

IVAN MESTROVIĆ



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IVAN MEŠTROVIĆ

A MONOGRAPH



LONDON
WILLIAMS AND NORGATE
1919

A nation crucified : a people in exile :
Oppression : terrible tyranny of wrong :
Blank black horizon : starless night so long :
O Most Just God ! Sleeps Thy slow justice still ? Tarrys it yet awhile ?

A Sculptor prophet : strange flame from the dark
Gleaming through forms known, yet unknown :
The living tree, the vital bronze, the sentient stone,
The elemental clay wrapping anew the age-long hidden spark.

We stand confounded : our thickened eyeballs dim :
Life's clamour deafly falls on untuned ears ;
We see the circling of the eternal spheres ;
We hear the immortal Sons of God chant the unending hymn.

JEAN MILNE.



PREFATORY NOTE

THIS is a war book, in many respects. In this particular case, the Muses did not remain silent though swords were clashing. The book was produced during war and not without reference to war.

It was the exhibition of Meštrović's sculpture in Great Britain that made the production of this monograph possible; the material for it was collected between the time of the great retreat and the recent glorious advance of the Serbian Army, while its publication coincides with the re-entry of the Jugoslavs into freed Serbia and with the proclamation of the union of the entire Serbian country.

Both the exhibition of the sculpture and the publication of this book form part of an attempted scheme to supplement the military reputation of the Serbocroats by demonstrating the civilising capacities of the race. The heroes of Meštrović's imagination in the halls of the Victoria and Albert Museum in 1915 probably amazed the British public not much less than the deeds of the Serbian soldiers amazed the world at that period of the war. And these two, the Serbian soldier and the Dalmatian sculptor, best represent to-day the positive qualities of the Southern Slavs, for whilst the patriotism and love of freedom, which inspired the mediæval Serbian heroes in their deadly fight on the plain of Kossovo in 1389 animate to-day the fighting Serb; the shepherd boy of the Dalmatian Mountains, now the greatest of living sculptors, has modelled with prophetic insight and presented to humanity figures symbolic of the strength and the national spirit of the whole race. The moral and physical valour of the Serbian soldier and the Serbian artist, or in general, of the Southern Slav peasant both in Serbia and Austria, were ignored by the world at large,—it is the war which has revealed them and made them conspicuous to all; which has enabled the Southern Slavs to occupy at last the place due to them in the community of the civilised nations of the world.—

It is with a feeling of gratification that I am able to state that in spite of the burden of war and the additional labours imposed by it on all

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patriotic individuals ; and in spite of the increasing difficulties of producing and publishing books,—not one of the enthusiasts, either British or Serb, who were invited to join in the work, hesitated to accept. In devotion to Meštrović, the artist and the man, the whole preparation of the book has been one unbroken experience of pleasant collaboration. I am sure that those who have had a part in it have found in their work the reward for their contribution; thus it seems to me that it would be presumptuous to express thanks to any of them specially.

M. ČURČIN.





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The drawings in black and white are by E. Collings, J. Kljaković, and I. Meštrović; and after details from Serbian churches.

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TO INTRODUCE IVAN MEŠTROVIĆ

IN a lecture recently delivered by Professor Bogdan Popović on the work of Ivan Meštrović, he made the following statement, the only one in all his brilliant discourse with which I do not agree :—

“Art criticism should be, in the first place, the business of the artist himself ; he who created must know best what he wanted to create, and moreover, the knowledge required for the understanding of the plastic arts is of quite a special kind and with such difficulty to be acquired that, exceptions apart, only the artists possess it in full measure.”

I have been wondering rather where Professor Popović got his authority for maintaining that artists themselves, the creators of works of art, were best fitted to translate their creations to the public. My own experience is that the artist is the last person in the world to explain what he is doing. He spends his days, if he is a painter, with his head in the paint pot ; if a sculptor, up to his eyes in clay, and about verbal expressions he never bothers his head. In reality we depend almost entirely upon sympathisers, like Professor Popović—whom I might describe as the Ruskin of Serbia—for these verbal elucidations. Just as Ruskin explained Turner, so Professor Popović has voiced the spirit of Meštrović. And that is as it should be. If Meštrović is judged from the realists' point of view, he will be misjudged. His idea cannot be judged from Nature merely, because his idea is to get as far from Nature as his aim will permit. The nearer he gets to Nature, the nearer he gets to Earth, but his vision soars very far above the earth and things earthly and lives in a world created by the history and by the mystery of his race.

I well remember the day, in Rome, when I saw his work for the first time. I had wandered round the various pavilions of the International Exhibition of 1911. The day was hot and I was very tired. When I came to the Serbian Pavilion, devoted almost entirely to the work of Meštrović, all the tiredness disappeared and I felt in the presence of a great spirit—a terrible spirit ! The Serbian hero, Marko Kraljević, was there on horseback. It was the most impressive equestrian statue I had ever seen. There is supposed to be no

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equestrian statue in Europe to rank with the Colleoni in Venice, but I must say that to me this Marko Kraljević was much more impressive than the cultivated and finished work of the Verrocchio. In the collection of Meštrović's sculpture which was brought to London and exhibited in the Victoria and Albert Museum in 1915, and also in that of the Grafton Gallery last year, there appeared the same extraordinary and exalted beauty. Certainly, those who have seen these collections can form some idea of the almost god-like grandeur of the work, and they must have felt that Serbia has given to the world a new light to hand down to future generations.

JOHN LAVERY.



THE STORY OF AN ARTIST

I MADE the acquaintance of Meštrović at the turn of the century in a suburb of Vienna, where he lived at the time he was preparing his first exhibition—not more than two or three years after leaving his native Dalmatian village and exchanging the care of his father's sheep for art. When a mutual friend took me to him, he was unable to shake hands with us—he was too dirty, being engaged in transforming his poor student's room into a "salon" for the exhibition. His colleague—Tomica Krizman, an excellent draughtsman and painter, with a thin attenuated figure, a sharp nose and long hair—who shared his room, was kneeling on the floor trying to clean what was not cleanable. Though it was Meštrović who received us and took us round, I remember quite well that the conversation was carried on from the floor by Krizman, by whose pronounced *kajkav* dialect we were agreeably struck.

Silent was Meštrović then when I met him for the first time, and silent have I known him ever since, even after we became good friends. Sometimes his wife and I would sit for hours in his room, gossiping about our friends or discussing important national and political questions, whilst he would not speak more than once or twice; all the same, he was following our conversation with interest and liked us to be there. He would work unceasingly, either kneading a mass of stuff, or carving wood, slowly and carefully but at the same time energetically and without hesitation, just as if some one were guiding his hand. Occasionally, when the topic of conversation was specially inspiring to him, he would become loquacious and begin to talk very persuasively and amusingly, just in the same way as do men of great intelligence and intense internal life who are keen observers rather than speakers, and whose growing interest in any matter increases their ability to express exactly and clearly what they think.

One of his favourite subjects has always been the national legends, which he had at his finger tips and which he delighted in quoting and could never praise highly enough.

He never used to speak of himself. After some ten years' friendship I really did not know the exact truth of the stories that had grown up about

him, the facts of his origin and of the beginning of his art. In papers and reviews all sorts of things were written, and from some facts which became known, legends were made up about the Dalmatian shepherd whose case resembled that of Giotto. More than once Meštrović mentioned to me that many of these stories were not true or exact, and that no one had yet put down what really happened. At last, I think when there seemed a danger that irresponsible tales might spread too far, the artist felt compelled to tell his story himself, and last winter, whilst he was in London to arrange the exhibition at the Grafton Galleries, in a room on the top floor of a house in Gloucester Road where I used to work, he talked to me far into the night. Smoking one cigarette after another and dropping the ends anywhere about the room, he told me all about his native village, of his father, mother, and family, and of his art—when and where it started and how it had developed up to the time we met.

The story of Giotto, the tale of a born artist, repeated itself with Meštrović in a far stronger and more genuine form, under much more unexpected and much less favourable conditions. To the West of Europe, still incapable of distinguishing between the Balkan nations, and ignoring the old Serbian and Dalmatian civilisation to which was due the possibility of the birth of a great and perfect genius, the case of Meštrović must suggest the phenomenon of a prodigy, as soon as all the facts of how his art came into being are realised.

I shall try here to re-tell the story as he told it to me that night, though I have not much hope that I shall succeed in producing anything like the same impression that it left on me when heard from his own lips.

According to what Meštrović says of himself, he inherited a good deal of his artistic sense from his father. Living in a village consisting of a few primitive houses, called Otavitze, near Little Kossovo, in the poorest part of the Dalmatian mountains, and not far from Drnish, which is the nearest market-place, in a patriarchal community of fifty or sixty souls, the father of Meštrović stood out amongst his brothers in every respect. Whilst the others ploughed the ground, he built houses, and he constantly refused to do the same as they did; hence eternal bickerings and disagreements, in spite of the brothers being otherwise fond of one another. The whole family was of *haïduk*¹ origin, but it seems that Meštrović's father inherited more of his ancestors' restive blood than the remainder of the family, for, whilst the others kept conservatively together and stuck to the plough and the spade, he always thought that they were not

¹ *Haïduk* means bandit in the good sense of the word—"knight-bandit." In Serbia under the Turks—specially under the bad management of the Turkish officials—self-defence was necessary; the *haïduks* became the only check upon the Turkish atrocities, and were called "father and mother" by poor and weak.

just in considering him less useful to the community and to himself because he preferred to build or to hammer away with mallet and chisel. He tried to build solid doorways and to span arches, with much understanding of architectural proportions. It can easily be seen even from what remains to-day of these artistic efforts, Meštrović says, how his father worked in his youth with vigour and intuition, and how later he became less and less enthusiastic, becoming inspired only by some special circumstance, as, for instance, the death of his youngest brother, whom he loved more than anybody else, and for whose grave he built a monument. Meštrović remembers how the whole family objected when his father put up some partitions to separate himself and his nearer family from those others who wished to live in a patriarchal way under one roof. He thinks that, in this case, the advanced desire for seclusion was even greater than his father's wish to build.

In the same way as he remembers having seen during his childhood only carvings and moulded figures from his father's hand—above the doorway of their room, on the grave of his youngest uncle, etc.—it was from his father that he also first learned to read and write, or, better still, to engrave letters in stone. Coincident with these lessons, while wandering over the mountains behind his flock of sheep or goats, he cut trees and small trunks into all sorts of shapes, and later on disturbed heaps of ruins on the mountain tops to find the softer kinds of stone for his carving. Wood, he says, soon became a source of worry to him, as he found it was possible to work it only in one direction. That took him to stone, in which the country was rich. It was not very long before the shelves at home were covered with all kinds of odd carvings, the work of the little shepherd, who began to bring home to his mother and sisters from his summer wanderings, spindles, spinning-wheels, and cooking utensils, or gave them as presents to his relatives and the peasants. Popular figures of the national leaders—like Banus Jelačić, A. Starčević, Strossmayer and others—were the next task for the developing ambition of the boy sculptor. These attempts, for which he found the models in almanacs, the only existing source of literary and political instruction in the remote village of the poor country, were followed later by bigger and bigger pieces of carved stone, until he brought home a Christ on the Cross, which is still to be seen in his father's house.

It was a rare father who understood his son and was very pleased with his work. His mother was proud of the ability of her boy. But as to the rest of the family, they shook their heads over him and thought he was wasting time over trifles. The father's objection to working in the fields suggested to them the right to force the son to do it for him, and to do more than his small strength and his restless spirit could bear. Already then, he says, he felt that it would not be possible to go on in this way for long, though he had no clear idea of there being anything beyond his village and its

surroundings. He was born, it is true, far in Slavonia, but this happened rather by accident whilst his father was working there, and being brought home as a child, not quite a year old, no trace was left on his memory of any other land but his mountains.

Then Providence sent home one of his uncles, who had wandered about the world, and had been for some time in the police service. He had been wounded in the arm or leg, and, receiving a small pension for long service, he returned to his native village. He, too, was an average peasant, far less cultivated in spirit than Meštrović's father, but he had "seen the world", and he knew how to tell many stories. He put life into the legion of national heroes and characters of whom the little shepherd had so often heard during winter months from his father and from others, but which had up to then neither shape nor reality in his mind. His uncle had wandered through Bosnia and Herzegovina, he had been by sea to Rieka (Fiume) and Trst (Trieste), so he always spoke of something beyond the mountain tops which were the boundary of their vision at home. And he spoke of countries where there lived men of the same blood, and the same speech and the same traditions, who had the same past—and a glorious past. He mentioned that there were churches and monasteries in Serbia and Macedonia as well as in Dalmatia, monuments of powerful emperors and kings of old, whose names were known to Meštrović from ballads. He then realised that all that was sung about by his fellow-peasants was not mere phantasy or something without substance, but that it had existed in truth, and that his uncle had seen at least its traces. Wandering among the rocks, his young eyes discovered figures of stone, figures with the gestures of heroes—the very rocks transforming themselves into members and fragments of legendary figures. "A lot of churches and monasteries still standing in their full glory and splendour, and others partly or wholly in ruins," his uncle said he had seen; and his father, who enjoyed the tales as much as his son, would confirm them in order to give himself the appearance of knowing about them, adding that, of course, nearly all those heaps of ruins on the tops of the mountains about them were also remains of some "old monastery of ours." This made an immense impression on the little Meštrović, who loved his father and believed everything he said. "I felt as though I had sinned very greatly before God and my Nation, being conscious of having disturbed so many heaps of stone and piles of ruins on the mountains in trying to find soft stones to carve. I pledged myself to atone for my sin if possible, so that God would forgive my unconscious destruction of the temples in which kings had been crowned and armies received communion, and of ruins from which I started my work as sculptor."

From this pledge, and from the varied traditions which he had inherited from his *haiduk* ancestors, combined with tales which nourished his young imagination, as well as from the ideals of a naturally cultivated mother, there

sprang later the idea of the Kossovo Temple, which never reached quite concrete or definite form in all its particulars in Meštrović's mind, but which was great just because it was rooted deep in the unconsciously civic soul of the artist.

The next strong impression he received, this time of a religious nature, was made upon him when his father took him, as a boy, to Shibenik (Sebenico), and he saw a cathedral for the first time. Old Meštrović himself did not often go beyond his native village and had no inclination to travel abroad, but he saw and felt that he would have to make an effort for the sake of his son, who was overflowing with a subconscious desire for wider knowledge and experience of the world. So one day he took the boy by the hand and went with him to Shibenik. Two things, Meštrović says, impressed him beyond all possibility of expression—the cathedral with all the wonders it possessed for him, both without and within, and the sea—the wide, endless, shining sea! After seeing these, he felt as if he had been reborn: that world of whose existence he had heard, and which he had seen but vaguely in his dreams, began to take more definite shape, and circumscribing lines.

By that time his young artistic fame had travelled beyond the housetops of his own village. In Drnish there were rumours of the child who carved in stone; even the *National Gazette* in Zadar (Zara) printed a note about the child prodigy, and the monks in the neighbouring monasteries made enquiries as to the truth about his work. One day when he went to the market, the prior ordered from him a figure of Christ on the Cross, telling him to bring it, if possible, in a week. The boy finished the figure within the time stated and took it to the priest, who looked at it, turned it over in his hand, and then, feeling in his pocket, held out a florin to the young sculptor. "At that time I did not know much about the value of money," says Meštrović, "but I knew that a florin was not enough for such a piece of work. I thought—if I thought about it at all—that he would have offered me at least five florins, so I thanked him but refused the money, saying that the figure was not for sale and I had brought it as a present." That was the first meeting of the artist with a dealer, and it was not the last.

After this, he grew more and more restless in his village life, and as he worked away by himself, he constantly felt that there must be something more to be learned. This feeling only increased as he became stronger and was able to raise larger blocks and carve in harder stone. The church at Shibenik remained in his mind, and he was told that there were others much larger, the one often mentioned being the Cathedral of St. Stephen at Vienna. At this stage there appeared at Drnish a retired officer, Captain Grubišić, a man of no great literary learning, but of strong character and sane instincts, who undertook to recommend the boy to a school. His recommendation shared the fate of many others of its kind: there was the usual letter to the director of a school in the capital, the usual demand for documents and certificates,

and, in the absence of these, the usual shrug of the shoulders with apologies that the boy was too old for school at fifteen, and that nothing could be done. The captain, however, was not easily put off, and he started a collection in the village to pay for the boy's schooling. But the villages in the Dalmatian mountains are not rich. At last, Meštrović's father grew impatient and himself conducted his son to Split (Spalato), using his own savings to place him with a master mason there. This man was a Dalmatian, and his wife was Italian, but both at once took a liking to the boy apprentice. Here Meštrović started work with pencil in hand, and it soon became obvious that the lad already knew more than any of the older workers, not excepting the master himself. Once, during an absence of the latter, his wife authorised the boy to go into his private workshop and try to finish a Crucifix in stone which he had begun. "If you have the bad luck to break the stone, then conceal it as best you can," was the only advice she gave him. When the master returned, he could hardly believe what he saw. Whilst his chief assistant, an Italian "artist" who was making another figure similar to his own, had been working away laboriously marking out his lines in points, the Dalmatian peasant boy, who as yet could neither draw nor measure accurately, had struck the stone boldly with a free hand and finished the figure much better and more quickly than his experienced rival. After this, of course, his status in the workshop was greatly raised, and soon a second master mason of Split, richer and better known, offered him three florins a day for his services, through the College Professor Bezić who was giving him lessons in mathematics in his free time. "He asked us one day, my old father and myself, to go to lunch with him. Over the coffee he began carefully to lead up to the subject, and meanwhile the prospective employer had also arrived. My father, who well knew that all his savings had been spent and who had barely enough left to support my mother and the rest of the family, would have consented at once—for three florins a day was no small thing for a boy. Nevertheless, in this case again he acted unlike other fathers and abstained from advising me, leaving me to decide for myself. I was unwilling to desert my first master, who had always been kind to me and to whom I felt grateful, and at last the professor himself was touched and commended my decision. It is almost certain that he told the whole story to my old master, who from that day took me into his own house and treated me as his own son. . . ."

All this had happened within a short space of time—only a few months—but Meštrović had become the right hand of his master and was entrusted with his most important orders. Then one day the same Captain Grubišić arrived, bringing with him an elderly gentleman from Vienna. The boy was brought before them, and they were shown some of the work he had done, and the old gentleman nodded his head approvingly over it. When he left, Meštrović was told that he had promised to have him sent to school in

Vienna. Shortly after this, he was sent to say good-bye to his father and mother, as there was a gentleman going to Rieka who would take him with him. He was given some money and off he started for Rieka, where the gentleman put him into a carriage for Vienna and left him.

Thus the young mason, who barely a year before had been minding his father's sheep in the mountains, arrived in Vienna at sixteen years of age, in his peasant's dress, and knowing no language but his own, with the intention of becoming an artist. Then he learned what a large town was, and he saw that Vienna surpassed Split; he thought his wish was being fulfilled, and that he would soon be in a school where he would be told the things he did not know, and find out from others how to produce what his own skill could not accomplish. He thought he would be sent straight to school the next day, to find himself among fellow-students, but alas, he was mistaken.

At the station in Vienna he had been met by a Czech who was employed by the old gentleman who had come to Split. Sycora was obviously a very kind and friendly man, though of course they could not understand one another very well. He took the boy to his home, and here Meštrović had his first disillusionment—he had to live with the whole family of the Czech, all in one room. Poverty in the village seemed wealth in comparison with this kind of poverty, and at night when the time came to go to bed, the Dalmatian peasant boy would have liked to sink through the floor with shame. This shame—though it may seem paradoxical—I found always in the elementary, primitive candour which is one of the chief characteristics of the Serbian peasant, and of Meštrović, and which, I think, gave the sculptor courage for his later "naked" figures, many of which are of classical nudity and frankness, and beauty.

His wanderings, after arriving in Vienna and before entering a school, were long. The old gentleman, the Mæcenas, did not show much concern about his Slav *protégé*: being either indifferent or too miserly to pay the professors' fees, which were higher than he expected. So the young artist was left alone to look after himself with the help of the Czech, who did all he could to find work for the boy, or to discover some one who would teach him. But again the difficulty was that every professor asked for drawings and refused to look at models, saying they had no belief in peasant prodigies. Professor Bitterlich declined "the glory of evoking genius in an unknown Croat peasant boy." Another professor did the same. Professor König agreed—more on the insistence of his wife than by conviction—to give him some lessons and to allow this curious pupil to come sometimes to his place in Hitzing, near Vienna. But the pupil and Czech took a course of action that overcame the prejudice of the professor. Along with his first exercises in drawing they brought two models made by the young artist since he had come to Vienna, one of these being an enlargement of a statue which he had seen when he first went to Professor König's house. They

showed these to Madame König, and under some pretext she induced her husband and a Bavarian artist, who happened to be staying with them, to go down to the cellar where they were. König would hardly believe that they were the work of the boy, but Meštrović remembers how the Bavarian artist (whose name he never knew) said to the professor: "Aus diesem Burschen wird etwas, ich garantiere." The professor was pleased, and allowed the boy to come whenever he liked for a lesson. Unfortunately by this time the holidays were near, and Meštrović was given some money to return home. After they were over, when with much difficulty and after much correspondence he again procured the necessary money for the journey to Vienna, he could find neither the Mæcenas nor Professor König, and his wanderings began anew. Eventually his friend the Czech succeeded in bringing him before an assistant director of the Academy, who introduced him to the director himself, the sculptor Helmer. This time the little pupil brought with him his testimonials and showed his models of the previous year. Whilst asking his older students what they thought of them, Helmer himself, one of the rare true spirits among the Viennese and living German sculptors, made uncomplimentary remarks about Professor König, and favourable criticisms of the young man's work, saying that he would take him into the Academy without examination. Nevertheless, the examination had to be taken, and Meštrović passed with great success.

His further history in connection with the school is the usual story of the born artist among art students of all degrees, from the most talented to the merest artisans—the story of a constant battle with the school authorities, especially the more pedantic, in which the liberal section of his colleagues joined. Characteristic of this period is his first meeting with Rodin, who later became his great friend. Rodin happened to be in Vienna, and Meštrović led a deputation of his more advanced colleagues to pay their respects to the French master and express their admiration of his work. Here, however, it must be remembered, that Rodin was at that time by no means the famous master of later years, and opinions about him were still much divided.

Through all this time, in material respects, the martyrdom continued. Meštrović had to go to the Glyptothek to copy statues for sale to procure the means of livelihood. There, fortunately, he was in good company—the Greek sculptures made the strongest impression on his soul that it had received since his first sight of the cathedral at Shibenik. The Italian artists of the Renaissance, on the contrary—the idols of the master masons of Split—and the Cathedral of St. Stephen, of which he had heard so much, did not affect him to the same degree, probably because of his exaggerated expectations. He remembered how his master and his older colleagues in Split had praised Michel-Angelo and his "Moses," and how they often repeated the story in praise of his statue of "Night" in the Medici Chapel in Florence: that the

woman seemed to be alive, and could almost be awakened like a human being. He found the old Greeks much more impressive. Nevertheless, as soon as he was able to save money enough to pay his railway expenses, he hastened to Italy, and returned there again whenever he could. He developed a passionate love for this artistic land, along with a passionate hatred for the political Italy, which seemed anxious to swallow up the beloved land of his fathers. . . .

When I made his acquaintance, more than fifteen years ago, it was in the third year of his work in Vienna, and it was rumoured that some of his sculptures had been accepted by the "Secession." Before that he had a "private show" in his own room, together with his friend, as I described before, when they pushed aside their beds and furniture to make room for the exhibition. Though at that time he was quite poor and still unknown, his career was well begun and the main obstacles in all directions had been overcome. He then knew clearly what he could do, and what he wanted to do.

Since then the life course of the sculptor Meštrović has been watched and recorded in public by many.

M. ČURČIN.



CHORDS

WEARY and dispirited by wandering for so long amid the market clamour of everyday life, excited and deafened by the incessant croaking of distracted frogs who from morass to morass called and mocked one another, overcome by the nameless trembling of strained nerves—I stopped, and already half thought of turning back like a man full of restrained anger, who ever seeks and desires something but knows not what would help him to undo the knot of his tangled feelings, nor with what voice to roar out the words crowding to his lips.

But—to tell one's legs to stop when they *want* to go further! Ah! Yes, it is easy for them. They do not realise what loads they often carry, but go on and on—with a vague idea that their pace is quicker than the thoughts and sorrows flying at their side. Nevertheless they knew very well where they were led by a dreamy consciousness, for when my rebellious self had mounted a flight of steps a still far voice penetrated to me as if from the depths, subduing all that was unquiet, all that struggled vainly for freedom within me.—Here it is!—The voice without echo spoke, and eyes troubled through suppressed scorn woke in an ironical smile at the weird shape of the art-gallery pavilion which just on this spot offended me, giving the impression of an ugly synthesis of all that life without sense and without beauty which brought me there.

Upon my soul, I should have run away from this as from so many other appointments and useless and superficial duties with which we are wearied.

Why meet fresh people and recognise old acquaintances? What purpose can it serve even to encounter new things if all is to remain as before: a chord of phrases without truth and happenings without feeling?—In a final impulse of bitterness which made me more ungrateful towards Providence than it deserved, I turned, on the topmost step, from the yellow block of the pavilion, in order to give vent to the last spasm of my anger against everything and everybody, saying to that which drew me with magnetic suggestion from the interior:—All is in vain, your stony dreams cannot silence the storm which breaks upon a bare rock.

Then with yet one more look towards the clipped trees of the geometrical

promenades blossoming only with the large hats of modern dolls—I opened the door of the artistic *vapour-bath*.

To what height have I climbed by chance? What left me breathless and faint on the edge of the precipice, dizzy above the limitless space into which all lands and all horizons stretched? Was not the sensation much the same as once when I dreamed that, the lid of my coffin having been nailed down, the board under me opened like a gate of deliverance and I found myself trembling and naked on the threshold of the starry chaos wherefrom the wind of eternal life gripped me and took me like dust along the worlds? Yes, exactly as I felt then. The same great roaring of liberation drowned all my uneasiness, all doubts and all reproach. I was alone on the summit where dominating the universe was—godlike silence.

And this silence—I was *watching* it. It froze and took shape in outlines of mountains which distance changed before the speechless traveller's eyes into faces, bodies, whole figures and gestures of stony Titans. Thus did the first men see gods in a cluster of clouds which in intermingled and overflowing shapes showed forth their strength in the fire of stormy sunsets; and similarly of gorgeous cliff and rock and of deep ravine was the divine born, modelled by wonder and terror from the enduring substance of chaos. I contemplated that making of a new world through the same primordial vision which overwhelmed the unknown shepherd when, in the shade of trees beside his flock, with one look of desire he formed the whole kingdom of his future dreams. What holy calm!—In it I felt were disappearing humanity, time and consciousness. My eyes and those of the dumb stone figures met and we were joined in passionate understanding. It was the first ecstasy of intuition within the universal silence of the spirit of life and matter.

In that first meeting the thirsty soul discovered the whole secret of that world of vastness and quietude. A power strong and simple like Nature herself annihilated at one blow the wings of all trembling atoms.

Gaze on us and be still!—Thus have the mountains ever resounded through the emptiness of overgrown caverns. The first hand which wielded an iron hammer to refashion the broken rock into what man had begun to discover in the newly created earth, was like the hand of that wonderful artificer of the *Sphinx* whose eyes, eternal and utterly fearless, called me from the threshold to enter the secret-laden sanctuary of her Temple.

And I went into the grove of *Caryatides*. Twelve there are who numbly take the task of bearing together the cross of Life. In the stiff drawing of their faces, in the grave-like repose of their olden iron profiles, in the hands which they raise hieratically in blessing or in defence of that which crowns their heads, in the majesty of bodies, colossal and subtle as the columns of the Theban propylæum,—I saw the dumb petrified terror of

century upon century. They were all lost in contemplation as if before some too brilliant Sun or over-dark Night so that their smiles ceased for ever and their cheeks became prematurely lined with the furrows of age and sorrow, the signs by which, from generation to generation, you could recognise one human race—ours.

I knew those silent and proud carriers of all loads and all fates. From time immemorial they have been descending among our barren rocks in wind, in snow, in flame and smoke, with ever the same hard sadness of deadened looks and sealed lips. I met hundreds of them on the roads and in the valleys upright and uncomplaining under gigantic burdens never set down. But these here? Whence came this fear into their dilated pupils and into their infinite quietude?—In vain! I asked each one, and all the twelve persisted in their stiff positions akin to the tragic silent principle of columns carved in the desert sand of Egypt. Only one leg was stretched out beneath the veils which more and more revealed their forms as they came nearer. . . . They were coming back, but wherefore so naked and so terrible? Hardly had they left what they had seen, and their bruised bodies were clothed with transparent, it would seem shameful, coverings. Why? Was what they saw there so shocking that their cramped hands tore away from their thighs the thin clothing which, like the burning garment of Nessus, scorched their wounded and outraged flesh?—Do not impede those who are returning, but look upon me, at rest!—It was as if the Sphinx uttered this from her staring eyes and huge animal body with such supernatural pride and the immense power of unrepentant fate and unforgiven sin, of all dead things unwept, hopes ever unfulfilled, and never-punished crimes,—that in a flash I saw everything as clearly as if I were going suddenly to death from a wrecked ship.

Yes! It is the Sphinx of *Kosovo*—the Sphinx of the Poet. My burning hand was impatient to feel the ironlike ice of that exuberant form, triumphant like some overthrown apocalyptic beast, and I caressed this dæmonic force of deathlike stillness. Outstretched in the unseen paws of a vanished and unrealised divinity, she lies like a mountain on a block which encloses lost kingdoms and beings rapt away. And on the haughty immobile face, there is that same profile of the mountains down which descend those carriers of life's burdens.

Providence or the accursed power of a dark pre-human age has planted this Sphinx and graven her with the same lines as are borne by those children who still labour with difficulty in the mountain-top wastes that are their homes. The trembling of my hand and the desire of my eyes were so full of anguish that, the blood flowing in the veins of the fiendish creature at my touch, she began to speak:—

‘The hand which has brought me forth from the Night of centuries to guard the Secret of the graves of the extinguished Youth, has unearthed

from the same place all those other dumb faces, marked with the age-long suffering of thy race. Look at all of them which *he*, in a fury of superhuman effort, has chiselled from the stone of his native earth and out of the very bones of his ancestors. *Kossovo* is the name of the field on which is to rise a Temple the like of which modern times have never seen. Trunks and members which you will find scattered in the last struggles of life and death, these, from the four winds, will the trumpet of Ezekiel at one blast bring to life that, reunited, they may be enshrined in a mausoleum of eternal memories. Those twelve Caryatides already bear in penitence the load of stones for building the wonder of that monument to past agonies. And when once the Temple glows vividly on the Plain of Kossovo, I shall crown it with wings and claws. Then only will disappear the ghosts which let thy race neither live nor die. Go now and look not back !

And I started wandering in those unfinished galleries littered with odds and ends. As in the immortal ballads so was everything here. I saw the *widows* turned to stone through fear and pain, storm-tossed, bereft of ardent love,—I was affrighted before the lion jaw and angry scowl of *Srgja Zlopo-gledja*,—I greeted the brooding head of *Marko Kraljević* still seeking his lost mace,—I cried aloud that the figure of *Miloš Oblilić* be given hands to revenge and with his sword to slay those whom death has not mown down,—I stopped to listen before his Apollonian torso for the urgent beating of the heart of *Strahinić Ban*,—I blessed the severed head of the sainted *guslar*,—I saw indeed the plain covered with hands for killing, with heads for crying, and legs for marching, with bodies for procreating, and with yawning cavities,—and I burst into tears in the dark sadness of my stricken soul before the immeasurable sorrow of the *Mother of the Jugovići* who in the Job-like nakedness of withered and pitiless age lost herself in gazing at—the hand of *Damjan*.

At the utmost limit of overwrought and hypnotised senses, I felt a fierce secret joy as if a spark were about to burst in flame. Was it a spark of happiness, or only the last movement of a dying ember or a burnt-out cinder,—never mind!—In the spark lies the universe—— At this moment a living hand gently rested on my shoulder and I felt a cold shiver run through me, for my nerves were on edge and I was far away. Had one of those dead hands come to life? I turned my head. No.—There was a living man, small and dark, with long hair, sunburnt face and tightly compressed lips—And his eyes . . . in their dark depths that spark was flickering,—was alight. It is he—echoed the silence of that magic world, and I could not find any words or gestures, tears or thanks. I spoke to him just as travellers do when they meet and pass on: “Ah! It is you!”—and I glanced at the little dark hand of the exhumers of gods.—That was the eye and that the hand which would build the monument to the heaven and the hell of thy race and all that is thine, so that every one of the nations

passing it should say to the stone and to the bronze, to the marble and the iron, which *he* discovered beneath the dust and ruin of centuries :—"It is thou. I recognise thee!" What godlike silence on those close-shut lips and in the divine restlessness of those hands which create the eternal from each lump of clay and plaster. But this mouth had a voice. He spoke in a sombre tone to me like a man who works by himself in solitude or underground : "Do you remember when you recited to us *The Mother of the Jugovići?*" . . . His eyes flamed again with the Promethean spark, and in the quietude of the catacomb where chiselled fragments loomed, it seemed a far distant orchestra started a very gentle, sensitive, and sweet *motif* of days gone by.

How well I remember it! There they are in a small room on a top floor. They are four. One is a sculptor, one a painter, another a musician and the last a poet. The latter recounts the tragedy of his destiny to the rhythm of those unseen hands which far below are kneading our daily bread. I remember well, O Meštrović, thou builder of worlds, O Vidović, lover of faint downs and dark sails, and you, Hace, who touched the chords of desire.

Companions, far away, I greet you : two of that quartette met again, looked at one another and were not frightened. The unshaken will to build in the one and the defiance of destiny in the other united them in the harmony of remembrance of that night—

I was going to leave the magic circle of those stony dreams but he stopped me and, smiling, he pointed to a white figure of a woman who with bowed head and lowered eyes and with clasped hands was sitting near the door as if before her little home at dusk.—"My Mother!"—whispered the compressed lips.

So that calm old woman in the mediæval dress of her native Dalmatia was the guardian of that vast world of broken giants and transformed human gods. Silent and white like the holy grandchildren she guarded, the *Mother* in that corner was more majestic than the proud Sphinx on the graveyard of Kossovo. I looked at her face—the same aged traits of those Caryatides of the Dalmatian rocks, the same look in those shaded eyes which not looking see nevertheless all that comes so inevitably.—"Why has she lowered her eyes?"—I involuntarily asked him.

He smiled like a child and his low voice trembled as he said :—"So used she to be when with me!"—Has she also felt that burning in his eyes? I looked at him—and I understood the downcast eyes of his mother.

His eyes set the soul ablaze and shame the flesh.

When I went into the open I stopped for a moment, dazed with the sun and clear sky. All my sadness and my anger had disappeared in the truth

of that revelation I had just passed through. My eyes have seen the greatest work which ever the hand of a man of our race set up to his own honour and as a symbol to the world.

Now the frogs could go on croaking.

Ivo Vojnović.



MEŠTROVIĆ

IN sculpture, an artist must have a message if he is to be known to his generation. He must also have unusual resolution and initiative for the practical disadvantages of intractable and costly material and the scarcity of commissions and, if the sculptor works on any scale, the difficulties of moving his works, all act against experiment and originality and so increase the temptation to produce what is the taste of the market. So, under modern conditions, there are few sculptors with reputations, and the advent of a new genius is a matter of real importance to Europe and calls for unusual honours.

The holding of an exhibition of the works of Ivan Meštrović in the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, in 1915, a tribute not previously paid to any living sculptor, indicated the position the young Serbian had attained. Naturally, the event, like other official acts, did not pass without criticism—his work was a challenge to the prevalent conception of sculpture. Nor did the criticism come entirely from the unsympathetic. Many works of this art creator awakened antagonism and protest even among those who in some aspects of his art found a new joy and solace. But the noble and tragic atmosphere of the sculptor's mind impressed all serious students, and his work was hailed as a return to real emotions and high preoccupation with an art which had largely lost touch with inspiration. It had something to say.

Ivan Meštrović, having the fortune to spend his early days in a land throbbing with unwearied poetry and touching on every side the primitive realities of suffering and life and death, began with that great advantage and required no search for a subject. It was in the air about him and in the dreams of his countrymen—the martyrdom of the Serbs. For almost the first time in modern art a rare and powerful talent was working in the service of profound national emotion.

What was most disturbing in Meštrović's work was its freedom from realism and from the Renaissance tradition, itself acclaimed in the beginning by Vasari for the nearness it got to the representation of life, and indeed accepted to-day by the public for much the same reason, although it is based on art *formulae* very far from life. On the face of it one would think that

sculpture would find least opposition to new claims for enfranchisement. It is only imitative in shape—stone, marble or bronze having no resemblance to the colour or complexion of life. So the observer must make the intellectual effort of thinking away the necessity for these characteristics every time he looks at a piece of sculpture. This is obvious, but it is strange how usage has made people accept all this unlikeness to life in sculpture and yet grudge to the art any new freedom in form. The post-impressionists are now demanding in painting that people accept simplification of colour and form, farther and farther from the realism at the command of their medium, and their claims are indeed conceded, their battle won. Sculpture, concentrated in fewer hands and more bound by the laws of public taste, moves slowly, and the impressionism of Rodin was still accounted the utmost point of its daring when post-impressionist painting was taking its place on the walls of collectors all over Europe. But nothing was more likely than the demand for a new freedom in sculpture. The pressure to get away from the illusion and detail of life that had replaced the nerveless period of classical repetitions was showing signs in every country. It was, however, at the International Exhibition at Rome in 1911, where the world assembled all its fine arts of peace on the eve of the great betrayal of civilisation, that Europe first became aware of the new force that had arrived in modern art and that it had arisen full-grown in Serbia, the country which was soon to be made the hot-bed of the great war.

Although, as in every attempt where the artist has sought to dispense with the immediate appeal of realism and the reminiscent appeal of the classic, the effect at first sight appeared deliberately archaic, it was evident in a moment that serious consideration had to be given to these extraordinary sculptures. When a sculptor "breaks the mould" of scholarship of his century and seeks to recover the instant central message that was the basis of all art, it is natural that his work should have some resemblance to primitive art. In a monument of the terrible history of a primitive race, it was appropriate that the treatment should, even apart from the matter, suggest humanity at its starkest and wildest. Since then, when the Serbian cause had for the time no hope of human justice, he turned to his faith for justification. "The spirit is still unconquered but it has almost ceased to look for any but a spiritual triumph."¹ For swiftness and directness he sacrificed many graces and charms and had even in some cases perhaps over-shot his mark, driving minds beyond general truths to thoughts of the particular. But in his increasing perception and technical power, he has come nearer and nearer to his inspiration which in his best work shines clear and steady without interception.

It must be added, that in the passionate striving for significance which is

¹ Mr. Charles Aitken's Introduction to the Catalogue of the Exhibition of Serbo-Croat Art, London, 1917.

the master-note of Meštrović's work, we see in its most emphatic statement a movement in sculpture which is being felt with more or less intensity in many parts of the world. Everywhere one comes upon signs that the art which has its basis on the stone cut with a chisel is returning again to a starker and keener life. Even in the works of classicists a hint of the same tendency can be discerned. The muscles of sculptures are tightening all over Europe, and beyond all doubt at the head of this Renaissance, of which so much is expected, stands the Serbian master.

Meštrović's art as a phenomenon first burst upon Europe at the Rome Exhibition in 1911. It is not given to our generation to have many such experiences as that which the first sight of the art of Meštrović afforded, and this must be my excuse for repeating here the impressions made upon me by the Serbian Pavilion at the Rome Exhibition.

In the great series of sculptures which, under the title of "Fragments of the Temple of Kossovo" were grouped in the Serbian Pavilion, Meštrović concentrated and further ennobled those passionate modern strivings towards a rediscovery of the primary appeal of art which had set all the art centres of Europe by the ears. Meštrović's stark and simplified treatment has been inspired by the character of his theme, and the definite harmony visible in the whole series partly arises from the compact massing of figures, with limbs kept close to the body, a method probably dictated by its appropriateness for sculpture intended to form part of a stone building of Assyrian severity. His theme is the terrible story of Serbia, of the death of her independence, the centuries of captivity under the Turks, and the resurrection of the race under the national dynasties. As you entered the pavilion, a *loggia* of Caryatides, supporting a massive tier of stone, faced you. There were six female figures on each side, partly draped, the garment following the lines of the body, but broadening at the foot to add to the strength of the structure, the type noble with its brooding brow, austere, worn, and enigmatic. The sybils might represent the centuries regarding inflexibly the sufferings of the Serbs, but each had a sense of waiting as for a great event. At one end a Sphinx, with human limbs, gazed ironically down the avenue. You passed into a domed hall large enough to contain the group of the mythic hero Marko Kraljević on his charger, about three times the size of life. The deliverer rides naked on the back of a great-necked, open-mouthed Serbian horse, short and powerful, with a huge tail. Round the hall was a frieze of panels, each with a torso in relief of a Turk or a Serbian in strong action. The arched entries on each side had a frieze of Turks' heads and the labouring bodies of captive Serbs supporting the steps. In the side halls were a series of mourning widows and heroes.

Marko is the Serbian Siegfried, with the stature of a giant and the soul of a child, who, mounted on his white horse, slays monsters, delivers maidens and drinks deep of the wine of life and joy. He sleeps in a cave guarded by

the spirits of the mountains, and his sword is thrust deep in the rock to await the day of vengeance. This was the song with which the wandering singers of Serbia kept alive the spirit of nationality through the centuries of Ottoman captivity, and when the deliverance came it was said that Karagjordje and Miloš Obrenović had snatched the sword of Marko from his tomb. Henry James speaks of a Norman cathedral suggesting that the masons were roused to their work by trumpet-call and that the stone was cut by battle-axe. Meštrović's heroic Marko, with its fierce, short lines, might have been cut from the living rock by the daggers of his followers. Despite the surging fury of the group, it is not, however, the Serbian sculptor at his best. In the excess of what he has to say about his hero, he becomes almost incoherent.

In the series of widows, where he treats a subject familiar to classic art, it is more easy for the critic to estimate the quality of his mind. Earlier artists have seen the sadness of widowhood in the mother, deprived of her natural protector, facing age and its terrors alone. Meštrović sees her tragedy as that of a beautiful tree in bud that has suddenly been blighted and is dead to hopes of fruit, of the untimely closing of a fountain of life. In a group of a widow and a symbolic figure he has expressed his reading with a simple reverent gesture that could only have occurred to a son of a people still primitive and frank in their thinking; in a flash he reminds one how far we still are in England from the time when simple adult things can be stated simply. This group is one of his finest pieces of design, the noble expressiveness of the figures being heightened by many beauties of craftsmanship, by a rhythmic pattern of limbs and heads of fine invention, and by a constant nobility of outline that is the most signal mark of his genius. In the portraits of his mother and father, and in the bust of a young woman, where he works in a more familiar convention, we see the deep study of form and skill in finished craftsmanship upon which his more personal and imaginative achievements are based.

A year after the Rome Exhibition the Balkan War began; in October 1912 the Serbians had overthrown their Turkish tyrants in the battle of Kumanovo and established their nation again on the plains of Kossovo where in their dreams Meštrović and his associates had seen their great Temple of Jugoslavia arise. It seemed like the marvellous fulfilment of the prophecy in their art. Meštrović, it must be remembered, expressed no "old unhappy far-off things and battles long ago," but a long suppressed fury with unhappy things at hand and battles to come. One imagined such a fury boiling up in these twisted, knotted figures and swelling national images. A burning spirit lived within and seemed to throb and gesture through his forms as a tempest speaks through the new and fantastic shapes of the trees that it shakes in its grasp or the announcements of the leaping flames in a forest fire.

There was, that rare thing in modern times, art at the service of a profound national emotion forerunning a mighty and terrible crusade. Reading the news of the bloody battle of Kumanovo and the terrible dagger fights in the woods, one turned to these sculptures and seemed to behold the spirit that inspired the Serbian people rising in imperishable form before us to tell to the happier ages that are to inherit the Balkans the spirit of the nation that avenged Kossovo and set Macedonia free. But that is a world ago. The German and the Bulgar as one writes reign over Kossovo and Macedonia is in another slavery.

The history and folk-lore of his nation were Meštrović's inspiration up to the time of the war. It is expressive of Meštrović's art that one of his earliest works should be the "Blind Gusla-Player," a wandering Serbian singer of folk-songs. It was from these singers that as a boy he learned the ballads of his nation, a ballad lore which compares in its tragic intensity, richness and beauty with any in Europe. It was all that survived of ancient Serbia through the four hundred years of her subjection. The vision of his boyhood endured, while his early skill in carving grew stronger as he attained manhood, and for the images which took shape from the ballads his receptive mind gathered what it wanted from the technique of East and West. He did nothing to blur his dream; we see his caryatides of the women of his country (the nobles, the townsfolk, the peasants) standing upright and enduring, supporting the terrible strain of centuries of captivity, the widows of Serbia mourning, and barren as their devastated land, or beholding their children with hopeless eyes; the heroes, Marko Kraljević on his great horse, and Miloš Obilić, whose deeds are like those of William Wallace in the Scottish legends, swinging round terrible as he slays legions of Turks. It is all a dream, the Temple of Kossovo and the legendary figures that inhabit it, and this tragic dream atmosphere pervades it all: in the tender lines of the draperies round his taut figures of the women caryatides, in the tranced faces and gestures of the widows, in the tall Miloš without arms (he appears only fitfully in the ballads, a sudden glimpse of terrible beauty, and he is gone before the artist can imagine him all), in the beautiful "Torso" of Strahinić Ban, of whom the ballads only tell that he was beautiful in body, in the "Head of Srdj," whose face seems the symbol of the stony soil of the Dalmatian Highlands.

There is no question here of a middle-aged artist turning in desperation for a subject to the half-forgotten impressions of his youth. Rather it is a youth intolerably impressed by the memories and aspirations of his country, dedicating his genius to endow them with a monumental expression. Conceive a nation which until yesterday was at the feet of the Turks, and the effect on the mind of a sensitive youth of the stories of the massacre and horror brought by kinsmen fleeing from over the border, and one understands the burning completeness of the national message which Meštrović delivers. His

subject was the death and the resurrection of the Serbian nation. His inspiration was the noble and vivid folk-songs of his country, and something of the starkness and grandeur and terrible silhouettes of his wild hills remain in his work.

Serbia again defeated, her lands in subjection, her dreams shattered, Meštrović, her laureate, turned to another world for justification, and in the Christian legend he found again the story of sacrifice and resurrection and the larger hope. Unlike the major part of the Jugoslavs, Meštrović belongs to the Roman Church, but in his religious work we see more clearly the Byzantine influence although its large and simplified shapes have been fused with a new passion and colour. In his childhood he had seen rude crucifixes around him and had worked upon them himself. But when he came to carve them again he was learned in the religious sculpture of Italy and France. His technical powers were at the highest, and his deeply pious nature had been aroused by the terrible fate of his country to spiritual maturity.

His first art training was in wood-carving, of which there was a strong living tradition in his Dalmatian home, and he has constantly exercised and increased his skill. His panels have extraordinary breadth. The tool marks are not smoothed away, but are part of the expression and rhythm of the design. The ribbed lines that form the background in the panel of "Christ and the Magdalen" add to the tension of the scene with a sort of vibration. Nowhere do we see the material getting the better of the artist, or any weakness in the drawing due to the fear of technical difficulties, nor is there any over-elaboration or straining after technical *tours de force*. The convention he uses is noble, simple and austere, yet enriched where enrichment does not weaken. In all these works the head of Christ has extraordinary authority, and that authority is got without any help of halo or supernatural sign. An intense understanding of suffering and austerity has guided the sculptor straight to what he sought to give.

His large "Christ" in wood, recently completed, is designed to be seen at a distance against the sky-line. It is not realistic; indeed the sculptor has enlarged the hands and feet beyond life, increasing the shrunken look of the figure and its moral expressiveness. No one has made hands and feet more expressive than Meštrović, more wonderfully "ministers of the body." Coming from a primitive land where feet are not hidden and where they fully develop their flexible character, and where all hands are developed to their strength, he adds a primitive detail to the representation of the sacred legend. This Christ has been long on the Cross. Ages have passed, and the spiritual change has not yet come over the hearts of men. Cruelty still stalks through the world. Nations are being crucified and there is spilt blood all over Europe. It is not realistic art, but it has the terrible reality of an artist who has personally experienced the agonies of the flesh and the spirit, and it is a

passionate declaration that this did not happen only in the youth of the world, and that it all matters terribly to us to-day in the nineteen hundred and eighteenth year of our Lord. It is no happy academic exercise nor skilful shop-made standard work. It is an authentic religious poem, with terrible beauty in it, and informed with the technical beauties of a master. The body is dead and the head has fallen in shadow, the soul moves, passing through the upward hands. Again this motive of the upward hands appears as the expression of the spirit in his small figure "Girl at Prayer," a little girl praying, a very sincere and significant work, struck "at one blow," as it were, from the material. The hands, too, in the great wood panel of "The Prayer on the Mount of Olives," have the same flickering upward appeal. In his "Pietà" of three figures, there is a swooning movement in the shape of the group that adds a strange finality to its other beauties.

His return to wood-carving is closely related to his subject matter. I believe that to him marble with its finality and coldness is the perfect medium to express pagan religion and history; but wood with its variety, warmth and elasticity can best utter the developing revelation of Christianity. A secular piece of wood-carving, however, is one of the strongest conceptions of all his early work, the wooden Caryatide of a female figure bearing a great strain. It is one of the few caryatides in art that fulfils its function. The invention of the doubled arm thrust straight from the body, grouped with the massive head, abstract and significant, and the strange falling waves of headgear, combine in indomitable endurance and purpose. Yet it has, too, that rarest thing in modern sculpture, the secret of the material made manifest. It is a spirit of wood, a form of mighty trunk and thrusting shadowing branch and veiling leaves; a dryad of terrible spirit released from her tree at the magic stroke of Meštrović. The figure carries no symbols or labels. It is the tree itself, transfigured by the miracle of art.

In his great "Christ," to come back to it, the message of the material is there but it is different. It is as though Nature were not uttering its own testament, but in rending agitation was crying forth a message to the world, as in the Bible story the heavens and the earth reacted to the tragedy of Golgotha. The character of the material is felt in the design and cutting of the whole figure on the crucifix and it enters subtly into the impression that it makes on the mind, as the Jacobean language of the English Bible permeates and affects the English conception of the Christian religion. The crucifix, in the swiftness of its innumerable cuttings and the rigidity of the design, speaks in the language of the tree, as, in a legend, the tree itself might have told from its tortured heart of "Him who dies on tree." The quality of his two "Angel heads" touches another point of craftsman eloquence in the loveliness that is revealed without losing anything of the breadth and verve of his tool marks. The range of execution in his wood-

carving is astonishing, beating down with tremendous vibration and power in the technique of "The Prayer on the Mount of Olives," and fading into distant vision in the delicate rounded outline and flat modelling of the "Happy Angels." But his technique is always at the service of what he has to say, and we never enjoy its beauty at the expense of the ideas it contains.

In these sculptures he delivers a testament; it has the dæmonic urgency of archaic art and of the entranced singleness of the Italian primitives. In all its phrases his art is reverent; its worship of freedom, its expression of the Christian legend are founded on emotional experiences that come from reality. The authenticity of a message in art, however, does not give it permanence any more than do good intentions. But Meštrović's message is expressed in terms so germane to his conception that one thinks of his art rather as freeing what he has to say than of clothing it in forms of beauty. Gigantic, terrible and looming as were his visions of the old Serbian war, his crucifixes and panels of the Christian legend are as burning illuminations of the mind. Apart from Blake and Puvis de Chavannes, they are the only religious works of importance since the Renaissance.

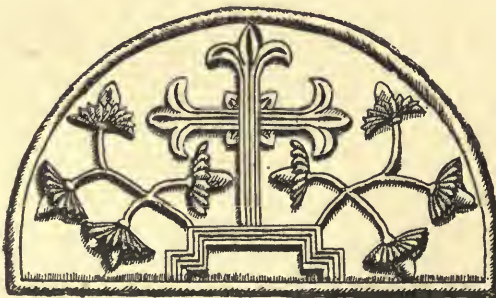
His latest work, exhibited in London, which was done in France at the beginning of 1917, disclosed a further movement in his art. The tendency to elongate had increased, the outlines grown more enclosing and he had sought for more stillness in the face of his Madonnas. One would say that he was searching back from the Gothic of his wood panels to the finite and hierarchal ideals of Byzantine art.

It has been a common criticism of Meštrović's art that it has been wilful and scattered in its aims and style and that he lacks the continuous purpose and single-mindedness of the world's great artists. It is true, his periods are clearly marked and different in direction and that he has followed many influences and made experiments. But that is a condition of development laid upon all artists born in our time, with the culture of the ages before their eyes, and races elbowing one another in the art schools. Not to have been influenced in youth by the pressure from the art of the world that is opened out before him by the conditions of modernity, is impossible to the thinking artist. However much it may be deplored it is the consequence of modern life, and if the old masters were different it was not because they willed it so, but because they escaped the inspiration or contamination of alien art. Meštrović's ardent nature seems to have reacted quickly to forces or influences as they appeared before him, but nothing affected the ideals he had set before him or weakened the inner life of his developing art. And all his technical experiments were further attempts to get closer to these ideals and present them in rarer singleness and poignancy.

Meštrović's art was not apart from his life. He is one of the few artists

in history whose art was dedicated to his country. In youth, his art swelled into the astounding national images and vistas of Serbian memory; in maturity he appealed to the heavens for what his nation was denied on earth and sought the consolations of divine justice. In his youth he mourned the past; in his maturity he had to mourn the present. The tragic atmosphere of his nation's destiny falls around all his work. Was it a gain that this great sculptor should have been born in a state where conditions of life were primitive and the people brooded over their wrongs at the hands of a barbarous enemy who still lay over the border threatening their existence, that he was born indeed into the mediæval world? He escaped the trivialities and aimlessness that beset the course of most modern artists and carried with him into the cities this talisman of serious and noble purpose. Beholding his work, we see art after its own high business and nothing less. By his work, the culture of the Serbs takes its place in the grand *loggia* of the world's art. In happier ages to come, when people go to the great art collections and review the art of the time of the world's greatest agony of war, one wonders how much will exist to make manifest and to perpetuate the spirit and character of the nations who fought in it. But if nobility of imagination in design, craftsmanship equal to that of the old masters, and constant surprise of beauty, are lasting qualities in art, Meštrović's statuary will certainly stand as a communication of that spirit of passionate freedom and sacrifice that withstood the great challenge to civilisation. It is an inspiring thought that it should have fallen to Serbia, almost the smallest of the states in the war, and that which suffered most terribly of all, to have produced these wonderful flowers of national culture; that in the epoch when the Germanic powers and Bulgaria were striving to exterminate the Serbian people and to trample their culture out of existence, the rest of the world should be acclaiming the Serbian genius made manifest in the heroic work of Ivan Meštrović, towering over the sculpture of its time.

JAMES BONE.



WHAT IS MEŠTROVIĆ'S PLACE IN ART AND WHO IS TO JUDGE OF IT

I HAVE accepted the honour of writing on Meštrović in this place only with misgiving, because, I shall frankly confess, I have to judge a great artist without being an artist myself. I know that a long tradition has sanctioned the right of the critic to pass judgment upon works of art and artists; and I remember the answer given by a witty critic to a poet who reproached him for judging that which he was not capable of doing himself: "Neither can I lay eggs; but I can judge whether an egg is good or not." However, tradition is not a logical argument, and the answer of the witty critic may be a witticism which, like most witty sayings, contains only one part of the truth. Therefore, in spite of the tradition and the saying of the critic, I am convinced that it would be far more instructive for the reader if, in my stead, one of his fellow-artists were to write on Meštrović; and, in general, I think that art criticism should be in the first place the business of the artist.

My reasons why artists should have a part in art criticism are the following:—

The first is very simple, and I think unanswerable. On every subject the one best qualified to judge, other things being equal, is he who has a first-hand knowledge of that subject, and in this case such a one is undoubtedly the artist. We cannot escape the consideration that those who have created something, and who keep on creating, must know best what they wanted while they were creating, and also what they have achieved. The saying which one so often hears, that an artist creates unconsciously, is misleading. The artist does not produce his works as the vine grows grapes, or the pear-tree pears, man then coming to judge whether the grapes are sweet and the pears succulent. The artist creates with his brains, and not even the smallest, apparently mechanical, detail is done mechanically. An apposite quotation is the answer given by Sir Joshua Reynolds to a pupil of his, who, wanting to produce the same effect as his master, had asked Sir Joshua: "Tell me, sir, what do you mix your paints with?"—"With brains, sir!" was Sir Joshua's reply. The artists are perfectly aware of what they are doing, as is furthermore proved by the most subtle and illuminating utterances on the nature, qualities and aims of a work of art for

which we are indebted to them. This is the first reason, and it would be sufficient in itself.

But there is another more special reason, and one so important that, even apart from the first, it would be decisive; one, having special regard to the arts more nearly concerning us here, viz., the arts of design: painting, sculpture, architecture. This other reason, then, is that, in my opinion, the knowledge required for the understanding of these arts is of a quite *special* kind, and to be acquired with such difficulty that, exceptions apart, only artists possess it in full measure.

We must keep in mind that a work of art is an "adequate *expression* of an interesting impression," and that the artist is not only a "poet," an inventor of new sensations and interesting or beautiful ideas, but also, and essentially, a workman, an executant, a materialiser. We are all of us occasionally capable of having an artistic idea or perception,—of telling the difference between a handsome person and one less good-looking,—of discovering a beautiful attitude among the successive attitudes of an athlete. But when it comes to the expression or execution of these *motifs*, we are more than helpless; we are as if we had no hands at all. That makes all the difference, as we say; and this difference is absolutely essential. Among artists themselves one will produce a masterpiece of portraiture from the same model from which another, say a beginner, will only produce—well a "daub" is perhaps too strong an expression.

It is the thoroughness, the accuracy, the truth of execution, or workmanship, in all its many varied and subtle details, which is of extreme moment from this point of view. And the greater the artist and the higher the excellence of a work of art, the more difficult will it be for us to understand the excellence of his work, as it is to be expected that the differences in the thoroughness and subtilty of workmanship will become ever finer and less easy of perception to the mere layman.

In literature, which is also art, and one of the highest, if not *the* highest, and in some of the other arts, our average life-experience provides us with the necessary fundamental observations and sentiments which enable us in a quite sufficient measure to understand and sincerely enjoy these arts. Every educated man can without difficulty understand and enjoy two-thirds of the literary treasures. Likewise in music, no special study or teaching is required to enable us to enjoy even such high and complex masterpieces as those of Wagner and Beethoven. But in the arts of design, despite the fact that we have seen perhaps more pictures, statues and buildings than we have read books or heard musical compositions, if we wish to be sincere we must confess that we have penetrated far less into the secret of those arts than we have into music and literature. The necessary preliminary knowledge for judging and enjoying the former is lacking in the layman. It presupposes a most intimate acquaintance with things in Nature and a full understanding of the artist's

technique. It is a knowledge which not even the highest general education supplies, and which, very rare exceptions apart, is, within a reasonable time limit, unattainable without outside expert help. This is the special knowledge mentioned above, and one we cannot acquire without being directly helped by those who create art, by the artists themselves. Yet the fact is that this special knowledge is practically always withheld from us; and it almost seems that everybody tries to get out of the way of giving it.

In the excellent *Popular Handbook to the National Gallery* by Sir E. T. Cook, there is the following passage in the preface: "Nor would any elaborate technical criticism have been in keeping even had it been in my power to offer it—with a Guide intended for unprofessional readers. C. R. Leslie, the father of the present academician, tells how he spoke one day to Stothard of his touching picture of a sailor taking leave of his wife or sweetheart. 'I am glad you like it, sir,' said Stothard; 'it was painted with jappanners' gold size.' I have been mainly concerned with the sentiment of the pictures, and have for the most part left the jappanners' gold size alone."

Now, the personal justification put forward by Sir Edward for the course adopted is, although sinning by too much modesty, unexceptionable. It, incidentally, adds new force to my argument. But for the rest, it seems to me that it is just technical criticism, information about "jappanners' gold size" and such like, that we want; and that this sort of technical criticism is necessary just for unprofessional readers and onlookers, since professional men know already, and, on the other hand, we unprofessional people judge also passably well of the sentiment of the pictures. But it is this kind of information, the only one which we really need, that we practically never get, and thus in the absence of professional help, we remain in ignorance of the more strictly artistic side of the painter's and sculptor's art; we remain, despite a life-long observation of pictures and statues, and in spite of the best will in the world, eternal apprentices.

We know and understand the objections which the artists sometimes put forward in *tête-à-tête* conversation to giving us expert information; but although we readily admit that these objections are justified to a certain degree, we cannot accept them as convincing.

They say, for instance, that their business is "to create art and not to write about it." But what, then, would be the result if a chemist, a doctor, or an engineer, should say, "Our business is to work in a laboratory and to discover the combination of elements, to build bridges, to cure; and not to write about how the combinations are made, how cures are to be effected, and in what consists a good bridge." We do not ask the artist to become a man of letters. A very little time is demanded of him, much less than of the chemist, the doctor, or the engineer, who, while writing very much more, continue their work in the laboratory, at the hospital, and in the fields.

They also say modestly, that they are not expert in the art of writing.

But they are contradicted by their own writings, when occasionally they do write. Many artists have written books on other subjects, for instance books of reminiscence. Their remarks about art, when they vouchsafe to make any, are always to the point, terse, and excellently worded. Besides, all we want from the creators of art are direct, matter-of-fact observations, simply worded in a sort of shorthand style, without any flowers of rhetoric, which, moreover, would only spoil them. What we ask them is, in fact, to tell us what they tell their pupils; what they tell each other in their studios; what they tell us sometimes—too seldom—privately; what they themselves think before a painting or in front of a statue while looking at it. A shorthand writer—if I may say so—who would accompany a painter on an afternoon through a museum, and would write down the artist's remarks, would carry away with him twenty pages of the best possible criticism. Two artists in ten days would in this way write a whole book—an invaluable one.

The last objection is, that it would be somewhat embarrassing for them to judge their own colleagues. Now, almost everything that is needed for the education of a layman in the sense above explained, and certainly the most important things, could be demonstrated before the work of those who are no longer among the living. As to criticism of the works of living artists, why can artists only not write about their colleagues, when all others are doing it? In science, professors and scientific men judge and criticise their colleagues and fellow-scientists, and this is done as a matter of course, as it is only natural that those should judge who are working at the same things and know them best.

So it seems that the artists' objections to writing on art and to taking part in art criticism, cannot really be considered convincing.

May we then conclude, on the ground of all the reasons adduced above, that they should write, and may we express the hope that a time will come when they will do so?

After what I have said, the reader will not expect from me any authoritative criticism on Meštrović's place in art. I shall only endeavour to tell what we think of him in Serbia, or rather what his people think of him in Yugoslav countries, his fatherland.

Of his *rank* we think that which others have said of him a hundred times, and what was echoed from all the four quarters of the cultured world. "Amazing" is the word by which his art has been often characterised; "genius" is the other word which has been regularly applied to him. On that point so much is enough to be mentioned here. I may add that we are very proud of him, as proud as we are of our national ballads, and of that lofty poem full of high poetry and profound wisdom, "The Garland from the Mountains," by Njegoš.

Meštrović's artistic and psychological *characteristics* may be thus summed

up : technical skill, force, depth of sentiment, rebellious spirit, dissonance, and patriotism, which latter, be it said at once and once for all, is the all-pervading sentiment of the greater part of his imposing array of works, and has enabled him to express powerfully the secular aspirations of his nation.

We have already noticed how important in a work of art is its *technical* side, the expression, the artist's skill in execution, so much so that it can safely be said that there is no really great artist without great technical skill. Meštrović, by common agreement, has this to an exceptional degree. The accuracy and sureness of his workmanship is beyond praise. He is not a realist in the sense in which Rodin was ; he does not reproduce reality exactly as we observe it ordinarily ; he intensifies reality, he manipulates it for his own purposes, making, like Michel-Angelo, the human frame a means of expressing his own powerful or violent feelings. Therefore one should not always look in his statues for that flowing line which in Rodin's works, *e.g.* in his "Penseur," in so marvellous a way recalls the flowing line of life. This "flowing line" would not be in accordance with the exaggerated emotion or impression which he wants to express, nor can it be entirely preserved when the principal purpose is force, and when the attention is predominantly concentrated on significant details. The torso of the Serbian hero, which stands in the vestibule of the Victoria and Albert Museum, shows in its quiet attitude the utmost possible effort, the muscles standing forth almost as separate organisms. But even in the greatest exaggeration of form, he does not transgress the limits of naturalness. His power of observation and his skill are too great to permit his making that mistake.

This observation and this sure workmanship were already his when he was in his early twenties. I remember his exhibitions in Beograd, in 1904, and in Zagreb, in 1905, and my own surprise before a long series of statues which all testified, among other things, to a sureness, a forcibleness, and yet at the same time a softness of execution, which even at that time were already astonishing. It was like a revelation, and I ventured on that occasion to write in a review, that a great artist has been born to my people.

This skill has only increased since then. Meštrović really does what he likes with his colossal figures. He gives them the most difficult positions, he twists them, he stretches them, he crushes them, as for instance in the case of a strange female figure, which I saw at an exhibition in Munich, a figure in the round, but flattened out almost as a relief, as if, whilst still in clay, it had been deliberately crushed in all its length. In all such cases the anatomy of the human body, its logic as determined by the design adopted, however bold this latter might be, remains strictly correct.

In whatever material he works, the artist shows the same command of his medium, and handles clay, plaster, wood, and marble, as I have seen him at work, with the same amazing skill and ease. He can say for himself what

the great French sculptor, Puget, once proudly said of himself, in his quaint French of the seventeenth century : "*Je suis nourri aux grands ouvrages ; je nage quand j'y travaille ; et le marbre tremble devant moi, pour grosse que soit la pièce.*" ("I have been brought up on great works ; I revel in working at them ; and the marble trembles before me, however big the block may be.")

The sculptor's second characteristic quality is *force*, as displayed in both its aspects, the spontaneous, or temperamental ; and the voluntary, or intentional.

This quality is evident in him. Force is visible in almost every one of his works, and in their *ensemble*, in the colossal size of his Michel-Angelesque statues—in this case truly the right epithet—with their impetuous and vehement attitudes, and their formidable tension of muscles,—and in the fecundity of the artist, the crushing number and infinite variety of his works. In this respect I may mention as an instance that at the age of thirty he had already produced well over a hundred sculptures.

Alongside this spontaneous force goes a voluntary or intentional display of strength. Forceful natures, which are themselves victims of their own strength, feel naturally within themselves a violent need of expressing it forcibly and ever more forcibly, and are never satisfied with the expression supplied merely by their spontaneous strength. They go further, they strain themselves, they deliberately seek force. They exaggerate, they invent, they go beyond what is supplied to them by a strict observation of Nature. Michel-Angelo, despite his classical education which mitigates his sombre mood of a dissatisfied Titan and helps him to keep measure and preserve harmony—Michel-Angelo nevertheless gives his boy David the stature of a Goliath,—twists his figures corkscrew fashion, disarticulates the human frame up to the limits of possibility, if not overstepping them. With Meštrović it is the same. In taking their spring, if I may say so, the artists of this category express themselves more than objective Nature ; they come to Nature with their feeling already in them, and add to her this inner feeling of their own. Hyperbole is necessary to such artists, even at the risk of allowing some rhetoric to mingle with the general impression. Exaggeration with them is not insincerity ; it is their second nature.

The third of Meštrović's characteristics is, as we have said, *depth of sentiment*.

With every true artist, even when force is his predominant quality, the sentiment, in its narrower meaning as tender feeling, is never lacking. In those with whom the predominant quality is force, sentiment is often mingled with the latter and coloured by it ; but it is there nevertheless.

The same may be said of Meštrović. It has been very aptly remarked apropos of his "Annunciation," that the angel in it, as he swoops down in the most menacing attitude before the stunned Virgin, reminds one more

of a bird of prey than of the celestial carrier of the blessed news. Similarly, in Michel-Angelo's "Last Judgment," Christ, the just and kind judge, is represented as a revengeful giant, with whom a frightened and nearly despairing Virgin, a tiny little thing, attempts to intercede from the utter lowliness of her humility. But try and separate the element of force which covers like a veil the part of sentiment in Meštrović's works, and you will see that behind the element of force there remains a considerable part of more tender feeling. This latter, with Meštrović, or with Michel-Angelo for that matter, is by no means sweet. It is not even warm. It does not spread softly and warmly in our breast. It is of a colder and somewhat harsher nature, and at times may even set our nerves on edge. It produces in us an impression akin to that we receive in music from certain dissonances. But such as it is, it is tender sentiment, and is there indubitably, and is of a penetrating nature.

Consider the small *basso-relievo* in wood representing the head of the angel of the "Annunciation" (Plate LVIII). The features of the face are nearly all sharpened into a threatening expression; but how much feeling there is in that emaciated face, in those thin lips and the half-open mouth, in the whole spiritualised expression of the angel's face! Look again at the colossal wooden "Christ" (Plate LXI). Everything here was devised so as to produce the *strongest* possible impression, and consequently everything has been intensified, exaggerated, carried to extremes; note the colossal size of the figure, the extreme emaciation of the body, the bold lowering of the chest that makes all the twelve pairs of ribs visible, the fold across the retreating stomach, the "unnatural" extension of the feet and hands, of the fingers especially, which seem to stretch out without end and to prolong, as it were, the agony of the divine sufferer into limitless space,—and many other details besides, which I cannot enter into here. All these are only forcible means of producing the most *forceful* effect. But somehow the sum total of this forcible rhetoric resolves itself into sentiment! Not only the admirably drooping head, the whole figure is a masterpiece of pathetic art. It is this sentiment thus expressed, not its technical perfection, that makes this "Christ" of Meštrović's so faithful and so complete an expression of the feelings of the sorrow-stricken and almost despairing humanity of to-day, in the face of this godless and never-ending war.

Sentiment pervades in the same way all Meštrović's works, portraits included, and is one of his essential characteristics.

A *rebellious spirit* is, as we have said, the fourth characteristic of Meštrović. Everything bears witness to it, and everything combined to give birth to it in him. I would here recall the reply Michel-Angelo gave to the eulogy which a poet wrote in praise of his statue of "Night,"—the reclining woman on the sarcophagus in the Medici Chapel in Florence. The poet, in praising it, had said that the woman seemed to be alive, and that the statue could

almost be awakened like a human being. Michel-Angelo replied with these beautiful lines :—

“ Pleasant unto me is sleep, and still more pleasant to be stone,
So long as shame and mischief last.
Not to see, not to hear, is bliss for me ;
Therefore, wake me not ; pray, speak softer ! ”

“ Shame and mischief ”—such were the conditions which made Michel-Angelo the rebellious and stormy Titan that he was. Now, the condition of things in Meštrović's fatherland has been incomparably worse—and to-day words fail to depict its horror.

We come to his fifth and last characteristic.

It is clear that art born in such circumstances cannot have the harmony of classic art. It is full of *dissonance* ; as in modern art in general one sees in all directions a certain want of harmony, and even of equilibrium, not only in sculpture and painting, but also in the other arts—in architecture, in literature, and even in music. With the advent of democracy, new generations, before having benefited by the mitigating influences of a long experience, which brings with it calm, philosophy, and refinement, have found themselves in the midst of acquisitions of an old and advanced civilisation, and are bringing with them both unsatisfied desires and new gifts. They have snatched at these acquisitions, and wish to express themselves too ; and rightly so. But this sudden advent has brought necessarily with it disharmony, and we see this paradox : a generation which is both young and old, both informed and uncultivated, both healthy and morbid, perhaps because those who gave them birth were themselves too civilised. Whence many an excess : extremism, maximalism, Bolshevism in all fields—and sometimes minimalism, as a result. Whence, too, the defiance of conventions, and the strident tone, which seems to be the dominant note, at least of certain products of modern art. Artistic courage has been replaced by boldness ; where formerly the artist showed sadness, now anguish is expressed ; where formerly was heard the expression of anguish, we now hear shrill cries. There is morbid nervousness in many works of modern art. As instances from literature and other arts are well known to everybody, I will mention only one instance from music—Debussy's music, whose character I will define by borrowing three lines from a French short story. In this story a brother enters the room where his sister is playing the piano. On his entrance she rises abruptly, brushing a dry nervous tear from her eye, whereupon her brother reproachfully says : “ You have been playing Debussy again ! ” Yes, modern art is often a *crise de nerfs*, as the French say, a nervous paroxysm.

But those of us who belong to the older generation and whose taste maybe is orthodox and traditional, should be careful. We should not hastily condemn new forms or new works of art, intended to be such by those who created them, however strange, or ugly, or even revolting, these works may

appear to us at first. All that is new does not always, or at once, seem beautiful. So it was in the whole course of the history of art; and great artists of a previous generation condemned in their day, for their sentiment, works of the new generation, which later times and later great artists proclaimed as masterpieces. Beauty, it must be borne in mind, is being created anew every day. Classic beauty, elegance and attractiveness, do not exhaust the number of beautiful things. In his well-known "Prayer on the Acropolis," the French philosopher, historian, and literary artist, Ernest Renan, bows before the art which the Greeks, the favourites of Pallas Athene, have created in the Parthenon, and praises in enthusiastic terms that art so full of health, harmony, and reason. But, as an afterthought, addressing the goddess, he says: "Reason and common sense, O orthodox Goddess, are not all-satisfactory. There is poetry in the frozen Strymon and in the intoxication of the Thracian. The time will come when thy disciples will be regarded as the disciples of *ennui*. The world is greater than thou dost suppose. If thou hadst seen the Polar snows and the mysteries of the austral firmament, thy forehead, O Goddess, ever so calm, would be less serene; thy head would be larger and would embrace more varied kinds of beauty."

Therefore, if a work of art is not morally offensive; but even in that case, provided the artist be sincere and provided, especially, that he possess that power of expression of which we have said so much above; his work is a genuine work of art, even if it come from the hands of the cubists and the futurists.

Now, Meštrović's art is far from the more extreme forms of modern art. His genius soars high above and out of reach of all mere eccentric temptations, and if there were others, it would conquer them easily. He is a modern artist in the fullest sense of the word; but here his allegiance to the modern school of art ceases. As men of his rank do, he stands by himself. His sincerity, his extraordinary power of expression, his deep seriousness, the dignified character even of his boldest conceptions, the depth of sentiment which pervades all his creations, give to his works a commanding degree of beauty—a beauty instinct with feeling, but proud, aloof, imperious. His place in art is, I believe, among the great.

BOGDAN POPOVIĆ.



MEŠTROVIĆ IN ENGLAND

THE tragedy of war has brought to this country, an island indeed in matters of art, the work of Ivan Meštrović, which has widened our knowledge of contemporary activity and stirred into more vigorous life our understanding of sculpture.

The artist was an exhibitor in the separate Dalmatian Pavilion of the Austrian Exhibition at Earl's Court, London, in 1906, an exhibition still remembered for its well-arranged galleries which, containing sculpture and painting by such men as Bilek, Bukovac, Filipkiewicz, Grohar, Jama, Mehoffer, Štursa, Sucharda and Vidović, gave clear evidence of the artistic vitality of the modern Slav. A bronze head of a woman was shown at the Grosvenor Gallery, London, in 1913, and the sculptor had previously paid a hurried visit to England to see the Elgin Marbles at the British Museum.

Probably the first British critic who adequately introduced Meštrović to this country was James Bone, who, impressed by the display in the Serbian Pavilion at Rome in 1911, paid a worthy tribute to the significance of the sculptor in the *Manchester Guardian*, June 20, 1911, under the heading: "Art at the Rome Exhibition: the New Master." There was some mention of this exhibition in other papers, and stray reference to the young Slav's art may be found in *The Studio* and *The Art News*. In March 1912, D. S. MacColl wrote in *The Nineteenth Century and After*: "The School that is now occupying critics and youthful artists is a different one—a school of simplified and massive forms, more architectural than Rodin's, represented by the Frenchman Maillol, the Servian Meštrović and the semi-English Epstein." A second article by James Bone, "The Temple of Kossovo: A Servian Prophecy in Art," appeared in *The Manchester Guardian*, October 31, 1912, just after the battle of Kumanovo. The fable that Meštrović was a pupil of Bourdelle was subsequently recorded in *The New Weekly*, and small photographs of "The Victor" and the model for "The Temple of Kossovo" appeared in *The Sphere* at the time of the Venice Exhibition of 1914.

On June 24, 1915, Lord Robert Cecil (Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs) opened at the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, the representative exhibition which M. Antonijević, Secretary to the Serbian Legation, speaking on behalf of the Serbian Minister and of the Jugoslav

Committee, pointed out was not an official Serbian undertaking but the result of spontaneous initiative on the part of patriotic members of the unredeemed Southern Slav provinces of Dalmatia, Croatia-Slavonia, Southern Hungary, Bosnia-Herzegovina and the Slovene lands, who wished it to be regarded as a visiting card left at the door of the British Nation. It was a matter for satisfaction that the Board of Education (under the Right Hon. Joseph A. Pease, M.P.) were able to allow the use of the Museum and, although one might have wished that the domed Loan Court could have been utilised, the works were seen freely by the public to great advantage in the Central and West Halls. A complete account of what was shown appeared in the *Review of the Principal Acquisitions during the Year 1915* issued by the Museum.

The exhibition was a popular success, but this cannot be accounted for wholly by any æsthetic acceptance, and in reading the Press notices many are found to have little root in knowledge of art generally or appreciation of sculpture in particular. However, from its varied appeal to many tastes and in consequence of the differences of opinion which the work excited, a volume of comment arose which, in its attempt to assess an unknown artist, revealed clearly the capacity of our artistic consciousness. The comparative study of contemporary foreign art is practically unknown in this country, and the absence hitherto of a Gallery of Modern Foreign Art, and of the enthusiasm which such an institution might engender, has hindered the deep study and assimilation of much of the foreign art which has been exhibited. Since the time of our early church carvers until the revival of the last few years we have produced only one outstanding figure, Alfred Stevens. If sculptors, critics and students have looked back, it is but rarely beyond Greece; only now are they beginning to understand Assyria, China, Egypt and India.

It may be stated truthfully that to those of academic mind Meštrović was too advanced, whilst to the young revolutionaries he was not advanced enough. The latter made their protest good-humouredly in the second number of *Blast*, but those who spoke for the former were less happily inspired in their strictures in *The Daily News* and the correspondence columns of *The Times*. In addition to Charles Aitken (who had contributed a review of the Serbian number of *L'Eroica* to *The Burlington Magazine*, March 1915, but who is seen to better advantage in his preface to the catalogue of the Grafton Galleries Exhibition) and James Bone, both of whom were amongst the first to recognise the importance of Meštrović, the critics who accepted him with most understanding were James Greig, P. G. Konody, Charles Marriott, John Middleton Murry and Frank Rutter; these recognised the vitality of the forces which compelled his utterance, they felt the influences of the East, and they appreciated the sculptor's architectonic sense and understanding of the limits of material. From

Marriott (*Evening Standard*, June 25, 1915), we may quote: "The Temple, the complete wooden model of which is in the exhibition, is designed to be not less prophetic than commemorative. Better than anything, and apart from the force and beauty of its sculptural details, it helps to define Meštrović's place among sculptors." And from Murry's glowing tribute (*Westminster Gazette*, June 28, 1915) this of Miloš Obilić: "Meštrović has made of him the supreme hero of his epos in stone. His head is as though winged by his streaming hair; but this Miloš is more than a fighter. His bowed head seems to brood in thought, to ponder the destinies of nations." Sir Claude Phillips, in an article on "one of the most important manifestations of modern art that Europe has in these later years been called upon to face and to judge," complained that some of the sculptor's heroes were not complete figures; but it may be pointed out that all the Kossovo works have from the first been shown as fragments. Meštrović's men and women are, as J. C. Squire (*New Statesman*, July 3, 1915) has said, "embodiments of a particular ideal suiting a particular set of circumstances," and he continues, "all sculpture is dead unless it expresses some strong conviction in the artist; and to Meštrović, still living in an unliberated country and taking part in a movement of liberation, the passions he has imputed to his figures are his own, and he expresses them without either obvious properties on the one hand, or the exaggerated gestures of stage passion on the other." Among other writers who contributed useful studies of the artist's work at South Kensington may be mentioned *The Athenæum* critic (July 3, 1915), C. H. Collins Baker (*The Saturday Review*, July 10, 1915), and Lawrence Weaver (*Country Life*, July 31, 1915), all of whom contrasted the Serb with Alfred Stevens; Edward Storer, who concluded his article in *The New Witness*, July 1, 1915, with these words: "Projected into art, the Serbian idea has attacked, with something of the same ferocious *élan* that characterises its army, the central problems of modern European art and, what is more, has taken a step towards solving them"; and the painter Maxwell Armfield, whose enthusiastic criticism appeared in *Colour*, August 1915.

In appreciation of the interest taken in the exhibits, on their removal the Serbian Government gave to the Victoria and Albert Museum the marble torso of "Strahinić Ban." The Temple of Kossovo, of which this figure forms a noble fragment, was the central idea of the whole exhibition and about it the miscellaneous sculpture naturally grouped itself. While some of the forces focussed in the Kossovo conception appeared in work not immediately associated with it, there were no examples of such productions as "The Sacrifice of Innocence" (reproduced in the *Burlington Magazine*, March 1915), "Timor Dei," "Laocoön," and "Ugolino," in which the early flowering of the artist's strength is seen. It is necessary to emphasise the importance of Meštrović's visioned Temple (the building itself and its sculptural content being taken as a whole) and the ideals it enshrines, because these are not perhaps readily

understood. If, however, we direct some degree of imaginative understanding to their study we shall learn to know how they grew naturally from the passionate soul of a sensitive boy, born in a land of the utmost ruggedness and absorbing from his earliest days the influence of a vital national poetry. Meštrović is an instinctive sculptor ; his work leads us back to the origins of the art in man's worship of tree and stone and his desire to express a fulness of emotion in durable form ; but instead of having turned his talents to the theme of Serbian history (*The Nation*, July 3, 1915), we may suggest that it was his intense race-consciousness which urged him to the development of his gifts, until the fury of those crowding thoughts of all his race had been and still might be, fused the varying influences of his studentship into a technique which, while completely adequate to deliver the patriot's message, invites the admiration of the lover of sculpture by the self-sufficiency of its forms.

As far as I can trace, no attempt has been made in England seriously to examine Meštrović's sculpture as a Slav product, for the vast field of Slav art is scarcely realised at all here, and those archæologists who have knowledge of the subject are rarely tempted to connect the results of their research with modern work. The presence or absence of Slav, particularly Serbian, qualities in the sculpture is therefore not infrequently commented on with a lack of understanding of those qualities and, moreover, other suggested influences—Greek, Egyptian, Assyrian, Indian, etc., are too often referred to with a disregard of their essential characteristics. If the enthusiast can avoid the pitfalls of the specialist and consider the production of to-day in the light of its growth from yesterday, he will surely be rewarded. Those who know Serbia, or have worked with Serbs here, will readily admit how much the consequent added knowledge has contributed to an understanding of Meštrović's art, and lest it be thought that only literary motives, unknown before, are thus revealed, it should be said that the inspiration of the most characteristic examples inevitably determines their sculptural expression.

Touched by the generous gift of the Serbian Government, a few of those associated with the South Kensington Exhibition took the initiative in forming the Committee of the *Ivan Meštrović Purchase Fund*, the first meeting of which was held on February 22, 1916, in order that a further example of the sculptor's art might be retained for the nation, and in this connection it should be recorded that a very strong plea for acquiring a work for England was made by M. T. H. Sadler in *The Manchester Guardian*, August 23, 1915. Although it has not been possible to purchase, as originally intended, the "Mother and Child" (Plate XXIII), sufficient support has been received to justify the Committee in securing the important and characteristic "Deposition from the Cross" (Plate LXVIII) for the National Gallery of Modern Foreign Art which is to be built at Millbank and to which Meštrović has given a self-portrait in plaster.

On October 5, 1915, Meštrović went to Leeds, shortly before some of

his work was shown at the City Art Gallery, then under the direction of Frank Rutter. The visitor was received at the University on the invitation of the Vice-Chancellor, Professor M. E. Sadler, who in his welcome referred to his guest as "the greatest sculptor of religious subjects since the Renaissance." A lecture was then delivered by the critic Dimitrije Mitrović, who, besides possessing a deep understanding of his compatriot's ideas, has a stimulating knowledge of ancient and modern art. Afterwards a message from the sculptor himself was read; this and the lecture are worthy of being published in their entirety in permanent form.

The sculpture shown at Leeds, and that which has subsequently been seen at Glasgow, Bradford, Edinburgh and at the Grafton and Grosvenor Galleries in London, has kept prominently before the public the sculptor's work. A most discerning note on his portraiture may be found in Charles Marriott's comments on "The International Society" in *Country Life*, November 13, 1915, whilst the religious side of Meštrović's art has called forth criticism of the most varied kind.

Of the Crucifix in plaster first seen at South Kensington, *The Tablet*, July 3, 1915, said: "The Christ on the Cross, both as a return of an ancient vision and the expression of a newly awakened feeling for the human aspect of the Passion, must hold our attention. Its originality, unfortunately, is in places merely eccentricity, but while it is difficult to accept all its strangeness (for it reaches the point where reality touches distortion) we are sincerely anxious not to reject work that may be painful only by reason of the unworthy convention and the insincerity which for several centuries have distorted the truth in another direction."

The exhibits by Meštrović at the Exhibition of Serbo-Croat Art opened by Princess Patricia of Connaught at the Grafton Galleries on December 1, 1917, were very welcome, and in addition to re-awakening the interest of those who had previously studied his art, brought a knowledge of it to many more; but inevitably the collection had not the completeness of the revelation at South Kensington and it did not inspire a large amount of published criticism, although this may be accounted for, in part, by paper restrictions. Had it not been that the sculptor was anxious adequately to support the first display in London of sculpture and painting by his fellow-countrymen Toma Rosandić and Mirko Rački respectively, he would probably not have shown his own later work in this manner. As the pan-human utterance of the Temple of the Day of Vision demands (at present in vain, unfortunately) vaster space than even museum halls can give, so does the only relatively less important but more personal appeal of spiritual anguish before Serbia's immediate tragedy ask for surroundings less indifferent than those of a fashionable gallery. The Biblical subjects represented by the few examples at South Kensington assumed added significance in Meštrović's mind as the agony of his race deepened, and during his stay in London in 1915 he conceived the wish to add to and

develop the series with the result which was seen in the large gallery at Grafton Street. Some of these figures and reliefs should surely find a resting-place, even were it only a temporary one, in a building consecrated to Christian faith. But the Serbo-Croat Exhibition, apart from the interest and significance of everything there, had one aspect which has hardly received sufficient attention. It provided an opportunity not only for concerts of Slav music, but for lectures on the art of Meštrović and subjects essential to a real understanding of its expression and meaning, which formed perhaps the most important series of discourses on Balkan matters hitherto given in England. On Meštrović the speakers were Professor Bogdan Popović and Yusuf Ali, their Chairmen being respectively Sir John Lavery (whose remarks on the occasion of the lecture are recorded in the preface to this book) and D. S. MacColl, LL.D., Keeper of the Wallace Collection. Among other authorities, Sir Thomas Jackson, Bart., R.A. (having as Chairman the Rev. Canon W. H. Carnegie), lectured on *The Churches and Architecture of Serbia*, and Sir Arthur Evans, P.S.A., on *Dalmatia*, Dr. Mice Mičić of the Yugoslav Committee taking the chair. In connection with the last-named lecture it is of particular interest to note that among the final sculptures which arrived from Cannes before the exhibition closed was the plaster relief, "The Archers of Domogoi" (Plate XXVI), through the rigidly controlled art of which a son of Dalmatia utters his battle-cry.

A small collection of works by Meštrović, selected chiefly from those shown at the Grafton Galleries, were included in the 25th Spring Exhibition held in the Bradford Corporation Art Gallery in 1918, and at the same time the works of Rosandić and Rački were introduced to the people of Yorkshire.

Scotland, which first had an opportunity of seeing the sculptor's art at the Royal Glasgow Institute of Fine Arts in 1915, was privileged to enjoy a renewed study of it in the important pieces secured for the 92nd Exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy. For the first time since the South Kensington Exhibition some of the Kossovo fragments were shown, and the visitor was able to compare these with the more recent religious work. Enthusiasm was further aroused in the sculpture in consequence of the moving ceremony which took place in the galleries, on May 27 last, when Prince George of Serbia presented, on behalf of the Serbian Government, a bust of the late Dr. Elsie Inglis to the Scottish nation. The idea of this tribute to an admirable daughter of Scotland originated in the mind of the sculptor himself, and the ardency of vision which so characterises his art resulted in a true inner likeness. The Serbs look forward to the day when they are able to take home with them another cast of this bust and place it over the grave at Kraguyevatz, where lie buried many British women who went out to Serbia with Dr. Elsie Inglis. As the Serbian Minister said at the presentation: "Every Serb in passing by would uncover his head in

grateful memory, and every Serbian woman would lay flowers on their grave."

In concluding these notes I cannot refrain from a word on the figures reproduced in Plates XLVII and XXIX. In that frenzy of inspiration which appears in "Moses" the sculptor seems to take new life, moving again, as it were, among the heroic figures and aspirations of his youth, and the sacred flame of hope may be said to have a symbolic guardian in the "Vestal Virgin" to whom these words of that passionate lover of liberty, the poet Shelley, seem peculiarly appropriate :—

And is this death ? the pyre has disappeared,
The Pestilence, the Tyrant and the throng ;
The flames grow silent—slowly there is heard
The music of a breath-suspending song,
Which, like the kiss of love when life is young,
Steeps the faint eyes in darkness sweet and deep ;
With ever-changing notes it floats along,
Till on my passive soul there seemed to creep
A melody, like waves on wrinkled sands that leap.

ERNEST H. R. COLLINGS.



MEŠTROVIĆ AND THE JUGOSLAV IDEA

OF the many tourists who visit the architectural treasures of Dalmatia and admire the picturesque Slavonic costumes of its peasantry, the vast majority restrict themselves to two or three towns along the coast and make no attempt to explore the interior. They thus miss a truly remarkable contrast. Leaving behind us the mellow tones of the little town of Trogir (Traù), the olive groves and vineyards of the Spalatan Riviera, we rapidly mount upwards into one of the most desolate and forbidding landscapes in all Europe. From the high ground between Drnish and Shibenik (Sebenico) there is an almost limitless expanse of stony waste, for all the world as though the white horses of a breezy spring morning on the neighbouring Adriatic had suddenly been turned to stone. As far as the eye can reach, blocks and fragments of stone rise out of the scanty soil and make vegetation almost impossible. It seems only fitting that such a land of stone should have produced a great sculptor.

In the case of Ivan Meštrović everything would seem to justify the theory of the *milieu* and its effect upon the artist. It is not merely that this Croat shepherd boy should have shown himself as one of the world's great masters in the handling of a material which dominates the whole landscape of his home. It is that his whole art is not merely the outcome of an inborn artistic sense, but the passionate expression of an idea. The key to his whole activity is that movement for Southern Slav unity which for years before the war complicated the relations of Austria-Hungary and her southern neighbours, and now forms one of those elemental forces that underlie and give direction to the great European conflict. It is as the interpreter of this national movement that Meštrović himself wishes to be approached and studied; for his earliest and most enduring inspiration has been derived from the traditional ballad poetry which has done more than anything else to preserve national feeling among the Jugoslavs, and which has survived in the purest form in the highlands of Dalmatia. In these wild and secluded uplands Austria, like Venice before her, has done nothing for education. Oral tradition is strong among the peasantry, and the race of popular bards is not yet extinct. In the winter evenings the gusla-player would gather the villagers around him and accompany on his primitive one-stringed instrument his chant of "old unhappy far-off things and battles long ago." Until Meštrović was approaching manhood, these ballads were practically his only

reading, and he knew by heart many a one which even to-day has probably never been committed to paper. His whole imagination was shaped and peopled by the tragic figures of a legendary past, until they came to stamp themselves upon his art as indelibly as the memories of the Scottish Border upon the writings of the great Sir Walter himself.

The national poetry of the Southern Slavs knows nothing of the artificial frontiers by which alien conquerors have sought to isolate and disunite the race. In varying versions the same ballads are sung by Serb, Croat and Slovene, from Carniola to Monastir, from Kikinda to Kotor (Cattaro); and it is to be remembered that throughout this area the differences of dialect are infinitely less marked than in Italy between Genoa, Naples and Venice, or in Germany between Holstein, Swabia and Styria. The sculptor's own home looks out, as from an eagle's eyrie, towards more than one ruined castle where the early Croatian kings held their state—to Split (Spalato) where King Zvonimir was crowned by the Legate of Hildebrand, and seemed for a few brief years to be destined to achieve Yugoslav unity; to the stronghold of the great mediæval Šubić family; across the mountains to Klis (Clissa), the pass where Turk and Venetian fought for the mastery of the coast; and up those intricate island channels from which the redoubtable Uskok pirates sallied forth upon their prey. And there are softer memories too—of Diocletian, the Imperial recluse who doffed the purple; of Jerome, the hermit saint, whom Slavonic tradition claims as its own; of the great Christian cemetery of Salona, and of that Slavonic Liturgy which has been sung for at least twelve centuries in many a church along the coast. But there are two memories above all that dominate the poetry and sentiment of the Southern Slavs—the battle of Kossovo and the exploits of Marko Kraljević.

It is not an accident that a defeat and not a victory should be the central incident of Serbian history—the symbol of unsuccessful striving but not of despair, of patient expectation of the day of resurrection, but not of weak abandonment of the struggle. The great battle fought on June 15, 1389, on the plain of Kossovo—the fatal “Field of the blackbirds”—is the most memorable landmark in Balkan history. It decided the fate of the ancient Serbian Empire, and ushered in the gloomy period of Turkish domination which was to turn into a desert one of the most flourishing of mediæval states. The great cycle of Kossovo ballads presents us with a study of the Serbian character in all its strength and weakness. The ingredients are mixed with all the force, the passion and the directness of an age when poetry was the natural form of expression for the most poignant feelings of humanity.

Few early ballads strike a loftier or purer note than that which describes the colloquy of Tsar Lazar with the heavenly messenger when the cloud of Turkish invasion already hung heavy over Serbia. The Tsar was bidden to choose between the triumphs of an earthly potentate and the glory of

a heavenly kingdom, and chose the latter, knowing that he thus sealed the fate of his crown and dynasty. And yet in that memorable scene of Tsar Lazar and his barons feasting on the eve of battle, we find the same wise and saintly monarch unable to distinguish between traitor and true man, and convinced rather by the fair words of the crafty Vuk Branković than by the fiery challenge of Miloš Obilić, the very perfect knight of Serbian tradition. In the battle next day, while Vuk brings disaster upon the Serbian arms, Miloš with his faithful comrades, Ivan Kosačić and Milan Toplica, gains access to the Sultan's tent, slays him in the midst of his pashas and retainers, and hacks his way through a whole Turkish army until overcome by force of numbers. No less dear to the Serb is the memory of the nine Jugović brothers and their deeds of prowess, and two exquisite ballads tell how their sister the Tsaritsa Militsa in vain exhausted every pretext to hold back the youngest of the nine from the battle whose issue she dreaded with prophetic sense; how a raven carried his dead hand back to his waiting widow; and how the mother of the Jugović wept and died over the bodies of her nine sons, while the neighing of their chargers and the screaming of their falcons served as funeral dirge. Five centuries of song have centred round this matriarchal figure of the race; and her nine sons to-day stand as the symbols of the Yugoslav provinces languishing under foreign rule.

These and a hundred other legends have shaped the mentality of the Southern Slav peasant for centuries past. The red cap with its black band which has so long been the national head-dress of the Montenegrin and Dalmatian, is said to have been originally adopted as a sign of mourning for Kossovo; and year by year St. Vitus' Day ("Vidov-Dan"), the anniversary of the battle, was a day of national mourning, until it was gloriously avenged on the fields of Kumanovo and Monastir by the armies of Peter Karagjorgjević. How deeply rooted was the memory of past glory and eclipse, flavoured by the tragedy of failure and the firm hope of recovery, was shown by many an incident of the Balkan Wars.

What, too, would be more striking to the imagination than the latest legend of that other legendary hero, Marko Kraljević? As the Serbs advanced beyond Prilip on the road to Monastir, they had to cross a flat and somewhat marshy plain, devoid of any cover and exposed to a hot fire from the Turkish entrenchments along the foothills to the south. Next day their officers were praising the wounded men for the headlong gallantry with which they had stormed these positions. "Oh," replied some of them, "with Marko Kraljević to help us, it was easy enough." Nor could they be shaken in the conviction that Marko had led them in their charge, mounted on his famous piebald Šarac and brandishing his mace against the Turks. The sight of his ruined castle on a neighbouring hill had fired the imagination of men to whom the exploits of Marko and his charger had been a

household word since earliest childhood, and had revived the fable of Lake Regillus in the Europe of the twentieth century.

The victories of the Balkan Allies produced a wellnigh magical effect upon public opinion in the neighbouring Yugoslav provinces of Austria-Hungary, and were everywhere hailed as their own. Poor villagers from the interior or the islands of Dalmatia, having no money to give to the Red Cross, offered to their "brothers" casks of country wine or even such clothes and shoes as they could spare from their scanty belongings. Students—and among them zealous clericals who had not long before been anti-Serb—swam the Save or the Drina in order to join some band of volunteers in the Serbian army. A Croat Catholic Bishop greeted the news of Kumanovo with the words of the Nunc Dimittis. "In the Balkan sun," said a prominent Croat Clerical, "we see the dawn of our day." "Kossovo is avenged," was the watch-cry that ran through the whole Southern Slav world, and kindled an enthusiasm such as only those who have lived through it can realise. The movement for national unity, which had made such deep and rapid progress during the previous decade, under the fostering care of Austrian and, above all, Magyar misrule, now seemed to have been focussed and brought to a point by the great events which accompanied the Turkish debacle. After an absence of nine months from Dalmatia, I was laughingly hailed by the poet Vojnović as Rip Van Winkle, so profoundly had the whole outlook of the race been modified and ripened in the interval. "The victory of Serbia," another Croat leader told me, "has restored our nation's faith in its own future."

In all this movement Ivan Meštrović, young as he still is, was a veritable forerunner. Brooding over past memories and the hampering divisions and petty factions of the present, he had to set himself to give an artistic interpretation to the ideal of Unity, to prove that the dreams of the few may furnish the stuff of which to-morrow reality is woven for the many. In his imagination—and here let me emphasise it afresh, in the imagination of a Dalmatian Croat shepherd boy, distinguished only by his genius from the mass of his compatriots—history had assigned the part of liberator and avenger to Serbia as the Southern Slav Piedmont. Thus long before the Balkan volcano burst into flame in 1912, he was planning the great Temple of Kossovo which was to serve as the new Valhalla of a free and united nation. In its halls were to stand the legendary figures of Marko and Miloš, the types of Serbian chivalry and daring; of the Widows of Kossovo, whose anguish and enduring faith was to keep the race alive; of Karagjorgje and Miloš Obrenović and the band of peasant heroes who, when the long years of destiny were accomplished, were to help them to shake off the Turkish yoke. But besides all these were to stand the heroes of the Black Mountains, of Bosnia and Croatia, Danilo of the Balkan Vespers and the Vladika Peter wreathed with his garland of mountain verse, Black

Ivo of Seny and many a stout Uskok freebooter ; Zrinski and Frankopan, those early victims of Habsburg reaction ; Ban Jelačić and Bishop Strossmayer, and other witnesses to the futility of trust in foreign rule.

With his chisel the Dalmatian David set out to demolish the Austrian Goliath. His triumph at the Roman Exhibition of 1911 had already been preceded by a political incident of no little significance. He, an Austrian subject, had declined to exhibit under either Austrian or Hungarian auspices, unless a separate Croat pavilion were conceded by the Government officials in whose hands the arrangements lay, and on their refusal, had placed his work at the disposal of the Government of Beograd. Moreover, several of the best and most gifted of his fellow-artists, whose names have since always been associated together and who—younger or older—were working under his influence, went over with him. Young and vigorous, full of contempt for moral and material inconveniences and hardships, they stuck to him as to their master—Rosandić the sculptor, Rački the painter, Krizman the draughtsman—forming if not a school, a group of artists, whose whole work is but an expression of that passionate desire for liberty and unity which dominates the race. So they appeared before Europe in Rome in 1911, led by Meštrović, and exposing their work under the auspices of the Kossovo Temple and the Kossovo idea. Henceforth, like every leader of thought and art among the subject races of the Dual Monarchy, Meštrović was politically suspect. The enthusiasm with which he greeted Serbia's renaissance must surely have had, if only in its subconscious depths, some of the elements of prophetic insight justified. Thus when the spark which set the world aflame was struck in the mountains of his home, on that most fatal day of Yugoslav history, the day of St. Vitus, Meštrović did not hesitate. The outbreak of war found him an exile, and ever since he has been one of the foremost members of the Yugoslav Committee, which is the mouthpiece of a nation's aspirations towards unity and independence, and which sealed its faith in the memorable Declaration of Corfu in July 1917.

In Meštrović there is a double current, the national and the religious. In much of his work there is an intensity, a burning conviction, that comes of passionate national consciousness ; while in his later moods we find a profound piety worthy of the ages of faith. The same mysticism which inspired in Mickiewicz and the great Polish poets the vision of their country as the Crucified among the nations, runs through the conceptions of the Southern Slav sculptor. His tragic and heartrending figure of Christ on the Cross does but express the tortured agony of his own people. Meštrović the artist is an elemental force, and as such he typifies, and has given a voice to, the yearnings and aspirations of a nation long despised but indomitable. His work is immortal, and with him shall triumph the Yugoslav Idea.

R. W. SETON WATSON.

LIST OF THE WORKS OF MEŠTROVIĆ

THE list contains, in the approximate order of their creation, the years in which and places where the sculptures were made.

The titles are those approved of by M. Meštrović.

The groups are kept in accordance with the grouping of plates in the book :—

- | | |
|----------------------|-----------------|
| I. Kosovo Fragments. | III. Portraits. |
| II. Various. | IV. Religious. |

The material is indicated only when it is definite. Where there is no indication, the work is still in plaster.

As the proprietors of several pieces could not be identified because of the prevailing war conditions, their names have been omitted. The places of location, where the sculptures are at present, are only approximate. "S.K." is short for "Natural History Museum, South Kensington," in whose basement the greater number of Meštrović's works have been stored during the war.

No.	DATE, PLACE OF ORIGIN.	TITLE.	GROUP.	MATERIAL.	PRESENT LOCATION.
1.	1901 Vienna	Autoportrait	III		Vienna.
2.	1901 Vienna	Portrait of a Girl	III		Vienna.
3.	1902 Vienna	Portrait of my Professor	III		Vienna.
4.	1902 Vienna	Madonna and Child	IV		Vienna.
5.	1902 Vienna	The Last Kiss	II		Zagreb.
6.	1902 Vienna	The Sick Girl	II		Budapest.
7.	1902 Vienna	Lovers	II		Vienna.
8.	1903 Vienna	Portrait of M. Hren	III		Zagreb.
9.	1903 Vienna	The Poet	II		Zagreb.
10.	1903 Vienna	Portrait of P. Brani	III	Bronze	Zagreb.
11.	1903 Vienna	Portrait of Don Biankini	III	Bronze	Starigrad.
12.	1903 Vienna	Portrait of Dr. Zadniker	III		Lyublyana.
13.	1903 Vienna	Consumptive Old Man	II		Drnish.
14.	1903 Vienna	Slave	II		Dubrovnik.
15.	1903 Vienna	'At the Tomb of Dead Ideals'	II		Beograd.
16.	1903 Vienna	The Sacrifice of Innocence	II		Zagreb.
17.	1904 Vienna	The Passion	II		Zagreb.
18.	1904 Vienna	Lovers	II		Zagreb.
19.	1904 Vienna	Portrait of B. Miler	III		Zagreb.
20.	1904 Vienna	Portrait of Dr. Kršnjavi	III		Zagreb.
21.	1904 Vienna	Portrait of Count Harrah	III		Budapest.
22.	1904 Vienna	"Timor Dei"	II		Zagreb.
23.	1904 Vienna	Mother and Child	II	Black stone	Vienna.
24.	1904 Vienna	Statuette of Tolstoi	II		Split.
25.	1904 Split	The Little Božena	III		Split.
26.	1904 Split	A Man thinking	II		Zagreb.
27.	1904 Split	Study for Conte Ugolino	II		?
28.	1905 Split	Conte Ugolino	II		Zagreb.
29.	1905 Split	Portrait of a Child	III		Split.
30.	1905 Split	A Sketch for the Saints Cyril and Method	II		?

LIST OF THE WORKS OF MEŠTROVIĆ

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No.	DATE, PLACE OF ORIGIN.	TITLE.	GROUP.	MATERIAL.	PRESENT LOCATION.
31.	1905 Vienna	Bust of the poet, L. Botić, of Split	III		Zadar.
32.	1905 Vienna	Monument to Luka Botić of Split	II	Bronze and stone	Split.
33.	1905 Vienna	Head of a Girl	III	Marble	Split.
34.	1905 Vienna	Portrait of a Girl	III	Bronze	Prag.
35.	1905 Vienna	A Czech Child	II		Zagreb.
36.	1905 Vienna	A Female Portrait	III		Zagreb.
37.	1905 Vienna	"My Girl"	III		Zagreb.
38.	1905 Rieka	Portrait of P. Čingrija	III	Bronze	Dubrovnik.
39.	1906 Vienna	A Joke (group)	II		Zagreb.
40.	1906 Vienna	Venus (of our days)	II		Zagreb.
41.	1906 Vienna	The Bard of my People (relief)	II	Bronze	Zagreb.
42.	1906 Vienna	"Il Vecchio Lussurioso"	II	Stone	Split.
43.	1906 Split	Old Fisherman of Istria	II	Stone	Split.
44.	1906 Split	The First Wish	II		Zagreb.
45.	1906 Split	Portrait of Mme. T.	III	Marble	Split.
46.	1906 Split	Portrait of Mme. K.	III	Marble	Split.
47.	1906 Split	The Little Slavan	III		Split.
48.	1906 Split	The Family Katunarić	III		Split.
49.	1906 Split	"Hand enquiring"	II		Split.
50.	1906 Zagreb	The Building of Skadar	II		Beograd.
51.	1906 Zagreb	Portrait of a Child	III		Zagreb.
52.	1906 Beograd	A Portrait of King Peter	III		Beograd.
53.	1906 Vienna	Head of an Old Man	II	Bronze	Split.
54.	1906 Vienna	Another Head of an Old Man	III		Zagreb.
55.	1906 Vienna	Portrait of Mme. Krombholz	III		Vienna.
56.	1906 Vienna	Portrait of M. Krombholz	III		Vienna.
57.	1906 Vienna	A Female Head	III	Bronze	Split.
58.	1906 Vienna	Laokoön (of our days)	II	Bronze	Rome.
59.	1906 Vienna	The Fountain of Life	II	Bronze	Zagreb.
60.	1906 Vienna	Head of a Woman [Plate XLIIIa]	III	Bronze	London.
61.	1906 Vienna	At the Source of Life	II	Granite	Vienna.
62.	1907 Vienna	Deserted (woman)	II	Marble	Rome.
63.	1907 Vienna	Portrait of Mme. Wittgenstein	III	Granite	Vienna.
64.	1907 Vienna	Eve	II	Granite	Vienna.
65.	1907 Vienna	Adam	II	Granite	Vienna.
66.	1907 Vienna	Head of a Pédestal	II	Marble	Vienna.
67.	1907 Vienna	Portrait of a Poet (Kranjčević)	III		Sarajevo.
68.	1907 Vienna	Column	II		Split.
69.	1907 Vienna	"Colonne" (four figurative pedestals)	II	2 wood, 2 stone	Vienna.
70.	1907 Prag	Bukovac	III	Bronze	Prag.
71.	1908 Otavitz	Head of my Mother	III	Bronze	Otavitz.
72.	1908 Split	My Mother [Plate XXXVIII]	III		S.K.
73.	1908 Paris	Another Portrait of Mme. Wittgenstein	III	Wood	Vienna.
74.	1908 Paris	A Dalmatian Peasant Woman	II		Split.
75.	1908 Paris	A Young Man kneeling	II		Split.
76.	1908 Paris	Combatants (frieze)	I		Split.
77.	1908 Paris	Widow (stooping, elbow on knee, arm behind back)	I		S.K.
78.	1908 Paris	Widow (turning to the left) [Plate XIX]	I		S.K.
79.	1908 Paris	Widow (large figure) [Plate XVIII]	I	Marble	S.K.

LIST OF THE WORKS OF MEŠTROVIĆ

NO.	DATE, OF ORIGIN.	PLACE	TITLE.	GROUP.	MATERIAL.	PRESENT LOCATION.
80.	1908	Paris	Memories [Plate XXI]	I	Marble	Bruxelles (?).
81.	1908	Paris	The Mother of the Jugovići	I		Split.
82.	1908	Paris	Study for a Slave	I		Split.
83.	1908	Paris	The Slave [Plate XVa]	I		S.K.
84.	1908	Paris	Banović Strahinja (torso) [Plate XIV]	I	Marble	London.
85.	1908	Paris	Miloš Obilić (colossal head) [Plate XIa]	I		S.K.
86.	1908	Paris	Study for Srdj's Head	I		Zagreb.
87.	1908	Paris	Srdj (head) [Plate XIII]	I		S.K.
88.	1908	Paris	Blind Man (relief)	II		Split.
89.	1908	Paris	The Guslar [Plate IX]	I	Bronze	London.
90.	1908	Paris	A Young Shepherd	II	Marble	Rome.
91.	1908	Paris	Old Woman	II	Marble	Rome.
92.	1908	Paris	My Wife	III	White marble	S.K.
93.	1908	Paris	Female Head	III	Light brown marble	S.K.
94.	1908	Paris	Vase (long thin neck, design of dancers)	II	Bronze	Vienna.
95.	1908	Paris	"Innocentia" [Plate XXVII]	II	Marble	Otavitz.
96.	1908	Paris	Large Study of an Arm	II	Bronze	Vienna.
97.	1908	Paris	Another Study of an Arm	II	Bronze	Vienna.
98.	1908	Paris	Medulić ("Il Schiavone") [Plate XL]	III		S.K.
99.	1908	Paris	Caryatide [Plate VIIa]	I	Wood	Bruxelles (?).
100.	1908-9	Paris	Twelve Caryatides [Plates V, VI, VIIb]	I		S.K.
101.	1909	Paris	Widow (with legs apart, looking down)	I		S.K.
102.	1909	Paris	The Widows [Plate XX]	I	Marble	S.K.
103.	1909	Paris	Mother and Child [Plate XXII]	I	Marble	Bruxelles (?).
104.	1909	Paris	The Maiden of Kossovo (relief) [Plate XVII]	I	Marble	S.K.
105.	1909	Paris	Miloš Obilić (torso) [Plate XII]	I		S.K.
106.	1909	Paris	The Great Sphinx [Plate III, IV]	I		S.K.
107.	1909	Paris	The Little Sphinx	I		S.K.
108.	1909	Paris	Vase (human figures as handles)	II	Bronze	Vienna.
109.	1909	Paris	Woman's Head	III	Black stone	S.K.
110.	1909	Paris	Milčinović (head)	III	Bronze	S.K.
111.	1909	Paris	Portrait of Mme. Lenoir	III		Paris.
112.	1909	Paris	Mlle. Petrović	III	Marble	Paris.
113.	1909	Paris	A Small Torso	I		Split.
114.	1909	Paris	Another Small Torso	I		Split.
115.	1909	Paris	A Female Head	II		Split.
116.	1909	Paris	Study for a Shepherd	II		Split.
117.	1909	Paris	A Wounded Kossovo Fighter	I		Split.
118.	1909	Paris	Another Wounded Kossovo Fighter	I		Split.
119.	1910	Vienna	Portrait of Dr. Baylon	III	Bronze	Vienna.
120.	1910	Vienna	Portrait of Mme. Baylon	III	Bronze	Vienna.
121.	1910	Vienna	Portrait of M. Hohenberger	III		Vienna.
122.	1910	Vienna	Portrait of Mme. Hohenberger	III		Vienna.
123.	1910	Bozhjakovina	Study for a Horse	II		Split.
124.	1910	Zagreb	Heads of Heroes	I		Split.
125.	1910	Zagreb	Head of a Hero	I		Split.
126.	1910	Zagreb	A Portal Figure [Plate XVb]	I		Split.
127.	1910	Zagreb	Marko Kraljević (head) [Plate XIb]	I		S.K.

LIST OF THE WORKS OF MEŠTROVIĆ

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No.	DATE, PLACE OF ORIGIN.	TITLE.	GROUP.	MATERIAL.	PRESENT LOCATION.
128.	1910 Zagreb	Marko Kraljević on Horseback (sketch) [Plate X]	I		S.K.
129.	1910 Zagreb	Marko Kraljević on Horseback	I		Split.
130.	1910 Zagreb	Colossal Head of Marko's Horse	I		S.K.
131.	1910 Zagreb	My Father	III	Bronze	
132.	1910 Zagreb	Portrait of Brother Peša	III		Split.
133.	1911 Beograd	M. Milovanović	III	Marble	Beograd.
134.	1911 Beograd	M. Pašić	III	Marble	Beograd.
135.	1911 Rome	Medal with Dositeus Obradović	II	Bronze	Knin.
136.	1911 Rome	A Big Lion	I	Cement	Split.
137.	1911 Rome	A Lion's Head	I	Cement	Split.
138.	1911 Rome	Study for Guslar (statuette)	I	Cement	Rome.
139.	1911 Rome	Study for the Figure on a Pylon	I	Bronze	S.K.
140.	1911 Rome	Colossal Winged Figure (designed to stand on a pylon before the Serbian Pavilion at Rome, 1911)	I	Bronze	S.K.
141.	1911 Rome	Figure of a Warrior [Plate XVI]	I	Bronze	Prag.
142.	1911 Rome	A Dancer (relief) [Plate XXXII]	II	Marble	S.K.
143.	1911 Rome	Vase (two-handled design of horsemen and bulls) [Plate XXXV]	II	Bronze	Sofia (Bulgaria).
144.	1911 Drnish	St. Rocckus	II		Drnish,
145.	1911 Otavitze	Caryatide [Plate VIII]	I	Wood	S.K.
146.	1912 Otavitze	Head of Christ	IV	Wood	Bruxelles(?).
147.	1912 Otavitze	Head of a Girl (the sculptor's young sister)	III	Bronze	London.
148.	1912 Otavitze	A Dalmatian Peasant Girl (another sister) [Plate XLIV]	III		S.K.
149.	1912 Otavitze	A Dalmatian Peasant (a peasant "philo- sopher")	III		S.K.
150.	1912 Otavitze	A Young Dalmatian Peasant (brother of the artist, Marko)	III		S.K.
151.	1907-12 Paris, Zagreb, Beograd, Rome	Model for the Temple of Kossovo [Plates I, II]	I	Wood and plaster	S.K.
152.	1912 Rome	Study for a Statue of Dositeus	II		Split.
153.	1912 Rome	A Female Head	II		Split.
154.	1912 Paris	Portrait of the Painter Anglada	III	Bronze	Barcelona.
155.	1912 Rome	Study for a Decorative Horse	II		Split.
156.	1912 Rome	Mother and Child [Plate XXIII]	I		S.K.
157.	1912 Rome	A Dancer (relief) [Plate XXXIII]	II	Marble	S.K.
158.	1912 Rome	Portrait of the Artist (head turned) [Plate XXXVII]	III	Bronze	Firenze.
159.	1912 Beograd	Portrait of Mme. Lj. Krsmanović	III	Marble	Beograd.
160.	1913 Beograd	Madonna and Child with St. John (relief) [Plate LI]	IV		S.K.
161.	1913 Beograd	The Annunciation (relief) [Plate L]	IV		London.
162.	1913 Beograd	Salome (relief) [Plate XLIX]	IV	Bronze	S.K.
163.	1913 Beograd	Christ and the Woman of Samaria (relief) [Plate LII]	IV		S.K.
164.	1913 Beograd	Deposition (relief) [Plate LXVI]	IV	Wood	London.
165.	1913 Beograd	Head of the Victor	II	Bronze	S.K.
166.	1913 Beograd	Study for the Victor	II	Bronze	S.K.
167.	1913 Beograd	Portrait of M. Pašić	III		Beograd.

LIST OF THE WORKS OF MESTROVIĆ

NO.	DATE, OF ORIGIN.	PLACE	TITLE.	GROUP.	MATERIAL.	PRESENT LOCATION.
168.	1913	Rome	A Head of Christ [Plate LXIII]	IV	Wood	Split.
169.	1913	Rome	Pietà (relief) [Plate LXIV]	IV	Bronze	S.K.
170.	1913	Rome	Shepherd Boy, with Flute [Plate XXVIII]	II	Bronze	S.K.
171.	1913	Rome	Portrait of Mme. Banac	III	Marble	London.
172.	1913	Otavitzce	Base for the Fountain in Beograd	II		Beograd.
173.	1913	Rome	Mother and Child (not finished)	II	Marble	Split.
174.	1913	Rome	The Kossovo Medal [Plate XXIV]	I	Metal	S.K.
175.	1913	Rome	Portrait of Mme. Matić	III	Bronze	Split.
176.	1913	Rome	Bistolfi [Plate XLI]	III	Bronze	S.K.
177.	1913	Rome	Head of a Woman looking up [Plate XLIII ^b]	III	Blue Bronze	S.K.
178.	1914	Venice	Portrait of Mme. Pica	III	Bronze	Milano.
179.	1914	Rome	Portrait of F. Carrena	III		Rome.
180.	1914	Rome	Female Statuette	II	Bronze	Rome.
181.	1914	Rome	Mlle. Signorelli	III	Marble	Rome.
182.	1914	Rome	Child's Head	II	Bronze	Rome.
183.	1914	Rome	Pietà (sketch, round figure) [Plate LXV ^b]	IV		S.K.
184.	1914	Rome	St. John the Baptist (head) [Plate XLVIII]	IV	Bronze	S.K.
185.	1914	Rome	Relief (full-length figure)	IV	Wood	S.K.
186.	1914	Rome	Another Relief (full-length figure)	IV	Wood	S.K.
187.	1914	Rome	Autoportrait (statuette)	III	Bronze	Rome.
188.	1914	Rome	Christ on the Cross	IV		S.K.
189.	1914	Rome	Study for a Statuette of St. John the Baptist	IV	Bronze	Rome.
190.	1914	Rome	Woman (with left hand raised)	II	Bronze	London.
191.	1914	Rome	Study of a Crouching Woman	II		S.K.
192.	1914	Rome	Another Study of a Crouching Woman	II		S.K.
193.	1914	Rome	Crouching Woman [Plate XXXIV]	II	Bronze	London.
194.	1914	Rome	Kneeling Man	II		S.K.
195.	1914	Rome	Portrait of a Woman (seated, without arms)	III	Bronze	S.K.
196.	1914	Rome	Rodin (small study with raised hands)	III		S.K.
197.	1914	Rome	Rodin (leaning forward with hands crossed) [Plate XLII]	III		S.K.
198.	1915	Rome	Statuette of a Woman (sitting on her heels)	II		S.K.
199.	1915	Rome	Another Woman (with hands raised)	II		S.K.
200.	1915	Rome	Christ on the Cross	IV	Silver	Rome.
201.	1915	Rome	Virgin and Child	IV		S.K.
202.	1915	London	Pietà (three figures) [Plate LXV ^a]	IV		England.
203.	1915	London	St. Luke	IV		S.K.
204.	1915	London	St. Matthew	IV		S.K.
205.	1915	London	St. John the Evangelist	IV		S.K.
206.	1915	London	St. Mark	IV		London.
207.	1915	London	Moses [Plate XLVII]	IV		S.K.
208.	1915	London	A Young Man thinking	II		S.K.
209.	1915	London	Girl at Prayer [Plate XXX]	II	Bronze	England.
210.	1915	London	My Wife (statuette)	III	Bronze	London.
211.	1915	London	My Wife (bust) [Plate XXXIX]	III	Bronze	Southwold.
212.	1915	London	Sketch of the Vestal Virgin	IV	Bronze	Southwold.
213.	1915	London	Henry Wickham Steed (head)	III		S.K.

LIST OF THE WORKS OF MEŠTROVIĆ

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No.	DATE, OF ORIGIN.	PLACE	TITLE.	GROUP.	MATERIAL.	PRESENT LOCATION.
214.	1915	London	Monsieur Gandarillas	III	Bronze	London.
215.	1915	London	Madame Gandarillas	III	Bronze	London.
216.	1915	London	Madame Errazuriz	III	Bronze	London.
217.	1915	London	Sir Thomas Beecham	III	Bronze	London.
218.	1915	London	Miss St. George [Plate XLVb]	III	Bronze	London.
219.	1915	London	Lady Cunard [Plate XLVa]	III	Bronze	London.
220.	1915	London	Muirhead Bone's Son (head, turned slightly) [Plate XLIVa]	III		S.K.
221.	1915	London	Muirhead Bone's Son (another head)	III	Bronze	London.
222.	1915	London	Madame Banac (statuette)	III		S.K.
223.	1915	London	Madame Banac	III	Bronze	London.
224.	1915	London	Portrait of the Artist	III		London.
225.	1916	Geneva	The Prayer on the Mount of Olives (relief) [Plate LX]	IV	Wood	London.
226.	1916	Geneva	Christ and the Magdalen (relief) [Plate LIX]	IV	Wood	S.K.
227.	1916	Geneva	Head of an Angel (relief) [Plate LVIIIa]	IV	Wood	S.K.
228.	1916	Geneva	Head of an Angel (relief) [Plate LVIIIb]	IV	Wood	S.K.
229.	1916	Geneva	The Unhappy Angels (relief)	IV	Wood	S.K.
230.	1916	Geneva	The Happy Angels (relief) [Plate LIII]	IV	Wood	S.K.
231.	1916	Geneva	The Christ (large) [Plates LXI, LXII]	IV	Wood	S.K.
232.	1916	Leysin	Shield for the Crown Prince of Serbia [Plate XXV]	II	Bronze	Beograd.
233.	1917	Cannes	Deposition from the Cross (relief) [Plate LXVIII]	IV	Wood	London.
234.	1917	Cannes	Deposition from the Cross (relief, broken) [Plate LXVII]	IV	Wood	S.K.
235.	1917	Cannes	Head of an Angel holding a Flower	IV		S.K.
236.	1917	Cannes	Sketch for Madonna and Child	IV		S.K.
237.	1917	Cannes	Madonna and Child (Child with Halo) [Plate LVII]	IV		S.K.
238.	1917	Cannes	Study for Madonna and Child [Plate LIV]	IV		S.K.
239.	1917	Cannes	Study for Madonna and Child (with hands) [Plate LV]	IV	Marble	England.
240.	1917	Cannes	Madonna and Child [Plate LVI]	IV		S.K.
241.	1917	Cannes	Psyche	II		S.K.
242.	1917	Cannes	Girl's Head (relief)	II	Wood	S.K.
243.	1917	Cannes	The Archers of Domogoi (relief) [Plate XXVI]	II		London.
244.	1917	Cannes	Study for "Prayer" [Plate XXXI]	II		London.
245.	1917	Cannes	The Vestal Virgin [Plate XXIX]	IV		S.K.
246.	1917	Cannes	Portrait of the Artist	III		S.K.
247.	1917	Cannes	Madonna with Child (unfinished)	IV	Wood	Cannes.
248.	1917	Cannes	Christ chasing the Merchants from the Temple (relief)	IV	Wood	Cannes.
249.	1917	Cannes	Temptation (relief, unfinished)	IV	Wood	Cannes.
250.	1917	Cannes	Madonna amongst Angels (relief, unfinished)	IV	Wood	Cannes.
251.	1917	Cannes	Madonna with Child (fragment)	IV		Cannes.
252.	1917	Paris	Bust of the Crown Prince Alexander	III		Cannes.
253.	1918	London	Portrait of Mme. Mitrovich	III	Bronze	London.
254.	1918	Paris	Bust of Dr. Elsie Inglis [Plate XLVI]	III	Bronze	Edinburgh.

LIST OF THE WORKS OF MEŠTROVIĆ

No.	DATE, OF ORIGIN.	PLACE	TITLE.	GROUP.	MATERIAL.	PRESENT LOCATION.
255.	1918	Paris	A Caryatide	II	Pallisander	Paris.
256.	1918	Paris	A Girl plaiting her Hair (relief)	II	Wood	Paris.
257.	1918	Paris	Madonna with Child (relief)	IV	Pallisander	Paris.
258.	1918	Paris	Prayer (relief)	IV	Wood	Paris.
259.	1918	Paris	Christ on the Cross (relief)	IV	Wood	Paris.
260.	1918	Paris	Archangel Gabriel (statue)	IV	Wood	Paris.
261.	1918	Paris	Amor and Psyche	II		Paris.
262.	1918	Paris	Portrait of M. Vesnić	III		Paris.
263.	1918	Rome	Chords (statue)	II		Rome.
264.	1918	Rome	Study for a Woman with a Guitar (free relief)	II		Rome.
265.	1918	Rome	Another Study for a Woman with a Guitar (free relief)	II		Rome.
266.	1918	Rome	Study for a Woman looking towards the Sea (statuette)	II		Rome.
267.	1918	Rome	Another Study for a Woman looking towards the Sea (statuette)	II		Rome.
268.	1918	Rome	Study for Moses (head)	IV		Rome.
269.	1918	Rome	Study for an Archangel (statuette)	IV		Rome.
270.	1918	Rome	Woman singing with Guitar (free relief)	II		Rome.
271.	1918	Rome	Woman beneath the Cross (free relief)	IV		Rome.
272.	1918	Rome	Madonna with Child (free relief)	IV		Rome.
273.	1918	Rome	Study of a Woman playing the Violin (free relief)	II		Rome.
274.	1918	Rome	Girl playing the Violin	II		Rome.
275.	1918	Rome	Woman's Head	II		Rome.
276.	1918	Rome	Canadian War Memorial [Plate XXXVI]	II	Stone	Rome.
277.	1918	Rome	Study for an Angel over a Grave (free relief)	IV		Rome.
278.	1918	Rome	An Angel over a Grave (free relief)	IV		Rome.
279.	1918	Rome	Study for "Bogoslav" (free relief)	III		Rome.



EXHIBITIONS OF MEŠTROVIĆ'S WORK

DATE.	PLACE.	EXHIBITION.
1902	Vienna	Secession.
1903	Prag	"Manes."
1903	Vienna	Secession.
1904	Beograd	Jugoslav Exhibition (I).
1904	Vienna	Secession.
1905	Zagreb	Jugoslav Exhibition (II).
1905	Vienna	Secession.
1906	Sofia	Jugoslav Exhibition (III).
1906	London	Austrian Exhibition (Dalmatian Pavilion).
1906	Vienna	Secession.
1907	Munich	Secession.
1907	Dresden	Secession.
1907	Venice	Seventh International Art Exhibition.
1907	Vienna	Secession.
1908	Split	Dalmatian Art Exhibition.
1908	Prag	"Manes."
1908	Paris	Salon d'Automne.
1909	Paris	Champs de Mars.
1909	Munich	Secession.
1909	Paris	Salon d'Automne.
1909	Vienna	Secession.
1909	Lyublyana	Jugoslav Exhibition (IV).
1910	Vienna	Secession.
1911	Zagreb	Meštrović-Rački Exhibition (1).
1911	Rome	International Art Exhibition.
1912	Beograd	Jugoslav Exhibition (V).
1913	Munich	Secession.
1913	London	International Society (Autumn Exhibition).
1914	Venice	Eleventh International Art Exhibition (2).
1915	London	Meštrović Exhibition (Victoria and Albert Museum) (3).
1915	Glasgow	Royal Glasgow Institute.
1915	London	International Society (Autumn Exhibition).
1915	Leeds	City Art Gallery.
1917	London	Exhibition of Serbo-Croat Art (Grafton Galleries) (4).
1918	Bradford	Spring Exhibition (Corporation Art Gallery).
1918	Edinburgh	Royal Scottish Academy.
1918	Glasgow	Royal Glasgow Institute.

NOTE.—Catalogues containing articles by the following: (1) I. Vojnović and A. Milčinović; (2) M. Lago; (3) J. Bone and R. W. Seton Watson; (4) Charles Aitken and R. W. Seton Watson.

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Note.—The list of "British Publications" is as complete as possible. Owing to war-time difficulties the "Foreign Publications" are necessarily incomplete, and no attempt has been made to record the very great number of references in the Serbo-Croat publications of Europe and America.—E. H. R. C.



DOORWAY, TROGIR

NOTES

JEAN MILNE'S VERSES

Note 1. Miss *J. Milne*, one of the few women sculptors (herself a carver of stone)—whose work of intelligent conception and originality in expression deserves wider publicity and more attention than a true artist's modesty has allowed so far to penetrate into her studio—is one of the most ardent admirers of Meštrović. The sincere love and deep understanding on the part of a fellow-sculptor of British nationality speaks perhaps better than anything to the qualities of the Serbian artist.

The verses were not meant to be shown to anybody, and came by the indiscretion of a common friend into the editor's hands. The request to have them printed in this book was not granted without a stratagem being used: the bronze cast of a sketch of the "Vestal Virgin" (see plate XXIX, List of Works No. 212), one of Miss Milne's favourites amongst the new Meštrović works, was sent to her studio to be stored there for some weeks. "How can I refuse your request when you entice me with such a wonderful hostage. . . . But I know my writing is very far from being worthy of the theme."

Other assistance which has been given by Miss Milne on many occasions where Meštrović was concerned, not the least being in connection with this book, will remain as she wants it—anonymous.

Note 2. *The drawing* representing a modern "Maiden of Kosovo" or "Mother of the Jugovići," or a widow in the sense of Meštrović, was purposely chosen to re-echo the voice in the verses, and was made by *Joza Kljaković*. Also the drawings on pp. xiv, 23 and 29, are by him—all borrowed from the Almanac "*Prosejeta*" (published in Serbian in Geneva during this war, in 1918, edited by P. Slepčević), where they appear on pp. 264, 265, 153 and 233 respectively. The originals of these drawings were exhibited in Geneva at the Jugoslav Exhibition which opened in June 1918. (See also note 17.)

PREFATORY NOTE

Note 3. As to *the exhibition of Meštrović's sculptures in Great Britain*, the reader is referred to the text of the book, particularly to E. Collings's essay on "Meštrović in England" (pp. 48-54); see also the List of Exhibitions (p. 67).

Note 4. *The Great Retreat* of the Serbian Army through Albania and Montenegro took place in the winter 1915-16. *The Advance* on the Salonica front, which led first to the capitulation of Bulgaria, then of Turkey, and immediately after to the dismemberment of Austria-Hungary, began in September 1918. The political *Union* of all Yugoslavs (Serbo-Croats and Slovenes) was first proclaimed by the National Council in Zagreb on October 19, 1918.

Note 5. *Mediæval Serbian heroes and the battle of Kosovo in 1389*.—See in the text, especially pp. 18 and 19, 27, 32-5, 50, 55-9, and notes 20, 31, 32, 51 and 52. It was between the two Meštrović exhibitions in London, in 1915 and 1917, that the most important Serbian celebrations in Great Britain took place, that of *Kosovo Day* (May and June 1916), when hundreds of lectures were given over the whole country on June 28, commemorating the day of Kosovo, in English and Scotch schools and churches. (See also p. 57.) This was followed by a solemn service at St. Paul's (July 7, 1916), one of the most impressive ceremonies during the war, in memory of the old Serbian Kosovo heroes and in honour of the Serbian soldiers and British doctors and nurses fallen in Serbia in the war.

Note 6. *The Serbian soldier*.—The population of Serbia consists chiefly (80 per cent.) of peasants. Their good qualities and patriotism were proved perhaps better than by anything else by the lists of losses published by the Serbian War Office after the signing of the armistice on the Western front. In 1914 the number of men killed in battle was 45,061, and the

number of deaths from wounds and sickness 69,022 ; in 1915, the total number of deaths from all causes was 171,725. From 1914 until the armistice in October 1918, Serbia alone has lost half of her war army—322,000 soldiers. (See also notes 40 and 52.)

Note 7. It was not possible nor was it intended to invite for collaboration every one who could claim with some right to have helped to create the reputation which Meštrović has earned since the beginning of the century. The intention was more especially to present the work of the artist from all sides, both through the text and by the reproduction of his sculptures, as far as these were available ; though a point was made of inviting those who may be stated to be particularly qualified, for one reason or another, to express their view of the matter. Some general and personal remarks concerning the collaborators will be found in the introductory notes referring to each of the contributions. There having been, however, no suitable place for a note on one of the chief contributors (because in the nature of the work his part remains anonymous), I should like to mention here the precious support given by the publisher (G. Williams) himself. The whole arrangement of the book was his, and it was he who carefully worked out most of the particulars without regard to loss of time and cost of material ; only devotion to true art and love of good books can explain the extreme zeal displayed by him in every respect, and it was a real pleasure to have dealings with such a publisher.

Of the reasons for having undertaken myself the editing of this monograph, I have to confess (may the unconventional tone of these notes not displease the reader, and the wilful indiscretions by which I seek to satisfy those eager to know as much as possible of the master himself as well as of his work, not be considered to centre the interest on purely personal matters) the most prominent was, that I had to pay back to Meštrović a debt contracted long ago, when still too young to judge a new artist I expressed in public some gratuitous criticism of his work. He has never shown in the least that he bears any rancour for this.

Note 8. *The Medallion with the two winged beasts* is a detail from the Oriental ornaments of the Monastery of Ravanitza in Serbia (founded 1381 by Tsar Lazar, in the valley of the river Ressava where it flows into the Morava). Tsar Lazar's remains were transferred there from Kossovo, after the battle in 1389, and later from there to Ravanitza-Vrdnik in Srem (Syrmium).

For other details from old Serbian churches and monasteries, see pp. vii, 38, 47, 66 and 73.

The *medallion on the title-page*, containing the design of Solomon's letter, is also from the Monastery of Ravanitza. Some time in the past, when alterations were being made, the medallion was divided into two portions which are now in different parts of the church.

Note 9. The *drawing* over the "Contents" (p. vii)—*Virgin with Child*—is after a detail of one of the south windows in the Monastery of Kalenitch (near the river Morava in Serbia, built in 1427). The detail was chosen by G. Williams, and the drawing in black and white made by E. Collings. (See also note 8.)

LIST OF PLATES

(see also notes 87, 88, 89)

Note 10. The artist was consulted as to the choice and grouping of plates.

The titles of works on the plates are given as shortly as possible and plates are numbered for purposes of reference.

Sculptures reproduced on plates, which are not mentioned within the text, are referred to in the note 89.

The plates are grouped by subjects, *not* arranged chronologically. If the date of creation of a work is desired, reference can be made to the titles in the List of Works, at the end of the text (pp. 60-66), where the plate numbers are also given.

Note 11. The drawing in the centre of the blank page, xi, by E. Collings, is a reminiscence of Meštrović's *Little Sphinx* (see List of Works No. 107), exhibited at the Victoria and Albert Museum in 1915. The drawing was made for this monograph and appears here for the first time. (See also notes 66 and 79.)

JOHN LAVERY, "TO INTRODUCE IVAN MEŠTROVIĆ"

Note 12. *Sir John Lavery* saw Meštrović first in Rome; as soon as they had made acquaintance they became good friends. The great British portrait painter is one of the few foreigners in whom Meštrović, rather shy in personal relations, has full confidence; he likes to go to see him whenever he happens to be in London, and he has presented Sir John Lavery with a female head, one of his early but most successful works (see plate XLIII, left, List No. 60). Although the sculptor has had many offers for a replica, he has always refused, considering that it would not be honour enough for Lavery to possess one of his sculptures of which there existed other copies.

Note 13. *The Conference by Prof. B. Popović* took place on December 4, 1917, at the Grafton Galleries, in the series of public lectures on Southern Slav Art, Literature and History, during the Serbian Exhibition (see p. 53). Sir John Lavery was in the chair. I remember how he asked me one day to come to his studio for a talk about what he could say as chairman, and how, at the very last minute courage left him and he intended to say just a few words of introduction; then, the lecturer carried him with him and improvising he made the speech of his life. He nearly proved the only point on which he says he does not agree with the lecturer—that the artist himself can speak best of art.

A short report of Prof. Popović's lecture (see pp. 39-47) appeared in the London Press, and Sir John Lavery's opinion on Meštrović expressed in his speech was recapitulated and translated into French in *La Patrie Serbe* (No. 2 of February 1918, pp. 68-9). (See also notes 61 and 62.)

Note 14. "*Serbia has given to the world*,"—In the spirit of Meštrović's patriotism, large and impatient of provincial boundaries, we disregard the convention of separating the two national names of Serbs and Croats, who are one and the same race and nation, speak the same language and have the same interests and ideals to such an extent that it is impossible to separate them. In this sense there is no objection to Lavery's sentence, though as a matter of fact Meštrović is a native of Dalmatia and not of Serbia proper.

Note 15. At the moment of writing this note, Serbian cavalry is rushing across the Danube into the Hungarian plain—forty-five days since the offensive on the Salonica front was launched—thus rivalling their heroic fellow-countrymen of some 600 years ago. It seemed the most appropriate place in the book to use *Kljaković's drawing* (see also note 2) at the conclusion of Sir John Lavery's praise of Meštrović's equestrian statue of the national hero Kraljević Marko (see also note 52).

M. ČURČIN, "THE STORY OF AN ARTIST"

Note 16. No attempt is made here to write a biography of Meštrović, only to contribute some details towards one by adding an account of his childhood which may be considered authentic because it is given by himself. After the essay was written, notes put down by the artist himself and containing some interesting facts were found; these will be used in the following pages in inverted commas.

The tale of Meštrović's early years and the origin of his work (see pp. 15 and 16) was first told in public by some of his friends and countrymen. Amongst those who knew him best is Andrija Milčinić whose essay on Meštrović in the Catalogue of the Zagreb Exhibition (1911) was probably the first and best serious attempt to give an account of the artist's life. As the most tenacious and prolific writer on Meštrović's art, almost an apostle of the artist and proclaimer of the national Sculptor Prophet, has to be mentioned Dimitrije Mitrinović (see also p. 52). It is a matter of regret that, in spite of his presence in England and the artist's wish, it was not possible to secure his collaboration in this volume. Other prominent Serbo-Croat men of letters who have written and spoken on Meštrović include the poets and novelists J. Dučić, Vladimir Nazor, Father Nicholas Velimirović; among the younger generation, P. Slepčević, M. Ibrovac, and others. His latest biographer in the Serbo-Croat language is Milan Marjanović, who dedicated to Meštrović the first volume of the "Jugoslav Library" (1915), published in New York, in the United States, where amongst the numerous Serbo-Croat emigrants Meštrović's

name is more popular than that of any other living Serb. A complete bibliography of Serbo-Croat publications would be very rich and interesting, but for obvious reasons its compilation could not be undertaken during war, nor would it come within the scheme of the present volume.

Note 17. p. 15, l. 7, *Tomica Krizman*.—Meštrović appeared before the public at home, and soon also abroad, as the head of a school of young sculptors and painters. Some of them were younger, some older than the master himself; several of very pronounced and strong talent, though all of them more or less under the influence of Meštrović's art and originality. The first manifestation of this new movement in Serbo-Croat art came with the Yugoslav exhibitions, first in Beograd, then in Zagreb, Sofia and Lyublyana, within the space of a few years; the most impressive joint show took place with the Meštrović-Rački exhibition in Zagreb (1911), which was almost transferred and completed the same year at the International Exhibition in Rome, where it formed the chief feature of the Serbian Pavilion. The most prominent amongst his artist friends are the painter M. Rački, the sculptor T. Rosandić, and the draughtsman T. Krizman (see also p. 59); and during a period of some ten years at the beginning of this century it would be hardly possible to disassociate his work from theirs. No monograph on Meštrović's art would be complete without some reference to the work of each of these three chief companions.

Mirko Rački, a Croat from Zagoric (near Varazhdin), attracted attention with his early paintings and was introduced by a Croat nobleman to the well-known Croat painter Bukovac, then professor at the Academy of Prag, who was staying at the time in Zagreb and through whose intervention later the Croat Government (Prof. Kršnjavi) granted a subsidy for the continuance of Rački's studies in Prag and Vienna. They also commissioned him to illustrate Dante, his first notable work in oil, acquired later by the Zagreb Artists' Society. In his still more remarkable later paintings, which have for their subject Serbian national poetry, Rački is deeply national; and this national spirit is stronger in his art than with that of any other Serbian painter. He simply adores the national poetry, and his later works, being conceived and executed during the war, though of great strength, are sombre and monotonous in tone and colour just because of his strong feeling reminiscent of the unhappy state of his native land and the distress of his country.

The sculptures of *Toma Rosandić* have been modelled in the same atmosphere and under the guiding spirit of Meštrović. Rosandić is also a Dalmatian, of Split, where he worked as a master mason for several years. (See also notes 35 and 41.) In this capacity he crossed the country to Venice and Italy, became a student of art and, supported by Meštrović, completed his studies in Vienna. His work at the Grafton Galleries in London and at the Scottish Academy in Edinburgh, in 1918, found in this country a great response and many friends, among them the Scotch sculptor P. MacGillivray, who sees in Rosandić the Serbian Meunier, and to whom his work, in some way, recalls "the sympathy, beauty and character of Donatello."

T. Krizman is a native also of Zagoric (near Zagreb), and achieved his artistic education at the side of Meštrović in Vienna. He is the opposite type to Meštrović, very delicate and subtle, and it was the strong influence of Meštrović at the critical period—their relations being those of an elder brother and a younger—which helped him, in spite of his tendency, to become very expressive in his drawings and in decorative painting, and individual enough to found a regular school of drawing and ornament at Zagreb.

Besides these three, there were several other young artists strongly influenced by Meštrović and included in the group, like the painter Babić; and amongst the still younger generation Dešković (a sculptor) and Kljaković, proofs of whose strength in drawing may be seen in reproductions in this book (see note 2).

Note 18. p. 15, l. 12, *Kajkav dialect*.—The Serbo-Croat national language is divided chiefly into three dialects, the *štokav*, the *kajkav* and the *čakav*, the two latter being used only in some parts of the country, the *kajkav* dialect especially in Zagoric; unfortunately it is slowly dying out. It sounds most picturesque with its sonorous vocabulary and forms, which are nowadays used only by very few of the educated Croats in Zagreb and the surrounding country.

Note 19. p. 15, l. 16, *His wife*—*Ruža* (of Croat origin, from the neighbourhood of Varazhdin) Meštrović met first as a student in Vienna, where she was staying with one of her married sisters,

and they were soon married, against the wish of her family. What may perhaps be considered the best proof of the success of the union is the constant use by the sculptor of his wife as a model for his portraits and heads. Mme. Meštrović, a pupil of her husband in sculpture, attends to many of the sculptor's business affairs, supplies the necessary information concerning him, and discharges the social duties imposed unpardonably upon men in the limelight of public interest. Very dark and full of temperament, she gives the impression of an Italian or Spanish rather than a Slav type. Her beautifully modelled hands are worth mentioning, especially with regard to the artist's remarkable hand studies, a very important point of his work (see also pp. 35 and 36).

Note 20. p. 15, ll. 28-9, "*The national legends he had at his finger tips,*"—The Serbian national legends are famous in the literature of the world. Goethe translated some into German and was during very many years of his old age engaged in studying them, advised by Jakob Grimm, the great linguist and folklorist, who compared these Serbian songs with Homer, finding that "everything in them was beautiful." Many of the legends exist in English, the most famous being that of "Hasan-Aginica" by Sir Walter Scott, translated unfortunately not from the Serbian original but from Goethe's German translation. The first complete volume of Serbian legends in English was edited by John Bowring in 1827; the best collection of translations in English is that of Lord Lytton (Owen Meredith). The Serbian national songs became famous in Europe at the beginning of the nineteenth century, with the collections of Vuk Stefanović Karadžić.

Meštrović began very early to listen to folk-songs and to learn them by heart. He says that after the evening meal his father used to read national legends from Kačić and from Vuk, and he says that he knew a lot of legends before he learned to read and write. From his grandfather and grandmother he learned the "Hasan-Aginica" as early as his fourth year, and he passed his whole childhood singing and reciting songs. His grandfather had, he says, an unusually vivid fantasy, and used to tell the children tales during the long winter evenings about "vilas" (winged women of supernatural power, helping or hindering human beings, according to their sympathies), witches and vampires, which he "saw." His father made attempts to compose legends himself, taking for subjects the feats of *haiduks* (see p. 16) or the adventures of the villagers of his native place; the boy followed at the age of eight or nine, and tried to put into verses the happenings of the everyday events in the peasant's life. (See also pp. 18 and 19, 32-5 and 56, and notes 31, 32, 51 and 52.)

Note 21. p. 16, l. 12, *His native village, his father, his mother and family*,—Meštrović was born in Slavonia (see p. 18, l. 1, etc.), in Vrpolje, in the year 1883. The names of his father and mother are *Mate* and *Marta*, and they still live in Otavitze where he visits them and likes to stay for his holidays. There are two more brothers at home—Marko, the eldest, and Silvije, the youngest. Petar (Peša), the third brother, is at present finishing his technical studies in Edinburgh. Of his three sisters—Manda, Bira, and Danica—two are married, and all live with the family or near them in Dalmatia.

Note 22. p. 16, l. 19, *Old Serbian and Dalmatian civilisation*.—Some 600 years ago a great Serbian Empire extended over nearly the whole of the Balkan Peninsula; when it perished, after the battle of Kossovo (1389), and when Serbia proper passed for more than 400 years under Turkish rule, there were still Serbo-Croats in Bosnia-Herzegovina, in Montenegro, in Dalmatia, in Croatia and in Southern Hungary, who continued cultivating arts and letters until Serbia was liberated at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and the nation as a whole could continue the work of progress. (See also notes 30 and 45.)

Note 23. p. 16, l. 26, etc.—About *his father's sculpturing* and what he has learnt from him, Meštrović gives the following account: "My parents were peasants, agriculturalists and cattle breeders, but my father, although he also cultivated the land and occupied himself with cattle and sheep like his other brothers, had much taste for the peasant industries, for making utensils and building what was necessary in the house. Already in his twentieth year he began to build a house quite different from those they knew in the village, and carved in stone a rather nice *façade*, taking much care in the ornaments round the windows. He tried also to carve a head

at one of the corners over the door, and continuing later on these lines he built monuments for the graves of the brother whom he liked best and of his first child who died. When I was five or six years old, father used to take me out with him to work, and there I stood at his side watching how he carved wood or stone—that was my first school. But I think I could not say when I started to carve wood myself, remembering only that it was at the age of eleven that I carved the first human form, which gave me great pleasure; I could hardly wait the hour to show the work to father and mother, and I still remember that I had the impression of having unlocked a firmly closed door, or found a source of treasures whence I should be able to draw constantly; in fact, one ‘man’ was created after the other and my passion grew with their creation. My father was obviously pleased but concealed his joy and appeared as if he took it as a matter of course, whilst mother used to burst out in joy and admiration, saying, ‘I did not know what he would do, but I was sure that he was going to do something that would make us astounded because none of us would be able to do the same.’” (See also p. 17 and note 55.)

Note 24. p. 16, l. 28, *Little Kosovo* is near the small town of Knin, the seat of an Archbishop and the old capital of the Croat kings. There many churches have been built by old princes, amongst them particularly that of Biskupia, the place where people from the country used to assemble to discuss national questions. Ruins of these churches are still to be seen, and many interesting antiquities have been found which were all brought to Knin, to the Museum, founded by a Franciscan monk whose collaborator in building houses was Meštrović’s father, himself a fanatic on antiquities. In the same Museum there are also some of the early works of Meštrović, made in his childhood.

Note 25. p. 16, l. 35, *Haïduk*,—The great-grandfather of Meštrović, one of the big proprietors (“aga”) under the Turkish régime in Bosnia and Dalmatia, fled together with other patriots into the mountains and fought the Turks along with the famous chief of *haïduks*, Stojan Janković, with whom he perished near Dumno in Dalmatia.

Note 26. p. 17, ll. 17–18, “*From his father he first learnt to read and write*,”—Meštrović writes the Serbo-Croat orthographs, both Latin and Cyrillic, equally well. He was seven years old, he says, when he learnt to read from his father, out of Kačić’s Anthology the Latin characters, and out of Vuk’s Collection of folk-songs the Cyrillic (see also note 20). His great-uncle Marko, his grandmother’s brother, who was imprisoned in Istria as a *haïduk*, when released brought home first the art of writing; after his death Meštrović’s father remained for some time the only man in the village who could read and write. Meštrović remembers having received from his great-uncle Marko a manuscript, copied whilst in prison from an old book, on King David and other stories from the Old Testament.

Note 27. p. 17, ll. 29–30, *National leaders*,—“Some townspeople,” says the sculptor, “were sending messages that I should model portraits of our great men, which could be forwarded to schools in order to prove my qualifications (see note 34). So I started with Fra-Andrija Kačić, the national poet, whom I thought the greatest, then I made Banus Jelačić and others.”

Banus Jelačić was the famous Croat national hero during the Hungarian rebellion of 1848, who helped the Austrian Emperor with his legions against the rebels, but was betrayed by Austria afterwards with his compatriots. (See also p. 59.)

A. Starčević, another popular Croat leader against the Magyars, the founder of the Croat National Party. The wooden portrait is still to be seen, in the house of Dr. F. M. Marušić of Drnish.

J. Strossmayer, the best known Yugoslav bishop, a great apostle of national union; he created the Yugoslav Academy in 1867, and the University of Zagreb in 1874. (See also p. 59.)

Note 28. p. 17, ll. 34–5, “*Christ on the Cross which is still to be seen in his father’s house*,”—Later information from Meštrović says that he does not know where this “Christ” is at present. Several of his other early works are to be seen at his home in Otavitze or at the Museum in Knin (see note 24).

Note 29. p. 18, l. 5, etc., This *uncle*, according to Meštrović, brought with him books with poetry which were “not to be sung with *gusle* but to be read only,”—works of the poets

Preradović, Mažuranić, Vraz, Njegoš. And it was he who was the first to tell him, that there were people in the world who earned their living by carving or painting, and that they were held in great esteem amongst men; he also tried to explain this to the rest of the family, attempting to persuade them that the boy through his carving might "become somebody."

Note 30. p. 18, l. 19, *Churches and Monasteries*.—There are several hundred old Serbo-Croat Orthodox and Catholic churches and monasteries all over the Balkans, splendid examples of that ancient civilisation and architecture which was stopped by the Turkish invasion at the best period of its development. Meštrović, in a letter, says on the subject: "Many of the churches in Dalmatia, at their period of independent architecture, are in the Byzantine style, just as there are monasteries in Old Serbia in the Roman style; but in both there is in addition a true and original Slav element and spirit. In Dalmatia, we had great artists, only we did not know that we could claim them as our own; they learned from the Italians and from those from whom the Italians in their turn learned; what is original in their work, is Slav." (See also note 45.)

In 1918 a representative edition of some reproductions of "Serbian Orthodox Church" (edited by Mič. J. Pupin) was published in London by John Murray, as the first volume of *South Slav Monuments*; unfortunately, owing to the war, reproductions of many remarkable churches and details were not available for that book. (See some details reproduced on pp. vii, 38, 47, 66, 73, and on the title-page; see also note 8.)

Note 31. p. 18, ll. 25-6, "*The very rocks transforming themselves into members and fragments of legendary figures*,"—His uncle's stories, the artist says, excited him so much that he went about his work like one in a fever and he felt inwardly quite transformed. "Contemplating the cliffs in our country's scenery, I saw in undefined lines the whole Kossovo army—Miloš the great and terrible hero making headway for himself and his two friends through the crowd of Turks (see note 51); then some wonderful Serbian kings and princes on horseback riding by beautiful churches and monasteries; and then again rows of 'vilas' (see note 20), witches and vampires, so that I shivered with fear."

Note 32. p. 19, l. 1, etc., *The Idea of the Kossovo Temple*.—Meštrović's own note (written at the beginning of the war):—

"I conceived the idea of the Temple of Kossovo almost immediately after I left school, but at that time I did not feel strong enough to start its execution on broader lines. Only on the occasion of the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina in 1908, when our national catastrophe seemed to be complete and the fate of our race sealed; at the climax of our national sorrow and in the fever with which all of us trembled, I dared to begin to work out some fragments, and it was in this and the following years that I did what exists of them.

"It would be difficult to explain shortly and in concise form the idea of the Kossovo Temple. What I had in my mind was to attempt to give a synthesis of the popular national ideals and their development, to express by stone and building how deeply rooted in every one of us is the memory of the greatest moments and the most characteristic phases of our history—forming at the same time a central place for hopes in the future, amidst nature and under the free sky. After the defeat on the plain of Kossovo, the catastrophe was not accepted by the Serbian people as its final fate but only as a punishment for some generations to come, which would have to prepare by suffering the way to new freedom—a kind of purgatory towards the final liberation. The brutal Turkish invaders defeated Tsar Lazar, the Serbian heroes and the Serbian army, and brought oppression over the country for many centuries, but they were not able to defeat the soul of the nation which remained pure and strong, ready always for another great and holy moment, to fight to the death in order to redeem justice and liberty. The best amongst the country, the blind *guslar*, took up the task of encouraging his fellow-countrymen, and going from home to home, from village to village, he sang of the 'glorious defeat,' strengthening in this way the faith of the people and keeping together the links of internal union, of an invisible Empire. According to the national legend, God himself gave Tsar Lazar the choice of an earthly or a heavenly kingdom, and it was the latter he chose; the *guslar* it was who told the nation that the Tsar was not dead but only gone over to a heavenly Empire together with all those who were true to him, with his honest soldiers, and

that he looks from there upon those who remain and who will live and die for the same cause of final liberation. The heroes and knights as well as later the *haiduks* and *uskoks*, or any national individuals fighting against Turk and injustice, found their way into the legends and into the soul of every Serbo-Croat peasant; they became part of his life, his consolation, and prophetic of all he thinks will come. The moral of those legends is simple and clear: to fight to death against oppression and cruelty, for right, for the country—no sacrifices shall be too great. It is from Kossovo up to to-day that this faith has lived and kept unchanged, the army of Tsar Lazar thus increasing into millions and millions. The whole of our country is an altar for this faith, and just as Tsar Lazar is the centre of the Kossovo Temple and the Guslar his priest; so in the same way is ideally the wish for justice and progress towards the higher life of mankind the centre of the Temple, and those who proclaim them its priests. This Temple would not be dedicated to any confession or sect in particular, but to all of them, to all of those who believe in the ideals expressed in the national legends. This corresponds to the spirit of the nation, who are religious though not bigoted, and who think that everybody who is just and honest is a 'true believer' to whatever faith he may belong.

"Thus could I perhaps describe in few words the motive of the idea upon which I started to work out my Temple of Kossovo." (See also pp. 27, 32, 33, 50, 56, 58, and notes 20, 24, 30, 31, 51, 52, and 89.)

Note 33. p. 19, l. 6, etc., "*His father took him to Shibenic and he saw the Cathedral,*"—The Church of St. Jacob, of which his grandfather had told him that "it was built by our people, out of our pure white marble," and that the carved heads were modelled after the labourers who carried the stone.

"Descending the mountain," he says, "passing fortresses which were known to me from Kačić, the bright sea opened before my eyes and I looked into it as into a miraculous mirror. The smell of the yellow flower and many coloured herbs which grow by the seaside added to my excitement, and I had the sensation as if my soul were swimming and planing beneath the blue sky over the bright sea. 'Oh, papa, only let me go near the beautiful sea and close to the Church'—so I said to father on our return—'and you will see how I shall find a job, because any will be good enough for me.'"

Note 34. p. 20, l. 4, "*To pay for the boy's schooling,*"—To think that he was going to school, says Meštrović, filled him with immense joy. He believed that there he would be able to learn everything at one stroke,—"that a hundred secrets will open themselves before my eyes, and that I shall be able/as if by the touch of a magic stick to disengage from the rocks legions of heroes which I saw before me in my mind. . . . I could not understand at all what they meant by postponing my going to school for a year and a half because of the lack of means:—Dear me, I thought, is there really much money needed for me, when I am willing to work the whole day long at nothing else but blocks of wood, ready to sleep in whatever corner if only I can see and learn something." (See also p. 21.)

The school to which the captain applied first was that of Trst (Trieste), and then of Zagreb.

Note 35. p. 20, l. 6, *Meštrović in Split*.—T. Rosandić the sculptor was working there then as a master mason (see note 17), and he speaks of his meeting Meštrović as follows: "At that time I made Meštrović's acquaintance—he came also to Split to learn to be a master mason, sent by well-meaning but ignorant people for the same purpose that I was sent by my parents." Later, when Meštrović had already made his way and became known in Vienna, he again met with Rosandić in Split: "I applied to him for help, and responding with enthusiasm he took me to Vienna."

Note 36. p. 20, l. 15, "*He could hardly believe what he saw,*"—"A devil of a peasant boy," were the words of the master, according to Meštrović, "how clever you are! It is excellent and everything is right, but you have made feet like those of a peasant!" It was the first criticism on the sculptor's predilection for spiritualised extremities. (See also p. 35.)

Note 37. p. 20, ll. 35–6, "*From that day he took me into his own house,*"—Until then the boy was staying in Split with a poor schoolmistress from the vicinity of his village who had a lot of children of her own. She taught him in the evening orthography and figures.

Note 38. p. 21, l. 1, "*He was sent to say good-bye to his father,*"—Before leaving for Vienna, his father took him to Trogir (Traù) in order to show him the door of St. Jean of Trogir, telling him that he would probably see many bigger churches in Vienna, but "hardly more beautiful ones than those of ours." (See the drawing on p. 73.)

Note 39. p. 21, l. 7, *His peasant's dress*,—Meštrović was in peasant dress for nearly two years in Vienna, and only very slowly got accustomed to dress ordinarily. Almost immediately he changed to artistic clothes, preferring corduroy and a good artistic hat with a wide brim, which he has never ceased to wear.

Note 40. p. 21, ll. 23-4, *The elementary primitive candour of the Serbian peasant*,—It has lately often been stated by British women who have been out in Serbia during the war, with the Serbian peasant soldiers in hospitals and canteens, that they are candid in their relations towards women. They believe that there can be no luck in war if they cannot avoid the close touch with women whilst the fight is going on. They are told so by their mothers when sent to war. Turks and Moslem Serbs of Macedonia were always very pleased with Serbian billeting because of the Serbian soldier's good behaviour; he would lie in the street, sometimes in rain and in snow, rather than enter a harem and disturb the women. (See also notes 6 and 52.)

Note 41. p. 21, l. 35, *Professor Bitterlich*,—T. Rosandić (see notes 17 and 35) had a similar experience of Professor Bitterlich; he says: "Professor Bitterlich of the Viennese Academy was a great opponent to everything that was not German art, and in consequence, in spite of my having passed first in the examination for the Academy, he rejected me. 'You have already a special way of working,' he said, 'and it would be useless to take you up as I could not have any influence over you.' This declaration gave me even more courage to go on in my own way. . . ."

Note 42. p. 22, l. 7, etc., *Studying in Vienna*,—At Professor König's studio Meštrović started modelling from nature, remaining there for seven months, and there he made the portrait of Professor König, which was one of the pieces to gain him admittance to the Academy.

When he returned to Vienna, after the Mæcenas had withdrawn his aid, and up to the end of his studies, Meštrović had to depend on the sale of the copies he was able to make, until relief came first from a Serbo-Croat students' support committee in Vienna, later on from the municipality of Drnish, and then from the Dalmatian National Council and the Society of Croat Artists in Zagreb.

Note 43. p. 22, l. 26, *Meštrović and Rodin*.—The Serbian artist has an extremely high regard for the work of the great French sculptor, the only living artist, as he used to say before Rodin died, by whom he is deeply and sincerely inspired. The real acquaintance between them began in Paris in 1908, after Rodin had seen Meštrović's work exhibited for the first time in France. He sent Meštrović an invitation to come to his place at Meudon, and they remained in touch ever after. At the beginning of the war, when Rodin was in Rome to make the Pope's portrait, he often came to see Meštrović at his studio, and there he posed for his portrait (see plate XLII, and List of Works Nos. 196, 197). "We discussed art subjects while he posed, and he also told me many interesting details of his life. In 1913 he gave me one of his statues ('Inspiration,' detail from the monument to Victor Hugo), but the war came and I never actually received the piece." Many of Rodin's sayings about Meštrović have been circulated, one of them being that he was the greatest phenomenon amongst the sculptors of the world.

Note 44. p. 22, l. 43, etc., *Michael-Angelo's "Night,"* see also pp. 45-6.

Note 45. p. 23, ll. 4-7, *Meštrović and Italy*.—As a member of the Yugoslav Committee during the war, Meštrović was one of those who held a conciliatory attitude towards Italy, though he many times became excited about the unjustified claims of Italy with regard to Dalmatia, his motherland, which has given to the Serbo-Croat civilisation since the Middle-Ages the most cultivated men in art, literature and science, he himself being one of the most prominent amongst them. The architects of Old Serbian churches of the Middle Ages were largely from Dalmatia (assisted by the Serbian peasant men and women), and it is a fact that a

good number of artists in the Italian Renaissance were of Dalmatian origin, as well as men of letters like Tommaseo and others. (See also notes 22 and 30.)

On the other hand, there is no other land where Meštrović has so many good friends, where his art is so appreciated and in which he likes to stay so much, as Italy. At the International Exhibition in Rome in 1911, he received the first prize for sculpture. The best Italian contemporary sculptor, Bistolfi, who died lately, was one of his good friends (see his portrait, plate XLI), in the same way as are many other living Italian artists. The art review *Eroica* (1914) dedicated a special number to Meštrović's work, the most splendid publication of reproductions of his sculptures so far. About his relations with the Italian art critic Ugo Ojetti, see note 70.

Note 46. p. 23, l. 10, "*Secession*."—It is a widespread belief that Meštrović owes much to the artistic movement which started in Vienna (and which was taken up by Munich and other parts of Germany) under the name of "*Secession*." In truth, Meštrović, though then very young, was one of the creators of the movement and the most prominent sculptor amongst the artists who belonged to it, the other chief representatives being painters, architects and decorative artists. Thus there was of course a connection between the "*Secession*" and his art, but it was his individuality and originality which had a strong influence over the rest of his fellow-artists at the root of the movement. (See also p. 37.) The "*Secession*" is not limited to German art, Slav painters and architects besides Meštrović having taken an important and influential part in it.

Note 47. p. 23, *Kljaković's drawing* (see also note 2)—the shepherd boy carving a stick—probably had Meštrović as model, but wood-carving is not at all unusual amongst the Serbo-Croat peasants and shepherds of the mountains and in Serbo-Croat towns, over the whole Southern Slav country. There are many beautiful examples of the national instrument *gusle* (see about *guslar*, note 32 and 53) carved in wood, as well as of every kind of house utensil which form part of the whole artistic furniture of the Slav houses in the Balkans; along with hand-made clothes and shoes, carpets, embroidery, pottery, etc. (There are in the Ethnographical Museum in Beograd, Zagreb and other Southern Slav towns, many examples of this popular art.)

IVO VOJNOVIĆ, "CHORDS"

Note 48. This essay first appeared in Serbian language as an introduction to the Catalogue (edited by the Society of Croat Authors) of the Meštrović-Rački Exhibition of 1911, in Zagreb. The translation for this monograph was made by E. H. R. Collings.

Note 49. *Count Ivo Vojnović* was born in Dubrovnik (Ragusa) in 1857, of one of the old families in Dalmatia. He is the best known modern Serbo-Croat dramatist, one of his chief works being the dramatised national legend of the "*Mother of the Jugovići*," to which allusion is made towards the end of the essay: He is specially popular for his "*Triology on Dubrovnik*," a triptych depicting the end of the famous little Republic, which throughout several centuries was the centre of Serbian literature and art in Dalmatia (see also notes 30 and 45).

When war broke out Vojnović was put into prison by the Austrian Government, and was released only after long suffering in consequence of which he lost his sight. On October 9, 1917, his sixtieth birthday was celebrated, and whilst fighting was still going on he appeared before a crowded audience in the National Theatre in Zagreb to make an appeal to his compatriots to oppose the oppressors, ending his speech with the words: "*We have been brought up walking over waves of blood, in order to attain liberty. What new thing is it then we ask for?—Nothing more than even the seagulls possess—liberty!*" (See also p. 58.)

Note 50. p. 25, l. 2, "*Vapour bath*,"—The pavilion of the Society of Artists in Zagreb, placed in the centre of the beautiful Zrinski Square, was completed during the period of prevailing "*Secession*" architecture, and its forms remind one somewhat of a vapour bath.

Note 51. p. 27, ll. 15–28, *Kosovo heroes*.—Whole cycles of ballads centre round the battle of Kosovo (see also pp. v, 32–4, 50, 56–9; and notes 5, 20, 31, 32, 52) at which both the Turkish Sultan Murat and the Serbian Tsar Lazar perished. Amongst the best known of the

Kosovo heroes are *Banović Strahinja*, *Srdja Zlopogledja*, and the *nine Jugović brothers* with their old father *Bogdan* (also father of Milica, the wife of Tsar Lazar). One of the legends runs as follows :—

“Who was that good knight, who with one stroke of his keen sword, and his right hand, felled twenty heads ?

“That was even Ban Strahinja.

“And who was that good knight, who pierced the Turks two by two upon his lance and flung them over into the Sitnizza ?

“That was Srdja Zlopogledja.

“And who was that knight upon a great sorrel steed, with the standard of the Cross in his hand, who chased a host of Turks even into the river Sitnizza ?

“That was Boško the Jugović.”

The Kosovo hero is *Miloš Obilić*, a brave Serbian captain, who owing to intrigue had fallen under Tsar Lazar's displeasure, and anxious to prove his loyalty, cut his way through the Turks and slew the Sultan with his own hand. (See also pp. 34, 50 and 57.)

The Mother of the Jugovići is the subject of beautiful national songs, which have inspired many poets and artists, amongst them Meštrović (see p. 57, and List of Works No. 81). The ballad translated by R. W. Seton Watson, is worth quoting here in its entirety.

The Mother of the Jugovići

Dear God, how great a marvel !
 When the army camped on the field of Kossovo,
 And in that army nine Jugović brothers,
 And the tenth, the old Jug Bogdan.
 The mother of the Jugović prays to God,
 That He may give her the eyes of a falcon
 And the white wings of a swan,
 That she may fly to the Plain of Kossovo
 And may see the nine Jugović brothers,
 And the tenth, the old Jug Bogdan.
 As she prayed, her prayer was granted,
 God gave her the eyes of a falcon
 And the white wings of a swan.
 Then she flies to the Plain of Kossovo:
 Dead she found the nine Jugović brothers,
 And the tenth, the old Jug Bogdan.
 And above them, nine spears of battle ;
 Perched on the spears, falcons nine ;
 Around the spears, nine good steeds ;
 And beside them nine grim lions.
 Then did they whinny, the nine good steeds ;
 Then did they roar, the nine grim lions ;
 Then did they scream, the nine falcons.
 E'en then the mother was hard of heart,
 And from her heart no tear did rise.
 But she takes the nine good steeds,
 And she takes the nine grim lions,
 And she takes the nine falcons.
 Back she turns to her castle white.
 From afar her sons' wives saw her :
 A little nearer they came to meet her.

NOTES

There was clamour of nine widows :
 There was weeping of nine orphans :
 There was neighing of nine good steeds :
 There was roaring of nine grim lions :
 There was screaming of nine falcons.
 E'en then the mother was hard of heart,
 And from her heart no tear did rise.

When night was come, and the midnight was there,
 Then the grey horse of Damjan groaned.
 And Damjan's mother asked his wife :
 "Daughter of mine and wife of Damjan,
 What sets the horse of Damjan groaning ?
 Can it be hunger for pure white corn ?
 Can it be thirst for water of Zvechan ?"
 Then answered the wife of Damjan :
 "It is not hunger for pure white corn :
 It is not thirst for water of Zvechan.
 It is, that Damjan had taught him,
 Till midnight, to feast on hay,
 And after midnight, to take the road.
 Now 'tis his master he is mourning,
 For he will never bear him more."
 E'en then the mother was hard of heart,
 And from her heart no tear did rise.

When morning came and break of dawn,
 There came flying two coal-black ravens.
 Bloody were their wings up to the shoulders.
 Round their beaks there clung white foam.
 And they carried the hand of a hero,
 And on the hand a wedding-ring of gold.
 They threw it into the mother's lap.

The mother of the Jugović took the hand,
 She turned it round, she fondled it,
 And then she called the wife of Damjan.
 "Daughter of mine and wife of Damjan,
 Couldst thou tell whose hand is this ?"
 Then answered the wife of Damjan :
 "Mother of mine, O mother of Damjan,
 This is the hand of our own Damjan,
 For I do know the ring, my mother ;
 At the betrothal I did have it."
 The mother took the hand of Damjan,
 She turned it round, she fondled it.
 Then to the hand she softly spake :
 "O my hand, my fresh green apple,
 Where didst thou grow, where wert thou plucked ?
 'Twas on my bosom thou didst grow.
 The plucking, 'twas on Kossovo's plain."
 Speaking, she breathed her soul away.

The painter Rački (see note 17) has treated the subject several times in his Kosovo Cycle. In this connection has J. Kljaković's drawing been placed at the end of "Chords"—the Mother of the Jugovići, gazing at the hand of her son Damjan (see also note 2).

Note 52. p. 27, l. 18, *Marko Kraljević* is the most popular of the Serbian national heroes, and amongst the songs the most beautiful are those relating his deeds and adventures. He best represents the Serbian national character, and the Serbian soldier of to-day can be very easily recognised in his likeness. He is a hero, terrible to the enemy and fabulous in his strength, but at the same time with the best soul in the world; in the national legends he is called "father and mother" of the poor, whom he defends against the Turks as well as against the oppressors at home. He is the best of sons, following his mother's advice to fight only for the just cause, and when asked to decide between the pretenders to the crown, he declares against his own father and his uncles to the advantage of the young son of the late King and true heir to the throne. As famous as Marko is his piebald horse *Šarac* who shares his battles and sorrows, his food and wine. The Serbian people believed that Marko and his horse were not dead but that they slept in a cavern near Demir Kapu on the Vardar, waiting for the day on which they would help to liberate the country once more. (See also pp. 32 and 33.)

In the first Balkan War, the Serbian army fighting against the Turks in the neighbourhood of Prilip, Marko Kraljević's home, where his tower is still to be seen from far, was inspired by his presence, the soldiers being firmly convinced that he in person was leading them. (See also p. 57.)

Note 53. p. 27, l. 22, *Guslar* (see note 32).—One of Meštrović's Kosovo fragments, his *Guslar* (see plate IX), is the property of his compatriot Monsieur P. Mitrovich in London, together with two of his other works (Nos. 225 and 253 in the List of Works).

Note 54. p. 28, l. 16 and 17, *Vidović* is one of the painters of the Meštrović group, his speciality being Dalmatian scenery and seascapes. He exhibited with Meštrović in London as early as in 1906, at the Earl's Court Exhibition (see p. 48). *Hace*, Dalmatian composer and musician, friend of Vidović and Meštrović.

Note 55. p. 28, l. 26, "*My Mother*" is one of the best known portraits by the artist, at the same time typical of a Serbian peasant woman from Dalmatia (see plate XXXVIII). There exists another portrait (a head) of his mother (see List of Works No 71), still at home in Otavitz. Meštrović's affection for his parents (a head of his father, see in the List of Works No. 131), whom he loves with heart and soul, helps to explain the inspiration of this work. To him indeed his parents stood in a sacred place apart, and whilst, he says, his brothers and sisters were brought up with much care, they treated him quite exceptionally, and it seemed to him that their deep love was like nothing in the world. This gave rise to serious jealousy within the great family, and instead of allowing him to go on carving, they asked him to sow and work in the fields, which made his life at home miserable. (See also p. 17.) "Mother wept," he says, "complaining that they made me work so hard, that it was not fit for me so weak and delicate. 'God has made him for something different,' she used to say, 'whilst they are going to kill him, my darling, foolish as they are. . . .' Father kept silent and swallowed his anger as well as he could, and I myself continued to work the plough or spade in order to show that I was capable of doing it, but when evening came I dropped exhausted sometimes without being able to taste any bread or food." Not that his uncles and other members of the family disliked him, on the contrary, they tried to show many times their tender feelings towards him in their peasant ways, but he could not respond because of their relations to his parents, and when he observed that what they gave specially to him was misinterpreted by the rest of the family and that his mother and father suffered in consequence, he became worried and anxious to relieve them as soon as he was able. Thoughts came into his mind to escape, and find work, but how? However, in better hours, and in dreams, faith returned unto him with the belief that a solution, a liberation, would certainly come; and so he went on up to his fifteenth year.

Note 56. To the *drawing of Kljaković* (see also note 2) on p. 29, reference is made in note 51, "The Mother of the Jugovići."

JAMES BONE, "MEŠTROVIĆ"

Note 57. *James Bone*, who saw Meštrović's work first at Rome, at once realised the value of the artist as well as the grandeur of his inspiration (see also p. 48). Both he and his brother, the well-known British etcher and draughtsman, Muirhead Bone, and indeed the whole family, soon became good friends of the Serbian sculptor, who twice modelled in London the head of the little son of Muirhead Bone (see plate XLIVa, and List of Works Nos. 220, 221).

Besides Sir John Lavery, Ernest Collings, Dr. Seton Watson, and the brothers Bone, amongst those in England who have been most interested in Meštrović as artist and man, and who have done their best to bring him rightly before the British public, may be mentioned also Eric Maclagan, Assistant Keeper in the Department of Architecture and Sculpture, Victoria and Albert Museum (who rendered invaluable help in connection with the Exhibition of 1915), Charles Aitken of the Tate Gallery, and D. S. MacColl of the Wallace Collection; and Professor Michael Sadler, Vice-Chancellor of Leeds University, never tired of upholding the genius of the Serbian artist.

Note 58. p. 35, l. 7, "*The Christian legend*," etc.—Meštrović considers the religious cult the most beautiful product of mankind's soul and brain, and in consequence the highest subject for art. The Serbo-Croats as a nation, he says, are religious but not bigoted (see note 32), and they cultivate and create faith, being thus artists in themselves. In their spiritual products, in the national songs and legends, they describe at length the beauty of the churches, and they glorify the kings and princes who have built them or are building them (see note 30)—this in itself being the best proof of their true religious and artistic spirit.

Note 59. p. 37, ll. 1-2, "*Power in the technique*,"—The sculptor himself says that he formulates his work for every kind of material, but chiefly for marble. He is extremely fond of working in wood, which was the first material to satisfy his craving for carving. (See also pp. 15, 35 and 36.) He is fond also of bronze. Every material, he knows, requires special treatment, both as regards technique and composition. (See also p. 51.)

The resisting wood is a particularly exciting material for an artist of his strength; they struggle together like two elements, and conquering his opponent the carver makes deep or superficial cuts, according to his wishes, but never falters a second from the proposed line as if his hand were led. It is a real pleasure observing Meštrović at work. When modelling clay, he considers it a poor inspiration if one or two hours' work does not result in an almost finished portrait, and is dissatisfied if there is at least no first aspect of it in its entirety. Clay drops round the skeleton, scoring hit after hit as if he were shooting at a target with a long-range rifle. (See also note 64.)

Note 60. The ornament at the end of J. Bone's essay, on p. 38, is a detail from the south door of the Monastery Dečani (near Petch-Ipek, in Montenegro, built 1327-35, by King Milutin's son, Stefan Dečanski). (See also note 8.)

B. POPOVIĆ, "WHAT IS MEŠTROVIĆ'S PLACE IN ART," ETC.

Note 61. *Bogdan Popović*, Professor at Beograd University and a well-known critic of art among his fellow-countrymen, was perhaps the first to give definite critical advice at home as to rendering due honour to the genius of the Dalmatian sculptor. In this sense it was exact for Sir John Lavery to compare him with Ruskin (see p. xiii and note 13). Professor Popović was the leader of a new literary generation in Serbia, and the first editor of the best known literary and artistic review, "*Srpski Književni Glasnik*" ("Serbian Literary Review"); also the editor of the best anthology of Serbian modern poetry (published first by the Croat National Literary Society, "*Matica Hrvatska*," in Zagreb).

Note 62. p. 42, ll. 32-33, etc., "*What his people think of him*,"—When Meštrović had begun his work in Vienna and then came to his own country, he was not received with enthusiasm, though of course at present he is highly honoured as a national tribune. In Serbia and Southern Slav countries, just as elsewhere, people needed persuasion that his sculpture is the

expression of fully developed art, and it was largely due to Professor Bogdan Popović, and to the reception accorded to the artist abroad, that the scepticism of the Serbian public was overcome, and the reputation of the master established at home, the State and the official institutions consenting to consider Meštrović and his work seriously. It is, however, a mistake even to-day to believe, as many do in Great Britain, that Serbian officialdom is anxious to meet Meštrović in all his wishes, "whilst it is so rare" (in the words used by Mr. John Tweed in a letter on Meštrović) "that a sculptor in England is shown the same admiration." In this regard the two countries hardly differ, and it is only just to Meštrović to contradict this view, which has been expressed so many times in British newspapers, especially on the occasion of the gift of the "Torso" to the Victoria and Albert Museum (see p. 50) and of the bust of Dr. Elsie Inglis to the Scottish nation (see p. 53). It should be put on record in this book, that both the "Torso" and the bust of Dr. E. Inglis are gifts from the artist himself—he took the initiative as well as the material responsibility for them, in the same generous way as he made presents of his sculptures to his Dalmatian towns and to the Galleries of Zagreb and Beograd. The Government, giving its patronage, took no part in those gifts nor in the organisation of the exhibitions in London.

Note 63. p. 42, ll. 40-41, "*The Garland from the Mountains*," by Njegoš,—Petar Petrović Njegoš (born in 1813), the Prince Bishop of Montenegro, an ancestor of the late King Nikola, is one of the greatest Serbian poets, and his best work, "*The Garland from the Mountains*" (1847), describes the liberation of Montenegro from the Turks at the beginning of the eighteenth century. It is based entirely on national tradition, its chief source being the national songs. (See also p. 58.)

Note 64. p. 44, l. 7, "*The sculptor's characteristic quality is force*,"—I remember the impression which I received when one day after the Balkan Wars I went to see Meštrović at work on his "*Victor*" (see List of Works No. 166), for a monument on the "Terazie" in Beograd. It was at the big college hall for gymnastics, near the Cathedral, the biggest in the town; but the piece which he was modelling was higher than the ceiling, which had to be raised in order that he could work out his idea in its entirety. There I realised the strength of the little man who was standing on the scaffolding hammering untiringly round the arm, which was as big in itself as the whole master. The number of his works (see the list at the end of the book) is another impressive proof of the sculptor's strength and working power. (See also note 59.)

Note 65. The round ornament after the essay by Professor B. Popović, on p. 47, is a detail from a window of the south-west side of the Church Lazaritzza, in Krushevatz, the old capital of Tsar Lazar, whose intention was to build it as a Palace chapel. It is repeated at the Monastery of Lyubostinya (near Trstenik), founded (1395) by Princess Milica, consort of Tsar Lazar. The same applies to the window design reproduced on p. 66. (See also note 8.)

ERNEST H. R. COLLINGS, "MEŠTROVIĆ IN ENGLAND"

Note 66. *E. Collings* is the keenest student of Meštrović and his work, and not only in Great Britain. It would have been impossible without his already carefully collected material to compile the bibliography of English publications like the one at the end of this volume. He himself is an artist, and examples of his "black and white" work may be found on pp. xi and 54 (see notes 11 and 79). The wrapper too was designed by him, and it is he indeed, who with the publisher should be credited with most of the preparation of the book, having had not only the lion's share in contributions, both as regards text and drawings, but also having gone through proofs and details several times, and having examined many of the suggestions in connection with the edition. It seems necessary to state this in view of his modesty, and also in order that any artist or scholar who may want information on Meštrović, may first address himself to E. Collings (18 Ravenslea Road, Wandsworth Common, London, S.W. 12).

Note 67. p. 48, l. 6, "*Austrian Exhibition at Earl's Court, London*,"—The committee for this exhibition was composed of Austrian industrial and governmental representatives and artists

of all nationalities. The Dalmatian Artists' Exhibition in "Elysia," was built as a special section not forming an integral part of the art galleries, and it comprised the work of Serbo-Croat artists exclusively, with Bukovac at their head.

Note 68. p. 48, l. 10, *The bronze head of a woman*, is that belonging to Sir John Lavery (see note 12). Madame Meštrović was the model for it.

Note 69. p. 48, l. 19, "*The Studio*" and Meštrović.—"*The Studio*" was the first journal in England to speak of Meštrović (as far back as 1906), but later on there was some friction between the editor and the artist. Meštrović is not a great believer in the infallibility of art critics, and is inclined rather to disregard their views and their demands; in consequence he has sometimes a "bad press." The episode which follows in note 70 is characteristic.

Note 70. p. 48, ll. 26-7, "*A pupil of Bourdelle*,"—Meštrović told me one day, whilst we were walking in the streets of London, the history of this fable; I put it down immediately afterwards. (See also notes 43 and 45.)

Drawing a comparison between the English artists and those on the Continent, he paid a cordial tribute to the loyalty and friendly attitude of the English in their mutual relations. By and by he mentioned the incident with Bourdelle during the International Exhibition in Venice, in 1914, when for the first time the critic of the *Corriere della Sera*, Ugo Ojetti, ventured to affirm that Meštrović was a pupil of Bourdelle. Some years before this, he said, at the opening of the International Exhibition in Rome, Ojetti had sent to his paper by wire a long report announcing the new Serbian Messiah in art. Soon after, his enthusiasm made him wish to buy one of the exhibited sculptures, but not being anxious to pay the full price, he pointed out repeatedly that it was he, the critic Ugo Ojetti, who wanted to buy the piece. Meštrović, however, true to his firmly adopted attitude of not bargaining, refused to sell it, with the result that at the exhibition in Venice the critic discovered an error in his view of three years before and declared that the new style in Meštrović came in reality from Bourdelle. His tale in short was as follows: As Rodin grew old, all his most important ideas as to sculpture were given for execution to the best of his pupils, amongst them specially to Bourdelle, who was the real sculptor of Rodin's later works. Meštrović, according to Ojetti, often visiting Bourdelle in his studio in Paris, became inspired by what he saw there and under the immediate influence modelled his sculptures, of which Ojetti, in the report he sent to the *Corriere della Sera*, quoted several by name, thus avenging himself for being left without the piece of sculpture that he desired. "The day after the opening of the exhibition in Venice," says Meštrović, "I met Bourdelle and his wife on the *Riva degli Schiavoni*, and as Mme. Bourdelle began a conversation on critics, I took the opportunity of asking Bourdelle, with reference to the report which had just been published, if he would mind declaring before witnesses that I had not seen in his studio the sculptures which Ojetti mentioned. Bourdelle tried to persuade me that it was not worth while worrying about what critics said and made excuses that he was going away the same day, but in the end he had to agree to explain the position before the Spanish painter Anglada and the Italian sculptor Bistolfi, who were to inform Ojetti of this officially." The explanation was of course in favour of Meštrović, but the Italian critic who received a letter to this effect from the two artists, has never corrected his statement. Meštrović was satisfied that his fellow-artists knew the truth, but remained disappointed with Bourdelle's attitude on that occasion.

Note 71. p. 48, l. 30, etc., *The exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum* was prepared and arranged in the summer of 1915 by a committee which had as President the Earl Curzon or Kedleston, and included among its members August Rodin and Emile Verhaeren, as well as Frank Brangwyn, Eric Gill, Sir James Guthrie, C. Ricketts, J. S. Sargent, John Tweed, and all the friends mentioned in other connection in these notes, and others. The principal organiser, Dr. Seton Watson, aimed at a national manifestation, and it was indeed the first Yugoslav show in Great Britain which received official recognition from the British Government, Lord Robert Cecil, then Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, having agreed to open it.

Note 72. p. 51, l. 14, etc., *Slav Art*.—In addition to the passage in the article, it may be pointed out here that there is a connection, and even a deep relation, between branches of art

in various Slav countries which, we believe, will sooner or later present interesting material for art study in Europe. There are undoubtedly some new features in the products of Slav art as such, a deep sentiment (in loose relation with logic and other main attributes of the psyche) being at its root, and applying equally to Russian and Polish, Czech and Southern Slav art; to poetry and music (which includes the Russian ballet), as well as to painting, sculpture and architecture, and handicraft. (See also note 30.)

Note 73. p. 52, l. 26, etc., *The Grafton Galleries' Exhibition* (see also note 13) was arranged during the war for charitable purposes (the committee consisting of members of both the Serbian Red Cross and the Serbian Relief Fund in London), and it may be said that this was to the disadvantage of the artistic side of the show. The idea of the exhibition originated again with Dr. Seton Watson (see note 80), who wished to give the British public opportunity to study other Serbo-Croat artists in addition to Meštrović, especially Rački and Rosandić (see note 17).

Note 74. p. 53, l. 10, *Yusuf Ali*, the distinguished Indian writer and art critic, was the first to publish a book in English on Meštrović (1916). Besides the lecture at the Grafton Galleries on December 12, 1917 (with D. S. MacColl in the chair), which was a marked success, he has given several other lectures (with lantern slides) on Meštrović and his art.

Note 75. p. 53, l. 22, etc., *Exhibition in Bradford*.—At the exhibition in the Cartwright Hall, Bradford, arranged by its Director, Mr. Butler Wood, after he had seen the Serbian Exhibition at the Grafton Galleries (see p. 52 and note 73), the Serbian sculptures were very well placed in the two chief rooms of the Gallery by the painter William Shackleton. The opening took place on March 2, 1918, the Lord Mayor presiding. The big wooden "Christ" was sent later on at the request of the committee.

Note 76. p. 53, l. 36, "*Bust of Dr. Elsie Inglis*,"—This bust (see plate XLVI, List No. 254) is now at the National Gallery in Edinburgh. The plaster cast was shown at the Whitechapel Art Gallery in the exhibition organised by the Women's Work Sub-Committee of the Imperial War Museums in November and December 1918. Another well-known Serbian sculptor, Gj. Jovanović, has also made during the war a plaque with a portrait of Dr. E. Inglis, and this was presented to members of her family by the Serbian Minister in London on September 4, 1918, in the presence of the Scottish Women's Hospitals Committee and the Serbian Colony.

Dr. Elsie Inglis was at the head of the many British women who went out to Serbia before the great retreat, to combat typhoid and nurse the sick and wounded. She remained under the enemy for several months with her staff to attend the Serbian wounded, and after she returned to England organised the Kossovo Day celebration (see note 5). In September 1916 she took out a unit of seventy-five women of the Scottish Women's Hospitals to Russia and Rumania, to be attached to the Serbian (Jugoslav) volunteer unit then fighting in Dobrudja, and she returned when the revolution in Russia broke out, but not until she had secured the transfer of the Yugoslav divisions from Odessa to Salonica. Arrived in Newcastle, exhausted by the work she had done since the beginning of the war, she died on November 26, 1917.

A third monument to Dr. E. Inglis, the only monument built by the Serbs during the war, is a Memorial Fountain, completed before the retreat near Mladenovatz in Serbia, where there was one of the Scottish Women's Tent Hospitals.

Note 77. p. 54, after l. 2, Meštrović was elected a member of the Royal Scottish Academy, having been proposed by Dr. P. MacGillivray who was the chief arranger of the Serbian exhibits in Edinburgh, and who chose for the R.S.A. Exhibition twenty-two works by Meštrović and eight by T. Rosandić.

Note 78. p. 54, l. 7, "*The Vestal Virgin*,"—The sketch of the Vestal Virgin and the bust "My Wife" (see plate XXXIX, List No. 211) have been bought by Miss Silcox, Head Mistress of St. Felix School for Girls, Southwold, in order that she might present them to the school as a peace offering. (See also note 1.)

Note 79. *The drawing* on p. 54, in black and white, made in 1913 by E. H. R. Collings

(inspired by Meštrović's "Sphinx" and "Memories"), first appeared in the collection of reproductions of Collings's drawings, *Outlines*, published by the artist in the spring of 1914. (See also notes 11 and 66.)

R. W. SETON WATSON, "MEŠTROVIĆ AND THE JUGOSLAV IDEA"

Note 80. *R. W. Seton Watson*, D.Litt., is the expert in Great Britain on Serbian matters and on the nationalities both of the Balkans and the late Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. It was he who brought Meštrović to England for the exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum in 1915, of which exhibition he was the Hon. Secretary and the soul (see note 71). He was then already a friend of Meštrović, whom he first met in Split and in Croatia, some ten years ago. He wrote the article on Meštrović for the Catalogue of the exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum, as well as for that of the Serbo-Croat Exhibition at the Grafton Galleries in 1917-18, the idea of which originated also with him (see note 73). Meštrović considers Seton Watson one of his and his nation's best friends, and it is with this dedication that he offered him one of his masterpieces, the "Archers of Domogoi" (see plate XXVI and note 89, and p. 53), which is now at Dr. Seton Watson's house, 1 Buckingham Street, Buckingham Gate, Westminster.

Note 81. p. 56, l. 6, etc., "*The national poetry of the Southern Slavs*," see also notes 20, 31, 32, 51 and 52.

Note 82. p. 59, l. 7, "*Declined to exhibit under Austrian or Hungarian auspices*,"—Meštrović was offered on several occasions by the Austrian Government the opportunity of working on their behalf or of exhibiting under their auspices, but always declined to do so if the Serbo-Croat national character of the exhibition were not emphasised.

LIST OF WORKS

Note 83. This list was compiled under the supervision of the artist and his wife, and it went back to them several times for corrections and additions. It is probable that even the present list is not entirely complete, the artist never having kept records of the work he was doing and creating his sculptures at such a rate that it is practically impossible to keep the list up to date. It may, however, be taken that the sculptor's activity up to the end of 1918 has been accounted for as exactly as circumstances permit.

About half the works are in national or private possession, the other half being still the property of the artist or his family. The proprietors form a strangely mixed company which includes the late Emperor Francis Joseph, the King of Italy, the ex-King of Bulgaria and his son Boris, in addition to King Peter of Serbia and Crown Prince Alexander, who are all in possession of some precious pieces; then there are the examples possessed by the National Galleries of Zagreb, Beograd, Split, Knin; the Modern Gallery in Rome, the Museum of Budapest, the Victoria and Albert Museum ("Torso"), the National Galleries in London ("Deposition from the Cross," "Autoportrait") and in Edinburgh (bust of Dr. E. Inglis). Of works which still belong to the artist, the majority (including nearly all the Kossovo fragments) is packed in cases and stored at present in the basement of the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, London. The Directors of the Museum, C. E. Fagan and W. J. Anderson, have shown extreme courtesy and kindness not only in storing the sculptures but also in helping in every way to transport and return the works whilst exhibitions were arranged, the trouble being considerable in consequence of the large dimensions and great weight of the pieces.

Many of Meštrović's sculptures are still in plaster, waiting to be cast in a permanent material. Of those in bronze or marble most have been executed in Italy, the material there being cheapest and the expert knowledge of founders and moulders the greatest. In London too,

Meštrović's favourite moulder is an Italian, Signor Enrico Cantoni, whose esteem and understanding for the Serbian master's work and personality are remarkable.

Note 84. Concerning the reproduction of the window design from the Monastery Lazaritza, at the end of the List of Works, see note 65.

EXHIBITIONS OF MEŠTROVIĆ'S WORKS

Note 85. This list does not include all the exhibitions where only one or two of Meštrović's sculptures were on view.

Note 86. The *drawing* on p. 73 is after a photograph of the door of the Cathedral in Trogir (Traù) (see p. 21 and note 38), and was made by G. Williams for this book.

The reproduction of *the end piece*, in the centre of the last page, after the Notes, is made from a drawing by I. Meštrović himself, and was used on the cover of the Catalogue of the Victoria and Albert Museum Exhibition in London in 1915.

NOTES TO PLATES

(see also notes 10, 11)

Note 87. The choice of plates was limited by the number of photographs available for reproduction. There were no photographs at all of many of the sculptures, and of some of the best there not only were no good photographs available, but it was impossible to obtain any owing to the war. Several reproductions, especially those reproduced from magazines and catalogues, proved unsatisfactory and the plates had to be abandoned and replaced by others. That it was possible all the same to obtain a fair collection of good photographs of the most popular and characteristic of Meštrović's sculptures, is due chiefly to the remarkable series of reproductions by the Victoria and Albert Museum, which were all put at the disposal of the artist and the editor (see the following note).

Note 88. *Plates IVa, XIa, XVIIIb, XLIIb, XLIIIa, XLIX and LXIV* have been reproduced from photographic studies by E. O. Hoppé of Millais House.

The photographs for *plates XXIV, XXV, XLVb, XLVII, LIII, LIV, LXI, LXIIa and LXVb* have been taken for this book by R. Marjanović.

Plate XLVI is the reproduction of a photograph by Donald Scott, Edinburgh.

Of the *remaining plates* several reproductions have been used from magazines and catalogues. (See also Bibliography, Foreign Publications.) It would under the circumstances be difficult to state in every case where the photographs appeared for the first time. The *greater number of the plates* are from studies taken by the photographer of the Victoria and Albert Museum (for the Museum records), of which those of the older works are for sale at the catalogue stall in the Museum, whilst the photographs of newer works have been made recently and are being published here for the first time.

The Director of the Victoria and Albert Museum, Sir Cecil Smith, and his assistants (E. Maclagan, H. A. Kennedy, R. P. Bedford) have met all wishes of the artist as well as of his representatives with the utmost courtesy, putting their photographer (Mr. Mutimer) at their disposal and giving every facility in order to obtain the best possible reproductions. (See also note 87.)

Note 89. *Individual plates*.—*Plates I and II* are from "*Eroica*," pp. 43, 45, 47. There is a smaller reproduction of the "*Temple of Kosovo*" on a photograph giving the general view of the exhibition in 1915, which has been repeatedly reproduced in several London illustrated papers.

The "*Temple*" is a miniature in wood of the proposed building, and in the sculptural adornment of the *façade* may be noted the spears, the falcons, the steeds, the lions referred to with such effect in the ballad of "*The Mother of the Jugovići*" (see note 51).

Plate VIII. This "*Caryatide in wood*" is not one of the series (see also p. 36), as well as the one on *plate VII left*.

Plate X is a sketch of the equestrian statue of "Kraljević Marko," the original of which is in Split, whilst the head of *Sarac*, finished in proper dimensions, is at South Kensington (see List of Works, Nos. 129, 130). It was designed as a central piece of the Temple, owing to the prominent position occupied by Kraljević Marko in the national traditions and legends (see note 52). (See also pp. xiii and xiv, and note 15.)

Plate XIII. This "Srdj's head" (profile) has several times served as a poster for exhibitions and has also been used on the cover of catalogues, so that it is, with "Kraljević Marko on horseback" and with "My Mother," the most popularly known of Meštrović's works. There is also another (front) view of "Srdj's head" from a well-known photograph of the Victoria and Albert Museum. (See p. 34 and note 51.)

Another figure used for poster and advertisement is the "Angel's Head" (see plate LVIIIa), enlarged.

Plate XIV. The "Torso" (this and a back view) was reproduced in many London papers on the occasion of the presentation of this piece to the British Nation at the conclusion of the South Kensington Exhibition in 1915. The Torso itself is now to be seen in the Victoria and Albert Museum, occupying a prominent place in the main entrance hall. (See pp. 34, 43, 50, and note 51.)

Plate XXV. This "Shield" was presented to the Crown Prince Alexander of Serbia by the Yugoslav Committee in Paris, after his declaration in favour of a united Yugoslav State, in 1916.

Plate XXVI. On its way from Cannes to London, for the Grafton Gallery Exhibition, this relief carved in plaster was broken in pieces, but it was most carefully mended by the British sculptor Gilbert Bayes. Traces of the accident may be seen in the photograph (Victoria and Albert Museum). (See also note 80.)

It was observed by an archæologist that it would be impossible for archers to discharge their arrows without hurting their fingers if they held them as depicted by the artist.

Plate XXXVI is taken from the first study of the relief which was afterwards revised and some details adjusted according to the advice of the Canadian military authorities. The revised photograph had not reached London when the plate went to press. This relief in stone is to be transported from Rome to London for the Exhibition of the whole Canadian War Memorial (under the supervision of the art critic P. G. Konody).

Plate XXXVII. There are several autoportraits amongst the works of the artist (see List, Nos. 158, 187, 224, 246), one of which (No. 224) has been presented by Meštrović to the National Gallery in London.

The excellent likeness of this portrait (No. 158) secured its inclusion in the book instead of a photograph of the artist himself, although there are several in existence.

Plate XXXVIII. There is another well-known (front) view of "My Mother," which is from a photograph by the Victoria and Albert Museum. (See also note 55.)

Plates LXI and LXII. Unfortunately there are no good photographs of the whole aspect of the big wooden "Christ," as owing to its large dimensions it was very difficult to take it from the right point of view in a confined space. (See also pp. 35, 36, 45 and 52.)

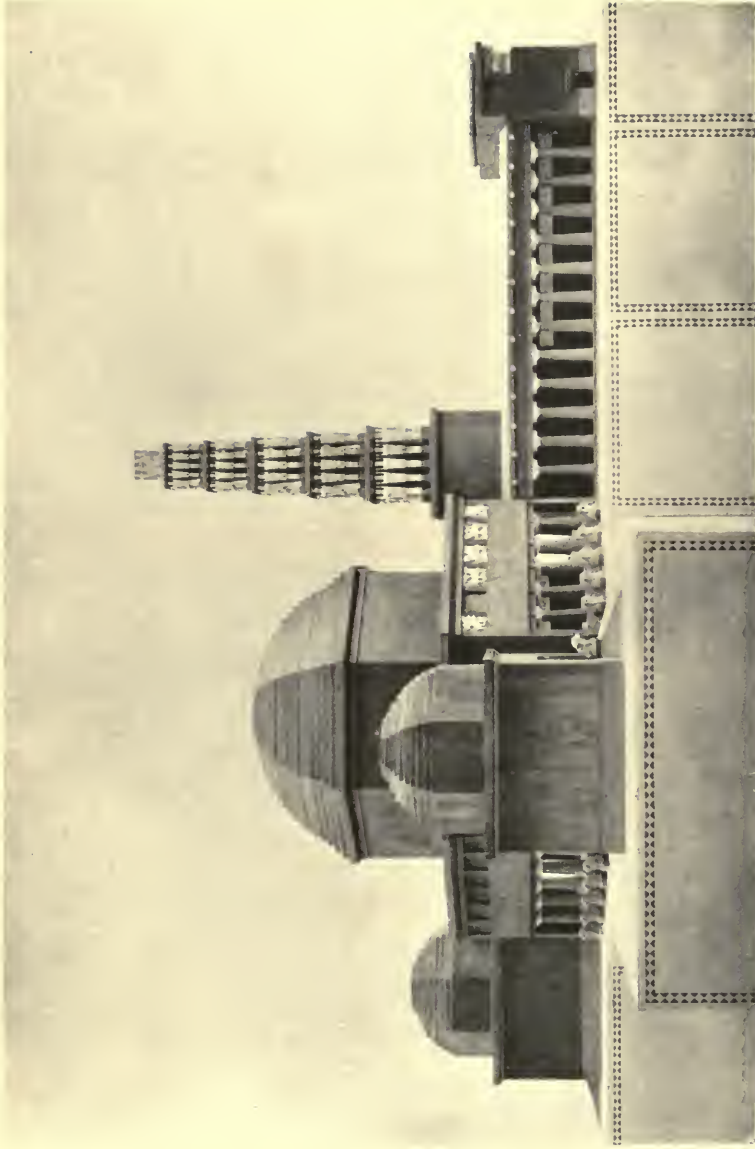
The "Christ" is made of three big pieces of wood, which the artist found by chance in Geneva in 1916, where he remained until the work was finished.

Plate LXXVII. The panel was unfinished when the artist came to London to arrange for the Grafton Galleries' Exhibition. Whilst preparing to complete the work, by an accident it fell and broke into two pieces, as may be seen in the photograph. The panel is still unfinished.

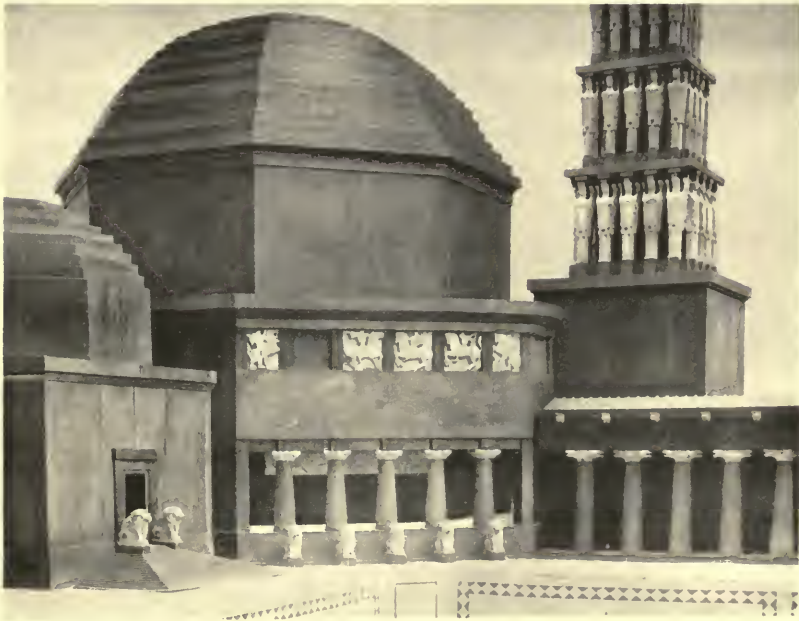
Note 90. The drawing for *the wrapper* is by E. Collings, on the lines of the Victoria and Albert Museum's photograph of Meštrović's "Kraljević Marko on horseback" (see plate X).



IVAN MEŠTROVIĆ



I.
TEMPLE OF KOSSOVO.

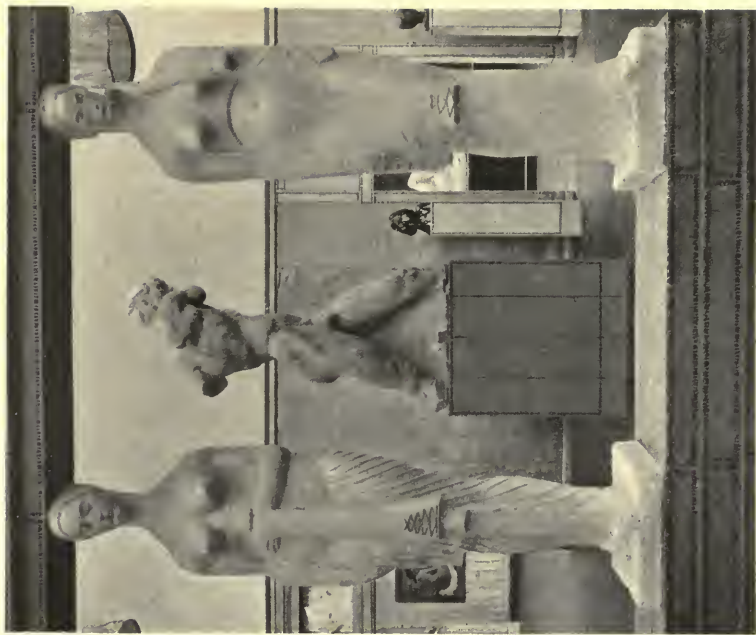


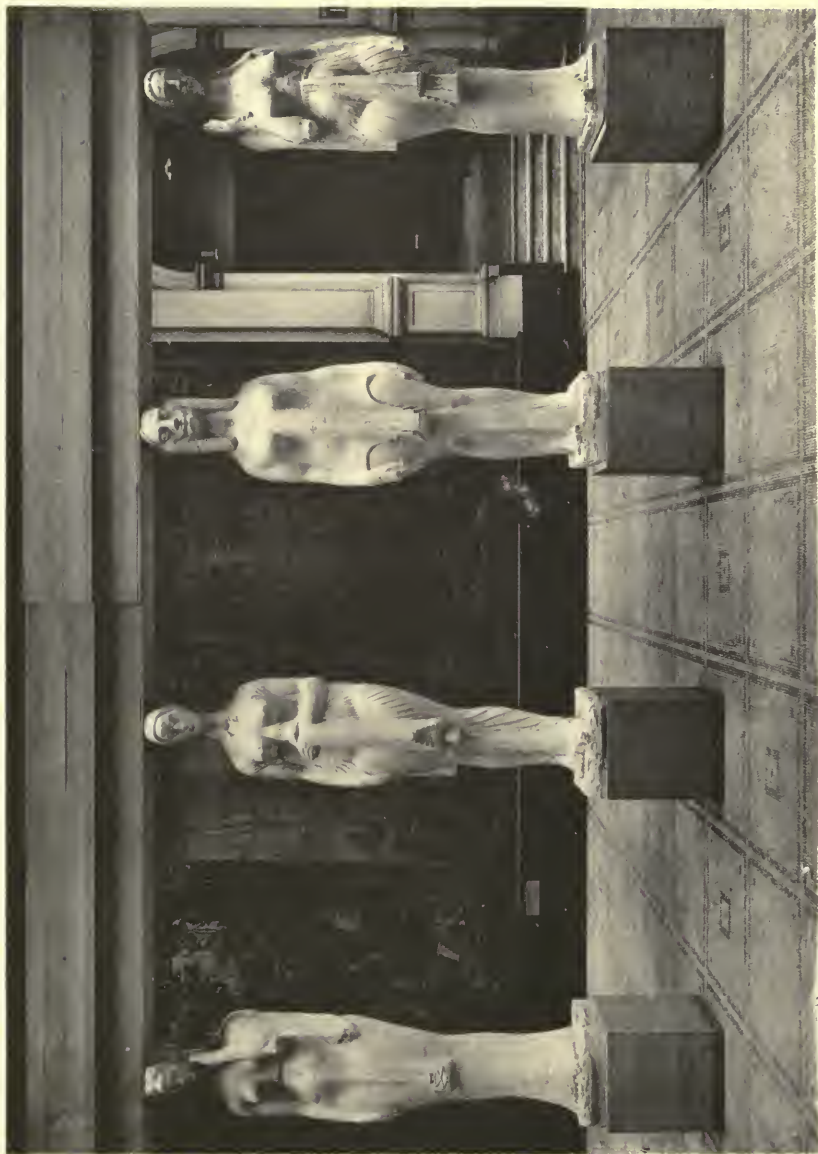


III.

THE GREAT SPHINX.







VI.

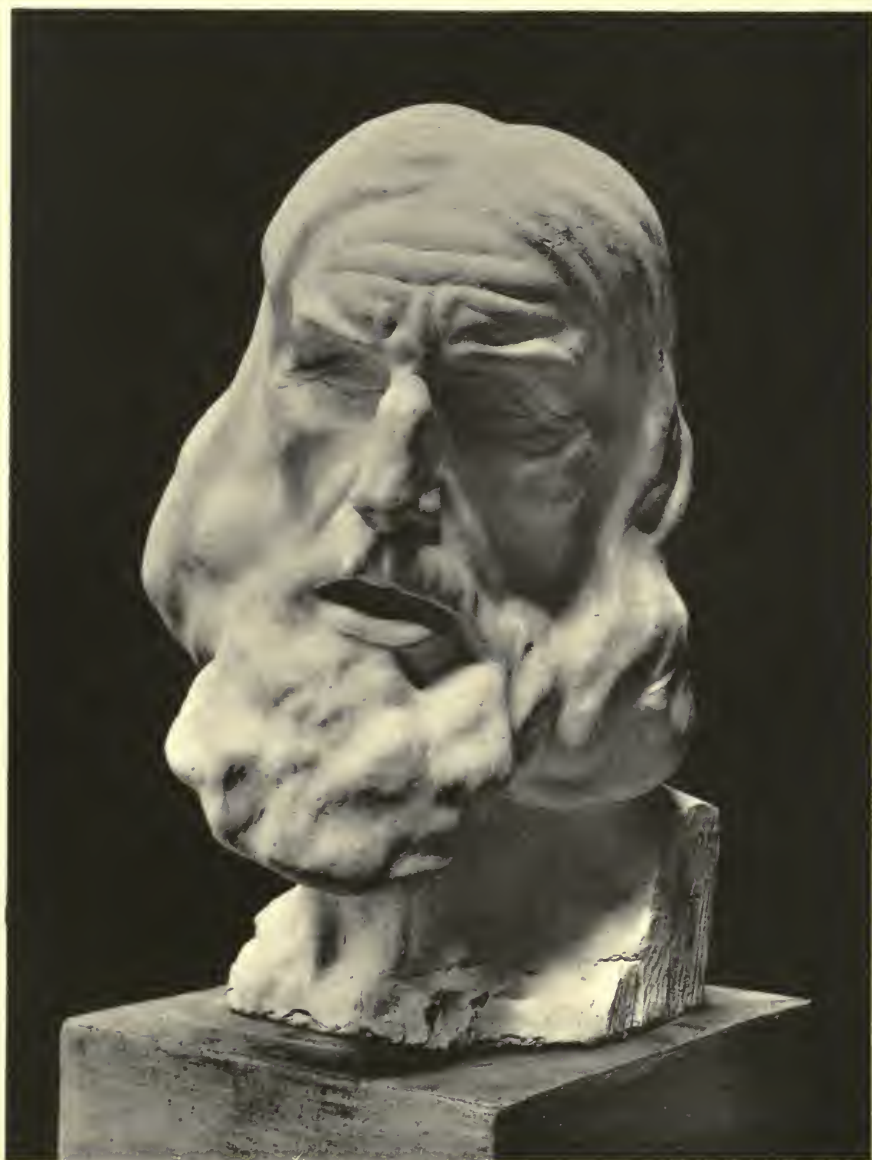
CARYATIDES.



VII.
CARYATIDS.



VIII.
A CARYATID IN WOOD.



IX.
THE GUSLAR.



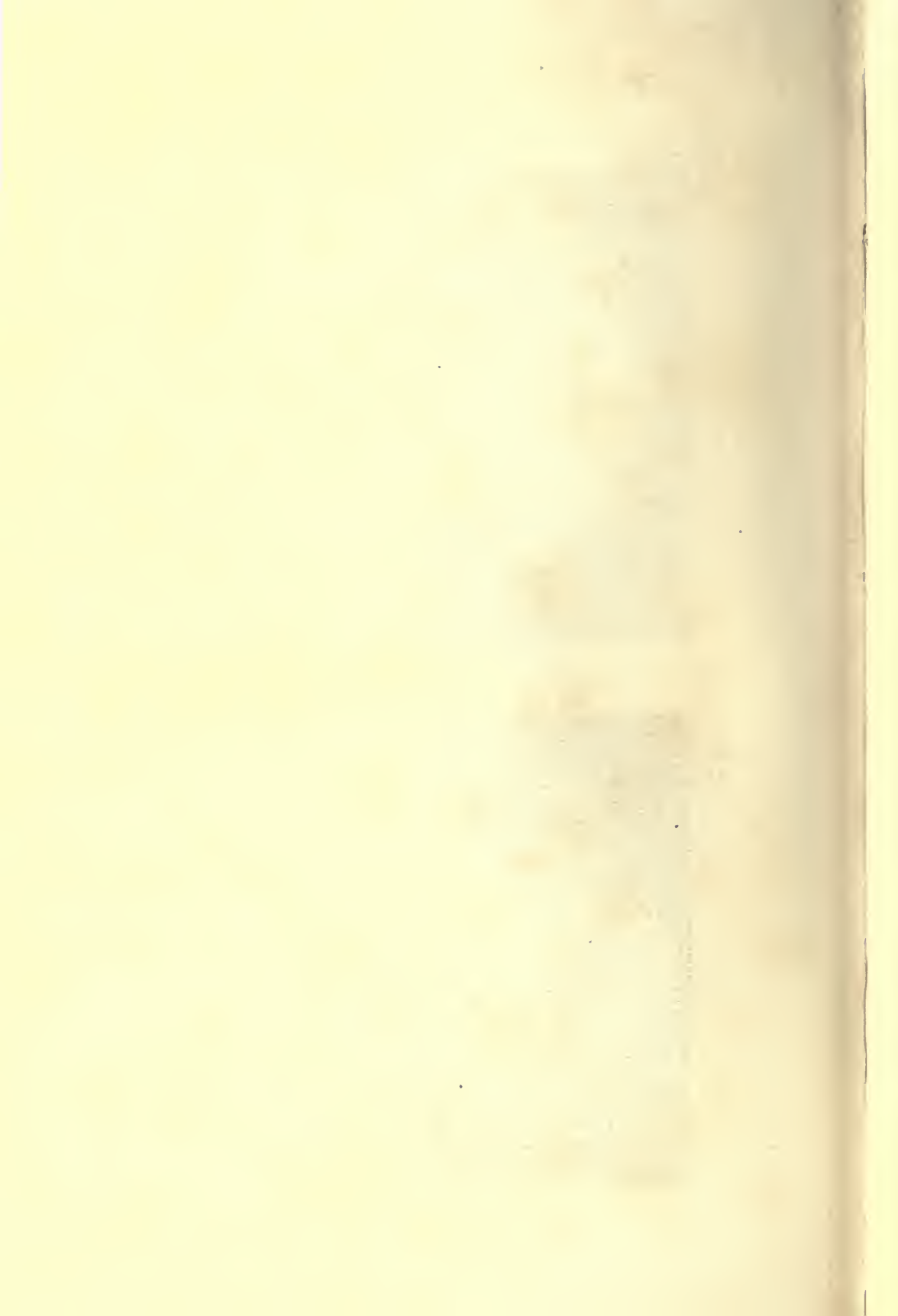
X.
KRALJEVIĆ MARKO.



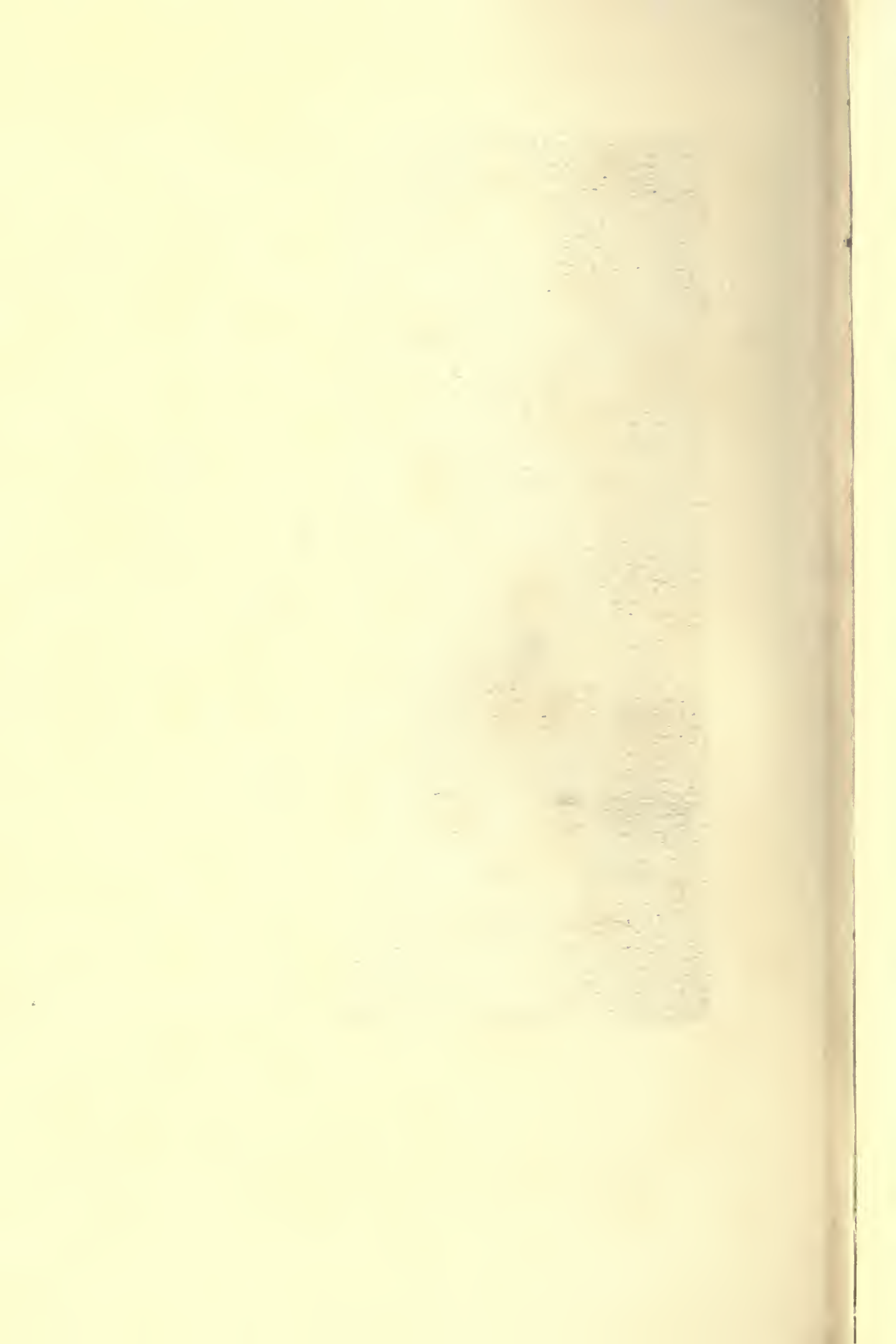
HEAD OF MILOŠ OBILIĆ.



XI.
HEAD OF KRALJEVIĆ MARKO.

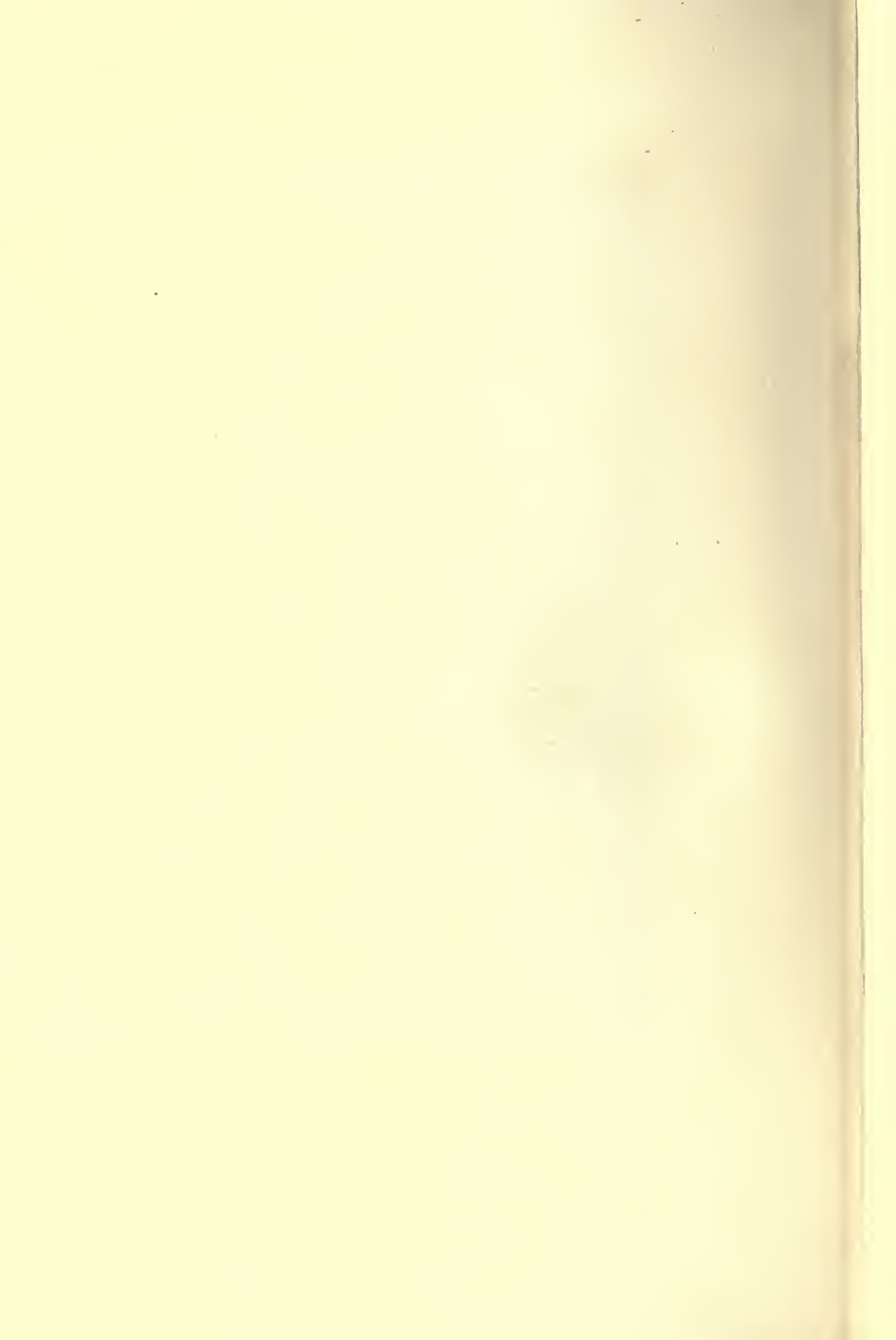






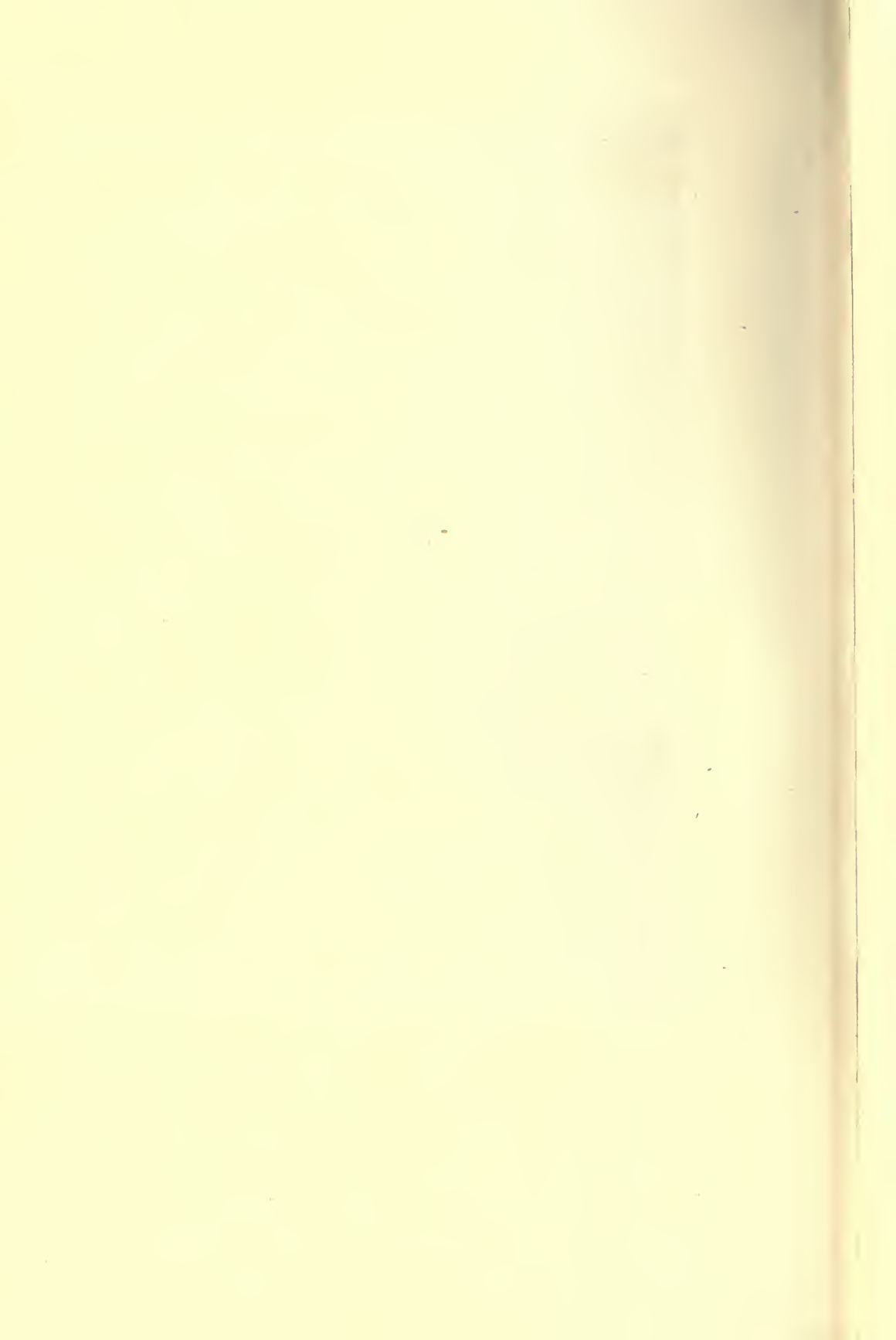


XIII.
SRDJ.





XIV.
TORSO (BANOVIĆ STRAHINJA).





THE SLAVE.



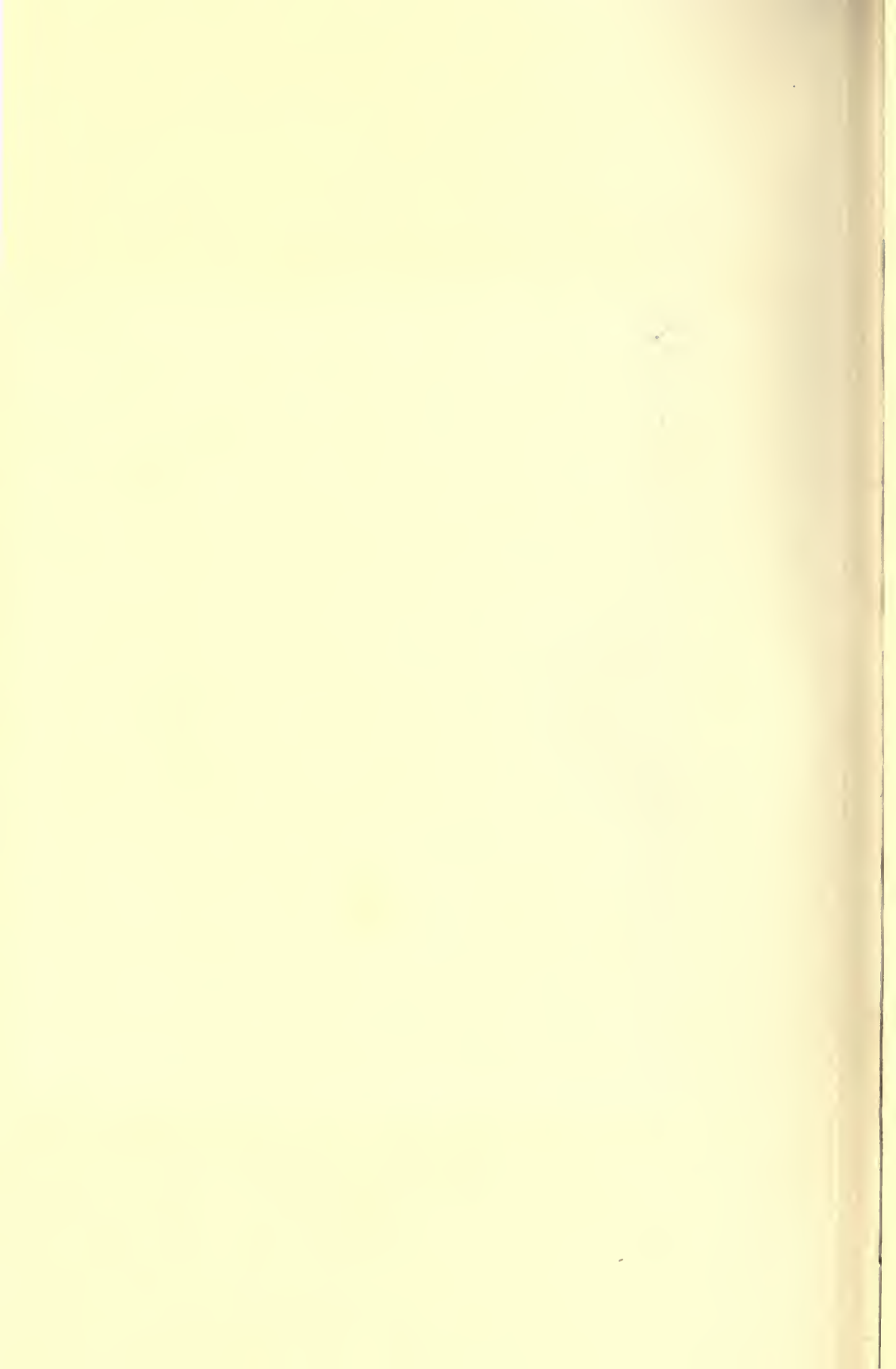
XV.

A PORTAL FIGURE.



XVI.

FIGURE OF A WARRIOR.







XIX.
A WIDOW.





XX.

THE WIDOWS.



XXI.

MEMORIES.



XXII.

MOTHER AND CHILD.



XXIII.
MOTHER AND CHILD.



XXIV.
THE KOSOVO MEDAL.



XXV.

SHIELD FOR THE CROWN PRINCE OF SERBIA.





XXVI.

THE ARCHERS OF DOMOGOI.





XXVII.
INNOCENTIA.

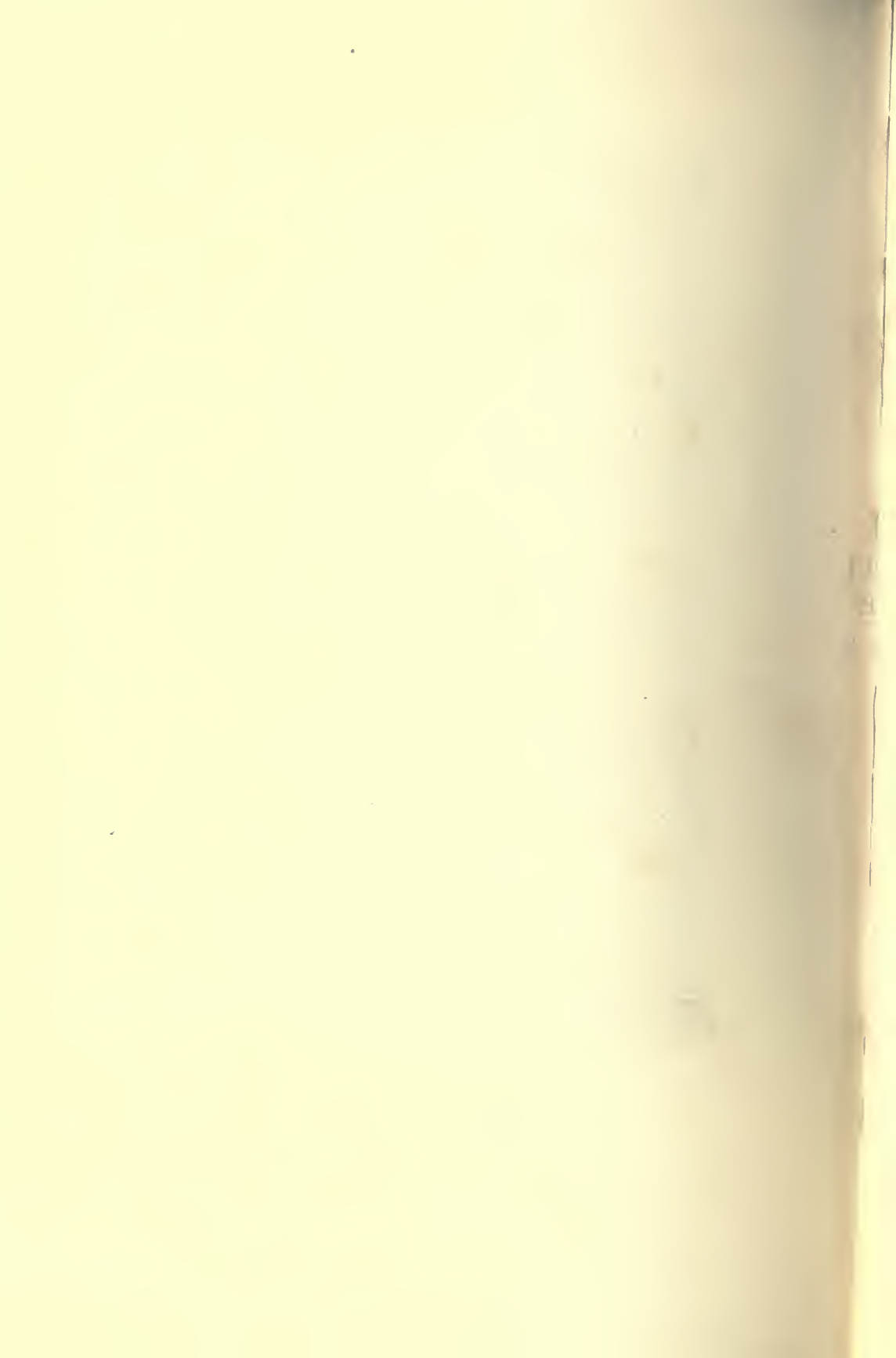
S

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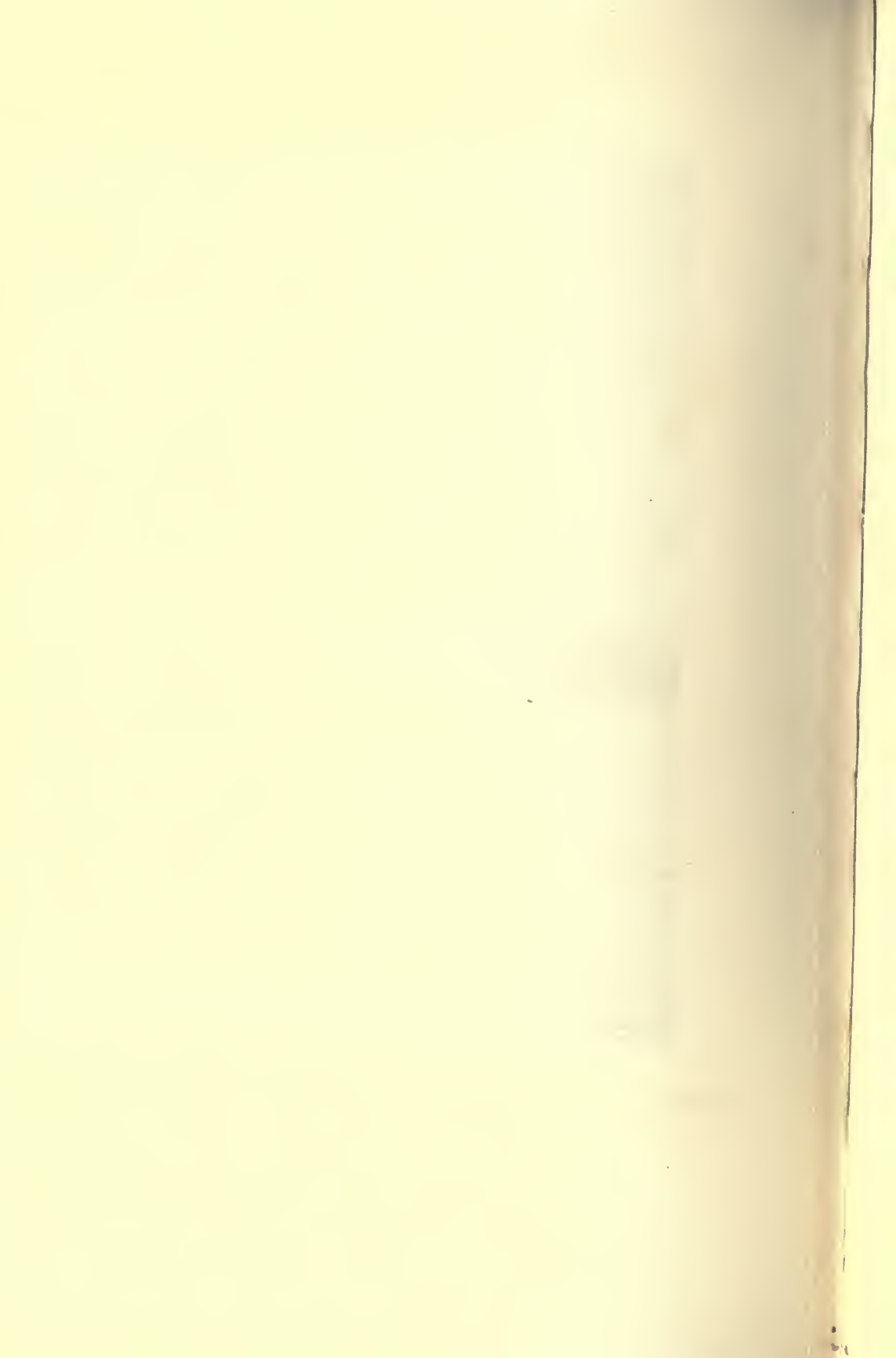


XXVIII.
A YOUNG SHEPHERD.





XXIX.
THE VESTAL VIRGIN.





XXX.
GIRL AT PRAYER.





XXXI.
STUDY FOR "PRAYER."





XXXII.
A DANCER.





XXXIII.
A DANCER.



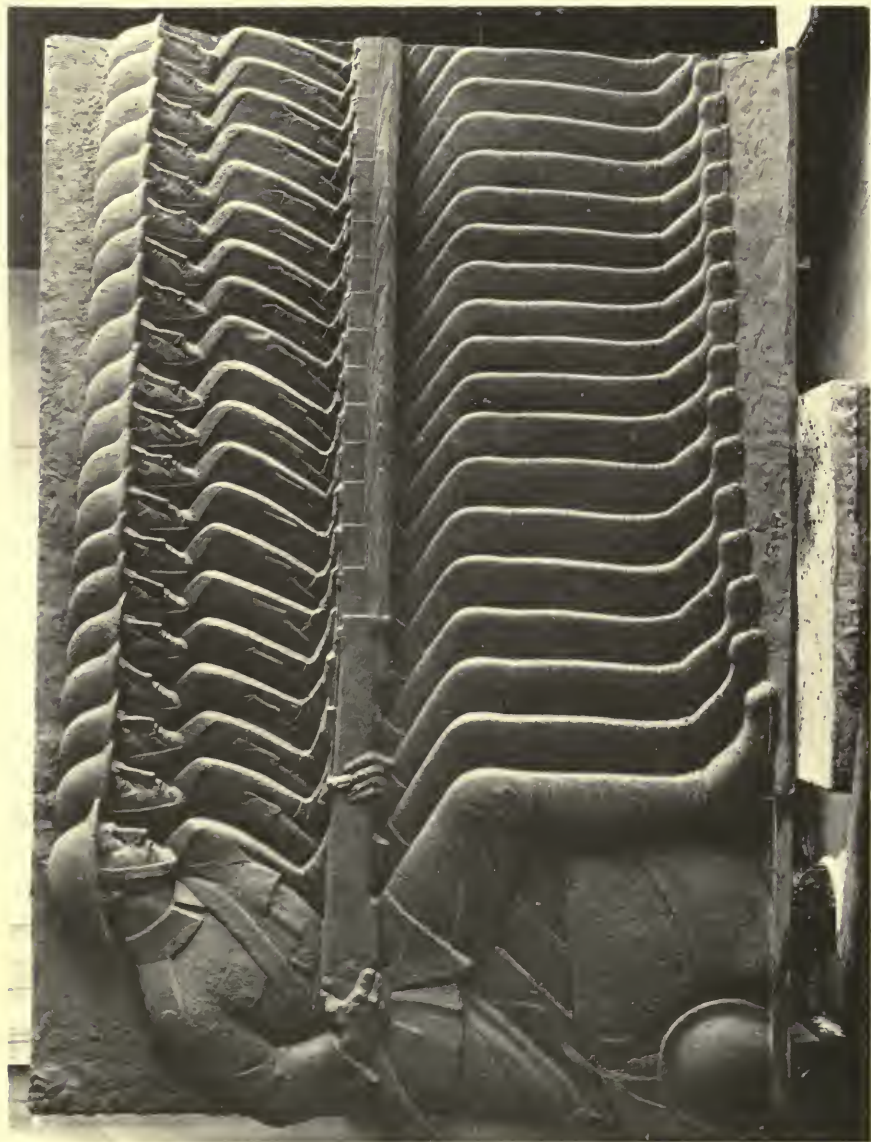
XXXIV.
CROUCHING WOMAN.



XXXV.

VASE.





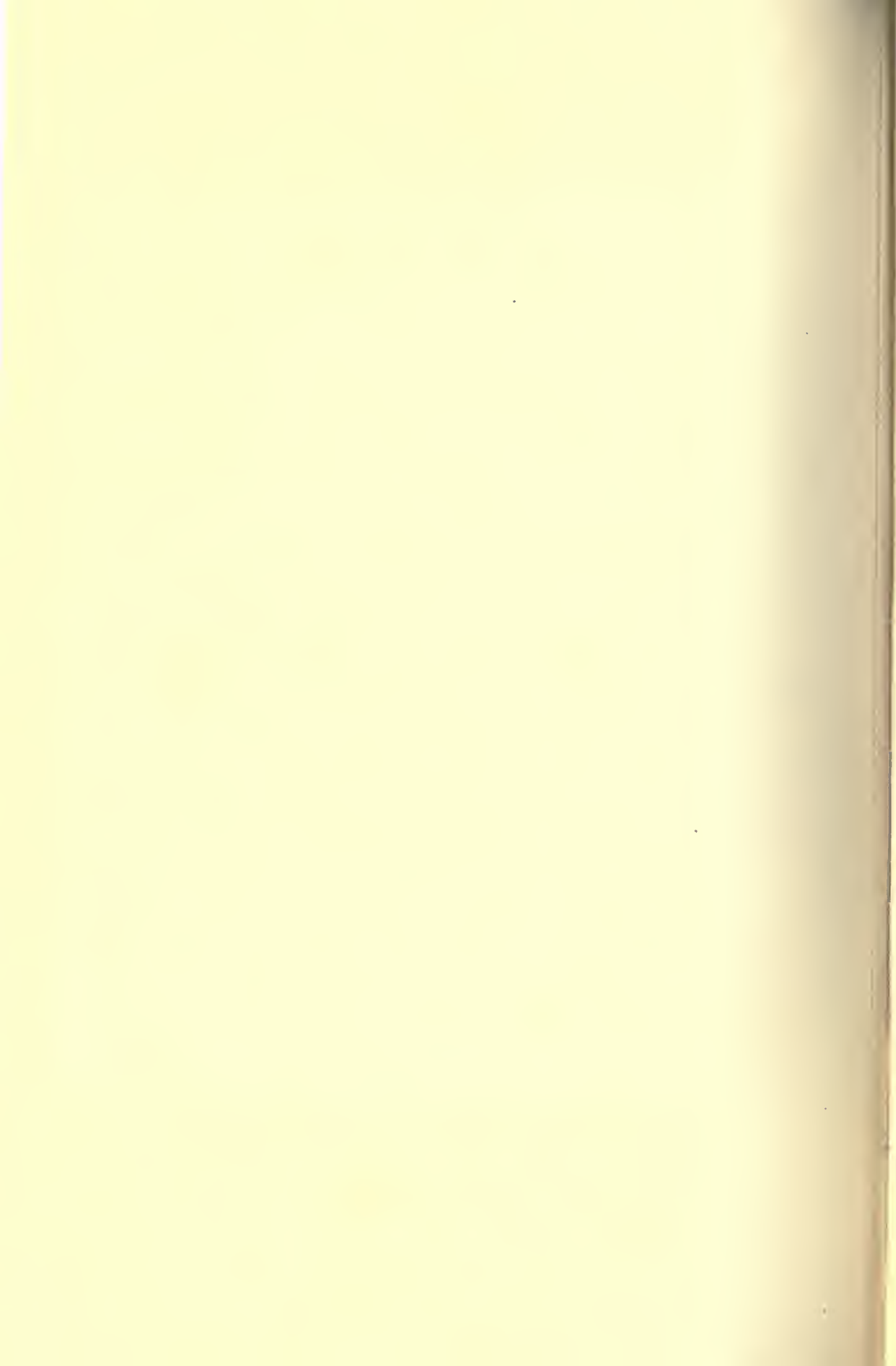
XXXVI.

CANADIAN WAR MEMORIAL.





XXXVII.
THE ARTIST.



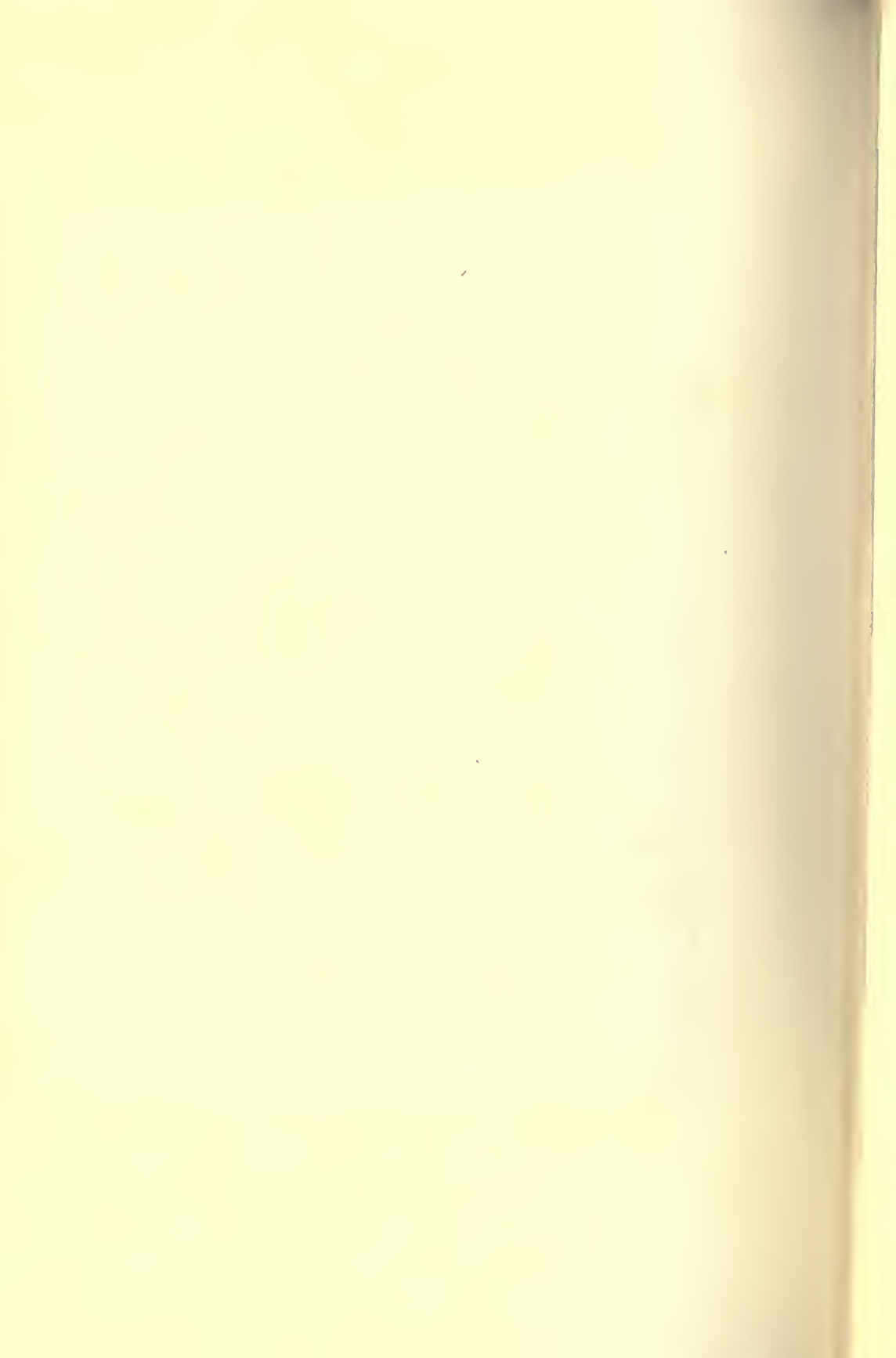


XXXVIII.
MY MOTHER.



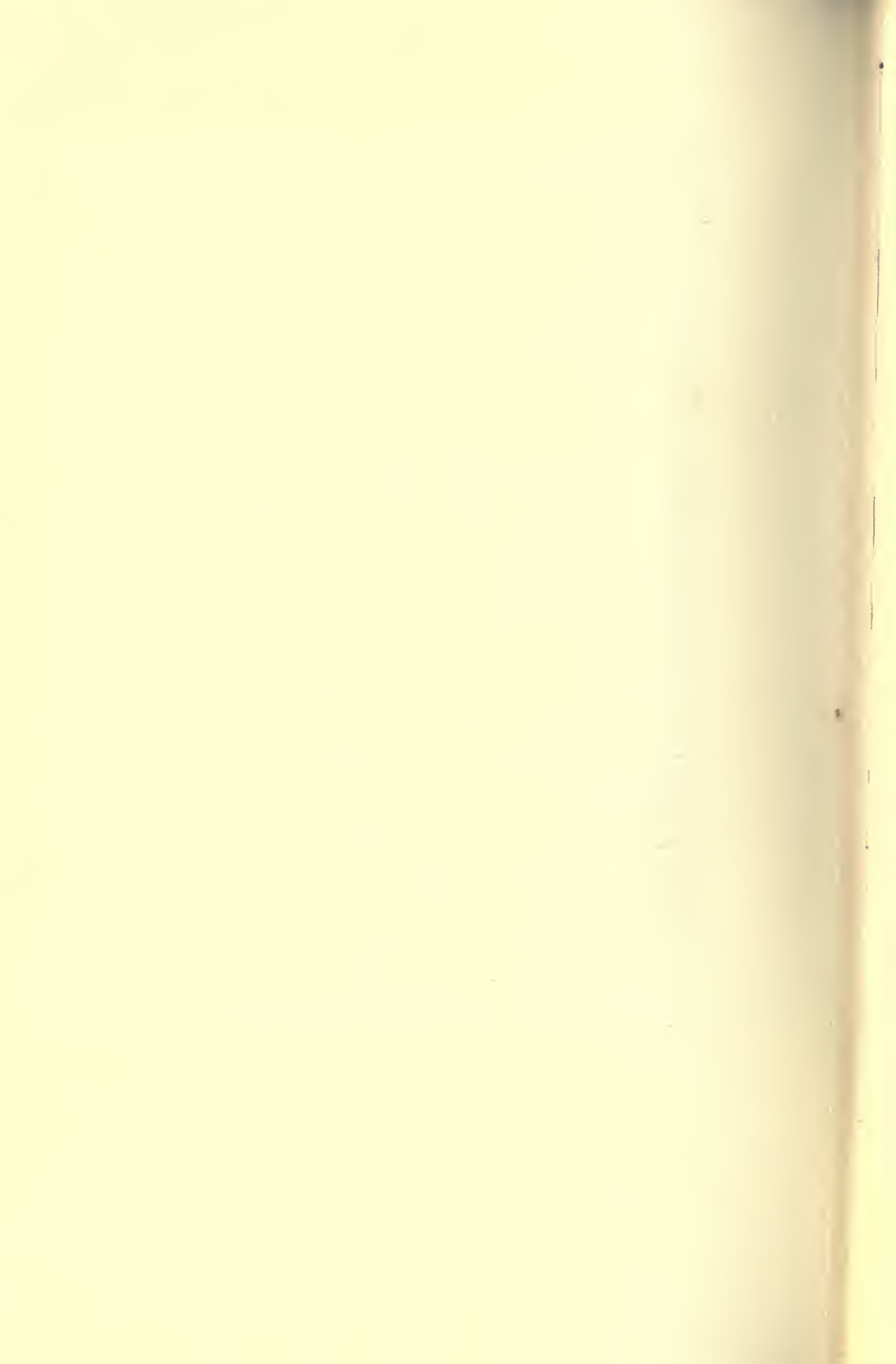


XXXIX.
MY WIFE.





XL.
MEDULIC.





XLI.
BISTOLFI.







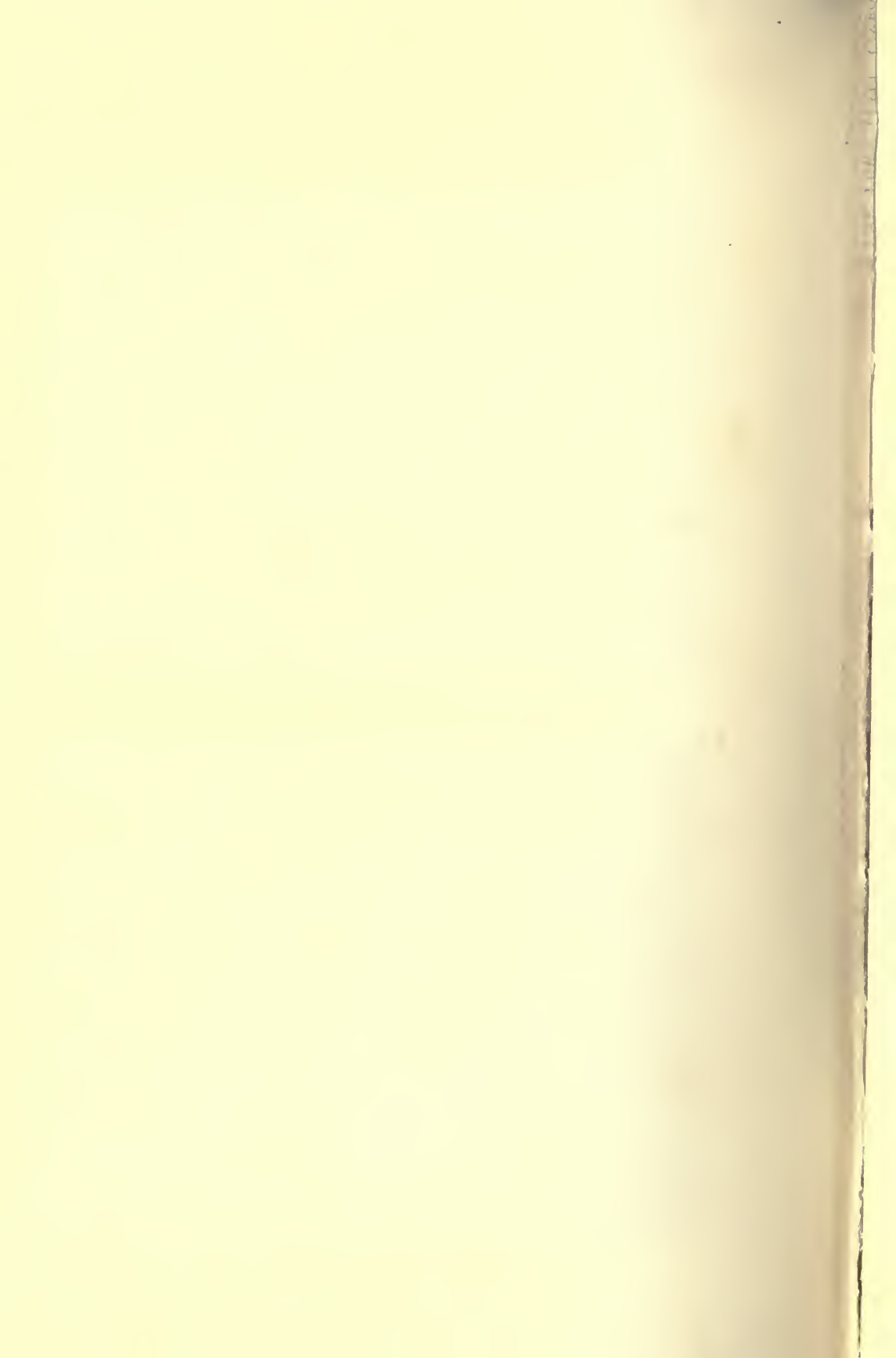


XLIII.

HEAD OF A WOMAN.



HEAD OF A WOMAN.

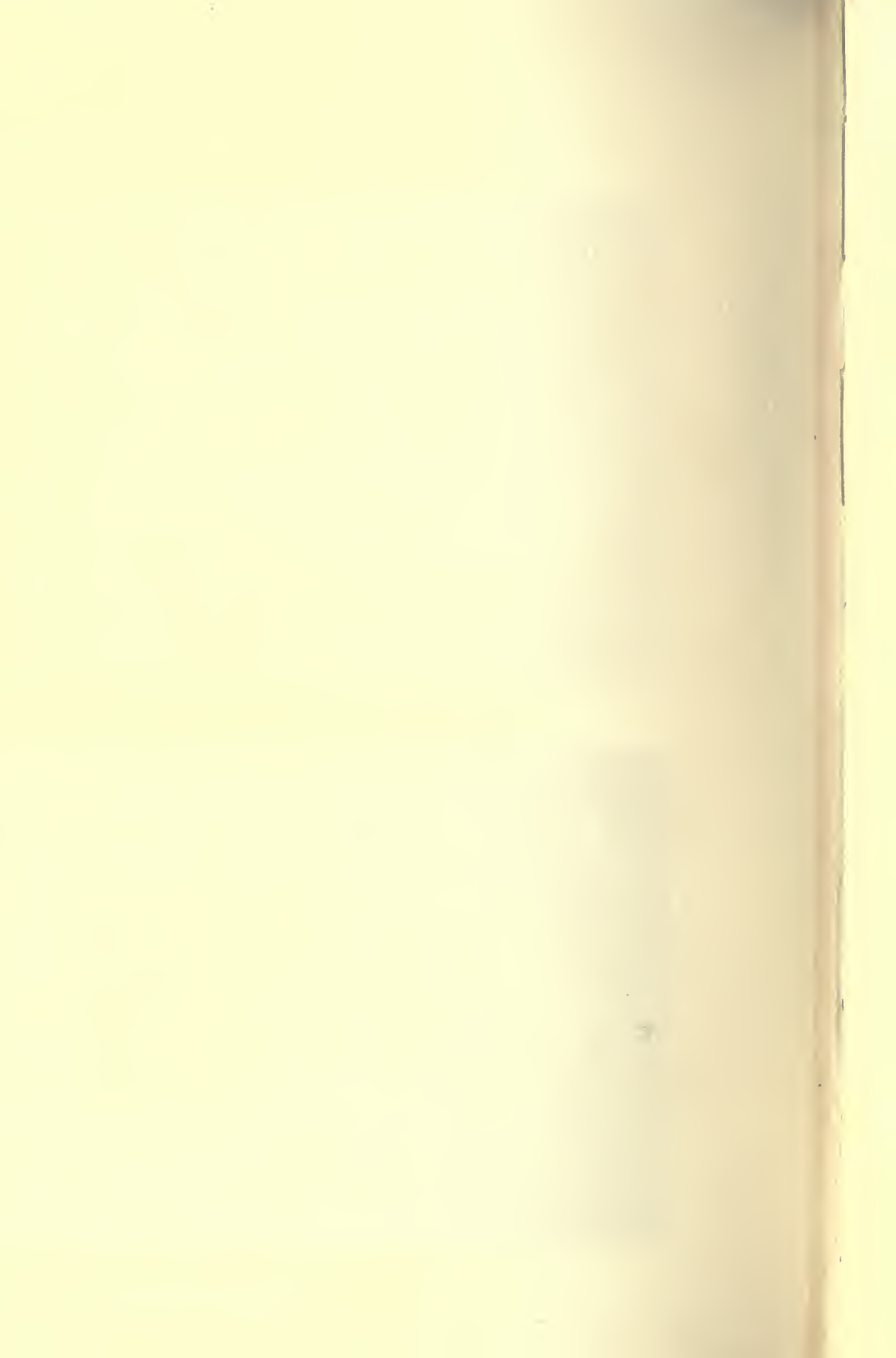




HEAD OF A BOY.



XLIV.
HEAD OF A GIRL.



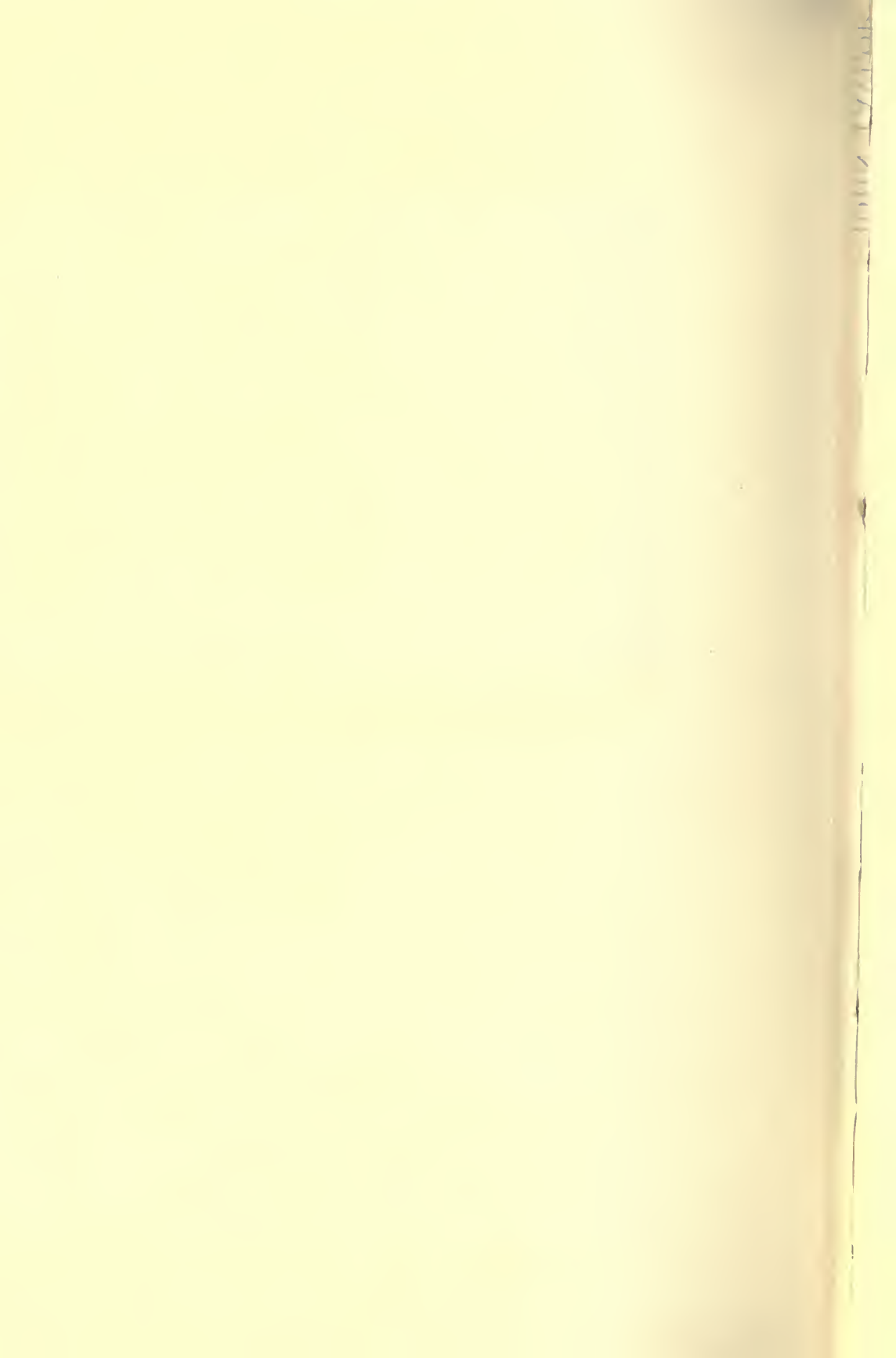


LADY CUNARD,



XLV.

MISS ST. GEORGE.





XLVI.

DR. ELSIE INGLIS.







XLVIII.
ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.



XLIX.
SALOME.



L.

THE ANNUNCIATION.



LI.

MADONNA AND CHILD.





LII.

CHRIST AND THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA.



LIII.
THE HAPPY ANGELS.



LIV.

STUDY OF THE MADONNA.



LV.
STUDY OF THE MADONNA.



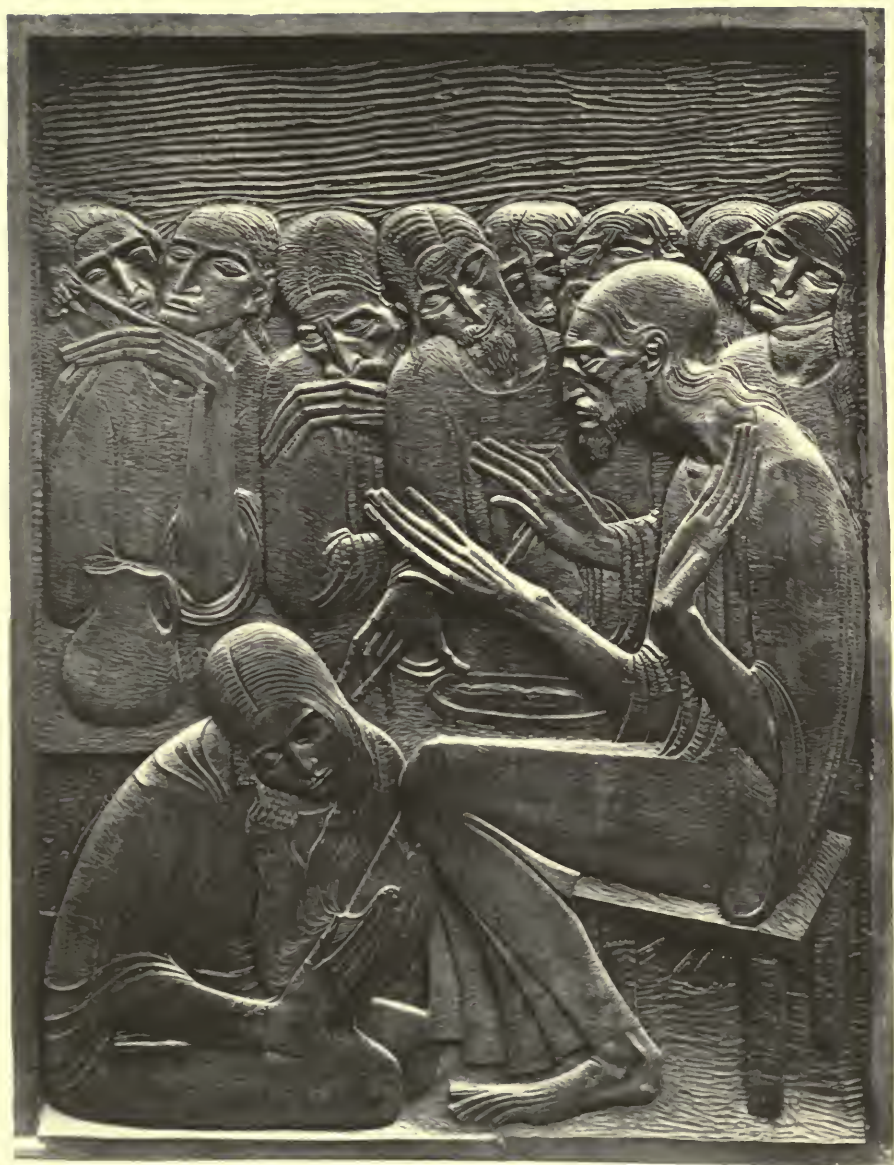
LVI.
MADONNA AND CHILD.



LVII.
MADONNA AND CHILD.

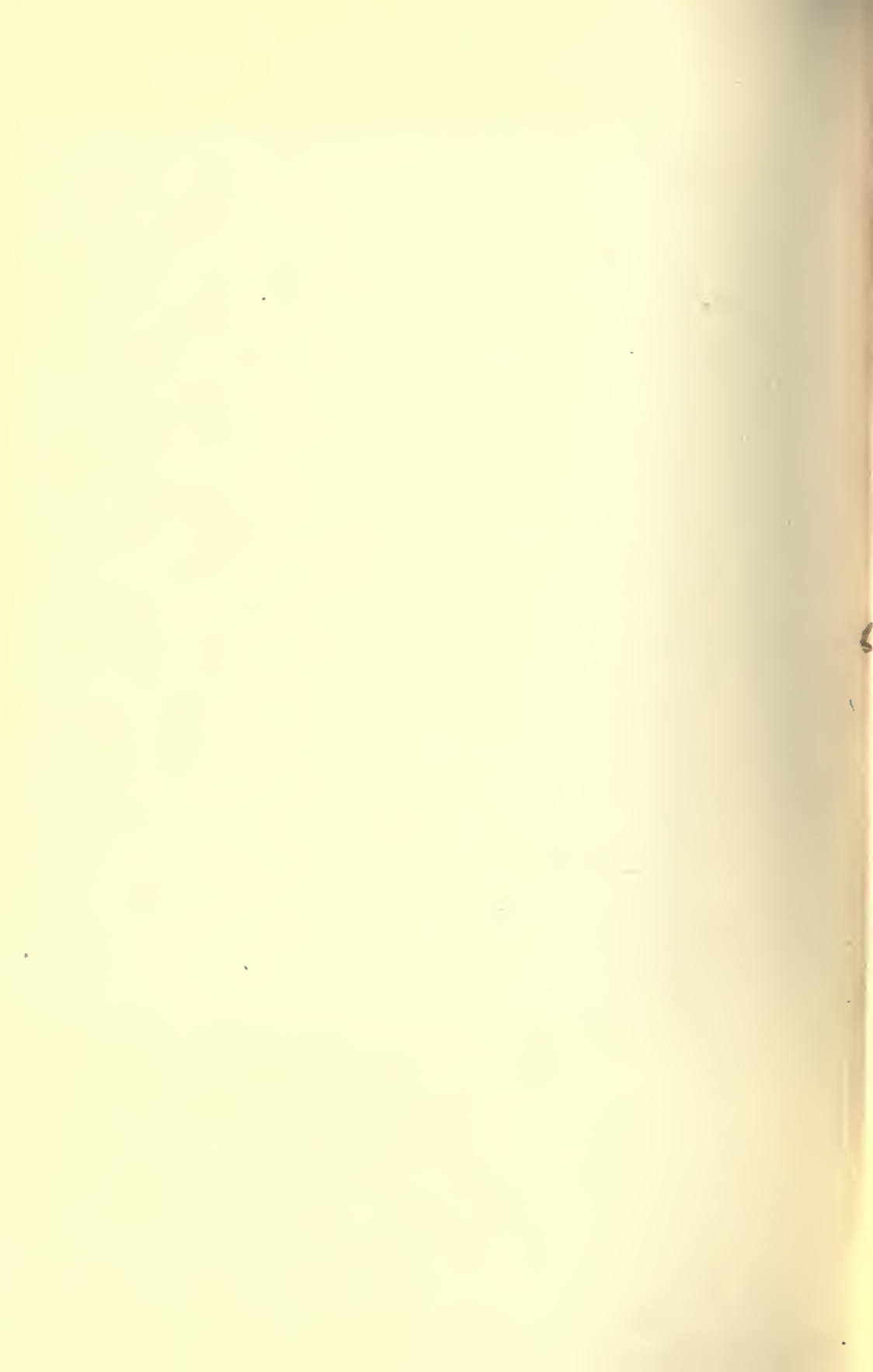






LIX.

CHRIST AND THE MAGDALEN.





LX.

THE PRAYER ON THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.



LXI.

THE CHRIST.





LXII.
THE CHRIST. DETAILS.



LXIII.

A HEAD OF CHRIST.



LXIV.
PIETÀ.



PIETÀ.



LXV.

PIETÀ. SKETCH.



LXVI.

DEPOSITION FROM THE CROSS.



LXVII.

DEPOSITION FROM THE CROSS.



LXVIII.
DEPOSITION FROM THE CROSS.

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