowledge and skill with tools, combined

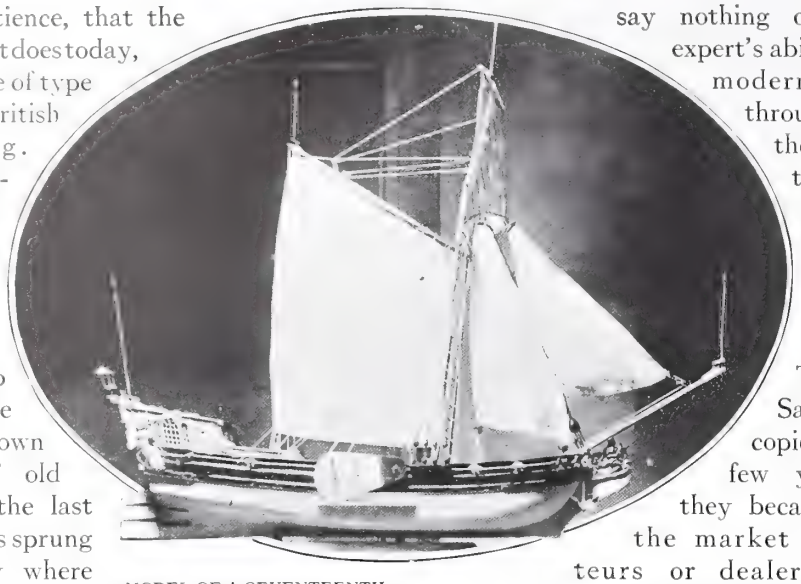


MODEL OF A DUTCH FIFTY-GUN SHIP-OF-THE-LINE "HOLLANDIA," 1690 BY E. W. OTTIE

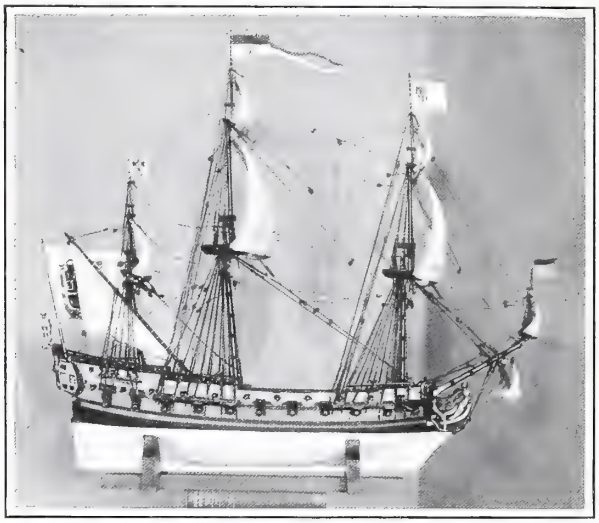


AN ENGLISH PRIVATEER (Topsail Schooner) of 1810
A Model in the collection of
Mr. Irving R. Wiles

with infinite patience, that the model stands as it does today, a perfect example of type and time in British shipbuilding. One of the interesting and apparently inevitable, results of this rise in the monetary appreciation of ship models is the trade that has grown up in "faking" old types. Within the last year a factory has sprung up in Germany where old models are reproduced as a regular business, boys trained in handicraft making different parts of the ships and older hands assembling the parts into a whole model. They are offered here at such low prices that no one familiar with the value of real models would ever be deceived by them, from this viewpoint alone, to say nothing of the amateur expert's ability to detect the modern evidences throughout each of these models. As they are usually bought solely for their decorative merit there is little deception about this type. The model of the Santa Maria was copied so much a few years ago that they became a drug on the market and few amateurs or dealers in antiques would look at one submitted for purchase. This general type of fake model is very easily identified by the knowing amateur. But now and again one comes on the market that demands actual knowledge of the ships of the period it represents to detect the deception. Recently such a model was offered to an American collector as a genuine old specimen. It was in a handsome old Dutch case that added much to the effect of the whole. But when the collector actually studied the model and saw that it had a wheel instead of a tiller and that the yards were suspended from the masts by what



MODEL OF A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY DUTCH ADMIRALTY YACHT BY E. W. OTTIE



MODEL OF A SPANISH GALLEON BY E. W. OTTIE



MODEL OF THE JAPANESE EMPEROR'S BARGE IN LACQUER RED, GOLD AND BLACK
(Collection of Irving R. Wiles)

sailors call a sling and truss of iron, he knew it was a pure fake. The receptacle turned out to be a genuine old Dutch clockcase.

Humorous incidents are prevalent in all forms of collecting and amateurs of ship models are not without enjoyment of this kind. Not long ago one of them received a letter from a man in a Pennsylvania prison who said that his cell-mate had made a model of a ship, although, as the letter stated, he had never been at sea or seen a real ship. Another collector had a visit from a man who wanted to set up a ship model factory and who said he thought there would be "big money" in it. As the amateur was not interested in the financial end of making models this nautical Colonel Sellers went sadly away. In common with every owner of an old painting or book, every possessor of an old ship model believes he has a small fortune in it. He writes to members of the Ship Model Society offering the specimen at a figure that would buy the finest Admiralty model in existence. Rarely do prizes come to the amateur from such sources. To discover them first, and for himself, is his chief ambition.

The practical effect of this form of amateur collecting is to preserve for future study by marine architects and students of maritime history types of native American vessels, many of which would have disappeared from actual representation without the help of our amateurs. In collecting such models and in making models of obsolete types, like the North River sloop pictured on this page, they have done an inestimable service to a nation whose ships have played so important a part in the history of sea power and maritime trade as has the United States. They also perform the signal service, vital to every maritime power, of keeping alive and cultivating a love of the sea and ships, a masculine characteristic particularly important to a country like our own.



MODEL OF THE U. S. "CONSTITUTION"
1812
BY E. W. OTTIE

If this form of collecting had been begun by American amateurs a half century before it originated here it is probable that we would now possess many good models of the most famous type of vessel that ever slid down the ways of a builder's yard. This was the famous clipper ship whose sails once whitened every sea, carrying an enormous part of the cargoes of the world, and whose records for fast passages have never been equalled by the sailing vessels of any other nation. The entire clipper ship era, subject of several fascinating books, formed one of the most romantic and picturesque chapters of American history. As it is now, a really good model of a clipper ship is the greatest rarity among models and we have them preserved for us chiefly through contemporary paintings and lithographs, a form of record not wholly satisfactory to either marine architects or collectors of ship models.



MODEL OF A NORTH RIVER SLOOP
1850
(*Collection of Irving R. Wiles*)



"WIND SWEPT CEDARS—NEW MEXICO," BY ALBERT L. GROLL

GROLL REBELS *against* GROLL

Cramped by collectors' demands for "Arizona Deserts," artist returns to his older love of foregrounds · by

WM. B. M'CORMICK

HANGING on the wall of Albert L. Groll's studio in New York is a small canvas called "Rockaway Beach" that he has kept for thirty years. To those who know this painter only through his Arizona cloud and desert pictures, this beach scene would come as a surprise if they could see it, for it is worlds away in feeling and method from his paintings of recent years. Yet for many reasons connected with the development of American art in general and Mr. Groll's work in particular, this picture has a decided importance. And it is because of those interests that the painter has kept it for himself for three decades.

Painted in the early 90's, the "Rockaway Beach" definitely places itself as a work showing how the young painter of that time responded to the new spirit of the *plein air* school the older artists had brought back from France in the preceding years and out of which spirit grew the Society of American Artists and the later organization, the Ten American Painters, both comprised of the "advanced" men of that era. Obviously not a studio picture, this canvas shows an expanse of sandy beach dotted with figures, a gentle surf breaking along the shore, two white-sailed sloops on the horizon, summer resort hotels of the mansard-roof and cupola type, flags standing out in the northwest breeze, and wind clouds rolling across the blue sky. But the things that "date" it, above all else, are the clear bright light and cool air filling the animated scene and the high range of the palette Mr. Groll used at that time in common with men like Chase—the Chase of the Brooklyn parks and Shinnecock Hills. Its particular interest, in view of the recent change in this painter's choice of subjects, is his concern with his foreground. The clouds—that in his later pictures were to become so famous—are merely incidental. His yellowish-white expanse of sand



A BREEZY DAY - CALIFORNIA

by

Albert L. Groll



"WALNUT CANYON—ARIZONA"
BY ALBERT L. GROLL

and the animated figures are painted with a simple firmness and precision that shows the affectionate concern of the artist with the quaint charm of the scene.

At that time, and for a little while after, Mr. Groll's painting grounds were confined almost wholly to Rockaway Beach and the comparative solitude of Sandy Hook; and from this world-famous neck of land he evoked such lovely studies of beach grass and cedars as "At Sandy Hook," a mood he carried with him when he began going to Provincetown in those days. It has been written of his work at that time, "flat stretches of sea or beach or level moorland attracted him, and by his choice accustomed him to the treatment of expanses." And this same commentator pointed out that "when woods entered into the scheme of his sketch it was oftener from the outside, clusters of trees grouped in the distance, or a piece of woods abutting and hanging over the edge of cleared land."

The sky takes so important a place, for its immensity alone, in any seashore picture that it was only natural Mr. Groll should begin to take something more than a related interest in the blue vault arching over beach and ocean. His earliest response to this regard, pictorially preserved, was his profoundly beautiful canvas, "The Milky Way," a remarkable representation of a starry night seen from his favorite sand dunes. This picture is now one of the prized possessions of the Minneapolis Institute of Arts. And it was inevitable that a man who dwelt in spirit in measureless space such as this, should find himself at home in the vast expanse of the Arizona desert country.

The chance of a holiday trip to the Southwest, in company with Professor Culin, of the Brooklyn Institute, led him into a field on the further verge of which lay greater fame and many artist's honors in the form of medals, awards and prosperity. Mr. Groll's desert and cloud paintings are in most of our museums; and private collectors so far have preferred his "cloud" renderings of the desert above all else. Public prepossession for this particular expression of his art has led the painter to the realization of the fact that popularity has its drawbacks in that it tends to confine an artist to one pattern in his work.

Submission to such a convention is fatal to progress. It leads to painting one kind of picture in one kind of way with the certainty of material



"RAIN CLOUDS—NEW MEXICO"
BY ALBERT L. GROLL

reward accompanying artistic decay. Mr. Groll's is no spirit to die standing up. And it is because of this he has reverted, in the 1921 sketching season in the Far West and in his winter painting months, to his earlier interest in foregrounds, with the changing heavens as properly related elements in his pictures and not their dominating characteristics. For pure painter-like quality, Mr. Groll's earlier canvases surpassed his Arizona and New Mexico scenes, is the view of many of his admirers, who have known his work since his Rockaway and Sandy Hook days. Precisely why they have clung to this belief is illustrated by the quality which marks every inch of one of these Western pictures in his newer manner, "A Breezy Day — California," reproduced in color in this number of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO. Small in size, as compared with his Arizona and New Mexico expanses of desert and mesa, it is specially noticeable for the solidity of the color and the simplicity of its theme, these being reversions to the *plein air* influences of long ago. This density of color adds to the impression created by the painting of its fine firmness, in the deep greens of cactus plants and desert grass, in the resonant blue of the distant mountains, in the paler tints of the far-reaching sky. Its beauty is poignant. But above and beyond that it shows the unconquerable spirit of the artist, who refuses to be bound down to the cramping confines of the "one-picture" reputation.



"KIT CARSON'S HOUSE"
COLORED CRAYON
BY ALBERT L. GROLL

The Gallic note is again revived in another of these recent pictures called "Wind-



"THE PASSING SHOWER—NEVADA"
BY ALBERT L. GROLL

storm in Nevada." The two stunted cedars in the foreground bending before the hurricane's blast, the meadow-like lane around them, the red-shirted figure, are all truly native to that Western soil; yet in the fineness of painting and detail this work is full of nuances strange to his desert and mesa compositions, not even the line of blue mountains in the remote distance affecting these felicities.

This same delicacy pervades the painter's colored drawings, with whose brilliancies he astonished his familiars a few years since when one wall held a group of them at the Fine Arts Building in New York. Those drawings in colored chalk were of Provincetown scenes, a characteristic one of which is reproduced here.

As is frequently the case with the sketches of other artists it has the fresh, direct quality that gives a painter's drawings an unusual interest.

As against this effect of the crowded beauty of the old-settled East he has made another of these colored drawings of the austerities of Taos, New Mexico. This drawing has an historical interest, since the last house on the left was the home of Kit Carson, famous Indian scout, now established as a museum in memory of that hero of the Western country which Mr. Groll has done much to glorify.



"PROVINCETOWN CHURCH"
COLORED CRAYON
BY ALBERT L. GROLL

A Gothic Doorway *for a* Gothic Room



A recently installed acquisition at the entrance of the gothic room in the Minneapolis Institute of Arts

16TH CENTURY FRENCH GOTHIC DOORWAY

This Gothic doorway has recently been installed at the entrance to the Gothic room in the Minneapolis Institute of Arts. It is a fine example of architectural wood carving of the French flamboyant Gothic period. It dates back to the second, possibly the first half, of the fifteenth century, and is believed to have come from some private house in Le Mans, though it may have been the portal to a "religious house," or public building. This doorway, together with a Gothic store front and another doorway of Norman Gothic style, was bought for the institute about a year ago in Paris by John R. Vanderlip, president of the board of trustees. A fourth doorway, bought at the same time, was afterward levied on by the French government and retained in France. Fine examples of Gothic carving are now rarely brought to America because of the unwillingness of France to let them go out of the country. The Institute has made a practical and appropriate use of the doorway.

Museum Gets *an* "Archaic Smile"

Grecian specimen recently brought to America shows characteristic leer was due to immaturity of knowledge, not to obvious design

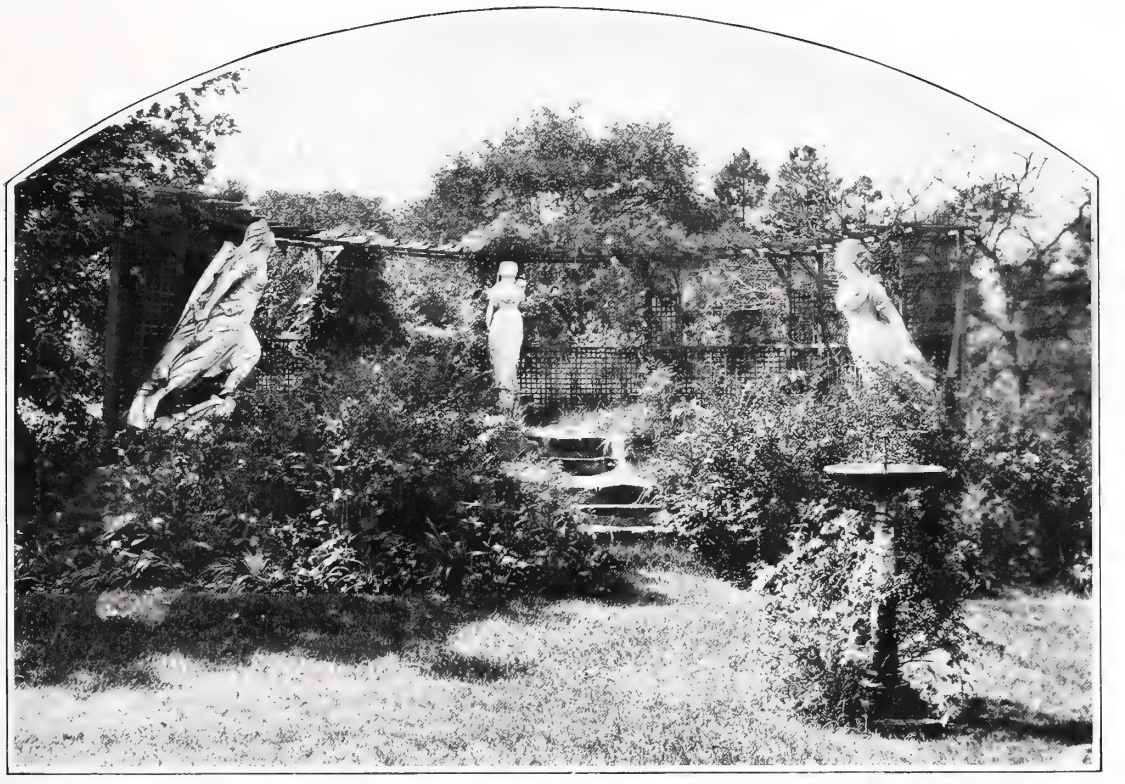


MARBLE HEAD, GREEK, SIXTH CENTURY, B.C.
(At the Metropolitan Museum of Art)

This archaic Greek head, now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, is of the kind usually known collectively as "Apollos," although it is generally accepted today that the early figures of the type from which this head was broken off represent human beings as often as gods, or at least the particular divinity from which this style of sculpture takes its name. Perhaps the chief interest of this example lies in the fact that it reveals Greek sculpture in those days when it had hardly begun to achieve anything more than a mere clumsy reproduction of the human figure. Its archaic origin is shown in the rigidity of the position of the head (any bending of it being beyond the artist's ability or vision at that time); in the manner in which the eyes protrude beyond the brows, instead of being sunk beneath them, and the misunderstanding of the whole relation between the brows, lids and eyeballs—the necessity arising from this of throwing the cheekbones too far forward, all this giving the upper part of the face undue prominence. Another evidence of immaturity in knowledge of the human head is found in the mistaken construction of the lower jaw, and again in the undue accentuation of the lips, which are projected from their surroundings. These errors brought about an attempt at natural expression by setting the eyes and lips obliquely, resulting in the famous "archaic smile," traditionally associated with early Greek sculpture. If this smile appears empty at first glance, that impression is apt to pass away when the spectator understands the causes that brought it about.



"THE INDIAN PRINCESS"
In the Garden of
Figureheads



"THE GARDEN OF FIGUREHEADS" ON THE MASSACHUSETTS SEACOAST

The GARDEN of FIGUREHEADS

Symbolical figures that once roved the sea now rest amid vines and flowers in a New England garden · · · by

MARY H. NORTHEND

THERE is a pervasive charm of the sea in the "Garden of Figureheads," as it stands by the rocky coast of Marblehead; an air of mystery linked with romance surrounds these weather beaten sculptured ornaments sheltered within the vine-clad pergola which forms a windbreak from the boisterous gales that sweep over this rocky New England coast, sheltering the tender blossoms that nestle at their very feet. What a sentimental appeal have these old figureheads!—an appeal born of superstition, nurtured by vanity, legitimatized by long usage. As part of a ship's very being—verily as the spirit that guides—they have been revered from time immemorial. The magic and lore of the sea still lingers around these time-worn figureheads, which, banished from their once proud position at the prow, today take their places in this garden, where they lend a strong savor of the sea as they peer out at the visitor, their weather-beaten silvery garb blending softly with the gay colors of the flower beds.

The story of these ornaments of a by-gone day if told would read like a fairy tale, for connected with them is many a legend, sober or gay, of perilous adventure and grim tragedy, and many an old sailor who has sailed with them over stormy seas feels their subtle influence, as he loses himself in imagination, sees phantom ships glide through the darkness with full length figures at their bows. Perched like some deity of old, far above the crested waves, glimmering snow-white in the moonlight, must they not awaken in his mind many an ancient superstition? The sailor's faith in the figurehead in days of old amounted to a religion, and to it he paid full tribute. The veneration which he felt for it is graphically illustrated in the story of the mutiny of the Malay crew, who forced the captain and first mate to barricade themselves in the cabin. Finally in an effort to distract the attention of the belligerents the mate flung out a package which struck the deck and rolled overboard. In the few seconds thus gained, the captain, with a brush and pail of black paint, ran from the cabin toward the figurehead. The crew with gleaming knives were after him instantly, but they halted in terror when they saw the uplifted



THE PROUD PROFILE OF "INDIAN CHIEF" HAS SEEN STRANGE PORTS

brush dripping with black paint, about to descend upon the woman in white who guarded the prow. Dropping to their knees they besought the captain to stay his hand, lest such a desecration should send them all to the bottom. That ended the mutiny, knives were gathered up and the white queen of the ship in all her majesty remained serenely unharmed.

If it were possible for these old ships' ornaments to speak, what thrilling tales they would tell of high adventure and stirring romance, many of which deal with black deeds of piracy and murder. But they no longer breast the waves as the personification of that most living thing, a graceful ship: they have come into our gardens, bringing with them much of the spirit of the sea and echoes of the crashing surf. As they stand, looking out on their old ocean home, there is a wistfulness in the carved faces that makes one feel they are missing the lift and fall of the billows, the spell of the ever restless waves, as they break around, and that they still yearn for the years gone by when ships did not go abroad on the seven seas without these symbols of maritime superstition and beauty. Yet how much more fortunate are they in their serene old age in a garden by the sea, than many of their sisters lying covered with dust in the dusky loft of a shipbuilder's shop, or those who have given up existence in fires of driftwood kindled on the beach. So these relics of a romantic past when every ship bore its emblem proudly at its bow have come ashore, and they have come not only from our own New England ships, but from Bermuda, which has sent its fragment of wood to add its charm to the beauty of this particular garden. For the Indian chief at the back of the house came from that sun-drenched island to end his days with other century-old representatives of craft that are almost forgotten in this swifter age.



A ONCE SEA-ROVING "TAMERLANE" PEERS DOWN ON SOLID EARTH FROM BENEATH THE EAVES

Approaching the house in this Marblehead garden the visitor is greeted by Tamerlane, a carved warrior, painted in most realistic colors, even to the three plumes in his crest, serving as an overdoor ornament. As he peers out, one feels

that he is a fit guardian for this home by the sea. The bust of Tamerlane was taken from one of the great fleet of New Bedford whalers. His name is familiar, having been made famous by the eulogy in Bullen's "Cruise of the Cachelot." Framing this figurehead are "billet heads" and "fiddle heads" that formerly adorned old ships whose names have passed into oblivion. At the gable end of the house are billet heads supporting an eagle, covered with a riotous growth of honeysuckle. He is a patriotic bird, clutching in his talons the semblance of a rope, his firmly closed mouth and outspread wings making him most realistic. While the figureheads were for the most part carved in the likeness of women, occasionally they were in the shape of animals or birds, as the eagle, the ram, or the owl, and those on warships were more frequently in masculine shape.

Though all the figureheads in the garden are interesting, the most conspicuous are the three grouped together within the rose-covered pergola. The figurehead from the "Western Belle" stands in the centre, a wonderful example of the carver's art. Originally she adorned a clipper ship that sailed to China, and it is of her, the legend runs, that, being admired by an island chief, all the wooden idols in his domain were ordered made in her likeness. She is a full length standing figure of a beautiful woman, leaning forward with an indescribable dignity while flowering vines wreathe themselves about her form. How suggestive is her pose, as she seems to step off boldly into the grassy path! So exquisite is the carving of her head that one feels it must be the work of a master marble worker, rather than of one who worked only in wood. Her simple bonnet falls gracefully upon her shoulders, in her hand she carries a reticule, about her throat is a necklace and on her arm a bracelet, making her a fashionable lady of the day. At her left is a figure which once adorned the Nova Scotia bark "Marie." Here is a piece of old marine sculpture of haunting charm—a face and pose courageous, yet somehow wistful. The face is sadly disfigured by the buffeting of wind and wave,



"MARIE" IS A BIT OF OLD MARINE SCULPTURE OF HAUNTING CHARM



MARINE FIGUREHEAD OF A BIRD THAT ONCE CRESTED OCEAN WAVES

but the flowing folds of her garment still proclaim the skill of the carver. One arm is gone—it may have been a detachable one not fitted to bear the stress of storm, but designed to be carefully put away during the ocean voyage to be once more fixed in place when nearing port. The third figure is the Indian Princess of the ship of the same name. She is the oldest of all the figures in the garden and is fast falling into decay. She stands far out as though about to step off the prow and in her right arm she carries a quiver of arrows, emblem of her ship. In the centre of the rose garden stands a sundial telling off the hours. This is in reality a fluted binnacle that was once a part of some merchant ship. Today the dial has replaced the compass and the motto reads:

"How noiseless falls
the foot of time
That only falls on
flowers."



THE WEATHER-BEATEN FIGUREHEAD OF "THE WESTERN BELLE"

Collections of figureheads are among the greatest rarities of souvenirs of the sea and ships. Isolated examples of this old tradition and craft are found in many places along the New England coast in surroundings that savor of the sea. In the Peabody Museum in Salem there is a group of these figures including a lifesize portrait bust, painted in colors, of the bark "Solomon Piper," wrecked on Cape Cod in 1861 and a small one, said to have been made by Samuel McIntire, the famous Salem architect and carver, about 1800. This figurehead is two feet high and represents a stately woman who wears a French-looking bonnet and a gown that is carved with unusual skill in giving the details and the effect of the softness of the materials from which it was made. As the woman naturally leans forward the carver bent the right arm backward with the hand touching the flying skirt to balance the figure. In her left hand the woman holds an upright oval panel with a portrait in it believed to be that of John Hancock. The Peabody Museum also has a billet-head of bold scroll carving, superb in design, from the ship "Favorite," that was wrecked on Baker's Island in 1855; a small well-cut eagle from a yacht; a scroll from a Rockport fishing boat; and a large billet-head of bold scroll carving that is attributed to the U. S. S. "Constitution." It also owns an example of the last style of figureheads used on our warships, this being a shield with scroll-work wings and made of metal, the weighty piece coming from the U. S. S. "Salem."

Few antiquities can compete in interest with old ship-gear, whether carvings or fittings such as lanterns and the like. These things hold a very real romance for the imaginative mind, and fanciful stories of long ago voyages and adventures seem to speak with peculiar vividness from old figureheads.

Here in the sea-sweetened air of the garden stand these gray old images, dreaming among the flowers. Over their heads the crimson rambler hangs garlands in June and in September the Clematis paniculata wreaths them with snowy festoons like frost-work in fairy land. From their feet rise stately hollyhocks whose bright hued cups mingle with the graceful spires of blue Delphinium and the gorgeous orange of Coreopsis. Light and color and motion are here, the fragrance of flowers, the clean, salt tang of the sea. Surely it is a goodly place in which to end one's days, after a stormy youth. Yet when the moonlight lays its silver sheen upon the water, or the waves rise in the splendid fury of a storm, who will say that Tamerlane and his sisters do not long to slip back from the narrow confines of the garden to the freedom and the turmoil of the sea?



"BOUT DE NUIT" BY GUSTAVO DE MAEZTU

De MAEZTU · Spanish BASQUE

The young painter who won London's heart is sometimes a moralizer, like Goya . . . . . by

· PHILIP SAWYER ·

To the art world of London in 1919 there came a Basque painter named Gustavo de Maeztu who had no introduction other than his work. One of the first artists he met was John Noble, the Provincetown painter, who upon studying the canvases and drawings of the newcomer to the British capital passed the prophetic judgment, "These works are all the introduction you will need here." The American painter-critic had sound grounds for his verdict. At that time De Maeztu was thirty-four years old, he had studied long in the schools of Paris, and he was steeped in the spirit and the atmosphere of his native province in northern Spain. Only once had he given a public exhibition up to the time of his appearance in London. This was in Barcelona and, beyond local appreciation, the event made little stir; for that city is of importance to Spain as a shipping port, and mercantile, rather than artistic, reputations, are founded there. London took De Maeztu to its bosom, in the kindly, all-embracing way it has with all foreign artists who have something to say for themselves in their native manner. And the Basque painter had much to say and he expressed it in so personal and national a style that London encouraged him to the extent that he painted landscapes, figure studies and portraits in sufficient number to make his work in all these *genres* very well known in the galleries and in private collections. British art lovers, always devotees of that which is markedly characteristic, liked De Maeztu's pictures because they were thoroughly Basque in spirit. Unlike many Spanish painters who have studied in Paris, he did not become a French painter. He took from the schools the soundness of French instruction in drawing and technique, but he never forgot his native land, its ruggedness, its picturesqueness, its unconquerable national spirit—that pride of race and



MOONLIGHT IN CASTRO-JERIZ



ONATE—BASQUE COUNTRY



"LADY LAVERY"
BY GUSTAVO DE MAEZTU

country which goes back beyond all tracing in history. When De Maeztu paints English types, as in "Figures de club," the subjects and costumes are thoroughly British and modish to the hour, but the faces, wherein character chiefly dwells, are Basque, simple and unadorned. He has painted a portrait of Lady Lavery, wife of the distinguished Irish artist, in which this same note is very marked. Actually, Lady Lavery is typically and unmistakably British. But seen through the eyes of De Maeztu, her face takes on the cast of countenance of a lady of his own race. In going to Paris and London, the artist did not leave his country. He took it with him.

Of the truth of this observation any one is speedily impressed by a glance at the painter's figure subjects and his landscapes. Take three such compositions as "Bout de nuit," "Pierrot a l'Auberge" and the study of an elderly man, a



"ANDALUSIAN COUNTRY" BY GUSTAVO DE MAEZTU

detail from his large decoration called "La Force." Like Goya's "Caprices," the first two are moralities, and without in any degree being imitative, in the figure of the old man there is something more than a suggestion of Goya's power and his relentlessness in depicting age with compelling realism. The three figures in "Bout de nuit" are wholly Basque. The bullet-headed man is not only true to type, racially, but to the genus devoted to viciousness and night-life the world over. The coldly sensuous face of the woman who is watching him is a superb piece of characterization. And the weary creature behind her shoulder, whose face is almost hidden by the arm and hand, adds a subtle touch to a theme that conveys to the last word the lesson the painter set out to preach. This note is even grimmer in the "Pierrot a l'Auberge." The look of sodden despair, with something of piteous regret, in the eyes of the woman half-lying on the cafe table is matched by the mocking expression of the Pierrot, the moral of the picture, we presume, being to press in the emptiness, the tragedy of Pleasure and Vice.

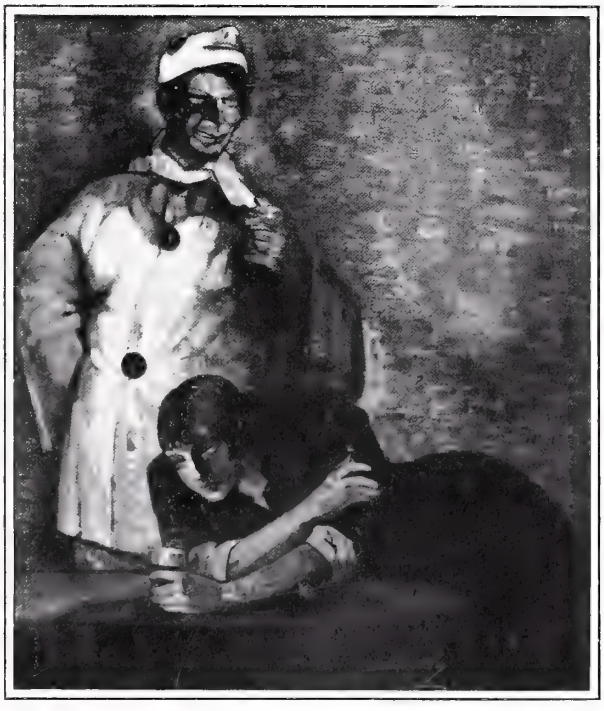
It is a relief to turn from these contemporary "Caprices" to the serene beauty and pervasive charm of De Maeztu's outdoor canvases. The simplicity and austerity of the landscape in "La plaine de Castilla" is an artist's reflection of his homeland, the strong rude bridge crossing the little stream, the cattle in the foreground, all being as personal to the Basque country as are the terms in which this painter has set them down. The "Andalusian Country" savors of the work of the mural painter, a field in which De Maeztu has had much practice and to which he is devoted. Purely natural are the native types of men, women and children in the foreground and the horses and cattle beyond. Yet there is a kind of symbolism of a "Golden Age" in the arrangement of figures and landscape that gives to the composition a noble dignity befitting a subject for a mural decoration. The ease and grace of the figures reveal the artist's faithful work in the Paris schools, yet they are Spanish to the core. They all stand in a "Sacred Grove." But it is not the coldly classical vision Puvis De Chavannes saw; it is one rich with the natural characteristics of Spain and living Spaniards. His town scenes, such as the "Moonlight in Castro-Jeriz" and "Onate," in the Basque country, are admirable illustrations of the painter's home-keeping spirit. Travellers who know his native province will realize the fidelity to fact in these paintings, and all of us can appreciate the picturesqueness of the ancient houses, whose angular forms are so many bouquets of faded colors, tinted by the ingratiating hand of time.

Reference has been made to his work as a mural painter. The artist's devotion to this form carried him to the point of spending the summer of 1922, after seeing his exhibition in the Galerie Devambez in Paris well under way in May, in his mountain home in the Basque country at work on a great triptych symbolic of the World War to be called "L'Honneur de la Guerre." A study for one of the characters in this work reveals the power of his conception and the vigor with which he draws a human figure so that its very simplicity adds to the force of the composition. De Maeztu is a strong man physically, and his style of painting and the richness of his palette reflect his physical vigor. If he has any one artistic idiosyncrasy it is his belief that sunlight is best expressed by putting plenty of paint on the canvas. He, however, makes no attempt to *epater* the public through a pose or through novelty of subject. He has made his impression on the art world by being true to himself and to his native country.



"FIGURES DE CLUB" BY GUSTAVO DE MAEZTU

It has been written of the people of which De Maeztu is so characteristic a type that "in customs, in institutions, in civil and political life there is no one thing that we can say is peculiarly and exclusively Basque; but their whole system taken together marks them off from other people and especially from their neighbors." The canvases of De Maeztu reflect this "system" which in the Basque character reveals itself in a singularly marked self-respect, a pride of race and a dogged conservatism. They portray these through the pride he takes in preserving Basque types in his figures, in their suggestions of ancient methods of agriculture, and in the old houses which his country-men cling to in spite of modern improvements that have been adopted elsewhere in Spain, evidently preferring to retain the simple and provincial customs, bequeathed them by their ancestors.



PIERROT A L'AUBERGE BY GUSTAVO DE MAEZTU



BUDDHA MAITREYA, MESSIAH : BUDDHA SAKYAMUNI, HISTORIC : BUDDHA AMITÂBHA, OF BOUNDLESS AGES
THE BUDDHISTIC TRIAD, THE FIRST AND SECOND OF THE MING, THE THIRD OF THE HAN DYNASTIES

BUDDHISTIC IMAGES *of* CHINA

These religious symbols, inspired by India, were later modified by Chinese Taoism . . . . . by

FRANK H. G. KEEBLE

INDIA, the original home of Buddhism, had many cults prior to the advent of Buddha in the sixth century B.C. The earliest religion seems to have been animism, the cult of spiritism and souls. This was followed by the period of the Vedas, which gave to Brahmanism its pantheon of Vedic gods, transmigration of souls and elaborate sacerdotal rituals. In fact during this period the Hindu believed it possible for a single soul to be reincarnated within eight million different earthly forms of existence, before returning to its source of first origin in the deity.

Brahmanism, or Hinduism, the religion of over two hundred million souls in India, with its multitude of gods has surged back and almost overpowered Buddhistic traditions. For almost every village has its own particular divinity and travellers say that even in these modern times it is quite possible to watch a god being developed for some particular place or purpose. Buddhism was a reaction against many of the vicious extremes of Brahmanism, such as the long vigils of the ascetic and the laceration of the body of the fanatic. The Buddhist theory of karma (or consequence of earthly acts) differed from Brahmanism's in that it was "character," not the soul, that was transmitted, and that a chain of lives was extinguished only when the will to live disappeared in a perfectly righteous man.

The principal Brahmanist triad of gods, namely Brahma, Vishnu and Siva, was undoubtedly the prototype of the Ts'on-k'a-pa or the Triad of the Chinese Buddhists, namely: Sakyamuni, Maitṛeya and Amitâbha.

Sakyamuni, the historic Buddha, is the deification of Gotama, the founder of Buddhism. The illustration herewith presents him bearing a notably serene expression, seated with legs crossed and wearing the usual classically simple robes, on his forehead the urna or precious



LOHAN
ONE OF THE EIGHTEEN ARHATS
AN IMAGE OF THE HAN DYNASTY



JEWELLED TEMPLE ELEPHANT

One of a pair dating from the Ch'ien-lung Period



BODHISATTVA, A YOUTHFUL BUDDHA DESIGNATE, OF THE HAN DYNASTY

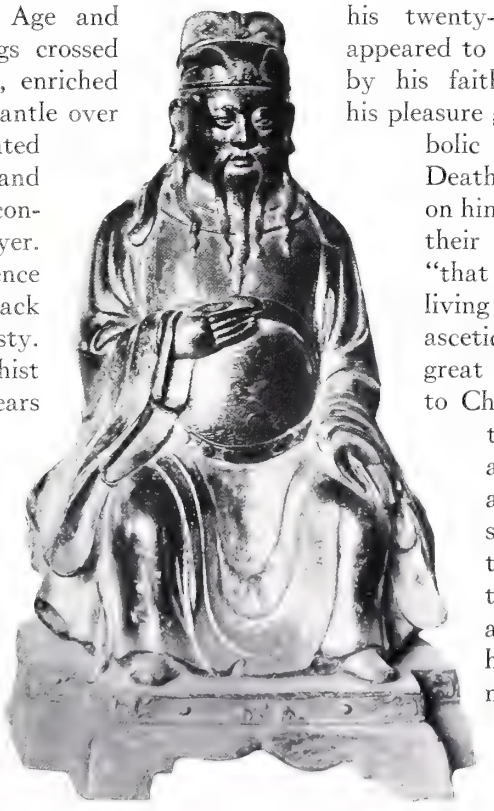
jewel. This characteristically dignified figure forms a cover to a lotus thalamus revolving over a hexagonal box for the reception of offerings of precious jewels from his devotees. This interesting gilded Buddha shows distinct Thibetan influence, and is of the period of the Ming Dynasty.

Maitreya, the Buddhistic messiah and known to the Chinese as Ju-lai, is exhibited seated upon a scrolled dais with both hands on his knees; wearing partial armor and voluminous robes over his exposed rotund paunch. He has a somnolent expression and on his forehead is the precious jewel. This dignified figure is finished in black and gold lacquer and is an example of the best period of the Ming dynasty, famed for this sculpture.

Amitâbha, the last of the triad, is the Ideal Buddha of Boundless Age and Light. He is seated with legs crossed and clothed in a simple robe, enriched with a necklace of beads, a mantle over his shoulders, and a five pointed crown. His downcast features and slightly extended right hand convey an expression of mystic prayer. There is a distinct Indian influence over this figure which dates back to the simpler Han dynasty.

One of the main Buddhist theories is that a Buddha appears from time to time to preach the true doctrine and so restore the full meaning and purity to the faith. Gotama, the last historical Buddha, was born 568 B.C. and died 488 B.C. His birthplace was Kapilavastu in Nepal, and his father, Suddhodana, was a chief of the Sakiya clan. Buddha's individual name was Siddattha and his mother's Mahā Māyā; Gotama came into the world unexpected, when his mother was forty-five years of age, while she was travelling to the home of her parents in the neighboring province of Koliya. This great event occurred in the beautiful garden of Lumbini, near the river. This pleasant spot was fortunately marked at a later period by a famous disciple of Buddha, the renowned Indian Emperor Asoka, who erected an inscribed pillar recounting what had taken place there. This monument is still standing, pointing out Buddha's birthplace to passersby.

Very little of Gotama's early life is known, except that he was pleasure loving and that he was married at the age of nineteen to his cousin, Yasodharā of the nearby Koliyan clan. During his twenty-ninth year three visions appeared to him as he was being driven by his faithful charioteer Channa to his pleasure garden. These visions, symbolic of Disease, Old Age and Death, made a great impression on him and he asked his charioteer their meaning. Channa replied "that such was the fate of all living beings." Then he met an ascetic, or wanderer, walking with great dignity. He again appealed to Channa for an explanation of the man's purpose in life and was told of his sanctity and self-abnegation. The spiritual side of Gotama was then greatly stirred by these manifestations and after bathing in his garden he gave himself over to deep meditation. Toward the end



WEN-CHANG
GOD OF LITERATURE, OF THE MING DYNASTY



BODHISATTVA, AN ELDERLY BUDDHA DESIGNATE, OF THE HAN DYNASTY

of the afternoon his thoughts were disturbed by a messenger who came to inform him of the birth of a son, an only child. "This," said Gotama, "is a new and strong tie I shall have to break." On his return home the joy of the clan turned into a great ovation for the young chief and an evening's entertainment was decreed, at which the dancing of the Natch girls did not rouse him from his troubled reverie. Waking at midnight with a firm resolution to follow in the paths of the ascetic and gain peace, he called for Channa to saddle his horse. While waiting he determined to embrace his new born son, who was sleeping on the arm of his wife Yasodharā amid a bower of flowers. Fearing to disturb the mother he tore himself away, vowing to return not only as a father but as a teacher and savior; in fact, as a Buddha or Enlightened One. Gotama rode forth with Channa determined to commence his wanderings as a homeless and penniless ascetic to complete his salvation. This unique and interesting incident is recounted in an important Sanskrit Buddhistic work, which is known as "The Sutra of the Great Renunciation."

When they arrived at the sandy banks of the Anoma, Gotama cut off his long flowing locks with his sword and gave his jewels to the unwilling Channa, sternly dismissing him to return to his home. After spending seven days in the retirement of a mango grove Gotama attached himself firstly to the famous Brahmin teacher, Alara, and afterward to another named Udraka and with them he delved into the deepest portions of Hindu philosophy. As yet his asceticism had not enlightened his soul, so he determined to retreat to the jungle of Uruvela with five devoted disciples to even more severe self-torture. After six years of this unnatural life his fame spread through the breadth of northern India. But even Gotama's virile constitution could not withstand this terrible ordeal, and he determined almost when it was too late to return to normal food and cease mortifying himself with penance. His disciples speedily left him when they saw this supposed fall from grace by their master. Gotama, abased and disillusionised, now turned for sympathy and found none. He wandered on with wavering faith to the banks of the Neranjara and there sat down to meditate under the shade of a great tree which was forever afterward celebrated as the "Sacred Bo Tree". A village maiden named Sujāta, out of compassion, gave him his morning meal. His old temptations, the joy of living, wealth and power now rose before him; but with a new point of view. Through the day and night he wrestled, not knowing what to do, but finally his faith prevailed and he became an Enlightened One, a true Buddha; Nirvāna was now his sacred portion. Tradition records that he fasted for seven times seven nights and days under the famous Bo tree, till the Archangel Brahma appeared and ministered unto him. From now on he renounced self-mortification and declared that this system of asceticism, so long held to be efficacious, was entirely without merit.

He also realized to its full extent the fearful power of temptation and the futility of leading others, without his own steadfastness to truth, toward "the only path of peace" through faith. Gotama was now thirty-five years of age, he had a commanding presence, a deep rich voice and earnestness beyond most men. Love and pity resolved him to journey forth and spread his newly found doctrine to the world. He directed his steps toward Benares to find his first five disciples; on his way he met an old wandering ascetic named Upaka, who was struck with the glowing faith beaming from his face and asked the reason. He replied: "I am now on my way to Benares to set up the light of the doctrine of Nirvāna in the darkness of the world. I am the Buddha who alone knows and needs no teacher." Upaka said: "You profess yourself to be an Arhat and a conqueror." Buddha replied: "Those are indeed conquerors who, as I now, have conquered the mental intoxications arising from ignorance, sensuality or craving after future life." The ascetic derisively pointed toward Benares and said, "Gotama, your way lies yonder, mine is in the opposite direction." Buddha continued his way with a brave heart and finally met his former disciples. They treated him with coldness, remembering his renunciation of his early ascetic vows, which still were all in all to them. The Buddha gently explained his beautiful doctrine of the "Noble Eightfold Path," consisting of "Right Views, Aspirations, Speech, Conduct, Mode of Livelihood, Effort, Mindfulness and Rapture." Conversion quietly came to these five disciples, who reverently waxed enthusiastic in the retreat of the Deer Forest near Benares. Many others, among both the wealthy and poor, shaved their heads and adopted the yellow robe of Buddha's Sangha, his society of mendicant disciples or itinerant preachers.

Many of Gotama's earliest and most devout disciples were elevated to be Bodhisattvas or Buddhas designate, while they were passing the last stages of their avatars, before attaining the dignity of Buddhas. The two archaic figures, here reproduced, of youthful and elderly Bodhisattvas, are entirely typical examples of the

Han dynasty. They wear quaint priestly headdresses and robes and carry symbols in their hands, which are held before them.

The rainy season being over, Buddha called his most ardent devotees together and addressed them. "I am free from five hindrances which, like an immense net, hold men and angels in their power; you, too, are set free. Go ye now, brethren, and wander forth for the welfare of many and preach the doctrine, beauteous in its inception, continuance and end. Proclaim the pure and perfect life. Let no two go together. I also go, brethren, to the General's village in the wilds of Uruvela." For forty-five years, till his death, Buddha continued to call his disciples together at the rainy season, each year, afterward dispersing them all over India to proselytize for the new faith.



KUAN-TI
GOD OF WAR, FROM THE HAN DYNASTY

Among the interesting tenets of Buddha is one which is strongly reflected in a number of the Protestant faiths,—namely, repugnance to vesting mystical power in the hands of the priesthood. The cult also strongly advocates the love of fellow man and points out that the layman, who does not wish to throw over his worldly livelihood, can enter the Noble Eightfold Path simply by living a life of rectitude and kindness.

The pious Bishop Bigandet called Buddha's first set homily to his followers "The Sermon on the Mount." A burning jungle fire on a nearby hillside at Uruvela was taken for this text. He compared the desolation of the hillside, after the fire had left nothing but destruction in its wake, to the seared and desolate heart of man, after the flames of passion, ignorance and anxiety were burned out. Many beautiful incidents in the later life of Buddha have been carefully recorded and his last injunction to the brethren just before his death, "Give reverence to one another," is certainly worth more than a passing thought.

Asoka, the greatly renowned Emperor of Greater India, who ruled in the third century B.C., was not only an ardent Buddhist disciple, but a great donor to the cause. He erected many notable monuments which today give numerous definite facts in their inscriptions regarding the life and doings of Buddha. However, during or immediately following Asoka's reign the beautiful Buddhistic doctrines began to be defiled with an accretion of gods and ceremonies drawn from the more ancient cult of Brahmanism; even the old idea pertaining to the transmigration of souls usurped Buddha's doctrine of karma; so that in 67 A.D., when Buddhism officially reached China, its greatest stronghold today, it already had a most elaborate galaxy of Buddhas, Arhats, lesser divinities, and ceremonial rituals. Even this galaxy has been added to by the imaginative Chinese. The later accession of gods is further seen in Buddhistic Thibet, where figures of Durga, the ten armed spouse of the Hindu god Siva, are not infrequently seen with a thousand arms.

Probably the most venerated god or goddess of the Chinese Buddhistic pantheon of over five hundred Buddhas, Bodhisattvas, Arhats and lesser divinities, is Kuan-yin or Avolokitesvara, the Goddess of Mercy and Infinite Kindness. To this goddess every

EVIL GENIUS, OR DANCER
OF THE MING DYNASTY





LHAMO, ONE OF THE DEFENDERS OF THE LAW, AN IMAGE FROM THE EARLY MING DYNASTY

YEN-LO-WANG, GOD OF DEATH
OF THE MING DYNASTY





KUAN-YIN
GODDESS OF EVERLASTING MERCY, OF THE MING DYNASTY

mother in China prays for that most desirable of all blessings, a son and heir, to perpetuate the ancestral worship in the family; for this rite is as firmly imbedded in the Buddhism of China as in the native Taoism.

The two figures shown here of this goddess illustrate very distinct types that were sculptured in the Ming dynasty. The one with simple monumental proportions is of the early period and is a temple bronze, as is indicated by its large size and dignified pose. This Kuan-yin is seated with her legs crossed under her; she is attired in clinging voluminous robes embellished with sprays of bamboo, the symbol of prosperity, draped jeweled necklaces and similar ropes of jewels on her shoulders, and high coifed hair adorned with a lotus blossom and further jewels. She holds a symbolic lotus spray in her right hand and a vase containing the elixir of life, held close to her breast by her other hand. The more complex figure of the two, with the child seated on her lap, is similar in treatment to the well known blanc-de-chine figures that were more generally made for the shrines of private edifices. Kuan-yin is seated on a throne with bracketed arms at the sides, bearing on one a bird and on the other a vase of the famous elixir. Her head is cowled with a mantle; the throne stands upon conventionalized wave forms. A basket of fish, in other instances, is carried by this goddess as a symbol of her function as patron of fertility.

Samantabhadra, the fourth Buddha, known to the Chinese as Pu-yen, the All Wise and Good, is usually seated to the right of the Maitreya; while his companion, the fifth Buddha, Manjusri or Wen-shu the Eloquent, who converted Nepal to Buddhism in the second century, B.C., is on the other side of the great Triad and is usually seen riding upon a sacred elephant. Samantabhadra is shown seated on a symbolic, recumbent fu-lion; he wears a jeweled tiara, the urna in his forehead and curious armor. This vigorous example of modeling of the Ming dynasty exhibits strong Thibetan influence. Kuan-Ti, the famous God of War, is the deification of one of China's greatest generals and has been taken into the comity of gods by both Taoists and Buddhists alike. He is a national god. The Chinese are often quite complaisant in worshipping gods of sects other than their own, even with great avidity when it is to their purpose.



SAMANTABHADRA
THE BUDDHA TO COME, OF THE MING DYNASTY

The first Kuan-ti here illustrated is of the Han dynasty and presents a very powerful seated figure wearing full armor, enlivened with a weird dragon head below the breast-plate and a curiously peaked round helm on his head. The other, of the Ming dynasty, is of more ferocious aspect and is seated in a most belligerent attitude, wearing full armor bearing a dragon's head similar to that on the Kuan-Ti of the earlier Han dynasty.

The God or Emperor of Literature, Wen-chang, like Kuan-Ti has been absorbed from the Taoists, who still give him great reverence. The quaintly bearded and seated figure of this god presents a noble and dignified presence; he wears a curious skull cap adorned with a scrolled upright flap at the back and voluminous robes falling in very simple folds. This exceptionally fine figure was modelled in the best period of the Ming dynasty. Only two

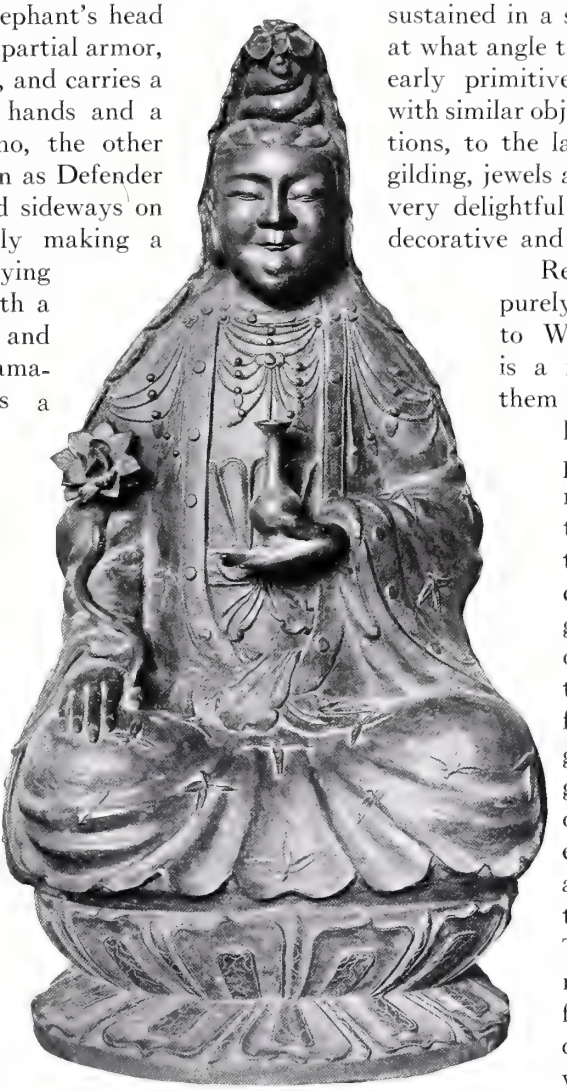


KUAN-TI
GOD OF WAR, OF THE EARLY MING DYNASTY

further gods are here illustrated; these belong to the group known as Yi-Dam, or Eight Terrible Ones. They are supposed to be the Protectors of the Gods. Yen-lo-wang, the God of Death, or Supreme Ruler of Hell, is a gilded figure with four arms of Thibetan origin; it is of the Ming period. Terrible in aspect, standing with outspread feet on a monster having an elephant's head and human body, he wears partial armor, a flaming tiara on his head, and carries a pestle in one of his four hands and a mortar in another. Lhamo, the other God of this series, is known as Defender of the Law; he is mounted sideways on his sacred mule, evidently making a triumphant journey, worrying evil doers. He appears with a cynically ferocious aspect and his arms extended in a declamatory attitude; he wears a jeweled corslet and a many pointed crown surmounted by a series of flames. This very amusing presentation is of the Early Ming dynasty, but it is pervaded somewhat with Thibetan influence.

The eighteen Arhats or Conquerors were the very closest disciples of Gotama, who, having triumphed over this materialistic world, itinerantly spread the gospel of Buddha; they are mostly portrayed as the one shown—seated with smiling, placid features, shaven heads and mendicants' robes exposing their breasts. This remarkably sculptured figure is of the Yuan dynasty. At other times they appear in large joyous groups with their different symbols. A gilded bronze figure of Thibetan origin dating from the Ming dynasty and representing a grotesque dancer, one of the Evil Genii of Māra, the Wicked One, is squatting on a double cushion, wearing knop head-dress, jeweled necklace and scanty skirt.

The jeweled, enameled and gilded Temple Elephant reproduced in color is one of a set made in the reign of the Emperor Ch'ien-Lung and originally held on its back a jade disc symbolic of one of the quarters of the earth. The elephant is finely caparisoned with a saddle cloth, enameled in colors and enhanced with ropes of jewels. He stands on an open base chiseled with scrolls and symbols, and carries on his back an enameled vase, having ropes of jade symbols and a jeweled crescent shaped receptacle for the sacred jade disc. The interest in these Buddhistic bronze figures is sustained in a subtle manner, no matter at what angle they are viewed—from the early primitives which rank in merit with similar objects of other early civilizations, to the later specimens with their gilding, jewels and enamels, which are so very delightful for their rich peculiarly decorative and human qualities.



KUAN-YIN
GODDESS OF EVERLASTING MERCY
OF THE MING DYNASTY

Regarding these sculptures purely as religious art objects, to Western civilization there is a marked affinity between them and the carvings of the best and most typical period of Gothic art. This resemblance is found in the serene expression of the faces of the figures consecrated to peace and goodness, the brutal force of such types as Kuan-ti, the god of war, and the fantastic images of the god of death, the evil genius, and the defender of the law, that are as exaggerated as any of the apocalyptic animals known to that art we call Gothic. The sweet contentment marking the face of the figure Kuan-Yin, the goddess of everlasting mercy, which is reproduced on this page, recalls a marked characteristic of the Gothic Madonnas, among which is seldom found one with a dolourous countenance. To Western eyes, there is a suggestion of slyness in such a mask as that of Buddha Amitâbha, of Boundless Ages, but this represents a national characteristic from our viewpoint and is not so often seen as are the more apparent moods of profound meditation and the happiness of achieving the state of the perfectly righteous man. It is because these images combine these religious and national characteristics so happily that we admire and treasure them as something more than art objects in our public and private collections in this country.



"MADEMOISELLE FEL"

Study by

Quentin de La Tour

This portrait sketch of the woman the artist loved is part of the collection bequeathed by his brother to his native town of St. Quentin

The TREASURE of St. QUENTIN

Original pastel sketches of La Tour, saved when Germans destroyed town, now in Louvre . . . . by

HELEN W. HENDERSON

How many tourists, journeying carelessly from Brussels to Paris, by the direct route, in the happy days when travel was both easy and inexpensive, ever thought to stop off at a pretty little manufacturing town, on the right bank of the Somme, not far from the French frontier—at the old village of Saint-Quentin, in the department of the Aisne?

Nevertheless Saint-Quentin, even from the train, expressed a promise of something better than the ordinary. A clean, orderly, altogether charming provincial city it appeared, built upon an incline, and dominated by a big Gothic church, one of the finest buildings of its epoch in the north of France. The church, visible from the train, loomed large, as is the way of these symbolic relics of remoter Christianity, and dwarfed the pretty city grouped about its massive walls, blotted out by its immense shadow.



QUENTIN DE LA TOUR'S STUDY OF HIMSELF

Before the Gauls the Roman city of Augusta Veromanduorum stood here, at the meeting place of five roads, and in the Third Century it was the scene of the martyrdom of Gaius Quintinus, who had come hither from Italy to preach the new doctrine of Christianity. The tomb of the saint became a famous place of pilgrimage, and towards the middle of the Seventh Century Saint-Eloy, bishop of Noyon and friend of King Dagobert, established upon its site the collegial church of Saint-Quentin. The church stood to commemorate the glory of the martyr whose bones lay buried in its crypt together with those of his two heroic followers, Victoricus and Gentianus.

In the middle ages the importance of the town was increased by the rise of its cloth manufacture. Meanwhile its growth was marked by adventure. Three times ravaged by the Normans, the city was surrounded by defensive walls in 883. In the Fifteenth Century occupied by the Burgundians, in 1557 it was taken by the Spanish. The Spaniards held it for two years, whereupon, being restored to the French, it was assigned as the dowry of Mary Stuart, upon her marriage to the young king of France, François II. During the Franco-Prussian War Saint-Quentin repulsed the attack of the Germans, on October 8, 1870, and in January, 1871, it was the center of a great battle, fought by General Faidherbe.

These things I learned later. My first, and for many years my sole preoccupation with Saint-Quentin was its treasure, the seldom seen and little known collection of pastels by the renowned Maurice Quentin de La Tour.

The knowledge of this priceless collection of the works of the great pastellist seemed to be reserved for the knowing ones and Saint-Quentin became a place of pious pilgrimage for artists and amateurs, while an occasional specialist would drop off the train at the quiet station and make his way through the provincial streets to the little shrine to the memory of this whimsical favorite of the Eighteenth Century, whose epoch—spirited, light, frivolous and gallant—lives again in his pastel portraiture.

Perhaps the most famous pastellist of all time, Maurice Quentin de La Tour was a native of Saint-Quentin. One of the most vigorous personalities of the court of Louis XV, he became portraitist to the king and recorded in his inimitable way not only the heads of Louis and of Marie



STUDY OF MADAME FAVART
BY QUENTIN DE LA TOUR

Leczinska, of the dauphin and of Marie-Josèphe de Saxe, but those of the whole of the court with Madame de Pompadour, the Maréchal de Saxe, the Prince de Conde, with Mademoiselle de Camargo and Madame Favart, Voltaire and Diderot, Jean Jacques Rousseau and Buffon, the court, the theatre, the literary, the philosophic, and the scientific world, and La Tour, himself, with his thin face, his sharp nose, his careless costume presiding over his handiwork, revealing himself as unreservedly as he reveals the whole fabric of the social system about him.

The collection of eighty-seven pastels, which constituted La Tour's reserve and which contains his rich accumulation of preparations and notes for his official portraits, came to the city of Saint-Quentin as a legacy from the artist's heir, his brother, whose portrait (the cavalry officer in red uniform bordered with silver) forms one of the collection. La Tour died only a few years before the Revolution; his brother survived until 1806.

It is to be supposed that the city of Saint-Quentin, which had appreciated to the full during his lifetime the honor of having been the birthplace of the painter, was not entirely insensible to the value of the bequest which fell to it at the brother's death. La Tour himself had died a rich man and had benefited his native town by the founding of an art school, which he richly endowed, and by foundations for poor women and aged artisans. At the same time the Revolution had killed for the moment all interest in his portraits, had shelved the whole spirit of the Eighteenth Century, so that La Tour's work, together indeed with that of Watteau and the others, fell into disrepute and was looked upon, if at all, with contempt. The school of David reigned.

Since the terms of the bequest presented no obstacle, the town decided to sell the collection, hoping to acquire by its sale an interesting sum which should be applied to more practical purposes. But the moment was unpropitious and the sale, attempted in Paris, at the Hôtel Bullion, in 1808, was a fiasco. Pictures which in La Tour's lifetime were worth thousands of livres were bid from three to twenty-five francs! The sale was stopped and the pictures sent back to Saint-Quentin, where they were at first assembled in a room at Fervaques, the old Bernardine convent. In 1886 they were installed in a home of their own, the pretty Hôtel Lécuyer, a Louis XVI style house left to the city for the purpose by a wealthy banker. The Musée Lécuyer stood in a quiet street, well back from the *place* which marked the center of the town. The atmosphere of the house was perfect, it breathed the spirit of the Eighteenth Century; there was nothing to distract from La Tour and his epoch. A guardian of rare intelligence hovered over the pictures like an anxious mother with a delicate infant, adjusting the light to their requirements and watching his visitors with unobtrusive vigilance.

Thus Saint-Quentin and its treasure lived along in peaceful security until the recent catastrophe made it suddenly the center of a bombardment which ultimately razed the town, which destroyed the Gothic cathedral, which overthrew the little temple of art. Then all at once Saint-Quentin became a pivotal point in a disordered universe. Yet even then, how often did I, reading my Boston newspaper safely on the peak of Beacon Hill, striving to follow the march of events,

search in vain for any reference to the pastels of Quentin de La Tour! War correspondents seemed as ignorant of their existence or importance as the countless tourists whose guide-books had failed to recommend a stop-over at this border town.

Of their wanderings and vicissitudes we know only that these fragile chalks escaped destruction first through French prudence and second through German cupidity. Pastels are bad travellers and it was partly for that reason and partly because of lack of time to make better arrangements that the municipality of Saint-Quentin, instead of removing the collection to some remote place of safety, merely placed it in the cellar of the museum during the bombardment of the city. When Saint-Quentin was taken, early in 1917, the enemy carried the pictures to Maubeuge, placing them in an improvised museum of loot. Two days before the armistice the advancing British army released Maubeuge and recaptured its treasure, at five o'clock in the morning.



STUDY OF MADAME DE POMPADOUR BY QUENTIN DE LA TOUR

Meanwhile Saint-Quentin, though regained, lay in ruins, the Musée Lécuyer was a memory, and there was left standing no building worthy of the reception of the delicate art of the great pastellist. The Louvre offered its appropriate hospitality—appropriate because it had for years been the residence of La Tour himself, and many of the drawings had been made within its walls. Installed now in the wing of the Louvre devoted to drawings, the pastels of La Tour are accessible to a large general public which until recently may be said to have practically ignored their existence. Hung impressively apart, in two rooms whose disposition separates them somewhat from the galleries of drawings, the pastels seem to have refound something of the charm of their original setting. Through a special wicket one passes into the reliquary which shows the process of the painter's art, while without, in a room adjoining, are hung La Tour's finished masterpieces, belonging to the Louvre, thus making comparison easy.

Undoubtedly La Tour's best known canvas is the portrait of Madame de Pompadour which hangs amongst the finished masterpieces. This room contains also the official portraits of Louis XV and his neglected queen, Marie Leczinska, the dauphin and dauphine, Marie-Josèphe de Saxe, the famous portrait of La Tour by himself, the portrait of the dauphine's brother, the Marechal de Saxe, and that of d'Alembert. And it contains portraits by Perronneau, La Tour's rival during life, and several ideal heads by Rosalba, the Italian woman pastellist, whose work is said to have been La Tour's first inspiration.

La Tour soars above the others, Perronneau having sunk swiftly to his proper level soon after the death of the master. His portrait of La Tour shows a disdainful coxcomb, powdered, spruced up, and rigged out for the confusion of his rival in a manner quite foreign to his genial personality, as can be seen by comparison to the simple, joyous portraits done by himself. The pale visage bears out the legend that La Tour posed expressly "the morning after" in order that one should not find animation in the work of his rival.

As we compare La Tour's vivid portraits with the insipid prettiness of Rosalba's efforts it is incredible that at any period of his career he could have admired them. La Tour repudiated her suave technique, attacking the medium with boldness and decision. Yet there are two pictures in



STUDY OF PERE EMMANUEL
BY QUENTIN DE LA TOUR

the Saint-Quentin collection which show unmistakably the point of departure—the "Young Girl with a Dove" and "Young Girl with a Wreath," obviously copies of Rosalba, and it is significant that La Tour should have kept them to the end. He seems to have snapped off from the leading strings into his own virile and positive manner immediately after having done them.

No sooner was the painter's first work known than the court and society took him up and he became the rage. The king, the queen, the dauphin, the court favorites, statesmen, philosophers, everybody wanted a pastel by La Tour. Flooded with commissions he worked unceasingly, with verve and rapidity, turning out an immense amount of work without ever showing the fatigue of the fashionable portrait painter. Probably this is because La Tour never made himself subservient to the whim of a sitter, and seldom sacrificed truth to flattery. If, as in the case of the famous portrait of Madame de Pompadour and the royal portraits belonging to the Louvre, he permitted himself to present the subject in a light so favorable as to be almost false, he made it up to himself by the bold studies of the same models which constitute the richness of the Saint-Quentin collection.

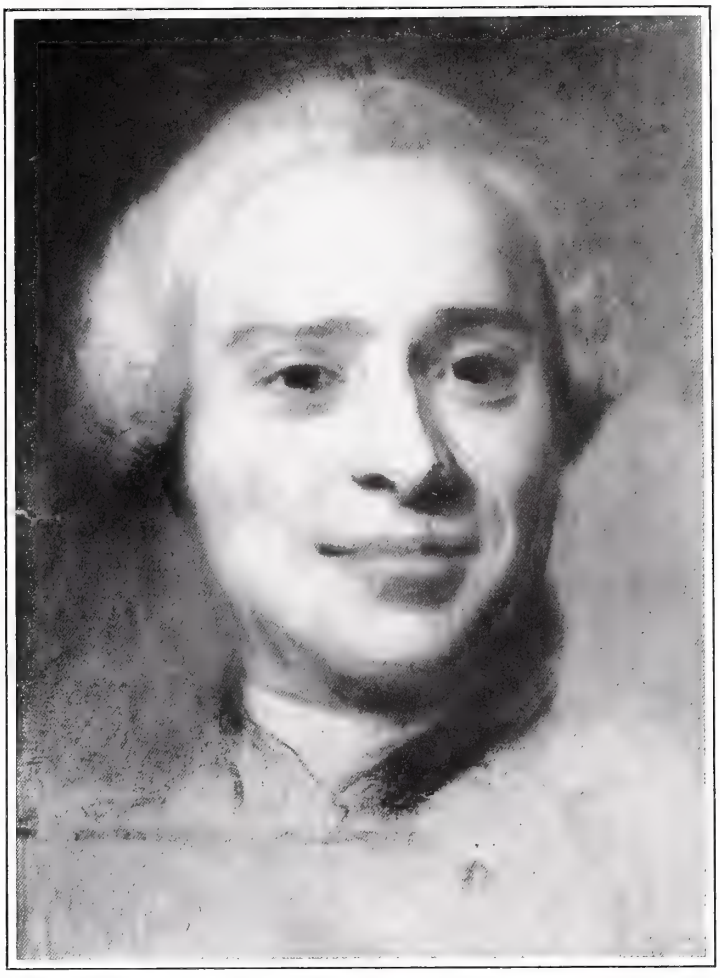
An hundred anecdotes of his *sans géne* in his dealings with distinguished sitters prove the remarkable independence of his character. "Mon talent est à moi," he said, refusing to compromise, resisting the flattery of the court. La Reynière, a rich financier, who had arranged for sittings sent his valet to pose for the costume of the portrait. La Tour, who valued his time as highly as that of his sitter, was indignant at this affront to his dignity, and abandoning the portrait of La Reynière painted that of his domestic in its place. "Your face is that of a man of spirit," said La Tour to the astonished lackey, "whereas your master's is that of an imbecile." He refused to finish the portraits of the king's daughters because they had missed a rendezvous, and it was said that it required a veritable diplomacy to persuade him to paint the dauphine.

The correspondence between La Tour and Monsieur de Marigny, the brother of Madame de Pompadour, who undertook the negotiations for her portrait, has been preserved, as also the favorite's letter in which she begs the painter to complete her portrait. La Tour was very coy and put her off as long as possible with one excuse and another. First he replied vaguely that he would not paint "en ville." Finally sittings were arranged at Versailles. La Tour imposed frequent poses and the express condition that he was not to be disturbed by visitors whilst at work. The Pompadour agreed to everything and La Tour arrived on the appointed day and prepared himself for work.

Here comes in the famous anecdote which Champfleury has dramatized: Following his custom, La Tour unbuckled his shoes, took off his garters, his collar, and his wig, hanging the latter upon the point of his easel, and put on his painting bonnet, a sort of old night-cap. Completely at his ease he began to sketch in the portrait when suddenly, contrary to orders, the door opened and Louis XV entered. "You promised me, Madame, that your door should be closed," complained La Tour, making a wry face at the intrusion. The king, graciously excusing the painter's dishabille, begged courteously to be allowed to remain, but La Tour rising in wrath, gathered up his wig, his

collar, his garters, and his hat, strode from the room, saying coldly that he would return when Madame was alone.

The portrait lagged but was finally finished and La Tour delivered it with a bill for 48,000 livres. To his disgust Madame de Pompadour disputed the amount, began to bargain with him, and offered half in payment. The debate would have lasted forever, says contemporary comment, had not Chardin intervened. At this time the studios of the two painters were next each other in the Louvre and Chardin overheard La Tour in a fury walking backwards and forwards in his apartment crying at the abasement of his talents. His gentle neighbor appeared and to calm his wrath asked La Tour if he knew what had been paid for all the pictures hung in Notre Dame. These included the chief works of Lesueur, examples of Lebrun, of Bourdon, of Testelin, etc. La Tour confessed his ignorance. "Well," said Chardin, "calculate—about forty canvases at three hundred livres each." The pastellist was abashed into silence.



STUDY OF D'ALEMBERT
BY QUENTIN DE LA TOUR

La Tour painted the king's mistress at the apogee of her power, when he, himself, was at the pinnacle of his fame. The large finished canvas belongs to the Louvre and dominates the gallery of contemporary pastels. Yet it is not before this Pompadour, so composed of face (this marvel of art which represents the favorite, not as she was but as she wished to be), that one reads either the painter's psychological insight or the woman's true character. The personality of the sitter becomes, indeed, a negligible factor in a world of luxurious accessories. It is her brocaded gown which occupies the greater part of the canvas, her music, her books, her correspondence, her painting—those fancied occupations—all these predominate without convincing us that the pretty head, which turns an expressionless profile towards the spectator, is concerned with anything more than its one vital preoccupation—that of holding the favor of her royal lover.

Of the true Pompadour the studies for the portrait in the Saint-Quentin collection present the uncompromising verity. In these La Tour searched out her soul, and in finding it does not attempt to minimize the fatigue, the age, the secret disgust of a life of forced pleasure, the sad distinction of a nature thoroughly in love with elegance and art degraded by its impossible task—that of amusing the king and thus holding her position in the world.

The pastels in the Saint-Quentin collection are unequal in importance, in their dimensions, their finish, their state of preservation. Some are half-length, like the Abbé Hubert; others show the bust, like Jean Jacques Rousseau; most give only the oval of the face. Some are entirely finished, many remain simple indications. A few have suffered from lack of care. Those least finished are perhaps the most interesting, as they show the method of attack, and of such is the portrait of Crébillon, a quick brutal rendering of the elements of an unlovely physiognomy. The study for the head of Marie Leczinska is one of the best preserved, a fresh, frank drawing of a very simple woman without the conventional flattery of the official portrait. The king is rendered with equal frankness and simplicity and these two portraits might have been done yesterday, so perfect is their state of preservation.

La Tour knew no subtlety of color. His art, like that of all prolific portrait painters, has at times, especially in his official work, but even

sometimes in these personal sketches, a superficial technical fluency—the thing is almost inevitable, but La Tour resists it more than most. His strength lies in his ability to seize upon the character and expression of the sitter, or, as one writer has expressed it, "to penetrate behind the pretentions and dissimulations which models impose upon painters." Many of his portraits are the complete synthesis of the sitter, the résumé of his existence. Of such are the portraits of the court abbés, round of cheek and voluptuous of mouth; of such is the head of the Maréchal de Saxe, this very finished preparation for the portrait in the Louvre, which presents with energy the strong, ugly head of the victor of Fontenoy, of Raucoux, and of Lawfeld. Of such, again, are the portraits of La Reynière and La Popelinière, grave financiers who, swollen with pride, take themselves so seriously; of d'Argenson, the devoted minister whose high intelligence has been shaped by power to a contempt for men. But of such is not the portrait of Jean Jacques Rousseau, whose masque La Tour could not penetrate.

All conditions, all ages, both sexes, are represented in the treasure of Saint-Quentin, from the pretty, bored head of the king to the melancholy and charming image of the little dauphin; from men of genius, such as Veron de La Forbonnais, to writers of small worth and great vanity, such as Duclos. Not the least interesting are the anonymous portraits, rich in a teasing personality, like masked figures at a ball. At Fervaques the portraits were shown in the simple black wood frames in which the painter, himself, had placed them. Most of these still bore the labels in La Tour's own handwriting; others he had marked on the backs. When the pictures were reframed the bits of paper which identified them were lost or confused, so that now many of the portraits are anonymous or falsely attributed.

Of the women that he painted we feel La Tour frankly not interested in the portrait of the dauphine, Marie-Josèphe de Saxe. This princess, daughter of August III, elector of Saxony and king of Poland, was the second wife of the dauphin and gave him for sons three future kings of France—Louis XVI, Louis XVIII and Charles X. The eldest of their children, the duc de Bourgogne (of whom the collection contains a charming portrait), died young of an accident. We know that La Tour painted the princess under protest, feeling probably that he could do little with her dull personality, her sweetness, her fixed, forced smile.

Such a face as that of Madame Favart, on the contrary, drew out his best efforts, proved an immense inspiration. La Tour gives us just the masque, full of malicious animation. Justine de Ronceray had a brilliant career. Married to the gifted dramatic author, Favart, she created the principal rôles of his plays. Neither beautiful nor distinguished, her little irregular face, brown eyes, short impertinent nose, mobile lips, have an aggravating and winsome charm. The Maréchal de Saxe loved her for years in vain. Upon such a head could La Tour expatiate with all his force.

Yet even when his heart is involved, as in the portrait of Mademoiselle Fel, his mistress and friend for thirty years, his love of truth dominates his adoration of the woman. He sees her as she is, a woman nearing forty. The tint of the camelia remains upon her cheeks, the dark eyes are superb in spirit, but La Tour thinks too much of her to sacrifice the character of her fine mouth, the maturity of her shapely face to mere youthful bloom. She has elegance and lassitude, a charm original and exotic, the latter thought carried out in a bit of stuff, embroidered in gold, which she wears upon her head like an oriental turban. Born at Bordeaux, she may have had Saracen blood, one seems to trace it in the length of her velvet eyes, in her pearly pallor, her delicate nose, narrow cheeks, and thin Arabian face.

In perfect harmony with his age La Tour had the tastes, the ideas, the sentiments, the character of the XVIII century. He was spirited, ironical, fantastic, light, with the solid background of distinguished achievement. Diderot wrote: "J'ai vu peindre La Tour; il est tranquil et froid, il ne se tourmente point, il ne souffre point, il ne fait aucune de ces contorsions du modeleur enthousiaste, sur le visage duquel on voit succéder les orages qu'il se propose de rendre. Il n'imite pas les gestes du furieux, il n'a pas le sourcil relevé de l'homme qui dédaigne, le regard de la femme qui s'attendrit, il ne s'extasie point, il ne sourit point à son travail; il a le génie du technicien, c'est un machiniste merveilleux."

As he grew old, losing that fine balance which Diderot's description indicates, La Tour's eccentricities became more marked, his interest in art was subordinated to a rage for acquiring knowledge on all subjects. At fifty-five he learned Latin; he delved into science, metaphysics, religion, sociology. His condition touched upon mania and when he retired to Saint-Quentin he was considered mad; yet it was a gentle madness which led him to kiss the hands of his servitors, and to embrace the old trees of his city in the course of his walks.

Thus he died on the 17th of February, 1788, at the dawn of the Revolution.

A SCULPTOR *in* WOOD

Ernst Barlach proves himself the first modern master of an art that flourished in Gothic times · · by
SHELDON CHENEY

WHO is the greatest sculptor of today? Such a question has its foolish aspects, I know; but when I put it to art lovers, museum directors and others recently in various parts of Europe, it served the intended purpose of bringing out a considerable array of names, although it revealed also some shallow national prejudices. Incidentally it opened some entirely new vistas into little-remembered side-fields of sculpture, and some of the answers reminded me that America still fails to see many of the finest things in world art until decades after the artists are established and recognized in their own countries. There is the matter of sculpture in wood, as a pertinent instance.

The answers in general, after one had allowed for personal taste, local pride and other variable factors, at least brought out clearly how many really great sculptors there are in Europe today. In Paris, of course, there is no name to challenge that of Maillol (unless the radicals there as elsewhere shout everyone else down with Brancusi and Archipenko—extraordinary geniuses both); in Vienna it is Anton Hanak; in Munich it is Edwin Scharff; in London, if one can find any opinion at all, it is the American Epstein; in Berlin it may be Kolbe or Barlach or Metzner; farther north it is always Einar Jonsson, and in regions somewhat to the eastward it is Ivan Mestrovic. Truly an imposing array! Instead of attempting a choice of the greatest, it seems much more to the point that one should note the varied tendencies and solid achievement of all these dozen men, and to reflect that great sculpture is neither dead in the world nor likely to die soon.

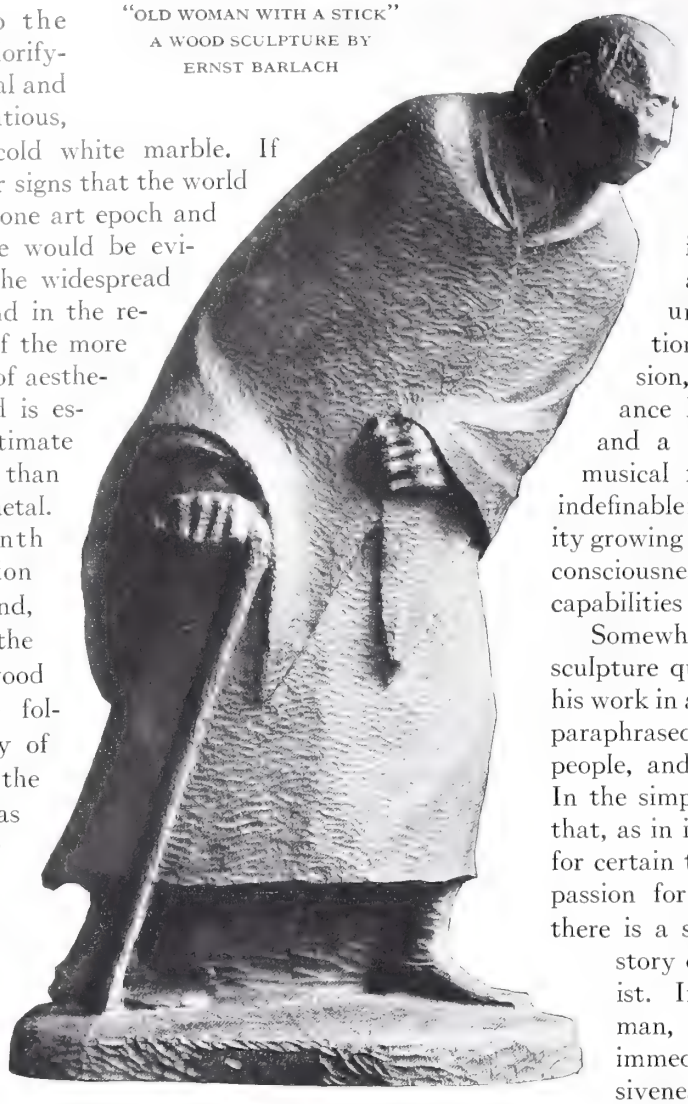
If I elect, then, to write here of one man—Ernst Barlach—it is not because I would place him above Epstein and Brancusi and Maillol or the others, but because he is undisputed master in his own field, a field that has hardly been remembered in the centuries since the flame of Gothic art burned out. Barlach's field is that of sculpture in wood. In saying that that branch of art has been dead for several hundred years, it is necessary, perhaps, to draw a distinction between wood carving and sculpture in wood. Wood carvers, making ornamental designs or reproducing other men's figures, have existed in the world continuously; but creative artists, cutting their conceptions directly in the wooden block, have been unknown in the Western world for so long that one is apt to doubt that this has the possibilities of a major art medium.

The reasons for the lapse are doubtless many and varied, but at least two are obvious: first, the general decay in craftsmanship; and second, that absurd notion, derived from a misconception of classic art, that all "artistic" architecture must be in white stone—a fallacy that carried over from the



"THE FREEZING GIRL"
WOOD SCULPTURE BY
ERNST BARLACH

EDITORIAL NOTE: *The photographs of Barlach's work are published by courtesy of Paul Cassirer, of Berlin*



"OLD WOMAN WITH A STICK"
A WOOD SCULPTURE BY
ERNST BARLACH

architectural to the sculptural field, glorifying the monumental and the coldly pretentious, and particularly cold white marble. If there were no other signs that the world is breaking out of one art epoch and into another, there would be evidence enough in the widespread return to color, and in the revival of so many of the more "intimate" media of aesthetic creation. Wood is essentially more intimate and more human than is either stone or metal.

With nineteenth century superstition for the past in mind, one might expect the renaissance of wood sculpture to have followed a close study of Gothic art. But the man who stands as the foremost worker in the field today is no mere deriver of other-time inspirations. Ernst Barlach is as individual a creator as there is in the contemporary art world. He seems to have turned to wood absolutely independently, entirely because he found therein a medium exactly suited to the expression of what he wanted to say. Thus sculpture in wood has come back into the group of living arts not as a revival of a mediaeval art but as a medium ideally coordinated with certain emotional aspects of here-and-now, and with not a little bias toward what is generally if vaguely termed modernism.

Sculpture is in one sense more obviously an art of "form" than any other. And yet one need go only a little way in study of the subject to know that the real essence of art, aesthetic form—that quality so variously named "significant form," "essential form," etc., and perhaps unnamable because it is four-dimensional in a sense—is as elusive here as in painting, architecture, music and other arts. The true sculptor knows that it is not a surface matter, not to be attained by an easy fluency in modelling, or a clever proficiency in imitation of a model (even though that model be caught in a particularly revealing attitude), or in mere anecdotes or symbols adequately translated into bronze or wood or stone. There is the necessity, beyond all these things, of some understanding combination of emotion and expression, a finely-preserved balance between creative vision and a scientific mathematical-musical feeling for form, for an indefinable fourth-dimensional quality growing jointly out of the artist's consciousness and the mysterious capabilities of his medium.

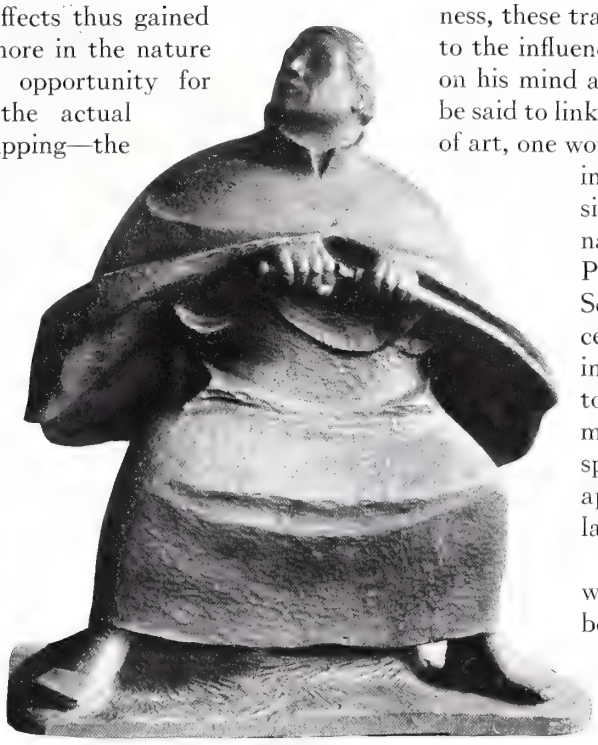
Somewhere a critic of Barlach's sculpture quotes him as explaining his work in a sentence which may be paraphrased thus: "I care for the people, and I care for sculpture." In the simplicity and directness of that, as in its linking of his passion for certain types of people with his passion for plastic expressiveness, there is a suggestion of the whole story of the man and the artist. In the directness of the man, too, in his longing for immediate aesthetic expressiveness, might be found the reason for his grasping the wood medium. The sculptor in stone must work week after week, even month after month, to realize his slightest conception, keeping the fire of inspiration alight through endless days of extreme physical labor. The modeller—who, by the way, may or may not be accorded the title "sculptor" in the creative period that is dawning—may build up his clay or wax sketch quickly and spontaneously, but the shaping of the full-size model, and the further steps to the finished bronze, are matters of a considerable lapsed time. No sort of sculpture offers a quick medium to complete expression, but wood is undoubtedly the nearest immediate of all the materials that are available.

Wood has, of course, other virtues than this one of directness, distinctive virtues that lie in its consistency as wood. The very "feel" of a well-realized wood sculpture, the "blockiness" of it, resulting from the broad way in which it cuts, is different from any that can be secured from stone or bronze. Certain artists have capitalized

the grain, although the effects thus gained are to be considered as more in the nature of accidentals; and the opportunity for increasing interest by the actual method of cutting or chipping—the texture element—is to be noted as of importance.

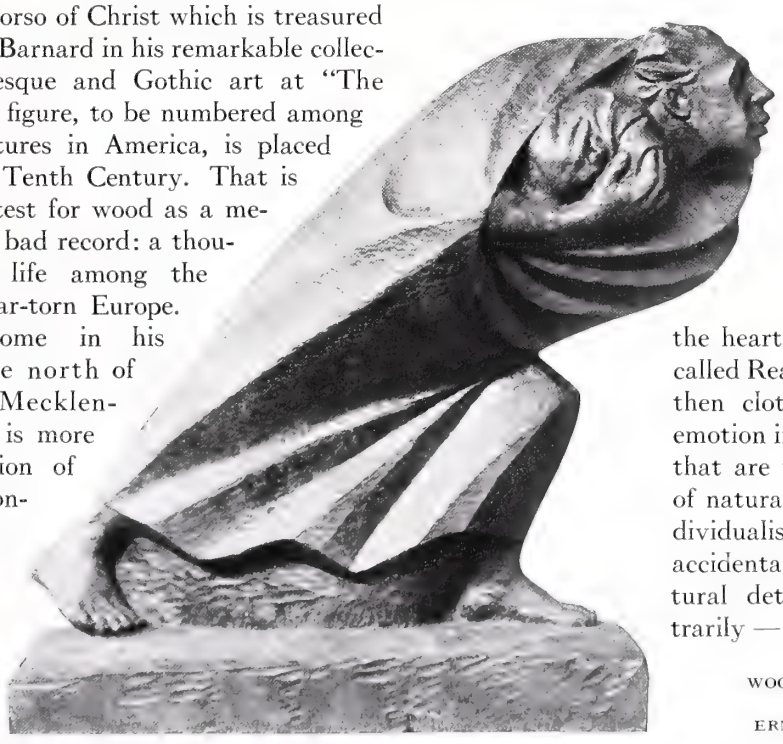
Marble, granite and bronze have their distinctive virtues as well, unattainable in any other materials, and there are certain losses in not using these more usual media. Some of the differences that will most readily leap to mind, however, may be less sound than they at first seem. Someone will immediately say that sensitiveness is a quality more easily attained in the more minutely chiselled stone, or in modelled clay or bronze. For answer let us look at the extraordinarily expressive face of the "Old Woman with a Stick," among the illustrations herewith, or at the general pose of the "Freezing Girl." For this matter of sensitiveness, of exactness of revelation, as well as for the next point—that wood, although less durable than stone or metal, is fairly permanent—my mind flashes to that Torso of Christ which is treasured by George Gray Barnard in his remarkable collection of Romanesque and Gothic art at "The Cloisters." This figure, to be numbered among the finest sculptures in America, is placed as a work of the Tenth Century. That is something of a test for wood as a medium, and not a bad record: a thousand years of life among the vicissitudes of war-torn Europe.

Barlach's home in his youth was in the north of Germany, in Mecklenburg, and there is more than a suggestion of his early environment in his work today. A darkness that hangs over his visions, a closeness to the soil, a certain heaviness, these traits might be traced back to the influence of his own way of life on his mind and emotions. If he may be said to link up at all with any school of art, one would have to search rather in Scandinavia and Russia than in Germany for names to put beside his. Particularly in the list of Scandinavian writers, and certainly in the group that included Tolstoy, Dostoievsky and Gorky, one might find the animating spirit that shapes the approach of Ernst Barlach's to his subjects.



WOOD SCULPTURE
BY
ERNST BARLACH

But note this well: whatever he may have been in his earlier years as artist, he certainly cannot today be tagged with the label of Naturalism. There is Realism in his work a-plenty—but never for its own sake, never merely the cross-section of life, the photographic, the amazingly truthful. He links with the great Russians rather in finding his subject-matter in the less fortunate classes, and in his sympathy with them. But his subject found, he is off clothing his vision in an art form as individual, as formalized, as far from the natural surface of life, as can be imagined. Perhaps that is one of the chief characteristics of the true Modernist in art: that he digs as deep down toward the heart of life as the so-called Realists ever did, and then clothes his resultant emotion in expressive forms that are the very opposite of naturalistic, that are individualistic, stripped of all accidental or inessential natural detail, shaped arbitrarily — plunging all the



WOOD SCULPTURE
BY
ERNST BARLACH



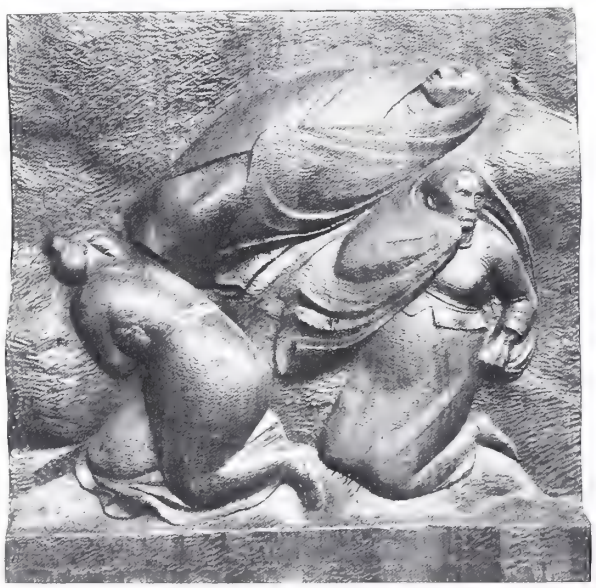
"SLEEPING VAGABONDS"
WOOD SCULPTURE BY
ERNST BARLACH

way through the dross "real" to the emotional.

In regard to Russia, it must be added that Barlach spent some time in that country in the formative period of his art life, thus strengthening and clarifying those currents which had begun to flow into his consciousness out of his own environment. A German biographer of Lehmbruck, the one undoubted genius among Germany's pre-war sculptors, has pointed out the curious appropriateness in the fact that Lehmbruck, needing city life and the contact of traditional culture and the atmosphere of the art workshop, for the ripening of his talent, went to Paris to study and work, whereas Barlach, individualist and dreamer, craving something primitively solid and in a sense anti-cultural, sought his field—and found it—among the Russians. And yet every German commentator points out, with some justice, that if there is any point at which Barlach establishes contact with the past, it is where the Alt-Deutsch sculptors left off four or five hundred years ago — in Nuremburg and the other art centers of Bavaria.

Barlach's figures, drawn as they are from the "folk" groups, from the lower strata of society, inevitably challenge comparison with the sculptures of Constantin Meunier, the Belgian who made a world success with his delineations of laborers and the peasantry. Such a comparison may prove illuminating in several ways. Meunier is *par excellence* an example of Naturalism or Realism for its own sake. Read any article about him and you will find that it is "truth to life" that is insisted upon, over and over again. Look at a Meunier statue and it is the actuality of it that is the amazing thing. Details are capitalized rather than eliminated; a perfect outward realization of the model has been achieved. At his best Meunier may be said to have achieved a *subjective* sort of Realism, a something that spoke for himself as artist, beyond his subject. But with all his dealing with simple people, did he ever achieve a work as simple as Barlach's "Old Woman with a Stick" or his "Freezing Girl"—or anything so much in the *spirit* of those people? Great artist that he was in his period, he fell victim to the besetting artistic sin of his era: he was more intent on delineating truthfully and in detail what could be seen with the eye, and what could be understood with the intellect, than he was in expressing some emotion aesthetically and finally that the subject had inspired in him.

Without claiming that Barlach has achieved any great number of masterpieces in the post-Realistic field, or that he is more typical of current tendencies than half a dozen others who might be named, one may recognize clearly that in his best work he has freed himself completely from that sort of Naturalistic fallacy. He is individual, subjective, but it is not the eye or the intellect that controls, but rather feeling, emotion, aesthetic apprehension. In the finished work there is no question of his having been slave to his subject; feeling, form as such, and sheer love of his medium speak beyond subject matter. In the two men, among the greatest in their respective fields, there is a mighty story of a world-shift in art—a story that is illuminating to anyone seeking light on the probable direction of



"DIE VERLASSENEN"
CARVED WOOD PANEL BY
ERNST BARLACH
(In The National Gallery, Berlin



"PASTORAL GROUP" A BRONZE BY ERNST BARLACH

Modernism, but withal a story which is still confusingly in the making.

Of the works shown in illustration in these pages, I have already mentioned the "Old Woman with a Stick" and the "Freezing Girl" as examples of simplicity and sensitiveness. The former is more often reproduced than any other of his sculptures, and may perhaps be considered best representative of what Barlach is trying to achieve. The directness, the honesty of it are extraordinary, and coupled with these qualities there is a challenging fineness in the handling. Above all, perhaps, there is that solidity, that scientific fullness, which marks the greatest sculpture. In the whole, breadth with sensitiveness, emotional conception with science, frankly wooden medium with direct, living expressiveness, there is an object lesson that might well be pondered over by many of our facile young American modellers. The term "vigor" takes on new meanings and new reservations when one applies it to such a piece of sculpture.

The same solidity is marked in the "Freezing Girl," and there is here, in the way the figure stands, further evidence of Barlach's mastery of simplification as a means to greater emotional expressiveness. "The Sleeping Vagabonds" seems, somehow, a less serious work, more a matter of recorded outward life and less a matter of feeling. Entirely different from any of the other things illustrated, in conception or purpose, is the famous "Die Verlassenen," of which the original is in the modern annex of the National Gallery in Berlin. Here the artist has obviously been actuated by some conception of a rhythm to be attained, more strongly than by an interest in a subjective emotion.

One work in bronze, the so-called "Pastoral Group," is added to the illustrations, partly to show that Barlach might claim eminence in more than one medium—for it is a work that would attract special attention in any exhibition of recent sculpture—and partly to suggest that a medium habitually used leaves its mark on a man even when he turns to other media. For the thing throughout gives evidence that instead of modelling in the usual fashion, Barlach has cut his clay as he would cut his wood.

Other artists in many other countries are experimenting in this medium, and we even find it turning up in our own independent shows. But the only artist who has so far sufficiently "caught on" with a public to be exploited in the magazines is Chana Orloff. Her work, however, is calculated to attract attention by its novelty and by a certain amusing satirical element rather than by those more vigorous and more honest qualities which are apparent in the illustrations herewith. Wood sculpture is by way of being in renaissance. At present its best exponent—in the creative sense of the word—is Ernst Barlach. He holds that place not because he set out to gain it, but because he had an artist's vision and reached out for the most direct means of expression. Perhaps the best explanation of his success from start to finish is to be found in the one word *honesty*.

INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

ART BY THE WAY

Guy Pène du BOIS

The Passing of Republican Painting

MOVEMENTS in art resemble whiskey bottles. They are important when full, when empty they are merely the shell of a fine thing which died. The substance of this article is in this journalistic lead. Any art writer would have spoken of waves with Michelangelo on the crest of one and Phidias of another or, as Clive Bell, of slopes leading, like the scollops on the kitchen oil cloth, to some larger one (a mistake of the scissors) spotted by the commanding figure of Cézanne. But then any art writer, thinking of Hughes or Lloyd George or Briand probably, would bristle at the thought of confusing politics with art or anything with art.

ART, spelled with three reverential capitals, is the only virginal thing remaining on this vulgarly rollicking earth. Art—the painting end—is so pure that it no longer needs a recognizable body. Ask the enlightened writers on ultra-modernism or, knowing none, Alfred Steiglitz. But be careful: do not confuse a painted abstraction with a socialistic theory. It is true that their designs have something in common: a mass as against the ancient kingly figure, the central morsel; an idea playing the devil with the anatomical and philosophical integrity, with the free will of the individual. He counts no more. Strength is in numbers. Numbers—Protestants, Catholics, Mohammedans, Democrats, Republicans, Bolshevists, Labor Unions and Trusts—are not free figures. Paint them in dozens. They are little marionettes in big puppet shows. Quantity against quality? Is the whole world machine made? And where are we all going, bodies of us together, regiments entangled in other regiments, Freudians and Puritans? Paint them in hundreds of thousands or better still, since the trend of the time demands efficiency, paint them with symbols, a cylinder making a triangle look sick, a cube balanced on a newspaper clipping. College boys in snappy clothes, flappers in round hats, uniform dresses for young girls and for others who wish they were. Aesthetics have nothing to do with all this.

But the slouch hats of the friends of the people are disappearing. Perhaps we've tired of the empty bottle which once held Jeffersonian simplicity. There can be no absolute assurance on that question. There *can* be hope. Only recently, within two or three years, Barnard's statue of Lincoln was attacked because the great emancipator's bronze trousers were uncreased. Perhaps, after all, we are growing a taste for the frivolities, those the French call the lighter ones. The New York *Herald*, owned by Frank A. Munsey, has an art critic who is a Francophile. It is not improbable that we shall shortly have translations of Henri de Regnier. When that happens, however, the last slouch hat will be a curiosity even in the Middle West, even in Ohio, though I've heard (on no very good authority to be sure) that one day, between affabilities, Warren puffed on a cigarette! If Ohio begins to go in for frivolities, then republicanism, or democracy, or whatever is the word for the "plain man" philosophy, is dying.

And, too, many of us are admiring the empty bottle. I've heard New Yorkers titter over the photograph of Warren blowing the horn in the Marion band. (This titter in Cleveland would have been better evidence, but we must use that which is given us: colored with hope it is not bad at all.) We are going on toward a President who dares a two-inch cigarette holder, and following that revolution there may be a Congress, like interior decorators, in spats.

However, our most popular painters are still wearing the slouch hats (I'll call this figurative) of the he-man. The feminine alone is supposed to be sensitive. Perhaps these painters are too masculine to gather anything from the new turn of the wind. Yet, I've seen John Sloan, Robert Henri, George Bellows, Eugene Speicher and, of course, Leon Kroll (which is a doubtful bit of evidence, for Mr. Kroll is noted for his taste in dress), in dinner jackets! Subject for wonder there. They cannot, while living even this much up to the new ideal, have retained a firm grip on that reverence for the past which the Chinese themselves seem at last to have decided to discard. But the stuff out of which "plain men," "forceful" language and the rest of it are made, continues to lend that character to their painting which in effete quarters would be called vulgar and, amid the handshaking republicans, vital. Henri and Bellows are from Ohio; Speicher, Sloan and Kroll should be if they are not. Henri and Bellows of the lot, in any case, are the most

popular. There is less content with the lighter frivolities in Sloan.* And he has had less commendation. He has been suspected of socialism. Whenever he has recorded the "beau monde" he has written it down with a quite righteous republican sneer. The money for all these gewgaws might put food into the faces of the starving poor. Besides, the answer is as simple as this, you cannot paint the oak of a table when it is covered with a mahogany veneer. Perhaps life is most evident when it is most odoriferous. There's reason for doubt, anyway: oak that is not visible may not be oak at all.

Courbet wished (out loud, for it is recorded) that his pupils might add to their other realistic notes the odor of a Percheron which he led into the classroom. Such is life; the life, anyway, which made a particular appeal to Robert Henri, the high priest of these republican Americans. He returned after an eleven years stay in Paris to become the American apostle of French realism. Emile Zola was writing then and "Manette Salomon" by the de Goncourts had been printed for some time. He could not anywhere have discovered a more fertile ground, a soil whose young sprouts wanted more vigorously to become men. This, be it understood, in the republican sense. Some of them may have already crossed Brooklyn ferry with Walt and probably followed him to less serene places. It was not long before they all wanted to. No Beardsley exotics here. Kenneth Hayes Miller, at that time, had not yet outlived his first love for the chaste Florentines. And what an idol was Gustave Courbet. He had fought the republican fight behind barricades. Romance there for you. He had talked republicanism with tremendous fervor outside the barricades. His masterpiece "The Funeral at Ornans" was without a central figure. One man is as good as another. To the ash heap with Raphael's polite, sugary, overgracious, urbane, suave veneer—his royalist manners. Courbet was unfortunate in being unable to find enough hairy apes around him. Perhaps he really had not the eyes with which to see them. His epoch was awfully cluttered with the gods and goddesses of classicism and romance. It is difficult for a man to travel far beyond his environment. But he lived the man's man part. Meyergraeff describes him in Munich drinking more beer than a host of formidable Bavarians. There was another note, quite beside the point, to the effect that a strain of Teutonic blood must certainly have run in his capacious frame.

Courbet may already have emptied the bottle when our republicans began their admiration society. He had been dead a long time. The political face of Paris had already changed. The republic was a going concern. There were his French successors, realists owning no tinge of his romance. Perhaps there was nothing left but to carry through with the empty bottle the gestures he made with it full. An ideal realized automatically ceases to exist. We go on to the next bottle. But in America the established painters were dragging pigment into pretty ensembles, ensembles so pretty that they could be taken as a sign of the want of vitality in the nation. Inness, Wyant and Martin were favorites. Murphy was still to sell everything he painted, though he'd begun to point that way. Ryder, painting in an ash strewn flat on the West Side, was hardly known. Our rich men who did violent things in money markets were lambs brought to be slaughtered in art markets. Mahonri Young had not introduced Meunier. Though Millet's laborer was known, he was an agriculturist, not an iron worker. Industry as an art theme was never considered. Degas, Manet, Renoir, Whistler were not much more than names.

Henri did a great service when he introduced to the community a little group of disciples which became known as "The Eight" in contradistinction to "The Ten American Painters." For the most part "The Ten" were very polite (or compromising) disciples of the French *pleinairistes*. With two or three exceptions "The Eight" were republicans, singing the song of the plain man and his family. That was before Bellows had graduated from an Ohio college, before Shinn, who was a playful member of the group, had discontinued easel painting, and Glackens, another, had come out of the Whistlerian cellar. It was a long time before the war: very few Americans comparatively had crossed the ocean. Only an odd one here knew anything about foreign politics and few of these cared when not financially concerned. The slouch hats were everywhere. We were a real republic: every man as good as his neighbor. The dining-room table was mahogany or pine painted mahogany color. The chairs were hand carved or made to resemble handcarving by an ingenious lathe set up in a busy Grand Rapids factory. Lace was equally distributed among the ladies, although some was made by machine in Newark and some by hand in Brussels. Only the trained eye could detect the difference. We talked about sending the boys to public school in order to

** EDITORIAL NOTE—It may be observed at this point that when it comes to incisive realism and disinclination to call a spade a shovel, also to positive color, Messrs. Henri, Sloan and Bellows are under no necessity of taking a back seat to anybody unless it be to Guy Pène du Bois.—P. B.*

give them such things as breadth, democracy, etc.

It is difficult to know, even in the face of the preceding evidence, whether the republican realism which reflected that time was not already a somewhat empty bottle, a kind of reminiscence of something which was good while we had it but which now, alas, was gone. The Prince of Wales was a big success here recently and titled people are now taking room in the Sunday supplements which might be devoted to railroad or ship wrecks, portraits of athletes or of good solid republicans. But this has been true in, perhaps, a minor degree for a long time. There is better evidence elsewhere. It is especially plentiful in the picture galleries. The suggestion may be timely that fancy and frivolity, like tennis balls, are good things to play with and not desirable because they are useful as the mirror of a solid virtue or of the beauty in a dull countryside or of the pathos, *à la* Eugene Higgins, in the trials of the extremely poor. There is service, if service is absolutely essential, in entertainment. The fashionable word now employed before pictures in cases of extremity has changed from "interesting" to "amusing." The difference in these two words is not tremendous, but, slight as it is, it is vital.

Our republican realists are never amusing. Somehow they have got perplexed over the difference between solidity and stolidity and have acquired the second quality when they were really aiming at the first. The first as a predominant virtue of commerce should have weight in a republic. One does not smile before their works in any case, and never with them. They have the qualities of good citizenship, and they have the dullness.

We have been forced to stand and listen to the national anthem with a somewhat substantial bourgeoisie a good many times in recent years, to stand like soldiers willy nilly. This as a state measure is a sensible matter of form. The validity of the form on which the republican realists have thrived is more questionable and is being even more questioned. Harding descending to blow the communal horn, the handclasp so condescendingly given the laborer, the mock of brotherhood in excessive cordiality, the overloud talk which is a sectional mannerism, used to captivate the national love of energy and vitality. "Hit them between the eyes," was a saying. But perhaps that blow has been landed too often. When we are not knocked out we are merely bored. Great sweeps, with Bellows and Henri, of brushes loaded with paint and gusto, constitutes strong arm painting. Pictures of common people in common interiors; no touch of the fancy breed or decorators in them.

We hear that Ohio has produced so many presidents because it is the pivotal state or because it has topographical good fortune. Perhaps, far from being a plain matter of a map, the reason for Ohio may be found in psychology and philosophy. Climate must be considered. Neither Raphaels nor olives can be grown in the northern countries. There are political aspects also. A republican state ruled by the will of the majority is ruled by the mediocrity. Ohio appears to understand the kind of appeal acceptable to the most people—or, at least, some Ohians do. Mr. Cox kisses his son before the camera and Mr. Harding pats his dog. Nice human, democratic men, even as you and I. Camera reports are beyond denial. Besides, they usually deal only in those facts which cannot be harmful to the public or to the public men photographed.

Henri, Bellows, Speicher, with all their great display of vitality, are models of good behavior. We can talk of their private lives only in terms of virtue. They are like Goya only in the evidences of gusto. Indeed, the fight recently waged on the Bellows nude hung at the National Arts Club was more amusing than otherwise. Bellows has inherited the wisdom of prudence. Flesh is best, which is to say most safely, seen as leather. Delacroix found the same virtue (he did not call it virtue) with the flesh brushed in by that great classic purist Ingres. Bellows is neither a New England Puritan nor a purist. The purist keeps flesh out of his art in order that no carnal consideration will enter its summary and thus puncture the spiritual precision of his message. But the Bellows message is not spiritual. It is built for the plain man, an appeal to the republican common sense and written in language suggesting that the blood of the writer has come to a boil. He is giving plain facts at fever heat accentuated by the lustiness of enormous brushes, by the gesture of the plain man in possession of the full rich energy of youth, otherwise called "pep." In all these gestures, however, there is never a hint of gallantry, never a breath of a scented breeze, never a touch of real intimacy. The work begins by being held within the definition of that which in a republican state or in a commercial nation will be considered important painting and ends there. There are no slips. The beauty rendered, should there happen to be any, is the homely, modest, sound one beloved of the common people. The lines are square and unimaginative. The composition, solid and substantial, is the product of an executive rather

than of an inventive faculty. In Henri we find, on the other hand, a little of that insipid sort of prettiness which has made the covers of the *Ladies' Home Journal* popular in our broad land. He has been away from Paris or his early idols too long, from those sterner human documents which, though rarely pretty, are often beautiful. The original kick has given place to an imitation of it. Having lost the revolutionary radicalism of his youth, the early discontent, he has settled comfortably upon the optimism of Pollyanna. Perhaps he is himself questioning the importance of "important" painting. It may be that he has caught at something in the unsettled air of the period. Could he have listened to the sceptic twaddle of the Dadaists? Who can tell? His repetitions of his convictions want the characteristic fire.

Mr. Speicher is younger, young enough to have been caught in the meshes set here by the paintings of Renoir. It is true that he accepted them with a compromise, perhaps a moral compromise. Renoir was not a republican. Speicher is affected by republicanism: he only occasionally rises above the level set by his compatriots. The Frenchman owned a sensuousness which in old age became senility. Speicher is younger than the Renoir we know best in America—and tighter. Renoir's "barbarians" (Camille Mauclaire's name for them), groomed by the American, become like those ladies of our billboards who, after twenty years of marriage and face cream, have retained their school girl complexions. Still it is possible that in reaching toward Renoir he valiantly attempted to throw off the solid banalities of his school.

Kroll aims at Cézanne.

The new bottle must arrive very soon.

The Cover by Mme. Vigée-Le Brun

Although the industrious and always popular Mme. Vigée-Le Brun (1755-1842) is best known by her portraits — which she painted to an extraordinary number in France, Italy, Austria, Russia and England—she also left among the world's public and private collections not a few semi-allegorical subjects of which the "Portrait of a Woman" that is reproduced in color on the cover of this issue of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO through the courtesy of Wildenstein & Co., is a charmingly characteristic example. In the "Self Portrait" shown here the artist is represented in the manner by which she is best known, a circumstance due to the large number of portraits she painted in her long and busy life of eighty-seven years. That manner had little of the graceful sentimentalities of the "Portrait of a Woman," which is done something in the manner of Greuze, a painter under whom she never studied, but to whose style she proclaimed a certain amount of admiration through such pictures as this semi-allegorical subject.



SELF PORTRAIT
BY MME. VIGÉE-LE BRUN

The woman in this canvas is realism itself, the figure having the revelatory frankness of Rubens without his robust vision and treatment. The accessories of the costume, the jewels, the deep chair with its luxurious draperies are all treated in this same manner, allegory and fancy entering into the figure of Cupid with his fascinating little wings and the ornate bow and quiver of arrows which the woman holds in her gracefully beautiful hands.

Pittsburgh Weds Art to Gardening



THE FIGURE IN THE CENTER IS ROBERT AIKEN'S "FAUN AND MERMAID"

BEFORE THE TAPESTRY STANDS SHERRY FRY'S "FORTUNA"

BELOW: A FOUNTAIN FIGURE BY HENRY HERING

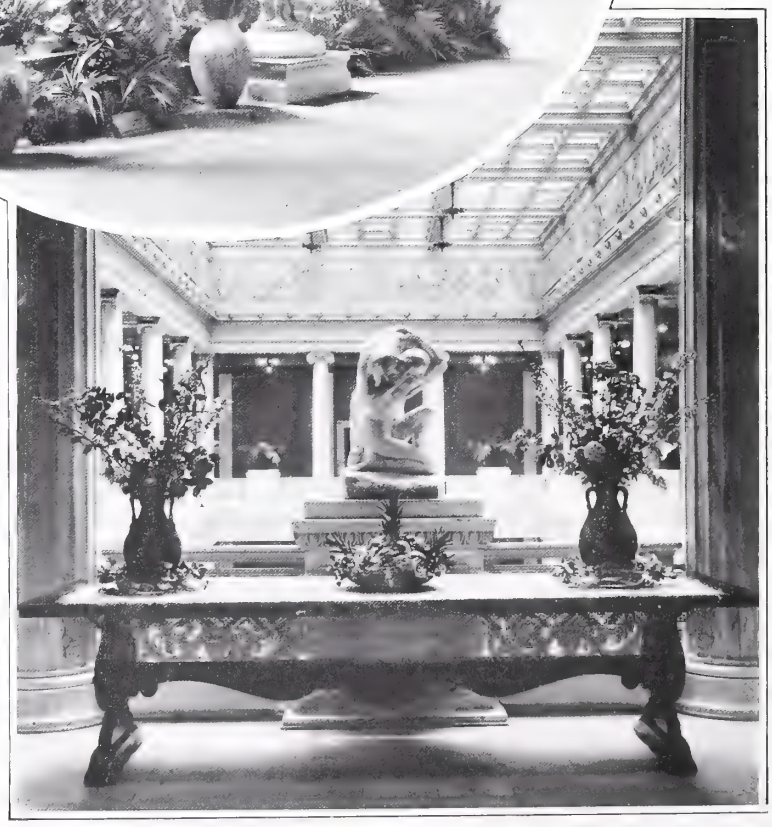
IN THE BACKGROUND A PEACOCK PANEL BY ROBERT WINTHROP CHANLER

ONE OF THE GALLERIES IN THE EXHIBITION OF ART AND SCIENCE IN GARDENS AT CARNEGIE INSTITUTE, PITTSBURGH



Arts and sciences not generally associated with arboriculture were drawn upon to fashion the "Exhibition of Art and Science in Gardens" at the Carnegie Institute in June for the Pittsburgh meeting of the Garden Club of America. Sculpture, pictures, Flemish verdure tapestries, garden books, models of park and plaisance—all were assembled with blooms and greenery into a combined display that delighted and amazed the spectators. These things were related to gardening; but no one appears to have drawn them into one relation before this show was held.

Such an exhibition lifts gardening up to the highest plane of expression such as was practiced in Italy, France and England for centuries. It is rich with suggestions of how many of these things may be applied to the small as well as the large garden.



BALCONY OF THE SCULPTURE HALL AT CARNEGIE INSTITUTE AS ARRANGED FOR THE ART AND SCIENCE IN GARDENS EXHIBIT



A TEA SET DESIGNED AND MADE BY THE POTTERY OF NEWCOMB COLLEGE
NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

It's Now the POTTER'S *Turn*

Renaissance of the crafts in America brings revival of the world's most ancient creative art · · · by

LILIAN H. CROWLEY*

"Turn, turn my wheel! This earthen jar
A touch can make, a touch can mar;
And shall it to the Potter say,
What makest thou? Thou hast no hand?
As men who think to understand
A world by their creator planned,
Who wiser is than they."—Longfellow

AMONG the many artistic revivals in the United States that owe their inspiration to the Centennial Exhibition held in Philadelphia in 1876 is the world's oldest art, that of the making of pottery. From Colonial and Revolutionary times the English and German colonists and their immediate descendants followed the potter's craft with results so fine that their wares, however humble their original use, are now treasured by all collectors of American pottery. The potter was an industrial artist, but in the slow and steady decline of art interest in our country in the second and third quarters of the nineteenth century, the individual potter fell away with the rest of our craftsmen. And it was only the tonic effect of the Centennial Exhibition that revived pottery making and brought it up to the present high achievement it has reached today. To one woman, Maria Longworth Storer, of Cincinnati, is this revival due. And it is eminently fitting that the work she began, purely as an amateur, should be carried directly to the people through the travelling pottery exhibit of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, which tends to establish, in the small towns where it is sent, a standard for what is good in pottery. During the last year the Federation's exhibition has been seen in thirty-six towns and more than one hundred pieces have been sold in that period as a result of the plan adopted for attracting interest to the shows. Art has been brought to the people, which includes the sponsoring of the exhibition in each place by the local women's club, a special invitation extended to school children and the public, a lecture compiled by Mrs. Anna Morey (for nine years chairman of pottery of the Federation), delivered by a member of the local club, and the attractiveness of the exhibition itself, which includes from fifty to sixty examples from the potteries that sprang from Mrs. Storer's first venture into this field—those of the Rookwood, Newcomb, Van Briggle, Teco,



AN EXAMPLE OF THE WARE OF THE NEWCOMB POTTERY

*Formerly chairman of the pottery section of Arts and Crafts, General Federation of Women's Clubs.

Niloak, Paul Revere, Dedham, Marblehead, Overbeck and Moravian plants. It is intended in the future to add a still greater variety of work of American potteries to the travelling exhibition.

The term "pottery" in its broadest sense includes all objects made from clay and hardened by fire to enable them to withstand daily use. Nowadays the term is generally applied to the commoner class of articles so made, the name "porcelain" being given to the finer kinds, a tendency that is far from accurate since "porcelain" more aptly fits cer-







tain definite varieties of pottery. Actually pottery is opaque earthenware, glazed and baked, while porcelain is a fine, smooth, transparent or semi-transparent earthenware, white before being decorated.

The basic clay, which is found almost everywhere in the world and in almost every state in our country, begins its process of being made into pottery nowadays by being ground in water in a "ball mill," cleaned of sticks, stones and other impurities, and then fashioned into round cakes ten inches in diameter and an inch and a quarter thick, ready for the potter. The illustrations reproduced here show a potter "throwing the clay" to make it soft; forming a vase on the "throwing wheel" (an instrument of the potter's craft so ancient that no one knows its origin); the "knuckle draft," one of the secondary stages; the process of "drawing" the clay, and the finishing and decorating of the piece. While the clay is being worked it is called "leather hard" and after it is fired for the first time it is called "biscuit." Decorations may be put on before it is put in the kiln for the first time, but the glazing—the process of dipping the piece into a liquid made from



JOSEPH H. MEYER, FOR TWENTY-SIX YEARS "THROWER" AT NEWCOMB COLLEGE, AND THREE EXAMPLES OF NEWCOMB POTTERY

silicates of various bases—comes after the clay has become "biscuit." When this glaze is dry the second firing takes place and the piece is finished. Glazing adds to the beauty and the serviceableness of the pottery.

Rookwood, the pioneer pottery of the United States, was started in 1880 by Maria Longworth Storer, of Cincinnati, Ohio. She became interested in pottery while attending the Centennial in Philadelphia in 1876, and a little later began, with some friends, the making of "Rookwood," which was the name of her father's home. These enterprising women were called "the lady potters." They began their work in an old schoolhouse and were financed in their undertaking by Joseph Longworth, Mrs. Storer's father. Mrs Storer retired from the work in 1890, when William Watts Taylor, recently deceased, took charge. The very beautiful buildings on Mt. Adams, Cincinnati, are proof positive of the popularity of Rookwood Pottery. The work was not self-supporting until after the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo. The original enterprise was entirely an art idea, but it is a good thing for the country that since that time Rookwood has been put on a paying commercial basis.



AN EXAMPLE OF HIGH GLAZE ROOKWOOD WARE

Shales from the mines of the Ohio Valley, mixed with flint and spar, are used in this pottery. Colored glazes were first made in 1883. One may know the date of any piece of Rookwood by the mark on the bottom. From 1882 to 1886 the word Rookwood and the year beneath were used. In 1886 the plant began the use of the monogram R.P. In 1887 "R," with a flame above it, was used; then a flame for each year up to 1900, after which the year below was put in Roman numerals. The monograms or initials of the decorators are also cut in the bottom of the pieces.

The decorator works with brush and India ink, which, being a vegetable color, soon fires out. The decoration is then overpainted with a mixture of oxides and "slip," the latter thinned with water. This makes the design a part of the piece itself. Conventionalized landscapes, flowers and rooks are some of the subjects used for the decorations of Rookwood pieces. Decorations are sometimes incised on the "green" with modeling tools. In 1904 at the St. Louis Exposition the "vellum" glaze was exhibited for the first time. It was the only ceramic novelty of the exposition and it made Mr. Stanley Burt, its inventor, famous. "Vellum" is a transparent mat glaze developed in the firing and not by acid or other after-treatment. It takes its name from the texture which characterizes it, a soft, parchment-like finish which has a place between the bright and dull glazes. In 1910 the "Ombroso" ware was brought out by the Rookwood Pottery. It has a mat glaze and colors usually in grays and browns, sometimes with notes of



A ROOKWOOD MODELLER FORMING A VASE ON THE THROWING WHEEL



A FINISHED EXAMPLE OF ROOKWOOD WARE

beautiful ware represents years of chemical research and kiln trials. The new Rookwood soft porcelain has a deep glaze flowing over plain pieces, or pieces with low-relief modeling. Many of the forms of Rookwood are made on the potter's wheel, and Charles Mahar has achieved fame as a thrower of some of the most beautiful pottery in the world. Rookwood glazes are in many colors, shades and variations—blues, greens, yellows and reds—and every piece is original and un-duplicated both in design and decoration. John Wareham, vice-president of the company, who of late years has had charge of the decorating room, is himself a decorator of wide experience. He has largely regulated the choice of colors in which the pieces were to be glazed and has made many interesting innovations in the actual shape of the ware.

Newcomb Pottery was originated in 1897 in the School of Art, Newcomb College, New Orleans, Louisiana. The clay used is from St. Tammany Parish, La. The ware is hand thrown by Joseph H. Meyer, for twenty-six years thrower for Newcomb, then the design is drawn with a soft pencil on the clay vessel and incised with a steel modeling tool giving the effect of low-relief modeling. The pot is fired and then the decorator paints it in its unglazed state, applying the paint with a brush over the modeled design. The designers are southern men and women educated in the School of Art, Newcomb College, and the flora of the South is largely used as subjects for decoration, the orange, palm, magnolia, jasmine, cypress, pine trees and the oaks with hanging moss. Among flowers the Newcomb designers use snowdrop, spiderwort, iris, alisa, marchmaple and many other motifs seldom seen in other examples of American decorative art. The general color effect is a combination of blue and green, to which has lately been added a beautiful combination of blue and rose.

Newcomb pottery has a semi-transparent mat glaze through which the underpainting appears as other colors. In 1916 the pottery produced a soft porcelain, with a rich glaze, to celebrate the thirty-fifth anniversary of Rookwood. The development of this



PLACING THE WARE IN THE KILN FOR FIRING, AT THE ROOKWOOD POTTERY

AN EXAMPLE OF DECORATED ROOKWOOD POTTERY



through a morning mist. It has taken prizes at all international expositions since 1900. Each piece is original and is never duplicated. It bears the signature of the artist and the monogram of the college, a letter N within a letter C.

Artus Van Briggle of Colorado Springs, formerly with the Rookwood Company, began making pottery in 1902. He died a few years ago, but his work has been continued by his wife and others. This pottery is very beautiful and is famous for its raspberry color, shading into a rich, dark blue, and there are also delightful pieces in green and blue. There is always great dignity in the shapes, which are free from eccentricities, and the glaze is of an unusual velvety quality which appears to its best advantage in the undecorated pieces. Upon the decorated pots the design is modeled in low-relief, with motifs of conventionalized flowers which are used in such a way as to give charm to the line of the piece. Mr. Van Briggle received his inspiration from studying the Chinese porcelains in the Paris museums.



ONE OF THE ROOKWOOD DECORATORS AT WORK, AND AN EXAMPLE OF DECORATED ROOKWOOD POTTERY

Teco Pottery is made in Terra Cotta, Illinois, by the Gates Pottery Company, of which its creator, William D. Gates, is president. Situated in a picturesque valley, near a beautiful lake, the location gives inspiration to the designers who cultivate many flowers, particularly aquatic plants. Mr. Gates' own artistic home is near the workshop. Teco is especially beautiful in form; frequently suggesting classic inspiration. Some specimens have the lily or lotus, leaf and flower motifs, still others the purely imaginative ideals of the artist-potter. The shapes are simple in line and form, and some are undecorated, the beauty of the piece depending entirely on form and glaze. For colors there are metallic greens, browns, yellows and blues. The glaze is velvety. The dull tones of the ware make a pleasing setting for all kinds of flowers and, as a spot of color alone, are decidedly decorative.

Niloak, the name of another variety of American pottery is



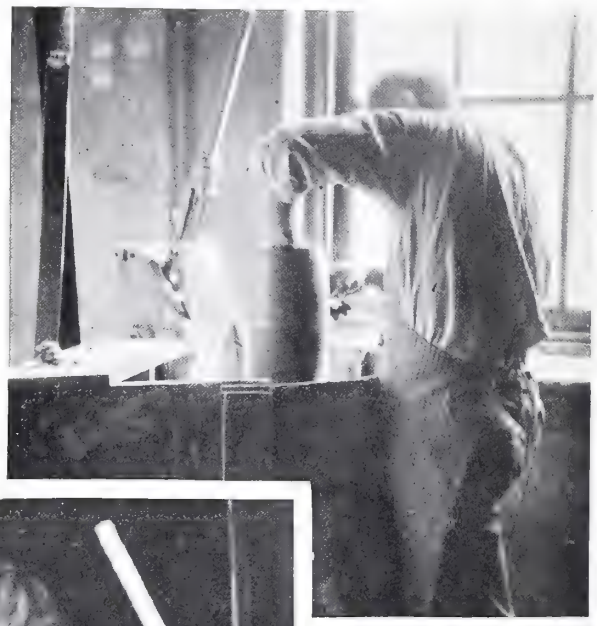
THE ROOKWOOD POTTERY AT CINCINNATI, OHIO



"THROWING" THE CLAY, THE FIRST STAGE IN THE MAKING OF A VASE

"kaolin" spelled backwards and is made in Benton, Arkansas, a little village in the Ozarks near Hot Springs. Niloak is a very popular pottery, made of local clays, and its color scheme consists of shades of two colors, usually blue and brown in an accidental pattern which produces a wood-like effect closely resembling old Indian pottery. Candlesticks, vases and bowls are all hand made and so there are no two pieces alike. The coloring of each is different, also.

Overbeck Pottery is made in Cambridge City, Indiana, by Elizabeth, Mary and Hannah Overbeck. This pottery is all "thrown" on the potter's wheel, except the cups and saucers, which are made in moulds. Elizabeth Overbeck does most of the "throwing." She completed her training under Charles F. Binns, in the New York School of Clay Working and Ceramics, Alfred, New York. Mary who does nearly all of the designing, studied in the Department of Design, Columbia University, and Hannah is the decorator. Two methods of decoration are used, glaze inlay and carving. Shapes, decorations and glazes are all original. The material used in Overbeck pottery is feldspar from Pennsylvania, kaolin from Delaware and ball clay from Tennessee mixed together. The "hyacinth" which is something of the color of a ripe raspberry with lavender shadings, the "turquoise" which resembles the gem of that name, and a lovely creamy yellow tone are among the most beautiful of the Overbeck glazes.



"KNUCKLE DRAFT," ONE OF THE FIRST STAGES





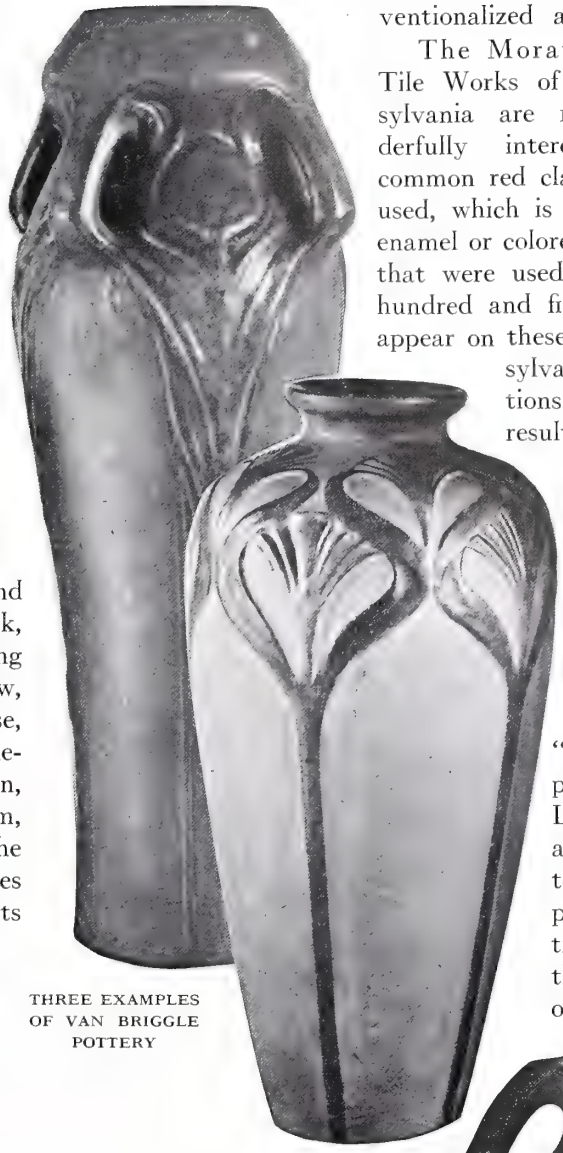
THE PROCESS OF "DRAWING" THE CLAY

ILLUSTRATIONS POSED BY PROFESSOR PAUL COX

THE FOURTH SHOWS THE FINISHING OF THE PIECE

Marblehead Pottery is made in Marblehead, Massachusetts, where charming, old-fashioned gardens, sunlit rocks and a blue sky, all aid in inspiring the artist. This pottery was founded in 1904 by Dr. Herbert Hall, but since 1915 Arthur E. Baggs has been the artist-owner. The shapes are

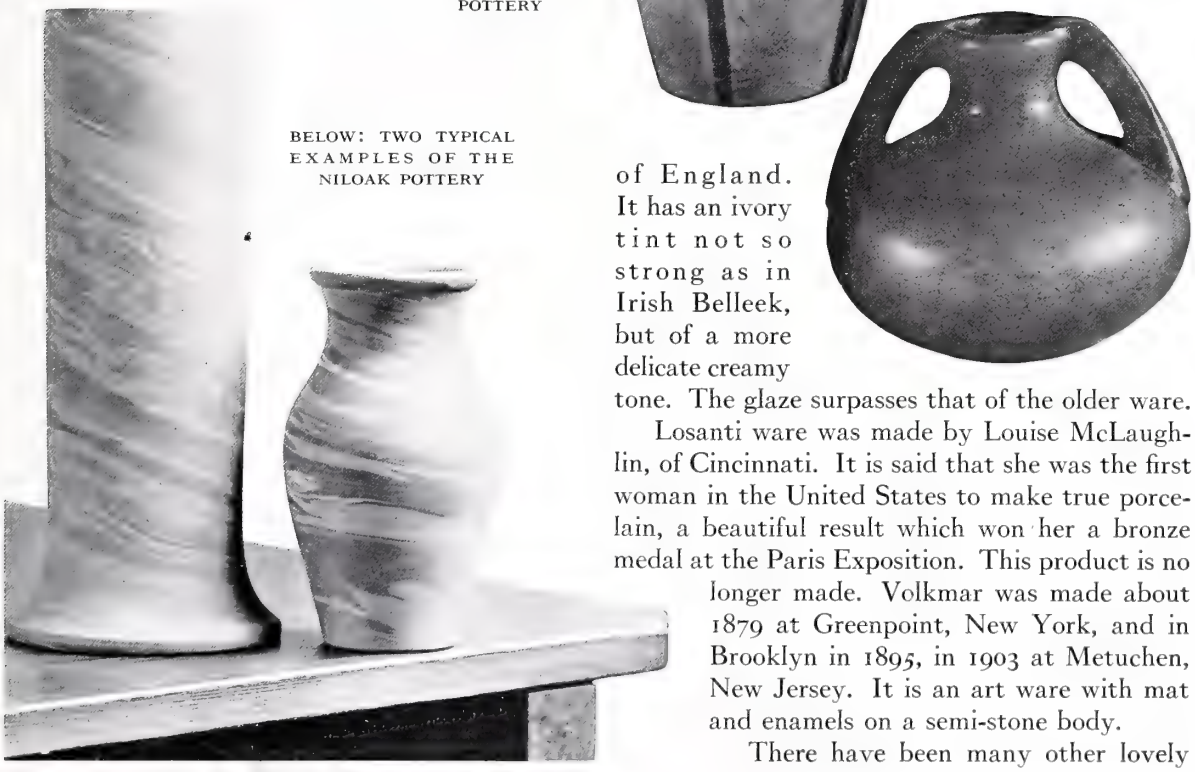
distinctive in style and the glaze is a very smooth, silky, mat or dull finish glaze. Each piece is lined with a glossy enamel of harmonizing or contrasting color. The shade known as "Marblehead blue" is one of the best-liked colors. Others are: gray, wistaria, rose, yellow, green and brown. Paul Revere Pottery was begun in 1908 and is entirely hand-wrought. It includes delightful bread and milk sets for children with names inscribed and conventionalized animal forms and tree designs as decorations. Porridge sets and tiles are decorated with motifs of rabbits, chickens and windmills, all outlined in black, with a dull glaze in colors ranging from cream-white to rose, yellow, red, blue, green, gray, turquoise, black and brown. The Paul Revere Bowl Shop is at Brighton, Massachusetts. At East Dedham, in the same state, may be found the Dedham Pottery, which produces a crackle tableware, lovely in its shade of old blue on a white ground with motifs of conventionalized animals and flowers.



THREE EXAMPLES OF VAN BRIGGLE POTTERY

The Moravian Pottery and Tile Works of Doylestown, Pennsylvania are making some wonderfully interesting tiles. The common red clay of the vicinity is used, which is covered with heavy enamel or colored glaze. Old motifs that were used in Pennsylvania a hundred and fifty years ago often appear on these tiles—quaint Pennsylvania-German inscriptions in sgraffito. The result with this style of decoration and the deep, rich enamels is most artistic and delightful.

Lenox china, founded in 1889 by Walter S. Lenox, is a beautiful Belleek ware and "bone" china. Experts say that the Lenox potteries, which are located at Trenton, New Jersey, have produced for the first time in America, china that is equal to that of the best potteries of England. It has an ivory tint not so strong as in Irish Belleek, but of a more delicate creamy tone. The glaze surpasses that of the older ware.



BELOW: TWO TYPICAL EXAMPLES OF THE NILOAK POTTERY

Losanti ware was made by Louise McLaughlin, of Cincinnati. It is said that she was the first woman in the United States to make true porcelain, a beautiful result which won her a bronze medal at the Paris Exposition. This product is no longer made. Volkmar was made about 1879 at Greenpoint, New York, and in Brooklyn in 1895, in 1903 at Metuchen, New Jersey. It is an art ware with mat and enamels on a semi-stone body.

There have been many other lovely

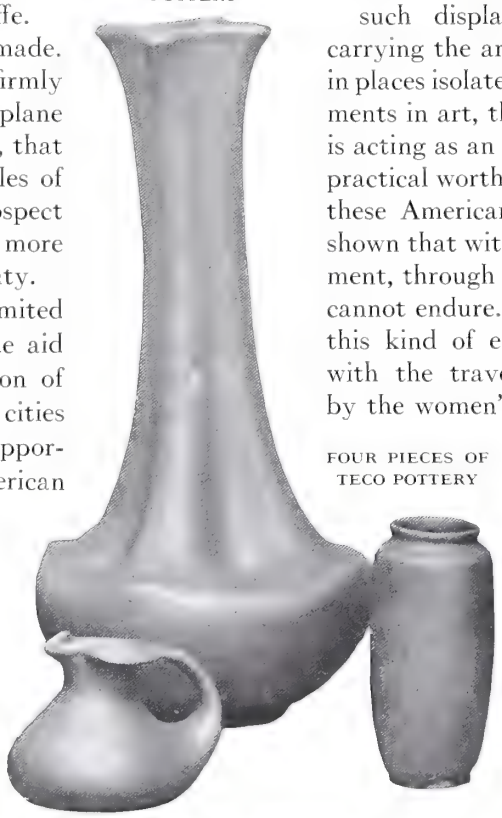


wares not here mentioned such as Frackleton, Grueby and Byrdcliffe. Some of these are no longer made. But American pottery is now so firmly established, its art is on so high a plane of design, color and craftsmanship, that it stands among the finest examples of modern ceramics with every prospect of being developed to an even more exquisite phase of decorative beauty.

This development would be limited in its results if it were not for the aid given it by the General Federation of Women's Clubs. In the larger cities and towns there are innumerable opportunities to see the work of the American potteries, but in the smaller towns such displays are very rare. In carrying the art of the potter to people in places isolated from the current movements in art, this women's organization is acting as an evangel of beauty and of practical worth. The careers of many of these American potteries have plainly shown that without financial encouragement, through sales of their wares, they cannot endure. Few things could equal this kind of encouragement compared with the traveling exhibition fostered by the women's clubs.

EXAMPLES OF OVERBECK POTTERY





FOUR PIECES OF TECO POTTERY

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BELOW: EXAMPLES OF OVERBECK POTTERY



An Illumination of the Year 1265

Close affinity of the art with stained glass is apparent in specimen taken from an ancient manuscript



From a thirteenth century manuscript recently acquired by the Metropolitan Museum of Art there have been taken certain pages for exhibition, one of which is reproduced on this page—an illumination that represents this Gothic art at its finest. In this period of Gothic illumination the hieratic, symbolical style inherited from the preceding century had become full of the newer spirit of naturalism, but had not lost its grandeur in attempting trivial realism. The illuminators of that period followed the conventions of the painters of stained glass, a fact apparent in this illumination through its pure flat colors and its masses outlined as sharply as though drawn on glass. Its naturalism is traceable to the impulse for instruction, the main purpose of Gothic art. This illumination represents the naturalistic movement at an early stage, and naturalism is the foundation upon which the great movements of Western art have been solidly erected.

"The Mocking and Scourging of Christ" from a XIII Century Psalter in Latin . .

(*Metropolitan Museum of Art*)

The EDITOR'S STUDIO TALK for SEPTEMBER

THIS is the sixth number of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO under its new management. It closes the seventy-fifth volume. The custom of the magazine has been to divide the twelve numbers of the year into three volumes, but in future a volume will consist of six numbers, thus providing a bulkier book and making for both convenience and economy with libraries and connoisseurs.

Five numbers of the improved INTERNATIONAL STUDIO have passed in review, and the art world has formulated its judgment and has approved the policies and enterprises of the new management. This approval could not be more emphatic and it could not be more whole-souled, for it has come in the shape of increased circulation. Nearly twice as many people will read the September number as read the January number. There has been a steady flow of subscriptions, even in the months of July and August, when the world is not supposed to give much thought to art. Judging by this, the Fall and Winter should bring an extraordinary growth in the circulation (and the propaganda power) of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO.

We are assured now that the magazine has thousands of active friends, who are talking about it and telling others that it is the most beautiful and most inspiring periodical in the world. These friends can transform INTERNATIONAL STUDIO from an experiment into a confirmed fact. We ask their co-operation during the art season that is now to begin, and we promise to deserve their faith and their aid.

◈ ◈ ◈

Probably there is no more fascinating subject in all art than antique tapestries. In Medieval times they expressed the Gothic spirit almost as well as did architecture. Later they reflected the transition from Gothic to Renaissance, and when the Renaissance got in full flower some of its finest expressions were to be found in the regal tapestries that came from its looms. In the October number, Dr. Phyllis Ackerman will have the first of a series of eight articles under the general caption of "Tapestries of Five Centuries." The first, which will carry two beautiful color plates of examples now in America, will be on "The French Gothic Looms," and succeeding articles will bring the subject through the eighteenth century. The reproductions for the whole series will be mainly of tapestries owned in this country.

"In ancient times, when maids in thought were pure,
When eyes were artless and the look demure,
Then in the muff inactive fingers lay,
Nor taught the fan in fickle forms to play."

The fan is made to play delightfully in Karl Freund's contribution to the October number. Mr. Freund is one of those rare writers who combine erudition with a sense of humor, and his article, based on the collection of painted fans belonging to Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, contains information of unusual interest, and a wealth of amusing anecdote. It is illustrated by three plates in full color and many half tones, some of them showing full-sized details of the fans.

◈ ◈ ◈

John J. Enneking was a New England painter by choice, and he found his fairest inspirations in the landscapes of that corner of our country and in his friendships with New England artists. Since his death, in 1916, there has sprung up a keener interest than ever before in the man and in his work, and Edward Baxter Closson has written for the October INTERNATIONAL STUDIO an illuminating article on the man and his pictures which explains his past and newly-found vogue among amateur collectors. There will be a color reproduction of a typical Enneking landscape.

◈ ◈ ◈

Always mankind has needed a place to put things, and to meet that need was the chest evolved. Perhaps in appreciation of the utilitarian value of chests and coffers the greatest skill of artists and craftsmen was called upon to make them beautiful, until they became works of art in themselves, and are now becoming more and more important in decorative schemes. William B. M'Cormick has traced the evolution of the chest in an article appearing in October.

◈ ◈ ◈

The most disquieting thing about people is that they refuse to stay put; just as you get them classified they turn out to be something quite different. One of the best known figures in American illustrating is Howard Chanler Christy, so well known that most people have labelled him "Illustrator" and set him in a niche. Mr. Christy has refused to stay there, and has been painting some remarkable portraits, several of which—one in color—will be reproduced in October.

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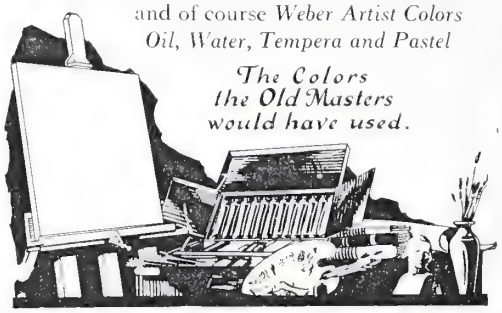
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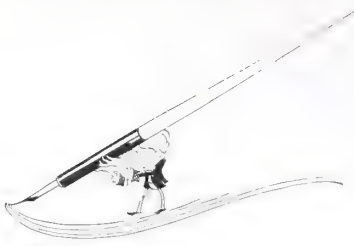
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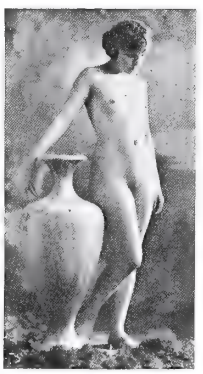
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