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THE TOUCHSTONE MAGAZINE

THE ARTS

REVIEWING OCTOBER, 1921



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Vol. II

No. 1

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and Twice
During
the Summer*

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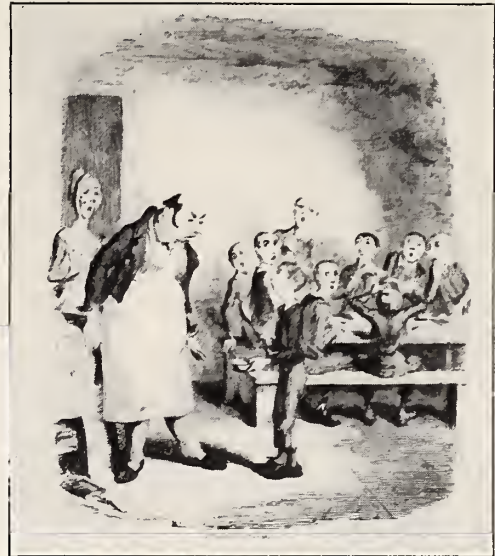


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GREEN

- *** 614 Green Earth

RED

- *** 605 Caput Mortuum, Red
- ** 604 Caput Mortuum, Violet (M)
- *** 678 English Red, Light
- *** 689 English Red, Deep
- *** 620 Burnt Ochre, Light
- ** 624 Burnt Sienna

YELLOW

- *** 651 Dark Ochre
- *** 613 Flesh Ochre
- *** 619 Gold Ochre (M)
- *** 618 Light Ochre
- ** 623 Raw Sienna

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- *** 696 French Ultramarine Blue
- ** 650 Mineral Blue
- ** 621 Paris Blue
- *** 697 Permanent Blue
- ** 672 Prussian Blue
- *** 625 Ultramarine Blue, Light
- *** 626 Ultramarine Blue, Deep

BROWN

- ** 631 Van Dyke Brown

GREEN

- * 664 Chrome Green, Light (V)
- * 684 Chrome Green, Med. (V)

- * 665 Chrome Green, Deep (V)
- * 636 Cinnabar Green, Light (V)
- * 637 Cinnabar Green, Deep (V)
- ** 622 Emerald Green (V)
- O 680 Green Lake, Light
- * 648 Olive Green
- ** 653 Permanent Green, Light
- *** 666 Permanent Green, Deep
- * 633 Zinc Green, Light
- * 634 Zinc Green, Deep

RED

- * 610 Chrome Red
- O 639 Florentine Lake
- O 679 Red Lake
- ** 690 Saturn Red

YELLOW

- * 607 Chrome Yellow, Lemon (V)
- * 693 Chrome Yellow, Light (V)
- * 683 Chrome Yellow, Med. (V)
- * 608 Chrome Yellow, Deep (V)
- * 609 Chrome Yellow, Orange (V)
- O 687 Indian Yellow
- ** 660 Naples Yellow, Light (M)
- ** 642 Naples Yellow, Deep (M)
- * 655 Naples Yellow, Reddish
- ** 645 Zinc Yellow

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- ** 694 Alizarine Crimson
- *** 657 Cadmium Yellow, Light (V)
- *** 686 Cadmium Yellow, Medium
- *** 658 Cadmium Yellow, Deep
- *** 687 Cadmium Yellow, Orange
- O 638 Carmine Fine (M)
- O 661 Carmine Lake
- *** 695 Cerulean Blue
- ** 646 Cobalt Blue, Light
- ** 677 Cobalt Blue, Deep
- ** 644 Madder Lake, Light
- ** 663 Madder Lake, Medium
- ** 640 Madder Lake, Deep
- ** 643 Vermilion, Light
- *** 654 Verte Emeraude (Viridian)

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SERIES I \$.20 Each

Size of
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- ** IV Antwerp Blue
- ** IV Asphaltum
- ** IV Blue Black
- ** IV Bone Brown
- *** IV Burnt Light Ochre
- ** IV Burnt Sienna
- *** IV Burnt Umber
- *** IV Caput Mortuum, Light
- ** IV Caput Mortuum, Deep
- *** IV English Red
- *** IV Flesh Ochre
- O II Florentine Lake
- *** IV Gold Ochre, Burnt
- *** IV Green Earth
- *** IV Indian Red, Deep
- *** IV Ivory Black
- *** IV Lamp Black
- *** IV Naples Red
- *** IV Puzzuoli Earth
- ** IV Raw Sienna
- *** IV Raw Umber
- *** IV Transparent Gold Ochre
- *** II Ultramarine Red
- ** IV Van Dyke Brown
- *** IV Venetian Red
- *** IV Yellow Ochre, Light
- *** IV Yellow Ochre, Deep
- ** III Zinc Yellow

SERIES II \$.25 Each

- ** IV Brilliant Yellow, Light
- * IV Chrome Green, Light
- * IV Chrome Green, Deep
- * IV Chrome Yellow, Light
- * IV Chrome Yellow, Medium
- * IV Chrome Yellow, Deep
- * IV Chrome Yellow, Orange
- * IV Cinnabar Green, Light
- * IV Cinnabar Green, Deep
- * IV Cinnabar Green, Yellow
- O II Crimson Lake
- ** IV Emerald Green
- ** II Indian Yellow, Imitation
- ** III Lemon Yellow
- ** IV Mineral Blue
- ** IV Naples Yellow, Light
- ** IV Naples Yellow, Deep

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- * IV Naples Yellow, Reddish
- *** IV Permanent Blue
- ** IV Permanent Green, Light
- ** IV Permanent Green, Medium
- *** IV Permanent Green, Deep
- *** III Permanent Yellow
- * IV Prussian Blue
- O II Purple Lake
- O II Sap Green
- ** IV Saturnine Red
- O II Scarlet Lake

SERIES III \$.35 Each

- ** II Alizarine Red, Deep
- * II Brown Madder
- ** II Cobalt Blue, Light
- ** II Cobalt Blue, Deep
- *** II Cobalt Green, Light
- *** II Cobalt Green, Deep
- ** II Madder Lake, Rose Doree
- ** II Madder Lake, Rose
- ** II Madder Lake, Medium
- ** II Madder Lake, Deep
- ** II Madder Lake, Violet
- *** II Malachite Green
- ** II Mars Red
- *** II Mars Violet
- * II Mars Yellow
- *** II Oxide of Chromium
- *** II Oxide of Chromium, transparent
- *** II Ultramarine Blue, Light
- *** II Ultramarine Blue, Deep
- *** II Ultramarine Blue, Violet
- *** II Verte Emeraude (or Viridian)

SERIES IV \$.50 Each

- *** II Blue Green Oxide
- * II Cadmium Yellow, Lemon
- *** II Cadmium Yellow, Light
- *** II Cadmium Yellow, Medium
- *** II Cadmium Yellow, Deep
- *** II Cadmium Yellow, Orange
- O II Carmine Fine
- *** II Cerulean Blue
- * II Vermilion Carmine
- * II Vermilion Chinese
- * II Vermilion Scarlet

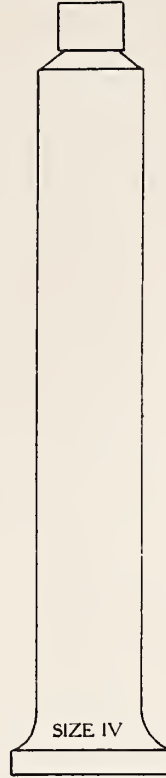
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CLASS A

- Whole Tubes, \$.25 Each
- Half Pans, \$.15 Each
- ** Antwerp Blue
- ** Blue Black
- O Brown Pink
- ** Burnt Sienna
- ** Burnt Umber
- ** Cassel Brown
- ** Charcoal Grey
- * Chrome Yellow, Light
- * Chrome Yellow, Medium
- * Chrome Yellow, Orange
- * Chrome Green
- * Cinnabar Green, Light

- * Cinnabar Green, Deep
- * Cinnabar Green, Yellowish
- ** Cologne Earth
- ** Emerald Green
- * Florentine Brown
- O Hookers Green I
- O Hookers Green II
- O Indian Yellow, Imitation
- * Indigo
- ** Ivory Black
- O Japanese Yellow
- ** Lamp Black
- ** Lemon Yellow
- ** Light Ochre I
- ** Light Ochre II
- O Mauve (Aniline)
- ** Mineral Blue
- ** Naples Yellow
- * Neutral Tint
- * Olive Green
- * Paynes Grey
- ** Permanent Blue
- ** Permanent Red III
- ** Permanent Rose Lake
- ** Permanent Violet
- ** Prussian Blue
- ** Raw Sienna
- ** Raw Umber
- O Sap Green
- ** Saturn Red
- * Sepia Colored
- * Sepia Natural
- ** Van Dyke Brown
- ** Venetian Red
- ** Verte Paul Veronese
- ** Vine Black
- O Yellow Lake, Light
- Half Pans Only, \$.15 Each
- O Gold Bronze I Light
- O Gold Bronze II Deep
- O Gold Bronze III Green
- O Copper Bronze
- O Silver Bronze

CLASS B

- Whole Tubes\$.35 Each
- Half Pans20 Each
- ** Brilliant Dublin Green (Cypress)
- * Brilliant Pink
- O Carmine Lake
- O Crimson Lake
- * Gamboge
- O Geranium Lake (Aniline)
- ** Mountain Blue
- O Rose Carthame (Aniline)
- O Rose Lake, Light (Aniline)
- O Rose Lake, Deep (Aniline)
- O Scarlet Lake
- ** Zinc Yellow

CLASS C

- Whole Tubes\$.50 Each
- Half Pans30 Each
- O Alizarine Green, Light
- * Brown Madder
- ** Cerulean Blue

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ARTISTS' PRICE LIST

Universally Used

- ** Cobalt Blue
- * Cobalt Green, Light
- * Cobalt Green, Deep
- ** Indian Yellow, Genuine
- ** Madder Lake, Rose
- ** Madder Lake, Deep
- ** Ultramarine Blue
- ** Verte Emeraude (Viridian)

CLASS D

Whole Tubes\$.60 Each
Half Pans35 Each

- ** Alizarine Carmine
- ** Alizarine Crimson
- ** Alizarine Red, Light
- ** Alizarine Red, Deep
- ** Cadmium Yellow, Lemon
- ** Cadmium Yellow, Light
- ** Cadmium Yellow, Medium
- ** Cadmium Yellow, Deep
- ** Cadmium Yellow, Orange

CLASS E

Whole Tubes\$.75 Each
Half Pans40 Each

- ** Aureolin
- O Carmine
- ** Oxide Blue Green
- * Vermilion, Chinese
- * Vermilion, Light
- * Vermilion, Orange
- * Vermilion, Scarlet

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- ** In Triple Tubes..... .60 "
- ** In Quadruple Tubes...1.25 "

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 - 1 Oz. Egg Tempera40
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Size of Tube	BLACK	Each Price
** VII	Ivory Black	\$.25
** IV	Lamp Black	.25
* IV	Neutral Tint	.25
* IV	Paynes Grey	.25

BLUE

** IV	Cerulean Blue	\$.60
** IV	Cobalt Blue, Fine	.60
** IV	Cobalt Blue, Light	.50
** IV	Cobalt Violet	1.25
* IV	Indigo	.35
** IV	Mountain Blue	.35
** VII	Paris Blue	.35
** IV	Permanent Blue (T)	.40
** VII	Prussian Blue	.35
** IV	Sunproof Violet (T)	.50
** IV	Ultramarine Blue, Light	.35
** IV	Ultramarine Blue, Deep	.35

BROWN

* IV	Brown Madder	\$.60
** VII	Burnt Dark Ochre	.20
** VII	Burnt Terra Verte	.20
** VII	Burnt Umber	.20
** VII	Cassel Brown	.20
** VII	Raw Umber	.20
* IV	Sepia	.35
O IV	Stil de Grain, Brown	.35
** IV	Van Dyke Brown	.25

GREEN

** IV	Brilliant Dublin Green (Cypress Green)	\$.50
* IV	Chrome Green, Light	.25
* IV	Chrome Green, Deep	.25
* IV	Cinnabar Green, Light	.25
* IV	Cinnabar Green, Deep	.25
* IV	Cinnabar Green, Yellowish	.25
** IV	Cobalt Green	.50
** Emerald	Green 40g. bottles	.35
O IV	Green Lake, Light	.25
O IV	Green Lake, Deep	.25
** IV	Oxide of Chromium	.40
** IV	Permanent Green, Light	.35
** IV	Permanent Green, Deep	.35

- ** IV Permanent Green (T) .. .40
- O IV Sap Green40
- ** VII Terra Verte20
- ** IV Verte Emeraude (or Viridian)50

RED

* IV	Brilliant Pink	\$.50
** VII	Burnt Light Ochre	.20
** VII	Burnt Sienna	.20
** IV	Cadmium Red	.90
** VII	Caput Mortuum	.25
O IV	Carmine, Extra Fine	.60
O II	Carmine, Extra Fine	.30
O IV	Carmine Lake	.35
** VII	English Red	.20
** VII	Flesh Ochre	.20
* IV	Florentine Lake	.30
O IV	Geranium Lake	.40
** IV	Indian Red	.25
** IV	Madder Lake, Light	.60
** IV	Madder Lake, Medium	.60
** IV	Madder Lake, Deep	.60
** IV	Permanent Red I (T)	.40
** IV	Permanent Red II (T)	.40
** IV	Permanent Red III (T)	.40
** VII	Poster Vermilion	.60
O IV	Purple Lake	.50
O IV	Rose Lake	.40
O IV	Scarlet Lake	.40
** VII	Terra Puzzuoli	.35
** IV	Ultramarine Red	.35
* IV	Vermilion, Veritable	.75

YELLOW

** IV	Brilliant Yellow, Light	\$.25
** IV	Brilliant Yellow, Deep	.25
** IV	Cadmium Yellow, Light	.75
** IV	Cadmium Yellow, Deep	.75
** IV	Cadmium Yellow, Orange	.75
* IV	Chrome Yellow, Light	.25
* IV	Chrome Yellow, Deep	.25
* IV	Chrome Yellow, Orange	.25
** VII	Gold Ochre	.25
* IV	Indian Yellow, Imit'n	.50
** VII	Naples Yellow, Light	.35
** VII	Naples Yellow, Deep	.35
** VII	Raw Sienna	.20
** IV	Sunproof Yellow I (T)	.40
** IV	Sunproof Yellow II (T)	.40
** IV	Sunproof Yellow III (T)	.40
O IV	Yellow Lake, Light	.30
** VII	Yellow Ochre, Light	.20
** IV	Zinc Yellow	.35

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** VII	Zinc White	.35
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THE TOUCHSTONE MAGAZINE
THE ARTS
AND AMERICAN ART STUDENT

A JOURNAL APPEARING EVERY MONTH DURING THE ART SEASON
AND TWICE DURING THE SUMMER

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Vol. II.

OCTOBER, 1921

No. 1

THIS is the first number of the new volume, and it is fitting that we should outline the plans we have made for the coming year. With this issue there is a slight change in the shape of the magazine, an increase in the width which gives somewhat broader margins to our illustrations. No other change is planned at present.

The list of regular contributors has been extended. Daniel Gregory Mason, our Musical Editor, dropped out of sight, so far as we are concerned, a few months back. He went abroad, expecting to return this fall, so each time the telephone rings we imagine it must be he. Arthur Pollock will continue to write on the drama. Alan Burroughs and Forbes Watson will write whenever the spirit moves them. Mary Fanton Roberts, as Editor of THE TOUCHSTONE, has become quite indispensable. Who else could have so pilloried the anonymous author of the criticism directed against the modern French show at the Metropolitan?

In this number we have as new writers Jonathan Thorpe, whose whimsical style is but a cloak with which he hides the depth of his emotions, and Katharine Eggleston Roberts, who writes of art in Chicago. We hope to have both as regular contributors. Louis V. Ledoux, the poet, writes of the poems on Japanese prints, and William Zorach, of modern art. Both are so well known that they need no introduction to our readers.

These writers have come to our aid to help to wake America up, to make us all appreciate that the man who has no pleasure in the arts is a stunted, half-developed man, and that the American of the future, if America is to take its place as a leader among civilized nations, must be broad, capable of appreciating all the joys which life has in store for man as part of his earthly heritage. The man who is not a lover of art is not getting his share of the good things of life. He is not getting the happiness he should be getting out of motoring, fishing or golf. The "movies" even do not give him the same thrill which the lover of art feels.

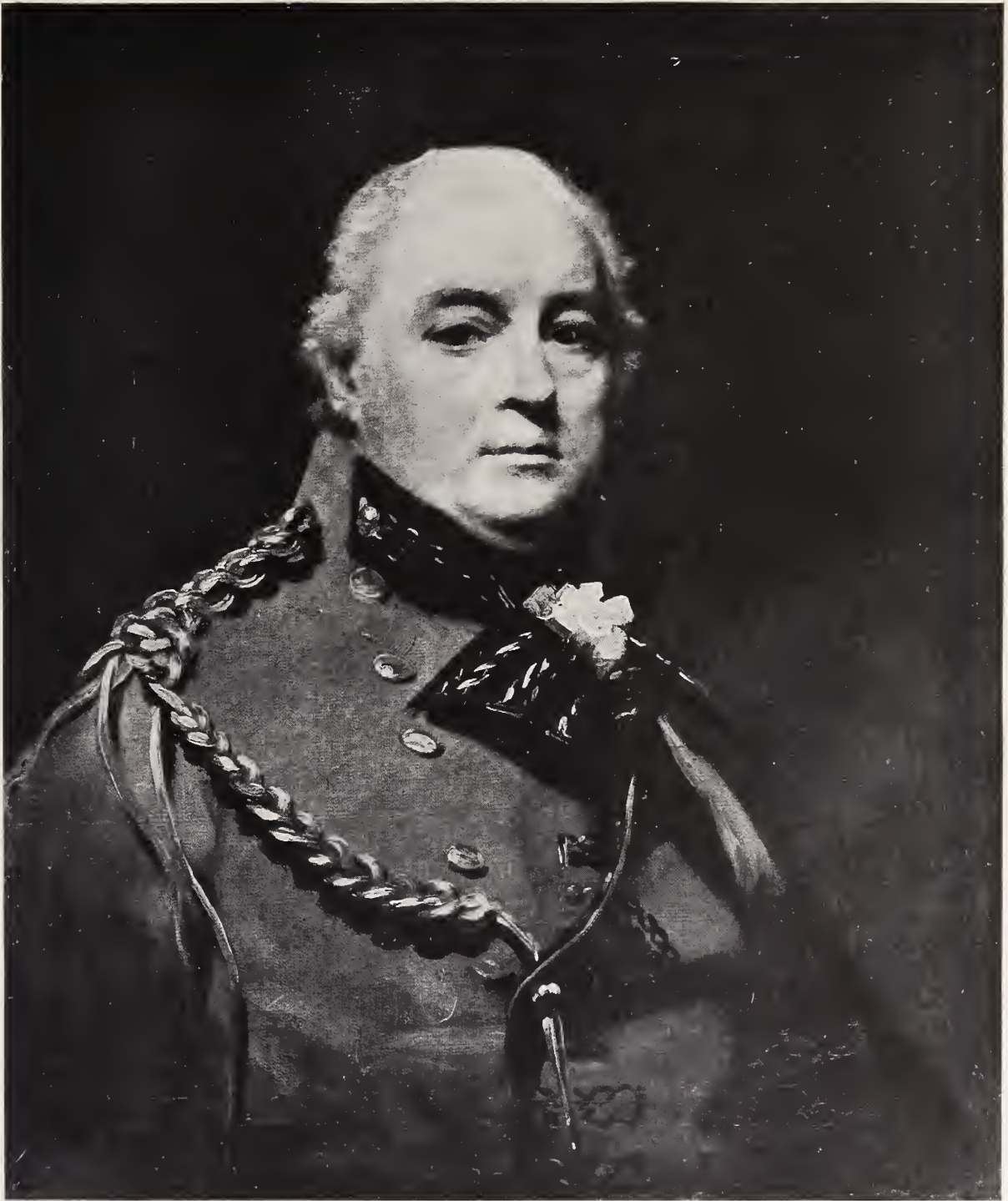
Come out into the open with THE ARTS. Rejoice in the blessings which nature has given mankind with such lavish hands. First among those blessings is the love for beauty.



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WINTER, AVONDALE

Frederick Keppel & Co.

J. H. TWACHTMAN

JOHN H. TWACHTMAN

By JONATHAN THORPE

ONE poet only have I known in my life. In my youth he came into it and passed out as quietly as he came in. John H. Twachtman was my poet.

The poet is born a poet. No man can become a poet any more than a man can change his height. John H. Twachtman was born a poet, and nothing could have made him anything but a poet.

The poet may be made to drag a cart. A mule will drag a cart better. Twachtman the poet when he came into my life was dragging a cart. They had made him teach drawing at the Art Students' League.

There is no reason why the poet should not teach, but there are things he should not be made to teach. He should not be made to teach that which is dead; and this Twachtman was forced to attempt.

Twachtman had to teach us drawing. We drew from dead plaster casts. A man who was not a poet had made models of hands and feet in clay. They were made simply with only the principal planes shown, block hands, block feet, dead hands, dead feet. From plaster casts of such dead models, Twachtman the poet had to teach us how to draw. A poet can be made to drag a cart.

Art is life; art is poetry. It has nothing to do with block hands, block feet. It has nothing to do with the ugly. It is a cry of joy given out by a man. Those dead hands, those dead feet were blocks of lead fastened to our necks. And Twachtman had to teach us to draw those dead plaster blocks. In truth the poet had been made to drag a cart, heavy with blocks of dead plaster.

Twenty-third street is no place for a poet now. It was no place for a poet then. The Art Students' League was in a sordid loft building on the north side of the street. It stood a block or two east of the Academy. The loft building was a sordid place. It had never been anything but a sordid place. It had never had the touch of beauty which still lingers in Washington Square and Gramercy Park. It had been built as a loft building in those sordid days which followed the Civil War. Only when Twachtman came into the room did a glimmer of light get in. That glimmer he brought with him. In such a sordid place did the poet teach us, his heart far from those dead plaster block hands, from those dead block feet.

On Broadway just below Twenty-third Street was Wunderlich's. There were shown the etchings of Whistler, marvels of lightness, of beauty. There

too, later, were shown the pastels of Twachtman the poet, of Twachtman my poet. They were a cry of joy, a cry from the man who escaped from living death.

A year at the Art Student's League and then I went to Paris. The sordid place and with it Twachtman passed out of my life. I have written a lie. They never can pass out of my life.

On the white walls of my room the one pastel by my poet which I own looks as it could never look with another background. Twachtman's pastels are fragile things, as fragile as the gossamer of a poet's dreams. They are a poet's dreams. Would you cut a poet's wings and bring him into the modern drawing room? You cut the poet's wings when you bring his dreams into the modern drawing room.

Twachtman made etchings, etchings as delicate, as firm, as his pastels, as fragile as the gossamer of a poet's dreams. On white paper they are printed in black printer's ink. On white paper are printed the odes of Keats. The black printer's ink and white paper did not take from the poetry of Keats. The black printer's ink and the white paper have not taken from the poetry of Twachtman. Unpoetic things, paper and ink, have become poetic under the spell of the poet.

At Keppel's Gallery there is to be held a show of Twachtman's etchings. According to an unpublished article by Robert J. Wickenden which I have seen in manuscript there are nineteen of Twachtman's etchings. The plates of the etchings have been kept by the Twachtman family. Alden Twachtman has made the prints of his father's etchings and they will be shown, the nineteen of them, at Keppel's.

Four of the nineteen plates were made in Holland: *Dordrecht; Evening, Dordrecht; Weeds and Mill, Holland* and *Near Dordrecht*. Three were made in France: *Quai at Honfleur; Mouth of the Seine* and *Road near Honfleur*. One was made in Venice.

Eleven of the nineteen plates were made in America and four of these were etched near Cincinnati: *Autumn, Avondale; Winter, Avondale; Miami River* and *Near Cincinnati*. The others were all made in New England: *Branchville, Connecticut; Old Mill, Branchville; The Foot-Bridge, Bridgeport Shanties, Bridgeport, and Newport, Rhode Island*.

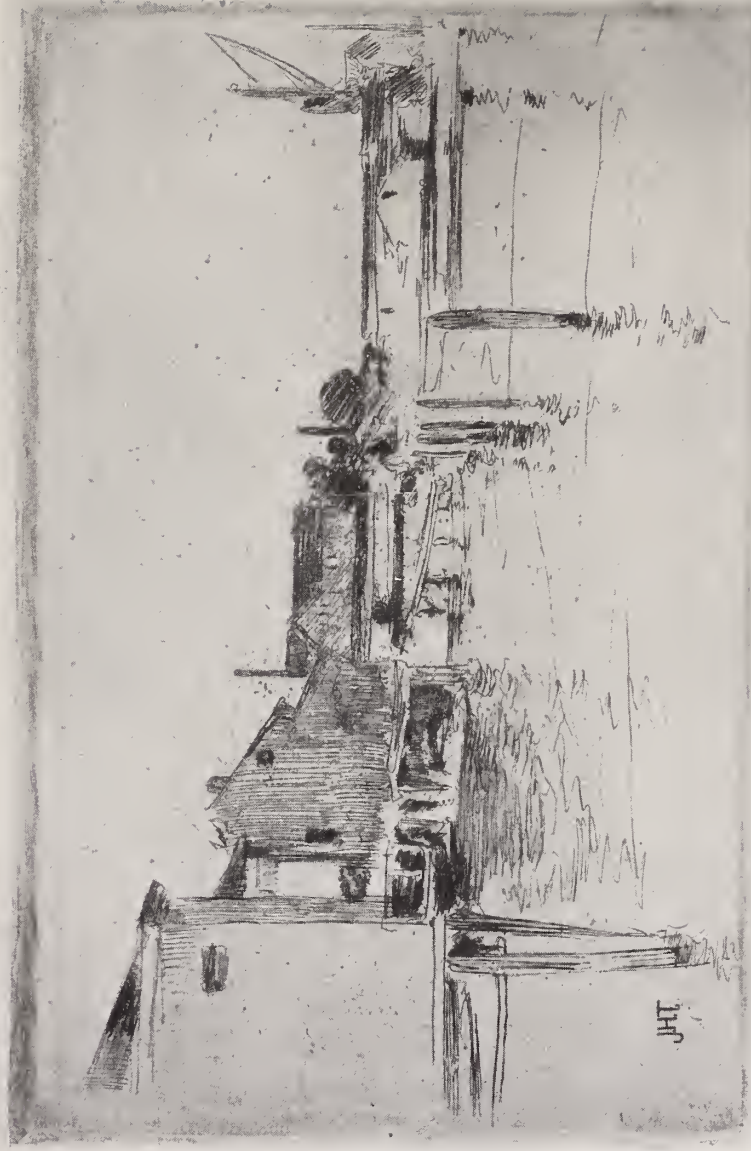
Twachtman is a poet in his etchings as in his pastels, as in his oil paintings. He is a poet because



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BRANCHVILLE, CONNECTICUT J. H. TWACHTMAN

Frederick Keppel & Co.



BRIDGEPORT, THE DOCK

Frederick Keppel & Co.

J. H. TWACHTMAN



J.H.T. AT

THE FOOT BRIDGE, BRIDGEPORT J. H. TWACHTMAN

Frederick Keppel & Co.



J. H. T. WACHTMAN

J. H. T. WACHTMAN

Frederick Keppel & Co.

WEEDS AND MILL, HOLLAND

he was born a poet and his art is a cry of joy. He is my poet because I knew and loved him. If you

feel all the beauty, the joy of his art he is your poet also.

THE NEW TENDENCIES IN ART

By WILLIAM ZORACH

SOME would say it is not the artist's place to explain art. Art speaks a language of its own. This is true. But our brain is so much more responsive to the every-day language of words that the more unfamiliar language of form and color remains a closed book unless approached or at least supported by words.

It is not an explanation of the modern forms of art that I am attempting. It is simply a discussion of the new meanings of line and form and color that are developing in the world today,—not with the idea of making anyone like it better, but simply to make it more comprehensible. Perhaps it will be a starting point for some. Perhaps it will awaken a sense of realization of something bigger in those who are seeking some realization, give them a glimpse of possibilities that could make work and life more interesting, more fascinating. Art must be; art is something more than the discussion of superficialities and surfaces. Art is development, a growth of mind and spirit. Art and the appreciation of art should develop and enrich the soul of man. It is the manifestation of God in man.

I am not attempting to lay down any new or old laws and rules. This may or may not apply to any specific tendencies or movements or schools. It is simply an analysis of what form and color mean to the human consciousness. The art of an age is the mirror of that age. Living contemporary art not only reflects the present but it contains the past and is a prophecy penetrating into the future.

What is real in art is what one puts into one's work intellectually and emotionally by projecting one's appreciation, one's knowledge and one's taste in regard to form and color harmony,—not in copying what one sees in nature. To the modern artist, nature is material with which to work, not an effect to be transferred to canvas. The modern artist is not even interested in calling up in another person the emotion he felt before the beauty of nature. Some emotional or intellectual reaction in the artist is necessary to arouse the creative impulse. But in the creation of a work of art the artist is interested

only in the problems of expression. He is creating something that must live within the square of his canvas, find complete being there through a building up of plastic form and color, the interlacing of planes and textures, of depths and surfaces (something that retains a vivid life of its own through the constant study and seeking of the artist.) This is true equally of the finest work of the past and the best abstractions of the present. Sometimes this expression may recall something felt or seen in nature or again it may not. The value does not lie here. The real meaning is in the play of form and color, highly organized and developed, which may enlarge the universe spiritually and visually for the observer. Every gifted human being in every walk of life has some consciousness, some inner vision that sets him apart from others and which he contributes to mankind, enlarging the general life and consciousness.

An artist translates his vision through his personality by means of his intensity of interest in his work. The joy, the appreciation, the perfection of the work depend upon the depths and sensitiveness of the artist's soul. The joy in the actual work, the struggle with materials and vision, project the very flesh and blood and spirit of the artist into his picture, into his sculpture, or into the weaving of his tapestry. Upon this depends the life of the work of art. At this time the appearance of things have no interest to the artist. The vital thing is the creation of his work. Here he breathes into the very color and forms the beauty or the ugliness, the weakness or the power, the heights of his fancies, the elevation or the depths of degradation of his soul. Here is the revelation of the man. His being creeps into the most infinite crevices of his forms. His line becomes a living line only in so much as it is in relation to the rhythm of the whole, his color and form become beautiful in so much as it is in relation to the organization of form and color. The very way the paint is applied, the clay modeled, the stone chiseled or the wood carved proclaims the quality of the artist's soul.

What is nature? What is realism? What we

know as realism today is only a convention. The modern artist today is not drawing upon his imagination when he uses forms and colors arbitrarily or constructs a picture of cubes and triangles. He is merely selecting different materials from the inexhaustible source of nature and arranging it in different ways. It is not his material that is different, it is his point of view which is entirely different. It is a reevaluation of the old values. Looking upon nature with a creative vision he sees new and different truths, new and different reactions of form and color, new and different but intensely true relations. He does not limit himself to what he sees at the moment, but is free to include his memory and his knowledge of how things are as well as how they look; nor does he limit himself to the thing he is looking at, but is free to include whatever around him has relation to that thing, to whatever in life has relation to that thing. He sees no reason why the truth of today and the truth of yesterday, the vision of the distance and the intimate vision of near objects should not meet and mingle on his canvas. These are his materials. By his constant searching he continually enlarges the scope of our vision. There can be no such thing as realism in art in the usual sense. What one puts on canvas is a playing of materials. The eye bathes in breadths of surfaces that recede and expand, that become now hollow, now convex, that are smooth or rough. The hand touches and feels, the eye sees and touches and feels. The sensitive mechanism of the eye telegraphs to the brain the sensation intermingled with experiences and emotions, there going through a lightning process of elimination, deduction, comparison and conclusion. The eye of the artist today is a more highly developed and sensitive organ than the eye of the artists in the past, for it has added each visual step of the past and become conscious of still more subtle beauties and possibilities in nature.

Modern artists do not literally attempt to paint things as others have been accustomed to see them. They paint with an inner and an outer vision. If they were not conscious of and responsive to an inner value they would be incapable of feeling and insensitive to the phenomena of life. The wonder of life and the manifestations of the inner spirituality of nature are ever present. In the growth of every blade of grass, in every breathing thing, in every breeze and storm, in the sun and moon and stars is the significance of the greater mysteries around and about us. Modern artists take a line here, a color there; they seek the inner, combined with the outer, and (through their vision and realization, colored

with the strength of their personality), create art.

Within nature and within man lie infinite possibilities for the development of vision and æsthetic enjoyment. Man is a part of nature. Its child, its seed, man grows, draws his sustenance from nature, mental as well as physical. In collaboration with nature man develops his vision. Nature alone cannot produce art. Nor can man produce art without nature. Man cannot abstractly develop art from his own resources; the result is exhaustion, starvation and finally death. Only through constant contact with nature and life can man continue to develop and grow. Nature is infinite. In her exists every imaginable and unimagined form. Delving into the abstract use of form and color has brought out beauty in nature that no one was conscious of before. Through this development of the abstract future generations will see nature from an entirely different viewpoint. Photographic and representative art will be considered outside the field of æsthetics. What is now the abstract will in time become the realistic, real in the sense that its counterpart will be found in life.

The term Modern Art as applied here included a number of distinct phases of art development, the results of the inner need of the young and new to break through the ever hardening crust of the old and established. They all spring from the same revolt and are imbued with the same spirit, seeking larger and deeper truths, richer and more intense life. This seeking has led to many different and seemingly unrelated paths. One of the great values of the Modern Art movement is that it has set the creative powers free, it has loosed dormant faculties, it has given impetus to the creative powers of man. It has opened vistas where no one among us can see the end. It is impossible to prophecy what wonders could be wrought if these awakened powers were given free play and encouragement instead of having to fight for life. Heretofore art has meant something within the limitations of painting and sculpture. But today art would include the magic powers of the inventiveness of the human mind. One can today experiment with purely abstract forms and colors and express oneself æsthetically. And, through these experiments and delving into the relativity of form and color and by intelligent study and application, this new æsthetic language has been arrived at.

Modern art has developed a consciousness of the inner meaning of gesture. The bowing of a head, the turn, the stop, the look in an eye, the curve of the mouth, the passing of two forms—passing. How wonderfully suggestive a word! Two figures,

two things, two colors approach each other, meet, interlace, pass, leaving vacuums, pressing away volumes, filling up spaces. What of stillness, of calmness in two ships passing,—and of gesture, the gesture of love, of a mother fondling a child, of two lovers! All movement, all that movement and stillness embrace, the true artist is conscious of and receptive to. With the realization of this all true art is filled.

The modern movement has freed art from the idea of reproducing nature, an idea which has been persistently followed since the Greeks and which has been suddenly found to have nothing to do with art. The *essential contribution*, of modern art to æsthetics is the building up and development of purely abstract forms and colors. By abstract color I mean colors used for their abstract significance, not realistically, and by abstract form I mean purely geometrical shapes and simplified equivalents of nature,—such as an apple reduced to a circle, a head to an oval,—and the building up of a picture or a piece of sculpture by a combination of these forms, dissected and interlaced, interwoven and developed. Through this re-creation, this building up and eliminating of everything not vitally necessary, is built up a structural whole, is developed a harmony of form and color satisfying the artistic sensibilities of the artist. Infinite possibilities of expression and beauty lie in the development of this subtle interplaying of form, the disappearing and approaching of shapes and planes, the projections of solids and the dissembling and reassembling of forms and colors. Abstract forms and colors haphazardly thrown together or abstracted from nature without elimination and rearrangement of essentials would be absolutely meaningless; but handled by an artist, sensitive to feeling, to design, to the relations of form and color, they reveal an inner and outer construction and a spirituality that may give the spectator in turn a deeper realization, a consciousness of a new beauty.

There is nothing particularly new in this modern art. It is based upon the same cosmic principles of harmonious balance and relation of lines, forms, colors, volumes as is all true art. An artist must be sensitive to these things either consciously or unconsciously. It is that which causes him to be an artist. How is one to know what is something and what is nothing in modern art, what is a masterpiece and what an abortion? By the same process by which one learns to know what is real and what is not among the pictures of the past. By careful study of various examples, by listening to one's inner re-

sponse. There is no way of telling for those to whom it all looks alike (because so unfamiliar), unless they wish to accept the word of someone who has made a study of it. What is here today has always existed. It is only a new consciousness of fundamental truths as opposed to the development of decadent absurdities. It is self-preservation, the living spirit of art fighting against decay and annihilation, breaking through the encrusting shell of the past into a new life.

Modern art has widened the scope of every artistic medium, developing the realization that each medium has possibilities of use and expression different from the others. These artists are peculiarly sensitive to the inherent qualities in paint, in brass, in stone; dumb things waiting for genius to awaken the hidden powers within them and bring out new beauty and wonder. Such infinite delicacies as lyrical, vibrant, smooth, scratchy, powerful, soft, straight, weak, strong—infinite aromas of consciousness of all earth's charms and meanings, felt and not felt, seen and not seen, charm and mystery within and without,—all these are mere equivalents of the meanings portrayed by art.

An extreme appreciation of surfaces and textures can be seen in a number of modern sculptures and painters. They do not hesitate either to imitate these surfaces on their work or use the actual surface they feel the need of. Surfaces of cement and sandpaper opposed to surfaces of glass and metal, interlacing and moving through space within interesting designs. The grain of wood and newspaper were first copied, but the artist was not content until he actually cut out the various materials and like a mosaic, glued them alongside of each other, making interesting and unique patterns, making a surface that, were a blind man to run his hand over it, would actually give a certain appreciation through the sense of touch. They understand that the eye touches without touching (the ears hears without hearing), that the eye may possess the power of appreciation of the other senses, and register to the artist the sensations of touch, odor, sound, intangible mysteries of the universe and life, a penetration into the inner depths of harmony and life, which appreciation is beauty.

All great art of the past, whether developed or primitive, is filled with this innate quality. The effort to express this is visible in all the best and real in the past. That is the reason why those who do not sell their souls or waste their efforts live and are cherished by the world. Art is the expression of mankind, a universal and cosmic expression of

the soul of man, an expression of the realness of the universe and life. Art is the soul of man, ever striving, ever straining toward some fulfillment, some consciousness of itself and life.

Form is the expression of an inner relation of lines, planes, volumes to each other, a relation such as holds the stars in their courses in the heavens, balances force against force, relates vacuums and solids, a thing as fundamental and cosmic as these. Form is innate genius, genius alone possesses it. The form in a Donatello is as evident as in a fine piece of negro sculpture. True form is there whether trained or felt instinctively. There is no such thing as following the model in any real art, ancient or modern. An artist may use a model, either a figure or nature, but never literally follows it. When nature is used the artist translates, interprets, continually selecting, discarding, altering, creating, something that lives within the square of his canvas, as vividly as the thing before him lives in the world it is a part of. The great tragedy of our development has been the ever growing slavish dependence on the thing before our eyes. We had to find our picture ready made in nature or create it ourselves with arrangements of figures and draperies; then we sat down and copied it. Perhaps if we had trained our memory more, as the Chinese and Orientals have always done, perhaps our art might not have fallen into the pitfalls of non-essentials, the superficial and the surfaces of life. In working from memory at least there is concentration upon the essential and what is expressed is rather the thing felt than the thing seen. A line drawn from memory is a living line, a line seeking life. A line drawn from the thing before one is too often a dead line, having no relation to the conception.

One of the most important factors in the creation of a work of art is the relation of form. The shell of a snail developing within certain laws of resistance, compactness, unity, contains the essence of form relation in its most simple manifestation. It is its own perfection and for the conditions it must meet and the purposes it serves, it is quite satisfying. So also the construction of musical instruments, especially the violin where form working to attain its greatest perfection in sound production and quality produces visible forms of exquisite beauty and relation. It is an appreciation of this that is largely responsible for the frequent use of violin forms in certain cubist pictures.

The aim of the artist is to create real harmony in the relation of form, not only upon a two dimensional plane balancing from side to side and up and

down, but also a balance of receding and approaching planes, and again on a three dimensional plane where solids enter and recede, intersect and travel on parallel planes. This interplay of form must function, it must correlate its parts into a whole in the same sense that a fine machine is a unit of various mechanisms and is good or bad according to the perfection of the working relation of its parts. The locomotive of today is certainly a much more beautiful thing than the embryo steam engine of fifty years ago as it is more powerful and complete. On the other hand a primitive man making a vase, developing it in consideration of the greatest amount of volume within the least dimension created a thing more beautiful than the ornamental vase manufactured today without any consideration but its selling qualities. So a picture becomes a work of art according to the functioning of its parts and the reason for the existence of its forms and colors. The eye wanders over the picture and conveys the consciousness of a living world, a harmony of form and color.

Such experimenting on the part of the modern artist simply means a far greater appreciation and sensitiveness and will develop broader and deeper powers within the men sincerely working through these experiments. Whether these men will continue to go further and further into the unknown no one can tell. Only the change and development of the human race can tell. There are those who imagine that a period of art invention can extend indefinitely and do not seem to realize that if a period of development of the discoveries does not follow the revolt, the whole thing becomes barren. While there is tremendous value in the spirit of revolt, continued revolution is destruction. What we know as experiments in modern art will probably end with this generation. But it is easy to see that it will be the task of several generations to come to develop these possibilities. There has never been a greater realization of freedom among the arts than there is today. There is being developed a language of form and color far deeper and richer than has ever been realized before. The master painters of the past will be judged through the powerful lense of this new vision and a new classification and revaluation will take place. Art criticism will have to develop from an entirely different point of view. The credit and responsibility of this movement lies upon the age and the spirit of the time. No one can really claim the credit of the discoveries of modern abstraction of form. What will startle again and be proclaimed as lunacy and degeneracy by many and by others hailed as prophecy and light, it is impos-



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sible for any one living to tell. I doubt if it happens in our lifetime.

This struggle for individual expression is no easy one. It is not a refuge from difficulties. For many it is too great a task. Some go back, richer for their travels and explorations into the unknown. Others stop altogether and take up work along lines of lesser

resistance. The accomplishments of the real workers and pioneers will be carried on by coming generations of explorers and meantime the discoveries of today will be made a camping ground, a resting place for those who in the future will not have the strength and courage, the vision and power within them to go on to new and undiscovered worlds.

PATHFINDING IN PARADISE: THE POEMS ON JAPANESE PRINTS

By LOUIS V. LEDOUX

AN encouraging sociologist has calculated that African negroes compare in mental ability with the average Englishman or American of today about as we do with the Athenians of the fifth century before Christ; but it would be safer to assert that at no time or place in history since the fall of Athens has the whole body of a people been so gifted aesthetically, so keen in its perception and appreciation of beauty as were the Japanese in their golden age. Perhaps their day has passed as irrevocably as that of Greece, perhaps it already was passing when Japan was opened to Western influences; but one cannot help recalling a remark of the late Mr. Okakura, who, when he was asked what he thought of the yellow peril, replied sadly: "I know more about the white disaster." Twice in history have there been nations of artists, and if the Japanese had not been one of these, if the vital energy of the race had not at one time been turned almost exclusively to the production and appreciation of works of art, the poetry of Japan would be entirely different from what it is.

When a Japanese writes a poem he sets down merely a few suggestive key-words, unleashing the imagination, and the reader equally with the writer is expected to perform the poetic act, creating, as it were, the poem, or rather the poetry for himself. Through long generations of service in literature many of the words used have come to convey allusions to the episodes of history or legend, to have overtones suggesting the varying aspects of nature, the facts of life; there are meanings within meanings, so that if the mere words themselves, if translated literally, may express little or nothing of what the author intended them to convey. A poem which sounds like a brief sigh of regret for the passing

of spring snow or the falling of blossoms may actually be a lament over the transitoriness of childhood or the impermanence of love or life. The poet merely unlocks a door, setting free the imagination, and what the Japanese reader gets from the poem is dependent on the comparative richness or poverty of his own stores of accumulated knowledge and observation, upon his ability to follow the clue and make the poetry for himself. A Japanese poet relies upon the alertness and the imagination of his readers,—he is the antithesis of the Broadway playwright.

In form these poems are more condensed than anything else in literature, the Hokku, or poem of the usual length, having exactly three lines of five, seven and five syllables each. Compared with such minute word-carvings the epigrams of the Greek Anthology seem discursive, and when a Japanese poet sets out to write a long poem he merely adds at the end of the Hokku two lines of seven syllables each, the resultant five lines, or thirty-one syllables being called a Tanka. Fortunately for the translator rhyme is very seldom used, and when it is it occurs at the beginning of the lines rather than at the end. Frequently these little masterpieces lose their delicate charm when rendered literally in English, either because our minds are unaccustomed to catching the overtones or for other reasons, but when the imaginative suggestions they contain are sufficiently simple and obvious they are extraordinarily effective, as in the famous Hokku by Basho which Lafcadio Hearn translated literally as follows:

Old pond—frogs jumping in,—sound of water.
Let the reader who is sensitive to poetry say these words over slowly to himself and consider whether



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any full page of Wordsworth or Andrew Marvell has more in it than they contain. It is necessary, however, for the reader to make an effort, to use his imagination; for in Japan the poets do not describe, they suggest.

Many Japanese prints, notably those by Harunobu and the bird and flower pieces of Hiroshige, have on them poems which sometimes bear no apparent relation to the subject of the picture but frequently are exquisite in themselves, and it is only the extreme difficulty of finding anyone who can expound them in English or is capable of giving even an intelligible literal translation that has forced most collectors to content themselves with the beauty that was seen in spite of a growing realization that their portfolios contained an unexplored Paradise of loveliness. Of course some of the poems from the better known prints have been translated in various catalogues, but no two collections are alike, and many of the translations that are accessible are in a kind of prose that suggests the Bohn Library edition of the classics and demands of the reader who would extract any poetry from it more imagination than he is likely to possess. The situation had become somewhat embarrassing for a collector who was known to be particularly interested in poetry, when one day a charming Japanese gentleman came to call. He inquired, as all Japanese do, after the children in the house, and when he showed them photographs of his own children I saw that he was homesick. The next time he came there was a package of rice-cakes under his arm and after that, if he called when I was not at home, I would find him on my return putting together a picture-puzzle with marvelous dexterity or telling strange stories of fishermen who lived under the sea and badly behaved badgers. Mr. Kihachiro Matsuki and I became friends, and I was not long in learning that besides being something of a linguist he was a poet and scholar whose delight it was to translate and explain the poems on my prints. Now Mr. Matsuki has gone back to Japan, leaving with the children a puzzle that no simple-minded American could solve, and with me the problem of how best to lead others into those paths of beauty down which we journeyed together.

On most prints the poems are Tanka, but in the bird prints of Hiroshige, some of which are here reproduced, they are either Chinese or in the Hokku form; and the problem is how best to render them in English so that they will retain sufficient textual exactness, will convey to the Western reader at least some of the suggestions their writers intended to

evoke and, in the process of translation, will not suffer a complete loss of poetic effectiveness. An example will make the difficulty clear.

The print reproduced at the beginning of this article represents an uguisu or Japanese nightingale on the branch of a weeping peach tree. The literal translation of the Hokku is as follows:

O Nightingale—humble tribute—two and a half pints.

When Mr. Michio Itow, the dancer, first saw this poem he suggested, perhaps because he has lived too long in the Occident, that Hiroshige must have been sending a present of wine to a friend and made the picture and poem to accompany the gift. In Japan, however, taxes frequently were paid in rice and the real meaning of the lines can be given in absolutely correct Hokku form:

O Nightingale sing
Even to the poor who pay
But humble tribute.

This is sufficiently accurate, but it sounds more like a telegram in ten words than like a poem, because the nature of the language forbids too great condensation. Something must be sacrificed; and as the most important thing to preserve in the poem to be translated is the poetry, it seems better, when necessary, to expand the Hokku into a Tanka which is equally Japanese and sounds better in English. Of course the content as well as the comparative simplicity or complexity of the poem makes a great deal of difference in what can be done with it; but generally speaking a translation in five lines instead of three, while it may be farther from the actual text is apt to express more accurately as well as more felicitously the meaning of the original. The poem under discussion could be translated in Tanka form thus:

Yea, for the poorest
Whose barren field produces
Scarcely a cup-full,—
Even for his enjoyment
Nightingales pour forth music.

The poem on the print of a small green bird and bright plum blossoms, which is reproduced opposite, is by Kanga.

When the wood-cutter
Comes from the darkened forest
Homeward at sunset,
Long in the wild plum blossoms
Daylight lingers reluctant.

The famous print of the five swallows and the cherry branch from which the blossoms have fallen

妙自如能解醒醉騰揮流不勝清
心盛得金盤上嚼碎金之黑水精



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六台榮霜後露
千生金雪出深



張子華
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春來適是桃峯水
不辨仙源何處尋



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has the following Hokku, and it will be noted that when this form is successful in English the last line is apt to have a pleasant Sapphic cadence:

When twilight deepens,
Home to the sheltering hills
Gather the swallows.

Sometimes, as in the next two prints reproduced, the poems are Chinese, and in these cases the translator feels free to use whatever metrical form suits him best. The lines on the Parrot and Grape-vine are in praise of India ink—Sumi—and probably were taken from some old Chinese painting done, as the print itself is, except for the Parrot, with that pigment.

Sumi when used by a Master speaks of refreshment and clearness,

Splendid it seems to eyes waked from the stupor of wine;

Were it served from a golden bowl, were there lips that had daring to taste it,

Ah! What delight would come from the rich black drops as they fell.

This is an almost exactly literal translation and has the curious exaggeration of the Chinese, but the poem on the superb print of the Falcon and Snowy Pine is obscure and so difficult to render that I am tempted to supply a title: *Tribulation Makes Perfect*. The pine, of course, is a symbol of longevity.

Eternal pine-tree!
Snows of a thousand winters
Came and have vanished,
Leaving to thee their beauty;
O long enduring!

Sengen is an earthly Paradise where sages who have conquered desire live in tranquility, surrounded by beauty; the nearest equivalent known to us being the Islands of the Blest. On the famous print of red-throated sparrows, peach blossoms and the white moon is a Japanese poem which can be rendered in Hokku form:

Now on every stream
Are fallen petals floating:
Paradise is here!

or more accurately, with the full meaning of the text:

Bright on every stream
Are fallen petals floating.
Now that spring is here
Who can tell where Sengen lies?
The whole wide world is Sengen.

The Japanese are as fond of puns as the dying Duke in Richard II, but the poems that have these

cannot be translated even in literal prose without long explanations. I have not attempted to render any of them here, but have selected pieces that were characteristic in some other way and were simple enough to be given adequately in English with the delicate charm of the original,—an almost perfect example of this type being the Hokku on an exquisite print of brown sparrows and poppies:

Frail are the petals,
So frail I fear lest they fall
In the wind of wings.

[The prints which illustrate this article were designed by Hiroshige, one of the foremost landscape artists of the Ukiyo School. Hiroshige was born in 1797 and died in 1858. There is much difference of opinion in regard to the value of his art. There are those who feel that his greatest work was done in his youth and that the later work (usually upright prints) are not so beautiful as the earlier horizontal designs. Others prefer his more mature work. He is not comparable to the great landscape masters of the Japanese classical period. His art is relatively plebeian. Plebeian art usually has a vitality lacking in the more classical art. Hiroshige has a vitality which we would not find in Soami, although Soami is incomparably the greater artist. Hiroshige may be compared with his two great contemporaries, Hokusai and Kuniyoshi. Visitors to Japan say that Hiroshige is of the three the closest to the spirit of Japanese landscape. There is, however, seldom in his art that startling insight into life which gives such life to the art of Hokusai and Kuniyoshi. Hiroshige's bird and flower panels, seven of which are reproduced, form a unique series. They have a grace, a lightness which one will not find in the prints of any other designer.

Hiroshige's life was uneventful. He was the pupil of Toyohiro, a designer of wood cuts which have great delicacy of line. Toyohiro died in 1828 and up to that time Hiroshige probably did few signed works. His first series, "Toto Meisho" (Views of Yeddo), dates from about 1828. The last series, "The Thirty-six Views of Fuji," was published in 1859. Upon this last series Hiroshige II, adopted son of the great Hiroshige, is supposed to have worked.

With Hiroshige's death is brought to a close a great national art, that of the Japanese color print. The Japanese may in the future make prints of yet greater beauty, but it is certain that if they do the prints will not be so national, so Japanese.—EDITOR.]



鳥の飛ぶ姿は花の如し

一云くは

秋意筆





MARCEL DUCHAMP

JOSEPH STELLA

JOSEPH STELLA

By THE EDITOR

JOSEPH STELLA came to America from Italy as a young man. He has the breadth, the fullness of the Italian temperament. His talent at the time of his coming to America had not yet been made manifest. He had painted portraits which showed a feeling for character and a delight in the work of Rembrandt. There was nothing to indicate that Stella had creative genius. That Stella has more than mere talent, that he has creative genius, is manifest to me in his "Brooklyn Bridge."

The Brooklyn Bridge must mean more to me than to most Americans. From my bedroom windows I watched it grow. It was intimately connected with my joys, with the great sorrow of my childhood. Colonel Washington A. Roebling lived next door to us in the old house built by my father's uncle in 1845 (and, by the way, it is now the home of THE ARTS). He it was who designed the bridge and watched (after he had fallen a victim of caisson fever) the construction of the bridge from the back windows. On May 24, 1883, the bridge was formally opened and there was a reception at the Roebling home attended by Hayes, Arthur, Cleveland and a host of other notables. Columbia Heights was jammed with people. It was a wonderful sight, but one which we could not enjoy, for my little sister, two years younger than I, lay incurably ill, all but unconscious. Colonel Roebling, who was very fond of the child, offered to forbid all unnecessary noise, such as the whistling of the steamers on the river, but my family could not let our private sorrow interfere with the festivities. My father, the rest of his life, had a horror of whistles, and we spent New Year's at Lakewood to escape the noise of the ushering in of the new year.

The Brooklyn Bridge, therefore, means much to me. It is to me a symbol of modern America—the most famous piece of engineering construction in America, although no longer the most important. Joseph Stella came to America as a boy and the Brooklyn Bridge came to symbolize our national life to him. He has just painted what to me is the apotheosis of the bridge. It is not the bridge seen from without, from the East River, but from within, from the central passage way which has been left for us pedestrians. He must have walked across the bridge many, many times, for the impression it has made upon him is not the superficial impression

it makes upon the man who has crossed it but once. It has the force which only comes to our impressions when the consciousness has been struck many times by the same phenomenon.

For many years I have been hoping for an adequate expression of that wonder, the Brooklyn Bridge. Our painters have been singularly lacking in perception. Any one at all familiar with our bridge knows that the roadway is less than half way up the towers, yet the painters almost always without exception paint the segment of the towers under the roadway as higher than the segment above the roadway. Jonas Lie is one of the worst sinners in this respect. His paintings of the bridge are lacking in elemental truth. Joseph Stella's apotheosis of the bridge is frankly cubistic, but the towers, as seen in the distance, are true to life.

The painting to me is more real, more true than a literal transcription of the bridge could be. The towers are vague in the distance against the night sky. The cables are ghostly threads as they approach the electric lights, only to be lost in darkness as they go up into space. To the right there is the suggestion of an ever flowing line of trolleys and of trains from the elevated, and green lights to show that the way is clear. The whole picture is throbbing, pulsating, trembling with the constant passing of the throng of cars. Yet with all this that I see in it, it is entirely possible that another might not even recognize it as the Brooklyn Bridge.

So far I have spoken only of its suggestiveness, of that which some would call its literary value. Apart from this there is its value as pure design, and it is in its design that the painting is strongest. The design is as compact as in a Luca Signorelli.

The "Brooklyn Bridge" is compact in design, but Joseph Stella is at times diffuse. In the "Tree of My Life" he is as diffuse as a Flemish primitive, as Bosch or the elder Breughel. In it he has doubtless given suggestions of material incidents of his life, but it is rather his spiritual development which is shown—a development toward joy, peace, light. A garden of rare flowers, of beautiful shrubs and trees in which birds are singing,—such is the background which he has painted for his soul's delight. It is a garden which one would associate with "the venerable names of Edgar Allan Poe and Mister Henry James."



THE SONG OF THE NIGHTINGALE

JOSEPH STELLA

Those who have no sympathy with the ultra-modern point of view would enjoy other sides of Joseph Stella's work, such as his sensitive profile portrait of Marcel Duchamp and his studies of flowers. His interpretations of plant life are akin to those of the great Chinese masters. The high finish has in no way robbed his studies of flowers of their breadth and simplicity. You who do not understand his "Brooklyn Bridge" will enjoy the flower studies, and yet it is my feeling that you will not fully appreciate their beauty unless you also feel that of his "Bridge."

Joseph Stella shows in his more abstract work a marvellous range of sympathy. The gaiety of his Coney Island, the mysticism of certain of his architectural pieces, the romanticism which at times crops out quite unexpectedly, all these things proclaim him a man of genius.

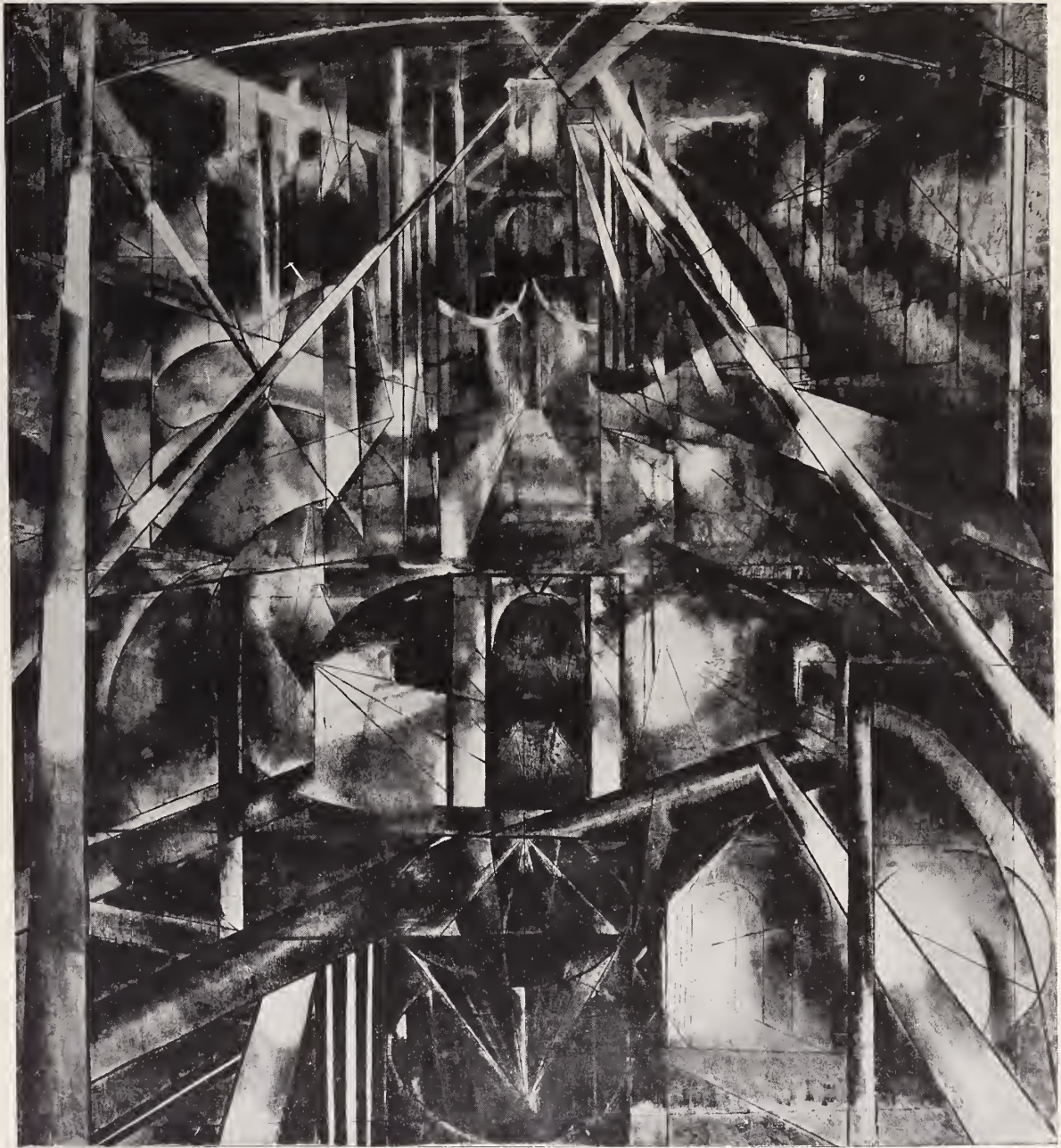
There is a direct connection between the soul of a man and his physical body. As Spenser has put it: "Soul form is and doth the body make."

Joseph Stella has a physique which suggests the

art of the man. It is the physique of a man who dares to be himself, broad, opulent, careless. His hands are massive. He is unabashed, unafraid. He suggests Whitman in the fulness of his nature. Whenever I meet such a man it is as if I had met one of the beneficent powers of nature, as if I had been battling with a strong southern wind. There is the inspiration which comes from a battle with the southern wind, none of the fatigue of a contest with winter's cold blasts. Like the southern wind Joseph Stella is a friendly spirit, big, broad, kindly.

Is not his art the reflection of the soul of the man? Do we not get from his work the same feeling of robust manhood, of massive opulence, a nature akin in many ways to that of Rubens? Yet just as Walt Whitman could have been infinitely tender so is it with Stella. He has a delicacy which could not have been a characteristic of Rubens.

Delicate, full, rich, opulent, straightforward, these are adjectives with which I would characterize the work of Joseph Stella.



BROOKLYN BRIDGE

JOSEPH STELLA

THE TOUCHSTONE

By MARY FANTON ROBERTS

A YOUNG RUSSIAN SCULPTOR

GLEB DERUJINSKY has brought to America from Russia a very vital personality, a friendly sympathetic interest in life, intense desire to give the utmost his art can produce to America, and a "childlike hope" that this country will appreciate his work and welcome his sculpture.

A collection of his work will be shown at the Milch Galleries from November 21st to December 3d. In this exhibition you will find a great variety of interest; all phases of life appeal to Mr. Derujinsky, and so far as possible each phase is transfused into some sculptural expression. As you move about the gallery you will realize that this young artist is fond of music, understands it, and has known musicians, and you will see a curious bust of Prokofief, who played so brilliantly here in New York last winter. It is a strange naked study of personality; the man's great head, the protruding forehead and strong jaw do not so much suggest a musician but as a pioneer in new worlds, a struggler and a fighter.

Mr. Derujinsky is also a devoté of the modern art of dancing, so you see in this exhibition two very spirited and delightfully executed figures of well-known dancers, Bolm and Miss Page, who did such beautiful work in the "Carnival of Schumann." Another dancing figure who has interested New York very much is the graceful Margaret Severn, who created quite a furore last year in the Greenwich Village Follies, with the dances she composed and executed, wearing Benda's masks. Another phase of this versatile artist's work are designs for porcelain ornaments. These delicate figurines he intends to develop in color and they will be quite an innovation in small drawing room ornament.

The sculpture of Mr. Derujinsky's which we have chosen for reproduction in *THE ARTS* is something unique, not in subject, for "Leda and the Swan" has been painted and carved for centuries, in Italy, France and England; but this carving in wood, with its sense of vast proportion, with very little detail and a most compact placing in space is decidedly new and interesting. Mr. Derujinsky has handled the surface with great beauty, the simple form is scarcely more than outlined, and he has completely avoided the mistake so often made of trying to develop a swan that would belong in a sketch for a natural history museum. This is a very legendary theme, and to handle such a theme in a

rather legendary manner is both novel and sure. The body of the swan which dominates the composition has a stately grace, and what is seen of the body of the young woman fills out the picture without in any sense confusing the outline. The treatment of the hair in a great mass, faintly lined, is quite beautiful, and the solidity of the pedestal in its rounded form is admirably suited to the composition. To me it is the most vigorous and technically interesting piece of sculpture that Mr. Derujinsky has brought to this country.

He will also exhibit several very smartly done portrait-figures of well-known people in New York. He seems to have a sense of fashion as well as form, and you somehow know without looking at a catalogue when he is doing a portrait of a smart young woman or when he is using his imagination to do something that just seems interesting and inspiring and impersonal.

THE "SERVANTLESS HOUSE" IN SUCCESSFUL DRAMA THIS SEASON

THE "servantless house" seems to figure quite conspicuously in the successful plays of this early season. I have three especially in mind, and there is not a French maid pirouetting through one of them. There are children and young lovers and worn-out mothers and hard-working fathers. In fact there are the elements in each of these plays that go to make up interesting human existence, the elements of comedy and tragedy, of youth and age, passion and sorrow and bitter disappointment and,—What more is there in any lives, even where there is a large corps of servants? So far as I can find out from these clever and successful plays, the "servantless house" has a very well rounded out existence, with opportunity for the display of all those qualities that loom large in the most fashionable dramas on Broadway.

To be sure, these plays of humble folk have no bedroom scenes, or if they did have one I am sure we would find in it only despair or death. In the lives of the very busy, "homely" people, the bedroom does not inevitably mean a rendezvous, any more than a closet after nine P. M. must have hidden within it a husband or family skeleton. No, humble homes have simple uses, people are born in them and love and marry, and work and die in them, and sometimes they marry the wrong people and



LEDA AND THE SWAN

GLEB DERUJINSKY

Milch Galleries

love the wrong people, and death is sometimes as violent as in the homes of the rich.

I am deeply interested in "The Detour," by Owen Davis; "The Hero," by Gilbert Emory, and "The White-Headed Boy," by Lenox Robinson, all produced early in September, and each one already a marked success. Not one has a single motive that a year ago would have found a home and crowded houses on Broadway, not one has in the cast a gilded youth, a soubrette, a made-to-order villain, not one shows elaborate scenery or gorgeous costumes, not one makes a straight appeal to sex interest or to any phase of abnormal existence. There is sex in every one of the plays and beauty and heart-break, and there is not very much happiness, even just before the curtain goes down.

Just how much "Main Street," "Miss Lulu Bett" and "Moon-Calf" have had to do with the opening of people's eyes toward the real existence of humble people it would be hard to say. I am sure these three books have done a great deal. The very fact that they make people so angry is a hopeful sign, because if people are really angry they are going to talk a great deal, and if you talk a great deal about a book or play, even if you don't like it, it is a good thing for the book or the play and for you. I firmly believe that "Main Street," being the first of these books, was one of the most drastic medicines for American middle class snobbery that has ever been handed out in such large potions, say two hundred and seventy thousand drinks. I am one of those unpleasant people who believes that Main Street is just as bad as it is painted. I do not see how anyone can think straight and believe that there is "beauty in all places, in all people, in all conditions." There was no beauty in Main Street, and Mr. Lewis dared to say so. Yet, on the other hand, there is beauty in "The Detour," produced by Mr. Schubert, a little; there is great beauty in "The Hero," and a little beauty and much comedy in "The White-Headed Boy."

When I say only a little beauty in "The Detour" I mean that the actual life shown was so hard, so sordid, so full of repression that there was not much beauty to express, but here was a great deal in the presentation of the play and in the acting. The play was staged by Augustin Duncan, who did such splendid work in the production of "John Ferguson," "The Weavers," "Mixed Marriage." Mr. Duncan also plays in "The Detour," the important male part of *Steven Hardy*, a beautiful creation as fine in its way as *John Ferguson* and *John Rainey*. Mr. Duncan, happily for the American stage, is not afraid

of doing a part as it was written. He is not shy of a beautifully rounded characterization. He never tries to prettify the part he is playing; he takes men and women as they lived in the towns the dramatists found them in. The *Hardy* kitchen is a dreary place, it could not be otherwise with *Mr. Hardy's* grasping, rasping nature and *Mrs. Hardy's* repression and vanity, yet when Mr. Duncan arranges a porch outside this dreary room, a narrow spot where people would never dream of resting or loving, he somehow stages it against a shaft of blue that gives you a sense of great beauty; he uses his imagination as a producer, as an actor, but not to weaken the power of the people as the dramatists saw them, he just lets these people alone.

What a cruel, ordinary far-country type the young girl is in this play. The fire of her life, her love of art all die down in the face of the least opposition, and you know that her romance will go the same way—just as these things happen in just such surroundings. The dramatist can, of course, always give the exceptional instance that will ring a bell in one part of a play, but no sincere books or plays are made up of exceptional instances. You only find this method in the movies.

"The Hero," produced by Sam Harris, is to me distinctly a bigger play than "The Detour," though not better acted or quite as well staged. But it has against the homely, constricted background of the little New Jersey sitting room tremendous tragedy outlines, in fact, the tragedy is so great that you lose sight of the surroundings, almost of the characters. The question of what is spiritually significant comes up in this play and pounds upon your consciousness, and with all your old rules and laws and traditions you are left bewildered when the curtain goes down. For both men in the play are heroes and both are weaklings, and perhaps that is the answer. The war hero is as destructive to his brother's home in peace, as in war to the enemies of his country, and yet at the end his capacity for splendid and selfish devotion to an ideal reasserts itself and he gives his life for a little child. The brother, played by Richard Bennett, is a hero throughout his narrow, ragged, limited life. There are no brave splendid moments for him, and no contemptible ones. He gives all he has all the while, and it is never very much nor very romantic nor very impressive to his family, but it is so touching and so without earthly reward that you remember it with tears and a great desire to personally make good somehow to him in actual life.

Fania Marinoff is very good indeed, very pic-



DESHA HARRIET FRISHMUTH

turesque and convincing, as the Belgian refugee, and Robert Ames is so sure and fine in his work that he becomes detestable. I think it a great play because a great spiritual conflict is brought before you in the poor little room, and the hearts of people are shown nakedly in the searching light that suffering throws over humble lives. The mother of the boys is a very whimsical, fine bit of writing. She is a definite product of her little town and she never deviates a particle from the forces that produced her. She does not see far into life, but that far with good humor and not without dignity. If we are interested in life, in its struggles, its bitter disillusionment, its fine spiritual flights, we may just as well make up our minds to begin to see the plays of humble life as well as such witty enchanting comedies as "The Silver Fox" and "The Circle." As not one play has dared to present quite so barren a field as "Miss Lulu Bett," and perhaps not one presents so brilliant a characterization as *Lulu* in Zona Gale's play.

Quite in another key, simple and humble but racy with rich humor of Irish farm life, is "The White-Headed Boy," recently produced by Charles Dillingham. The principal part is played with a warm, succulent flavor that I believe only Miss O'Neill

in all the world could give to this Irish character. Very real people indeed walk in and out of the kitchen door, and go up and down the narrow stairway in the story of "The White-Headed Boy." In twenty-four hours, the comedy and tragedy, the amusement and the quarrels, the selfishness, the vanity and the greed, the light-heartedness, the gaiety and generosity shown, tell the story of the whole heart of Ireland, and tell it with such wit, such charm and fine dramatic quality that you are completely captivated. Not one character in this play for one minute drifts from its mooring. The outline of each human being is as definitely drawn as life itself dares to do. The hard men remain hard for all their fine impulses, the poetical boy is romantic to the last minute, and two of the sisters are admirable, the one who thinks she is an artist and the other who finds a copy of *Vogue* and selects a smart wedding dress out of it to the horror of her family. They are living people, and you feel that they were born in this house, have grown up in it, and that their characters were formed by the environments so admirably presented. The Irish Players from the Dublin Theatre whom we saw some years ago here in New York, and loved, present the play.

HARRIET FRISHMUTH, SCULPTRESS

I HAVE followed Harriet Frishmuth's work with eagerness, since I first saw that beautiful bronze fountain called "Joy of the Waters," which was exhibited in The Touchstone Garden in June, 1919. She embodies so much strength in her work, so much love of art, so much understanding of life and delight in it, coupled with a finished technical skill, that I find myself looking forward to a great future for her. There can be no doubt that America has advanced in the variety and interest of its sculpture.

And the women of America, the artists in bronze and marble, have done a great deal to bring about this condition. They have not been afraid to work in their own land, to find their subjects about them, to produce what interested them; they have gone at their work more unhampered by tradition than almost any other group of workers in the field of art. It is not just that their attitude toward life is materialistic, although in the main their work has not been particularly idealistic, but to me it is something greater than either of these characterizations—it is spiritual. I believe that with a greater freedom in life, women are becoming more definitely

spiritual. The inhibitions that the old ways of living produced, that were born in zennanas and harems of Asia and in Puritanism right here in America, are gradually being loosened from the spirit of womenkind, and with greater confidence and sureness she is becoming richer in her nature, finer in her judgments and clearer in her understanding. All of this I feel in the art which women are producing today, especially in sculpture.

Somehow modelling seems to me to be the art in which women will do very splendid things, the molding of life has been their work for æons past, and I think they gather out of their capacity for understanding, sympathy, something more intimate, more out of their hearts, than as yet men have been able to put into art. I feel it in the rich dignity

of Anna Hyatt's work, in those human beautiful figures of Miss Eberle's. And now in the last year or two very particularly in Miss Frishmuth's modelling, both in her slender ecstatic figures that represent the flight of her spirit, and in some earlier work which expresses the most supreme understanding of the relation of a sculptor's art to space. In the little half-crouching figure which is reproduced, a study of the dancer "Desha," you will see exactly what I mean. If you would draw an oblong line around this figure and pedestal, I think you would find it hard to suggest any placing of the figure more right and lovely than the pose Miss Frishmuth has arranged and modelled. It has a quality of solidity, of strength, and purpose that I think Rodin would have greatly admired.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

By ARTHUR POLLOCK

GIOVANNI GRASSO

DOWN on the dark Bowery, where the vivid Mimi Aguglia plays occasionally, and whence Nazimova, Bertha Kalich and others lesser known have journeyed successfully to more lucrative Broadway, a giant Sicilian is performing nightly with a Sicilian company in a group of Sicilian plays. His name is Giovanni Grasso, he weighs an appreciable part of a ton, he moves about with the agility and grace of a kitten and he is a great actor or thereabouts.

Great actors are rare these days, if we may attribute truth to the statements of those who have seen and written about Booth and his contemporaries. Yet "great" is a word not seldom to be seen in the newspapers the day after John Barrymore or Ben-Ami has performed. Perhaps Grasso hasn't the imagination of John Barrymore nor the intellect of Ben-Ami, but his instinct is surer. He can with less histrionic fuss get deeper under the skin of the people he portrays than either of them. And the unaffected spontaneity and gusto of his work make Barrymore seem studied by comparison and Ben-Ami ponderous. He carries mannerisms from one rôle to another but none of the superfluous trickery one sees in the native theaters. He is simple, lucid. The scope, the versatility of Mary Garden, is not his, but his acting, like Mary Garden's, gives one inklings of what great acting really is.

So far as his versatility is concerned I am certain only that he can act the Sicilian drama of elementary passions superbly, that he would have delighted Elizabethan audiences in a number of the plays of Shakespeare and his immediate predecessors and that in the rôle of Neri in "The Jest" he would wipe out all memories of the excellent and amiable Lionel Barrymore. Perhaps he hasn't the voice for Shakespeare that Burbage had, but he is robustious enough and he follows faithfully Hamlet's advice to the players, follows it with enormous power and skill and certainty. Actors today make a fetch of being natural. They set a large amount of machinery in motion in order to achieve their naturalness. Usually you can hear the wheels of the machine grind out the naturalism. The effortlessness of these actors is in the majority of cases full of effort. Giovanni Grasso appears to be natural by nature. He never finds it necessary to under-act; he is never tame. Restrained he is, but not constrained.

He arrived in this country the first week in September and began a twelve-weeks' engagement on the Bowery at the Royal Theater, formerly the Bowery Theater, which has housed many a famous actor before this. I have seen him in two of the plays of his repertoire, "Malia" and "Omerta," live, realistic dramas of Sicily, each of which ends with a murder. His work in these is a remarkable exhibition of ease and articulateness of voice and

movement. When he comes quietly upon the stage you are no sooner struck with the size of him than you realize that he is completely the master of his huge body. He is as graceful and rapid in his movements as a bantam-weight boxer, but grace and agility are never exploited for their own sake. He is an interpreter, not an exhibitionist.

In "Malia" he has the rôle of a shy and oafish fellow, whose self-consciousness and lack of urbanity Grasso reveals by a childlike look of confusion and little futile still-born gestures. A simple wight, rather comic and of little importance, he is a subordinate figure in the first two acts of the play. Things go on about him while he stands back, the significance of the action always reflected in his face. The woman he loves loves another man. He endures the situation and suppresses himself. He is unused to action. But the last act forces action upon him; action was similarly forced upon the hesitant Hamlet. But this fellow, when the time comes, is not hesitant. There is a swift scene of anger and denunciation, acted with a surpassing skill of which the

actor seems entirely unconscious. All the spirit and vitality that has been suppressed by the uneasy fellow in the acts preceding now bursts forth, and with a panther-like pounce upon his antagonist he ends the play by deftly drawing a razor across the villain's throat.

In "Omerta" he is seen in the first act returning from prison after serving time for a murder he has not committed. He weeps at the sight of his mother and weeps again when he is forced to leave her. And at the end of the last act he dies from a pistol wound in the back. The death scene is full of gruesome detail, but it is done swiftly and with no mawkish and proud dwelling upon the details. His dying makes John Barrymore's acrobatic death scene in "Redemption" seem stilted, artificial and clumsy.

In his comic moments, as in those of tragedy, he is as delicately deft as Charlie Chaplin. Always he is graceful, plastic, facile and perfectly master of himself. He gives the impression of enormous strength. I should say he might wrestle Zbyszko successfully. Yet he is all delicacy.

CHICAGO LETTER

By KATHARINE EGGLESTON ROBERTS

IN the receiving rooms of the Chicago art galleries many boxes have arrived—Pandora boxes in truth, releasing for fall exhibition many ills and not a few blessings to mankind.

At the galleries of Neoma Nagel in the Courtyard is one of the most satisfying of present exhibitions. In the few statues sculptured by Alfeo Faggi emotion moves the stone that breathes of the inner essence, the pure sublimity of rare beauty. Time and again, wearied with the rush of the street, I have returned to them, always to be calmed, always to be thrilled with the quiet glory of their aspiration and the strength of their repose. They are soon to give way, I hear, to the colorful batik of Ethel Wallace and the keen regret at their going is not lessened by my interest in the decorative velvets and silks that replace them.

Across the street at O'Brien's the etchings by Frank Potter are being shown, and several good canvases by a number of present day artists adorn the walls. These etchings are particularly soft and luminous and their composition is excellent. I have heard that Mr. Potter—who, by the way, won

honors at the recent International Exhibition in Ghent—has been invited by Augustus John and Sir William Orpen to exhibit in the New English Art Club. Those of us especially interested in the work of Ettore Caser are delighted to hear that he has sent from Italy ten new paintings soon to be displayed at the O'Brien galleries.

At the Ackermann galleries the water colors by David Cox, Peter de Wint and Turner are well worth seeing, as showing English water color at the height of its tradition. It is unnecessary to add that the original caricatures by Cruikshank are not less amusing today than they were when made. At Ackermann's they are showing, too, some remarkable dry-points by Edmund Blampied, a young artist native of the Channel Islands. The sure drawing and the quick vigorous movement in these scenes from Jersey peasant life account for the reputation which their creator, who three years ago was practically unknown and who is now an A. R. E., has so swiftly made.

Andersons are exhibiting canvases by the Dutch masters of the close of the last century, among them

the works of Josef Israels, Willy Martens, Ter Mulon, J. S. H. Keever, DeBock, and William Maris. These artists need neither introduction nor comment. Their paintings are to be followed by a show of Old English portraits.

The principal fall exhibition in the galleries of Carson, Pirie, Scott and Company is to be paintings by Robert Vonnoh and statues by Bessie Potter Vonnoh, his wife. I must confess that my enthusiasm for Mr. Vonnoh's portraits is greater than for his landscapes. Mrs. Vonnoh, whose fountains and charming dancing figures have made her famous, is one of the four American women to be honored as a member of the National Academy.

Leon Lundmark spent the summer on the shores of Lake Superior. His display of canvases at Young's galleries attests the industry of his brush. Undoubtedly this young artist has promise, but we are too often disappointed in the skies in his pictures. They are too static and they stop with the canvas. Mr. Young announces that he has secured many excellent paintings from some of the best of our modern American artists for his fall bidding sale which is to be held in the near future.

At the Art Institute the Exhibition of Applied Arts bewilders us with its variety. The latest of

smart woollens from the Flambeau Shops and handsome furniture and wall tapestries from the Edgewater Looms vie for attention with a display of ecclesiastical fittings contributed by the Gorham Company. The coloring of the panels from stained glass windows made by Charles J. Connick is extraordinarily rich, his reds and blues more nearly approaching those of the old masters than any recent attempts I have seen. My fancy was captivated too by the ship models made by Mr. Ottie of Boston from documents of old ship lore.

The most important event of the fall will be the Thirty-fourth Annual Exhibition of American Paintings and Sculpture to be held by the Art Institute in November. Among the invited works is a striking portrait of the landscape artist, Edward Redfield, by Wayman Adams. George Bellows will be represented by a large canvas called "Eleanor, Joan, and Anna," which was recently reproduced in *THE ARTS*. Eugene Savage is sending a decorative pastoral; James Hopkins, one of his pictures of a Kentucky mountaineer; Frederic C. Bartlett, a scene from Florida, and Robert Spencer, "The Stone Crusher." The gossip is that the exhibition promises to be one of the best in the history of the Art Institute.

THE ART STUDENT

A READER writes: "I was taught that when I paint from nature I should outline the objects on my canvas in blue. My color is never warm or rich and I cannot but wonder if the outline may interfere with my getting rich color."

The color of the outline has a great influence on the color of your completed painting. If your outline is a strong blue it will have a tendency to make all reds and yellows, and especially all orange shades, look stronger than they actually are. Your finished painting will probably be deficient in reds and yellows. Whatever color you wish to dominate your finished painting may be used for your outline.

Color, however, is not the only consideration in choosing a pigment. The pigment should be a quick dryer. It should not be strong. Indian Red or Prussian Blue would be unsuitable colors to use in outlining your picture. They are far too strong. Rose Madder or Cadmium Orange would be unsuitable because they are so slow drying that pigments laid over them would be apt to crack.

There is one pigment which seems to me ideal for this purpose, the Mineral Grey made by Winsor and Newton. It is a pale grey which has very little strength. Mixed half and half with any of the strong pigments its influence is almost imperceptible. If you wish your outline to be merely a guide to your brush, and you wish it to disappear completely in the finished painting Mineral Grey is surely the pigment to use for your outline. Mineral Grey is, so to speak, the poor relative of an aristocratic family. Lapis Lazuli is a beautiful blue marble with veins of grey. For centuries Lapis has been considered one of the most beautiful of stones. You remember how Browning brings it in to "The Bishop Orders His Tomb." Mineral Grey is the poor relative. It is made from the grey veins of Lapis. From the bluest veins (the blue blood of an ancient family) is ground Lapis Lazuli, Ultramarine, the royal pigment of the Middle Ages. Do not confound it with the artificial Ultramarine first made about a hundred years ago.



L A N E I G E

Courtesies of Boni & Liveright

ROBERT HENRI

BRUCE CRANE was talking to me of mediums. "Years ago I was warned against 'Siccatic of Harlem' and was told how dangerous it was to use it. But I worked with Wyant, and Wyant told me that he had never found the slightest harm to come from its use. It was Wyant's favorite medium and you will have a hard time to find a Wyant which has gone far wrong. When I speak of 'Siccatic of Harlem' I am talking of the good old product made, as I remember, by Durosier. I suppose it is a solution of some resin, copal as likely as not, but whatever it is I can thoroughly recommend its use despite all the criticism I have heard. George Inness was less careful about his medium than Wyant. He had a way of sending out to the corner-paint-shop for some 'varnish' and whatever 'varnish' they gave him went into his painting. That is why one meets an Inness from time to time which has cracked badly."

TALKING of the cracks which had appeared in his work Albert Ryder said to me: "Dampness has much to do with cracks. You see that picture which is so badly cracked on one side? It was hung for a long time in that alcove next the washstand. The towel hung up against it, and one day as I took it down to wipe my hands, I noticed that the painting back of the towel was cracked in all directions. That's what comes from washing one's hands too often."

DAMPNESS, bad medium, painting over a semi-wet sketch with quick drying paints, these are the three principal causes of the cracking of paintings.

LET us talk in this issue about wooden panels as a good base upon which to paint. Wood apparently was the base upon which were painted the first movable pictures. The Egyptians used wood several thousand years before Christ, and some of their paintings have come down to us less changed in color than much of the work of the early Nineteenth Century. It is still the most satisfactory foundation if absolute stability of the colors is to be considered as the first desideratum, but the wood must be thoroughly seasoned, and should not contain an appreciable quantity of resin.

That wood is the most satisfactory foundation was the conclusion reached some years back, when I made a careful study of the paintings in the Vienna Gallery with the idea of discovering the causes for the deterioration of oil color. It became apparent that more damage came from the insufficiency of

the support than from any other single cause. Of the paintings on wooden panels only six per cent had seriously deteriorated with time, whereas of those on canvas the percentage was fifty-five per cent. The risk of alteration of the color is therefore over nine times greater to paintings on canvas than to those on panels. I cannot, therefore, too strongly urge the use of wooden panels or cardboard (if made by a reliable manufacturer) for paintings less than sixteen inches wide. The Belgians are skillful in building up wider panels of mahogany. They resist our climate fairly well but are expensive. Panels have been made out of thin layers of wood glued together, each successive layer being laid so that the grain of the wood runs at right angles to the grain of the layer beneath it. Such panels are less liable to injury and, when well made, are in all ways satisfactory. Beaver board, when used, must be protected on all sides from the atmosphere by a heavy coat of paint. The chemicals used in the manufacture of cardboard and beaver board hasten their disintegration. Do not forget that these chemicals are all but powerless without the aid of the oxygen of the air. Paint your cardboard on both sides and on the edges and they will last many years.

With the smaller panels the only difficulty is the tendency the wood has to alternately contract and expand with the daily variations in the dryness of our steam-heated houses. Few of the old Italian panel-paintings have been able to withstand these changes in the atmospheric conditions when they were brought to America. The woods used were soft and porous and in consequence were easily affected by humidity. Moreover the gesso primings, too heavy and too brittle to respond to the expansion and shrinkage of the wood, scaled off. The use of gesso by the Italians was required because they underpainted largely with tempera. Gesso is unnecessary today, so that we avoid the dangers to which their work was liable. Our woods are much more suited for the purpose than were theirs. Mahogany, cedar, and our native black walnut are superior to the poplar and oak used during the Renaissance. They are close-grained woods, more impervious to moisture and relatively free from the attacks of insects. Oak, although liable to warp and to split, pine when free from knots and resin, whitewood, and poplar may all be used without much risk, but, as I have said, all wood must be well seasoned.

You can paint directly on the panel, but it is well to oil it slightly first unless you wish the base to be



THE HARVESTERS

Metropolitan Museum

PIETER BRUEGEL, THE ELDER

absorbent. Meissonier has made some charming sketches leaving large portions of the panel bare. In case you should ever wish to do the same, the entire surface should be oiled (with pure linseed or poppy oil) in order that the portions of the panel left unpainted should not darken when the picture is varnished.

The old masters obtained great brilliancy by painting on the pure white gesso ground. This method of preparation, as I have said, is not a safe one, as the gesso does not adhere well to the panel nor is it sufficiently elastic to expand and contract with the wood. But there is another way to prepare the panel which gives almost as brilliant results. First brush the panel on both sides with a wash of a five per cent solution of corrosive sublimate in alcohol. This will prevent the ravages of insects and will kill many of the germs of rot. This treatment of the panel is unnecessary if you are going to paint your panel on both sides and on the edge. Insects object to what is practically an air-tight home. The germs of rot do not enjoy life in a panel which is hermetically sealed. Do not forget that the principles upon which oil painting is based include the protection of the base and of the pigments from the ravages of the atmosphere. When thoroughly dry apply a coat of flake white thinned with a little linseed oil. In two weeks a second coat may be applied. Three weeks later a third if de-

sired. If you wish a smooth ground each coat of paint should be polished with pumice-stone just before putting on the next. This preparation can be toned by mixing with the final coat of flake white any color which dries rapidly. The panels should be kept in a light place while they are being prepared, as the linseed oil in the paint becomes rancid if the panels are kept in the dark. Indeed it is always well to keep prepared panels in a fairly light room. They should be painted on both sides, as I have said, and on the edges. Should they ever smell of rancid oil place them three or four successive days for several hours in direct sunlight and then wash them well with soap and water. After washing rinse off the soap thoroughly with clear water and let them dry. There is always danger that a little water has penetrated to the wood. That would cause the panels to warp. Watch them as they dry and, if necessary, let them dry under pressure to keep them flat.

If you follow these instructions you should never have any difficulty with wood as a foundation. Painting the edges and surfaces of a panel not only protects it from the ravages of rot and from insects but it also prevents warping. Give the back of your panel a sufficient number of coats of paint to keep the thickness of the paint on the back approximately the same as that of your picture.

COMMENT ON THE 'ARTS

THERE are a lot of interesting things going on in the art world, all sorts of interesting things, many of them innovations which may revolutionize our conceptions of art and its purpose in this world of ours.

There is a group of painters and sculptors who would murder the dealers, another group in which the members who are religiously inclined send up their prayers nightly that the dealers should receive their just reward on earth.

Art dealers are men. I should say that as a class they are superior to the average run of men. They do not, they cannot run their galleries purely for the benefit of the artists. John Claghorn, usually so level-headed, says they should. He was telling me Saturday of his idea of the ideal State. There would be artists aplenty supported (that is, the talented ones) by the State. The State owns what-

ever the painter turns out and then rents paintings as you rent a summer home. Whatever the artist creates becomes at once the property of the State, but he can if he wishes rent from the State his own work.

Come back to earth, John, we need you here.

THERE have ever been two ideals in art quite apart from the question of schools or of tendencies. Within each school there are two ideals. One ideal is austere and for lack of a better term is masculine in conception. There are romanticists, realists, classicists whose conception of art is austere, masculine. There are others whose conception is essentially full of grace, feminine. For several centuries art has been feminine in its grace and only occasionally there has appeared an artist whose art can properly be called austere. Such an artist was



DIONYSOS

ARTHUR B. DAVIES
Ehrich Galleries

Nicholas Poussin. Poussin has had an immense influence on modern art, on Millet, later on Cézanne. If one wishes to qualify Poussin's art in a few words one would say that Poussin always sacrificed in his art the various parts to the effect of the whole. In other words the art of Poussin is beautiful, it is not "pretty."

Tuesday I was talking with Nelson Harding about a modern painting which he felt had no beauty. It was rather a surprise to me that he did not enjoy it, naturally, but he did not, and, taken by surprise, I was at loss to explain satisfactorily wherein the beauty of the painting lay. It was in no particular part, it was in the painting considered as a whole, in the relationship between the parts, in its austerity.

Several months ago I was looking over a copy of THE ARTS with George Bellows and he was much struck with the reproduction of a painting by Degas, the portrait of a man in modern dress with abnormally large and clumsy feet. It was an uncompromising bit of realism at first glance. It was much more. Natural as the pose looked the painting was an exceptional piece of composition. There was a relationship between each and every part of the portrait as essential to the painting as a whole as the relationship between the various figures and the architecture of Raphael's School of Athens. The portrait was as austere as a Poussin. It was a beautiful, not a pretty, painting.

The Degas was sold at the Seligman sale and was bought by the Brooklyn Museum. It is possibly the first paintings bought by the Museum which shows distinctly the reaction against "pretty" pictures, which is one of the most characteristic tendencies of one of the prominent groups among modern artists.

As if to emphasize the fact that the Brooklyn Museum had not purchased the Degas portrait because of a passing whim a Degas pastel was bought at the same sale, and three friends of the Museum, the late A. Augustus Healy, James H. Post and John T. Underwood, purchased "Mlle. Fiori in the Ballet La Source," presenting it later to the Museum. It is good news to art lovers, for it is of the utmost importance that the Museum should own works representing the various tendencies of modern art, and none is more important than the revival of the more austere, the more masculine art of the early Renaissance.

They have still more recently purchased a Gauguin at the Brooklyn Museum, and thus it is that the Museum has taken its place among the most progressive art institutions of America.

There will be those who will feel that I am mistaken in saying that nothing is so characteristic of modern art as its austere, masculine quality. When Cézanne expressed the conviction that modern landscape would be "Poussin painted from nature," he showed that he well understood the spirit of modern life. Austerity is the quality which one would expect as a natural reaction against the cloying sentimentality of an artist like Marcus Stone, as a reaction against the "prettiness" of the average photograph.

IN the death of Augustus Healy Brooklyn lost its most important benefactor in art. Mr. Healy was the son of an art collector, and he began to form his own collection along the lines which had been laid out by his father. Possibly at the start there was a certain narrowness in his judgment. Such a thing would have been inevitable. Those who knew Mr. Healy best appreciated how much he broadened during the last fifteen years of his life. It was due in large measure to the broadness of his later point of view that the Brooklyn Museum had a show of ultra modern French art which antedated by several months both those of the Metropolitan Museum and of the Cleveland Art Museum. It was due to Mr. Healy's broad view that the Brooklyn Museum, under the able direction of Prof. William H. Fox, has taken its place as a center for educational art work in the metropolis. We hope that the Museum will continue to follow in the path which Mr. Healy has so clearly laid out. It is the narrow path which leads to the highest things, the path of toleration. It is idle to recount Mr. Healy's many benefactions to the Museum. Important as they are they rank second to the broad spirit of tolerance which he made the spirit of the institution.

FOR the two frontispieces reproduced in this issue we are indebted to the Howard Young Galleries. These portraits by Raeburn were painted between 1816 and 1823. Like many other portraits by him they were entirely unknown to Raeburn's biographers. They were not publicly exhibited by the artist, nor by any of the successive owners until the present. Raeburn's work is strong in character.

THE reproduction of Davies' painting, "Dionysos," which is reproduced in this issue, was crowded out of the August-September number, where it belonged, for the painting figured in the Ehrich summer exhibition.



LEONARD RICHMOND

Ehrich Galleries

WINDSOR CASTLE



YOUNG GIRL, LAGUNA
W. LANGDON KIH N

WILFRED LANGDON KIH N is shortly to have an exhibition of his drawings of our native Indians at the Anderson Galleries. Last spring he had an exhibition at the Santa Fé Museum and the show aroused considerable interest. As the Indian gradually loses his racial characteristics our interest in him as the representative of a culture as old as our own increases. We no longer see in him the savage but the descendant of a race which had its own philosophy of life, a philosophy not inferior to our own. In Mr. Kihn's art we feel the strong sympathy which he must have had for Indian character.

IT is always a pleasure to me when I can unreservedly praise what is being done by one of my rivals in the journalistic field, for there is much being done in the name of art which should bring a blush to the artist's cheek. At present there is being held a show of posters at the editorial rooms of *Arts and Decoration* which is all that such a show should be. It would be better if it were not a one-man show, but it would be difficult to find much work which would not suffer if placed beside that

of Edward McKnight Kauffer. I believe that we are indebted to Robert Parker for this show. It is by no means the first time that the art world has been stimulated by his initiative. Personally I owe much to him, for it was he who started me on my editorial career. Naturally I feel that Mr. Parker has taste, discernment, feeling.

Of the posters I have little to say. I have little to say because they are excellent examples of the poster-maker's art and because the artist has not gotten to the end of his rope. When work is going well I hesitate to express an opinion.

C. BERTRAM HARTMAN is showing water colors at the Montross Gallery. He has a fine sense for decorative color. That is something his friends have known for many years. His show of water colors reveal something which even his most intimate friends did not know a year or two back. We did not know that he had an equally fine appreciation for architectural form. In using the term "architectural form" I do not mean "architecture." I mean that most logical use of form which we associate with architecture but which may be equally well the basis of a pure abstraction. Giotto, Piero della Francesco, Signorelli, Michael Angelo and, in our days, Picasso, are masters of what I call "architectural form." Ghirlandajo, Murillo, Greuze, Charles C. Curran, could never recognize "architectural form," even when associated with the qualities which make a work of art popular. Back of all the greatest works of art throughout the ages there has ever been in the structure of the work of art itself that logical building up of form which we associate with great architecture. It is the inherent logic of its form which has made each of these works of art great, not the artist's success in copying the outward semblance of nature.

Hartman has given to his water colors of lower Manhattan the sense of form which we feel in the paintings of the masters. He has effected this with little deviation from literal truth. The man who can make a stirring story out of the incidents of his daily life has a distinct gift. Hartman has made a series of views of the sky-scrapers which are all but literally true. They are dramatic, stirring. Where a lesser man would have had to exaggerate unduly Hartman had but to tell the truth.

His water colors of Maine are also good, but they have not the intimate quality of his work in lower Manhattan. He has not lived so long in Maine as he has in New York.



WOMAN, BLACKFOOT TRIBE

W. LANGDON KIHN

THEY are showing pastels and drawings by Bernard Gussow at the Belmaison Gallery at Wanamaker's. Gussow's art is never very profound but it is always pleasing. There is a health, a simplicity, a primal ruggedness to his art which should recommend it to the normal man. In this show are many pastels of the North Woods, great pines and hemlocks, the ground brown with the needles of the evergreens. Those who love the "forest primeval," and I must admit that virgin forest has ever held my love, will enjoy Mr. Gussow's interpretation of the wilderness as long as they do not seek therein great profundity.

Following the Gussow show will come an exhibition which will arouse the interest of these states of ours, from Maine to San Francisco. They are going to have a show of European artists, the group known as "les Fauves," which rendered into idiomatic English would be "the Wild Men of Borneo." The "Wild Men" will include Braque, Bonnard (not so very wild), Derain, Dufy, Gris, Marie Laurencin, Matisse, Modigliani, Picasso, Roussel, Severini, Utrillo, Van Dongen, de Vlaminck and Vuillard.

CHARLES W. BARTLETT has been showing scenes of the Orient in water color and wood block at the Brown-Robertson Gallery. The exhibition is over, but I think that you will be still able to see examples of his work at the Brown-Robertson Gallery any time that you will take the trouble to ask for them. Water colors and wood block prints are not the bulky things which paintings are and therefore dealers do not turn the exhibits adrift at the close of a show as quickly as when the things shown are decorative panels painted in oil each containing a few nude figures life-size.

Besides which no one would want to turn Mr. Bartlett's works adrift unless they were very securely fastened to the shore and the boat in which they were placed was quite water-tight and was very securely fastened to the shore. "In which case," Mary speaks up, "they would not be adrift." "Mary, you are altogether too literal! Get out your 'Alice in Wonderland.' That's what you need. What? Little girls do not read 'Alice' any more? So much the worse for little girls!"

Mr. Bartlett has been studying Hiroshige. He has studied him to advantage. I doubt if any one could make wood-cuts of Japan and not study Hiroshige, Kuniyoshi or Hokusai. In his water colors Mr. Bartlett has been more himself yet here, too,

we feel an influence, that of John La Farge. Hiroshige and John La Farge; two good sound influences. We are all of us influenced. It is a question of how well we use the influences about us. Do we imitate; do we copy? We are lost. Do we merely allow the great works we admire to soak in? We are but doing what the great masters have ever done.

At times in his wood-cuts Mr. Bartlett is perilously near the dividing line between the mere imitator and the man who creates. However, he always keeps on the right side of the line. He evidently appreciates the danger.

HENRY MATTSO is a Woodstock artist. It is written all over his canvases. At his show at the Montross Gallery he had a score of paintings. One was a self-portrait, good in color and expressive. The others were landscapes and flower-studies. He has much feeling, much interest in his subject which interest he does not always succeed in incorporating into his work. When he does his canvases hit you fairly hard and when he fails you feel that the failure is merely due to a lack of technical skill. Who among the younger men can be reckoned a first-class craftsman?

Craftsmanship is a thing which the younger men lack. They will regret their lack in the years to come. Let me tell you that in the near future the public will tire of our slipshod methods and Bouguereau will be placed upon a pedestal again. "Oh, it's no laughing-matter!" as Sir Harry Lauder tells us in "Nanny." My advice to the younger men is to learn to draw as the masters always have done, as the ultra-modernists have done, as our dear friend Picasso has done. If they don't learn their craft there's trouble ahead. "Oh, it's no laughing-matter I'm a-tellin' yer!"

YOU are mistaken, sir! This is not a magazine of the year 1885. It is THE ARTS for October, 1921, the most up-to-date periodical of our times. "But surely that is a Bouguereau?" It surely is. "But why, wherefore, what?" There are cycles of taste, sir. We have no use for the things our fathers admired. But we admire those things which our grandparents gathered about them. Bouguereau is coming into his own again. It is as inevitable as that the tide will rise tomorrow. His work is sweet, too sweet for daily fare. But with it all it is admirably well done. The craftsmanship is almost perfect. A room filled with Bouguereaus would be cloying, but Bouguereau has his place just as a maple walnut



MEDITATION

W. A. BOUGUEREAU

John Levy Galleries

sundae has its place. Would you oust the maple walnut sundae just because it is sweet? I would not.

THE AMERICAN ART NEWS publishes an interview with the English artist C. R. W. Nevinson. Here it is verbatim:

"Art, sir, is truth, as reflected in everyday life. Modern art is getting back to truth. But the Americans aren't. No. They are suffering from two serious complaints—uplift and an orgy of optimism.

"I will explain. I have been to America. I know the Americans aren't even sentimental; they're worse. They are optimistic. That is, they think they are always right. As a matter of fact they want truth, but they do not know what truth is, so they call it uplift. We know what uplift really is but, thank heaven, we do not call it anything. Uplift with them means expecting every picture to be a tract. We suffered the same disease in Europe forty years ago, when Paris reviled the impressionists because they painted trees and sunlight. We had the disease in England twenty years ago. That disease is now in America, and the cure is taking twenty years to get across the Atlantic.

"All new truths come as cold-water douches, as we in Europe know. Socrates was made to drink hemlock. Christ was crucified. The real secret of progress is toleration. The Americans think it is prohibition. They cannot destroy artists so they want to destroy their pictures which they do not understand. Their idea of art is the well-appointed bath-room. Their idea of rhythm is the ticking of an internal combustion engine. Their Raphael is the plumber. Their orgy of fundamental optimism has put their critical faculty out of action.

"Don't you worry. The Americans like being kicked. That's how they are going to learn in the end. They like everything except not being noticed."

It is unfortunate that Nevinson's criticism of America should have taken a form which suggests wounded vanity. It is unfortunate, for there is in his criticism a certain amount of truth, but that certain amount cannot be separated from the resentment which is purely personal.

Nevinson came to America shortly after the close of the war and had a considerable success. His two books of war illustration had been most heartily praised in America. His drawings and paintings of the front made him at once the most talked of painter in New York. Nevinson became a super-American. He became more optimistic than any American I ever heard of. He believed that in two months' time he could come to know New York, that he could learn

to paint it better than it had ever been done before. That he could return to New York with his pictures of the city and gain instantly fame and wealth. Talk of optimism, why Nevinson had every American painter beaten to a frazzle at his own game.

Nevinson came back with his paintings of New York. There was little excitement. The press was rather indifferent. I did what I could to help the show, feeling that the paintings were remarkable when one considered the handicaps under which they had been painted, feeling also that Nevinson, as a man, had many most admirable qualities. A few days after the opening of the exhibition, when it became evident that it would not succeed, Nevinson left for England.

Nevinson was metaphorically kicked during his last stay in New York. That is how he is "going to learn in the end." Super-American as he is Nevinson likes "everything except not being noticed."

It is unfortunate that Nevinson should indict a people because of his own wounded vanity.

THE Fall exhibition at the Milch Galleries included some good paintings by well-known artists. There was nothing startlingly new. They do not often have startlingly new canvases on show at the Milch Galleries. They have work by the men who have "struck their gait" as they say. That does not mean that they show whatever these men turn out for the Milch exhibitions are almost always made up of the best work of the artists represented. This time the artists included Ernest Lawson, Childe Hassam, William Ritschel, Metcalf, J. Francis Murphy (an early canvas with much truth and charm), Elliott Daingerfield, Bruce Crane, Waltman (one of his waterfalls and a good one), Sidney Dickinson (a still life, finely composed and good in color), Henri, Bellows, Max Bohm, Victor Higgins and Van Perrine.

FEW things which have recently happened in New York have caused more gloom among art lovers than the closing of the DeZayas Gallery. In no other gallery was the work of art so absolutely allowed to speak for itself. There were no rugs, no draperies, the walls were plain cement. The ordinary gilded frame was put aside and replaced by a thin strip of wood. It all sounds cold, unsympathetic; yet I have never seen works of art look so well as in the old DeZayas Gallery, 549 Fifth Avenue. It was sad on my home-coming to see that the floor where the gallery had been was empty, and the place itself to let.



THE MESSAGE

Milch Galleries

WAYMAN ADAMS

THESE is an exhibition at Macbeth's which has several canvases of such a high order that they gave a tone to the whole show just as a fine old wine may enhance the effect of an entire dinner.

Let us see what it is that makes the show so effective. It is not the Arizona landscape by Albert L. Groll. We have seen this canvas before, or was it its first cousin, at that show at the X. Y. Z. Gallery? I remember a little incident which happened a year or two ago. George Luks was at an exhibition of work by Edward A. Kramer, and George was not in the condition he ought to have been, that is not altogether, although he really had had just enough to bring out all his wit and not one drop too much. Groll was there. "Groll," George said, "you've a lot of talent, only why the devil do you always paint those Arizona landscapes with those silver purple clouds?"

Is it the Hassam which makes the show so satisfactory? Possibly. It is a good Hassam, "Church at Gloucester." The church is in the center of the canvas, rather a formal grouping with trees each side. I really do not think it is the Hassam, nor yet the Ryder nor the Wyant, superb as they both are. I think it is probably the Dewing, "The Lesson."

Dewing appreciated in painting this canvas that it is not the furnishings of a room that give it beauty. The room must in its proportions, in its form be a thing of beauty. He has divested the room in "The Lesson" of all unnecessary adornment, and the two women who serve as foils to the architecture are just the foils needed.

It really is a shame to hold up Jonas Lie again, but a question is always a fair thing as long as it isn't "your money or your life!" The sun is setting in the distance and the ropes on the side towards you and not towards the setting sun are glowing with sunlight. They glow most intensely where an intervening sail, it would seem, must have cut off all light. As the young man asked Father William: "Pray how did you manage to do it?"

GALILEO was right when he said that the world does move. If you have any doubts on the subject go to the opening show of the Junior Art Patrons of America. Lucretius was no less right when he said that all things were shifting. The opening show consists of water colors, water colors by Sargent, by Homer, by Charles Hopkinson, by Dodge McKnight and others. Man's point of view shifts a little less rapidly than the clouds, but far more rapidly than most of nature's phenomena. The Junior Art Patrons have shifted to West 49th Street,

the parlor floor of a home which dates from about 1860. Opposite the entrance door is a group of water colors by Sargent and Winslow Homer. How antiquated the Sargents look! Were our grandmothers interested in such things or was it our great-grandparents, who enthused over Sargent? None of them are dated, so it is hard to tell. "Grandmothers and great-grandparents? What foolishness is this? Why you, H. E. F., in the last years of the last century were admiring Sargent's water-colors at the New English Art Club in London." Possibly, but if I did, surely it could not have been over such a water color as that of the Salute at the Junior League.

To appreciate how things have shifted turn your eyes quickly from Sargent to the Charles Hopkinson on the extreme left of the wall or to the Dodge McKnight on the extreme right.

IT was at the Wildenstein Gallery they had shown some very lovely French paintings. There was one they had not brought out and I was anxious to see it again. "Where is that lovely young girl by Vincent which I reproduced in THE ARTS?" "You mean the young girl at the piano? It did not seem to suit the American taste and we shipped it back to France." I would have sworn. I wanted to, but I have been well brought up. I merely used a big, big D.

GAINSBOROUGH has been figuring on the front page lately. It has come about because Duveen paid the Duke of Westminster almost a million dollars (at the old rate of exchange) for "the Blue Boy." Yet "the Blue Boy" is no greater a masterpiece than the day that Gainsborough finished it. That day the London press should have announced that a masterpiece had been created. Its creation was an item of far greater interest than its passing from one owner to another.

SOMETIMES by accident one stumbles into an exhibition of paintings hung with no apparent intent other than that of stopping the gap between two shows. Such an exhibition was on at Dudensing's. There was a landscape by Weir, original in conception, true in feeling, painted with ease and grace. (Weir did not frequently paint so easily, so simply.) I hope to reproduce it in my next issue. Weir is at times diffuse; you feel that his pictures at times have no center of interest. With this landscape you feel that every portion is subordinated to the crest of the hillside, subordinated so skillfully



ARETHUSA

Macbeth Gallery

ARTHUR B. DAVIES

that you only discover when you try to analyze its mysterious beauty that the picture is not merely a photographic copy of nature. It is a rarely beautiful piece of work.

There was also a delightful little Hassam. The landscape is French, typically French, tall poplar trees bordering a river, a nude, a boat, all delightfully painted, delightfully felt. Other good things were two canvases by Inness, two Blakelots, a Wyant, an Elliott Daingerfield, a Ritschel and a Jerome Myers.

ROSAMUND TUDOR is better than a host of young painters, but she is also worse than another host. She is very untrained and has not Anne Goldthwaite's temperament to carry it off. Her color sense is good. Everybody cannot get such clean fresh tones, but her sense of form is rudimentary and form still counts for something in this world of ours. She is exhibiting at Dudensing's.

IN speaking with a layman on the matter of the modern French paintings at the show which was recently held at the Metropolitan Museum, he exclaimed: "But surely, Mr. Field, you cannot possibly think that that woman by Picasso is beautiful. Look at her hands and the bad drawing in them, look at the drawn features, the horrible sinister expression in the face. Surely you cannot tell me that such a painting is beautiful!"

No, I don't think it is beautiful except in the sense that it is marvelously expressive, expressive as the last scene of "King Lear." It is not beautiful that Lear should lose his mind on the stage. It is the height of truth; it is expressive. Picasso has depicted a woman of the streets. He has not given her charm. He has not given her beauty. Had he given her charm and beauty the picture might have been seductive, immoral. Picasso has painted the tragedy of her life, the hardness of it and this tragedy, this hardness is emphasized by the drawing. It is a warning against the life she has led. It contains a sermon on life for the man who sees into its meaning.

ONE of the most progressive art associations in America is surely that at Taos. Their 1921 show visited New York, Dayton, Toledo, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Salt Lake City, Denver, San Diego, Los Angeles, San Francisco. It is to be sent to Honolulu and then comes home via Santa Fé.

Someone at my elbow asks me where is Taos. It's one of the art centers of America, in New

Mexico, the home of the Taos Society of Artists, which is ably presided over by Ernest L. Blumenschein. Walter Ufer keeps the cash and writes the letters, and Victor Higgins keeps the peace between the president and the secretary. He is the third member of the executive board. John Sloan, Randall Davey and B. S. O. Nordfeldt, all of Santa Fé, with tendencies to spend the winter in New York were recently elected Associate Members of the Taos Society. John Sloan is reported to have said that he preferred to associate in Taos rather than to preside in New York.

THE Print Gallery of the Brooklyn Museum recently opened an exhibition of reproductions of drawings by Hans Holbein, the first installment and, up to date, the only one received in this country of the remarkable publication by Dr. Paul Ganz, for many years director of the Basle Museum. The publishers are the firm of Fred Boissonnas of Geneva, who have taken over and completed this publication, which was interrupted by the European war. These reproductions resemble the originals closely. The coloring which is generally found in the present collection represents the best work of the publishing houses in Europe.

It should be added that the first room of the Print Gallery contains thirty-eight portraits of English celebrities of the Sixteenth Century which are reproductions from the famous collection at Hampton Court.

FRIENDS of Horace Brodzky will be pleased to learn that the irrepressible Horace is again in the magazine business. He has become Associate Editor of the *Art Review*, a new publication whose slogan is "All Arts in One." Especially is it to be devoted to "Photoplay, Stage, Artcrafts, Literature, Music, Paintings." The program is an attractive one, and Brodzky may be counted upon to make his departments in the new magazine interesting. Hail, Comrade!

CHARLES MERYON, who was born on November 23, 1821, will have a centenary celebration in the Print Gallery of the Public Library during November. Most of the prints are taken from the Meryon portfolios in the S. P. Avery Collection, and to these have been added a number of drawings and early states of etchings, lent by various collectors.

The prints are arranged according to Delteil's catalogue, the Paris plates, on which the fame of



HOME IN ALABAMA

Joseph Brummer Galleries

ANNE GOLDTHWAITE

Meryon is based, being brought together on the wall. Thus, the spectator can either limit himself to these, or take in the whole production of the famous and erratic Frenchman, as he pleases. Meryon's life of disappointment, neglect and insanity has stirred many people. His vagaries are seen in some of his Paris views, but others remain eminently sane records of Paris, a Paris that was disappearing under the leveling city-planning of Baron Haussmann.

The exhibition of American Wood-Block Prints of To-Day has been transferred to the Stuart Gallery (Room 316 in the Library building).

OF the shows which have just opened the one at the Brummer Galleries seems to me to be unquestionably the most important. Anne Goldthwaite has had many exhibitions, but none has shown her to better advantage than the present one at Brummer's.

Miss Goldthwaite is a Southerner, from Alabama, I presume, for there is a portrait of a Judge Goldthwaite loaned by the Supreme Court of Alabama, and my prosaic mind senses a connection. A Southerner, Miss Goldthwaite, is very much alive to that which is picturesque. She has a passion, one can almost say, for spotting, for rich color. Designed in a big way most of her canvases gain when seen across a large room. That, too, comes from the fact that in her art she is emphatic, full-voiced. Decidedly, Miss Goldthwaite has talent.

LESS talented than Miss Goldthwaite, Wayman Adams leans upon a somewhat academic training and a rather obvious humor. His virtues are the virtues of the commonplace. He is a good portrait painter. He could paint Marechal Joffre and the portrait would be a success. He could not have succeeded with George Meredith. He lacks subtlety. It is a little as if a bear had decided to paint. His humor, too, is a little as if a bear had said, "Come, let's be funny!" The show is at the Milch Gallery.

MR. LEON TAHCHEECHEE, whose African sketches are now on view at the Babcock Galleries, was not always an artist. Sadakichi Hartman reveals the fact that Mr. Tahcheechee has been a chef, a sailor and a seller of magic soaps; a restless man who has wandered over half Europe, Central America and most recently West Africa. He is an adventurer with the habit of making water-colors or pastels wherever he goes.

The paintings at the exhibition do not impress me

nearly as much as Mr. Tahcheechee does himself. Such a man does not make his art a matter of life and death, probably because he has more than a rhetorical acquaintance with life and death. His art is sketchy, almost lost in a large canvas. And I feel that his painting is merely pastime. Compared to his conversation his sketches are decidedly flat. Nevertheless it is an interesting exhibit and Mr. Tahcheechee is a very interesting personality.

THE ART CENTRE, 65 and 67 East 56th Street, formally opened October 31st. We wish it all success.

DO you remember how inopportune Mrs. Shandy's question was as related by Tristram in the opening chapter of his life? I feel that the wretched cold which has kept me miserable and in bed for ten days is hardly less inopportune.

It has kept me from all the shows which have been opening. It has kept me from writing on those which I did see. I have nothing but apologies.

You see it all came about through my desire to put THE ARTS on a paying basis, a basis upon which we could add a few little frills to an issue and could be sure that the bailiff (do they have bailiffs in America or is it from Dickens that I get the idea?) wouldn't disposses THE ARTS for non-payment of rent. And I fear I overworked, but the important thing is that I succeeded in putting THE ARTS "over the top." The advertising of the present issue amounts to over two thousand dollars. Apparently all the financial frets and worries of starting an art magazine are over.

So set up was I, so puffed up with pride and conceit that I hardly noticed a cough which grew and grew each day until it became the one clearly-defined fact of my life.

Running through the list of shows I have been unable to write up there was the LeSidaner-Fantin Latour show at Kraushaar's, an admirable exhibition, which was followed by the Mountfort Coolidge show, landscapes which are but the reflections of barock work, having none of the craft upon which the great barock painters prided themselves. Leonard Richmond has had a lovely lot of English landscapes at Ehrich's. At the Mussmann Gallery Ernst Haskell has been exhibiting some of his beautifully-felt etchings of trees. At the Montross Gallery he is now exhibiting water colors which show him as a "modernist." At Keppel's they have been showing Bracquemond's etchings, etchings which are still not appreciated as they should be in the wilds of America.

AMONG OUR BOOKS

THE GROWTH OF THE SOIL, by Knut Hamsun. New York, A. A. Knopf, 1921.

BREADTH of vision is a rare gift. It is an attribute of divinity. Bigotry has frequently conceived God as a personality narrow in sympathy. Such a god is not divine. As a man approaches divinity all narrowness, all meanness, drops out of his character. He is ready to extend his sympathy to the very dregs of mankind. He has gained breadth of vision.

It is difficult for a man whose character is narrow to write effectively. He makes mountains of insignificant details. He seems utterly unable to grasp the relative importance of the various parts of his theme. His sentences do not flow into one another and the result is confusion. Breadth of vision enables a writer to pick out the essentials of his theme and to arrange the essentials so well that the reader is quite unaware that there has been any arrangement.

The "Growth of the Soil" is the work of a man with breadth of vision. He has taken the story of the opening up to cultivation of virgin forest in Norway. The life of the pioneers is sordid, but through the breadth, the nobility, of Knut Hamsun's vision we have a story which has some of the epic qualities of "Paradise Lost." It is an important contribution to the literature of the Twentieth Century.

H. E. F.

CURTAINS, by Hazel Hall. New York, John Lane Co., 1921.

SOMEbody (or is my memory false to me?) has told me that Hazel Hall is a young Western girl, an invalid.

That my memory is not false to me, is it not shown by a poem by Hazel Hall, the first poem of her little book of poems, a poem called "Frames"?

"Brown window-sill, you hold my all of skies,
And all I know of springing year and fall,
And everything of earth that greets my eyes—
Brown window-sill, how can you hold it all?"

"Grey walls, my days are bound within your hold,
Cast there and lost like pebbles in a sea;
And all my thought is squared to fit your mould—
Grey wall, how mighty is your masonry!"

Within her room she sews and sings. In a note to her poems, her songs, she says that in certain of her poems, her songs, she has "blended metrical and

irregular rhythms in an attempt to contrast monotonous motion, presented in even measures, with interruption which is expressed in freer forms." As she sews a fancy breaks in upon her work, a fancy of the sea. It breaks in upon the monotony of her work. It breaks through the masonry of her grey walls. It breaks into her song, into the little poem "Seams."

"I was sewing a seam one day—
Just this way—
Flashing four silver stitches there
With thread, like this, fine as hair,
And then four here, and there again,
When
The seam I sewed dropped out of sight
I saw the sea come rustling in,
Big and grey, windy and bright
Then my thread which was thin
As hair, tangled up like smoke
And broke.
I threaded up my needle, then—
Four here, four there, and here again."

Here is poetry. Here is poetry of our time. Her songs, her poems are of our time. They are natural, unaffected, unafraid. How few of the things called poems are songs! How few are natural, unaffected, unafraid! Hazel Hall sews and, as she sews, she sings.

Out of the West, from the open windows of a young girl's room, come songs, songs of life, songs of joy. Within that room Hazel Hall sews and, as she sews, she sings, songs of life, songs of joy. Out of sight, hidden behind a tree, I stop and listen.

Stop with me, hide behind this beech-tree (oh, don't disturb her as she sings!), stop with me and listen.

J. T.

CHINESE PAINTERS, A Critical Study by Raphael Petrucci, with twenty-five illustrations. Translated from the French by Frances Seaver, with a Biographical Note by Laurence Binyon. New York, Brentano's, 1921.

WH Y should I write a criticism of this book? It is a book about Chinese painting, and Chinese painting is but poetry. Laurence Binyon, the poet, has written a criticism of it. He calls the criticism a biographical note. Binyon is a curator of Chinese art, a curator at the British Museum. He is a poet and a critic by trade, not a brick layer. What does the brick layer know of poetry? What does the brick layer know of Chinese art, the best

of which is pure poetry? I, mason and brick layer, shall stand aside and let the poet, the curator, the critic speak:

"Raphael Petrucci was a man who seemed to re-incarnate the boundless curiosity and the various ability of the men of the Italian Renaissance. But for some years before his death he had concentrated his powers chiefly on the study of Oriental art, of the Chinese language, and of Buddhist iconography. His most important work in this line is *La Philosophie de la Nature dans l'Art d'Extreme Orient*, a sumptuously printed folio published by Laurens in Paris, with illustrations by the Kokka Company, and written with as much charm as insight. Petrucci's knowledge of Chinese gave him an authority in interpreting Chinese art which writers on the subject have rarely combined with so much understanding of art in general, though as a connoisseur he was sometimes over-sanguine. His translation from a classic of Chinese art-criticism originally published in a learned magazine, has lately appeared in book form. With his friend, Professor Chavannes, whose death, also in the prime of life, we have had to deplore still more recently, Petrucci edited the first volume of the splendid series *Ars Asiatica*. The present work, intended for the general reader and lover of art, illustrates his gift for luminous condensation and the happy treatment of a large theme.

"A man of winning manners, a most generous and loyal friend, Petrucci wore his manifold learning lightly; with immense energy and force of character, he was simple and warm-hearted and interested in the small things as well as the great things of life."

J. T.

ART AND ARTISTS OF INDIANA, by Mary Q. Burnet. New York, The Century Co., 1921.

INDIANA has quite a place in the history of modern American art. Mrs. Burnet has written a book on Indiana's artists, a book which is interesting to the reader who knows nothing of the "Hoosier State." It is well written, well illustrated, and will doubtless serve as a model for monographs on the artists of other states. Among the more notable artists which Indiana has produced are Frank Edwin Scott, William M. Chase, Samuel Richards, J. Ottis Adams, William Forsyth, Richard B. Gruelle, Otto Stark, Theodore Clement Steele, Daniel Garber, Olive Rush, Louis Paul Dessar, Dorothy Morlan, Clifton A. Wheeler, John E. Bundy, Wayman Adams, H. Vance Swope, L. Clarence Ball and Janet Scudder.

H. E. F.

THE STUDY AND CRITICISM OF ITALIAN ART, First Series, by Bernhard Berenson. London, G. Bell and Sons, 1920. New York, Harcourt, Brace and Co.

BERENSON'S early essays in criticism are being reprinted. Interest in Berenson has not lessened as the years have gone by, notwithstanding his connection with an art house which is reputed to be not overscrupulous in its dealings.

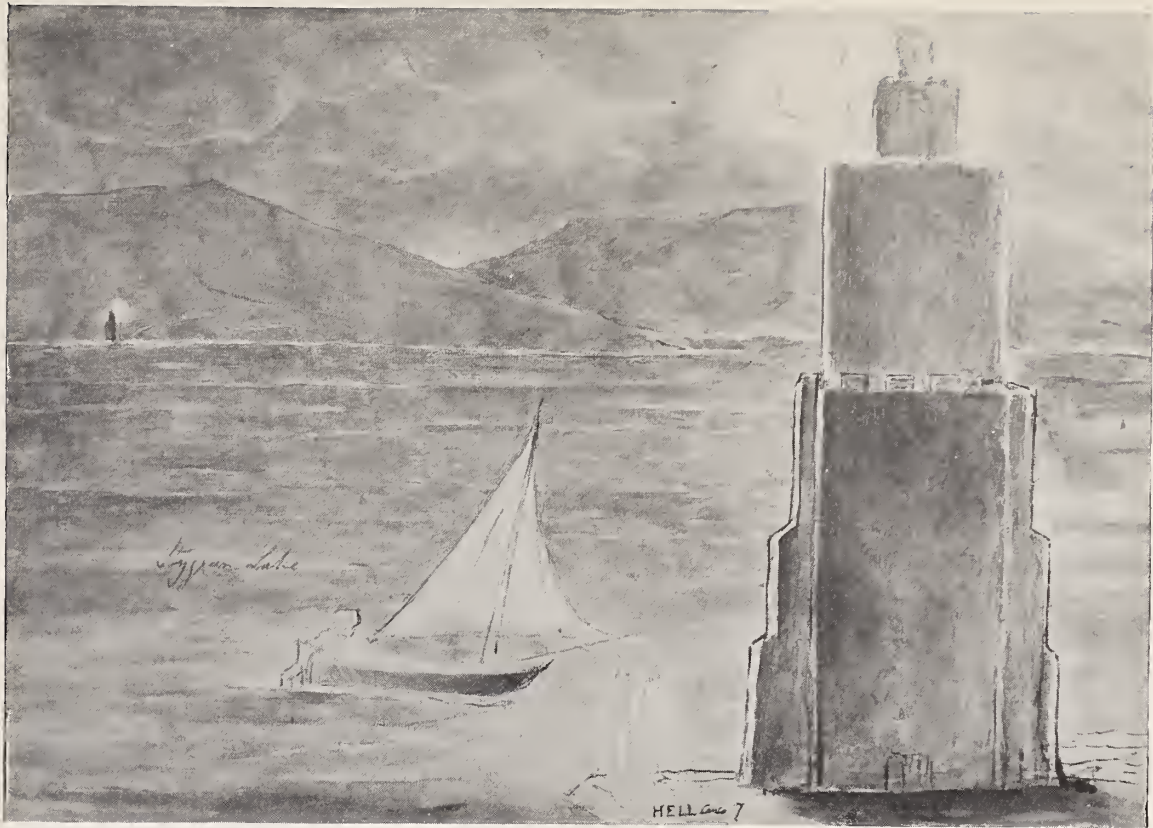
The essays of the first series treat of Vasari, Dante's Visual Images and His Early Illustrators, Correggio's Pictures in Venice, The Fourth Centenary of Correggio, Amico di Sandro (Berenson's name for an anonymous painter close to Botticelli), Certain Copies after Lost Originals by Giorgione and Venetian Painting at the Exhibition of Venetian Art (London).

These essays are an important contribution to our knowledge of Italian art. Berenson's prose is halting, but there is always inspiration to be gotten from his work, more, I have always felt, from his conversation, which is brilliant, than from his written word, which is by no means so felicitous.

The Essay on Dante's Visual Images is particularly interesting this year, the sixth centenary of Dante's death. I am reproducing four water colors by William Blake, illustrations to Dante's *Inferno*, which show how that gifted Englishman visualized Dante. That he visualized the various scenes of the *Inferno* as Dante did no one believes, but it is the interpretation of an intense soul, a soul in many ways akin to that of Dante.

Let me now quote Berenson:

"Mere learning has perhaps done its very utmost with Dante by this time, and, if that poet is not to become stagnant, his work must now be approached from other points of view, and the light of other than merely philological and philosophical erudition must be thrown upon it. Is it not rather extraordinary that thus far it has occurred to only one writer on the subject, but a free lance such as Vernon Lee, to ask the question what visual images Dante had while giving his perfectly plastic descriptions of the exterior universe? Few students of Dante stop to wonder what correspondence there can be between his visual images while writing and those called up in our minds while reading him. But those of us who visualize at all cannot read about Trajan and the Widow, let us say, without seeing an image based on some one or on a whole number of Roman bas-reliefs. Dante, however, could not have had such an acquaintance with the antique as we necessarily have, and his visual image



HELL, CANTO 7

Scott & Fowles Gallery

WILLIAM BLAKE



HELL, CANTO 8

Scott & Fowles Gallery

WILLIAM BLAKE

of a scene taking place in Greece or Rome or Judea could have had no great likeness to ours. And with the figure of Virgil himself it could scarcely have been otherwise. *We* cannot help dressing Virgil as a Roman, and giving him a 'classical profile' and 'statuesque carriage,' but Dante's visual image of Virgil was probably no less mediæval, no more based on a critical reconstruction of antiquity, than his entire conception of the Roman poet. Fourteenth-century illustrators make Virgil look like a mediæval scholar, dressed in cap and gown, and there is no reason why Dante's visual image of him should have been other than this.

"That Dante had visual images there can scarcely be a doubt. We have, in proof, besides the unequalled plasticity of all his descriptions, the detailed account in 'Purgatorio,' Canto X., of the various reliefs representing acts of humility. These reliefs are simply the descriptions of the visual images called up in Dante's mind by the acts of humility. 'To take plastic shape in the mind' has become a common phrase in criticism, but it can have no meaning unless that of *becoming visualized*; and as the phrase is applied to Dante, it means that Dante visualized everything that passed through his mind. Nothing, therefore, could bring us nearer to a knowledge of those contents of Dante's mind of which he was himself aware while writing, than if we could form some conception of his visual images.

"Dante himself gives the clue. On the first anniversary of Beatrice's death, he says in the 'Vita Nuova,' he sat down and drew the figure of an angel. A student of early Tuscan art must know how this angel looked. Dante could not have invented this figure, but, like all amateurs, he undoubtedly drew an angel of the kind his favorite painter would have drawn, and in this instance the painter was Giotto. Dante's angel in all likelihood resembled one of Giotto's such as we see in Assisi, Padua, or Florence; and had Dante gone further and drawn a whole scene—that is to say, exactly rendered as only form and colour can render a visual image—its relation to one of Giotto's whole pictures would have been the same. Dante's visual image of the Virtues, of the heavenly hosts, of Christ and the Virgin, of St. Francis, could not have been very different from Giotto's, nor even his image of Beatrice very different from one of that great painter's sleek-faced, almond-eyed, waistless women. Beatrice did not necessarily look like this. The visual image is not the direct impression of the object, but the memory of the impression more or less vague according to the varying powers of visualization; and in a lover of the arts such as Dante was, visualization would be largely determined by the works of art with which he was intimately acquainted. It is Giotto whom Dante knew best and loved best, and it is the study of Giotto, therefore, and of kindred painters (some even closer in spirit

to Dante, such as Duccio, Simone Martini, and the Lorenzetti) that will enable us to form a clear conception of Dante's visual images." H. E. F.

ROBERT HENRI, HIS LIFE AND WORKS, edited by William Yarrow and Louis Bouché. New York, Boni and Liveright, 1921. Price \$10.

THIS is an epoch-making year for American art. It has seen the establishment of a magazine, devoted to the arts, which gives far more attention to American painting and sculpture than any other magazine we have. During the year both the International Studio, under the able editorship of Guy Eglinton, and the *American Art News*, under Peyton Boswell, have become more alive to the beauty of our modern art. Now, as if to fill the cup to overflowing, there has appeared the first of a series of monographs upon living American artists: Robert Henri, his Life and Works, edited by William Yarrow and Louis Bouché.

Art, then, is not dead. Art production did not cease with the death of J. Francis Murphy. Art production will continue long after the present generation has passed on, because within the soul of man there is a yearning, a thirst which art alone can satisfy. Amidst the apparent chaos of this world man thirsts for order, and art is the recognition of order, the satisfying of man's thirst. As long as the soul of man craves order he will crave art. Listen to what Henri says on the subject:

"It is not too much to say that art is the noting of the existence of order throughout the world, and so order stirs the imagination and inspires one to reproduce this beautiful relationship existing in the universe as best as one can. Everywhere I find that the moment order in Nature is understood and freely shown, the result is nobility—the Irish peasant has nobility of language and facial expression; the North American Indian has nobility of poise, of gesture; nearly all children have nobility of impulse. This orderliness must exist or the world would not hold together, and it is a vision of orderliness that enables the artist along any line, whatsoever, to capture and present through his imagination the wonder that stimulates life."

Full honor should be given to Boni and Liveright for having had the courage to start the publication of a series of monographs on the work of living American artists. That they have made of this first volume a thing of beauty, a book which art-lovers will be delighted to own, shows that both the publishers and the editors know how such a publication should be made. H. E. F.



HELL, CANTO 14

Scott & Fowles Gallery

WILLIAM BLAKE



HELL, CANTO 16

Scott & Fowles Gallery

WILLIAM BLAKE

AUCTION CALENDAR

ONE of the most important auction sales of antique armor ever held in America is about to be held at the American Art Association. The catalogue has been made by Bashford Dean, Curator of Armor at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

In talking of the armor Dr. Dean called my attention to the helmet, the middle helmet of the upper

row of those which I have reproduced. It is a helmet used to ornament the tomb of its former owner. When the man died the helmet was riveted together so that it could not be opened but would stand firmly by itself. Possibly more interesting than the helmets are the remarkable group of swords, some of which are reproduced on another page.

AMERICAN ART ASSOCIATION

Madison Square South, New York

November 2, 3 and 4, afternoons; Old English, Italian Renaissance and Modern furniture, Oriental rugs, embroideries, on view from October 27.

November 9 and 10; Standard sets, first editions, Shakespeareana and Dramatic literature, Illuminated manuscript, early printed books, Americana, Bibliophile Society and Riverside Press publications from the library of the late Robinson Locke, on view from November 3.

November 10, 11 and 12, afternoons; Old French and Renaissance furniture, thirty-six tapestries, early Italian and French statuettes, old cloths and embroideries, Gothic wood carving, forged iron, decorative panels, by direction of Henri S. de Souhami of Paris, on view from November 5.

November 16, 17 and 18, evenings; Japanese Color Prints from the duplicate collection of Wm. S. and John T. Spaulding of Boston, on view from November 14.

November 17, 18 and 19, afternoons; Ancient armor and arms from three private collections, catalogued by Dr. Bashford Dean, on view from November 14.

November 21 and 22; The libraries of the late Hon. Charles F. Libby of Portland, Me., and Edward B. Camp, of Flushing, N. Y., with selections from the library of the late Judd Stewart of Plainfield, N. J., and the caricature and colored book plate collection of Miss Susan Minns of Boston, Mass., on view from November 16.

THE ANDERSON GALLERY

489 Park Avenue, New York

November 5, afternoon; Rugs and Carpets consigned by a firm of New York merchants.

November 7, 8 and 9, afternoons; The Library of the late Dr. R. B. Warfield of Baltimore, Md.

November 10, 11 and 12, afternoons; Collection of Vestments, Carpets, Mohammedan Pottery, Armour, Jewelry, etc., gathered by Alaister McKelvie in Syria and Palestine, while on service with Gen. Allenby's army.

November 14, 15 and 16, afternoons; Library of St. Lucius Pitkin of New York City and Selections from the Library of the late Dr. R. H. Ward of Troy, N. Y.

November 17, 18 and 19, afternoons; Chinese

porcelain, furniture, rugs, etc., the collection of the late Mrs. Harriet A. Curtis, the late Walton Evans of New Rochester and the balance of the collection of the late Daniel F. Appleton of New York.

November 21 and 22, afternoons; The library of the late Benjamin O'Fallon of St. Louis, Mo.

November 25, evening; Collection of paintings from the collection of the late Harriet A. Curtis and the late Daniel F. Appleton of New York, including American and European work.

November 28 and 29, afternoons; Collection of books and manuscripts relating to California and the early West, including a collection of papers relating to the capture of Fort Sutter.



ANTIQUÉ HELMETS

To be sold by the American Art Association

VARIOUS TYPES

December 2 and 3, afternoons; Collection of Oriental objects of art and rugs belonging to L. Raffy of New York.

December 7, afternoon and evening; Collection of ship models, naval prints and paintings and books relating to this subject.

THE FORUM

October 9, 1921.

MY DEAR FIELD:

Here is my subscription check for THE ARTS. I used to subscribe for everything in sight; now my library table (if a painter may claim one) displays THE ARTS in aristocratic solitariness.

In expressing my wishes for its continued success may I add an extra personal desire that in spite of its present rather inclusive title it will remain an exclusively art magazine devoted to painting, sculpture and architecture; drama and literature if you will; but may the day never come when I open THE ARTS and find a "fashion department," a section devoted to "country estates"—or the various by-paths of Hylan's "art-artists!"—that day will be only after you have fought the good fight, and met your Dempsey. I don't mean to intimate that defeat is even possible—I think the great gesture most always succeeds.

Very sincerely yours,
EDWIN BOOTH GROSSMAN.

The Ark, Jaffrey, N. H.,
September 16, 1921.

MY DEAR HAMILTON FIELD:

My congratulations of the able and successful conduct of THE ARTS are long overdue. I know very well the horrible difficulty of maintaining anything like sensitiveness, judgment and vivacity against the drum fire of the current slums. Hence I have read your chronicle not only with admiration but also in the Shakespearean sense of that now diminished word. You know of course that we disagree about a lot of values, agreeing about more; and also that I feel it is more important for the in-going of things that there should be plenty of intelligent disagreement rather than too much conformity. Come out some time to see my sword guards (*tsuba*) and primitives and to indulge passingly the joys of old-fogyism with

Yours sincerely,
FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

Chicago, Sept. 20, 1921.

DEAR SIR:

Last winter I ran across a copy of your first or second number of THE ARTS at The Arts Club of this city. After a few minutes glancing through the illustrations and dipping casually into the text I decided that here, finally, was a live-wire, up-to-date art magazine with a definite and high critical standard. I accordingly copied the address into my notebook and mailed you my subscription as soon as I got home.

During the past months my first snap judgment of you and of your magazine has, I am very happy to say, required no modification. I do not always agree with all your opinions—of course that could not be expected—but you come very much closer in your general attitude and judgment than any professional critic I have read in this country.

With best wishes for your continued success,
BERT R. ELLIOTT.

September 19, 1921.

DEAR MR. FIELD:

Enclosed is a cheque for my subscription to THE ARTS. I have found your magazine very amusing reading; only I wish you would write all of it yourself.

Even your bourgeois admiration for Cézanne and Matisse fails to get my goat. It is too late in the day to quarrel over them. Let us agree that one is honest, the other an excellent business man. Their reputations are now safely established with the dealers and German Jews, who have noses if not eyes, so what can a poor amateur do against them? That view of Etretat by Matisse has kept me in the mountains all summer.

In the future I do hope that you will write all of THE ARTS yourself. I admire the gentle way you have of stirring things up—and Lord knows we need to be stirred up in the U. S. A.

Sincerely yours,
JAMES W. BARNEY.

[Thanks for the flowers! I never tire of them.



ANTIQUÉ SWORDS

To be sold by the American Art Association

VARIOUS TYPES

Who does? As for the German Jews it seems to me that they have eyes as well as noses or, if you deny them eyes, they have a sixth sense which never fails them, the sense to appreciate a little in advance of the rest of mankind those things which express the spirit of the times, the *Zeitgeist*, as the Germans call it.—EDITOR.]

The Corcoran Art Gallery,
Washington, D. C.,
5th October, 1921.

DEAR MR. FIELD:

The "August-September, 1921" number of *THE ARTS* reached my desk this morning. I think it is the best number you have issued. The articles on Will Howe Foote, on the restoration of works of art, on Beurdeley's etchings, the "Holy House" at Lyme, Harpignies, the anonymous letter attacking the Metropolitan, the editorials and the illustrations—are all of great interest and of a high order.

With every good wish for your success, I am,

Sincerely yours,

C. POWELL MINNIGERODE,

Director.

[I was brought up to believe that whatever received official recognition was "pompiere," which being translated means "vin ordinaire," which expressed in English might be rendered as "common or garden." Has *THE ARTS* become "common or garden"? Many thanks for your words of praise.—EDITOR.]

Westport, Conn., October 6th.

MY DEAR MR. FIELD:

Let me congratulate you on the first anniversary of *THE ARTS*, for what you have made it—an art magazine that is alive; largely, I think, because of the "thousand and one things" that are considered by most people to be utterly foreign to art, but which you rightly claim *are art*.

Sincerely yours,

E. D. HOUGH.

[I am most grateful for your words of encouragement. As you say, "the thousand and one things" are art.—EDITOR.]

TO THE EDITOR:

Thanks for sending me a sample copy of *THE*

ARTS. I am sorry that I do not find it interesting, and therefore do not care to subscribe.

READER.

[True courtesy is shown when in acknowledging a kindness one does not allow a sense of gratitude to overstep the bounds of absolute sincerity.—EDITOR.]

Boston, October 10, 1921.

DEAR SIR:

In reading your "Comment of *The Arts*" in my August-September number, I was much interested to read your comment on marine paintings by Jonas Lie, in reference to the draftsmanship of the boats, direction of the wind, condition of the water, etc.

As a student of the late Marshall Johnson, and on intimate terms with the late William E. Norton, and Walter L. Dean, I have often been much disturbed by such pictures, not only by this artist, but also by others, whose ideas of boat building and sailing have been so much at variance with the truth. I made a comment on an important picture in the Boston Art Club two years ago, painted by a well known artist, depicting a wharf scene with people on the wharf and sailing craft alongside. It was beautiful in color and made a strong appeal. I called the attention of a brother artist to the fact that the position of the bowsprit on one of the schooners, which was shown far above the heads of the people on the wharf, proved conclusively that the hull must have been at least five feet entirely out of water, yet was hidden by intervening craft. The artist to whom I spoke said I must forget the drawing and look at the color and effect. I told him that was all very well, but that, if I owned the picture, I could not live with it in comfort, as I would always feel this glaring discrepancy.

A ship at sea can be made a thing of beauty without being photographic, which would tend to take from the effect, but a ship at sea, or any boat, should be true to its original design, its mast should be properly placed, and its spars should be of proper dimensions. The action of the water on the hull should be truthfully shown, where it hollows and where it runs to the rail. The boat should be sailing with due regard to the direction of the wind, and the sea should show as well the direction of the wind.

At a recent local exhibition in this neighborhood given primarily for local artists, a picture by Mr. Lie was given a prominent hanging, while a modest water color by a local artist, who very conscientiously goes out into the harbor at five and six o'clock in the morning to study and paint boats, was hung

upstairs in a half dark alcove. The modest water color was the first picture sold, although not mentioned by the reviewers, while Mr. Lie's picture was carefully written up. I beg to applaud your remarks on this matter, which so many of us who are unknown feel ought to be expressed, but are not in a position to do so.

There is no question as to the effect created by many artists who essay to paint marines, but to my mind the proper result in painting a vessel or boat is only arrived at after the most painstaking study

of construction of vessels and a knowledge of their action under different conditions of wind and water.

Yours truly,

A. C. NEEDHAM.

[The men who paint ships with no regard for their construction, the sea with no regard for the form of waves, and the effect of wind on shipping without regard to truth, do not really paint effectively. A paste diamond has not the brilliancy of the real stone. No one with fine æsthetic feeling is ever taken by the paste diamond painter.—EDITOR.]

THE ART CALENDAR

BROOKLYN

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway.—Open week days, 9 to 6; Sunday, 2 to 6; pay days, Monday and Tuesday, 25 cents. Exhibition of reproductions of drawings by Hans Holbein.

PRATT INSTITUTE, Ryerson St.—Loan exhibition of Fabrics for costumes and interior decorating.

MANHATTAN

(Exhibitions are listed in the order in which they would be seen by a visitor beginning at Washington Square and going north.)

WHITNEY STUDIO CLUB, 147 West 4th St.—Paintings by Joseph Stella and H. E. Schnakenberg, beginning November 7.

WANAMAHER (BELMAISON) GALLERIES, Wanamaker's.—Paintings and drawings by modern European artists.

MRS. WHITNEY'S STUDIO, 8 West 8th St.—Overseas exhibition of American paintings, November 2 to 15.

CIVIC CLUB, 14 West 12th St.—Ferrer School exhibition of children's art.

NATIONAL ARTS CLUB, 119 East 19th St.—Exhibition of Books of the Year.

WALDORF ASTORIA, Fifth Ave. and 34th St.—Sixth annual exhibition of Society of Independent Artists, March 11 to April 2, open to all artists, dues payable January 15, Sect. A. S. Baylinson, 1947 Broadway.

KEPPEL'S, 4 East 39th St.—Etchings by Bracquemond, to November 7. Etchings by James McBey.

ARLINGTON GALLERIES, 275 Madison Ave.—General exhibition of American paintings.

MACBETH GALLERY, 450 Fifth Ave.—Marines by Frederick J. Waugh, to November 19.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. and 42d St.—Collection of paintings. Modern American wood-block prints. Exhibition of etchings by Meryon.

DUDENSING GALLERIES, 45 West 44th St.—Portraits by Rosamond Tudor.

MONTROSS GALLERY, 556 Fifth Ave.—Water colors and etchings by Ernest Haskell, to Nov. 19.

KNOEDLER'S, 556 Fifth Ave. Exhibition of early American portraits, to November 12.

JOHN LEVY GALLERIES, 559 Fifth Ave.—Exhibition of Paintings by W. Lee Hankey, November 14 to 26.

ARDEN STUDIOS, 559 Fifth Ave.—Annual exhibition of the American Society of Miniature Painters, during November.

ACKERMANN GALLERIES, 10 East 46th St.—General exhibition of etchings.

DANIEL GALLERY, 2 West 47th St.—Group of modern paintings.

BROWN ROBERTSON Co., 415 Madison Ave.—Etchings by McBey, Legros, Zorn, Louis Orr and others.

MUSEUM OF FRENCH ART, 599 Fifth Ave.—Permanent exhibition of prints, casts, textiles and paintings.

HENRY REINHARDT SON, 606 Fifth Ave.—General exhibition.

FERARGIL GALLERIES, 607 Fifth Ave.—Exhibition of portraits by Murray Bewley, landscapes by Leith-Ross.

BABCOCK GALLERIES, 19 East 49th St.—Paintings of Africa by Leon Tahcheechee, to November 11. Nanuet painters, November 12 to 25.

JUNIOR ART PATRONS, 22 West 49th St.—Decorative Paintings, to November 12. Paintings

and sculpture by anonymous artists, November 15 to December 15.

KENNEDY GALLERY, 613 Fifth Ave.—Etchings and dry points by Frank W. Benson, during November.

AINSLIE GALLERY, 615 Fifth Ave.—Exhibition of American paintings.

HOWARD YOUNG GALLERIES, 620 Fifth Ave.—Paintings of ships by Gordon Grant, to Nov. 19.

REHN GALLERY, 6 West 50th St.—Exhibition of American paintings.

SCOTT AND FOWLES GALLERIES, removed to 667 Fifth Ave.—Eighteenth Century English paintings. Barbizon paintings. Bronzes by Paul Manship.

BOURGEOIS GALLERY, 668 Fifth Ave.—General exhibition.

DUDLEY JAMES GALLERY, 617 Lexington Ave.—Oriental bird and flower paintings, to November 15

FEARON GALLERIES, 25 West 54th St.—Antique and modern paintings.

YAMANAKA & Co., 680 Fifth Ave.—Exhibition of Buddhistic art.

KRAUSHAAR GALLERIES, 680 Fifth Ave.—Exhibition of paintings by Mountford Coolidge, to November 5.

EHRLICH GALLERIES, 707 Fifth Ave.—Exhibition of six American artists, to November 15. Portraits by Eleanore Barnard. Monotypes by Henry Wright, to December 1.

HARLOW GALLERIES, 712 Fifth Ave.—Lithographs and etchings by Whistler. Etchings and dry points by Roland Clark, through November.

ART CENTER, INC., 65 East 56th St.—Opening exhibition of graphic work and models for advertisements, interior decoration, etc., during November.

DURAND-RUEL GALLERY, 12 East 57th St.—General exhibition.

BRUMMER GALLERY, 43 East 57th St.—Exhibition of antique art. Paintings and etchings by Anne Goldthwaite, to November 23.

FOLSOM GALLERIES, 104 West 57th St.—Group exhibition.

MILCH GALLERIES, 103 West 57th St.—Paintings by Wayman Adams, to November 5. Flower paintings by Matilda Browne Van Wyck, November 7 to 19. Paintings and drawings by Abbott H. Thayer, December 3 to 31.

MUSSMANN GALLERY, 144 West 57th St.—Etchings by Ernest Haskell. Exhibition of work by some English artists.

HANFSTAENGLER GALLERIES, 153 West 57th St.—Etchings by old and modern masters. Art books in all languages.

AMERICAN FINE ARTS SOCIETY, 215 West 57th St.—National Academy of Design, November 19 to December 18.

GALLERIE INTIME, 749 Fifth Ave.—Paintings and sculpture by Marco Zim.

WEYHE GALLERY, 710 Lexington Ave.—Exhibition of prints and drawings by Forain.

ANDERSON GALLERIES, 489 Park Ave.—Thumb-box sketches by art teachers. (See Auction Calendar.)

HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park West.—Important collection of paintings by the old masters (open to the public, except during the month of August).

MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Columbus Ave. and 77th St.—Permanent collection of works of art. Open week days, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Central Park at East 82d St.—Open daily from 10 a. m. to 5 p. m.; Saturdays, until 10 p. m. Sundays, 10 a. m. to 5 p. m. Admission, Monday and Friday, 25 cents; free other days. Drawings and color blocks by Florence Wyman Ivins, to November 20. Loan exhibition of Oriental rugs, exhibition of prints by Legros, Lepere and Zorn, to January 1.

AMERICAN NUMISMATIC SOCIETY, Broadway and 155th St.—Permanent exhibition of modern and ancient medals.

HISPANIC SOCIETY, Broadway and 156th St.—Important collection of Spanish works of art, including paintings by El Greco, Velasquez and Goya.

OUT OF TOWN

MONTCLAIR ART MUSEUM, 1 So. Mountain Ave., Montclair, N. J.—Exhibition of sketches and small paintings by prominent artists, to Nov. 13.

VAYANA GALLERIES, 92 Pratt St., Hartford, Conn.—Etchings and drawings by Bradford Perin, November 2 to 12.

R. C. & N. M. VOSE, 394 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.—Paintings by C. Arnold Slade, to Nov. 12.

PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS, Philadelphia, Pa.—Annual exhibition of water colors and miniatures.

CORCORAN GALLERY, Washington, D. C.—Eighth annual exhibition of contemporary American oil paintings, through December. Entries due November 12.

SMALLEY ART GALLERIES, 1122 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.—Etchings and engravings by modern and old masters. Paintings by Americans, during November.

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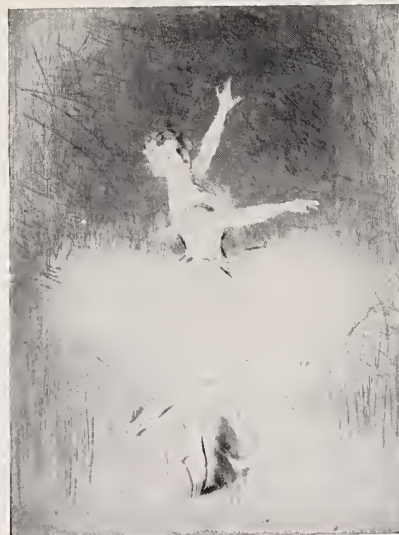


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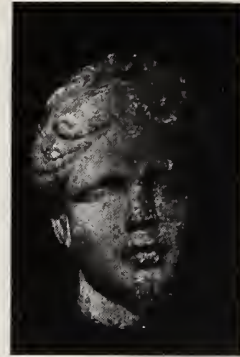
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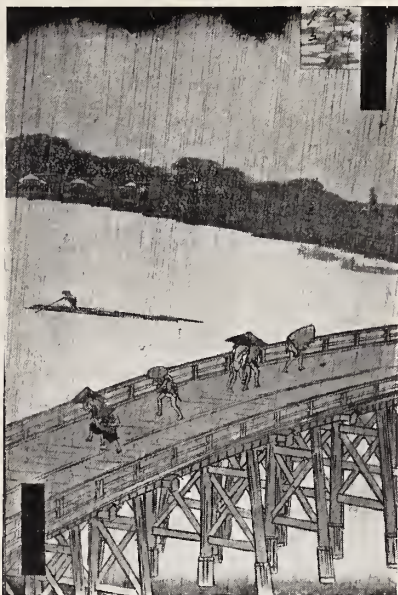
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