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JULY, 1916

No. 233

# The INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

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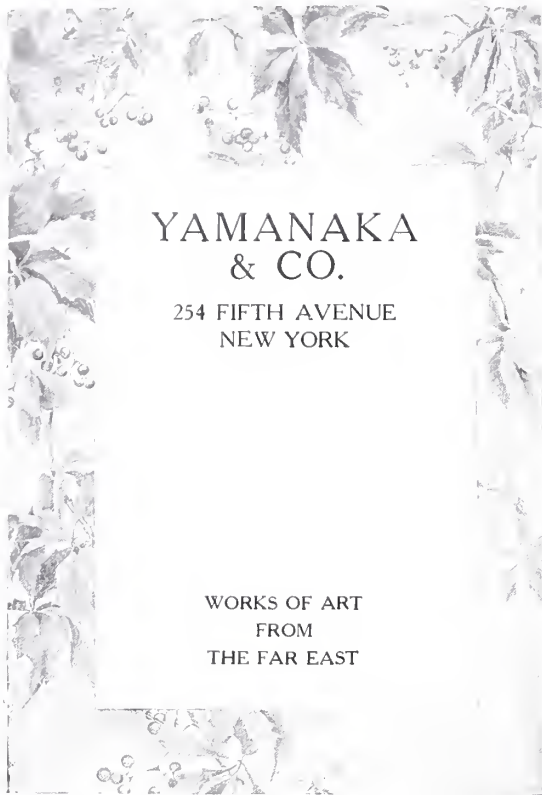


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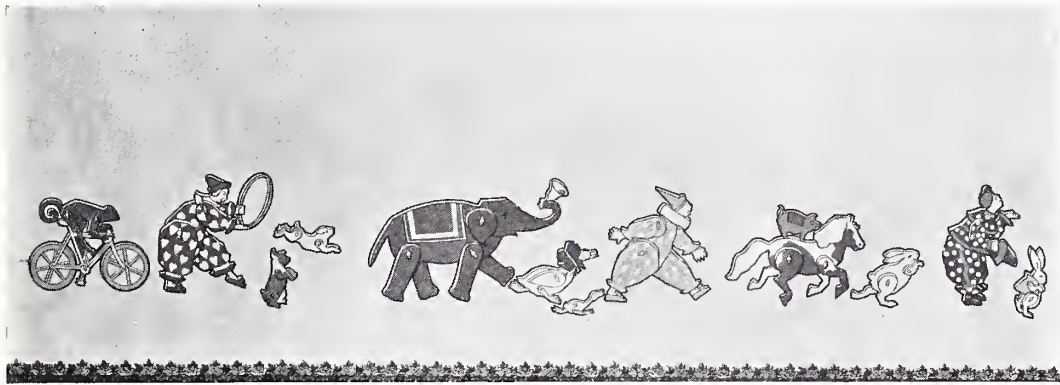
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PROFESSOR W. N. GOODYEAR writes as follows in the Brooklyn *Bulletin* upon their recent and very important acquisition:

Although little is known from the anecdotal, or personal, point of view of the life of Bernardino Luini, and although even the dates of his birth and death are uncertain, there is no Italian painter whose general standing is more definitely fixed, or whose general characteristics and virtues are more widely known and appreciated. Our uncertainties as to Luini's personal biography are of trivial moment; our definite view of the quality of his art is determined by an obvious and fortunate coincidence between the authoritative



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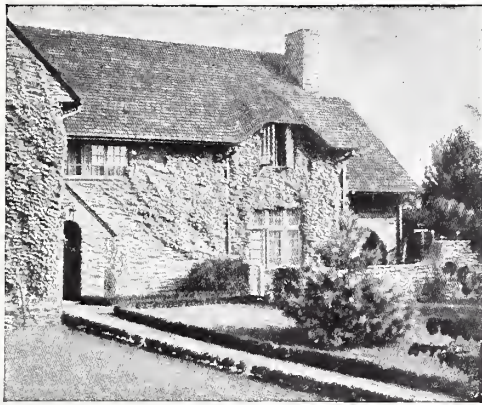
MADONNA ENTHRONED  
 ALTARPIECE BY BERNARDINO LUINI

opinions of expert critics, and the preferences, interests and off-hand likings of the more or less inexperienced tourists, and the average traveller in Italy. There are few of these who do not visit Milan where his work is well represented.

The great and only general biographer of the lives of the Italian painters down to the middle of the sixteenth century, viz. the Florentine Giorgio Vasari, has by some curious mishap, or perhaps by reason of deficient personal information which he was unable to make good, and did not care to mention, confined himself to a very cursory mention of Luini. Vasari has even perverted the spelling of his name. On the other hand, he has given the artist credit for that great amiability of character which is certainly attested by the quality of his pictures, and has otherwise said nothing to discredit or minimize the importance of his work.

Much of this work is directly accessible in Milan, or in neighbouring villages at the farthest. Luini's easel paintings in other galleries are not very numerous, and are, moreover, in two particular instances among the best-known pictures in Europe.

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large—accessible in the local and physical sense, and accessible also in the spiritual sense, as may be noted again farther on. In the case of his numerous frescoes his works are well documented by local records and accounts, and the main events of his life activity are therefore definitely dated. He appears to have first lived in Milan about 1500, and there is no known mention of his activities after 1533. The dates suggested for his birth vary between the years 1460 and 1480, with a possible preference for the medium date of 1470 or 1475 (the latter date assigned by Morelli).

Thus Luini's career as a painter falls exactly within the limits of the golden age of Italian art, which began with the completion of Da Vinci's *Last Supper* in 1498, and closed mainly (outside of Venice) with the sack of Rome in 1527, and the siege of Florence in 1530.

Formerly regarded as the leading pupil of Leonardo da Vinci, Luini is now more accurately considered his leading follower. Da Vinci left Milan in 1499. Luini is not known to have visited Milan before 1500, but he is ranked as a follower of Leonardo's school and methods in oil painting, and he is also universally recognized as the most distinguished painter in the very considerable following which had gathered about the famous Academy in Milan which Da Vinci founded. So intimate was the relationship between these artists as regards the resemblance of certain works that two of the best-known paintings in Europe were catalogued and labelled for centuries as Leonardo's, and are now known as works of Luini. One of them is the famous *Christ and the Doctors* of the National Gallery in London, and the other is the *Modesty and Vanity* (so-called) which was formerly in the Sciarra-Colonna Palace in Rome. The latter picture especially calls to mind the dependence of Luini on Leonardo, as illustrated by that consecrated formula of the entire Milanese School; its repetition of the Leonardesque ideal, or type, of female beauty, with regular features, high cheek bones, long nose, delicate chin, sweet expression and subtle or evanescent smile. In spite of the frequent appearance of this type in Luini's easel pictures it is well to remember that Leonardo was not his first master, and that he had previously been the disciple of Borgognone and of Bramantino, earlier Milanese painters of important and considerable merit, who had in no way yielded to Leonardo's manner in this, or in other respects.

Thus we may note that the very lovely face of the *Madonna* recently obtained for the Brooklyn Museum does not show any accented resemblance to the Leonardo type, although it slightly resembles it. This independence of the Leonardo formula is a well-known characteristic of Luini's early frescoes, and also appears in certain later easel pictures, notably in the famous *Madonna of the Rose Hedge* (Brera Gallery, Milan), which dates between 1515 and 1520.

Luini's technical capacity as a painter in oils is sufficiently attested by the century-long attributions of certain of his works to the greatest artist of the Italian Renaissance. As a painter of fresco, the field in which he was most active, he is distinguished by good drawing, most attractive colour, and inventive and drama-



tic genius. His deficiency in fresco was lack of monumental and architectural balance of composition. His supreme merits were ingenious simplicity in the representation and expression of spiritual sentiment, and of sincere religious feeling, and the love of natural beauty. So inexpressibly sweet and amiable are his creations that they shun with equal success the taint of insipidity and the suspicion that purely physical beauty was his dominant aim. In fact, even to mention the name of Luini to those who know his art is to evoke a mental vision of that unaffected grace and spiritualized beauty which all expert authority has agreed to recognize as his peculiar characteristic.

In Italian art of an earlier date the thorough technical facility which we find in Luini's period was lacking. In later Italian, and in later European art there was well-calculated dexterity, and frequently consummate ability, but the flower of ingenuous simplicity did not flourish. Thus in Luini's own art there is the rare combination of one of the distinguishing virtues of the greatest period with the personal accent in the same given direction of the artist's individual tendencies and character.

We have mentioned the general consensus of expert authority which recognizes the absence of monumental power and of monumental arrangement in Luini's work, and yet it is exactly in this particular that the Brooklyn *Madonna* takes high rank. The charming sweetness of the music-making cherubs is what we expect from Luini, but the lofty composure of the Virgin, and the monumental dignity of the composition, with its stern symmetry of balanced arrangement are qualities which we scarcely expect from this artist. Here it is the period, rather than the painter, which has spoken its last word. The traditional dignity of the Italian altar-piece, and its naturally monumental composition have, so to speak, saved Luini from himself who has left us in this work rather a monument of his period than a typically characteristic work of his own personality. Composure is the last word in art; it was not always the last word of Luini, but it defines the ineffable greatness of this altar-piece.

Judged by the evidence of style, and without reference to other works by Luini, I believe that this picture dates not very far from the year 1510. Its dimensions are 94 x 54 inches.

The Catalogue of the Catholina Lambert Collection, from which the painting was purchased, mentions that the picture was obtained by Mr. Lambert from Thomas Agnew & Sons, the London dealers, and that it had been previously for over a century in a private collection in North Cumberland.

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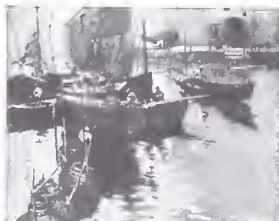
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appearing man somewhat advanced in years, whose sombre garments accord with the contemplative, dignified spirit that is so admirably expressed in this beautiful portrait. The figure is life-size, but is only represented to the waist. The subject's right hand, holding open the pages of a book, rests on a parapet of white marble which extends across the lower part of the picture. Over his black robe he wears a loose cape of black watered silk. His barretto, or four-peaked cap, is also black. The flesh colour is characteristic of Moroni, silvery in the light, shading to a rather ruddy golden tone. The lips, half concealed by the thin beard, are deep red in colour and lend vivacity to the expression. The warm tones of the flesh painting are echoed by the gilded edges of the book lying on the parapet. The background is a cool, greenish grey. Valuable accents in this extremely simple but effective harmony of grey, black and gold, are afforded by the white pages of the book and by the edge of white around the throat. The painting is on canvas and measures 23¾ in. by 28½ in. It was formerly in the Abdy collection in London.



Courtesy Minneapolis Institute of Arts

PORTRAIT OF AN ECCLESIASTIC  
BY MORONI

In the XV century, or the period of the Early Renaissance, portraiture was distinguished by its objective realism. The artist, as a rule, confined himself to the representation of the head, or at least concentrated his attention upon that. He strove, first of all, for likeness. The sitter was represented in a familiar aspect and with simple accessories. In the succeeding century, which is called the period of the High Renaissance, a marked change in the social and political life of Italy had its effect upon the art of portraiture. This was the age of The Courtier of Castiglione, when elegance and courtly distinction represented the ideals of society. In the portraits of this time, truth of likeness may or may not exist, depending upon the skill of the individual painter; but there is in almost all late Renaissance portraits an air of stately dignity that makes a portrait of this period unmistakable. Great attention was paid to the posture of the figure, which more frequently than in the earlier period was shown in full length. Attitudes were chosen either to suggest the personality of the subject, or, should that be out of keeping with the spirit of the

times, to endow the sitter with an appropriate air of dignity. This desire for the grand sometimes led to the production of the grandiose, and many XVI century portraits are pompous rather than stately. Like every other golden age, the XVI century foreshadowed the coming decline. Nevertheless, it is to this age that we owe the greatest number of masterpieces of portraiture of the Renaissance, for at their best the great painters of this time came nearest to realizing the Hellenistic ideals of their generation, since in their work we note those qualities of "measure, distinction, clearness" which in Schiller's definition constitute the essential features of Hellenism.

As a portraitist, Moroni is uneven. He spent the greater part of his life in the little city of Bergamo. He lacked the beneficial competition that is possible in larger centres, and at times his work is commonplace. At his best, however, he ranks among the great portrait painters of Italy. It is said that Titian thought so highly of him that he used to send clients from Bergamo who came to him for portraits back to their own country to be painted by their own man. Giovanni Battista Moroni was born at Bondio in the Bergamese territory about 1520. He died in 1578 at Brescia. As a young man he entered the studio of Alessandro Bonvicino, called Il Moretto. In portrait painting, Moroni rivalled his master, although he was inferior to him in subject pictures; he was more gifted with perception than imagination. Like many other North Italian painters, Moroni felt the influence of Lorenzo Lotto. He achieved, however, a distinctly personal style, and his numerous portraits are easily recognizable. The celebrated *Portrait of a Tailor* in the National Gallery in London is undoubtedly his best-known work. It is characteristic not only of Moroni, but also of his time, that he has given to this humble craftsman the bearing and distinction of a great nobleman, yet without insincerity or travesty.

The *Portrait of an Ecclesiastic* acquired by the Institute may be counted among Moroni's most successful portraits. The rare beauty of line, the exquisite simplicity of the composition, the quiet harmony of the colours—black, grey and gold bathed in silvery light—the magnificent modelling of the head and hand, demonstrate the artist's extraordinary skill. But even more noteworthy is the success with which the artist has conveyed truthfully and forcefully the personality of the sitter.

## NATIONALISM AND INTERNATIONALISM

AMONGST *Loose Leaves* by Edward Storer, published from Dan Rider's Bookshop, St. Martin's Court, Charing Cross, London, W. C., is the following paper, which is of artistic interest.

Nationalism and Internationalism in art—there you have an antithesis full of provocation and perplexity. There in its simplest form is outlined one of the problems which trouble the modern artist. In England perhaps the problem is especially difficult, for there—I speak from the point of view of the artist—exists a perception of international values that is almost entirely intellectual and a perception of

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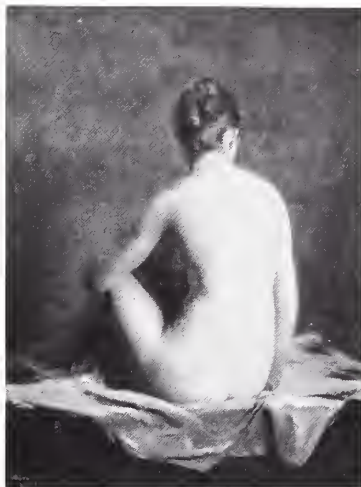
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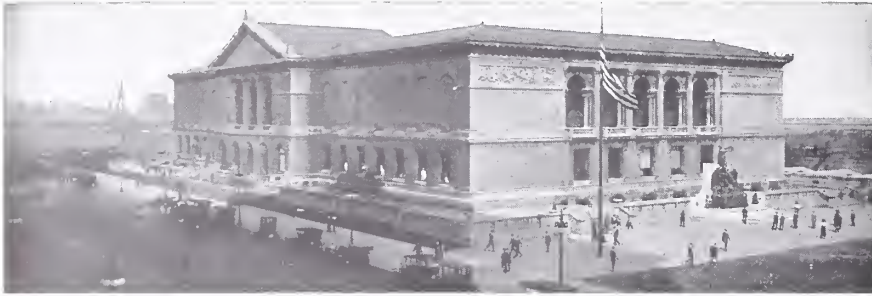
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nationalism which is so instinctive, so much a matter of course, that it is almost impossible to record it in intellectual terms.

What does the young artist find in England when he approaches his subject matter with the will of his talent? According to the rapidity of his intelligence and the generosity of his education, he will discover that after he has exhausted the values and standards of his own country in art there exists for his amazement and joy a second set of values which can be summed up in the expression, international values. He will discover, for instance, that in music, all that is best and most purifying, most earnest and quick with life comes to him from France or Russia or Italy or Germany, that the direction of the modern movement in painting and sculpture is largely dictated from Paris, that it is in Florence, in Milan, in Munich, in Petrograd and in Paris again that modern poetry experiments and reasserts itself with the most triumphant vitality. He will discover an international sense of sympathy between the cultured people of all modern European nations from which only too often his own nation stands apart, a melancholy and morose provincial in the arts. Gradually it will seem to him that international, by which he will soon begin to mean Continental, stands for everything that is fresh, clear and humanist in the arts, while national will suggest only unreality, narrow-mindedness, and the most besotted provincialism when applied to the arts.

There are thousands of cultured folk in England who know all this to be true, but they will not readily admit it. They fall back instead upon a blank obscurantism or a merely obstinate refusal to see things as they are. A good classical and traditional culture is readily obtainable at the Universities for those who care to acquire it, and since all modern literature must almost inevitably fall far below the standard of the classics, an average Englishman of culture, completely ignorant though he may be of any contemporary art movements, presents a tolerable though a negative figure in any cosmopolitan gathering.

But the artist is not satisfied to be merely negative. For him the superior fundamental possibilities of international art are so overwhelming that he is perplexed and dissatisfied. One of two things then usually happens to him. He develops a purely negative snobbism for everything Continental or he adventures—if so soulless an exploit can be termed an adventure—upon the business of painting or literature as a business and nothing more. He does one of these two things or one of the multiple variations and compromises that lie between their extremes. But the dilemma has not thus been resolved. It has only been declined. It remains, and now let it appear, horns and all.

An international artist must be a national artist first. Internationalism, after all, is only a culture, a sensitiveness that is largely intellectual. The origin of any art, the force, the love, the animality and the spirituality of it must be national. It must well up like a spring from the speech of the poet or creator. It must arise from the soil and water of a land, bear the impress of its skies, suggest the smiles of its women. It must come from the rich and ever self-renewing heart of a race with the

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secret of that race as its own most personal quality.

These latter facts which all our instincts assure us are true are barely reconcilable with those previous conceptions stated above whereby modern English art culture appears so inferior in quality and breadth to international or Continental art culture as to be frankly quite contemptible.

Thus, at first glance, it would appear that a modern English artist can find no solid basis for his art but must remain instead a negative superior to the art of his own country, a futile tourist in the arts in fact.

But it is not really so. All that is implied in the words internationalism in art he must discover and absorb into himself as knowledge and experience but particularly as knowledge. This is necessary because it is education, and because it is a matter of technique. This knowledge and experience will make elastic his faculties and sensitiveness, but of course it will never create anything, though it may stimulate creation in him. That creation must result from some original fecundating impulse inherent in the genius of the race of which the artist is one of the channels of expression. Internationalism, after all, is a form of racial expression, one of its elegancies and refinements indeed, but nevertheless a compound of certain racial qualities existing in the various races of Europe and America. It might be defined as the perception of the sympathies induced between these races by means of mechanics and science.

As a consequence of the above, no artist can hope to produce instinctive art, which is racial art, which again is family art, which to reunite the circle, is personal or egotistic art without the security of a national impulse. On the quality of that impulse, of course, depends to a degree the quality of any artist's work. The nearer he approaches to the original racial sap, the purer and more virile should be his art. The more perfunctory his attachment to the fecundating race-stem the more perfunctory and sterile his art. It is partly this perfunctoriness of nationalism in the writers of modern England which makes their creations so trivial and lifeless.

Nationalism and Internationalism then are capable of reconciliation in English art as it is obvious they should be, since the latter is only a quality of the former.

But the process is difficult in practice for the artist because in effect it means a secession from the entire English literary tradition of to-day and a reversion to that tradition only at a point where in humanism, breadth and intensity it does not fall short of the rich possibilities provided by what is known to-day as international art.

It may be that one must go back in imagination to the times of the Renaissance in England to find any example of what seems dictated to one by the necessities of the case. Then one can with one's instincts still firmly fixed in English traditions, draw from the inexhaustible source of antique art and literature models and masters which are as superior to the best international art of to-day as the latter is to the best that modern England can show.

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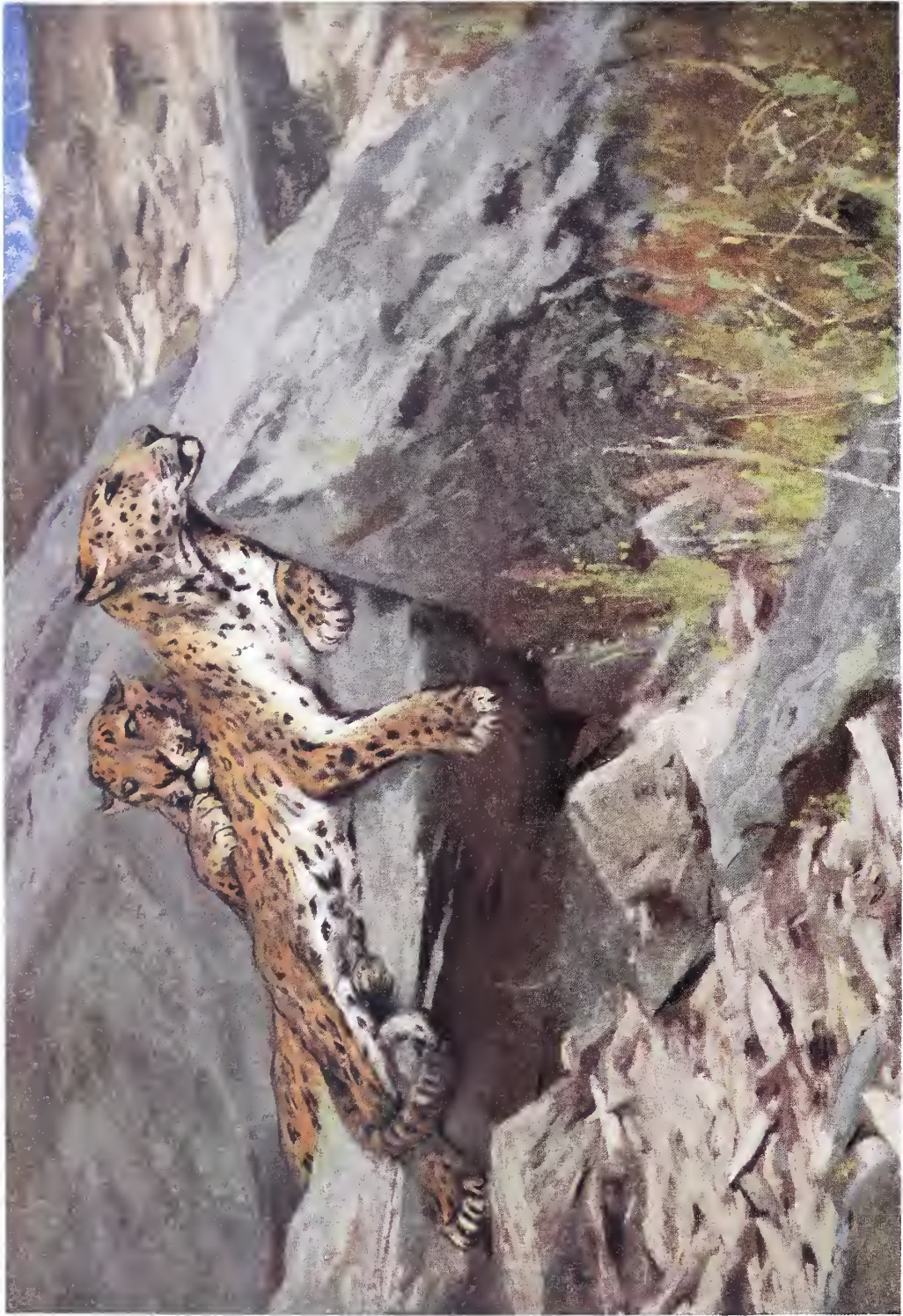
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# The INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

VOL. LIX. No. 233

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JULY, 1916

## A NNE GOLDTHWAITE AS A POR- TRAIT PAINTER BY A. D. DEFRIES

In the Encyclopaedia Britannica the article on women is very much shorter than the article on wood carving, and the reference to women's art is insignificant. "Increasing provision has been made for decorative work, silver-smiths, dentists, law-copyists and plan tracing." The Encyclopaedia, like every government and academy has to be at least one generation out of date, and so here we get a very good idea of the attitude toward the art of women fifty years ago.

In spite of isolated women artists in the past it is not too much to say that this generation is the first to develop the fine arts in women. The result is a flood of feminine art, most of which has very little true art in it; it is not often worse than that of the opposite sex, but so far it has not reached the great heights attained by the Masters (unless you except Rosa Bonheur?). Nevertheless in every country women's work is infinitely finer and more creative than that of all the chiefs among the men.

An Englishwoman, Mrs. Sargeant Florence, possibly the first woman mural-decorator, who was in 1891 awarded the Dodge prize at the New York academy, said to me:

"The women of my generation are the pioneers of woman's art. . . . We are the ones who are clearing the way for the generation to come. No one knows better than I the limitations of my own work . . . but it is because the energy, time, imagination and physical strength that men use freely for their art has in my case had to go in ceaseless struggling . . . in my case not for money only, but for the 'right to work.'"

She belongs to the generation of *our* mothers, and already we are benefitting by *their* efforts.

To-day in England, of the forty-nine members of the New English Art Club, seven are women; The International Society (founded by Whistler and with Rodin now for president) has four women members. In Paris and Glasgow the work of a few women is regularly purchased for the Public Galleries; in Pittsburg and other American cities also; and women artists in general get better treatment in America and in France than they receive in England, Germany or Italy.

In the Anglo-American exhibit at the White City in 1914, the two best pictures from a feminine hand came from two Englishwomen: Lily Defries and Alice Fanner. Certainly the best miniaturist is an Englishwoman—Gertrude Thompson—the last of the Pre-Raphaelites—who is painting in a thoroughly modern and individual way. Ethel Gabain, also a Britisher, is the best woman lithographer in the Senefelder Club, and Beatrice Howe is preferred by most Paris critics to the American, Elizabeth Nourse, who also interests herself in painting peasants and babies. Both those artists are represented in the Luxembourg, as is also the French woman, Gaultier Bossiere, who only turned seriously to art after her children grew up, and is a fine flower painter. Of all the women portraitists in Paris in 1914 I thought the chief was Olga de Boznanska, a Pole. In the salon of that year she and Beatrice Howe stood out as the equal of the men: both totally different from each other and expressing at the same time an essentially feminine point of view with a very vigorous and simple technique which shirked nothing and knew much. Olga de Boznanska is the only woman whose name is written up on the board among the professors at the atelier in the rue de la Grande Chaumière: but in America women get more easily into the professorial posts.

But of all the women's art that I have seen—

## Anne Goldthwaite as a Portrait Painter

apart from craft—the work of the woman I have named remains forever in my memory. And in 1915 to this mental gallery I added the portraits of Anne Goldthwaite, an American, from Paris. In her exhibition at the Berlin Photographic galleries she also showed the landscapes, chiefly of her native state, Alabama, but these did not strike me as very vital. To me they were simply very sincere studies in the manner of the French artists at the beginning of this century. For me there was more distinction in her etchings and of these there was one which I particularly admire, a Parisian café, and the rhythm in the two dancing figures—the common abandon and recklessness restrained only by the rules of the dance—is as vivid to me now as it was when I saw it four months ago.

But it is as a portrait painter that Miss Goldthwaite's work interested me most. One critic laid great stress on the debt she owes to Cézanne, and in the freedom of her outlines, the directness of her touch and the simplicity of her paint, certainly there is more than an indication that she is a post-Cézanne. Another critic asserted that she had "studied Cézanne deeply." She said to me, "It has been unconsciously." This point is interesting because I have found that women artists work much less consciously than men, and have fewer theories about their work. The work of women in this direction seems almost completely a case of intuition becoming unconsciously articulate. Women reason less, and in time when they attain a greater freedom they may prove to be nearer to the unreasoning spirit of creation than the more trained mentality of the male can ever be.

Signs of a growing freedom and abandon are in the portraits of Anne Goldthwaite; in fact, she and Olga de Boznanska, different as they are in age and style, seem to satisfy what I am looking for in portraiture better than most male painters and better than any other women. At the same time do not let us be led into exaggeration. Anne Goldthwaite would be the first to tell you her own shortcomings, and there is no need to dwell on them here. She is young and this is her first important exhibition in New York. Much may be expected of her; judging the work she brought from Paris by the side of what she has since done, it is clear that she is developing rapidly. So far I do not find in her pictures any very deep psychological insight, or

any strong feeling for the *interior* character of the personality, nor does she seem to feel very strongly the marks of her sitter's life-history. She works rapidly and what she gets is the vital impression of a mood and an appearance.

In the portrait of *The Little American* perhaps she gets near to essential characterization—more (possibly) of childhood than of the individual child—though the likeness is striking. What she conveys in this portrait is the wonder and mystery of a child's innocence, never more wonderful than in the expression on the faces of little boys. This little boy is at a delightful age too, emerging out of babyhood so quietly. The most striking work in the galleries to me was the portrait of herself which has since found a purchaser. This is quite unlike any portrait I have ever seen. Most of her work is freshly inspired and this, more than the rest, strikes a new note. Again, it lacks depth of insight, but it has a strength never seen in, for instance, the work of Cecilia Beaux, who is completely outstripped by this post-Impressionist.

Beauty in quality of paint and in colour is another of Anne Goldthwaite's values. Of Harold Bauer she made two studies, one, the direct one, was exhibited, but I infinitely prefer the one she calls an extract of the other. Having finished working from the sitter she took a fresh canvas and made a portrait from memory, and this is the one which I think has in it the real Bauer.

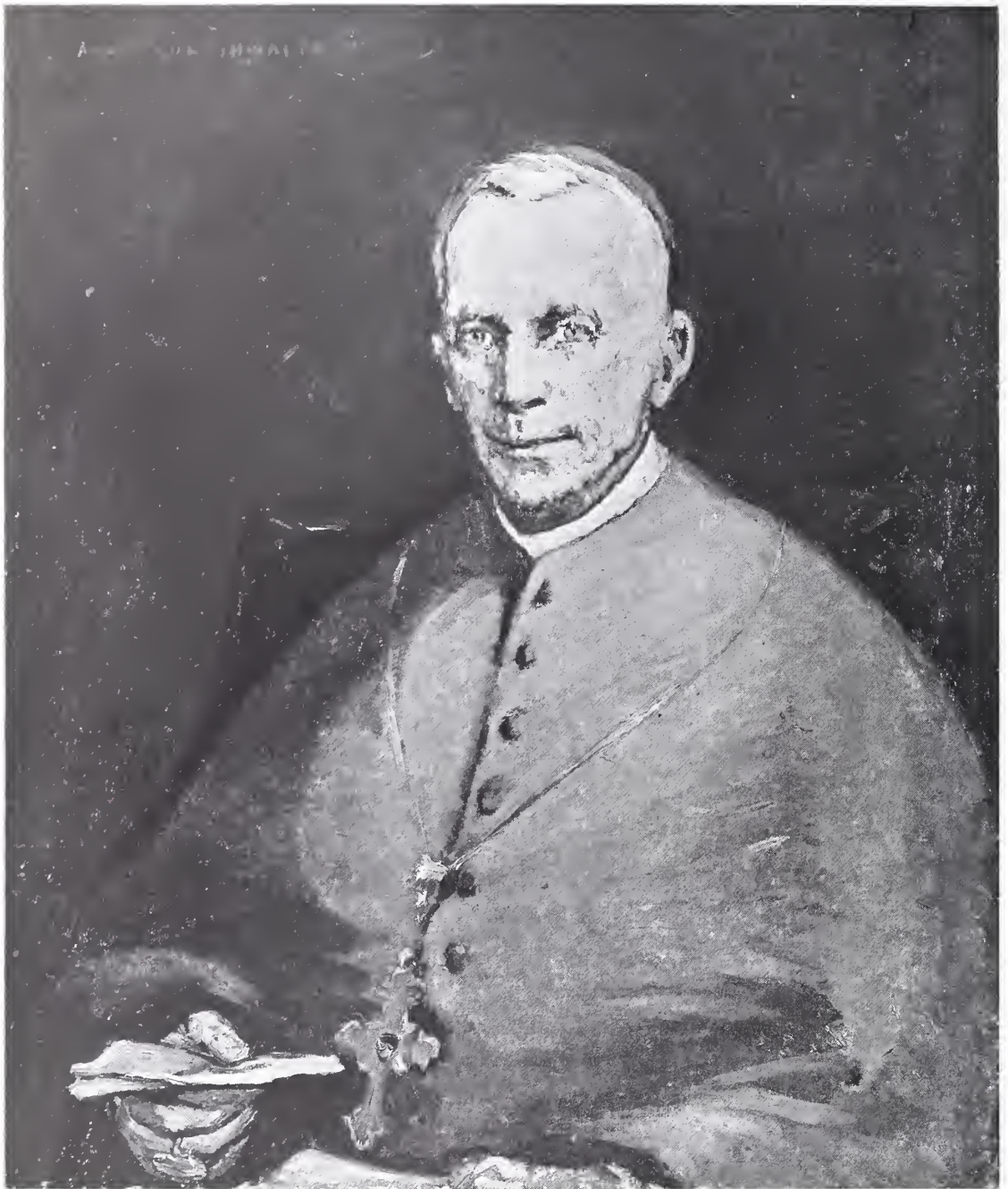
Mr. Charles Caffin liked best of all the portraits exhibited the one of Cardinal Gibbons—which certainly is the most complete and final of her statements; and after all the many portraits of cardinals it was remarkable that she should have been able to present a fresh point of view. She certainly does see with her own eyes, and her seeing is clear and to the point.

There is something very American in her outlook and her racial characteristics come out in all her work. For she is Southern to the fingertips; her Parisian education has not perverted her national spirit.

She is essentially an American painter, with American quickness to grasp surface qualities and reduce them to a common factor, with American directness and clear-headed cut-and-driedness. There is no uncertainty about Anne Goldthwaite's work, no mystery, and there is very much skill; skill, too, in the total neglect of the unessential, and it is skill of a very high order.



SELF-PORTRAIT  
BY ANNE GOLDTHWAITE



PORTRAIT OF CARDINAL GIBBONS  
BY ANNE GOLDTHWAITE



AN AMERICAN BOY  
BY ANNE GOLDTHWAITE

## *Anne Goldthwaite as a Portrait Painter*

If you come to think of it, remembering the millions of portraits there have been, it is no common talent which can place a head on a canvas in such a way that (without being eccentric) the pose appears new. You forget all the portraits you have seen before when you see this easy and fluid style.

In his introduction to her catalogue Martin Birnbaum told the history of her style: which is never the ease of a slap-dash painter, but always of one who has outgrown a fine discipline. More than fifteen years ago she learnt with William Shirlaw, after which she went to Paris (in 1907).

She was quick to understand the young movement which was longing for new forms of expression. "At that time," says Mr. Birnbaum, "Cézanne was still living. Gauguin, fresh from Tahiti, was making his first great sensation. Impressionism was dethroned." Personally I cannot accept the phrase of Impressionism dethroned, because I do not see that a new idea in art overthrows the last; it seems to me on the contrary that beside the throne of Impressionism another throne was erected in keeping with the spirit of the succeeding generation. It seems to be obvious that new schools of art never "overthrow" the last ones. We reverence Goya in spite of Velasquez and we value Velasquez more than we do Manet even now. I cannot see that Gauguin overthrew El Greco or that, in a word, one artist does anything to the work of another.

We can still love the work of Manet and his group and if it appears to us extraordinary that anything so conventional could have caused such a revolution it is merely because we have got used to it and have seen more unconventional things! We do not any longer think Democracy extraordinary—and already that is going to be a back number; it is interesting to realize that a finer credo can overthrow a political platform—but that nothing can alter the value of a great work of art, because as Leonardo da Vinci said: "*Cosa belle mortal passa, e non d'arte,*" or as the Gaels said long before Leonardo was thought of: "*Thig criochair an t'saighal ach mairigh goail is ceol.*" (This world passes, but love and music live forever.)

If you believe in evolution (even if it is only a wheel-like evolution in a widely recurring cycle of development) it will not seem to overthrow

anything when a new group forms professing new ideas in art. To me it is a perfectly natural phenomena. At the outset there may and will be "confusion—natural and inevitable"—this confusion is the friction without which there can be no birth.

Accordingly a small group of artists, of whom Anne Goldthwaite was one, agreed to meet at 86 Notre Dame des Champs for the purpose of trying to solve their difficulties; and they asked Charles Guérin, the president of the painters' section of the Autumn Salon to come in at regular intervals and criticize. He preached nature and tradition to the Academie Moderne. Each summer the circle would leave Paris and repair to the Ile-aux-Moines, Cassis en Midi, or to Fontenay-aux-Roses, to work without interruption.

The great war scattered them. Guérin went to the trenches—and Anne Goldthwaite returned to America. Her etchings had already become public property—owned by the Congressional Library and other institutions.

To many people all talk of art may seem irrelevant now; art itself may seem futile to them; but they do not see beneath the surface and forget that even in the wildest tempest the bottom of the ocean is still; beneath every turmoil there is calm, and the end of all striving is peace. Artists know this; and the more enlightened know that art is an essential organ of Human Life—"one of the conditions of Human Life" and civilization has brought with it the development of this organ in the life of women which grows every year more full of promise and power.

An interesting point about technique was raised one day when Anne Goldthwaite met an artist who believed that good painting consisted in carrying the work as far as possible "in finish."

"Yes," said Anne Goldthwaite, "I believe in that if it does not mean that the freshness and spontaneity is lost. . . . I would 'finish' if I could do so without losing the vitality I get by leaving off. I carry as far as I can without spoiling; as time goes on I shall probably do more, but at present I find the way I do is the only way for me."

Her art is practically all the result of natural talent and experience: she took to painting like a fish to water, and had none of the struggle that usually falls to the lot of women artists. And she certainly takes her place as one of the best living portrait painters of her sex.

## Art and the Magazine Cover

### ART AND THE MAGAZINE COVER

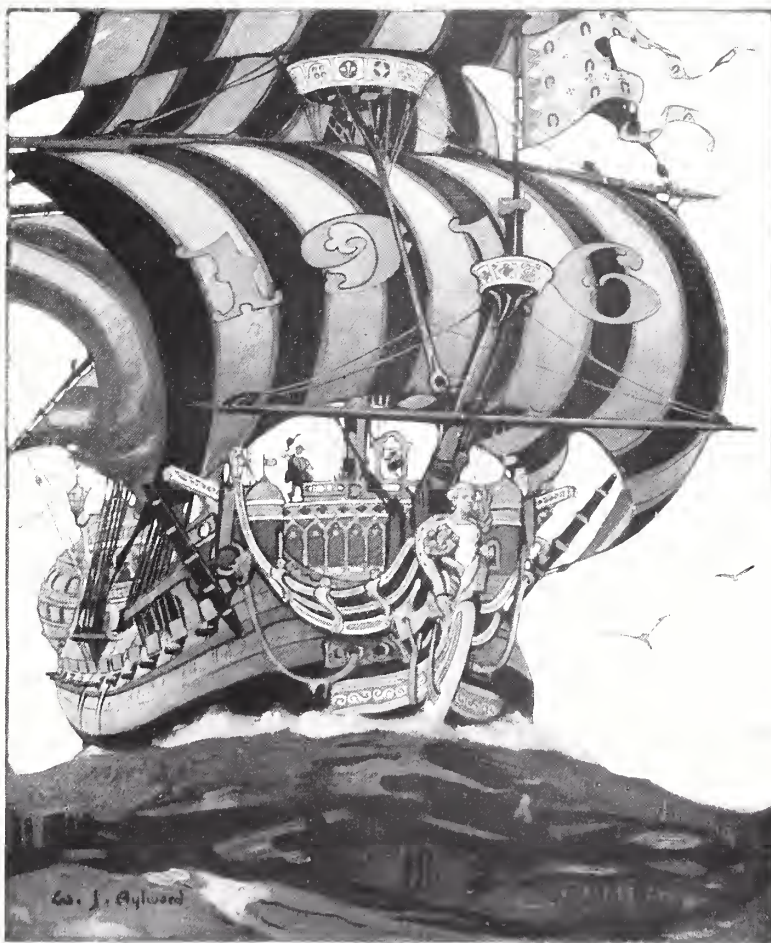
BY W. H. DE B. NELSON

**A**RT AND THE MAGAZINE COVER  
THERE is nothing so compelling as custom. Force of habit tends to deaden the senses to fitness, and it is only when some bold innovator comes along and blazes a fresh trail that we commence to realize how futile the old track has been. We need shaking and waking in all departments. For years we have been confronted, and are still being confronted, with different insipid types of magazine cover designs stretching in interminable rows at the bookstalls, tier upon tier, heralding each new issue of the popular magazine. These types may be generally summed up as "Kiss-mommy," "Pretty Girl," and "Suggestive."

Dozens of periodicals vie with one another, week by week, or month by month, in reproducing chorus girls and artists' models in every conceivable pose, with blonde tresses, cherry lips, and the usual battery of forceful and abounding charms. We have no quarrel with "The Pretty Girl" *per se*, but it is possible to have too much of her. The news stalls fairly bristle and blaze with visions of fair damsels playing their part, according to the season. The winter cover portrays a ravishing face hovering above a huge muff with a saucy little cap to match, and a discreet sprinkling of snow to give the proper winter spirit. A fine rhythmic composition is attained by the skating and skiing maid whilst the motoring and tobogganing ladies are captivating variants of the eternal theme. Just at present the approaching bathing season gives the artist grand opportunities for depicting gleaming necks and rosy limbs encased in neat little crea-

tions from Trouville or Dieppe. Venus in a crimson cap with lips to match emerges from the crest of a purple wave, giving a pleasing and anticipatory suggestion of Atlantic City. And so *ad infinitum*. The brew is very simple, the only ingredient for a thousand such dishes is a fashion-plate beauty and a change of condiments to suit the palate.

Of recent years a change for the better has been noticeable and a slight relief from Kiss-mommy and Lovely Alice, with other banalities, has sporadically attracted attention. Amid this welter of prize beauties, bewitching madonnas, and all-too-attractive Phrynes, a cover appeared in March of a totally different nature and immediately invited notice throughout the States; and, strange to say, the design contained no trace of Lovely Alice nor of any of her sisters. It was birds.



Courtesy The Ladies' Home Journal

A COVER DESIGN

BY W. J. AYLWARD



*Courtesy The Ladies' Home Journal*

A COVER DESIGN  
BY CARTON MOOREPARK





*Courtesy The Ladies' Home Journal*

A COVER DESIGN  
BY CARTON MOOREPARK

## *Art and the Magazine Cover*

The decorative significance of the *Ladies' Home Journal* issue for March, 1916, with its cover design by Carton Moorepark at once marked out the Curtis Publishing Company as pioneers of the best quality of design in magazine covers and as a firm gifted with prescient knowledge of the real public taste. The enthusiasm evoked on all sides plainly shows that the public is perfectly able to appreciate the good and to give it preference over the vulgar or commonplace. Where the high-water mark of cover design lies none can say, but at least it may be affirmed that this new departure has raised the mark very considerably above its previous level. A standard of excellence has been set and bids fair to be maintained.

Beyond a limited list of constant subscribers the disposal of the popular magazine depends far more upon cover than contents. The passer-by seldom looks beyond the outer leaf in selecting an armful, so that the message sent forth by the cover is of far-reaching results. That Birds have defeated Beauties in this forum of public opinion testifies to an inherent taste for better things in the public mind, proving in fact that the average person possesses, even though mildly, an aesthetic perception which might under favorable circumstances develop into connoisseurship and devotion to the real principles of art.

We all know the origin of *toujours perdrix*, how a French monarch rebuked his minister for intimating that he should pay more devotion to his wife, the queen, than to the ladies of the court, whereupon the hapless minister was incarcerated for a while, but treated with every kindness excepting that at each and every meal partridge was served. The moral is easy to supply and it applies to the Pretty Girl upon the magazine cover. Let her, by all means, continue to smile upon us, but not to the exclusion of all other subjects equally worthy to be artistically rendered. It is only when she nauseates by persistent appearance that we wish her condemned to the hoardings and the chocolate box. The Curtis Publishing Company have deserved well of the public in thus breaking away from that tiresome jade, custom, and encouraging additional ideas.

The design originating what is to be hoped will be a series of Bird Patterns are Cockatoos, followed up by Flamingoes, the latter being, if anything, an improvement upon the first. The features of these productions are novelty of design and restraint. The feeling aroused is that here we have something new and original; something

that does not hark back to the East nor savour of the British academic attitude. We see here birds treated with perfect expression in point of character, their scientific aspects carefully considered with necessary concessions to artistry. In a word they are decorative but truthful, and the unessential has been eliminated. The sole appeal to the aesthetic senses is through pure decoration. It is a step toward that far-off ideal where commercial or utilitarian art shall be inseparable from the beautiful. Birds as motifs for design have not received heretofore such attention in America as in England where the great name of Edwin Alexander and Joseph Crawhall at once occur. The Beggarstaff brothers, the Detmolds, and Carton Moorepark, whose "Book of Birds" won him reputation as far back as 1898, are worthy followers of the tradition.

We do not for a moment suggest the elimination of the Maid and an endless chain of Bird designs in exchange. Perish the thought! That would be a still more flagrant example of *toujours perdrix*. All we ask is more taste and discrimination, greater artistry in the cover and above all things, more variety. Willy Pogany for the *Metropolitan Magazine* frequently selects for his pattern young women of bewitching face and form, but he renders them with imagination and charm, consequently they make universal appeal and are thus aesthetically satisfying. The same applies to many humorous or satirical covers issued by *Vanity Fair* and *Vogue*. We protest against mere meaningless pulchritude, amorous rubbish turned out by cheap craftsmen with brains as light as the material they produce. Such stuff is commercialism without a suspicion of art to conceal it.

The Magazine Cover viewed as the popular-picture gallery has great possibilities and the illustrations here shown are evidence that the Curtis Publishing Company are fully alive to the opportunities which this field of endeavour presents and are utilizing the services of men who refuse to pander to a section of the public endowed with tastes that are stupid or vulgar. The insipid pretty-girl head is not the alpha and omega of the magazine cover.

We heard recently of a publisher who was on the look-out for a "snappy" "Life of Christ." So much "snap" wanders into the magazine covers that possibly the supply is insufficient even for so praiseworthy an object.

*Ernest Lawson*



WINTER

BY ERNEST LAWSON

**E**RNEST LAWSON  
BY A. E. GALLATIN

A STRONG school of painters has of late years grown up in America, in which the landscapists much more than hold their own. This particular group is to-day certainly equal to that existing in any other country. Wyant, Inness and Martin were among the pioneers; the present leaders of this very numerous school include Childe Hassam and Alden Weir, who may be termed the veterans, insomuch that recognition came to them some time ago and that their place among the more important of contemporary American painters is firmly established. These two artists possess not only individuality, style, sensitive vision, a splendid colour sense, but also freedom from mere cleverness and any taint of the academic.

With regard to the landscape artists who have only very recently come to the fore, whose reputations have yet to be won, there is one painter

who easily detaches himself and rises well above his fellow artists, who possesses unmistakable genius, individualism, and true inspiration; I refer to Ernest Lawson. Another artist, not far behind Lawson in accomplishment, who also belongs to this category, is the brilliant Hayley Lever.

Lawson enjoys the unstinted admiration of those artists whose opinions are most to be valued, the critics have been unanimous in paying the highest tributes to his ability, the *amateurs*, although the class, as distinguished from collectors, in America is an extremely small one, have been eager to obtain examples of his work. Recognition by the larger public has, however, as yet been withheld, although, now that their opinion has been formed for them, the public is rapidly coming to see the genius of this man, collectors are on his track, the principal museums are acquiring his canvases, the exhibitions accepting his pictures and awarding them medals. Within a year the Metropolitan Museum, ever ready to welcome the really vital in contemporary paint-

## Ernest Lawson

ing, has purchased a picture, and the Panama-Pacific Exposition awarded him a gold medal.

This tardy recognition of a talent so really sincere and genuine is all the more remarkable when we consider the modern fashion of acclaiming and booming the half-baked beginner, of displaying his immature and mediocre efforts, of writing about him at length; when we consider that even the Cubists for a time were taken seriously. Not many painters to-day seem to have

artist, as it is also to write the first consideration of his work.

The French Impressionists above all other artists of modern times made the greatest contribution to art. The portrait painters of the past two or three hundred years have given us nothing as fine as what went before; in fact, if we except a few pictures, such as the portrait of a woman by Degas belonging to Mrs. Gardner, in Boston, and Whistler's painting of Miss Alex-



THE SQUATTER'S HUT

BY ERNEST LAWSON

the inclination to perfect themselves in their art; they insist upon the short cut, they are content to parade their box of tricks. This is why the average exhibition of modern pictures is so depressing, so tedious. With Lawson we have an artist who paints for the joy of painting, whose reward is seeing his art advance to greater heights. Fame and success mean about as little to him as they did to Degas: they have come to him, but he has not sought them. Certainly it is a pleasure then to consider the paintings of such an

ander, pronounced by George Moore to be the most beautiful and perfect portrait in the world, the art has steadily declined. In landscape, however, thanks to the discoveries of the Impressionists, something new has been said. Landscape art as we understand it to-day is a modern development, very few of the old masters ever essaying a landscape for its own sake, but only as a background for their pictures. The exceptions were Hobbema, Ruysdael, Rembrandt, Claude, and a few others, including Vermeer,

## Printing from Wood Blocks

whose view of Delft is far and away the greatest landscape ever painted. These men were prodigious artists, but they did not have the faintest conception how to introduce vibration into their landscapes, how to flood their canvases with the light and air; neither had the Barbizon men, or Constable and his school, the latter the first artists to take their easels out-of-doors. This was the discovery of the Impressionists, of Manet, Monet, Pissarro, Renoir, Sisley.

The impressionists' technique was, however, at first more scientific than artistic. Later they developed it, still employing the colours of the spectrum, but abandoning the technique of painting in dots. Lawson, an innovator, like all artists of real genius, has pushed these discoveries and developments even further. There is as much sparkle and sense of outdoors in his picture entitled *Winter*, here reproduced, as there is in a Monet, but there is nothing at all eccentric or unpleasant in his technique. Nor is there in the *Squatter's Hut*, painted in 1914, a year earlier than his *Winter*. He has always gone straight to nature for his inspiration and painted his picture in a sane and sincere manner, combining strength with a lyric quality, virility with tenderness. Such a canvas is the scintillating *Road at the Palisades*, sold last January in the Hugo Reisinger sale and now beautifully hung between two Monets at the Saint Louis Museum of Fine Arts. His brush work and his use of the palette knife is forceful and vigorous, full of spontaneity. He has a great sense of colour and there are in his paintings delicious passages of greens and blues, but never even a suggestion of "sweetness." As drawing and structure have not concerned him as much as has colour, black and white reproductions of his paintings give only a hint of their beauty.

Lawson's art is realistic, but he abhors the sordid and the ugly (so many moderns wrongly think this is synonymous with character). He paints the prosaic, but seen through the eyes of an artist, not through the lens of a camera. This is what Whistler did, waiting for the poetry of the evening mist on the embankment, or for darkness, as he said, to change the poor factory into a campanile. And Lawson has also found beauty at home: for many years he lived in the northern part of Manhattan Island, near the Washington Bridge, and this is where he has painted many of his pictures, even as Rembrandt found beauty in the Jewish quarter in Amsterdam.

## PRINTING FROM WOOD BLOCKS BY ARTHUR WESLEY DOW

I HAVE been asked to say something about my colour prints. *Printing in water-colour, from a wood block cut with a knife*, is the subject of these few paragraphs. *The side of the board is used, not the end. The colour is applied with a brush, and the paper laid upon the block and rubbed down.* The process is so different from ordinary printing—with *inks* on a press—that it may fairly be called "painting with wood blocks."

It is a painter's art, for creative colour is the aim and purpose of the whole thing. It is a free craft, for the artist is his own engraver, printer, and publisher, producing, by hand, single prints, no two alike.

Colour variation has always fascinated me. There is a peculiar pleasure in seeing the same design appear in different colours—the design seems to have a soul in each colour-scheme. I remember these sensations in childhood when I found in a garret two copies of the famous "Blue-back" spelling-book with the wood cuts of the fables coloured differently in each—the fox was red in one, but blue in the other. This was a surprise, the same kind of surprise that comes many times over to the collector of Hiroshige's prints.

Then too, I was familiar with another sort of colour variation. The Ipswich sailors painted their boats in bright hues, using different colours for the inside, outside and streak. They had a limited palette—dark blue, canary yellow, orange, orange-red, several greens, black and white. They were not content to keep a colour scheme very long, in fact they varied it from year to year, perhaps borrowing one another's paint pots when they freshened up the boats in the spring. "Smart as paint," said John Silver.

These boats were like colour prints as they lay on the shore in the dark shadow of the willows, or slanted in companies down the heaps of white clam shells—and the tide and the sailors always kept new combinations going.

Under the spell of these, and the old picture books, I tried to make wood engravings to colour by hand, but it was not until I became acquainted with Japanese prints that I found a simple way of creating colour variations. The Boston Museum's vast collection showed me every pos-

## Printing from Wood Blocks

sibility of this art, but for one who wanted to practise it little information was accessible.

However, I experimented with the Japanese process, choosing as subjects the shore of Ipswich River with the boats, old houses, bridge and willows, printing many colour variations of each motif. A series of ten colour prints called *Along Ipswich River*, intended to be bound in book form, was produced at that time. *The Dory* was cut with a partial outline, whilst *Old Houses on Ipswich River* has a complete outline, or "key-block." The entire set was engraved upon pine which is easier to cut in broad lines, and gives soft tones. I next tried larger sizes, some with a key-block where every space is outlined, some without a key-block, giving the effect of a wash drawing. In 1895 I exhibited at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts the ten subjects with many variations; the larger prints; a book with printed silk covers and six illustrations; a page of text cut in wood; a portfolio cover and a poster—two hundred numbers in all. Professor Fenollosa wrote the introduction to the catalogue, published by the museum.

From that day to this I have made wood-block colour prints, largely as a recreation, choosing my subjects from the familiar New England shore landscape. A description of the making of one print will answer for all: First, a key-block is cut in maple, then several copies are printed on *dry* Japanese paper. These are pasted, face down, upon four other blocks, thus ensuring accurate registry. After marking each space intended to carry colour, the rest is cut away. The registry is accomplished, as it always is, by two marks, one at the corner, the other at the side of each block. For a print without a key-block I find tracing and transfer paper to be best, making sure to include the registry marks on each one. For printing I use a fairly thick porous Japanese paper, wetting every third sheet and putting them under a weight the *day before*. The blocks are charged with bristle brushes of various sizes. The Japanese use a thick brush, about  $2\frac{1}{2}'' \times 1\frac{1}{2}''$  at the end. This absorbs too much colour, unless one is attempting very large prints. Colour is brushed on freely, paying no attention to the hollow places—the paper will not sink into them if you are careful. Ordinary tube water-colours may be used, but the printer with whom I worked in Japan had powdered colours, mixed in water, a bottle of each. He

relied on the sizing of the paper to fix his tones, but I have preferred to use thin paste or gum, and glycerine, with powdered colours.

The dampened paper is laid upon the block and rubbed with a circular pad, which causes it to take up the wet colour. The best is, of course, the Japanese "baren" made of a bamboo leaf stretched over a hollow pasteboard disk. The difficulty of obtaining one of these, to say nothing of *making* one, has led to a search for a good substitute. I have found a finely corrugated glass, cut round, about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches in diameter, to work very well. The paper must be kept of uniform moisture until the entire series is printed. This is done by putting the prints between sheets of damp blotting paper. Ten prints is the largest number that can be produced comfortably at one sitting—six will be quite sufficient.

The special advantages of this art-craft are, first of all, colour *quality*, then colour *variation*. In painting, the water-colour settles into the paper, but in a wood-block print it lies upon the tops of the fibres allowing the luminous tone of the paper to shine through. In this it is like the colour of the best pottery, say Chinese of the Sung dynasty, where the tones lie lightly over a luminous under colour. The old fresco paintings have a similar elusive glowing effect.

Among Japanese colour printers, Harunobu and Kiyonaga are the supreme masters of this quality.

Colour variation I have already touched upon. Mr. Fenollosa remarked that this process "utilizes the lost chances." A painting shows forth a single colour-idea that the artist brings out of his mind. There may be many others floating there, but they cannot all be made visible without infinite labour. With the wood blocks once cut he may seize them all—there is no limit. This is why some wood-block printers will not destroy their blocks. No two prints need ever be exactly alike. The slight variations give a special personal character to each print.

This process affords a very simple method of producing gradations. Merely dip the brush in water or another colour, sweep it across the block in broad swift strokes, and the gradation or blending is accomplished.

So much for wood-block printing in the Japanese way! But I have found that *printer's inks* on the *printing press* can be made to yield similar qualities, especially if the blocks are cut in *linoleum*—but that is another story.



ON OLD HIGH STREET, IPSWICH

BY ARTHUR WESLEY DOW



THE BLUE HOUSE

BY ARTHUR WESLEY DOW

THE UNIVERSAL APPEAL

**T**HE UNIVERSAL APPEAL  
"BUT Robinson paints popular pictures!" exclaimed the Earnest Seeker.

"And I sell them for him," retorted the Picture Dealer quickly. "What then?"

"You are both violating the sacredness of art—making a market-place of the holy of holies," answered the Earnest Seeker.

"Do you mean to say," demanded the Picture Dealer, "that a picture gains in value as a work of art in exact ratio to its unsalability? Is a picture that the public likes always a bad picture, and vice versa?"

"It's more likely to be bad than good," answered the Earnest Seeker.

"It's more likely to be good," said the Picture Dealer promptly. "My experience is that the man who 'knows what he likes' will like something good almost every time. Why? Because he has the courage of his convictions—and the man of courage is generally intelligent."

"Or a blithering idiot," put in the Earnest Seeker. "It has been said somewhere by somebody that fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

"Fools and critics," said the Art Critic, smiling. "After all, as you have both delicately hinted to me more than once, the professional critic is no wiser or better informed than the man who 'knows what he likes.' Therefore, though you haven't asked me, I shall proceed to step forward and air my opinions.

"Most assuredly I do not believe that the painter who is in popular favour is of necessity an indifferent artist. He may be—he probably is—a very good one, a top-notch. Certainly, he knows his business—and that business is to preach his message of beauty to as many people as he can possibly reach. How will he do it? Not by sacrificing his ideals, not by lowering his standard of accomplishment, not by painting what is essentially false and passing it on for truth.

"This is what he will do: He will make his art big, simple, direct, choosing a theme of universal appeal, one that is of interest to the learned and the unlearned, the proletarian and the savant. He will paint his picture to the best of his ability, make it as beautiful as he knows how, tell as much of nature as he has discovered, express as much as he has felt (and no more)—

and always try to be understood. This is no easy task. If you doubt me, try it yourselves. Only the elect in art are big enough to accomplish it fully—the Angelos, the Rembrandts, the Shakespeares.

"The painters' painter and the poets' poet are something very rare and precious, no doubt, but they are not for me and the public. We don't understand them. We find them rather unbalanced—too much absorbed in the expression of mere feeling, or the exploitation of mere technique for its own sake, too much this or too much that. They haven't got the right grip on things—or so, at any rate, it seems to us. Anyhow, they think we're all unenlightened nincompoops, and show their contempt in every stroke of brush or pen. They do their best to bewilder us—and we have a wholesome dislike of unnecessary mystification. They may be deep—these painters and poets—but we strongly suspect them of being merely turbid.

"I hold that art is for the many, not the few; that the best art, other things being equal, is that which reaches the greatest number; that it should choose for its expression the subjects in which we are all more or less interested, and that simple and sincere art is not cheap or trite just because simple and sincere lovers of art care for it and understand it. I also hold that simple and sincere art is the art that lives the longest.

"Which reminds me that an artist who is at once popular with painters and public is about to hold an exhibition in a down-town gallery. I am credibly informed, Earnest Seeker, that you have found much to admire in his paintings, and that you, Picture Dealer, have handled not a few of them. I therefore conclude that my belief in the universal appeal in art is not misplaced. When doctors of two such opposite schools agree, there is surely the hope of long and prosperous life for the patient!"

**A** MUNICIPAL FLAG FOR AUSTIN, TEXAS

THE city of Austin invites a competition in design for a flag which shall be simple yet expressive of some salient characteristics of the town. Designs to be submitted by October 2. Information obtainable from the chairman of the jury, Mr. F. E. Giesecke, School of Architecture, University of Texas, Austin, Texas.



# THE STUDIO

## M R. ARTHUR WARDLE'S PASTEL PAINTINGS.

EACH of the mediums which are at the disposal of the artist has certain qualities of its own which make it particularly suitable for some type of artistic expression—qualities which are peculiar to it and by which it is specially adapted for the effective realisation of the artist's intention. The painter who has sufficiently studied the resources of his craft and knows by right comparison which method will serve him best in the work he has undertaken, selects his medium with an accurate prescience of the results which he proposes to attain, and uses its technical characteristics as important means to the end at which he aims. The medium may even become to him a matter of temperamental preference, and the choice of it may be dictated by his inherent aesthetic instinct: he may find in its mechanical peculiarities some

definite advantages which are helpful in making more convincing the personal purpose of his art.

In other words, the material he adopts for the expression of his ideas counts as one of the essentials of his practice, and he adopts it in preference to any other because he feels that with its assistance alone he can set forth fully the ideas that he wishes to convey to his public. He may be, it is true, a master of more than one medium; but in that case he keeps them apart, using each one according to the demands of the work he has to carry out, and making it fulfil the executive mission for which it is obviously fitted. The medium, in fact, becomes the language of his art: a language he knows so well that he can think in it and translate instinctively into its idioms the fancies he has in his mind; that he does not mix his idioms or confuse one language with another is the proof that his knowledge is complete—evidence that he



STUDY OF A TIGRESS EATING  
LIX. No. 233.—JULY 1916

BY ARTHUR WARDLE

## Arthur Wardle's Pastel Paintings

has obtained a full command over main principles as well as minor details.

An excellent illustration of the way in which this absolute command over different mediums can be acquired by the artist who is a serious student of technical processes is provided in the work of Mr. Arthur Wardle. An able oil painter he has proved himself to be by the number of important canvases he has produced: all of them are distinguished by admirable significance of brushwork and by appropriate strength of statement, and all have that thoroughness of handling which is possible only to the painter who has analysed and investigated the properties of the oil medium. In none of them is there any suggestion of imperfect knowledge, in none is there any hint that he as a craftsman is not fully equal to the tasks he undertakes; the response of his hand to his mental intention is as sensitive and intimate as it well could be, and no hesitation or lack of conviction ever diminishes the power of his expression.

But he is quite as skilful in his management of a medium which has properties and qualities very unlike those by which oil painting is distinguished—which has, indeed, characteristics that are in many respects just the opposite of those that the oil painter has to study. As a pastellist Mr. Wardle has taken a place in the modern British school which he can hardly be said to share with anyone else, a place gained by sheer strength of artistic personality. He has a brilliant appreciation of the genius of pastel, of its distinctive qualities as well as its natural limitations, and he knows exactly how far it is to be depended upon in his pictorial practice. He uses it with delightful dexterity and with a sureness of touch that proves him to be fully acquainted with its mechanical peculiarities and to have an entirely correct judgment of its technical resources.

That he should have sought for and obtained such a thorough command over the pastel medium is natural enough. As a painter

of animals Mr. Wardle needs especially to have at his disposal a painting method which is both sure and rapid, which will enable him to arrive at his full results in the shortest possible time, and which will not hamper him by any lack of immediate responsiveness. In pastel he has a process which is both mechanically convenient and artistically satisfying, a process which goes smoothly from start to finish and which has in all its devices the merit of absolute simplicity. Unlike oil or water-colour it does not involve the use of a great deal of apparatus and it does not need either preliminary preparation or subsequent delay while the pigments are drying. The pastel chalks enable both drawing and painting to be done at one operation and give instantly both the colour and tone required, and the touches set down remain unaltered, neither darkening like oil paint nor lightening like water-



"HEAD OF A LIONESS"

BY ARTHUR WARDLE



"A RHODESIAN LION" FROM A  
PASTEL STUDY BY ARTHUR WARDLE





STUDY OF A PUMA FOR A BRONZE

BY ARTHUR WARDLE



"LION CUBS"

BY ARTHUR WARDLE

## Arthur Wardle's Pastel Paintings

colour—the artist has not, while at work, to make allowances for subsequent changes in the general effect of his picture.

What all this means to the animal painter, who has to work always at the fullest possible speed, can be easily understood. His sitters will not obligingly pose for him and keep, like the trained model, for hours in the same position. They are restless subjects and seem to take a sort of malignant pleasure in adding to his difficulties by sudden changes of attitude and by unexpected movements intended apparently only to disconcert him. They have a way too of resenting the gaze of the artist who is studying them and they show their resentment often by a sort of sulky protest which makes them peculiarly unaccommodating.

So the painter, faced with such difficulties, must be prepared to do what he can in the briefest possible time, to set down in a few minutes perhaps a complicated piece of draughtsmanship and to express with a few touches an elaborate arrangement of colour and light and shade. He has no time to deliberate or to experiment; if he cannot realise at once what he sees his chance is gone—and there is little hope that he will ever have it again. The shortening and simplifying of the

process by which his results are obtained is obviously a matter of much moment to him, and it is evident that the medium which will bring these results within his reach with the smallest amount of mental and physical wear and tear is the one which is best adapted to meet the demands made upon him by his art.

Certainly, Mr. Wardle has been able to do with pastel much that would have hardly been attainable by any other means. His pastel pictures and studies of animal subjects can assuredly be said to owe not a little of their interest to the material in which they are executed—and this without implying any disparagement of his powers either as an observer or an executant. It is obvious that an artist who chooses as his particular subject for study something which requires an unusual promptness of perception and exceptional rapidity of interpretation must be to some extent dependent for his success upon the painting process he employs. If he is hindered by the implements of his craft, some diminution in the capacity of his work to convince is inevitable; if the mechanism he has to control is helpful and responsive the strength of his personality has a far better chance of asserting itself and of being recognised by other people.



"A MALAYAN TIGER"

BY ARTHUR WARDLE



"SNARLING LION." FROM A PASTEL  
STUDY BY ARTHUR WARDLE.





*Arthur Wardle's Pastel Paintings*



STUDY OF A LIONESS EATING

BY ARTHUR WARDLE



STUDY OF A TIGER EATING

BY ARTHUR WARDLE



"POLAR BEARS"  
BY ARTHUR WARDLE

## Arthur Wardle's Pastel Paintings

That is why it is true to say that Mr. Wardle owes something of a debt to his pastel materials. With their aid he has been able to show us with a fascinating spontaneity and directness what a very great deal he knows about animals and how intimately acquainted he is not only with the details of their physical conformation and structure but also with their subtleties of character and their habits of life. As he has little reason to fear that he will be left behind in the race against time he can go deeper than most men beneath the surface of his subjects, and can make us see that he approaches them with the inquiring spirit of the naturalist quite as much as with the vision of the painter.

Indeed, it is this habit of scientific investigation that gives to his pictures much of their power to arrest and hold the attention of the art lover. A painting of animal life which is merely superficial in representation and does not go beyond a sort of generalisation of salient facts may be momentarily attractive as a pleasant piece of arrangement or an agreeable suggestion, but it will scarcely bear the test of analysis. The trained student of natural history will dismiss it as too vague a thing to be considered seriously or will be offended by inaccuracies which the artist has not succeeded in concealing. And the artist, it must be remembered, has to take into account the opinion of the trained students when he is painting something which can be tested by scientific rules or which is subject to laws that are definitely recognised. It is no good pleading artistic licence against the judgment of the men who know; they will, justifiably enough, condemn mistakes which they can see come from ignorance or careless observation.

Just as it would be absurd for the sea painter to mix up in his picture two kinds of weather and to put in a sky which could not possibly be seen under the wind conditions which produced the wave movement represented, so it would be ridiculous for a painter of animals to arrange them in attitudes which

their anatomical structure would not permit them to adopt, or it would be still more ridiculous to depict them as performing in their native haunts the tricks of the circus beast. The animal painter cannot afford to fall into errors of this description: no matter how ingenious and skilful an executant he may be or how well he may have learned the trade of picture making, he must lose a great measure of his authority in the art world if he cannot add to his technical skill the practical knowledge which comes from detailed study of material facts. He must have an all-round equipment if he is to justify his claim to rank among the men who count in art.

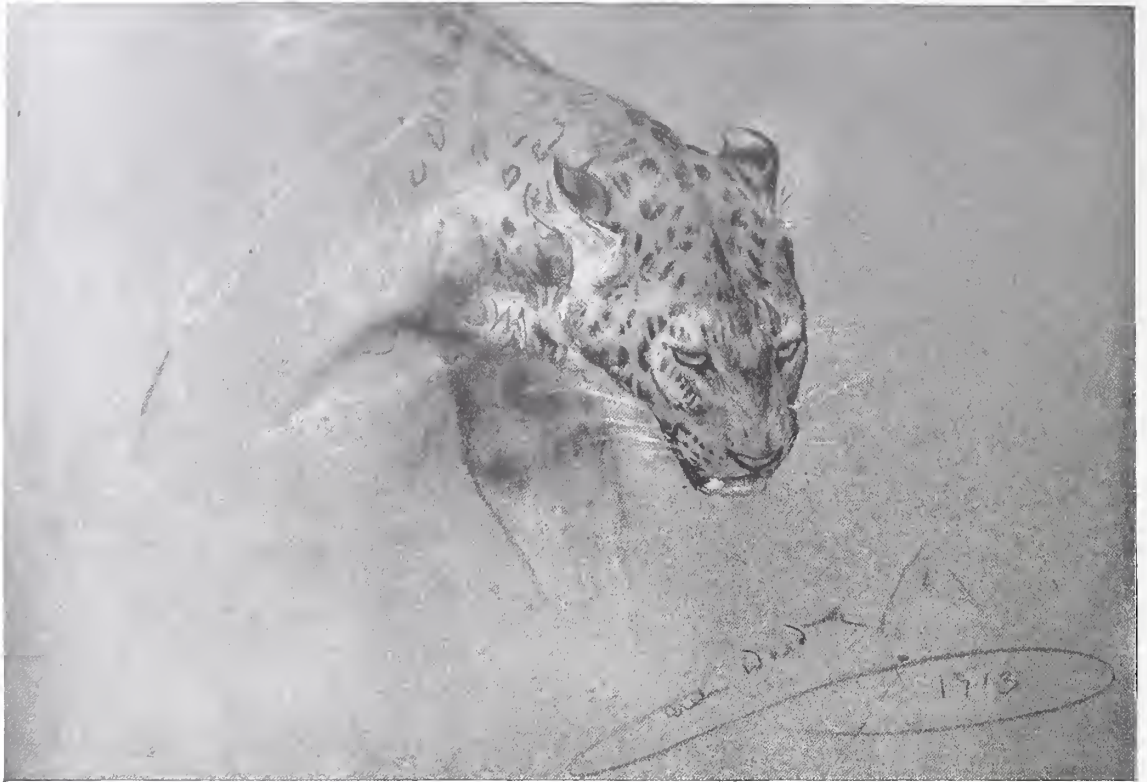
That Mr. Wardle does count as an artist of distinction no one could deny. He has done so much that is memorable and he has built up his



"GREYHOUND STANDING"

BY ARTHUR WARDLE

Arthur Wardle's Pastel Paintings



"INDIAN LEOPARD"

BY ARTHUR WARDLE

reputation so steadily by a succession of notable achievements that his position in British art is wholly secure and the value of his work is fully recognised to day. This position he owes to no lucky accident; it has been assigned to him by general consent because he has proved himself worthy to occupy it and because he has not shirked any of the laborious preparation by which the man who begins by serving an apprenticeship progresses until he is qualified to lead as a master. Only by prolonged and well-applied experience could he have done what he has; only by persistent determination could he have overcome the many difficulties which surround the exacting branch of art practice that he has chosen to follow; only by years of hard and trying work could he have gained the facility and the certainty which give distinction to every phase of his production.

But it is sufficient now to look at such performances as his *Leopards Resting* or the *Leopard on the Alert* to realise what are the results of the years of study he has spent upon his subject. And it is evident that only an artist who had taught himself to look with exceptional precision at what is before him could have grasped animal character as surely

as he has in studies like the *Rhodesian Lion*, the *Polar Bears*, the *Puma*, and the *Snarling Lion*, or in others again like the *Tigress Eating*, the *Head of a Lioness*, and the *Himalayan Tiger*, which are singularly happy in their summing up of a momentary condition of the animal mind. These records are more than things seen; they are felt and understood, and they have that subtle spirit which comes only in the interpretation of an artist who is himself in sympathy with the curious personalities which are presented to him. No artist could paint as Mr. Wardle does if he did not love and respect animals and feel for and with them.

After all, it is just that which makes the painter of animals a success or a failure in his profession. If he starts with a preconception of what animals ought to be and deals with them according to a fixed convention, he can never be really convincing; but if he has the courage to set himself aside and let them teach him what he ought to know—and if he has the power to put what he knows into pictorial form—the highest kind of achievement is within his reach. Mr. Wardle has had this courage, and the pictorial power he indisputably possesses: that is the secret of his success. A. L. BALDRY.



"LEOPARD ON THE ALERT." FROM  
THE PASTEL BY ARTHUR WARDLE.



## The Sculpture of Daniel Chester French

THE RECENT SCULPTURE OF DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH. BY SELWYN BRINTON, M.A.

WHEN I was in the United States in 1906 two masters of their art stood in almost unquestioned supremacy at the head of modern American sculpture. Augustus Saint Gaudens—the creator of the *Abraham Lincoln* of Chicago Park, of that tragic figure of the Rock Creek Cemetery at Washington, of the Boston monument to Gould Shaw, with the “fateful forward march” and sloped bayonets of his advancing soldiers, of the *General Sherman* of Central Park (N.Y.)—is, unhappily, with us no more: but in these ten years which have elapsed since 1906 Daniel Chester French has gone forward, adding to the breadth and dignity of his art, to his already fine achievement in monumental sculpture.

Sculpture in America may be called a new art, even more exactly and directly than America a new country. Born, a timid growth, in the sterile soil of a Puritan tradition, under influences which were hostile even to its existence, much more its free and rich development, it has gone on from one triumph to another—it has developed into something which even America may be proud of, and which in Europe as yet is very inadequately recognised. Had I sufficient space here, I would willingly dilate upon the work which has been done for America by a few men of energy organised together in awakening public attention to the claims of sculpture. I would even suggest whether we might not ourselves borrow a useful lesson in the development of a plastic art within our Empire which has everything in its favour—except adequate public recognition and private interest. But I have a theme here in the recent sculptures of Mr. Daniel Chester French, which claims my whole attention, as well as that of my reader.

Mr. French—whether he is in his New York studio in West Eleventh Street or his country home in Massachusetts, where he has built himself a large studio for his monumental work—is a steady and systematic worker; and any complete record, even of his more recent creations, will call for all my available space.

To judge his recent work we must briefly traverse the past, and shall then form a conception of the whole of the man's art, of its technical achievement and its underlying purpose.

As a matter of fact the young sculptor's first commission was *The Minute Man*—one of those hardy New England farmers who successfully resisted King George III. and his soldiers—which was modelled when the artist was twenty-three years of age, and unveiled in 1875. A visit to Florence—where he worked in the studio of Mr. Thomas Ball, whom I remember myself as a young student in Arno's city—developed his taste; and there followed



“MOURNING VICTORY” (MELVIN MEMORIAL)  
DANIEL C. FRENCH, SCULPTOR

## *The Sculpture of Daniel Chester French*

(1879) that bust of Emerson to which the sage himself paid the compliment of remarking "That is the face I shave."

We shall find in his later work the form of Emerson to re-appear, robed and seated, the keen kindly face looking out quietly and steadily on life and its problems; and this figure, designed for the Public Library of Concord in 1914, just thirty-five years later than that earlier bust from the life, must have been a labour of love, for Mr. French has spoken to me more than once of the delightful hours which his earlier life had shared with the sage of Concord, who seems to have been beloved by all who knew him in that little New England community.

In an article published some three years ago (1913) I endeavoured to press upon public attention the claims of architectural sculpture. In so doing I quoted the words of one of our ablest English architectural sculptors, Mr. Albert Hodge, who had said in Birmingham "The finest sculpture has been architectural, and has had allotted to it a part as important to the integrity of the

whole composition as the column and the entablature"; and I added my own entire support in these words—"In America, under the unfavourable conditions for the plastic arts of a Puritan tradition and inheritance, the energetic propaganda of one society has reversed the whole position, and is filling the United States with architecture and sculpture wedded into noble harmony."

It is now before me to illustrate this remark in the work of Mr. Daniel Chester French, and here his connection with a brilliant American architect, Mr. Cass Gilbert, is of first importance. This connection began, as I believe, with the decorative work of the Minnesota State Capitol at St. Paul, that great white marble structure which is due to Mr. Gilbert's design and contains figure work by our artist; and when Mr. Cass Gilbert added to his earlier successes the New York Customs, it was Mr. French who was to add to his design those groups of the four Continents which are its greatest ornament.

Before coming to these I wish to mention in this connection the decorative group over the doorway of



SPENCER TRASK MEMORIAL, SARATOGA SPRINGS, N.Y.

HENRY BACON, ARCHITECT; D. C. FRENCH, SCULPTOR





"THE SPIRIT OF LIFE"  
(SPENCER TRASK MEMORIAL)  
D. C. FRENCH, SCULPTOR

## The Sculpture of Daniel Chester French

the Historical Society Building at Concord, which was designed by Mr. Guy Lowell of Boston: this group by Mr. French represents on either side the *Genius of Ancient* and of *Modern History*, with between them the Seal of the Historical Society, watched over by Minerva's owl. This is reserved, simple, absolutely decorative; while, among the thirty statues which adorn the exterior of the attic story of Brooklyn Institute, the *Greek Religion* and *Lyric Poetry* by our sculptor are draped female figures treated independently, and of great beauty of type, and the *Epic Poetry* appears as a grand bearded figure of Homer.

When I was in Mr. French's studio at Glendale in 1906 he was actually working on the great groups of the New York Customs, which are now of course in place: the composition is in every case more or less pyramidal and the difficult problems involved have been boldly met and solved. *Europe*, a queenly figure of noble type, with the shrouded form of History as her comrade; *America*, alert and ardent, the Redskin of her past behind her; *Asia*, seated in hieratic pose, the Buddha on her lap, the effulgent Cross behind her, with her feet upon human skulls, are compositions nobly conceived, the detail subordinate to the central thought, the technical handling that of an accomplished master of his art.

To me personally *Asia* is the least pleasing, though I know others do not share that verdict; on the other hand *Africa*, a sleeping woman of Nubian type, the upper part of her form entirely nude, resting her sinewy right arm on the Sphinx

—satisfies me entirely in design and in the central figure. In the slumberous abandon of this grand torso, Michelangelesque in its splendid forms, and recalling the *Night* of the Laurentian Chapel, Mr. French shows that when he selects the nude he can invest it with the same dignity and harmonious beauty as his draped figures: indeed among the great services which he has rendered to American sculpture not the least has been the fact that from first to last his aim has been lofty, his sentiment pure and unsoiled.

The nude lies behind all sculpture — behind every one of the noble draped figures of this American master, who has told me how much in his youth he owed to Dr. Rimmer's masterly analysis of human anatomy. Yet one feels that it would have been—and has been—so easy for the young sculptor, fresh from the *ateliers* of Paris, to exhibit his technical dexterity before the American public in those figures "*des femmes, des jeunes et jolies femmes,*" which were wont to people the central hall of the Paris Salon. Daniel Chester French has in-breathed his art with something of a more solemn music, of a severer, a more austere message. Like the distinguished Italian Leonardo Bistolfi he has been, pre-eminently in his monuments, the sculptor of Death: this very phrase recalls his wonderful



STATUE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN AT LINCOLN,  
NEBRASKA  
D. C. FRENCH, SCULPTOR

group at Forest Hill Cemetery, nor has any monument to dead heroes excelled the lovely figure of *Mourning Victory*.

If in referring to the beginnings of modern American sculpture I have spoken of Puritanism as



STATUE OF EMERSON, PUBLIC LIBRARY, CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS  
D. C. FRENCH, SCULPTOR



"MEMORY." MONUMENT TO MOORHALL  
FIELD, IN GRACELAND CEMETERY,  
CHICAGO. D. C. FRENCH, SCULPTOR

## The Sculpture of Daniel Chester French

being a stony soil to the sculptor's art, it yet possesses qualities to which the highest in that art may best appeal; it is the public which would choose the music of Handel or Elgar before that of Strauss or Offenbach, which will in plastic art prefer the deeper mood to that which is ephemeral. That is the public which the art of Daniel Chester French has claimed, has held for its own in his ideal figures and, in another way, in his portrait work; and it is of supreme importance to this wonderful nascent art of North America that he has been able to do so.

And with this *Mourning Victory* — erected (1910) in Sleepy Hollow to three victims of the Civil War—we are on the threshold of these later years of creative art which are the special theme of this notice. The *General Oglethorpe* — a tribute to the memory of one of the old Colonial Governors of Georgia—belongs to the same year; and to the two years following two beautiful ideal figures which are reproduced here — *Memory* (1911), a monument to Moorhall Field in Graceland Cemetery, Chicago, and the winged angel of the *Kinsley Memorial* (1912) in Woodland Cemetery at New York.

There followed the *Abraham Lincoln*, unveiled in Lincoln City, Nebraska, in September of 1912. Saint Gaudens, too, had presented Lincoln in his Chicago figure, being helped there in the setting by that brilliant architect Mr. Stanford White. It would be invidious to challenge comparison, but Mr. French gives us the very man

in the tense energy of a figure which, with bowed head and clasped hands, is yet alive with purpose, the purpose to save his country.

In the pedestal and setting of this figure Mr. French was assisted by the architect Henry Bacon, as in his figures of *General Draper* (Milford, Mass., 1912), of *Earl Dodge, Emerson*, and the *Trask, Stuyvesant*, and *Longfellow Memorials*.

Earl Dodge, whose figure is reproduced under the title of *The Princeton Student*, was a very prominent member of his class at Princeton, and chiefly responsible for the organisation of the College Young Men's Christian Union. I understand that this organisation has been copied in other colleges with most beneficial results, one of the chief ideas being for the members of the senior classes to fraternise with the younger men.

The *Rutherford Stuyvesant Memorial*, in Tennessee marble, presides over the grave of Rutherford Stuyvesant in the cemetery at Alamuchy, New Jersey, where the great Stuyvesant estate is located; and the Trask Memorial is at Saratoga, on the site of the old Congress Hotel. Mr. French has said to me "This was a wonderful opportunity, because they gave us this entirely unimproved plot of ground and permitted Mr. Bacon, the architect, and Mr.



"THE PRINCETON STUDENT"  
(EARL DODGE MEMORIAL, PRINCETON, 1913)  
DANIEL C. FRENCH, SCULPTOR

Charles W. Leavitt, the landscape gardener, and myself, to treat it as we saw fit. I flatter myself that the result is a sufficient indication of this way of doing things. I do not know whether you know Mrs. Spencer Trask's writings,

## The Sculpture of Daniel Chester French



KINSLEY MEMORIAL, WOODLAND CEMETERY, NEW YORK

D. C. FRENCH, SCULPTOR ; HENRY BACON, ARCHITECT

but she is a remarkable woman, and it was she who suggested that I should make a statue representing *The Spirit of Life*. As she said, I had already made *The Angel of Death*, and why not the reverse, which was what her husband had stood for? Water flows from the bowl which the figure holds in her hand, and gushes from the rock beneath her feet. It is rare that a fountain has any water, but in this case there is an unlimited supply, and perfectly clear sparkling water at that."

*The Angel of Death*—to which Mr. French alludes here—is of course his famous shadowy form arresting the sculptor's hand in the Milmore Memorial at Boston; and the reader will find *The Spirit of Life* as well as its architectural and landscape setting at Saratoga Springs here illustrated. Personally I consider this figure of *Life* as one of the most beautiful imagined in the sculpture of our time. She is buoyant, she almost floats, and radiates vitality; and the setting compels the highest praise to Mr. Bacon and Mr. Leavitt.

This is an appreciation, not a catalogue, and

there are many works of interest which I have to pass by or merely indicate: the lovely adolescent girl guided by her "Alma Mater" in the group of Wellesley College, the *Longfellow Memorial* (Cambridge, Mass. 1914) with in relief behind it the line of figures from the poet's imaginings—Miles Standish, Sandalphon, Evangeline, Hiawatha—the *Genius of Creation*, brooding with outspread wings, while beneath are emergent the naked forms of youth and maid (Panama-Pacific Exposition, 1915), the noble seated figure of *Sculpture* of the same year for the St. Louis Art Museum.

In these last he has treated the human form with the same breadth and dignity as we have found in the Nubian Sleeper or the *Victory* of the Melvin Memorial. Life and Death—great ideas, great characters who stand in history for ideas—the splendid sense of beneficent life, or the sorrow for heroic death, these and such as these form the under-current of his inspiration: such an inspiration as could do justice (if any could) to the issues and silent wounds of this fateful war.





“OUR EVENING ART CLASSES HAVE COMMENCED.”

*Mr. X (our dear Professor, who always puts things so tellingly): “In conclusion, I can only repeat what I said last term—It’s all light and shade, ladies—whether you’re painting a battle piece, a bunch of grapes, or a child in prayer.”*

*(By special permission of the Proprietors of PUNCH)*

DRAWN BY F. H. TOWNSEND

1906



## The Black and White Work of F. H. Townsend

### THE BLACK AND WHITE WORK OF F. H. TOWNSEND. BY MALCOLM C. SALAMAN.

ALTHOUGH "Punch" is proverbially never as good as it was, it nevertheless contrives to go on week by week through the years and the decades amusing the world, and frequently making it think as well as laugh; for still its cartoons can thrill the Empire and cause the Nations to ponder, still with a pictorial joke or satire it can flutter our social doves and titillate the continents. The fact is, "Punch" has created its own art standard, and year in, year out, this is maintained by the collective loyalty, as well as the individual talents, of its artists. It has been thought, of course, that the great "Punch" artists of the past would be irreplaceable, that without Charles Keene's great art the standard must inevitably be lowered; that without du Maurier the social satire could never again shoot the flying folly with the same brilliant effect; that without John Tenniel the cartoon could no more move the nation's heart and conscience. But then, had it not been earlier said that with John Leech the humour of "Punch" had departed? With its happy adaptability to the changing times, however, "Punch" always finds the artists it needs and

deserves; and who shall say that, in the hands of its present brilliant band of draughtsmen, the "Punch" cartoon is less telling than it was in the days so dear to the *laudator temporis acti*, that the pictorial humour is less laughable, the social satire less keen, the spirit of gay pleasantry less persuasive?

Among these graphic artists who are keeping up, with such unfailing humour and vivacity, the reputation of our venerable, yet ever youthful, contemporary, Mr. F. H. Townsend has occupied for the last eleven years a position of peculiar influence and importance, that of art-editor—a position, moreover, which is unique in the traditions of the journal. For it was not till Mr. Townsend was invited to join the famous "Punch" Table in 1905, after having been a regular and popular contributor for nine years, that it was decided to place the editing of the pictorial side of the journal in the hands of a practical artist. Mr. Townsend, therefore, is the first art-editor of "Punch," as distinct from "the Editor," and perhaps the sustained excellence of draughtsmanship and the refined pictorial humour which one finds invariably in the pages of "Punch" owe not a little to his sympathetic influence. A better choice could hardly have been made; for Mr. Townsend is himself a fine draughtsman, with a keen vision for the transient effect of physical



DRAWING FOR "PUNCH" (1896)

BY F. H. TOWNSEND

A great-granddaughter of Fielding has revised "Tom Jones" for home perusal (Daily Paper).  
If the descendants of other last-century novelists show the same enterprise we shall have nursery scenes as above.  
(By special permission of the Proprietors of PUNCH)

## *The Black and White Work of F. H. Townsend*

action, and the momentary expression of character, as well as an intuitive grasp of type, controlled withal by a buoyant sense of humour, and a just feeling for pictorial essentials.

It was in the year 1887 that this now distinguished black-and-white artist first swam into my ken. Aided and abetted by the graphic humours of Bernard Partridge, Dudley Hardy, G. P. Jacomb Hood, and others, I was editing, for Mr.—now Sir William—Lever, a little weekly illustrated journal designed to let sunlight into the homes of the million, and of course I was on the look-out for recruits of talent. Happening to meet Oscar Wilde one day, he spoke to me of a clever student of the Lambeth School of Art who was illustrating stories of his—"Lord Arthur Savile's Crime" and "The Canterville Ghost"—appearing in the "Court and Society Review"; and a few days later the editor of that journal, my friend Phil Robinson, the brilliant war correspondent and most delightful and original of writers on natural history, sent young Townsend to me with a letter of introduction. Nineteen years of age, and still in the schools, he was already earning something of a livelihood by making comic drawings for one or two very popular periodicals, while, besides the Oscar Wilde stories, he was illustrating Phil Robinson's vivid records of war experience and travel adventure, "As told to the Savages." At once I saw that the bright engaging youth had the true illustrator's happy adaptability of intuition, with a facile grace and freedom of draughtsmanship, and during the months that "Sunlight" ran its merry course its pages were brightened by Townsend's drawings, the social scene, the humorous incident, and the romantic illustration. From the first his versatility was in evidence, and when one looks at those drawings done just twenty-nine years ago, comparing them with his work of to-day, one may see how the boy was father to the man; the constructive pictorial sense was there from the earliest, only simplifying with development; the vivacity of

draughtsmanship too, only finding easier, bolder expression.

Mr. Townsend was at the Lambeth School of Art from 1885 to 1889, and his friend and fellow-student Mr. A. J. Finberg, in a recent number of *THE STUDIO*, gave us a jolly glimpse into the school during that period, when there was a notable little group of genuine students there, all inspired by a real delight in art, and all destined to achieve fame. Charles Ricketts, Charles H. Shannon, Raven Hill, F. W. Pomeroy, T. Sturge Moore, these made a stimulating company to work among. But this stimulus was not immediately forthcoming. The Antique Class, then under the able direction of Mr. William Llewellyn, had to be gone through, but the monotony of the routine work with the stump bored the young student, eager to tackle the vital aspects of nature. However, he joined the wood-engraving class at the City and Guilds of London Institute, Kennington Park Road, and this proved his artistic salvation. Not that in wood-engraving Townsend found his métier any more than did John Leech or Fred Walker, Birket Foster, Walter Crane, or Harry Furniss; but in that class, directed by Roberts of the "Graphic," were also studying Ricketts, Shannon, and Raven Hill, and later Sturge Moore; and through the friendly influence of Ricketts and Reginald Savage, Townsend was admitted to the Lambeth life-class—then held in the same building



DRAWING FOR CHELSEA ARTS CLUB FANCY BALL PROGRAMME, BY F. H. TOWNSEND



*(By permission of the Syndics of  
the Cambridge University Press)*

ILLUSTRATION TO SKEAT'S "FABLES AND  
FOLK TALES FROM AN EASTERN FOREST"  
BY F. H. TOWNSEND

## *The Black and White Work of F. H. Townsend*

—two years before the time required by the routine of the school. For a few months he worked upon the wood, copying with the graver a drawing of du Maurier's, but this taxed his patience sorely, while the life-class was the Mecca of his artistic studentship. He gave up reproductive wood-engraving, feeling that it offered him no field for expression, and devoted himself with enthusiasm to the study of the human form. In the life-class he was happy, and when he was not at work in it he would wander about London, together with Mr. Finberg, sketching the life and character that met his view at every turn. All sorts and conditions of men, women, and children he would draw, and every accessible phase of life, with its humours or its pathos. So he widened his range of vision, keeping his eye constantly alert for the pictorial aspects of everyday life. And this practice of ubiquitous sketching as a student has proved of incalculable value to his career as a pictorial journalist and book-illustrator.

The work Mr. Townsend did in the now forgotten "Sunlight" led to his prompt engagement by the "Lady's Pictorial" and the "Illustrated London News," and his career may be said to have been fairly started, for, though he continued his studies a further two years at the Lambeth Art School, his drawing-pen was thenceforward constantly and variously busy. And his temperamental gaiety, with his cheerful, healthy outlook on life, and the ready versatility of his talent, seemed always to invest his work with the grace of enjoyment. His industry was unflagging, but, although most of the brighter picture periodicals welcomed him to their pages, and many commissions for book illustrations were forthcoming from the publishers, his ambition was to work for "Punch." The comic drawings he did for "Judy" and "Pick-me-up" were doubtless stepping-stones to this, and it was a proud day for the young artist when, in 1896, his first "Punch" drawing appeared. We reproduce this here (p. 27), not merely for the sentimental reason that



DRAWING FOR "PUNCH" (1908)

BY F. H. TOWNSEND

"Whit way hae ye gi'en ower smokin', Donal'?"  
"Weel, I find it's no a pleasure. A buddy's ain tebaccy, ye ken, costs ower muckle, and if ye're smokin' another buddy's, ye hae to ram yer pipe sae tight it'll no draw."

(By special permission of the Proprietors of PUNCH)

*The Black and White Work of F. H. Townsend*



“ IF THEY HAD LIVED IN THE DAYS OF GOOD KING GEORGE ! ”

DRAWN BY F. H. TOWNSEND

Mr. William Shakespeare dictates two plays and a sonnet simultaneously.

(Tableau arranged by the Express Typewriting Bureau.)



“ MORE FREEDOM ! ”

DRAWN BY F. H. TOWNSEND

A Teachers' Association paper threatens, among other things, “to place a child in an atmosphere where there are no restraints—where he can move freely about the schoolroom—where the teacher is essentially a passive agent—and where there is no punishment.”

(By special permission of the Proprietors of PUNCH)

## The Black and White Work of F. H. Townsend

it was his first, and so auspicated his distinguished connection with the world-famed comic journal, but because it shows that from the start his humorous drawing was in the true "Punch" tradition of elegance and refinement, while yet quite his own. The three little girls, with their black-stockinged legs and uniform print dresses, sitting in a row on the sofa, avidly reading the eighteenth-century novelists, are pictorially conceived with happily original effect, and the elusive something is here that constitutes the quality of charm which is seldom absent from Mr. Townsend's work, no matter what may be the subject.

As we look over the examples reproduced here, we may see that this charm is not merely a deliberate artistic quality, but a natural reflection of the artist's joyous way of looking at things, that makes for happy observation and spontaneity of record. Look, for instance, in the drawing called *Our Evening Art Classes have commenced*, at the absurdly characteristic gesture and pose of the "dear professor" as he makes his fatuous statement, and then see with what charming naturalness the varied

listening attitudes of the typical lady art-students have been recorded. Here everything is as circumstantially expressive and true to type as in the drawing, of later date, *Unrest in the Near East*, where the artist shows himself equally at home with his humours of Cockney coster character and circumstance. This vivid presentation of character, without the exaggeration of caricature, is always a notable feature in Mr. Townsend's illustration of comic incident, and you will find humour not merely in the legend but inherent in the drawing itself. See it in the beaming self-content of the woman, subject to fits, in the railway carriage, and the horror of her fellow-traveller. See it in the expressions of the Shakespeare-bored playgoers in the theatre-box, and of the two Scotch cronies discussing the financial philosophy of smoking. Does it need any legend to point the joke of the lady's hat with monstrous feathers, or of Shakespeare dictating to the three typists?

The vivacity of invention with which Mr. Townsend can illustrate the comic side of a serious proposition is delightfully shown in the



"NON-STOP"

*Cheery Passenger on Portsmouth Express:* "Well, I must say it's a grite relief to me to 'ave a gentleman in the carriage. It's twice now I've 'ad a fit in a tunnel."

(By special permission of the Proprietors of PUNCH)

DRAWN BY F. H. TOWNSEND



(By special permission of the  
Proprietors of PUNCH)

TRUE APPRECIATION (overheard at the Theatre)  
*Mrs. Parvenu* : " I don't know that I'm exactly  
*gone* on Shakespearean plays." (Mr. P. agrees.)

DRAWN BY F. H. TOWNSEND

## The Black and White Work of F. H. Townsend

school-room scene according to the novel theory of less restraint and more freedom in the training of children. With his faculty of retaining sympathy with the pranks and joys of the young, he revels in drawing children, and he is always happy with them. Isn't that group of the boy kicking up the inkstand at the other on the desk, with the little girl standing by in admiring glee, simply delicious? It is this charming and joyous sympathy in the picturing of children which made Mr. Townsend's illustrations to Kipling's "Brushwood Boy" so completely in harmony with the book. His sympathies and interests are indeed wide in their range. In the pages of "Punch" this is constantly seen, for one week we may laugh at some humorous incident of the golf-links, the cricket-field, or the drill-ground (Mr. Townsend is an ardent devotee of all three), and the next the world may thrill at some cartoon instinct with fine human emotion or keen convincing satire. And the remarkable extent of his pictorial versatility is evident in many books of diverse character. Our reproductions include an illustration to W. Skeat's "Fables and Folk-Tales from an Eastern Forest," a volume in which one sees that Townsend's graphic imagination in the depicting of

strange creatures of the wilds is as remarkable in its suggestive truth as his drawing of the more familiar animals. An expert fencer himself, Mr. Townsend is the representative British draughtsman of the art of swordsmanship, as may be seen in the extraordinarily spontaneous illustrations to the English version of Baron de Bazancourt's "Secrets de l'Épée." But a mere mention of some of the authors whose books he has illustrated would be enough to show what a wide field his pencil has covered.

Mr. Townsend, with all his success and popularity, has never lost the spirit and zest of the student, and two or three years ago he determined to learn etching. Sir Frank Short gladly took him into his engraving school at South Kensington, and very quickly Mr. Townsend found his way upon the copper, and produced etchings which gained his election to the Associateship of the Royal Society of Painter Etchers. One of these is reproduced on p. 37—a portrait of charm, though, as one looks at it, one cannot forget that the etcher is, first and foremost, an accomplished artist in pen and ink. That he may yet prove, if he wills it, an accomplished artist also with the line of the essential etcher is quite within the bounds of probability.



THE INCREASING DEPRAVITY OF WOMAN. ANOTHER IMPUDENT CASE OF "KLEPTOMANIA" IN BROAD DAYLIGHT  
(By special permission of the Proprietors of PUNCH) DRAWN BY F. H. TOWNSEND





“ UNREST IN THE NEAR EAST ”

“ Look 'ere, Liza Mullins. Did you say as I'd collared the tanner you lost ? ”  
“ Nothink of the kind ! Wot I said was as I'd 'ave found it if you 'adn't 'elped me to look for it. ”

*(By special pe. mission of the Proprietors of PUNCH)*

DRAWN BY F. H. TOWNSEND





"PORTRAIT." FROM AN ETCHING  
BY F. H. TOWNSEND, A.R.E.

## The Royal Academy Exhibition, 1916

### THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION, 1916.

SINCE the war began British Art has certainly had more than its fair share of trouble and discouragement. In a time of national stress, when all the ordinary conditions of existence have undergone a complete change, it was only to be expected that the art worker should have to suffer an upset in his affairs and should have to struggle against a series of unexpected difficulties—he could scarcely hope to escape when the whole community is affected. But during the last few months his inevitable disabilities have been added to by want of consideration on the part of the public. Art, to put it frankly, has been unfairly neglected—it has been ignored to a great extent by the press and forgotten by a large section of the people: its real and serious claims to support have received scanty attention and the need for special measures to maintain it in a condition of vigorous vitality has been insufficiently appreciated.

Yet the Academy exhibition this year—and the fact must be recorded to the credit of the artists of this country—shows no falling off either in sincerity of intention or strength of achievement. Indeed, there is perceptible in the collection brought together a definite stiffening of effort and an actual improvement in the quality of the contributions. Instead of being disheartened by the experiences of the past year our artists have increased their determination to do justice to themselves and to prove themselves able to rise to the occasion. They have, in time of war, given us an exhibition which is more dignified, more serious, and more impressive, than any of those which have been seen at Burlington House for some years past.

And this result has been attained, not by an increase in the number of works which stand strikingly above the general average of accomplishment but by an all-round improvement in the rank and file of the contributions. Men who have done consistently good work in the past have raised their standard, painters who have been inclined to be a little too freakish and experimental in their practice have found themselves and steadied down, artists who have pursued the commonplace too persistently have discovered better sources of inspiration. A sturdier sense of responsibility has been developed, and consciously or unconsciously the art world seems to have arrayed itself for a keen struggle against the adverse influences by which it is threatened.

It remains now to be seen whether the people in this country will recognise the new spirit by which our art is being stimulated and respond to its energy. Certainly, the Academy exhibition this year should set every sensible person thinking deeply, and should make everyone feel how strong is the claim of our art workers to sincere encouragement. Such a show, which draws its material from all parts of the country, sums up the attitude of the whole British school and enables us to judge from year to year what are the tendencies by which the artistic activity of the nation is being directed and whether we have to welcome progress or to deplore a falling off. When these tendencies are as sound and as hopeful as they seem to be this season the Academy exhibition can arouse very pleasurable emotions—is it too much to hope that it will excite also in the people who see it a feeling of gratitude to the artists who are facing troublous times with courage and devotion?

That there has been no increase in the number of "star" pictures exhibited at Burlington House has already been said, and that the exhibition depends for its interest less than usual upon the few exceptional performances which assert themselves at the expense of the rest of the collection. But there are, nevertheless, certain canvases which claim prior consideration on account of their unusual qualities of invention and execution. Among these, strangely enough, there is nothing by Mr. Sargent, who has so often in past years dominated the Academy by the sheer strength of his personality. He is represented only by a couple of decorative designs which have offered him little scope for the assertion of his amazing technical dexterity—they are interesting, unquestionably, but not supremely important. His place as a portrait painter has been taken by Mr. Orpen, whose rapidly maturing powers have never been better displayed; all his contributions have an arresting strength of characterisation and significance of brushwork, and all have an essentially individual quality of observation. The most consummate achievements of them all are the extraordinarily intimate portraits of *The Right Hon. the Earl of Spencer, K.G., G.C.V.O.*, and *James Law, Esq., of "The Scotsman,"* but the dainty picture of *Miss St. George* is in a different way hardly less convincing. By work of this order Mr. Orpen puts beyond dispute his right to rank among the great masters of our generation.

Another painter who more than maintains his justly high reputation is Mr. Charles Sims. His *Clio and the Children, 1915*, is a wonderful pictorial



"THE POULTERER'S SHOP"  
BY FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A.

## The Royal Academy Exhibition, 1916

exercise in which exacting difficulties have been met and triumphantly overcome, and his *Iris* is a singularly happy solution of a perplexingly subtle problem of tone and colour management. He shows a *Portrait* too which fascinates as much by its charm of treatment as by its striking originality of manner. Then there is Mr. Brangwyn, who after too long an absence from Burlington House makes a dramatic reappearance to remind us that as a decorative painter he is still without a rival. His large still-life group, *The Poulterer's Shop*—it has been bought by the Chantrey Fund trustees—shows to perfection his power as a colourist and craftsman, and his landscape, *In Provence*, and his allegorical composition, *Mater Dolorosa Belgica*, are well worthy to be associated with it.

Again, there are such notable canvases as Mr. Waterhouse's *The Decameron*, Mr. Greiffenhagen's *Pastoral*, Mr. Russell Flint's sombre and effective *Mothers of Heroes*, Mr. Tom Mostyn's gorgeous colour fantasy *The Golden Island*, and Mr. Richard Jack's vigorous scene from the history of the moment, *The Return to the Front*; and there is a very cleverly painted camp subject *Before the Dawn*—soldiers round a fire—by Mr. Fred Roe. Mr. Edgar Bundy's domestic drama *The Doctor Forbids* is one of his most robust performances; Mr. Byam Shaw's wonderful composition *The Arrested Spear* is the most ambitious and successful effort he has made for some while, and Mr. H. Watson's picture *The Spirit of Youth*, gracefully arranged and admirably painted, marks a very real advance in his practice.

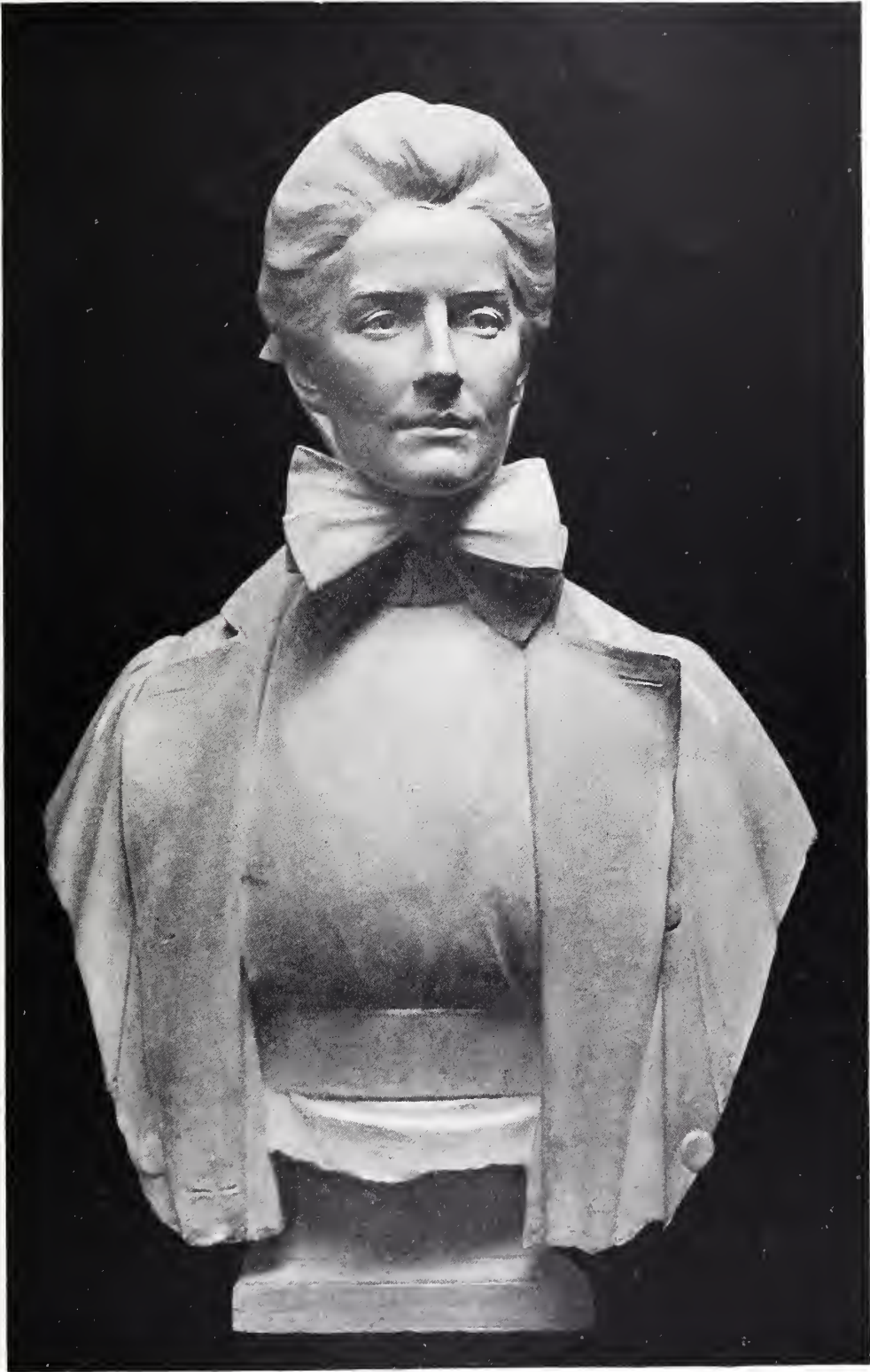
Other figure pictures which claim attention are Mr. Clausen's *Youth Mourning*, Mr. St. George Hare's *The Angels of God*, Mr. Anning Bell's vivacious *Spring Revel*, Sir W. B. Richmond's *Sleep*, Mr. Hacker's *Abundance*, Mr. Borough Johnson's *Belgian Refugees*, Mr. James Clark's *The Fête*, and the two delightful colour arrangements, *Frances* and *Poppies*, by Mr. Melton Fisher.

Among the landscape painters Mr. Arnesby Brown is, as usual, deservedly prominent. He shows no large picture this year, but his four small canvases *September Morning*, *The Church on the Hill*, *View of Great Yarmouth*, and *The Estuary*, have in a high degree those qualities which have always given distinction to his work. Mr. David Murray is at his best in his broad and expressive landscape *Scenting the Summer Air*. Mr. D. Y. Cameron's exquisite draughtsmanship and subtle perception of tone are seen to the fullest advantage in his *April*, and Mr. Hughes-Stanton's vigorous methods are excellently illus-

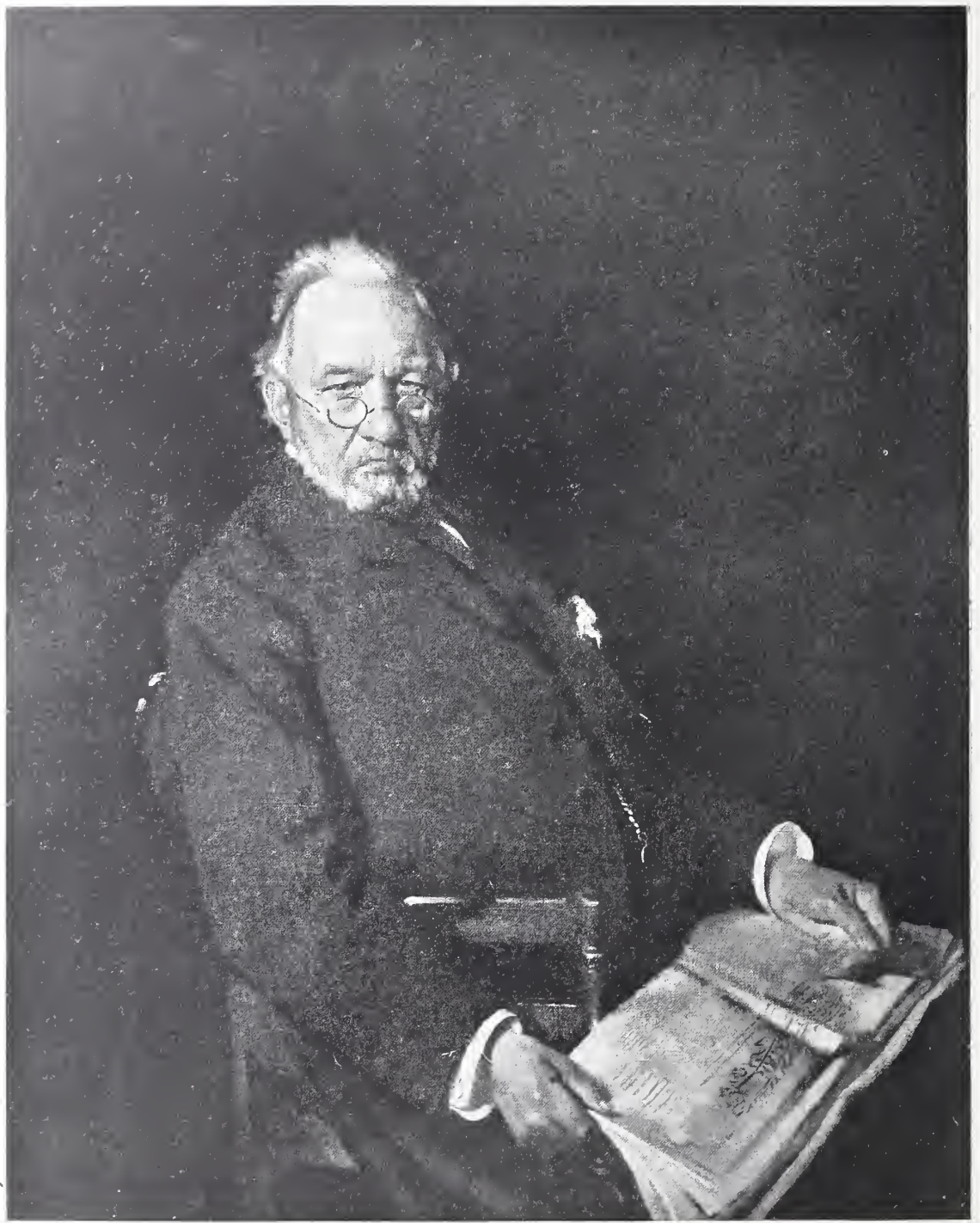
trated in a series of contributions, the best of which is the very convincing *Sunlight on the Sea*. Of great interest, too, are Sir E. A. Waterlow's *The Mantle of Winter*, Mr. R. Vicat Cole's *The Trysting Pool*, Mr. Bertram Priestman's *Waters of Washburn and Wharfe*, Mr. H. Knight's *Dozmare Pool*, Mr. Coutts Michie's impressive *Winter in Surrey*, Mr. Leslie Thomson's *Over the Sea to Skye*, Mr. Gwelo Goodman's tragic *Winter*, Mr. R. W. Allan's *By the Open Sea*, Mr. James Henry's *Gathering Clouds*, Mr. Albert Goodwin's *Canterbury and Durham*, Mr. Tom Robertson's, *Holme Bridge, Bakewell*, and the brilliant *Joie de Vivre* by Mr. A. J. Black.

The portraits are, as a whole, well worthy to maintain the tradition of the British school, and a long list could be made of those which make special claim for attention. Mr. Lavery has painted the Lord Mayor with appropriate strength and dignity, and Mr. Harold Speed the King of the Belgians with a happy combination of symbolism and reality; and Mr. Llewellyn, Mr. Hacker, Mr. George Henry, Mr. Richard Jack, Mr. Fiddes Watt, and Mr. Bundy are all admirably represented. Mr. J. J. Shannon's *Miss Isabel Burrell* is most attractive, and Mr. Charles Shannon's portrait study, *The Lady with the Amethyst*—another Chantrey Fund purchase—is an acceptable example of his work. As paintings of children Mr. Herbert Draper's *Little June*, Mr. Ralph Peacock's *Betsy, Daughter of Baron Profumo*, and Professor Moira's family group are all interesting. Other pictures which must not be overlooked are the two animal paintings by Mr. Arthur Wardle, the interiors by Mr. Van der Weyden and Mr. E. Townsend, and the clever little sketch of *Lord Byron's Palace, Venice*, by Mr. Ludovici.

There is, too, much to see in the two sculpture galleries. The large *Titanic Memorial*, by Sir Thomas Brock, the colossal equestrian statue of King Edward by Sir W. Goscombe John, the wonderful bust of Lord Roberts by Mr. W. R. Colton, the statues of King George by Mr. Mackennal and of Queen Mary by Sir George Frampton, and Mr. Thornycroft's group *The Kiss*, which is the third purchase of the Chantrey Fund trustees, are prominent works; Sir George Frampton's bust of Nurse Cavell, apart from its personal interest, is a fine example of the sculptor's art; and there are other things by Mr. Drury, Mr. Pomeroy, Mr. Reynolds-Stephens, Mr. Nicholson Babb, Mr. Derwent Wood, Mr. H. Pegram, and Mr. Gilbert Bayes, which prove the sculptors to be quite as zealous as the painters in their support of British art.



"NURSE CAVELL." (PLASTER)  
BY SIR GEORGE FRAMPTON, R.A.



“JAMES LAW, ESQ., OF  
‘THE SCOTSMAN.’” BY  
WILLIAM ORPEN, A.R.A.





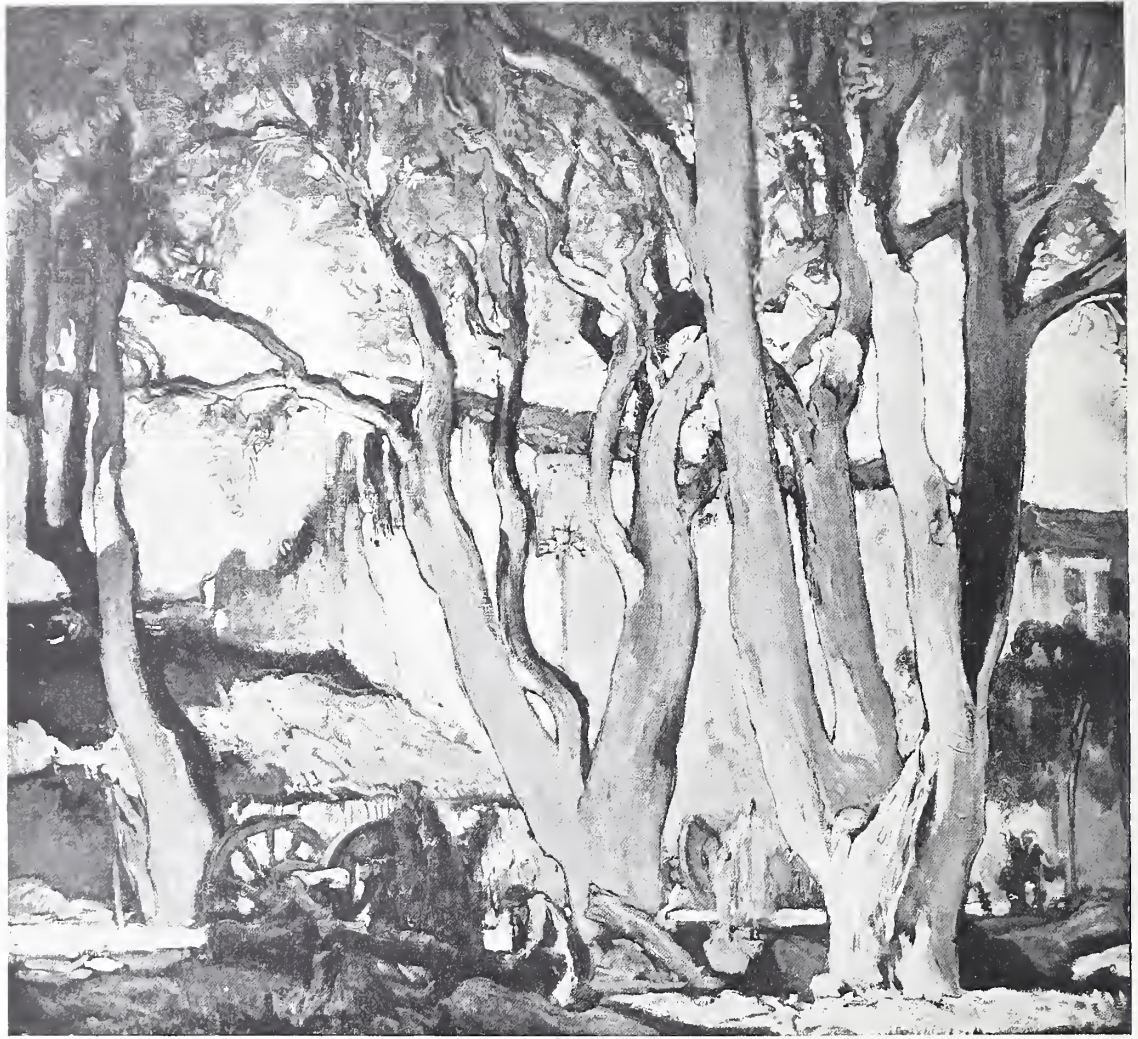
"MISS ISABEL BURRELL"  
BY J. J. SHANNON, R.A.



"APRIL." BY D. Y. CAMERON, A.R.A.



"CLIO AND THE CHILDREN, 1915"  
BY CHARLES SIMS, R.A.



"IN PROVENCE." BY  
FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A.



"THE SPIRIT OF YOUTH"  
BY HARRY WATSON



“LITTLE JUNE.” BY  
HERBERT DRAPER



"MISS ST. GEORGE." BY  
WILLIAM ORPEN, A.R.A.



"MRS. BUCKLEY." BY  
ARTHUR HACKER, R.A.





"THE LADY WITH THE AMETHYST"  
BY CHARLES SHANNON, A.R.A.



"VIEW OF GREAT YARMOUTH"  
BY ARNESBY BROWN, R.A.

## Studio-Talk

### STUDIO-TALK

(From Our Own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—The attitude of the State towards art in this country has never erred on the side of generosity, and is in marked contrast to the friendly encouragement which the arts in general receive from the governments of Continental nations. But in spite of this frigid indifference very few people thought when the Chancellor of the Exchequer announced his intention to levy a tax on entertainments that art exhibitions were to be put on the same footing as the so-called "picture palaces," football matches, and other amusements of the popular kind, and called upon to contribute revenue to the State. Naturally the proposal excited strong opposition on the part of the various bodies affected, but unfortunately the vigorous protest organised by the Council of the Imperial Arts League, and supported by the Presidents of all the leading academies and societies, failed to make

an impression on the Chancellor. When the Act for the early closing of shops came into force some two or three years ago, art exhibitions were held to be subject to its provisions, and certainly there is a good deal more to be said for putting them in the category of "shops" than for grouping them with kinemas and boxing bouts, since the most important object for which an art exhibition is held is to effect a sale of the works exhibited. Of all professions art has suffered most by the war, and recognition of this fact should have secured the exemption demanded by its representatives, especially as the amount of revenue which will flow to the Exchequer from art exhibitions is likely to be very small and indeed insignificant as compared with that yielded by the popular resorts.

The Spring Exhibition of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers now being held at the Grosvenor Gallery is through force of circumstances almost entirely national, like the other exhibitions of the society since the outbreak of war, the only foreign artist represented, apart from two with Japanese names, being a Belgian painter, M. Leon de Smet. At the Spring exhibition of last year a series of delightful pastels by that doyen of Belgian landscape painters, Emile Claus, added materially to the interest of the show, but there is nothing of his in the current display. If in this assemblage of paintings, drawings, and prints—the sculpture, in spite of the prominence given to plastic art in the Society's title, consists of only about half a dozen items—it is difficult to single out any work as of superlative importance, there is yet much that does credit to the reputation which the Society enjoys. Portraits such as Mr. A. McEvoy's *Hon. Mrs. Cecil Baring*, Mr. John Lavery's *Lady Ursula Grosvenor*, Mr. Gerald Kelly's *Lady Evelyn Farquhar*, Mr. William Nicholson's *Symons Jeune, Esq.*, and *Col. Stuart-Wortley*, Mr. Charles Shannon's *Lady in a Fur Coat*, and Mr. William Strang's *Cynthia King Farlow*, each different from the rest in its technical methods, lift this exhibition far above the commonplace. Mr. Nicholson's *The Hundred Fugs* is a veritable tour



"BETSY, DAUGHTER OF BARON PROFUMO."  
(Royal Academy)

BY RALPH PEACOCK

## Studio-Talk

*de force* in still-life painting, though at first sight a little disconcerting. Mr. Pryde's *The Shrine*, in which the figure of Christ, carved in stone and standing on a pedestal, soars high above the people grouped around the base, is bold in design, and if, like so many of his paintings, of a theatrical character, is theatrical in a deeper sense than the term usually implies. The pictures of Mr. Munnings, such as *St. Buryan Races* and *At a Hunt Steeplechase Meeting*, impart a note of hilarity to the show, while next door to one of them Sergt. Alfred Withers presents a vision of idyllic calm in *The Minister's Garden*. There are some excellent examples of flower painting by Mr. W. B. E. Ranken and Mr. Davis Richter, and a fine costume study by Mr. Francis Newbery called *The Spanish Shawl*. Mr. G. W. Lambert, Mr. Will Ashton, and Mr. H. S. Power, all three of them Australians, are well represented, and Mr. Lambert, besides some capital portraits in oil, shows a number of lead-pencil portraits of great interest. Among other paintings which give strength to the exhibition are Mr. Howard Somerville's *Eileen*, Mr. James Quinn's *Mois d'Avril*, Mr. Lamorna Birch's *The White House: Lamorna*, Mr. Moffat Lindner's *Dordrecht from the River Maas*, Mr. Ludovici's *Portrait of Madame Peake, in Crinoline*, and Mr. Talmage's *The Studio Window*. As usual there is an interesting collection of work in other mediums, such as water-colour, pastel, tempera, etching, etc.

Our record of this season's exhibitions would be incomplete without reference to one which for several days attracted a large throng of people to the premises of the Dominion of New Zealand in the Strand, where was displayed a series of water-colours and pencil sketches of Gallipoli by Sapper Moore-Jones, an artist member of the "Anzac" force whose glorious deeds in that unfortunate campaign will never be forgotten. Mr. Moore-Jones's water-colours showed a facile command of the medium, and while keeping the human element subordinate convincingly rendered the stern, rugged character of the country in which the military operations were carried on. Another artist-soldier from the

Antipodes who has contributed to London exhibitions this season is Signaller Silas Ellis, attached to the Australian Imperial Force, whose pen-and-ink sketches from the same field of operations were to be seen at the Fine Art Society's Galleries; though these were both fewer in number and more fragmentary in character, they were interesting as the impression of an artist who had seen and felt the grim realities of the historic landing at Anzac. And then at the Goupil Gallery there was on view a large painting, with a number of the sketches made for it, by a Chelsea artist whose name is more familiar to our readers—Mr. Eric H. Kennington, a private in "The Kensingtons," whose valour has earned for them the name of "The Glorious 13th." The picture, exhibited in aid of the "Star and Garter" Building Fund, shows a group of these brave fellows, with the artist himself among them, just as they have left the trenches at Laventie after four days of almost inconceivable hardship, and is another touching reminder of the sacrifices made ungrudgingly by our countrymen on behalf of the nation.



"DESIGN FOR A COT." WOODCUT BY GEORGE ATKINSON, A.R.H.A.  
(Black and White Artists' Society, Dublin)

## Studio-Talk



"SNOW" (DESIGN FOR WOODCUT) BY J. CRAMPTON WALKER  
(Black and White Artists' Society, Dublin)

DUBLIN. — The annual exhibition of the Royal Hibernian Academy\* was of average excellence, so far as the work of the Irish painters and sculptors represented is concerned, though one missed the work of Mr. William Orpen, whose resignation of membership is a serious loss to the institution. The works by outside contributors, on the other hand, were less interesting than usual, and one is tempted to speculate as to the motives which influenced the selection committee with regard to some of the inclusions. Dull subject pictures and still duller landscapes by painters of mid-Victorian tendencies are of no value in the only important Dublin exhibition at which the Irish student is afforded an opportunity of studying contemporary painting. There was little or nothing in many of these imported

\* This report of the R.H.A. exhibition was written just before the outbreak of the Rebellion and the destruction by fire of the Academy building and its entire contents. Our correspondent had arranged for several of the exhibits to be photographed for us before Easter, but difficulties arose at the last moment and this intention could not be carried out. — EDITOR.

works to suggest the revolution in painting brought about by the Impressionists, and they had not even the brilliance and precision that distinguished the best work of the painters of an earlier day. These strictures do not apply to the works shown by, amongst others, Mr. G. W. Lambert, Mr. David Muirhead, Mr. Henry Fullwood, Mr. Moffat Lindner, and Mr. Ambrose McEvoy. The last named showed a portrait of a little girl, *Anna*, exhibited if we mistake not at last year's



"THE OLD CAR-DRIVER"  
DESIGN FOR A BROADSIDE (CUALA PRESS) BY JACK B. YEATS  
(Black and White Artists' Society, Dublin)

## Studio-Talk



"O'CONNELL BRIDGE, DUBLIN"

PENCIL DRAWING BY M. K. HUGHES, A.R.E.

International, which was exquisite in its sense of tone and values, and the intimate delicacy of observation conveyed. Amongst the Irish Academicians Mr. W. T. Leech and Mr. Gerald Kelly are both distinguished by their sincere and vital

work. The former exhibited a portrait of Professor H. Brougham Leech remarkable for its intensity of expression; and in another manner a radiant impression of *The Bathing Beach at Concarneau*, delightful in its fluent continuity of line and colour.



"WHITWORTH BRIDGE, DUBLIN"

PENCIL DRAWING BY M. K. HUGHES, A.R.E.

(Black and White Artists' Society, Dublin)



*(Black and White Artists'  
Society, Dublin)*

“AN OLD STREET IN DUBLIN”  
PENCIL DRAWING BY  
BINGHAM MCGUINNESS, R.H.A.

## Studio-Talk

Mr. Gerald Kelly's instinctive draughtsmanship and fine sense of design were shown in a marked degree in his portrait of a girl, *La Cravate Noire*, as well as in his Eastern landscape and portraits.

The portraits were, indeed, the strongest feature in the exhibition. Of those by the President the most successful was the sketch portrait of General Hickie, which showed direct observation and freedom of touch; Miss Sarah Purser's serene portrait of Miss Maire O'Neill as *Deirdre* had an intimate emotional appeal; Mr. Slater's portraits were vital and accomplished, especially his *Man in Green*, a brilliant study of effects of light. Mr. J. J. Shannon was less satisfactory than usual in his portrait of Lady Wimborne and her son; it contained some fine passages and exhibited the feeling for colour always present in this painter's work, but was marred by a certain slackness of handling and a regrettable tendency to indulge in easy effects. Mr. Lavery, on the other hand, was represented by one of the most beautiful of his open-air studies, *Girls in Sunlight*, painted on the beach at Tangier. Good portraits were also shown by Miss Clare Marsh, Mrs. Clarke, Miss Florence Baker

and Miss B. Elvery; that of a child by the last named was delightfully fresh and attractive.

Amongst the Irish landscape painters Mr. N. Hone, Mr. MacIlwaine, Miss Estella Solomons and Miss Hamilton all showed interesting work; a small study of trees by Miss Sarah Purser was remarkable for its technical certainty and delicacy of vision. Mr. R. C. Orpen's water-colour studies of still life have become a feature of these exhibitions, and his work this year in this *genre* was in advance of anything he has yet done. Mr. Jack Yeats was seen at his best in his vivacious Irish studies *The Donkey Show* and *The Turning-Post in the Tide*. In the sculpture section the most important exhibit was Mr. Oliver Sheppard's bust of Mr. George Russell (A. E.), a fine and dignified work, intensely modern in feeling.

The third exhibition of the Black and White Artists' Society of Ireland shows a distinct advance on that of last year both in the standard and variety of the work. Mr. J. Crampton Walker, the energetic Hon. Secretary of the Society, to whom much of the success of these exhibitions is due,



“THE EXAMINATION HALL, TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN”

(Black and White Artists' Society, Dublin)

ETCHING BY M. K. HUGHES, A.R.E.





*(Black and White Artists' Society, Dublin)*

“THE CHURCH OF ST. ANDREW, DUBLIN”  
ETCHING BY GEORGE ATKINSON, A.R.H.A.

## Studio-Talk

has succeeded in bringing together a representative collection of prints and drawings, which afford a striking demonstration of the interest now being taken in Dublin in black-and-white work. Mr. Crampton Walker's design for a woodcut *Snow* (reproduced on p. 55) shows a sense of rhythm and pattern and much vivacity of expression, and his charcoal study *The Falls of Tummel* is full of light and atmosphere. Mr. George Atkins's powers as an etcher are admirably displayed in *The Devil's Bridge, Settignano*. He also exhibits some delicate pencil studies and a charming woodcut *Design for a Cot*, one of a series of designs for a set of cottage furniture now being carried out in the Irish technical schools. Mr. Jack Veats's virile line is seen in his set of original drawings for a broadside; *The Canvas Man* and *The Old Car-driver* are especially effective in their strong feeling for characterisation. The old streets and bridges of Dublin have attracted several of the exhibitors, amongst them Miss Myra Hughes, an accomplished etcher, and Mr. B. McGuinness, who shows a pleasant drawing of a picturesque old street, with its stalls and open market, and the tower of St. Patrick's Cathedral in the distance. This street has since been re-built, and altered out of all recognition. Amongst the other exhibitors are Mr. Gerald Wakeman, whose pen-and-ink drawings are full of vitality and feeling for the expressive quality of line; Miss Estella Solomons, whose sandground etching *Near Dublin* is very delicate in treatment; Lieut. Robert Gibbings, whose woodcut *The Retreat from Serbia* is strong and original in design; and Miss Dorothy Cox, who shows a good charcoal drawing *Sheep in the Rain*. E. D.

EDINBURGH.—Among the younger Scottish painters Mr. Charles H. Mackie occupies an outstanding position as a colourist. Fertile in ideas, he is attached to no school of painting, but has worked out the problems of colour and composition for himself since his emergence from the student days. No thinker can discard the heritage of the ages, and Mr. Mackie would be the last man of whom that could be said, but on the other hand no one who aspires to express his ideas, either in literature, music, painting, or sculpture, can suffer any convention or academic canon to circumscribe the mode in which he feels that he can most fully express himself. Mr. Mackie in his earlier work may have given colour to the suggestion that



"SHEEP IN THE RAIN"

CHARCOAL DRAWING BY DOROTHY COX

(Black and White Artists' Society, Dublin)



"THE NUT GATHERERS." BY  
CHARLES H. MACKIE, A.R.S.A.



## Studio-Talk

construction, as the term is generally understood, played but a small part in his scheme of things, but then he was only feeling his way towards that fuller expression which he has now attained and which in his later work has been manifested in many notable instances. He has convincingly demonstrated the value of form and the expressiveness of line.

Most fully, perhaps, has he revealed his ideas in that wonderful series of Italian landscapes that of late have engrossed so much of his time. It was no easy task to attempt to present Venice or Rome in any new aspect. Generation after generation of painters has studied in Venice and tried to say something about it till one might well conclude that there was nothing new to be said. Yet those who have seen Mr. Mackie's paintings of Venice by night must have realised that here was the expression of an original mind, of one who sees beneath the surface of things and has the ability to impress others so that his conception remains in their mind as something vital and living. Architecturally it was the old Venice one saw, the city

of splendid palaces, and yet on these historic piazzas the life is that of to-day. But to-day as in the long past yesterdays there is the same mystery and beauty in the night, and in the realisation of this basic unity of past and present Mr. Mackie found his justification.

Because of the large part that colour plays as a component part of his composition Mr. Mackie's work is not very effectively translated in monochrome, but the reproduction of *The Nut Gatherers*, which appears in this issue, conveys very clearly his general scheme of work. It is a Roman landscape, and from the blue of the distant lake to the warm hues of the foreground there is a rich and varied progression of colour harmonies built, as all symphonic poems must be, on sound constructional lines, but so filling the eye with the sense of sumptuous beauty that the means by which this is attained do not count. The craftsmanship is there but it is the artistry that one sees. The impression is vivid, harmonious, complete. The painting was exhibited at the recent annual show of the Society of Scottish Artists.

A. E.



"THE WOUNDED TORERO"

(See *Amsterdam Studio-Talk*, next page)

BY PIET VAN DER HEM

## Studio-Talk

**A**MSTERDAM.—Though young in appearance, Piet van der Hem is an artist of mature talent, and his work has in consequence already assumed an important place in modern painting. As a landscape painter he could undoubtedly have excelled, but his innate preference has led him in the direction of *genre* subjects, taken direct from life in crowded restaurants. The circus, the theatre, the ballet have also furnished him with material for expressive portraits and characteristic studies of the types to be found at these haunts of the seeker after amusement and the elegant demi-mondaine. And the artist's pictures give one the impression that he has really been present at these gatherings and has seen and noted all that passes before his eyes—the sober bourgeois out “on the spree,” the magnificently accoutred “Grand Duke” lounging in his private box, beautiful women seated at the tables. The mind's eye sees the flowers, the fruit, and the champagne; in the hazy backgrounds the play of subdued light makes itself felt, and one can almost hear the rippling laughter, the gay badinage and even those questions and answers that are uttered *sotto voce*. Van der Hem excels in this species of *genre* painting; he is the interpreter of a caste, like Steinlen for example, of whom, by the way, he is a great admirer.

But the great skill of this artist plays about the surface of things; his subjects are observed in masterly fashion rather than profoundly felt. In his art there is no place for the tragedy of life, that indefinable poignant element which we get in a Pierrot by Villette, a character study by Rops, or one of Toulouse-Lautrec's girls. The attitudes and expressions of the negro and negress in his picture of a “cake-walk” are admirable, and his painting of

a clown proves him to be a physiognomist of great power. His portraits, on the other hand, betoken a considerable concern about style, and above all a desire to achieve elegance of *facture*; the arrangement, the *mise-en-page*, is a trifle commonplace, and emotion is altogether lacking, but how skilfully he handles his crayons! In some of his large portraits he reveals himself as a painter *par excellence*, and in their colour and composition we may be reminded for a moment of Zuloaga; but curiously enough it is in his Spanish subjects that the personal note is most apparent, as for instance in *Le Torero blessé*.

Unlike certain artists who resort to seclusion in order the better to concentrate their energies, Van der Hem has preferred to wander; he has in



“AT THE CIRCUS”

BY PIET VAN DER HEM

(Photo: Argus Photo Bureau, Amsterdam)



"SPANISH GITANOS"

BY PIET VAN DER HEM  
(*Argus Photo Bureau, Amsterdam*)



"WOMEN ON THE DUNES AT KATWYK"

BY PIET VAN DER HEM

## Studio-Talk

fact roamed all over Europe intent on perfecting his talent, visiting Madrid, Rome, Paris and London, and even Russia; and many a souvenir of his travels ornaments his spacious studio at The Hague, where he has just settled. It was in Switzerland that I first learned to know the artist, by his vigorous and at times very daring drawings published in the Dutch pro-Ally newspaper "Nieuwe Amsterdamer," and I was curious to make his acquaintance. It was night when I called upon him, and when the electric light was switched on, the studio suddenly became alive with a number of figures which had been sleeping in frames; their eyes seemed to follow us, and the vibrant colours spoke of youth and joy. In his latest efforts the artist's personality asserts itself more and more and all traces of "influences" are on the point of disappearing. Sound judgment, a bold and vigorous technique, and a fine sense of composition—these are the qualities that have ensured for Piet van der Hem a prominent position among the Dutch artists of the present day.

F. G.

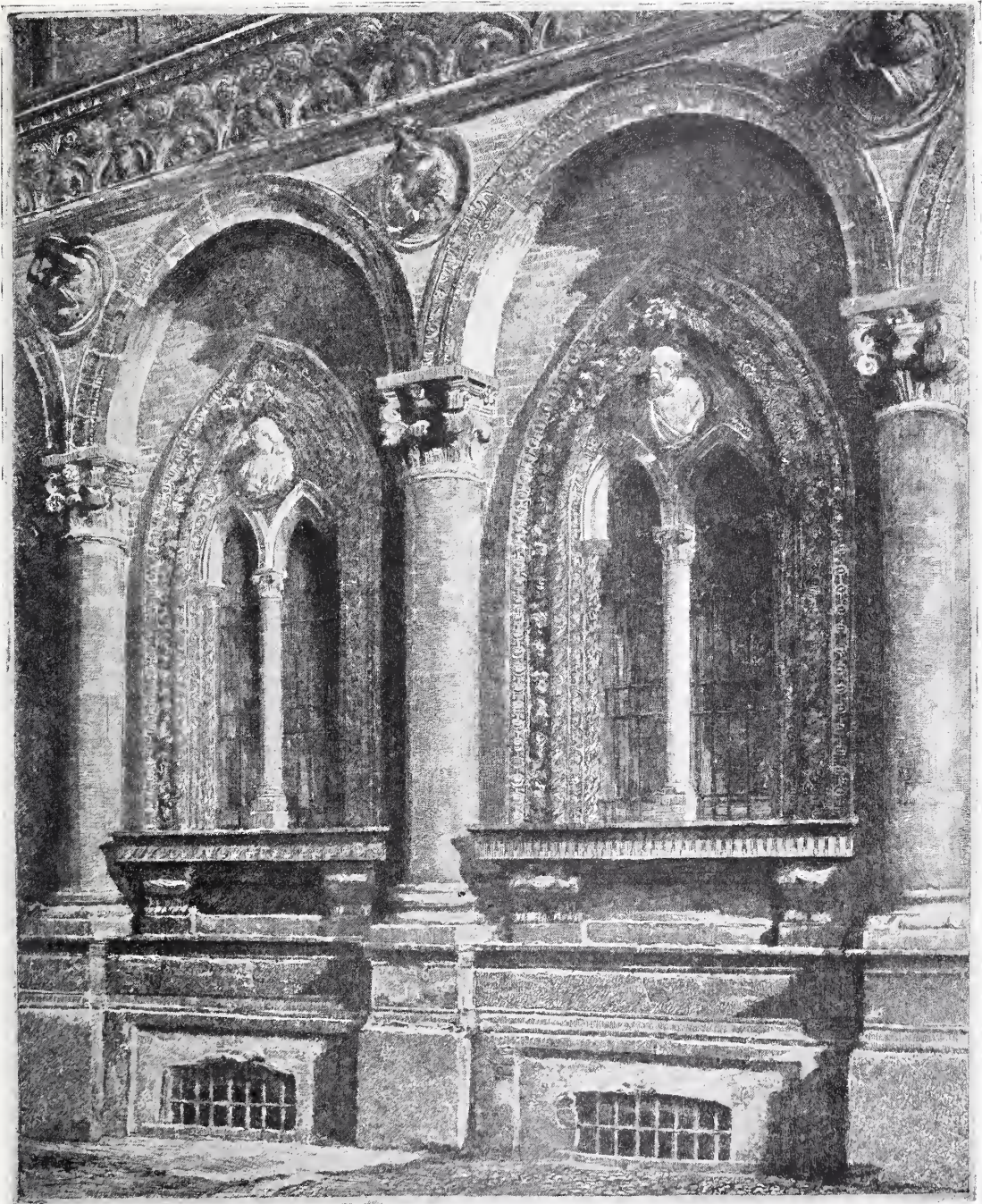
MILAN.—Carlo Casanova, whose work as an etcher is exemplified by the accompanying reproductions of four of his plates, has in the course of the few years he has devoted to this branch of art gained for himself a position of note among Italian *acquafortisti*. It was not until he had embarked on the career of engineer that art claimed his allegiance, and though from that time onwards he has practised painting with ardour, it is through his etchings that he is best known. His success in this field of work he attributes in large measure to the encouragement he received when some of his earliest efforts were recognised by being acquired for the Galleria Ambrosiana of Milan. In the meantime his prints have found their way to important collections, such as the Modern Gallery in Rome and the Regio Gabinetto delle Stampe, and are to be seen at all the principal exhibitions where black-and-white work is shown. As one of the leading members of the Associazione Italiana Acquafortisti e Incisori he



"THE SOUL OF THE CATHEDRAL (MILAN)"

ETCHING BY CARLO CASANOVA





*The Ospedale Maggiore in Milan*

*Carlo Casanova*

“THE WINDOWS OF THE OSPEDALE  
MAGGIORE (MILAN).” ETCHING BY  
CARLO CASANOVA



“CHIOGGIA (VENICE)”

ETCHING BY CARLO CASANOVA

was represented in the exhibition which this body recently held in London at the galleries of the Royal Society of British Artists, one of the prints contributed by him being *The Soul of the Cathedral*.

He excels in the rendering of architectural subjects, but these are not the only source of his inspiration—pastoral themes are successfully handled by him in numerous plates, and always with feeling.



“Café orientale” (Venice)

Carlo Casanova

“CAFÉ ORIENTALE (VENICE)”

ETCHING BY CARLO CASANOVA

## Reviews and Notices

### REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

*The Lesson in Appreciation: An Essay in the Pedagogics of Beauty.* BY FRANK HERBERT HAYWARD, B.Sc., D.Litt. (London and New York: Macmillan). 3s. 6d. net.—This little volume is the first number of "The Modern Teacher's Series," planned and edited by Prof. W. C. Bagley, who, noting that there has grown up a demand for a kind of education that will help to raise the general standard of public taste, and drawing a parallel from the procedure of the engineer when called upon to execute some important undertaking, declares that the aim of the series is "to provide something akin to specifications for some of the more common tasks that the teacher is asked or commanded to assume." The problem handled by Dr. Hayward in this initial volume is the teaching of appreciation. He is concerned chiefly with poetry, but music and the drama, and the pictorial and plastic arts also fall within the scope of the essay, and his observations and suggestions are worthy of serious attention. He lays stress on the importance from the social point of view of inculcating appreciation of fine art, especially in view of the huge development of the cinematograph, which threatens, as he points out, to appropriate the very word "picture" to an inferior use. The assumption underlying his general argument is expressed in the dictum he quotes: "Æsthetic appreciation is not a natural sentiment," but though experience seems to support this assertion we are not disposed to accept it without qualification, and in so far as it is true we think it points to the chief difficulty which confronts the teacher who takes upon himself the task of instilling into his pupils a sense of beauty. We fully agree with the author, however, when he suggests that the teaching of appreciation would have its greatest value in connection with the products of industry, for as he truly observes "if there were a sounder appreciation of good craftsmanship by the general public, the status of good craftsmen would be raised owing to the greater demand for their work." As a thoughtful contribution to a subject of far-reaching importance we hope this essay will be widely read.

*Twelve Great Paintings.* Personal Interpretations by HENRY TURNER BAILEY. (London: George G. Harrap & Co.) 3s. 6d. net.—"Any work of art is great for me that promotes in me the greatest number of ideas which exercise and exalt my spirit." That is the keynote of Mr. Bailey's "personal interpretations" of twelve masterpieces of which excellent monochrome illus-

trations are given in this volume, and it is an attitude which will find many sympathisers. His selection embraces works by Raphael, Titian, Palma Vecchio, Michelangelo, and Velasquez, among the Old Masters; and Turner, Corot, Whistler, and Burne-Jones among the moderns. The great Netherlands schools are left out, but the author does not, of course, put forward this selection as that of the twelve *greatest* paintings—to have done that would have been to challenge criticism from other standpoints than that which he has assumed.

*Practical Drawing.* By E. G. LUTZ. (London: B. T. Batsford.) 6s. net.—As "a book for the student and general reader" this manual would be hard to improve upon. It should be especially helpful to the beginner, and more particularly the beginner who is his own master. Knowing that with the novice in drawing it is the initial stages that usually offer the most difficulty, the author devotes a preliminary chapter to the subject, and gives some useful hints on starting a drawing from the life. Charcoal and crayon drawing, pen-and-ink work, water-colour painting, are dealt with in turn, and there is an excellent demonstration of the principles of perspective which should save the student much worry. Pictorial composition, drapery, and lettering are specially considered, and there is much information as to materials.

*The Royal Academy Illustrated, 1916.* Published by authority of the Royal Academy. (London: Walter Judd, Ltd.) 2s.—Unlike the principal Continental academies and societies the Royal Academy has always abstained from issuing an illustrated catalogue of its summer exhibition, and until the present year it has been left to independent publishers to supply the demand for illustration in connection with this event. This year a change has been made, and instead of the publications of Messrs. Cassell & Co. and "Black and White," we have this quasi-official compendium containing reproductions of more than two hundred of the works on view at Burlington House. It is handy in size, but as far as the actual reproductions are concerned we do not find any appreciable superiority as compared with the publications of previous years. Nearly 150 works by Members and Associates of the R.A. are illustrated.

Mr. A. S. Hartrick desires us to state that the interior represented in his lithograph *The Sermon*, reproduced in our April number as the Senefelder Club's Lay Member Print for 1916, is the Priory Church of St. Peter, Dunstable, and not St. Alban's Cathedral.

## *The Lay Figure*

### THE LAY FIGURE: ON THE PENALISING OF ART.

“Another injustice to art!” cried the Man with the Red Tie. “Are we never to be given a chance? Are we always to be the target for the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune?”

“What is the particular trouble now?” asked the Young Artist. “We have had so many injustices to put up with lately that I am beginning to lose count of them.”

“Well, I was thinking about this new entertainments tax,” said the Man with the Red Tie. “It seems to me an unfair imposition upon art shows, and I feel that it will press very hardly upon all classes of art workers.”

“If you want my view of it, I consider it is imposed in an entire misconception of both the functions of art and the mission of the artist,” declared the Young Artist. “I cannot follow the reasoning which would justify the application of such a tax to art exhibitions and I cannot possibly see how they can be made to come under the head of entertainments.”

“That is because you do not understand the popular view of art,” broke in the Art Critic. “You take art seriously, but to the ordinary man it appears only as an amusement, a frivolity which must be approached in a light and careless spirit. The practical person regards it as a useless and not particularly reputable luxury, and, as such, a legitimate subject for taxation.”

“Then am I ranked with the other clowns as a mere provider of unnecessary amusement?” exclaimed the Young Artist. “Is that the position I occupy in the world?”

“I fear that a very large section of the public takes that view of you,” agreed the Critic. “Clearly, it is the opinion of the Government—which presumably represents the feeling of the majority—that you are only an entertainer, and that if you are taxed out of existence no one will be much the worse for your disappearance.”

“There you have it!” sneered the Man with the Red Tie. “Art is only a sort of grinning through a horse-collar, and if you will grin in these solemn times you must pay the penalty for being so unseasonably amusing.”

“But I neither want to grin myself nor to make other people grin,” protested the Young Artist. “I want to teach them something and to give them something to think about. I do take myself and my work quite seriously and I claim that I am an educator, not a mountebank.”

“So you say,” laughed the Man with the Red Tie; “but your fellow-men do not agree with you. There is no escape from the position which the world thrusts upon you: the more serious you are the more people chuckle.”

“That is the pity of it,” commented the Critic. “When an artist talks about the educational value of his work or the importance of his mission the public either marvel at his conceit or abuse him for the impudence of his pretensions. None of those practical, business persons, who boast so persistently that they form the backbone of the country, will ever allow him a hearing. They are quite confident that they can do perfectly well without him.”

“But can they do without him?” demanded the Young Artist. “Is he not a necessary part of the social and industrial machine?”

“Certainly other countries seem to think that he is,” returned the Critic; “it is only here that he is laughed at and taxed as a mere purveyor of comic interludes. Abroad, pains are taken even in war time to protect him and to encourage his activity. I know that in one at least of the enemy countries the State has taken art under its particular care, has subsidised artists, has provided funds to enable them to tide over their difficulties, and has spent money freely to develop new forms of artistic effort. I do not know of any country, except this, in which art has been systematically penalised on the score of economy or unjustly hampered by taxation on the ground that it is a luxury or an amusement.”

“We are nothing if not original,” jeered the Man with the Red Tie. “Anyhow, we seem to be quite incapable of understanding what are the needs of art, and we always, in dealing with it, choose the wrong road and the wrong method, if we possibly can.”

“And what is the price that we shall have to pay in the future for our unique attitude?” asked the Young Artist.

“Time alone will show,” replied the Critic; “but I fear it will be a heavy one. I fear that nations wiser in their appreciation of the value of art and with a juster sense of its importance will profit by our stupidity and take from us what by right should be ours. They are striving to keep it alive; we with our boasted commonsense and our wonderful idea of shrewd business devices are doing all we can to kill it. I have few hopes for the future; the outlook is depressing.”

“Well, we shall deserve all we get,” said the Man with the Red Tie.

THE LAY FIGURE.

## *Art and the Man*

### ART AND THE MAN: BLAKELOCK BY RAYMOND WYER

RECENTLY there has been an hysterical outburst over Ralph Blakelock. Qualities which his art does not possess have been discoursed upon, and many qualities which are to be found in his work have been forgotten.

Now that apparently everything has been done that can be to atone for the scandalous neglect of the artist and his family for all these years, it will not be out of the way to consider just where Blakelock stands in contemporary art.

Broadly speaking, art echoes the spirit of contemporary conditions of thought and life combined with the influence of human experience of other ages as it is reflected in the arts which have survived. It is also affected by the temperament of the artist, which is part of, and in many ways the product of, these conditions. There is, however, in every one something which is solely his own, something which is not the result of accident of birth, or contact with the world; something which in a large or small degree isolates. This separating factor is more or less balanced by those characteristics developed by environment. When these traits are equally developed with the natural tendencies we have what is called a normal man.

With many, however, the result of this contact dominates to such an extent that there is little purity or power of individuality left to assert itself; and others again have been affected by contemporary conditions hardly at all. When this latter is the case and the personality is original and insistent, we may have an unpractical genius. Such a man is Blakelock.

Now to some of his characteristics. Blakelock's sensory nerves are strongly susceptible to the influence of music. Again, he possesses a power of creativeness which gives life and shapes to these emotional impressions of his mind. Just a little difference in his temperament might have made him a musician. Lastly he has had little academic training.

In reviewing the art of Blakelock we must not look upon it as striking a radical or modern note. It is true that there is a spirit of modernity in the brevity and simplicity of his language. Yet, figuratively speaking, the language is not written with a pen but with a quill. I refer to his scraping the pigment, varnishing and then repainting

—a technical means belonging to the sixteenth century but used by many individual artists in subsequent times of whom one or two only, by virtue of much originality, have been able to emerge superior to this method. Monticelli is a notable instance. In this respect, therefore, Blakelock has little historical or contemporary significance. The character of his technique may be due to the fact that he had little technical training. Yet it is quite possible that even if he had, Blakelock's restless spirit would not have permitted him to conform to the restraining and often stifling influences of the academy. It is an interesting speculation although unanswerable—as futile as trying to decide what effect it would have had on Robert Burns had he been sent to Oxford. We can only be sure that it would have made him different.

Why is it that so many fail and Blakelock so conspicuously succeeds in the use of this formula? It is because they only obtain what might be called the mechanical result of the method. It is not difficult nor is great genius essential to obtain a degree of harmony and richness of colour by these means, yet there may be little distinction in the result, the distinction depending always upon the artist and not his method.

Blakelock was by nature a dreamer with a desire to record his dream. To call him a landscape painter is incorrect. No artist has used the landscape as a means to an end more than he. The landscape merely provided forms with which he expressed his moods, inspirations, and eccentricities. All these are brought together in an imaginative synthesis of rich colour and harmonies. But, had he sought for the splendour of colour he would still have been a remarkable artist through the lyrical and imaginative character of his work which so unconsciously manifests itself.

His art sings in its loveliness, not a too-gay superficial loveliness but the loveliness of a poetical and somewhat moody soul. Yet, in spite of the exuberance, the capriciousness, the phantasies, the trees that seem to dance and sing, there is mystery and dignity. Blakelock's courage, his convictions, imbue the creations of his strange imagination with dignity. In many ways and in many of his works Blakelock has emerged superior to his technical limitations by the suffusion of his original and emotional temperament, his intense imagination, and his unswerving convictions.

## The Paintings of Helen Watson Phelps

THE PAINTINGS OF HELEN WATSON PHELPS  
BY STUART HENRY

HELEN WATSON PHELPS is well known as a practised craftsman in oils. It may therefore seem at first strange that she is at the same time a bold explorer in problems of light and flesh such as the world is distinctly familiar with in modern France. She is able to look upon her art for the exclusive love of it and so has attacked advanced positions on the progressive firing-line of the world pictorial. Her sure brush here may be accounted for by her years at Julian's and under Collin and Besnard.

Her nude forms in the chiaroscuros of green woods, or in cosy interiors where mixed lights tend to bring out the infinite beauties of the flesh, evidence what the late Mr. Hopkinson Smith would have indicated as an amazing lot of thought. The American public, that is to say the American taste, owing to its Puritan antecedents, has shrunk from the nude in painting. And still the Yankee papa or mama, who has shuddered at the thought of buying a divinely artistic nude for their home, has flocked as a matter of course with the young offspring to the Broadway musical shows where unclottedness frankly makes up in interest for the absence of any true art. This illogical attitude is happily improving.

Helen Phelps's collection of works at the Arlington Galleries this spring furnished a little symphony of flesh and air harmonies. *Through the Woods* was a sylvan dream of two figures running, so thrilled with nature in light and action that it might have been sensitively called *The Echo*. *A Cup of Tea* reflected a complicated interior whose plexus of lights from rare *objets de vertu* was counter-matched by the rich tones of the partly draped model resting from her duties. *The Purple Bowl* was a scheme of flesh tones etheralized in terms of a colourful imagination haunted with a vague phrase of unrealizable beauty. *Copper and Gold*, a beautiful and ample nude, is familiar to the New York public, having been awarded the figure prize at last spring's exhibition of the Association of Women Painters and Sculptors. A similar canvas by this artist was one of the late Mr. Hearn's last purchases at the Academy.

Portraits is the other specialty of Helen Phelps, to whom uninhabited landscapes—that favourite subject of American painters—do not appeal.

Her *Japanese Lady*, with her engaging smile so little expected in an oriental countenance, is a rapid sketch, begun and ended quickly under the impulse of a sudden inspiration. A more elaborate and careful canvas is the *Portrait of Mrs. H.*, where a difficult problem of lighting and of textures and hues is tastefully mastered. In it the blending of naturally hostile colours is accomplished with a refinement of harmony which France has taught American artists. A writer upon art has remarked that Miss Phelps gets the spirit of the sitter. There is a distinct and inherent individuality about each portrait, so that no one can enter a portrait gallery and say with an off-hand glance, "That is a Helen Phelps!" This contributes to her successful handling of children as subjects.

In her mountain studio at Elizabethtown, N. Y., where she passes her summers when not in Europe, she paints in the open air. In Paris, in Normandy, in Italy, she wields her brush whenever and wherever the mood is upon her. Out of the wealth of travel, of sojourns in choice spots, and of unusual opportunity, she has garnered many prizes and honourable mentions along paths little frequented by conventional American painters. This is all the more interesting since she came from cold New England. But, you see, her art home has been the Left Bank of the Seine.



PORTRAIT OF MRS. H. BY HELEN WATSON PHELPS



COPPER AND GOLD  
BY HELEN WATSON PHELPS

*Sincerity in Art: Hamilton Easter Field*



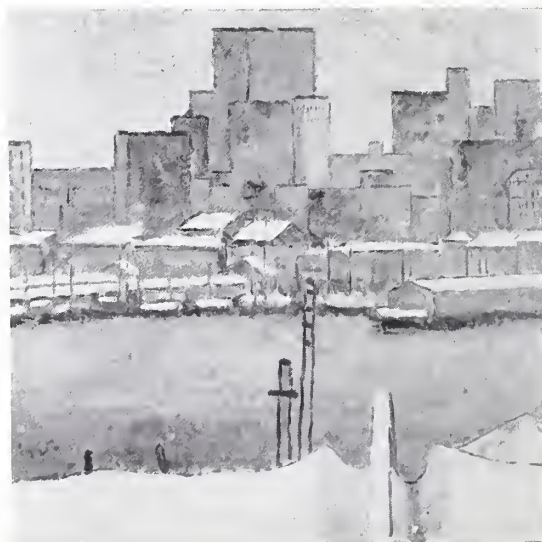
A CORNER OF THE STUDIO AT COLUMBIA HEIGHTS, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

**S**INCERITY IN ART: HAMILTON  
EASTER FIELD  
BY W. H. DE B. NELSON

WHEN Hamilton Easter Field, a Brooklyn lad, followed vogue and went to Paris to study art, Café Guerbois and "Chez Nadar" had become traditions. Impressionism though bleeding from its many wounds encountered between 1870 and 1890 was very much alive, and beginning even to prosper. This was in 1894. Monets had ceased to sell at 100 francs apiece, and the rotten eggs of a prejudiced public were no longer aimed at the devoted band of artists whose reputation to-day stands so pre-eminently high. The time was opportune.

After two years of self-communing and development Field threw himself heart and soul, palette and brushes, into the Impressionist school, especially worshipping at the shrines of Degas and Fantin-Latour. His admiration did not confine itself to these two masters but extended to Courbet, Renoir and Cézanne. Travel and study in Italy further increased his stock of heroes and

moulded his mind. The old masters of the Renaissance gave him an insatiable appetite for studying the different methods then in use; the supports or bases underlying the pigments; the actual pigments from the point of view of stability; de-



WATERFRONT

BY HAMILTON EASTER FIELD





AT THE PIANO

BY HAMILTON EASTER FIELD



AT HOME

BY HAMILTON EASTER FIELD

## *Sincerity in Art: Hamilton Easter Field*

terioration of oil colour; varnishes, and the thousand and one things that enter into the technique or craftsmanship of painting. This research has been of ineffable advantage to him for himself and for his classes.

We are all of us influenced, and the only anxiety should be that we select good models and avoid copying them. Inspiration alone must be wooed. "No individual," says Field, "may fuse his personality into the local traditions. Freedom must be attained so that the artist may choose from every epoch the traditions suited to his temperament and may modify his technique at will." *Les empéraments seuls dominent les ages*, he might have added.

Perched in a veritable eerie above the East River in a projecting studio at his charming old-fashioned home on Columbia Heights, Brooklyn, Field listens to the sirens of the river he loves, and to the deities of art who fashion his life and tastes. To follow art a man must lead his life accordingly and this Field does to the limit, for art and life are inseparable. Here he muses and works surrounded by treasures dating from days before Christ to the day before yesterday. Greek torsos, old Japanese colour prints, sixteenth-century Flemish tapestries, choice pieces of renaissance furniture, lithographs by Daumier, water-colours by Winslow Homer, landscapes by R. Wilson, and paintings by Besnard, Gaston la Touche, the Barbizos, John La Farge, Desvallières, Lucien Simon, Maurice Sterne, Max Weber, and countless other names are in evidence. Quite a number of Guillaumins occupy a niche by themselves and delight one with their extreme modernism and youthful spontaneity, paintings executed many years ago, their paint pure, resplendent and vigorous. It is such frank and simple statements that Field approves and emulates in his own work. He hates a posed picture or painting that in any way suggests artificiality. He aims in his interiors at a sense of intimacy and grouping that seems natural. One sees a kinship with the attitudes and gestures of such men as Courbet and Renoir; but Field is always himself.

▲ If we are to express the complex nature of our civilization, absolute freedom from all preconceived ideas as to the subject-matter or the purpose of art is essential, and we must have an equal liberty as to the means employed. For our modern man is no longer a creature of local tra-

dition but a citizen of the world, the heir of the ages, and any art, not emancipated from that of the preceding generation, would be false to our times. Now America should be in the vanguard of this movement for freedom, for a broader philosophy on which to build our art, our literature, and our lives, for a fuller sympathy with all manner of men and their works. But alas, our democracy is only skin deep, we are still too tightly fettered by the trammels of convention and our desire for novelty is too easily satisfied. What is superficially new always interests us, but what is fundamentally new, unless cloaked in some outlandish garb, is usually passed unnoticed. This innate superficiality prevents us from recognizing what freedom from convention means. It is usually considered to be the license to follow one's individual caprice without serious preparatory labour, whereas it is only through endless toil that real freedom of expression can be gained. Familiarity with many forms of expression will furnish the materials which will enable the artist gradually to evolve a style peculiarly suited to himself. This in brief may be regarded as the artistic creed of Hamilton Easter Field. His aim formerly and to-day has been so to paint objects that one should feel their bulk, weight, solidity and permanence—in fact to give full expression to tactile values, choice and realization of subject interrelating with patterning, balance of masses and colour harmony. Portraiture interests him only to the extent to which it involves the rendering of the inner life of the sitter. He aims to surround his figures and furniture upon the canvas with air, to paint round them, so to speak, so that every object has a real place in the composition, an effect that one obtains when looking into a stereoscope, where the objects stand out clearly from the background, an effect one appreciates so fully in the interiors of the Bostonian artist, Edmund C. Tarbell.

Walking from room to room and seeing the work of so many artists of divergent tastes might lead one to suspect Field less of catholicity of taste than of an unconquerable habit of acquiring a hodge-podge of canvases such as periodically fall to the tap of the auctioneer's hammer. Nothing could be farther from the truth. His museum of art is his reference library. Every piece of furniture, every canvas, every print or volume has a distinct reason for its admission and are several tributes to his cosmopolitan outlook upon

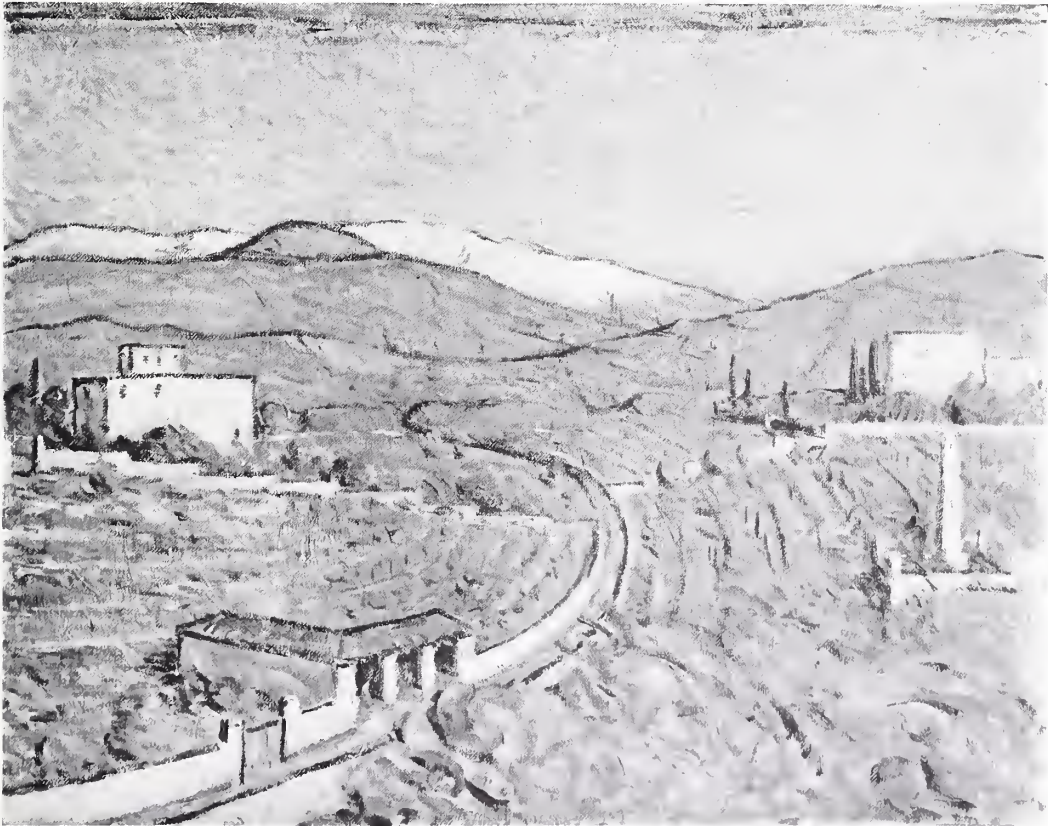
## *Sincerity in Art: Hamilton Easter Field*

life, which gives him freedom and the knowledge that art to be properly pursued is independent of juries and academies, petty prizes, diplomas and scholarships, which are to him meaningless and consequently valueless. Born forty years ago in the house he occupies, he has acquired the next-door house on either side and plans to make his home a real art center in Brooklyn by continuous exhibitions of the works of first-class artists and by the fact that pupils and artists are anxious to take advantage of first-class studios and club life which he can now offer. Added to all this, the joint gardens will be laid out as one with park-like features, enabling the display of fountains and statues in a suitable setting. Who wants to see a fountain in a corridor? As well admire some great statesman's statue in the back kitchen.

His hobby is teaching. Advisedly we use the term hobby for there is certainly no necessity to teach if he did not care for it. Every summer he meets his class on the coast of Maine and by able criticism and advice aims to promote the eternal themes of Earnestness, Respect for Traditions,

Sincerity. He would fain be a horticulturist, letting each pupil or flower produce its own bloom. As he pithily observes, Teaching too often usurps the function of the sausage machine where all kinds of elements wander in but only sausage wanders out.

Every canvas to Field implies the delights and prizes of adventure. He varies his palette to suit each subject and as a master of material, studying pigment as the mariner does his compass, he is actually methodical. By aid of a card system he may put aside a painting for six or twelve months and then resume it with a perfect knowledge of the particular colour scheme employed and of the exact steps to be taken to complete. Corners of nature seen through his temperament are at times sober and austere, but one always recognizes ease of composition, especially in *At the Piano*, and that sincerity which good French art, such as Fantin-Latour's, has evoked. Winslow Homer in his eyes is the greatest exponent of American art; he painted his own life, lived among the fishermen and was as they were. Thus can sincerity be maintained.



TUSCAN LANDSCAPE

BY HAMILTON EASTER FIELD



STATUE OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE  
BY BELA L. PRATT

*Note: On page cxxxi of June issue of the magazine notice was called to this proposed statue and to the desire of the Directors of the Hawthorne Memorial Association to bring it to a happy completion.*

## TEMPERA

It is because we wish to be of service to our readers that we are always glad to call their attention to new means of expression or to advantages in materials facilitating their work in the field or studio. One must not regard Tempera Colours as only a medium for commercial artists or best adapted to decorative or poster work. Their use as a medium for realistic work has been recognized by many of the artists on the Continent as well as by many in our country. The advantages may best be enumerated in regard to outdoor sketching, under-painting and the use of Tempera for the entire picture.

Taking up the first case, stress is to be laid on the ease with which one can transport finished sketches. In the use of the oil thumb-box the limit of sketches is measured by the two or three panels which will fit into the carrying compartment. As a Tempera sketch is dry in about ten minutes it can be placed in a portfolio with all other work you have done that day. Washing the brushes in clean water and flooding over the palette leaves your outfit in the same clean condition as it was for the first piece of work.

How often has an artist wished that he could continue the same day he is working on the under-painting with a vital part in his picture because his sensitiveness to the beauty of that part is so strong that day. The use of Tempera in this instance would have permitted it, as he could have continued in about fifteen minutes after completing the under-painting. But there is also a technical advantage for the life of the picture in this method. The chalky nature of Tempera makes the ground slightly absorbent, giving a surface with a pleasing pull for the brush strokes. On the other hand, the absorption rids the colour of any surplus of oil due to an excessive use of painting mediums which would in time discolour, lowering the luminosity of the pigment.

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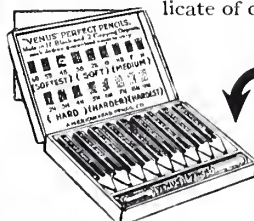
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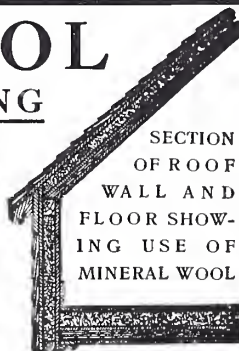
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