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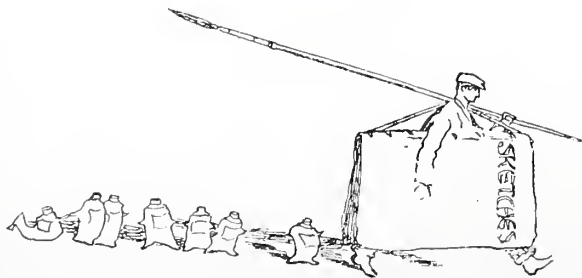
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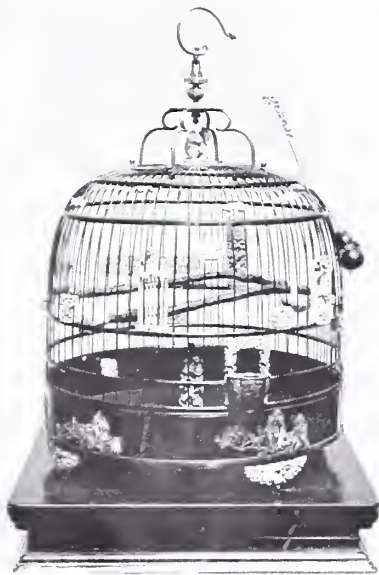
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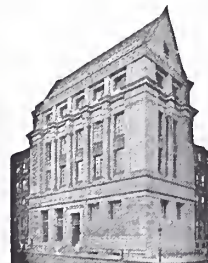
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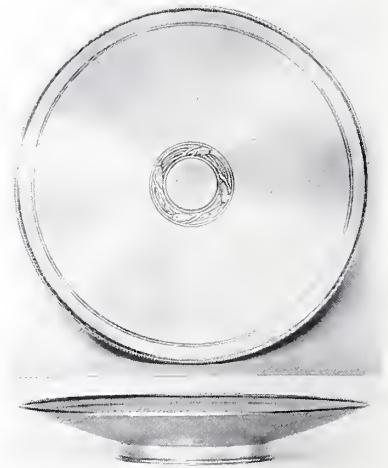
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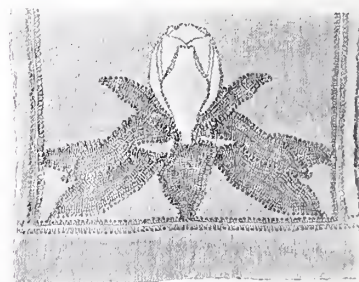
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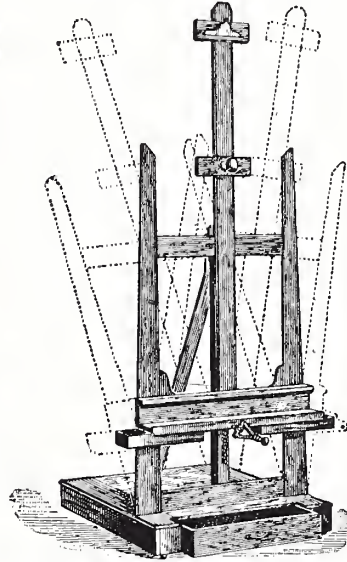
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MICHIGAN artists, including those living abroad, are invited to participate in the annual exhibition of original works of art held at the Museum, under the management of the Scarab Club of Detroit from November 17 to December 20, 1914. The exhibition will consist of oils, water-colours, pastels, etchings, monoprints and sculpture. The three annual exhibitions previously held under the name of the Hopkin Club were arranged and directed largely by the same individuals who now make up the active membership of the Scarab Club, an organization whose aim is to promote the fine arts in Detroit. The change in name indicates nothing more than the policy of the Scarab Club to broaden the exhibition and to include prizes generously donated by members and their friends.

Entry cards for this exhibition may be obtained by writing to the Detroit Museum of Art. The last date of receiving works will be Thursday, November 12. A competent jury will pass upon all pictures submitted and space will be found for all those accepted. The formal opening of the exhibition will be held Thursday evening, November 19, from 7.30 until 10 o'clock. A number of awards offered this year as an incentive to the painters will add much interest to the exhibition.

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A FEW extracts from the director's report are of general interest:

The past year was one of unusual activity and interest. Numerous and valuable accessions to the permanent collections by purchase, gift and loan reached a climax in Mrs. Emery's purchase of Titian's notable portrait of Philip the Second.

It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of securing for Cincinnati such an example of Titian's work. The portrait is a notable one in itself and has a distinguished history, of which not the least important feature is the fact that it was bought by the great German portrait painter, Lenbach, upon whose work it had an influence easily recognized. The ownership of it by Lenbach makes it interesting even among the examples of Titian's work, because Lenbach before the age of thirty had gone much further than is usual in the experience of a painter in the study of the work of the old masters. He made a very considerable number of superb copies for Baron Schack, of Munich, and was looked upon as having rather unique ability in that respect. By the age of thirty he had so mastered the work of the great painters that he gave up copying altogether and devoted himself entirely to the development of his own art of portraiture. No canvas, even by Titian, would have interested such a man unless it had qualities of unusual value to an artist. The fact that certain parts of the canvas were left incomplete by Titian discloses Titian's method as a completely finished canvas would not.

The history of Mrs. Emery's picture is remarkable in other ways. It appears to have been painted in 1550 from sittings given by Philip the Second in Augsburg. It remained in the possession of Titian, passing at the time of his death to his son, who in the course of a few years sold Titian's house and its contents to Christophero Barbarigo. In the Barbarigo family it remained, passing into possession of the Giustiani branch in Padua, and it is referred to as still being there in the later 'eighties. We next hear of it in Lenbach's possession, and after Lenbach's death it was sold by his widow in 1911 to Agnew in London. Then it was for a short time in the possession of Sir Hugh Lane, from whom Mrs. Emery got it in 1913.

A series of remarkable special exhibitions culminated in the Besnard collection. Visits to the Museum were planned and aides were specially prepared by the Museum staff to explain the exhibits and add to the enjoyment of them. In this and many other ways was shown a disposition on the part of an interested public to avail itself of the services offered through the librarian and her aides. Many teachers with classes, many study groups from clubs, and a large number of individuals have received this help. In addition to the two courses in the history of art previously given to students connected with the Art Academy a third course of twenty lectures and four visits to the Museum was arranged for teachers in the Cincinnati schools. As a help in the public schools the Museum prepared a set of sixty-two lantern slides of the Museum and its col-

(Continued on page 19)

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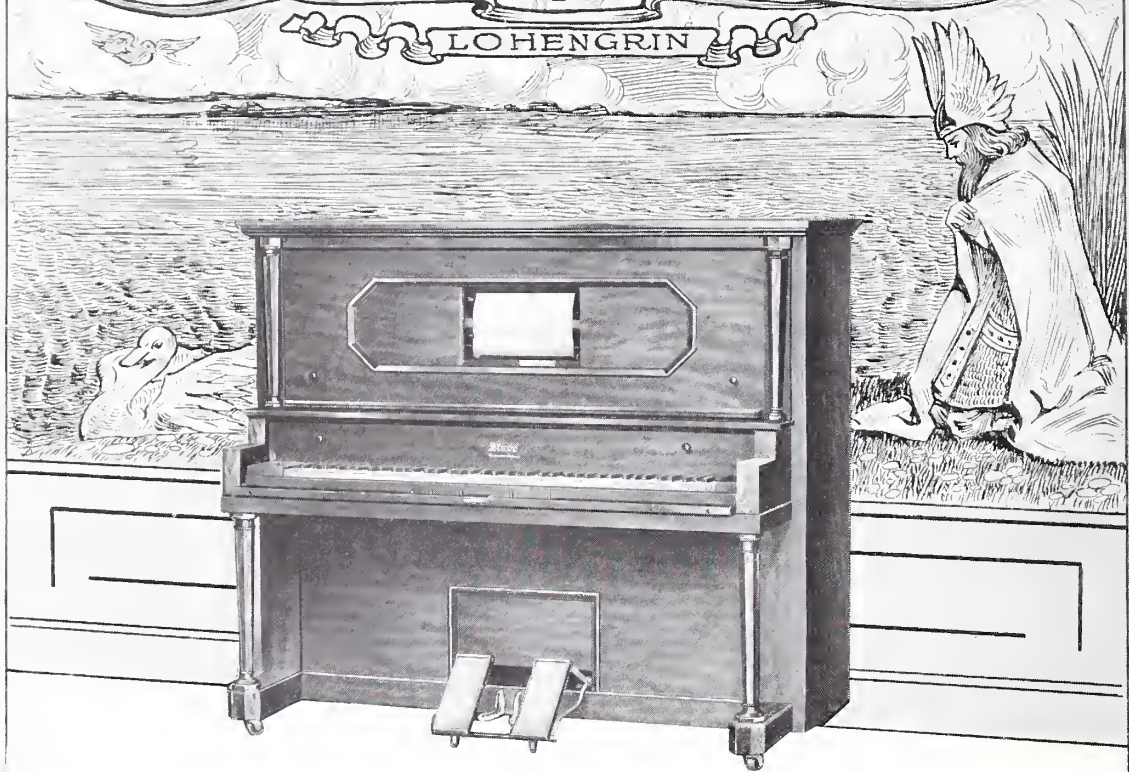
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PORTRAIT OF MADAME GONSE. FROM THE OIL
PAINTING BY JEAN AUGUSTE DOMINIQUE INGRES.

*(The property of
Mons. Henri Lafuze.)*

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OLD SUBJECTS IN NEW VESTMENTS BY JESSIE LEMONT

THREE Continental impressionist painters, born but a couple of years apart, although widely separated by country, present in their canvases extreme divergence in conception and exposition of theme, yet reveal a certain similarity in big, broad and unique brush handling.

Giovanni Segantini, of Arco, by some called the supreme genius of modern Italy, a romantic Millet, "bathes his thoughts in Nature and clothes them in the local colour of his life in the Engadine Alps." Henri Martin, a native of Toulouse, "suggests Puvis de Chavannes set afire." Henri Le Sidaner, from the Île Maurice beside the North Sea, with its melancholy mists, "a very poet who compels Nature to sing her intense moods with lyric tenderness," paints a world of dreams.

These three artists, different of race, of temperament, of predilection, used at times analogous line effects and a thick streaking in of colour, and again employed a flecked laying on of pigment dissimilar to other contemporaneous impressionists. Original, arresting and effective for a luminous vibrancy and also for a veiled and mysterious quality achieved by these methods, they were in a way by chromatic steps the technical precursors of Augustus Vincent Tack.

In subject matter not transported by the *Virgilian bucolics* of Segantini, nor enamoured of luminous white-veiled floating forms like Martin, nor yet haunted by the poetic visions of Le Sidaner, Augustus Tack reveals to us originality and power both in conception and technique.

Four large canvases recently completed by Augustus Tack might be called a symphony in four movements, with humanity for its theme. The force of the elemental flows through these

paintings, each of which is complete within itself, yet is part of a great whole. In each the background suggests illimitable space stretching out luminously beyond the range of vision. Each is dominated by a single human figure, Biblical in its bigness, symbolic of humanity's heights and depths.

In the first of these paintings, entitled *The Remorse of Eve*, the mysteriously glowing background throws into deeper shadow the figure of a woman who comes forth with faltering steps from beneath the boughs of a great tree. The overhanging branches arch the top, and the massive trunk sweeps from top to bottom the entire right of the picture, darkening to dusk the pathway along which the figure passes and contrasting sombrely with the far-distant brilliance of the background.

The woman's form is brown as of the earth and heavily built, yet with the vital grace of primal creatures. The abundance of wavy hair is thrown forward over the face, as if to veil its tragedy; the left arm is flung across the face, as if to hide the vision of the Unknown toward which she advances; the hands are obliquely and gropingly extended and are clasped with an upward gesture as of prayer. She walks with slow and dragging step, her strong form droops with its burden of realization of finality, of exclusion from the joy forever lost in God's Garden of Eden, to which there is no return. The faint reflection of that vanishing radiance lights her on her way into the Unseen. The symbolism of this figure is portentous. It represents the slow-gathering consciousness of avoidable but irretrievable loss.

The finality of despair of this *Eve* is relieved by a suggestion of wild freedom that leaps up even in the praying gesture of the hands and in the dragging step, which has a latent fleetness; the whole drooping form contains a repressed vigour, at once pagan and primitive. It holds an impulse which

Old Subjects in New Vestments

triumphs over the effect of hopelessness; it possesses, even under the weight of the remorse which bows its proud strength and dims its vitality, a vivid intensity of life.

The handling of this painting of *Eve* is bold and strong. There is rhythm and movement in its sweeping curves; in colour it is almost a monochrome of browns, as if significant of autumn, although a scarcely perceptible touch of green faintly flecks the earth in places, like a last, lingering touch of a luxuriant departed summer, whose warmth and life the woman is leaving behind her. The dark figure, the brown, bare branches of the tree, the dun earth, are but heavy shadows against the golden glow of a far distance.

There is no other conception just like this in painting and none other of like significance in sculpture, save, perhaps, the *Eve* of August Rodin, whose interpretation by Rilke might also be a fitting elucidation of the *Eve* of Augustus Tack. Rilke writes: "The gesture of the standing figure develops further, it withdraws into itself, it shrivels like burning paper; it becomes stronger, more concentrated, more animated. That *Eve* that was originally to be placed over the *Gates of Hell* stands with head sunk deeply into the shadow of the arms that draw together over the breast like those of a

freezing woman. The back is rounded, the nape of the neck almost horizontal. She bends forward as though listening over her own body, in which a new future begins to stir. It is as though the gravity of this future weighed upon the senses of the woman and drew her down from the freedom of life into the deep, humble service of motherhood."

There is a marked psychological difference in colour effect in the second picture of the group, *Simon of Cyrene*. Here, outlined against the vast distance of the background, the powerful figure of a man is seen, dragging a huge cross up the rocky steep of a mountain. The far-away glow throws

the figure with the cross into sharp relief. His great back is bent, his rugged head is thrust forward till the line along the back of the thick neck is horizontal; his mighty arm and leg muscles strain with effort. The man's body is naked save for a scarlet tunic that covers his loins; his dark hair and beard are thick and curling; his skin is brown and toughened from the burn of the sun and the lash of the winds; he has worked in the open and possesses resolution and endurance; his great hands grasp the rough wooden cross with an iron grip, the big arm muscles dilate, the sinews in his legs stand out like cords, the strong toes press into

the earth and clinch it with each step; each step represents a mighty impulse of the will; he rises up—the steep ascent with unflinching tread. The great figure is the embodiment of gigantic strength and invincible determination.

There is a note of triumph in this figure; it is so powerful that it conveys conviction that it will reach the journey's end and then, perhaps, with one supreme final effort of the will, the bowed head and bent back will straighten up and the mighty arms will lift the cross and plant it upright like a banner.

Mystery surrounds the story of *Simon of Cyrene*. Biblical history relates that chance turned the steps of this strong stranger toward

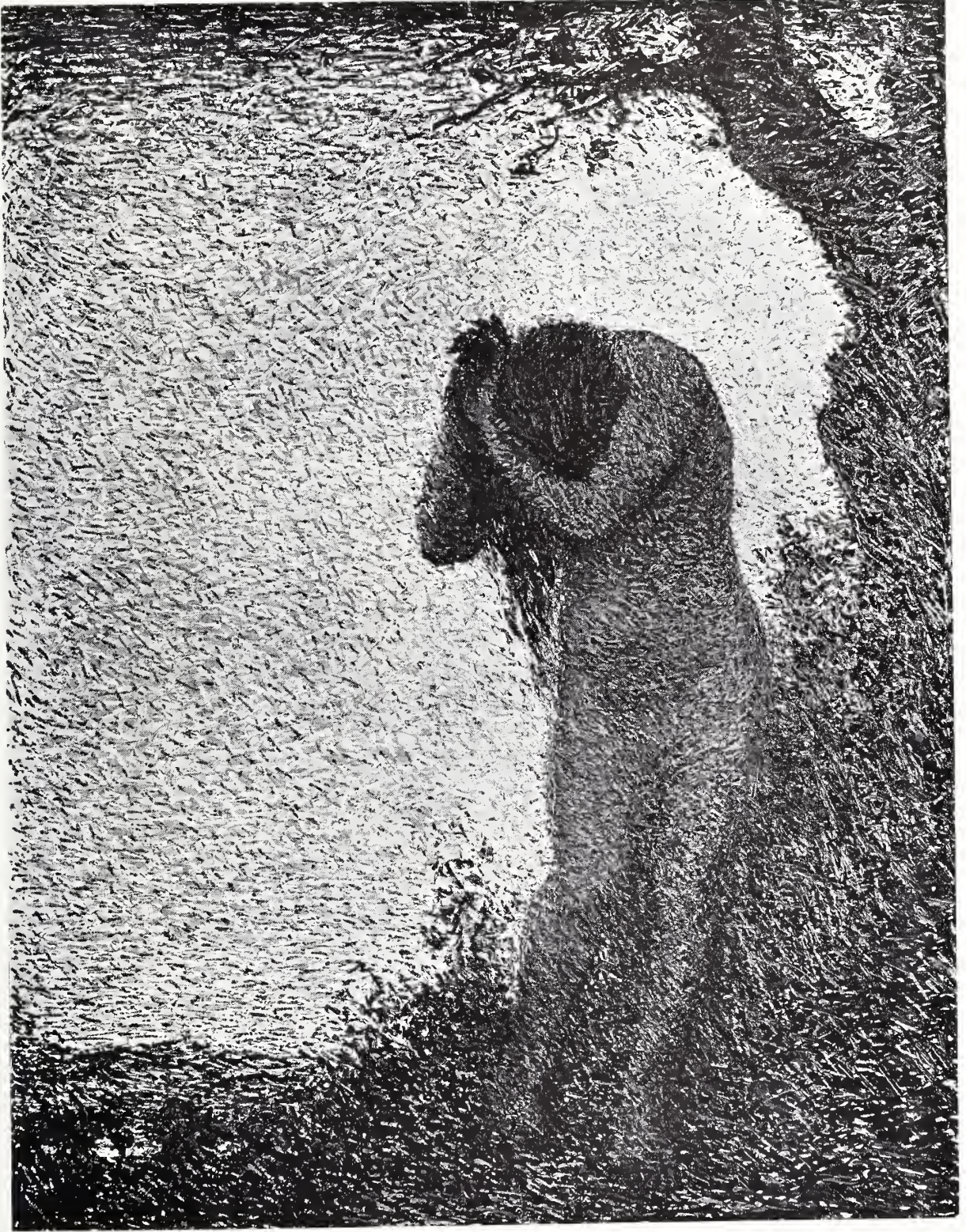
the city of Golgotha; fate placed him in the midst of a mob, who seized him and compelled him to carry the cross on which Jesus was to be crucified, to the top of Mount Calvary. None knew who he was, nor whence nor wherefore he was journeying, and the whole testimony of the three apostles who wrote of him is summed up in their books in a single short paragraph; then the episode is lost sight of in the whelming contrast of a greater tragedy.

For this reason, perhaps, the figure of Simon of Cyrene has seldom before been portrayed in literature or in art. On this canvas of Augustus Tack there seems to emerge from that dark time a

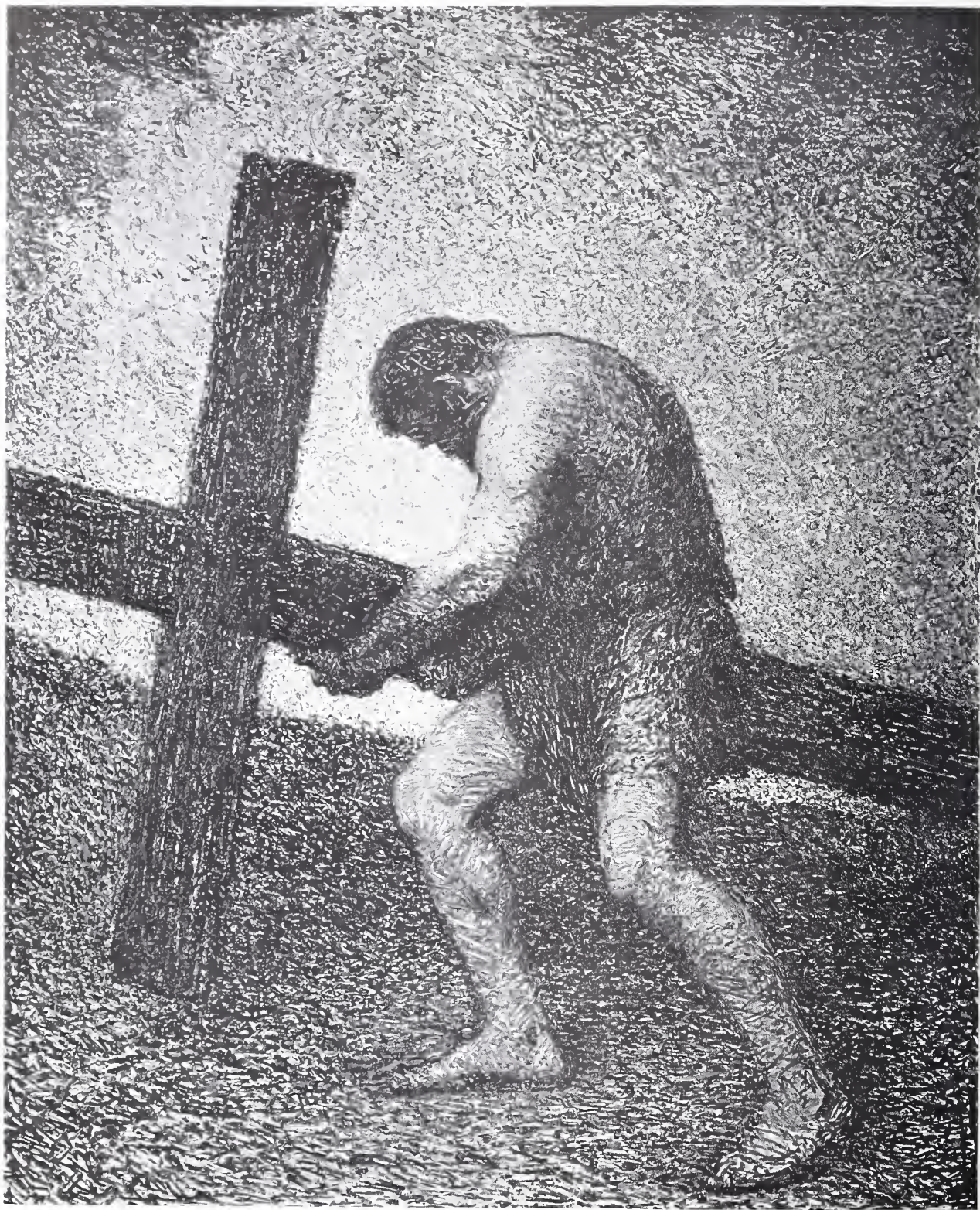


Sketch for a large canvas
"WOMAN, BEHOLD
THY SON"

BY AUGUSTUS V.
TACK



THE REMORSE OF EVE
BY AUGUSTUS V. TACK



SIMON OF CYRENE
BY AUGUSTUS V. TACK



MADONNA OF THE EVERLASTING HILLS
BY AUGUSTUS V. TACK

Old Subjects in New Vestments

symbol of man's destiny to bear the cross—the burden that he must bear till the end of time.

The whole picture is painted in a swiftly cumulative *tempo*, as if the artist's imagination had impelled him to a rapid and brilliant laying on of pigment. There is a shimmer of golden light in the vast reaches of the background; the brown rocks are bare of grass or trees; the one flash of colour is the red tunic that girdles the man's loins which seems significant of the life impulse or perhaps typical of the red glow of passion.

The *Madonna of the Everlasting Hills* sits serene and high; she is enthroned on a rock that is the topmost peak of the world; the rising hills—symbols of the centuries—lie at her feet and behind her, surrounding her far and wide, like a billowing sea of green. Her robe is an intensely deep blue as though part of the sky itself had been caught down to enfold her like a mantle. A filmy veil of white shades her broad brow as if a cloud had been drawn mistily across it to conceal its radiance. The calm deeps of the skies is in her eyes, her beautiful face holds life's mystery, life's dream and life's fulfilment. So serene is she that she seems part of the rock on which she sits, unchanging as the eternal hills. She is the Mother of the Earth; her strong and gentle hands uphold and uplift the Christ-Child; her tender cheek is like a rose-petal caressing the golden tendrils of his hair. The small body of the Child is vibrant with life and joy; he seems to spring from her arms heavenward; one little hand is held forward as though beckoning and inviting all the Children of the World; the other hand points with its tiny index finger—upward. The whole small body, from its wee toe to its pointing finger-tip, is a gesture of swift ascent. The Mother scarcely holds the light, leaping form in her arms. This Christ-Child might symbolize all birth and blossoming—the awakening of all Life, its bloom and its promise. Above this Eternal Promise is the brooding Mother of the World, watching over her Child.

A critic, in commenting on this picture, remarked: "This canvas expresses the Universal. It contains elements of the Byzantine, the Italian primitive, the Gothic and the Modern, and encompasses, as does no other painting of the Madonna, four periods of Christian Art."

The thief on the cross is in the minor key; the mood is that of intense quiet. The predominating colour-tone is the gray of a troubled sky which extends over the picture as though the heavens had muffled in obscurity earth's evil. A faint gleam of light crosses the centre, shining through

the darkness, betokening a breaking of the storm; high above the shifting clouds is the clear sky—a band of deep blue. There is a stillness throughout the entire picture as if the cries, the tumult of a mad multitude of people had died away.

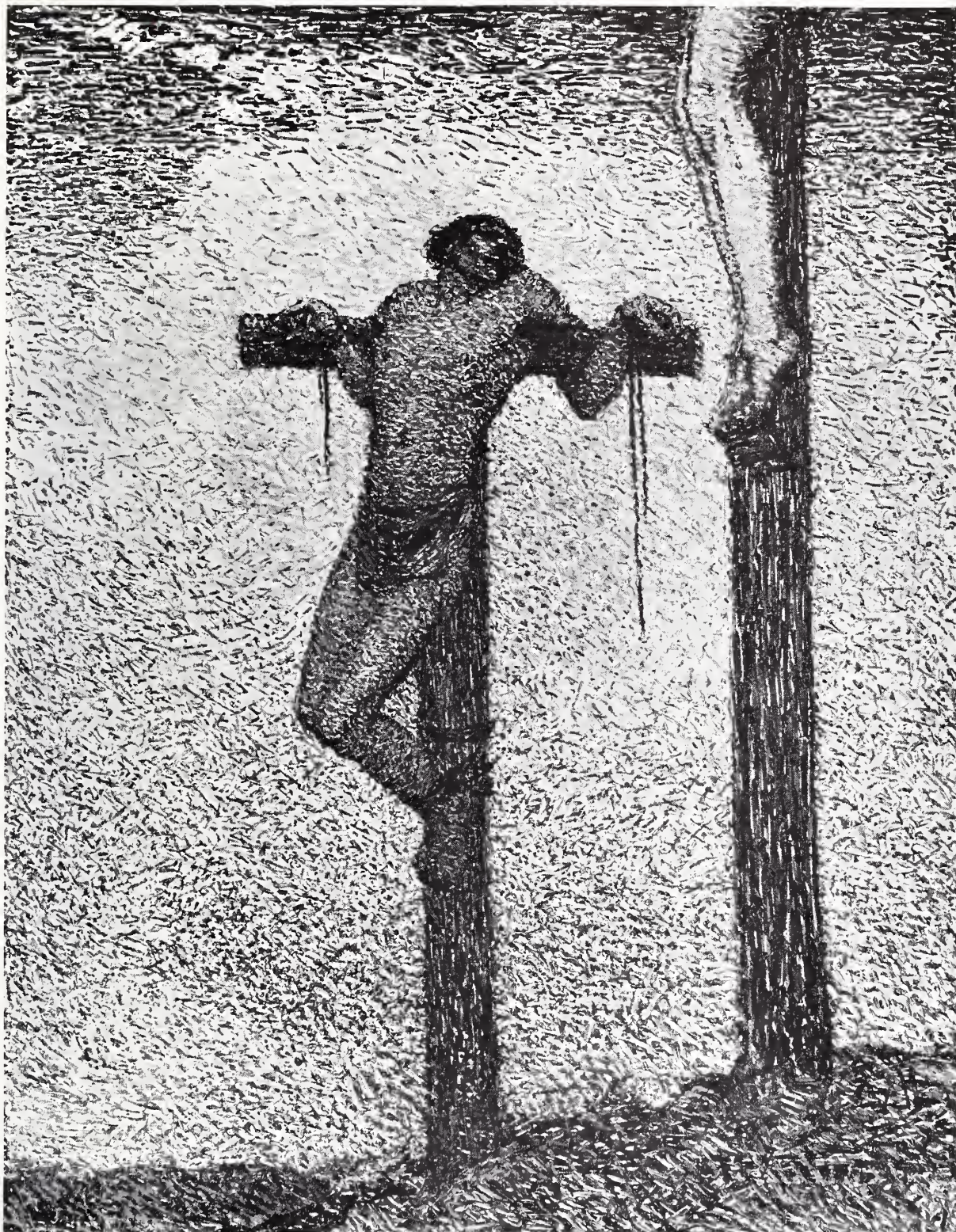
No sound disturbs the silence of this spot; its rocky heights are far away from the city, its loneliness is removed from the haunts of men. Twilight is settling over the mountains. Encompassed by the frame of the picture as if by a window, the upright beam of a cross is seen, two pallid legs and feet are stretched along and fastened to this beam; there is no stir in the waxen limbs—life has departed; the upper part of the body, shut off from view by the frame, ascends into the blue.

A short distance down the mountain slope stands another cross; its entire length is visible darkly silhouetted against the lowering storm-clouds. A ghastly figure hangs from its cross-beams; it is crumpled together and slips down along the upright beam as if with the expiration of a last breath—a sigh of relinquished life; the thrown-back head is sunk into the shoulders; the arms hang limp along the cross-beams, the wrists of the lifeless hands are tied to the beams, the rope ends seem to drip as if anguish from every pore in the man's body had been concentrated into these ropes. But the face is lifted and over its tortured features there has crept an expression of peace; the eyes are raised to that other unseen face with a dawning hope, the failing ears hear the far-off melodious music of a voice: "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

These paintings can be thought of only as placed in and enriching some great cathedral—as *Watt's Life, Death and Judgment* illumines the aisles of St. Paul's in London.

Note.—The following critique by Mr. Carroll Brown is a splendid summing up of the impressions that he received upon seeing these pictures for the first time. Such intellectuality in criticism is a factor that we do not ordinarily meet with among writers upon art, and his utterances merit the deepest attention:

"Mr. Tack's pictures strike a new note. In their unique commingling of method and idea they are distinctive of a new century. Impressionistic his technique certainly is in the employment of bold spots of pure colour laid upon the canvas in the manner of a mosaic. But, unlike many of these latter-day adventurers into experimental regions, from his sound training and mental equipoise he never allows his method to



THE PARDON OF DIMAS
BY AUGUSTUS V. TACK

Old Subjects in New Vestments

master him; his colours are placed with such sure knowledge of effects that, at a distance of a few feet, they melt together and create a striking impression of a unified whole. What is it, then, that differentiates these productions from their predecessors? Antique art was a representation of external beauty; with the Renaissance began the projection of the artist's personality into his work, but the characterization of Mr. Tack's deeply psychological pictures is an added consciousness of the world-soul, expressed with a poignant force by means of the unusual technique. These pictures have a strong affinity to the work of Rodin in the rough-hewn and elemental qualities that give that sculptor a unique distinction, as well as in their underlying spiritual significance. Like Rodin's sculpture, they produce the singular conception of an idea emerging from within; seemingly in the plastic material one beholds a primal impulse in the act of moulding itself into shape before the eyes. Like Rodin's sculpture, also, they have a monumental simplicity of design and an absolute sense of reality that is almost overpowering. This is a realism that does not effect itself by the multiplicity of details, for it is subjective rather than objective, and its strength is psychological as well as pictorial.

"Eve remorseful, Simon the cross-bearer, the thief on the cross with his upturned face, do not depict single dramatic moments only in the life of the individual, but are surcharged with a universal meaning. As to the special signification of these pictures—for the artist regards them as if they were four movements in a symphony, each connected with the others and leading up to a climax—what is it but the expression of all human experience? Have we not all borne crosses, felt remorse and received illumination from the divine spiritual source? Each picture has its message, which will inevitably reach those who have the understanding to receive it. Such power to impress the beholder could only arise from an intense personal conviction, for, while Mr. Tack's technique differs entirely from his predecessors, he apparently shares one attribute with them all—faith. This is what has distinguished every masterpiece of like nature in the past and will be evident unceasingly in every future one. No one can see these pictures without feeling that their creator approached them with as reverent a spirit as any of his artist forebears in the ages when faith burned the brightest and art was the handmaid of religion. In them is no evidence of a merely intellectual attraction toward an effective and spectacular

arrangement; these delineations of the profoundest human passion have sprung from the heart of the artist. Whoever aspires to subjects like these must be stirred by such ardent emotions that he causes the beholder to participate in his belief. It is the part of genius to set others vibrating in consonance with the revelations of his inner being. This is the element that glorifies a picture. Hence could anything be more absurd than the claims of some of the ultra-modern painters that they play upon hitherto unused mental processes and have thereby given a new meaning to art? The procedure they vaunt as newly discovered originated in the most primitive painter, who first succeeded in formulating upon canvas some idea that had stimulated his imagination; though his manner be childish and his hand uncertain, the result, however quaint, if its meaning be conveyed suggestively, often surpasses in interest and value the latest production of a finished technician preoccupied only with his tools. It is the underlying thought that inevitably counts, for, as with music and letters, no work of art can endure that is not pervaded with an emotional content, whether demonstrating strength, beauty, imagination or belief. How else, for instance, in the picture of the thief on the cross, could Mr. Tack infuse into the limbs of the Christ that sense of absolute divinity, an effect not proceeding from their complete repose as contrasted with the writhing body of the thief, for it is something intrinsic in themselves? No one not possessing deep poetic insight could thus enthrall the imagination of the onlooker, who, for the limbs alone, visualizes wholly Him whose blessed feet

Were nailed for our advantage to the bitter cross.

"Without doubt his *Madonna*, as he wished it to be, is the culmination of his efforts, and in her he has achieved something unusual and original. The loftiest geniuses for centuries have thrown themselves into this uplifting task, and many and various are the delineations of Sacred Motherhood given to the world. Therefore one hardly expects the new sensation received from this latest manifestation. Painted in shimmering peacock blues and greens, she has the calm majesty and aloofness of the hills, whose mantle she wears, for, indeed, being the *Madonna of the Hills*, she seems an upspringing from the great heart of nature, even as mountain peaks were raised by primeval giant forces. This sense of devotion, of sublime dignity, commands reverence, as did those stupendous Andean summits to whom sacrifices were made by the awe-stricken Incas."

The Etchings of George Elbert Burr



ON THE LITTLE COLORADO RIVER, ARIZONA

BY GEORGE ELBERT BURR

THE ETCHINGS OF GEORGE ELBERT BURR BY MORRIS R. WARD

GEOGRAPHICALLY, Mr. George Elbert Burr holds a rather unique position in the United States. Though Eastern-born and trained in his art in New York and abroad, he took up his residence at the front door of the Rocky Mountains, and it was in Colorado and its capital city, Denver, that he began to devote himself to his serious work as an etcher. Of more importance is the fact that, in such isolated surroundings, he became one of the pioneers in this country in the comparatively recent art of colour etching.

Though his artistic career first commenced in the field of water-colour, in which he proved himself a competent and charming artist, Mr. Burr had always been strongly attracted to etching, and it was primarily as an etcher that he viewed his life-work. Early training was not lacking. In New York he was commissioned to illustrate the exquisite collection of jade ornaments and other bric-a-brac belonging to Heber-Bishop, and now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. His work was

so masterly and thorough that he was by one critic aligned with that consummate master of French draughtsmanship, Jules Jacquemart, whose "History of Porcelain" made such a sensation in the art world.

On his return to New York after a five years' sojourn abroad, Mr. Burr cast about for a while, making experiments in colour etchings, an art which at that time was so little cultivated that he was unable to find anyone who could help him in his early experiments.

Coming to Colorado in 1906 he took up his residence in Denver, and settled down to his chosen work. Colour etching occupied most of his time, and it was only after several years of hard labour that he succeeded in mastering the intricate difficulties of the art.

At bottom, his methods differ to some extent from those in most general use among his contemporaries in the art. Its chief distinction is the fact that the work, from the etching and preparing of the plate to the final printing, is done entirely by himself from one plate. The colour (oil mediums are used) is applied directly to the etched surface as on canvas, after which comes the

The Etchings of George Elbert Burr

excessively laborious process of "wiping" the plate in such a way that each and every tone is confined to its proper territory. The least "running" of colour would be disastrous.

In the multiple-plate process employed, for instance, by Nelson Dawes and Lee Hankey, of England, each tone or colour requires a distinct plate, properly prepared to receive it. The printing is rendered more simple by the mechanical devices used to pass the paper under the successive plates. It is for this reason that Mr. Hankey, in order to sustain the integrity of his work, promises

more for their softness and delicacy than for any qualities of range. They are all, so to speak, orchestrated in the low, cool tones, and seek to render an air of subtle imagery to the whole rather than to state plain facts baldly. As a colourist he is as different as possible from Mr. Vaughan Trowbridge, for instance, who employs a much higher scale of colour orchestration, and delights in a rich, glowing extravaganza of tones.

Mr. Burr's plates, as prepared for colour, are subjected to the customary auxiliary methods of aquatint and soft-ground, in order that the colour



FLORENCE FROM SAN MINIATO (DRY-POINT)

BY GEORGE ELBERT BURR

that each proof shall be "pulled" by himself, thus avoiding the dangers of ordinary mechanical colour printing.

These dangers are of necessity eliminated in work which, as Mr. Burr's, demands the continual artistic skill and ability of the artist himself. Moreover, it is not difficult to see how, every print requiring a separate printing of the plate, a great variety of effort will be found in the various proofs of any one plate. This lends a certain atmosphere of novelty and permits a large range of treatment in a plate, by which it may be made to represent the same scene at different hours or seasons.

Mr. Burr's colours in this work are distinguished

may hold. Large spaces, requiring massed colour, are bitten away through a resin or sulphur ground, and the innumerable projections serve to retain the pigment. In soft-ground work, Mr. Burr has produced a decided novelty in his *Evening, Lake Geneva*. The entire plate was etched in soft-ground, no needle line being used, and the result (in a subdued blue) is extremely beautiful.

Few proofs are printed from a given plate, owing to the rapid deterioration of the lines under pressure. Mr. Burr never steel-faces his work, considering that it would suffer from the metallic rigidity of the steel line.

The printing is always done on moistened paper



HIGH STREET, OXFORD (ENGLAND)
BY GEORGE ELBERT BURR

An Etching by Gustave A. Hoffman

from a warm plate. It can easily be seen that the oil with which the pigments are mixed would, if it was absorbed by the paper, make very unpleasant smudges, as one may see in a paper bag in which greasy things have been carried. Water being antipathetic to oil, the latter remains on the copper, while only the pure colour is transferred to the paper.

Colour etching is only a phase of this artist's work. In pure black-and-white line etching he has achieved some very effective plates, while as a dry-point artist he sounds a very distinctive note. Take, for example, the plate *Winter* and its companion, *Winter Oaks*. One sees here a really masterful interpretation of the genius of winter. The spare trees are covered with a thick veil of snow, and the contrapuntal effect (to employ another term from music) between the dark trunks, branches and sparse vegetation on the one hand, and the massed brilliance of the virgin snow on the other, is very beautiful. One goes up to these plates again and again, as one reads and re-reads a subtle poem.

In etching proper, Mr. Burr ranks favourably among his contemporaries. He understands the evasive and suggestive qualities of the line, and is able to make it perform many beautiful and effec-

tive things. The *Warwick Castle* plate is an unusual plate; the entire composition is scaled down to a dark, almost impenetrable black, through which one feels rather than sees the outlines of the great structure, whose upper portions are bathed a rich white. Outré, if you will, but an excellent example of what an etching is capable of.

High Street, Oxford, and *The Street in San Remo*, both recent plates, are distinguished by a solidity of composition and a better control of the light-and-shade qualities of line. The former plate imparts the effect of rain in a manner reminiscent of some of Felix Buhot's work.

Taken by and large, and remembering the isolation in which he has worked, Mr. Burr is a worthy representative of the modern school of etchers in this country. Aside from his pioneer work as an etcher in colours, he will be deservedly remembered for a few dry-points of exquisite charm, and as a sympathetic and efficient interpreter of nature.

A charter member of the California and Chicago Society of Etchers, he is constantly exhibiting in various parts of the country, while both the Public Library of New York and the Congressional Library of Washington have recognized his artistic worth by purchasing sets of his plates.



THE ROCKVILLE HILLS, CONNECTICUT

ETCHING BY GUSTAVE A. HOFFMAN

Sculpture of Robert Aitken, N.A.



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THE SETTING SUN: HELIOS. DETAIL OF THE FOUNTAIN OF THE EARTH

BY ROBERT AITKEN, N.A.

SCULPTURE OF ROBERT AITKEN, N.A.
BY ARTHUR HOEBER

AGAIN the door of opportunity has been opened to our American painters and sculptors, for with the opening of the forthcoming Panama-Pacific Exposition, these artists will disclose astonishingly capable, original, virile performances that once more will call the attention of our public to the possibilities of native talent. The great promise indicated by previous fairs at Chicago and St. Louis will have been more than fulfilled. These results will, too, come at a happy moment—for this nation, at least—to prove, as in many other directions, the resourcefulness of the native. Large mural spaces have been adequately filled with significant pictorial compositions; splendid groups of sculpture have been evolved, no less worthy and impressive, demanding the most serious attention.

Robert Aitken, newly elected National Academician, San Francisconian by birth, pupil of the schools there, but of recent years identified with the art life of New York, where he has executed much important work, has made full use of his varied and impressive artistic gifts in his commissions for this Panama-Pacific Fair. For the Court of Honour he has evolved four heroic figures, typifying the elements—*Fire, Air, Water, Earth*. This article, however, is concerned with a larger and

more ambitious undertaking, a conception of the psychology of life as disclosed in his Court of the Universe, for which Louis Mullgardt has been the architect. While the reproductions here given are explanatory, a few words may assist the reader to a fuller comprehension.

A great main structure rises from a body of water 150 feet long by 65 feet wide, and leading up to this is a group of ten crouching figures, a symbolized *Destiny* with one enormous outstretched hand giving life, while with the other it takes it. This hand pushes toward the earth from *Prenatal Sleep* a woman who awakens to the ecstatic joy of living, perhaps its realization. A man offers her the *Kiss of Life*, and the pair, offering up the children of their mutual love, are representative of the *Beginnings of Things*. To the great central edifice now come these humans to inhabit the earth and make history. They make a series of four groups of heroic-sized figures, each flanked by a colossal bronze *Hermes*, whose arms reach over the structure and hold up the beginnings of animal life of reptilian and piscatorial origin. All these figures and forms surround a globe of enormous size, typifying *The Earth*, over the surface of which streams of water are thrown, deluging these prehistoric beasts. This globe, 18 feet in diameter, of glass in a heavy steel armature, will be illuminated after dark, while a second globe therein will revolve, producing the effect of the

Sculpture of Robert Aitken, N.A.

earth turning on its axis. Upon this will play powerful reflectors with varicoloured lights changing automatically, giving the spectator the impression of the earth as a molten mass. Night and day rising steam will further convey the suggestion of the earth in its cooling process throwing off vapours.

A gap, before we arrive at the *Beginnings of Fecundity*, is typical of that unknown time in history when conjecture only may be the guide.

Awakening of the War Spirit, with woman as the exciting cause. To the next group—always divided by the *Hermes*—we get to the *Lesson of Life*, wherein the elders, with the experience of the years, offer counsel to hot-headed youth. A woman draws to her side a specimen of splendid manhood, willing to fight for his love and faith, while an anxious mother offers him advice. Now *Lust* struggles to caress an unwilling female who shrinks from his embrace.



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EARTH, ONE OF THE ELEMENTS, FOR THE COURT OF HONOUR

BY ROBERT AITKEN, N.A.

Arriving at the main structure we meet with *Vanity*, glass in hand, compelling motive of so much in humanity. Now *Primitive Man and Woman*—always the figures are undraped—trudge on with their burdens of life, progressing toward the unknown future, their rude but questioning courage evident. The next group represents *Natural Selection, with the Survival of the Fittest*. Here we perceive a militant group, where *Physical Courage* begins to play its part, there being the

With this last we have made the circle of the earth and are taken out and through the side of the approach which leads to oblivion. First, a figure of *Greed* looks back on the earth holding in his hands a mass, suggestive of his futile and unsavoury worldly possessions, the unworthy bauble toward which his efforts have been directed. A group behind him typifying *Faith* shows a patriarch kneeling and offering to a woman consolation in the shape of *Hope in Immortality*, holding

Sculpture of Robert Aitken, N. A.



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WATER, ONE OF THE ELEMENTS, FOR THE COURT OF HONOUR

BY ROBERT AITKEN, N. A.

in his hand a scarab, ancient symbol of *Renewed Life*. Finally, two figures recumbent—a man, *Sorrow*, a woman, *Final Sleep*, are about to be drawn

into *Oblivion* by the relentless *Hand of Destiny*. Mr. Aitken has depicted a conception of life, with its sorrows, joys, hopes and tragedies, its



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FIRE, ONE OF THE ELEMENTS, FOR THE COURT OF HONOUR

BY ROBERT AITKEN, N. A.

Sculpture of Robert Aitken, N.A.



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SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST: DETAIL OF THE FOUNTAIN OF THE EARTH

BY ROBERT AITKEN, N.A.

bright and its dark side, all with rare intellectuality, artistic fitness, and with unusual technical excellence, for the man is a master craftsman. He has injected much personal charm, shown the grandeur of life, along with the physical perfection of man and womanhood in their alluring quality of youth, and the figures pulsate with life. It remains to note that at the end, in the centre of a

formal parapet, sixty feet from the fountain, is a colossal figure, symbolic of the setting sun, the great orb having thrown off the nebulous mass that subsequently resolved itself into the earth. This figure carries with it down to the water's edge a great globe that will shed its golden light along the water surface toward the group of figures.



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ORIGINAL SKETCH FOR THE FOUNTAIN OF THE EARTH
IN THE COURT OF ABUNDANCE

BY ROBERT AITKEN, N.A.

THE STUDIO

THE GROSVENOR HOUSE EXHIBITION OF FRENCH ART.
BY T. MARTIN WOOD.

THIS Exhibition, which was perhaps the most important feature of this year's London art season, was advertised as one of "Modern French Art," and further described as "From Ingres to Manet." Neither title seemed to suit it quite, for no attempt was made to bring the collection right up to date or to represent some of the most outstanding events of the period from Ingres to Manet.

But if the description of the collection seemed at fault, it is of the description alone that we complain. The exhibition itself was organised entirely on the right principle. It aimed solely at making the strongest possible æsthetic appeal, concentrating chiefly on the salient moment of Impressionism.

The Comtesse Greffulhe, to whose genius we owe the organisation of the exhibition, is certainly the type of patron which the world is seeking at the present time. Pictures amassed in private collections do not exist for the general public. Up to the present in England the most educated and eager person has not been able to see representative canvases of the phase of art exhibited at Grosvenor House, so unconscious apparently of its significance have been those who are elected to watch over our interests in these things.

At present it is only through loan exhibitions—though they are attended by the evil that they tempt those who take our treasures from the country—that the omissions of our public galleries can be corrected,

and the opportunity for becoming familiar with all the most significant developments of art be something more than the exquisite privilege of the very rich.

At this distance of time it is possible to estimate to some extent the immense importance of Impressionism and the movements contemporary with it in France. In reviewing the work of Manet and Degas, especially, we cannot fail to be impressed by the evidence of the greatness of that period. To view the craft of these artists even upon the surface is to be compelled to admiration of their miraculous skill and subtlety of observation. But when we reflect how much sympathy with life is betrayed in their strife for refinement of truth and how great the enthusiasm that made their close



PORTRAIT DE M. DEVILLERS

BY J. A. D. INGRES

The Grosvenor House Exhibition of French Art



“LEÇON DE DANSE”

(The property of Mons. Hoentschel)

BY H. G. E. DEGAS

analysis worth while, we realise that there is no equivalent for this highly-strung art in anything that has preceded it. It is easy to underrate the genius of this art through confusing it with the nebulous work of followers, practising in the method without the spirit and the vision of its originators. More banal and empty even than any Academy convention is much of the art that passes as Impressionism in England to-day. Things are always opposed by the imitations to which they give rise. No one can pass such an apparently damaging criticism upon a movement as an unworthy follower.

Some day the Impressionist school—using the term with convenient freedom, embracing Manet and Degas—will be acknowledged to rank with the great historic schools. It took up, explored, and interpreted an aspect of nature which had escaped the attention of all former art. It is not merely a question of sensitive response to physical atmosphere and the problems of representing light. Wonderful as were the systems organised in adapting the palette to problems of the kind, its supreme attainment means much more than that. The eagerness of this art, and its desire for immediate contact with everything human, seemed special to France at a moment when for the first time genius became its own patron and the artist realised a kind of freedom which gave him a new conscience.

It is especially for the fine representation of the art of Manet and Degas that the Grosvenor House Exhibition is memorable. Manet's art is essentially aristocratic in character. The painter possessed that sense of “quality” which is, in highly attuned people, a sixth or seventh sense. The slightest sketch

of Manet's shows in every touch not only the artist's enjoyment of the element of paint itself, but of the contact of the very brush with canvas. His “touch” is like that of a fine pianist. And this virtuosity is not something all upon the surface; the profound charm of quality in Manet's painting rests with the fact that in his case execution was so immediately responsive to his will. His art defines his desires, not only in the main, but in every shade. In this sensitive art of Manet, the art of painting is full-blown, a zephyr might carry away the petals and begin the disintegration of the lovely flower. After this we must look for development in painting from another stem.

The blacks in a painting by Manet give us the same kind of pleasure as porcelain of the rarest kind. He could not fail to interpret life in terms of distinction, for his imagination for reality was of the most elevated kind. His mind was so constituted that even if there are commonplace things, he could not perceive them; consciousness can only entertain that which answers to itself. The field from which the subject of a picture is taken has nothing to do, of course, with the plane on which the art that interprets it moves. The world which an artist depicts is not so much one that he chooses, as one that chooses him; one into which he is born by the particular constitution of his mind.

In strong contrast to the politeness of Manet's art is the fervour of Degas. It seems that there is no shape that human life can take which does not excite his sympathy. His art is the best example of realism in the true sense. It is life in the actual—as itself the new and strange ideal—and not “the ideal” that interests him. This realism



*(The property of Mons.
Jacques E. Blanche)*

“LA LEÇON DE DANSE.” BY HILAIRE
GERMAIN EDGARD DEGAS

The Grosvenor House Exhibition of French Art

will not even choose the moment which it will represent, every moment is of such importance. It is not the spectacle of the ballet, for instance, that interests him; his art is dedicated to the element of reality in what is artificial. The practising school fascinates him even more than the stage. He cares there for the personality of each dancer even while she surrenders it to the impersonality of her art.

With Cézanne's art we turn sharp off into another world. It is curious that a school should since have arisen attempting to base upon the art of Cézanne its theory that art can be disconnected from human association. The art of Cézanne reflects the humanity of a local world as acutely as the art of Degas. A singular appearance of incompetence characterises Cézanne; with this, however, is coupled a great feeling for architectural plan as the basis of design in painting. And he applied himself to the values perceived in colour relations, trying to disengage them from the values imposed by the influences of light and shade. It is always an artist of severe limitations who isolates some feature of art to the extent of providing a motive for an entirely new departure in

the next generation, and it fell to Cézanne to show the way to a new order of beauty in painting.

Every master's work shows three periods: the first, in which a hill is ascended; the second, in which the summit is attained—when for the first time execution reflects mental vision without compromise; the third, in which the artist has made his home among the very difficulties that once appalled him. In the first the artist frequently surprises himself as well as others, and to this period belong those experiments which in the study of the works of old masters confound the makers of attributions. The work of each of these periods has its special value. It is only in the first that we meet all the intensity of which the artist is capable. But it is in the middle period that he seems to surpass himself; everywhere the touch is vital, everything is at a pitch which cannot be sustained. It is in the third—generally the longest period—that the work is most personal; by that time painting has become nearly as natural as breathing, and it is this easiness which often gives work of this stage a charm even where it has become shallow.

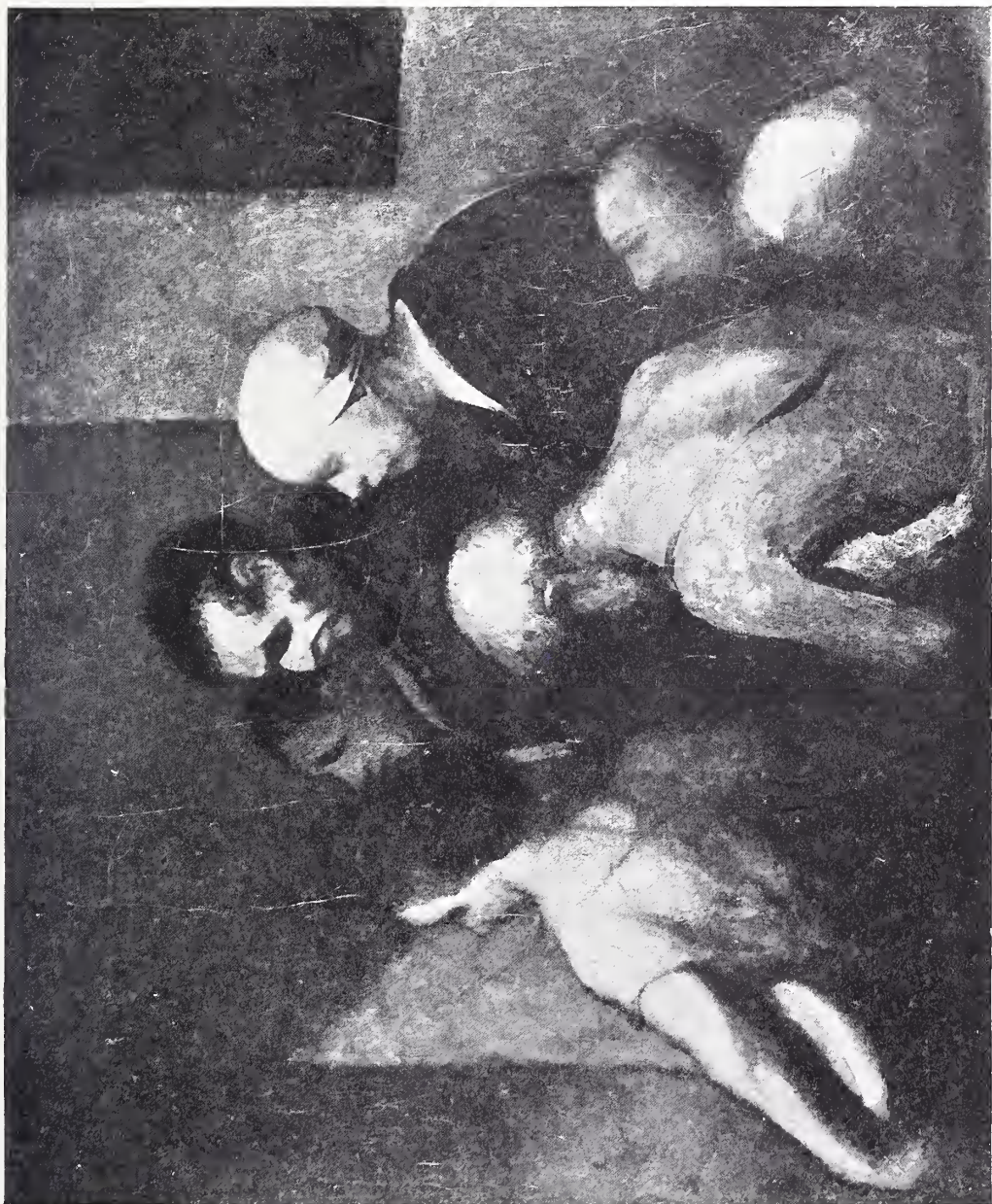
Renoir was another master whose work con-



“LA TASSE DE THÉ”

(The property of Mons. Kélékian)

BY MARY CASSATT



*(The property of Mons.
Bessonéau, Angers)*

“LES MENDIANTS.” BY
HONORÉ DAUMIER

The Grosvenor House Exhibition of French Art

tributed to the exceptional importance of the exhibition at Grosvenor House. He loves to take for his subject *L'Ingénue*. But it is not the dream of romance that burns in her bright eyes, her expression is always old and introspective. The significance of personality defines itself in her expression, but everything else in the picture is rather indefinite, though Renoir has an amazing power of suggesting form through nebulous contour. His colour is beautiful in the white and the blue of his middle period; later it has the power to distress us by a strange unpleasantness of combination.

Apparently as a foil to the nervous art which we have been discussing, the committee hung two works by Ingres, in which the coldness and the definiteness of the painter were supremely exemplified. It was this master's peculiar gift, by a slight insistence upon the pattern embroidering a uniform or a dress, to preserve, even in the case of a single figure, the effect that the picture was elaborately composed. His painting is so phlegmatic, and wears so much the appearance of a glaze, that one wonders how the vitality of the drawing survives so impressively. Ingres's colour lacks individuality. In his paintings he achieves most in portraiture. Like his contemporary, the writer Stendhal, he was first and foremost a "reader of the human heart." Mr. Collins Baker has recently pointed out how inevitably in art grasp of character accompanies mastery of form rather than genius for colour.

Hanging above the characteristic portrait of *Madame Gonse*, by Ingres, was a portrait of a lady by Monticelli. In the two names, Ingres and Monticelli, we have the classical and the romantic opposed. Monticelli reads character, not analytically but only sympathetically and from exterior evidence of gesture and costume. He is

sympathetic towards the note of the bizarre in an un-selfconscious old lady, and by his style alone his sitter for ever plays a part in French romance, and becomes to us not like a personage from real life but one from fiction. Monticelli was also represented by *Le Bal*, a carnival piece of the type with which his name is generally associated.

On the landscape side the strength of the exhibition was in the work of Monet and Sisley. In the pictures by Monet we saw his art developing as he discovered truths, the knowledge of which has since so profoundly influenced not only landscape but every other kind of painting. We saw him in one picture carrying the greens from the bright trees out into the grey sky, as our eyes carry colour from one object to another; we saw him, in fact, in this exhibition at his best, before



"LA BÛCHERONNE"

BY FIRMIN AUGUSTE RENOIR

(The property of M.M. Bernheim-Jeune)



*(The property of the
Princesse de Polignac)*

PORTRAIT OF MADAME MANET
BY EDOUARD MANET



"FAMILLE DU PÊCHEUR." BY
PIERRE PUVIS DE CHAVANNES

(From the Ryerson Collection)

The Grosvenor House Exhibition of French Art

he attempted a "system" by which to effect the statement of his subtle observations. There was a row of Sisley's canvases, not a whit below those of Monet in their successful capture of the spirit of the elements which is the great contribution of his school to the history of landscape painting. We were glad to see Sisley honoured in England. He was the son of English parents. His friendship with Renoir and Manet determined his style. He often worked in this country, painting on the upper reaches of the Thames, and his wonderful style condemned him here to neglect.

Five landscapes of some importance spoke for the art of Pissarro. It is doubtful whether this painter was ever instinctively an impressionist, as was Manet, who converted him to the movement. For Pissarro impressionism appears to have remained a method; and he sometimes seems to have cared for results for the sake of the method, rather than for the method for the sake of a result.

The influences of the time were charmingly reflected in the art of two women: Berthe Morisot and Mary Cassatt. The exhibition contained two works by the former and one by the latter. Four works expressed the neurotic talents of Toulouse-Lautrec, a painter whose art suggests that he only cared for the hours of artificial light and the world of the *café chantant*, but whose execution was vital with a real if feverish inspiration. The single work by Puvis de Chavannes, *Famille du Pêcheur*, revealed the daintiness of style which we expect in his smaller pieces—and which, while it pleased the æsthetes, sometimes seemed to thin the thought the painter wanted to express, compromising the austerity of the message he intended.

Gauguin was represented in the exhibition by three works, and Van Gogh by two, but the pictures were not of sufficient importance to make the occasion an exceptional one for studying this final phase of Impressionism.

Other features of the exhibition were some early Corots, a Courbet, three works by Delacroix, and an important Daumier; while the large room contained such a fine collection of sculpture by Rodin that it would require a separate article to deal with it fairly.

We embrace this opportunity of expressing the gratitude of lovers of French art to the Comtesse Greffulhe, president and organiser, to whose personal choice we understand the happy selection of works was due. The kindness of the Duke of Westminster in lending his London house was greatly appreciated; and the committee were fortunate in persuading Monsieur Jacques E. Blanche, the distinguished French painter, to contribute a preface to the catalogue of this very interesting exhibition.

T. M. W.



"JEUNE FILLE"

BY BERTHE MORISOT

(Collection of Mons. Joseph Reinach)



"LES JOUEURS DE CARTES"
BY PAUL CÉZANNE

Etchings by Ernest D. Roth

SOME ETCHINGS BY ERNEST D. ROTH.

THE recent revival of the art of etching in America is reflected in the prominence given to the work of painter-etchers in New York art exhibitions; and "one man" shows of etchings in the print-shops and museums have also encouraged a significant group of artists to take up the art. Prominent in the younger set is Ernest David Roth, six of whose etchings are here reproduced.

Although born in Europe, Mr. Roth accounts himself an American, his parents having emigrated to New York when he was very young. His early life was one of arduous study and toil such as falls to the lot of the emigrant's son. As a youth he worked in a New York art establishment by day and in the evening attended classes at the Academy of Design, having as teacher in etching the late James David Smillie, N.A. For seven years Mr. Roth exhibited as a painter in oils at this Academy's exhibitions and in those of the Pennsylvania Academy. One of his pictures now hangs in the Corcoran Art Gallery, Washington.

Returning later to Europe, he made his headquarters in Florence, and began his career as an etcher. In all weathers, for the last few years, he has haunted the Lung' Arno and the bridges, working assiduously. Now and then he has disappeared, going to Venice, Constantinople, or Germany, and returning with an interesting series of plates.

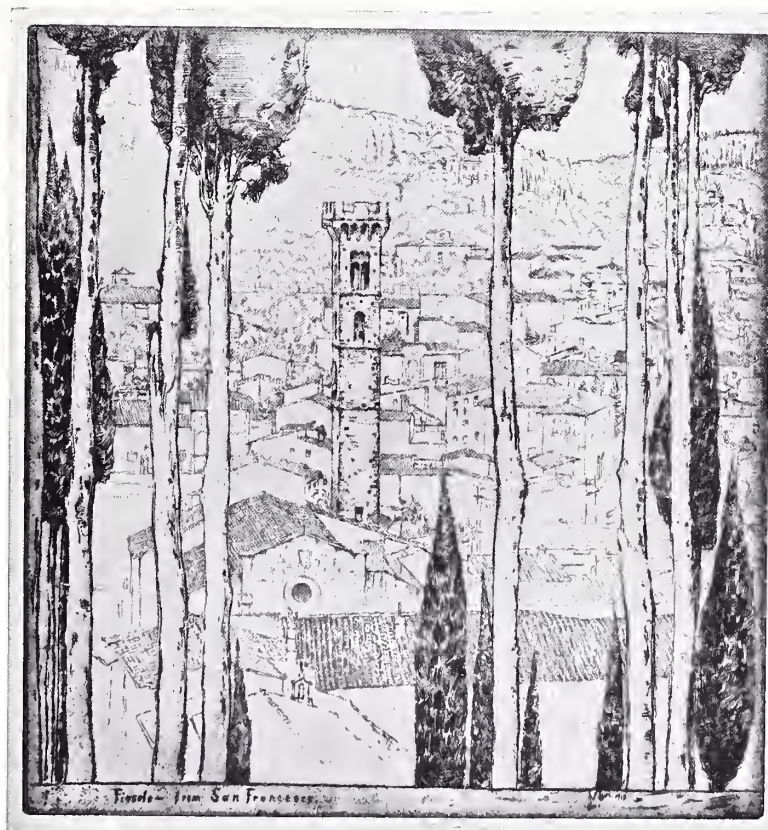
No artist, certainly no etcher, has better caught the spirit of Old Florence than Mr. Roth in the etchings of his Florence set, a fact recognised by the director of the Uffizi Gallery, who recently made a choice of twelve of them for the Uffizi Print Room. Some of the subjects of these etchings, such as the Ponte Vecchio, the Arno and its bridges, the palaces, the views from the Franciscan church at

Fiesole, have become classic, not to say hackneyed. It is no sentimentalist, however, who calls his fine etching of the palaces washed by the Arno, *Grim Florence*, but an artist, whose psychological insight can bring home to us the fundamental austerity, the almost sinister sternness which underlie all things characteristically Florentine.

In developing his plates Mr. Roth does not make use of the three baths in customary use among etchers. His method is to apply the acid, touch by touch, with a feather, blotting paper at hand. By this method, involving almost infinite labour, he is sometimes able to secure as many as twelve values.

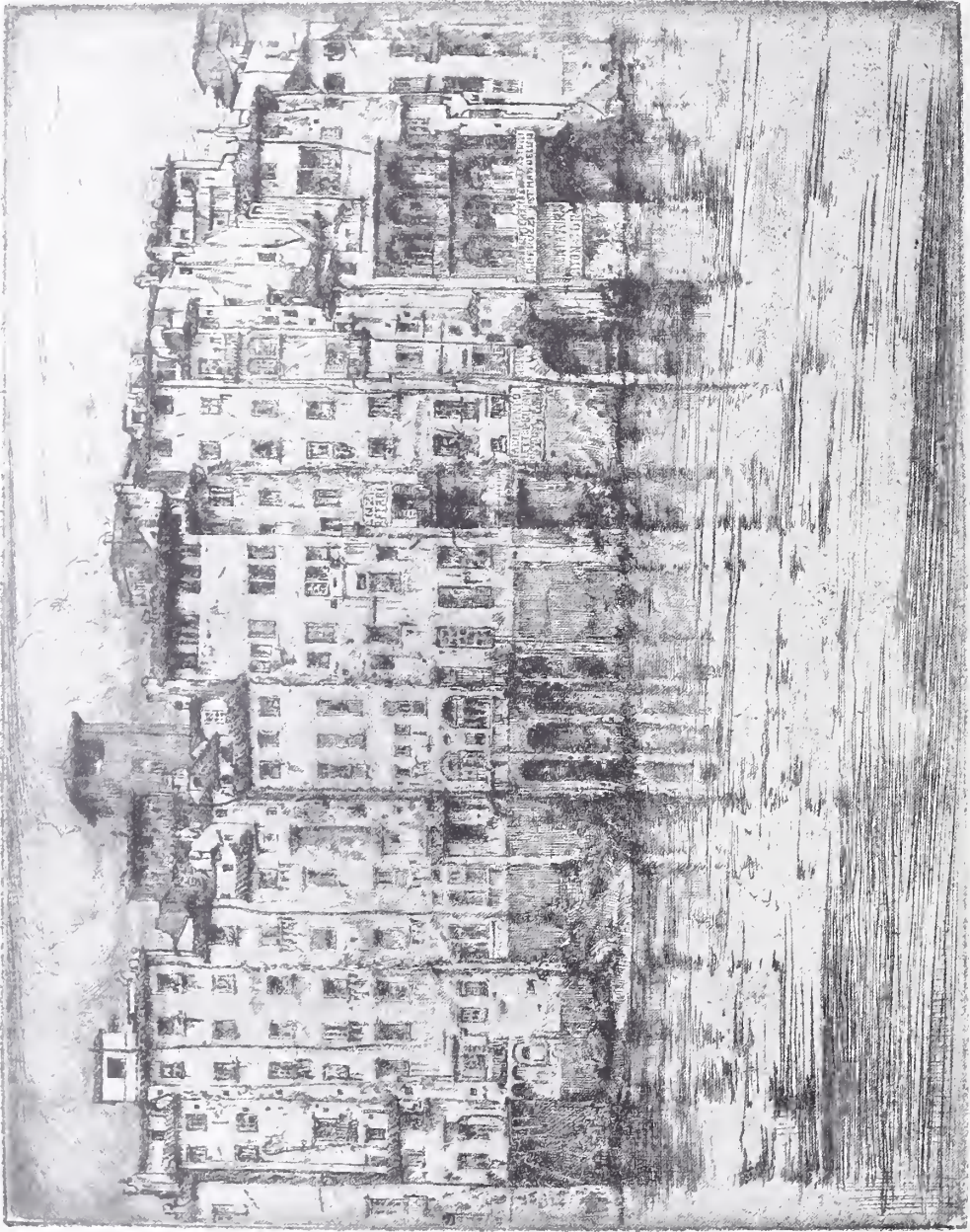
Mr. Roth's work has been welcomed in America as promising well for the future of the art. His conscientious method of treating his plates, his elevation of truthfulness to reality over mere dexterity of needle, his marked individuality and absolute sincerity, are emphasised as being a check to the tendency, so alluring to young etchers, towards those impressionistic and sketchy effects which too often are but a showy disguise for ignorance.

E. MADDEN.



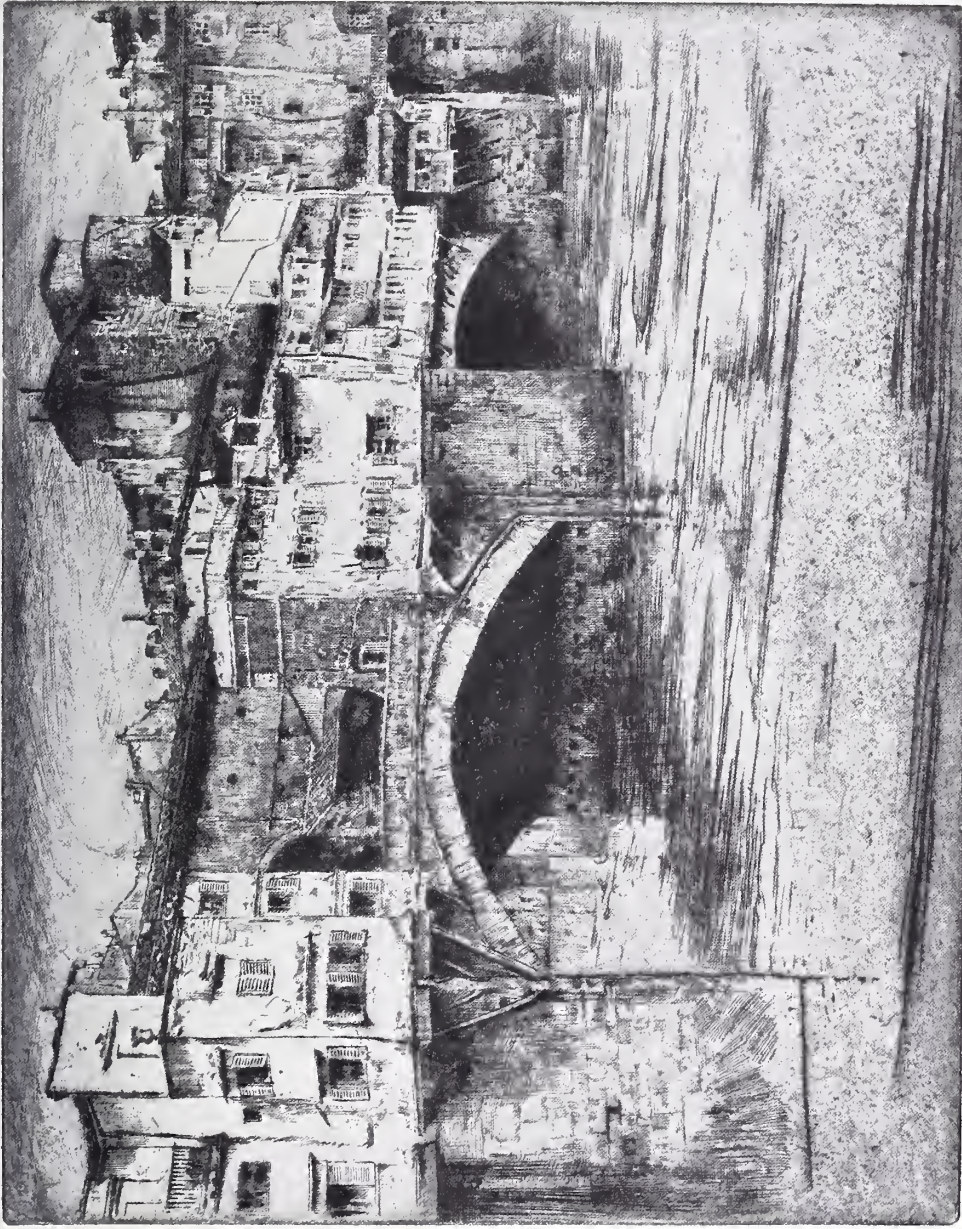
"FIESOLE FROM SAN FRANCESCO"

BY ERNEST D. ROTH

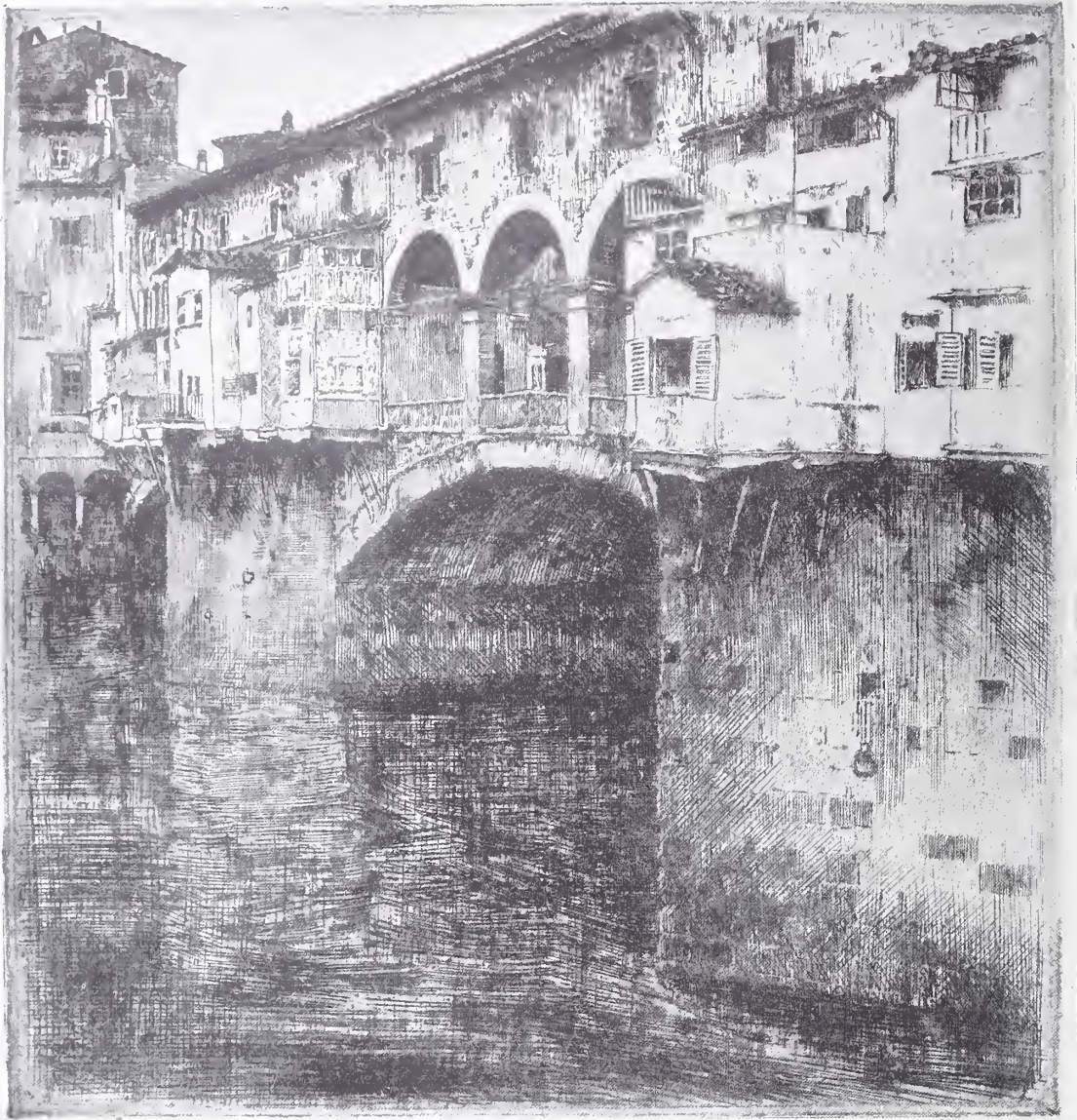


Ernest D. Roth, 1897

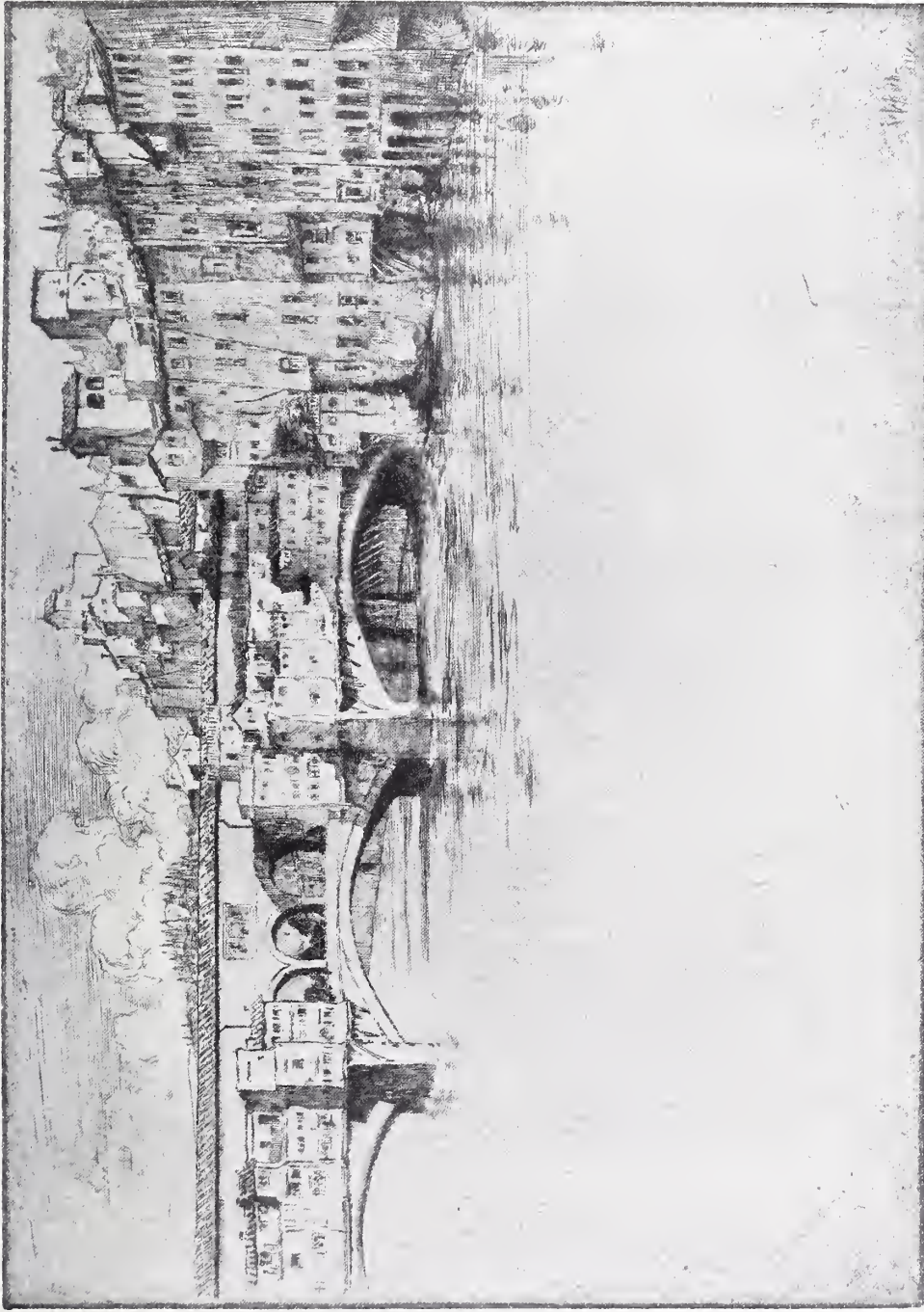
“GRIM FLORENCE.” BY
ERNEST D. ROTH



"FLORENCE." BY ERNEST D. ROTH



“PONTE VECCHIO—EVENING”
BY ERNEST D. ROTH



"PONTE VECCHIO—AFTERNOON"
BY ERNEST D. ROTH

Ernest D. Roth, 1928



“A BARNYARD IN WURTEMBERG”
BY ERNEST D. ROTH

The Woodcuts of Sydney Lee, A.R.E.

THE WOODCUTS OF MR. SYDNEY-LEE, A.R.E. BY MALCOLM C. SALAMAN.

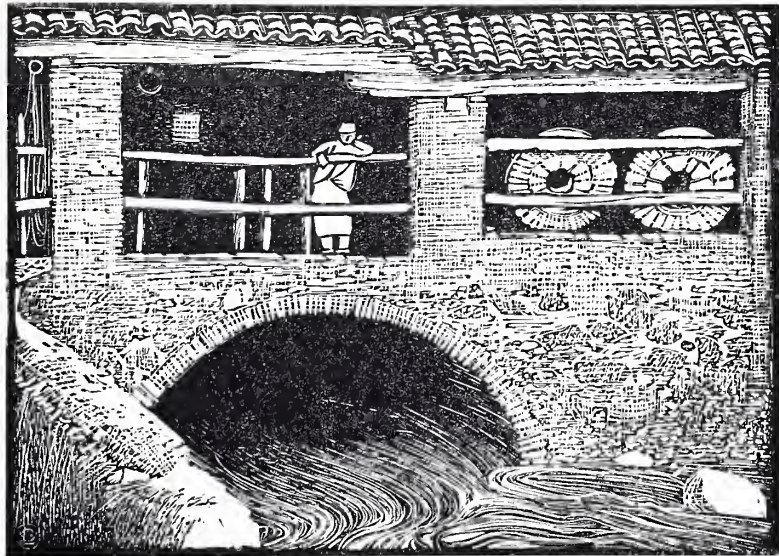
READERS OF THE STUDIO will scarcely need to be told that Mr. Sydney Lee is a versatile artist, with a variety of mediums ready to his hand. A painter first and foremost, he skilfully handles the etching needle and the mezzotint-scraper, while he has been one of the most prominent and effective members of the Society of Graver-Printers in Colour. Of his admirable colour-prints from a series of wood-blocks in the Japanese manner I had occasion to speak in these pages last year, when some of them were reproduced (THE STUDIO, May 1913); but Mr. Lee is not content to handle the wood only for the purposes of colour-impressions, he is an original wood-engraver in the fine tradition of Bewick, and the black-and-white woodcuts he has already produced may be regarded as notable factors in the interest awakened in the revival of wood-engraving as a vehicle for original expression.

Among the varied activities of the graphic arts in England to-day this revival has attracted a certain amount of attention, mainly through the beautiful, original and poetic work of Mr. Charles Ricketts, Mr. Charles Shannon, and Mr. Sturge Moore, most of which has been done with the view to book-decoration. The movement grew out of the gradual decline of reproductive wood-engraving, which,—leaving behind it the splendid triumphs of the eighteen-sixties, when great illustrative artists were content to draw upon the block for such excellent engravers as Swain, the Dalziels, Hooper and Linton to treat with artistically sympathetic craftsmanship—was gradually ousted, through the exigencies of the periodical press, by the photographic process plate. But with artists of originality eager for vehicles of expression, it was not likely that the venerable craft of wood-engraving should be allowed to fall into disuse in this country, especially with the noble example of Auguste Lepère in France; so the material that served immortally the genius of Dürer, Lucas Van Leyden

and Holbein, and was responsive to the graphic imagination of Blake and Calvert, and the fertile fancy of Bewick, came once more to the service of original pictorial expression. It is not too much to say that the lovely woodcuts of Charles Ricketts and Sturge Moore are likely to make a new tradition in this expressive art.

Altogether different in manner and conception is Mr. Sydney Lee's handling of the art; yet I contend that his fine print, *The Limestone Rock*, reproduced here, is distinguished among the best original wood-engraving of our time by not only its pictorial qualities, its design, its well-balanced masses of tone, but by the expressive manner in which the material has been used, the absolute eloquence of the wood itself in terms of black-and-white. Mr. Lee realises that when the artist does his own cutting, as of course he should do, the capabilities of the box-wood block, cut on end of the grain, are for original expression very great. If these be properly understood a result may be produced which is absolutely peculiar to the material—a result that could not be imitated or achieved in the same way by any other process whatever.

In *The Limestone Rock* this claim for the wood-block is admirably exemplified. It could not be a drawing, or a mere reproduction of a drawing. It could, in fact, have been produced only from wood-blocks cut by the artist himself, with full understanding of his material and what can be got out of it. The actual workmanship and method of work are so intimately bound up with the design itself that they could not have been



“SPANISH MILL.” FROM AN ORIGINAL WOOD-ENGRAVING BY SYDNEY LEE, A.R.E.

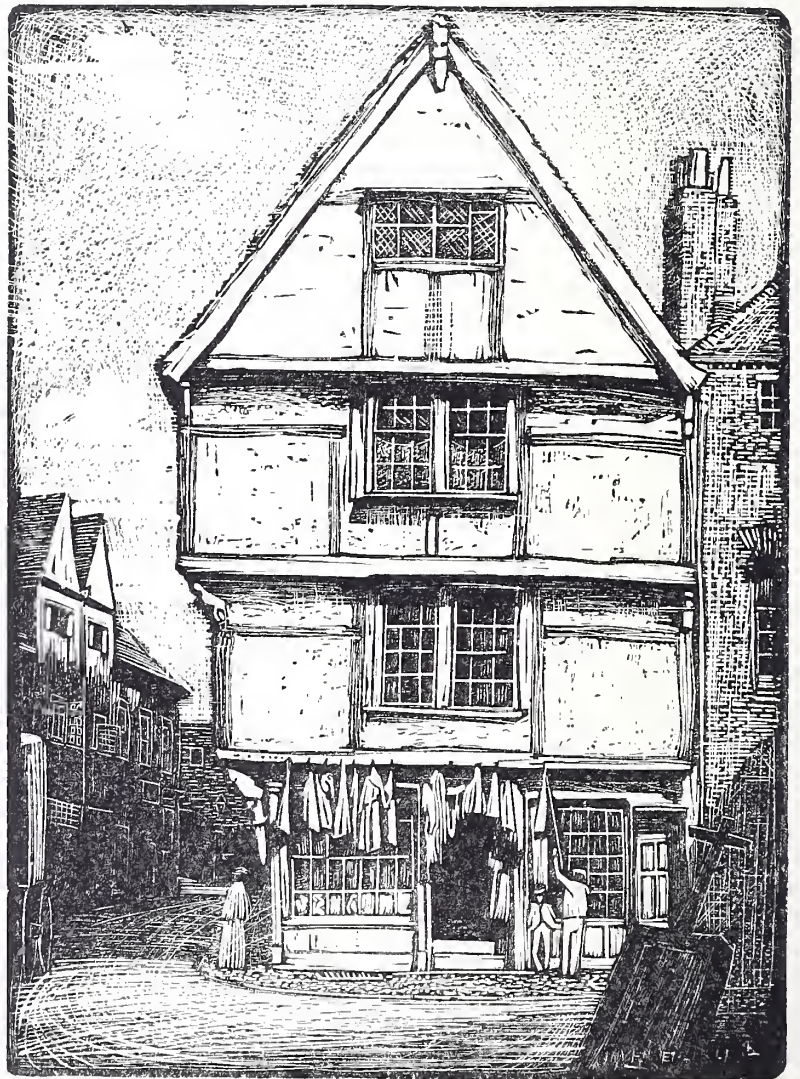
The Woodcuts of Sydney Lee, A.R.E.

separated. Mr. Lee's practice is to settle carefully the main lines of his design as to masses and placing, and then to develop his picture in detail as he works on the wood, inventing as he goes, tool in hand, and adopting suggestions from the material itself. Thus the result is in every sense an original wood-engraving. The process, moreover, is one of absolute black-and-white, with little or no variation possible in the printing, as in an etched plate.

In *The Limestone Rock* Mr. Lee has made very ample use of the white line usually associated with the name of Thomas Bewick, but like Bewick himself, in the famous *Chillingham Bull* for instance, he has used also the traditional black line, the combination being brilliant in effect. The differentiation of the texture of the rocks, the trees, the grassy slopes, and the water is particularly happy. In *The Barbican Gate*—now, I believe, but a memory in Sandwich—Mr. Lee has, I think, rather overdone the white line, producing an effect of hardness; but in this, as in *The Gabled House*—a characteristic bit of old Canterbury—and *Spanish Mill*, design appears to be the dominant feature, with loyalty to the material evident in his treatment of it.

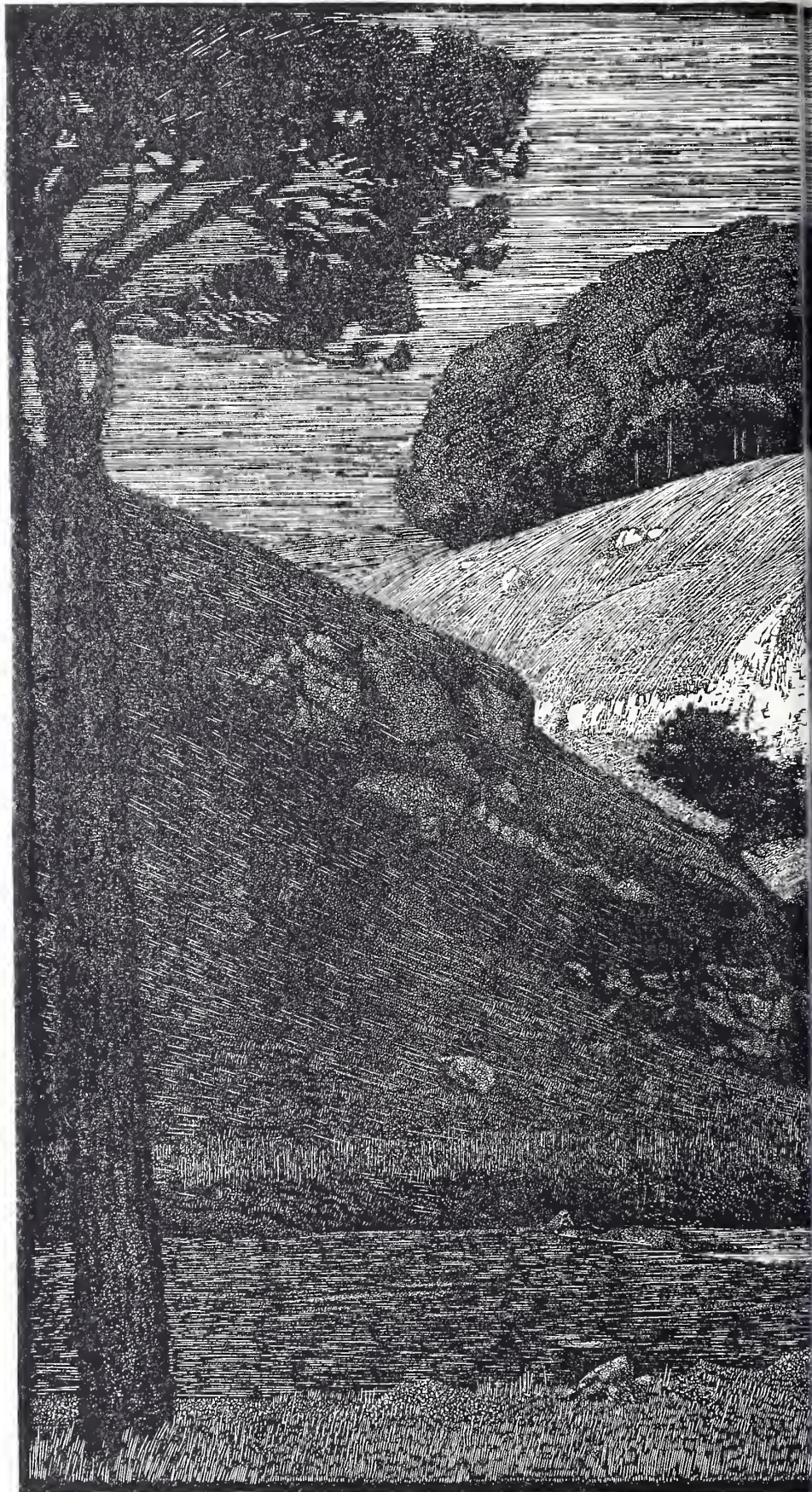
Mr. Lee, in all his artistic work, conscientiously allows his subject to dictate its own medium of expression, and one never finds him etching a subject that by its essential character calls for mezzotint. Nor in his colour-prints does he attempt the effects of the painter. Being thus always true to his medium, while never allowing it to hamper his individuality, it is good to hear that Mr. Lee is engaged on some new woodcuts, that he has taken up his graver again with enthusiasm. He is always an interesting artist. Even when he has essayed a method so unfamiliar to

him as colour-lithography he has managed to produce from four separate stones an impressive effect of light—to wit, *The Two Brewers*, a very old country inn at night, seen with the lamps burning inside. But in lithography his work is experimental; in wood-engraving it shows a mastery of craft at the service of his pictorial vision, with a sympathetic understanding of the capacities and limitations of his medium. We may, therefore, look for more woodcuts from his hand of the quality and importance of *The Limestone Rock*. And I would venture to suggest to Mr. Lee that London offers rich pictorial material to the original wood-engraver, and it might well be that he could do for London on the wood-blocks what Auguste Lepère, in his incomparable way, has done for Paris.

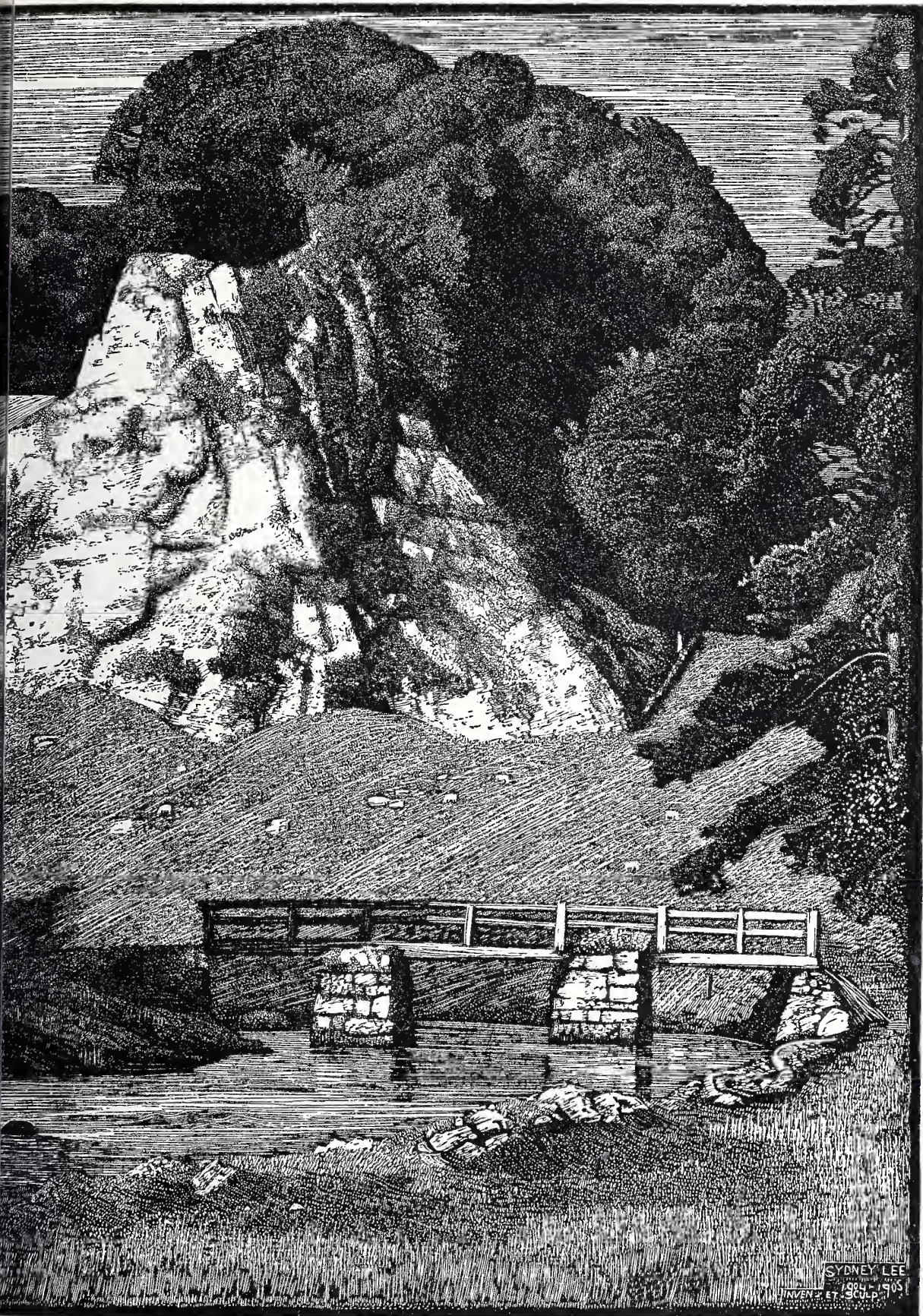


“THE GABLED HOUSE”

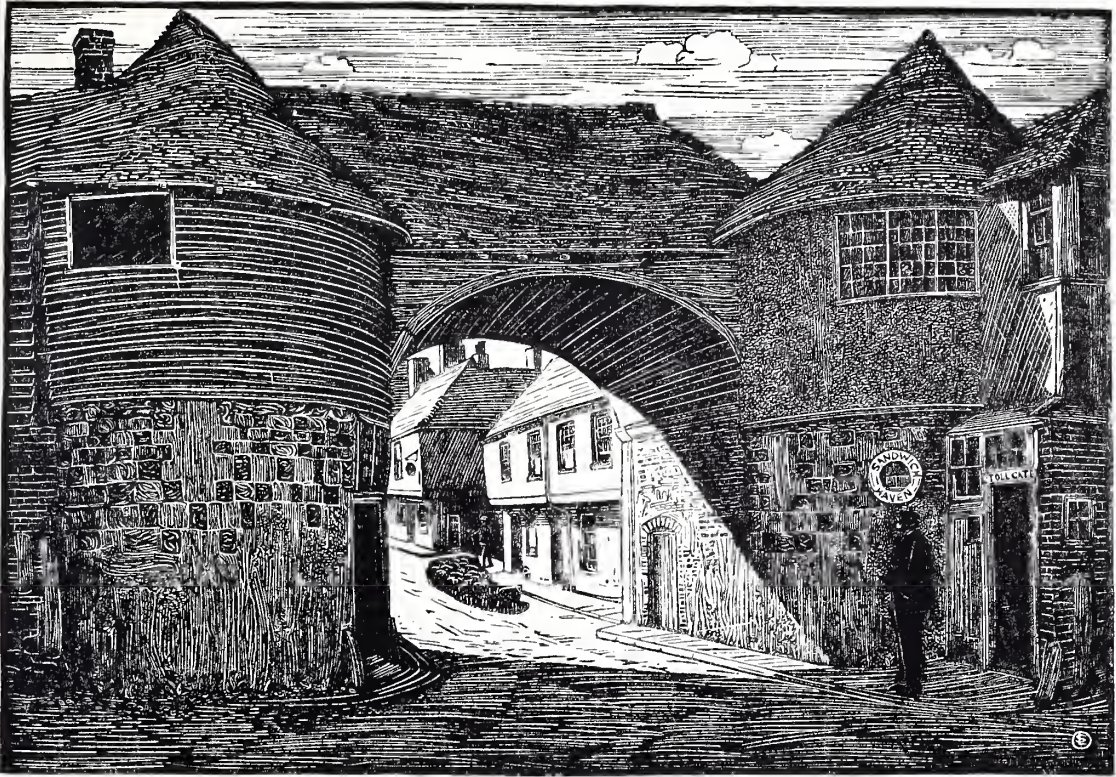
FROM AN ORIGINAL WOOD-ENGRAVING BY SYDNEY LEE, A.R.E.



"THE LIMESTONE ROCK"
FROM AN ORIGINAL
WOOD ENGRAVING
BY SYDNEY
LEE, A.R.E.



SYDNEY LEE
1884-1905
LAVEN & ST. SCULP.



"THE BARBICAN GATE"
FROM AN ORIGINAL
WOOD ENGRAVING BY
SYDNEY LEE, A.R.E.

The Paintings of Hilda Fearon

THE PAINTINGS OF MISS HILDA FEARON. BY CHARLES MARRIOTT.

LOOKING at the work of Miss Hilda Fearon, and ignoring for the moment its obvious merits of truth, sincerity and freshness, one is conscious of a detachment other than artistic and a coolness, if not coldness, distinct from that resulting from the preference for cool schemes of colour. Her pictures are, so to speak, a little frosty in their manner. Their characteristic subject—an interior with figures—makes this more apparent. A person of ordinary sensibility coming into a room is aware, almost before he takes in the identity of individuals, of the moral or emotional atmosphere between them. It is hardly necessary to say that emotional, here, does not mean sentimental. There is a common feeling of some sort; something that distinguishes a roomful of people from persons in a room. In a picture by Miss Fearon this common feeling is comparatively lacking; the identity of individuals is more apparent than the emotional atmosphere between them. Even when some family relationship is indicated by the choice of types, her people are "strangers yet." The reason might be lack of sensibility or unusual reserve or coldness of temperament in the painter, but it is probably nothing more than the fact that she is a woman.

This sounds like a paradox, because women are generally warmer and more intimate than men in their reactions to life. But between reactions to life and their expression in art lie all the difficulties and accidents of technique. The saying that there is no sex in art is true, if at all, only of craftsmanship. Art is the expression of human personality, and, allowing that the means of expression are the same for both sexes, it remains broadly true that men are men and women

women. If the means of expression in painting were a natural gift this broad distinction would be as immediately apparent as is the distinction between the physical characteristics—the voices, for example—of men and women. It is the enormous difficulty of the technique of painting that obscures the distinction. In learning their craft both men and women tend to lose, at any rate for a time, their distinguishing characteristics; but, owing to their smaller physical capacity, the temporary concealment of personality is greater for women than for men. Everybody who has come in close contact with male and female art students has observed that the latter are generally more completely absorbed in their work than the former. At a glance one would say that the women are more industrious, but that is only part of the truth. Owing to their greater physical strength the men are able to carry on their work and still keep in touch with their personalities as men and individuals with human interests outside the studio; but, in becoming serious students of art, the women, for the moment, cease to be women.



"GREEN AND SILVER"

BY HILDA FEARON

The Paintings of Hilda Fearon

The difference, of course, is comparative rather than absolute. In art, as in life, both men and women have to lose themselves to find themselves, but for men the recovery is earlier, fuller and more general. Few women, indeed, survive the ordeal in painting. The reason why there are fewer good woman painters than writers is not that women are mentally and emotionally less fitted to be painters than writers, but that the technique of painting makes a greater demand upon their physical powers with a consequent relegation, if not destruction, of personality. At rare intervals, however, a woman painter comes through the stress of training with her personality undamaged.

Such a woman painter is Miss Hilda Fearon, and it is her rarity and importance that justify what seems like a digression into the subject of sex in art. The remarkable detachment of her pictures is due, I think, not to lack of sensibility or coldness or poverty of temperament, but to the self-sacrificing enthusiasm with which she has embraced the technical side of painting. Her full personality has been held up while she perfected its means of expression. Every serious artist goes through three definite phases: that of the amateur, in which there is often a direct, though spasmodic and uncontrolled, expression of temperament—an unstanchéd effusion of personality, so to speak; that of the student, in which the man or the woman is temporarily laid on the shelf; and that of maturity, in which the artist and the man or woman are reconciled. Before the artist can be born, the amateur, with his or her easy effusiveness, must die; and in Miss Fearon the amateur died very young. But not without leaving interesting and significant records. One picture I have in mind is a water-colour of a Cornish farm. In some ways it is almost laughably

bad, but in feeling, in emotional atmosphere, it is obviously the work of a singularly rich and sensitive temperament. As an interpretation of the spirit of place it could hardly be bettered. With other works of the same period it removes any doubt about the fulness of Miss Fearon's personality.

Quite early in life, then, Miss Fearon rose up and strangled the amateur and, at all cost of personality deferred, set herself to master the craft of painting. To her technical progress the pictures reproduced in these pages bear witness better than words. There are no hollow places in her career; no flukes into popularity by the appeal of subject at the expense of workmanship. But what I would insist upon is that the progress has not been purely technical. From picture to picture Miss Fearon has broadened and deepened her channel of expression, adjusted its levels and made firm its banks; and presently the full tide of personality will come flooding in. Exactly when



"ALICE"

BY HILDA FEARON

(The property of Will Ashton, Esq., of Adelaide)



"THE BALLET MASTER"
BY HILDA FEARON

The Paintings of Hilda Fearon

and how that will happen nobody can say; the final reconciliation of the artist and the man or woman being one of the profoundest mysteries of human life—comparable only to the phenomenon of religious conversion. My sole concern is to point out that in these expressions of Miss Fearon as a woman painter we have not yet had the full meaning of Miss Fearon as a woman artist.

"Woman" is insisted on because, though there is no sex in craft, all creative art is a reflection of the creator. Masculine or rather, sexless, in execution, the work of Miss Fearon is authentically feminine in conception and outlook. Though, for reasons which I have tried to show, it does not yet give us her full reaction to life as a woman, its emotional indications are very far from being merely negative. Freedom from sentimentality and false romanticism is in itself a positive indication of temperament, and in the pictures of Miss Fearon there are other hints of what she feels about life and nature. A strong, though controlled, sympathy with childhood and young girlhood is obvious. In many of her pictures one finds a keen appreciation of immaturity as a positive condition—the condition so beautifully expressed in Mr. Clausen's *Primavera* in this year's Academy. A picture like *Vivien* owes part of its charm to the effect of unripeness in the sitter; a quality sought or preserved by the painter and not accidental. A sharp flavour and a slight awkwardness of attitude and gesture are characteristic of all Miss Fearon's pictures of women and girls. I cannot think of a picture of hers—either figure or landscape—that can be called autumnal in feeling. Again in *Alice* and *The Ballet Master* there is expressed, unconsciously no doubt, a comradeship or freemasonry with the human subjects; something peculiarly feminine

and entirely different from the attitude of such a painter as Degas—though equally unsentimental. One feels that the painter understands the type and its problems. In the choice and treatment of interiors and in landscape there is evident a preference for coolness and clearness; for silvery moods, and colour as a sharp note rather than as a diffused glow. The silver, china, glass, fruit and flowers in such pictures as *Vivien*, *Green and Silver* and *Afternoon in the Garden* are more than technical excuses; they all help to confirm the feeling that, at the banquet of life, Miss Fearon prefers the cold collation. Indeed, *Green and Silver*, with its elaborate apparatus of coolness, is almost amusingly apt as a summary of what the painter cares about in material surroundings. Even *Under the Cliffs*, with its reflected sunlight, is cool and bracing in total effect; one is conscious of champagne air, the effervescent "hiss" of water, the feel—almost the smell—of newly laundered linen frocks.

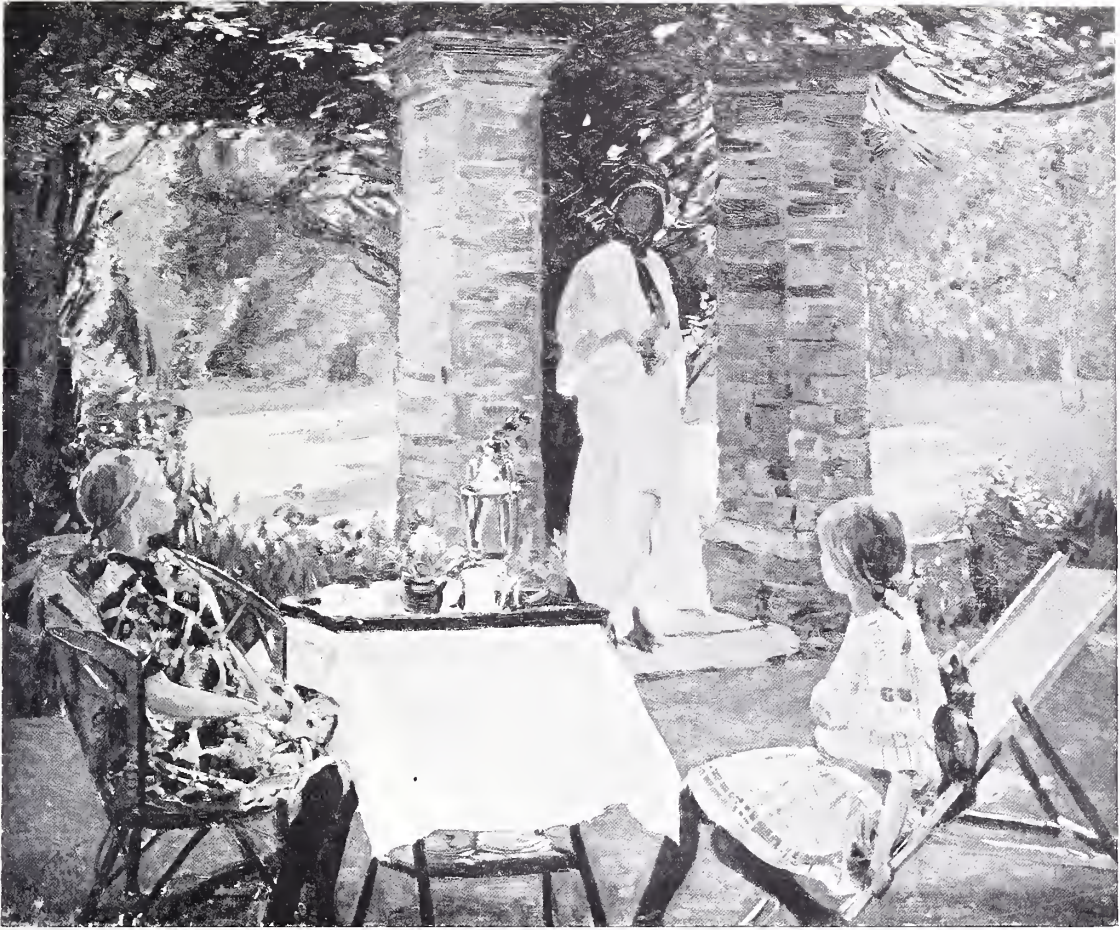


"VIVIEN"

BY HILDA FEARON



PORTRAIT OF ALGERNON TALMAGE.
FROM AN OIL PAINTING BY HILDA FEARON.



“AFTERNOON IN THE GARDEN”
BY HILDA FEARON

The Paintings of Hilda Fearon



“UNDER THE CLIFFS”

(In the collection of J. G. Lyon, Esq.)

BY HILDA FEARON

The facts of Miss Fearon's career are soon told. She received her first training at the Slade School, but learnt her real business as a painter in face of the problems of Nature in the class conducted by Mr. Algernon Talmage at St. Ives, Cornwall. Miss Fearon is a member of the Royal Institute of Oil Painters, where she exhibits regularly, as also in the International. The recognition that her work has received from the Royal Academy is to the credit of that institution. Last year she had no fewer than three pictures “on the line.” One of them, *Green and Silver*, was awarded an Honourable Mention at the International exhibition at Pittsburgh this year, and is now touring round other towns in the United States. *The Ballet Master*, exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1912, received an Honourable Mention in the Paris Salon of 1913. Her single contribution to this year's Academy, *Enchantment*, supports in the most interesting manner the idea suggested in this article: that Miss Fearon is only now coming into

the full enjoyment of her emotional powers. To the charm of workmanship is added a charm of sentiment as real as it is free from sentimentality. The picture is in the key of silver, and between the girl reader and the listening children there are silver threads of attention, so that the meaning of the title is perfectly expressed.

An important gift of pictures has been made to the National Gallery of British Art, Millbank, by the Committee of the National Loan Exhibition held at the Grosvenor Gallery in the early weeks of this year. The works presented were purchased out of the proceeds of the exhibition and include the following: *Anna Pavlova: La Mort du Cygne*, by John Lavery, A.R.A.; *The Angler*, by William Orpen, A.R.A.; *Avignon*, by Oliver Hall; *Donkeys and Kites*, by W. W. Russel; *Ma Fi Gyaw, a Dancer*, by Gerald Festus Kelly; *Portrait of a Man*, by A. McEvoy; *Kew Bridge*, by H. Muhrman; and Design for a Fan by Mrs. Mary Davis.

Sketching in Morocco

SKETCHING IN MOROCCO: A LETTER FROM MISS HILDA RIX.

[MISS HILDA RIX is a young Australian artist who like many other artists reared under the Southern Cross has come to Europe to perfect her art. Some examples of her work have already appeared in the pages of this magazine, and our readers will be interested to see the more recent examples we now give and to read the account of her experiences during a visit to Morocco, of which she has brought back many interesting impressions in coloured chalks. Miss Rix had arranged to hold an exhibition of her work at the Ryder Gallery in St. James's Street, London, this October, and the exhibition was to have included the drawings executed by her in Morocco as well as a series done more recently in France, but just before going to press we learned that there was some doubt about the exhibition being held at the appointed time.]

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I've come right up on to the roof of the hotel to write to you. It seems like a strange dream to be in Morocco again. I am high up near the sky and looking down and around at all this crowded town and peaceful country, now bathed in the orange glow of the setting sun.

To-morrow is big market-day and the "Soko" down there below is a seething mass of people. The country people have come in with their loads, carried for long miles on their backs, or the backs of their weary little donkeys. And to-night there will be huddled groups camped around the faint lights of their lanterns, to be ready to start market early to-morrow morning.

There! The big glowing half-orange of the sun has just dipped behind the mountain's edge to my left, leaving the sky a pinky gold—and the dips

between the mountains are hung in rosy veils. The sky on the horizon's edge melts upwards into a lemon blue—then on to warmer blue in the hollow of the "inverted bowl," and down again in a powder-blue mist to the sea. Above the sea in the sky opposite the sunset is a great hand of pink clouds stretching forth and reflecting the happy glow.

Below me, beyond the big garden of this hotel, with its huge palms, bamboos, roses and mimosa all abloom, there is a ceaseless passing up and down of my beloved fairy-tale people. To-day there has been a European fête, and a mad rollicking car full of carnival revellers has hurried up the hill below me, laughing and scattering before it to all sides donkeys, Arab men and women.

A party of Arab women have just mounted the hill bearing enormous loads of faggots on their backs; they look like huge snails bent forward to their toil, but nearly all are cheerful and many pretty, beneath dirt and charcoal-dust. Their tired donkeys, also heavily laden, trail slowly behind them. Beyond and below in the twilight of the Moorish cemetery quiet forms are hovering over the graves, tending them noiselessly.



"AN ARAB BOY." FROM A DRAWING IN COLOURED CHALKS BY E. HILDA RIX

Sketching in Morocco

Oh! such a buzz of strange tongues is coming up on the breeze from the crowded Soko, and people of the hotel are entering the big gates in ones, twos, and threes, for the day is done. I must follow the sun's example and go below, for I am keen to make an early start at my work to-morrow.

Enthusiasm is a fine thing, but I wonder if the general public realise what miseries an artist has often to undergo. To-day I congratulated myself on occupying a fine strategic position—it was on an elevation that raised me above the throng and there was a row of little shops behind that prevented me being ringed in by a curious crowd. But no sooner had I become deeply engrossed in my subject than a man came and dumped down beside me a revolting heap of animal offal. It would have been unheroic to give up my position because my subject was enthralling, but oh, the horror of it! My sister very kindly rushed back to the hotel for eau-de-Cologne and smelling-salts to help me to endure the situation.

One has to risk horrible diseases quite often in the East, for in the closely pressing crowds there are often visions of smallpox and leprosy—people who have lost noses and eyes from some frightful malady. Then there is always the risk of sun-stroke, or getting a chill through staying in the shade. It takes a lot of moral and physical courage and a vivid enthusiasm to carry one through, but, thank Heaven, the beauty overpowers the discomfort or nothing would be produced.

At last the blazing sun beating on the offal made the odour insufferable, so, turning to the butcher who had placed it there, I implored him with signs to

take away the offending mass, at the same time making great play with my bottles of smelling salts and eau-de-Cologne. He shrugged his shoulders to show that such a thing meant nothing to him; but a kind inspiration dawned on him and he not only removed the offensive heap but sent post-haste for an incense burner, who, swinging his censer, filled the tormented air with a delicious perfume.

Having heard so much of the difficulties of working amongst the Arabs because of their religious principles, I am delighted to find that they do not look upon me as an enemy, and I am happily overcoming their prejudices and continually finding them doing little graceful acts.



"AN AFRICAN SLAVE WOMAN." FROM A DRAWING IN COLOURED CHALKS BY E. HILDA RIX



"IN THE HEART OF THE SOKO."
FROM A CHALK DRAWING BY E. HILDA RIX.

Sketching in Morocco

Naturally the idle crowds on the market-place surround me, but so engrossing is the task of catching the ever-moving people that one becomes unconscious of the crowds behind, for they never get between one and one's subject. Of course many subterfuges have to be employed to keep the victim unsuspecting, but unhappily some one in my audience invariably recognises my prey and calls to Mohammed or Absolam that he is being captured on paper. Sometimes the said Absolam only looks sheepish, wriggling, alas! out of position, or sometimes completely disappearing. If one feels that there is a resentful spirit growing one gracefully melts away.

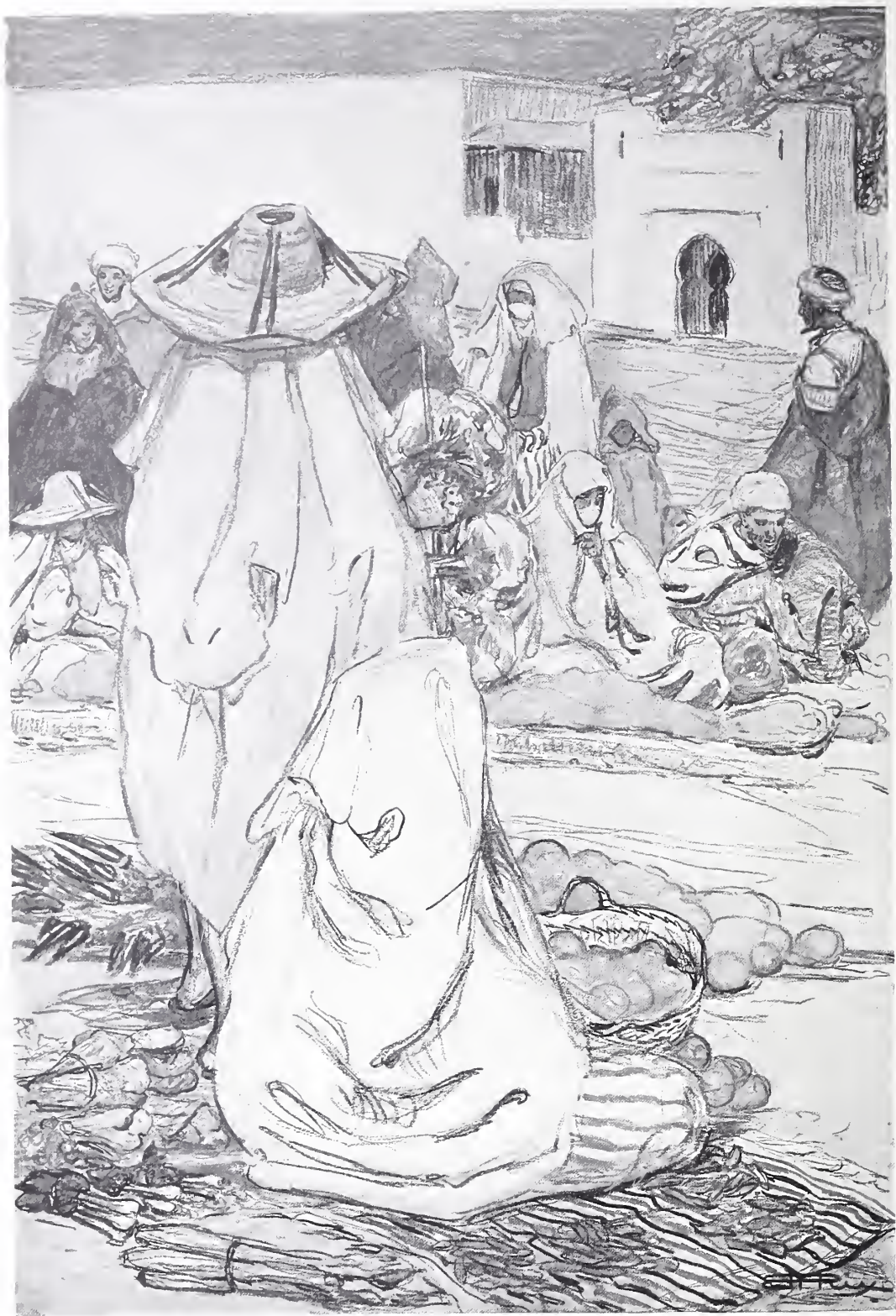
Often in the heat of work I am not conscious of the ring of people until with a snap a pencil breaks, and I hear a chorus of gentle groans of sympathy—and when I dropped a pencil the other day, an Arab picking it up and seeing the point was broken whipped out his large knife and sharpened it and presented it to me with a beaming smile. Would that all were as complacent! The other day, coming up from the Soko, I saw two camels stalking superciliously down the hill into the market with huge cases and baskets of dates and oranges. I was delighted to see them because since the war they have not been able to enter Tangiers as the Spaniards hold the roads. So with my bag of ammunition and my big drawing board I followed them. They descended the hill to the foot of the Soko where their master made them kneel to be unloaded. I began my work, and immediately a merry crowd formed around me; but the owner of the camel, a man from the interior, unused to my naughty ways, at once

became agitated—fearing harm to his camel through my “evil eye.” So he planted himself in front of the beast, and a friend, looking equally fierce, joined him; the two of them holding out their wide jelabas succeeded in blocking out my entire view.

Well, I looked pathetic for an instant, saying “La, la!” (No, no!). But finding them adamant, I went away amid much heated comment and laughter. Instead of going quite away, however, I made a little detour and returned to that corner of the Soko, but on the other side of the camel, and stood on a two-foot-high wall from where I got a splendid view of my game. I proceeded to draw



“A NEGRO WOMAN, MOROCCO.” FROM A DRAWING IN COLOURED CHALKS BY E. HILDA RIX



“FRUIT AND FLOWER SELLERS”
DRAWN BY E. HILDA RIX

Recent Designs in Domestic Architecture

feverishly. Presently the crowd spotted me, and caught on, laughing; this caused the two angry men to look up, and seeing me at it again un-baffled, one of them again placed himself in front of the camel's head. In spite of this and the excitement around me, I managed to get the whole squatting body of the beast. But the owner's rage was at fever heat when my merry audience called to him that I had potted his camel. He jumped up, hoisted the loads on to its hump, untied its folded knees, and prodded it to get up and run.

They ran—but so did I, drawing all the way while running, with a torrent of laughing, cheering Arabs beside and behind me. Oh such fun! I chased them right up the hill, my pencil flying at work, head bobbing up and down—dodging squatting people, and laughing with the joy of the sport as I ran, until my game vanished round the corner up the hill. But I had won my point and got my camel's head, midst cheers and roars of laughter from the crowd of onlookers who had been intently watching my exploits.

The owner's friend who had been so furious before, came behind me and said—"Mizziaan! mizziaan!" which means "splendid."

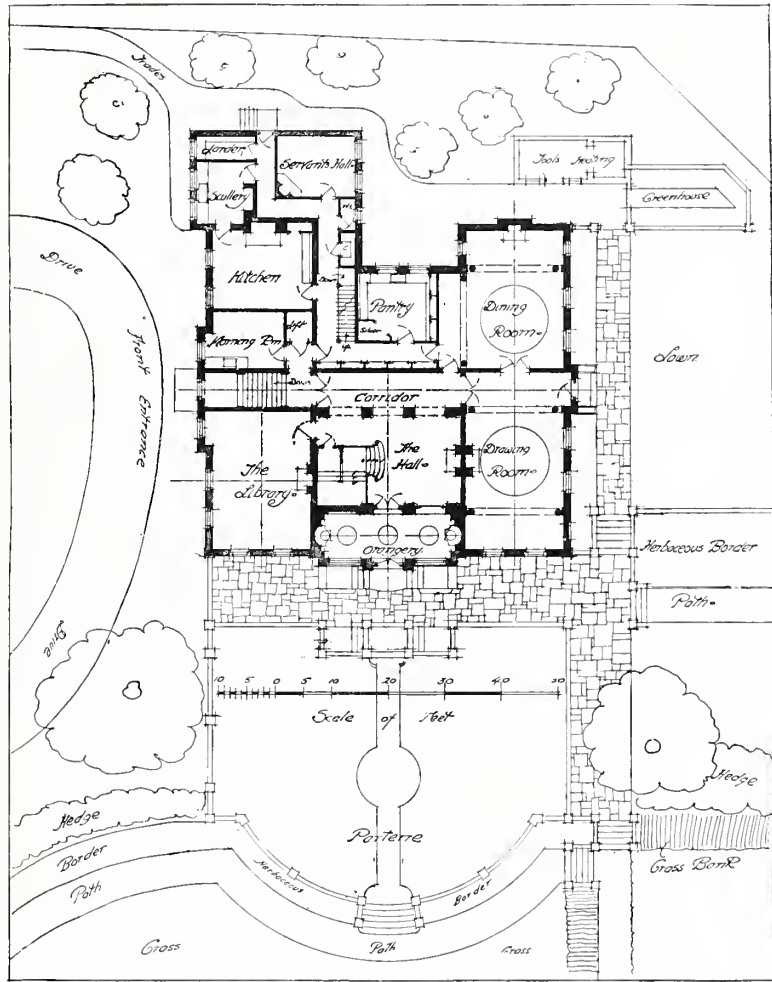
Oh it is an unending feast of form, colour and light. If only one had months here and a big studio to attack big canvases, and gradually entice models to pose for one, as well as doing the moving people on the market-place! I have already succeeded in persuading several splendid types to give short sittings.

I had the opportunity the other day to draw an escaped slave in the tribunal of the French Embassy. If only one could succeed in banishing their fears—what an unending field of work there is amongst these beautiful, dignified people!

E. HILDA RIX.

RECENT DESIGNS IN DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE.

TEMPLE Hill House, of which views and a plan are here given, has been recently built on a fine site adjoining the West Heath, Hampstead, from the plans of Mr. C. H. B. Quennell, F.R.I.B.A., for A. M. Mirrielees, Esq. The site, notwithstanding its great charm, presented considerable difficulties. First, a very appreciable difference of level had to be overcome, the fall being diagonally from the dining-room across to the library. The best view was to the north-west across Hampstead Heath and so away from the sun, but by placing the drawing-room on the south-western angle a sunny room was ensured and at the same time it was possible to enjoy the view. The library on



PLAN OF TEMPLEHILL HOUSE, HAMPSTEAD

C. H. B. QUENNEL, F.R.I.B.A., ARCHITECT

(For perspective views of this house see next two pages)

Recent Designs in Domestic Architecture

the north-west corner has a splendid outlook and gets the afternoon sun. The entrance on the north side is on a mezzanine about two-thirds of the way down to a billiard-room under the library. The cloak-rooms and lavatories come again under the morning-room. The disposition of the remaining rooms is shown on the plan. Externally the walls are faced with a pleasantly variegated red brick and the roofs covered with red tiles; the elevations are simple in character and carry on the eighteenth-century traditions of Hampstead. On the west side steps lead down to a terrace, which again leads to a formal parterre with balustraded walling around it. The gardens, which have been designed by the architect, are hardly forward enough to show well in a photograph here; but all the fine trees on the site have been saved, and it is difficult to realise when in the garden that Charing Cross with its bustle is only just a little over four miles away.

The house of which an illustration is given on p. 44 has been erected from the designs of Mr. Sydney R. Jones, of Leek Wootton, Warwick, and Mr. Holland W. Hobbiss, on a site at Burnt Post on the Stoneleigh Estate, within two miles of Coventry. This house is one of a number that have been built, or are in the course of erection, wherein an attempt has been made to foster and advance the building tradition native to the locality. The large estate upon which operations are progressing has for its centre that well-known example of mediæval and renaissance architecture, Stoneleigh Abbey, the home of Lord Leigh, while round about this Midland country-side are to be seen many examples of old houses and cottages that bear witness to a time when local needs and ideals were expressed through the medium of the building crafts. But in more recent days new ways have prevailed, and this district, in common with other countless acres of woodland and vale,

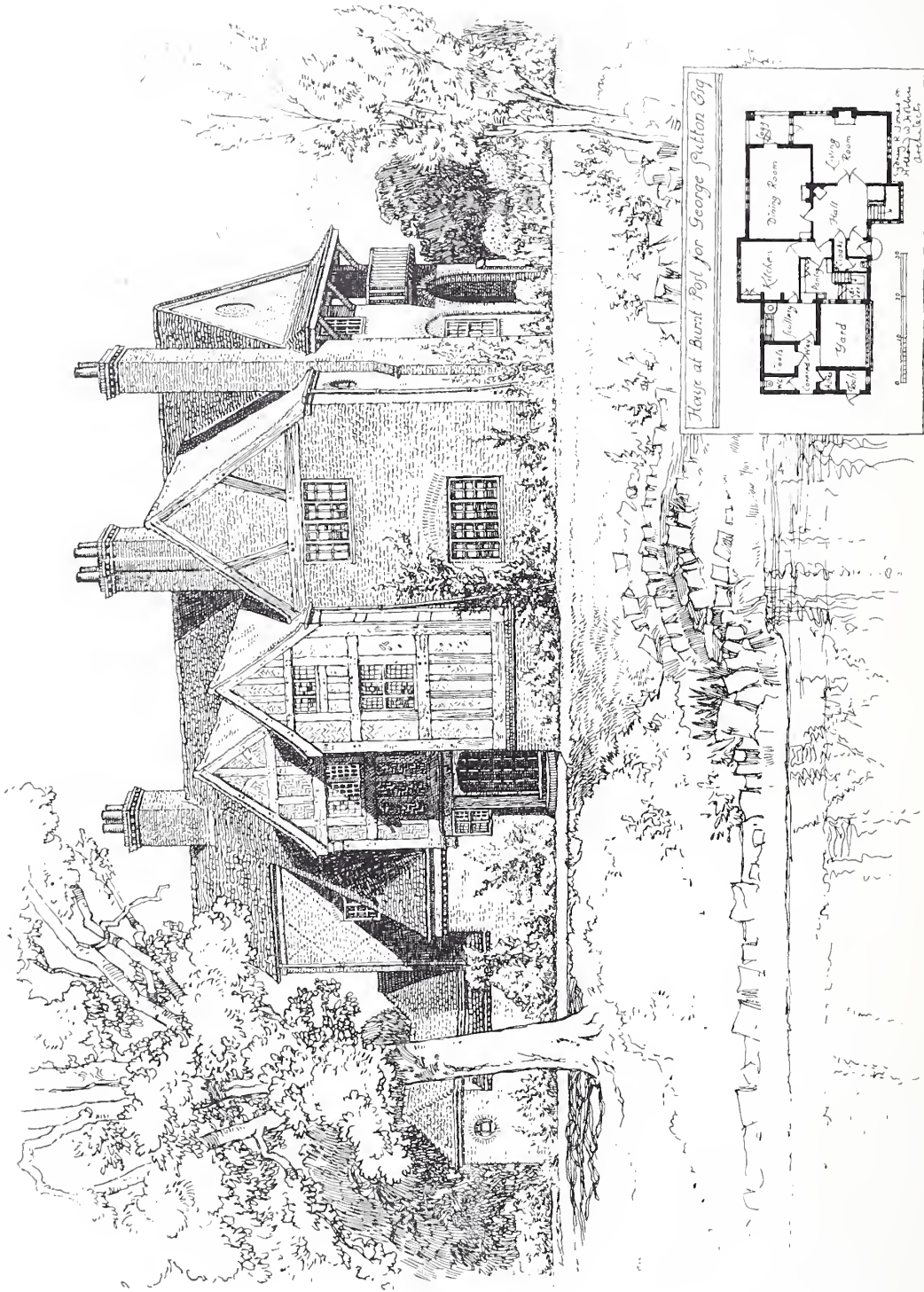


TEMPLEHILL HOUSE, HAMPSTEAD

C. H. B. QUENNELL, F.R.I.B.A., ARCHITECT



TEMPLEHILL HOUSE, HAMPSTEAD
C. H. B. QUENNEL, ARCHITECT



HOUSE AT BURNT POST, NEAR COVENTRY
 S. R. JONES AND H. W. HOBBISS, ARCHITECTS

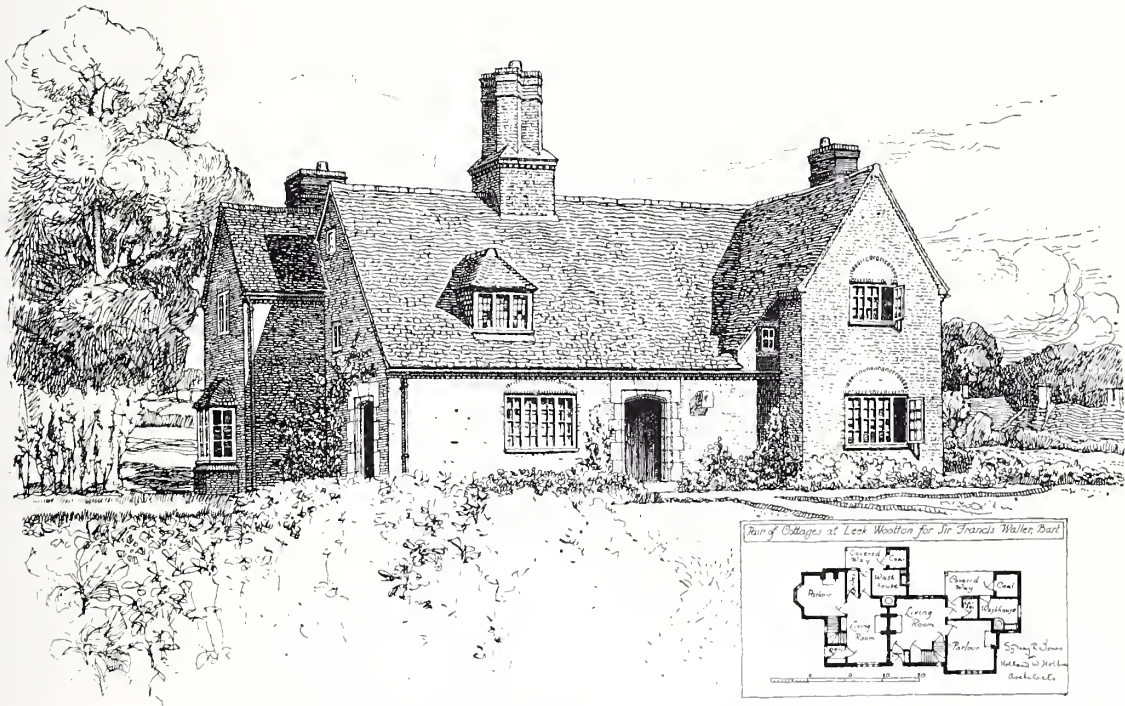
Recent Designs in Domestic Architecture

has been threatened with the relentless advance of the speculative builder and the insincerities and conventionalities of villadom. So those who have the æsthetic welfare of this fair district most at heart are intent on preserving its natural amenities, and at the same time are endeavouring to bring into being an architecture in harmony with the natural environment, hoping to advance the truth that the art of building has a higher mission to serve than that of ministering only to material needs. The house illustrated has been planned to provide simply and conveniently the required accommodation, consisting of an entrance hall of comfortable size that gives access to the living and dining rooms, with the usual offices facing towards the north and east. The joists and beams of the hall are exposed to view, and the walls are panelled; folding-doors divide the hall from the living-room, and may, on occasion, be opened back to combine the hall and living-room in one. At the south-east corner of the building is a loggia which can be entered from the dining-room or living-room. On the upper floor are five bedrooms, a sleeping balcony over the loggia, a bathroom, and other conveniences. The walls are built of bricks of good and varied colour, obtained near the site, with half-inch mortar joints. The main roof runs from end to end of the building, and from it

spring the gables, some of which are framed in oak, pegged together, and the spaces between the timbers filled with brickwork arranged herring-bone fashion. In this a debt to local tradition is owed, as also in the diaper brickwork, and the inspiration for the brick string-courses.

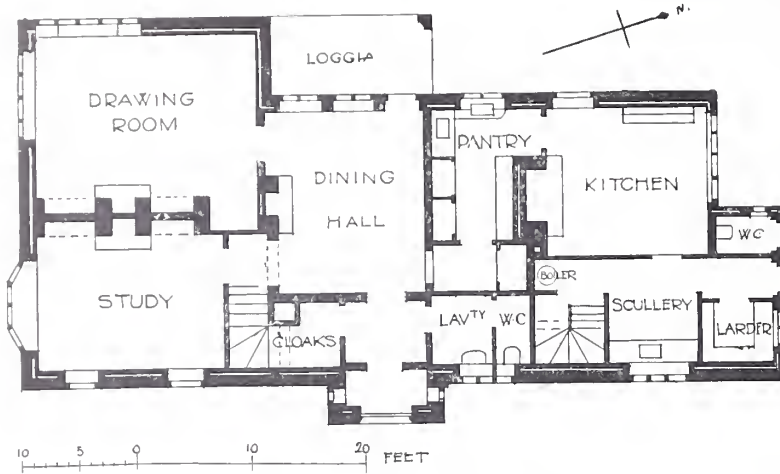
The same architects are also responsible for the design and erection of the pair of cottages at Leek Wootton (below). Here the problem was to erect cottages of reasonable appearance and ample accommodation for an economical outlay. The number of rooms required in each cottage, as revealed by the plan, will be seen to amount to a large living-room, comfortable parlour, wash-house, larder, coals, covered yard, with three bedrooms over. The cost of the pair was to come within £500, and this was accomplished. Here again local materials were used, bricks from a yard two miles away and stone quarried and worked within sight of the building.

The house at Liphook is a typical example of the work of Messrs. Unsworth and Triggs of Petersfield. It occupies the site of a group of derelict cottages on the high road to Portsmouth. These cottages were demolished and the stone masonry and tiles re-used in the construction of the new house. A stone-flagged walk flanked by herbaceous borders leads to the open porch on the



PAIR OF COTTAGES AT LEEK WOOTTON, WAPWICK, FOR SIR FRANCIS WALLER, BART.
SYDNEY R. JONES AND HOLLAND W. HOBBISS, ARCHITECTS

Studio-Talk



GROUND PLAN OF HOUSE AT LIPHOOK, HANTS
G. UNSWORTH AND INIGO TRIGGS, ARCHITECTS

east side of the house. In a small country house of this character it is an economy in planning to arrange the dining-room in a central position, and thus the house has no passages whatever on the ground floor. The staircase has been devised around a central cupboard for the display of china. There are five bedrooms and a dressing-room with bathroom and housemaid's cupboard on the first floor. The gardens have been laid out in conjunction with the house, their principal features being a sunk water garden on the south side of the house with pools fed by rain water. Messrs. Unsworth and Triggs were responsible for the planning of the gardens as well as the house.

STUDIO-TALK.

(From Our Own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—One of the dire results of the great war which has descended upon Europe like some vast and overwhelming volcanic eruption is its paralysing effect on the

pursuit of artistic activities. Such a result was of course inevitable, for when the grim spectre of war makes its appearance the arts and crafts of peace recede for a time into the background; and so stupendous is the conflict in which the great nations are engaged that its effects are being severely felt in neutral countries, even those remote from the war area. Great, however, as is the evil which has befallen the profession of art in common with many other pursuits, it is slight compared with the

horrors which have attended the movements of our enemy in the north-west of Europe. We in Britain have reason to be thankful for the effective protection of our shores by our maritime forces,



"PORTRAIT OF MISS C."

BY W. M. CHASE

(Anglo-American Exposition, Shepherd's Bush)



HOUSE AT LIPHOOK, HANTS. GERALD
UNSWORTH AND INIGO TRIGGS, ARCHITECTS.

Studio-Talk

without which we should most certainly have known what it is to have a hostile army in our midst, and worse even than that, might have quickly found ourselves on the verge of starvation through the cutting off of supplies.

A suggestion made by the art critic of "The Globe" that the methods which Germany and Austria have used to widen the market for their artistic productions and to secure a public for their manufactures is well worth our study and well worth adapting to our particular needs will, it is hoped, not pass unheeded. He refers, of course, more particularly to the applied or industrial arts in which those countries have made very great progress during the past dozen years or so. Thoroughness has always been the keynote of German organisation, and the campaign on behalf of its "Kunstgewerbe" has been very carefully planned, no expense being spared to ensure its efficiency. But this organising capacity of our enemy has not been confined to industrial art; for many years past there has been in existence an influential organisation—the Allgemeine Deutsche Künstlergenossenschaft—which has branches in all the principal art centres and keeps a sharp eye on the interests of German artists; and since 1907 another society—the Gesellschaft für Deutsche Kunst im Ausland—has been taking active steps to further by various means the exploitation of German art of all denominations in foreign countries. With this organisation, which has its headquarters in Berlin, most of the important art societies of the Fatherland are affiliated, and during the past three or four years it has directed its attention more especially to the western hemisphere. The Imperial Arts League, with

a membership comprising artists of all ranks, would do well to pay heed to German propagandist methods, and if only an energetic campaign is prosecuted there should be a good time for British art in the future.

Mr. Wm. Chase's *Portrait of Miss C.*, reproduced on page 46, and *In the Dressing Room*, by Mr. L. Kronberg, reproduced below, should have been included with the illustrations to the article on "American Art at the Anglo-American Exposition" which appeared in our last issue, but had to be omitted owing to a delay in hearing from the artists. We are now glad to make good the omission, these two works being among the items of note in the interesting assemblage of pictures at the Exposition.



"IN THE DRESSING-ROOM"

BY L. KRONBERG

(Anglo-American Exposition, Shepherd's Bush)



"THE RELENTLESS SEA"

BY CHARLES D. TRACY

Mr. Charles D. Tracy, who has recently held an exhibition of sea-paintings in London, has devoted himself to the study of the movement of the billows in the deep seas which have for obvious reasons always remained neglected by artists. He thus makes a distinctly individual contribution to marine painting. He is aided in this analytical attention to the character of heavy wave formation by a profound sympathy with nature in its lowlier aspects. Throughout his life, in many voyages, in every kind of craft, he has been in the closest contact with his subject. It is only recently that his prolonged study is resulting in large pictures for exhibition. These have not failed to make the appeal which finely observed truth makes to the lover of nature. Mr. Tracy's art has met with much success in America as well as on this side of the Atlantic.

There are abundant proofs that the artists of this country are by no means indifferent to the urgent needs of the nation arising out of the great war. We hear of many having joined either the Regular forces or the Territorial arm of the Service. At the Chelsea Arts Club especially, there is no lack of military ardour. Several of its members have joined the regulars for service in the field,

while a considerable number have, with members of other professions, formed themselves into a corps for the purpose of acquiring such training as will fit them for service in the defence of the country. Many artists, moreover, have been enrolled as special constables, and among them a distinguished Royal Academician may be seen doing his daily round as a sub-inspector in the West of London.

After what we had heard about the ruthless destruction of Louvain by the German forces, the report that the British, French and Russian pavilions at the great Book Exhibition at Leipzig had been destroyed by fire did not occasion very great surprise, but it was comforting to learn that part at all events of the British section had been saved by the forethought of Mr. Wildbore Smith, the Commissioner representing the Board of Trade, who on the eve of the war took prompt measures for the removal and safe keeping of certain of the exhibits, including some priceless documents which had been sent over on loan. Some week or more after the report of the fire appeared in the daily papers, a letter was quoted from an Englishman who had in the meantime come through Leipzig and seen the British pavilion intact, so that there is at least a hope that the first report was unfounded. This hope was



"OUT OF THE NIGHT"
BY CHARLES D. TRACY

Studio-Talk

strengthened later by a statement quoted from a German journal, the "Kölnische Zeitung" denying that any of the pavilions had been destroyed, but up to a late date of last month the Board of Trade had had no intelligence one way or the other.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. J. D. Innes at an age considerably under thirty. This young artist, whose name is associated with the New English Art Club, and who had come in under the influence of Mr. Augustus John, had already in his turn become a leader among his immediate contemporaries in landscape painting. His exceptional sense of colour and the refinement of his design were acknowledged on every hand.

Particulars have reached us concerning an interesting competition in connection with the mural decorations of the new Commonwealth of Australia building, "Australia House," in London. In all twelve paintings are required. The sketches are to depict incidents in Australian history, or features of Australian scenery or of Australian productive activity. The competition is open to all artists born in Australia, or who have lived in Australia five years and upwards, or who are now resident in Australia. The sketch designs must be forwarded to the High Commissioner's office, London, not later than January 15, 1915, and will be judged by a committee appointed in London. Prize winners will receive commissions to paint pictures at the following prices: Group I, two pictures at £1100 each; Group II, two pictures at £1200 each; Group III, one picture at £600, two at £400 and two at £250 each. Further details may be obtained from the High Commissioner for Australia, 72 Victoria Street, S.W.*

We have pleasure in introducing to our readers two young devotees of the graphic arts whose work, as will be seen from the examples we reproduce, is worthy of close attention. First there is Miss Katharine Richardson, one of the increasing band of artists whose efforts are directed to the exaltation of lithography as a means of expression. Miss Richardson, whose work has been seen of late at the exhibitions of the Senefelder Club as well as those of the Arts and Crafts Society and elsewhere, is a conscientious and painstaking worker, and it is interesting to note that her prints

* We have since heard that this competition has been postponed indefinitely, and that the terms may be revised before it is re-announced.

are wholly the product of her own mind and hand, the assistance of a professional printer being dispensed with. She studied lithography under that accomplished exponent of the medium, Mr. F. E. Jackson, at the South Western Polytechnic, Chelsea.

Mr. Cyril Spackman's career as an etcher has only just begun, but the print we reproduce augurs well for his future. He is practically self-taught, the only guidance he has received being that which he has derived from a close study of the work of great masters. He acknowledges his indebtedness more especially to the etched work of two notable modern exponents, the late Sir Alfred East and Mr. Frank Brangwyn, but as he says, and as is quite clearly shown by his work, his aim has been from the



"THE KASHMIR SHAWL." FROM AN ORIGINAL LITHOGRAPH BY KATHARINE RICHARDSON



"LAMPLIGHT." FROM AN ORIGINAL LITHO-
GRAPH BY KATHARINE RICHARDSON

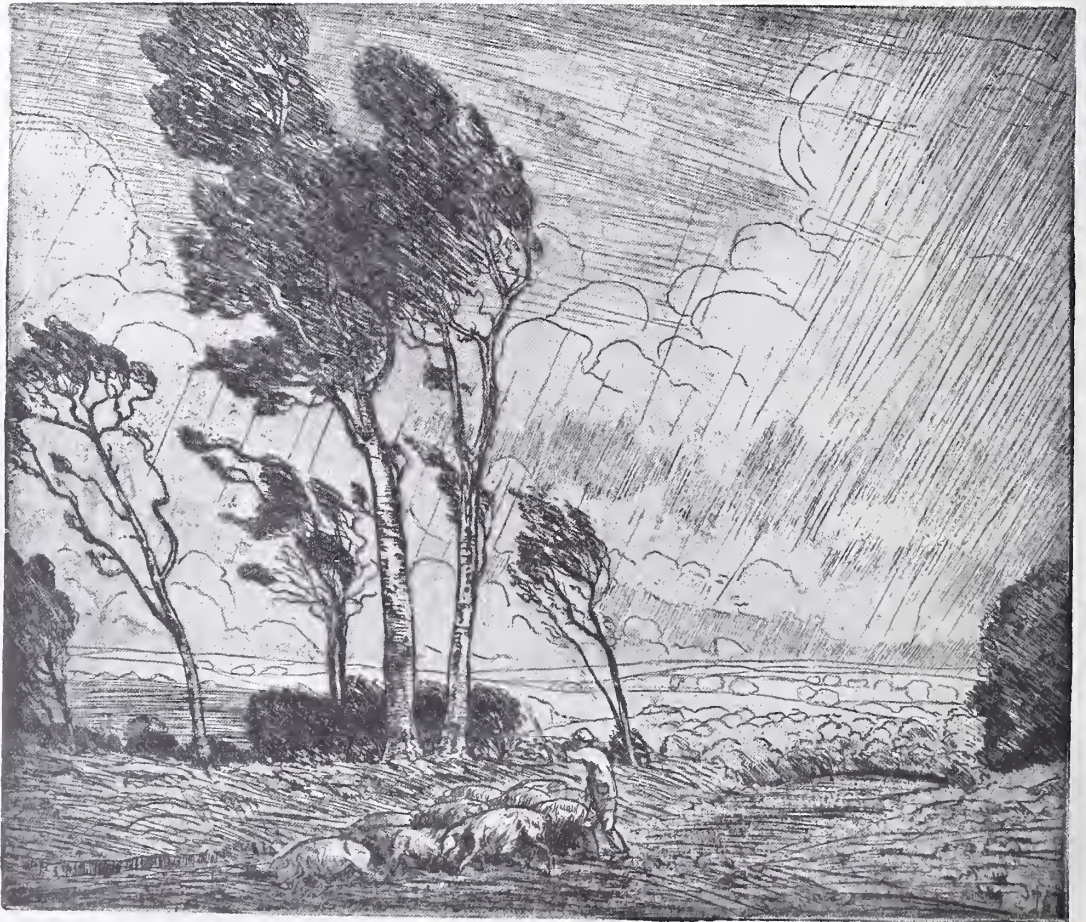
Studio-Talk

beginning only to learn and not to steal from them. Mr. Spackman was an architect prior to 1910, when he took up painting, and it was not till two years later that he started etching. He has exhibited at the Royal Academy in London, the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburg, and in other exhibitions here and in America. He was born at Cleveland, Ohio, of English parents, but for some time past has settled in London.

We reproduce among our supplements this month a wood-engraving by Mr. Brangwyn entitled *Alms-houses, Dixmude*. This place, spelt in Flemish Dixmuyden, lies in the province of West Flanders, some thirteen miles or so south-east of Ostend, and it must therefore have been if not actually at any rate very near to being the scene of the fighting in Belgium, that heroic country to which our hearts go out in deepest sympathy and admiration. This wood-cut, entirely characteristic

of the distinguished personality of the artist, shows also an important and very striking feature of Mr. Brangwyn's talent—the power he possesses, with all his versatility, of adapting himself completely to the medium of expression, or, to put it another way, of subjugating the medium legitimately and entirely to his will. So that in all the multifarious branches of art and in all the varied technical processes in which he practises we find him working always as to the manner born, and in this particular engraving using to the full all the resources of the wood-cutter's craft and turning it to the expression of a subject nobly and powerfully conceived.

Mr. Johnstone Baird, though now a denizen of London, hails from Ayrshire and has lived most of his life in Glasgow. Before entering on his career as an artist he practised for some time as a naval architect, relinquishing that profession about ten

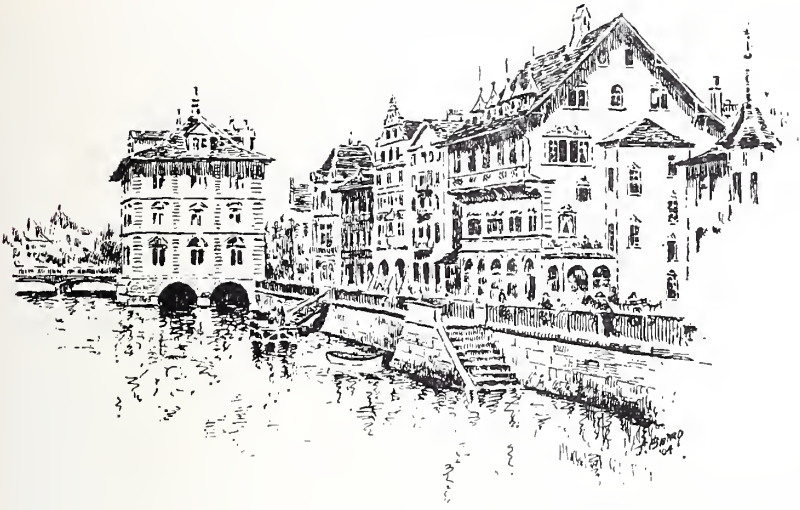


"THE STORM"

FROM AN ETCHING BY CYRIL SPACKMAN



"ALMS-HOUSES, DIXMUDE, BELGIUM."
AN ORIGINAL WOOD ENGRAVING BY
FRANK BRANGWYN, P.R.B.A., A.R.A.



"THE RATHAUS QUAY, ZURICH." FROM A PEN-DRAWING BY JOHNSTONE BAIRD

years ago on account of illness. Mr. Baird received his training as an artist at the Glasgow School of Art under Mr. Fra H. Newbury, the able director of that renowned institution, and he also studied under Prof. Jean Delville at Brussels. He has travelled much in all parts of Europe, and many Continental cities have furnished him with motives for his compositions in the various mediums he employs — pen-and-ink, etching, drypoint and water-colour. Of late London has claimed the chief share of his attention, and his plate of *Waterloo Bridge* has been selected as showing how admirably he has employed the medium of etching to render a view which has attracted innumerable artists.

The embroidered panel reproduced on this page was executed by Miss B. M. E. Kay of Minehead, from a design by Mr. J. E. Dixon-Spain, architect. Miss Kay is not only an expert embroideress but has a remarkable gift for colour. The

general scheme of this panel was planned by Miss Kay as "dull golds to browns, greens from gold to emerald merging into touches of peacock-blue, and through amethyst-blue to touches of rich purples, merging again into browns with perhaps a thought of dull madder or pomegranate." Miss Kay has realised her scheme in luscious, liquid colouring, full of romantic feeling. The tree, with its fruit and birds, is suggestive of Arthurian scenery. The



EMBROIDERED PANEL. DESIGNED BY J. E. DIXON-SPAIN, EXECUTED BY MISS B. M. E. KAY



(By permission of Messrs.
Connell and Sons.)

“WATERLOO BRIDGE.” FROM AN
ETCHING BY JOHNSTONE BAIRD

Studio-Talk



PORTRAIT BUST OF H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT
BY FREDERICK LESSORE

stags are worked solidly in browns and golds of the palest hues, the foliage in varying greens, the fruit in subtle reds, purples and madders with trunk and branches in bronze greens, and the little rich flowers in divers hues.

Mr. Frederick Lessore recently returned from Canada, where he spent about nine months holding exhibitions of his sculpture in the principal towns of the Dominion. Two of the busts included in these exhibitions—those of Lord Mount Stephen and Lord Strathcona—have been reproduced in these pages early in the present year with a report from our Montreal correspondent, and we now give an illustration of his bust of the Royal Governor-General, which was modelled by the sculptor at Ottawa. The colossal bronze statue of Lord Mount Stephen which the Board of the Canadian Pacific Railway commissioned Mr. Lessore to execute, has been erected in the new terminus of the railway at Montreal as a memorial to their first President. Mr. Lessore's exhibitions were visited by a very large number of people and called forth many expressions of appreciation.

GLASGOW.—Without venturing to say that there is to-day a younger school of painters at Glasgow likely to startle the art world as forcibly as did the impressionists a generation ago, it may safely be affirmed that there is in this second city of the British Isles a group of young artists vigorous and independent in thought and effort, ready to court public opinion without being unduly depressed if it be adverse. There is encouragement in contemporary success, time is on the side of the group, and the gods have the possibilities in their keeping. If common aim was the only or chief bond that held the impressionists together, even this is not apparent among the later enthusiasts, whose methods are as dissimilar as if their purposes were antagonistic.

Individuality, a characteristic common to Glasgow men, both in the Fine and the Applied Arts, is a quality that leadeth not always to immediate success. In versatility also, there is risk of missing public favour, more readily secured by the artist



"PERSEPHONE" (OIL)

BY W. M. PETRIE

Studio-Talk

with one subject, the specialist of one idea. The young individualist may lack a following, his pictures may overcrowd his studio, may be rejected by Committees of Selection, or badly hung at exhibitions, but with supreme unconcern he pursues his art. The history of art teems with examples of men who painted ahead of their time, finding consolation for contemporary neglect in unflinching belief in themselves. Public opinion may be no more discriminating to-day than in the time of Rembrandt and Meryon, nor was earnest pursuit of art limited to the great Dutch and French periods.

The Glasgow School of Art is the Alma Mater of most of the younger Glasgow men. It would be difficult in a sentence exactly to define the system of training pursued at this renowned art institution, or to explain the power of attraction it exercises over the alumni long after the period of training is over, but it is abundantly evident that the curriculum or atmosphere conduces to a measure of individuality in the students instead of suppressing it, as so many academic institutions appear to do. The Director of the School, a man of boundless energy and purpose, has broadened the basis to such an extent that nearly every teacher of art, in the wide district to which it forms a centre, comes now directly within the range of its influence.

An artist who paints in oil, tempera, pastel, and water-colour; models in clay and wood; chisels in stone and marble; fashions in silver; works in landscape, portraiture, and in the realm of imaginative study; plans, builds and decorates house and studio, digs, trenches and cultivates the garden, competes for and executes decorative schemes of importance, the while conducting a class on colour at the School of Art, may surely be claimed as a busy, many-sided artist, which W. M. Petrie assuredly is. He has the double disadvantage in the struggle for success, of a nature unduly shy and retiring, and a mind severely critical of his efforts; thus no work is permitted to leave his studio that falls in any degree short of the high standard set by

the artist. Like Whistler, time and cost do not count with him; he is the very soul of artistic honour, and were he carving the smallest detail on a vane for a lofty steeple, it would be as scrupulously executed as an ornament to be placed on the eye level, for the spirit of the old Greek artists dwells again in Petrie. He may not yet have discovered his right medium, though he works with great facility in many. The movement for a National Theatre or Opera House may be rational and urgent; but should there not be more regard paid to struggling genius in art? It is not enough to purchase the works of successful artists for permanent public collections, a process in which the trick of manœuvring sometimes outbids the claims and considerations of art.

Amongst portrait painters, William Findlay is rapidly earning a deservedly high position. To culture in draughtsmanship, acquired at the Glasgow School of Art, he adds the Romanticism



PORTRAIT

BY WILLIAM FINDLAY



“JEAN AND JOHN (CHILDREN OF JOHN MARTIN, ESQ.)”

BY WILLIAM FINDLAY

of the French method, a quality that recently placed him in the front amongst the artists who competed for the honour of completing the mural decoration in the Glasgow Civic Banqueting Hall. It was a happy idea to entrust the decoration of the twenty-seven remaining panels to the younger Glasgow men; it may help to discover decorative talent worthy to rank with that already represented by the work of Alexander Roche, E. A. Walton, John Lavery, and George Henry.

If pastel as a medium be not unpopular with artists, there is a widespread belief in its impermanency on the part of the public. While some of the greatest artists have shown but a fleeting fancy for it, demonstration of its particular charm of expression has been made again and again, and an eminent Belgian authority makes bold to say, that with ordinary care, chalk is less liable to affection by light and temperature than oil and water colours. One at least of the large civic portraits at Glasgow, painted in oil on special

canvas, is developing an intricate texture of cracks never contemplated by the artist; while certain water-colour drawings in the permanent collection have lost much of their original colour charm. Exhibition committees practically ban pastel drawings, when insisting on gilded frames as a passport of admission, and then showing but scant courtesy when hanging them.

In view of all this, there is no lack of determination on the part of a young artist selecting pastel as his particular medium and all but confining his attention to it, as G. G. Anderson does. The medium exactly suits the idea and temperament of the artist, and the artist adapts his method to the medium, making the utmost use of its possibilities, and minimising its limitations. He loves the medium as he loves his art, his treatment is extremely natural, yet individualistic, his effects spontaneous and somewhat original. He divides his attention between landscape and portraiture; strong in composition and keen in colour sense, his land-

Studio-Talk

scapes have the charm of Nature's self; while his portraits, penetrative to a degree, with rare facility and accuracy in drawing, are rapid, unmistakable impressions of the sitters. If he has preference for a sketching time it is the late Spring, and for a subject it is an Arran croft, or a shallow stream flowing lazily over pebbly bed, 'tween thickly wooded banks, fresh with the early foliage of the year. This he lingers over and repeats, making use of clearest and most inspiring chalks in the transcription. In portraiture, the Anderson medium, besides inducing a quick direct impression, constrains to a limit in dimension, oftentimes more pleasing than the licence claimed by oil; while such delicacy of touch is possible that the most fitful expression of the subject may be captured, and the faintest impression of the artist conveyed.

It is not, of course, claimed that all the interest in the younger art of Glasgow centres in the artists mentioned—by no means, for the number might be multiplied many times without exhausting the possibilities of the subject. But enough has been

said to indicate that there is no lack of individuality amongst the younger men, and to suggest that there is ample assurance that the best traditions of the city, as a vigorous, independent centre of art, are likely to be well maintained. J. T.

NOTTINGHAM.—In the reproduction we give of a pen-and-ink drawing by Mr. F. H. Ball, readers of *THE STUDIO* are enabled to renew acquaintance with the work of an artist whose drawings and designs frequently appeared in our pages in years gone by when he participated in the competitions instituted by us. Mr. Ball's progress in the practice of his special line of work has been steady and consistent; he has gained more and more assurance in the use of his medium, which he employs with due regard to its proper functions and limitations, while besides being technically sound his work is made æsthetically attractive by the play of that decorative feeling which invariably asserts itself in the composition of his drawings.



"THE CROFT" (PASTEL)

BY G. G. ANDERSON



"BACCHANTE." FROM A PEN DRAWING BY F. H. BALL.



"AUTUMN ON THE VOLGA"

BY E. N. STAKHEEVA-KASHKADUMOVA

other Russian painters whose works though enjoying great popularity at home are almost wholly unknown abroad. To this band belong, besides the artists whose pictures are reproduced in the accompanying illustrations, Konstantin and Vladimir Makovsky, N. I. Verkhotourov, F. P. Riznichenko, N. I. Kravtchenko, A. Buchkuri, J. Schmidt, N. V. Rozanoff, N. M. Fokin, A. F. Maximoff and numerous others. Most of them ought to be described as out-and-out realists with a penchant for depicting scenes and incidents characteristic of the country, and it is, perhaps, for this reason that

MOSCOW.—From time to time there have appeared in the pages of THE STUDIO accounts of the doings of various Russian painters of the modern school, chiefly in connection with the periodical exhibitions of such societies as the "Soyouz," as the Union of Moscow Artists is called for short, the "iMir Isskousstva" (World of Art), the "Peredvishniki" or Wanderers, and other groups; and not long ago the Italian art critic, Signor Pica, in an article on three of its leading representatives, traced in an interesting manner the development of the forces which have been at work in establishing this modern school. But while the names of such artists as Michael Vroubel, Valentine Seroff, Konstantin Somoff, Ilya Répine, Vasnetsoff, Leo Bakst, Kustodieff Bilibine, Igor Grabar, and a few others have thus become familiar to art lovers in the west of Europe and elsewhere beyond the boundaries of Russia, there are many



"A FORGOTTEN CEMETERY OF THE OLD BELIEVERS, KEMI." BY CLARA F. ZEIDLER

Studio-Talk

they are looked upon as "academic" by disciples of the so-called "advanced" schools, who appear to have thrown over all regard for form in their pursuit of colour problems, and look with suspicion on work of a realistic character. But though it is undoubtedly true that much of the interest which the paintings of these realists arouse is due in large measure to their subjects, in the choice of which an ardent devotion to the land of their birth may be discerned, still a careful and conscientious study of these works will show that their authors are by no means deficient in technical accomplishment. Some three or four years ago an opportunity was afforded to Londoners of seeing a representative collection of their paintings in an exhibition at the Doré Galleries which attracted much attention, and it is hoped that in the not distant future the British public will be able to renew acquaintance with their work. R. N.

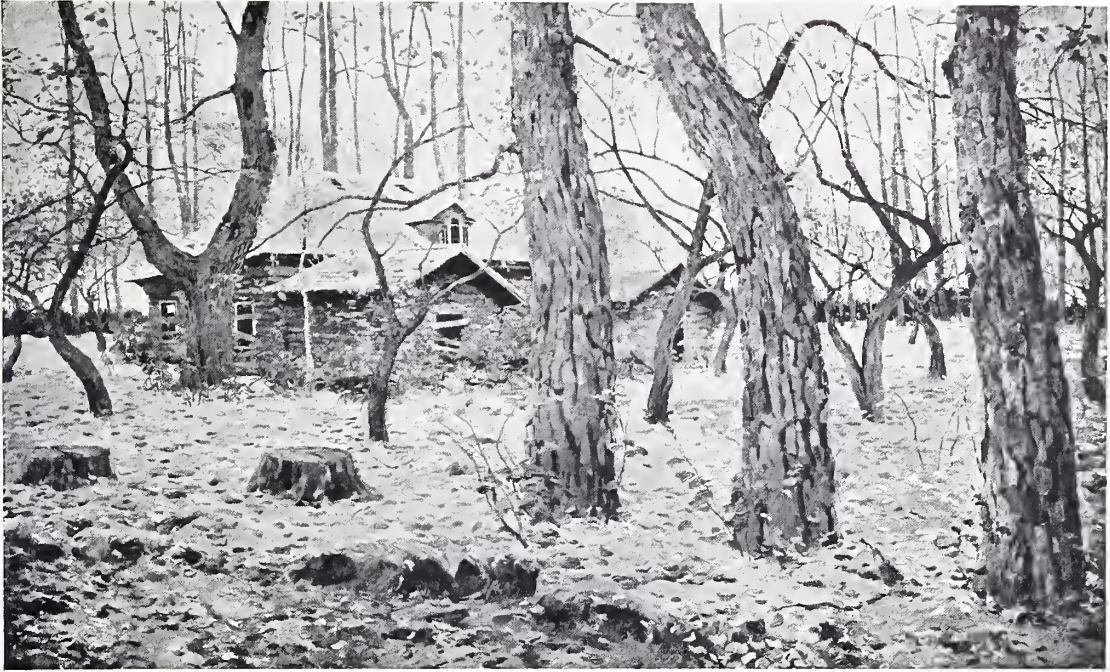
Apropos of the competition for a monument to the poet Shevchenko at Kieff we recently received the following communication from a correspondent in Kharkoff:

"In the May number of your honoured magazine a serious inexactitude is to be found concerning the Prof. Sciortino's model for the monument to Shevchenko, the poet of Ukraine. In the correspondence from St. Petersburg in the above mentioned number of *THE STUDIO*, author asserts that Prof. Sciortino has been the winner in the competition for modelling the Shevchenko monument of Kieff. That is not right. In this competition the jury, selected by the Committee for Erection of the monument, could not recommend the project of Mr. Sciortino for the execution. As the best of the submitted models was declared that of Mr. L. Sherwood (Moscow), as the second the project of Mr. S. Volnoukhine (Moscow). In spite of such a resolution, the Committee for erection of the monument began to commune with Mr. Sciortino and resolved to accept his model for the execution with the condition that the artist would make some alterations in his model with reference to the Committee's wishes. Such a resolution of the Committee caused a common surprise, dissatisfaction, and met many protests. It is customary that the projects of monumental



"BLESSING THE WATERS"

Studio-Talk



"A FORGOTTEN CORNER"

BY E. T. STOLITZA



"AUTUMN"

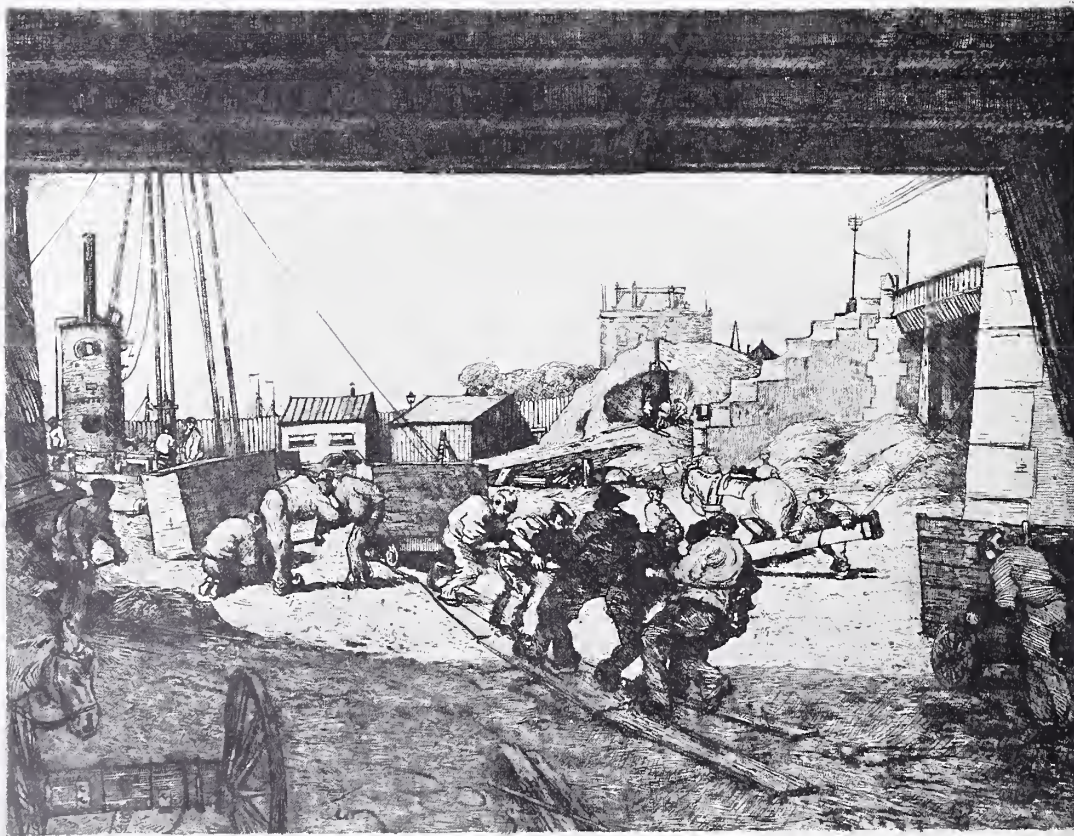
BY K. KRIJITSKY

Studio-Talk

artistic works are inspected and confirmed by the Academy of Arts in St. Petersburg and it is possible that in this case the Academy will not consent to the choice of the Committee."

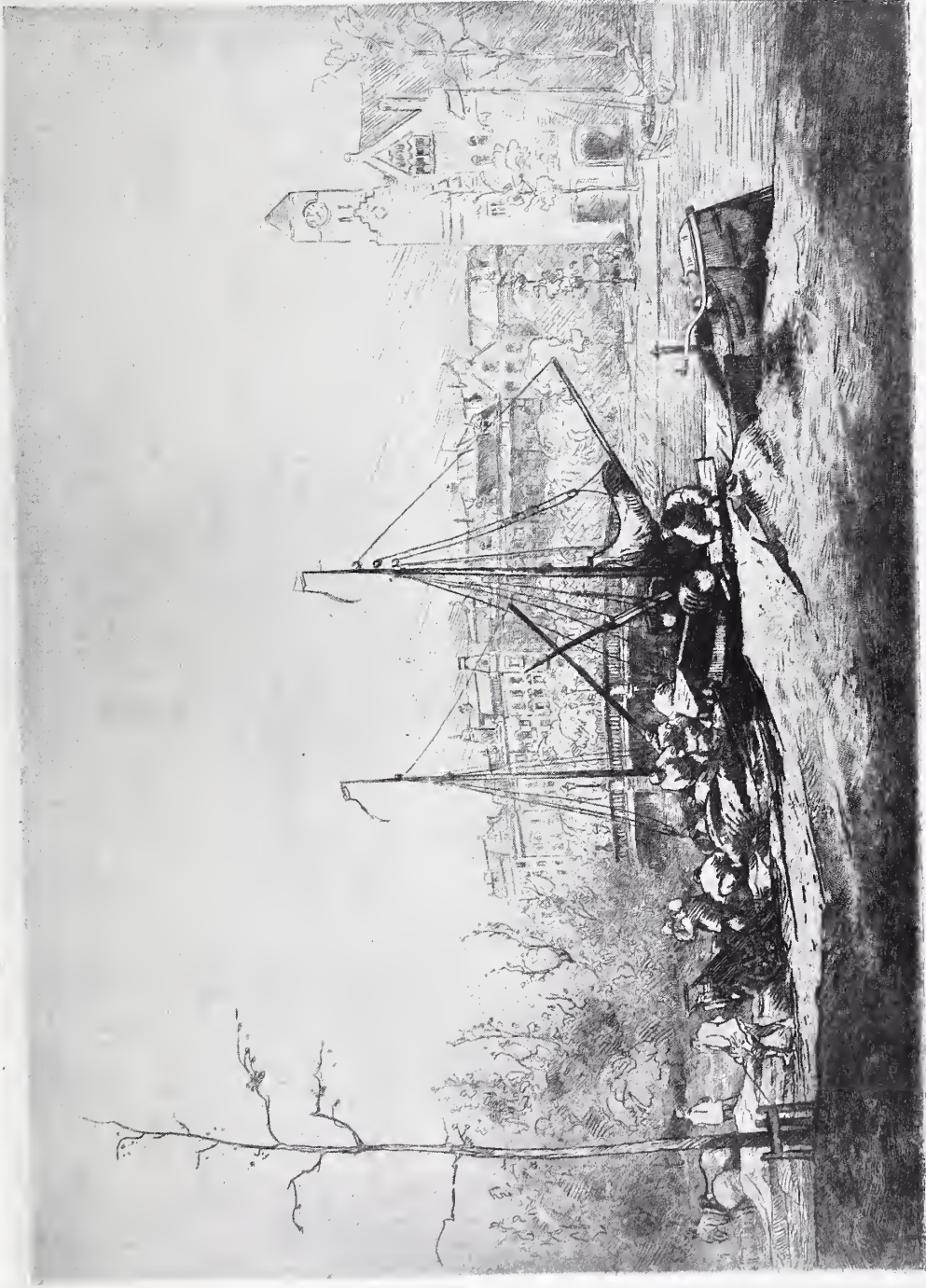
AMSTERDAM.—Early in June an exhibition of original etchings by Mr. Jan Poortenaar was held in the galleries of Messrs. Frans Buffa and Sons in the Kalverstratt. Though still a good way off thirty, Mr. Poortenaar has already reached a position of prominence among the rising generation of Dutch painter-etchers, and the fact that so far as this branch of his work is concerned he is entirely self-taught lends additional interest to his achievements. He is an indefatigable worker and his plates now number something like a hundred, showing a wide range of motives and a considerable diversity of technique. The exhibition in question comprised more than fifty, including all his recent essays, and not a few of these bore titles denoting a sojourn of some duration in England. Mr. Poortenaar has in fact spent a considerable time in London, where

his etchings have been on view in more than one exhibition recently, and some of the most attractive of his proofs have been inspired by such famous sights of the great metropolis as Westminster Abbey, Waterloo and Westminster Bridges, Trafalgar Square, and Westminster Cathedral. Cornwall too, with its rocky coast scenery, has lured the artist, and the plates on which he has recorded his impressions of this remote corner of England show that his eye is susceptible to nature's beauties under the most varied aspects. Nocturnal effects seem to have had a special fascination for him, and the etchings in which he has essayed to render such themes are among his most successful efforts. The majority of his etchings, however, have been done in Amsterdam and its vicinity, and in some of these—such as *Western Viaduct* and *Under the Viaduct*—one discerns a certain affinity—as regards subject at all events—with the etched work of Brangwyn. But though Mr. Poortenaar has learnt much from the masters—Rembrandt and Seghers more especially—the personal note is, even at this early stage of what promises to be a fruitful career,



“BUILDING A VIADUCT, AMSTERDAM”

FROM AN ETCHING BY JAN POORTENAAR



"UNLOADING SAND." FROM AN
ETCHING BY JAN POORTENAAR



Jan Poortenaar

“WATERLOO BRIDGE, LONDON”

FROM AN ETCHING BY JAN POORTENAAR

an ever present attribute of his work, and it is this which in conjunction with his varied methods of treatment has gained for him the appreciation of connoisseurs and critics. It should be added that as a painter also Mr. Poortenaar has given proof of his artistic capacity.

BRUSSELS.—The photographs of Victor Rousseau's busts of the King and Queen of the Belgians from which our reproductions of these fine pieces of sculpture have been made, were addressed to us from the Belgian capital by our esteemed correspondent, Mons. Fernand Khnopff, only a few hours before the city was invaded and occupied by the German Kaiser's armed hosts and since then up to the time of going to press we have been without any intelligence of Mons. Khnopff. The tragic events of the past two or three months invest these works of art with a quite peculiar interest. The heroism with which the Belgians, under the leadership of their valiant King and encouraged by his Royal Consort,

have resisted the onward rush of the invading armies has evoked the admiration of the whole civilised world, while equally universal has been the horror aroused by the brutalities and wanton destruction wrought by the soldiers of a nation which has always so loudly boasted of its “Kultur.”

As regards the artist, it is scarcely necessary to say anything here, for he is in the very front rank of Belgian sculptors of the present day, and his work is by this time almost as well known outside Belgium as within. Numerous examples of it have appeared in this magazine, and Mons. Khnopff has, in an article he contributed to our pages in 1907, given the chief facts of his career. A more comprehensive study of his life and work has been written by Mons. Maurice des Ombiaux (G. Van Oest et Cie, Brussels), who quotes in the artist's own words the motives which have guided him in the pursuit of his art: “Une chose m'importe, c'est le spectacle de la vie, de toute la vie, physiologique,



BUST OF H.M. THE QUEEN OF THE
BELGIANS. BY VICTOR ROUSSEAU.



BUST OF H.M. THE KING OF THE
BELGIANS. BY VICTOR ROUSSEAU.

Studio-Talk

psychologique, universelle, qui conduit aux idées générales par l'étude sincère de la nature. Je suis convaincu que l'art participe de l'évolution des idées. . . . La vie est en perpétuel devenir, notre esprit de même ; les années le transforment, acceptons tout ce qui vient, c'est le seul moyen de ne pas se figer dans une formule. Ce que je voudrais, de toute la force de la joie que je ressens à vivre, c'est réaliser quelques œuvres imprégnées d'un amour tout humain, par des formes de pure nature et en cela, je sens que j'aurai tout à faire."

TOKYO.—The exhibition of the treasures of the Imperial School of Art, Tokyo, which was recently held in its newly completed buildings, was a treat to the students. It contained some eight hundred pieces, consisting of paintings in both the Japanese and the western style, sculpture, *netsuke*, masks used in the "No" plays, fabrics, lacquer ware, metal work, ceramics, and the diploma works of those who have graduated from the art school, showing various changes in the methods and styles in painting as well as in other branches of art since the beginning of the art school some twenty-five years ago. A detailed description of all the exhibits will be out of place here, but mention should be made of some of the more prominent works of renowned masters.

Of special interest, among other exhibits, was the illuminated sutra of the "Cause and Effect of Past and Present," a work of great historical value as an example of the earliest pictorial efforts of our people. The words of the sutra seem to have been written in the seventh year of Tempyo (735), but the picture is considered to be older. This sutra

is one of three rolls existing in Japan, the other two being included in the "national treasures," and kept in temples, one at the Ho-onin and the other at the Rendaiji. Another interesting work was the painting on the door panels of a *zushi* (a small portable shrine) some three and a half feet high, in which was originally found the wooden image of Kisshoten (which is also placed in the category of "national treasures") of the Jorori Temple in the Province of Yamashiro. Judging from the wooden carving of the deity, which apparently is of the same period, the pictures on the doors must have been painted in the Eisho era (1046-1052), and they show strong traces of the style of the Nara epoch. There were several interesting Buddhistic paintings of the Fujiwara régime, and also a few excellent examples by Chinese masters of about the same period. The already well-known *Herd of Horses* by Sesshyu, in which the artist shows his powerful and masterful brush strokes, and two works by his *monjin*, a *Daruma* by Shugetsu, and *Shoki* by Shuko, revealed the characteristic vigour and strength of these masters. The *Tiger in a Bamboo Thicket* by Sesson attracted considerable attention, mainly for the extremely clever way in which the artist has portrayed the wily nature of the beast. The Kano school was well represented by such works as *Landscape* by Motonobu, *Dragons and Tigers* by Eitoku, a screen painted by Tannyu, *Phoenix* by Tsunenobu ; the Tosa school by *Quails* by Ittoku, *Shells* by Mitsuki; the Korin school by *Autumnal Grass* by Korin, and *Takaozan* as well as *Kuramayama* by Hanabusa Itcho. A pair of screens of *Hermits* by Soga Shohaku brought out well the pleasing qualities of that artist. The exhibition was not lacking in *ukiyoye*. Paintings of beautiful women



"HERD OF HORSES"

(Imperial School of Art, Tokyo)

BY SESSHYU



“CHICKENS AND CHERRY-TREE”
BY KAWABATA GYOKUSHO
(Imperial School of Art, Tokyo)

in various poses and groups by Katsukawa Shunsho and by Utagawa Toyoharu were among them.

So far I have referred only to the works of our ancient masters. But the paintings by the five masters, Kano Hōgai, Taki Watei, Kawasaki Senko, Hashimoto Gahō, and Kawabata Gyokushō, all of whom were very closely connected with the art school, and who have died during the last quarter of a century, stood no less prominent in the collection. It must be acknowledged that to the genius and untiring efforts of these artists we owe in a great degree the development of painting in the Meiji era (1868-1912). Especially interesting were the *Kwannon* and *Eagle* by Kano Hōgai and *Moonlight Landscape* by Hashimoto Gahō. The *Kwannon* has become famous throughout Japan greatly by reason of its being Hōgai's

seppitsu, that is, the last work by the artist, whose genius was discovered by Ernest Fenollosa and became widely appreciated after his death. It has also deservedly won its place by the excellent effect the artist attained in the picture through his untiring efforts and also by the wonderful reproduction of it a few years ago by Sugawara Naonosuke in embroidery. We are told that when Hōgai once climbed Myogizan with art students on a sketching tour and standing on the top of a towering precipice saw the clouds pass below him, he was deeply struck with the awe-inspiring grandeur of the commanding position where he stood and he remarked casually that it would be a splendid spot to place an image of Kwannon. The feeling of sublimity that such a position gave to a mind so susceptible to the power of Nature as Hōgai's haunted his mind until it finally impelled him to express that inspiration on silk in the painting in question as the crowning labour of his life. How much he had struggled with it can be seen by scores of drawings he left behind, which show the numerous



BENZAITEN (PAINTING ON THE DOOR PANEL OF A
ZUSHI OR PORTABLE SHRINE)
(Imperial School of Art, Tokyo)

Studio-Talk



“MOONLIGHT LANDSCAPE”

(Imperial School of Art, Tokyo)

BY HASHIMOTO GAHŌ



“A TIGER IN A BAMBOO THICKET”

(Imperial School of Art, Tokyo)

BY SESSON



“HERMITS” (SCREEN) (Imperial School of Art, Tokyo) BY SOGA SHOHAKU

alterations he made in the composition of the picture and in the pose and form of the Kwannon. He was nearly three years at the picture. The work shows his originality in attempting to express the light of mercy in the upper world in contrast with the shadowy darkness of the lower world.

Hōgai's *Eagle* in monochrome, a monstrous bird perched on a rugged branch of a pine-tree, its fierce eyes fixed and its wings half-spread as in the attitude of darting after its prey, attracted much attention. Those fierce eyes—yet with some mysterious vagueness about them—are fixed, though not on any tangible object. The look, attitude and all gave almost an uncanny feeling to those who looked upon the picture. This was drawn by Hōgai for Prince Ito when the latter became the first Premier of Japan. It was presented to him mainly for the purpose of enlisting the Premier's sympathy for the establishment of the art school, for which Hōgai laboured so hard, though he did not live to see it actually started, having died only a few months previous to its opening.

In *Moonlight Landscape* by Hashimoto Gahō, the artist seems to have risen far above the ordinary realm of Japanese painting. It is indeed one of the masterpieces of that great artist. The *Chickens and Cherry Tree* by Kawabata Gyokushō has a

charm of its own. As mentioned in my notes on the school published in a recent number, these two last mentioned artists have done so much for the school and for the art world in general that their *monjin* recently presented to the school the bronze busts of both of them, which now stand in the garden where they loved to teach and guide the young students of art.

The section of *yoga* (western styles of painting) was no less interesting. It enabled one to trace the general growth of oil painting in Japan. There was a picture of a harbour and of the Oigawa by Shiba Kokan, who is popularly

looked upon as the first Japanese oil painter. Two oil landscapes by Nagata Zenkichi, several pictures by Charles Wirgman, a correspondent of “The Illustrated London News,” who lived in Japan for the last thirty years of his life and gave lessons in oil painting in Yokohama, and by Antonio Fontanesi, who was employed by the Government to give instruction in oil painting, looked very interesting beside those of their pupils Kunizawa Shinkuro, Goseda Horyu, Takahashi Yuichi, and others. It was interesting to find a water-colour painting by Prince Tokugawa Keiki, the last of the Shoguns. The section also included works by Nakamura Seijuro, Harada Naojiro, Yamamoto Hōsui, Asai Chu, Ando Churare, Honda Kinkichiro, Goseda Yoshimatsu, Watanabe Yuko, Matsuoka Hisashi, and Kawamura Kiyo-o.

The exhibition lasted only for three days, and most of the treasures were again stored away in the dark godown, to be kept there until some special occasion should present itself. The comprehensive character of this exhibition intensified the long-felt want of proper facilities for placing these art objects within the easy reach of the public. How beneficial they would be if only they could be always accessible. The need of additional public and private art museums is more keenly felt in Japan now than ever.

HARADA JIRO.

Reviews and Notices

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

Les Soieries d'Art. By RAYMOND COX. (Paris: Hachette et Cie.)—This bulky volume, illustrated by a frontispiece in colour and one hundred plates in half-tone, forms a comprehensive survey of the history of artistic silk fabrics from the earliest times up to the present day. M. Raymond Cox, Directeur du Musée Historique des tissus de la Chambre de Commerce de Lyon, writes with authority on the subject, and he has based his study upon and drawn his illustrations from the very fine collection of silks in the Musée of which he is the Director, a collection started by the late M. Edouard Aynard, of the Institut, to whose memory the author dedicates this work, and founded with a view especially to the educative value that might be therefrom derived.

The Sport of Collecting. By Sir MARTIN CONWAY. (London: T. Fisher Unwin.) 5s. net.—In this book Sir Martin Conway gives an account of the way in which one imbued with the true spirit of collecting stalks and marks down his quarry and with care and patience brings it finally to earth. As one who has travelled far and wide, and whose knowledge would seem to be as extensive as have been his travels, Sir Martin has tales to tell of rare treasures acquired in many lands—from the Foppa discovered in the lumbered attic of an old painter-restorer in Brescia to the gilt bronze cat purchased from a little Arab boy when the huge cats' burying-ground with hundreds of thousands of mummies of these sacred animals was laid bare at Beni-Hasan. Lastly, after accounts of treasures unearthed and purchased in Italy, in Egypt, India, and Peru, of the Carpaccios discovered at St. Jean-de-Luz, of old furniture picked up in Switzerland, the author concludes with a chapter about the beautiful old ruined castle near Maidstone which he found, and having repaired and preserved has now made his home, and the repository of all those artistic treasures he has gathered together as the result of his devotion to the sport of collecting.

Art in Flanders. By MAX ROOSES. (London: William Heinemann.) 6s. net.—This handy little historical survey of the progress of art in Flanders—the latest of the series issued under the motto “*Ars una, species mille*”—is a reminder, if any be needed, of the brilliant part which that art has played in the history of civilisation. Its ancient cities, of which so much has been heard of late, are rich in priceless monuments of architecture, in famous paintings, and many other manifestations

of artistic activity, but alas! a considerable deduction will have now to be made from its treasures as a result of the devastating methods employed by the German army. The author of this handbook is director of the famous Plantin-Moretus Museum at Antwerp, and an acknowledged authority on the subject with which he deals. He pays special attention to the art of illumination and miniature painting in which the early artists of Flanders excelled, and in the final chapter, devoted to Belgian art in the nineteenth century, he testifies to the vigour and independence of the contemporary school which is worthily maintaining the traditions of the past. The six hundred odd illustrations accompanying his exposition, though small, are wonderfully clear and constitute an excellent panorama of the art history of the country.

A second and revised edition of Lewis F. Day's *Lettering in Ornament* has just been published by Mr. Batsford. The text of this handbook, which is a companion volume to *Alphabets Old and New*, is practically unchanged but the illustrations have been increased and otherwise revised. Mr. Batsford has also issued a fourth and revised edition of the excellent handbook of embroidery written by the late Mr. Day jointly with Mary Buckle, entitled *Art in Needlework*, in which, too, the illustrations have been amplified. Both volumes are published at 5s. net.

MODERN BOOK ILLUSTRATORS AND THEIR WORK

THE Special Autumn Number of THE STUDIO, now nearly ready for publication, will have for its subject the art of the illustrator as exemplified in the drawings of the leading artists who have devoted special attention to this important branch of book production, and it will thus form a fitting sequel to the recent Special Number, “The Art of the Book,” in which typography and the purely decorative features of the book were more especially dealt with. The new volume will be lavishly illustrated by reproductions of representative drawings in various mediums, and among them will be many which have so far not been published elsewhere. Having regard to the high standard attained by British artists in this field of work, the volume will be of exceptional interest alike to lovers of art in general and to students who contemplate following book-illustration as a profession.

Those of our readers in foreign countries who desire to order copies of this Special Number and experience any difficulty in placing their orders are requested to communicate direct with our London Offices, 44 Leicester Square.

The Lay Figure

THE LAY FIGURE: ON ART AND WAR.

"WHEN a country is at war what becomes of its art?" asked the Man with the Red Tie. "In what way is it affected?"

"In a very definite way, I should think," replied the Plain Man. "War is a destructive process, and among the things which it destroys first are what I should call the subtleties of civilisation. Art is one of these subtleties, and, like all the rest of them, it can only flourish in times of peace."

"That is true to only a limited extent," broke in the Art Critic, "for there are plenty of instances in history of warlike nations which have been distinguished by their artistic achievement, and which have done great things in art even while they have been at war."

"But surely art can only flourish when a nation is quiet and prosperous," cried the Plain Man. "Who would have time to think about art when men are fighting; who would have the money to spend upon it when all the resources of the people at large are being called upon to meet the cost of war?"

"That is your one idea," objected the Man with the Red Tie. "You look upon art as a mere luxury, as a thing which can only exist when a nation is at ease. That is, it is true, a very common notion, but does it never occur to you that art can be the expression of a national sentiment and therefore that it can be as much alive and active in times of stress and danger as in periods of peace and security?"

"Of course art is a luxury," scoffed the Plain Man; "and like other luxuries it has to be sacrificed when the resources of a nation are strained by war."

"I do not agree with you," returned the Critic. "The turmoil of battle no doubt diverts temporarily the mind of the nation from artistic questions and the artist suffers for the moment; but as art is certainly the expression of a national sentiment it is stimulated by war in just the same degree as are all the other national aspirations."

"Do you really believe that war benefits art in the long run?" questioned the Plain Man. "I should have said that war wiped out art so completely that the artist had as a matter of fact to begin again and to build up art once more from its very foundation."

"It would take too long to discuss the ethics of war and to explain the effect it has upon the

national spirit," said the Critic; "but there is, I am certain, no permanent harm done to art by the spread of warlike sentiment. Indeed, I am sure it is helped to shed the parasitic trivialities which have grown about it in times of peace and that it is strengthened and purified for the work it has to do."

"And when its opportunity comes again it is, you mean, in a better condition than it was before to make the most of it," suggested the Man with the Red Tie.

"Precisely; that is just what I do mean," agreed the Critic. "In times of peace, art, like all the other national ideas, becomes stereotyped and somnolent; it loses its initiative, it is thrown back upon itself, and it wastes its energies in petty squabbles. The rude shock of war makes it suffer, but out of the suffering there presently emerges a higher and more manly ideal, and the striving to realise this ideal leads to finer and more vital accomplishment."

"That seems to me to be nothing more than pretty sentiment," sneered the Plain Man. "What I should like to know is where the practical result comes in."

"Where, perhaps, you would least expect it," replied the Critic; "in the competition among nations. The industrial arts of a country are the most likely of all to lose their vitality when that country has been living for a long period in peace and prosperity; and when the industrial arts of a nation weaken it is almost certain to be driven out of the commercial field by other nations which are more energetic and more progressive. The sudden transition from peace to war rouses the fighting spirit of the people and renews in it the idea that it must make great efforts if it is to be successful in maintaining its place."

"It is reminded, in fact, that commercial competition is, or should be, a perpetual state of war, and that 'eternal vigilance' must be the watchword if it is to be effective," commented the Man with the Red Tie.

"That is exactly what I mean," said the Critic; "and it is particularly in the industrial arts that the greatest victories of one nation over another can be won. The stimulus of nations at war rouses the leaders of art to fight their own battles, to organise their own forces, to seize the opportunities that are offered to them, and by sound strategy to recover the positions from which they have been driven. That is the way in which war helps art and the history of all great nations furnishes confirmatory evidence." THE LAY FIGURE.

The Dual Art of Albert P. Lucas



Owned by the National Gallery, Washington, D. C.

OCTOBER BREEZES

BY ALBERT P. LUCAS

THE DUAL ART OF ALBERT P. LUCAS BY L. MERRICK

IF IT were expedient to determine the position which Albert P. Lucas occupies among present-day artists, he would doubtless be described as an interpreter of lyrical and poetical moonlights and nocturnes, a qualified draughtsman and painter of the nude, and a colourist of rare distinction. That he is a sculptor of equal merit is not generally known, and that he is practically the only American who possesses this dual talent in so marked degree has not been commented upon outside of select art circles.

The reason for this is that, having been gifted with a colour sense even more powerful than his feeling for form, the latter talent becomes subservient to the former. It is, therefore, by his achievements on canvas that his spurs have been won.

At the outset of his artistic career, which began in this country when a mere lad and later continued in Europe, he expressed himself with as

much facility in the manipulation of clay as with his brushes.

He cannot remember the time when he did not draw; as a little boy at his mother's knee his artistic talents were manifested in the drawing of animals, plants, etc., and his growth has been sure and steady. It is, therefore, not surprising that he has fulfilled his early promise while still a young man, and reached a point of artistic success that leaves many older men far in the wake.

It was about 1882 that he went to Paris and took up his studies at the Ecole des Beaux Arts under Ernest Hébert, and later took instruction from Coutois and Dagnan Bouveret. After completing his studies he made a tour of Europe, visiting Holland, Belgium and Italy, where he studied the representative masters of each country. In Italy Botticelli, Luini, Fra Angelico and Correggio greatly impressed him.

Among his teachers, the one who most strongly influenced him was Hébert, as some of his early work betrays. But while his youth was controlled to some degree by his masters, his mature art bears every indication of a peculiarly personal

The Dual Art of Albert P. Lucas



Owned by the Boston Museum

THE RED SHAWL

BY ALBERT P. LUCAS

technical method, which comprises many themes of colour, combining to produce a powerful tonality which indicates much individual thought and wide experience.

During the twenty years or more which France had claimed him, his works were regularly admitted to the Paris Salon and always received prominence. They were often placed in the "honour circle" with noted European artists. He was made a member of the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts and his *L'appel* held one of the places of honour. This canvas was later awarded a medal at the Pan-American Exposition.

On his return to this country some ten years ago he secured a studio on upper Broadway, where he has since painted and modelled a number of important works, many of which have found their way into the galleries of well-known collectors, private homes and museums here and in Europe. The National Gallery at Washington owns his poetical canvas, *October Breezes*, and the Metropolitan Museum of New York has his *Extaze*, a beautifully chiselled head of a woman.

His most recent sculptured work, *The Laughing Faun*, herewith reproduced, is but one example of his ability in plastic art. In this life-sized bronze, as in his painting, the same envelopment, acuteness of vision and distinctive qualities prevail. In its subtle joyousness it breathes the gladness of youth and evidences the artist's rare enjoyment of its design and execution. Graceful and rhythmic in line, vibrant in feeling and withal so frankly presented, it emphasizes that coveted simplicity—the simplicity of cultivation.

To one familiar with his work it possesses the same mysticism and depth as his nocturnes, with their harmonious, lyrical qualities that give movement and life to his trees and clouds until at times



THE LAUGHING FAUN
FOUNTAIN

BY ALBERT P.
LUCAS



L'APPEL
BY ALBERT P. LUCAS

The Dual Art of Albert P. Lucas



Owned by the Metropolitan Museum, New York

EXSTASE

BY ALBERT P. LUCAS

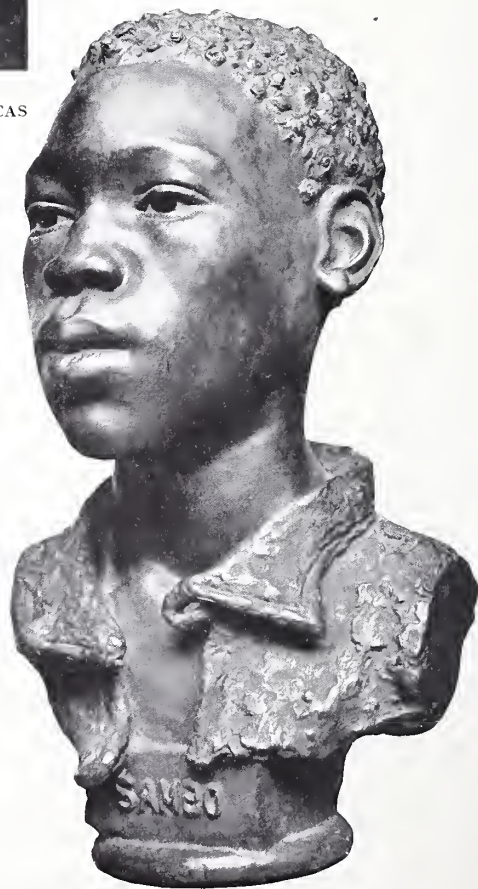
they appear to be floating in luminous, translucent light. A recent proof of his painter's genius is *The Voyage of Life*, a striking canvas of powerful technique and faultless chiaroscuro. Here the romantic and decorative elements dominate the poetic to some degree. The composition is convincing of a new phase of his versatility and gives renewed evidence of a personal vision. The subtle blending of colour is dexterously manipulated, and the carefully drawn, thoughtfully grouped figures suggest a well-defined spiritual aspect expressive of a spontaneous enthusiastic mood. The dignity and elegance of this canvas alone is enough to place the artist in the highest sphere of modern art. It is a work that will not fail to command and hold attention.

Quite different in mode of expression is *Susette*, a charming delineation of childish character. How ably the artist has handled the subtle delicacies of tender flesh tones and caught with his practised eye the elusive lights and shadows in the baby face! In its simplicity of treatment and frank presentation it makes its own appeal.

The Red Shawl, now in the Boston Museum, was given an honour place in the Paris Salon a few years ago. It is a composition of great interest, typical of the rare brilliance that inspires the artist's work in general and

evidences again his greatness as a painter of flesh. The translucency of colour always characteristic with him is here emphasized, and the unerring drawing, grace of line and tasteful arrangement produce a picturesqueness in which refined thought is ever apparent.

The same delicacy of flesh modelling so much praised in his painted nudes is observed in his bronzes and marbles, and his temperamental nature is as poignantly revealed in both modes of expression. He does not search for the latest fad or seek to copy the chief gymnast who may happen to occupy the seat of honour at the most recent art tribunal; in his modelled conceptions, as in his paintings, he works out his own ideas and aims to produce the "thought feeling" which is guarded by subtle intellect and by dis-



In the Paris Exposition, 1900

A NATIVE OF ALABAMA BY ALBERT P. LUCAS

The Dual Art of Albert P. Lucas

tinguished and refined choice of subject. He is a follower of no school, but a serious artist who works out his own salvation with the best tools in his possession—hard-won knowledge and inherent merits.

In all of his work, whether it be landscape, genre, portraits or sculpture, there is always evident a substantial prop of marked discipline which proves him to be ever alert to the fundamental principles of his craft, without which no worthwhile art is ever achieved. A painter of luminous effects, he is not concerned with the physical aspects of nature in a realistic manner, but allows his imagination full sway. In vibrating colour notes he runs the gamut of the palette and his landscapes are reminiscent of tender foliage, iridescent skies and gentle winds. In their depth of feeling and beauty of colour the artist evidences the fact that painting to him is something living, breathing, personal. Fashions and fads in art there have always been, but fundamental laws must necessarily remain a dominant force. Principal among them is the one that teaches that the true artist must first express himself with complete absorption in his chosen theme and never to follow another mind, no matter how admirable. It is this law that characterizes the art of Albert Lucas. In this is his strength, and it is this pervading force that makes it a matter of indifference whether he affiliates with ultra-modern wielders of the brush who "perform" in paint or not. In his own manner he records the emotions of a high-strung, sensitive nature. It is not material facts that he seeks to put on canvas, but his ideas of what has seemed to him most ineffably beautiful. A student of nature who can reproduce the spirit of the trees, the mystery of the woods and clouds, and the low, indistinct sounds of running water, with dra-

matic yet tender chords, is this artist—a dreamer, a poet.

That he occupies a position of importance in the records of American art seems unquestioned; that which he holds to-day has been gained by exceptional quality of accomplishment. To a lover of lyric poetry, of fairy stories, of MacDowell music, the art of Albert Lucas will most strongly appeal.

FURNITURE AND TAPESTRY

LECTURE PROMENADES have been planned to take place at the Metropolitan Museum, commencing Monday, November 9, under the guidance of Mr. George Leland Hunter, two courses being devoted to the discussion and study of the tapestries for which the Museum is justly famous, and three courses for inspection of the furniture.



THE VOYAGE OF LIFE

BY ALBERT P. LUCAS

American Artists in Paris



SUMMER

BY FREDERIC FRIESEKE

American Artists in Paris BY CLARA T. MACCHESNEY

AN ARTICLE which appeared in the *London Times* this summer made the assertion in connection with the Exhibition of Paris-Americans at Shepherd's Bush, that "they painted in a French or a cosmopolitan manner"; "they seem more anxious to pass a certain examination or standard than to express themselves"; also "an exhibition of American pictures is apt to look like a collection of the works of prize students, and when we look for signs of American art we do not find them."

The author of these astounding statements shows his unbounded ignorance.

I had the opportunity of seeing this Exhibition several times, as well as three others by Paris-Americans, and to visit six of the artists in their studios. The thought came to me while walking through the salons this summer, how easy it was to pick out the canvases by Americans. I found them, as always, not only uninfluenced by the so-called French school, but also, with two exceptions, by the post-impressionists. They are strongly individual, yet of an interesting similarity. The men whose names have long been long familiar to us, Max Bohm, H. O. Tanner, Richard

Miller, Frederic Frieseke, Gari Melchers, Eugene Paul Ullmann, etc., not only "express themselves," but hold high the standard of American art.

Never did this standard reach a higher level than at the different exhibitions held this summer. There is little change in style and none in subject. Two new men were especially well represented at Shepherd's Bush—John Noble, who paints marines, and Roy Brown, a pure landscapist.

Frieseke and Miller reached their high-water mark in the salons this year. The latter is rapidly developing a style more and more his own. His portrait of a lady in red was conceded by all the artists to be his best endeavour. She was not sitting as usual by her dressing table, nor in front of green blinds. It was less laboured and more spontaneous in treatment. After a wearisome journey through the Salon des Artistes Français one hot June day, it appeared like a bright oasis in the vast desert of monotonous, dead canvases.

Frieseke's *Venus au Soleil* is one of the greatest examples of flesh painting in sunlight I have ever seen. The directors of the Luxembourg Gallery negotiated for its purchase, but too late, for a French lady had already become the

American Artists in Paris



TOILERS OF THE SEA

BY JOHN NOBLE

fortunate possessor. It shows a nude woman lying on a mauve shawl on a river bank, an open parasol is placed at the upper right corner. Flecks of sunlight coming through the trees fall on the exquisitely modelled rose and mauve tinted body. The picture has rare beauty and great poetic charm. Frieszke has outdone himself.

Summer, which is reproduced here, is one of the most successful of the many similar subjects he has painted the past eight years. The partial introduction of two figures on the left is a new and successful departure. The reclining figure is a marvel of execution, seen in a blaze of sunlight; all shadows are made hot and luminous. The indication of the limbs under the dress, the painting of the still life, the fruit, carafe of water and tea things is a great achievement.

Among the newer men, John Noble is the most poetic, and has a technique peculiarly his own (with apologies to the critic above mentioned). His early life was spent at Wichita, in the Osage Indian reservation, now part of Kansas. From a sheep-herder to an artist is a far cry. Numerous were the adventures and varied the life until he drifted into the Cincinnati Academy. From there he went to the Mecca of all art students, Paris, and studied under J. P. Laurens at Julien's. For nine years he has lived in and painted the fisher-folk of Brittany. The last five years he has been a member of the art colony at Trépiéd, a village near well-known Etaples in the north of France.

The half-tone above is of his picture now on exhibition at Shepherd's Bush, and represents the Breton fishermen pulling a boat out of the surf.

He generally sees nature in a mist of blue and rose. He sometimes advances far into the field of the impressionist and gives us bold, crude, decorative effects, in direct contrast to his more finished pictures. Of his *Moonlight on the Sea*, enveloped in a fog, a French critic says: "An artist must be both painter and poet to bathe his pictures in an atmosphere so poetic and so true. He has given, with an infinite delicacy, the pale, unreal light of the morning fog. It would be impossible to find more feeling or sensitiveness in a picture than Noble has here expressed. His technique is marvellously suited to the subjects he treats." A true artist creates his own point of view.

This is a sign of genius. Noble has undoubtedly his particular viewpoint.

Roy Brown, equally forceful, but vastly different in conception, is a landscapist. He sees the dunes, the lanes, the pines of Trépiéd, from a bold, vigorous standpoint, which is sometimes decorative. Breadth and great simplicity are his aim. He lays on the paint in thick, broad strokes, and his colour is often as brilliant as the pigment allows. His *Haystacks* at Shepherd's Bush is one of the strongest of his canvases which it has been my



CONSOLATION

BY ELIZABETH NOURSE

American Artists in Paris



PORTRAIT OF LIEUTENANT-COLONEL DRISCOLL, D.S.O.

BY MAX BOHM

pleasure to see. The stacks and fields covered with snow are seen in strong sunlight and is a great *tour de force*. The boldness, the vitality, the brilliancy displayed, make it a big work. His only limitation is a leaning too far in this direction, and a consequent lack of delicacy and of subtlety.

Brown is a native of Illinois and from the Art Students' League, New York, followed the trend of the art students to Paris, where he entered Julien's, and for two and a half years received instruction from J. P. Laurens. He exhibits in the Chicago Art Institute, Carnegie Institute, Philadelphia Academy, Academy of Design, etc., and in the two Paris salons. He is represented in the permanent collection in the Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois.

Elizabeth Nourse, who is the rival of her compatriot Mary Cassatt in the painting of mothers and children, who, like her, has lived many years in Paris and has received many decorations and honours, was not represented in the Salon des Beaux Arts this year except by two drawings and two water-colours. She had a very severe illness last winter, and did not touch a brush for months. The picture here represented was painted in the Spring too late to send to the Salon. In it one sees no effect of her long illness, no weakening of her powers, rather an added vigour and spontaneity, a looseness of touch, which distinguishes her present from her former works. In the lack of "posing," the seizing of a happy moment, the freedom of expression, she has never been more successful. In the placing

American Artists in Paris

of this group in the canvas, the spacing, the direction and balance of line, one sees a surety of knowledge which only comes from long years of faithful study. The enforced rest her illness gave her has set her far ahead in her work, and may she long continue to give us her beautiful interpretation of mother and children.

H. O. Tanner continues to be the poet-painter of Palestine. He has long been a member of the Trépiéd colony, and is president of the Art Society of Picardy Le Touquet. His delightful home is the centre of the colony, and the artist or student from Etaples, or Le Touquet, Paris-Plage, is always sure of a welcome. In his commodious studio, so well adapted to his special line, I found him working this summer. Like many of his confrères, he paints in tempera. He sees and renders his impressions in blue and blue-green tones, generally high in key. This is in direct contrast to his *Raising of Lazarus*, acquired fifteen years ago or more by the French Government. In this admirable picture, yellow and brown tones predominate. If I were to venture a criticism on Tanner's present work, which none admires more than myself, I should say he swings the pendulum now too far the other way. His large Salon picture shows Christ at supper in the home of Lazarus; Martha is standing and in the act of serving at the left. Christ is seated in the centre, a self-portrait of the artist is represented at the right, with Mary at his side. In the figure of Martha, Tanner tries to raise her from the position of a worried housekeeper to that of a human and very sympathetic woman, lovingly serving her Master. He considers this one of his most successful figures.

In introducing his own portrait, he follows the example of Dagnan-Bouveret of our own time, and of that of many of the old masters. *Mary* given here, was also shown in the Salon des Artistes Français this summer. She is waiting, lamp

in hand, ready to render service to her beloved Lord.

Tanner with his family, and other American artists of that region had to fly precipitately to England last August. The artistic homes, the gardens filled with flowers, the orchards loaded with fruit, the studios with their unfinished canvases, were left to the mercy of the marauding peasant or the devastating Germans. The fugitives may soon be able to return and resume their work. The society of which he is president opened a very representative exhibition of two hundred and fifty pictures at Le Touquet, Paris-Plage, early the week war was declared. This exhibition of the work of members of the society and their friends was doomed to failure as it was open only five days when ordered closed by the local authorities. The building was then given over to the sheltering of refugees.

Max Bohm is one of the leading spirits in



MARY

BY H. O. TANNER

American Artists in Paris



FLOWERS

BY MYRON BARLOW

the art colonies of Paris and of Etaples. He came to Paris thirty years ago, and has hewn his way through many difficulties to numerous honours and great success. His pictures are well known on both sides of the Atlantic. Two years ago, he painted a mural decoration for the library of the city-hall in Cleveland, Ohio, which city is his birthplace. The subject is *A New England Town Meeting in Early Days*. It is conceded by all to be a great work. He will shortly execute another in the vicinity of Boston. His broad, flat treatment of tones lends itself especially to mural decoration.

He is one of the few of our artists who renders his conception from the imaginative side. The idealization of mothers with groups of children, with the seashore as a setting, is one of his favourite subjects. His portraits are never literal nor hackneyed, but pictorial in their treatment. In the portrait of Lieutenant-Colonel Driscoll, he is shown on a battlefield, with a big sweep of sky behind, which Bohm so loves to paint. On the horizon line, low in the picture, in the far distance, a few mounted soldiers are visible. Another successful portrait, and of his wife, is on exhibition at Shepherd's Bush, and has been shown in America. It

is a harmony of browns and yellows and has the same big sweep of sky and a low horizon, being of beach and sea. This, like other of his subjects, is "braced against the wind," which gives flowing lines of great charm.

Bohm is too strong a man to be influenced by the "blue school" or the post-impressionists. His work is big, simple, vigorous, like his personality. It is brilliant in colour and original in treatment.

Never could it be said of Bohm's work that it was influenced by the French school, or that he "seemed anxious to pass a certain examination standard." Here, if anywhere, could the *Times* critic find signs of American art.

Myron Barlow is one of the oldest residents in Trépiéd. A long, one-storied peasant house he has transformed into a delightful studio. In its low-ceilinged rooms, or out in the garden where the poppies glow against the white wall, he poses his model and gives us *The Reader*, *Flowers*, *The Apples*, etc. He claims to be one of the first in the art world to paint blue pictures. These are high in key, and his figures are generally placed against a very light or white background. Vermeer is the old master whose work he constantly

American Artists in Paris



POPLARS

BY ROY BROWN

studies. His *Fleurs Roses*, bought by M. Rothschild, exhibited in the Salon des Beaux Arts, is one of the most interesting as well as beautiful pictures I have ever seen by him. To the knowledge of technique, which is his to a great degree, his subject matter has generally been sacrificed, and his pictures have lacked feeling and spontaneity. The young girl in the garden picking flowers is a trite, homely subject, I admit, but rendered as Mr. Barlow has done, it rises to a height which, in my estimation, he has never before attained.

The most noticeable picture by an American woman artist in the Salon des Beaux Arts was *The Blue Room* by Florence Upton. It represents a woman seated behind a writing table leaning her head on her hand while looking up from her writing to a window on the left as if to gain inspiration. An ordinary subject, but as Miss Upton conceives it—seen from a new and beautiful standpoint. Not only has she triumphed over difficult technical problems—for everything in the picture is blue except the dress—but she has given us, in the face of the writer, much which leads the imagination through long lanes of thought. It may be an idealized portrait, but of this I am sure, it is a success on both its material as well as its imaginative side.

An American woman whose work

is becoming known is Grace Hall Turnbull, of Baltimore. She was represented by two portraits in the Salon des Beaux Arts, and the prize of a thousand francs given by Mrs. Whitelaw Reid was awarded her at the Exhibition of American Students, held at the club's gallery, 4, rue Chevreuse in the Spring.

THREE lectures by Kenyon Cox will be delivered in the lecture hall closely following the opening of the Benjamin Altman collection. These lectures will be allied in their thought to the paintings of the collection, and will give a sympathetic basis for their appreciation. The general title of Mr. Cox's lectures is "The Golden Age of Painting." The dates upon which they will be delivered are as follows: 1—The Culmination of the Renaissance, November 24; 2—The Venetians, December 1; 3—Flemish and Dutch Painting of the Seventeenth Century, December 8.



National Academy of Design, 1914

YOUTH

BY JOSEPHINE PADDOCK

In the Galleries



PEGASUS

BY EDWARD F. SANFORD, JR.

IN THE GALLERIES

THE art season in New York and elsewhere in America is facing very curious problems this winter whose solution can better be arrived at later on when a few exhibitions have been held. November and December are more or less tentative months when dealers put out stock pictures and reserve their best material until after Xmas. It is like pugilists sparring for a lead. At present there are a few initiatory shows, most important of which is one at the Montross Gallery.

Shades of Thomas W. Dewing, D. W. Tryon, Horatio Walker and that group identified with the Montross Gallery, for the genial proprietor has taken yet another bold step into the realms of the very modern men and offers us at his Fifth Avenue rooms a group of advanced notions and strange performances—not, be it understood, without interest, but still far away from his old standards. Other times other manners. It is unquestionably a day of art unrest, and here we have some of the

revolutionary young men, with their strange manifestations. Tell us what does Mr. Milne mean by his *Black* and his *Red*, wherein are various spots indicating strangely two figures, women, with faces made not out of roses, but out of dreary pigment, black or red, as the case may be. George Alfred Williams we get, in his *Drama of the Spirits*, highly decorative, and Alfred Vance Churchill's *April Evening* might almost be a Barbizon production. It is likely Mr. Montross eased his conscience with this last, as he did, for instance, with Arthur Dow and Hugo Ballin, the latter with a large and not over-decorative canvas, *A Summer Ideal*. Maybe, however, he meant "Idyll." There are portraits by Randall Davey, but they are nothing like his last year's Academy offering, *Captain Stevens*; George Bellows, an unfettered soul, who never fails to interest; Edwin Booth Grossman, who is full of promise, and Eugene Speicher. Claggett Wilson has his remembered *Laughing Bull-Fighter*, and Alden Twachtman an allegory, reminiscent of many other men,

In the Galleries



THE YOUTHFUL FRANKLIN

BY R. TAIT M'KENZIE

a sort of Ryder-Fuller affair, but interesting, while Putnam Brinley has on view two landscape designs that are brilliant in colour and highly decorative. Clever are Van Dearing Perrine, James Preston and Guy Pene DuBois, the latter appearing to the greatest advantage in a strongly lit portrait of a lady in black. Mr. DuBois discloses a healthy advance, with no end of invention. There is delightful observation in the *Sporting Life* and in *A Dancer*, while the little likeness of *Virginia III* is full of lovely adolescence. Mr. DuBois is distinctly entertaining as well, and in these days of abortive efforts to be strange and original, this last consideration is one that is most refreshing.

Not alone at the Montross Gallery can ultra modern art be seen. The Gallery of Mr. C. Daniels on 47th street keeps its pleasant space at the disposal of young painters who are distinctly radical in their tendencies. A visit there is well repaid, for some of the canvases exhibited show distinct talent and individuality of outlook.

The Salmagundi Club has long been associated with the painted mug—ordinary beer mugs painted over by the artist members to be auctioned off for the library fund. The new honorary librarian, Mr. C. F. Naegele, besides converting comparative chaos into perfect order in this excellent library, has determined to go one better in the matter of mugs and has designed a very handsome Louis XVI box. Forty of these boxes will be painted by prominent artist members of the club in the style of the period, and then the mould will be destroyed. Instead of a club sale, these boxes will be auctioned off at the Plaza Hotel and the public will thus have the opportunity of acquiring a very valuable work of art. Different designs and different periods will follow each year. This movement is truly artistic and should stimulate people to look for beauty in objects of every-day use. Mr. Naegele claims very properly that one should not be dependent upon walls for the enjoyment of a good piece of painting. We can learn good lessons from the past.

Mr. Martin Birnbaum, of the Berlin Photographic Company, has many interesting plans for the art season, some of which, however, owing to conditions in Europe, will have to be deferred or annulled. Among the certainties may be reckoned: a second Bakst exhibition of entirely new things, many very large and interesting compositions owned by Mrs. Payne Whitney and Mr. A. E. Gallatin, which have never been seen; the work of a young Englishman named Herbert Crowley; the first American exhibition of Edmund Dulac, comprising work never shown in England or France; an exhibition of new work by Albert Sterner; the Javanese work of Maurice Sterne.

Visitors to the City Club have been interested in the portrait work of a young artist, Wayman Adams, exhibiting for the first time. The City Club is not an ideal place when considered as an art gallery, and we could have wished so promising a performer a better hanging ground. We

In the Galleries

reproduce his clever sketch portrait of a very charming débutante disguised under the title of *Girl Drawing on Glove*.

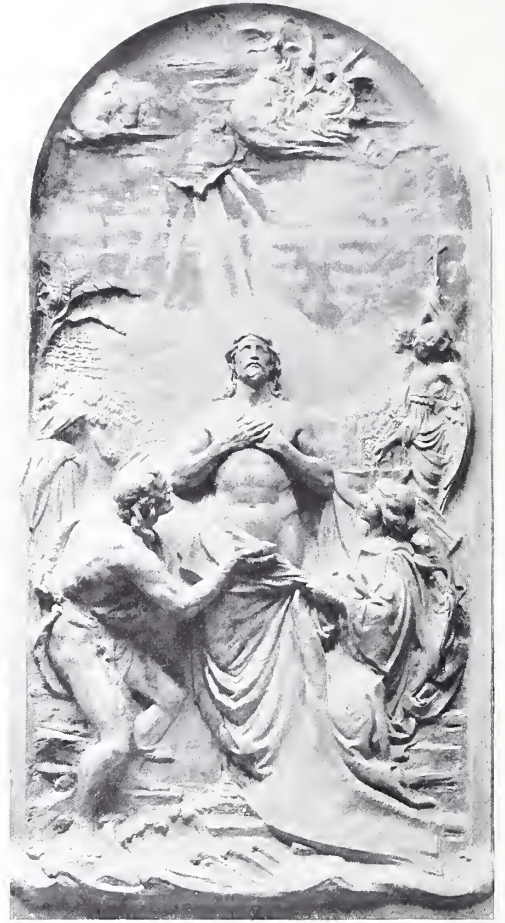
The Arlington Galleries have been showing the work of a young Chilean artist, Arthur Welsby, whose landscapes are certainly interesting, many of them being veritable *tours de force*. He has an unfortunate way of overworking his canvases and overloading his palette, which in some of his paintings robs the effect. Some of his simpler themes and especially his flower subjects are very alluring.

Other illustrations include a very striking bronze relief by Paul W. Morris, being part of baptistry memorial to Leander Howard Crall, to be erected in Holy Trinity Church, New York City; a *Pegasus* by Edward F. Sanford, Jr., who has left the beaten track here to produce something original and impressive, a happy blend of modern and classic perception; *The Youthful Franklin*, Philadelphia's latest improvement, being the work of R. Tait McKenzie. The artist has avoided the usual presentation, that of the great man in the plenitude of his fame, and has essayed to present the ambitious, unknown youth marching, like his prototype Dick Whittington, to fame and fortune. The university may be



GIRL DRAWING ON GLOVE

BY WAYMAN ADAMS



BRONZE RELIEF

BY PAUL W. MORRIS

congratulated along with the artist on this fine achievement.

The Macbeth Galleries, which are at present attractively hung with canvases of representative American artists, will in the latter half of the month be showing the recent work of Mr. Robert Henri, just returned from the Far West with splendid studies, including Indians, negroes and most fascinating types of Chinese children. To say that these paintings will attract considerable attention is to put the case mildly.

The trustees of the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C., have announced the fifth biennial exhibition, which will open to the public on December 15, 1914, and close January 24, 1915. It will be the effort of the Gallery to maintain the same high standard as heretofore, and to make the exhibition as representative as possible.

For the War Sufferers



Donated to the Red Cross Exhibition
MOTHERHOOD

BY BESSIE POTTER VONNOH

FOR THE WAR SUFFERERS

TO INCREASE the Red Cross Fund by any means is the object of every sentient being to-day, no matter in what camp his sympathies belong, and, as we go to press, an exhibition is being promoted for the sale of pictures and statu-

ary donated by the artists, proceeds of which will be handed over to this excellent organization. Until the 10th of this month some two hundred exhibits of oil paintings, sculpture, water-colours, pastels, engravings and drawings will be on view at the Clews Building, 630 Fifth Avenue. On the next page is a list of the donors.

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CINCINNATI MUSEUM ASSOCIATION

(Continued from page 14)

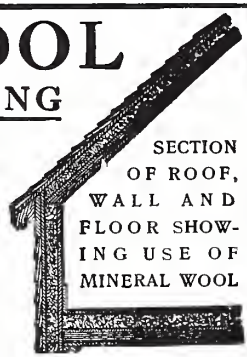
lections, and copies of these are owned and circulated by both the Board of Education and the Public Library. These are accompanied by explanatory notes. They are used by Mr. Vogel, supervisor of art in the schools, as a preparation for visits to the Museum. Then, to systematize the visiting by public school children, Dr. Condon, superintendent of schools, prepared a schedule of visits for every class in the seventh grade throughout the city. A definite date is set for each class. The teacher usually makes a preliminary visit to go over the ground, and when the class comes she may call upon one or two aides to guide the children. These classes number altogether over three thousand children.

None of this organization has come about suddenly or easily. It has been a matter of patient development through years. Modern life has little disposition to appreciate art intelligently. Its normal point of view is indifferent, if not unfriendly. Art is taken to be an illustration of history, or a picture of a story, or a costly luxury. Of the cultivation of the sense of sight, as the sense of hearing is cultivated in music, there is little conception. Educational theories derived from science, history, philosophy or literature have reversed the processes of the modern student of art. Instead of seeing things as they are in form, colour, tone and value, before thinking about them, he looks, as it were, through a glass coloured by a theory and cramped by limitations which have nothing to do with art. So it happens that one of the hardest parts of our Museum work has been to help people to a normal point of view toward art. There is nothing new about it. Every artist knows from experience exactly what we mean. The whole history of art illustrates it. From no other point of view can any art whatever be really understood. The forms, the arrangement, the colour and relative intensities of things as they appeal to the cultivated sense of sight of a people have always determined the essential character of their art and its aesthetic value. States of mind, conditions of general culture, form an inevitable background, it is true, but artistic expression must satisfy the eye primarily, however limited may be the mind. So we study the background of a period merely in order that, knowing its life and its ideals, we may frankly and clearly see all that it saw in the forms it chose for the expression of its artistic sense.

M. Louis Hourticq, one of the most illuminating among present French writers, says in a recent history of French art: "Is it really the history of art that should be taught? . . . Should it not be accepted for itself, for the meaning embodied in the language of form and which our eyes must discover?" and "the luminous history which the plastic arts tell in their own way. These alone give us reasons for sympathizing with the past and can put our spirits in harmony with it. Made from the best of humanity, these works unite all generations in the admiration which they arouse. We receive, if we merely bend affectionately over them, a little of the serene exaltation which they radiate."

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OCTOBER NOVELS

THE PRESENTATION

By H. DE VERE STACPOOLE, author of "The Blue Lagoon," "Children of the Sea," etc. 12mo. Cloth. \$1.30 net.

The story deals with the strange period when France was under the rule, not of kings, but of ministers and favorites. A conspiracy is on foot, headed by de Choiseul, the minister, to prevent the presentation of Madame du Barry at court. The details of the plot are discovered and disclosed by M. de Rochefort, a gallant gentleman of the court, who, in consequence, is made a prisoner at Vincennes, but escapes with the aid of a fellow prisoner.

The story includes an account of the crimes of a man versed in the art of poisoning, the secrets of which had been discovered in Italy and imported into France. The wonderful detective work, necessitating several days' incarceration of a man in the catacombs of Paris, vividly recalls the thrilling experiences of one of Victor Hugo's characters.

THE CRYSTAL ROOD

By MRS. HOWARD GOULD. Illustrated by Earl Stetson Crawford. 12mo. Cloth. \$1.25 net.

Outanie, the squaw of an Indian chief, having borne the mighty warrior no son, is driven by the taunts of her tribe to a hunters' settlement up the river. Here she kidnaps a child and, returning to her tribe, passes him off as her own son. Not until he is fully grown is the woman's perfidy discovered, and then, by aid of the crystal rood—a gift once bestowed upon a Syrian knight by the Pope and hung by the dying mother round her infant's neck—is his true origin revealed.

The story of the Indian tribes of the Mohawk and the Delaware—their habits, customs, games and warfare—is all excellently told, and many are the interesting and romantic adventures of the young supposed Indian, Rushing Water.

VALLEY OF A THOUSAND HILLS

By F. E. MILLS YOUNG, author of "The Purple Mists," "Myles Calthorpe, I.D.B.," etc. 12mo. Cloth. \$1.30 net.

As in most of her stories, Miss Mills Young has laid the scene in South Africa. The advent of a young man from England, to take the part of manager of an estate at Drummond, overthrows the plans of Harold Johnson, son of the plantation owner, who is trying to persuade the beautiful young girl, Alieta, to marry him. Contrasting the polished Englishman with the boorish, dissipated Johnson, Alieta has little hesitation in choosing between them, and thereby produces the deepest enmity between the two men. The story is well worked out to a happy finish, many interesting characters and more than one interesting love episode being woven into the scheme.

APE'S FACE

By MARION FOX, author of "The Bountiful Hour," "The Hand of the North," etc. 12mo. Cloth. \$1.25 net.

On the distant verge of Salisbury Plain stands a house of strange associations—haunted not by the conventional family ghost but by tradition. A supernatural influence which always culminates in tragedy broods over the place. "Ape's Face"—the nickname given to Josephine, the daughter of the house, by her brothers—is sensitive to the supernatural influence, and Armstrong, a student of history who has been invited to visit the house for the purpose of inspecting the family papers, becomes, chiefly through sympathy with Josephine, also sensitive to the curse. With him the reader watches the strange developments. The characterization of the strange family is brilliantly accomplished. The whole story is altogether remarkable.

BEASTS AND SUPER-BEASTS

By H. H. MUNRO, author of "The Chronicles of Clovis," "The Unbearable Bassington," etc. 12mo. Cloth. \$1.25 net.

Those who have already enjoyed the diverting sayings and doings of the irrepressible Clovis will be pleased to renew his acquaintance in this book. In a series of humorous sketches Mr. Munro shows that the marvelous resources of this favorite hero have not waned, but rather to a greater extent than ever are his unique talents employed for the entertaining of his friends and the disconcerting of the unwary.

ARCADIAN

ADVENTURES WITH THE IDLE RICH

By STEPHEN LEACOCK, author of "Behind the Beyond," "Nonsense Novels," etc. 12mo. Cloth. \$1.25 net.

This new volume may be classed rather with "Sunshine Sketches" than with the author's other books, for the interest is centered upon one group of characters who reappear throughout. The foremost humorist of the day, Professor Leacock has discovered a wealth of mirth in his new subject. As the reader laughs he realizes the amount of humor existing in personalities and events which would be overlooked were it not for the keen sense of the ridiculous of this brilliant writer, and his gift of extracting, with the utmost good nature and without the least effort, the greatest value from his subject. As in "Sunshine Sketches," he portrays local celebrities with such cleverness that while they are often extremely comic they are never overdrawn.

BUT SHE MEANT WELL

By WILLIAM CAINE, author of "The Irresistible Intruder." 12mo. Cloth. \$1.30 net.

Hannah, being only five years old, had doubtless never heard of a certain place being paved with good intentions, otherwise she might have walked more warily. Her deeds are always kindly, but the results are most disastrous. She goes to a country house with her mother and speedily turns the neighborhood upside down. She causes fires, fights and frights. She is lost, poisoned, finally develops whooping cough, and turns the two weeks' visit into a six weeks' siege. One good deed only is the result of Hannah's eagerness to be a "little help"—she is the means of promoting a happy marriage between two of the most charming characters in the book.

BATTLE ROYAL

By W. DE VERE. 12mo. Cloth. \$1.25 net.

This is a Western story in an Eastern setting. The scene is Java, though the principal characters of the tale look upon Holland as home. The hero, undecided in his love affairs, wavering between loyalty to the young girl he is engaged to marry and his passion for a married woman who wields a strange power over him, excites the reader's interest and sympathy. The wonderful scenery of the East, as well as the character and customs of its people are well drawn by the author.

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The November SCRIBNER

THE WAR IN EUROPE

Three Great Articles in this Number:

Thoughts on This War, by **John Galsworthy**

Does the war mark the end of Mystic Christianity?

The Germans in Brussels, by **Richard Harding Davis**

A pen-picture of the tremendous energy and efficiency of the German troops

The Trade Opportunities of the United States, by **A. Barton Hepburn**, of the Chase National Bank. What the United States can do to develop and increase its commerce in the present crisis.

Theodore Roosevelt's Down an Unknown River into the Equatorial Forest. The thrilling story of the end of a hazardous journey through the rapids and escape from starvation and disaster. *Illustrated from photographs by Kermit Roosevelt and Others.*

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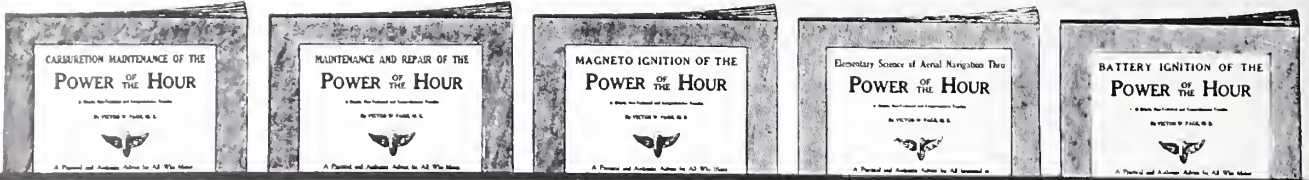
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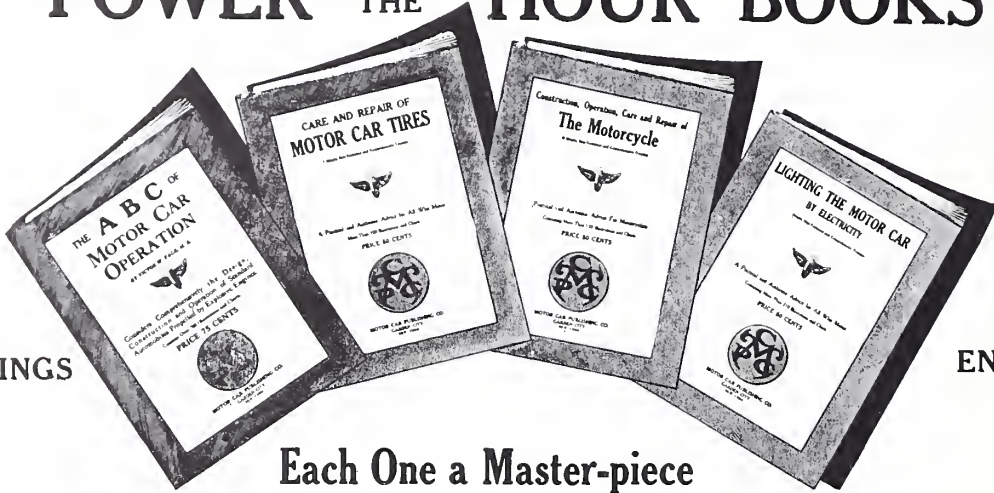
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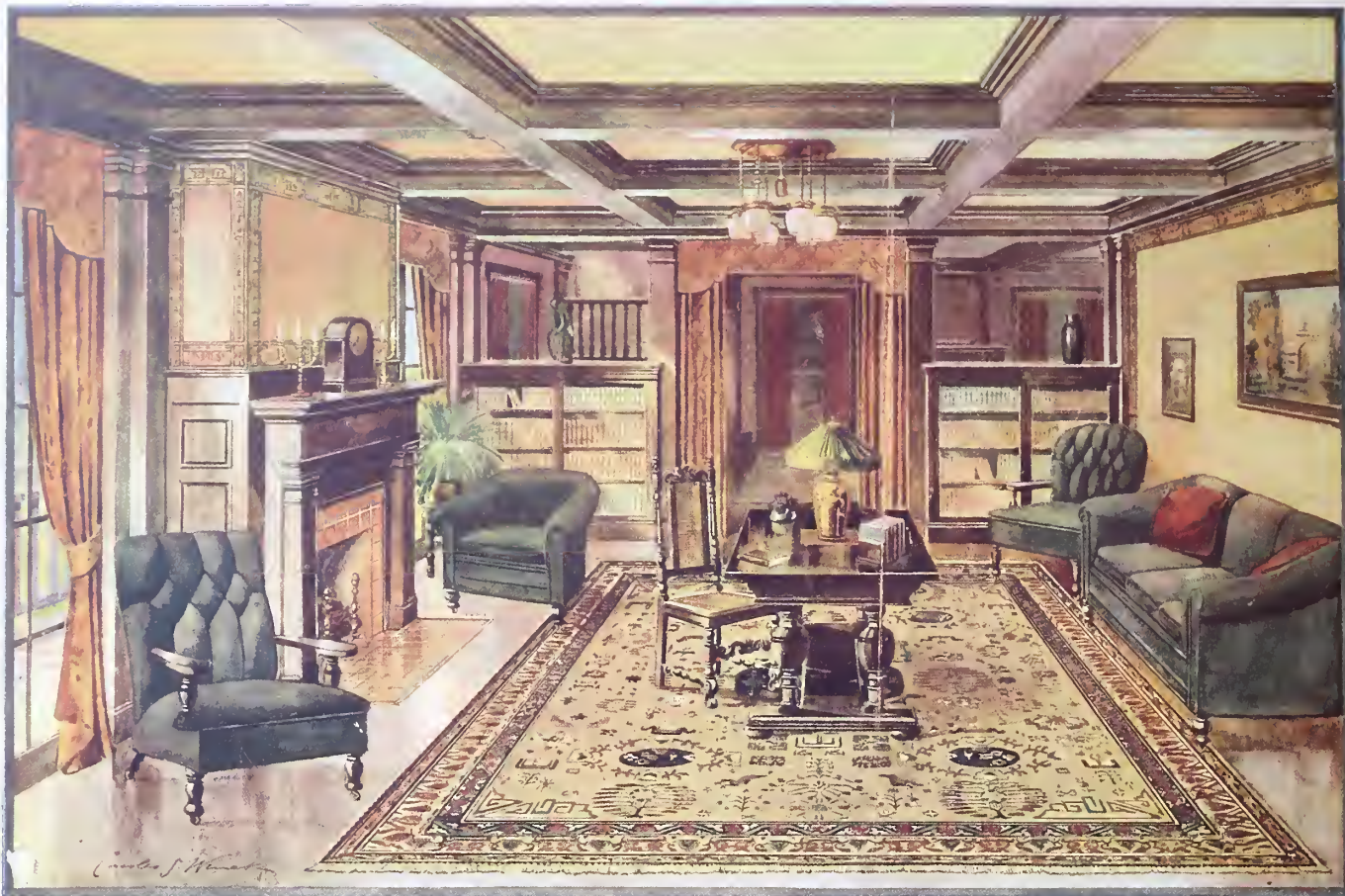
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