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The INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

ARRANGING FLOWERS BY MARIE BLANKE

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Lambert Lombard

1506-1565

The Seven Works of Mercy. 29x41.

On oak panel.

An elaborate monogram on the backside cut in the center of the wood panel indicates very clearly the author whose family name originally was Lambert Suterman. He was born at Liege, studied in Italy and later became the famous teacher of Frans Floris, Golzius and others. The greatest part of his works was destroyed by a fire in the palace of Prince Henry Maximilian at Bonn. Vasari, the Italian author, praises him very highly, but adds that his pictures are not quite free from the Flemish stiffness. Every author praises his beautiful coloring and the magnificent transparency of his pictures.

Looking at this picture the spectator sees on the left side first of all the distribution of bread to the hungry. Then, following along the upper part of the picture is the dressing of the naked, the healing of the sick, the hospitality towards two strangers who are invited to come in, the burying of the dead and the consoling of the prisoner to whom somebody talks through the grating, and finally, at the right lower part, the distribution of water to the thirsty ones.

Before Lombard, the same subject was treated by Memling, and after Lombard by Teniers, although by none more beautifully than by Lombard. The works of Lombard are extremely rare.

Francois Le Moyne

1688-1737

Venus and the Death of Adonis. 36x46.

More popular than nowadays the history of Romeo and Juliet was in olden times the story of Venus and Adonis. In Greece, in Rome and in a large part of the Orient, every year the death of Adonis, the beautiful youth, symbolic of the dying nature in the fall, was celebrated. In this picture the goddess Venus is descending to weep with the women over the death of her love.

LeMoyne is one of the most celebrated French artists of the eighteenth century, and his works bear witness of all the graces and the fine taste so characteristic of the French people. His works are in the Louvre, at Munich and many other museums of Europe.

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IN THE VALLEY BY PIETER VAN VEEN

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A JACOBEAN ROOM

THE hospitable living room of an old English manor house, recently installed in the Minneapolis Institute of Arts, is the very embodiment of the spirit of the seventeenth century. It is England emerging from the Middle Ages. It is at once Round-Head and Cavalier, Oliver Cromwell and Charles I. Or, if you like, Snug the Joiner is playing a classical rôle, and doing it very well. The joiner was in this case greatly aided by the ceiler who carved the capitals, frieze and overmantel, for the guild *Junctorum et Celutorum* comprised the joiners and carvers in relief, or ceilers (from the Latin *cælare,* to emboss).

Throughout the Middle Ages houses in England were rough affairs, constructed of heavy oak timbers with the spaces between filled with masonry; but with the peace which came after the Wars of the Roses in the sixteenth century, men began to seek for more comfort, and the carpenters found that there was growing up amongst them a sort of skillful aristocracy of craftsmen, finer workers in wood, men able to cover the cold walls of the houses with screens of thin panels of wood fitted into a light frame-work, and other men able to carve relief patterns after the new-fangled designs borrowed from Italian architecture and Persian textiles. These two groups of craftsmen separated themselves from the common carpenters and were given a royal charter by Queen Elizabeth. They had become an important body, and together they carried Elizabethan traditions of decoration and furniture half way through the following century. Furniture and interior decoration were their especial province until the rise of the cabinet makers a hundred years later.

The age of Elizabeth gave great impetus to household furnishings. British commerce was extended to the ends of the world, and the cities were growing rich. The Spanish Inquisition in the Netherlands drove thousands of skilled workers to England, where they were encouraged to develop manufactures, especially in textiles; and the Flemish wood workers brought not only wealth but ideas into the furniture industry and architecture. The Renaissance, with its Roman columns, its rich classical cornices, its elegant acanthus scrolls, came in Elizabethan days through these Flemings rather than directly from Italy; for Protestant Englishmen were not welcome in Catholic Italy. It became somewhat debased *en route,* but the British craftsman turned its very awkwardness to picturesque account. With

a hand trained to oak, he adapted Italian forms to his own use. In the warm climate of Italy plain stucco walls were pierced with elegant and restrained doorways, and evenly spaced windows; the Englishman reduced the monumental proportions to those of intimacy, covered the walls with warm insulating oak cut in small convenient panels, enriched his doorways with much carving and clung to his favorite Gothic grouping of windows, with many mullions and slightly pointed arches. Even his ceilings retained the arabesque reminiscent of the ribs of Gothic vaulting which had taken on so florid a form in the fan vaulting of the Tudor period.

All of these characteristics we have in the new room at the Institute. The two windows, with their original stone framing and mullions, brought from the old manor house in Higham, Suffolk, are of Tudor Gothic form. The room, as installed, is 23 feet by 22 feet 9 inches, and 10 feet in height, with the wainscot 8 feet 8½ inches in height. The panelling is of the Elizabethan type, with small panels, 9 by 15 inches, set in a frame-work, with mouldings made by the joiner, the short pieces planed with a blade filed to the purpose according to the notions of the craftsman, with no attempt at classical profile, the longer pieces chiselled into mouldings similar to the planed ones of the cross pieces. The pilasters and entablature, however, are clearly from another hand, which carefully followed the Italian inspiration of the architect. They are as suave in their carving as are the acanthus scrolls in design. Indeed the purity of their classical character seems, in spite of the early type of panelling, to place the period of the room after the Restoration, when, under Charles II, Englishmen were again free to travel in Italy, and the Romance influence came direct with the returning Royalists.

The fireplace, as the centre of family life, is given due importance. It is of old grey stone, wide and deep, covered by a Tudor arch, with a heraldic design and acanthus scroll carved in each spandrel. The overmantel is very richly carved. The three panels separated by caryatides and framed in borders of elaborately undercut "cartouches" in such high relief that the narrow shelf scarcely extends beyond them. The cartouche originally represented a scroll of parchment for inscription or coat-of-arms, as it is here used in the central panel; but in the seventeenth century it took on all sorts of curious curling forms with no meaning beyond variety of line and light and shadow. The carving of the

forms of this overmantel is exceedingly skillful, almost to the point of *tour de force*—another mark of the time of John Dryden rather than that of Robert Herrick. At no point, however, did the carver sacrifice beauty to the exhibition of skill. The depth is always effective, and the inward play of line seems to have been conceived directly in wood rather than on the flat paper of an architect. The carver must have been an artist as well as a craftsman.

When the woodwork came to America it was covered with a thick coat of yellow paint, evidently put on at some time when contemporary furniture was not congenial to the ancient oak. The removal of the paint, perhaps, effaced the touch of the chisel in the more delicate parts of the carving, though the effect is unspoiled. The colour has been restored by stain, and the surface has been rubbed with wax, according to early custom. It is difficult to understand how anyone could ever varnish so virile a wood as oak after having once seen the beauty of an untouched piece of old English work.

The ceiling of the room and the walls above the wainscoting have been made from models of the period of the woodwork. Old plaster ceilings were modelled *in situ* by hand. This one was cast in sections by the modern method, and finished by hand to gain the effective irregularity of surface of the old ceilings, so that it seems happily at one with the room. The pattern of interwoven rudimentary ribs on the ceiling of course makes no pretence to structural expression. The English builders were little troubled by logic; they built their houses so that they would stand, and ornamented them with whatever attractive things they had seen—pilasters which made no pretence of supporting anything, and ceiling decorations derived from the Gothic vault. In the early sixteenth century the ribs of the vaulting were multiplied on the surface to make fan-shaped patterns, which assumed later exceedingly elaborate forms. Under Queen Elizabeth these surface patterns came to be used on flat ceilings, naturally losing all semblance of structural memory, till they became mere arabesques, like those of the one in question. Probably the Englishman gained more than he lost by his naïveté. The Italian and French pilasters and ceiling coves which pretend to a work which they do not perform have the appearance rather than the reality of logic, and the Britisher's frankness is rather charming than otherwise.

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THE STUDIO

"VILLARS AU BOIS."
FROM THE PAINTING BY
RICHARD JACK, R.A. ELECT.
(See page 148.)

The
INTERNATIONAL
· STUDIO ·

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LANDSCAPE PAINTING IN AMERICA

BY AMEEN RIHANI

Part II. *(See May Issue,)*

With the Oriental artist, the Hindu or the Japanese, a landscape is a state of the soul,—a manifestation, like the human embodiment, of the mind of the universe,—a token and an avowal of unity and oneness. Indeed, nature and humanity and the spirit of the divine that pervades them are one. The human figure in a landscape is not made the puppet of the artist's caprice; nor is a landscape decked to serve the human will. Neither is subservient to the other; both spring from the same source, metaphysical and terrene; both stand out in an embodiment that proclaims their common heritage; in both is an expression of the enduring, the eternal, whether it be a fluid beauty, an articulate terror, a grotesque incarnation, or a material token of the divine silences. The harmony is always supreme. And although the ensemble is sometimes vague, mystical, and, from an artistic point of view, inexpressive, the detail is always exquisite.

The Oriental conception of nature lends itself to allegory and symbol. But with the Oriental artists the symbol seldom changes its tenour; it has remained in the main religious and ethical. This limitation, on the other hand, has led them to develop an æstheticism, more in harmony with nature than our own, a multiple and exquisite beauty in the art of decoration, and a deep abiding sense of colour. If they fail sometimes in perspective, or in maintaining the centre of interest, or in organizing of the amorphous, the grotesque, the insignificant, a delicate form of beauty, they never fail to fascinate us with their colour effects, their decorative ensemble, and, above all, their symbolic setting. They are interpreters of nature and super-nature: they are the artists of the human-divine.

The symbol in the art of the Western world, though not always evident, is not, as is generally supposed, a preciosity, a mode of expression seldom used. With us it is more malleable and less emphatic. It is not academic. It suggests rather than asserts itself. And it is more inclusive. The trend of events seems to dominate the choice of those artists who have a preference for it. With them the allegory or the symbol is made to reflect the spirit of a people, the temper of the times, as well as the elemental and eternal in life, in the universe. And it is to be found at times where it is least expected, as I shall show. For a few of the best living American artists are symbolists, though not, perhaps, from choice. The development of their art, if there be more than feeling in it, lends them necessarily to a form of symbolism.

For art by no means consists only in the manner of looking at a subject and the way of presenting it. What the artist puts into it for the benefit or the delectation of his fellow-men is equally essential. Indeed, the highest form of art is one in which the three conditions are religiously observed. An object of beauty, to take a simple example, always represents more than the visible form—it is symbolic objectively of a divine rapture in nature and subjectively of an esthetic rapture in the heart of the artist. The Oriental would still go further and say, No beauty without such states of rapture can exist. To him, therefore, the highest, nay, the only

form of art is symbolic. But this conception has led the Hindu artist particularly to an astigmatic precision in the treatment of symbols. Everywhere to him the idea of mystery prevails, and nothing seems so real as the illusion of reality. Form and matter only exist to express the soul of the universe.

In England William Blake subscribed wholly to this creed, made it exclusively his practice in art and poetry. And in this country the best of the work of one of the few living artists of genius is, as I conceive it, symbolical, although he himself may not admit it. It is symbolical in the occidental sense, the symbol, in other words, suggesting rather than asserting itself. But before I come to Childe Hassam, I wish to devote a few paragraphs in this article to the foremost American symbolist, an Oriental and visionary, a great artist withal, Albert Pinkham Ryder. He stands alone among American painters.

An original and unique character, Ryder maintained an aloofness akin to the Oriental ascetic's, consecrating himself wholly to the art-vision, which is the other side of the religious vision. His was a devotion supreme; and the controlling force of his art and his life was not strictly spiritual,—it was præterhuman. He is likened to Blake and Monticelli; but he is only like them in that he turned towards the East for inspiration. He has his own technique, which is as original as his manner and his vision. The canvases of Ryder seem to me a transcription of the deepest purposes, materialized—benign or otherwise—of an invisible power. We see through the stratas, rendered transparent by his technique and præterhuman vision, into a world of beauty and terror, and we catch an echo of the distant strains of a symphony that seems to be composed of the wailings and rejoicings of man—of human destinies, in a word, set to a weird, primitive, but fascinating music.

And how well does Ryder's technique serve his vision. His pearly mists, his dark amber tones, are the very stratas of mystery made fluid for the soul, made transparent to the eye. And in these glazed transparencies, violet greys seem to throb under a placid surface of old ivory and burned lacquer, like a piece of porcelain turned in the fire or like the texture of Phœnician glass.

It is easy to criticise such a man,—to say that he is literary, obscure, a visionary,—that nature, as seen through his temperament, is distorted or, at least, much altered in the process. He is, of course, mystical. Symbolism connotes, more or less, a mysterious, a hidden meaning,—a something that the mystic, whether artist or poet or sufi, sees in the reflection as well as in the reality of things,—a truth underlying all the accepted truths,—a way embracing all the ways of man,—an answer to his soul-questionings,—a key to the riddle. And he gives us in his own manner, not the key itself, perhaps, but the direction of how to find it ourselves. And something of beauty to make the search attractive—sometimes, too, superfluous.

I have been so fascinated by the quaint beauty of some of Albert Ryder's canvases that I forget for the moment that they embody also a message, that his mode of expression is not in itself both the means and the end. But it is difficult, as in his *Adrift*, a little gem of pearly tones, to get beyond this, that is to free oneself from the sensuous seductions to better appreciate the spiritual significance. But the most charming and most baffling in technique of the canvases I have seen is his *Forest of Arden*. The figures in it have a cameo-like exquisiteness, the trees seem to have grown in harmony with the figures, and in the whole we get, not only the effect of distance, but also the illusion of time. I mean, the canvas seems to be the work of nature herself, who had spent upon it, as on a precious stone, a thousand years or more.

The human interest too is always present in his work; but like the Oriental's, the landscape is not subordinated to it. While nature is always supreme, the universal note is never lost. Ryder is the exponent in American art of the Oriental conception of nature. He makes her speak in allegories; and with the Oriental artist he must have believed that imaginative mysticism is inseperable from any form of the best art, whether in nature to-day or in religion as in the past.

CONTRE-JOUR
BY CHILDE HASSAM

In modern European art Realism makes a fetish of fact, of form—its enemies to the contrary—and matter, while Impressionism is making a fetish of the phenomenon of light. The first ignores entirely the symbol, sweeps away the spiritualities; the second, while not concerned directly or consciously with religion, seeks to re-establish the spirit of the individual with nature and thereby give a kind of symbolic expression to the spiritual, the universal. Light, in truth, is the symbol of the age; and radiant colours are the attributes of its assertive, complex and highly sophisticated consciousness.

But an artist can lose the spirit of nature by too much analysis of colour and shade and the light that animates them. We lose the pleasant effect of contrast in trying to discover all there is of colour in a shadow or all there is of light in a colour. The great French apostle of light, who spent his whole life discovering it, amassing it, analyzing it, dissipating it, became in the end the victim of its own wizardry. Claude Monet apotheosized light, and the result was that light banished colour from his canvas, seldom sparing anything but its shadow. And a shadow is a fact or a fancy, but not truth. Nor is a blaze of light on a canvas. Monet chose a point of observation from which he could barely see the contrasts of life. He may have sought—and found—the absolute, which, after all, is not very satisfying on canvas. The ancient masters sought it, too, and found it in faith, and symbolized it in light.

But light with them was a foil to their sombre, lugubrious tones. It connoted the miraculous. It burst on their canvas from nowhere, miraculously; but while it served as a contrast, it did not always relieve the dark depressing spaces, the wailing depths. It was used for a specific purpose, conventionalized. It had nothing to do with the sun, whether it shone on the face of a saint or in a halo above his head. No more than the Jeremiads of the artist had anything to do with art. Some critics think that the reason why the ancient masters painted in what I would call Jeremiads of colour, is that glass in their time was not invented and their studios, therefore, like the dark aisles of cathedrals in which they also painted, did not afford the proper lighting effects. This may be so. But there is another, and, to my mind, more important reason. The ancient masters were impressionists, but their impressionism only functioned through the medium of faith, of religion. And that religion is essentially one of sorrow. Their souls absorbed and reflected sadness; they painted in a Valley of Tears;—they cultivated, cherished, idealized sorrow,—painted it, chanted it, lived it. They were supremely religious, sincerely Christian. Hence their Jeremiads on canvas.

Now, the moderns—they were certainly modern then—of the Barbizon School changed their colour, their method, their technique, but not their point of view. They painted, to be sure, *en plein air,* in the open, but the atmosphere of the studio was still in their heart. The atmosphere of religion rather, the religion of sorrow. For the faith that was given a staggering blow by the French Revolution was still a controlling force in their life and art. It was their way of expressing the spiritual side of nature,—their revolt against the materialism, the literality, the realism of the period. They painted nature in all her moods, taking her at times too seriously, approaching her in a formal manner, without ever attempting consciously to unmask her or unveil. They waited for the thing to happen, while her evening shadows were gathering on their palettes. They did not trifle with her,—they would not make a sport of paint. Their deep sense of religion, in an age when the reaction against Voltaireanism was setting in, would not permit of any levity. Rousseau, the author of "The Confession," was very evident in Rousseau, the painter.

Romanticism, sentimentality, a posture of exclamatory joy, somewhat forced, somewhat theatrical, these characterized more or less the work of Daubigny, of Diaz, of Rousseau, and even of Corot. They informed nature with a poetry, a spirituality to which still clung the cobwebs of the church aisles, in which still lingered the incense fumes of the altar, through which still echoed the solemn strains of the canticle of sorrow. They themselves worked, no doubt, in joy; but their canvases

LANDSCAPE BY CHILDE HASSAM

are more or less lugubrious. Which proves that their subconscious heritage could not be overcome in a generation.

Take, for example, the *Sleep of Diana* of Corot. What is it but a pagan version of the Annunciation. The paganism of the artist is cloaked in a deep religious feeling, which shows itself, not only in the subject, but in the manner of treatment as well. Corot has painted this canvas in the sombre tones of the ancient masters, and, I dare say, in the same superstitious mood. A pagan subject done in a Christian-Italian technique. The masses of black in the picture are balanced by a stream of dull amber light, which seems to filter through an unseen stained glass window. And how remarkable, how miraculous that not a ray of it gets into the foliage, but flows, as if through an insulated medium, down upon the two cupids who are lifting the veil of the sleeping goddess—quite like the light in the old masters illumining the faces only of the saints. This, to my mind, is a Christian conception applied to a pagan theme. The Barbizons were still bound by certain traditions of the old masters, who painted in sombre tones for the better expression, they must have thought, of religious ecstasy and alle-

gorical truth The Oriental artists do not think so, considering their penchant for brilliant colours. Nor do the modern artists of Europe and America, who are, in this sense, intensely Oriental.

We are going back to religion, but not to the religion of sorrow. The radiances of the spiritual life are no longer confined to this or that hemisphere—they are becoming circumambient, circumvolant. And modern art, symbolising in high colours and lights the joys and the new aspirations of the world, is one of the most potent agencies in the development. Indeed, we are discovering that brilliant colours are the best vehicles for any shade of feeling, social, æsthetic, religious, for any thought, any rhapsody, any vision. Our visualization of nature and life is based on a rational conception, made more comprehensive, reinforced by the intuitive and synthetic method. We live more in the world, so to speak; our point of view is becoming more scientific, cosmic, and at the same time more religious. In consequence, we are more optimistic,—our sympathies radiate light and colour.

And our art, if nothing else, proves it. The passion of present-day artists for colour, their eagerness to achieve the highest chromatic expression, their search for effects of brilliant tones and lightings, these are but manifestations of the modern artistic consciousness, healthy, vigorous, frank, direct, unafraid, naïve and primitive, spiritual and optimistic. Even in their tonal repressions, as in their saturnalia of colour, there is sometimes an unreality, which, like that of the Hindu artist, conveys the impression, vivid and satisfying, that only in the illusion is the reality that endures. It drives home the symbol as well. For consciously or unconsciously the best of the art of to-day is rendered, at least, in a symbolic mood, or atmosphered, one would say, in the joy of living, which we no longer find in the morose romanticism, the bald realism or the morbid naturalism of other periods. There is more warmth and cheer and more poetic beauty in the autumn and winter scenes of a modern artist, for instance, than there is in the spring and summer scenes of his predecessors.

In other words, we no longer take our pleasures sadly.

A landscape by Monet or Renoir is neither idealism nor realism, but a modern mode of expressing the deep truths of nature, the eternal verities of existence. And it has in it a poetry as rich in beauty as the best of the masters of the past. It is different, of course, from that of Corot or Inness in that it has a greater and more enduring appeal. To be more specific, there is in the visible outlines of a Monet, vague but brilliant with the effect of distance at times, rugged and resonant at others, an intangible something, more pleasing to the eye and more suggestive of beauty to the mind than the visible filmy, lace-like effects of Corot. But I must now confine myself to living artists and come closer to a few of the outstanding figures in America.

I do not quite agree with those who call Childe Hassam a hedonist. His appeal, *through the senses*, reaches for something higher in us, and more enduring. He gives us, to be sure, a rare pleasure; he is an eloquent and compelling apostle of beauty, a sincere and, may I say, religious exponent of the joy of life. His canvases, wherever one sees them, whether alone or in a joint exhibit or in a museum, always detain and seldom fail to charm.

I must confess, however, that when I first made his acquaintance in a gallery, I turned back with a fatuous comprehensiveness to Monet and Renoir. I seemed to recognize too that the Pointillists, those tattooers in paint, had arrived in America. For here was certainly a trick, an optical illusion. The little dabs of color, laid side by side, like a mosaic, but not as compact, produced a curious effect on the eye. The canvas seen closely is like a piece of loosely woven texture; the artist lays his colors on it, instead of mixing them on a palette, and depends on the observer for the rest. We stand at a proper distance and the blending is accomplished, the picture is complete. An ingenious, but not a fluid and potential technique. It does not lend itself to the deeper things in life and art.

Childe Hassam himself knows this, and having put the method to the test, I suppose, quickly abandoned it. Still, one would say

that he is the principal exponent in this country of the impressionism that was fathered by Monet and made athletic, as it were, trained into an Apollonian beauty and power, by Manet.

The first impression I got when I first met Mr. Hassam at his studio was one of disappointment and surprise. I was disappointed with myself—how absurd it is to try to judge an artist by his work—and I was surprised to find, instead of a lackadaisical dreamer, a rugged, solid, sturdy individual, whose poetry is imbedded deep,—does not spend itself, as in a Latin genius, in futile illuminations, in brilliancy of gesture and speech. What has this man to do with Monet or Manet or any other Latin? He is English in temperament, English in his air and manner, English in his misleading opacity, his lack of surface glow, English too in his atavism. For when an Englishman lets go, whether spiritually, poetically, or politically, he is determined to go the whole way. That is why I think Hassam's romanticism has a rational starting point and a mystical objective. And if his intensities, his rhapsodies, his refinements, which find adequate expression only in his art, suggest, on the one side, the poet Shelley, as far as I can see, and on the other, the artist Turner, they proclaim, too, not loudly, aggressively, but in a delicate and cultured manner, an individuality of our own age, a distinct individuality among contemporary artists.

I had Childe Hassam foremost in mind when, speaking of symbolism in art, I said that a few of our leading artists are symbolists, at least subconsciously, or they paint sometimes in a symbolic mood. For an artist of true idealistic fervour and refinemen,t a true romanticist, always sees in an object more than it actually represents; and his canvas, therefore, represents to the discerning more than a surface beauty and more meaning sometimes than he himself had encompassed. Hassam's work is a subtle harmonization of the Oriental and the European notions of beauty,—the Greek rhythm, one would say, and the Japanese composition. Sensuousness has indeed a fascination for him, a lure; but through the magic of his art, it is transformed into a majesty in which the sensuous is lost. He has an idyllic grace and a lyric poise. His ecstasies transform themselves on canvas into a divine calm, a Nirvana, as it were, of everlasting loveliness and beauty. His luminosities are canticles to the Eternal.

I said that Hassam is an impressionist. But impressionism is only a starting point, which does not always lead to the truth. That is why his landscapes with figures seem neither impressionistic nor realistic. They are supremely natural. This Anglo-Saxon, who happens to be painting in America, is an Oriental in his understanding and portrayal of nature. He is symbolical. His *Dawn*, for instance, and his *June* (I mention but these now for lack of space) are expressive of a joy that is paradisal in its innocence, its repose, its assurance,—a joy that, like the universe, connotes the absolute, is supreme and eternal in itself. And this joy is symbolized for us in the mountain laurels and the human figures blending with the flowers.

Childe Hassam's nudes are neither anasarcous nor anaphroditic,—they suffer not from the dropsy or the divine grace. They are natural, and as such symbolical;—as natural as the landscape itself, which to him is also human. His figures are laurels in bloom or poplars bathing in the sun; his laurel flowers have a human complexion of rare translucency and charm. They both seem to spring from the same soil, partake of the same heritage, share equally of the same lyric and everlasting beauty. The union intrigues the divine. And the point of supreme union is achieved. The new, which is immemorably old, and the old, which is eternally new, are brought together and made one in a living radiance, an æthereal glow, a rosy-violet mist, an iridescence that sings, a luminosity that baffles analysis. This is the Hassam atmosphere, which adumbrates his mystical objective;—the *cachet* that proclaims an artist of refinement and culture, a man of rhapsodies, a many-faceted genius, a stylist of rare charm. To me, he expresses, more than any living American artist, the spirit that abides in matter; he catches the note that pervades every aspect of nature, that echoes the unity of the universe.

Exhibited at the Carnegie International Exhibition, 1920.

PORTRAIT OF SIDNEY H. DICKINSON
BY ROYSTON NAVE

THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION, 1920.

FOR many years past critics of the Royal Academy have been accustomed to attack it as an obsolete institution, persistently out of touch with modern thought, incapable of progress, and opposed to all reforms which were likely to advance the interests and help on the development of British Art. It is possible that there was at one time some justification for this reproach; it is possible that a generation or two ago the Academy was too wedded to its earlier traditions to show much sympathy with new ideas; but it certainly cannot be said that the Burlington House policy has undergone no change during the last few years. Indeed, any one who can go back for half a century and compare the Academy as it was then with the Academy of to-day, must admit that there have been in it developments and alterations of a very definite kind. Artists of remarkably unacademic views and methods have been freely admitted to membership; works which would have been formerly regarded as revolutionary are now given places in the galleries, the annual exhibitions have taken on a new atmosphere and a new character. All this implies that the Academy has undergone a process of reform which, if it has not been hurried, has, at all events, been effective and significant.

The present exhibition shows well the effects of this change. There is no longer the crowd of ill-assorted pictures plastered over the walls from floor to ceiling, a jumble of things, good, bad, and indifferent. There is, instead, a collection of moderate size, which has been selected with discrimination and hung with serious consideration, and in which paintings of very divergent intention have been given places of reasonable prominence. There are few things, it is true, of spectacular importance, but there is a solid mass of sound work by men who have tried honestly to do their best, and there is little that falls appreciably below a worthy average of production. Generally, the work which best deserves

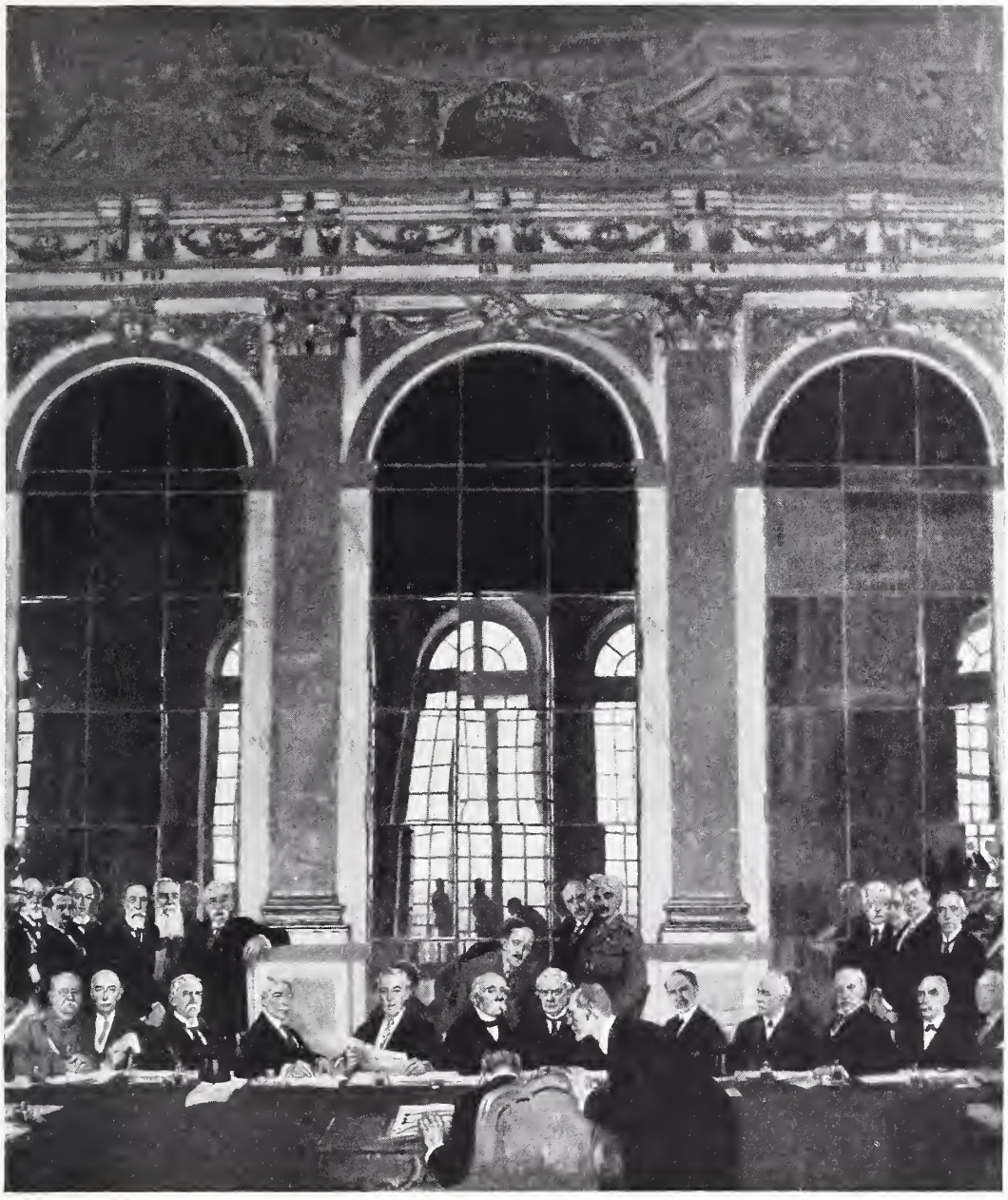
"EPSOM DOWNS: CITY AND SUBURBAN DAY." BY A. J. MUNNINGS, A.R.A.
(Purchased under the Chantrey Bequest.—Copyright strictly reserved for the artist by Walter Judd Ltd., publishers of "The Royal Academy Illustrated")

"THE CONVALESCENT." BY SIR JOHN LAVERY, A.R.A.

attention has been put where it can be seen to advantage, and a by no means unsuccessful attempt has been made to attain a decorative balance in the hanging and to give the rooms a pleasant appearance. In carrying out this new policy somewhat drastic rejections have, no doubt, been necessary, but the Academy is justified by the gain in the quality of the exhibition.

It must be admitted, however, that the exhibition is somewhat lacking in figure subjects of an ambitious type. There are large canvases, like Sir John Lavery's *Admiral Beatty reading the Terms of the Armistice to the German Delegates*, Mr. H. A. Olivier's *The Supreme War Council, Versailles, July* 1918, and Mr. F. O. Salisbury's *The National Peace Thanksgiving Service on the Steps of St. Paul's, July* 6, 1919, and there are smaller things of the same class, like Sir William Orpen's two amazingly skilful Peace Conference pictures, and Mr. Fred Roe's clever *Recruiting in the Guildhall by Sir Charles Wakefield, Bt., Lord Mayor of London*, 1915–16, but these are illustrative rather than imaginative, and have not offered much scope for originality of expression. In them all, however, sufficiently serious technical difficulties have been surmounted with a considerable measure of success.

There is more appeal to the imagination in such pictures as Mr. Richard Jack's *Love tunes the Shepherd's Reed*, Mr. Spencer Watson's *The Three Wise Kings*, and Mr. Oswald Moser's *The Dwarf*. Mr. Jack has painted a charming piece of fancy with grace and distinction, and



"THE SIGNING OF PEACE IN THE HALL OF MIRRORS, VERSAILLES." BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, R.A.

"THE TURN OF THE ROAD"
BY GEORGE CLAUSEN, R.A.

"GATHERING CLOUDS"
BY ARNESBY BROWN, R.A.

"LEOPARD KILLING A BIRD" (STATUETTE, BRONZE). BY FRANK LUTIGER

has turned his powers of draughtsmanship and his pleasant feeling for colour arrangement to excellent account. Mr. Spencer Watson and Mr. Moser have displayed an unusual degree of artistic conscience, and have achieved pictorial results which are finely decorative, in the best sense of the word, and in which there is no evasion of those subtleties of characterization and of those adjustments of harmonious colour which are the fundamentals in all great decoration. Mr. Anning Bell's *And the Women stood Afar Off* has a stately severity and dignity of style which can be sincerely praised, and the two compositions by Mr. C. H. Shannon, *The Childhood of Bacchus* and *The Wise and Foolish Virgins*, if not free from conventionality, are well conceived and handled with scholarly refinement. There is something of the same reticence in Mr. Glyn Philpot's grim composition, *The Coast of Britain*, a powerful but unattractive picture; but the artist's personality is more characteristically expressed in his two portrait studies, *The Student with a Book*, and *The Rice Family*, in which he has had more opportunity to show his executive resource. Skill of brushwork and sumptuousness of colour distinguish Mr. Moira's *Blessing the Gospelles*; there is a typical robustness of manner in Mr. Bundy's humorous *Scandal*; and *The Convalescent* by Sir John Lavery, the gay little *Pantaloon* by Mr W. E. Webster, and the masterly study, *The Burgomaster*, by Mr. James Clark are performances of unquestionable merit. Of much interest, too, is the *Oratio Obliqua*, by Mr. Walter Bayes, another of those workings out of a problem of illumination which he treats with so much inventiveness and originality.

Among the portrait painters Sir William Orpen claims, as usual, special attention by the vigorous characterization and masculine certainty of his work, and a place of importance must also be assigned to Mr. W. W. Russell, whose delightfully humorous *Mr. Minney* is one of the chief successes of the exhibition. Mr. Sims, too, has done himself the fullest credit with his portrait group of *The Hon. Esmond Harmsworth, M.P., and Mrs. Harmsworth*, and his exquisitely accomplished *A Lady of Hammersmith*; and Mr. J. J. Shannon, Sir William Llewellyn, and Mr. Glazebrook contribute notable canvases. Mr. Melton Fisher has two portraits of young girls which are singularly happy in their suggestion of the daintiness of youth; and Mr. Connard's *Miss Mimpriss*, Mr. Bundy's *Commander P. T. Dean, V.C., M.P.*, Mr. Patry's *Kathleen, Daughter of H. F. Parshall, Esq., D.Sc.*, Mr. Jack's *Capt. R. J. Jack, R.T.O.*, and Mr. Oswald Birley's *Glyn Philpot, Esq. A.R.A.* deserve to be specially mentioned.

Some of the most memorable pictures in the Academy are to be found among the landscapes and records of open-air subjects. Mr. Arnesby Brown's atmospheric studies—particularly his admirable *Gathering Clouds*—Mr. Connard's sparkling *Spring*, Mr. Clausen's *The Roadside*

"THE THREE WISE KINGS"
BY G. SPENCER WATSON

"JOAN" (BRONZE)
BY W. REID DICK

Tree and *The Turn of the Road*, Mr. D. Y. Cameron's expansive *The Heart of Sutherland*, Mr. Oliver Hall's serious and dignified *Shap Moors*, and the brilliant *Evening, Martigues*, by Mr. Terrick Williams are conspicuous achievements; and there is great distinction, too, in Sir David Murray's *Clovelly*, Sir John Lavery's snow scene, *The Monk*, and Mr. Hughes-Stanton's finely composed *Autumn, North Wales*. There are excellent contributions from Mr. Albert Goodwin, Mr. J. L. Henry, Mr. O. Pittman, Mr. J. S. Hill, and Mr. Bertram Priestman; and from Mr. A. J. Munnings comes a series of singularly expressive paintings, among which his *Epsom Downs* and *Mrs. Peel's Poethlyn at Brynypys* are, perhaps, the chief successes. There is a fascinating *Spring*, by Mr. Tom Mostyn, which is wonderful in its vivid sunlight and gay, clear colour, and there are pictures of a very persuasive type from Mr. Stanhope Forbes, who is still able to find plenty of good material in his favourite Cornish villages. Works by Mr. R. W. Allan, Mr. Sydney Lee, Mr. Moffat Lindner, and other capable artists, increase the strength of this section of the exhibition.

The chief "interior" paintings are those in which, as in the Peace Conference pictures and some others named above, the interior is a setting and not the ostensible or principal *motif* of the painting, but Mr. D. Y. Cameron's diploma work, an impressive study of a cathedral interior, *Durham*, must certainly be ranked among the most significant contributions to the show.

The best things in the water-colour room are Mr. Russell Flint's dainty little study, *Miss —— posing as Clearista*, Mr. Percy Dixon's *The Flats, Bridgewater*, Miss D. W. Hawksley's *Moonrise*, and *The Discovery of the North Pole*, by Mr.

"THE DWARF" (SCENE FROM THE TALES OF RICHOUX). BY OSWALD MOSER

"THE RICE FAMILY." BY
GLYN PHILPOT, A.R.A.

"DURHAM." BY D. Y. CAMERON, R.A.ELECT

(Diploma work deposited on his election as an Academician. Copyright strictly reserved

"BOY AND GOAT" (POTTERY GROUP). BY CHARLES VYSE, R.B.S.

W. Walls; and the most commanding piece of work in the sculpture rooms is, on the whole, Mr. Mackennal's model of a statue erected at Cliveden by the Canadian Red Cross. The sculpture is certainly better displayed this year; but there is a comparative lack of important performances. Mr. Drury's charming bust of *The Late Lady Glen-Coats*, Mr. H. Cawthra's graceful statuette, *Peace*, Mr. Colton's relief portrait of Sir Edward Poynter, Sir W. Goscombe John's groups for the Port Sunlight War Memorial, Mr. Lutiger's *Leopard killing a Bird*, Mr. W. Reid Dick's bronze bust, *Joan*, Sir Thomas Brock's bust of *Sir Alexander M'Robert, K.B.E.*, Mr. Pomeroy's head of *The Daughter of Colonel Bevis*, and Mr. Derwent Wood's bronze bust of Marshal Foch are of real interest; and the group in coloured pottery by Mr. Charles Vyse, the terra-cotta group by Miss Meredith-Williams, the tea-caddy by Miss P. M. Legge (see p. 150), and the marble and gilt bronze memorial by Mr. Reynolds-Stephens, also claim consideration.

[*A few further illustrations of works in this exhibition will be given in our next issue.*—EDITOR.]

AUGUSTE BROUET, PAINTER-ETCHER. BY MARCEL VALOTAIRE.

THE great name of Rembrandt has been so often profaned by hazardous comparisons that I feel no little hesitation in introducing it here in commencing these brief notes on the work of Auguste Brouet. Nevertheless it cannot be helped. There can be no doubt that at the first glance the etchings of this artist in their general appearance call to mind those of Rembrandt—as to that the accompanying reproductions will give the reader some idea—and for such an impression there is certainly ample justification, but one ought to hesitate before going a step further and drawing conclusions as to an influence, an adaptation, or a *parti-pris*. We have to do here with a happy and very remarkable coincidence, and that is all.

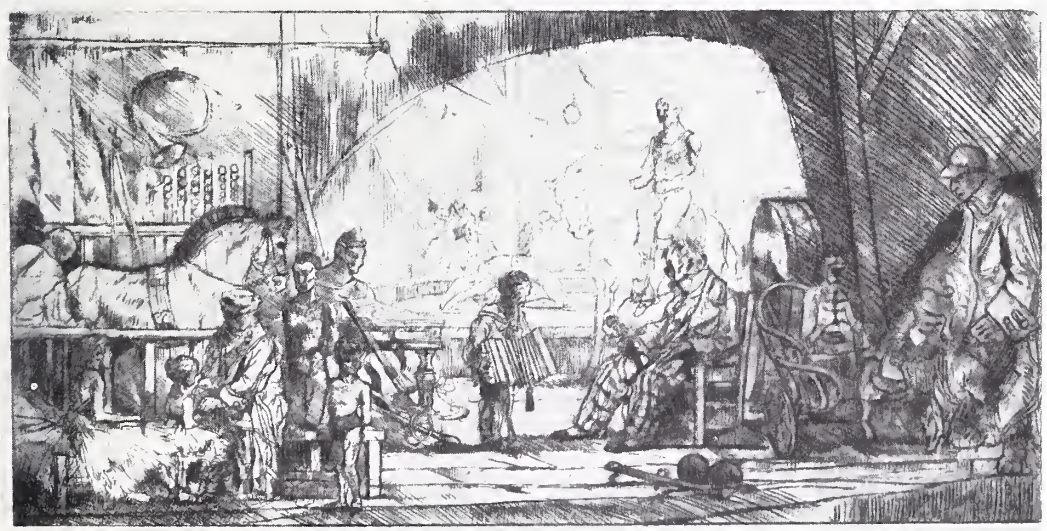
Auguste Brouet, a Parisian bred and born, hails from a humble family of the Montmartre quarter, where he passed his childhood amongst the picturesque population whose types he was later in life to record with so much felicity. Apprenticed as a lad to a lithographic printer and then to a musical instrument maker, he finally returned to lithography, and acquiring a taste for drawing devoted his leisure hours in the evening to a course of study at first under Gustave Moreau and then under Delaunay. It became evident, however, that the path he was to follow was neither that of painting nor lithography, but etching, to which he felt an overpowering attraction. At the age of sixteen he made his first attempt at etching, using as his sole implement a nail, and as his plate a scrap of zinc gutter-pipe with a ground—if one may so call it—of floor polish. The

proof obtained from a single biting of this little plate, *Les petits Joueurs de Dis*, is quite remarkable, and arrests attention because it immediately reminds one of Rembrandt, although at that time the youthful débutant was completely unaware of the great Dutch master's existence as an etcher, and certainly had never seen one of his etchings. Thus from this early beginning as an aquafortist, Brouet has remained himself, and his manner and style are borrowed from no one, but are peculiarly his own.

We will not follow him through all the vicissitudes of his life as an artist without means, obliged to undertake any sort of odd job to get a living—drawing, painting water-colours, executing engravings after the masters, making colour-prints as much on behalf of other artists better known than himself as on his own account. Such worries are so frequent in the careers of artists of talent that we need not dwell on them. Rather let us turn to what he has accomplished.

Among the subjects which Brouet has chosen for his plates are interior scenes, landscapes, picturesque bits of Rouen, of Moret, of Pont de l'Arche, and they are not without merit. But those in which he distinguishes himself as indeed a master are his little etchings inspired by the life of the humble denizens of Montmartre and the outlying quarters of Paris—humble folk with whose mode of life he is familiar through having shared it, and whose types he has set down with all the ability of which he is capable. They are all small prints, of a format appropriate to the subject and in keeping with the artist's technique. They make no pretence of decorative effect, and have been made solely for the portfolio of the *amateur*. There, however, they justly claim a leading place. See the intensity of expression in every one of them, whether isolated silhouettes or scenes of family life ; observe how accurate is the observation and the precision with which the rendering is effected, not only without hardness, but on the contrary with a most skilful *enveloppement* of contours ; and then ask yourself how many etchers possess in an equally high degree the qualities here revealed.

This incontestable superiority is largely due to the fact that Brouet has never strained his powers by essaying extraordinary or out-of-the-way subjects. He has just simply taken his models from among the artisans, the " little merchants," the street types that have come under his



"GRAND CIRQUE PINDER"
ETCHING BY AUGUSTE BROUET

"L'ANTIQUAIRE." ETCHING BY AUGUSTE BROUET

observation every day, and whose characteristics he was perfectly familiar with before he sketched them. Here he has done no more than follow the example of his illustrious forerunners, Rembrandt and Whistler, both of whom took delight in recording, in exquisite little plates, types and scenes from the life of the people.

The poor of Brouet, let it be said, provoke neither pity nor sorrow. He is an artist and only an artist; he sees, and renders what he sees. These famished and tattered people of the streets—are they really sad themselves? Certainly not. If life is often hard for them they bear the burden not without philosophy, and they are not strangers to laughter and song. Brouet has not fallen into a very common error, for which an inopportune philanthropy is responsible; his poor are more true to life and more beautiful for not being at all "down in the mouth."

Still keeping to the same locality, Brouet has portrayed the gipsies, the pedlars, the acrobats, and the travelling circuses that haunt these parts. And elsewhere, having had occasion to work with a ballet-girl as model, he has done a number of studies of dancers which are distinguished alike by purity of line and by truthfulness of vision.

In treating all these subjects in their various stages of progress, Brouet is not guided by any hard-and-fast method. Sometimes, in the case of a single figure, his sureness of hand enables him to make his drawing direct upon the copper. At other times—in his street scenes, for example—he makes his composition either by the aid of sketches jotted down hastily on some scrap of paper or from more finished drawings which are in themselves complete works of art. Then, in attacking the copper, he uses only very exceptionally the mezzotint process or *manière noire*;

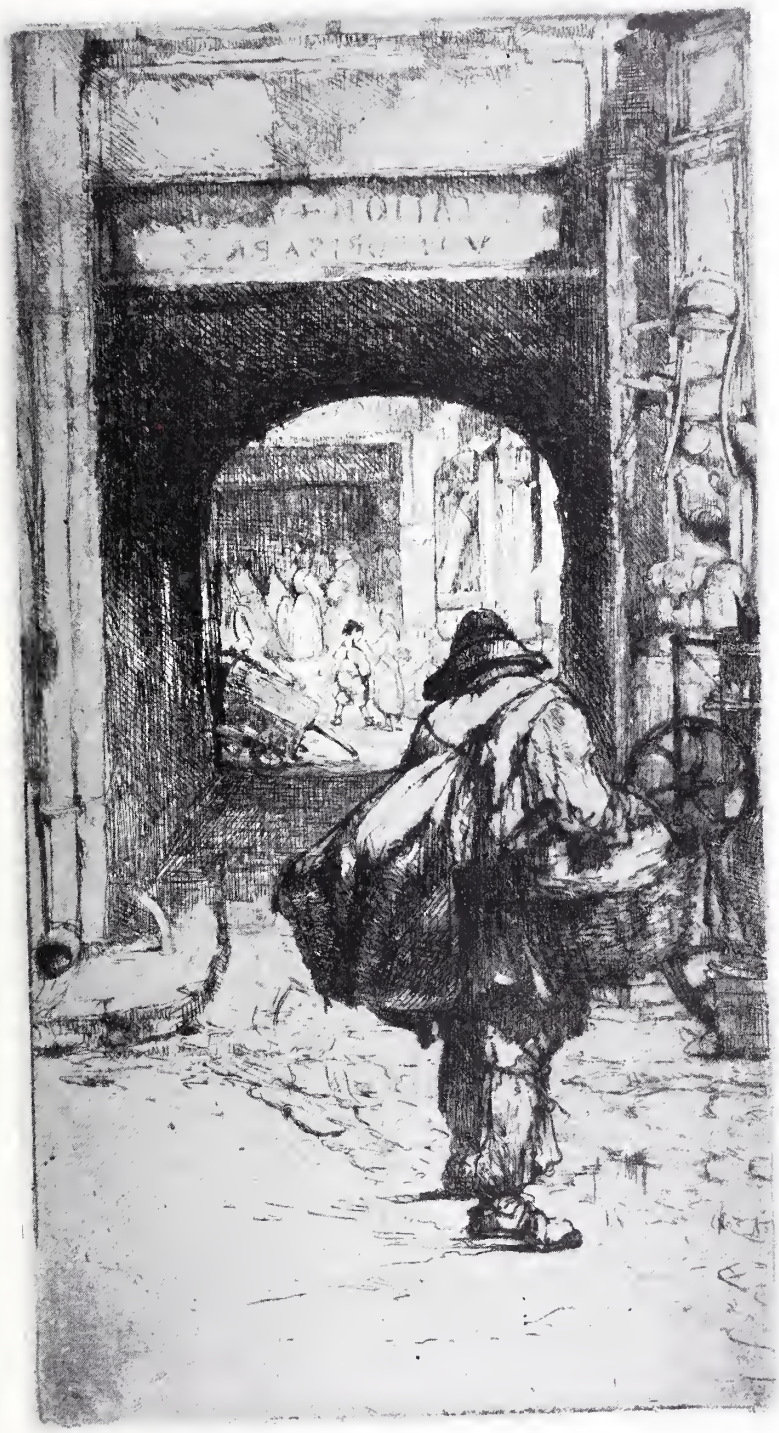
"INTÉRIEUR DE COUR, AVENUE DE CLICHY." ETCHING BY AUGUSTE BROUET

"CIRQUE AMBULANT." ETCHING BY AUGUSTE BROUET

occasionally he employs the roulette, but most frequently his work is etching pure and simple, relieved at times by the drypoint. He is not in favour of numerous "states," preferring rather to destroy an indifferent plate than to persist in revising it. Thus his proofs give the impression of being fresh and spontaneous. This boldness of procedure is justified in Brouet's case by his incomparable qualities as a draughtsman. His drawings, indeed, are worthy of particular study, but unfortunately they cannot be further discussed on this occasion.

If the name of Auguste Brouet, now in the full possession of his gifts, is as yet little known to the public, it is because he has elected to remain too much in the shade; his little etchings are scarcely ever seen at exhibitions. He has, however, not escaped the observation of discerning amateurs, who have recognized the worth of this unassuming artist and the future which awaits him. In this connexion I take the liberty of mentioning the name of Monsieur G. P. Grignard, who has with much patience gathered together the complete *œuvre* of Brouet from the beginning, and has generously provided the material for illustrating this article.

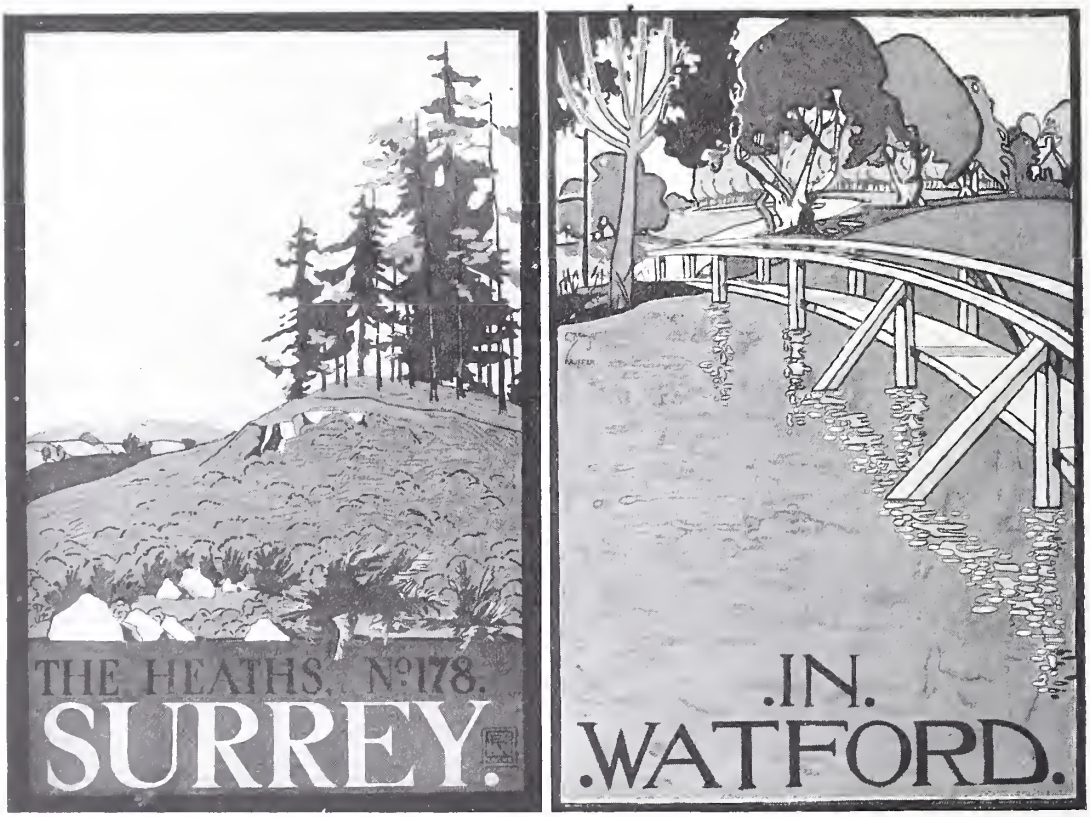
"LA CARAVANE." ETCHING BY AUGUSTE BROUET



"MARCHAND DE MOURON"
ETCHING BY AUGUSTE BROUET

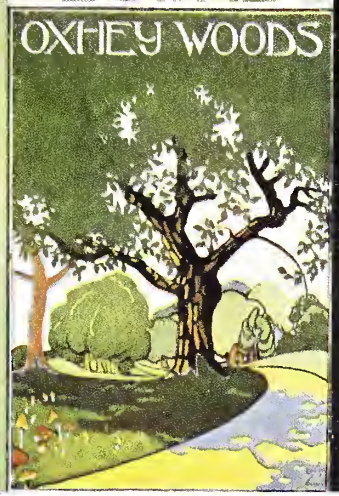
THE POSTER REVIVAL. I: MR. E. McKNIGHT KAUFFER.

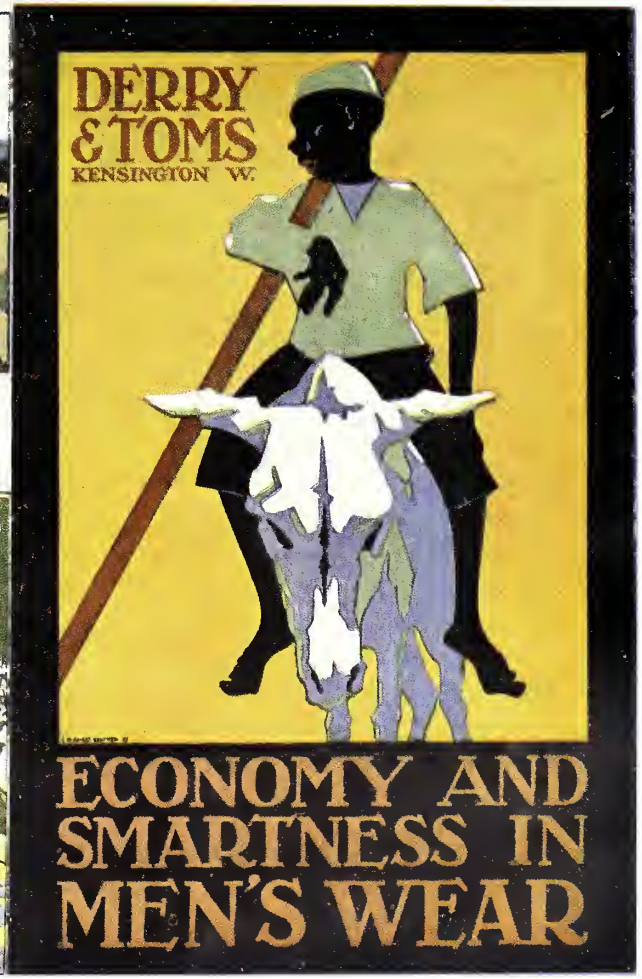
BEFORE the present revival it was something like twenty years since art entered at all largely into the character of our hoardings. In those days the pioneers were two artists, both of whom have since acquired great reputations as painters. Under the pseudonym of the Beggarstaff Brothers, Messrs. James Pryde and William Nicholson produced a series of posters that have never been rivalled either before or since. Several other artists followed, and the best work of Mr. John Hassall was produced about this time. Posters became objects of collectors, and a magazine devoted to the art of the poster appeared. But as so often happens with us this promising movement failed, and only succeeded in inspiring a permanent movement abroad. Germany marched in triumph on the road we had made. Some years ago at an advertisement exhibition in Westminster, admiring crowds gathered round a collection of German posters, asking why it was that these were so much better than our English examples. The reason is that in Germany first-rate artists (like, for example, Professor Franz von Stuck, the President of the Academy) are not above designing for posters or any other applied art. But as the "Frankfurter Zeitung" pointed out at the time of the above exhibition, the whole poster movement began in England, and the artists whose work inspired the German artists were neglected in England. As so often happens in this country we do not begin to appreciate our art until it comes back to us in the form of foreign imitations. Constable and the Barbizon school, Gordon Craig



LONDON ELECTRIC UNDERGROUND RAILWAY POSTERS. DESIGNED BY E. McKNIGHT KAUFFER

THE NORTH DOWNS

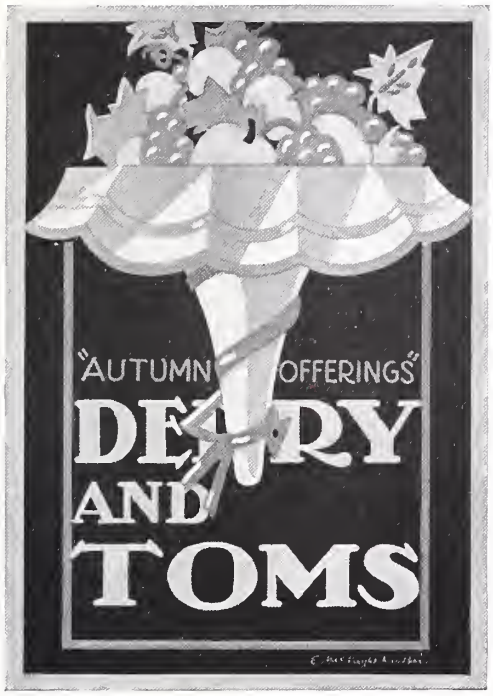




THE STUDIO

POSTERS DESIGNED BY E. McKNIGHT KAUFFER.

(BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. DERRY & TOMS, AND OF THE LONDON UNDERGROUND ELECTRIC RAILWAYS.)



POSTER DESIGNED BY
E. MCKNIGHT KAUFFER

and Reinhardt, are other examples of the same thing. ⌀ ⌀ ⌀ ⌀ ⌀

Although the pioneers of the poster movement in this country have been painters of distinction, this does not by any means imply that an artist who has a reputation as a painter will necessarily design good posters. A sense of decoration, originality in design and a bold use of colour are the important qualities in designing posters, and a man may be a successful portrait or even landscape painter without possessing these qualities to any marked extent. The mistake has occasionally been made of calling in a Royal Academician to design a scene on the stage, or a poster, or even to illustrate books. It is extremely unlikely that an artist who has been working for years at one aspect of painting will produce a successful design. But if you catch him while he is young and ready to adapt himself to the particular limitations of some applied art, the same artist would probably do excellent work. Some painters of reputation, like Mr. Frank Brangwyn, have a natural feeling for decoration that comes out in all they do. But there are always many young artists eager to design posters who never succeed because of the appalling lack of taste, or even appreciation of the necessary qualities of a poster among those who commission the work. ⌀ ⌀ ⌀

The new poster movement has had the advantage that it owed its origin to an enterprising advertiser, and not to artists. The largest number of good posters in recent years have been those advertising the London Underground Railways, and the two principal contributors to this brilliant series of posters have been Mr. Gregory Brown and Mr. E. McKnight Kauffer, two artists whose paintings show an abundance of the qualities referred to above. ⌀ ⌀ ⌀ ⌀ ⌀ ⌀

A selection of Mr. Kauffer's designs is here reproduced. *The North Downs* and *Oxhey Woods* give a good idea of his work in landscape. The other landscapes are more experimental and lose a little here by not being in colour, but when one thinks of the difference between the appeal of such designs and that of the average photograph, the value of a poster and the importance of

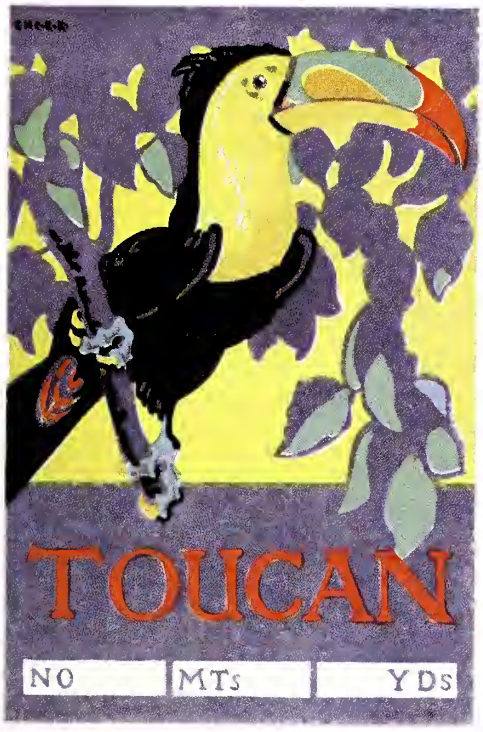
POSTER DESIGNED BY
E. MCKNIGHT KAUFFER

STATIONERY LABELS DESIGNED FOR G. WATERSTON AND SONS, LTD. BY E. MCKNIGHT KAUFFER

the artist are apparent at once. In the case of the labels, Mr. Kauffer has succeeded in producing a series of designs which are a marked improvement on the ordinary run of such things, for label designs usually seem to be left to the least skilful designers.

Among the advertisers who have followed the example and profited by the success of the campaign of the Underground Railway, the firm of Derry and Toms at Kensington has been one of the most prominent. Many of the young artists whose work appeared for the first time in the service of the Electric Railways have produced designs for this firm, and the strikingly original posters by Mr. Kauffer here reproduced is one of the most effective.

In much of the work of Mr. McKnight Kauffer he has been to a certain extent controlled by the limitations of subject and other accidental but inevitable conditions of ordinary commercial advertising. What he can do when he allows his imagination full play is shown by one of his daring posters for exhibitions of the London Group (see p. 147). These are among the best things Mr. Kauffer has done, and are only equalled by the design for the "Daily Herald" (p. 143). This last is one of the latest of this artist's designs, and we hope that his future work will be on these lines. In some of his earlier work there is a mixture of naturalism and stern convention: as if parts of the design had been adapted from photographs. But it is clear that Mr. Kauffer can produce poster designs of the highest artistic quality, and if he is encouraged he will do much to restore the original pre-eminence of this country in poster art. At present, in spite of the far larger area of poster display here than in



THE STUDIO

BALE LABELS. DESIGNED BY E. McKNIGHT KAUFFER.
(BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. STEINTHAL & CO.)

LONDON GROUP EXHIBITION POSTER DESIGNED BY E. MCKNIGHT KAUFFER

any other country, we are far behind the rest of Europe in the quality of the designs. In Switzerland last year you could find scarcely more than one poster out of twenty or so that was designed by the ordinary mechanic innocent of art who seems to be responsible for 90 per cent. of poster work over here. There, of course, artists do not receive the extravagant prices for easel-pictures that obtain here, and so they are not too proud to design posters. If only our manufacturers cared to insist on good designs, there can be little doubt that the artists would be forthcoming.

HORACE TAYLOR

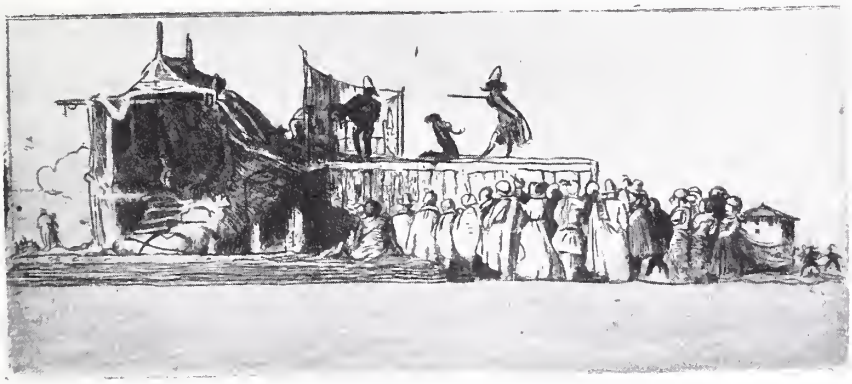
STUDIO-TALK.

(*From our own Correspondents.*)

LONDON.—At the newly opened Dorien Leigh Galleries in Bruton Street an exhibition is being held this month of recent work by Mr. Gordon Craig—stage designs, etchings, etc. We reproduce below a choice little etching of his, and hope to refer more fully to his work in a subsequent issue.

In "THE STUDIO Year-Book of Decorative Art" for last year some of Miss G. M. Parnell's pottery figures in the Chelsea manner were illustrated, and we now have pleasure in reproducing (p. 148) some further examples of them. Miss May Kimber, the author of the decorative water-colour reproduced on page 149, is chiefly known by her charming essays in illuminated lettering which form an interesting feature of the exhibitions of the Royal Society of Miniature Painters, of which she is an Associate. The casket and tea-caddy by Miss Legge, also illustrated, make one wish that more room could be found for examples of decorative metal work like this at the Royal Academy.

The catalogue of this year's Academy exhibition is remarkable for the number of names in the list of Associates to which the title "R.A. Elect" is added. There are no less than twelve, and two of them—those of Mr. Brangwyn and Sir William Orpen—appeared in last year's catalogue with the same designation. Its reappearance means, we presume, that they have not yet complied with Article III of the "Instru-



"THE DRAMA," ETCHING BY E. GORDON CRAIG (DORIEN LEIGH GALLERIES)

"CHEYNE" FIGURES. DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY G. M. PARNELL (THE CHELSEA POTTERY)

ment" which ordains that a candidate elected "shall not receive his letter of admission till he hath deposited in the Royal Academy, to remain there, a picture, bas-relief, or other specimen of his abilities approved of by the then sitting Council of the Academy." ⧈ ⧈ ⧈ ⧈

Mr. Richard Jack, who with Sir William Llewelyn, Mr. Julius Olsson, and Mr. Derwent Wood appeared in the last batch of new R.A.'s, is known chiefly by his portraits, but, like other members of the Academy whose reputation is similarly derived, he turns his hand to landscape painting when the opportunity presents itself, and the same virility of treatment is discernible in his work in this department as in his figure work. An example of his outdoor work is given in our frontispiece this month. ⧈ ⧈ ⧈ ⧈

Four new Associates have been elected by the Academy—Mr. W. W. Russell, whose portrait study, *Mr. Minney*, has perhaps been more discussed than any other picture in the exhibition; Mr. Oliver Hall, landscape painter in oils and water-

"CHEYNE" FIGURES. DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY G. M. PARNELL (THE CHELSEA POTTERY)

colours, as well as an etcher and lithographer of distinction; Sir Robert Lorimer, architect; and Mr. Henry Poole, sculptor.

The drastic rejections made by the jury of selection at Burlington House this year have naturally caused a great deal of disappointment. The number of works submitted was unusually large—fourteen thousand or thereabouts, it is said—and the number accepted just over twelve hundred. One may be pretty certain that in such a huge number of unaccepted efforts there must have been a good many that under the conditions formerly prevailing would have found a place among the crowd of exhibits, and it was inevitable that under the new policy pursued by the Academy the thinning-out process would cause chagrin. The truth is, of course, that the gallery space, like the constitution of the Academy itself, is not in keeping with the times. The accommodation at Burlington House is quite puny compared with the space allotted to the Salons at the Grand Palais in Paris. So inadequate is the wall space, in fact, that those who have charge of the preparations for bringing the Salons to London next year have been compelled to look elsewhere for suitable accommodation—with little success, however, as there is really no building in London adapted for displaying such a large assemblage of works of art.

The death of Mr. Briton Rivière, the distinguished animal painter, who died in London on April 20 in his eightieth year, leaves a gap in British art which cannot easily be filled. For though we have some good painters of horses and cattle and a considerable number who with varying success portray the dog and the cat, there are exceedingly few who devote their talent almost exclusively, as did the deceased Academician, to study of diverse types of quadrupeds, wild as well as tame. Mr. Rivière joined the Academy as an Associate in 1879, and was made a full member two years later. At one stage in his career he did a good deal of work as an illustrator.

Another illustrator of distinction whose loss will be felt is Mr. Hugh Thomson, familiar to a very wide circle by a multitude of graceful drawings illustrating classic works of fiction, notably those of Mrs. Gaskell, Jane Austen, and Thackeray, as

"NASTURTIUMS"
WATER-COLOUR BY
MAY KIMBER, A.R.M.S.

TEA-CADDY (SILVER AND ENAMEL). BY PHYLLIS M. LEGGE

well as several volumes of the " Highways and Byways " series. Mr. Thomson, who was fifty-nine when he died early last month, had been in bad health for a long time past.

Mr. G. Woolliscroft Rhead, whose death was also announced early in May, was likewise a prolific illustrator as well as a painter in oils and a designer of stained glass, but he was perhaps better known as an etcher and an author of numerous books for students. He was born in 1855, and had exhibited at the Academy for forty years.

The sixteenth annual report of the National Art-Collections Fund issued last month contains, besides an abbreviated list of the works of art secured for the nation by this organization since its foundation in 1904 down to 1918, a detailed account of the acquisitions for the year 1919. Prominent among these is a fine example of Brussels tapestry, *The Seven Deadly Sins*, said to have been purchased by Cardinal Wolsey in 1521, and hung at Hampton Court, to which it has now been restored; while among other works of note are a painting by Canaletto of the interior of King Henry VII Chapel, Westminster Abbey; a landscape by Cornelis Vroom; a complete set of 102 water-colour drawings by William Blake for Dante's " Divine Comedy," which it is proposed to reproduce in collotype for issue to subscribers at the price of ten guineas the set; Mr. Derwent Wood's marble statue *Atalanta*; the famous " Newdegate Centre-piece " in silver by Paul Lamerie; a marble bust by G. F. Watts, and a bronze *Crucifixion* by Mr. J. S. Sargent.

The annual subscription is one guinea, which carries with it certain privileges, such as free entrance to the chief public galleries in London on paying days, and the number of members at the end of 1919 was 1636. This is less than half the membership of the Société des Amis du Louvre, which is also more fortunate in having an income derived from funds bequeathed.

THE STUDIO

SILVER ENAMELLED CASKET. DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY PHYLLIS M. LEGGE.
(ROYAL ACADEMY, 1919.)

DUBLIN.—The Royal Zoological Society of Ireland has set an example which might well be followed by similar bodies elsewhere, in taking steps to encourage the artistic studies of animals. The Society has instituted an annual competition under the rules of which certificates are awarded by the Council to the work adjudged to be the most meritorious in each of five classes, and a small money premium is given in addition. The works submitted must be studies of any kind of animal from life, and subject to this condition they need not be made at the Society's gardens in Dublin. The classes into which the competition is divided comprise sculpture, drawing and painting, and decorative designs embodying animal motives, and two classes are reserved for competitors under eighteen. The competition is open to all, without entrance fee, and the works sent in will be returned to competitors in due course at their own expense. Works entered for the competition must reach the Zoological Gardens, Dublin, by September 28 next, and in October there will be an exhibition there with a view to bringing artists and students into touch with possible purchasers.

BRIGHTON.—The two pictures we reproduce of Richard Wilson's are from the recent exhibition of his works, lent by Captain Richard Ford to the Brighton Corporation Art Gallery. It was most noticeable in this collection that the pictures were all of a very high standard, and the two chosen for reproduction are typical of the whole exhibition and not necessarily finer than many of the others.

Richard Wilson's claim to be one of the great masters of landscape painting is undeniable. His colour was his strongest point, yet his palette was astonishingly limited; he never seemed to tire of drawing fresh subtleties from the same series of colour-chords; indeed he never seems to have departed from this one palette with which he painted all through his life, showing no sign of staleness or loss of interest.

His sense of composition can hardly be ranked as high as his tone and colour sense; but though his work was mannered and at times even stilted—to modern eyes—it must be remembered that it is the imitators rather than the master who have wearied us of these "classical" landscape compositions. The imitator hardly ever

"LANDSCAPE." BY RICHARD WILSON, R.A.
(Ford Collection)

"THE LAKE OF NEMI"
BY RICHARD WILSON, R.A.
(Ford Collection)

fails to make his compositions theatrical, but, looking at this collection of Richard Wilson's work, we were indelibly impressed by the unfailing dignity and reserve—only found in the work of the greatest artists.

G. S.

GENEVA.—At the time when Edouard Ravel began his career as an artist traces were still visible of Geneva's past, notably a taste for scholarship, a profound respect for science, and a passion for assiduous work with all its minutiose scruples. Imagination, like a playful greyhound, was held well in check, and in the eyes of the public at large the few who sought emancipation were looked upon with contempt in this town of scholars and watchmakers.

Ravel's art is rational, somewhat severe, one might even say academic. It cannot be said, however, that he has not developed since the first days when he loved to delight us with the thousand-and-one anecdotes coming from his brush, anecdotes of which many still remain as vivid as ever. In his later work there is a serenity and sweetness which must be ascribed to a riper experience of life. His earliest masters were Barthélemy, Menn, and Alfred van Muyden. Like many artists of his generation, he began by painting enamels and exhibited a marked talent in this still very conventional art. Then, after trying his hand at illustrating with success, he started portrait painting, and, owing to the striking likenesses of his portraits and a suppleness of execution, he quickly came into vogue. The museum at Lille possesses an important canvas of this period, the portrait of the Comtesse de Pourtalès and her children.

Present-day critics would consider most of Ravel's portraits as of documentary importance, but their numerous possessors are happy in knowing how a striking like-

"LA FONTAINE DE JOUVENCE." BY EDOUARD RAVEL

STUDY FOR "LA FONTAINE DE JOUVENCE." BY E. RAVEL

ness may at times be spiritual to the fullest extent of the term. A desire to venture upon greater subjects led the artist to seek inspiration in the remotest times of Swiss history. *La Suisse chez les Helvètes* is a really great composition, although cold in its accuracy, but with *L'Invasion* this tendency disappears. This latter is a vigorous work in which the severity of design does not weaken the impression of tumult. In *La Fontaine de Jouvence* Edouard Ravel puts forth his talent at its best, as numerous preliminary sketches show how conscientiously and scrupulously the artist worked under the influence of a new dream which was formed and carried out in many and many a sketch. Each part only takes its place in the whole after having been leisurely put by, taken up again, touched and retouched. Nothing lacks at the moment of execution, nothing indeed unless it be the dream itself that has vanished with the too constant effort. To have achieved such immense work after having begun on so small a scale as a watch-case deserves no small credit. F. M.

STUDY FOR "LA FONTAINE DE JOUVENCE." BY E. RAVEL

FLORENCE.—After being closed for a long interval, during the war, that its treaures might be stored in safer places, the Uffizi Gallery is once more open to the public. The opportunity has been taken under the able directorship of Signor Poggi, of redistributing and rearranging the pictures ; and the many halls which have been reopened show an immense improvement upon the former arrangement.

The changes made consist chiefiy in a more intelligent grouping together of the works of each master, and a more helpful co-ordination of the sequence of masters and schools; also in a wider distribution, which leaves the pictures ample space. Moreover, pictures have been brought from other galleries to complete the groups, so that one may study side by side the works of one master, so far as may be possible ; while pictures from the Uffizi have been sent away when there was good reason to regard some other as their more rightful place. No longer, for instance, are any works by Fra Angelico to be seen here. They have been carried across to his own convent of San Marco, where so many of them were painted ; fitting back, in some cases, into the very niches for which they were designed. Thus, that beautiful old building, with its white cloisters and wide halls and little quiet cells, the scene of so many years of the happy activities of the " Angelic Painter's "

UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE, SALA VIII (UMBRIAN AND SIENESE SCHOOLS, FIFTEENTH CENTURY)

life, now contains not only the priceless frescoes, great and little, which he left upon its walls, but also the altar pieces and other paintings which, for all their loveliness, had never seemed quite at home in the Uffizi rooms.

But to return to the Uffizi. The long entrance corridor, running the whole length of the building, and once crowded with a mingling of ancient statuary and paintings of the earliest Tuscan school and cases full of drawings and prints, has now been wholly cleared of pictures; its wall space is entirely empty, save for an occasional tapestry; its glass side is no longer encumbered by the cases of prints; and nothing remains but the old Greek and Roman statues and busts and sarcophagi, thus better exhibited in its broad empty spaces than ever before.

On entering the first hall of paintings, one is as delighted with what one finds as with the arrangement. The pictures are hung at wide intervals against the quiet coloured walls, and only one line of them around the room, and there is the delightful surprise of discovering, intelligibly grouped among the others, paintings which, formerly hung in the Accademia delle Belle Arti, now find a place here in a better grouping and a better light.

Here, for instance, now hangs that great Madonna of Cimabue's, own sister to the one in Santa Maria Novella, which so enchanted the people with its beauty that they bore it in triumph through the streets, legend claiming that the "Borgo Allegro," the "Joyous Suburb," took its name from that event. And close by a splendid Madonna by his pupil, Giotto; and other primitives which previously were a little lost in the crowded corridor, and now can be seen and appreciated as never before.

And one finds the same improved arrangement in each room one enters. Botticelli's greatest works hang in a large *sala*, where the *Primavera*, brought from the "Accademia" now finds itself once more, rightfully, near the *Birth of Venus*, the two having been painted for a single room of one of the villas of Lorenzo de' Medici. Here, too, brought from the Accademia, hangs his great *Virgin with Saints*, and the four little pictures of its predella below it; and in the adjoining room, together with his *Judith and Holofernes* and *Calumny*, and the works of the Pollaiuoli Brothers, and Leonardo, is the

UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE, SALA VI (FLORENTINE SCHOOL OF FIFTEENTH CENTURY)

Tobit with the Three Angels, which, once assigned to Botticelli, is now marked as " School of Andrea del Verocchio."

The " Tribuna " has been cleared of the miscellaneous collection of masterpieces which formerly filled it, hung row above row. The *Adam* and *Eve* by Cranach have been taken to the rooms of the German School; the Raphaels and Titians, too, are gone to join their own groups; Perugino's *Portrait of Francesco delle Opera* is with a few others of the Umbrian School in the lovely little adjoining room hung with silvery green watered silk. Nothing remains in the " Tribuna " but the five statues (the central place being given to the *Venus dei Medici*), and a single line of pictures, chiefly portraits by Bronzino, including the two Panciatichi portraits which hung here formerly, and some of the portraits of the Medici children.

And so it is all along: the gathering here from the Accademia of pictures which were lacking to complete groups or link up sequences; intelligent co-ordination; abundant space; in fact, improvement from first to last.

Many rooms still remain closed; but those which are open afford a sufficient indication of the care which is being bestowed upon the work; and the benefit conferred upon students is one which they will not be slow to appreciate when the way to Italy lies once more open as before.

D. Nevile Lees

REVIEWS

La Jeunesse de Titien. Par Louis Hourticq. (Paris: Hachette.) 20 frs.—Whether one accepts or rejects the conclusions arrived at by Professor Hourticq in this highly controversial study of the early career of Titian, no one will begrudge him due credit for his courage in stating them, and for the zeal with which he has conducted the researches on which those conclusions are founded. The paramount purpose of his thesis is, briefly put, to assign to Titian the authorship of certain works which have hitherto been usually attributed to other masters of his epoch. The most important of these works is the *Concert Champêtre* in the Louvre, traditionally assigned to Giorgione, though Venturi has advanced the claims of Sebastiano del Piombo, and two German critics those of Domenico Campagnola. The chief evidence on which the Titian author-

ship is alleged is that yielded by the works themselves, and a comparison of them with drawings and pictures definitely known to have been executed by Titian. The professor also pronounces emphatically in favour of post-dating Titian's birth by a dozen years—1489 or 1490, and not 1470. His arguments generally will no doubt give rise to much discussion among experts, but whatever the final outcome may be, his scholarly dissertation certainly claims the serious attention of all students of the great Italian masters whose works are discussed with so much insight. The annotated bibliography and index are helpful additions to the treatise.

"Interior" Paintings. By PATRICK W. ADAM, R.S.A. With an introduction and biographical note by PATRICK J. FORD. (Glasgow: Maclehose, Jackson and Co.) £2 2*s.* net.—Mr. Patrick Adam's work as a painter of "interior" pictures was the subject of an article by Mr. Stodart Walker which appeared in these pages in 1913, and the high opinion which this discerning connoisseur expressed in regard to his compatriot's achievements in this specialized branch of pictorial art is confirmed and emphasized by the numerous examples presented in this handsome album. Mr. Adam's career as an artist dates from 1872, but until about ten years ago his practice had been mainly confined to portraiture. Since 1910 his attention has been focussed almost entirely upon "interiors," and in the intervening nine years the works of this type painted by him number close upon eighty, most of which have been exhibited. We have nothing but praise for the admirable quality of the twenty-nine reproductions, which with two portraits of the artist and a portrait group by Sir James Guthrie and Sir John Lavery respectively form the pictorial material of this volume. A dozen of them are in colour, and the rest are photogravures; the former show the artist to possess a marked feeling for colour, while in all there is evidence of that play of light which is a dominating characteristic of his interiors.

Batiks, and How to Make Them. By PIETER MIJER. (London: B. T. Batsford.) 10*s.* 6*d.* net.—As very few people in Europe or America know what batik is, although they may have heard of it, we give the opening sentence of a description quoted by the author as given by a native of Java, where the art has been practised for centuries on a large scale. "Batik is the art of dyeing fabric in one piece in different dyes consecutively, through the combination of which the pattern of the design is produced." It has been known in Holland for more than 250 years, but has not been employed there to any considerable extent until recent years; and elsewhere in the West it is in Germany that this kind of work has found most favour. As shown by the examples illustrated in this handbook, designs of a complex character can be produced by the process, which, however, requires, besides a capacity for design, much care and patience. Mr. Mijer's book explains clearly the methods pursued in Java and in Europe, and as it is, we believe, the first treatise on the subject in English, it will be acceptable to novices as well as useful to those who already know something about batik.

Japanese Names and How to Read Them. By ALBERT J. KOOP, B.A., and HOGITARŌ IRADA of Kioto. (London: Eastern Press.) In three parts, £3 3*s.*, Part I.—The scope of this work is sufficiently indicated by the supplementary description on the title-page: "A concise and comprehensive guide to the reading and interpretation of Japanese proper names, both geographical and personal, as well as of dates and other formal expressions." Intended expressly as a manual for art collectors and students, it fulfils admirably the purpose thus defined, and will be especially useful to the student of the Japanese language, who will find here much material which the ordinary text books do not provide. The work does not deal with the Japanese cursive script, but the student who is courageous enough to tackle this far more intricate field of study will find an admirable guide in Col. F. S. G. Piggott's work, *The Elements of Sōsho*, recently published in the Far East by Messrs. Kelly and Walsh of Yokohama, and in London by Crosby Lockwood and Son, in which are reproduced 1800 characters written by Mr. N. Seikuro, formerly writing master to the present Emperor of Japan, and one of the greatest living exponents of brushmanship.

PORTRAIT OF RUTH ST. DENIS
BY MAX WIECZOREK

Mexico's Lost Murillo

MEXICO'S LOST MURILLO

BY I. J. DE BEKKER

THE Mexican Republic has lately had the misfortune to lose its greatest art treasure, a work comparable in reputation and value to the *Mona Lisa,* stolen from but afterwards recovered by the Louvre Gallery at Paris. The celebrated *Assumption of the Virgin,* which formerly hung in the Sacristy of the Cathedral of Guadalajara is there no longer, and neither the clergy nor the laity of that intensely Catholic community admit knowing anything of its whereabouts. A stolen Murillo is likely to be as difficult to dispose of as a stolen white elephant, however, so there is a possibility that the church will come into its own again, although copies and photographs of this particular masterpiece of the greatest of Spanish religious painters are by no means so well distributed as were those of Da Vinci's woman with the cryptic smile, and identification will not be so easy.

Visiting Guadalajara last April as one of President Carranza's guests, my first thought was to see this painting, which in a land rich in ecclestiastical art, has always held the first place. Going to the Cathedral in company with Don Oscar E. Dupla, secretary to the Mexican Embassy in Washington, we were told that the *Assumption* was no longer there.

Where could it be seen? No one knew. Had it been stolen? It was very likely. When? About the time of Villa's last appearance in Jalisco.

That, of course, would throw the date of the theft back some three years, for never, since the overwhelming defeat administered to Villa's army of 40,000 by 20,000 under General Obregon at Celava, has that notorious bandit ventured near Guadalajara.

And why should Villa have stolen a painting of which he could hardly know the value? It seemed incredible, except on the supposition that one of Villa's American advisers was an art connoisseur of more than common acuteness, and no one in the bandit's entourage seemed to merit this description.

Moreover, the *Assumption* hung over the entrance to the Sacristy, and so high and inaccessible from the floor that the Sacristan was accustomed to lend the visitors an opera glass with which to view it. In looting churches, Mexican bandits, like the better educated German soldiers in Belgium and France, have usually confined their attention to plate, jewels, vestments and such things as are easily come by and portable. Thefts of valuable paintings were the privilege of princes and officers "higher up" in the late European war, men who had at least a smattering of art education, and sought to adorn their palaces, while the common soldiery was content to melt up the sacred vessels to be sold as bullion.

Inquiry among the higher Mexican officials who had accompanied the Presidential party to Guadalajara threw no light on the situation. There was no reason whatever for assuming that officials of the present government had taken possession of the picture, either with the intention of disposing of it, or of keeping it in a place of safety. No dangers threaten Guadalajara, Mexico's western metropolis and second city in wealth and size. The treasures of its cathedral are as safe as in the capitol itself.

To have secreted the Murillo would have been, in the case of the Carranza officials, to have reversed their action, taken prior to the departure of the First Chief to Vera Cruz, when a number of fine works were removed from the National Gallery in the capitol, but replaced again, as soon as the Carranza government had resumed control of the capitol.

The one theory remaining to account for the disappearance of the *Assumption* was the possibility that it might have been hidden or carried off by some of the Cathedral clergy, whose unfriendliness to President Carranza antedates the exile of the present Archbishop, now, as for some years past, a resident of Chicago. But His Grace of Guadalajara, despite earlier controversies with Mr. Carranza's officials, had petitioned the government for permission to return to Mexico, and it did not seem probable that, under the circumstances, a mystery would be made of the loss of so great a treasure.

These various theories were discussed at length among the Mexican officials then in

Guadalajara, a majority of whom finally agreed that the Murillo had been stolen by some exceptionally clever thief who specialized in art matters, and that it might be expected to turn up later at some picture sale.

The extraordinary feature of the story is that such a loss could have been kept quiet for from two to three years, admitting the theory of theft as the true one.

"In point of colour and freshness," writes Terry, of the *Assumption,* "this picture is perhaps superior to any of the pictures by this master, in American collections, and it is the equal of many of those distributed throughout Europe. It is a beautiful example of Murillo's best manner, and the longer the enthusiast looks upon it, the stronger becomes its attractiveness. Even the ordinary superficial sightseer cannot fail to be impressed by the solemn beauty of this canvas. The tender loveliness of the Virgin's face and the wistfulness of the great eyes are very striking. Art lovers who have visited the paintings by this master in the Madrid Gallery have perchance been haunted by the absorbing charm of his Madonnas—paintings in which he excelled.

"Their faces wear an indefinable attraction which differentiates them from all others. The ineffable mystery of the liquid melancholy eyes, the tender, almost visibly trembling mouth, and the beauty of the general expression places them in a class apart.

"Murillo's women seem to belong more to the twentieth century than to that in which the great artist lived and painted and loved.

"The Murillo faces are so distinctive that a glimpse of one usually enables the art-lover to recognize, at a glance, all the others. The 'immortal ray of the soul' shines through the eyes of his Madonnas in a way that thrills the observer and impresses the picture on his mind.

"In art Velasquez is spoken of as an eagle, Murillo as an angel. The latter is thought to combine the truth of Velasquez with the vigorous effects of Ribera, the harmonious transparency of Titian, and the brilliant vivacity of Rubens. Spain gave him the name of 'Pintor de las Concepciones' because he was insuperable in the art of representing the divine ideas."

Although mention of this particular *Assumption* is generally omitted by the biographers of Murillo, there is no doubt whatever regarding its authenticity. The various catalogues and sets of photographic reproductions ignore it because, without exception, they were made in Europe, and this painting has been in America more than a century.

For many years it had hung upon the walls of the Escorial, in Spain, and it was sent to the Cathedral of Guadalajara as a present from the King of Spain in testimony of that monarch's gratitude for financial and moral assistance rendered him by that royalist and Catholic stronghold during the wars.

Not only had the clergy of the Cathedral obtained money from the archdiocese for the king's use—they had melted silver candelabra and other ornaments to swell the war chest.

During this same war, Marshal Soult appropriated from the Cathedral of Seville the famous Murillo *Assumption* which was purchased from his heirs for 615,000 francs and now hangs in the Louvre.

Napoleon III had a mind to place the Guadalajara *Assumption* alongside of it, and when his soldiers occupied Mexico he made numerous efforts to obtain possession of it.

In order to prevent the *Assumption* from being stolen, the Cathedral clergy secreted it in a niche where it remained until the French had been driven out, for Napoleon the Little was by no means scrupulous, and when the Archbishop refused to sell his Murillo for $40,000, French troops tried to obtain it by the same method Soult had employed at Seville. This historic fact is the only one lending colour to the hope that the Cathedral clergy may have hidden the painting again—and that it may again be found in the old Sacristy, after the Archbishop of Guadalajara and the Mexican Government have made their peace—if they ever do.

But unless the Archbishop knows where the *Assumption* is, and will say so—there can be no harm in watching the sales in art galleries throughout the world for an authentic Murillo—value 500,000 francs.

THE INTERNATIONAL IN RETROSPECT

BY JOHN L. PORTER

THE more one goes to view them, the sooner one becomes convinced that there are picture shows—picture exhibitions—exhibitions of paintings—art exhibitions—and Exhibitions of Art; and, after one has visited the various public offerings of the past season, one is willing to concede that the present International Exhibition, at the Galleries of the Carnegie Institute, in Pittsburgh, ranks *par excellence* as *the one important collection* of the year.

As usual, no matter how high the artistic attainments, or the art knowledge of the Jury, there are a number of pictures in the present exhibition which reflect seriously on the abilities of the jurors. That no one has ever been found who has agreed entirely with the prizes awarded by an Art Jury, is in itself a proof that the juries have some unwritten law under which they all work intuitively. That the Jury of Selection this year has been roundly criticized, is well known, and in order that they, as well as the general public, may know of some of the things being said, let us repeat a few of them:—

Why does a painter of Leopold Seyffert's abilities, waste his time painting such a decidedly uninteresting abnormal and ill-shapen nude, and how did it ever get past the Jury? You will find it in the Gallery labeled "Among Others Present." If Robert Henri had sent his painting entitled *The Little Dancer* to an exhibition of the Associated Artists of Pittsburgh, it would have been rejected; therefore, he has nothing but the jurors' friendship to credit for the acceptance of his offering.

We have heard it said frequently, that the late William M. Chase had stated "that an artist had a right *to use any medium* which would secure the result he was aiming for." It is very evident that our Italian friend Antonio Mancini agrees with Mr. Chase's aphorism, for surely no other tenet would have permitted such diabolical abominations as those which he has perpetrated. No *artist* accepts these as Art Productions, and the layman simply expresses his opinion by laughing at them.

Critics come and critics go, and bad painting goes on forever. Even some critics make themselves quite as ridiculous as some of the painters. For instance—Mr. Henry McBride surprises everybody by saying of R. J. Enraght Mooney's *Tell Us a Story* that "Pittsburghers may be astonished to know that this apparently amateurish work has more claims to being up-to-date than any other picture in the collection." This miserable little uninteresting pastel gets more comment from Mr. McBride than does *"the most impressive landscape in the collection,"* which he disposes of in less than three lines. Of what value is such comment—even from Mr. McBride?

A painter of the well-known capabilities of Charles Rosen should be ashamed to send such a painting as *The Ravine* to any other show than that of the Independent Artists in New York. Surely, the Jury could not have been attending to business when this went through the room. Will the Jury please rise and tell the Court what excuse they have for accepting *Evening Silence* by Robert Strong Woodward; *Springtide in Chelsea, London,* by Marcel Jeffreys; the two offerings of Stuart Park; *Churning Butter* by Edouard Vallet; *Windy Day* by Hayley Lever; *Swirling Water* by Edward F. Rook, etc., etc., etc. It does not take jurors of International reputation to pad an exhibition with such stuff as these, and nobody believes they are great pictures, simply because the Jury says so. We can forgive any set of jurors when they accord to foreign artists places in any exhibition, so that each country may have a few representations, no matter how odd the subject, how poor in technique, or how decidedly uninteresting; but, if most of the foreign paintings here selected are the *best* examples of those sent, we should be glad such a large number were returned and not shown.

There are two dozen paintings in the exhibition which should never have been passed by the Jury. There are a dozen others which were evidently allowed to pass, in order to create contrast and comment; the other 330, as we said in the beginning, constitute as fine a show of modern paintings as has been seen

in the United States during the past six years. It is difficult to pick out very many of the latter for comment, when they are all so relatively good, but one of them is so thoroughly opposed to all the accepted canons of art, it would be unfair to pass it without, at least, congratulating the painter upon his courage in the production and his defiance of tradition. I refer, particularly, to the painting by Sir William Orpen, entitled *The Man from Arran*. This picture is, without doubt, the most talked about painting on display. It lacks the much mooted tonal qualities—it lacks atmosphere, in spite of the fact that the figure is "somewhere out-of-doors"—it lacks background, unless blots of black ink on a blue blotting pad may be considered proper backing for a portrait; but, in spite of these "lackings," it is a great portrait, in strong technique—virile in conception, and so masterful in likeness as to compel for itself a place in the Art Gallery of one's memory for many years to come. If there is any one particular painting in the collection which is decidedly noteworthy, it is this one.

It may be news to many of our visitors, jurors, and even Pittsburghers, to hear that there are many paintings in this exhibition by prominent American artists who have sent examples of their work to the International for the first time.

To Emile René Ménard was accorded the distinction of a small gallery for an exhibition of his late works, and they proved so attractive that nineteen out of twenty-one shown have already been sold.

More paintings have been sold from this exhibition than from any half dozen "Internationals" heretofore held, indicating clearly a decided advancement in art matters locally, and one which we predict is only embryonic.

The Westchester Floralia, which, with its fine flower display and sculpture exhibit, was held so successfully at Hartsdale, N. Y., last September, will be repeated in 1921. The Executive Committee of the Floralia have decided that it should be held alternately in the autumn and the spring, thereby obtaining the garden results of both seasons.

ART AND THE PUBLIC

BY OLAF OLESEN

SURELY no one will deny, that a country's appreciation of the work of its artists is measured by the support given these through purchase of their work. At the recent Charlottenborg Salon at Copenhagen, the sales amounted to 400,000 kroner (about $100,000)—no insignificant amount for a city of half a million inhabitants. Including the sales at the two secessionist shows and those at numerous art stores, the season's sales would easily mount the million mark. The Danish public's substantial appreciation of art is doubtless due to the high cultural average in the small Danish nation, which demands æsthetic satisfaction as part of the daily bread. The figures seem to prove, that the Danish artist does furnish this desired morsel of the bill of fare, and is paid well for doing so. For, undoubtedly the craving for æsthetic satisfaction is a desire to recall emotional experience or to release repressed, instinctive urges. And especially the desire for emotional recalls demands that the artist be as one with us—that he experience and express that environment which is our common lot and gives rise to similar emotions—varied as these may be according to individuality. This the Danish artist does. He chooses his motives under the low grey northern sky with its pale, blond sunlight and amongst his own people, preferably an intimate everyday aspect. And the result is a genuine sincerity, which evokes æsthetic response in the Danish public.

Comparing the scant support given our own artists as evinced by the few sales at our exhibits, one questions, if this is due to a public indifferent to art, or is it the fault of the American artist, failing to enounce clearly and expressively that which is typical for our day and our people. Has the American nation not yet reached that stage of culture, where the desire for æsthetic satisfaction demands pictures and sculpture rather than diamonds and dining gowns. If so—are we artists furnishing an understandable and sympathetic stimulus to public taste? Are we sincerely expressing our environment, so that

POLISH JEWS BY MAGNUS BENGTSSON

our fellow-Americans find emotional satisfaction in contemplating our work. Are we really expressing that which is peculiar to Americans, that clear-cut, direct forcefulness, the scintillating quality of our life, that irrepressible, optimistic life urge which surges through our national life forging possibilities of the seemingly hopeless and impossible melting pot. Are we expressively enthused by the sparkling newness of our untrammeled world, or are we—European trained—serving old world formulas and ideas in our art—giving an American public stones for bread. May we not have a lesson to learn from our Danish confrères, who wherever they may seek artistic impulses and training, return with sure sincerity to that which is nationalistic Danish. This return is, of course, easier for the Dane than for the American. Danish culture and environment is that of Continental Europe, while ours is distinctly different. An American painter cannot paint in Denmark, France or Italy for a number of years without absorbing racial and cultural qualities, which too often are retained as a false note in a later attempt to express adequately Americanism, if such an attempt is consciously made at all. Our adulation for the European trained artist tempts him to seek and retain that which is European at the expense of genuine American expressivism. This is true to such an extent that to European critics American art is synonymous with French art. Every one of us, who has traveled abroad and felt happy returning home, knows the distinctive difference between things European and American. Is this difference lacking in our art, and is this the reason why our American public lacks appreciation of our work? I believe it is. And I

MOTHER AND CHILD BY ODA PETERS

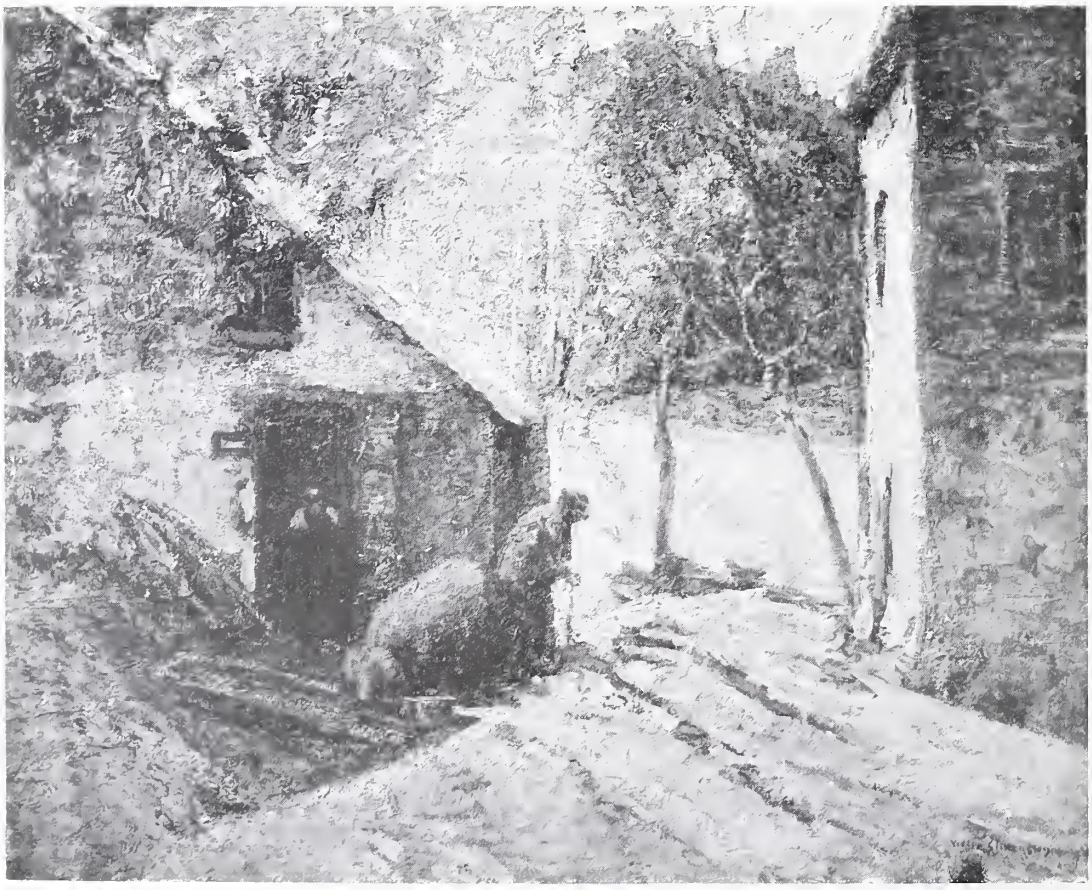
think the time has come, when we should stand upon our own legs artistically, as we surely do in other respects. We cannot continue training our painters in the old world atmosphere and expect them to express the spirit of the new. Fundamentally, æsthetic laws may be the same in Chinese, French or American art. But we must build upon that safe foundation a structure of national art, expressive of our characteristic environment, and may then rest assured of native appreciation. To those who may doubt the result, I may point out the new-world beauty of our skyscrapers, dwarfing as they do literally and æsthetically the New York Library built on classical lines. I am not advocating artistic seclusion. Let the exchange of ideas occur as freely as possible through international exhibits. But the American artist cannot possibly paint the verve and sparkle of our glorious sunlight so expressive—and probably causive—of the verve and sparkle of our national life, after painting for years the subdued grey of sedate northern Europe.

If the sincere nationalistic qualities of Danish art teaches a lesson to American painters, another and quite as important aspect is offered through the recent development of the younger Danish painters, who more or less consciously are changing representative or objective art into the abstract or subjective art of the Synchronist. This is observable as well in the official Charlottenborg Salon as in the two secessionist salons, but of course mostly in the latter. Not that the younger men have had an easy row to hoe. In a recent heated newspaper debate a prominent Danish physician dubs these courageous evolutionists "Dysmorphists," but they answer back in no mistakable terms as to the doctor's artistic competence. Pamphlets for and against "modern art" are printed, read and discussed by a public for whom art really is one of the issues of the day. It is deplorable that the reproductions of the work of these moderns are not in colours. *Composition in Red* by William Scharff (motive—chickens) is a hilarious colour combination possessing a great

PORTRAIT OF MRS. F. BY EINAR HANSEN

deal of "joie de vivre." It is a greater distance from "representative objective" art than any other canvas exhibited this season. Harald Giersing's *Aladdin's Ecstacy in the Wonder Cave,* has perhaps come in for more ridicule than any other painting of the day. The artist has attempted not without success to express ecstacy and wonder through a synthesis of line and colour—a synthesis which to the conventionally trained eye reduces the human figure to the ludicrous. Both paintings were exhibited at the younger secessionist show, "Groenningen." Less abstract and a really fine composition is Magnus Bengtsson's canvas *Polish Jews,* at the older secessionist exhibit "Den Frie Udstilling," where also was hung Axel Joergensen's painting of *Professor R.* before his clinic, an excellent tour de force in pure colour. Jacob Agersnap's *Old Melodies* is a sympathetic picture of peasant life. Non-essentials have been happily omitted including the usual masquerade costumes, which painters of peasants have inflicted on a credulous public as an excuse for colour schemes. This canvas and Oda Peters' *Mother and Child* were hung at the Charlottenborg Salon. Mrs. Peters' picture expresses, in simplified beauty and with feminine feeling, Mother Love.

These pictures are fairly representative of the tendency of younger Danish painters—a sincere search for that which gives a work of art æsthetic value—the really significant—and elimination of the superfluous and that which hinders expression. Such a synthesis seems to justify the demands of the Synchronists for a pure art of painting analogous to that of music, eliminating or subordinating objective representation to æsthetic arrangement of colour and abstract form. Einar Hansen's *Portrait of Mrs. F.,* awarded Honorable Mention, at the Chicago Institute, 1918, shows a similar simplification of treatment in portraiture resulting in a rare intensity of feeling and character, which far surpasses a more photographic representation.



Courtesy the Dudensing Galleries.

SUNLIGHT SHADOWS BY VICTOR CHARRETON

An engraved portrait of Charles I, by William Hole. Finished in 1625, the year of Charles' accession to the throne.

CHARLES—"SAINT AND MARTYR"

THE Jacobean period of decoration has been called the most distinctly national of the English periods; for while largely inspired by low country models, it was yet developed originally by English craftsmen. And these had displaced the foreign workers of Elizabethan times.

The Jacobean period was ushered in with James I, "The Wisest Fool in Christendom;" but not until the time of Charles, "Saint and Martyr," were its possibilities of beauty fully developed.

Charles was the spirit of its efflorescence. He, like Francis I and Lorenzo the Magnificent, loved beauty for its own sake. Indeed, he was himself a craftsman, saying of himself, "I believe I could make my living by any trade save that of making hangings." The friend of Rubens, the patron of the brilliant Van Dyck, the purchaser of the Raphael cartoons, he was a connoisseur who was also a king—and yet a king, alas, "who knew all the arts except the art of governing."

In his reign, the turned and twisted woodwork of his father's day came to a softer, more delicately crafted beauty, and the characteristics of modern Renaissance ornament manifested themselves in geometrically patterned arrangements and a growing use of inlay. The Great Hall (still the most important feature of the majestic English home) was then indeed a thing of stately splendor—rich with tapestries and hangings, warm with panelling, exquisite with ornamental ceilings, mantel pieces and lofty bay windows.

And today for the embellishment of Jacobean interiors, even in the period of their fullest beauty, it may be truly said that Cheney Brothers have produced decorative fabrics which are as appropriate and authoritative as they are charming.

CHENEY BROTHERS

4th Avenue at 18th Street, New York

CHENEY SILKS

Continued from page 6.

The small window, which opens on a blank wall, has been given a feeling of airiness by a not too illusionistic decorative landscape, painted by Robert La Montagne St. Hubert, on the wall, and lighted by electric lamps tempered to daylight effect. The difficult problem of proportionate attraction has been handled with skill and tact.

The adequate furnishing of the room is a matter of time; but already the Elizabethan chest with its linen-fold pattern, the Jacobean chest with its decoration suggesting memories of Roman arches and its nearer inspiration from Persian textiles, the iron treasure chest of adventurous mariners, the Cromwellian chair with its ancient green velvet coverings and its characteristic turned legs, and the great arm chair of the latter end of the seventeenth century, as pompous in its plum-coloured damask as Alexander Pope, — these things add their voice to that of the room to recall the spirit of the century which gave us Shakespeare, Bunyan, Sir Anthony Van Dyck, and John Milton.

The above is a description signed "R. H." in the Minneapolis Institute bulletin for April.

THE RIVER MEUSE AT DORDRECHT

THE Meuse! What thoughts of war and death and desolation rush to our memories when we see or hear the name of the tragic stream that ties together Verdun, Sedan and Mezières, and stretches on to ravished Namur and crushed but steadfast Liége, ever-glorious protectress of the civilisation and hope of Europe! What scenes of strife and misery did it witness during those fateful years of Teuton rage in the devastated lands of Belgium and France! Yet, even then, just beyond, it entered Holland and pursued its course in tranquillity past fruitful fields and smiling gardens, and brought fertility and refreshment to a land of prosperous and peace-loving folk. But its associations are not all of bloodshed and wretchedness, for, leaving Liége, it passes and throws a protecting arm about Maastricht, the early home of one of the world's great masters, Hubert Van Eyck, who, alone or conjointly with his brother, discovered, and gave to his fellows and to posterity, the wondrous art of painting with colours mixed in oil; then past the little town of Maeseyck, where Hubert and his greater brother Jan were born, and keeps on, in its progress toward its haven in the North Sea, by Dordrecht, where Jan Van Goyen lived a while and found his delight in picturing the lovely stream.

Van Goyen was born at Leyden in 1596 and was one of the older masters of the Dutch School of landscape painters. Indeed, we are told by Lübke that among these "the first place must be given to the simple and delicate Johann Van Goyen." These men were of a time and race that bred realists, in art as in commerce, rather than idealists, and, as artists, they aimed at the faithful representation of Nature as she showed herself in the world about them; in this they did not differ from the genre-painters of their day. They set down with the utmost care the details of the scenes which they sought to reproduce; they studied the true proportions of trees and plants, the topography of the land, the balance of light and shade; and their work, when it was done, was truth itself. Yet so thoroughly did they fathom the laws of light and perspective, so carefully pursue them, so unerringly select the place and hour when the view they would perpetuate presented its most alluring aspect, that their pictures possess the charm of poetic inspiration and bring anew to the observer a realisation of the unapproachable beauty of Nature when unspoiled by the impertinent attempts of man to improve upon her handiwork.

Van Goyen died at The Hague in 1656. The painting by this old Dutch master is a scene on the River Meuse near Dordrecht, and has recently been acquired for the permanent collection in the Institute. It is a canvas 50½ inches in width by 30 inches in height. It is painted in the golden tones so often found in the works of this artist and is altogether pleasing and satisfying. A bayou from the sluggish stream is presented in the foreground, on the hither side of which some fishermen have hung their nets to dry. A ferry boat is just mooring at the opposite shore to disembark its passengers, one of whom is mounted on a horse. In the middle distance, at the right, is seen a boat apparently becalmed in the river, its sails hanging limp on the masts, and on the distant river bank, houses and windmills are silhouetted against the sky. Across the bayou, rise the roof and substantial tower of a church, and the tiled roofs of other buildings appear above a screen of low-growing trees. The sky is filled with clouds that hover lazily above the landscape. It is a quiet and a peaceful scene, in a warm and glowing light as if near sunset; the kind of picture whose restfulness and calm invite intimacy and preclude *ennui*.

Written by Mr. John R. Vanderlip in the April Bulletin of the Minneapolis Institute

A WAUGH FOR TOLEDO

FREDERICK J. WAUGH has presented to the Toledo Museum his painting "Monhegan Surf," a strong example of the work of a master of the sea. The foaming waves dash up over the wet, slippery rocks, pile themselves up and break into spray against the cliffs at the right of the picture. The sky is low in tone, but full of all the colours of evening. The rocks and water have the quality not of paint, but of the very things from which painted.

Waugh comes from a family of artists, his father having been a portrait painter, his mother a miniaturist and his sister an illustrator and portrait painter. Born in Bordentown, N. J., he studied under Thomas Eakins at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts and under Bouguereau and Fleury at the Academy Julien in Paris.

He returned to America to paint portraits, soon going again to Paris, and then residing on one of the Channel Islands, where he became a master of the painting of the sea. Though he has not confined his attention to the ocean alone, having ventured with success into almost every field of painting, he will probably always be best known by his sea pictures.

Courtesy Brown-Robertson Co.
THE PEACE CELEBRATION AT STRASBOURG
Etching by Louis Orr

Courtesy Brown-Robertson Co.
CHAPELLE ST. NICHOLAS
Etching by Louis Orr

SWORD GUARDS

On the occasion of the Cleveland Museum acquiring by gift the D. Z. Norton Collection of some 300 sword guards, the Curator of Oriental Art, J. Arthur Maclean, writes as follows in their April Bulletin:

In the days of sword guards Japanese men did not wear jewelry as we know it, but they spent their pocket money just as lavishly in other ways. The medicine box (inro) which hung from the belt of every gentleman was elaborate, and more often than otherwise expensive. The pipe and tobacco case was also a source of personal extravagance and luxury. The little hooks and ingenious clasps and cords that fastened the outer garments (haroi) were made of precious metals, or carved and cunningly fashioned, to lure one to deeds of extravagance. But above all there was the serious business of selecting one's sword, (an invariable companion to every gentleman) as well as the sword furniture that went with it. Much money could be spent on the scabbard and metal fittings, the most necessary of which was the guard, *tsuba*, or the "object that clinches the blade."

The guard, like the sword, had to stand the test of strength, yet not be too heavy to interfere with dexterous handling of the sword, and must be properly shaped to protect the hand. As a necessary and important part of the sword it occupied a prominent position. Very early in its history, therefore, it naturally became an important ornamental feature.

At first, the ornamental feature took second place and the guards were either solid or perforated merely to insure proper balance, for in the mind of the early maker there were three essentials never lost sight of—strength, lightness and appropriate form.

Later, about the tenth century, the sword, and therefore the guard, was of little practical use. War was a thing of the past and courtly functions were the only occasion when the sword was required—merely as an adjunct to the court dress. The guards of the time, therefore, were small, inadequate for the purpose for which they were intended, and purely ornamental in character. A little later, however, internal wars changed the conditions and a great increase in the production of personal armament of all sorts resulted. The guard increased in size but in order to keep it light (one of its essential qualities) perforated patterns were the vogue. The smiths themselves were the principal makers of war-like guards.

The purely practical, perforated pat-

terns did not continue long in popular favor, however, because the active schools of painting and designing inspired large numbers of designers of sword guards, sword furniture, etc., to apply the pictorial style to the work; even the painters themselves tried their hand at it. Pictorial design and pure pictorial representation were the two phases of decoration most in favor.

The last of the seventeenth and the early part of the eighteenth century saw this pictorial phase of sword guard decoration at its height. Softer metals were used, steel being no longer imperative because war-time tests no longer prevailed. In fact all kinds of material were experimented with and actually tried, including leather and lacquer. The extensive use of alloys, to procure a particular kind of surface, or surface patina, became a common practice in the craft. Even the enamel workers adapted their processes to the adornment of the guard.

After 1868, when the edict prohibiting the carrying of swords was passed, sword guards were no longer in demand. Great quantities were destroyed, while others found their way into Occidental collections. They will always remain an interesting and unique part of any Oriental collection.

NEW YORK—MADISON AVENUE
with Metropolitan Tower
By Caroline Van d. Bean

Summer Reading

What Power Directs the Ouija Board?

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