

NUMBER 01

VOLUME I

ARTS AND ARTISTS JAPANESE



AKITSU, PUBLISHER

ARTS AND ARTISTS JAPANESE

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE STUDY AND
SUPPORT OF THE ARTS AND ARTISTS JAPAN

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Published monthly by SHIKITSU, 17-19 Store-Hing Building, 114 Ginza Street, Tokyo, Japan

Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 2, 1903

Entry of second-class matter on the Postoffice Provisions Act of 1902

Terms: \$1.00 per year

1904, Vol. 1, No. 4

Printed at the Press, Kyoto, Japan

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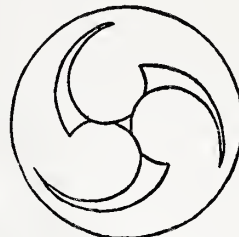
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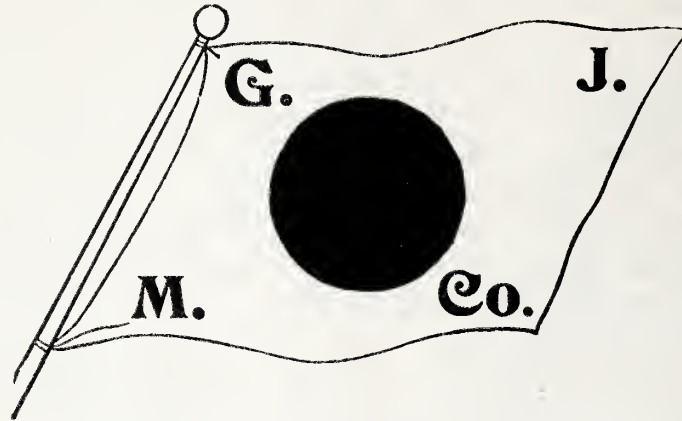
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PICTORIAL ART: THE UKIYOE SCHOOL. PAPER II.

THE GENROKU PERIOD (1688-1703 A. D.) AND THE UKIYOE SCHOOL.

WHAT are so old in letters and arts, Nipponese, today were young—impossibly young, as the learned and the critical of the time said of them—in the days of Genroku period. The Genroku in fact, was one of those rare, fecund periods in which a curious historian could have the unearthly pleasure of stumbling over a surprising number of cradles. Proud of its youth, the Nipponese art was happy in following the Biblical wish which the Creator spoke on the seventh day. Since the Heian period (800 A. D.) the revival of art and letters had paved its way with fame and the light that was not of gold, from Kyoto to Yedo. Dark days there were, of course, here and there, but like a certain discord which a master of harmony is so dearly fond of weaving into the texture of his melody, those blood-stained days of the Ojin (1467-1468 A. D.), of the Genki (1570-1572 A. D.), and of the Tensho (1573-1591 A. D.), served only to brighten, by contrast, the glory of the steady conquest of art. And after the Genwa period (1615-1623 A. D.) when power departed from the Toyotomi family, when Tokugawa Iyeyasu laid the foundation of his Shogunate in Yedo, peace had spread its quiet wings over the affairs of the under-heaven. Art and culture had everything in their own way. And in the Genroku period, you could find the May day of culture and art. As in the days of old, the city of Kyoto was perhaps the chief garden of this flower time of Japanese culture. The old city had always enjoyed the presence of the Mikado and of his palaces. It had enjoyed the constant companionship of many a master-piece of art. And a companionship of that sort is almost as gracious as that of the Buddha. Naturally, culture which comes down from the higher rank of society, and works its gracious way into the humblest hut, had created a certain appreciation on the part of the mass for the beautiful. Especially in the period of Genroku, peace placed in the hands of common people the high pleasures which the works of art could alone give, and which belonged of yore almost exclusively to the nobler and the knightly class. The days which gave the supreme throne to brute force were no more. Among the common class there rose a number of men who had both the taste for the beautiful, and the means to gratify the same. Even among merchants—the men of the street as they impolitely called them—there were a number, the whole duty of whose lives was not exactly horized in gold. From mere men of the market they changed into economists, and as peace gave them leisure they forgot their shrewd ways to such an amazing extent as to fall in love with the beautiful. The mass, the men of market, were hungry for the delights of the eye, for elegant pleasures. Where hunger is, food springs up from every unexpected corner—such is the accommodating way of this world, against which we are never too lazy to kick. And the Genroku period is famous even unto today for its elegant ease of life.

At the same time among the nobler class of society there developed an aristocratic form of literature and art, which we know by the name of “palace literature and art”. And it was this form of art that the wealthier among the citizens of Yedo transplanted from Kyoto with so much enthusiasm and eagerness. And in Yedo among the wealthier people of the market there arose a singular form of literature and art, which had not a few democratic elements grafted upon the aristocratic culture of the above-cloud at Kyoto. Saikaku and Chikamatsu, and their companions, rich in gifts of the gods, and with the genius that was very far from common, led the movement in drama and *ho u* (a form of verse in which a poet is expected to express a world of poetic thought in seventeen syllables). It was in this period that Yedo (most assuredly she was not prudish in those days) gathered unto herself all the entertaining fruits of many years of peace and elegance all over Nippon, gleaned from every corner, high and low, and from every hand, common or of rank. The sixteen years of Genroku period passed into the still more extravagant

and pleasurable years of the periods of Hoyei, of Seitoku, and of Kyoho, till the shock came in the years of the Bunka (1804-1817 A. D.) and the Bunsei (1818-1829 A. D.), when peace was once more broken by a stormy period.

Now *Ukiyoe* is that form of pictorial art which portrays, with always a faithful eye on nature, the democratic phase of society and whose artists are of the class which he paints. In the years of Keicho period (1596-1614 A. D.), there was a painter whose name was Iwasa Matahei. He gave us the pictorial history of a certain phase of society of those days. The people admired his skill and called his pictures "*Ukiyoe*". Originally Matahei took very studiously to the study of Tosa school. It was in those days when the Kano school was in favor with the *Shogun*. And Matahei naturally adopted the methods of both the Tosa and the Kano, and, like so many other masters of the pictorial art of Nippon, he, too, followed the eclectic method and tried to unite the merits of all the schools in which he had studied. Because he could not very well help himself from giving the virtues which were all of his own brush, he added to the elegance and chaste beauty of line which were the Tosa's and the Kano's, the harmony of composition and the distinction of taste that were all of his own. The result was the creation of an entirely new school. After him came Hishikawa Moronobu out of Tosa school, and Hanabusa Itcho from the Kano. Both of these men followed in a way the *motif* of Matahei, and painted the popular life of their times.

Naturally their work resulted in the portraiture of the popular life of Yedo, and the pictorial art which had been monopolized by the higher half of society up to that time was emancipated, so to speak, and people of all ranks have come to enjoy the entertaining fruit thereof. And that was the beginning of the golden age for the *Ukiyoe* and the *Ukiyoe* painters. In the Tenwa period (1681-1683 A. D.) wood engraving came into vogue. Black and white single sheet prints were produced in large numbers. Hishikawa Moronobu, Huruyama Moroshige, and others have painted for the woodcuts. After the Genroku (1688-1703 A. D.) they colored the prints with reddish orange, and called them the "*tan* prints". Torii Kiyonobu and Kiyomasu painted for the prints. A little later they mixed a kind of glue, called *nikawa*, in the China ink, to give a certain varnish, and also they used gold paint and called them "lacquer prints". Okumura Masanobu, Nishimura Shigenaga, and others have painted these prints. In the Kyoho (1716-1735 A. D.) they began the polychrome prints with their woodcuts for the first time, and the prints thus produced were called "rose prints". A little later than 1764 A. D., an engraver by the name of Kinroku, for the first time, produced prints which passed through four and five impressions, and Suzuki Harunobu, Seki Kiyonaga (who changed his family name to Torii later when he was adopted by the Torii family), and others have painted for this type of prints. And because these prints were exceedingly fair to the eye and attractive, the people of the time called them *Nishikie*, which means "Brocade Pictures". And the names of Torii, Katsukawa, Kitakawa, Utakawa, and a few others, have carried the fame of the Yedo brocade pictures all over Nippon. Although in the opening years of the eighteenth century, Nishikawa Sukenobu and others who were in Kyoto, were trying to cope with the artists of the Yedo brocade pictures, they did not succeed in outshining them, and from that day on, the brocade prints of Yedo became one of the famous products of that city.

The *Ukiyoe* painters and their works, both original paintings and prints, have done not a little in giving the historian of the time many correct and historical data in regard to the customs, styles of headdress, and the street scenes of Yedo of the day. It is not claiming more than is due to give to these artists and their works the distinction of being perhaps the foremost pictorial and artistic historians of certain phases of society. It is no wonder, therefore, that not a few even among the foreign students have taken very kindly to the collection of these prints.



TWO GEISHA
From an Original Painting on Silk

By SHUMMAN



We have, as you see, traced in a brief and altogether rough-hewn manner the development of the pictorial art of Nippon, in general, and in particular, brought out the historic background in which the *Ukiyoe* was born.

Let us have the pleasure, then, of introducing to you one by one, the more important artists of the entertaining school—the *Ukiyoe*.

IWASA MATAHEI.

Almost every one of the curious—or the consensus of critical opinions, as a school man would say—is comfortable in the belief that Iwasa Matahei is the founder of *Ukiyoe* school. Not even the most learned among the students of the history of *Ukiyoe*, could tell you the birth date of Matahei, or the year in which he died. In old books you can find more than one story concerning the founder of *Ukiyoe* school. Here is one. His father, they say, was a man of sword, a Samurai, Araki Murashige, by name. Under the famous military genius, Oda Nobunaga, Araki distinguished himself in more than one battle. For his bravery and the deeds of worth, Nobunaga gave him the Country of Sesshu. Araki was entirely too strong a personality to become a tool of any man, however great. In the course of time, ambition, that tantalizing witch who used to play such a havoc with the dreams of able men of swords of those days, touched and fired the heart of Araki also. And his master, Nobunaga, found Araki one fine morning walking in the path which did not run parallel to that of his. Forthwith, according to the courtesy and custom of those days, Nobunaga honored Araki with the opportunity of dying by his own hand and with his own sword. At the time of his father's death, Matahei was only two years old—"A mere child exhaling the fragrance of milk about him", as a chronicler said of him. He made his escape in the bosom of his nurse, from the house of his father in Sesshu, which was in dishonor. She took him to the country of Echizen. And because it was not quite safe to profess the name of his father, his thoughtful nurse gave him the name of his mother and called him Iwasa Matahei. As he waxed in years, he found his way to the old capital of Kyoto. There, in the polished atmosphere, in the home of so many master-pieces of pictorial art of Nippon, he lost his heart to the magic of colors, to the magic that was in the brush. At first he studied the methods of Kano school. Later, his ambition keeping pace with his years, he entered the gate of the school of Tosa. It was not so very many years after that, that the seed—call it genius if you would—which heaven had planted within him, came to flower. Now, that flower was full of whims. It refused, point blank, to open its petals in the cast iron way prescribed by the Kano and the Tosa. Like a charming woman, thoroughly aware of her beauty, it would have its own way or none at all. So there was nothing else for poor Matahei to do, but to abandon himself completely to the sweet will of the flower and become the slave unto it. When he gave color and form on paper and silk to this flower that was within him, the grave judges of taste and art, opened their eyes wide at his pictures; turned their heads away. They were very polite men, these judges, all the same they could not help but to make a few clever remarks at the expense of the young artist—to so great an extent did the innovations of Matahei try their patience. And if we could but put our finger upon that date, we could find the birth date of the *Ukiyoe*. In the pages that have gone in front of this, we have already hinted how eclectic was the method of Matahei. He tried his best to combine the excellencies of other schools which he had studied. A very few, not even the Court officer whose sole duty it was to judge the worth of paintings, could very well deny the compelling fascination that was in the works of this Bohemian heretic of a painter. Now there was one thing through which Matahei shocked the sedate and proper

nerves of the time. It was the usage of the day, as indeed it has always been and perhaps will be even unto the coming of the millenium, for, the artists to whom gracious gods gave quite as much artistic talent as to a washerwoman, to put a certain emphasis upon what they call success. And success, after all is said and done, is the expression of appreciation on the part of a rather large number of people. Often it happens, very inconveniently, that the majority of people, even of the goodly city of Kyoto, are fools, and especially in matters of judging the great works of art. Naturally, the enterprising and the up-to-date among the artists, avowed devotees of success, were always shrewd enough to court the favors of the majority of people. They put huge emphasis on pleasing so many nobodies who put on a certain number of yards of brocade and went about in court, and who put on the brave front of being the lovers of works of art. They despised the poor and simple among the people from whom they could get no gold, and whose art judgment did not pass as the standard currency among palace folks. These blessed artists were quite happy when they succeeded in finding their way through the gates of court nobles. They painted the dresses of court ladies, the moon, the mountain, and the water. Because their subjects were sometimes so lofty, they, in their extreme innocence, were happy in dreaming that their art also was very high. To take a humble subject, to paint a phase of the common life of men of market—such things were desecration to their brushes. Now, when Matahei came, somehow or other, he took very kindly to the subjects which had been despised by his brothers of the brush, that had been anathematized.

One of common people himself, without rank and without pride of blood, he threw himself whole-heartedly and single-mindedly into the study of the many entertaining phases of the life of common people. A lyric of a country side, the sports of children, the dance, the songs, the festivals of simple village folks, the display of the cheap finery through crowded market places, and also the somewhat shadier side of the life of the world, sad and full of soft tints—these appealed to him, overwhelmed his enthusiasm, captured his dreams. His work was pleasure to him; his toils were his only reward. Without vanity, ever refusing to take himself seriously, and always fond of making fun of any ambitious dreams that might have sprouted in his head, he worked that he, and he alone, might be satisfied. Today kept on becoming tomorrow and always he went on without taking thoughts as to his food or raiment. He was always satisfied while his stomach did not cry to him too loudly, and he found—this miracle of a man—the life of the brush good unto him. The reason why it is so very difficult to find the work of his with his signature upon it, is because he could so rarely persuade himself that it is worth any man's while—his, least of all—to sign any decent name to so many works that came from his brush. This lack of signature has been an eternal regret and ever haunting nightmare to the critics of latter days. But this is one of those rare bits of autobiography—this absence of signature. It is worth two-volume memoirs any day. Without words, without marks, this simple and persistent absence of signature tells a very eloquent story of the high ideal that was within Matahei to which he had ever striven to attain, and which had made him always dissatisfied, always unhappy, and which made him a better artist as the days grew. At least here certainly is an original way of writing an autobiography, the most charming way too, and we can hardly help wishing that some of the great men of this, our day of so small achievements, might learn something from this negative, silent method when they take it into their heads to take up their pen in their retrospective mood. Matahei was not strong enough to keep down all the originality that was within him. So, as we have said, he sinned against the fossil laws laid down by the Tosa school. He allowed his individuality to come to the surface, and that was the only crime of his, but then, that was a large crime, and for that reason the school of Tosa has never forgiven him, even unto today. It has

never given a single certificate, officially stamped, which it gives to all the productions of the school.

His brush covered large and various fields, and his ink dishes compassed great possibilities of colors. He caught the Samurai and the men of market at their merry making under cherry clouds of a spring day, or when they were crimson under autumn hues of maple and *sake*; it is very hard to say how much of sportive grace and unstudied elegance he put into the poses and movements of dancing girls, and of that entertaining race of women whom we call the *geisha* today. He took the rich red, green, yellow and black, and made them dwell in perfect harmony on his silk. His coloring is not of the simplest; in it is more richness than elegance. He did not hesitate to use gold ink in a number of his compositions. At the same time, when he took to the painting of landscapes, he was wise enough to take kindly to the touch and the distinction and elegance of taste of which the Kano school is so proud.

Living in the same age as that of Matahei, was a man by the name of Hanada Naisho. So skillful did he capture the tricks, the peculiarities, the charms of Matahei's art that many a man found it very difficult to draw the line between the work of Matahei himself and that of Hanada. In some happy examples of Hanada, there are more than one quality that would mystify even a skillful critic to tell them from the best of Matahei's work. Only through very careful study of the life that is in the lines and touches, one could distinguish Matahei from that of his clever imitator. It is nothing but just to add that Hanada was no mean artist himself. How else could he step so comfortably in the footprints of Matahei? Hanada enjoyed the full gilt of his fame in the middle years of the seventeenth century.

THE MAKING OF A SWORD.

IT was a day of good omen: it was early—the sleepy eyelids of the young day were still heavy on orient hills—and from the mountain tops, dusk and silence were falling upon the City of Kyoto. Already, however, in a certain cottage down San-jo way, there were life and the light of a seed-oil lamp. So then, he was up, the sword-smith—Kokaji Munechika, the people called him. Days ago, a messenger from the above-cloud, from behind the purple curtain, descended upon the San-jo cottage. The messenger honored Kokaji, the sword smith, with the wish of his master, the Emperor; his majesty would have a blade from the anvil of Kokaji. And the sword was to be the body-guard of his august person.

They told many a tale, the good people of Kyoto, of the blades that came from Kokaji. They could not understand the perfection, which was akin to a miracle, in the sword blades of Kokaji. And everything that passed their simple understandings was divine to them. So a whisper made its entertaining way among the pious and simple of the City of Kyoto. It said something of a god—the great god of Inari—who used to come to the work-shop of Kokaji; take the assistant hammer into his hand, and give the steel a touch of the divine.

“Kokaji, ah! well,” so said his brother workmen, “he is different. Give me a god for my assistant hammer, why, I could do pretty nearly as well as he.”

Had any one caught a glimpse of the great god of Inari about the work-shop on San-jo way? Oh, dear, no; Kokaji the wise, people said, took great care never to allow any mortal eye to take any profane liberty with the sacred secrets which halo the birth place of the steel children of his art. As a matter of history, Kokaji had never employed an assistant. And as a matter of history, too, no work-shop of his fellow-workmen knew quite so many litanies as his; and religion had never succeeded in lighting within the hearts of others, as intense a flame of pious fire as it did within Kokaji's soul. A high priest in his temple, before the very image of the lord Buddha, in the midst of his sonorous prayers, was vulgar compared to Kokaji, the swordsmith, in his shop. With him, his work was a religion, was more than a mere ceremony or a creed. And so the goodly people of Kyoto were happy in their explanation of the miracles of steel and of water and of fire upon the anvil of Kokaji. Of course, the god could do almost anything.

And the fame of Kokaji had climbed even unto the very highest dais of the purple palace. The Emperor saw the dream, the cloud and the sea-like depth and light of Kokaji's blade. It gave wine to his imagination. And he came to see in Kokaji the greatest swordmaker of his august reign. Forthwith—and very naturally—he deigned to ask for a blade. And that is the reason why the Emperor's messenger did not despise the simplicity of a certain humble cottage on San-jo way.

But do you know of the holy role the sword has always played in the color-rich dramas called the history of the Orient? (Let us add a paragraph here:—for, not every day, could we enjoy so choice a luxury as to try the patience of the uninitiated in matters Oriental.) In Nippon, the august sword of Kusanagi-Totsuka heads the list of the blades known to fame. In the gone days of Nippon—and this you can find in the most authentic chronicles of the country—there was a prince whose name was Yamatodake. He went forth to subdue the wilderness of the East. And eastward from the gate he made his way. When he was in the country of Suruga, the wild men of the land, under the disguise of a hunt, led the prince into the heart of a wilderness, in which the reeds stood as high as a giant. The men set fire to the reeds. In high glee, they laughed; they were quite ready to see the life of the prince go out with a puff of smoke. It was the twentieth day of the Moon-of-No-Gods—as the tenth moon was called, because in October, all the gods gathered in the land of Izumo to hold their annual council—and the reeds were dead and dry. When the flame grew tall and rose like genii round about him, the prince





By KOGYO

A SCENE FROM THE NO DANCE "KOKAJI"

"It is something of a God—the great God of Inari—who used to come to the work shop of Kokaji; take the assistant hammer into his hand and give the steel a touch of the divine."

PLATE IV
ARTS AND ARTISTS, JAPANESE

drew his sword and waved it in four directions. And the soul that was within the sword, turned into breezes and drove the flames upon his enemy. And the sword became immortal under the name of Kusanagi, which being interpreted, means the "weed razing sword". And the virtues of the sword of Kusanagi brought peace under the heavens. In the reign of Emperor Temmu also, the work of Uta-no-Tomomitsu gave a star to that glory-rich period. In the time of Emperor Mommu was Amakuni Amanosa Hisakatsu. In the period of Gemmyo there was Usa and in the days of Heizei there were Ohara Sanemori and Bicchu Sanetsugu. In the reign of Emperor Uta came Tengyo Gorodayu Yasutsuna. And these artists did not always remember that they were mere mortals. The divinity that was within them, in their inspired hours, entered the blades. They apotheosized the steel and the brave hearts of those heroic days became the shrines unto it.

And so, in the virgin light of that day of good omen, all were ready. All the many sutras and holy writ of all Buddhas would not be able, I fear, to contain all the prayers that had been made over the work-shop of Kokaji. He had purified the fire; had changed the water and sanctified it. On the four directions he had stretched the eight-fold *shime* (the emblem of purification of straw and paper, white as snow). He had erected the *gohei* of five colors representing the enlightened gods of the five shrines. The incense, the flower, the light, the *miki* (which is the *sake* offered to the gods), the rice, all the offerings to the gods, had been completed. With the break of day, in the robe of ceremony, Kokaji mounted the platform. And with him another also ascended it. And this person was the god—the great god of Inari—of the pious imaginings of the goodly people of Kyoto. Slender of statue, elegant and imperial, so like a dream of the gods, with the black hair hanging a shaded cascade down the back, the vision—a mortal, a god, or whatever it was—had all the appearance of a being who was not of this earth. And the vision took the assistant hammer into its hands. Both the water and the fire had been attuned like the sensitive soul of a melody. And out of the furnace came a piece of steel white with heat—as white as the fire that was within the heart of Kokaji. Thoughtfully, the assistant hammer rose. Kokaji, too, raised his hammer. Their eyes met. The two workers waited for the harmony of their breathing. And, at last, when they felt their hearts beating to the same tune, there fell the first stroke upon the heated steel. And so the silence was broken, and the clear song of the anvil carried to the gods the first news of the birth of a new sword.

The days passed; with them the work ripened—the blade waxed in perfection.

It was a happy day in the august palace of the Mikado. The brocades, the wits, the rank—the above-cloud world was happy. The Emperor was to see the blade of Kokaji. Suddenly, an august voice said, "Look! here is the name of his assistant hammer cut on the blade!" Silence fell. Forgetting to breathe, with their soul in their eyes, the above-cloud men looked upon the blade. It was the name of the god they wished to see. On one side, quite close to the guard, cut deep into the shimmering, ocean-like blue of the steel, was the name of Kokaji Munechika. And, on the other side of the blade, where they looked for the name of a god, they read:

"KOKITSUNE MARU, THE WIFE OF KOKAJI".

KERAMIC ART: ON RAKU WARE. PAPER II.
SHODAI CHOSUKE.

TEIRIN—that was the name of Law which the wife of Sokei or Ameya, the Korean, took unto herself, when she shaved the lacquer like glory from off her head—handed over the kilns to her son. Chosuke, (whose name is sometimes pronounced Choyu) the eldest son of Sokei, was quite ready; he was of age; was now surer of his touch; his shoulders had broadened to bear upon them the large reputation of the founder of his kilns and of his mother, the nun, and carry it across a quarter of a century down to posterity. As his father had done before him and his mother, he devoted his kilns entirely to the making of tea wares. In those days they were not called Raku wares; simply, they were called the wares of Kyoto. They were very choice, but excellence in the art of potters, like the prophet, is not always honored in the day and the home of its birth. It was just about this time that peace came home to Kyoto on the war flags of Nobunaga. And the people, now that they had a little time to take their breaths in comfort and turn around to see a few things about them, began to dream of the memories of happier days of Kyoto art and the glories that were.

Nobunaga was fond of war. His military genius had absorbed and subdued the chief men of arms who had dared to aspire to the military throne of entire Nippon. At that time, he was, to all practical intent, the military chieftain of Nippon. With all his ambitions, with all his passions for the sword, Nobunaga did not quite forget the finer things of life—among others, the pleasure which the art of the potter is always able to give to the sensitive mind. When he built his castle of Atsuchi, he invited a potter from China. He was called Ikkwan in Nippon. Nobunaga asked the potter to make him tiles according to the fashion of the Ming Dynasty in China. And that, in fact, was the beginning of the Nipponese tiles, such as you see today over the roofs of wealthier Nippon. And Nobunaga was not blind to the rugged enticement of the wares of Chosuke. In their ruggedness and simplicity was something that was a little more than a mere earthly charm; there was in them something more than elegance. They made you dream of the rigorous simplicity of Zen philosophy. Through their complexion, which was black and covered with the lead glaze which was without light, one could see refinement, which is strong enough to despise all adjectives. The careless originality of their shapes, laughed, in its superior way, proud but without conceit, at all the faultless curves and studied graces of the Ming Blue. It could well afford the proud pleasure. This is a large thing to say—I mean it to be large. And Nobunaga was in love with the works of Chosuke. And so out of the two hundred tea-cups which Chosuke allowed to go out of his hands in all his life days, Nobunaga must have claimed a goodly number. And in fact, the fifth year of Tensho (1577, A. D.) became historic, because Nobunaga placed in that year, a special order with Chosuke.

Meanwhile, the cult of tea ceremony had always been pushing its ranks to the fore among the cultured and scholarly, and the men of power. And if you would like, we would pause here awhile to entertain ourselves with a chat on the story of tea ceremony in Nippon. Without understanding the history of the leisurely cult of tea ceremony, it would be very hard even for a god, to appreciate fully the significance of the triumphs of Raku wares.

In the reign of Emperor Go-Tsuchimikado, in the period of Bummei, (1459-1486, A. D.) there lived a man of leisure, they say. His cottage was near the Temple of Shomyo; he answered to the name of Shuko. And Shuko was the first apostle of the cult of tea ceremony in Nippon. He was a friend of the famous priest Ikkyu Osho. Every one, a cur and a Shogun could brush against him on the street; could talk with him; could hear him preach. Not all—not many—not even a few choice spirits of the age, however, could tread with understanding on the foot prints of Ikku. In those days, one could hardly hope to see a higher distinction than that of





being a friend of Ikkyu. Shuko was proud of the distinction. Hand in hand they roamed in the mysterious paths and depths of Zen philosophy. So Shuko came to understand something that was far beyond the scriptures and the suttas. Always he lived out of the dust, the vulgar dust. In his out-of-the-world cottage, Shuko always kept an iron pot over his charcoal fire; he used to invite a few of his friends—Insotsu, Sochin, Sogo and others—and in the quiet, which was almost holy, in which the steam of the hot water was almost a white dream, these men “knotted the comradeship of words,” as they styled their learned and elegant association. There in the humble cottage, they enjoyed the leisure and that lyric quietude, and elegance and culture which passed the understandings of the vulgar. Half smiling and as genial as an open heart, and in a way Bohemian, as their pleasures were over the cup of tea in that little cottage, they never lost sight of that fine touch of refinement called *rei*, which means a good deal more than formal politeness. The fame of the singular out-of-the-world comradeship of the men over the tea, went abroad throughout higher circles of the day. It reached the ears of Yoshimasa, the reigning Shogun of the Ashikaga family. And a little later Shuko, a guest of honor in a palace, talked with the Shogun of the new cult of tea ceremony. The soul of the cult, Shuko told the Shogun, could be put in four words, Purity, Elegance, Politeness and Harmony. And Yoshimasa, who ruled over the golden days of Ashikaga, and of art, of letters, of culture, listened to Shuko. “What a softening influence the cult of tea ceremony would be to my people,” he said. He appointed a few men of court, artists and scholars, among others, Noami, Geiami, and Soami, to choose the wares for the tea ceremony, to enlarge upon the ceremonials and teach the cult among the men of rank. And the cult spread through the families of Ouchi, Inagawa and Oda. A little later on came Takeno Showo. He studied under Sochin and Sogo, the friends of Shuko, and surpassed his masters in the understanding and practice of the art. And the world has come to call him, the saint of the revival of the cult.

Now, in the days of Takeno Showo, the wares and utensils which were used in the tea ceremony were mostly imported from China. Naturally, they were very rare and far beyond the dreams of the purses of men of taste of those days. Not even, in those golden days, taste and money did not, it seems, go hand in hand. Showo, and his friends, spent not a little of their fruitful fancy, therefore, in fashioning the designs both of shape and of color of the wares suitable for the tea ceremony, and which could be made, without the help of a miracle, in the hands of native potters. And so it has come to pass that these devotees of tea ceremony did not despise the associations of ceramic artists of their day. One of the retainers of Shogun Yoshimasa, Shino Sushin by name, went to a potter of Seto, and produced the wares which are known as Shino wares. And Showo invited some of the artists of Shigaraki kilns into his intimate confidence and his counsels of taste. Their associations brought forth the elegant fruits which we know by the name of Showo-Shigaraki wares. And Tanaka Yoshiro, or Sen-no-Rikyu as he came to be called in his riper and more famous days, he too, like his devoted brethren before him, took very kindly to the company of ceramic artists of his day. And in the course of time, and in their mysterious way, the kindly Buddhas and the gods were pleased to bring together, in a genial knot of affection, which was also mutual adoration, the two men—Sen-no-Rikyu and Shodai Chosuke. The wedding of their taste became so intimate that Tanaka Yoshiro gave to his friend, the potter, his own family name Tanaka, and thenceforth he called himself Sen-no-Rikyu. And from this happy union of the brain of Sen-no-Rikyu and the fingers of Chosuke, so rich in the magic over the clay and the fire, were born some seven hundred tea bowls. Only two hundred of them, however, Chosuke allowed to go forth into the world to tantalize the critical judgment of posterity. His wares were very light in weight; his glaze, which had a great deal of lead in it, was without

lustre, and the color of it was like unto that of charcoal. All of which came from the fact that they were burned with intense heat. Not dazzling to the unlettered eye at the first glance, therefore, all the same these rugged wares had a charm about them that was wine to the hearts of devotees of the tea ceremony. What is more, they had the art of seducing and holding all the elegant virtues of the tea which are as fragile and fickle as the wink of a moonbeam upon an autumn sea. Shodai Chosuke, at the age of forty-seven, left his dreams in clay and went to meet his Buddha on the seventh day of the Ninth Moon of the first year of the period of Bunroku (1592 A. D.)

PICTORIAL ART: NOTES ON MARUYAMA SCHOOL.
OKYO THE FOUNDER. PAPER II.

WHEN he met the good priest of Daijo Temple, Okyo was not rich. He had made his acquaintance with poverty long before that—those heartrending months, bitter, melancholy, and without friends, such as are usually given to a man of genius, so that his soul may feed upon them and become very great and full of riches,—the months which brought him finally to the head priest of the Hall of Emman, on Lake Biwa, in the Province of Omi. The priest of Emman-In was, as a freak of luck would have it, blessed with a pair of eyes that could see a great painter when he is still unknown. He liked Okyo. Now Emman-In was proud of its treasures,—among other things, the Chinese paintings of the master-brushes of Yuan and Ming Periods. In the open-hearted and simple manner of a true man of meditation, the priest invited Okyo to make himself perfectly at home, without shame, without restraint, and forget his rags among the brilliant company of the brush-children of Shun-haiang and Ting-chan. So happy and huge a piece of luck did not pass Okyo's way every day. Even a great man who finds it so easy to hold his own ground in hours of adversity, often falls in the face of prosperity, like any other little idiot. And Okyo, thoroughly amazed at the huge bit of fortune, drunk with happiness, forgot himself. He forgot that within himself he might be able to find something greater than the art of the ancient Chinese masters. And very proudly, with a warm heart, and a beaming front, he became an abject slave of a copyist of the old masters of China. Without the Chinese influence, however, (who but the gods can say?) Okyo might have fallen so far from artistic grace, in his white heat of enthusiasm for the faithful copying of nature which came to him in his riper days, as to adulterate his sensitive strokes into the lines which you meet with sometimes in the works of Ukiyoe artists. Without the Chinese influence, that vigor of lines, that life of touch, which paints the painter more plainly than the object painted; which paints the art emotion and soul much plainer than the painter himself, and which appeals to the manlier side of your nature; which, like a simple sentence of Isaiah or a verse of Omar, knocks the gate of the kingdom of mystery ajar, so that your imagination, if it be only worthy, might tiptoe and take a peep into the mystic beyond. All those qualities, in short, on which we of the East, put so much emphasis in the work of an artist, might have been dwarfed in Okyo. As for Okyo, in his riper years, he never paid a single impolite compliment to his early days of schooling.

In the Emman-In you can see today the famous painting of Okyo, whose title is "*Shichi Nan Shichi Fuku*", which, being translated very freely, means "seven fortunes and seven misfortunes". That is his masterpiece.

But of course boys have a way of growing out of their knee breeches; and the time came to Okyo. I know neither the day nor the exact hour, when it pleased him to cast aside childish things. He entered a larger school, where Life and Nature have their lecture rooms. But a little later the passion for the perfect, intense as other madness, entered his soul. Even until today the hunters of Hozu village, the far away children of the unlettered friends of Okyo, are fond of telling you the story:—

By the waters of Hozu, at the foot of a certain pine tree, you can find a rock. The stream, in its young and over-vigorous days, dug a cave into it. There on a ripe summer day, when the river is low, you can always find a little stretch of mud with a thin veil of water over it. This is, and has been, for years, a favorite bath-tub for the wild boars of Atago Mountain. When the sun is on its homeward path, and the day's weary chase burns the throats of the boars too hotly, they make their hasty way for this muddy bath-tub. After the bath, they enjoy the sleep of the just in the cool shade that falls from the pine needles.

The favorite resort of the wild boars was also the favorite haunt of Okyo. The cave in the rock, which the stream had dug with its crystal chisel, found itself, on a fine summer day, converted into a nature-made studio for the master.

Day after day, he sat in his cave-studio, always looking out at the tremulous patterns which the sun sieving through the pine needles wove upon the ground and on a boar, all covered with mud, taking his siesta in a royal fashion. For hours and hours, he watched the sleeping boar, and finally on a fine summer twilight hour, he gathered his courage and took up his brush. I do not know how many sketches, how many studies he made of the boar; I do not know how many hours—at the close of day when the mountain silence was full of whispers of pine needles—he had spent in his cave-studio. One night, the hunters of Hozu village were very much surprised to welcome a strange guest around their evening fire. The strange guest spoke to them of the life of the mountain, of his love for the folks of the woods: he told them how much he had envied their open-air occupation. At last, he took out from the breast folds of his *kimono*, a roll of paper. When he unrolled it, the hunters saw a picture of the wild boar.

“What do you think of it? Is it the picture of a dead boar? Do you think it is dead?” the visitor said.

Without a word, the hunters looked upon it. They seemed a little puzzled at first, and then a bolder one among them gave voice to the common sentiment:

“Why, yes, I guess it is dead.”

And the visitor went away. Almost every day, the hunters saw the same stranger around their evening fire. And every night the pine flames and the eyes of the hunters kindled upon a clever picture of a dead boar. The visitor asked them the same question every time, and the hunters gave him answers that were different neither in words nor intent. And sadly always, the visitor went his lonely way into the shades of night. But one night he came; brought with him, as usual, the picture of a boar. He asked the same old question of the hunters. But the hunters did not give him the wanted answer.

“Why, no!” they said, “This boar is alive; it’s asleep that is all.”

And light came into the eyes of the visitor, and he made his way all through the village of Hozu. In every cottage, the answer which was given to him, was the same. And in the man who went away from Hozu village, in the fading hours of that night, one could see the very picture of triumph, of an exceeding great joy.

And that is the story they tell. Now Okyo knew very well that those hunters of Hozu village, without the thinnest taint of academic culture or of schooling, could tell at a single glance, and that too, at the distance of many a yard, whether a boar is dead or alive. And when the consensus of opinion told him that his picture was the picture of a sleeping boar, he was quite sure that he had achieved, for the first time in his life, the feat of painting the fine and very delicate distinction between death and sleeping life.

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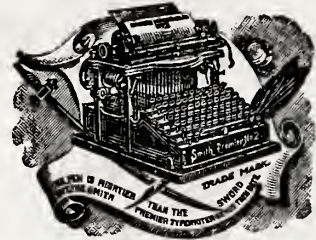
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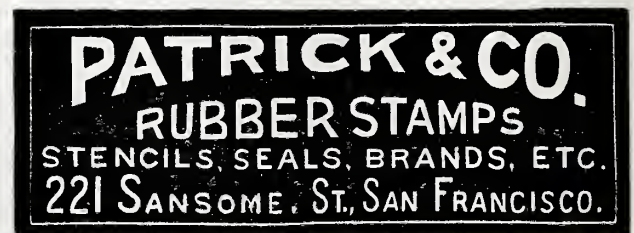


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A Word of Caution



We are really disappointed. We are forced to make a surprising announcement to the public that we are forced to change our date of publication for Vol. 1, No. 1, of *ART and HISTORY JOURNAL*. None of our fault, alas. The good people have run away with the edition, which was not calculated on an average of 1000 copies, but the thing is, we have not a copy of the same in our office. We promised, you remember, and if you, gentle folk, the trouble of returning the last copy from the paper, please do so—never let, dear madam, your man's hand be tempted to take out the copy—no, not that, in the boots of 'em, we would be willing, just for the sake of it. To fulfil our promise to you and very very heavy of the work. And naturally we are very proud of having the first stop in the right way. Many you doubt, are none of the magazine is five dollars (100¢) per year for twelve numbers. We are very sorry, but we cannot do so, as one number of our all-around copy is worth a few hundred more than we have done. We can know there is nothing else, and the publication, in look of it, and comfortable prosperity quite as well as a profitable long-term of advertisement, such as you find in your best cent magazines. We do not much more say, however, that a certain number of our own good friends have expressed it, regarding the success in the long-run, when of our own mind; they have suggested us to increase the number of our pages by one—yes one, but not on the same ground as demand the balance of four or five more, which means a deficit in the future balance of paper in the U. S. A.

Our first number of 1897—1898—will have no being a half from now, then, and then. The gods have willed it, and we must now we must live with it, and the gods have willed that we should make it as more and more so. However, as a general apology for our first number, we would like to mention the pleasure of using a higher class in the trade. The world might not mention the name of a 1897. And we must say, it is not our fault, but would not mind, our money by means of our own hand, and a very good advertisement, and that is all.



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