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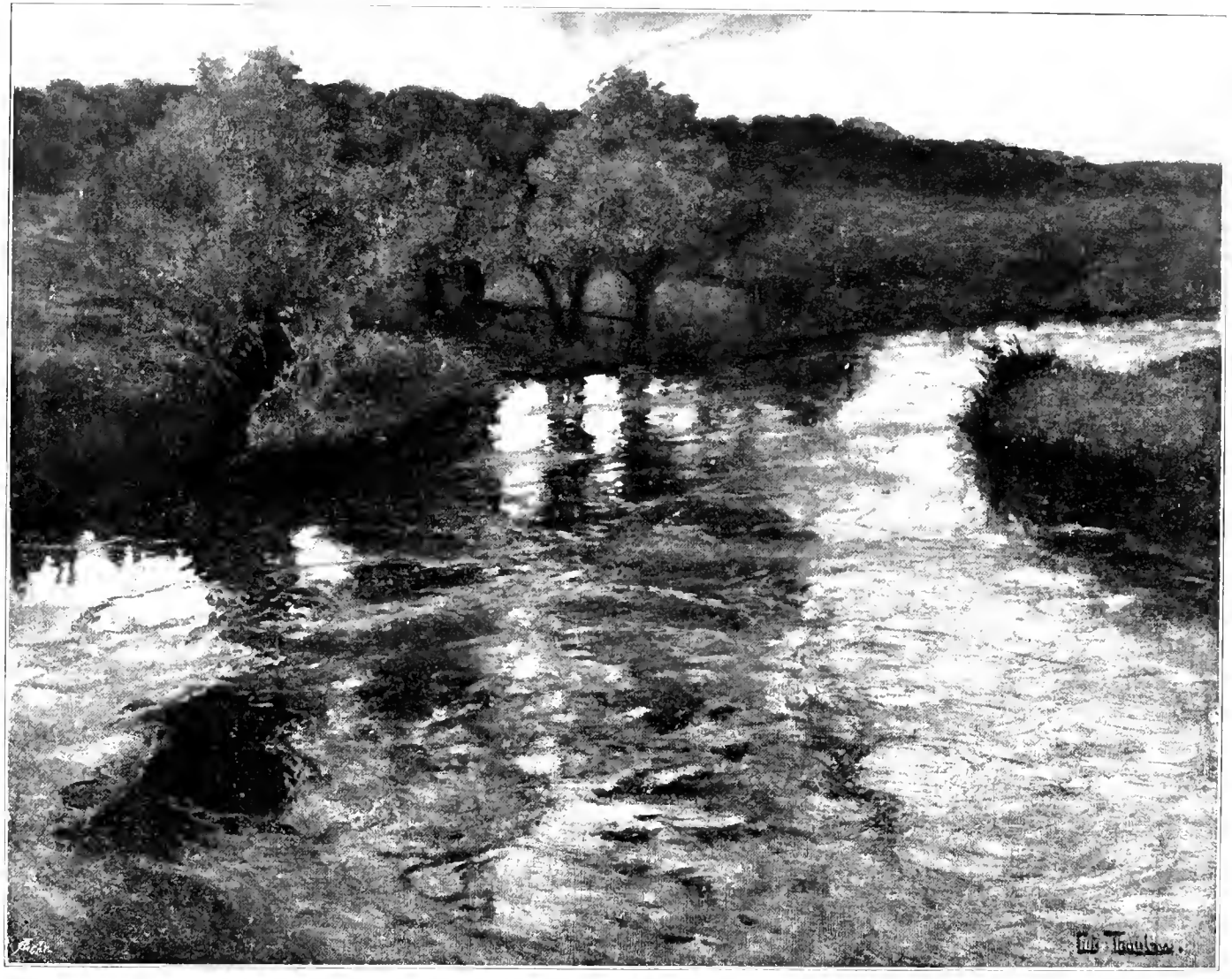
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THE STUDIO

FRITZ THAULOW—THE MAN AND THE ARTIST. BY GABRIEL MOUREY.

In the general history of art the nineteenth century might justly be styled the Age of Landscape. For this, I think, will be in times to come, if not its most undoubted claim to glory, at least one of its most pronounced characteristics.

The constellation of landscapists whose work calls for admiration or esteem, or arouses interest simply, is indeed innumerable. One may count them by hundreds, each in his own fashion endeavouring—often in a limited and fragmentary manner, it is true, but nevertheless in a fresh and original spirit—to grasp the mysteries of Nature.

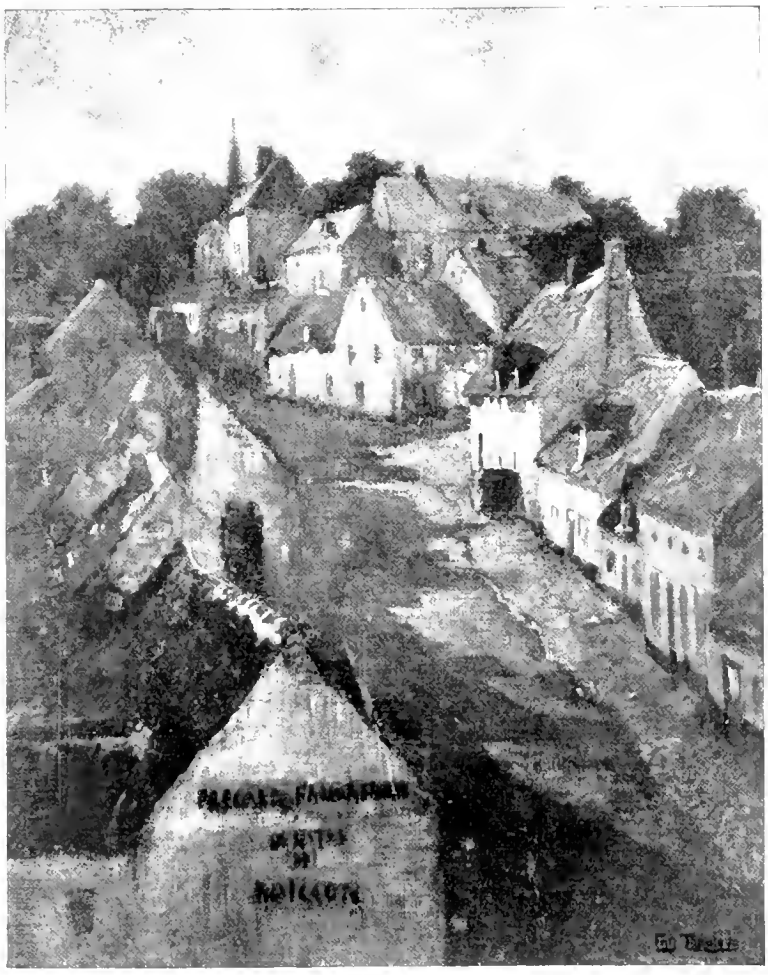
Moreover, the world has grown larger. The landscape-painter of the past was content to look around him, and saw nothing more than was contained within the horizon of his birthplace, the little spot where he had been reared, with ever the self-same trees, the self-same stream and the self-same hills. But with our modern facilities for rapid travelling the landscapist of to-day scours the whole wide world, seeking for new impressions, and finding everywhere the wherewithal to satisfy his passion for novelty. Attraction and charm are in all around, and as he sees, his observation grows keener and more keen. The mere external aspect of things no longer suffices for him; his ambition is to show us the very soul of the land, quivering in its proper atmosphere; to reveal the hidden meaning of its shape and aspect; and with his sensitive nerves, his highly trained eye, his education and his reading, the modern landscape-painter is admirably equipped for the task he has set himself to perform.

The taste of the day is strangely in his favour. Formerly no one would have looked at the brief "notes," the studies of particular effects, the bits of impressionism which now are the delight of the amateur. A picture, complete and finished in all respects, was what was wanted in the past: while now one is satisfied with a scrap of Nature reproduced on the instant—just a momentary glimpse as it were. The search after truth is closer and keener than before; and the public intelligence, which has grown deeper and better informed, is capable of imagining the whole scene from the fragment presented. It may, indeed, be urged that there is an undue partiality shown for too slight and sketchy impressions. The public is sometimes taken in by a few clever strokes of the brush, and thinks to discover depth of thought, where too often, alas! there is nought but incompetence.

Whence springs this modern taste of ours for landscape? Its causes are many and various. Apart from any question of æsthetics, and from a purely general point of view, the matter may be explained psychologically in the need that exists

FRITZ THAULOW FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

for the man of to-day to escape from the artificial, overheated atmosphere of his every-day life, as lived among the abnormal crowds in the large towns, into the real air, where he may tread real earth and gaze on real water and real trees and real grass. And seeing that his actual intercourse with Nature must necessarily be somewhat of a rare event, he is all the more susceptible of fresh impressions, and such a thing as satiety in this respect is unknown to him. For this reason there is no one better qualified than your citizen to appreciate the beauty and the charm of a landscape painting. To the man who has spent a whole week in office or factory, amid the hurry and worry of business, in a whirlwind of anxieties and struggles and hopes deceived, in that state of tension and nervous excitement inseparable from all work nowadays—to such a man a modest clump of trees appears majestic as a forest, the smallest hill high as a mountain; a few miles out of town he fancies himself in the heart of the country, instead of in some sordid suburb, as is generally the case.



"NOCTURNE" FROM A PAINTING BY FRITZ THAULOW

Unquestionably the love of Nature in this sense has never before been so general, so active and so intense as now. What a splendid collection could be formed of the works of the landscapists of this generation, without distinction of school or nationality! It would form a complete panorama of the world, seen through the medium of each artist's individual temperament, and would prove a source of deepest delight to eye and mind alike. Therein one would realise the incontestable fact that nothing in art is so subjective, so many-sided, as truth itself. Nature, indeed, never changes; it only differs according to the manner in which it is seen and understood and interpreted. The truth of the adage, "There's nothing new under the sun," seems doubtful in regard to art; for if fundamentally there be nothing new, each age, each race, each individuality exhibits a distinction in form. Our modes of expression are constantly changing, according to the way in which things appeal to us; and is not art the interpretation rather than the reproduction of truth?

I cannot resist the temptation to quote a few significant words from the pen of one of the greatest artists of the century, Eugène Delacroix:

"The artist's object is not to reproduce exactly, for he would at once be stopped by the impossibility of so doing. Many very ordinary effects are entirely without the range of painting, and can only be reproduced by their equivalents. It is the spirit of the thing that must be realised, and the

"FERME EN NORMANDIE."
FROM A PAINTING BY
FRITZ THAULOW

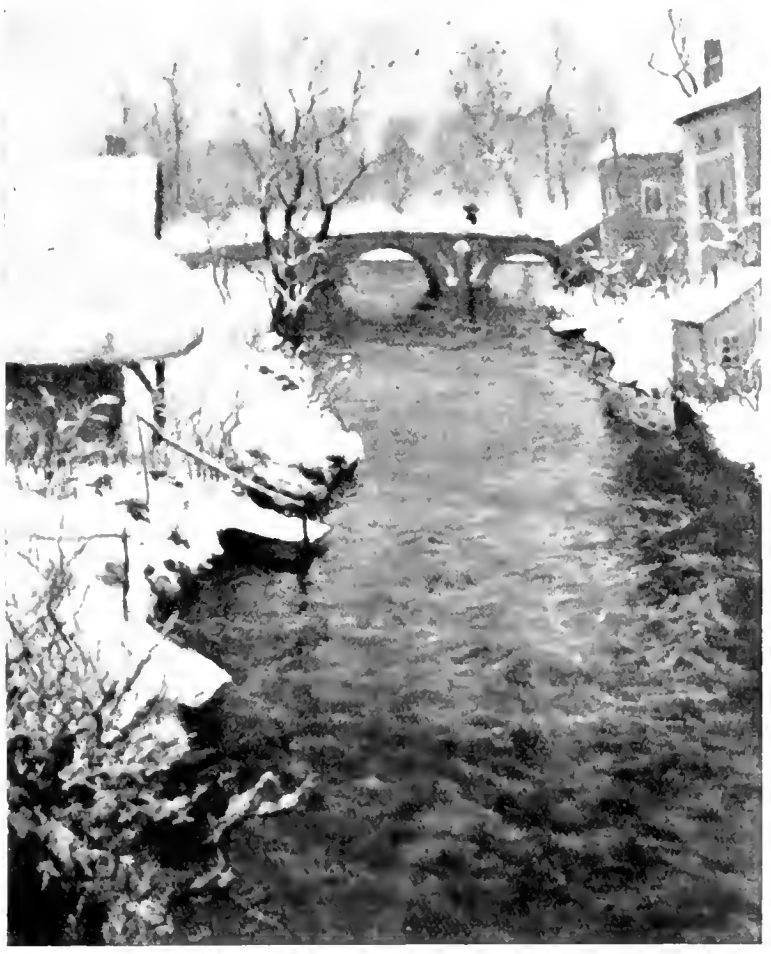
equivalents suffice for this. Interest must be aroused first of all. Who can be sure, when he looks upon even the most delightful piece of nature, that the pleasure is derived exclusively from what his eyes behold? A landscape charms us, not by its own beauties alone, but by means of a thousand other things which carry the imagination far beyond this or that particular scene."

I have thought it well to make these prefatory remarks in order that the reader may the better understand the genius of the artist to whom I am about to refer—Fritz Thaulow. Not that his work needs explaining; it asserts itself too clearly and too frankly to render any such thing necessary. But what I have said may perhaps be of assistance in enabling one to gain a more intimate appreciation of his personality.

Fritz Thaulow is the painter of the Stream, the Snow and the Night. From out the infinite, the innumerable aspects of Nature's garden, he has chosen these: and these, it may be supposed, have caused him the keenest emotion. Most of all their mystery must have attracted him, and their various manifestations must be in directest communion with his feelings and his nerves. Irresistible fancies there are which sway us and bear us along as by magic. All true artists have felt their influence. Slaves at first, they have at last conquered their masters, and turned them to practical service. They have become possessed of Nature's secrets, one by one; and in their revelation of these secrets we learn to know the artists themselves.

The ignorant public often reproaches an artist with his fondness for certain effects, certain aspects of Nature which he delights in reproducing; and this is simply because the great majority of people are incapable of realising what an amount of effort, what patient study, are demanded of a painter before he can succeed in grasping however inadequately—the secret of these effects, these special phases of his art. What have the greatest masters of all time done but spend their lives in repeating the same picture, or rather in looking at Truth ever from the same angle? One should ponder long over an artist's work before passing judgment upon it. Thaulow's, for instance, which to the superficial observer may seem monotonous, is, on the contrary, bubbling over with rich and abundant variety. Through the medium of the three subjects he particularly affects—the running water, the snow, and the night scene—he has expressed the most delicate and lovely things. It is like the expansion of a musical theme, an opening phrase which develops and expands until it finally swells into the richest "concourse of sweet sounds."

Thaulow has no superior in rendering the real

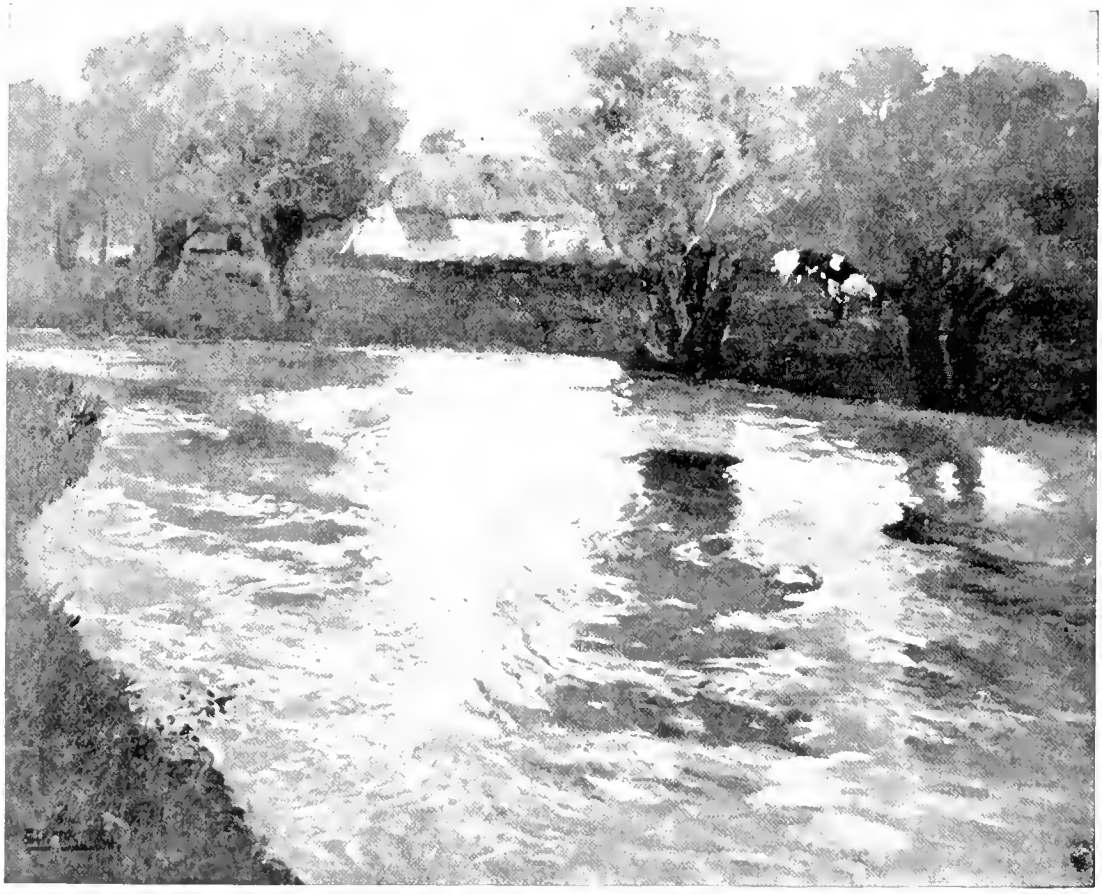


"RIVIERE EN NORMANDIE" FROM A PASTEL BY FRITZ THAULOW

charm, the fascination, of the little streams and watercourses gliding through the smiling meadows, reflecting the infinite sky in their crystal surface; none has realised more completely than he the delicate poetry that lies in the waters, as they bear their fertile freshness through the land, now rippling along, as though in haste, now lying placid and still as a mirror. At times, as in *Les Saules*, for example, a little of the sky is seen, with a glimpse of one of the thatched, white-walled farms of Normandy, through the trees; but all the splendour of the light lies in the transparent water, which illumines the landscape with its reflections.

In *Le Village Bleu*, on the other hand, the river banks are flanked by houses, the foundations of their ancient, shaky walls separated from the stream only by a little stretch of grass. A sky of extraordinary clearness stretches away above them, behind the trees of the neighbouring hillside: but it is the flowing water once more which is the real subject, the principal *motif* of the picture. Delicate blues and pinks, and transparent greens—all the delightful harmony of reflected colours are there, making music and casting radiance around.

Elsewhere we see the cold gloom of the snow banked up beside the watercourse in shapeless masses. The sky is whitish, the dull white of snow-time, when the bare branches stand out so blackly; and the water is white too, or rather grey, with here and there patches of light, and rosy reflections of the red-brick houses hard by giving a sort of melancholy gaiety, amid all the gloom around, and looking as though seen through a breath-dimmed window-pane on a winter's day.



"LES SAULES" FROM A PAINTING BY FRITZ THAULOW

The snow—which Thaulow understands and loves—has inspired some of his finest work. In certain of his smaller canvases, where he has only attempted to reproduce some particular little bit of nature, he has contrived to express all the grand and sorrowful features of the frozen season.

"PORT DE DIEPPE." FROM A DRAWING BY FRITZ THAULOW

A silence as of death rises from these snowy landscapes towards the heavens where all light seems for ever banished, for should a stray beam pierce the denseness of the clouds, and flicker feebly to the earth, it is so weak, so sickly pale, and lingers so sadly on the livid snow, that one feels as though the sun were dead—dead for ever, with no chance of resurrection; and one has no hope more that the trees will blossom once again, no hope more of light or springtide or life itself!

But I am straying into rhapsody! Instead of the technical phrases needed to describe this great artist's manner, I can find nothing but fanciful and poetical figures to employ, for they spring unsummoned from my pen. Powerful, indeed, this art must be, fully charged with Nature and Truth, to arouse feelings like these. Was I wrong in quoting from Delacroix, as I did just now? "In presence of Nature herself, 'tis imagination makes the picture."

And the truth of this seems clearer than ever to me when I think of Thaulow's night scenes. In a greater degree here, perhaps, than anywhere else he appears as a matchless poet. It is not possible to go further than he has gone in intensity of truth and poetic feeling, and there is probably no painter alive to-day who has realised these moonlight nights, with their fluid limpidity and their soft splendour, better than he. There is no resisting their charm. The painter disappears, and in his place we simply see the artist's soul, which has penetrated so deeply into the mystery of things that it can re-create them, so to speak, in all their ineffable beauty.

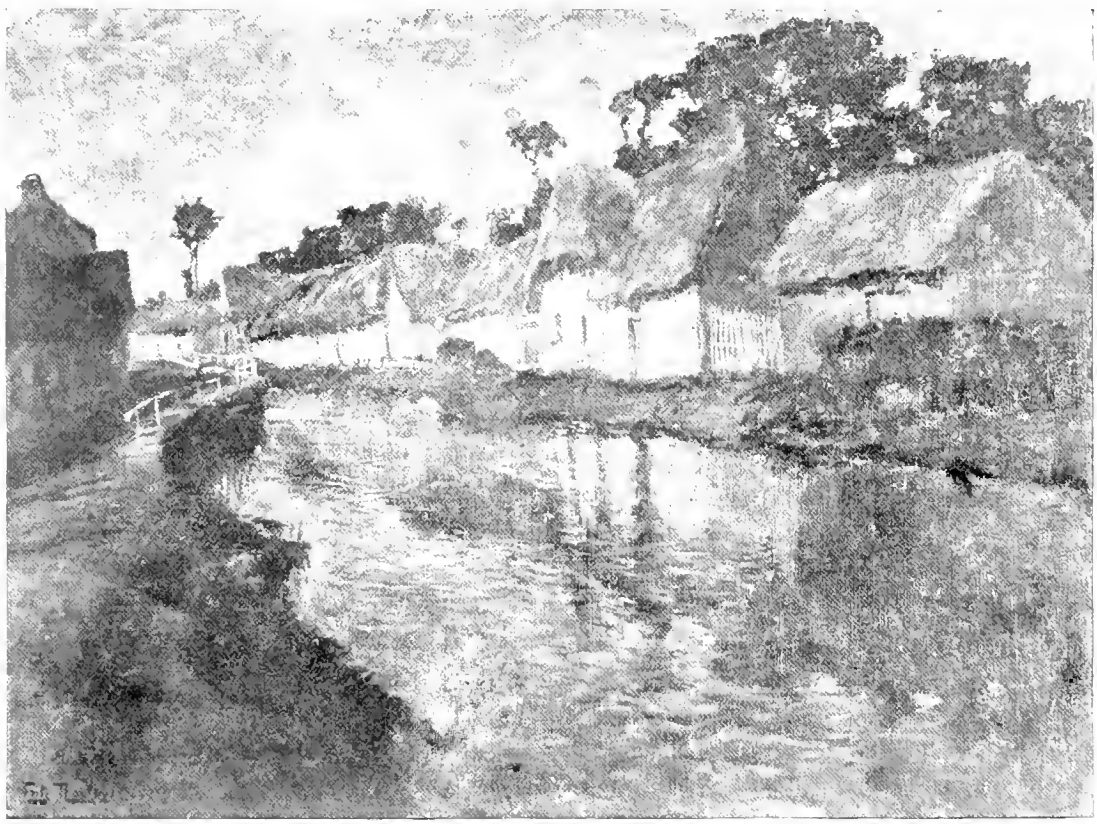
The artist has little concern for this or that technical process. His subject absorbs him too much for that, and the emotions he feels—for feel them he must if he would have us share them—are too great to permit him to think of matters of secondary consideration. For, after all, they are but of minor importance, these technical details to which nowadays many artists attach so much weight. The question of processes seems insignificant enough before the splendour of the blazing sun, the sparkling waters, the spreading foliage, with Life itself quivering and palpitating before our eyes! Enough to do to grasp the scene, by whatever means be at hand, and with-

"ORAGE" FROM A PAINTING BY FRITZ THAULOW

out fettering oneself by all sorts of restrictions. One feels grateful to an artist who can shake off all these shackles, for it is a clear proof that he looks on all concerning art from a lofty standpoint; and so it must be regarded if strong and lasting work is to be the result.

Dealing as I am with a landscapist, I have not attempted—for reasons which will no doubt be appreciated—to give minute descriptions of his works in detail; for the title of a picture, here more than in any other branch of art, means absolutely nothing, and tells one nothing. Work such as this must be estimated by its colouring, by the fidelity of its effects, by its accuracy of expression, and particularly by the degree of emotion it produces. Thaulow's productions are very numerous. He has worked with indefatigable ardour, and with the utmost sincerity of purpose; and I know of nothing which has proceeded from his hand that does not bear the stamp of the most conscientious searching after truth, and does not contain something of his individuality.

Thaulow is an artist at once delicate and forceful. These qualities of softness and strength rarely go together nowadays; for delicacy speedily lapses into flabbiness, power into coarseness, and refinement into trickery. Thaulow's work affords a rare example of perfect balance. His brush has a touch of extraordinary delicacy, allied with a truly masculine force. It must not be imagined from what I have already said that he bestows an exaggerated care upon detail, upon the superfluous realisation of minute trifles. On the contrary, he wields his brush in the broadest, freest manner, and never fails to produce a beautiful and noble harmony of effects—as witness his *Village Bleu*, his *Nocturnes*, his *Rivière d'Arques*, his moonlight scenes at Montreuil, at Dieppe and in Norway, or his *Pluie d'Octobre en Norvège*, his *Orage*, or his *La Vieille Fabrique* in the Luxembourg collection.



"LE VILLAGE BLEU" FROM A PAINTING BY FRITZ THAULOW

Thaulow has won the high position he holds among the landscapists of our day by reason of his great gifts as painter and artist—I purposely draw a distinction between the art worker and the interpreter of Nature—and also by his particularly generous and sensitive temperament. His good

"PLUIE D'OCTOBRE EN NORWÈGE."
FROM A PAINTING BY FRITZ THAULOW

"TEMPÊTE DE NEIGE EN NORWEGE" FROM A PAINTING BY FRITZ THAULOW

fortune is well deserved, and those who know him both as artist and as man are rejoiced at his success.

The man himself, quite apart from his work, is a curious and an interesting study, and I cannot resist the inclination to make a brief sketch of him.

Of imposing height, he has all the typical appearance of the men of the North, and suggests the mild but terrible Vikings, of whose victorious exploits the Sagas tell. And with this are combined a light and fanciful spirit and an equable temper full of charm, revealing themselves in the hearty jovial laugh, the sunny schoolboy gaiety. In every way Thaulow is the most "sympathetic" of men. To understand his nature thoroughly one must see him at Dieppe, in his Villa des Orchidées, where he has lived for some years, in the midst of his family. His life is one of joyous wholesome work, relieved by long bicycle rides. It is good, too, to listen to him, as he tells the story of his career and its ups-and-downs; for his success has not been attained without its attendant sorrows and disappointments.

He was born at Christiania. His father was a distinguished chemist, and his grandfather a painter. Immediately after leaving school he entered the Academy at Copenhagen, but his drawing was so bad that he was sent back very soon. He had shown some promise as a colourist, but his draughtsmanship was shocking!

At twenty-seven years of age he left Copenhagen and took up his abode at Carlsruhe, where for two years he studied under the well-known painter Gude, who is now a professor in the Berlin Academy. But he was not a flattering pupil. His work was refused all round, and he himself was regarded as a sickly revolutionary. His parents were greatly grieved at his want of success, and he returned to Norway to console them.

About that time a revolt was in progress against the pretty, conventional art of the day, the sham German idealism and antiquated traditions of the Dusseldorff school. They were only three or four young men, longing for freshness in their art, and they brought about the revolution. It didn't take long. They made it their business to force upon the public just that which the great majority regarded as hideous, and ugly, and unworthy of the artist's brush. The campaign was fierce. The revolutionaries simply violated the public taste. Educated on anecdotal pictures, nicely painted and

composed, very neat and very pretty, the public found themselves suddenly transported into the depths of naturalism. "There was," says Thaulow, "something at once comical and grand about the matter. We were looked upon as madmen, and every sort of insult was heaped upon us. While to-day—and this is the funniest part of it all—we are the "official" painters, and Norway counts us among those who do her honour. Funny, isn't it, to think that now it is the Symbolists and the Idealists who are carrying on the revolutionary movement; while we, whom they are striving to crush—Werenskiold, Muntha, jun., Krohg, Heyerdahl, and myself—are now considered quite *vieux jeu?*"

Thaulow came to Paris in 1880, and received no very cordial welcome. He was rejected for the Salon, but, in no way discouraged, made repeated attempts until at last his work was hung—so badly that no one could see it! With resignation he bides his time and prepares a *coup* for the exhibition of 1889, to which he sends some of his snow scenes. They are an immense success. One is bought for the Luxembourg, and the artist is decorated with the Legion of Honour. "After that," says Thaulow, "I never look back. Fortune had smiled on me at last."

In 1892 Thaulow, with his wife and children, went to London, his object being to study the River Thames; but "there were too many Englishmen in London" for his taste. So, fond as he is of your countrymen, he resolves to escape to Italy, where he would find too many Italians! He starts off to buy his coupons for the South; but at the tourist office they advise him to take his tickets in Paris, and without worrying himself any more about the matter, back to Paris he goes!

He never reached Italy after all, for on the way back they got out at a village called Camières, in the Pas-de-Calais—a little place with red roofs and white houses and beautiful trees, and a stream running under the willows. They resolved to rest there for an hour or two—and ended by staying two years!

But he still yearned for Italy, the fatherland of masterpieces, and at last, only a month or two ago, he went, and is back again. Is he back for good? Who knows? He is capable of spending the rest of his life there.

Thaulow is a happy man, with only one grievance—his effects of running water have been successful, and now his admirers will have nothing else. The same with his snows and his night scenes. He wants to do something different; and the thought that when this "something else" shall have been produced, other subjects must be found, makes him rather uneasy.

"What will you do then, my dear Thaulow?" "I hardly know," he replies with comic gravity; "je ferai des chevaux blancs!"

Such is the man and the artist whom we know as Fritz Thaulow.

GABRIEL MOUREY.

THE REVIVAL OF ENGLISH DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE. VI. THE WORK OF MR. C. F. A. VOYSEY.

THE former chapters on the revival of English domestic architecture have been devoted to the work of men long since recognised as masters, and have embraced palaces and mansions as well as houses for people of moderate incomes. But the work of Mr. C. F. A. Voysey to be considered here belongs to quite another order. For it is no exaggeration to say that some of the entirely delightful houses he has called into being would compare favourably in cost with the miserable shams of the jerry-builder. To beat the vulgar and badly constructed dwelling—on economic as

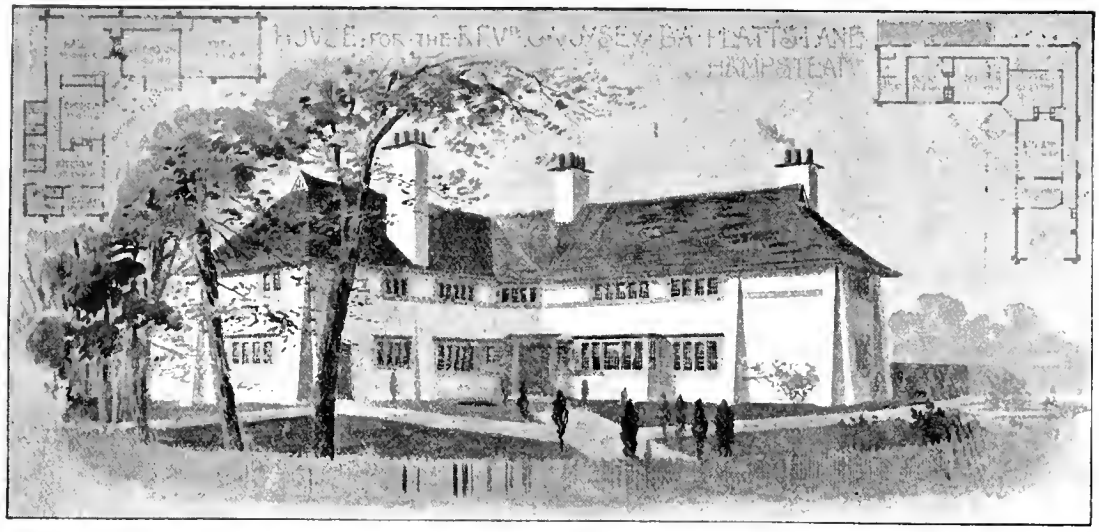
HOUSE AT FRENSHAM — C. F. A. VOYSEY, ARCHITECT

HOUSE AT CASTLE MORTON, WORCESTERSHIRE — C. F. A. VOYSEY, ARCHITECT
(From a photograph by H. J. L. Mass.)

well as artistic grounds—is a notable achievement. But that Mr. Voysey has done it more than once remains as abiding evidence that art may not only be obedient to the demands of common sense, but that it is able to use worthy materials honestly, and give you a lasting structure as cheaply as the most scamping rival could produce it. This is doubtless due to the fact that Mr. Voysey in such a building almost entirely ignores ornament, especially of the sort that is applied so lavishly to distract attention from faulty workmanship and unsound material.

It is often the plaint of poor but artistic house-builders, that lack of money obliges them to forego beautiful things. This is a fallacy of the worst order. For it implies that beauty is a thing of decoration and non-essentials. In theory we all agree to protest against such a distorted view of beauty; but in practice, especially in architectural practice, the presence of so much superfluous, if not, possibly, bad ornament, can be attributed to no other cause. But because Mr. Voysey in almost every case hitherto, has abjured carvings, stained glass, tiles, and the ordinary items of applied decoration, it would be absurd to argue therefrom his dislike or contempt. Should he ever accept a commission to build a palace for a millionaire (and one may be sure he would not unless he had full liberty to discard the commonplace decorations of the hour) then we have no reason to suppose it would be unadorned. On the contrary, while we should find exquisite proportion and harmonious arrangement of masses his first aims, there is little doubt but that he would employ fellow craftsmen to enrich certain portions as superbly as they knew how. One sees in his furniture no reliance on mouldings or machine carvings, ormolu mountings, or other "stuck on" decorations; but all the same in hinges, escutcheons, and other portions where ornament can be used wisely, he does not shun it, but rather welcomes and amplifies it so that these few portions impart the effect of sumptuous adornment to the whole of a structure that else relies solely on good material, shaped to fine proportion.

In another context he has explained his theory of the decoration of the house. If you have really beautiful furniture, and only fine pictures, and such pieces of bric-à-brac as are entitled to be called works of art, then he counsels exquisite reticence in internal decoration. But if you must needs use unlovely ornate furniture, and fabrics



HOUSE AT HAMPSTEAD C. F. A. VOYSEY, ARCHITECT

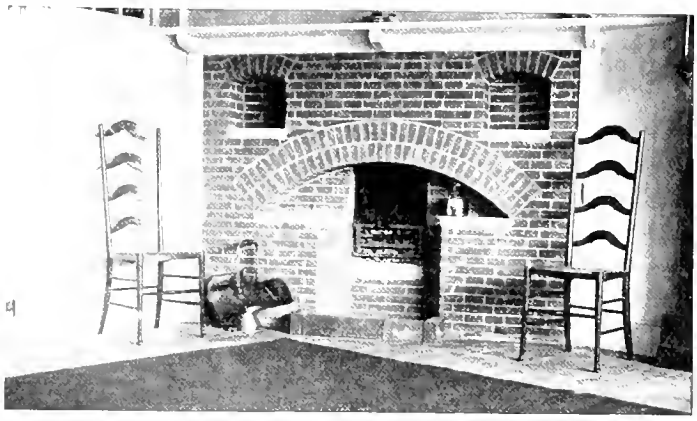
with patterns, then he would have you unafraid to welcome pattern everywhere; so that in its very abundance you may escape the contours of badly shaped furniture sharply defined against a plain wall, or some one dominant pattern thrusting itself on you without any rivals to modify its insistent claim to be noticed.

That Mr. Voysey is fond of green painted woodwork, or of green-coloured furniture, one has heard urged against him. This is as ignoble a reason for urging against a craftsman's schemes as the ordinary slang of the "art-at-home" columns of weekly papers. There, we read lately, "green furniture is coming in again," as if it were a mode in hair-dressing, or a fabric for spring costumes. If with experience of its utility, and with full belief in its economy, you find a certain treatment for woodwork, structural or movable, better adapted than others, why for the sake of variety should you use less admirable methods?

Painting in simple, pleasant colours has found its opponents at certain times. Yet the common stained deal of the mission-room Gothic, or the small vicarage, is no more honest. It is more indiscreet, but indiscretion is not necessarily truth. Mr. Voysey's doctrine of honesty is not founded on quibbles of this sort. Paint will not hide bad material, and cover up clumsy workmanship from the eye of an expert. But well applied it can give a far more pleasant surface than is likely to be obtained from cheap wood, smeared with a sticky-looking varnish.

There is such a thing as sham honesty, an affectation of being superior to one's fellows in exact truth of statement, which is not far removed from hypocrisy, although it aims to be at the very opposite extreme. As, for example, in woodwork of the Early Victorian Gothic revival, where every mortice showed its keyed tenon, and buttresses, whether needed or not by the construction, were a favourite motive of applied decoration—to buildings as well as furniture.

In Mr. Voysey's designs for small houses buttresses frequently occur, but these are not used



FIREPLACE IN THE HOUSE AT FRENSHAM C. F. A. VOYSEY, ARCHITECT

SIX·COTTAGES·AT·ELMESTHORPE·NEAR·LEICESTER·FOR·THE·EARL·OF·LOVELACE·C·F·A·VOYSEY·ARCHT

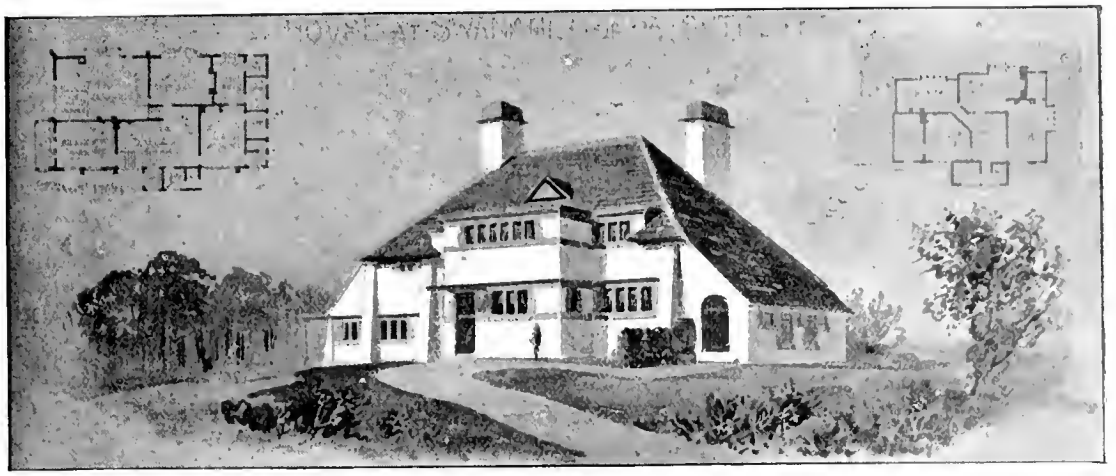
because mediæval builders employed them, still less are they added to walls already strong enough to impart a "quaint" or "picturesque" effect. Mr. Voysey employs these buttresses to save the cost of thicker walls for the lower story of his buildings. That they chance to afford pleasant-looking shelters for a garden seat, and break up the wall-surface happily, giving the *façade* a certain architectural pattern of shadows he realises, and is, beyond doubt, delighted by the picturesque qualities which happen to result from their use. Although the fact is patent enough from study of the architect's works, it may be as well to re-state it—Mr. Voysey would no more dream of adding a superfluous buttress than he would add an unnecessary panel of cheap ornament. If, after knowledge of his designs, you still believe he is purposely eccentric, or deliberately strains after unusual effects, it does but prove how hard it is for any sincere worker to express himself that all who run may read clearly, and that those not sympathetic can realise his intentions.

Unless one approaches Mr. Voysey's designs for houses with some appreciation of his intention, there is danger in confusing his essential principles with those which chance to be also æsthetic. No one who sketches from Nature will deny that a Voysey cottage is a far more seemly building for the foreground of a fine landscape than is the average suburban villa with "high art," as commerce understands it, proclaimed boldly in every detail. Given a few creeping plants, and some time-stains—that last painting which nature slowly but gratuitously adds to every picture, and the houses he has built fall into the scheme of an English landscape as harmoniously as do the thatched cottages of a past century. That this quality of accord with nature is rare in modern architecture needs no examples adduced for proof. A view from any railway-carriage window will discover a thousand discordant objects of the country. Without quoting any instances in our own land, who can forget the perky little French villas which do so much to vulgarise the exquisite apple-orchards of Normandy in the spring, when after a mile of pure Corot, or Harpignies, the eye is arrested by a little toy "maisonette," which in its trim angularity strikes a discordant note at once, as if you perched the latest thing in Paris hats on one of the seated Graces of the Parthenon.

AN ARTIST'S COTTAGE AT BEDFORD PARK — C. F. A. VOYSEY, ARCHITECT

Were the good qualities of Mr. Voysey's building all told in this statement, and their one claim to artistic approval rested on their relation to the landscape around, enough would be proved to warrant his claim to a very honourable place among modern architects. For of only a very few could as much be said truly and one doubts where in any other case such economy of money or material could also be claimed for the same works.

But there is another side—and a very important one it is. If you study the plans of his small houses, you will be amazed to find how liberal is the space compared with the cost of the building. You will also discover that he believes in the importance of one or two large rooms—large, that is to say, in pro-



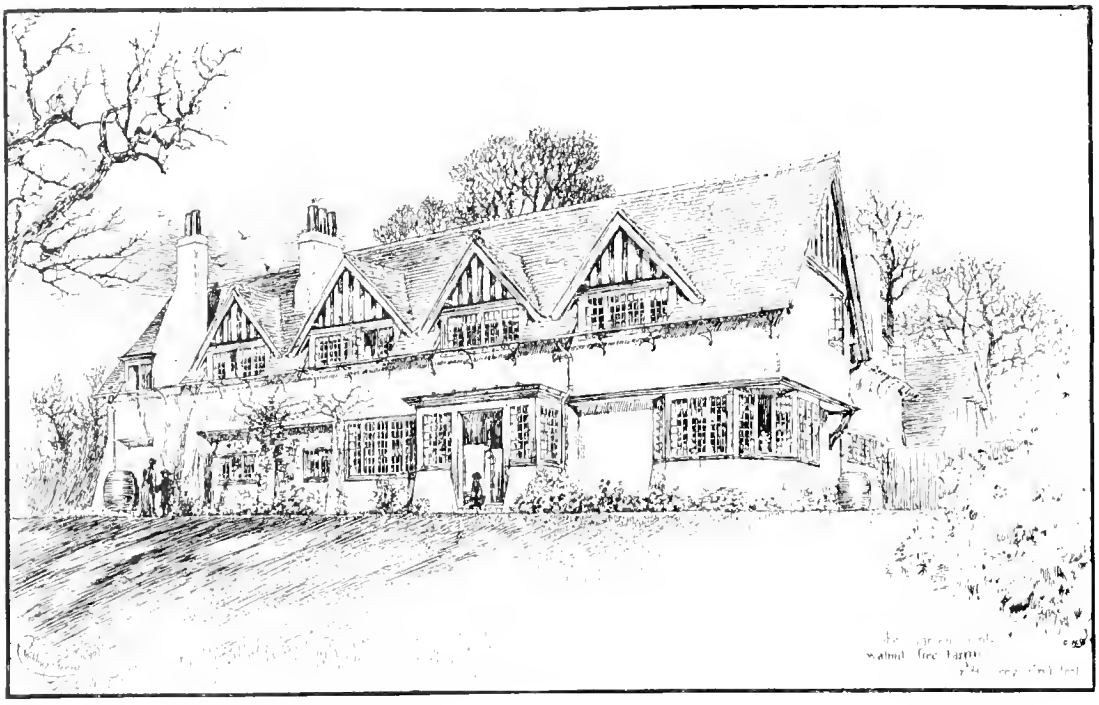
HOUSE AT SWANAGE — C. F. A. VOYSEY, ARCHITECT

portion to the dimensions of the whole building instead of a lot of little rooms and narrow, unnecessary passages.

Readers of THE STUDIO will possibly remember a plan and elevation for an artist's cottage (Vol. IV. p. 34), where in a building estimated to cost between £700 and £800 there was a living-room 28 ft. by 14 ft. This of course was in place of two so-called drawing and dining-rooms, 14 ft. by 14 ft., which the average little villa would offer you: but although there was no other "reception-room," a passage at the back was widened, and by the addition of a bay window figured as a smoking-room, or picture-gallery, some 20 ft. long, by 9 ft. wide in the bay and 6 ft. at either end. In short, the house was planned for people who prefer the easy, if unconventional ménage, to the discomfort of the dull, orthodox routine. In place of a stuffy little parlour, and an equally stuffy little feeding apartment, you had one spacious room and one handy lounge, avaible when domestic economy required the other to be given up to "laying the cloth" or other household duties.

It is perhaps this tendency of real economy designed to provide for actual comfort in place of imaginary luxury which repels certain people from Mr. Voysey's work. In the last "Arts and Crafts" a roofed bedroom chair was the object of much zealous detraction. As it chanced, the present writer when writing about this particular item was undergoing the ordinary discomfort of a common cold, and sitting at his work beneath a studio sky-light: consequently he thought of the chair with personal recognition of its draught-screening powers, and wished he had been lucky enough to own it. He did not think of it as one of eight or ten all hooded—around a dining-room table, because it was clearly intended for an invalid's use. Yet to hear certain comments upon it, one would have supposed that it was Mr. Voysey's idea of a work-a-day chair, subject to many changes of place. So the cottages he plans for ample sites, with side as well as front lighting, must not be criticised as his idea of a small house in a London street. You have but to study certain houses in Hans Place, S.W., to see that the architect is quite as able to grapple with the artificial conditions of crowded life in a neighbourhood where ground is costly, as with a cottage site where land is cheap. Nor if your habit of living necessitates formal hospitality would he give you a living-room and a lounge in place of the conventional reception-rooms of a town mansion. His simplicity of detail may be governed by pecuniary economy in one case: but as you remember the Hans Place houses, you will not find more liberal expenditure lavished upon the ornamental fittings of the builder's catalogue. In England, where domestic life gathers to itself so many purely ornamental objects—pictures, porcelain, and the rest—the rooms themselves cannot fitly receive the same richness of treatment that in a continental salon, with its sparse furniture, seems so eminently right. Here the two styles are not pitted against each other, for both are legitimate provision for the actual needs of the occupant. But recognising the fondness of an English householder for all sorts of extraneous objects of art and vertu, it is well not to make the rooms so completely self-sufficient that every added item helps to mar their original effect.

How well Mr. Voysey has realised golden silence



THE GARDEN FRONT, WALNUT TREE FARM — C. F. A. VOYSEY, ARCHITECT

and silver speech his designs will show. For if silence is the most precious, yet speech is not despicable. Indeed, many of us are bi-metallists in this sense. One form of speech is unluckily prohibited in writing of contemporaries, and that is a description of the personality of the artist. It is true that by his works ye shall know him; yet if a hint of their author's real self could be conveyed at the same time, how much fuller and quicker would they be comprehended. Good taste forbids even the hint, and a dozen anecdotes, a score of sayings uttered unguardedly in private conversation must not be repeated here. But without breaking into the privacy of his life in any way, it is only bare justice to record the fact that Mr. Voysey's simplicity of manner, his aim to use honest materials in a straightforward way, his occasional touches of humour, such as appear even in his most important works—all these are the open expression of the man as well as of the architect. Some natures are dual, and with no conscious hypocrisy a man holds quite different creeds for his professional duties and his personal habits. We have known people austere and ascetic, who were prodigals and incontinent in their art, also people who preferred rigid simplicity for their own surroundings, and yet delighted in making those of other people gorgeous, if not absolutely vulgar; others with a professed hatred of shams, who were so bewildered by some ingenious expedient to gain a splendid effect by means of imitative substitutes for the more costly material, that all their theories were forgotten. But search through Mr. Voysey's work as you may, you will find no attempt to produce any effect by imitative means. One other thing may be put on record—namely, his habit of referring directly to Nature for inspiration, and his indifference to precedent; not in any contemptuous attitude of superiority, but in a real feeling of humility which believes Nature to be the source of all, and so prefers to seek the fountain-head direct. One may misunderstand his rigid suppression of ornament so-called, his avoidance of carving and stained glass, and the pretty trifles which the builder of the modern house delights in. Yet to comprehend his attitude towards the orthodox enrichments of the house it is well to remember that when pattern is required for textiles, papers, or what not, the same artist who is unflinching in repressing it when he believes it will be superfluous, revels in the beauty of intricate line and complex colour when the occasion justifies it. We have, as I said before, many examples of Mr. Voysey's economic work, yet we may be sure that if a palace came from his hands it would be distinguished by the larger beauty which makes a Greek temple memorable rather than by the petty ornamentation that has

delighted many excellent people in bygone ages no less than to-day.

The record of his work is not very long, yet it is too lengthy to be described adequately here. For descriptions in detail of buildings conceived more or less in the same spirit would be wearisome and singularly unconvincing. It would serve little purpose to give a complete list of Mr. Voysey's schemes in progress, or already carried out. The selection here illustrated will serve to represent the chief features of his work.

The studio for W. E. F. Britten, Esq., St. Dunstan's Road, West Kensington (p. 24), occupies a unique position for a town house, as it is in the angle of an L-shaped street, and isolated from its neighbours. With its severe outline and pleasantly painted woodwork it arrests your attention and proclaims its author at a glance. Indeed, when you come across it by accident in the very ordinary street, it is almost startling to realise how wide a gulf separates its design from the average town studio. But the site permitted the building, and the architect took full advantage of the unusual conditions.

The two houses *14 and 16 Hans Road, Chelsea*, do not amaze you by sheer novelty as Mr. Britten's studio surprises. Yet as you study their simple but dignified façade, once again you recognise Mr. Voysey's handling as surely as if his name were written legibly across it. Even in the small scale on which they are shown here, the exquisite sense of proportion, and the reticent use of even purely architectural features, impress you with a sense of sufficiency. They look what they are, solid, comfortable dwellings, that preserve a distinction all their own, even in a neighbourhood where satisfactory houses are not uncommon. It is rare to find personality revealed by simplicity; as a rule it is the flourishes or the eccentricity of the letters which betray handwriting. Here Mr. Voysey has no superfluous stroke, no affected detail, and yet his individuality stands clearly revealed.

HOUSES IN HANS ROAD, CHELSEA
C. F. A. VOYSEY, ARCHITECT

FIREPLACE IN HOUSE AT FRENSHAM C. F. A. VOYSEY, ARCHITECT

It is possible that *Walnut-Tree Farm, Castle Morton, Worcestershire*, as it appears in one illustration here, would not at once betray its author: but in the second from another point of view there would be little reason for doubt. But the garden front is entirely typical. The four gables breaking the long tiled roof, the buttress to the lower storey, the simple yet novel treatment of the porch, and

HOUSE AND STUDIO IN ST. DUNSTAN'S ROAD, WEST KENSINGTON — C. F. A. VOYSEY, ARCHITECT

the placing of the chimney-stacks are entirely characteristic of their author. It is a home worthy its pastoral name; a building which seems in every way suggestive of the clean, luxurious domesticity of an English homestead; so that as you study it in various photographs and plans you are conscious of a yearning for all the leisurely comforts a visit to such a house implies.

The *Six Cottages, Elmesthorpe*, for the Earl of Lovelace, are particularly picturesque, and they are moreover, extremely commodious and compact. The porches coupled in pairs, with the great eaves of thatch brought over them, help to give a sense of shelter that suggests a hen covering her chickens. The bench outside each porch is the only addition to the bare necessities of a house, and yet this simple and inexpensive item betrays sympathy with the inmates — a reward of rest after honest labour. In touches of this sort Mr. Voysey betrays plainly the accord with humanity which softens the apparent austerity of his work. His "extras" do not take the form of ornament, not even of a decorated inscription setting forth the glory of the architect; but when they are apparent, they are invariably planned to yield some little pleasure to the occupants.

In a *House at Frensham* (p. 16) for E. J. Horniman, Esq., we have a very typical "Voysey" building. The proportions of the roof, the angle buttresses, the window which breaks into the eaves, the casements, each slightly unlike the other, and especially the curious dormer which appears below the chimney-stack, are distinctly characteristic of Mr. Voysey's manner, comely and pleasant. The interior views show the same rigid distrust of ornament. Yet the homely looking, wide fireplace, no less than the more conventional mantelpiece in another room, reveal beauty gained by harmony in the balance of structural parts. In the pillars to the latter mantelpiece Mr. Voysey abjures bases for his columns, as he did in another design at the last Arts and Crafts. Whether this innovation is quite justified need not be discussed here, but from long associations there can be little doubt that the absence of a plinth

seems a defect. Yet in Egyptian and in Doric architecture this is not felt; but so far as memory serves, the columns in both styles never started from the actual ground level, but from a low wall which is but a plinth of another sort. If only space permitted, it would be interesting to illustrate each façade of this house, which is built in brickwork, cement rough-cast, and limewashed, roofed with Westmoreland green slates, with lead pipes and ridges. The ideal of a modest country-house is surely realised here. It is not "a cottage with a double coach-house, a cottage of gentility," Coleridge's delightfully apt instance of the devil's darling sin, "the pride that apes humility," but a real cottage that has no pretension and is yet comely enough and commodious enough to be the shooting-box of an emperor.

Perry-Croft, a house at Colwall, Malvern, is a larger building with the L-shaped plan that its author evidently finds peculiarly adapted for domestic requirements. In one arm of the L are the kitchen, scullery, and offices, while the other is devoted to the reception-rooms and bedrooms. As you notice its projecting eaves, its wide windows close beneath, and its massively simple chimney-stacks, it reveals Mr. Voysey's hand, and from the garden, as the two sides are seen, the buttresses which he has made are so peculiarly his own as to dismiss any shadow of suspicion concerning its author.

Perhaps the best known of all this architect's work is *An Artist's Cottage* at Bedford Park, a white house in the very centre of the red-brick revival, a "cottage" of three storeys, that contains a studio 31 ft. by 17 ft., and a parlour 17 ft. 6 in. by 14 ft., with three bedrooms and the usual offices. The contract price for this was £494 10*s.*, a price that takes one's breath away, and tempts one to believe that if the site were obtained it would be economic as well as delightful to quit one's present tenancy, and employ Mr. Voysey to design another for one's own needs. It is amusing to read that it was found necessary, in order to prevent the builder from displaying the usual "ovolo mouldings," "stop chamfers," fillets, and the like, to prepare eighteen sheets of contract drawings to show where his beloved ornamentation *was to be omitted*. This topsy-turvy proceeding is delightfully suggestive of the entirely mechanical adornment in general use which is so thoroughly a part of the routine that great pains have to be taken to prevent the workmen from unconscious "decoration," according to their wonted habit.

There is no doubt that red brick, beautiful as it is in the hands of competent designers, can be vulgarised more easily than simple rough-cast limewashed. But the value of Mr. Voysey's art is not in the use of any material, or on any mannerism, but in his evident effort to seek first the utilitarian qualities of strength and fitness, and to obtain beauty by common honesty. This separates it at once from the spurious honesty which ultra Gothic designers made ridiculous; or from an affectation of clumsy simplicity which defeats its purpose. In these houses illustrated you can discover that it is neither Gothic nor Classic architecture which Mr. Voysey practises, but house-building pure and simple. The habit of making pretty pictures, to be carried out in all available materials, regardless of cost and, often enough, of good taste also, has not attracted him, as it failed to attract the other men of his profession who have regained a lost position for English domestic architecture.

In others not illustrated here, including a design for a more ambitious work than any of these, a house for the Earl of Lovelace at Ockham Park, and those drawings which were shown at last year's Academy, the moral to be drawn is—like most truths—somewhat monotonous. But enough has been said to prove that Mr. Voysey is not a mere dreamer, but a practical and experienced architect, who will give you first a sanitary, substantial, and comfortable house, and in doing so—with no extra cost, but often with a most unusual economy—manage to make it a really artistic building at the same time. So rare a combination of fact and fancy deserves reiteration. Hitherto we had imagined that beautiful things—whether Morris cretonnes or Kelmscott Press books—or a hundred less familiar examples, were only to be enjoyed by people of very ample incomes. Mr. Voysey does not quote as his motto, "Economy at any price," but all the same he gives it you, without sacrificing comeliness and stateliness in so doing. For there is a stateliness of a sort in absence of decoration—as a well-known anecdote of an American foreign minister goes to prove. It is not the only way—in certain circumstances it may not even be the best way—but it is a very good plan to take it as a working rule, that all mere ornament is to be viewed with suspicion, and that if even Owen Jones' advice "decorate your construction, do not construct your decoration" holds a still greater truth—that given the right artist, the construction may be in itself sufficiently beautiful to require no added adornment. Seek first construction, and whether the rest be added unto it or not, the result will be not often unsatisfactory.

"G."

NEAR SCHEVENINGEN — FROM A PENCIL SKETCH BY G. HORTON

SOUTH HOLLAND AS A SKETCHING GROUND. BY GEORGE HORTON.

WITH the advent of each succeeding summer and autumn, the same problem presents itself to the diligent artist, namely, what direction to take in search of fresh fields to conquer, or to be conquered by.

In this age of amateur missionary enterprise, when almost every one desires to persuade almost every one else to his own special and particular views, the aforesaid diligent artist is apt to become somewhat bewildered by manifold and conflicting counsels, and in despair he will probably pack up his traps and make a start for some region of which he knows little or nothing, only to find on arrival that the spot selected at random is anything but a bower of bliss, that his temporary lodging offers the minimum of comfort with the maximum of cost, that the commissariat department is bad beyond the dreams of badness, and that the object of his journey is in no way attainable.

With a view to assisting a visitor on sketching intent, the following cursory notes of a most enjoyable trip to the province of South Holland have been jotted down, in the hope that the information contained in them, scant though it be, may serve as a means of pointing out the towns and rural districts most prolific in paintable pieces, as well as to give some information concerning the nature of the subjects to be met with in the places mentioned.

In Rotterdam, the alert and observant seeker after the picturesque will find numberless subjects for the pencil ready to hand. Should he desire to devote his energies to figure studies, he will find no lack of interesting models, from the child with the "aspirant-au-ciel" profile, to the buxom, homely matron with features expressive of "a kind overflow of kindness," and her lord and master, the sturdy, square-built burgher, whose broad and open countenance conveys the conviction that he can hear the Decalogue and feel no self-reproach, and whose ample frame presents to view a quite amazing expanse of "undistributed middle." If, like Mr. Davidson's denizens of "A Northern Suburb," these good Netherlanders toil "through dread of coming

ill, and not with hope of happier years," they appear to take a singularly optimistic view of the process.

Should our visitor have it in his mind to enrich his sketchbook with a few good architectural examples, he will find a plethora of such in the quaint, straggling old city, which, by reason of an intricate network of canals, has been dubbed "Vulgar Venice." This typical Dutch town is a curious conglomeration of ancient and modern, for in a single street one frequently meets with fine buildings, ecclesiastical and otherwise, of the nineteenth century jostling and elbowing crazy old gabled and timbered tenements dating as far back as the fifteenth century.

Among the more notable buildings is the Groote Kerk of St. Lawrence, a brick Gothic structure dating from 1472, which contains several monuments of naval heroes, in addition to that of Jan De Witt, the great statesman who divided his time pretty equally between turbulent politics and higher mathematics. A source of unalloyed delight will be found in the innumerable windmills which rear their heads and arms above the roofs of the lower dwelling-houses and factories. The Boompjes, a handsome quay, more than a mile in length, is flanked by some fine modern buildings, and is remarkable for a magnificent row of elms alleged to have been planted in the year 1615.

From the coign of vantage of this quay, a good view of a long reach of the river is obtainable, and here countless suggestive sketches may be made of the fleets of passing vessels, whilst the imagination wanders away to the broad oceans which they have traversed, and the fair lands under bluer skies and warmer suns from which they have sailed. Here a diminutive steam tug-boat comes panting and fussing in front of a majestic three-master with her great black hull towering out of the water and her masts shooting up until the top-mast rigging looks like the web of some monster spider. She is perhaps from the West Indies with coffee, sugar, spices, and cotton. Here, too, is a Rhine steamer, with her whistle screaming a warning to some slothful lighters, crawling with their burden of coal to a grimy collier, whose winch is whizzing away on the

SURF BOATS FROM A PENCIL SKETCH BY G. HORTON

farther side of the river. And there is the Harwich packet-boat coming slowly up, very thankful to reach safe waters after a wildish time in the North Sea. A coasting-brig has evidently had a still more troublous time, for her main-top-mast is damaged, and her rigging is full of men, who crawl about and reef, and splice, and mend. All these things may be seen in the waterway, for Rotterdam has commercial relations with America, with the West Indies, with Spain, Portugal, Germany, France, and with the "adjacent island of Great Britain" as the minister of the Hebridean kirk described it in his condescending prayers for its welfare.

ON THE SANDS, SCHEVENINGEN — FROM A PENCIL SKETCH BY G. HORTON

A delightful trip, and one that can be undertaken comfortably and inexpensively, is that by boat from Rotterdam down the river Maas to Dordrecht. The journey occupies no more than an hour and a half, and in that short time subjects sufficient to fill half a dozen sketch books may be noted. The town, which is rich in mediæval architecture, is guarded on the land side by fortifications dating from the Middle Ages which are still in fair preservation. The ancient ramparts, however, have outlived their pristine glory and are now more or less given over to Sunday afternoon promenaders, who come out in their hundreds from the low-lying town in search of the breezes to be enjoyed upon the elevated counterscarp and glacis. Dordrecht is intersected, like most Dutch towns, by numbers of canals spanned by bridges; and the streets with their quaint gables and balconies are singularly picturesque. Moreover, cleanliness is a predominant feature of the town, in spite of the scores of lofty chimneys belonging to the various steam saw-mills, shipbuilding yards, and sugar refineries which belch forth volumes of dense black smoke and cause the courage of the traveller approaching from the river to precipitately ooze out of his finger ends. The student of Church history who hopes to find intact the hall in which sat the worthy divines constituting the synod convened for the purpose of condemning the doctrines of Jacobus Arminius, will be rudely disappointed, for that historical building is now converted into a very up-to-date playhouse with popular prices.

NEAR DELFSHAVEN — FROM A PENCIL SKETCH BY G. HORTON

Another trip well worth the taking during a stay at Rotterdam is to Delft and Delfshaven. At the former will be found two admirable examples of ecclesiastical architecture in the old and new churches. The first-named contains the monuments of several men of eminence in the arts of peace and war, including those of Peter Petersen Heijn, who rose through all the grades "from powder-monkey to admiral;" of Leeuwenhoek, the famous naturalist; and of that fine old sea-dog, Martin Tromp, between whom and Blake the honours of battle were fairly "easy." The inscription on this latter monument, unlike the majority of similar effusions, possesses the rare distinction of being truthful, for it tells that, "He left to posterity a grand example of mastery in naval warfare, of fidelity to the State, of prudence, of courage, of intrepidity, and of immovable firmness."

If possible, a stay of several days should be made at Delfshaven. It is an ideal spot for a painter. From the shore he can revel in the multitudinous transformations of the waterway covered with every variety of vessels, from the Rotterdam ketch, or the Schiedam brig, to the more imposing ocean steamer sweeping past with the grey-green waves swirling round her bows and breaking away into a fork of eddying waters in her wake.

In the surrounding neighbourhood, easily accessible from the town, he cannot fail to be fascinated by the vast stretches of flat country, the busy windmills, "silhouetted against the firmament on high;" the black and white cattle dotting the rich green pastures, the picturesque figures of the toiling peasants, and the wide expanse of fine open skies.

But perhaps the most attractive locality in the whole of South Holland, from an artist's point of view, is Scheveningen. I would strongly urge upon any one stopping at this peaceful old town to make an effort to pay a visit to the shore in the early morning before the day is "aired," and, if possible, before the sun has risen. If the elements are propitious—and how smiling and well-behaved that fickle North Sea can be at times—he will be able to appreciate Mr. Auberon Herbert's beautiful lines in "Windfall and Waterdrift":

"The sun is at rest, for the storms are o'er;
Just touched with the hand of night,
And a line of shadow creeps to the shore,
Then flashes in silver light.

"Like a note that stoops in its flight and droops,
And clings for a while to the ground;
Then trembles and wakes from its trance and breaks
Into passion and glory of sound."

As the dawn approaches the dark clouds

THE RIVER AT DELFSHAVEN

FROM A PENCIL SKETCH BY G. HORTON

DORDRECHT, FROM THE RIVER — FROM A PENCIL SKETCH BY G. HORTON

will gather away to the northern horizon. On all other points the sky is clear perhaps, save that here and there a single puff of white vapour sails away like the feather of some gigantic bird floating on an ocean of air. These isolated clouds which have been pearly grey in the dim light of early day, gradually take a lilac tint, which deepens into pink, and then blushes suddenly to a fiery scarlet as the red rim of the sun rises majestically over the eastern horizon. All the heavens are filled with colour, from the palest blue at the zenith to the most brilliant crimson in the east, as though it were Nature's palette, on which she had dashed every tint that she possesses.

If you are fortunate enough to find yourself on the outskirts of the town upon one of those glorious early September mornings which sometimes come as a compensation for the utter vileness and bitter disappointment of a wet summer, you will be rewarded by glimpses of some of the loveliest pastoral scenes it is possible to imagine. Here a river winds its sluggish way through lush and poplar-bordered marshes where the graceful Friesland cattle stand knee-deep in flowers, through fields of yellow corn undulating like a golden sea beneath the pressure of the wind, past quaint wooden windmills and occasional stretches of wind-stricken waste land, brightened here and there with patches of brilliant marigolds, till it is lost beneath the picturesque cluster of red-tiled roofs that mark the ancient town. The "short and simple annals of the poor" may be studied first-hand from the peasant tillers of the soil, whose predominant idiosyncrasies are the outcome of uneventful lives spent as labourers in the land—stolid in demeanour, and lethargic in movement—with the stamp of heavy labour ploughed deeply upon their rugged faces.

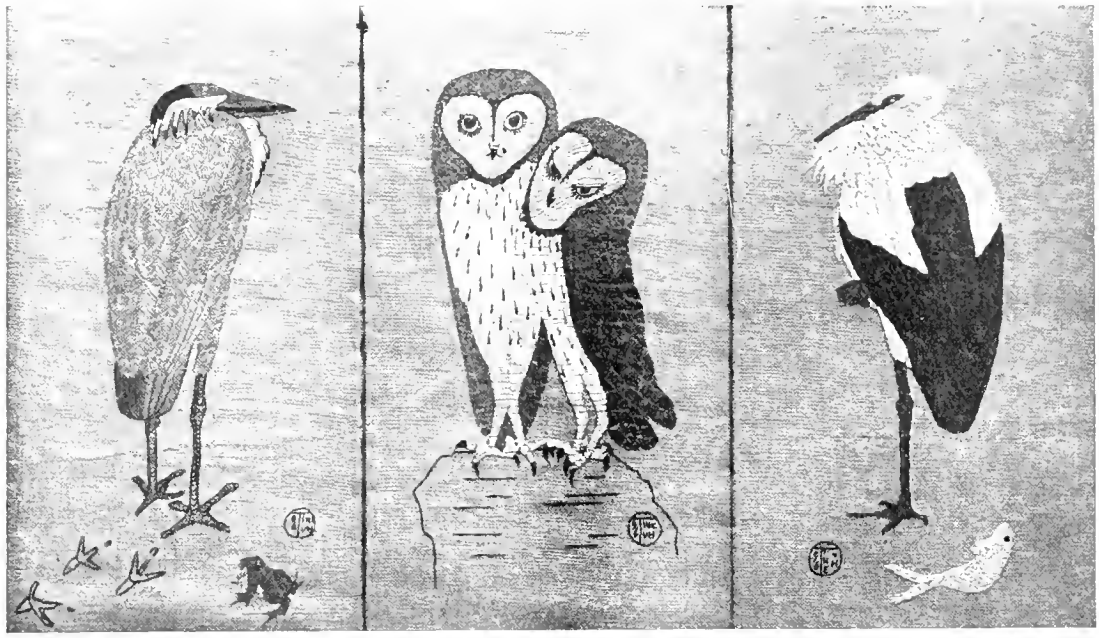
Throughout the South Holland towns, board and lodging at the hotels is remarkably cheap, the accommodation excellent, and the food plain but good, while scrupulous cleanliness is prevalent everywhere. The passion for cleanliness and good order appears equally among the farmers and labouring classes, fresh paint, shining glass, and burnished brass-work being conspicuous everywhere. In fact, should circumstances necessitate a sojourn in the rural districts, a visitor could not do better than obtain lodging in a farmhouse, where he is sure to be well looked after. The

peasantry are cheerful, honest, and contented, and, moreover, they have not lost that charm of courtesy which is so prominent a feature of the European Dutch, both highborn and lowborn.

SOME RECENT WORK BY TH. VAN HOYTEMA.

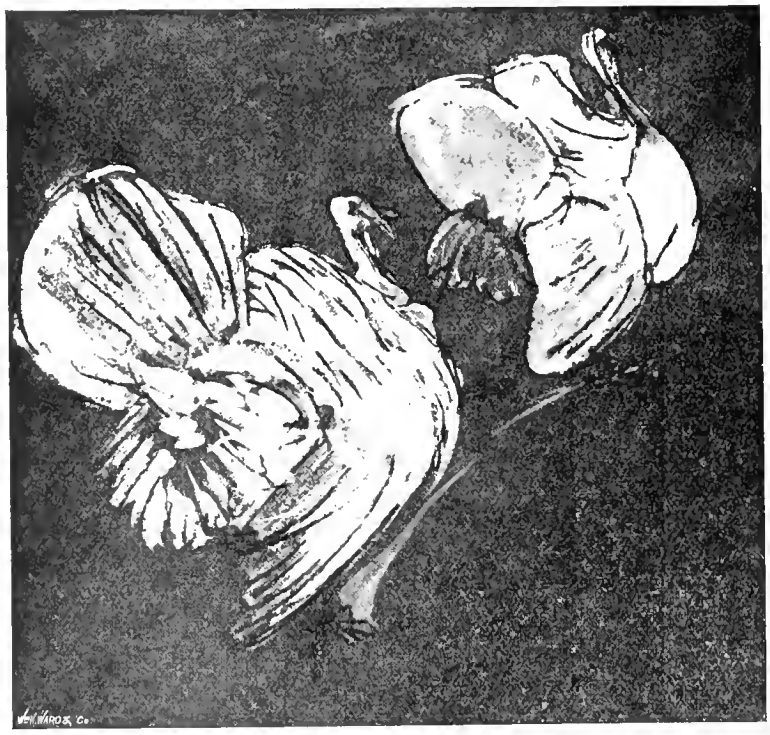
It is not the first, nor the second time that the work of Mr. T. Van Hoytema has been illustrated in THE STUDIO; yet one is surprised to find that the individuality and fantasy of the designer is not, so far, as widely recognised in England as it deserves. His work is too personal to be brought into any well-defined group and criticised accordingly. In spite of its shortcomings or rather to speak more accurately, and at the same time more politely—in spite of its self-imposed limitations, within the little field Mr. Van Hoytema has chosen he is easily first. For in his work there is a curious quality—that distinction which may be unobservant of academic scholarship, as in the case of Blake, or coupled with rare knowledge, as in the case of Mr. C. H. Shannon, and yet in both these unrelated examples entirely outside the ordinary standards. Mr. Van Hoytema's owls are always delightful, and his sketches of parrots, storks and turkeys show no less ingenious humour. Nor is this quality achieved by humanising his feathered models; the touch of caricature he infuses is not in that direction. It is rather what you might expect if a bird developed powers of drawing, and started a series of portraits *à la* Rothenstein, in a limited edition issued by some winged equivalent of Mr. John Lane or Mr. Grant Richards. When he leaves bird forms and ventures into the land of pattern pure and simple, he is less happy; as certain borders to two of these drawings go to show. Those who remember *The Ugly Duckling* (D. Nutt), or *The Happy Owls* (Henry & Co.), need not be told how cleverly Mr. Van Hoytema uses the resources of lithography in colours to express his ideas. Of course they suffer by translation to black and white, but at the same time much remains to prove his very facile handling and wayward fantasy. They are un-English; but that is no crime, for Mr. Van Hoytema is not a Briton. Much as one may prefer English ideals for England, it is still obvious that any other country which appreciates them does best when it assimilates, not imitates. Because these birds are entirely unlike any of our own artists' impressions of fowls of the air, and are

ON THE ROAD TO SCHIEDAM FROM A PENCIL SKETCH



EMBROIDERED SCREEN — EXECUTED BY MRS. VAN HOYTEMA FROM DESIGNS BY T. VAN HOYTEMA

equally unlike birds as a Japanese would record them, they assume a distinct value; because they add to the art of the world something not previously existing. It is a pleasure to make them known to a wider audience in England. The two earlier books were obviously lithographed, and unless memory is at fault, in some previous announcement it was stated that the artist drew them himself upon the stone. If this be true, it is possible that his technical mastery is responsible for the only quality open to criticism, which is a fondness for superimposed cross-hatching and tints. The charm of Mr. Walter Crane's mosaic of flat colours in his early toy-books, or of the graduated wash of Mr. J. D. Batten, and Mr. Morley Fletcher's colour-prints, both satisfy one more entirely. In each the limitations of woodcut printing are evident, and the ordered result is more simple, yet more enjoyable. But this is no doubt partly due to the scarcity of coloured lithography done by the artist himself, the millions of chromo-lithographs extant being almost,

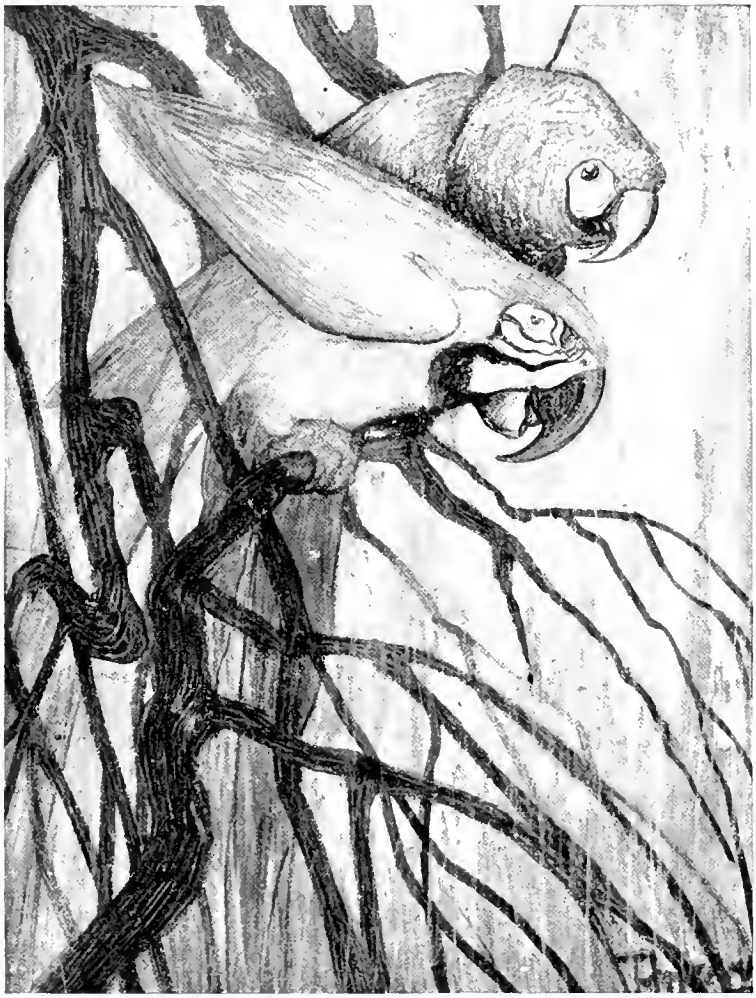


TURKEYS — FROM A DRAWING BY T. VAN HOYTEMA

"OWLS" FROM A DRAWING BY T. VAN HOYTEMA

"MORNING." FROM A DRAWING
BY T. VAN HOYTEMA

"NIGHT." FROM A DRAWING
BY T. VAN HOYTEMA



MACAWS FROM A PASTEL DRAWING BY T. VAN HOYTEMA

without exceptions, translations by skilled mechanics. Some modern Frenchmen have experimented in colour lithography with the happiest results. In their work the economy of line, which is in favour to-day, has produced a less complex, but not less complete, effect. Yet a certain drawing by M. Aman-Jean, and another by L. Lévy-Dhurmer (both reproduced in THE STUDIO), pull you up sharply in any attempt to proclaim that flat pigments are alone admissible, and leave you again in presence of the truth, that any and every method can be justified in an artist's hands.

DECORATIVE ART IN THE SALON DU CHAMP DE MARS.

THERE are, unfortunately, but few works of interest to note in the Decorative Art section of the Salon. There is plenty of eccentricity however, plenty of queerness and *bizarrerie*, both in conception and in execution. One is specially struck with the want of simplicity, of logic, in everything. None of these artists and art-workers seem to have reflected sufficiently upon the necessities and the exigencies of the objects which they were attempting to produce. A determination to do something fresh at any cost would seem to have been their chief impulse, and this accounts for so many of them drifting into eccentricity. Mere whimsicality is quite worthless in decoration, just as it is in painting or in sculpture; as profitless in applied art as in what we call pure art. The works referred to are distorted and ugly, and heavily overcharged with ornamentation. One can see that the artist has cudgelled his brains to invent these contortions, for there is nothing spontaneous and natural, simple and precise, about them, and there is scarcely a bold line to be seen. Really, if this is the best the new movement can produce in the way of modern art furniture, we had better go back to the mahogany and the walnut of Louis Philippe's day. That style, at any rate, was not positively ugly; moreover, it had no pretensions to be thought artistic, and it was simple and practical after all. The old-fashioned wardrobe or writing-desk might not have been "decorative," but it certainly was not anti-decorative, and compared very favourably with much of the so-called art furniture exhibited at the Champ de Mars.

More interest is to be found in the pottery, the glass-work, the jewellery, and the *objets d'art*—to use that expression in its everyday sense—although there is nothing very new. The object always seems to be to create some rare and costly useless thing. Why should not these artists strive

to devise simple articles of practical utility, such as could be manufactured wholesale and brought within the reach of all? Their sole desire would appear to be to satisfy the tastes of a little set of amateurs; and here, undoubtedly, they make a great mistake. Do they imagine that their works would lose any of the artistic value they might possess by being reproduced in great quantities? Do they imagine it is the precious material of which these works are made that gives them their worth? This new art movement can never become general, never make itself truly felt, so long as the commercial value of the object is put before the question of taste. If the ambition of these art-workers is to produce articles intended for preservation in collections, their labour is vain, for it is very doubtful if they will ever equal the masterpieces of the past. And, in any case, it must be remembered that the majority of the marvellous productions which fill us with admiration when we see them in the museums, were objects of daily use; and the art-worker of to-day, if he wishes his own work to be fruitful of good results, must aim in the same direction. Only thus will he succeed in impressing the public with his new ideas of things. And then he will be doing good work for times to come.

This Exhibition, it should be remembered, is the sixth that has taken place since the inauguration of this *objets d'art* section which was hailed with so much enthusiasm by all people of intelligence. But if one were to search for the works of real value displayed there, or make a list of the really original and personal efforts of truly fresh conception these exhibitions have produced, the surprising fact would be evident that in this period of six years the genuine progress made has been quite insignificant. All this is due to a thousand various causes, for some of which, no doubt, the artists themselves cannot be held responsible; but the chief cause of all—and for this they certainly are to blame—is a lack of unity. The incontestable fact—one may as well tell the whole truth at once—is, the public appears to be taking less and less interest each year in these incoherent displays. So many promises have been made and so few kept that the man in the street shrugs his shoulders and goes on his way. The National Society of Fine Arts gained much credit for adding this section, and for being bold enough to place works of applied art side by side with paintings and sculpture, generally considered as the only things worthy of being termed "art"; and it is high time that the committee of the Champ de Mars, by a more rigorous selection, by special inducements to industrial art workers, and by the complete exclusion of

FIREPLACE AND PANELLING BY L. C. A. BENOUVILLE

amateur dabblers, should devote its attention to remedying a state of things which, if it continue, must work the utmost harm to that fine and noble cause—the creation of a national style.

The display of the little group referred to in THE STUDIO of March last, in connection with a display in a gallery in the Rue Caumartin, is full of interest. MM. Charles Plumet, Félix Aubert, and Jean Dampt assert themselves here with increased authority. There is a newcomer in the person of M. Tony Selmersheim, which, when we add MM. Alexandre Charpentier and Henry Nocq, who are exhibiting apart from the others, brings up the membership of the little association to six—a half-dozen of artists allied by bonds of frankest comradeship and genuine community of ideas.

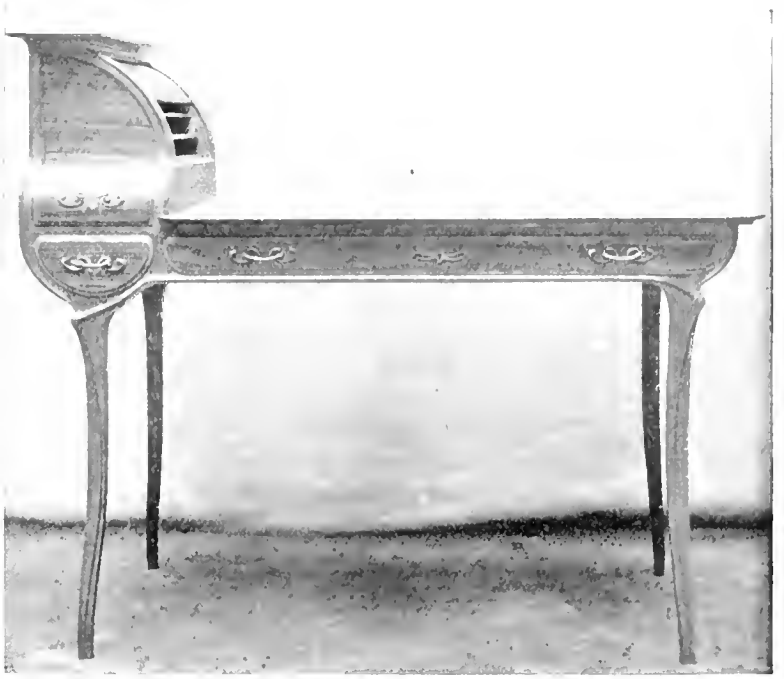
M. Félix Aubert has designed the mural hangings, the curtains, the carpet and the chair-coverings for a boudoir the furniture of which has been executed by M. Plumet. The hangings, in green *moire*, are ornamented with silk and gold embroidery—floral sprays of eglantine forming a decoration of great delicacy and most happy combination. The effect is at once rich and subdued. One realises that M. Aubert must have given long thought and serious study to this *appliqué* work, for his designs are conceived and realised with logical perfection. His *Peacock Frieze*, his cushions, and his *Wave* bordering are of an ornamental simplicity testifying to the most patient labour, and revealing abundance of originality. The *Peacock* carpet is less successful. It seems somewhat heavy and over-elaborated.

DETAIL OF CHILD'S CHAIR BY JEAN DAMPT

CHILD'S CHAIR BY JEAN DAMPT

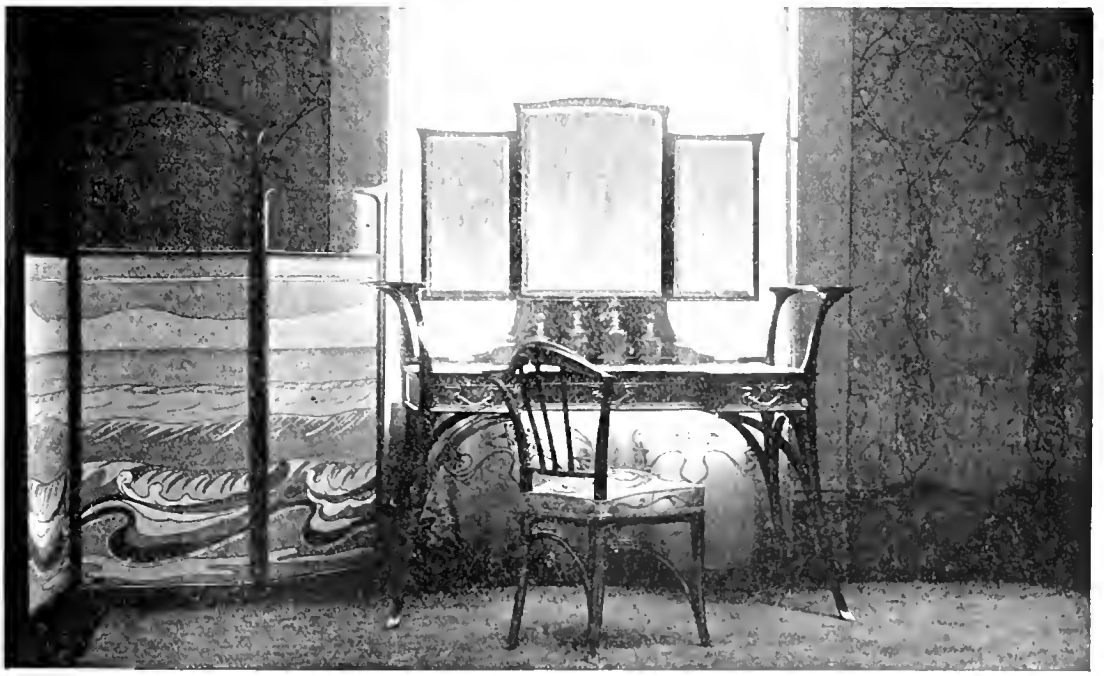
In this setting M. Plumet has placed a *Dressing-table*, a *Chair*, a glass *Whatnot*, and a *Threefold Screen* in orange-wood draped with printed silk,

designed by M. Aubert. And close by is a folding bookcase, also by M. Plumet. The best are the dressing-table and the chair, for these show the artist's aims in the direction of a definite style, with more freedom and boldness than the rest. One is glad to notice that M. Plumet is gradually freeing himself from certain narrow and hampering ideas, and is striving more towards harmony of line, and greater breadth and simplicity of construction. The bookcase, despite the novelty in the arrangement of the doors in the upper portion, appears wanting in unity. The detail, however, is charming, and the woodwork reaches a high degree of perfection.



WRITING-TABLE BY T. SELMERSHEIM

M. Tony Selmersheim is full of ingenious ideas. His *Orange-wood tea-table*, with glass panels, is thoroughly successful; his *Tea-table* is most original in form; and his *Drawing-room chair*, an adaptation of an Empire model, is most harmoniously shaped and full of happy bits of detail.



DRESSING-TABLE, SCREEN AND CHAIR BY CHARLES PLUMET; EMBROIDERIES BY FÉLIX AUBERT

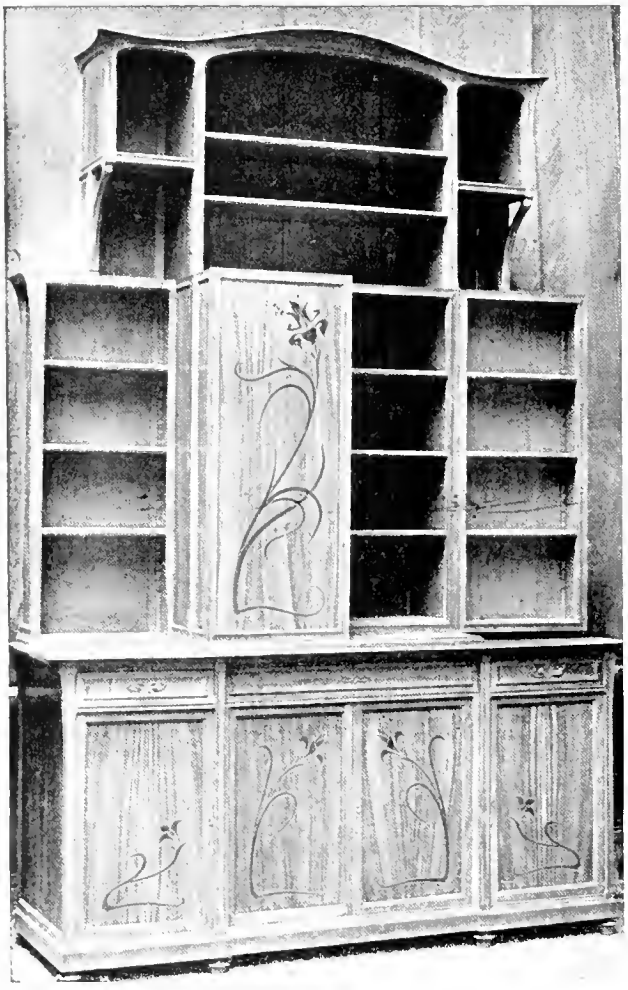
There can be little doubt that M. Selmersheim will produce remarkable work in the future. Like M. Plumet, he is an artist of whom one may confidently expect great things. They are both on the right road, for they have escaped that most dangerous of pitfalls, the influence of the English artists, and have also kept clear of the Belgian school, which is simply an imitation of the English. They are ever striving after grace and delicacy and simplicity—qualities of the first order. One thing alone in their work makes one a little uneasy—they are prone to twist their woodwork about, and to give to the legs of their chairs, or tables, or whatnots, shapes which would better befit some other material—iron, for example. In their combinations they sometimes denaturalise the material, with the result that the light falls in sudden masses, which has the effect of unduly weighting or lightening some of their furniture. One must speak the whole truth about artists like these and they will forgive such frankness, for we want to show them once more how great is the interest attaching to their work.

With a word of due appreciation to M. Henry Nocq's delicate goldsmith's work, and to M. Alexandre Charpentier's interesting collection of gaufred papers, pewter work, bronze plaquettes, and the four bottle-stoppers which adorn M. Plumet's dressing-table, we have now done with this little group of artists.

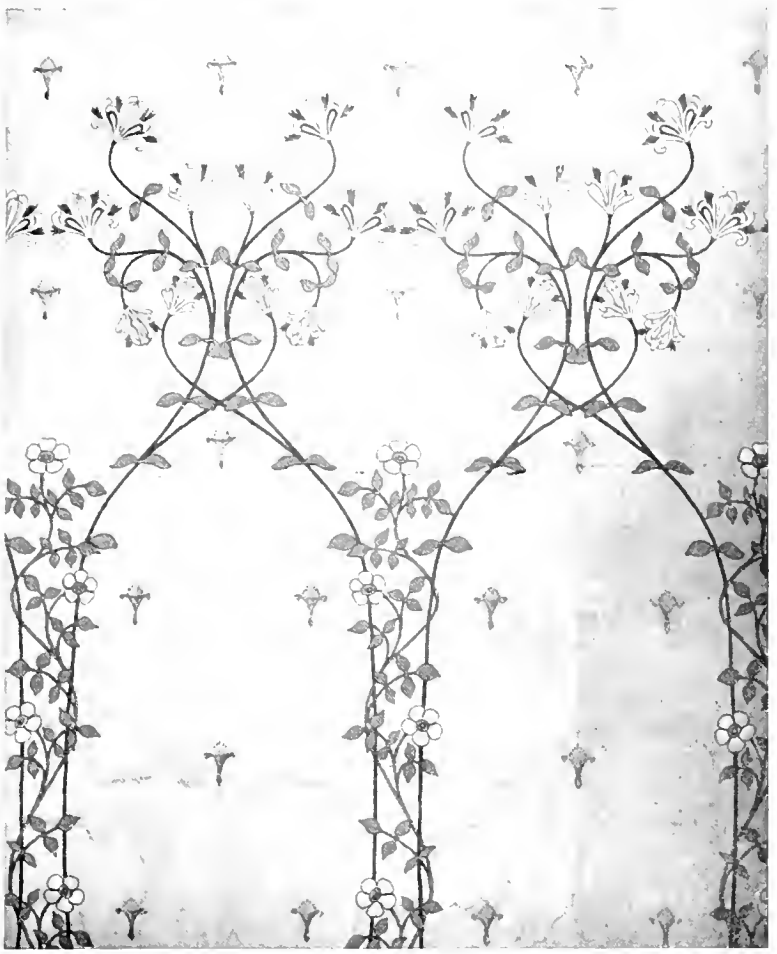
The *Child's Chair* by M. Jean Dampt, who has also contributed to the sculpture section a little bust of a young girl in wood and ivory, ornamented with precious metals, is quite exquisite, both regarded as a whole and in detail. The delicate taste and the conscientious workmanship of the true artist are fully revealed here.

The dining-room fireplace and wainscoting by M. A. Benouville are deserving of special mention. Their execution, industrial and mechanical as it is, rather raises than lowers their intrinsic value. They are constructed with entirely logical simplicity. Laths of wood are joined together in the form of panels, and on these laths is a modest geometrical ornamentation, which develops and repeats itself. The top of the wainscoting lets down in the shape of brackets on which articles may be placed. The walls are coated with Bigot and Mattier's stone-work, which harmonises delicately with the woodwork when seen through the interstices. The fireplace is also very workmanlike in form, and contains shelves with looking-glass at the back. This work appeals to all, by reason of its mechanical construction. A square metre of laths would probably cost no more than ten shillings. This is a work of real progress, and worthy of all attention.

We can afford to pass by the fireplace and the *Etagère-clock* by M. P. E. L. Selmersheim, both excessively complicated pieces; and we have no scruples about ignoring either the hall box-chair by M. Théodore Lambert, which is in no way novel, and simply distorts, without modernising, the shape of certain church furniture of the Middle Ages; or M. Gardelle's trunk, which is like some implement of war; or M. G. Reynier's furniture, decorated in pyrogravure. We



BOOK-CABINET BY CHARLES PLUMET



EMBROIDERED SILK WALL HANGING BY FELIX AUBERT

should, however, blame ourselves if we failed to stigmatise as an example of the worst possible taste the interior—fit only for cannibals—exhibited by M. Hector Guimard. Nothing more ugly, more pretentious, or more inartistic could be conceived; one shudders at the idea of being condemned to live amid horrors such as these. We can imagine no greater punishment. And to think that there are those who hold M. Guimard to be the real, the only renovator of the art of decoration!

But to resume. M. Carabin, who shows both taste and ability in his ring in gold, iron and silver, and in his stoneware (as illustrated in THE STUDIO of March last), has gone hopelessly wrong over his trinket-box and his mirror-frame in worked copper. However, we need not insist upon this unfortunate mistake, but rather console ourselves with these six little bronze dancing figures, which recall with infinite charm the ineffaceable memory of Loie Fuller.

Equal praise is due to M. Pierre Roche, whose golden Venus in glazed earthenware, and whose aluminium Giroette display the true artistic temperament. As much cannot be said of his bindings, or his stoneware group of four nude women, or of his earthenware cupola with its metallic-looking surface, which is a strange and wild conception.

There are plenty of horrors, too, in M. Fix Masseau's exhibit. He has attempted to turn toads and orchids into inkstands and chandeliers and match-boxes, both in pewter and in stone. The work is laboured, disjointed and unwholesome, quite devoid of art, and as clumsy as it is childish. And yet, among all these nightmares, one comes across a delicate woman's face in stone, which attracts and fascinates one. This little head is consoling and composing after all the morbid complexities around.

The work displayed by the celebrated German engraver, Karl Koepping, may be unreservedly praised. His blown glass exhibits a delightful fancy, and one could not imagine anything more exquisite. There is no ornamentation, no elaboration, nothing that is superfluous. The chalice of a flower in its natural, normal shape serves him as the basis of art productions of extraordinary beauty.

This supple glass lends itself to every requirement of the artist with the most perfect ease and freedom. It all breathes the spirit of nature, for there is nothing involved or artificial about it. M. Tiffany's work is inferior, and yet the results he has achieved are in their way very remarkable, although they suggest too much striving after effect, too much effort. This work seems to be the manifestation of a decadent art;

while M. Koepping in all his productions reveals himself an incomparable master of logical simplicity and sane taste. With him we have enthusiasm, inspiration, feeling; with M. Tiffany the chief characteristics are deep knowledge and refinement. Both artists may be admired unreservedly, but it is M. Koepping's work that one must needs love.

By comparison, M. Emile Gallé's works in glass are barbarous objects, clumsy and pretentious in conception and in realisation alike. It is all in vain that he has become inspired by M. de Montesquiou's infantile verses—for these latter can add no value to articles worthless in themselves.

One cannot but regret that M. Vallgren's display is rather limited this year. He was wont to be more lavish. His *bénitier* in stonework is a most successful achievement, bringing out all the artist's well-known qualities; but one would rather see him in one of those little figures into which he contrives to infuse so much charm and pensive melancholy.

It cannot be said that leather-work shows much advance at the Champ de Mars. The imagination of the artists who have devoted themselves to this branch of work seems a little slack. The workmanship is far from being without merit, but there seems to be a paucity of ideas. However, the bindings by M. René Wiener, of Nancy, Mme. Waldeck-Rousseau, M. Marius Michel, M. Belville, and Mme. Vallgren, deserve mention, although there is nothing really remarkable in any of the productions shown in this department.

HEAD OF A GIRL IN STONEWARE BY FIX MASSEAU

BUST IN WOOD AND IVORY BY J. DAMPT

Much the same report must be made as to the section of tapestries and embroideries. M. de Feure's tablecloth is simply eccentric, while M. Flandrin's tapestry panel and M. Couty's designs for hangings offer no great points of interest. A word is due, on the other hand, to M. Ranson's tapestries, which demand serious attention, for they indicate a genuinely successful attempt to realise the possibilities of this art. But the fullest meed of praise must be bestowed on Mr. Frank Brangwyn for his tapestry cartoon, *Le Roi au Chantier*. It is superbly rich and harmonious in colouring, and shows a remarkable sense of grouping, combined with a fanciful gift for ornamentation, which is of the rarest originality. He may be heartily congratulated on this fine piece of work, which reveals his powers in all their fulness.

Ceramic work, although presenting nothing very novel, nevertheless occupies a worthy place in the Salon. M. A. Delaherche merits first mention. He is still in the forefront among the workers in this art, and the productions he displays at the Champ de Mars are, for the most part, of a very high order.

There is no trickery, no jugglery about him. His fired stoneware is really fired stoneware, and

BENITIER IN STONEWARE
BY V. VALLGREN

that suffices. Some of his vases have a beauty and a richness of material never before achieved. And he alone seems to possess the secret.

Beside this work, the productions of MM. Dalpayrat, Lesbros, Lachenal, Jeaneney, Dammouse and Desmant, in the same department, have only a relative merit. Much superior to these are the stoneware vases by M. Bigot, which reveal a special aptitude in this branch of art, and are marked by much originality.

M. Michel Cazin's ceramics, although they seem somewhat over-ornamented, are by no means lacking in merit; and a word must also be said for M. J. Gallad's ceramics on opaline, and his decorative tiles for walls, which are very interesting.

Of the glass-window work there is not much to be said; and the same remark applies to the enamels, with the exception of the *cloisonné* works by M. Ernest Carrière, which are beautifully executed, and have real decorative value.

It now remains to say a few words of M. Victor Prouvé's exhibits. This artist, who is a painter of undoubted talent, was one of the first to take part in the decorative art movement, with which we are now so much concerned. He, like MM. Emile Gallé and R. Wiener, is one of the Nancy school, the virtues of which—few and slight though they be—deserve recognition. He has tried his hand at a number of diversified experiments—in chiselled copper, in ornamental sculpture, in leather, in goldsmiths' work, and also in jewellery. Apart from his bindings, we have never seen anything from his hand so good as that which he exhibits this year.

M. Prouvé's art—be it said without offence—has nothing French in it, but none the less is it worthy of admiration. Devoted to all that is rich and sumptuous, he seems possessed of a sort of Byzantine spirit, which, while wanting in grace, is nevertheless impressive and gorgeous, however strange. His jewellery, for instance, makes one think of the massive ornaments of the Merovingians. Very often in his work he oversteps the borders of art, but his very vices, thanks to his obvious sincerity, often assume the shape of virtues. Emphatically he is a man of feeling and character, and that of the most generous sort.

This year he displays seven exhibits, which, if space permitted, would be described in detail. It must suffice, however, to say that the best are, without doubt, a leathern mosaic girdle, with a buckle, &c., in silver besprinkled with gold, and a diadem in gold and silver. The latter is a very fine piece of work, broad in execution, and every part perfectly proportioned, the general effect being admirable.

TEA-TABLE BY T. SELMERSHEIM

The architectural section is rather poor. Apart from the *cloisonné* work of Mr. Clement Heaton, based on a design by M. P. Robert, and intended for the staircase of the Musée des Beaux-Arts at Neuchâtel, there is nothing worthy of note, which is regrettable; for the modern decorative art movement has every right to expect powerful assistance from the architect's profession. But the movement does not appear to interest them much, and they seem content to go on in the old conventional way, debasing and disfiguring the models of past generations. There is much that might be done. But routine is still all-powerful.

Was it not right to express regret, at the outset of this article, that the artists concerned in this new movement should not be united by a stronger bond of solidarity? A single, isolated individuality can never create a style which shall satisfy the demands of a race or of an age. The cathedrals of France were built by the old corporations, and all the monuments, all the masterpieces of the decorative art of the past owe their origin to collective effort. But French artists of to-day seem lost to that feeling of fraternal enthusiasm, and are concerned solely, for the most part, with gratifying

the ambitions of the moment. There must be more self-denial, more thought, if durable work is to be the result. Modern existence makes imperious demands to which all must adapt themselves, more or less. Only the really strong men can resist them, and they, alas! are all too few. If only the art-workers of real ability and earnest conviction would bind themselves into a sort of guild, they might then create a national style, and the style must be that in which shall palpitate the spirit of the French race.

STUDIO-TALK.

(From our own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—There is no subject on which criticism is so various and opinion so divided as the question, whether or not the Academy Exhibition is as good as usual. A certain class of critics is always ready to assert that each year shows a steady decline in the quality and interest of the works which are brought together at Burlington House, and another class is equally ready to become ecstatic over trifles hardly worthy of attention, and to praise inconsiderately, simply out of a spirit of opposition. Between the two every grade of appreciation and dislike is to be found. This year there is the usual conflict, and reckless praise and indiscriminate blame are being heaped lavishly upon the Academy. As a matter of fact, what there is to be said about the present Exhibition depends very largely upon the way in which it is regarded. As a whole, the show is very much like its predecessors; but it would certainly seem a very good one to the visitor who concerned himself only with the few really noteworthy canvases, and a very bad one to the more captious critic who set himself to reckon up the total of failures which it contains. Really we have cause to be thankful that it is no worse. When the mass of indifferent art work which is put at the disposal of the hanging committee is taken into consideration, the possibility of things, that no one wishes to see, creeping into the galleries is quite alarming. Enough good pictures to take our attention off the bad ones is all that we have a right to expect: and there is not this year such a deficiency of occasional merit that we need afflict ourselves by dwelling upon the mass of pictorial good resolutions which have no other mission than to assist in paving the downward road.

From this point of view the Exhibition of 1897 is a display of the works of about a score of artists. Mr. J. W. Waterhouse, Mr. Abbey, Mr. Boughton, Mr. Sargent, Mr. E. J. Gregory, Mr. La Thangue, Mr. W. Hatherell, Mr. David Murray, Mr. Orchardson, Mr. Napier Hemy, Mr. Alfred East, Mr. Onslow Ford, Professor Herkomer, Mr. Shannon, and a few more, make up the show, and provide what is best worth remembering; what is to be found outside this narrow circle is, in varying degrees, uninteresting. Still, even in the select company of the few fortunate ones there is variety enough to satisfy that section of the public which concerns itself about art. The poetry of Mr. Waterhouse, the drama of Mr. Abbey and Mr. Hatherell, the sensational cleverness of Mr. Sargent and Mr. R. Brough, the delightful interpretation of nature by Mr. David Murray, Mr. R. W. Allan, Mr. Napier Hemy, Mr. East, Mr. Yeend King, and Mr. Waterlow; the attractive story telling of Mr. Orchardson and Mr. Lorimer, the decorative fancies of Mr. Boughton, Mr. Byam Shaw, Mr. H. J. Draper, and Mr. Gotch, and the realism of Mr. La Thangue, Mr. Stanhope Forbes, Mr. Clausen, and Miss Kemp-Welch, make in combination a very pleasant summary of what is best in the art of the year. With so much that is actually interesting to keep us from dismissing the show as valueless, we are able to support the monotony of the many hundred things we would gladly avoid, and can even pluck up enthusiasm enough to search among the rubbish for scattered jewels which are either too rough or too ill set to display to proper advantage their real beauties.

And a few words are needed on this question of setting. The Academy Exhibition is by no means an ideal one in its hanging. Some mistakes have been made in arrangement that admit of no excuse. For instance, the placing of Mr. Brangwyn's *Venice* almost out of sight, above one of the most incapable pictures in the whole collection, is worse than an error of judgment; it is an avowal of a policy which can hardly fail to have, if it is persisted in, a bad effect upon the Academy itself. Unfortunately this case is not an isolated one; and other seemingly deliberate efforts to affront the artistic beliefs of the present day could be quoted. It would seem as if, after a brief period of enlightenment, the Academy had again hoisted the banner of reaction, and had resolved once more to set itself in opposition to progress in thought and practice. The only result of such folly would be to diminish the authority of the official body, and to drive the

more influential outsiders and their supporters into rebellion against power misused. We should revert to the anarchical condition of a few years ago; a state of affairs entirely undesirable and extremely injurious to the art of the country.

There are rumours abroad this spring concerning the dealing of the Academy towards foreign artists that deserve a certain amount of serious consideration. It is said that more than one picture by painters of note on the other side of the Channel has been rejected; and gossip, for once, seems to be correct. On what ground such a policy should have been adopted it would be hard to say, but of its existence there can be no doubt. French artists are certainly very well aware of it, and any Englishman who might in a Paris studio suggest the wisdom of sending some notable French picture to the Academy would find his advice promptly ridiculed. He would be told that in London the official art opinion is bitterly opposed to the French point of view, and that to send there work which would be regarded as an ornament to either of the Salons would only be to invite its refusal. Such an impression would be deplorable, even if it were not founded on actual fact; as matters are, it is disastrous. What makes the trouble more lamentable is the knowledge that there is no corresponding neglect of British artists abroad. The paintings of our school are treated well enough in Paris shows; many canvases of which we have cause to be proud receive distinctions there, or are accorded the honour of purchase by the Government, and our only reply to these courtesies is to set up the banner of Britain for the British, and to exclude from the Academy much good work that is altogether worthy of our respect. A little more reciprocity is needed, and certainly an inspection of the Academy show this year would lead to the belief that a slight infusion of good foreign art would have helped to relieve the dulness of Burlington House.

For some reason, which is a little difficult to explain, there seems lately to have grown up among the younger artists a desire to experiment again with the Biblical subjects which were so popular with a previous generation of art lovers. In the various exhibitions this spring quite a large number of pictures will be found which either illustrate incidents taken from Bible history or represent abstractions based upon religious motives. A very good example of a purely historical subject is afforded by the picture *Salome*, which has just been completed by Mr. F. Markham Skipworth. It is a canvas that deserves attention on account of its originality of treatment and its judicious expression of a dramatic movement. The artist has avoided, with wisdom, anything like sensationalism, and has made his point cleverly, without any touch of exaggeration. His *Salome* is a departure from the accepted type, not the bloodthirsty adventuress who has so often been depicted, but instead a young girl whose gentler instincts have not as yet been destroyed by the influences of an age when human life was sacrificed at the pleasure of a king. Her attitude is one of hesitation, of natural repugnance to touch the gruesome object which has been brought to her by the executioner; and her hesitation is not unmixed with pity for the fate of a man who had been to her a familiar figure. There is a great deal of judgment in the setting which the artist has given her. The background against which she stands, and the accessories by which she is surrounded, are well designed, and complete the effect of the picture as a whole without detracting from the interest of the central group.

The character of the exhibition which has been brought together this year at the New Gallery is by no means unlikely to destroy the good impression which has been made in previous years. It is a long time since a show so wanting in general interest has been presented in these charming rooms. For some reason, many of the artists who formerly contributed pictures of great importance have ceased, temporarily or permanently, to support the Gallery, and in their places no new men are found. As a consequence the amateur element, which has always been present in these annual collections, asserts itself unduly, and gives this spring a certain air of tentative effort which is most unwelcome. If the New Gallery is to hold its own, some real effort must be made by the management to raise the average of the artistic material which it collects. It is not sufficient to depend upon a few great pictures, and to fill the remaining space on the walls with canvases that are either unfit for public display, or, at best, the weaker productions of men who are showing their really representative work elsewhere. What is needed is an element of interest which may fairly claim to be unique. A new school ought to be found, or some definitely characteristic class of pictorial effort ought to be presented. Why, for instance, should not the younger Scotch school be encouraged? The older artists, who have made definite positions north of the Border, are always in sufficient evidence at the Academy, but the newer men are only occasionally

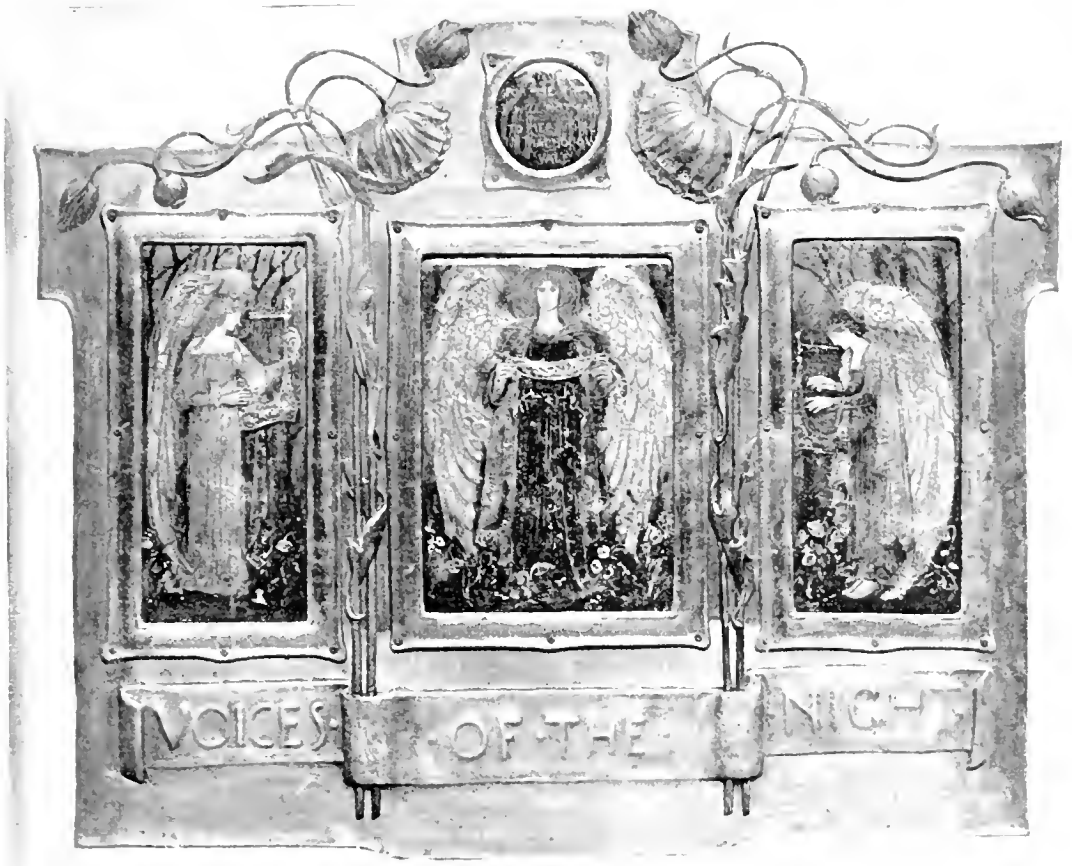
"SALOME." FROM A PAINTING
BY F. MARKHAM SKIPWORTH

PORTRAIT OF G. F. WATTS, R.A.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY
J. CASWALL-SMITH

represented in London exhibitions. Here is a chance for the New Gallery. If it could only collect an adequate number of the Scotch pictures which are at present welcomed in Continental galleries, it would soon re-establish its reputation as a place where art that is out of the common run is annually available for study.

To commemorate the eightieth birthday of a great English painter in a wholly appropriate way has been the last successful achievement of Mr. J. Caswall-Smith, whose photographic triumphs—and they are not few—show nothing quite so fine. The scene is *Limnerslease*, the home of Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A. The beautiful majolica by Della Robbia, in the wall above the garden seat, was a gift to him from a well-known lady. How admirably the accessories suit the working costume of the painter himself can be seen from this excellent photograph. For its own merits as a photograph, for its beauty as a composition, and above all as record of the octogenarian we all reverence, it is worthy of being treasured.

The beautiful tryptich with enamel panels in the Royal Academy shows Mr. Alexander Fisher at his best. His panels are always satisfactory, but sometimes they seem to lack a sufficiently related setting. Here, as in the exquisite girdle illustrated recently, the whole is as great as its parts. The suggestiveness of the theme is so delightfully clear in its expression, that it would be a waste of words to call attention to the poppies of sleep, or the three angels who bear the last best gift of the gods to weary men. It is very hopeful to find a subject of this order treated poetically in a broad way, and the absence of trifling conceits, which grow tiresome when every detail preaches an obvious allegory, is not less commendable. Mr. Fisher is one of the strongest forces in our new decorative movement, hence each new work raises expectations anew; and when, as in this case, they are not merely satisfied, but surpassed, it is better



TRYPTICH, IN STEEL AND TRANSLUCENT ENAMEL BY ALEXANDER FISHER

to suppress too lavish praise and allow the work of art to speak for itself.

The exhibition of "Dramatic and Musical Art," which has been in preparation for nearly two years, opened last month at the Grafton Galleries. It is distinctly a success, for it contains a very large proportion of notable pictures by artists of various dates and schools; and as an historical record of theatrical and musical personages it is unexpectedly complete. It is, perhaps, unfortunate that there should have been, just at the time this show was being organised, a great amount of competition with other exhibitions arranged on similar lines; but, as far as can be judged, this competition has affected but little the proper development of the Grafton Gallery scheme. At any rate, a sufficient number of canvases has been brought together to present to the visitor there a very interesting summary of what is most attractive in the representation of professional favourites. Many of the pictures are great works of art, as memorable on account of their treatment as for the people they depict, so that the exhibition is not less important artistically than it is subjectively. It is likely to equal in its success the previous shows under the same management.

FLORENCE.—Miss Bessie O. Potter, the young American sculptor, who has been staying here this last winter, true to the spirit of advance characteristic of her nation, seems to have discovered a means of admitting the every-day busy man and woman into the realms of the truly artistic. Miss Potter, with originality, power and force, models the modern society women, as they promenade the boulevard or receive in their own drawing-rooms. Her figurines take the place in sculpture that miniatures do in painting, their average height being from twelve to fourteen inches. Their inspiration is, of course, the Tanagra figures, and it is truly surprising that it should have been reserved to this "wild Western girl," as she calls herself, to take a hint from these graceful fancies of Tanagra and give them a modern imprint. True, Miss Potter's statuettes are larger than the Greek clay sketches, and the faces are more carefully modelled, but the fundamental idea and the manner of treatment are *mutatis mutandis* the same. The archaic sketches represented the men and women of that day, just as Miss Potter's represent the modern American society women and babes of our own. Another advantage of these spirited figure sketches is, that they are within the reach of many to whom heroic sculpture is an impossible luxury. Women of fashion in America have discovered that they are more beautiful than sun pictures, and flock to her studio to have themselves immortalised in these instantaneous photographs in clay. Nor does Miss Potter insist upon classic draperies or æsthetic gowns in her models, but reproduces the pretty women just as they come to her studio in their stylish modern dresses. And though it is the fashion among a certain set of artists to condemn modern attire as ugly, nothing can exceed the grace of outline and artistic charm of these fascinating sketches, with their intense modernity and dreamy realism. "I find," says Miss Potter, "lines and grace enough in the nineteenth century maiden and her gowns to satisfy my interpretation of art." Indeed, without going to extremes, Miss Potter is an impressionist.

Miss Potter has had very little regular instruc-

"THE TWINS" BY BESSIE O. POTTER

"YOUNG MOTHER" BY BESSIE O. POTTER

tion. She developed a decided talent for modelling while still in the Kindergarten, and worked for a while with an American sculptor of some merit; but apart from this, her genius has simply grown and expanded of itself. One of the features of the dainty, chic, clever figurines is, that in a few instances Miss Potter has given a life-like touch to the clay by colouring it after it is completed, a bold experiment that is redeemed from the easy danger of vulgarity by the artist's taste and delicacy of treatment. This colour, happily, she uses but sparingly, "sketching it in," as she phrases it. Sometimes she only employs it to deepen the shadows, while occasionally she will put in a strong bit of colour in a bunch of flowers or a gown to act as a foil to her clay. Though not studying, while in Italy, Miss Potter is absorbing everything in the line of her art, and her next work will probably show the influence of the old masters, just as after her stay in Paris she gave a finer, more studied grace to her figures, a fact she herself admits, and attributes to the influence of the French School.

It is difficult to predict what will be the style Miss Potter will ultimately adopt as her special characteristic. For the moment her talent is equally divided between large portrait busts, an example of which is given in the *Twins*, in which strong work in detail is shown; and the miniature figures, which, though sketchy and roughly blocked in as to drapery, are wonderfully lifelike, easy and graceful in the matter of feature and pose. While practising an art that is usually regarded as a man's prerogative, she has not attempted to treat it in a masculine manner, but has bent it to a woman's needs, and forced it to develop in her hands a feminine quality, while remaining markedly original and full of force. This is perhaps the secret of her success in portraying women and children. Indeed her babies are among her triumphs, so happy is she in their treatment, so full are they of childish animation, with such success has she reproduced their lineless faces and plump, expressionless bodies. Equally skilful is she in giving a distinctly American character to her women. Her American girls are typical, and *The Girl of the Period* is redolent of the nervous vitality of her countrywomen. That she can also be tender is exemplified by her *Young Mother*, here reproduced, in which, though the draperies are broadly traced, the

round modelling of the figure is felt through them. This, too, is on a small scale. Indeed, here lies Miss Potter's talent and force. She is not at her best in the large; what is remarkable is her neat suggestiveness and her ability to imply largeness in miniature.

Here in Florence she is for the first time working in marble, and putting into that material the work she considers her best—viz., this *Young Mother*, and some of her portrait busts. Her clay models are distributed among the marble workers of the city, who are carrying on the cutting under her personal supervision, and it is surprising to what good advantage the little figurettes appear when skilfully carved from out a block of delicate Carrara marble. The finishing touches she will of course put in herself, but as yet none of her work has arrived at that point, for Miss Potter has been in the Tuscan capital only a short time.

H. Z.

MILAN. — The triennial exhibition of fine arts which was opened in April was full of interest, despite the fact that the Italian exhibits were not fully representative, owing to the concurrent displays in Florence (already alluded to in THE STUDIO) and in Venice, of which latter there will be something to say later on.

A notable fact in connection with this exhibition is the evident intention of the various artists to produce *pictures*. It would seem as if our painters had come to the conclusion that the "studies" and "impressions" which they have been in the habit of sending to the exhibitions are not sufficiently complete to attract the interest of the public.

Thus, in his picture, *Pace ai Naufraghi*, Signor L. Bazzaro not only shows himself the colourist we

"PACE AI NAUFRAGHI" BY L. BAZZARO

"ABELE" BY CARLO BALESTRINI

all know him to be, but displays, on a very limited canvas, an intense sentiment of melancholy. The two sailors' wives standing in the boat, praying before the statue of the Virgin, tell the whole sorrowful tale. This is, in truth, a finished picture, which must have been deeply felt before it was painted, and in which, in addition to the splendid colouring, there is the true note of passion. Less effective pictorially, but of equal depth of sentiment, is the canvas entitled *Abele*, by C. Balestrini, one of the youngest yet most earnest among the exhibitors. In his *Cristo e l'Umanità*, Signor F. Carcano has wandered into the region of mysticism; but his splendid gifts are more worthily displayed in his other picture, representing the *Ghiacciajo di Cambrena*.

Worthy of mention in their several ways are *La Lavandaia* of E. Gola; *L'Antro*, by S. Bersani; *Via Aspra*, by C. Laurenti; *Vita Semplice*, by M. Bianchi; also the portraits by C. Cressini, G. Belloni, G. Grosso, A. Cagnoni, and R. Galli; the landscapes by A. Calderini, G. Carrozzi, C. Pugliese-Levi, and G. Ciardi; and E. Longoni's studies.

In the sculpture there is little that is remarkable, except a most beautiful statue by E. Butti, destined to form part of the *Monumento alla Battaglia di Legnano*. This is really one of the finest pieces of sculpture produced of recent years in Italy. It is the figure of a soldier, full of life and heroic animation—worthy memorial of an ever-famous victory.

G. B.

DRESDEN.—On May 1 the first International Exhibition of Fine Arts at Dresden was opened in presence of its royal patron, King Albert. I am not in a position to say that the standard of the pictures is higher than what one is accustomed to at other shows of a like kind, but the arrangement and *mise-en-scène* of the whole exhibition is superior to any that I have seen so far. Usually huge rooms are hung with canvases in such a manner as to excite one's admiration for the men who have succeeded in fitting all the different sized frames together in such a way as to leave hardly a square foot of the wall visible. Scarcely ever do two adjacent pictures harmonise, and the four walls of a single room, let alone the whole show, are enough to tire nine-tenths of the public. In the Dresden show there are, as a rule, only two rows of pictures on the walls, with sufficient space between the frames. Pictures, works of sculpture and applied arts are intermingled, so as not to weary the eye with the presentation of an endless surface of one kind of work. Altogether, each room is arranged as nearly as possible in the manner that a private collector of taste would arrange his house, and the wearisome museum

aspect has been successfully avoided. Great praise is due to Wallot (the architect of the Berlin Houses of Parliament), who has changed a building originally designed for industrial exhibitions, fairs, and the like, into one of the most beautiful "art-palaces," as they are called here.

One large room is devoted to the Glasgow and English painters. Among the latter I find three works by Strang; Stott of Oldham's portrait of his parents and two others; landscapes by Priestman and Legros; other pictures by Fowler, Crane, La Thangue, H. A. Olivier, and Austen Brown: also sculptures by Legros, Frampton and others.

Dresden artists are, of course, well represented, and I note a Triptych on Matt. xviii. 5 by G. Kuehl, the president of the Exhibition Committee, a fine Hessian Fair by Bautzer, a Muse and Storm in Spring by H. Unger, excellent landscapes by W. Ritter; others by Pepino, Kaule, Max Klinger, Muller-Breslau, Baum, Besig, &c. &c. A decided feature of the exhibition is a suite of small cabinets decorated and furnished by Bing of Paris, who has transferred the charms of his Salon Nouveau at Paris to our show.

Of the authors of the two posters reproduced in this month's Dresden Studio talk, Muller-Breslau is already pretty well known for his decorative work and landscape-paintings, while Cissarz is a younger man, who attracted attention first by winning a prize in a big poster competition at Leipsic recently. He was born at Danzig, and was trained at the Dresden Academy under Pauwels.

H. W. S.

POSTER BY G. MULLER-BRESLAU

PARIS.—The two Salons are neither better nor worse than those of former years. At the Champs-Elysées we may see the same profusion of canvases—anecdotic, mythological, military, and historical; at the Champ de Mars the same more or less Whistlerian portraits, the same feeble bits of "imagination." Still each exhibition has this year a sort of sentimental interest; for the public is bidding a last adieu to two buildings which, the Salons once over, will speedily fall prey to the demolishin pick-axe.

But in justice it mu be said that although

POSTER BY J. V. CISSARZ

seems the very last consideration of the majority of the regular exhibitors, one may discover on the other hand, by careful search, some few really interesting works, worthy of attention and admiration. They are scarce enough, certainly, and there is nothing remarkable about that. It is only natural that in four or five thousand canvases there should be not more than a hundred of average merit, about half as many of high value, and say ten at most worthy to endure. It would be extraordinary were it otherwise.

At the Champs-Elysées there is not much to be found. We know well enough beforehand what to expect from such men as Benjamin-Constant, Bonnat, Bouguereau, Jean-Paul Laurens, Gérôme, Detaille, Clairin, and Tony Robert-Fleury, and we don't expect them to give us anything new. Their art is always the same, as far removed from life as it is from dreamland, as far from truth as from the ideal—an art steeped in antiquated conventionalities, with no trace of life about it.

The big works—I am speaking only of their size—by the younger and less "official" painters, are not much more satisfactory. MM. Lavalley, Paul Gervais, Henri Martin, Sinibaldi, Simonidy, and the others, although their work is freer in style, show the same inability to produce really powerful and live effects of art. M. R. Collin's *Billis* is, however, unquestionably the most remarkable piece of nude work in the Salon, and proclaims itself the production of an artist of undoubted power.

The landscape work is more interesting than the rest. In their various ways MM. Paul Sain, Robert W. Allan, Quost, Zuber, Max Bouvet, Albert Gosselin, J. F. Bouchor, Marché, and Carl Rosa show us a series of honest impressions of nature. M. J. Grimelund in his Antwerp scene conjures up with infinite truth one of the loveliest landscapes in the world, and M. Gagliardini's scenes from Provence are luminous as ever. But we must hurry on to the portraits. They are here in abundance, yet very few display the serious gifts demanded by this profound branch of art. Neither M. Saint-Pierre, nor M. F. Humbert, any more than M. Roybet, or M. Jules Lefèvre, or M. Axilette, or M. Benner will immortalise the features of his sitters.

On the other hand, we may well pause before the two canvases by M. Fantin-Latour—*La Nuit* and *Tentation de Saint Antoine*, and before M. Lévy-Dhurmer's *Au paradis*. These two artists seem as though they had lost themselves in the coarse and noisy crowd around them. Fantin-Latour's supreme art fascinates us, and he is at his best in scenes from the land of fancy. He possesses the secret of those fine and delicate harmonies known only to the true masters of the art, and he can create an atmosphere of poetry wherein he calls to life the loveliest forms which move in a mystic light of dreams. Fantin-Latour's work is a real oasis in a desert of dull, pretentious mediocrity. He opens wide for us the gates of a fairy garden where our eyes may rest enchanted, and our soul be filled with the tenderest melancholy

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Standing, like a flower in her delicate flesh, amid the blooms of Eden, sheltered 'neath the Tree of Knowledge, with all the wonders of the rosy sunset gleaming in the peaceful waters, is M. Lévy-Dhurmer's Eve. Temptation lurks in all around. The blossoms at her feet cast their sweet scent upward; the butterflies flutter by, the blue lizards run through the grass. Everything teems with life, seduces and suggests; and there above her head, uncoiling his jewelled rings, the legendary serpent utters the tempting words. She is half-smiling, and emotion trembles on her drooping eyelids. In her all womankind is seen! This is the work of painter and poet at once, a real work of art, delicate and sincere, a work which must attract all those who look for something more in painting than a mere display of startling skill or virtuosity.

The sculpture is poor stuff, not excluding M. Falguière's *Le Poète*, conventional in pose and in modelling, and with that particular soft and artificial touch befitting works of this kind, destined as they are to adorn some *bourgeois* chimney-piece, flanked by a pair of lamps in imitation bronze.

We shall find something more satisfying at the Champ de Mars. First we have a landscapist of such class as M. J. Cazin, whose exhibits this year are unquestionably of the highest order, and a portrait-painter like M. A. Besnard, whose *Portrait de M. L. D——* is almost a masterpiece. These two men alone would suffice to prove the superiority of this Salon over the other. But there is more still. Canvases of great power we have from M. Charles Cottet, who, some slight coarseness apart, is fast developing into an artist of the first rank; from M. Lucien Simon, whose great abilities are amply confirmed here, and whose *Les Haleurs*, like his portraits, is a fine piece of colouring; and from M. René Ménard, forceful and charming as ever. Then we have M. Jacques Blanche, more and more characteristic in his work, and showing really remarkable gifts of composition and technique in his *Portraits dans un Intérieur*: M. René Billotte, still the graceful landscapist enamoured of half-tints we know so well; M. Dagnan-Bouveret, sincere and original as always, and M. Aman-Jean who retains all the qualities by which his work has so greatly endeared itself to us.

Among the exhibits which are attracting most attention are those of M. Fritz Thaulow; and justly so, for there is nothing here more fully charged with truth and with poetry, or showing greater certainty of touch. His canvases are scarcely covered; there is no plastering, but the richness and delicacy of his effects are truly extraordinary. M. J. Iwill also excels in representing twilight and night effects. *A l'heure du silence* and *Un soir à Venise* reveal the most delicate appreciation of nature. Such an artist deserves unstinted praise. Noteworthy, too, are the landscapes of M. Damoye, and those of M. P. Helleu, whose personal vision is very convincing in his bits of the park at Versailles, and particularly in his *Yacht pavoisé*. The two landscapes and the interior by M. Paul Froment, who is making his first appearance at the Champ de Mars, are worthy of mention for their justness of effect and the sincerity of their manner. A pronounced colourist, M. Maurice Eliot is clever as always in showing the play of the sunlight among the flowers. His work is fresh and clear, and delightful in its atmosphere. M. Guillaume Roger, always charming, remains where he was, and M. Berton is perhaps somewhat too devoted to the style of his master, E. Carrière; but M. Georges Hugo, on the other hand, has strengthened his position, his *Inondation* and his *Portrait de Pierre Mausell* emphatically calling for attention. M. Jeanniot, too, has some powerful portraits; while M. de la Gandara, despite all his efforts towards depth of feeling, is superficial and over-elaborate. His portraits of women are really nothing more than studies of dresses. M. Eugène Carrière's *Le Christ en Croix*, is indeed a powerful and moving work. Although in monochrome, it has wonderful variety of colour.

The foreign painters are well represented in portrait work by the productions of Mr. J. W.

"LA CONFERENCE" BY
BOUTET DE MONVEL

Alexander, M. W. G. Glehn, Mr. Humphreys-Johnston and Mr. James Guthrie. Many others, too, merit attention, MM. Léon Frédéric, Hagborg, Edelfelt, Jettel, and Leempoels among them; but I must devote a few lines to Messrs. Brangwyn and Alfred East. Mr. East is represented by but one canvas, but it is full of his many good qualities; still I greatly prefer to this the works he is exhibiting at the Royal Academy, the New Gallery, and the Guildhall. He is an exquisite landscapist, one of the few artists who appreciate nature in a fresh and original manner, and his work is a real feast for the eye.

Mr. F. Brangwyn's *Les Moqueurs* stands out as one of the most powerful and striking pieces of colour in the Salon. Here is an artist of the first rank, whose every work reveals a growing individuality. His success at the Champ de Mars may well rejoice the hearts of all true art lovers.

MM. La Touche and Montenard show us nothing very fresh, but what they send must be praised nevertheless. M. Lomont successfully continues his effects of light and shade, in which he excels; M. P. Mathey is always interesting, and M. Roll is still the bold and sincere artist—frequently a rash one—who has given us so many fine works. M. Carolus-Duran in his *Portrait de Mme. G. F. et de ses Enfants* seems to have recovered his freshness of former days. M. Boldini is always mannered, and his portrait of a fashionable poet, whose celebrity tires and irritates us somewhat, oversteps the limits of fancy.

There is much admirable work in the sculpture galleries. First and foremost come the exhibits of Rodin, who compels the admiration even of the most obstinate, with his monument to Victor Hugo. Personally I have never been among his opponents, and really we must all bow respectfully before a master of such force. All around sinks into insignificance beside this work, which palpitates with life. The suppleness of modelling and the delicacy of treatment are wonderful, just as in his *Amour et Psyché*, profoundly touching in its soft tenderness.

M. A. Bartholomé displays a finished portion of his *Monument aux Morts*. One cannot attempt to appreciate in a few words a work of this kind. Suffice it to say that it reveals genuine loftiness of imagination, and is full of profound beauty. Mdlle. Claudel's *Buste de Mme. D.* is instinct with life, and boldly and characteristically modelled withal. M. A. Charpentier's fountain, *Narcisse*, is an exquisite thing, bringing out all the fine qualities of this genuine sculptor. M. Dalou's *Le Triomphe de Silène*, powerful as it is, seems a little conventional. M. Vallgren's busts are very animated and expressive. It is a pity that so strong and original an artist as M. Constantin should have sent so little.

Numerous private displays have opened and closed in the last few weeks. At the Pastellists exhibition at Georges Petit's, MM. Lhermitte, René Ménard, A. Besnard, La Touche, Thévenot, and Lévy-Dhurmer, were among the contributors. M. Lévy-Dhurmer's pastel, *L'Automne*, here reproduced, was one of the most notable works displayed.

At the Water-colourists' display M. Boutet de Monvel, whose special exhibition at the Champ de Mars is a great success, presents to us a series of charming works, among them *La Conférence*, here reproduced. Mention should be made also of the exhibits by M. G. La Touche. These, his first efforts in water-colours, show strength and originality of treatment.

Nor must we forget the most interesting exhibition of the Painter-Engravers at La Bodinière, nor M. Charles Léandre's display at the Salon du Figaro, nor those of M. Siffait de Moncourt, M. Albert Bussy, and M. Maxime Maufra, at Durand-Ruel's. At Le Barc de Bouteville's M. Georges Fournier and M. René Seyssaud—the latter a young artist of great ability—were represented; while Mr. L. J. Rhead has lately exhibited sixty of his posters at the Salon des Cent. With this catalogue I think I have practically covered the chief features of the Spring art season in Paris.

G. M.

BRUSSELS.—The Brussels section of the Belgian Society of Photography recently arranged a most successful exhibition of the works of Mr. Craig Annan. There were several sea-pieces of special interest, also various studies of reflected effects in canal scenes, and some very remarkable portraits. One of the latter—that of *Madame Janet Burnet*—recalls in manner and in style the finest productions of the great French portrait-painter, J. Elie Delaunay.

English art is carrying the day all along the line in Brussels; particularly at the International

Exhibition. While the Dutch School is growing more monotonous and dull every day, the French section exhausting itself in over-large canvases of indifferent execution, and the Belgian exhibits for the most part are disfigured by great vulgarity of style, the English artists show their distinction and reticence in a series of rational productions. The few pictures on too large a scale to be seen in the British section bear evident traces of a foreign influence. What could one wish for better in their several styles—to name but a few of these works—than Burne-Jones's *Wheel of Fortune*, superb in treatment and of truly rare and noble colouring; or Alma-Tadema's delightful *Shrine of Venus*; or Albert Moore's most charming *Sopha*, exquisite in arrangement and absolutely silky in colouring? And there are many more. Ford Madox Brown's *Chaucer*, for example, a remarkable work, which can never be sufficiently praised. England may indeed be proud of artists such as these.

Edouard Duyck the painter, who has recently died in Brussels, was, with his friend Crespin, one of the first artists in Belgium to devote himself steadily to decorative art in its widest sense. He designed a great number of posters, theatrical costumes, &c., in which he gave free play to his fancy, full of unstudied grace and charm. He was an untiring worker, who disdained no sort of labour; now turning out a set of simple programmes in his facile way, now undertaking the great scheme illustrative of African customs, which adorns the large hall in the Congo section of the Brussels Exhibition. He was appointed a teacher at one of the professional schools here, and in a very short space of time produced results surpassing all expectations.

F. K.

REVIEWS OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Fors Clavigera. By JOHN RUSKIN, D.C.L., LL.D. Vol. IV. (London: G. Allen.) This fourth volume completes the admirable new edition of this work. Do younger artists read Ruskin now? One doubts if they read him as an earlier generation did. Yet possibly a certain glamour of old-time fancy and prejudice that has gathered round his pages, makes them even more valuable. There was a danger once lest an over-zealous disciple should take the waywardness of Mr. Ruskin's moods too literally. Now, when much he has pleaded for has come to pass, it is well to recall the arguments he set forth and to recognise his powerful guidance. No edition could be more handy or better produced than this; and few books so discursive in their matter would be more helpful indirectly to the making of an artist than these same *Fors* which rarely discuss painting or sculpture, and are more concerned with that right state of life which is fertile to the production of fine work in the arts.

French Wood Carvings, from the National Museum. Edited by ELEANOR ROWE. Second Series. (London: Batsford; 12*s.* net.) This excellent work is if anything still better in its second series. The collotypes are as good as possible, the examples are well chosen, the letterpress interesting, and of great practical value. The first series, it will be remembered, dealt chiefly with late fifteenth century Gothic. This, the second, is devoted entirely to sixteenth century work from the time of Francis I. to the death of Charles IX. The style prevalent then has much in common with our own Jacobean carving, especially in its use of strap-work, and the frequent introduction of cartouches. The eighteen plates are sold separately at sixpence each; so that those who want them for working designs need not run the risk of soiling one of a set, but can obtain a duplicate for actual use.

Suggestions in Architectural Design, prefaced with Thoughts on Architectural Progress. By JOHN COTTON. (London: Batsford.)—The preface is ably written and logically argued, so that you agree with the writer's protest against the undue influence which precedent has imposed on modern architectural design. But when you turn to the plates which embody the result of this theory, they are—to put it mildly, very mildly—disappointing. For Mr. Cotton seems to consider detail, and especially detail of ornament, the life and essence of architecture. But surely it is in the treatment of the mass—the greater proportions—and the due balance between plain surface and decoration which reveal the art of the architect.

It is hard to condemn outright an effort so praiseworthy, but the most hackneyed obedience to dead precedent were better than the nightmares he depicts here—designs where every line strikes a discord with its neighbour, compositions where the lavish ornament is employed not to adorn the construction but to justify it. "More or less suggestively novel in treatment" they may be, but from such novelty may we be preserved.

Neue Folge von Allegorien. (Vienna: Gerlach and Schenk.) This publication consists of a series

of original designs by living artists, depicting the time-honoured themes, wine, love, song, and dance. The idea of inviting well-known modern artists to give their individual taste and talent a free scope in illustrating a given subject after their own way is decidedly stimulating, and the result goes far to prove the readiness with which the call has been responded to. Apart from one or two numbers, which do not reach much beyond the limits of conventionality, there are really good designs by Franz Stuck, E. Unger, H. Lefler, Moser, Schmutzer, Diez, Kaufmann, Koppay, Greiner, and several anonymous ones. Stuck's *Music and Dance* again shows that artist's distinct individuality, being a peculiar mixture of deep, suggestive intensity with what may be literally termed physical force, verging on brutality, a combination of strange fantasy and vigorous humour.

Moser's *Allegory of Love* is very pleasing and of sound technical qualities. It represents an innocent couple just awakened from childhood's dreams, watching two enamoured butterflies in the grass, exposed to the full light of the sun. Some rustic dances of the jolly mountaineers from the Tyrol are graphically illustrated by Unger, while Diez gives a few compositions which may meet with some opposition in critical circles, but which are, in spite of their archaic tendency, genuine "self-made" throughout. Koppay contributes two coloured designs, *Musik* and *Weib*, which do not appear to go beyond the limits of a rather superficial decorative effect; but the delicate plate (No. 32), by Heinrich Lefler, deserves to be closely studied. It is full of taste, cleverly drawn and coloured. The limited space at our disposal will not permit us to enter into as detailed a description as this drawing really calls for. Suffice it to say that it shows a fine artistic touch and is representative of the Vienna school at its best.

Plastering: Plain and Decorative. By W. MILLAR. With an Introduction by G. T. Robinson, F.S.A. (London: Batsford.) The plaster-worker's art and craft have waited long for their British historian, but they have not waited to no purpose. The book now before us is in all respects admirable; written in a simple, effective style, dealing with the whole field of the art and showing in its criticisms no lack of historical perspective.

This last good point deserves note, because the best plaster work is usually so florid as to be more or less offensive to modern critics. It preserves for us the exuberant spirit of the most luxurious times. We see at once that the plasterer has seldom been called upon to regard self-restraint and repose of style as essentials of true greatness. It would be futile to deplore this fact. The useful and necessary thing is to remember that his art is always invaluable to the social historian, and that its too profuse riches, though dangerous to the imitator, are an inexhaustible source of inspiration to all genuinely original artists.

Mr. Millar's book is full of technical information, and not a little of it is new, even to those who are working plasterers. The illustrations contain some good examples of the best work in all kinds, and the introductory chapter by the late Mr. G. T. Robinson, F.S.A., could not well be bettered. Yet the book has one drawback; it is too cumbersome. It is an uncomfortable book to hold, and we hope to see it republished in monthly parts, so that the working plasterers may have a chance of becoming well acquainted with its merits.

On the Nile with a Camera. By ANTHONY WILKIN. (London: T. Fisher Unwin.)—Mr. Anthony Wilkin is aware that he has gleaned a field already industriously reaped, but explains in his preface that the scarcity of photographs in popular works on Egypt, both of antiquities and modern life, led him to believe that a slight account of a Nile trip, copiously illustrated, might prove acceptable to those who know the country, and also to the less-favoured majority to whom Egypt is familiar only from works of a more or less scientific character. It is not to be expected that he should have anything absolutely new to tell us, but he has, nevertheless, succeeded in compiling a valuable and entertaining book which admirably fulfils the avowed object of its existence. The handsome volume contains no fewer than one hundred and eleven capital photographs.

Ehren-Urkunden Moderner Meister. (Stuttgart: Julius Hoffmann.)—This sumptuous folio of reproductions of certificates and diplomas of honour such as International Exhibitions award, contains nothing so good as those P. V. Galland designed for the Paris Exposition. Indeed, notwithstanding much beautiful drawing by artists of eminence, the over-ornate treatment which makes each composition an encyclopædia of conflicting subjects has imparted a certain "commercial" effect to the whole. Of course those by Adolf Menzel—five examples—are delightful when you look at them bit by bit, but they lack the larger symmetry which should decorate a panel of this sort. Nor does W. H. Low, in his almost comic design for Chicago, reveal his usual sense of massing and dignity. The "address" by Max Klinger must be excepted, also two really effective compositions by Fritz August von Kaulbach,

and a golden wedding page by Carl Gehrts. The address to Johannes Brahms, and another composition by Prof. F. Widnmann, a title-page by Prof. G. Sturm, a diploma by Prof. Max Läuger, and another by F. Zenisek, and an address, effective in its simple arrangement, by G. Klimt, are also among the best. The seventy examples reveal much masterly drawing and fine ideas of composition, ruined by over-elaboration and a constant attempt to be "pictorial" and "decorative" in the same panel, wherefore the result is nearer the art of the "scrap" folding-screen than of the ideal diploma. Compared with the average illuminated address and certificate of honour we employ in England, these are infinitely superior. But certain pages of a testimonial to Mr. Gladstone, a school-board certificate by Mr. Anning Bell, and some very few other examples of not dissimilar purposes, prove that if the commissions for such things were given to the right men we might easily surpass the best of these, if not in pure drawing, yet in effective composition. A page of writing with ornamental border should not resemble a dream-picture or a leaf from a child's scrap-book. The work is produced in a manner beyond reproach, and the collection, which has been so well carried out by Herr George Buss, a Berlin architect, may call attention to the possibilities of raising the art of the illuminated address. "Too often a testimonial to one's merits takes the form of an insult to one's taste," is a saying borne out by only too many caskets and presentation documents.

Tales of Languedoc. By SAMUEL JACQUES BRUN. (San Francisco: William Doxey.)—The illustrations to this volume, by Ernest C. Peixotto, are unequal. They are at their best when they follow the manner of Durer (or perhaps it would be more accurate to say of Howard Pyle), as in the cover design and that on page 99. The others, full of invention and detail, appear to have suffered from over-reduction, which imparts a feeling of weakness to his line that closer scrutiny shows is not present. Mr. Peixotto proves his right to be enrolled on the list of pen-draughtsmen whose work is eagerly criticised by two continents, and we shall expect much from him, especially if he continues to express himself with the simplicity of statement that distinguishes the best here. The book is quite delightful in its legends of old Provence.

Het Liedeken van Her Halewijn. Illustrations by CHARLES DODELET, engraved in wood by ED. PELLENS. (Antwerp: J. E. Buschmann.)—This *édition de luxe* of the old Flemish song of Messire Halewijn is worthy of the attention of collectors of rare and curious books. Printed in Gothic characters on Dutch paper, and bound in tinted parchment with a special imprint, this new edition has a distinct artistic value, which is largely increased by the drawings of M. Charles Dodelet, who has shown infinite art in bringing his fancy into line with the text. His drawings are most happy in their archaic spirit, their intentional simplicity, and sincere and primitive expressiveness. With ornamental letters at the head of each page, everything in the book contributes to make it one of remarkable individuality. Two poems by M. Pol de Mont, with a translation into French of the original song, complete the work.

XL musical book-plates with a list of more than CCC mottoes to be found in this class of book-plates. (Amsterdam: Frederick Muller and Co.) Monographs on bookplates multiply rapidly. The tendency of the day to specialisation is felt in this latest, which is also the first Dutch contribution to the cult of the ex libris—a work limited to the bookplates of musicians only. The examples illustrated are, as might be expected, of unequal merit considered as works of art, and of widely varied date. Among the modern designs are examples by Warrington Hogg, R. Anning Bell, Alder Wright, and Gleeson White. It is an admirably produced work which all collectors will be glad to possess, especially as the illustrations are each allotted a full page with no printing on the back.

The Earlier English Water-Colour Painters. By COSMO MONKHOUSE. (London: Seeley & Co., Ltd. Price 6*s.*)—This is a second edition of a book which has already done good service. It contains a series of agreeably written essays upon the masters of water-colour who by their practice did so much before the middle of the present century to found and develop the great school of artists which in the present day is active in this branch of art. To these older masters, to Turner, David Cox, William Hunt, and their many contemporaries, we owe more than can be well expressed; and Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse's book is acceptable because it is to be taken as a sincere acknowledgment of this debt. He treats his subject with discretion, neither exaggerating nor depreciating, but dealing in a spirit of fair criticism with the questions that are presented to him. What he writes is pleasant reading, interesting both in matter and manner; and it is set down concisely and clearly. As a book of reference this volume is certainly useful, and it is also worthy of praise as a piece of literary production.

AWARDS IN "THE STUDIO" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

DESIGN FOR A MEDALLION TO COMMEMORATE THE REIGN OF QUEEN VICTORIA. (A I.)

THE drawings sent in for this competition are small in number and poor in quality. The idea of an artistic medal has not been conceived by any one of the competitors. We are a little surprised after the numerous examples of the medallist's art by Roty, Charpentier and others, which have appeared in our columns, that better results have not been obtained. We are regretfully obliged to withhold the First Prize in this competition.

The SECOND PRIZE (*Two Guineas*) is awarded to *Saracen* (R. Hall Bolt, 9 Brodrick Road, Upper Tooting, S.W.)

DESIGN FOR THE TITLE PAGE OF A CHRISTMAS CARD. (A I. *Extra.*)

The FIRST PRIZE (*Two Guineas*) is awarded to *Iridee I.* (Thomas Henry, 46 rue Madame, Paris).

The SECOND PRIZE (*One Guinea*) to *Chin Chin* (J. Mitchell, 21 Crescent Road, Sharrow, Sheffield).

Honourable mention is given to the following: *Alige* (Alice E. Newby, Lansdowne House, Brodrick Road, Upper Tooting, S.W.); *Arté* (Arthur M. Barrett, 102 Tufnell Park Road, N.); *Ace of Hearts* (Edith Ewen, Cowley Villa, Hunstanton, Norfolk); *Camu* (Chas. Gale, Butt Road, Colchester); *Emily* (May S. Tyrer, Glenmore, Chapter Road, Willesden Green); *Grumbler* (Rosa C. Petherick, Maple Lodge, Havelock Road, Croydon); *Puck* (Arthur B. Packham, 27 Bond Street, Brighton); *Peppercorn* (Florence A. F. Phillips, 5 North Avenue, Clarendon Park, Leicester); *Pokey* (Enid Jackson, 12 Forest Road, Birkenhead); *White Heliotrope* (Victor Lhuer, 23 Quai de la Tournelle, Paris); and *White Heather* (Gwynedd Polin, Meole Brace, Shrewsbury).

ILLUSTRATION IN PEN AND INK WORK FOR "THE CANTERBURY TALES." (B I.)

The FIRST PRIZE (*One Guinea*) is awarded to *Berangere* (Victor Lhuer, 23 Quai de la Tournelle, Paris).

The SECOND PRIZE (*Half a Guinea*) to *Oreas* (D. Chamberlain, 8 Park Avenue, Glasgow).

Honourable Mention is given to the following:—*Ace of Hearts* (Edith Ewen, Cowley Villa, Hunstanton, Norfolk); *Atahualpha* (Katherine A. Ross, Wadworth Hall, Doncaster); *Arbroath* (Nancy M. Ruxton, 24 Wetherby Gardens, South Kensington); *Camu* (Chas. Gale, Butt Road, Colchester); *Chef* (A. Cooke, 15 St. John's Road, Upper Holloway, N.); *Cactus* (Rose Syers, 23 Princes Square, Bayswater, W.); *Emelye* (Mildred F. Winter, Municipal School of Art, Margaret Street, Birmingham); *Grumbler* (Rosa C. Petherick, Maple Lodge, Havelock Road, Croydon); *Heloise* (Dorothy Hart, Heathdale, Harborne, Birmingham); *Lactus* (Zillah T. Perkins, The Cottage, Ely, Cambs.); *Olive* (Ethel K. Burgess, *no address*); *Puck* (Arthur B. Packham, 27 Bond Street, Brighton); *Pekin* (Mary G. Houston, 13 South Parade, Fulham Road, S.W.); *Pokey* (Enid Jackson, 12 Forest Road, Birkenhead); *Redlac* (Scott Calder, 159 Sydney Street, Chelsea, S.W.); and *Watchman* (R. Morton Nance, 23 Westbourne Road, Penarth, South Wales).

STUDY OF A FEMALE HEAD. (C I.)

Among the large number of drawings sent in for this competition there are many in which the competitors appear to have mistaken laborious finish for artistic work. This is doubtless the fault, to a certain extent, of incompetent instruction, but the fault is nevertheless a very real one.

The FIRST PRIZE (*One Guinea*) is awarded to *Vevers* (Bertie Greenwood, 31 Belmont Road, Willesden Green).

The SECOND PRIZE (*Half a Guinea*) to *Watchman* (R. M. Nance, 23 Westbourne Road, Penarth).

Honourable mention is given to the following:—*Amor* (Elise D. Elboux, 18 Radipole Road, Munster Park, Fulham, S.W.); *Arbor Vale* (Henrietta M. Tarver, The Bungalow, Bourne Hall Road, Old Bushey, Herts); *Brunswick Black* (Thomas A. Brock, 14 Brunswick Walk, Cambridge); *Culrathain* (Margaret M. Houston, Coleraine, Ireland); *Chada* (C. H. Temple, Iron Bridge, Shropshire); *Chelsea Pensioner* (Ada C. Ince, 13 Frognal, Hampstead, N.W.); *Désespoir* (Mary Davis, West Point, Levenshulme, Manchester); *Daub* (Maud Shelley, 13 Rutland Gate, S.W.); *Daie* (Millie Duncan, 140 High Road, Lee, S.E.); *Elsa* (Elsa M. Waterlow, 1 Maresfield Gardens, Fitzjohn's Avenue, N.W.); *Grumbler* (Rosa C. Petherick, Maple Lodge, Havelock Road, Croydon); *Irene* (Mrs. Allen, 5 Addison Road, Plymouth); *Lofen* (Winifred Hett, 6 Finborough Road, S. Kensington); *Lamplight* (Herbert Sershall, 14 Devon Terrace, Mutley, Plymouth); *Model* (Wilh. Gulzow, 58 Helix Road, Brixton Hill, S.W.); *Nens* (Eve M. Scott, The Shrubbery, Erith); *Ovelet* (E. B. Hart, 10 Buckingham Terrace, Edinburgh); *Stylus* (G. W. Collins, 2 Bond Street, Holford Square, W.C.); *Ver* (John Dumayne, 114 Burnt Ash Road, Lee, S.E.); *Veritas* (Florence E. Cole, 25 Redburn Street, Chelsea, S.W.); and *Zeto* (W. E. Tyler, Westgate, Bridgnorth)

FIRST PRIZE "VEVERS"

SECOND PRIZE "WATCHMAN"

STUDY OF A FEMALE HEAD (COMPETITION C I.)

FIRST PRIZE "BERANGERE"

SECOND PRIZE "OREAS"

DESIGNS FOR ILLUSTRATION "THE CANTERBURY TALES" (COMPETITION B I.)

HON. MENTION "HELOISE"

HON. MENTION "PEKIN"

DESIGNS FOR ILLUSTRATION "THE CANTERBURY TALES" (COMPETITION B I.)

THE LAY FIGURE "AT HOME" WITH MUSIC.

"DECORATIVE music!" said the Lay Figure musingly. "I rather distrust that phrase: it is pretty, but like 'impressionist architecture,' one wonders if there is anything behind the title."

"Yes, I think there is such a thing, although few modern composers have recognised it," said the Enthusiast.

"Do you mean to imply that Wagner's music is not decorative?" said the Decadent with a drawl. "I thought even the most artless art-craftsman to-day found inspiration in Wagner. I am sure I read some such statement lately."

"I think," said the Enthusiastic Amateur who had launched the phrase "decorative music" among a crowd of designers and writers, "I think what I mean is that we might go back in music to the earliest fine flowering of the art, and develop it anew, much as we have gone back to the simplicity of early stained glass and Italian sculpture of the Donatello period, and to Cimabue, Giotto, Durer and the rest, instead of trying to carry farther the efforts of Brahms or Wagner. In short, not to take as our starting point the musical equivalent of the last magnificence of the Gothic Perpendicular, the Italian Renaissance, or the Rococo of Rubens or Michel Angelo.

"I wouldn't even try the latter if I were you," said the Man with a Clay Pipe sneeringly; "it would really be unfair to your own individuality, and to Michel Angelo, to base yourself on him."

"But where are your art-and-crafty tunes to be found?" said the Decadent. "Not in England surely. Purcell bores one to death; he wrote 'Rule Britannia,' didn't he? I should have thought that was much too beef-inspired for your taste."

"I think," said the Enthusiast, "that you should add to your unparalleled ignorance of things artistic a new section specially devoted to music. Do you know the Purcell of the *Yorkshire Feast Song*: the dances and airs of William Byrd; in short, the people who fitted music and tunes to the masques and lyrics of Campion and the rest that you are never weary of praising?"

"If I did, I have forgotten them. Are they like the dreamy, poetic stuff Arnold Dolmetsch plays at his concerts? I rather liked some things he does," the Decadent said meekly.

"The pieces of music he has revived are splendid examples on which I base my theory," said the Enthusiast. "I think Mr. Dolmetsch has really done for music what the Century Guild did for decoration; that is, he has brought to light forgotten works of art, and set them forth daintily and delightfully. A sympathetic few will before long discover a new movement, and ignore his efforts, much as most chroniclers of the present 'arts and crafts' movement forget some of its pioneers, especially Messrs. Macmurdo, Selwyn Image, Horne, and the rest of The Hobby Horse men."

"I rather like your suggestion," the Man with a Clay Pipe observed. "I think native music of all countries, the old Wessex songs Mr. Baring Gould has collected, the songs of the Czecks and of the Muscovites, and the music of Japan, might be studied. *Miyako Dori*, the delightful collection which Mr. Paul Bevan issued in our own notation, will give you an idea of the charm of the latter. Surely for domestic music we might hark back to these and other sources. Wagner does not fit a suburban drawing-room, he is several sizes too large; yet music is a polite art we are in danger of banishing to professional experts instead of keeping in daily life."

"The opera is the fresco," said the Journalist, "the symphony, the cathedral, the sonata, the sculpture of music. Isn't that what you mean? That all these forms suit public monuments, palaces and the like, but don't go particularly well with a £50 house."

"Something like that," said the Enthusiast, "and you cannot satisfy the appetite of the cultured layman by reproductions of old work alone. He wants, and has a right to expect, new creations in music that are in the mood of to-day."

"Surely he has the song with waltz refrain and sufficient inanity already," said the Decadent.

"Yes: musical equivalents of the cheap chromo lithograph and the halfpenny Christmas card," the Enthusiast replied. "I want the etching, the Morris cretonne, the Voysey wall paper, and the rest to find their exponents in music."

"When you ask for it see that you get it," said the Journalist flippantly. "How would you begin?"

"Possibly by re-introducing the spinet, the harpsichord, viol d'amore, viol de gamba and the rest," said the Enthusiast; "and so to re-impose forgotten limitations, as the pioneers of decorative art re-imposed them in confident hope that after a period of imitation antique the new growth would appear without conscious effort as it has in decoration based on precedent, but not slavishly obedient to pedantic rules."

THE LAY FIGURE.

CONSTANTIN MEUNIER: THE ARTIST OF THE FLEMISH COLLIERIES. BY W. SHAW SPARROW.

THERE are two men of genius in M. Constantin Meunier—a painter and a sculptor, and each makes use of the other's peculiar qualities and methods. The sculptor's hand we detect in the modelling of the painter's lean, muscular figures, and it is usually with the painter's eyes that the sculptor sees. It were a Gilbertian criticism to say that each of these artists is indeed the other; that M. Meunier is a painter as soon as his hands touch clay, and a sculptor the very moment that he starts using his sombre and impressive greys and browns. The transformation is not so complete as this, of course. Still, even if it were as complete, I, for one, should not be greatly concerned. It would still be easy to explain, and I should still be free to admire it, as I admire the statuesque rhythm, repose, and balance of line in many paintings by Michel Angelo.

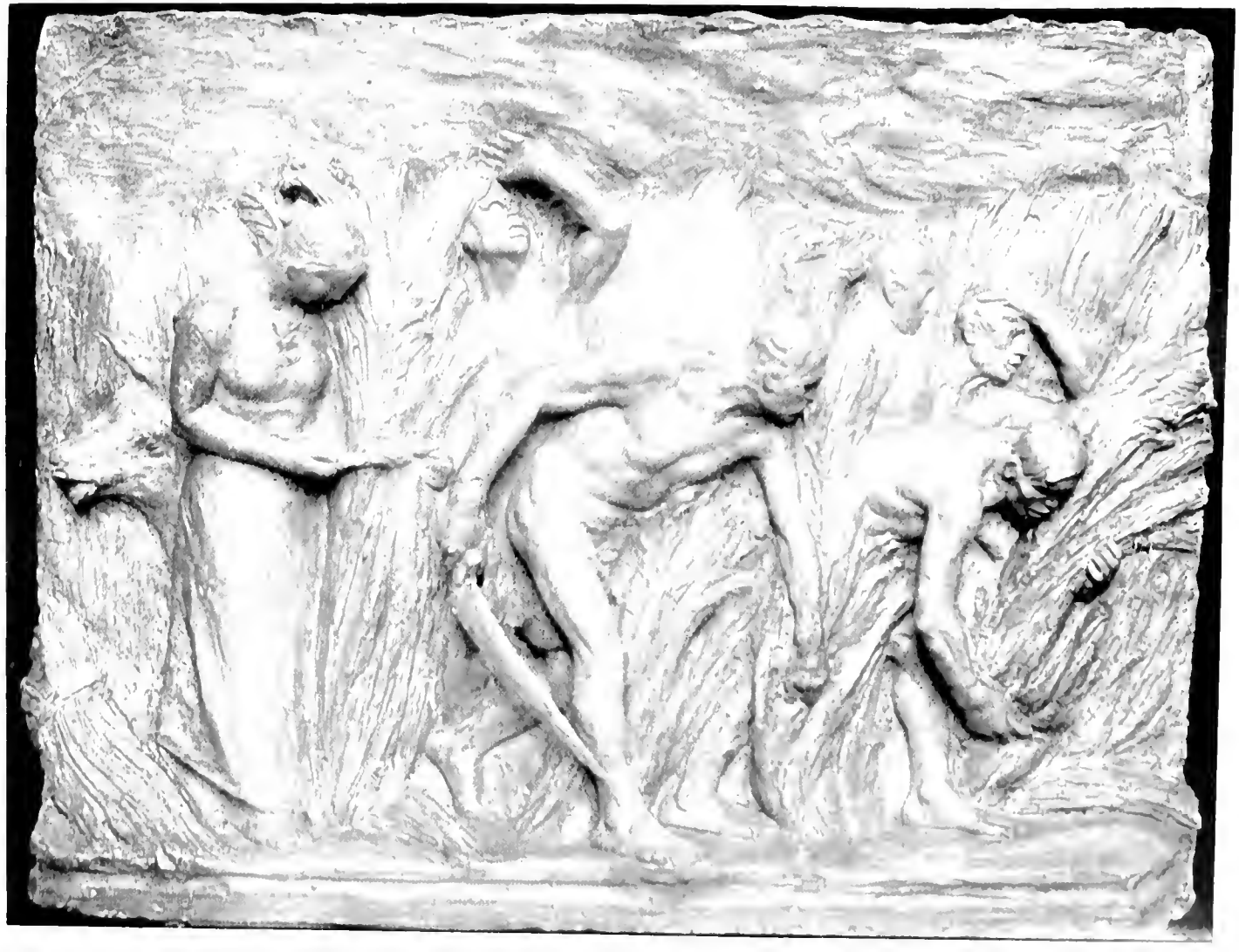
M. Meunier has ever been fascinated by both arts, finding his keenest relish in painting sometimes, and sometimes in the study and the practice of sculpture. At the age of sixteen he entered the studio of M. Fraikin, a cold, academic statuary, and he laboured there—not, one thinks, with great profit—for ten years. Then, all at once, he was attracted by the work of Charles Degroux, that great artist whom we know as "the painter of the poor," and who shares both with Millet and with Meunier so many telling qualities, all marked by a plebeian pathos, sincere, deep and uncouth. Charles Degroux taught Meunier to paint; but the pupil was never taken with his master's charm of colour; he was influenced only by his teacher's rugged and pathetic truthfulness to nature. The fact is that M. Meunier has never forgotten the sinister memories of his youth, which he passed in the Belgian Black Country, his birthplace; and the smoke and gloom of that seathed land have entered into all his colours. They found their way slightly into even those sketches which the artist made in Spain, where he had been sent to copy a noble old painting by Kempeneer; and the result was that the critics saw Spain in an entirely new aspect, the touch of northern sombreness in the landscapes being quite in accord with the austere stateliness and gravity of the Spaniards themselves. Those landscapes, in fact, touched one with a vague sense of the Flemish collieries; and side by side with this quite unique trait there was another peculiarity: one which made the critic feel sure that the painter was likewise a sculptor of real merit. And a sculptor M. Meunier continued to be in his heart of hearts, until, at the age of fifty, being fired by the genius of Rodin, he not only abandoned his brushes but went back with youthful energy to the studies of his boyhood. It was then that he began

"THE SHINGLER"
BRONZE STATUETTE BY CONSTANTIN MEUNIER

CONSTANTIN MEUNIER

was always to him what Balzac calls "a divine step-mother"; "she taught him pity, fortitude, and humility, knowledge of the world, knowledge of life; she gave him that grand, that potent education of chastisement, which she imparts to all those who are destined to be great." But whilst Penury was thus befriending the artist, the man himself was faring very badly at her hands. His health she weakened, and she marked his face with such deep lines of suffering as may well set us thinking about that very commercial sagacity which causes so many artists to make their work popular and mediocre. That mediocrity should be so pleasing to the many is in the nature of things; for genuinely original talents, when even the discriminating few first come upon them, are always

CONSTANTIN MEUNIER



"HARVEST" BAS-RELIEF IN PLASTER
BY CONSTANTIN MEUNIER

more or less offensive. And the more they are at variance with the æsthetical conventions of the past, the greater is the annoyance of all the pedants of the Italian galleries, who forget that no two epochs are ever alike, and that the past lives best in its own imperishable works of art. So, what with the foolishness of the cultured, and the natural heedlessness of the ignorant, an honest man of real genius, a Meunier, unskilled in the many social arts of useful courtesanship and self-advertisement, must needs whistle down the winds for fame. He must be content, like Meunier, if he is able, at the age of sixty, to hail as friends many of those critics who used to turn him into ridicule.

Yet Meunier may well laugh in his sleeve at some of his old foes. He must see that they are making wild amends for their past follies. There are those amongst them who are hardy enough to acclaim him as the greatest sculptor of the time: nay, as the inventor of an art entirely new and original, which will be that of the millenarian centuries to come. Critical applause, however, like adverse criticism, is usually indiscreet, and for the good reason that it is a delightful flattery which men offer to their own judgment, and as a consequence to their own intellectual vainglory. Ideal criticisms would be in some sort admirable plagiarisms; for the critic's ideal duty is faithfully to repeat what every book, or picture, poem or statue, has to tell him for and against its creator's talents and attainments. No one, however, can thus turn himself into what we may call a thinking phonograph, truthfully giving voice to those impressions and those mute self-criticisms which art leaves in every receptive educated mind. It is with his whole character, as well as through a medium of borrowed wisdom and stupidity, that a man sees, hence he reveals himself in his criticisms, and the artist of whom he speaks is seldom benefited.

For this reason, one cannot hope to do justice to the work of Constantin Meunier. To treat of it simply and straightforwardly is the utmost that one could do. M. Meunier, because he made the collier and the artisan his theme, and "the suffering greatness of toil" his poetry, is not necessarily the inventor of an art entirely new, as well as memorably original. Men of genius have long been inspired by the life of the working classes; and assuredly the old Dutch masters, when considered as social historians, are not less truthful than Millet and Meunier. The difference between the old truth and the new is the result of a marked change in the attitude of thoughtful men to the miseries so common in the world. The Dutch masters loved the world as it was, and were happy; whereas we moderns are so alive to the sorrows and abuses near us, that our mirth loses itself in melancholy, like that of the latter-day Dickens. In our own day, as a rule, the man of genius is in revolt against the common human lot, sometimes consciously like Millet, unconsciously sometimes like Meunier; and although he stirs in us many tender feelings, by which our ancestors were seldom moved, yet we must not think, like some of Meunier's rash critics, that he will eventually bring about a regeneration of mankind. Art must not pretend to educate

"DOCK LABOURER"
STATUETTE IN BRONZE BY CONSTANTIN MEUNIER

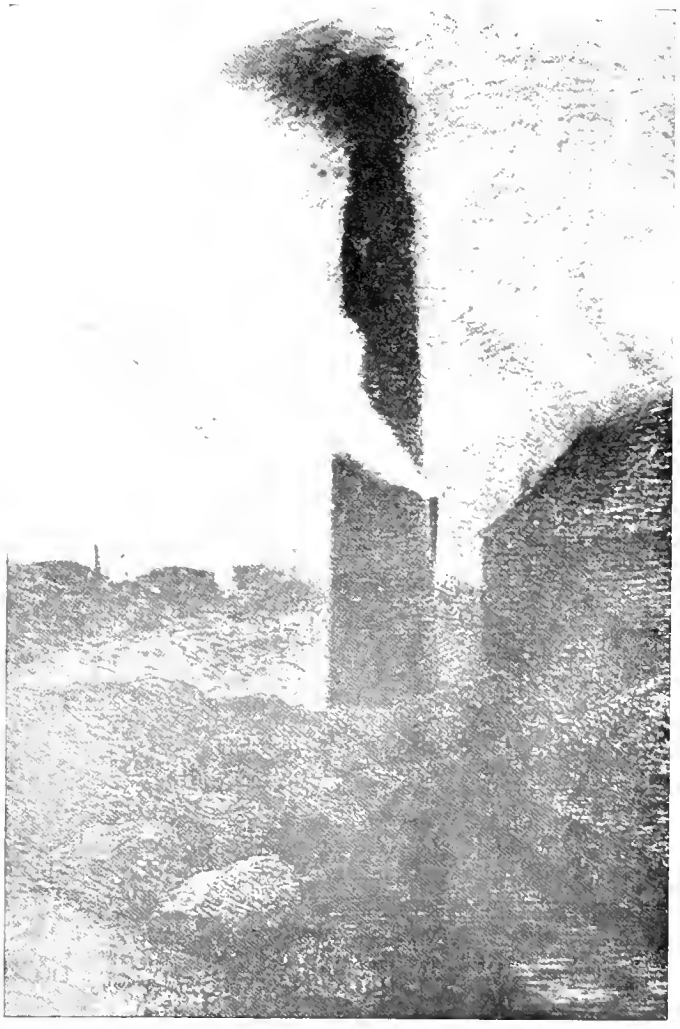
social reformers; her mission has happily nothing in common with Exeter Hall and the cant of humanitarianism. Yet we are told that Constantin Meunier is "a saviour of society," and that his art is eminently fitted to make us all set about the task of turning the collier into a man of means.

That Meunier has been a true friend to the collier I do not for a moment doubt. At the time when he began drawing his inspiration from the Belgian Black Country, no laws of State regulated the working of the mines. The coal trade was then, in Belgium, a horrible child-sweating industry, by which young girls were brutalised and lads deformed. All this M. Meunier painted; and his pictures not only provoked remark, they stimulated reform. But the real point is this: that his methods were all honestly artistic; they had no affinity with those which the late Mrs. Beecher Stowe made so popular, when calling attention to another and less degraded kind of "black" slavery. In other words, M. Meunier has never been a man with a mission—a Millet, half-poet unwittingly, and wittingly half-preacher. The ethical and socialistic interests of his work, about which so much nonsense has been talked, owe their origin to an impressive truthfulness to nature, and not to a highly self-conscious kind of humanitarian teaching. Meunier understands the life of the mining poor in Belgium: he works because he has something to say, and that something he gives expression to in a style all his own, rugged, masculine, reticent, and filled with an uncouth dignity and pathos. Michel Angelo might have painted thus if he had been at heart a collier.

In *Fire Damp*, a bronze group in the Brussels Museum, Constantin Meunier has made real for us the dazed terror of a collier's wife when she first beholds her husband's dead body. Here, indeed, is a subject to make any inferior artist melo-dramatic. Guido Mazzoni, for instance, who has left us some very curious Good Friday religious dramas in coloured clay, would have represented the poor woman in the act of tearing her hair and shrieking hysterically. It is a very different grief that Meunier shows us. The husband he keeps out of sight, and the wife, bending awkwardly forward, her arms dangling weakly by her side, seems the Niobe of Toil, turned into bronze by the sudden horror of the catastrophe.

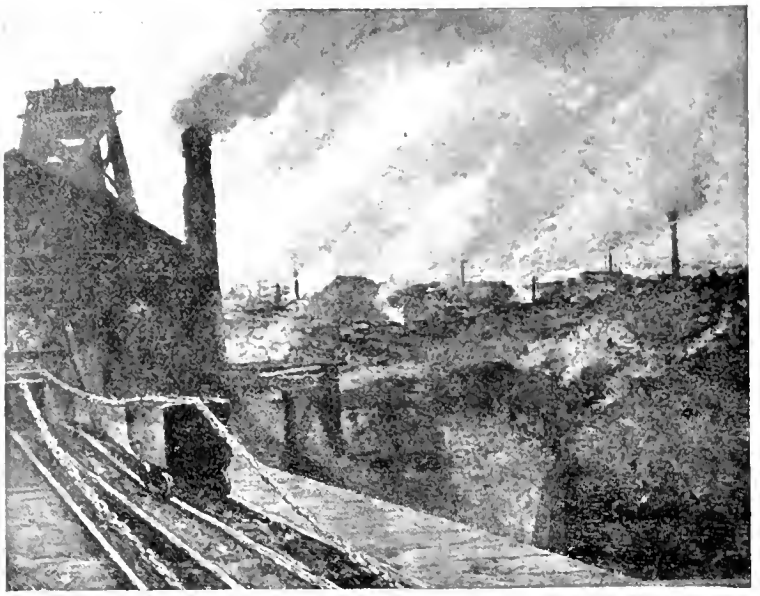
The noble reticence of feeling in this work, as in *Ecce Homo*, is not a Flemish quality as a rule. Perhaps it is the result of the artist's own sufferings. We meet with it again, as with the rest of Meunier's qualities, in another masterpiece in bronze, *An Old Colliery Horse*, which I should describe on my own account, were it not that M. Octave Mirbeau has made the pleasant task unnecessary. M. Mirbeau's description has been thus done into English by Miss Florence Simmonds:

"How weary he is, this poor old colliery horse!



THE BELGIAN BLACK COUNTRY
FROM A DRAWING BY CONSTANTIN MEUNIER

STUDIES. BY CONSTANTIN MEUNIER



THE BELGIAN BLACK COUNTRY — BY CONSTANTIN MEUNIER

Meunier has given to this old battered carcase of a horse. Its pathos is extraordinary. For the faces of old and suffering beasts are like those of old people—faces made up of misery and resignation, tragic faces, in which may be read, better than in a book, the injustice that presses on the hard lives of the poor. Such is the magic of the masterpiece, that, without any sentimentality or rhetoric, eloquent only by its form, this little bronze conjures up the whole life of the mine, the terrible mine . . . . and thought travels with deep depression from tortured beast to martyred man. . . . This old colliery horse sums up the whole tragedy."

Also it sums up nearly all the work of Constantin Meunier. That work is seldom relieved by gaiety; in it the sun rarely shines. One wearies for the sound of laughter. If Shakespeare in all his tragedies makes us think sometimes of Falstaff and Prince Hal, it is precisely because unrelenting

His hollow sides, barred by his ribs, speak of plentiful blows and scanty corn. Yet he has worked hard, poor brute! . . . It has always been night for him, in low galleries, the roof of which grazed his back as he toiled along. . . . His legs are bent at the knees and swollen at the fetlocks. With nerveless flanks, and flaccid hocks, he rests on his crumpled hoof, after the manner of tired beasts. His neck, with its scanty mane, his shoulders, marked by the collar, make almost a straight line with the hind-quarters, and passing along the spine, it divides at the meagre croup into a double apophyge. His head hangs a little to one side, his ears droop, his jaw falls. His eye is dim, mournful and gentle, veiled as it were by a mist of darkness. Tears have left their channels on his skin. He is motionless; not a muscle, not a hair stirs; spent and helpless, he will lie down but to die. . . . One of the finest touches of observation in this study is the face

COLLIERS IN THE PIT — FROM A DRAWING BY C. MEUNIER

"BRICKMAKERS" BAS-RELIEF BY C. MEUNIER

has watched a miner labouring under a great mass of coal. If there is a blemish in this work it is to be found in the man's lean back; for a half-naked collier, when seen in the dim, uncertain light underground, looks gigantic, herculean. The strong elements of style in the bas-relief of *Industry*, in the statuette of *The Shingler*, and in that of the *Dock Labourer*, give something of a classic, ideal charm to the robust naturalism by which each of these fine conceptions is marked. These small statues, so vigorous and sympathetic in handling, so dignified in their simplicity and repose of line, are, I am inclined to think, the most truly statuesque of all M. Meunier's achievements as a sculptor. Yet, examine them carefully, and you will, I think, find that a painter's hand betrays itself here and there, though not so plainly as in the composition of that noble group of *Brickmakers*. The *Ecce Homo*, a statuette in bronze, to which I have already alluded, and which made so profound an impression at the Champ de Mars Salon in 1892, is commonly regarded as the sculptor's masterpiece, and I wish I had an illustration of it to place before you. Mr. Claude Phillips said at the time that this little sitting figure of Christ, a mere statuette in dimensions, was undoubtedly one of the finest things of the year, by virtue of its breadth of handling, its accent, and, above all, its intensely human pathos.

One cannot but agree with this criticism, and yet we must not lose sight for a moment of the industrial greatness of the art of Constantin Meunier. It is about ten years ago since I ventured to draw attention for the first time to the wealth of varied life, to the exhaustless fund of artistic inspiration, to be found in our dockyards, collieries and pot-

gloom is tiresome; and Constantin Meunier must know that the Flemish collier is no enemy to mirth. It is noticed, in fact, all the world over, that men are seldom more cheerful than when they earn their daily bread in the midst of danger. But it is an ungracious task thus to pick holes in the work of a really great artist, a genuine *man* of genius.

A few remarks must now be made on the illustrations which give interest to this study. I regret very much that it is only possible to give one example of the artist's early work as a painter of the Flemish collier's life and sufferings. But I believe this one example will be found most interesting, full of character, sympathy, and power. The Belgian Black Country is very well typified in two of the illustrations, and the *Collier at Work* is admirably posed, as will be granted by any one who

teries, near our furnaces, and in our factories, in all of which busy centres of tragic industry there is a religious art of the best kind—the art of the religion of daily human toil. Well, it is this religion that M. Meunier is inspired by, has interpreted to us, and in doing so, he has stirred us with an art which will assuredly hand down to posterity the character, the genius, the life and the tragedy of these first great anxious days in the seemingly eternal era of steam with its machinery.

Two or three of the other illustrations are rough sketches, mere notes of hand, made rapidly in the open air. Yet in these slapdash *croquis*, as in the completed works, we find every one of the artist's favourite virtues and graces. The note of manliness—a fine, rude, unpolished manliness—must detain us here a moment or two. It is a quality that Meunier shares with nearly all the Flemish artists of to-day; for the spirit of Rubens, with its swaggering, lustful promise of strong generations yet to come, is still brilliantly alive in the Flemish genius. Whilst England has been producing limp pre-Raphaelites and neurotic artists in all kinds, Belgium has renewed, both on canvas and in stone and bronze, the wild strong youth of the past. The truth may be expressed in another way. It is a militant country this England of ours. It is the home of many noble sports, and of many dangerous and delightful games. In Belgium, on the other hand, vigorous exercises in the open air are seldom encouraged. And yet, as a rule, our own painters and sculptors are not by any means so manly as their Belgian *confrères*. It is true that the Belgian artist is not usually very thoughtful, is often very vulgar, is rarely tender and imaginative; but there his Flemish vigour and manliness are for all that, and they contrast oddly with the effeminate languor by which, here in England, an athletic country, so many literary and artistic productions are now characterised. It is well to remember that in Flanders the national character has always reflected itself thus in the Fine Arts; whereas in England, as in ancient Rome, those very arts were scouted as unmanly. The drama held sway amongst us, and foreigners painted our pictures. At last the theatre began to languish; the old magnificent virility perished slowly out of it; and at the same time, as during the decline of Rome,

"COLLIERS GOING TO THEIR WORK"

FROM A PAINTING BY CONSTANTIN MEUNIER

"A COLLIER: SUNDAY" BY CONSTANTIN MEUNIER

the scorned arts came into fashion. Since then the artistic temperament has been running riot in our midst; and we have missed since then in most of our books, plays, paintings and statues, the strong presence of that racial quality, that bull-dog something or other, which used to tell our ancestors that even their most refined men of genius were men of action. In plain words, the English genius, unlike the Flemish, has lost much of its old-time masterfulness: it no longer gives expression, as a rule, to what is strongest and most militant in our national character. That our colonising civilisation is the greatest the world has ever seen admits of no doubt; but it is a truth which our namby-pamby eclecticism passes by in silence. And it ought never to be forgotten, though it usually is, that the first signs of national weakness have invariably shown themselves most clearly in the fine arts and in literature.

Now, we are told by Tennyson, Coleridge, Goethe, that all great minds must be androgynous. Genius, in other words, is a single creative human power with a double sex. Hence I think we may seriously say, without the least extravagance, that whilst in the Flemish genius the masculine sex maintains its rightful pre-eminence, the female is becoming much too aggressive in the English. Who, indeed, can imagine a Flemish Burne-Jones? Who, again, can think it likely that an English Meunier will appear? Sometimes Constantin Meunier shocks us by his strength, as by the uncouthness of his manly sentiment. Then one thinks of George Mason, and of his sweet idyllic picture of the singing colliery girls; and one longs for the coming of a man capable of uniting the best qualities of the rugged Meunier, the collier of the brush and chisel, to those of the tender, the imaginative Englishman, who studied the Black Country through the golden light of the setting sun.

SOME GLASGOW DESIGNERS AND THEIR WORK. BY GLEESON WHITE. (PART I.)

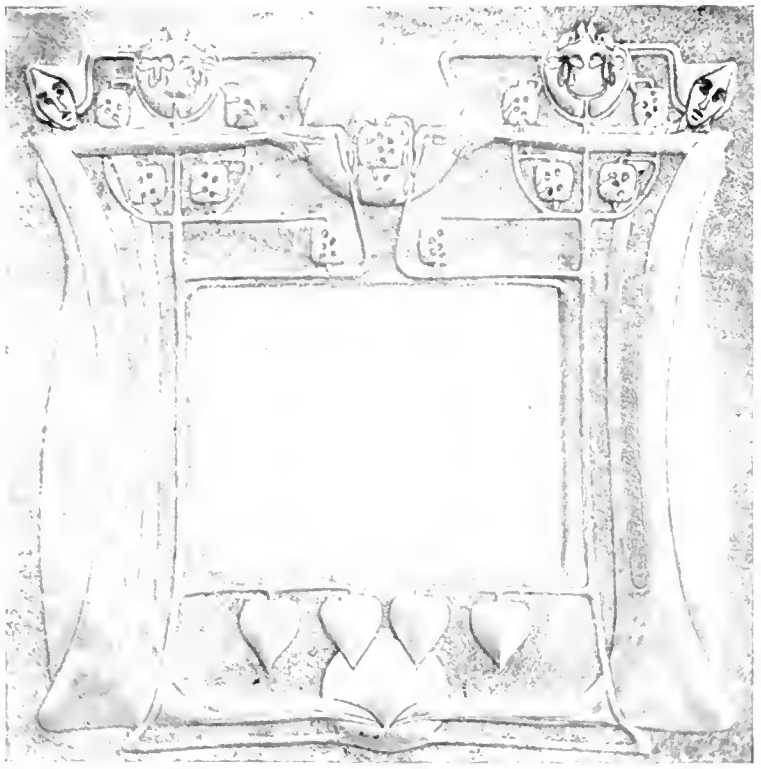
In studying the history of decorative art, it becomes evident that the most original and lasting work has been more often than not the outcome of a well-defined local movement. Sometimes a single artist initiated the whole school; at others a few working in familiar intercourse acted and reacted on each other, so that at last a distinct character was imparted to their work and that of their successors. No matter how much each of

these differed from his neighbour, the characteristics which distinguished his work from that produced in other localities, are still more evident to an unprejudiced observer than any family likeness among members of his group.

In these days of rapid intercommunication and increased knowledge of the work of distant countries, so that New York knows to-day more of what Paris or Berlin may be doing than London knew of Norwich a few generations ago, it might have been expected that cosmopolitan tendencies would prevail. Yet there is plenty of evidence to show that, as always, work which rises above the level of commercial design is usually the outcome of a distinctly isolated group. We have seen during Her Majesty's reign the rise of the Pre-Raphaelites: the influence of Mr. Morris and his personal friends: the far reaching results from a small and little-known society—the Century Guild; and many other definite classes of design which have sprung from the association of a few sympathisers and energetic workers. These may be really isolated by geographical limits, or only separated from outside workers by the boundaries of a clique. Yet in either case they pay little regard to adverse criticism unless it comes from within their own circle, and all are more or less swayed by a common impulse.

Glasgow to-day presents to an unusual degree this aspect of the case. In the work of the Glasgow School of Painters there is a broad likeness which separates it from that of men of Newlyn, or the members of the New English Art Club, and yet the Scots' work is by no means all schemed within any hard-and-fast limit. In decoration Glasgow at present shelters a not dissimilar group. In addition to a few artists, all more or less intimate, the authors of most of the examples chosen to illustrate this paper, there are several others unconnected by friendship and working in totally different manner who are all interested in decorative art, and doing good service to advance its aims. The locality which thus develops its own ideas of expression may comprise a province, or it may be limited to the work of a single studio. In Glasgow the newest and most individual manner is undoubtedly that which is seen in the work of the Misses Macdonald, Mrs. F. E. Newbury, Mr. Charles Mackintosh, Mr. J. Herbert McNair, and Mr. Talwin Morris. Mr. Oscar Paterson, in his very original stained glass, must not be placed quite in the same group, nor can Mr. George Walton, whose work is entirely devoid of the qualities which make the first group so prominent, nor the Messrs. Guthrie. But to a Southerner all these factors combine, and he is willing to accept the result as the Glasgow Arts and Crafts movement, even as he accepts the work of men so different as Messrs. Guthrie, Lavery, Walton, Stevenson, Henry, Hornel, Cameron, Christie, and the rest, as representing the Glasgow School of Painters.

It is peculiarly delicate ground that one touches in an attempt to appreciate the work of artists who are, by force of circumstances, to a certain degree, commercial rivals also. For if the natural purpose of fine decorative objects is first to yield satisfaction to their



"HONESTY" MIRROR FRAME IN PURE TIN
DESIGNED AND BEATEN BY FRANCES MACDONALD

CANDLESTICKS IN BEATEN BRASS
DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY FRANCES MACDONALD
(*By permission of Talwin Morris, Esq.*)

makers, it is also, as a rule, no less a source of income to those who produce them. Therefore it may seem as if a paper devoted to such things were indirectly a disguised advertisement. It is so as much and no more than is every notice of a picture at the Royal Academy, every review of a book, every critique of a concert.

If the same privilege long since accorded to the Fine Arts be allowed to the Applied Arts, then it is no more venal to praise a sideboard than to applaud a portrait. If press notices send a designer more clients possibly they send the portrait-painter more commissions. A rough-and-ready rule would seem to be that all original designs, whether in picture, pattern, or material, should be granted the privilege of open appreciation, while all articles issued with no recognition of the painter or designer should fall under the head of manufactures, which can only be commended generally in guarded terms in any paper that wishes to maintain its self-respect.

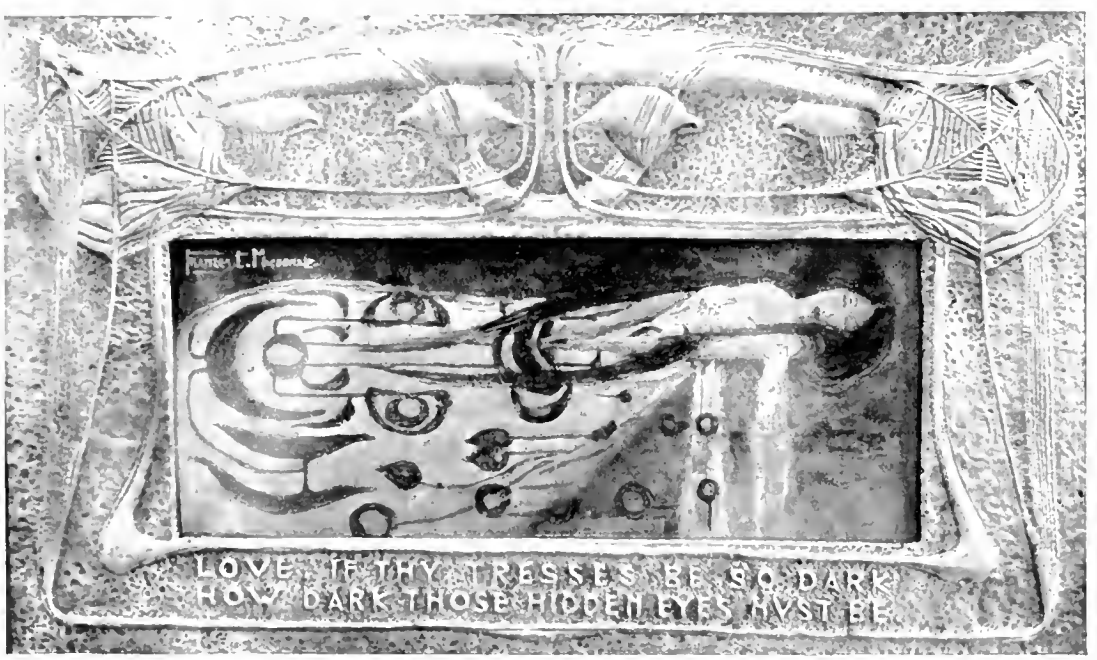
The decorative movement in Great Britain today is showing many signs of vitality which promise well for its future. That not a few of its new departures are in opposition to the Gothic ideals which William Morris cherished, or to those of the English Renaissance which the Century Guild proclaimed, need not be wholly regretted. Growth is essential, and if some branches ultimately produce flowers and no fruit, it is yet too early in the spring of the new Renaissance to decide which will ultimately ripen to maturity and which will perish under adverse criticism, or die from sheer inanition. Eccentricity is often enough, we fear, the first title given to efforts, which, later on, are accepted as proofs of serious advance. Continental critics, restlessly curious as to what England is doing, are by no means agreed. One eminent French critic thinks that the Egyptian Court at the British Museum is responsible for most of the so-called novelty in design at the late Arts and Crafts Exhibition. Had he seen the products of Young Glasgow the statement would have seemed far more plausible. Yet those sons and daughters of Scotland, who appear to be most strongly influenced by Egypt, affect to be surprised at the bare suggestion of such influence, and disclaim any intentional reference to "allegories on the banks of the Nile"; nor in their studios do you see any casts, photographs, or other reproductions of Egyptian art. As a rule, a designer gathers round him, unconsciously may be, examples of his favourite period. In one such studio the Italian Renaissance is to the fore; in another Mediæval or Jacobean relics; in a third Japanese; but Glasgow betrays no archæological bias to any of these divers ways.

There is a legend of a critic from foreign parts

who was amusing himself by deducing the personality of the Misses Macdonald from their works, and describing them, as he imagined them, "middle-aged sisters, flat-footed, with projecting teeth and long past the hope (which in them was always forlorn) of matrimony, gaunt, unlovely females." At this moment two laughing, comely girls, scarce out of their teens, entered and were formally presented to him as the true and only begetters of the works that had provoked him. It was a truly awful moment for the unfortunate visitor, whose evolution of the artists from his inner consciousness had for once proved so treacherous.

With a delightfully innocent air these two sisters disclaim any attempt to set precedent at defiance, and decline to acknowledge that Egyptian decoration has interested them specially. "We have no basis," they say, in tone of demure contrition, "that is the worst of it"; nor do they advance any theory, but enjoy the discomfiture of an inquirer who had expected the "intensity" of their work to be the product of "intense" artists. Therefore he is driven to believe that the very individual manner in which they have elected to express their sense of beauty is really the outcome of the feeling they have towards the arrangement of lines and masses. "Why conventionalise the human figure?" said one critic. "Why not?" replied another of the group. "Certain conventional distortions, harpies, mermaids, caryatides, and the rest are accepted, why should not a worker to-day make patterns out of people if he pleases?" This is a query easier propounded than demolished. If you once throw over precedent there need be no limit to experiment; except that to be accepted it must justify itself. Without claiming that the method of new Glasgow is the best, or that it is impeccable, its very audacity and novelty deserve to be encouraged. After seeing much of it one must needs admit that there is method in its madness; that in spite of some exaggeration that has provoked the nickname of "the spook school," yet underneath there is a distinct effort to decorate objects with certain harmonious lines, and to strive for certain "jewelled" effects of colour, which may quite possibly evolve a style of its own, owing scarce anything to precedent.

One has but to recall the first reception of Whitman or of Wagner to realise how very feeble is the attitude of academic protest against any new experiment in style. In each case contempt and hatred have long since given way to acceptance and approval. The Glasgow decorators may never occupy places in the applied arts equal to those the American poet or the Bayreuth master hold in theirs. But to say that they break with all tradition, that they are eccentric, extravagant and chaotic, and merely mad, is but to take refuge in

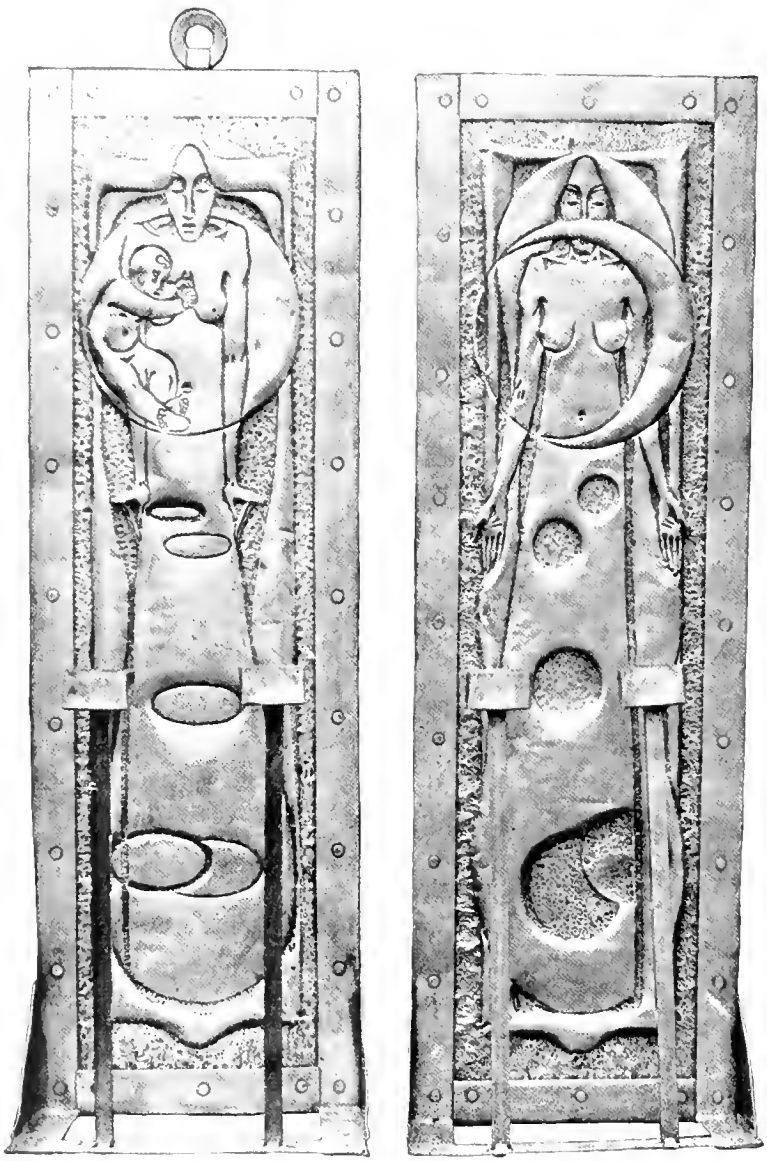


PANEL WITH FRAME OF SILVERED COPPER "THE SLEEPING PRINCESS" BY FRANCES MACDONALD

the old protest against any infraction of established custom.

Alphabetical sequence and common courtesy are both alike in placing the Misses Macdonald first in order. These young ladies are not unaccustomed to receive the first missiles which are so liberally hurled at the coterie of artists of which they are part. Such attacks they suffer not merely stoically, but apparently with a keen sense of the humorous attitude which folk in bad temper usually fall into. In a day when novelty is supposed to atone for any artistic revolt, we might have expected that the experiments of the Glasgow decorators would have been attractive to jaded palates. But as a rule even the most lukewarm supporter of the 'things that have been' feels called upon to protest at the 'things that might be,' did these two young people have power to work their wicked will undetected. One would almost think that Mr. Aubrey Beardsley had satisfied their craving for the unexpected, and that in future they debar any fresh experiments in design. Surely it is but decent civility to treat any serious experiment with some show of tolerance; and the work of all Glasgow school of designers is singularly free from vulgarity of idea, redundance of ornament, and misapplication of material. It may controvert established precedent, but it does so in an accomplished manner, and with a sincere effort to obtain new and pleasing combinations of mass and line. It is quite open to any one to deny that the attempt has succeeded in pleasing him or satisfying his abstract ideas of fitness; but it is only mere justice to acknowledge that the attempt was well-intentioned, and not ignorantly prejudiced; in short, that if precedent was set aside, it was abandoned politely and deliberately.

It is with some relief that one finds the Misses Macdonald are quite willing to have their work jointly attributed—for actuated by the same spirit, it would be difficult, if not impossible, for an outsider to distinguish the hand of each on the evidence of the finished work alone. Perhaps the most striking fact that confronts one at first is to find that some comparatively large and heavy pieces of wrought metal were not only designed, but worked entirely by the two sisters. Indeed, with the exception of certain assistance in joinery, all the objects here illustrated are their sole handiwork.



PAIR OF SCONCES IN BEATEN BRASS BY MARGARET AND FRANCES MACDONALD

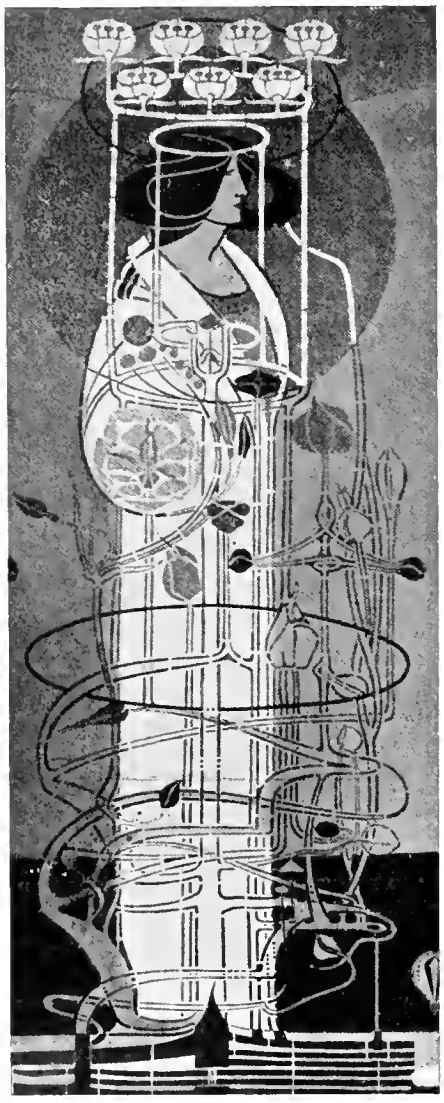
COPPER SCONCE DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY M. AND F. MACDONALD
(*By permission of Talwin Morris, Esq.*)

In a notice of the last Arts and Crafts Exhibition which appeared in THE STUDIO reference was made to a clock then exhibited, which was illustrated with two large panels of beaten silver (Vol. IX. p. 203). The two clocks here illustrated (page 95) show the unusual combination of a dial with pendant weights upon an open stand. Whether in each case the unity of the metal with the wood support has been quite achieved may be left an open question. Most probably the sense of something missing, where the wood suddenly gives way to metal, is due to the fact that we are accustomed to a complete wooden case, with the metal face framed therein. These dials are wrought in low relief in designs that do not efface the surface of the material, but allow sufficient spaces for play of light to give a metallic effect to the design. This reveals the craftsman not less than the artist; for designers unaccustomed to the actual manipulation of metal are apt to forget its intrinsic beauty, and to leave it no important part in the composition. The one in beaten tin is on a simple stand, but the other in brass is on a white enamelled framing with considerable character in its form. But it is in this especially that one feels the absence of white woodwork above the face of the clock, and doubts arise whether a circular form is quite happy as the crown of a structure quadrangular in plan, especially when it seems like a silhouette on an object otherwise modelled in the round. The subject of this dial is "the hours blowing dandelion seeds." The fine pair of candle sconces (one of which is illustrated) hang in Mr. Talwin Morris's dining-room, where a settle exhibited at the last Arts and Crafts, and other beautiful pieces of furniture and metal, prove how admirably the work of Glasgow adapts itself to domestic surroundings. These sconces are in beaten copper, with rich swelling surfaces that exhibit the colour of the metal to the best advantage. A conceit—favoured by more than one of the school "the ever-watchful eye"—is not only incorporated with the design, but repeated by the nails that project through the eyelets (literally eyelets here) that support the whole. A pair of candlesticks, 27 inches high, in beaten brass, devised and executed by Miss Frances Macdonald alone, are also here. A mirror frame, with the appropriate subject "Vanity," in beaten lead, and a pair of sconces in beaten brass, here illustrated, need no comment. The latter are con-

ceived in the same spirit as the panels shown at the New Gallery, but lack the jewels which, on the beaten silver of the others, gave a certain preciousness to the work.

A Book-Plate, for John Edwards, here reproduced, is by Miss Margaret Macdonald. It fulfils most admirably certain essentials of the *ex libris* too often lacking in the pictorial plate, and in the arrangement of lines it is perfectly characteristic of the strongly marked style which all the artists mentioned here delight in. As a mere pattern in lines, without any reference to their meaning, it is singularly felicitous.

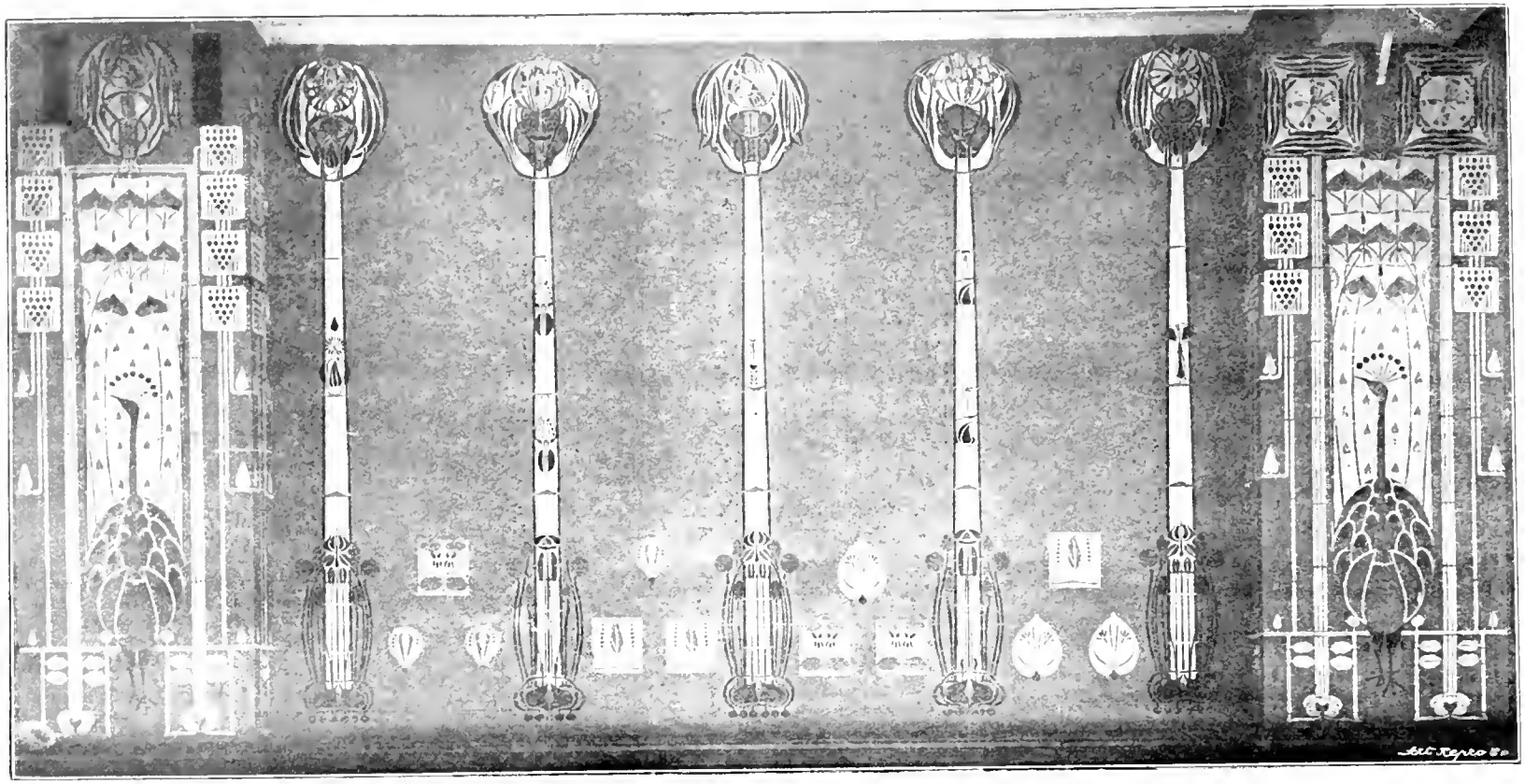
Space forbids description of an elaborately illuminated manuscript the Misses Macdonald have just completed. Nor would it do justice to the work to illustrate a sample page in mere black-and-white. It is conceived in the same spirit as many of the designs illustrated, but has also a splendid harmony of colour which sets it fairly in competition with an ancient missal, although at the same time it has not a trace of mediæval feeling, but is of the Macdonald school absolutely. The small poster of the *Nomad Art Club* needs no explanatory paragraph. It is calculated to exasperate those who dislike the work of these clever sisters to a degree perhaps unapproached by any other work pictured herewith.



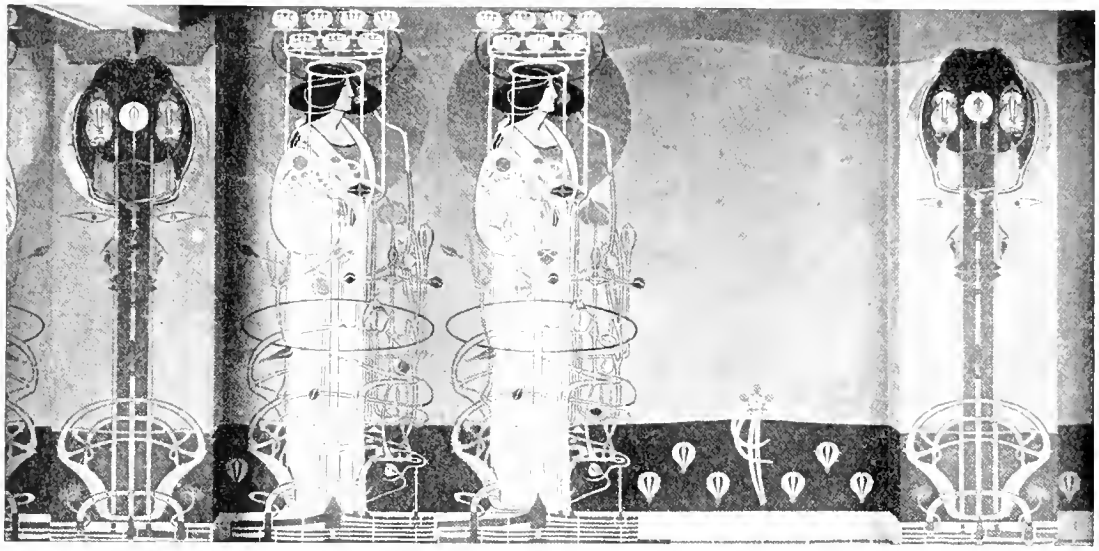
DECORATIVE PANEL BY C. R. MACKINTOSH

It is just because the naiveté and daring of these designs controvert all well-established ideas that it is very hard to be quite just in criticising them. Either they offend without extenuating circumstances, or, having become attracted towards them, one is inclined perhaps to defend their weakness as well as their strength. Seen with many others from the same hands, it is impossible not to recognise a distinct method in their apparent extravagance. To-day, when almost everything in decoration can be traced to an established style, it is so unusual to find original endeavour, that one tries to hark back to some precedent. Because of its use of vertical lines, and its archaic treatment of the figure, many people prefer to say that all the Glasgow work is based upon Egypt. Yet a visit to the corridor devoted to Egyptian art in the British Museum, undertaken specially by way of comparison to see, proves the debt to be but slight, for even if the spirit of the early art is in these, its motives are not.

To represent adequately the work of Mr. Charles Rennie Mackintosh, who is an architect by profession, some of the buildings for which he is responsible should be illustrated and described before considering his work as a designer. But to include architecture in this paper would be to extend it far beyond the allotted space. Consequently, even the most brief notice of his achievements in this art must be excluded, although a very fine block of buildings just finished in Glasgow, reveals so many of the qualities that distinguish his other work, that it is a matter of regret to pass it over. Here, however, we are concerned chiefly with his schemes for interior decoration, for furniture, and for posters. To him has fallen an opportunity rare at the present time; and that he has fully grasped the possibilities it offered we shall endeavour to show, so far as black-and-white illustrations can convey an idea of a scheme depending to a great extent upon its colour. A large building to be known, I believe, as "Miss Cranstoun's Tea Rooms," has been

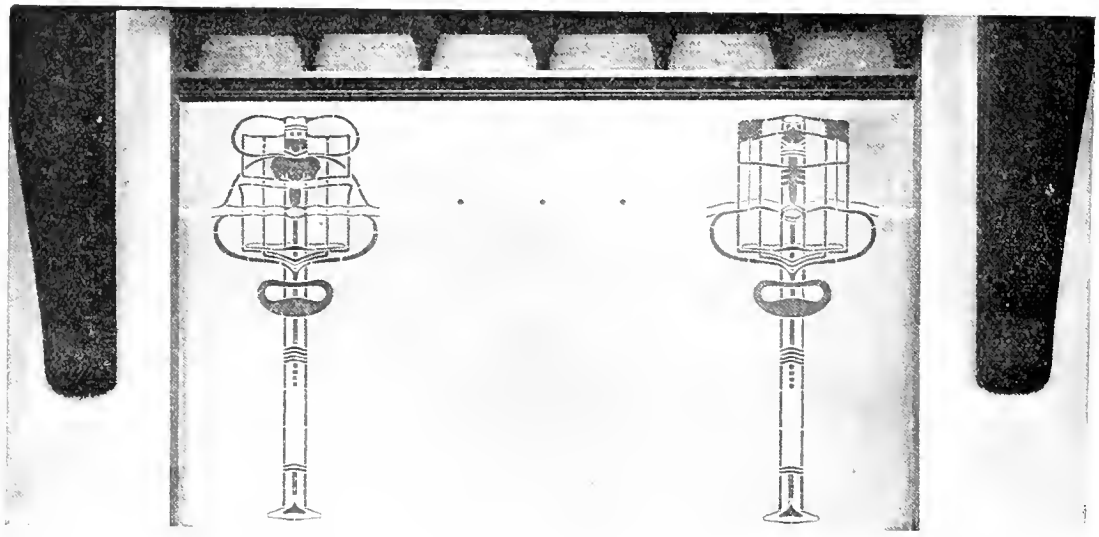


PORTION OF THE DECORATION OF A PUBLIC ROOM
BY CHARLES R. MACKINTOSH



MURAL DECORATION (LADIES' ROOM) BY C. R. MACKINTOSH

iately erected from designs by an eminent Edinburgh architect. As several interior features are open to somewhat severe criticism, it will be best not to give the architect's name. But if parts of the structure are extremely irritating, in common justice one must allow that others reveal knowledge, good taste, and a capacity for planning spaces that entitle him to very high praise. Of this building the mural decoration of the two lower storeys has been entrusted to Mr. George Walton and those above to Mr. Charles R. Mackintosh. The actual work of the former has been carried out by the firm to which the designer belongs, but Mr. Mackintosh's portion has been executed by Messrs. Guthrie, whose fame, and well deserved it is, as makers of stained-glass windows has often been recorded in these pages. The extremely intelligent handiwork bestowed upon Mr. Mackintosh's designs, and the quality of its execution, must be recognised as no small factor in the success of the work. Indeed, it is rare to find a "firm" carrying out work with the same "feeling" that is manifest here. As a rule, the battle between a designer—and those who carry



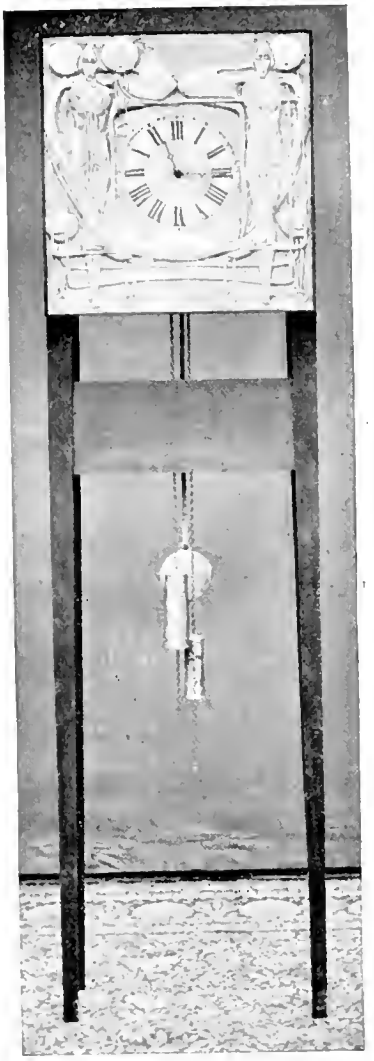
MURAL DECORATION (SMOKING ROOM) BY C. R. MACKINTOSH

out his schemes is long, and the victory is not always with the artist. Here it would seem that both parties have worked so loyally to secure the desired effect, that praise bestowed on either one is

CLOCK IN BRASS AND IVORY
DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY
M. AND F. MACDONALD

equally, if indirectly, credited to the other at the same time.

Mr. Mackintosh has planned the decoration for the several floors (which are more or less visible from each other, owing to the deep "well" which runs through the whole of the back portion of the building) with a certain unity of effect. The ground colour of the walls on the first of the floors which Mr. Mackintosh has decorated is green, the second a greyish-greenish yellow, and the upper blue, the colour in each intruding as a frieze on the adjoining storey, so that the idea of earth to sky is preserved. The plaster has been prepared in flat colours of singular quality; whether owing to the surface or to some clever manipulation, the effect is of flat but not even colour with a fine texture in it that imparts a surface not unlike that upon the "self-colour" bottles of Chinese porcelain. The whole of the applied decoration is in stencil, with a large range of colour in the various



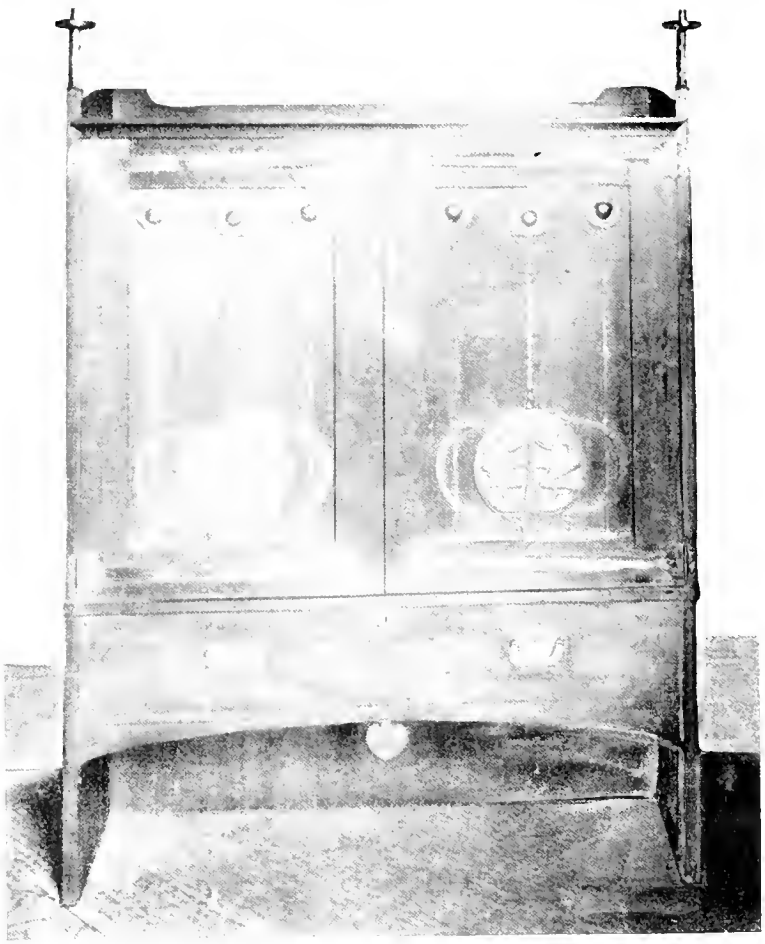
CLOCK IN BEATEN TIN AND EBONIZED WOOD
DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY
M. AND F. MACDONALD

details. In the Ladies' Room (p. 94) are figures disposed in groups of varying sizes. These figures have white robes, and the head of each is set against a disc of gold, by way of nimbus. An unbroken

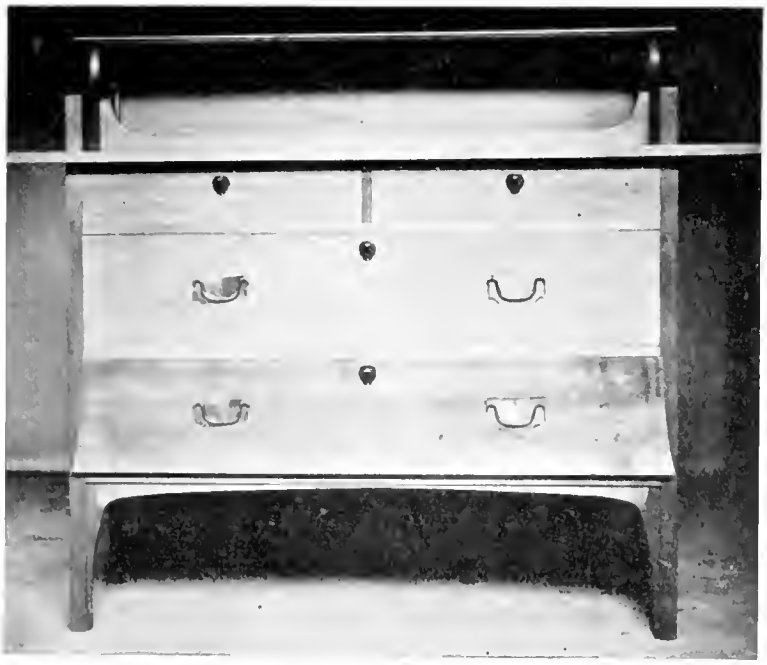
JEWEL CASKET BY C. R. MACKINTOSH

procession round the walls might have been monotonous, but grouped as they are, a very decorative result is obtained. If memory is trustworthy, a sketch of one of these figures was shown in the balcony of the 1896 Arts and Crafts Exhibition. Interspersed among these are conventionalised trees, and a suggestion of a flower-studded meadow is preserved in the low dado which runs round the base above the actual pannelled wainscot of the room in which they appear. In the Luncheon Room decoration, peacocks appear as the chief feature of the design, and applied to the projecting portions of the walls between these is a formal row of trees. These same trees, as the illustration shows (p. 93), although they occupy much the same space, are not absolutely replicas. Some half-dozen varieties lend interest to the detail and yet conform generally to the symmetry which a repeated pattern demands. The ingenious variations of detail, secured with no restless sense of change, is a feature of Mr. Mackintosh's work. Thus it gains no little of the interest which is usually limited to painted decoration, inasmuch as it avoids the formal repetition of the ordinary stencil designs. In very few of them, if any, is "graduated wash"; the various portions of the stencil are painted with different colours, but each, if memory serves, is put on in a flat ungraduated coat. But here, as in the background, the texture of the plaster breaks the colour into a sparkling living surface, in place of dull paint, which on smooth plaster is so uninteresting. The smoking-room calls for no special comment, as the illustration (p. 94), with the description of the other rooms, will give a fair idea of its effect. Mr. Mackintosh has not shunned positive pigments, but when his colours are vivid they are used in small, jewel-like spots, so that the whole aspect of each wall is cool, and forms an excellent background.

It is just because the means employed for these decorations are so simple compared with the result



LINEN PRESS BY CHARLES R. MACKINTOSH



CHEST OF DRAWERS BY C. R. MACKINTOSH

that it is essential to regard it as a very important enterprise. As a rule, money is lavished on the walls of popular restaurants, but thought is scantily expended. Here, however, as with Mr. Gerald Moira's beautiful relief decorations at the Trocadero, one wishes that the artist had been able to control the structural features of the place he has adorned. Some iron ventilators of commonplace design ruin at least one of these walls, and clash painfully with Mr. Mackintosh's work. Other features of the woodwork are also so ornate and superfluous that one regrets their intrusion, not the less because the actual carving expended is good and the designs, considered apart from their share in the scheme of the buildings, quite meritorious. Especially is this the case in the added ornament to the balustrade which surrounds the well in the centre of each room. Upon one, obelisks of wood upon feet, for all the world like the case of a metronome, are perched at intervals along the handrail, looking as if an incautious passer by might send them crashing on visitors below; in another, stone coats of arms with supporters, in the round, look equally comical, stuck as they are at regular intervals on the handrail of the balcony.

In one of the gable ends of the smoking-room is an oval cartouche with Rococo floriation in high relief. Contrasted with the severe lines of Mr. Mackintosh's decoration, these costly additions are eyesores, and mar the effect of an otherwise completely satisfactory experiment.

The various pieces of furniture by the same designer, illustrated here, scarcely need to be supplemented by any written description. The linen cupboard with stained green wood panels, decorated in lead, touched here and there with colour, is also a comely and satisfactory piece of well-constructed furniture, with a certain distinction of style that is wholly pleasing. It is impossible, of course, to give the true value in black and white of a piece of furniture such as this, for so very much depends upon the harmony of the colours employed. In the chest of drawers are one or two novel features which, if they hardly explain themselves in the photograph here repro-

POSTER BY C. R. MACKINTOSH

POSTER BY M. AND F. MACDONALD

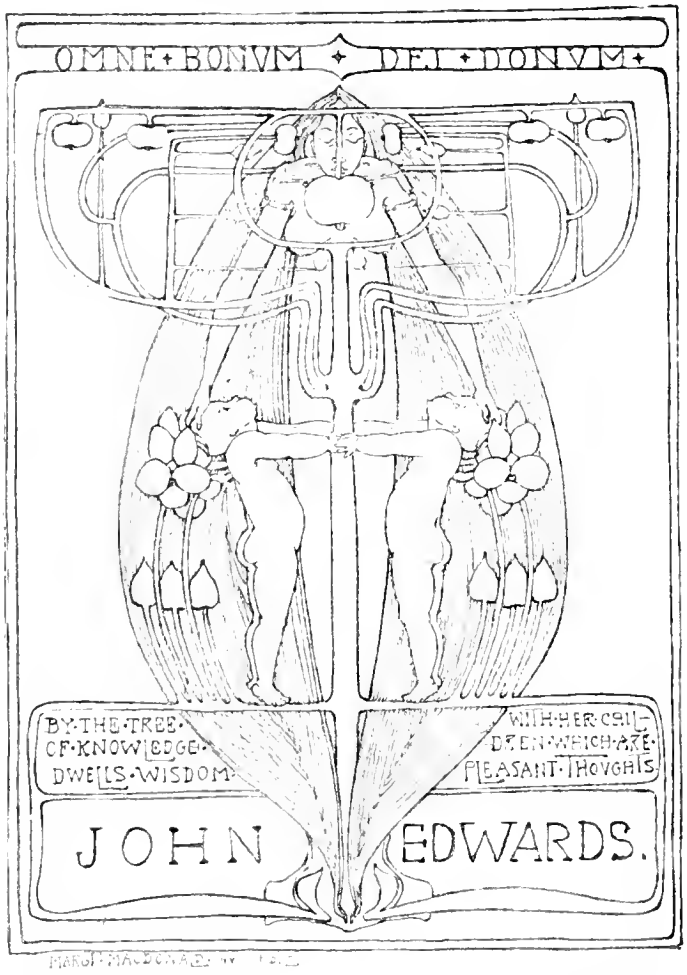
follow. It is just because it is so curiously personal, and so honest an effort to obtain new effects that you respect it, and take it quite seriously, although you allow that others no less well-intentioned find it is still outside the pale of their sympathy.

In the big poster, some nine feet high, for the *Scottish Musical Review*, the scheme of colour is most noticeable, the whole figure is sharply outlined in black upon a dark lustrous blue ground, the robes of the figure being a rich purple, while the decoration above and the projecting spots of the tails of the birds are of pure emerald green. In a smaller poster for the same periodical the two discs are in vermilion, and the branching lines of the design in emerald green, all outlined in black. Another design for a poster of art and literature in a scheme of green and heliotrope purple, has not so far been carried out.

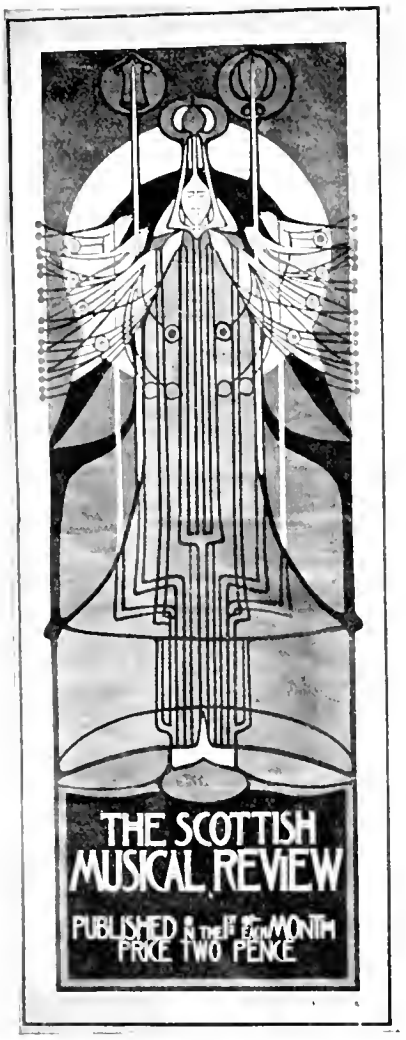
To defend the work of Mr. Mackintosh is easy to

duced, are both effective and comely in the actual piece of furniture. The jewel casket has an oak shell covered with brass, with jewels in the top hinges.

But the posters demand a few explanatory words. Some others, partly by the same artist, have been shown in London, and provoked much diverse opinion. But it must never be forgotten that the purpose of a poster is to attract notice, and the mildest eccentricity would not be out of place provided it aroused curiosity and so riveted the attention of passers-by. Mr. Mackintosh's posters may be somewhat trying to the average person, and his semi-grotesque conventionalising of the human figure is calculated to provoke the stickler for precedent. But there is so much decorative method in his perversion of humanity, that despite all the ridicule and abuse it has excited, after long intimacy it is possible to defend his treatment. But in doing so one cannot endorse his innovation to the extent of commending his very personal method as a model for others to



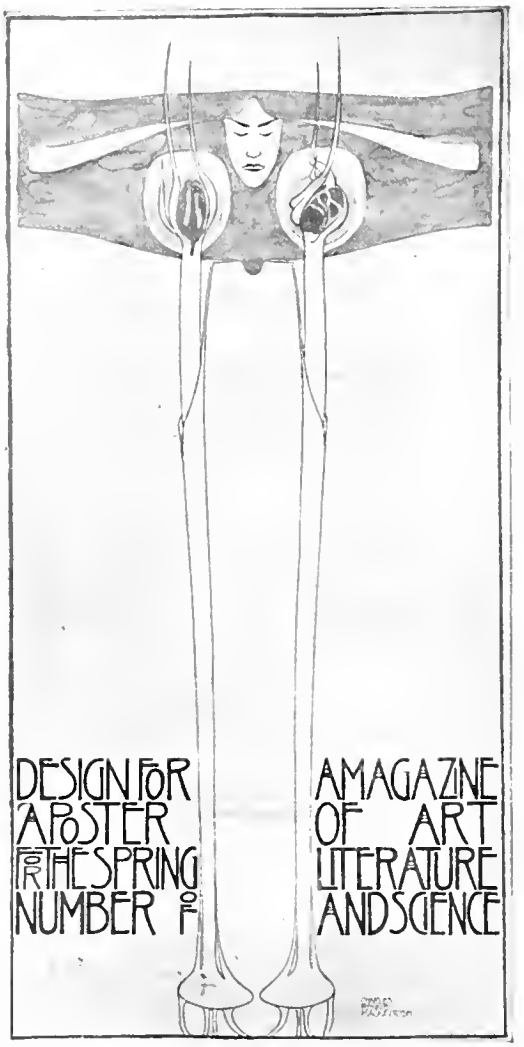
BOOK-PLATE BY MARGARET MACDONALD



POSTER BY C. R. MACKINTOSH

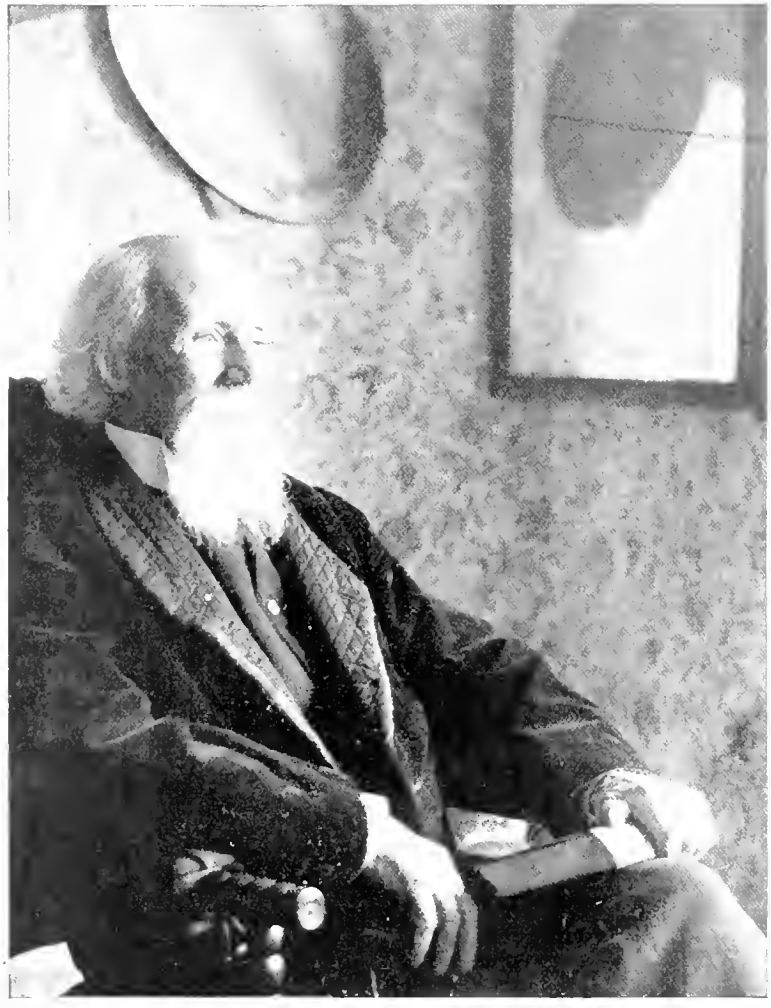
one who believes in it, and it seems that belief in it should follow intimacy; for when a man has something to say and knows how to say it, the conversion of others is usually but a question of time. Those near him hear it first and are therefore the earliest to be convinced, but others follow at no distant interval. Each season sees some artist hitherto looked upon as a rebel, admitted into the ranks of "the advanced but tolerated." One has but to recall the position occupied by many a present hero of the applied arts not so many years ago, to prove this fact. Whether the first successes of Mr. Mackintosh will prove to be merely chance efforts of youthful vigour, or the forerunners of a notable career, it is too early to decide. But so far, he has justified his most ardent supporters, and there is every reason to believe that he will not disappoint them in the future.

The decorative schemes Mr. Mackintosh has carried out for the tea-rooms (and the same conclusion holds good of Mr. George Walton's share, yet to be described), appear to be the first examples of permanent mural decoration evolved through the poster. Not a few of those who devoted special attention to the modern poster were interested far more in the influence it promised to exercise upon fresco and stencilled-surface decoration than for anything relating to its own ephemeral purpose. It seems to be fair to claim these decorations as the first notable examples of decoration conceived in part upon the same principles as those Mr. Mackintosh and others have



POSTER BY C. R. MACKINTOSH

deemed suitable for posters; but the subject is too big to treat in the final sentence of a chapter. We yet await permanent decorations from the hands of Messrs. Pryde and Nicholson (the Beggarstaff Brothers), from Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen, from Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, and dozens of the younger men who have exploited flat-colours in simplified masses; yet that there is every reason to hope for a new spirit in mural decoration these illustrations of Mr. Mackintosh's work surely prove in part. As we shall see later by Mr. Walton's work, which is less influenced by the poster than by the mural decorations it has obeyed, it is not the personal expression of any one artist which is here commended, but the systematic conventionalisation of form, the use of bright colours, and the absence of hackneyed motives which mark the experiment. In another chapter the work of Mr. Herbert McNair, Mr. Talwin Morris, and Mrs. Francis Newbury will be fully illustrated, and later on we hope to represent the work of Mr. George Walton, and of Mr. Oscar Paterson no less fully. So with an ample selection of the achievements of young Glasgow, people at a distance will be able to form some idea of its aims. Even to a person who lacks sympathy with certain aspects of its work, it would appear that the movement there is worth study and worth out-spoken approval, for one has but to call to mind the platitudes in the flat which adorn (?) the walls of most of our public buildings to feel grateful for any consistent effort to produce something at once novel and, in its own way, beautiful.



THE LATE GEORGE CHESTER FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

GEORGE CHESTER: THE LAST OF THE OLD LANDSCAPE SCHOOL. BY A. L. BALDRY.

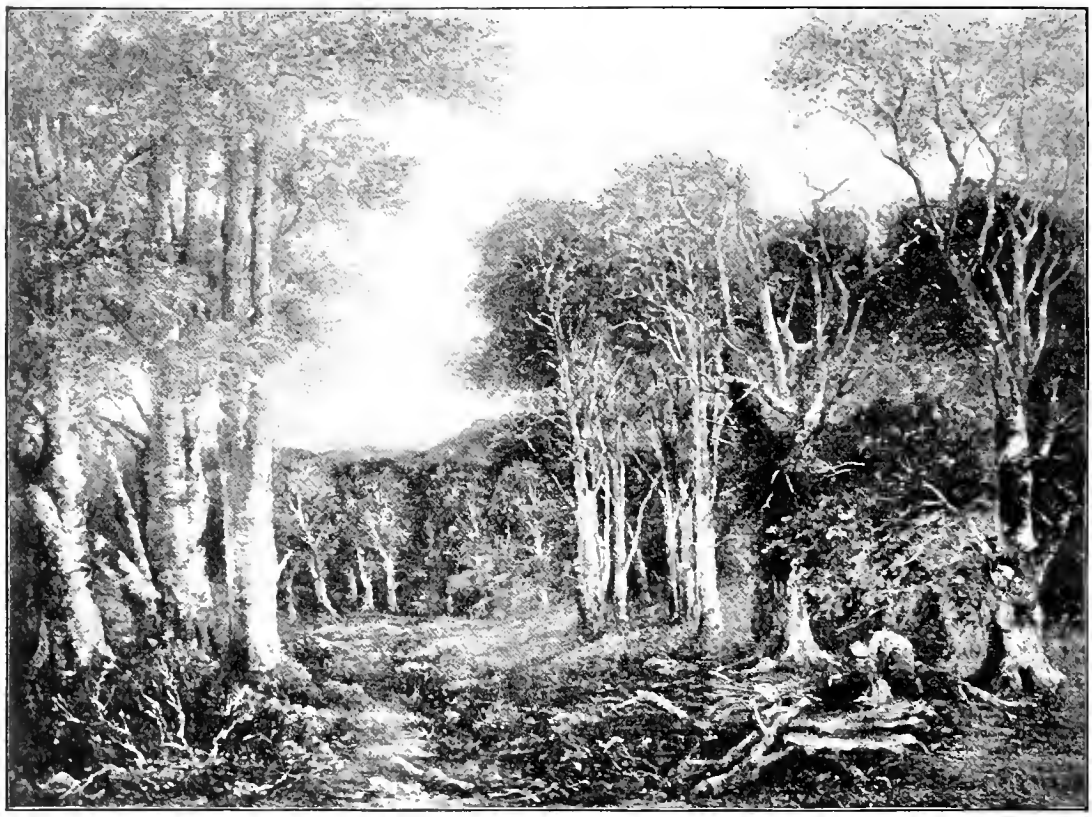
ONE of the chief glories of the art of this country is, beyond question, the school of landscape painting which flourished during the earlier years of the present century. The record of the achievements of the group of artists who, breaking away from the older traditions and conventions, set themselves to paint Nature not by rule but devotedly and with sincere respect, is an extremely notable one in every way. It shows us a remarkable series of great painters, keen observers and careful students, whose one aim was always to reflect intelligently what they saw, regarding Nature as an infallible teacher whose precepts were worthy of acceptance without hesitation or question. By their

"IN THE VALLEY OF THE ARUN" FROM A PAINTING BY GEORGE CHESTER

efforts was established the reputation of this country as the home of a type of art which was at the time of its creation practically unique, a type which has since been accepted in many other parts of the world as a pattern worthy of the sincerest imitation. To the influence of this school is certainly to be ascribed the growth of another school, that of the French Romanticists, which has left in the history of art a mark that nothing can ever efface.

The period during which this signal demonstration of the vitality of the British school endured was exactly half a century, from 1800 to 1850. At its outset Gainsborough and Richard Wilson were already but memories, and George Morland, whose admirable landscapes foreshadowed the work which was to follow, was practically at the end of his career. Turner was already known, and was commencing to make his way to the front, but he stood almost alone. In 1800, however, J. S. Cotman first appeared as an exhibitor; Constable in 1802; David Cox in 1805; Crome in 1806; and De Wint in 1807; and they were followed within a few years by Clarkson Stanfield, Muller, George Cole, and Henry Dawson. By 1850, however, this phalanx of admirable artists was almost entirely broken up; and hardly any one remained to carry on the work which they had begun. Landscape of another sort, less simple and direct, began to be fashionable; and the sounder beliefs of these masters were abandoned for a more artificial and mannered method of interpreting Nature.

It is because the artistic point of view underwent this marked change that the position held by Mr. George Chester, whose death was recorded at the beginning of June, is so particularly interesting. To him belongs the distinction of having, practically unsupported, maintained till the present day all that was best in the methods of the great masters of landscape in the past. He bridged over, by a succession of noble canvases, the interval between the magnificent achievements of Turner, Constable, and Cox, and the efforts of the present day, when at last signs are seen of a revival of the wholesome romanticism which was the dominant characteristic of our school at its best. He was born in 1813, in the very midst of the triumphs of the men whom we justly regard as chief among the founders of our modern art. Turner, at the time, was supreme, an exhibitor of nearly thirty years' standing, and yet far from those darker days when his powers began to show sad signs of waning. David Cox had established his reputation by some ten years of exhibiting; Constable had reached the period of his fullest maturity; and Cotman, Crome, and De Wint were in the first tide of artistic success. It was natural that George Chester, growing up amid surroundings



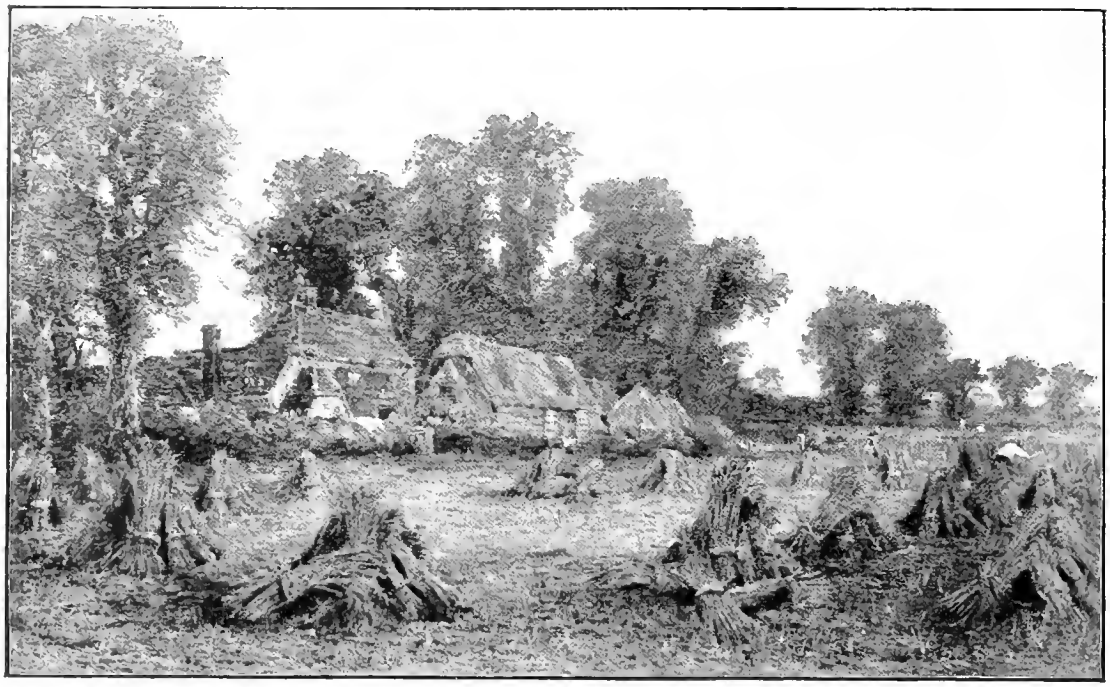
"A GLADE IN THE NEW FOREST" FROM A PAINTING BY GEORGE CHESTER

so splendid, should have found himself in after years influenced strongly by the atmosphere of robust naturalism which had been created by these great painters. His art was essentially a product of a period when the motive of all the best pictorial production was the desire to realise through individuality of treatment those poetic aspects of Nature which appealed to each artist as most worthy of record. There was then little subservience to school dogmas. Each worker did what he felt would best express his view, and painted what he saw instinctively rather than what his professor or the leader of his set told him to see. The whole tone of æsthetic opinion was healthy and frank, and it encouraged those men who desired to be original in the inclination to acquire their knowledge at first hand.

Perhaps in Mr. Chester's case something of his sturdy independence was owing to the fact that he took up the painter's profession without the usual preparatory study in an art academy. Originally he had an idea of becoming a government official, and during the first years of manhood he was waiting for an appointment which influential friends had undertaken to procure for him. Finally, when he was about twenty-three years old, he was offered the Governorship of Sierra Leone. This, however, he refused, inspired by a not unnatural dislike for exile in a country where the white man's chance of long life is notoriously slight. No doubt his refusal was also greatly influenced by the fact that he had just at that time married the wife who was destined to be his devoted companion for more than sixty years.

However, this abandonment of the original plan which he had formed for an official career made necessary the choice of some other profession, and it was then that he thought of becoming an artist. By his marriage he was brought into contact with Ansdell, the animal painter, whose wife was related to Mrs. Chester; and at Ansdell's studio he became acquainted with a number of prominent art workers, among them Mr. Frith, Augustus Egg, Elmore, H. O'Neil, John Phillip, Creswick, Bridell, and Lee. It struck him after a while that he might find his vocation in the practice of art, and as he watched his friends at work he resolved to experiment with a view to finding out what were his

"STILL WATER RUNS DEEP"
FROM A PAINTING BY
GEORGE CHESTER



"CORNFIELD, OXFORDSHIRE" FROM A PAINTING BY GEORGE CHESTER

capacities. He was living at the time at Hampstead, and his first attempts were made from nature—sketches of bits on the Heath. These essays he took to Ansdell and Egg for an opinion as to their merits and promise; and when he received from these experienced judges hearty praise and encouragement he definitely decided to persevere. His knowledge was built up by steady and unremitting labour. His advisers had urged him to go to nature direct; so he began at once to paint out-of-doors, and to acquire there, instead of within the walls of a school, the experience which he needed. No time was wasted in hesitating over the particular branch of art which it would be best for him to adopt. Landscape attracted him from the first, and so to landscape he decided to give his life. And he strove manfully to solve the secrets of nature's variety, how strenuously may be judged from the fact that during the ten years he spent at Hampstead he completed not less than a thousand sketches and studies, in addition to several pictures of importance. His courage was soon rewarded by the appreciation of the picture-loving public; and it was not long before he found himself earning a comfortable income.

His first appearance at the Academy was in 1849, but he had before that shown examples of his work in other exhibitions in London and the provinces; and for many years he was represented at the Old British Institution, the Society of British Artists, Birmingham, Manchester, Dublin, Edinburgh, Bath, Bristol, and practically everywhere else where art shows of any note were held. From 1853 to 1864 there was no break in his contributions to the Academy, and two at least of these canvases, *The Valley of the Esk*, in 1860, and *The Fisherman's Haunt* in 1862, were unusually large and important. In 1866 he showed *Thro' the Wood*; two more pictures in 1869; *Sailing with the Stream* in 1870; *Lady Mead Lock*, now the property of Mrs. Watney, in 1871; *Dorenland's Avenue*, a commission from Lady Theodora Guest, in 1872; *Wind Against the Tide* in 1874; *A Flight of Wild Fowl*, and *Hampshire Hatches*, a subject which he found on the Avon, near Ringwood, in 1876; and one other picture in 1877. He was not again represented at the Academy until 1880, when two pictures appeared; in 1882 he exhibited *O'er the Heather*, an important work; in 1883, *Still Water Runs Deep*, which was painted on the Stour, on the borders of Hampshire and Dorsetshire; in 1886, *Clear Rother*: a delightful canvas, a study of a pool in the New Forest, in 1888; and *The Water Way* in 1889. This was his last contribution to Burlington House; it was painted when he was more than seventy-five years

of age, but it showed no sign of failing power or diminished sense. However, his absence from exhibitions by no means implied cessation of work. He continued for some time as active as ever in the exercise of his profession; and relaxed little of his energy until, two or three years before his death, his health broke down, and he had perforce to avoid the risks inseparable from work in the open air. An attack of influenza, which prostrated him when close upon his eightieth year, left him with a chronic chest trouble which necessitated a degree of care that was naturally extremely irksome to a man who had before during his long life hardly had even a day's illness. Until this breakdown came deafness had been his only infirmity; mentally and physically he had retained marvellously that youthful vitality which rarely lasts beyond middle life, but the importance of which to an artist is almost incalculable.

It can hardly be doubted that both his splendid health and his acuteness of perception were the outcome of his habit of constantly painting in the open. No morbidity of idea was possible for a man whose waking hours were spent in the worship of nature's beauties; and by avoiding the confinement of the studio he also escaped the bodily discomforts which are apt to result from a sedentary life. He was always out of doors, and no matter what might be the size of the canvas with which he elected to grapple, everything important was set down on the spot. In his case this meant no slight amount of labour, for it was ever his custom to make his pictures very large in scale. To complete in the open a painting eight or nine feet long implies a triumph over difficulties which can hardly be realised by any one who has not attempted such a feat. It means a never-ceasing struggle with nature, who, prodigal though she is with the beauties she displays to the artist, is in her waywardness always ready to plague him and to hamper him in his efforts to put her features on record. But year by year Mr. Chester busied himself with canvases so large that he could, as he would jokingly say, shelter himself from a passing shower by sitting beneath one of them; and year by year these canvases were remarkable in no ordinary degree for beauty of treatment and accuracy of statement.

In the subjects which he chose Mr. Chester was widely catholic. Any type of landscape attracted him if it appealed to him as pictorially possible. He knew England, Scotland, and Wales thoroughly,

"SPRINGTIME, SUSSEX" FROM A PAINTING BY GEORGE CHESTER

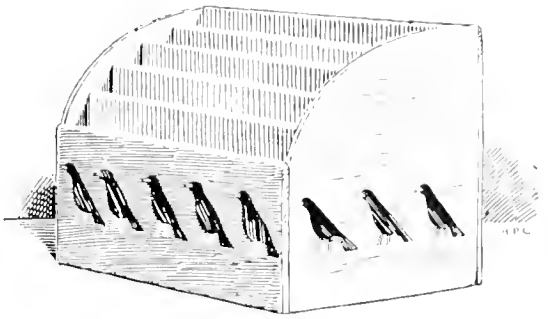
for he had wandered into every nook and corner of the country. Perhaps his most attractive work was done in the southern counties, in Surrey, Hampshire, Devonshire, and Sussex, where he found in perfection the reedy rivers, the fertile fields, and the shady forest glades, which gave him the fullest scope for his direct and expressive technique. Such pictures as *Still Water Runs Deep*, *A Glade in the New Forest*, or *The Valley of the Arun*, which are reproduced here, show how admirably he understood the character of his subjects, and with what convincing force he was able to set down what he saw. Nothing could have been better than the agreement between the manner and matter of his work. He chose to represent nature in florid health, and he painted her with a robustness that was in keeping with her own. No difficulties daunted him; intricacies of drawing, subtleties of atmospheric effect, strong combinations of colour, and exacting problems of composition were things in which he delighted. They were there before him, presented as material with which he had to deal, and his chief desire was to prove that he was equal to the task. It was this grasp of the larger essentials of his art, quite as much as his bold brushwork and depth of colour and tone, that linked him so unquestionably with the memorable school of fifty years ago. As one by one the men of like conviction who were the companions of his youth, vanished from the scene, his position acquired more and more importance. He was at last left as practically the sole representative of an art movement which was one of the greatest that our history can show; but he lived to see the first signs, that are about us to-day, of the revival of the older principles of landscape painting. Had another twenty years of life been possible for him, he would have found himself not a splendid exception to an almost universal convention, but at the head of a new school capable of reviving the glories of other days.

Concerning the personality of Mr. Chester, it would be possible to write an entire volume. The individuality that made his art remarkable was but a reflection of his everyday self. Never was there a more kindly and lovable character. He had to the very end of his life the simplicity and straightforwardness of a child, and he retained in an extraordinary degree the enthusiasms of youth. Yet he was a man of wide experiences, who could look back upon a greater variety of memories than fall to the common lot. As a boy he had met Byron, Rogers, Moore, Charles Kemble, and others of the great men who were then leaders in the worlds of art and letters, and as years went on he was brought in contact with many more whose lives belong more nearly to our own time. By his marriage he became intimate not only with Ansdell, but also with Mark Lemon, both of whom had married cousins of Mrs. Chester's; and with Frank Romer, the composer, who was Mrs. Lemon's brother. Mark Lemon was, indeed, one of his chief associates, and was often his companion during his sketching excursions, sitting, writing or fishing, while the young artist worked. At his house George Chester necessarily met some of the most notable men of the day, Leech, Albert Smith, Ingram, Shirley Brooks, among them. Of those times he had a fund of anecdotes, quaint tales of laughable experiences, which he told with inimitable humour. Even when he was at work many things happened which were delights to his cheery nature. The people he came across and the things they said to him were a source of constant amusement. He would tell with glee how one day when he was busy with a large picture, a curious passer-by, noting the colourman's stamp on the back of the canvas, stopped to ask, "Excuse me, but is your name Winsor, or Newton?" Or how when in a similar situation a mild curate interrupted him with the query whether he was a Royal Academician. "No," said Mr. Chester, "we can't all be bishops." Sometimes these chance passers-by, who came to question remained to buy. A sale, for 200 guineas, of a picture he painted in the Lake District was negotiated over a wall behind which he was sitting to avoid the unwelcome attentions of a gang of trippers. As he possessed the fortunate faculty of getting pleasure out of trifles, a faculty which is a peculiarity of a wholesome mind, his life was punctuated with these recollections, matters of small moment, perhaps, when noted one by one, but full of interest as they took their places in the career upon which he was able to look back.

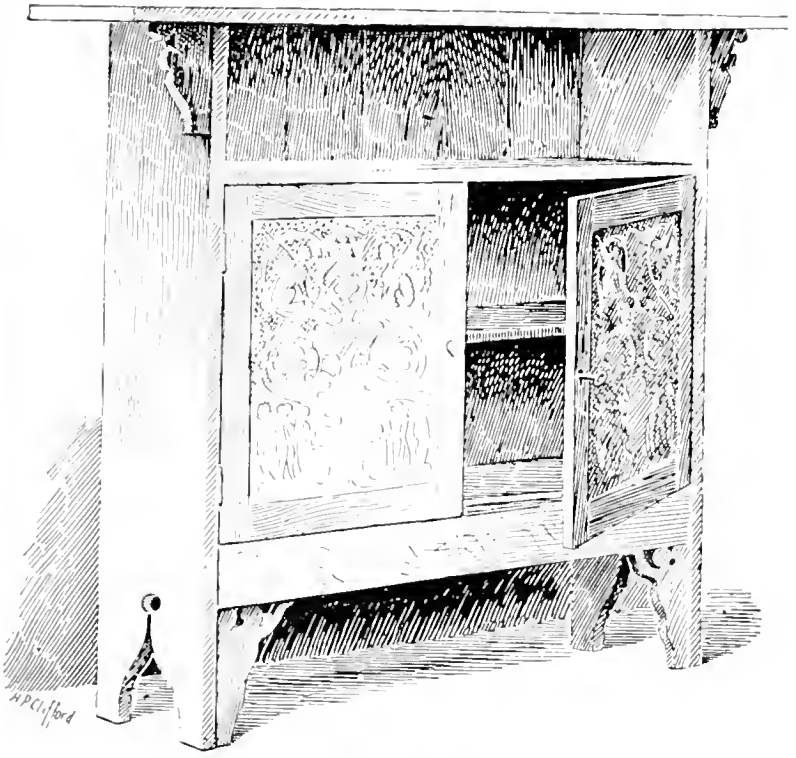
His was a type which under modern conditions of existence will scarcely be given us again; and his charm of personality was made doubly great by the fact that he was hardly susceptible of comparison with people of the present day. He belonged in his nature to a period when stress of competition was not so active to destroy kindliness of heart; when comradeship was not veiled antagonism, but real and active sympathy; and in his sincerity he was always ready to welcome and assist every one whose aims were worthy of respect. The part which such a man plays in the world is all important; his death is a disaster, for he can never be replaced.

THE HOME ARTS AND INDUSTRIES ASSOCIATION AT THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL. 1897.

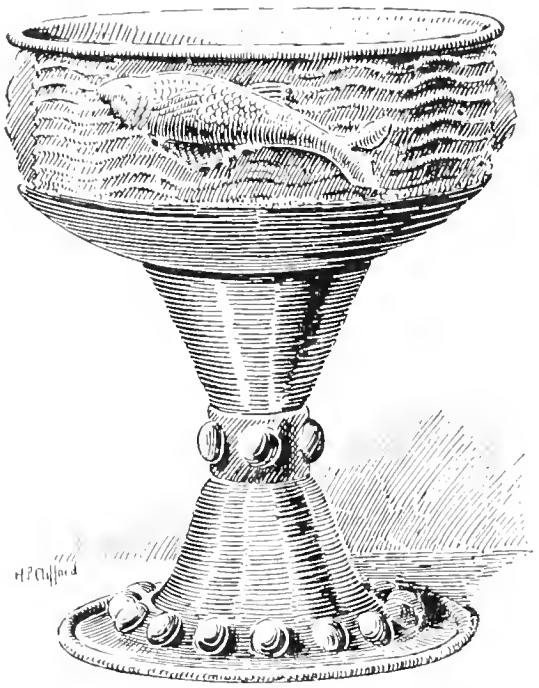
For some years The Studio has devoted a considerable amount of space to the annual exhibition of the Home Arts and Industries Association at the Royal Albert Hall. Lest its purpose in so doing should be misunderstood, it is well to reiterate once more the reasons which make these yearly displays specially interesting to all who are studying the progress of national technical education. It is not because they represent an amazing variety of objects decorated by clever amateurs; nor is it because these artistic experiments are but the ornamentation, as it were, of a solid structure based on a philanthropic intention to provide employment for idle fingers of rich and poor. Both these purposes are laudable in themselves, but would fail to tempt a journal devoted to the arts to grant so much of its space to their consideration. It is for other reasons we approach the subject of its thirteenth Exhibition here. The Association, directly, and indirectly, strives to re-instate the lost industries and crafts of our villages, and to interest townspeople in the art of making things comely as well as useful. It aspires to restore to the average British workman certain qualities of which the introduction of machinery has almost deprived him; to impart again deftness of touch to awaken his personal interest in fine handicraft; to turn the mere mechanic into an expert artisan, from whose ranks in time new geniuses may be expected to arise. But neither after thirteen nor thirty years dare you expect that such an ambitious scheme will be accomplished fully. The children's children of some of these recruits may indeed display the peculiar qualities of head and hand which stamp the great craftsman. Nature shows us how many seeds are ripened to perpetuate a single plant, and so sustain the balance of living objects. If tens of thousands of pupils taught directly by this Association, or by trained workers who have learned their craft in its schools, produce in time but a hundred first-rate craftsmen, and these ultimately reveal but one who is a genius; such result would amply justify the effort. This statement of the case has been set down in similar context on previous occasions; yet before noticing the doings of the Association in 1897, it is well to insist once more upon this aspect of the



STATIONERY CASE. DESIGNED BY HON. MRS. CARPENTER EXECUTED BY H. O'SULLIVAN, *Bolton-on-Swale*



CUPBOARD. DESIGNED BY THE HON. MRS. CARPENTER. EXECUTED BY R. HURWOOD, G. BUTLER AND W. FAWELL. *Bolton-on-Swale*



VASE DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY W. ROBINSON, *Keswick*

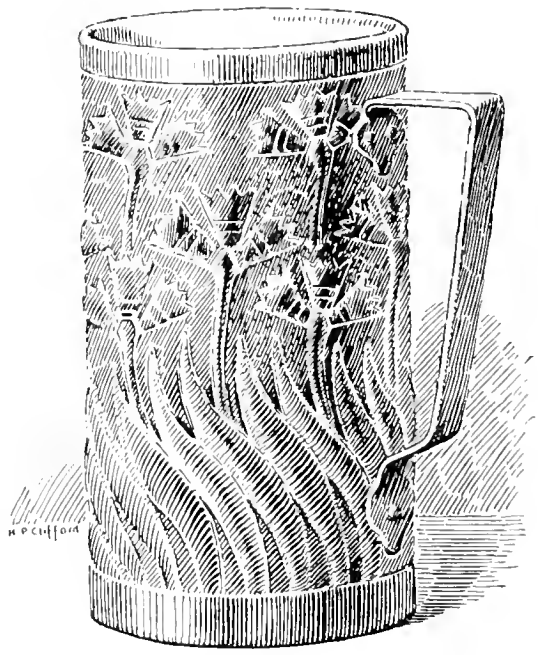
enterprise. Also to insist once again upon the importance of patience, and to assure those who teach, and those who are taught, that well-wishers of the movement are satisfied with a very slight advance year by year; and have no undue expectation of masterpieces or sensational triumphs for a long time to come.

The deadly blow inflicted by machinery upon personal interest in the work of our artisan cannot be healed rapidly. One by one new pupils have to be taught, with hopes that should not be raised too high; for dozens and dozens of lads and lasses are certain to present themselves who are debarred by nature from becoming first-rate exponents of the craft they practise. But even here the effort is not wasted; the reflex action is a factor of enormous importance—it is the teacher who learns the most valuable lessons, and the object of the Society cannot be achieved until those who direct the various classes are themselves educated to the required level, by failure no less than by success.

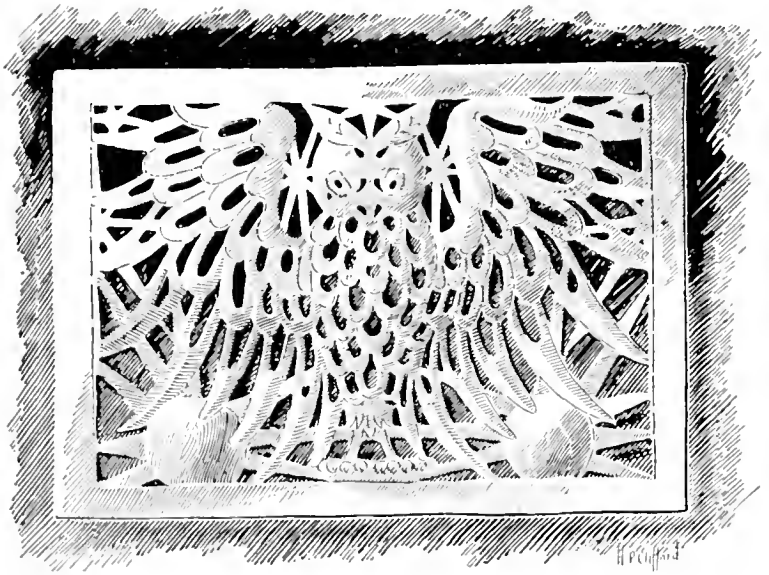
This year shows distinct advance, more in the absence of the worst, than in the increased excellence of the best things shown. One has but to remember scores of objects in former years, some prominent enough, which well-nigh made hopeless the jury's labours, to realise how great is the change. A competent critic who visited the gallery for the first time this year, would be certain to deplore the presence of much superfluous ornamentation. But to sustain the interest of pupils who labour all day in wage-earning pursuits, you must permit them considerable licence in their voluntary studies; and if the excess of decoration by which they are attracted proves fairly good of its sort, obeying certain canons of taste, one must be content to train them to better things slowly.

It is pleasant to note that the very minor arts of poker-painting, fret-cutting, bent-iron work, and chip-carving, are less numerously represented than heretofore. Nor is the terrific "masterpiece" of the untutored mechanic, the useless *tour-de-force* we know so well, to be discovered. Here are no patchwork quilts, inlaid card-tables, dolls' houses, birdcages, and other common objects of workmen's exhibitions that depend upon mere dull routine for their production.

Construction, the most important factor, has improved, and, as for example in the Yattendon settle, proportions are better. Colour shows advance, as in the embroideries of Haslemere and the fabrics of the British Weaving School. Design, if not so noticeably progressive, is yet in the right track in work by the Hon. Mabel de Grey and Miss Shepherd; while *bric-à-brac*, at its best in the brass and copper of Keswick and Yattendon, if it still floods the various stalls, shows even in the poorer ex-



METAL TANKARD DESIGNED BY MRS. WATERHOUSE EXECUTED BY GEORGE FROST, *Risby*



PANEL OF FENDER. DESIGNED BY JOHN WILLIAMS
EXECUTED BY PATRICK ROCHE, *Fivemiletown*

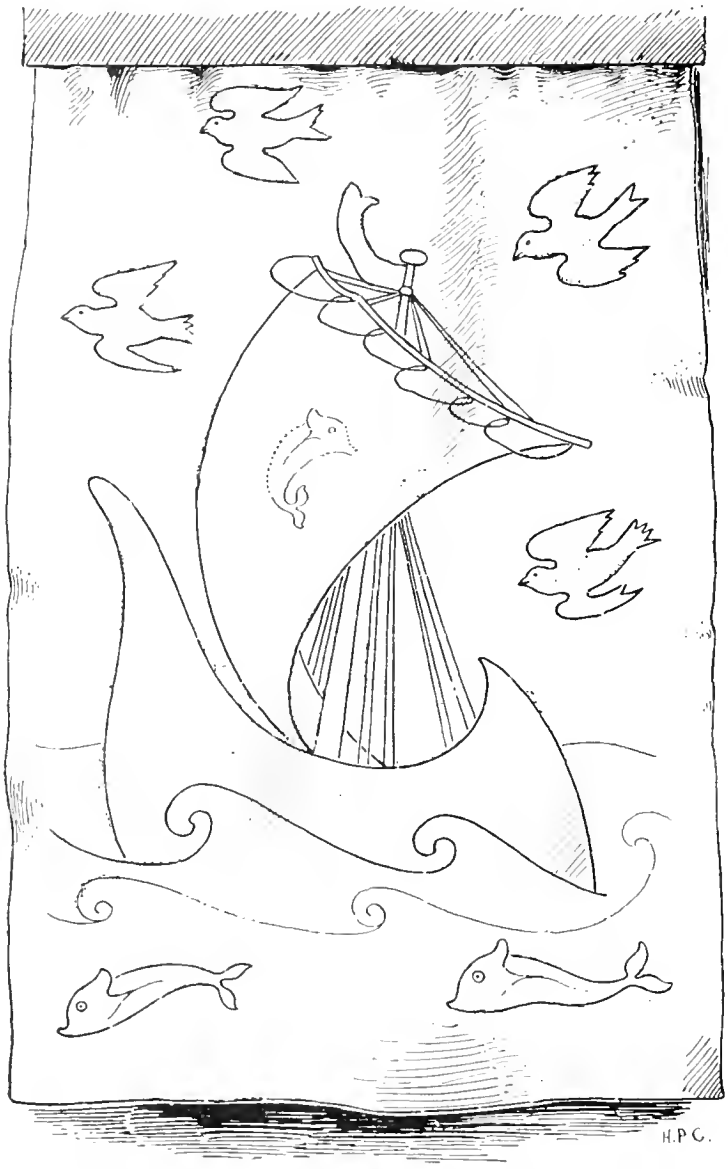
amples, constraint in design, which, compared with the average of even five years ago, is well marked.

Owing to the absence of a catalogue, and the difficulty of discovering, among many others that each card of description bears on its surface, the items of information that interest an outsider, mistakes are certain to creep into the best-intentioned report. Last year by a pen-slip Kirby-Lonsdale was credited with many things praiseworthy, and warned of certain dangers concerning others; when all the time Leighton-Buzzard was both the real hero and the real culprit. Among the multitude of facts on every label concerning the class and its teacher, the worker's age, and the time he (or she) has been in training, with a variety of other details, a most important point—the source of the design—is too often entirely ignored. It would be better if, in the comparatively few cases where the manipulator has also designed the article, a label of distinct colour should be employed, so as to distinguish at a glance original from derived patterns.

Perhaps the most novel examples in the whole Exhibition were some bold and simply embroidered pieces of appliqué-work after designs by Mr. Godfrey Blount. The more elaborate are illustrated here (pages 112 & 113), but others of extreme simplicity were no less good.

Mr. Harold Rathbone had an immense display of "Della Robbia" pottery, which this year consisted chiefly of ash-trays, porridge-bowls, plates, cups, vases, and other domestic items for use and ornament. Larger pieces were also present, but the chief interest centred in the smaller objects. The decoration was varied, and the colour pleasant in itself, if sometimes in a less rich key than one is accustomed to look for on glazed pottery. In a few cases of adaptation from published designs, one felt that the source should be openly acknowledged. This suggestion applies to two or three vases of "Della

FENDER. DESIGNED BY M. AND J. WILLIAMS EXECUTED BY JAMES LAWRENCE AND GEORGE KEMP, *Newton*



APPLIQUÉ-WORK PORTIÈRE. DESIGNED BY GODFREY BLOUNT
EXECUTED BY KATE SHAWYER, *Haslemere*

Robbia" ware on this stall, to certain book covers and to a few other objects throughout the Exhibition. Doubtless those who chose to copy or adapt designs already used did so in good faith; but in such cases frank recognition of the original that inspired them is better for all concerned.

In a long afternoon, which included at least three complete perambulations of the huge ellipse, with careful attention to the objects upon each stall, a few but only a few, seemed worthy of particular notice. First among these came terra-cotta slabs (designed by Mrs. G. F. Watts, for the decoration of a small chapel near Limner's Lease, and executed by the Compton branch of the Society), which form the filling for the spandrel of an arch, and show delightful invention of Celtic interlaced straps and grotesque figures. These were kindred to others from the same source which we noticed at some length last year. The pottery by John T. Firth of Kirby Lonsdale, if of varying merit artistically, is peculiarly interesting all the same, because it is the actual design and handiwork of one person, not a potter by profession, who has not only obtained considerable mastery over his material, but has revived the solid black ware of old Etruscan origin. It was said (by one of the ladies in charge), that the departure was without precedent in England, and that Wedgewood so-called black ware was really a red body coated with black. An unlucky accident to a fine piece of black Wedgewood actually by our side as we write this, proves beyond doubt that such a statement is without foundation. But this correction does not in any way diminish the interest of a group of objects which showed, among more commonplace forms, several of considerable grace, and all stamped with the personality of a single worker.

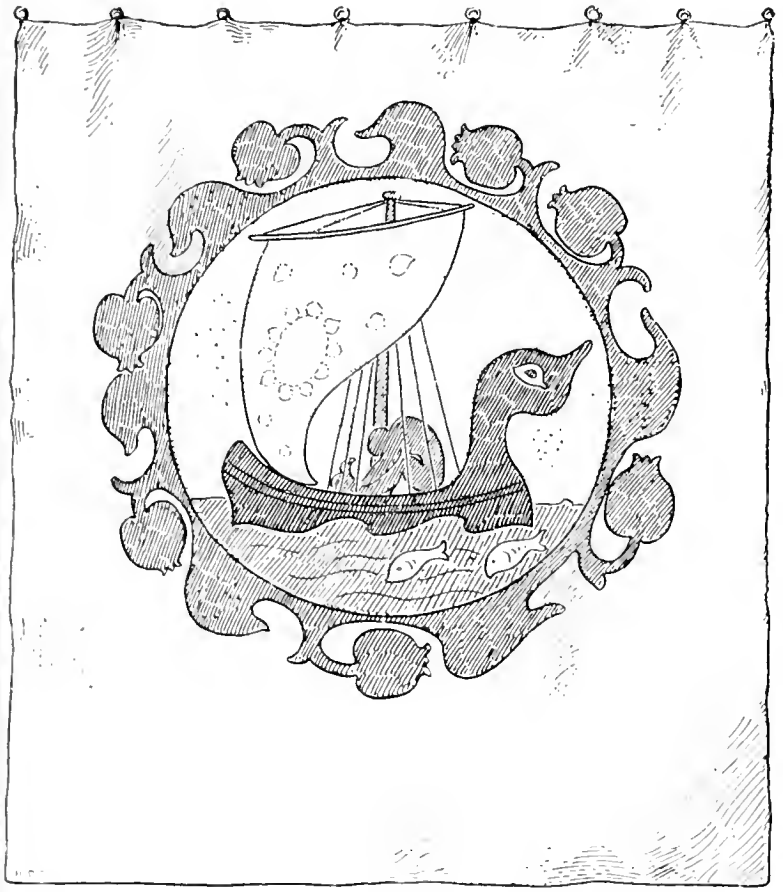
Among the Leigh exhibits were some excellent carvings after designs by Mr. Aumonier, one, a triptych-frame, being especially noticeable. Several stools, despite their construction being unduly emphasised, were picturesque and entirely merited the adjective "quaint." Many boxes with hinged fronts, intended to contain photographs, were excellent in pattern and handiwork; but the metal locks, a very striking feature of their design, turned out to be of foreign origin, as no good substitute was obtainable here. Surely this hint to the metal workers throughout the Association should

not be given in vain. Indeed, it should serve to call attention to the valuable results which might be achieved by mutual co-operation; so that a class which excels in metal work might execute commissions for one that finds skilled joinery its chief product, and so on.

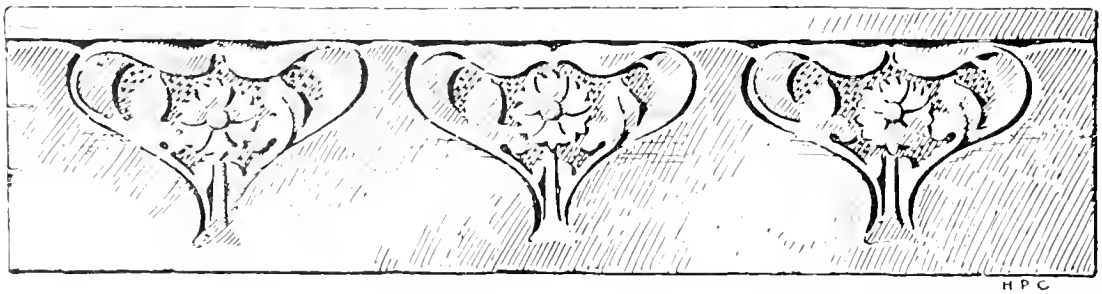
Among the beautifully executed bindings and other objects in decorated leather which were upon the Leighton-Buzzard stall, a cover designed by Miss Bassett, and a folding photograph screen by Miss A. Shepherd were among the best. The former is novel and restrained, the latter an excellent instance of a commonplace trifle made attractive by the grace of its design. A leather box which Lower Birtley exhibited is a faithful imitation of a famous specimen in the South Kensington Museum which has been illustrated in these pages. Its success proved that if original invention be lacking, a skilful workman has only to choose a first-rate example of the past to satisfy the most exacting taste. "If you copy, be sure only to copy the best," should be one of the maxims of the Association.

From Yattendon came a group of delightful metal work quite up to the high level this branch established some time ago; and an excellently proportioned settle, of good design, with carving discreetly applied. A pierced fender with design of ships and a setting sun from Newton was also worthy of special note. Southwold had a vast display of most excellent carving, the major part being orthodox in design, well finished in construction, quite up to the level of taste of a first class West-end furnisher's, but just lacking the personal interest that distinguishes the woodwork of the individual craftsman from most of the furniture of commerce. If Southwold had its Mr. George Frampton, its Mr. C. R. Ashbee, or its Mr. Voysey, it might be easily first. One does not advise the school to endeavour to obtain designs from either of the three artists just mentioned, that its pupils might copy them blindly; but it would be to its lasting benefit if the irreproachable technique it has established could be infused with nineteenth-century feeling. An enthusiast who threw over dead precedent and inspired the clever fingers of its pupils to fresh departure, might raise Southwold to a national position as a school of wood-carving. Its exhibits are in good taste, but without personal interest; in a shop window not one would stand out conspicuously as a work of art; although possibly not one would fall below the level of the market in mechanical perfection. The wood-carvings of the Kent County Council Schools show little new vitality, but maintain a very respectable level of worthy craft, a shade too worthy for the most part.

The Chiswick School of Arts and Crafts exhibited a large case of admirable bookbindings. On some the designs were entirely worthy of the skilful

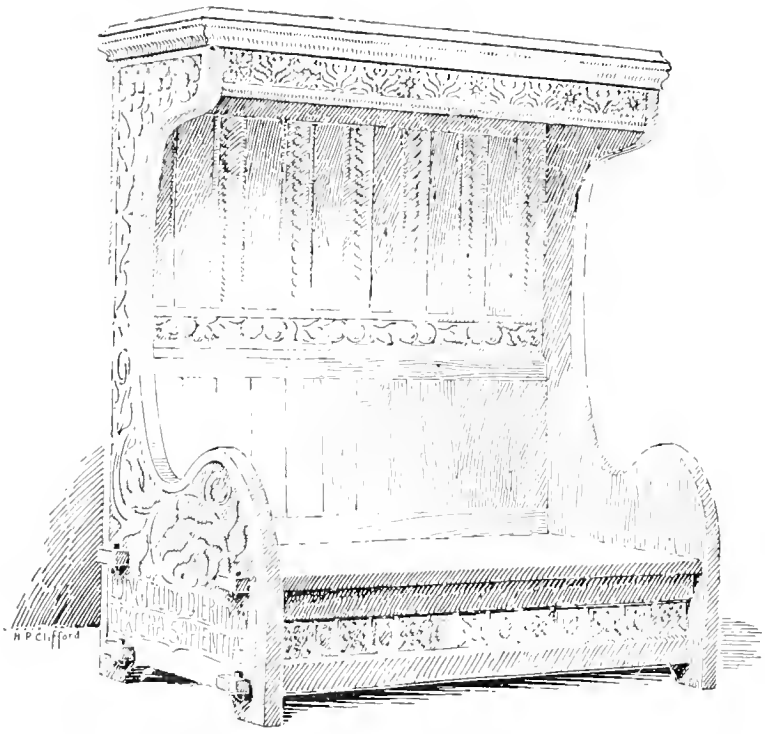


APPLIQUE WORK PORTIERE. DESIGNED BY GODFREY BLOUNT
EXECUTED BY THE CLASS, *Haslemere*



FRIEZE. CARVED BY JAMES BROOKS DESIGNED BY THE ASSOCIATION, *Ratcliff*

manipulation, on others you felt that a certain deference to established precedent was too evident. Nearly all modern French bindings, and no few of the English, are irreproachable, but dull. One does not advise all binders to emulate Mr. D. S. MacColl's vividly personal work, nor to copy Mr. Cobden-Sanderson's beautiful compositions, still less to rival the so-called Japanese effects popular in France; but you cannot but wish that they tried to break away from routine as some moderns have done. In several of the Chiswick covers there is evidence that this capable school may before long develop a style of its own at once new and good. It is experimenting in dyes, applied to the leather after it has been fixed on the covers; it is making elaborate patterns from simple dots, and needs but full faith in itself to break away from the hackneyed precedents which have well-nigh choked the craft of bookbinding here and abroad. Two big copper jardinières, a quantity of elaborate embroideries, a lacquered panel, and much wood-carving were also the work of the Chiswick branch. If the layman only realised that this and various other branches of the Association can be trusted to execute special commissions for furniture, binding, embroidery, and other fine crafts satisfactorily and at moderate prices, then might the average wedding present give way to some personally appropriate object made specially for its intended owners. This practice would help useful institutions and raise the artistic level of the costly superfluities showered on newly married couples.



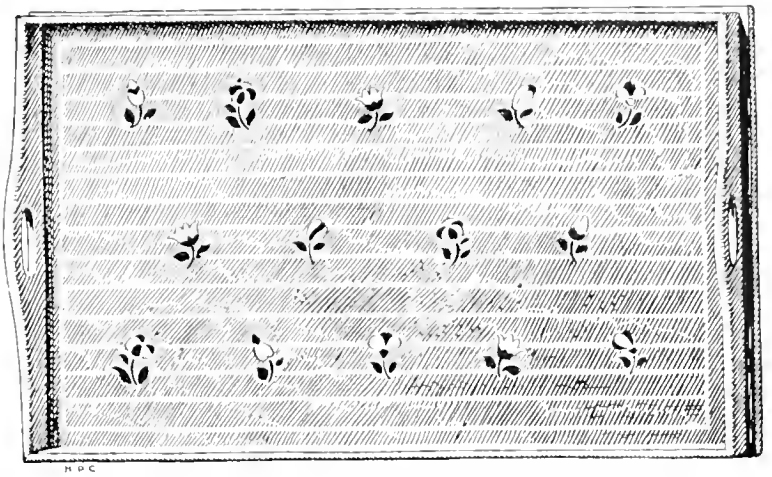
SETTEE. DESIGNED BY FRANCES MACEY. EXECUTED BY THE CLASS, *Yattendon*

The embossed and gilded leather sent from Porlock Weir would be well worthy a place in any European exhibition of the applied arts. The elaborate design by Miss Baker, which consists of dogs and stags disposed amid flowing scrolls, is masterly of its class, and the execution deserves no less high praise. The spirit of the design atones for its strict obedience to established precedents, and proves that even the driest bones can be made to live again if the artist has power to re-infuse vitality.

Fivemiletown, Ireland, contributed fenders of pierced brass, one with a frieze of owls, another with figures of

squirrels, both apparently designed by Mr. J. Williams, from whom (especially in the Newton and Cambridge groups) came much of the best schemes in wrought metal throughout the gallery.

The woven fabrics of Lower Birtley; a four-post bedstead by M. C. Morsham, Killarney; repoussé work from Christchurch, Hants (with some clever adaptations of the seal of the Priory); and other pieces from Bournemouth; good metal work from Risley; an especially satisfactory wrought-iron lamp stands by Ernest Edwards (East Wretham); some alarmingly novel appliqué and spangle work from Holcombe, monuments of misapplied good taste, all deserve more detailed notice than space permits.



TRAY. DESIGNED BY THE HON. MABEL DE GREY
EXECUTED BY A. FORTIER, *Stepney*

A very clever poster by Miss Gloag brings to mind the admirable British Spinning and Weaving School (9 Blenheim Street, New Bond Street), for which it was designed, whose exhibits, with the beautiful lace work of the Buckingham, Bedfordshire, Devon and Northampton Societies, cannot be adequately noticed here. These Societies provide employment for ladies in reduced circumstances and others, but they need no charitable motive to justify support. For the work of each on its own merits should receive ample patronage. Some of the old lace patterns, exquisitely reproduced, show the best possible taste in choice of design and in its execution.

The inlaid wood-work, designed by the Hon. Mabel de Grey and her sisters, has been praised so often in these pages that nothing more need be added here; it still retains its charm, and seems as fresh and novel as though it were seen for the first time. The new designs this year are as delightful as those of the past; to say more would be superfluous, especially as some are illustrated here.

That this—the thirteenth annual exhibition — was somewhat smaller than usual is explained by two unrelated facts; the first being that Sandringham, the Royal School, is almost unrepresented, owing to the illness of its teacher, and to the coincidence of a local

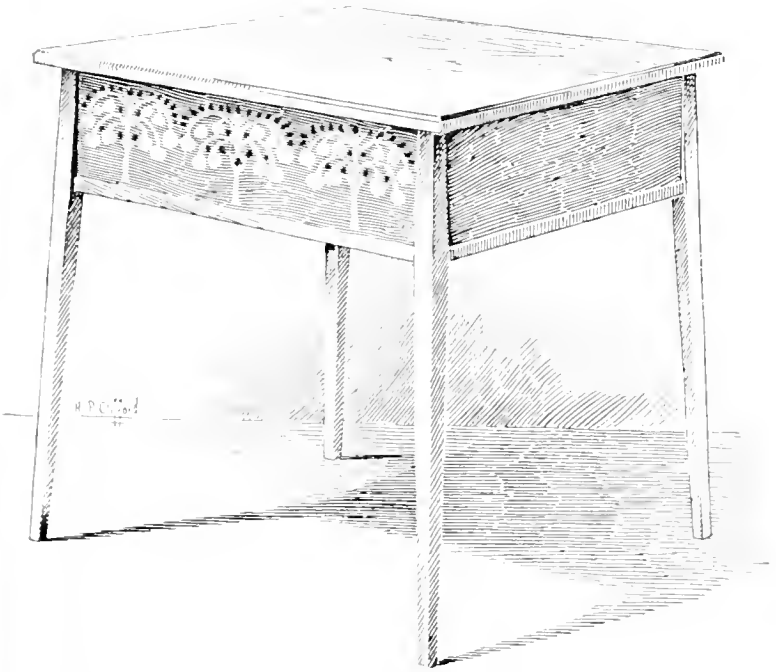


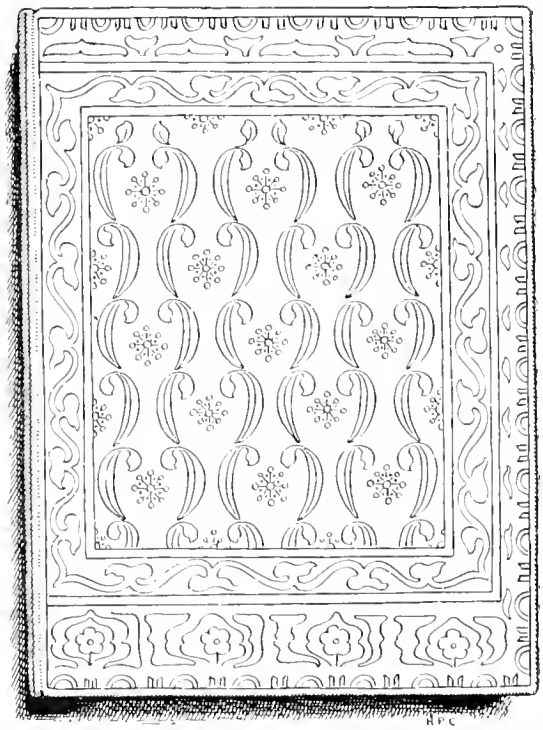
TABLE. DESIGNED BY THE HON. MABEL DE GREY
EXECUTED BY GEORGE COAST, *Stepney*

"DELLA ROBBIA" PLAQUE. DESIGNED BY C. A. WALKER, *Birkenhead*

A SERIES OF JAPANESE DRAWINGS. IV. EVENING MIST IN THE VALLEY. BY SOSEN.

AMONG the immediate followers and disciples of Okio, the founder of the Shijo, or Naturalistic School of Painting in Japan, there were many whose names have been almost forgotten. One of these, who lived in the early part of this century, and whose drawings are now rarely met with, is Sosen—not the Sosen of Monkey fame, who became one of the most notable of the Japanese painters of this century—but a predecessor, whose landscapes were especially distinguished for their tender and poetic qualities. One of these, the original of which is painted with Chinese ink upon silk, we have now the pleasure to present to our readers.

exhibition at Kings Lynn; the second, that its date was fixed a month earlier than usual, to avoid clashing with the festivities of the Diamond Jubilee. That, despite the shortened time which prevented many objects in hand being finished, so good a display was got together, speaks well for the Association. Without shutting one's eyes to its faults, no unprejudiced observer can fail to discover solid reasons for belief in its progress. Patience and perseverance are its chief allies. Thirteen years shows no falling off in either, and if the same progress is maintained—and there is even indication that it will be accelerated—then all that its best friends dared to hope will be fulfilled in due course. An Association of this class is beset with many difficulties; it is pleasant to be patronised by royalty; to have a private view that is a social function; it is honourable to obey motives of charity, and be actively engaged in providing lads and lasses with interesting occupations for their leisure time; but these things often conflict with serious efforts to educate skilled craftsmen. Fashionable patrons have a good deal of taste which, if not "mostly bad," is often mixed; certain supporters of any social movement are not wholly bent on improving the masses, but have their private interests, and prefer to please not too exacting patrons in place of battling against their whims.



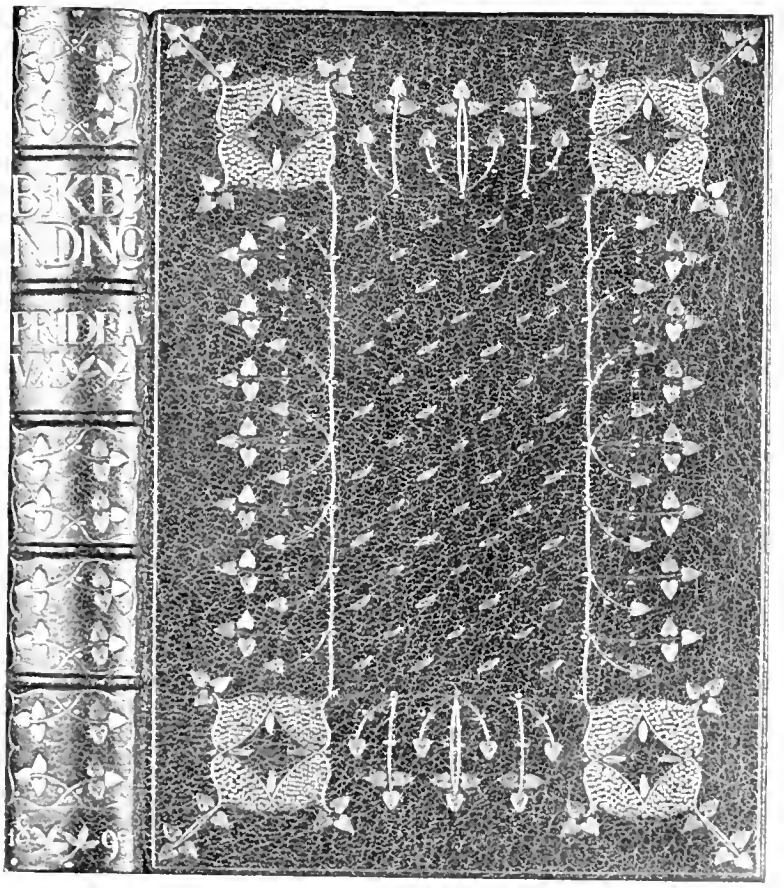
BOOK-COVER. DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY MISS BASSETT, *Leighton Buzzard*

STUDIO-TALK.

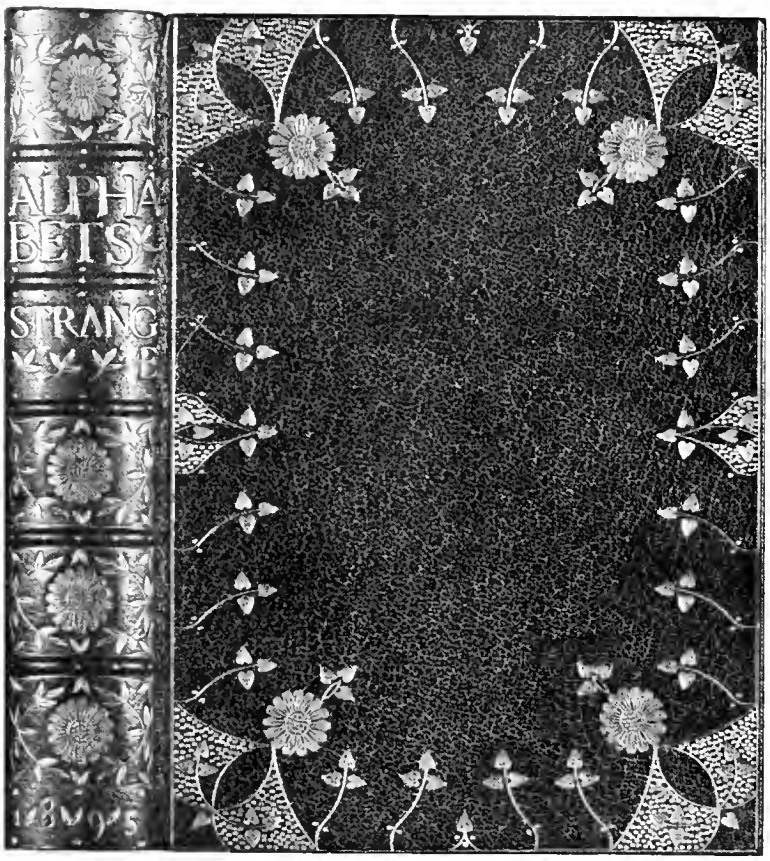
(From our own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—The Annual Exhibition of the Ex Libris Society was once again more impressive by reason of its wasted opportunities than for any very noticeable improvement in its standard for modern designs. The Society obviously attaches great importance to heraldry; but apart from the work of four designers, all well established before it existed, one sees no effort to make heraldry live as decoration. The worship of "dated plates" and Chippendales, of dull mechanical devices, old and new, is not worthy an important society. All that bookplate design need not and ought not to be was amply represented in dozens of examples. What it might and should be you could scarce discover. Of course Mr. Anning Bell's compositions would grace any exhibition; but a set of plates re-engraved from the originals of H. Stacy Marks, L. Leslie Brooke, and others, seemed mere impertinences, which ought not to be exhibited without an official protest against such a practice. Mr. John Leighton showed, as before, a real sense of the possibilities of heraldry in decoration. Mr. Harold Nelson's three excellent designs, so far unpublished, one by Mr. H. Ospovat and a *Chichester* plate by Arthur Ellis, were the only unfamiliar examples in the sixty-five groups which call for a word of praise. One is sorry to observe the hideous and absurd expression *Super-Libros* in the Catalogue of the Society. "Book-stamps" would surely be more direct, and do no damage to language, or good taste. Mr. C. W. Sherborn's twenty-one plates, and certain others by Mr. E. D. French, familiar though they all are, were a relief after the dull, mean average of the show.

Should we welcome commercial imitations of specimens of fine craftsmanship, or flout the sincere flattery which takes this form? The question is really not quite easy to decide offhand. Some of the "printer's types" based obviously on Kelmscott models which are being used so freely, must needs promote the popularity of legible alphabets which William Morris so strenuously endeavoured to re-establish. In like fashion the ideal of decoration set up by Mr. Cobden-Sanderson is influencing the bookbindings of commerce. Messrs. Kelly are showing many book covers which are so evidently inspired by study of the work of the Doves Bindery that it would be folly to ignore the motive which has influenced their craftsmen. On their own merits these are tasteful, and excellently wrought; they obey the fundamental principles of good binding, and yet one welcomes most readily such designs as depart most from the originals. In these appear suggestions for a quite definite style, and herein we find the only good which can result



BOOK-COVER DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY MESSRS. KELLY AND SONS



BOOK-COVER DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY MESSRS. KELLY AND SONS

from imitation—namely, that the lessons learned in modifying another person's idea soon provoke a designer to show his own powers of invention. Because Messrs. Kelly are evidently working towards a distinct style of their own, one can be lenient to their first efforts, which, good though they be, are little more than ingenious modifications of accepted types. It is always a regret that the value of a fine creation is endangered by transcripts which mimic the body but lack the spirit of the original. An artist's personal feeling should also be considered; no one is gratified by travesties of his own designs. This moralising is not aimed at Messrs. Kelly particularly; and even if it did apply to some of their work, the later specimens show effort to develop a manner of their own, and so have power to arouse interest that the most accomplished "exercise in the style of So-and-so" would fail to elicit from any honest critic. For Tennyson's poem on the flower which "all can raise, now all have got the seed," holds a pertinent lesson to craftsmen no less than to rhymesters.

Mr. J. E. Christie's *Vanity Fair*, which was lent by the Glasgow Corporation to the recent Exhibition of the New English Art Club at the Dudley Gallery, is a picture of more than ordinary importance. Not only does it mark an epoch in the artist's career, his arrival, after some years of devoted labour, at a place in the front rank of modern men, but it is also a notable instance of the manner in which abstract and allegorical subjects are handled by the younger school of the present day. It is an illustration of the tendency which has arisen among the artists who wish to prove their independence of the out-of-date academic school, to use the details of the life around us to clothe and give character to the abstractions that still suggest themselves as worthy motives for pictorial effort. Vanity Fair, as Mr. Christie has imagined it, takes the form of a booth such as may be seen at any village fête to-day. The nymph who distributes the glittering bubbles that attract the crowd, is only a strolling player in her tawdry theatrical garb, and her admirers are the idlers who have been brought together by the bustle and novelty of the scene. The allegory is made to most men more persuasive and intelligible by its modern dressing; the moral it points is a homely one, the tale it adorns a narrative with which every one is well acquainted.

We do not often have the chance of seeing anything like an exhaustive display of the work done by artists of our own times. The annual exhibitions at the Academy and other galleries of the same class have but a temporary interest, and are only vaguely valuable as evidences of progress from year to year. Occasionally when a commemorative show, like the great gathering at Manchester ten years ago, is organised we get an idea of the scope and variety of the art of this country, because

"VANITY FAIR." FROM
A PAINTING BY
J. E. CHRISTIE

enough work of different years is brought together to give a really wide view. The Fine Art Section of the Victorian Era Exhibition at Earl's Court has a character of this kind. It is, of course, neither so large nor so varied as the Manchester Exhibition; but within its limits it is excellently comprehensive and represents, with considerable pretensions to adequacy, the artistic achievement of the last sixty years. Most of the greater deceased painters, from Turner to Lord Leighton and Sir John Millais, are shown to advantage in the galleries, while a very large number of living men have sent canvases which do them distinct credit. There are gaps certainly in the representation of the various schools, gaps that might have been in some instances avoided; but on the whole we have reason to be grateful to the organisers of the show for having given us an art section which is so far unlike the usual type of thing arranged as an adjunct to a popular exhibition that we can accept it seriously and with respect as a definitely artistic attempt. The balance between the art of the earlier years of the Queen's reign and that of our own times is well maintained, and in many instances the pictures by which the different artists are set before us have been chosen with admirable discretion. Even where a comparatively unimportant example of any painter has been accepted it cannot be said that he is represented by an inferior piece of work; for the number of bad pictures in the show is singularly small. The evidence of judicious selection is plainly to be discovered throughout the whole gathering, but in no part is it so apparent as in the court devoted to sculpture. Here the result is really memorable, and the array of productions by our best modern sculptors has definite claims to be considered one of the best that has been seen during a long period. It shares with the section illustrating the progress of the engraver's art the credit of being the most exhaustive and instructive part of the show. Both these collections are so excellent that, even without the additional attractiveness of the picture galleries, they would have more than justified the labours of the Art Committee.

At Earl's Court a little space is devoted to the Applied Arts, only a little, and that little rather mixed up with woman's education; still, it would not become THE STUDIO to ignore any effort to promote the cause it has championed from the first. Almost every object at the Victorian Era Exhibition which falls into this classification has already been noticed in these pages. There are enamels by Mr. Nelson Dawson and others, caskets by South Kensington students, surface decorations by various hands, a poster by Miss Gloag, leather by Miss Alice Shepherd and others, all old and welcome friends. Outside this section the applied arts are not vigorously represented; the Doulton exhibit has a most excellently decorated counter, which is a very satisfactory example of stencil design; it has also a rather indifferent frieze, but the pottery makes one rub ones eyes. Can it be of 1897, this huge collection? In the seventies it would have been commendable, but in the late nineties! Much has happened since, but apparently Lambeth has not heard of it, and still relies chiefly on its Tinworth and its *Grès de Flandres*, which is a pity.

We have pleasure in presenting to our readers an auto-lithograph by the late C. E. Holloway, whose untimely death has left a gap in the ranks of artists which will be difficult to fill. Admirers of this painter's work will be interested to know that a large number of his studies and sketches—works of very great beauty, but appealing mainly to artists and connoisseurs—are procurable from Mr. T. R. Way, 21 Wellington Street, Strand, who is kindly endeavouring to dispose of them on behalf of Mrs. Holloway and her children.

The picture, *Blue, and Silver, and Gold*, by which Mr. Leslie Thomson is represented at the New Gallery, is an excellent example of the decorative treatment of landscape, of the rather rare combination of fine qualities of design in form with exquisite harmony of colour. It has in a very high degree the charm of poetic suggestion, for it is realised in all essentials without any insistence upon matter-of-fact details. It belongs to a school of landscape painting which is at present practised by only a few artists; and its romantic character is very welcome on account of the relief it affords from the prevailing adherence to the commonplaces of nature. Artists like Mr. Leslie Thomson are at the present moment fulfilling the important function of reviving the too long forgotten beliefs of the old poetic school; and to their efforts we have to look for the reinstatement of what was years ago the worthiest creed that ever influenced the landscape men in this country. The process of building up again what has been too long left in ruin is going slowly on, but it progresses very steadily, and there can be no doubt that in the hands of Mr.

Leslie Thomson, and the men who think with him, the revival is certain to be successful.

WARRINGTON. — Early last month an exhibition of the artistic industries of this town, arranged by Messrs. Aylward and Charles Madeley, was opened at the School of Art. The exhibition, which included specimens of glass-ware, iron casting, house decoration and woven tapestries, besides original designs by Messrs. Crane, Voysey, Day, Armitage, Rowe, A. H. Lee, and others, was intended to show the influence the School has had in promoting the trade of the town as well as in the provision of general education in art. Such exhibits should prove of great value to manufacturers and to students to whom opportunities are afforded of studying good work.

BIRMINGHAM.—We give this month an illustration of the wood-carving of a young Birmingham artist, Mrs. Robert Hopkins. With the exception of a few lessons received, in a class, from Mr. Claxton at Worcester, Mrs. Hopkins is self-taught, her only masters being perseverance and hard work. It is only four years since she first took up wood-carving as a profession, and to-day she does a considerable amount of teaching in the Midland counties, holding large classes at Walsall and other towns. Her first order was for a settle for the Senior Tutor of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, with the college arms on the centre panel. Being possessed of great determination, she has probably a bright career before her.

WOOD-CARVING BY MRS. R. HOPKINS

BRUSSELS.—The fourth annual Salon of the Society of Fine Arts in Brussels was devoted to a historical display of medals. It consisted of a contemporary section, including productions by the best of the modern medallists, and a historical section, wherein were seen several series of coins lent from celebrated collections in Belgium and abroad.

Among the ancient works the connoisseur and the artist might admire the Greek pieces in the possession of M. Auguste Delbeke, the bronze Italian medals of the 15th and 16th centuries, owned by Mme. Goldschmidt-Przibram, and others, both Italian and French, of the same periods, from the famous collection of M. Gustave Dreyfus, whose display included several bronze medallions, notably a superb "Martyrdom of St. Sebastian" by Pollaiuolo; also the medallions from the Hess collection at Frankfort, with the "Van Berckels," owned by Baron Surmont de Volsberghe. In addition there were several Papal medals lent by M. Van Schoor, and those from the collection of M. Van den Broeck, which constitute a sort of *résumé* of Belgian history during two centuries. In addition there were two fine medallions by David d'Angers.

The modern French school was represented by contributions from MM. Bourgeois, Michel Cazin, A. and H. Dubois, Dupuis, Mouchon, Patey, and Roty. German art was seen in the works of M. Hildebrand, who displayed a very remarkable *Bismarck*, and the Viennese engravers, A. Scharff and E. Schwartz, had a notable exhibit.

Lastly, we come to the Belgian exhibitors, MM. Dillens, Fernand and Paul Dubois, de Hondt, Lagae, Lemaire, Vander Stappen, Vermeylen, and Wolfers, not forgetting M. Cardon, who exhibited, not as an artist, but as a collector, and showed some of the treasures which adorn his artistic home.

"BLUE, AND SILVER AND GOLD."
FROM A PAINTING BY
LESLIE THOMSON

FROM A PAINTING BY WALTER LEISTIKOW

Following its general rule, the Society of Fine Arts made a point of decorating the Exhibition in the most harmonious fashion possible. The beautiful tapestries came from the well-known collection of M. Léon Somzée, who was kind enough to allow the committee to make use of such as they required.

Some of the pictures from M. Somzée's collection held an honourable place in the Venetian Exhibition held some time ago at the New Gallery; and his exhibits would certainly figure prominently in any collection of tapestries that might be brought together.

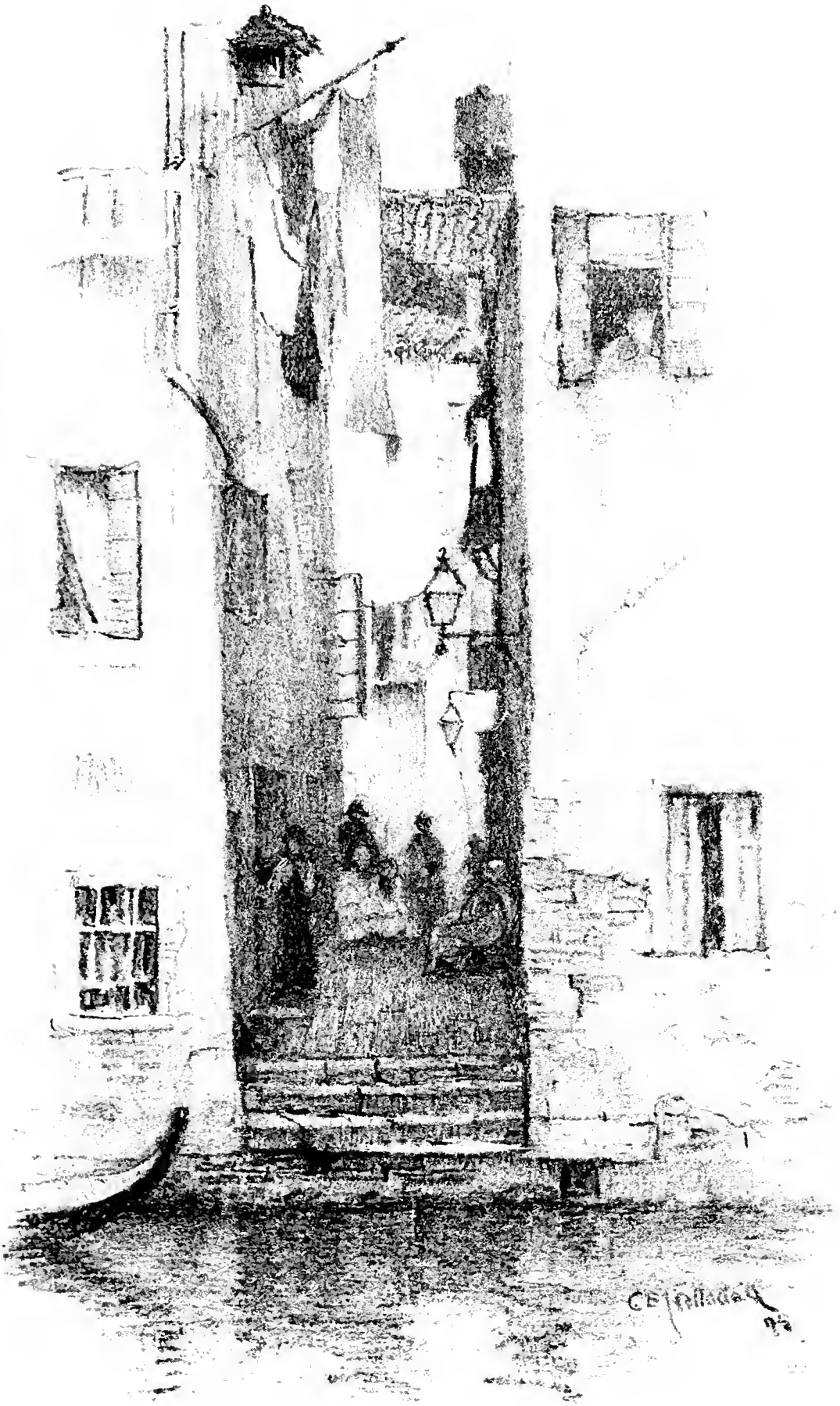
Lieutenant Masui may be unreservedly congratulated on the entire success of his section at the Brussels-Tervueren Exhibition. He was entrusted with the organisation of the Colonial Department, and the results give equal evidence of initiative and good taste. The series of photographs which is to appear in THE STUDIO shortly will show, better than any description could do, the remarkable results he has obtained in the way of artistic decoration, and that with the simplest of means.

An international exhibition of posters, including works from the best masters of the art, was lately held at Tournai. The Tournai "Cercle Artistique," which organised the display, was able to show some 350 specimens. Several of them are of extreme rarity, on account of their age, notably some illustrated examples, printed like wall-papers, and dating from Louis Philippe's time.

The English school was well represented, Dudley Hardy and Maurice Greiffenhagen being prominent exhibitors. The big poster, *Pall Mall*, by the latter, will always be considered a masterpiece of its kind.

The "Cercle Artistique et Littéraire" of Brussels has just celebrated its fiftieth year of existence by a most successful *fête*. The galleries were ornamented with draperies and flowers, which, with the pictures and tapestries and other works of art, formed a most effective *ensemble*. The tapestries, very fine specimens, were lent by M. Somzée, while the pictures were the work of old members of the club—Navez, Gallait, Leys, De Groux, de Braekeleer, Verwée, Boulenger, and others. A special word is due to the decoration of the gardens by M. V. Keuler, the painter, who was warmly congratulated on his work.

F. K.



BERLIN.—The Exhibition of the XI. is always a source of gratification to the true art lover, who knows this display to be worth seeing. The great mass of the public—especially the upper classes—wax wroth at these pictures, and do their best to decry this "shocking modern school," which has "no sense of the ideal." Of course the truth is that while much of the work exhibited here is of superlative charm, some of it is such as to call for nothing but contempt. But that the great majority of these productions are strikingly good, must be quite clear to all.

We may pass over most of the pictures—including several works by Max Liebermann, of exceptionally rich colouring—and turn our attention to the landscapes by Walter Leistikow. Two distinguishing features are always prominent in this artist's work—his love for the solitude of the forest, and the unbounded expanse of sea—and they are not absent from the present exhibition. Here we have a calm stretch of water, with swans drifting along with outstretched pinions; and here again a harbour scene. A narrow land line stands darkly out against the background; in the foreground are a couple of boats, with masts showing almost black against the sky, and like the clouds, reflected in the water, which almost duplicates the scene as in a mirror. The hopelessness of attempting to convey any idea in words of the beauties of a work of art is obvious in the presence of so poetic a composition as this.

Leistikow is even better still when he shows us the scenery of the Mark, with its chief beauties, which consist in the pine forests encircling the placid lakes. He nearly always seizes a moment when some strange effect of light imparts a special aspect to the scene—the setting sun, for instance, flooding the tall, bare trunks with a golden—purple glow. The green of the trees is absorbed in the violet shadows, so that the whole picture becomes a harmony in these two tones. By way of contrast the water in the foreground is dark and sombre, reflecting but faintly the colours around. He sees

FROM AN ETCHING BY WALTER LEISTIKOW

"VISIONS" BY G. MENTESSI

Nature, not like one of a Sunday holiday crowd, but with the true artist's eye, quick to notice and admire the subtle play of light, which comes but for an instant, and then is gone. And yet his landscapes are instinct with truth and power, the truth and power of beauty. Even his severest critics were put to silence by one of his pictures exhibited at the last Exhibition of the XI., and hung prominently in the centre of the room. The small illustration on page 126, which we are enabled to publish by the kindness of the artist, gives but a faint idea of its charm. It may indeed be said of Leistikow's pictures that they are convincing in their very beauty.

G. G.

VENICE.—The unquestionable advantage that pictures hung without that haunting economy of margin from which canvases suffer in the Academy is nowhere more strikingly exemplified than in the exhibition lately opened here. None of the pictures are skied, none are crowded into corners where their individuality is apt to be overlooked or their delicacy of colour destroyed by the juxtaposition of a scheme more crude and attracting, while more than one of the large canvases has a wall to itself.

Two of the points which strike one are the paucity of the portrait in the purely Italian school, and the general increase in the landscape studies. Of these last the Glasgow school contributes almost the entire contents of one of the rooms, Macaulay Stevenson, and Archibald Kay sending most excellent and sympathetic work. The former's *Evensong* is remarkable for the delicacy of its technique and the finely executed effect of haze and stillness in the landscape. Both these artists, and indeed most of the Glasgow school, possess the art of infusing into their work that note of underlying poetry without which landscape painting is a mere mechanical effort.

———

Of the larger canvases, Villegas sends *Muro il Maestro*, which, save for certain defects in the arrangement of the foreground, deserves to be ranked with this painter's best work. The picture represents the scene round the bed of a dying man, and in the group of surrounding retainers Villegas shows his wonderful power of depicting emotion; the genuine grief, and its servile imitation, the passive callousness of usage on the face of the priest, the mere gaping curiosity and the frank indifference of those who make the occasion one for the hasty acquirement of booty, are all realistically rendered. There is a certain shallowness in

the painting of the group, and a rather too generous distribution of tinsel and gold lace on the costumes to make the whole effect entirely pleasing. But technique and drawing are satisfactory, and the scheme of colour harmonious.

Graceful in composition, poetical in feeling and harmonious in colour is Mentessi's Madonna and Child, entitled *Visions*, a tempera in soft grey tints thrown into relief by the sunlit half distance. The grouping of attendant saints reminds one irresistibly of Botticelli, though Mentessi is far from allying himself with the adorers of the pre-Raphaelite and ostentatiously simple in art. *Il Duello* (The Duel), a finely painted and dramatic picture by Repine, is one of the most remarkable works in the Russian school. The skilful management of the evening light [illegible] and lighting up the figures, which [illegible] is highly creditable, and far from being the [illegible] of purely scenic [illegible] canvas, *Fin Gio Matin*, in the same room. The picture palpitates with life and emotion. Laurenti, while departing from his usual style, shows an unsuspected power of grasping the decorative possibilities of the nude figure, in his picture *Nuova Flora* (The New Flora). There is a certain lack of finish and modelling in the figures, due perhaps to haste, but the design is graceful, and the note of colour in the background is both harmonious and pleasing. This picture has been acquired, together with several others, as the nucleus of a gallery of modern art in Venice.

Tito, essentially a colourist, errs too often in mistaking coarseness for strength, and several of his works, though strong in colour and draughtsmanship and bold in chiaroscuro effects, are in consequence unsympathetic in treatment. One canvas, however, is entirely free from this defect, and *September* affords him an opportunity of rich sunlight effects and glowing colour that he is not slow to take advantage of. The result is one of the finest works in the exhibition. A fine canvas by Leibl, almost Holbeinesque in its weird strength, and a *Portrait of a Gentleman* by John Lavery, showing a distinct influence of the Spanish school, are among the most interesting of the portraits, though Sargent and Alexander also exhibit some characteristic work—not, however, new to the English public. Delug sends a fine allegorical painting of *The Fates*, hung unfortunately in a very bad light; and Hartmann's *Faust*, though somewhat theatrically lurid in colour, gives evidence of careful work, especially in the flesh painting of the female figure.

M. G. S.

PORTRAIT OF MARIE HYERMANS BY VIOLET TEAGUE

(*See Melbourne Studio-Talk*)

HOLLAND.—The artistic event of the season was the festival in commemoration of the fifty years' existence of the society known as "Pulchri Studio" at the Hague. This club, which was started by some art amateurs in 1847, is now the most powerful society of artists in Holland, and for several years it has been presided over by the celebrated marine painter, H. W. Mesdag.

At the time of the commemoration festival, Pulchri Studio also opened an exhibition of works by deceased members which afforded an interesting historical review of Dutch art of the present century. It was very instructive to note how, after the period of extreme decay that lasted until about 1860, a new renaissance began with artists like Bosboom and Josef Israels, who belong to the glorious group of painters that includes Mauve, the Marisses, and Mesdag. The works of no fewer than eighty artists were shown, but it is regrettable that Yongkind was not more adequately represented.

At Messrs. Van Wisselingh's galleries at Amsterdam, M. van der Valk is exhibiting a collection of about fifty works, generally drawings in black chalk or in pastel. Van der Valk is a very clever etcher, and in these drawings his qualities of firmness and directness of touch are brilliantly adapted to his materials. Striking and clever compositions of willow stems, Dutch country-houses, desolate winter scenes, and very individual still-life studies, show him to be a sensitive, and distinguished artist.

At the Venice Exhibition a great attraction is the large collection of etchings, including all the best original work produced during the last few years in Holland, that forms a separate group of uncommon artistic value, brought together by Mr. Ph. Zilcken, who was appointed as a special commissioner of the exhibition for this purpose.

PH. Z.

VIENNA. At the Kunstler-haus there is now on view Julius von Payer's picture of *The Loss of the Fram Expedition*. It forms the latest work of the artist's series dealing with the exploration of the Polar regions, in which Payer himself once took an active part in an Austrian expedition under the leadership of Weyprecht, which led to the finding of the unfortunate *Jeannette*. To this personal experience must, no doubt, be attributed the strong realistic effect that all Payer's works are capable of producing on the beholder. The artist painted the same subject some ten years ago and then called the picture *The Bay of Death*. This is now surpassed by the present work of colossal proportions, which contains the tragic description of the wreck of the last survivors of Admiral Sir John Franklin's heroic followers.

The picture represents the boat in which Captain Crozier and his crew had been half buried in the snow, with a Polar bear breaking in upon the scene of death. Crozier (he, it is related by the Eskimos, escaped and lived among one of their tribes for ten years) is represented, as the only survivor, in the act of defending himself with his gun. Two more bears are visible at some distance on the snow, lit up by the glare of the cold light of the moon and stars in the long Polar night. The whole is grand and impressive in the highest degree, and to find fault with some trifling details would betray a petty spirit of criticism and oblige me to enter into a detailed description, which is not within the limits of a short note.

Julius von Payer's canvas is a work of very great merit which will not be forgotten when the final tragic narrative of heroic suffering and dauntless courage comes to be told concerning those explorations that preceded the more successful journey of the *Fram* into those regions where human genius and energy are ever battling with the forces of eternal winter.

W. S.

MELBOURNE. [illegible] thing like [illegible] exhibits at the [illegible] tion of the Victorian [illegible] majority being [illegible] mander water-colours and black and w[illegible] ings. Sculpture was entirely unrepresented. Of the portraits in oils, L. Phillips Fox exhibited the greatest number. Out of the five which he sent in, three were the portraits of children, the best being *Nancy*, a harmonious study of a little girl in a large hat, seated against a dull background of yellowish green hue. Mr. Fox always shows skill in dealing with these sombre colours, and excels in low toned harmonies. His best technique was displayed in the portrait of a lady—a small head—the sitter having been posed with her back to the artist, her face in profile turned towards the left shoulder. The handling in this work is decided and vigorous. Tudor Tucker's principal picture was a large figure subject to which he gave the title of *Confidences*, and in it a story is suggested by the attitudes of the two women, one a matured matron, who has gone through experiences which enable her to receive and sympathise with the confidences whispered to her by the maiden, whom Love has just found.

Miss J. M. Muntz, who returned a little while ago from Europe, and who has worked in Professor Herkomer's studio, exhibited five pictures, one of the best being a portrait of a lady. The subject of the portrait was a woman of evident intelligence, full of resolution and resource, and Miss Muntz has conveyed her force of character exceptionally

[illegible]

"THE STORM" FROM A PAINTING BY WALTER WITHERS

well in her painting. In a portrait of the Hon. Chas. Young, Miss Muntz has again done good work. It is always interesting to watch the career of students after they have left the art centres, and settled down again here, where all have, more or less, to depend upon themselves for there own mental and art development, and where there is so little chance of that intellectual association which fires the blood and kindles the imagination. These remarks are not intended to convey the impression that opportunities for such association do not exist here, but that, through some unknown law, the crystallisation of intellects does not go on so uniformly nor so rapidly as it does in the big cities of the Old World.

Miss Violet Teague, who has also recently returned from Europe, and who won an Honourable Mention at the Paris Salon of 1896, exhibited several works, the most striking being a portrait of *Marie Hvermans*, which is strongly painted. Bernard Hall, Director of the Melbourne National Gallery, who some few years ago had a studio in London, contributed two works, the more important being a nude figure-subject, *A Nymph* —a wood nymph, seated in a sheltered glade by a pool. The figure is beautifully drawn and the composition is harmonious.

Walter Withers sent several landscapes, the two most important being *The Storm*, here illustrated, and *The Fallen Monarch*. The former depicted a stormy winter's day in Australia, when the sudden rush of the cold south wind makes the tall gum trees bend their shaggy heads, and when, closely following it, the rain comes up in blinding sheets and beats with relentless force against the giant trees standing amid the wide and weird landscape. The artist has caught with powerful effect the moment when the wind is swirling along—a forerunner of the coming rain. The second picture is a strong contrast. The scene is a stretch of Australian country in the height of summer. The grass is scorched with the burning heat of the sun, which still pours down its piercing rays full upon the men who are hard at work sawing, chopping-up, and carting away the huge monarch of the old-time forest, fallen, never to rise again. This is a subject which finds an answering sympathy in every Australian heart, for it is an almost daily sight to be seen when travelling through the country, and brings memories of sweet-smelling fires, sending forth fragrance of eucalyptus, and filling the air with that azure smoke peculiar to the bush.

Fred McCubbin was not so well represented in the Exhibition as usual, doubtless on account of the short period of time which had elapsed since the previous show, when he exhibited a large and important work. The more pleasing of his two

contributions was the figure of a woman standing in an orchard. *A Misty Morning*, by A. Colquhoun, gave a delicate treatment of an effect produced by the haze which spreads over the Australian landscape during a bush fire. Mrs. Colquhoun contributed a small portrait of a baby girl.

J. H. Scheltema's *After the Rain*, here illustrated, in which the cattle are particularly well drawn, showed another side of Australian scenery. Miss Jane Sutherland's *Far-a field* was the best of her exhibits. It was somewhat faulty in tone, but portions of the work were so good as to cause regret that the whole was not more harmonious. Tom Humphrey sent one work, entitled *Early Winter*. Miss Florence Fuller, an Australian student, at present working in Paris, sent six exhibits. Her work shows nice feeling, and gives promise of better things to come.

REVIEWS OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

A Handbook of Anatomy for Art Students. By ARTHUR THOMSON, M.A., M.B. (Oxford: Clarendon Press). As there is now no lack of efficient handbooks of human anatomy, any new book on the subject must needs be, if it is to have any chance of success, either more than ordinarily complete or possessed of features that set it distinctively apart from its predecessors. Mr. Thomson's volume is fortunate in fulfilling both conditions; it is exhaustive in its descriptions and argument, and it is illustrated not only with the diagrams of bones and muscles to which we are accustomed, but also with a very fairly adequate series of reproductions of life photographs which show usefully how the underlying muscular forms in the human figure produce those surface modellings that are actually the only important matters of concern for the painter or sculptor. Mr. Thomson has been careful in his selection of the models from whom his photographs are taken, to secure physical types somewhat above the average, so that many of his illustrations are available as much for pictorial reference as for anatomical explanation.

John Ruskin, his Life and Teaching. By MARSHALL MATHER. (London: F. Warne & Co.) In a very temperate preface to this the third edition the author confesses that it is not an exposition and not a criticism of Mr. Ruskin, but an eulogy written "when I was a slave to his imperious magic of style." Elsewhere he declares his hero to be "a prophet not a painter," which explains why art is not by any means the most obtrusive [illegible] hundred and seventy pages.

The Pilgrim's Progress. By JOHN BUNYAN. With 118 illustrations by C. H. BENNETT. (London: Gibbings & Co. 1897). This is a well printed and entirely satisfactory reprint of a British classic. It is pleasant to possess the drawings by C. H. Bennett in so handy a form. But how disappointing they are! "Drawing," in an Academic sense, Bennett seems to have ignored, and ideal beauty, as in *Charity*, or *Prudence* or the rest, escaped him entirely. Despite the revival of appreciation for men of the sixties, it is hardly like that this artist will regain lay or professional approval. His naivety, and observation, are far too inept and amateurish for a better-informed generation.

AWARDS IN "THE STUDIO" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

SKETCH DESIGN FOR A METAL NAME-PLATE.
(A. H.)

The FIRST PRIZE (*Two guineas*) is awarded to *Tramp* (David Collins Veazey, 32 Brewer Street, Woolwich).

The SECOND PRIZE (*One guinea*) to *Dent de Lion* (Lily Day, 6 Briggs Street, Norwich).

Honourable mention is given to the following: *Arc* (Thomas Corson, 8 Blenheim Walk, Leeds); *E. L. P.* (E. L. Pattison, 204 Kennington Park Road, S.E.); *Jack* (John H. Hutchings, St. Peter's Churchyard, Chester); and *Spalpeen Mavourneen* (Gretta C. Campbell, Ballynagard House, Londonderry, Ireland).

DESIGN FOR AN ADVERTISEMENT.
(A. H. *Extra.*)

The FIRST PRIZE (*Two guineas*) is awarded to *Echo* (Walter E. Webster, 4 Field Road, Fulham Road, S.W.).

The SECOND PRIZE (*One guinea*) is awarded to *Treble* (William Holt, 11 Worsley Grove, Levenshulme, Manchester).

Honourable mention is given to the following: *Camu* (Chas. Gale, 51 Butt Road, Colchester); *Dorian* (Oliver Senior, 7 Livesey Street, Manchester); *Eibor II.* (L. Thompson Lawson, 7 St. Oswald's Terrace, Fulford, York); [illegible] (W. Ellis, 47 Herbert Street, Mill Road, Liverpool); *Peggy* (Enid Jackson, 12 Forest Road, Birkenhead); *St. Thibaut* (C. H. Ball, 131 New Street, Nottingham); and *Lux* (C. A. Reynolds, The Parsonage, Thomas Street, Greenwich Square, W.).

Awards in "The Studio" Prize Competitions

DESIGN FOR A CLOTH BOOK-COVER.
(B H.)

The designs sent in for this competition are numerous, and show, for the most part, a high level of excellence. We regret that want of space prevents us from illustrating a larger number, as there are many others of equal merit to those now reproduced.

The FIRST PRIZE (*One Guinea*) is awarded to *Lemon* (Bert Smale, 39 Cochrane Street, St. John's Wood, N.W.).

The SECOND PRIZE (*Half a Guinea*) to *Oakley* (Arthur Maude, 1 Margaretta Terrace, Chelsea).

Honourable mention is given to the following:—*Aylmer* (Alfred J. Madeley, 223 Bosley Road, Maidstone); *Æsthetic* (Arthur Manock, Benfield House, Boscombe Park, Bournemouth); *Abana* (Emily A. Attwell, 182 Mile End Road, E.); *Butterfly* (M. J. Hunt, "Southwood," Torquay, Devon); *Blue Bells* (Henry Simpson, 32 Union Terrace, Aberdeen); *Boreas* (Cecil Roche, 10 Millbank Street, Westminster); *Banshee* (Madeline Prim, Houses of Parliament, Westminster, S.W.); *Barr* (J. H. Thornhill, 19 New Street, Walsall); *Brown Betty* (Beatrice M. Deane, 60 Pulteney Street, Bath); *Clytie* (Alice E. Burt, 3 Kempshott Road, Streatham Common, S.W.); *Eiram* (Joseph M. Doran, 64 Cromwell Road, Belfast); *Eldorado* (Sarah MacConnell, 226 West 75th Street, New York City, U.S.A.); *Flo* (Florence Grant, 103 Lennard Road, Penge, S.E.); *Grumbler* (Rosa C. Petherick, Maple Lodge, Havelock Road, Croydon); *Hjalmar* (Helen Kuck, Holly House, East Dulwich Road, S.E.); *Hartful* (E. L. Pattison, 204 Kennington Park Road, S.E.); *Hazel Nut* (Ada Kate Hazell, Castle Street, Farnham, Surrey); *Indigo* (Mary M. Matthews, 165 Ebury Street, S.W.); *Iona* (Kathleen Suckling, 35 Albion Street, Birmingham); *Iridee* (Thomas Henry, 46 Rue Madame, Paris); *Jo* (Florence Joyce, Weston Poplar Avenue, Edgbaston, Birmingham); *Kate* (Ethel K. Burgess, 2 Lilford Road, Camberwell); *Kit* (Katharine Maude Coggin, North View, Chadwick Road, Peckham); *Kohana-San* (Muriel E. Scott, Elmstead Grange, Chiselhurst); *Lofen* (Winifred Hett, 6 Finborough Road, S.W.); *Lily* (Eleanor V. Tyler, "Stonycroft," Beach Road, Weston-Super-Mare); *Louisa* (Helen Stratton, 113 Abingdon Road, Kensington, W.); *Molesey* (Herbert Dobby, 10 Feltham Avenue, East Molesey); *Mimosa B.* (William E. Donaldson, 18 Tay Street, Edinburgh); *Natura* (Arch Spargo, 35 Glebe Street, Chelsea); *Never Despair* (Johanna van Rees, 69 Keizersgracht, Amsterdam); *Podley* (Arabella L. Rankin, Muthill, Perthshire, N.B.); *Pokey* (Enid Jackson, 12 Forest Road, Birkenhead); *Rose* (A. Wilson Shaw, 180 West Regent Street, Glasgow); *Ramlagh* (May Seddon Tyrer, Southam Villa, Prestbury Road, Cheltenham); *Semper* (Hilda Pemberton, 19 Pepys Road, South Brockley, S.E.); *Swallow* (H. Elizabeth Sich, Norfolk House, Chiswick Mall); *St. Thibault* (F. H. Ball, 141 Noel Street, Nottingham); *The Bulger* (Mary G. Simpson, 199 Camberwell Grove, Denmark Hill, S.E.); *Taffy* (Mary Hughes, 52 Ranelagh Road, Ealing); and *Weir* (Louise Bachiene, Tchenkweg 44, The Hague).

DESIGN FOR A CERTIFICATE.
(B H. *Extra*).

The awards in this competition will be announced in the next number, the selection not having yet been made.

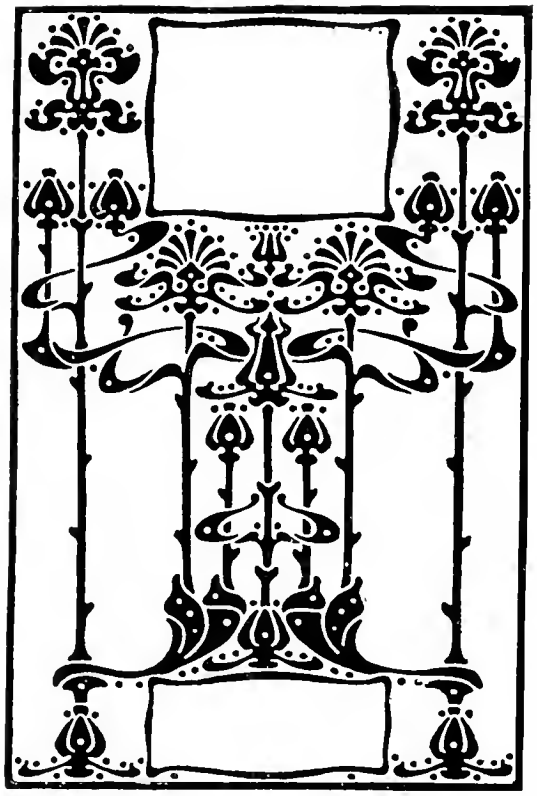
STUDY IN LEAD PENCIL OF GROUP OF FLOWERS.
(C H).

The FIRST PRIZE (*One guinea*) is awarded to *Japonica* (W. Cristall, Bronte Cottage, Lower Heath, Hampstead).

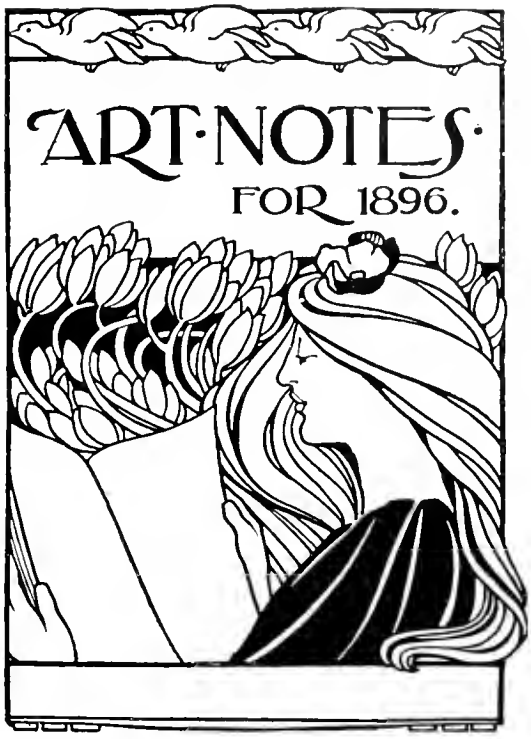
The SECOND PRIZE (*Half a guinea*) to *Canute* (Eveline A. Brauer, St. John's Road, Knutsford, Cheshire).

Honourable mention is given to the following:—*All in a garden fair* (Anna Channing, 2 Dial Lawn, Hyde Park, Leeds); *Bamboo* (Francois Quintella de Sampayo, 9 Rue de Spa, Brussels); *Broom* (Florence M. Chapman, Steel Cross, near Tunbridge); *Blodeuyn* (Miss Allen, 5 Albert Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W.); *Carlos* (Charles Farrar, 20 Clifton Road, Halifax, Yorks); *Dodo* (Josephine Norris, 32 Atwood Road, Didsbury, near Manchester); *Dunstan* (Florence Noble, 65 St. Dunstan's Road, West Kensington); *Easel* (H. Maud Dawson, Bedford Street, Basford, Stoke-on-Trent); *Florizel* (William E. Tyler, Westgate, Bridgnorth); *Fritillary* (G. F. M. Hopkins, 97 Holywell, Oxford); *Gael* (James Campbell, Woodside, Busby, *viâ* Glasgow); *Garden Forget-me-not* (Helen R. Cross, Cote, Egham, Surrey); *Laburnum* (Mabel G. Richardson, The Dower House, Canwick, near Lincoln); *Lindsay* (Margaret Lindsay Proctor, Thornleigh, Ilkley, Yorks); *L'Ame* (Eva Milne Atkinson, 15 Portland Crescent, Plymouth Grove, Manchester); *May* (May Dixon, Mulberry Green, Harlow, Essex); *Meg* (Marian E. Furniss, West Hill, Epsom); *Mackworth* (Glencairn Shaw, 12 Kensington Crescent, W.); *She* (Cecilia Maw, Severn House, Iron Bridge, Salop); and *Watchman* (R. Morton Nance, 23 Westbourne Road, Penarth, S. Wales).

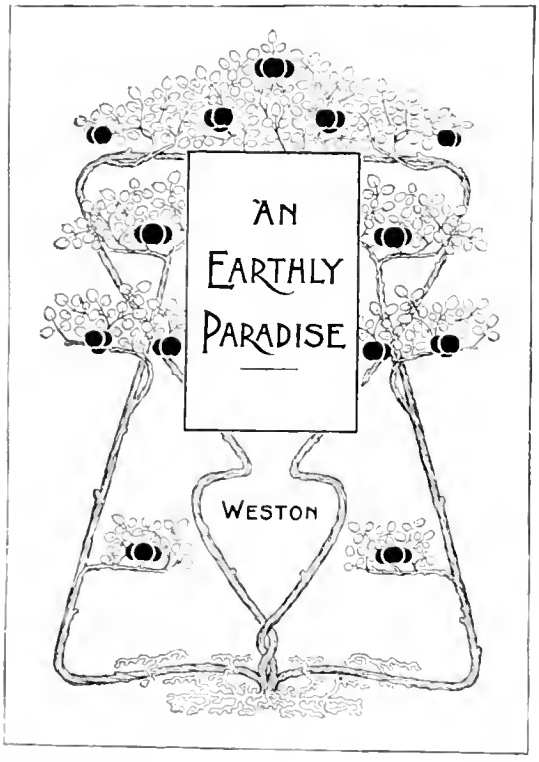
Designs for Cloth Book-Covers (Competition B II.)



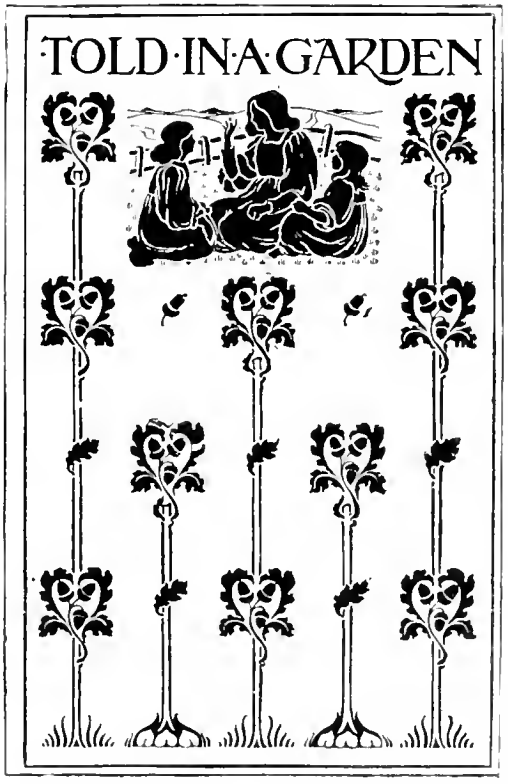
FIRST PRIZE "LEMON"



SECOND PRIZE "OAKLEY"

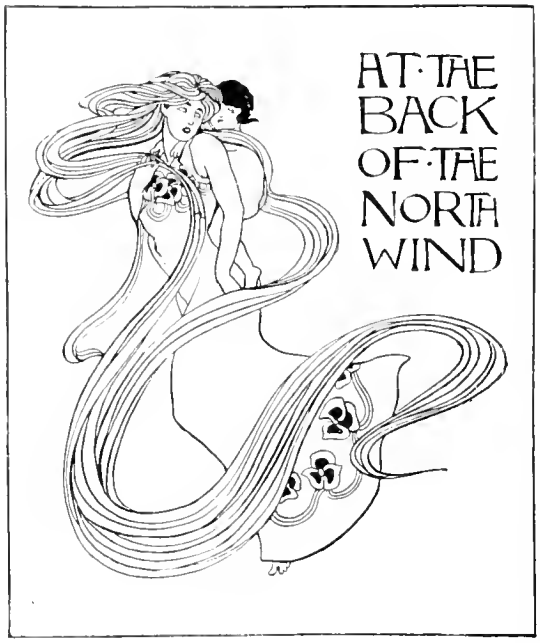


HON. MENTION "MOLESEY"



HON. MENTION "ABANA"

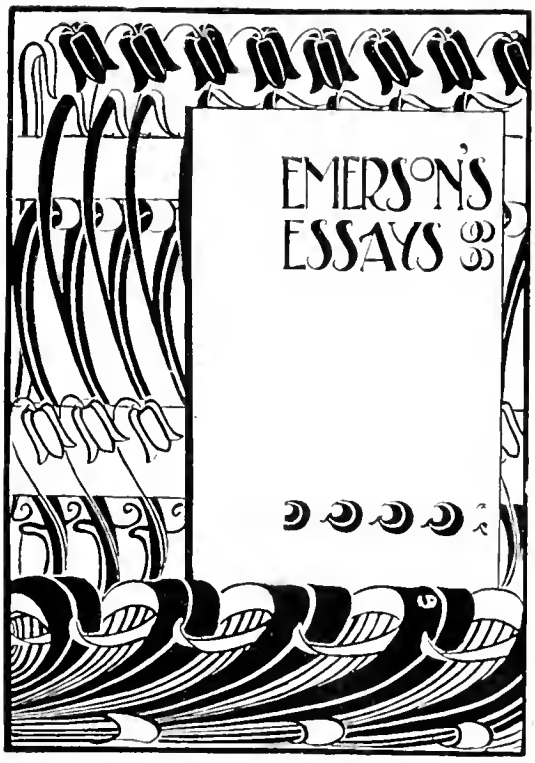
HON. MENTION "PODLEY"



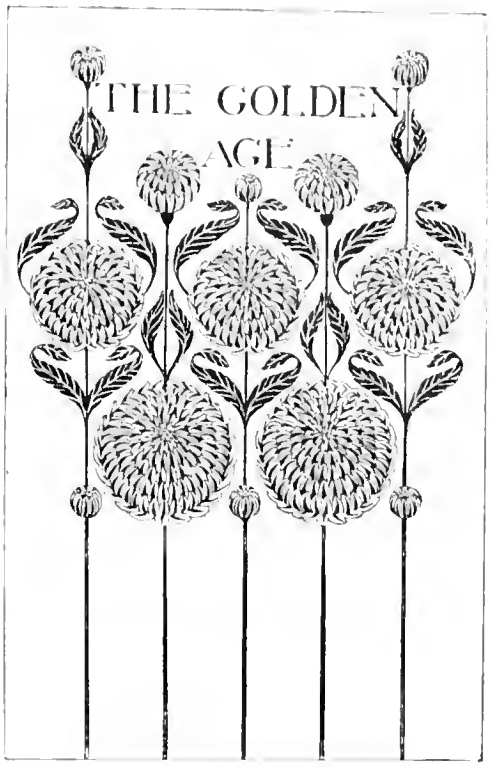
HON. MENTION "POKEY"

HON. MENTION "NEVER DESPAIR"

HON. MENTION "WALNUT LEAF"

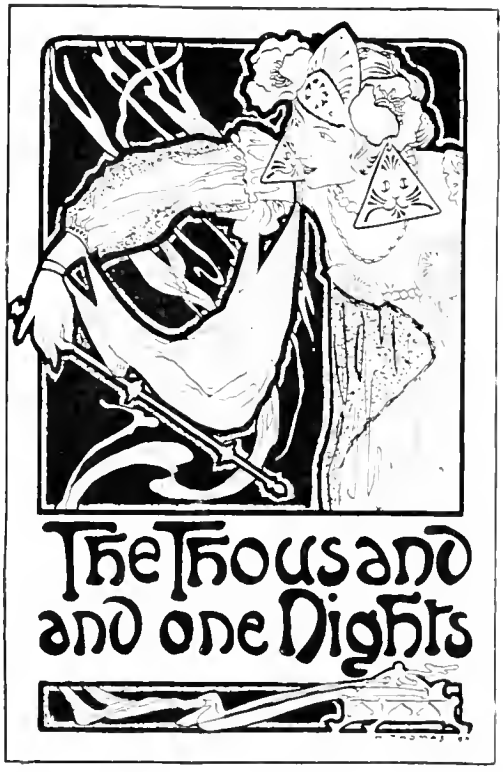


HON. MENTION "THE BULGER"



HON. MENTION "ELDORADO"

HON. MENTION "HARTFUL"



HON. MENTION "IRIDEE"

A FLOWER STUDY
IN LEAD PENCIL.
BY "JAPONICA"

FIRST PRIZE (COMPETITION C. II.)

A FLOWER STUDY
IN LEAD PENCIL
BY "CANUTE"

SECOND PRIZE (COMPETITION C. II.)

A FLOWER STUDY
IN LEAD PENCIL.
BY "NARCISSUS B."

HON. MENTION (COMPETITION [illegible])

A FLOWER STUDY
IN LEAD PENCIL
BY "THE ROOK"

HON. MENTION (COMPETITION C. H.)

THE LAY FIGURE AT HOME.

"AND Paul wondered at the ways of women, and how they could make so much show for so little expenditure." The Lay Figure read the sentence aloud. "No! it is not from the Epistles," it added, "but the concluding sentence of a romance, entitled 'A Successful Love Match,' which has been published in instalments in a weekly magazine for the home."

"But I see nothing very wonderful in it," said the Æsthetic Designer.

"Wait!" said the Lay Figure, "it is a romance of the joys of make-shift; the last chapter is devoted to clock-cases made out of cigar-boxes, to crazy patchwork, and to a painted tea service at 4½*d.* a cup and saucer. Who shall say that art is not popular, when even the story of a love-match is delayed, or perhaps only thrown in as an excuse to heighten the allurements of 'quaint' devices to be made by nimble fingers?"

"Why take notice of that sort of thing?" said the Journalist. "Surely it is better that people should bedizen their homes with the cheapest finery than live amid sordid surroundings."

"Sordid!" the Lay Figure snorted; "what is so sordid as cheap finery?—better deal tables and bare boards than cigar-boxes made into clock-cases, with 2*s.* 6*d.* American bee-clocks, smothered in patchwork stuck on cigar-boxes."

"True," said the Æsthetic Designer. "It is bad enough to see the horrors rich people buy; but even those, being fairly workmanlike in finish, are better than rickety, sticky shams. I see your point. It is the sham substitute for art you detest."

"Exactly," the Lay Figure replied. "If these people cut out a front page of the *Daily Graphic*, or one of those excellent drawings the *Daily Mail* and the *Daily Chronicle* issue, I should applaud their taste. Many of these prints are far better than a fashionable photogravure; but to make nasty little things out of scraps, and 'use gold thread and quaint lettering' to adorn them—it is really saddening."

"I am not so sure," said the Man with a Clay Pipe; "uneducated taste has a right to satisfy its longings—even your bedizened home reveals human effort to make its surroundings lovely. It is the duty of those who know better to be very tolerant with all who are ignorant. It is the pretentious *poseur* you should attack, not the little household in "The Limes," £20 villa, or "The Homestead," a dull but perky abode in a jerry-built terrace."

"Charity is misplaced if it condones shams," said the Lay Figure. "We must fight those at all costs. Remember that it is the spurious imitation which is the deadliest enemy to any applied art or craft. I think we should all betray our cause if we did not speak strongly against the blind leaders of the blind, who write on art-furnishing and the like in periodicals. It is the pretence of being artistic in their love for rubbish which annoys me."

"Better look up the enlightened and help them," said the Man with a Clay Pipe; "these trifles soon fade; if you must attack, go for the leaders, the fashionable purveyors of things called 'Art,' who, knowing better, deliberately ignore it, so that they can obtain the applause of the vulgar and profit thereby."

"Then you would permit this gossip on homes made beautiful by sticky and dust-collecting bric-à-brac to go unchallenged," said the Lay Figure.

"Certainly," the Man with a Clay Pipe replied. "I rank it with the affecting anecdotes that end with a puff of a quack nostrum, or the so-called fashionable gossip that betrays the servants' hall as its origin. There are too many deadly foes to waste one's energies on these little midgets. If the readers of the ephemeral weeklies like to beguile themselves with such folly, let them."

"It saddens me," said the Æsthetic Designer. "I feel as if one's own gospel were travestied, one's real efforts smirched and degraded, by these chatterers."

"That shows you have not found faith entirely," said the Man with a Clay Pipe. "Depression is usually an inward dissatisfaction with one's own life. All we can do is to uphold the cause of art, and do all we can to awaken an appreciation for simplicity, for beauty in common things. I would rather a person openly delighted in these things if they pleased him, than profess a sham horror, provoked only by their being cheap and home-made. If such trifles add to the happiness of anybody in the world, why try to disturb the fallacy?"

"But shams must degrade those who delight in them," the Lay Figure said.

"Who is so honest he dare speak of others as pretending," the Man with a Clay Pipe replied. "The best of us are constantly trimming and suppressing our opinions, for profit in the most cases, to avoid social discourtesy in others. Do the next thing as well as you know how to do it, and leave the failures to their natural oblivion. That is the only attitude worthy a man, whether he be artist or dullard. If the chatty little papers do no good they do not accomplish half the mischief that fashionable furnishers and art dealers inflict by wilfully vulgarising fine objects to attract ignorant buyers."

THE WORK OF G. SEGANTINI. BY BURNLEY BIBB.

THE story of the painter Segantini's life is the old story of genius breaking the bonds of circumstance and fighting on with face set steadfast to the goal. What is most rare in it is the isolation in which his development has been wrought out.

His first impulse towards art, coming entirely from within himself, was fostered solely by his own striving, and finds its noble fruition far from the schools, the coteries and critics, apart with his only teacher, Nature, in the solitudes he has ever sought. In the building up of his strong individuality extraneous influences have played small part.

Following no master, he has been himself, in so far as that be possible to one of us born to the inheritance of all art, and his earnest eyes have looked deep into the soul of things. Beneath the splendid skill with which he renders light and sunshine one feels his sense of the infinite.

The mountain folk of his pictures are going about their toil in the unconscious grace of simple beings, ennobled by the dignity of life, labour and love and sorrow; the herds at pasture, or homing to the pen, are painted in the love and understanding of one who has been himself a shepherd of the flock; the mountains are modelled with a hand and heart that know their grandeur, and in the air about them one feels the upland freshness.

These things he tells to us as he has seen them.

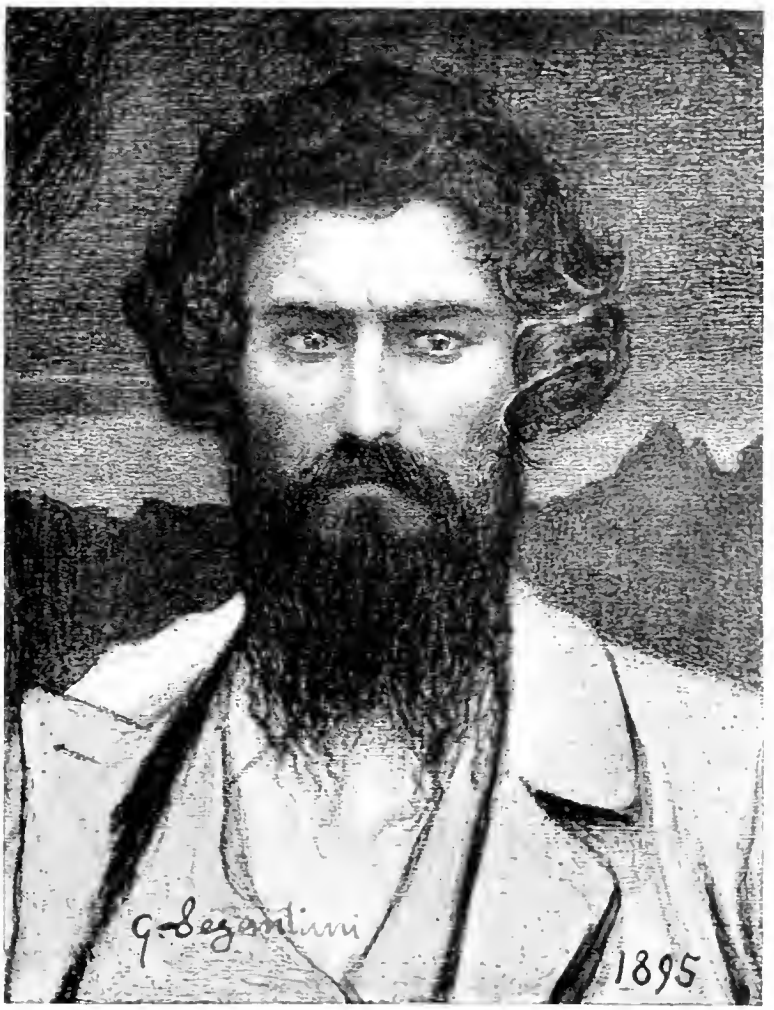
No key is forced. If they be mostly sad it is because in the heart of the man there is something which thrills to the minor cadences of the song of life, and that which his soul has felt he makes our souls feel.

Segantini was born at Arco among the Trentine Alps, by the Lago di Garda. His father was of the bourgeoisie, his mother the descendant of an old nobilta di montagna, a hardy race of farmers and soldiers of fortune.

At the death of his mother, which happened in his fifth year, the father took the child to Milan, where he left him in charge of a step-sister, and disappeared, to be seen no more.

The sister was poor and went out to work, leaving the little fellow shut up in a garret-room, where he lived a wretched life for a couple of years, after which he ran away into the country, was taken in by kindly peasants, and became a little swineherd before he was quite seven.

In these events of his lonely child-life, sketched



PORTRAIT OF G. SEGANTINI BY HIMSELF

"THE FOLD" FROM A DRAWING BY G. SEGANTINI

by the man upon the gray background of dreary days, there is a pathos which helps one to understand the gentle melancholy pervading Segantini's art.

Solitude, that friend of the soul, was preparing the fulness of it during the long winters, when the little boy, alone in his garret, looked forth from his small window, high up in the wall, upon the roof peaks and a patch of sky, and listened for the voices of the bells in the Campanile, while the mystery of sadness grew in the little trembling heart, and wistful fancies, his only playmates, wove their sombre thread into his life.

His sweet mother but a tender memory, the father gone from him, alone, a loveless little wight among strangers and hardships, the boy learned to find within himself a strength on which to lean.

In a letter to some questioner Segantini says:—"The first time I took pencil in hand to draw was when I heard a poor contadina sighing over her dead child—Ah! if I had but a picture of her! she was so lovely."

And so his genius found its first awakening in love and sympathy. Some time later we find him again in Milan and attending the evening School of Ornament, where he copied old aquarelles and drew from bas-reliefs of Donatello, hardly managing to subsist the while.

He was commissioned by a friendly druggist to paint him a sign, and with some oil colours left over from this he began making studies from Nature.

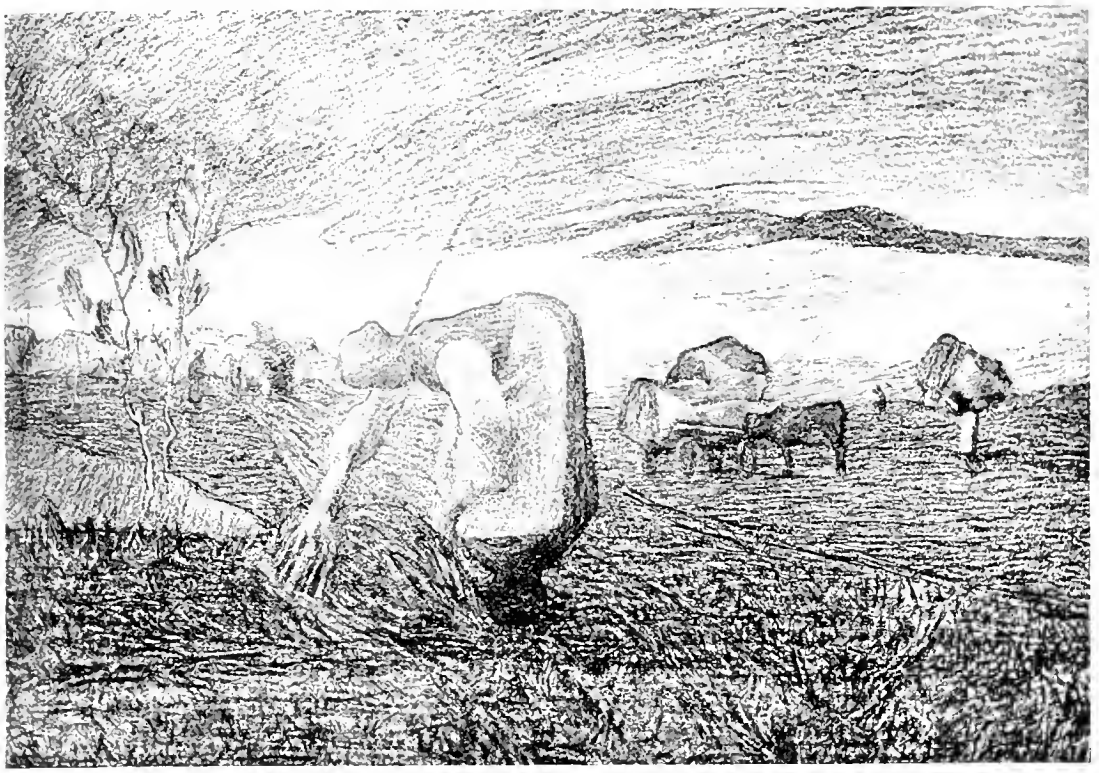
What was the character of his thoughts at this time, and what the intensity of emotion aroused in him by art, may best be told in his own words, which I quote from something he has sent me:

"It was a festa.

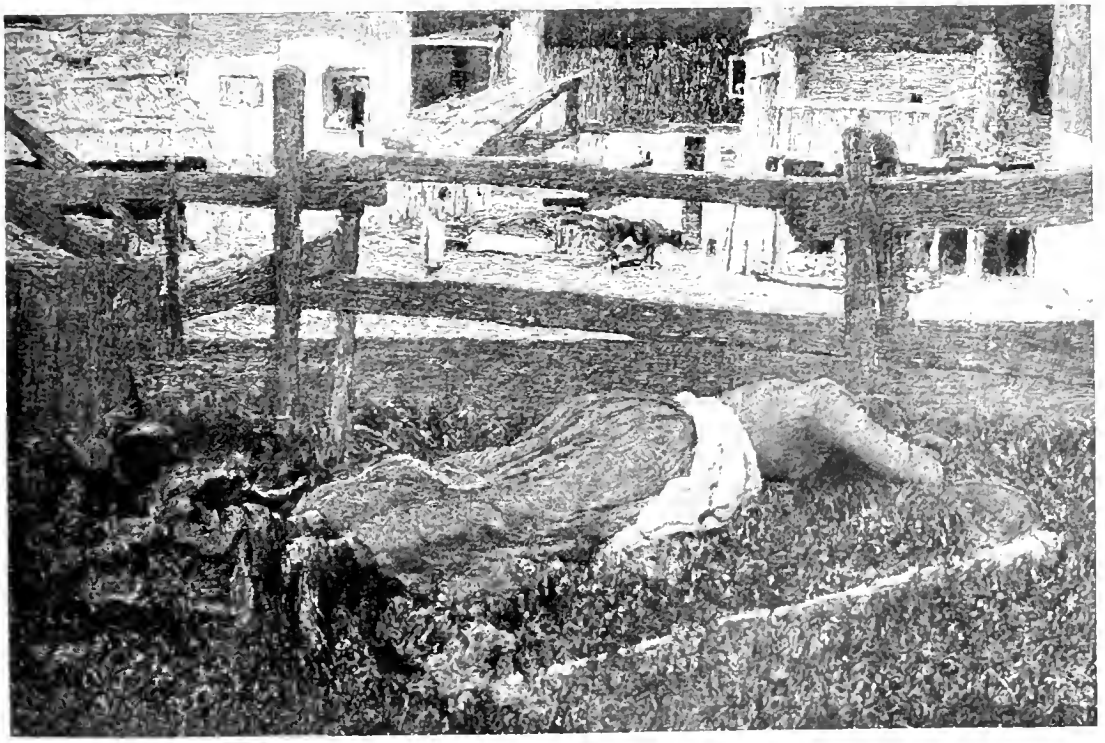
"With my elbows on the sill of my garret-window I was looking out over the roofs and towers of Milan in the light of the setting sun.

"For some days I had felt an undefined loneliness. I was nineteen. An ardent desire for love was burning in my brain.

"On that day I had listened to an instrumental concert, and the music had excited my thoughts to flights of almost drunken fancy, in which forms of beauty twined and intertwined in rhythmic movement, faded like smoke-wreaths, vanished in a rain of roses. . . . I was lulled in a dream of love. When I went out into the air I felt exalted. A smile shone upon my face. The faces I saw seemed only kindly ones. . . . In this condition of mind I visited an exhibition of modern art. The paintings seemed insignificant, mute. They had no power to hold my thoughts. They were the work of men who had seen things and copied



"IN THE FIELDS" FROM A SKETCH BY G. SEGANTINI



"REST

them on canvas. One, a landscape, in broad brush-work, seemed to please the people about it. I saw nothing particular beyond the broad strokes. For these people then, I thought, the beauty of painting lies in painting with a big brush.

"Thinking of all that I found the light was failing and the lamps were lighting down the street. . . .

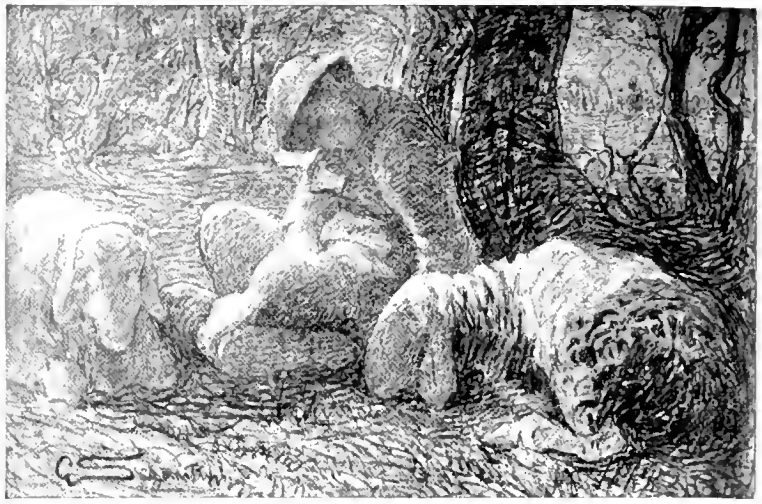
"That night I told my friend, a student of sculpture at the Academy, that the exhibition had not impressed me. He smiled with compassion, and told me I knew nothing of art. . . . We parted with some coldness. . . .

"The next day I entered the elementary Figure class at the Academy, where I was already taking the evening course of Ornament.

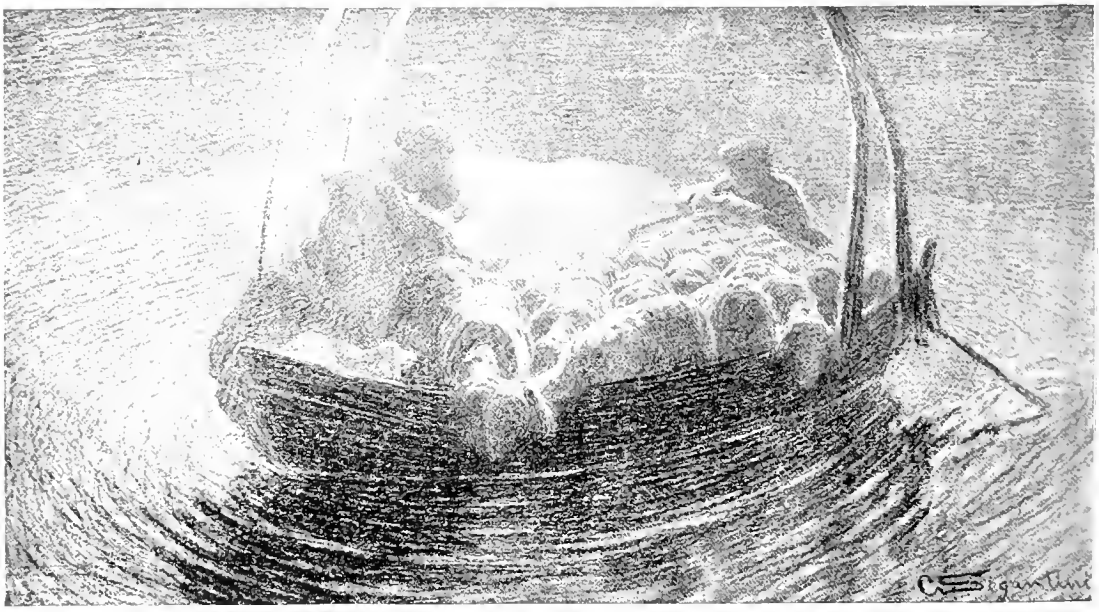
"I remained there a few months, long enough to convince me of the uselessness of academic instruction for those born with a soul for art; of the damage the academies do real art in turning out a lot of painters who are not artists.

"During that time I made my first oil-painting, *The Choir of the Church of San Antonio.* I certainly did not intend to produce a work of art, but only to try my strength in painting.

"Through an open window a torrent of light fell upon the carved stalls of the choir. In endeavouring to paint this effect I found that mixing the colours on my palette gave me neither light nor truth, but that using colours pure and laying them side by side upon the canvas, in the quantities I should have used in mixing upon the palette, and so leaving the eye, looking at the painting from the



STUDY BY G. SEGANTINI



STUDY FOR "AVE MARIA A TRASBORDO" BY G. SEGANTINI

natural distance, to mix, to melt them together, gave an effect of more air, more light, and, consequently, of more truth.

"This secret, nowadays an approved fact, had been perceived by painters of all times and all countries, the first of whom was Beato Angelico. It came to me through my loving and earnest study of Nature, and as something personal and individual."

In his first studio, at Milan, he painted the *Falconiera* and some *genre*, in which his rare colour-sense was already making itself felt. But the old love of the open was strong upon him, and he was soon away again to the hills.

"With this first technical method of colour and design, quite my own, I went into the Brianza, on the forefoot of the Alps, and remained there about four years. Nature came to seem to me an instrument playing an accompaniment to a voice within my heart, which sang the calm harmonies of the sunsets and the intimate sense of things.

"Nourishing in this way a melancholy which brought infinite sweetness to my soul, I ever strove to exalt myself."

The Brianza is an idyllic land, lying partly between Como and Lecco. Here Segantini, entering upon his second manner, painted a series of pictures characterised by great depth of sympathy, originality, and grace of style.

Of these the *Ave Maria a Trasbordo* was awarded the gold medal at Amsterdam in 1883, after narrowly escaping rejection by the Milan Commission.

In his largest painting of this time, the *Alla Stanga*, bought by the National Gallery of Italy for twenty thousand lire, the breadth and reserve which distinguish Segantini's later canvases are already observable.

"From the hills I sought the mountains, and living in the huts and hamlets of the herdsmen and peasants I studied them, their animals, their surroundings, their land. Pushing on higher into the Alps of the Grison I stopped in Savognino, where I remained eight years.

"There were summers on the upper pastures, winters in the mountain huts. Living up there at 2500 metres above the sea I learned to look at the sun more daringly, to love its rays; I learned to study Nature in her most intense and luminous colouring, in her most vivid life."

And here, apart with Nature in the virginity of her eternal snows, in the silence of the high places, Segantini reverently labours at his calling, following with a heart open to all beauty and full of loving sympathy the simple lives of the mountain people, painting them in the weariness of their

"EVENING" FROM A DRAWING BY G. SEGANTINI

FIGURE FROM "ANNUNCIATION" BY G. SEGANTINI

toil, choosing the nobler, albeit the sadder, side of their existence.

Another Tyrolean, the peasant and painter Defregger, has idealised them. He is a romanticist, Segantini a realist. "Defregger's creations," says Haack, "are full of the real German feeling of the old German masters. Segantini has that cool reserve in art which distinguished the old Italians, and which sets him apart from his contemporaries."

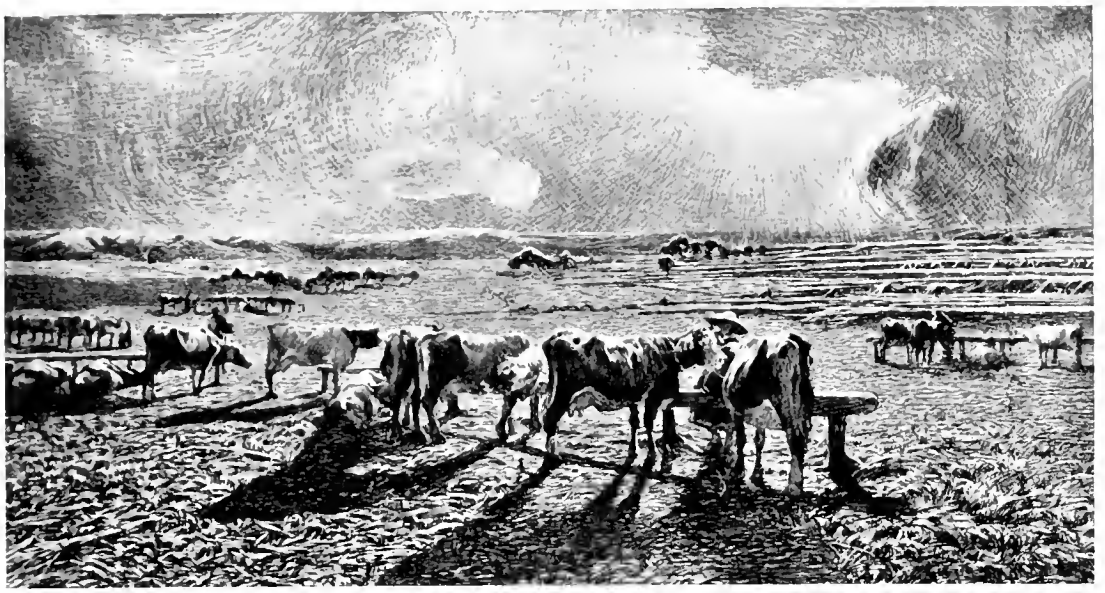
For my part I find little of the formalism of the great Italians in Segantini, but rather warm humanity, throbbing life.

His art is virile but pure; never sensuous. Yet it is perfectly modern, and he has nothing to learn from the new schools. He is serious and reserved. His conceptions are "like the epic songs of a young nation," says Haack. And, indeed, there is in them the freshness and the melancholy of the genuine Volkslied. His peculiar technique has plasticity in a marked degree. The colours, squeezed out thick, and laid one beside the other, give to some parts of the canvas a tapestry or mosaic effect.

This is very strong in the foreground of *Ploughing in the Engadine*, a large painting owned by the Royal Pinakothek of Bavaria, and exhibited with other canvases and drawings by Segantini in last summer's excellent salon of the "Secession" in Munich. The crystal atmosphere of this picture; the depth and distance across the broad valley to the mountains; the splendid rendering of these in scarp and slope and snowy peak; the plastic modelling and perfect detail of the central group; the depth of sentiment throughout the composition: are the work of entire understanding and mastery.

In the twilight sky of his pastoral the *Heavy Hours*, the effect of pulsing colour, of light in motion, is wonderfully rendered, in his peculiar method, by the colours of the solar spectrum, laid on in flecks of paint which melt together in the eye and give the glimmer of the evening air. The head of the woman against the sky in bold relief, and the drooping pose, suggest a melancholy reverie. The lowing cow, the answering calf, pushed by a shepherd toward the fold, the herd gathering in for the night and calling to one another as they do at evening, are eloquent of the sad monotony of the upland shepherd's life, and are surely the work of a great animal painter. The shadows of the falling night, the grey shadows of human fate, are stealing

"THE LAST JOURNEY." FROM
A PAINTING BY G. SEGANTINI



STUDY FOR "ALLA STANGA" BY G. SEGANTINI

over these figures and the quiet landscape. Above, the heavens glow like an opal.

In an earlier work, *Nell 'Ovile*, the woman in the stable among the sheep, her hands, with the perpetual knitting a moment still, fallen in her lap, her face turned pensive to the lamplight, the cradle in the strong shadows behind her suggesting divided cares; in another, the big dun cow in her littered stall turning her head with rolling eye and forward-pointed ears to the woman at her spindle in the lantern light, marking a sense of companionship between these two in the spot of light among the soft black shadows; in the stir and life of the sheep and lambs upon the sunny *Spring Pasture* against the quiet of the shepherd lad asleep in the sunshine; in these, and in those other many works of his, the inceptive designs for some of which are printed with this paper, all full of the poetry of the themes he chooses—the love of mothers, the trust and friendship of the humble masters and their humbler beasts, the simple joys and sorrows of the peasant's life, the glory of the light, the shadow's rest, the noble beauty of the mountain land—in these the power of the painter Segantini declares itself.

Into the field of symbolism and mystic meaning, where of late he sometimes wanders, we will not follow him now.

His mastery in this debatable land is not fully admitted of the critics, one of whom describes a certain work of his as "wanting the solemnity of the ancient religious paintings." This picture is entitled *Frutto dell' Amore*, which somehow got itself translated in the "Secession" catalogue into *Der göttliche Knabe*, and surely it symbolises a very earthly mother-love indeed, one might say, and has no intention of mysticism or of religious meaning.

In one of his works of last year he symbolised the springtime of life with a pair of idealised lovers, joined in an embrace and smiling into one another's faces in the ineffable joy of young love, coming through the blooming rhododendrons of a mountain meadow in the glory of the vernal sunshine, toward a gushing spring, the *Fontana della Vita*, where sits an angel observing them with thoughtful face.

That quality of his art, however, which will longest live, is not perhaps in pictures such as this, but rather in those homely scenes of peasant life which he transcribes with such deep sympathy and power of insight as leave us thrilling with a sweet sadness which he has likened to music in the heart.

How Segantini feels the witchery of light in every key, and how he renders it in every medium, for he works as well in oils, in crayon, pastel, fusain, bistre, and the rest of it, one must see his work in colour to appreciate.

His designs and sketches, done in a variant of his style in oils, though as often as not a mere tangle of woolly lines and scratches, are ever full of effect.

There is usually a suggestion of colour worked in with strokes and dashes among the black lines, scarcely observable in the mass, but giving a wonderful degree of atmosphere.

Segantini's creed is contained in these words from one of his letters on art:

"The suggestiveness of a work of art is in proportion to the intensity of its conception, and this is in proportion to the delicacy, subtility, and purity of the artist's senses. . . . .

"To preserve his ideal during the execution of his work in its initial intensity, the artist must call upon all his forces . . . . keeping up continual vibration of nerve to feed the fire, continual evocation, that the idea disperse not before it take on body and life upon his canvas in a work spiritually personal, materially true. Not with that outer superficial truth, the stamp of vulgar art, but that truth which, going beyond correct design and harmony of colour, gives life to the form, light to colour. . . . . The brush hurries over the canvas, obeying while it shows the tremour of the fingers into which all the nervous vibrations are gathered.

"Objects, animals, persons are born, the smallest details take on form, life, light. The fire of art burns in the painter. In the tension of the emotion he is transferring to his work the fatigue of mechanical labour is lost. The work of art appears whole of one piece. It lives. It is incarnation of soul in material. It is creation."

BUST OF SEGANTINI BY PRINCE TROUBETZKOY

THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS OF AMERICA; THE TIFFANY GLASS AND DECORATIVE CO. BY CECILIA WAERN.

AND why not say the Arts and Crafts? Well . . . . there are certainly arts in America and crafts too, growing up quietly in unexpected places, full of promise and worthy of study. But more immediate interest attaches to the arts that one would rather call industrial. To neglect them would not only be to leave aside a characteristic and therefore interesting product of American civilisation and a good opportunity for study, under novel aspects, of some of the workings of "industrialism"—it would also be to leave out of the reckoning entirely some of the results that count most, artistically.

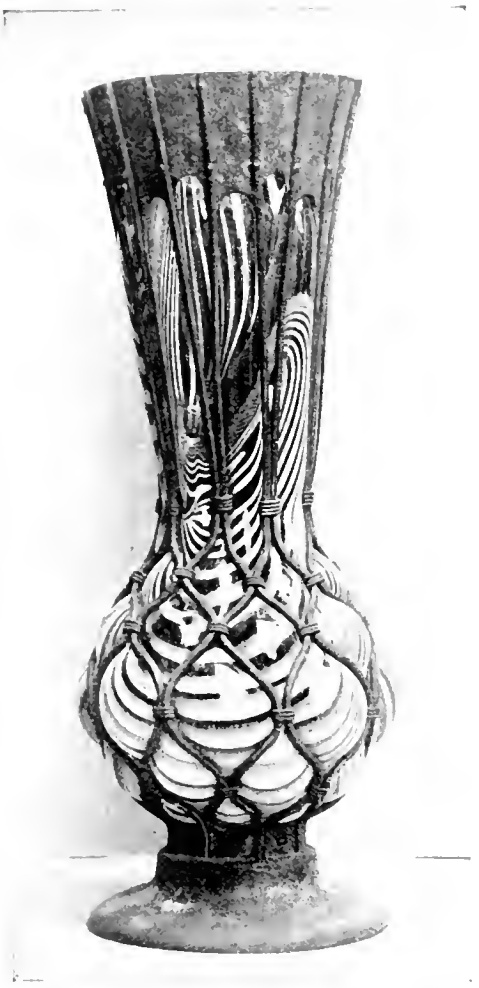
As for the social gospel that lies at the heart of the English movement, the noble desire for the regeneration of society on widespread and practical lines, it is obviously out of the question here, at least for many a long year to come—though there is no knowing what may be brewing in the huge cauldron of strange elements and potent factors. For the present, however, it would be almost absurd to expect a serious "return to simplicity" in the land of mushroom fortunes, "social strugglers," stimulating sun and air, enervating steam heat, and many other factors that cannot be dwelt on here, but all making for complication and what Mrs. Meynell calls insimplicity. The highest types escape it, and only seem the simpler and grander in the reaction against it. But the art outcome of a country and a period does not, unfortunately, conform to the taste of the highest type, but to the demand of the general public and this public is more powerful here than elsewhere. So until the art education that is agitating the length and the breadth of the land has fulfilled some of its lavish promises and leavened America throughout with a spontaneous art

sense, the typical outcome of American Decorative Art must still be classed as industrial and studied from its own point of view – or left alone.

But it is time to descend from the thin upper air of general remark to the safe ground of definite information. It may be well to state, to begin with, that there are two Tiffany establishments, both of which have contributed to make the name well known in Europe.

There is Tiffany and Co. in Union Square, the goldsmiths and jewellers, or perhaps I ought rather to say the silversmiths, as it is chiefly by their interesting treatment of silver that they have attracted notice.

There is the Tiffany Glass and Decorative Co. on Fourth Avenue, the large and comprehensive establishment that has been built up by degrees by the talent, versatility and business ability of Mr. Louis Comfort Tiffany, the son of Mr. Charles Lewis Tiffany, the goldsmith. This establishment consists of three branches: the glass works at Corona, Long Island, where no profane eye is allowed to penetrate; a large cabinet-maker's shop on Second Avenue, and the headquarters on Fourth Avenue. It is very hard to classify this Tiffany Glass and Decorative Co. according to European notions. It is a "firm" undoubtedly, but superintended by an artist of rare decorative gifts and alert technical curiosity. It conforms to the wishes of customers and adapts itself to any problem presented as adroitly as a clever milliner—yet it has given us that classically beautiful product, the "Favrile" blown glass. Except for certain minor portions of the work, handiwork reigns supreme, and there is a tendency throughout to substitute handiwork for other modes. It is handiwork on a large scale, however, skilfully organised, in fact so skilfully organised, that it allows for the personal interest on the part of the worker, as well as obedience to the inspiration from the fountain head. The rate of the wages varies with the craft of the worker; trades' unions and walking delegates are powerless against the intelligent planning of the whole and the financial strength of the concern.



VASE IN METAL AND "FAVRILE" GLASS
DESIGNED BY LOUIS C. TIFFANY

In the same way, the trained and skilled foremen and workmen that are sent out all over the country to carry out, supplemented by local labour, large works in interior decorations are all all-round men, working together in harmony. I am told that there has only been one strike in the Tiffany establishment, and that interesting both in its causes and its results. When Mr. Tiffany first started his workshops, he soon found out, as the starter of Merton Abbey had done, that the only way to get his ideas carried out was by training boys to the work from the beginning. So he employed such workmen as were to be had, putting boys under them as apprentices. After a while the men struck on the score of too many apprentices. Mr. Tiffany let them all go, replaced them by young women from the art schools where they had at least learned to use their eyes and their fingers in certain ways, and trained them himself. At present there are from forty to fifty young women employed in the glass workshop, working at either mosaic or windows, generally ornamental. The larger memorial windows

are, as a rule, put together by men (in other workshops). The work of both men and women is directed by the ubiquitous chief.

Extensive works in decoration have been carried out by the Tiffany Glass and Decorating Co. in different parts of America in churches, college halls, libraries and other public buildings. Mosaics of various kinds enter largely into these decorations. The figure mosaics will be mentioned later. The illustration will give a notion of the work done in many churches on stalls, altar fronts, screens, panels, &c. The tesseræ are all of the Tiffany or "Favrile" glass, and a peculiar richness is given by the varying texture and density of the glass and the insertion of bits of mother-of-pearl. The lectern shown on p. 162 is in pearly whites and gold, the cross inlaid in green Connemara marble and rosary beads, peacock blues prevail in the inlaid borders on the risers, dark marbles and rich deep blues in the background.

The effect? Well, that is a matter of taste. I mean this seriously, and of course I refer to the æsthetic impression only. Of the symbolism employed I can only say that it is thoughtful, reverent, and—eclectic. The Tiffany ecclesiastical work certainly does not err on the side of baldness, as all will remember who saw the World's Fair chapel with its sumptuous wealth of Tiffany Byzantine in mosaic, scroll borders, gorgeous hanging lamps and marble inlays. The effect was to many, indeed, over-ripe and heavy, with a tendency to somewhat cloying sweetness in the modified Cosmati work, translated into peacock blues and greens. But this may only be a passing phase. It certainly does not affect the value, at the present moment, of the happy return to the use of beautiful material in the inlays—choice marbles, onyx, alabaster, mother-of-pearl, slabs and small panels of "Favrile" glass, almost as beautiful as marble. All this may seem to European critics puzzling in its

FIRE PLACE IN MR. LOUIS C. TIFFANY'S MUSIC-ROOM

FIRE-PLACE IN THE LIBRARY
OF MR. LOUIS C. TIFFANY

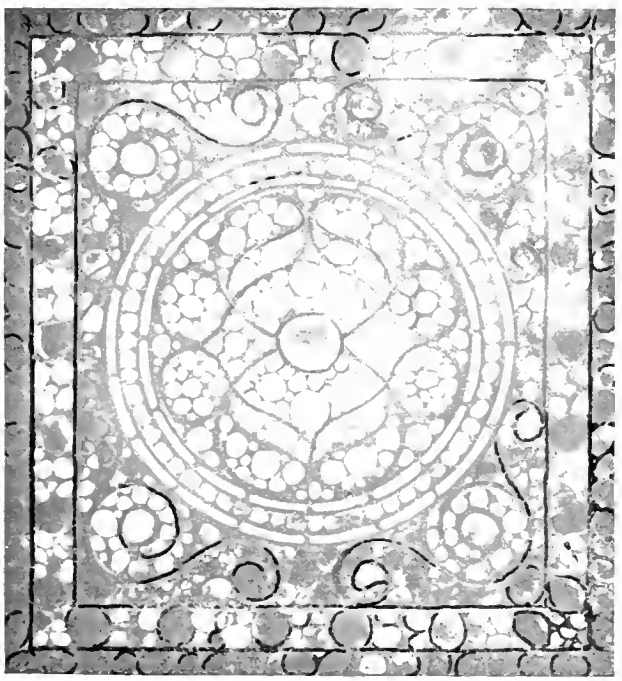
eclecticism, lacking in true style and in that fervour and conviction that gives mystic glow to the most sumptuous colour. But it has distinct elements of originality and merit, and must even be taken for what it is—the typical outcome of a period of groping. The sense of the value of beautiful material is, after all, the main thing now in this kind of work. "Style" will come when we leave off looking for it, or labelling it.

As for the American style, that all we Europeans look for so eagerly when we first come over, we soon learn that the elements of it, if they exist, are still in fusion. Of course there is much here that is more American than most Americans realise, in the trend of taste, in the sense of colour, in the distinctive feeling for line and proportion, in a thousand nameless nothings that go to make a style far more than originality of motive. Perhaps it is one of the real achievements of L. C. Tiffany that he has caught this, given it a voice. A Tiffany room is a thing apart, with an unmistakable American note—in spite of its eclecticism.

It is eclectic, of course, this Tiffany style, like everything else here. America is still in the stage of assimilation. Tiffany's main sources of inspiration have been the Oriental and transitional styles that have something colouristic in their very treatment of lines and masses. He knows them well and uses them freely. But Mr. Tiffany does not belong to the great American school of tracing paper that claims so many architects for its own.

In the true eclectic spirit, old objects are without hesitation incorporated into the scheme of decoration. Mr. Tiffany belongs to the type of artist that turns everything to decorative account. On this page is shown a window of translucent beach pebbles and metal filagree. The fireplace (p. 159) in Mr. Tiffany's library was inspired by the acquisition of whole barrelfuls of Japanese swordguards. P. 158 shows the fireplace in the music room of the Tiffany house, designed as the setting for a panel of specimens of old glass. To the right is a shallow cabinet with a small select collection of antique glass. The mosaic of this mantel is of varying tesserae, or small tiles, of pale sea green glass, opaque, clear, clouded, or iridescent, on a platina foil. The walls of this room, noticeable for its Greek charm of exquisite proportion and noble simplicity, are of dull gold, with groups of pictures in tender green and white; quiet effective attention on original lines is paid to details of windows and doors, coving and frieze. The studio (p. 163) is still more eclectic, as the whole street front of a house in India has been taken and combined with a truly gorgeous American window, with lamps, chains, plants of many lands, with a kind of decorative jungle. The panel on p. 165, part of a door in this same studio, illustrates Mr. Tiffany's fondness for combining metalwork and glass in various interesting ways. It may be mentioned in passing that the metal workshops were first started, because it was found impossible to get the manufacturers to carry out the designs given. Their presence in the building has naturally proved full of happy temptations to Mr. Tiffany's experimental turn of mind and tasteful ingenuity. In this case the gilt scrollwork is made of the lead ribbons used for leading windows. By the courtesy of Mr. Tiffany I am also allowed to publish a specimen of a work still in the interesting tentative stage (p. 157).

The metal work of this piece is put together first, and the glass then blown into it. In another piece that I saw, to be used as a lamp, the metal work predominated, and a rich ruby opalescent glass was blown into the perforations of an openwork brass globe. These and other similar pieces are only to be seen upstairs in the inner sanctum, half-studio

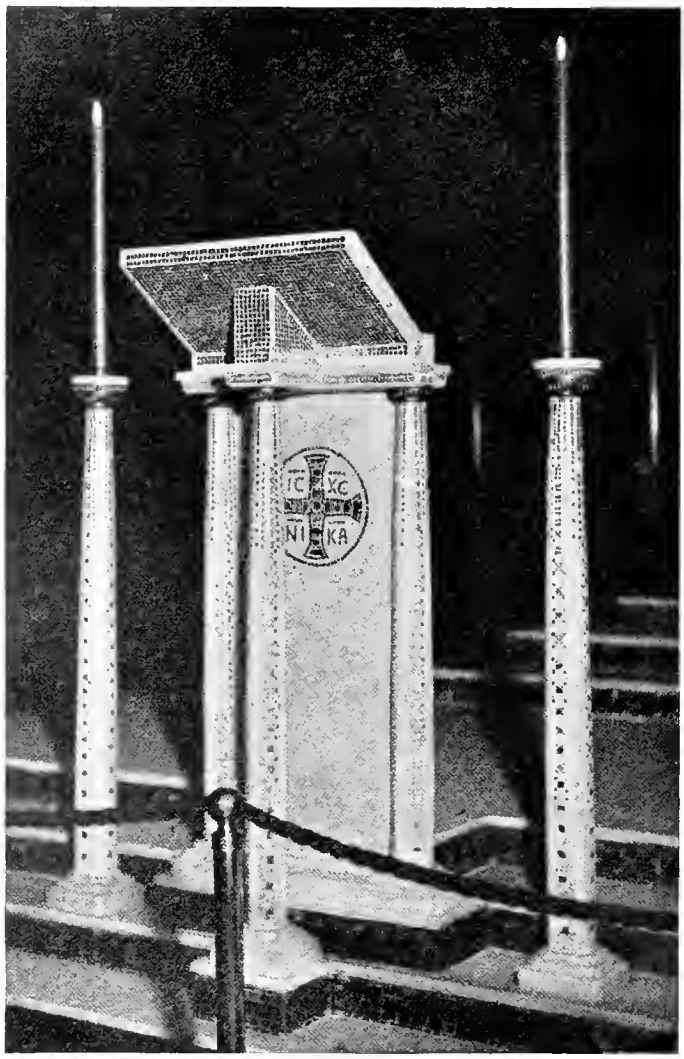


WINDOW MADE OF BEACH PEBBLES
DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY LOUIS C. TIFFANY

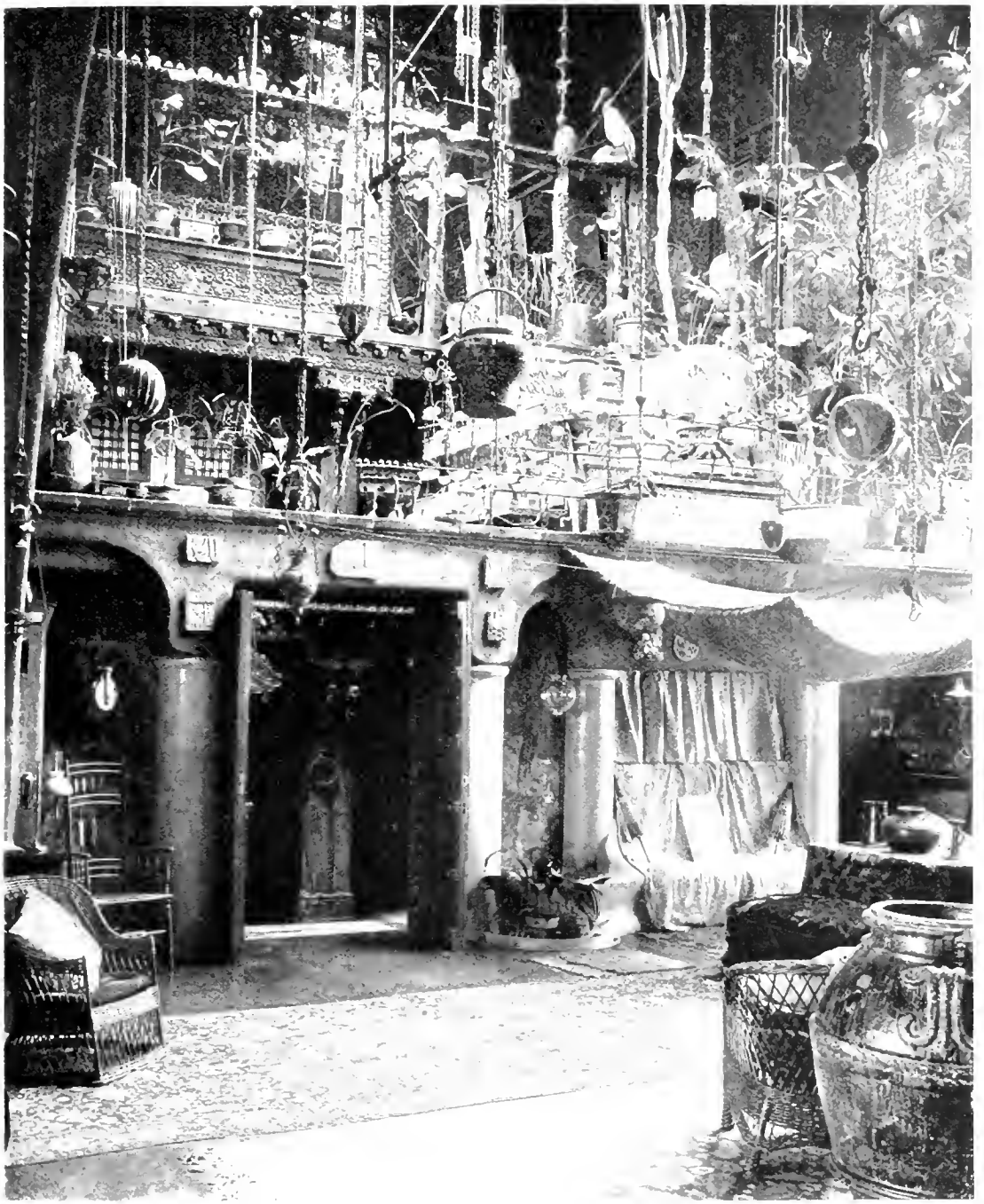
and half-workshop, of the metal-work floor. To me this is one of the most fascinating parts of the building. Here choice pieces of blown glass lie around, awaiting attention from Mr. Tiffany or his intelligent aide, among odds and ends of all kinds; the dark-green "turtle-backs" of moulded glass that make such delightful hall lamps, knobs and jewels of glass, bits of unused metal-work and other representatives of suggestive experiments, new departures, or frank failures. The same spirit prevails in all the other branches of work done in this large decorative establishment, such as furniture, hangings, embroideries, &c. The back premises and stairways are full of waifs and strays of abandoned essays in every direction—sometimes of a very costly kind, or touching upon domains such as etched stuffs, where modern French and Belgian artists have found some of their new departures.

The experimental nature of the Tiffany work is at once the weakest and the strongest point of this curiously complicated organisation. The weak points are obvious. The results of this ceaseless movement, with the colouristic bias shown, must vary in interest and importance; much of it must perforce seem to purists barbaric, not to say barbarous, in taste. On the other hand, conquests are won this way that could hardly be won in any other way—nay, products are turned out, when the Fates are propitious, that differ very little in the essential qualities of novelty, simplicity and straightforwardness from the "creations" of individual craftsmen. The tendency is to grace and worldliness, rather than dignity and austerity; but that is the American note. We have hinted at the "commercialism" of this big American concern; it is time to define it more closely. It is shown in two ways: "The Tiffanys" certainly do not try to emulate Morris and Co. in educating the public taste; their aim is to sell, to persuade, not to elevate or instruct; there is also a tendency to simplify the labour expended, as far as possible, with a view to reducing the cost of production. But no commercial considerations are allowed to stand in the way of the alert curiosity of the highly gifted artist who is the soul of the concern, and whom I would suspect of sometimes regarding the workshops as nothing but a splendid opportunity for trying experiments on a large scale. The simplification of labour itself tends in two ways—if, for instance, some charming Japanese models are "cheapened" in this process of translating, and really new forms and devices, almost Greek or Japanese in their directness, are evolved in this way.

Other factors are at work, too, affording us the most interesting glimpses of old truths in new forms. The history of the Tiffany lamps is a case in point. The older well-known type would



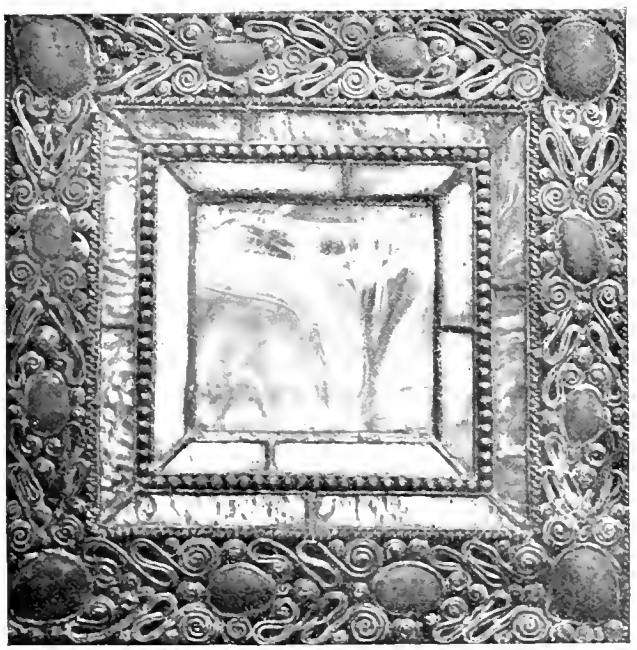
LECTERN DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY LOUIS C. TIFFANY



A CORNER IN THE STUDIO
OF MR. LOUIS C. TIFFANY

certainly not find favour in the eyes of purists among my English friends. It is a combination of white glass and gold: the main feature being a gilt network of heavy filigree over the huge globe. This was before the time of the Favrile blown glass. The introduction of this brought a series of the most beautiful forms: large pears, drops, gourds, eggs, in what may be called the Cipollino glass; quaint indented Japanese vase-forms in dark metallic ware, lustred, iridescent or dull. The use of these for lamps has by degrees brought about a complete revolution of style. No two pieces of Favrile being exactly alike, each design has to be individually considered, and the hand-wrought metal made to follow all the caprices of the material: for instance, all the little dents and curves round the mouth of the vase, into which the well is sunk. The charm of direct contact with the material has worked in another way too, and the aim is to let the metal interfere as little as possible with the wonderful beauty of the glass. Much thought has of necessity to be expended upon keeping the two materials in proper relation to each other. All depends on the requirements of the piece of glass chosen. The metal is given a kind of patina which harmonises with the colour of the glass. Thus it may be either dull gold, silvery, or quiet grey, according to the relative coolness or warmth of the Cipollino veinings of the glass, or it may be reddish, greenish, or variegated, &c.

The mention of the lamps brings me on to the question of the Favrile glass in all its variety of forms. But this must be made the subject of another paper. CECILIA WAERN.



DOOR PANEL IN OPALESCENT GLASS, BEACH PEBBLES AND LEAD WORK. DESIGNED BY LOUIS C. TIFFANY

ON GARDENING: WITH DESCRIPTIONS OF SOME FORMAL GARDENS IN SCOTLAND. BY J. J. JOASS.

DURING the Renaissance in Italy gardening was looked upon as an important and necessary branch of architecture, the villa and garden being invariably designed as a whole by the architect, and the Italian gardens of the Renaissance, the prototype and model of all our first formal gardens, owe much of their unity of design and completeness to this circumstance.

After a long period of divergence and separation, these two branches of design show signs of becoming again happily united, and the following notes on some more remote and little known examples of a similar system or combination may be of interest at the present time.

As the principles of the Renaissance spread, gardens were laid out all over Europe in the Italian manner, strongly influenced, like the architecture, by the natural tendencies of the races by whom the style was adopted.

The climate of England, so favourable to the production of velvety turf and fine foliage, and the natural love of the Englishman for tree and plant life, gave him a great advantage in this respect over his foreign rivals, and probably accounts for the superiority the English gardeners are said to have attained. Travellers from abroad, struck with their beauty and the care lavished upon them, have described the English gardens in glowing terms, and attempts were even made to reproduce the English manner of gardening in France, and English and Scottish gardeners were in great demand. The attempt, however, met with little success abroad, owing to the difference of soil and climate, but the "Boulingrin" and other English features became regular parts of the French garden.

About the end of the seventeenth century England must have abounded in gardens of the Formal type. Not only the great mansions had their terraced gardens, their mounts and orangeries, but the smaller holdings seem all to have possessed gardens, often very elaborate ones. Evelyn describes many belonging to his acquaintances, and is constantly giving hints to his friends on the management of their gardens, as if gardening were one of the favourite pursuits of the gentlemen of the period.

In France and Italy, on the other hand, the small garden hardly existed, and when it did it was only in a horticultural sense, and was never treated as a pleasaunce as in England: only the great gardens of the nobility were so designed, though in Holland the careful Dutchman often had a small garden trimly kept and usually grotesquely ornamented. At the end of the seventeenth century, indeed, it had become fashionable to imitate these Dutch gardens in England, and curious tree-clipping—"the topiarian art"—was carried to the verge of absurdity and extravagance, and offered a ready butt for the sarcasm of the apostles of the landscape school which was so soon to follow.

The end of the eighteenth century saw a great change come over gardening. Like architecture and literature, it had passed through the different phases called Elizabethan, Jacobean, &c. The influence of the great classic revival represented in literature by Addison and Pope, and in architecture by Kent and Chambers, now overtook gardening.

Till this time the garden had been a distinctly defined part of the grounds—a garth, as the word means—enclosed by wall or hedge, but now this boundary line was to vanish.

Le Notre, the designer of the great gardens of the Tuileries and Versailles, laid it down as a principle that formality and design should not be confined to the garden, but that the whole estate should be laid out by rule; in fact, that there should be no definite boundary between the garden and the park. Accordingly, he set out his woods in regular masses, with avenues crossing and recrossing, converging to certain points or foci, with formal glades and open spaces.

This was the beginning of the end of the Formal garden. The principles advocated by Kent and Browne are only a further development in the same direction. As Walpole puts it, "Kent leapt the fence and saw that all nature was a garden." At one sweep the old order was changed and the formal garden disappeared. Instead of the house incorporating itself with the surrounding country by orderly degrees; first the terraced paths and lawns, the formal alleys and parterres of the garden, then the more remote shrubbery or orchard leading to the natural beauties of the park or chase, the reformers said that all these ornaments, betraying the bungling hand of man, must go. Anything done by the gardener must imitate "Nature's graceful touch," and the scene should be such that a landscape-painter would choose it as a subject for his brush.

The garden proper, if it were still necessary that flowers or vegetables should be artificially grown, must be stowed away in some unfrequented spot where no eye might be offended by the uncouth rites of garden craft. A Greek temple, a pagoda or two, and perhaps a sham ruin dotted here and there, might be permitted, and were indeed sometimes thought necessary, to display the classic taste of the proprietor, but the antiquated dials and mythological absurdities, the

> "Statues growing that noble place in
> All heathen goddesses most rare,
> Homer, Plutarch, and Nebuchadnezzar,
> All standing naked in the open air."

must be done away with—and they were.

The Romantic phase, which Scott represents, was scarcely less destructive to the old gardens than that which preceded it.

Instead of the classic groves and clumps, the conventional lakes, made to look like rivers, and veiled and hidden paths going nowhere in particular, the new school would substitute the wildness of natural scenery, or as near it as they could get with the materials at hand, and the destruction of the well-ordered pleasaunces went on as before.

There were some men, however, who realised the mischief that was being done by the destruction of these characteristic and thoroughly national expressions of an art, and protested vigorously against it. Sir Uvedale Price, who wrote a book on the subject at the beginning of this century, witnessed the destruction of his own garden by a landscape improver, and lamented the change pathetically when it was too late. For his own garden, with its peaceful alleys and quaint ornaments, and its associations that appealed to him so strongly, he got a park with the fashionable hahas, "just like everybody else's."

Scott also, though he could not rise to the "antics" of the topiary artists (an opinion which he shares with Lord Bacon, another authority on the subject), bitterly laments the atrocity which deprived Glamis of its seven circles of walls and terraces, with their architectural ornaments, "the latter the work of Inigo Jones." His fine description of the garden

FORMAL GARDEN AT BARNCLUITH

at Barncluith, in his essay in the *Quarterly Review*, and the description of others in his novels, show that he at least had a true appreciation of the architectural capability of the garden even at that time.

Without entering into the discussion which has been waged more or less warmly on the relative functions of the architect and the horticultural artist in regard to garden design, it may be pointed out that most of, and perhaps all, the greatest architects since the Renaissance have supposed themselves capable of designing gardens. Sir John Vanbrugh certainly declined the responsibility in the case of Blenheim, but he leaned neither to the one side nor the other, and suggested that a landscape-painter should be consulted. In his time, however, the architectural side of gardening was not considered, and the landscape school was in its palmy days.

Also it cannot be doubted that the great gardens of the world—the villa gardens of Italy, the models of all the rest—were designed by the architect of the building. Vignola, Sangallo, Raphael, Palladio, and many more, all excelled in this branch of design. Le Notre laid out the great gardens of Versailles and the Tuileries, and our own Inigo Jones and Wren were often consulted about the disposal of the grounds of an estate. Wren's design for the garden and park at Hampton Court for William III., of which the great avenue and Diana pond at Bushey Park was the first instalment, is still extant, and shows a great scheme in which William meant to emulate the magnificence of Versailles.

It may be, however, that in these days of varied interest, and so many different schools and shades of thought, there will always remain those who prefer the wildness of untamed nature, or at least an imitation of it, and those who incline to a certain degree of formality and restraint, where art and nature may in the garden meet half way, and where in his "pleasaunce" a man may feel that he has not quitted the retirement of his dwelling though in the open air and among the birds and flowers.

As the landscapist sets up no rule or model for his guidance, but only nature, he has his material and inspiration ever before him. With the formalist it is different. He follows a tradition, and careful study of what has already been done is necessary for success in his manner. Unfortunately in England almost every vestige of what has been done has disappeared, and only by diligent study of old drawings and laborious hunting up of the existing examples can they be studied.

Particulars of some of the formal gardens still

remaining in Scotland may therefore be of use to the student.

Scottish gardening, like all the other arts, was greatly retarded by the disturbed and poverty-stricken state of the country during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

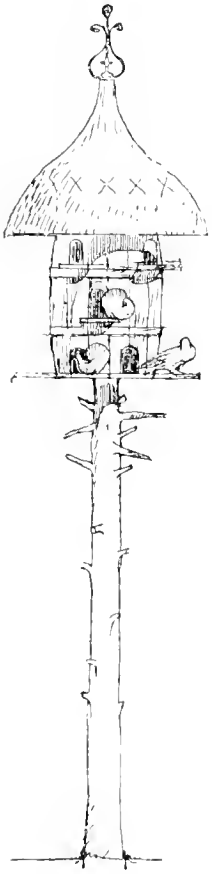
In the south the soil and climate might have enabled them to rival the English gardens, though in the north the conditions were not so favourable. The picturesque and romantic sites of many of the baronial residences, too, usually supplied the great desideratum of the garden designer, steeply sloping ground giving opportunities for terraced or hanging gardens, while a copious supply of water made the construction of fountains an easy matter. This peculiarity of site they share with many Italian gardens, which they sometimes recall in a rugged and perhaps uncouth manner, but with a certain fitness of their own, corresponding to the rude character of the national architecture.

It was not till the seventeenth century that gardening as an art began in Scotland. Mary and her train of French followers gave an impetus to the fashion a hundred years before, but little was done. Many flowers and plants new to Scotland were introduced at that time however, and the design of some of our early gardens is ascribed with more or less plausibility to Mary, notably the curious glass garden at Fordel.

In the seventeenth century many of our finest gardens were laid down. They seem to have owed their design not to professional gardeners, but usually to the owners of the castles and mansions themselves. To this period belong the gardens at Edzell, Murthly, Barncluith, and many others.

Though possessing originally, of course, infinitely fewer gardens than England, a greater proportion of these seem to have survived. Being a poorer country, perhaps few proprietors could afford to go in for the expense of decorating their grounds in the new manner, levelling the terraces, uprooting the hedges, and forming the artificial lakes with belts and clumps that were then considered correct taste.

The moderate scale of these Scottish examples also adapts them as most suggestive models for everyday application when the pleasaunce is becoming again a part of the English dwelling, and the architect sometimes has the opportunity of adding to the interest of his design and carrying out more fully its use and meaning by laying out the garden as well.



A DOVECOTE

BARNCLUITH.

The romantic site of this garden has been beautifully described in Scott's essay on Forest Trees in the *Quarterly Review* already referred to. The ground on which it is laid out is almost precipitous, as will be seen from the section (page 167), the general incline being about 55°. In size it is very small, about 60 ft. in width over all, and the terraced part under 150 ft. in length. The lower or first terrace, which is of grass, overhangs the River Evan with a drop of 50 ft. or 60 ft. to the water. There is neither rail nor parapet for the greater part of its length, though one or two clipped yews, a holly-tree or so, and a fine acacia form an imaginary barrier. At the western end of this terrace is the circular basin of a fountain, with a short pillar bearing a carved bowl in the centre, but now overgrown with vegetation.

Opposite this, and recessed in the retaining wall, is a great arched seat, also in a rather ruinous condition. At the east end is a garden-house, a charming little building of two storeys, with a claret-house or summer-house above, and perhaps a tool-house below. It is of late Scottish Renaissance work, and has a very curious outside staircase.

Adjoining it on the south, and built out on the precipice, is a flight of steps leading to a terrace on the east side corresponding to the level of the first floor, which may be entered from it. From here a straight path extends 300 ft. or more to the extreme end of the garden, and the ground, ornamented with flower-beds and shrubs and a line of clipped yews, falls rapidly to the river, but without terraces at this part, except where a short retaining wall checks the steepness of the slope.

The second terrace is reached by a very narrow flight of steep steps at the west end. Adjoining this is another smaller garden-house partially exca-

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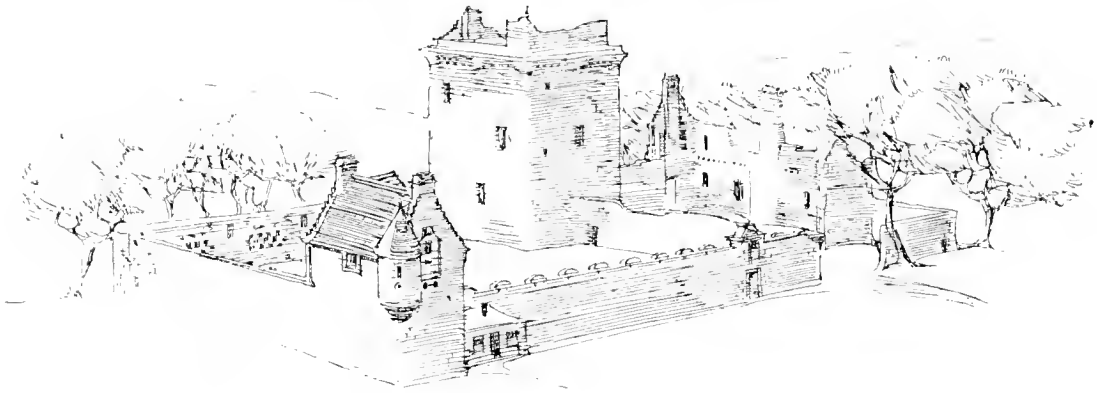


THE OLD KEEP, EDZELL — FROM A DRAWING BY L. J. JOASS

vated in the rock, and in the same style as the claret-house. A straight gravel path leads to an archway at the east end of the terrace corresponding to the garden-house, and from the inner edge of this path a slope of solid masonry reaches to within 3 ft. of the level of the third terrace.

Proceeding through the arch at the west end and up a few steps the path forms a narrow terrace by itself, and leads under a row of three stone arches to the house, which is on this level 200 ft. or so to the east and overlooking the river, and the terrace continues eastward, like the first, to the end of the garden. The third terrace, also reached by narrow steps at the west end, is of grass, with beds of flowers and an arbour of roses in the centre; at the east end is an enclosed wall, and at the west the steps leading to the fourth terrace. There are no flowers on the fourth terrace, but plain grass and one or two clipped shrubs of box, yew and holly. On the stone edging are a couple of urns with flowering plants. This terrace opens at the east end to the flower-garden and shrubbery about the house, where there is a fine dial. Above it is the fifth and highest terrace, which has also a steep grass slope, and a narrow pathway from the house leading to the flights of steps at the west end of the garden.

Edzell.

This is also a garden of small extent, but of completely different character from the last.

The old keep of the Lindsays was one of the most unpromising subjects for the garden designer. A square block rising to a great height, without ornament of any kind, but the usual embattled projections at the top. On the north-east was a large courtyard, strongly walled, and several lines or circles of defence completed what must have been a powerful fortress.

The garden, in keeping with the rest of the architecture, was enclosed on three sides by great walls, and on the north it adjoined the keep and courtyard.

Every vestige of path and parterre, or whatever method was used to ornament the enclosure, is gone, but the interior of the wall itself, with the summer-house at one corner and the bath-house and well at the other, is of the greatest interest, and evidences the taste and classic lore of the Earl of Lindsay, who designed it.

The wall was divided into compartments of about ten feet by shafts, of which only the caps, bases, and bands remain. In the alternate spaces are a series of recesses resembling in elevation the "Fess Chequé" of Heraldry, which appears on the coat-of-arms of the Crawfords, and above these three raised stars, the "Mullets" of the Lindsay coat-of-arms, signifying the union which had taken place between the two families by the marriage of Lord Lindsay and a lady of the house of Crawford. The recesses are hollowed out at the bottom, making little pockets for plants or flowers, and in the centre of each star or "mullet" is a circular opening leading to a recess hollowed in the stone, where pigeons or other birds might nest.

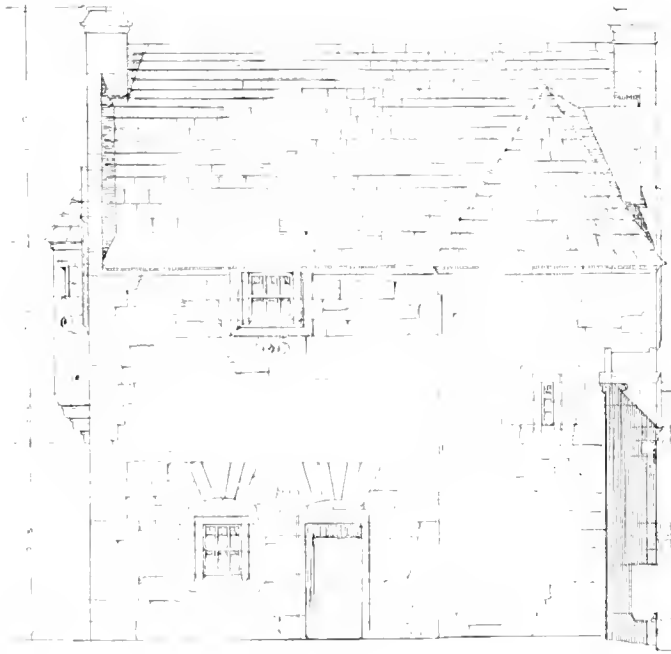
In each of the other divisions there is a large recess below for flowers, and above a panel with figures of quaint design in an architectural frame.

Those on the east wall contain a selection of mythological deities in the following order, beginning at the north wall: Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Apollo, Diana, Mercury and Luna, each with a shield bearing the proper emblem, perhaps the tutelary deities of the days of the week (page 171).

On the south wall are represented the sciences: Rhetorica, Dialectica, Arithmetica, Musica, Geometrica, with figures representing each and appro-

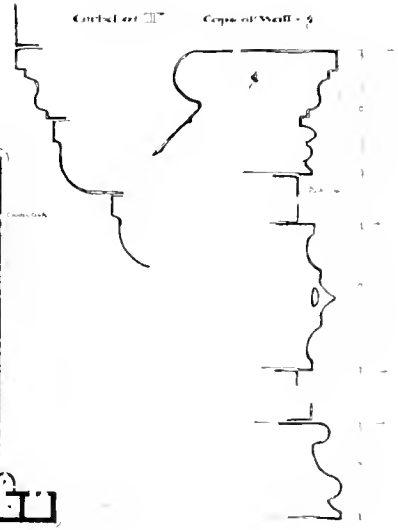
CASTLE OF INVERLL IN PERTHSHIRE

The Elevation of Gunthicker called Summer House

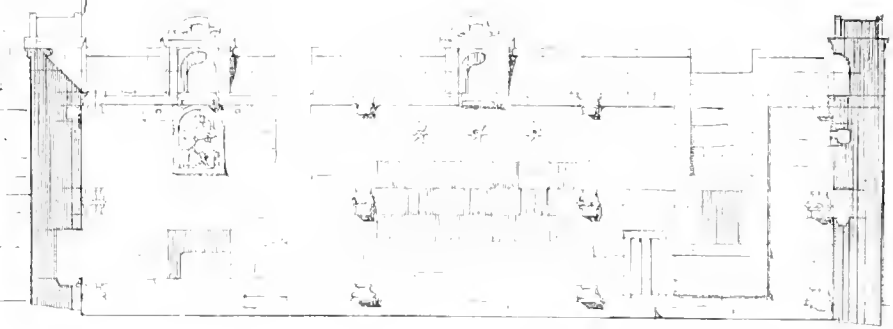


Summer House

Plan of Wall at Corner



Pilaster on Wall



priate symbols; and on the west are the virtues: Charitas, Justitia, Spes, Fidus, Prudentia, Fortituda, Temperantia, similarly represented. The symbolism of these carvings is sometimes very complete and ingenious.

The charming little summer-house is at the south-east corner. It has two storeys, the lower one vaulted. It is still in the native Scottish style, and shows little of the Renaissance influence of that time, and the details are full of refinement.

Beneath are two small rooms with groined ceilings, one entering from the garden and the other from the outside under the circular staircase in the turret. Above, and reached by this staircase, is a large room which was once panelled and had a painted ceiling. This garden was laid out about the year 1604.

Balcaskie.

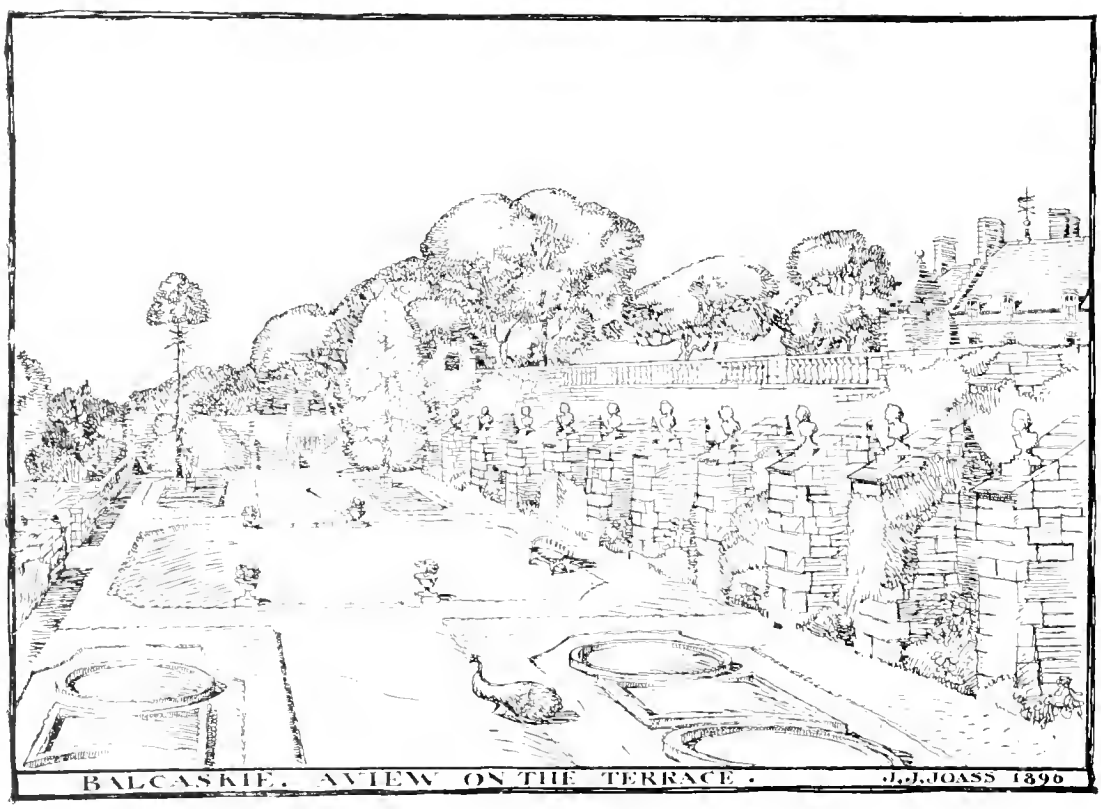
Writing in the year 1710, Sir Robert Sibbald says: "A little above Pittenweem, to the north-west, is Balcaskie, a very pretty new house with all modern conveniences of terraces, garden, park, and planting;" and fortunately this description applies to it still, though the house is not so new as it once was.

A long avenue of fine limes and elms leads to the courtyard in front of the house, "The Forecourt." It is of grass enclosed by yew hedges and divided by the path in the centre. On either side of the house, and joined to it by curved flanking walls ornamented with niches and urns, are the servants' wing on the left and the stable wing on the right. The space enclosed by these buildings is gravelled and forms a semicircular base to the Forecourt.

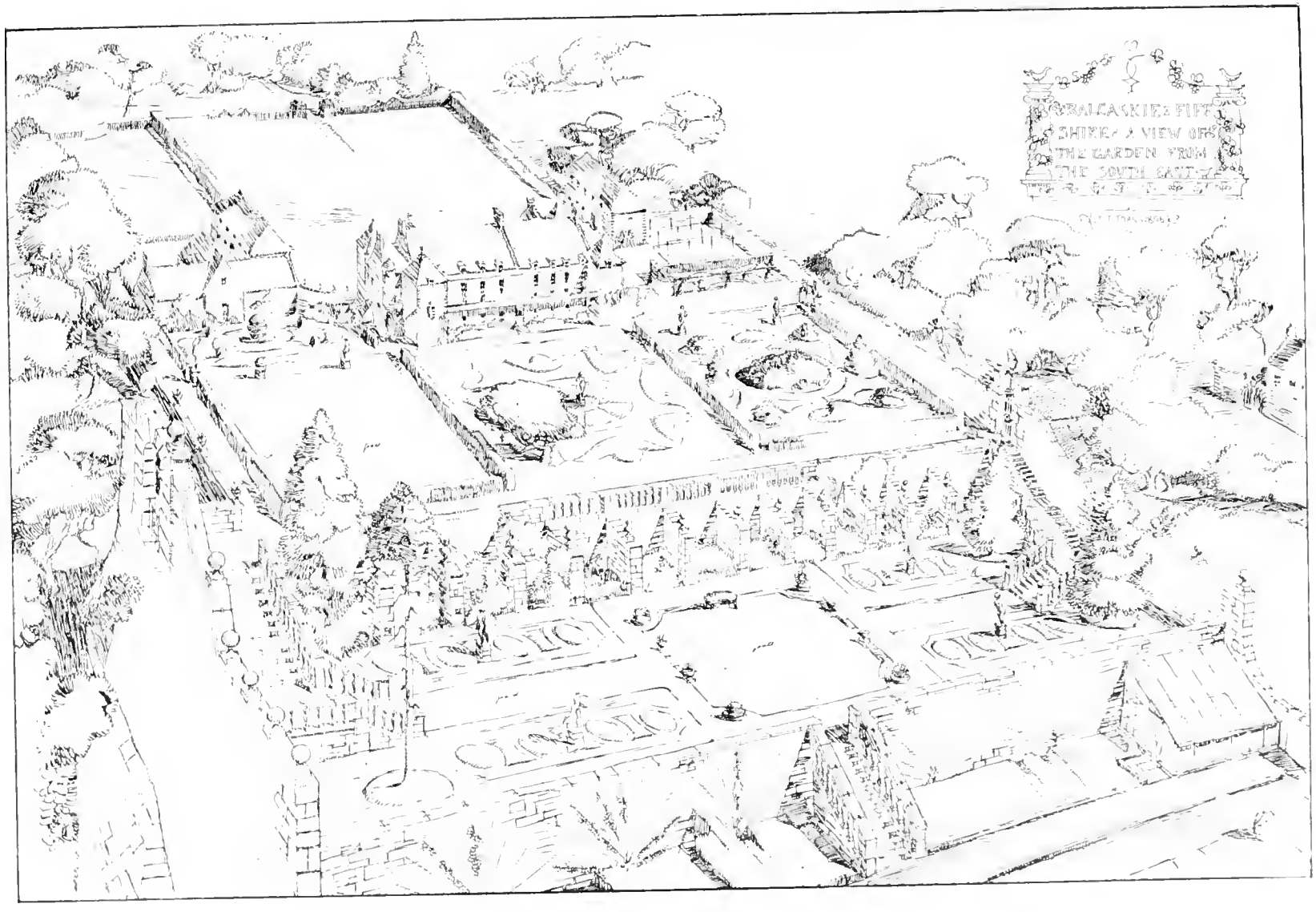
To the south of the house, and extending about as far again on either side, is the garden. It is arranged on three different planes or levels. The upper part adjoining the house is divided into three squares by paths and hedges. The centre division is laid out with a parterre of flowers, and one of a pair of magnificent cedars still remains. The division to the east has beds of shrubbery, and that to the west plain grass.

In front of this terrace, next the balustrade of the retaining wall, is a gravel path running the whole length, with a gateway leading to the farm buildings at the east, and a corresponding opening in the retaining wall of the garden at the west, looking out to the park below. A fine staircase at either end leads to the lower terrace, a drop of about eighteen feet.

This terrace is also divided into three parts, the centre one being a bowling-green slightly sunk from the general level. The other parts have parterres



BALCASKIE. A VIEW ON THE TERRACE. J.J.JOASS 1896


BALCASKIE, FIFE
SHIRE. A VIEW OF
THE GARDEN FROM
THE SOUTH EAST

of flowers with a statue or two. The retaining wall is supported by a row of twelve deep buttresses, with the bust of a Roman emperor on each. These busts are not remarkable as sculpture—there is far too much of a family likeness for that—and nothing is pretended but sheer conventionality, but the general effect of the long succession of quaint heads is very striking.

There existed at one time summer-houses at the east and west corners of this terrace which have been removed.

There are some very quaint figures on the upper terrace, among them a flamboyant Diana in the north-east corner, balancing herself with great skill on one foot; and some delightful boy figures, a little Moor, and another sulky boy with a finger in his mouth.

Beneath these terraces is the lower or kitchen garden, but the borders are so trim and well kept, with rows of espaliers for background to the flowers, that it is a very gay sight from the upper terraces.

Exposed to the south, and sheltered by the rising ground from the north, and by walls and higher trees from the east and west, this is an ideal spot for a garden, and many delicate plants are said to thrive in it that usually require artificial heat and the protection of glass.

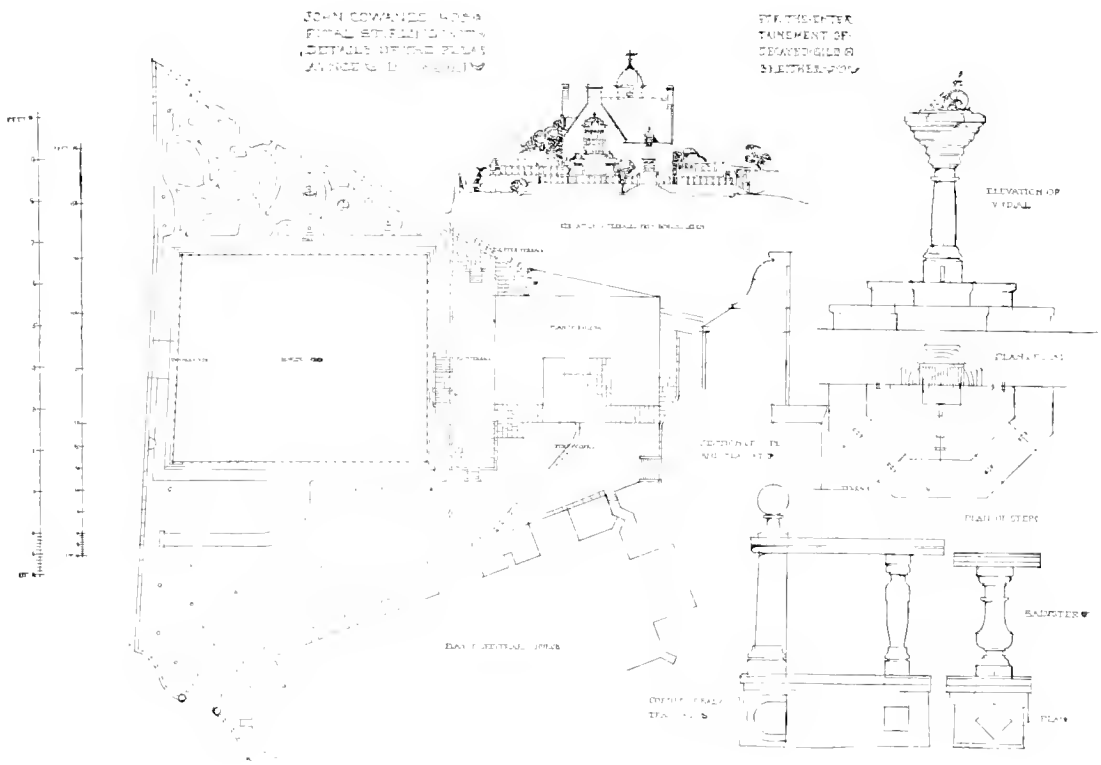
STIRLING.

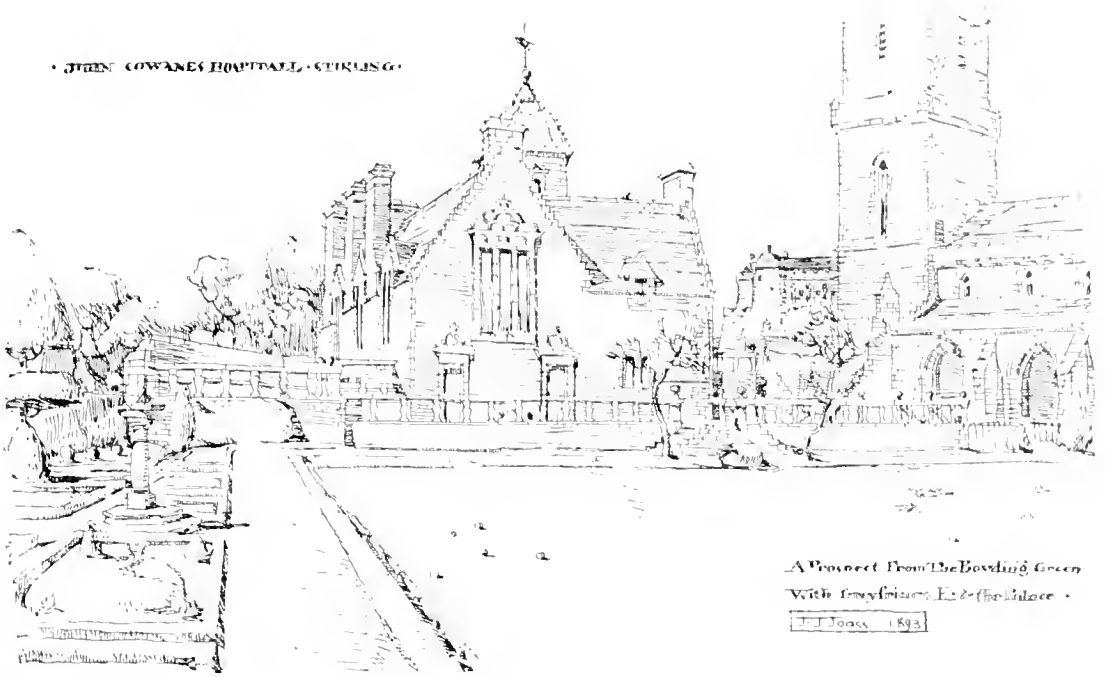
The situation of this garden is unrivalled in Scotland. It lies on the top of the rock of Stirling, adjoining the Greyfriars church, with the winding Forth far below and the magnificent hills of the Trossachs in the distance.

The building is placed in the northern corner of the triangular site, and faces the main approach from the east, sheltered from the wind, however, by the Greyfriars church. The bowling-green lies directly south, overlooked by a long terrace, and the difficult corner at the back of the building, raised above the terrace and with a stone seat round, becomes a convenient spot for a view of the grounds, with the town winding down the slope behind.

The awkward triangle remaining at the south-west was formed into a garden in the Dutch manner with flower-beds bordered with box and narrow paths between, arranged in a desultory way, with a selection of clipped yews, hollies and box trees. The dial at the centre of the west side of the green is of rather unusual design.

The value of the long lines of the terraces and balustrades is very evident (page 175). They give an air of completeness and stability to the building by lengthening its base line. They also





formed a most convenient place for the "decayed gild breither," for whom the institution was founded, to loiter about when not more actively engaged on the bowling-green.

Crathes.

This is a little known specimen of a simple variety of formal garden not uncommon in Scotland. It is unpretentious enough, but the magnificent lawns and trees surrounding the place give it a fine effect.

Here, as usual, there is a rapid slope of the ground, and a good fall is obtained between the bowling-green and the flower-garden. There is little or no stonework. The retaining wall and flight of steps to this terrace and a large recess for a summer seat are the sum total; but the natural contour of the ground is taken advantage of to the full, and the massive yew hedges are very well arranged to prevent one seeing too much of the garden at once.

There is a charming view of the picturesque turrets and towers of the castle from the alley in the centre of the garden, which could only have been devised by one who thoroughly appreciated the picture.

The kitchen-garden is on the south-west and laid out in the usual squares divided by paths, with a path and border all round. In the north-east corner is a large aviary, one of the very few remaining specimens of an almost invariable feature in a well-appointed old garden.

Fordel.

Fordel, in Fifeshire, has the remains of one of the earliest Scottish gardens. The Castle is situated on a small plateau at the junction of two streams. A deep ditch joining the two glens defended it on the third side.

The whole area of this plateau is now a garden, but originally the east side only was so occupied.

There are two parterres of flower beds divided by a grass avenue with a sloped bank at the lower end. In the centre of each division stood a large cedar, but only one remains now.

On the east side is an immense yew hedge 25 feet high and 11 feet wide, with a surface smooth as a billiard table—a splendid background for the brilliant flower-beds.

The curious glass garden, said to have been designed by Mary, and dating probably from her time, has been removed from its original position, but preserves its characteristics.

The various patterns are outlined in box most accurately cut and filled in with glass of different colours, and the paths with white gravel. It is, of course, intended to be looked at from the upper windows of the house, and lies close under the walls. These glass gardens appear to have been an importation from France, but, like all the more

CASTLE OF CRATHES

Drawn for the Gardener

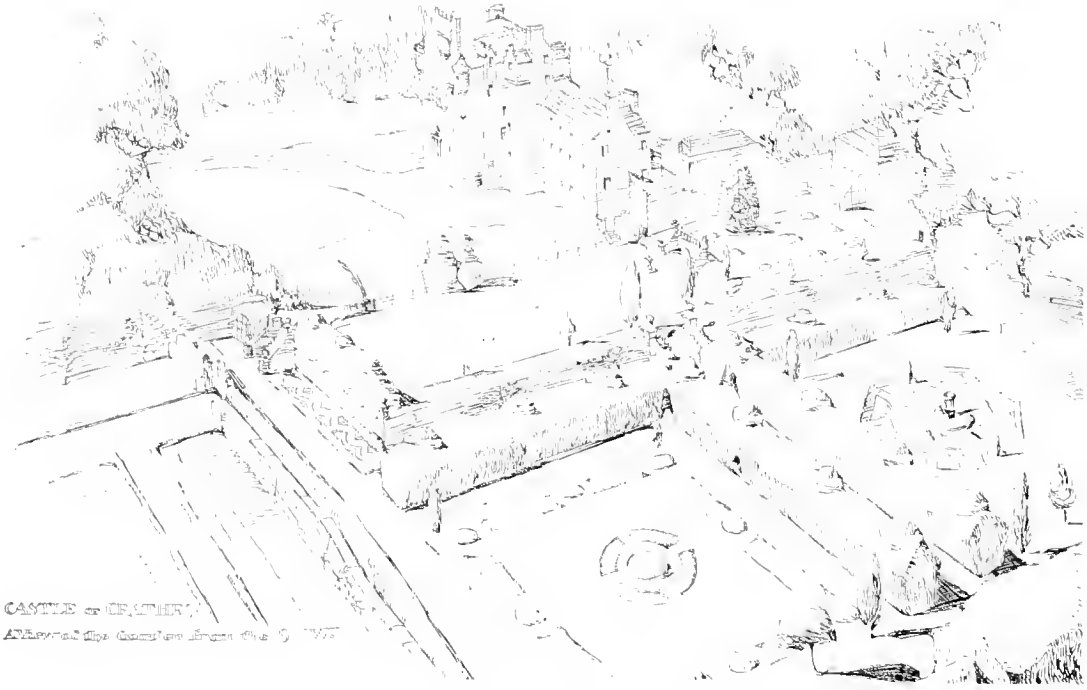
J. J. September 1892

fanciful and spectacular effects of foreign gardens, never became very common in this country, where more sober fashions prevailed.

The modern garden is an extensive affair, in a different part of the grounds, with preserves and fruit and vegetable gardens and large glass-houses. The grounds generally are very picturesque. Well planted, with paths and rustic bridges over the streams, they combine the advantages of the formal and landscape styles; each is in its proper place.

Looking at such a place as this, it is surprising to think how completely the formal style has disappeared. We might so easily have had examples of both styles, preserved as in this case, to delight the followers of each school.

J. J. Jones 1895



CASTLE OF CRATHES

A Part of the Garden from the S. W.

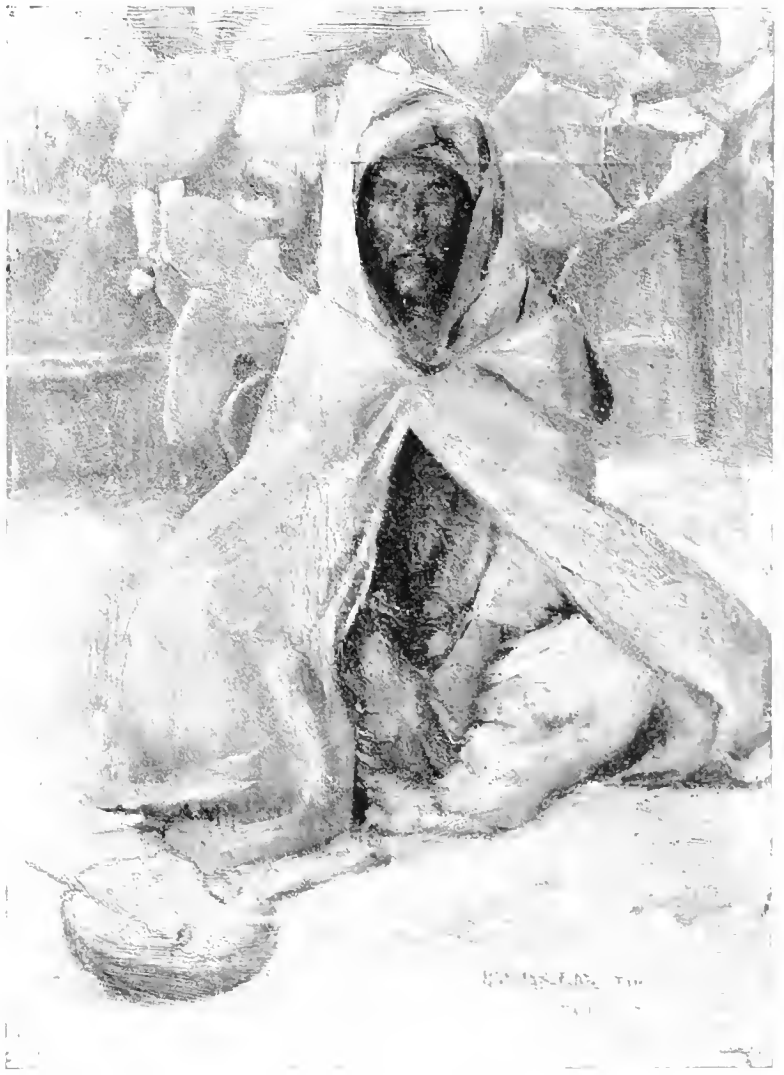
TANGIER AS A SKETCHING GROUND. BY NORMAN GARSTIN.

DEAR—,— I remember your once asking me what sort of place Tangier was for painting, and I remember answering you enthusiastically and inadequately, "Oh, a jolly place, lots of stunning stuff about." You seemed satisfied at the time with this astounding description, and some conversational pointsman switched the talk on to other lines over which we hurried, I have no doubt, just as rapidly and exhaustively. Now it seems you want a little more knowledge, a trifle more of detail, and, lo, though my memory is charged with numberless delectable *clichés*, yet when I think how I shall begin, it seems to find no more coherent words than the refrain, "Oh, a jolly place, lots of stunning stuff about."

First of all, as to getting there, that is easy, inasmuch as there is a stately procession of great ships for ever passing through the pillars of Hercules from every port in every land, and pausing for a moment at Gibraltar, whose sunset gun booms over the narrow seas, and may be heard upon a still evening by the greybeards who love to sit near the water-gate against the grey crumbling walls of Tangier.

I have often heard you say, "I don't care very much about these Eastern subjects, they don't appeal to me somehow," and I more than sympathise with your lack of interest in the banalities of Eastern pictures. The art of painting consists of new and personal visions of old and familiar scenes, whereas the commonplace painter, whether of the East or West, is for ever presenting you with impersonal and wearisomely familiar visions of scenes that are sometimes new and sometimes old. Furthermore, when he goes to the East he is apt to mistake the freshness of his surroundings for something fresh and striking in itself, forgetting that it is only fresh to him, and that the original treatment of a rag fair in the East end of London would be more interesting than the commonplace rendering of harems and bazaars in the gorgeous east of the world.

But given that you come with perceptions that are fresh and individual you cannot help being charmed with what you see in a place like Tangier, all the more so because there are none of those obtrusively beautiful creations of architecture that are so apt to distract a painter from his true mission of creating beauty out of simple material not merely recording in another medium the creations



"A TANGERINE BEGGAR" FROM A SKETCH IN OILS BY NORMAN GARSTIN

of others. The mosques have their minarets faced with glittering tiles of iridescent blue and green, like the wing sheaths of some tropical insect, but for the most part Tangier is a little unpretentious city of narrow white lanes that wander hither and thither aimlessly, meeting others as hopelessly devoid of strong convictions as themselves, but all wonderful in the illimitable gradations of white—the white of eggs, the white of milk, the white of cream, the white of teeth, the white of pearls, the white of opals, yes, and even the immaculate white of fair women are all to be found in these little straggling streets; for the great azure sky above, with the ardent sun and the innumerable reflections of the earth are tinting them variously from morn till eve.

That wall in front of you is homely whitewash, steeped for the moment in a violet shade; a door opens and a rectangular slab of yellow-white light from the opposite wall of the patio makes you blink, and deepens the violet of the near wall;

"CUL DE SAC, TANGIER"
FROM A SKETCH IN OILS BY NORMAN GARSTIN

purple patches of shade stain the patio's red tiles with silhouetted pictures of the fig leaves under whose shade the good man may sit him down, with none to make him afraid—except his wives.

As we are looking a naked arm comes through the doorway, and a henna-stained hand beats with the knocker, a dark eye meanwhile furtively regarding us. Straightway a shrill-voiced boy, with a flat board upon his head, comes trotting up the lane and receives upon his tray sundry flat cakes with which he returns to the bakery, and the door is shut upon the unbeliever, who moves on to where, in the shadow of a piece of matting, a craftsman is hammering brass trays for such infidels as, having crossed the narrow waters, desire to have upon their suburban hall-tables a memorial of their little journey into Africa.

There sits a weaver in his doorway. The creaking loom and the flying shuttle are such as wove Joseph his gaudy coat, while beyond, behind the net curtain, sits a barber, kindly lent by the Arabian Nights, shaving a believing head, but careful to preserve that lock with which the angel shall ultimately pull it up to Paradise.

As you stand looking down upon the main street the scene is very busy and animated. A green minaret rises above the white houses and cuts the blue bay beyond; over the straits, in a haze of sun, glitters the land of Spain, the white Tarifa, visible from Tangier as a speck of lighter light. But in the immediate foreground the street is full of life; up and down the crowd is moving, white for the most part, white turbans, white haiks, and often white gelawbs. There is a sort of auction going on in the little Soko, the intending buyers standing or squatting about with a kind of deprecatory listlessness, the "it is nought, it is nought" kind of expression of buyers all over this rascally world. Here and there the salesmen's attendants are rushing with Rabat carpets, silver-mounted guns and daggers wrought by the wild but artistic Sus people, bright caftans and all the Oriental luxuries or necessaries.

Through this commercial scene soldiers with conical tarbooshes ride, careless of the foot passengers; donkeys are beaten and goaded, and the most supreme democratic indifference reigns supreme. Upon the hill, outside the upper watergate, there is a large market where country people bring their produce: fruits, vegetables, charcoal, and rude pottery; here there is a snake-charmer, there a story-teller, each with his circle of half interested, half contemptuous spectators and listeners; there, amongst unloaded bales, is a knot


MORYMAN
TANGER

of kneeling camels unveiling their sleepy eyes and gazing round them with that look of unspeakable disgust of beasts who have toiled since the deluge, as who should say, "Since Abraham we have borne your burdens through countless deserts, and their sands are not more ungrateful than are you men who have bestridden and belaboured us all these ages and rob our very stomachs when you thirst."

And through all the murmur of many chaffering tongues, there is the persistent wail of the music of the east and the bell of the water-seller, while above our heads is the sun, and at our feet a purple shadow.

Let us pass under the archway by the mosque. The shade is pleasant and there is a measured cadence of children's voices; through a doorway we can see a number of small shaven crowns, little Moslems in many-coloured gelawbs, their dark eyes roving round searching for mischief and delight, and their lips repeating verses from the Koran which a board-school teacher in a white turban reads from the holy book—verily, the world is everywhere much of a piece.

In the mysterious gloom of another chamber just beyond, I remember there was wont to sit an ancient white bearded man, paled and almost transparent with age. He waited there for corpses! It was his business to wash and prepare them for the grave, and so he sat and awaited the doom of mortals. There are people who might not care to choose this as a calling, not lively enough forsooth, and yet there is much to be said for this blanched elder's occupation: it was certain beyond the calculations of an insurance office; it was more tranquil than that of a custodian of a gallery of old masters; he injured no man, and importuned no man's custom. Perhaps the soul of him was nourished and uplifted in the grey gloom of his surroundings, when the dispossessed corpse of what was some wealthy man was brought to him for his offices. He was the chamberlain of the great Leveller, the groom-in-waiting upon Death; he saw that all, gentle and simple, who passed into that dim kingdom did so with befitting decency.

But I hear you say that all this is literary business, and has nothing for a painter. Perhaps so, and yet not altogether.

But it is the country round Tangier, or rather I should say Tangier and its surroundings, that would give you the keenest pleasure. The beautiful bay curves graciously towards Gibel Moussa, the sands are a thoroughfare for the country people, whereon there are for ever passing to and fro foot passengers and most various beasts of burden, horses, camels, mules, asses, and women; the white haiks glittering brightly against the shimmering blue of the sea, which does not disdain twice each day to cleanse and water this noble highway.

"NEAR TANGIER" FROM A PAINTING IN OILS BY NORMAN CARETIN

TANGIER FROM A PAINTING IN OILS BY NORMAN GARSTIN

Then sand dunes lift themselves in warm white billows as if they could not quite make up their minds whether they belonged to sea or land. These hills of sand take upon themselves a vegetation that, to the painter, is very alluring; there are the grey-greens of the aloe's sheaf of spears, sentinels upon the outposts of the green world; the tufted grasses also grow in an Arab Bedouin sort of way, not permanently as by the waterbrooks hard by, but sparsely and in encampments, as it were with their loins girded, well knowing that the sands may rise up and smother them. There are here and there geraniums, gaudy and tall, that have escaped from some garden and are trying a wild life. There is a Spanish broom that in the spring would make a homelier land lovely with white blossom, and in the midst of these sandy wastes there is, wherever wells of water have been dug, the dark, glossy green of an orange garden making a pleasant accent amidst the quakerish garb of seashore vegetation.

Looking southward in midday the whole landscape swims in a vibratory haze from out of which rise afar off purple mountain spurs of the great Atlas range. But I must stop and, lest you should think that I have piled up the advantages of Tangier too high, I must admit that like the flies in the ointment of the apothecary — well there are things which make the artist's life less sweet than might be fancied from the above—amongst other matters there is a text in the Koran which thwarts him much in the obtaining of models, but all the same, it is a lovely land, and a paintable.

NORMAN GARSTIN.

THE MUNICH INTERNATIONAL ART EXHIBITION. BY DR. G. KEYSSNER.

AMONG the various centres of artistic life in Germany, Munich still holds the place of honour, thanks to a combination of numerous and diverse circumstances. Of these one of the most important is the fact that the Munich artists have made it a practice to remain on familiar terms with the art work of foreign countries, not disdaining to learn something therefrom, or to follow in its wake. Artists of weakly imagination might well have lapsed into mere imitation; but those of stouter stuff have by this means broadened their view of things, and gained in knowledge. Since the exhibition of 1869, which made our German artists acquainted with Courbet's imposing genius, and had so strong an effect on artists of such force and variety as Thoma, Leibl, and Trübner, the connection between Munich and foreign art has never been severed entirely; and from the Exhibition of

1888 onwards it has seemed to be permanently cemented on a firm and intelligent basis. Year by year since 1888 Munich has invited the art-workers of other nations to contribute to its salons, with the result that many of the English, Scottish and French painters have become as dear to us Munichers, and as well trusted, as our own artists. The principle of International Exhibitions has ever had its firm opponents, who even now are lifting up their voices in louder complaint than ever. They rely on two chief arguments; firstly, that the importation of foreign works must affect the home market of the German painter, and secondly, that the effect of these outside productions will be to cause the native artist to forget, and eventually to renounce, his nationality in matters pertaining to art. As for the first objection, the statistics hitherto collected appear to prove that there is no ground for alarm on this score; while the second point, to all who have eyes to see, is this year, as in former years, negatived *ad oculos* by the thoroughly independent and characteristic display made by our German painters.

I said "German painters," but "Munich painters" would be nearer the mark; for, so far as the rest of the Fatherland is concerned, the co-operation is quite inconsiderable. This in itself is matter for regret; but at least it has been the means of showing that Munich work is of itself sufficient, without any support, worthily to represent the arts of Germany among the nations. The inner workings of our art life here have been familiar now for months past to the readers of THE STUDIO. The actual result of the various differences among the Munich artists is that in this year's Exhibition there are three distinct groups. Two of these, the "Kollegen" and the "Luitpold," albeit standing apart, are both united in the "Künstlergenossenschaft"; while the third section, the "Secession," is for the first time seen in the Glas Palast.

The first president of the Exhibition is Franz von Lenbach, who, in order to make the display attractive even to the less artistic among the visitors, has ornamented the galleries in the most attractive fashion, and included a charming exhibition of old Gobelins tapestry, and a loan collection of famous pictures, ancient and modern, among them being several lovely examples of Reynolds, Gainsborough, Constable, Corot, and others.

The "Secession" maintains its superiority over the other Munich sections. The great majority of the German works bearing the true artistic stamp are to be found in the Munich Galleries. It is especially gratifying to see that many acknowledged masters have been devoting all their energies to the production of serious work, in which they have surpassed their previous efforts. Fritz von Uhde is never insignificant or superficial; but even he has seldom achieved a work so powerful and so intense as his *Himmelfahrt Christi* (The Ascension). Uhde treats the subjects of Holy Writ not from their "religious" point of view, but humanly, as symbols of circumstances within the ken of all. Thus in his *Ascension* he has accentuated the sense

"HERODIAS" FROM A PAINTING BY HUGO VON HABERMANN

of parting, and devoted himself to laying stress upon the anguish of separation as depicted on the faces of the sorrow-stricken men and women around, as they behold their Comforter and Master taken up into the clouds and removed from their midst for ever. There is nothing loud or theatrical in these figures; and, like the arrangement and everything else about the scheme of the picture, the colouring is of the simplest, with its grey-white sky and cloud-hidden light. Uhde, however, has in no way severed himself from the movement, which for some time past has been influencing our painting—a movement which, while it seems to indicate a return to the older fashions, yet includes a thorough sense of truth and a complete mastery of our modern methods. Our *plein air* painters in their efforts to master the problems of light have quite discarded the old unreal traditions, and now that they have a better comprehension of the subject, they are coming to discover all the magic and the inner meaning of colour. "Grey-painting" is at an end: we are in the midst of a renaissance of colour sense. A picture must now be something more than a mere piece of actuality; it must reveal the result of a real artistic experience of Nature's workings. In this we are getting back to the fundamental principles of the old-time schools, which, without slavish imitation, we are now beginning to understand and appreciate better than we did.

Fritz von Uhde's *Richard III.* affords a case in point. It is a life-size figure showing a well-known Munich tragedian in the character of the crowned miscreant, clad in full armour in the midst of the fight, and crying in Shakespeare's words, "A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" But it is not the situation nor the characterisation, powerfully as they are realised, that constitute the strength of the picture. This lies in the rich and powerful colour scheme, which combines the deep red and blue of the gold-embroidered mantle, with the black surface of the coat of mail, and the bright reflections of the flames lighting up the dark background of night. The

"BY THE SUMMER SEA" FROM A PAINTING BY DAVID MARTIN

"DIE FRAU DES FISCHERS"
FROM A PAINTING BY
HANS VON BARTELS

"EVENING." FROM A
PAINTING BY R. MACAULAY STEVENSON

PORTRAIT OF A LADY — FROM A PAINTING BY R. SCHUSTER-WOLDAN

Himmelfahrt and this *Richard III.* considered together, give a good idea of the versatility, the imagination and the knowledge that characterise our artists now that they have completely mastered the materials under their hand, and no longer allow themselves to be controlled by any narrowing tendencies.

One of the most powerful and distinctive individualities among the younger Munich artists is Franz Stuck. He began his career with pen-and-ink work, of a decorative and ornamental style, and marked by great freshness and originality. As a painter he is often described as a pupil and follower of Arnold Bœcklin, and he certainly shows a certain affinity to this artist, in his invariable wholesomeness, his happy colouring, and his love for the characters of the old world of fable—centaurs, sirens, and such like.

Bœcklin, however, is of more sensitive mould, more *intime*; and whereas his works, the outcome of a deep kinship with Nature, gain their bold decorative effect from their own glowing naturalness alone, Stuck's productions are designedly decorative in the striking contrasts of their brilliant colouring, in the gracefulness of their shapes and the simplicity of their scheme. When Stuck began to paint, the pitched battles over the "New Art" had already been fought, and he was able to profit by the results without being obliged to go out of his way to do so. His own characteristics are clearly evident in all their attractiveness—originality, temperament, sense of form and colour—in two of his pictures now displayed. In the larger of these—*Das verlorne Paradies* ("Paradise Lost")—the anatomy of the naked figures of Adam and Eve has all the masterly sureness of the old painters; and in the small canvas, *Bacchantenzug* (Procession of Bacchantes), the little figures, hardly a span in

"AN APENNINE VALLEY" FROM A PAINTING BY T. MILLIE DOW

size, dancing under the Southern sun, impress the beholder most intensely with their sense of vinous joviality and *joie de vivre*.

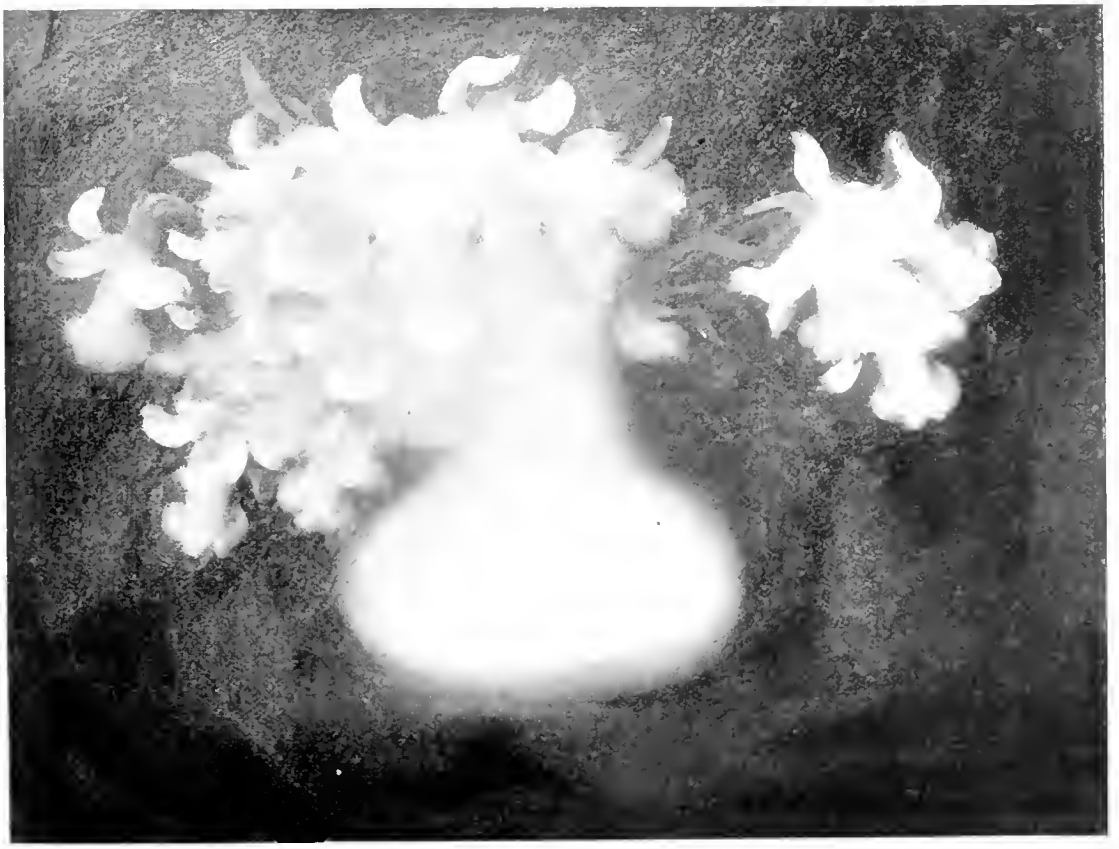
An artist of quite another order is Hugo von Habermann. His nervous restless talent is ever seeking fresh artistic outlets. In each of his periods we discover a new female model, each with a typical setting and atmosphere. When he has fully studied one type he straightway deserts it for another and a newer. At present his model is thin in figure, and dark in tint, a woman with nervous inexpressible smile, and slender arms and hands. For his costumes and accessories he employs various brilliant shades, deep green, fiery red and warm violet, which he weaves into the richest harmonies. One of his most remarkable works is his life-size *Herodias*, full of piquant, enigmatic vivacity and decadent grace.

Uhde, Stuck, and Habermann are this year the most prominent representatives of the "Secession"; but a goodly number of older and younger painters follow them worthily. In the first place I may name two artists—one, Heinrich Zugel, as undoubtedly the best of our animal painters; the other, Hans von Bartels, as the most distinguished German painter in water-colours. Heinrich Zugel is an artist of the first rank, like Landseer, Troyon, or Swan, but perfectly modern in ideas and method. His reputation was established by a team of ploughing steers, a picture expressing the same lofty simplicity as Giosuè Carducci's *Sonett auf den Ochsen*. As for Zugel, who mostly paints cattle, sheep, and horses, an animal in his hands becomes a part of nature itself—not humanised, as in Landseer's tender manner, nor yet forming part of the surrounding landscape, as in Troyon's pictures. His animals are something more than incidents in the landscape; they are the principal part of the picture. The landscape itself is with him no mere unsympathetic background, for the surroundings and the figures themselves are in closest harmony. Zügel is a brilliant *plein-airiste*, who transfers his subjects to the canvas as he sees them, without being in the least concerned if the rash laymen should whine about his "violet cows" or his "green horses." He treats the movements and the expression of animals with tender objectivity, without descending to caricature or sentimentality. A real Zügel is his picture *Halt!* of which we give a reproduction here.

Although the luminous colouring is not fully realised in black and white, one may still form an idea therefrom of the grandeur of the artist's conception and the bold character of the work. Note the authoritative dignity with which the sharp and watchful shepherd's dog stands at the head of his charges, who patiently and in dull astonishment wait for the passing of the railway train—which we conceive to be between the picture and the beholder—happily indicated by the smoke of the engine in the right-hand upper portion of the canvas.

Hans von Bartels is a native of Hamburg, and although Munich has become his second home, he spends the summer—the landscape painter's study-time—at the seaside. For the sea, with its cliffs and its ships, the fishing villages with their inhabitants, their life and work, are the principal themes of his art, of which the exhibition contains two excellent samples. Both are water-colours, and portray scenes on the seashore, with figures. Such dimensions—especially in Germany—are exceptional in water-colour painting; but in the presence of these pictures one forgets the unusual combination of size and technique, so natural does it all appear. *Die Frau des Fischers* (The Fisherman's Wife) is a *genre* picture devoid of all anecdotal trivialities, appealing to the artistic sense by its warm, harmonious colouring, and notable for the powerful silhouette of the woman and her child, enveloped in the damp sea air, which rises from the spray of the yellowish waves around.

Amongst the figure painters may also be mentioned Max Slevogt, one of the most able of the younger generation, remarkable for his strong sense of colour, as exemplified in his *Scheherezade*; and Otto Hierl-Deronco, whose *Fandango* is one of the largest pictures in the "Secession" section. It is somewhat strange in its composition, but is a very delicate piece of colouring. Seeing a Spanish dancer, one must needs think at once of Sargent's *Carmencita* in the Luxembourg; but the similarity is only external, and comparison with the incomparable is unjust. Of the many good portraits shown by the "Secession," our countryman, George Sauter, who has made his home in London for



DAFFODILS FROM A PAINTING BY STUART PARK

"HALT" FROM A PAINTING BY HEINRICH ZUGEL

many years, contributes a couple—the likeness of a high dignitary of the Church, strikingly true in the by no means idealistic reproduction of the face, but with the violet habit most artistically disposed; and an attractive double portrait, most original in composition, and very tasteful in the arrangement of the colours.

One of the best exhibits of the "Luitpold" group is a portrait. It represents a lady dressed in white, and sitting on the green-sward. The noble, intelligent face of the sitter, with her large dark eyes and black hair, and soft pensive smile, well matched by the slight nervous hands, is in admirable harmony with the semi-melancholy of the evening landscape; and the big dog who sits watching in the foreground completes the picture. The colours in the face, the dress, and the scenery are delightful, and suggest the greatest masters of portraiture—the Venetians of the sixteenth, the Dutch of the seventeenth, and the English of the eighteenth century. The painter of this portrait, Raffael Schuster-Woldan, is possessed of a strong individuality, remarkable in so young an artist. Another picture, exhibited by the same artist, *Auf freier Höhe*, is very peculiar. In a sunlit mountain landscape of the south is seated a nude girl, and against her leans a man, dark-bearded and dressed in black, kissing her neck in dreamy abandonment. Curtains worked in gold separate the middle of the picture from the side portions, which continue the landscape; and beautiful garlands of roses close the picture above and below.

The rooms of the "Luitpold" section have much in common with those of the "Secession." The members of this group have also imposed upon their jury the duty of the most rigid selection, and they have thus contrived to hang a comparatively small number of pictures in such a manner that each one obtains its full effect without injuring others or being injured itself. Few works of special merit, but a high all-round average, that is the distinctive feature of this group. Besides the works of Schuster-Woldan, the powerful portraits of Fritz Erler, and a very attractive portrait of himself by the excellent Tyrolese painter, Defregger, there are a large number of good landscapes, of the simple, industrious, sentimental, home-loving kind, peculiar to Munich landscape painting since the days of Spitzweg and Schleich. Among them may be noted pictures by Hugo Bürgel, G. von Canal, Paul Hey, Otto Strützel, and others.

Amongst the foreign nations taking part in the exhibition, the Belgians and Dutch are well and worthily represented. The exhibits of the Swiss painters, on the other hand, are indifferent, although we find amongst them a few beautiful

Boecklins and two grand works by that talented but as yet not much known artist, Hodler. The Americans also contribute a very mixed collection. Side by side with much that is poor and worthless is displayed a whole series of poetic landscapes by Harrison, and several excellent portraits by Gari Melchers. The Austrian and Hungarian sections are quite commonplace, and for the most part unsatisfactory in every way. The rooms occupied by the English and Scottish painters, on the contrary, are the best in the whole exhibition. In these two rooms not a picture is to be found which does not bear the stamp of artistic intensity and strong personality. Art from your side of the Channel has never before been so brilliantly represented at Munich. The selection of works in the case of England was admirably made by George Sauter, and in that of Scotland with equal taste and judgment by Alexander Reid. Formerly there had always crept in, although to a very small degree, a certain percentage of mediocre productions "made to sell," which this time are conspicuous by their absence. One misses none of the famous names which form the glory of English and Scottish art—and glorious works correspond with these glorious names.

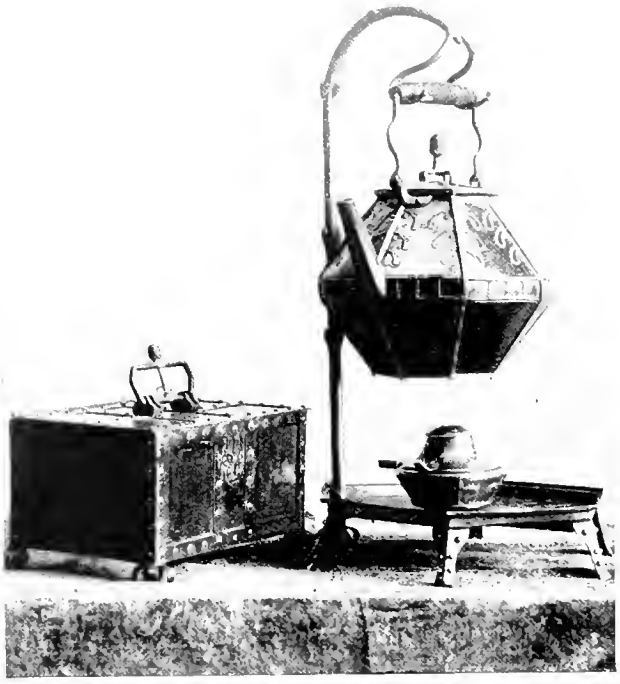
From G. F. Watts we have, besides a large allegorical composition, a splendid example of his portraiture, the likeness of Mr. Henry T. Prinsep; from Sir Edward Burne-Jones, the cycle of pictures *St. George and the Dragon*, one of the painter's earlier works; from J. M. Swan, some masterly animal studies, and a couple of no less excellent drawings from the nude; Maurice Greiffenhagen contributes an *Idyll*; H. H. La Thangue, the beautiful bit of *genre*, *In a Cottage Nightfall*, which was published in the December issue of THE STUDIO. Exquisite landscapes by Pepperorn, Withers, Bartlett, Lindner and others, enable us to realise how high a position has once more been reached by English landscape painting. Among the younger artists our attention is especially riveted by Charles Hazlewood Shannon, with his portrait of a *Man with a Yellow Glove*; and by Ernest Sichel, with a pleasing *genre* picture, and a small and restrained, but very excellent, portrait of himself in pastel. Robert Brough, notwithstanding his youth, full of ripe refinement of taste and abundant power, exhibits a portrait of Mr. W. D. Ross. Brangwyn has sent three masterly works—a *Bacchanalian Procession*, an Italian landscape, and a *Holy Family at a Well*, pictures of entirely different types, which have nothing in common but their grandeur of concep-

"PUPPIES" FROM A PAINTING BY GEORGE PIRIE

tion and intense richness of colour. In the English room are also hung the works of Muhrman, the pastelist—all, including a painting in oils, expressing the deep, quiet harmony and tender seriousness which distinguish the Anglo-American artist. E. A. Walton's *Ferry* delights the eye by the indescribably hazy charm with which the atmosphere of a sunny morning, still bathed in mist, is reproduced. Constance Walton gives us again a few of her tasteful water colours. Austen Brown, who last year excited much admiration with a portrait, is this time, as in the Academy, represented by rich and powerful landscape work.

The English room is further adorned by a collection of selected pictorial works—etchings by Seymour Haden, which, without irreverence, may be ranked with the landscape etchings of Rembrandt; etchings and lithographs by Oliver Hall, full of power and artistry; a large selection from the studio of William Strang, who, with all his eclecticism, remains original and powerful; illustrations and designs by Walter Crane; and wood engravings by Thomas Sturge Moore, designed in the style of the fifties and sixties. These are only a few examples. Merely to name all the good work in this collection would take up far too much space.

As will be seen from the above enumeration, a few Scotchmen have found hospitality in the English room; whereas in their own gallery the artists from over the Tweed reign supreme. This exclusiveness has a wonderfully rich and satisfying effect. As we gaze on these works we are no longer in the Scottish section of the Munich Glas Palast, but in Scotland itself. We are standing with Paterson on some summit in the Highlands, and watching far above the tree tops the reflection of distant lakes, the chains of far-off mountains, with the bold masses of cloud floating high overhead in the fresh moist air. And midway in the broad landscape we see an old picturesque castle, with the genial sunshine playing on its walls. With Stevenson, we dream in the cosy twilight, under the birches skirting the quiet lake. The strong sea breeze blows straight from the canvases of David Martin, shining with the glamour of the sunlit sea. Thus all these painters—Gould and Hamilton, Spence and Murray, whoever they be—give us pictures of their homes, until one almost feels a nostalgia for that northern land under whose "sadder sky" there flourish artists such as these, where tender, soulful works of nature like these are fashioned. And even if these artists transport us to scenes outside Scotland itself, they remain true to themselves in the force and sentiment of their productions. Thus we see Millie Dow, in *An Apennine Valley*, with a fine harmony of colour in white-blossomed trees and light-brownish soil; thus Hornel and Sturdee, with their gorgeous-hued pictures from Japan. Full of graceful simplicity, and equally admirable in its technical aspect, is the *genre* picture, *At the Window*, which Alexander Roche exhibits, together with some powerful landscapes. How splendid, too, in their childlike unconsciousness, are Newbery's children's groups. Among Stuart Park's flower-pieces, from which our German flower-painters have learned much already, the premier place is occupied this time by his *Daffodils*. George Pirie's small animal pictures, like *Puppies*, are unexampled in observation and extremely softly painted. Crawhall's *Reiterin* (Horsewoman), one of his best and boldest pro-



COPPER CASKET AND KETTLE DESIGNED BY EUGENE BERNER
EXECUTED BY E. MULLER

LAMP DESIGNED BY EUGEN BERNER
EXECUTED BY M. BUSSMANN

ductions in water-colours, must also be mentioned.

The best proof of the excellence, the deep truth of this grand and delicate Scottish art, is that we never tire of it. The artists appear to us in 1897 as full of life, as original, as refined as they were in 1890, in which year the public of Munich, for the first time, made close acquaintance with the "Boys of Glasgow."

If I had not already far exceeded the space placed at my disposal, I would say a few words about the sculpture, &c., in the German section.

I must, however, draw attention to the couple of small yet capacious rooms in which modern applied art asserts itself publicly and formally for the first time in Munich. These two narrow apartments, decorated with a healthy and refined taste, hold out perhaps more promise for the future than any in the whole exhibition, a word of praise being especially due to the metal-work of Eugen Berner, two examples of which are illustrated here. If we Germans should be so fortunate as to see these promising beginnings fully developed in days to come, it will then be impossible to deny the extent of our indebtedness to foreign countries, especially to England. But it is to be hoped that we may then be able to boast of a fact creditable to master and pupil alike—namely, that we have become independent. And it will be worth while, in this connection, to put aside for the future all feelings of selfishness and timidity, and open wide our gates to welcome the art of other lands.

STUDIO-TALK.

(*From our own Correspondents.*)

LONDON.—Although it cannot be said that in the list of Jubilee honours art and artists are distinguished by any special recognition, there is a welcome admission of the claims of decorative art in the bestowal of a knighthood on Mr. W. B. Richmond. Few artists have so devotedly sacrificed themselves as he has done, for the sake of advancing a particular branch of art. He has laid aside work which was widely in request among a large circle of clients that he might give himself entirely to the task of decorating St. Paul's Cathedral; and he has carried out his undertaking there without sparing time or trouble to make the result fully worthy of the opportunity provided for him. In no perfunctory spirit has he accepted the responsibility laid upon him; and his effort to prove that decoration demands and deserves the best attention of every one who appreciates the highest mission of art is worthily rewarded by the distinction for which he has been singled out. It is a cheering sign that a knighthood should have been given to a man of such conviction, and his personal satisfaction at the honour done to him as a worker must have been greatly increased by the reflection that it was gained by labour in a field long neglected by the majority of his brethren who have regarded decoration as too unimportant for the consideration of an artist with aspirations.

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The joint exhibitions of drawings by Mr. Linley Sambourne and Mr. Hugh Thomson, which was opened early in July in the galleries of the Fine Art Society, had the fascination which always belongs to a display of really admirable art work. It was charming because both artists are, in totally different styles, great masters of black and white; and because their use of the pen has the peculiar certainty and direct significance which result only from absolutely intimate acquaintance with the limitations and possibilities of line drawing. In

the subject-matter of the works shown there was an astonishing contrast between the productions of the two artists. Mr. Sambourne's drawings were for the most part quaint comments on current political events, full of humour and sometimes merciless in their satire; and among them were also some exquisite decorative designs for chapter headings and the like. Mr. Thomson's contributions were all illustrations executed for various books, and conceived one and all in that spirit of old-world elegance which is always characteristic of his point of view. The juxtaposition of such opposite types of work was amusing, but was also most instructive as an exposition of methods.

Mr. G. C. Haité's show of "One hundred Liliputian Pictures in Oils," held during July at 118 New Bond Street, was exactly the sort of original collection which might have been expected from so versatile and capable an artist. The pictures were, as the title of the exhibition implied, minute in scale, but they were none the less complete and intelligible on that account. They made no pretension to elaboration of detail but they presented with ample accuracy the motives which had influenced the artist in creating them. They were, in fact, jottings of effects of which the meaning depended upon exact statement of colour combinations or the careful placing of large and definite forms, and they needed nothing in the way of elaboration to make them successful. The production of such a series is only possible to an artist who is peculiarly receptive and observant; and the success of this show of Mr. Haité's proved very emphatically how high is the order of his artistic intelligence.

Now that the Gallery of British Art, which owes its existence to the almost unexampled generosity of Mr. Henry Tate, has become an accomplished fact, the question arises as to what is the duty which the nation has to fulfil with regard to the proper encouragement of an institution which is capable of nearly endless expansion. What has been provided, ample provision though it actually is, can only be considered as a skeleton which has later on to be sumptuously clothed. There is, first of all, an excellent gallery, that is, if rumour speaks rightly, likely to be before long very greatly extended, a building that is, on the whole, more than usually satisfactory as a permanent home for national treasures. Next there is a thoroughly acceptable collection of works of art, part of which have been given with the gallery by Mr. Tate himself, part selected from the British School pictures in the National Gallery, part purchased by the Academy out of the Chantrey Fund, part presented by Mr. G. F. Watts, and the rest contributed by individual donors. And, lastly, there is the important fact that the gallery is for all time national property and under the control of the trustees who are responsible for our national collections. The point now to be considered is, what is the use which is to be made of the opportunity which is so provided for us.

To begin with, it must not be forgotten that the already numerous works of art with which the rooms of the Tate Gallery are filled are by no means to be reckoned as representing or even summarising with any approach to adequacy the wide achievement of the British School. They are really nothing more than a few detached specimens of art work of certain classes, acquired somewhat at haphazard and without any definite intention to illustrate either the history or the development of the art of painting as practised in this country. It is a fortunate circumstance that the taste of Mr. Tate and those who have worked with him has been quite admirable, and that with scarcely an exception the pictures which the gallery contains at its opening are of remarkable quality and importance. This fact, if anything, adds to the responsibility which the possession of such a gallery lays upon the nation. Everything which is added must be worthy of association with what is already there, and yet the spirit in which additions have to be made must be that of recognition of serious gaps and devout desire to make the work of completion as thorough and satisfactory as possible. If we are to have at Millbank a National Gallery of British Art that will really be in keeping with its title, much sustained and strenuous effort will be needed to make really practical a noble intention.

There is one great initial advantage. Certain of our artists whose fame is most worthy of record in a national gallery are already represented by thoroughly characteristic productions. Sir John Millais, for instance, is shown excellently at his various periods by such canvases as *Ophelia*, *The Vale of Rest*, *The North-West Passage*, and *Speak! Speak!* Lord Leighton's *The Sea shall give up its Dead* and *Bath of Psyche* illustrate perfectly the

opposite poles of his practice, and his *Athlete* makes plain his capacity in another direction. Albert Moore's *Blossoms* is, perhaps, absolutely the best of his single figures which could have been selected. Mr. Orchardson's *The First Dance*, *The Tiff* and *Her Mother's Voice*, summarise all that is best in his life's work. The great group of allegorical canvases which Mr. Watts has given is a complete record of his imaginative design; and it would be hard to find a picture by Mr. Luke Fildes more suitable than *The Doctor* for a place on the walls of a public gallery. There are, too, Cecil Lawson's *August Moon*; Fred. Walker's *Harbour of Refuge* and *Vagrants*; Mr. J. W. Waterhouse's *Lady of Shalott*, *The Magic Circle*, *St. Eulalia*, and *Consulting the Oracle*; Mr. Stanhope Forbes's *The Health of the Bride*; Mr. Boughton's *Weeding the Pavement*, and a number of other works which are valuable as marking epochs in British art history. All this is excellent for a start. The question is, what is to come next?

It is, of course, obvious that there will be annual additions to the collection from the Chantrey Fund purchases; and it is not unreasonable to expect that art lovers will be as liberal in donations and bequests to the Tate Gallery as they have always been to the National Gallery itself. But these additions must necessarily be more or less casual and lacking in system. What is really wanted is a scheme by which may be secured just those works which are most wanted for filling gaps and for making perfect the representation of every school and artistic brotherhood which is, or has been, influential in this country. Now that we have a gallery in which contemporary British art will receive its proper recognition, we want something in the way of an association of British art lovers to provide the works which deserve to be recognised. Such an association for the encouragement of a gallery, the Société des Amis du Louvre, has just been created in France; and we might do worse than have a society for the encouragement of national art to help on the work and increase the value of the Tate Gallery. It would supplement the operations of the Chantrey Fund Trustees, and, as it would buy from studios and private collections, it would touch a class of art which is, under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest, put to a great extent out of the reach of the Academy. It would fill gaps in the Tate collection which are likely to remain long unoccupied if only the now available means of adding new art examples are depended upon; it would stimulate artists to strive after individuality in their views and modes of expression; and it would secure the permanent representation of our national art effort in all its variety and vital energy. Hitherto such an association has been scarcely possible because there has been no opportunity for it to give public proof of its usefulness; but now it would have an object to work for, and in the encouraging of the Tate Gallery it would find the best possible scope for its operations.

PARIS. With a great flourish of trumpets the firm of Mame recently invited the public to yet another exhibition — that of the drawings made by M. J. J. Tissot, for the illustration of *La Vie de Notre Seigneur Jésus-Christ*, together with reproductions of the same. Georges Petit's was so crowded for three whole weeks, with a fashionable throng, on curiosity or "piety" bent, that the takings at the unhappy Salons, which this year have been at their lowest, were still further diminished. And everybody went into raptures over the delicacy, the minute exactness, the fancifulness, the colouring, and especially the religious feeling displayed in these works!

Before, when they were displayed all together at the Champ de Mars, the poorness of these drawings was manifest. Nothing more antipathetic or less "religious" could be imagined. The art they reveal is the art of the shops in the Rue Saint Sulpice, a religious art touched with naturalism—such naturalism too!—and that sort of orientalism seen in the Bazaars; the whole being altogether lacking in mystery and in faith.

It was worth while watching the subscribers to the work—the fine ladies and gentlemen—fall into raptures of delight over these masterpieces in the Petit galleries! They were delighted with everything, originals and reproductions, not omitting the text, the decorations and the frames themselves. Close to me, however, were three men whose conversation I overheard.

"Don't you think," remarked one of them, "that the text spoils the drawings?"

"My opinion," observed the second of the

group, "is that these ugly, vulgar decorations spoil both the drawings and the text."

"You surely don't mean that!" exclaimed the third. "I think, it's the drawings themselves that ruin the whole thing!"

I could do nothing but shake each of them warmly by the hand, and congratulate them, individually and generally, on the soundness of their taste!

All this somewhat scandalised the elegant subscribers to the work, and the four of us were requested to leave the galleries by order of the firm of Mame, which, it seems, from its headquarters at Tours, had overheard all that was said!

Some years ago a new *café* was opened, in succession to many others, at the corner of the Rue Lepeletier, on the Boulevard des Italiens. For months the building was hidden by hoardings, in order to excite the curiosity of the passers-by. On the eve of the opening all the papers proclaimed in chorus—for a consideration, needless to remark—the sumptuousness of the art decorations in the new establishment. At last, like the walls of Jericho, the boards fell asunder and revealed a truly horrid spectacle. Nothing more hideous was ever seen in this world. It was like a combination between a butcher's shop and a bathing establishment. 'Twere better say no more about it.

However, the architect—or architects—conceived one happy idea, at any rate; and that is sufficiently rare to deserve notice. M. Forain, the brilliant draughtsman, whose impeccable pencil has noted with so much keenness and penetration the aspects of his day, was invited to do some mosaic cartoons to serve as a frieze for the *façade*, between the windows of the first storey.

The work is altogether charming both as regards line and colour, extremely simple in its decorative

CARTOON FOR A MOSAIC FRIEZE BY FORAIN

CARTOON FOR A MOSAIC FRIEZE BY FORAIN

scheme, and perfect as to its technical qualities and execution. By the kindness of M. Forain five of these cartoons are now reproduced here. They have not been published before.

Two works by Forain have recently appeared. One is *Doux Pays*, a collection of drawings which have been presented every week in the *Figaro*, dealing with politics and topics of the hour: and the second is *La Vie*, comprising the best of his drawings, together with their *légendes*, which have seen the light in the pages of various reviews and periodicals during the past few years. *Doux Pays* deals with political events during the three presidencies of MM. Carnot, Casimir-Périer, and Félix Faure respectively. They are truly characteristic "documents" of French political life to-day.

In connection with this year's exhibition, there was a great deal of talk about the ceramic work and the other kindred art productions which we were to see this spring at the Champ de Mars. A very "official," and at the same time most incongruous group of persons was selected for the work of administration, as members of the committee, judges, &c. Among them were inspectors of fine arts and manufacturers, art critics and china dealers. Despite all this the results were no more satisfactory than before. Nevertheless the idea was excellent, and cannot be too warmly supported, although in this instance it did not prove a complete success.

Except for a few individual exhibits by artists with whom we have long been acquainted, and who tell us nothing new, the exhibition for the most part simply consisted of a collection of works of no possible interest, and offensive works into the bargain.

CARTOON FOR A MOSAIC FRIEZE BY FORAIN

CARTOON FOR A MOSAIC FRIEZE BY FORAIN

Ceramic art in France is now in the throes of a crisis such as to make one anxious as to how it will emerge therefrom. The impulse given for some years past by certain strong artistic personalities has created a sort of renaissance in this too long neglected art. Efforts of this kind are certainly worthy of all praise; the good example of Carrière, for instance, whose work will remain as a monument of what may be achieved by the energetic employment of precious gifts; or, with certain reservations, that of Delaherche, or Chaplet, of Bigot, or Dalpayrat or Dammouse. These artists have succeeded in maintaining the strict traditions of their art. They have sought to revive in all its force that which is the very soul of ceramic work, namely the potter's art.

It is matter for regret that their example has not been followed more keenly. There is a tendency now in the direction of carved pottery—if it may so be described. The beauties of material and shape are disregarded, and the only care displayed is for the subject of the work, which sometimes takes the form of busts and statues. And such busts, such statues! The firm of Muller are exhibiting armchairs in pottery. They are simply *tours de force*, hideous to the eye, and opposed to all the principles of art.

I am sorry to be unable to enter more into detail; however, I must notice the exhibit of M. Guimard, as a signal example of bad taste, combined with pretentious ignorance and eccentricity.

When dealing recently with the Salon du Champ de Mars I said what I thought of M. Guimard's furniture and decorative work displayed there, but my remarks, strong as they were, were not strong enough.

If one can succeed in picturing all that is most incoherent, most incongruous, and most illogical, it is possible to gain an approximate idea of what M. Guimard pompously calls "The Modern National Style." I should certainly have nothing to say about the matter were it not that an attempt has been made to foist all this upon us, as characteristic of the French decorative art of to-day. But considering the fuss that has been made over these horrors, while so much work that is well worthy of mention, of admiration even, has been ignored, I cannot resist the temptation to express myself fully on this subject. To put the matter plainly, this work is thoroughly bad, and its author cannot be too strongly condemned. One can only hope it may not serve as an incentive to those who are liable to be intoxicated by the noisy notoriety of the moment, and care nothing as to how they achieve it, or as to the demoralising effects they produce.

Thus, by the action of a few unworthy artists, this most interesting scheme, which might have had the very best results, has miscarried. The jury, instead of being very severe on all inferior work, threw open wide its doors to admit the worst type of commercialism; and, while the few artists named above seem like foreigners amid their strange surroundings, mediocrity and bad taste display themselves triumphantly on all sides.

M. Eugène Verneau is publishing a series of twelve coloured lithographs by Henry Rivière, of

which seven have already been completed. They are of high artistic merit, and represent various aspects of Nature—mountain and river, sea and stream—with the sincerity of vision, the originality of execution, and the masterly workmanship which have won for Rivière the remarkable position he holds among the French artists of the day.

So far as the effects are concerned nothing more perfect can be imagined. Coloured lithography has never produced results so entirely satisfying. These plates, which are real works of art, will mark one of the most brilliant stages in the artist's career, and they will also reflect the highest credit upon the printer who has had the heavy responsibility of producing them. G. M.

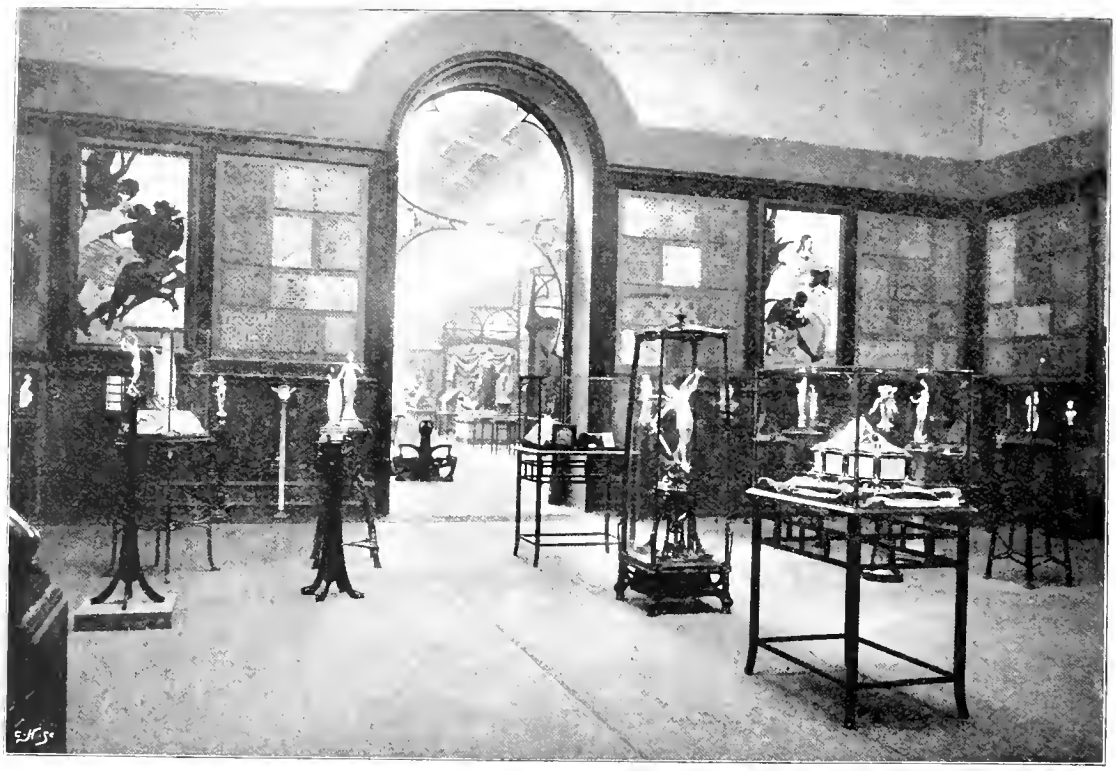
CARTOON FOR A MOSAIC FRIEZE BY FORAIN

DRESDEN.—The Government has provided a number of first and second class gold medals to be awarded at the art exhibition here. The medals will have the shape of plaquettes, and are from designs by the Dresden sculptor, Hartmann McLean. The first class medal that has fallen to the British section was awarded to William Strang, for his beautiful painting of *Bathing Women*.

The Government purchases for the different Royal collections at Dresden have been quite numerous. The best are those for the Albertinum (which is the museum for sculpture), and this, because the sculpture exhibits are decidedly in advance of everything else at the show. Among the acquisitions are half-a-dozen reliefs and bronzes by the Belgian, Constantin Meunier, whose works fill a whole room and constitute one of the principal attractions of the show. Then there are some delightful metal door panels by Bayes, and a case of magnificent portrait-medals by Alphonse Legros. A relief by Frampton is the only other English work bought.

Director Treu, of the Albertinum, is empowered to make all his purchases alone. The director of the picture gallery is not in the same fortunate position, for he has to submit all works that he wishes to buy to the approval of a committee. There are, in fact, two committees, one of which is appointed by the Government and buys pictures by foreign artists. I do not think that all their acquisitions have been very happy ones this year, but a painting by Austen Brown, and a pastel by C. Meunier, must certainly be welcomed.

Pictures by German artists are purchased from the income derived from the Pröll-Heuer bequest. The testator has enjoined that they should be selected by a committee made up of about a dozen members, most of whom are professors at the Art Academy. It seems at times as if they were all of different opinions and tastes, and that each member's will prevailed in turn. For if some of the paintings that they buy are good, then others must surely be called bad; nobody can sanction them all. Among the most desirable additions to our gallery, there are canvases by W. Ritter,



SALON D'HONNEUR AT THE BRUSSELS EXHIBITION

Muller-Breslau, Count Kalckreuth, Kuehl, Thoma, and Lenbach.

It is a sad but true fact that the picture market on the Continent is not established on a firm basis. Private purchasers invariably beat down the price of paintings that they wish to buy, and artists unfortunately often acquiesce. The Society of Dresden Artists, who have inaugurated the present exhibition, have unfortunately sanctioned this practice by adopting it with reference to their fellow-artists. Here, as in German shows generally, a picture lottery is run in connection with the exhibition. The committee that selected and bought the prizes for this lottery from among the works exhibited acted like an ordinary private purchaser, beating down the price, and not even letting the artists concerned know to whom they were selling their pictures.

Our sister city Leipsic has its exhibition too. It is principally industrial, very noisy, very well patronised, and as full of "side-shows" as an American circus. One of the principal of these is the hall devoted to the fine arts, and its "clou" is Max Klinger's huge canvas, *Christ in Olympus*, which he has at last finished. I am afraid that it is a little too philosophical and allegorical to be altogether enjoyable as a work of art. Like the *Judgment of Paris*, it presents the union of sculpture and painting, in which Klinger delights.

The Grassi Museum at Leipsic has just opened a very interesting retrospective exhibition of applied art. All articles have been loaned by collectors in Saxony and Thuringia. The Meissen-china, the carved ivories and the majolica wares are especially good. There are also some fine old paintings, above all Dürer's portrait of himself, painted 1493, now in the possession of Mr. H. Felix. It will pay travellers passing through Leipsic to stop a day for this show alone.

H. W. S.

BRUSSELS.—When the Colonial section was established in the Antwerp International Exhibition of 1894, the committee paid far more attention to the practical side of the matter than to any other: and thus it was that the few works of art in ivory displayed—or at any rate deposited

—there made very little impression. It was quite a surprise to see them again, or rather to see them properly for the first time, at the Cercle Artistique in Brussels. About the date of the Antwerp Exhibition THE STUDIO published an article detailing this remarkable revival of a long-neglected form of sculpture.

This year the Tervueren Colonial section of the Brussels Exhibition has been arranged with every regard for art, and the Secrétaire d'Etat, M. Van Eetvelde, together with Commander Liebrechts and Lieutenant Masui, cannot be too highly complimented on the success of their plans.

They have generously distributed the work of ornamenting one of the halls in the Tervueren palace among the numerous Belgian sculptors; and for the decoration of all the apartments in the building they have relied on the best of our architects and decorative artists, among the collaborators being MM. Crespin, Hankar, Hobé, Serrurier-Bovy, and Wytsman. And then the native groups placed in the Salle D'Ethnographie have been composed and carried out by artists such as MM. J. Dillens, Ch. Samuel, and J. De Rudder.

Without going into minute detail over the decorations of the various apartments, an excellent impression of which is afforded by M. Alexandre's beautiful photographs, here reproduced, I may draw attention to the care that has been shown in devising forms matching those of the arms and implements displayed, and in utilising in the most artistic manner the materials employed—woods and hangings of all sorts.

In the hall set apart for the chryselephantine sculpture the panels are adorned with large embroideries, the work of Madame de Rudder, surrounded very skilfully with pieces of Kassai material. The furnishing of this hall is also very sumptuous. All the stands and supports of the numerous exhibits are in Congo wood, very interesting in its many varieties.

Among the most remarkable productions may be noted a very fine *Christ upon the Cross*, by Constantin Meunier; *L'Allegretto*, by J. Dillens, already exhibited at Antwerp; a little group by Rombaux, beautifully executed; the graceful work by Ch. Samuel; De Tombay's large figure, *Homme-Dieu au Tombeau*, in ivory and wood; *St. Michel*,

SALLE D'ETHNOGRAPHIE AT THE BRUSSELS EXHIBITION

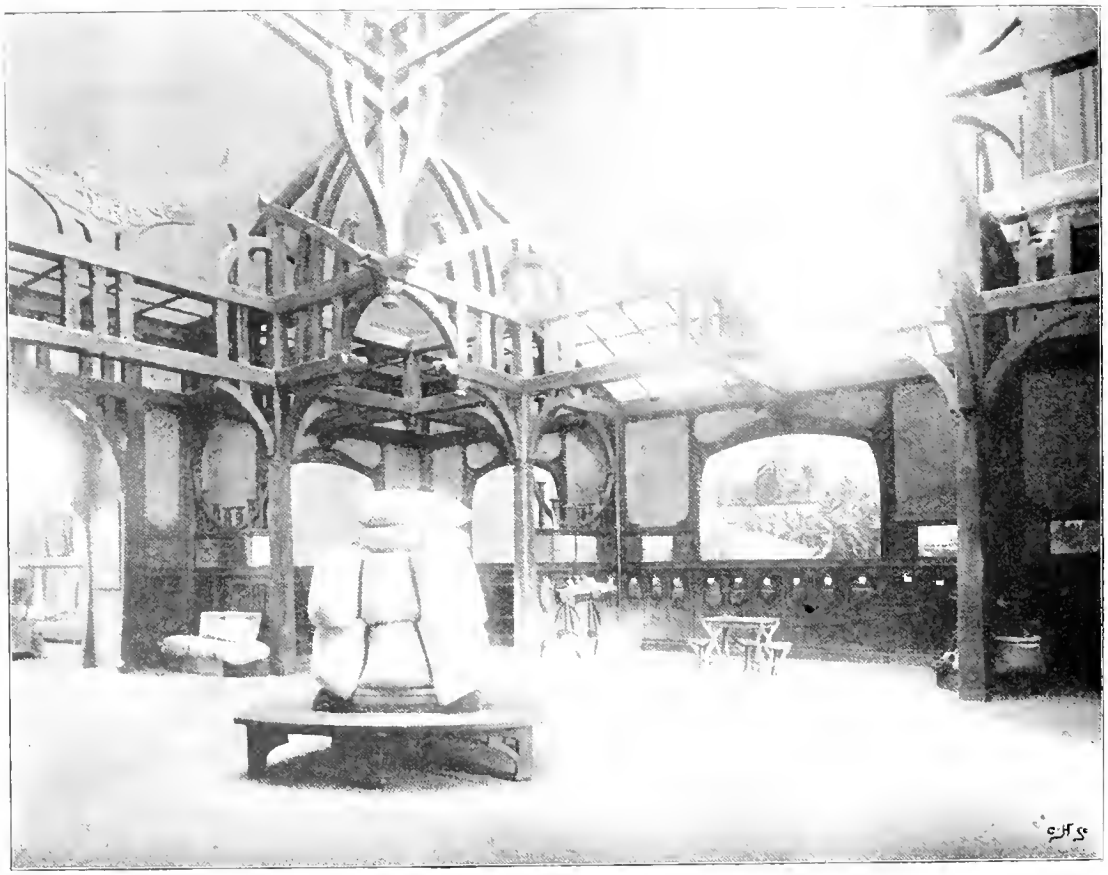
by Weygers; Dupon's *Belluaire*, in ivory and bronze; a very fine medallion by De Rudder; and the large wedding casket by Fernand Dubois, representing the Ages of Man in low-relief. Also well worthy of mention are the large "Swan" vases by Wolfers, a splendid swan in bronze with its neck encircling an ivory pillar, with a spotted base. Fernand Khnopff's *Masque* in tinted ivory, bronze and enamel, on a small column; and the various figures by De Vreese, Des Enfans, Mathelin, and Le Roy.

M. Vander Stappen, whose exhibit was a little late, has sent a superb contribution. The work, which is to form the prize in connection with the forthcoming tombola at the Exhibition, consists of a female figure in ivory. The face is stern, and she raises aloft a sword incrusted with jewels. Around the silver-gilt base are coiled a dragon with a black diamond in its jaws, and a demon, symbolical of vice. He also sends a bust of a girl in a golden helmet. Her expression is full of mystery, and her finger is on her lip. The chief point of interest in this work is the ingenuity shown by the artist in combining the armour and the head-piece with such parts of the face and neck and hand as are visible, in such a way that the metal and the ivory are united without a join being seen in any part.

This also is one of the merits of M. Vinçotte's charming bust of *Madame E.* exhibited in the Fine Arts section of the Exhibition. This is one of the finest efforts of a sculptor who has no equal to-day in his own special branch of this art.

F. K.

RIO DE JANEIRO.—If only in a very modest degree, there is, nevertheless, in Brazil an art culture which is slowly but steadily developing, and which will very naturally grow and become important as the country in general becomes richer, more populous, and more enlightened.



SALON DES GRANDES CULTURES AT THE BRUSSELS EXHIBITION

"HOMME-DIEU AU TOMBEAU" BY A. DE TOMBAY

Since the fall of the Empire and the establishment of the Republican *régime*, the several States have, in consequence of the freer autonomy granted to them, started new institutions in their capitals; and no less than five, namely, the States of Pará, Bahia, Rio de Janeiro, S. Paulo, and Paraná, have opened fine art schools, which are doing well, and promise very good results. Annual art exhibitions take place in all these capitals, and the interest in art matters is becoming more and more widespread and universal. In Rio there is a very large art gallery, and four important annual exhibitions are held, besides several minor shows which are usually of an interesting character.

We possess a Fine Art School, which was established in 1824 by the founder of the Empire, when Brazil separated from Portugal. H.I.M. Peter I. invited half a dozen French artists to come to Brazil; and these French painters, sculptors, and architects were the founders of the Rio Fine

MASQUE IN TINTED IVORY, BRONZE AND ENAMEL BY FERNAND KHNOPFF

Arts Academy, whose first director was the architect Grandjean de Montigny, and which counted among its professors the celebrated painter Nicolas Taunay. From its foundation to the present date it has trained many painters, in addition to a few sculptors and architects, who have, of course, only achieved a local reputation; but some of them, principally in the last thirty years, deserved to be known outside their own country, for they have shown true artistic talent, and in several instances have executed works bearing comparison with those of the best European artists. Of course, the majority of the successful ones have, after completing their curriculum at our Academy, passed five or more years in Europe, working under some good French or Italian master.

Among the prominent living artists I must give precedence to the elder ones—Pedro Americo de Figueredo and Victor Meirelles de Lima. Both of them were pupils of the Rio Academy, and both studied in Europe as pensioners of the Government. Pedro Americo de Figueredo has distinguished himself as a painter of large canvases representing some of the principal battles that were fought in the war with Paraguay, in which he shows a great disposition for arrangement, full of life and movement, together with a warm and high-toned colouring. It is, however, as a painter of sacred subjects that he has attained to the very high level of true art, and in the painting of biblical themes his brush has always found the appropriate form and the real and sympathetic colours. Pedro Americo has his portrait in the Uffizi Gallery, and resides at present in Florence.

Victor Meirelles is a quiet and modest artist; but, had he worked in a larger and more appreciative art centre than Rio de Janeiro, he might by this time have been classed among the great modern masters of design. He studied under Consoni in Rome, and Paul Delaroche in Paris. He is a sober colourist and a worshipper of form and of purity of line. All his works are distinguished by harmonious arrangement, by a careful and slow development of his subjects, and a minute study of every detail and accessory. His first work—*The First Mass in Brazil*—is still, perhaps, his greatest effort, although he has also painted large canvases of military subjects, and lately has devoted his time to the painting of large panoramas of the city of Rio de Janeiro.

Of the younger generation the most promising are the following: Almeida Junior, Decio Villares, Henrique Bernardelli, Pedro Peres, Belmiro de Almeida, Zeferino da Costa, Daniel Berard, Teixeira da Rocha, Rodolpho Amoedo, Aurelio de Figueredo, Oscar Pereira da Silva, and Pedro Weingartner. It is in landscape that our artists have most distinguished themselves, and nearly all of them have devoted much of their time to this branch of art—a natural consequence of being surrounded by the most magnificent and most varied scenery to be found in any country. I will, therefore, only add now he names of those who have devoted themselves exclusively to landscape-painting. First of all I must mention Antonio Parreiras, who is an ardent lover of our forests, and is the one who best understands Brazilian tropical nature. Francisco Ribeiro is a painter of lovely nooks and dells, while D. Garcia y Vasquez, Tusley Pacheco, João Baptista da Costa, and Benno Treidler, all deserve special mention. Among seascapists only three are remarkable, namely—J. B. Castagnetto, Antonio Valle de Souza Pinto, and Carlos de Sacerda.

C. A. DOS S.

REVIEWS OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Art and Life and the Building and Decoration of Cities. (London: Rivington, Percival and Co.) 6s. These five lectures, delivered during the last Exhibition of the Arts and Crafts Society, are issued in a very beautiful book. The first by Mr. Cobden Sanderson, seems rather ornate and overfull of praise for the golden past—the past as a poet imagines it, but as it probably did not appear to its contemporaries. Mr. Lethaby also, in his exordium of *Beautiful Cities* evidently holds the same idea, that only in old times did beauty really dwell in towns. Mr. Walter Crane, discoursing of *The Decoration of Public Buildings*, is less given to deplore the past than to suggest new possibilities for the present; and his most thoughtful and well studied advice should be taken to heart by all in authority. Mr. Reginald Blomfield is eloquent in praise of lovely gardens, and Mr. Halsey Ricardo pleads for colour in the architecture of cities. It is with a sigh that one closes the volume, and faces the grimy fact in place of the roseate dream. But it was a dream worth dreaming, and there is much that not only may, but possibly will, come true in time. No one interested in the arts should leave this book unread.

Modern Opera Houses and Theatres. By Edwin

O. Sachs. Vol. I. (London: B. T. Batsford.) This huge and sumptuous book is in every sense monumental, and so well is its theme handled that even those whose interest in theatres has heretofore been confined to the performances, will in future take interest in the buildings also. The plans and sections drawn specially to one scale (for the most part), reveal a stupendous amount of labour. Yet it is but the first of three such lordly tomes, and in dealing with the other two we shall hope to do fuller justice to a work that really deserves all the adjectives of praise in a critic's vocabulary.

A New Booke of Drawings. By JOHN TIJOU. (London: Batsford. 25*s.* net.) As a piece of sumptuous book-making this reprint of an exceedingly rare folio, first published in 1693, leaves no loophole for criticism. The introduction by Mr. F. Starkie Gardner, and his notes on the fine copper-plates are also excellently done. But its educational influence, it is to be hoped, will be *nil*, for it glorifies the art of the blacksmith at its most florid and ornate style. Over-elaborate compositions of bastard classic details, superb though they be of their kind—cannot be imitated to-day without peril. The tendency of modern ironwork is already towards redundancy; nothing seems to delight a craftsman so much as a mixture of naturalistic details with a few hackneyed conventional scrolls. It is a book for the library, a book to keep—but not a book to put before students or the general public as an exemplar. Some of the pieces herein pictured are still extant at Hampton, Chatsworth, and other places; like Verrio's ceilings, they have a certain old-world splendour that makes them interesting historically; but that they should be deliberately imitated to-day makes one shudder.

English Portraits. A Series of Lithographed Drawings. By Will Rothenstein. Parts I., II. and III. (London: Grant Richards.) After the publication of *Oxford Characters*, it was hoped by Mr. Rothenstein's admirers that this gifted draughtsman would embark upon another similar enterprise, and this hope has now been realised by the publication under notice, which consists of a series of lithographic portraits of some of the most interesting of living personalities. Part I. contains admirable portraits of Mr. Thomas Hardy and Sir Frederick Pollock; while those of Sir F. Seymour Haden, Mr. William Archer, Bishop Creighton, and Lady Granby, in Parts II. and III., are also in the artist's best manner. Among the subjects promised in future numbers are Mr. Whistler, Mr. Sargent, Mr. Holman Hunt, and Professor Legros. The edition is limited to five hundred copies.

A very charming statuette of Queen Victoria in full State robes has recently been completed by Mr. Edward Geflowski. We understand that small replicas in plaster will shortly be obtainable. The figure is eight and a half inches in height, and has been very delicately modelled. It will form an acceptable and artistic little memento of the Jubilee year.

AWARDS IN "THE STUDIO" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

DESIGN FOR A CERTIFICATE.
(B II. *Extra.*)

IN this competition the judges, Mr. Thomas Brock, R.A., and Mr. Frank Short, R.E., have awarded the PRIZE (*Five guineas*) to *Caritas* (G. R. Quested, 240 Rotton Park Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham); and Honourable Mention to *Achates* (C. A. Horrell, 33 Albert Road, S. Norwood, S.E.).

DESIGN FOR A MOSAIC PANEL.
(A III.)

The FIRST PRIZE (*Three guineas*) is awarded to *Aaron* (A. Hamilton Scott, 43 Mill Street, Paisley, N.B.)

The SECOND PRIZE (*Two guineas*) to *Don Quixote* (B. H Smale, 39 Cochrane Street, St. John's Wood, N.W.)

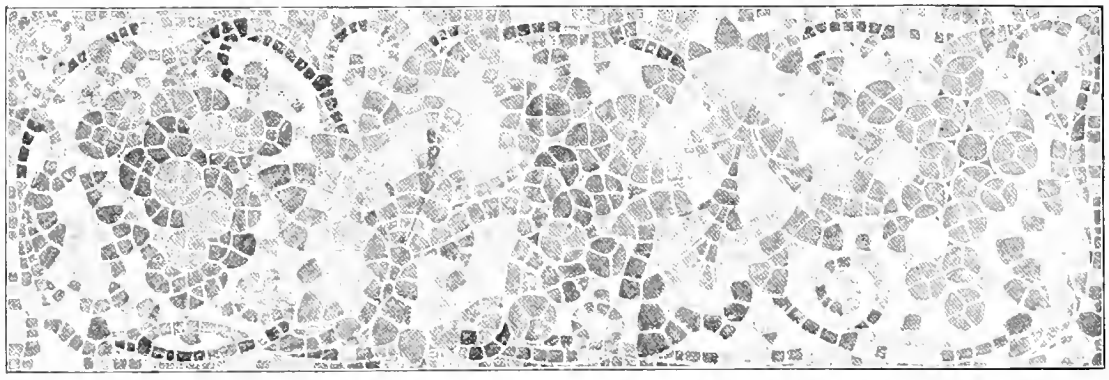
Honourable Mention is given to the following:—*Carlos* (C. E. Dancey, 7 Leybourne Street, Chalk Farm Road, N.W.); *Doctor* (Agnes C. Martin, 45 South Road, Handsworth, Birmingham); *Iridee* (Thomas Henry, 46 Rue Madame, Paris); *Japonica* (James D. Jameson, 50 George Street, Edinburgh); *Neptune* (F. G. Horrell, Bena Vista, Selhurst Road, S. Norwood, S.E.); *Presto* (Grace Goodchild, 56 Holmdale Road, West Hampstead); *South West* (Miss B. N. Graham, 35 Prince's Gate, S.W.); *Spes* (Victor Lhuer, 23 Quai de la Tournelle, Paris); *Sparrow* (Eveline Adshead, 4 Powis Square, Brighton); and *Tonsor* (Constance M. Barber, 12 Millicent Road, West Bridgford, Nottingham).

Subjoined, we give the colouring of the panels reproduced in connection with this competition.

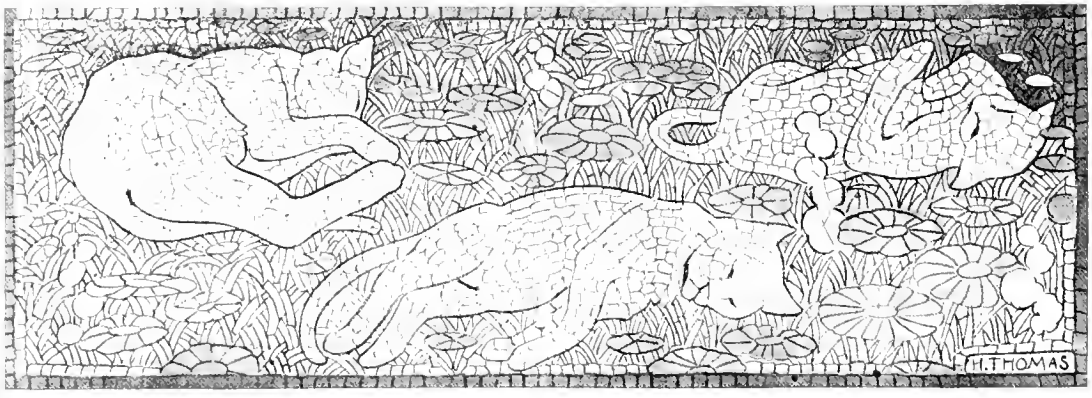
Don Quixote.—Design of bunches of grapes and vine leaves, the fruit and border in two shades of purple, the leaves in two shades of green, the tendrils in two shades of brown, with white and brown filling.

Designs for Mosaic Panel (Competition A III.)

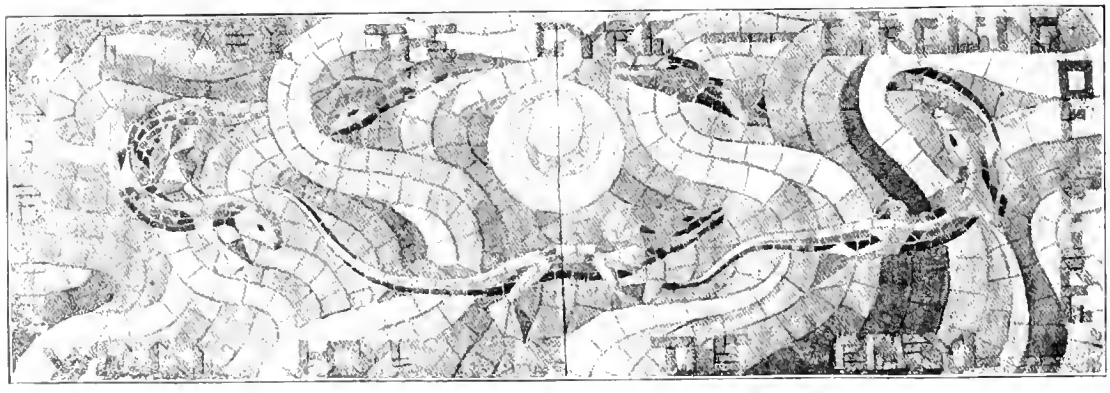
FIRST PRIZE "AARON"



SECOND PRIZE "DON QUIXOTE"



HON. MENTION "IRIDEE"



HON. MENTION "SOUTH WEST"

Iridee.—A design of three cats to be executed in white, the background in pale yellow green with orange-colour flowers and white buds, the border in dark green.

South West.—This design contains four lizards, shown in three shades of blue green with red eyes; the serpentine groundwork in various graduated shades of pink, yellow, blue and red; the lettering in gold.

Aaron.—The sky of this design is in a shaded dark blue, the water in a shaded purple, the clouds and sides of the rocks in broken colours. The tops of the cliffs in a shaded yellow green. The hull of the ship is deep orange, with port-holes of crimson and silver; the sails in gold with emblematic cross and shield in dark crimson.

TITLE-PAGE FOR A BOOK.

(B III.)

The FIRST PRIZE (*One guinea*) is awarded to *Emily* (May S. Tyrer, Glenmore, Chapter Road, Willesden Green).

The SECOND PRIZE (*Half a guinea*) to *Puck* (Ethel K. Burgess, 2 Lilford Road, Camberwell).

Honourable Mention is given to the following:—*Bel* (Isobel B. Williamson, 18 Ivanhoe Road, Liverpool); *Boul Mich* (J. Houry, Hazeldene, Manor Road, Bishopston, Bristol); *Corvus Corone* (Ernest Sprankling, Trull, Taunton, Somerset); *Don Quixote* (B. H. Smale, 39 Cochrane Street, St. John's Wood, N.W.); *Gons* (George M. Ellwood, 55 Alexander Road, Upper Holloway, N.); *Groombridge* (Pickford R. Waller, 27 St. George's Road, Pimlico, S.W.); *Hjalmar* (Helen Kück, "Holly House," East Dulwich Road, S.E.); *Impulse* (Shirley B. Wainwright, 147 Hall Road, Handsworth, Birmingham); *Poker* (Enid Jackson, Forest Road, Birkenhead); *Shabash* (Stavros Homere, Wyken House, Bridgnorth, Salop); and *The Bulger* (Mary G. Simpson, 109 Camberwell Grove, Denmark Hill, S.E.).

A LANDSCAPE IN PEN-AND INK.

(C III.)

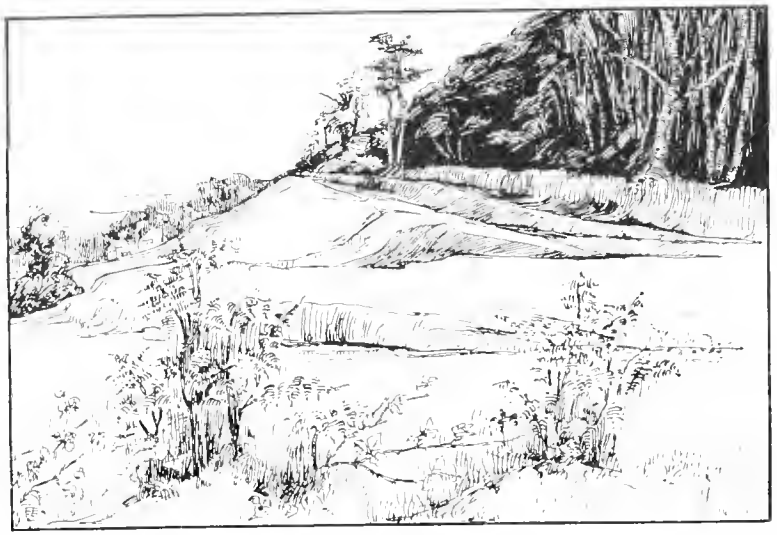
The FIRST PRIZE (*One guinea*) is awarded to *Clevelode* (A. T. Griffith, Graham Lodge, Malvern).

The SECOND PRIZE (*Half a guinea*) to *Siam* (E. M. Bywaters, 17 Preston Park Avenue, Brighton).

Honourable Mention is given to the following:—*Castor* (Samuel Poole, 46 Grosvenor Road, Westminster, S.W.); *Cader Fronwen* (G. Halliday, School House, Oakham); *Gipping* (G. H. Burgess, Griffin Cottage, Bramford Road, Ipswich); *E. L. P.* (Edgar L. Pattison, 204 Kennington Park Road, S.E.); *Indian Ink* (James S. Alderson, 1 Market Place, Rugby); *Puck* (Arthur B. Packham, 27 Bond Street, Brighton); *Shabash* (Stavros Homere, Wyken House, Bridgnorth, Salop); *Teddie* (Ada M. Williams, Walcot, Shaa Road, East Acton, W.); and *Zeto* (William E. Tyler, Westgate, Bridgnorth).

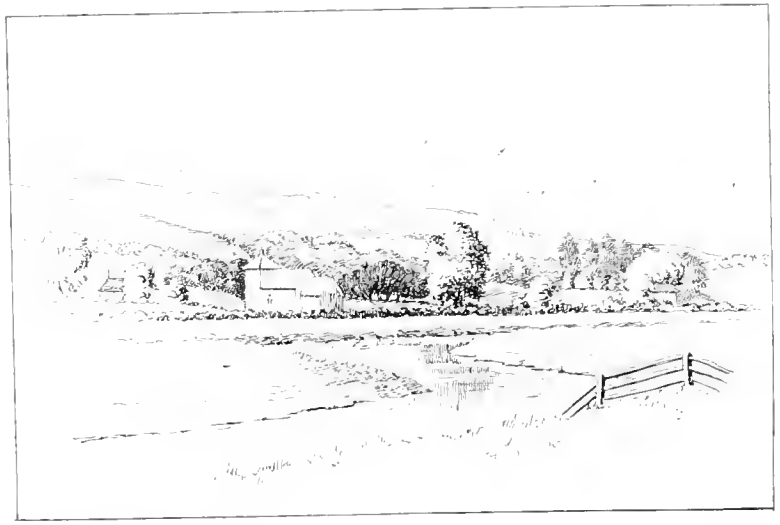
FIRST PRIZE (COMP. C III.)

"CLEVELODE"



SECOND PRIZE (COMP. C III.) "SIAM"

HON. MENTION (COMP. C III.) "GIPPING"



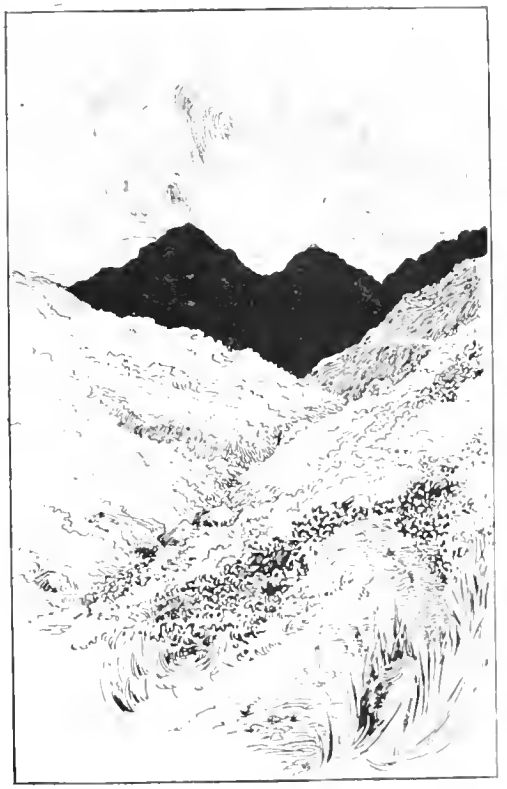
HON. MENTION (COMP. C III.) "PUCK"

HON. MENTION (COMP. C III.) "PENCIL"

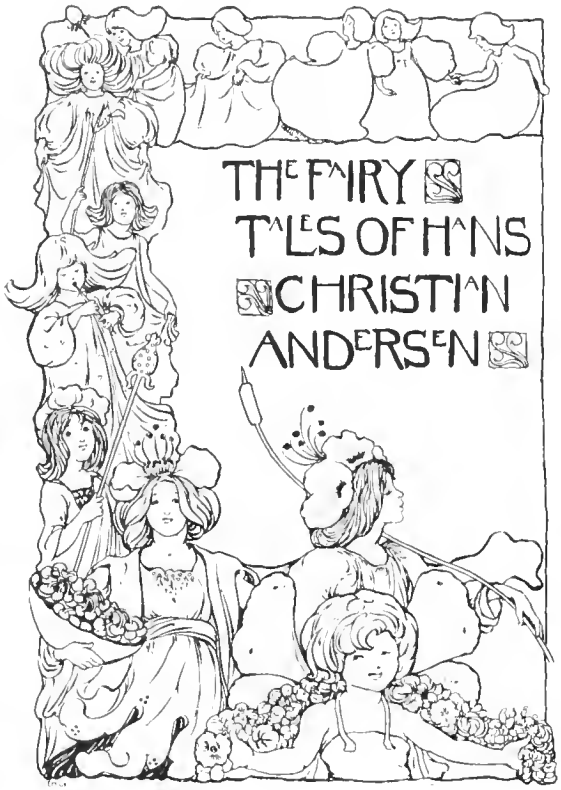
HON. MENTION (COMP. C III.) "ZETO"

HON. MENTION (COMP. C III.) "E. L. P."

HON. MENTION (COMP. C III.) "CASTOR"

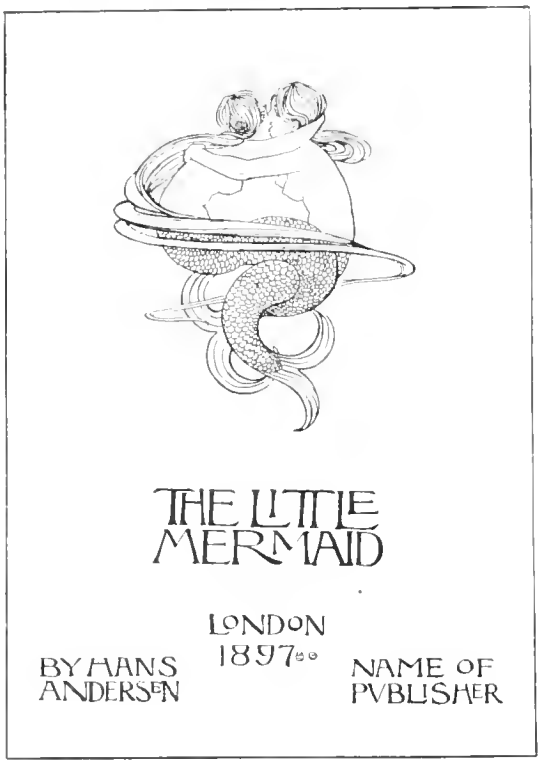


HON. MENTION (COMP. C III.) "CADER IRONWLN"



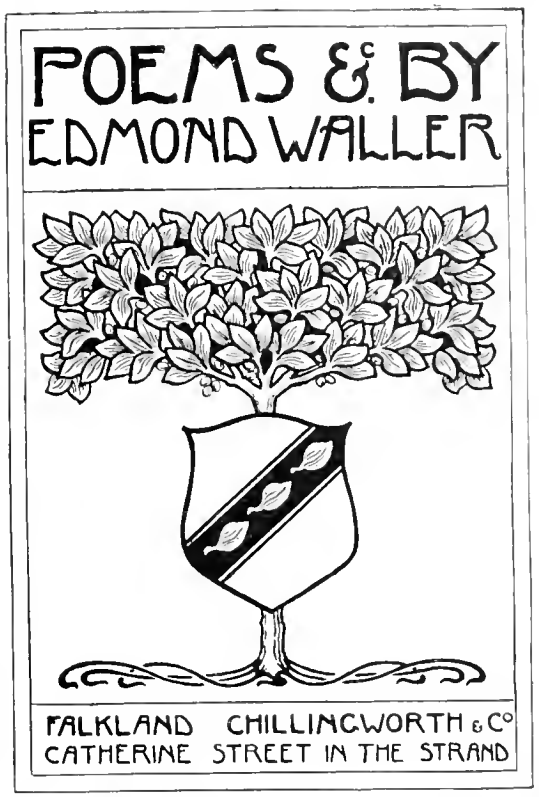
FIRST PRIZE "EMILY"

SECOND PRIZE "PUCK"

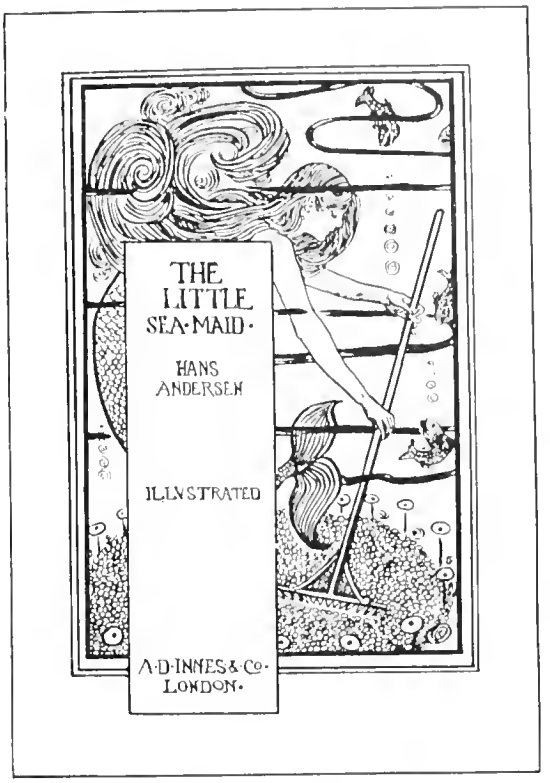


HON. MENTION "PUCK"

HON. MENTION "GONS"



HON. MENTION "GROOMBRIDGE"



HON. MENTION "BEI"

HON. MENTION "SHABASH"

HON. MENTION "BOUL MICH"

THE LAY FIGURE.

"You ask me to name the most important sign of progress in this season," said the Lay Figure. "Well, that is not an easy question."

"I should say—signs of progress, none!" the Journalist replied.

"The colour-printing of the Jubilee number of the *Illustrated London News!*" the Landscape-Painter suggested.

"—But its ornament and typography!" the Æsthetic Designer added with a gasp of despair.

"Nicholson's stunning woodcut of the Queen," the man with a Clay Pipe shouted.

"It would be hard to beat that," said half-a-dozen voices at once.

"An increasing anxiety to be pedantically accurate concerning processes, especially lithographic processes," the Decadent murmured to himself.

"Frampton's statue of Dame Owen," the Landscape Painter hazarded.

"The establishment of an English Luxembourg at Millbank," the Architect spoke cautiously.

"The Jubilee decorations," the Journalist broke in, with a sneer.

The Lay Figure was silent a moment. "I do not think these are signs," it said; "only unrelated facts of more or less importance. I really think that the increasing attention paid to original black-and-white work is the most striking incident of the season."

"Back to your little hobby," the Journalist laughed with tolerance. "Not painting, not architecture, not sculpture, but penny dreadfuls and halfpenny papers. The new democracy of the Arts; virtuosity with economy; Rembrandts for the million; print-collecting for the errand-boy; and old periodicals the newest undeveloped gold-mine. Good old Lay Figure, is it a Pennell that hath bewitched you, or have you caught the mania which prizes postage-stamps and bookplates in another degree of intensity?"

"I do not mind your chaff," the Lay Figure said. "The recognition of masterpieces is not an unworthy pursuit. If you do not rank a pen-drawing by Charles Keene, or a study by Phil May, a sketch by Steinlen, or a charcoal by Frank Mura, as worthy of respect as a watercolour or an oil-painting, it matters not. You know, and I know, that such an argument won't hold water. The conditions of a masterpiece are not dependent on the medium used nor the time required for its production."

"Steady," said the man with a Clay Pipe. "There is really nothing to quarrel about. I agree with you—that a public which can appreciate a really good bit of black-and-white is obviously far more educated than its ancestors. But they prized etchings and woodcuts."

"You misunderstand me," said the Lay Figure. "Not ten years ago I heard a famous dealer refuse to buy—at any price—original drawings by Cipriani! 'Had they been engravings after him by Bartolozzi, I could have offered you more pounds than I would give you pence,' he said to the man who owned the drawings. 'The public don't care for original drawings, they want engravings.'"

"Is that so?" said the American Visitor; "then I guess some of my countrymen have opened your eyes."

"I know of several of the finest drawings that 'the sixties' produced, which were bought at a big shop—not in a slum—for eighteen-pence a piece, not so long ago," the Lay Figure went on. "Drawings, mind you, worthy to be hung with the few originals South Kensington possesses, or cherished in the British Museum."

"How blind you must all have been," the American went on. "An autograph dealer would have taught you more than your art critics. He knows that the every touch of a famous man is always worth money."

"Please don't discuss it on the commercial side," the man with a Clay Pipe broke in. "I do not think the fact that a drawing fetches eighteen-pence to-day and eighteen guineas a year after concerns us. What is to the point is the fact that the splendid stuff done for publishers will not be left to swell the contents of dusty cupboards and ultimately be carried off with waste paper."

"Exactly; that is all I want to assert," the Lay Figure replied. "Whoever was the first to proclaim the obvious fact that an appreciation of wood-engraving, side by side with neglect of the original drawings, or inflated respect for a framed picture with utter disregard of good illustrations, was utterly illogical, did valiant service. His arguments may or may not have produced a state of feeling which bids fair to include original 'black and white' as one of the worthiest objects to collect, but the feeling is in the air, and I still look forward to seeing a sketch by some living illustrator fought for in the auction rooms at least as eagerly as they now fight there for a stupid dated book-plate, or a coloured mezzo-tint.

THE LAY FIGURE.

MARC ANTOCOLSKY. BY FRANCES KEYZER.

IN M. Antocolsky we have one of the many proofs of the force of genius, the force that cannot be repressed, that finds its level above all difficulties. The popular Russian sculptor did not always enjoy the friendship of emperors, grand dukes, and statesmen. He was not born in the purple. He had a hard fight for the greatness he has achieved, and was neither aided by birth nor fortune to the position he now occupies. Born in Vilna, Russia, of poor Jewish parents, whose religious conservatism and prejudices contrasted strongly with their son's artistic tendencies, his education, like that of all Jewish youths in his native town, was commenced and finished at a *Cheder*, or school for boys between the ages of four and seven. The Talmud was the Alpha and Omega of their learning; and at the advanced age of seven, when other children scarcely know how to read and write, the little Hebrews of Vilna could discuss on the duties of man, the rights of woman, and all questions of the Bible with the ease of a Rabbi.

In Vilna, where one half the population, at the period when Antocolsky was young, was composed of Jews living in the most abject poverty, there was not much scope for the furtherance of the boy's aspirations. We, therefore, soon find him at work in St. Petersburg. Even here two great obstacles had to be overcome: the want of means to enable him to study, and the opposition on the part of his parents. He, nevertheless, succeeded, thanks to recommendations, in being admitted as a pupil of the Imperial Academy of Fine Arts. But, during the time he remained in the Russian capital, his struggles for the necessaries of life were ever hard. His courage and his energy, however, were undaunted; working at an engraver's for the few kopeks he needed for food and shelter, he daily made strides in the plastic art that was soon to make him famous.

It is always interesting to note the beginnings of great men, and the means they employ to arrive at the accomplishment of their destinies. It might be

SISTER OF MERCY TENDING A WOUNDED SOLDIER BY MARC ANTOCOLSKY

SPINOZA BY MARC ANTOCOLSKY

dramatic power made a deep impression upon us. There was not a man among us who did not spend his last kopek on a photograph, no matter how small, on which he gazed far into the night, communicating his impressions to the others the next morning with the eagerness of youth. Without exaggeration it was a revelation to us. Some time afterwards a collection of paintings by the French masters of the day were presented to the Academy by a well-known art-patron; the room in which they were exhibited became our meeting place. It was only then we could look upon the originals of the works we had worshipped in the poorest of reproductions."

At about this time young Antocolsky was seized with the wish of immortalising Ivan the Terrible, that colossal figure in Russian history that appeals even more strongly to the Russian than Peter the Great, notwithstanding the diabolical nature of the individual. He hit upon the ingenious plan of an exhibition at twenty kopeks (five pence) entrance fee, and exhibited the plaster cast of his Ivan, the work that eventually was to make him celebrated. But the word exhibition to the Russians evidently expressed more than the simple figure shown to them, as I have heard from eye-witnesses that the *chef d'œuvre* that was to attract all intellectual and artistic Russia, was scarcely noticed when the sightseers discovered but one figure in the exhibition. The visitors turned from it with contempt. The sculptor had, however, achieved his purpose, for he had now sufficient funds to allow him to carry out his project. Antocolsky studied the various phases in the life of this prince, who, at his coronation in 1547 assumed the title of Czar, which has since become the pro-

imagined that Antocolsky's most ardent wishes were gratified now that he was permitted to work at the Academy; but, unfortunately, tuition in those days at the Art-school in St. Petersburg was not what it is at present.

Antocolsky was not long in discovering this, and he relates it in his simple, unaffected style. "When I was in St. Petersburg," he says, "we students only knew of Winckelman, Flaxman, Overbeck; we were enthusiastic over Kaulbach, we admired Knaus and Vautier. As to French art our knowledge was only from hearsay; we were told it was *chic*. One day we became acquainted with this *chic* through engravings and photographs. Great heavens, what a discovery! We went mad over those photographs. We bowed down before Gerôme and Meissonier, and especially before Delaroche whose

perty of his descendants. And in following the causes that marked his reign as a period of atrocities and bloodshed committed at his dictation, the artist has chosen to imagine the Emperor seeking an excuse for his cruelties in the faults of his surroundings, and selected the well-known episode of Vassili Chibonoff's interview with Ivan, for his subject. The story, as related by Russian historians, is that after the defeat of the Muscovite army, one of the most distinguished Russian officers, Kourbski, fearing Ivan's wrath, emigrated to Lithuania. Thence he sent a missive to the Czar acquainting him with his decision to join the Poles, and reproaching him with his cruelties and ingratitude, to him who had shed his blood in fighting the Tartars. This event, or rather this treachery, did not serve to calm the terrible Ivan, and it is said that more executions and horrors were perpetrated after he received these tidings, than at any period of the fifty years during which he exercised uncontrolled power. The sculptor has depicted the Emperor listening to Vassili, the messenger, whose right foot he has pinned to the ground with his sharp-pointed stick.

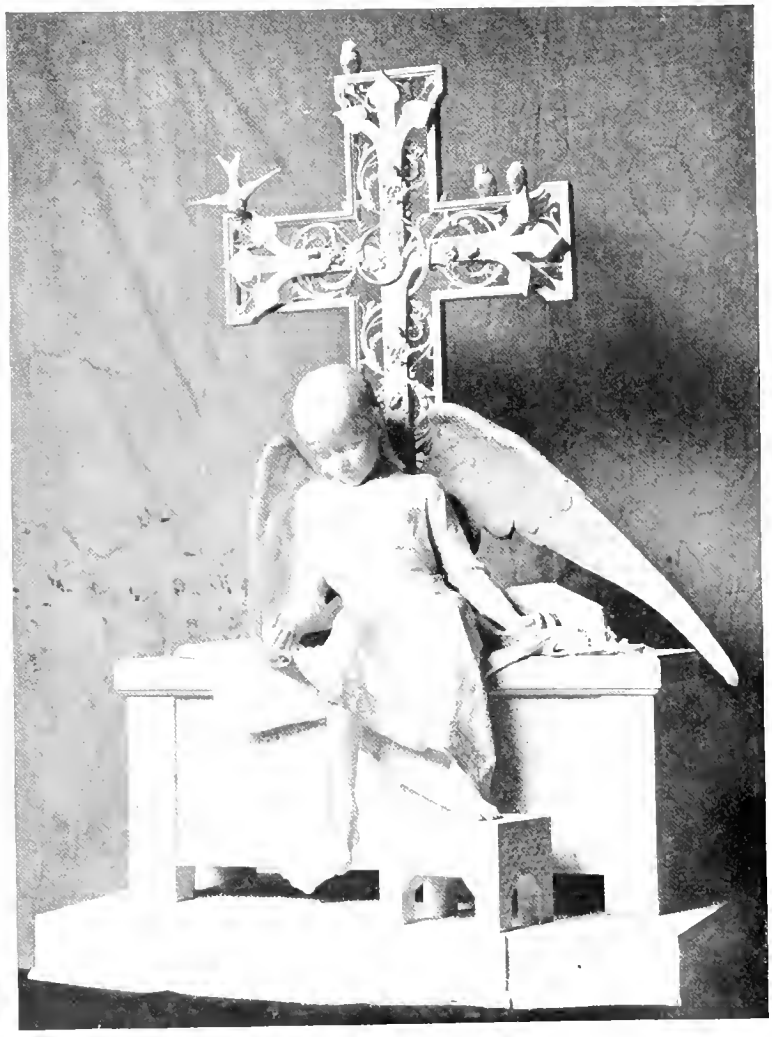
Antocolsky owes his early popularity to the Grand Duchess Marie, who induced Turgeniew, and, later, the Emperor Alexander, to visit his studio. Soon all that was great in the land of the Russians followed in their footsteps. The Ivan group made a deep impression upon the Emperor, who purchased the work, which, as I have already mentioned, is considered Antocolsky's masterpiece, and had it placed in the Hermitage in St. Petersburg. He also bestowed upon the sculptor the title of Academician, a great mark of favour when we consider the position of the Jews in Russia during the late Emperor's lifetime.

It is only in 1875 that we find him in Paris, working and living among the people for whom he professes such warm sympathies. Before his migration to France he spent many years in Italy, where some of his finest work was inspired: his *Christ*, his *Spinoza* and his *Socrates*. Still, it is easily conceived that a mind like Antocolsky's

DEATH OF SOCRATES — BY MARC ANTOCOLSKY

would seek the development that Paris, whence came the troubled echoes of the workings of the impressionists, alone could give him. For Antocolsky is a psychologist, a sculptor of the mind more than a sculptor of the body. Beauty of form, which, according to the Greeks, is the sole *raison d'être* of plastic art, has little place in his work. It is a fact worth noting, that with the exception of the bended Satan, his figures are all robed. He leans evidently more to Chateaubriand's opinion than to Victor Cousin's. It may be remembered that the former wrote that sculpture gives a soul to marble, while the latter held that the sculptor's art is exclusively antique because, before everything else, it is the expression of the beauty of form. I doubt whether Antocolsky has ever read Ruskin. I should not be surprised if he even knows of the Englishman's existence, but for all that he depicts neither angels nor saints, but men and women—chiefly men—who have lived valiant or strong lives, content to bear record of the souls that were dwelling with him on earth, instead of striving to give a descriptive glory to those only dreamed of in heaven.

He acknowledges that the errors of his early days in Paris were due much to the impressionability of his nature. Does he refer to his misunderstanding with the Committee of the Champ-de-Mars, a misunderstanding to which we owe his refusal to take any further part in the yearly exhibitions at the salons? At any rate he was badly treated by that august body. In response to a special invitation, he sent in some of his most important works. To his surprise, however, he received an intimation that only two—and those the most insignificant—had been accepted. It is almost needless to add that he declined the honour of exhibiting at their Salon. What really happened has always remained a mystery. Taking into consideration the position of the Russian sculptor, the event created no little stir in artistic circles. The general impression is that this extraordinary proceeding on the part of the committee—which was composed of some of the leading men of France—did not arise from any desire to offend the artist or from any question of national jealousy. But the committee was doubtless actuated by the fear that Antocolsky's colossal figures would dwarf the works of the younger sculptors who were timidly giving forth, for the first time, their unconstrained ideas. They had just severed their connection with the Champs-Elysées Salon, and possibly it had been decided to exclude Antocolsky's larger works for fear of discouraging the



MONUMENT TO A CHILD BY MARC ANTOCOLSKY

HEAD OF CHRIST — BY
MARC ANTOKOLSKY

recruits. Not a very elevated idea, certainly, but one which I believe comes nearest the truth.

It cannot be denied but that Antocolsky has rendered great services to Russian art. Sculpture in Russia before Antocolsky's time never had the same development as painting. The reason can be found in the religious and ethnographical conditions of the country. The orthodox faith has always been opposed to the sculptural reproduction of the human figure in the churches and monasteries, for, as early as the eighth century, it was forbidden to represent either the virgin or the saints in this manner. This explains why all the religious buildings in Russia are so profusely decorated with mosaics and paintings. The climate and the nature of the materials generally used in their architecture — wood and bricks — do not lend themselves to sculptural decoration, and it is barely fifty years ago that the Russians have begun to ornament their sacred buildings with marble and stone figures, and that they have erected statues in their cities. At the commencement of the present century there were so few sculptors of any talent in Russia that in order to execute the groups, statues, and hauts-reliefs in bronze, of Saint Isaac, it was necessary to apply to foreigners: Lemaire, Vitali, Bouilli and Salemann. Only two Russians, Klodt and Laganowsky, were employed.

CHRIST BEFORE THE PEOPLE

BY MARC ANTOCOLSKY

Although Klodt, and later Mikeschine and Hartmann, were the first to give an impetus to this special branch of art, Antocolsky may be considered the greatest sculptor Russia has had. His works are numerous. Those that are best known are the *Ivan the Terrible*, already mentioned, the *Mausoleum of the Princess Obolensky*, at Monte Testaccio in Rome, the *Death of Socrates*, and *Christ before the People*.

Since his unpleasant experience with the Champs-de-Mars Salon he exhibits exclusively in his studio in the Rue Bayen, Paris, where, some few years ago, he had no fewer than twenty-three works on view, creating a great sensation at the time. "All Paris" made a point of being present. The life-sized figures of *Peter the Great*, *Satan*, *Ophelia*, *Nestor*, *Saint John the Baptist*, and the busts of *Turgeniew*, *Tolstoi*, *Botkine*, *Polowstow*, *the Grand Dukes Alexis and Nicolas* were much admired by connoisseurs.

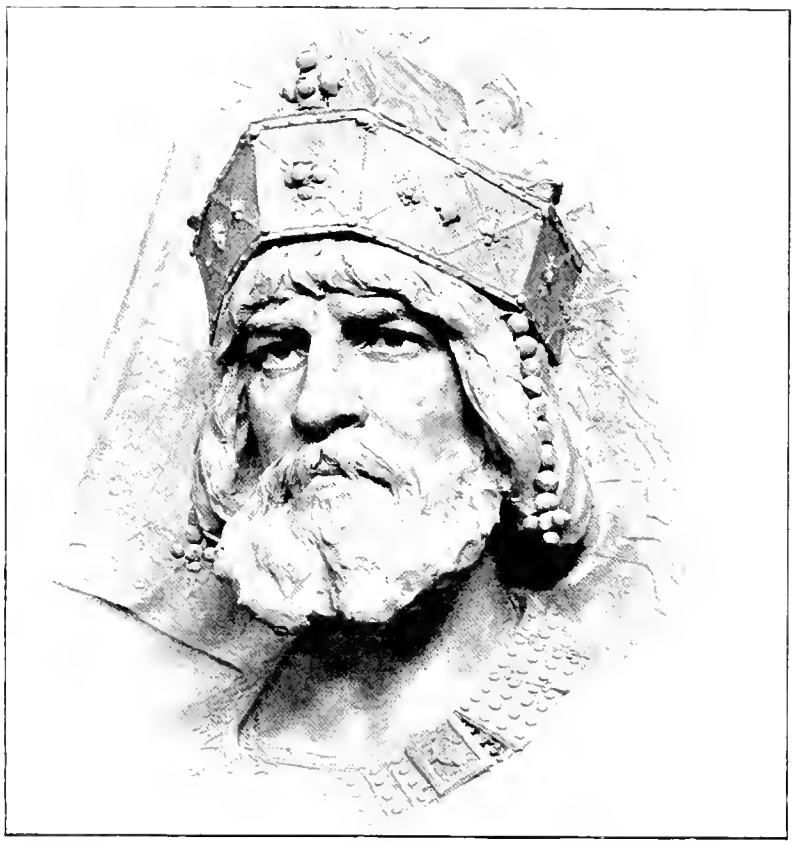
Strangely enough, women do not appear to inspire Antocolsky. They seem physically and intellectually to be void of attraction for him. We look in vain for a Catherine II., a Judith, or a Lady Macbeth. The only female figures exhibited by him here were a *Blind Girl feeding Pigeons*, a haut-relief of *Ophelia*, and a *Sister of Mercy Tending a Wounded Soldier*. Only charity, infirmity, and weakness have appealed to him in woman. He has even portrayed Ophelia much weaker than she appears to us in Shakespeare. He has selected, as a type, a girl with a reed-

ing chin and a forehead that bespeaks but little intellect.

The accompanying illustrations do not require description. They speak for themselves. It is merely necessary, in order to give a more complete idea of Antocolsky's work, to mention a model for a lighthouse which has been much discussed both in France and in Russia. It represents a gigantic figure of Christ, standing on a rock covered by the sea, giving the impression of the Saviour walking upon the waters. Whilst one hand is outstretched as if in warning, the other, far above His head, holds the cross, from which the light flashes forth. Whatever it may be from a practical point of view, it is undoubtedly a work of art. The idea is poetical, and simply and impressively carried out.

His latest productions are the busts of the Czar and the Czarina, likewise exhibited in his studio before being sent to Russia. It is a good as well as a pretty likeness of the Czarina, and will no doubt be more popular at court than that of the Dowager Empress, which failed to please the courtiers, who did not find it sufficiently flattering. But Antocolsky is no courtier. Of humble origin, having had to struggle against poverty, envy, and religious prejudice, he has risen by his art alone to be the friend of princes, poets, musicians, and of all who consider genius the greatest gift God has bestowed on man.

FRANCIS KEYZER.



A WARRIOR BY MARC ANTOCOLSKY

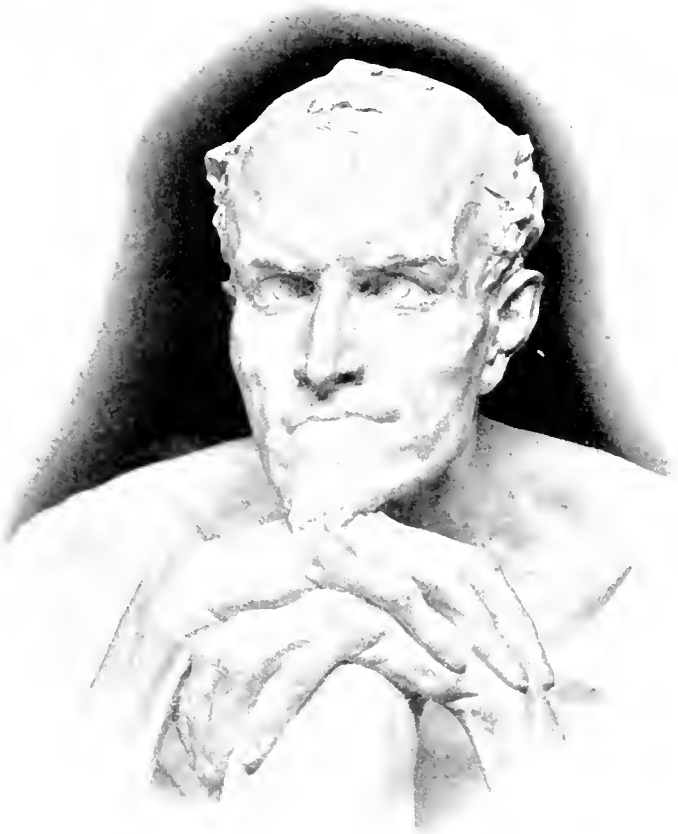
THE COLOURING OF THE VENETIANS. BY HENRY THOMAS SCHÄFER.

"THE colouring of the Venetians" is an expression that in the history of art has become a synonym for all that is rich and rare. I suppose it would be scarcely possible to speak or think of the splendour of colour as applied to painting without taking into account the achievements of such men as the Bellini, Cima, Giorgione, Titian, Tintoretto, Veronese, and a score besides, who have made Venice famous in this respect. The Roman school may have been more scientific, the Bolognese more tender; but for colour—for colour in itself—as a thing to be desired for itself — colour to be matched only by the crimson of the sunset, or the purple of the mountains, or the azure of the sky, for *colour* in that sense, we turn our eyes and thoughts to the great masters of the School of Venice.

Now, while all this will be universally acknowledged, while it has been written about and discussed and illustrated, it seems to me singular that so little has been said or done in the direction of ascertaining what were the actual methods adopted by the Venetian painters to produce their masterpieces. It is to this question I address myself.

The opportunity of studying the subject came to me during the

Byam Shaw



SATAN BY MARC ANTOKOLSKY

twelve years of my association with the late Signor Pinti as his assistant in the work of restoring old paintings, generally of the Italian schools.

Very close observation and actual analysis of the materials used led me, under the careful guidance of my experienced master, to the conviction, always ardently maintained by him, that the methods employed by the Venetians were extremely simple. The very simplicity, indeed, of the means, appears to have led some inquirers astray.

It must be remembered, of course, that a painting fresh from the easel of Bellini or Titian had a very different appearance from that which it presents to-day, with its three centuries' yellowing of oil, old varnish, and accumulated dust. It is just possible, if not probable, that if such a picture were seen to-day exactly as it did leave the easel of the painter, it would not be appreciated by everybody. There is a mysterious glamour that comes by the "toning of ages," a pleasing glow or warmth, a unity of tone throughout the picture which the modern spectator has learned to love and to associate with the work of the master, but which is the work of time alone.

Whether the picture is better or worse for its toning is not within the scope of my inquiry. There is no doubt a certain fascination always attending the unseen and unknown; but that which obscures a painting, obscures the intention of the painter; and due consideration will show that if the effect produced is not the effect originally intended by the painter, the more we respect the painter, the more we shall regret the change.

There are two methods by which we may approach the subject experimentally. One is by analysis—that is, by actually taking an old picture, encrusted by many coats of varnish, and discoloured by the dust of ages, and subjecting it to the process of cleaning as practised by an expert restorer. The other method is by attempting to imitate or manufacture an "old Venetian master."

Let us first examine the work of the restorer. For it *is* possible to restore a picture in the sense of relieving it of the accretions of ages. The old varnish is removable either by gentle friction, or by the careful use of solvents. Of course incalculable injury may be inflicted by the rash use of solvents—as an ignorant or unskilled hand may inflict incalculable injury by the use of the surgeon's knife—but applied with discrimination they are effective and safe. The dirty substance of varnish which they attack differs chemically from the finer substance of paint with which the picture was executed; and under the treatment of an accomplished expert the one is removed, leaving the other untouched. The picture thus cleaned will appear in all its original beauty of colour, excepting a slight tone

due to the natural yellowing of the oil with which the pigments were originally prepared.

But now suppose that instead of analysing—that is, pulling to pieces—you take another course. Suppose you attempt to put together—to reproduce by means of fresh pigments the effects so familiar to us in the works by the old Venetian painters. Suppose you attempt to make an exact copy of a particular picture, how will you set to work? By mixing your colours till they match the colours you are copying—modifying your blues and reds and whites with browns and yellows till they appear to agree with the original as it stands before you? Such an attempt would lead only to failure and disappointment;—perhaps even to the conviction that some great secret was in the possession of the ancient masters from which the modern are shut out; or that the pigments of the sixteenth century were finer than we can obtain in the nineteenth; or that unknown mediums were used for glazing; or anything else than the simple fact that the Venetian masters adopted a method of their own that is never practised now.

The only known method of actually producing the exact appearance of an old Venetian picture is to paint the picture with pure, fresh colours; to allow it to thoroughly dry; and then to pile up as much in the way of glaze and varnish and dirt as may be necessary to complete the desired effect.

It is generally known that the Venetians painted on a pure white ground. This ground was prepared with water-colours (tempera), was non-absorbent, and was applied thinly upon canvas and more solidly upon panels, the surface being made perfectly smooth. The drawing, very carefully prepared as a cartoon, was then traced in delicate outline on the white ground, and protected by a wash of size, which served also the purpose of preventing the outline from soiling or mixing with the colours when they should be applied.

The painting was then executed *alla prima*—that is, in one painting—so that the surface of the colour remained undisturbed, and the white ground shone through, giving the greatest possible luminosity. In this way only a portion of the picture could have been painted at a time, and it was no doubt done "bit by bit," the rest of the white ground being left, as in fresco, until the whole surface was thus covered. The picture was then left to dry thoroughly, when the artist would go over the whole work again, touching here and there, gently bringing the *ensemble* or general effect together. Before doing this a very thin varnish applied over the work, or a slight "oiling out," in order to see the general effect, might have been requisite. But with a great master very little of such after-work would be necessary.

So much is generally known, and it is at this point that the investigations of Signor Pinti have yielded their most interesting results. Briefly stated they are as follows:—

First. The Venetians never mixed more than two pigments to produce a tint; or three, if we include white. Generally one colour was used, with which white was only mixed when necessary to obtain the gradations of tint.

Second. They used the same oil in painting that they used in preparing their colours. If the colours were ground in nut oil, nut oil was used for thinning in the process of painting, and no other. If linseed was used in grinding, linseed was used in painting, and no other.

Third. They used their colours thinly and at one painting, and upon a white ground.

Fourth. They were particularly careful to keep their pigments pure and their brushes clean, using a separate brush for each separate colour.

The following might be taken as the ordinary setting of a Venetian palette. Let us suppose the subject to be a portrait, with black costume and grey background. For the flesh—red, black, and white—the red chosen according as the tint required. Generally this would be Venetian red; sometimes, for lips, tips of ears, and cheeks, a red lake—but never the blending of many varieties of pigments as would be found on a modern palette. For the eyes (if not black or grey) a blue or brown, specially chosen, and adhered to throughout the painting. For the hair, black and white; or (if brown or golden) a suitable brown or yellow—but always one simple colour. For the costume, black and white only; no resources being looked to except (as in a good etching or mezzotint) the value of the tones. For the linen or background no other colour would appear upon the palette than black and white.*

But if the palette of the Venetian masters was simple, so also was their method of painting. Their practice was to mix the colours (most likely with a palette-knife) to the required tones before applying them to the canvas with a brush; to paint each

* It is sometimes supposed that the white was modified with yellow, but Signor Pinti was convinced (and I believe rightly) that except for the local colours, such as in the case of hair, draperies, gold, &c., yellow found no place on the palette. The yellow warmth common to old Venetian pictures is due entirely to the yellowing of the oil with which the pigments were ground and the varnish with which they were covered.

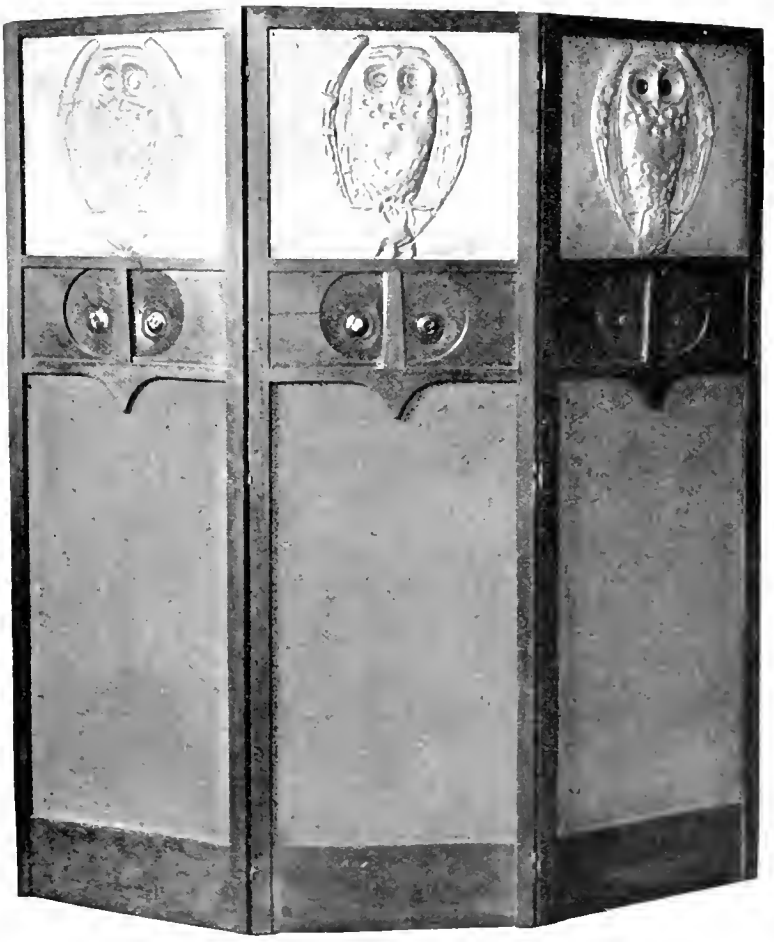
tint precisely as they wished it to remain, without patching, or disturbing, or altering—so that whatever tint or tone was produced upon the surface was not a surface tone only, with something different underneath, but was the real colour of the pigment throughout. This method ensured to the colours used their virgin purity and the greatest possible durability.*

It will be observed that the limitation of the number of pigments used in any particular combination does not limit or restrict the varieties of effect that may be produced. Indeed, the use of these simple combinations makes the contrast between the use of one pigment and another all the more marked—because the result is not confused by the blending of many tints. For instance, a very fair woman's face was sometimes painted with vermilion, white, and black; a deeper complexion with Venetian red, white, and black; another with Venetian red, white, and raw umber: and yet another with burnt sienna, white, and black: in each case a different red, red lake (corresponding to our madder lake) being used for the lips.

The flesh tints were exactly and carefully mixed; painted very thinly, tenderly, and beautifully; and softened with *dry* soft brushes (sables or very soft hog hair)—always with a distinct idea of rendering the form and modelling of the object; not softening for the sake of softening merely, but with the purpose of rendering the delicacy and softness as observable in nature.

Suppose now that the subject instead of being a simple portrait is a great group of figures, with architecture and sky and other accessories. The palette will be set on the same principle. For the sky, ultramarine (or such other blue as may be chosen) and white, the clouds black, and white, or yellow. For the draperies, each its one separate colour, to be lightened with white, or the lights to be wiped out; the deep shadows to be given with the full strength of the colour used and that colour alone. Yellow—with any yellow chosen according to the requirements—sometimes to be shaded with burnt sienna. Green, and purple, and orange, were used either in primitive pigments or the combination of two colours—but a third colour (ex-

* The pure white ground was certainly used in all early work until the later men (beginning with Giorgione and Titian) launched out in style and possibly experimented somewhat. Titian sometimes, it would appear, "drew in" his subjects with a red colour. Paul Veronese, some say, used *tempera* as a first painting, finishing with oil, or possibly varnish. Tintoretto sometimes prepared draperies with colours for final glazing, &c. The Venetians no doubt were not free from the spirit of experimenting, and very likely did occasionally work in different ways; but all these may fairly be accepted as exceptions to the rule.



"OWL" SCREEN — BY Mr. HERBERT MCNAIR

(See "Some Glasgow Designers")

cepting sometimes white) was never introduced into the combination.*

Now it is not pretended that the simple knowledge of the ways and means of Venetian colouring will ever make a Titian or Veronese. These great painters had the genius to use their knowledge, and were not merely colourists but also designers and inventors, with mighty artistic faculties for composing and arranging their tints, so as to make beautiful visions pass before the eyes. It is here, after all, that the genius of the painter as a colourist is manifested.

The Venetians evinced it also by their exquisite perception of the relative value of tones peculiar to the local colours of the various objects brought together in a picture. For instance, white objects never lost their whiteness, and appear as the principal lights of the picture, the flesh generally appearing as secondary lights, and so on with the various objects according to their local colour, down to the darkest.

In a word, the Venetian masters looked at nature broadly, they frankly accepted a compromise, evidently understanding that the painter, however great might be his genius, could not, with the pigments and materials available, actually reproduce nature's effects as they really appear (unless he were content to limit his vision to a few objects seen in half-tones), and that a great and full scale of colour can only be dealt with by suggestion. But they not only saw clearly that the means of art at their disposal were limited, they manfully chose that particular compromise (rather decorative than realistic) which they believed to be nearest to nature and at the same time practicable. They chose a large, broad view of nature, totally ignoring its microscopic details.

The simplicity of the principle they adopted enabled them to carry their work to a dignified completeness, the magnificence of which has ever been, and still is, the admiration of the world.

Perhaps their simplicity may have been the key to their success, for without simplicity nothing great has ever been attained.

* A careful examination of any early Venetian picture will justify all that I have said. For instance, *The St. Jerome Writing*, school of Bellini, or *The Virgin and Child*, by Cima, and another by Basaiti, in the National Gallery, all show distinctly the simple method as explained. *Darius before Alexander*, by P. Veronese, *The Lady in Red Press*, by P. Bordone, the portraits in black costume by Moroni, again show the same thing; as indeed do all the other Venetian paintings, but the first named having less of yellow and dirty varnish upon them, bear the clearest evidence.

LINEN CUPBOARD BY C. R. MACKINTOSH

subject of study, no one would in popular opinion be able to dispute with Sir Edwin Landseer the absolutely leading position. His right to rank as an infallible interpreter of animal characteristics is one of those traditions which people have accustomed themselves to regard as unquestionable; and yet his position is in a sense a false one, and hardly to be justified on real æsthetic grounds. That he drew animals with sound knowledge, and with intelligent appreciation of their anatomical peculiarities; that he painted skilfully the texture of fur and feathers; that he had a judicious power of noting and expressing their graces of attitude and the varieties of their posing and action, cannot most certainly be denied; but it is equally indisputable that his capacity for suggesting the mental character of the beasts he painted was by no means perfect. In his pictures it is useless to seek for natural and unconventional animal life, or even for a hint of true animal emotion. Instead he has given us a series of purely human dramas in which the actors masquerade in borrowed disguises, and incongruously show human convictions through a furry make-up. The whole principle of his art was a mistaken idea to establish a kind of parallelism between the feelings of man and animals, and to prove a similarity which has no actual existence. At best his models grimace, and attitudinise, in an unnatural fashion, and at their worst they simply forget to be animals at all. But such was Landseer's extraordinary popularity, and so great was the technical cleverness with which he could put these travesties into pictorial form, that his manner of painting animal life was not only accepted as correct, but, as well, set a fashion which has since been followed by a huge array of painters in search of the same sort of popularity. What has resulted is a lamentable convention, a foolish custom in painting which, while it detracted seriously from the merit of even such a capable workman as Landseer, has simply

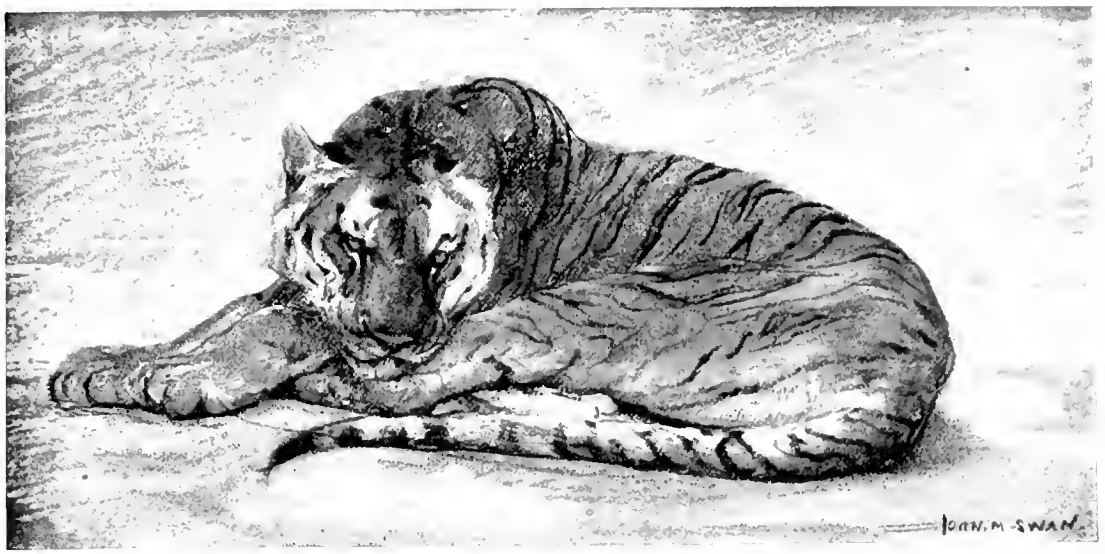
STUDY OF A LIONESS — BY J. M. SWAN, A.R.A.

destroyed the vitality of the art practised by his weaker successors.

Fortunately there is no rule without an exception; and there is no convention however dominating against which some strong men will not be found ready to protest. Of late a few painters, influenced by the saner principles of the Continental schools, have shown themselves impatient of these popular restrictions upon the right representation of animals in art, and have set to work to observe and treat subjects of this class by those judicious laws of naturalism which have of late years strongly influenced in the right way all branches of æsthetic effort. We have in this country no artist who can be compared with Mr. J. M. Swan as an exponent of what is correct and appropriate in the representation of animal types and characteristics. He stands, that is to say, at the head of the small group of workers who understand that animals must, if they are to be painted properly, be studied with the same close attention to individuality, and with the same earnest regard for purely personal points of difference, as should be bestowed upon anything else in animate nature. There is in his view of art no concession to the idea that the animals he paints should be used as puppets to make intelligible some pretty little domestic drama, or to explain the point of a harmless joke; he has discovered no particular merit in dissociating the beasts themselves from their ordinary everyday habits, and in making them do on their hind legs things they would very much rather do on all fours. The performing animal is something with which he distinctly does not sympathise; and he is much more interested in the unsociable angularities of the frank barbarian than in the airs and graces of the miserable hybrid which is one of the least tolerable products of civilisation. What he wants to study, in fact, is the natural beast, the savage, untamed creature upon which man has imposed none of his own mannerisms, and he values much more the dangerous independence of the wild animal than the spiritless condition which results from human training.

HEAD OF A LIONESS BY J. M. SWAN, A.R.A.

It is obvious that any artist who regards animal painting from the naturalistic point of view, and wishes to carry naturalism in his work to its logical limit, must certainly approach his subjects in a way very unlike that preferred by Landseer and his followers. From first to last he must look to nature for his suggestions, and he must work out ideas which fit in with the facts she supplies, not with some abstract preconception of his own. He must be prepared to follow faithfully the impressions he receives, and to work them out con-



STUDY OF A TIGER — BY J. M. SWAN, A.R.A.

sistently and coherently, not blurring them and spoiling their vividness by the elimination of characteristics which are a little difficult to handle, and not falsifying them by the introduction of suggestions derived quite incongruously from human habits. In a word, he must be observant and receptive, but he must also have the judgment to keep his observations unperverted, and to state them clearly without reducing their value by mixing with them inconsistent details.

It is because the work of Mr. Swan satisfies these conditions that he holds among living artists such a commanding position. The atmosphere which pervades his work throughout is that of the sincerest possible respect for nature, and of the most resolute intention to allow nothing to lead him away from absolute fidelity to her. Everything which he has produced in painting or sculpture is full of close observation, and is correct and faithful not in a mechanical and perfunctory way, but with the vivid vitality which results only from perfect knowledge. In no part of his work do these rare qualities appear so attractively as in his drawings. These studies of animal life are extraordinarily accurate, superbly exact in their statement of fact, and yet admirable in their judicious selection and their significant suggestion of almost imperceptible points of character. The secret of their success is to be found in the spirit with which the artist approaches them. His system is simply to allow nature to suggest to him the way to work, and to prescribe the course which he is to follow. He has no wish to assert himself and to insist upon preferences of his own which would have the ultimate effect of leading him into comfortable conventions that would destroy the real vitality of his art by bounding it with formal restrictions. On the contrary, what he always aims at doing, both in his studies and his completed works, is to express what is characteristic of his models, to understand the individuality of each subject, and to state that with scrupulous fidelity. Every drawing he does is a portrait not only of the features of the beast, but also of those little details of character which give it a personal idiosyncracy.

His work in the Zoological Gardens, which is represented by the drawings that are here reproduced, has been conducted from the first on this principle of searching for something more than mere attitude. Every pose that he renders, every action he represents, has a meaning of its own. What he is really doing in each case is recording the mental intention of the animal he has chosen to draw. These sketches and studies become under this system portraits of living things subject to emotions and ideas which direct and control physical action. Each drawing is, in fact, a study of a mood affecting the behaviour of the animal; and everything which makes the drawing complete is set down solely with the intention to define and exactly describe this particular mood. Whatever may be the emotion which is for the moment governing his sitter, whether it is anger, suspicion, curiosity, lazy indifference, or merely the desire for repose, it is to

this mental condition that he gives his first attention, and it is his appreciation of the animal's thoughts that determines the manner in which he depicts the lines and modelling of its body. Of course such a system of work implies the possession by the artist of a very great amount of knowledge acquired by endless comparisons and constant analysis. He has made himself so thoroughly acquainted with the details of animal nature that he can distinguish between very minute variations of movement, and can realise subtleties of expression that might easily escape a less keen observer. He knows by heart the turns and twists of the most complex animal personality, he can read the signs by which in the four-footed world shades of emotion are differentiated, and he can interpret in the right way apparent inconsistencies which really give the keynote to instincts of the utmost importance.

But Mr. Swan's position as an artist would not be so assured and indisputable if it depended simply upon his possession of an exceptional amount of knowledge of animals and their ways. It is because he combines a scientist's powers of observation with artistic skill of a very high order that he ranks among the best living exponents of the branch of art which he follows. His technical capacity is, indeed, remarkable. He can, even in his slightest notes, suggest variations of surface texture, details of modelling, facts of anatomical structure, and graces of movement, with a certainty and appropriateness which are only possible to a worker whose training of hand and eye is extremely thorough and complete. In his drawings the qualities of his style are, perhaps, more evident than in anything else he does. In them he makes us feel vividly how sure he is of his subjects, and with what an entire absence of hesitation he can set down what he has to say. He has too the rarest of all gifts, an exact judgment of the right moment to stop. Nothing that he does is ever carried further than is necessary to make its meaning clear, and no elaboration for its own sake ever spoils the significance and simplicity of his work. What he gives us is technically a masterly statement of the idea which has commended itself to him as a worthy pictorial motive, a clear and unhesitating assertion of the results of a particular set of observations. Each drawing is, as it were, the solution of a problem, and only so much is admitted into it as will complete the proof; any side issues, everything which does not help to

STUDY OF A LIONESS — BY J. M. SWAN, A.R.A.

STUDY OF A LEOPARD BY J. M. SWAN, A.R.A.

STUDY OF A TIGER BY J. M. SWAN, A.R.A.

make indisputable the fundamental contention, are left untouched because by opening up other lines of thought they would divert attention from what it is his intention to demonstrate and define. This habit of working has very markedly affected his manner of handling, and has given a curious brevity to his style. He uses habitually the very smallest number of touches that will express his meaning; but as every one must fulfil its exact function nothing that he puts upon his paper or canvas is in the smallest degree tentative or undecided. Therefore his use of line is extremely sensitive. By very subtle modulations and variations in direction he will make a single line suggest not only bone and muscle but something also of the modelling of the furry coat. He will give in a few strokes a complete summary of a complicated movement, and will definitely explain the character and momentary mood of the beast in what is actually little more than an outline. Hardly any better example of this economy of labour could be given than the drawing of the seated lioness which is among the illustrations to this article. There is amazing accuracy in the twist of the body, and in the lifting and poise of the head and neck, and yet the whole thing has to all appearance been completed in a few moments. And nothing in its way could be more admirable than another of these reproductions, the study of the head of the Polar bear. It is more detailed, more elaborate, but it is expressed with a minimum of actual handling. What touches there are have the right value and are in the right places—that is all; but they suffice to assert in a manner that is almost perfect every fact of the subject that is worth attention. The firm solid mass of the skull, the huge muscles of the jaws, the massive bony structure of the muzzle and eye sockets, the heavy folding and creasing of the skin round the cruel mouth, even the texture of the close, thick fur, are all explained with such consummate exactness that nothing seems to be lacking. It is a *tour-de-force* of simplicity, but how wonderfully comprehensive it all is!

We may fairly reckon it a fortunate circumstance that the admitted leader of the present day school of animal painting in this country should be an artist of such a type. By his example much can be done to substitute a wholesome principle of

HEAD OF A POLAR BEAR BY J. M. SWAN, A.R.A.

FROM AN ALGRAPH BY STORM VAN GRAVESANDE

work for the foolish convention which has too long demoralised our painters. The influence of Mr. Swan as an apostle of a healthy art creed is invaluable, and the object lessons which are provided by his works cannot fail to convince all students and sincere workers who are ready to give real consideration to the efforts of men who are not content to follow the beaten track. Happily the departure he has made is one with which no artist need hesitate to be associated, for it is governed by the soundest principles of art. His career so far has been not merely one of protest against past follies, but also one of active advocacy of modes of study which would make impossible any reversion to the indefensible disregard of nature that has so long crippled the progress of animal painting. He has not only pointed out the right way, but has by his efforts proved it to be absolutely practicable. But those who would accompany him must adopt his methods, and labour with his sincere spirit.

The portrait of Mr. Chester in our July number was from a photograph by Mr. Mercer Wright.

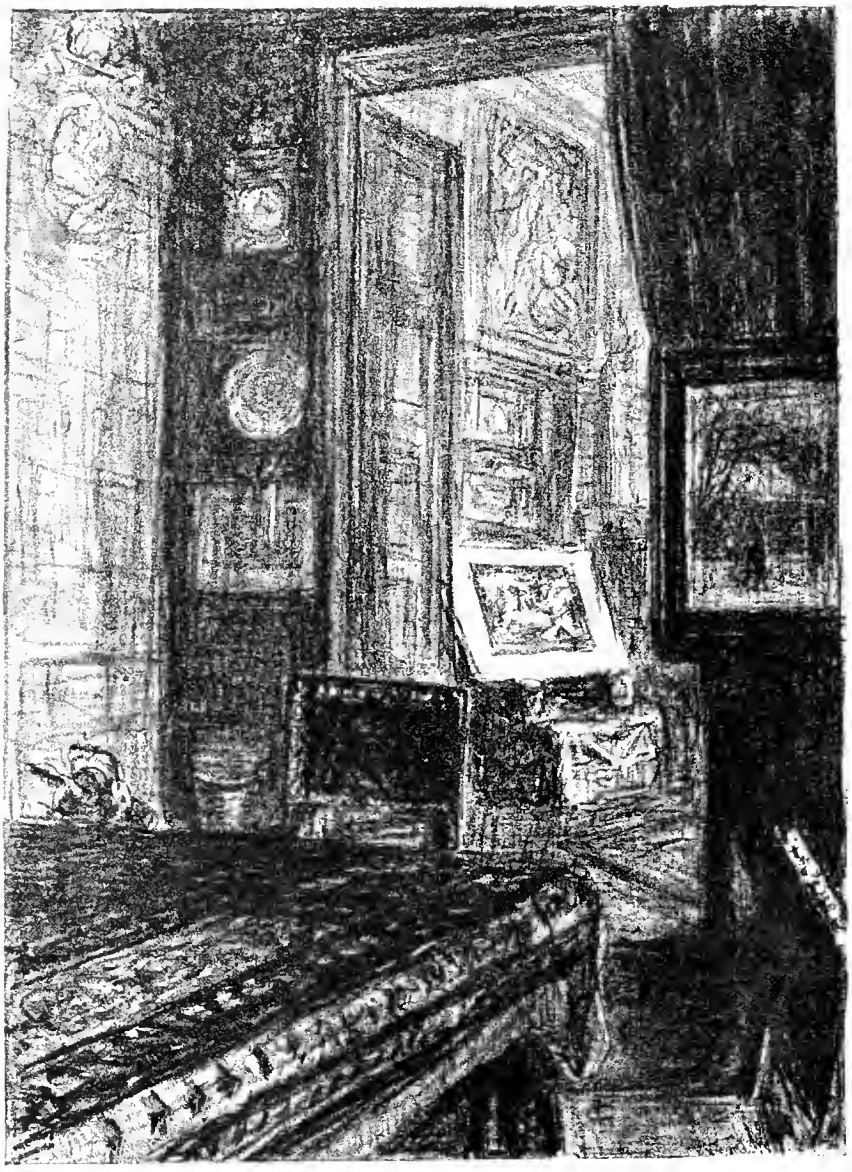
ALGRAPHY: A SUBSTITUTE FOR LITHOGRAPHY.

For a great many years experiments have been constantly made with the idea of finding some printing medium which would serve as an efficient substitute for the lithographic stone. There are ample reasons why inventors should devote themselves to this particular line of investigation, for some process which will present the same advantages and conveniences as lithography, and will at the same time avoid some of its disadvantages, is absolutely certain to secure wide popularity. Hitherto lithography has held its own as an artistic method which allows to the draughtsman great freedom of expression, and is extremely responsive to delicacies of touch and handling, and as a mechanical reproductive device which is comparatively simple to manage, and sufficiently reliable in its results. But it has always been subject to one serious drawback, that it has necessitated the use of a natural product, lithographic stone, which is variable in quality and likely to be at no very distant date extremely

limited in quantity. Hitherto the chief source of the supply of this lithographic stone has been the quarries of Solenhofen, in Bavaria, but there have been for some time past signs that these quarries will eventually prove unequal to the demands that are being increasingly made upon them, and that lithography as a process will have to be abandoned for want of the material indispensable for its existence. Another trouble that has always hampered lithographic printers has been the great weight of the stone itself; and, as the scale of the work with which they have had to deal has of late years steadily increased, this drawback has made itself felt more and more definitely.

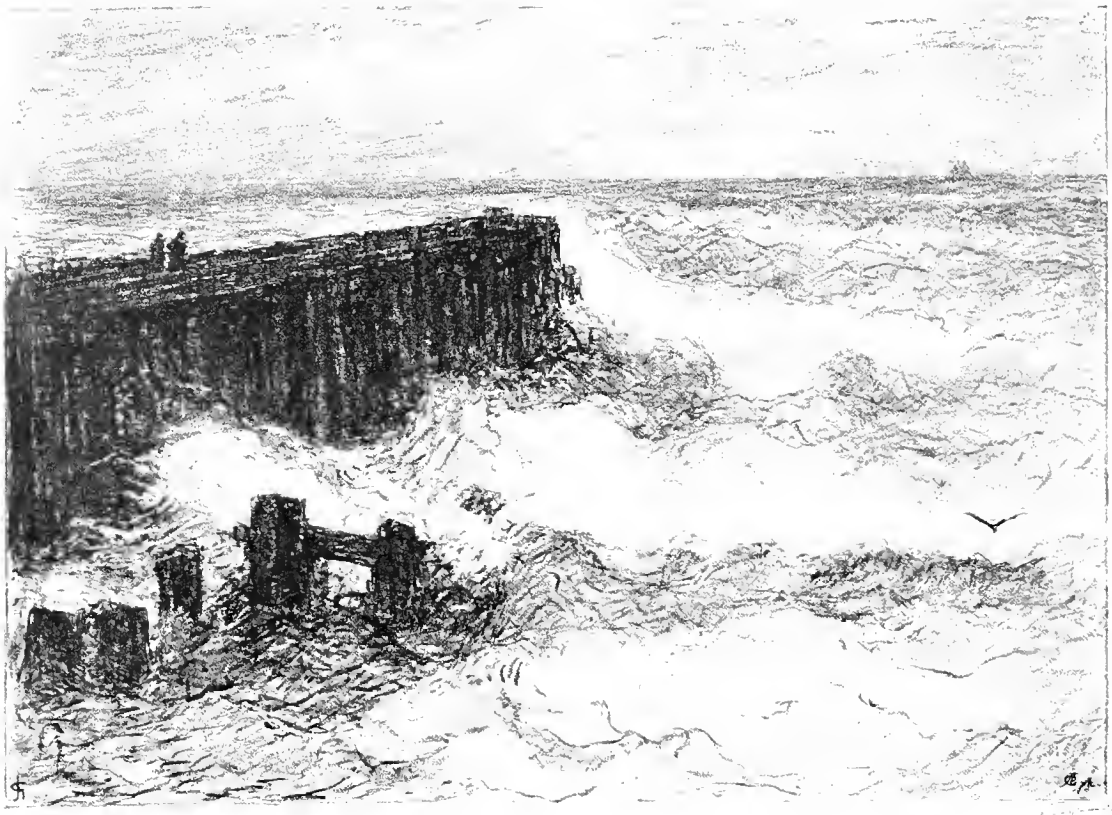
Therefore the invention of an alternative device which would give equal facilities to the artist, and would preserve the technical character of lithography, while it would remove the necessity for depending upon the use of lithographic stone itself, could not fail to be of the greatest possible importance. It is claimed that a process which satisfies all these requirements has been discovered by Mr. Scholz, of Mayence, who has patented his invention under the name of "Algraphy." As a result of exhaustive experiments he has adopted aluminium as the material best suited for the printing surface, and he substitutes plates of this metal for the slabs of lithographic stone. The metal is so prepared that it simulates the granulated texture of the stone, and it provides an exceedingly agreeable surface for the artist to work upon. The materials required for drawing upon it are the same as have been hitherto used upon the stone, lithographic chalk or ink: and there is nothing to hamper the artist in gaining his effect, or to prevent him expressing the widest range of tones and gradations from the most delicate greys to the deepest and most solid blacks. The drawing, when completed, can be printed with absolute accuracy by any printer of average experience.

What are the capabilities of the new process can



FROM AN ALGRAPH BY STORM VAN GRAVESANDE

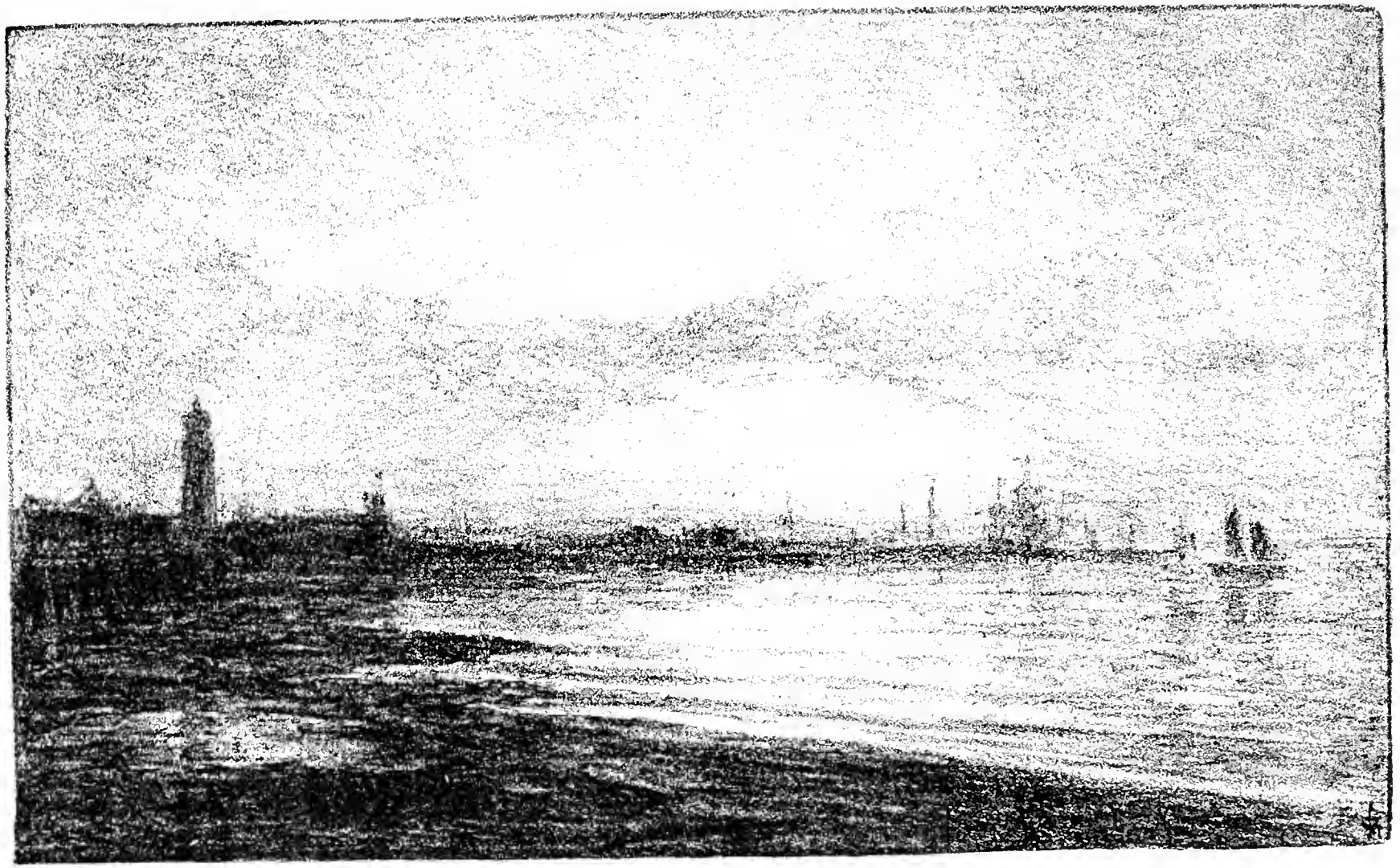
FROM AN ALGRAPHE BY
STORM VAN GRAVESANDE



FROM AN ALGRAPH BY STORM VAN GRAVESANDE

be judged most convincingly from the reproductions given here from drawings made on these aluminium plates by the well-known Dutch artist, Storm van Gravesande. He has from the first recognised the possibilities of "Algraphy," and has used it with very considerable success. Five of his drawings were recently exhibited in the Salon du Champ de Mars, and the same works are at present on view in the Glass Palace at Munich. Two of them have been purchased by the German Government for addition to the collection of engravings in the Royal Museum. This practical testimony to the importance of the invention is certainly worth mention, for Storm van Gravesande is an artist of very great experience in black and white work, an etcher of wide repute, and a skilful manipulator whose knowledge of artistic methods is especially exhaustive. His adoption of "Algraphy" for serious efforts proves that its qualities are reliable, and that it has evident advantages as an artistic process. No artist of his standing would so definitely countenance an invention which did not promise to give worthy results, nor would he stake his reputation in notable exhibitions upon work which he did not think calculated to do him complete justice. We may fairly expect that his example will be followed by other artists who are interested in reproductive processes.

From the point of view of the printer and of every one who has to deal with the working of lithography there is much to be said in favour of the aluminium plates. A stone of the kind at present in use is, except in the smallest sizes, a very unwieldy affair. Unless it is of considerable thickness it will not bear the pressure to which it has to be subjected in printing; and even as matters are at present arranged, the breakage of a stone in the press is by no means an uncommon accident in a lithographic printing room—an accident which necessitates for the completion of the work in hand a fresh drawing on a fresh stone. To minimise this risk a slab of any great size must be some inches thick, and even for a drawing nine inches by twelve a stone weighing probably more than thirty pounds would be required. An aluminium plate giving the same number of square



inches of surface would weigh between four and five ounces and would not be liable to break under pressure. Its thickness too would not need to be more than a fraction of an inch, so that even a great number of plates would not require a serious amount of storage space, and the handling of them would be a simple matter for the working staff. These are certainly important considerations for the printer, and they are equally worthy of the attention of the artist. He can carry about the actual plates on which his drawings are to be executed, and can work directly from nature, avoiding so the necessity for transferring his drawing from prepared paper to a stone which he could not possibly take out of doors with him. His studies would gain in value by this directness of statement, and there would no longer remain the danger of a drawing carefully executed on the transfer paper being damaged or destroyed in the process of imposition on the stone from which it has eventually to be printed. That algraphy is available for the lighter work of artistic draughtsmanship, and that it lends itself excellently to original design, there can be no doubt.

THE NATIONAL COMPETITION, SOUTH KENSINGTON, 1897.

EACH year since its foundation THE STUDIO has devoted special attention to the annual exhibitions of works submitted for the National Competition, South Kensington. These notices have been prefaced invariably with a statement of the attitude from which a well-intentioned outsider regarded the exhibition; and criticism has been directed, not only to some of the objects exhibited, but to certain details of their selection. This year a new attitude should be adopted, for the exhibition itself reveals singular evidence of vitality, while innovations in the established routine of submitting works to the judges have removed grievances which, whether real or imaginary, were irksome to many provincial masters and pupils. Indeed, so far as one may gather from the exhibited works, the task of selecting a few hundred objects out of nearly 100,000 submitted has been accomplished satisfactorily. Among the works themselves there is a marked improvement in many classes of design and the hanging is as nearly perfect as the conditions allow. Indeed a Briton may feel legitimate pride in taking a foreign visitor to see the results of a year's work in our training schools for applied art; for there is proof of invention and fancy, as well as of knowledge of the right use of materials. Although only four years have passed since the first of these notices appeared in our pages, much has happened, both without South Kensington and within. A wider interest in the applied arts is evident outside its walls; indeed it may be safely alleged that at no period of the present century was the world so wide awake to British power for design. Within, as must needs happen in a training establishment for young people, the *personnel* of students shows almost entire change. Those who were promising scholars four years since are now out of pupilage; mere novices of that date are winning gold medals; and others then in knickerbockers or short frocks are showing their prowess—one, a boy of fifteen, scoring to the extent of a gold medal. Names then only familiar to students of the local school are now household words in technical circles; while their owners are enrolled in the great army of

DESIGN FOR A FUTURE VASE
BY KATE ROBERTS

workers, some destined to be prominent, others to fall back into deeper obscurity than they guessed at the time their modest achievements at these competitions still held promise for their future.

It may be worth while calling attention to the influence of outside experiment. In just those sections where artists have lately been most experimental, we find pupils most interested. Especially does their choice of subjects show intimacy with the pages of THE STUDIO, rarely in actual imitation, but often in healthy rivalry. Book-plates and stencil designs, embroideries, cloth-bindings, enamels, and the like frequently illustrated in this magazine, have evidently provoked the younger generation to surpass them; whereas lace, table damasks, linoleums, silverware, jewellery, pottery, especially ordinary tableware, which is absolutely unrepresented, and a dozen other sections that have not attracted artists of repute, or, if so, have not been illustrated freely in the periodical press, are at their old level —as a rule or at least far less vital than the rest.

This year one has little to grumble at, so far as the department is concerned. No doubt isolated cases of apparent injustice could be discovered, but to select with ideal impartiality the best 1000 from 100,000 drawings and models, and moreover to do it in a limited time, is obviously a task beyond ideally perfect accomplishment. While in past years, at the risk of being disagreeable, certain charges had to be brought against the powers that be, this time a far more grateful effort of attempting to appreciate their well-deserved success is alone required.

MODELLED FIGURE GROUP, "WRESTLERS" BY J. CONWAY BLATCHFORD

But before noticing the works in detail, it is only fair to acknowledge that both praise and blame must be taken as modified in a way that would not be seemly were quite independent works under consideration. If students believe—"it is their nature to"—that masters cramp their ideas and maim their ambitious schemes, so older people know that many a dull goose poses as a cygnet, while it is the advice of experts alone which keeps him or her from grotesque exhibitions of incompetence. To praise a pupil is to praise his master; and, on the other hand, to censure his work for certain defects may also be to cast discredit on his teacher. It must also be remembered that this notice is only the expression of one person's taste; also that many qualities in design are outside law, and not capable of being measured against precedents. Therefore if a pupil's work be illustrated and praised here, it only

MODELLED FIGURE GROUP
BY RUBY W. LEVICK

DESIGN BASED ON FLOWERING PLANT. BY ALICE M. APPLETON

proves that he has pleased those quite willing to be lenient or benevolently impartial, not that he has revealed himself a genius who henceforward may disdain his tutor's advice, and bask in the sunshine of profitable popularity. For in the nature of things praise can be bestowed more generously upon a beginner than upon an older hand, and the works here illustrated and held up for approval have only others of the same kind as their rivals. A masterpiece at South Kensington might seem a very mild effort at the "Arts and Crafts," nor even conspicuously meritorious in the windows of one of our best furnishing warehouses. A designer who is recognised becomes at once his own deadliest rival; every new work he produces is compared with his past efforts, and the tendency is to condemn him for not excelling all he has done hitherto. But the work of a neophyte has no past to be set in competition, its merits plead for approval, its faults crave to be ignored. So the written word which condemns the master may applaud the apprentice for exactly similar efforts; and yet if the approval of such work is always understood as qualified by the circumstance, no harm is done in either case.

It so happens that the

PANEL BY G. MONTAGUE ELLWOOD

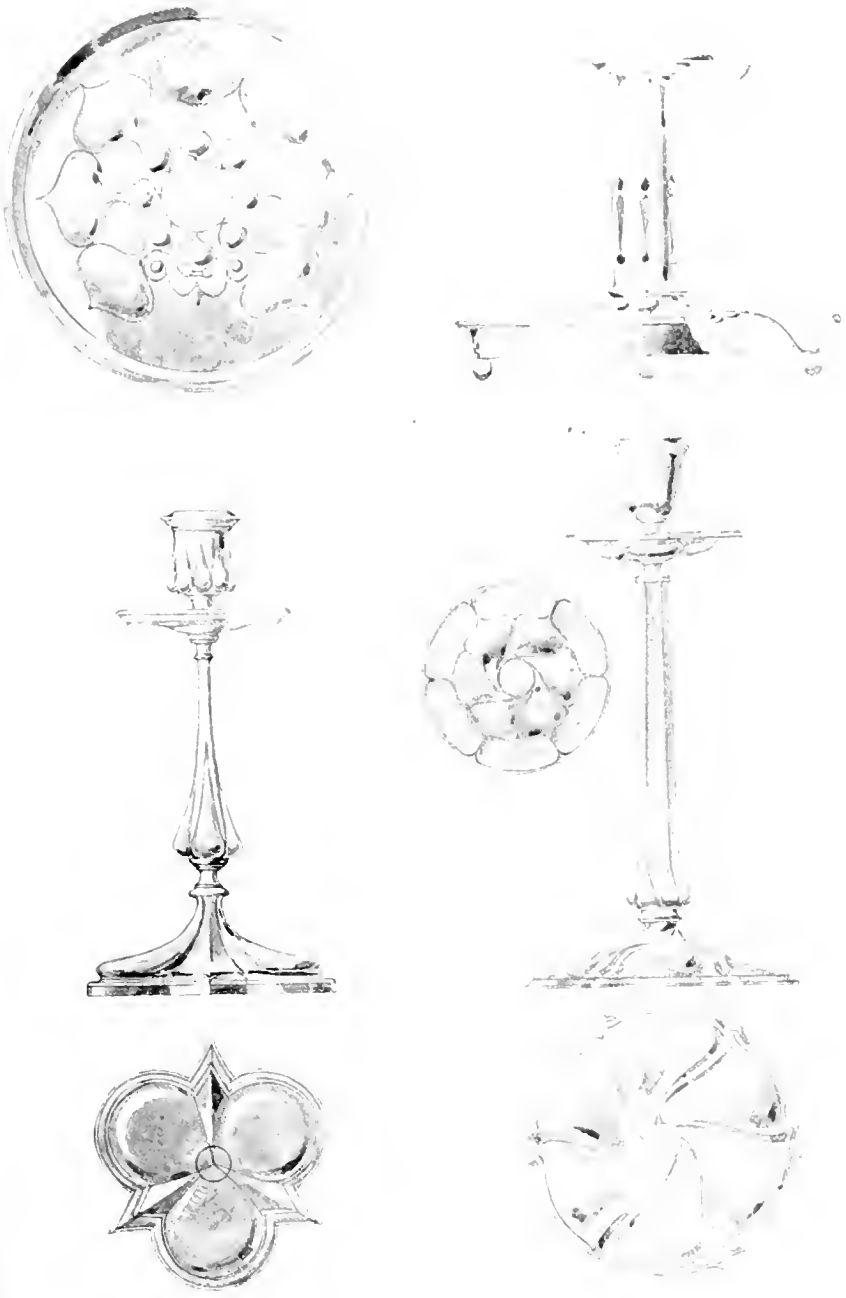
"THE FLIGHT OF THE GADARENE SWINE." FROM A DRAWING BY ALICE GILES

DESIGN FOR A PIANO FRONT — BY G. M. ELLWOOD

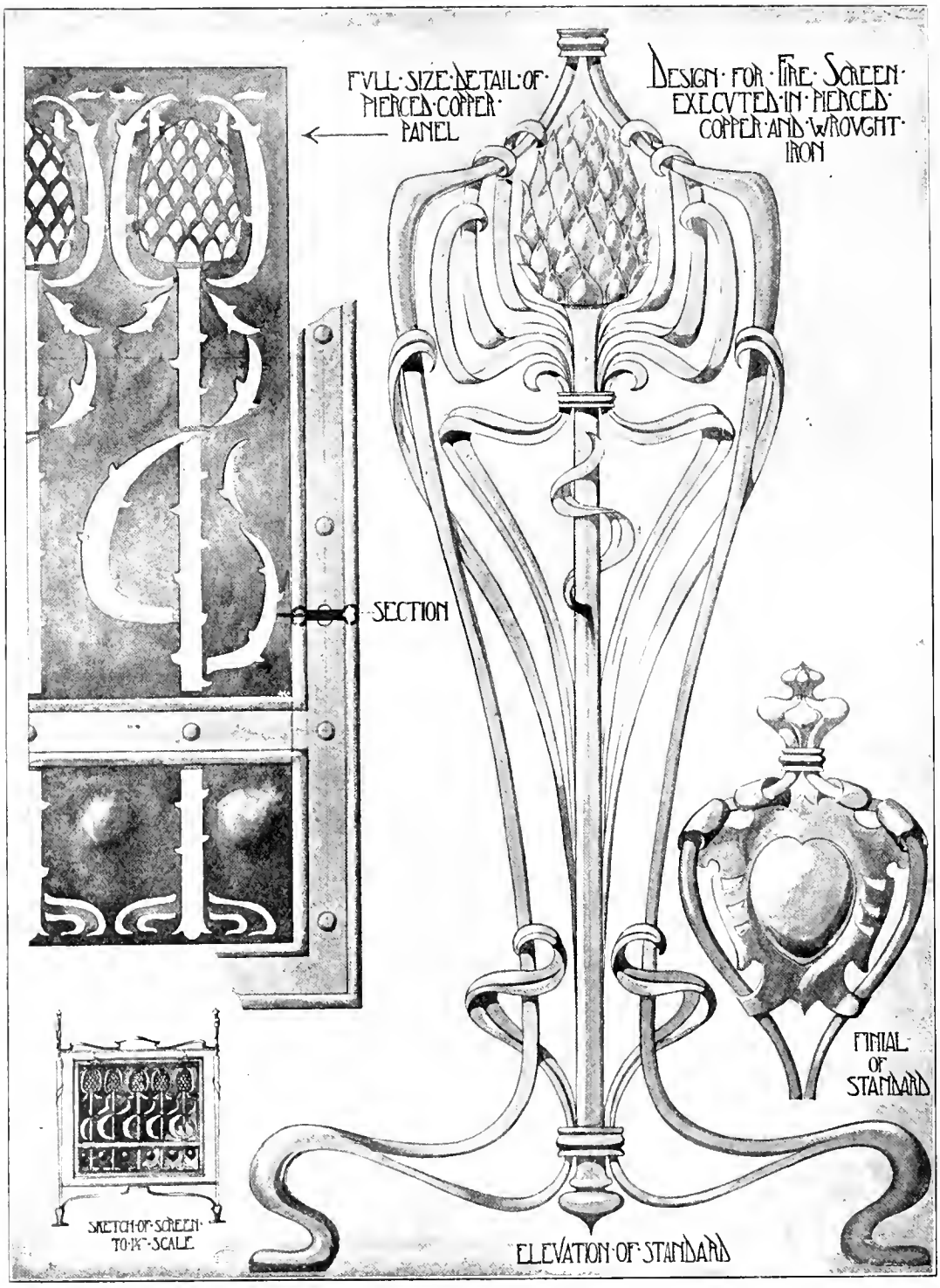
first bay in the room devoted to original designs is one of the strongest in the show, although it contains almost the only important award that is calculated to arouse diverse opinions, which is the design, awarded a gold medal, by Geoffrey Alan Baker (Canterbury). The filling of this stencil is admirable in form and colour, but the frieze is merely a combination slightly varied of two designs by Mr. Arthur Silver, illustrated on pp. 181 and 183, vol. v. of THE STUDIO, and actually combined in a stencil shown at an exhibition at Garlic Hill, and, if memory is to be trusted, reproduced in one of the architectural newspapers. For a boy of fifteen it is a work worthy of hearty praise, yet one regrets that the examiners, whose protest appears to be directed against the introduction of figures, did not remember how evidently the convention employed was founded upon Mr. Silver's design. An all-over pattern with dragons, by Meta Lovgreen (Newcastle-on-Tyne), is vigorous and practical; another by A. J. Hardman (Wolverhampton), with fish, is really fine, both in pattern and colour, the latter too deep and broken to be effective in reproduction, otherwise we should have endeavoured to illustrate it. A clever and admirably simple frieze of figures by James Durden (South Kensington), and some stencilled book-plates by Beatrice Waldram (Clapton); a most ingeniously schemed frieze and filling, the latter weak by comparison, by Jennie H. Wood (Manchester), and others by A. J. Madeley (Maidstone) and C. H. Rogers (Royal College of Art), are among many capital works in stencil, most of them actually carried out in the fabric.

DESIGN FOR WALL-PAPER — BY HERBERT D. RICHILE

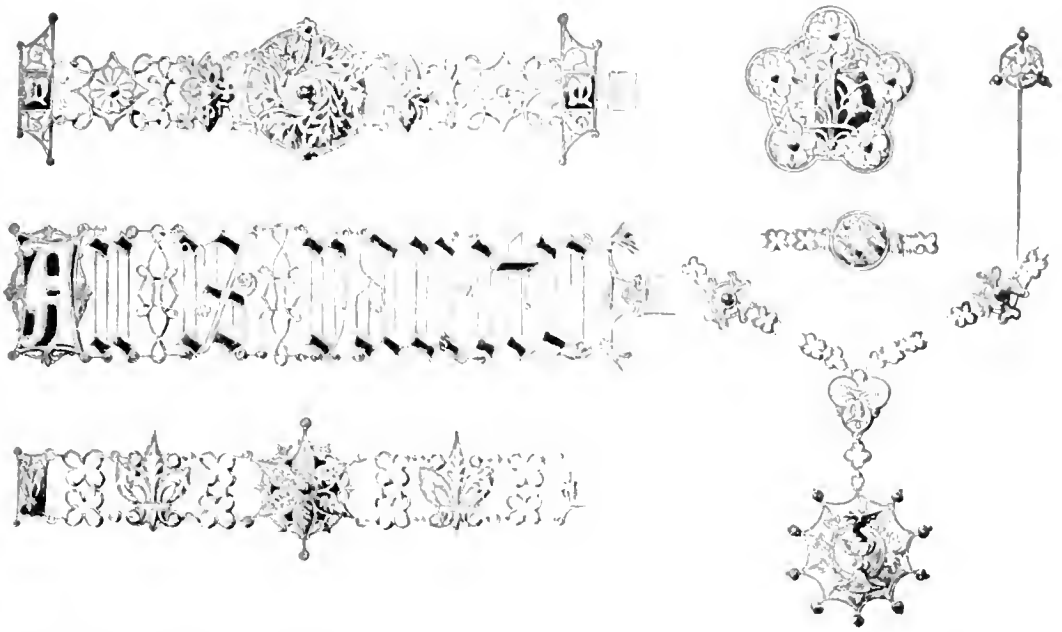
In carpets, Robert Paterson (Glasgow) has taken a gold medal for a quasi-



DESIGNS FOR CANDLESTICKS
BY KATE ROBERTS



DESIGN FOR A FIRE SCREEN
BY KATHARINE M. COGGIN

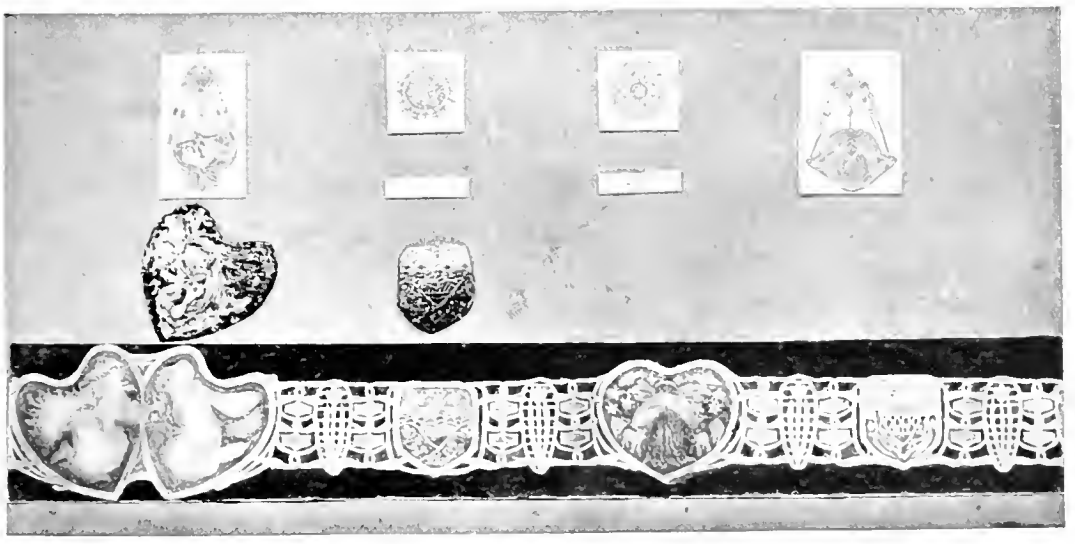


DESIGNS FOR JEWELLERY BY ARTHUR J. HATTON

Oriental design, with panels of white swans introduced; A. L. Walbank (South Kensington) shows a novel scheme for a Brussels stair-carpet, and Emmit Brady and A. Gardner (both of Glasgow), have pleasant designs, but nearly all the carpets are confessedly inspired by Oriental models, and do not seek after originality.

Mosaic has attracted Frederiok Leighton (New Cross), who has produced a charmingly simple border, and A. O. Carter (New Cross), who shows a delightful panel for a dome. Alice R. Tyldesley (Manchester) and others have also effective designs. Tiles are not very numerous, but a diaper of ships by A. G. Wright (Nottingham) is novel and effective. Those by Percy Pickford (Macclesfield) are also commendable, and Annie M. Foden (Congleton), although awarded only a book prize, has received special praise from the judges for her work in this section.

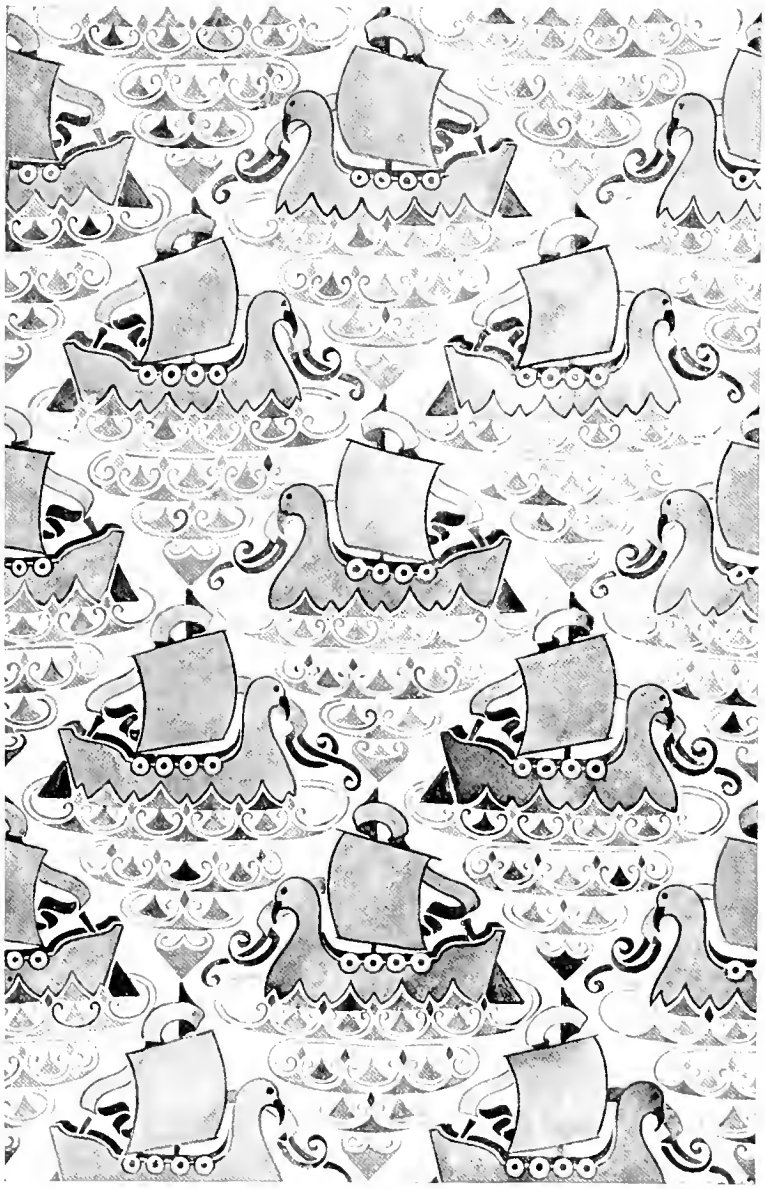
Pottery is sparsely represented: a design for a



DESIGN FOR A WAISTBAND BY FLORENCE A. FRANCIS

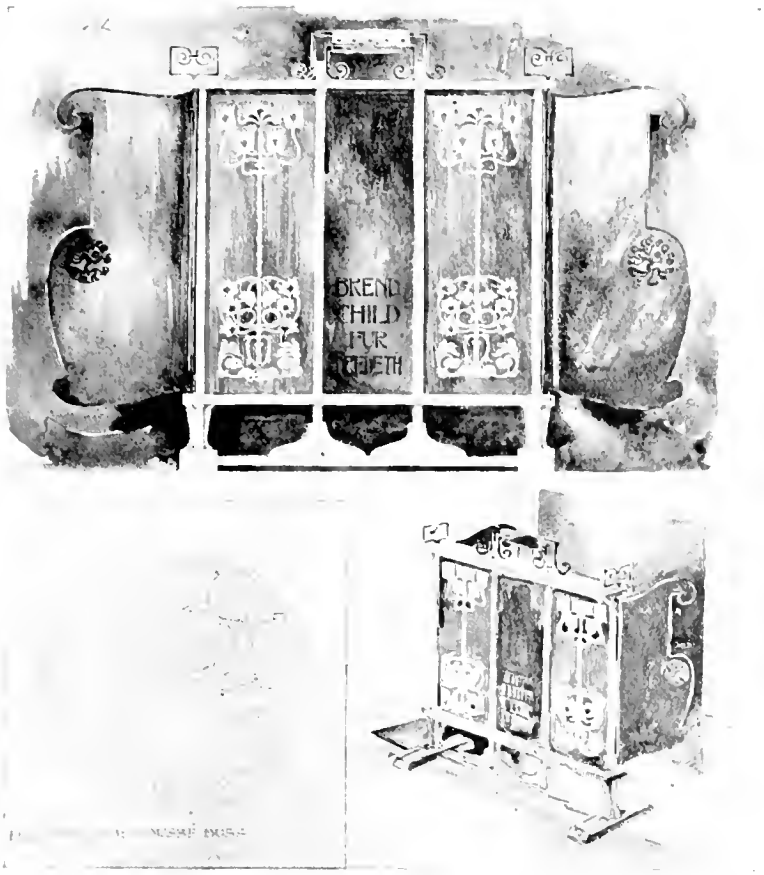
lustre-vase, by Kate Roberts (New Cross), is an excellent example of ordered simplicity; but George Cartlidge (Hanley), with spirited decoration for an earthenware plate, and a very few other exhibitors, fail to make this section notable.

Illustration is not above its average, nor below. Harold Nelson (Lambeth) is represented by a frame of delicate and imaginative work, but he has now an outside reputation, so that it is needless to reproduce an example here, for his work has often graced these pages. H. Ospovat (Manchester) has a number of good pictorial book-plates. Sunderland Rollinson's designs—*Sowing* and *Reaping* have elicited a special word of praise from the judges, which is fully endorsed here, especially for his landscape backgrounds, and another set by the same hand is also full of promise; a set of decoratively treated tailpieces by T. Todd Blaylock (Poole) are also new and good. Miss Celia Levetus, still apparently *in statu pupilari*, although her published work dates back several years, has a set of designs for *Turkish Fairy Tales* (Laurence and Bullen), lately published. Alice B. Giles (Lambeth) shows a very striking drawing of the Gadarene swine, which is a marked advance upon her clever *Pied Piper* of last year. A. Jackson (Holloway) contributes a pleasant calendar, and the work of W. C. Penn (Lambeth), though lacking in "colour" and crowded with lines, is interesting, as are those of Edith Payne (Birmingham), Margaret Thompson (New Cross), Levine Helmer (New Cross), and F. M. Jones (Dudley). The designs by Helen Kuck (Lambeth) are a little too obviously inspired by those of Mr. Charles Robinson. Altogether, Lambeth leads, and Birmingham, once to the fore, seems to have spent its strength in other departments this year.



DESIGN FOR TILES BY ALFRED G. WRIGHT

Book-covers are many, and as a whole good, and almost without exception practical and not unduly costly schemes. Even the lettering, which has in former years ofttimes marred the effect of a good design, is sane and legible. Perhaps the most attractive, if not the most original, is a cover for *Water Babies*, by Edgar George Perman (Westminster), one of four, all of which have considerable merit. A design by



DESIGNS BY G. M. ELLWOOD

M. C. Campbell (Londonderry), which but lately gained a first place in a STUDIO competition, is here awarded a bronze medal. Another design by Hilda M. Pemberton (New Cross) has also been seen before—at the last "Arts and Crafts." Grace and a certain distinction mark the covers by George Montague Ellwood (Holloway). F. P. Marriott (New Cross) has won a well-deserved bronze medal for his design, and several others from various schools make this section peculiarly strong.

Damasks are, as a rule, naturalistic in their detail and not peculiarly novel, but a good conventionalised pattern by George Marples (South Kensington) is a notable exception. The large picture of a knight on horseback, by Violet Holden (Birmingham), is entitled merely a "figure design," and has scored a silver medal, but it is hard to see how it differs from a picture essentially; certainly it is a most excellent work, by whatever name it is called, and if inspired by Mr. C. M. Gere's pictures, is by no means merely derivative.

Of George Montague Ellwood's designs (gold-medalled) little could be said that was not hearty praise, and the danger is lest they should be over-appreciated, which sometimes has a disastrous effect on the student's future. He has certainly "arrived" this year, so that in future one will expect much when his name appears as contributor. Full of the spirit of the day, and yet with no violent eccentricity, his many designs are of exceeding interest. Possibly a fire-screen is the most ingenious, and the overmantel the least satisfactory; but as a whole they are noteworthy, and reveal proof of pleasant fancy, as the illustrations here will readily prove.

The architectural drawings, and those for stained glass, call for little special attention. J. A. Swan, of Birmingham, carries off a gold medal for his market stall, and G. A. Paterson (Glasgow) has won the same honour for his memorial chapel. James McKissack and Donald M. Stoddart, both of Glasgow, gain silver medals for designs for an Art Gallery, and a bronze medal falls to two other Glasgow students—A. M. Gardner and Andrew Rollo—for the same subject, while yet another pupil of Glasgow has a silver medal for a design for a chapter house. The stained glass by H. Ospovat (Manchester) shows a two light window in colour, and working cartoons for the same in monochrome, both distinctly good; Evelyn Holden (Birmingham) has a typical "Birmingham School design;" the glass by Mary Newill (of the same school) is a sterling piece of work, but also somewhat mannered. A curiously naïve drawing like a Japanese colour-print, or a page of an early Walter Crane toy-book, by C. W. Johnson (Birmingham), is the only example of its sort that has won the judges' approval. Yet because it grasps the limits of colour-printing it deserves notice. A poster, by James Durden (South Kensington), showing a waiter with a pile of plates, is ingenious and striking.

Of designs for metal-work, two full-sized models of maces, by Omar Ramsden and Albert Pashley, both of Sheffield, and both silver medalled, and an electrolier by the first named, and another by Agnes Kershaw (Sheffield) deserve more space to appreciate their several merits than we can bestow. Indeed, did space permit, illustrations would have been given of several designs of work of this kind.

The designs for iron-work are not distinguished by any great novelty, nor by peculiar grip of the technical limitation of the craft. Iron gates by

DESIGN FOR A PAINTED PANEL
BY DOUGLAS G. CROCKET

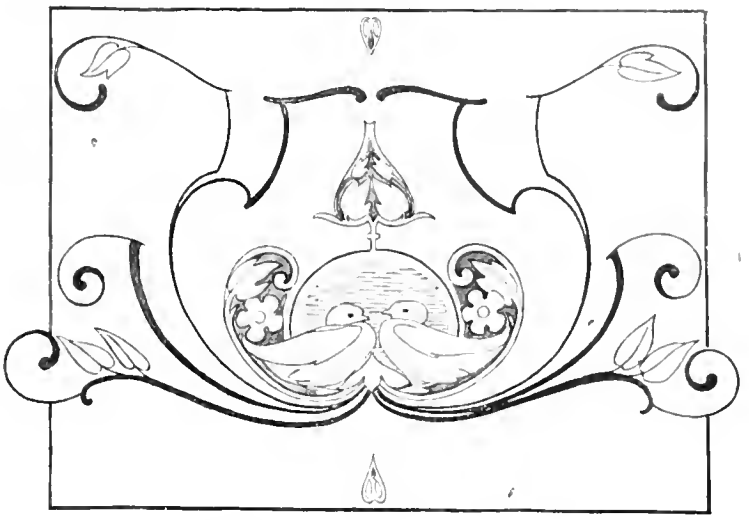
DESIGN FOR DADO TILES BY SAMUEL H. MOSS

J. T. Jordan (Gloucester), and A. H. Smith (Wolverhampton), are among the best in this section.

In more dainty metal work, a steel casket with enamel panels, shown and carried out by E. L. Ward, a graceful design for a belt by F. Francis, and a pretty conceit, whereby the motto "All is Vanity" serves for a bracelet, by A. J. Hatton (all three of Birmingham) deserve praise. So do designs for metal candlesticks, by Kate Roberts, for a silver sugar-bowl and sifter by K. M. Coggin, and a wrought-iron knocker and hinges by M. F. Croon—all three of New Cross Schools.

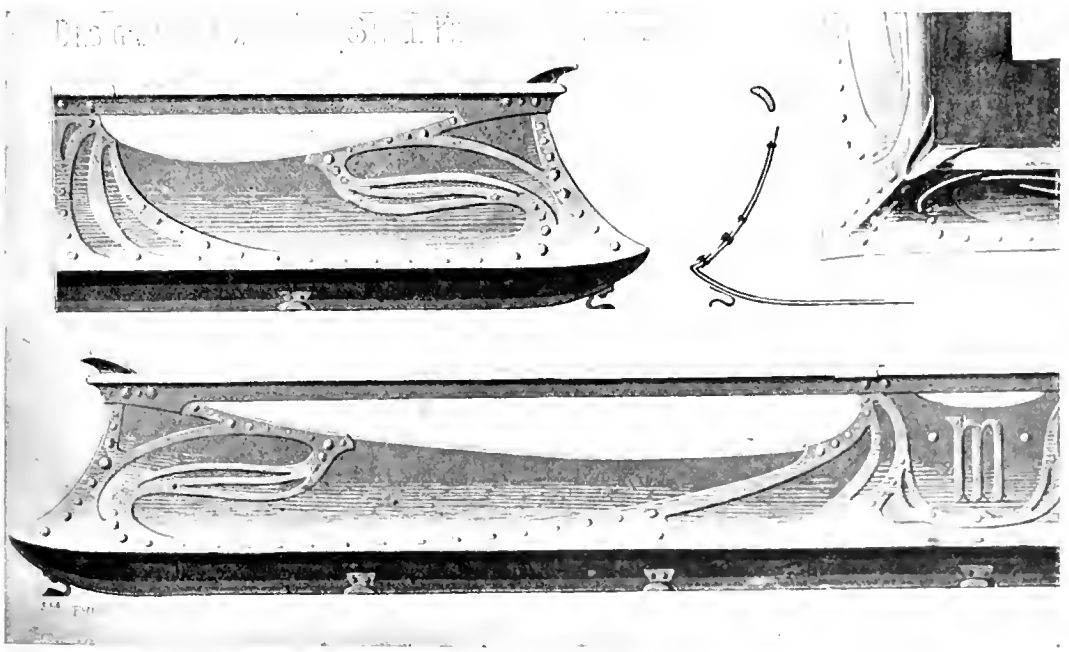
For lace the best designs are perhaps those by L. Seaward (Dover), Mabel Capes (Battersea), M. H. Macgowan (Dundee), J. M. Clay (West Bromwich), and G. A. MacKinlay (South Kensington). Embroideries include really charming designs, shown also in actual material, by

Offlow Scattergood (Birmingham), and others by Lily G. Dale (Birmingham); and also an altar frontal by A. Lynham (Kilburn), another by Bertha Smith (Bloomsbury), a fire-screen panel by Mary H. Wright (Wolverhampton), and a panel by Ida Ford (Macclesfield), and especially a night-dress satchel, with a simple conventional pattern in which two white doves nestle — by Alice Lord (Leicester).

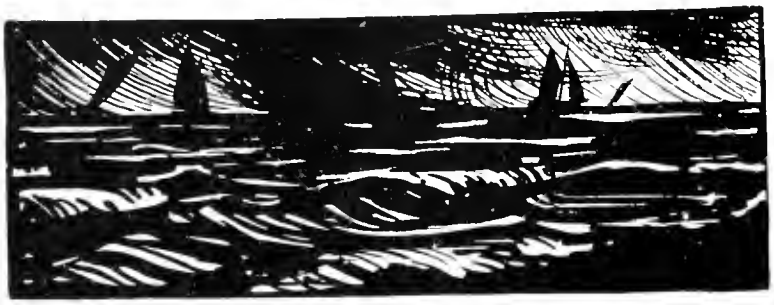


DESIGN FOR A NIGHT-DRESS SATCHEL BY ALICE LORD

Designs for the interior fitting of a library by A. H. Baxter (Leicester, gold medal) are both novel and good—if space allowed all the seven frames would deserve illustration. For mere novelty of subject a design for a harness plate-box, by T. Dugdale (Manchester) would stand first. Another unhackneyed subject well treated is the Turkish Bath designed by Albert Coumber (New Cross); both externally and internally it shows original and thoughtful work. The screen for a private church by J. B. Fulton (Glasgow) is most excellent. The hall-fireplace by W. S. Moyes (Glasgow) is also good. Amongst the tapestries and other patterned fabrics exhibited, those by J. W. Wadsworth (Macclesfield), W. E. Parkinson, Jeannie H. Wood (Manchester), H. C. Wood (Glasgow), W. Rowbotham (Macclesfield), M. F. Croon (New Cross),



DESIGN FOR A WROUGHT STEEL FENDER BY GEORGE MARPLES



DESIGNS FOR TAIL-PIECES BY T. T. BLAYLOCK

H. A. Wright (Bradford), B. Whittaker (Macclesfield), Constance Smith (Glasgow), W. Reweastle (Glasgow), and W. F. Brown (Glasgow), can be only named in passing, although these and especially the frieze and filling by H. D. Richter (Bath), and the printed hanging by J. B. Gibson (Glasgow), deserve more detailed appreciation.

The sculpture is up to its high level again. Ruby Levick (South Kensington, gold medal) has a really fine group of two wrestlers, not merely vigorous in conception but handled with something like mastery. Another group, the same motive, by John Conway Blatchford (Bristol), is also extraordinarily good. A fountain by F. P. Marriott (New Cross) is pleasant in every way. A series of weird (the adjective is used purposely) imaginings in bas-relief, by C. A. Sheehan of Bristol, typifying "Sin, Poverty, Power," and the like, have something of the extravagance of Blake; a pulpit by the same hand is also notable, but Mr. Sheehan seems in danger of letting unreality gain the upper hand. A good In Memoriam tablet by James Morris (Birmingham) should not be forgotten. The gold-medalled fireplace by E. G. Gillick (Nottingham), has a very excellent figure for one of its caryatides.

The life models, by Stanley M. Babb (South Kensington, silver medal), W. B. Binns (Bristol),

DESIGN FOR BOOK ILLUSTRATION BY SUNDERLAND ROLLINSON

W. J. McClean (South Kensington), A. J. Mills (South Kensington), J. C. Blatchford (Bristol), A. Franks (Bristol), C. J. Pipworth (Bristol), A. J. Watson (Bristol), Ruby W. Levick (South Kensington), C. H. Lawford (Leicester), George Haywood (Leicester), and Eleanor M. Mercer (South Kensington), are but a few that do credit to both students and masters of the schools represented. Life drawings by W. Oppen (Dublin, gold medal), Francis E. Colthurst (South Kensington, gold medal), George Murray (gold medal), Harry Watson (South Kensington, gold medal), Davis W. Denholme (Nottingham), A. C. F. Jackson (Holloway), are all commendable in various ways; the two studies of the same boy by Messrs. Colthurst and Murray being very delicate in their modelling.

DESIGN FOR A TAIL-PIECE BY T. T. BLAYLOCK

Other things good of their sort are a door for a music cabinet, in stained wood, by W. F. Blagg (Chelsea), an organ stool, by A. Richardson (Dundee), a cabinet (especially the hinges of the door,

FIGURE DESIGN BY CHARLES W. JOHNSON

which are shown complete) by H. D. Richter (Bath), a lectern in plaster model by Katherine Wallis (South Kensington), a panel, "Peace," and other decorations for a music-room, by Douglas Crockett (Holloway), and a nursery frieze, by Jessie M. King (Glasgow).

The drawings of animals for decoration by George Marples (South Kensington), J. J. Brownsword (South Kensington), and others must be referred to in a special note later on, both sets won well-merited gold medals. A design by Mary Appleton, here reproduced, elicited both a gold medal and also special approval from the judges.

The critical verdict of 1897 is distinctly the most satisfactory that South Kensington has yet deserved. Established with the special purpose of training designers—not painters of easel pictures—it seems at last fully started on the right road, and before long the old reproach that manufacturers observed the unwritten rule—"No students of South Kensington need apply," will be forgotten—except as a gibe that, whatever its foundation years back, is now totally unmerited.

DESIGN FOR A PANEL BY R. J. S. BERTRAM

STUDIO-TALK.

(*From our own Correspondents.*)

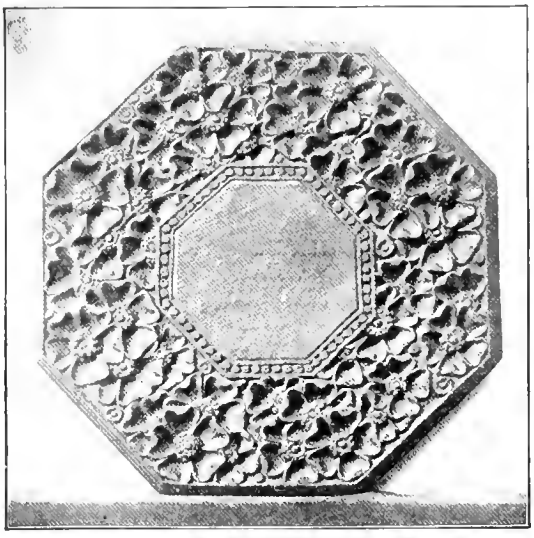
LONDON.—Comparatively few artists in this country have the courage to attempt the representation of the nude figure in watercolour. For one thing, the medium presents considerable difficulties and lends itself none too easily to the representation of those delicate subtleties of colour which are essential in flesh painting, and for another there are not many collectors of watercolours who show the same interest in figure that they do in landscape. However, now and then a painter is to be found who will devote himself to this class of work which most of his brethren avoid, and occasional examples of watercolour figure subjects are to be met with which make us regret that they are not more numerous. It is one of the claims which Mr. Percy Buckman has upon public notice that he has treated the nude in this medium with distinct power and success. He shows a special ability in the handling of watercolour, and is able to overcome most of its difficulties with discretion and good judgment. A very characteristic example of his work is the *Artemis*, which we reproduce, a study of fair flesh lighted by a blaze of sunlight. The figure is, as it were, the focus of a picture full of strong colour, and is relieved against a landscape background gay with rich summer tints and against a flying drapery of brilliant red. The whole effect is sumptuous and powerful, rich and vigorous, and yet well restrained. There is, too, great sense of action in the pose of the huntress, as with a sudden pause in the midst of rapid movement she watches the flight of her arrow. The drawing has the merit of being dramatic without loss of decorative propriety.

It is pleasant to record the well-merited recognition bestowed upon Mr. Charles Hazlewood Shannon at Munich, where his picture, *The Wounded Amazon*, obtained the first class gold medal of honour. Mr. Shannon here is known to the public almost entirely by his lithographs and book illustrations, therefore as a colourist of a singularly high order he has yet to be "discovered" by the public. That another gold medal was bestowed upon Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Bart., for his *St. George and the Dragon* series—presumably the very early work designed for and so long occupying panels in Mr. Birket Foster's dining-room at Witley—is proof that appreciation is not always prompt, for these paintings were executed in 1865-6. To Mr. John Swan, A.R.A., was awarded a third

"ARTEMIS." FROM A WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY PERCY BUCKMAN

WOOD-CARVING BY RUTH ORRINSMITH

The wood carvings here illustrated are by Miss Orrinsmith, daughter of the author of *The Drawing-Room*, in the famous *Art at Home* series, the first popular manuals addressed to the improvement of taste in home surroundings. The carvings have been designed and executed by the artist, who is now engaged on some large panels for the decoration of a branch of Lloyd's Bank, one of which is reproduced on a sufficiently large scale to render any description superfluous. The octagonal platter shows a very happy treatment of blossoms based on a motive which frequently occurs in Japanese design. It is pleasant to see in each design a strong effort to make away from the hackneyed Italian Renaissance, a style which, whatever its first beauty, has been made unbearable by too frequent imitations. Miss Ruth Orrinsmith deserves the sympathetic appreciation of all who hope for the future of wood-carving in England.



CARVED-WOOD PLATTER BY RUTH ORRINSMITH

STOCKHOLM.—Everything in the Swedish national character which to a foreigner seems singular or striking has found expression in the Exhibition which is being held in Stockholm this summer. Visitors cannot fail to be charmed with the spot selected for the exhibition, for it stands on a hilly, verdure-clad islet, just as if it had risen out of the waves. In the background are outlined the slopes of Skansen, an open-air museum where, among the pine-trees, the Sweden of long ago may yet be found, affording us a faithful picture of the way its people then lived their active daily life. For hither, in fact, have been brought cottages and farmhouses, entire and unaltered, furnished just as when they stood in those bygone days, dotted here and there over the Swedish countryside, before

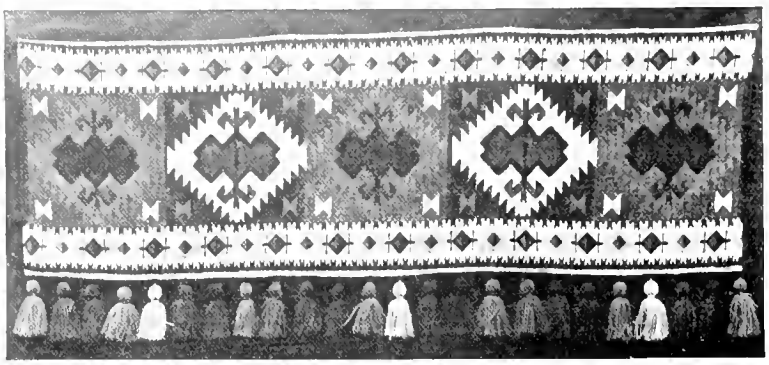
the director of Skansen brought together into one place these reminiscences of a dying age. Even to-day one still finds in the country districts of Sweden many a counterpart of these cottages at Skansen—cottages where "home-sloyd" is still in full swing, where the master of the house in the winter evenings himself sloyds his own furniture, and where the mother still weaves the tapestry for the walls and the covers for the fixed benches, which the eldest son ornaments with carving in the same arabesques as those with which the old Viking, a thousand years before, decorated his sword.

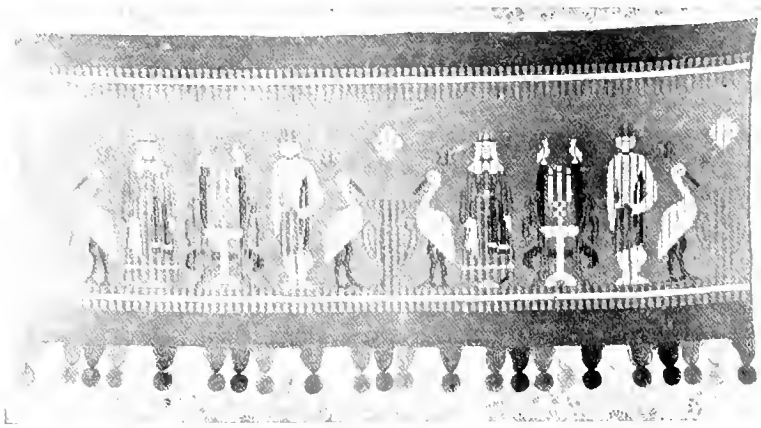
In the new buildings of the Northern Museum close by, the exhibits from the twenty-four different provinces indicate how high a position the Swedish "home industry" still occupies. The weavings which meet our view in their manifold variations and combinations of colour and workmanship, although of modern material, still retain the colours and patterns of the "old Swedish" style, like those with which Frithiof the Strong and Ragnar Lodbrok once hung their high-raised seats of honour, or like the carpets which the burghers of Stockholm spread beneath their feet in the prosperous days of the Hanseatic League.

All these things have been woven in one and another of the little country homes, and sent up from every province to the Stockholm Exhibition, and the same is the case with the greater part of the sculptured and sloyded work—most of it in the old "Northern" style—which is to be found in the same building.

CARVED SETTEE AND WOVEN HANGINGS AT THE STOCKHOLM EXHIBITION

Wood is cheap in the North, and the winter evenings are long. Then sloyding and carving become the general occupations throughout the whole country, not only in the cottages of the poor but also in the houses of the rich. The poor man's child learns to sloyd at school, as this knowledge is regarded to be almost as necessary for him as reading and writing; the rich man's child also learns it, but more as a means of whiling away many a tedious hour and also that with his carvings, which are often burned and painted in the quaint "peasant" style, he may adorn and beautify the home. And, consequently, we can hardly enter a single house, or even cottage, in Sweden without finding everywhere handwoven curtains, draperies and cushions, carved fender stools and tables of curious





WOVEN HANGINGS AT THE STOCKHOLM EXHIBITION

old shapes, all bearing witness to the assiduity with which each individual member of the family has worked for the common good. S. S.

BRUSSELS.—The Fine Arts section, although disposed in a somewhat rudimentary building, is decidedly the most attractive feature of the Brussels International Exhibition. Four schools are more or less adequately represented, those, namely, of England, France, Holland, and Belgium. Italy has sent a not very remarkable display, while Scotland, Spain, Switzerland, and Germany are represented by a few works grouped together in an International Section. Speaking generally the works seem to have been well chosen and judiciously hung. This is especially noticeable in the Belgian Galleries, where the Hanging Committee, after rejecting two-thirds of the works sent in, have arranged the selected canvases with great care, always striving to avoid a second row of exhibits, and doing all in their power to place the works in satisfactory order, and in groups of similar style. Some of these rooms present a really charming appearance, such as one hardly expects to see in a universal exhibition, where, as a rule, one is chiefly impressed by the general crowding and muddle.

The English display was a great success from the outset, and never was success better deserved. Not often has one the opportunity of seeing such a combination of genuine artistic qualities, such loftiness of imagination, such sentiment, such honesty of purpose and care in execution. To arrive at this point, doubtless a great effort must have been required; there must have been moments of hesitation, false steps occasionally, and futile attempts. But now that the goal has been reached, and we see the work in fullest expansion, all this may well be forgotten; for the fact is England is at the head of the end-of-the-century art movement.

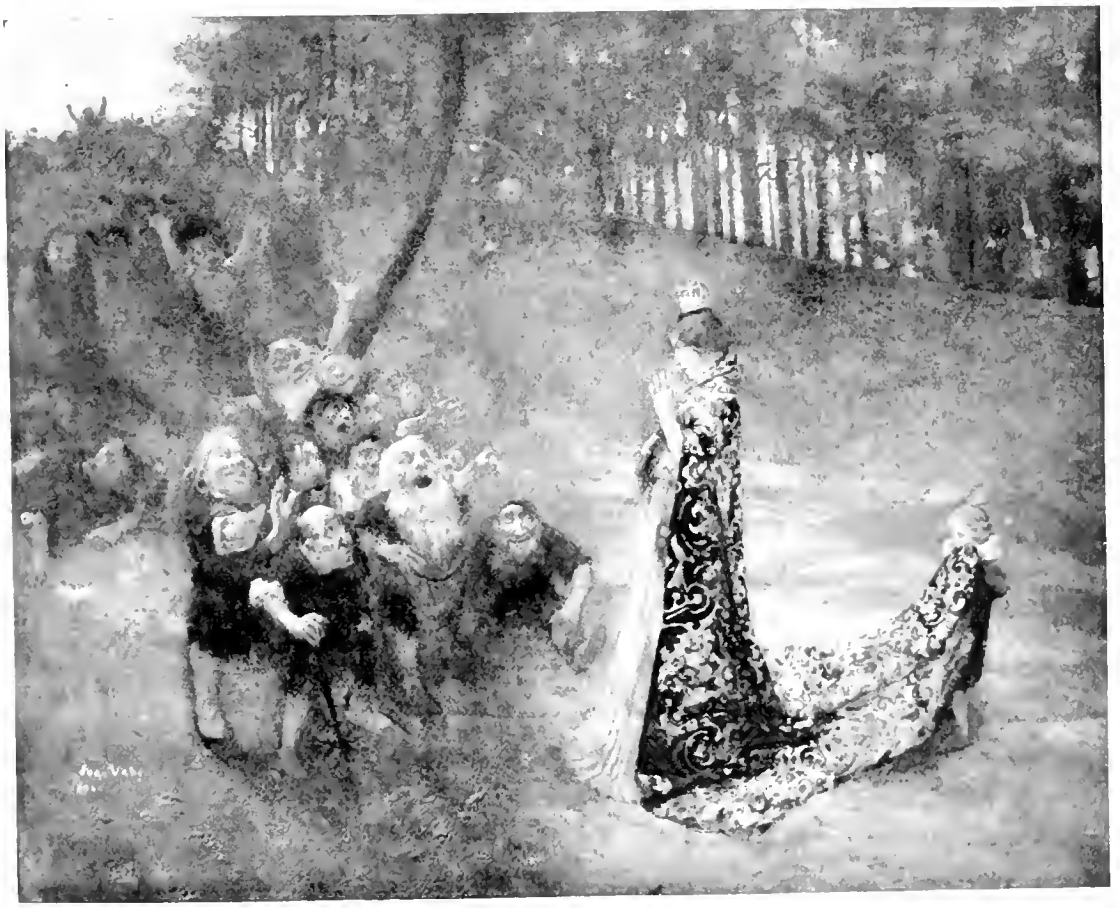
English art has seldom been better represented on the Continent than here; and the organisers of the Exhibition, together with the artists who were entrusted with the hanging—Messrs. Val Prinsep, R.A., and J. Fulleylove, R.I., with Mr. Isidore Spielmann, the honorary secretary—may be heartily congratulated on the happy result of their arduous labours.

The general display of the Belgian artists, compared as a whole with that of the Englishmen, appears at first sight to be somewhat lacking in loftiness of sentiment and refinement of execution. Works of fancy are few and far between; for the most part our portrait painters prefer to study values and tones rather than psychology; while the landscapists put before the expression of feeling a regard for effects of brush work. The result is that the most satisfactory works are those devoted to

domestic animals or still life; and in justice it must be said that in this direction the Belgians have done very well, all their workmanlike gifts being displayed with the best effects—and consequently there are plenty of nice pieces of colouring. The same remark applies to the sculpture: in fact, although there are few traces of intellectual effort, at any rate the material part of the work has not been neglected, and in many instances the happiest results have been achieved.

The French school might justly feel aggrieved were we to judge it by the exhibits sent to Brussels. The display by the French artists is decidedly below the average, and yet in a way it represents only too accurately the present state of art in France. It is nothing but studied "virtuosity," revealing a style acquired with no labour, and quite beyond control; while in form and colour and subject these works are of the "loudest" description. Almost all of them seem to have been done just to win a medal, or gain a momentary success in one of the Salons. F. K.

PARIS.—A new bridge—"Le Pont Mirabeau"—was recently opened on the Seine. It is constructed entirely of iron, forming one immense arch, boldly thrown from one bank to the other, after the fashion of the famous Galerie des Machines, which was, perhaps, the only real piece of architectural art work in the exhibition of 1889. The Pont Mirabeau possesses the great and rare merit of extreme simplicity and utility. In the first place it is not overloaded with ornamentation and complicated balustrades. The two piles supporting the structure are simply decorated, almost to the water level, with dark bronze ornamentation, relieved by a little gilt by way of detail; and this decoration is marked by fine subdued lines. The ornamentation is the work of the sculptor, Injalbert. All the iron portions of the bridge are painted dark red. The general effect is most happy, thanks to its lightness and harmony. It is to be hoped the "Pont Alexandre III.," which is now in course of construction, and is to unite the Cours-la-Reine with the Esplanade des Invalides,



"LA PETITE PRINCESSE" FROM A PAINTING BY JEAN VELLE

"MOTHER'S LOVE" FROM A PAINTING BY DORA HITZ

may not prove a failure through excess of decoration. Architecture in iron can only be artistic so long as the greatest simplicity is observed, with a minimum of ornamentation.

M. Jean Veber, apart from being a caricaturist and a humourist with a pencil full of point and go, is also at times a painter of great refinement. He has real talent as a colourist, and is blessed moreover with a truly delightful fancy. *La Petite Princesse* (see page 269) will always be considered one of his happiest and most charming efforts.

M. E. Moreau-Nélaton is engaged on a series of lithographs representing scenes in the Passion of the Saviour, and intended as illustrations for an oratorio by M. Alexandre Georges, to be published shortly by Messrs. Enoch & Co. I have had several of the plates in my hand, and they are very striking in their intensity and power. Very different these scenes from M. J. J. Tissot's stiff attempts. They are full of ripe religious feeling, and have a sincerity of expression which is quite moving in its intensity. M. Moreau-Nélaton has just joined the little group, composed of MM. Charpentier, Plumet, F. Aubert, and T. Selmersheim, whose work is well known to the readers of THE STUDIO. His intention is to try his hand at designs for wall-papers. These artists will hold their next exhibition in November, when MM. Charpentier and Aubert will show a bath-room, MM. Plumet and Selmersheim a set of dining-room furniture, and M. Plumet a series of architectural plans. M. Felix Bracquemond, the engraver, has been invited to take part in the exhibition.

M. Boutet de Monvel, most delicate of draughtsmen, most subtle and charming of colourists, has just been appointed Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. G. M.

BERLIN.—In the Berlin National Gallery there hangs, by the side of a large picture by Max Liebermann, a *Portrait of a Child.* A trying position even for a very strong artist! And yet, even placed where it is, this wonderfully charming picture attracts us. It pleases by the contrast of the soft fair hair and the deep dark eyes; by the careless, unconventional bearing of the model; by the soft white dress and the tasteful background with its mass of flowers. Taken all together the work points to a painter whose artistic education has not been directed in Berlin. The artist is Dora Hitz.

Born in Bavaria, she is a native of that German

"MOTHER AND CHILD"
FROM A PAINTING BY
DORA HITZ

South which for ages past has produced most of the painters whose names are famous in the history of German art. At the period when Dora Hitz grew up all roads from Munich led to Paris. There she lived for some time, fought a hard fight amid constant difficulties, and ripened into what she now is—a pioneer of the modern art tendency in Germany. While in Paris, strangely enough, she worked in the *atelier* of two fashionable painters; but Carrière alone had any influence upon her. And this, although she was not his pupil in the strict sense of the word, led to her success.

Dora Hitz has lived now for some time in Berlin, admired by a select circle, including the best artists, such as Liebermann, L. von Hofmann, and Köpping—indefatigable in her own creative work, as well as in teaching. Although there has been so far no official recognition of her work, she could have been paid no more flattering distinction than when the XI., the *élite* of our modern painters, elected her a member of their body.

When I come to consider the many pictures by Dora Hitz which I have seen, I divide them into two groups. One consists of indoor figures with the light tempered by curtains; the other, of figures seen in the open air, with sunlight pouring down through the foliage, and surrounding the subject with ever-varying light and shade—not the *plein air* which blinds one, but the daylight which we have continually around us, and can bear without any effect on the eyes. It follows from this that Dora Hitz's pictures are works of art which we may be content to live with and have around us at all times. They do not assert themselves, but come to us when we seek them. And they speak a silent language, audible only to those gifted with a fine artistic sense.

The artist has made harmony of colour her first endeavour. But this one characteristic does not exhaust the resources of her art; for below the luminous surface we note a deep human feeling. Thus the mother and child she represents in close embrace admits of no comparison with anything in the world. The feelings and sensations of men have ever been the same; but each epoch of art seeks to find for them fresh and adequate expression.

The following story may serve as a proof that

PORTRAIT OF A CHILD BY DORA HITZ

Dora Hitz only paints what she sees. Her last work was a large composition for a frieze, the subject being the intimate connection of childhood with nature. In order to be able to see children romp in classic freedom and without the inconvenience of modern dress, she caused a whole crowd of them to play around her for hours in a meadow under the trees. Soon enough they became accustomed to the delicious liberty, and romped with each other, and did not know how to restrain themselves in their delight. And this it was the artist tried to seize—the nude bairns chasing each other, together with the atmosphere in which they moved.

G. G.

REVIEWS OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Beauty and Art. By ALDAM HEATON. (London: W. Heinemann.) Price, 6*s.*—It is a long time since we have read a book which contains so many excellent, time-honoured precepts, together with so much false reasoning and pernicious dogma as may be found in the pages of this volume. Its title-page is a fitting introduction to what follows: the crudely drawn and coloured flower which sprawls across it is a type of the ill-considered verbal illustrations which mar its pages within. We will take, as an example, the author's opinion upon Japanese art, which he finds it difficult to discuss "with patience and reasonableness." He says "you never find a Japanese design that could be called well balanced," and again, "Ordinarily in Europe at all events, we do not say of any man that he can *draw* until he has accurately delineated things which of their nature demand complete exactness, such as the human form, or a fine cathedral interior with arcades and vaultings in many planes. Now a Japanese artist never under any circumstances drew such things as these, and from what one sees of his work, one may say with confidence that he is unable to do so." When a writer makes a statement "with confidence" about Japanese art he ought, at least, to have thoroughly studied his subject. He should be acquainted not only with the great works of the masters of the Bhuddist, the Yamata Tosa, the Kano, the Shijo, the Ukiyo-yé, and the other great schools of painting of Japan, with the works of the builders of the great temples and of the master craftsmen, but he should know something of the great literature of art as it exists in the far East, of the treatises on drawing, the illustrated books on carpentry and building which have been produced there. The author, however, would seem to have overlooked such a course of study, if one may judge from some other remarks he makes; for he says, "the strange furore which has raged around it [Japanese Art] has arisen from a certain movement or development *among ourselves* (the italics are not ours), and not from any merit existing in Japanese work;" and later on he explains that it is "Japanese fans, coloured prints, umbrellas, toys, china, knick-knacks, &c., all this lot for 9*d.*," that people go "crazy about" and insist on as being examples of a "living art." So, after all, the author's observations upon Japanese Art are limited to the wares that are manufactured to please European taste and for European purposes, and to meet the European craving for novelty. Motonobu, Sesshiu, Okio, Körin, are unassailed, the temples of Kyoto, of Shiba, of Nikko, may yet be looked upon with fearless admiration, the shades of Ninsei, of the Komas and Kajikawas of the Miochins and the Gotos may still enjoy the honourable rest they have attained. Mr. Aldam Heaton, when he writes so strongly and impressively against Japanese Art, only refers to umbrellas, toys, fans, china, knick-knacks, &c., at "9*d.* the lot."

Details of Gothic Wood-Carving. By FRANKLIN A. CRALLAN. (London: B. T. Batsford.)—As long as Gothic is considered the only fit style for ecclesiastical buildings, so long will wood-work based on the precedent of dead centuries be studied by craftsmen. That even in Gothic buildings a new style, derived from Nature, will supplant mere revivals and adaptations, various objects lately illustrated in our pages evidence clearly enough. But a certain number of people will always insist that it is anachronism to let the spirit of the hour influence the fittings of a building conceived according to the rules of recognised styles. If, therefore, it is desirable to reproduce the details of the past, such a book as this deserves warm approval. As a help to students of mediæval architecture it can hardly be overrated; as a volume of reference for students in wood-carving no words of praise are too high. Its thirty-four spirited drawings bring together five examples of original English work, chiefly of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The notes by its talented author, who was lately the instructor in wood-carving at the Municipal Technical Schools, Derby, are practical, concise, and clearly written. Mr. Batsford has produced this handsome volume in the superlatively perfect way which characterises nearly all his publications.

AWARDS IN "THE STUDIO" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

DESIGN FOR A SET OF DOOR FURNITURE.

(A IV.)

The FIRST PRIZE (*Three guineas*) is awarded to *Glitters* (Hermione Unwin, Hall Royd, Shipley, Yorkshire).

The SECOND PRIZE (*Two guineas*) to *Carp* (Frances Louisa Evans, Cornwall Lodge, York Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W.).

Honourable mention is given to the following:—*Arosenne* (S. Wilson Shaw, 120 West Regent Street, Glasgow); *Artichoke* (M. Keighley, 3 Portland Place, Plymouth); *Doctor* (Agnes C. Martin, 45 South Road, Handsworth, Birmingham); *Elsa* (Elsa M. Waterlow, 1 Maresfield Gardens, Fitz-John's Avenue, N.W.); *Kohana-San* (Muriel E. Scott, Elmstead Grange, Chiselhurst); *Jode* (Johé Willis, "Studio," Tooting Bec Road, Upper Tooting, S.W.); *May* (May Dixon, Mulberry Green, Harlow, Essex); *Micawber* (Edmund Whitehead, 17 The Avenue, Upper Norwood), and *Zaphphir* (G. S. Lemasnie, Alpha House, Stapley Hill, Bristol).

DESIGN FOR AN ALPHABET.

(B IV.)

The FIRST PRIZE (*One guinea*) is awarded to *Black Sheep* (C. E. Thompson, 24 Roxburgh Avenue, Aigburth Road, Liverpool).

The SECOND PRIZE (*Half a guinea*) to *Pokey* (Enid Jackson, Forest Road, Birkenhead).

Honourable mention is given to:—*Berangere* (Victor Lhuer, 23 Quai de la Tournelle, Paris); *Dorian* (Oliver Senior, 7 Livesey Street, Manchester); *Hollyhock* (Nancy M. Ruxton, 24 Wetherby Gardens, S.W.); *Kay D.* (Cora J. Cady, 199 North Division Street, Grand Rapids, Michigan, U.S.A.); *Legible* (Arthur Manock, Benfield House, Boscombe Park, Bournemouth); *Moon Daisy* (Margaret T. Griffith, Ffrithlands, Marine Drive, Rhyl); *Mazeppa* (Guy Blood, 19 Castle Street, Liverpool); *Merosh* (Stavros Homere, Wyken House, Bridgnorth, Salop); *Micawber* (Edmund Whitehead, 17 The Avenue, Upper Norwood); *Nemo* (Florence Grant, 103 Lennard Road, Penge, S.E.); and *Old Coin* (Charles E. Thompson, 24 Roxburgh Avenue, Aigburth Road, Liverpool).

DESIGN FOR A CATALOGUE COVER.

(B V. *Extra.*)

The FIRST PRIZE (*Two guineas*) is awarded to *Iridee* (Thomas Henry, 46 Rue Madame, Paris).

The SECOND PRIZE (*Half a guinea*) to *Jason* (John Thirtle, The Elms, Banstead Road, Ewell, Surrey).

Honourable mention is given to the following:—*Butterfield* (Bert Smale, 33 Acacia Road, St. John's Wood, N.W.); *Camu* (Chas. Gale, 51 Butt Road, Colchester); *Nemo* (John M. Atken, 61½ Loch Street, Aberdeen); and *Merosh* (Stavros Homere, Wyken House, Bridgnorth, Salop).

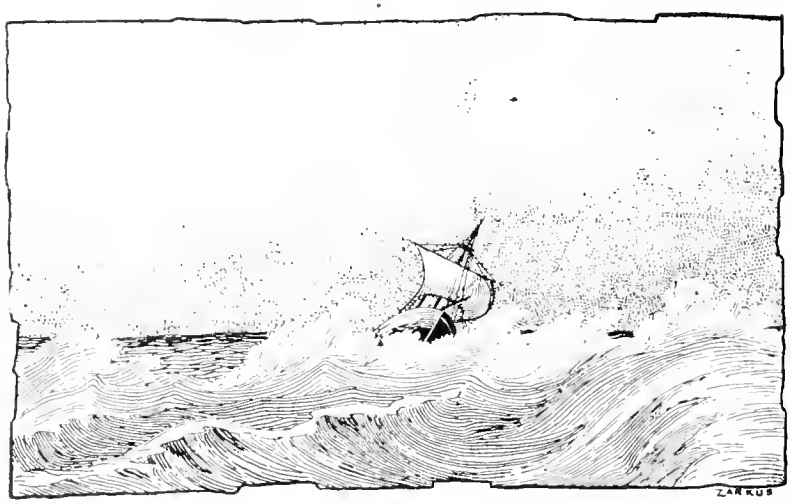
SKETCHES FROM NATURE.
A SEASCAPE.

(C IV.)

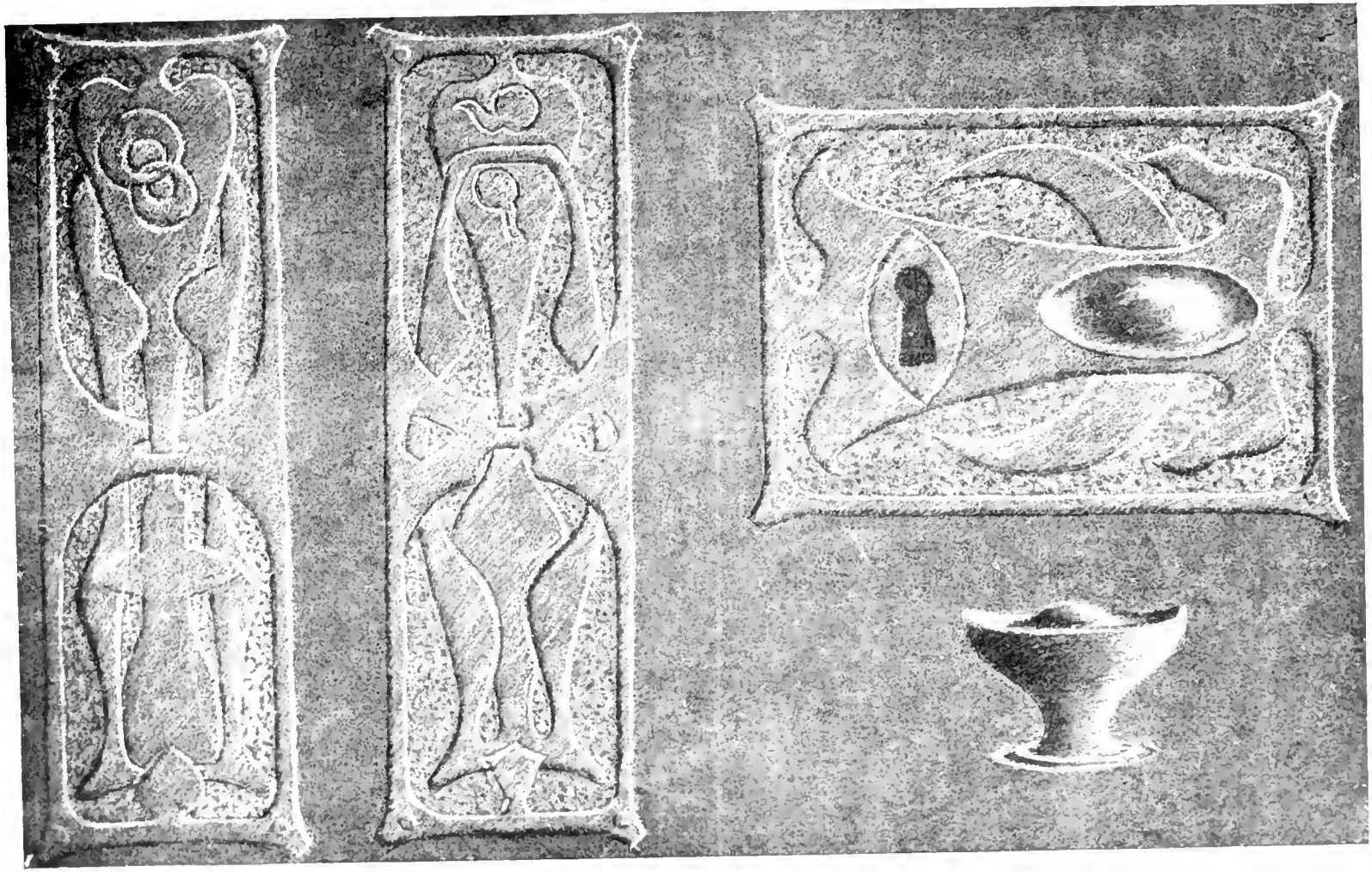
The FIRST PRIZE (*One guinea*) is awarded to *Indian Ink* (James S. Alderson, 1 Market Place, Rugby).

The SECOND PRIZE (*Half a guinea*) to *Porlock* (Samuel Poole, 46 Grosvenor Road, S.W.).

Honourable mention is given to the following:—*Pengersec* (Stephen Thomas, 66 High Street, Bideford); *Teddie* (Ada Mary Williams, Walcot, Shaa Road, East Acton, W.); and *Zarkus* (Arthur Smith, Glen Lyn, Clifton Place, Stapleton Road, Bristol).

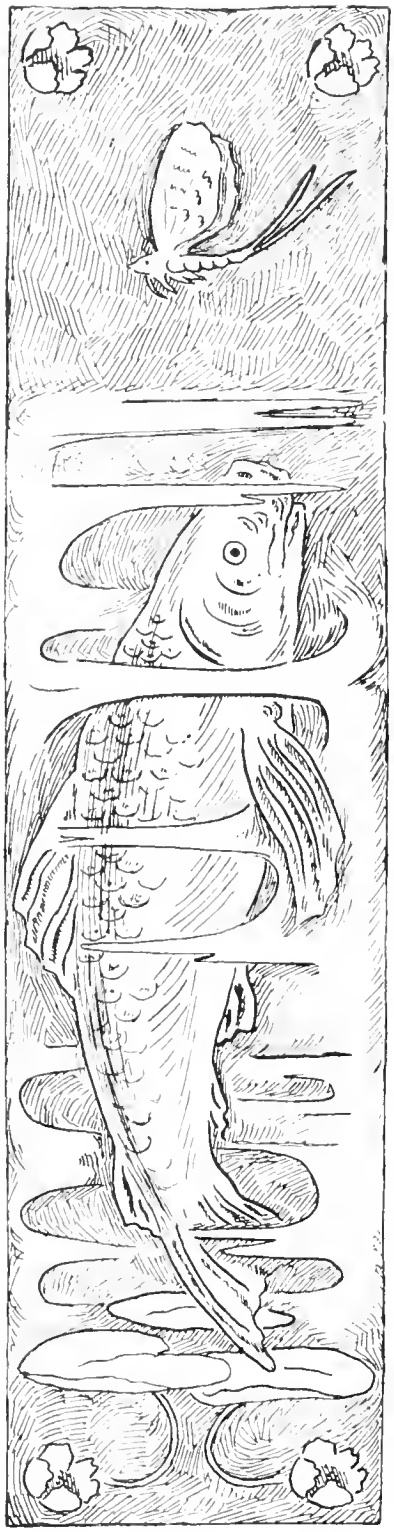


HON. MENTION (COMP. C IV.) "ZARKUS"

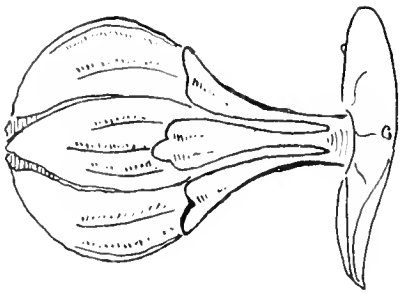


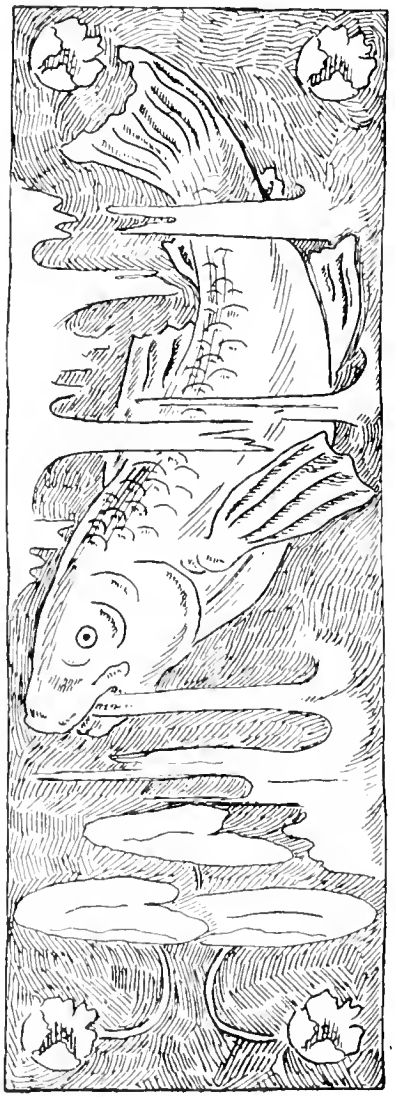
FIRST PLATE — SECTION A IV

SET OF DOOR FURNITURE
BY "GLITTERS"

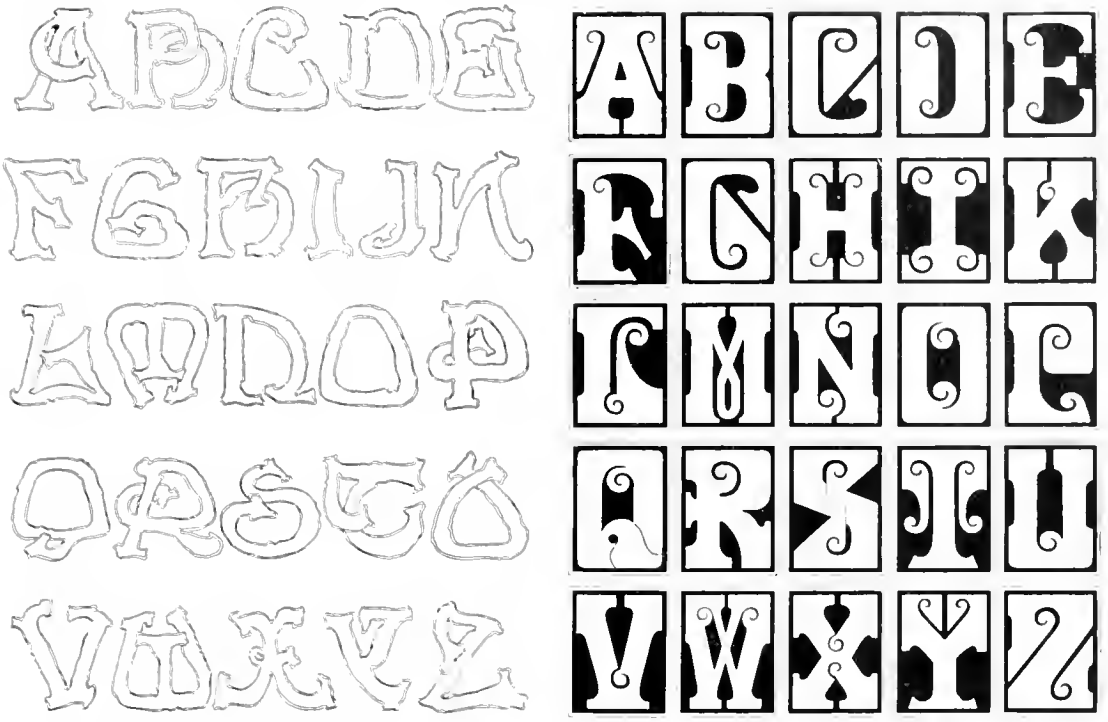


SECOND PRIZE (COMPETITION A IV.)

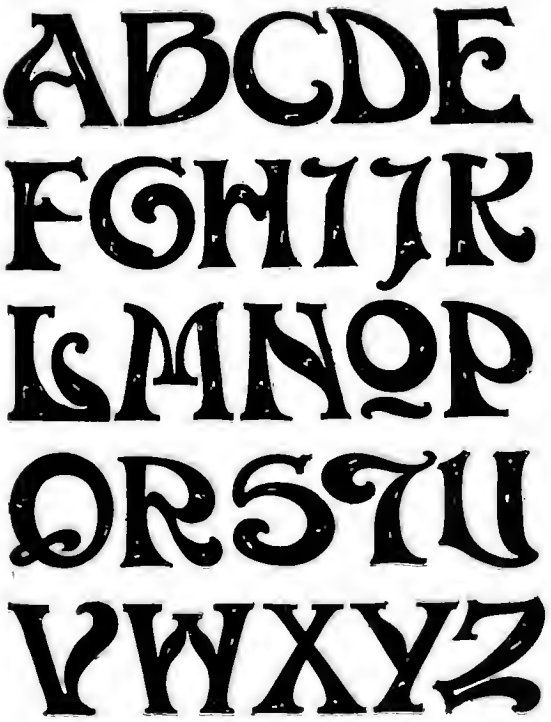


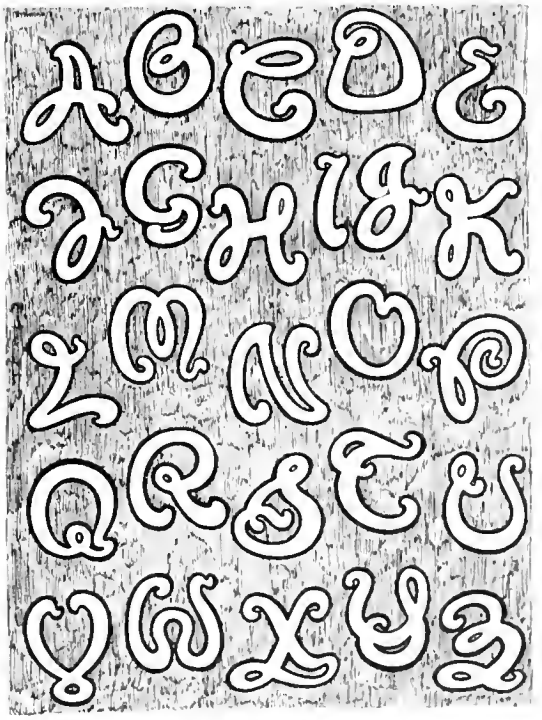


SET OF DOOR FURNITURE
BY "CARP"



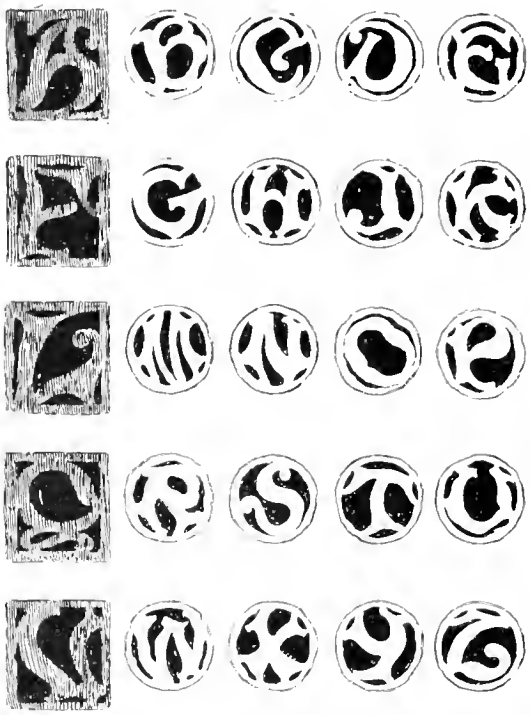
FIRST PRIZE (COMPETITION B IV.)





DESIGNS FOR ALPHABET
BY "BLACK SHEEP"

SECOND PRIZE "POKEY"

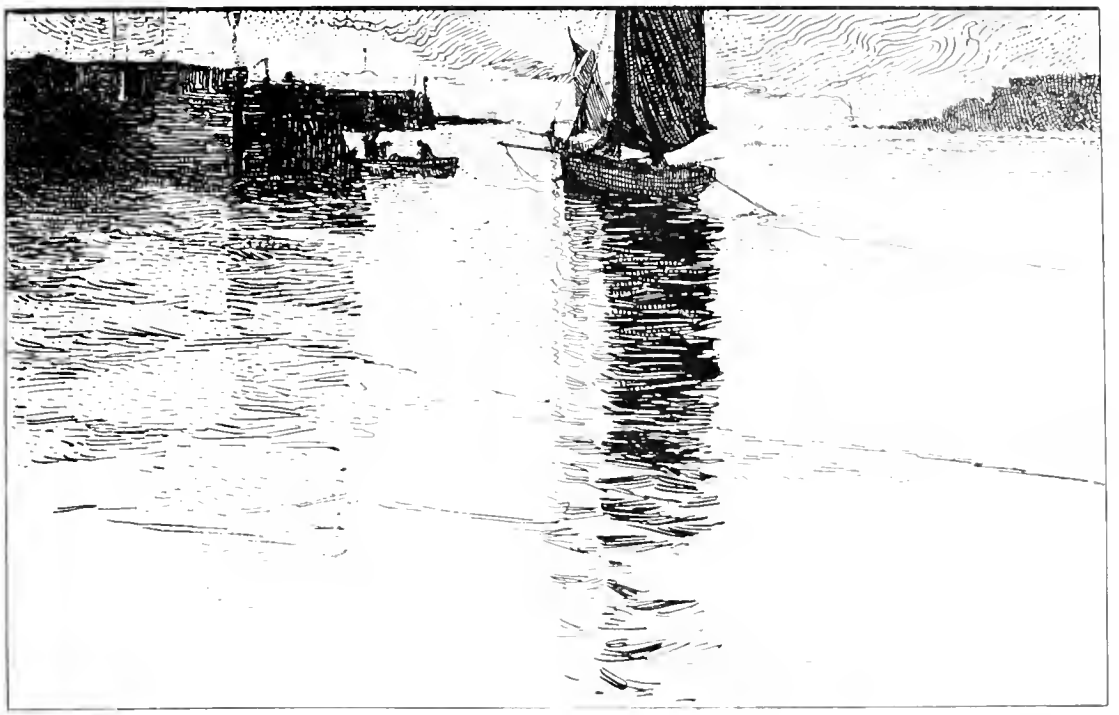


HON. MENTION "OLD COIN"

HON. MENTION "DORIAN"

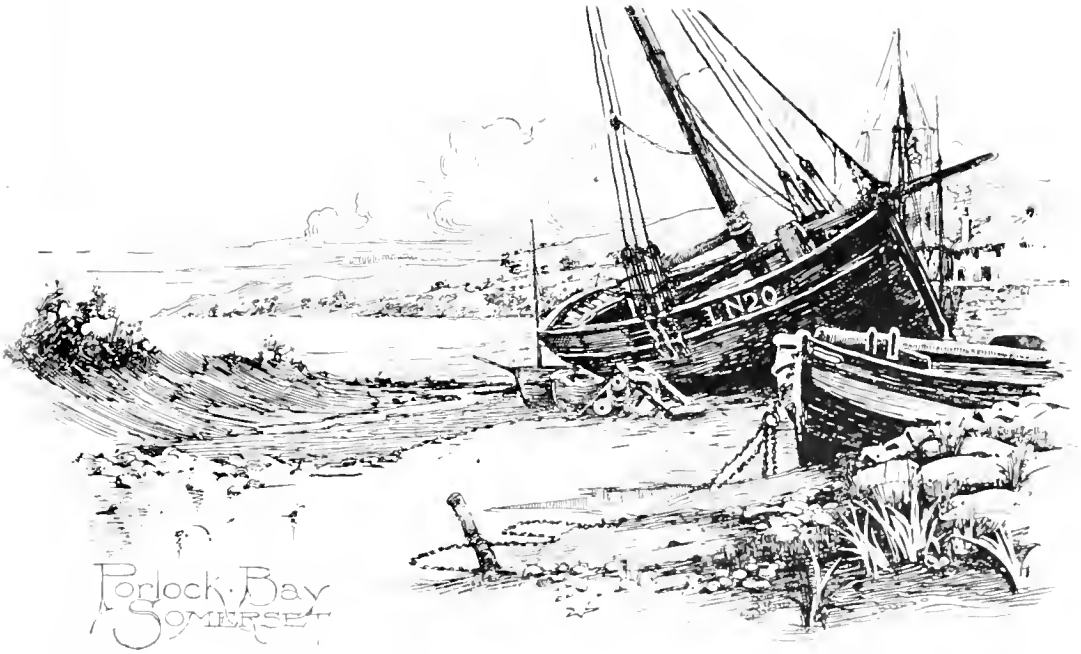
HON. MENTION "MICAWBER"

Pen and Ink Drawings "A Seascape" (Comp. C IV.)



FIRST PRIZE

"INDIAN INK"



SECOND PRIZE

"PORLOCK"

THE LAY FIGURE.

"I SEE that one of the monthly reviews has been starting a new agitation against the Royal Academy," said the Man with a Clay Pipe.

"The sea-serpent of Art Gossip," the Journalist added with a knowing air.

"But there may be sea-serpents," queried the Lay Figure. "Science is quite open to allow them theoretical existence."

"And I am quite open to believe in the abstract theory of a perfect Academy," the Journalist added. "But I doubt if any outside criticism will cause the present one to remodel itself to a state of perfection."

"Public opinion is a great factor in modern progress," the Man with a Clay Pipe observed. "What we all feel to be true and worth fighting for—if we could only voice it unanimously—would have a decided effect, I feel sure."

"The Academy as a body has unanimously rejected your work," said the Journalist; "and the only decided effect that I have observed it has had upon you is that, quite rightly, you are still more determined to paint in the way they dislike—the way you believe to be best."

"There can be no doubt," said the Æsthetic Architect, "that the Royal Academy does not represent the art of England to-day. For all I know it may be absolutely representative of painting, sculpture—I will even add, as working hypothesis, of architecture—but it ignores the applied arts."

"Which nevertheless have waxed fat and multiplied," said the Lay Figure. "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church. Depend upon it, the outside air is best for vigorous growth."

"That is rather unfair to some entirely excellent men within its fold," the Man with a Clay Pipe observed. "There are a few first-rate painters still to be elected. I grant that. Yes," he went on, "you need not 'name' them. We all know that they are better than some few inside; but is there any institution in the world against which as much might not be alleged? It would be a bad sign for art if every one was an R.A. or an A.R.A., because where would it recruit?"

"You cannot deny," said the Architect, "that it is a scandal to find no great etcher, no great 'black and white' man an R.A."

"Is that so?" said the Journalist. "That seems a good point to score."

The Man with a Clay Pipe smiled. "Somehow I don't think so," he continued. "The men you name seem to be quite sufficiently distinguished by the laurels their fellow workers have awarded. When I find that Romney, Morland, Old Crome, Rossetti, Whistler—I purposely make an eclectic selection—were not Academicians, it only seems to me to prove how very unimportant the honour is"

"Yet you were delighted to hear of Frampton, Sargent, Swan, and a heap more being elected," the Architect continued. "Is that logical?"

"I should be delighted to be elected myself," he replied, knocking out his pipe. "It would please the wife—it might put up my prices; but really I don't think I should look upon it as much more than a rise in the market value of my works"—he paused a moment and added seriously—"and I hope that I still regard that matter as part of domestic economy quite as much unconcerned with art as the diet I can afford daily in my house."

"It is strange to hear you defend the Academy," said the Lay Figure.

"It seems to me," he replied quietly, "that I am ruder to it than you fellows who make a fuss. I do not wish to be rude. If you look down its list of members, there are some names that should make one wary before condemning the body to which they belong."

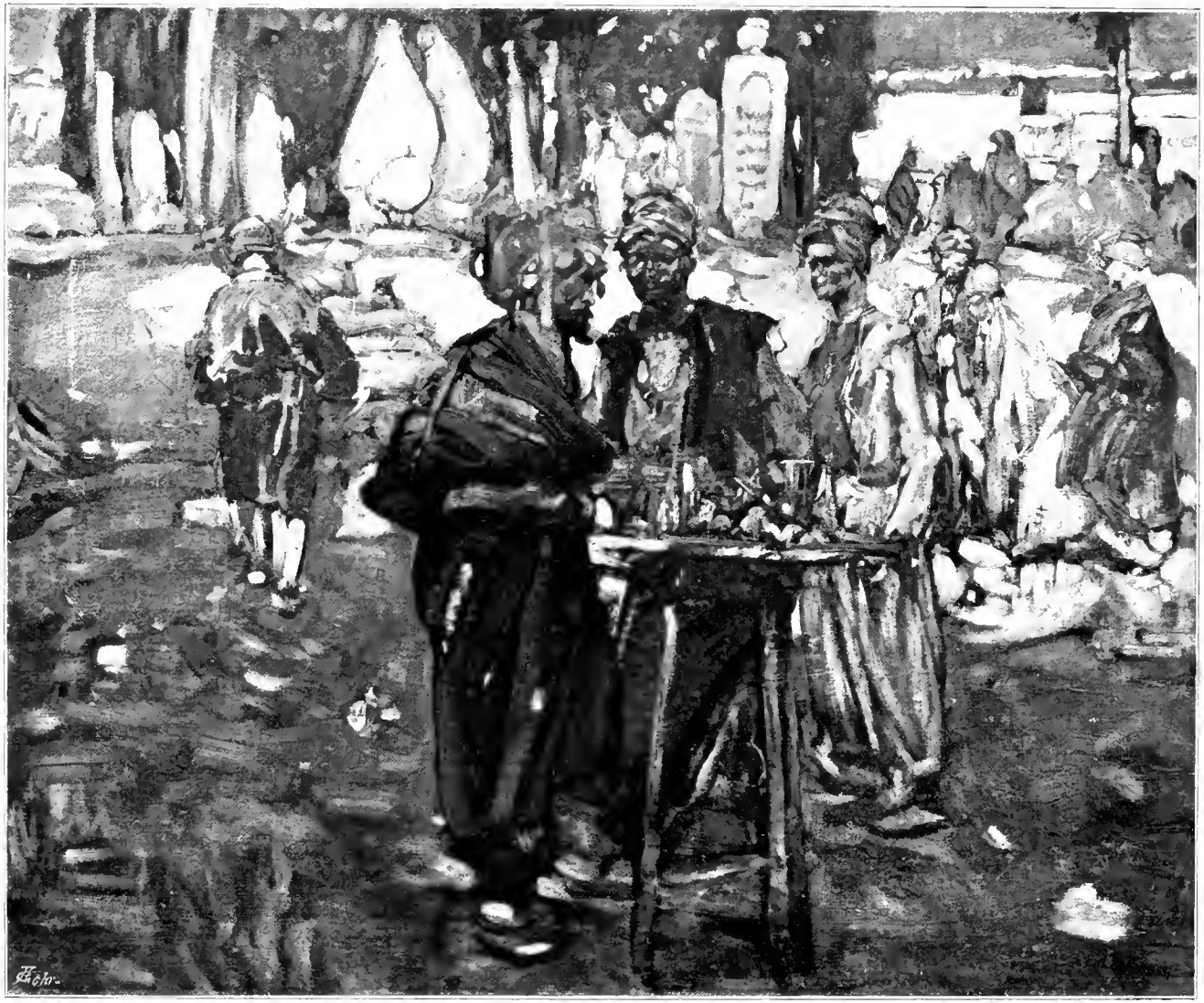
"Surely it is capable of improvement. Look on its hanging—the way it treated . . . . and . . . . this year," the Architect retorted. "Look even at the grudging economy of tickets to exhibitors, and its frightful deference to popular taste."

"All these things seem to me quite secondary," said the Man with a Clay Pipe. "I doubt if the Arts and Crafts, or the New English Art Club have not as many contributors *pro rata* who are 'malcontents' as the Academy. But why need we trouble? It is accepting the standard of *Philistia* to fret unduly because it rejects one."

"But you just said the Academy had some of our best artists in its ranks," said the Journalist, "and you would be delighted to be elected—what is that but defending it, and all its works?"

"If it has a large number of our best artists, and one cannot deny that it has, therefore it seems to me to represent the rough average," said the Man with a Clay Pipe, "and the sum of human endeavour rarely succeeds in more than rough justice. Individuals suffer no matter how widely the law be strained. The policy of the Royal Academy is not above criticism, but I doubt if a committee elected by the vote of the profession would not soon be found as capricious and unjust as the worst foes of the Academy allege it to be."

THE LAY FIGURE.



THE STUDIO

FRANK BRANGWYN AND HIS ART. BY JAMES STANLEY LITTLE.

THE dividing line between affectation and mannerism in the realm of art, especially in graphic art, is not so clearly defined as to render it readily discernible to the initiated; while to distinguish between the two is beyond the power of the simple. The artistic pale has been invaded during the last quarter of a century by all manner of strange intruders, men whose aim has been to produce work which would bring them quickly into notoriety, that bastard brother of fame, resembling it so closely that again the simple are exceedingly liable to confound the one with the other. Success hardly won, won as the price of steady and strenuous labour, won in the noontide or wane of life, has no attractions for men who desire above all things the loaves and fishes of this world, and who crave the full material reward of success at an age when their betters were, and still are, content to remain struggling and unknown. He who said that there was no royal road to success lived in days when advertisement was scarcely known, and self-advertisement had not been elevated into a fine art.

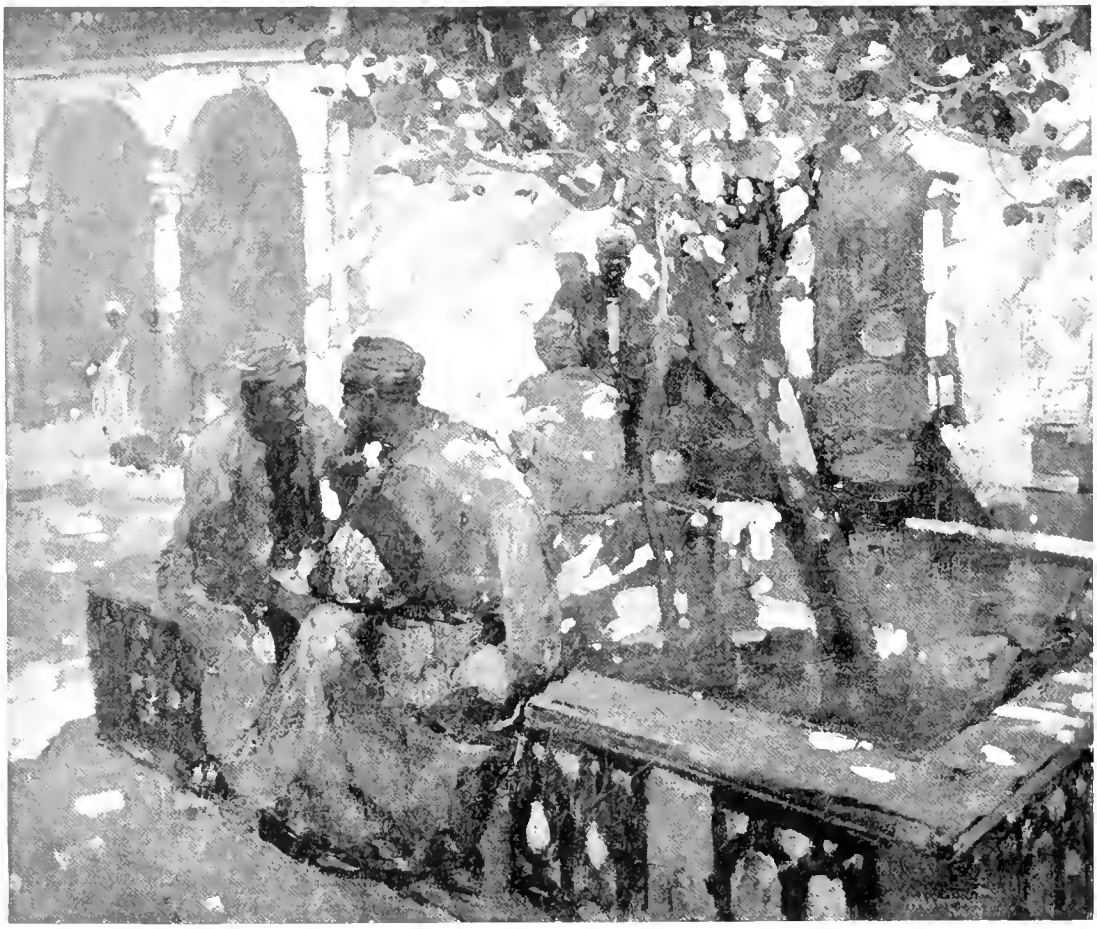
"THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI" FROM A PAINTING BY FRANK BRANGWYN

(In the Collection of Herr E. Seeger)

We must be prepared, however, to find the alloy of baser metals in the gold of the artistic temperament. In his adolescence the artist craves popular applause; maybe, too, he aspires to grow rich in this world's goods. Until this alloy is expelled, the artist cannot be said to be entitled, in the full sense, to the name he claims: for the artist's only concern is to satisfy himself, and to be permitted to give concrete expression to those abstract conceptions of the beautiful which, born with him, are a part of his very being. I am confident that the true artist can never be a self-exploiter. The dignity of his high calling makes this impossible to him. He nurtures his individuality, but he does not endeavour to impose himself upon his contemporaries.

Among the many devices to which the self-exploiters in the ranks of painters have resorted, none has been found more generally effectual than the pose of eccentricity. This, again, is often mistaken by the unthinking, and by those who cannot think, for originality, though between the two there is absolutely no relationship. During the last two decades we have had enough and to spare of affectation and calculating eccentricity. By employing these a modicum of talent has enabled many a clever practitioner to masquerade as a heaven-born genius. Art has suffered; the true artist has suffered. He has been pushed aside. But the turn of those unscrupulous tradesmen of the brush, who in this age of commercialism have arrived at the psychological moment, has been served. They have prospered exceedingly. The nutriment due to true artists has filled their bellies, while the men whose right it was have gone empty away.

It is clear, then, that the mischief of charlatanism in art, like all frauds, is far reaching. It has caused the innocent to suffer with the guilty. Men whose individuality was so marked as to insure that their productions should stand out wherever they were exhibited; whose originality was so striking that it produced a positive arrest—I will not say shock—upon first encountering its manifesta-



"SHADE" FROM A PAINTING BY FRANK BRANGWYN

(In the Possession of C. Gill, Esq.)

PORTRAIT SKETCH OF FRANK BRANGWYN BY PHIL MAY

tion, have been mistaken by the crowd—to whom it happens that the spurious is more readily appellant than the real—for impostors. So it was with Rousseau, with James McNeil Whistler, with Ford Madox Brown, so for a time with J. S. Sargent, and so it has been with the subject of this monograph—Frank Brangwyn.

A few years since—it is so still in lesser degree—whenever critics, amateurs, or painters were gathered together in a gallery or studio, the presence of a Brangwyn on the wall or on the easel was provocative of heated discussion. It is true that when Frank Brangwyn first broke upon the world he did not want for champions; but his detractors were many; they were vigorous and downright. The bright blues of his skies, the oriental splendour of his colouring, giving to his work the character of an Eastern carpet, offended prudish eyes, to which, too, his free rendering of form, his general abandonment and massiveness of design, were positive affronts. The outcry against him did not proceed entirely from academic stocks and pillories: painters and critics of varied predilections joined in it—the school of sickly and emasculated æstheticism, the decadents to whom art is not the expression of a robust virility, a superlative capacity for enjoying and translating the beautiful, but is rather the outcome, from its picturesque aspect, of enervation and decay, were loud in their denunciations. Weak-kneed doctrinaires, the neo-formalists, who greatly fearing being found guilty of heresy to the canons of their respective cults, of which the nomenclature demands a lexicon to itself, avoided exposing their incompetence by the timorous device of never pushing their work beyond the initial stage of a memorandum or sketch, were also seriously alarmed and displeased. Here was a man, from whence coming no one knew, but assuredly from no accredited school or academy, who clearly presumed to paint "like an old master," in other words, to accept tradition by defying it; a man who had the audacity to paint in defiance of all the revelations of modern science as applied to painting, and to go boldly for the production of a decorative square of colour which within its frame should be a pleasant ocular entertainment. Assuredly in so doing Mr. Brangwyn was subscribing to an artistic canon, as applied to pictorial art, of the highest distinction and antiquity. None the less his presumption was not to be tolerated. So that while his drawing was stigmatised as slap-dash and tricky, his colour as that of a scene-painter, the gift of imagination was denied him, and his execution dismissed as cheap and theatric. In brief, Frank Brangwyn had to run the gauntlet of abuse and misrepresentation, an experience common to most painters of distinction, and one which, thanks to the persistency of the young man under consideration, and to the generous support accorded him on the continent—for he has no cause to be grateful to any of the more powerful art syndicates of his own country—has been of shorter duration than ordinarily obtains in the case of such as he. The opposition to Mr. Brangwyn has done its worst, and although he is quite unlikely to be asked to bolster up those institutions which, when they cannot kill men of light and leading developed outside their portals, cunningly absorb them, the day when detraction can seriously harm him is rapidly receding into the past.

It may be asserted generally, however, that no man who has not had to purchase his triumph hardly has deserved it; while so far as the present writer is concerned, he may safely say that he has never found any man worth the trouble of fighting for or proclaiming, who has not had to fight strenuously for himself, and to suffer keenly from undeserved neglect.

It was at Bruges Frank Brangwyn first saw the light. His parents were Welsh, his father an architect, who somewhat early in his career devoted his energies to the internal decoration of churches. Throughout young Brangwyn's boyhood, his father was the proprietor of a factory at Bruges for the production of church embroideries, in which the aim was to revive the glories of mediæval art. In this industry he employed a number of skilled operatives, and was himself an art-craftsman of power and distinction. An old friend and admirer of Mr. Brangwyn suggested to me that as a child in his father's workshops, he learnt to mix colours in that indefinable manner which afterwards stood him in such good stead. But Mr. Brangwyn, although in early days he was much with his father, cannot allow that this picturesque statement contains more than a modicum of truth: we may, however, ascribe his adroit use of colour, and the facility with which he manipulates his palette, to heredity. In due season the elder Brangwyn, desiring to enlarge the scope of his activities, came to London, where he had already excited the interest of the late Prince Consort, and where he was engaged to execute various designs by the City architect and by the authorities of the South Kensington Museum.

It was at the South Kensington Art Schools that young Brangwyn made a tentative effort to impose upon himself a precise form of instruction; but his temperament would not brook the restraint and red-tape of this or any other art school. It is true he

"ST. SIMON STYLITES" FROM A PAINTING BY FRANK BRANGWYN

(*In the Collection of Herr Seger*)

studied at South Kensington Museum, devoting himself to copying Donatello's reliefs. It will, however, surprise no one who has a general knowledge of the processes whereby an artist of genius finds himself, to learn that, with slight reservations, Frank Brangwyn's artistic training was self-imposed and self-directed. His aim in art is eminently constructive. Regarding, as he does, architecture as the parent of art, he is fully in sympathy with mediæval ideas of the function of graphic art—to produce beautiful things to embellish and render more habitable a well-designed habitation. I will deal with this aspect of Mr. Brangwyn's art later. This view, of which the modern exponents have been William Morris and Walter Crane, was no doubt strengthened and emphasised in the young artist's mind by his close association with the author of "The Earthly Paradise." It was while at South Kensington he attracted the attention of Mr. Morris, who at once perceiving the bent of his abilities, asked him to make for him facsimiles of Flemish tapestry. His expectations being realised, Morris gave earnest of his confidence in the young man by engaging him to assist him in carrying out his own designs for tapestries, embroideries, and other textiles. During three years, though it is evident at that time Brangwyn had no liking for prolonged employment, he was engaged in Morris's workshops in Oxford Street, enlarging designs, tracing drawings on cloth and drawing them on silk. No doubt this practice was exceedingly valuable, and gave the painter the facility of wrist, for after all it is the wrist which

counts, which has served him so well in his large pictures. A responsive wrist must accompany a true eye, and it is evident that Mr. Brangwyn must have been fairly well trained both in wrist and eye before Mr. Morris cared to entrust him with costly silks and cloths. No rubbing out is possible in such work; the first effort must be the last; hesitancy or inaccuracy are fatal; and mistakes are clearly inadmissible.

I have hinted that in these early days Frank Brangwyn was not able to regard art as his sole mistress. He alternated between devotion to the abstract and devotion to the material, as we all do; artists most of all. The artistic temperament is by its very nature erratic and uncertain, the artist is essentially a rover; a butterfly who sips nectar where and when he can; a seeker after the new and beautiful, who refuses to be bound by time and place. Experience teaches him that he must put a curb and impose a period on these wayward tendencies, these irresponsible wanderings; that in consuming he is consumed. The fact impresses itself upon him, that however wide his range may be, however far-reaching his aim, performance—that is to say, definite accomplishment—can only result from the deliberate curtailment and abridgment of his range, and the ruthless suppression of his aim. Then when this hard fact is learned, he consents to bring himself to anchor, and to undergo daily self-imposed drudgery in an appointed spot. Even then his soul rises in revolt against this hard necessity; seemingly hard. But the brevity of life, the limitations of power, must be acknowledged. The impossibility of achieving one hundredth part of the programme—in seeing and in doing, in learning and in imparting—which all vital men sketch out for themselves, has to be acknowledged and frankly accepted, or the most wealthy in potential power are stranded in the subjunctive shoals and quicksands of inanition and inactivity. Still it is essential that the tyro should gain knowledge, should widen his horizon, else he can never come to the sane conclusion that if he is to accomplish his mission, he must subject his ambitions and activities to severe self-suppression and rigorous self-direction. Mr. Brangwyn has taught himself this lesson, and has already entered upon that settled productive stage in the career of an artist, which comes to some early, to some late, but which must come to every artist if he is to reap the harvest of his powers.

STUDY IN OILS BY FRANK BRANGWYN

It was after Mr. Brangwyn had been for a year or so in Mr. Morris's employ that the necessity for seeing the world and its wonders, of taking an active part in its affairs, forced itself upon him. The spirit of adventure, the daring spirit, was strong in him, and he embraced for a time a seafaring life. Indeed, during the three years he was with Mr. Morris he was fre-

quently a wanderer, and was among those who go down to the sea in ships. Those who know the sea, and who also know Mr. Brangwyn's pictures, will, providing they possess the powers of observation and the sense to apply it, come to the conclusion that Mr. Brangwyn's marine pictures—and some of his finest works are of the sea or the sea shore—were the outcome of special knowledge. As a matter of fact, Mr. Brangwyn's sea-faring experiences were far from being so superficial as some have asserted. The range of his voyaging extends from Archangel to the Cape of Storms. His instincts are, however, decidedly southern and Oriental. He has familiarised himself particularly with the Mediterranean and Levant, though his knowledge of Japan is at present external rather than internal. Japan will be his next objective, so I suspect, and already he has no mean knowledge of Japanese art, with which he is keenly sympathetic—witness the charming collection of Japanese prints, and of old Japanese ware with which odd corners of his studio are garnished. The prints obtrude themselves from Japanese bureaux; the porcelain is safely housed in Chippendale and Sheraton cabinets. This, however, by the way. Mr. Brangwyn visited, during his seafaring days, Syria, Palestine, Algeria, Morocco, Tunis, Spain, and I daresay many countries besides. He has interesting tales to tell of his experiences, artistic and other, during these days. He was painting all the time, on and off, under all sorts of conditions; the traditional signboard which every painter of genius is expected to paint being included in his achievement. These experiences, interesting as they are, need not be amplified, as they would lead me too far afield. They may be left to Mr. Brangwyn's future historian.

Having gained a fairly extensive acquaintance with the continent of Europe, not excluding the British Isles, Mr. Brangwyn determined to bring himself to a standstill, and established himself, in pursuance of this intention, at Port Mellyn, in Cornwall. He had now definitely decided to devote himself to painting as the serious business of his life. A few years later he came to London, entering into occupation of the studio which is still the scene of his labours. Since, however, his residence in London, he has made opportunities for annual excursions to foreign lands. His life has been a busy one, full of change alternated with prolonged spells of work. In 1890 he went from Antwerp to the Danube, and brought home a series of pictures which were shown in Bond Street.

The Royal Society of British Artists has had the honour of introducing many excellent painters to public notice. Among these Mr. Brangwyn must be included, for his first conspicuous success in London was achieved at the Suffolk Street Galleries.

"BLOOD OF THE GRAPE" FROM A PAINTING BY FRANK BRANGWYN

(In the Collection of Herr Seeger)

(In the Hall of 22 Rue de Provence, Paris)

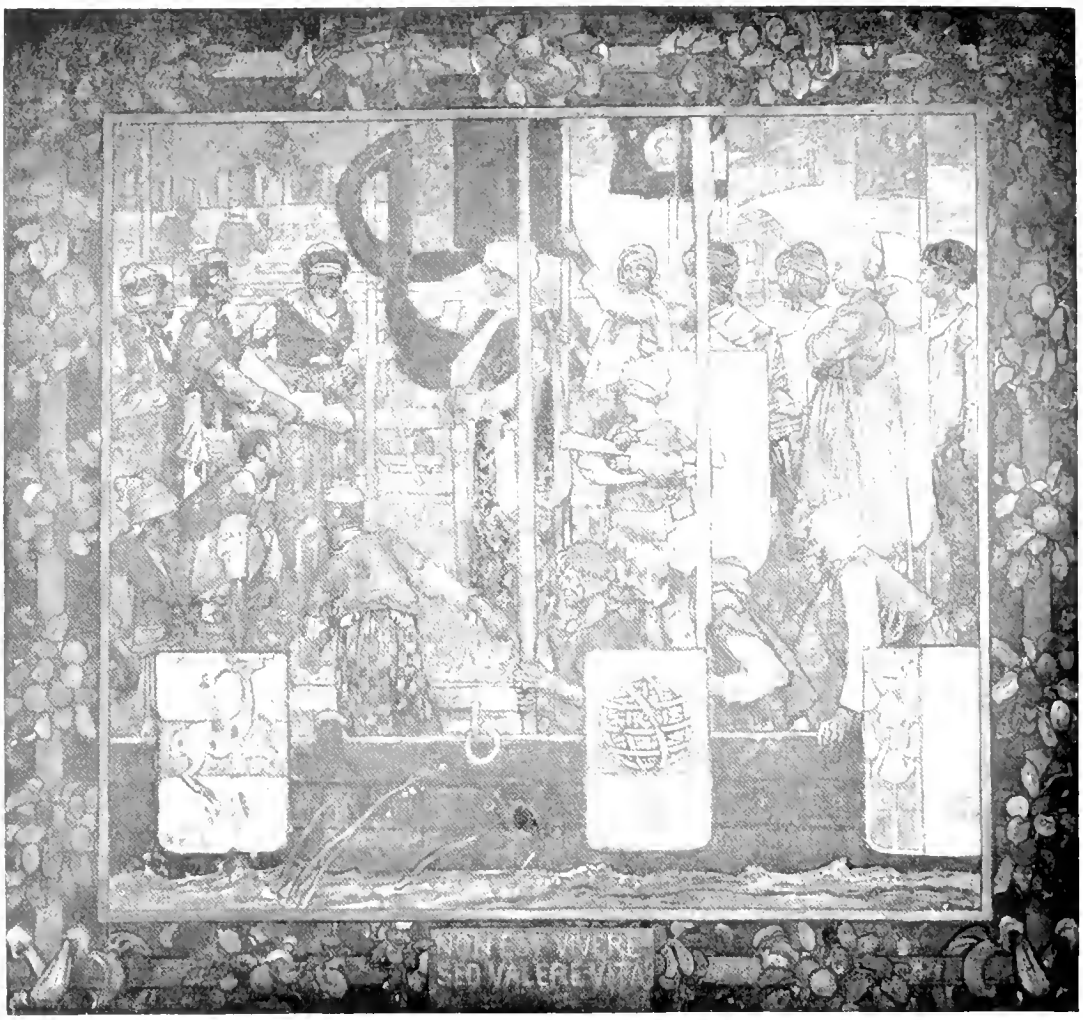
MURAL PANEL BY
FRANK BRANGWYN

MURAL PANEL BY
FRANK BRANGWYN

(In [illegible] Ho[illegible] of 22 Rue de Trévise, Paris)

This was in 1890. It was then that the present writer first made acquaintance with the artist's work, and he can distinctly remember the strong, though not unmixed, impression created on his mind by a picture from his brush, entitled *Ashore*. This picture represented the rescue of the crew of a vessel which, coming to grief in a gale, had run aground. It is a characteristic of much new and vital work that on first encountering it, the impression it leaves is not altogether favourable. Unconsciously, and however catholic the mind of the critic may be, it cannot help measuring everything fresh by a standard, an impalpable standard, resulting from the study and contemplation of pictures generally, a standard which exists, so to speak, in the impenetrable recesses of the brain. So that even those critics and amateurs who, free from *parti pris*, are prepared to accept and hail everything in art that is worthy wherever it is to be found, did not accept Mr. Brangwyn unreservedly upon their first acquaintance with his work. The year following Mr. Brangwyn's *début*, 1891, saw him again at the Royal Society of British Artists, the directorate of which gallery gave wall space, and with wisdom and justice, to his *Burial at Sea*. This picture was afterwards exhibited at the Salon, and was awarded a medal. In this year Mr. Brangwyn again went South and exhibited the results of his labours in Bond Street. In 1892, his *Convict Ship* was shown at the Academy. Afterwards, at the Chicago Exhibition, it gained for its painter a gold medal. It excited a great deal of notice both in England and America, and from this time forth the art world began to reckon with Mr. Brangwyn, and to watch his career with the interest born of confident expectation. It was not long before his work began to be talked about in every continental capital, and his pictures to find places of honour, not only in Paris, but in Berlin, Copenhagen, Wurtemberg, Munich and other European cities. The continent is not inclined to take English art too seriously, and the Englishman who gains a European reputation while still in his twenties is to be envied. A few years later the French critic, M. Renan, while by no means spoiling Mr. Brangwyn with unreserved praise—he was sufficiently severe on his limitations, and not without justice condemned, as applied to certain works, the negligence of his drawing—expressed the hope that Mr. Brangwyn would become a leader for our young painters. "Mr. Brangwyn's pictures," wrote M. Renan, "are remarkable; the eye is happy in front of the frames of this new comer; the eye opens and takes in a real joy. In France we shall all be sincerely disappointed if Mr. Brangwyn does not keep the promises he is giving to art." Of the *The Buccaneers*, the picture immediately following *The Convict Ship*, exhibited at the Salon, and afterwards at the Grafton Galleries, this French critic says, "I can assure you it was appreciated by all true French artists; among the industrial products that crowd the Champs Elysées, it will remain dazzling in the memory of all." I quote M. Renan thus far to prove that in a very few years Mr. Brangwyn had succeeded in capturing French appreciation, and because his criticism, expressed with native vivacity, is identical with what I have adventured elsewhere, and could but paraphrase once again to-day. It is true to say of Frank Brangwyn's canvases that the eye is happy in front of them, that it opens and takes in a real joy, and that his pictures remain dazzling in the memory. His pictures positively swim in colour; his reds, blues, and greens are juxtaposed with daring, but with a daring which more than justifies itself. It is rare indeed for a Western artist to possess the faculty, the power to revel in joyous abandonment, in a perfect blaze of colour, and yet never to be guilty of an impropriety; never to allow one colour to trespass upon the rights of another, or to offer it an affront. The Western artist, so soon as he relaxes, so soon as he tries to escape from rigid severity, degenerates into licence and vulgarity, while the Eastern artist can play with colour without committing offences against decency and decorum.

It is, of course, this particular faculty, this orientalism which gives to Mr. Brangwyn's art its especial value and distinction. In *The Buccaneers*, as it seems to me, he made good the claim to possess this peculiarly rare colour instinct as applied to Western painters, a claim tacitly advanced by his previous work. This picture represents an incident, at one time a common enough one, and still unhappily not of infrequent occurrence, in the life of a Mediterranean town. A party of buccaneers, Riffian pirates for all I know, have set fire to a town, having previously pillaged it. The marauders are putting off with their booty in successive boats. In the foreground of the work we have the leader of the gang and his party, a boat full of scoundrels of all shades of black and brown, dressed in silks and fabrics of every imaginable colour. In the stern of the vessel sits the captain, his hand on the rudder, a picture of unscrupulous and cynical daring, the bright lines of his headgear and zouave backed by the blood-red flag on which the insignia, appropriated from some petty principality, is displayed. Many of the crew are

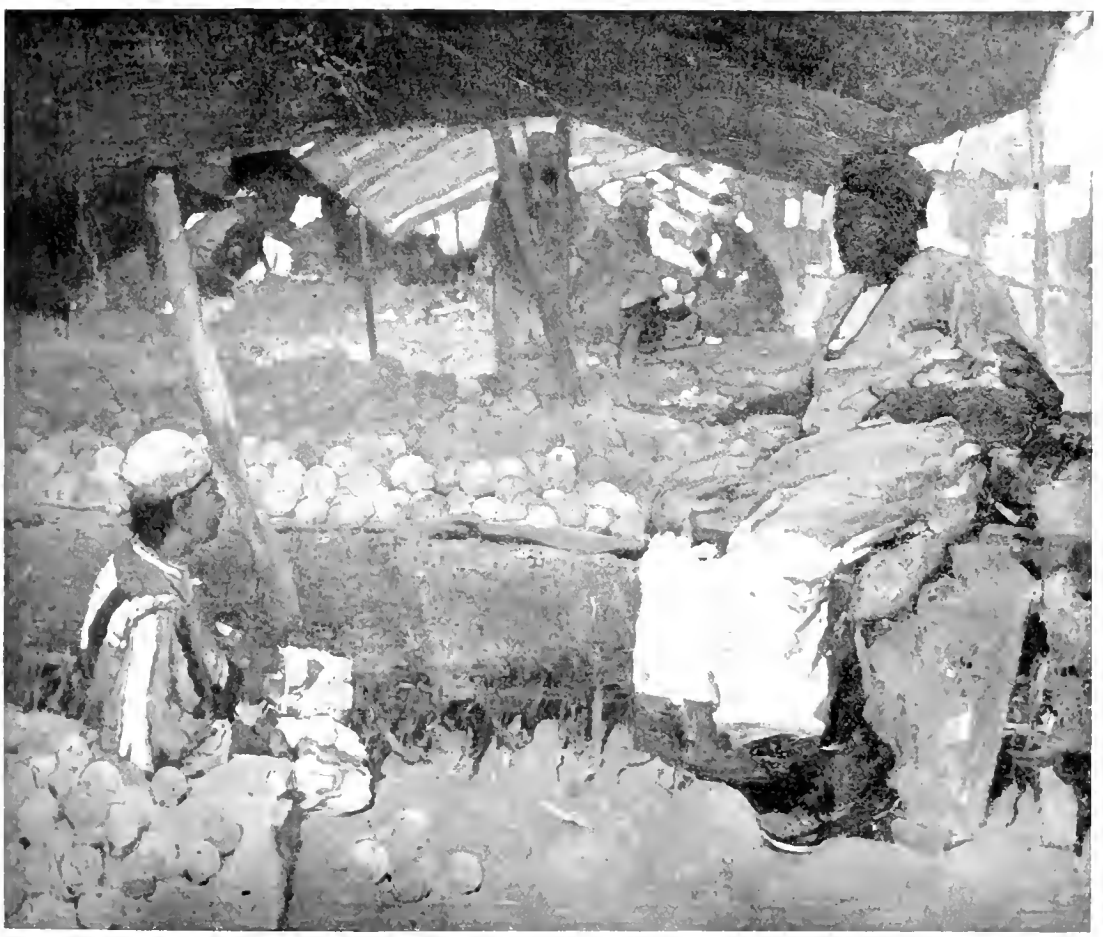


"LE ROI DU CHANTIER." DESIGN FOR TAPESTRY BY FRANK BRANGWYN

placed more or less *hors de combat*; some have their hands to their heads, others are crying in their pain. By various signs we are made to feel the price they have paid for their victory. A brawny ruffian who has come through unscathed is handling the oar, urging the boat through the churned-up water, water of the darkest and most uncompromising blue. The town itself is in flames, the hill-side a hot burnt yellow, and the whole a strong demonstration of what, but for the admirable skill in which the colours are arranged and harmonised, and for the sanction which the theme gives—a highly dramatic and violent episode—might be called coarse colour. The qualities revealed in *The Buccaneers* were repeated in *The Slave Market*, *Orange Market*, *Trade on the Beach*, *Blood of the Grape*, and in many other works. *The Slave Market* was exhibited at the Royal Academy and is now in the permanent collection at Southport. It is a remarkably well-balanced design and like all Mr. Brangwyn's pictures, it has the merit of containing as a subsidiary, though, I submit, not to be neglected virtue, a story or idea. I apprehend that in painting his pictures Mr. Brangwyn's principal aim—and in fact this is obvious to the most superficial—is to produce a decorative design, pleasing in line and sensuous in colour. This, of course, should be the primary aim of every picture, though every picture which has a naturalistic base, as the foregoing pictures by Mr. Brangwyn have, must be in the sentiment of nature. That they should contain some literary significance has been held by many modern critics, quite wrongly however, to be an artistic error. On the contrary, the absence of

this significance is a fault, because every mind ultimately looks for it, and not finding it goes away dissatisfied. That this significance should be the primary object of the picture reduces the work to a piece of journalism. The artist who has no higher aim may stumble on painting a picture, though he would be sanguine to hope for such a result. In the *Adoration of the Magi* (*Gold, Frankincense and Myrrh*), exhibited at the New Gallery and the Salon, Mr. Brangwyn has obviously stepped further away from the purely naturalistic treatment of decorative designs in the direction of the more conventional and fanciful treatment. The scene is treated reverently and poetically although as an historical retrospect it does not carry conviction. That, however, was, as I take it, not Mr. Brangwyn's aim. He aspired to produce a symbol, a conception not so much of what the scene might or could have been, but of what it should have been, and assuredly he is justified. The picture is an artist's embodiment of the fitting. *The Orange Market*, which succeeded *The Magi*, is another of those gorgeous displays of colour in which Mr. Brangwyn revels and in which he employs the copper and ebon skins of African natives as a foil to the yellows and reds of tropical fruits and flowers.

Although I am not, I believe, chronologically justified in referring now to Mr. Brangwyn's visit to South Africa, and the work he did there, the lapse is of no importance. It is convenient to refer at this juncture to his visit to that country, and the artistic outcome of it. Mr. Brangwyn's journey was suggested and supported by Mr. Larkin of the Japanese Gallery, and the result was shown at the aforesaid gallery. It cannot be said, however, of this exhibition that it fully satisfied expectations. The fact is South Africa, full of picturesque beauty as it is, judged from the point of view of mere seeing, has not much to offer to the landscape painter. Its finest effects are panoramic. They cannot be conveyed to canvas. A painter who cared to establish himself in Cape Town, Stellenbosch, the Paarl, or



"THE ORANGE MARKET" FROM A PAINTING BY FRANK BRANGWYN

(In the Collection of G. Wharton Edge, J.P.)

Malmesbury, and who, eschewing the allurement of grand effects which the limitations imposed upon him by his media render it impossible for him to interpret, contented himself with studying and painting the places I have indicated—possibly Durban, Maritzburg and Pretoria might be added—might do well enough. As a matter of fact Mr. Brangwyn's most happy results were registered in the wine-growing districts, and in and near Cape Town. The Cape folk, the Malays, and the Mozambiquers, all have their picturesque possibilities, and they are often to be painted favourably environed. But the fates were scarcely more propitious to Mr. Brangwyn than they have been to other painters who have essayed to paint South Africa. The aggregate achievement of all these artists has been unimportant, and until a South African painter is evolved, it is not likely that the painting of that country will bring kudos or sequins to any painter certainly not to the casual visitor. And yet what potentialities for artistic treatment that marvellously alluring country has!

In pictures like the *Orange Market*, Mr. Brangwyn has aptly utilised the knowledge of the Mediterranean which he possesses. He is at home in southern Spain, in Tangiers, Tripoli, Tunis, and Algeria, and presently he is to add Egypt to his *répertoire*. As we have said, however, Mr. Brangwyn is not contented to paint merely what he has seen and felt, but he wishes to paint what he has felt and not seen. With him, as with all great painters of to-day and of the past, the subject of his picture is comparatively unimportant so long as it lends itself to the scheme of colour and to the design he wishes to present. Again, with him each picture is evidently more or less of an experiment, and this is especially true—it is a significant fact—of his later work. He does not paint to a prescribed or self-made recipe, nor is he a slave to any particular *technique*. If his subject require it, the *technique* of his work will be "fat" and full of paint; if otherwise, "thin and poor." The productive artist, the creative artist may be said to have cut his wisdom teeth when he has broken himself loose from the jargon of the schools, the shibboleths of artistic cliques and, not unmindful of the achievements of the great ones, the classics who have gone before, lets the hubbub of the studios pass by him unheeded. Nature is his foundation stone and imagination his material, and on this and out of this he must build, using his own inborn faculties to guide him aright. So it was with all the great painters of all ages: they learnt easily enough "to gang their ain gate." There is something more to be achieved than merely to copy nature, in itself an impossibility; something more than copying predecessors or contemporaries. The master's art is valuable because it is the product of individual effort, translating an individual outlook, but the copyists of any great master are empty of aim and barren of achievement.

When, as I have said, Mr. Brangwyn painted *The Magi*, he made an advance towards the more purely decorative school of art, and in *St. John the Baptist* and *St. Simon Stylites*, he advanced still further in this direction. The mystic element is not absent from either of these works. Both have the imaginative quality strongly marked, and both enhanced, and justly so, the artist's growing reputation.

It is not necessary for me, and assuredly it was no part of my original purpose, to enter into a detailed description of all Mr. Brangwyn's exhibited work. Between *St. John the Baptist* and *St. Simon Stylites* came *The Miraculous Draught of Fishes*, exhibited at the New Gallery, where also *St. Simon Stylites* was shown previous to its exhibition at the Salon. *St. John the Baptist* is now in the Stuttgart Museum. During 1895 Mr. Brangwyn was working at the house of M. Bing, and for M. Besnard, in Paris, to which fact I shall refer later. In this year his *Trade on the Beach* was exhibited at the Salon and purchased by the French Government for the Luxembourg. *Rest* also belonged to 1895. In 1896 his *Blood of the Grape*, a splendidly vigorous composition, was cruelly skied at the Academy. This year a picture of his, entitled *Venice*, was hung, though badly enough, at Burlington House. The *Scoffers*, a vigorous interpretation of the story of the unhappy Admiral Guarinos, who, captured by the Moors, was brought out of his dungeon three times in every year "before the Moorish rabblerout to be a sport and show," went to Paris.

Of the pictures referred to above, reproductions of some of the most typical accompany the text of this article, though it can scarcely be said that they will bear out my contentions in the case of readers who are unacquainted with Mr. Brangwyn's work. Mr. Brangwyn is essentially a colourist and he is by no means represented, he is hardly suggested, when his designs are seen in black-and-white. His pictures are however known by almost everybody interested in art, not only in these islands, but in America and on the Continent of Europe. For the rest, I think I have said all that is demanded of me. I have no stomach for that kind of criticism which

"THE SCOFFERS" FROM A PAINTING BY FRANK BRANGWYN

(*Purchased by the N.S.W. Government for the Sydney National Gallery*)

rings the changes on stereotyped phrases. Indeed I have never learned the prattle of the galleries and am not able to use its vocabulary. I leave the task of dealing with Mr. Brangwyn's art as one may deal with a sum in vulgar fractions to my betters. To me his art is fresh, strong and manly; it has imagination; it is always interesting, always stimulating. That his drawing is sometimes, nay often, faulty, I do not pretend to deny. I am as little concerned to dispute the statement that his confidence betrays him, now and again, into using a somewhat reckless palette. It is, however, this very quality of courage, this greatly daring to attempt big work which, so far as I am concerned, gives to his art its primary attraction. As I have already hinted, while many of his most hostile critics among contemporary painters never did and never will get beyond the stage of the sketch, he is painting pictures, and pictures which will live and stand out hereafter from among the mass of mere memoranda with which the walls of a score or more galleries are replenished annually. Again, although, in a sense, Frank Brangwyn is an experimentalist, he is so with this difference: he does not paint with a view to the production of a picture some day; he starts every work with the intention of bringing it to completion. Success, such as it is, will crown the efforts of quite feeble

folk, if every real difficulty is evaded. Mr. Brangwyn doesn't evade difficulties; he goes for them.

Critics among laymen and painters must never forget that a serious artist, who has to earn his living by his art, is often constrained to accept commissions which are in no wise to his mind, and having done so, that it is his duty to do his utmost to satisfy the person whose money he has taken. Artistic honesty is one thing. If a man can afford to do what he wishes to do without let or hindrance, if fortune has favoured him, or he is strong enough to starve while he paints, well and good. But if he lack artificial props, if he cannot undertake to starve, he must—nearly every painter has been so compelled—accept guineas as the price of satisfying the crude artistic requirements of their dispensers. Of course this contention opens up a wide question; but, at least, it will be conceded by all persons who have the instinct of citizenship in them, that the citizen's obligations to common honesty must take precedence of his duty to his artistic conscience.

A word in conclusion as to the general trend of Mr. Brangwyn's art. Mr. Brangwyn is essentially a craftsman, essentially a workman. His aim is not merely to paint a picture—an irresponsible thing which might drift about from wall to wall, and having covered acres of superficial space, has failed to beautify any spot during its migrations. He aspires in his pictures to produce a decorative panel which shall enhance a general effect he has in his eye. In fact the decorative sense in Brangwyn is so strong, that I doubt whether he is entirely happy unless he knows where any given picture he paints is to hang, and what will be its environment. This being so, it is not surprising that he tends more and more towards work which will give him this opportunity. Recently he has been engaged in the task of assisting M. Louis Bonnier in transforming the Hotel Bing at Paris into the Salon de L'Art Nouveau. One of his latest efforts is reproduced here, the tapestry designed for M. Besnard, entitled *Le Roi du Chant.er.* Mr. Brangwyn has also designed furniture, and indeed the entire internal garnishing of suites of rooms has been entrusted to him by several Parisian patrons. One feels, indeed, in regard to his pictures, that unless they can find a home in a sumptuously appointed mansion they must be out of place. They need the environment of massive furniture, of dark oak or richly coloured woods, of cunningly fashioned pottery, of boldly designed carpets, curtains, and tapestries, or they fail to do justice to themselves.

My space is exhausted, but I have not exhausted my subject. I might dwell upon many other phases of Mr. Brangwyn's artistic activity, upon his illustrations for instance, for apart from a great deal of black-and-white work executed for the *Graphic* and other journals, he has illustrated Sir Walter Scott's novels, Don Quixote, and I have before me as I write the "Arabian Nights" in six volumes, each of which contains four or five of his decorative illustrations. Also I might appropriately enlarge upon the honours—medals and associateships—Mr. Brangwyn has gained on the continent. He is a member of the Secessionists of Munich, an associate of the Société Internationale de Peintures, and a full member of the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts of Paris. He has quite recently sold a picture to the German Government for the Pinakothek at Munich, and from Munich he has received a gold medal. But I think what I have said will suffice to maintain my contention, that Mr. Brangwyn is a remarkable artist and that he is assured of a brilliant future.

JAS. STANLEY LITTLE.

One of the new bronze doors which are to replace the wooden ones in the façade of Florence Cathedral has now been put up. It is by Professor Augusto Passaglia, who is also the author of the *Madonna in Glory* above it, as well as of various other reliefs and statues on the façade. It must be confessed that the door is disappointing. When he works in marble, Professor Passaglia is very bold and strong, but in bronze he fails, or has here failed, to get the necessary relief, and this produces an impression of weakness. It is also to be regretted that the Professor has adopted a *patina* which gives no metallic reflections, but a uniform, dull tint, as much like blue clay as anything else. This, however, will doubtless be quickly modified by exposure to the weather. The architectural part of the door, and the general conception are good, and harmonise well with the façade. It is a real pity that the execution, perhaps owing in part to defective casting, should bear such evident signs of unfinish. The two large central panels (one on each valve of the door) are framed in architecture based on the windows of Giotto's Tower. They represent on the right the *Marriage of Mary and Joseph*, on the left the *Presentation in the Temple*. The small panels above and below contain the four cardinal virtues. Around are ornamental designs, standing figures and projecting heads.

A Letter from Japan

Tokyo August 1st 1896.

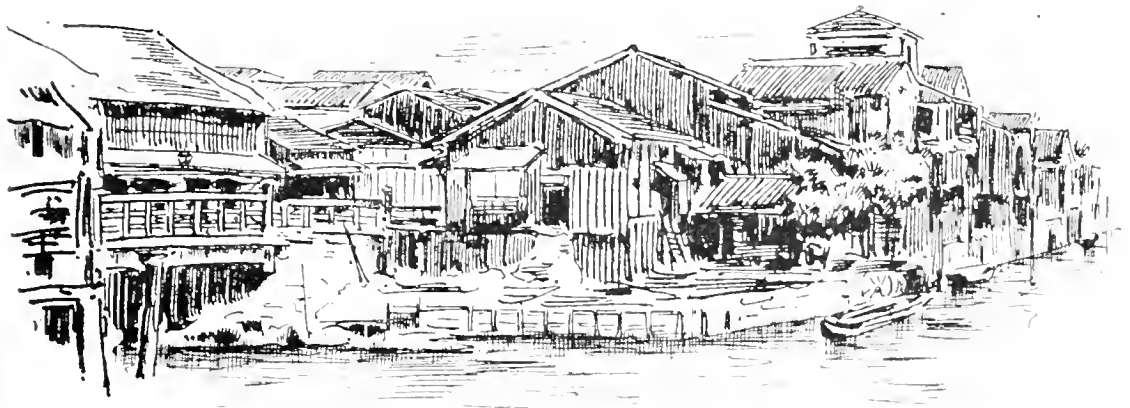
Dear Holme

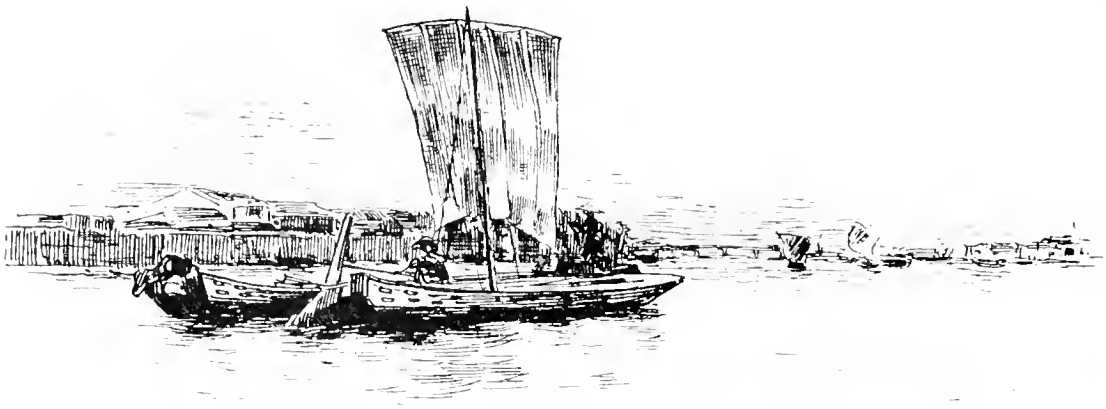
Notwithstanding that Japan has caught the infection of modern enterprise and that the Nippon Yusen Kaisha has the largest fleet of steamers in the world, the Japanese rivers are still thronged with the old-fashioned boats which were in vogue five centuries ago. In Tokyo, Yokohama, and Osaka the rivers and canals are crowded with the fantastic junks and quaint barges which to the first visitors to Japan rendered the waterside views so fascinating. It was feared, by those whose affection for Japan was inspired by a love of the beautiful, that with the adoption of Western inventions the colour element in city life would be blurred, that the advent of science would mean the decay of the picturesque. Only partially has this fear been justified. The Japanese are so immersed in their artistic environment, so wrapped and filled with the mutual atmosphere of nature and design, that they can only cease to be artists when they cease to exist. Nowhere is this better exemplified than in Osaka, the city of furnaces and factories, and of commerce. It is the centre of the modern spirit of feverish activity in manufacturing and commercial enterprise. Western influence has invaded certain quarters yet the artistic still predominates.

In its lower reaches the Agikawa is choked with sea-going steamers, and the sombreness of colour and clumsiness of outline of these plain but practical craft, fills one with a sense of loss. The colours have faded from the canvas, the spirit that pervaded the picture is dead. But in its upper reaches the Agikawa is still the Agikawa of the olden time, and on the eastern side of the city in the Kizigawa, into which, thanks to the shallowness of the bar, no steamer ever intrudes, while the city itself is intersected by a vast network of canals and waterways, all teeming with junks and barges, and crossed by graceful wooden bridges which lend themselves so admirably to line.

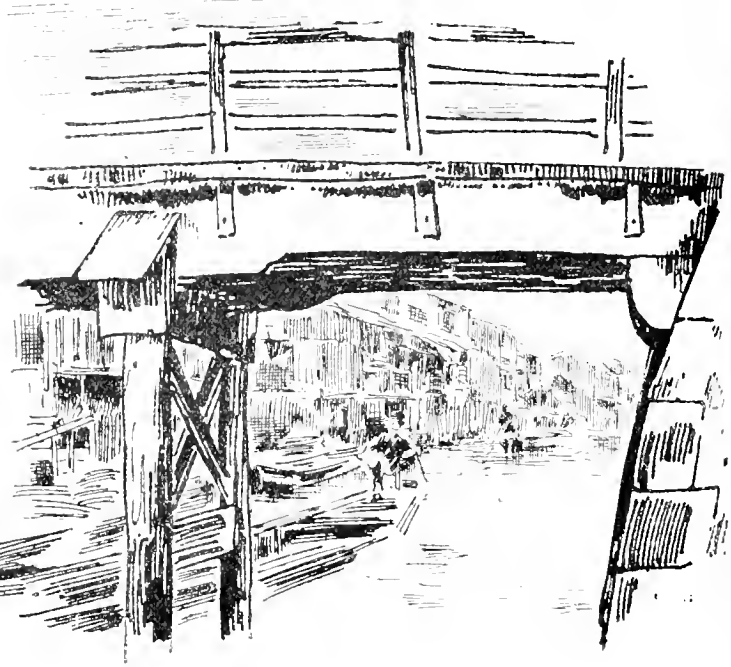
The Kizigawa fascinates the painter. Away from the bustle of the factories, and the shrieking of whistles, the great junks from northern Hakate or the sunny Loochoo, lie sleepily silent. They are the leviathans of their kind. Intermingling with them are innumerable barges and fishing boats, stretching far up the river, their masts and cordage seeming one vast spider's web. Not a single vessel is painted, from the huge seagoing junk to the narrow-prowed barge. Near the water line the wood has taken a cool silvery tone, but above it looks in the sunlight like light gold. And the cargoes of rice or straw bales, piled high over the bulwarks, are also golden, a steam-launch

have in tow half a dozen barges, which, with their unpainted woodwork, pice bales, and straw coloured connecting cable appear against the dark water as a knotted golden thread. The junks have only one mast of unpolished wood, and this in the largest vessels is slightly bent at the top to permit of the free working of the Sail. In the fishing-boats and barges the mast is usually straight, and all are fitted into the boats on a similar plan. From the centre of the boat, by the main beam, a strong wooden support arises, varying in height from eighteen inches to three feet. This support is grooved and a hole is cut through the deck at its base, of a size to take the mast, which fits into the groove and rests in a socket at the bottom of the boat. When in harbour the mast is frequently lifted out and resting on the central support and on a trestle aft, is laid along the centre, forming an admirable roof tree. Both masts and supports are kept scrupulously clean, the mast from the action of the weather, taking a richer tone than the woodwork of the deck. Under the shelter of the yellow mats thrown over the mast, the

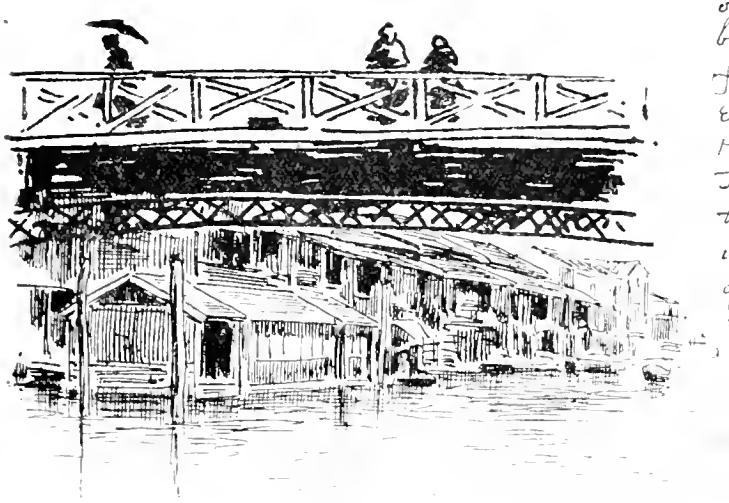




family of the master and crew live. In the big jinks there is a commodious deck-house with sleeping cabins and living room. The table is the spotless white deck, and the berths are also on the deck. But in the smaller craft the wife and family have quarters under the deck, though port-holes are unknown. No houses ashore could be cleaner. Each jink has only one sail, oblong in shape. The sails are made in narrow strips of French-white canvas, each strip running the length of the sail. The strips are lashed together not sewn. A sail is never reefed, but when the breeze is too strong it is lowered a little, and it is no uncommon sight to see a jink running before the wind with the yard half way down the mast, the sail bellying out to a semi-circle. In fishing boats the ugly practice common in England of putting numbers & letters on the sail to denote the port is avoided by the use of short black lengths placed either in horizontal or perpendicular lines. The prow is narrow and projects beyond the boat to a considerable distance. In some of the larger jinks it is adorned with a symbolical figure-head, but as a rule it is merely a narrow piece of clean white wood, the edge protected by bronze plating. At the stern the planks from the sides are extended and curved, these forming a shell for the cumbrous rudder, which, originally white, is darkened by long immersion. In port the rudder is always drawn up clear of the water. At the back of the rudder post is a cross-beam resting on two uprights, the uprights being carried through and above the beam, and the structure looks not unlike

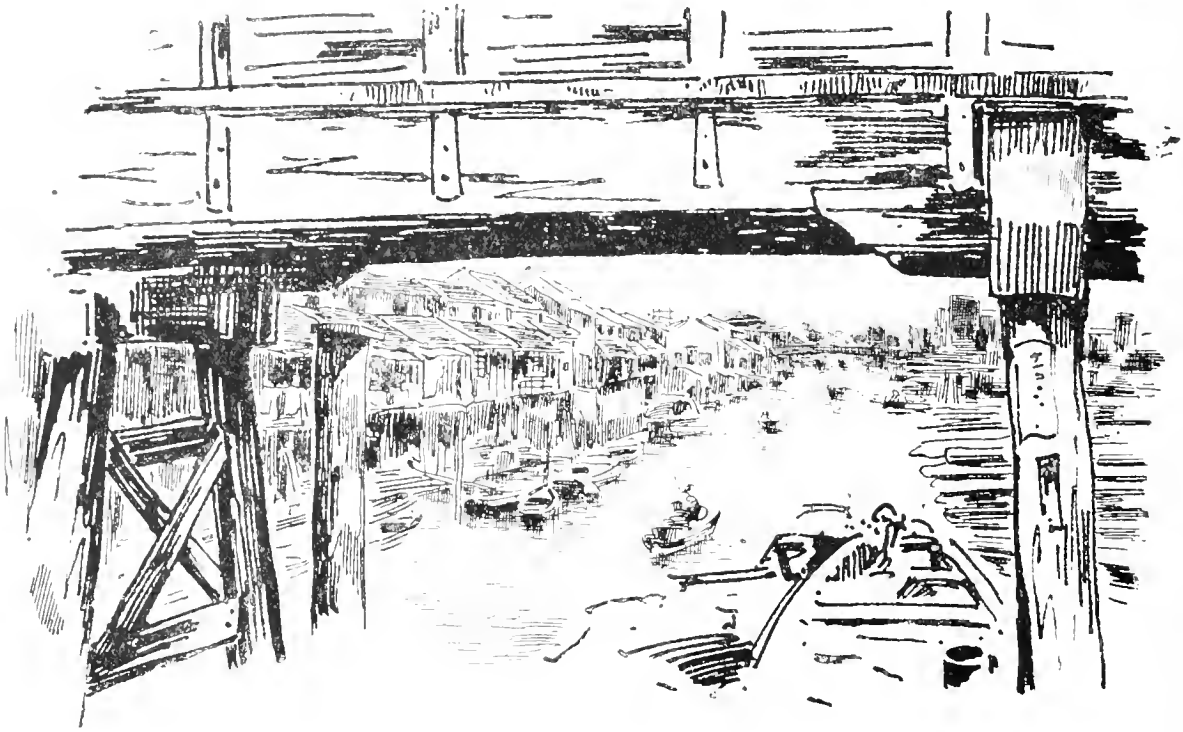


a miniature in wood of the stone torii at the entrance to a Temple. The name in brown, is written in Chinese characters on the cross beam, giving to this portion of the junk a highly decorative effect. No nails are used. All planks are fastened to the ribs with wooden bolts. In the barges, used chiefly for river work, this absence of iron is deftly turned to artistic ornamentation. On each side of the barge are narrow platforms, about a foot wide, and some four inches in thickness, along which the little boatmen, stripped to their loin-cloth, their brown skins glistening, walk with laborious strides as they propel the boat with poles. The woodwork is worn smooth by the constant friction of bare feet. The platform is fastened to the side by triangular wooden rivets, the heads driven in to an inch below the surface. For ornament numbers of these holes are cut into the side of the platform from stem to stern giving the appearance of fretwork. Under the platform two narrow strips of brown run the whole length and economical boatowners who cannot afford or do not care to use brown mistake it with paint, the brown being the only relief to the white woodwork. In the endless perspective of junks the golden tone predominates but it is relieved by the colouring of the buildings on the river banks. There is no monotony for no two houses are similar either in tint or design. And there is no stiffness of line. The builders are all artists, to whose instincts repetition would do violence. The quaint roofs although formed in straight lines seem to



rise and fall in gentle undulations. There is nothing abrupt or jagged nothing jars or disturbs And the colours are as varied as the roofs. In the upper reach of the rivers the scenes never cease to charm Clusters of half-a-dozen boats forming a mass of decorative work-work, tea houses, with tiny gardens running down to the waters edge and gaily dressed geisha leaning over the trellised verandahs, light bridges thrown in graceful outline against the purple horizon, combine to complete a picture as broad as a study by Rembrandt, as infinite in detail as a masterpiece by Hobbema. Yours faithfully,

Mortimer Menpes



THE GUILD OF HANDICRAFT: A VISIT TO ESSEX HOUSE.

THE Guild of Handicraft is an institution which owed its initiation wholly, and its continuance largely, to the enthusiastic energy of Mr. C. R. Ashbee. It had its earliest beginnings in a small Ruskin class of three pupils, which Mr. Ashbee conducted at Toynbee Hall while still himself in the office of Mr. Bodley, the well known architect. The study of Ruskin aroused the latent enthusiasms which struggled for expression in the efforts of a class for the study of design. The class grew to thirty men and boys, who came to feel that design without application was as nothing. Fulfilment, therefore, was imperative, and a piece of practical work which involved modelling, plaster casting, painting, gilding, and the study of heraldic forms, was by the corporate efforts of the whole school at last produced. This effort was still of its sort an academic one, but a strong desire manifested itself that the productions of the class should find a use in the world—in short, that the work might be made to pay, or at least to pay its way. The teaching spirit was strong, however, and continued during a period of nine years, until in fact its maintenance was rendered impossible by the establishment of technical schools by the County Council. The idea of the Guild was that a school should be carried on in connection with a workshop, that the craftsmen in the workshop should teach: that the pupils should be drafted into the workshop as work extended or occasion arose. The classes continued to increase till room was needed for extension. Toynbee Hall was therefore abandoned, the Guild finding itself a home at the top of a large warehouse in Commercial Street. This place, schoolroom and workshop combined, was inaugurated about midsummer of 1888. For two years the experiment was to be tried, a small subscribing public supplying the funds. On its first anniversary the guildsmen numbered eight, while the school had increased to an average of seventy pupils. The scheme was now fairly under weigh. There was the Guild or productive workshop, and the school. The general intention was to attract young journeymen and give them some idea of design in its application to the industry in which they were engaged. Three forms of work were undertaken by the Guild for public sale—wood work, metal work, and decorative painting—while in the classes were men engaged in almost every

"WOOD-CARVING AT ESSEX HOUSE" DRAWN BY GEORGE THOMSON

trade—cabinet-makers, carpenters, iron and copper smiths, lithographers, draughtsmen, printers, house painters, sign writers, and pattern makers. Vicissitudes the movement had, but the central idea was well maintained, that the movement should be a workmen's movement, on the basis not of mastership in the ordinary sense, but by co-operation in industrial partnership. By the time that the Guild was three years old a larger habitation was required, and an ideal home was found in Essex House down the Mile End Road, where the Guild removed in 1890, and continues to remain. There was still the teaching side to the movement down to the year 1896, when the pupils numbered over 200. The workshop was self-supporting, paying indeed a creditable interest on the capital invested, and having the school as a first charge on its profits. The school could never, at such fees as might be charged, be independent of outside assistance, which was in general forthcoming. The whole experiment was a distinct success, so much so that it was imitated at Birmingham, Newlyn, and many other places. Meanwhile the County Council had proposed interesting itself in Technical Education and founding its Polytechnic Institutes. Instead of subsidising existing institutions, the Council determined to establish others of its own. This being in due course done, the school of handicraft became exposed to the competition of nominal fees, and of course no private adventure can stand against schemes supported out of public money. The school had therefore regretfully to be closed. It was extinguished, indeed, by causes which the success of its own endeavours did much to bring into operation. Whether the work done in the East End Polytechnics is as efficacious as that which was done by the Guild it is perhaps not worth while to inquire. On the face of it the thing does not seem likely—a workshop school, as it might be imagined, would be better than a teaching Polytechnic. However that may be, the matter is now past praying for. The Guild has a record on its teaching side of which it may well be proud, not only in work done at its own head-quarters, but in the supply of teachers and inspectors to various county councils throughout the country.

"METAL-WORKER AT ESSEX HOUSE" DRAWN BY GEORGE THOMSON

The Productive Work of the Guild.

With the Guild as a teaching institution we have therefore nothing further to do. But as a productive workshop its claims upon our interest are little likely to be diminished. As an organisation for the co-operative production of such forms of art work as cabinet-making, decorative iron and copper work, jewellery, enamel, and the stamping of leather, its productions are well known to a large section of the artistic public. Whenever they have been publicly shown, as at the Arts and

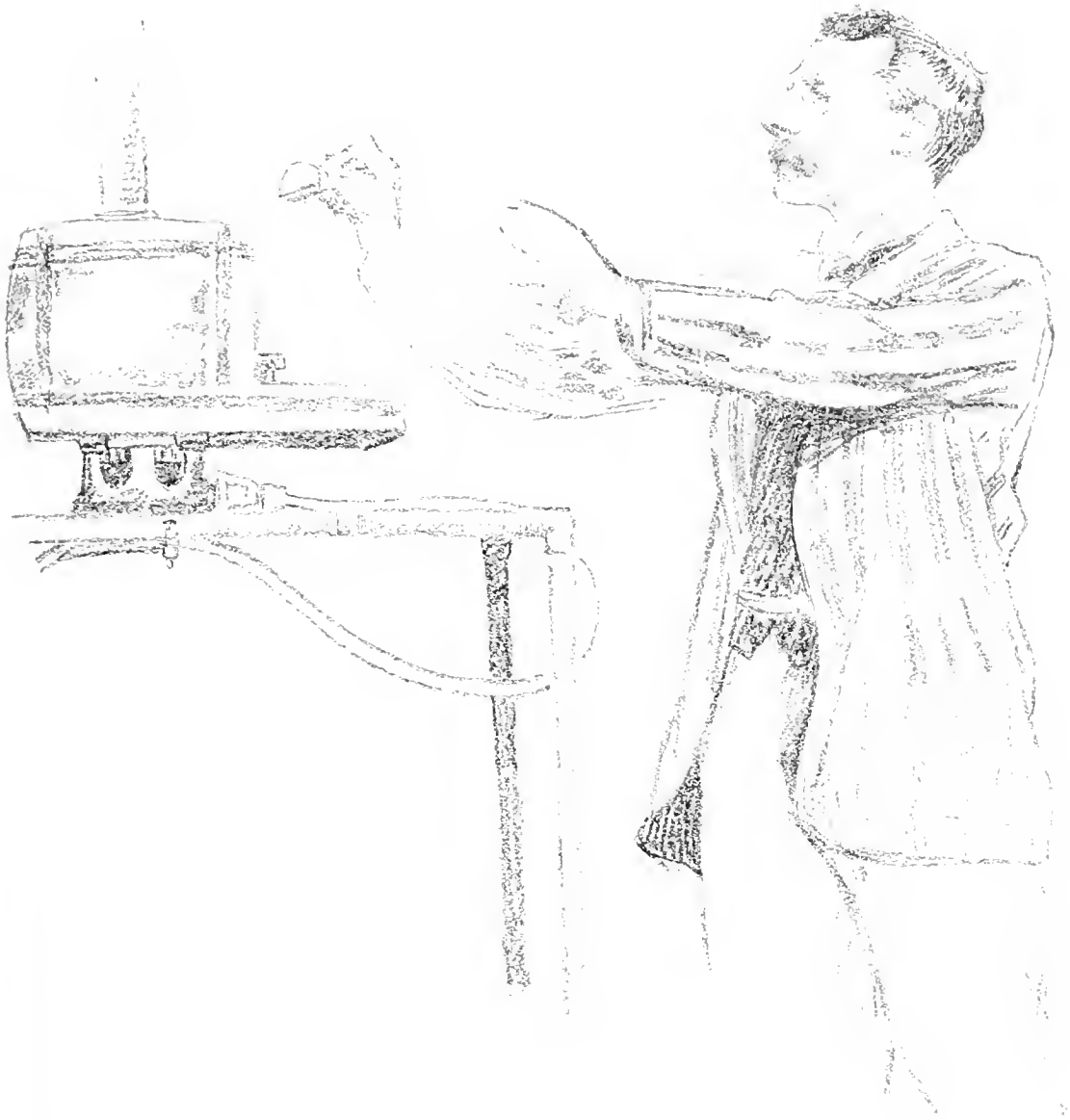
"WORKERS IN SILVER AT ESSEX HOUSE." DRAWN BY GEORGE THOMSON

Crafts and other exhibitions, they have met with such approval as takes the very tangible form of orders for articles of similar character.

It is not the purpose of the present writer to discuss the merits or characteristics of design shown in the works of the Guild. These have been adverted to in THE STUDIO on various occasions when the works have been on public view. Moreover, the readers of THE STUDIO are very well capable of estimating for themselves the merits of the various articles we are enabled to illustrate. But without going further into the matter, it might be well to note the somewhat simple architectural character of most of the objects. A certain classic simplicity of design and an avoidance of what is known as "trade finish" may be pointed to as most striking characteristics.

Essex House is situated far down the Mile End Road. It is a handsome eighteenth-century house built by a pupil of Wren, presenting, in truth, an aspect of forsaken stateliness among its mean surroundings. The garden is spacious with an entrance from a side street. The carpentry shops run down at the right of the garden for over half its length; while over the tennis lawn, at the remote end, a little dark building with a glowing fire, which we are told is the smithy, may be seen at any spring-time through glimpses of apple blossom. The coppersmiths have their shop in what was formerly the drawing-room of the house. The ground floor of the house is used for various offices. Through the hall, and up a fine staircase, we come to the meeting-room of the Guild, in which are displayed certain of its productions, mostly for a short period only, pending, in fact, their delivery to the purchasers. Until our first visit to Essex House, we had a certain vague idea that one might there see many of the productions permanently on view. This, however, was soon dissipated, for the Guild, no more than any other productive corporation, produces its work in a speculative way. A few things there are, of course, but in a general way the articles go straight from the workshop to the purchaser. Even then it is only after repeated visits that the manifold activities of the place present themselves. We have seen in the course of several months, over which our recent visits have ranged, amongst other works in course of production, an elaborate wrought-iron railing for a house on the Chelsea Embankment, an oak screen for a village church, patterns in mahogany with modelled work for cast-iron fireplaces, a series of suites of bedroom furniture, electric light fittings for a number

"ANNEALING AT ESSEX HOUSE" DRAWN BY GEORGE THOMSON

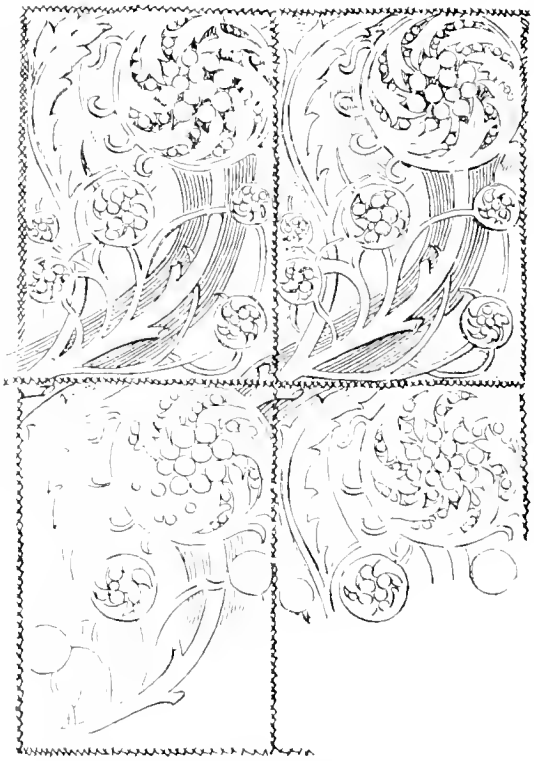


"THE ENAMEL FURNACE, ESSEX HOUSE" DRAWN BY GEORGE THOMSON

of London houses, the interior fitments of a country house which Mr. Ashbee was restoring, a presentation casket for the Queen, a large quantity of jewellery, and silver and electro-plated table services; while on our last visit we saw the beginnings of the furniture and interior decorative work of the palace of Darmstadt for the Grand Duke of Hesse.

The Coppersmiths.

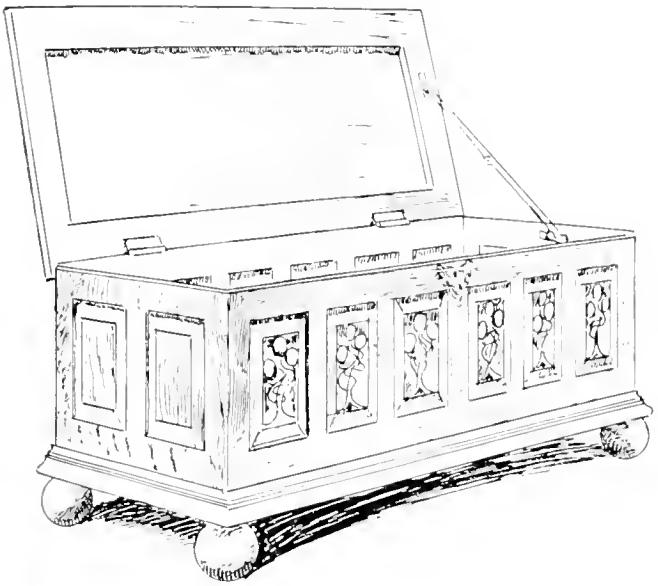
The art of Repoussé copper, so long fallen into desuetude, was redeveloped in this country from a beginning which came to Mr. Ashbee's notice in quite a casual way. In his peregrinations in the East End, Mr. Ashbee came upon a workman who had at one time been employed in De Morgan's tile works. This man, broken down in health and out of any regular employment, had carefully examined in the British Museum the Repoussé copper of the Middle Ages. With the spirit of emulation he employed himself in imitating or adapting De Morgan's tiles in beaten copper. Mr. Ashbee secured his services, and this man continued the

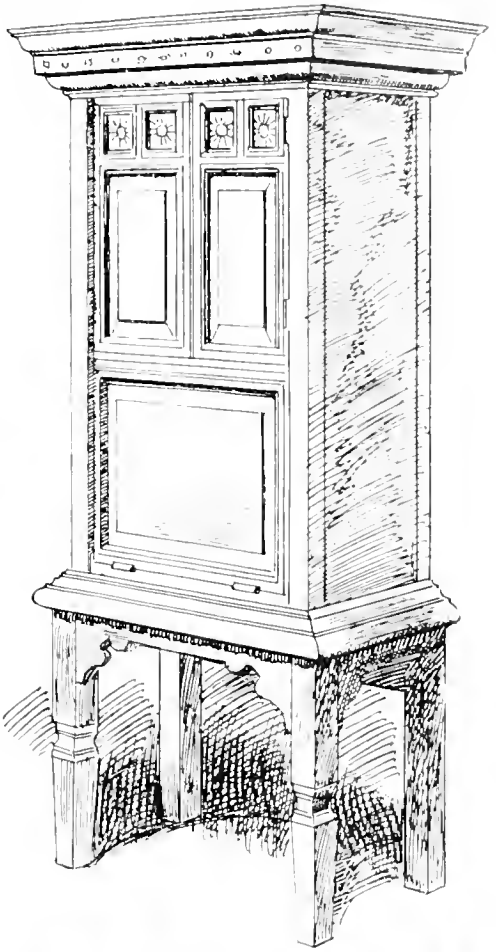


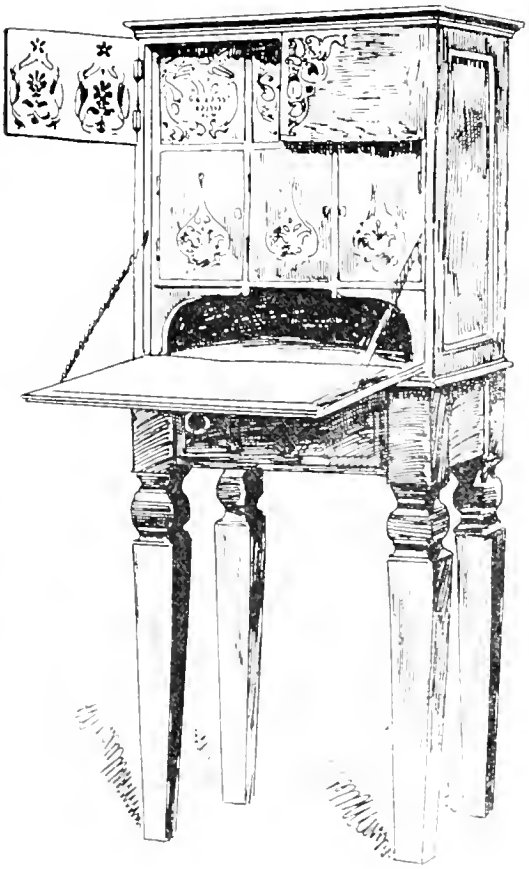
EMBOSSED LEATHER WALL HANGINGS
DESIGNED AND EXECUTED AT ESSEX HOUSE

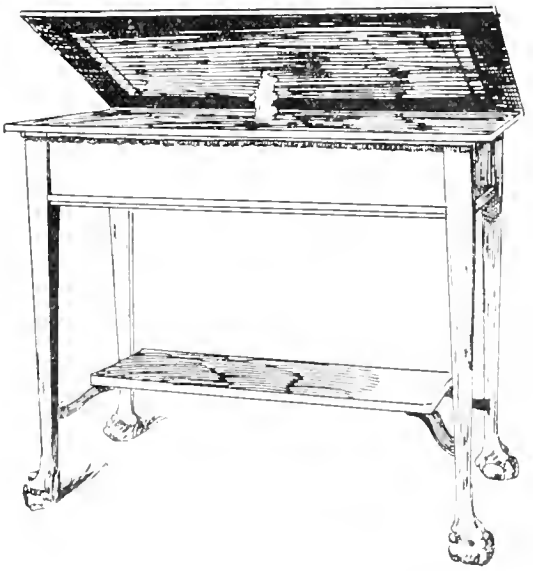
EMBOSSED LEATHER WALL HANGINGS
DESIGNED AND EXECUTED AT ESSEX HOUSE

execution of this class of work, and laid the tradition which has been carried on at Essex House. The method of this class of work is simple. If of the nature of a plate or disc, the piece of copper is laid upon a bed of pitch or lead, and hammered from front or back as occasion requires with a mallet and punches of various sizes, in accordance with the forms of the design which is being executed. If of the nature of a bowl, the beating is done upon an iron head, and held in position by the hand. After a certain amount of hammering the metal becomes hardened, and requires softening to its original condition. This process, called annealing, is done by heating the copper in the flame blown by the bellows from a Bunsen burner. A very few minutes suffice, the colour indicating the proper condition, and the hammering of the softened copper proceeds as before. Copper is emphatically *the* metal for the Repoussé worker, because it combines the necessary qualities, softness and ductility, in quite a remarkable degree. Brass may be used, although it is rather hard, and Mr. Ashbee often employs pewter, a compound whose colour is of a highly satisfactory nature for decorative purposes. Silver, too, is frequently dealt with at Essex House, and in



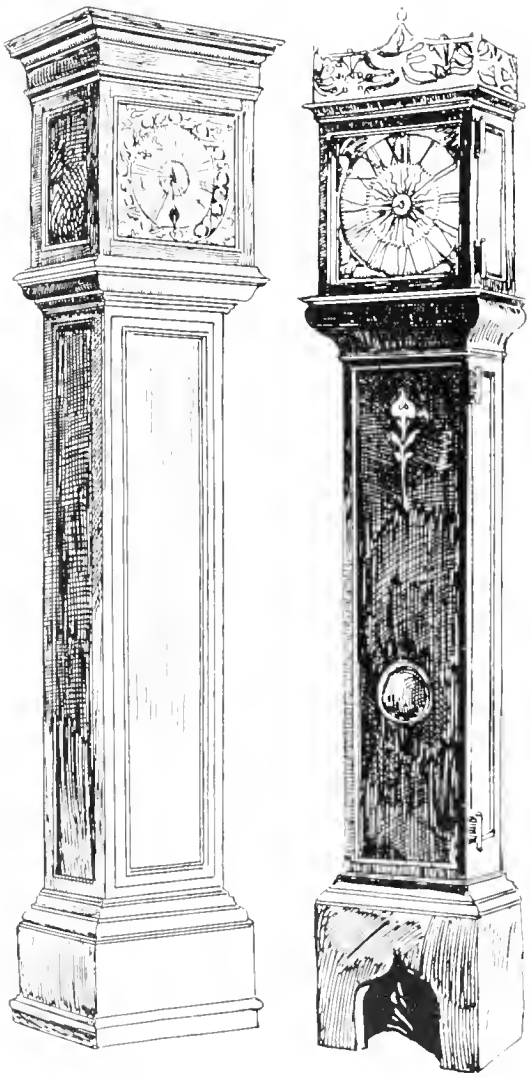






FURNITURE DESIGNED AND EXECUTED AT ESSEX HOUSE

this, as in all these metals, enrichment may be obtained by perforations, in addition to the relief of the hammered work. On our first visit, a very charming service was being executed in silver, as may be seen in the drawing of some apprentices at work (page 29). Nothing comes amiss—a copper bowl, a finger plate, or the hands of a clock. The largest undertaking of this kind was doubtless the copper frame which the Guild executed for Mr.



CLOCK CASES
DESIGNED AND EXECUTED AT ESSEX HOUSE

Holman Hunt's picture of the May morning ceremony at Magdalen Tower.

JEWELLERY.

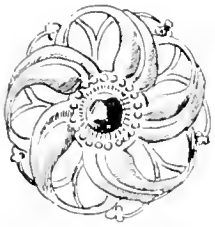
The jewellery is partly cast and partly hammered in gold or silver. If cast the process is that known as waste wax, now so generally familiar as hardly to require description. Set with stones, or treated in enamel, the results are of great richness.

CHATELAINE IN SILVER
DESIGNED AND EXECUTED AT ESSEX HOUSE

A peculiarity of Essex House jewellery is the insistence upon the æsthetic as opposed to the commercial value of precious stones. Colour is a quality always held in view, and thus we find combinations of copper and yellow crystals, gold and topaz, silver and obstein, red enamel and amethyst, blue enamel and opal, and the use of a variety of stones contemptuously regarded by the ordinary jeweller as "off colour" or unmarketable.

ENAMEL.

Enamel for fusing upon metal comes from the maker in lumps very like the coloured glass of



SILVER BROOCH WITH AMETHYST

PENDANT IN GOLD, PEARLS AND RED ENAMEL

SILVER BROOCH SET WITH CARBUNCLE

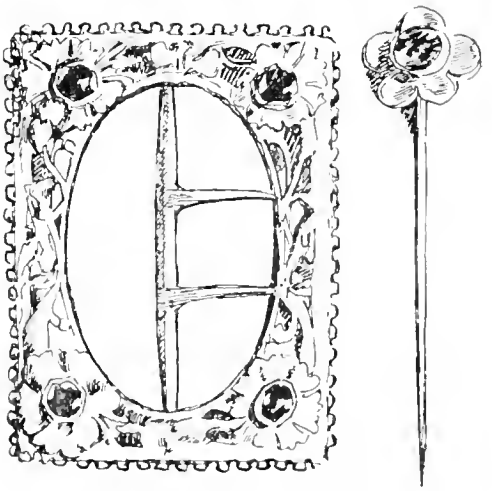
DESIGNED AND EXECUTED AT ESSEX HOUSE

The cabinetmakers' shop has a certain distinction which implies a difference from the ordinary trade workshop. There is no machinery to be seen, and the men as a rule carry each piece of work right through from the beginning. One is struck with the more human character which it appears

the mosaic worker. It has to be broken up, pounded in a mortar, and reduced to something like a powder before it is fit to apply to the surface to be enamelled. The first covering, usually of a whitish colour, is called the "flux." It is painted or dusted on the copper, or other metal, which is then heated to such degree as causes the fusion of the enamel and its adhesion to the metal. When the flux is established, the colour is applied in a similar manner according to the colour or design required. One colour may be dusted on to a part or the whole of another. With an eye for effect, the most brilliant results may be obtained. The firing is done in a small fire-clay furnace with gas, and success depends on the proper degree of firing, the equality of heat and some other circumstances which are very obscure. Failure is by no means uncommon. A heart-breaking process truly is the art of enamelling. A piece may be perfect in colouring, texture, and quality, yet may be marred by some little part which cracks and threatens to scale. The heat may have been too much, or too little, or if the piece be large, insufficiently uniform. It is very difficult to see into the furnace, for the glow is blinding, and, after all, a pair of goggles or the shield of the hand is but small protection. It is little wonder, then, that in the enamel shop Mr. Ashbee and his assistants had to undergo no end of vexations before they could produce results with any degree of certainty.

NECKLACE IN BLUE ENAMEL SET WITH PEARLS

DESIGNED AND EXECUTED AT ESSEX HOUSE

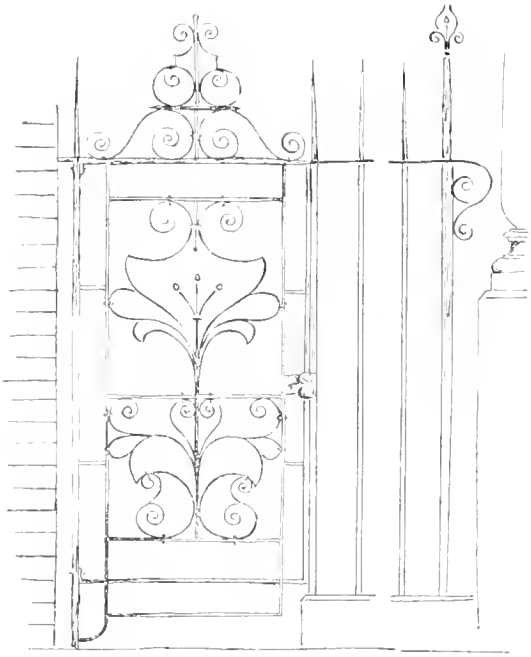


BUCKLE AND PIN

DESIGNED AND EXECUTED AT ESSEX HOUSE

CHALICES, CHALLENGE CUPS AND BASINS DESIGNED AND EXECUTED AT ESSEX HOUSE

to be the object of the Guild to carry out in its method of work. This shop contains some of the best cabinet-makers in London, and is capable of any work of its kind, from a piece of carpentry, pure and simple, to an eight-day clock or an elaborate piece of domestic furniture. The smithy at the end of the garden is, as we have said, charmingly situated, and here may be turned out any ornamental iron work from a lamp to a garden gate.

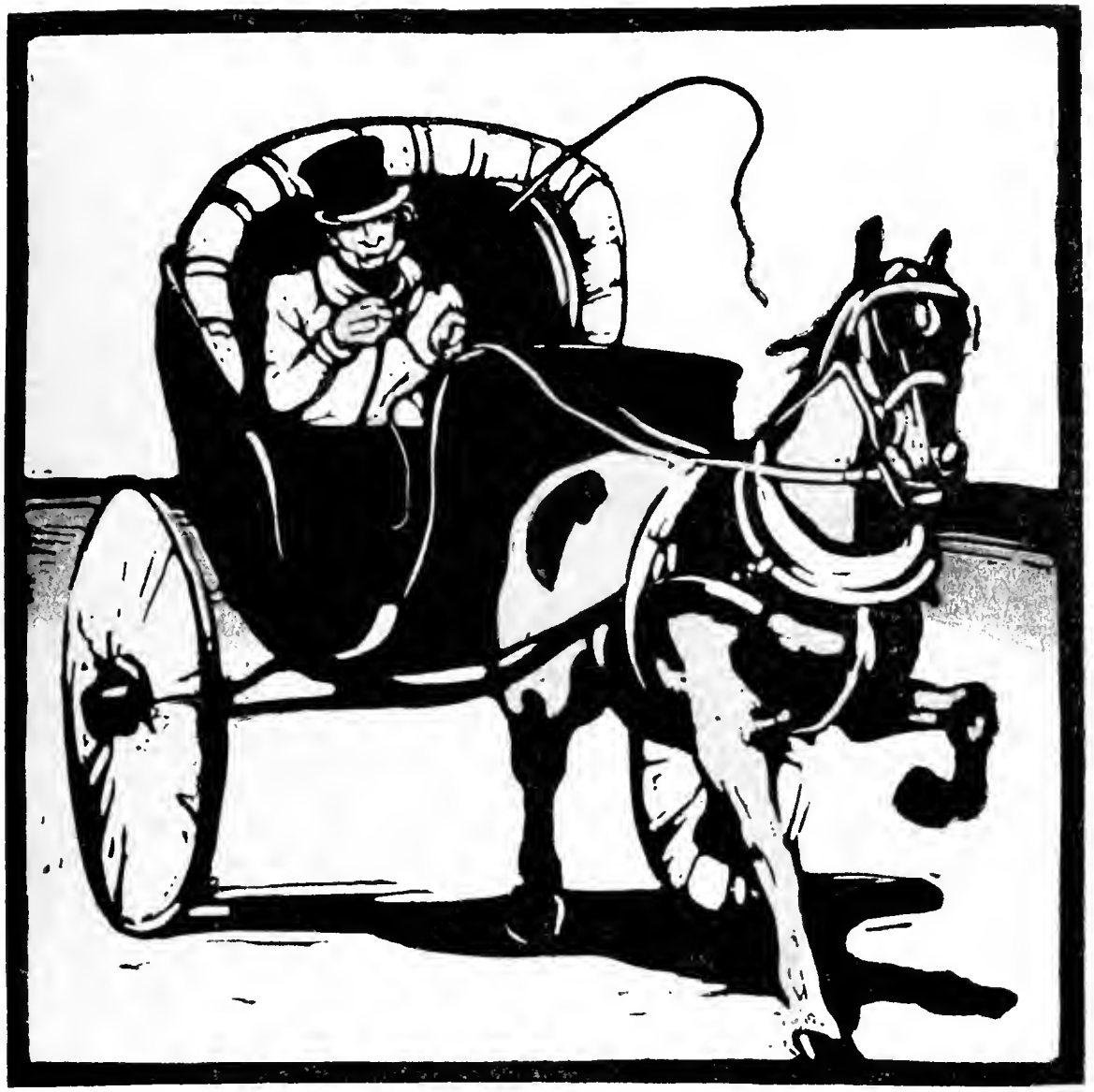


GATE AND RAILINGS IN WROUGHT IRON DESIGNED AND EXECUTED AT ESSEX HOUSE

While the working side of the Guild is assiduously attended to, under the supervision of Mr. Adams, who is general manager, the social side of the community is not forgotten. On the last visit we had occasion to make, there were festivities in progress in the place to celebrate the marriage of one of the members. There is an annual supper as well as various other functions. We have dropped in on a Wednesday evening and joined Mr. Ashbee at supper with his apprentices. Some of the guildsmen come in after supper, and sometimes an evening is spent in conversation interpolated with songs, catches, and so forth. Indeed, one cannot but think that it is just this quality of human relationship and the effort of the guildsmen to create a method of life that shall be not merely commercial, which gives to many of the articles turned out at Essex House the individual character to be found in them.

SWEDISH ART AT THE STOCKHOLM EXHIBITION. BY COUNT BIRGER-MÖRNER.

THE great Art Exhibition has, above all expectation, proved to be very well represented, considering the size and resources of Scandinavia. For the stranger, it is especially interesting to



observe the characteristic national disposition displayed in the three Scandinavian divisions—the Swedish, the Norwegian, and the Danish. These divisions, about equal as to numbers, plainly show, when compared with the international division, how similar these three nations are, and yet how different when compared with each other. It is plain how dependent the art of a nation is upon the nature of its country. The rocky coasts of Norway cut up by deep *fjords* and fringed by dark, dismal forests of pine and fir, are represented by an art which almost gives the impression of a straightforward, nearly brutal endeavour for a consummate effect. There is strength coupled with gravity, and one is compelled to respect, nay, frequently to admire, but one seldom feels one's heart grow warm. In the Danish halls, however, where the pictures were inspired by a country whose vast, undulating fields are only shaded by the mild outlines of beech woods, it is quite different. On first passing through this division everything seems tame and perhaps even stale; but on a second visit one is struck with astonishment as one touching picture after the other awakens interest. There is peace and quiet in the colours, which, after the pigmental excesses in the other divisions, has a good effect on the nerves; it is like stealing out from a gay ball on to a cool balcony—one goes there again and again until one falls in love.

The Swedes, on the other hand—well, how shall I characterise their part of this art exhibition? It is most difficult to see the peculiarities of one's own countrymen; I believe, however, that I will come nearest to the truth if I say that, as the scenery of Sweden is partly melancholy and wild like that of Norway, and partly mild and effeminate like that of Denmark, and moreover constitutes a mixture of these two extremes; so also Swedish art dominates a larger field than that of our sister countries. The colour is neither characterised by the austerity of the Norwegians nor the discretion of the Danes; it is more sprightly, more capricious and varied. The above refers to the paintings of the three countries, but something similar could well be said of their sculpture. This part of the art exhibition is, however, very unsatisfactorily represented, especially as regards Norway and Denmark. This may doubtless be ascribed to the difficulty and expense of transporting works of sculpture. I know that sculpture stands higher in our sister countries than would be supposed from the works sent to this exhibition.

"MY WIFE" FROM A PAINTING BY RICHARD BERGH

An artist who especially attracts attention is Carl Nordstrom. He grew up on a dismal and austere island on the west coast of Sweden; later he went out into the world, and like most of our painters, he studied in Paris and returned; and now, as he stands, a mature artist, on his native soil, the hard lines and scanty scenery of the island home of his childhood, with its melancholy lights and shades resting over the desolate ridges of rock, covered with sun-burned heather, have again captivated him, and with a rare personality of art, he has given expression to these melancholy tones.

Prince Eugén is a lyric landscape painter who possesses unique charms. His art will, however, be more minutely treated in another article in THE STUDIO, and I will consequently pass it by here.

An artist who infallibly awakes interest and attracts attention, and who has only of late succeeded in gaining recognition, is Eugen Janson. His field of work is, however, very restricted, both as to subject and to colour. On most of his canvases he has called forth night scenes from the south part of Stockholm, a part of the city piled up on a high cliff, and whose houses are reflected in the clear, deep waters of Lake Malar, the great lake which in the middle of Stockholm abruptly joins an inlet of the Baltic.

Anshelm Schultzberg is also one of our younger artists who has worked his way to the front. Two large canvases of his are attracting particular attention. One represents beltane fires in Bergslagen (Valborgsmessoeldar-Walpurgis or beltane fires). To the Swedes, who are, more than the majority of nations, great lovers of nature, Walpurgisday (the first of May) is, next to Christmas, dearest of all fêtes, since it ushers in Spring. The evening before this day is celebrated by kindling fires on the rocks and hills around the villages. The picture in question represents a landscape from the heart of the country—a wide view, in the light of the glorious spring night. Far and near fires are glimmering in the twilight, and one feels that these fires stretch further and further away across the whole country side, and around each fire there are young and happy people, all uniting in one joy, all rejoicing in the coming of the Spring. This picture has been bought by the State.

Among the oldest artists, we must first note Alfred Wahlberg. He is one of the most eminent artists of our country, and is no less appreciated on the Seine than on Lake Mälar. It is a pity that those of his works exhibited do not give a very good opportunity for

PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF BY ZORN

"THE FROG" BY PER HASSELBERG

first canvases exclusively depicted the life of small animals foxes, cats, small birds, &c.—with their joys, sorrows and occupations. He reproduced them all with striking and characteristic skill, and with colours of enchanting freshness. Then his views gradually widened. The animals, instead of forming the *raison d'être* of the picture, as was at first the case, now became less and less dominating, until at last he surprised us by pictures in which the animals were only life-giving accessories on their own ground; and so we found that Liljefors had suddenly developed into a landscape painter, who is as yet unexcelled in depicting Swedish scenery, and a marine painter who, for originality and strength in this branch alone, is worth a separate chapter.

Among the more notable painters I must call attention to Ernst Josephson. His power of characterisation is enormous, his colour warm, deeply subjective, and with Renaissance features. Josephson's pictures make a melancholy impression on the Swedes, in spite of the artist's joy which sometimes shines forth from them. Before these pictures we are compelled to think of the artist himself. He was never fully understood; sorrows and misunderstandings heaped themselves up about him, and in the middle of his prime his brush fell from his hands for ever. The recognition which is now beginning to be given him comes almost too late, for he is a man whose ships have been burnt.

Zorn is doubtless better known in England and America than any other Swedish artist. He is the *virtuoso* of our artists. No one understands as well as he how to call forth the most impressive effect with the simplest of means, none other possesses

a true judgment of his skill as an artist, but we hope to be able to speak of him again.

Among other eminent artists are Krenger, whose art somewhat reminds one of Nordström, but which is of a milder character; Arborelius, whose art is loveable, but not very deep; Gottfrid Kallstenius, among whose works a twilight landscape is of good effect; Thegerström, Lindman, G. Ankarcrona, Count Georg von Rosen, and Baron Gustav Cederstrom. I shall have more to say in future articles concerning the two last-named very distinguished artists.

Among the painters of animals Bruno Liljefors, who is beyond doubt the most subjective artist in our country, of course takes the first place. We can hardly say that he has ever had a teacher: he belongs to no "tendency" and to no school. His field of work was small from the beginning; his

his colouring, and what others can scarcely attain by work is only play for him. Foremost among his painting we notice *Natteffekt* ("Night effect"), a demi-mondaine clad in the reddest of red dresses, who enters the street from one of the Paris boulevard-cafés, and who is illuminated on the one side by the electric light from the street and on the other by the light from the café. There is also exhibited a portrait of himself, painted with excellent *bravura*, with a nude model in the background. After the Exhibition is over this picture will become a part of the State collection.

Carl Larson has exhibited a number of pictures, most of them reproducing interiors from his own family life. As always, they are distinguished for their elegance, trueness, and good humour. The picture *Karin* (the wife of the artist) belongs to H.R.H. Prince Eugén. Oscar Bjorck is represented by several very good portraits. His portrait of King Oscar in crown and robe is monumental, and the one of a laughing young lady dressed in light blue, reclining against a light background, is delightful. There is sun and gladness in it. Richard Bergh is one of our most intelligent, perhaps one of our most reflecting, artists. His great new work, *Jungfrun och Riddaren* ("The Damsel and the Knight"), is making a great sensation. The knight, clad in armour, and decked with red waving plumes, is kissing the damsel farewell in a green meadow. She looks down and seems to be trembling. There is something delightfully subtle in her appearance, but I cannot say that the picture, with its somewhat brassy tone, makes any deep impression on me. Without any hesitation I give a higher place to his much nobler work—*Min hustru* ("My wife")—which portrait, with its sincerity and simplicity, cannot help being attractive.

The great symphony of colours — *Varen* ("Spring") - by Julius Kronberg, is always seen with pleasure. Kronberg was once our merriest colour poet: now he is discreet in colour, discreet in the extreme. From his new period there is only one work here exhibited—a portrait in tempera of a man, who in his old age has become blind, and is now trying to learn blind print. Kronberg, the

"THE EAGLES" FROM A PAINTING BY BRUNO LILJEFORS

colourist, who was formerly not very deep, here surprises us by his sharp characterisation; but where is now the colourist? Acke Anderson's art is playful and *gracieuse*. He is represented, among other works, by a great screen—*Nattdagg och solstralar* ("Night-dew and Sunbeams)—which is extremely refined. In light, decorative painting, he depicts the moment when the elfins playing on the meadow were surprised by the rising sun: it is the mist of the meadow being dispersed by the rays of the sun. The screen is enclosed by a frame decorated with fir branches carved by the artist—a very praiseworthy work.

The sculpture hall, which contains the Scandinavian sculpture, is predominated by one single artist. It is the late Swedish sculptor, Per Hasselberg, unfortunately snatched away in his very prime. Here we find his three best works—the three best works ever created by a Swedish sculptor—*Snokloken* ("The Snowbell"), *Grodan* ("The Frog"), and *Näckrosen* ("The Water-lily"). It is melancholy to pause before the works of this artist, and to think of what he would have been able to give us if death had not so inopportunely taken him away. His decease left a blank which cannot be filled; it was the greatest loss which Swedish art has ever suffered.

Next to Hasselberg among Swedish sculptors comes John Borjeson, who is a sculptor of statues *par préférence*. His style is less lyric than that of Hasselberg: his talent is more monumental. An equestrian statue of Charles Gustavus X. in plaster shows this artist from his strong side. Among others, we should remark Theodor Lundberg, whose art is simplicity itself and well governed: and last, but not least, Zorn, who, with a wooden bust of a Dalecarlian woman, clearly shows himself to be the same fine artist, no matter whether he uses the brush or the chisel.

THE ART OF WOOD-CARVING. BY G. FRAMPTON, A.R.A. (PART I.).

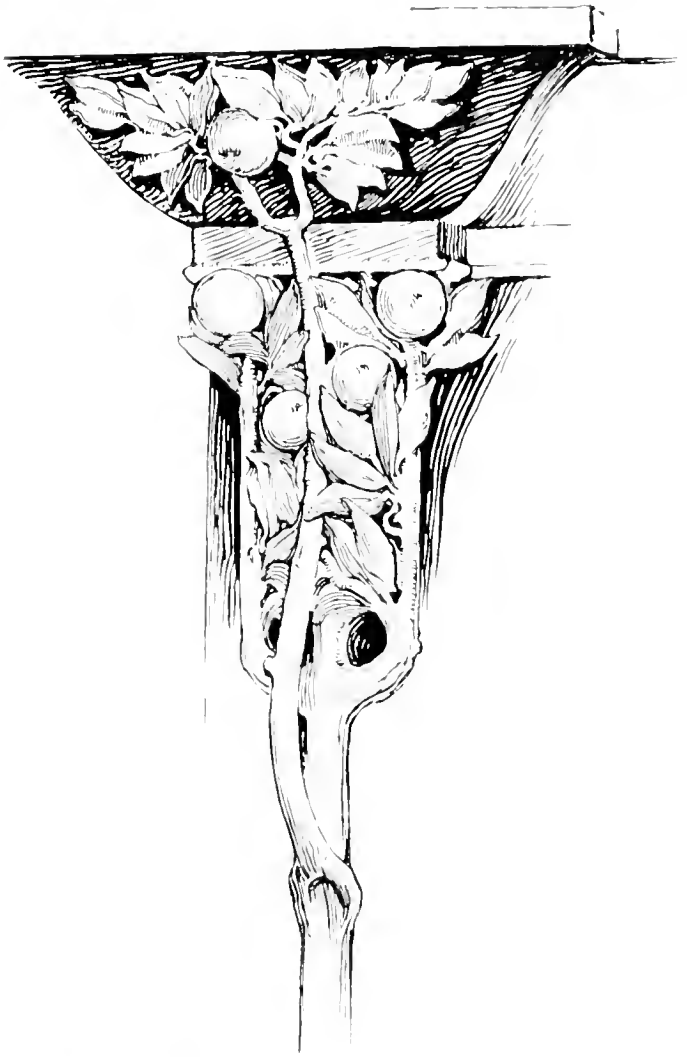
It is, I am glad to say, very much in the nature of a truism to call attention to the progress that has been made during the last quarter of a century in the direction of sound principles and artistic feeling, so far as the majority of the allied arts as practised in England are concerned. It is only of late years, however, that even the most ardent disciple of Mr. Mark Tapley has been able to regard with any degree of hopefulness and satisfaction the existing condition of the by no means unimportant minor art of wood-carving. The Gothic revival which, as some of us are already beginning to forget, did so much to bring about the true renaissance of sincere principle and strenuous feeling in all the arts, appears to have imposed new fetters upon the wood-carver. The chains wherewith he was bound, and which were drawn so tight as to impede his due development, were those of precedent and style. He found himself the timorous slave rather than the independent ally of the architect, and so it came about that until within a comparatively recent period the history of wood-carving in England was the history of a mere travesty of an art which three centuries ago, and for two hundred years before that, was real and living, palpitating with actuality and individuality. The most esteemed craftsman was he who was the cleverest copyist and who could forge you with the most consummate skill documents in wood of the thirteenth, fourteenth, or fifteenth centuries as the case might call for, and as the architect might require. In the majority of cases this forgery at its best was but clumsy and unconvincing. During his travels on the Continent the architect would come across a piece of old work, the beauty of which, consisting—though perhaps he did not recognise this fact—no little in its perfect harmony with its surroundings, struck his fancy. A clever and captivating little sketch of it would be forthwith jotted down in his sketch-book, and years after, perhaps, when his memory of the original had become blurred and indistinct, would be enlarged and re-drawn by him as being "just the sort of thing" for some modern choir-stall, or some nineteenth century over-mantel. This enlarged sketch was sent to the wood-carver who was expected to work from it, filling in its perhaps empty outlines with details of his own invention, and in any case importing into it his own ideas of light and shade and the necessary relief. The carver, it must be remembered, had never seen the original, and was probably out of touch and sympathy with the style which informed it—how, therefore, was it to be expected that he could catch and translate into modern terms its spirit? The more faithfully he endeavoured to carry out the ideas of those who gave him the work to do, the more rigorously did it become necessary for him to repress his own artistic leanings and aspirations. The result at its best presented us merely with an imitation of the dry and valueless husk of the original, the kernel of vivifying principle and true artistic feeling being lamentably absent. Individuality, which is the breath of life of all the arts,

was necessarily discouraged to such an extent that it became practically non-existent. One man's work was exactly the same as another's. To use a homely, but I think expressive simile, they were all sausages turned out of one machine, save that one sausage perhaps was a little better packed than another. This was the condition of affairs when that little band of allied workers, the result of whose endeavours to further the real interests of the arts to which they are devoted is to be seen every now and then at the Arts and Crafts Exhibitions, began their co-operative labours. Their gospel may be summed up in one word as being that of individuality. "Let us," they said, "be able to tell one another's work when we see it, just as we are able to distinguish each other's handwriting. Let us be able to say at a glance: 'This is a Walter Crane; this a Voysey; this a Harrison Townsend; this a Henry Wilson; and this a Reynolds.'" It was not long before they came to the conclusion that individuality, which, I venture to say in parenthesis, includes originality as the greater includes the less, was dependent not so much, if indeed at all, upon mere technique as upon design. And here it was that they at once joined issue with the older school of craftsmen, and in no instance was this issue more clearly defined than in the case of the wood-carver. In this art perhaps more than any other perfection of mechanical technique had been placed upon so high a pedestal of slavish admiration that its dislodgment seemed, and to a certain extent still seems, to place itself among the impossibilities. For my part, I feel that I cannot dwell too insistently upon the danger of this time-worn heresy to the student and the younger craftsmen. It is a heresy which is devoutly believed in by the great mass of the outside, and necessarily ignorant, public, as well as by many of those followers and professors of the arts whose position is of apparent importance enough to invest their opinions almost with the authority of dogma. I was travelling on the Continent only a few years ago with one of our best known and most highly esteemed wood-carvers, one whose own original work is of such a high quality as to have led me to suppose that he would be the last man in the world to attach supreme value to mere perfection of finish. To my surprise and to that of my other companion, our friend was attracted chiefly by such of the old work as betrayed consummate technical skill. Design to him evidently played but a subsidiary part, and I remember one piece of Italian carving in particular which simply took our breath away by the beauty of its lines and its satisfying adaptability to its surroundings, and yet earned from him only an expression of contemptuous disapproval at the roughness and want of finish displayed in its cutting. "Ah!" said my other companion, who was an enthusiastic architect, "if we could only do such work as that nowadays!" "Do such work as that?" replied the carver. "Why, if one of my apprentices turned out a bit of work as poor as that I should feel inclined to cancel his indentures." It was the old story of the two sides of the shield; one man saw only the individuality and the vigorous fidelity of the design; the other could not see beyond the roughness and comparative ineptness of the mechanical execution thereof.

PASTORAL STAFF
BY GEORGE ERAMPTON, A.R.A.

Another instance of the same obliquity of vision on the part of those who it might be expected would see quite clearly and directly is still fresher in my memory. I was asked not long ago to judge the efforts of the wood-carving class in one of our Technical Institutes. I found associated with myself two practical wood-carvers, who were so well esteemed in their profession that they had been appointed teachers at this very school. As I went round the room and looked at the competitive carvings hung up upon the walls, I saw at my first glance that the question of original design as one of the factors which would help me in arriving at a decision must be altogether eliminated. It simply did not exist, for all the works were the same stylistic copies, speaking of any century but the nineteenth. I determined, therefore, that for an excellence more nearly approaching that of design, I must look for what I may call the drawing and the

composition of the various subjects, and I very soon made up my mind that a rather simple scroll, which I saw hanging up in one corner of the room possessed these qualities in a far higher degree than any of the other exhibits. As I had expected, when I pointed this out to my coadjutors, I was greeted with a look of blank amazement. They had made up their collective minds that the prize should be allotted to a much more ambitious attempt which I had deliberately passed by unnoticed. I therefore made up my mind to see what a little argument would do. "If you will tell me your reasons," said I, "for your choice, I will tell you those which have led me to mine." They had no reasons except the mere statement that their chosen panel was "more difficult" than mine. "But in what does the difficulty consist?" I asked, "they are both carvings; the wood is the same in both cases; it is not a case of difficulty, but of excellence." Still the same look of blank amazement. I then went into particulars, and pointed out that while the curves of my panel were vigorous and true, and while the leaf of which it consisted seemed to really grow and to be informed with life, the lines of theirs were weak, ineffective, and broken-backed, and that its only claim to their approbation lay in the fact that it must have taken the executant a much longer time to do, and perhaps implied the possession of a more thorough command of his chisels and gouges. I had a hard task to persuade them, but at last they saw the thing from my point of view, and finally the prize was awarded to the student who had shown a greater sense of beauty, though a less thorough technical knowledge. I do not think I can be too strenuously insistent upon this point. We have only to take the case of the famous Grinling Gibbons. Perhaps no man since chisel was first put to wood has shown a more supreme command of his material or his tools than Gibbons. One looks at his work as one sees it in our cathedrals and some of the great country-houses of England to-day, and almost feels as though no human agency could have produced the extraordinary effects we see. And yet no one would be bold enough in our day to say that from the point of view of design Gibbons is an artist to be admired. The gaping crowd of sightseers, as they are led round by the vergers, nudge each other as they gaze at his work, whisper in awe-stricken tones: "Isn't it wonderful?" and pass by to view with equal lack of true artistic appreciation the genius of Stevens' Wellington Monument, reserving their full meed of admiration for the acoustic properties of the Whispering Gallery. But the artist, marvelling at the skill of the craftsman, shakes his head mournfully at the artistic criminality of the rococo design. If that design were only equal to the execution; if its suitability to its place, and its adaptability to its material were on a par with its technical skill, then Grinling Gibbons would have been one of the greatest artists whom England has ever produced.



CAPITAL AND CORBEL — BY GEORGE FRAMPTON, A.R.A.

Original design should be one of the first things demanded from the student in wood-carving, as in every other art. Let him from the very beginning of his career try to think for himself, and let him learn the techniques of his craft by working out his own ideas and inventions. It is only the craftsman who, in the truest and highest sense of the word, can really design: it is only he who knows his material thoroughly, and is able to judge of what it is capable, on the one hand, and what is impossible to it on the other. It is not everybody, of course, to whom the faculty of creation has been given, but there are very few to whom some feeling for beauty has been altogether denied. Let the young craftsman, then, go to Nature, if he can do nothing else, and in the free translation and adaptation of natural forms which his material imposes upon him, he will find himself forced to conventionalise sufficiently to allow his work to be classed as truly decorative. But he must beware of imitation, which is just as wrong when the object imitated has been originally designed by Dame Nature herself, as when it owes its form to the mind and hand of some dead-and-gone craftsman of the Middle Ages.

I have in the course of these rather haphazard notes said enough to warn the student against too implicit a belief in the supreme virtue of technical skill, and have shown him that it is by no means necessary for him to be a supreme craftsman before he endeavours to design for himself. On the other hand, there is the almost equally insistent danger to be guarded against of his allowing himself to be fettered at the very start of his career by convention and precedent. I would not have him understand by this that he is to pay no attention to what has been done by those great masters of the past whom we all unite in admiring, or that he should not study carefully and reverentially on every occasion which falls to his lot the work of the old men. It is from them, after all, that he must learn first the alphabet, and then the words of his art. It is for him, however, later on to combine those words into sentences of his own—sentences which convey an original idea and which bespeak his own individuality—rather than to slavishly repeat phrase after phrase in the dead languages of olden time design. Such language is meaningless to our ears and conveys no message to our generation; yet there are not wanting those—and unfortunately among them many to whom it is given to be leaders and educators—who insist that we cannot do better than keep on repeating the lessons we have learned by rote. Hanging up in my studio is a model of the head of a pastoral staff which I placed in the hand of a statue of St. Mungo which I was commissioned to execute for a building in the city of Glasgow. Not long ago a distinguished antiquary happened to visit me and this object caught his eye. Now in place of the conventional crocket I had broken the curves of the head of the staff by some little clusters of conventionally treated leaves which it seemed to me might be supposed to have sprung from the simple sapling from which the earliest shepherd's crook was most probably fashioned. This caught my friend's eye. "But where are the crockets?" said he, to which I had to reply that there were none, but that I thought that my little clusters of leaves fulfilled the artistic purpose of the crocket, and yet added a touch of originality and individuality to my work. "Dear! dear! dear!" was the only comment, "that is all wrong, you know. I never saw a pastoral staff of the best period of the thirteenth century without crockets, and I cannot think how you can have let yourself design one without any." I found it a hopeless task to persuade my distinguished friend that a nineteenth-century designer might be allowed to think for himself as well as the craftsman of the thirteenth century, and we parted with mutual esteem.* In the same way many a grey head has been shaken in pained disapproval of the conventionalised, if somewhat naturalistic, capitals which I have worked into a mural tablet recently designed by me. "These are all wrong, you know!" they say, "I never saw a capital without an abacus or with so great a space above the fillet. It looks very well perhaps—it looks very well indeed, but I do not think any of the old men would have ventured to do that." The fact being that if any one of the "old men," for whom they have so reverential an esteem, had thought of doing it, and had wished to do it, he surely would have done it, and then it would have become a precedent for them to slavishly follow. Therefore I would impress upon the student these several things: He must not, in the first place, be constrained to believe that until he has become an expert craftsman he must be content to copy and to refrain from designing for himself. Should he do so, he will find that when the time comes that the technical portion of his education is finished he has starved and stunted his creative powers until

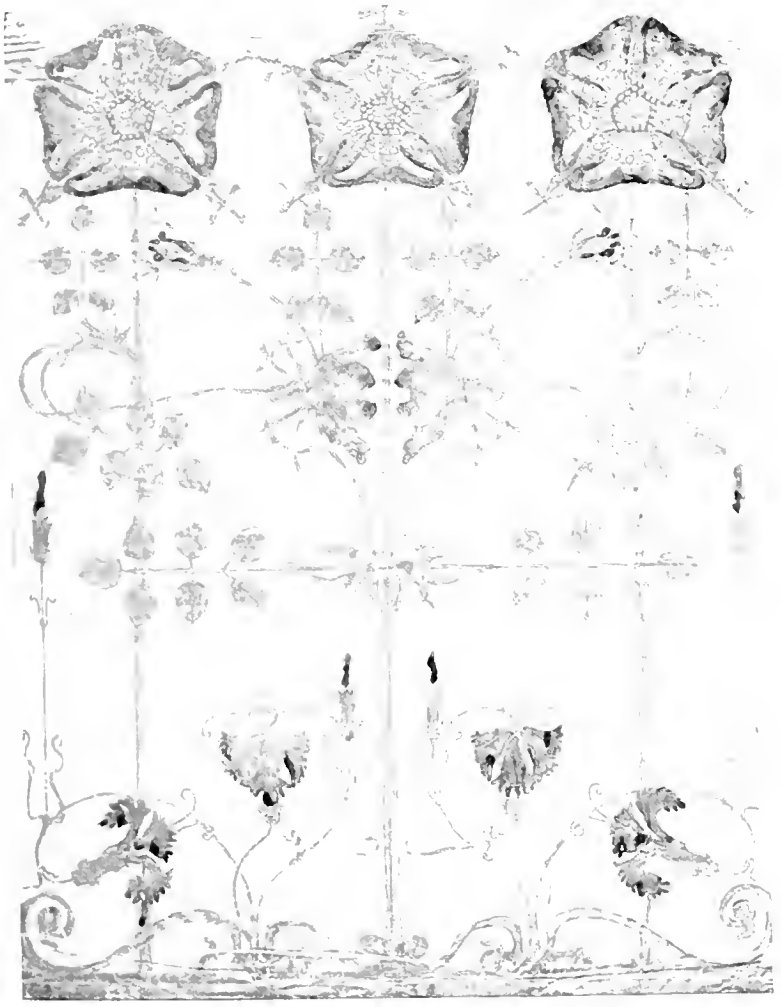
* It was another antiquarian friend, I think, who seemed to feel personally aggrieved when he noticed that there had been introduced into the head of the same staff the somewhat heterogeneous arms of Glasgow, a salmon, a tree, and a bell, in place of the figure of the Virgin or of a Saint, which alone would have satisfied his antiquarian soul.

they no longer exist, and he will remain a copyist throughout his career. In the second place, in his tentative efforts to design for himself he must not swathe himself too much in the swaddling clothes of convention and precedent. Let him try to catch the spirit rather than the form of those masters of his art who have preceded him. In the third place, let him remember that though it is not given to every one to be an original designer, even the humblest of us can be individual—that is, we can coin our own phrases even though the words which compose them have been invented by those who have gone before us. Finally, before leaving this initiatory portion of my subject, I would impress upon the student that what is a good design for one place is a very bad design for another. In other words, that applicability to the place it is to occupy is the first essential of a good design, and that therefore in the nature of things a copy of work designed for one particular position can never, under any possible circumstances, be right or fitting when placed in another and totally different one.

GEORGE FRAMPTON.

SOME GLASGOW DESIGNERS AND THEIR WORK. III. BY GLEESON WHITE.

MR. FRANCIS NEWBERY'S influence, as Head Master of the Glasgow School of Art, has been already mentioned in these articles. It is impossible for outsiders to assess its actual sphere—which is evidently not limited merely to those pupils in training at the school but is felt beyond academic bounds. When a movement in any direction is recognised, slightly interested observers are apt to be satisfied if they can find some definite individual to be praised or attacked, as they may feel to be his due—on whom, in short, to cast all responsibility. But it would be foolish to lay the Glasgow movement at Mr. Newbery's door, for it began before he went to Glasgow. Yet it were not less foolish to overlook his share in its growth so far as design is concerned. Whether it would be good taste to instance Mrs. Newbery as a singularly brilliant "pupil" is an open question. In days when Ibsen and Married Women's Property Acts are bent on isolating the once dual personalty of husband and wife, perhaps it would be more seemly to pretend to forget that the Jessie R. Newbery of the Arts and Crafts Exhibitions is in any way related to the Glasgow painter who exhibits at the New English Art Club and elsewhere, and is also the director of a very important school.



DESIGN FOR AN EMBROIDERED PANEL BY JESSIE R. NEWBERY

DESIGN FOR EMBROIDERY BY JESSIE R. NEWBERY

But the designs of Mrs. Newbery do not appear in public for the first time here: for several years past her work has not been overlooked by those who are alive to modern design. In the last Arts and Crafts were cushion covers, a mantel border, a book of emblems bound in green morocco gilt, and a quilt shown upon Mr. Christie's iron four-post bedstead, all designed by Jessie R. Newbery, who also exhibited a chalice and paten, an altar frontal, and a repoussé alms plate, worked from her designs in the previous exhibition, 1893. Therefore, those who follow closely the history of the applied arts among us will not be unaware of the style of Mrs. Newbery's work, not unmindful of its distinctly personal quality. But before that, "Jessie Rowat," as medallist of South Kensington, was not unknown to those who follow the course of English design somewhat closely. Here we may confine our attention to the designs for embroidery, which are singularly attractive, inasmuch as they are not obviously modelled on purely oriental designs, but seem to keep no little of the naiveté of old British work—which may indeed be traced back through continental ancestors to the mystic East, so that it cannot be considered an exotic, but a fully acclimatised growth.

Perhaps in place of trying to interpret Mrs. Newbery's artistic creed from her designs, it would be more interesting to quote her own words in reply to a request that she would state her ideas on the matter. Therein she says, after disclaiming any personal theories of design for embroidery specially:

"I believe that the greatest thing in the world is for a man to know that he is his own, and that the great end in art is the discovery of the self of the artist.

"I believe in being the sum of tradition; that consciously or unconsciously men are all so, but some are more derivative than others.

"I believe in education consisting of seeing the best that has been done. Then, having this high standard thus set before us, in doing what we like to do: *that* for our fathers, *this* for us.

"I believe that nothing is common or unclean; that the design and decoration of a pepper pot is as important, in its degree, as the conception of a cathedral.

"I believe that material, space, and consequent use discover their own exigencies and as such have to be considered well.

"I believe in everything being beautiful, pleasant, and, if need be, useful.

"To descend to particulars, I like the opposition of straight lines to curved; of horizontal to vertical; of purple to green, of green to blue.

"I delight in correspondence and the inevitable relation of part to part.

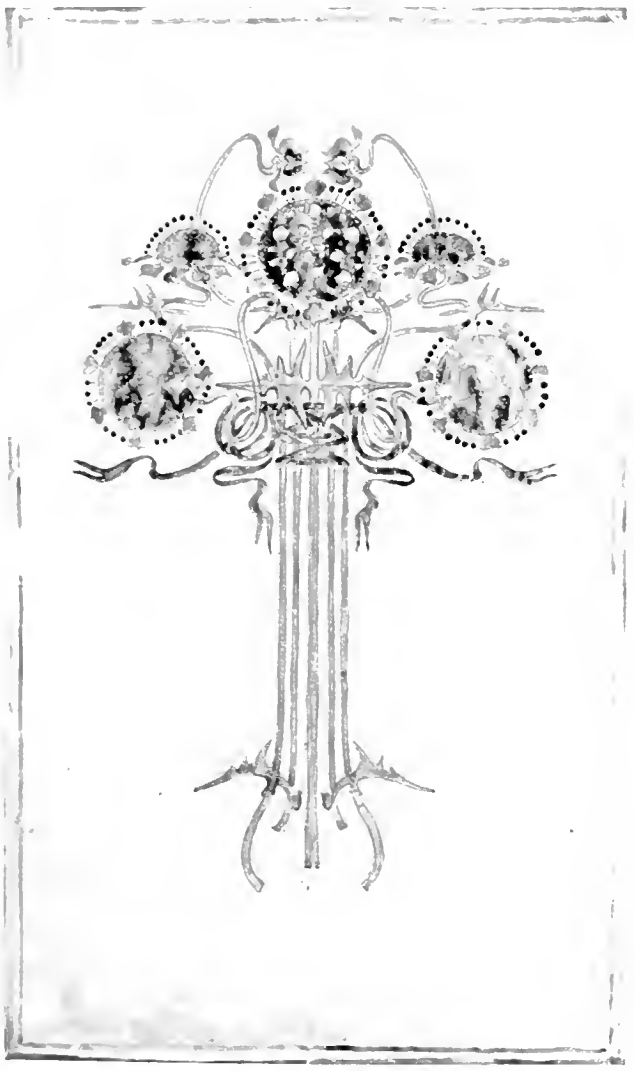
"I specially aim at beautifully shaped spaces and try to make them as important as the patterns.

"I try to make most appearance with least effort, but insist that what work is ventured on is as perfect as may be.

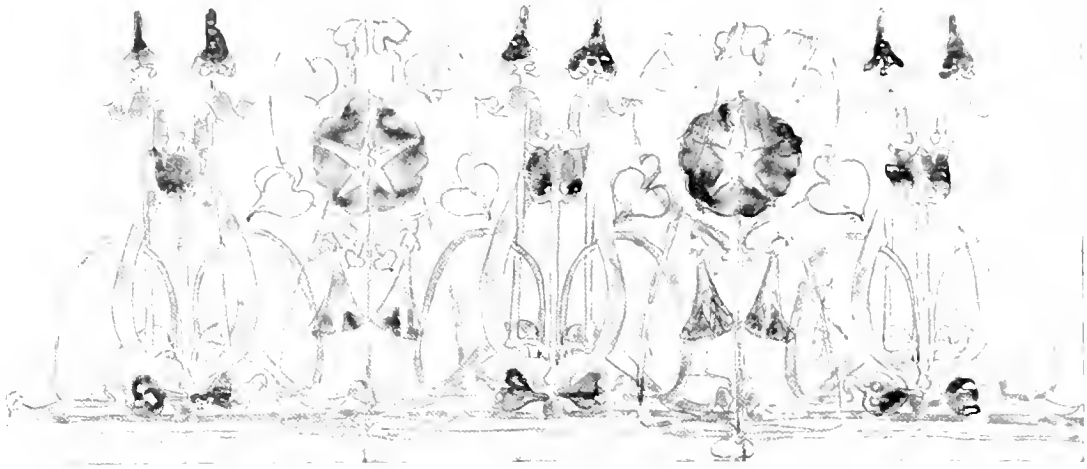
"I hope that in the foregoing expression of opinion I have not seemed over egotistic, considering the little sum of work accomplished by me."

The above creed is one that touches far more important matters than mere needlework, and seems to state not infelicitously the guiding principles of many a designer to-day. It is curious to find how often a Briton confesses, without consciously stating the fact, that he regards a cathedral as the highest and most complex effort of design. This would seem to show that our present movement is not far off the real Gothic revival the men of Pugin's time hoped for. For if it be a living and lasting effort, it most certainly recalls the earlier efforts of those great builders, who were singularly free from bondage to precedent, and cast aside Romanesque, Early English, Decorated and Perpendicular in turn, until the great wave of the Italian Renaissance swept over England and swamped our native design, not as we once feared for ever, but, as the present shows clearly, only for a time.

If there be good in originality, it is certainly a virtue that the Greeks regarded doubtfully. Mr Charles Whibley, writing lately in the *New Review* concerning an ancient critic—to wit, Lucian—discusses the Classic contempt for mere originality so lucidly that, in a series of papers upon designers of the Glasgow School whose novelty is unquestionable, it may be fairly quoted, as embodying the view of the opposition. "An over zealous friend had proclaimed him [Lucian] the 'Prometheus of literature,' and he disowns the name in a passage of admirable dignity. 'Perhaps,' says he, in effect, 'I am called Prometheus, because my works are fresh in form and follow the example of no man. . . . But in my eyes strangeness without beauty has no merit . . . and I should deserve to be torn in pieces by sixteen vultures if I thought a work of Art could be distinguished by novelty alone.' . . . He had left a lecture room, he tells you, furious with the ill considered applause of his audience, and especially enraged against the constant compliment heaped upon the novelty of his discourse. As he went homeward chagrined that he is admired only because he has left the road; that he receives the praise of a facile conjurer; that the harmony of his Attic style, the swiftness of his imagination, his many-coloured fancy count for nothing, he bethought him of the mishap which befel Zeuxis. Now Zeuxis painted a family of centaurs, the mare stretched upon the deep grass, and the centaur keeping watch in the background, a long-haired, savage child of the mountain. But the people passed by in idle contempt not only the beauty of the drawing, the exquisite harmony of the colour, but also the variety of expression, and the changing characters of the centaurs. They only applauded the singular motive, because they had never seen it treated before. 'Roll up the canvas,' said Zeuxis to his pupil, 'and take it home. The men praise only the mud of our art. In their eyes the novelty of a subject eclipses every excellence of execution.'"



DESIGN FOR AN EMBROIDERED PANEL BY JESSIE E. NEWILLEY

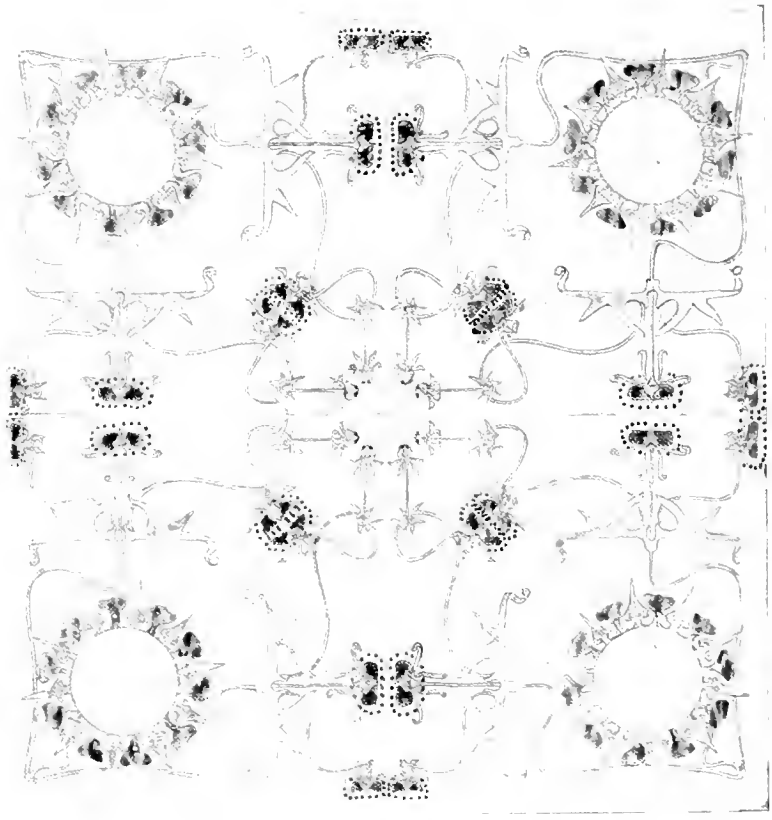


DESIGN FOR EMBROIDERY BY JESSIE R. NEWBERY

This passage would contain a stern condemnation of the Glasgow School if it were what its enemies prefer to believe it to be—a mere effort for novelty at any price. It is because I, for one, believe that with all its waywardness it has a very firm hold of beauty, and is striving to make beautiful harmonies of colour, and beautiful combinations of line, that it is possible to feel very tolerant to its whimsicality, and by no means indignant when its plays tricks with certain conventions—especially of the treatment of the human figure—that one is not quite catholic enough to approve.

Such a defence is in happy context when it accompanies the designs of Mrs. Newbery, which, new as they are, are obedient to the laws of symmetry and admirably fitted for their material.

As most of them—the embroideries—were evidently conceived as schemes of colour, they not merely require that important factor to represent them adequately but suffer, and terribly, by translation in black and white. For the artist is not one of those who makes elaborate drawings in monochrome, and adds pigments arbitrarily to them after.



DESIGN FOR AN EMBROIDERED CUSHION BY JESSIE R. NEWBERY

As the schemes themselves show, they are essentially problems in the balance of colour, no less than in the distribution of line. Above all, they suggest needlework, their forms are absolutely suitable for expression by the needle, they call for no undue amount of labour, they decorate not merely the surface to which they are applied, but also form most pleasant spots of ornament in the larger scheme of decoration of any room where they happen to be placed. Their freshness and novelty when you see them in the actual fabrics could hardly be overpraised. They speak for themselves so simply and directly, that the most sympathetic admirer can do naught but admire. It is just because they are so good that it is difficult to catalogue their merits, or explain why they are so admirable. But designers will soon discover that their apparent simplicity is the result of real power; their gay and harmonious colour the evidence of an inborn sense of beauty. Above all, as I have said, they preserve the best traditions of the art, and yet never directly imitate early work; and therefore it is possible to praise them very highly, without once over-stating the case, and still less without regarding them patronisingly as a woman's work. It is pleasant to remember that they chance to be for a craft which has been pre-eminently the province of women from time immemorial; but they may take their place as examples of well-applied art, with no question of sex, and no attempt to evade criticism by a spurious chivalry which is often but a covert form of insult.

STUDIO-TALK.

(From our own Correspondents.)

VIENNA.—That Vienna has been participating with but a very moderate share in the production of what is today generally understood as modern painting, even the most pronounced optimists among art critical observers will hardly pretend to deny. The revolutionary movement of the last decade and a half has passed almost unnoticed here, and with those few exceptions that only prove the rule—Pettenkofen was one, in a certain degree Emil Schindler also, and quite recently, the landscapist Theodor Hormann—there have scarcely been any genuine attempts to venture beyond the safe boundaries of well-established tradition, so readily acknowledged and rewarded by "the public that buys"—so profitable to the artists who "want to sell."

Quite recently, however, there have been unmistakable signs of a revolutionary tendency, a decided step towards secession, culminating in the newly organised "Verein der bildenden Kunstler Oesterreichs." The two principal points of the pro-

"MY MOTHER" BY FRANZ RUMPLER

"NEAR TACHAU" FROM A PAINTING BY FRANZ RUMPLER

gramme are: a separate exhibition building, and the foundation of a "Gallerie Zeitgenössischer Meister." The result remains to be seen. Numerically, the younger artists here are for the present decidedly weaker than their colleagues either in Munich or Berlin. Since personality, however, and not numbers alone, make up the strength and significance of an artistic association, and as there are certainly strong talents both as regards painting and sculpture among the members of the new "Verein," the near future may be looked forward to with interest.

Keeping aloof from the clamour of party-strife, a patient worker in the quiet seclusion of his studio, half a philosopher and half a poet, Franz Rumpler, illustrations of whose work are given herewith, was born in 1848. He is the son of a wood-carver in Tachau, a little provincial town of Western Bohemia, and his talent chanced to be discovered one day by that most untiring and disinterested art critic, Moritz Thausing, who forthwith brought him to Vienna. Here Rumpler made his way through the Academy (where he still holds a professorship), and came into contact with some of the best artists of the day. Makart took a keen interest in him, though there seems to have been little or no real artistic affinity between the two. Most of Rumpler's early associates and friends have since passed away; but in the meantime he has been studying incessantly for about twelve years, leading a retired life, and, above all, never exhibiting in public.

Like most genuine artists "of every time and clime," Rumpler, whether painting figures or landscape, stands firmly, "with heart, soul, and foot," upon his native soil. The charming *Westböhmerland*, with its softly undulating ground, woody hills, from out of which here and there an old high battlement, castle tower, or village church spire project toward the sky, sometimes in dark silhouette, sometimes glittering merrily in the bright sunshine breaking out among the clouds; then all the gorgeously coloured costumes of the native peasant women with their marked preference for

the most shining of scarlet frocks; these were the first impressions under which the sensitive mind of the poor wood-carver's son grew up, before he came to Vienna. There is a childlike sincerity and amiable poetic sentiment combined with grace and elegance in all Rumpler's work. W. S.

DÜSSELDORF.—It has become the custom in other art centres to regard the artistic manifestations of Dusseldorf very lightly, or indeed as non-existent. It is useless to dispute as to the justice or the injustice of this feeling. Any one who is really acquainted with the art work of Düsseldorf, and is willing to consider it without prejudice, must come to the conclusion that it is thoroughly creditable, and worthy of holding a place of honour in the art movement of the day.

As in other centres of art life, so also in Dusseldorf there are still a few painters left who follow the tradition of the old Dusseldorf school, and continue to produce the pretty, anecdotal canvases so dear to the heart of the public. The style of the modern school, however, is altogether different. A firm, energetic, and entirely healthy purpose is evident in the artistic imagination of to-day, an imagination full of fancifulness and delicacy and poetry. Proof of the strength of this wholesome aspiration lies in the fact that our young artists were the first in all Germany to band together in a "Secession," in order to break with the bad old traditions. How many monumental works of art have been produced during the last few years by the artists of Dusseldorf! And there are many more in course of creation at the present moment, and many more still in contemplation. We have only to think for a moment of the now completed works by Professor E. von Gebhardt in the Lockum Monastery, or again of Professor Peter Janssen's gigantic productions, particularly his latest achievement, the decoration of the Hall of the Royal Art Academy in Dusseldorf. The town of Dusseldorf alone, in less than a year, has been enriched by no less than six important art works in the shape of mural paintings and plastics—a proof surely of rare artistic feeling, and, what is more, of uncommon artistic capacity.

Only a few weeks ago an event took place which deserves the notice of the art-loving public—I refer to the unveiling of the frescoes painted by Carl Gehrts on the staircase in the Dusseldorf Kunsthalle. The painter has produced a rare harmony of colour, which appeals to the beholder in all its magical charm. He has treated with real genius the theme of his choice, which he entitles

"HUNGARIAN VILLAGE: EVENING" FROM A PAINTING BY FRANZ RUMPLER

Time's Changes in the Destinies of Art, and introduced into it numerous admirable *motifs*. First we see *Art—God's Gift*, beautifully conceived and painted, like those that follow, such as the Genius of Art kneeling before the colossal statue of Pharaoh; *Friendly Reception by the Greeks; High Honours*, and *Departure of Art to Rome*. The remaining frescoes in this series are called *As Handmaid of Luxury* and *On the Ruins of Rome*; and in addition we have the *Restoration by Christianity*, which represents the Genius of Art, neglected and despised, lying in tatters on the road-side, until the Holy Family draws near in the dawning light, and the Child-Christ, full of pity, hastens to succour the wayfarer. In the next picture, *With Fettered Wings*, we see typified the unquenchable hatred of the Byzantines for all that was free in art, and the Genius flying from the war-ridden land *Into the Monastery*, there to find friendly welcome from the monks. The concluding pictures are—*In the Service of Religion*, characterising the Gothic art period; *Freedom and Triumph* (the Renaissance age); *As Teacher of the Handicrafts*; *Temptation* (implying the sensuousness of rococo art); and lastly, art as *The Friend of the People*.

Let us now turn to the large mural paintings which depict the various art periods. The first, entitled *In the Beginning*, deals with prehistoric times, and represents an artist putting a last touch on an idol by inscribing Runic characters upon it. Before the idol kneels a family deep in meditation and prayer. As illustrating *The Fairest Growth of Art in Ancient Times*, Phidias is represented showing the people his model of the Olympic Zeus. The scene is laid before the Acropolis, gleaming in the sunshine; and men, women and children, of all ages and conditions, stand around gazing in wonder on the new work.

It would lead me too far afield were I to attempt to describe at any length the various beauties of the remaining paintings. *Under Rome's Emperors* (an architect laying before the Emperor Vespasian a model of the Coliseum); *In the Middle Ages* (architects, painters and sculptors assembled in the court-yard of a monastery, all working at the decoration of the building); *Art in the Renaissance*, showing all the greatest art workers of the time grouped before a figure symbolising the church; and lastly, *The New Age*, depicting Winkelmann, before the gates of Rome, expounding to Carstens, Thorwaldsen, and Schinkel the beauties of the antique.

From these remarks of mine the reader will realise how fine a work it is on which this artist has been engaged during the past seven years—a work which he may contemplate with fullest satisfaction and pride.

S.

BUST OF G. F. WATTS BY EMMA CADWALLADER GUILD

(*See Berlin Studio-Talk*)

PORTRAIT BUST OF PRINCESS HELENE OF SACHSEN-ALTENBURG. BY EMMA CADWALLADER GUILD

BERLIN.—Since the time when I first called the attention of the readers of THE STUDIO to the work of Mrs. Emma Cadwallader Guild (see "Studio-Talk," February 1896), this artist, who formerly lived in Frankfurt, has for the most part transferred the scene of her activity to Berlin. In the early spring of this year she exhibited a number of her works in her own studio—a form of display which is unfortunately not very common in Berlin—and there one had an opportunity of seeing Mrs. Guild's work adequately displayed in a charming and most tastefully adorned setting. I must say at once that this second experience of Mrs. Guild's art fully confirmed the impression made upon me when I saw it for the first time.

Mrs. Guild has a strong predilection for painting, and in her leisure time she delights to wield her brush, which she does with no small degree of success, as her free and vigorous landscape studies abundantly testify. And once, when she was superintending the casting of one of her sculptures in the Gladenbeck foundry, she was struck with the appearance of one of the workmen, and in a few hours completed a most life-like sketch of him, a very delicate and successful piece of colouring.

This pronounced feeling of hers for colour explains to me how in the thoroughly personal style of her sculpture she employs means which really overstep the bounds of plastic art. For instance, she imparts to the human eye the most intense expression by deep grooving of the pupil, until it seems to sparkle, and really to become "the mirror of the soul." Full of artistic feeling, too, is her treatment of draperies, whether in the dark tinted bronze or in the sculptor's marble.

One of Mrs. Guild's earlier works is her bust of Watts, of which an illustration is given on page 54. More strongly here than in her later work, one remarks the affinity of her art with the early period of modern sculpture, the Italian school, or to be more exact, the Florentine "Quattrocento." All this is seen in the simplicity with which the accessories are treated, and in the fall of the draperies. She is wonderfully successful, too, in bringing out the force and energy of the head. It is impossible not to be impressed by the vivacity of this old man, whose still youthful vigour quivers throughout his frame and is seen in the very hairs of his beard. And this is the very impression carried away by any one who has had the good fortune to come into contact with the great painter, Watts.

Among the works produced by Mrs. Cadwallader Guild in Berlin chiefly busts of notabilities in society—the most important is the portrait bust of Princess Helene of Sachsen-Altenburg. As the statue is destined to stand in a castle hall, Mrs. Guild has elected to fashion it in the Hermes style. The proud head arises from a lofty pedestal, a very graceful arrangement of lines displaying in themselves the woman's hand. To our modern taste there is something jarring in the sight of living flesh in immediate contact with the stone, and for this reason the Mercury style is generally avoided. However, in this instance, the difficulty is most satisfactorily surmounted owing to the sombreness of the material in which a part of the drapery is cast—a dark green bronze.

Looking at this work one is conscious not only of being in the presence of a lady of high birth, but also of a remarkable personality. The glance of the eyes, and the determined chin are full of expression; while the irregularity of the features—which otherwise might be deemed a defect—produces, after long contemplation, an impression of great æsthetic beauty. Was it the charm of a single personality that inspired the artist to this her highest achievement? Or are we to look for an explanation of this apparent paradox to some other cause. Fascinating as it would be to inquire into such a question, we should certainly never arrive at a satisfactory answer. G. G.

BRUSSELS.—The Salon of Applied Art in the Universal Exhibition, although it has been arranged somewhat hastily, nevertheless reveals the important place artistic productions of this kind now hold in Belgium. The absence of several prominent artists is matter for regret, notably in the case of the Liège group, who would have taken a high place in the very front rank of exhibitors. However, these artists are probably reserving themselves for the forthcoming exhibition at Liège itself.

Although the English school of applied art is not directly represented in Brussels it nevertheless exercises no slight influence there. M. Crespin devotes an interesting article to the Exhibition in the *Revue de Belgique*. "There is nothing astonishing," he remarks, "in the fact that our artists are powerfully influenced by the English. The principle of this art movement springs from logical causes producing with us effects similar to those

seen in England. There is a community of feeling between the English and ourselves in our admiration of the beautiful. Their magazines keep us informed of what is being done there. Thus it is easy to make a just comparison, and to see that the really charming and meritorious work is that which embodies some new form not to be found in the original. Each of these designs has, without resembling them, a certain analogy with its fellows, but it is no longer the commonplace repetition of the styles of Louis XIV., Louis XV., or Louis XVI. It is quite evident there are many skilled workmen who now turn to THE STUDIO, just as formerly they relied on *Vignole*, or *L'Art pour Tous*. This was bound to be."

Thanks to the spirit of emulation they have aroused among the great nations these universal Exhibitions have resulted in the realisation of a large number of ideas. The Paris Exhibition of 1889, for instance, established the decorative employment of metallurgy in architecture, to which new life had already been given by means of multi-coloured ceramic work. It is much to be regretted that the interesting "Projet de Ville Moderne," proposed by MM. Hankar and Crespin could not be carried out; for it certainly would have been a starting-point for any number of improvements, which, it is to be feared, will now be long delayed by slow-moving routine.

Whereas the French section in the large gallery of the Exhibition is installed with the utmost taste, and with perfect delicacy of colour and form and proportion, the Belgian section on the other hand is a shocking chaos of extraordinary constructions. Each exhibitor seems to have been anxious to outdo his neighbour by the gorgeousness of his display; and as these efforts have been generally successful, the result of it all is disastrous in every way. One has considerable trouble in discovering the interesting specimens of decorative or applied art.

The exhibits of the Société des Cristalleries, of Val St. Lambert, are very remarkable, by reason of the lovely whiteness of the crystal, which is cut in such a manner as to bring out to its fullest extent the refractive qualities of the material. Some of the polychrome glass is also very curious. The effects are obtained by adding, during the process of the work, successive coatings of coloured enamel and white crystal. The difficulties attending this

POSTER BY THEO VAN RYSSELBERGHE

process are many. It is no easy matter to get a strong colouring in a thin coating, or to make the enamels harmonise with the white crystal which is of different composition.

It is worthy of note that, unlike the French art glass workers, who turn out nothing but useless knick-knacks at prohibitive prices, the Val St. Lambert Society devotes its attention to articles of everyday utility, striving to put as much beauty as possible within the reach of all. The society could have no better collaborator than M. Ledru, the clever artist who designs and executes the various models, with the chemical assistance of M. Lecrenier. M. Ledru has been awarded the chief *diplôme d'honneur* in this department, and never was such reward more thoroughly deserved.

The poster reproduced on page 57 is a recent design by Mr. Theo Van Rysselberghe.

F. K.

COPENHAGEN.—This year's "Academy" is about an average one, in numbers as well as in quality. Denmark boasts landscape painters who can hold their own, even in the best company, and their art has that laudable and desirable distinction that it is thoroughly national. To none does this apply more than to Kyhn; his technique is not always faultless—a little more breadth would in some instances be acceptable; but this wonderful old man, who is now nearer eighty than seventy, has even within the last few years painted landscapes which are not only possessed of great decorative beauty, in the best sense of the word, but which also bear witness of a truly artistic and sensitive conception of Nature's charms and changeful moods. The delicate splendour of some of his "summer evenings," the whole atmosphere saturated with the lingering glow of the setting—or set—sun, will surely be difficult for even one of the great masters from one of the great countries to rival. Kyhn does not stand particularly well this year, but La Cour and Foss are both represented by large and excellent landscapes, good both in line and colour, although Foss still suffers a little from his tendency to being somewhat hard. Godfred Christensen, whose treatment is broader and more modern, also has a very fine landscape of considerable dimensions, besides smaller ones.

A special charm always attaches to Julius Paulsen's pictures, landscapes or otherwise; he is a colourist of great merit, and his effects are apparently obtained by simple means. He understands to perfection how to bring numerous acres within the scope of even the smallest canvas, and his flitting light and shadows are delightful; they always fascinate, even if one would not always swear to their being absolutely true to Nature. Paulsen also has several portraits, of which one or two are done in his best manner. Bache, President of the Academy, and Jerndorff, both have several portraits, more than one of which could hardly be better. In spite of their sober treatment, and although everything has been accounted for, there is not a suspicion of dryness, and the likeness is in all cases striking. Another charming portrait, although much less ambitious, is Michael Ancher's portrait of his wife; in spite of its simplicity it is a most stylish little picture. Ancher has also sent a canvas with some of his beloved Skagen fishermen, of whom there is no more reliable or talented—and one might add experienced—depicter than he. Also a summer day at the seashore, with several female figures, the whole a little stilted, but of considerable effect. Viggo Johansen has again chosen a lamp effect, the occupants of the room again being several gentlemen, and he handles this subject with superior skill. His brush is refreshingly broad, and both his *genre* and landscape paintings are capitally rendered, full of atmosphere, and quite free from all coldness and hardness. The painter for whom this Academy marks the greatest stride forward is undoubtedly Irminger. He has successfully overcome his tendency to dirty or heavy colours, and a small portrait, with another bought by the National Gallery, although done in the simplest colours, is wonderfully telling; he seems to have grasped the very soul of his model, and one is almost tempted to suspect that he has given something of his own besides. Tuxen, of large Court functions fame, has three small portraits, charming and clever. Exner has again chosen some Fanöe girls and episodes for his subjects, and has handled them in his usual careful, not to say sleek, manner, and many others have sent pictures just of about the same stamp and merit as of yore. The Danish Academy is hardly the place where one may expect to find unconventional attempts or new departures; what there is of that in Denmark has founded a home of its own, at least for the time being, of which more anon.

G. B.

MONUMENT TO CHARLET BY ALEXANDRE CHARPENTIER

PARIS.—The monument to Charlet, in Paris, the work of the sculptor, Alexandre Charpentier, well known to readers of THE STUDIO, was unveiled a few months back. Frenchman in spirit and in style as he is, Charpentier was obviously the one artist capable of immortalising the glories of the great draughtsman, the author of the *Grenadier de Waterloo* and the *Retraite de Russie*, so much admired by Delacroix. Unlike many artists entrusted with official commissions for commemorative monuments and statues, Charpentier—all praise to him—has striven to make his work as directly and as completely suggestive as possible of the works and the nature of the subject of the memorial. This seems natural enough, yet one rarely sees it done.

The two figures grouped round the pedestal are adapted by Charpentier from Charlet's well-remembered drawings—*L'Insubordination* and *Le Gamin éminemment et profondément national.* The Parisian street urchin and the old grenadier—these are the characteristic types of Charlet's work; and above, at the top of the column, with a medallion of the immortal artist let in, the bold Gallic cock, with comb proudly dressed, crows his song of victory.

I do not believe the sculptor exists who could have done this work better. The subject demanded *esprit*, *bonhomie*, a certain jovial wit, with complete simplicity, and a touch of heroic homeliness. Charpentier has given us all these; and the result is a live, honest work, delightful to see.

G. M.

REVIEWS OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Les Della Robbia. By MARCEL REYMOND. (Florence: Alinari.)—Among the important sculptors of the fifteenth century, Luca della Robbia is perhaps least known and appreciated, and it has remained for M. Marcel Reymond to give us, in his thorough and able work, the criticism desired by those who find in him not merely the inventor of glazed terra-cotta, but the great artist who, more than any of his contemporaries, inherited the broadly-conceived traditions of antique sculpture. Hitherto he has been little known, little studied, considered chiefly as the founder of a pottery establishment, a tile maker of cool blues and creamy whites, *molto utile* as Vasari so charmingly says, *per la state!* and works of Andrea, of Giovanni, and of a whole century of *atelier* (or more properly, factory) work has been confounded with his in Baedeker and Murray. In these more observant and appreciative days we have found out that these glazed terra-cottas express the specific qualities of the different artists as surely as do the marbles of Michel Angelo and Donatello, and are as widely separated from those of Giovanni and the *atelier* as are Michel Angelo's sculptures from those of Bandinelli and Vincenzo Danti.

But the labour of love in this research has been confined to a few students, and M. Reymond is

the first who has given the result of his studies in such a form that any attentive reader may see clearly the qualities which distinguish the work of Luca from that of Andrea, and still more from that of Giovanni and the *atelier*, and may judge for himself whether the dozen things attributed to him in every museum in Europe are really by Luca or merely by one of his late imitators.

The work has been performed so ably and appreciatively that nothing but praise and thanks is due to the author. The only fault to be found is that he has made his lists of genuine works more elastic than his appreciation of the great qualities of the two earlier masters warrants. For example, it is difficult to accept as by the hand of Luca the poorly modelled and highly coloured medallions of the *Evangelists* in the Pazzi Chapel, nor the painted flat lunette of *God the Father* in the Opera del Duomo.

While we differ in minor points from the author of this fine work on the Della Robbias, honour and gratitude are due to so much patient research, and it must be borne in mind also that here there were no ready-made short cuts, as there are to most subjects on Italian art, but that M. Reymond has patiently turned over every inch of ground himself.

Books like this, written with love and reverence of the subject, with no economy of labour, and in no spirit of controversy, earn the respect and gratitude of contemporaries, and a place among the educational classics of future students.

The Compleat Angler. By IZAAK WALTON and CHARLES COTTON. Illustrated by EDMUND H. NEW. (London and New York: John Lane.) Price 15*s.*—We have on a previous occasion reviewed the early portion of this edition, when it was being issued in parts. The volume, now completed, bears out in every respect the favourable opinion originally formed of it. Mr. New's illustrations from first to last are of the greatest excellence. He has shown us that heavy line drawings which are so characteristic of the Birmingham school of illustration are not inconsistent with topographical and natural accuracy. His country landscapes, his old houses, and his pictures of fish supply every detail that may be reasonably desired by the reader, and are presented in a manner eminently fitted to the æsthetic requirements of this ever delightful work. We doubt if any other artist could have done equal justice to the task. Mr. New was evidently born to illustrate the *Compleat Angler*, and the publisher may be congratulated upon the successful completion of a book which henceforth will be regarded as the edition most worth having.

Wood Carving. By JOSEPH PHILLIPS. (London: Chapman and Hall.) Price 3*s.* 6*d.*—A practical book for beginners. The lessons are carefully selected and follow each other in well considered order. The illustrations are principally from photographs of actual carvings and are sufficiently clear to guide the student in the carrying out of the author's instructions.

The Yew Trees of Great Britain and Ireland. By JOHN LOWE, M.D. (London: Macmillan and Co., Limited.) Price 10s. net.—Evelyn wrote: "I do again name the yew for hedges, preferable for beauty and a stiff defence to any plant I have ever seen." Now that so much attention is being given by architects to the planning of gardens, it would be well that these words of Evelyn should not be forgotten. There is probably no tree so useful to the English gardener as the yew, if he knows how to employ it wisely. To the garden architect it is indispensable. Mr. Lowe has done well to write this excellent monograph and to illustrate it with such interesting photographs.

Bell's Cathedral Series. Edited by GLEESON WHITE. (London: George Bell & Sons.)—Price 1*s.* 6*d.* each.—This excellent series of handbooks deserves to be well received by the public. The letter-press is written by competent authors, and is copiously illustrated by photographs and sketches. Volumes on the cathedrals of Canterbury, Salisbury, Oxford, Chester, and Rochester have already appeared, and others are promised in due course. A very tasteful design in black appears upon the green cloth cover of each volume.

AWARDS IN "THE STUDIO" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

DESIGN FOR CARVED WOOD BELLOWS.

(A V.)

The FIRST PRIZE (*Three guineas*) is awarded to *Graft* (H. M. Miller, 9 Claremont Road, Sale, Cheshire).

The SECOND PRIZE (*Two guineas*) to *Don Quixote* (George C. Duxbury, 3 Cambridge Avenue, Chapletown Road, Leeds).

Honourable mention is given to the following:—*Bob* (Jacques Houry, Hazeldene, Manor Road, Bishopston, Bristol); *Boreas* (no coupon); *Clytie* (Alice E. Burt, 3 Kempshott Road, Streatham Common, S.W.); *Chedorlaomer* (Sophia Pumphrey, Woodstock Road, Moseley, Birmingham); *Dorian* (Oliver Senior, 7 Livesey Street, Manchester);

Glitters (Hermione Unwin, Hall Royd, Shipley, Yorks.); *Homo* (Walter E. Corbould, c/o Miss Forbes Bell, 10 Meet Road, Liverpool); *Hermes* (Robert Thompson, Jun., Brecenbury, Huntingdon); *London* (Mabel Peacock, 6 Park Road, Forest Hill, S.E.); *Merial* (M. I. Hunt, Southwood, Torquay); *Merosh* (Stavros Homere, Wyken House, Bridgnorth, Salop); *McFlusher* (Herbert C. Oakley, 9 Clarendon Place, Leeds); *Nemo* (Jessie Hay, The Cedars, Westgate Road, Beckenham); *Old Madrid* (A. Hamilton Scott, 43 Mill Street, Paisley, N.B.); *Phlox* (Paul Rops, Thozee (Mettet), Belgium); *Phantasm* (James T. Birchall, 1 Clyde Street, Lower Broughton, Manchester); *Orlando* (B. H. Smale, 33 Acacia Road, St. John's Wood, N.W.); *Symbol* (F. T. Wilson, 16 Catheart Street, Ayr, N.B.); and *Seahorse* (Charles E. Risque, 51 Wilbraham Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester).

DESIGN FOR ORNAMENTAL CHAPTER HEADING.

(B V.)

The FIRST PRIZE (*One guinea*) is awarded to *The Rook* (Marion Wallace Dunlop, Ellerslie Tower, Ealing, W.).

The SECOND PRIZE (*Half-a-guinea*) to *Seda* (Alfred de Sauty, 63 Ramsden Road, Balham, S.W.).

Honourable Mention is given to the following: *Abana* (Emily A. Attwell, 1 Lavender Grove, Queen's Road, Dalston); *Arc* (Thomas Corson, 8 Blenheim Walk, Woodhouse Lane, Leeds); *Brush* (Miss C. Hill, Sandringham Villa, Warwick Road, Olton, Birmingham); *Bel* (Isobel Williamson, 18 Ivanhoe Road, Liverpool); *Canute* (Eveline A. Brauer, St. John's Road, Knutsford, Cheshire); *Corvus Corone* (Ernest Sprankling, Trull, Taunton); *Ebor* (L. T. Taylor, 9 St. Oswald's Terrace, Fulford, Yorks.); *Gar* (E. G. Perman, 7 Woodside, Wimbledon, Surrey); *Gone Under* (Claire Murrell, 11 Templeton Place, Earl's Court, S.W.); *Heads and Tails* (F. E. M. Cooke, 5 Villa Road, Brixton, S.W.); *Jason* (John Thirtle, The Elms, Banstead Road, Ewell, Surrey); *Limpet* (Helen Troubridge, 25 Graham Street, Eaton Square, S.W.); *La Cigale* (Winifred Mary Cooper, Ombersley, Cheltenham); *Lavender* (T. J. Overnell, 1 Lavender Grove, Queen's Road, Dalston); *Mut* (Bertha Schlosser, Cothen, Anhalt, Germany); *My Boat* (Ethel K. Burgess, 2 Lilford Road, Camberwell); *Minnetrata* (Alice Maud Fabian, 25 Streatley Road, Brondesbury, N.); *Narcissus* (W. E. Webster, 4 Ifield Road, Fulham Road, S.W.); *Oriana* (D. Chamberlain, 4 Park Avenue, Glasgow); *Quercus* (E. M. Bywaters, 17 Preston Park Avenue, Brighton); *Rev* (J. M. Staniforth, Llanishen, Cardiff); *Spalpeen Mavourneen* (Gretta C. Campbell, Ballynagord House, Londonderry); *Val Blatz* (John Trew, P.O. Valparaiso, Ind., U.S.A.); *Yukon* (Maurice Clifford, 44 Bath Road, Bedford Park, W.); and *Zarah* (Helen E. Lock, St. Cuthbert's, Bathampton, Bath).

SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

A PICTURESQUE COTTAGE.

(C V.)

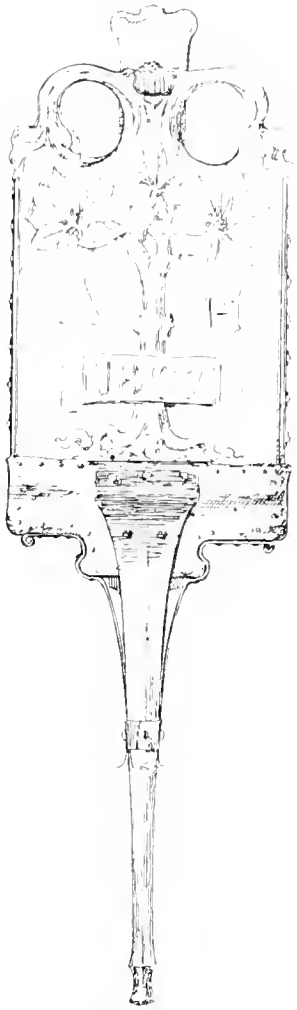
The FIRST PRIZE (*One guinea*) is awarded to *S. P.* (Samuel Poole, 46 Grosvenor Road, Westminster, S.W.)

The SECOND PRIZE (*Half a guinea*) to *Saxon* (H. S. Grimshaw, The Mount, Accrington).

Honourable Mention is given to the following: *Devon* (R. Percy Glossop, 65 New North Road, N.); *Friday* (Winifred Brooks Alder, 40 Longridge Road, S.W.); *Irene* (Eliza R. Allen, 1 Auburn Place, Plymouth); *Varkurs* (Edith M. Davey, 6 Parker Street, Warrington, Lancs.); *Poker* (Enid M. Jackson, 12 Forest Road, Birkenhead); *Snowdrop* (Mrs. George Hyde, 46 Bridge Street, Derby); *Stylus* (George W. Collins, 2 Bond Street, Holford Square, W.C.); and *Zeto* (William E. Tyler, Westgate, Bridgnorth).

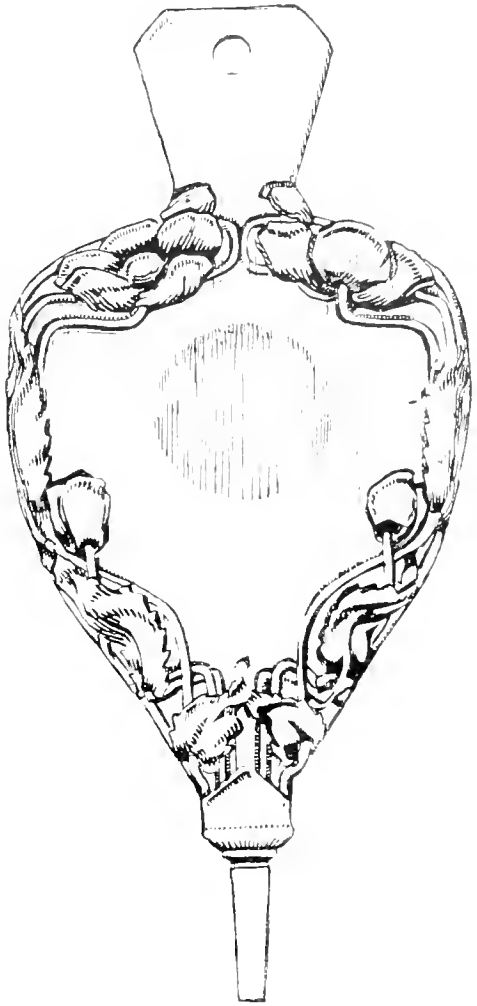
Friday.—This excellent line drawing would have received an award, but was not executed in accordance with the conditions of the competition.

HON. MENTION (COMP. C V.) "FRIDAY"



FIRST PRIZE "GRAFT"

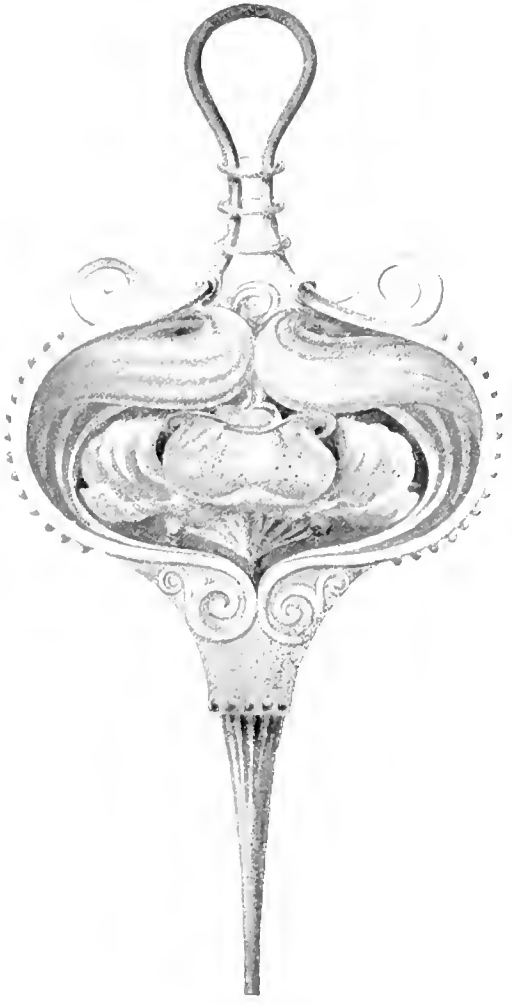
HON. MENTION "MEROSH"



HON. MENTION "MCELUSHER"

DESIGNS FOR CARVED WOOD BELLOWS (COMPETITION A V.)

SECOND PRIZE "DON QUINOTE"

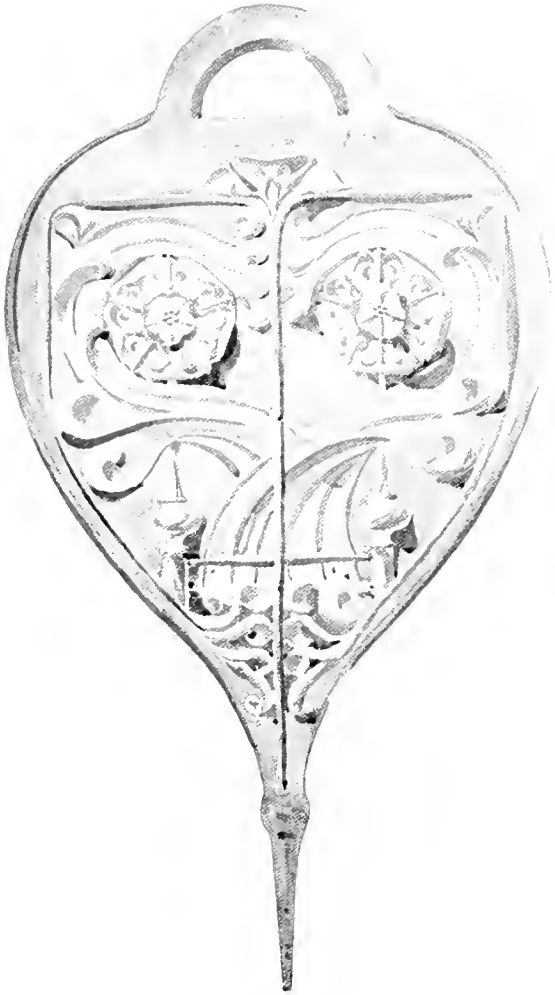


HON. MENTION "CHEDORLAOMER"

HON. MENTION "DORIAN"

DESIGNS FOR CARVED WOOD BELLOWS (COMPETITION A V.)

HON. MENTION "OLL MADRID"

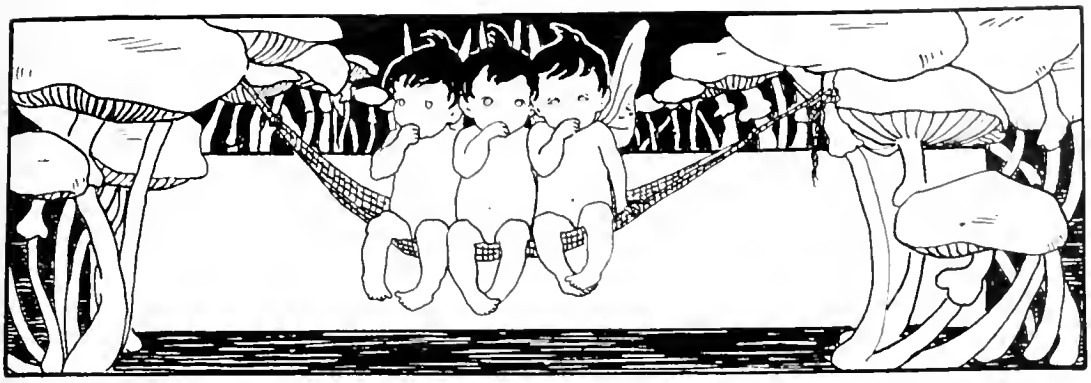


HON. MENTION "SYMBOL"

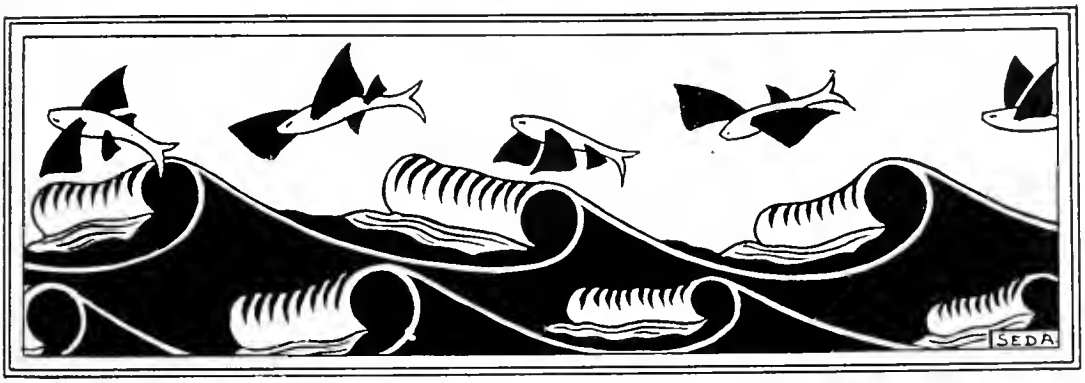
HON. MENTION "BOB"

DESIGNS FOR CARVED WOOD BELLOWS (COMPETITION A V.)

Designs for Chapter Headings (Competition B V.)

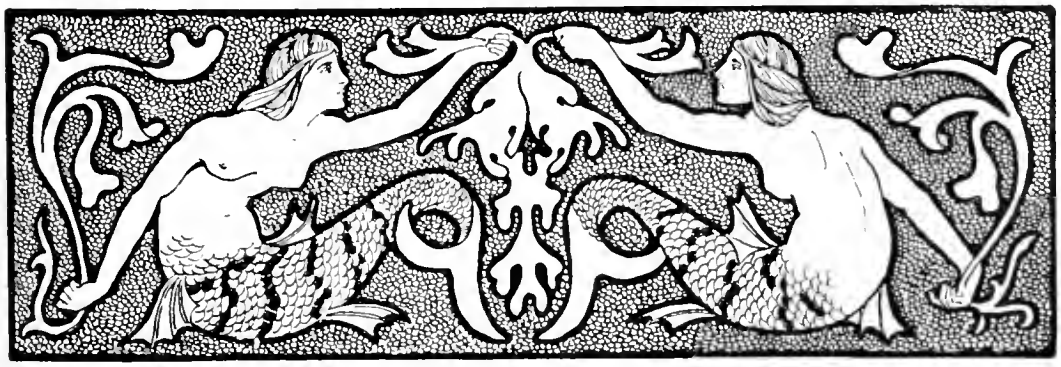


FIRST PRIZE "THE ROOK"



SECOND PRIZE "SEDA"

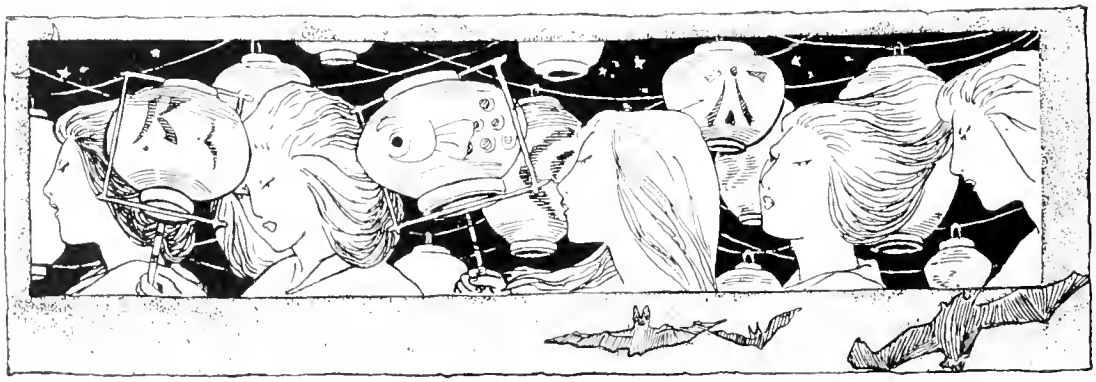
HON. MENTION "YUKON"



HON. MENTION "MINNETRATA"

HON. MENTION "ABANA"

HON. MENTION "JASON"

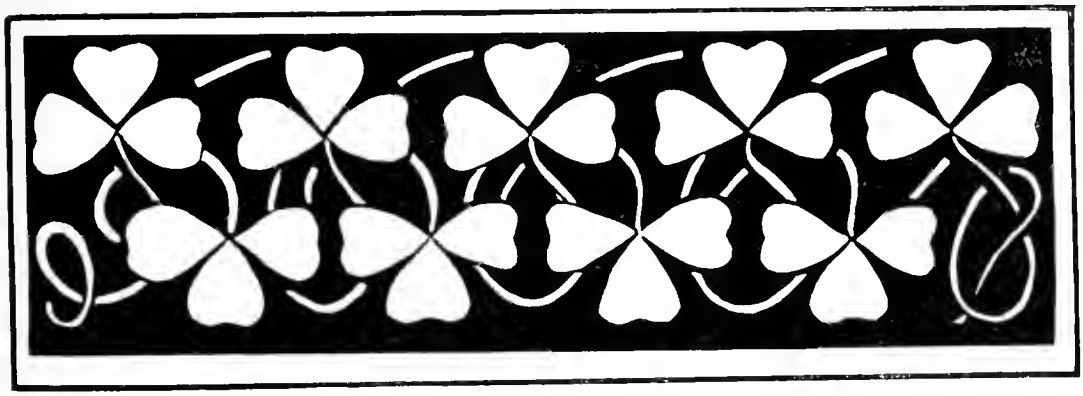


HON. MENTION "GONE UNDER"

Designs for Chapter Headings (Competition B V.)

HON. MENTION "ORIANA"

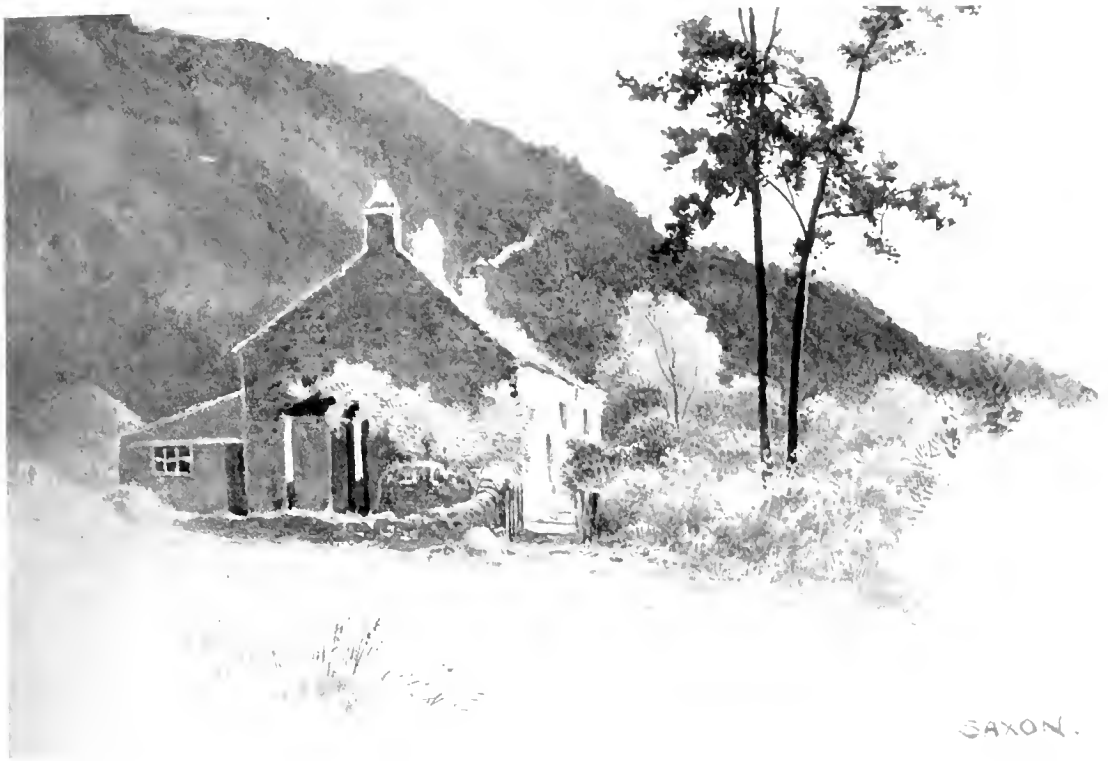
HON. MENTION "THE BOOK



HON. MENTION "BEL"

HON. MENTION "NARCISSUS"

PICTURESQUE COTTAGE FROM A DRAWING BY "S. P."



SECOND PRIZE

"SAXON"

HON. MENTION

"NARCISSUS"

THE LAY FIGURE ON ITS TRAVELS.

THE Lay Figure and some fellow-travellers were seated in the low long room of a wayside café in France discussing strange "sirops" and the art of the country, while the autumn blasts of rain and wind howled outside.

"Is it not strange," said the Architect, "that Gothic, which attained its perfect fulfilment in France, should be absent from its applied art to-day?"

"In face of Viollet-le-Duc, not so long ago, and Grasset to-day, I cannot accept your first premises," said the Journalist. "Is it absent?"

"I think it is non-existent. It seems to me that the Gothicists, if there be any, are even more outside the real 'decorative movement' in France than are the Impressionists in England," said the Man with a Clay Pipe. "Take the vast amount of furniture and fabrics illustrated at present in the art journals of Paris; trace any piece back to its source, and it is the Renaissance always that you arrive at."

"So it is with much of our art," said the Journalist. "Donatello and Luca della Robbia are influencing us."

"I meant of course the Renaissance of Raphael and the later men," the Man with a Clay Pipe rejoined. "But perhaps I ought to have said the Rococo, which seems to me as much the overflowing of the Renaissance as the flamboyant was the last work of Gothic."

"Certainly the French are apparently true to their Latin origin," the Lay Figure said. "With their wealth of ecclesiastical architecture it is strange that no movement like our Gothic revival has gripped their taste as a nation. In wood-carving, for instance, look what Amiens teaches, and then think of the *bois sculpté* of the salons."

"I fancy," said the Man with a Liberty Tie, "that the French believe in caprice as the source of art—that is, of applied design—while we still are unconsciously obedient to precedent."

"Or has Japan affected them not wisely but too well?" said the Lay Figure.

"Or is it that our tolerance of clumsy technique so long as the work displays 'feeling' is in France replaced by a finer appreciation of virtuosity?" said the Decadent Poet with a Green Tie, with the air of one who preferred French vices to English virtues. "We prize our native shortcomings too highly!"

"Of course contempt for virtuosity may look like content with mediocrity," said the Lay Figure. "It is really not a thing to be quite positive about. If we do love the work of the inept amateur when it displays 'feeling,' possibly it is because we are at heart the most sentimental people of the West. But ought we to? Ought we not to appreciate the technique of France and——"

"No! a thousand times no!" said the Æsthetic Architect. "'Feeling' is the evidence of personality; technique but the witness of learning. Technique can be taught, you cannot impart 'feeling.'"

"This is mere nonsense," said the Journalist, hastily. "I do not believe the carvers of the Amiens choir-stalls were less eager to display virtuosity than are French artists to-day. What have we in England of the same date to pit against that marvellous work? I must confess I always looked down on carved wood as a minor art until I saw how with its own idiom and its own treatment it had become great art at least once."

"Then you did not know Japan," said the Lay Figure. "Not even Amiens can beat the Japanese carvers."

"Japan may have produced masterpieces of its sort," said the Æsthetic Architect; "but I want to ask why we, who are supposed to be founded on Gothic precedent, show in modern wood-work, with scarce an exception, no trace of the spirit which produced the choir-stalls of Amiens? No, I have not forgotten Wilson's choir-stalls," he said, "but as you said just now, France has one saving clause at least."

"I expect economic reasons are to blame," said the Lay Figure. "If such carvers lived to-day they would not be satisfied with the present equivalent of a shilling a week for the master and threepence for his apprentice. As Ruskin tells you, the total cost of these hundred and twenty canopies and stalls was about £400, 'for which some six or eight good workmen, old and young, had been kept merry and busy for fourteen years.' It is no use to wail. Conditions have changed and we cannot set the clock back, no matter how sunny the past, and how dull the evening grows."

"I cannot see, all the same," said the Man with a Clay Pipe, "if I may leave sentiment and come to the point, why wood-carving should be degraded as it is. Either accept frankly its machine substitute, or some baser material moulded in its place; or, if you employ it, then endeavour to re-infuse the spirit of Amiens to modern work. It is the hideous travesty of Raphaelesque decoration that has killed our once English craft. Will no one devote himself to reviving its past glories in design, as several enthusiasts have already tried to revive its technique?"

THE LAY FIGURE.

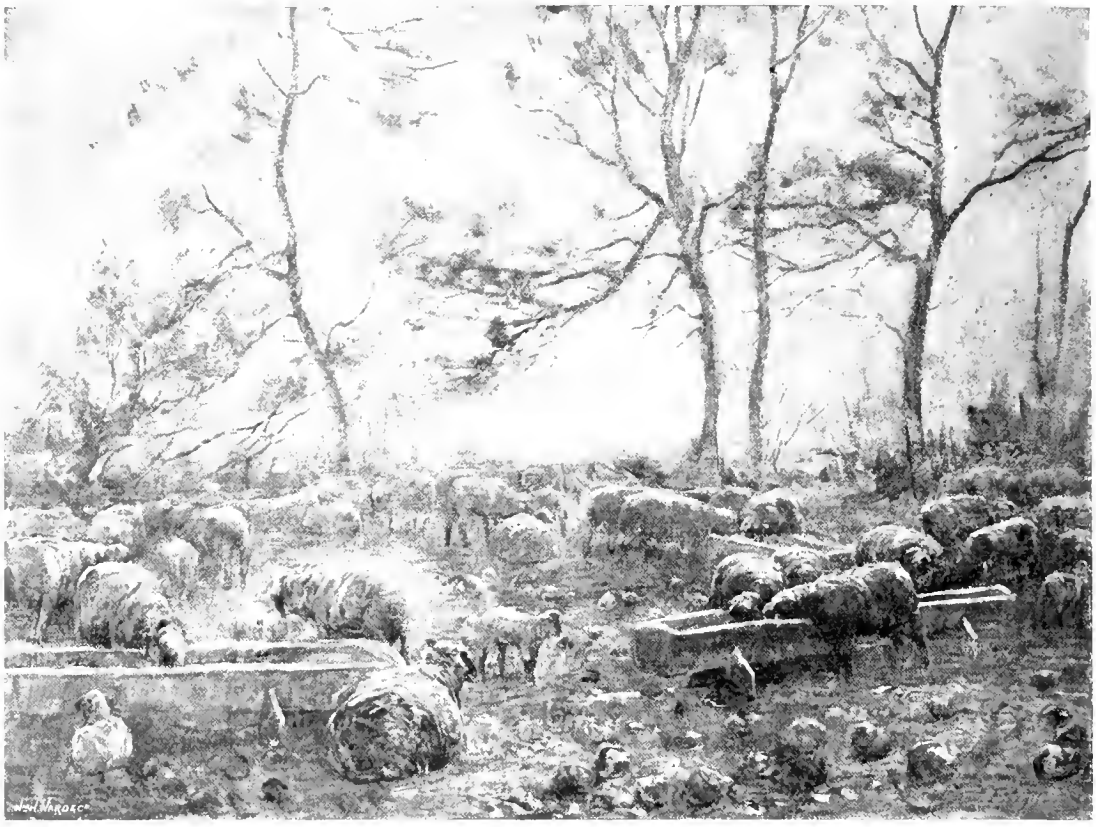
STUDY IN LEAD PENCIL BY WILLIAM ESTALL

THE WORK OF WILLIAM ESTALL. BY ARTHUR TOMSON.

No manner of subject has proved more attractive to both painters and their patrons than the delineation of country scenes. And this is natural, seeing that the observation of out-door life is one of the first keen pleasures of healthy youth; while in maturer years, and in old age, men, setting aside their ambitions and cares, seek again and again for that repose the country, and the country alone, can bring them.

It is not unnatural, too, that this strong love of the country should have contributed towards the production of many great artists. A feeling so genuine as this adoration of huge trees, of green nuances, and of the perpetually recurring spectacle of men sowing and reaping, or performing any other duty common to peasant life, must perforce bring with it so great an intimacy with these sights as to beget an altogether singular power of reproducing them pictorially—should the artist have skill enough for the occasion. A painter of pastorals therefore starts on his career already equipped up to a certain point; his subjects are well known to him; with them he commenced to be impressed as soon, perhaps, as he began to walk. He has, too, this advantage, that there is no story he will tell in paint that is not known to every observing man; whatever poetry and individuality he may introduce into his picture, is certain sooner or later to meet with sympathetic eyes, so many are those who—without the gift of picturing it—have dwelt lovingly on the same spectacle as himself.

It is among the ranks of pastoral painters that a great number of those artists will be found who have, at the same time, had something to say for themselves, and have also had meted out to them some degree of recognition and worldly success. Not immediate success perhaps, but enough in the course of a lifetime to warrant such an artist, with a message of his own, stating it, and stating it as persistently as circumstances will enable him. Corot, notwithstanding that his landscapes were instinct with a more fastidious elegance than any man had ever dreamt of before him, passed a placid and careless old age. The story of Millet's life has lost much of its tragedy since its facts have become better known. Many of their contemporaries, whose artistic aims were similar, also knew the delights of fame: whilst our own Walker, Pinwell, Mason, Cecil Lawson,

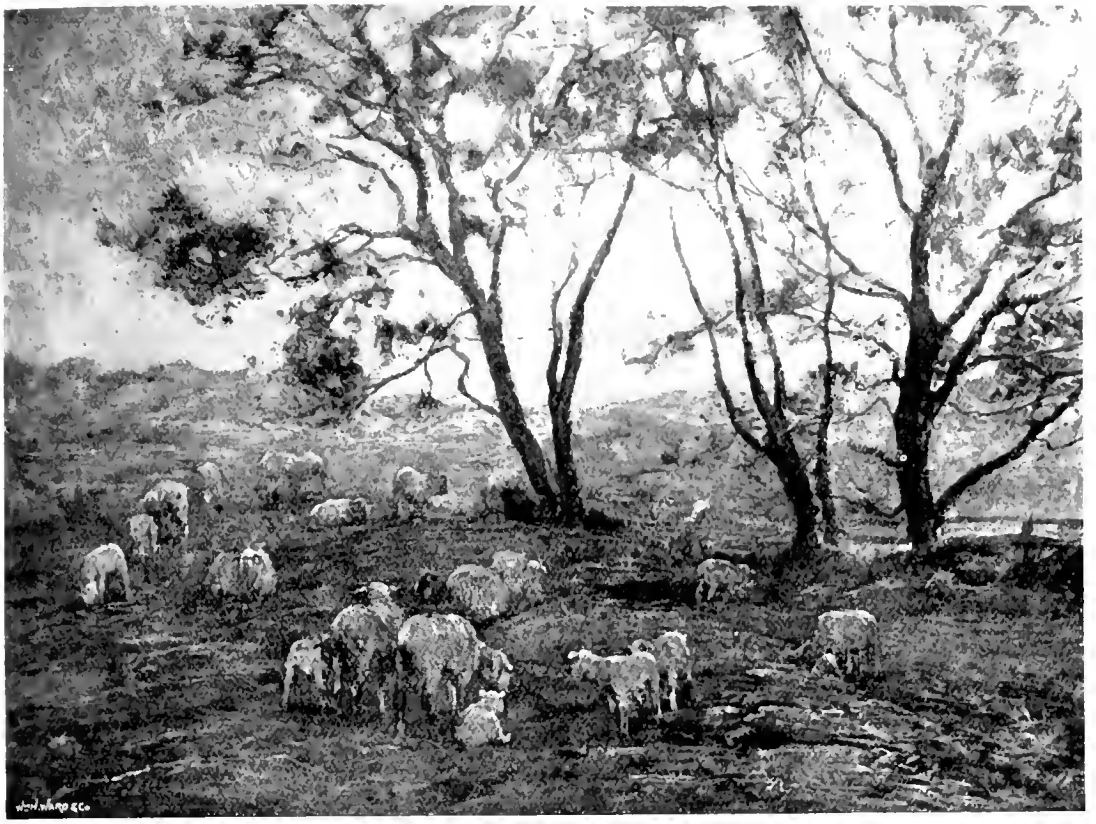


"AUTUMN" FROM A PAINTING BY WILLIAM ESTALL

and the Dutch pastoral painters of a modern date, have found appreciation in whatever part of the world their pictures have been sent. In the present day, owing, perhaps, to a tiresome abuse of photography, and still more by reason of a restless desire among artists to paint something that no one has ever painted before, pastoral scenes as subjects for pictures have somewhat fallen from their high estate. There are, however, a few men of understanding and great artistic powers who, from the storehouse that has provided generations of painters with motives for immortal works, still contrive to drag forth sufficient information for the continuation of this really fascinating branch of art. It is with one of the group alone—William Estall—that I have been requested here to concern myself. Like many other painters of his school—men who aim more strictly at giving the spirit of a scene than its material facts—Mr. Estall finds the seclusion of the country necessary for the development of his art. At Hardhan, near Pulborough, in the great valley of the Arun, he has found an environment that in every way answers his artistic requirements. There, and in that neighbourhood, the life of the peasant is not yet bereft of all its poetry. The tinkle of the sheep bells is still to be heard among the hills, and from the little valleys on a summer's evening, the thin wavering note of the shepherd's flute rises with the blackbird's song. The great herds of horned cattle that browse by the river-side with their backgrounds of water and wild-flower decked marshland, are more suggestive of the time of Theocritus than the end of the nineteenth century. And in the autumn, after the summer has told its story, an opalescent mist rises up from the Arun, wreathing the trees into new and fantastic shapes, and investing, indeed, with a fresh romance every object that it touches. Hardhan is certainly a place to dream in and to paint in. Estall has done both; and the result is that he has produced some pictures which, although they have not brought, and in fact never will bring him, the popularity of a Leader, a Vicat Cole, or a Sydney Cooper, yet will surely in the end add his name to the roll of famous men whose works exist neither for to-day or to-morrow, but for all time.

"THE HOMESTEAD." FROM A PAINTING BY WILLIAM ESTALL.

STUDY IN LEAD PENCIL
BY WILLIAM ESTALL



"A PASTORAL" FROM A PAINTING BY WILLIAM ESTALL

(By [illegible] of J. S. [illegible], Esq.)

If there be any painter to whom Estall may be said to owe some little inspiration, it is Corot. The intoxicating beauty of the great French artist's silhouettes, the subtle patterns included in his tree forms, the extraordinary rhythm of his horizon lines, the altogether marvellous harmony presented in his whole compositions, have so entirely taken possession of the mind of Estall as to render it impossible for him while designing not to seek for those qualities that made Corot's work so entirely lovable. Yet he has never allowed the influence of Corot to bring about the sacrifice of his own original gift for composition. The fair forms created by the dead master have been an example for him, but never anything else. I cannot remember one design of Estall's which may be said to recall another by Corot. Corot's example has inspired him with a lofty ambition; it has strengthened his imagination and made him fastidious in his search for forms, but it has never caused him in any degree to sink into a copyist. The effect of Corot's work upon some modern landscapists has not always been for the good; his bewitching arrangements of trees have haunted many an artist's mind too potently; it is, therefore, very much to Estall's credit, and a great proof of the strength of his originality, that he has so far submitted to a great fascination without in any way suffering from its baneful effects.

As a colourist Estall owes nothing to any man. His tones, the outcome of a diligent search amongst nature's own, are always placed together so as to give, not only an air of reality to the scene he depicts, but also a maximum of decorative effect. A picture should first of all be regarded as a piece of decoration; and if it fail in that particular, the reason for its hanging on the walls of a room is very hard to see. It may appeal to other feelings than a mere love of colour and form; on closer examination it may be replete with this or that sentiment; but unless it decorates, its proper place is in a drawer or cupboard, except, of course, when its owner may feel in the right mood for its contemplation. All great painters have made their work ornamental, no matter how deep a feeling has impelled them to their choice of subject. Millet saw the tremendous tragedy of a peasant's life, and no man has so well set it down

in paint: yet he never allowed his intense sympathy with his motives to lead him into a choice of forms that, however characteristic it might be of the incident he was painting, however much, indeed, it might have deepened the impression he was striving to convey, was at the same time of such a nature as to interfere with the purely decorative aspect of his picture. I mention Millet because Millet perhaps more than any painter had a peculiar message of his own—a message that was not simply artistic—to convey to humanity. There have been artists who have found some inner feeling satisfied by the use of symbolism, some by a strict adherence to certain facts in nature; others have loved to illustrate legends, historical events, and the customs of their time; but the lasting success of their work will be found to depend far more on their picture's value as decoration than because of any choice of subject, or for any special knowledge therein not common to every great artist. Mr. Estall certainly realises this fact; his pictures are so arranged that, seen in any light or under any conditions, whether their minor details be patent to the eye or not, they always present a scheme of colour and a combination of forms that immediately appeals to the senses. Closer contemplation certainly leads to the discovery of other qualities, qualities of drawing and qualities of technique, and to a better comprehension of their delicate and uncommon poetry; but their chief distinction comes from admirable unity of purpose that directs the artist from first to last in his artistic undertakings. Just as he selects from the dictionary of nature only such forms as he can weave into an elegant and harmonious pattern, so also does he take from the masses of colour that nature clothes herself in only those tones that are in perfect harmony with each other. His colouring, like his pattern, consists usually of very simple combinations; but so great is the taste of the painter, so subtly are these combinations effected, that more variety is suggested to the eye by them than by a complexity of tones; while the big decorative effect obtained by the use of large masses of colour is undeniable. As it is with writers of pastorals, so it is with painters of the same motives—the range of their subjects is rather limited. But the painter has, I think, the advantage of the poet. What description of sheep and shepherds under trees, or in the open plain by the river, or on the hill side can be set down in words with so great a variety as Estall sets them down in paint? What words could describe the subtle variations of mists with which the painter envelops his sheep-folds and his marshland scenes? Nor could any manner of literary expression recall so

"THE ARUN" FROM A DRAWING BY WILLIAM ESTALL

STUDY IN LEAD PENCIL BY WILLIAM ESTALL

adequately the clear, gem-like quality of December sunlight such as I have seen rendered in a little water-colour by Estall, or the languorous blue tones of summer moonlight that give half the poetry to several of Estall's more important works.

Nothing would be more interesting than a summary of the different ways in which different artists have accomplished their ends: how some have painted their masterpieces out in the open air, while others have done their work in the seclusion of a studio and from notes remarkable in their brevity. That Corot did most of his work out of doors is an astonishing fact; that a style so serene should have been developed under circumstances so disturbing seems almost miraculous; yet so it was. The advantage of the two methods cannot be discussed; they depend mainly on questions of temperament. The placid and unexcitable person may work where he likes, whilst he of nervous temperament must work where he can. Mr. Estall finds the environment of four walls more conducive to deliberate thought than any place, however suggestive, that there may be in the open air; and when one takes into consideration the peculiar character of his work, one cannot but see that in his choice of a workshop there are advantages. He paints mostly from pencil studies and with the help of an excellent memory, and it is for this reason, perhaps, that there is so great a sense of unity in his designs. He has only just the material before him necessary for the development of his artistic ideas, and he is saved from any combat with the importunate appeals of ever-changing nature. Some of Estall's pencil studies I have, by the courtesy of their owners, been allowed to use as illustrations to this article. I deem myself fortunate in this, for it seems to me that they will put my readers on closer terms of intimacy with the artist's exquisite handicraft than any reproduction of a finished picture, of which the conception alone can be given on so reduced a scale. These drawings are not only beautiful and elaborate exercises in the use of the pencil, but they are proofs of the untiring zeal with which the artist seeks for the more dignified and therefore the more decorative truths in nature. To Estall as an animal painter, since animals in such subjects as he chooses often take an important

part, some reference should be made. It has been said, and I have no doubt that it is a fact, that a shepherd knows every sheep entrusted to his care by some peculiarity of shape or expression, not always obvious to the ordinary eye. So fine an intimacy with beasts is not demanded of the painter, especially of the pastoral painter. Of him we only require that he should make a statement of the animals that is equal to our own impression of them in nature, when our attention is being engrossed by other matters besides sheep, such as trees, sky, and water. In giving to each individual sheep its right importance as a member of a flock, and the flock its right importance in the landscape, Estall certainly excels; there is perhaps no other painter besides Mauve who has had in him developed to such an extent the faculty for expressing truthfully and artistically a large concourse of sheep. It is for this reason that I have especially referred to Estall as a painter of sheep, although in his pictures other sorts of beasts are naturally to be found, and I have never seen any that were not expressed in an adequate and dignified manner.

Except for what he owes to the splendid example of Corot, Estall is responsible for his own creation as an artist. He certainly did spend some time abroad, where many a promising and individual method of painting has been exchanged by English artists for a style more workmanlike, albeit far less interesting, but he brought back with him the artistic views and ways of painting that he took from home, developed, perhaps, but otherwise unaltered. What he is doing now he has always tried to do; so his history, although in a way uneventful, has at all events no pages in it that he would prefer unread.

I would that it were here possible to reproduce at least one of Estall's pictures adequately in colour, for though these reproductions give some idea of their compositions, yet so great an effect is created by the artist by the use of colour, so much does he add to the ornamental value of his picture by his gem-like accents and combinations of strong rich tones, and so much of their poetical feeling is derived from these tones, that a far less fair idea of the beauty of Estall's pictures than of most artists can be given in merely black and white. I cannot believe that anybody knowing Estall's art does not admire it. His distinguished and elegant style, his imaginative technique and colouring, his sympathetic choice of motives, must be appreciated wherever his pictures have found their way among understanding people. It is, therefore, to those who are unacquainted with his work—and they must be many, for artistic work of this kind gains notoriety very slowly—that these remarks about his art are addressed. Estall's are not the pictures to assert themselves stridently on the walls of the Royal Academy, nor, as they are utterly wanting in sensational incident, would they appeal to the editor of an illustrated paper for reproduction in his pages; but they are poems that would brighten the life of any person who is able to comprehend and possess them. With these statements I think there is no reason for explaining why Estall is not known to a far greater number of picture lovers, nor is an apology necessary for an attempt to arouse the curiosity of those who, if once attracted to Estall's work, would be sure to find in it an unfailing source of delight.

ARTHUR TOMSON.

EARLY SCANDINAVIAN WOOD-CARVINGS. PART II. BY J ROMILLY ALLEN, F.S.A.

IN a previous article on this subject, which appeared in THE STUDIO for February 1897 attention was directed to the beautifully carved wooden ecclesiastical chairs existing in Norway and Iceland, either still in the churches, where they were used for ceremonial purposes, or removed to the museums at Copenhagen, Christiania, and Bergen as archæological specimens. We will now proceed to examine some of the decorative carving to be found on the structural details of the older Scandinavian timber churches.

Readers of THE STUDIO who live in or near London need not cross the North Sea in order to get an idea of what the construction of a church of this kind is like, for within twenty-two miles of Charing Cross, at Greensted in Essex,* is a very perfect instance—the sole one now surviving—of a type of wooden building which was probably as common in the Eastern Counties, perhaps for two or three centuries after the Viking invasions of England as it is now in Norway. The peculiarity of the construction of the walls, both of Greensted Church and of the Norse churches, is that, instead of being built with timbers placed horizontally, as in a log hut, they are placed vertically and morticed into a sill-plate at the lower ends, and into a wall-plate at the top. At Greensted the timbers are left in their natural state on the outside with the rounded part of the trunk of the tree visible, but on the inside they are dressed flat. The timbers are tongued and grooved to keep them together

* One mile S.W. of Ongar railway station.

and make the wall water-tight. Apart from its unique character from an architectural point of view, the little church at Greensted possesses a great historical interest, as being in all probability the "wooden chapel" where the bones of King Edmund, Saint and Martyr, were deposited for a night during their removal from London to Bury St. Edmunds in A.D. 1013. The church has not been improved by its restoration in 1848–9.

Turning now to Norway, the parent country, whence the wooden architecture of eastern and central England was derived, we can hardly select a better example for study than Borgund Church, in Lardal, on the south side of the Sogne Fjord, about 100 miles north-east of Bergen. The picturesque, one might almost say bizarre, appearance of its exterior is familiar to most tourists in Norway. Tier above tier of shingled roofs and projecting gables carry the eyes upward till they rest on the dragonesque finials standing out against the sky, conveying on the whole an impression rather of a Chinese pagoda than of a Christian place of worship. The pagan dragon's head, similar to those which decorated the prows of the Vikings' ships as they ploughed the sea, here shares the honours with the cross of Christ, showing that the older faiths, though dying, were not yet wholly extinct. An excellent view of the exterior of Borgund Church is given in Olivia M. Stone's "Norway in June," p. 354.

FIG. 1.—CARVED WOODEN DOOR FROM VALTHJOLSTAD CHURCH, ICELAND

FIG. 2.—CARVED BENCH END FROM VAL CHURCH, HALLINGDAL

The plan and section of Borgund Church given in L. H. S. Dietrichson's "De norske Stavkirker" (pp. 8 and 9) renders intelligible the interior arrangement of the timber framing by which this apparently meaningless jumble of roofs and gables is supported. The ground plan shows a chancel with an apsidal east end and a rectangular nave with aisles running round all four sides, and outside this again there is a sort of verandah, or covered

passage, intended to afford shelter for the congregation during bad weather before and after service. The upper half of the outer wall of the passage is open to the air and the lower half boarded. An arcade of timber columns surrounds the nave and separates it from the aisles. These columns are continued upwards and form the supports for the highest part of the roof which covers the nave. The vertical timbers are so lofty that they require to be tied together at about half their height by horizontal and cross pieces placed thus [X], making a kind of lattice girder round the nave. The structure is still further strengthened and beautified by little round arches above and below the cross pieces. The aisles and the verandah outside it have penthouse roofs sloping outwards at different levels, that of the verandah being nearest to the ground. The enclosing walls of the main body of the church within the verandah or corridor are constructed of slabs of timber placed vertically in the same fashion as at Greensted Church, in Essex. There are three doorways, one on the south side of the chancel, another on the south side of the nave, and the third in the middle of the west wall of the nave. The doorways of the nave lead out of the aisles which surround it into the verandah, and in front of each there is a gabled porch. The doorways are therefore not visible from the outside of the church, being concealed by the verandah. One of the most remarkable features of the Norse wooden churches is the entire absence of windows, the only openings in the walls being the doorways and air-holes next the roof. When the doors are shut the interior is in complete darkness.

FIG. 3. CARVED DOORWAY FROM AAL CHURCH, HALLINGDAL

We have thought it necessary to give this somewhat tedious description of the interior arrangements of a typical wooden church in Norway so as to show what scope there is for carved decoration, and to enable the reader to realise exactly where the doorways are placed; for, when these have been removed to museums, there is nothing to indicate how they fitted on to the structures to which they belonged.

The only portions of the interiors of the wooden churches in Norway where decorative carving is used are the capitals of the columns of the nave arcades, the X struts already mentioned above, the arcades and the triangular pieces of timber in the clerestory just below the springing line of the roof. The most complete series of carved capitals is in Urnas Church, on the Sogne Fjord, about 100 miles north-east of Bergen. The capitals are of the Norman cushion shape, and on each of the four semicircular sides are carved foliage, birds, beasts, centaurs, and other fabulous creatures bearing a remarkable resemblance to the subjects on the medallions round the arch mouldings of the Norman doorway at St. Margaret's, Walmgate, York The triangular pieces of timber in the clerestory of Urnas Church are ornamented with dragons.

FIG. 4.—CARVED DOORWAY FROM TUFT CHURCH, BUSKERUDS, AMT

At Gol Church, in Hallingdal, about 100 miles north-east of Christiania, some very curious grotesque human heads are to be seen at the top of the triangular timbers at the points from which the roof principals spring.

The bench-ends and chairs found in many of the churches in Norway are also carved, but they may be considered rather as the furniture than as forming part of the fixed structure. The chairs have already been described, and we shall refer to the bench-ends subsequently.

The carving on the exteriors of the Norwegian wooden churches is concentrated almost exclusively on the dragonesque finials of the roof gables, the air apertures pierced in the little turret or fleche on the top of the roof of the nave and the doorways, although an exceptional case occurs at Urnas, on the Sogne Fjord, where the vertical planks which form the exterior walls of the building, and the round corner posts are most elaborately decorated with dragonesque beasts in the style of those on the Danish Rune inscribed head stone found in St. Paul's Churchyard, and now in the Guildhall Library. The church of Urnas is probably one of the oldest in Norway, as the dragonesque beasts belong to the art of the monuments of the eleventh century inscribed in later Runes, and are quite different from the true mediæval dragon. The fragment shown on Fig. 10, from Torpe Church, Hallingdal, is in this style.

Most of the finely carved doorways of the wooden churches in Norway belong to the end of the twelfth or the beginning of the thirteenth century, and although some may perhaps be a little earlier and others a little later, yet the general character of all is the same, the art motives being evidently derived from Christian-Byzantine sources, with here and there an admixture of ideas of pagan origin which died hard even though the ban of the Church was upon them.

Notwithstanding the large number of carved doorways of this period still in existence, very few of the doors seem to have escaped destruction. The original door of Urnas Church is one of those that have survived. It is completely covered with dragonesque beasts of the same kind as on the jambs of the doorway. A very fine specimen of a door made of plain boards, but with all its iron work complete, is to be seen at Hedal Church, at the northern end of Lake Spirillen, sixty miles or so north-west of Christiania. The ironwork is very elaborate, with pierced lock-plates ornamented with figure-subjects.

A beautifully carved door from Valthiofstad Church, Nordmulasysla, in the east of Iceland, is preserved in the Copenhagen Museum, and a cast of it is available for English students in the South Kensington Museum (see Fig. 1). The carved portions are enclosed within two large circular medallions, the upper one containing a legendary figure-subject, and the lower one four dragons placed symmetrically with their bodies, wings and limbs interlaced in a very ingenious manner. In the centre of the door is an iron ring-shaped handle. The door is 6 ft. 6½ in. high by 3 ft. 2½ in. wide. In the middle of the present century the door

began to fall to pieces, so that the village priest, Pastor Arneston, was glad (on Aladdin's principle of "new lamps for old") to hand over this precious relic of antiquity to the Copenhagen Museum, and to receive in exchange a new oaken door and two altar candlesticks. The late Prof. George Stephens, the world-renowned Runic scholar of Copenhagen, has described this door very fully in the *Archæologia Scotica* (vol. v. 1873, p. 249) of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. He explains that the figure-subject in the upper medallion consists of three scenes taken from the legend of King Theodorik and the Drake. As the story tells, King Theodorik once upon a time rescued a lion from danger of death from a savage dragon by slaying the monster, and ever afterwards the grateful lion followed his friend and protector. The first act in the drama is clearly portrayed on the lower half of the medallion. Here King Theodorik is seen piercing the dragon with his keen sword-blade. The reptile is strangling the lion with his convoluted tail, but his protruding tongue and the agonised way in which he is coiling his neck round a tree stem shows that his end is near. On the upper half of the medallion we see the lion following King Theodorik like a faithful hound, and in the last and most pathetic scene of all, the lion lies on his master's grave true till death, and refusing to be comforted. Prof. Stephens reads the Runic inscription on the king's grave as follows:

"(Se hin) rikia kunung her grafin er na dreka thena."

"(See yon) mighty king here buried who slew the dragon this."

The first two words of the inscription are broken away, and are therefore conjectural.

Some incised marks on the door are perhaps those of the carver. The military dress of King Theodorik, with the kite-shaped shield and conical helmet with nasal, is interesting from being like the costume of the Norman warriors on the Bayeux tapestry, and on the Norman doorway at Brayton, in Yorkshire. The date is thus fixed at 1150 to 1200. The early representation of a wooden church and the little beasts' heads peeping out of a hole in the ground are worth noticing.

The decorative effect of the carving is increased by leaving a due amount of space quite plain to give the eye an occasional rest whilst wandering over the surface and endeavouring to convey to the brain a general impression of the whole design. The details are finished with great care and skill. The conventional methods of indicating the texture of the feathers of the dragon's wings, the manes of the horse and the lion, the tuft on the end of the tail of the lion, the spinal ridge of the dragon's back, and the leaves of the plants, all contribute towards the general effect. By introducing different kinds of texture, the carver is able to produce gradated contrasts between one portion of

FIG. 5.—CARVED DOORWAY FROM FLAA CHURCH, HALLINGDAL

FIG. 6.—DOOR JAMB FROM HYLLESTAD CHURCH, SATERSDAL

FIG. 7.—DOOR JAMB FROM HYLLESTAD CHURCH, SATERSDAL

the surface and another, which are almost equivalent to the use of colour. Notice also how carefully anything like a true plane parallel to the original face of the door is avoided, for the carver of old knew well that any degree of light or shade could be got by slightly tilting a flat surface one way or the other, and if the flat surface were transformed into a curved one, gradation of light or shade was added.

We come now to the decorative carving round the doorway, and we cannot take a more beautiful or typical example than that from Aal Church, in Upper Hallingdal, about 100 miles north-west of Christiania (Fig. 3). The unusual proportions of the door opening as compared with those of doorways of stone churches in England is at once apparent. The former are very high and narrow, and this is to be accounted for by the fact that the doorway had its origin in simply leaving out one of the vertical boards of which the exterior walls of the wooden churches are constructed. At Aal and Stedje the lintel is formed of three horizontal planks bridging over the space left by the omission of one of the vertical planks and connecting together the upper ends of the two vertical planks which are now the jambs. The jambs are convex on the outside like the other vertical planks of the walls, and have pillars with capitals and bases in relief on each side of the door-opening. There is also a sort of arch in relief on the lowest of the three lintel planks. The capitals of the columns are each surmounted by the figure of a beast, possibly a lion. In the centre of the doorway is a small human head hanging down between two dragons with open mouths and protruding tongues. This curious bit of symbolism, whatever it may mean, occurs on several of the early upright cross-slabs in Scotland, notably at Dunfallandy in Perthshire. The decoration of the rest of the doorway consists entirely of winged dragons, whose tails meander over the whole surface in convolutions of foliageous scrollwork wonderfully interlaced and bewilderingly complicated. The carving is extremely good as regards its execution, but the design altogether lacks simplicity. It is impossible to follow the endless windings, loopings and interlacings of the dragons and foliage. So that, after vainly trying to make out what it all means, one ends, like the marriage service, with amazement.

The doorway of Tuft Church (Fig. 4) is of the same class as that at Aal, but not nearly so elaborate.

The doorway of Flaa Church, in Hallingdal, fifty miles north-west of Christiania (Fig. 5), differs from the two preceding in having a semi-circular arched top instead of a flat lintel. The arch is defined

FIG. 8. DOOR JAMB FROM VEGUSDAL CHURCH, NEDENOES AMT

FIG. 9.—DOOR JAMB FROM VEGUSDAL CHURCH, NEDENOES AMT

by a broad band of foliage. Dietrichson calls the latter the "sognske" type, and the former the "telemarske" type of doorway.

The door jamb (Fig. 9), from Vegusdal Church, is much weathered, but the carving must have been good originally. Instead of dragons the decoration here consists of scrolls of foliage and beasts.

Some of the most interesting doorways in Norway are those which illustrate the overlap of Paganism with Christianity, as shown by the use of figure-subjects in the decoration of churches, not taken from the Bible or from lives of saints, but from the Eddas and the Sagas. The most favourite scenes are from the story of Sigund Fafnir's Bane, as related in the Edda of Saemund and the Volsunga Saga (see H. H. Sparling's edition, published by Walter Scott). Two door jambs of this kind are shown on Figs. 6 and 8, one from Hyllestad, in Sätersdal, seventy miles north of Christiansand, and the other from Vegusdal.

The subjects represented on the jamb of the Hyllestad doorway, commencing at the top, are:

(1) King Gunnar harping in the worm-pit. He plays the harp with his toes, and serpents are gnawing at him.

(2) Sigurd slaying Regin the dwarf smith. The blood is gushing out of his mouth.

(3) Sigurd's horse "Grana."

(4) The tree with the talking birds.

(5) Regin with the sword "Gram."

(6) Sigurd roasting Fafnir's heart on a spit, and putting his thumb in his mouth to taste the blood.

The subjects on the jamb of the Vegusdal doorway are arranged in circular medallions, and are as follows:

(1) Sigurd slaying Regin.

(2) Sigurd's horse "Grana" and Sigurd testing the sword "Gram" on an anvil.

(3) Regin and Sigurd welding together the shards of the sword "Gram."

(4) Sigurd roasting Fafnir's heart, and the tree with the talking birds.

We Englishmen share these Pagan mythical heroic tales with our Norse kinsmen across the sea, and at Kirk Andreas,* and at Malew, in the Isle of Man, and at Halton,† in Lancashire, we have instances on early crosses of a similar Pagan-Christian overlap in our own country. What we suffer from most at the present time is the lack of a sufficiently strong belief in any story whatever, either Christian or Pagan, to embody in our national art. Conventional ornament is at best but a poor substitute for symbolic sculpture, and we look forward to the time when the heroes of romance will once more be as real to us as they were to our Scandinavian and our Celtic ancestors, so that we may draw fresh inspiration from their stirring deeds which will infuse new life into our literature and our art.

The last specimens of Scandinavian wood-

* See "Saga Illustrations of Early Manks Monuments," by P. M. C. Kermode, in the "Saga Book" of the Viking Club for 1895-6 (D. Nutt).

† See "The Pagan-Christian overlap in the North," by Dr. H. Colley March, in the "Trans. Lanc. and Cheshire Archæol. Soc.," vol. ix.

carving we have to draw attention to are a couple of bench-ends, one from Torpe Church, in Upper Hallingdal, about eighty miles north west of Christiania (Fig. 11), and the other from Aal Church, also in Hallingdal (Fig. 2).

Both are boldly carved, and the beast crunching a little man's neck between his great jaws is particularly quaint, and so extremely realistic that one expects every minute to hear his vertebra snap off like a broken pipe stem, and to see his head roll off on to the floor. The artist has managed to place the little man in an attitude which fascinates the onlooker by its extreme discomfort to such an extent that it makes him feel quite uncomfortable too from sympathy. It is not always easy to see how an effect of this kind is got, but the puckers in the upper lip, as when a snarling dog shows his teeth, and the protruding eye, have something to do with the success of the work.

The two carved chairs illustrated on Fig. 12 were referred to in the previous article. The one on the left is not only richly carved with foliage, dragons, birds and figure-subjects, but has the additional interest of being inscribed with an odd mixture of Runes and of capital and minuscule Roman letters. The inscription along the top rail of the back of the chair gives the owner's name, Thorunn, Benedikt's daughter, whilst those on the front part of the chair are explanatory of the twelve signs of the Zodiac, which are carved on two

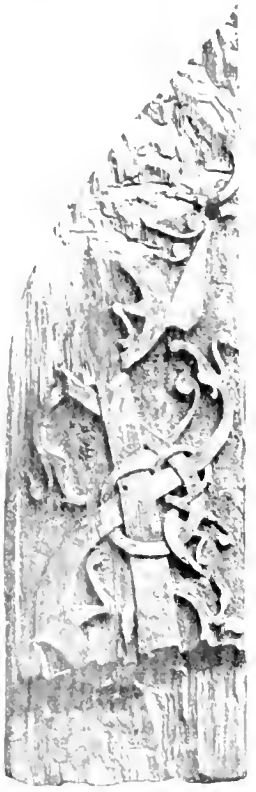


FIG. 10. CARVED PLANK FROM TORPE CHURCH, HALLINGDAL

FIG. 11. CARVED BENCH END FROM TORPE CHURCH, HALLINGDAL

FIG. 12.—CARVED ICELANDIC CHAIRS IN THE COPENHAGEN MUSEUM

horizontal rows of circular medallions. Above each medallion is the name of the sign, and below it the name of the month, commencing with *Sol in Aquaria* (sic) and *Januarius*, and ending with *Sol in Capricornu* and *Desembr.** The part of the chair beneath the seat forms a box, having a hinged lid in the middle of the seat. On the front panels of the box incised carving is introduced with good effect, to produce a contrast with the rest of the carving, which is in relief.

The other chair on the right is from Grund Church, and measures 3 ft. 3 in. high by 2 ft. 6½ in. wide, by 1 ft. 5 in. deep. Its general design resembles that of the one first described. The large knobs ornamented with plaitwork on the vertical bars of the back remind one of the handles of a Scottish dirk, and suggest an affinity between the art of Scandinavia and the Highlands of Scotland in mediæval times.

AN INCIDENT ON THE ENGLISH COAST. WITH SKETCHES BY E. W. CHARLTON.

THERE are the warnings of a storm, warnings to be read on land and sea, foretold with a truth which refuses to be disregarded. The watchers on shore must be ready to act; those with knowledge to take the lead, the inexperienced to help, for maybe a vessel is plunging this way out of all control and courage will be demanded. Not that the unskilled can be expected to do very much in these critical moments, though the strength of man is needed, and welcome help is obtained when a hand is ready at a hawser here or a shoulder to the lifeboat there.

And soon the rain is whirling by, driving aslant, lashing down the foam as it rises white and is seared away into the fast increasing gloom. The wind abandons its first lament, and hurries on to anger. It chases the waves and hounds them on and whips them into frenzy, and then sweeps across the land, with desolation following and havoc to the fore. And the sea, maddened as the tempest howls above it, is ever on the alert for destruction. Its jaws are wide, and it roars in its strength, a strength that knows no mercy. From the dark horizon it rolls in its wrath till it thunders on the shore; the seething surf in its ebb and flow worrying the shingle, while the spray in a thick, white, drenching mist, is carried far up overhead and flies away affrighted.

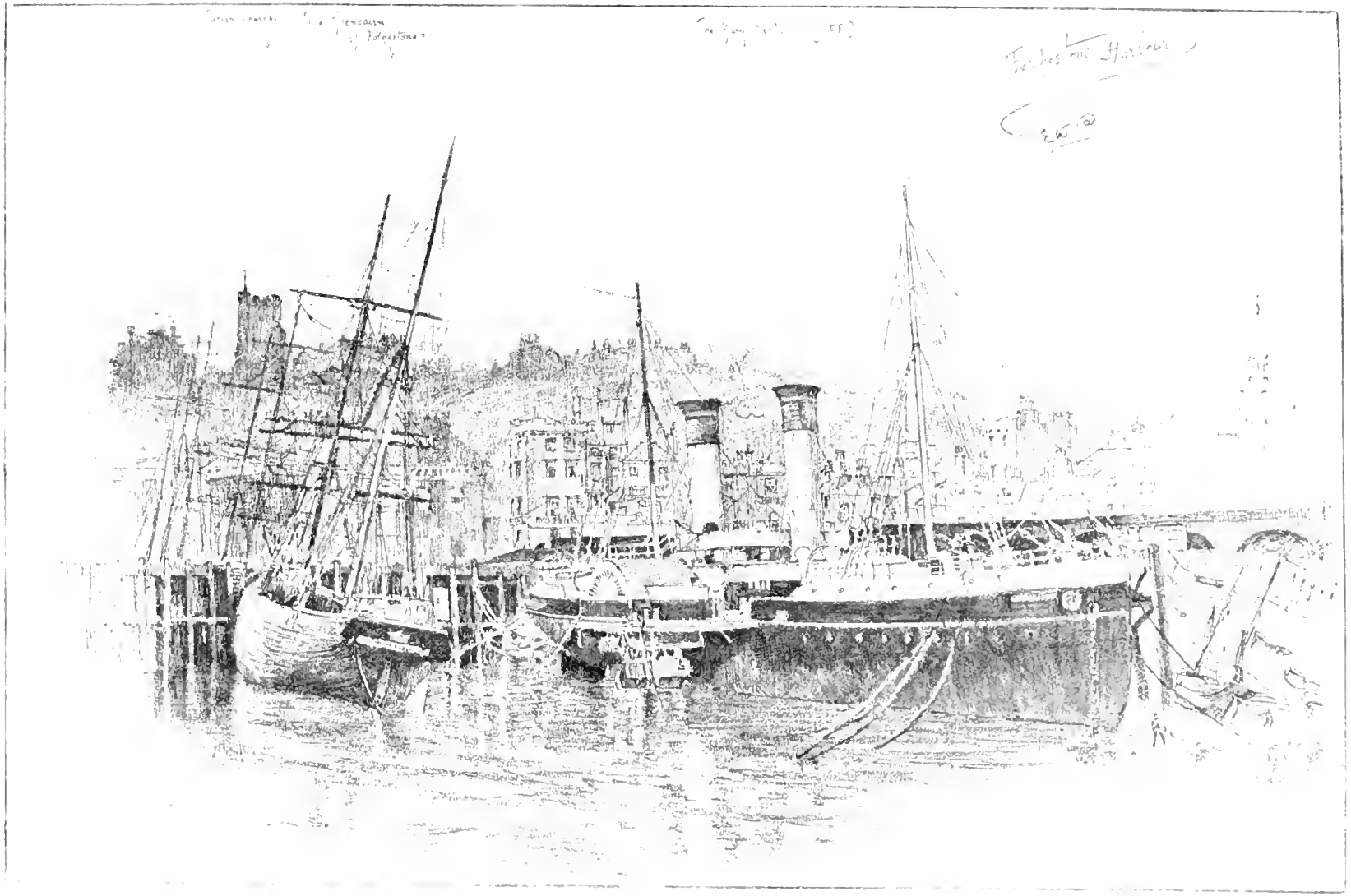
It is difficult to stand alone, it is not easy to see or hear, yet there is a great fascination to watch it all. For the sight is grand, and thereis majesty in the gale. I, with many another, was witnessing such a scene on an autumn morning last year. I, too, had been glorying in the grandeur of the gale, noting it, studying it.

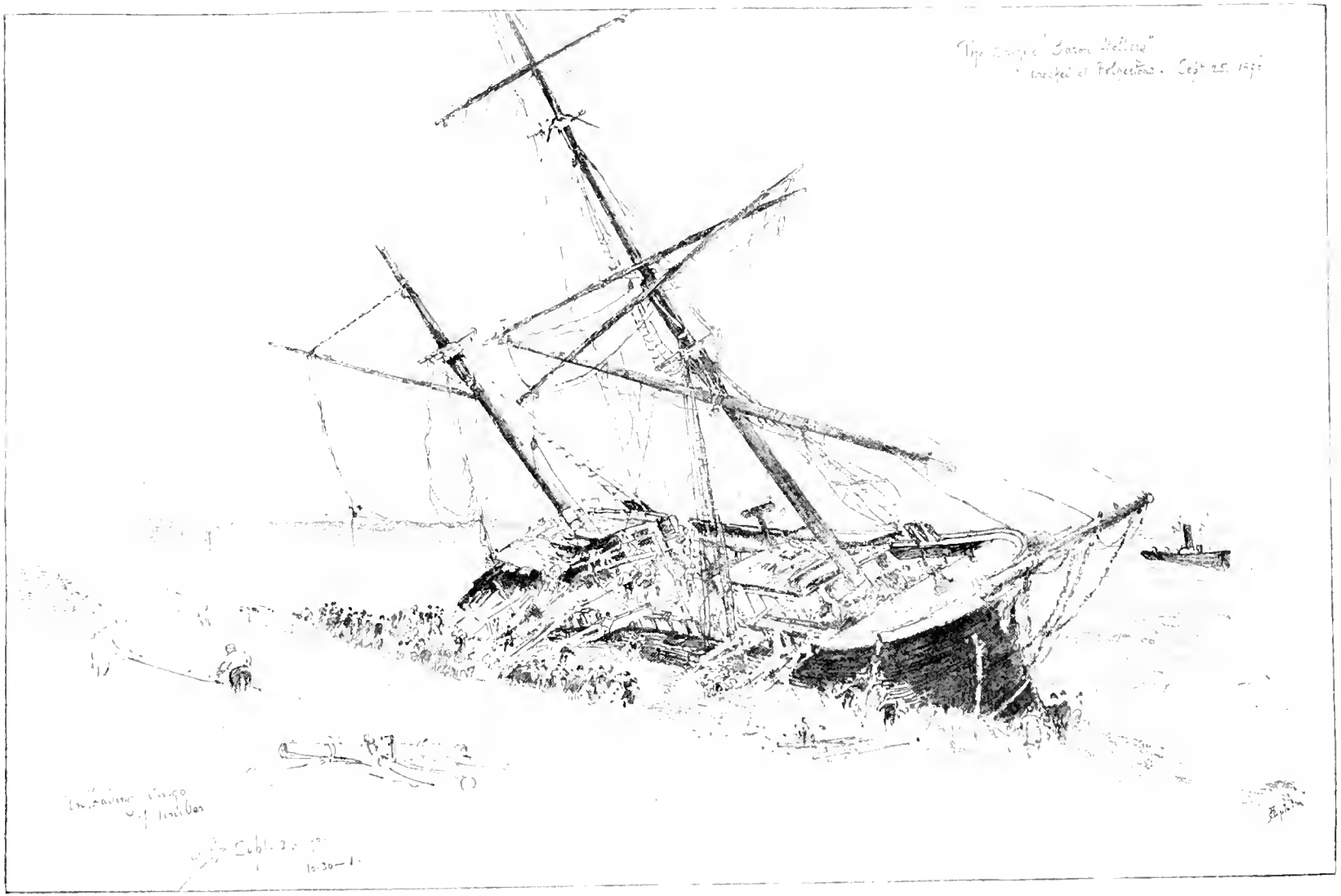
Suddenly a long thin line of light shoots into the sky, seeming far off in such a turbulence. Then another, with now and again a stifled boom borne towards the shore. And all the magnificence is gone at once, the majesty of the scene is quenched, for fatality may be close at hand, with much to be done to avert it. Later on, when first one barque and then a second drove ashore, all thought of wind and cloud and sea, all effect, departed.

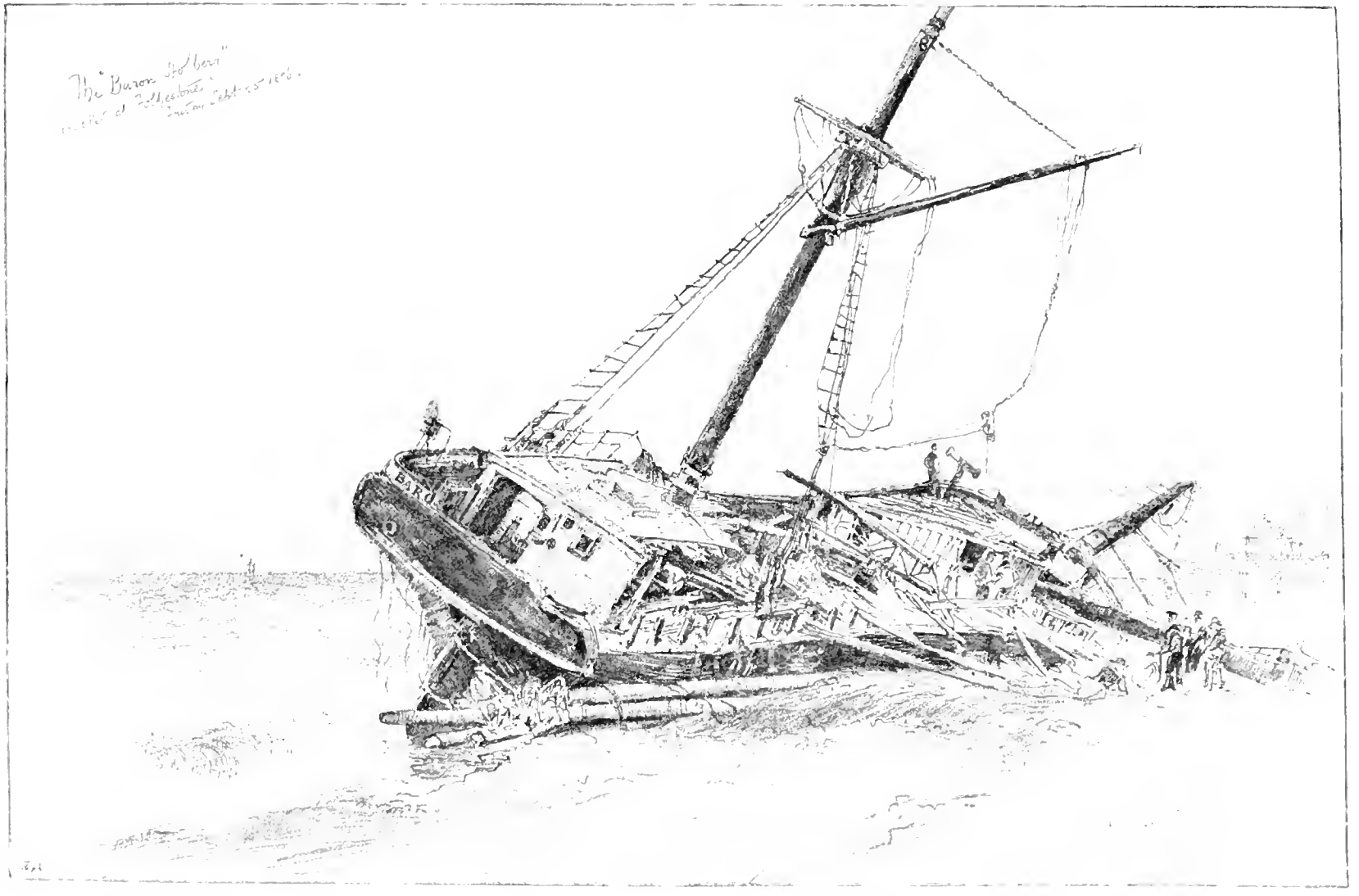
To watch two noble vessels beaten by the seas till every seam gaped wide and every plank was splintered, to know they were conquered and *must* perish, was distressing enough, and to see the exhausted crews helpless amidst such danger was absolutely painful. As each wave struck and poured its flood high over the mangled hulls, obliterating everything, one could but expect to find some gone when the spray was spent. Yet every time till the rescue came the men stood bravely there, and at last a line was thrown aboard and a mighty cheer was given, for every one knew there was hope then that the sailors would be saved. They escaped the masts as they went by the board, they avoided the falling spars, and they answered the cheers sent up from the shore till every man was landed.

It was on Folkestone beach that this happened, and it was curious to note that both vessels were Norwegian barques laden with timber; that both struck the shore about the same time within a few hundred yards of one another; that each carried a crew of ten, and that the last man of each was brought on land at almost the same moment. But neither ship was bound from or to the same port. The trouble began off Dungeness about the hour of dawn. No time was lost. The lifeboat soon was speeding on its way right in the teeth of the gale. She struck some rocks, the rudder broke and six of the oars were snapped, yet on the men went and reached the ship, but could only take off four of the crew, and even then they had to jump into the water first. Other lifeboats had been called out. I saw the gallant men from Hythe; Dover and Romney had sent theirs too, but the wrecks were

* These readings are taken from an engraving in I. J. A. Worsaae's "Nordiske Oldsager," of the Copenhagen Museum, p. 157.




Wrecked at Pelican's. Sept 25. 1898


The "Baron Ino Bear"
BARD

drifting fast to the shore, and in the end it was from the shore the rest of the crews were rescued. The coastguard saved the ten from the one, as the lifeboat crew, having beached their boat, brought six ashore from the other. One by one they were dragged through the surf, but the danger was great because of the spars and timber and wreckage tossing about; because of the swirl of the backwash round the keel, and the fear of fouling lines. It was almost noon before the life-lines on the wrecks were cut.

The sea became quieter on the following day, but afterwards it raged again, battering the hulls and scattering the wreckage till both the ships were broken up. Not many days from that anxious time there was nothing standing of either wreck but the bows of one high tilted up, with the point of the bowsprit sunk quite deep into the beach and shingle. The rest was strewn along the shore; sides, sterns, keels, decks, masts and shrouds, tattered sails and cordage. Truly the handiwork of man was mastered by that hurricane, but here its battle with man himself was followed by its own defeat, though, alas! in many another place a different tale was told. The coastguard and the lifeboat men did their duty valiantly, as English sailors always do. They struggled hard to win that fight, and victory was theirs. For they saved the crews, just twenty men—and twenty men were all.

E. W. CHARLTON.

ON THE DRAWINGS OF M. GEORGES DE FEURE. BY OCTAVE UZANNE.

When one looks back on the history of painting in France since 1880, and thinks of the poverty of ideas prevailing fifteen years ago in our yearly Salons, it is impossible to avoid being struck by the rapid transformation our æstheticism has undergone, and by the philosophic thought with which the art of painting and artistic work generally have been ennobled.

French art twenty years ago dragged along in the old unvarying traditions—naturalistic landscapes, *genre* subjects, battle pictures, historical studies, and portraits black or bituminous and altogether monotonous in treatment.

There was a plentiful harvest of pictures made to be vulgarised by commonplace chromo-lithographs, in the style of Neuville, Delort, Lelour and Kemmerer. We revelled in dainty reproductions of the eighteenth century; but no one evoked the spirit of the divine artists of the great Italian periods, the spirit of Ghirlandayo, or Mantegna, or Luini, or Filippino Lippi, or Angelino or old

"TULIPE." ILLUSTRATION FOR "FEMINILITÉS." BY GEORGES DE FEURE.

Cimabue. Taste ruled otherwise, all being in favour of an easy commercialism, based on the attractiveness of "pretty" subjects; and art did splendid business, that is to say it had become degraded, brought down to a deplorable level of mediocrity to suit the taste of the public at large.

Painting with intellect in it, and expression and harmony and ideas, bordering on decorative work, synthesising form, simplifying colour – the painting sometimes called "symbolic," "embryogenic," or "mystic," was only just making its appearance in Paris about 1885; and its earliest exponents, coming on the scene at the high tide of realism, were received with irony and loaded with ridicule. They were not long, however, in securing attention and in drawing to themselves all the apostles of true art.

Whence did the movement spring? Did it arise out of the great moral influence of the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood; or was it simply one of those logical recurrences to the old forms of which we have had so many instances in the history of painting?

It were impossible to tell exactly. Wagner and Rossetti each has had an influence, more or less profound, on the new generations. What the new art sought to depict was the eternal misery of the body fretted by the soul; to adapt itself as deeply as possible to the æsthetic sense of human suffering. By dint of reverting thus to precise and primitive characterisation, with a passionate care for form and ornament and detail, this art gradually became decorative. The picture assumed the appearance of a fresco or a tapestry; the artist became less exclusive than formerly; he consented to display his gifts in all sorts of decorative work, on books, on furniture, on wall-papers, and he produced illustrations, covers, posters, friezes, menus and book-plates, on the principle that nothing is small if the art be great.

"HERESIE." ILLUSTRATION FOR "FEMINILORES" BY GEORGES DE FEURE

It is therefore very interesting and curious to consider the generation of painters who came into prominence as recently as 1890; for the art they serve is spread over everything, and is no longer specialised in useless indefinite canvases.

One of the most characteristic figures among the artists who now hold the field, armed with pen, or brush, or burin or lithographic pencil, is Georges de Feure, whose decorative gifts are essentially "personal," and whose originality, so far from

L. TOURS

"L'AMOUREUSE DU MAL." FROM A PAINTING BY GEORGES DE FEURE

growing less, shows a marked advance with each fresh creation.

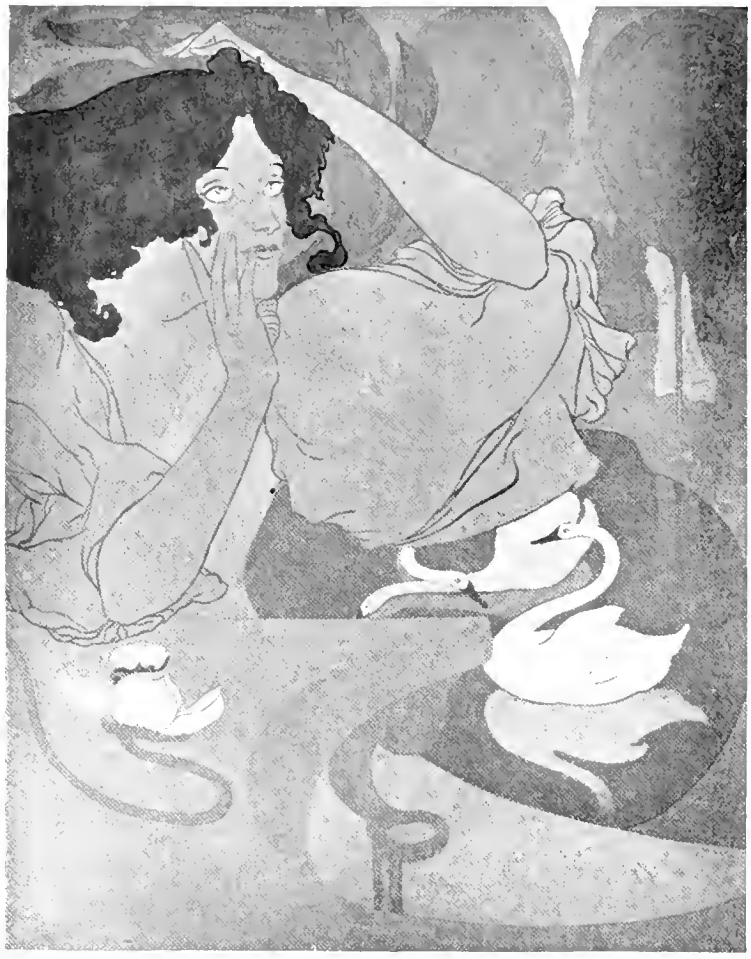
Georges de Feure is one of those whose celebrity will be assured in the near future. He only began to produce his work in 1890, and already he has achieved a great deal in oils, in lithography and in engraving. His lithochromes number a hundred; his pictures displayed in the past two years at the Champ de Mars are now hanging in several private galleries, while his posters which have appeared on the street walls in Paris and Brussels are already as much sought after by collectors as those of the young Chicago artist, Will. H. Bradley, to whose work that of De Feure bears some resemblance.

The whole art of Georges de Feure strives to express the hereditary misery of man and woman, the destiny which leads us on to unknown goals, and to reveal under an aspect of calm, patient passivity the persistence of the sorrows which accompany or precede or follow every living creature here below. His personages on the rack of a moral hell, their muscles distended as though under torture, seem to recall all the vain and historic efforts made by man in his attempts to reach happiness. As that sound critic, M. Paul Adam, remarks in an article dealing with the works of Georges de Feure: "The faces of the beings he depicts in his paintings have a dreadful look of dull stolidity at the uselessness of striving, and at the relentless cruelty of fate."

One of his pictures, *La Course à L'Abime*, would make a splendid illustration of certain passages in Goethe's "Faust," or of one of Uhland's ballads. A wretched mass of humanity is rushing to death across a bridge, under a dark mysterious sky. Two female forms emerge from the background with a patch of sharp light, their anguish-stricken limbs telling of the hopelessness of living, with, on the one side, the inevitable descent into the abyss, and on the other the insolent voluble prodigality of vegetation, seen in the foreground, with unheard-of flowers of fairy hues, so bright and full of life that the bird pecking near can hardly be distinguished from the gorgeous petals. This sombre picture tells of the inevitable transformation of all things—of herbage, of bird, of woman, of death itself—moving resistlessly towards that state whence life shall spring indomitable once more.

The same philosophic idea is recognised in another of his canvases, *Fin de Lutte*, a keen, clear landscape with a figure rising in astonishment at being still alive, and watching the phantom of danger passing away towards the horizon. *L'Angoisse* is the title given to a curious picture of two women stretched on the sea-shore, and gazing on the limitless ocean with questioning eyes, yet ever failing to grasp the heart-sickening logic of the unceasing murmur of the waves.

"M. Georges de Feure's great power," writes M. Paul Adam, "consists in his impeccable draw



"LA FILLE DE LÉDA" FROM A PAINTING BY GEORGES DE FEURE

ing. His line has all the sureness of a Vivarini or a Van Eyck; he goes so far even as to insist upon it cruelly, scarring the flesh with the marks of the fire into which he thrusts his figures. And this gives to his works a certain character which certainly adds to their beauty and force."

In his *Spleenétique*, a big decorative canvas inspired by some melancholy poem of Baudelaire's, De Feure paints a quite modern woman, with red flowers in her hair, like a Bacchante, sitting on a terrace beneath the browning leaves of autumn, and looking across the grey and misty plains into the distance, soft and milky, and plunged in mystery; while the sun hides behind the dense clouds, scarce showing his disc, half covered with whitish film like the iris in the eye of the blind. There is a pervading atmosphere of sadness about this painting, a depth of dreaminess and a sense of wandering thought, which one can scarcely equal save in the works of some of the master-minds of the Renaissance.

De Feure's gifts have something essentially feminine about them. One feels that he loves womankind in its supreme beauty, which is the supreme evil itself. He strives to paint in all its varieties her eternal feline attributes—the woman of a thousand curves, a thousand fascinations, consumed by a selfish love, given to all excesses, the trunk whence all the vices spring, the source of all the ills, the soul of every forbidden delight. He sees in these sirens nothing but demons whose mission it is, as St. Augustine thought, to increase sin and degrade all vigorous thought. Thus continually haunted, like a visionary, by the sight of an endless procession of human woes, Georges de Feure devotes his whole mind to lamenting them in his eloquent works—a series showing Man bearing his cross under the maleficent influence of Woman, perverse, distracting, unconscious. This series he calls *Les Caresses de Satan.*

Another picture by De Feure, which, doubtless, satisfies his artistic soul, is composed as follows: In a sky, quivering with clouds of miraculous flowers, and studded with celestial jewels, one sees a woman's form, regal, triumphant, satanic. Deliciously childlike in its virginal simplicity, her youthful body is outlined in gracious curves, soft as a caress; her heavy masses of hair crown her brows as with a diadem; her face bears the stamp of a strange and prodigious beauty; from her mouth, with its blood-red, kiss-provoking lips, and its two rows of pearls, gleams the light of hell; her nostrils quiver in ardent palpitations; while below her pure forehead are two terrible eyeless orbits, staring vacantly on the world, blind to the victims of her fatal body.

On the earth, beneath the Demon's feet we see poor humanity writhing in terrible convulsions, harassed by sickness and misery, hunger, madness, suicide, ambition, greed, hysteria, murder, warfare, jealousy, and hate.

In the foreground, among the wretched throng, stands Death, gigantic, calm, all-powerful, watching and waiting.

This, it will be seen, is a return to the philosophic, intellectual, and decorative painting of the masters of the fifteenth century. De Feure, however, does not seek to use his brush in what may be called the "professional" mode of painting; all he seems to attempt is the precise, delicate, and distinguished style of the fresco, with its sharp, bold outlines, using his colours with great effect, and putting them on quite flat. His canvases are thus not pictures in the ordinary sense—that is to say, his painting has none of the thickness or the brilliant varnished surface common to ordinary work of the kind, as taught in the schools. Rather they are wonderful tapestry cartoons, of great breadth, absolutely pure in design, and exquisite in their range of colouring.

Even those of the public who know and admire Georges de Feure scarcely appreciate him at his proper value, rather regarding him as an illustrator, a decorator, a designer of posters who has done much good work in *Le Courrier*, *Le Messager Français*, *La Butte*, *Le Boulevard*, and other of the new illustrated publications.

As for his poster work, he has put his name to a score of polychrome placards, some of which have become valuable as rarities among collectors. Among his most successful works of this kind are *La Loïe Fuller*, *Salomé*, the *Palais Indien*, and *Izita*. The last named was illustrated in THE STUDIO for December 1896. Despite the great number of artists now engaged in this work, De Feure has made his mark by sheer ability; moreover his work bears little resemblance to that of any other artist.

In lithography he has done innumerable pleasing little things—menus, invitation-cards, book covers, and many curious plates, such as *Les Trois Mendiantes dans la Forêt*, *Entrée des Vices dans la Ville*, *La Voix du Mal*, *L'infini*, *Le dernier Amant*, *Fleur de la Grève*, *L'amour Sanglant*, and *L'amour Aveugle*; and a few lithographs in black, like *La Princesse Malaine*, which have all the air of some romantic scene from "Faust" by a Célestin Nanteuil or an Eugène Delacroix.

De Feure is at present engaged in preparing, as

"LA CHARMEUSE D'OISEAUX" FROM A DRAWING BY GEORGES DE FEURE

illustrations for a book, a series of women's figures, symbolising certain flowers, to be known as *Féminiflores*, and other illustrations for *La Porte des Rêves*, by Marcel Schwob.

To impress the features of any new artist on the public memory, a brief and precise biography is indispensable.

Georges de Feure was born in Paris in 1868, his father being a Dutchman and his mother a Belgian. Thus from his parents he inherited his love of the tranquil, melancholy land where the sea waves moan and the forests rustle in the breeze. From them, too, springs his thoughtful vision, his sad dreaminess, and his intimate comprehension of the symbols dear to the Northern spirit.

When quite young De Feure was taken to the Netherlands, where his father, a rich and prosperous architect, brought him up amidst every luxury. At fourteen the lad, longing for independence, was placed in a business house at Utrecht, but he did not stay there long. Meanwhile his father, after a series of disastrous speculations, had suddenly found himself ruined.

Thus, when scarcely sixteen, De Feure's easy, comfortable existence was changed in a moment into one of trouble and anxiety, such as befell some of the heroes of Dickens and Lesage. He had all sorts of ups-and-downs. After being clerk to a firm of forwarding agents at Dordrecht, assistant to a bookseller at La Haye, and working at a hatter's in Rotterdam, he ultimately became a sort of wardrobe-keeper's assistant and "general utility" man in an Amsterdam theatre, where for fifteen florins a week the poor lad had to post the bills and clean the scenery during the day, and at night to play all sorts of parts in absurd operettas or comedies, in quality infinitely heavier and less subtle than the national Schiedam.

During this sombre time De Feure's ambition was to devote himself to literature, and he wrote in the Netherland tongue numerous stories, articles, and bits of description, of the merits of which we have no means of judging.

In 1890 De Feure gave up the pen for the pencil, and began to turn to profit some of the notions of drawing he had picked up in connection with theatrical decoration. First he worked for a lithographer, who did posters, and although free from actual want, he suffered tortures as a mere workman condemned to produce rubbish to order, stifled in an atmosphere of ugliness. However, he set to work obstinately and determinedly, to emancipate himself by the personal gifts he felt within him.

At that time he dreamed of what he was soon to accomplish—the penetrating harmonies of tone, the soft curves, the bold outlines, the rich colours, the impetuous scenes; and just as one might fall in love with some fairy princess, the young artist grew enamoured of the beauty yet unrealised; set himself to commune with it, to express with his brush that which he felt in his innermost nature. He gave himself up wholly to this passion, which is the only source of art; resolved, with his glowing sense of life, to be himself in all his work, to give expression to naught but the ideographic, and in everything to be indebted to no one but himself.

Full of pluck and courage, and with his taste growing more and more refined day by day, De Feure came to Paris to measure himself by the hard standards before which so many a fine nature has failed. He has already made his name there, but he has the good sense not to over-estimate himself, and retains a clear idea of the distance which still separates him from the lofty peaks towards which he gazes. He is progressing bravely, and soon he will be near the goal of his ambition. Until lately he signed himself Von Feure, now he is De Feure; and this name, which he inscribes on his canvases, will soon be universally recognised as that of one of the leaders in the field of contemporary decoration. I have no fear of compromising myself in saying so much for one of the elect of art.

OCTAVE UZANNE.

AN EPOCH-MAKING HOUSE. BY GLEESON WHITE.

A GENERATION which accepts "Morris" papers and woven fabrics, Mr. Philip Webb's fireplaces, and Mr. Walter Crane's gesso-work as normal evidence of good taste in furnishing, that finds Mr. Whistler's paintings held in honour, and is accustomed to the reverence due to "blue-and-white" and "Tanagra" figures, may possibly forget that but a few years ago all these things were appreciated by a comparatively small number, and that it required no little courage for a rich man to include them in his scheme for a House Beautiful.

Artists are always privileged to be eccentric, and as a rule the tolerance which a layman bestows on them at first soon gives place to rabid imitations. But for a layman to be among the first in recognising the "new" movement is rare enough to be noted when found, whether in the "seventies" or the "nineties."

If we remember these facts, No. 1 Holland Park,

DRAWING-ROOM NO. 1 HOLLAND PARK

the home of Mr. A. A. Ionides, may be regarded as historic already. For, some twenty-five years ago, he maintained consistently the ideal which we all affect to champion to-day. The esoteric creed of a few has become the gospel preached from the housetops. To this end many influences have worked: first the firm of Morris and Co.—that famous movement wherein Ford Madox Brown, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Sir Edward Burne-Jones, and others played no small part directly or indirectly; then the Century Guild, with its *Hobby-Horse*, and still later, the Arts and Crafts Society, with its exhibitions and lectures. Add to these the personal example of a large number of architects, painters, and sculptors, who made their own houses comely, reinforced with the pens of many able writers—and you find the primary causes that have diffused the lesson which this house embodies. To say as much is but bare justice; nor does it infer that, were the whole abode to be planned anew, its owner and those who worked with him would treat it exactly in the same fashion. Sentiment has changed rapidly, but chiefly in the direction of appreciation for consistent innovation and less reliance upon pedantic adherence to precedent than would have been judicious in the earlier stages of the movement. Now, we are more sure of our ground, and have greater faith in the power of living men to challenge comparison with dead masters. Yet this house is more nearly the forerunner of the newer experiments than is the last word of academic tradition. For in it Mr. Philip Webb, Mr. Walter Crane and Mr. William Morris found their own modes of expression, and initiated many things which have become almost hackneyed to-day.

Daily the fact is forced more and more upon those who study the matter that Morris, who was in many respects the slave of tradition, who preached the futility of attempting to do more than revive the best things of past centuries, was himself at times too full of vitality to limit himself within his own self-set bounds. It is no less certain that he succeeded in inspiring to experiment and enterprise others who have long since set their ideals far ahead and ceased to look behind. The lore of the past has become a clause of their artistic

creed, but an accepted rather than a vital factor to many people whose energy is directed toward the future.

In this house, where the work of Morris confronts a visitor everywhere, it is impossible not to recall a fancy often expressed before, namely, that in his body the soul of some thirteenth-century master-craftsman was re-incarnated. Perhaps it would be more near the truth to say the souls of many, for he was no blind adherent to any local precedent, but found inspiration as catholic workers found it after the Crusades brought back to Europe glimpses of the art of the Orient. In the drawing-room, especially full of Morris handiwork, you find Persian influence in rugs and embroideries as strongly evident as is that of the art of the monastery and the trades-guilds of Europe. Even the pianoforte (although it is true that this is not Morris's handiwork)—a peculiarly Western object, is encrusted with gesso that suggests Italy it is true but a far more distant legend beyond.

In short, the spirit of the house reflects much of the spirit of William Morris. For it is a house to live in, not a palace to be visited by strangers, or used only on state occasions, wherein small rooms are kept for domestic use, and the rest for ceremonial functions.

The house outside can hardly be called distinguished. It is true that an iron gate and a tiled entrance-lobby suggest to a casual passer-by that the plain façade is but the husk of a precious kernel. Yet it looks mainly what it is, a commonplace London house (a "family mansion" an agent would call it) made comely by alteration and additions that were not sufficiently drastic to leave it architecturally imposing.

GESSO PANEL BY WALTER CRANE

But within, a surprise awaits, and from the hall to the nursery every room is a perfect example of its kind. It is a feast of pleasure to one interested in the decoration of dwellings. But to avoid the risk of being misunderstood, it is as well to preface any description with a distinct statement that its ideal is neither the only satisfactory one, nor necessarily the best. The real charm of the house is that it is a consistent example of the use of fabrics and patterns designed chiefly by Mr. Morris, and that it represents the first flower of the "movement" in æsthetic furnishing which has now developed many fresh and charming varieties.

In one respect it obeys the law of a perfect house,

FIREPLACE IN THE DINING-ROOM
AT No. 1 HOLLAND PARK

viz., that the impression produced by it upon a visitor should not be too vivid at first. Its best achievement is surely to be merely restful and pleasing on first acquaintance, and gradually to disclose new points of interest, and to yield new aspects by degrees. If this be true (and it is undoubtedly even of simple houses), it becomes still more important when all that money can achieve has been lavishly introduced without its cost intruding itself on your notice. Simplicity, whether the result of economy or of a deliberate effort to be austere, may accomplish this result; yet when an ornate and sumptuously decorated interior is so cleverly managed that you are only conscious of harmonious schemes of colour and a general sense of comfort and domesticity, the good taste that controlled the undertaking is also beyond praise. The beauty of complexity is one thing, the beauty of simplicity another, but both may be beautiful.

Poor people do not realise how vulgar they might be were economy not always their safeguard. To do without bad ornament is far easier when you cannot afford the more expensive. It is only when you are able to set aside the question of cost that you realise how often the most expensive product is also the least artistic.

This is merely a roundabout way of saying that lack of taste is better worth having than bad taste, and that good taste, inseparable from all artistic successes, is not necessarily limited to simplicity.

No. 1 Holland Park, which from a commonplace villa was gradually evolved into a Victorian interior destined to be historic—that is the point whence we started! Its success is due chiefly to three influences. First, the wise judgment of its owner in recognising the genius of men who had not then made world-wide reputations: next, as we have already seen, to William Morris, whose handiwork is everywhere; and thirdly, but co-equally, to Mr. Philip Webb, an architect whose influence has not yet received formally that appreciation which all students of architecture and design so willingly acknowledge it to deserve. To Mr. Philip Webb the structural changes are chiefly due, to Mr. Morris the patterns on the walls and fabrics, to Mr. Ionides himself the discrimination which recognised the beauty of things then unfamiliar.

In the hall a delightful mosaic pavement is perhaps the first thing which strikes an interested visitor. To the average person it may (as an anecdote has it) seem a very good imitation of oil-cloth. To one who is concerned with design it

FIREPLACE IN THE MORNING-ROOM NO. 1 HOLLAND PARK

is a masterpiece of its kind, this simple pattern of olive-green conventionalised foliage, with red A's and black "I's" dotted here and there upon a white surface. So quiet and unobtrusive is the effect, that perhaps only a thoroughly trained and practised eye would be attracted by it. Delightful *bric-à-brac*, Morris wall-paper, ceilings painted by the same artist himself, pictures by Mr. G. F. Watts—one a family portrait group which is among his earliest works—all these come into the picture; and above all, the sense of comfort, and even of snugness—a rare quality in such a place—are equally impressive. For the house, although commodious, is not vast, and by the planning of its passages and anterooms it is so eminently "liveable," that possibly its real size is somewhat less apparent thereby. Everywhere beautiful things in bronze, lacquer, or porcelain heighten the effect, but nowhere do they crowd so as to suggest a museum. For much of the decorations and detail would not be noticed by an ordinary person paying a social visit; it is only apparent to one searching for it.

From the porch you pass up a staircase of Mr. Philip Webb's design, where cleverly-planned steps, on a larger scale beneath the handrail, afford resting-place for bronzes. The ceiling, decorated after designs by Morris, one of several in the house, is yellow upon white, the carpet a pleasant harmony in pale greyish-green and cinnamon, every item of the pattern and decoration being selected to support a delicate scheme of colour wherein the pink and silver of the walls come as an important factor.

The walls of the drawing-room are covered with a gold lacquered paper rich in various colours, that at first sight suggests Japan, but proves to be a design of chrysanthemum (by Morris) embossed in silver, overlaid with washes of brilliant transparent lacquer. The cornice is also lacquered, and the ceiling painted with gold and silver upon an ivory ground. The chief colours in the hangings are green and blue mixed to yield a delightfully soft "bloom," which is echoed in the fabric clothing the walls of the second drawing-room opening out of the first. The mantelpiece in the first room was especially designed by Mr. Walter Crane to display some of Mr. Ionides's unique collection of Tanagra statuettes. But this need not detain us, as a consideration of these superb *bibelots* will be the subject of another paper in THE STUDIO. To see how well the terra-cottas of Tanagra "go" with the Gothic and Oriental details of Morris is to realise once again that nearly all noble things can be trusted to exist happily in each other's society. For here Japanese metal work, Chinese blue and white, historic majolica, and these little figures in their delicate colours set in a quasi Greek overmantel, make no discord, but come together far more happily than do the average objects in a room kept rigidly to the work of a fixed period. The carpets by Morris reveal the features which he made his own—robust generous curves blossoming into flower-like patterns, and with a sense of space unlike the "tight" effect of most modern carpets. In the second room a *portière* of old embroidery over the dining-room door is a superb piece of colour, that harmonises strangely well with the modern work around it.

In this room stands a grand piano (which will be remembered by many visitors to the Arts and Crafts) with a case of wood stained green, and almost covered with elaborate detail in gold and silver gesso, the design and work of Miss Faulkner.

The pictures on the walls are full of interest, although many of the famous works which once hung here have been dispersed; yet these which remain, by Rossetti, Watts, Legros, and others, are fine enough to provoke much rhapsody, but they are not quite pertinent to the present article, so they also must be passed over.

From the inner drawing-room the dining-room is entered, and here we have a very notable instance of a very elaborately decorated apartment, that at first sight does not reveal itself as materially unlike any similar room in a well-appointed modern house. Yet the walls, the ceiling, the doors, sideboard, in fact the whole room (except the high dado of Spanish leather and the marble mantelpiece with its Persian tiles) has been lacquered upon silver. Although pitched in the highest key (next to stained glass) which craft allows, metal of all shades, from crimson to pale green and silver, has been so deftly softened by transparent lacquers, that the result is the reverse of gaudy, and as harmonious as a fine piece of ancient metal with the patina of age upon it.

The designs of the surface decoration are all by Mr. Walter Crane, who was assisted in the modelling of some of the subjects by the late Osmond Weekes. In the large panels of the frieze the subjects are taken from Æsop's Fables. The motive of the ornament elsewhere is the vine, which culminates in a bas-relief representing the famous quatrain of Omar Khayyam, which in the first edition runs:

"Come, fill the cup, and in the Fire of Spring
The Winter Garment of Repentance play.
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To fly—and Lo! the Bird is on the wing."

As a former writer upon this house has pointed out, it is the vine of "old Khayyam" that Mr. Crane has chosen for the motive of the decoration of this room. "Perplext no more with Human or Divine, To-morrow's tangle to the winds resign, And lose your fingers in the tresses Of the Cyprus-slender Minister of wine," might be its motto, or any of the dozens of original quatrains in praise of the grape which Fitzgerald distilled into some three or four in his classic paraphrase.

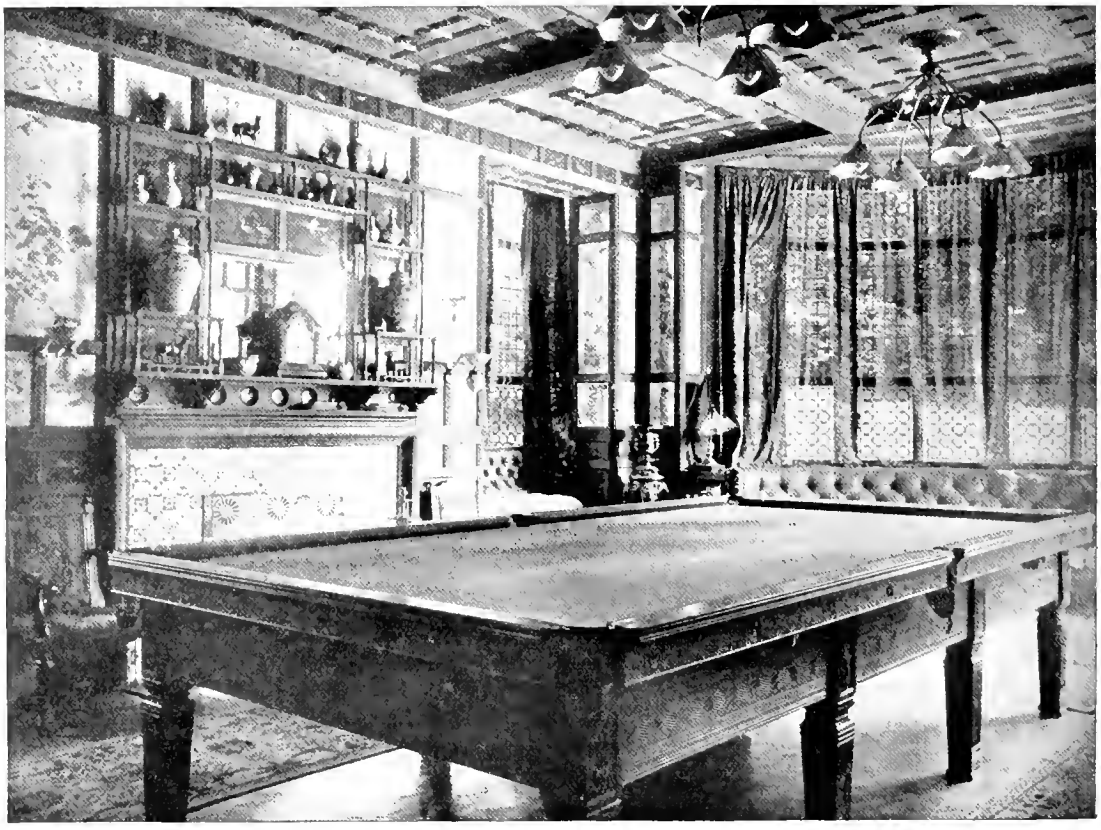
Panels of the frieze and of the ceiling here illustrated will show how Mr. Crane has treated his theme, and introduced the "turned-down" empty glass of the Persian singer, as well as the "twisted tendril of the growth of God." It is a happy instance of appropriate decoration for a dining-room, this choice of Omar's vine; which, as readers of his works know well, is not so much a Bacchanalian symbol as an emblem of the "Wine of Life" that keeps "oozing drop by drop"; of earthly pleasures fleeting, but not necessarily shameful.

"Better be jocund with the fruitful grape
Than sadden over none or bitter fruit."

is the philosophy it teaches.

The more obvious incidents of Æsop's Fables, "The Stork and the Fox," "The Fox and the Grapes," "The Man and his Cloak," all these need no comment, except that they afford another instance of Mr. Walter Crane's felicitous treatment of an anecdote, so that it tells its tale at a glance.

The sideboard, ornate though it be, is not out of harmony, but keeps its place as part of the scheme. The mantelpiece is a good example of Mr. Philip Webb's original and dignified treatment of material, its Persian tiles with hawking scenes are framed in sober mouldings of Purbeck marble, so that the whole takes its appointed place. To read a description of this room may call up a picture of glitter and over-gorgeous ornament; yet one glimpse of it would prove how false were such an impression. Although not a square inch is free from decoration, the breadth of the whole is preserved, and the place,



BILLIARD ROOM NO. 1 HOLLAND PARK

MARBLE HALL AT No 1
HOLLAND PARK, W

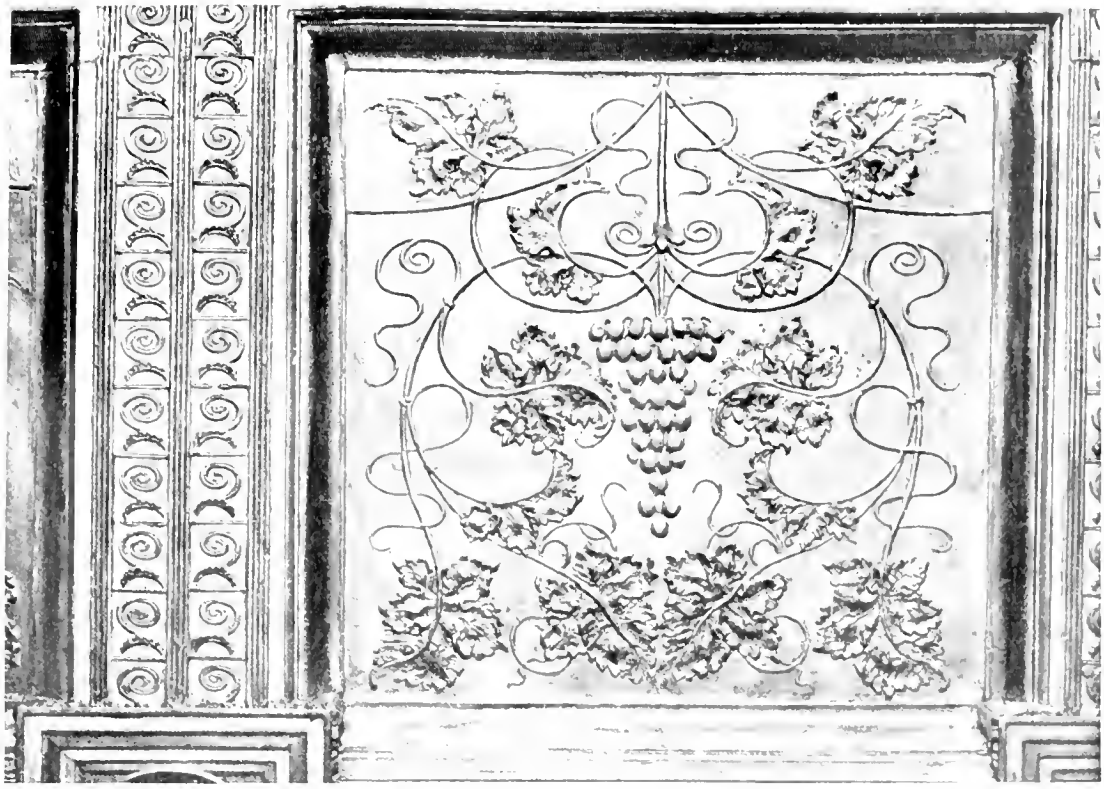
rich with colour as it is, is far less ornate than it appears in our reproduction from a photograph.

For where black-and-white makes the detail appear "fussy," colour has welded it to a certain unity that keeps every item of its scheme duly subordinate to the effect of the whole. Indeed, it would be very hard to find another instance of equally elaborate decoration that was so cunningly kept within the proper restraint. Here (as I said before) comfort and quiet beauty are the earliest and latest impression which all the splendour produces. The question whether it cost thousands of pounds or only a few shillings does not force itself upon you; nor at first are you even curious to hunt out its details of interest: they may accidentally attract your attention afterwards. But, unless to a person who is technically interested in such matters, it seems quite possible that he might dine in this room and never remember aught beyond a pleasant sense of comely fitness—such as dozens of rooms impart—where no great taste has been expended, and no single item of the whole was specially designed. Here everything has been made for its place, yet the assemblage of "star" artists gathered together have sunk their own personality in the nobler effort to make a room which, like a well-dressed woman, leaves only an impression of faultless attire, with scarce a memory of the colour, much less of the fashion of each garment.

The billiard-room is lined with Japanese paintings on silk, and Japanese colour-prints under glass, framed in polished wood; in the ceiling panels of Japanese lacquer (mostly red) are used in like fashion. The overmantel is a happy example of a quasi-Japanese treatment, which has in late years suffered by travesties, so that its original charm no longer impresses one. Yet that it was both excellent treatment for wood, and could be designed with fine proportion, the structure proves clearly enough.

The marble hall, which is illustrated here, is in every respect a really unique interior: its very proportions suggest a picture by Mr. Alma-Tadema. So cleverly has Mr. Philip Webb employed his material that a sense of translucency, almost of transparency, is its dominant note. Instances of interiors lined with marble are not uncommon here or in America; yet with a vivid memory of a certain "bar" in New York, where a huge picture by Mr. E. A. Abbey in a pale scheme of greens takes its place in a room lined with marble the

PORTION OF DRAWING-ROOM — No. 1 HOLLAND PARK



CEILING PANEL IN GESSO BY WALTER CRANE

colour of apple-blossom, or of certain public buildings in London, one doubts if the sumptuousness of fine marble has ever been more clearly demonstrated. Mr. Webb has not spoilt his scheme by undue variety of colour. To understand how marble should be employed, this vestibule, or Mr. Lethaby's fireplaces at the Arts and Crafts, should be studied; how not to use it a certain exhibit at a recent big exhibition proved with almost every possible perversion. It should be an axiom that variegated material be treated either with plain surfaces or simple large mouldings. Here, a cornice which runs round the room is perfectly adapted. As the light falls through the windows, especially through the circular window at the end, this cornice is seen to be semi-transparent, and so proves itself to be not enamelled slate, or any ingenious imitation, but veritable marble—the material for imperial palaces.

In Mr. Ionides's study, the chief architectural features are the large semicircular window, the repeating upper storey of the bay of the billiard room below, and the fireplace with overmantel and grate designed by Mr. Jeckyll, who was the first to employ Japanese motives in woodwork and surface ornament; or perhaps it would be more correct to say, the first to design original work with Japanese principles assimilated—not imitated. He it was who designed the room at Mr. Leyland's house in Prince's Gate, afterwards famous by Mr. Whistler's "Peacock" decoration. But the rest of his house, with its arras tapestry by Morris, its green-stained joinery, its early Morris papers, and a thousand and one items of real interest, cannot be described without the risk of reiterating what has been said already. Even the servants' hall, the bathroom, and the bedrooms would be worth illustrating if only to show how thoroughly the principles of beautifying a house have influenced every part.

To a colourist, the whole house suggests the splendour of an old silk rug—one of the "pedigree" carpets, worth their weight and over in solid gold to-day—with harmonies of colour beyond praise. This rich mellow "bloom," wherein analysis finds every hue of the prism discreetly employed, is the "secret" of the house. As any one of the rugs in question would not look out of place on a cottage floor, and indeed might escape

the notice of a parish visitor were it there; so the restrained splendour of this home is only revealed to those who are not unfamiliar with the masterpieces of applied art. One can quite imagine many a person of "up-to-date" taste declaring that the house looked dull, and "needed that enlivening touch" (*vide* any popular manual on cheap art-furnishing) which cheap *bric-à-brac* dotted about and a few yards of "art fabrics" supplies so economically. Like a Monticelli, its jewelled radiance does not shout at you. It is a symphony of colour orchestrated by a master of scoring, rendered by a Richter orchestra, full and complex, yet never noisy, never strident, but almost a lullaby. It is the equivalent to the "Siegfried Idyll" or the "Wotan's Abschied," which to an untrained ear are just soothing melodies, sweet and satisfying, although to a musician the last word in complexity of passion, the final climax of emotion, that reveal just as much beauty as the listener himself is learned enough to discover. That a Mozart quartette or a Palestrina motet may do the same is also true; therefore in claiming for this house the harmony of complexity, one does no injustice to others no less harmonious in severely simple styles. To appreciate the beauty of simplicity is to have attained the final end of art; but to recognise an equal beauty in complexity made simple by cunning skill is only to arrive at the same end by a paraphrase.

G. W.

PORTRAIT OF AUGUSTE DELAHERCHE

THE POTTER'S ART; WITH ESPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE WORK OF AUGUSTE DELAHERCHE. BY GABRIEL MOUREY.

M. Auguste Delaherche holds a high place among the artists who by their efforts have brought about the successful renaissance of the potter's art in France. He was one of the first of them to devote himself entirely to this work, rightly holding that, as there is no such thing as "inferiority" in art, one may exhibit just as much originality, talent, and genuine merit in shaping a pot or a vase or any other article of daily use, as in transferring some picturesque scene on to canvas; and moreover, amid all the vagaries which were bound to accompany this revival, he at least has succeeded in remaining true to the traditions of his art.

Before considering M. Delaherche's work in detail, I should like to say something about pottery in general, and its new developments.

In the first place, it is curious to note that this love for the primitive arts has revealed itself at a period and amidst surroundings of excessive refinement. Just by way of contrast, it will be said; and one may well believe that such is the case. Certain it is, in any case, that France may justly pride herself on being the first among the nations to welcome and foster the new movement.

Two men beyond all others have exercised a preponderating influ-

GLAZED POTTERY DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY AUGUSTE DELAHERCHE

ence in this direction, and, to do them full justice, have been chiefly responsible for the restoration to favour of the art of pottery after years and years of neglect. I refer to MM. Ernest Chaplet and Jean Carriès.

Without injustice to the merits of his successors, Chaplet may truly be styled the father of the whole movement: he it is who was the real restorer of a neglected old-fashioned art, the secrets and methods of which seemed lost for ever. Chaplet's *grès flambés*, or fired stoneware, is and will continue to be regarded as among the finest ceramic work of modern times, both from the artistic and the documentary standpoints. An indefatigable worker, he devoted his whole energy to the arduous task, beset by frequent fruitless experiments and failures, of discovering the processes of this art. As examples he had, of course, the admirable bits of Japanese ceramics, marvellous *grès flambés*, in which every fanciful colouring, every phase of imagination, every degree of technical richness seem to be concentrated. But there is nothing more mysterious, nothing more risky or more incomprehensible, than the art of firing. Science and study and research, united with every precaution, are often at fault, and have to admit defeat from this formidable force, this terrible element, which devours, destroys, and annihilates, and can turn the potter's work either into a masterpiece of art, unique in colour and in material beauty, or into an unlovely thing, dry and hard and dull and commonplace.

Jean Carriès thus was largely instrumental in bringing about this revival. A sculptor of remarkable talent, endowed with a rare gift of imagination, and eager to extend indefinitely the sphere of the processes he used, Carriès gave up pure carving to devote himself to what may be termed applied sculpture. His portrait of himself in working dress, with a statuette in his hand, his busts of Auguste Vacquerie, Velasquez, and Franz Hals, all indicated a sculptor of the first rank; and in addition to his bronzes *en cire perdue* in the Salon of 1892, where he gained his first real successes, he exhibited a series of busts, and pots, and animal figures in enamelled stoneware—frogs, salamanders, and other fantastic creatures looking as though they had escaped from some Gothic cathedral or Japanese temple. His pots were in the shape of strange, deformed fruits—gourds fashioned like an *aubergine* or a pumpkin, whose form and colour he sought to reproduce. And the simple ornamentation of these curious productions consisted of thick overflowings (*coulées*) of enamel, skilful glazing which the action of the fire had invested with the most sumptuous colourings, and drops of gold stopped in their course.

Carriès, who was born in 1855, was in the prime of his fresh genius when he died in 1894. M.

Arsène Alexandre, in a charming book simply entitled "Jean Carriès," has paid the tribute of admiration so well deserved both by the man and by his works. If not exactly an originator, he was at any rate a marvellous workman, full of will and patience, and of quite exceptional originality and boldness.

Unfortunately his influence has not produced the happy results that were hoped for; and this demands a little explanation.

Carriès, with his own hand, executed the sculptures which afterwards he moulded in stoneware. He designed them to suit the material in which he intended them to be produced; thus there was direct and complete connection and unity of conception and execution. In fashioning the rough models of his busts, his animals, and the other strange grimacing figures which he intended for the decoration of a sort of church front, Carriès knew exactly what the effect of the firing would be on his work, both as a whole and in detail. The practice of adapting stoneware in this fashion may perhaps be condemned; but at any rate the originality of his ideas and the success with which he carried them out are incontestable. He himself succeeded admirably; but it must be confessed his example led to deplorable results, for stoneware sculpture has now become a hateful thing. This very special material, by no means suitable for all purposes, is now used indiscriminately in all kinds of decorative objects. One manufacturer has gone so far as to exhibit stone arm-chairs of antique pattern, fireplaces, lamps, &c.; while an architect, who piques himself on being quite up to date, has used this stoneware for the *façade* of a house, for the staircases, and Heaven knows what beside.

As for true pottery, few there are, amid all this confusion, who have remained faithful to its traditions, few who are content to trust in the simplicity and sincerity of their work to attract the attention of the public, instead of producing eccentricities like those I have just mentioned.

Auguste Delaherche is of those who had rather remain unknown than condescend to debase the

GLAZED POTTERY DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY AUGUSTE DELAHERCHE

GLAZED POTTERY — DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY AUGUSTE DELAHERCHE

very essence of an art process by applying it at random, without regard for its requirements or limitations. He has too much admiration for the Japanese *grès* on the one hand, and the every-day potteries on the other, ever to go wrong; too well he knows the wonderful resources of earth and fire. He is a potter, and has no ambition to be anything else; holding his craft to be one of sufficient dignity, and considering it needless to resort to fantastic shapes and ornamentations in turning out sound pottery work.

Thus his work maintains the strictest simplicity of shape, in which one can always note the impress of the workman's hand. A pot, to please him, must be executed in the plainest, easiest manner, without touching up or complication of any sort; must, in a word, have come straight from the potter's fingers. Accordingly his curves are simplicity itself, his object being to produce those traditional harmonies of line, the whole charm of which lies in their perfect proportion. One looks in vain in Delaherche's works for the eccentricities indulged in by others under the pretext of modernising an art which has no need of being modernised, seeing it reached perfection long ago, and that everything that can be done in it has already been done, and everything that can be said has been said.

Delaherche was brought up in a good school. A native of Beauvais, living in a district where pottery has always been held in honour on account of the special soil which abounds in the Department of the Oise, he educated himself by studying on the spot a fine collection of Beauvais work owned by one of his uncles. The influence of Bernard Palissy is still seen in the neighbourhood of Beauvais, especially at Savigny, where he left several characteristic traditions in the art of the place. At this spot they still make a rough pottery of a very interesting kind, such as the enormous salting jars, which in simplicity of shape and in material recall the pottery of the ancients.

Delaherche's first efforts date from 1883, but it was not until 1889 that he would allow them to be shown publicly. At the Universal Exhibition he had a show case containing a collection of enamelled and fired stonework, which called forth the admiration of all art lovers.

At that time he was working in Paris, in the Vaugirard quarter, with earth which he procured from the Oise; now, however, he has established himself in the immediate neighbourhood of Beauvais, and set up his ovens there. He spends the greater part of the year amid this beautiful Picardy scenery, working steadily and alone, far from the cliques of Paris and all its petty tendencies. And every year fresh shapes, fresh patterns, are added to his collection of works, which now number not less than eight hundred, every one of them quite original and individual, and fashioned by his own hands.

Delaherche impresses one with his strong will, his untiring patience, and his unerring knowledge of his art. He has devoted himself to it entirely, and it is no wonder he has acquired such knowledge and such skill.

"The art of pottery," he remarked to me while showing me over his workshops one lovely day in late summer, when all the landscape seen through the windows was flooded in golden light, "the art of pottery is a jealous art, demanding absolute fidelity. One must work, and seek and find unceasingly, and finding is most difficult of all, for one's discoveries must be made wittingly, with intention. It will not do to leave one's work to chance, as so many do. We are grappling with a blind power—fire; of all the elements perhaps the most powerful and most formidable, and we have to subdue and master it, and not let it conquer us. To this object all the potter's efforts must tend. Despite all the worker's care, and no matter how deep may be his knowledge of the processes of all sorts taught by experience, I defy him, whoever he be, to be able to know beforehand, at the moment when he puts his works into the oven, what exact results will have been obtained when he brings them out again. Do I mean by this that we are working absolutely in the dark? Happily this is by no means the case; but almost always we meet with results unforeseen, surprising, and very often most interesting; and this is our best school. It behoves us to make use of the unexpected, for each time the

GLAZED POTTERY DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY AUGUSTE DELAHERCHE

GLAZED AND DECORATED POTTERY DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY AUGUSTE DELAHERCHE.

oven is heated there are fresh lessons to be learnt by the attentive observer. The danger lies in letting oneself be fascinated by these surprises, and thinking they will suffice of themselves to give this or that piece of work the ornamentation desired. But to be satisfied with results obtained in this haphazard way is to bring this admirable art down to the lowest level. Some of the pieces," continued M. Delaherche, "which I have broken up, as being unworthy of holding a place among my productions and of bearing my signature, were really remarkable: the action of the fire had taken all sorts of rich and fanciful colourings, and I had often to resist the importunities of collectors who were enthusiastic over the effects produced. But that's not art.

"The remark of *père* Ingrès still applies with as much force to the potter as to the painter or to the sculptor: 'Even if you have a hundred thousand francs' worth of ability, buy two sous' worth more!' For art consists in achieving as nearly as may be the effects one has conceived and hoped for, by dint of slow and scrupulous study and observation, ever-increasing experience, and deeper and deeper penetration into Nature's mysteries.

"It is indeed an exciting moment when the work is taken from the oven. You have pictured, for instance, a splendid combination of colours for your amphora; you wished the *coulée* of the glazing on your vase to stop at two-thirds of its height; or on another piece you wanted to see a coating of rich enamel. But in one case it has all gone black; in another the drops have flowed too low; in a third the bottom has blistered, and is all over dull pustules; or all the materials have run into one another in the fusion; all is incoherence and disorder; the vitrified matter has distributed itself badly, and the earthenware reappears in patches!

"But, on the other hand, how boundless the domain of the process! What miracles these twelve hundred degrees of heat can perform! And what joy, what triumph, when one succeeds in bringing to perfection a beautiful piece of pottery, complete and satisfactory in its smallest details as in its entirety! I can assure you one's trouble is fully repaid, for the tints of the finest colourists can never equal the splendour, the brilliant variety, the deep, rich sumptuousness of some of these enamels."

No one who loves and appreciates the art of pottery will consider M. Delaherche guilty of exaggeration or professional vanity in thus proclaiming aloud the virtues of his art.

As a decorator Delaherche has the rare merit of extreme sobriety and simplicity of style. A leaf of thistle or clover, a wild-rose blossom, or a few peacock's feathers arranged in a wreath or *en arabesque* in two parallel rows around the neck or

middle of a large vase, for instance, or on the brim of a goblet or water-jug—this is all he allows himself in the way of ornamentation. For my own part I prefer pottery devoid of all line work and decorative ornament, relying for its richness and beauty on the charm of the vitrified material, on the various effects of the fusion on the enamels, and on the oxydations.

As may be seen, one of the dominant characteristics of Delaherche's work is its saneness. It is firm and full of power. He has no fancy for any but normal harmonies of colour, if one may so express it; in other words, he ignores—and very wisely so—the complexities and subtleties which resolve themselves so easily into mere "Byzantinism." He loves the rich robust forms akin to nature, those which spring sanely, normally, I had almost written naturally, from the potter's fingers.

To adorn all he touches, this is the *raison d'être* of every artist. The blacksmith, the illuminator, the cabinet-maker of the Middle Ages put his whole conception of the beautiful into his productions, whether it was the iron-work of a box or a candlestick, an ornamental letter or a piece of furniture. There is as much beauty in a Greek vase as in the sublimest statue; and the man who to-day makes a stoneware pot, adorned with all the magic of the fire and radiant in the rich splendour of its material, holds in the eyes of all who really understand what art means, a place of equality beside the masters of the brush and the chisel.

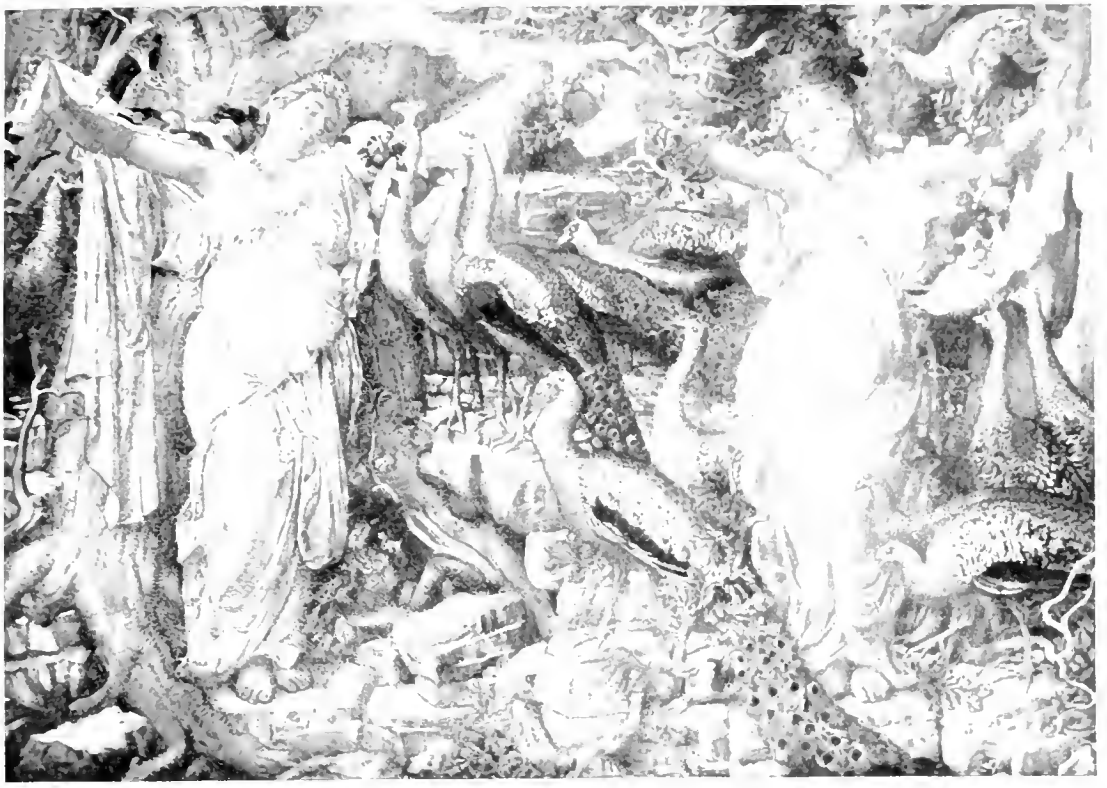
GABRIEL MOUREY.

STUDIO-TALK.

(From our own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—The font cover, of which we give an illustration, is interesting as not only indicating in its design some fancy and freshness as well as a wish to avoid the more obvious and hackneyed, but also as a fine piece of craftsmanship and skilful technique. It was made at Menai Bridge by Mr. Llewellyn Rathbone, from a design by Mr. Harrison Townsend, for the Church of All Saints, Ennismore Gardens, a building that has been the recipient within the past few years of much good decorative work. The cover is carried out in copper, entirely hand-beaten, with no spun or cast work. The font, of which the illustration only shows a small portion, is a huge bowl of Mexican onyx with burnished copper inner lining, and the play of colour between the faint tones of the onyx, the purple-brown of the copper work, and the soft

FONT COVER DESIGNED BY C. HARRISON TOWNSEND, EXECUTED BY LLEWELLYN RATHBONE

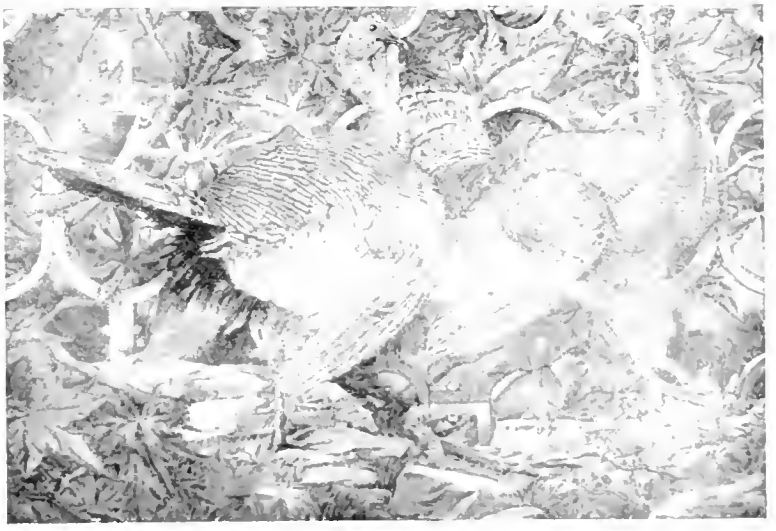


SGRAFFITO PANEL

By [illegible]

green of the Cipollino marble flooring, is very pleasing.

For a great many centuries sgraffito has been recognised as one of the simplest, and, at the same time, most effective forms of mural decoration. The process is one which presents few difficulties in execution, and the effects which can be obtained by its use are extremely varied, so that it has the merit of being easily applicable to a very wide range of decorative work. Moreover all the necessary materials are absolutely permanent, and can be depended upon to withstand all ordinary atmospheric influences. It is not easy to understand why, under these circumstances, decorations of this character should be comparatively so rare in this country. It may be that the absence of colour variety, which is inevitable when the sgraffito is treated as a monochrome process, has prevented its general acceptance by our native artists; and it is possible that a demon-



SGRAFFITO PANEL

By [illegible]

EMBROIDERED PANEL DESIGNED BY
THE REV. E. GELDART. EXECUTED BY
THE DECORATIVE ART NEEDLEWORK SOCIETY

stration of its adaptability for the interpretation of designs in many colours may secure for it more attention, and encourage its more frequent use. This demonstration has been supplied by Signor Cesare T. G. Formilli, an Italian artist living in London, who has combined in a very interesting fashion fresco painting in polychrome with ordinary sgraffito. The illustrations which we give are reproduced from panels which he has recently executed in this manner.

His method of work is by no means complicated. Its chief principle lies in the substitution of a surface of fresco in full colour for the coat of white or yellow plaster which is in ordinary sgraffito applied over the ground of black plaster. In the monochrome work the whole effect of the design is obtained by the incised lines which cut through the light surface and show the darker ground below; but Signor Formilli uses a surface painted like fresco in a full range of colours, and depends upon the incising to give only the outlining and light and shade effects. The result at which he arrives in this way is an excellent one, as his fresco colours can be applied in flat, and therefore pure, masses, and he is able to gain by the firmness and decision of his incised lines an accuracy of definition which makes his statement of the facts of his design admirably clear and intelligible. Moreover, the combination allows a far greater complication of detail and elaboration of effect than there is any chance of obtaining in the monochrome sgraffito,

EMBROIDERED PANEL DESIGNED BY
THE REV. E. GELDART. EXECUTED BY
THE DECORATIVE ART NEEDLEWORK SOCIETY

and therefore a much greater range of opportunities is afforded to the artist. For these reasons decorative and architectural designers would do well to study closely the possibilities of his method.

The headquarters of the Decorative Art Needlework Society is a place any lover of fine embroideries cannot fail to find of unusual interest. The panels here illustrated, which show exquisite schemes of colour, will give an idea of the excellence of the figure subjects executed by the members of this Society. A mere list of the beautiful work on view at 17 Sloane Street would exhaust pages, but we hope to call attention to it again before long, for, whether regarded as an influence for art or as a philanthropic institution, the Society deserves warm approval, and in Miss Gemmell has a director whose good taste is visible in every detail of its numerous undertakings. The reparation of old tapestries—many historic and of priceless value—which the Society has accomplished would alone entitle it to the warmest praise at our disposal.

Sir John Gilbert, whose death was announced in the early days of October, was an artist of extraordinary energy and very strongly marked individuality, who, by some sixty years of strenuous labour, had made for himself a prominent place in the front rank of the British school. He belonged by manner and inclination to the romanticist group, which in the earlier half of the present century produced a number of peculiarly able painters, and created a large amount of very interesting art; and by his extremely numerous achievements in oil painting, water-colour, and black and white, kept alive the traditions of this group long after its methods had ceased to be popular with the younger painters of the day. His efforts gained for him considerable recognition; he was elected an Associate of the Academy in 1872, Royal Academician in 1876, and was President of the Royal Water-Colour Society from 1871 till his death. He was also a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, and a member of many other art societies, British and foreign.

"EVENING" BY ALBERT TOFT

BIRMINGHAM.—A most interesting "two men" exhibition was recently held at the Graves Gallery here, consisting of some fifty paintings, drawings and sketches by Mr. J. Buxton Knight, and half that number of pieces of sculpture by Mr. Albert Toft. Mr. Knight's work is too well known to need criticism, and his robust technique, strong effects, and rich harmonies of colour, and his reverent study of Nature in her many moods, were all well set forth in the collection of his pictures gathered together, containing as it did some of the best work he has done.

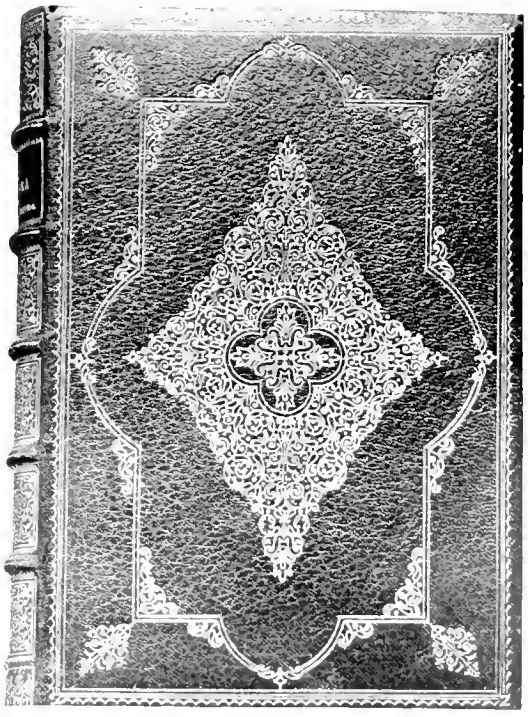
Mr. Albert Toft is a Birmingham man, so that his statuettes in bronze and plaster, his portrait-busts, and his plaster sketches provoked much interest and pleasure among Midland art-lovers. Most of the pieces exhibited have been seen in London, and it is therefore unnecessary to refer to them at length here. Illustrations are given of two of his best works—*Evening*, a beautiful statuette which well displays his poetic grace and dainty

"A VISION" BY ALBERT TOFT

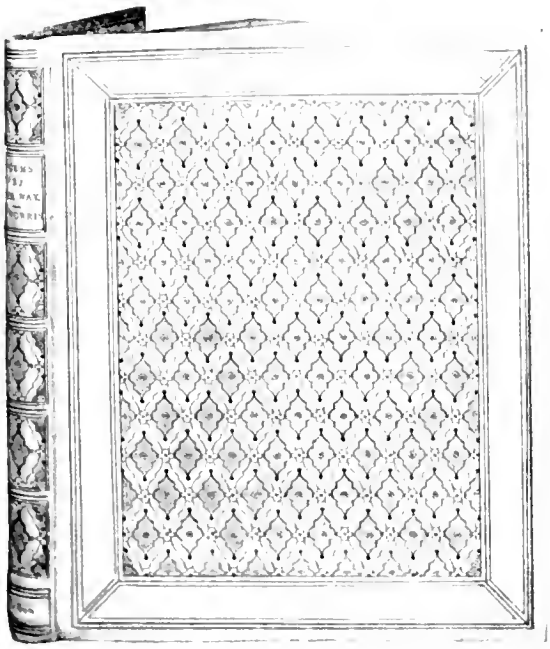
fancy; and *A Vision*, a striking conception of the head of a young girl. Two others of his works, *Invocation* and *Spring*, have already appeared in special numbers of THE STUDIO. The latter, a small plaster slightly touched with colour, which was exhibited in this year's Academy—probably the best thing he has yet done—has been purchased for the permanent collection of the Corporation Art Gallery. His portraits of Mr. Gladstone, Mark Hombourg, Cuninghame Graham, and a fine head of an old man, *The Sere and Yellow Leaf*, well represented the more realistic side of this versatile young sculptor's art.

NEWCASTLE-UNDER-LYME.—Book-binding is a most conservative craft, and although the last few years have seen several recruits, notably Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, who have extended its design, and one, Miss MacColl, who has introduced a distinctly new method of "tooling," the chief binders abroad as well as at home proceed on familiar lines. Mr. G. T. Bagguley in his "Sunderland Decoration" has introduced an innovation of real importance. Hitherto colour-decoration has been applied to leather-binding either by painting or staining, by inlaying, or by embroidery. Now Mr. Bagguley tools the pattern itself in brilliant permanent colours, which (especially on a vellum ground with gold freely used) produce an effect at once dainty, delicate, and beautiful. But if to experts the method is surprisingly novel, to the general reader the designs have even greater interest from their intrinsic charm. Being greatly reduced, and lacking the variety of colour which is at once their chief novelty and greatest value, the illustrations here given fail perhaps to suggest all that the originals deserve. The designs by Mr. Leon Solon were made especially for the particular volumes they adorn, and Mr. Bagguley has had new tools cut for each, and so far has not made new combinations of the motives, but started each fresh pattern with a completely new series of tools.

All these intricate patterns, most ingenious and beautiful in themselves, are pure hand-tooling, and each dot or tiny detail, each leaf or line, is impressed in colour exactly as gold is applied in



BOOKBINDING "SUNDERLAND DECORATION" AFTER A "LE GASCON" DESIGN



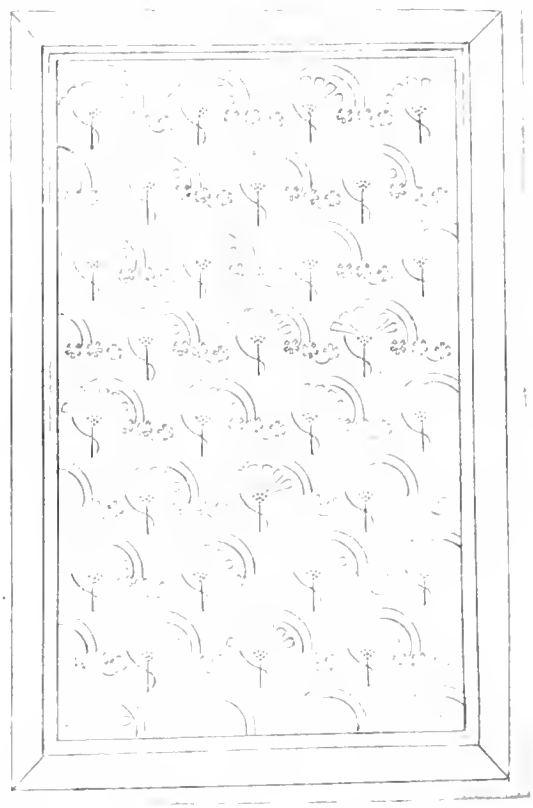
BOOKBINDING. "SUNDERLAND" DECORATION
AFTER A "PADELOUP" DESIGN
(By permission of Her Grace the Duchess of Sutherland)

the ordinary way. Her Majesty the Queen and other members of the Royal Family have already commissioned specimens. As a rule, the most novel application is seen in the "doublures" (the lining to the cover), where vellum with exquisitely dainty patterns, in soft harmonious colours, offers something entirely new and good. The mechanically perfect qualities of the finest binding are preserved in Mr. Bagguley's work, which on its own merits deserves to be placed in the first rank. For the moment space forbids more description of the volumes illustrated or of others just finished. It is rare to find a designer of equal power planning schemes for book-binding; that is, for a number of different volumes. In this enterprise Mr. Leon Solon has accepted the position of art director. That the "Solon" designs in the "Sunderland Decoration" will be the prize of collectors is a safe prophecy, for everything that makes binding a fine art is obeyed here, *plus* the novelty of colour, which is their own entirely. Experts of eminence, no less than mere lovers of pretty things, are united in their approval of an innovation in the one department of the applied arts where it is most difficult to find a novelty which is also a distinct addition to the finest resources of the craft.

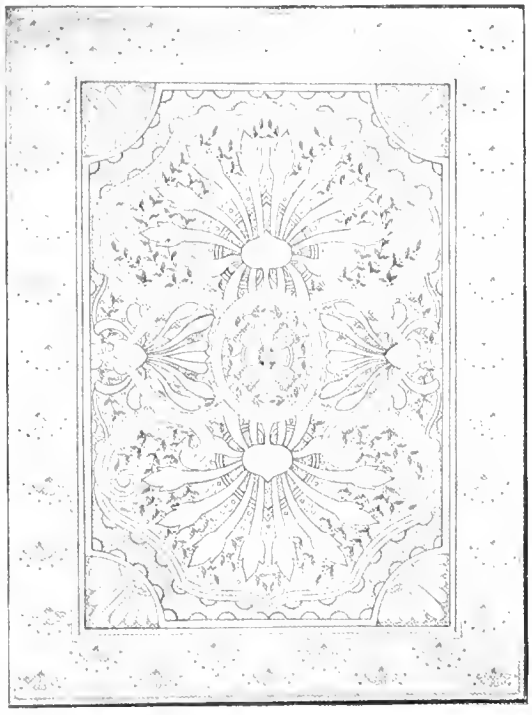
E. B. S.

BERLIN. This year's Art Exhibition was styled "National" to distinguish it from the International displays, open to foreigners. Possibly this was due to the fact that, as had been unpleasantly noticeable, the public had been displaying special interest in the foreign works exhibited in Berlin, and had purchased them very freely? I cannot tell if this was so, but I may say at once that the art dealers continue to do the best business with Italian and Spanish productions, this being the kind of work that seems most popular here.

So this year we were, with a few exceptions, free from the wicked foreigner. Some there are, especially in certain art circles, who are much gratified at all this; but others, and I think they are right, hold the opinion that we have had no worse exhibition for years past, and that, if the rivalry of the simultaneous displays at Dresden, Munich, Stockholm, Venice, &c., was too strong, it would have



BOOKBINDING. "SUNDERLAND" DECORATION
FROM A DESIGN BY LEON SOLON
(By permission of Her Grace the Duchess of Sutherland)

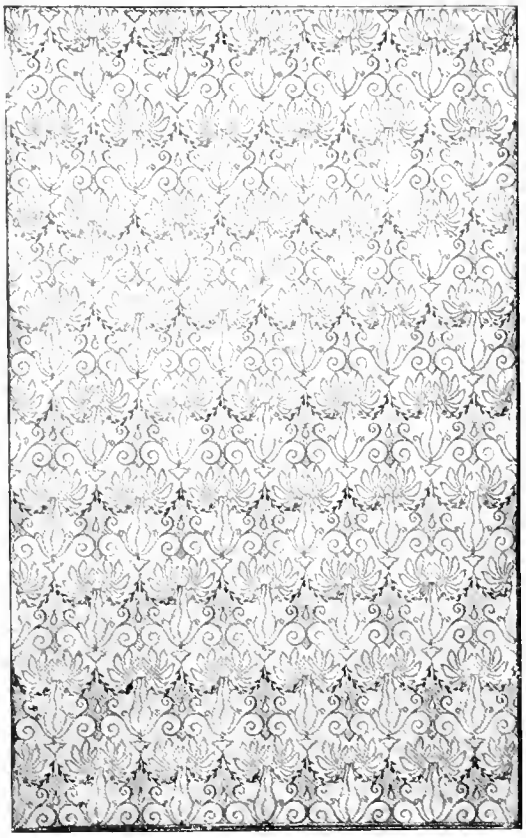


DOUBLURE. "SUNDERLAND DECORATION"
FROM A DESIGN BY LEON V. SOLON
(*See Newcastle-under-Lyme Studio-Talk*)

been better for once not to have had an exhibition at all. About 2100 art works were displayed, and how many of these had the slightest claim to serious consideration?

One may say, without fear of contradiction, that in all these galleries there was, with few exceptions, absolutely nothing to charm the eye or awake the imagination; almost everything left one in a state of perfect indifference. As a rule one can walk through a picture gallery, admiring this and condemning that, finding a certain power and individuality in the works, whether good or bad: at any rate one's feelings are appealed to. But here, all these "pot-boilers," were they by Mr. X. or Mr. Y., left one quite emotionless; and indifference is the one feeling which is most fatal to art. But to be just, I must admit that many of the best and most famous names were to be sought for in vain. A Berlin exhibition without Menzel is like a headless trunk. However, we had a fine collection of the works of Max Liebermann, who has at last gained the large gold medal, and this exhibit formed an oasis towards which the visitors flocked, to rest and refresh their eyes. Liebermann was represented in all his stages—from the dark and melancholy manner which he took from Munkaczy, to the full-coloured, gladsome style of the present. And in them all we saw the same personality, the same power, which only truest art can produce, the same joyous revelation of nature, and, let his opponents say what they may, the same capacity for seeing and reproducing its beauties. The unusually tasteful arrangement of this gallery added not a little to its excellent effect.

Close by in a couple of rooms was displayed the work of the Union of Karlsruhe Artists. Last year I observed that a most praiseworthy school of painting had quietly sprung up in South Germany, under the influence of a few artists; and this year there was again a very good display, although not quite so satisfactory all round as that of 1896. Landscapes predominated, not "open-air" work *à outrance*, but revealing rather the more sentimental tendencies in accord with Germany feeling. Among the landscapists may be mentioned Schönleber, H. von Volckmann and Pötzelberger. I



DOUBLURE. "SUNDERLAND DECORATION"
FROM A DESIGN BY LEON V. SOLON
(*See Newcastle-under-Lyme Studio-Talk*)

have seen nothing better, I think, from the brush of Count L. Kalckreuth than his woman's portrait, which once more emphasises the fact that the merit of a work of art such as this is in no way dependent upon the mere beauty of the model. The same artist also contributed a fine etching—a portrait of himself.

Carlos Grethe occupied a special place among this little group of artists, with his remarkable and most original effects of light, as though produced from a lamp hanging overhead. He also displayed a lithograph in colours, which struck me as being an uncommonly delicate and tasteful piece of work. It represents a boat gliding along a stream, flowing fresh and strong from a dam. It is evening, and the water gleams rich with gold, as it gradually disappears in the distance, while a horizon of forest in delicate blue-grey tones forms the background. The artist has produced a most remarkably artistic effect by the dexterous and tasteful use of his plates.

The Munich artists were almost unrepresented, and those from Düsseldorf, while present in goodly numbers, had mostly devoted themselves to a style which now appears somewhat old-fashioned.

Without any attempt at classification, a few exhibitors whose work had qualities out of the common may be mentioned in conclusion. O. Reiniger of Stuttgart sent a most poetical and impressive landscape—a stretch of fallow ground under the dark, cloudy November sky. Eisenblätter and B. M. Koldewey of Dordrecht also sent notable contributions.

I make no complaint that many of the female portraits, particularly the best of them, bore strong traces of English influence. The models, moreover, were seated in Chippendale chairs, and English tapestries formed the backgrounds. The pose, too, was generally English, and so were the types selected. I will only suggest that imitation in art is always dangerous, and that no truly personal artist will lend himself to slavish copying of this kind. However, I think our German portrait painters may with advantage learn a good deal from abroad. But it must not be carried too far. G. G.

"LA VIOLE" BY PAUL BERTHON

PARIS.—M. A. Arnould has just published a decorative panel (lithography in colours) by M. Paul Berthon, styled *La Viole*, which is reproduced here. It may perhaps be urged against this artist that he is somewhat too much under the influence of M. Grasset, an influence from which, it must be remarked, decorative draughtsmen do not take sufficient care to escape. Nevertheless, M. Paul Berthon has an exquisite sense of line and colour, and he seems to attach more importance to expression than does his master.

The same publisher is issuing some very interesting lithographs in colours by M. Marcel Lenoir, and a *Wotan* of fine decorative effect, by M. Bellery-Desfontaines. M. Arnould will shortly produce an

inkstand, a cup, and a vase modelled by Vibert, the sculptor, and executed in stoneware by M. Dalpayrat, one of the best of our ceramic artists.

M. Vollard, director of the gallery of that name in the Rue Laffitte is preparing now, and will publish in the course of November, an *Album d'Estampes Originales de la Galerie Vollard*, consisting of thirty lithographs mostly in colours, by various artists, including Maurice Denis, Sisley, Vuillard, Bonnard, Odilon Redon, Lunois, Charles Cottet, Lucien Simon, Shannon, Toulouse-Lautrec, Puvis de Chavannes, Grasset, Leheutre, Cézanne Wagner, La Gandara, Fantin-Latour, and Carrière. This album, of which only 100 copies will be printed, is to be followed shortly by a series of portfolios, devoted to MM. Fantin-Latour, K. X. Roussel, Maurice Denis (scenes of chivalry, entitled *Amour*), Odilon Redon (a series on the Apocalypse), Bonnard (*Croquis Parisiens*), and Vuillard (*Paysages et Intérieurs*). Each album will contain at least twelve drawings.

In addition M. Vollard is engaged on the preparation of a collection of poems by Paul Verlaine, *Parallèlement*, to be illustrated by Leheutre. The headings, ornamental letters, and tail-pieces will be forty-three in all, the number of the poems, and will be drawn on the wood by Leheutre, and engraved by Paillard. There will also be twenty separate etchings in colours. This handsome volume will be produced in an edition of only 200 copies. The type selected is that designed by Garamond, in the reign of Francis I., which only the Imprimerie Nationale possesses. The characters are very finely shaped italics of great delicacy and lightness, and will go admirably with the verses of the poet who wrote *Sagesse* and *Fêtes Galantes*.

G. M.

"A LA SORTIE DE L'EGLISE" (FRAGMENT) BY G. CHARLIER

BRUSSELS.—After gaining one of the prizes offered by the City at the Venice Exhibition—for his group *Le Pardon*, reproduced a few months ago in THE STUDIO—M. Pierre Braecke, the Brussels sculptor, has, by competition, been unanimously chosen to undertake the

"PÊCHEURS HALANT LEUR BARQUE" BY G. CHARLIER

execution of the monument to be erected in the Place du Marché-aux-Grains at Louvain, in memory of Rémy, the philanthropist. He has conceived quite an original scheme, and even now it is evident we may rely upon a work of great merit.

The "Grand Prix de Rome" for sculpture has been awarded to M. Bonquet, a student at the Brussels Academy, who won the second prize three years ago. At the International Exhibition this year his group, *Les Tourments de L'Amour*, obtained a medal of the second class.

For a wonder the subject of the competition for the Prix de Rome this year was neither Greek, nor Roman, nor Biblical! The idea was: "Thor, King of the Thunders, fighting and killing the Great Serpent, but dying himself from the poison emitted by the Monster" (Northern Mythology, "The Twilight of the Gods").

Like the group just referred to, M. Bonquet's figure for the "Rome" contest is full of power and movement, and displays remarkable force of expression.

The Brussels sculptor, Guillaume Charlier, recently gave a display in his vast well-lighted studio, of a collection of his own works, together with the principal paintings, sketches, and studies of his friend, Theodore Verstraete, the landscapist, whose work has unhappily been stopped by a serious illness. The numerous admirers of this sincere and feeling artist have thus had an opportunity of renewing acquaintance with his work, which is that of a genuine painter, and most original colourist and draughtsman.

Verstraete has treated landscape not from the colourist's point of view alone. He has grasped and recorded the spirit of the soil in its subtlest aspects and in his most characteristic manner, and with all possible delicacy and intensity of feeling revealed the close connection between Man and the Earth he inhabits. What Segantini (whose work was recently dealt with in THE STUDIO) has done for the Italian Alps, that Verstraete has done for the neighbourhood of Antwerp, where he has lived and worked.

Charlier's works are of all kinds, showing in every variety the utmost technical skill not only in applied art, such as his ingenious writing-desk in pewter, but also in his more important productions. Among the latter may be noted his *Sortie de L'Eglise*, showing two groups of beggars, life-size, on the steps in front of a church door a consumptive, with a fever-stricken child in his arms, and two women squatting in their rags. This work has been keenly discussed, and it is objected that the architectural portion, by occupying too much space, has had the effect of detracting from the import

ance of the figures. However, despite all this, it is a work of great personality, thought out and executed with the most scrupulous care.

In addition to numerous busts, including those of the Queen of the Belgians, and A. Struys the painter, and several works of lesser importance, M. Charlier displayed his beautiful low-reliefs, *Pêcheurs halant leur barque*, and *Pêcheurs revenant du Port*, which form portion of a scheme for a series of *bas-reliefs*, to be surmounted by a *Statue of a Fisherman*, in honour of the "Toilers of the Sea."

F. K.

FLORENCE.—Paolo Testi is among the most active of Florentine artists. He was trained in the *Accademia delle belle Arti* here in Florence, and devoted himself first to painting, but after obtaining the first prize for work from the nude he abandoned this branch of art for sculpture in which, at the end of the year, he again carried off the first prize. He next competed for and gained the greatest prize given by the *Accademia*: that which has since been converted into a *prix de Rome*.

It is probably his sympathetic intuition of feeling, combined of course with his conscientious technique, that makes Testi so excellent a portrait sculptor. "I love portrait modelling more than anything else," he said to me one day. "At one time, when I had not much work on hand, I used to lay my friends under requisition and take them one after another, an hour each, sometimes for days at a stretch. I find it intensely interesting to try to give in clay an impression of the characteristics of my sitters; most attractive, too, to study the physical idiosyncrasies which individualise them."

BUST OF A BOY BY PAOLO TESTI

MEDALLION BY PAOLO TESTI

Working on these lines, Paolo Testi produces portrait busts which are remarkable for their vivacity, their truth of impression, their freedom of movement. Among many others we may cite as good examples the bust of Paolo Ferrari, lately unveiled in the School of Recitation in this city; that of the painter Nicolò Barabino, and a very fine medallion of Dr. Alessandro Foresi, the late antiquarian. Visitors to

Florence will, it is to be hoped, also see Testi's work before long in one of the empty niches of the Mercato Nuovo, as the statue of Ghiberti, which is to adorn it, has been entrusted to him.

For his single statues, of which he has made many, both for funeral monuments and other commissions, Paolo Testi chooses types that are slim and elegant rather than florid. He himself says that he likes to "see the anatomy" of his models: but the true reason of the preference is probably that he finds individual characteristics more strongly marked as a rule in the spare type.

Conscientious, imaginative, endowed with quick intuition, Paolo Testi is a distinctly interesting workman, and one who is likely to make himself known among the sculptors of the present day.

I. M. A.

The article upon the work of Mr. Frank Brangwyn, which appeared in the October number of THE STUDIO, contained two slight inaccuracies which we have been asked to rectify. Mr. Brangwyn did not study at the South Kensington Art Schools, but at the South Kensington Museum, and, moreover, he is a full member, or sociétaire, of the Société Internationale de Peintures as well as of the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts.

REVIEWS OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Lectures on Art. By Sir E. J. POYNTER, P.R.A. Fourth and enlarged edition. (London: Chapman & Hall. 1897.)—It is interesting to read a lecture on decorative art delivered in 1869, by the present titular head of the arts in England. Therein we find the objects which provoked most bitter criticism were railway bridges and other engineering works, stucco-covered houses (with a passing word of approval for the Queen Anne style then *not* revived), the "elegant" furniture of contemporary drawing-rooms, coal scuttles with painted flowers by way of adornment, inartistic silver-ware which displayed "hideous solidity" as its one claim to notice, and realistic as opposed to "flat" ornament in surface decoration. Thirty years have done much to improve most of these particular things: except for silver-ware the strictures are out of date. But the principles Sir Edward maintained then are true as ever, and his exaltation of Michel Angelo above Raphael, which then needed some courage, has become a commonplace. In the other lectures are many excellent pieces of advice. "To copy a portrait by Titian or Velasquez is a better and surer means of forming a good style of handling than all the precept in the world, provided the work be done under good direction," is advice that is perhaps even more pertinent to-day than when it was penned. Other opinions are open to dispute, as for instance: "The only parallel to this perfect spontaneous art [Greek decoration] is in the vivacity with which Leech gave vent to his feeling for the humour of English life." But even after saying this the author continues with one other exception—the spontaneity of Japanese art, to which he pays splendid tribute—so that we feel inclined to forgive the somewhat parochial bias in favour of the *Punch* draughtsman. He "laments the decline of the taste for the antique," and there we are at one with him, but when he goes on to add: "Our collectors of to-day devote themselves to blue china, a taste, it is true, which needs no education," probably the most keen admirers of Tanagra figures and antique vases would dispute his assertion warmly. Remembering the position of the writer, the book is important, and if it could be taken as a hint that under its new *régime* the Academy would throw open its ranks to include "decorators," illustrators and others, as well as painters of easel pictures, sculptors and architects, then indeed would its reappearance be a happy augury.

A London Comedy and other Poems. By EGAN MEW. (London: George Redway.)—In this very dainty volume—a vellum-covered vanity that is not "mated with Falsity and Folly," but rather with "Fact, Mirth, and Sanity," to quote from one of its pretty conceits—the poems appeal to be noticed at length, yet this is not the place. All the same the text of the book is no less good than are the drawings by Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen which illustrate it, and some of them being at his highest level, further praise is needless. Yet in days when the lighter verses in French forms, which Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Andrew Lang, and others once fashioned so deftly, are replaced by vague rhythms and straggling rhapsodies, one is glad to find "decorative poetry" still winning new recruits, and to welcome Mr. Egan Mew for his first collection of pleasant trifles, already familiar since their first appearance in various periodicals.

Modern Painters. By JOHN RUSKIN. Vols. I. & II. (London: George Allen.)—This new edition, in small form, of an epoch-making work so far as the art of Great Britain is concerned, offers an opportunity for a re-appreciation of a classic. Despite all its exaggeration, its wilfulness, its constant tendency to

confuse art with morals, and a hundred other things that have aged and no longer arouse sympathy, what a wonder-house it is! The lucid method of its arguments, its marvellously just appreciation even of those qualities which Mr. Ruskin preferred to deem ignoble, its clear vision, and at times its almost perfect style—these do not age. New prejudices have arisen, new ideas have been set up, since the author launched the first volume of this book; yet it would be safe to assert that he was not blind to many truths which later students rank so dearly, even if by his amazingly individual personality he chose to be bigoted to Turner and a few others who are by no means the chief deities in the Walhalla of art to-day. It is a real service to art, this admirable and inexpensive edition of the best or at least the most complete effort at art criticism which the nineteenth century has produced.

Daphnis and Chloe. Illustrated by RAPHAEL COLLIN. (London: The "Fin de Siecle" Library, H. S. Nichols. 1896. Pp. 166–xvi.)—In a well-bound, well-printed, and well-illustrated edition of that famous love idyll of antiquity, the Daphnis and Chloe of the Greek romancer Longus, Mr. H. S. Nichols presents us with the first volume of his somewhat inaptly entitled "Fin de Siecle" Library. The illustrations rather than the text, however, are what give distinction to the volume. These consist of some very careful, if at times mechanical, etchings by Champollion after designs of Raphael Collin, printed in various colours, and apart from as well as in continuation with the text. There is a purity—one might almost say a chastity—about these studies of the adolescent nude, as striking as grateful, when one considers the latter-day prevalence of qualities quite other.

Arbeiten der Osterreichischen Kunst-Industrie. (Vienna: Kunstgewerbeschule.) The works illustrated have been executed under the direction of Professor Unger in the school of the T. R. Austrian Museum. They reveal every quality that deserves praise, except the one which happens to be valued most highly by English art-workers to-day, *i.e.*, original design. Conceived for the most part in a florid style, chiefly based on the German Rococco, it is not easy to bring them within the range of one's sympathies. It is true they are works of art in their way; but it is the way that leads to the debased horrors of continental *bric-à-brac*. All that learning and craft can achieve may be theirs, but for evidence of original thought, or of creative design, we search and search and find no trace.

A Note on the National Gallery of British Art. By CHARLES HEATH. (London. 1897.) This well-written, calmly-argued pamphlet deserves careful reading. It presents a well-considered ideal of a British Luxembourg, managed with broad catholicity within a very distinct and sharply-drawn line ruling out mediocrity of any sort. It is rare to find a controversial subject treated so dispassionately.

A Plain Guide to Oil Painting. By HUME NISBET. (Reeves & Co.)—The dedication of the book "to the greatest living genius in oil painting, Mr. G. F. Watts," is typical of Mr. Hume Nisbet's state of mind. An ordinary disciple of Mr. Watts would have felt that "a great living genius" would have expressed his entire admiration, and would not have extolled his hero at the expense of others. In the preface the author says: "Artists, although fluent and constant exponents of the theories concerning art, are too often, unhappily, not lucid writers." In this class Mr. Hume Nisbet must certainly be placed. Much of its information, if spoken to a student at work, might pass muster as reasonable, if not very new or profound advice; but to print the jerky sentences was a mistake. "Before you attempt to take (*sic*) impressionist pictures" is a fair example of the very colloquial style. The phrase "to take a photograph" is possible—but "to take a picture" has so far been limited to buying or stealing one. It would serve no purpose to criticise exhortation and advice which the author has not troubled to make plain.

The Shakespearean Guide to Stratford-on-Avon. By H. SNOWDEN WARD and CATHARINE WEED WARD. (London: Dawburn & Ward. 1*s.* net.)—Though a guide-book pure and simple, this dainty little volume deserves commendation above the majority of its kind, not only by reason of the superiority of its literary matter, but also on account of the care displayed in its production. In addition to a number of pen-and-ink drawings by Mr. W. T. Whitehead, the illustrations include eight carefully printed half-tone plates from photographs, and a plan of Stratford-on-Avon.

Mrs. Keith's Crime. By Mrs. W. K. CLIFFORD. (London: T. Fisher Unwin. 6*s.*)—This is the sixth edition of Mrs. Clifford's pathetic and well-told story, which was first published in two-volume form in 1885, and was subsequently translated into French, and appeared serially in the Paris *Temps*. The new edition is clothed in a neat green cover, and has for frontispiece an "Imaginary Portrait," reproduced from a drawing by Mr. John Collier.

Ornamental Design for Woven Fabrics. By G. STEPHENSON and F. SUDDARDS. (London: Methuen. 7*s.* 6*d.*) The joint authors of this work have done

their task well; it is lucid and complete, a model of what such a text-book should be. Above all, it is eminently practical, and does not waste time upon theories of design or history of its evolution, but keeps strictly to the purpose of its title, and does not attempt to teach the art of creating beautiful patterns, but only the power of expressing them in a workable fashion. It is a really invaluable addition to the library of a designer.

The Epic of Sounds: An Interpretation of Wagner's Niebelungen Ring. By FREDA WINWORTH. (London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)—As a writer in these pages lately pointed out, modern decorative artists have been often inspired by the great music-drama which Richard Wagner founded upon ancient mythology. Hence a good analysis of the story and its musical treatment is by way of being a technical handbook to designers. With a knowledge of the "Ring," extending over many years, and a collection of various works on similar lines to Miss Winworth's, one has no hesitation in placing hers as the best, the most clear, and the least concerned with abstruse symbolism.

Stained Glass, Mediæval and Modern. By STEPHEN ADAM. (Glasgow: Carter & Pratt.)—This is a pleasantly contrived pamphlet written by one who evidently knows his subject, yet we cannot ignore the very inelegant colloquialism of its style. But although what is said might have been expressed less clumsily, the whole argument is true, and these "extracts from lectures on Truth in Decorative Art" are worth reading. "Raw cabbage-green doors and so on may be cult, but it is only an ephemeral fad," is a fragment of one sentence which is unluckily not an unfair sample of the style of the book. Its printing and decoration are both extremely good, hence a regret that the proof-sheets were not "read" by a practised hand.

The Chippendale Period of English Furniture. By K. WARREN CLOUSTON. (London: Edward Arnold. 21*s.* net.)—An enthusiast without prejudice is rare; but this really delightful book shows critical perception of the faults as well as the virtues of its subject. It is a book that was well worth doing, and it is very well done. But that space forbids it, many quotations pertinent and with a moral for to-day, might extend this notice indefinitely. It is worthy of careful study.

The Cabinet Makers' and Upholsterer's Guide. By A. HEPPLEWHITE & Co. 1794. (London: B. T. Batsford, 1897).—This is a re-issue of the third edition (improved) of Hepplewhite's famous designs for furniture. After a hundred years a phrase in the original preface may again, for the first time since it saw light, be used truthfully. It runs, "English taste and workmanship have of late years been much sought for by surrounding nations." But the rest of the sentence—"the mutibility (*sic*) of all things, but more especially of fashions, has rendered the labours of our predecessors in this line of little use," is obviously not so apt now, else were this book left untouched. That many of the designs are both beautiful and fit is true; yet we can but feel that the twentieth century should have courage to design its furniture without this constant reference to the past. Mr. Batsford deserves warm praise for this notable re-issue. It will be valued by every designer as a standard work of reference.

AWARDS IN "THE STUDIO" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

DESIGN FOR IRON-WORK BRACKET.

(A VI.)

The FIRST PRIZE (*Three guineas*) is awarded to *Feraille* (Jacques Houry, Hazeldene, Manor Road, Bishopston, Bristol).

The SECOND PRIZE (*Two guineas*) to *Lilian* (Chas. J. White, 30 Ruston Street, Birmingham).

Honourable mention is given to the following:—*Art Metal* (Frederick Perry, 37 Oxford Street, Pleck, Walsall, Staffs.); *Ajax the Less* (W. S. Moyes, 4 Albert Drive, Crosshill, Glasgow); *Appetite* (W. S. Kershaw, 6 Albany Road, New Basford, Nottingham); *Arties* (Arthur Manock, Benfield House, Boscombe Park, Bournemouth); *Black-Sheep* (Chas. G. Thompson, 24 Roxburgh Avenue, St. Michael's, Liverpool); *Bent* (E. L. Pattison, 204 Kennington Park Road, S.E.); *Chandos* (James D. Jameson, 50 George Street, Edinburgh); *Castile* (A. Hamilton Scott, 43 Mill Street, Paisley, N.B.); *Dragon* (A. H. Locock, 33 Chester Terrace, S.W.); *Doctor* (Agnes C. Martin, 45 South Road, Handsworth, Birmingham); *Hillas* (Hugh D. Simpson, Grange Place, Kilmarnock); *Iron* (Wm. K. Harris, 35 Leyton Park Road, Leyton, E.); *Indian Ink* (James S. Alderson, 1 Market Place, Rugby); *Jason* (Jas. Thirtle, The Elms, Banstead Road, Ewell, Surrey); *Judy* (Jessie Deakin, Norham, Lansdowne Road, Worcester); *Luther* (Martin M. G. Arnott, Rose Crescent, Dunfermline, Fife); *Moonshine* (T. D. Bryan, 21 Claremont Road, Bishopston, Bristol); *Monster* (W. H. Reed, 6 Summerhill Place, Newcastle-on-Tyne); *Podley* (Arabella L. Rankin, Muthill, Perthshire, N.B.); *Peg* (Margaret Sandford, 94 Christchurch Road, Streatham Hill, S.W.); *Penwiper* (F. White, 19

Amott Road, East Dulwich, S.E.); *Rising Sun* (Wm. Middleton, 1 Academy Lane, Montrose, N.B.); *Rustriv* (Francis S. Swales, 1022 Granite Building, Rochester, New York, U.S.A.); *Red Rose* (J. B. Fulton, East Chapelton, Bearsden, Glasgow); *Sygne* (W. H. Jenkins, 125 Beaufort Street, Chelsea, S.W.); *Seda* (A. de Sauty, 63 Ramsden Road, Balham, S.W.); and *Tramp* (D. C. Veazey, 10 Brewer Street, Woolwich).

DESIGN FOR ORNAMENTAL "TAILPIECE."
(B VI.)

The FIRST PRIZE (*One guinea*) is awarded to *Yukon* (Maurice Clifford, 44 Bath Road, Bedford Park, W.)

The SECOND PRIZE (*Half-a-guinea*) to *Ezekiel* (F. H. Ball, 189 Noel Street, Nottingham).

Honourable Mention is given to the following:—*Abana* (Emily A. Attwell, 1 Lavender Grove, Queen's Road, Dalston, N.E.); *Anthropos* (Stavros Homere, Wyken House, Bridgnorth, Salop); *Alige* (Alice E. Newby, Landsdown House, Brodrick Road, Wandsworth Common, S.W.); *Aidee* (Alfred Dennis, 28 Chiswick Road, Chiswick, W.); *Bel* (Isobel B. Williamson, 18 Ivanhoe Road, Liverpool); *Black* (R. W. P. de Vries, Jun., Edam, Holland); *Black Sheep* (C. E. Thompson, 24 Roxburgh Avenue, St. Michael's, Liverpool); *Banshee* (Madeline Price, Houses of Parliament, S.W.); *Corvus Corone* (Ernest Sprankling, Trull, Taunton); *Corydon* (W. E. Webster, 4 Ifield Road, Fulham Road, S.W.); *Cactus* (*no coupon*); *Canute* (Eveline A. Brauer, St. John's Road, Knutsford, Cheshire); *Camu* (Charles Gale, 51 Butt Road, Colchester); *Die Neuzeit* (T. C. Dugdale, 61 Plymouth Grove, Manchester); *Derelict* (Claire Murrell, 11 Templeton Place, Earl's Court, S.W.); *D* (Robert Donn, 48 Seafield Road, Dundee); *Daisy* (Margaret T. Griffith, 30 Hough Green, Chester); *Ethel Kate* (Ethel K. Burgess, 2 Lilford Road, Camberwell); *Forget-me-not* (Thomas Henry, 46 Rue Madame, Paris); *Fleur de Lys* (Miss E. A. Lilly, 7 Canterbury Road, Brixton, S.W.); *Flutterby* (Helen Kück, Holly House, East Dulwich Road, S.E.); *Fiona* (Jean C. Archer, Milford, Surrey); *Finis* (Edgar J. Ransom, Warwick Studios, Herkomer Road, Bushey, Herts); *Grumbler* (Rosa C. Petherick, Maple Lodge, Havelock Road, Croydon); *Gay-Sha* (Charles A. Allen, Lorne Street, Kidderminster); *June* (Catherine M. Mann, 8 Auckland Road, Upper Norwood); *Jason* (J. Thirtle, The Elms, Banstead Road, Ewell, Surrey); *Lamp Black* (M. J. Hunt, Southwood, Torquay); *Leeker* (Ernest A. Taylor, 8 Esplanade, Greenock, N.B.); *Longo* (P. Allaert, Rue basse des Champs 15, Ghent, Belgium); *Limpet* (Helen Troubridge, 25 Graham Street, Eaton Square, S.W.); *May* (May Dixon, Mulberry Green, Harlow, Essex); *Micawber* (Edmund Whitehead, Post Office, Jersey); *Nikko* (E. Davy, Twynsham, Shortlands, Kent); *Namron* (Haywood Norman, 802 South Summer Street, Nashville, Tennessee, U.S.A.); *Nereid* (Thomas Corson, 8 Blenheim Walk, Woodhouse Lane, Leeds); *Oxford* (Alfred J. Moore, Wayside Studio, Bushey, Herts); *Perfician* (Alice M. Giles, 2 Clarkson Street, Glossop Road, Sheffield); *Poker* (Enid N. Jackson, 12 Forest Road, Birkenhead); *Punchinello* (May S. Tyrer, Southam Villa, Prestbury Road, Cheltenham); *Pekin* (Mary G. Houston, 13 South Parade, Fulham Road, S.W.); *Rita* (May M. Falcon, Milverton, Somerset); *Romanesque* (T. T. Blaylock, Lynton, Serpentine Road, Poole, Dorset); *Seaweed* (E. O. Brown, Van Bwreog, Bournemouth); *Seda* (A. de Santy, 63 Ramsden Road, Balham, S.W.); *Scarabus* (A. M. Appleton, 20 Edith Road, West Kensington); *The Rook* (Marion Wallace-Dunlop, Ellerslie Tower, Ealing, W.); *Ulmus* (Nellie Brightwell, 42 Gough Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham); *Un élève de Grasset* (Paul Follot, 43 Boulevard Diderot, Paris); *White Heather* (Gwynedd Palin, 7 Algernon Road, Rotton Park, Birmingham); *Weeds* (Nancy M. Ruxton, 24 Wetherby Gardens, S.W.); and *Yered* (R. Percy Glossop, 65 New North Road, N.).

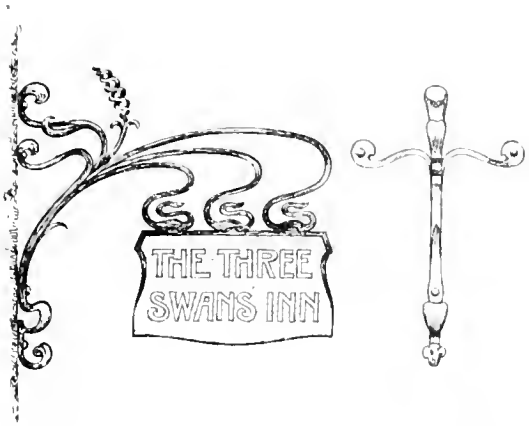
SKETCH OF A STREET HAWKER OR ITINERANT MUSICIAN.
(C VI.)

The FIRST PRIZE (*One guinea*) is awarded to *Rex* (J. E. Staniforth, Llanishen, Cardiff, South Wales).

The SECOND PRIZE (*Half a guinea*) to *Bohend* (F. Leather, 114 Merton Road, Wandsworth, S.W.).

Honourable Mention is given to the following:—*Claud* (C. Cooper, The Vicarage, West Norwood); *Conon* (W. J. Urquhart, 3 Radnor Street, Chelsea, S.W.); *Extra Special* (Edgar J. Ransom, Wayside Studio, Old Bushey, Herts); *Irish* (Will Gulzow, 58 Helix Road, Brixton Hill, S.W.); *Ingles* (Ernest Mitchell, 8 Ingles Road, Folkestone); *Jackdaw* (Miss E. M. Monsell, Curragh Chase, Adara, co. Limerick); *Jumelle* (Florence M. G. Dimma, 59 The Common, Upper Clapton, N.E.); *Quill* (Hanslip Fletcher, 7 Milner Street, Islington, N.); *Roy* (Roydon Desmond, c/o Mr. McCabe, Middleton Road, West Hartlepool); *White Friars* (J. S. Brydone, 6 North Crescent, Bedford Square, W.C.); and *Wagner* (C. A. Chapman, South View 2 Richmond Road, Basingstoke).

FIRST PRIZE "FERAILLE"



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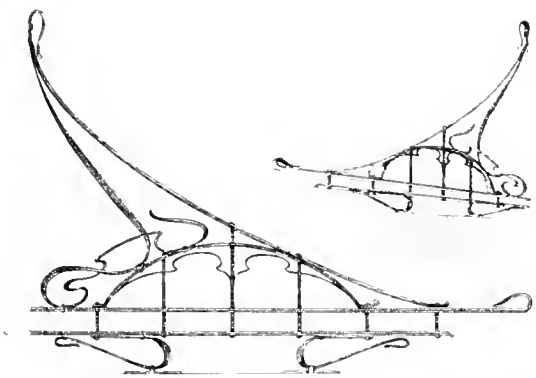
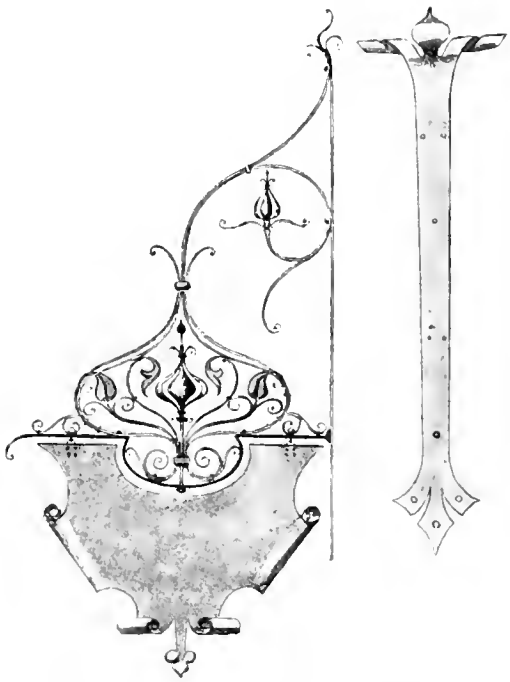
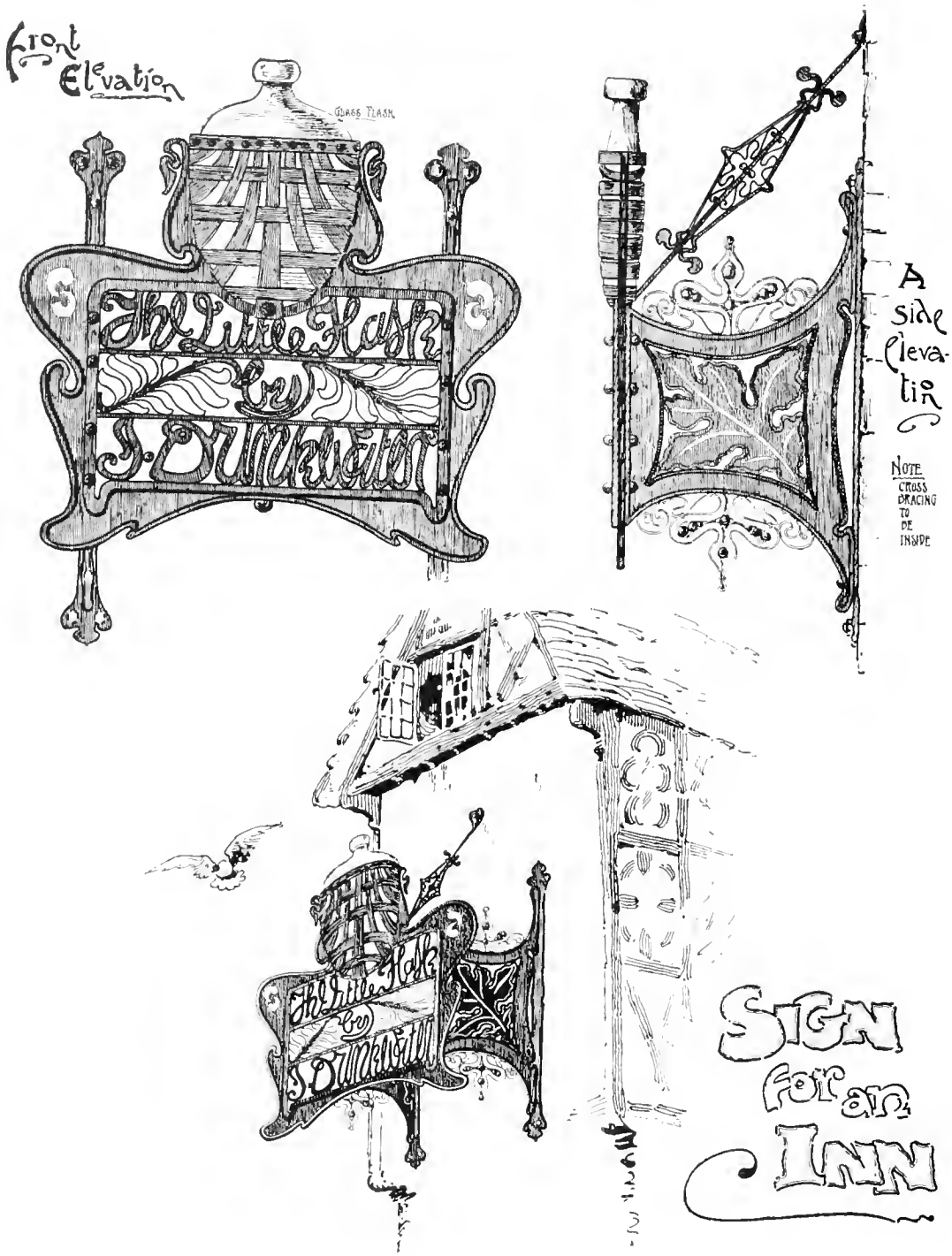


HON. MENTION "INDIAN INK"



HON. MENTION ART METAL

DESIGNS FOR IRON-WORK BRACKETS (COMP. A VI.)



DESIGN FOR IRON-WORK BRACKET
(HON. MENTION, COMP. A VI.)
BY "BLACK-SHEEP"

DESIGN FOR IRON-WORK BRACKET (HON. MENTION COMP. A VI.). BY "JASON"

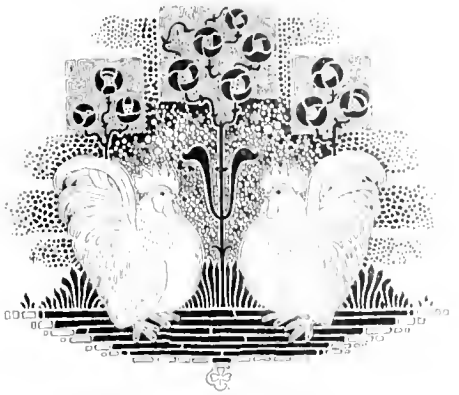
FIRST PRIZE "REX"

SECOND PRIZE "BOHEME"

SKETCHES OF ITINERANT MUSICIANS (COMP. C VI.)

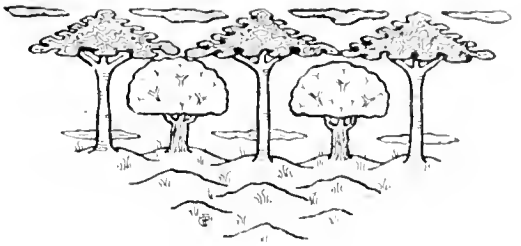
Awards in Competition B VI. (Ornamental Tailpieces)

FIRST PRIZE "YUKON"



HON. MENTION "GAWSHA"

HON. MENTION "DIE NEUZEIT"

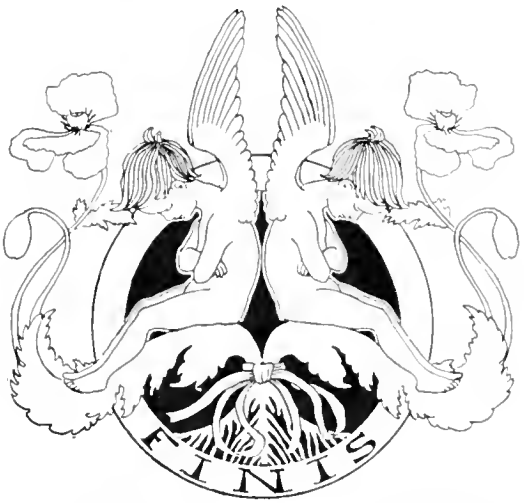


HON. MENTION "UN LIEVE DE GRASSE"

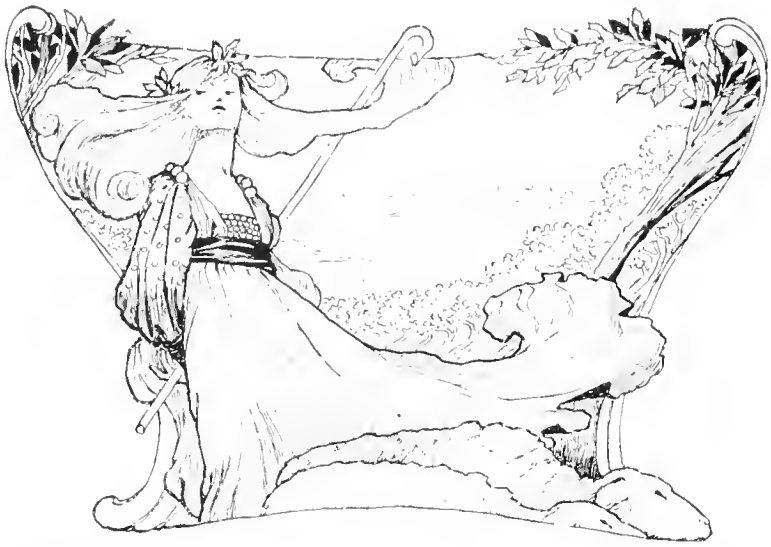
HON. MENTION "BLACK"

HON. MENTION "BEL"

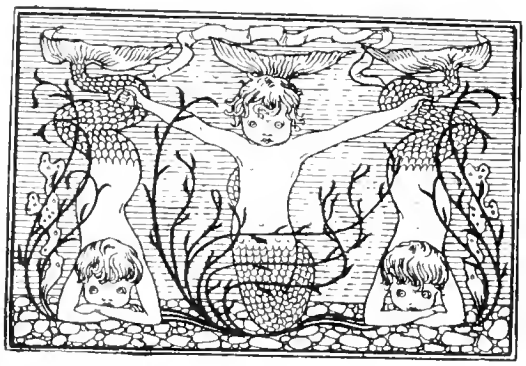
HON. MENTION "ANTHROPOS"



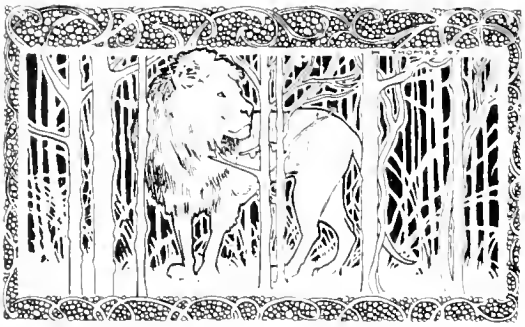
HON. MENTION "THE ROOK"



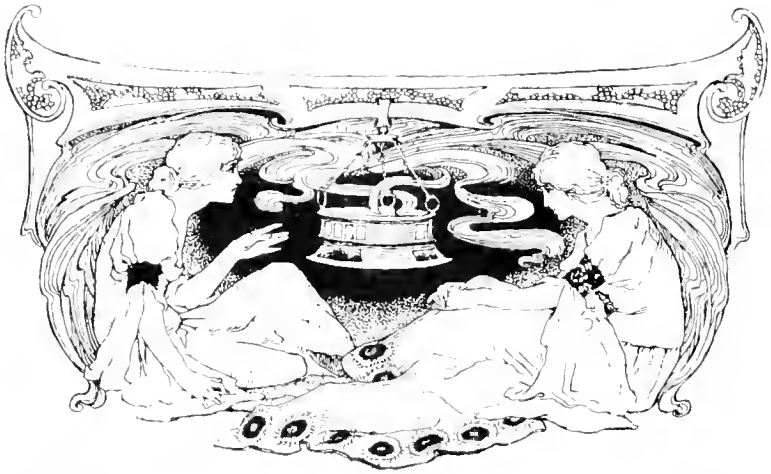
SECOND PRIZE "EZEKIEL



HON. MENTION "WEEDS"



HON. MENTION "FORGET-ME-NOT"



HON. MENTION "PEKIN"

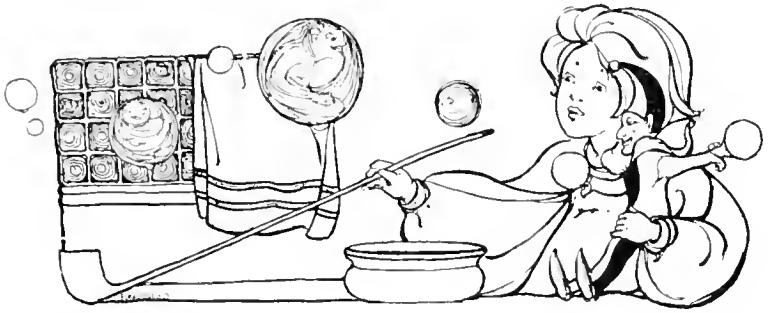
Awards in Competition B VI. (Ornamental Tailpieces)

HON. MENTION "WHITE HEATHER"

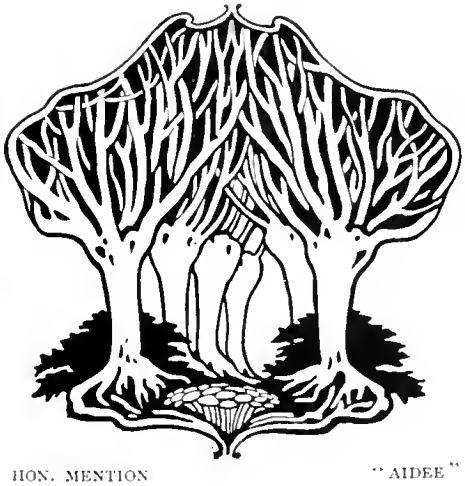
HON. MENTION "GRUMBLER"

HON. MENTION "CANUTE"

HON. MENTION "RITA"



HON. MENTION "PUNCHINELLO"



HON. MENTION "AIDEE"

HON. MENTION "FINIS"

THE LAY FIGURE. "KELMSCOTT AND JAPAN."

"Is it possible that, to-day, any sane person denies art to the Japanese?" said the Lay Figure. "Surely you are joking."

"Well," the Man with a Clay Pipe said quietly, "some people, you know, still declare that the earth is flat. I find in this book on 'William Morris' by Aymer Vallance——"

"Yes, I know!" broke in the Gifted Amateur, who had dropped in against his will to prove he was but mortal. "Morris did say all art is based upon architecture Japan has no architecture—therefore Japan has no art."

"One dubious premise, one inaccurate statement, and a false deduction, that is all," said the Lay Figure. "Really even if Morris said it, it is not worth combating seriously."

"But has Japan any architecture?" the Gifted Amateur said in a thin sour tone. "I thought it had but bamboo frames covered with paper, a city of folding screens, painted with storks askew."

"As well imagine Gothic art to be *all* Oxford frames," the Lay Figure retorted. "Really if one must go back to first principles were not Greek temples evolved from wooden constructions? Do you not know photographs of the Temples of Kioto, Nikko, Nara, and Shiba, or of the Castle of Nagoya?"

"No," said the Gifted Amateur, "and I hope I never may; Japan does not interest me. It is so utterly without 'soul,' and architecture is surely concrete music, a symphony of lasting material. I cannot feel interest in wooden houses . Yes, I know you say it has stone bridges and the rest but so far they seem to be only big 'curios.'"

"But," the Man with a Clay Pipe broke in, "is architecture necessarily limited to brick or stone? If so, what of the so-called half-timbered houses—the Town Hall of Lavenham, or Little Moreton Hall, which are practically wooden in structure as well as in ornament?"

"I thought the rage for penny fans and glove boxes at ninepence three farthings was past," said the Gifted Amateur, taking no heed of the interruption. "Nobody regards them as 'precious' to-day, not even in the newest suburb."

"Who that was worth listening to ever did?" said the Lay Figure. "As well say that because Berlin wool-work is a horror, the mosaics at Ravenna are also. Japan, with its draughtsmen worthy peers of Durer, Rembrandt, or Whistler; its lacquer the last word of human artifice; its metal work absolutely beyond rivalry; its 'all-over' patterns, now simple and symmetrical, and again inexhaustible in their novelty against the evidence of these even the dictum of so great a craftsman as Morris is merely another example of the fallibility of genius."

"But Mr. Ruskin—" the Gifted Amateur added, with a crushing air.

"Mr. Ruskin was more logical," the Lay Figure broke in. "He did write to a bookseller: 'Do not send me any more Japanese prints: they confuse me, I am too old to go into the subject now.' One respects his attitude, because it is a confession of ignorance, and reveals possibly a certain dread lest his prejudice might prove ill founded."

"I will not bear it hinted that Morris was not logical," said the Gifted Amateur in a white rage.

"Perhaps the word was ill chosen," the Lay Figure replied quietly. "I do not doubt that Mr. Morris spoke with honest ignorance, but King David also made rash statements in haste. I sometimes think that the Morris you set up as a deity is not nearly so great a hero as the great craftsmen we outsiders respect. To own that any man, however noble, may be unjust to certain things which chance to clash with his preconceived opinions is not to do him dishonour."

"I think," the Man with a Clay Pipe added, "it is another example of Mrs. Partington trundling back the ocean with a mop. The art of Japan, like the art of Greece, is one of the verities beyond fashion, above faction. You despise both, I know."

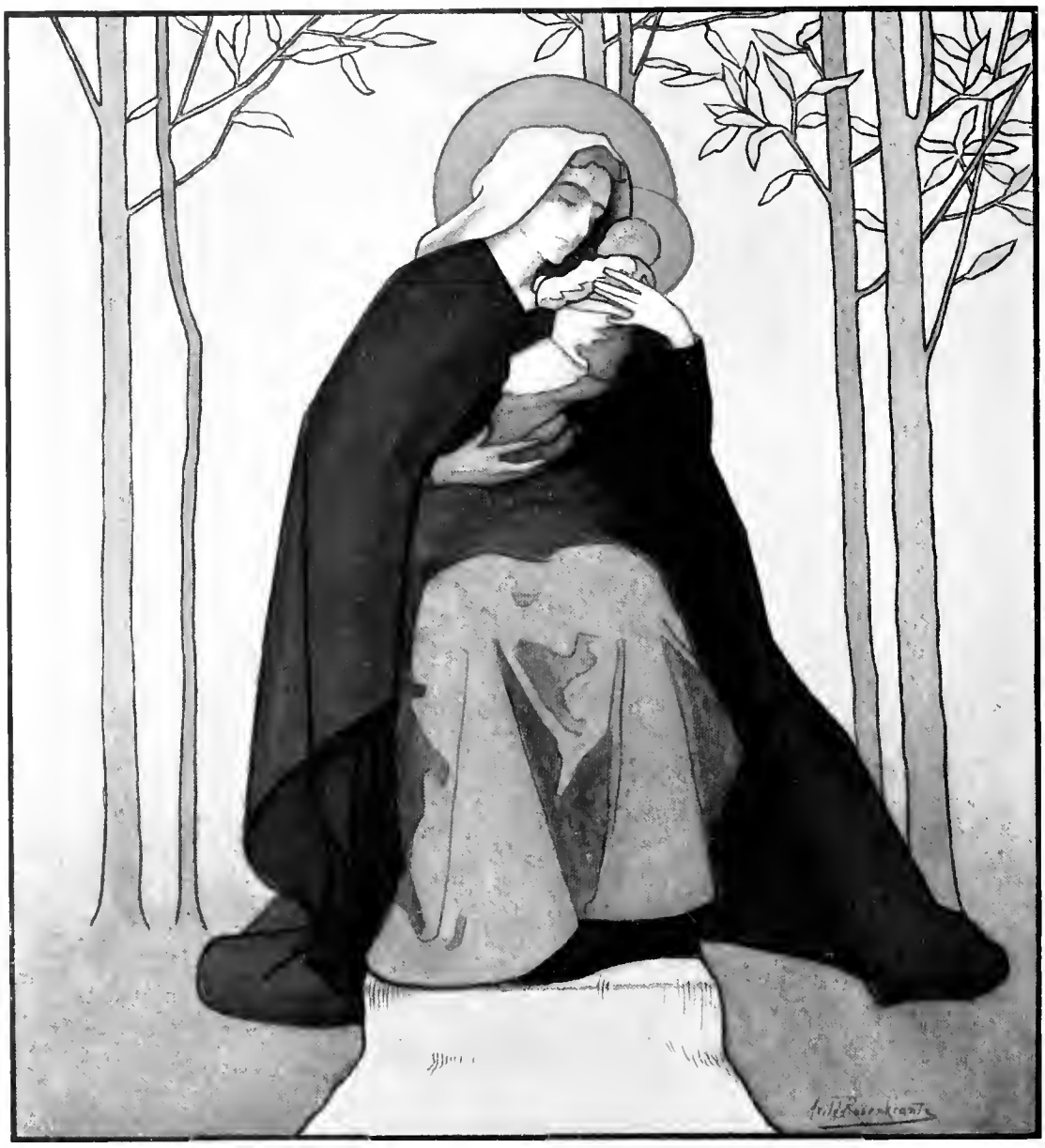
"I never despised Greek art," the Gifted Amateur said, with an air of generous toleration. "Of course it is infantile beside the fine flowering of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, but in its own limited way it is not despicable."

"How nice of you!" the Lay Figure said, with a laugh. "Gallant little Greece has found another champion. Can you not say as much for Japan?"

"No, most certainly not," the Gifted Amateur retorted. "The Japanese cannot draw, have no idea of design, no sense of beauty."

"That is quite absurd," the Lay Figure said, with a laugh, "as absurd as Mr. Vallance's comment on Morris's hasty speech, which he says Professor John Milne and Herr Oscar Munsterberg have corroborated on 'purely scientific grounds.' Evidently the ostrich who puts his head in the sand still exists. But why be angry? The ostrich grows fine feathers and is a good bird in many ways!"

THE LAY FIGURE.



A FRENCH WOOD-ENGRAVER: AUGUSTE LEPÈRE. BY GABRIEL MOUREY.

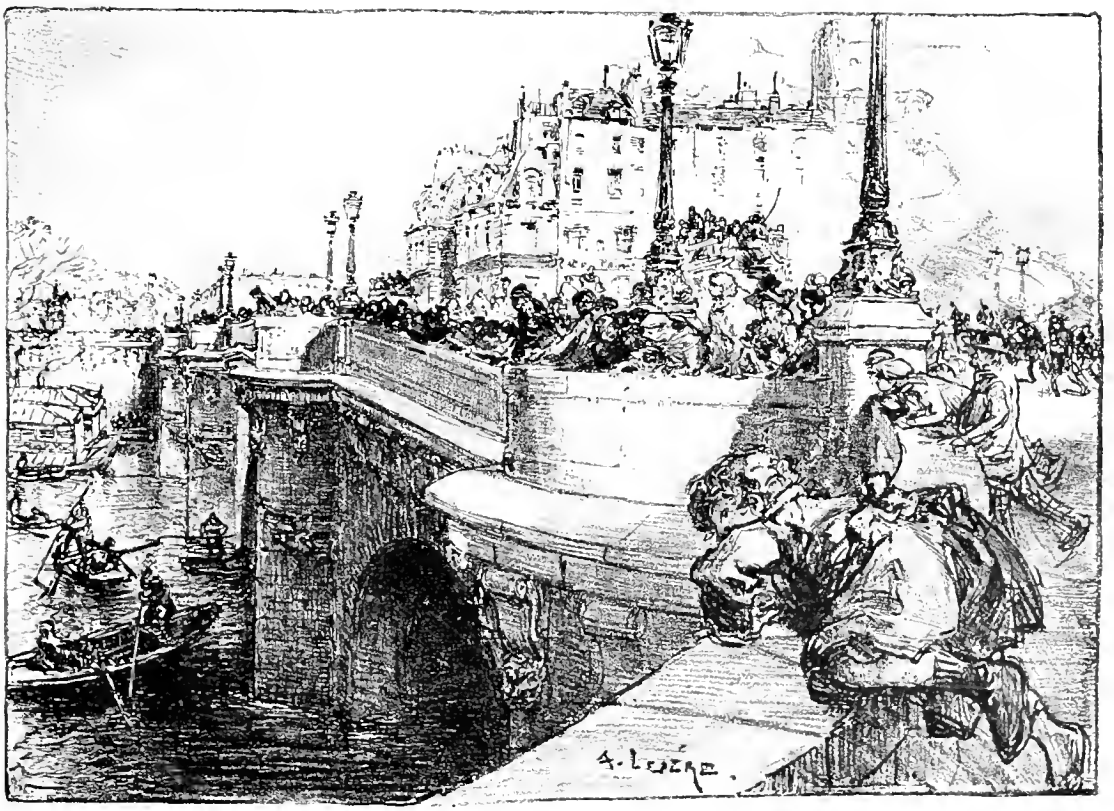
"LEPÈRE, unique artist of his kind! An engraver, dependent on no one for his drawings. A draughtsman who engraves his own work on wood!"

Such are the terms applied to the artist whose work and whose genius I propose to analyse, by one of the most experienced craftsmen of to-day—the engraver, Félix Bracquemond.

And a unique artist he is, in truth, combining a rare gift of observation with a keen and very personal sense of truth and an imagination full of the most delightful fancy. Lepère is an incomparable draughtsman, surmounting all sorts of difficulties with an ease which many must envy him; an engraver, too, of the first rank, handling with equal facility the knife or the burin, equally at home in relief engraving or in etching: also a lithographer of remarkable flexibility and breadth of touch. He excels, in fact, in every branch of his art. Everything he touches bears the impress of a truly personal originality, alike in his mode of looking at things and in the way he reproduces them. With a deep knowledge of all the secrets of the draughtsman's art, he has one great merit, among many others—namely, in never being cramped in the expression of his ideas, in always succeeding in developing them to their fullest extent.

There is no trickery or make-believe in all this. Where the painter by a dexterous touch, more or less patent to the eye, may succeed in deceiving the beholder, the draughtsman must, on the contrary, show thorough self-control and complete acquaintance with his art. Each imperfection, each awkwardness, each careless stroke appears here in all its nakedness, whereas a happy touch of colour might have covered up the defects. The art of drawing is an art *par excellence*, "the only plastic art," according to Bracquemond's very categorical definition. It would seem as though our contemporaries are beginning to understand it better than did the generations who preceded them, proof of which is seen in the popularity now attending the revival of original plates.

"It is incontestable," wrote Ph. Burty in 1867,



"UN NOYÉ" FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY AUGUSTE LEPÈRE.

"that people are losing interest in metal engraving, that the *eau-forte* is taking the place of the graver, that lithography is dying out, that wood-engraving is threatened, that 'process' work is gradually superseding the burin, the etching, the lithograph and the wood-engraving, and that the chief cause of all this revolutionary tendency, directly or indirectly, is photography."

Walter Crane, too, in his interesting work on "Decorative Illustration," accuses photography of having corrupted the art of drawing in this year of grace 1897. "It has," he says, "confused and deteriorated the faculty of inventive design, and the sense of ornament and line; having concentrated artistic interest on the literal realisation of certain aspects of superficial facts, and instantaneous impressions instead of ideas, and the abstract treatment of form and line."

Doubtless all this is perfectly true, yet this curious fact remains to be stated—the success of photography, cheap and common success though it be, has, by process of reaction, assisted in the renaissance of this very art of drawing to which I am referring, a renaissance which is now being felt throughout France, where during the past ten years or so a constellation of remarkable draughtsmen has appeared. The success of these artists in certain papers has assisted and even been the cause of the new popularity of the engraving pure and simple. Fifteen years ago one could not have discovered a dozen amateurs capable of taking delight in an original lithograph or wood-engraving; whereas now the numerous happy experiment in this direction amply prove that the taste for this kind of work has increased a hundred-fold. We may congratulate ourselves on the fact, for the art of drawing must inevitably benefit therefrom.

"DANS LE RUISSEAU" FROM AN ETCHING BY AUGUSTE LEPÈRE

We owe much to an artist like Lepère for the powerful stimulus he has given by his untiring efforts, by his sincerity, by the faith he has shown in the virtues of processes too long neglected and despised. With several other artists of energy and ability he founded the magazine known as *L'Image*, whose illustrations consist solely of wood-engravings, which have been most cordially welcomed by the intelligent section of the public.

A few particulars and

"AUTOUR DE LA HALLE"
FROM AN ETCHING BY
AUGUSTE LEPÈRE

dates will show the extent of Lepère's steady work and patient endeavour.

He was born in 1849, and his first real work as a wood-engraver dates back at least twenty years. According to M. Beraldi, whose books, "Les Graveurs du XIXe Siècle" and "La Reliure Française au XIXe Siècle," contain some interesting biographical notes on this artist, the first wood-engravings published by Lepère appeared in the *Monde Illustré*. He was only a "translator" then, but what a translator! Vierge's *Les Saisons*, *Attaque d'un Train*, *Les Rameaux à Séville*, and *Paris-Ischia*, afforded him an excellent opportunity to display the technical ability it had cost him so much trouble to acquire. He also engraved some work by Morin, exquisitely delicate drawings, thoroughly Parisian in spirit.

His first original wood-engraving in the *Monde Illustré* dates from 1879, and he soon became a regular contributor to that paper. His love for Paris, the great restless picturesque city, so fertile in contrasts and striking pictures, was strong within him already; and he showed it in such works as *Promeneurs sur la Glace*, *Fête de Nuit au Bois de Boulogne*, *La Place de l'Opéra pendant le Match de Billard de Vignaux et Slosson*, and *La Chambre des Députés pendant les Funérailles de Gambetta*, all of which, with many others, enabled him to "fix" some of the innumerable aspects of life in the capital.

Almost at the same period he was contributing a series of original wood-engravings—little masterpieces—styled *Voyage autour des Fortifications*, then followed another set—*La Forêt de Fontainebleau*.

In 1889 Lepère made his appearance in *L'Illustration*, which published a series of large original wood-engravings by him of the towns of France. The blocks dealing with Rouen and Marseilles are among the most characteristic examples of this side of his genius.

From 1889 to 1892 there appeared in *Harper's*

"MARCHANDES AU PANIER" — FROM A WOOD-CUT IN TWO COLOURS BY AUGUSTE LEPÈRE

a new collection of Parisian pictures, *Le Marché aux Pommes*, *La Rue Beauregard*, *La Rue de la Lune*, &c.

His style had begun to take definite form, each fresh series showing him to be gaining fuller possession of his powers, with vision clearer, broader, more original, more complete. In 1889–1890 he put his name to one of the most entirely personal of his series, which appeared in a book dealing with the Exhibition of 1889, published by the firm of Baschet. These are masterly productions, unequalled in freedom of drawing and in depth of expression. *Le Trocadéro illuminé*, *Le Palais des Arts Libéraux*, *Intérieur du Palais des Beaux Arts*, *Montée à la Tour Eiffel*—all these are "documents" of the most definite kind on the gigantic fair of 1889, signed by the hand of a great artist. Two of these plates in particular are worthy of all praise—*La Tour Eiffel*, *la Nuit* and *Les Fontaines Lumineuses*. The fleeting splendours of these fairy scenes are recorded, brought to life again, with an art, a fancifulness and a truth impossible to be surpassed. In these works Lepère reveals himself a prodigious black and white artist. These artificial light effects, which were the admiration of the whole world, with their variegated atmosphere, their rainbow-hued water sprays glittering in the night like fairy flowers, these and all the other unforgettable wonders of the spectacle which all the world saw and admired, Lepère has immortalised in the two blocks in question, which are true marvels of art.

"LE BAIN DES NYMPHES" FROM A WOOD-CUT BY AUGUSTE LEPÈRE

In 1892, at the invitation of M. H. Beraldi, the distinguished bibliophile, who was anxious to possess a unique book, Lepère illustrated the "Paysages Parisiens," the text of which was from the pen of that genuine poet, M. Emile Goudeau. The work was printed for M. Beraldi, and only 138 copies were issued. It contains five etchings and forty-two wood-blocks.

Each one of the vignettes adorning the book might well be described in detail, for Lepère's prodigious ability surmounted apparently insurmountable difficulties, and he produced the most extraordinarily powerful effects by blending the two processes of tinted engraving and engraving *au trait*—a method which some perhaps will entirely praise and others be inclined to disapprove. The second of these two processes pleases one infinitely more than the first, for the draughtsman is more at his ease, and his work is more full of freedom and expression. In

"COUPEURS DE BOUTS DE CIGARES" FROM A WOOD-CUT IN TWO COLOURS BY AUGUSTE LEPÈRE

the *gravure de teinte*, on the other hand, care for the mere process seems to pre-occupy the artist, who is consequently not so logical or so natural as he might be.

If ever any reader of THE STUDIO should come across this rarest of volumes let him turn to page 51, *La Vue de la Seine prise du Viaduc du Point-du-Jour*, then to page 55, *Place de la Concorde*, and also to page 163, *Feux de Nuit au Quai de la Rapée*, for these will give a fairly adequate idea of Lepère's style. I know no modern engraver who has succeeded so well in putting life into our monuments and our buildings, revealing as he does their very atmosphere, their real character: nor can I think of any other who has realised so fully and translated so faithfully our street types, the movement, the multiform life of the populace—gestures, faces, characteristics, all seized with a stroke of the pencil, rapid and unrehearsed to all appearance, yet every one of them clear, expressive, and full of purpose.

But to get a full and real grasp of Lepère's powers, one must see the original drawings from which he has worked, the ideas put on to paper as they sprang from his fancy, and then compare them with his experiments on the wood until the definite result is reached. One realises then that Lepère has the engraver's spirit in every fibre, that his craft is part of himself, that the original idea in each of his drawings was conceived simply to be engraved, and, save for that purpose, has no other reason for existence.

In 1890 Lepère put his name to a large number of wood-engravings in the first volume of a series called "Paris Vivant"; the second volume appeared in 1893 in the form of an article on the Theatre by M. F. Sarcey.

Then in 1895 he produced for M. Beraldi "Paris au Hasard," with letterpress by M. G. Montorgueil. M. Beraldi's ambition was to have a book with a wood-engraving on every page. In this volume there are 200, and nothing more exquisite, more satisfying can be imagined.

Since that date, however, Lepère's manner has been undergoing a steady alteration. He appears to be abandoning the tinted method of engraving for the *gravure au trait*, and to be tending towards a

more directly decorative form of art. This is seen in the frontispiece to "Les Trophées," and in a set of plates published in *L'Image*; and further evidence of the fact is afforded by the ornamentation of the little volume "Paris Almanach" (1897). In these works he has still further freed himself from all tradition, and is no longer bound by the customary methods. He appears to be aiming at other effects, stronger, sharper, farther removed from reality—aiming, in a word, at more decorative results.

Bold contrasts of pure white with broad black effects, harmonies of line, in rich, strong supple strokes—these are the characteristics of his new style, in which, it may be said at once, he is entirely successful.

I cannot resist the temptation to quote the "appreciation" of this evolution, given by M. Bracquemond: "The course taken by Lepère is the reverse of that generally followed in wood-engraving. Instead of proceeding from the simple to the complicated, Lepère's style, as he advanced, merged from the complicated into the simple. This change of manner, which must be noted, consists in the rigorous suppression of every secondary 'value' in the composition of a drawing, and in retaining only the essentially constructive elements, that is to say, those which make up the modelling of the work."

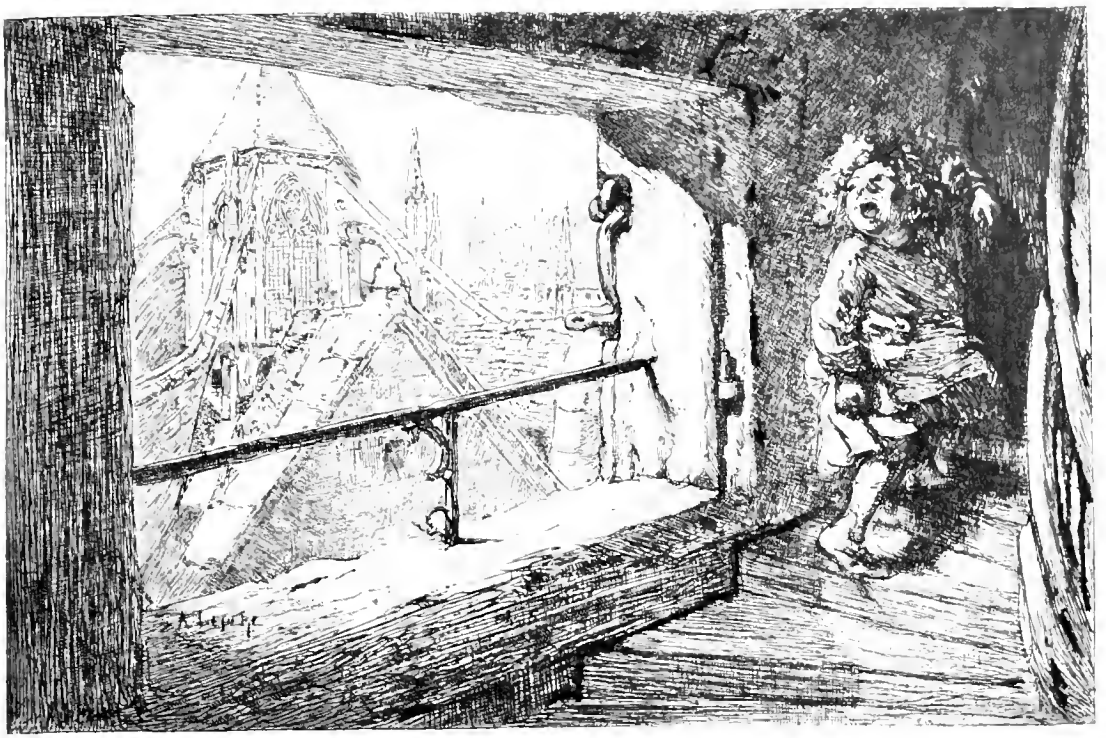
How Lepère contrives to produce his effects, in plain black and white, as in most of his later wood-blocks, and without any half-tones caused by the hatching, more or less fine in character, practised now and formerly by nearly all wood-engravers—this is the very secret of this ardent and original worker's art.

"The fundamental element in an engraving," declares M. Bracquemond, "is the white of the paper." And he adds: "With regard to the wood, the stone, or the metal—the materials necessary for the production of the engraving—there is but one principle to observe, namely, to see to the natural distribution of the lights and shades; and this rule governs every process in every branch of art."

It were impossible better to express in so few words the immutable, eternal rules of art, as applied to engraving.

I know very few artists of to-day who adapt themselves so strictly to these rules as Lepère, or who, while maintaining these traditions, display so much originality. His work proves once more how vain and how dangerous are the theories sometimes put forward, to the effect that it is impossible for an artist of

"LE GUEUX DES CHAMPS" FROM A WOOD-CUT BY AUGUSTE LEPÈRE



"LES FOLIS DE SAINT-SÉVERIN" FROM AN ETCHING BY AUGUSTE LEPÈRE

the present day to be "modern" and truly personal, without severing himself completely from the rules, the traditions, and the processes of other times. It proves, moreover, that it is quite possible to produce work bearing the stamp of true individuality, without posing as a revolutionary, an independent, or an anarchist in art.

In his later wood-blocks, so frank, so expressive, so full of bold and vigorous harmony, Lepère has used no method but that employed by the *maîtres-graveurs* of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. But this in no way prevents him from being thoroughly modern, or from giving full expression in these admirable plates to the features of the life of to-day.

Take, for instance, his "Paris Pittoresque" series, published in *L'Image*. Is it possible to mistake them for ancient wood-blocks? Are they not eminently modern in their careful exactitude, in their real truthfulness? How characteristic the touch, how sure the hand! What clearness, what intense poetic feeling in their various types—these faubourgs, these Parisian outskirts, these old deserted districts, with their narrow streets and dilapidated houses; these rubbish-littered landscapes of the Fortifications, with their withered grass and scanty trees; these kitchen-garden patches; these poverty-stricken dwellings!

Some of these drawings are extraordinary; for example, this bit of Notre Dame, rising from the water, like some tall ship, standing out quite black, with a dazzling sunset as a background. All the fire of the heavens is reflected in the waters of the Seine, which ripple like a piece of shot-silk. How supreme the art with which he has treated the white portions of the paper, to produce these astounding effects of light!

Then again—one might go on writing for ever about the work of such an artist. Lepère has to my mind still another great merit. He is French. He loves the clearness, the movement, the life, the picturesqueness of his Paris; and he shows it sometimes, nay, often, in the healthy joyousness, the humour, I had almost said the *gauloiserie*, of his work. He always says what he wants to say with accuracy and without excess, for he has the eye for measurement, the sense of proportion, the taste of his race—all those delightful qualities which, alas! we seem to be losing more and more every day.

As I have already suggested, Lepère, besides being a wood-engraver, is an aquafortist and a

lithographer of the first order. Needless to say, he has not an equal command over each of these branches of art. Nothing could be more interesting than to compare his various ways of treating the same subject—on wood, on copper, and on stone. The conception of the subject, the mode of treatment, even the arrangement of the picture, are in each case adapted exactly to the requirements of the material he is about to use. He will never yield, for instance, to the temptation to produce upon the stone any of those wood effects in which he excels, nor allow himself to do on the copper-plate anything properly belonging to lithography. This seems natural enough, but it is no small merit on his part nevertheless, in these days, when most artists engaged in engraving let themselves be led away by anything which seems to promise additional effect, even though it should involve the mixture and the overlapping of all kinds of processes. Lepère has too keen a sense of the fitness of things, knows too well the possibilities lying within each of these various methods, to fall into this grave error.

I referred just now to Lepère's new-born leaning towards decorative sentiment in his work. Not only has he striven to introduce it into his drawings and engravings, but evidence of it may be seen in one of his series of coloured wood-engravings, after the manner of the Japanese masters, and also in the four plates, *hors texte*, which illustrate the "Paris Almanach," published by the firm of Sagot, wherein Lepère has produced delightful effects by the delicate use of a flat colouring.

INCISED LEATHER WORK BY AUGUSTE LEPÈRE

INCISED LEATHER WORK BY AUGUSTE LEPÈRE

Lepère has also tried his hand, with no small success, at pure decorative art work. That admirable material, leather, attracted him by its supple richness, and he has done some excellent bindings. The first served for the specimen copy of M. Beraldi's "Paysages Parisiens." Lepère was encouraged to undertake the work by the celebrated French binder, Marius-Michel, whose professional opinion upon Lepère's interesting experiment, quoted by M. Beraldi, is as follows: "The retrospective bibliophile of to-day will grind his teeth at it; but in the sixteenth century it would at once have been hailed with acclamation." This, as I have said, was Lepère's

first attempt of the kind; since then he has done several leather bindings, notably those for the "Cantique des Cantiques," "La Mer," "Hérodias," "Paris au Hasard," and for the volume in which, under the title of "Bois et Eaux-fortes d'Auguste Lepère," M. Beraldi has collected the artist's most remarkable productions.

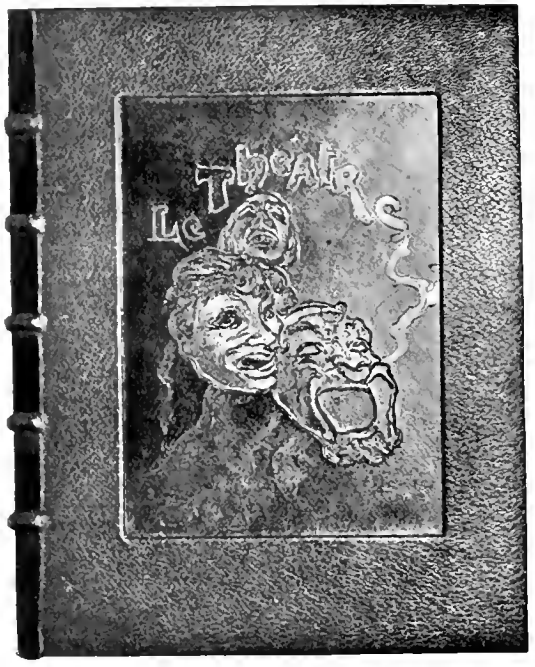
In these the process is quite new, and is admirably adapted for the purposes of binding. The leather, tooled and coloured by the hot iron, assumes a quite special richness, and Lepère's firm draughtsmanship suits it to perfection, his line work having beautiful strength and force. He has avoided the danger of over-elaboration, and shows himself here, as in all else, the simple, honest artist we know so well.

Much more might be said of Lepère and his remarkable work, but it is quite impossible within the space of a magazine article to convey any adequate impression of so many-sided an artist. In dealing with a rich and original worker such as this, one discovers, when all is said, that, after all, one has said almost nothing.

This at least I may add by way of summary and conclusion, even though my incomplete criticism may not have proved it so emphatically as I could wish: we have in Lepère a profound observer, a patient, conscientious worker, a devotee of Nature, a brilliant workman, whose supple fingers wield the implements of his craft with unsurpassable knowledge and skill; in him we have undoubtedly one of the boldest and most original artists of our time.

GABRIEL MOUREY.

INCISED LEATHER WORK BY AUGUSTE LEPÈRE



INCISED LEATHER WORK BY AUGUSTE LEPÈRE

THE ART OF WOOD-CARVING. BY G. FRAMPTON, A.R.A.—(PART II.)

BEFORE proceeding, as is my intention, to a more particular consideration of design in connection with wood-carving, I should like to controvert what within my own experience is a far from uncommon error among the

students of our latter-day art classes and technical schools. Many of these young people are wont to enter upon a course of study which they imagine will qualify them for obtaining a future livelihood as designers of wood-carving, and in this course they are frequently encouraged, I am sorry to say, by their teachers. Now, what is the outcome of all this? When they have in their own opinion, and in that of their masters, acquired a sufficient knowledge of the subject, they set out with their portfolio of more or less ingenious designs under their arm, and endeavour to dispose of them to the master wood-carvers, or to the makers of furniture, only to meet with a speedy disillusion. The fact of the matter is that practical wood-carvers either work from the special designs furnished to them by the architect, who is responsible for the structure of which the carving forms a part, or else they follow their own ideas. It is, indeed, this very fact, paradoxical as it may seem, which, though it has in the past done much to lower the artistic standard of wood-carving in this country, yet offers the brightest hopes of its forthcoming regeneration. The wood-carver, by the very traditions of his craft, must be a designer as well as a craftsman. Even when he works from an architect's design, it is only the general lines which are given him to follow, and it is left to him to supply those details and subtleties which very often differentiate a work of art from a mere mechanical reproduction. I have taken an early opportunity of emphasising this fact, as it seems to me to have a very vital bearing upon my whole subject. It is to the craftsman-designer that this little handful of haphazard papers, for they are designed after the fashion of loosely familiar talks upon the subject rather than as stiffly formal theses, are addressed. Throughout their course, therefore, I shall consistently take for granted the possession by those who read them of some certain amount of technical skill.

It now falls to us to consider somewhat more intimately the question of design as applied to the carver's art in its several manifestations. In the course of that consideration we shall find it necessary to glance now and again at the work of those who have preceded us. Now, there is a right way and a wrong way of looking at old work, or rather there are several sorts of wrong ways, but only one right way. I have already said enough to show that in my estimation one of these wrong ways is to allow one's admiration for the cunning artificers of the past to so carry one away as to make one believe that they did the thing they had to do so well that there is no way of doing it better, and that the workman of the nineteenth century must therefore apply his energies in slavishly copying the design as well as the methods of his forerunner of the thirteenth. In avoiding this Scylla of timid and superstitious adherence to tradition, one must be careful, on the other hand, to guard against the Charybdis of that so-called originality which affects to disregard and make little of the masterpieces of the past. The fact is, the art of the wood-carver is a living one, and without progression there can be no life. To use a somewhat familiar simile, it resembles a majestic tree, the main trunk of which, though some of the limbs are dead and rotten with decay, still gives passage to the living sap so that the youngest branches are able to draw sustenance therefrom and flourish. So while it is well that the student should lose no opportunity of carefully studying every style and every period of carving, he should cultivate first of all the habit of criticism, that he may be able with some degree of assurance to differentiate between what is good and what is bad in old work. Let him store his mind and memory with the manner in which the problems he himself has to face have been worked out by those who came before him, but let him at the same time keep constantly before him the fact that his own problems have to be worked out by himself, and by himself alone. From the past let him merely take an allusion here and a suggestion there, a hint, maybe, as to what to avoid in one case, as well as an indication as to what to conform to in another. Now let us see how this theory can be applied to practice; and in substituting the concrete for the general, let us, to begin with, confine our attention to carving as applied to furniture or *mobiliers* as the French, with a truer appreciation of the exact meaning of words, term it, differentiating in that manner between the fixed interior furnishings of a house and the movable furniture. Half an hour passed at South Kensington, or anywhere where a representative collection of the furniture of the last half-dozen centuries may be found, will be sufficient to convince us of the somewhat paradoxical fact that while in the work of the past period it fell to the carver to inform with the breath of artistic life the merely utilitarian product of the workman who preceded him, yet subsequently it was the want of restraint on the part of the carver which led to that vulgar riot of unshapely form which marks the furniture of the most debased periods. Nowhere can the lesson of the value of restraint be more clearly read. Some

of the most beautiful work, indeed, of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, is marred by this apparent lack of appreciation of the value of plain surfaces, and yet from these self-same objects there is much to be learned. Take, for example, that well-known and superlatively beautiful pulpit of French work of the fourteenth century in South Kensington Museum (Fig. 1). Taken by themselves, and apart from their context, the panels of this are well-nigh perfect as examples of design applied to interior woodwork. In some of them the carver has gone straight to Nature for his inspiration, and while avoiding stiff or mechanical regularity, on the one hand, has, on the other, made no attempt to produce an effect of unsatisfactory realism. He has, in fact, conventionalised with that innate conviction of the natural growth and disposition of the living plant which we are sometimes wont to look upon as a peculiar property of the Japanese artists. In other panels he has taken the heraldic forms set out for him in all their lifeless ceremonialism by some old-time pursuivant and, by a flowing line here and a playful irregularity there, has marked the difference between mere artifice and art.

So much on the credit side of his ledger. Now, let us see where, if anywhere, he has held up the danger signal to us. I think myself, as I have hinted before, what this warns us against particularly is the hazard which lies in doing too much rather than too little. If this long-dead and forgotten Frenchman had been content to restrain his chisel; if, for instance, he had left his lower panels plain, and confined the glorification of his material to the upper portion of the pulpit, I think he would have sounded a surer and a more convincing note to those to whom his work was to appeal. But this is a fault confined to no age and to no country. One sees it displayed in an even more marked degree in a very charming and attractive Court cupboard (Fig. 2) which owes its being to English fingers of the fifteenth century, and which has found a resting-place in our day only a few yards from the pulpit I have just referred to. There is a great deal to be learned from this by the young craftsman who is directing his attention to the carving of furniture. He will notice the absence of projections which are apt to catch in the clothes and drapery of those who move about the room. He will note the skill with which the desired effects of light and shade are produced with a minimum of depth in the cutting, so that unduly sunk cavities may not afford a harbourage for dust. He will admire, doubtless, the admirable fashion in which the ornamentation has been made subject to the construction; how the strength of the supporting pillars of the lower portion is emphasised rather than disturbed by the lines of the carving, but I think he will also feel—there is no doubt that he *should* feel—a sense almost of irritation at what I may call the universality of enrichment. How much more telling would be the panels of the cupboard portion of the upper part were the supporting stiles left plain! How much richer would the decoration of the string mouldings appear if some of the members afforded relief by being undecorated! Here, in short, we have a most striking instance of a

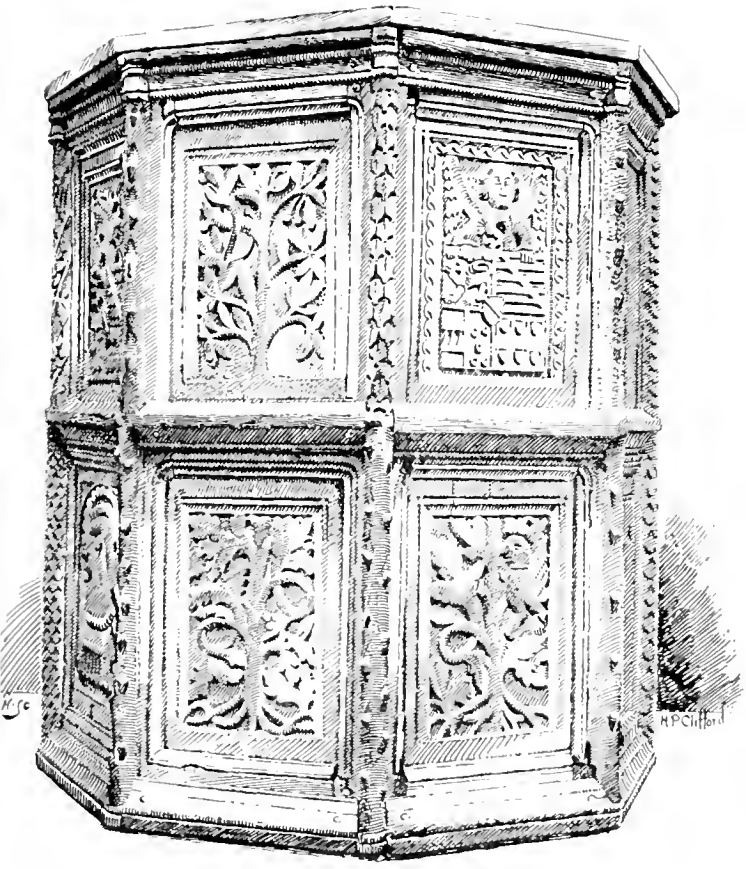


FIG. 1.—CARVED WOOD PULPIT. FRENCH, FOURTEENTH CENTURY
(*South Kensington Museum*)

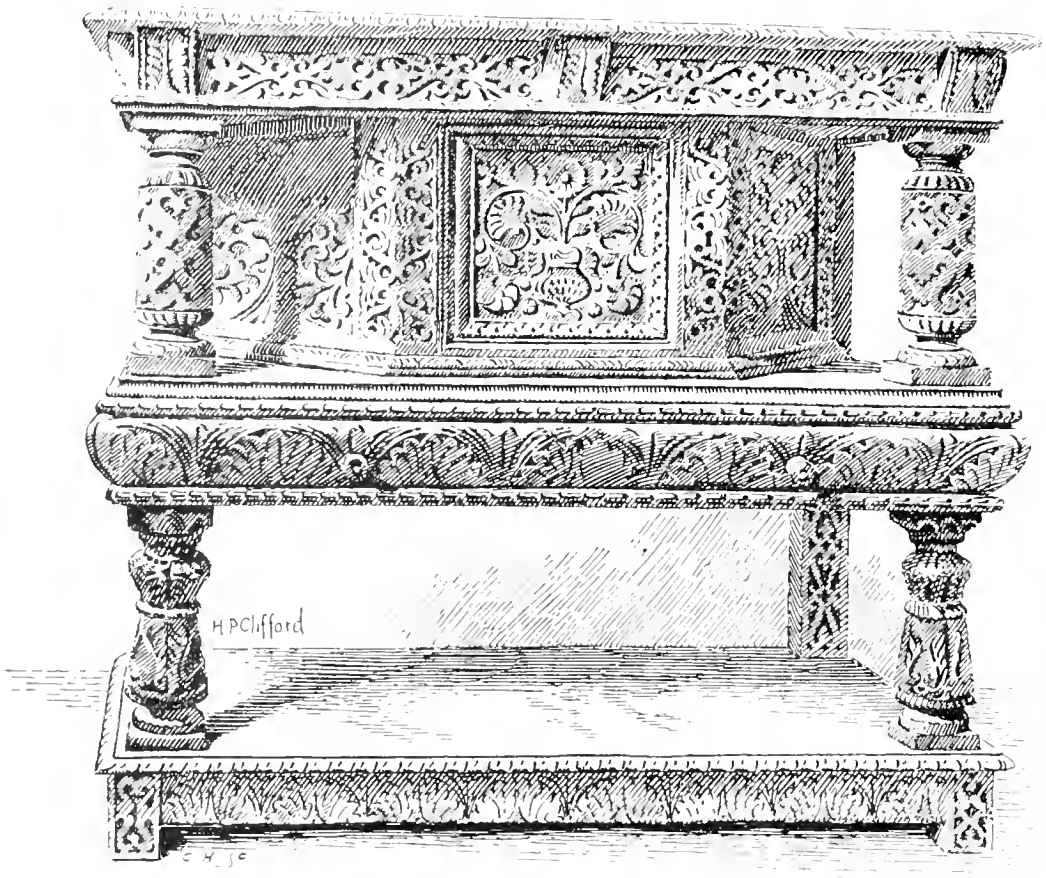


FIG. 2.—COURT CUPBOARD. ENGLISH, FIFTEENTH CENTURY.
(*South Kensington Museum*)

piece of old work from the copying of which, or even a portion of which, nothing but disappointment can result, but which, carefully and judiciously studied, cannot but be most helpful to the student from the point of view of design as well as of technique. It is over-laboured, as I have said; it is lacking in reticence, but yet how different is it from that collection of seventeenth-century chairs which, when I last visited South Kensington, were standing near it, and which, magnificent displays as they are of technical adeptness on the wood-carver's part, are yet so absolutely vicious when their ultimate aim and object are taken into consideration. The carver here seems to have run riot without a thought of the use for which the chair is designed. The backs are masses of highly-raised and deeply-sunken carving completely obscuring and hiding the structural lines, and rendering the chair as uncomfortable to sit upon as it is gorgeous to behold. Sharp points protrude as though in sheer wantonness from the centre; disturbing spikes project from the upper angles as though with the special intention of tearing the dainty habiliments of those who may occupy the chair, or catching the sleeve of the servant handing the dish from behind. It is not until we approach our own century, and, curiously enough, at a period when the minor arts, in England at least, had sunk to their lowest point, that we find a revertal to a more seemly principle in regard to the carving of chair backs. Whatever one may think of the general design of Chippendale and his contemporaries, there is no doubt that these famous cabinet-makers thoroughly appreciated the proper limits within which carving as applied to furniture should be confined (Figs. 3 and 4). Lowness of relief, adaptation to the structural lines, the employment of a maximum of plain surface with a minimum of carving, are all strongly-marked characteristics of the work of this period. There is nothing to catch or destroy the dress; there is nothing to produce agonising sensations in the most sensitive portion of the spinal column which the chair back is designed to support. The genius of the material itself is not forgotten. Close-grained, hard mahogany was

at this time almost universally employed for furniture, and so the delicacy and fineness of the carving suggest this material alone, and would be impossible of application to oak as to any of the softer kinds of wood.

And now I will travel back once more through the centuries for an example of what I must regard as well-nigh the perfection of design in carved furniture. Among the justly-esteemed glories of Italy are the elaborately-carved and gilt *cassoni* which, originally designed as marriage-coffers, found a place in every well-to-do Italian household. Through them alone one might fitly trace the whole history of that century or two of artistic fervour which we call the Italian Renaissance. They portray its faults as well as its glories. Those of later date, overladen as they are with a profusion of Rococo carving, wrought with an admirable degree of technical skill, but with all evidences of the touch of the craftsman's tool, which could alone vivify them, hidden and forgotten under their heavy load of gilded gesso, though sought after eagerly by collectors, are but vicious and misleading from an educational point of view. But among the earlier examples are many of a very different character. I have in my mind as I write a certain *cassone* at South Kensington (Figs. 5 and 6), which I have for long regarded as one of those rare instances of artistic completeness which in their simple perfection produce the same sensuous effect of pure satisfaction as does the strain of some melody beloved in childhood, or one of those half-

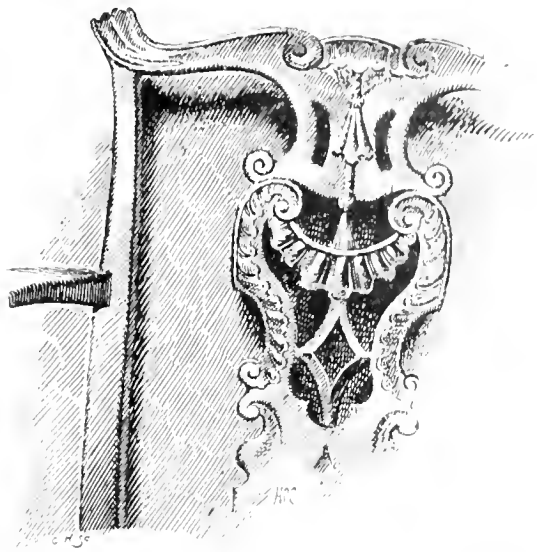


FIG. 4.—CHAIR-BACK. ENGLISH, EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.
(By permission of the Hon. W. F. B. Massey-Mainwaring, M.P.)

score or so of lyrics which the world has agreed to never let die. Its form is of the simplest—a mere rectangular box of oblong proportions, the severity relieved constructionally merely by a row of turned spindle-work along its lower edge, and by the graceful shaping of the angles which form, as it were, the legs on which it stands. But the whole of the flat surface of the front is enriched by the cunning of the carver until it fairly palpitates with beauty. I can think of no better phrase to express the effect which this dead and forgotten Italian craftsman has produced by aid of the simplest means at his command. It would, indeed, be almost a misnomer to call the work carving at all, so absolutely archaic is the technical treatment, were it not that the principles which underlie it are essentially those which should govern the wood-carver, whose task it is to apply his art to furniture. Let us take these principles seriatim. Firstly to be observed is the absolute flatness of the entire work, a flatness which does not depend entirely upon the obviousness of the technical method by which the design is incised rather than carved, in the true sense of the word, but is emphasised by the actual lines of the design itself. Even if a slight degree of modelling had been employed, the effect as a whole would still have been flat and reposeful. Secondly, note may be taken of the happy disposition of the lines of the design in relation to the space it occupies. To use a phrase of studio slang, it is "well covered." Again, the requisite amount of mystery is attained

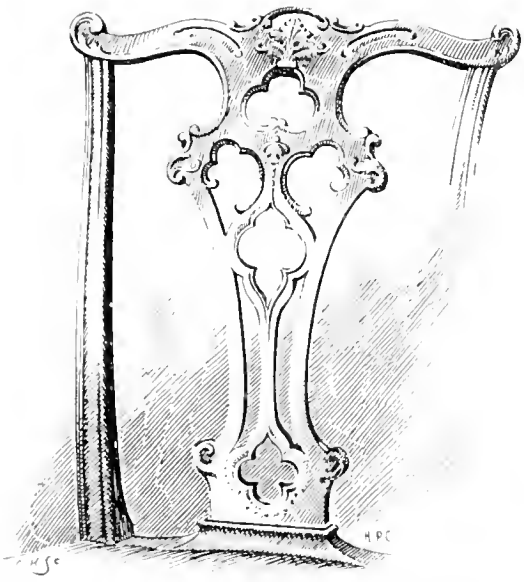
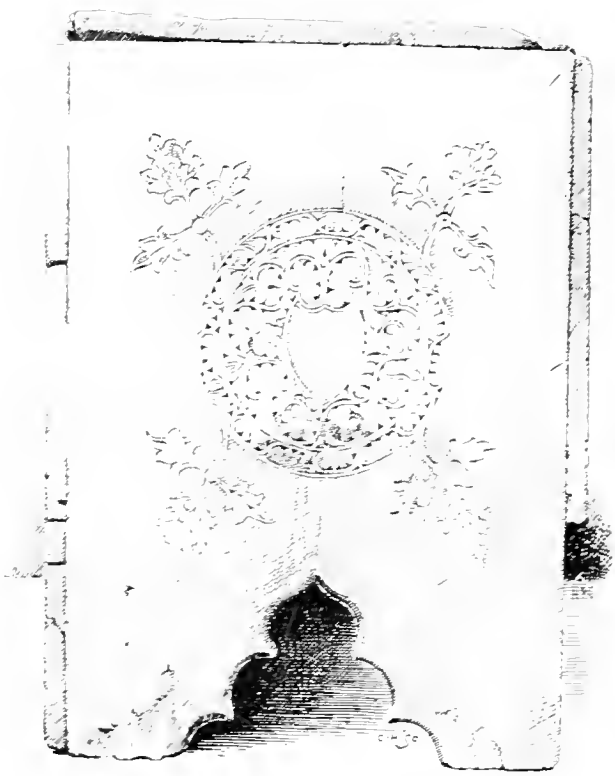


FIG. 3.—CHAIR-BACK. ENGLISH, EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.
(South Kensington Museum)

by the simplest of means. At a small distance the general effect is pleasurable in the extreme, though the details of the various subjects may elude observation. There is a subtle movement, as it were, of the surface, a palpitation, as I have observed above, that appeals to the senses one knows not why or wherefore, and which would be altogether lost were definition sharp and insistent. On nearer acquaintance the game of hide-and-seek, which the main lines of the design seem to have been playing with one's artistic sense, gives place to a realisation of their cunning intricacy and abiding interest. The figure subjects are conventionalised, one notices, to exactly the requisite point, while the borders are marvellous in their almost riotous opulence of decorative motive.

I hope I have not let my pen run away with me in this consideration of a piece of work which nine laymen out of ten would pass by without a second glance, but I cannot help feeling that in itself it comprises a treatise on one aspect at least of the art of wood-carving. There are, indeed, other lessons to be learned from it to which my space will not allow me to refer. It preaches, for instance, most strenuously the doctrine to which in a former paper I have made public witness of my adherence—that design is infinitely more than technical skill, for it is quite conceivable that its creator restrained himself from a further modelling of his surface for the simple reason that he did not possess the requisite craftsman's ability therefor; it emphasises, as a glance at the simplicity of the design of the ends will show, the value of proportion, for it would be difficult to imagine any relation of space and ornament better considered than these exhibit: it solves completely, in short, the bulk of those problems with which the designer who would beautify the common-place articles of daily life and use is wont to find himself confronted: and, finally, it offers itself as a striking exemplar of a piece of movable furniture, whose supreme merit is that it is decorative, and not merely decorated.

It is possible that one of the above remarks may lead to a misunderstanding on the part of the casual reader. It must not be supposed for an instant that I am inclined to belittle or decry technical skill in endeavouring, as I have, to determine its qualitative value in respect to design. Absolute command over his tools and his material is, of course, the ultimate goal to which every craftsman should aspire: and when to this is united the sense of beauty which betrays itself in grace and seemliness of design, then we have the fine flower of consummate craftsmanship. What, for instance, could be more satisfying than some of the work of those thirteenth-century Frenchmen who seemed absolutely to revel in setting themselves problems of technical difficulty? We find a distinct gratification in the mere contemplation of the worker's skill, and apart from any question of design—a gratification which is increased, however, tenfold when we find that that design is almost as admirable in its own way as that of the Italian *cassone* we have been considering. Such an instance is to be found in the front of the oaken coffer of which Mr. Clifford has furnished me with so admirable a reproduction—a reproduction to which I am compelled to draw attention in that it seems to me one of the most extraordinary instances of perfect pen-work which has been brought before me for many years. This coffer-front, though it is by no means the equal of the Italian example from the point of view of design, is yet worthy of the most careful consideration. In proportion, in grace of line, in the due correlation of



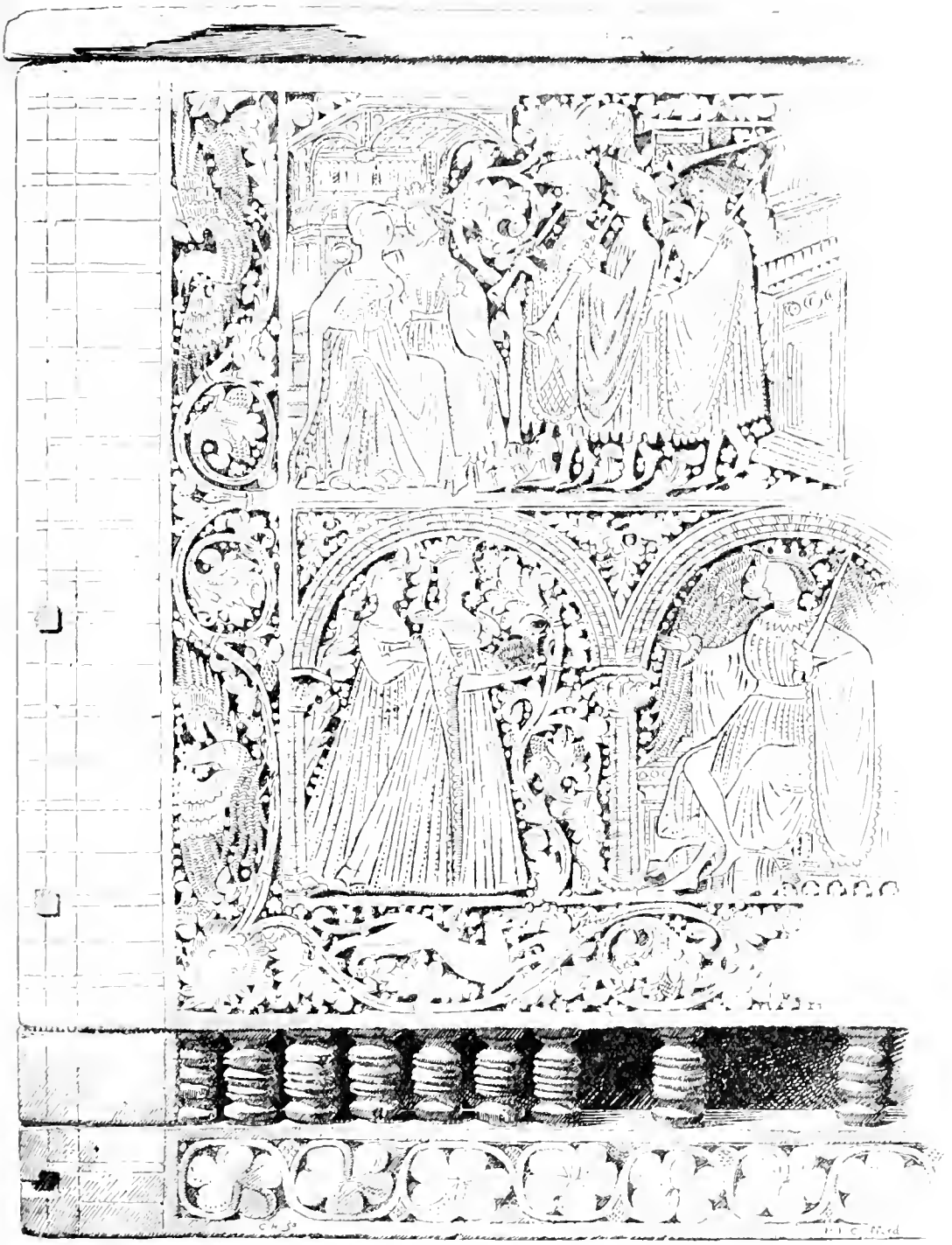


FIG. 6.—DETAILS OF CARVED WOOD COFFER, ITALIAN, FOURTEENTH CENTURY

(South Kensington Museum)

light and shade, and in its "covering" qualities, it is most praiseworthy; while from a technical standpoint it seems to me that it could hardly be bettered. But it lacks one chief essential. It is almost absolutely without the personal note. It bespeaks the school, and not the individual. As a product, then, of its own time and place, it may be regarded without cavil or question, but he who in our own day should endeavour to copy it with more or less exactness, and should thus strive to write in wood at the end of the nineteenth century the language of the thirteenth, would be guilty of something more than an artistic blunder. Forgery is a crime whether the forger choose wood or parchment as the object of his nefarious practices. GEORGE FRAMPTON.

A MODERN SWEDISH LANDSCAPE PAINTER, PRINCE EUGEN. BY TOR HEDBERG.

THE modern School of Painting in Sweden as well as that in the other Scandinavian countries, has made its studies in France. Nearly all mature Swedish painters have received their artistic training in Paris—have occupied themselves with the problems and championed the principles which, from the creation of realism and open-air painting, have developed into the French impressionist school, and subsequently have exercised a reforming and broadening influence on all modern art.

Thus it was colour which first occupied their attention, and so they have become interpreters of those colour-schemes and that atmospheric colour-life which will perhaps be considered eventually the most important in the realms of art of our time.

Some critics complain that they have been too much influenced by their teachers, that they have not only preferred to paint French landscape but also that they have painted Swedish landscape as seen through French eye-glasses; that, in a word, purely national traits have been much less prominent in the young Swedish than in contemporary Danish and Norwegian schools.

The reproach has not been altogether undeserved. The fact is explained by Sweden's rather isolated position and the less frequent intercourse with home nature during the years of study; possibly also other deeper reasons could be found. But if this has been true, it is so no longer.

Swedish art of the last ten years bears an unmistakably national stamp; our artists are coming to their own again now that they live more in their own country. The character of Swedish landscape is, moreover, so different from French that a thorough study of the former must lead to different methods of expression. The delicate, pale colours, the light, monotonous tones which spread a white veil over French nature are not found here. We have, if not deeper colours, at least stronger contrasts

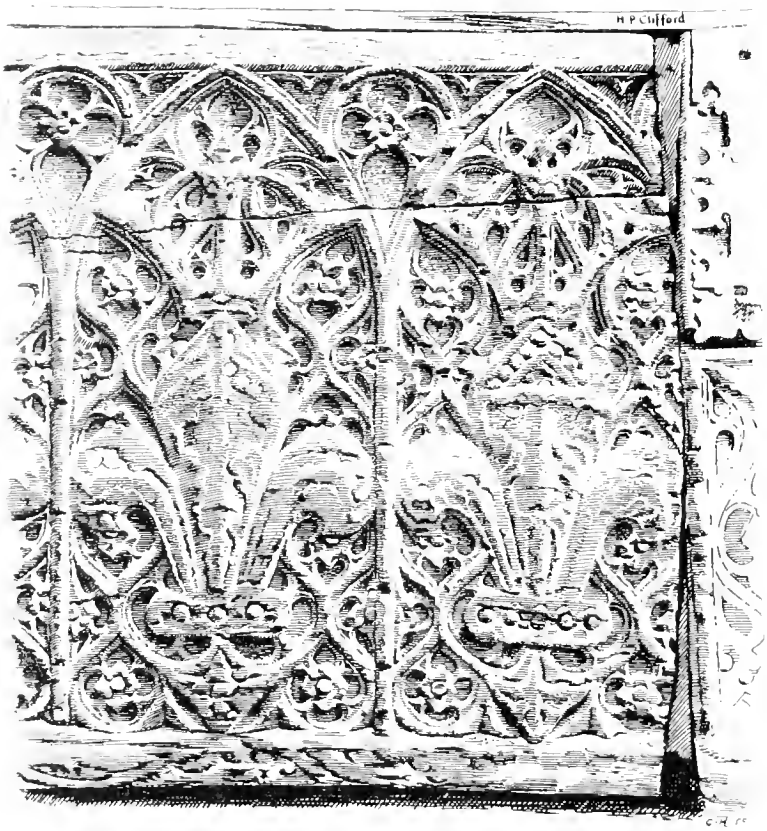


FIG. 7.—FRONT OF OAKEN COFFER. FRENCH, FIFTEENTH CENTURY
(*South Kensington Museum*)

of colour. Our sky is seldom clear. Even in the beautiful midsummer days large white clouds float over the blue surface; there is more play and change in the tones of the air; sun and shade alternate more quickly and call forth greater contrasts. Our deep-green foliage, the stems of our pines which shine red in the setting sun, the ever-changing aspect of our woods and the rich flora of our fields, make up a varying play of colour where contrasts often meet without connecting shades. And towards autumn, when the air is more dry and transparent, these contrasts are still more visible; colours become still deeper, and the fall of the leaf approaches with a pomp which has hardly a rival in southern landscape. The more our artists have imbibed this nature, the more have they abandoned the light, pale tones which at one time were prominent in our landscape painting, and they seek to use the principles of the phenomena of light and atmosphere—which they learnt while studying—in a colour language which is stronger, deeper, and, for us, more characteristic. Moreover, they strike out in another and a new direction. When absorbed in the studying of light and colour, they neglected the expression of form, the firm, plastic outline, the well-built and artistically balanced composition. The picturesque triumphed over the decorative. In this the influence of the English school brought much change here as on the Continent. The decorative element has now begun to be appreciated both in form and colour. The firm, characteristic, eloquent outline has again acquired so much respect that it seems as though colour had been thrust aside. But such is not the case. What we now see is an artistic attempt to use the new principles of colour in other fields—to fuse them with artistic demands of another kind which were lately neglected. It is, viewed broadly, a process of fusion of the two tendencies of modern art which have their strongest expressions, one in French impressionism, the other in English pre-Raphaelitism.

"AT THE EDGE OF THE WOOD"
FROM A PAINTING BY H.R.H. PRINCE EUGEN OF SWEDEN

Among the artists who represent this new current here in Sweden, Prince Eugen stands in the front rank, and in what has preceded I have tried to show some of the more important factors for a right understanding of his work. Ever since he appeared as a finished artist he has taken a distinct place, with a thorough knowledge of his

own aims and a sure command over his means of expression. After spending two years in Paris, working eagerly and earnestly in the studios of Gervex and Bonnat, he devoted some years to studying by himself under the direction of the well-known Swedish artist, Hugo Salmson. He exhibited once or twice, but he did not appear fully equipped before the public until 1894.

He made a decided success, and the position he then won has since been strengthened. He is now considered, both at home and abroad, as one of the leaders of Swedish landscape painters.

The most characteristic trait of his art is that he gives a sincere and intense expression to the inner meaning of native landscape, the deep, underlying connection between the country and its people. He touches something necessary for the life of our inner nature, for our manner of thought and feeling, whether he pictures the loneliness of home on the broad plains, or the deep seriousness of the pine forests, where the high stems stand out like pillars against the red evening sky, or the transparent darkness of summer nights, which spreads dreamily over the lakes and their islands. Like most modern painters he is a poet painter, but a poet painter of an original and strangely individual caste. He seizes the moment most fraught with feeling—grasps it and intensifies it until it produces almost a monumental effect. It is in his colour—always strong and deep, sometimes fierce—that he puts his effects of movement, of the shifting and changing of objects. The handling of colour is impressionistic, but the landscape itself emerges in firm plastic shapes and clear-cut outlines which look as if they could never be changed. Thus, while he renders the momentary feeling, he also gives the effect of permanency behind it—the effect of eternal life, over which the life of the moment passes.

Look, for example, at *The Old Castle*. It stands alone, abandoned on the plain, lowering behind a ridge which seems to absorb it slowly, as if to bury it. Over this the sky arches itself in lonely grandeur, and from the horizon the storm approaches slowly and inevitably. And this moment of anguish becomes an accumulated expression of the fate of generations which have lived behind those mighty and dignified walls. In the painting *The Cloud* the motive is as simple as possible. On one side a group of trees in rich, luxuriant foliage, the beautiful contour of which is counterbalanced by a hill on the other side. Through the valley and up the height curves a path. Where the vanishing-line of wood and hill meet "The Cloud" grows up large and white and plastic, one of those summer clouds which do not announce rain or break the sunny calm, but slowly traverse the sky or stand stationary on the horizon for hours. I say, with intention, "grows up," because it gives the effect of belonging to this landscape, the shape of which it has borrowed, completing its character of calmness and simplicity. On account of

"THE CLOUD" FROM A PAINTING BY H.R.H. PRINCE EUGEN OF SWEDEN

"THE OLD CASTLE" FROM A PAINTING BY H.R.H. PRINCE EUGEN OF SWEDEN

the bold, broad handling, and the dominantly decorative effect, this interesting and powerful painting is very representative of the artist in his present development.

In *A Summer Night* the decorative effect is sought mainly by means of colour. It is a painting of a Swedish summer night, full of its own soft, dreamy poetry. The slumbering sky repeats its greenish light in the clear waters, whose broad surface is patched with the varied forms of islands. This is perhaps the most thoroughly Swedish of all the artist's pictures.

Prince Eugen is still a young man, and has in all probability a brilliant artistic future before him. His first efforts seemed to indicate a dreamy, soft nature, but he has since shown that he can also express strength and passion without jeopardising the distinct personal stamp of his work. The close and earnest application to his art, and the deep artistic seriousness with which he has taken up and followed his calling, is an undoubted assurance that his contribution to modern Swedish artistic life will be of durable and far-reaching importance.

TOR HEDBERG.

A SMALL COUNTRY HOUSE. BY M. H. BAILLIE SCOTT.

THE architect who tries to attain the true domestic quality in his work, that feeling of home which is so rarely to be found in modern houses, finds a peculiar pleasure in designing a small house, because it affords him so many opportunities of realising his ideal in this respect.

The sterner qualities which are generally associated with the public building, the gorgeousness and splendour which are connected with — in Mr. Chadband's phrase "the mansions of the rich and great," are here exchanged for that tenderness and affectionateness of treatment which constitute the charm of a small house.

And then, if we consider the matter in a more practical way, there are so many problems which become more difficult, and therefore more interesting, under the restrictions imposed by a limited space and a limited purse.

Perhaps one of the most important of these is the due relation in the house of the family rooms and the servants' rooms.

Under ordinary conditions of modern life these two separate communities must be accommodated under the same roof with due regard for the privacy and comfort of each, and so the kitchen and servants' rooms must be placed in such relation to the family sitting-rooms as to insure isolation and convenience of service. And in this connection it is not enough to consider the position of the rooms alone, but it is equally important that the various routes taken by the family and the servants should become an object of study, and should be kept as distinct as possible. The study of routes indeed forms one of the most essential features in planning a house, and as a rule there are four different routes to be considered — the servants, the visitors, the adults of the family, and the children. In a

previous article in THE STUDIO for January 1895, a house was described wherein a special point was made of keeping the hall free from the routes of the visitors or servants; and in a large family great attention would be paid to the planning of the route of the children, and a children's entrance adjoining a playroom, with a lavatory conveniently placed, would be probably appreciated.

In such a small house as we now illustrate, however, such a complete isolation of routes becomes impossible, but a reference to the plan will show how far this question has been found capable of treatment under the circumstances. The serving-room isolates the kitchen from the rest of the house, the serving-door obviates the necessity for carrying dishes through the hall, while the small servants' staircase also adds to the privacy of the hall.

The relative position of the kitchen and servants' rooms also sufficiently prevents the passage of sound, while the thorough ventilation of the kitchen by a shaft carried up at the side of the flue, as well as the absence of direct communication with the family rooms, will prevent that permeation of the smell of cooking which is often only too noticeable in a small house.

To pass on to another practical consideration—the saving of labour—it may be pointed out that not only is this helped by the compact form of the house and the relative position of the rooms, but it is still further kept in view in the finishing and furnishing. In the average house the introduction of much furniture becomes almost a necessity in order to distract the eye from the bare and uninviting appearance of the rooms, and the chief effort of the decorator is concentrated upon an heroic attempt to cloak their abounding ugliness.

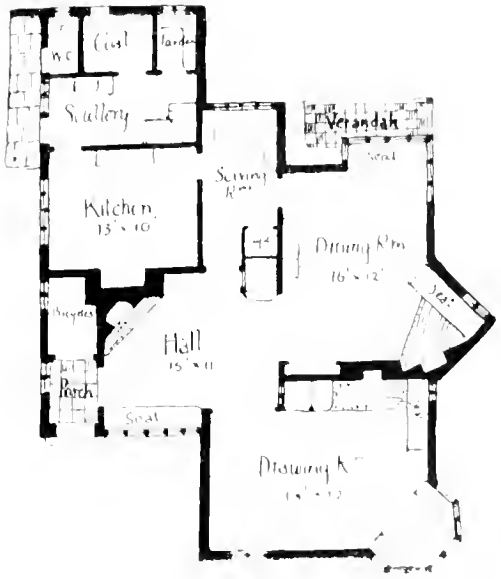
But the artistic house with its well-proportioned rooms and simple fitments will be found to need only such furniture as is actually required for use. And so all those devotions to the fetish of the furnished, but uninhabitable room, which find their expression in days severely set apart for the polishing and dusting of things which merely cumber the too limited floor space of a small room, all that cleaning of cabinets, chairs, and knickknacks of all descriptions, becomes unnecessary. The useless and trumpery rubbish which one finds in almost every house is replaced by furnishings few and choice. And so we gain not only freedom from useless furniture, but what is perhaps more important still in a small house—elbow room. This leads us to the consideration of this important subject, which is yet another of the practical considerations involved in planning a small house.

The quality of breadth, which belongs to good design, as every artist knows, is quite independent of actual measurement, and just as a small picture may possess this quality, so also may a small room when the proportions are good and the decoration appropriate.

The due relation of walls to ceiling,

VIEW OF HOUSE FROM SOUTH-EAST — M. H. BAILLIE SCOTT, ARCHITECT

VIEW OF HOUSE FROM SOUTH-WEST
M. H. BAILLIE SCOTT, ARCHITECT



GROUND PLAN — M. H. BAILLIE SCOTT, ARCHITECT

the division of the wall space and many other details, will help to give this appearance of breadth to the smallest room.

The feeling of space may also be gained by the use of sliding partitions, which may be opened out in summer time, and a glance at the plan will show how these have been used in the house illustrated.

In designing a house it must also be remembered that it must prove a happy haven under absolutely opposite conditions of weather, but as indoor life is so much more essential in the winter than in the summer, it will be well to consider the house rather as a protection from cold and storm than from heat and sunshine, and each room should be designed with a view to its possible comfort under the most trying conditions.

A few points in the plan illustrated may be mentioned in illustration of these remarks. The position of the kitchen range enables it to help in heating the hall and the central part of the house generally. The side turn on entering the hall from the porch minimises the possibility of draught from the entrance, and in both sitting-rooms comfortable well-lighted firesides have been arranged.

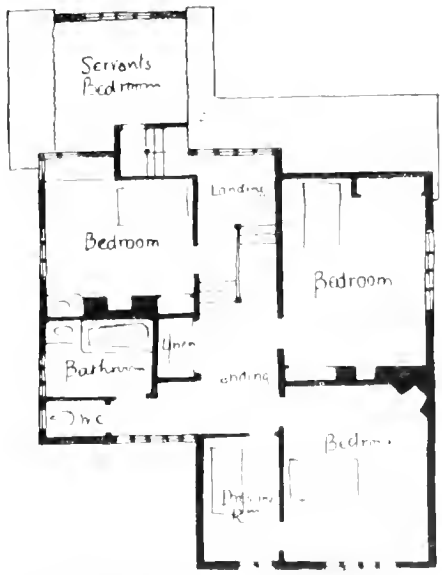
All these practical considerations, which have received so much attention in the planning of the house, tend to produce what is, after all, the essential quality of home—comfort.

It is not enough, however, that a house should possess this material comfort, which is so important, it must also *appear* comfortable, and the eye must be soothed and satisfied as well as the body. It will be found quite impossible, for instance, to be really comfortable in the most luxurious of arm-chairs amidst the barbarous and insistent ornament which is so often all that is meant by decoration. "I don't care about art," says the modern philistine, "I want to be comfortable," but it is just because the artist cares so much for comfort that he gives so much attention to the decoration of his rooms.

The true cause of art in this respect has suffered much from its unintelligent votaries. The simplicity, repose, and absence of all straining after effect which is the mark of good work, is rarely to be met with, and it is often replaced by a frantic striving for originality, for the new thing of to-day which to-morrow will be hopelessly out of date. And so rooms are filled with furnishings which, cunningly designed to catch the taste of the moment, become for evermore an incubus and an eyesore. The very term "artistic" has become so associated with work which is aggressive in character that one hesitates to use it in connection with quiet and unassuming design.

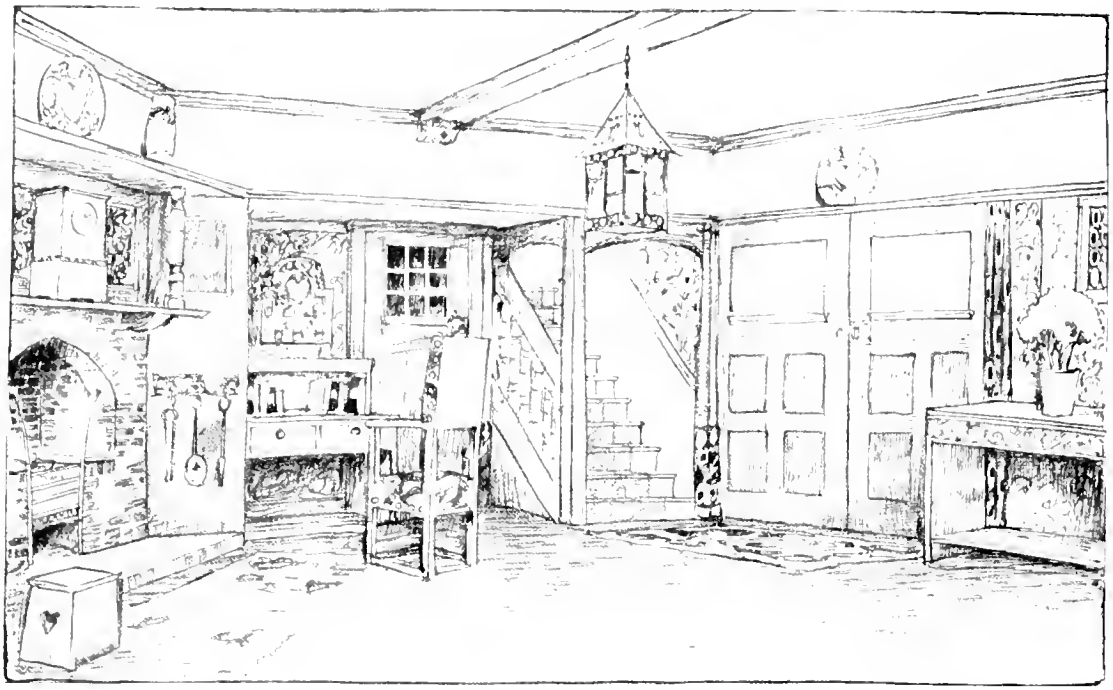
Just as in literature the noblest work is little more than telling a plain unvarnished tale in a simple way, so we find in design the tendency to return to simple forms and modes of construction, a tendency to deal with materials in a reasonable way, uninfluenced by tradition or convention.

There is so much unconscious slavery to prece-



FIRST FLOOR PLAN

M. H. BAILLIE SCOTT, ARCHITECT



HALL AND STAIRCASE — M. H. BAILLIE SCOTT, ARCHITECT

dent and custom in house furnishing, that the application of common sense to the subject has often an *outré* effect, and the custom-ridden mind is startled and shocked by the simplest attempt to solve a practical problem in a common-sense way, and without reference to precedent.

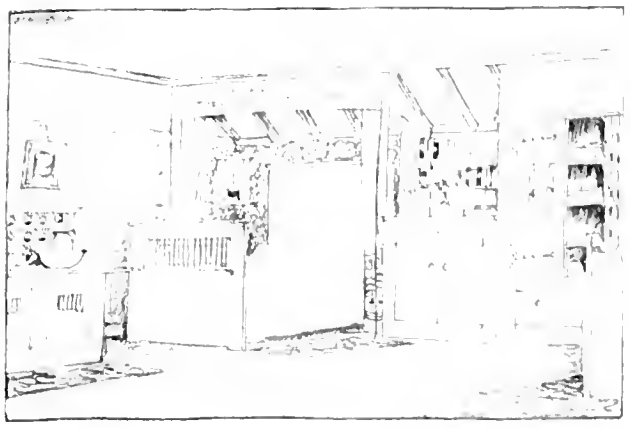
Every architect must be familiar with the quaint idea of the speculative builder with regard to skirting-boards. In the kitchen it may possibly be as much as seven inches high, in the back parlour nine, and in the front parlour probably as much as eleven or even fourteen. It increases in height in direct ratio to the magnificence of the room, and a similar superstition obtains in the case of the windows. Every one must be familiar with the abnormally large windows which are considered necessary in so many modern houses. The owner of these wide expanses of plate-glass will probably tell you that he likes plenty of light and air, and hence the large windows. But a glance at the furnishings of the windows, obscured as they are by heavy curtains and blinds, show that this argument is more ingenious than ingenuous.

There is, however, a definite purpose in these large windows. It is not to admit light, as one might suppose, but to show to the ordinary passer-by the splendour of the lace curtains, the table, and vase, and venetian blinds above. This dressing of the window for the benefit of the passer-by is the unconscious survival of the instincts of the shopkeeper, and represents the principle applied to the home which has been practised in the shop.

And then all this cumbersome and expensively ugly machinery of venetian blinds and curtain-poles is evidently regarded in some way as a kind of patent of gentility, and shows to those in the street that the house is inhabited by people who make themselves uncomfortable at least once in the week surrounded by the varnished triumphs of the modern cabinetmaker.

When one considers the enormous prevalence of these houses, and the narrow lives which they suggest, it is with a feeling of intense relief that one turns to the contemplation of a simple and unpretentious house.

The natural reaction from the dry mechanical routine of modern life leads to a demand for Romance in every form. In the form of fiction it supplies a retreat, an escape for the mind to an enchanted realm where thrilling deeds may be done without danger, and beautiful habitations enjoyed without expense. In the treatment of the home a more real and permanent haven may be secured. Here at least we may say there shall be no reflection of exterior ugliness. On crossing this threshold we pass into a charmed territory where everything



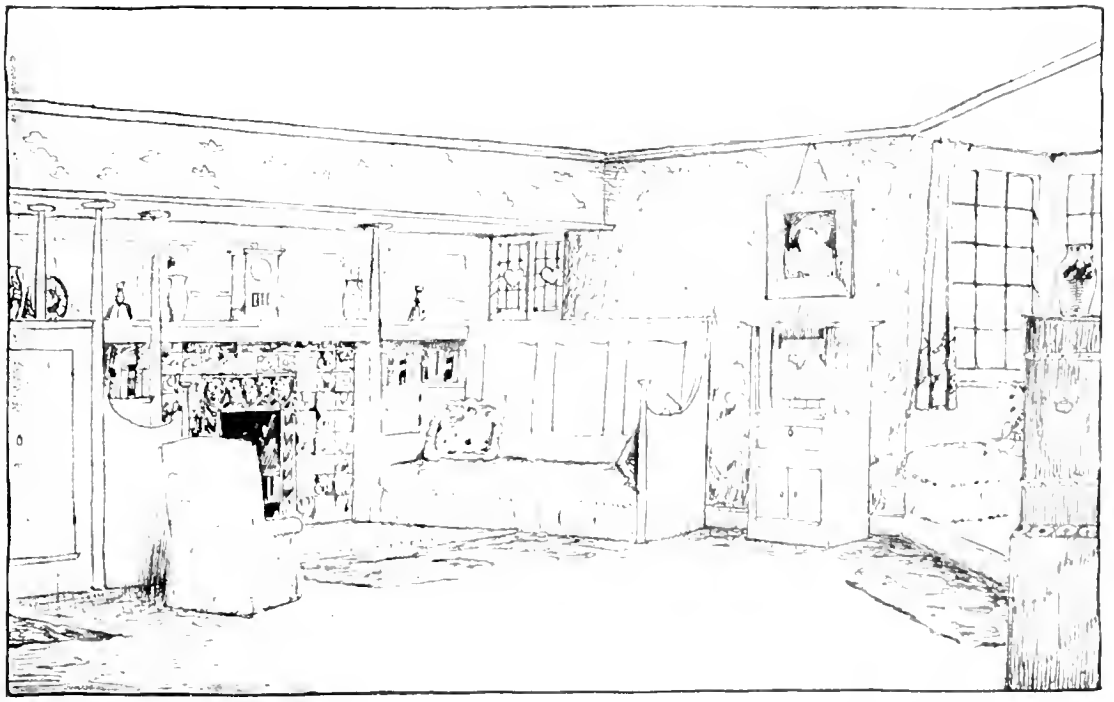
BEDROOM M. H. BAILLIE SCOTT, ARCHITECT

shall be in harmony. Distractions and discomforts, all discordant colours and inharmonious sound shall be here replaced by repose and restfulness, by warmth and lightness.

In turning now to the more special consideration of the house illustrated, it may be well to remark at the outset that it is not proposed to give a definite recipe suggestive of the cookery-book for the treatment of each room, but some few remarks only will be made on possible decorative schemes. In the drawing-room, for instance, there may be a choice between a glowing warmth of tone or a dainty coolness of treatment. If the former is chosen, we may start with a golden yellow or orange wall paper, glowing and palpitating with rich colour. The woodwork may be painted a yellowish-white, and the furniture generally also warm white. The same tones of yellow and orange may be repeated through the room in curtains, cushions, and other materials, and then the general tone may be broken with some single piece of furniture in green stained oak. Copper may be introduced in the form of sconces or plaques to help and vary the scheme, and on the floor a warm Oriental carpet may be surrounded with green felt.

Or again, suppose a cooler scheme is chosen, white again may be used for the woodwork, the walls covered with a greenish-blue paper, and the whole room treated in subtle tones of bluish-green and greenish-blue, running into purples with white, and a few touches of orange in copper or pottery.

The final effect of such a scheme will depend first on the clearly defined conception, and then on the patient choosing of every detail to form a part of the original idea.



DRAWING-ROOM M. H. BAILLIE SCOTT, ARCHITECT

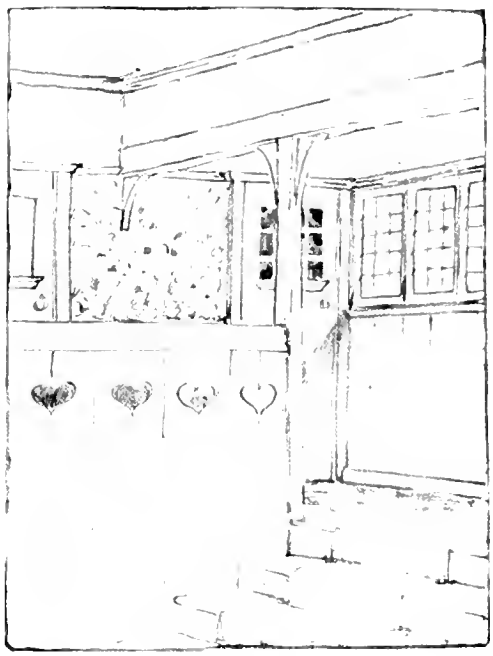
Taking the front door now as a natural starting-point for a consideration of the house, one is greeted on the threshold by that essentially modern requirement, a bicycle-room, which will also supply a resting-place for coats and hats. To the right is the inner partly glazed door to the hall, which is lighted by a row of mullioned panes with a broad window-seat. The sketch shows the corner fireplace with its brick arch and two shelves and the staircase, which is treated in a simple and cottage-like style.

As will be seen on referring to the plan, nearly the whole of the wall space in the hall is comprised in the sliding partitions to the dining-room and drawing-room, and the doors to porch and serving-room. The effect will thus be that of a panelled room, and it will be a matter of individual taste as to how this panelling should be treated. It may be low-toned fumigated oak or stained pine, or it may be green stained or painted white.

In the sketch the low-toned treatment is suggested, and above the dark wood a frieze of plain creamy plaster. Here, if funds allow, a modelled frieze in white would be a pleasing addition, or a broad and simple stencil pattern.

The furnishing of this hall is shown almost entirely in the sketch.

A little writing-table at the side of the fireplace and another small table at the side of the drawing-room door, with a chair and a small stool at the fireside, a copper candle sconce over the writing-table, a simple wooden clock on the mantelpiece (instead of the usual handsome marble timepiece), a few rugs on the floor, a copper coalscuttle, and fireirons in wrought iron and copper hanging in a row at the side of the fire. This is the inventory of the furniture.

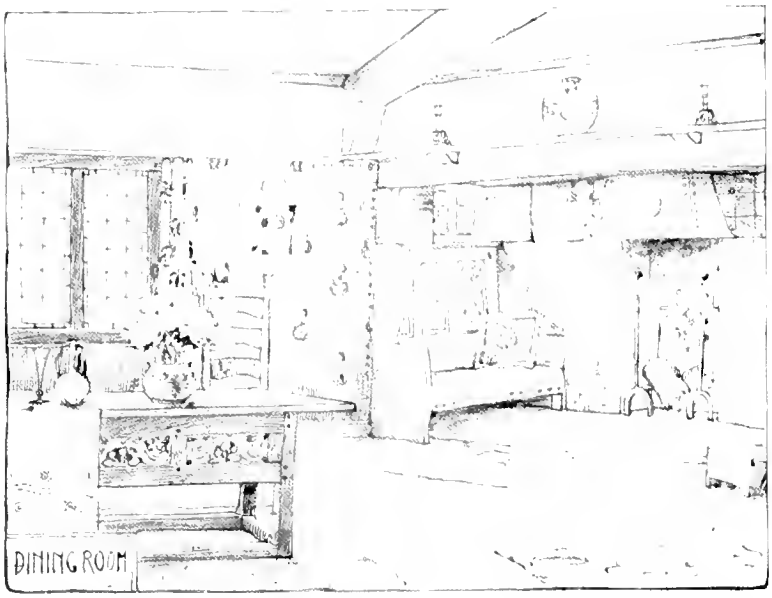


STAIRCASE M. H. BAILLIE SCOTT, ARCHITECT

In the dining-room the most striking feature is the ingle-nook in the corner with its red-brick back, Dutch tiles, and copper hood, and its wide brick hearth.

The table is of solid construction and as narrow as may be, the chairs rush-bottomed, and the sideboard of the dresser kind. The walls are hung with low-toned stencilled canvas, and on this a few pictures are carefully placed—pictures, not framed, mounted, and glazed in the usual conventional way, but possessing the same qualities of breadth and simplicity which have been aimed at throughout.

(*Continued on page* 177.)



DINING-ROOM M. H. BAILLIE SCOTT, ARCHITECT

LEAVES FROM THE SKETCH BOOK OF BYAM SHAW

**** The article which appeared in the May number of this year will have made readers of* THE STUDIO *familiar with the work of Mr. Byam Shaw, whose Academy picture, "Love's Baubles," has just been purchased for the Walker Art Gallery by the Corporation of Liverpool. The drawings here reproduced are selected from the pencil studies made by this talented young artist for the illustrations to a recently published edition of Robert Browning's Poems.*

In the drawing-room the piano is an important item in the furnishing, and has its particular shuttered window. It is of the type which has been previously illustrated and described in THE STUDIO. A cabinet for music-books, &c., stands against the west wall, and to the left of this is the corner window, with its floor raised a step up from the floor of the room itself and with a broad, low window-seat. The ingle-nook is fitted with an arrangement of dainty, rounded, tapered posts with shelves, cupboards, and seats, as shown in the illustration. A few pictures, a few comfortable chairs, and a small table, complete the furnishing of this room.

The lighting of these rooms should be with lamps and candles when electric-light is not available. A central hanging lamp in hall and dining-room, and a standard and table lamp in the drawing-room, all of simple, homely iron work, with a few candles in sconces on the walls, will be all that is required.

The sketch of the staircase-landing gives some idea of its cottage-like character, and another illustration suggests the character of one of the bedrooms furnished with white woodwork and fitments.

The effect of the exterior is gained more by the proportion of the masses than by applied decoration. Warm toned brickwork and tiles and broad spaces of white rough-cast with half timber-work are the materials employed.

The house was designed for a site with a western frontage to the road, and the small garden is laid out on simple and somewhat formal lines.

THE COLOURED PRINTS OF MR. W. P. NICHOLSON. BY GLEESON WHITE.

AN increasing knowledge of the marvels of colour-printing from the hands of the artists of old Japan has naturally provoked Western craftsmen to experiment anew with chromo-xylography. Readers of THE STUDIO need not to be reminded of the French and English efforts to recapture the beauty of the methods employed by Shunso, Haronobu, Utamaro, and the rest; for facsimiles of work by MM. Henri Rivière, J. D. Batten and others, have been reproduced in these pages. It is clear that many of these were far more obviously inspired by Japanese xylography than are the coloured woodcuts which Mr. W. P. Nicholson has executed. Yet, although his designs betray scarce a trace of Japanese convention, and are unconcerned with the subtleties of transparent pigment, and eschew intricate pattern-making, in spirit they are in many ways closer rivals of the Japanese prints than are any previous attempts of Western art. It is scarce overstating the fact to declare that, so far as his technique is concerned, Mr. Nicholson might never have seen a Japanese print. In every detail his work is conceived differently. For his colour, his arrangement of masses, and his choice of subjects, are entirely Western. Yet in the unerring selection of essentials, and his lucid expression of the truth and nothing but the truth of his subject as he sees it, he is at one with the great Oriental draughtsmen that Europe—tardily it may be—has at last named among the masters; not greater nor less, but co-equal in the hierarchy of artists.

If a pedigree were needed, the woodcuts of the earlier English school, and the curiously limited yet interesting work of Joseph Crawhall, might be found to contain some qualities that Mr. Nicholson has

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

FROM A COLOURED PRINT BY W. P. NICHOLSON

(*"The New Review"*: *W. Heinemann*)

"ARCHERY" FROM A COLOURED PRINT BY W. P. NICHOLSON
("*An Almanac*," *W. Heinemann*)

developed and perfected. But without any further attempt to account for his artistic forbears, it seems enough to recognise, first, that he has discovered and obeyed the capabilities of his material, and secondly, that his art is not based on that of Florence, nor of Nuremburg, any more than it stops short at the thirteenth century, or "the cultivated Court of the Empress Josephine." He has taken the oldest method of the illustrator wood-cutting and without unduly regarding or entirely ignoring the traditions of his predecessors, has endeavoured to express his aspect of things in his own way. It is true that Mr. Nicholson uses the graver, and works with it on the end of the grain, pushing the tool from him. Thus his work is technically 'wood-engraving' and not 'wood-cutting'; but the spirit is the spirit of the old wood-cut, not of the modern rival of steel or copper-plate engraving.

Mr. Nicholson's style is distinguished by peculiar largeness of handling. In fact so bold is his touch, that we can see at once he does not discard process from any mistrust of its power to reproduce his work accurately. But this very largeness is due in no small degree to the less tractable material. When you are cutting a rigid substance, it is but natural to aim for the greatest effect by the least labour, and Mr. Nicholson is so entirely devoted to the expression of his work in wood, that he declares it would take him far longer to complete the same composition by brush. As you study his designs you see that they are absolutely dependent on their material. He has simplified his drawing to the farthest point; but this implies something near exact perfection in the drawing which remains. If the few hints are precisely accurate, the eye fills up the contour without effort. In the portrait of Mr. Whistler, the black clothed figure is seen (above the waist) against a black background. Practically, it ends there and imagination

"BOATING" FROM A COLOURED PRINT BY W. P. NICHOLSON
("*An Almanac*," *W. Heinemann*)

FROM A COLOURED PRINT BY W. P. NICHOLSON
(" *An Alphabet* " *W. Heinemann*)

only continues it, yet it would seem as if the coat were as distinctly made out as the head. Your intellect assures you that from the waist to the head there is nothing but blank immensity of space; but your instinct detaches the torso of the figure as positively as if it were silhouetted against a white background.

The art of leaving out is the proof of perfect acquaintance with the art of putting in. You may put in a few truths and a hundred falsities, and the result will be like most facts, a mixture of wrong and right. If, however, you leave out all but a few hints, these must be aimed at the bull's eye, so that no one can be misguided. Mr. Nicholson states the few facts he cares to supply with straightforward vigour, the rest he leaves to the observer. Not that his pictures are prize puzzles; but, like many simple axioms, they satisfy the unlearned and the philosopher equally.

No little of the attractiveness of his woodcuts is due to the added colour, but as some of his earlier and unpublished work proves, it is not this which gives them their singular charm and veracity. And this veracity is not merely arithmetical completeness. The less demonstrable "Art" is there, and the personality of expression which is inseparable from good art is also there in ample quantity. Another quality not absolutely essential to art, but very rarely absent, is humour, and Mr. Nicholson's humour is frank and virile. He is no decadent with morbid suggestiveness, no ultra-precious "symbolist" or intensely Gothic person. All these have their place in the scheme of things, and in some moods perverted maybe they give some of us real pleasure. But at others, a healthy delight in flesh and blood, an open-air view of life demands less highly spiced fare. Then a Velasquez or a Holbein arouses enthusiastic praise, and at such times the fine steadiness of Mr. Nicholson's woodcuts satisfies even a greedy appetite.

The portrait of *Her Majesty the Queen*, the first of the now famous series published in *The New Review*, which won instant fame for its author, has been the subject of a well-deserved eulogy by Mr. Joseph Pennell, so generous and thorough that it is needless to add a word. It is true that a few worthy people still regard it askance as a caricature, but these same people admire many atrocious chromo-lithographs of the venerable monarch, and are apparently blind to the true vulgarity of their favourite representations of the great Queen. The simple fact remains that to many people not unfamilar with the greatest works of art, this portrait is the most stately and the most reverent of any they have seen. The isolation of the figure, its dignity and its domesticity, reveal the two aspects which have made our

FROM A COLOURED PRINT BY W. P. NICHOLSON
(" *An Alphabet* " *W. Heinemann*)

FROM A COLOURED PRINT BY W. P. NICHOLSON
("*An Alphabet*" W. *Heinemann*)

lady of Windsor the greatest figure in modern Europe. Looking at it, we realise the personality that has been as loyal to British ideals as the great Empire, which has come to its majority beneath her sway, has been loyal to its Queen. Turn from this to the portrait of Madame Bernhardt and you find that Mr. Nicholson is not a player with a single string. The divine Sarah again witches you with her peculiar fascination. You go to see her in a new part, full of insular prejudice and resolved to remain a perfectly impassive critic, and before she has spoken a dozen words you are again a mere abject slave. That is a common experience; and in this print you are confronted not by the erratic lady of the many paragraphs but by the immortal Sarah who masters you and makes you credit her with any virtue she cares to claim. The portrait of Mr. Whistler shows no less distinctly different quality. It is—Mr. Whistler; and it would be hard to add anything to that statement. For the complex personality that has impressed itself alike on foes and friends is not to be defined by any statement in words so epigrammatic and complete as is this coloured print.

Two volumes of wood engravings by Mr. Nicholson, to be published at popular prices by Mr. Heinemann, which will reach the public about the time this number appears, deserve long columns of appreciation. Yet it were mere fatuity to set oneself to describe the two dozen designs in *An Alphabet*, or the dozen in *An Almanac*. In the first, A, for Actor—you have Mr. Nicholson's caricature of himself in *formâ pauperis*—a most good-humoured travesty; and in "B was a Beggar"—it might be possible to identify his colleague—when as the Beggarstaff Brothers, Mr. Pryde collaborated with Mr. Nicholson in the famous series of posters which it would be an insult to imagine the readers of this magazine do not know by heart. In C, for Countess, the shade of Velasquez would delight could he see it. E, for Earl, or E, for Executioner (the *Edition de Luxe* contains the latter subject which was considered too "gory" for juveniles) are both as good as they make them, which is slang, but also accurate. F, a flower girl with her basket of roses, is notably fine in colour—but space forbids even a bare catalogue of the rest. L, Lady, R, Robber, T, Topers, V, Villain, Y, Yokel, X, Xylographer (a happy choice for this alphabet), Z, Zoologist, are all memorable. In the almanac the single figures of the alphabet are replaced at times by groups, and the horses show that the author of *Persimmon* (the first published, by the way, of these engravings) is as well versed in equine character as in the peculiarities of humanity. That these volumes will be eagerly acquired by all

FROM A COLOURED PRINT BY W. P. NICHOLSON
("*An Alphabet*" W. *Heinemann*)

lovers of modern art is a certainty, for they are at once new and good in a simple straightforward way that comes with still greater freshness after a pause during which subtlety and simplicity have been almost omnipotent.

In Mr. Nicholson we have a singularly novel force, that it is delightful to remember is wholly British, and a proof that the vitality of British imagination and power is not limited to any particular school. He is outside the schools. He is neither an impressionist nor a "decorative" artist. In many respects his methods are nearer the first, but his achievements are entirely decorative in the best sense of a much abused term.

Perhaps the secret, if there be one, is that he is fully an artist. And if a man be that the idiom through which he elects to speak is supremely unimportant. There are many things which delight for a time, and yet all the while no devotee believes in their lasting power to charm. In fact, because you enjoy them so keenly at the moment, you feel inclined to distrust their power to arouse equal enthusiam a year or ten years hence. But the engravings of Mr. Nicholson do not belong to the *bric-à-brac* of the moment, but to good and sufficient craft that looks as if it would wear well. We are justified in expecting much from him.

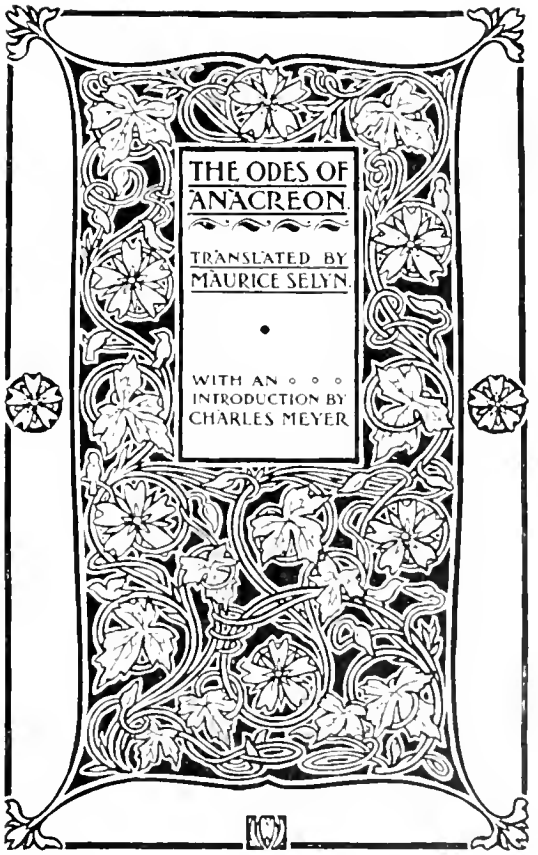
G. W.

MR. CHRISTOPHER DEAN, DESIGNER AND ILLUSTRATOR.

THE army of black-and-white draughtsmen is constantly being reinforced by recruits fresh from Art-Schools, in London and the provinces. There are "the younger generation knocking at the door," of whom we have heard much since Ibsen coined the phrase. It is difficult for the best-intentioned critic to be judicially impartial in his estimate of their work. If promise is there, he is apt to be unduly lenient, and if the new comer shows a high standard of academic craft, he hopes, often against the result of his experience, that with the increased facility which is only to be gained by practice, something more than mere craft may be developed.

In devoting some short articles to the newer designers we hope to open the door to some few who stand knocking; but it is necessary to guard against a false impression being deduced. The works illustrated may be quite worthy to take their place in the open market, or they may only betray promise of better things. But in neither case is it the intention of THE STUDIO to put forward these younger artists as its "discoveries," much less to hail any one of them as a new genius. In the crowd of candidates for popular favour, some often fail to gain a hearing. It is not every boy or girl, scarce out of their teens, who has the needful confidence in his or her powers to force unsolicited interviews upon art-editors. Nor, even if the draughtsman is much older, is it a very pleasant ordeal to open a portfolio and stand demurely by while a harassed editor is scanning his wares. Only those who have already experienced the criticism of silence, which is worse than open censure, can realise the utter despair it inflicts. Some people never overcome the natural dislike to submit the result of much care and effort to strangers; such, by their nervous, hasty depreciation of their own work, do much to prejudice their case.

In treating of these younger artists, some already fairly well known, and others whose work is still unpublished, THE STUDIO is but endeavouring to



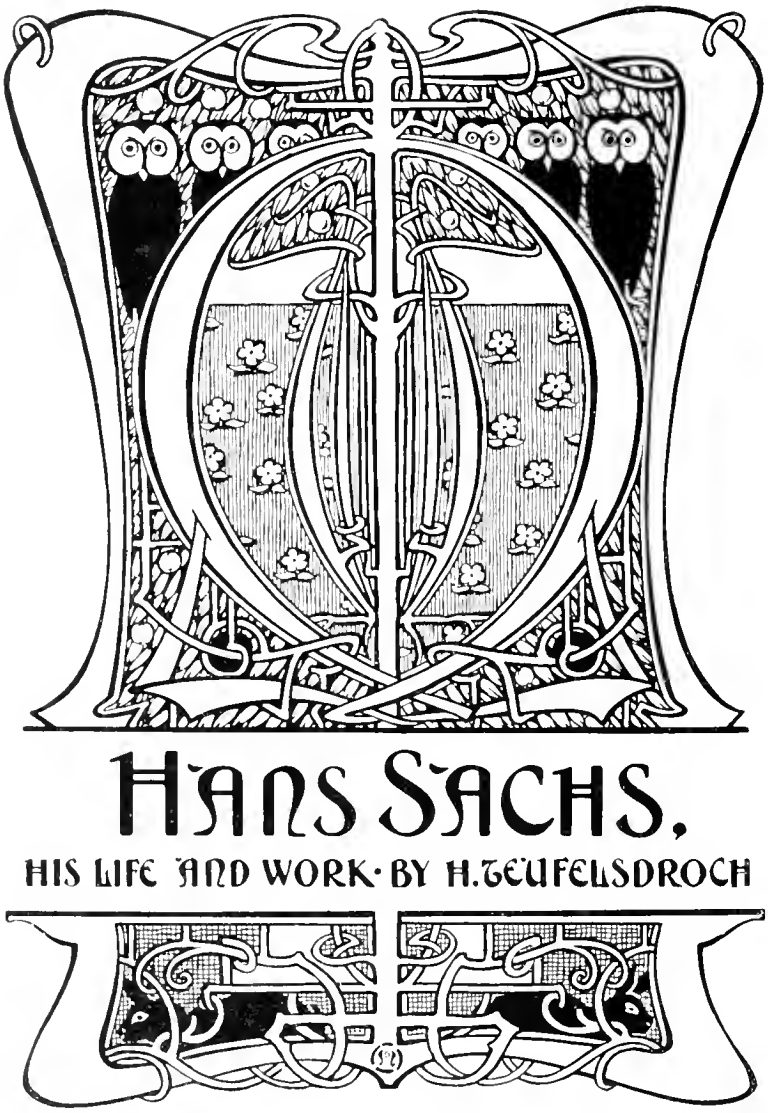
BOOK COVER BY CHRISTOPHER DEAN

give them the chance of winning new friends by the reproduction of their designs. Hence it seems best to let such examples be accompanied by a few notes pointing out their most salient merits, and, as a rule, letting the defects, if any, speak for themselves. The best test of any drawing intended for publication is surely to see it taking part in an actual book, with all the accessories of type and the conventional margin of the page. If it has qualities that suffer by process-reproduction, the artist will learn far more by seeing his work in print subject to all normal conditions, than by any theoretical criticism.

But Mr. Christopher Dean, the designer whose work is the subject of this first article, is hardly a typical example of the beginner, for his work has already found favour in the eyes of publishers; and that he is not better known in London is due partly to the fact that, until lately, his home has been in Glasgow.

That he has grasped the essentials of decoration in black-and-white is evident enough from these examples; that he is yet, like most younger men, influenced, unconsciously it may be, by the fashion of the period, is also clear. Here it would be uncourteous to indicate where his work betrays such influence; for in many details, notably in the border to *Hail the new-born King*, he has already found a distinctly personal expression. Like not a few black-and-white men to-day, in his quest for strength and vigour he sometimes passes by beauty. That all faces should be "pretty" in a petty sense is not desirable; but beauty should be the real effort of an illustrator, and that this can be gained with no sacrifice of other qualities is self-evident in the work of many artists who use the Durer line. Whether it be the silver-points of a Helleu, the pen drawing of a Steinlen or an Abbey, or the pencil-studies of a Burne-Jones, facial beauty is discovered to be there with no loss of strength.

The vigour and the clever disposition of his masses in a border supply a test-example to a designer. Mr. Dean succeeds here unmistakably. His border to the full page (with a not wholly fascinating wood-nymph for its central panel) has structural growth, and turns its surrounding corners deftly. So again he may be praised for his generally admirable use of solid blacks. His lettering is well placed, if not always sufficiently formal in the alphabets he employs to satisfy a purist. In short, without any wish to exag-



BOOK COVER BY CHRISTOPHER DEAN

HEAD-PIECE BY CHRISTOPHER DEAN

gerate the merits of these designs, one may safely leave them to undergo the criticism of fellow-workers, who, if they be more eager to recognise excellence than to detect blemishes, will find no little to appreciate in the examples here reproduced; and will recognise in Mr. Dean one who may develop an interesting method of his own, wherein those who love to seek racial expression may discover Celtic interlacing as the structural form of foliage freely treated.

STUDIO-TALK.

(*From our own Correspondents.*)

LONDON.—The Institute of Painters in Oil Colours has gathered for its annual exhibition the usual rather mixed collection of good, bad, and indifferent canvases which is characteristic of its shows. Fortunately, this year the number of good pictures is, in proportion to the total exhibited, a good deal larger than on most previous occasions, and of landscapes especially there is quite a considerable array that claims something more than passing attention. The strength of this part of the show is chiefly owing to the contributions of Mr. Leslie Thomson, whose *Wareham* and *Skerries* are in his best and most scholarly manner; Mr. J. L. Pickering, whose *Holy Island* is admirably vigorous nd direct; Mr. Aumonier; Mr. Yeend King; and 'r. Peppercorn, whose study of grey weather in e Solent is exquisitely subtle and yet perfectly finite and expressive. Mr. Alfred East, too, is ı in his happiest mood in a fascinating study of etch of river, *Between Abbeville and Amiens*; Mr. R. W. Allan's harbour-subject, *Starting for 'rring Fishery*, is by no means an unworthy of an artist whose *Wild North Sea* was one of the features of the last Academy. The best of the figure-subjects are Mr. G. Wetherbee's charmingly designed *Nymph of the Stream*; Mr. James Clark's florid composition, *The Fountain*; Mr. G. F. Watts's sumptuous study of a girl's head; and the fluent sketch, *Egyptian Indigo Dyers*, by Mr. J. S. Sargent. An interesting study of a London subject, *The Monument and Gracechurch Street from the Church of St. Magnus*, by Mr. George Thomson, is very well worthy of attention.

At the Grafton Gallery there is a good deal of sound workmanship and interesting material in the exhibition of the Society of Portrait Painters. Many of our more prominent painters are well represented, and most of the better known members of the society send adequate examples of their work, so that, in spite of the absence of popular favourites like Mr. J. J. Shannon, Mr. Solomon, or Mr. Orchardson, the general level of the show is well maintained. One of the most striking canvases is Professor Herkomer's *General Booth*, a wonderful study of character, expressed with amazing force; and places in the front rank are distinctly due to Mr. Greiffenhagen's extremely skilful *Miss Mamie Bowles*; Mr. Arthur Melville's *Opal and Grey*, a fascinating full-length of a lady in a grey dress; Mr. Whistler's tiny portrait of the late C. E. Holloway; Mr. Frank Daniel's *Poppies*; Mr. Borough Johnson's portrait of himself; Mr. F. M. Skipworth's *Kenneth Havers, Esq.*; and Mr. Lavery's *Portrait of a German Lady*. The best contributions by foreign artists are M. Aman Jean's *Madame X.*; M. Blanche's *Miss Capel*; M. Wauters's extremely skilful pastel drawing of Mr. M. H. Spielmann; and a large full-length of a lady by M. Neven du Mont. The importance of the exhibition is greatly increased by the addition of certain pictures by artists no longer living, the

chief of which are the *Shelling Peas*, by Sir John Millais, and Frank Holl's superb half-length of Lord Spencer.

The winter exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists consists entirely of the work of members, and is, possibly on that account, rather more interesting than usual. It includes a few really remarkable things, of which the chief is certainly the large tempera cartoon executed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones in 1892 for the mosaic in the Church of St. Paul in Rome. It is a characteristic example of his design treated in low tones of colour and with great richness of detail. Mr. Borough Johnson's *Eve's First View of Herself* is extremely refined and delicate, and is distinctly pleasant in colour; and Mr. Cayley Robinson's *Return of Spring* is agreeable in motive and is treated with no little skill. One of the best modern life studies is Mr. O. Eckhardt's water-colour, *Roses, Roses, all the Way*, and to the same class belong clever things by Mr S. H. Sime, Mr. R. Ponsonby Staples, and Mr. Manuel. Landscapes of importance are not numerous, but Mr. G. C. Haité's *Between the Lights*, Mr. Lee Hankey's water-colours, *A Road by the Sea* and *A Clover Field*, and Mr. A. Meade's *Morn*, are in various ways quite excellent. A curious study of character, by Mr. H. M. Livens, called *A Lesson in Anatomy*, is also worth notice.

The annual exhibition of the Royal College of Art Vacation Sketching Club was opened on October 22, in a room in the Western Galleries of the South Kensington Museum. It is always an interesting display; for, by reason of most of the work being done away from the influence of masters, and, indeed, being to a considerable extent in methods which do not form part of the regular course of instruction at the College, one expects and generally finds a much greater exposition of individuality than is usual in exhibitions of this kind. But on the present occasion it happens that the highest average of excellence is found in the etchings, where it is undoubtedly due to valuable and intelligent instruction. Miss Constance M. Pott has an aquatint of *The Old Chain Pier, Brighton*, as well as a more formal view of *Lincoln's Inn Fields*, of quite unusual merit. A detail often neglected, but in the present case so satisfactory as to deserve special mention, is the excellent engraving (with the burin) of the title and coat of arms below the last-mentioned subject. Mr. A. Hugh Fisher has also done some charming work; his *Jubilee Procession Passing St. Clement Danes* ought to be extremely popular. Mr. Morgan's plates are distinguishable for good composition and the exercise of that severe virtue, reticence; and Miss Gertrude Hayes exhibits a careful and intelligent study of an *Old Man's Head*.

In the various classes of painting there is, perhaps, more definitely good work shown than has been the case for several years. It is a little difficult to make comparisons among that of the various exhibitors, working as they do from points of view so widely varying. As a collection of studies, the set by Mr. Rook is perhaps the most satisfactory; they are carefully and simply thought out, unusually clear and brilliant in colour, and while the choice of a problem has never been sacrificed to mere picture-making, the result is often as good as if the latter quality had been the first essential. In this category also may be placed the sets shown by Messrs. Appleyard and Vokes. Mr. Vokes exhibits also a more finished work of considerable merit. Two remarkable pictures are shown by Mr. D. Snowdon, in which very difficult passages of evening light are treated in an almost masterly manner. Mr. Morgan and Mr. J. Wallis also have grappled with similar subjects with success.

Among other work of merit may be instanced an excellent study of foliage by Mr. H. Watson; and two strong and cleanly worked figure-subjects in water-colours by Mr. Lenfestey. These should certainly be seen later at more public exhibitions. Mr. H. P. Clifford shows a distinct advance on his earlier work, and is now attaining a mastery of water-colours which should carry him far. Mr. Ogden, choosing a simple and straightforward method of work, has a set of studies which are very pleasing. We lack space to more than mention other good work shown by Messrs. Onions, Collister, A. Hugh Fisher, and others; one sketch by the former student is very dainty. In Section B (for elementary students), Miss Noble has a series of studies of birds which are astonishingly good; in Section C (for former students of the College), Miss Agnes Jones exhibits some very pleasant water-colours; and in the class for portraits Miss Blakeney has two clever pastels. But of all the work in the exhibition the most remarkable is contributed by Mr. Shackleton. He sends a long upright panel, in an effective technique of his own which it is difficult to identify. In composition, in colour, and in imaginative power it is

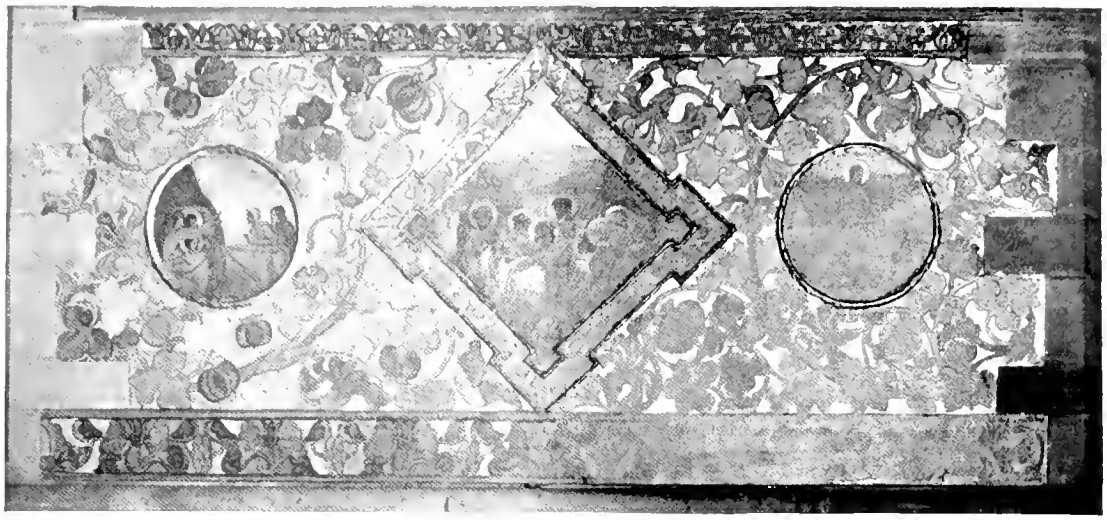
such a production as is rarely seen outside the most advanced exhibitions.

The winter exhibition by members of the New English Art Club is by no means wanting in matter for serious consideration. A really large proportion of the total number of pictures and drawings can fairly claim to be regarded as expressing original ideas on the subject of technique, or as illustrating aesthetic convictions that plainly depart from the beaten track. Much of the work shown is, moreover, unusually important in scale and of remarkable merit. Mr. C. H. Shannon's *Souvenir of Van Dyck*, a fascinating study in silvery greys and warm browns, has extraordinary interest as a piece of notable handling: Mr. J. E. Christie's *Wheel of Fortune* is a valuable illustration of quaintness in imagining; Mr. Francis Bate's *Through the Trees*; Professor Brown's *The Mill Stream* and *Viddendale*; Mr. P. W. Steer's *Knaresborough*; and Mr. Moffat Lindner's *Sunset after Rough Weather* are excellent interpretations of nature; and Mr. George Thomson's *The Woodcutter*, Mr. H. Tonks's *The Shadow of the Cliff*, and a variety of other characteristic studies show the sincerity of view and the power of statement which are typical of the exhibitions of the club.

The collection of *Gleanings from Italy*, by Miss Rosa Wallis, which has been on view at Mr. Dunthorne's Gallery, deserves to be recorded as a very pleasant display of delicate colour and dainty technique. All the drawings were small in size and dealt rather with the nooks and corners of the country than with its spectacular and imposing features; and the Exhibition gained in attractiveness by this avoidance of the beaten track. It was altogether a very creditable show.

MURAL DECORATION BY MRS. FRAGUAIR

EDINBURGH. — It is not to the North that we look for art opulent with the colour and warmth of the South. For gold, silver, and precious stones, garments whose hems run along with dainty embroideries, and paint bright with the freshness of art's springtide, we turn to Florence, to the Riccardi Chapel, or we sit down in front of the Gentile da Fabriano in the Academia, to delight ourselves in the contemplation of perfect setting of jewels, delicacy of traceries, richness of inlaying and of colouring. In the grey cold North it is sombre art that we are led to look for. Therefore, when in Scotland's capital we turn a corner and find ourselves in the small chapel behind the choir-stalls of the Catholic Apostolic Church in Broughton Street, it is little wonder if we catch our breath at surroundings so rich and so little anticipated. For the



MURAL DECORATION BY MRS. TRAQUAIR

whole Chapel scintillates and glows like a jewelled crown. Bright blossoms and foliage inlay upon the gold background their curving spirals of rubied flower and rich, broad leaf. They wreathe themselves round the panels, which are a progressive series of pictures, and form a deep-set golden frame to each.

The subject of the decoration of the Chapel, which is the work of Mrs. Traquair, is a continuous poetic meditation on the parable of the Ten Virgins. It is conceived on broader lines than the Gospel story, or perhaps, we should rather say, it gives back to the parable the full richness and maturity that the enlightenment of the ages has taught humanity to discern in it. The first and great point in this decoration is that it is a delight to the eye. What we see at a glance is richness, purity of colour and imaginative picture-subjects, full of delicate imagery. And, moreover, it is not difficult to recognise that the artist has seized hold of some eternal passions and needs of the human heart and made them live afresh for us on the walls of this beautiful little Norman Chapel. Nor is it difficult to see that art has been used here (though with absolute integrity) as the expression of an individual emotional life. The fruit of one age is the food of another, and it is with the fruit of the mediæval age that this artist has sustained her art. Her work glows with the feeling and colour of the mediæval school, yet she has rendered her thoughts in a way that is completely modern.

The first panel represents the ten Virgins setting forth. They all start equally eager; they are equally equipped with lamps for their life's journey; lamps, or oil vessels, golden, inlaid and glittering, such as would delight a maiden's heart to keep trimmed and burning. Neither here nor elsewhere are the faces of the maidens strictly beautiful. The type is an unconventional one, full of emotional expression, with the peculiar interest and beauty that this alone can bring. In the second panel of the series, the maidens have advanced on their journey, the dawn is far behind them, the sun is low upon the horizon. Two of them have fallen by the wayside, and three more lean with drooping heads against their sisters. Weariness has crept into the whole picture. Even the brave unflagging five show signs of a painful eagerness to reach the goal. Strain is in every gesture.

On the south wall, close to this panel, is a smaller one of two angels supporting the watchman on his watch-tower, below which are the words, "The vision tarrieth, wait for it!" Above, on the barrel roof, is a continuation of the Heavenly Garden, where angels are ascending and descending as though they walked in and out at will among men as a matter of course. The next panel deals with the awakening. It is almost childlike in its simplicity, the gestures of doubt, surprise, and dismay among the foolish, who attempt to pour oil from empty vessels, remind one of the naiveté of a Carpaccio. Though the wise here have the suscepti-

bilities and intuitions of the nobler kind of souls, the foolish claim more of our sympathy.

Mrs. Traquair's work is not for the proletariat crowd, for the proletariat crowd have not got her artist's passion for pure and beautiful colour, nor her reverence for, and delight in, pure and beautiful thought. It will, however, always appeal to the simple-hearted everywhere, and to those whose culture has led them to discern, when they see it, the true value of inspired work like this, which is lawless and unrestrained only because the artist has set before herself a higher aim than working to a conventional standard. M. L. M.

OXFORD.—The Oxford Art Society has just opened its annual exhibition in one of the rooms of the new Municipal Buildings. If the majority of the exhibits deserve to be dismissed as amateurish, they are at least free from the pretentiousness which so often characterises the work of those to whom painting is a pastime rather than a profession. The interest of the exhibition undoubtedly centres in the screen on which is hung a selection of exquisite studies by Sir Edward Burne Jones. Amongst these, the most interesting, because the least familiar, are two very distinguished designs in gold for metal work, which are dated 1896. The assured dexterity of Mr. Albert Goodwin's water colours, of which several examples are shown, is in acute and almost grotesque contrast to the tentative technique of the pictures by which they are surrounded. His *Whitby* is remarkable for its elaborate detail and harmonious colour. Mr. Fulleylove's drawings of the Bodleian Library and the library of Merton College are thoroughly workmanlike, and their presence emphasises Mr. Walter Tyrwhitt's failure to achieve success in a representation of a Gothic interior, entitled *The Knight's Tomb*. A design for a reredos for Holy Trinity Church, Florence, by Mr. R. Spencer Stanhope, is quite agreeably decorative if not particularly original.

Mr. T. F. M. Sheard sends six pictures of unequal merit, and Mr. Carleton Grant has several pictures in which the predominant note is deep bluish-purple. He so frequently repeats this effect that his work is open to the charge of monotony. The arrangement of a Japanese doll, a green parasol, a yellow vase, and a blue and white tea-pot, which Mrs. Culmer entitles *Japonica*, is pleasantly fantastic. On the other hand, Mrs. Dockray's *Azalea House* and *Nature's Mirrors* have very little to recommend them. Mr. Briton Rivière's *Prometheus* is an old friend, Mr. G. Carline and Mr. Harry Goodwin have each several examples of their capable work. It is interesting to note that the vigorous art of black-and white is on the whole well represented at Oxford, and includes some careful architectural drawings, amongst

MURAL DECORATION BY MRS. TRAQUAIR

(*See Edinburgh Studio-Talk*)

which a study of the Hall Staircase at Christ Church should be noticed. Miss Maud Sargent's *One, Two, Buckle My Shoe* and *Simple Simon* are good of their kind, and are altogether to be preferred to heroic attempts in oil and water-colour.

C. H.

GLASGOW.—The local art season may be said to commence with the opening of the Art Club Exhibition in the Royal Institute Galleries. The collection of pictures, which are entirely by the members of the Club, is one of a high artistic level, and well shows the vitality in art circles in the West of Scotland at the present time. In a future note I hope to make more detailed reference to many of the works exhibited.

Mr. Alexander Reid has open in the Société des Beaux Arts Galleries a select collection of pictures, mostly by the Glasgow School of Painters. Then Mr. W. B. Paterson has on view in his galleries a noteworthy collection of pictures by Monticelli, and some interesting examples of the Barbizon School. Messrs. Craibe, Angus and Son are showing a small but choice number of pictures by Corot, Daubigny, Deschamps, Mauve, Edward Stott, Mark Fisher, and others.

Picture exhibitions in the provincial towns in Scotland will not be so numerous this season, and therefore the call upon our artists for work will luckily not be so great as usual. Owing to the inclemency of the weather, painting out of doors has been difficult, and fewer pictures have been completed.

D. M.

DUNDEE.—Stewart Carmichael, of one of whose latest paintings we give an illustration, was born and educated in this town. Some ten years ago he determined to adopt his present profession in preference to that of an architect, and by means of much personal application, a couple of terms at Antwerp, and a period spent in travelling through the great art centres of Europe, he has developed considerable power and originality as a painter.

Being a Scot, and a patriotic Scot, nothing inspires his brush to such pathetic realism as a genuine native model. In *An Old Scotchwoman*, here re-

"AN OLD SCOTCH WOMAN" BY STEWART CARMICHAEL

produced, we have the accidental pose caught and recorded in a careful study of more than usually tender greys and browns. The worn hands, the time-honoured plaid, the "mutch" from which look out the tired features of the octogenarian—subjects such as this are truly national in character, and full of that pathos which has its counterpart in the finer elements of modern Scottish literature.

X.

PORTRAITS BY GEORGE SAUTER

(*See Munich Studio-Talk*)

DÜSSELDORF. The Art Union of the Rhinelands and Westphalia which has contributed so greatly to the development of Rhenish art, has year by year, since its establishment in 1829, continued to progress with the happiest results. It has promoted the art of engraving on copper with great success; but above all it has been instrumental in supporting all sorts of artistic undertakings of a public character, accessible to all, and in some instances it has carried out the work by itself. The art productions in question are very numerous, and include altar paintings for churches and mural decorations for schools and town halls, stage curtains, statuary, &c. &c.

During the past month the Union was engaged, *inter alia* in the furtherance of Professor A. Kampf's scheme for the decoration of the Session Chamber in the Diet House at Burtscheid. I have had an opportunity of seeing the designs, and am delighted to be able to say at once that they promise to result in a work of art of great merit, and entirely modern in the best sense of the word. The scenes depicted are in no way "historical," as the word is usually understood, but deal rather with the aspects of the life of to-day; and this, so far as I know, is the first time in Germany that modern subjects have been considered worthy of representation in monumental wall decoration of this kind. A healthy innovation such as this must be welcomed with the utmost satisfaction.

A few weeks ago the Union to which I have been alluding "Der Kunstverein fur die Rheinlande and Westfalen" has received a commission for the decoration of the "Rittersaal" in the recently rebuilt castle at Burg a.-d. Wupper. The cost of the work has been fixed at 50,000 marks. The castle chapel is also to be decorated, and Willy Spatz, the painter, has been requested by the State to send in designs for the work. It is also in contemplation to entrust to another Dusseldorf artist the task of ornamenting the Ladies' Apartment within the castle.

The busy firm of Bismeyer and Kraus, art publishers to the Court, are proposing, with the assistance of a number of our best artists, to organise an International Exhibition of Lithographs

and Posters. This, one of the first displays of its kind in Germany, promises to be of great and varied interest. It will enable one to get an excellent general idea of the progress made in these important branches of art work, and in particular will show the extraordinary developments made in lithography. I shall have occasion to refer to this exhibition again. S.

MUNICH. Among the artists who have been instrumental in promoting and furthering the new industrial art movement in Germany, a foremost place is held by H. E. von Berlepsch. He is a native of Switzerland, and came to Munich in 1876, after having been a pupil of the celebrated architect, Gottfried Semper in Zürich. In Munich he devoted himself to painting; but about the year 1884 he became actively engaged, both in word and in deed, in the development of modern art industries, and has steadily continued in the same path ever since, as is evident from the nature of the first "official" display of applied art in the Munich exhibition this year, which created a great sensation. Herr von Berlepsch is a man of extraordinary versatility—architect, landscapist, *littérateur*, and craftsman in one. Among his productions in the domain of applied art may be mentioned a large writing-table, richly ornamented with tasteful wood-carving and wrought-iron, and displaying even in the minutest details, just as in the bolder effects, a true sense of artistic feeling and grace of style; also two copper vessels, with oxidised bronze handles, with a vigorous design in leaves.

METAL WORK BY H. E. VON BERLEPSCH

Reference has already been made in these notes (see the August number of THE STUDIO) to George Sauter's double portrait, which is now reproduced here. The remarkable composition of the work, its delicate colour scheme, and the lifelike resemblance in the two faces—the son and daughter of Peter Cornelius, one of our best and foremost composers—made it one of the chief attractions in the Secession exhibition this year. Like Hubert Herkomer, George Sauter is of Bavarian origin, and, like him, has made England his home. Of late years, however, his works, unlike those of Herkomer, have found an ever-growing popularity and appreciation

POTTERY BY H. E. VON BERLEPSCH

in his South-German native land; and thus the news that Sauter is about to take up his abode permanently in Munich has been received here with the utmost satisfaction. As I mentioned some time ago, Sauter greatly distinguished himself in connection with the selection of English works for the Munich exhibition this year. The British school had never before been so well and worthily represented.

Linda Kogel, whose drawing, *Singing Girls*, is reproduced here, is one of the few women artists who, by their energy and passionate earnestness of purpose, have won an honourable place among their male colleagues in the world of art. Born in Berlin, Linda Kogel is a daughter of the Court chaplain of that name, a most accomplished and eloquent preacher, who was a great favourite at the Court of William I. For a long time she studied in Berlin, as a pupil of the talented Swiss artist, Karl Stauffer-Bern, lately deceased. Later on she came to Munich, where her master was Ludwig Herterich, familiar to readers of THE STUDIO by his recently published picture, *A Summer Evening*. Fraulein Kogel is chiefly

"CHILDREN SINGING" FROM AN ETCHING BY LINDA KOGEL

"RICHARD III" FROM A PAINTING BY FRITZ VON UHDE

trial art section of the Munich exhibition this year by two very beautiful and original works—a music-box in mahogany, with doors ornamented with paintings in a technique invented by herself, and a mirror, the framework of which was painted in similar fashion.

Fritz Von Uhde's painting, *Richard III.*, of which an illustration is here given, was fully described and criticised in the article upon the Munich Exhibition in the August number of THE STUDIO.

G. K.

VIENNA.—The interest in the Applied Arts is growing from day to day here, and there are two new collections now on view, one comprising some interesting specimens of ceramic art by Von Heider, exhibited at the Gartenbau-Gesellschaft, and the other containing the latest work of a young Austrian artist, Alphons Mucha, whose posters have been so much in vogue in Paris since the success of his Gismonda, the *affiche* for Madame Sarah Bernhardt, at the Renaissance. The book illustrations for the Oriental fairy tale, "Ilsée, Princesse de Tripoli" are much admired here, on account of their tasteful arrangement and adaptation of flower ornament and figures, and the artist's nice sense of colour. This exhibition also contains some good pencil and pen drawings, which demonstrate the artist's characteristics better than anything else. The designs for stained-glass windows are likewise seen to advantage in the discreet and artistic arrangement of Artaria and Co.'s Salons, and the whole impression is indeed a very favourable one. This little exhibition should be conducive to good

remarkable for her delightfully delicate sense of colour. She handles her materials in truly artistic fashion, working out her colour schemes and light effects with indefatigable perseverance, and striving with nervous energy and entire conscientiousness to realise the desired results. Her work consists of portraits (that of her father being one of the best), delicately coloured still-life studies, and pictures of a religious nature, the Annunciation being one of the subjects of which she is particularly fond, and one which she is ever treating in some new light. Linda Kogel handles the etching needle with the same firmness and artistry as the brush. She was represented in the indus-

by opening the eyes of the public to the artistic movement of the day.

W. S.

BRUSSELS.—The removal, tardy though it be, of the flags, large and small, the gilded plaster figures, the masts and other more or less decorative objects which were supposed to adorn the streets of Brussels during the Exhibition, has been a real relief to the inhabitants; and even the newspapers which expressed the greatest enthusiasm for the promoters of "applied art in the streets," and this the latest manifestation of their inexhaustible resource, have been obliged to admit that "it was high time this deplorable display of discoloured rags and rubbish was put out of sight"; with the further remark that "the experiment is final, and a lesson to the organisers of our fêtes."

One cannot but regret, however, that the lesson should have been somewhat expensive. More than 100,000 francs, it is said, were squandered on this "experiment," despite the fact that the lamentable result had been foreseen by every one, and that the previous exploits of the same promoters of "applied art in the streets" were not such as to inspire much confidence. It is to be hoped that the question is now thoroughly understood, and that there will be no repetition of the error.

"POVERELLA" BY PAUL DEVIGNE

The "Musée Moderne" has been rearranged by a committee consisting of MM. Robie, A. J. Wauters, and L. Cardon. The change is undoubtedly for the better, and several of the galleries, notably those containing the masterpieces of painting signed "H. Leys" and "Alfred Stevens," present a really excellent appearance. M. L. Cardon has presented to the Museum three valuable pictures—a quaint portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence, a portrait by J. Lies of his confrère H. Leys, and an open-air picture by M. Léopold Stevens, a son of Alfred Stevens.

In the sculpture department of the "Musée Moderne" there has been placed a work by M. Paul Devigne. It is a life-size marble figure, called *Poverella*. Like all the productions of this unfortunate artist, whose illness has put a stop to his labours, the present work is marked by the greatest care, and shows profound knowledge of form and treatment.

The series of winter Exhibitions has been commenced by the Club known as "Le Sillon," in the few available rooms at the "Musée Moderne." These apartments are being steadily occupied, and the time will soon come when Brussels, the capital, will have no place to offer to the newer artistic associations whose slender means compel them to ask the hospitality of the State.

The exhibition, announced by M. V. Mignot's poster, is interesting as showing the work of a group of young artists, trained together, so to speak, under the same influence, yet expressing their ideas diversely according to their individual temperament. It shows, moreover, how swift and fleeting are the changes of fashion, even in the matter of art. In the exhibitions of recent years everything was bright and clear; now there is nothing but sombreness and gloom. A little while ago, to be "in the movement" one was obliged to go in for *plein air*, the natural result being that the artists of no special originality, who were in the habit of following the lead of others,

set themselves to imitate posters, as being the type of picture mostly seen in the open. Thence sprang a series of crude, glaring productions; but now the "old Flemish School" is all the rage; and the artists scarcely ever stir out of the art galleries.

"Somebody," remarks M. Solvay, one of the ablest critics in Brussels, dealing with this subject, "somebody once proposed that all the galleries should be closed for a few years, in order to prevent our young artists from seeking inspiration from any source save that of Nature itself. Now, here we have quite a group of artists, who have taken possession of these galleries, and will not budge an inch. The deplorable part of it all is, that they are reviving some of those old methods of painting employed during a disastrous art period by artists who suffered severely in consequence. They have revived the use of the odious bitumen, the dense blacks which produce easy 'effects,' but burden and darken the palette to a deplorable degree. Poor fellows! One would think they were painting with syrup in a cellar!"

A happy exception must be made in the case of MM. R. Janssens and Verdussen, whose genuine and conscientious abilities are displayed in several interesting portraits, interiors, and landscapes; and the same may be said of M. G. M. Stevens, whose distinction and freshness of style are noticeable in a remarkable little portrait executed after the manner of Memling.

Mention should also be made of an expressive portrait by M. Servais-Detillieux; a beautiful landscape by M. Mathieu; some drawings by MM. Coulon, H. Meunier, and V. Mignot; sculptures by MM. Marin and Maseré; and finally the exhibits of two "guests," MM. J. Lambeaux and J. Stobbaerts.

F. K.

POSTER BY V. MIGNOT

PARIS.—MM. Pilon, Huet, and Rigotard have just produced some new printed velvets, suggested by the charming fancy of that most original decorative artist, Félix Aubert, whose name and abilities are well known to the readers of THE STUDIO. M. Aubert displays a really magnificent richness of colouring in these productions. The *Iris d'Eau* and the *Pervenches* reveal once more the designer's remarkable decorative skill. They are chiefly remarkable for clearness of design, together with a truly personal manner of handling

flower subjects, and a fondness for beauty of colouring and material. Moreover, the stamping of these velvets is perfection itself.

Steinlen has designed a poster, reproduced in these columns, for a popular journal appearing at irregular intervals, and entitled *La Feuille*. It is a very large lithograph in black, in which the artist's great gifts of fancy and observation are strikingly revealed. The treatment of the white leaves, fluttering like birds above the crowd, is full of movement and life, and altogether charming. In the two types in the foreground to the left there is something recalling the strong, incisive manner of our great caricaturist, Daumier.

The art of making posters seems to be waning now-a-days. Owing to the success of several masters, notably Grasset and Steinlen, draughtsmen of every kind tried their hand at the work. But it is one demanding special gifts, or at the least the most scrupulous care in adapting the drawing and the colouring to the special object in view. Now, we find the majority of artists with nothing to show us but that which is either eccentric and complicated or simply commonplace.

Among the posters recently displayed on the walls of Paris, we must, however, mention the *Bec Auer* and *Notre Dame du Travail* by M. E. Moreau-Nélaton, M. Foach's design for *La Dépêche de Toulouse*, and that of M. Roedel for the *Linge Monopole*, which, if it cannot be called high art exactly, nevertheless shows fancy and imagination. A special word is due to the beautiful poster which M. Paul Berthon—no stranger to the readers of THE STUDIO—has designed for M. René Boylesve's charming novel, "Sainte-Marie des Fleurs." It is a delightful piece of draughtsmanship and colour.

M. Lunois is an earnest worker, whose abilities have often found appreciation in THE STUDIO. He has just published a most effective lithograph in colours, called *Ballet*. It represents two rows of dancers in full movement, while in the background of the plate, behind the footlights illuminating the scene, one can just see in a sort

POSTER BY STEINLEN

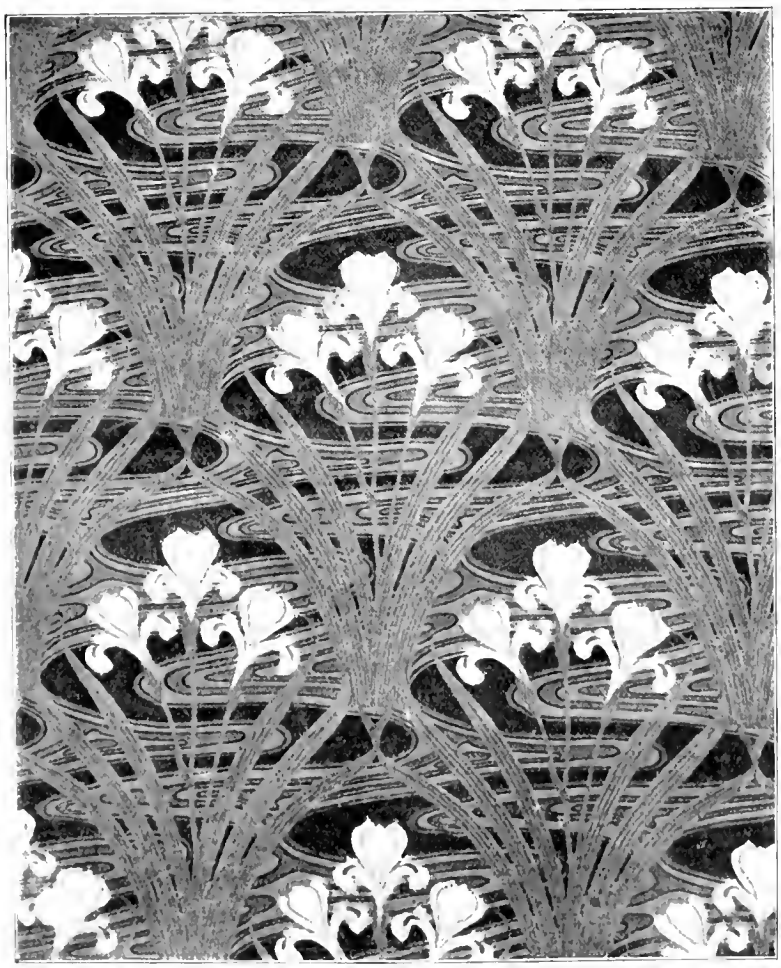
of *chiaroscuro* the array of spectators seated in their stalls, and the vast space of the opera house. In the foreground two of the *danseuses* are standing motionless in the wings. The effect has been obtained in the happiest fashion, and with the exquisite simplicity one expects to find in a draughtsman, a colourist, and moreover a lithographer of such high ability as M. Lunois.

M. Richard Ranft, who has a very keen sense of what is known as "the modern," has just issued an engraving in colours styled *Au Cirque*. It depicts an *écuyère*, a clown, and a horse, the former, in her bunchy light blue costume, preparing to mount, and the clown playing his antics; while beyond one sees the yellowish expanse of arena shimmering with light. The chief merits of this fine plate, which I am very glad to have an opportunity of mentioning, are the refined and delicately-balanced colouring and the extreme freedom of the drawing.

Georges Petit has lately been exhibiting a set of works by M. André Sinet—landscapes, or rather landscape "notes" of great—perhaps too great—delicacy. As an artist, M. Sinet must be described as finikin and lymphatic in temperament. He follows the literary precept of Verlaine—"No colour, nothing but a tint." These tints of his are exquisite, no doubt, elegant, aristocratic, refined, all one can imagine in the way of delicacy and subtlety; but this, to my thinking, is not enough, attractive and fascinating as it may be. Taste, abundance of taste, is the prevailing characteristic of M. Sinet's talent; yet for my own part I would rather have a little less taste, and a little more—what shall I say?—a little more life, intensity, vibration. All this notwithstanding, M. Sinet is an artist—a real artist.

M. Heidbrinck has done a series of most charming and truthful sketches for "Césarin," a short story by M. Albert Cimm. He is wonderfully successful in depicting the streets and *faubourgs*, with their beggars and other poor and picturesque wretches. I shall no doubt have occasion to refer again to this artist; but in the meantime I am anxious to mention his name in connection with the appearance of this little volume, just issued by Charles Tallandier, who has also recently published a collection of "Cent dessins de Maitres Modernes," which, whatever its success may be among artists themselves, will undoubtedly please the public at large.

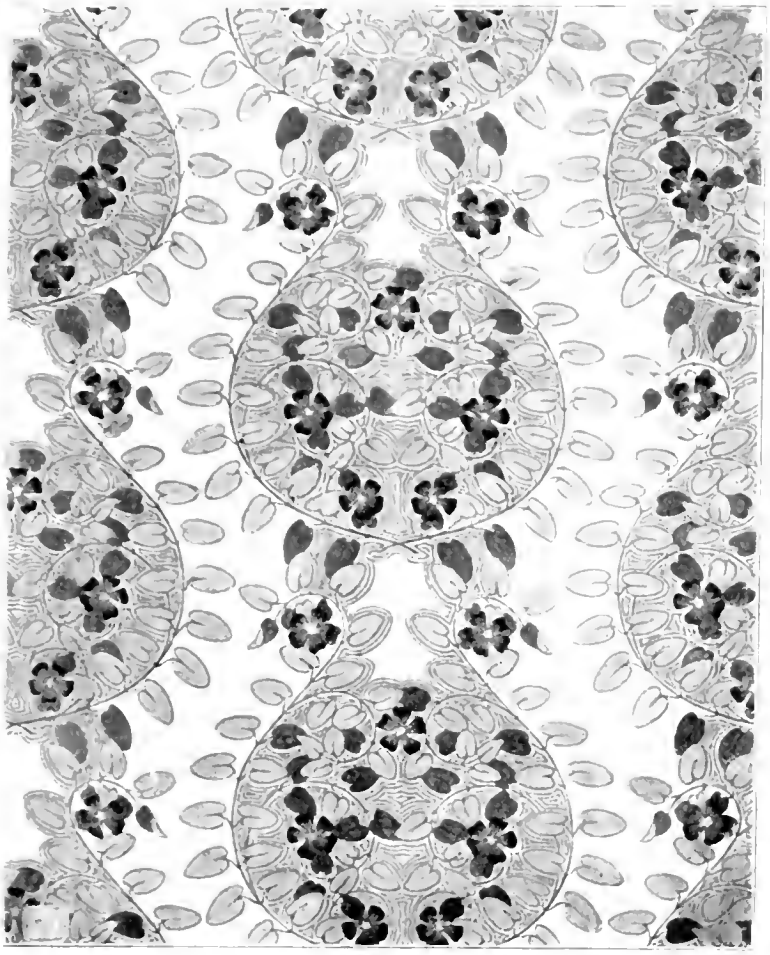
G. M.



PRINTED VELVET "IRIS D'EAU" BY FÉLIX AUBERT

REVIEWS OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Architecture in Italy. By RAFFAELLE CATTANEO. (London: T. Fisher Un-



[illegible] VELLUM [illegible] BY [illegible]

See Part. Scale-Ia.

[illegible] *Day Dreams* [illegible] a Problem [illegible] and an effective [illegible] *Day Dreams*, by [illegible] Many of the plates are well worth framing, and the whole series is an excellent witness to the perfection at which the lithographic art has arrived in Germany.

The Secret Rose. By W. B. YEATS. With Illustrations by J. B. YEATS. (London: Lawrence & Bullen.)—No one who looks at the illustrations of *The Secret Rose* with the knowledge that they are the work of the author's father, can doubt for a moment whence Mr. Yeats inherits his gift of imaginative vision, and it is this endowment of the seer which gives to the volume its peculiar distinction and charm. Of each little story it may be said that it has the satisfying completeness of a poetic idyll, often sorrowful, but always suggestive; while the petals of the Rose unfold their fragrance and their sweet glory of colour, a window opens out of the home of the visible into the universe of the unseen, and these slight stories, woven, it may be, of Irish tradition, are not unworthy of comparison with those old fairy tales which are the outcome of the poetry of all nations, the growth of centuries.

win.) The history of Italian Architecture from the sixth to the eleventh century is one which exhibits many notable developments, both of structure and ornament. The author, in dealing with this important subject, treats firstly upon the Latin-Barbarian Architecture during the Lombard rule, and then proceeds to discuss the influence of the Byzantine upon Italian art, reserving to Architecture on the Lagoons and in Venetia separate chapters. He has brought much close observation and intelligent criticism to bear upon his subject, and, if the illustrations which accompany the text are somewhat marred in effect by over-reduction, they are, at least, well selected.

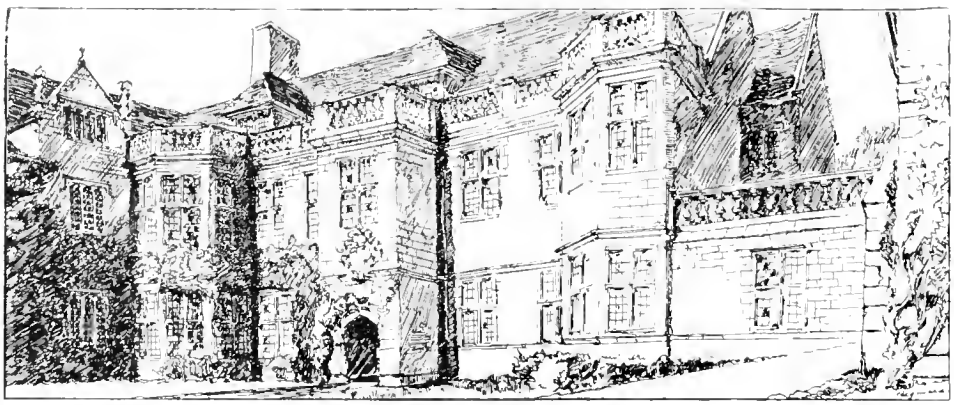
Lithographicon. 1897. (Karlsruhe: L. Kunde.) [illegible] a large portfolio containing twelve [illegible] graphs mounted upon card. Among [illegible] to especially mentioned a fine drawing, *[illegible] Ast[illegible]*, by Heinrich Heyne, an interesting study [illegible]

Canterbury Cathedral. By the VERY REV. DEAN PLUMPTRE. (London: Isbister & Co., Ltd.) Price [illegible] net. Simultaneously with the [illegible] dral Series now being issued by Messrs. [illegible] a dainty collection of handbooks to Cathedrals being published by Messrs. [illegible] Who [illegible] not care to venture upon competition to two [illegible] two. Both are concise and [illegible] [illegible] Dean Plumptre's [illegible] [illegible] Mr. W. [illegible] [illegible] illustrated by Herbert [illegible] [illegible]

each book is greatly enhanced by the uniformity in style of illustration adopted throughout the series.

Old English Glasses. By ALBERT HARTSHORNE, F.S.A. (London: Edward Arnold.) Price £3 3s. net. In his introduction to this important work the author refers at some length to glass-making among the ancients and among the various European nations, illustrating his remarks by numerous full-page lithographs of undoubted value. In his treatment of the main topic of his work, he shows himself to be a master of patience and painstaking research. We know of no other treatise which deals so exhaustively with the subject. The history of the Renaissance of glass-making in England in the seventeenth century is highly interesting, though attended with some obscurity. Fortunately, there is much documentary evidence relating to it, not the least valuable of which are the letters written by John Greene, of London, an importer of Venetian glasses during the latter half of the seventeenth century. The sketches which accompanied his instructions to his agents abroad show the particular forms which were in vogue at that time in England. Some unpublished details of this period of the history of glass-making, which, however, do not materially alter Mr. Hartshorne's conclusions, may be found in the minute-book of the Glass Sellers' Company, 1671 to 1712, during the greater portion of which time Mr. Greene was a regular attendant at its court meetings. Collectors of Jacobite glasses will find figured in Mr. Hartshorne's work many typical and fine examples.

A History of Renaissance Architecture in England. By REGINALD BLOMFIELD. (George Bell & Sons.) 2 vols. 50s. net. To read the pages of this beautiful book is a rare pleasure, for with pen and pencil Mr. Blomfield analyses the art of a superb period of our national life, and shows that the Renaissance inspired our trained craftsmen steeped in Gothic design to expend their artifice on work derived indeed from Italy, but acclimatised in their hands to become a native product by the skill of its workmen. Far different is this vital architecture from the dull formality of later periods, when classic sources were also freely drawn upon. A craze for pedantically accurate imitations of Greek temples helped to destroy the last remnants of individual craft, so that from the period Mr. Blomfield discusses to our own, English architecture has lacked the soul which comes from the handiwork of its actual masons and carvers. As you study Mr. Blomfield's work you perceive that its lucid argument and well-balanced style are but the outward expression of matured thought. Steeped in the knowledge of his theme, he is yet able to write clearly, and with judicial impartiality that is singularly convincing. The hundreds of beautiful sketches retain the spirit of the work he depicts far beyond the power of any photograph.



DRAWING BY REGINALD BLOMFIELD
FROM "A HISTORY OF RENAISSANCE ARCHITECTURE IN ENGLAND" (BELL AND SONS)

Windows: a Book about Stained Glass. By LEWIS F. DAY. (London: Batsford.) 21s. net.—This book has been long expected, and proves to be well worth waiting for. Mr. Day has done a worthy piece of work in even more than his usual admirable manner. The volume traces the workmanship of stained glass from the twelfth to the seventeenth century; and its design from the earliest mediæval window to the latest glass-picture of the Renaissance. Besides these two important aspects of his theme, Mr. Day has devoted several

chapters to style and notes of general interest. The illustrations number two-hundred and fifty-seven, all good, and some few the best black-and white drawings of stained glass yet produced. Modern design supplies no single example, which leads one to hope that some time Mr. Day may supplement his exhaustive researches into the past history of the craft by critical studies of its present and future prospects. In a short notice it would be unfair to quote; but if only custodians of ancient glass would read and ponder over the advice of this capital volume, then indeed the book would be a national gain. Whether you analyse the author's opinions on the use of white glass, on the limits of pictorial design, on ecclesiastical or domestic windows, what he says is true and well put. It is a book which reflects great credit on all concerned in its production, and adds new laurels even to one who is Master of the Art Workers' Guild.

Poems. By JOHN KEATS. Illustrated by R. ANNING BELL. (London: Bell & Sons.) Price 7*s.* 6*d.* To satisfactorily illustrate a book of poems, it is of absolute importance that the mind of the artist should be attuned to that of the poet. A complete accord in this respect is so rare as to make us feel that pictured editions of poems are, as a rule, not the most desirable ones to possess. The extreme susceptibility to beauty in its manifold phases, the delicate imagery, the glow of romanticism so characteristic of the mind of Keats, renders him one of the most difficult of authors to illustrate. It is, therefore, no mean praise to say of the edition now before us, that it is in every respect satisfactory from cover to cover. We sincerely congratulate Mr. Anning Bell upon the success of his delightful illustrations.

Stained Glass as an Art. By HENRY HOLLIDAY. (London: Macmillan & Co. Limited.) Price 21*s.* net.—A treatise upon any subject written by one who has made that subject his life's work cannot fail to possess exceptional interest. Mr. Holliday is so well known as an artist in stained glass, his works adorn so many buildings in various parts of the world, his thorough acquaintance with the many questions relating to his art is so universally acknowledged, as to make it a foregone conclusion that a particular value would be attached to any observations he might choose to publish upon that art. Nor can one but feel after a careful perusal of his moderately styled "essay" that one's anticipations have been more than realised. His book is full of good things, of terse observations, of close reasoning. It is only when we come to examine the illustrations which ornament its pages that we experience at times something akin to disappointment. Certain reproductions of his designs do not appear to us to carry out satisfactorily the excellent principles he lays down in his text. The pictorial quality

DRAWING BY R. ANNING BELL
FROM "POEMS" BY JOHN KEATS (BELL AND SONS)

of his work is not in all cases so subservient to the technical requirements of his material as we should like to see. It may be that some of the defects we complain of disappear in the actual stained glass itself. If so, it is to be regretted that the illustrations in the book are produced in such a manner as to give so unfortunate an impression.

Historic Ornament. Treatise on Decorative Art and Architectural Ornament. By JAMES WARD. (London: Chapman & Hall). Price 7*s.* 6*d.*—This book contains many illustrations familiar to readers of the South Kensington handbooks, the "Histories of Art," by Perrot and Chipiez, and other works. The letterpress appears to have been "written up" to the illustrations, and is chiefly remarkable for its want of completeness. A work which professes to deal with architectural ornament and devotes barely eight pages to India, three pages to China and Japan, and does not even mention Mexico, can scarcely be complimented upon its thoroughness. Too much or too little has been attempted by the author, with the result that not a single section of his work has been well done. Whether he writes of Egyptian art or Gothic ornament he touches but the very fringe of his subject; and what he has left unsaid is often that which would have been most worth the saying.

The Martian. By GEORGE DU MAURIER. With illustrations by the author. (London and New York: Harper & Brothers).—In *The Martian* we have the original occult idea which seems to recur as an inevitable necessity of the author's mind in each of his books; and the Bohemian flavour which characterised *Peter Ibbetson* and *Trilby* also pervades this posthumous work. The main story is of Barty Josselin, artist and novelist, and the secret of his extraordinary magnetic qualities and personal merits. His life is described from infancy to death, and his schooldays in Paris receive especial attention, opportunities occurring for the author to give, as he well knew how to do, brief glimpses of character and impressions of quaint French men and women which are touched in with all a painter's adroitness. If the story is disjointed, diffuse, and somewhat inconsequent, *The Martian* nevertheless gains a large measure of attractiveness from the author's happy power of investing each character with an unique personality, and from the illustrations which reveal du Maurier at his best.

William Morris. By AYMER VALLANCE. (George Bell & Sons.) 25*s.* net.—This sumptuous volume of nearly 500 pages omits no aspect of a many-sided personality. With a protest against an absurd statement concerning the art of Japan, we have nothing but praise for the accurate and exhaustive account Mr. Vallance has produced. Some sixty illustrations (one being in colour) of the most important designs by Morris, and many drawings of his homes, add to the interest of a book which every craftsman who can afford it must needs hope to place on his shelves. For it is the artistic aspect of his hero that Mr. Vallance discusses here; and he does so on the whole impartially, considering that

SILK EMBROIDERY. "THE FLOWER POT"
FROM "WILLIAM MORRIS" (BELL AND SONS)

ARRAS TAPESTRY. "FLORA," BY MORRIS AND CO., THE FIGURE BY SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES. FROM "WILLIAM MORRIS" (BELL AND SONS)

he reveals himself as a most loyal disciple. The influence of this volume on manufacturers should be great, for it is a well-digested statement of the Morris creed, supported by examples of work in all the crafts he enriched and developed.

A Manual of Wood-Carving. By WILLIAM BEMROSE. (London: Bemrose & Sons.)—To say that a book is in its twentieth edition proves its power of attraction, but is not always evidence of its merit. In this case a most excellently practical treatise is re-inforced by a series of designs of unequal merit, some of which are distinctly reprehensible, to wit Nos. 79, 83 and 102. Fortunately a series of good reproductions of old wood-carvings redeems the whole, and should supply an antidote to the very indifferent modern designs before mentioned. So good a book should have no weak point, and experience shows that without imposing any standard of "high art," so called, or straining after quaintness at any price, it is as possible to carve wood into beautiful devices as to make fine metal work or good enamels. The material and the craft are ready, but the designer too often lags behind.

Books for Boys. From Messrs. Blackie & Son, Limited (Glasgow and London), we have received four excellent books for boys. Mr. G. A. HENTY seems ever at work upon stories that boys delight in and that parents can with confidence entrust to their reading. *With Moore at Corunna* and *With Frederick the Great* are both favourable examples of the author's style, and the illustrations by Walter Paget, with which they are both adorned, are in all respects admirable. *Paris at Bay* is a story of the Siege and the Commune with stirring illustrations by Stanley L. Wood, and *Lords of the World* is a tale of the fall of Carthage and Corinth by the Rev. Alfred Church, with some well conceived and executed pictures by Ralph Peacock.

Zig-Zag Fables. Pictured by J. A. SHEPHERD. *Little Grown-Ups.* With numerous full-page colour plates after paintings in water-colours by MAUD HUMPHREY. Price 6*s.* *Song Flowers from "A Child's Garden of Verses."* By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. With music by KATHERINE M. RAMSAY. Illustrated by GORDON BROWNE. Price 7*s.* 6*d.* *National Rhymes of the Nursery.* Illustrated by GORDON BROWNE. (London: Gardner, Darton & Co.)—Messrs. Gardner, Darton & Co., as usual, are making a bold bid for the suffrages of the little people, and the four volumes under notice can scarcely fail to meet with the approbation they deserve. *In Zig-Zag Fables* Mr. J. A. Shepherd provides another series, excellently reproduced in colours, of those grotesque and humorous beasts and birds, bedecked in human attire, with which his name is associated. The twelve admirable full-page colour-plates after water-colour drawings, contributed by Miss Maud Humphrey to *Little Grown-Ups*, are supplemented by ingenious decorative borders and other designs from the pencil of Miss Elizabeth S. Tucker, who also supplies suitable stories and verses. In his sympathetic preface to *Some Flowers from a Child's Garden of Verses*, Mr. S. R. Crockett tells us that Robert Louis Stevenson used to say, "I must write a book for Gordon Browne to illustrate; he always puts me in good humour with my people"; and did the sweet singer of children's songs live to-day, he would surely approve these drawings which so admirably catch the spirit of the verses, here set to pretty child-music by Miss Katherine M. Ramsay. The versatile Mr. Gordon Browne is also responsible for the large number of clever drawings which adorn *National Rhymes of the Nursery*, and publishers and artist alike may be unreservedly congratulated upon the production of a volume which will favourably compare with any previous collections of these time-honoured verses.

Nursery Rhymes. With Pen and Ink Drawings by GERTRUDE BRADLEY and BRINSLEY LE FANU. (London: *Review of Reviews* office.)—This delightfully illustrated little book contains all the immortal jingles of the nursery—"The House that Jack Built," "Simple Simon," "Jack and Jill," "Old King Cole," and the rest. The pen and ink illustrations will be welcomed with enthusiasm by the youngsters as subjects upon which to test the qualities of the new paint-box or case of chalks, and the coloured frontispiece has been especially prepared as a guide to these artistic experiments.

Bo-Peep. A Treasury for the Little ones. *Little Folks.* A Magazine for the Young, 1897. *Micky Magee's Menagerie.* By S. H. HAMER, with illustrations by HARRY B. NEILSON. (London: Cassell & Co., Ltd.)—Each of these publications, designed for the amusement of the younger inmates of the nursery, contains a wealth of illustration both in black-and-white and in colours. Of the latter, where chromo-lithography is the medium employed, the results are quite successful, but those reproduced by means of the "three-colour process" are crude and unsatisfactory. Mr. Harry Neilson's drawings of wild and domesticated beasts disporting themselves in human garb are singularly happy, and it is safe to predict that the juvenile affections will be speedily captured and retained by the rollicking denizens of *Micky Magee's Menagerie.*

ARRAS TAPESTRY (MORRIS AND CO.) AT STANMORE HALL, FROM A DESIGN BY SIR E. BURNE-JONES. FROM "WILLIAM MORRIS" (BELL AND SONS)

We have received from Messrs. Roberson and Co., of 99 Long Acre, two sketch-books of novel character, which will doubtless meet with general approval among artists. One, called after this magazine, "The Studio," is covered with an appropriate "Studio-green" linen, and contains leaves of a superior quality of paper, similar in appearance to that used for bank-notes—a paper affected at the present time by many artists for lead pencil and other studies. The other book, known as the "J. M. Swan," is made of drawing paper of a pleasant texture, tinted a "grocer-blue," shade, and is well adapted for sketches in black and white crayons.

AWARDS IN "THE STUDIO" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

The number of drawings, &c., received each month in connection with The Studio competitions being very large, the Editor wishes it to be clearly understood that, while every effort will be made to forward as promptly as possible to their owners those designs with which the requisite sum for postage has been enclosed, he cannot, under any circumstances, guarantee a definite date for their return.

Design for a Silver Cup. (A VII.)

A great many designs were received for this competition, and we regret that want of space prevents us illustrating a larger number.

The First Prize (*Three guineas*) is awarded to *Lopez* (C. C. Carter, 51 Aynhoe Road, Brook Green, W.)

The Second Prize (*Two guineas*) to *Elgitha* (Katherine M. Coggin, North View, Chadwick Road, Peckham).

Honourable Mention is given to the following:—*Dorian* (Oliver Senior, 172 Stockport Road, Levenshulme, Manchester); *Drury* (B. H. Smale, 33 Acacia Road, St. John's Wood, N.W.); *Hillas* (H. D. Simpson, Grange Place, Kilmarnock); *Hazedene* (Jacques Houry, "Hazeldene," Manor Road, Bishopston, Bristol); *H.C.* (*no coupon*); *Phantasm* (J. I. Birchall, 1 Clyde Street, Lower Broughton, Manchester); *Semper* (H. M. Pemberton, 19 Pepys Road South, Brockley, S.E.); The above are illustrated; *Argent* (W. T. Sadler); *A.E.A.* (Frank Ivimey); *Ambassador* (H. M. ffrench); *Chef* (A. Cooke); *Elk* (W. P. Belk); *Gala* (A. H. Scott); *Gladiator* (W. J. Galloway); *Isa* (Isabel McBean); *Marine* (G. S. Brown); *Poppy* (Mary Wilcock). *Seda* (A. de Sauty); *Tramp* (D. C. Veazey); *Wearyworld* (Isabel McGregor); and *Zaphphir* (G. S. Lemasnie).

Design for an Embroidered Book-cover. (B VII.)

The First Prize (*One guinea*) is awarded to *Aberbrothock* (H. T. Wyse, Viewfield Road, Arbroath, N.B.).

This design will be illustrated in colours in a future issue of The Studio.

The Second Prize (*Half-a-guinea*) to *Avon* (Sophie Pumphrey, Woodstock Road, Moseley, Birmingham).

This book-cover is for *Enoch Arden*. The design is founded upon sea melons bound in blue green linen; the appliqué panel is of dark blue silk with which also the webbing band, which is carried round the book, is covered; the band is let into a broad groove across the back of the cover, and the end of this band is strengthened on the underside by a pierced metal plate forming one side of the clasp. The three holes are buttonholed round and fasten into three studs on the front cover. The sea-weed forms are worked in green filo-floss; the sea melons in shades of green ornamented by French knots; the bands, &c., are worked in white.

Honourable Mention is given to the following:—*Alpha* (Marion E. Broadhead, 28 High Street, Macclesfield); *Hylas* (Isabel Haddon, Odiham Close, Winchfield); *Jove* (M. B. Dyne, Whaddon, Royston, Herts); *Me* (Mary E. Eaton, 109 Beaufort Street, Chelsea, S.W.); *Phrosette* (Enid Jackson, 12 Forest Road, Birkenhead); *Sea-Salt* (Miss Bartleet, 26 Hagley Road, Birmingham); *Seda* (A. de Sauty, 63 Ramsden Road, Balham, S.W.); The above are illustrated; *Buxton* (Jemima R. Prosser); *Brougham* (Ethel B. Austin); *Ceylon* (Albina Collins); *Fenella* (Helen F. Lock); *Jam* (E. Keith); *Lofen* (Winifred Hett); *Petronella* (Louisa F. Pesch); *Podler* (Arabella L. Rankin); *Paint* (Gwynedd Palin); *Samuel* (Ella L. Deakin); *Sanctandrol's* (Katherine M. Warren); *Tweeze* (May Coultorst); *The Bulger* (Mary G. Simpson); *Tenterden* (T. H. S. Shepherd); *Viola* (T. W. Whipp); *Walmgate* (Jeanie Swanson); and *Zaphphir* (G. S. Lemasnie).

Study of Fungi in Pen-and-Ink. (C VII.)

The First Prize (*One guinea*) is awarded to *Champetre* (Geo. Collier, 89 Hassop Street, Beswick, Manchester).

The Second Prize (*Half-a-guinea*) to *Berangere* (Victor Lhuer, 23 Quai de la Tournelle, Paris).

Honourable Mention is given to the following:—*Autumn* (Mary Burfield, 15 Maison Dieu Road, Dover); *Guy* (G. Halliday, School House, Oakham); *Original* (Walter Cristall, Brontë Cottage, Lower Heath, Hampstead); *Sadi* (Gertrude Parsons, 6 Hillside, Cotham, Bristol); and *Veronica* (Miss M. T. Hunt, Southwood, Torquay): (the foregoing are illustrated); *Amanita* (E. Graaff); *Bee* (Bernard C. Gotch); *Cobweb* (Mrs. C. J. Chapman); *Craigen Callie* (H. S. Grimshaw); *Fungi* (C. W. Crosby); *Grantully* (R. M. Norton); *Gael* (J. Campbell); *Irene* (Mrs. E. R. Allen); *Jumelle* (Florence M. G. Dimma); *Nandana* (J. C. Varty-Smith); *Peg* (Miss M. L. Procter); *Rion* (Marion Bostock); *Tricho* (E. Graaff); and *Wolfram* (F. W. Barker).

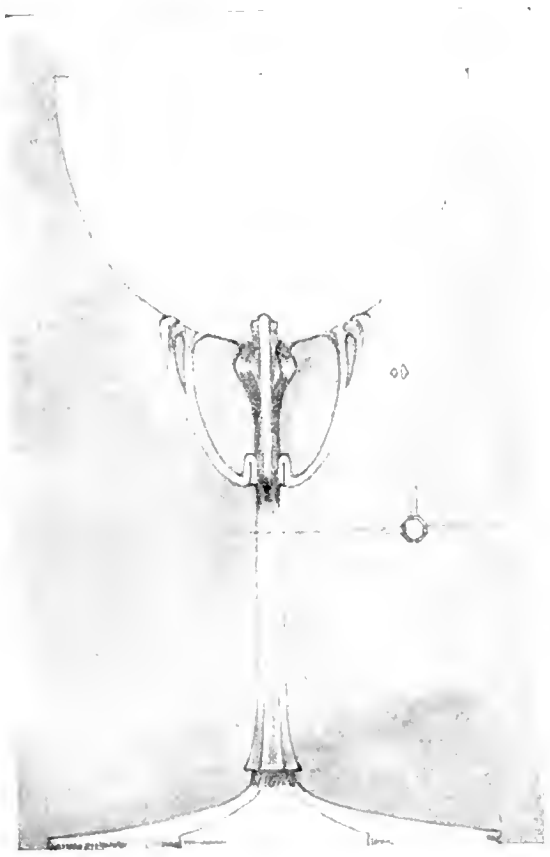
PHOTOGRAPHS FROM NATURE.

A SEASCAPE.

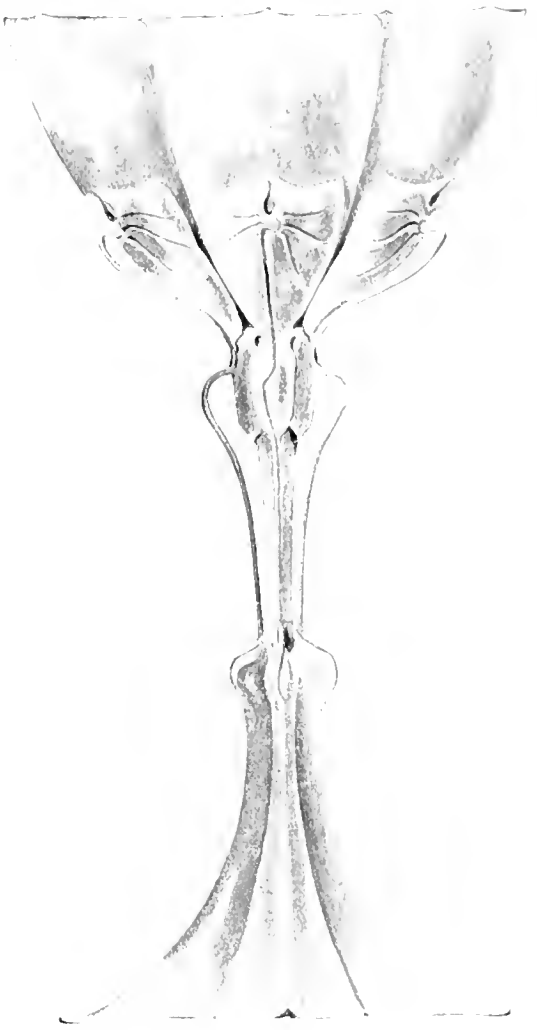
(D. I.)

A large number of excellent photographs have been sent in for this competition, and we regret that lack of space prevents us giving more illustrations.

The FIRST PRIZE (*One guinea*) is awarded to



FIRST PRIZE (COMP. A VII.) "LOLLZ"

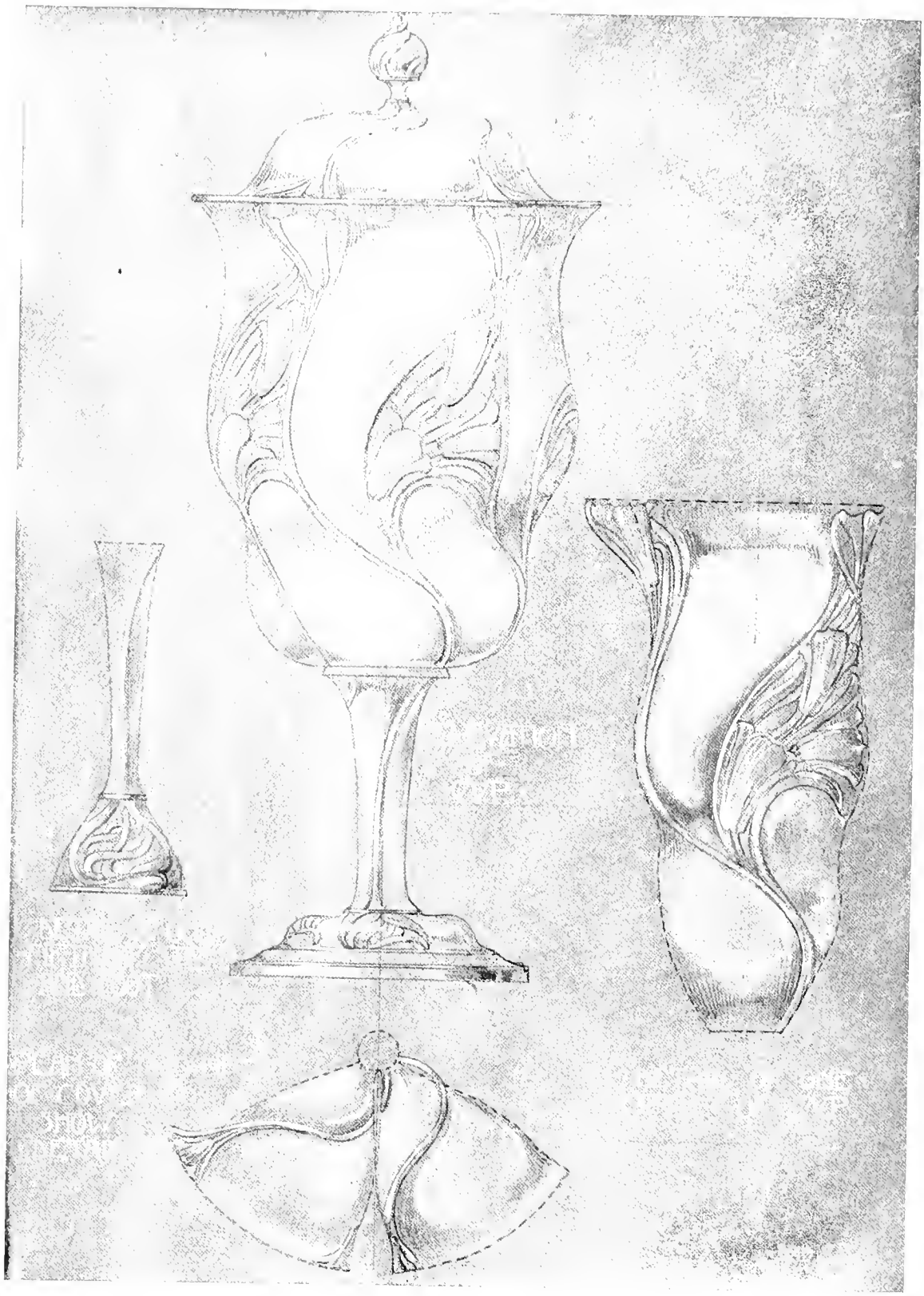


HON. MENTION (COMP. A VII.) "PHANTASM"

Graphic (C. F. Inston, 25 South John Street, Liverpool).

The SECOND PRIZE (*Half-a-guinea*) to *Stok* (J. C. Stokholm, Bredgade 63, Copenhagen).

Honourable Mention is given to the following:—*Birchbark* (Henry Troth, 330 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, U.S.A.); *Willamette* (Mrs. Claud Gatch, Salem, Oregon, U.S.A.): the foregoing are illustrated; *Bosham* (E. E. Manwaring); *Black Pear* (Mrs. Hyde); *Doctor* (W. Rossiter); *Frena* (T. A. Kay); *Frédy* (A. Nyst); *Heron* (F. Crosland); *Mask* (*no coupon*); *Nandana* (J. C. Varty Smith); *Oatlands* (Ada S. Boore); *Pharisee* (*no coupon*); *Rover* (E. J. Finch); *Renegade* (W. G. Wagner); *Ruisseaux* (*no coupon*); *Strabo* (S. Conway); *Western Seas* (J. T. Child); and *Wraith* (S. W. Fitzherbert).



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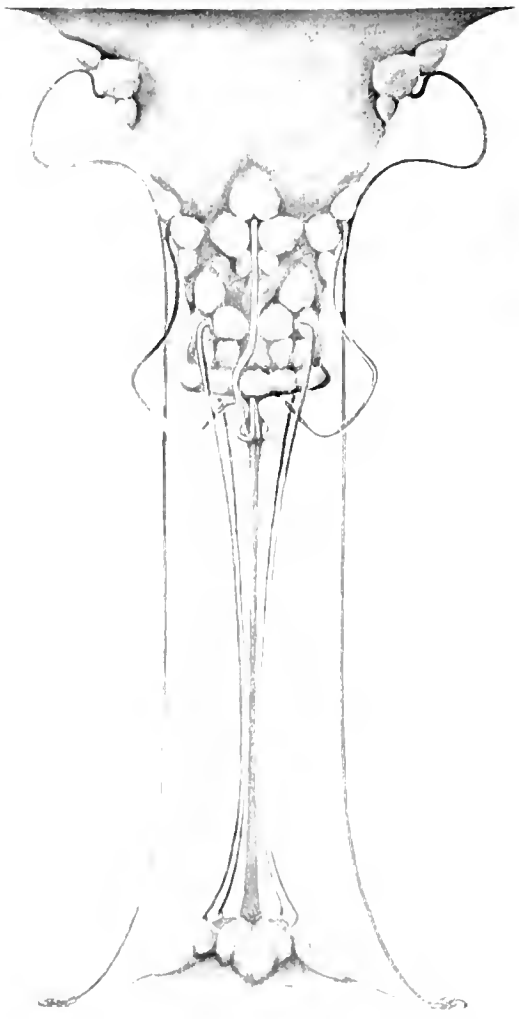
"ELGITHA"



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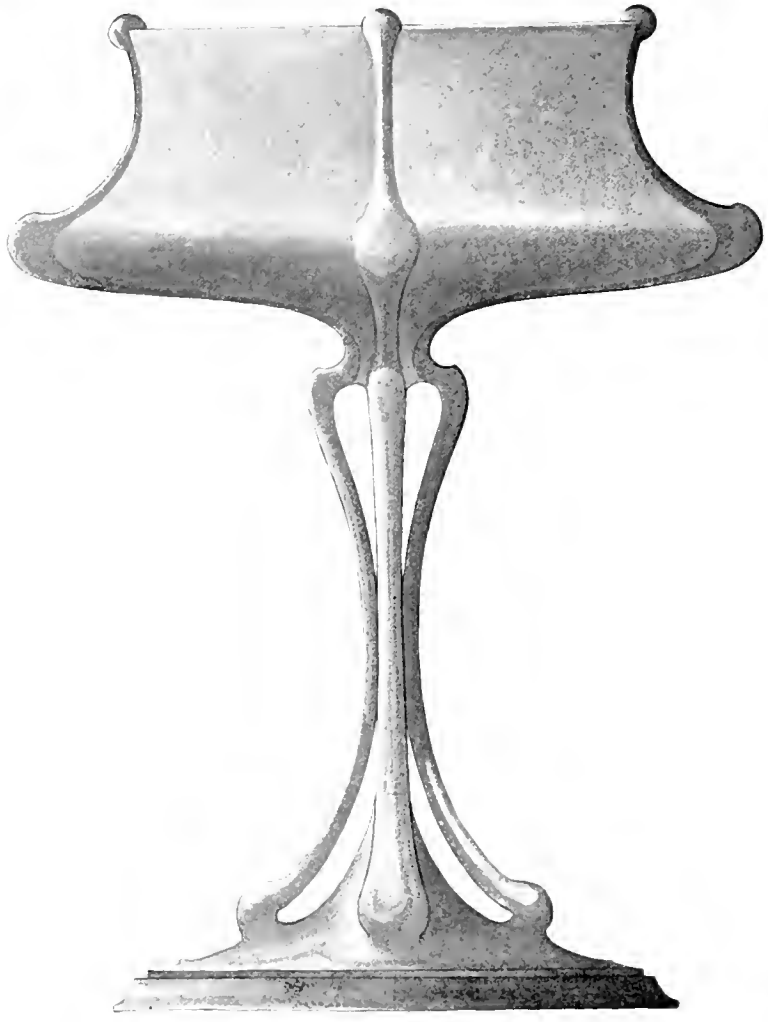

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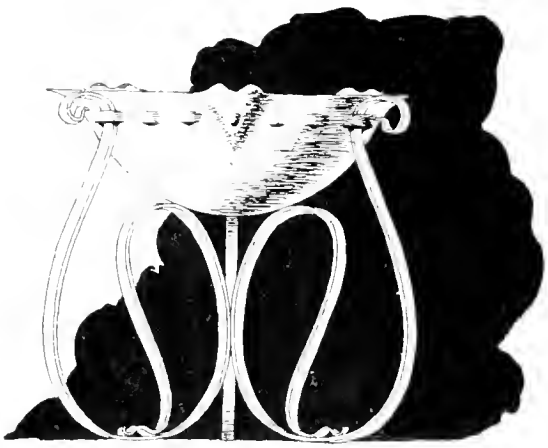
HON. MENTION (COMP. A VII.) "ELEG"

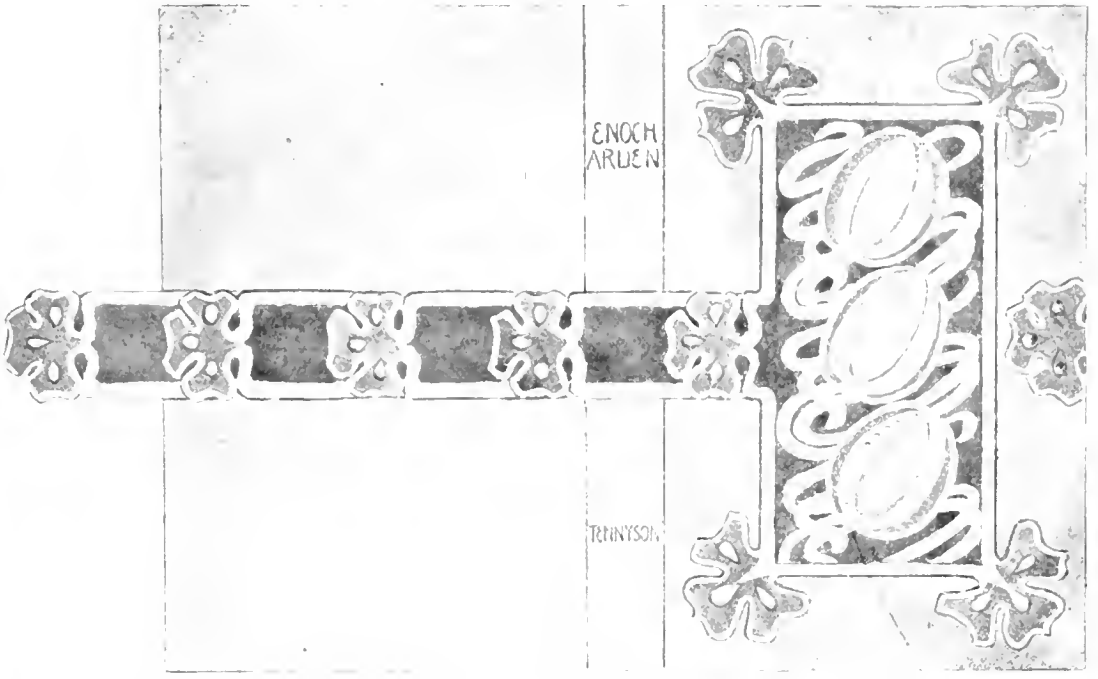
HON. MENTION "SEMPER"



HON. MENTION "HILLAS"

HON. MENTION "H.C."

DESIGNS FOR SILVER CUPS. (COMPETITION A VII.)



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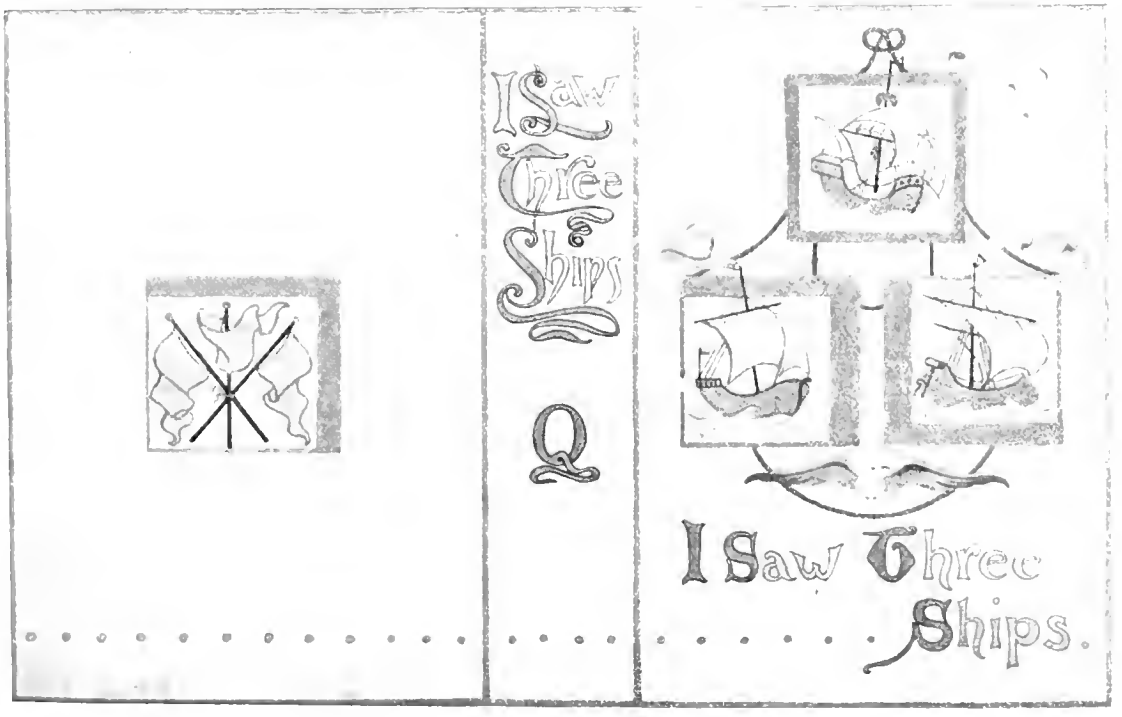

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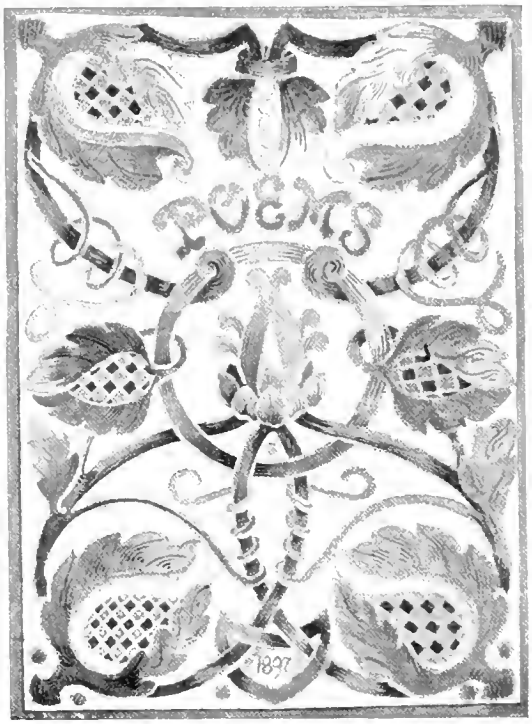

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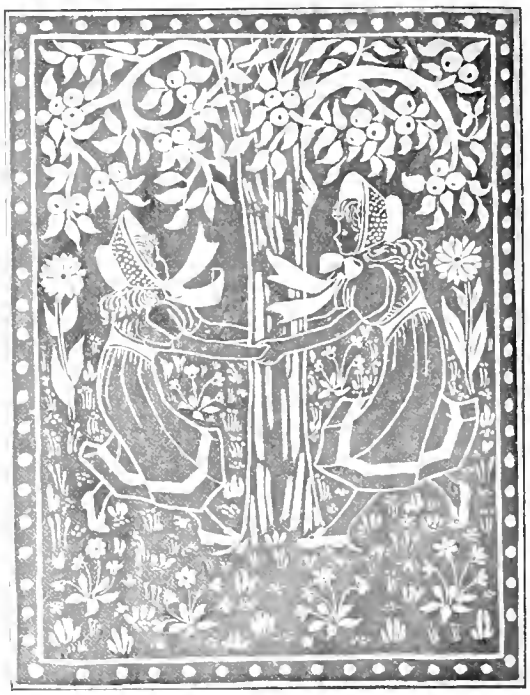

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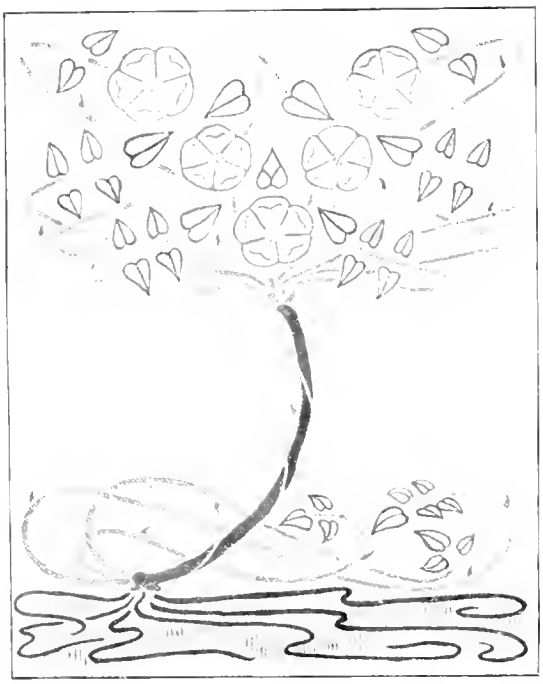

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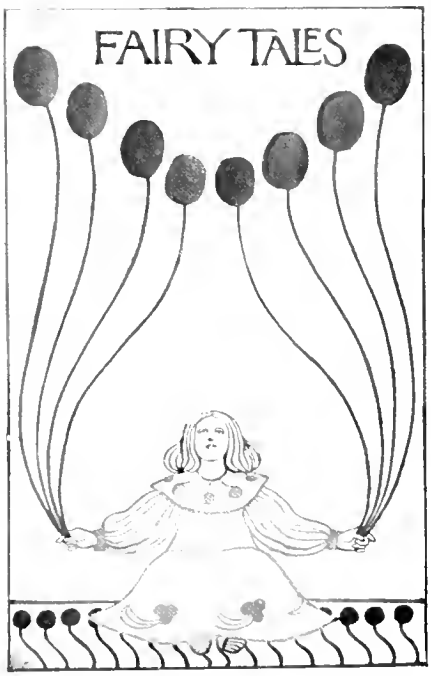


HON. MENTION (COMP. B VII.) "PHROSETTE"

HON. MENTION (COMP. B VII.) "JOVE"

HON. MENTION (COMP. B VII.) "ME."

HON. MENTION (COMP. B VII.) "HYLAS"

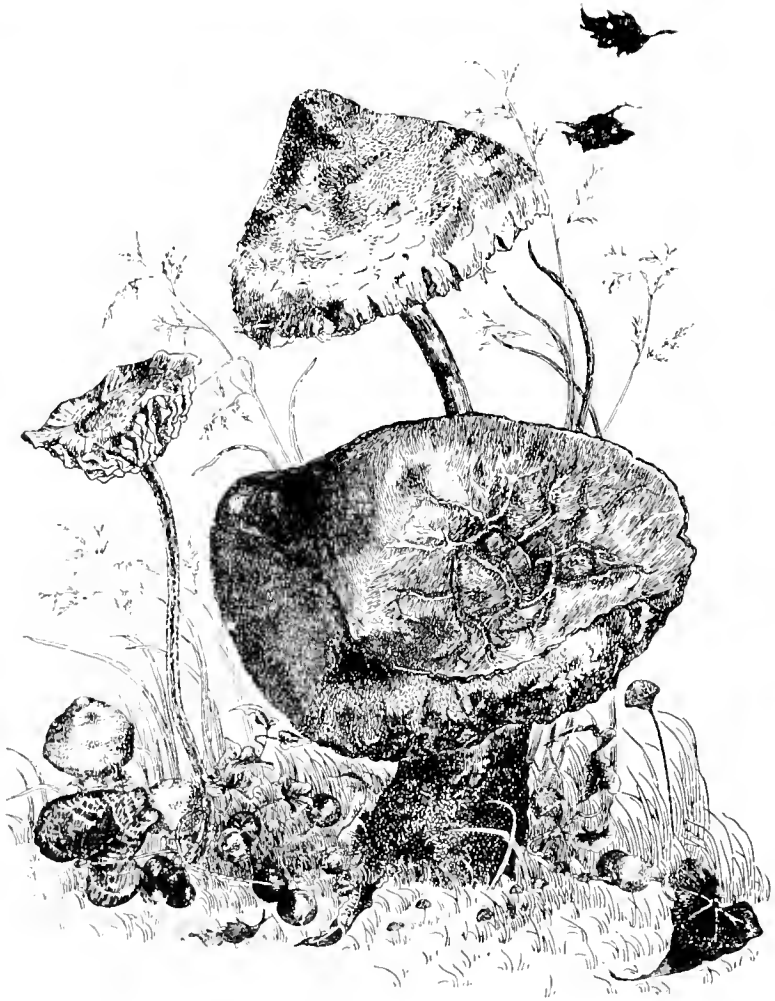
FIRST PRIZE (COMP. C VII.) "CHAMPÊTRE"

HON. MENTION (COMP. C VII.) "ORIGINAL"

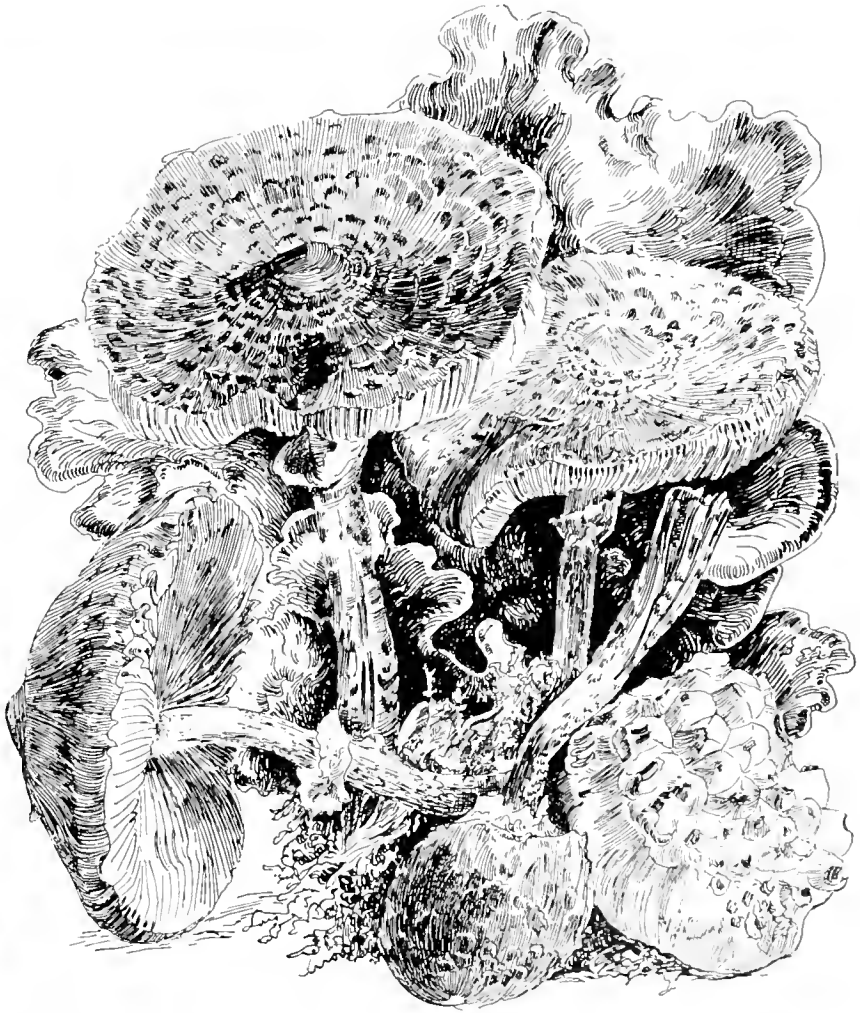
SECOND PRIZE (COMP. C VII.) "BERANGERE"

HON. MENTION (COMP. C VII.) "VERONICA"

HON. MENTION (COMP. C VII.) "AUTUMN"



HON. MENTION (COMP. C VII) "SAM"



HON. MENTION (COMP. C VII) "GUY"

FIRST PRIZE (COMP. D. L.) "GRAPHIC"

SECOND PRIZE (COMP. D. L.) "STOK"

HON. MENTION (COMP. D.I.) "WHITAMELEH"

HON. MENTION (COMP. D.I.) "BIRCHBARK"

THE LAY FIGURE.

"I WISH one could foresee what is the next decorative style, the one likely to influence the twentieth century," the Journalist said. "We are all waiting for the signal."

"How typical that confession is!" the Designer retorted. "To look forward to a new king, to be quite prepared to forswear allegiance at the bidding of fashion, and ready to loathe what a year ago we worshipped and still profess to admire!"

"Surely if we believe the principles we accept to be well-founded we ought—even illogically—to refuse to believe that they ought ever to be supplanted," the Lay Figure added.

"A world for ever doomed to Morris chintz and Voysey wall-papers, to Norman Shaw houses, and the Arts and Crafts generally—what a hideously monotonous vista!" the Decadent Poet drawled maliciously. "I think change is the law of art."

"Of course," a timid voice broke in, "when one's ideals are degraded by imitation, and we see cheap and nasty substitutes for the real thing, we are apt to grow weary even of the perfect originals."

"This is treason," said the Designer, "flat, unprofitable treason. Better join the 'Home Beautiful' correspondents in ladies' papers, and paint your marble chimney-pieces to look like tiles this year, being careful to use a pigment that can be washed off, so that you may paint them to imitate something else the next. If we really believe that all we do is only good so long as it is new, let us drop art, and proclaim Fashion the one absolute if ever-changing verity."

"Gently," said the Man with a Clay Pipe. "I quite agree with you that a really good thing, whether made in 1830 or 1890, is as good now as then; but if we waste our appreciation on the second-rate, we foredoom ourselves to change, or stagnation. It is good to be tolerant, but at certain times it is better to be intolerant."

"Surely it were very hard to be confined to the best only," the Decadent Poet drawled. "There is not enough to go half-way round."

"Do not think of all art as limited editions," the Æsthetic Architect broke in. "Rarity has nothing to do with art in one sense. A million replicas of a well-designed medal do not vulgarise the original. But in another sense all first-rate things must needs be unique, and rarity then, precious as it is, suffers nothing from time. 'A touch of nature' in one's work gives it kinship with life, not with perishable life, but with immortal."

"I see," the Decadent Poet said sweetly, "you believe in naturalistic ornament. Tigers on hearth-rugs, roses on sofa cushions, and trellis wall-papers."

"I said a touch of nature," he replied, "not an attempt to cram all the thousand facts of a rose into a printed picture of it. Your design to be vital itself must be related to life. Life is only supported by life: you feed on animal and vegetable life, you——"

"Yes, I know, man cannot live by chemicals alone," said the Decadent Poet, "but there is not much variety in his diet after all. It is the cooking that varies: you serve up a fricassee of cauliflower as a wall-paper, and a compôte of swallows as a frieze, and call it a touch of nature. Now I like sauce piquante, and a touch of devilry—something bizarre, eccentric, and above all new. It is only a matter of taste."

"A matter of taste?" the Designer replied sadly. "Yes, I suppose one must realise that depraved taste exists, and will exist. But to me there is only one taste—good taste, and that never ages. I enjoy the good taste of old, as of to-day, but I feel that for me to try to imitate the old is as unworthy as to look ahead and try to imitate in advance what designers will feel to be beautiful in 1997. Creatures of a span, we ought neither to look back nor ahead, but do our best to express ourselves in the idiom of our day, and care not whether it remains acceptable to our descendants or not."

"This does not help one to the coming style," said the Journalist. "I believe a return to classic severity is inevitable after the riotous indulgence in pattern to-day."

"That presupposes suppressed individuality, when all accept the canons laid down by a few, or else really educated taste that can appreciate the perfectly-proportioned but un-ornamented thing," said the Lay Figure. "I wish I could think the latter looms ahead; but I hope and believe the former does not."

"Anyway," the Decadent Poet twittered, "the cult of the obscure has had its day. I mean to write pastorals and heroic couplets in future."

"That is a pose, not a style. The *style* of 1900, and of 2000, will be the *style* of the few who observe Nature devoutly, and try in their way to express their wonder at her beauty," the Designer said gravely. "That is absolutely certain: and for the rest, what matter? Do not let us argue. Peace on Earth is the motto of the season."

"The supplements of the Christmas numbers have changed all that," the Decadent retorted. "'Battle-pieces on earth' is the 'up-to-date' motto!"

THE LAY FIGURE.


E. Meira

MR. GERALD MOIRA'S PAINTINGS AND BAS-RELIEF DECORATION. BY GLEESON WHITE.

MR. GERALD MOIRA, whose studies and paintings form the subject of this paper, belongs to a group of modern painters that has not yet received a popular distinctive nickname akin to those bestowed on the Impressionists, the neo-Primitives, and the rest; perhaps "of the school of J. W. Waterhouse, R.A.," would serve as well as any other generic term. But it would be only vaguely indicative of the predominant tendency of the art of to-day. In the use of brilliant pigments, in the choice of poetic themes for a treatment which is neither wholly archaic nor wholly realistic, there is a certain similarity among these younger men which to a certain extent may justify the temporary label.

From 1892, when Mr. Moira showed his R.A. gold medal picture, *Victory*, his name has not been absent from the catalogues of the Royal Academy. Yet it is his decorations for the Trocadéro which have made him best known to the general public. But this sentence must not be held to imply that the general public are more familiar with the

Golden [illegible] Fe
Sorrow [illegible] to [illegible] from [illegible]

THE HILL SUMMIT — FROM A PAINTING BY GERALD MOIRA

vestibule of a popular restaurant than with the interior of Burlington House in May; for, indeed, if such should be the truth, it would be unseemly to divulge it here. The reason that Mr. Moira's work in coloured bas-relief has so far attracted wider notice than his pictures is doubtless owing to its novelty, and the fact that it is a field almost unworked, and also because mural decoration has rarely any immediate rival to distract attention; whereas at the Academy, even the most patient searcher after the work of one artist is apt to be conscious of other pictures shouting for notice.

But even *Victory* was not Mr. Moira's earliest contribution to the Academy exhibitions; a portrait, *Myrtle M. L. Campbell*, was shown there in 1891, and the next year contained another portrait-study, *Mary*, as well as the gold-medalled picture. In 1893, portraits *Jack and Toney* and *Sir John Stainer*, and a picture, "*Thereunto the silent voice replied, Look up thro' night, the world is wide*," were the titles of Mr. Moira's contributions. In 1894 *Willowwood* and *Mrs. Cyril Plummer* were seen at the Royal Academy, and *Sunday Morning* and *A Nocturne* at the Royal Institute. 1895 saw the portrait of *Mrs. John Nairs* at Burlington House, where also in 1896 *The King's Daughter* and *Brenda*, and in 1897 two portraits, were exhibited.

The dates of Mr. Moira's student work indicate that he is still young. The facts that his father was a miniature-painter, or that he himself studied at the Royal Academy schools, are interesting, if of no great moment, since they serve to show that he is no outsider, but one who has grown up in the atmosphere of art. To escape from academic trammels is far less easy when from the first knowledge has gone ahead of craft. Those who, like Sir Edward Burne-Jones, plunge into painting, without training, without even that familiarity with the mechanism of the art which a painter's son must needs imbibe unconsciously from his earliest years, have far more chance of escaping this

"THE SILENT VOICE"
FROM A PAINTING
BY GERALD MOIRA

"THE COMING OF GUINEVERE" CARTOON FOR THE TROCADERO DECORATION BY GERALD MOIRA

danger. Within professional circles *technique* is nearly always overrated—first, because only other experts can appreciate the difficulties fully; and secondly, because a large number of craftsmen (made, not born artists) who can only express in their art what has been taught them, are apt to undervalue all that comes by instinct, and to declare that pedantic scholarship is equivalent to art.

Naturally, unless it was self-evident that Mr. Gerald Moira had escaped the danger of early professional environment, it would be infelicitous to allude here to the cramping influence it sometimes wields. There can be no doubt, on the other hand, that early acquaintance with the mechanism of any art is of enormous value when an artist by instinct is thus favoured. In music especially we find, in a large majority of cases, that great composers have been the sons of capelmeisters and organists. Perhaps it would be difficult to discover many instances of the painters of easel pictures being the sons of painters. Yet in design it is not rare to find the talent of the sire re-echoed in the genius of his offspring.

Mr. Moira is one of the younger men who confront the problem of brilliant pigments. The cold atmosphere of the *plein air* school, the carefully considered "values" of the Impressionists, the deliberately lowered tone of other styles, do not attract them. They would seem to have studied the Primitives, the missal painters, and early Flemish school, no less than the colour prints of Japan. But while they boldly attack harmonies in positive colours, they are not satisfied with a mere mosaic of local tints, like those that, as a rule, delighted the earliest Primitives. They try to make their harmonies in orange and ultramarine, in blood reds and iridescent blue-greens as complete as the more subtle chords of a Corot or the restrained splendour of a Titian. That they always succeed is not quite so certain. Indeed, their very effort is a pain to some well-intentioned critics, whose eyes have been accustomed to the

"HAWKING" CARTOON FOR THE TROCADERO DECORATION BY GERALD MOIRA

half light of many older schools. But this need not make for censure or praise. Some ears delight in the sumptuous crash of a Wagner orchestra, others love the polyphonic maze of a Bach fugue, others only appreciate the soft delicacy of a Mozart quartette, or a suite for stringed instruments.

The new school of painters of which Mr. Moira is a notable example is in some ways not unlike the younger operatic school of Italy. For, without pushing a fanciful parallel too far, there is some similarity between the vigour of orchestration in Leoncavallo and Mascagni and the pictures of the few Englishmen who belong to the group in which Mr. Moira is a distinguished member. Those who love neither call both vulgar. This, again, need not trouble us. "Vulgarity" is usually the name supercilious people bestow on art with which they are not sympathetic.

After a period of secondary colour in decoration it takes time to become accustomed to primary hues. It is also infinitely more difficult to compose harmonies in brilliant pigments, as a glance at modern female costume reveals all too plainly. Yet in the sombre setting of London, colour is emphatically a necessity, and when, as in Mr. Moira's case, a painter shows himself capable of using it with power, there should be no two opinions as to his wisdom.

"ENID BRINGING FOOD"
CARTOON FOR THE TROCADERO DECORATION BY G. MOIRA

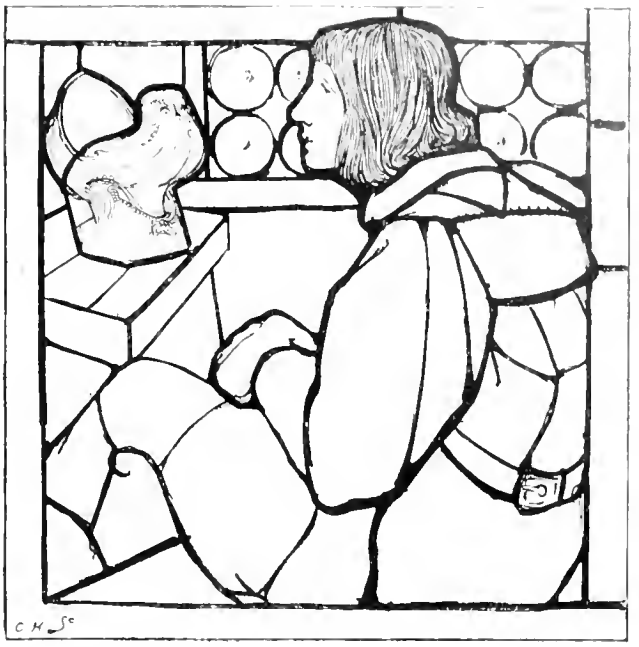
But "colour" is a word which many people use with a special meaning of their own. Some speak, and not incorrectly, of the "fine colour" of certain black-and-white work as opposed to examples not less fine in other respects, which nevertheless do not possess that particular quality. Therefore, in praising Mr. Moira's colour, one must be careful to explain that the word is used in the simplest sense, free from any preconcerted limit. The frank joyous pigment which makes a Japanese print of the popular period a delightfully gay and attractive object, could hardly be approached in the medium of oil; but, on the other hand, despite the real abiding beauty of "symphonies in slime and mud-colour," as their enemies have called them, there is no earthly reason why the only perfect harmony should be limited to low tones. Probably eyes are sensitive to certain problems in colour, as ears are attuned to certain combinations of sound; hence the most honest person may have a congenital dislike to bright pigments. But it should never

"THE BOAR HUNT" CARTOON FOR THE TROCADERO DECORATION BY GERALD MOIRA

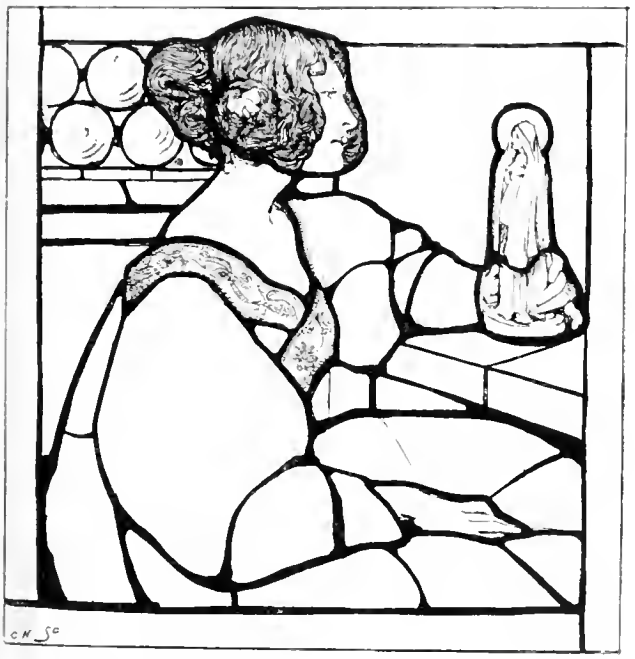
D. G. E.

FROM A PAINTING BY G. MOIRA

be forgotten that these latter are ten times more difficult to manage pleasantly. One can easily prove this by studying a shop window filled with draperies of secondary and tertiary shades, "art-colours" as they were styled lately, and comparing it with another of a fashionable *modiste* who has to arrange pure emerald green, scarlet, violet, and even magenta, side by side. The first window is never unpleasant, and often (as those who remember certain well-known shops in Regent Street and Bond Street will allow) distinctly harmonious. Yet even the difficult task of grouping satins and silks of primary hue is sometimes surmounted, though very seldom, and then mostly with an enormous amount of black, or dark grey, to modify their brilliancy. Mr. Moira both in his bas-reliefs and paintings revels in colour and eschews black and neutral shades, but he is never noisy, and rarely offers less than a very satisfying harmony, albeit that is pitched in a far higher key than we have been accustomed to lately. We are apt to forget that the antique colouring which has influenced our taste is usually the work of the master-painter, Time; that as the rich golden hue of many an old master is due to discoloured varnish, so the bloom of old tapestry, or the subdued glow of the carvings, emblazoned and ornate, such as those in Amiens Cathedral, is owing no little to similar causes. Now, if you start with imitating the effect of colour that has faded and become encrusted with dust, it is obvious that in smoky London such decoration will soon be lost in grimy obscurity. Hence the vigour and courage of the newer school is not merely commendable, but may restore vitality to a sense which has been in danger of perishing; for life in a city supplies monochrome as its chief food for the eye, in its streets, its printed pages, and its domestic portraits. The photographer and the illustrator, no less than the tailor, have helped to banish colour from the ordinary day's routine. Hence we should welcome any consistent effort to bring it back to our houses, books, or costumes.



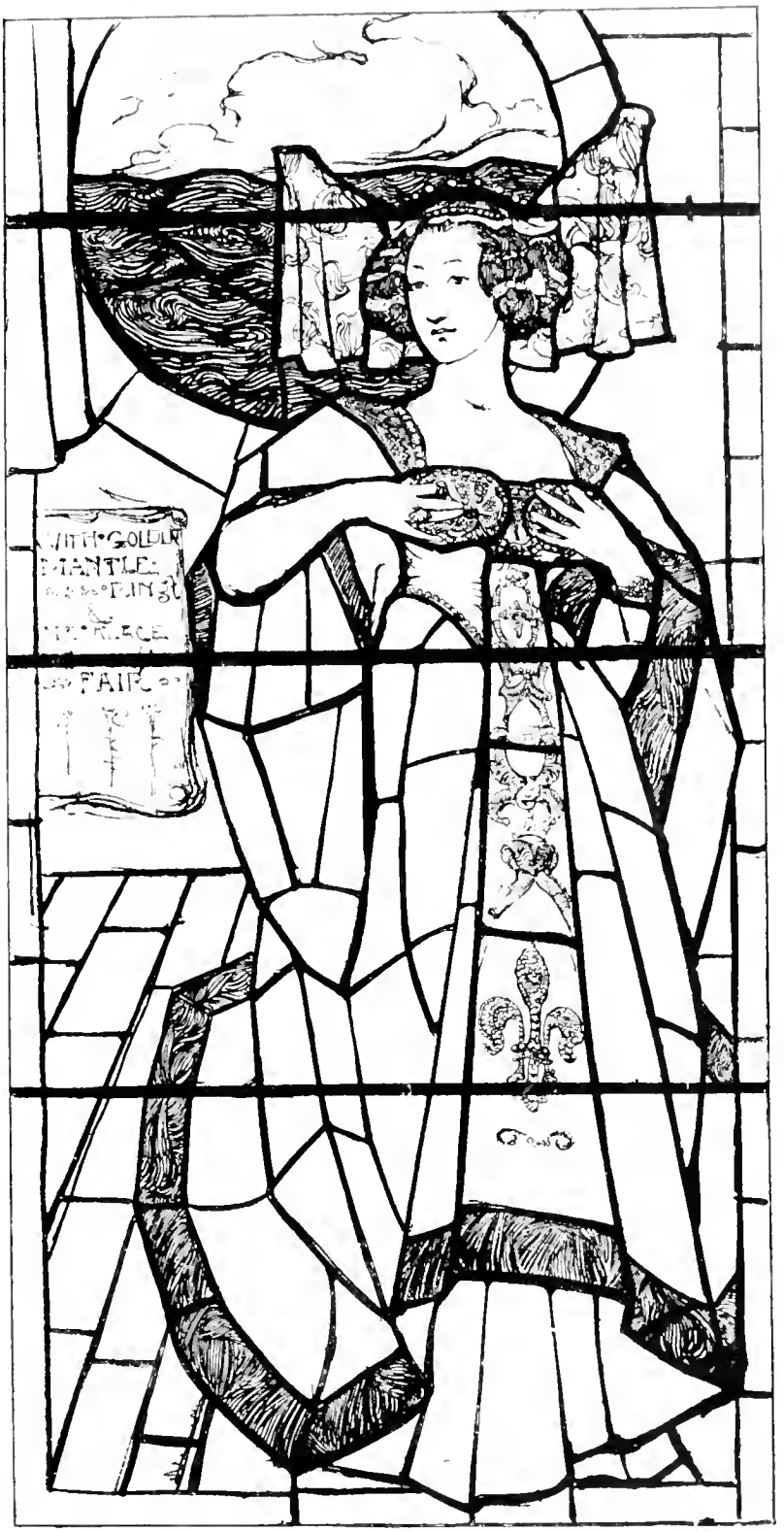
DESIGN FOR STAINED GLASS BY G. MOIRA



DESIGN FOR STAINED GLASS BY G. MOIRA

The bas-reliefs at the Trocadero have been illustrated often before, therefore it has seemed more interesting to reproduce here the cartoons for the decorations, in place of photo-

DESIGN FOR STAINED GLASS
BY GERALD MOIRA



DESIGN FOR STAINED GLASS
BY GERALD MOIRA

graphs of the finished work. What share Mr. Lynn Jenkins had in the reliefs I cannot say; probably the modelling of the figures only; but as they are always attributed to the joint efforts of the two artists, it is somewhat invidious even to hazard a supposition. These cartoons, however, are the work of Mr. Moira alone, and the dramatic force of their conception is no less apparent in the studies than in the completed models.

Now that photographic reproductions of actual handiwork can be given with printed text, it is unnecessary to go round like a showman and explain to gazers thereon what they are looking at. Still, as only the cartoons of this decoration are reproduced, and many distant readers of THE STUDIO are unlikely to see the originals in the Trocadero, a few bare facts concerning them may not be out of place.

The panels, placed high up on the walls, are six feet in height, and together ninety feet in length. The reliefs were cast in fibrous plaster from models in clay. The colouring, which is by Mr. Moira, has been laid on thickly and wiped off from those portions in higher relief. Scarce any definition is gained by actual painting, except so far as proved to be necessary to emphasise the shadows when the whole was finally in position. Thus the colour does but confirm the modelling by strengthening the hollows, and throwing the relief in lighter tones. Here and there gold and silver are freely used with most satisfactory effect. The colour, although bright, is cool, and suffers no little from the less reticent scheme applied to the architectural features of the rather ornate building. Indeed, it is a matter for regret that the whole scheme of the interior was not arranged to be a setting of these panels instead of entering into rivalry with them. At present the ordinary details of the other decoration do much to lessen the effect of Mr. Moira's charming designs.

"VICTORY" FROM A PAINTING BY GERALD MOIRA

The subjects, in addition to those here illustrated, include *King Arthur's Round Table*, *Elaine*, *Enid carrying Wine*, *The Seneschal*, *The Queen of the Tourney*, and *Hoisting the Standard*. In many, a free use of white is noticeable, and in all the breadth of the colouring is remarkably well sustained.

The paintings of Mr. Moira are so well reproduced here that nothing need be said, except to reiterate the gaiety of the colour of some the background of *The King's Daughter* and *The Hill Summit* especially. In these the reality of broad sunlight is kept, with a certain decorative convention, not easy to put into words. In all you feel no uncertainty of touch. As the studies here given would suffice to indicate, Mr. Moira's method is to com-

PORTRAIT OF MRS NAIRS BY G. MOIRA

plete his drawing and composition beforehand, so that finally his colours may be placed with assurance just where he requires them. Hence, no doubt the spontaneity of handling which confronts a spectator gives no little sense of mastery to his work. The poetic insight of the artist is well seen in the subject from Rossetti's *Willowwood*, a picture that is like a soap-bubble in sunlight as regards its colour, and exceedingly original in its composition. *The Orchard Pit*, a study for a picture, is full of strong contrast, and the legend, from whatever source it may have been derived, has grim suggestiveness. *The King's Daughter*, who sits apart, moody and sad, is a most noble conception, and one that interprets Mr. Swinburne's poem, which begins:

> We were ten maidens in the green corn,
> Small red leaves in the mill water,
> Fairer maidens never were born,
> Apples of gold for the king's daughter.

The Silent Voice, and a very typical portrait, need no comment, but they suffer somewhat, in spite of their more sober hue, from the loss of colour; and even could that have been preserved from the great reduction necessary to include them in these pages, would have worked nearly as great a change. Fortunately a sketch, *The Crusaders*, made especially for THE STUDIO, and here reproduced in facsimile, will show better than any description the actual quality of Mr. Moira's colour.

It is very difficult to estimate the permanent value of work that captivates you at once by its novelty; but, so far as it is possible to leave out that important factor, which influences all of us more than we care to admit, Mr. Moira's pictures have much more than novelty of composition to commend them. Their interpretation of the subject is always refined and marked by a delicate sense of beauty; and without any wish to defeat the purpose of well-balanced appreciation by extravagant praise, it is evident that the young artist's future holds many triumphs in store; for, having found his own idiom of expression so soon, we are justified in expecting much first-class work from his hands.

But, good as these paintings are, it is the bas-relief (and possibly domestic stained glass should be coupled with it) that we have learned to ask of Mr. Moira. Not even the mosaics of St. Paul's are more sumptuous in their effect than this comparatively inexpensive decoration can be made to be. In place of costly stencilling, or such painted decoration as Mr. William Morris employed at Stanmore Hall and elsewhere, in place of ornament lavished on every square foot of an interior, one hopes to see before long fine friezes or well-designed panels of figures in coloured relief freely employed, while the rest of the building is kept simple and dignified in its repose. For the true secret of decoration is to leave sufficient blank space. If you study these panels, you will find many restful surfaces unworried by pattern or conflicting colour. They are a notable achievement for the commencement of a career, and lead one to expect much from their creator.

G. W

"THE ORCHARD PIT"
FROM A PAINTING
BY GERALD MOIRA

THE GARDEN FRONT, BOWDEN GREEN — ARNOLD MITCHELL, ARCHITECT

A MODERN ENGLISH COUNTRY HOUSE. DESIGNED BY ARNOLD MITCHELL, F.R.I.B.A.

In Bacon's Essay on Building, his advice to one who has several dwellings is "that he sort them so, that what he wanteth in one he may find in the other," and clenching his argument by quoting Lucullus' reply to Pompey, "Why, doe you not think me as Wise as some Fowle are, that euer change their aboad towards the Winter?" The house with which this article is concerned has a definite purpose to fulfil, and has been planned accordingly. It is not primarily a house for all the year round, nor a house for summer time only. Not a house to entertain huge parties, nor to live in hermit-like seclusion; but a house near enough to London that the owner may run down for a few hours, or a few days whenever the whim takes him, and commodious enough to shelter a fair number of visitors snugly and cosily.

For "Bowden Green" is an admirably planned building and pre-eminently a house of comfort, of luxury without display, and most neatly adjusted to keep the happy mean between a villa and a mansion. It is quite possible that, with little or, perhaps, no extra cost, a very much more imposing edifice might have been erected on the site, but its purpose is not show, but convenience and comeliness.

Fortunately for our purpose, the usual obligation to be silent respecting the personality of the owner for whom the house was designed need not be observed. For one of the inconveniences of greatness that even Montaigne did not suspect is that a man first in his profession cannot be regarded as a private person, but has to share—whether it be to his taste or not—some of the fierce white light that beats upon a throne. Sir Benjamin Baker is one of the typical men of our time; for if any single class distinguishes the nineteenth century, it is its heroes of science. In engineering he has a prominent place; his share in bringing over Cleopatra's needle, in designing a new wonder of the world—the Forth Bridge—and in planning the new Central Railway for London, should alone suffice to mark his name indelibly on the annals of British men of note. It may be that the art of the

nineteenth century will look unimportant compared with that of its predecessors; that its paintings, its drama, its poetry even, will never tower above earlier work in the same fields. But one fancies that its science—notably in engineering—will prove to be the feature that centuries hence will be taken as the dominant force of the Victorian epoch.

There are those who believe that our æsthetic ideals will be so modified that the Forth Bridge itself will appear to our descendants not only a thing of masterly ingenuity, but of positive beauty also. Certainly supreme fitness for its purpose is a noble quality, and it is not improbable that, to more educated tastes, the fine proportions of the great bridge will be as satisfying æsthetically as the proportions of the Parthenon have been to cultivated Europe for centuries past.

This divergence from our theme is not quite so erratic as it looks, for the charm of the house in question does not rely on its picturesque façade or its interior decorations. These are in good taste and well able to stand most drastic criticism. But the most praiseworthy quality of the house and its outbuildings is that they fulfil their purpose so admirably. After careful inspection you feel that it is as a builder that Mr. Mitchell wins your highest admiration, not as an architect according to the popular conception of the word. The general public look upon architecture as the science of adding to something necessary, but ugly, certain non-essential but ornamental features. They think that an architect who takes a four-square box of brick and mortar, can by the addition of gables and bay windows, balconies and parapets, so transform its character that it is no more a mere "building," but an example of architectural style. This explanation of the general attitude of the average person is not so exaggerated as it may sound. One often hears people regret that some eminent architect has to design warehouses or lunatic asylums, instead of cathedrals or palaces. Yet this is a very undignified view of a great art—the finest architecture does not depend upon ornament or costliness—it seeks first of all to fulfil its purpose to the "*n*th" degree; then if by reason of its designer's powers it also chances to be beautiful, one may be sure that its real beauty lies in its proportions and utility, not in its ornament.

To quote Bacon once more: "Houses are built to liue in and not to looke on. Therefore let Vse

MAIN ENTRANCE, POWDEN GREEN — ARNOLD MITCHELL, ARCHITECT

THE DRAWING-ROOM FIREPLACE — ARNOLD MITCHELL, ARCHITECT

be preferred before Vniformitie; Except where both may be had."

In literature the real art is to convey precisely and unmistakably the idea which you wish to express. If by exquisite accuracy of epithets you can also make the mere words melodious in sound, and with a splendid rhythm of their own, all the better; but sound and rhythm will never make literature—that is a matter of well-reasoned thought expressed in vivid and definite sentences; so style and ornament will never make architecture, unless the building first fulfils its necessary use.

Mr. Arnold Mitchell is a draughtsman of conspicuous ability. His pencil studies of foreign cathedrals are in their own way unapproachable; therefore we might have expected that he would be chiefly concerned in providing beautiful subjects for an artist to put down on paper. More than one very eminent architect has exhausted his efforts on the façade or sky-line of a building, or made a *pastiche* from the contents of his sketch-book, and left the interior to fit into his scheme as best it could. Many notable instances of this entirely topsy-turvy method are to be found among our public buildings, which expose their fallacy to all who are not satisfied with a rapid glance. Had Mr. Arnold Mitchell followed others in this respect, he especially might have been forgiven: even if one who has so keen a sense of the beauty of ancient edifices had forgotten for a while the "work-a-day world of pains and prose," and pleaded the artist's licence, you could hardly deny his right to do so. That he has not done so, but has set aside his veneration for picturesque beauty, and boldly tackled the modern requirements of ventilation, sanitation, and other so-called sordid matters, is distinctly to his credit. That he is an artist literally to his finger-tips his drawings show: that he is an enthusiast in the architecture of past centuries his lectures prove; that he can tackle the equally complex problems of a modern dwelling ought to be no less clear, after a study of this house.

For if art and common sense ever appear to be at loggerheads, one may be sure that the apparent difference is due either to ignorance in the spectator, or inefficiency on the part of the artist. If our art of architecture is not pre-eminently common sense, *plus* something more, so much the worse for it. It

may be that its æsthetic qualities are too subtle to be discerned at first glimpse; but if it be art, it accepts all the commonplace demands based on practical necessity, and fulfils them admirably before Art with a big A comes in. If art is not as lofty a matter as this, then its champions must needs be ranked with the charlatan, or the weak-minded fanatics who believe that science and art are enemies.

The house which Mr. Mitchell has designed—one might say "builded"—for Sir Benjamin Baker, is delightfully placed on high ground above Pangbourne, in the far-reaching views of the Thames Valley. A number of fine trees have not been disturbed, so that in a very short time, when the crudeness inevitable to a new brick structure has become modified by the weather, the house will come harmoniously into the landscape. The gates to the carriage-drive are worth a moment's notice, both for their general design and for certain vigorous pieces of carving worked out of the solid oak posts. The house design itself from this side is so clearly seen in the illustration on page 240 that it must be a waste of words to explain its general plan. The entrance-door, given in a separate illustration, is admirably placed and is well planned. An iron scraper of special design, a letter-box and a piece of carving just above it, show ornamental details of graceful character. A panel designed and executed by Mr. George Simmonds is to the right of the electric bell, and is the only feature that calls for comment. Its subject is a kid and a horseshoe; the latter was picked up by one of the future inmates of the house, and the rest of the design contains allusions to private matter which need not be explained here. On the angle of the house the very well designed bracket for the electric light, in copper and iron, was made by Hart, Son and Peard.

Although this is the ceremonial entrance to the house, its real front is on the other side, and approached from a middle path, well placed upon a terrace, as we see is in another view (page 239). The character of the design is now clear. Red bricks and red tiles, with white-framed casements, group pleasantly against the trees, and show how skilfully the architect has managed to provide for an unusual number of windows. In the building itself these windows do not appear to carry the upper

THE DINING-ROOM

ARNOLD MITCHELL, ARCHITECT

CORNER OF A BEDROOM — ARNOLD MITCHELL, ARCHITECT

stories, as the photograph might suggest. The thick walls between the casements, which in the picture are hardly noticeable, in the real building look quite equal to sustain the upper part of the house. It is curious to find how a photograph may mislead one. In the house itself there is not the slightest feeling that the windows interfere with the sense of structural sufficiency, and an assurance that they do not should be placed on record here, lest the picture might convey a totally false impression.

The interior of the entrance-hall, approached from the terrace, on which is a delightful sundial, happily placed in a projecting bay, is the subject of another illustration, although the exigencies of the camera have practically left the hall itself out of the picture, and show only the passage and staircase which lead out of it. On a table facing the door stands a model of Cleopatra's needle which, as most people will remember, was in 1878 brought to England in a ship constructed specially after Sir Benjamin Baker's design. The illustration shows clearly the comparatively low ceiling which is the rule throughout the house, a feature which imparts a distinct sense of cosiness and domesticity. To the right is the dining-room, panelled entirely in oak, with no carving of any sort; and this same joinery by Parnell and Sons of Rugby is a joy in itself, so excellently has the wainscot oak been "picked" and worked, that after two years you can find no place to insert the thinnest of knife-blades. The doors, as may be seen in the illustration, are framed on the scale of the panelling, with locks of special design, executed by Singer and Sons. These locks are typical of the high accuracy of mechanical finish an engineer demands. The working parts, made of gun-metal, are so exquisitely wrought, that the keys may be turned by the touch of one's little finger. That such perfection is costly, goes without saying. The price of the locks for this one room represents more than would suffice to furnish a suburban dining-room in the most advanced commercial art. Throughout the whole building the joinery resembles that employed in fine cabinet work, and, like the plaster on the wall surfaces, is perfect. But perfection is only gained by infinite care over details, and here this care has been lavishly expended. The fatal habit to-day is

THE HALL AND STAIRCASE — ARNOLD MITCHELL, ARCHITECT

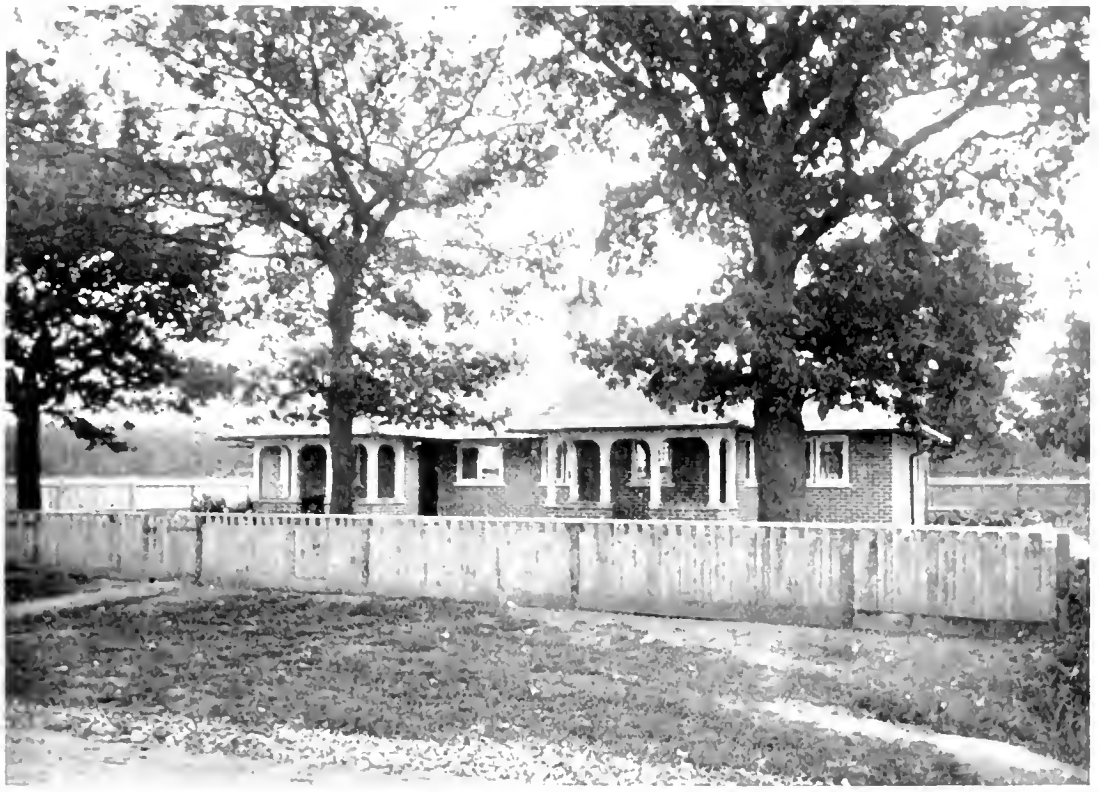
ornamental features are so clearly evident in the illustration, that it is not necessary to dwell upon them. On a bookcase at the side stands a huge silver model of the Forth Bridge — an unusual piece of *bric-à-brac* for a drawing room, which again brings the fact before one that the house is essentially a bachelor's abode—not lacking, it is true, "the touch which betrays a woman's hand" (to quote a once favourite phrase of the minor novelists), for Sir Benjamin is no misogynist, and has near relatives to play the part of hostess. All the same, it is essentially a holiday home rather than a family mansion.

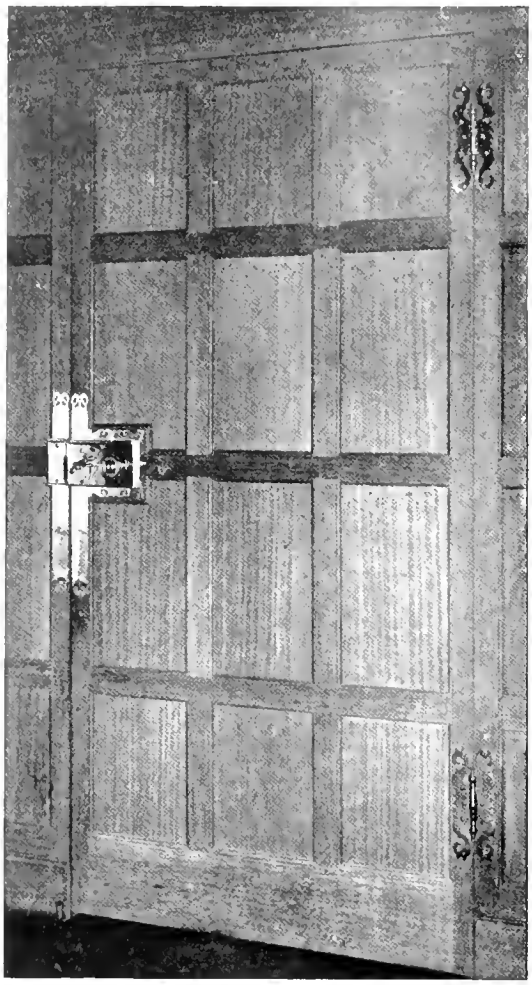
But space will not permit detailed notice of each room; two of the bedrooms supply picturesque

to hide poor construction by ornament; and if the opposite method, which has been followed here, is too often mentioned in this description, such repetition must be pardoned, because it is the chief feature of the house, and the one that, unluckily for the majority of modern buildings, is well-nigh unique.

The chief architectural feature of the drawing-room is a delightful ingle nook, shown in our illustration (page 241). The curve of its lintel is pleasantly managed, and the details are all harmonious and well proportioned. An Elsley grate, framed by Persian tiles, is surmounted by a specially designed over mantel; but the merely

CORNER OF A BEDROOM — ARNOLD MITCHELL, ARCHITECT





A DOOR IN THE DINING-ROOM
ARNOLD MITCHELL, ARCHITECT

bits, which are here illustrated. Throughout the whole of the upper floor the wall-paper is of one design (by Mr. Gwatkin), but the colour is different for each chamber. The photographs, oddly enough, make the papers appear in low modelled relief, but they are absolutely flat, in bright colours, and far less obtrusive in pattern than they appear to be in the black-and-white illustrations.

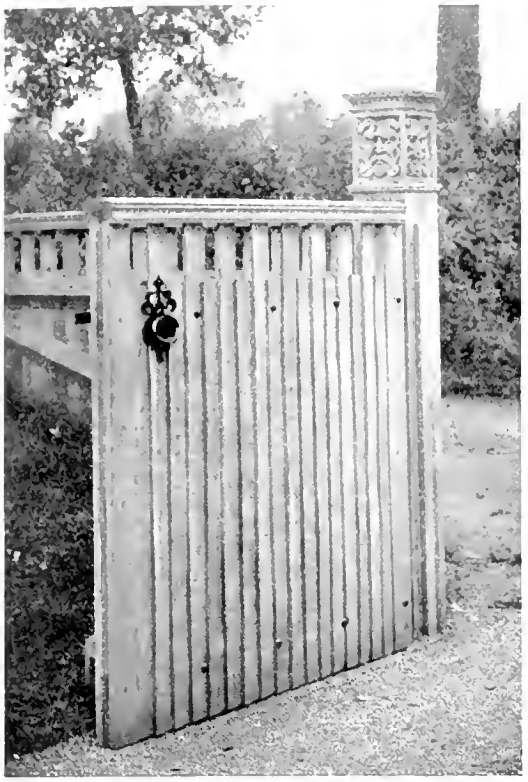
The kitchen and scullery, the bath-rooms and lavatory, have wall-surfaces of glazed brick, and the peculiar care bestowed on the arrangement and detail of sanitation must not be overlooked, although it is out of our province to dwell upon them here. Mr. Arnold Mitchell evidently believes that a happy home must be, first, a healthy one, and spares no pains to achieve that end.

In the grounds, a picturesque fowl-house demands a word, as by its pleasant design it forms an ornamental feature, and is a most commodious habitation for certain choice poultry which it shelters. These lordly fowls have piazzas of their own for wet weather, and almost the only fault on the estate is that the dividing-walls of these are not pierced, so that a poor hen cannot make a circuit of the shelters in showery weather, but must needs undertake a detour when she wishes to change her outlook.

Under the same roof as the stables there is a room for the electrical installation by which the house is lighted. Even here one sees that the room has been specially arranged, in order that an ample amount of light may be available for the proper inspection of the storage cells.

The whole house shows clearly that science and art need not be regarded as foes. It is true that science has here claimed to be first considered, but in no single instance does it appear that art has suffered thereby. Certainly the fact that the house is not merely weather-proof, but apparently calculated to stand the wear and tear of centuries, is not to its discredit. Stability and comfort, ample light and ventilation, cisterns placed

THE FRONT DOOR ARNOLD MITCHELL, ARCHITECT



ENTRANCE GATE TO DRIVE AT BOWDEN GREEN

where they can be inspected, permanent washstands with hot and cold supply in each bedroom, waste pipes that cannot become channels for noxious gases—all these and a hundred other things ought to be the commonplaces of good architecture; for they are its true essentials. Having seen that all these are provided it is an additional satisfaction to discover that a house is not less beautiful because it is practical. The charm of Mr. Arnold Mitchell's work is evident to a chance visitor; therefore, in place of criticism or eulogy, it may be left here to speak for itself through the excellent photographs taken especially for this article. A plan of each floor would have revealed excellent lighting and novel as well as satisfactory arrangements for ventilation; but plans are not easily read by the average person; at least such a conclusion is forced upon one by the evidence of indifference displayed, even by those about to build, to this most important detail of house-construction. Yet as working drawings are not included, and the mere prosaic qualities of a house are not to be discovered from pictures, it seemed best, "once and for once only," even at the risk of departing from the usual habit of THE STUDIO, to place them in evidence in the text, reserving consideration of Mr. Mitchell's artistic treatment of homes to a more convenient season.

SOME OLD WROUGHT-IRON WORK. BY EDWARD F. STRANGE. WITH DRAWINGS BY HERBERT S. PEPPER.

THE period which was inaugurated by the reign of William and Mary has much to answer for in English art, both of good and evil. It left us a legacy of a quaint, narrow-waisted, high-heeled sort of sentiment, which even yet is not entirely exhausted. It is responsible for the invention of tea-drinking, for the first publication of society scandals, for the building of houses in rows to sample, and the laying out of parks and gardens on strictly mathematical lines. Still, looking back on the prettiness and unconscious humour of the life of that age, we somehow or other cleave to what remains to us thereof, and absolutely decline to, as Hans Breitmann puts it, "undutchify ourselves" any more. And of these relics, the most English,

FOWL-HOUSE AT BOWDEN GREEN

and perhaps for that reason the most neglected, are those gates and railings of wrought-iron which are dotted about all over London and its older suburbs.

It is astonishing how little we know of these said gates, beyond what our eyes can tell us. Who made them, who designed them, are both hitherto unsolved questions; although, now that handicraft is recognised as a not altogether ignoble section of the arts, it is possible that antiquarians may consider it worth their while to unearth what records still perhaps exist in family and parish archives. This much we can say for certain, that the school (for it has all the continuity and distinction of style which entitle it to the designation) is an English growth from a French source—the ironwork of Louis XIV.; that it did not exist in England before the time of Sir Christopher Wren, and may even have been imported and cultivated by him after his notable visit to France in 1665; and that it soon lost its French characteristics, except for the use of certain technical processes, such as the pitch-block developing into a charming simplicity and straightforwardness of treatment which compares as favourably with French over-elaboration of ornament and pretentiousness, as does, to take a similar case, our earlier school of Gothic architecture with its cousin across the Channel.

The question of design is a difficult one to deal with. As a general rule, this is so good, shows such accurate knowledge of constructive principles, and such splendid taste and reticence in the placing of the ornament, that we can scarcely credit it to the smith, much as we are able to admire an excellence of craftsmanship in execution which is undeniably his. The famous Hampton Court screens are of course known to have been designed by Jean Tyou or Tijou; but they are so thoroughly French as to have little in common with the class of work we are now considering. It seems probable that our gates were, at all events, planned by the leading architects of the day, some of them probably by Wren himself. The architectural treatment is obvious in many, and would not naturally occur to a smith, whose tendency, as in earlier times, would be to bend and cut, rather than build up with straight lines. A similarity not so far-fetched as might at first sight appear, is also worth noting between the pediments of some of these gates (Fig. 5) and the general outline of the churches by Wren and his

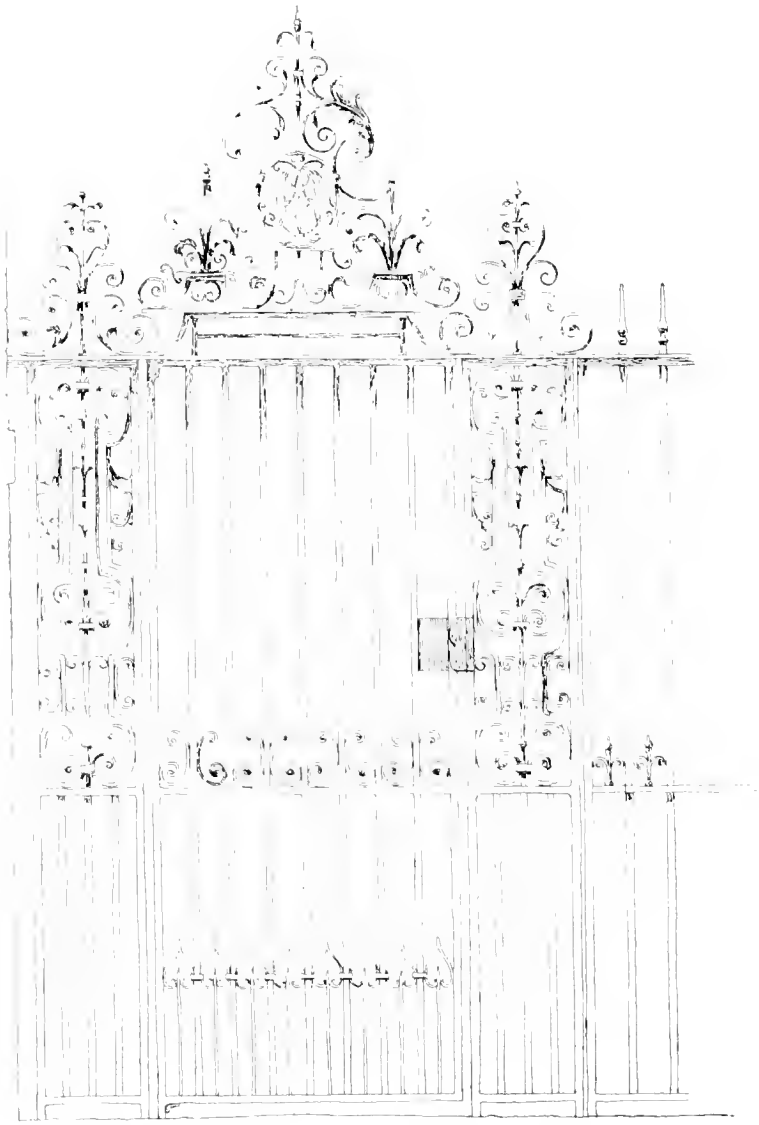


FIG. 1. WROUGHT-IRON GATE FROM A DRAWING BY H. S. PEPPER

FIG. 2. INN SIGN

FROM A DRAWING BY H. S. PEPPER

associates. Lastly, there is one little scrap of evidence, only a hint perhaps, of Sir Christopher's own acquaintance with smithy work, in his letter to Dr. Bateman, wherein he alludes to projects he has *on the anvil*, a metaphor which may have some significance, used so soon after his introduction to the master-smiths of France.

Of the men who executed these designs we have been unable to learn anything. Huntingdon Shaw, whose limited life-record is already too well known and too uncertain to need repetition, always excepted. Of the material, we can say with some confidence that it was probably German, imported through Dort or Dordrecht in drawn bars of various sizes, but generally three-quarter inch square, so that bars of this dimension were technically known at the time as "Dort-square." Careful measurements of a large number of existing specimens have shown how general was the use of this manufacture in the London district, and its influence on the designs themselves is of the highest importance. It will be seen, as has already been suggested, that the designs are essentially grounded on straight lines and the natural curves in which these ready drawn bars could easily be bent. The other elements are also simple, and very few in number, viz., apple and water leaves, formed by splashing out the ends of a bar, or by cutting from thick sheet and welding the joint; a twist and knot, both easily made from the bar, and acanthus like foliage produced with the assistance of the pitch block, a French process which appears in English work for the first time at this period. This latter procedure is again free from complication. It is somewhat akin to chasing: a sheet being laid on a block of elastic pitch, moulded with blunt tools, and the outlines cut with a chisel, the last operation giving to the finished leaf a rough edge on its under side, by which the process can easily be detected. It may be mentioned incidentally that there are still one or two smiths in England who are capable of turning out work of this nature in a manner quite equal to that of their predecessors, but for lack of encouragement the generation is likely to soon die out.

Of the examples figured, No. 3 is interesting, and somewhat distinguished by having no pediment; a feature at once accounted for by the fact that it is placed in front of a house with an elaborate portico with heavy pillars and pediment in the classic style.

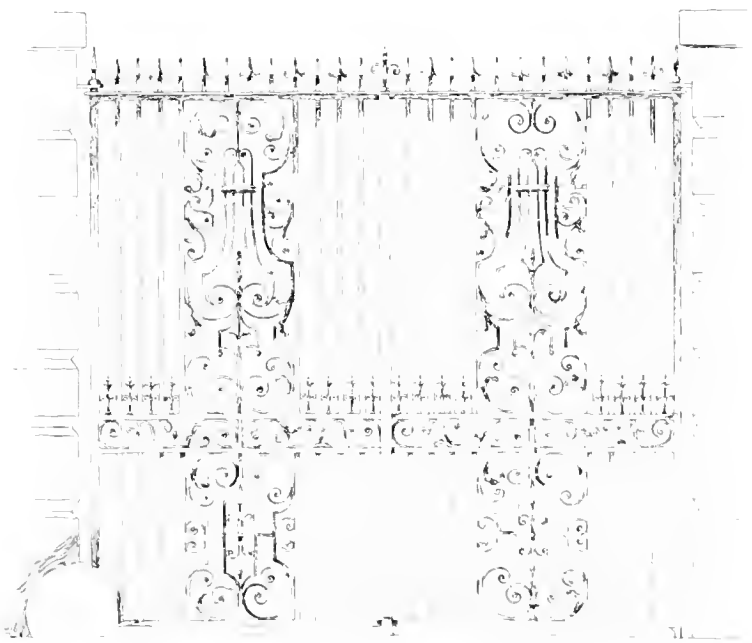


FIG. 3. WROUGHT-IRON GATE

FROM A DRAWING BY H. S. PEPPER

The ornament of this specimen is also nearly devoid of foliage, although particularly rich in scrolls.

Fig. 4, on the contrary, has a pediment of unusual richness and merit: the ornament consisting of apple-leaves somewhat realistically treated. This gate has no connection with any building, being part of a long garden railing: hence a lighter and more luxuriant treatment than would have been necessary or suitable in the preceding case.

The other gates are good examples of work designed to very effectively relieve the heavy and sombre domestic architecture which they accompany: Fig. 5 being one of a set of five or six, all similar in essentials, and still in use; while Fig. 1, which is noteworthy for its general richness, as well as for the beauty of its monogram, has been removed from its original situation. It was, however, undoubtedly hung in a railing instead of between posts, and must also have been one of the chief entrances to a house of some pretensions. Unfortunately, the present owner is unacquainted with its history.

By the way, these monograms themselves merit a special study, and alone serve as an argument for the attribution of the designs to more cultivated and lettered sources than the craftsmanship of the period could have furnished. The inn-sign is worthy to rank with some of the best in Germany, with which, however, it has nothing in common: its perfect construction and severity, yet wealth of effect, rendering it quite unsurpassable as a model of fitness and beauty. It is still to be seen in the village of Roehampton, near Putney, although the old inn to which it belonged has been rebuilt.

It will be noticed that in these gates many of the details are identical: and yet it is a remarkable thing that, although the crafts of the next generation left us almost a literature of their own, yet of this English art no one seems to have discovered pattern-books, sketches, or so much as a single working drawing. Of French designs, several more or less admirable sets are still in existence, and the best specimens from these might be studied with very considerable advantage by modern designers of iron-work, who would find in them much suggestive material easily adaptable to the tastes of to-day.

So far we have tried to give due meed to one of the humblest, though noblest of our crafts. Except for the efforts of a very few workers, it is almost dead, and even these are stinted in their material and hampered in the matter of time by the cheeseparing of certain contract-loving architects of the day, until, instead of wrought-iron in its strength, their productions rather resemble the effeminate bent-ribbon-wire work of Venice. The craft is essentially one which requires time and a free hand, for every dainty leaf and every quaint and unexpected curve should be again and again an evidence of the love for his labour of him who wrought it: taking delight in the artist's fancies, and perhaps aiding and developing them more than we can ever know.

E. F. S.

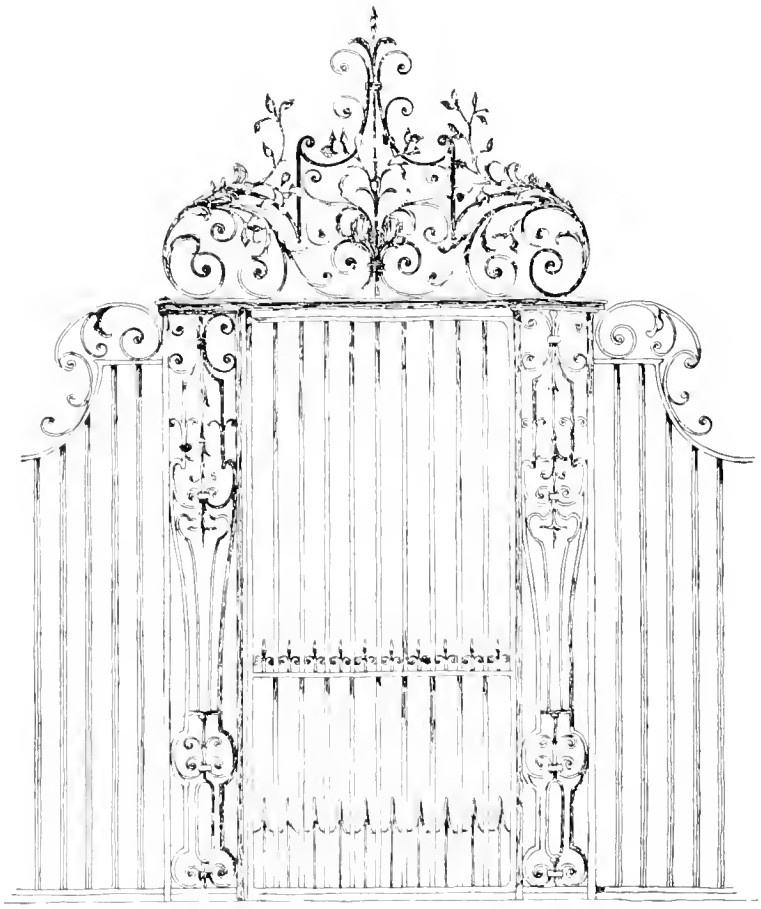


FIG. 4. WROUGHT-IRON GATE FROM A DRAWING BY H. S. PEPPER

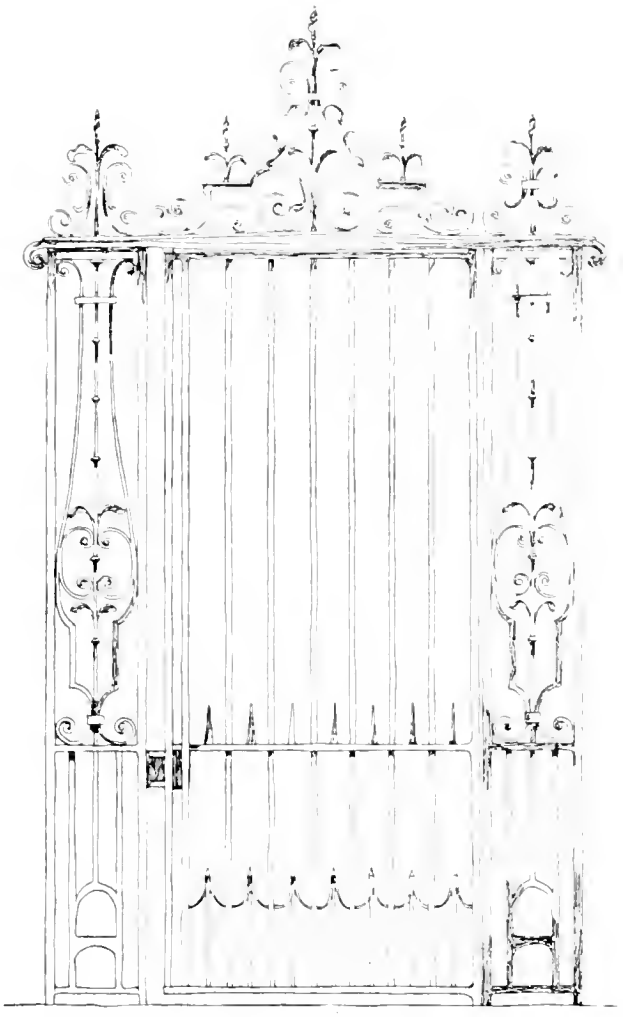


FIG. 5. WROUGHT-IRON GATE

FROM A DRAWING BY H. S. TEPLE

STEINLEN AS A LITHOGRAPHER. BY GABRIEL MOUREY.

THERE are few artists whose name and whose work are more widely known than those of Steinlen. The public knows him as it knows Caran d'Ache, Forain, Jules Chéret, and Willette in France, or Phil May, Raven Hill, Dudley Hardy, and the brothers Beggarstaff in England. Moreover, he has earned the admiration of artists themselves; and it is a piece of rare good fortune for a draughtsman thus to be understood and appreciated alike by the many and by the few.

His gifts, it may be said at once, are eminently "sympathetic," both in regard to the subjects he particularly affects, and the thoroughly personal way he has of dealing with them. He catches the eye and appeals to the mind by a truly remarkable accuracy in detail, a sense of nature and life, and a great power of observation, while the feeling he arouses is frequently one of generous sympathy and respect. Unlike Forain, he is never cynical, mordant, or cruel, nor is he a caricaturist, like Caran d'Ache. Briefly, he is human, and this is the word which, I think, best describes him. And from this very humanity springs the great success his productions have achieved.

It may be objected that the society he depicts is very limited in range, being confined to the poor, the beggars, and the vagabonds, the types of the poverty-stricken outskirts. But such objection will not hold good. What, alas, is more general, more universal than this poverty? and what a world of characters and sorrowful, typical scenes it affords the draughtsman's pencil! Everything is genuine in this sad world of his. The conventions of society, the codes of cant and *snobbisme* are nothing to the men and women he shows us. They at least wear no masks; there is no hypocrisy in these poor, suffering creatures; and, with all their animalism, they are none the less our brothers and our sisters, our equals, whether looked at from the human or the divine standpoint. Their wretchedness, their crimes, their degradation, may fill us with repugnance, perhaps; but there is no denying they offer the artist a vast field of study, and one cannot but feel interested in it all. At times these figures stand as it were a reproach to our pleasures, to our selfishness; they haunt us in the midst of our well-being, and in our life of ease and refinement we catch the mournful strain of their lament, whose echoes linger in our ears.

The work must be good and beautiful which can awake such feelings as these; and apart altogether from the admiration Steinlen's great gifts inspire, we must needs be grateful to him for the humanising influence of his productions. But having said this I will, with my readers' permission, direct their attention exclusively to the artistic side of the innumerable drawings bearing this artist's signature, and endeavour to show how personal, how truly original, is his manner of looking at things.

In the first place accuracy would seem to be one of his first considerations. He is a lover of truth, and nothing in his eyes is unworthy of careful study. The simplest object of everyday life, a chair, a table, a basket, a wall—everything pleases him, because everything has its own fixed characteristics, and everything to him is a subject worthy of attention. His sketch-books and studies show plainly enough that he leaves nothing to chance—and as much cannot be said of many artists of to-day. He gives himself up to incessant work, neglecting not even the smallest detail, striving always to draw just what he sees, in all its minuteness, before transposing and simplifying it for the finished picture. Thus it is he succeeds in creating such an air of reality in all he does.

What, indeed, could be more real than all these series of drawings in black-and-white and in colour, which have appeared in the illustrated papers, such as the *Gil Blas Illustré*—of which he is the successful founder—or the *Chambard*, wherein his lithographs, some of the best of his productions, saw the light? What could be more real, and yet more varied? One could not wish to look through a more interesting collection than that containing all these lifelike sketches, with their infinite variety of types and surroundings and scenery—labourers from town and country, peasants, soldiers, beggars, street singers, *petits bourgeois*, street urchins of both sexes, all the humble populace of the big towns such as Paris, where one sees them in the outskirts, or in the lonely avenues of the exterior boulevards, or the queer neighbourhoods, fulfilling their dull round of existence in misery or in vice. And there is no one at the present day who has caught this phase of life with more intensity, more truthfulness, more power, or more artistic feeling than Steinlen. The strange, the remarkable thing is that he is never coarse, for, even in the most outrageous, most realistic scenes from his pencil, the sentiment of pity is uppermost. However low they may have fallen, be it even to the bottom of the social ladder—whatever degree of ignominy their faces may betray, one needs must pause before condemning these ruffians in caps and blouses, these deplorable creatures, once women, but now mere bundles of rags—one pities them instead. Steinlen tells their sorrowful story in all its poignancy, and shows us only too well the inner meaning of their existence. Writ large we see all the dreadful history of their past; see how, little by little, from force of circumstances, by a sort of fatality, they have at last come to their present state, wallowing, without power of resistance, in the mire!

All this is modern, eminently modern. These are the wretched, sickly flowers which spring to life in the foul soil of our overcrowded cities, where every sort of luxury rubs shoulders with every sort of wretchedness.

The series of lithographs published by M. Kleinmann, one of which, *Inside a Tramcar*, is reproduced here, gives a striking idea of Steinlen's power. With black-and-white on the bare stone he produces effects of great force and suppleness, and, to those who can perceive it, full of colour too. What energy of touch, what skill in character-drawing are revealed in these plates! Each one of these various types is alive with his own individual life, quite distinct from that of his neighbours in this house on wheels, which for a few moments becomes the shelter, the point of concentration, of so many separate existences. In every one of these faces, in the attitude in which each individual is seated, one can read their minds, trace the direction of their daily cares, tell their habits, realise their modest ambitions.

Another plate in the same collection represents the interior of some wretched garret in a workman's home. The wife, shrunken with privation, her features drawn by hunger, is seated on a pallet, holding her child in her arms; while the husband, huddled up in a corner at the back of the room, his head between his hands, seems broken by despair. He has just returned, no doubt, from seeking work, but he has not found it. A silence, as of death, hangs over these three human beings. Despite its dignity, a commonplace drama enough, perhaps, for it is all too common. But how wonderfully the artist has treated it, in complete simplicity, without a touch of the sensational or the melodramatic! One feels a sense of deep, almost violent emotion; and that is enough.

Yet another. Two little laundresses, thin and delicate-looking, are crossing a square, one carrying an enormous bundle of linen, the other a heavy basket. They are leaning back, straining every nerve to get through their task, with suffering written in their contracted faces.

There is also a programme, in lithography, of a performance for the benefit of some soup fund or other, which is full of pathos. Around the enormous pot containing the steaming broth one sees a crowd of wretched creatures holding out their basins. In the foreground are a pair of children; the little brother, a mite of eight at most, is clutching his sister's dress, and standing on tiptoe: while the girl, who is older, has a look of mild resignation in her face. Behind them is an

"INSIDE A TRAMCAR"
FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY
STEINLEN

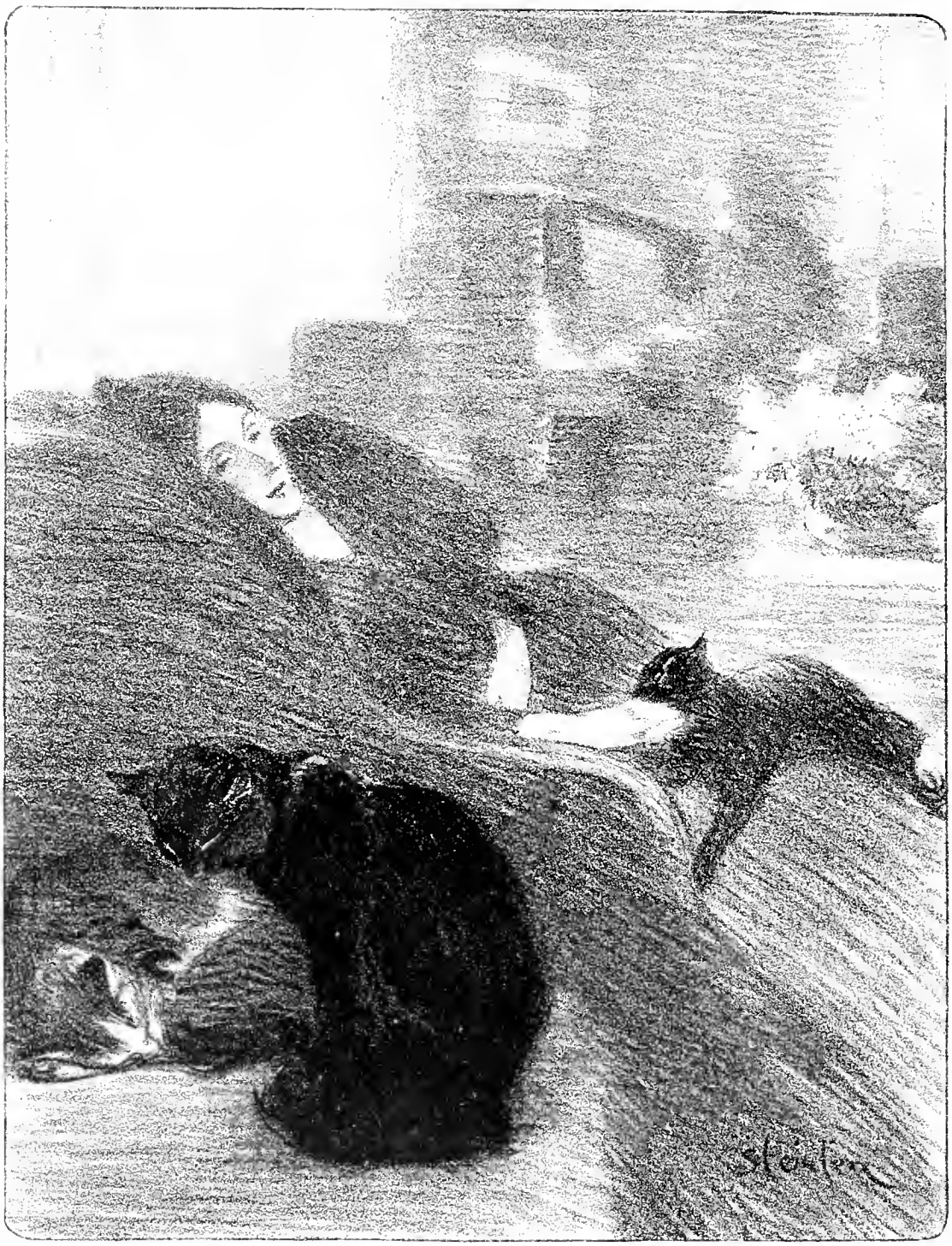
(By permission of M. Kaumann)

"LETTRE À NINON"
FROM "CHANSONS DE FEMMES"
AFTER A LITHOGRAPH BY
STEINLEN

(By permission of MM. Enoch et Cie)

"L'ILE DES BAISERS"
FROM "CHANSONS DE FEMMES"
AFTER A LITHOGRAPH BY
STEINLEN

(By permission of MM. Enoch & Cie.)



"QUAND NOUS SERONS VIEUX"
FROM "CHANSONS DE FEMMES"
AFTER A LITHOGRAPH BY
STEINLEN

(By permission of MM. Boussod et Cie.)

"LES FEMMES DE FRANCE"
FROM "CHANSONS DE FEMMES"
AFTER A LITHOGRAPH BY
STEINLEN

(By permission of MM. Enoch & Cie)

old man, and further back workmen and women—a hungry crowd drawn together by the tempting smell. And the plump, handsome woman who is distributing to all around the wherewithal to stay their pangs, wears the Phrygian cap. She is the Republic itself—the ideal Republic which heals and comforts all woes and "gives food to the hungry." At the top of the plate Steinlen has written these two words, *En Attendant!* "Waiting!" Waiting for the hour which, alas, will never sound, the hour of universal happiness, the hour when "sorrow and sighing shall flee away," and trouble and misery be nought but empty words.

Sorry though I am, I must pass over the numerous covers for music and books which Steinlen has illustrated; nor have I space to deal with his posters, which are well worthy of an article to themselves, notably his lately produced design for the new journal *La Feuille*, a work of remarkable originality. Readers of THE STUDIO will not have forgotten that splendid poster *La Rue*, in which at least a dozen life-size figures appear, and the lithographic stones for which numbered more than thirty. One must see the original, however, to get an idea of the bright and joyous colouring, the harmonious arrangement of this real poster, this true piece of mural decoration.

We must pause a moment over this collection of songs, "Chansons de Femmes," poor though they be both in music and words. For the publishers, MM. Enoch et Cie., had the happy thought to commission Steinlen to do them a set of original lithographs. They are fifteen in number, and all display equal charm, and truth, and fancy; all have a feeling of delicious melancholy. They stand by themselves among Steinlen's productions, and show another side of his genius. Side by side with the keen observer he is, and must ever be, goes another self, a tender, sensitive nature, loving the soft, hazy outlines, the last dim lights of the dying day, the landscapes which sadden while they delight. From first to last these illustrations for the "Chansons de Femmes" are a delight to the eye and to the imagination.

Here we have a little dressmaker, with her big round box hanging on her arm, reading a love-letter in the street at dusk. The lamps, just lit, shine through the evening mist, and the carriage lights sparkle to and fro, while she stands there, deep in her reading, heedless of all the bustle and noise around.

Here again is an interior, dark and gloomy, with a solitary woman engrossed in grave reflection. An open book lies on her knees, and her head rests pensively on her hand. There is an atmosphere of utter sadness about her.

Another shows a woman muffled in furs, hurrying along, to meet her lover doubtless; while the passers-by, just suggested, as though seen through a mist, turn and watch her inquisitively.

As we turn the pages we come upon a really delicious domestic scene. A woman, lolling on a sofa, is playing with her cats, while in the background a man is seated at the piano. Some flowers are fading on a table close by. The languid gestures of the woman are full of tender grace. In the foreground two cats are asleep. Everything speaks of the joys of home, the rest and peace of true affection.

Next we have two lovers in a wood. She, seated on the moss, he, lying lower than she, with his head on her knees, gazes into her eyes—"O Gioventù, primavera della vita!"

A crossing scene. Some street singers have come to a halt. One is playing the violin, another is singing. The listeners form a circle round them, workmen, housewives, boys and girls, who know by heart the popular air being warbled, and join in chorus with the two poor performers.

Another of his street scenes is irresistibly funny. The song is called "Vous êtes jolie," and Steinlen depicts at the end of some shabby street a couple of singers, the man twanging his guitar as accompaniment to the woman's song. Her collecting-box hangs from her finger. Both are remarkably ugly. The man is quite bald, and the woman bloated; but so much sentiment, so much energy, does she put into her singing, that one feels sure she must really be in earnest and mean what she is trying to express. The old pair of sentimental beggars forms an unforgettable picture.

But the pearl of this collection of "Women's Songs" is the lithograph illustrating the piece called "Tu m'apparus." To my mind it is a little masterpiece. We see two lovers walking at night-time side by side, and embracing. The gesture of the young girl: the way she raises her face to meet her sweetheart's lips; the way he holds her hand: the exquisite simplicity of their attitudes: with the glimpse of the street ahead, and its lights, the dark shadow from which the pair stand out; the girl's light bodice relieving the gloom—it is all full of charm, and fills one with an infinite sense of delicate pleasure. And there is nothing gross about it. The thing is honest and pure, which adds further merit to this striking picture.

And the cover of the collection, with its group of girls, tall and slim, dancing hand in hand round

an Apollo, their tresses flying wild—how well it shows the artist's poetic fancy!

I have only now to speak of Steinlen's *technique* as a lithographer. Two primary qualities strike one at once—his respect for the process itself, and the suppleness of his treatment. As to the first point, I mean that Steinlen's lithographs are lithographs pure and simple, devoid of artifice, and quite free from anything but that which is inherent to the process itself. Yet he succeeds in realising all the force that is necessary. When I talk of his suppleness I refer to the artist's ability to make his colours and his atmosphere quiver, as it were, and to invest that atmosphere with the figures, the scenery, the actors, animate or inanimate, proper to his compositions. In this he excels, thanks to a truly rare and profound knowledge of draughtsmanship, which raises the illustrator of the "Chansons de Femmes" to one of the foremost and most enviable places among the artists of to-day.

GABRIEL MOUREY.

MR FRANCIS E. JAMES'S WATER-COLOURS. BY FREDERICK WEDMORE.

I LEAVE to a biographer, in the Future, the task of recording Mr Francis James's birthplace and of settling the number of his years; of saying, too, where he chiefly lived and chiefly practised. I am concerned with his drawings, and not with the man, except in so far as his drawings must reveal him—and the real man, and not the outside facts about him, a man's work does always to some extent reveal. In the case of Francis James, his work is his water-colours. I know no oil paintings by him. I remember no pencil studies. I know no etchings by him, no lithographs by him. And, moreover, modern man though he is, he seems to be able to express himself without the assistance of silver point—the interesting and difficult medium, the employment of which is, or threatens to become, a label or badge of the cultivated. His own work in water-colour is as direct, immediate, uncorrectable as that; but colour is of the very essence of it. Whatever he tackles, whatever he elects to let alone, Francis James is essentially a colourist.

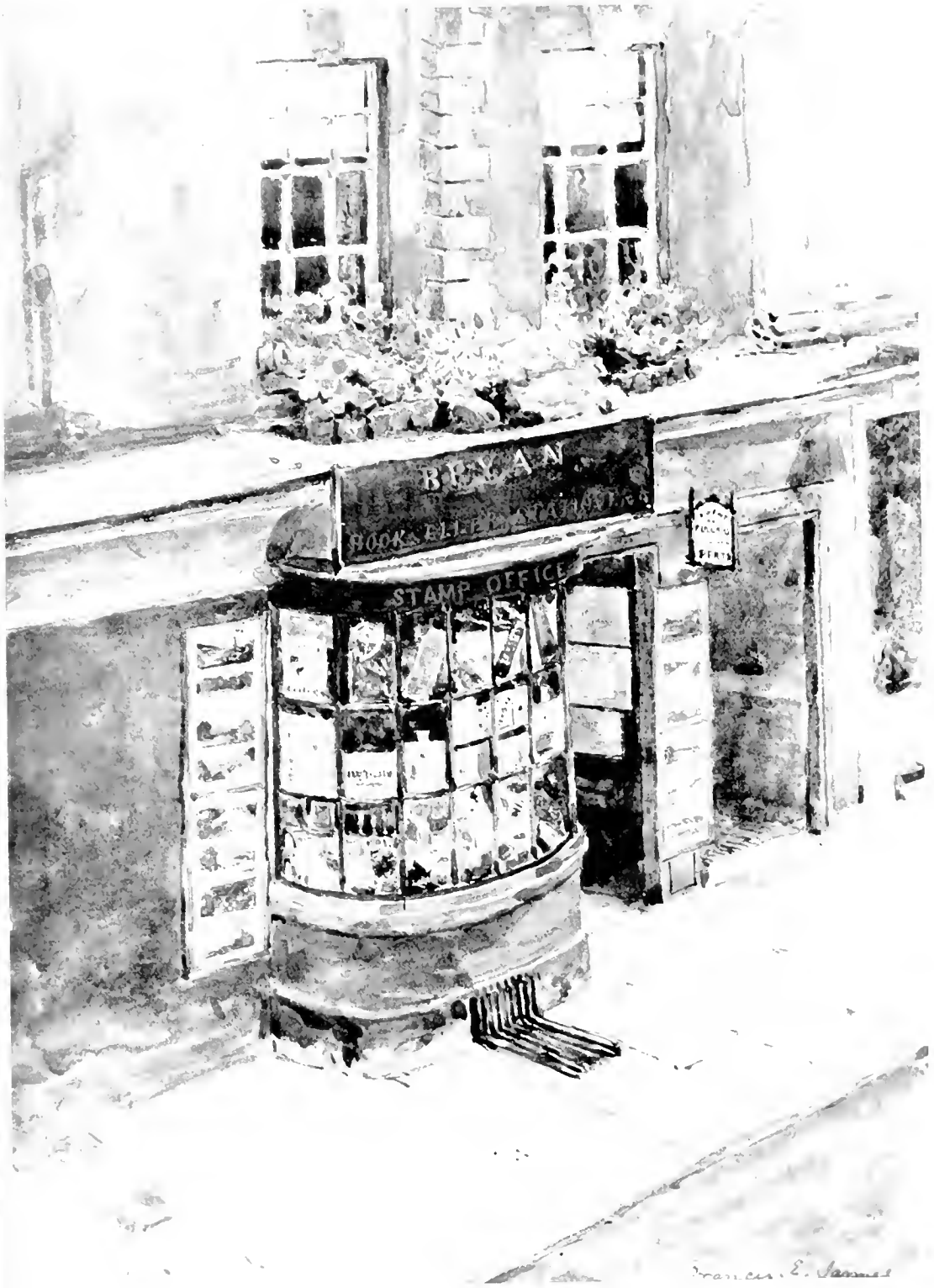
[illegible]

Just one thing about his life and his circumstances I shall here—taking breath in a parenthesis—venture to record without a fear of condemning myself afterwards as an impertinent for having recorded it. As a youth he was never compelled to prepare for a profession. He [illegible] doubtless [illegible] gradually became [illegible] of a [illegible] Daphne [illegible] Mr Francis James [illegible] a little comfortable [illegible] appeared [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Mr [illegible] present [illegible]

STUDY OF A ROSE — FROM A WATER-COLOUR BY F. E. JAMES

no more than W. W. May, the charming marine artist, who in late life was Keeper of the Painted Hall at Greenwich, just because in early life he had been a sailor; no more than Robert Goff, who was in the Coldstream Guards; or Seymour Haden, President of his own Academy, and once such a successful surgeon that he might have been President of the College of Surgeons to boot. In art of any kind in Painting, Writing, Modelling the spirit in which a man does his work, and not the means that he possesses or the family he belongs to, constitutes him professional or amateur. Is his art his chief interest? If so, whatever may be his *status* upon other grounds, professional artist, serious professional artist he is, with his books or his pictures. To the serious artist a little money is of endless usefulness, even if it be only that scanty portion of three hundred a year and an umbrella for that scanty portion which has caused the fool to eat the bread of idleness has caused the wise man to work with a will. It has gone some little way towards securing him that deepest boon for the artistic nature, *la liberté du travail*. It has freed him in a measure from the obligation of producing the "pot-boiler." Francis James has never produced the "pot-boiler."

I suppose it was his exquisite enjoyment of flowers, as he has lived amongst them, that gave the first impulse to him to render them in art. Then as to method in Water-colour Painting, there came the influence of De Wint—dare I say it?—and then the influence of some, at least, of modern French practice, and then the influence of his neighbour down in Sussex that sensitive Impressionist, H. B. Brabazon, with his mature thought upon the matter, and his delightful practice, his "blobs," upon the drawing paper "blobs" which are so very few and are so exquisitely right. Mr. James has become, of late years at all events, less purely an Impressionist than Mr. Brabazon. In his work, whatever be its theme, there is always more of positive and of refined draughtsmanship. But the influence of Brabazon is there all the same; or, at least, is there from the first. An immense sensitiveness as to colour, a refinement of colour which does not preclude boldness — the cultivation of an alertness as to the most delicate gradations of colour — these things characterise



"SHOP FRONT, BEWDLEY"
FROM A WATER-COLOUR
BY FRANCIS E. JAMES

Francis James. They are of assistance to him, even of incalculable assistance to him, in all the things that he depicts, in all the visions he realises. But I think they are of most use to him of all when it is flowers he is looking at: composing with grace; painting with ineffable charm.

And, so far as I understand, flowers were the subject with which he chose to begin.

It would be thoroughly unfair, now, to Francis James to consider him only as a flower-painter. Outside flowers altogether, there is a class of effect which he has made his own, and which is his by reason of his habitual command of colour, fearless, original, and gay. I am talking of the church interiors, beheld in keen, clear light, and interesting less it may be by their architecture—as to which while Mr. Fulleylove, Mr. Albert Goodwin, and Sir Wyke Bayliss, speak, who is there that shall speak with equal authority to-day? — interesting less by their architecture than by their hues and their illuminations, and their accidents and accessories; the ornaments about the altar, the wreath of flowers that encircle the figure of a saint, the bit of heraldic glass that recalls Nuremburg, the sacred piece hoisted above the altar: the banner, it may be, or perhaps only the pink cushion, or the little green curtain that gives privacy to the box of the confessional. At Rothenburg, as well as at Nuremburg itself, Mr. James went in for very serious draughtsman's study of statues in their niches, of the traceried wall, of plate upon the altar, of this and that little detail, of which the treatment remained broad while it became finished. At Nuremburg—to name two, that for excellent reasons I remember—admirable is the broad and luminousness, picturesqueness of his interiors of the Kaiser Kapelle and of St. Sebald. At Rothenburg, as far as simple architecture is concerned, what a variety lay before him! And yet from all its richness and variety he turned now and then to paint the humble window of the little *bourgeois* or little tradespeople's house: the window-sill with its few pots of green-leaved and blossoming flowers, seen, some of them, against the brown-red shutter; fragile fuchsia, and healthy geranium, and that puce flower you know so well, and its name eludes you — does it?—for the moment.

But whether Francis James is occupied with flower painting, or with church interiors of Germany or of the Eastern Riviera, or with landscape pieces, or with studies of the village shop, it is always the same spirit of broad interpretation that dominates

"GROCER'S SHOP AT BEWDLEY" FROM A WATER-COLOUR BY F. E. JAMES

"NEAR ASOLO" FROM A WATER-COLOUR BY F. E. JAMES

"AUTUMN, ASOLO" FROM A WATER-COLOUR BY F. E. JAMES

his work. Its business is to recall an impression—artistic always, whether beautiful or quaint—it is not generally its business to be imitative, strictly imitative, of actual object or scene. Quite an infinity of detail is pleasantly suggested by that drawing of the *Grocer's Shop at Bewdley*—the post office of the country town—and just as much by *Shop Front, Bewdley*, which shows us the deep bow-window of Mr. Bryan, the bookseller; a background before which some quiet figure out of Jane Austen might conceivably have passed. But it is not obtruded. If you peer closely into the paper, it is not actually and dryly made out. In a sense, *il n'y a rien*. Stand away a little, and then again *il y a tout*.

But, of course, Mr. James's preoccupation with a quaint little world of the provinces, whose combinations of colour, as he here shows us them, are curious rather than lovely—that preoccupation of his, I say, is occasional rather than constant; and we shall never therefore take his measure by an inspection of work like this. Some quaint line it possesses, and to the interest of quaint, as well as of lovely, combinations of line, Francis James is quite alive. But it is where the combinations of line may be lovely—where they may have their highest quality herein—and yet more where with beautiful line there must (to do justice to the theme) be associated beautiful colour; it is here that Mr. James is most characteristic. *Autumn, Asolo*, shows this to some extent; and so do other landscapes in which the world to which he has addressed himself, whether of Lombard or Venetian plateau or Alpine height, is dealt with with intrepidity. But it is to churches and flowers—or sometimes to the interiors of drawing-rooms or bedrooms lived in by tasteful people, and full therefore of objects that must gratify the eye in their happy union—it is to churches and flowers in the main, and most of all flowers, that we must come back, to find Mr. James quite at his most exquisite, quite at his most characteristic.

Perhaps it is hardly possible nowadays to paint flowers without submitting to some extent to the influence of the Japanese. From them, whatever else you learn, you learn freedom of treatment and a concentration upon essentials. The limitations of Japanese art it does not happen just now to be the fashion to recognise; though every one who is really educated—every one who has at his fingers' ends the Classics of art, the immense achievements of Europe from Holbein to Turner—must know of these limitations and must feel them. That does not prevent the perception of the value of those things which Japanese art (among the arts of other peoples indeed) has had some capacity for teaching us. And when Mr. James makes his pink and white roses trail over the paper, with tints so pale and delicate, I think of the Japanese. I think of these much less when he sets a whole posy—a whole group at least—in a tumbler, and has his massive colour, his rich, great colour, his fearless juxtapositions. And then, perhaps,

"SAN PIETRO IN GRADO." FROM A WATER-COLOUR BY F. E. JAMES

"INTERIOR OF TAGLIA COZZO"

FROM A WATER-COLOUR BY F. E. JAMES

with the Japanese influence not lost altogether, but still mainly subdued not displayed at all, and scarcely even insinuated do I rejoice in Francis James at his best.

Among painters, water-colour painters, Francis James is the poet of flowers, as Van Huysum, it may be two hundred years ago was their prose chronicler. The public knows Van Huysum best by his work in oils. The amateur of noble prints knows him best by Earlom's two splendid translations of him into the medium of mezzotint. But the not less rare connoisseur of the fine drawings of a past period knows him by water-colour sketches, such as those possessed by the department of prints and drawings at the British Museum. And as there are moments, moods, opportunities, when men apparently far apart get nearer together, so, just and now again by Van Huysum's practice in water-colour by his pure sketching in that medium the gulf that separates him from Francis James is, not bridged indeed, but narrowed. The moment Van Huysum passes beyond the pure sketch, the perhaps even rapid study, something that is of the nature of the artificial, of intentional and obvious intricacy, begins to assert itself. Now with the delightful artist of the day whose eulogium, as I trust, I am slowly making, that is never the case.

Francis James's feeling for flowers is, in some sense, akin to a woman's instinctive fondness for everybody's children. He has joy in their mere life. And it is their life that he paints. And he paints them in their own atmosphere the sunlight heightening so the key of their colour, or a little rain perhaps has fallen and their life is refreshed. Had the rain fallen when Van Huysum painted them, the drop would have glistened on the petal: the perfection of the imitation of it is what we might have been asked, first of all, to see and admire. But it is not their accidental condition that Francis James imitates. It is their splendid vigour or exquisite freshness see, for instance, this noble primula with its deep glowing, slightly mauvish reds and its enriched green leaves: in its condition, a very bridegroom coming out of his chamber.

Amongst flowers, Francis James, I find, is universal in his loves. He does not swear fidelity to the rose or he does not swear the particular fidelity which is only exclusiveness. In every garden, every greenhouse, every season of the year, he has (to use the sailor simile) "a wife in every port." He is as various in his appreciations of the beloved and the admirable as is a young man by Mr. Thomas Hardy. Primula, tulip, rose, pelargonium, and then the hundred orchids having thanked one of them for its beauty, and profited by it, he turns with happy expectation to another. Nor does disappointment await him.

One little confidence, made to me long ago, I recollect, I propose, before I finish this article, ruthlessly to break. Mr. James destroys many drawings. He strangles the ill-begotten. He pronounces with severity judgment upon his creations. He assists the fittest to survive. Three or four

years back he was wrestling manfully with the treatment of the orchid. No one, I think, had really treated the orchid before then. Since then, in oils, Mr. William Gale, in a group of works too little known, has treated it with unequal, of course, yet often with remarkable skill. But when Mr. James had drawn at Sanders's nursery—during several months' sojourn at St. Alban's to that end—orchids of every kind, great was the massacre of the Innocents. We were permitted afterwards to see the successes; the failures had been done away with. This is characteristic, and that is why I record it. People who observe flowers, and do not only buy them, will not be astonished that when this happened most—this severe review and condemnation—it was orchids, orchids only, that were in question. And this for several reasons. Some are beautiful, but some are ugly, almost morbid indeed—things for the delectation of Des Esseintes, the too neurotic hero of M. Huysman's *A Rebours*: scarcely for folk whom mere strangeness may not fascinate. And then again, the extreme intricacy of the forms of some of them tells in two ways against their employment as subjects for a painter. It is not only—it is not so much—that their intricacy adds to the difficulty of correctness; it is rather that it adds to the difficulty of their comprehension by the spectator of Mr. James's, or of anybody else's, drawing. The public knows the rose and the geranium—it knows, besides, two score of flowers of English garden and hedge-row. But the intricacy of the orchid is, as yet, an unfamiliar intricacy, and it is infinitely various, and therefore though the painting of the orchid in Mr. James's pure water-colour was an experiment interesting and courageous, and within reasonable limits successful, that work was but one phase, and far from the most important one, of a career and of a talent full already of individuality, distinction, charm.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

STUDIO-TALK.

(*From our own Correspondents.*)

COPENHAGEN.—In everyday life exclusiveness is a snobbish and undesirable commodity; in art and kindred matters it is, rightly interpreted, the reverse. The charm of anything upon which the eye is intended to feast, a stylish room, a collection of art-objects, or suchlike, lies not only in what there is, but also in what there is not. It was an objection to the Copenhagen Exhibition of International Art, that it did not possess this latter passive charm, and it would have gained much by a more stringent weeding process. The golden rule of little but good, rather than much and moderate, applies doubly to international expositions of art, where considerations of a mere local or even national nature are forced into the background. This the Stockholm people had recognised much more readily; besides, they were earlier in the field, and it is not given to every country to have, for her figure-head in art matters, a man, who is not only a born prince, but also a born artist. On paper, however, the Copenhagen Exhibition was eminently representative, although too many great names were found on pictures utterly unworthy to bear them.

The latter reproach applied less perhaps to England than to other countries. That this was so arose partly out of the good sense shown by several painters who sent good reproductions of their best works in preference to moderate originals. It is pleasant for a lover of England and her art to be able to place on record the fact that in Copenhagen, as elsewhere on the Continent, English art is every year commanding more attention and respect. Most of the English pictures had been seen in public exhibitions in England, and there is no need therefore to enlarge upon them here. It will suffice to say that amongst the works of British artists which attracted the greatest amount of attention were Alfred East's *Meadow in the Midlands*, Byam Shaw's *Whither*, H. H. La Thangue's *In a Garden*, T. Blake Wirgmann's *Elsa and the Wild Swans*, Solomon J. Solomon's *Good Health!* and a fresh and breezy seascape by Henry Moore.

The German section seemed with that of England to possess the most distinct mark of nationality. It was some years ago the fashion to hold that they could not paint in Germany, but this, assuredly, is no longer so; there is now intense depth and earnestness evidenced in German art, occasionally coupled with a certain national sentimentality; but none the less interesting and certainly none the less German for that. The roll of German exhibits was a long one, and comprised a number of well-known names.

Hans Thoma had amongst his pictures at least one done in quite his happiest manner. He is so unmistakably German, imbued with that homely warmth and simplicity which are still to be met with in Germany. Of his double portrait of himself and his wife nothing but good can be said; there is something so amiable, so convincing, so

thorough in these two likenesses, with their old-time directness, and with which the Thoma frame, with its profusion of homely flowers, harmonises so admirably.

An out-and-out excellent portrait was Professor Max Koner's *The Emperor William II.*; the likeness and the *technique* were both thoroughly sound and reliable. There were a large number of *genre* and figure paintings in the good old trusty German style, of which it must suffice to mention a few: Fritz Fleischer's *Devotion*, Carl Gussow's *Peasant from Schwarzwald*, Carlos Grethe's *Sailors' Stories*, Hugo Oehnichen's *Home Devotion*, Felix Parsart's *Holy Communion*, Ludvig Dettmann's *Work* (a large centre picture with two wings), Ferdinand Brütt's *At the Railway Station*, and Wilhelm Trübner's *Giants at Fight*, &c.

Compared with the French section, that of Germany contained but little of the nude, although more than of yore. Wilhelm Müller's *Melancholy Melodies* was simple and pleasing, both in lines and colour. Max Pietschmann's *Adam and Eve* was graceful in the arrangement of the contours of the figures, the position of which was original and expressive. Hans Looschen's *Sancta Elisabeth* was naive, but restful in colour with its subdued green, blue, and white tints. Of land and sea scapes there were many, of which no small portion suffered from an exaggerated love for effect at the expense of other virtues.

There was also quite an interesting section for "American art." Charles Sprague Pearce had three good pictures, large figures in landscape, of which one or two, although they bore testimony enough and to spare of coming from the land of the Seine, also called to mind some of Edelfeldt's pictures. He tells his stories in a natural, sympathetic manner, there is nothing *outré* about the *technique*, and the colours are simple and harmonious. Whistler's *Miss Rosa Corder* was also on view, and of course attracted a large amount of attention.

Julian Story's *Portrait*, without possessing any exceptional merit as a portrait, was pretty and stylish, the colours throughout the canvas being cleverly and tastefully blended. Walter MacEwen's *Returning from Work* should also be mentioned, and Edwin Lord Weeks's *The Last Journey (Benares)*, for its mere dimensions and the work it has entailed, should not be passed by, and it is a very good and effective picture to boot. Eugène Vail's *On the Thames* was a

H.I.M. THE EMPEROR WILLIAM II. BY PROFESSOR MAX KONER

A STUDY BY WAKO BUKOVAC

extremely clever pictures, but there was nothing, to use a word much in vogue on the Continent, "monumental" about it, no classic work worthy of the best French painters. That this was so was plainly demonstrated by the fact that the place of honour was given to Bonnat's *Idyl*, too well known, no doubt, also on the other side of the Channel, to require any comment.

Rather clever in conception was Mme. Breton's *The Mistletoe* (page 271). There was something cold and chaste in this spare maiden with which the whole tone of the picture harmonised. Of other figure-paintings may be mentioned Jean Paul Laurens's *Hostages*, which possessed a certain style; Breton's *Christmas Eve*, a pleasantly rendered little episode; Berton's *Somnolency*, Lerolle's *Interior*, Merson's *The Annunciation*, the latter of which belong to a more advanced school. Place-Canton's *The Old Harbour at Marseilles* was a very fine picture, with excellent striking picture, unnecessarily black, perhaps, on the whole, but giving much of the work-a-day individuality of the great river. Last, but not least, Harrison's *Marines* should have that tribute paid them which they so fully deserve.

Of French pictures, there were close upon one hundred and twenty, and as a result they were unduly crowded, to the detriment of many and the disadvantage of most. The collection was not by any means a bad one, for there were many excellent or, at any rate,

PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF AND WIFE BY HANS THOMA

"A CLOUD" BY CHARLES SPRAGUE PEARCE

light in it, but otherwise marines and landscapes were rather scarce. Henry Harpignies had, however, a fine restful *Autumn Evening on the Loire.*

A small country, which sent far better pictures than one would have expected from this out-of-the-way corner, is Croatia. It was, certainly, only a collection of about a score of paintings, by eight or nine painters, but they were quite a characteristic and very well painted set, gay, not to say gorgeous, colouring predominating. Wako Bukovac sent half-a-dozen pictures, of which a large canvas, *Long Live the King!* was too crowded and restless and wanting in atmosphere; much better was his *Study* (reproduced here), in which the flesh is charmingly done, and, although it is soft and dainty in colouring, the plastic effect is all one can desire. He also had a good portrait, although somewhat brown in tone. G. B.

DÜSSELDORF.—The International Exhibition of Lithography organised at the Industrial Art Museum is exciting the utmost interest, not only on account of the abundance of the display, which is on a scale never before seen in Germany, but also from its intrinsic artistic merits. The "Historical Section" alone comprises several rooms. It contains many very clever and earnest works, honestly executed. The most prominent exhibits in this department are by Adolf Menzel, of whom there is nothing fresh to be said. The large collection of the play-bills of the "Malkasten" club is very interesting and amusing, the productions being full of humour and admirable in point of *technique*. There is no need, however, to describe them in detail; and the same remark applies to the second section—that of the

"MELANCHOLY MELODIE" BY WILHELM MÜLLER

"Modern Posters." Nearly all the masters in this branch of art are here represented, including Chéret, Mucha, Grasset, Steinlen, Toulouse Lautrec, Vallatton, Boutet de Monvel, Dudley Hardy, the Brothers Beggarstaff, Will Bradley, Aubrey Beardsley, Rhead, Stuck, Sattler, and many others.

THE STUDIO has on many occasions discussed these works, so we may turn without hesitation to the third, or "Modern" section. This has been so plentifully filled from the various art centres of the Continent and abroad that I must needs confine myself to noting the most striking examples displayed.

Among the German art cities Karlsruhe deserves to take the first place. It is quite a pleasure to see these sympathetic landscapes by Kampmann or H. v. Volkmann. Great skill in composition, a powerful and healthy colouring, and bold, accurate drawing, distinguish the works of Kalkreuth, Weiss, Gamper, Daur and Wulff; and there is great charm in the delicately conceived fairy-like scenes of Franz Hein, in Von Heyne's picture of the angel-children playing by the brook, and in the treatment of the sailor-folk of Carlos Grethe.

From Berlin Ismael Gentz has sent his characteristic portraits of eminent contemporaries, and Hans Fechner a number of well-drawn and artistically-treated studies of heads. In contrast to other nations, the Germans show a great inclination for story-telling. This we realise before the much-discussed works of Hans Thoma, and the charming compositions of Willy Sus and Steinhausen of Frankfort. Dresden, also, where, as in Karlsruhe, an energetic revulsion against cheap and tawdry art has recently been noticeable, is copiously represented. The eye is at once attracted by the masterly studies of heads by Hans Unger, by the fearsome and fantastic compositions of Hans Luhrig, the finely observed animal and bird studies of Muller, the landscapes of Mediz, and the productions of Starke, Pelikan, Ritter and Graf.

Dusseldorf follows worthily in the wake of the other German art centres. The animal pictures by C. Kroner, the Biblical studies by Fritz Rober, the earnest Dutch landscapes by Eugen Kampf, and the battle-scenes by Erich Mattschass, appeal to us in no uncertain tones. Olof Ternberg also contributes landscapes of great power. Arthur Kampf, whose pictures are marked by masterly draughtsmanship and keen observation, gives us scenes from the life of the working classes, and other highly interesting works, in which his artistic manner finds eloquent expression.

An entire wall is covered by the productions of the talented artist, Alexander Franz, the delicate illustrator of Chamberlain's work on Richard Wagner. What abundant fancy and humour are displayed in his varied scenes of maritime life and story, notably those bearing the respective titles of *Die Eitelkeit*, *Der Jungling am Abgrund* and *Cantate!* What deep solemnity in *Der Verbrecher im Jenseits*, and *Reue!* What lovely charm, what beauty of line, what delicate poetry in *Das Urthiel von Paris*, *Am Morgen*, and others! Here we have an artist of rare versatility, great creative power, rich and ever-changing fancy, and remarkable poetic perception.

"ADAM AND EVE" BY MAX PIETSCHMANN

(*See Copenhagen Studio-Talk*)

"THE MISTLETOE" BY MADAME VIRGINIE BRETON
(*See Copenhagen Studio-Talk*)

Munich is represented by some charming, lightly sketched lithographs, graceful figures of women in elegant *toilettes*, by Burger; also by lithographs in the old German style by Franz Naager; and by excellent works by Hans von Heiden, Hartmann, and particularly by the genial O. Greiner. I have no hesitation in declaring that the works of the latter, which have lately acquired great popularity, notably his *Die Sirenen* and his *Widmung an Arnold Boecklin*, are among the finest creations of German art. Accuracy of drawing, close study of nature, and a thorough sense of form, go hand in hand with a powerful imagination.

Foreign exhibitors, chiefly to be found in the first section, have likewise sent an abundance of highly interesting work. England is most effectively represented by Walter Crane and Shannon, whose fame is quite beyond dispute. Holland's chief representatives are Jan Veth, with his masterly character heads, wonderful in observation and perfect in drawing, and the works (already discussed in THE STUDIO) of Storm van Gravesande. The work sent from Paris is simply overpowering, both in quantity and in artistic worth. I greatly regret that, owing to want of space, I am quite unable to do justice to each artist as he deserves. Several masters, such as Blanche, Ribot, Jeanniot, Wagner, Helleu, Boutet de Monvel, Lantin Latour, Gandara, de Feure, Moreau Nelaton, Steinlen, and Veber, are so well known that I shall be pardoned if I only mention their names; and I must perforce devote but a few lines to the others, among whom the most notable are De Groux, with his sad, fantastic style; Eugène Carrière, who contributes some wonderfully effective studies of heads; and Lunois, whose works form quite the *clou* of the Exhibition. A special chapter on modern art history might be written in connection with him. No artist before him has treated the lithographic stone as he has. With their sumptuous colours glowing on the walls, hang his *Spanish Dancers*, his *soirée* scenes, his *Minuet*, his *Danse*, his graceful studies of women, his ballet and theatre scenes, and others beside. I shall best express my admiration of this master when I say he is the real discoverer of the hitherto undisclosed charm of lithography, whose dormant beauty he has called to life.

The visitor leaves this vast and highly interesting Exhibition, which appeals so powerfully to us all, with the feeling that it has been reserved for the artists of to-day to breathe life into lithography, and to raise it to the rank of a real, independent art. "S."

BRUSSELS. The monument to Jules Anspach has recently been unveiled here. Anspach was the burgomaster of Brussels who, a quarter of a century ago, transformed the city, and, among other improvements, constructed the new central *boulevards*. The work was entrusted to M. Janlet, the architect, and M. P. Devigne, the sculptor, but the illness of the latter delayed matters, and eventually the sculptural part of the memorial had to be divided among several artists.

The chief defect in the monument is its want of unity, which is not surprising, seeing how many hands have been engaged upon it. The general scheme is M. Janlet's. The low reliefs in white marble, showing Anspach in profile and a female figure symbolising the river Senne, were executed by M. Aerts from models prepared by M. Devigne. The two side figures in bronze are by M. J. Dillens, and the St. Michael in gilded bronze, which crowns the memorial, is the work of M. Braecke, after M. Devigne's design. M. Braecke also did the bronze masks for the upper basin; and the six bronze chimeras (somewhat over-contorted) on the chief basin are by M. Devreese. The use of all this white marble, bronze, gilded bronze, blue and grey stone and red Norwegian granite, produces an effect of richness somewhat too glaring at present, perhaps, and needing time to tone it down.

The new album published by the Brussels Society of Aquafortists is one of the best in this most interesting collection. There is a notable improvement in the plates generally, and some of them, particularly those by MM. Baertsoen and Rassenfosse, are truly remarkable.

The beautiful "Fontaine des Chimères" by the sculptor Vander Stappen, which adorned the great central basin at the Brussels Exhibition, is not to remain in the state originally projected. The Government has decided that its final form shall be in bronze.

M. Rosseels, the well-known landscapist, and head of the Academy of Fine Arts at Termonde, has given an exhibition of his work in the Salle Verlat, at Antwerp. He is among those Belgian landscape-painters who have been most strongly opposed to the romantic, bituminous school, and certainly some of his canvases are excellent examples of a sincere treatment of nature.

The Salon of the Water-colour Society has been tastefully arranged as usual, and the general effect is distinguished by what we call *tenue*, or style. There were numerous abstentions among the members of the society, but for all that the exhibitors and the regular "guests" once more display their customary skill; while the public appear to greet their old favourites as cordially as ever.

Among the new names one notes that of Mr. C. W. Bartlett, whose touch and colouring, especially his yellow and red ochres, are strongly suggestive of Brangwyn. M. Jungmann also attracts attention. His brushwork recalls the work of Raffaelli about fifteen years ago.

The English school is represented by two productions of Professor Herkomer, one of which, a portrait miniature, reveals very skilful work; some

"THE SNOWDROP" BY PER HASSELBERG
(*See Stockholm Studio-Talk*)

shimmering sea-pieces by Miss Clara Montalba; landscapes of fine effect and velvety colouring by Mr. Nisbet; and a fanciful submarine study, cleverly executed, by Mr. Weguelin. One can only hope the contingent of English water-colourists may each year become more numerous, in order to

show the superiority of honest, careful work over that known as "powerful" or "striking," which, oftener than not, is simply a disguise for ignorance of drawing and trickiness of execution. F. K.

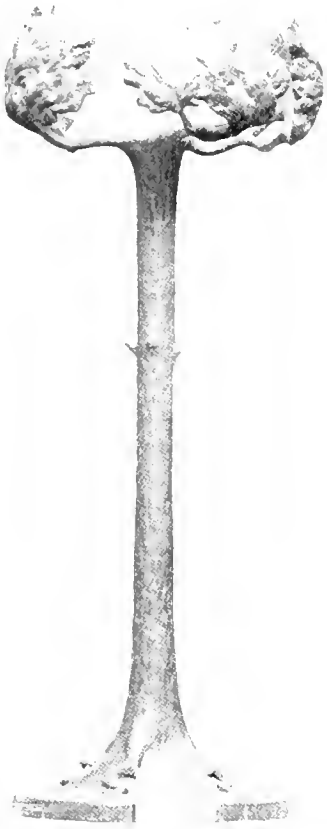
POTTERY BY ALF WALLANDER

STOCKHOLM.—In an article in THE STUDIO for October 1897, the greatest sculptor of Sweden, Per Hasselberg, who died three years ago in the prime of life, was mentioned. I should like, however, to give some further details of the work of this artist, and I am pleased to be able to refer to *The Snowdrop*, which is recognised as his principal work, and was the first that placed him prominently before the public when he sent it home from Paris, where he had lived for years in poverty. In this beautiful life-size statue, which belongs to the National Museum at Stockholm, the artist has given form to all that is most charming in woman—innocence of heart and purity of mind. The drooping snowdrops at her feet are not whiter than her soul, expressed in every line, in every curve of her graceful body, which makes us think of the power of the Greeks in filling marble with the sublime repose of a refined soul. In his works in marble and bronze, Per Hasselberg has left his country an inheritance which ought to bear abundant fruit for generations to come.

SCREEN. "NIGHT DEW AND SUN RAYS" BY A. ANDERSON

Much of the imagination observable in Mr. Hasselberg's works is also traceable in the ceramics of Mr. Wallander, the principal feature of whose art is a keen observation of the poetry of nature, combined with a very skilful handling of his material. Various kinds of flowers,

such as thistles, poppies, chrysanthemums, and iris, as well as pine-branches and mountain-ash, are the objects he principally makes use of to decorate his vases, bowls, and lamps. Especially charming is the ability of this artist to make his material give illusion of the movement of water, and his mermaids



FLOOR LAMP BY MISS BONNIER

are most delicately modelled and seem to glide along the waves.

In applied art Sweden has hitherto been poor. Some recent work, however, is very promising, notably that by Mr. Anderson and by Miss Bonnier; the former gives life to the old dream-world of the north in which the elves play a prominent part, their dance represented by the hazy mists of the evening; the latter has shown in a bronze lamp representing a pine-tree, as well as in a candlestick cleverly ornamented with flames, that she is well fitted to enrich a line of art to which artists and the public in Sweden have paid too little attention.

S. F.

PARIS.—The fifteenth annual exhibition of the International Society of Painting and Sculpture has opened at George Petit's gallery. There is nothing particularly new to signalise, but much of the work displayed is nevertheless full of interest.

Among the foreign artists the most notable exhibitors are Mr. Whistler, with a deeply artistic little panel, *Fitzroy Street*; M. Fritz Thaulow, still remarkable for his water effects; M. Albert Baertsoen, who seems to have broadened his style, while retaining all the delicacy and the feeling which characterise his work; M. Claus, somewhat more powerfully represented than he was last year; M. Grimelund, with his truthful and refined Dutch landscapes; also Mr. Humphreys-Johnston, Mr. J. W. Alexander, and Mr. F. Brangwyn. Of the latter it were superfluous to speak in terms of praise in the pages of THE STUDIO. He displays on this occasion a beautiful and masterly piece of subdued colouring.

As for the Frenchmen, we have M. Le Sidaner, delicate and subtle as ever; M. Lucien Simon, who shows himself once more a portraitist of the highest order; M. Eugène Vail, with his *Calme du Soir*; M. Le Gout-Gérard; and M. Charles Cottet, to whose work I must devote a few words. His study for the *Vieux Cheval sur la Lande*, the picture exhibited this year at the Champ de Mars, displays the artist's rare gifts both as painter and as observer—his extreme skill in expressing the sorrowful side of things. Nothing could be more touching than the weary, motionless attitude of this old animal, standing among the scanty grass, with the storm raging around him, and the leaden skies rolling in heavy masses over the sea. A piece of still-life by the same artist shows extraordinary flexibility of treatment and richness of material. But M. Cottet appears really at his best in his three landscape scenes from the Haute-Savoie, forming part of a large series brought back by the artist after his stay in that district during the summer of this year. This is fine strong work, with a keen love of nature impregnating every stroke of it, broad in treatment, with no regard for mere petty technical effects, and full of beauty and lofty expression.

The "Exposition des 6" has just been opened at the Galerie des Artistes Modernes, 19 Rue Caumartin. The "Six"—namely, MM. Félix Aubert, Alexandre Charpentier, J. Dampt, Moreau-Nélaton,

Charles Plumet, and Tony Selmersheim—show some of the decorative art work they have produced this year. I must content myself for the present with this bare mention of the opening of a most interesting display, to which I hope shortly to devote a fully illustrated article, such as shall tell the readers of THE STUDIO something more of the personality of these artists, with whom they are already to a certain extent acquainted; for they are among the leaders in the French decorative art movement

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M. Charles Hésèle, the publisher of engravings and prints, of 13 Rue Laffitte, has lately issued a very curious series of dry-points by Mlle. A. Desaille. They are studies of women and young girls in various attitudes, and reveal the utmost suppleness of line-work, added to a truly exquisite sense of art. Perhaps they have the demerit—if demerit it be—of suggesting at times the manner of that incomparable artist, Paul Helleu. But be that as it may, Mlle. Desaille's work has quite enough originality and sincerity to deserve close attention and admiration.

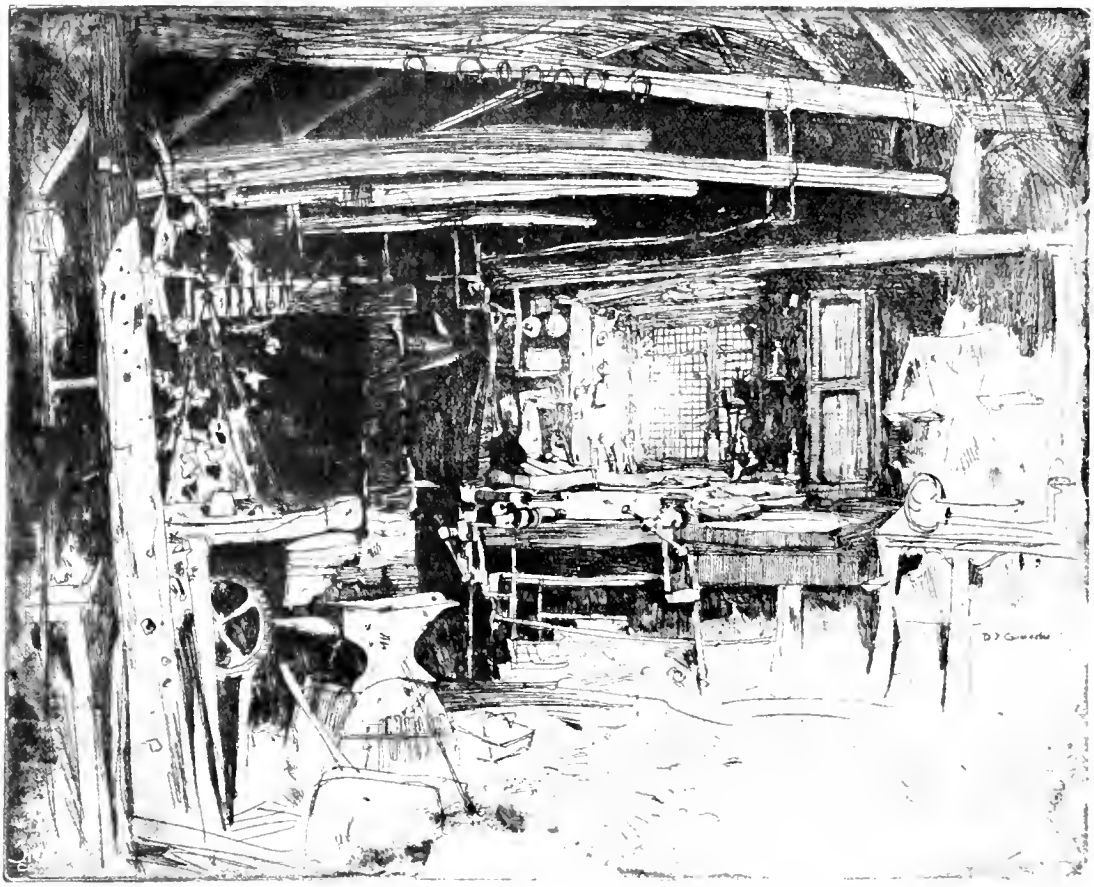
The same firm published not long ago three new etchings by M. Jeanniot, draughtsman, wood engraver, lithographer, and aquafortist in one. They are called *La Robe à Fleurs*, *Confidence*, and *Au bord de l'Eau*, and one is glad to find they contain full evidence of M. Jeanniot's well-known qualities—masterly workmanship, keenness of vision, and power of expression. These three charming plates are thoroughly characteristic and altogether worthy of their author.

I referred some time ago in these columns to an etching in colours by M. Houdard, as showing the genuine stamp of the artist and working engraver. Etching in colours is a branch of art for which M. Houdard shows a decided preference, and it is one in which he excels. Some of his plates recently published seem to me to be full of interest. They consist of landscapes, sunsets, night effects, flowers, and decorative studies, and are most fascinating in colouring and in design. *Sur la Bresle, au Tréport; Moulins à Dordrecht; Ancienne Jetée du Tréport; Grenouilles et Roseaux*—to name a few among many—are most meritorious productions.

"A LADY OF HOLLAND" FROM AN ETCHING BY D. Y. CAMERON
(*See London Studio-Talk*)

M. Arthur Jacquin, whose dry-points and etchings are well known to all collectors of engravings, has for some time past been trying his hand at decorative work in copper. The productions of his I have seen are very original and simple in shape—which in itself is the rarest of qualities. They consist of ash-pans, full-bellied pots with lids, cups and vases in beaten copper, with charming oxydations produced by firing and the use of acids. Here and there he will distribute his ornamentations—his silver, his gold, and his other tints—without robbing the material itself, the original copper, of its own individuality.

Another notable piece of work from his hand is



"THE WORKSHOP" FROM AN ETCHING BY D. Y. CAMERON

a waist-belt buckle in worked silver, very pretty in design and executed in quite characteristic style. G. M.

LONDON—The office of President of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours is second only in importance to the Presidentship of the Royal Academy. It can be held only by a man of real eminence in the world of art, and distinguishes its possessor as an artist of note and a leader whose influence is widely acknowledged. Therefore it is easily understood that a great deal of interest should have been felt in the election of a successor to Sir John Gilbert, who had for so many years presided over the society. The general opinion was that the claims of Professor Herkomer, who has, in the position of Deputy-President, given every proof of his rare executive ability and sound judgment in questions of art politics, would prove irresistible, and that he would be chosen to lead the society for which he has done so much. But the actual voting proved that he had a strong opponent in Mr. E. A. Waterlow, one of the cleverest and most popular of living landscape painters, who had so large a following that on the first voting he was able to tie with his competitor. The Professor refusing to exercise his right as acting President to give a casting vote, a second ballot was necessary, and in this Mr. Waterlow gained a majority of one. Both artists are to be heartily congratulated—Mr. Waterlow on his election, and Professor Herkomer on the generosity which led him to refuse to take an advantage to which he was fully entitled.

The winter exhibition of the Royal Water-Colour Society was in some respects less important than usual. It suffered from the comparative absence of work of real distinction, and from a lack of variety in the material brought together. The best things were the landscapes of Mr. R. W. Allan,

finely handled and strongly expressed transcripts of nature; the sea pieces of Mr. Napier Hemy; an exquisite twilight effect, *Bisle*, by Mr. Albert Goodwin; a fine decorative composition, *On the Tiber*, by Mr. Robert Little; a pleasant nude study, *The Nymph's Lost Playmates*, by Mr. J. R. Weguelin; two delightful little portraits of *John Parker, Esq.*, and *E. A. Goodall, Esq.*, by Professor Herkomer; Mr. A. E. Emslie's *Farewell Summer*, and a most masterly drawing, *Vain Waiting*, by Sir Edward Burne-Jones. Most of the other contributors sufficiently well maintained the accustomed level of their work, but attempted nothing in the way of new departures.

The etched work of Mr. D. Y. Cameron has been already the subject of articles in THE STUDIO, therefore in a notice of an exhibition lately on view at Gutekunst's Gallery, St. James's, it would be absurd to attempt to re-estimate the position of the artist. Accepted as a master by those best qualified to judge, his place is assured. The collection included fifty works, some shown in London for the first time, and one not catalogued, a very large plate of *Holyrood in 1741*, issued to its subscribers by the Art Union of Scotland as its presentation print for 1895 96. The very rare etching of *A Lowland River*, a dry point which exists only in six proofs, showed the earlier manner of the artist. Many of the Clyde set were in evidence as examples of his middle period, and certain Venetian and French subjects revealed his later handling. Among this *Dieppe Castle* was a notable triumph, not less for the beauty of its actual line than for the splendid disposition of its masses. A rare "second state" of *The Monastery* was another memorable print. A delightfully "decorative" subject, *The Unicorn, Stirling*, showed Mr. Cameron in the manner which he has invented and made his own. *Une Cour, Rue Ampère*; *A Venetian Convent*; *Tintoretto's House, Venice*; and the *Porta del Molo, Genoa*, come to mind on a reperusal of the catalogue as among the most striking. Yet all these come second to *The Workshop*, a really marvellous achievement in technique—art that, with no fascination of subject, by its vigour detains one at first sight, and will in all probability keep its place among the famous etchings of the world. The great charm of this etching is peculiar to itself; no reproduction can do more than suggest its real power. *A Lady of Holland*, reproduced on page 277, also tempts one to superlatives; but to single out any of Mr. Cameron's best plates is likely to upset the proportions of a short notice of fifty. Only those who have succumbed to the fascination exercised by the rare quality of the bitten line, or the still more sumptuous colour of a dry point, can understand the ecstasy which a fine impression of a masterpiece in either method arouses in a real lover of the craft. It is a combination of artistry and artifice, the product of a vivid imagination controlled by stern mechanical limits. Nothing is more easy than a second rate attempt, nothing more difficult than a masterpiece. For the line—the line only, and nothing but the line—is the problem, and when such a task is mastered easily, a world of experts satiated with good things is reawakened to new surprise, as though no such achievement had ever been accomplished before. Some delightful water colours by Miss K. Cameron, R.S.W., shown in the same gallery, must await notice until later.

REVIEWS OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Modern Architecture. By H. H. STATHAM. (London: Chapman & Hall.)—The chief fault in this book is that the subject is far too vast for the space at its author's disposal. Ecclesiastical, state and municipal, domestic and street architecture, to take the principal sections, might each supply material for volumes infinitely larger than this. So, too, the illustrations, admirably chosen, are reduced to a scale that often fails to convey a due sense of their importance. The editor of *The Builder* is so peculiarly fitted for the task that one regrets he has limited himself to ineffective proportions, which are more suited to the spoken lecture than to a book of reference. However, as a rapid and somewhat desultory sketch from the hands of one singularly well-equipped, the book must perforce keep its place on one's shelves until others come amplifying the skeleton here given to more vital dimensions, and devoting volumes to the subject of each chapter.

The Nude in Art. A collection of Forty-five Photogravures reproduced from Original Paintings. With an Introduction by CLARENCE LANSING. (London: H. S. Nichols.)—This volume may be taken as a characteristic instance of the common failure to bring profession and practice into reasonable agreement. The preface asserts that the mission of the book is a high and noble one, and its aim to offer the best examples of what is refined, noble, and pure in art. Attention is also called to the fact that in its pages the highest standard of merit and morality is maintained. It

is disappointing therefore to find that the forty-five illustrations are indifferent plates, poorly printed, after pictures which for the most part glorify the merely physical attractiveness of the female nude rather than its dignity and æsthetic charm. About a quarter of them are simply suggestive juxtapositions of nude and clothed figures, artists at work in the studio, drunken revellers, barbaric conquerors gloating over living spoils, classic voluptuaries appraising the value of a fine piece of feminine flesh, and the like; and the rest are with few exceptions the decorative fancies of those foreign painters who prefer the undressed figure to the unconscious nude. Without the preface the pictures might have passed for what they are—commonplace reproductions of unwisely selected works; but the contrast between Mr. Lansing's lofty language and moral quotations and many of the plates themselves makes the book, as a whole, unpleasant. It is not in this way that the assertion of the study of the figure as the noblest occupation for the artist is to be made.

The Ceramics of Swansea and Nantgarw. By WILLIAM TURNER, F.S.S. (London: Bemrose & Sons, Ltd.)—To collectors of British porcelain, this work will doubtless be welcome. It contains evidences of much painstaking research into the history of the factories and the biographies of those artists who helped so materially to render famous in their time the wares they decorated. No expense has been spared by the publishers in the illustration of the volume. Chromolithography, collotype, and other processes of reproduction have been lavishly employed, and the presentment of the book is in all respects admirable.

Portrait Miniatures. By GEORGE C. WILLIAMSON, Litt.D. (London: George Bell & Sons.) Price 12*s.* 6*d.* net.—The many evidences which exist of a revival of the art of miniature portrait painting make the appearance of this volume an opportune one. While it is more particularly addressed to collectors, dealing as it does with a history of the art from the time of Holbein (1531) to that of Sir William Ross (1860), the artist or amateur painter will find in it much of value to him in the conduct of his work. It is profusely illustrated from photographs of notable examples; and although the absence of colour is keenly felt in many of the reproductions, enough of the beauty of the originals is still preserved to render them an essential addition to the text.

Thomas Gainsborough. By MRS. ARTHUR BELL. (London: George Bell & Sons.) 25*s.* net.—It is curious to realise that Gainsborough has so long waited an adequate monograph. Despite the fact that but few details of his uneventful life have survived, Mrs. Bell has woven them into a charming record full of pleasant gossip which helps to set her hero in the atmosphere of his time. Yet a painter's work is his best memorial, and it is in no sense derogatory to an admirable piece of biography to say that the fifty-eight illustrations are the real treasures of the book. The one of *Orpin, the Parish Clerk*, here reproduced, is a fair sample of these pictures. In this Mrs. Bell says aptly, "Gainsborough achieved something of the effect he aimed at in vain in his [never-finished] Shakespeare; for the fine old face is lit up by an immediate ray darting down upon the head raised in reverent meditation." Very beautiful portraits of *Lady Mulgrave* and the *Hon. Mrs. Graham*, and the best reproduction of *The Blue Boy* we have yet seen, are among the six photogravures; while the process-blocks include the exquisite *Mrs. Buchanan M'Millan*, *Lady Eden*, *General Wolfe* (as a young man), and many others not merely unhackneyed, but in some cases fresh even to students of the master. The volume does much to justify the rising prices of Gainsborough's pictures, prices yet in all probability far below their ultimate level.

The Fall of the Nibelungs. Done into English by MARGARET ARMOUR. Illustrated and decorated by W. B. MACDOUGALL. (London: J. M. Dent & Co.)—Miss Armour in her excellent translation has retained with much ability the mediæval charm of the original text, and her book is one which will afford much delight to lovers of ancient romance. Mr. MacDougall is not so successful in his decorations as we might have expected. While his initial letters and borderings are often clever, his full-page illustrations are weak in drawing and not calculated to further his reputation.

Phil May's A B C. Fifty-two original designs forming two humorous alphabets. (London: The Leadenhall Press, Ltd.) Price 2*s.* 6*d.*—The lower stratum of London life from which Mr. Phil May has been able to extract so much humour—and, may it be added, so much pathos—is again the source of inspiration for the present series of sketches. As an alphabet, the book is open to unfavourable criticism; but as a joke, or as an exhibition of artistic power in the appreciation of the true value of line-work, it is admirable.

An Illustrated Record of the Retrospective Exhibition held at South Kensington, 1896. Compiled and edited by JOHN FISHER. (Chapman & Hall.) 21*s.* net.—The idea of this book is excellent, but

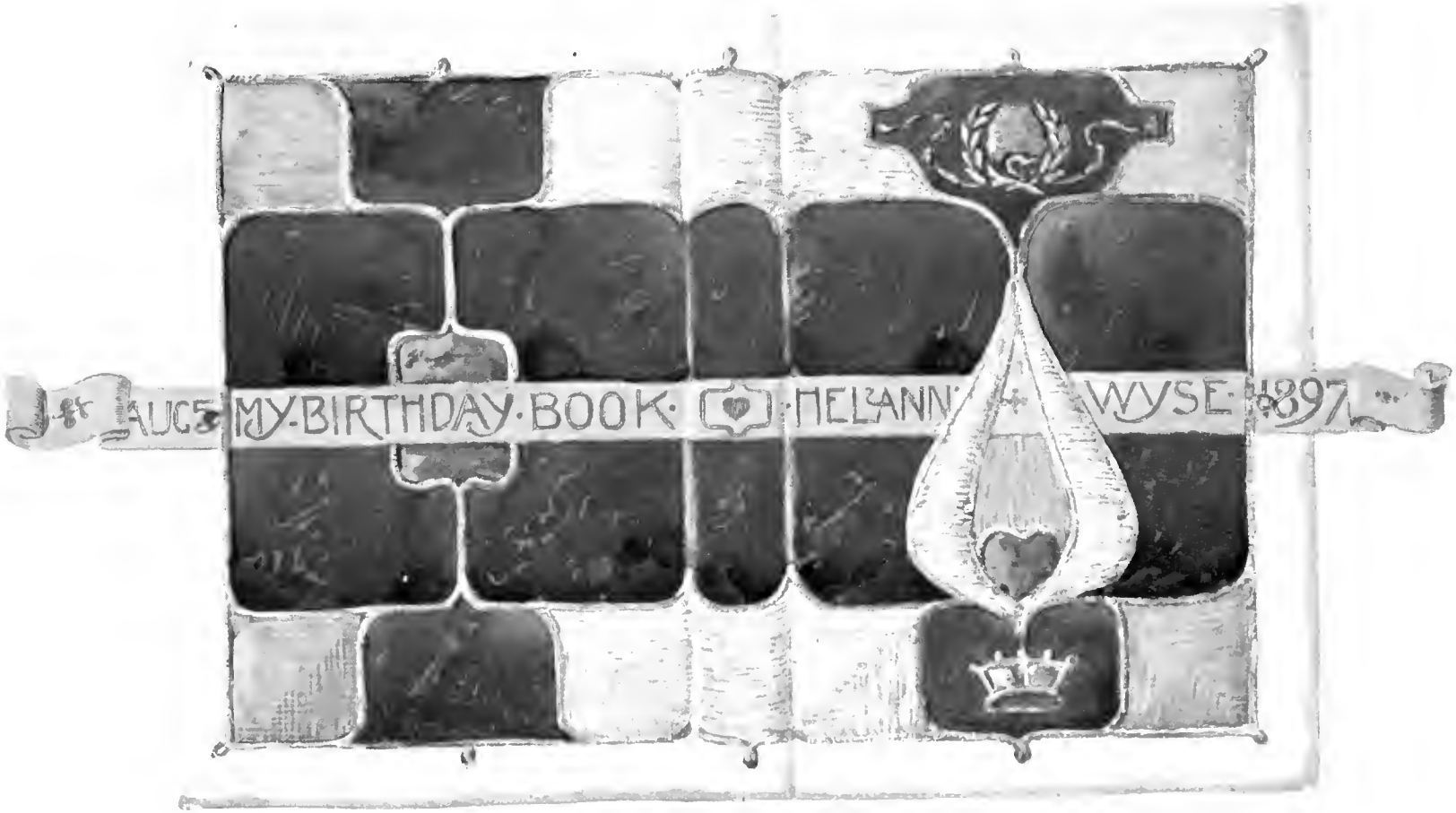
"ORPIN, THE PARISH CLERK"
FROM "THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH"
(GEORGE BELL & SONS)

its fulfilment is disappointing. Knowing Mr. Fisher's capability as headmaster of the Berkely Square School, Bristol, we expected much; but his selection of illustrations would almost justify the old protest against South Kensington as a school of design, and some of the reproductions are so shockingly inadequate that we wonder they were passed for publication—*e.g.*, Nos. 6, 17, 60, 61, and 82. Again, to take gold medallists only of recent years, we find no record of works by Winifred Smith, 1895; Charles Quennell, 1895; Giffard Lenfestey, 1895; H. P. Clifford, 1895; Robert Spence, 1894; and the list might be indefinitely extended. The real advance of the South Kensington system would scarce be suspected from a study of this book. If for official reasons it was limited to represent work actually shown in the Retrospective Exhibition, one fancies (in default of a published catalogue of that collection) that a better show had been possible. But to record the true progress of design a wider selection should have been made; as it is, many examples of students' work that have won fame for their authors, and by reproductions in periodicals have made the continental critic curious, are here mostly conspicuous by their absence. Setting out with the intention of praising this book, for its title was alluring and its author's reputation established, after studying its pages it is impossible to regard it as much more than a compilation of academic exercises which have gained official approval—and oblivion at the same time.

Geschichte des Japanischen Farbenholzschnitts. Mit 95 Abbildungen. By W. v. Seidlitz. (Dresden: G. Kühtmann.) Price 18s.—An attempt to write a history of Japanese colour prints displays perhaps some temerity, when one considers how difficult of access the material is. A good number of single sheets and books have, indeed, within the last years found their way to the Western world. But Japan has already begun to effectually prevent further exportation on a large scale of such treasures as may still be within her boundaries. What we have secured has not, except in America, found a resting place in museums, where it would be at the service of student and general public. Besides, the greater part of it is nineteenth century work, more pleasing to us than characteristic of Japan. However, many able writers, enthusiasts and travellers, have at different times and in different languages offered us a good deal of information on separate branches of the art. There are even some monographs on individual Japanese artists extant. The author of the present history admits that he has neither visited Japan nor even been able to profit by a perusal of the large American collections. Yet he has expanded his own observations, based on the study of what he was able to see in Europe, by a careful consideration of all the noteworthy publications on this topic. Thus he has formed at once a basis for future writers upon which they can found further researches—amplifying and correcting—and a *résumé* for the present reader, informing him of the state of our knowledge with regard to

DRAWING BY KORIUSAI

FROM "GESCHICHTE DES JAPANISCHEN FARBENHOLZSCHNITTS" (G. KUHTMANN)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·HELANN
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1897

Japanese colour prints. There are many special features which render the book remarkable, for instance, an attempt at a new system of pronunciation, a bibliography, a list of signatures (arranged so as to enable us to read artists' names on Japanese prints at sight), the technical notes, the account of the influx of Japanese art into Europe. The illustrations were all especially prepared for this volume, but unfortunately none of them are in colours.

Vierteljahrs-Hefte des Vereins bildender Künstler Dresdens. (Part IV.) (Dresden: E. Arnold.) We have before spoken some words of praise upon this excellent publication. The part under review contains, among other plates, a beautiful lithograph in two colours, by Max Giese, of a wintry landscape, and a fine etching of a girl's head by the talented artist, Max Pietschmann. Those who wish for interesting but inexpensive pictures with which to adorn the walls of their rooms cannot do better than subscribe to this work.

Gedichten van JACQUES PERK. (Amsterdam: S. L. van Looy.)—This book of poems is chiefly remarkable for the quaint ornamentation of its pages. The delicate colours used in the bordering and title pages, however original and interesting they may be in themselves, do not harmonise with the black letterpress they encompass; and this we deem to be a serious defect in bookmaking.

The important etching by Leopold Flameng after the painting *Richard Duke of Gloucester and Lady Anne*, by E. A. Abbey, A.R.A., recently issued by the Art Union of London, is one of the most remarkable and beautiful prints published by that excellent institution, and it cannot fail to be well received by its subscribers.

Messrs. Doig, Wilson, and Wheatley, of Edinburgh, have just issued a very fine etched portrait of Professor Masson from the painting by Sir Geo. Reid, P.R.S.A. The etching has been executed by Mr. F. Huth and is in every respect an admirable production.

AWARDS IN "THE STUDIO" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

DESIGN FOR A SHOWCARD.
(A IX.)

The FIRST PRIZE (*Five guineas*) is awarded to *Echo* (W. E. Webster, 4 Ifield Road, Fulham Road, S.W.).

The SECOND PRIZE (*Three guineas*) to *Die Neuzeit* (J. C. Dugdale, 61 Plymouth Grove, Manchester).

Honourable Mention is given to the following: *Ars Probat Artificem* (Thomas Shepard); *Anno Domini* (Ada C. G. Dimma); *Chou* (J. D. Fergusson); *Cyrus* (A. Constance Smedley); *Little John* (John W. Lisle); *Pax* (R. I. Wells); *Pallas* (Adolph Hofer); *The Rook* (Marion Wallace Dunlop); *Udio* (Frank S. Easterman); *W. H. W.* (William H. White); *Walnut* (B. H. Smale). *Win Neo* (Dudley Heath); and *Red Rose* (James Durden).

DESIGN FOR A CERTIFICATE.
(A X.)

The awards in this competition will be announced next month.

DESIGN FOR AN EMBROIDERED BOOK-COVER.
(B VII.)

The FIRST PRIZE design in this competition is reproduced here in colours (page 283).

DESIGN FOR END PAPERS.
(B VIII.)

The FIRST PRIZE (*One guinea*) is awarded to *Wresden* (Cordelia Phillimore, Sid Abbey, Sidmouth).

The SECOND PRIZE (*Half-a-guinea*) to *Penwiper* (F. White, 19 Amott Road, East Dulwich, S.E.).

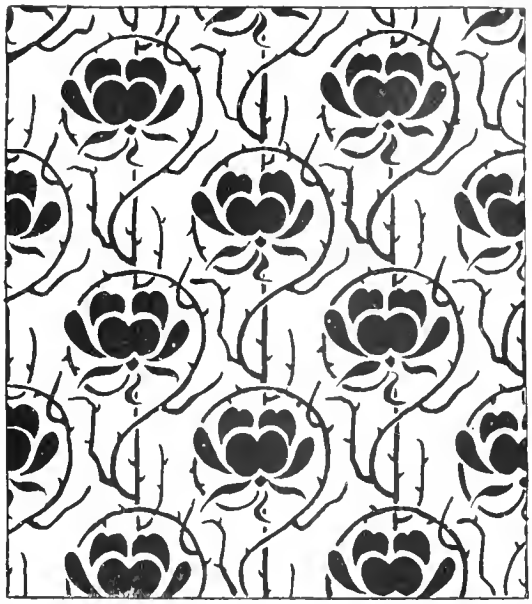
Honourable mention is given to the following: *Clytie* (Alice E. Burt, 3 Kempshott Road, Streatham Common, S.W.); *Enid* (Ethel C. Gillespy, 59 Elgno Road, Croydon); *Hiawatha* (Mary Wilcock, 74 Redesdale Street, Chelsea, S.W.); *Seda* (A. de Sauty, 63 Ramsden Road, Balham, S.W.); *the above are illustrated. Elgitha* (Katherine M. Coggin); *Camu* (Chas. Gale); and *Flutterby* (Helen Kuck).

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM NATURE.
AN AUTUMN LANDSCAPE.
(D II.)

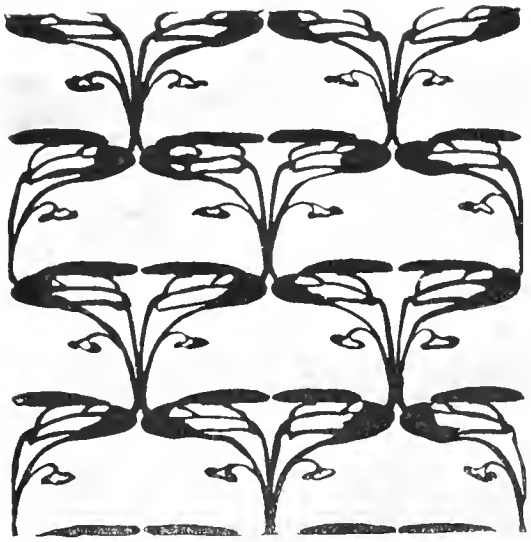
The FIRST PRIZE (*One guinea*) is awarded to *Timon* (W. E. Dowson, 10 Mapperley Road, Nottingham).

The SECOND PRIZE (*Half-a-guinea*) to *Superficies* (Matthew Surface, The County Press, Bradford).

Honourable Mention is given to the following:—*Ferret* (E. A. West, Newham, Truro); *Feuilles* (Walter Rossiter, 9 Elm Place, Bath); *the above are illustrated: Autumn Morning* (Miss C. H. Gunner); *Abacus* (J. C. Varty-Smith); *American Sub.* (W. Moseley); *Avon* (Henry Johnson); *Bosham* (E. E. Manwaring); *Chestnuts* (R. Clifton Davy); *Caricent* (E. J. Ballard); *Epoh* (Mrs. J.



FIRST PRIZE (COMP. B VIII.) "WRESDEN"



HON. MENTION (COMP. B VIII.) "ENID"

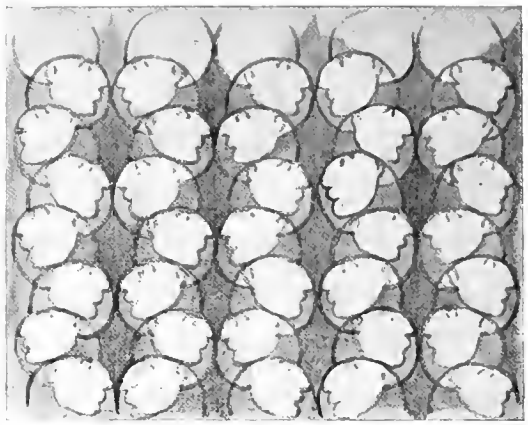
A. Young); *Hardy* (Jeanie H. Philip); *Isora* (Sophie Monnier); *Magda* (Miss K. van Reede); *Reflection* (W. H. Booth); *Roumania* (Mrs. E. M. Baldwyn); and *Trifle* (Edouard Lihou).

STUDY OF ANIMAL LIFE.
(C VIII.)

The FIRST PRIZE (*One guinea*) is awarded to *Winifred* (Winifred L. Austen, 25 Mattock Lane, Ealing).

The SECOND PRIZE (*Half-a-guinea*) to *J. E. N.* (Edwin Noble, 65 St. Dunstan's Road, West Kensington).

Honourable Mention is given to the following:—*Honor* (H. C. Appleton, 20 Edith Road, West Kensington); *Veronica* (Amy Scriven, 95 Oxford Gardens, North Kensington, W.); *the above are illustrated. Anno Domini* (Florence M. G. Dimma); *May* (Andrew Allan); *Persian Pussy* (Katherine Ward); *Paws* (Phil W. Smith); *The White Queen* (Mrs. C. W. Parry); *Ottoman* (Miss Jurck); *Whiskey* (Miss M. H. Willis); and *Zeto* (W. E. Tyler).



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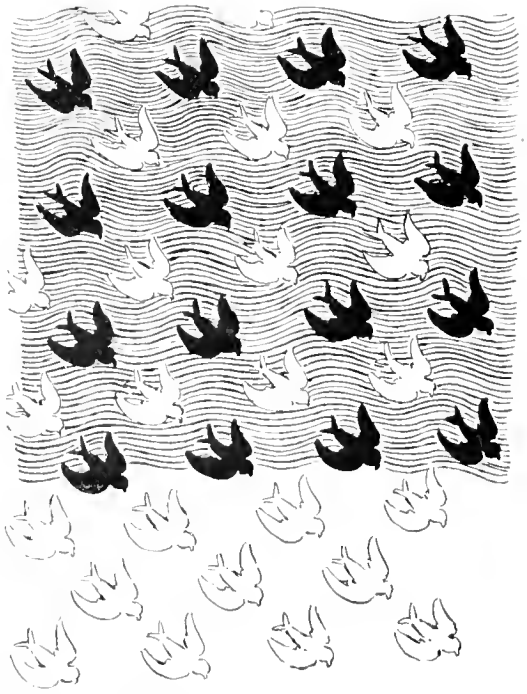
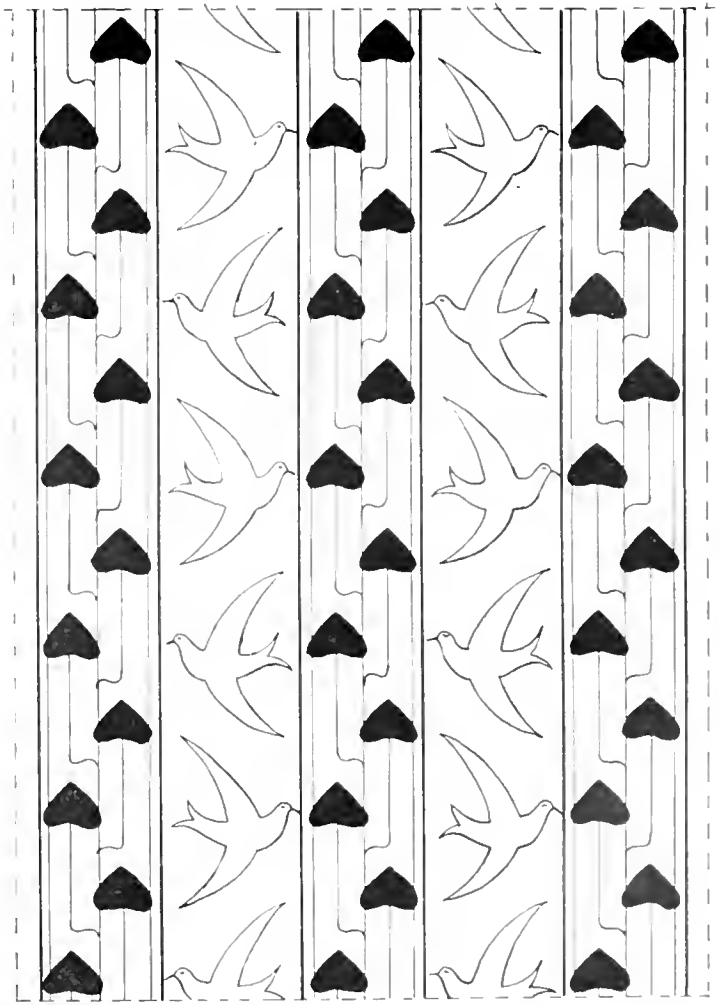


SECOND PRIZE (COMP. B VIII.) "PENWIPER"

HON. MENTION (COMP. B VIII.) "CLYTIE"



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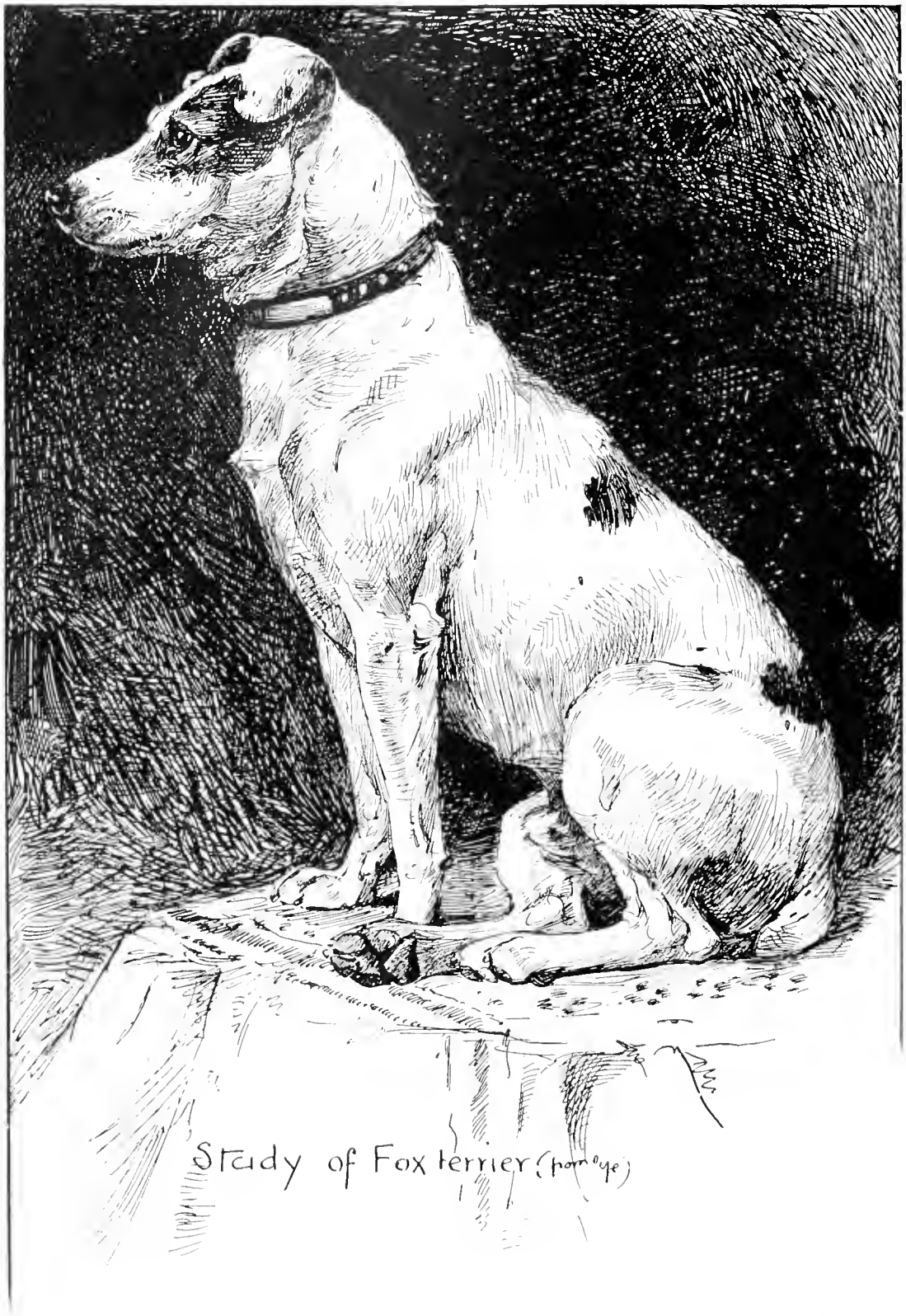
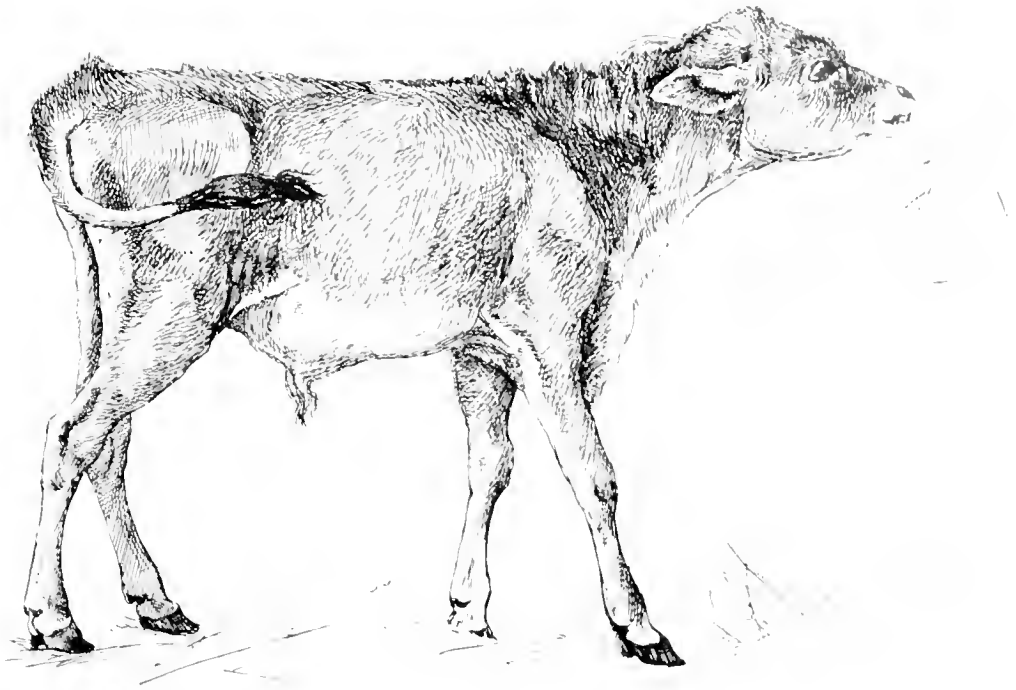


STUDY OF ANIMAL LIFE BY "WINIFRED"

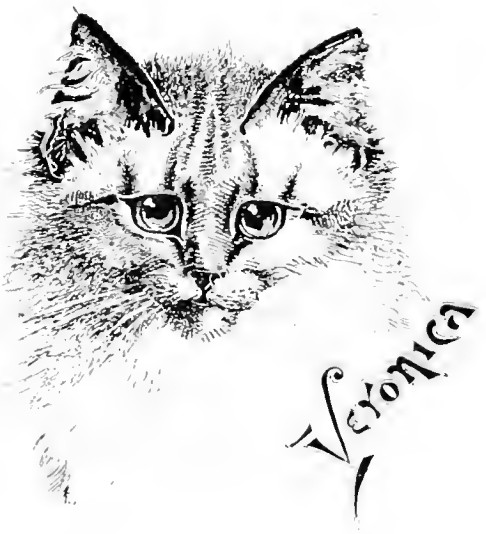
FIRST PRIZE (COMPETITION C VIII.)

Study of Animal Life (Competition C VIII.)

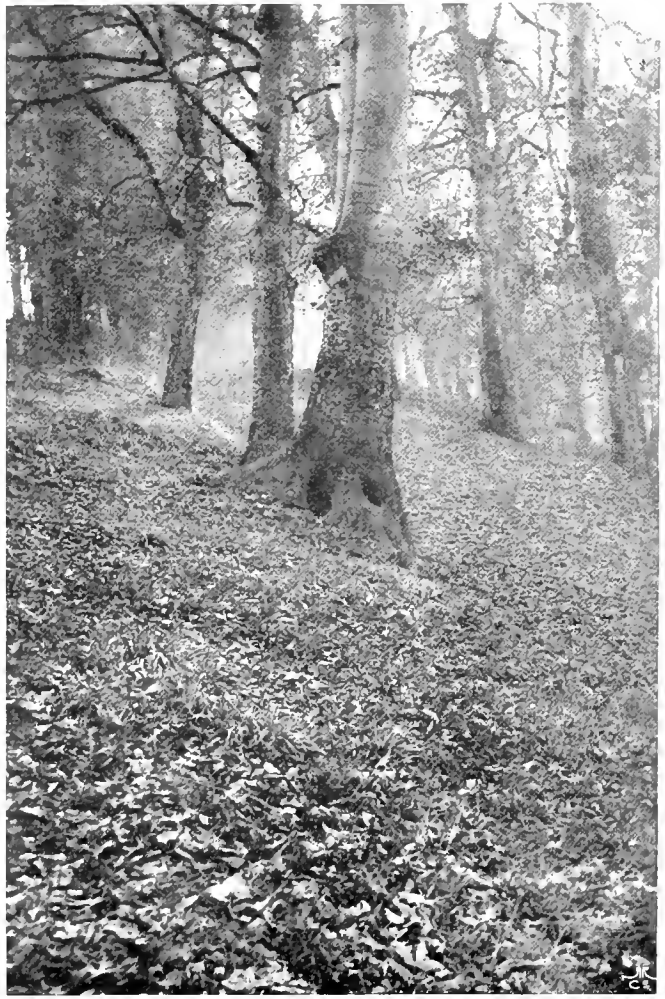


SECOND PRIZE. "ELLEN."

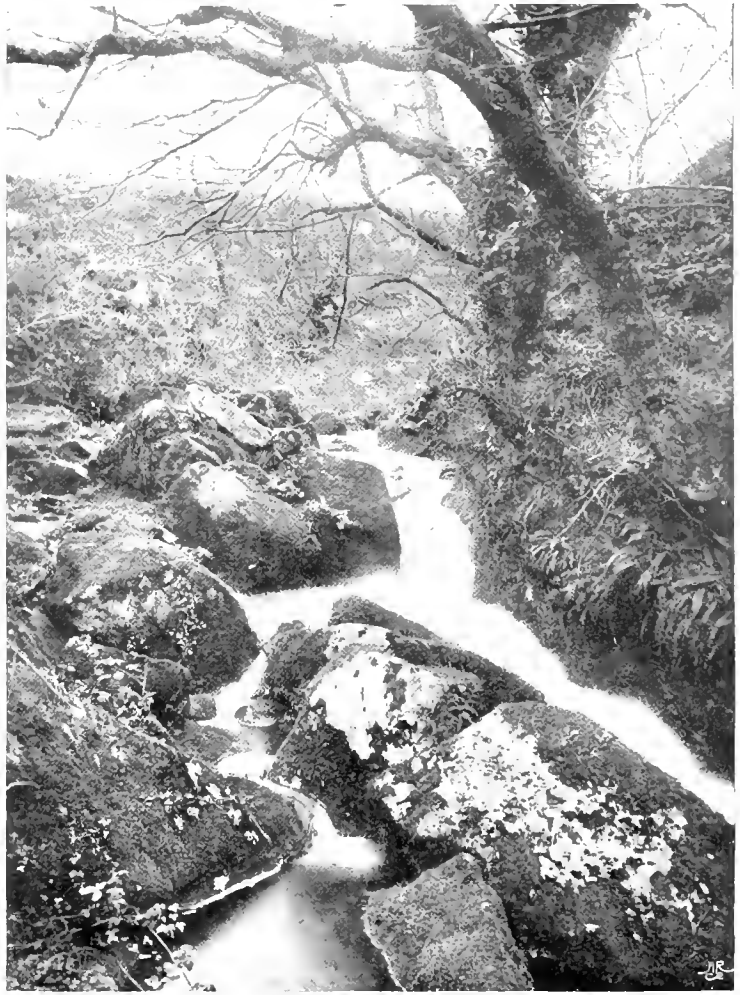
HON. MENTION "HONOR."



HON. MENTION "VERONICA."



FIRST PRIZE (COMP. D. II.) "TIMON"



HON. MENTION (COMP. D. II.) "TERRU"

An Autumn Landscape (Competition D 11

SECOND PRIZE

HON. MENTION

THE LAY FIGURE.

"INDIVIDUALITY—to find oneself! That is the problem which we must keep ahead," the Man with a Clay Pipe said solemnly. "It seems to me that all our efforts are attended by a danger not known before the days of illustrated magazines and much travelling."

"Fashions in taste have spread always," said the Journalist; "we have only hastened the process."

"But that is just the point," the Man with a Clay Pipe went on. "In old days, the 'prentice had his master's precepts to follow, and the master was often the only hero he imitated. For, as a rule, one or two alien influences were all he experienced in a whole life; a tour perhaps in a distant land, or a cargo of rare things from far-off regions. Now, before he can digest one innovation another treads on its heels."

"There is something in that," the Lay Figure said. "Lots of people to-day seem to think that annexing the newest man's manner, and distorting its details to their own taste, is not merely a legitimate course of action, but stamps them as still more original than the inventor of the style they travesty."

"To find individuality, you must escape from the crowd, see nothing, read about nothing, but go to nature always, and only to nature," said a Designer of the old school, whose patterns are made up of flattened botanical specimens varied with impossible storks and bulrushes.

"That may be a comforting gospel to account for non-success at present," the Journalist said. "But it seems to me that most original workers in the arts to-day live in cities, are open to be swayed by every passing mood, and yet keep their work strictly within the line they themselves lay down."

"Still, temptation to imitate some one else must have increased by so many illustrations of other men's design, said the Landscape Painter. "Unconsciously, we are all moulded more or less."

"It may have," replied the Man with a Clay Pipe, "but remember 'cribbing,' open or unconscious, is also detected more easily. At one time a man who had access to some source scarcely known to experts, often built up a considerable reputation in stolen ideas. Now, the world at large spots them before he has gone far."

"We must not confuse individuality with originality," said the Lay Figure. "A great man like Sir Christopher Wren obeyed precedent strictly and yet infused his conceptions with rare individuality. Some people can make a hackneyed quotation sound like a new truth, by the inflection of their voice, and the subtle meaning imparted to each word."

"To-day is a day of atrocious imitation," the Landscape Painter retorted. "Look at the drawings of an average student, and you will find absolute copies of another man's matter as well as manner."

"Is that worse than the old plan of choosing to imitate some historic, clearly defined style?" said the Man with a Clay Pipe. "To imitate a recognised style is laudable, to be swayed by a new one is absurd; that is your contention, is it not? I think any style, however new, must contain elements which in due course will be common property. You cannot build up a phrase without using words employed before; if you coin words or a new style, the novel word or phrase is destined, if it become popular, to be abused. Is this worse than keeping to Johnsonian periods?"

"I see your point," the Lay Figure said, "that certain new combinations of forms or colours, once done well, become the common vocabulary of future workers. But until they are so often imitated that they are as hackneyed as an egg-and-dart moulding or a Gothic quatrefoil, they are called imitation; your argument defends plagiarism."

"Not at all," the Man with a Clay Pipe said, "supposing you feel that a Whistler lithograph, a Voysey wall-paper, or Helleu etching expresses the feeling you wish to express better than any other example, then, if honest, you will be very chary of attempts to make lithographs, wall-papers, or etchings, unless you find, as you ought to find, that good as your models may be, they do not express just the exact idea you want to express. If you are reverent, you acknowledge that your hero could not have done his work better; *but* as no two or four voices are identical, neither are two ideas. With self-criticism and self-control, it should not be hard to discover what is your own, and what is merely borrowed from another."

"In other words, 'Know Thyself,' is your motto," said the Lay Figure.

"Exactly; but although to love your neighbour as yourself does not imply morbid self-depreciation, to know your own work fully, you ought to know your neighbour's also. Unless your wholly honest admiration is mixed with a consciousness that in some ways you could beat it, it will be well to acknowledge that nature has not given you the priceless dower of originality, and scarce bestowed individuality on you. We are all singularly unindividual in some things—diet, dress, deportment, and if in design also . . . . Well, don't design!"

THE LAY FIGURE.


FERNAND KHNOPFF

THE STUDIO

THE WORK OF E. BOROUGH JOHNSON. BY A. L. BALDRY.

THERE are few objects of study more fascinating than the work of a young artist who has done enough to prove his capacity, and yet has not advanced sufficiently far in his career to have arrived at an absolute conviction about the manner in which his æsthetic beliefs should be expressed. The immaturity of such a man is full of interesting possibilities. It has passed the stage of artistic childhood, when the one idea is to play at being old, or to assume an incongruous middle age that assorts almost grotesquely with the juvenile inexperience that cannot be concealed. It is no longer cramped and hampered by the notion that the pretence of being grown up is best supported by apeing the misunderstood manners of older men. What has come instead is the wholesome confidence of youth, the stimulating belief in powers which seem invincible because they have been newly acquired and have not as yet been defined by contact with inevitable limitations. At this period of his working life nothing is alarming to the young artist. He has studied devotedly and worked hard, and he has gained a practical knowledge of the details of his profession which enables him to record his observations with considerable certainty and accuracy of expression. He has learned, too, that the heroes whom in the recent past he had worshipped so faithfully are by no means infallible, and that even their happiest convictions may be improved upon. But what he does not know is how to use his own capacities to best advantage, nor in which direction lies the path that in a few more years he will find himself inexorably forced to follow.

So, for a time, he is committed to a round of experiments. All that he has been taught, all that he has hitherto accepted and believed in, must be examined and tested by the light of actual effort. Nothing now can be taken on trust; his attitude

PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF BY E. BOROUGH JOHNSON

for a while must be one of inquiry and investigation, and if at the end of it all he is saddened by the discovery that the limitless field, which seemed at first to be open to him, is but a narrow space to which for the rest of his life he is to be confined, he has at least the satisfaction of knowing that he has also discovered how to gain the worthiest results from the exercise of his powers. No doubt, by then, remains to him as to the work he must do; some of his experiments have failed so obviously and completely that his error in hoping for good results from them is beyond question, but others have met with distinct and definite success, and in following them up he builds up the life record which fixes the position he is eventually to occupy in the art history of the world.

But to the students of contemporary history he is most interesting, while he is most active in experiment. There is a peculiar freshness and speculative charm about the productions which mark the period during which the consciousness of himself is slowly developing into exact knowledge of the limitations by which his powers are bounded. Besides, everything that he does at this time is equally important, because it is impossible to say which of the many things he attempts is most significant or most likely to point the direction in which the effort of his later life will tend. Therefore he is worthy of attention as much on account of what he may do as of what he can do, and attracts no less by the actual value of his enthusiastic experiments than by the promise which he gives of future and more specialised mastery.

It is because he has reached this stage in his career that the work of Mr. E. Borough Johnson claims at the present moment a degree of critical attention which is more often reserved for that of men who are by many years his seniors. He has already, young though he is, given quite convincing proofs of capacity sufficiently great to set him apart from the majority of his contemporaries; and in the matter of quality his comparatively limited achievement needs no apology. From the first he has shown himself to be possessed of a very well-balanced sense of technical necessities. His knowledge of the craft of painting is notably complete. He is an able manipulator, and a draughtsman of no mean skill; and he has also a gift of dramatic expression which has repeatedly stood him in very good stead. Everything that he has hitherto produced has been sound and sincere, marked by excellent

STUDY IN LEAD PENCIL BY E. BOROUGH JOHNSON

A Study in Lithographic Medium
George Dickson '26

judgment, and carried out with a thoroughly earnest intention to gain a telling effect by legitimate means. He is now, at the age of thirty, well established as an artist from whom much may be expected; and he has shown in the first decade of his working life so much both of promise and performance that we have every reason to regard him as a painter certain to rank among the best of those that the latter part of this century has produced.

His experience as a student has been of a kind to give him a more than ordinary breadth of view. His resolve to be an artist was formed early in life, but his first acquaintance with art-school methods was not gained until he was about eighteen years old. In 1885 he joined the Slade School, which was then under the direction of Professor Legros, but migrated thence, after only two terms' work, to Bushey, to put himself under the tuition of Professor Herkomer. At Bushey he found apparently a more congenial atmosphere, for he remained there for nearly three years, working as a student in the school, and making from time to time successful efforts to embody in pictorial efforts the results of his study. The first picture which he exhibited at the Royal Academy, *Her Daily Bread*, was painted during this period. He was not more than nineteen when it appeared, but the fact that it found an immediate purchaser proved that even then he had the power of arresting popular attention. At the end of his three years' work at Bushey he paid a visit to Paris with the idea of painting for a while in a studio there. But a very brief experience convinced him that the conditions of study in the French capital were hardly such as would assist him to learn those artistic details which he needed for the perfecting of his knowledge. He found there was too much disturbance, too many interruptions and distractions, for him to be able to devote himself to the quiet life for which he felt himself best adapted. So, in search of opportunity to work out in his own way the ideas that were in his mind, he returned to England, and established himself in a studio of his own at Bushey. He was there among surroundings that suited him, and was able to lead the existence that was in accordance with his inclinations. He busied himself with *genre* subjects, figure compositions of a realistic type in which there was always a dominant pathetic or dramatic note; and he met with a distinctly encouraging amount of success. Popular approval was freely bestowed upon his pictures,

STUDY IN LEAD PENCIL BY E. BOROUGH JOHNSON

which rarely failed to find purchasers as they appeared upon the walls of the various exhibitions in London and the provinces. More recently he has moved again from Bushey to a studio in Chelsea; and has added to his artistic responsibilities by undertaking the duties of art professor at Bedford College. By these varieties of experience he has made himself secure against the danger of becoming, by the want of material for proper comparison, limited in his views or narrow in his judgment of art; and he has given himself the mental training which is most likely to help him in developing those branches of his capacity that promise to lead him to the best results.

In his technical methods he is equally free from any inclination to be stereotyped. He affects no tricks of execution, and uses no devices designed to conceal, under an affectation of mastery, actual want of study of necessary details. The characteristic of his executive style is its precision, an exactness of statement which is partly the outcome of his early training and partly an expression of his inclination towards close observation of form rather than colour. He learns thoroughly every detail of his subject before he attempts to put it into pictorial shape; and although in the actual painting he by no means relaxes his attention to facts, and works always with the model before him, he makes beforehand a large number of careful studies from life. He prepares himself, in fact, for his labour on the picture by mastering in preliminary drawings everything which he feels is likely to give him cause for thought; and he trusts to no happy accidents to save him from difficulties which he knows can be minimised by judicious precautions. His whole process is a deliberate one, exacting enough in its demands upon his time and energy, but the only manner of work which is possible to him, because by it alone can he gain the completeness of realism which is the motive and special aim of his art. In his choice of a medium he is habitually catholic. His more important pictures have necessarily been oil paintings, but he works largely in water-colours as well, and is an etcher of no mean skill. As a black-and-white draughtsman he has especial power, and he has gained, with work done at various times for *The Graphic*, *The Pictorial World*, and *Black and White*, a position of some prominence as an illustrator. The exceptional ability of his pencil drawings has been before recognised in these pages,

PORTRAIT OF MISS MARGARET DOCKERILL BY E. BOROUGH JOHNSON

"A SALVATION ARMY SHELTER"
FROM A PAINTING BY E. BOROUGH
JOHNSON

EVANGELINE FINDING GABRIEL — FROM A PAINTING BY E. BOROUGH JOHNSON

and is emphasised by the reproductions which accompany this article. They show, perhaps more vividly than anything else he does, how his instinctive realism is saved, by subtle perception of line and modelling, from ever degenerating into exaggeration or from being warped into caricature; and at the same time they reveal plainly the spirit and intellectual intention by which he is controlled. In such studies there is none of that tendency to make concessions to the popular fancy which he, like all sincere artists, recognises as one of the chief dangers in the path of the man who paints to exhibit and, as an almost inevitable sequence, to sell. Whatever may be the obligation which a painter feels to conceal, in his gallery pictures, his strongest convictions, because they may be out of harmony with the less educated views of his patrons, in his studies he almost invariably gives us his real self; and Mr. Borough Johnson in his pencil drawings has no hesitation and no wish to hide one atom of his beliefs. We may take them as the truest interpretation of his thoughts about art, and this gives them a value that cannot be over-estimated.

Yet it can hardly be said that, even in his exhibition pictures, he has, so far, surrendered much of his individuality to please the taste of the people who do not think as he does. Sombre subjects are notoriously not calculated to meet with much approval from a public which prefers to be tickled and amused. The representation of the tragedies of low life, the exhibition of squalor and suffering, are less likely to excite the sympathies of the modern art lover than to affront his æsthetic convictions. But Mr. Borough Johnson, so far as his experiments have at present carried him, is essentially an illustrator of the grim and painful side of existence. He has studied and rendered, hitherto, in his figure-pictures, not much that would commend itself to the men who deny to art the right to be didactic by the exhibition of the startling contrasts between poverty and wealth. He has occupied himself largely with what may be called social

'THE MESSAGE OF PEACE'
FROM A PAINTING BY E.
BOROUGH JOHNSON

object-lessons, and he has done little in the way of mitigating the force of his teaching. One of his most successful compositions, *A Salvation Army Shelter*, which is now in the Melbourne National Gallery, is an appallingly faithful representation of an incident in East End life, a ghastly statement of the mental and physical squalor which is the lot of so large a section of our London population. It is a picture akin to Mr. Luke Fildes' *Casuals* in its

STUDY IN LEAD PENCIL BY E. BOROUGH JOHNSON

stern recognition of horrible facts, and it carries the same motive a step farther because it recognises also the element of fanaticism which dulls the poverty-stricken mind into acceptance of ills which need to be met with energy, not fatalistic endurance. There is wholesomer pathos in the other canvases, *A Message of Peace* and *Evangeline finding Gabriel*, with its note of hopelessness and bitter sorrow, but they are both in a deeply minor key. By such work the artist proves himself to be a pictorial tragedian, with the quick sympathies that are characteristic of thoughtful youth, but he to some extent lays himself open to the charge of having misapprehended the real scope of artistic expression.

However, it must not be forgotten that Mr. Borough Johnson has not, as yet, reached an age which justifies us in regarding him as committed to any one course in art. He is, after all, still at the experimental stage, and for a man of his ability any departure is possible. His last exhibited picture, *Eve's First View of Herself*, affords the strongest possible contrast to the canvases by which he has in recent years proved the reality of his power, for it is a graceful and imaginative study of the nude designed with delightful feeling for line arrangement and marked by a subtle decorative sense which is almost as rare as it is welcome. And he has made of late many digressions into landscape painting and portraiture, showing in both that he is capable of arresting attention in directions very different from that in which he has seemed hitherto inclined to tend. His landscape especially is remarkable for its thorough appreciation of open-air detail, for its fine design and rich reserve of colour. He has, what is best of all, a true conception of the dignity of nature, and paints her with the sincere respect which comes from complete sympathy with her spirit. He seeks to understand her in the right way, and she repays him with that revelation of herself without which the labour of the artist to represent her charm must always remain futile and ineffectual. This is, indeed, the characteristic of all his effort, that he is eager to make himself master of every fact which will assist him to perfect whatever he attempts to do; and so long as he does not fall away from this high ideal his career will be worthy of the closest study.

SOME GLASGOW DESIGNERS AND THEIR WORK. BY GLEESON WHITE. PART IV.

MR. OSCAR PATERSON is an artist in stained glass, a craft of which the very tradition was practically lost, so far as Great Britain is concerned, until the Gothic revival. It is true that window-transparencies were still employed, and that these were supposed to represent a more excellent development of the craft. But to speak of the work Jervais carried out after Sir Joshua Reynolds's notable designs for New College, Oxford, as "stained glass" seems a misuse of the word. Reynolds prepared pictures on canvas, somebody copied them on glass, the result being no more truly the art of vitraille than a picture painted in oil colours upon copper belongs to the art of metal. In each case the material is obscured more or less by a picture, and in no sense decorated. When the Gothic revival renewed the old craft, it also restored the limitations to some extent,

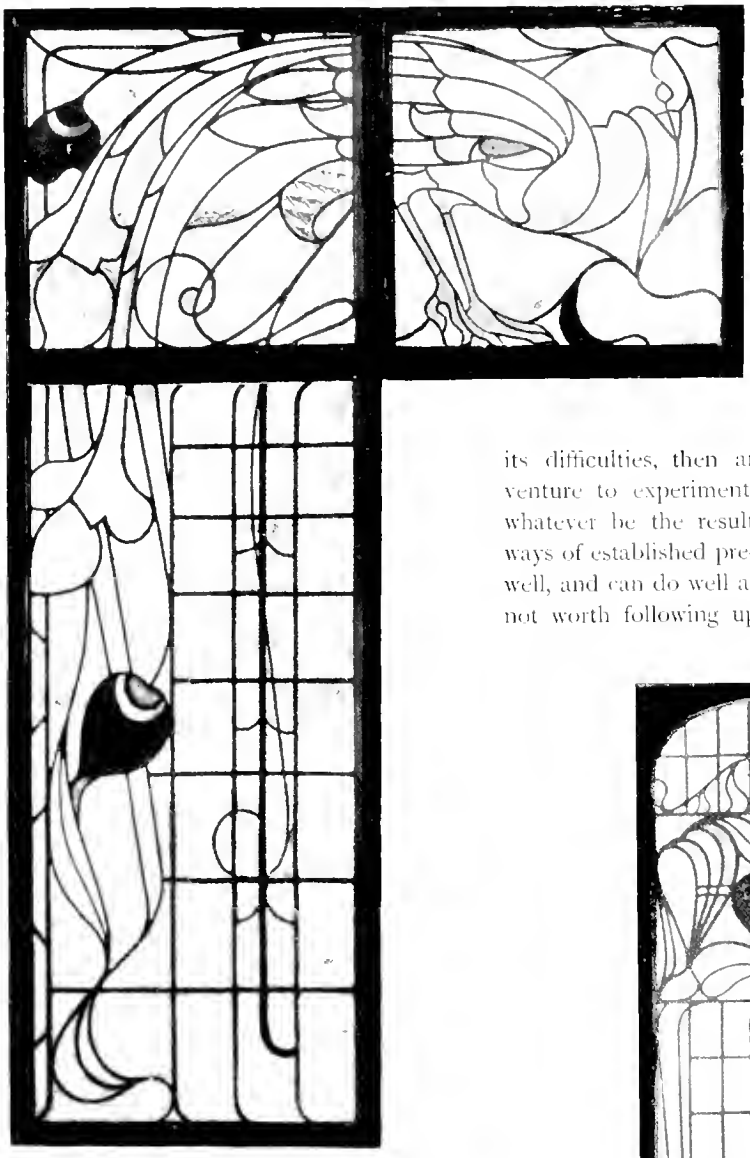
and so far showed a distinct gain. But as most surviving examples of ancient glass were found in ecclesiastic buildings, consciously or unconsciously even modern domestic glass was modelled upon their lines. Later still, in the designs of Sir Edward Burne-Jones for Morris glass, Mr. Selwyn Image, Mr. Christopher Whall, Mr. Holiday, Mr. Walter Crane, and others, we find that the influence of the Renaissance has ousted many distinctly Gothic features, while the true principles of the craft are still retained. Despite certain notable exceptions, such as the windows of the common room at Peterhouse, Cambridge, by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, "The Brownies" and others by Mr. Image, domestic glass is chiefly a thing of commercial design. Nor need this statement convey the implication that therefore it must needs be bad; one can recall here and there quite admirable work done by a "firm." Some glass in a popular restaurant in the Strand is of its sort entirely satisfactory, for its design is almost entirely a pattern in lead lines, with touches of yellow upon a few panes of the glass itself, which is otherwise either clear or but slightly tinted.

Still, much remains open for experiment in domestic glass, and no one has attempted more paraphrases of old work and distinctly new effects than Mr. Oscar Paterson, whose labours are the subject of this paper. Some of his experiments deserve serious and most hearty approval; others need not be too weightily discussed, because they are obviously pleasant conceits quite worthily carried out, even if, while defensible on their own merits, they are at times perhaps a shade too whimsical to be considered as new types that would survive many repetitions. Here, too, is a good place to acknowledge his partner's share in the work, and to explain that reference more frequently to Mr. Harry Thomson has only been avoided because of the awkwardness in attributing each item on which they have worked to two people.

WINDOW
DESIGNED BY OSCAR PATERSON

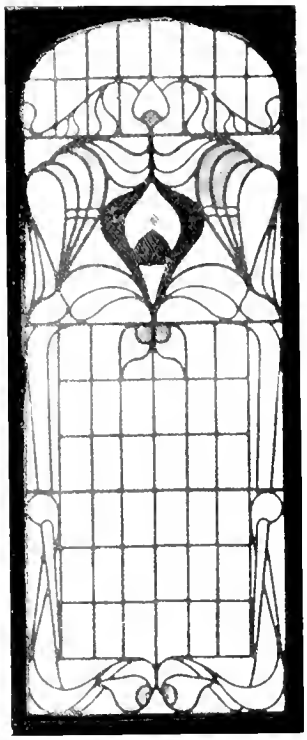
PANEL IN BLACK AND WHITE GLASS DEFINED WITH LEAD LINES BY OSCAR PATERSON

The designs of these craftsmen—each duly accredited below the reproductions—are characterised by two prominent qualities. First, that they never lose sight of the materials employed: in other words, that lead lines, which must needs be opaque, and glass which should be translucent, if



PART OF A SCREEN IN OPALESCENT AND CLEAR GLASS BY HARRY THOMSON

To be able to take his art lightly, yet with all seriousness, is the most happy attribute of any craftsman: it leads to the feeling which has been said to be the cause of all worthy ornamentation, namely, "the joy of the workman in his work." When he has mastered its technique and overcome its difficulties, then and not until then can he venture to experiment and to dare, certain that whatever be the result of the new departure in ways of established precedent, he has already done well, and can do well again, if the new path prove not worth following up. Thus he can play with

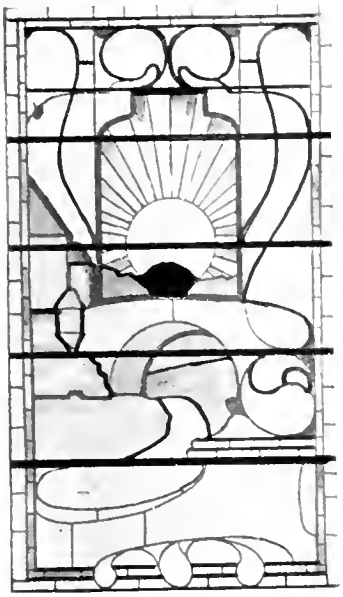


WINDOW IN OPALESCENT AND LEMON TINTED GLASS BY HARRY THOMSON

not actually transparent, are always manipulated with distinct recognition of these facts. Next, that without any conflict with these two essentials, all precedents are followed or abandoned as the whim of the moment prompts each designer. Perhaps for "the whim of the moment," it would be more dignified to say the inspiration of his theme; but as personal intercourse with Mr. Paterson reveals him to be not a "soulful" theorist, but a working craftsman with abundant ideas and well-balanced self-criticism, the more colloquial phrase may be employed without offence.

his craft as a poet plays with words, and if the fancy be on him, can expend his art on a trifle with no less pleasure than in more sober mood he can strain every nerve to surpass his best record.

It is good that glass is practically imperishable save by violence, otherwise the glories of the old work had faded long since; but remembering the horrors of this mid-century one's joy is chastened;



STAINED GLASS
DESIGNED BY OSCAR PATERSON

for the memorial windows set up to do honour to departed worthies survive to distress their descendants. In colour, design and sentiment, some of the glass of "the sixties" is an abiding horror—a blemish upon old buildings and new—a detail that by its very position in a pathway of light cannot be overlooked, and is so hedged and guarded by sentimental and practical conditions that in all probability much of it will remain for centuries a confession of bad taste and ignorance.

Very few of us are in a position to estimate how much domestic glass of adequate design has been already produced. Chance visits to a few notable houses and a certain number of exhibitions lead one to hope that no little has already been achieved. But stained-glass windows do not lend themselves to purposes of exhibition, and cartoons should never be shown except to fellow-workers. As well might an embroiderer display his tracings in black-and-white, or a mezzotinter exhibit his preliminary etching. Only one in a thousand cartoons has intrinsic charm of its own, and in that one the interest is quite apart from the real value of the material, its mosaic of coloured light set in a black margin. Occasionally as "studies" by a master they interest us, but as drawings with scarce any reference to the fact of their being intended for a totally distinct substance, they should be looked on as mere working cartoons.

Few things are more difficult to express in words than a fine arrangement of colour. This is rendered even more hard than it need be by the fact that we have no exact terminology for it. It would hardly be an exaggeration to say that we have no nomenclature at all. Scarlet, the colour of a linesman's tunic; blue, as Mr. Reckitt

STAIRCASE WINDOW IN WHITE AND LEMON GLASS
DESIGNED BY HARRY THOMSON
EXECUTED BY OSCAR PATERSON

advertises it; green, as in the green baize of commerce; or the "pink" of lawyer's tape, are all fairly well defined; but if you wish to convey a

GABLE-END WINDOW IN WHITE AND LEMON GLASS
BY OSCAR PATERSON

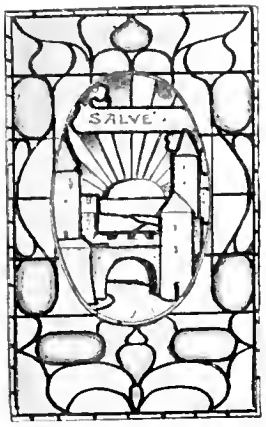
meaning of so popular a dye as that used for certain Liberty silks—flame colour, salmon, apricot, even terra-cotta, and a dozen other substantives ordinarily employed in describing fire, fish or baked clay, are borrowed to confuse the reader. For "flame" is as vague a term as "red"; salmon is not an exact adjective, if a well-defined noun; terra-cotta may include everything from dull drab to rusty iron, and yet escape the particular shade you wish to distinguish.

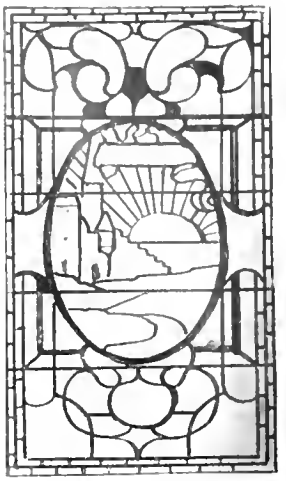
Therefore the mere effort to talk of colour in a way clear to the speaker, much less to his audience, is a foregone failure. All we can say of Mr. Oscar Paterson's colour must be limited to a few comparatively simple assertions. He has realised the secret mystery of an opal, he has caught the amber of a sunset sky, and has dreamed (if not seen) the magic phosphorescence of midnight seas in the tropics. This in cold print seems to be merely "journalese," yet if you try to set down in simple English the play of light in a piece of opalescent glass, you (as I who write) will find it a somewhat tedious matter. All the same the curious milky white which flashes out the most vivid colours of the prism is as common as a soap-bubble and as complex. To say that some of Mr. Oscar Paterson's glass is well-nigh as delightful as a soap-

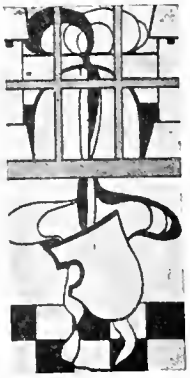
DOOR PANEL IN LUSTRED AND WHITE GLASS
BY HARRY THOMSON

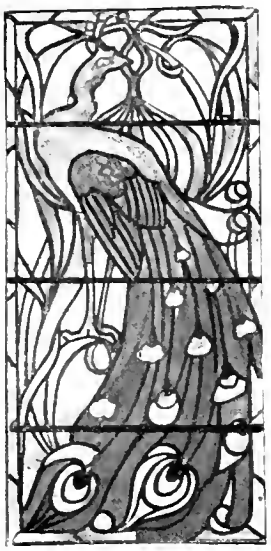
bubble is really not a very undignified short cut to the truth. In comparison with even his best efforts the soap-bubble wins easily, but to have come into close rivalry with that common miracle implies a certain touch of nobility.

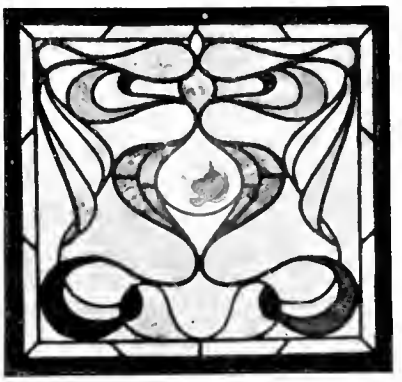
Mr. Oscar Paterson's glass has more poetry in it than many lyrics display, but this is not to be urged against him. Reckoning from the premisses of the



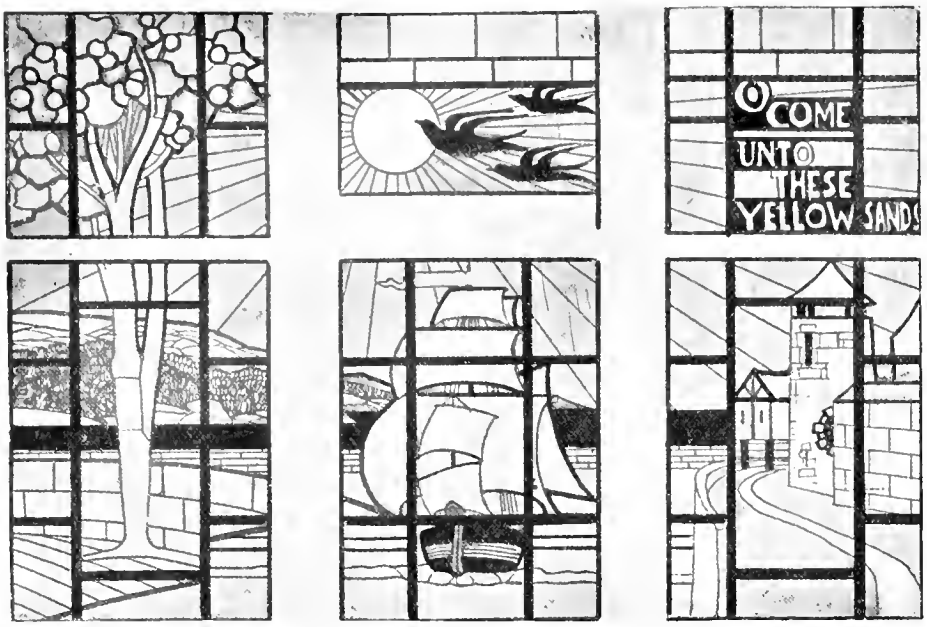








WINDOWS BY OSCAR PATERSON AND HARRY THOMSON



WINDOW BY OSCAR PATERSON

commercial product, he has tried to make a given space of fenestration comely and sparkling. He has also succeeded. It must be a cruel jibe to accuse him of an attempt to foist poetry upon an unsuspecting public, who only looked for stained glass. But if by chance he has trespassed on a jealously-guarded domain, let us conclude he did it unconsciously. Even in law an unconscious trespass is dealt with gently, and if Mr. Oscar Paterson, chipping pieces of coloured glass to fit bent segments of lead, has accidentally annexed a sonnet, sober folk should not call attention to his digression, but agree to believe that it was a mere accident.

WINDOW IN BLACK AND WHITE GLASS
BY OSCAR PATERSON

For to-day, if there be one virtue that is at once a hollow sham and tyrannical autocrat, it is the virtue of common sense. All the same, one doubts if Mr. Paterson has ever come into collision with it: regard his windows merely as apertures to admit light and keep out wind and rain, and they stand the test. They are not light-repellant, they soften and diffuse the rays, it is true; but they do not shed a dim religious light which at one time seems to have been the chief effect the glass-painter aimed to secure.

As Mr. Paterson has himself said, "The process of stained glass may be divided into two sections: the one which builds up a mosaic, the other which calls in painting to accentuate forms and define certain details." If to the second of these simple methods you add more painting and more realistic modelling, the glass-window soon becomes a semi-transparent painting, with leads in place of black outline, but merging quickly into an illegitimate attempt to do more than its needs require.

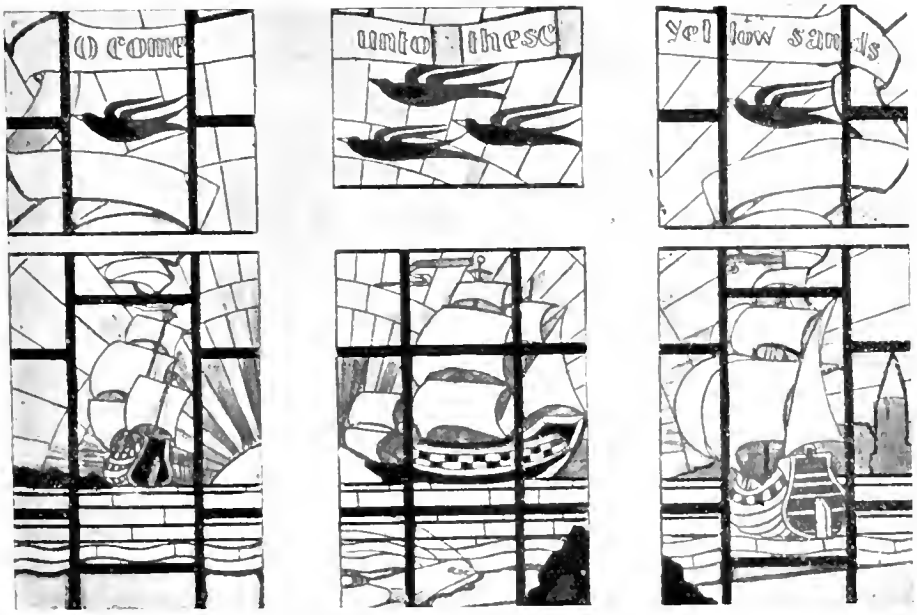
The position of a window presupposes certain qualities. Mr. Paterson believes that if it be high then the design should make for quality of light,

on the other hand if the window be near the eye "quality of material should be the prominent feature." It is, in fact, as if to the ordinary vibration of a pleasing melody on harp, violin, or flute (*quality of light*), we add the more piquant tones of virginal, clavichord and viola (*quality of glass*); the time and rhythm may be the same, but to the musical invention revealed in the first, we have added the sentimental association of ancientry by the pensive quaintness of a timbre rarely heard to-day. The simile is Mr. Paterson's own, and suggests clearly enough the qualities he tries to infuse into his work. Elsewhere he has dwelt on a point which deserves reiteration.

"We have, as the result of experience," he says, "developed an autopathic perception of the correct associations of form and quality. We recognise, for example, the 'firmness' of a needle, the 'flexibility' of a watch-spring, the 'solidity' of iron, and the 'hardness' of stone, and have no difficulty in associating these qualities with certain lines more or less fine, fluid, or rigid; we speak of the 'purity' of water, the 'transparency' of glass, the 'brilliance' of a diamond, the 'lightness and iridescence' of a soap bubble, and we find invariably that all these qualities are associated with particular forms, and, further, it has become part of our experience that similar forms are the most appropriate that can be adopted to express these qualities."

GLASS DOOR PANEL
BY HARRY THOMSON

Here, however, the metaphysics of the subject must be left unexplored. The quotation given will show Mr. Paterson's bent, and give evidence that his apparent "happy thoughts" are like many others, the result of much previous hard thinking. But it is time to leave generalisation and turn to facts, and in an illustrated article the pictures are the real point. "Cut the cackle and come to the 'osses" is the historic utterance of a great circus proprietor, and a sentence

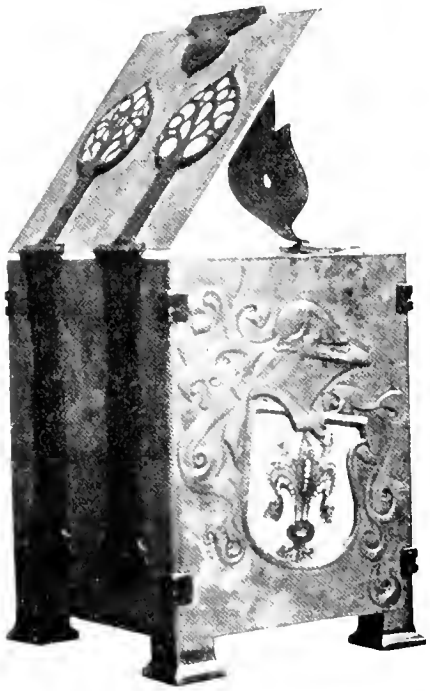


WINDOW BY OSCAR PATERSON

which holds a latent reproof to scribblers for all time.

But when illustrations explain the fact as clearly as do those which accompany this paper, it is difficult to avoid repeating the obvious, and the difficulty is enhanced when the actual works they represent are not at hand for reference. As you pass down West Regent Street, Glasgow, a striking frontage of one of the basements reveals the presence of some artistic manufactory. The lemon colour paint, the sundial, and the well-planned lettering on the facia board, give a first impression which is but heightened when you are in the show-room and see specimens of "The Glass-Stainers Company's" work. Some of quite simple design, too simple to be illustrated effectively, are not less novel or less good than the more elaborate. Especially is this true of squares of clear white glass, with a raised disc as large a circle as the space permits. This is not made by thickening the glass, but as if, to use a rough and ready simile, you pressed a globe upon a yielding square and sunk a depression in the centre, just touching the boundary lines. Glass treated in this way gives a pleasant effect without distorting the vision, or condensing the rays as in a lens. Then a glass stiletto, after the model of certain Venetian examples, made to break off in the victim's body, is shown you, and for a second Mr. Oscar Paterson recalls some old Italian craftsman whose pride in the work he had created half fascinated him to enjoy the deadly pleasure of testing its efficiency. Then panels with old Dutch street scenes upon them, in colour that has a faded air, as if the corrosion of centuries had affected its surface; then schemes which suggest a Japanese stencil-plate, filled with white glass, while others, in which the same method is employed, suggest a bit of old German heraldry; then window sundials, ingenious and decorative, a capital decoration for the upper panel of a library window overlooking a country lawn with roses and peacocks, the ideal bookroom for a bookman. Church windows and more ornate decorations than any yet mentioned are also there and make a goodly show. But at first it is the minor pieces that attract you most, for it is easier to grasp the meaning of a pretty conceit or an ingenious device, apart from its proper setting, than to do justice to works planned to occupy distant spaces set in a framework which by its opaqueness heightens their brilliancy.

In most the harmony of colour is pitched in a high key—lemon and white with neutral greys and actual black employed freely are Mr. Oscar Paterson's favourite and distinctly novel colour-schemes. But if you prefer a fuller palette, there are plenty, where apricots, and pomegranates, the breasts of humming-birds, and the lustre of rare jewels are wrought in gorgeous harmonies, and yet never vulgarised by too much splendour. For Mr. Oscar Paterson and Mr. Harry Thomson both realise the value of white, and of the beauty of line—bold, well-arranged lines, that fulfil the true



JEWEL CASKET IN OXIDIZED AND BRIGHT SILVER WITH ENAMEL INLAY
DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY OSCAR PATERSON AND HARRY THOMSON

"PORTRAIT OF W. H. BARTLETT."
BY NICO JUNGMANN

purpose of leading, and in themselves supply a beautiful and effective decoration, when used with crystal glass alone. Other subjects, which are peculiarly Mr. Paterson's own, are given to conventional representations of old towns (as in the staircase window, illustrated on page 18), and another where the leading supplies the drawing, and the flat pieces of glass give something approximate to but not imitating local colour. Ships with bulging sails afford him delightful excuse for curved lines, that suggest perspective but do not confuse the convention suited for flat decoration. The admirable fidelity to this purpose is so evident in these illustrations that it is unnecessary to dilate upon it. But they have not been picked out to emphasise that which distinguishes all this glass, except possibly a few ingenious copies of old engravings which look as if they were etched on the glass itself.

Of Mr. Oscar Paterson's enthusiastic devotion to his craft much might be said. The single detour in other fields here represented—a charming casket, made by himself and his partner, show, however, that should they care to devote their attention to metal-work and enamel, they would probably be as fertile in new combinations of form and colour as they have proved themselves to be in stained glass.

SOME DRAWINGS BY MR. NICO JUNGMANN.

BEFORE discussing the drawings of Mr. Nico Jungmann, a few facts of his career may be briefly noted. Although settled in London he is not of English birth, as indeed his name would betray. Born at Amsterdam of parents in no way connected with art, he was at the age of twelve apprenticed to a decorator of churches and interiors, and made rapid progress during the four-and-a-half years he was engaged in various branches of mural painting. This familiarity with "decorative" as opposed to purely "pictorial" design has influenced his work greatly, and still gives it its peculiar quality. At sixteen-and-a half years his ability was so marked that he was "spotted" as a youth of great promise, and encouraged to study at the Academy of Plastic Art. After four years spent there, and another year elsewhere, he came to London with a subsidy from the director of "Arti et Amicitiæ," having successfully competed for a fresco for that institution. His duty was to make sketches of London life, and transmit them periodically to Holland. Until now, the only work which has been published here that calls for mention, is a series of drawings and a plate in colours for *The Parade*, 1897. These, however, hardly show him at his best, for Mr. Jungmann is an artist with a strong individuality that has so far found its fullest expression in studies of figures rather than in pictures, or even in designs, as the terms are conventionally understood. In 1896 he returned to Holland, and did much work at Vollendam, one of its most picturesque sketching-grounds. In the water-colours and pencil drawings he made there his aim has

WATER-COLOUR STUDY BY NICO JUNGMANN

been (to quote his own words) "to make studies *per se*, and make them express their own character." Later on he hopes to proceed to finished paintings; but for a while he is satisfied to complete isolated decorative drawings, such as those here reproduced.

But these studies are by no means an equivalent for a "snap-shot" coloured by hand. When a happy idea strikes him he makes a careful drawing of it without models, and some of these are so true and so beautiful that, but for his own playful contempt for them, one might easily be roused to enthusiasm, although he declines to regard them as completed works. Afterwards he poses his models, and in a straightforward and most accomplished manner draws the figure or the group with infinite care. The actual drawings are made with a sort of crayon of his own preparation, and to an outsider the results appear to be just elaborate pencil studies. But the curious power and realism of his completed sketches are accompanied by so much remarkable subtlety in the use of the line, that face to face with the actual work one cannot help feeling inclined, under the influence of a first impression, to forbear from any further and lengthier analysis, and to rest content with the *ensemble*. After the drawing has been advanced to this stage, Mr. Jungmann adds the necessary colour, and the work is complete. "That is all!" as a conjurer who has mystified you exclaims, when, to heighten the impression, he professes to explain one of his feats of legerdemain.

STUDY BY NICO JUNGMANN

At twenty-five, to have done as much as he has is a worthy achievement, especially when one remembers that it is only two years since Mr. Nico Jungmann's studies of London life shown at "The Little Salon" were first mentioned with approbation in these pages, with comment that expressed faith in his future. But the fulfilment then seemed far more distant than it has proved to be, for in the short time which has elapsed Mr. Jungmann has developed a distinctly personal manner of expression. Selecting subjects from his native country, he has recorded them in a way that is at once singularly like the effect of a good Japanese colour-print, and yet no more imitative of the method of Harunobu or Hokusai, than is one of Mr. W. P. Nicholson's woodcuts. It is pleasant to recognise the influence of Japan manifesting itself indirectly in the work of many of the younger men; for it is a mere commonplace to assert that only those influences which can be completely assimilated, and are reproduced indirectly, become of lasting value. To make a spurious Japanese colour-print is not a laudable effort, for, even if it be sufficiently like its prototype to pass as genuine for a single minute, the pleasure it yields only lasts as long as its imposture remains undetected. But to assimilate the pleasant convention of outline and colour, with or without landscape or other background, is open to all who care to attempt it, and Mr. Jungmann, whether consciously or the reverse, has in these studies of Dutch peasants approached the effect of a first-rate Japanese colour-print. This is perhaps less apparent in the illustration in colour which accompanies this article, than in the majority of his designs. Despite the skilful paraphrase which has reproduced "Neeltje Tuyp" so dexterously, the reduction in scale (the original is eighteen inches high) and the different texture of the paper are responsible for the loss of a certain atmospheric greyness which brings the water-colour into perfect tone, and adds a singular delicacy to its robust


Neeltje
Tuyf.

handiwork. But if this is only remotely like a Japanese colour-print, the resemblance is more striking in one of a crouching figure of an old man playing a gaily tinted accordion, which will be reproduced later. As a drawing by Mr. W. H. Bartlett of the same model, in nearly the same attitude, has been reproduced lately in a popular journal, it is well to call attention to the fact that Mr. Jungmann and Mr. Bartlett painted in company. Indeed, one of our illustrations is a very life-like portrait of Mr. Bartlett actually at work on a group of these peasants. This extremely decorative panel, in water-colour on paper, has much of the quality of fresco painting, especially in the light which seems to radiate from its surface. In the reproduction the values are slightly altered, and the head appears darker than it should be, whilst the flatness of the original is lost somewhat. The broad and simple masses of colour, all in a light key, are separated by black outlines, at times almost as strong as those of a stained-glass window (as, for instance, in the contours of the chief figure), and again so delicately grey, that their presence is scarcely suspected except after close study. It would be difficult to overpraise the striking and novel effect of this work.

In another mood are the large studies of heads, some in monochrome only, others in vivid broken pigment, where positive colours are laid on with such skill that they sparkle harmoniously side by side, their pure scarlets, vivid greens, and rich purples blending together. The faces themselves are remarkably well observed. They seem veritable charts of the wayfarer's life depicted by the hand of time. Every line, every wrinkle helps to add a new fact to the character of these naive records of old age. The head in full face, surmounted by a sailor's cap (page 32), will give a good idea of the naive manner of Mr. Jungmann's portraiture.

Many pictures of girls and matrons in their white native headgear reveal as great a sense of beauty as those done from old sailors reveal a sense of character. The winged cap, so transparent that in a side view the face is partly visible through it, has seldom been better set down than here. The sketch for a noble Madonna-like composition of a mother with a sleeping child (of which the finished original is in Brussels) is by my side as these lines are written. It is purely an ideal conception, drawn from imagination only, yet its drawing leaves few points open for attack. Afterwards Mr. Jungmann posed models in the same attitude, and elaborated his study to that fine finish which he is able to impart to his work without losing any of the breadth and large handling that is in the preliminary sketch.

In the absence of the actual pictures to support the claim here advanced on their behalf, an attempt to estimate them at their true worth may sound exaggerated. Yet when in a studio one afternoon, not long ago, Mr. Jungmann called to show its occupant a portfolio of his sketches, the admiration they aroused will not be readily forgotten by those who were present. One of the most notable of our younger British artists, a well-known critic, an Oxford don of European celebrity as a connoisseur, and several other art-

STUDY BY NICO JUNGMANN

workers, were all equally delighted by their novelty, their dexterous handling, and their high decorative value. They are not pictures in the popular sense, for their incident is simple, they owe nothing to anecdote and little to sentiment; but as decoration of the best sort a single one would add distinction to any room. Like the matchless drawings by Holbein now at Windsor Castle, and the masterpieces of Japan, they are self-contained works of art. In their own idiom they express what Charles Keene expressed in his way, what Rembrandt set down in etching, or what many another master has said in his own tongue. The frank delight they arouse is not of a sort that might attract the average picture lover, but to those who can appreciate virtuosity without affectation—a transcript of life, idealised by its maker to be a work of art, and in no way "prettified" in the process—they are memorable. In them we have the peasant at his work ennobled as Jean François Millet ennobled him, not by meretricious sentiment, not by academic problems of handicraft, nor by any attempt to impart classic elegance such as Fred Walker or George Mason bestowed on their country folk. In saying this much no reflection is cast on diametrically opposed methods. Mr. Jungmann sees Nature through his own temperament, he expresses his impression in a convention that recalls, as we have said, both the mural fresco and the colour-print. The result is unlike either, and wholly his own; but that he has proved that to-day an individual can express old truths at once truly and newly can be doubted by no unprejudiced person who has studied his work at first hand. It is to be hoped that before long the project for a "one man show" devoted to his work will be carried through. Then, even the most jaded art critic will find something novel awaiting him. There is always a domestic, straightforward charm about Dutch art and Dutch handicraft which is equally unlike the elegance of France, the elaborate sentimentality of Germany and the anecdotal themes of Great Britain. Yet its realism is often turned to pure romance, and what merely pleased at first is elevated to something more on better acquaintance. Mr. Jungmann has found a field of his own, and the soil under his cultivation has already yielded a promising crop. He dreams of greater things, and will do them. This prophecy is safe, after an hour's conversation with him, during which you catch his point of view, realise his modest estimate of the work he has done, and become infected by his belief in the possibilities which he sees in purely decorative treatment stripped of conventional formalism, and in an art which can be employed so cunningly that the lesser artifice of the chosen treatment can be forgotten, and only its fidelity to nature accompanied by sound artistry remembered permanently.

E. B. S.

"ON THE WALL, VOLLENDAM" FROM A STUDY BY NICO JUNGMANN

"A VOLLENDAM NATIVE"
FROM A DRAWING BY
NICO JUNGMANN

"A VOLLENDAM WORTHY"
FROM A DRAWING
BY NICO JUNGMANN

A FRENCH CARICATURIST: CARAN D'ACHE. BY GABRIEL MOUREY.

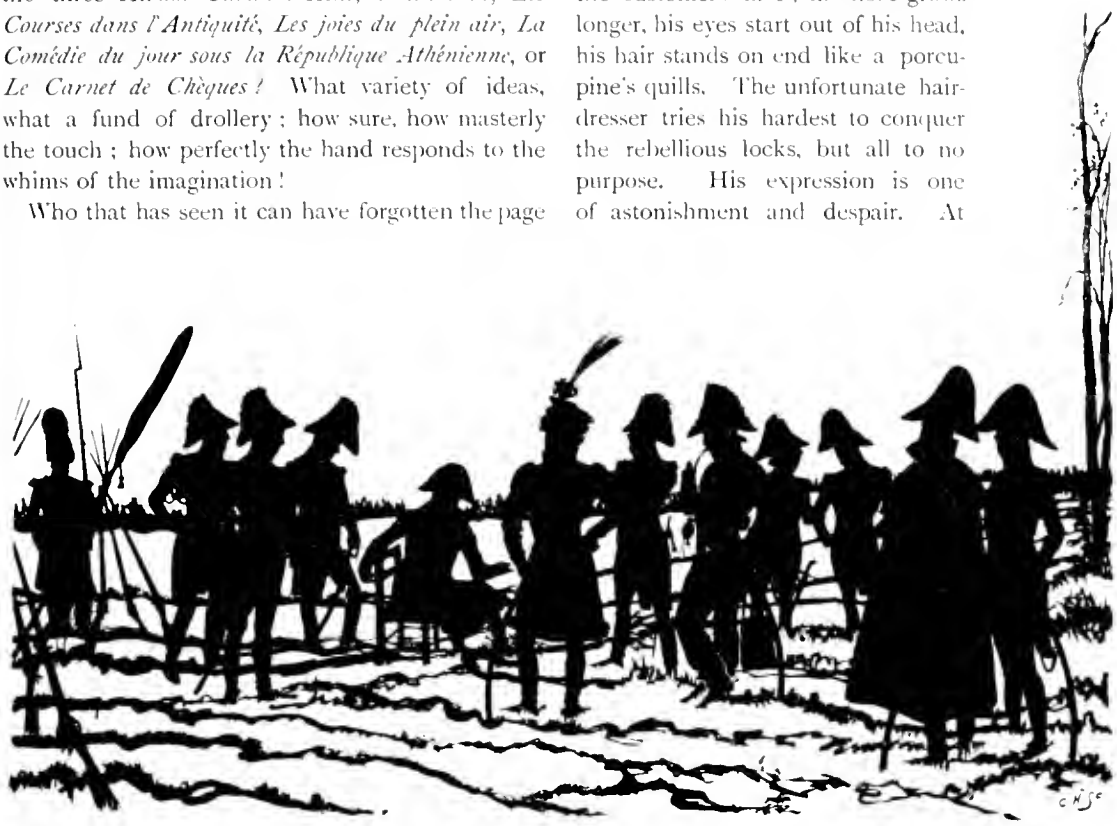
SOME may feel surprise, on looking at the illustrations in this article, to find none of the comic drawings, the humorous pages, by which Caran d'Ache has won for himself the remarkable and well-deserved popularity he enjoys. I do not think, however, they will regret this omission. While not denying for a moment that these most amusing and spirited drawings, so full of frank gaiety and life, are in every way worthy of reproduction in these columns, it has seemed to me that it would be more interesting to the readers of THE STUDIO to show them another and less-known side of the artist's talent; moreover, it is the aim of this magazine to publish that which is new and *inédit*.

Every one who sees the newspapers and reviews, to many of which Caran d'Ache has contributed for years past, must know the keen, alert wit of his pencil, must recognise the originality of his ideas, the humour of his fancy, often quite irresistible in its force. Who has not seen one or other of the albums, in which he collects the best of his work—the three *Album Caran d'Ache*, *Bric-à-brac*, *Les Courses dans l'Antiquité*, *Les joies du plein air*, *La Comédie du jour sous la République Athénienne*, or *Le Carnet de Chèques!* What variety of ideas, what a fund of drollery; how sure, how masterly the touch; how perfectly the hand responds to the whims of the imagination!

Who that has seen it can have forgotten the page called *Général et Cerf-Volant?* During the halt before the march past, some urchins have tied a kite-string to the tail of the general's mount. The parade begins, and the general, going along at the trot, raises the kite, which floats gaily behind him. The troops cannot contain their amazement, as the general, all unconscious, passes by in dignified triumph, followed by his staff.

Excellent chien rapporteur introduces us to the studio of an animal painter in the act of transferring a splendid pheasant on to his canvas. To him enter a "sportsman," with his dog. At once, while the two friends are shaking hands, the dog, scenting game, comes to a halt before the picture. The next moment the "fine sporting dog" has sprung upon the painted bird, torn it out of the resisting canvas, and laid his prey triumphantly at his master's feet; while the painter, in despair, falls backwards into a seat and tears his hair.

What could be funnier than this—*Une histoire à faire dresser les cheveux!* "I want my hair curled . . . . and do it as nicely as you can . . . ." says the customer, as he enters the hairdresser's shop and takes his seat. The barber hands him the morning paper and sets to work. But horror is suddenly depicted on the customer's face; his nose grows longer, his eyes start out of his head, his hair stands on end like a porcupine's quills. The unfortunate hairdresser tries his hardest to conquer the rebellious locks, but all to no purpose. His expression is one of astonishment and despair. At



SILHOUETTE BY CARAN D'ACHE

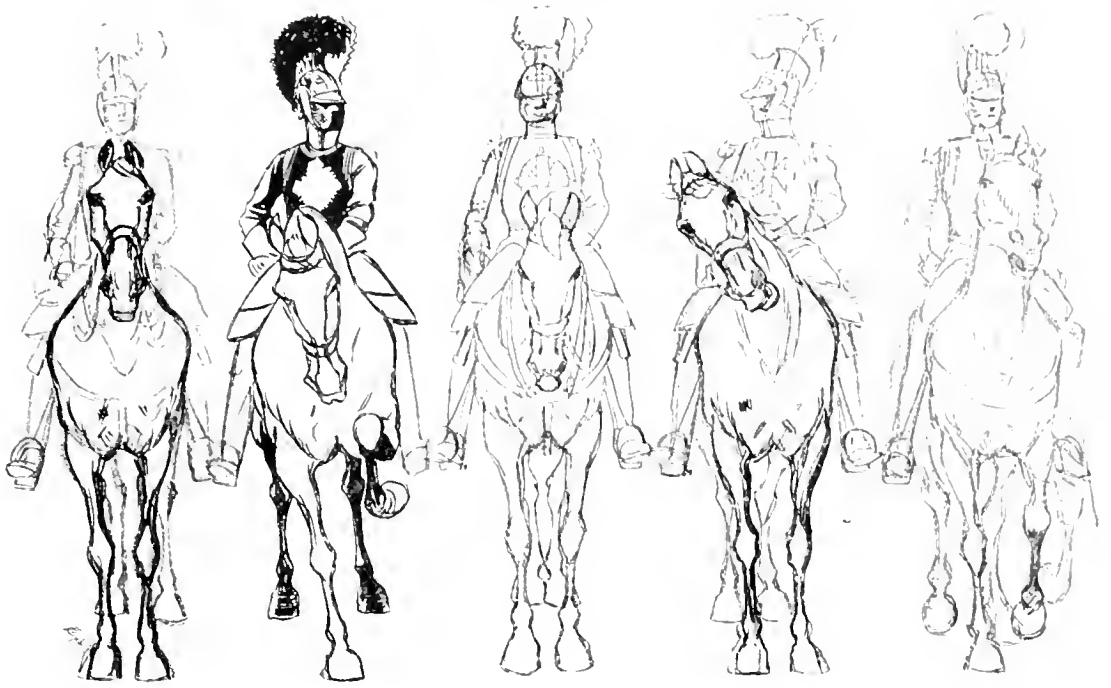
last, quite tired out, he gives it up, and the *monsieur*, without having noticed anything wrong, gets up to go. "Three *frisures* for the gentleman . . . . three!" cries the operator to the cashier. The customer pays, and *exit*. Directly he has gone the hairdresser seizes the paper and reads from it aloud. The caissière's hair, his own hair, the dog's hair, the very hair on a wig stand on end, so awful is the story. In fact, it is "a story to make your hair stand!"

Or, to mention others, what could be better in their way than *Le Récit du Capitaine*, *Trappeur d'Arkansas*, *L'Assaut de Malakoff*, *Appareil à Duel*, or *Métropolitain Oriental!* In all we see the same *verve*, the same sense of the comic side of events, the same art of expressing things with accuracy and restraint. For artists of this kind are beset by many pitfalls, the chief of which is the temptation to go too far, to overdo one's effects, a result which practically never happens with M. Caran d'Ache's work. He knows perfectly well how to say what he wants to say, and he says neither more nor less than this a rare merit indeed, which he owes to his extremely keen observation, to his profound knowledge of gesture and expression. In a few lines he places his figures; then he surrounds them with just the setting they demand; in a word, he creates their "atmosphere." He brings at once into relief the essential characteristics of things, disregarding all save that which calls for prominence, and has some special part to play in his story. Thus he is always clear and comprehensible; his ideas are within everybody's range, and are expressed with the utmost crispness and precision.

His method is to simplify as much as possible; hence the apparent poorness of some of his drawings; hence the sense of crudeness they sometimes produce; but examine them closely, carefully, and you will be astonished to find how much there is in them after all, how minutely accurate is the detail. The development of his subjects, all their half-dramatic, half-comic interest, consists in the successive transformations of a line, expressing upon the face the gradations of this or that feeling, or passion, or thought. By the simple deformation or exaggeration of one or two primary features in face or figure, Caran d'Ache shows us the birth, the expansion, the growth, the full development, the bursting—so to speak—of his drama. Apart even from the gay humour they contain, some of his "stories without words," told in a series of little pictures, are full of merit.

From the artistic point of view, Caran d'Ache seems to me to be better, although less popular, as the soldier's artist—the military caricaturist, than as the fanciful humorist whom all the world knows; moreover, that it is his true natural bent, and in

STUDY BY CARAN D'ACHE



STUDY BY CARAN D'ACHE

that direction his great gifts are seen to highest perfection.

Some fifteen years ago Caran d'Ache—who was then simply known by his real name, Emmanuel Poiré, and had not yet assumed the now famous pseudonym, which it seems, in Russian, signifies pencil—was doing his term of military service. Passionately fond of drawing, he was employed by the Ministry of War in the department for the study of foreign armies. He drew uniforms of every kind, and thus had access to all that was necessary to enable him thoroughly to grasp in their minutest details the dress, the appearance, the everyday life of the soldier. He started by caricaturing the uniforms of the German army, deriving his inspiration from the military caricaturists of Germany herself, whose influence may be traced in the drawings from his pen, published about that time in *Tout-Paris*, *La Vie Moderne*, the *Chat Noir*, and elsewhere. They dealt particularly with the Imperial era, rich in heroic feat and glorious adventure. The splendid uniforms of the "Grande Armée" were indeed well calculated to attract the artist's pencil. For heroes' hearts beat beneath those gorgeous trappings! One has only to read the *Cahiers du Capitaine Coignet* or the *Mémoires de Marbot* to see what prodigies of valour these men were capable of achieving. This, then, was the heroic period Caran d'Ache wished to depict in his *L'Epopée*, a series of *ombres chinoises*, which for many months drew "All Paris" to the little theatre at the "Chat Noir." His success was enormous. Nothing could have been more striking, nothing more real, nothing more thoroughly alive than these scenes of military life. In simple *silhouette* form the artist succeeded so admirably in bringing out the characteristics of each personage, showed so much variety of expression and movement in his groups, that one could not resist a feeling of genuine enthusiasm as this remarkable and original spectacle passed before the eyes.

Fully equipped in every detail, from his previous studies, perfect master of every particular of harness, and uniform and arms, Caran d'Ache made this miniature revival of the Napoleonic triumph a truly wonderful creation. His hitherto unpublished original sketches, several of which are reproduced here, give some idea of what this work was like. They show, accurately enough, the genius of Caran d'Ache as a military draughtsman; while the other studies now published—selected from some hundreds in his portfolios—will serve to complete the reader's acquaintance with the artist's genius in this direction.

One of Caran d'Ache's strongest qualities is his profound knowledge of the horse. He knows its anatomy from A to Z, and I can think of no artist of to-day who can show its movements better than

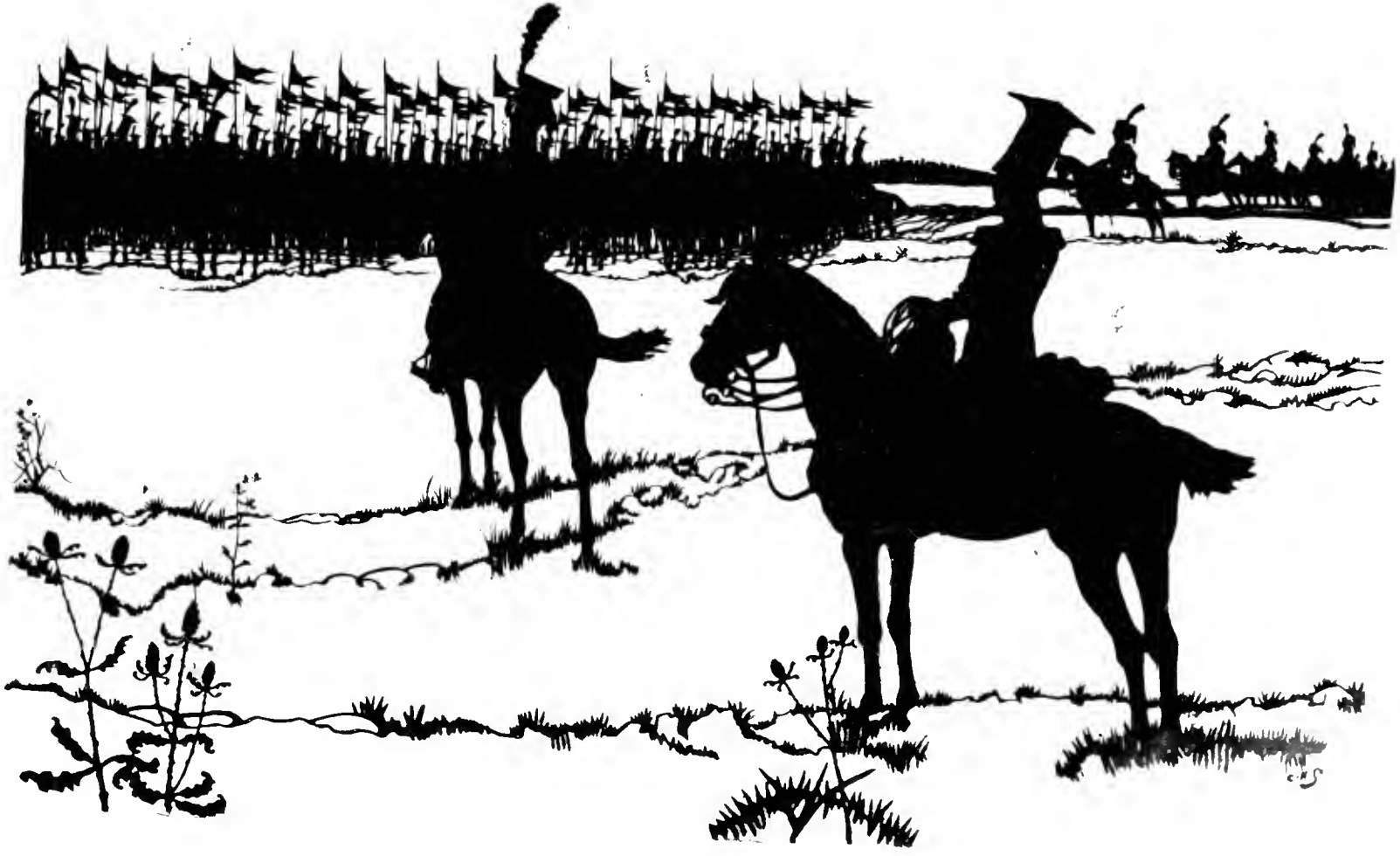
STUDY BY CARAN D'ACHE

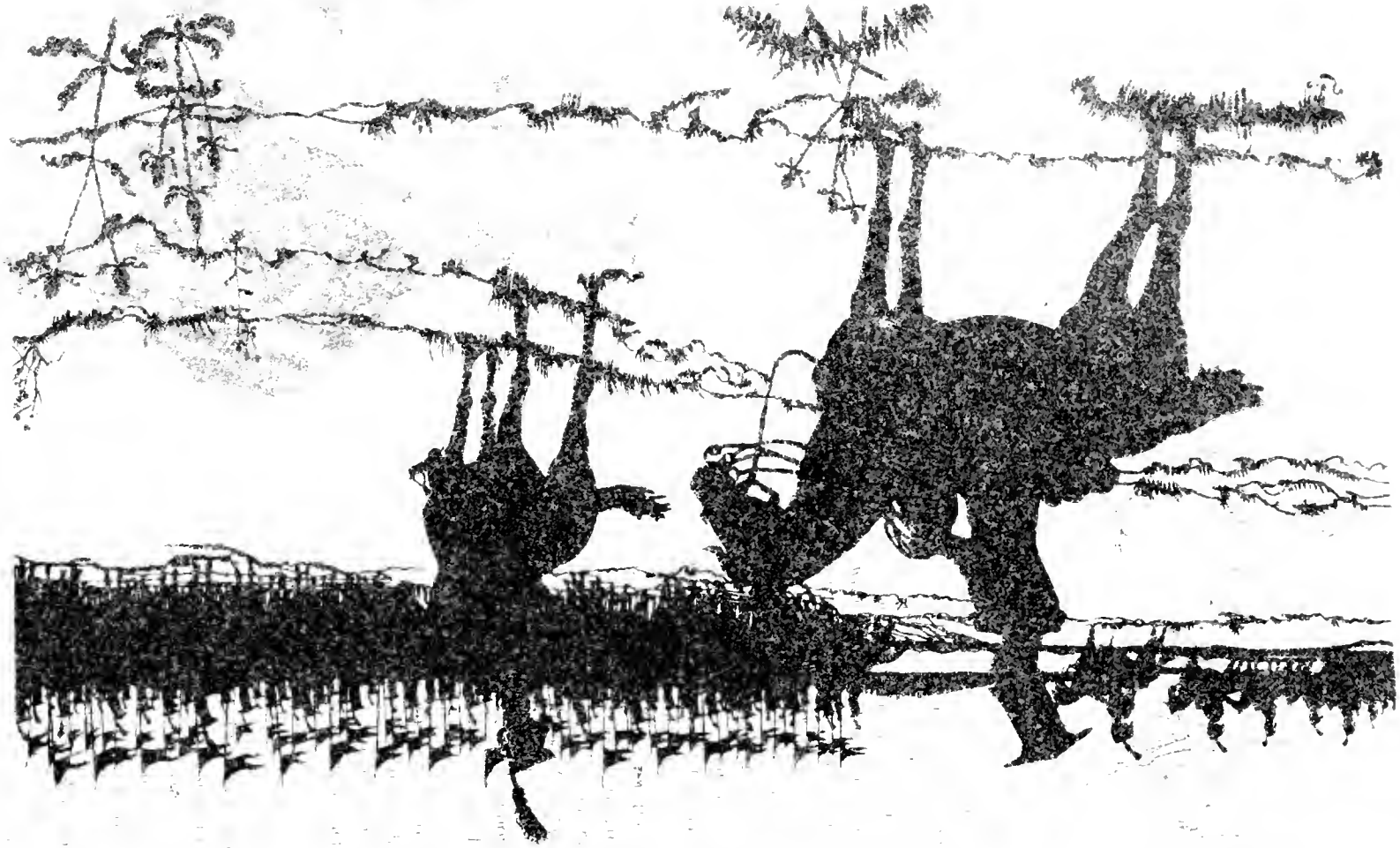
he. In the first place, they are true and precise and certain; but, better still, they reveal in all their perfection the beauty, the grandeur, the fiery spirit of the noblest of animals. Thoroughly to realise how great is the mastery he has of his subject, one must really go through his innumerable sketches, showing the horse in every conceivable attitude, now bounding along in splendid stride, now restlessly champing his bit, now motionless in dignified pose.

Caran d'Ache draws all animals delightfully. Glancing through his albums, one comes across dogs, whose every attitude is seized with the most charming truth and delicacy. In fact, his gifts are great and various. Whether he choose to amuse us with his witty incidents, or deal, as in his military drawings, with most serious subjects, his work is ever stamped with the seal of genuine originality. How many artists are there, how many simple draughtsmen, whose touch one can recognise among a thousand? And among the avowed humorists are there many whose pencil so completely realises the spirit of their fancies? In Caran d'Ache's work, however—rare exceptions apart—there is ever the same spirit of fun, the same sound workmanship. In his caricatures of well-known characters—his *Courses dans l'Antiquité* is full of them—he often achieves the funniest effects, to those, at least, who know the originals; while his illustrations of the events of the hour, which have appeared for several years in the pages of the *Figaro*, afford ample proof of his invaluable faculty of observation, which, as I have already said, forms the basis of his pictorial ability.

STUDY BY CARAN D'ACHE

Just as he deals now with the travels of President Faure, so he treated a few years ago the excursions of President Carnot, whose stiff, solemn manner inspired many a laughable drawing. In the same way he handled the recent Franco-Russian *fêtes*, and the visit of the Preobajenski Band to Paris. In regard to every *actualité*, in fact, he shows himself remarkably well informed, and so keen is he to seize the comic aspect of passing events, that even years after it is a pleasure to come across his drawings, in which one may always find some forgotten





TRANSPARENCY FOR "OMBRES CHINOISES"
FROM "L'ÉPOPÉE." BY CARAN D'ACHE

incident, with its flavour and freshness all unimparied.

These are remarkable qualities in an artist of this kind, and they amply suffice to justify the great reputation of Caran d'Ache.

GABRIEL MOUREY.

STUDIO-TALK.

(From our own Correspondents.)

LONDON. It is difficult to say whether Mr. Sellar is to be congratulated on his courage, or blamed for his want of discretion, in refusing to accept as final the judgment of Sir Edward Poynter, and the other experts, upon the collection of "Old Masters" which that assiduous collector was anxious to present to the Guildhall Gallery. There is, no doubt, something sublime in his faith in his own infallibility, and there is a touch of pathos in the strenuousness with which he clings to the conviction of a lifetime; but as he has, by exhibiting his collection at the Grafton Gallery, invited a wider opinion on these pictures, there is nothing to be gained by tempering criticism to a shorn enthusiast. The only possible view that can be taken is that Mr. Sellar has been cruelly deceived, and that a great number of worthless daubs have been confidingly accepted by him because he has lacked the knowledge and observation necessary to enable him to discriminate between real works of art and more or less clumsy imitations. It might be going too far to say that his collection does not contain anything genuine, but it certainly includes nothing of the first rank, and little that is even moderately good. Many of the ascriptions to well-known masters are almost childishly inappropriate. To assign, for instance, to Franz Hals, that superbly direct manipulator, various fumbling and ill-drawn studies is ridiculous; to credit Greuze with the authorship of the clumsy and poorly-painted *Girl in a Nightdress* is a piece of incredible absurdity; and to ticket with such names as Rubens, Rembrandt, Watteau, Paul Veronese, Turner, Titian, Jan Steen, and others of equal repute, the farcical caricatures with which the rooms of the Grafton Gallery are crowded is a lamentable mistake. To many of these productions it is not possible to give even the benefit of the doubt; they stand self-convicted as patent shams.

STUDY BY CARAN D'ACHE

There are, however, lessons to be learned from this collection. Every picture-buyer should see it, and every one who is bitten with the mania for spending money on works of art of which the value is a matter of speculation; for it cannot be doubted that Mr. Sellar's case is that of scores of other proud possessors of "Old Masters." Unless a picture by a long-deceased artist has an absolutely flawless pedigree, the chances of its being genuine are small enough, and the man who buys it as a speculation is almost certain to make a bad bargain. He would do far better if he confined his attentions to the work of living men. If he has any judgment or power of selection, he can make sure of gathering together a thoroughly good show of paintings whose authenticity is beyond question; and if he makes his collection in the studios of the rising men, rather than those of the popular favourites, whose prices have been inflated by momentary fashion, he will invest his money wisely and with the certainty of later profit. The collectors who, not so many years ago, bought for a few pounds

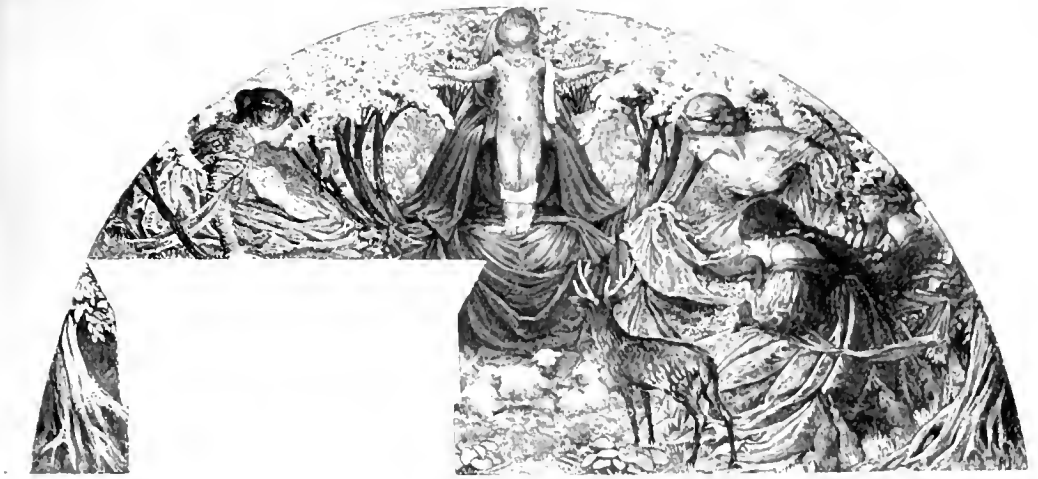
TRANSPARENCY FOR "OMBRES CHINOISES"
FROM "L'ÉPOPÉE" BY CARAN D'ACHE

Wilsons, Turners, Romneys, Gainsboroughs, and the other inexpensive canvases by the then rising artists, have enormously enriched their families; and the same chances are open to the present-day buyers if they could only have the wit to realise it. To encourage contemporary art is certainly better than to support the manufactories where spurious "Old Masters" are turned out by the hundred to satisfy a senseless demand.

POSTER BY CARAN D'ACHE

There is no want of completeness in the collection of works by the late Sir John Millais which occupies the Royal Academy galleries this winter. Nearly all the pictures by which his reputation was established have been secured for the exhibition, and the various stages of his development are quite convincingly illustrated. No attempt seems to have been made to edit the collection, so as to show only the best side of the artist's capacity, and a reasonable proportion of his failures have been included as well as most of his greater successes. The result is to afford a really adequate opportunity of estimating exactly the extent of his claim to rank among the greater masters of our native school. He is revealed as a magnificent manipulator, full of vitality and virile energy, and able to cover the widest field of technical expression: but he is also proved to lack some of those greater qualities of sensitiveness and æsthetic judgment which are necessary to raise craftsmanship to the higher level of artistic mastery. His place is among the realists rather than the imaginative painters, for his instinct led him always in the direction of literal imitation and away from those subtleties of decoration for which he had comparatively little feeling. Nothing was impossible to him in the way of expressing personal character or in the treatment of textures and accessory details; but with few exceptions his pictures are more interesting on account of their acuteness of observation than because they reveal a great intention. In his landscapes, too, he was always concerned with the more obvious side of his subject, and seemed to appreciate hardly at all the elusive charm of atmosphere and the exquisite variety of open-air effects. Yet, despite his limitations, he ranks beyond dispute among the greatest painters of this century; and the position he occupies in the record of British art is one that few others would pretend to share with him.

The idea which has apparently governed the arrangement of the winter exhibition at the New Gallery is the assertion of the kinship between painters of different schools and periods. No attempt is perceptible to exhaustively illustrate any particular school, and no artist, with the exception of Rossetti, to whose works one room is entirely given up, is represented by any great number of canvases. What has resulted is a curious, but very instructive, series of juxtapositions. In one room Van Dyck, Rubens, Holbein, Ruysdael, Rembrandt, Cuyp, and Paul Potter are associated with Paul Veronese, Piero della Francesca, Luca



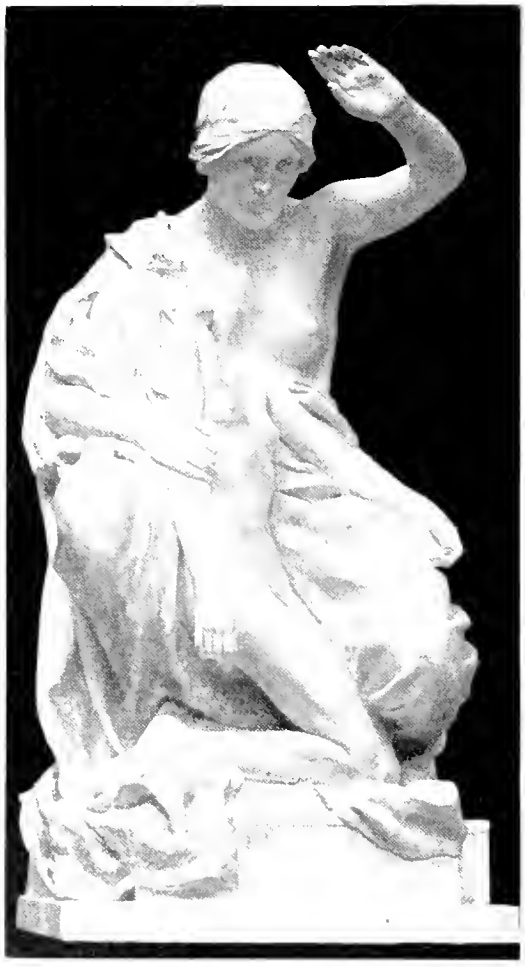
DESIGN FOR A LUNETTE — BY ELEANOR L. BRICKDALE

Signorelli, and other artists of the Venetian and Florentine Schools; in another is collected a group which includes Gainsborough, Raeburn, Morland, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Etty, Wilson, David Cox, Constable, Wilkie, and such recent men as George Mason, Fred. Walker, Pinwell, and Albert Moore. Many of the pictures are thoroughly adequate as illustrations of the achievement of the different artists, and even the less significant examples are generally acceptable on account of their technical distinction. The chief things in the show are a couple of fine portraits by Van Dyck; a fascinating sketch for a *Boar Hunt* by Rubens; a landscape by Ruysdael; the portraits by Raeburn and Gainsborough; a superb landscape by Constable; Fred. Walker's great landscape, *The Plough*, and his pathetic *Wayfarers*; Pinwell's *Out of Tune*; the whole series by George Mason, of which the most delightful is the small composition,

BUST IN TEAK, BEECH AND LEAD — BY E. DERWENT WOOD

The Young Anglers; and the half-dozen canvases by Albert Moore, among which are included three of his greatest pictures, *The Quartette*, *Reading Aloud*, and *Midsummer*, while the others, *White Hydrangeas*, *The Toilette*, and *An Embroidery*, can be fairly said to rank among the happiest of his smaller designs. The best of the seventy-three Rossettis are his *Joli Cœur* and *The Loving Cup*, which belong to the period before his manner lost restraint and grew into extravagance.

A pleasant demonstration of sound convictions is made by the six artists who have organised the "Landscape Exhibition" at the Dudley Gallery. They are all favourably known as successful painters of open-air subjects, and as the producers of pictures which have merits of a really rare type. Mr. Waterlow, Mr. Leslie Thomson, Mr. R. W. Allan, Mr. Peppercorn, and Mr. J. S. Hill, who



"CHARITY" BY ALFRED TURNER

"DANTE AT RAVENNA" BY F. DERWENT WOOD

have supported judiciously the two similar shows which have been held in previous years, are this winter joined by Mr. J. Aumonier. He fills the gap left by the late Mr. Hope McLachlan, and proves himself to be thoroughly qualified for admission to the small circle which is responsible for the collection put on view. His *Fen Farm* is one of the best pieces of painting, and one of the most attractive colour harmonies he has ever produced. Mr. Leslie Thomson is seen quite at his best in his exquisitely composed *Brockenhurst*; Mr. Peppercorn and Mr. R. W. Allan fully maintain the high level of technical performance that is characteristic of their work; and Mr. J. S. Hill, in a couple of studies

of flowers, and especially in a large landscape, *Low Tide*, gives admirable evidence of the steady progress towards exceptional mastery which has for some time past made his work worthy of close attention. The chief departure is, however, that of Mr. Waterlow, in his *Launching the Salmon Boat*, a subject out of his accustomed vein, but certainly one of his greater successes.

The Annual Exhibition of work by the students of the Royal Academy should have been of more than usual interest, because it was a Travelling Scholarship year. None of the paintings submitted, however, proved sufficiently worthy, and an outside critic could but feel that the judges were fully justified in withholding it. Despite a few passable renderings of the theme set, *Cleopatra before Cæsar*, none were notable; indeed, a set of more unalluring Cleopatras or doddering Cæsars could not be conceived. One indeed, with the Roman emperor in a white robe, looking like an ascetic monk, and the Serpent of Old Nile, kneeling (nude, it is true) with all the modest penitence of one who desires to be shriven, deserves mention for its remarkable reading of the theme. In nearly all tesselated pavements were introduced, but the perspective and drawing of these were as inexact as the figures they supported were unreal. The landscape subjects, *An After-glow* and *A Lock*, both showed a much higher level of excellence. The former, for the Turner gold medal and scholarship, was won by A. Priest. In the latter subject C. W. Q. Orchardson won the Creswick prize for an excellent low-toned canvas; and another, by John Hunter, was also admirable in many respects. In architecture, a really fine design for a college tower, by Cecil Brewer, was in many ways more dignified and novel than that which was placed first.

"HERMIONE AS A STATUE" BY MARY TOWGOOD

But if the other classes rarely showed more than a mean average merit, mural decoration and sculpture were far above the average level. Eleanor F. Brickdale, with a scheme for a lunette (cut into by a doorway), treated Spring with a very tender colour and no little distinction. Another version of the same subject, excellently decorative in treatment, depicted a youth with wind-blown drapery on a car; in yet another—and perhaps the most pleasing of all—little spirits whispering into the ear of the central figure, and a youth ploughing behind, were daintily drawn, and the colours of the blossoming boughs were delicately managed.

The subject for a group in the round was *Charity*, the gold medal and travelling scholarship being won by Alfred Turner, with a group of a seated female figure, draped, supporting a nude figure. Another, of a blind man who is saved by a boy from stepping over a cliff—by Mortimer J. Brown—was almost level with the first; indeed, the judges must have found it difficult to assess the relative values. Another, by a student of a few months' standing only—Mr. Young—was full of promise. *Two Gladiators* (one horsed, the other afoot), by Gilbert M. Bayes, won a medal, and

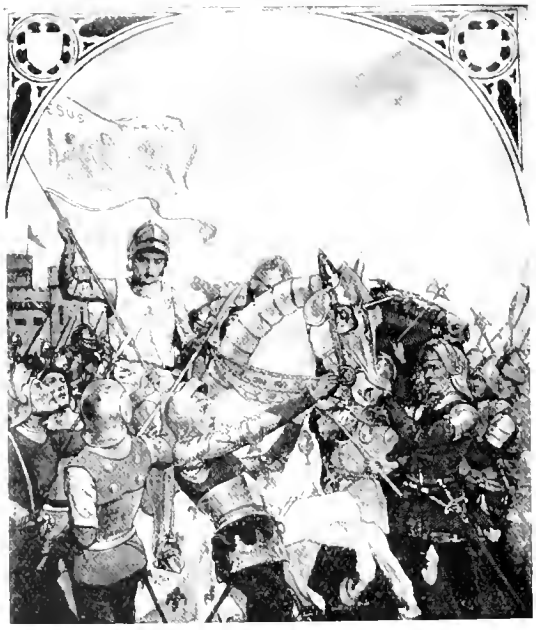
"JOAN STRUCK BY AN ARROW"
FROM A WALL-PAINTING BY
H. HUGHES-STANTON AND TALBOT HUGHES

another group, by Mortimer J. Brown, again came quite close.

The results of a travelling scholarship, held by Frank Derwent Wood, were shown in eight subjects, all excellent; and some—*Dante at Ravenna*, and a bust in teak, beech, and lead—more than excellent. The paintings by another travelling scholar, H. R. Milchen, were disappointing, several designs for the story of *Joseph and his Brethren* being neither pleasant in colour nor strong in drawing.

Among monochrome studies, a *Hermione as a Statue*, by Mary Towgood, was a most excellent work, and well merited the honour it received; as did the study of a girl's head, by Geoffery Alan Nott, and another, No. 1701. The illustrations—a huge number—to *Jephthah's Daughter*, were mediocre to a surprising degree, nor were the drawings for the (so-called) draped model more interesting as a whole. A word of grumbling must be added to this scanty notice. The authorities neither issue a catalogue of the works exhibited nor allow the names of the students to appear below any except the prize designs. Therefore much excellent work cannot be duly credited to its author.

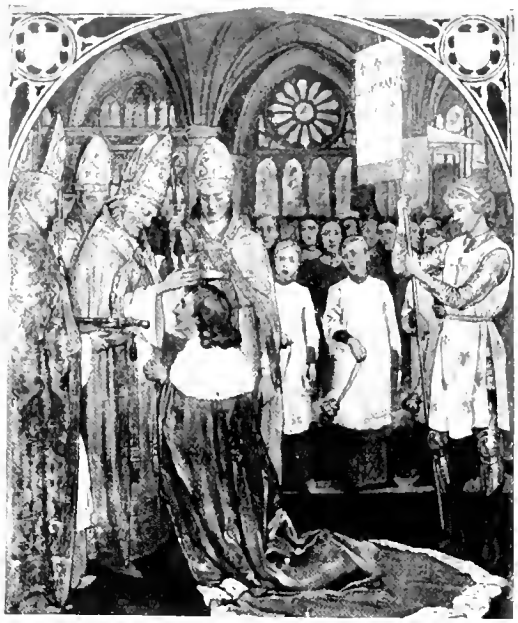
A very interesting series of wall paintings, intended for a room in a house at Guildford, has been carried out by Mr. Talbot Hughes and Mr. H. Hughes-Stanton, both well-known exhibitors at the Royal Academy and elsewhere. The subjects are taken from the life of Joan of Arc, and show the heroine in the garb which modern fancy, based on more accurate knowledge of historic costume, has allotted to her. It is curious to turn up an album of theatrical portraits, which belonged to the famous Dr. Burney, and to find the Maid of Orléans frequently depicted with a mailed corset, huge hoops, and a coiffure towering on high, powdered and bedizened with bows and flowers! In the paintings, several of which are here illustrated, Joan is shown as a graceful maiden, transfigured by her mission almost to the verge of the supernatural. The most successful panels are undoubtedly those of actual warfare and the Coronation of Charles VII. at Rheims. In these a very pleasant convention (not wholly unlike that employed by M. Boutet de Monvel in his famous picture book) has been used to express admirably imagined scenes. The colour is gay, and at times brilliant, without excess. The pictures are intended to occupy spaces in a fine oak-panelled wainscot, with much carved detail below; the canopies of the panels,



"JOAN TAKEN PRISONER"
FROM A WALL-PAINTING BY
H. HUGHES-STANTON AND TALBOT HUGHES

"BATTLE OF ORLÉANS." FROM
A WALL-PAINTING BY
H. HUGHES-STANTON AND TALBOT HUGHES

"AVE GLORIATOR"
FROM A WALL-PAINTING BY
H. HUGHES-STANTON AND TALBOT HUGHES

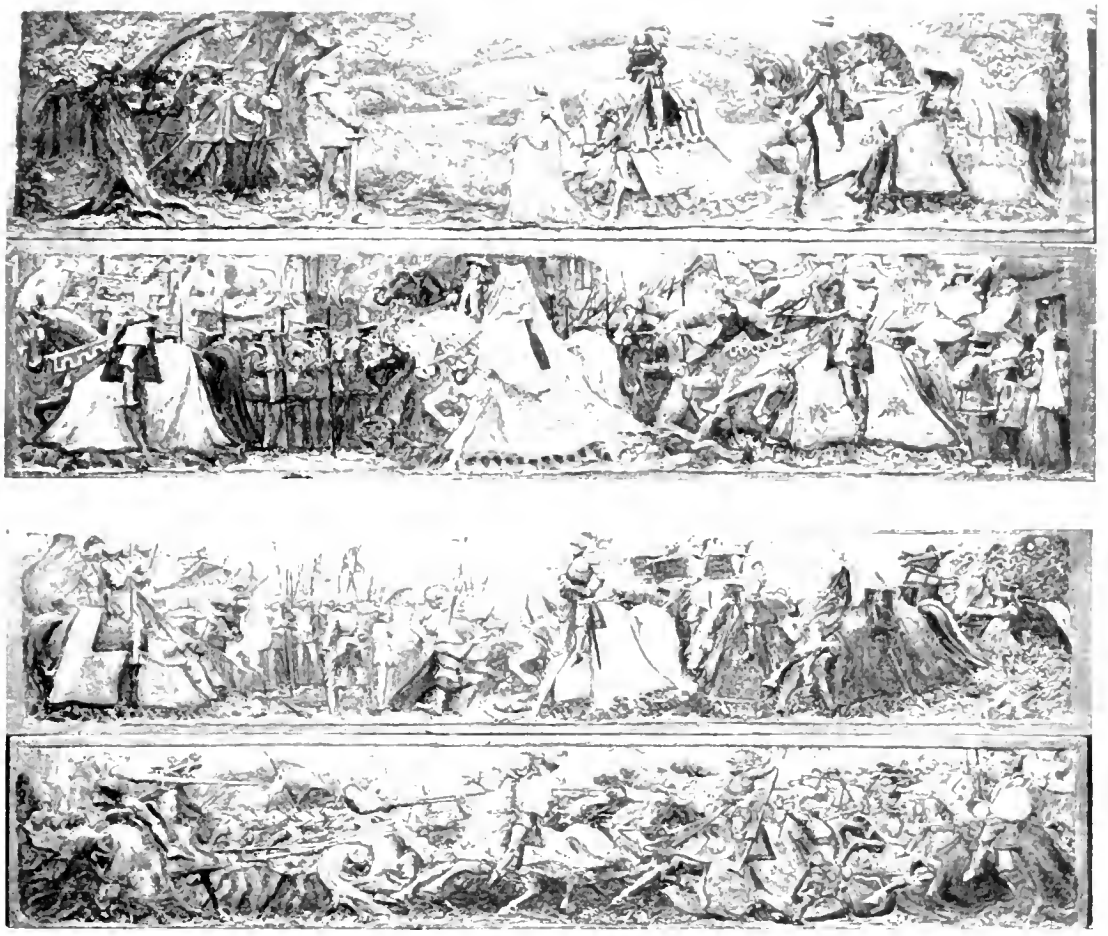


"CORONATION OF CHARLES AT RHEIMS"
FROM A WALL-PAINTING BY
H. HUGHES-STANTON AND TALBOT HUGHES

which are to receive the paintings, are relieved by gilding, and still further enriched by armorial blazonings. The scheme has been well planned and well executed, so that both the clever young painters who have undertaken it will add to their reputations, already well established. As a series it is of unequal interest, for the earlier pastoral scenes, treated in more naturalistic manner, and the later scenes of the martyrdom, also more pictorial, are distinctly less satisfactory than those of the campaign, where a more rigidly conventional treatment has been maintained: but as a whole it deserves very warm approval. If those who have large sums at their command for interior decoration

COLOURED BAS-RELIEF BY H. C. FEHR

would eschew machine-made ornament, however good, and call in our younger painters to supply its place, then indeed might "fresco" and the highest forms of mural painting become acclimatised among us. Every step in this direction, whether by painting on canvas or bas-reliefs in coloured plaster, must be regarded as an advance towards the desired end, and must be encouraged.



COLOURED BAS-RELIEFS — BY H. C. FEHR

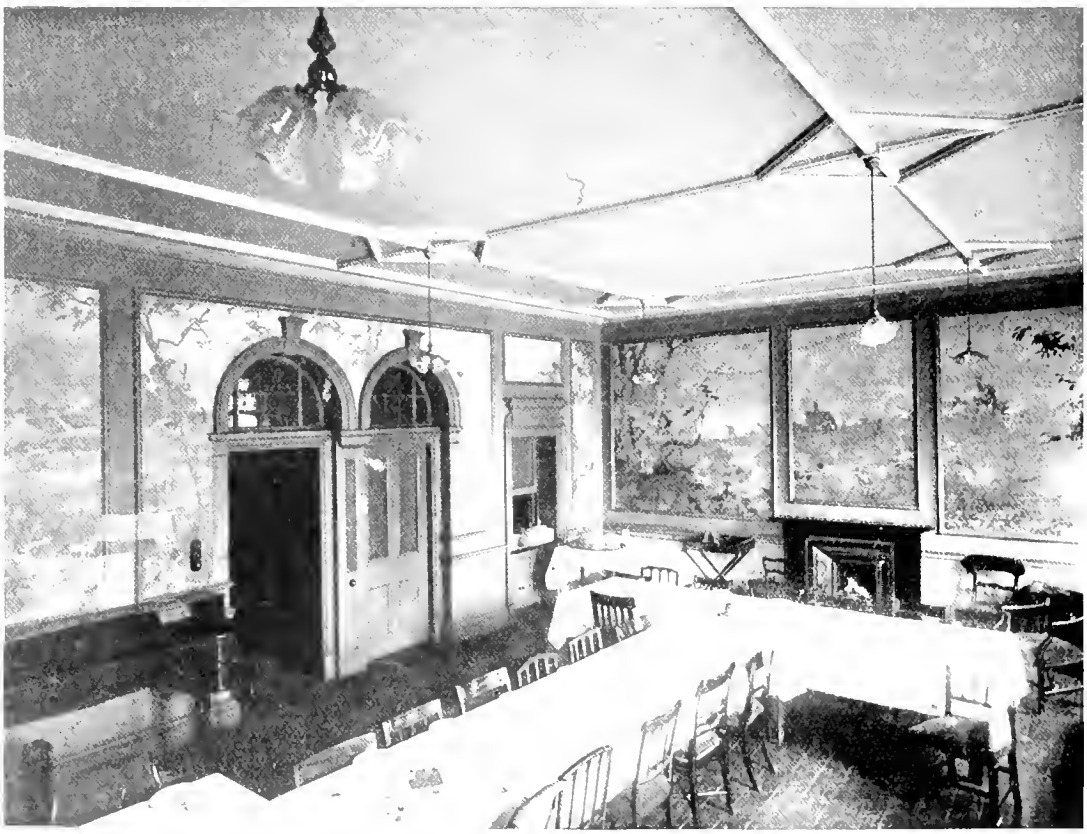
An interesting series of coloured bas-reliefs by H. C. Fehr, intended for the new County Hall at Wakefield, were privately shown in his studio before being sent to the building for which they have been especially designed. The subjects are all pertinent to the locality which played an important part in the Wars of the Roses. One shows the Battle of Wakefield, in which the Duke of York, claimant to the throne, is being unhorsed by his adversary. The central incident of this frieze is also reproduced here to a larger scale. Another has for its subject "The Crowning of Henry VII. on the Battlefield of Bosworth"; a third, the procession through Wakefield of Henry VII., and his bride Elizabeth of York, the formal alliance which united the rival Roses. A fourth shows Margaret of Anjou delivering her son to the custody of the robbers of the wood, who had undertaken to see him safely to France. This subject was chosen as the last important fact in the Wars of the Roses, in which the house of Anjou played so prominent a part.

The panels are each 27 feet long and 4 feet 9 inches high. The figures are in high-relief, and coloured in brilliant pigment, with silver and gold introduced freely. Thus the whole effect is in accordance with the best traditions of such work, and has attained no little of the sumptuous effect of the best examples still extant those, for

example, in the choir aisles of Amiens Cathedral. Mr. H. C. Fehr (whose large bronze group, *Perseus rescuing Andromeda*, was purchased under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest in 1894) had some share in the Trocadero decorations already noticed in THE STUDIO, so that these reliefs are not his first experiments in coloured sculpture. It is good to find a provincial town anxious to decorate its public buildings worthily. In the absence of a really great school of fresco-painters—and the climatic conditions of the British Isles seem to forbid even the probability of one arising—it is wise to enlist the services of our younger sculptors in a branch of their craft which is more in harmony with many of our quasi-Gothic or Renaissance buildings than any other method of wall decoration we have yet employed. Local history lends itself readily to such treatment, and work thus executed may fall short of the dignity of the finest bas-relief in white marble and yet be entirely worthy of its accessory part in the whole scheme of interior, or even of exterior, decoration.

EDINBURGH.—A good deal has been done in recent years for the preservation of the old town of Edinburgh, notably by the Town and Gown Association, which has adapted some of the fine old houses as students' residences under the University Hall scheme. Quite apart from historic interest, the splendid situation of these houses on the Castle Hill renders them worthy not only of redemption from squalor, but of the great care and architectural skill that have been bestowed on their restoration. The internal decoration is progressing deliberately, the work being placed in the hands of such young local artists as have shown skill in mural painting. Some of the decorations by John Duncan and C. H. Mackie have already been described and illustrated in THE STUDIO. The last piece of work completed is the painting of the dining-hall of St. Giles' House by Miss Hill Burton.

The room is about 30 feet by 20. The west side is occupied by a range of windows; on the



MURAL PAINTINGS BY MISS M. R. HILL BURTON

other three sides are a series of panels seven feet high, and on these Spring, Summer, and Autumn are depicted, a wall being given to each season. The upper part of the panels is filled with the flat tones of a warm grey sky and distant rolling moorland, the lines of which are carried right round the room. Then, blues of the distance pass gradually, with very slight change of the tones, into the green and warm colours of foreground vegetation, so that a large part of the space is occupied by colours intermediate between blue and green: against this bright autumnal leaves, and then pinkish whites of birch stems, hawthorn blossom, and other flowers are strongly relieved. The whole is in a very light scheme of colour, laid on in flat spaces. Miss Hill Burton may be heartily congratulated upon the complete success of her undertaking.

"LE GRAND MARCHE AUX CHIENS" FROM A PAINTING BY JOSEPH STEVENS

BIRMINGHAM.—There is very little to chronicle in connection with art matters in Birmingham, except some important additions to the permanent collections of the Corporation Art Gallery. Among these may be singled out Mr. Onslow Ford's remarkable statue of the late Dr. Dale, which is undoubtedly one of the finest works of art now in the possession of the city. Since its unveiling it has called forth almost universal admiration. Another valuable gift, from Mr. Charles Harding, is a large painting by Mons. Bouguereau, called *Charity*, an excellent example of the well-known French painter, and of his best period, the "subject" of which appeals to the crowd, while the artistic qualities attract the local students. Mr. J. J. Shannon's striking portrait of Birmingham's first Lord Mayor, Sir James Smith, has also been added to the gallery of "local worthies," and among the more recent acquisitions may be mentioned a good early water-colour of Turner's—*Salisbury Cathedral*; an interesting little Pre-Raphaelite canvas, *The Woman of Samaria*, by William Dyce; and a good John Linnell, called *The Sheep Drove*. Another magnificent stained-glass window, by Sir Edward Burne-Jones and Morris and Co., the subject being *The Last Judgment*, has just been added to the fine series by this artist in St. Philip's Church. These windows alone make a visit to Birmingham a pleasure to all art-lovers.

Mr. F. W. Sturge, a member of a well-known Birmingham family, has been holding a "one-man show" here for some weeks, consisting of water-colour drawings of coast scenery, chiefly taken from the rugged shores of Cornwall and Devon. Mr. Sturge studies Nature with remarkable fidelity, and his work is noticeable for its purity of colour, the delicate transparency of its atmospheres, and for its close acquaintanceship with the many moods of the ever changing sea.

BRUSSELS.—The album of nine etchings published by M. Omer Coppens will certainly satisfy those who are interested in the career of this sound artist, one of whose lithographs was reproduced some time ago in THE STUDIO. Several of these plates represent scenes in Bruges, whose faithful delineator he is, never tiring in his efforts to paint or draw or engrave its squares, its canals, its solemn, silent quays. The bindings by M. Coppens exhibited in the Applied Arts department

of the Brussels Exhibition attracted considerable notice, being noteworthy both in execution and in design.

The high reputation of that remarkable artist, the late Joseph Stevens, has been considerably added to by the exhibition of thirty of his works at the Maison d'Art in Brussels. In his day people looked for a "pretty bit of painting," precise and solid in drawing, with colours rich and delicate, and cunningly applied. And although in some of his works—*Le Grand Marché aux Chiens*, for instance, in the Brussels Gallery one recognises the influence of Courbet and Decamps, and in others that of his brother Alfred, they are nevertheless entirely personal in point of *technique*, notably *Le Chien à la Mouche*, from the Marlier collection, which is truly wonderful. All the canvases by Stevens exhibited on this occasion come from private collections, for the most part inaccessible to the public, and the committee of the Maison d'Art may sincerely be congratulated on having brought them together in this way.

On many an occasion one has had good cause to commend M. Buls, the present Burgomaster of Brussels, for his zeal in preserving or embellishing the picturesque and characteristic aspects of the capital. To him is due the restoration of the "Grand' Place," while the completion of the ornamentation of the Hotel de Ville and the rebuilding of the "Maison du Roi" may also be placed to his credit. In order to show their gratitude for this constant artistic feeling shown by the Burgomaster, a number of artists have opened a subscription, on the initiative of the "Cercle pour l'Art," for the purpose of presenting M. Buls with a commemorative work of art.

The small exhibitions, which are rapidly following one another this winter in the galleries of the Brussels Art Club, are, generally speaking, of little interest. There is too much evidence of commercial feeling in them all, and one thinks with lively regret of the collection of early nineteenth-century English work shown last year by M. Sedelmeyer, and of that most interesting and instructive display of Walter Crane's productions which some time back attracted crowds—artists and public alike—to the club premises.

M. A. Hannotiau, the excellent lithographer and designer of posters, whose advertisement for the "Cercle pour l'Art" was reproduced in THE STUDIO, has recently produced two charming little posters. The drawing is very graceful, but the colouring, which is perhaps somewhat too delicate, renders reproduction next to impossible. One of M. Hannotiau's lithographs, which appeared in the last album published by the Etchers' Society of Brussels, is worthy of its predecessors, from its breadth of execution and the deepness of its blacks.

F. K.

DRESDEN.—The First Dresden International Exhibition of Fine Art, the most remarkable of the season, as those who saw them all from Stockholm down to Venice admit, closed with a small deficit, which, however, is completely outbalanced by the value of the expensive decorations that will be utilised for fitting up the Exhibition Palace next time and thus greatly reduce the costs of the second show. Pictures, sculptures, &c., to the value of £17,500 were sold, which is a good figure, considering that Dresden has as yet no reputation as a picture market.

That the Board of Directors succeeded in arranging a beautiful show there can be no doubt, but to their business methods objections could be made. The way in which financial matters were arranged with artists called forth serious complaints both from here and from abroad, and trouble seemed brewing when it was announced that the same committee would conduct the next exhibition. The society of artists known as the Dresden Secessionists threatened to withdraw, but fortunately all differences are about to be adjusted, and security will be given that artists will be treated with due civility and fairness upon the next occasion.

The next Art Exhibition, to take place in the summer of 1899, will be national, while an international one will follow again in 1900 (or 1901), and the two will probably alternate thereafter.

H. W. S.

BERLIN.—The Autumn exhibitions, as usual, began to open early, and followed one another in quick succession. The critic who considers them from anything like a lofty standpoint, endeavouring to discover the common characteristics of modern effort, to understand what it is that distinguishes the art of the present day from that of former periods, must needs find himself in

difficulty. Where he expects to see unity he is met by utter diversity of style; and the only thing that stands out clear before him is the fact that the artists, one and all, are striving in their several ways how best to attain the aims they have in view.

The ablest among them, those who have long since received due acknowledgment as masters of their art, adhere to a strong and healthy naturalism, an easily comprehensible reproduction of Nature pure and simple. If one may say so, they are attracted by what they find at their very threshold. And as Nature, amid which their daily life is spent, makes them her confidants, lays bare to them her secrets—one might almost say her soul—their productions are as real as they are attractive. The temperament of each individual master penetrates his work, and imparts to it that truly personal charm which forms the essence of its artistic value for the amateur.

I am thinking now particularly of three artists, the chief representatives of this style, but each differing from the others—Wilhelm Leibl, Wilhelm Trubner, and Max Liebermann—from all of whom we have new work. Leibl portrays the little village where he now lives his simple, unpretentious life; shows it to us as fresh and natural as though any one of his pictures had been dashed off in a few hours. The sureness with which even the smallest incident has been fixed is astonishing. The works of Trubner bear the impress of a sober melancholy, which spreads a veil, as it were, even over the sun's light. All his canvases are painted in the dull, green tone which appeals most strongly to the artist's colour sense. Trubner's personality plays a strong part in his work; it impregnates all he does, and stamps it with a character of its own. Max Liebermann brought last summer from Holland a large landscape, which even in its unfinished state promises to become one of his finest creations. I call it a landscape, notwithstanding the group of women in the foreground, whose presence, while it cannot be dispensed with, yet does not determine the character of the work. Here also every line reveals the artist, testifies to his fresh and happy view of Nature, by which he discovers grandeur of effect, where others would see nothing out of the common. In other words, he sees as only a master sees.

In contrast to this little group of artists who "know their way" stands the great majority groping in the darkness, whose *technique* displays no gradual development, like the individual style of a writer, but has obviously been assumed, is, so to speak, accidental, and, in certain circumstances, might very well be replaced by another.

Not unfrequently one notices that a certain method of painting, which has become known recently through the works of eminent foreign painters, is being wittingly imitated, and applied at random—frequently in the most foolish manner.

Naturalism alone—that is to say, the endeavour to observe and reproduce Nature as it really is—no longer appears to satisfy our young painters; and many of them seek refuge in a sort of fairy-land, such as men ever like to represent it. It is no longer the old, enchanted forest of romance, but—probably owing to Boecklin's influence—the quiet meadows, with tall flowers all around, and the long frail stems guiding the eye in grateful line into the distance through the light, bluish haze which slowly rises. The details have been well observed, and one feels that a close study of Nature has preceded the work; but unfortunately this expression of natural effects has been artificially—or artistically—expanded. Philipp Franck, one of our young Berlin artists, is among those who have gone astray in this direction.

In portrait-painting mediocrity almost completely swamps the small proportion of better work. One must own with regret that the standard has fallen very low. It is perfectly astonishing to find how easily "Society" is satisfied in regard to portraits. The majority of these paintings would not bear comparison with high-class photographs. Some painters are trying to obtain a more artistic effect by tasteful arrangement and delicacy of colouring, which is employed in most ingenious fashion. But I saw better work of the kind recently exhibited by Reinhold Lepsius. Something of effeminacy is inevitable in work such as this, unless a powerful note is struck; although of course the more soft and timid manner is occasionally advantageous in portraits of women. Some peasants' heads by Curt Herrmann showed strength and freshness, and were marked by their author's well-known feeling for colour.

As for sculpture, perhaps the exhibition of work by Constantin Meunier in Keller and Reiner's recently-opened art gallery, may have a beneficial effect upon it. Here a genuine master speaks to

us through the medium of a large number of plastic works, and conclusively shows that the most vigorous naturalism may be allied to individuality of style, and that this union leads to the production of great works of art. The Meunier collection was hailed with enthusiasm at the International Art Exhibition in Dresden; and it is to be hoped the impression made in Berlin by these, for the most part small, productions, may be deep and enduring.

Meunier's subjects are mainly inspired by the life of the miner and the peasant—brawny figures, with sinews strengthened by their daily toil, and muscles that seem as though made of steel. Meunier hardly ever enters into minute detail, which, from the small size of his figures, would only hamper him. His *motif* is always as simple as possible, and even the most extreme physical effort depicted never appears exaggerated. The very features of his subjects are simplicity itself in expression, and thus they gain a grandeur amounting almost to sublimity in its effect: for each figure is a monument.

Just as Meunier proves himself great in his plainest, smallest works, so the designs for the Bismarck monument in Berlin, exhibited at the Academy, clearly show how poor may be the effects obtained even by a vast expenditure of effort and material. The sculptor, Reinhold Begas, has been adjudged the winner in the competition. He sent in the only practicable design; and thus it is he who will provide Berlin with its fourth great memorial. He, like many others, has made the mistake of placing allegorical figures round the monument proper, as if nothing could be done without allegory! Have we after all learned nothing from the errors of the *baroque* school of sculptors, most of whose creations appear intolerable nowadays from the way in which fantastic allegorical auxiliaries are massed around them? The design by the Munich sculptor, R. Maison, was most unfortunate in its effect, owing to his *genre*-like conception of Bismarck, who was represented seated in an armchair; but it was excellent so far as concerned the base, all the lines leading up to the figure in the centre, and the two groups were also very effective.

G. G.

DÜSSELDORF.—"Seek solitude" was the deep-meaning exhortation of the great philosophers of old; and its wisdom has been shown again and again. A recent instance was afforded by the exhibition of works by the group of young artists who a few years ago took up their abode in the remote village of Worpswede. At the Munich International Art Exhibition of 1895 their fresh and soulful work evoked universal wonder and admiration. Chief among these new exhibitors were Fritz Overbeck, who still tarries at Worpswede: Hans am Ende, Otto Modersohn, Carl Vinnen, Fritz Mackensen, and Heinrich Vogeler.

It is of the last-named artist I propose to say a few words now, by way of accompaniment to the examples of his work, reproduced here.

Born on December 12, 1872, Vogeler received his early art training at the Dusseldorf Academy, as a pupil of Professor A. Kampf, studying afterwards at Worpswede under the guidance of the grave and earnest Fritz Mackensen, already mentioned. Two years ago he settled down permanently in this far away spot, where he bought a little, old, straw-thatched peasant cottage and a few acres of land. Here there is nought to disturb the poetic quiet of his days, no busy life around, no din of factory, no throbbing engines. Here all his plates were produced—

"DAS MADCHEN UND DIE KABEN" FROM AN ETCHING BY HEINRICH VOGELER

"FRÜHLING" FROM AN
ETCHING BY HEINRICH VOGELER.

"LIEBE." FROM AN ETCHING BY HEINRICH VOGELER

Verkündigung, Tod und Alte, Das Mädchen und die Raben, Quelle, Frühling, Liebesfrühling, Liebe, Im Mai, and many others which I might quote. But it were useless to describe them, for those here reproduced speak for themselves.

His eye and his heart seem full of the laughing sunshine and the song of birds, full of springtide and love. With true and infinitely delicate sense of nature he shows us the budding of the tree-tops, and bids us listen with his sensitive ear to what the breezes are saying as they rush through the leaves or stir the tips of the waving grass. Dreamily gazing over the landscape, he reveals to us in his etchings all he has seen, heard, and dreamt of.

They touch us like the old folk-songs, like the melodies of a Schumann or a Brahms; for in them are music and poetry combined. May he still dream on, with his wide-open, boyish eyes—for so, it seems to me, he looks on all things; may the good fates decree that his pure freshness never be sullied; and may he give us again and again a peep into the enchanted land of legend and romance he knows and loves so well.

S.

VIENNA.—The *Vereinigung bildender Künstler Oesterreichs*, who, by-the-bye, have just published the first number of *Ver Sacrum*, their illustrated magazine, will open their first international exhibition of Fine and Applied Arts on March 25 in the building of the Garten-baugesellschaft, which is being especially prepared for the purpose under the superintendence of the members

of the Society. The Exhibition will last till the 11th of June, and as it is to be of a strictly modern character, all works coming under the category of Fine and Applied Art are admissible, subject to the decision of the jury. All members of the Vereinigung are bound by statute, similar to that of the Champ de Mars, to exhibit, during the time their show is open, at no other public exhibition in Vienna.

The primary object of the Vereinigung being to educate the public, and to stimulate artistic feeling by a closer contact with the best art of the time, English, Scottish, and other foreign artists and art industrial corporations will be heartily welcomed as exhibitors. Much of the most important space in the exhibition will be allotted to the Applied Arts section.

W. S.

"A MARTYR"

FROM A PAINTING BY HENRIQUE BERNARDELLI

RIO DE JANEIRO.—The recently closed General Exhibition of Fine Arts, although not so well filled as in the last few years, was not devoid of artistic interest, and it offered to the appreciative visitor some works of real merit. The artist whose exhibits attracted immediate attention was Henrique Bernardelli. This painter is the possessor of an admirable *technique*, which sometimes, however, is too much elaborated, and therefore loses in vigour and freshness. He is seen at his best as a painter of figure, which he draws with great care and vividness from life. Among his numerous exhibits the first to catch the eye of the visitor was a seascape full of light and of a deep emerald colour scheme. *A Martyr* (reproduced here) is a magnificent study of a head appearing from a rich dark background. *A Recitation* represents an evening party, ladies and gentlemen in a fashionable drawing-room, in the centre of which, with his hand resting on the back of a chair, the young and talented poet, Olavo Bilac, recites his latest composition. The grouping is well arranged, and the artist has been particularly happy in the rendering of the variety of expression on the faces of the assembly as well as in the faithful portraits of some of our men of letters. *Trouble* is an elaborated composition,

"TROUBLE" FROM A PAINTING BY HENRIQUE BERNARDELLI

rather quieter and milder in expression than the subject requires.

Belmiro de Almeida sent four paintings which attracted the immediate attention of visitors. He has come home from Paris with some notable modifications in his *technique*; it is now ampler, lighter and steadier. His colouring is bright and pleasant, and his composition and draughtsmanship may always be relied upon. *Ready for the Fair*, his greatest effort this year, shows a young and pretty Portuguese peasant-girl in her Sunday garments of red cloth, with the characteristic large earrings and the national kerchief as a head-covering. The impression is very fresh and exhilarating, and the work is executed in the artist's most delicate manner. Souza Pinto, the Portuguese artist so well known in Paris, sent a very fine landscape with cows, in his most recent manner.

Rodolpho Amoedo had two good portraits: that of Mme. Le V——, a not very easy model, presented some difficulty which his brush overcame with credit. That of Mlle. N. C. was bright and full of character, and *A Summer Afternoon* was especially brilliant in colour. Benjamin Parlagreco is an Italian artist who has settled in Rio. He is a good landscapist, and understands certain sides of Brazilian scenery, more especially the mountains, which his brush renders faithfully in spite of the fact that he is something of a mannerist. Almeida Junior, one of our most talented national artists, was not so well represented as usual. Diana Cid, a pupil of Aman-Jean, whose delicate manner she follows, sent two well-drawn and well-painted portraits, full of charm. She had also a study of the nude, which was very true in colour. Oscar Pereira da Silva, another rising artist, who always distinguishes himself as a correct draughtsman, exhibited only two small paintings.

I should also mention two small landscapes by Gustavo dall' Ara; a Parisian landscape and some beautiful flowers by João Baptista da Costa, now travelling in Europe: a seascape by Lopes Rodrigues; and a good portrait by Mary Manso Sayão. Rodolpho Bernardelli had only one work in the Exhibition, a spirited bust in plaster of a handsome young lady. The artist is now too much occupied with his equestrian statue of the late Duke of Caxias to devote his attention to other productions.

C. A. S.

AUSTRALIA.—In Melbourne the Victorian Society of Artists have suspended their usual Spring exhibition. To help the reduction of the heavy debt existing on their fine new galleries, they have let the buildings to the University Conservatorium of Music, for whom it furnishes a splendid suite of class-rooms. During the Christmas Long Vacation of the University, the Society will hold a six weeks' Summer Exhibition in the months of January and February.

In Sydney the Art Society of New South Wales closed its annual exhibition on October 16, after a very successful season of five weeks. The new Society of Artists followed, and its exhibition is still running and drawing large attendances.

In Adelaide the Chief Justice opened the Summer Exhibition of the Easel Club on November 16. This Society, now seven or eight years old, is in a very prosperous condition, under its president, Mr. James Ashton.

The general attention of all artists in Australia is now focussed on the forthcoming Australian Exhibition in London. The trustees of the National Gallery in Sydney have issued a prospectus of an exhibition of Australian Art, which is to be held under their management in London in April and May next at the Grafton Galleries. The necessary funds have been liberally given by Miss Edith Walker, of Concord, in New South Wales, and the enterprise has the official support of the Government of that colony. The finest of the Australian works from the National Galleries of Sydney and Melbourne will be lent to the exhibition, and contributions from living Australian artists are being invited from all the colonies on the Australian continent and from New Zealand and Tasmania.

The works of Australian artists now living in Europe are equally eligible, if executed in Australia. Eligible work now in England must be submitted to the London Selection Committee, through the committee's secretary, Mr. A. H. Greening, 13 Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C. The exhibition will certainly be a novel and interesting attraction.

J. L.

REVIEWS OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Pen Drawing and Pen Draughtsmen. By JOSEPH PENNELL. Third Edition. (London: Macmillan & Co., Limited.) Price 42*s.* net. We must refer our readers to volume iv. of THE STUDIO (Editor's Room, p. xvii.) for an extended notice of this excellent book. The fact that a third edition should have been called for, in spite of numerous imitations by other hands, is abundant testimony to the popularity and value of the work. Some fresh matter has been written by the author concerning the origin of modern Spanish illustrations, and some new examples have been added. The volume being a very bulky one, we must refrain from making suggestions with regard to other matter which, from some points of view, might advantageously have been incorporated. The subject increases so in vastness day by day that a further collection of notes and illustrations will shortly be required to bring it up to date.

La Vie et les Œuvres de Jean Etienne Liotard. By Professor E. HUMBERT, M. ALPHONSE RIVILLIOD, and Professor J. W. R. THANUS. (Amsterdam: C. M. Van Gogh.)—The artist who is the subject of this admirable memoir was the son of a French gentleman who fled from his country at the time of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and settled out of the reach of persecution in Switzerland. Jeanne Etienne Liotard was born at Geneva in 1702 and showed very early in life an astonishing capacity in his profession. He soon became famous as a portrait painter, and during his long life counted among his sitters many of the most notable people of his time. The bulk of his pictures were executed in pastel, or as miniatures; he rarely worked in oils. The account given of his life in this book is extremely interesting, as he was a great traveller and sought material for his paintings in many parts of the world. The authors have taken infinite pains to compile a complete list of his productions, which cannot fail to prove of value to collectors; and his technical rules and maxims, which are also included, will be read with interest by painters. The illustrations are numerous and well printed.

Lives of Seventy of the Most Eminent Painters, Sculptors, and Architects. By G. VASARI. Edited and annotated by E. H. and E. W. BLASHFIELD and A. A. HOPKINS. (London: George Bell and Sons.) 36*s.* net.—This edition of a sterling classic, although confessedly but a selection, is a really valuable work. Its ample and scholarly notes compensate for the omission of the less important lives, to all who look on Vasari as the supreme book of reference for Early Italian Art. Those who read it as literature must await the new translation announced by Messrs. Bell to appear ere long. Meanwhile, this selection from the Bohn's translation by Mrs. Foster is thoroughly annotated and supplemented by much information omitted by Vasari himself. Well chosen reproductions of representative works add to its value. In clear print, handy size, and comely binding, it is pre-eminently, the art student's edition, and for all practical purposes is as good a working book of reference as one need wish. If any admirer of Italian Art does not know these naïve chronicles by Vasari, a great treat awaits him; to those who do, even to those who possess a complete set, these four volumes will commend themselves as well worth possessing, for the added matter alone, not in a separate appendix, but duly placed in footnotes beneath the text, is well worth the price of the whole.

Decorative Heraldry. By G. W. EVE. (London: George Bell & Sons.) Price 10*s.* 6*d.* net.—This new volume of the *Ex Libris* Series, so ably edited by Mr. Gleeson White, is one worthy of a place in the library of all artists who devote some attention to the applied arts. Probably no subject for design requires more careful study than the one of heraldry, for the reason that false heraldry is as distressing and inexcusable as bad Latin. The author has so treated his subject as to make it of especial value to the designer. Commencing his work with a primer in which the essential rules are laid down and the terms explained, he devotes several chapters to its application in past times to the many purposes of decoration—to monumental brasses, to wood and stone carving, and other forms of architectural ornament. The book abounds in good illustrations selected with much judgment and discrimination.

Questions on the Philosophy of Art. Compiled by WILBUR FISKE JONES, Jun. (W. Clowes & Sons, Ld.) So far as a rough calculation of this astounding book is correct, it shows about 170,000 words, all arranged in short sentences, each a question. "Why did the revived Gothic penetrate to Egypt?" "Is the field of consciously produced skeuomorphs still open?" "Are cows and pigs to be included in Nature?" "Are jokes funny at any and every time?" These four will serve as samples of tens of thousands asked, without a single answer to the lot. The amazing fertility of Mr. Wilbur Fiske Jones, jun., as a querist must not blind one to the fact that many of his inquiries are pertinent, and lead to not unprofit-

able trains of thought. But the whole world itself could not contain the answers. *Richard Wagner and the Style of the Music Drama*, another book by the same author, is less appalling; indeed, despite a philosophic appearance of the pages beside which the most scientific of Spencer's treatises would appear as light literature, it is thoughtful, and exhibits peculiar sanity in discussing a theme that is often the excuse for wild ramblings. With a desert island and several years' leisure these books might be adequately digested, but for the hurry of to-day they are ill-adapted, yet they reveal genuine and scholarly intention, however unsuited for the taste of the hour.

The History of Reynard the Fox: A metrical version by F. S. Ellis. With 50 Devices by Walter Crane. (London: David Nutt.) Price 6*s*.—In 1894 the author published a rendering in metre of this famous mediæval story based upon the Caxton translation. In the present modernisation he has entirely remodelled his text in order more fully to retain the quaintness, the satire, the quiet humour of the original version. In this most difficult task he has succeeded admirably. The ornaments by Walter Crane add much to the brightness and beauty of a well-printed book, and we desire, especially, to draw attention to the arrangement and decoration of the title-page which is an example of the artist's work at his best.

Etching, Engraving, and the other Methods of Printing Pictures. By Hans W. Singer and William Strang. (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co. Ltd.)—To the many young students of art who desire to turn their attention to the production of drawings suitable for book and other printed forms of illustration, we can thoroughly recommend this work. Dr. Singer is such an eminent authority upon all that pertains to prints, that anything he writes upon the subject is at all times worth serious consideration. In the present volume he treats with great lucidity upon various phases of the art, describing in separate chapters the processes of line engraving, etching, dry-point, mezzotint engraving, aquatinting, stippling, colour-printing, lithography and other allied methods, including the modern photo-mechanical processes; besides giving some useful hints upon how to distinguish between different kinds of prints and upon the right way to appreciate and enjoy them. William Strang contributes fourteen plates in the principal methods of reproduction, which are evidences of his versatility of *technique* and of his power as a draughtsman.

Later Reliques of Old London. Drawn in lithography by T. R. Way. (London: George Bell & Sons.) Price 21*s*. net.—The success which attended the first series of lithographs by Mr. Way, entitled *Reliques of Old London*, has induced the artist to issue a companion volume in which many buildings of artistic and historic interest round and about London have been sympathetically treated in the medium with which he is so thoroughly conversant, and in which he is able so happily to express himself. The present series consists of twenty-four plates, all of which are valuable examples of lithographic art—valuable not only in being excellent records of places fast disappearing, but also as specimens of stone pictures, technically useful to those who would essay that method of reproduction.

The Three Cruikshanks, a Bibliographical Catalogue. Compiled by Frederick Marchmont. (London: W. T. Spencer.)—Vested interests are solemn things in British art. As this book shows, over five hundred works by the Cruikshanks are deemed worthy the honour of a *catalogue raisonnée* such as has been bestowed on Dürer prints or Rembrandt etchings, and the market value of the items catalogued is shown to be measurably near that of the works of those great masters. Mr. Julian Morris (in a prefatory essay) pokes fun at the Bunthornes, who admire the "golden age of the sixties"; but even a Bunthorne may at times be excited by good work. Now Cruikshank's clever attempts never passed the stage that a brilliant amateur has often reached. Consequently, those who regard the "art" of caricature as seriously as that of any other form of pictorial expression, stand amazed to see the prices fetched by works not to be compared for a moment with those by Hogarth or Rowlandson, any more than with those by Charles Keene or Phil May. The Cruikshank mania is like the Tulip mania, or the *Ex libris* craze, only absurd when it pays ridiculous prices for trifles amusing and admirable of their sort, but as a rule merely curious and laughter-provoking, in some ways better, and in others worse, than the average "grotesques" of the present day. The samples given in this book include "The Humorists," a dreary piece of fooling, and the delightfully impish "Brownies," from Grimm. The fun of the one is akin to that of "Charlie's Aunt," the other may be ranked with that of "Alice in Wonderland"—*i.e.*, the one is "vulgar" and the other scholarly fun.

The Canon: An Exposition of the Pagan Mystery Perpetuated in the Cabala as the Rule of all the Arts. (London: Elkin Matthews.)—The author is

wise to conceal his identity, otherwise he would run some risk in these degenerate days of being locked up as a lunatic. According to his system everything means everything, or if it does not then it can be easily made to do it by first turning names into numbers, then transmuting those numbers into other names, and hey, presto! the thing is done. *E.g.*, "*το πνευμα Αγιον* (the Holy Ghost) has the value of 1080, which is the number of miles in the moon's radius. She is thus also a personification of the moon." Ancient temples, we are gravely assured, were built with proportions derived from the human body and the orbits of the planets. Thus, every temple was a representation in stone of the macrocosm and the microcosm. "Just as the measures of the Greek temple were derived from the numbers of the names attributed to the goddess [Pallas Athene], so also we find that the number 755 (Petros) seems to have determined some of the proportions of the Abbey of Westminster." Let modern architects therefore eschew their present ignorant methods and learn the science of numerical fooling. Then the palmy days of hieroglyphic building will return, and rhombi, vesicæ, omphali, analemmata, planetary orbits, Gematriac transformations, human anatomy, and other pleasant and profitable items will enter into the training of the architect of the future.

King Longbeard. A book of Fairy Tales, written by BARRINGTON MACGREGOR, and illustrated by CHARLES ROBINSON. (London: John Lane.) Price 6*s.*—It is the fashion among some illustrators, as their work becomes popular and much sought after, to bestow less care upon its execution. The same amount of thought or imagination once given to the production of a single picture is made to serve for three or four. The result is that their drawings become slighter and lose correspondingly in interest. This fault cannot be found in the case of Charles Robinson. Indeed, it seems to us that as his work becomes more appreciated, it gains in conscientious worth. Never has his ability been shown to greater advantage than in some of the illustrations to *King Longbeard*, and his reputation cannot fail to be furthered thereby. The story is well written and is sure to be appreciated by young people.

The Wellington Memorial. By MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS. (London: George Allen.)—This is a worthy companion volume to the admirable *Nelson Memorial* published by Mr. Allen in 1896. To produce an unbiassed history of these stirring times within a limited compass, is by no means an easy task, but Major Griffiths comes out of the ordeal with conspicuous success. Numerous photogravure plates and other illustrations after portraits of the Duke and of some of his prominent contemporaries by Sir Thomas Lawrence, Sir M. A. Shee, Hoppner, Pearson, Edridge, Pickersgill, and Henry Weigall, add greatly to the value of a work to which can be accorded nothing but the heartiest praise.

La Peinture Française. Par PAUL MANTZ. (Paris: L. H. May.) Price 3 f. 50 c. This new volume of the *Bibliothèque de l'Enseignement des Beaux-Arts* deals with the rise and progress of painting in France from the ninth century to the end of the fifteenth. Like its numerous predecessors in the same series, it is well written and well illustrated, and is in every respect a valuable addition to the library of the student of art history.

Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales. With 100 pictures by A. J. GASKIN. (London: George Allen.) An excellent edition, appropriately illustrated and printed in a clear, readable type. A book for a child to revel in during the long winter evenings.

The Wallypug in London. By G. E. FARROW. Illustrated by ALAN WRIGHT. (London: Methuen & Co.) Price 3*s.* 6*d.*—The author of *The Wallypug of Why*, in writing a second Wallypug book, is simply following the excellent example set by Lewis Carrol in his adventures of *Alice* an example for which the juvenile world has every possible reason to be thankful. *The Wallypug in London* deserves to be as popular with children as its predecessor, and none the less so because of Mr. Wright's clever and humorous illustrations.

Tom, Unlimited. A Story for Children. By MARTIN LEACH WARBOROUGH. (London: Grant Richards.) Price 5*s.* A fantastic story, in which annihilation of time and space is made to account for a confused jumble of episodes. The illustrations, by the talented artist Miss Gertrude Bradley, are vigorous and full of humour.

Spring Fairies and Sea Fairies. By GERALDINE MOCKLER. Illustrated by NELLIE BENSON. (London: George Allen.) A charming book for young children, with some remarkably dainty illustrations. Nellie Benson's drawings, if occasionally somewhat wanting in "colour," show considerable power of draughtsmanship and imaginative refinement, and we shall look with interest for further work from her pencil.

AWARDS IN "THE STUDIO" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

DESIGN FOR DAMASK TABLE CLOTH. (A VIII.)

The FIRST PRIZE (*Ten pounds*) is awarded to

St. Mungo (R. H. Scott, 65 W. Regent Street, Glasgow).

The SECOND PRIZE (*Five pounds*) to *Sunflower* (Alice Gordon Loch, 43 Eardley Crescent, Earl's Court, S.W.).

The THIRD PRIZE (*Three pounds*) to *Cobalt Pants* (Arthur Payne, 6 Upper Phillimore Place, Kensington, W.).

The following have been awarded Honourable Mention:—*Braid* (Reginald Dick, Olive Villa, Newlyn, Cornwall); *Sky Blue* (Ida M. Unwin, Heathlands, Maybury, Woking); *Barney* (Mabel S. Chandler, Station House, Aldershot, Hants); *Elgitha* (Katherine M. Coggin, North View, Chadwick Road, Peckham); *Janita* (Ethel Elliott, 11 Castle Bar Road, Ealing, W.); *Nella* (N. Boon, 26 Willemstraat, Den Haag, Holland); *the above have been purchased by Messrs. Erskine Beveridge and Co.* *Abeille* (J. Foord); *Cyma* (Henry Holman); *Craft* (Ernest Storm); *Chin-Chin* (Florence Harris); *Daisy* (T. W. Hammond); *Forlorn Hope* (W. A. Buckingham); *Faithlie* (Miss Russell); *Inez* (Helena Appleyard); *Lyla* (Mary L. Warren); *Loudoun* (W. D. White); *Nibs* (Alice Hewitt); *Pop* (Arthur L. Walbank); *Primula* (Georgina Sutton); *Wenman* (Miss C. Turner Smith); *Witloeg* (Amy Whitelegge); and *Yarah* (Helen F. Loch).

DESIGN FOR A CERTIFICATE.

(A X.)

The FIRST PRIZE (*Two guineas*) is awarded to *Tod* (Osmond Pittman, 49 Stanley Gardens, Hampstead).

The SECOND PRIZE (*One guinea*) to *Arc* (Thomas Corson, 8 Blenheim Walk, Leeds).

Honourable Mention is given to the following:—*Agathos* (Stavros Homere); *Diana* (Mary L. Greville Cooksey); *Dodo* (Dorothea A. Drew); *F Sharp* (A. J. Moore); *Jason* (John Thirtle); *Edith* (Edith Harwood, 29 Tite Street, Chelsea, S.W.); and *Songster* (Mary M. Falcon, Milverton, Somerset).

The designs by *Edith* and *Songster* have been purchased.

FIRST PRIZE (COMPETITION A X.) "TOD"

ILLUSTRATION IN PEN AND INK FOR "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

(B IX.)

The FIRST PRIZE (*One guinea*) is awarded to *St. Osmund* (Osmond Pittman, 49 Stanley Gardens, Hampstead).

The SECOND PRIZE (*Half-a-guinea*) to *Athenæum* (F. H. Ball, 189 Noel Street, Nottingham).

Honourable Mention is given to the following:—*Jason* (John Thirtle, The Elms, Banstead Road, Ewell, Surrey); *Pease Blossom* (May Seddon Tyrer, 43 East Dulwich Road, S.E.); and *Sal*

(S. A. Lindsey, Huntington, Pakwood Road, Boscombe, Bournemouth); *the above are illustrated.* *Bat* (Chas. M. Crosby); *Bottom* (Allan Inglis); *Bérangère* (Victor Lhuer); *Lucifer* (R. E. Clarke); *Sparrow* (Scott Calder); and *Ulmus* (Nellie Brightwell).

STUDY OF SHELLS.

(C IX.)

Among the drawings which have been submitted in this competition are many which, while showing marked ability of draughtsmanship, are faulty in methods of working. For example, some are so finely drawn as to lose all sense of line work. Others are drawn in ink which is not uniformly black. Both faults render them equally unsuitable for reproduction by process.

The FIRST PRIZE (*One guinea*) is awarded to *Credo* (Marion E. Broadhead, 25 High Street, Macclesfield).

The SECOND PRIZE (*Half-a-guinea*) to *Beach* (Geo. Collier, 89 Hassop Street, Beswick, Manchester).

Honourable Mention is given to the following:—*Hylas* (Isabel Haddon, Odiham Close, Winchfield); *Seaweed B* (Mary Burfield, 15 Maison Dieu Road, Dover); *the above are illustrated.* Also to *Bee* (Bernard C. Gotch); *Bufo* (Madeline Gregory); *Canute* (Eveline A. Brauer); *Chalks* (Florence A. Phillips); *El Tor* (Margaret I. Chilton); *Frigga* (Helen Taylor); *Gael* (James Campbell); *Mollusc* (J. D. Dean); *Novice* (Edmund G. Sykes); *Namo* (Ethel S. Martin); *Parrot* (Miss M. Pirrott); *Raratonga* (J. H. Hipsley); and *Zeto* (Will. E. Tyler).

A LIVING-ROOM INTERIOR.

(D III.)

Owing to great pressure on our space this competition is not illustrated.

The FIRST PRIZE (*One guinea*) is awarded to *Oeillat* (Sophie Mounier, 1 Rue Général Appert, Paris).

The SECOND PRIZE (*Half-a-guinea*) to *Ancestor* (J. C. Warburg, Villa Raphael, Cannes, France).

Honourable Mention is given to the following:—*Chic-a-hee* (M. C. Cameron); *Fluff* (L. King Harman); *Forester* (Constance Innes-Lillington); *Juggins* (C. H. Cunner); *Phyllis* (Edmund G. Ballard); and *Proteus* (Walter Rossiter).

HON. MENTION (COMPETITION B IX.)

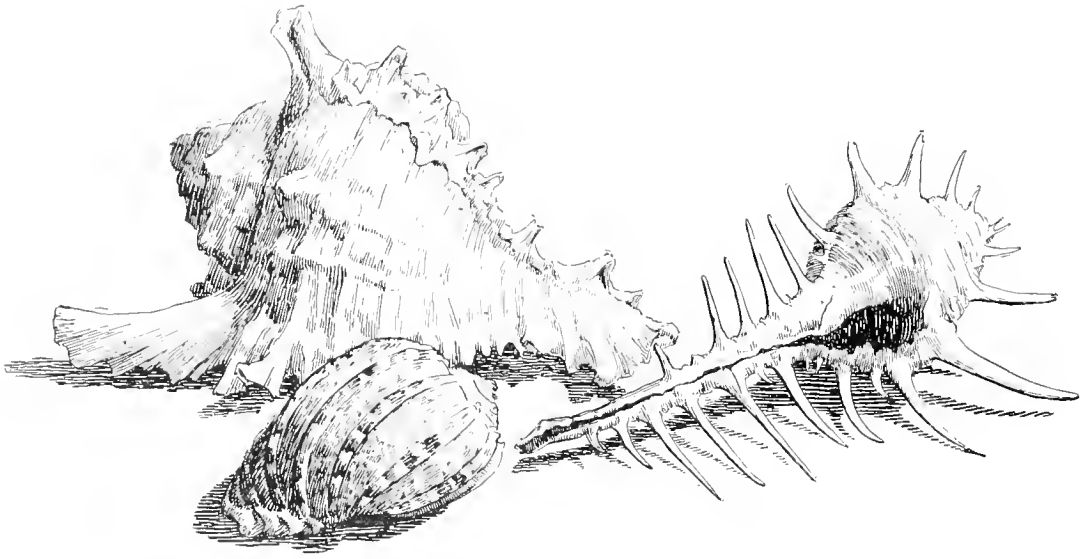
"TEASEL BLOSSOM"

FIRST PRIZE (COMPETITION B IX.) "ST. OSMUND"

SECOND PRIZE (COMPETITION B IX.) "ATHENÆUM"

HON. MENTION (COMPETITION B IX.) "SAL"

HON. MENTION (COMPETITION B IX.) "JASON"



FIRST PRIZE (COMPETITION C IX.) "CREDO"

SECOND PRIZE (COMPETITION C IX.) "BEACH"

HON. MENTION (COMPETITION C IX.) "SEAWEED B"

HON. MENTION (COMPETITION C IX.) "HYLAS"

THE LAY FIGURE AND PRE-RAPHAELITISM.

"THE Rossetti's at the New Gallery and the early Millais' at the Winter Royal Academy came at a timely moment, I think," said the Lay Figure.

"Any moment were timely for both or either," the Decadent Poet said. "It is refreshing to see the morbid school, which is unpopular to-day we are told, thus honoured by conventional approval."

"Morbid," said the Lay Figure; "the early Millais morbid. Has rhyming knocked all reason out of you? 'Side' of that sort should be kept for 'outsiders'—they may be impressed by it; but to dare to tell *us* that the Rossetti and Millais of the 'fifties were morbid!"

"Steady, go slow," said the Decadent, imitating as he thought the jargon of Philistia. "I have not been to either show yet; but I read again Rossetti's sonnets to pictures, and projected the figures on my mind therefrom."

"Which may account for your ridiculous idea," said the Lay Figure. "It is just because the younger generation are apt to think that the latest Rossetti's, and Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, represent each pole of the Pre-Raphaelite ideal, that it is most fortunate that they should have an opportunity to study the real meaning of those who coined the expression Pre-Raphaelitism—a synonym for realisation, verification, materialisation, as Ruskin put it."

"You mean to say that Pre-Raphaelitism once was sheer realism," said the Decadent Poet. "I thought Millais only became realistic when he grew rich, and that Rossetti was always intense."

"It is too late to discuss the whole thing now," the Lay Figure said; "but if Rossetti's poetic imagination, even at first, set him realising visions rather than facts, you will find that he endeavoured to paint them as 'real persons in a solid world, not as personifications in a vaporescent one,' to quote Mr. Ruskin again. Mr. Holman Hunt has continued doing so, and the Millais we reverence in *Mariana*, *The Woodman's Daughter*, *The Huguenots*, and above all in *St. Agnes' Eve*, did his best to be 'factual,' and to insist on realistic details of his subject, even if they jarred upon its poetry."

"I fancy the Continent takes Pre-Raphaelitism to mean Burne-Jones and the cult of the sunflower, Walter Crane's and Kate Greenaway's toy-books, Dresser's designs and Liberty fabrics, Morris wall-papers, and the Arts and Crafts movement, down to the latest STUDIO artists," the Journalist said. "Certainly most who delight in these things delight also in the early Rossetti's and Millais'."

"Therefore, 'things which are equal to the same are equal to anything else,' as Mark Twain's schoolboy wrote—is that your argument?" the Lay Figure broke in. "After all it is not very important if such a misconception has arisen. No matter what the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood actually meant, or what Mr. Ruskin put forward as their creed, the movement we see developed to-day is deeper and broader than they guessed. It began before them, and it has lasted beyond them."

"Then to whom would you attribute the decorative movement, if not to them?" said the Journalist.

"To the reaction against foreign influence, whether Classic or Renaissance, and a return to the study of British architecture and art," the Lay Figure said. "Nor must one forget the enormous influence the so-called Oxford movement exerted. You must remember it was in ecclesiastical art that the revival found its earliest expression. Painting, a self-contained art, was much less influenced; but Gothic architecture, with all its allied arts of mosaic, stained-glass, metal work, mural decoration and the like—whence our later movements have been naturally evolved—began with the High Church revival and a more liberal expenditure on the adornment of churches."

"You are forgetting, surely, Horace Walpole's 'Strawberry Hill,' and Sir Walter Scott's novels, the Eglinton tournament, and the rest of the good old precedents," said the Journalist.

"No! but I think they are only a few, and that to-day each force we approve and believe to be typical of the movement has its own good pedigree. Little by little, as our strength has increased, we have learned to discard precedent accordingly, and to realise that there is no reason why efficient craftsmen working to-day should not carry on the development of the present manner until they have unconsciously almost created a distinctly typical 'twentieth-century' style. Not by atrocious efforts to produce bizarre effects in iron, or by seeking novelty at any price, but by a judicious embodiment of the best surviving features of past styles. Great changes are rarely visible to those who help to make them. A sudden innovation as a rule expires by the reaction it provokes, but quiet advance, such as the Pre-Raphaelite idea shows to-day, if it seems far away from the letter of the early Millais and Rossetti, is, in the main, a logical evolution of the spirit of those two artists."

THE LAY FIGURE.

M. GRANVILLE FENN

THE WORK OF T. C. GOTCH. BY A. L. BALDRY.

Of all the phases of thought and varieties of point of view by which the production of the modern school of painting in this country is distinguished, that of imaginative symbolism is the rarest. Our younger artists have long inclined rather towards the realisation of facts than towards the expression of abstractions. They have shown, by a vast number of very well handled canvases, that they are more concerned with what is obvious and apparent than with those intellectual subtleties which are capable of inspiring the painter's art with noble individuality and definite distinction. A vehement faith in the beauties of accurate imitation, and a clear conviction that by the application of skilful *technique* to the representation of every-day subjects the most interesting results can be arrived at, have had the effect of leading the mass of painters into a convention of skilful commonplace. Fanciful variety and poetic suggestion are both neglected for the literal statement of events that have only a momentary importance, and do not really deserve the permanent record which pictorial art can supply. The fashion of the time is essentially a material one, making a demand hardly at all upon the artist's ability to think, and exercising merely his faculty for observation and his power to prove by manual dexterity that his eyesight is good and his memory receptive. Certainly this is a side of art that has a full claim to recognition—that is, in point of fact, valuable because it affords a solid basis for better things; but it cannot be regarded as the only one worthy of the attention of the sincere worker. The thinker who has trained his eye and hand sufficiently to reach the modern standard of craftsmanship can go much farther, and, without losing his hold upon the public that craves for materialism, can do something to please the few who enjoy the intellectual suggestion of his work.

"THE GOLDEN DREAM" FROM A PAINTING BY T. C. GOTCH

The Work of T. C. Gotch

It is because Mr. T. C. Gotch has grafted upon the realism of his contemporaries a very interesting type of imaginative expression that he has made for himself a place among living artists which he can hardly be said to share with any one else. In his fidelity to Nature, and in his regard for the facts which she supplies, he is exact enough to please the most uncompromising believer in realistic accuracy; but in the suggestion of his later pictures he makes a persuasive appeal to the thoughtful lovers of poetic art, and touches a chord to which the idealist is always ready to respond. The line he has taken is in many respects an unusual one, the outcome of numerous efforts in different directions. He has experimented in various classes of subjects, and has evolved a style of his own from beginnings that hardly seemed to promise the particular development which has resulted. Before he finally settled down into the marked individuality of selection and manner by which his work has, during quite recent years, been distinguished, he went through several artistic phases, each of which may be taken as representing a sincere effort to find the way best suited for the assertion of his personal view concerning æsthetic questions. He was obviously, for the first few years of his life as an artist, occupied with material which only partially suited him, which gave him scope for the display of technical skill, but afforded comparatively little opportunity for the exercise of those imaginative qualities of which he has since proved himself to be possessed. Not until he had tried many forms of realism, and of dramatic subject-painting, did he turn to the combination of symbolism and decoration that has, by its originality and definite character, distinguished him as a worker in art who has a rare faculty of invention and a really intellectual motive in everything he attempts.

"DEATH THE BRIDE" FROM A PAINTING BY T. C. GOTCH

His first pictures had no special intention beyond the literal expression of what was before him. They were studies of things and people as he saw them, set down without any particular idea of conveying a moral lesson, and designed mainly to serve as accurate reflections of the life led by certain sections of the community. The surroundings in which he found himself sufficed to fix the character of his work, and gave to it whatever meaning it possessed. It was sober, serious, and powerful, full of strong contrasts, and uncompromising in its fidelity to the social atmosphere of the distant part of Cornwall in which he has made his home. Sometimes it had a touch of humour, as in *The Story of the Money-Pig*; at others

"THE CHILD ENTHRONED"
FROM A PAINTING BY
T. C. GOTCH

(By permission of George M. Gibson, Esq.)

"THE STORY OF THE MONEY-PIG" FROM A PAINTING BY T. C. GOTCH

it was marked by the tragic force which was so well exemplified in the canvas *'Twixt Life and Death*, exhibited at the Academy in 1890; but always the chief desire of the artist was to realise the actuality of the scene he was depicting, to make his picture convincing by its very avoidance of any suggestion that he had introduced into it anything for which he had not had a definite and producible warrant. He based his claim, then, to attention quite obviously upon his undeniable faculty for being exact, and he sought for realism as if it were worthy to be the one supreme aim of all modern artists.

But even in the midst of his devotion to this branch of practice he showed that the instinct was in him to extend the limits of his art so that they might include something that demanded deeper thought and a greater degree of invention. In 1886 he exhibited, in the first show of the New English Art Club, a great painted allegory, *Destiny*, which proved that, despite the realistic studies he had produced before, and was to continue to produce during the next four or five years, his mind was inclined towards the personifications of abstract ideas, that are to-day accepted as representing him most completely. This picture, which is now the property of the National Gallery of South Australia, was treated with real dignity and with full grasp of dramatic significance, but its symbolism was not subtle and its arrangement was somewhat obvious. It ranks in the artist's record rather as an experiment, as an attempt to find the way along which he wished to travel, than as a final declaration of his conviction. That he had not then made up his mind is proved by his work during the succeeding four years, which culminated in the appearance of the frankly realistic *'Twixt Life and Death*. This was simply a pictorial statement of a scene that might quite possibly have been studied from real life. It made few demands upon the painter's imagination, and was calculated to exercise rather his powers of memory and sympathetic observation than his capacity to reason out and put into intelligible shape images that were formed in

his own mind. As an assertion of facts it was extremely complete, leaving nothing to be discussed as uncertain, and omitting no descriptive touch that would add cogency to the story that had to be told.

Two years later, Mr. Gotch gave clear evidence that this literal view of art had ceased to satisfy him. In 1892 he exhibited at the Academy a single picture which marked the beginning of a great change in his methods. In *My Crown and Sceptre* he abandoned the solid symbolism of *Destiny* and the vivid reality of *'Twixt Life and Death*, and committed himself for the first time to a class of work in which the dominant idea was to decorate. He made no profession in this one canvas of any profound inner meaning, or subtle motive, and suggested no sentiment, but gave instead a happy hint of wholesome freshness and innocent strength. His chief concern was with another sort of realism than that which had occupied him before, with the exact interpretation of picturesque detail rather than the somewhat sordid facts of a struggling existence, and, with the combining of those exquisite trifles, which Nature supplies, into a decorative harmony, rather than the photographic representation of a saddening episode. The intention which he then revealed was developed still further in the picture that, two years later, represented him at the Academy. *The Child Enthroned* very emphatically defined his new creed, and asserted the nature of the principles to which he had decided to conform for the future. Story was abandoned, incident set aside, and even the touch of personality which marked *My Crown and Sceptre* was almost entirely eliminated. What remained was a delightfully pure type of art, something that, by its novelty of form, attracted general attention, and yet by its observation of the highest canons of technical practice was able to satisfy the most exacting demand for efficiency of execution. Realistically, the picture was as complete as it was possible to make it: nothing in the rendering of textures or

"'TWIXT LIFE AND DEATH" FROM A PAINTING BY T. C. GOTCH

(By permission of George McCulloch, Esq.)

(By permission of the Duchess of the Chantrey Bequest.)

"ALLELUIA." FROM A PAINTING BY T. C. GOTCH

the treatment of details was neglected or left unexplained, and no minute touch of exact definition was forgotten, yet all through the charm of a dainty and poetic idea made itself felt. With the one exception of *Death the Bride*, exhibited at the Academy in 1895, Mr. Gotch's pictures since *The Child Enthroned* have carried on the same motives. *Death the Bride* sounded a deeper and perhaps less pleasant note, and had a mystic suggestion that was not quite free from morbidity; but *The Child in the World* at the New Gallery in 1895, *Alleluia* shown at the Academy and bought by the Trustees of the Chantrey Fund in 1896, and the exquisite composition, *The Heir to all the Ages*, which represented the artist at the Academy last year, were admirable decorations, full of healthy invention and hitting happily the safe middle course between phantasy and literal reality. By these works Mr. Gotch has established himself securely among the best of our imaginative painters, and has proved in a manner most creditable to himself that there is nothing incongruous in the union of fact and fancy, or in an alliance between delicate imagery and assiduous care in the arrangement and realisation of properly selected facts.

It is, possibly, because his art education and early experiences were somewhat varied that Mr. Gotch has, as a producing artist, gone through such distinct differences in his search for the one mode of expression which would accord best with his own æsthetic individuality. He was not influenced from the first by surroundings which could fix and determine his after practice, and did not by long adherence to any one school become permanently affected by any set of local traditions. Before he began the serious study of art he was engaged for four years in business; and it was not till he had reached the age of twenty-one years that he decided to devote himself to the profession that he has since followed with so much success. His first experiences were gained at Heatherley's school, to which he went in the spring of 1876; but in the autumn of the following year he became a student at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts at Antwerp, and worked there for six months. In 1878 he returned to London, and, after three months' study under Mr. Samuel Lawrence, joined the Slade school for a period of two years. Three years' fairly continuous study in Paris, in the studio of Jean Paul Laurens, followed, but during this period there were intervals in which he was working at Newlyn. After a voyage to Australia in 1883 he spent three years in London, and then once more took up his abode at Newlyn, which place has

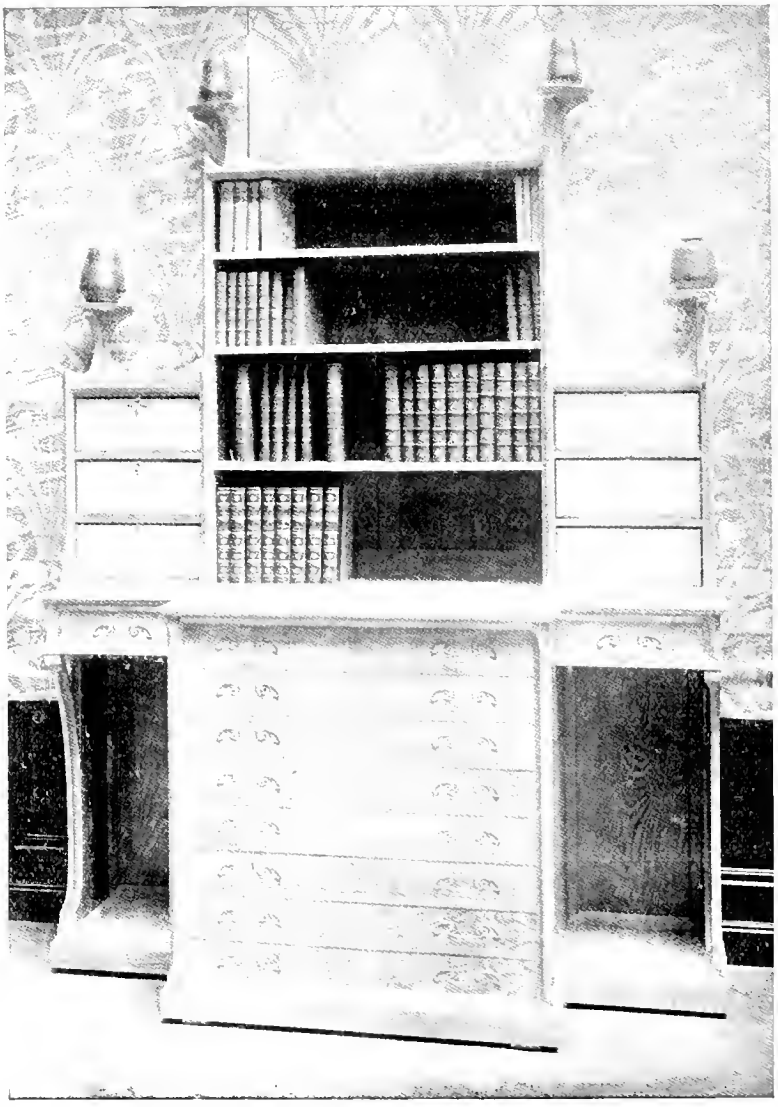
WRITING-TABLE AND ARMCHAIR BY CHARLES PLUMET

(*See "Decorative Art in Paris"*)

remained his headquarters up to the present time. A sketching tour in Denmark in 1889, and a stay of some months in Italy during the winter of 1891, have, however, added to his experiences, and have doubtless aided him in making up his mind on questions of artistic practice.

Indeed, his visit to Italy coincides with the greatest change in his methods. It was during his stay in that country that he threw off the Newlyn influence which was so perceptible in *'Twixt Life and Death*, and painted *My Crown and Sceptre*, which may certainly be regarded as a very outspoken protest against the grey monotone affected by the West of England painters. Italian colour seems to have convinced him, and to have urged him to strive for a strength and variety of chromatic arrangement which he never before attempted. Ever since he has been a lover of sumptuous combinations, and has revelled in the representation of the gorgeous textures, the brocades and embroideries, the laces and adornments, which are so lovingly treated in the works of the Italian masters. Here, apparently, he found the revelation which he wanted to divert him from the grey melancholy of realism into the glowing sumptuousness of decoration, and here he was taught to understand himself. For it must not be forgotten that if the manner of his later art is Italian, the matter is his own. The worship of child-life, the pretty symbolism which he builds up round his studies of the dainty freshness of childhood, the poetic refinement of the domestic instinct, which appear in his work, are personal to himself, and by the aid of this individual characteristic he reaches an æsthetic height to which the mere realist, no matter how great his capacity, can never hope to attain. Though his career as an exhibitor covers no more than fifteen years, he has already many tangible evidences to show of public and professional appreciation. Medals have been awarded him at Chicago, Berlin, and on two occasions at the Paris Salon, while *Destiny* and *Alleluia* have found their way to national collections His position among the best of the younger artists is an assured one, and the attention and respect of the great body of art-lovers are freely bestowed upon him. These are all the proofs of a well-established reputation; and having so rapidly established it he may fairly be expected to increase it and to carry it farther and farther during coming years.

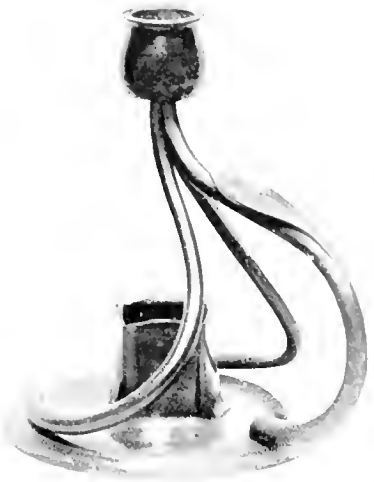
A. L. B.



BOOKCASE WITH DRAWERS BY CHARLES PLUMET

DECORATIVE ART IN PARIS: THE EXHIBITION OF "THE SIX." BY GABRIEL MOUREY.

THIS little group of artists, whose work has often been alluded to in these columns, and with whom the readers of THE STUDIO have thus for some time been acquainted, have just been holding their second exhibition in the Galerie des Artistes Modernes, Rue Caumartin.

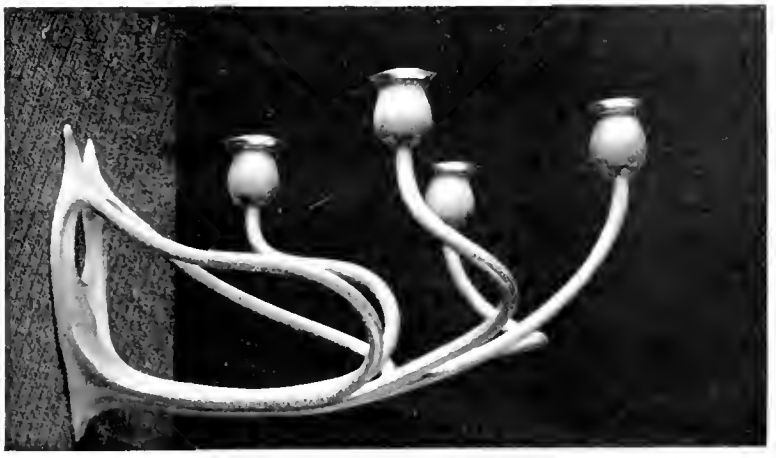


BRONZE CANDLESTICK BY TONY SELMERSHEIM

Last year they numbered five, now they boast one more name, and call themselves "Les Six." Next year, perhaps, they will style themselves "The Eight," or "The Ten," or "The Fifteen." "They have too much respect for their individuality to invest themselves with any other title. To dub themselves members of this or that confraternity, or corporation, or guild, seems to them both puerile and useless; and, by refraining from limiting their membership, do they not, as it were, proclaim their readiness to open wide their doors to all who come in the spirit of goodwill and fellowship?" Thus "The Six" express themselves in the catalogue of their exhibition, which contains, moreover, a sort of profession of faith which deserves to be remembered.

BRONZE CANDLESTICK BY TONY SELMERSHEIM

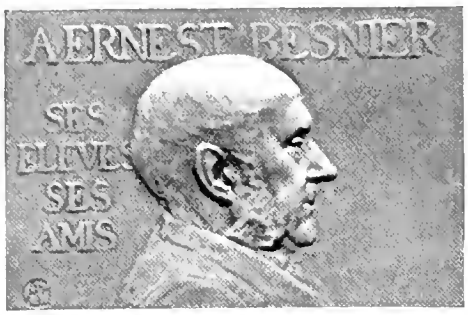
Their chief care, their real object, is not exclusively to produce rare nicknacks, show pieces, *objets de luxe*, or expensive works of art. They do not work to tickle the fancy, to gratify the momentary caprice of some small minority of "fashionable" amateurs. Their principal aim is to create articles of everyday utility, which shall be works of art, not by reason of their cost, or the value of the material of which they are made, but by virtue of the actual work put into them, and by the fact of their



CANDLE BRACKET BY TONY SELMERSHEIM

being fashioned strictly to fulfil the requirements for which they are intended.

They hold the view, moreover, that all materials are of equal value, provided they be employed and



SILVER MEDALLION BY ALEXANDRE CHARPENTIER

handled in suitable manner, logically and earnestly. They are utterly opposed to the current opinion, which draws a distinction between that which some call "art" and that which others call "decoration."

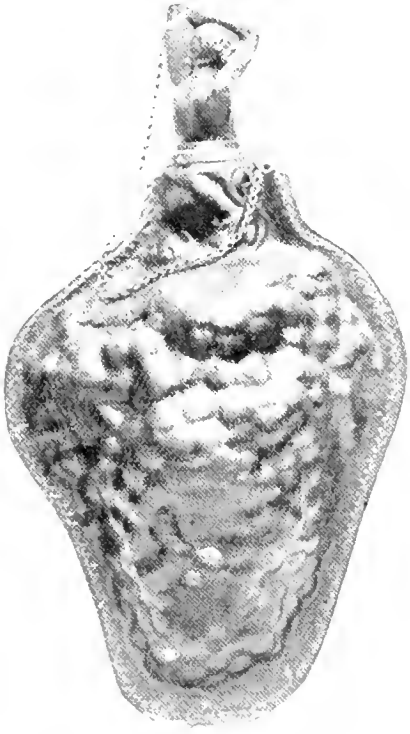
Indeed, their intentions are of the best; and thereon we may heartily congratulate the members of this charming little association, which comprises MM. Félix Aubert, Alexandre Charpentier, Jean Dampt, Moreau-Nélaton, Charles Plumet and Tony Selmersheim.

But do they carry out their programme? Do they fulfil the promises they make? This is to be judged by glancing at the new work they have just been showing.

M. Aubert's exhibits include his printed velvets, *Les Iris* and *Les Pervenches*, which were reproduced in THE STUDIO for December 1897; also a Genoese velvet of extreme richness of material and design, which does him great honour; in addition,

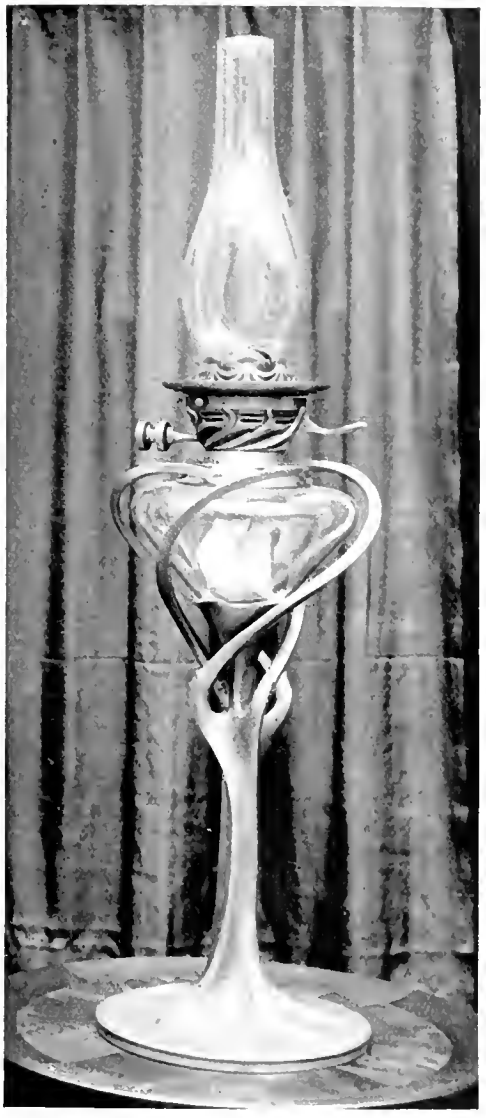
EMBOSSED LEATHER CIGARETTE CASE
BY ALEXANDRE CHARPENTIER

several wall-papers, including a frieze of ships, remarkable for its beautiful sense of proportion and its breadth of handling; and lastly, some carpets and laces—multi-coloured Chantilly laces—than which nothing could be more exquisitely delicate, more skilful, more charming. The design is relieved by light colouring most harmoniously disposed. Now it is a bunch of wild roses, whose tender pink shows against a background of green leaves with wonderful effect; now a handful of narcissi bursting forth from a mass of stalks and ribbons—a garland fit for a ball-dress. The effect is altogether novel, and reflects the utmost credit on the artist, who has contrived with complete success to produce an original work by combining and proportioning his decorative *motifs* with due regard to the special exigencies of his material.



GOUTTE BY ALEXANDRE CHARPENTIER

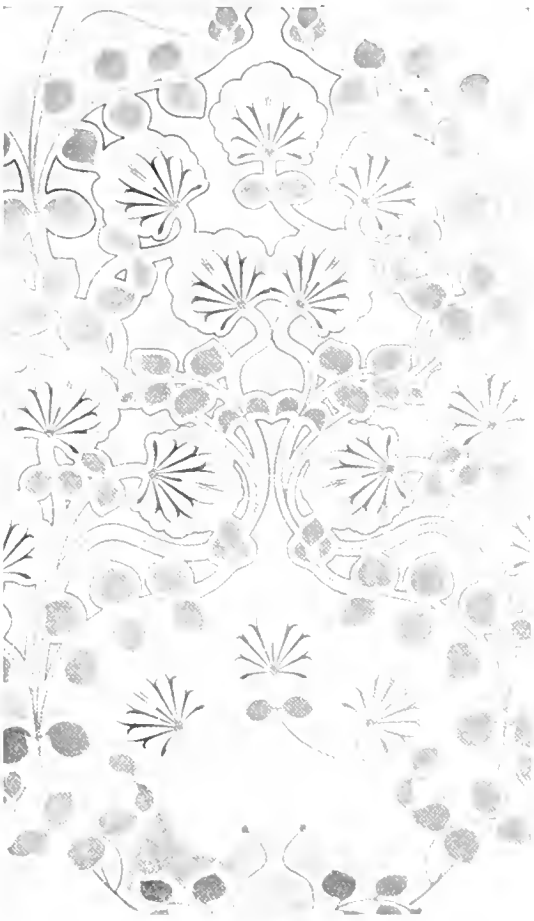
In collaboration with M. Alexandre Charpentier, M. Aubert also displays a *Mural Decoration for a Bath-room* in enamelled earthenware, executed in the great manufactory of Sarreguemines. Interesting as this work undoubtedly is, it must be regretted that the two artists should not have chosen, to carry out their ideas, some material less commonplace, less hard, less cold. The same scheme produced in stoneware would have been far superior. As it is, however, the work is worthy of all praise, for it reveals a keen sense of novelty, a spirit of invention, expressed in truly characteristic fashion. This background of water, shimmering with changeful lights behind the arum lilies in the foreground; this low-relief frieze of girl bathers, whose every movement is reflected in the pure blue of the stream; these combinations of yellows and greens, blues and pinks, displayed in happily balanced masses, produce a really exquisite impression of freshness and light. In modelling the figures, Charpentier has shown all his well known gifts of grace and flexibility; the poses are most harmonious and delightfully true; there is in these women's forms something of the serene elegance of the Tanagra statuettes. Be it added that the artist has modelled his work with scrupulous regard to the flow of the enamel which covers them, and, indeed, makes them stand out the more boldly and effectively.



BRONZE LAMP BY TONY SELMERSHEIM

A brooch in silver, representing a baby's chubby head; two silver seals of delicate modelling; a *Siren* and a *Ganymede*; a bronze *plaquette* of *St. Sebastian*—intended as a prize in an archery competition, a sport to which M. Moreau-Nélaton is devoted; a large number of embossed leather portfolios, cigar-cases, blotting books, &c.; four umbrella stands in varnished pottery, in which the artist, unfortunately, has not attempted to vary a form only too familiar already; a gourd in leather, representing a huge bunch of grapes, very broadly treated; and the medallion of Dr. Besnier; these make up the sum of Alexandre Charpentier's exhibits. The medallion is a work of highest art. I know no artist of to-day capable of producing it with more power or more intensity of expression, more delicacy, or more finish. Without excess of minuteness, there is in this work every requisite detail, shown with the utmost precision; and, more than that, there is a breadth of vision, a realisation of character rising to actual greatness.

M. Jean Dampt this year shows us no furniture, but metal-work instead—a dish in *repoussé* silver, a silver door-handle, several gold brooches, and some artistic little medals. I don't much care for the door-handle, made in the form of a couple of snails, by no means inviting to the hand; moreover, the design generally appears to me heavy and too suggestive of certain eighteenth-century styles. His dish, on the other hand, is very fine, entirely simple in scheme and perfect in execution. The ornamentation, consisting solely of chestnut leaves and chestnuts themselves in their spiky shells, runs around the brim, while two large leaves form the handles. This is a truly beautiful work, rich both in material and in workmanship. I have, however, one criticism to make, from the decorative point of view. It seems to me the work would gain in effect, would have greater uniformity, if the leaves on the brim of the dish were designed on

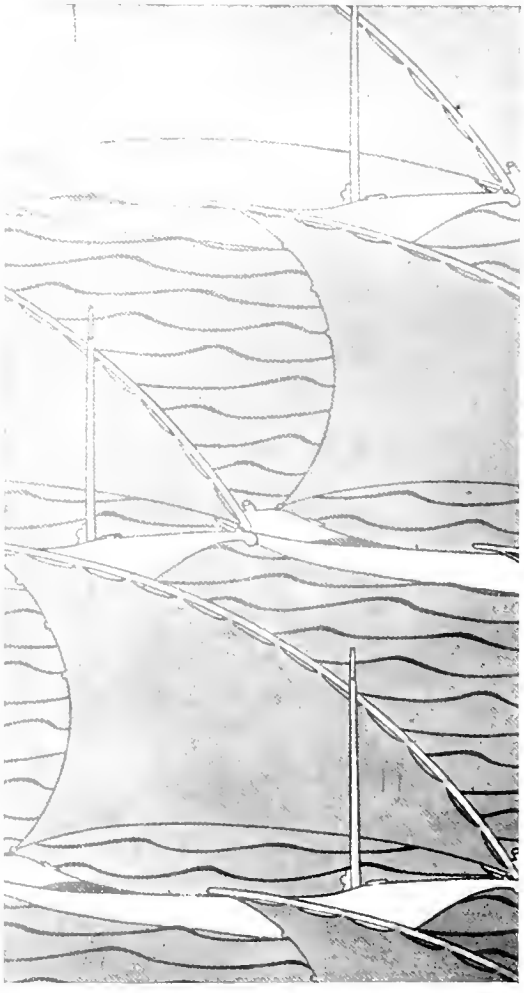


WALL-PAPER BY FELIX AUBERT

the same scale as those on the handles. The larger-sized leaf is too boldly treated compared with the smaller, always remembering they are seen close together on a very limited surface.

The display offered by M. E. Moreau-Nélaton is scarcely adequate to satisfy the demands we are justified in making on an artist so conscientious, so interesting as he. His *Calendar for 1898*, in the form of a hand-screen, with a wooden mounting, incrusted with copper—the work of M. Plumet—comprises twelve lithographs in colour, purely decorative in style, with the almanac for each month displayed amidst a wealth of flowers and fruit and other ornamental designs of great simplicity both in drawing and in colour. M. Moreau-Nélaton also exhibits a fire-guard, a screen in fine-stitched tapestry, and some decorative borders in silk embroidery, executed by Madame E. Moreau-Nélaton. These latter are charming, and were evidently inspired by Japanese *motifs*, while the screen is based on the Gothic. The embroidery work is quite admirable, and indeed approaches absolute perfection in delicacy, in taste, and in sureness of treatment. On seeing this exquisitely feminine work, one needs must feel a touch of respectful sorrow at the thought of the tragic fate of her whose fingers wrought it; for she perished in the frightful catastrophe at the Bazar de la Charité, while devoting herself, as was the constant habit of her daily life, to the work of assisting the poor.

M. Charles Plumet's contributions consist of a desk, a bookcase, styled a *bibliothèque-cartonnier*, and an *étagère*. He may be warmly congratulated on his evident and ever-increasing efforts in the direction of simplicity. The lower part of his bookcase consists of a set of drawers, flanked right and left by tall pigeon-holes for large volumes. As for the upper portion, the



WALL-PAPER BY FELIX AUBERT

WALL-PAPER FRIEZE BY FELIX AUBERT

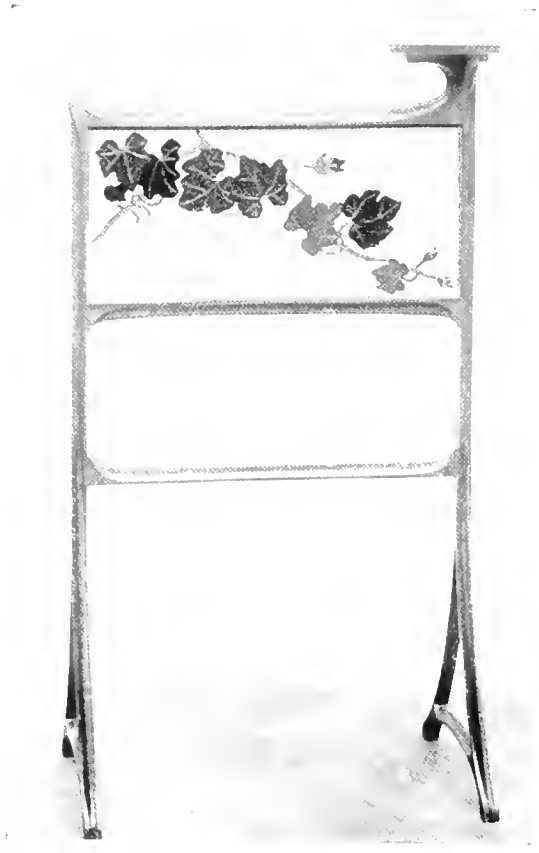
central part is formed of a series of book-shelves, and rises higher than at the sides, which contain portable cases for papers. The thicknesses of the wood reveal at once the rational, practical construction of the furniture and the utility and convenience of every part of it. Everything has been scientifically thought out, and as skilfully executed. The proportions are excellent, and due regard has always been shown to the practical side of the work. As for the wood itself, it is absolute perfection; in fitting, in polish, in the working of the drawers, it is without a flaw. This is real cabinet-making, with no trace of trickery or make-believe about it—honest work, in fact, admirably conceived and carried out. The light, delicate copper-work, done from the artist's own designs, the pigskin covers to the portfolios—every part of the bookcase is original, and chosen with the most scrupulous care in order to attain the special effect desired.

The desk, also in ash, is less attractive in my opinion. I am sorry M. Plumet has not attempted a more novel and a more logical means of preserving—as was his evident aim—the traditional form of construction in an object of this kind. With his great gifts he is capable, I am sure, of creating something much more interesting and less conventional than this. The office armchair exhibited by M. Plumet is most comfortable, light and solid, pleasing to the eye, and very nice to sit in—merits, these, not too often found!

REPOUSSÉ SILVER DISH BY JEAN DAMPT

M. Tony Selmersheim has designed an ingenious little *chiffonnier* for ladies, which has the merit of being at once original and practical. The idea is, no doubt, based on the exquisitely worked boudoir furniture of the eighteenth century. In any case, it is a charming thing, most cunningly conceived and admirably realised. At the same time it gives proof of undoubted individuality, the development and perfecting of which one is happy to witness; for M. Tony Selmersheim is quite

EMBROIDERED SILK BORDERINGS DESIGNED BY E. MOREAU-NÉLATON, EXECUTED BY MADAME MOREAU-NÉLATON



FIRE-SCREEN FRAME BY CHARLES PLUMET
EMBROIDERED PANEL DESIGNED BY E. MOREAU-NÉLATON AND EXECUTED BY MADAME MOREAU-NÉLATON

young, and there is good reason for holding the highest hopes for his future. Among the illuminating apparatus in copper and bronze exhibited by him in the Rue Caumartin, the candlesticks are particularly successful. Nothing could be more unpretentious or more practical, and at the same time more charming. This simple flower-stalk, spreading out into the corolla of a flower, in which the candle is placed, seems, to my eyes, to have some of the beauty seen in certain Japanese work ; it is so natural, so unstudied, so spontaneous, so obviously sprung from the fingers of the artist. Equally effective is his candle bracket in bronze oxidised in dull green. This is simply a cluster of plain stems, unchased and devoid of all twisting, which meet against the wall.

He also exhibits other candlesticks, an electric light chandelier, an inkstand, an electric light bracket, and an oil-lamp—all conceived and executed in the same free, unaffected manner, strictly adapted to the purposes for which they are designed, and presenting one and all a quite exceptionally harmonious arrangement of lines. M. Selmersheim is, indeed, an artist who knows how to work in metal. He has great and original capacity, and as he is on the right road, all that remains for him is to go straight ahead, and then we may count on having a supply of beautiful works of applied art.

Exhibitions of this varied and interesting nature are rare in Paris. True it is that industrial art is

becoming more and more the "order of the day," but at the same time it proceeds hand-in-hand with eccentricity and *bizarrerie*. Incoherence and ugliness predominate. Against this tendency the little group of "Les Six" are struggling valiantly, and I am inclined to think they will emerge triumphant. But meanwhile France is very much behindhand in the modern art movement they are preaching. I have attempted, to the best of my power, to show the merits and the characteristics of each of these artists; but, beyond the individual qualities I have enumerated, they are united in a community of thought and feeling, and this it is which really constitutes their strength. They strive, one and all, to remain true to the traditions, not of form, but of intellect—the *esprit*, in a word, which is the legacy of French art. In contrast to the complexities and pretentious eccentricities of certain artists, they rely on simplicity, clearness, and logic of form, and in their efforts to find new *formulæ* they are impelled not so much by a desire for novelty, *qua* novelty, as by a profound conviction that the social life of to-day, our *vie intime*, demands a setting corresponding to its own immediate needs, to its own view of things, to its own being. And they are right.

GABRIEL MOUREY.

LADY ARTISTS IN GERMANY. BY LUISE HAGEN.

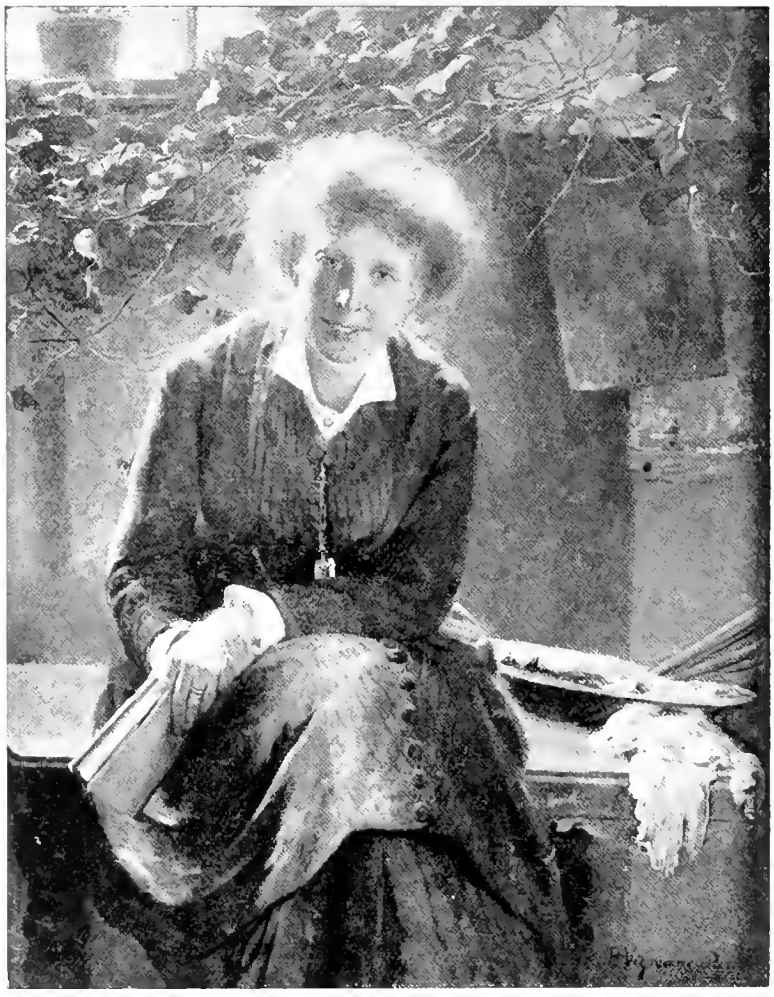
GERMANY being the fatherland of theories must, of necessity, afford many strongholds and points of vantage to prejudice. Fully a hundred years ago Angelica Kauffmann had achieved European fame as a painter. Those were the days of extreme hero worship, when genius, nay, even talent, sometimes got its due and even more than its due of admiration among the Philistines. Admiration is apt to stimulate ambition, and consequently a number of more or less talented Philistines took up the profession of artists, art being considered a gentlemanly occupation. Gentlemanly occupations must needs be ladylike, wherefore a noble army of ladies, considering themselves too good to go out as governesses, but standing in need of employment of some kind, betook themselves to the noble profession of "Malweiber." As a body, they revealed whatever there is to be found especially faulty in woman's nature. In consequence of this flocking together of womankind the theory of the inferiority of woman, bodily and mentally, both in art and in science, has been developed in every possible detail. Not a student is to be found among the thousands of scholars belonging to our many universities who could not hold forth for hours together on

PORTRAIT OF FRAU E. V. P. BY BERTHA WEGMANN

the subject of woman's only true calling in household matters, on her utter lack of synthetic power in science, her entire deficiency in creative strength in art. Scarcely a gentleman critic in Germany but will procure a pen pointed threefold when he is about to analyse the merits, or rather the demerits, of some lady artist whose work has come under his notice.

Now, every true lover of art who has happened to see some of the exhibitions of our "Künstlerinnenvereine" will candidly admit that they generally are a rather sorry sight to behold. But people are apt to forget that there are members of the other sex to be found whose productions are anything but what will gladden the heart of man. Women as a rule are very conservative. It is therefore not to be wondered at that there has been a great deal of mannerism and stale conventionality to be met with in their work.

Gradually, however, a change has come about. I have before me two portraits painted by lady artists, in which, more than in other works of theirs, I recognise specific feminine qualities. One is the portrait of the Countess Pocci, by Jeanna Bauck, the other the portrait of Jeanna Bauck, by Bertha Wegmann. Both these artists are trying to work their way along by the same road. Both have received the impetus of their present mode of working in Paris at the time when the great truths revealed by the school of Barbizon were becoming more generally understood. Absolute veracity was that which they strove to achieve, yet they never forgot that this very veracity is only an outcome of the capacity for looking into the soul of mankind, of the power of penetrating into that which lies below the surface of hard realities, and beyond the crude facts of everyday life. Consequently, in truly womanly manner they developed in their portraits a great minuteness and accuracy of detail. But they have entirely broken loose from that sentimental smoothness of touch and that anecdotal fussiness, that circumstantial garrulity which are still to be met with in a great deal of so-called "beautifying" painting in Germany. They have acquired to a surprising degree the power of discerning what is essential to the making up of the picture and what is not. This is all the more praiseworthy because the composition as a whole remains decidedly analytical. The analysis in this case is not a pulling to pieces; it is a setting out on a broad basis and gaining a culminating-point by weighing off and harmonising detail against detail, never losing sight of the one great point of interest to be



PORTRAIT OF JEANNA BAUCK BY BERTHA WEGMANN

PORTRAIT OF HERR KOLM
BY BERTHA WEGMANN

developed, of that one expression of truth to be revealed in this particular case. A most prominent means of conveying a right idea of what they have got to say is found by both artists in solving problems of light and air. More than by any other help, they succeed in rendering the very breath of nature, by making their sketches and portraits a question of lights and shades. Colour, however, to both of them is not merely the result of scientific research and experiment upon the qualities of light. They consider it, and rightly too, as matter bound up in material of some kind placed under the influence of some special quality of light.

It is in the matter of colouring that the difference of individuality in both artists sets in. Fräulein Bauck, the elder of the two, treats colour in a thoroughly musical fashion. The sound of a 'cello or of a fine deep contralto voice prevails in the choice of her colours. They remind you of some of Beethoven's Scherzos and Adagios for 'cello with piano accompaniment. Nor is this to be wondered at. Fräulein Bauck's father was a composer and writer upon musical subjects at Stockholm. Her mother was a Swede, her father a German. The daughter's education was entirely musical; all the great masters of classical German music were familiar to her from the days of her infancy up to her twenty-third year, when she left her native town to visit the land of her ancestors and to acquire a thorough education in painting, which she did at Dresden, Düsseldorf, Munich, and finally in Paris. Landscapes were her favourite subjects, and she has stuck to them for a number of years. She took up her abode at Munich and made many excursions into the Alps, the Harz, the Black Forest, and to the seaside alternately. Seaside subjects subsequently became her favourites. She never attempted panorama-like effects, but directed her attention to nature's beauty, which she contrived to instil with nature's own spirit. Her work always produces a picture, an organic something, a whole, an entity, not a mere accidental fragment. This is due to vigorous concentration of reasoning faculty combined with intuitive power of a stronger quality than mere reflective thought. There is an entire abandonment of self, an absolute relying upon nature's own greatness, which makes the artist instrumental to the true spirit of art. Fräulein Bauck's work is never an argument, she never works in that combative mood, in that spirit of contention which nowadays causes so very many women to use art merely as a means of arguing it out with men, of disproving the inferiority of their sex. Her very conception of art is far too broad for her ever to have a thought of making it a means to any end whatever, not even the sublimest. Art

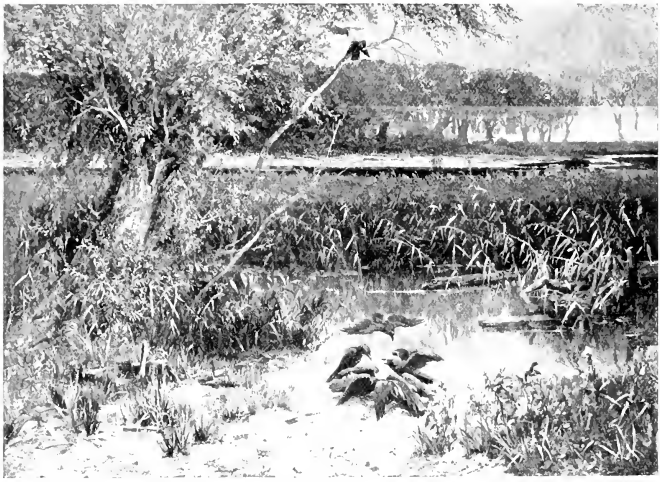
PORTRAIT OF COUNTESS POCCI BY JEANNA BAUCK

"MORNING HOURS" FROM A PAINTING BY BERTHA WEGMANN

to her means devotion and worship. This is one reason out of many why there is never a touch of the nervous, of the supersensitive in her work. She never attempts to be striking or dazzling, never dreams of showing what she herself can do, but she just takes the spectator's hand and silently leads him to a quiet spot, where, in the spirit of true priesthood and prophecy, in a voice expressive of awe and reverence she will say to him: Behold, the beauties of Law Divine; behold and help me worship. The very restfulness of her manner has gained more friends for her than admirers; her pictures always sell, though they would hardly attract the crowd. Most of her landscapes have been acquired by English purchasers. There is an undercurrent of sadness in her landscapes which runs along as an accompaniment to the melody, or as the distant gurgling sounds of a brook that has wrought its way through some stubborn piece of ground by which it is hidden from sight. Sometimes you fancy you hear that plaintive note of unsatisfied longing for perfection characteristic of Chopin's music, then again it is that moodiness of Beethoven's which prompts him to go off in a freak, giving for a finale just a wee bit of a tune which seemingly bears no relation upon the subject whatever, and is perhaps an outflow of the artist's inmost individuality, an escape from the overwhelming grandeur of his subject.

Fräulein Bauck's portraits are worked entirely from without to within. Gradually, at a slow pace of her own, she unriddles the soul of the person she paints. She feels her way into the subject, she takes human nature as a complex of qualities, passions, moods, likes and dislikes. Yet there is nothing of the dissecting anatomist about her; she never begins painting a metaphysical theory, but just the one specimen of mankind before her. This she does with truly feminine keenness of observation; she accentuates detail without overbalancing it; her work is nearly always athletic, hardly ever acrobatic; she never "overdoes" it.

Fräulein Wegmann is more widely known as an artist than is Fräulein Bauck. She is of Swiss extraction, and she carries into her work some of the especial qualities of that Teutonic tribe. There is in it that transparency of style which is so admirable in the writings of Gottfried Keller, the one German author who is unanimously proclaimed to be the worthy successor of Goethe so far as the building up of the language is concerned. If her work be musical, Fräulein Wegmann's music is that of Glück. She is quick and impulsive, brimful of laughter at times, but with a sympathetic tear ready for any one in trouble. She can be extremely grave too, but she loves a sparkle of light, she catches the sunbeams dancing on the lawn, the playful fluttering of soft spring-tide leaves courted by the teasing breeze. There is a touch of motherliness in her treatment of anything young, from the sprouting grass, the flapping leaf just bursting from the bud, to the newborn lamb and the winsome baby. Her touch is vigorous, her drawing and her anatomy are extremely conscientious. She loves colours and she just revels in light. Perhaps in this she bears a



"THE SEDGE SONG" FROM A PAINTING BY JEANNA BAUCK

slight resemblance to Fritz von Uhde. In her portraits the hands always come in as a powerful means of expressing character. The sprightliness of her work was apt, in her earlier days, to touch upon the verge of sentimentality, but she has deepened and matured into a heart-whole womanliness of manner, expressive of an exquisite love of mental and moral refinement, which never lacks in compassion and even in sympathy for those who run short of the ideal. She takes a very broad view of life which leaves room for contest and for diversity of opinion. Never would she think of proclaiming her way of seeing and interpreting things the only correct one. All the more certain is she that to her as an individual it is the only one possible. She is fully conscious of the fact that woman will never be a path-finder in art, as far as scientific or philosophical topics are concerned. Nevertheless she knows full well that there are phases in woman's life which can only be expressively said in art, and that woman ought to say them, because they have hitherto escaped the notice of mankind as a body. Fräulein Wegmann never treats erotic problems as the only point of interest in a woman's life; on the other hand, she never attempts to argue love away altogether, but always lets it be recognised as one of the elements that go to make up the women her brush represents. Into the men she portrays she puts something of the ideal that woman seeks in man; that is to say, her men always have something of the lord and master in them.

Pre-eminence in the treatment of colour is attained by Frau Dernburg and her sister Fräulein Seliger. They are not painters, but have revived the art of embroidery in this country. The art of embroidery has been at a low ebb in Germany for many years. There was Frau Bach at Vienna, who revived Holbein stitch about twenty years ago. Professor Lessing and Frau von Lipperheide, too, achieved a little successful work in this direction, but without catching the true spirit of the art. They created fashions for needlework by making all kinds of *techniques* and stitches popular. It never struck them that the old patterns represented the artistic language of days gone by, which could no more be fit for everyday use in the present than the language of Walther von der Vogelweide or Wolfram von Eschenbach could be made the vernacular German of to-day.

"MOTHER AND CHILD"
FROM A PAINTING BY
BERTHA WEGMANN

SKETCH IN LEAD PENCIL

BY BERTHA WEGMANN

SKETCH IN PEN AND INK

BY JEANNA BAUCK

To begin with, the material had altered to a degree that made exact copying an impossibility. Neither linen nor canvas nor wools and silks were the same as of old. So from mere copying of antiquities, Frau Dernburg was led by innate artistic taste to attempt originality. To begin with, she eschewed Japanese and Chinese motives, though there was strong demand for them in fashion. She caught hold of the fact that the German national spirit is too essentially different from the Oriental for the two ever to attempt to go together. The exquisite gracefulness of the Japanese will never be attained by the German, but there is a dreamy earnestness about the German, an unshaken belief in the sublime and in human power for goodness, which the Japanese is unable to grasp. Frau Dernburg studied the treatment of colour in old German embroidery, of which there is a splendid collection in the Berliner Kunstgewerbe Museum. German colouring in embroidery is based upon the system of subordination; it is developed in closest connection with the spirit of the design. Shading is not used with the intention of obtaining plastic relief for some parts of the ornamentation; it is only employed to accentuate design. There is hardly a *technique* of needlework which Frau Dernburg has not mastered and carried out to most marvellous perfection. For some of these *techniques* she holds that they can only be effectively employed with designs of the period when their best artistic qualities were being developed.

Appliqué work is what Frau Dernburg and Fraulein Seliger more particularly excel in. They have developed it into an altogether new stage of perfection, combining it with most perfect crewel work, creating shapes and forms of all kinds which stand out on their background with the clearness of a Sansorino relief in marble, without ever giving up those textile qualities which bind them down to the canvas.

Fraulein Seliger has for the present undertaken to continue her sister's work by herself. She is now occupied with a design of her brother's, which might be called a Bocklin translated into textiles. On it there are a magnificent tiger, children's figures, and splendid wreathing of purple clematis, which promise to produce a magnificent effect, and will perhaps go some way towards abolishing the prejudice against women's work in art, which undoubtedly exists in Germany.

LUISE HAGEN.

ART IN GRIDIRONS. BY FRANCIS ARTHUR JONES.

THOUGH an eminently necessary and useful article of household furniture, the gridiron is not generally regarded in the light of an artistic treasure. This is doubtless owing to the inelegance of its design, the grid upon which most of us were brought up, so to speak, consisting of a plain parallelogram crossed with some half-dozen bars

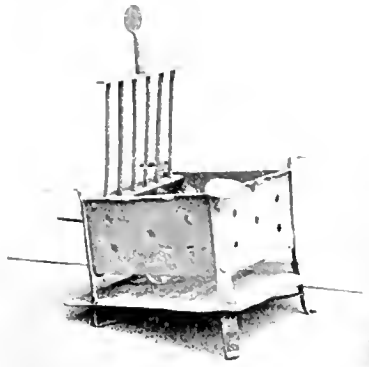


FIG. 1 ENGLISH

FIG. 2 FRENCH

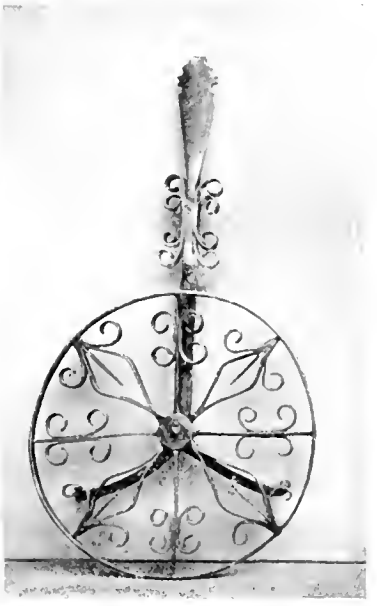


FIG. 3 FLEMISH

placed rather close together (in order, probably, to prevent the restaurant chop from falling through), a long straight handle, and finished off, like the horse in the juvenile classic, "with a leg at each corner." Ornamentation of every description has long since been abandoned in connection with this article of domestic happiness, the manufacturer probably arguing that the chop or steak was the principal thing, which, of course, it undoubtedly is. We may, and do, hang our dinner and tea services on our drawing-room walls, treasure our favourite soup-tureen, surround ourselves with Indian idols and Japanese teapots, or even purchase a glass case for an antique porringer, but for the humble yet necessary gridiron there has been found nothing but a very warm corner.

And yet some of the finest designs in ironwork are to be found among the grids made by the blacksmiths of ancient days. Very few, however, are now to be met with even in the public museums. In South Kensington, for instance, you will discover but two, or probably only one, as the example of Italian seventeenth-century grid is at present "on loan," and, of course, no one knows when it is coming back. In the British Museum there is a grid in the Anglo-Saxon room and one in the Anglo-Roman department, both of fabulous age, much rust eaten and falling to pieces. There are also one or two very imperfect examples in the museums of Reading, Vienna, and Naples, but in the present article we shall confine ourselves to those preserved in a private collection.

One of the finest assortments of gridirons, either public or private, is possessed by Mr. Edward Ledger, the proprietor and editor of *The Era*. They have been collected both in England and on the Continent, and their value consists in their artistic designs and wonderful preservation, nearly all being of the sixteenth century. A description of the accompanying illustrations, the originals of which are all in Mr. Ledger's collection, may be of interest.

No. 1 is an example of an English gridiron commonly in use during the sixteenth century. It was bought at a Sussex farmhouse, and was evidently used with a charcoal fire for grilling purposes. The grid part of this cage-like contrivance can be raised, as in our illustration, during the process of "coaling," and all things considered, a chop or steak might, and doubtless often has been, done "to a turn" on this unique cooking apparatus.

No. 2 is a very handsome French design, and was purchased near Fontenay-sous-Bois. It is slightly damaged, having had one of the spirals on the left side knocked off, but is otherwise in perfect condition. This grid was a favourite model of a well-known French artist, and it makes its appearance in several of his paintings.

No. 3 is a revolving gridiron of a very beautiful pattern, the handle especially calling for notice.

FIG. 4 DUTCH

FIG. 5 DUTCH

FIG. 6 FLEMISH

FIG. 7 GERMAN

FIG. 8 FRENCH

FIG. 9 GERMAN

These revolving grids seem to be peculiar to Flemish households, and it is remarkable that they are not more often seen to-day. By the use of such grids cooking might become a positive pastime; indeed, visitors to Mr. Ledger's gallery find an uncommon delight in seeing how fast they can spin these grids round, not very improving, by the by, to the walls upon which they hang. This particular gridiron was bought in Courtrai, Belgium.

No. 4 is of immense weight, but the design is an extremely neat and sensible one. No chance of your dinner falling into the fire when cooked on a grid after this pattern. The handle is extremely massive and short, but this latter disadvantage is fully compensated for by the length of the grid. It comes from a little village near Leeuwarden, North Holland, and was always kept in the front parlour. In Northern Holland, as in some parts of primitive Britain, the "parlour" is only used on few and very special occasions. The excitement of a christening, the festivities connected with a wedding, or the more sober pleasures attendant upon a funeral, may call it into requisition, but at other times the room is seen about as often as the interior of Bluebeard's chamber.

No. 5 also hails from Holland, having been bought in a small brasserie or coffee house in Monachendam. There is less elaborate work about it than upon the former, but the design is graceful and deserving of a more artistic handle.

No. 6 is another example of the revolving grid, and comes from a Schloss near Hanover. In pattern it is very similar to No. 3, but rather more massive. This one also deserves a better handle.

No. 7. Our next illustration shows a very fine bit of ironwork from Nuremberg. The entire grid has been cut out of one solid piece of metal, and the design is graceful and well carried out. Note how harmoniously the head combines with the body of the grid, and what an artistic mind the designer of the handle must have had! It has been much used, as may be seen from the eaten appearance of the iron, while one small scroll on the left side of the base is missing.

No. 8 is a quaint example of a French folding gridiron, and was purchased from an artist who resided in Fontainebleau. The interior of the grid is a wonderfully delicate piece of work, representing five fantastical heads terminating in an original design of scrolls. For grilling purposes the folders are brought down (in the illustration they are slightly raised), and the cutlet or chop is placed across the bars. The body of the grid was probably used for frying purposes, being without apertures.

No. 9. Our next illustration represents an exceedingly rare piece of ironwork which, apart from the beauty of the design, may almost be regarded as an object of historic interest. This grid was bought from a *chef* in Berlin, who declared that many cutlets and steaks had been grilled on it for Prince Bismarck and his illustrious friends. This

may very possibly be true, as the man was a well-known *chef* in the German capital, and was often patronised by the Iron Chancellor. This specimen is in perfect condition, and if the steaks cooked upon it equalled the size of the grid we may now be pardoned for believing the stories of German appetites.

In No. 10 we have a somewhat plain design, compensated for by a most artistic handle. It is also of German manufacture, and was obtained a few years since in Munich.

No. 11 is one of the most beautiful examples in the whole collection. It is an Italian grid of the sixteenth century, and was bought in Venice. The graceful handle, the delicacy of the workmanship, and the very original corner-pieces to the body of the grid make up a very handsome design. It is, moreover, in the most perfect state of preservation, with scarcely a point bent out of line. In design it is similar to one of the same century and country in South Kensington Museum.

Perhaps opinions will vary as to which has the honour of carrying off the palm for beauty, No. 11, or our next illustration, an exceedingly curious piece of ironwork bought in Old Frankfort. The design of the latter is perhaps more elaborate, with its sixty-four tiny spirals and the two very fine coils, like catherine wheels, at the head of the grid. In appearance it is less like a grid than some beautiful swinging lamp of the Middle Ages. The openwork handle also calls for special attention, as well as the small quaint ring by which it is meant to be suspended on the wall. It is, indeed, the only grid in the collection which is furnished with a ring, the others being provided with hooks.

No. 13 is an example of a Flemish revolving gridiron, and was obtained in Liège, Belgium, from a blacksmith, in whose family it had been prized for many years, and a good round sum had to be mentioned before he would even entertain the idea of parting with it. It is a little battered, the circumference not being absolutely true, but it revolves easily and is in very good condition. The design is very similar to No. 6 with the handle of No. 2. The addition of the two spirals at the base of the handle helps to add a finish to the design.

No. 14 is the "Grid of Fifty Coils," and is a really beautiful piece of work, bought from a collection of old ironwork in Dresden.

No. 15 is a very interesting grid, with its numerous quaint coils and original handle. It is an extremely heavy piece of metal, and was purchased in Budapest.

Having begun with an example of English grids, it is perhaps fitting that we should close with one. No. 16 would probably take the fancy of most housewives, being on wheels. Take away the wheels and substitute a plainer handle, and you have one of the ordinary gridirons used in every English household. The wheels, however, just

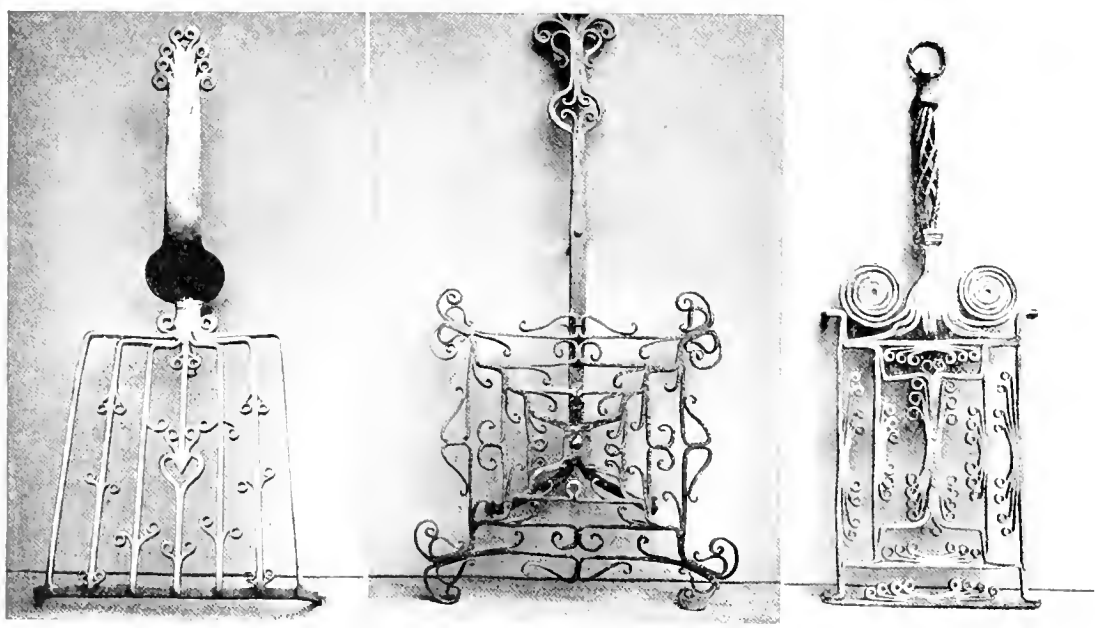


FIG. 10 GERMAN FIG. 11 ITALIAN FIG. 12 GERMAN

FIG. 13 FLEMISH

FIG. 14 GERMAN

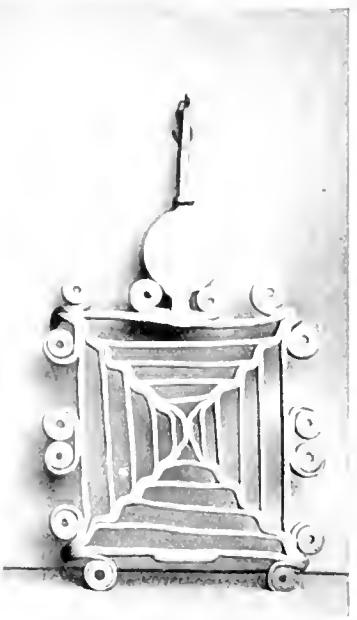


FIG. 15 GERMAN

give that touch sufficient to add a quaintness to the design, while the handle is of a very beautiful open-work pattern, similar in appearance to that attached to No. 12.

From the foregoing brief notes it may be gathered how delightful and interesting the study of these gridirons of a past age may become, and though, perhaps, some may have smiled at the idea of such a prosaic hobby, they cannot deny the beauty and grace of those specimens here illustrated.

FRANCIS ARTHUR JONES.

ELEANOR F. BRICKDALE, DESIGNER AND ILLUSTRATOR.

A FEW weeks ago it might have been necessary to preface a note on the work of Miss Eleanor F. Brickdale with some account of her career. But as the February number of THE STUDIO contained a reproduction of the prize design *Spring*, for the decoration of a portion of a public building, which was awarded to her at the Royal Academy Schools in December 1897, it would be superfluous to add more details, for that fact explains that she is still a student, albeit an advanced one. The "portion of a public building" is, as all the world knows, one of the lunettes in the refreshment-room of the Royal Academy, a subterranean chamber where Mr. Reynolds Stephens'

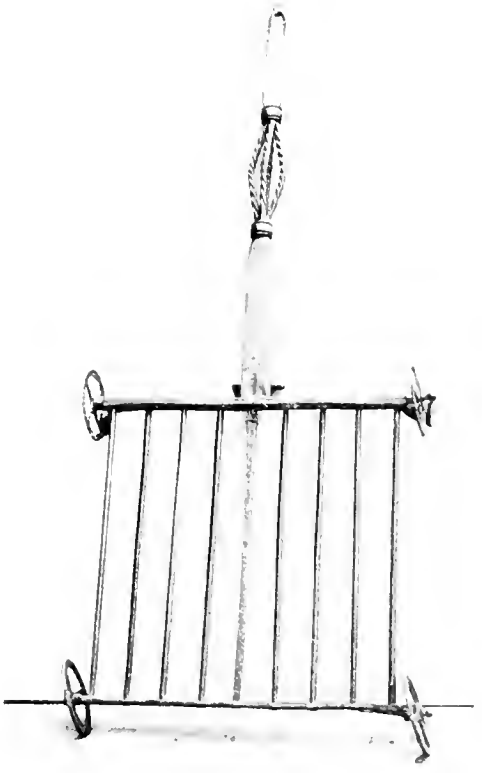
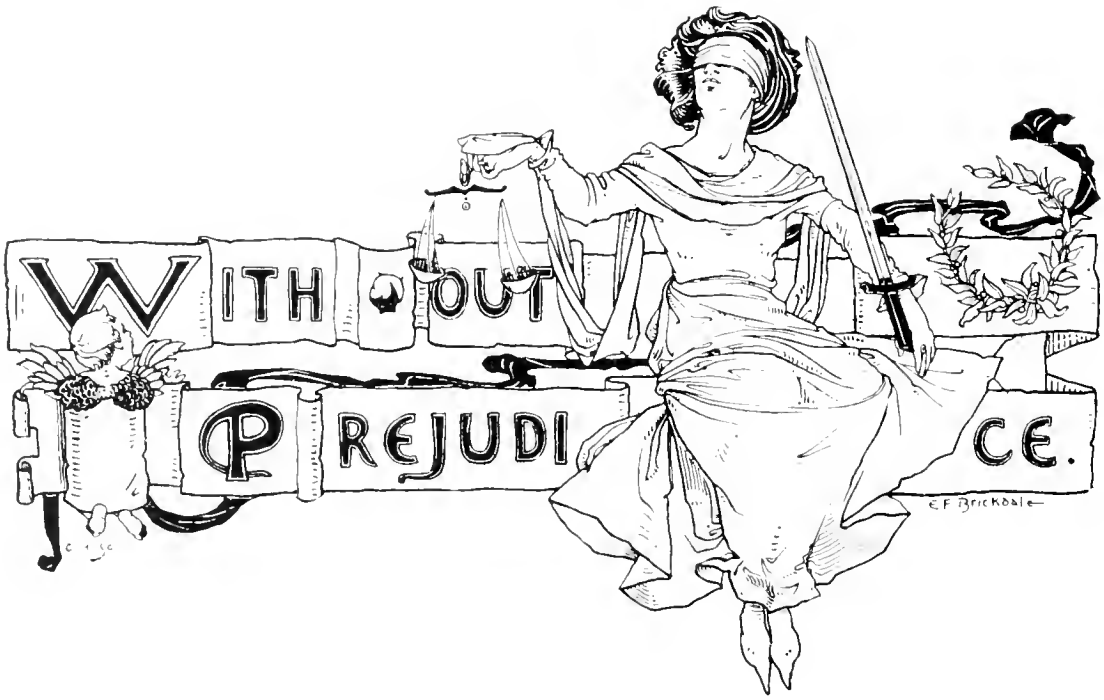


FIG. 16 ENGLISH

admirable mural decoration, *Summer*, is perishing by smoke, and where Mr. Harold Speed's *Autumn* is just completed. Whether Miss Brickdale is to receive a commission to carry out the work has not been announced; probably, if so, a few details would need modification, notably in the scale of the animals in the foreground. This trick of reducing the scale of her quadrupeds may be seen in the charming group of Hans Andersen's *Princess and the Swineherd*, which we reproduce. It has no doubt been done of set purpose, but "piggies" the size of white rats require a good deal of ingenious defence when the average man in the street raises his not unsupported objections.



HEADPIECE BY ELEANOR F. BRICKDALE

Be that as it may, Miss Brickdale displays in this same drawing so much vigour, and such an admirable power of telling a story, that it would be easy to forgive her the "five little pigs" for the sake of the rest. The swineherd himself, kissing the princess with almost brutal force, is drawn (despite somewhat doubtful details of his left arm) with an enormous amount of vitality; indeed it would not be easy to find a passage in current literature which tells a story so well. He is no lay figure, no stage tenor, but an old-world lover whose passion is by no means reciprocated by the greedy little princess grudgingly paying her toll of one hundred kisses for the magic pipkin with bells round the rim, bells that jingle *Lieber Augustin* when the water boils. Miss Brickdale may possibly have seen Mr. Byam Shaw's delightful picture of the same subject—certain details of the costume suggest his influence; but all the same she has not given us a paraphrase of his idea, but a very adequate and delightful interpretation of the story that witches one in middle age as fully as it did in the nursery. Technically speaking, one feels that less attempt to model the flesh would be better, the convention of black and white is apt to suggest "dirty" rather than rosered faces when too many lines are used for the cheeks and the neck. These criticisms, whether well- or ill-founded, do not affect the very high appreciation which the design merits, and it is one that will hold its own despite them.

The illustration for the old ballad, "Sir Lancelot du Lake," which is reproduced on the opposite page, strikes one as less mature. The use of solid blacks is not quite mastered; indeed, the black horse of the knight to the right is only deduced by Socratic methods after some study as to what the patches in question *cannot* be intended to represent. It is always a difficult problem to mix conventions. Pure outline with solid blacks in masses as Mr. Beardsley used it, or bold outline with very little if any solid blacks in the foreground, as Mr. Walter

ILLUSTRATION FOR "SIR
LANCELOT DU LAKE"
BY ELEANOR F. BRICKDALE

HEADPIECE BY ELEANOR F. BRICKDALE

FROM A DRAWING BY ELEANOR F. BRICKDALE

Crane has so often worked it, one can accept; but here, as in a recent edition of *The Faerie Queene* and not a few modern designs, we are confronted with a puzzle rather than a pattern, a problem in place of a picture. The puzzle may be ingenious, the problem admirably resolved; but one prefers a picture to be a picture. In *Counsel is Mine and Sound Prudence*, a design probably intended for a book-plate, Miss Brickdale has steered clear of any confusion. The little bit of pure pattern at the back makes one regret that a series of designs in colour intended for the pages of a calendar could not be reproduced effectively in monochrome to accompany this article. For in those she shows a singularly felicitous convention for decorative foliage, and despite the hundreds of previous attempts, has struck out a manner of her own at once novel and beautiful. The headpiece,

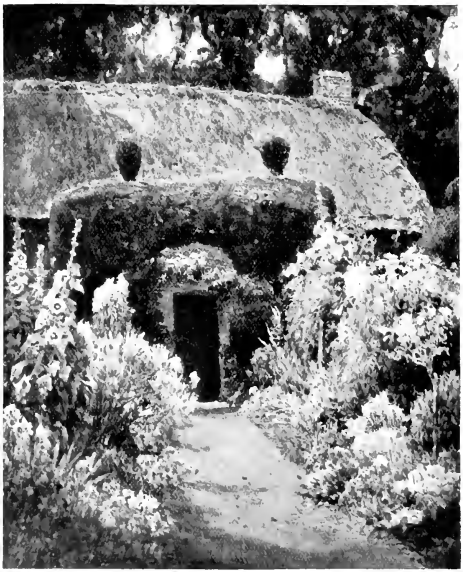
"THE PRINCESS AND THE SWINEHERD." FROM A DRAWING BY ELEANOR F. BRICKDALE

presumably representing *Isabella and the Pot of Basil*, a design which every black-and-white artist is doomed to attempt sooner or later, again raises the query how a head can find room in so small a pot, with a plant that must needs have large roots. Basil (so a popular dictionary informs one) is an aromatic herb allied to thyme; possibly one day a designer will have courage to abandon the decorative shrub stuck in the middle of the pot, and give us an ample vessel with a low-growing herb over its surface—the sort of plant that you can lift up with its roots interlaced, as one lifts a piece of turf. Then realism would be satisfied, and the record of the past broken. Only the headpiece, *Without Prejudice*, remains to be noticed, and this speaks for itself. If these examples of Miss Brickdale's art do not seem to greatly enhance the high promise her future appears to hold for her, it is possibly because our belief is founded not on these only, but on the admirable lunette design and many others, especially some charming figures in colour, each set singly against decorative foliage of distinctly novel design, which could not be effectively reproduced here. There is of course a wide abyss between promise and performance; some leap it lightly and quickly, others have to build a bridge by long and tedious effort before they can take possession of the promised land. But in Miss Brickdale's case it will be surprising if the promise does not very soon work out its own fulfilment, and cause her to take a notable position among the few of her sex who have managed "decorative" art successfully. For this her invention, and above all her humour, may be trusted to satisfy all reasonable expectations.

E. B. S.

STUDIO-TALK.

(*From our own Correspondents.*)



"[illegible] THE [illegible] OF THE NEW FOREST" FROM A PAINTING BY [illegible] ELWOOD

LONDON. — It is some little time since the Royal Academy found itself obliged to fill up so many vacancies in its ranks as have been created during the past year. At the two general meetings which have been held this winter four Academicians and three Associates have had to be elected, a fairly considerable proportion of the total membership. The promotions from the Associates did not excite so much interest as the choice of the three outside artists, for Mr. E. J. Gregory, Mr. Aitchison, Mr. Leader, and Mr. Seymour Lucas, who were successful in gaining places among the forty, were generally regarded as sure of immediate advancement; but there was no such agreement about the chances of the many men available for the Associateships. Mr. La Thangue's election

PARIS. [illegible]

was certainly expected, and that of Mr. Napier Hemy was thought to be probable; but Mr. Lionel Smythe was not known to have any chance, admirable artist though he has proved himself to be, and his success was, therefore, the surprise of the occasion. One great feature of the group of elections was the support given to Mr. Alfred East and Sir George Reid, both of whom were prominently placed in the voting. Mr. East, indeed, was only beaten by Mr. Hemy by a single vote, a defeat which emphasises the importance of the position he holds among contemporary artists. That he is fully entitled by the excellence of his work to the official recognition implied by election to membership of the Academy cannot be denied; painters of his rank, whom unprejudiced experts declare to be leaders of their profession, are obviously in their right place under the roof of such an institution as exists at Burlington House. So long as they remain outside the prestige of the Academy must suffer, and the public interest in its operations must be diminished.

As examples of happy choice of material and dainty elegance of treatment the drawings of old gardens in England and Italy, which Mr. G. S. Elgood showed lately in the galleries of the Fine Art Society, could hardly be surpassed. Limited though they were to one class of subject they were by no means lacking in variety, and the exhibition was, as a consequence, notably free from monotony. The reproductions given here of some of the drawings show the extent of Mr. Elgood's range. The contrast between the rusticity of the cottage garden *On the Skirts of the New Forest* and the formal dignity of the clipped hedges at the *Villa Pallombo*, between the order of *Great Tangley* and the splendid irregularity of *The Dean's Garden, Rochester*, is fascinating enough; and there is little in common between the *Easton*, with its leafy sundial planted in the turf, and *The Terrace, Renishaw*, with its mellow red walls and lines of flower beds. The only general characteristic is a delightful air of peaceable old age, a touch of venerable antiquity which marks each one of the artist's subjects and gives to his work a charm which is denied to representations of modern surroundings. The exhibition proved as plainly as those that he have held before how sincere he is in his study, and how ready he is to subordinate any inclination for technical display to the desire to put patiently on record his respect for nature when refined and civilised and invested with [illegible] grace.

To find so many women turning their attention to bookbindings is distinctly a hopeful [illegible]

THE DEAN'S GARDEN, ROCHESTER — FROM A PAINTING BY G. S. ELGOOD

[illegible] — FROM A PAINTING BY G. S. ELGOOD

THE TERRACE, KENISHAW — FROM A PAINTING BY G. ELGOOD

GREAT TANGLEY: THE FORECOURT — FROM A PAINTING BY G. ELGOOD

BOOKBINDING BY ANNIE MACDONALD

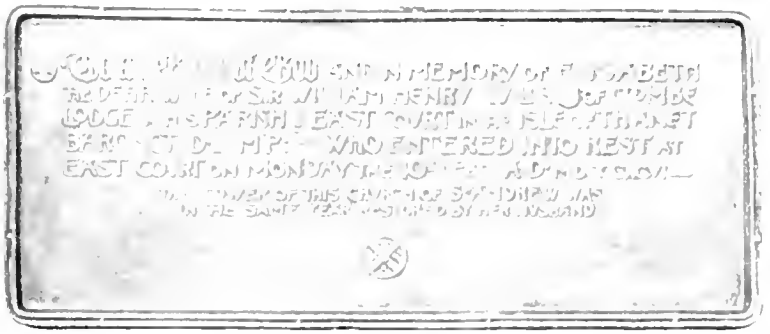
a craft that calls for little heavy manual labour and great patience, with dexterity and neatness, raised to the level of fine art. But Miss Annie Macdonald's bindings, here illustrated, owe their value to the leather work which happens, accidentally as it were, to be devoted to a book cover, and belong rather to the class embracing embroidered and metal decoration than to the craft of the true binder. This may help to explain a slight weakness in the lettering, and in the case of *Fair Rosamund* more than slight weakness in placing the title, which is at once undecorative and illegible, as it stands on the right hand panel; otherwise both the designs and their execution deserve praise. The introduction of the two shields, well proportioned in themselves and well placed, is marred by italic figures between them—a double blunder, first, in using Arabic numerals in a "black letter" legend; next, by placing them aslant, so that they upset the balance of the whole design. There is so much that is full of feeling, and a genuine sense of decoration in the plan of these two covers, that one regrets still more the trifling flaws which mar their whole effect. In binding the lettering is always of pre-eminent importance. If *that* be good it will carry off quite commonplace ornament; but if it be weak it will damage the effect of the finest.

The memorial tablet, here illustrated, with a frame forged out of solid copper, is interesting both as an example of Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Dawson's handiwork, and as recognition of a fact which is beginning to be realised, that lettering can be in itself decorative enough to dispense with any other ornament. This end is gained, curiously enough, by the use of sober, reticent alphabets, not necessarily devoid of individuality in expression, but rigidly avoiding all eccentric forms. The tablet, which is in copper, about the colour of a well-worn penny, would maintain its position on a wall amid monuments in marble or other materials, and yet not force itself into undue prominence. The charm of a line, or a paragraph of well-planned, well-placed lettering, is not one to grow weary of; every effort to induce the public to recognise this is worthy of praise. In this particular case it is clear that beaten metal does not lend itself to the mere formal Roman letters, which are by far the best for incision, whether in stone or metal; hence one may commend this warmly,

BOOKBINDING BY ANNIE MACDONALD

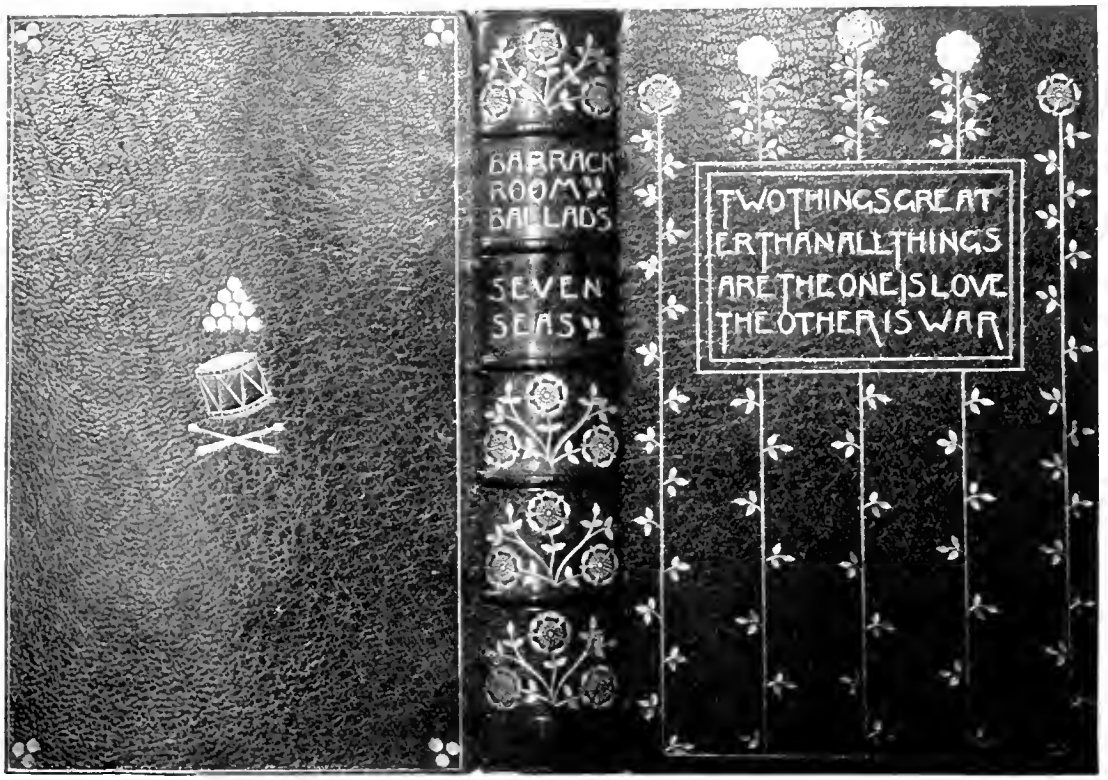
and yet add a warning against copying its alphabet in any other material.

Miss Birkenruth's bookbindings are not unfamiliar to readers of THE STUDIO. The few specimens here reproduced have been chosen from a really delightful collection of charming objects in leather daintily set out in her "bindery" at 89 Cromwell Road. The "Herrick" (page 115) is in violet morocco with *doublure* of green morocco, bearing a rich conventional border worked in gold. The lettering is perhaps a little too "picturesque" to satisfy a purist in such matters: but no motto could be more appropriate for the lyrics, which, from the time the *Hesperides* was first known, have retained the hearts of their lovers. The *Guest Book*, with its motto, "Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest," is in primrose morocco, inlaid with florets in pink, which colour supplied the groundwork of the border design. The *Barrack-Room Ballads*, by Rudyard Kipling, is, as it should be, of sterner design. The back and the upper side have red and white roses inlaid on blue morocco. The under cover has a device not worthy of its place. Pictorial symbolism is rarely commendable upon leather bindings, but if employed one asks that it shall be decorative in composition as well as purely conventional in design.



MEMORIAL TABLET IN BEATEN COPPER BY EDITH AND NELSON DAWSON

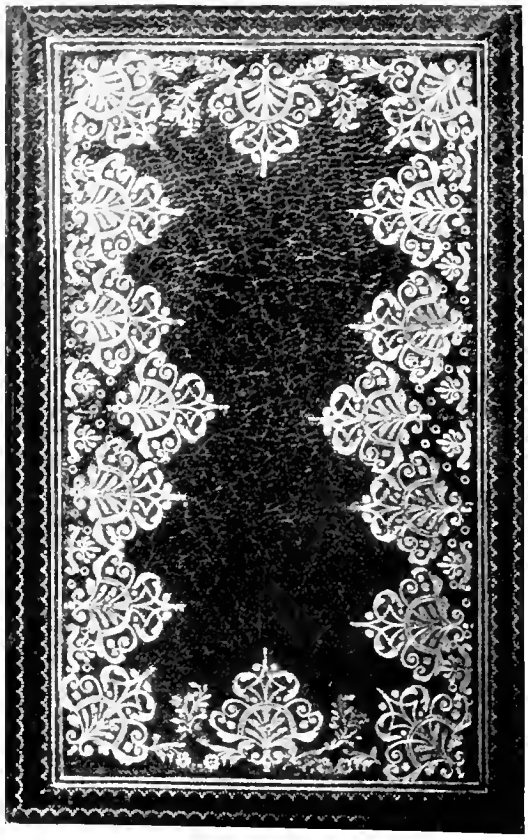
The most striking novelty which Miss Birkenruth has produced, like many so-called novelties, finds precedent in the earliest examples of the craft.



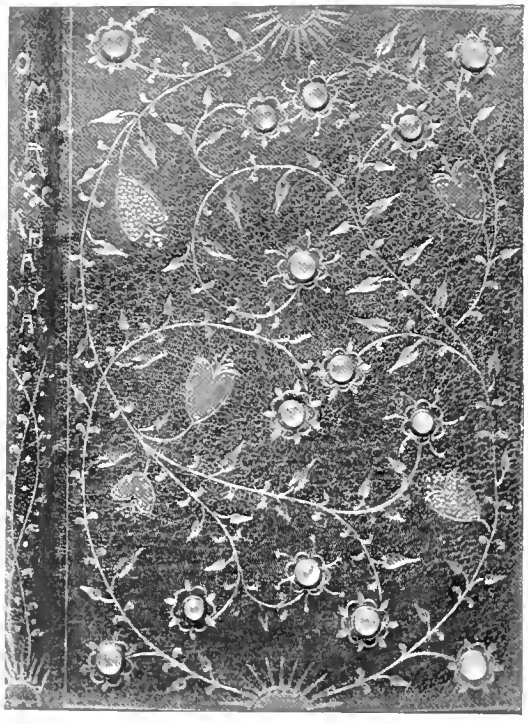
BOOKBINDING BY MISS BIRKENRUTH

Jewels inset in the covers of books, long before printing was invented, are frequent, but in such instances the covers were always of metal, or of wood overlaid with metal. In applying them to leather covers Miss Birkenruth has shown much ingenuity, and as the design illustrated here shows her treatment so clearly, it will be needless to describe it further. The jewels are not merely "stuck on" with cement, but are properly "set," although the setting is hidden by the leather. Did space allow, many of Miss Birkenruth's graceful and delicately wrought works, such as frames, boxes, and other articles, might supply material for a well-deserved eulogy. In all she displays charming taste and graceful fancy, with no little novelty in choice of material.

GLASGOW.—A new edifice called "The People's Palace" was opened recently in Glasgow by Lord Rosebery, the chief interest in which lies in the fact that it contains an exhibition of the Arts and Crafts. Recognising that far too many demands are made upon the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society of London, the committee in charge decided to make an exhibition of local work



BOOKBINDING BY MISS BIRKENRUTH



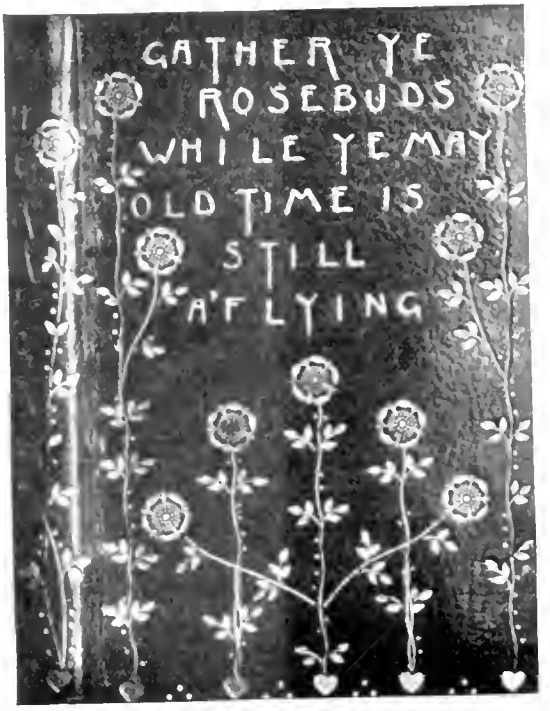
JEWELLED BOOKBINDING BY MISS BIRKENRUTH

the feature of their show. To most people the art of Glasgow is associated with the production of pictures, and the fame to which these have attained is calculated to overshadow the really good work in the Decorative Arts that is being done in the city. From time to time readers of THE STUDIO have been made aware of what is being attempted, and the two last exhibitions of the Arts and Crafts in the New Gallery, London, have included examples of the work. These local efforts form the bulk of the exhibits in the People's Palace, and they are enriched and helped by contributions from other sources. Most noteworthy is the absence of the trade element and the increasingly pleasant comparison that can be made between exhibits coming from firms and those sent in by artists, to whose work commerce has hitherto been considered inimical.

It is noteworthy that practically no associated body for the promotion of work in the Decorative Arts has hitherto existed in Scotland, and although from time to time efforts have been

made, especially in Glasgow, to bind the workers in some common society, no results have as yet been arrived at. For reasons not difficult to give, the workers in this city have elected to produce either separately or in small groups. Often at war with accepted tradition and studiously avoiding even the slightest imitation of the work of any of the known masters, either past or present, the elements of cohesion did not readily present themselves, and the artists still fight shy of much community either of thought or of action. Rumour, however, has it that a new society is shortly to be called into existence, the objects of which are to promote the interchange of ideas among its members, and above all to bring about periodical exhibitions of Arts and Crafts. With the agencies for this same purpose already in existence, and with the Corporation keenly alive to what should be done in a similar direction, the new society should find its path smooth.

Mr. George Frampton, A.R.A., has been selected to execute the figure decoration and other ornamentation for the Art Galleries and Museum, now being erected in the Kelvingrove Park. His scheme is both thoughtful and comprehensive, and admirably adapted to the purpose for which it is intended.



BOOKBINDING BY MISS BIRKENRUTH
(*See London Studio-Talk*)

BOOKBINDING BY MISS BIRKENRUTH
(*See London Studio-Talk*)

E.

PARIS.—The "Petits Salons," which flourish from January to May, are now in full swing. They lead up gently to the two great displays which, as every one knows, will be held this year in the same building—the Galerie des Machines. With the two salons under one roof the visitor can "do" them both at the same time, that is, if he be equal to the task of undertaking four kilometres of painting. Four kilometres! This is a new sport, for which we must go into training!

Let us get into form with the smaller salons. At Georges Petit's Gallery the "Société des Femmes-Artistes" has recently made its display, in which there was no glut of masterpieces. These ladies would really do better to turn their thoughts towards embroidery instead of painting—

follow needlework rather than high art. But it is no use protesting. They will never be convinced.

At the Art Nouveau we have had a very meritorious display of water-colours, thirty in number, by Mr. Charles H. Pepper, a young American artist, domiciled here, whose works appeal with equal force to artist and to amateur alike. For the most part they consist of Zealand landscapes and Zealand types; and, to my mind, this is his best work. Mr. Pepper has seized with the utmost skill the leading characteristics of the country and its inhabitants, and has translated them with exquisite art. His compositions reveal, moreover, a decorative sense of rare originality. His *Jeune fille au Pont*, his *La porte verte*, and his *Jeune fille en blanc*, for instance, may be taken as representing him at his best, for they are full of charming, delicate observation, admirable in decorative treatment and in subtlety of colouring. The name of Mr. Charles H. Pepper is one to remember, for his work has rich promise in it.

I have referred on a previous occasion to M. Henri Rivière's series of coloured lithographs, published by M. Eugène Verneau under the title of *Les Aspects de la Nature*. The set of twelve plates, which is now complete, was recently exhibited in the Salle des Dépêches at the Théâtre Antoine. Rivière, by the way, is engaged in the preparation of a display of *Ombres chinoises* for this theatre, after the style of those which proved so successful on the little stage of the Chat Noir. These *Aspects of Nature* are really worthy of long and close study, both from the standpoint of the art they reveal, and also from that of *technique* pure and simple. I do not believe it is possible to attain a higher degree of perfection in the printing of lithographs in colour, or to secure more suppleness and spontaneity in mechanical reproduction.

The exhibition of the works of MM. Nonell-Monturiol and Ricardo Canals at the galleries of the late Le Barc de Bouteville was a genuine revelation. The artists in question are two young Spaniards of the Impressionist School. Only the other day they were quite unknown, but their unquestionable ability has now been revealed suddenly and in most striking fashion. They have undoubted gifts, a thoroughly modern faculty of observation in the first place, an acute naturalism, with something wild and fantastic in vision and treatment which further accentuates their originality. They have a feeling for life and colour and movement. Their sketches and studies reveal to us not the conventional Spain, but the Spain of to-day in all its vivid, moving reality; and they are sad and tragical, these pictures, somewhat in the style of those by our own Steinlen.

M. Ricardo Canals, in his *Couple de Café-Concert*, his *Modèle d'Artiste*, his *Concert Espagnol*, his *La Danse du Tango*, and his *La Danse de Sevillana*, shows us a Spain unknown to most of us, a thoroughly characteristic national life, marked by types of misery and vice and poverty, which cling to one's memory, for one feels they are real and closely studied. M. Nonell-Monturiol does not adhere so closely to reality, but rather makes it uglier, more fantastic, more terrifying. His series of drawings in colour of *crétins*, or idiots, is impressive in the highest degree, from the intensity of expression and the revelation of physical and mental distress conveyed therein. It is a dark view of lower humanity, recalling some of the sombre scenes of

POSTER BY PAUL BERTHON

Goya, and displaying the same tendency towards the tragical and the grimly humorous.

It is a long time since two artistic personalities of such keenness and power have come to light. MM. Nonell-Monturiol and R. Canals, who are quite young men, have a bright future before them, if only they can contrive to remain the Spaniards they are to-day, remaining, as at present, *déracinés*—to use the expression of Maurice Barrès—amid their Parisian surroundings, and turning a deaf ear and a dull eye to all French influences. Therein lies their strength, therein the secret of their genius.

M. Henry de Groux, the painter of the celebrated *Christ aux Outrages*, is a powerful and expressive lithographer. One of his latest lithographs is reproduced here—a portrait of Richard Wagner, which contends with the splendid etching of M. R. de Egusquiza for the honour of being the finest portrait of the sublime musician.

RICHARD WAGNER FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY HENRY DE GROUX

The little poster, designed by M. Paul Berthon for M. René Boylesve's novel, "Sainte Marie des Fleurs," contains full evidence of the qualities of delicacy and decorative symmetry which mark this artist's work. G. M.

BRUSSELS. — Some of the numerous posters published lately are worthy of remark, one of the most prominent being that designed by M. H. Meunier for a Salon de Thé, known as *Le Rajah*. It is a piece of very skilful and sober colouring, with a charming scheme happily condensed, and the essential lines full of expression. It is not perhaps so original as *Le Casino de Blankenberghe*, reproduced some time ago in THE STUDIO, but it is worthy nevertheless of bearing comparison with the excellent posters by the Liège artists, for it has the same great merits as these in its strong simplicity and evenly balanced composition.

M. Privat-Livemont's latest poster affords fresh proof of the artist's skill in its accurate draughtsmanship and graceful colouring. Also deserving of mention is the little placard announcing the Exhibition of the Cercle pour l'Art, an ingenious and a very artistic production by the president of the club, M. O. Coppens, a painter-engraver of great ability, whose pewter work and bindings are eagerly sought after by connoisseurs.

The general appearance of the Exhibition of the Cercle pour l'Art is distinctly restful. The mere *machine à effet*, the sensational first production, is not to be found here. Many of the exhibits on the other hand are of considerable importance, and not a few of the artists proclaim their individuality in striking fashion.

VIEW OF THE ARTS AND CRAFTS EXHIBITION
AT HIRSCHWALD'S GALLERY, BERLIN

M. V. Rousseau we all know as a sculptor of pure and delicate style; his recent works on a large scale testified to his thorough mastery of his art, but never yet had he "let himself go" so completely as in the little bronze figures which he now offers for our admiration. They are really delightful in their grace, exquisite in form and perfect in point of workmanship.

M. O. Coppens in his *Nocturnes* very skilfully suggests the hardness produced by certain moonlight effects, which he has been studying for some time past. M. R. Janssens (who, by the way, is exhibiting at the Cercle Artistique some score or so of pictures and studies all marked by honesty and simplicity of treatment) displays an excellent portrait of an old lady. M. Hannotiau sends some "bits" of various old-fashioned towns, treated in rich warm tones. M. Ottevaere shows his twilight woodland scenes; MM. Ciamberlani and Fabry contribute nude studies of the best sort; M. O. Dierickx has on view a scholarly but somewhat cold composition entitled *L'âge d'or*; and lastly, M. Braecke, the sculptor, exhibits a *Christ* of curious appearance, and very interesting in execution.

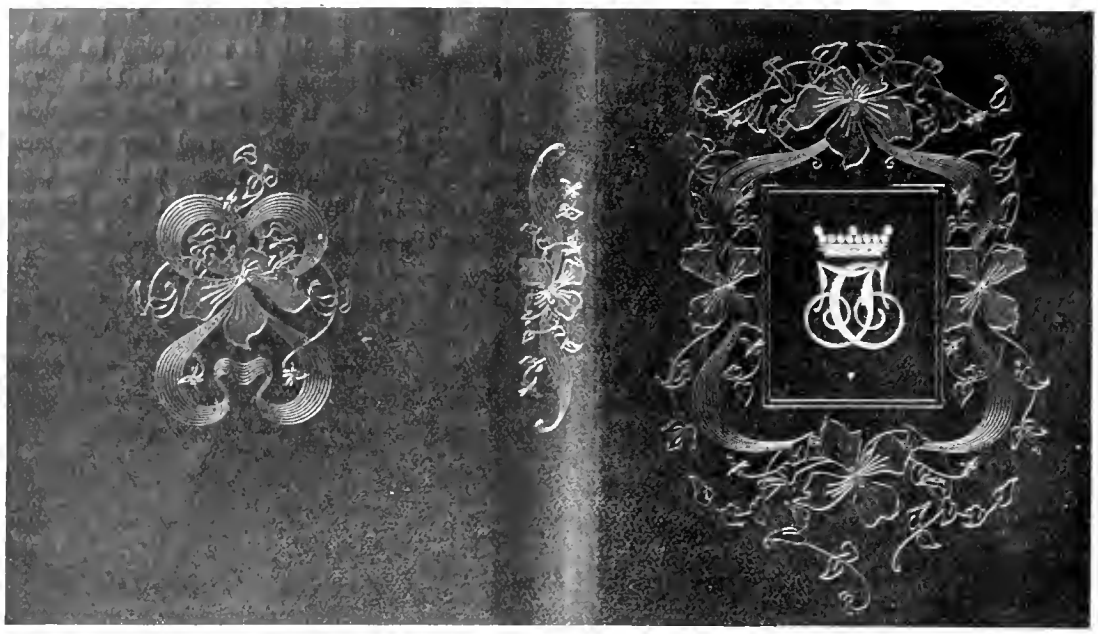
After having hitherto shown a preference for the display of English and French applied art, the Libre Esthétique Society is now going to exhibit a selection of German work of this kind. The list of contributors is far from being complete; one misses the names of several very prominent artists of great influence, whose work has often been reproduced and described in THE STUDIO. However the productions of the Danish ceramic school, the Tiffany glass work, and that of M. Evaldre, a Brussels artist, together with the paintings of MM. Van Rysselberghe, Verhaeren, Frédéric Claus, Heymans, L. Simon and others, will certainly draw a large number of visitors to this most varied and interesting exhibition.

F. K.

BERLIN.—The Arts and Crafts Exhibition at Hirschwald's proved a complete success, both as regards the patronage of the public and the excellence of the exhibits many of which came from England, France and Belgium, as well as from various parts of Germany. The illustration on page 118 shows a corner of one of the galleries, in which are displayed a walnut bookcase by Charles Plumet, some pieces of furniture by Tony Selmersheim, a stoneware chimney-piece by Muller, a carpet by C. F. A. Voysey, an electric lamp by

"AU BORD DE LA MER" FROM A PAINTING BY WALDEMAR TOPPELIUS

(*See Helsingfors Studio-Talk*)



BOOKBINDING BY COUNTESS LOUIS SPARRE

Benson, an arrangement in hammered copper for an electric light by Professor Eckmann and several copper and silver ornaments by C. R. Ashbee and the students of the Birmingham School.

HELSINGFORS.—The recently closed exhibition cannot be said to have quite maintained the standard of the last few years, neither as regards the quantity nor the quality of the works exhibited. The falling-off was due, in a measure, to the fact that several of our most distinguished artists refrained, for some reason or another, from lending their support; Gallén, for instance, was entirely unrepresented. Nevertheless, the collection of works brought together was by no means lacking in interest.

Mr. Edelfelt sent an extremely fine portrait of an English lady, in addition to several landscapes, which were, as usual, agreeable in colour as well as dextrous in handling. Amongst the exhibits of the younger men, those of Blomstedt proved interesting, by reason of the efforts made by the painter in the direction of decorative effect—an effect which was carried so far in his *Kulleroo*, that the canvas presented the appearance of a cartoon for tapestry. Enckell was represented by a study for a decorative panel, entitled *Jeunesse*, and by an *Adam and Eve*, which was charming in colour and distinctly unconventional in the grouping of the figures.

Mdlle. Sahlsten, whose delightful *Finnish Landscape* was illustrated in THE STUDIO two years ago, added to her reputation with several excellent landscapes, full of individuality and charm. A painting shown by Mdlle. Thesleff has been the subject of a good deal of criticism in art circles here. It consists of two half-length female figures; the one, leaning forward in an attitude of supple grace, is represented singing a song to the accompaniment of a guitar, while the other, in the foreground, is in a listening attitude. The two figures are enveloped in a thick mist, not the mist affected by Carrière, but a kind of subtle vapour which softens the contours, and invests the entire composition with an exquisite pearly-grey tone. The picture may be described as an idyll seen through ground-glass by the eye of an artist.

Mr. Vlasoff, a young officer quartered in the garrison of Sveaborg, sent a very interesting painting, in which the suggestion of autumnal cold and rain seems to have been inspired by certain Japanese prints. A company of grey-coated Russian soldiers, drawn up on a vast parade-ground, upon which the pools of water reflect the leaden skies, are depicted in the act of presenting arms, while a passing squall of wind blows about the men's overcoats in picturesque confusion—an effect very realistically and very happily rendered. Amongst the landscapes, the works shown by Mr. A. Munsterhjelm and Mr. Lagerstam demand especial mention, while Mr.

Simberg's little picture, *Jardin*, struck a distinct note of originality both in regard to handling and subject. A fine seascape by Waldemar Toppelius, of which we give an illustration (page 119), attracted a good deal of attention, as did also Elin Danielson's clever study of candle-light effect, entitled *Soir*, a reproduction of which appears upon this page.

In the sculpture department, Mr. Vallgren had an oxidised bronze door-knocker, and both Mr. Stigell and Mr. Vikström showed several good busts. The latter has been particularly successful in his *Invocation*, of which an illustration is given on page 122. Of the *objets d'art* the most noticeable were Mr. Finch's charming pottery and Countess Sparre's extremely beautiful album-cover, an illustration of which accompanies these notes.

FLORENCE.—"If seven or eight men were to work for a hundred years they could scarcely put in order the windows that need repairing in our churches." So said Prof. Ulisse de Matteis as we stood in the suite of rooms that serve as studios for himself, his wife, and his daughters. For this is a family of artists in stained glass; artists so true that they will let no work go out of their studio which they have not superintended from beginning to end. Hence they have not only their painting-rooms, but adjoining offices, filled with glass of every description, where glass-cutters are at work, and furnaces where Prof. de Matteis personally superintends the firing of the finished windows.

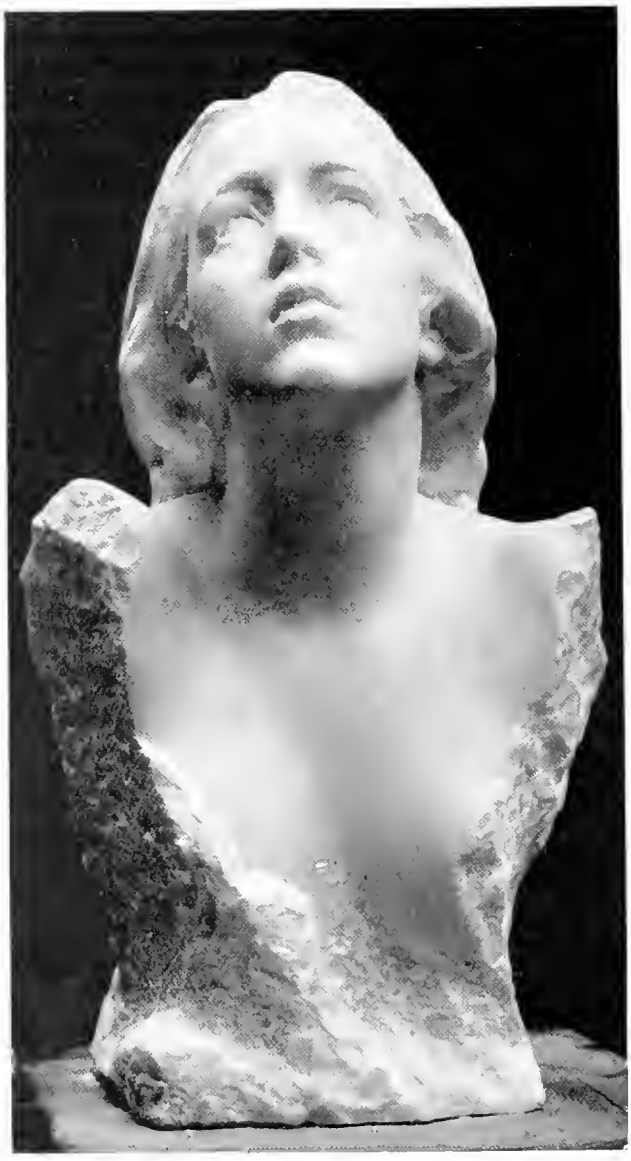
There was some talk, at one time, of installing Signor de Matteis in the *locale* of the Government factory of Florentine mosaics; for, as may be seen from the Professor's own words, there is much to be done and few hands are capable of doing it. But the matter dropped after the untimely death of Niccolò Barabino, President of the Artists' Club, who had proposed it in the hope that the fusion of the two industries under Government superintendence would prevent either of them from languishing. So, Prof. de Matteis continues an independent worker, and the poor battered saints, encrusted with dust, with holes knocked through them, step down from the churches into the pleasant studio in Via Guelfa to be overhauled and patched up.

There were two windows from Santa Croce under treatment when I went there. One of them, just arrived, had been put up against the light, and was being carefully examined to see what pieces should be kept and what taken out. It was the figure of a saint holding a book with a highly ornamental cover and edges. "It is curious," said Prof. de Matteis as we stood before it, "how one's respect for the old makes one leave things one could so easily do better. Compare that clumsy oak wreath in the top of the window with the exquisitely finished black and gold ornamentation on the robe below. That bad work was put in carelessly by an inferior hand; but there were plenty of artists who could have done it perfectly well had they liked. Why can't I take it out and paint it again as one of them would

"SOIR" FROM A STUDY BY ELIN DANIELSON

(*See Helsingfors Studio-Talk*)

have painted it? Yet I could never bring myself to touch it. In many windows of the same date the feet are beautifully finished; but look at those. Still one must leave them as they are: it would be sacrilege to change them. See how different this art is from painting. No massing of colour here, but everything broken up: even the architectural details are blue, green, yellow, red. The great secret of success in a stained glass window is the finding of methods for the introduction of the greatest variety of colouring; the sense of repose must come not from unity but from the judicious blending of an infinite number of shades and tints. Are modern colours necessarily strident? By no means. The fault does not lie in the colours, but in the firing. I sometimes paint and fire mine three or four times before I get the depth I want."



"INVOCATION" BY E. VIKSTROM

(*See Helsingfors Studio-Talk*)

In another room a workman was taking apart a window in which the pieces to be repainted had been marked with a white cross. Before him lay a large sheet of paper on which the skeleton of the window, so to speak, was traced out. "We do that by placing the window on the paper and then pressing along the lines of the leading," explained the Professor. "Every little bit of the glass has thus its place marked out on it, and thus no mistake is possible in piecing the whole together again." The man was, in fact, placing each fragment on its appropriate space, as he freed it from its ancient leading. The pieces were so thickly encrusted with dust as to be opaque unless held up against the light. "How will you clean them?" I asked. "We cannot clean them," was the answer. "You can wash a modern glass window, but not an ancient one: the colours would very likely come off. The most we can do is to brush them, and if the dust is very hard and thick, scrape them with an iron tool; but great care is needed."

Prof. de Matteis is responsible for the new windows recently unveiled in S. Trinita, the large church which visitors to Florence will remember opposite Vieusseux's reading-rooms. A fine specimen of his art may also be seen in the middle north chapel under the dome of the cathedral: the upper half of the window has here had to be entirely renewed. In the sacristy of S. M. Novella, too, the lower half of the window had been completely broken away, and has been restored by Prof. de

POTTERY BY SCHMUZ-BAUDISS

Matteis. He has all an artist's pride in his work. "I would defy any one to separate the modern work from the ancient in those windows," he said. "Even I who put them up can scarcely tell where the old work ends and mine begins." Altogether Prof. de Matteis, with his family, his enthusiasm, the completeness of his workshops, carries with him an old-world, Vasarian flavour which is most *piquant* to one stepping into his studio from modern everyday life.

I. M. A.

DRESDEN.—Arnold has recently had a good show of Schmuz-Baudiss's pottery. The artist's endeavours in this line are fully equal to those that signalise the pottery revivals in Belgium and Paris. He has many good ideas which enable him to deviate from the trodden paths of the old workmen. Yet his new forms and his new manner of ornament are not fanciful; they are developed strictly on the basis of the principles that determine the manufacture of pottery. Schmuz-Baudiss is really a painter, and came to make vases quite by accident. Two summers ago he went to a little country town, as usual, for open-air study, but was kept indoors through stress of weather, and was prevented from doing any work at all. In order, therefore, to amuse himself, he stepped into the shop of the village potter, and from him took his first lessons in manipulating the wheel, just to kill time. What was at first a freak came very soon to be a profession, and, like Louis Rhead, who had to give up painting for over two years on account of his Poster work, he will probably have to give up his painting for this. Already, at this date, he can barely make the vases, &c., as fast as there are buyers for them.

His ornaments are not painted on the vases, but are cut with a knife, somewhat after the fashion of cameos, after the body of the reddish-clay vase has been covered with a thin coating of white clay. Thus, before glazing, he has already employed two different tints. For further tinting he uses principally chemical combinations of his own, and has succeeded in producing some excellent, rich effects. Thanks are due to Mr. Alexander Koch, of Darmstadt, for permission to reproduce several examples of Mr. Schmuz-Baudiss's pottery.

H. W. S.

POTTERY BY SCHMUZ-BAUDISS

POTTERY BY SCHMUZ-BAUDISS
(*See Dresden Studio-Talk*)

ST. PETERSBURG.—We are indebted to a Russian critic for the following notes concerning the Exhibition of Modern British Art in St. Petersburg: "At the hall of the Imperial Society for Encouragement of the Fine Arts a collection of modern pictures by English artists is now being exhibited in aid of a benevolent society. Last year there was a show of water-colours of the modern Scotch and English schools here, but on the present occasion the collection of pictures is far more complete, for it comprises oils, water-colours, engravings, and even sculpture. A number of the pictures have already found purchasers. The Emperor, for instance, has selected Alma-Tadema's *The Delights of Love*, Andrew Gow's *On the Road to Exile* (the arrival of Napoleon at Rochefort), and Poynter's *Nicobule*; while the choice of the young Czarina fell upon Poynter's water-colour, *An Offering*, and Topham's *A Consultation*. The Grand Duke Alexis has bought a water-colour by Nisbet.

"The effects of light in Melton Fisher's *Night at Venice* have given universal satisfaction, as have also the portraits by Watts, and Orchardson's *Monsieur Bébé*. Of the works exhibited by Alma-Tadema, public taste inclines towards the one entitled *A Family Group*. Those Russians who take a particular interest in the pre-Raphaelite school have good cause for disappointment, for it is represented by but two pictures, namely, Holman Hunt's *May Day* and *The Troublesome Neighbour*. Other pictures that have attracted much attention are F. Brangwyn's *In the Shade* and *Venice*, with their bold colouring and variegated tones, Lord Leighton's *The Sibyl*, *La belle dame sans Merci*, by J. W. Waterhouse, and *Le roi s'amuse* (Henri II.), by W. Yeames.

"Regret has been expressed that no information is given in the catalogue with regard to the dates and the years in which the various pictures were painted, as it is felt that such an addition would have invested them with far greater interest to all lovers of art. The beauty of the etchings, as well as the breadth of tone in the water-colours, has been much admired; and it may be said in conclusion that, although there is an Exhibition of Water-colours by Russian and another by Finnish artists taking place at the same time, the works of art by artists of Great Britain have achieved an unparalleled success."

POTTERY (*See Dresden Studio-Talk*) BY SCHMUZ-BAUDISS

MUNICH. — There are in Munich at the present time a considerable number of young sculptors, some of them now studying at the Academy, others who have only recently left it; and the work of these young artists gives promise of strong and admirable performance in the future.

Among the professors at the Academy are several remarkable teachers, including W. von Ruemann, who holds a position equally high both as instructor and as artist. He has the gift of laying a solid foundation for his pupils to work upon, and this without in any way thwarting their independence or their individuality, the result being that their works show the utmost variety and character. For the most part Ruemann's pupils devote themselves from preference to the monumental branch of sculpture, in which the professor himself has achieved so much renown; others, however, there are who most successfully study and produce *genre* and ornamental work in the shape of small statues in the style of the antique Tanagra ware. Among the latter is a young Munich artist, Theodor von Gosen, whose speciality, apart from portrait busts, is the fashioning of graceful little bronze figures of undraped women, holding ornamental shells, to serve as sealing wax trays; or figures of youths modelled in decorative *rococo* style. An example of the last-named variety is the *Violin-player*, illustrated here. In this year's competition among the students at the Munich Academy the first prize was awarded to Von Gosen.

G. K.

"THE VIOLIN PLAYER" BRONZE STATUETTE BY THEODOR VON GOSEN

REVIEWS OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

A History of Dancing from the Earliest Ages to our Own Times. From the French of Gaston Vuillier. (London: William Heinemann. 1898.) – It is rare to find a book with a technical motive which can be praised as really complete and exhaustive. Specialism often breaks down at the critical moment and leaves undone many things that are necessary for the proper presentation of a wide and engrossing subject. But in this history of dancing there is scarcely a lapse that can be detected. It comprises an extraordinary amount of material, is considered carefully from every point of view, and reveals an extent of study which argues an amazing industry on the part of its author. Nothing has been omitted that is required to establish the book as authoritative, and no pains have been spared to make it as attractive in appearance as it is complete in arrangement. Artistically it must be reckoned a most important achievement, for its pages abound with extremely well rendered reproductions of the works of those artists of all times who have found in the dance the happiest suggestions for pictorial effort. The saltatory customs of all countries, whether religious, military, or merely inspired by a desire for enjoyment, are illustrated more than adequately; and the artists represented include every one of note from classic times to the present day, from the painter of Greek vases to Lancret and Watteau, and even to Mr. Whistler and Mr. Sargent. The book is likely to remain for a very long time the standard work on its special subject.

Highways and Byways in Devon and Cornwall. By Arthur H. Norway. With illustrations by Joseph Pennell and Hugh Thomson. (London:

DRAWING BY HUGH THOMSON. FROM "HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN DEVON AND CORNWALL" (MACMILLAN)

Macmillan & Co., Limited.) Price 6*s.*—It is evident that the author of this work is thoroughly acquainted with his subject. His book teems with pleasant descriptions and chatty anecdotes, and would form a most agreeable companion to a tourist in the West country. The illustrations by Joseph Pennell are numerous and, it is needless to add, clever. Reproduced for the most part from lithographs, originally drawn upon a much larger scale, they suffer greatly in effect by over-reduction. The fault is a serious one, and one that has been too frequently committed of late in reproductions of the work of this artist, both in English and American publications. No man would be more ready than he, we should imagine, to detect such a defect in another's work, and why he should permit it in his own passes comprehension. Hugh Thomson's contributions are vigorous and full of character, as may be seen from the one we are permitted to reproduce.

Historical Portraits. By HENRY B. WHEATLEY, F.S.A. (London: George Bell & Sons.) Price 10*s.* 6*d.* net.—The opening of the new wing of the National Gallery in London, in which is hung the national collection of portraits, has no doubt caused a revival of interest in the numerous historical portraits of celebrated British characters which exist in museums and private houses throughout the British Isles. Efforts have from time to time been made to catalogue the most important examples, and it is to be hoped that a record of them may be, ere long, available for public reference. Mr. Wheatley's excellent work should do much to rouse the interest of the public in this subject, which is of equal importance from its purely historic as from its artistic point of view. The large number of illustrations of political, literary, and artistic notabilities with which this work is adorned, together with the varied mass of interesting matter relating to his subject which the author has brought together, makes an unusually fascinating volume.

Mary Powell and its Sequel, Deborah's Diary. With twenty-six illustrations by JOHN JELLICOE and HERBERT RAILTON. (London: John C. Nimmo.)—The interest which has been aroused in the work of Miss Manning by the recent republication of her stories, *Cherry and Violet* and *The Household of Sir Thomas More*, both of which have been reviewed in the pages of THE STUDIO, cannot fail to be sustained in the book now before us. *The Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell (afterwards Mistress Milton)* is cumbersome only in its title. Miss Manning has shown a rare insight of character in dealing with the personality of the great English poet, John Milton; and her work, fiction though it be, cannot fail to render somewhat clearer to the mind certain episodes of his life. The illustrations by John Jellicoe and Herbert Railton are appropriately conceived, and executed with the well-known ability of these draughtsmen.

Erinnerungen aus Rubens. Von JACOB BURCKHARDT. (Basel: C. F. Lendorff.) 4.50 marks.—The late Herr Jacob Burckhardt is well known as the author of a "History of the Renaissance in Italy," and other works on art. The present volume, which appears posthumously, deals in a somewhat discursive manner with the life and

works of Rubens, and though it cannot be recommended to the general reader, will be of interest to the student of the master. There are no illustrations, and the value of the book for purposes of reference is discounted by the fact that it is not divided into chapters nor provided with headlines.

Des Chats. By STEINLEN. (Paris: E. Flammarion.)—Under the simple title of "Cats" Steinlen has collected a series of his feline studies which have appeared from time to time in the pages of the *Chat Noir.* They are black-and-white drawings full of the most charming imagination and fancifulness. No one has ever succeeded better in reproducing the eye of the cat, its postures, its intelligence: for his free and watchful pencil expresses with marvellous ability the fantastic, the mysterious, and at the same time the homely aspects of the domestic animal. Remembering that, in addition to all this, there is ever a lively sense of the humorous in Steinlen's work, one may rest assured of the merits of this album, which indeed deserves the esteem of amateurs and artists alike.

Poems. By ROBERT BROWNING, illustrated by BYAM SHAW. The Endymion Series. (George Bell & Sons.) 7*s.* 6*d.*—It is a long time since an edition of an English poet has been illustrated as thoroughly as is this volume. Sir Edward Burne-Jones's *Chaucer*, and Mr. Anning Bell's *Keats* were more concerned with decoration than interpretation of the text. Mr. Byam Shaw (as some of his studies published in these pages have made clear) has spared no effort either of thought or labour to do justice to noble themes. For these poems, selected by Dr. R. Garnett, are the fine flower of the poet's vintage, and if a few favourites of his later period are not included, yet nothing of his freshest and most lovable time is wanting. The drawings recall "the sixties," not so much because Millais and Sandys have now and again influenced Mr. Shaw, as for the elaborate comment upon the text which they offer. We all know the "he" and "she" stuck in a landscape in a vague way that fits them more or less to any love lyric. Mr. Shaw has not supplied designs interchangeable at the publisher's pleasure; he has called

DRAWING BY BYAM SHAW. FROM "POEMS" BY ROBERT BROWNING (BELL)

SKETCH BY CHARLES KEENE. FROM "THE WORK OF CHARLES KEENE" (FISHER UNWIN)

Browning's characters to life in designs wherein they figure as vividly as in the poet's marvellous word-painting. Despite the fact that several of the blocks are evidently too fine for the paper used, the book regarded as a whole is in a way the most important illustrated book of its kind for many years. It has not sacrificed subject to *technique*, nor unduly exalted anecdote over artistry. Take the *Grammarian's Funeral*, *Rumour*, *Andrea del Sarte*, *Fra Lippo Lippo*, or *One Word More*, and you will find that the pictures are scarcely more like each other than are the poems. For each Mr. Shaw has found its own method of expression, and the result is that at first glance it is hardly evident that one hand made them all. The interpretation of the poems into pictures is at once felicitous and accomplished. In a day when illustrated books of abiding interest are by no means scarce, here is one that in its own way is masterly; and of what book can greater praise be given?

The Work of Charles Keene. With an Introduction by JOSEPH PENNELL. (London: T. Fisher Unwin.) £3 13*s.* 6*d.* net.—Except that the size of this portly quarto seems unnecessarily increased by huge margins and blank backs to many of its pictures, one has nothing but praise for the excellence—at times the super-excellence—of its reproduction. Certain illustrations $3\frac{1}{4} \times 2\frac{1}{4}$ inches on pages $13\frac{3}{4} \times 10\frac{1}{2}$, each occupying a leaf, might, with more value for comparative study, have been grouped on the same page. Mr. Joseph Pennell writes with warm appreciation and admirably critical insight. The labour he has bestowed on it must have been enormous. Yet it is but one item in the debt all lovers of illustration owe to his

unceasing efforts to advance its claims. Perhaps he is too uniformly caustic in rating the British public for its inadequate appreciation of the great draughtsman. To have been a regular contributor to *Punch*, to have taken front rank in the "golden decade," show at least that publishers, who do not as a rule over-estimate the standard of popular taste, believed that Keene was a favourite. Nor have artists only recently joined their applause to that of the man in the street: years ago they were fully well agreed on that point. Possibly, delighted by the humour Keene impressed into his work, his technical qualities were not appreciated by all. But even art-critics were not greatly excited by "black-and-white" until comparatively lately; and for this change of attitude Mr. Pennell is largely responsible. The "subject" is always likely to give a journalist more to write about than its *technique*, however good, affords him. Did space permit, the admirable and temperately argued case Mr. Pennell advances might be quoted liberally; but as it is convincing, there is less need to anticipate the pleasure it offers to admirers of his hero. The illustration here reproduced will endorse his estimate of Keene better than any comment.

London as Seen by C. Dana Gibson. (London: John Lane.) *People of Dickens.* Drawn by C. D. Gibson. (New York: R. H. Russell. London: John Lane).—We have had the pleasure on several occasions to record our appreciation of the pen-work of Mr. C. Dana Gibson. The individuality displayed therein is as notable as in the drawings of Charles Keene and Phil May, and, equally with them, defies imitation in spite of many would-be imitators. But in Mr. Gibson's delineations of London life it is impossible not to feel that he has failed to grasp the salient features of his subjects: his Londoners are not true Cockneys; his English Society dames are not British born. Placed side by side with the drawings of Leech and Du Maurier, in spite of the charm of *technique* which is ever present in Mr. Gibson's performances, the evidence they bear of the work of a stranger in a foreign land is only too apparent.

Yet there is, perhaps, a danger in attaching too much importance to this fact: it is well to see ourselves as others see us, and when such an appreciative artist as Mr. Gibson essays to "show us up" we have no cause for annoyance, even if the portraits are not always recognisable. We wonder what a series of drawings of similar subjects by Steinlen and Forain would be like. Should we more easily discover in them our insular peculiarities? We doubt it.

Mr. Gibson is a bold man to attempt so difficult a task as the portrayal of Dickens's characters. But it cannot be denied that, in the six drawings contained in the portfolio recently published simultaneously in New York and London, the artist has succeeded in producing a series of considerable charm—a series that will be welcomed alike by lovers and collectors of Dickensiana on both sides of the Atlantic. Both this work and the London sketches have been produced in a manner as absolutely perfect as is possible.

The use of illustrated correspondence cards is spreading greatly upon the Continent. Messrs. Philipps and Kromer, of Vienna, have recently issued a charming collection in gold and colours which are sure to be popular among amateurs of these dainty trifles.

The subject of the portrait by Mr. Nico Jungmann, which appeared upon page 23 of the last number of The Studio, is Mr. Charles W. Bartlett, and not Mr. W. H. Bartlett, as stated.

AWARDS IN "THE STUDIO" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

Design for a Secretaire.
(A XI.)

The First Prize (*Two guineas*) is awarded to *Sixpence* (G. S. Tanner, The Knoll, Frith Hill, Godalming).

The Second Prize (*One guinea*) to *Aberbrothock* (Henry T. Wyse, Viewfield Road, Arbroath, N.B.).

Honourable Mention is given to the following:—*Arc* (Thomas Corson, 8 Blenheim Walk, Leeds); *Apollo* (A. D. Hislop, 142 Holland Street, Glasgow, N.B.); *the above are illustrated*; also to *Ainsworth* (W. A. Wildman); *Anglo* (Harry Simson); *Broughton Ranger* (J. W. Gillison); *Excelsior* (J. F. Johnson); *Glass Eye* (George Hyde); *Hookm* (W. H. Deakin); *Jason* (John Thirtle); *Little Coon* (Arabella L. Rankin); *Monster* (W. H. Reed); *Miss M.* (Fraulein de Wonters de Bouchont); *Marcus* (Edward Johnston); *Ouvrier* (J. H. Rudd); *Pierrot* (Jacques Houry); *Richmond* (Miss Hincks); *Seestu* (W. McLauchlan); *Snipe* (B. Schwabe); and *Umbopa* (L. C. Gregory).

Illustration for a Nursery Rhyme.
(B X.)

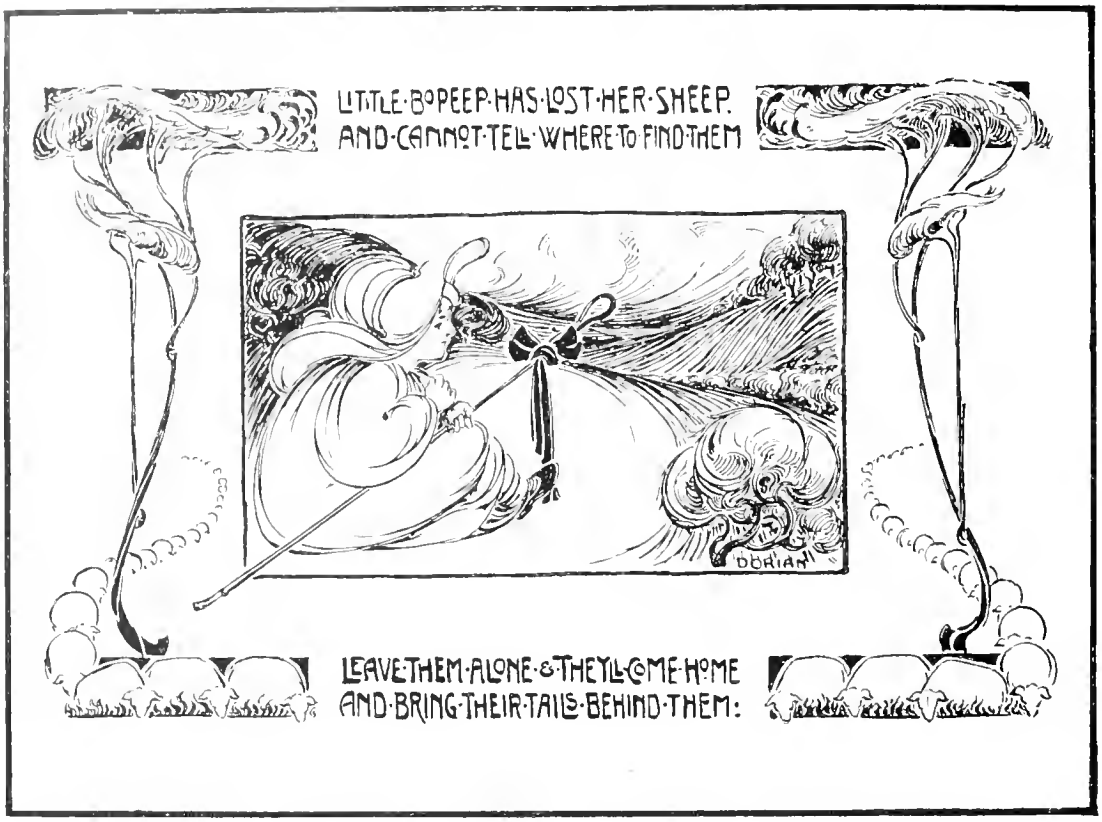
The First Prize (*One guinea*) is awarded to

FIRST PRIZE (COMP. B X.) "ATHENÆUM"

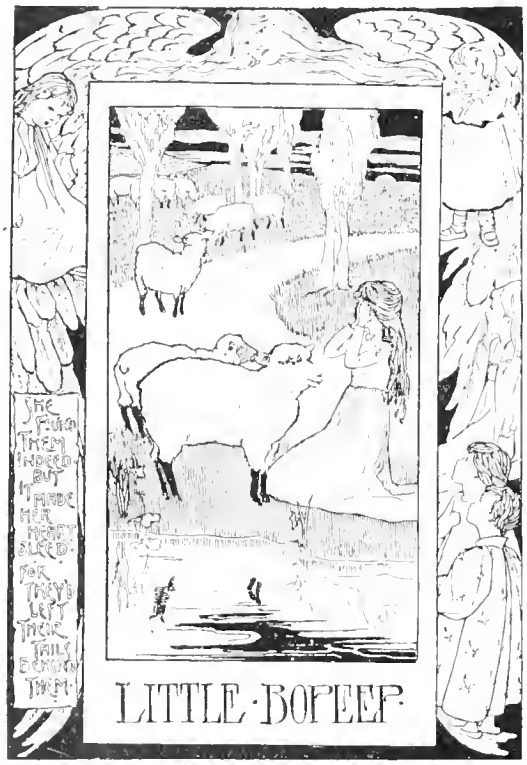
SECOND PRIZE (COMP. B X.) "JASON"

HON. MENTION (COMP. B A) "GRUMBLER"

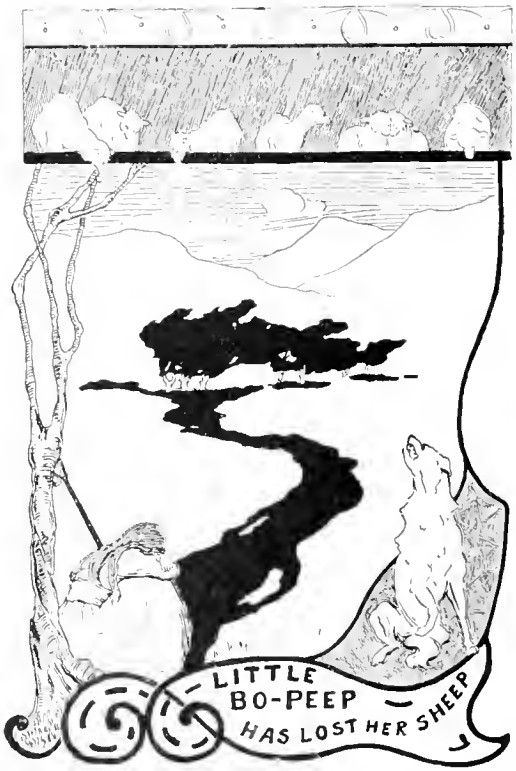
HON. MENTION (COMP. B A) "ENID"



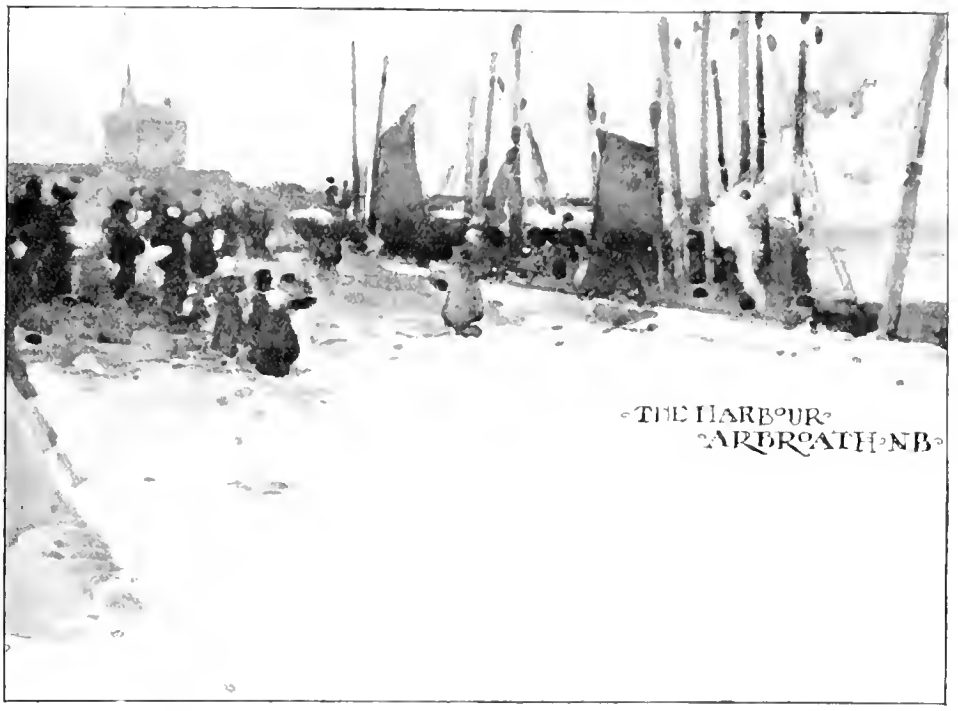
HON MENTION (COMP. B X.) "DORIAN"



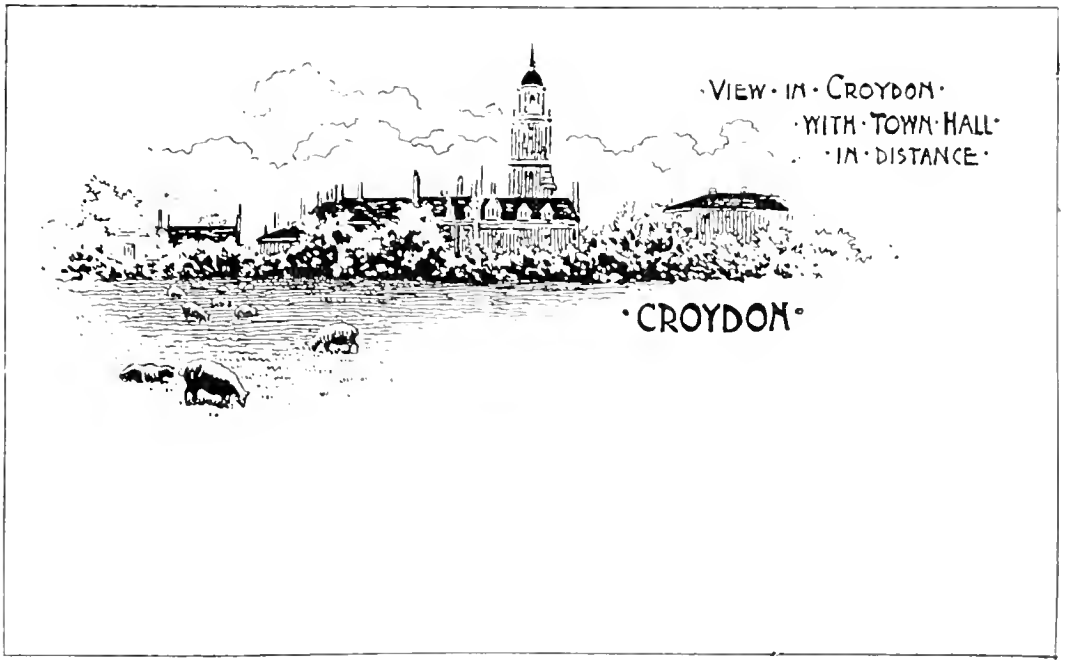
HON. MENTION (COMP. B X.) "BAGGLE"



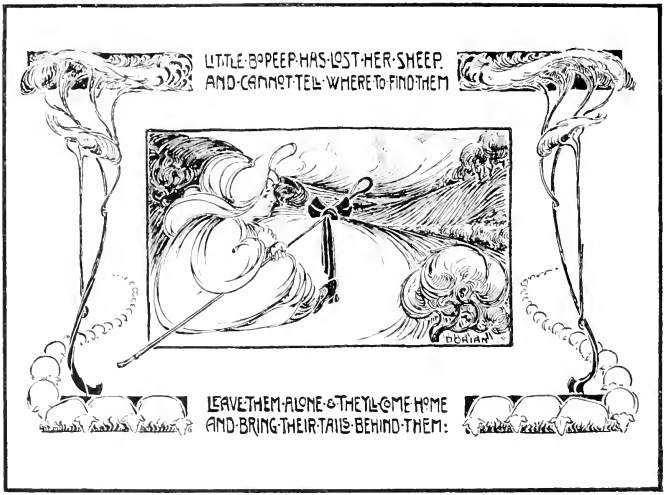
HON MENTION (COMP. B X.) "NORTH WEST WIND"



FIRST PRIZE (COMPETITION C X) "ABERBROTHOCK"



SECOND PRIZE (COMPETITION C X) "GRUMBLER"



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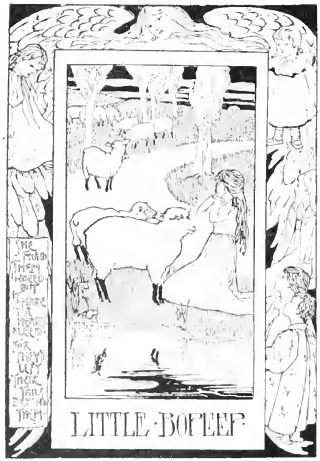

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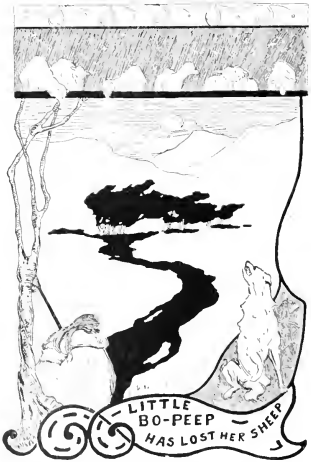

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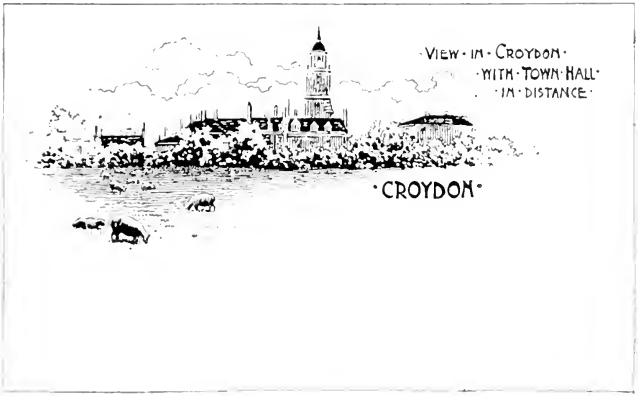
FIRST PRIZE (COMPETITION C.X.) "ABERBROTHOCK"



SECOND PRIZE (COMPETITION C.X.) [illegible]

Gillespy); *H. H.* (H. G. Hampton); *Isca* (Violet G. M. Rogers); *Leeker* (Ernest A. Taylor); *Minster* (Ernest Hasseldine); *Morwyn* (Eirian Francis); *Ophelia* (Winifred Buxton); *Rollingstone* (Chas. H. Rawson); and *Zeto* (Will. E. Tyler).

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM NATURE.

WINTER LANDSCAPE.

(D IV.)

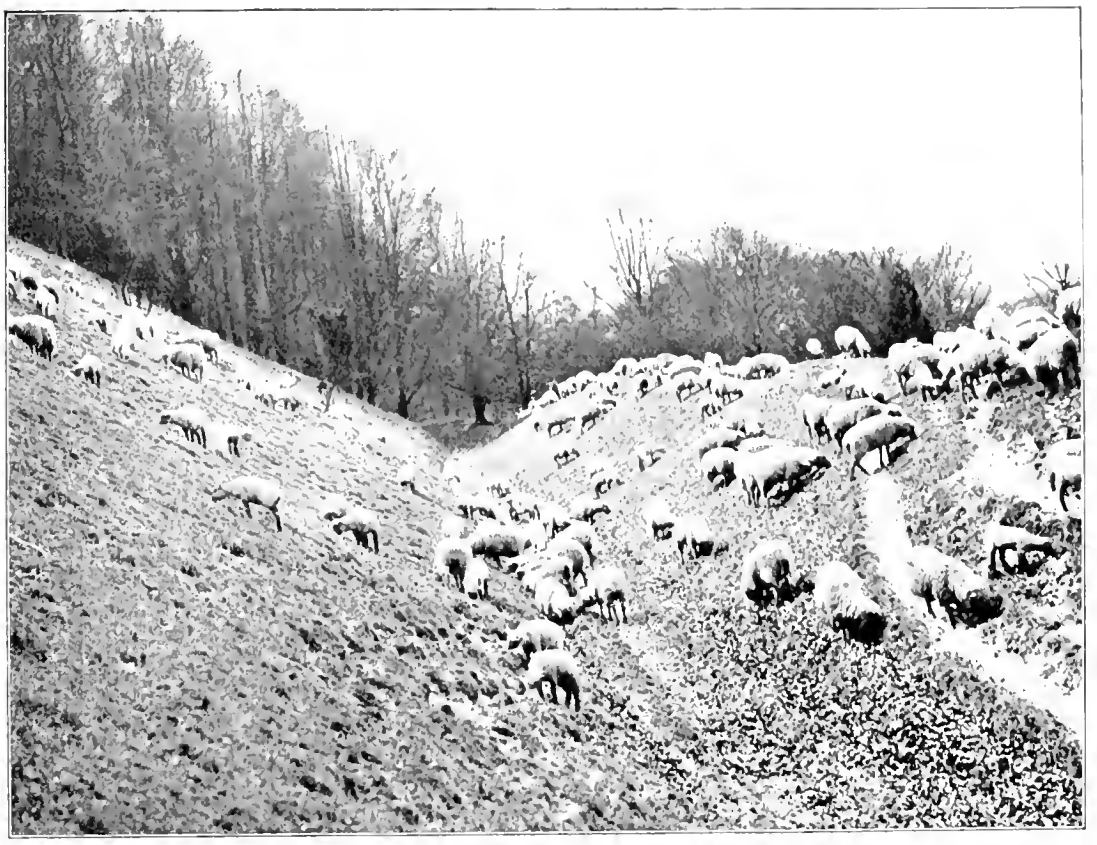
The FIRST PRIZE (*One guinea*) is awarded to *St. Moritz* (Walter S. Corden, 4 Rosdela Place, North Shields).

The SECOND PRIZE (*Half-a-guinea*) to *Hydrastes* (W. Wainwright, Pembury Court, Kent).

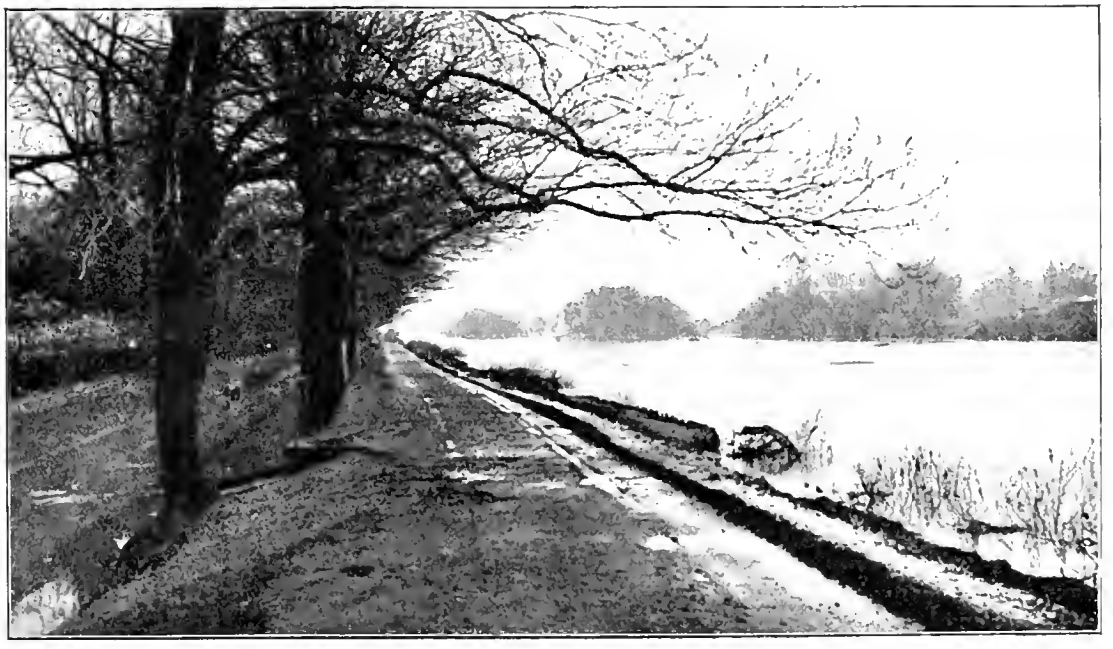
Honourable Mention is given to the following:—*Merrie England* (J. P. Steele, 2 Havelock Place, Shelton, Stoke-upon-Trent); *Pisanio* (W. H. Davies, 5 Ashchurch Villas, Ravenscourt Park, W.); *the above are illustrated*; also to *Alida* (Miss Crans); *Buckeye* (C. H. White); *Ben More* (M. Surface); *Chic-a-lee* (Mary G. Cameron); *East Anglian* (W. E. Daw); *Frost* (Miss Bartlett); *Gus* (August Pickert); *Helpis* (Mrs. Easton Cibb); *Lionel* (Lionel White); *Oberon* (Edgar J. Finch); *Rijswijk* (L. Senf); *Stone* (J. Steichen); *Snowflake* (Ledie J. Skelton); *Thalblick* (Walter E. Hughes); *Winter in the Sunny South* (Thomas A. Kay); and *Westward Ho* (Walter Rossiter).

FIRST PRIZE (COMP. D IV.) "ST. MORITZ"

HON. MENTION (COMPETITION D IV.) "MERRIE ENGLAND"



SECOND PRIZE (COMPETITION D IV.) "HYDRASTIS"



HON. MENTION (COMPETITION D IV.) "PISANIO"

THE LAY FIGURE LOOKS BACK FIFTY YEARS.

"WHAT are you studying?" said the Journalist—"the latest Continental and sincerely flattering paraphrase of THE STUDIO?"

"No!" the Lay Figure replied, "but its predecessor fifty years ago, a most worthy ancestor—*The Journal of Design* from 1849 to 1851!—which ran from 1849 to 1852, that in lieu of chromo-lithographic supplements or half-tone blocks gave a few woodcuts, and any amount of samples of actual wall-papers and woven fabrics, mounted and called 'coloured plates.' It is the veritable pioneer of our movement. A pre-'Great Exhibition' journal, with the idea now dominant, then newly born, of 'the moral influence of ornamental art,' with, it must be added, frequent references to its commercial value. Its first anecdote strikes home. 'That magnolia has been worth £80 to me,' said a designer, 'and not long ago it was the current talk in the mercers' shops that Cobdens of Manchester had made more than £10,000 profit by a certain printed pattern.' . . . . 'The ornamental bread-platter suggested by Bell, the sculptor, has positively originated a trade in that article, not only in Sheffield, but all over the country." This and much more we find on its first page. Later on we read, 'Even now, if any one proposed to teach ornamental drawing in a national school, he would probably be laughed at'; and it goes on to add, 'Recently there were not six working jewellers in London who could put their own work correctly into outline drawing.'"

"That certainly makes one feel that the fifty years since have not been wholly wasted," said the Man with a Clay Pipe. "But what of the designs? let us see them." And as he turned over the pages he muttered, "Good! a bit academic, but really when they did not try to be naturalistic their repeat patterns were by no means bad! Their chief fault seems to have been in table-ware and other domestic objects, especially in modelling plants in high relief on jugs and pots, of shapes not well planned both in wood and metal, as, for instance, a candlestick with one flower erect to take the candle and another pendant to serve as extinguisher. Here is a decanter modelled like a huge fuchsia-blossom, with glasses to match, and which the editor says 'are rather like the general form.' But I see he slanged sometimes, and was quite severe on an ornate fender with a lover and his lass at one end, and a grape vine the same size, on the other."

"I think," said the Lay Figure, "that the fabrics are wonderfully good: this 'balsarne' with a white device on salmon-coloured ground might be a Japanese design, while another by the Shires Printing Company would still find favour at Liberty's."

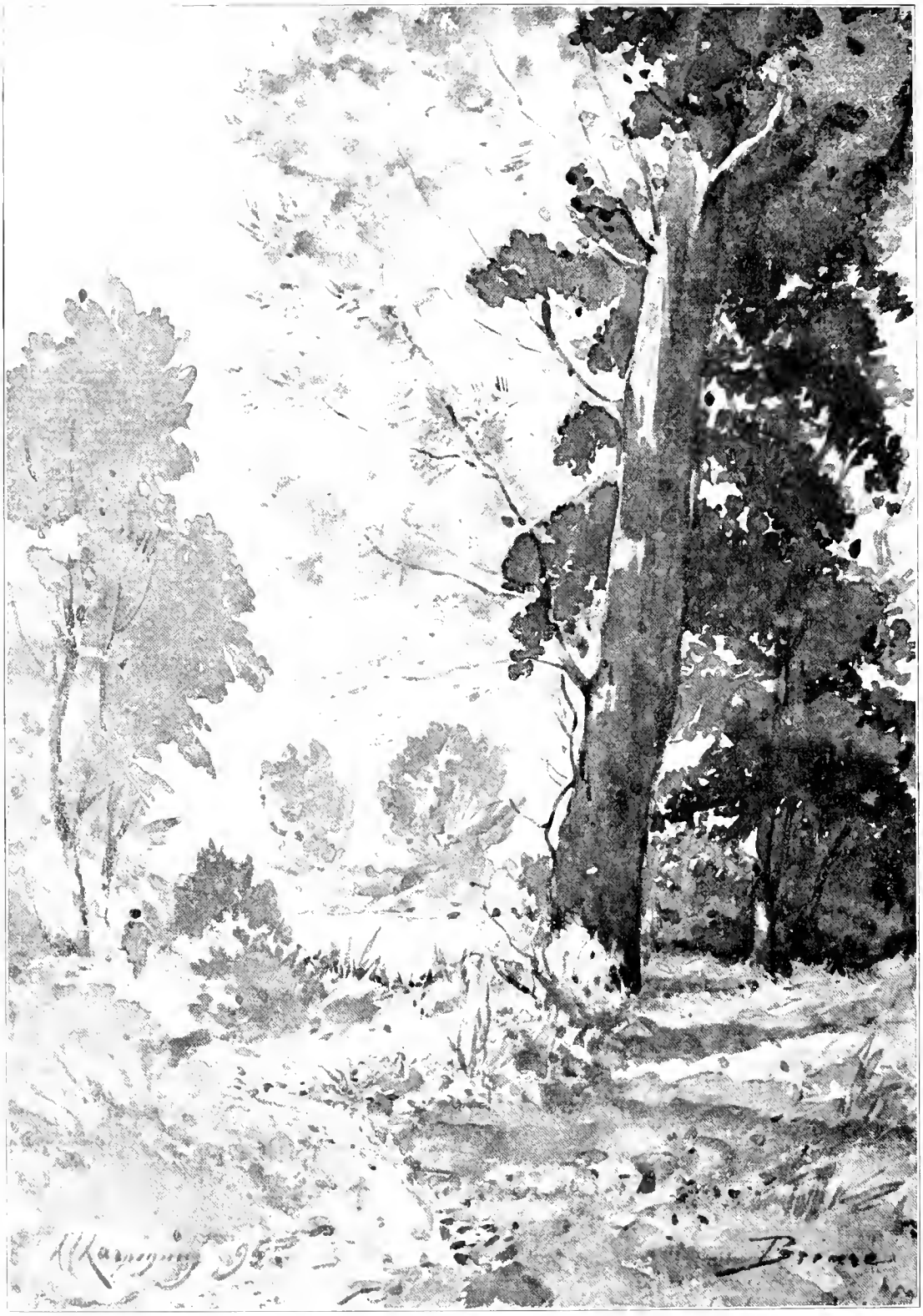
"I find one notable difference," the Man with a Clay Pipe remarked. "Not a single design is accredited to its artist, unless he happened to be a man of note in other fields."

"I have just read one of the articles," said the Journalist; "it is entitled 'High Art and Ornamental Art,' in which I find 'The intimate uniting of high art and ornament, or what might be called in these days of new verbal coinage the "Cellinesque," with the purer feeling in it is, we believe, a mine little worked of late, although such a mine has its precedent in the best ages of Greek art, and has always been recognised by those who have thought most and best on such subjects.' That sentence seems to sum up the fallacy of the fifties. They did not set out to equal the old mechanic, but tried each to be a new Cellini. Hence, no doubt, their pitiful mixture of foliage (*i.e.*, Ornament) with figure (*i.e.*, High Art). It seems to me that here is the secret of their failure."

"Yes," the Lay Figure said, "I think by beginning as craftsmen only anxious to turn out honest work, and being concerned more with proportion, good surface, and good colour—whatever the work be—we are beginning at the right end. The mood of Cellini is not the mood for daily life. Personally I would sooner have many a simple bit of wrought metal by some unknown mechanic than no few of his masterpieces. One does not want a statue on a saltcellar; it may suit a royal banquet, but goes badly in a modest dining-room. We are finding out the beauty in the absence of ornament. It is a good sign that where they used the word 'ornamental' we use 'decoration,' and the sooner we use 'fit' instead of either the better. A thing that is fit for its purpose is the thing to aim at."

"You may laugh at the frolics of 1851," said the Man with a Clay Pipe, "but I doubt if some of your sconces in 'beaten brass and tinkling symbols will command more respect in 1951. Hear this extract from Carlyle, as eulogy on a hideous candlestick: 'The fine arts, once divorcing themselves from truth, are quite certain to fall mad if they do not die and get flown away with by the devil, which latter is only the second worse result for us.' The fine arts are not sent to pipe and dance, but to speak and work. That was the creed of 1851, and the candlestick its practice. Let us hope our creed is less obviously discordant."

THE LAY FIGURE.



HENRI HARPIGNIES. BY FREDERIC LEES.

It would seem to be in the nature of things that those who point out new principles, whether in science, art, or philosophy, should hardly, if ever, during their lifetime receive full recognition: that the benefit of their thought and teaching should accrue to their followers. Take the case of Camille Corot, the artist who, as we think of him rising early for a period of fifty years to wander into the fields of France to paint under his large white parasol until an hour which made further work impossible, stands prominently before us as the very ideal of a landscape painter. He was the first who saw the necessity, with Rousseau, Daubigny, and Français—to mention the principal only of the reactionaries to the work of Poussin—of returning direct to Nature for his materials, and of renouncing everything against which there might be brought the charge of artificiality. The most insignificant corner of a pasture or of a forest was to Corot of more interest than the most imposing landscape, if that landscape was full of incongruities. Yet his work did not at first receive the attention which it merited. In private as well as in official circles historical painting reigned supreme, and even as recently as 1873 the *médaille d'honneur* of the Salon was withheld from him and given to Gérôme for his *L'Eminence Grise*. Opinion was, however, about to change: the time was close at hand when landscape would no longer in France be considered a *genre inférieure*. That time has now arrived. Within the past five years the Salon has twice bestowed the high distinction which it refused to accord to Corot upon landscape painters—once to Français and once, last year, to Henri Harpignies, the inheritor of the gifts and, in some respects, the rewards of the artist who is said to have opened up the way for "impressionism."

And bravely and well has Henri Harpignies carried on the work of his forerunners. He has gone direct to Nature for his pictures, but not to copy her servilely. No one has been more conscious than he that the duty of the landscape

HENRI HARPIGNIES IN HIS STUDIO FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

FROM A CHALK DRAWING BY HENRI HARPIGNIES

painter is not to reproduce like the photographic camera, but to select the lines and tones which specify the character of what is before him. He has altered Nature, as Turner did, to suit his own purposes, correcting her disorders and errors, adding or suppressing, enlarging or diminishing, painting an object near to or far off, so that if we were to stand upon the spot where he has placed his camp stool we should see before us the elements only of which he has made use. Sometimes he will even place upon canvas what is not actually before his eyes, as in that picture *La Loire à Nevers*, exhibited at the 1883 Salon, in the background of which he has placed blue mountains to complete the effect. All things are permissible to the landscape painter, he will tell you, so long as he produces a beautiful work within the limits of possibility.

Let us note the progress along the years which this artist has made—how in this year he painted figures, in that trees, and so on until we reach the time when he produces so perfect a work of art as the *Solitude*, for which he received the *médaille d'honneur* last year.

Even when a mere child at Valenciennes, his birthplace in 1819, Henri Harpignies was busy with his pencil. It was not until the age of twenty-seven, however, that he received any regular instruction in art, probably for the reason that his parents were opposed to his choice of the profession of artist. They wished their son to become a man of business. But at last their objections were overcome, and Harpignies came to Paris to study under Achard, the friend of Français, a landscape painter who holds a middle position between Michalon and Bidault; an artist of great worth, but one of those men who seem destined, owing to their peculiar disposition, never to reach the position they deserve. Harpignies only studied for two years under the inexorable Achard—he was the most exacting of masters—but he benefited greatly, indeed he attributes much of his ultimate success to the thoroughness of the instruction which he received. A two years' journey in Italy followed this apprenticeship to art, and three years after his return to France he obtained his first success at the Salon with a picture which he named

Le Chemin Creux, a view in the suburbs of Valenciennes, and another work with an Italian subject. From this time forward Harpignies' progress was slow but sure. In 1858 he commenced the study of children, and Harpignies' children are full of the most delicious life and movement; in the following year we find him studying the contour of trees at Mars-sur-Allier; and in 1860 he paid a second visit to Italy, this time in company with Corot—a journey to which must be given a high place in a record of his artistic education, since he commenced in consequence to introduce into his pictures something of Corot's poesy, this being especially noticeable in the works which he exhibited at the 1865 Salon. Meanwhile, in 1861, he exhibited his first really important work, *Lisière de bois sur les bords de l'Allier*, and a number of pictures of child life, the studies for which were made a few years before. These pictures of children are of considerable interest now as the early work of an artist who has completely changed his manner, and especially when we know the circumstances under which they came to be painted. Harpignies was one day painting at Plagny, in the neighbourhood of Nevers, when a number of children from the village gathered round him and made all serious work at the picture on the easel before him out of the question. He therefore commenced to make a series of rapid sketches of his tormentors, and it was these which he afterwards utilised in *Les Petits Maraudeurs*; *L'Ecole Buissonnière*, children playing truant; *Qui s'y frotte, s'y pique*, children fleeing from bees which they have been tormenting; *Le Passage du Régiment*; and another picture of children seeking for cockchafers. Some years, fruitful though they were, must now be passed over with a mere mention until we reach 1869, a year which I consider of great importance, since it was then that Harpignies—very much as Jean François Millet and Charles Jacque discovered Barbizon—discovered Hérrison, in the Bourbonnais. In 1863 Harpignies was deservedly praised for *Les Corbeaux*, and in 1866 he produced a work of great value, *Le Soir dans la campagne de Rome*, for which he received his first medal. This latter picture was for some years in the Luxembourg Gallery

FROM A CHALK DRAWING BY HENRI HARPIGNIES

It was when upon a visit to the Rougier family at the Château de Montais, near the forest of Tronçais, that Harpignies first saw the splendid possibilities which Hérrison, with its ample valleys, its mountain streams, its charming woodland scenery, presented to the landscape painter. One day when out riding he came suddenly upon that part of the forest known as La Bouteille. Fastening his horse to a tree, he started upon a journey of exploration among the rocks and mighty oaks, which are more majestic even than those to be found in the Forest of Fontainebleau. Almost at every turn Harpignies was enchanted: here, indeed, was a veritable artist's Paradise. He decided there and then to return in the following year. It was in July that he paid his second visit to Hérrison, and he was amply rewarded. Many are the picturesque sights in the forest which he may be said to have discovered, such as the marvellous Saut-du-Loup, which he made the subject for one of his best-known pictures. The outbreak of the Franco-German War unfortunately interrupted his work for a whole year. However, after carrying arms in the Garde Nationale, he returned to his work at Hérrison, and year after year, until 1879, he continued to visit the district, his pencil gaining in power, his faculty of selection becoming more and more acute. The sketches which Harpignies made during these years are of great interest and value to students, and I would that every lover of Nature had the opportunity of going through his voluminous portfolios.

And what Harpignies has done for Hérrison he has done for Saint-Privé, in the department of the Yonne, where he purchased an estate in 1879, such he has done for St. Cénery, in the suburbs of Alençon, and for the Bourg district. For the past twenty-five years he has sent two pictures to the Salon annually, his subjects being taken from some of the most picturesque places in France. His principal works have been *Soir sur les bords de la Loire; Rives de la Loire*, 1861; *Le Soir*, 1866, a work of great power; *Le Saut-du-Loup*, 1873, regarded by many as his chief masterpiece; *Chênes de Château-Renard*, 1875; *Victime de l'Hiver, Vallée du Loing à Saint-Privé*, 1881; *La Loire*, 1882; and *Vue de Saint-Privé*, 1883.

FROM A WASH DRAWING BY HENRI HARPIGNIES

It has always been a matter of surprise to me that Harpignies' work has not become better known in England, where many that might have been expected to be well acquainted with the pictures of the veteran artist have shown themselves to be almost ignorant of his name. There are, however, a few collectors of his work, and among these may be mentioned Sir John Day, Mr. James Staats

STUDY IN LEAD PENCIL BY HENRI HARPIGNIES

STUDY IN LEAD PENCIL BY HENRI HARPIGNIES

Forbes, Mr. Alexander Young, Mr. G. R. Burnett, and Mr. F. Gabbitas. Ever since his work, in fact, was introduced to English art-lovers by Messrs. Obach, through whose courtesy THE STUDIO is enabled to give a facsimile reproduction of one of his most characteristic water-colours, there has been a steady sale for his pictures. And that most of these pictures have been water-colours shows a very keen appreciation of the artist's ability. Harpignies holds a higher position as a water-colour painter than most people imagine. As far back as 1869 he exhibited water-colour at the Salon: *La Cité*, and a number of studies of Paris, were among the best pictures of that year. For many years his water-colour drawings at the annual exhibitions of the Société d'Aquarellistes Français, of which he was elected a member in 1881, were considered the finest on view. In 1882 he held an exhibition in the Rue de Sèze, in Paris, which attracted great attention, the collection including a picture of the *Pont Neuf*, from which all vulgar and fatiguing detail was eliminated, leaving only the street bathed in a sweet blue atmosphere; and another remarkable work, the subject for which was the *Place-Saint-Germain des Prés*, in which the presence of the church was only revealed by its great shadow thrown upon the pavement. Harpignies showed by these works that he had the power of producing the most powerful effects by *teints unies*: his sobriety of colour, breadth of treatment, firmness of touch, and precision of drawing placing him in the front rank of water-colour artists. In addition to this side of his work, I must not forget to mention his drawings in pen-and-ink. Much of his early work was done in this medium. I can remember seeing in his studio a study from Nature which he made in Rome as far back as 1861. Some of the subjects for the 1882 series of water-colours, already mentioned, were first of all drawn in ink, one being a charming view of the Seine from a balcony overgrown with creepers—such a view of bridges and boats as may be obtained from the balconies of the houses on the Ile Saint Louis, a subject such as Mr. Whistler would have loved to have chosen for a lithograph. Another of the same series, also done in pen-and-ink, was the square on the Boulevard St. Germain. Harpignies has, moreover, done most of his studies for decoration with the pen, notably those for the decorative panel at the Grand Opera, *La Vallée d'Egérie*, which was exhibited at the 1870 Salon.

DRAWING IN LEAD PENCIL AND INK BY HENRI HARPIGNIES

STUDY IN PEN AND INK

BY HENRI HARPIGNIES

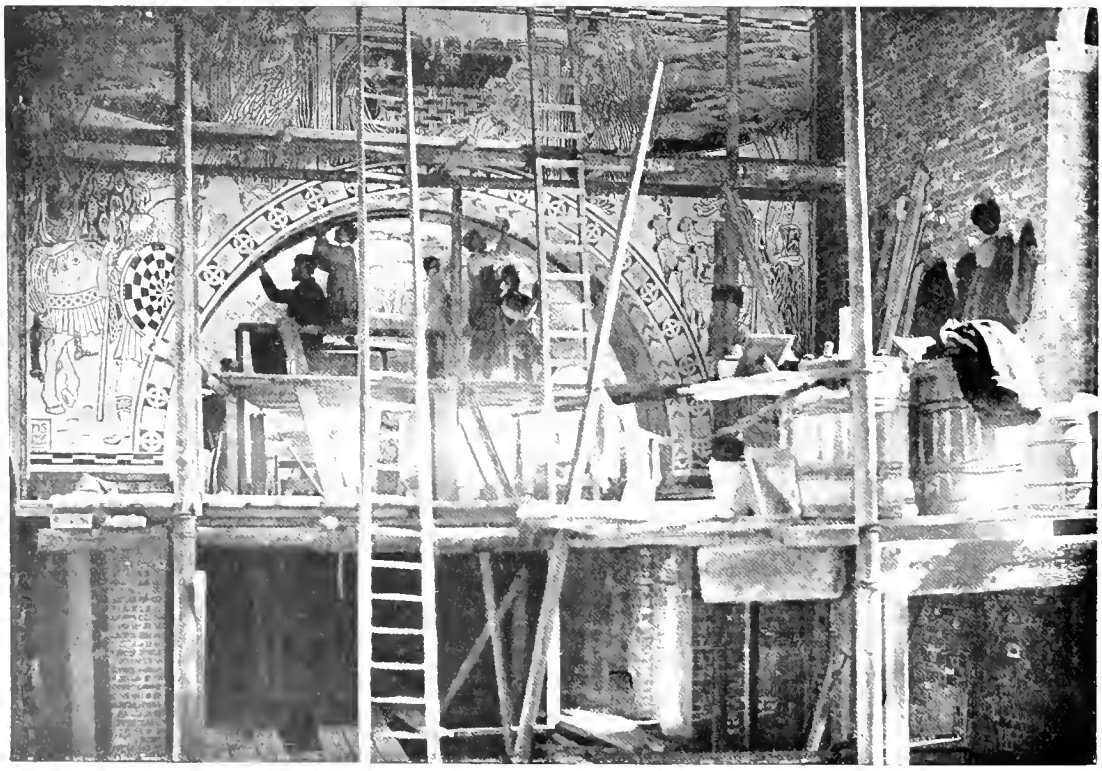
STUDY IN PEN AND INK

BY HENRI HARPIGNIES

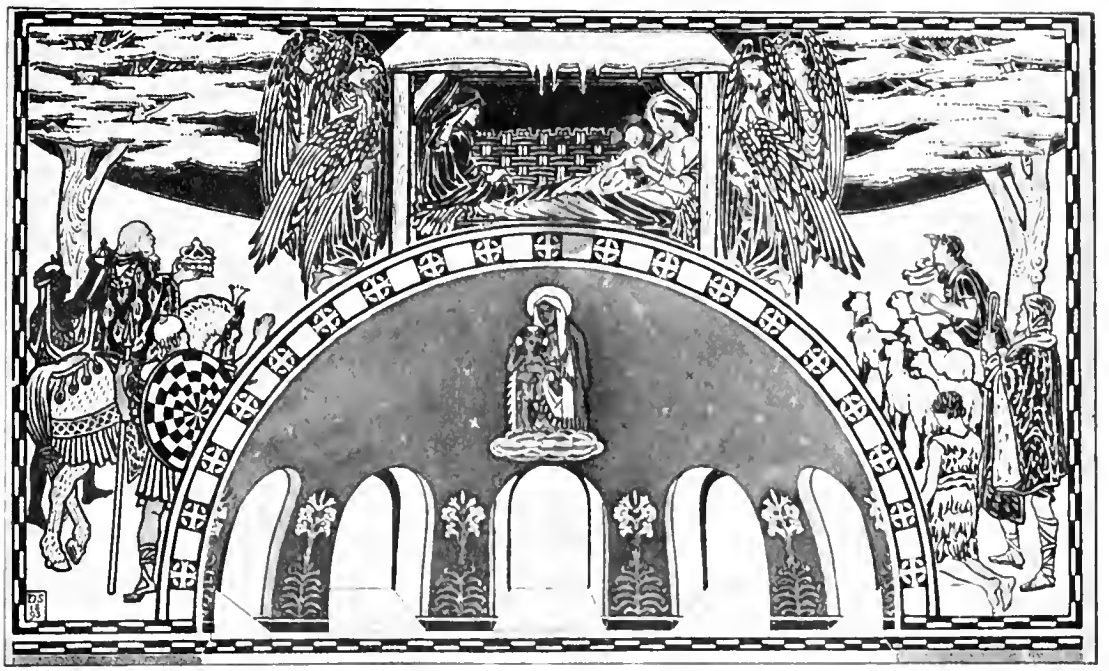
Harpignies considers that too much care cannot be taken over drawing. His method of work will be seen from the various drawings executed in chalk, in lead pencil, in wash, and in a combination of lead pencil and pen and ink, reproductions of which accompany this article. The necessity of paying attention to detail is a point he has always impressed upon his pupils. "If a pupil has two hours at his disposal," said M. Harpignies to me on one occasion, "I should advise him to devote one and three-quarters of his time to drawing and a quarter of an hour to painting." He does not, however, recommend his pupils to copy his own methods; on the contrary, he is continually saying, "Do what I recommend you, not what I do," and for the reason that, through years of hard work and experience, the master has discovered many short cuts by which he can reach his goal; but were the student, lacking in experience, to employ these short cuts, he would run a great risk of losing his way. It is only, in M. Harpignies' opinion, by paying attention to exactitude of drawing and by cultivating originality that we can eventually attain to *le beau dans le vrai.*

The stylist is revealed to us in all the works of Harpignies. He loves to put before us those green spots, those retired corners of Nature whence we can look out upon the stretch of open country; those shady places of the forest whence, through openings in the trees, we can see the spire of the church, or the blue mountains, or catch a glimpse of the river and the village upon its banks; those paths winding through woods whence we know not. The more we examine the two pictures which Harpignies exhibited at the last Salon des Champs-Elysées—*Les Bords du Rhône* and *Solitude*—the more we become convinced that there is the *résumé*, as it were, of all his years of labour in continuation of the work of Corot. In the *Solitude* especially, in which the Loire is seen breaking over rocks after its placid journey of miles, the sun just about to set, the whole scene suffused by a golden haze, do we not catch something of the spirit, the exquisite feeling, which we find, for example, in the *Souvenir d'Italie?* It is not difficult to see that the man who painted these pictures has, after years of study by the river-side and at the edge of woods, become filled with a passionate love of Nature, noting with delight the ever-changing surface of the water before him, the atmosphere full of sunlight, all the varied changes in Nature's mood.

FREDERIC LEES.



MR. HEYWOOD SUMNER AND ASSISTANTS AT WORK UPON THE SGRAFFITO DECORATIONS IN ST. AGATHA'S, PORTSMOUTH



SGRAFFITO DECORATIONS IN THE LADY CHAPEL OF ST. AGATHA'S, PORTSMOUTH, WITH THE SEMI-DOME IN MOSAIC BY HEYWOOD SUMNER

THE WORK OF HEYWOOD SUMNER. — I. SGRAFFITO DECORATIONS. BY GLEESON WHITE.

In a series of articles on the work of Mr. Heywood Sumner it is convenient to begin with his decorations in sgraffito; and to do so is the more apposite from the fact that the revival of the craft and its present popularity is due very largely to his individual labours. Yet the very name "sgraffito" at present is hardly familiar even to those who have learned to pronounce "gesso" with a soft "g." Reference to two of the most popular English dictionaries discovers no entry under "S," and in only one of the two as "graffiti"—where the definition "ancient inscriptions by scribbling with a stylus on a wall" leaves much to be desired.

Therefore it were best before going further to quote literally from a certain "note" by Mr. Heywood Sumner in the catalogue to the "Arts and Crafts" second Exhibition—"Of Sgraffito Work." In this we find:—

"The Italian words Graffiato, Sgraffiato, or Sgraffito mean—Scratched, and scratched work is the oldest form of graphic expression and surface decoration used by man.

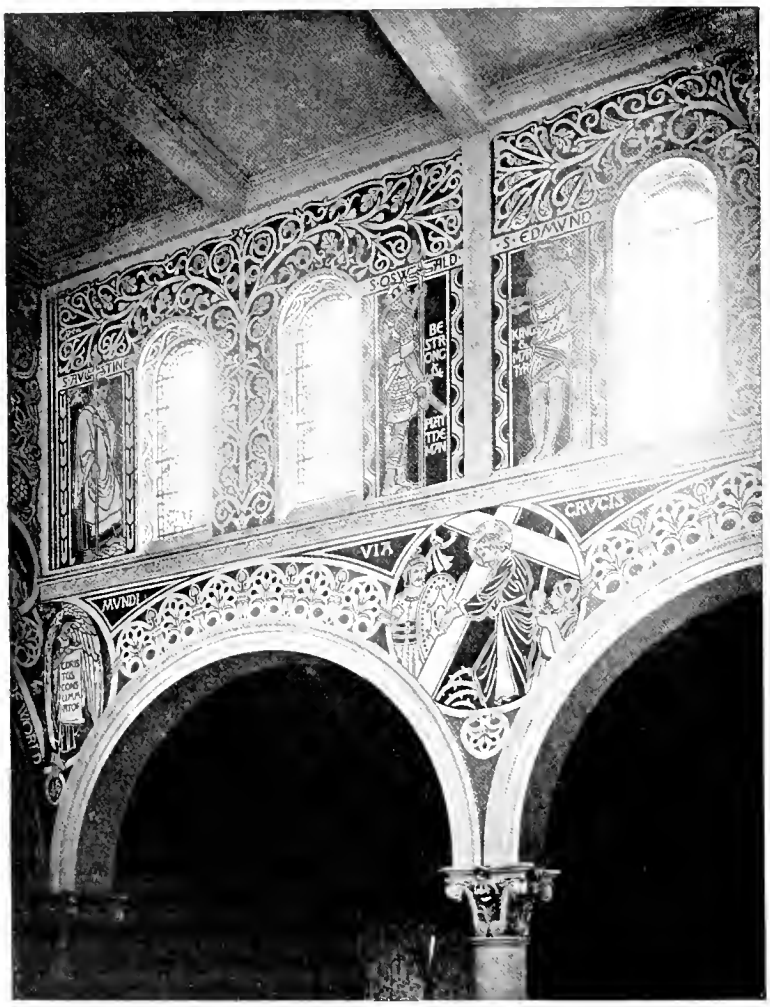
"The term sgraffito is, however, specially used to denote decoration scratched or incised upon plaster (or potter's clay) while still soft, and for beauty of effect depends either solely upon lines thus incised according to design, with the resulting contrast of surfaces; or partly upon such lines and contrast, and partly upon an under-coat of colour revealed by the incisions; while, again, the means at disposal may be increased by varying the colours of the under-coat in accordance with the design. . . .

"First, then, as to the method. Given, the wall intended to be treated; granted, the completion of the scheme of decoration, the cartoons having

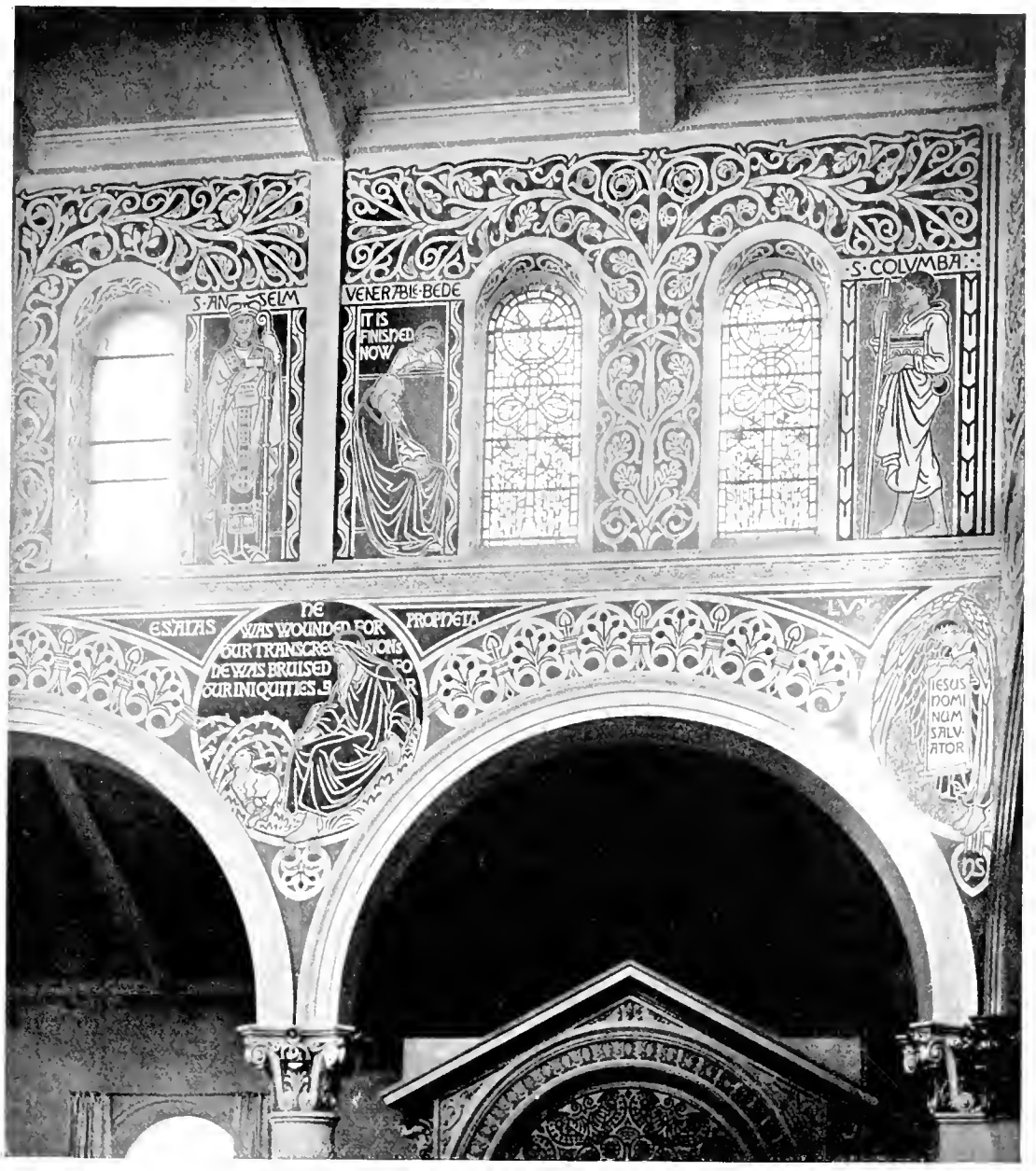
been executed in several colours and the outlines firmly pricked, and further, all things ready for beginning work. Hack off any existing plaster from the wall; when bare, rake and sweep out the joints thoroughly: when clean, give the wall as much water as it will drink; lay the coarse coat, leaving the face rough in order to make a good key for the next coat; when sufficiently set, fix your cartoon in its destined position with slate nails; pounce through the pricked outlines; remove the cartoon; replace the nails in the register holes; mark in, with chalk, spaces for the different colours as indicated by the pounced impression on the coarse coat; lay the several colours of the colour coat according to the design as shown by the chalk outlines; take care that in so doing the register nails are not displaced; roughen the face in order to make a good key for the final coat; when sufficiently set, follow on with the final surface coat, only laying as much as can be cut and cleaned up in a day: when this is sufficiently steady, fix up the cartoon in its registered position; pounce through the pricked outlines; remove the cartoon and cut the design in the surface coat before it sets; then, if your register is correct, you will cut through to different colours according to the design, and in the course of a few days the work should set as hard and homogeneous as stone, and as damp-proof as the nature of things permits.

"The three coats above referred to may be gauged as follows:—*Coarse Coat.*—2 or 3 sharp clean sand to 1 of Portland, to be laid about $\frac{3}{4}$ inch in thickness. This coat is to promote an even suction and to keep back damp. *Colour Coat.*—1 of colour to $1\frac{1}{2}$ of old Portland, to be laid about $\frac{1}{8}$ inch in thickness. Specially prepared distemper colours should be used, and amongst such may be mentioned golden ochre, Turkey red, Indian red, manganese black, and lime blue. *Final Surface Coat.*—Aberthaw lime and selenitic cement, both sifted through a fine sieve. The proportions of the gauge depend upon the heat of the lime—or, Parian cement sifted as above. This may be useful in a dimly-lighted building, as it dries out very white, but it sets too quick for convenience. Or, 3 of selenitic cement to 2 of silver sand, both sifted as above. This may be used for outdoor work.

"Individual taste and experience must decide as to the thickness of the final coat, but if laid between $\frac{1}{8}$ and $\frac{1}{12}$ inch, and the lines cut with slanting edges, a side light gives emphasis to the finished result, making the outlines tell alternately as they



SGRAFFITO DECORATION IN ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, ENNISMORE GARDENS
BY HEYWOOD SUMNER



SGRAFFITO DECORATION
IN ALL SAINTS' CHURCH,
ENNISMORE GARDENS
BY HEYWOOD SUMNER

SGRAFFITO DECORATION IN ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, ENNISMORE GARDENS, WITH CENTRAL FIGURE "CHRISTUS CONSUMMATOR" SET IN MOSAIC SURROUNDED BY TWO BANDS OF MOTHER OF PEARL SHELLS. BY HEYWOOD SUMNER

take the light or cast a shadow. Plasterer's small tools of various kinds and knife-blades fixed in tool-handles will be found suited to the simple task of cutting and clearing off the final surface coat; but as to this a craftsman finds his own tools by experience; and, indeed, by the same acquired perception must be interpreted all the foregoing directions, and specially that ambiguous word dear to the writers of recipes—sufficient."

So much for Mr. Heywood Sumner's own explanation of the methods of working sgraffito, which is further made clear by a photograph showing his work actually in progress at St. Agatha's, Portsmouth. This should perhaps be supplemented by a few historical notes which he contributed to a pamphlet on the church of All Saints, Ennismore Gardens. From these we find that the art of sgraffito was much practised in Italy. It was specially revived by an artist named Morto da Feltri, who appears to have rediscovered the method during an excavation of Roman antiquities undertaken by the Medici family. On many of the tombs then uncovered examples of early Roman sgraffito work were found. Not merely did Morto da Feltri copy the old method, but he also imitated the style of design he found there. These decorations were known as "grottesche"—whence our word "grotesque." After he had revived the craft it was much used in Florence and in England until the time of Henry VIII., when it was forgotten entirely until the late F. W. Moody again revived it in decorations for South Kensington Museum and other buildings.

The more we study the method as Mr. Sumner has employed it, the more curious it is to find that it is not employed a hundred times more freely. For as I (for one) have often suggested when writing upon the modern poster, its adaptability for per-

manent advertisements is so obvious, that it is a matter of surprise not to find it used for gable ends of factories, and dozens of other places, where striking decoration at once inexpensive and effective might help to turn the permanent *affiche* into a thing of abiding beauty. Here, however, one must not be led away by side issues, but come to the record of Mr. Heywood Sumner's labours on behalf of sgraffito as applied to church decoration. In all these we are struck with the accord between the artist and his material. The really personal qualities of Mr. Sumner's art—its limitations no less than its capacity—find in it their fullest expression. A certain lack of suppleness in the permitted line, and impotence to express elaborate details, would be irksome to many artists, but they provoke Mr. Sumner to his best. With a less obstinate material it is possible that his manner might lack the suavity which is demanded, but with an austere substance compelling simplicity he appears not merely unhampered by the limits of the material, but to conceive his design so fully in harmony with it that it would suffer considerably were it paraphrased in any other medium. It is possible that many who make their first acquaintance with these works through the instrumentality of photographic reproduction will fail to realise how admirable they are. Fortunately, an example in colour will help to supply a key to the rest; but even with this colour-print we must imagine it on a large scale, with a point of vision that interposes a certain atmosphere between the spectator and the actual decoration, to realise that it represents mural decoration and is not a picture complete in itself.

Visitors to the first Exhibition of the Arts and Crafts Society in 1888 will remember that a series of cartoon designs for this work, and some specimens of the actual sgraffito, were displayed in the North Gallery. Perhaps they will also remember a certain rawness of colour that at first sight was not wholly pleasing. But this is merely the well-nigh inevitable result which decorations planned for a particular place under certain defined conditions of light must needs suffer by being exhibited under totally different conditions. Yet a truth so obvious needs to be reiterated. For it is easy to acquire an honest prejudice against most admirable craftsmanship, that may linger, without the critic being conscious that he has founded his opinion on false premises, until he is confronted with the same or similar work in its own proper home. The very qualities which were repellent in the sgraffito work seen in a gallery, become its chief merit when it is in a dark interior. There it seems to illuminate the walls and to be delicate and brilliant at the same time.

The chief works of this class which Mr. Heywood Sumner has undertaken begin with those in Wells College Chapel, Vicars Close. These were executed in 1887. The scheme includes a panelled wall-screen with nine figures in gesso. The next important work, of which we illustrate certain portions, was carried out in 1888 for S. Mary's, Llanvair, Kilgeddin, near Abergavenny, Monmouthshire.

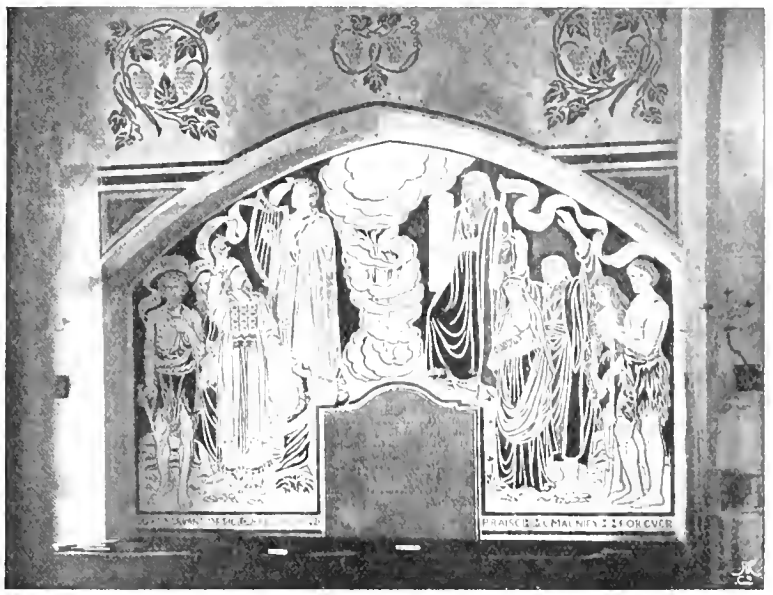
SGRAFFITO DECORATION, "DAVID AND JONATHAN" IN THE CHAPEL OF ST. EDMUND'S SCHOOL, CANTERBURY. BY HEYWOOD SUMNER

SGRAFFITO DECORATION IN BRERETON CHURCH, NEAR RUGELEY
BY HEYWOOD SUMNER

Here we have a whole church decorated in sgraffito, applied to the nave and chancel walls. By his choice of the most noble canticle—the *Benedicite omnia opera*—for his theme, Mr. Sumner confronted the most varied subject it is possible to conceive, one that embraces not merely all animate but all inanimate creation. Within the space it is evident that only a portion of the gigantic theme could be represented, and one would like to see the same subject treated in some huge building that could illustrate it more adequately, although to do it in its fulness would need not one artist, but a whole generation of craftsmen working under a common impulse. For a country church, such as this is, Mr. Sumner evidently realised that simplicity of statement, and straightforward presentation, with little symbolism, and a certain childlike naivety in the pictured facts, was at once most sensible and most practicable. That he was justified in his opinion, even the few illustrations here given will prove beyond question.

If the *Benedicite* leaves a designer free to select from all visible nature, it confronts him at the same time with the difficulty of employing landscape and animal subjects, which in its scheme are raised to equal importance with figures of men and angels. In the *Te Deum*, a hymn far more frequently taken as the motive of a great scheme of decoration, each verse in turn suggests figure subjects, consequently the unity of scale is kept, and if monotony is the result, a certain dignity is nevertheless preserved. Even the ordinary "hack" who draws endless lay figures in gaudy dressing-gowns, and makes the whole hardly less imposing than a sheet of postage-stamps, can evolve a harmonious pattern. When you find that angels, the heavens, waters, powers, the sun and moon, stars, showers, winds, and the rest, are invoked in turn, the task of depicting such a sequence with an effect of unity becomes well-nigh impossible. Mr. Sumner escapes disaster by courting it. Each panel has been treated on its own merits, and if

SGRAFFITO DECORATION IN BRERETON CHURCH, NEAR RUGELEY
BY HEYWOOD SUMNER



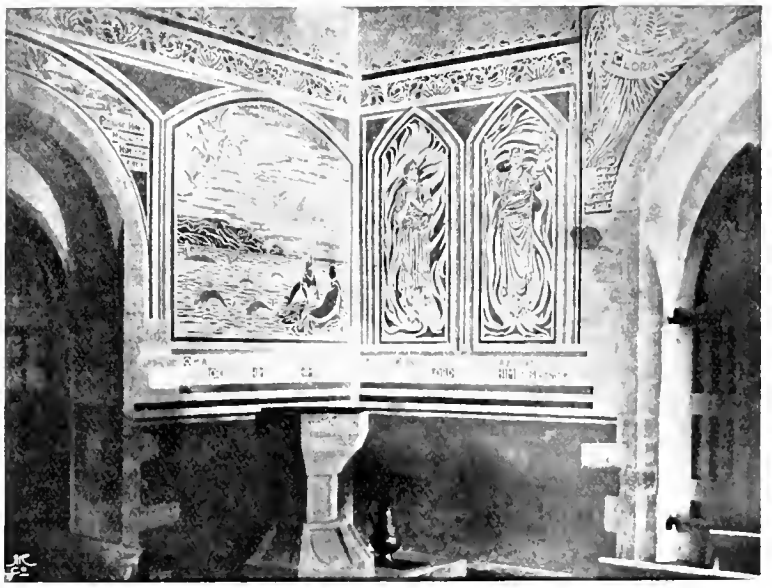
SGRAFFITO DECORATION IN LLANVAIR CHURCH BY HEYWOOD SUMNER

Co. Kildare (1890); The Parish Church, Sunbury (1892); a church at Crookham, near Winchfield (1893); St. Agatha's, Portsmouth, with a mosaic semi-dome and walls in sgraffito (1895); All Saints', Ennismore Gardens (1897); St. Michael and All Angels, Brereton, near Rugeley, (1897); and St. Edmund's School Chapel, Canterbury (1897–98).

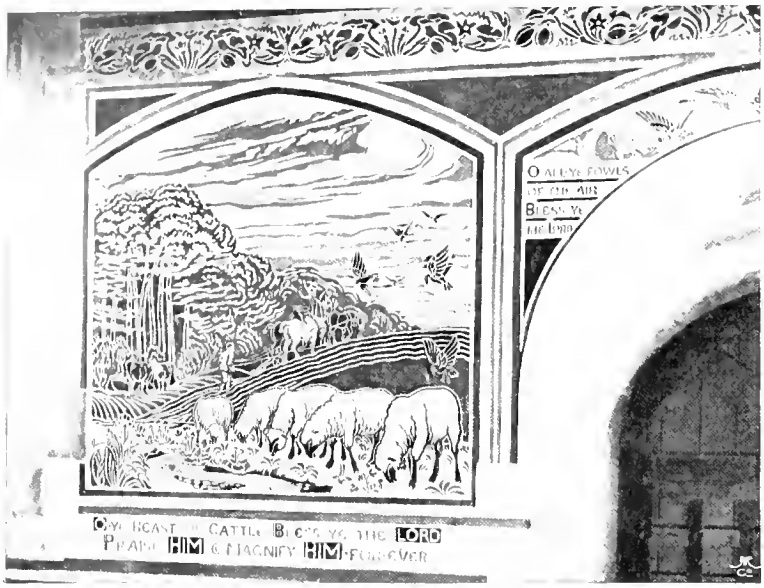
The prevailing impression which a great deal of modern ecclesiastical decoration yields is of make-believe. You feel that the artist wished to be impressive but is only pedantically archæologic; and his audience is happy if they are treated as learned folk who can appreciate his research. Or he tries to be naïve, to be intentionally anachronistic, to do of set purpose what the old Dutch masters did ignorantly, to dress Eastern people in mediæval robes, and to copy the missal image or the altar-piece of days when Cook was not and Mudie circulated no illustrated books of travel. They think the archaism

the whole is of unequal interest—considered wholly as pattern—it gains a larger value, and escapes the terribly respectable level of too much modern ecclesiastical decoration. The panels illustrated, "O ye Mountains," "O ye Beasts and Cattle," "O ye Servants," "O ye Whales and all that swim in the Waters," even on the reduced scale, will show his method of solving the problem. One feels sure he would not claim that it is the only possible way, any more than we should claim it for him. To reach the average intelligence of the average person, it is not unwise to select a little child as the highest mean average—a child without guile, without pretence. In planning his work so that it tells a story which an inmate of the nursery can read as it runs, Mr. Sumner seems to show not merely his wit, but his faith.

Here, before considering his work in sgraffito as a whole, we may summarise his record so far. After Llanvair, with its *Benedicite*, comes Claire Church, Neas,



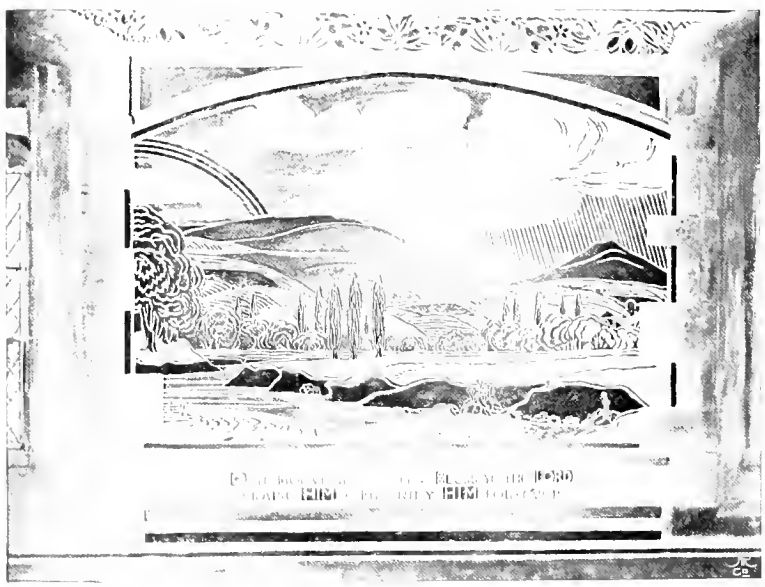
SGRAFFITO DECORATION IN LLANVAIR CHURCH BY HEYWOOD SUMNER



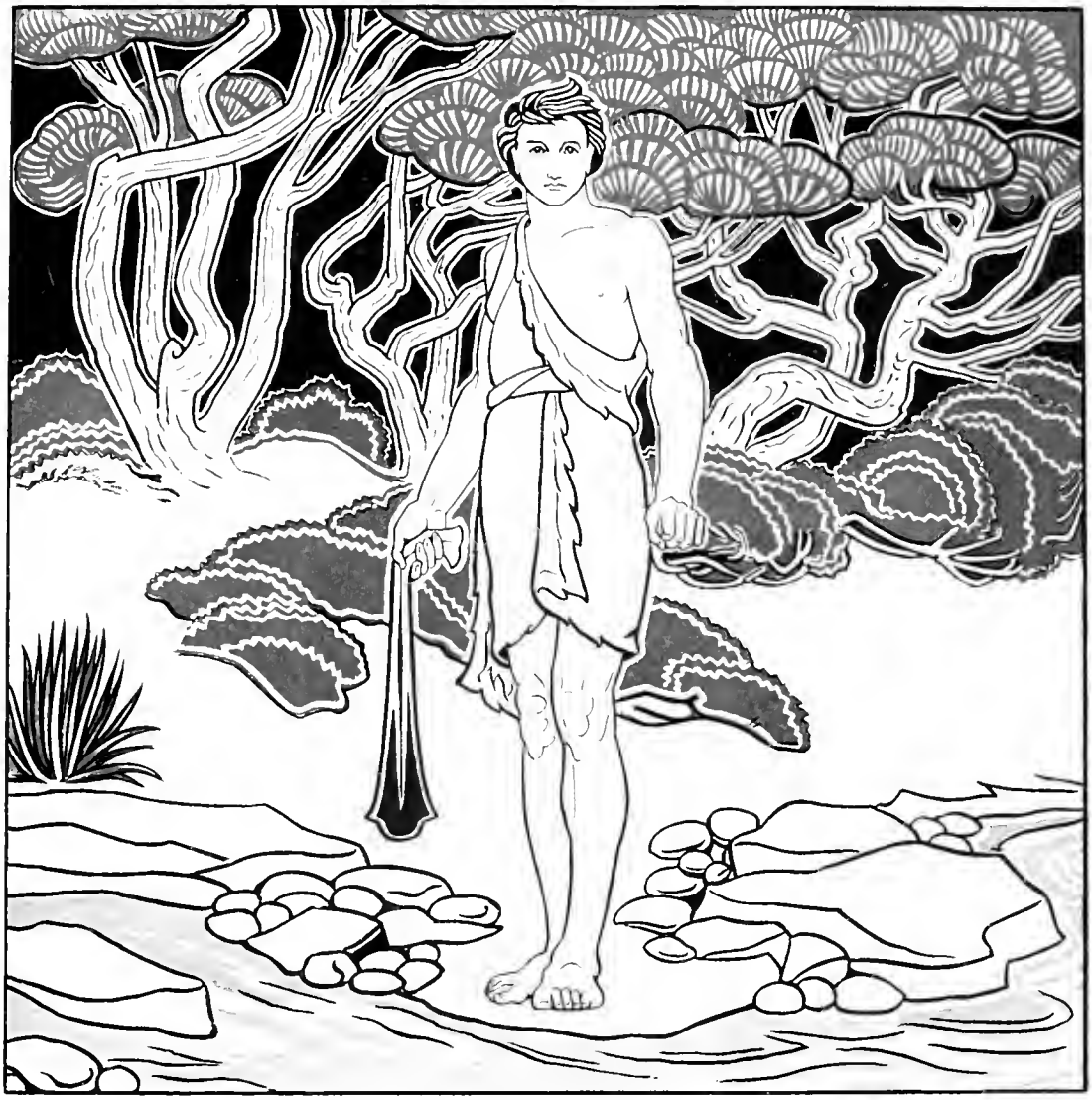
SGRAFFITO DECORATION IN LLANVAIR CHURCH BY HEYWOOD SUMNER

"quaint" or "decorative," but are rarely moved by deeper emotion. Mr. Sumner eschews both the archæology of museums and the sham-naivety of the neo-primitive. He tells his story as simply as possible. In his *David and Jonathan* (page 157), for instance, the two figures are in robes that may be Anglo-Saxon, or of the Roman Empire, or of the ancient East; you do not pause to ask which. The real feeling they produce is of two friends of long ago, and the marvellous story of their perfect amity comes to mind without any inward qualms as to whether the actual Jonathan and David really looked like these figures. The flowers at their feet, the trees overshadowing them, the landscape and distant city belong to the realm of pure convention, and if the figures are also of the same land, the motive they symbolise suffers nought thereby. Even the most commonplace Briton to-day has his own wonderland not reached by electric trams or Pullman cars. He may call it Religion, Art, or the Higher Something, but he has it. And if Mr. Heywood Sumner in his way or Robert Louis Stevenson, or "old Fitz" in his paraphrase of Omar, or a hundred others, take him to a portion of the land that never was, we need not be hypercritical.

Mr. Sumner, in short, realises the creed strongly expressed by a certain school to-day, that "decoration" is far removed from the pictorial. That this view, however one favours it, is but a partial aspect of the truth may be conceded. Some of us admire M. Puvis de Chavannes, others prefer Michael-angelo or Raphael, and others feel that the mosaics at Ravenna are infinitely finer, considered solely as decoration, than any of the rest. To dogmatise on what is, after all, a matter of opinion is waste of time. But one thing is certain, and that is—having chosen your convention, be it "pictorial" or "decorative," you must not tamper with it or disaster is certain. In one of Mr. Sumner's latest works of importance



SGRAFFITO DECORATION IN LLANVAIR CHURCH BY HEYWOOD SUMNER

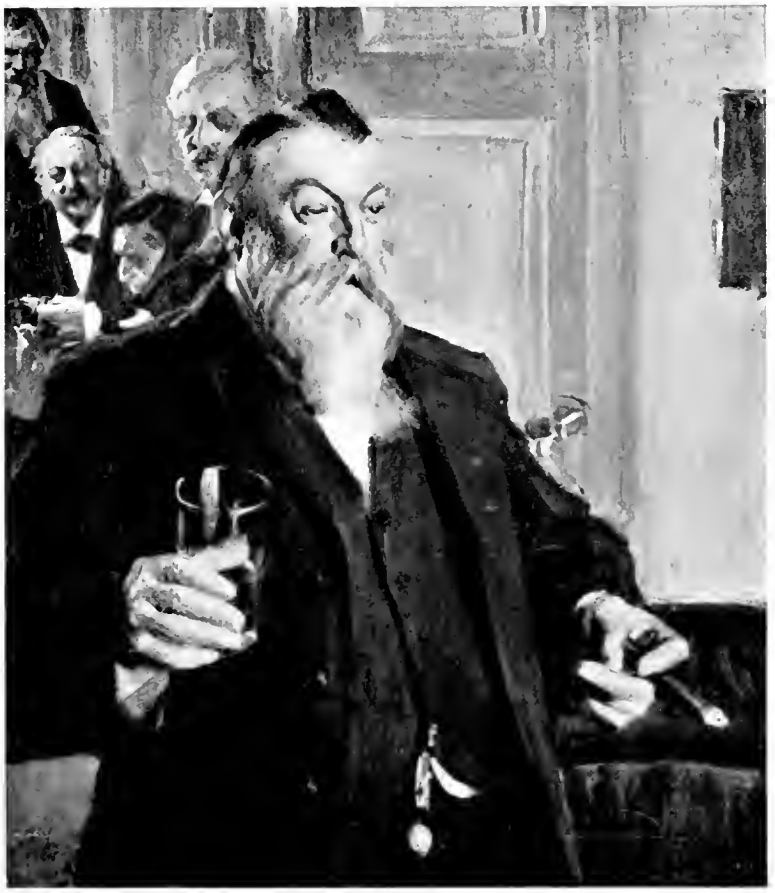


—the decoration of All Saints', Ennismore Gardens —the scheme shows a singular unity of conception, and a most ingenious disposition of available space, so that the scale of the ornament is preserved throughout. As our illustration shows, the decoration over the chancel arch is arranged with a vesica-shaped panel in the centre, containing a *Crucifixion* in mosaic, surrounded by two bands of mother-of-pearl, and medallions containing the symbols of the four Evangelists, all knitted into one design by the mystical vine. The bay and a half of the nave, completed so far, include figures of St. Columba, the Venerable Bede, St. Anselm, St. Augustine, St. Oswald, and St. Edmund.

The effect of the work is entirely satisfying, and fulfils all that the firmest believer in the value of sgraffito for internal decoration could possibly wish. It is bright without being garish, full of light, and, moreover, it in no way conflicts with the planes of the architecture. It is only fair to add that its effect is greatly helped by the woodwork and other fittings designed by Mr. C. Harrison Townsend.

Mr. Heywood Sumner while championing sgraffito does not press its claim unduly. He confesses that it has no beauty of material like glass—no mystery of surface like mosaic—no pre-eminence of subtly woven tone and colour like tapestry; yet it gives freer play to line than any of these. So a cartoon for it may be translated with no deviation, such as leading, tessera, or warp and woof impose. The decoration becomes an integral part of the structure it adorns; "the inner surface of the actual wall changes colour in puzzling but orderly sequence, as the upper surface passes into expressive lines and spaces, delivers its simple message, and then relapses into silence. But whether incised with intricate design, or left in plain relieving spaces, the wall receives no further treatment: the marks of the float, trowel, and scraper remain, and combine to make a natural surface." Finally he points out that "the limitations of sgraffito as a method of expression are the same as those of all incised or line work. By it you can express ideas and suggest life, but you cannot realise, cannot imitate the natural objects on which your graphic language is founded. The means at disposal are too scanty. Item: white lines and spaces relieved against and slightly raised on a coloured ground; coloured lines and spaces slightly sunk on a white surface; intricacy relieved by simplicity of line, and again either relieved by plain spaces of coloured ground or white surface. Indeed they are simple means. Yet line still remains the readiest manner of graphic expression; and if in the strength of limitation our past masters of the arts and crafts have had power to 'free, arouse, dilate,' by their simple record of hand and soul, we also should be able to bring forth new achievement from old method, and to suggest the life and express the ideas which sway the latter years of our own century."

GLEESON WHITE.



"A TOAST" (*See "Anders Zorn"*) FROM A PAINTING BY ANDERS ZORN

A SWEDISH PAINTER AND ETCHER: ANDERS ZORN. BY CARL G. LAURIN.

SWEDEN, the land of deep forests, many lakes, and rapid rivers, possesses an old national and industrial culture. Art, the flower of culture—which more than anything else shows the shifting colours of the people's genius, and interprets the nation's innermost, unexpressed desire for beauty—is of relatively old date. Without mentioning the vigorous peasant-art, which has lived from time immemorial with ever-fresh life, and still finds expression in an unusually rich *home-sloyd*, the art of the higher classes has also a respectable antiquity. Roslin and Lafrensen (Lavreince) represent, in the most choice manner and with the most refined elegance, the Rococo age with its delirious thirst for enjoyment and its bewitching coquetry—an age which, in its ruthless striving after enjoyment, always maintained the bearing of the man of the world, and never became free or plebeian. Gustaf III. was in Sweden the type of the time, and this art-loving prince, who in a Neronic manner tried to realise, and did realise, thoughts of beauty, has been aptly depicted by the two aforesaid Swedish painters. And Karl Fredrik Breda, who in England developed his talents under the great Reynolds, was a genial portraitist. Of course the universal (French) culture which was characteristic of the eighteenth century also made its impression upon the art of Sweden; but Swedish art has also become national, fortunately without excluding fructifying currents from abroad. The Swedish nucleus is observable in the art of all our most eminent painters, and especially in the works of our most prominent painter, Anders Zorn.

THE TAPPING OF THE WAVE — FROM A PAINTING BY ANDERS ZORN

Zorn was born in a peasant home in Dalecarlia in 1860. The name Anders is a genuine Swedish peasant name; but of the shepherd boy who watched his sheep and carved horses and cows, painting them with the juice of berries and flowers, there is nothing left in the elegant painter and etcher, except a warm feeling for nature and home, and an intense love for warm colours which are to be found both in his pictures and his neckties.

When fifteen years old he began to attend the Academy in Stockholm, and then intended to become a sculptor. He took what he earned on his

"EFFET DE NUIT" FROM A
PAINTING BY ANDERS ZORN

PORTRAIT OF RENAN — FROM AN ETCHING BY ANDERS ZORN

wood-carvings and bought a colour-box, and soon found that he had more aptitude for painting in water-colours than for sculpture. During his stay at the Academy he interested himself mostly in drawing from the nude model. It was not long before he found that at the Academy he could not develop his talents freely, and he therefore left it in 1881. His example was followed by those among his comrades who now represent the freshest and best in Swedish art. After painting till he had a sum of money sufficient to cover his travelling expenses, he went to London, and remained there from 1882 till 1885. Here he exhibited water-colours at the Royal Institute, the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, and Royal Academy, and also took trips to Spain, Morocco, and Dalecarlia. His style of painting was at this time detailed, but stamped with freshness. Swarthy gipsy brats alternate with distinguished "señoritas." With his lively interest for reality Zorn soon saw that the picturesque costume is unessential, and that a modern English lady is as good a subject for a painter as any Spanish lady or Dalecarlian girl. About this time Zorn began to paint in oil. His first painting in this medium—*A Fisherman*, with scenery from England—was bought by the French State, and now hangs in the Luxembourg Museum. At the Paris Exhibition, 1887, Zorn exhibited water-colours (portrait groups) and a couple of portraits in oil, and he was awarded the first medal and the Legion of Honour. A portrait of himself was placed, in 1888, in the Uffizii at Florence, where it has a well-deserved place of honour. In 1890, at the founding of the Champ de Mars Salon, Zorn was one of the first foreign members chosen.

It is in the intense rendering of the moment that Zorn is a master. In a time so groping and eclectic as ours, which tries to clothe some of its most personal thoughts and moods in an archaic vesture, which searches far and wide after the picturesque motive, he has, in a purely instinctive manner and without circumlocution, succeeded in concentrating upon lifelike pictures of lasting value many impressions which are simply passing glimpses to other people. Like Guy de Maupassant, he is impassionately in love with the sensual existence, and, like him, Zorn is capable of imparting to the spectator that almost startling sensation of the vehement fulness of life. As Maupassant, in his immortal *Contes*, avoids all unnecessary detail in order to give the greater relief and character to the most important features, so Zorn, with a studied exclusion of details, concentrates the main object to one

"MR. AND MRS. ZORN." FROM AN ETCHING BY ANDERS ZORN

single focus, but that is dazzling with life. He paints with few colours, but to those colours he gives an extraordinary strength.

Ten years ago Zorn painted his pictures of fishermen and Dalecarlian girls with a minute accuracy, and the portrait of his mother—*Mona*—is one of the most attractive of all his paintings. The problem of painting water has long occupied Zorn, and during the summers he has spent in the Stockholm archipelago he has had a good opportunity of studying the many tinges and reflections of the water.

In Stockholm itself and in its surroundings the water plays a prominent part. The houses of this city, which is partly built on islands, are reflected in the water, and both large and small steamers land in the middle of the town. In the summer the inhabitants make their homes on the shores of some of the innumerable bays and sounds which, about twenty or thirty miles from the capital, widen into the Baltic, and go to and fro on some of the elegant steamers plying between Stockholm and the summer resorts in the island belt. The white steamers glide along the shores where ice-ground granite rocks alternate with pine and birch woods, and where villa after villa, and, nearer the open sea, red-painted peasant and fisher huts, enliven the landscape. The boat touches at innumerable wooden landings, where the light summer dresses of the ladies flutter in the breeze, and the young people lead a merry life, boating and fishing all the day long. From this *milieu*, which is to be found nearly all over Sweden, Zorn has taken the subjects for some of his best pictures, among others, his *Vågskvalp* ("The Lapping of the Waves"), with a motive from Dalaro, near Stockholm. The picture has something of an artistic snap-shot in it. A servant maid is drawing up a pail of water out of the sea, and on the steamboat-landing sits a flirting couple. The point of view is somewhat Japanese, which is frequently the case with Zorn's pictures. One of his first oil-paintings, *Ute* ("In the Open Air") (painted in 1888), represents some nude young girls sunning themselves before bathing. The inviting water laps the shore in smooth wavelets, and the grey granite rock sets off the soft shapes of the young figures.

"MY GRANDMOTHER"

FROM A BUST IN WOOD BY ANDERS ZORN

As a woman-painter Zorn fills a place of his own. His nude female figures have nothing of the studio about them. His types are, as a rule, genuinely Swedish, with slightly protruding cheekbones, a dazzling complexion, flaxen hair, and plump forms. He loves to give them something of an animal, yet unconscious sensualism. It is not of much use trying to describe such pictures as these. Before them one experiences both surprise and gratitude. They represent a passionate worship of nature, without any attempt to symbolise it in a more or less affected manner.

The idea of the supremacy given by the Latin race to the ideal of beauty has taken such deep root in the minds of the public at large that Rembrandt's or Dürer's picturesque types of beauty forcibly strike the Swedish, and I daresay the Anglo-Saxon, public as being almost ridiculous and repellent, and without doubt it is frequently only a respect for the great name which curbs openly expressed displeasure. At the Exhibition in Stockholm, 1897, one of Zorn's very best pictures—a nude red-haired woman, painted with a special *maestria*, glowing with life, and reminding one of Rembrandt's *Bathing Woman* (1654) in the National Gallery in London—awoke many mixed feelings, even among critics. Zorn has, however,

"IN THE OPEN AIR" FROM A PAINTING BY ANDERS ZORN

won the approval of the public, an unusual thing for an artist who, to such an extent as he does, follows the motto "L'art pour l'art." Without doubt this admiration is largely due to the fact that, from his first appearance abroad, he won a decided victory, and, with one stroke, came into the front rank of European artists. An essential part of Zorn's productions consists of his portraits. They have nothing of the spiritual atmosphere in which the types of Rembrandt or Watts live, no matter whether from the kitchen or the drawing-room.

One does not think of eternity, of immortality, or of the soul. Zorn's pictures are perpetuated moments, frequently of grand effect. He has, like Velasquez, the mysterious faculty of imparting to a gesture something of imposing breadth—a sense of the actuality of the moment. Life consists of a series of moments. Zorn has succeeded in choosing from amongst all of them the most precious, and has laid a fast hold on them. Thus, in his *Effet de Nuit*, which has been purchased by the Fürstenberg Gallery at Gothenburg—how the very movement here, to say nothing of all the effects of light and technical touches, gives an imposing effect! But Zorn is also a master of characterisation. Look at his *Skal* ("A Toast"), on page 163, in which the chairman of the Stockholm club is brought to life in such a marvellous manner. It has been said that Zorn's pictures contain no *mystique*. They contain life, and this is a mystery. I will not speak of resemblance, which in this case is absolute; but how astonishingly Zorn has shown in the wrinkles around the eyes and in every detail of the face that *just now* a stream of fun is refreshing the hearers, among whom the face of Nordenskiöld is visible behind the speaker.

Dalecarlia and its powerful and original people, its robust and hardy women, have been excellently depicted by Zorn. The posing and simpering, which so frequently find their way into delineations of rustic life, are entirely banished from Zorn's peasant pictures. His country-folk do not go about blaming the spectators for wearing top-hats; they do not preach with a kind of peasant-Rousseauism about the morally purifying qualities of country life. Zorn follows the merry Dalecarlian girls all the way to the Stockholm breweries, where they are employed to rinse bottles, and he depicts the reflections of the light on the wet brewery floor, and the bright colours in their clothes and their jolly laughing faces. The dancing of the peasantry in the beautiful pale light of the mid summer night, the dressing of the peasant girls on

Sunday morning—these are subjects which he has conquered with his great technical skill, with enjoyment at overcoming difficulties, and with the sensualism which is to be found in his whole art.

Zorn began etching at an early date, and it is obvious that such a branch of art must be suited to an artist who especially tries to reproduce an impression of the moment, and who quite naturally appreciates the colour and strength given by the copper plate. Among his etched portraits, especial attention may be called to that of Renan, whose countenance bespeaks the bold thinker who embraces the whole universe from the depths of his arm-chair. Another, in Zorn's present style, represents the eminent Swedish artist Count Georg von Rosen's intelligent and aristocratic features. The noble form of the model's head is admirably reproduced.

Neither has Zorn entirely forgotten his sculpture. The little wooden bust of his old grandmother, whose face is as furrowed as a runestone, is a masterpiece of psychology and execution. At the Stockholm Exhibition there was also an opportunity of admiring a little bronze statuette, a faun and a nymph. By its intense sense of life and perfect modernness it is symbolic of Zorn's art. Finally he has, in a gold ring formed of two women holding an uncut ruby, given an original contribution to art industry and a new proof of the versatility which has always distinguished great artists. Zorn is now in his strongest years. He has found his own personal mode of expression both in etching and in painting, and, moreover, he is to be counted amongst those who, by temperament and talent, belong entirely to their own country and their own time.

CARL G. LAURIN.

PORTRAIT OF COUNT GEORG VON ROSEN FROM AN ETCHING BY ANDERS ZORN

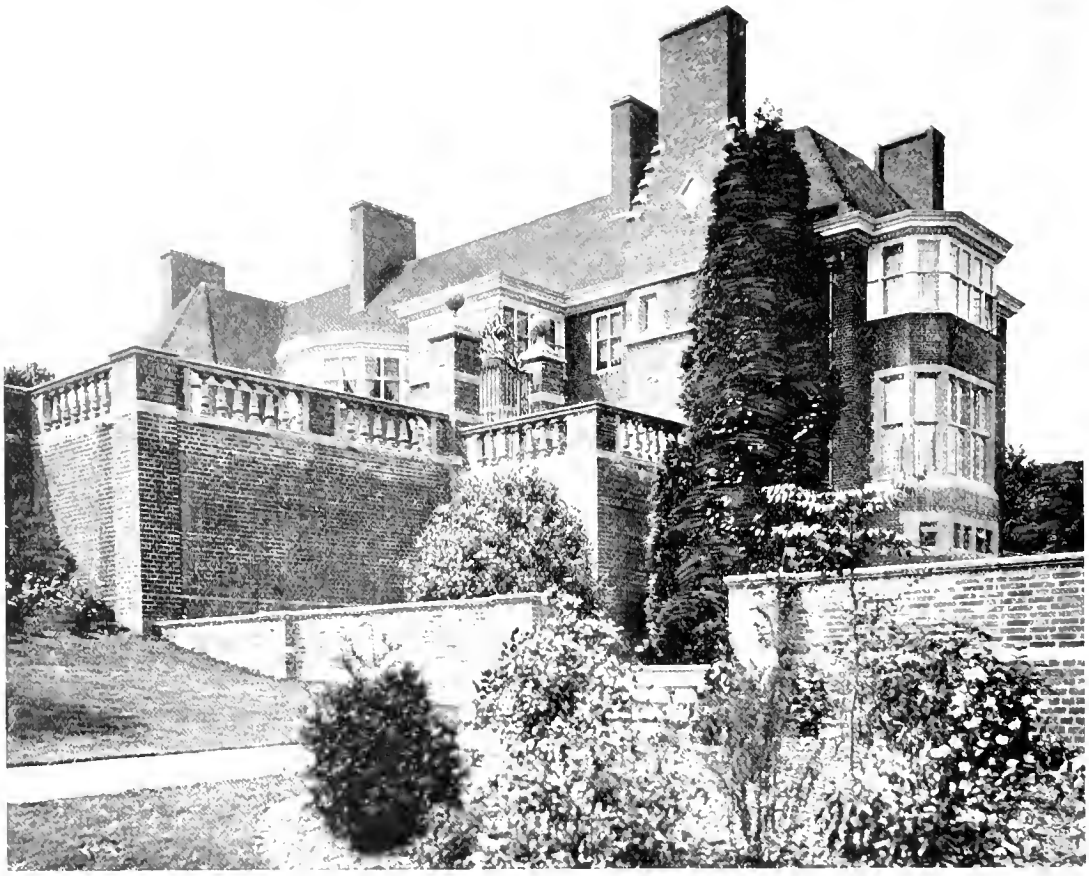
MODERN DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE. THE WORK OF MR. ERNEST NEWTON. PART I.

ARTICLES devoted to the work of Mr. Norman Shaw have already appeared in these pages; and in this, which is concerned with the work of Mr. Ernest Newton, we encounter one of his most notable pupils. The style which Mr. Norman Shaw established is eclectic in its origin, but with its elements chemically reunited so that a new substance results. Mr. Ernest Newton in obeying the traditions he imbibed while co-operating with his master (as he has called Mr. Shaw upon the title-page of a "Book of Houses," 1890), has proved himself most truly loyal. For he has kept to the spirit and discarded

BULLER'S WOOD — ERNEST NEWTON, ARCHITECT

the letter. Probably one of the most severe tests that can be applied to any manner is whether it is strong enough to stand the supreme flattery of imitation. If it can, it deserves to be called a "style;" if it cannot, it stands revealed as a mere mannerism, that has but an accidental charm which is rapidly diminished by every attempted paraphrase. To copy literally and exactly the unrelated details of any style, and serve up the mixture as an original design, is a secret of Punchinello. The jerry builder will offer you a hideous atrocity, whereof every window, every door, every gable, every cornice, is a garbled replica of the details of a master's work; as one might take casts from masterpieces of the sculptor's art, a torso here, a head there, arms from another, and legs from a fourth, and produce not another masterpiece, but a monster. The parts may be more or less right; the whole is absolutely wrong. Now, the whole is greater than its parts, and a building must always be judged as a whole. Mr. Newton has proved himself an artist and a craftsman in a hundred instances, for a mere glance through a collection of drawings or photographs of houses he has designed leaves one fact clear, and that is that in each he has considered the house as a cubical structure, and modelled it in his imagination, so to speak, long before he proceeded to draw it.

The real inception of any work of art is when its maker realises it as a whole. We all know Mr. Herbert Spencer's famous argument, when he shows that the average man has a very definite limit to his imagination. If memory may be trusted (I cannot refer to the text itself), he shows you that while you can think of an orange—its colour, shape, odour, texture, substance, skin, pips, juice, and all the rest—as a concrete entity, it is harder to form an equally complete mental image of a grand piano, still more difficult to project a parish with the same recognition of its thousand details, and absolutely impossible to think of a county in the same way. If one could project a bird's-eye view of a parish and remember all the unseen details of the interior of its houses, no human intellect could do as much for a county: it is only a map of a shire you can summon up mentally. When Mr. Ernest Newton sets himself to plan a house, it seems (so far as the result allows one to deduce his chain of thought) that he can project on his imagination the whole building. He can think not only of the façade, or each elevation, but of the mass. He can realise that this chimney-stack means a fireplace within, that windows imply certain illumination of a definite room, that the shape of the rooms on one floor affects those on another, and so on for all the



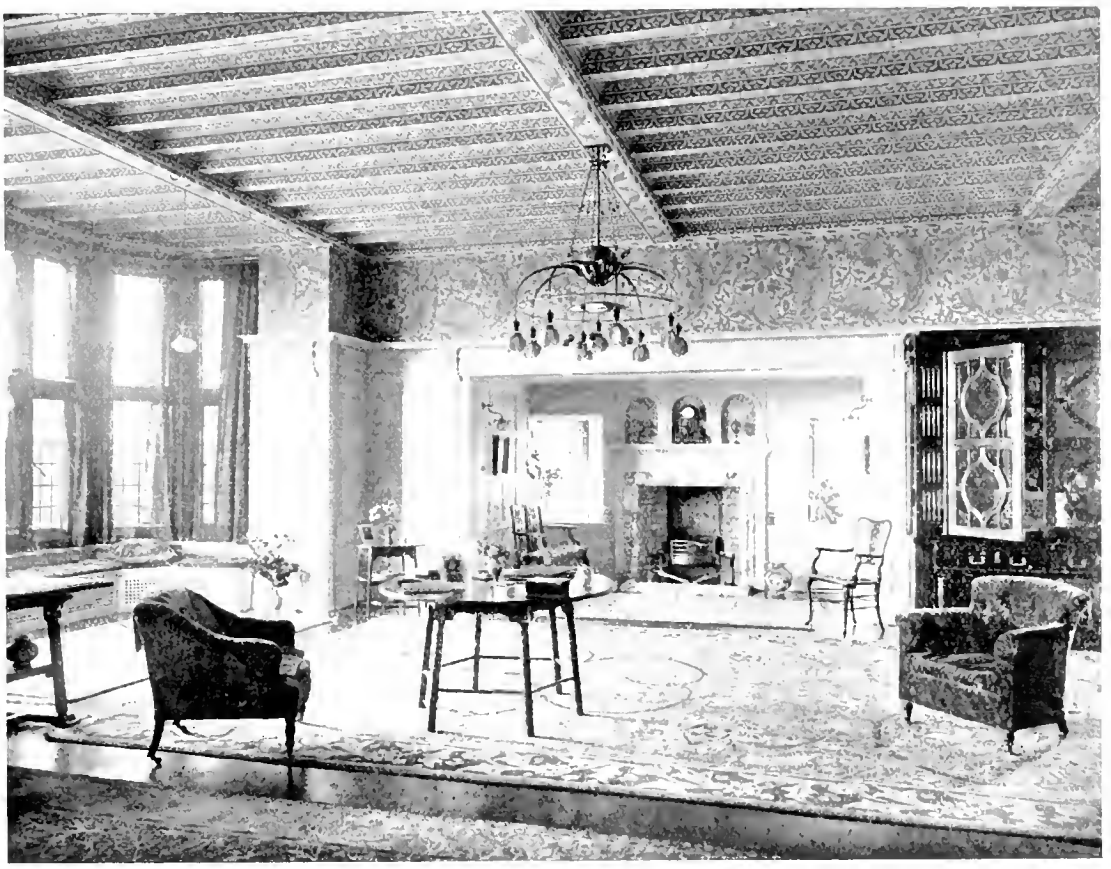
BULLER'S WOOD — ERNEST NEWTON, ARCHITECT

thousand and one conflicting items that make up the house. Most of us, when we feel tempted to design a castle in the air, devote our energies to one detail only, and leave the rest vague. Are we infected by a taste for the picturesque? we evolve delightful garden fronts or main elevations. Are we bitten by sanitation? the whole building is but an adjunct to certain schemes for ventilation, drainage, and the like. Are we painters? it is a studio with supplementary rooms. If bookish, it is a library, with living-apartments left vague, and so on. But the house, fully equipped and a working possibility, is only imagined by a few experts whose knowledge is not over-weighted by precedent, but soars lightly on the wings of fantasy. It may be that you who read, or I who write, have this faculty, but the odds are immeasurably against it. We all build *châteaux en Espagne* as unsubstantial as the glories of pantomime; very few have the power to face the most ordinary conditions to make a good drawing-room without losing sight of the dustbin meanwhile, or to arrange a series of rooms comfortably placed, and yet remember their exterior appearance. It is not given to every one to play blindfold chess, or to solve abstruse mathematical problems mentally; but a few are so gifted, and those who are not are most wise if they acknowledge first the rarity of such faculties, and next the value of the lucky individuals who possess them.

It has been well said that the champions of any new style, if it be really an addition to the art of the world, must accept the charge of plagiarism lightly. Since Wagner revolutionised opera, all composers who have allowed themselves to be influenced by his effects have been accused of cribbing. Yet his contemporaries were not accused of stealing from Bach, Mozart, or Beethoven; the mastery of these composers had been established long enough for a world to recognise that certain of their phrases and orchestral effects had passed into the vocabulary of music. So in the Gothic revival, as in the Classic, adherence to precedent, nay, barefaced imitation of previous works, was held to be not merely venial but praiseworthy. To-day, if a painter affects the manner of Velas-

quez we applaud him, but if he is more influenced by Mr. Whistler or by Rossetti he is in danger of being regarded as a mere hanger on. The fallacy the nineteenth century once prized as its central truth was that the making of a style belonged to the past. History conflicts with such a theory: style has always been modified or completely changed as conditions of life altered. It is obvious that the nineteenth century only found its own expression when it discarded all attempts to model cottages on cathedrals and mansions on Greek temples, and was content to build houses wherein the chief aims were convenience and comfort, with an exterior expressing the personality of the interior, not disguising it.

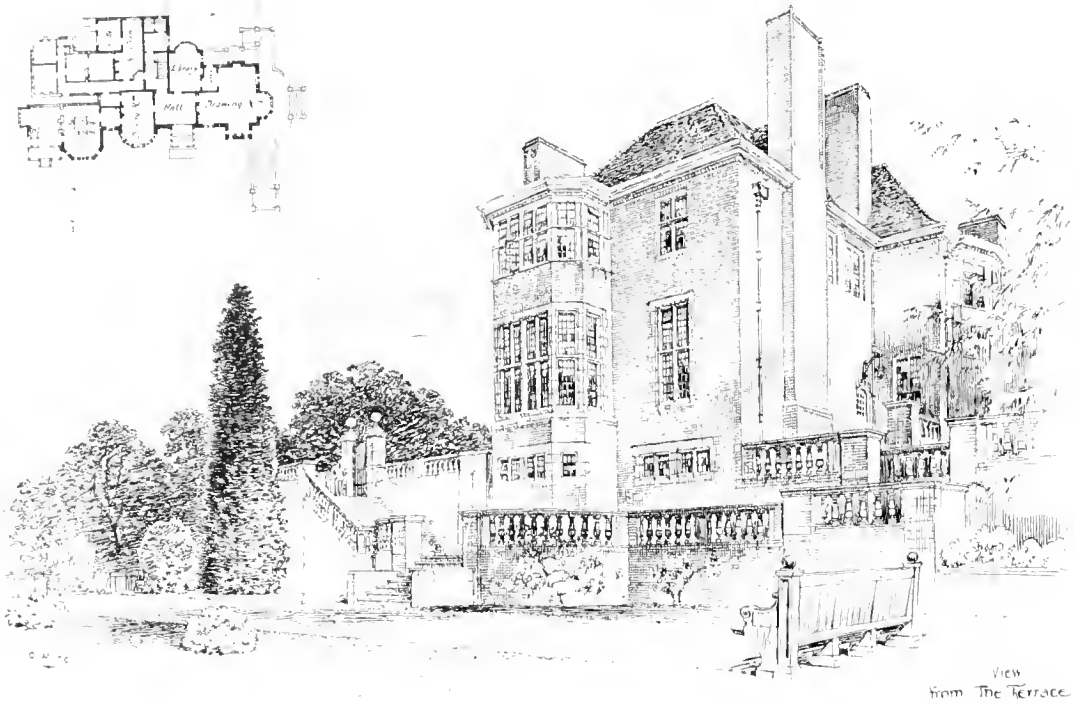
This argument is not urged in any way as a defence of Mr. Ernest Newton; his works need no special pleader to justify them. He has at times employed what it is to be hoped will be known one day as the "Norman Shaw style" as frankly as others have followed Venetian Gothic or Cinque Cento. To say that in doing this he has stamped his own individuality upon his work is merely a roundabout way of saying that he is an artist and not a bungler. If in so slight a thing as addressing a letter certain people unconsciously place their handwriting in a particular position, and even affix the postage stamp so that a mere glance at the envelope reveals the writer, it is proof that the expression of personality affecting proportion and relative planes is not uncommon. But it is true that a vast number of excellent people have scarcely a trace of this instinct for the placing of masses, as it is true also that a large number of so-called architects are satisfied with imitating as closely as possible the work of others. In THE STUDIO, respect for precedent, but greater respect for consistent disregard of it, has been preached again and again. No more, therefore, need be said here of general principles, but we may turn to Mr. Ernest Newton's work, and find in it one of the best arguments to support a claim that the style of Norman Shaw is a genuine and logical development of English domestic architecture, as closely related to its predecessors as, say, Late Perpendicular was to Early English, and yet with every



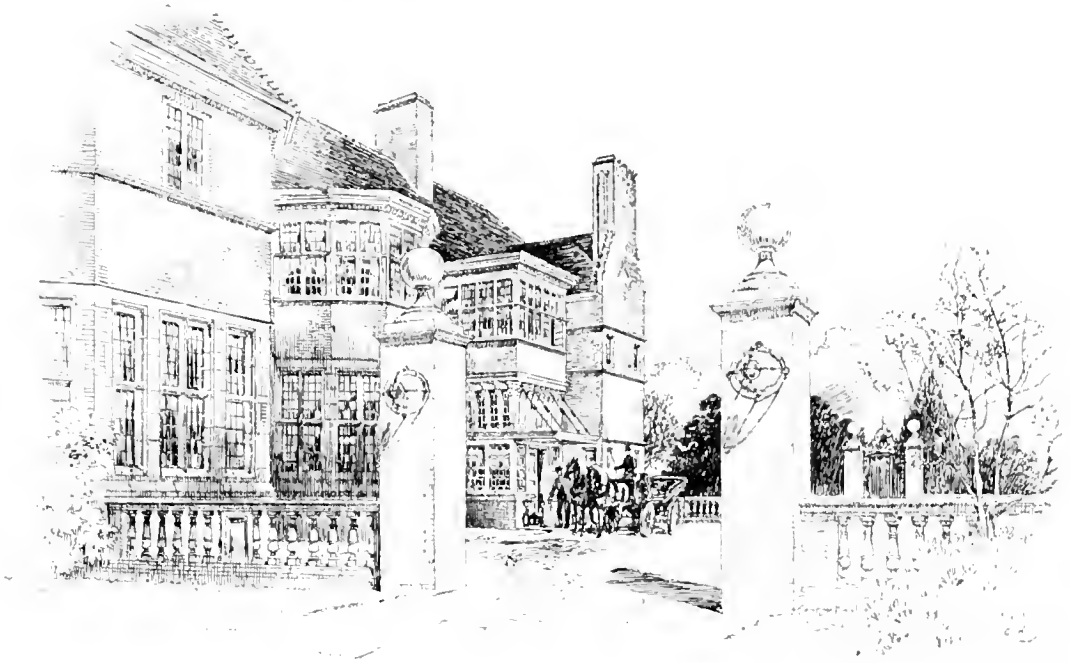
THE DRAWING-ROOM, BULLER'S WOOD — ERNEST NEWTON, ARCHITECT

detail reconsidered anew. But the simile is not quite happy, for here it is a certain austerity and stern attempt to repress mere ornament, which gives the New Queen Anne (as it was first called) its real claim to be taken seriously, whereas English Gothic grew more and more ornate, until it was smothered by its superfluous decoration.

The reason for the renewed vitality imparted to architecture to-day is not far to seek. As Mr. Ernest Newton wrote in his contribution to a notable volume ("Architecture a Profession or an Art," 1892): "There will be no real life and therefore no real development in architecture till the architect is brought more into contact with his work . . . until he ceases to be the professional 'architect' who, like a small Jove, from the Olympus of his office fulminates through the penny post, in order that he may terrify a long-suffering and generally underpaid builder to his autocratic will." It is because the modern architect has set construction first and decoration second that the revival so long hoped for has arrived. But in doing so he did not leave art outside. "Art," said Mr. Newton in the essay already drawn upon for quotation, "is not something which may be added to a piece of practical building if funds allow, but is either present or absent from the first." That is the text of his writings, and it is also the test whereby one may judge his work. And because it is so, the difficulty of writing an appreciation of the beautiful houses he has called into being is increased. For the secret is told at once: they are beautiful buildings because they have been "built," not drawn, by their author. This does not imply that Mr. Newton mixed his own mortar or laid his own bricks, but it does mean that he realised from the first that he was dealing with bricks and mortar, not with pencil or water-colour—that the drawings were but explanations of his purpose. The modern, like the earliest designer, does not offer a problem to be translated by the builder, he does not make pretty sketches and leave others to make them workable. He re-assumes the position of the master-builder who directs, and he leaves the genius who dreams and relies on others' interpretation of his dream to the bad old past, where commonplace details were deemed too unimportant for his soaring fancy to notice. Although the new movement does not disdain to take account of the commonplace, it does not confine itself to being merely utilitarian, but never

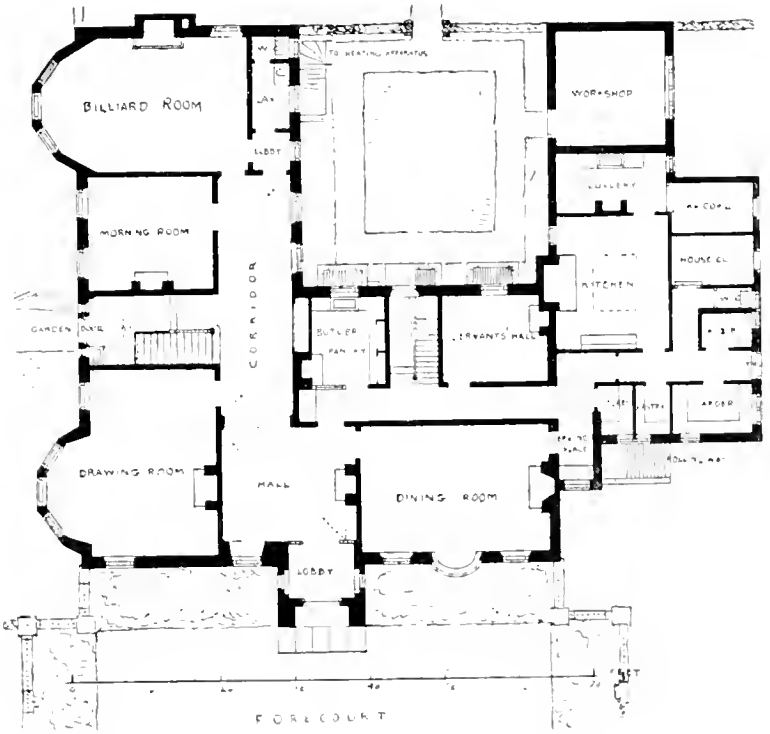


BUTLER'S WOOD — ERNEST NEWTON, ARCHITECT



BULLER'S WOOD — ERNEST NEWTON, ARCHITECT

forgets that while building is the purpose, architecture can only be achieved when it infuses the whole, and is not a mere extraneous addition of recognised "features" to a mean structure.



GROUND PLAN OF RED COURT, HASLEMERE — ERNEST NEWTON, ARCHITECT

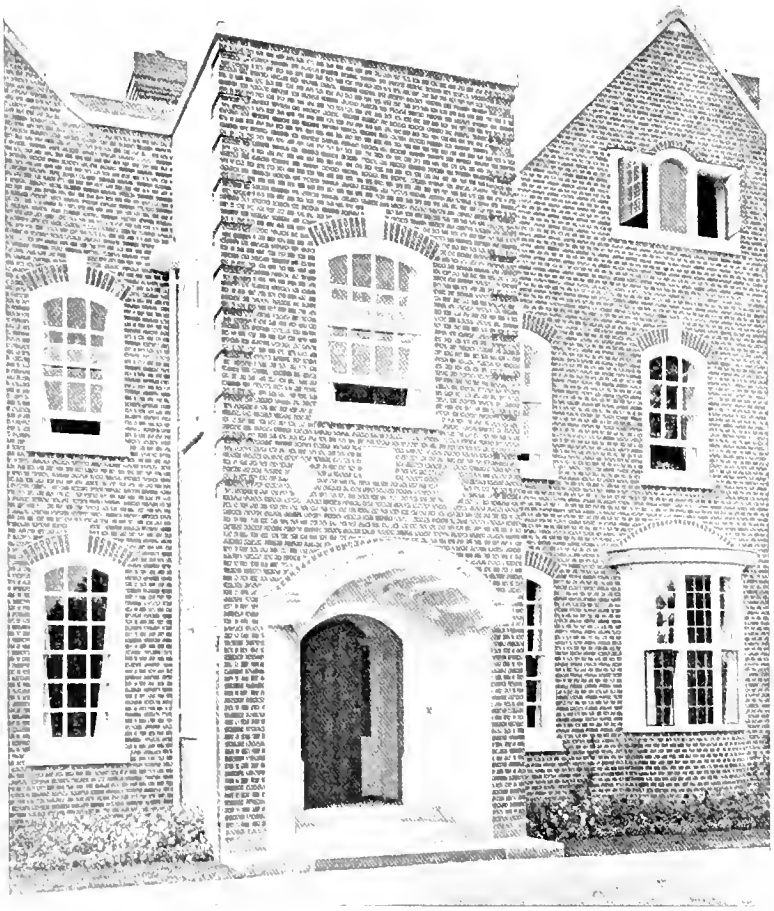
Mr. Newton is also true to another principle—too long forgotten—that size and costliness have nothing to do with architecture. He evidently believes that a small house can be made, in its own way, as truly a beautiful building as if it were a mansion or a cathedral. In the preface to his admirable book of plans and perspective views of houses costing from £1400 to £2200, he says: "It has somehow become an accepted fact that people of moderate means may not even contemplate the possession of a house of their own: the speculating builder fosters this idea, and having seized on a suburb proceeds to cut down the trees, uproot the hedges, and transform country into

town as fast as he can. His next step is to divide the land into regular plots, and build house after house, each an exact counterpart of its neighbour, monotonous and unhomelike. Then come the tenants, all of different mould: each takes his house, fits into it somehow, and calls it his *home*; the word *home*, at any rate as applied to all *houses*, has for the time lost its meaning, and one of the pleasures of life is sacrificed."

In this article it is proposed to deal only with two of Mr. Newton's more stately homes, reserving others for a future notice. These two are Red Court, Haslemere, and Buller's Wood.

The plan of Red Court, Haslemere, shows that the house proper occupies two of the three sides around an inner court, and the servants' quarters form the remaining part of the building. Unlike some of Mr. Newton's houses, each room is completely isolated from its neighbours; even the hall is here a corridor and vestibule rather than a common room. The main front presents far less roof than we are accustomed to see in façades of modern houses, and what there is is masked by parapets, notably above the porch and over the bays to the drawing and dining rooms, a detail which becomes more apparent in the view of the garden front. The porch itself is extremely simple, the projecting hood being unsupported by pillars, and being rather an enlarged moulding than a pediment proper. But it is needless to describe the features of a building so clearly represented in the photographs here reproduced. It is even unnecessary to call attention to its stately proportions; but too much stress can hardly be laid on the simplicity to which it owes no little of its dignity. All the opportunities for carving and applied ornament have failed to tempt Mr. Newton to decorate the structure which is completely decorative, in the best sense, without any of these features. One thing is certain—that the house will age well, and look still more harmonious as time mellows its brickwork.

Buller's Wood is far more complex, and, owing to the opportunity afforded by its site, has a certain picturesqueness which could hardly be obtained on level ground. To recognise this fact is in no way to minimise the delightful treatment Mr. Ernest Newton has adopted. The terraces, which add stateliness to the building, are kept to their due importance. They are neither too ornate nor too simple, but planned to add to the importance of the house to which they lead up in a way that makes a modern building (as these photographs prove) a subject which an artist need not hesitate to choose as the *motif* of a picture. The plan is no less satisfactory. Indeed, its ingenuity marks it as a distinct triumph. Those who love to study the plan of a house—and more people are inter-



RED COURT, HASLEMERE: ENTRANCE PORCH — ERNEST NEWTON, ARCHITECT

RED COURT, HASLEMERE: ENTRANCE — ERNEST NEWTON, ARCHITECT

ested in such matters than those immediately concerned—will find Buller's Wood both new and satisfying. While each of the reception-rooms, so called, can be entered separately, there is also the means of communication between all without circumlocution. As the plan is given on so small a scale, it seemed advisable to draw attention to it; but the exterior needs no comment. The façade opening on the terrace (as shown in one of the views here given) is not quite so reticent as most of Mr. Newton's elevations, but it is possible that this aspect is one which can only be seen from the terrace in question. If it is compared with the other view showing the same façade, with the terraces below it, the treatment of the chimney gable does not tell out so prominently, because the inglenook windows of the drawing-room, which appear rather unrestfully in the former, are quite lost in the latter.

Mr. Ernest Newton never forgets the scale to which he is building, so that his work does not look like magnified cabinets or toy castles, but is obviously designed for its own purpose, and not decorated as people decorate a piece of ordinary *bric-à-brac*, by unrelated ornament spotted all over it. But by a legitimate variety of material, refined and sparing employment of even constructive features when they are used for æsthetic effect only, and an indefinable sense of style which escapes analysis and imitation he gains the truer effect.

A fuller consideration of the work of this architect must be deferred until another occasion. Unless we are unduly conceited, to-day is a fruitful period for domestic architecture, and, in different ways, there are a comparatively large number of men doing first-rate work. Mr. Norman Shaw, Mr. Ernest George, and Mr. C. F. A. Voysey have already found commendation in THE STUDIO, and Mr. Newton does not close the list of men who have helped to remove reproach from the oldest of the arts. Here it is not to the purpose to adjudge the comparative merits of these or of others yet to be noticed, but only to insist that at last England has produced a new school of archi

RED COURT, HASLEMERE—GARDEN FRONT

ERNEST NEWTON, ARCHITECT

tects, who, in their own way, may be deemed not unworthy of being considered descendants of the builders of the past.

SOME ARTISTS AT LIÈGE. BY FERNAND KHNOPFF.

AT the opening of a most interesting and exhaustive article entitled "Les Lettres Françaises en Belgique," M. Albert Mockel, the graceful poet and equally delicate art critic, wrote the other day the following lines, which I am glad to repeat: "Every one knows the land of Belgium is composed of two quite distinct parts—Flanders and Wallonia. The Flemish—a robust and tranquil race, mostly lymphatic, with a sanguine leaven here and there—are to be found in Bruges, Ghent, and Antwerp: while the Walloons, of livelier and more nervous temperament, inhabit Liège, Namur, and all the country as far as Mons. The Gallo-Frank, or Walloon, with the same blood in him as the French of the Ardennes, is full of ardour and energy, tempered, nevertheless, by a slight touch of idleness. He is certainly a man of action, but a certain dreamy tendency deprives him of that patient plodding spirit which constitutes the strength of the Flemish. The great defect of the Walloon—and at the same time his chief merit, whence all the other virtues spring—is his extreme nervous sensibility, especially among the cultured classes, while one is astonished to find traces of it even among the country folk. This peculiarity endows these big dark men with a sort of secret tenderness which brings them into close communion with Nature, but at the same time it is the cause of the traditional hot-headedness of the Liègois, and the consequent failure of collective effort among them. The Walloon is inventive by nature, but easily discouraged when the hour of realisation comes. Frequently intellectual, at times over-analytical, and something of a reasoner, he broods over his work, one fancies, with too much subtlety, instead of simply plodding on as his fancy directs him, like the Flamand. He is capable of

proving a sculptor or a draughtsman, with force of expression and style to boot, and he understands perfectly well the art of decoration, for in all these things his faculties of abstraction stand him in good stead; but he generally fails at easel-painting, because he is no colourist. His hilly land, often wrapped in fine bluish mist, offers him no limpid atmosphere, no soft outlines like those of the Flemish plains, with their free play of light. But, this material consideration apart, there is a moral element in the matter, which is this—as a rule the Walloon artist grasps things by his sentiments rather than by his senses."

I have thought it well to give this quotation at length, because the words express, better than any words of mine, something which I recognise to be a truth, and because they summarise that truth in the completest manner. It is necessary, moreover, to remember these pregnant remarks in order properly to understand the transitions and the circumstances generally amid which what we may term "the Liège School" has been formed.

The characteristic feature of this school is, indeed, easily defined. It consists of this—a truly remarkable sense of the expressive value of lines and their decorative application. The Liège artist looks chiefly to his line; the colour is always something additional, something put in apparently after realisation of the fact that it can add to the effect of the line work.

These Walloons have not that natural instinct for colour which particularly distinguishes the Flemish; but happily they are mindful of it, and thus avoid the dangers of this defect. After a good many attempts—some of them full of interest—most of these artists have given up easel-work, realising that they are not at home in that branch of art; and one and all, they have, without much hesitation or delay, found the means and the manner of giving expression to their ideas.

"LA TOILETTE" FROM A SOFT-GROUND ETCHING BY A. RASSENFOSSE

At one time things had become critical—as M. Mockel tells us—and they might have fallen into despair but for the timely arrival of the Mæcenas, the ideal patron, without whom it had been impossible for them to do themselves justice. This benefactor appeared in the person of M. A. Bénard, the art publisher, who took under his wing MM. Berchmans, Donnay, and Rassenfosse. He saw at once they were full of real originality, although the public knew nothing of it, and at the same time he realised it was his duty, so to speak, to aid and to guide them. Accordingly he entrusted them with the illustration of his books and publications, and with the composition of his posters. Without in any way thwarting their aims he succeeded by degrees in initiating his collaborators into all the mysteries of typographical technique, an art which he himself knows most thoroughly from having gone through every stage of it.

M. Bénard has often been

commended for having brought out "books which, in a material sense, are real works of art." And I am not afraid to go further, and say this he has frequently attained absolute perfection. As an example I need only mention certain pages in the "Sangahall," by M. Sauvenière, which, in the arrangement of the text, in the size of the margins, in the well-grasped typographic style of M. E. Berchmans' drawings, in the excellence of the ink

PUBLISHER'S MARK BY E. BERCHMANS

and the paper, even in the manner in which the paging is done, are really perfection itself.

M. Bénard's house is adorned with many works produced by his collaborators; and in the photograph reproduced here, representing one side of his dining-room, may be seen a large decorative panel by M. Donnay and a painting by M. Ledru (*Flowers*), bas-reliefs by M. O. Berchmans, ornamenting the doors of a sideboard designed by the architect M. Jaspar, and some lovely vases produced at the Val St. Lambert Works by M. Ledru, whose great success at the Brussels Exhibition was recently recorded in THE STUDIO.

M. Ledru was at first an easel-painter, and it was M. Georges Depret, the alert and cultured manager of the Val St. Lambert Works, who, by his delicate counsel, succeeded in turning him into the recognised designer of the firm's models. These models, as we know, are genuine well-thought-out efforts intended for glass work and glass work alone, a fact worth remarking and appreciating in these days when so many *bibelots* are turned out in the most haphazard fashion.

An exhibition of applied art — the most complete yet seen in Belgium — was held at Liège in 1895 under the style of "L'Œuvre Artistique." Belgium, France, Holland, Germany, Scotland, and England were represented by their foremost artists: but the little group of Liègeois who organised the Salon attracted most attention by the novelty of their work. They were M. G. Serrurier-Bovy, whose assistance proved quite invaluable, MM. E. and O. Berchmans, A. Donnay, and A. Rassenfosse. Since that date they have proceeded on their road, developing and increasing their powers, with the result that at the present time they are the leading artists of their kind in Belgium.

STATIONERY HEADING BY A. RASSENFOSSE

BOOKPLATE BY A. RASSENFOSSE

In July 1896 THE STUDIO published a series of photographs by M. Alexandre, of Brussels, of the charming "interiors" designed and carried out by M. Serrurier-Bovy. There were also published at the same time reproductions of some posters by MM. Donnay and Berchmans, and drawings by MM. Donnay and Rassenfosse done for a volume of popular poems published by M. Bénard. The drawings of various kinds published now will give a still better idea of the characteristics of each of these artists.

SILVER BELT BUCKLE
BY A. RASSENFOSSE

In the excellent design for an illustration to the publication entitled "Folklore," by M. A. Donnay (see page 186), one must admire—apart from the intelligent grasp of the subject and the ingeniously condensed composition—the sense of real grandeur which marks his interpretation of form and line. M. E. Berchmans is more "elegant." He is fond of the extended line and the choicest colouring; moreover he is the truest "painter" in the little group, a fact that is demonstrated by some remarkable "bits" in his *Baigneuses*, which is the property of M. Bénard.

INITIAL LETTER
BY A. DONNAY

M. O. Berchmans' bas-reliefs ornamenting M. Bénard's sideboard (see page 184) suffice to reveal his technical knowledge, which he displays with equal success in his boxes, his waist-buckles, and his seals.

Finally I come to M. A. Rassenfosse; and if I place him last it is only that I may discuss his personality in greater detail, for he perhaps more than any of his fellows may be taken as the true type of the little group of artists with whom we are now concerned.

M. Rassenfosse was intended by his parents to go into trade—to carry on their own business, in fact; but, feeling the attraction of art, he began to

STATIONERY HEADING BY A. RASSENFOSSE

devote himself to drawing, working pluckily at night-time and alone, with no guide save the model he was striving to copy. He also tried his hand at etching, and produced his first impressions with the aid of a rolling-pin! Several years in advance of the lately deceased French engraver, H. Guérard, he attempted *pyrogravure* and used the process in furniture decoration. By dint of unceasing effort towards the improvement and refinement of his workmanship he succeeded in a few years in obtaining most satisfactory results. Thereupon he decided definitely to give up business, and to devote himself entirely to the work he loved. This meant, however, that he was henceforth left to his own resources, and must contrive to earn a living. He passed with dignity and courage through this trying period, and eventually, while on a visit to Paris, went to call on Rops. The great Walloon artist received Rassenfosse as he always receives his young fellow-workers, and soon declared there was nothing further he could teach him!

To-day, were he not of so modest a disposition, M. Rassenfosse might justly deem himself *arrivé*; for his engravings—etchings, *vernis-mou*, and dry points—are among the chiefest treasures in the albums of the Brussels Society of Aquafortists; his illustrations, showing a remarkable literary grasp, are highly esteemed by the great publishers; and his drawings, curiously tinted in pastel style, depart one by one, to adorn the collections of the rich amateur.

PORTION OF M. BÉNARD'S DINING-ROOM

But M. Rassenfosse himself is a delicate connoisseur, and occasionally he cannot resist the temptation to indulge in the purchase of some rare edition or some costly piece of work, such, for instance, as his truly marvellous "fou kousa," by Nishimoro, or his seal by M. O. Berchmans, the history of which is worth recording, by way of conclusion. M. Rassenfosse was anxious to have a "handy" seal. Holding a piece of modelling wax in his hand, he made the gesture of using the stamp, and handed the lump of wax thus "shaped" to M. O. Berchmans. The sculptor's eye discovered the semblance of a head in it with the mouth closed by a bandage, and eventually turned it into an excellent bit of applied art.

Other Liège artists there may be who have produced work of more material value—to themselves—than the artists I have enumerated, but few there are, I firmly believe, whose principles are more sound, whose

FURNITURE BY G. SERRURIER-BOVY

workmanship is more honest, or who have more regard for their dignity, both personal and artistic. In reply to absolute "official" indifference, coupled with marked hostility on the part of their fellow-citizens, they have been content to produce their beautiful works in silence. For my part, I am happy to have been able to assist, to the best of my power, in making them and their efforts known.

F. K.

STUDIO-TALK.

(*From our own Correspondents.*)

LONDON.—Only a few of the drawings in the exhibition of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours can be said to claim notice as exceptionally original or remarkably excellent. The bulk of the work shown is commonplace, and makes an appeal to popular attention rather by following accustomed lines than by seeking to advance any new conviction or unusual method. Some good landscapes by Mr. J. S. Hill, Mr. Alfred East, Mr. Aumonier, and Mr. Yeend King are most worthy of special mention on account of fine qualities of handling and colour; and figure compositions by Sir James Linton, Mr. J. Gulich, Mr. Carlton Smith, and Mr. Percy Buckman have, in different ways, very considerable interest. A small study of a girl's head by Mr. Mortimer Menpes is technically one of the most original drawings in the show; and a large picture by Professor Hans von Bartels is one of the most robust and assertive examples of technical display; but there is little else that rises conspicuously above the general level.

Mr. Arthur Tomson's paintings, recently collected at the Dutch Gallery, showed him at his best as a sensitive student of nature who can realise some of the most fascinating charms of landscape without sacrificing the highest qualities of decoration. His work is always right in spirit and his treatment of effects of atmosphere and colour is never lacking in dignity and discreet reserve. Therefore the exhibition had a special value as an assertion of principles which are influ-

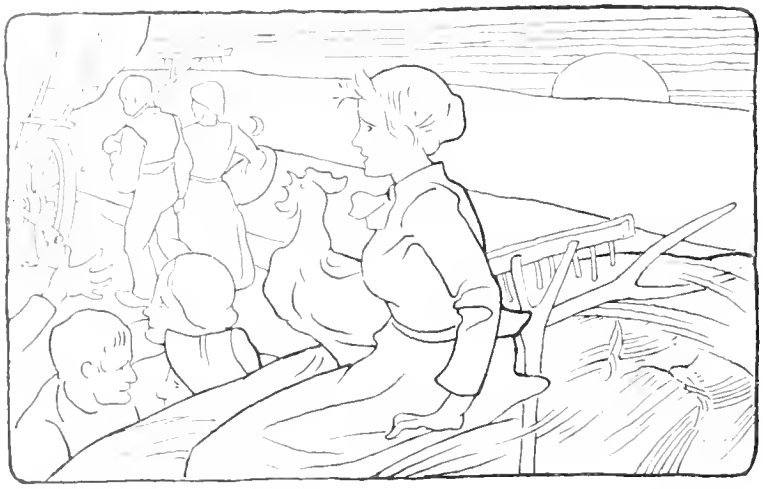


ILLUSTRATION FOR "FOLK-LORE" BY A. DONNAY

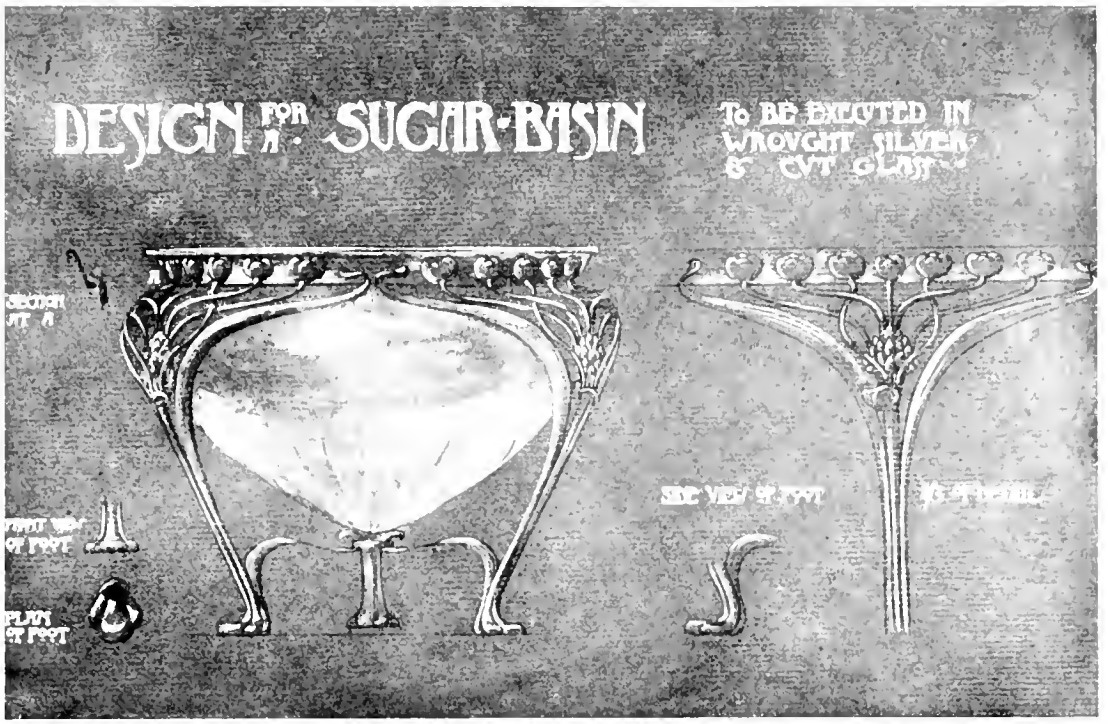
encing more and more the work of the present day school of younger painters.

Aubrey Beardsley is dead! It is needless in the pages wherein he was first introduced to the public to add a word to the bare fact. His first tentative efforts appeared in a school magazine, dated February 1889, and in our first number (April 1893) his first serious work; this gives less than five years for an influence which has modified illustration all the world over. In our next number will appear a design made especially for THE STUDIO, showing a new development of his peculiarly individual manner. For the moment, the fact that he is dead demands silence, not speech.

At the forty-third exhibition of the Society of Lady Artists, at the Suffolk Street Galleries, two rooms were again devoted to examples of handicraft. In wood-carving, embroidery, lace, bookbinding, *repoussé* metal work, and kindred methods, were over two hundred examples of varying degrees of merit, including some of genuine interest. Speaking broadly of the whole of this section, the craft was in advance of the design. Notable exceptions were to be found, but a tendency to invertebrate ornament, not by any means peculiar to ladies' work, was often in evidence. Much of the painted vellum binding, pleasant in colour and quite enticing at first sight, revealed this fatal weakness. Amongst the best of the objects exhibited may be mentioned a distinctly good design for a silver sugar-basin, by Miss Hilda M. Pemberton, and a *St. Cecilia*, by Edith Calvert (Mrs. Elkin Mathews), a design attractive by its colour and by its simplicity, while keeping the feeling of old missal work without archaic affectation.

A feature of one room was undoubtedly the folding screen exhibited by the Royal School of Art Needlework. The design by Mr. Walter Crane, extending over three panels, supplies a conventional arrangement of figures in landscape, well within the province of the needle. By its breadth of colouring, and by "values" preserved most skilfully, it compared very favourably with the average of its kind. At a time when

"ST. CECILIA" PAINTED PANEL BY EDITH CALVERT



DESIGN FOR A SUGAR-BASIN — BY HILDA M. TEMPLETON

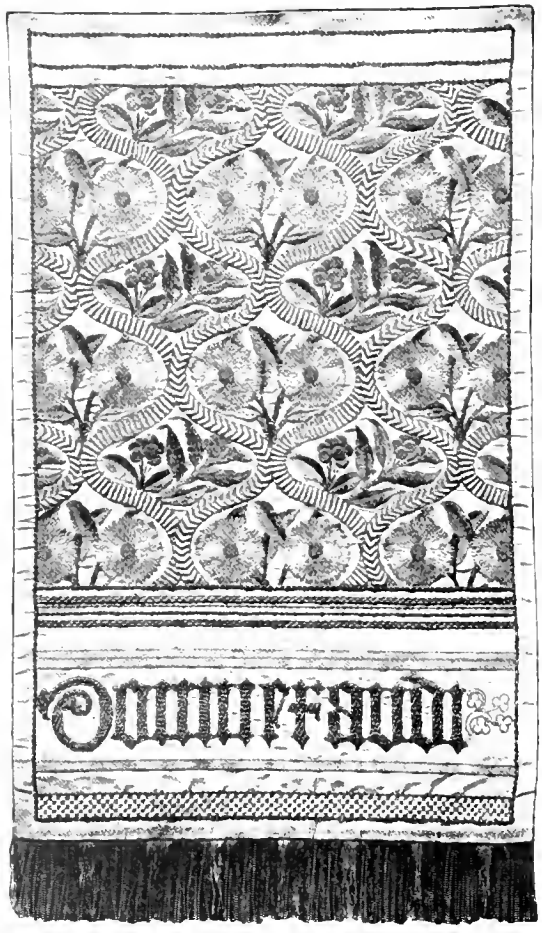
EMBROIDERED SCREEN — DESIGNED BY WALTER CRANE, EXECUTED BY THE ROYAL SCHOOL OF ART NEEDLEWORK

EMBROIDERED SCREEN DESIGNED BY SELWYN IMAGE
EXECUTED BY THE ROYAL SCHOOL OF ART NEEDLEWORK

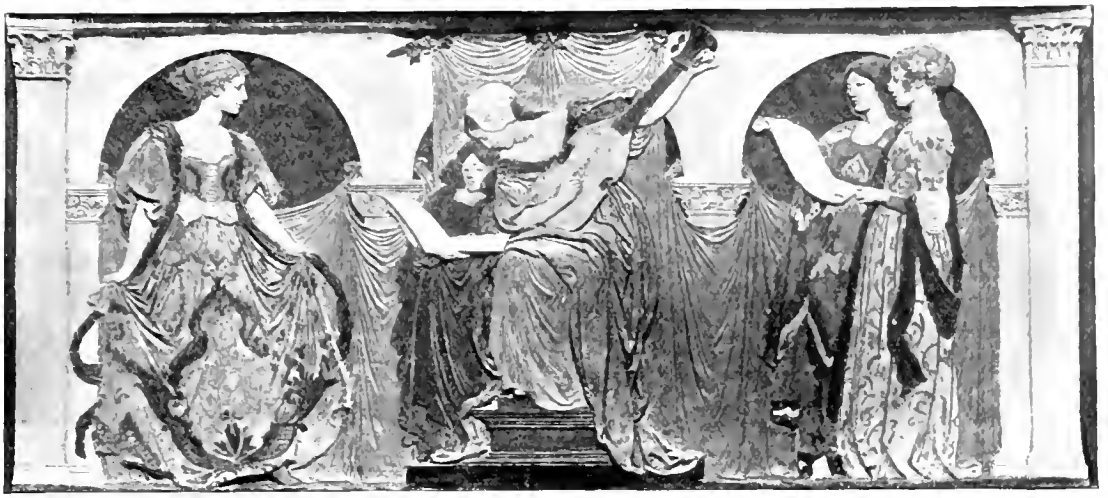
reproductions of antique needlework seem to be stifling the production of modern designs, it was pleasant to find evidence here that the school still remains true to its traditions.

A visit to its show-rooms in Exhibition Road reinforced this opinion. So long as the clever workers devoted their powers to interpreting designs by living artists, their work was interesting; but when they descended to mere copies of ancient embroideries, one could not but feel regret that so much skill should be applied to the perpetuation of designs whose sole value is that they are old. Two panels after Mr. Selwyn Image's designs, one of a repeating pattern with a border of lettering, and another representing Spring with returning swallows skimming over a conventionally treated sea, and a tree with branches disposed so that they suggest the rising sun, are illustrated here. If the school would retain its hold upon the sympathies of art-workers, it should remain true to its earlier plan of obtaining designs from artists skilled in such things.

LIVERPOOL.—Mainly due to the initiation of the Liverpool Architectural Society, the Walker Art Gallery has been opened for a Spring Exhibition of Arts and Crafts, conjoined with choice examples of Indian Art lent by the South Kensington authorities, and a well arranged collection of architectural drawings, photographs, drawings in black and white, modern book-plates, &c. The limitations of space require notice to be confined to the Decorative and Applied Arts Section and to the work of the local art schools and handicraft classes.



EMBROIDERED PANEL DESIGNED BY SELWYN IMAGE
EXECUTED BY THE ROYAL SCHOOL OF ART NEEDLEWORK

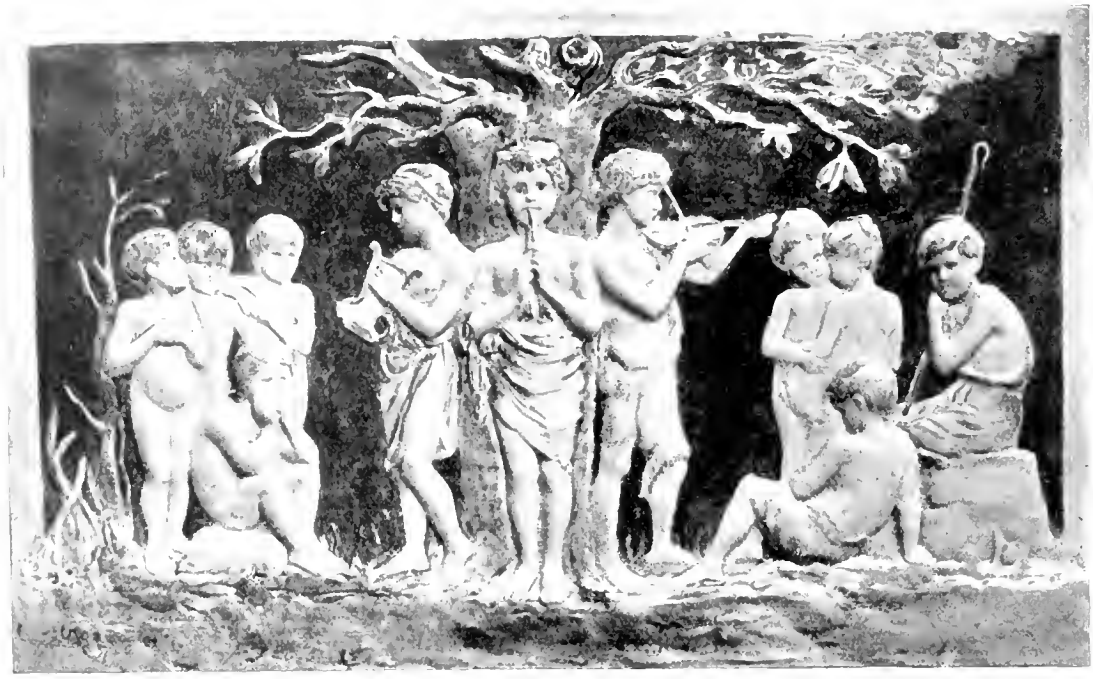


"MUSIC AND DANCING" FRIEZE IN RELIEF, GILT AND COLOURED BY R. ANNING BELL

Prominently appears on entering the galleries the plaster models of a frieze to be executed in oak for a London house, the subject being *The Children in the Garden of Joy*, designed by Mr. T. Stirling Lee. The children have graceful Donatello-like freedom of action, though modelled in an entirely original manner characteristic of the artist; and close by, a *Design for Altar Panels, Emmanuel Church, Liverpool*, by C. Trevor Prescott, and a rich *Lacquered Leather Panel* by Robert Hilton, should be noticed. The Brobdignagian proportions of Mr. Nelson Dawson's *Fire Grate, Fire Irons and Dogs*, attract immediate attention, and the forged iron, with bronze enrichments applied and inlaid, and the rough hammered metal surfaces, will appeal forcibly to those who love to see the signs of the tool in the handicraft.

Many attractive bits of colour are furnished by the numerous examples of the "Della Robbia" pottery distributed through the galleries, and often arranged in complementary juxtaposition with other exhibits. Several of the majolica panels from figure subjects designed by the late Ford Madox-Brown are set in glass mosaic, and suggest effective colour treatment for interior arcaded panels. Other more boldly modelled figure subjects, such as *The Sower* and *The Reaper*, designed by Conrad Dressler, are admirably suited to exterior architectural decoration. Again, the panels *Boy and Dolphin* and *Melody*, designed by Miss Rope and painted by Miss E. M. Wood (illustrated on p. 190), a panel, *Cupid's Head*, designed by Harold S. Rathbone, and another, *Pandora*, designed by Miss C. A. Walker (illustrated on p. 190), are all little gems of design for setting as interior architectural embellishments.

PORTION OF A COLOURED FRIEZE FOR A NURSERY BY MISS ENID JACKSON

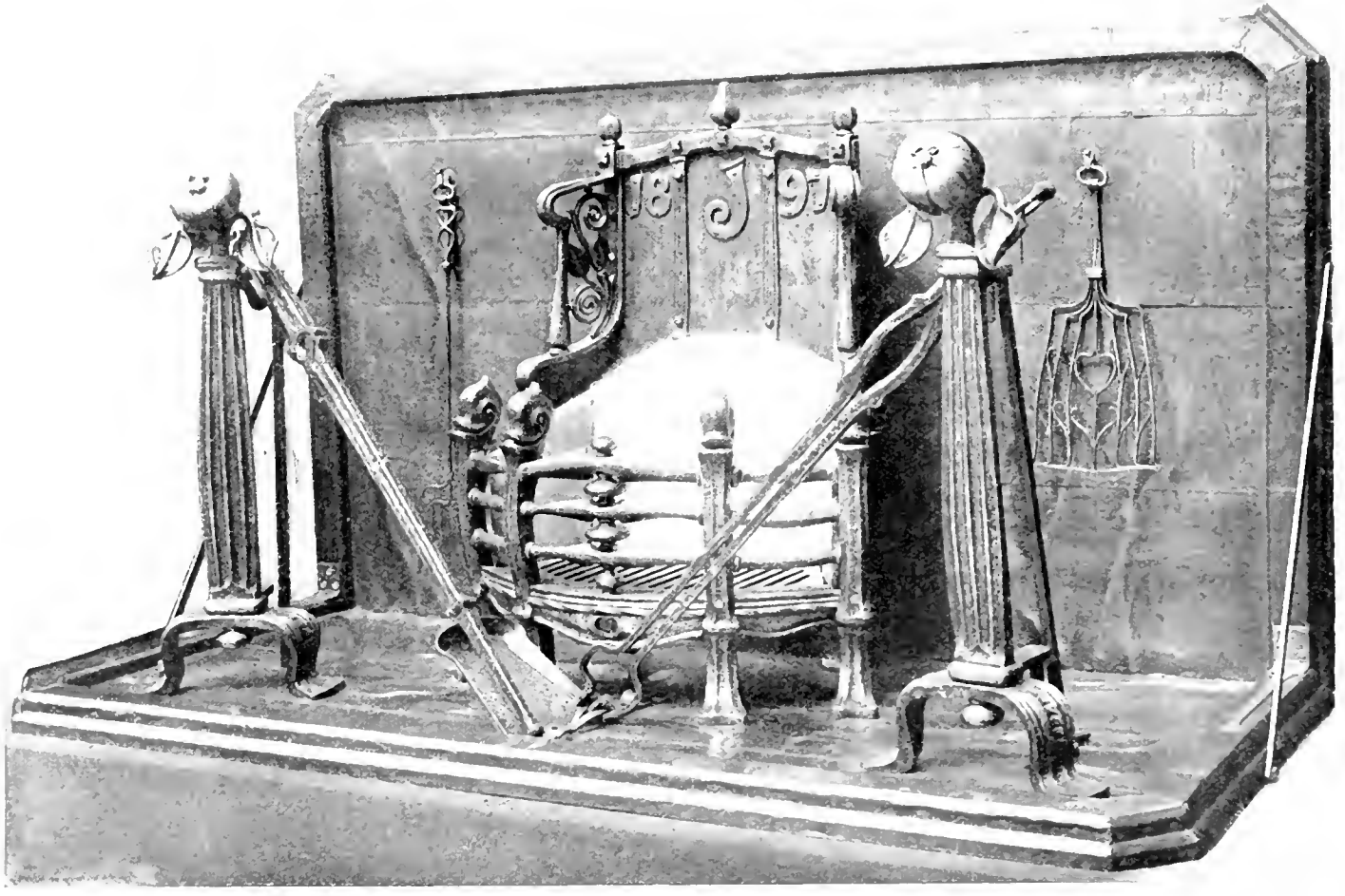


"DELLA ROBBIA" PANEL "MELODY" DESIGNED BY MISS ROPE AND PAINTED BY MISS E. M. WOOD

Mr. R. Anning Bell contributes several of his graceful and interesting works, which have already been described and illustrated in THE STUDIO, together with others of more recent date. His frieze in relief, entitled *Music and Dancing*, illustrated herewith, is treated with his characteristic strength of colour. In order to preserve the delicacy of modelling of the draperies, some of its applied ornament might perhaps with advantage have been less emphasised in colour. In Mr. Bell's cartoon for a stained-glass window, *The Crucifixion* for Bryanston Church, one is impressed with the deep devotional feeling and the grace and dignity of each of the figures, and their arrangement in the window spaces is undeniably good composition. Many of the delightful examples of copper and brass work contributed by R. Ll. B. Rathbone have already been described and illustrated in THE STUDIO, and with his designs executed by A. Hughes they form a collection ranking in the highest order of craftsmanship.

"DELLA ROBBIA" COLOURED PANEL "PANDORA" DESIGNED BY MISS C. A. WALKER

The opportunity afforded by this exhibition of reviewing the lines of progress made by the various local art schools and of comparing the students' work is an interesting one. As regards the School of Architecture and Applied Art, under the direction of Professor Simpson at University College, the progress is well defined, even though some of the handicraft classes have been so recently started. In



FIRE-GRATE, DOGS AND FIREIRONS IN FORGED IRON, WITH BRONZE ENRICHMENTS. BY NELSON DAWSON

DESIGN FOR A MENU CARD BY MISS ANNIE MCLEISH

coloured decoration and illustrative work the personality of Mr. Anning Bell naturally influences the quality of designs produced by his pupils; but evident as this is, there is besides a quality of originality and invention which proves that individuality is also developed.

A students' competition for a *Nursery Frieze* produced several compositions excellent both in drawing and colouring. A portion of Miss Enid Jackson's design is illustrated here. A coloured sketch design for a *Panel in a Wardrobe*, by Hamel Lister, is spirited and original; he is also to be commended for his stencilled frieze, *The Court of Peacocks*, and for his small coloured gesso panel, *The Romaunt of the Rose*. The *Book Illustrations* by G. Behrend are of interest for their graceful drawing.

Under the careful training of Mr. Chas. J. Allen, the modelling students show ability principally in panels designed from natural foliage. Amongst these are noticeable *Pear*, by Miss G. E. M. Beckett; *Oak*, by Wm. Webb; *Ivy*, by Basil Stallybrass; and *Honeysuckle*, by J. Griffiths. Each of these examples shows well balanced, restrained decorations. The brass and copper class, instructed by Mr. Richard L. B. Rathbone, has been so recently formed that only a small output can be shown, but case No. 283 contains some good examples of raising and *repoussé*, those executed by H. Eckstein, Miss M. A. Pollexfen, C. E. Thompson, J. Pride, and E. C. Woods being among the more noteworthy. Mr. J. Platts' wrought-iron class show specimens of skill in forging, grouped in one exhibit which prove that this is not the least progressive of the handicrafts at University College.

The improved quality of decorative design at the Mount Street School of Art is traceable to the influence of the new head-master, Mr. Frederick Burridge. In the book-covers, wall-paper, and tile designs Lonley Cole shows carefully thought-out colour schemes. Miss Florence Cartwright's designs for *Embroidered Book-covers*, *Painted Tiles* by Miss Florence Crewe, *Decorative Panels* by

ILLUSTRATION TO ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES
BY MISS ALICE HORTON

Miss Katie Fisher, and *Tapestry Hangings* by Miss Rose Potter, are all good examples of subdued colour harmonies. Clever invention is observable in a large number of the book illustrations; one group by Miss Florence Crewe, and another by Miss Annie McLeish, attract attention; and particularly praiseworthy are the illustrations to *The Forsaken Merman* and *Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales*, by Miss Alice Horton. Some of Miss Annie McLeish's designs for menu cards are here reproduced. Mr. Frederick Burridge has

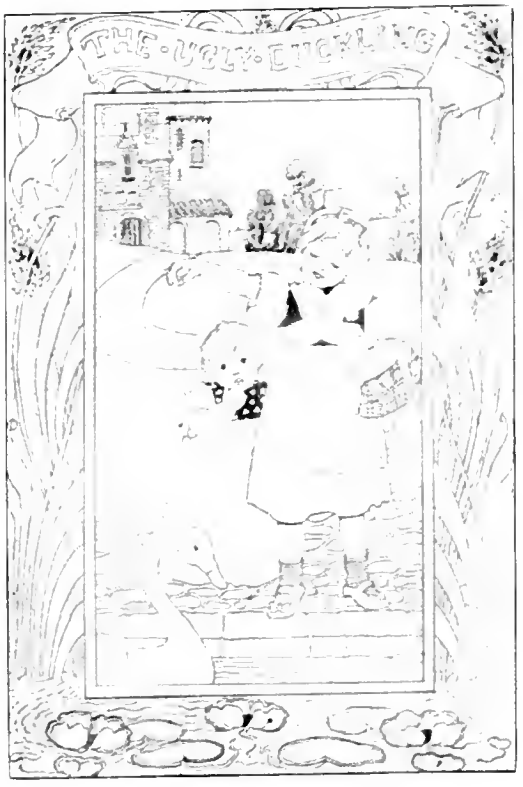


ILLUSTRATION TO ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES
BY MISS ALICE HORTON

limited his own contributions, but two of his original and effective stencil posters and his charming little etching, *Apple Trees*, claim to be mentioned. The Exhibition remains open until the end of April. H. B. B.

BIRMINGHAM.—The annual exhibition of the work of the Birmingham School of Art brought together a creditable number of good examples in every branch. Among the many designs shown for stencils, wall-papers, jewellery, &c., it is encouraging to find how many good ones come

DESIGN FOR A MENU CARD BY MISS ANNIE McLEISH

from the branch schools in different parts of the town. There were some good examples of "still life," some excellent painting of flowers, and an interesting item, a set of vigorous studies of turkeys in water-colour by Miss F. Camm. Figure work was neither plentiful nor particularly strong, but there were a good number of excellent studies from the head, mostly in pencil, one of which, by W. S. Sherwood, is here reproduced. In modelling there

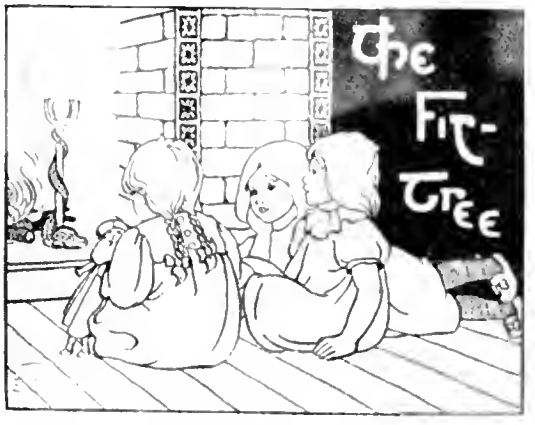


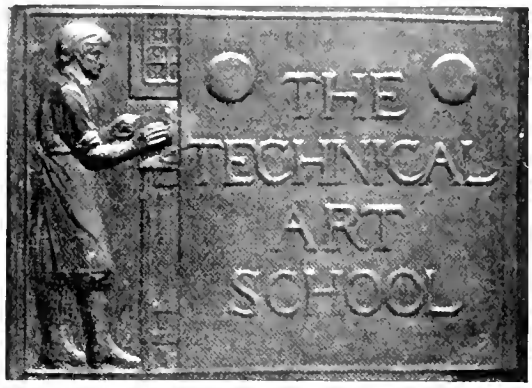
ILLUSTRATION TO ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES
BY MISS ALICE HORTON

"NORTH WIND" BAS-RELIEF BY MISS J. CHATWIN

PENCIL STUDY BY W. S. SHERWOOD

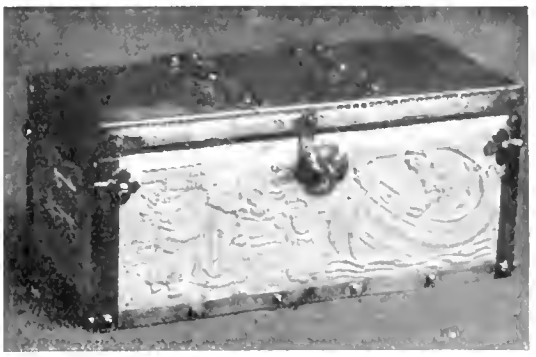
was some good figure work by W. H. Creswick, and we reproduce a bust by Miss Clara Hill, and a panel representing the *North Wind* by Miss J. Chatwin, as well as a panel in *repoussé* by Miss F. Stern, which has obtained first prize in a competition for a name plate for the Technical Art School.

Various large pieces of embroidery were shown, one of which, by Miss O. Scattergood, obtained a gold medal at South Kensington. Noticeable among examples of other crafts was a stained-glass window entirely made at the school by Miss Mary J. Newill, some interesting work in enamel, and two caskets, here reproduced, one in steel and



REPOUSSÉ COPPER-WORK BY MISS F. STERN

BUST BY MISS C. HILL



CABINET IN STEEL AND GESSO BY MISS GERE

leather by Miss E. Cowell, and the other in steel and gesso by Miss E. Gere. The other illustrations are a Christmas card from a colour design by R. J. Williams, a design for a poster in black and red by Miss H. Faulkner, and a design for stained-glass by Miss Evelyn Holden. C. M. G.

NEWLYN.—In a fantastic wood a little procession of boys clad in antique dress are following, but fearfully, their clever brother, Hop-o'-my-Thumb, who is showing the way and pointing to the pebbles he has had the foresight to drop. Mrs. Stanhope Forbes has painted this with her invariable certainty; between the thought and the touch there is none of the evaporation of meaning that takes place with most of us. So, too, in her *Imogen*, who, in a youth's dress, lies all unconscious in the cave midst primroses and russet leaves—this is very beautiful both in colour and in most admirable technique. Of Mr. Stanhope Forbes' work it is hardly needful to enlarge. He has a church gate with steps, and a wall splashed with silver lichens; beyond the wall there is a screen of trees and the church. He has also a picture showing a cottage door in the evening; a village postman with his lantern is giving letters to a family group lit by the conflicting lights.

CABINET IN STEEL AND LEATHER BY MISS E. COWELL

Mr. Gotch has a picture entitled *The Awakening*. Three angels appear to a young girl who is just rising from her bed, which stands in the corner of a severely conventional room; the painting is done with that extreme and consistent elaboration of finish which we are growing to look upon as Mr. Gotch's natural mode of expression. Mr. Sherwood Hunter has a picture suggested by a jubilee procession: girls all in white, bearing in their hands coloured Japanese lanterns, are filing along

STAINED GLASS BY MISS EVELYN HOLDEN

"the cliff" at Newlyn, the sea and harbour ending with a lighthouse serving as a background of bluish-green. Mr. Walter Langley has a picture in which a little boy is playing on a banjo; his friends are grouped around admiringly. Mr. Ralph Todd shows a storm with a crowd of fisher-folk watching its devastation. Mr. Percy Craft has a humorous picture of fisher lad and maiden. Miss Ford shows a Madonna with her Holy Child passing forward through an orchard—very high in tone. Miss Rosamond Holmes, a nude boy piping to some peacocks as they trail across a daisy-spotted mead. Mr. Harvey has a fisher's cottage, a simple motive, but strong in painting. Mr. Lamorna Birch has a landscape, and there are many other works that I have not been able to see, and one other which I have seen too much of. N. G.

ST. IVES.—As usual St. Ives, if one contrasts her painters with those of Newlyn, is more lavish of colour and more free in the use of it. The canvases seem to have embraced life, wisely or unwisely, under a more ardent impulse; the growth seems more spontaneous, the result more impressional; but there! why contrast, more particularly when the first instance which I shall take runs in direct opposition to my argument? Mrs. Adrian Stokes is still glancing backwards at the art of the past, and still creating pictures of dainty execution and of rare and personal feeling. She is contriving an armoured knight embracing a fair lady, a queen if one can judge from her head-dress and her stately robe, the whole set in a dim wood of tall grave trees. Mr. Stokes has also painted a wood of solemn pines, between whose great boles the red sun stained sky shows luridly. A knight is here also, but he kneels at the foot of a shrine. Mr. Stokes' picture appeals to us through a direct sympathy with nature largely and strongly expressed. Mrs. Stokes wins us with a more complicated appeal to traditional art and the mysterious feelings that spring from it, coupled with her own tenderness and daintiness of execution. Mr. Stokes has a larger picture of a long mountain range that wanders across the sky line in rounded masses of sunlight intersected with purple shadows. Upon an upland foreground there are sheep that are

DESIGN FOR A POSTER BY MISS HELEN FAULKNER
(*See Birmingham Studio-Talk*)

DESIGN BY R. J. WILLIAMS
(*See Birmingham Studio-Talk*)

moving in a serried mass down an abrupt ravine into the dividing valley.

Mr. Olsson has a sea bright with waves that dance in the sunlight and that reflect the sun-smitten cliffs beyond: in these merry waters there are a multitude of merry maidens who disport themselves in what the artist calls a "sea frolic." The picture is very gay and pleasant in its cool purple waters and its warm sunlight; he has also a bright blue sea over which great sunny clouds are passing, shedding wisps of grey rain. Mr. Arnsby Brown has a group of powerfully-drawn cart horses that have come down to drink at a pool or brook; the evening sun strikes them with a most powerful light that glows and almost glitters on their backs, staining them with the colours of the dying sun. St. Ives has, I understand, no lack of other pictures worthy to be described, but I was not fortunate—the studios were mostly shut when I wandered round in search.

N. G.

MANCHESTER.—The members, Associates, and students of the Manchester Academy of Fine Arts brought together a very fair display of their work, though it is to be regretted that such members as Edward and William Stott, Greville Morris, and Tom Mostyn were not represented. For forty years this society has maintained its place as one of the strongest organisations of artists in the north of England, and while much of the work shown is worthy of hearty commendation, yet the general tone of the exhibition is lowered by the inclusion of many works of exceedingly inferior quality.

Considerable interest has been evinced in Mr. Fred W. Jackson's *Wreck of the "Carulla" off Runswick*. A group of fisher folk are depicted standing on a ledge of rock on which the spray is blowing from a foaming sea, while they eagerly watch the lifeboat approach the doomed vessel. Mr. Jas. W. Booth, a young Associate, this year made his way into the front rank. He usually devotes himself to the delineation of farm horses either in or out of harness, and his work shows an intimate knowledge of his subjects. *An Old Favourite*, a picture of an old white horse, was full of careful drawing and clever brush-work.

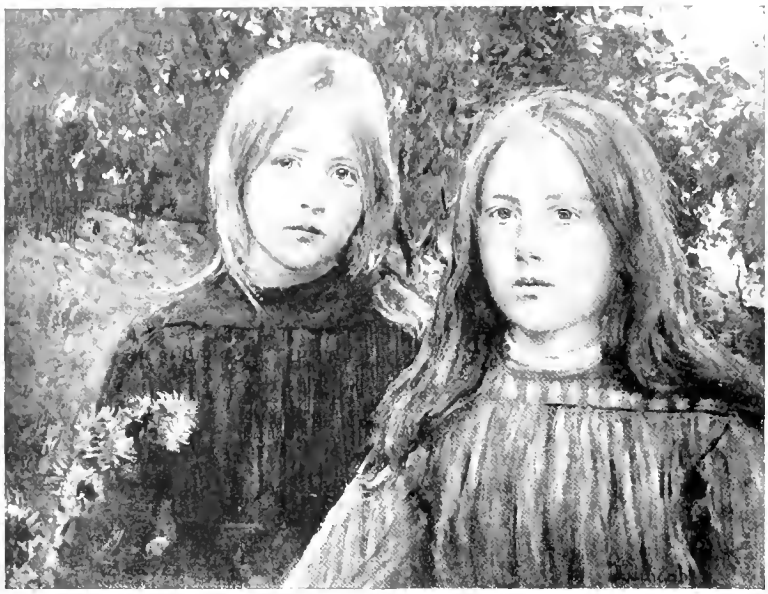
Among the landscapes, Mr. R. G. Somerset had some careful and conscientious work, of which *The Meadows* was perhaps the best. The President, Mr. Clarence Whaite, was not seen to great advantage this year. Mr. Cyril Ward had some strong and fresh water-colours, and prominent among the work of the lady painters was Miss Dacre's excellent portrait of two children on an oak settee. Amongst the sculpture exhibited a word of special mention is due to Mr. Cassidy's group, *John and Sebastian Cabot*.

W. M. R.

NORWAY.—In order fully to understand the modern art of Norway, it is not essential that the art critic or the lover of art should be loaded with æsthetic theories; what is far more necessary is to have grown up under the influence of the powerful literature of modern Norway, and perhaps even more, to have had the imagination filled from very childhood with the beautiful sagas and folk-lore, or with the wild stories of giants, a great part of which were derived from a prehistoric epoch when the three Northern countries spoke but one language.

Side by side with the great Norwegian writers, who are now all near the sunset of life, an artist filled with the same strong love of the beautiful country, its fiords and gälls and sea, has lived and worked, viz., Professor Hans Gude. It is the open

FROM AN OIL PAINTING BY C. SKRLDSVIG



"TWO SISTERS" FROM A PAINTING BY H. HEYERDAHL

sea we generally find represented upon Otto Sinding's large canvases in oil, or in his delicate water-colour pictures—principally studies from the Arctic Ocean. We always thoroughly enjoy the glorious results of the skill of Fritz Thaulow applied to French subjects, but we are charmed even more, perhaps, to find him at home, and to meet him in the light and quiet Northern *Summer Evening*, when the cows return homeward through the outskirts of a small country town, with its plain rural cottages—scenery such as the accompanying reproduction depicts. There are many other Norwegian landscape painters to whom attention should be called did space permit; but certainly the works of Mr. Holmboe must not be forgotten, for he is the most prominent of the younger men.

"A SUMMER EVENING" FROM A PAINTING BY FRITZ THAULOW

Portraiture has an accomplished exponent in the person of E. Werenskiold. He is not content with producing merely a likeness of a person—he conveys to us all that is essential in the character of his subject, and his brilliant art never fails to give marvellous expression to his psychological studies. His portrait of Ibsen is reproduced herewith. The most prominent of the *genre* painters is H. Heyerdahl, whose painting, *Two Sisters*, is reproduced. In his art we can trace much of the same intense human feeling for fellow-creatures which we find expressed in the works of the Norwegian writers, but his imagination is also powerful enough to create a dream-world.

An artist who can claim one of the most prominent places in imaginative art in Norway is Chr. Skredsvig. All that was refined and heroic in a bygone knightly era speaks to Mr. Skredsvig, and he gives us the most charming glimpses into a past age, when ballads were still written about valiant knights and fair damozels. An old ballad, adapted by a great Danish writer, has inspired the picture, of which we are able to give an illustration (page 197).

There are strong characters, rich personalities to be found in Norway, both in art and in literature, and their influence is sure to make itself felt sooner or later. The works of Henrik Ibsen, Björnsson, and Jonas Lie have filled Europe with wonder and often also with scorn, but the true comprehension of them will come from the full acquaintance with the modern art of Norway, just as the music of Edvard Grieg first revealed to an outer world what stores of poetry were hidden away in the mountainous country up in the high North. S. F.

BRUSSELS.—The numerous visitors at last year's Exhibition will remember that, after the Fine Arts Section of Great Britain, the best feature of the entire undertaking was the Colonial Exhibition at Tervueren; and they will be glad to hear that Lieutenant Masui, who had the management of it, has been officially appointed to arrange the Congo Free State Pavilion at the Paris Exhibition of 1900, while the actual work of erecting the pavilion itself has been entrusted to our able young architect, M. Horta.

M. Horta, an appreciation of whose work would interest the readers of THE STUDIO, is one of a group of young Brussels architects whose ingenious methods, after having at first completely

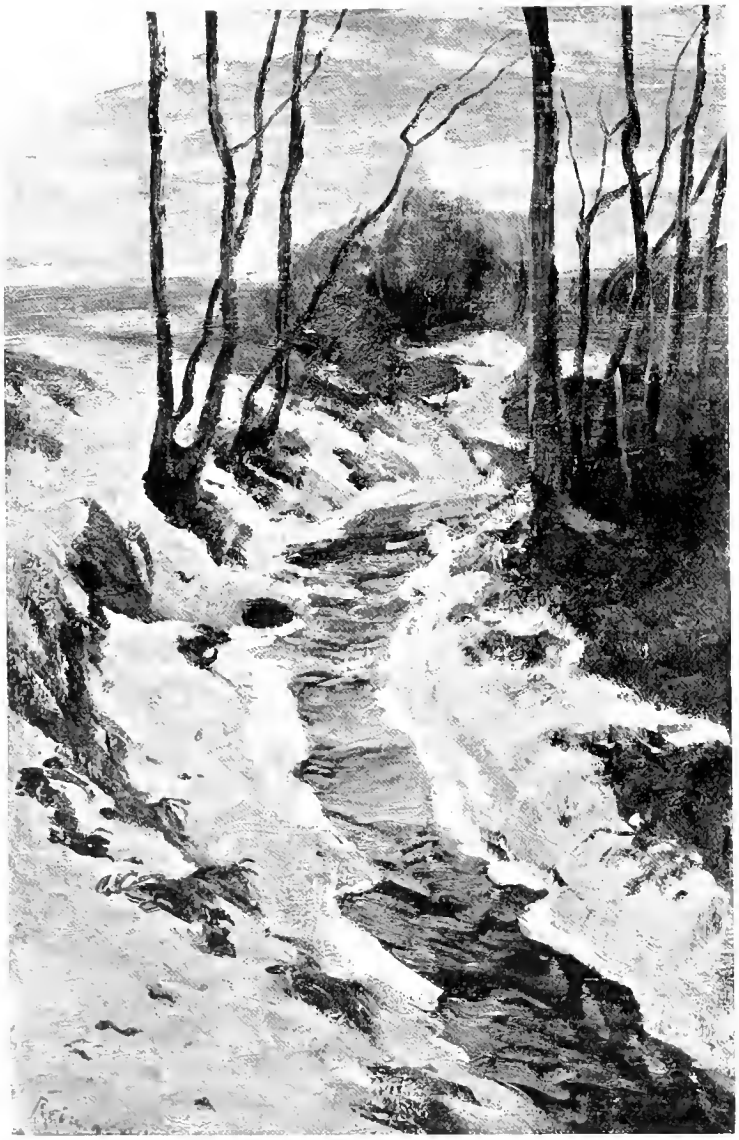
PORTRAIT OF HENRIK IBSEN BY E. WERENSKIOLD

puzzled our "æsthetes" —as we call them here— are now gradually compelling admiration. Other young architects there are in plenty who strive to be Hortas, but fail to achieve anything beyond the most superficial imitations. This, however, is inevitable.

The Liège engraver, F. Maréchal, has acquired a great and well-deserved reputation among amateurs and artists alike by his recent exhibition of work at the Cercle Artistique of Brussels. Hitherto he had been known only by the engravings published years ago, and preserved in the album of the Société des Aquafortistes Belges; and this latest display of his came quite as a revelation. M. Maréchal has since been invited to exhibit at Antwerp and at Munich.

Among the latest posters calling for notice is one of small dimensions, designed by M. G. Combaz for the Exhibition of the "Libre-Esthétique" at Brussels. It is excellent in composition, with the lettering ingeniously disposed; the somewhat heavy design and the harmonious colouring being suggestive of Eastern ceramic work. This poster is printed in six colours. Another interesting poster of entirely different style has been executed by M. A. Rassenfosse, of Liège. It is of great size, and intended to announce the *bals publics*. It represents a pair of *pierrettes*, one in red, the other in black, dancing together.

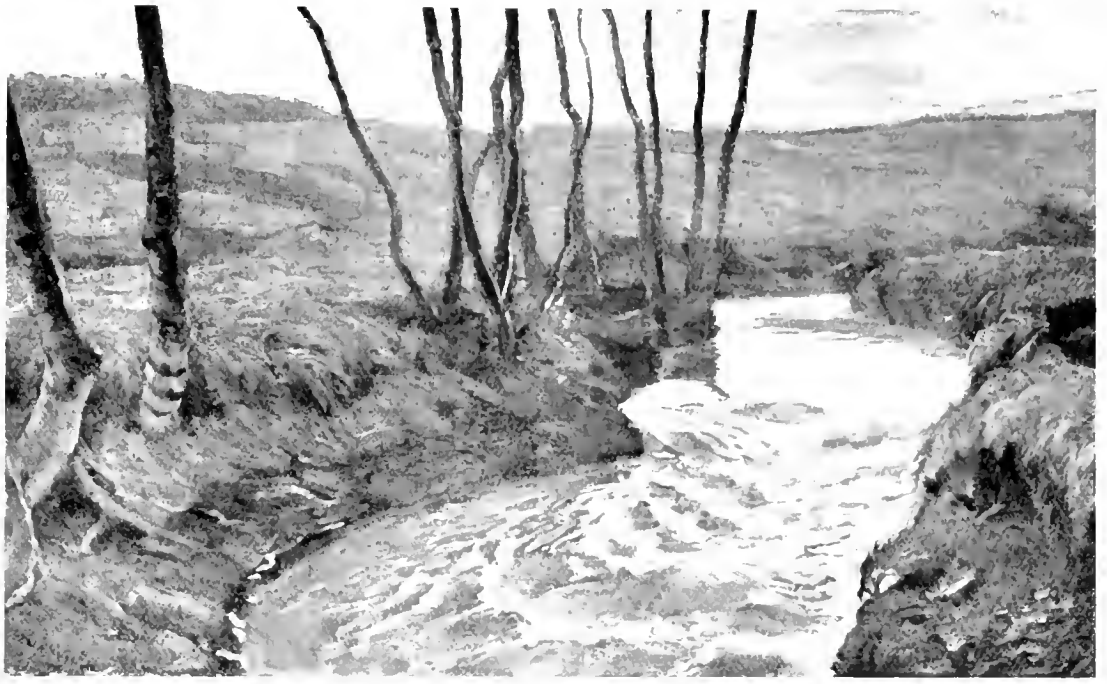
F. K.



"A BROOK IN WINTER" FROM A PAINTING BY OTTO REINIGER

STUTTGART. — Among the younger painters of the capital of Wurtemburg foremost places are held by Otto Reiniger and Hermann Pleuer. They were both born in 1863 at Stuttgart, and have both studied in Munich and Stuttgart, but neither the Royal Academy of Munich nor the Royal Art School of Stuttgart could maintain that the two artists owe to them their actual methods of painting. Both painters are uninfluenced by any particular school. Their pictures cannot well be compared with the works of any of the present or ancient masters, and they can only be understood and appreciated by those who have made a careful study of them.

Otto Reiniger is a landscapist. He chooses for preference subjects from his native country Wurtemburg, whose charming scenery is— I daresay fortunately — not yet much known to the



"A THAW"

FROM A PAINTING BY OTTO REINGLE

tourist of to-day. He has paid several visits to Italy, but has nevertheless remained truly and essentially German. He is a sincere admirer of the great painters of the past, but above all he loves nature whenever he finds her simple and unpretentious. All his pictures are painted in the open air — every touch from nature. There is nothing artificial in his work, everything is full of truth and sincerity, and, moreover, he has never been taken in by the juvenile errors of eccentricity, but from the very outset of his career has been aware of the fact that, if there is any secret in art, it is to be found in a facility for reproducing nature in the plainest way possible.

Hermann Pleuer is a *genre* and landscape painter, and being a first-rate colourist and a devotee of simplicity, he has reached a high degree of perfection as a painter of out-of-door effects and of interiors with figures. His paintings, which are very powerful and betray a strong and vigorous individuality, are also made direct from nature. Much of his time has been devoted to the delineation of night and twilight scenes, and he has frequently demonstrated his abilities to express

"TWILIGHT AT CHELLAKE RAILWAY STATION"

FROM A PAINTING BY HERMANN PLEUER

the most subtle phases of light without any apparent effort. Lately he has been much attracted by the realism of the railway traffic at the Stuttgart terminus, and has produced some very interesting works which display considerable strength and vitality. The picture here reproduced is painted in a brilliant colour and, in spite of the difficult nature of the subject, the correctness of tone and the technique are quite extraordinary.

F. K. F.

DRESDEN.—Very opportunely Albert Robida laments, in a recent article written for the *Revue Encyclopédique Larousse*, the way in which our century has proceeded to "uglify" (if I may follow him in the coining of this word) historic picturesque localities. Old views of notably beautiful spots at Caen, Lyons, Mt. St. Michel, &c., are reproduced, and contrasted with photographs taken of these same places as they appear to-day. In all cases where Nature had been allowed a hand in the formation of the scene, depth, variety, and a refreshing want of symmetry prevail. But nowadays she has been elbowed out by the engineer of jejune fancy and the architect, who in the littleness of his mind glories above all in neat and exact workmanship.

We in Dresden shall unfortunately be able to add another to Robida's list of examples, as in all probability the most picturesque part of the "Brühl'sche Terrasse" will be torn down to make room for a new parliamentary building. This "first balcony of Europe," as it has been justly called, is certainly the foremost landmark of the city, and for the last hundred years or more all general views of Dresden have been taken from a standpoint to display it to advantage. Its noble approach combines, with the Court Church, the splendid old bridge and the gateway of the Castle, in forming an unsurpassed view and one not easily forgotten; but before long the harmony of the spot will be utterly destroyed by a massive, ungainly building, which will take the place of the terrace and drive away all beauty for ever.

Other notable buildings, dating from Dresden's best period, the middle of the last century, have gone before, especially some that lined the narrow streets where the riots of 1848 broke out. A ponderous police court is to be seen there now

MURAL PAINTING BY OTTO FISCHER

MURAL PAINTINGS BY OTTO FISCHER

instead. Near at hand, however, private enterprise has made a laudable attempt to mitigate the evil. The "Imperial Palace Buildings," as they are called, were erected at extraordinary expense, and with the outspoken object of producing an architectural monument over and above a merely practical building, although no other than ordinary business interests are involved. The architects, Schilling and Graebner, have tried to rejuvenate the style of decoration peculiar to the Dresden Barock and Rococo buildings that are now vanishing so fast.

The most important decorations inside of the building consist of some mural paintings in the principal hall, by Otto Fischer, here reproduced. There is an unmistakable largeness of style apparent in the simplicity with which these compositions are conceived, in the absence of all diverting detail and of all that is anecdotal. They have reminded more than one critic of the spirit in which Puvis de Chavannes executes similar subjects. The colours are very light and cheerful, a kind of unobtrusive *plein-air*, delightfully in keeping with the arcadian character of the scene.

H. W. S.

CREFELD.—After the death of the Emperor William I., the town of Crefeld decided to honour the memory of that monarch by the erection of a museum. The building was finished in the summer of 1897, and the opening ceremony has recently taken place. Since 1883 there has existed a good collection of pictures and examples of industrial art, which has now found a thoroughly worthy resting place. The inauguration was celebrated by an exhibition of paintings, sculpture, china and pottery. Exhibits by German artists were supplemented by others from England, France, Belgium, Holland, Italy and Denmark. Walter Crane, William De Morgan and Macaulay Stevenson were amongst the British artists who sent contributions. Several works were purchased for the museum's picture gallery, of which the most remarkable are perhaps Walter Leistikow's *Dämmerung in Ost Friesland*,

A. Mohrbutter's *Somebody's Darlings*, G. Oeder's *Gebirgslandschaft*, some coloured wood prints by Otto Eckmann, and lithographs by Hans Thoma. Amongst the gifts to the gallery may be mentioned *Gewitter*, by G. Achen (Copenhagen), and *Eine junge Dame*, by A. Mohrbutter. In sculpture the museum acquired a terra-cotta figure, *Mother and Child*, of Sigurd Neandros, and the *Athlete*, of Franz Stuck. In the ceramic section the museum purchased works from the Berlin manufactory, from the royal manufactory of Copenhagen, and from that of Bing and Gröndahl in the same town. Also pottery by De Morgan, Schmuz-Baudiss, T. F. Willumsen (Copenhagen), Bigot, Dalpayrat, and Dammouse, in addition to some fine specimens of glassware by Emile Gallé, and some mosaic windows by Karl Engelbrecht. The total value of objects acquired by the museum amounts to 30,000 marks. Several paintings and other *objets d'art*, to the value of 24,500 marks, were sold to private purchasers. The first exhibition in the new museum was a decided success, both from an artistic and financial point of view.

REVIEWS OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

The Life of our Lord Jesus Christ. With Notes and Explanatory Drawings by J. James Tissot. (London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co. Paris: Lemercier & Co.)—M. Tissot, in his introduction to this sumptuous work, says that he was induced to undertake it in order to "restore to those scenes [of the life of Christ] as far as possible the actual aspect assumed by them when they occurred. For this, was it not indeed absolutely necessary to study on the spot the configuration of the landscape and the character of the inhabitants, endeavouring to trace back from their modern representatives, through successive generations, the original types of the races of Palestine and the various constituents which go to make up what is called antiquity?" Accordingly a journey was made by him in 1886 to Egypt and Palestine, and from the sketches and drawings there made the illustrations to his book have been completed.

Realising the fact that the charm of the East is in great measure due to its chromatic beauty, those who have been concerned in the publication of the volumes have reproduced in facsimile the artist's coloured drawings.

The expense thereby entailed must have been enormous, and whether the result, from the artistic point of view, is such as to justify the outlay is open to grave doubt. Coloured illustrations printed in juxtaposition with type in black ink, are never entirely pleasant in effect, however beautifully they may have been executed; and the fashion which has obtained of late years, especially among the Paris publishers, of intermingling the two is as unsatisfactory as the proverbial effort to mix oil and vinegar.

Of M. Tissot's efforts to make his drawings topographically and ethnographically correct much may be said in praise; but, granted he has been successful in carrying out the task he set himself, it appears to us that he has only done so, in many instances, by a sacrifice of the nobility of the great story. We may smile at the incongruity and the want of historical exactness exhibited in the canvases and frescoes of the great Italian painters, but there is a loftiness of sentiment over all their work which accords with the dignity of the subject to a far greater degree than the naturalism of M. Tissot and other painters of the modern realistic school.

Nevertheless, in spite of its shortcomings, this work is a great one, and cannot fail to give pleasure to many who still regard its theme with the affection and veneration that rightly belong to it.

Harbutt's Plastic Method. By W. Harbutt. (London: Chapman & Hall, Limited.)—The object of this handbook is to explain the use of "Plasticine" in the arts of writing, drawing, and modelling in educational work—in other words to advocate the use of a new modelling material invented by Mr. Harbutt, and to prove its value as a means of imparting to students a knowledge of the principles of design. The material has certain exceptional advantages, for it retains its elasticity under all sorts of conditions, and does not require the attention and care in use which are indispensable in the management of ordinary modelling clay. The book sets forth these advantages at some length, and includes also many practical directions which cannot fail to assist the beginner in his study of elementary sculpture. The possibilities of modelling as a means of teaching form and line arrangement are adequately stated, and the presence of fifty-six plates, reproducing examples of the work actually done in plasticine, gives the book an additional value, for these illustrations serve even better than the text to explain the manner in which the student should work.

La Peinture au Château de Chantilly. By F. A. Gruyer. (Paris: Plon et Nourrit.)—As is well known, the late Duc d'Aumale brought together within the walls of Chantilly a marvellous collec-

tion of paintings and works of art. The volume just published from the pen of M. Gruyer, of the Institut, is really a sort of illustrated catalogue of the contents of these galleries. The two volumes deal, one with Foreign Schools, the other with the French School, and each contains forty heliogravures, executed by the firm of Braun et Cie. Nothing could be more instructive from the standpoint of historical art than this work, in which M. Gruyer analyses with charming literary skill each of the works displayed in the splendid home of the Condés. As for the Italian School, it is represented by absolute masterpieces of Giotto, Perugini, Ghirlandajo, Fra Bartolommeo, Botticelli, Raphael, Pollajuolo, and Filippino Lippi: while in the Flemish and Dutch Schools we find examples of Ruysdael, Pourbus, Van Eyck, Roger van der Weyder, and Van Dyck. From France itself we have Lebrun, Largilliére, and Rigaud of the seventeenth century: Oudry, Lancret, Watteau, Drouais, Van Loo, Greuze, and Huet in the eighteenth century; and in the present century, Géricault, Charlet, Gros, Delacroix, Meissonier, Corot, Jules Dupré, Fromentin, and Baudry, to name but a few among many, all seen in beautiful work of matchless quality. This delightful book bears striking testimony of the enlightened taste exhibited by that perfect *grand seigneur*, the Duc d'Aumale.

The Central Italian Painters of the Renaissance. By BERNHARD BERENSON. (London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)—This excellent handbook, uniform with previous works by the same author on the Venetian and the Florentine painters of the Renaissance, is to be followed by another on the North Italian Schools. Space forbids the detailed notice that it well deserves. It may be that the essay itself is a little "precious" at times, but it reveals a student and a scholar, and the index (so called), which covers some seventy pages, is most valuable, giving as it does, under each artist's name, his principal works and their whereabouts: a frontispiece, after Raphael's *La Donna Velata*, is well reproduced in collotype. The series supplies a distinct need.

Carpentry and Joinery. A Text-book for Architects, Engineers, Surveyors, Craftsmen. By BANNISTER F. FLETCHER, A.R.I.B.A., and H. PHILLIPS FLETCHER, A.R.I.B.A. (London: D. Fourdrinier, 1898.)—This is a fairly concise treatise upon a subject concerning which many elaborate and exceedingly scientific treatises are already in existence. That, however, as the Messrs. Fletcher themselves point out, many of these more important volumes are cumbersome and verbose, while others are not in accord with modern practice, may be cheerfully conceded: hence there clearly exists a necessity for a concise book on the subject of carpentry and joinery which may be not only useful for reference to the architect and engineer, but also may to some extent meet the requirements of the craftsman. Beginning with a clear description of the various woods in use and their characteristics, the authors proceed to concern themselves with the tools in common use by the carpenter and joiner and the purpose for which each is used. Having thus cleared the way, they proceed to an elaborate survey of the various joints used in carpentry, rightly considering that these lie at the very root of the craft. The main objects of carpentry are then considered, and the construction of the roofs, bridges, shorings and struttings, floors, floor-coverings, and framings, as in partitions and so forth, are clearly and logically explained. The latter portion of the volume deals with ornamental carpentry, and with such interior fittings as doors, windows, skylights, and so forth. There is an excellent chapter upon staircases and a suggestive one upon bevels. The book is throughout illustrated with admirably drawn diagrams, which are wanting in neither clearness nor accuracy. Altogether, this little handbook seems in every respect an admirable one, and quite likely to be of use to all those classes of professional men and others for whom it is professedly designed.

The Story of the Potter. By C. F. BINNS. With fifty-seven illustrations. (London: Newnes, Ltd.) Price 1*s.*—A useful little history of pottery and porcelain, written by one well acquainted with the art. The subject is too extensive to be satisfactorily treated upon in such a small book, and perhaps no one is more conscious of that fact than the author himself. This makes it all the more remarkable that so much could be said in so little space. The illustrations are very tiny, and consequently convey but a poor impression of the objects depicted. It is a pity the publisher could not have reproduced them upon a larger scale, even if he had been compelled to charge a few pence more for the book. By the way, the titling of the illustration on p. 63 as "Damascus Ware" is surely an error.

The Year's Art. 1898. (London: J. S. Virtue & Co.) The nineteenth annual issue of this excellent publication comes to hand even fuller and more comprehensive in scope than its predecessors, and the extraordinary amount of valuable information to be found between its covers renders the volume indispensable to all who interest themselves

in matters appertaining to art. It may, perhaps, be suggested that the letters in the directory denoting the galleries at which pictures have been exhibited during the past year convey a somewhat erroneous impression with regard to the output of the various artists, inasmuch as no mention is made of the fact that the same picture is not infrequently sent to more than one exhibition in the course of a year. In one case, for instance, no fewer than eleven pictures are attributed to a well-known painter who would probably be the first to protest against the evils of over-production. This, however, in no way detracts from the general excellence of the publication.

Picturesque Dublin, Old and New. By FRANCES GERARD. (London: Hutchinson & Co.) Price 12*s.*—A pleasantly written account of the picturesque capital of the "Sister Isle," plentifully illustrated after old prints, photographs, and some wash-drawings by Miss Rose Barton. The charm of colour which is a characteristic of Miss Barton's work is unfortunately missing in the reproductions here given, which, of necessity, are in black and white. It would nevertheless appear that she is equally happy in her delineations of the streets of Dublin as in those of London. Would it were possible to bring back to these old streets something of the brightness which formerly characterised them, and which the writer so graphically describes!

Tonkin to India. By PRINCE HENRI D'ORLÉANS. (London: Methuen & Co.) Price 25*s.*—The author's brilliant account of his journey overland from Tonkin to India by the sources of the Irawadi is illustrated by a large number of unusually excellent woodcuts by G. Vuillier, in which the characteristics of the country through which the traveller passed and the types of the people whom he met are well portrayed. Great freedom of work with directness of execution are the prominent features of modern French wood-engraving, and these characteristics are well exemplified by the examples in this work.

A surprising lack of originality is perhaps the most striking point observable in the new art magazines which have lately burst upon the world in such considerable numbers. The size, shape, form, and general features of THE STUDIO have been copied again and again with flattering, if monotonous, persistence, whilst those responsible have apparently lost sight of the important fact that the illustration of good examples of art, in addition to comeliness of production, is usually looked upon as an essential element of such publications. It is with satisfaction therefore that we turn over the pages of *Ver Sacrum*, the new organ of the Vereinigung Bildender Kuenstler Österreichs, published by Messrs. Gerlach and Schenk of Vienna, and note that the promoters have struck out a new line and have succeeded in producing a journal at once attractive to look upon and valuable as a means of keeping in touch with the doings of a distinctly interesting group of Austrian artists who have freed themselves from the burden of academic shackles. We heartily commend *Ver Sacrum* to the notice of our readers.

Apropos of the foregoing remarks, a certain new art magazine from Germany has lately issued a circular in which it is referred to as "The German STUDIO." As this might lead to misapprehension, it is well perhaps to state that the publication in question is in no way connected with this magazine.

We have received from Mr. George Allen a copy of *The Literary Year-Book for 1898*, which contains some three hundred well-printed pages of information that cannot fail to be of immense practical value to all interested in literature. It has for a frontispiece an excellent photogravure portrait of Ruskin.

AWARDS IN "THE STUDIO" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

DESIGN FOR A LADY'S BELT BUCKLE. (A XII.)

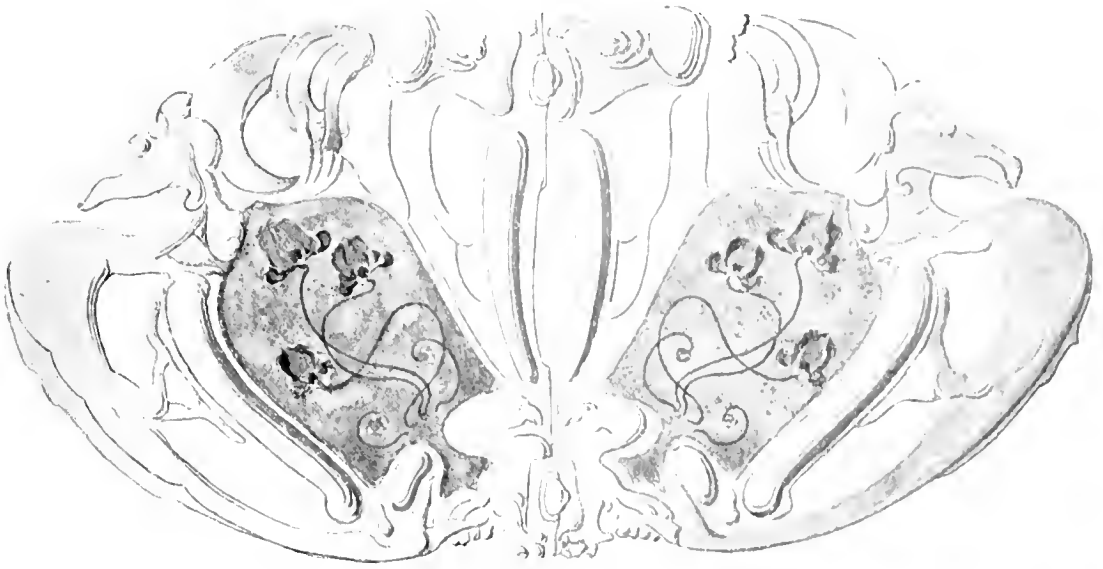
The FIRST PRIZE (*Two guineas*) is awarded to *Jason* (John Thirtle, The Elms, Banstead Road, Ewell, Surrey).

The SECOND PRIZE (*One guinea*) will be trebled and divided between *Orpheus* (Thomas Corson, 8 Blenheim Walk, Leeds); *Magpie* (Gertrude M. Siddall, 19 Eaton Road, Chester); and *Gyges* (Emile Ieguy, Rue de Sunhergue 63, Paris.

The above designs will be reproduced in colours and will appear in a later number.

Honourable Mention is given to the following:—*Abracadabra* (H. A. Churchill, St. Paul's Square, Burton-on-Trent); *Avon* (Sophie Pumphrey, Woodstock Road, Moseley, Birmingham); *Gesp* (Nella Boon, Willemstraat 26, The Hague); *Alice* (G. H. Glenny); *Aberbrothock* (H. T. Wyse); *Asterisk* (Edith Snowdon); *Bat* (Chas. W. Crosby); *Beck* (G. C. Carter); *Bufo* (Madeline Gregory); *Cyclops* (L. Day); *Corrigenda* (Miss Watkin); *Demy* (Allan Inglis); *Fantigue* (Mabel St. John Mildmay); *Frenchy* (Jacques Houry); *Flaxley* (F. H. Crawley-Boevey); *H. C.* (Hilda Chalk); *Merial* (M. J. Hunt); *May* (May Dixon); *Merton* (Walter

Designs for Lady's Belt Buckle (Competition A XII.)



HON. MENTION "ABRACADABRA"

Taylor); *Nimpi* (——); *Novice* (Adèle Hay); *Phantasm* (Jas. T. Birchell); *Sir Percival* (George E. Kruger); *Speed* (T. W. Whipp); *Sanchet* (Miss G. Biggs); *Tramp* (David C. Veazey); *Tip-it* (Mary Wilcock); *Veritas* (Helena Appleyard); and *Vulcan* (F. Mason-Cooke).

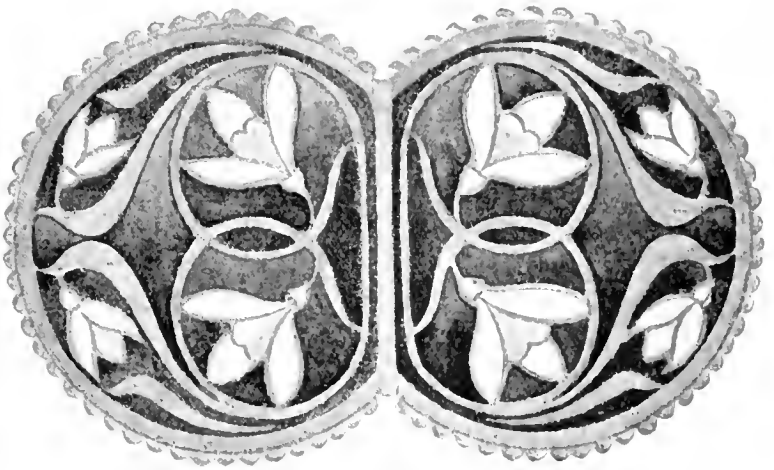
DESIGN FOR AN ADVERTISEMENT.

(A XIII. *Extra.*)

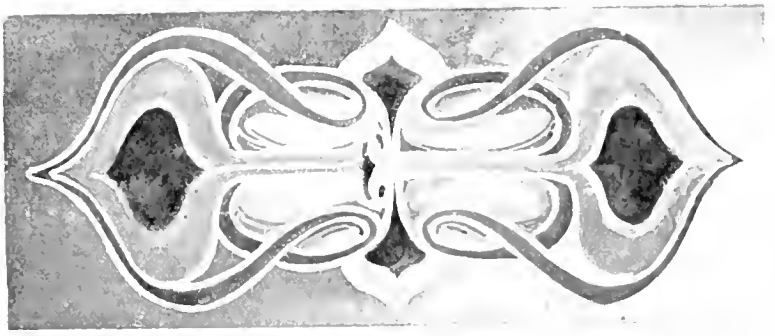
The FIRST PRIZE (*Three guineas*) is awarded to *Corydon* (W. E. Webster, 4 Ifield Road, Fulham Road, S.W.)

The SECOND PRIZE (*Two guineas*) to *Ossco* (Osmond Pittman, 49 Stanley Gardens, Hampstead).

Honourable Mention is given to the following:—*Aberbrothock* (Henry T. Wyse); *Aqua* (Mabel Syrett); *Alastor* (R. J. Marras); *Black and White* (James Wilson); *Barbe Rouge* (Percy H. Bate);



HON. MENTION "GESP"



HON. MENTION "AVON"

Illustration for a Nursery Rhyme (Competition B XI.)

FIRST PRIZE "PAN"

Bed-Time (Mrs. A. Gandy); *Gargantua* (Jacques Houry); *Heelt* (Ethel Cassels Gillespy); *Nimpi* ——); *Orchid* (John D. Fergusson); *Pan* (Fred H. Ball); and *Tramp* (David C. Veazey).

ILLUSTRATION FOR A NURSERY RHYME. "OLD KING COLE."

(B XI.)

The FIRST PRIZE (*One guinea*) is awarded to *Pan* (F. H. Ball, 189 Noel Street, Nottingham).

The SECOND PRIZE (*Half a guinea*) to *Drakefell* (Percy V. Bradshaw, 128 Drakefell Road, St. Catherine's Park, S.E.).

Honourable Mention is given to the following:—*Balbus* (Isabel Watkin); *Fiddler* (May Seddon Tyrer); *Hurry Bungsho* (Helen Kuck); *Ivanhoe* (Alfred Evans); *Jackor* (Janet Simpson); *Tim* (Frank Wiles); and *Yum* (Ethel Cassels Gillespy).

STUDY OF LEAFLESS TREES.

(C XI.)

The FIRST PRIZE (*One guinea*) is awarded to *Stonecutter* (Ernest E. Briscoe, 58 Fernlea Road, Balham).

The SECOND PRIZE (*Half a guinea*) to *Out Door* (W. K. Blacklock, 28 Kempsford Gardens, Earl's Court, S.W.).

Honourable mention is given to the following:—*Attician* (J. T. Friedensen, 9 Coulan Street, King's Road, Chelsea, S.W.); *Dryade* (William Alfare); *Gyges* (Emile Ieguy); *Ivanhoe* (Alfred Evans); *El Tor* (Margaret J. Chilton); *Jason* (John Thirtle); *Madeline* (Madeline Lewis); *Rook* (Mary Burfield); and *Timber* (J. H. Hipsley).

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM NATURE.

LANDSCAPE WITH CHURCH.

(D V.)

The FIRST PRIZE (*One guinea*) is awarded to *Newton* (W. J. Warren, Claremont, Newton Park, Leeds).

The SECOND PRIZE (*Half a guinea*) to *Otie* (Walter E. Hughes, Villa Concordia, Davos Dorf, Switzerland).

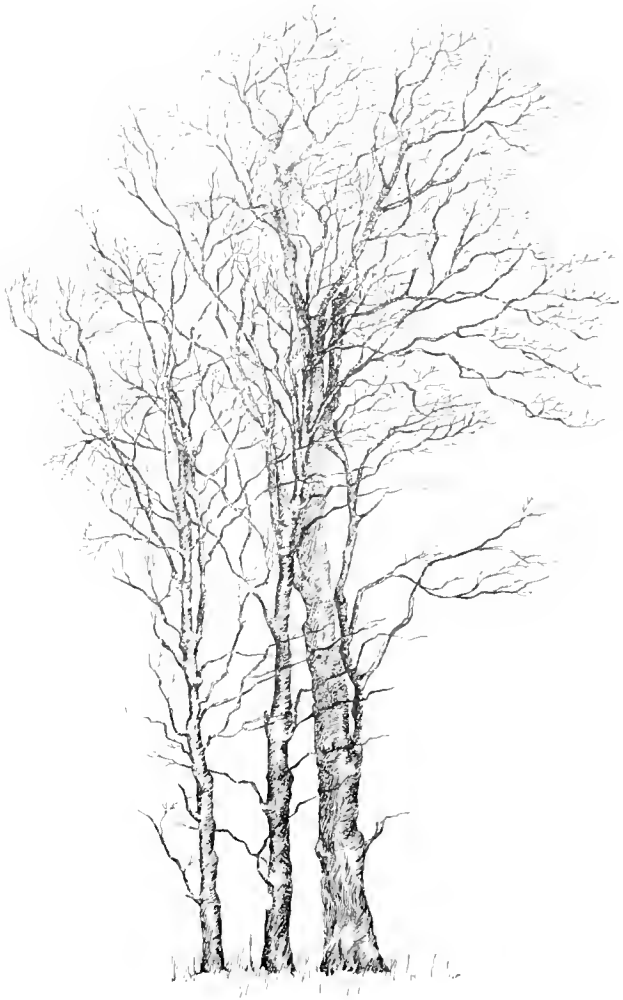
Honourable mention is given to the following:—*Camera* (Winifred Gotch); *Goldrill* (Walter S. Corder); and *Ruisseaux* (Jas. Burns).

SECOND PRIZE

SECOND PRIZE

STUDY OF LEAFLESS TREES (COMPETITION C XI.)

HON. MENTION "MADELINE"



HON. MENTION "ROOK"

STUDY OF LEAFLESS TREES (COMPETITION C XI.)

Photographs from Nature (Competition D V.)

FIRST PRIZE — [illegible] NEWTON

SECOND PRIZE

THE LAY FIGURE.

"I NEVER could see the force of Painter-Etchers as a name for a Society—why not one also of sculptor-lithographers, or architect-engravers?" the Decadent Poet grumbled. "Oh, yes, I know it implies the men make their own etchings direct from Nature, or out of their heads, and don't copy other chaps' pictures. But why that should make a poor etching a thing to be honoured, while a fine mezzotint after Reynolds or Watts's 'Orpheus and Eurydice' done by Frank Short must therefore be excluded, seems to me simply hair-splitting."

"Where would you draw the line then?" said the Journalist. "If you allow a fellow to copy a pen-drawing by a master on a plate and bite it in, you could not logically object to the photo-etcher, who would do it still more accurately."

"That may be; I don't care if it is so," the Poet said in reply. "I think an etcher should be regarded merely as one of the many black and white draughtsmen. I know, of course, that the mechanical technique of his craft is hard to master, but I fail to see, if that be the only point on which he prides himself, why a mezzotinter is not as good."

"But if he does original work he surely is," said the Journalist. "The President of the Society himself contributed mezzotints to its current exhibition."

"They let their fellows etch or mezzotint their own paintings, don't they?" the Decadent Poet continued; "why not let them copy other men's work if they want to?"

"Then you would allow translations to be of equal literary importance as original texts, would you? If some foreign schoolmaster translated Darwin's 'Origin of Species,' you would regard author and translator as equally men of science; so might you place the copyists at the Louvre in the ranks of great masters. You must own that some of them are so expert that you cannot tell the difference between photographs taken from the original and from the copy."

"Never mind parallels," said the Decadent; "is not Frank Short's 'Orpheus and Eurydice' ten thousand times greater as a work of art than half the stuff at the Painter-Etchers?"

"So, possibly, a translation of your famous French quatrain, if I ventured to turn it into English, might seem to the world finer than the average minor poet's masterpiece," the Journalist retorted.

"Nonsense!" the Decadent broke in hastily, "you couldn't translate the untranslatable; your poem might be good, but it would be yours, not mine, and I hold that is exactly akin. If it were good the credit should be yours."

"Then," said the Journalist, demurely, "you would allow me, with the fire I had stolen, to be received as one who had a right to Parnassus?"

"I said you could not translate that particular poem, only *if* you could," said the Decadent loftily. "Poems are creations; you cannot judge them like pictures as mere copies of Nature."

"But as translations of Nature, and therefore equally dignified as the earlier creation," the Journalist retorted with a spice of malice. "Is that your case?"

"Don't quibble," a Pen Draughtsman broke in, "there is all the difference in the world between the poorest original work and the best copy. I have seen a schoolboy imitate the cover of *Punch* so exactly that, had it been a banknote, the thing would have been blank forgery. What I feel is that it is folly to have a society devoted to a small—if honourable—art, and to have none for pen-drawing, original wood-engravings, lithographs, and the rest, which are essentially allied with it. I would keep out the etcher-copyist, and all the other copyists—yes, even wood-engravers like Florian. Not because they are secondary in any way, but because they are entirely different. To translate a painting into a mezzotint is even more difficult, in one sense, than to make an original from Nature. Because the man who does it has to translate Nature as a previous artist had seen it, and no two temperaments see it alike. But to keep out lithography and the rest, and admit the translator-engraver, whatever his skill, seems to me to be mere folly. If, however, a society so well-established, with a president so notable, could step in and repair the contemptuous attitude of the Academy towards black and white it would be a very big step towards better things."

"I fail to see that the Royal Academy is contemptuous towards black and white," said the Lay Figure. "It certainly is very stingy in wall space, but the mystery is that they admit any black and white when the demands of painters are so far in excess of the wall space. But if you wish to flood the Painter-Etchers with all 'black and white,' I fear the hosts would soon be treated about as liberally as the Academy treats us, and that the etchers would soon find themselves outvoted and exiled from their own show. If we have not pluck enough to form a society for original work in black and white, we had better wait until we have more faith in ourselves."

THE LAY FIGURE.

THE WORK OF AUGUSTE RODIN. BY GABRIEL MOUREY.

EVEN now, in writing of Rodin, I cannot recall without emotion the impression of grandeur, and beauty, and mystery—mystery especially—produced within and by the mere name of this great artist, before I had so much as seen any of his work.

The triumphant success of some exhibition, held, if I mistake not, in the spring of 1888, at Georges Petit's, where Rodin and Claude Monet for the first time gave a public display on a big scale, reached my ears far away in the provinces, and aroused in me a feeling of enthusiastic interest. The illustrated papers, the art magazines of the time were full of reproductions of Rodin's sculptures. Not a day passed but one came across the names of the two artists in the newspapers—lauded to the skies by some, consigned to perdition by others. For a battle royal was raging over their productions. There were those who proclaimed Rodin the finest sculptor of the century, and declared that since Michael Angelo himself no one had wielded the chisel with such power, or had gone so far towards investing his figures with life; that, in a word, the great tradition of heroic sculpture — lost awhile — had revived in him. On the other hand, those who remained imbued with the spirit of traditional art, with its academic *formulæ*, resented his amazing fertility, accused him of coarseness and extravagance, and even went so far as to deny his right to handle the chisel at all, dubbing him a morbid madman, who, while ignorant of the very alphabet of his craft, sought to hide his want of knowledge beneath a mass of the most presumptuous aspirations that ever came into an artist's brain. To others again, Rodin appeared simply an eccentric person, anxious to make a stir by his peculiarities, but destined, when once known to the public at large, to settle down and produce sculpture *like the others!*

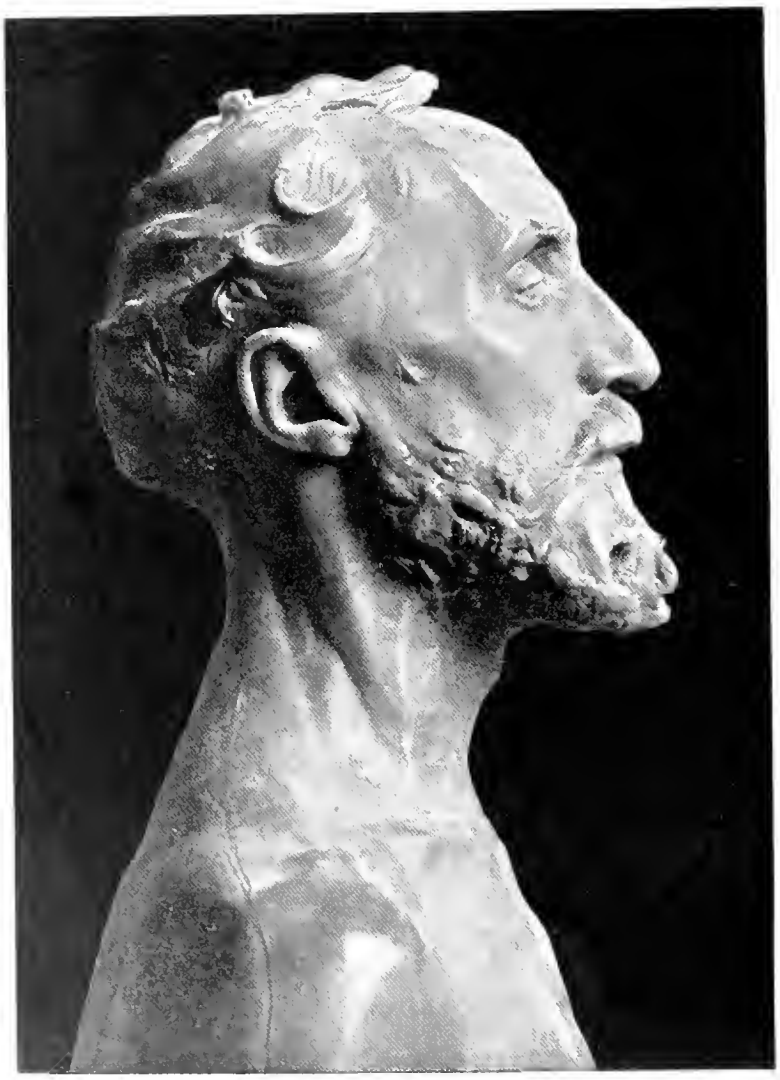
It may be imagined how great was the impression made on the mind of a young man who, even then, was an enthusiast in all that concerned art; how this alternate praise and censure fired his imagination. May I therefore be pardoned these personal reminiscences. My only reason for thus mentioning myself is that at this moment there may be young people living remote from Paris who have come across photographs of Rodin's work, and are experiencing the same feelings of awe and admiration and mystified respect I once knew so well.

In the main I still feel as I did then every time I find myself in the presence of this mild yet wayward genius. Whenever I enter that studio away there in the Rue de l'Université, close by the Champ de Mars, the old sensations—which have not changed, but only taken fuller form—come

BUST OF A WOMAN BY AUGUSTE RODIN

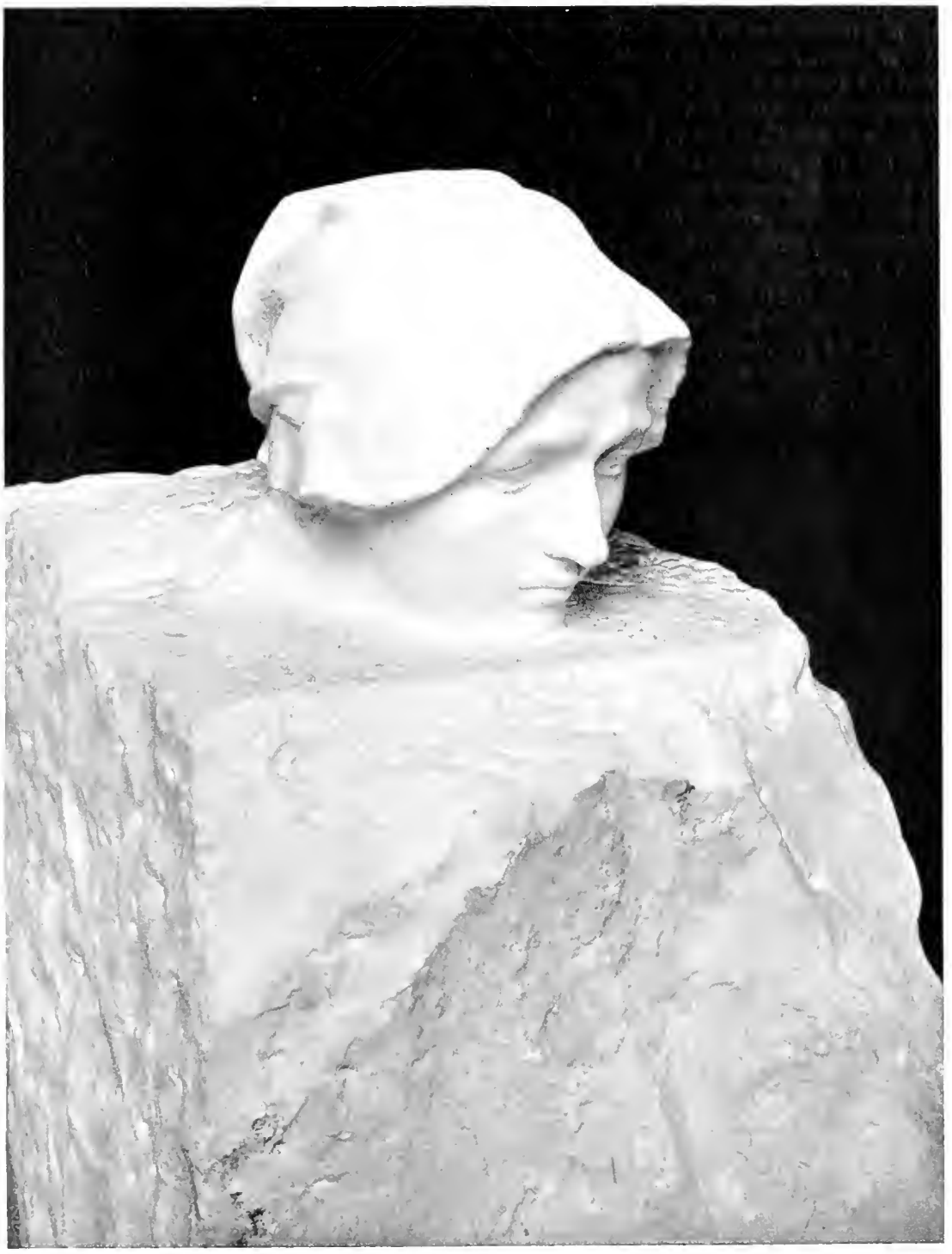
upon me again. Such abundance of life, such vigour, such movement, such power of workmanship is in this work, one cannot choose but feel some agitation in seeing it; and in order to form a sound opinion respecting Rodin's art generally, one must do more than judge by isolated examples of his work, however fine. One must see it in its *intimité*, observe it in course of production.

Rodin was kind enough one day to show me over a studio he has at the other end of Paris on the Barrière d'Italie side. Here we find ourselves among the old houses of the last century, real country villas of tasteful design once enclosed in spacious gardens, but now, in the overgrown Paris of to-day, boasting nothing more than small backyards. In a house of this sort, on the Boulevard d'Italie, Rodin has fixed the studio in question. I say studio, but it would be more accurate to call it a sort of depôt for his unfinished productions. To a ceaseless worker like Rodin, who is never idle for a moment, but ever manipulating pieces of clay with his busy fingers, just like an inveterate smoker constantly rolling cigarettes, there comes many an idea which cannot immediately be realised, if at all; consequently one finds here an abundance of unfinished work, numerous studies of immense interest and value, but destined never to be more than incomplete "bits." The ground floor of the house is full of them. I spent several delightful hours examining these first "sketches," representing a leg or an arm, a torso or a hand, a note of a gesture, an indication of a movement. This is real life, seized in all its spontaneity, without touching-up or elaboration, and handled with masterly sureness.



BUST OF JULES DALOU BY AUGUSTE RODIN

Having seen all this one must needs admire the artist's work unreservedly, for its secrets, its *intimité*, have been revealed, and one can realise to the full his artistic sincerity and honesty of purpose. His work is simply prodigious in its exuberant vitality; and to the glorious names of the three greatest French sculptors of the century—Rude, Préault, and Carpeaux — must surely be added that of Rodin. For he is of the same family, the same race, as the master sculptors of all the ages. People have often compared him to Michael Angelo. They have been right and wrong at the same time. It is not for the contemporaries of a great man to "place" him with such precision as this; and, indeed, there is a certain sort of eulogy which harms rather than benefits an artist, however famous he be. What I mean is this:

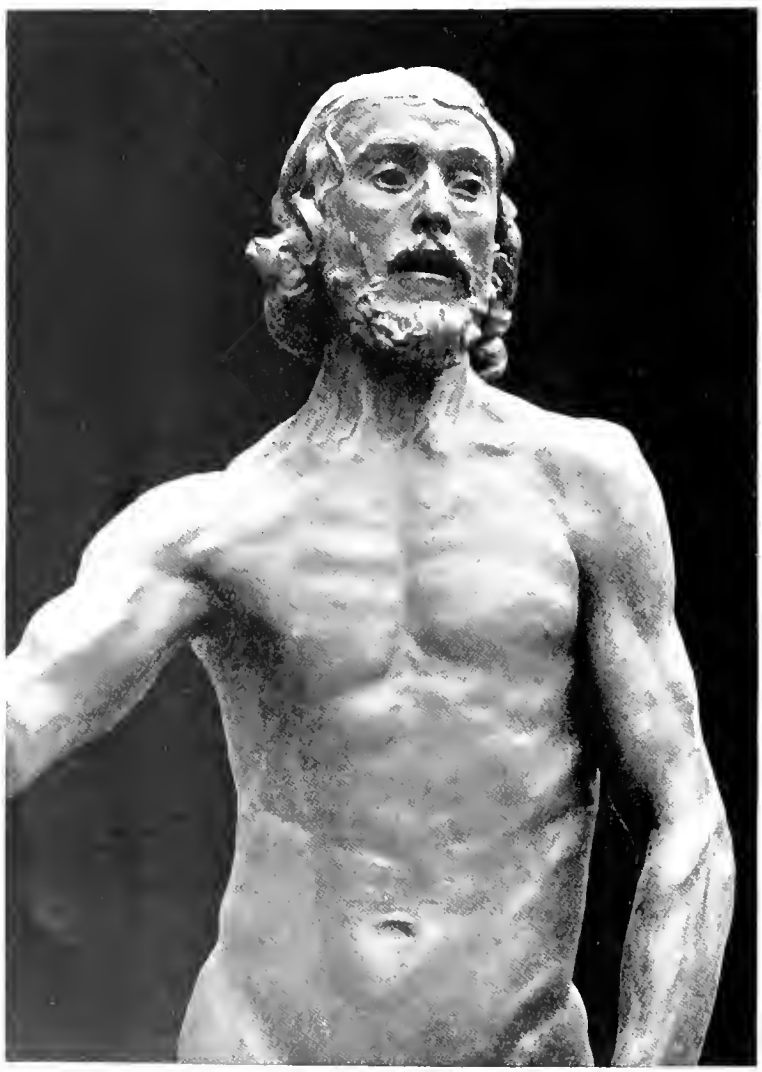


HEAD OF A WOMAN
BY AUGUSTE RODIN

to most people, even to the enlightened many, the name of Michael Angelo represents the highest genius of which a sculptor is capable. Michael Angelo and Raphael are by universal consent the topmost peaks in sculpture and in painting. Therefore you will never succeed in making any one believe that it is possible to equal their work, or even to produce anything approaching it: especially when their rivals are men of our own day, men whose faces we know, men whom we have seen, dressed in our own fashion, speaking our own familiar tongue, and living our own everyday life.

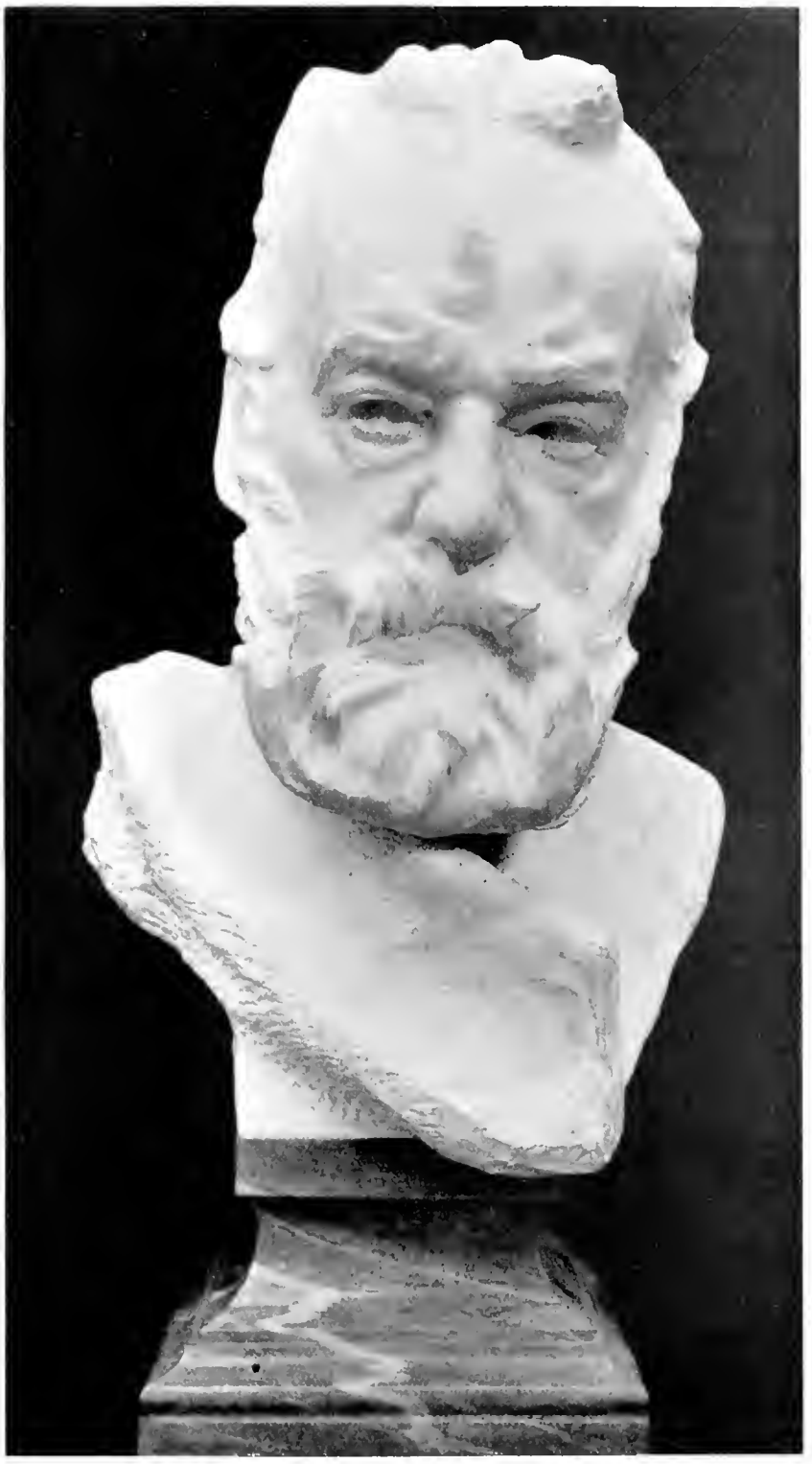
Thus it is wrong to compare Rodin with Michael Angelo: and I am sure the obstinacy of some of those who persist in denying the genius of this great artist is due simply to the fact that others have tried to force upon them a coupling of the two names in which they are unable to coincide.

The fact remains, however, that Rodin's work has a greater analogy with that of Michael Angelo than with any other; and this is the opinion of all who know that work intimately. For he is striding in the same direction, aiming at the same ideal—which is to extract from life its deepest secrets, and to express its eternal mysteries in all sincerity and truth; to evolve from out the sheer, material shape of the human body the divine spark hidden within it, and for ever unseen by the blind eyes of the majority. And surely this is the animating principle of all lofty art—the revealing to others of that secret, invisible soul, which is no less real, though less apparent, than the mere external form.



SAINT JOHN THE BAPTIST (FRAGMENT) BY AUGUSTE RODIN

Sculpture is far better adapted to this purpose than painting; for it is less conventional, and relies on principles more nearly allied to truth, while employing the simplest and most normal methods to this end. Sculpture is the eternal art. In it humanity babbles its earliest words, and generations yet to come, so long as there are men and women in the world, will turn to it to assuage their thirst for tangible reality. Without excess of paradox, one may indeed almost imagine the day when men will have grown tired of painting, when the flat representation of things in line and colour will bring no pleasure, when all this illusion—at once puerile and sublime — will have palled. But sculpture, in an age more material, more prone to reality, will always prove a source of delight, instant and palpable. Unlike painting, it is independent of time and fashion; the years roll on and periods change, but sculpture remains ever much the same. If we examine it



BUST OF VICTOR HUGO
BY AUGUSTE RODIN

closely, there is very little difference between the sculpture of the ancients and that of the Middle Ages. The mode of expression alone has changed, in accordance with the difference of the sentiments to be expressed: but the æsthetic basis of the art has undergone no variation.

These reflections are perhaps not altogether beside the mark in connection with an artist of such capacity as Rodin, an artist who, whatever may be said of him, has a most lively feeling for tradition, and represents with all possible force and dignity the highest forms of modern French sculpture.

It is—be it said without the slightest disparagement of his other work—in his smaller productions that we may best study and understand Rodin's genius. Impulsive as he is, ever keen to note the least movement, the slightest quiver in animate form, he naturally finds himself less at ease in monumental work, demanding that patient matter-of-fact labour, in which, it must be admitted, he is sometimes lacking. But when it comes to seizing an attitude, and fixing its effect throughout the human form, portraying the quivering of the living flesh, Rodin is incomparable, his genius shining out in that absolute perfection which alone the greatest masters of his art have attained.

CLAUDE LORRAIN MONUMENT AT NANCY BY AUGUSTE RODIN

Henry Beyle, author of "La Chartreuse de Parme" and "L'Histoire de la Peinture en Italie," wrote this strange prophecy in 1817: "For two centuries political feeling — so-called — proscribed all strong passions, and in course of repression succeeded in destroying them altogether, so that there was no evidence of their existence save in the villages. The nineteenth century will restore their rights. If we were blessed in our days with a Michael Angelo, what might he not achieve! What a torrent of new sensations and pleasures would he pour forth among a race so well prepared for him by the drama and the novel! Perhaps he might create a modern school of sculpture; perhaps might make this art express the emotions, or those at least which are in accord with it?"

No words could apply more aptly than these to Rodin's work, for the splendid truth he reveals is magnified by the breath of a burning passion. The inert matter modelled by the artist is transfigured, animated by a rhythm that is more than human, the eternal rhythm of life and emotion.

See, at this Gate of Hell the mass of suffering wretches, torn by anguish, enduring all the tortures of remorse—the damned, who have received the wages of their sin, a struggling heap of writhing bodies falling together in all the madness of hopeless despair. Such is the impression of his gigantic scheme for the *Porte de L'Enfer*, still, alas! unfinished. The frame-work of the door, the door itself, and the lintel over it are thronged with figures in

LES BOURGEOIS DE CALAIS BY AUGUSTE RODIN

hair, all dabbled in his blood, falls loose around.

La Chimère shows a woman with cold, indifferent, impassive face, her eyes looking straight in front of her. She is bearing away in her flight the poet captured by her fascinations. He clings to her, and, frail as she is, her strength is enough to carry him off. His face drawn with half-voluptuous pain, he gazes on her yearningly, as if to fathom the enigma of her being, and his whole body writhes in torture. But she flies along, listless and disdainful, her lips curling with a smile of victorious witchery.

To realise fully the delicacy of sentiment, the fine feeling, of which this great artist is capable, one should look again and again on his group in high relief, carved in a sort of stony cavity, and representing a *Mother and Child*. The woman, crouching in a charming pose, plays with her little one. The baby's form is modelled with extraordinary suppleness, and the woman herself is shaped with rare beauty. It is a delightful poem of maternal love, a work of real human feeling, which stirs one by its sincerity and sweetness.

indescribable tumult, while the seated form above—Dante, no doubt—is deep in his terrible vision, his gaze full of sorrow at the sight of suffering and horror so great.

Another work is a woman's body, a *Danaide* plunging through the waves, her supple croup quivering neath the rush of water; another, *Le Baiser*, a man sitting bent forward in an attitude of profound tenderness, and holding in his arms a beautiful girl, who clings to him as though afraid. Here, again, is the head of Saint John, on a charger. His lips, half open, still seem to breathe forth holy words; his upturned eyes still strive to see the beauty of God's heavens; and his long

Look at this head of a woman (page 217), which might well be styled *La Reflexion*. Examine it closely. Beneath the cap adorning her lovely pensive brow we see the calm spiritual face. What dreams are these passing before her placid eyes? The mouth is grave, the features bear the stamp of gentle resignation. She typifies the melancholy of thought in the presence of life, the quiet sadness of humanity face to face with the great mystery of existence.

Look, too, at this *Bust of a Woman* in the Luxembourg Gallery (page 215). How rich, how harmo-

nious, how flexible in modelling! The blood is coursing in the veins beneath this skin; this face is moved by real nerves and muscles; this flesh is full of healthy life. And how exquisite the art in the base of the bust, surrounded by strange flowers, heaped there as though an offering of admiration to beauty!

Rodin excels in iconographic sculpture, that most risky branch of the art. His busts of Dalou, Victor Hugo, Henri Rochefort, Puvis de Chavannes, and Octave Mirbeau, are overflowing with life, and give the clearest and surest indication of the characteristics of the models, mental as well as physical.

One of the artist's noblest productions is his

LE SONGE DE LA VIE BY AUGUSTE RODIN

Saint John the Baptist (see page 218) in the Luxembourg, undoubtedly among the greatest nude studies of recent times. The treatment is bold and broad and prodigiously skilful. Nature dwells in all her splendour in this life-like bronze, which actually exists, moves, breathes and thinks!

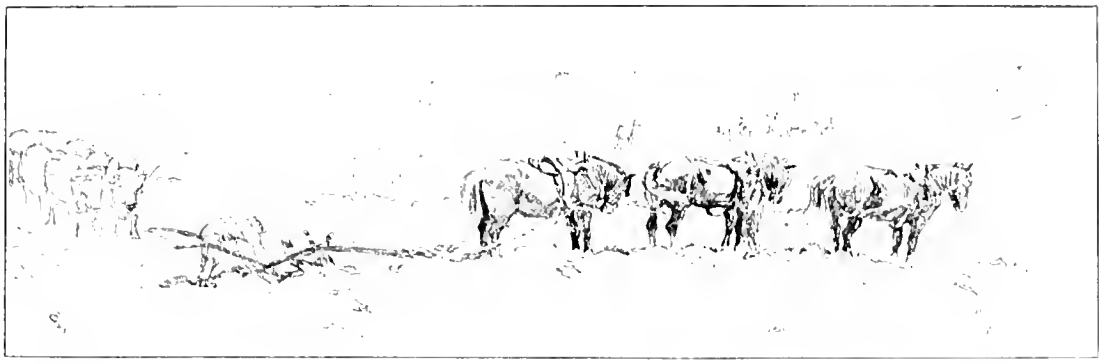
And what is one to say of his *Eve*, who, within her arms, folded across her bosom in a gesture of shame and sorrow and remorse for her sin, seems to clasp all human kind? Her head is bowed in deepest humility and contrition, for she feels her fault is to bring sorrow and tribulation on all the ages to the end of time.

And what of those groups of lovers, some locked in tender, chaste embrace, exalted by a lofty love; others consumed by the fire of a grosser, fiercer passion?

I remarked just now that Rodin's genius is only to be fully comprehended by an examination of his *morceaux;* but I had not the least intention of implying that he is not at his best in the finished, monumental work he has done. In all he does, whatever its scale, he reveals the same masterly originality, the same impulse to avoid the beaten path. The memorial of *Claude Lorrain* at Nancy, his monument to *Victor Hugo*, some powerful fragments of which have been seen already, and his *Bourgeois de Calais*—the latter especially—bear striking witness to this. How simply he treats his heroic theme; how profound the knowledge of human nature in this little group of burgesses, walking two by two towards the fulfilment of their noble sacrifice! How deep the sense of life in their faces, their movements, their attitudes, with not a trace of the artificial or the theatrical! They are just men, these unconscious heroes; and this it is that touches the beholder; in this lies their claim to the admiration of the world. Really one must go back to the age of Verrocchio and Donatello to find such grandeur, such *maîtrise* in the art of expression, such splendour of conception.

As for the man himself, Rodin is of medium height, robust and powerful in build, with greyish hair, cut short, a healthy complexion, and a long fair beard flecked here and there with white. His appearance is at once wild and gentle, for this strong man is timid in a sense. His blue eye shines keen behind his glasses. Ordinarily his voice is soft and soothing, but when he is talking of his art it becomes strong and rich in ringing accents.

One sees in him the man of action, the untiring worker whose only joy lies in his work. Thirty years or more of patient effort have failed to curb



FROM A STUDY BY HENRY MOORE, R.A.

his energy: quite the reverse. To understand his love of nature, one must hear him speak of it. "Nature!" His voice is full of tears when he utters the word; for he is the avowed slave of that Force which, nevertheless, he has so often conquered.

"Nature," he exclaims with enthusiasm. "Nature is always lovely, never ugly; men alone deform it by their misinterpretations. But in itself it is ever beautiful. The truth is, we have conceived a false and conventional idea of Beauty, based on the necessities of our habits, our manners, our civilisation. A man in high hat and frock coat, his legs encased in trousers; a woman squeezed and deformed in absurd and senseless costume—these are hideous enough, because they are far removed from nature. But the naked form, whatever its defects, is never, can never be ugly, for everything in it is logical and harmonious, or rather, everything harmonises by reason of its eternal fitness."

"Nature," continues Rodin, "comprises all. Really one needs no imagination to be a great artist. To look on Nature is enough. Dabblers in sculpture will tell you it is very hard to become a sculptor of power. Again, I say, look at Nature herself, work patiently, and use a little intelligence."

Everything coming from so great an artist is, of course, worthy of highest respect; but I must insist that qualities other than these, additional gifts, are required to create *La Porte de L'Enfer*, *Les Bourgeois de Calais*, *Le Monument de Victor Hugo*, and the innumerable other works of life and beauty given to us by Rodin.

As is well known the *Porte de L'Enfer* was to have been placed at the entrance of the projected Musée des Arts Décoratifs, which, for a long time, it was proposed to erect on the site of the Cour des Comptes. But, after all, it was decided to build a railway station in its place! Meanwhile Rodin is waiting to complete his colossal work until some other spot shall have been selected for it. When that day arrives—and may it be soon!—it will be hailed with joy by the friends and admirers of this supreme artist, by all, in fact, who regard him with the respect—the enthusiastic respect—his brave and honest life-work so fully demands.

G. M.

HENRY MOORE'S ANIMAL STUDIES. BY A. L. BALDRY.

ONE of the most characteristic tendencies of the present-day demand for works of art is to drive the artists themselves into narrow specialism, and to compel them to limit their production to only that class of their effort which may have happened on some occasion to hit the taste of a large section of the public. The reputation possessed by a prominent painter is, more often than not, a popular belief in one side of his capacity, and does not by any means imply a general appreciation of his all-round ability to treat in a masterly manner a wide range of subjects. It may even mean that he is known and recognised only within the limitations which have been imposed upon him, and that any digressions he might make in other directions, or any evidences he might give of real versatility, would be ignored and quite possibly disliked. He is forced, against his will, into an awkward dilemma. On the one hand he knows that he must, to retain his hold upon the public and to secure an adequate reward for his labours, produce exactly what is expected of him by picture buyers and the frequenters of the exhibitions; on the other hand, he feels that if he confines himself to satisfying an active demand he renders himself

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liable to just reproach from his brother workers and other experts, on the ground of his neglect of the wider possibilities of his art. He has to choose between two competing interests—his own and that of his profession. As a popular specialist he knows that he will be free from all anxiety with regard to his future, and that a steady and sufficient income will be assured to him; as an inspired innovator, always trying new departures and constantly experimenting in novel ways of asserting his individuality, he can look forward to the respect of his fellow artists, and can regard as certain a great posthumous reputation; but his life will be one of struggles and difficulties, and the people of his own times will know nothing of him. He can hardly be blamed if he does succumb to so great a temptation, and decides to sacrifice something of the regard which posterity may have for him to gain the tangible approval of the wealthy collectors who insist upon having imitations of his first successes. Certainly, if there is any treachery to art involved in his acquiescence, he has to suffer the punishment. It is he that would groan under the burden of having to rearrange year by year the same material, and would resent the necessity to confine himself within irksome limits, and each commission would add to his suffering, for he would feel more and more hopelessly hedged in, and more definitely shut off from those wider fields in which it would be his delight to roam.

It is true that there are many artists to whom specialism does not necessarily mean descent into mechanical convention. A painter may find himself obliged to follow one line only out of the many to which he inclines, and may yet be sufficiently sincere to give to that line all the close study and all the search for vital variety which he could otherwise have bestowed upon greater matters. If he is so devoted, his specialism becomes magnificent, because it is superbly complete. Everything distinctive and characteristic is seized upon and recorded. Nothing is left out which will help to illustrate his motives, and though the range allowed him may be a small one, it is filled to its utmost bounds with diligently collected material. There is, however, something pathetic in the chaining down of so much ability. Any one who can observe with real sensitiveness, and can record observations with certainty and expressive exactness, should be

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permitted to cover all the ground he can, and the public should accept his work, whatever may be its form, in a spirit of sincere appreciation. True versatility is an artistic quality of rare growth, and it claims every fostering care. Its luxuriance should be encouraged, and no injudicious pruning of its sturdiest branches should be applied to arrest its development and to prevent it from reaching the fullest maturity.

Beyond doubt a great deal of the finest type of art work has been lost to the world by the popular work ; he had made a hit with it, and every collector felt it his duty to have among his pictures a sea-piece by Henry Moore. So from the popular standpoint the artist's success was beyond question. He had wide popularity, honours of all kinds were bestowed upon him, his work was in general demand, and its amazing power was ungrudgingly admitted on all sides. He was accorded, and deserved, recognition as one of the greatest painters of the sea that the British school has ever known. What more would it be possible to claim for him ?

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habit of imposing restrictions upon the men who are capable of the highest achievements in the practice of painting. In the case of such a man as Henry Moore this loss has been truly lamentable. It would be interesting to know how many of the people who have given no special study to the history of his artistic methods understand at all what were the possibilities of his career. To the vast majority of art lovers, and even to many experts and writers on art, he was a man of one subject. His particular capacity was long held to be the representation of the sea, and the rendering of wave movement under certain conditions of wind and weather. For the later years of his life he was almost entirely confined to this branch of

Yet in spite of all this it is not unreasonable to regard Henry Moore as a victim of compulsory specialism. A great sea-painter he was beyond all question, and the utmost credit is due to him for the way in which he avoided the temptation to become mannered and conventional in work which might easily have been done by rule. But he was equally great in other forms of nature painting. His landscape, as might have been expected from so fine a colourist and such a close student of effects of atmosphere and light, was admirable ; and his treatment of pastoral subjects was full of distinction and sound judgment. He might, had he not been urged, really against his inclination, into the particular direction that he followed

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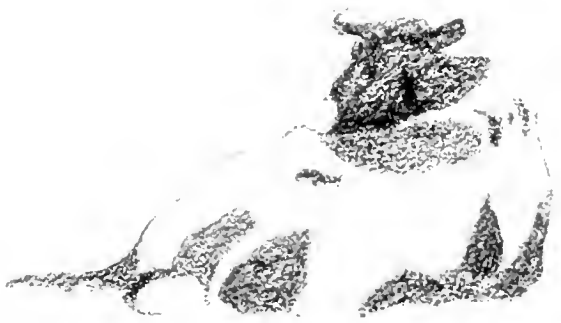
almost exclusively for the last twenty years of his life, have ranked as an all-round exponent of Nature, capable of the highest achievements, and possessed of a power of varied interpretation which would compare advantageously with that of the chief masters of his craft. That the opportunity for this was denied him is a subject for regret. In his younger days he did so much, and so well, that we may fairly grieve because he did not afterwards do more: but our quarrel on this score must obviously be not with him but with that large section of the public which has the power to lay down the rules that the artist, if he would live at all, must definitely observe. That these rules are more often than not applied tyrannically is unfortunately true; and it is the worst form of tyranny that there should be no exemption from them even for the leaders in the world of art. All workers, great and small, are subject to the same control; but what is, perhaps, a harmless restriction to a man who has not sufficient initiative energy to show what is best in him unless he is led by others, becomes a most serious limitation when it is applied to force a great master into a groove too narrow and cramped to allow proper scope to his genius.

To many people the illustrations, to which this article is the text, will come as a great surprise. That Henry Moore, the sea painter, the student of waves and skies, should also have been an admirable draughtsman of animals will seem incredible. Yet these drawings are, in their way, hardly to be surpassed. The sense of character, the knowledge of form, the feeling for textures and subtleties of detail, which they reveal, are those which belong to the work of the most practised painter of animal life. In such studies there is none of the conventionalised expression which would imply that they were merely the notes of a landscape man who was collecting foreground objects for the filling up of his canvases with touches of incidental interest. On the contrary, they are as careful and elaborate as if the exact representation of animals was to be the one object of the artist's life, and they are dwelt on with a loving care that seems to suggest the absolute occupation of his mind with the intention to excel in this branch of his profession. As an example of manipulation, nothing could be more minute than the study of the sleeping dog; as a piece of exquisite draughtsmanship it would be difficult to equal the group of stags' heads. And in them all is the same sense of responsibility, the same student-like devotion to facts, and the same revelation of a superlative degree of technical skill.



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Yet the artist who could do them could at the same time hold his own with the best of his contemporaries in painting subjects on land and at sea; and could turn from one to the other of the forms of expression that were within his reach without showing by any lapse of skill that he was attempting anything in the smallest degree beyond his powers. That such versatility should have been narrowed down into specialism is little to the credit of the public; and the result has certainly been to diminish the artistic advantage which the British school gained from the career of Henry Moore. As a specialist he became a masterly illustrator of one motive; but had he been left unfettered we might, without losing his greatest paintings of the sea, have had to rejoice over many other canvases, not less masterly, in those various branches of art practice which he was so exceptionally qualified to follow.

THE PAINTINGS ON SILK OF CHARLES CONDER.

IMAGINE a landscape spacious and yet secret from loud winds like Avalon, like Avalon thick set with flowering and fruit-bearing trees. First picture its vault of sky barred by innumerable shining clouds upon a ground of April blue, changing over into vintage purple. The lower wreaths of cloud are interwoven with festoons of apple-blossom, and these are crossed by dropping trails of great roses, and starred by single petals of them blown about. This garden is bounded northwards by the threatening heights of Surrey; southward the Red Mill turns its lighted vans; east lies Persia and the unfrequented gate of Paradise. To the west, galleries and bastions of white cliff circle about the reach of a wide river whose sweep, seen from above, is accompanied by departing and returning foot-tracks and woods, like obbligatos to a song. From the upper limit of the reach the towers of a church in the city called *La Jolie* pile up above the green towers of poplar-trees: at the lower a ruined castle stands upon a rock: between is embowered the settlement, named from its birds *Chantemesle*. Hard by the *Abbaye de Thelème* was re-founded, and for a brief period flourished, and under the willows and among the islands the religious of that Order

CHARLES CONDER FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

PAINTED SILK FAN BY CHARLES CONDER

sought shade and retirement. Farther away are pebbly beaches beside a sea coloured like moonstone and chrysoprase, and off this coast lie the Fortunate Islands. In other parts of this favoured district will be found blue cloudlike woods planted by Watteau and Debucourt, in whose alleys fashions still persist as old and as gay as Fragonard. Indeed, there are corners of woodland more antique, and the horsemen of Anquetin, prancing about the glades with their strongly-marked profiles, have been known to burst upon nymphs who have queened it naked in that oblivion since the hand of Titian took from them the shame of dress.

By an intelligible misunderstanding in the case of an English boy, Conder's talents were devoted, at the earliest moment possible, to the trigonometrical survey of Australia. Work so elementary, and instruments so inexact for the appreciation of landscape, could not, however, content him long. From deserts where nothing is to be seen, eaten, drunk, or dreamed but cosines, he found his way to the Garden and embarked upon its more congenial survey. He has made pictures of other sorts, but those I speak of are stained, after a fashion of his own, on panels of white silk, some of them shaped for fans. The delicate flush of their colour agrees with the frail texture of the stuff, and of the tales confided. They shine and die out like those we tell ourselves in sleep, or like the movement of a fan that opens and shuts, poises and wavers, upon a breath of air. For their teller is not a crier, nor a wrestler, nor a pioneer, nor a registrar, but an aftercomer who has had his place at the table of the gods, and recounts the legends of the morning as they were told, drowsily, at the evening feast.

I shall not describe a score of panels in which the happy region and its legends are depicted, but only one or two explorations of its strange or outlying parts.

In one the scene is pushed as far as London. In a window looking out on a street two women sit, one a girl, the other older. On one hand is a figure of Cupid, on the other a statue of Marcus Aurelius, and redcoats go marching down the street.

In another a flaming witch-revel goes forward in a building whose windows are filled with painted glass. Through the lean saints and bloody martyrs stained upon them shines a Spring landscape.

In a third are seen two figures who have travelled eastwards till the path ends in weeds and briars and a gate with rusty hinges. Beside it sleeps an angel, and a sword has slipped from his hand. They wake him and ask, "What gate is this?" He replies, "The gate of Paradise." "Why then is the path grass grown and the gate choked, and why do you sleep?" "Because no one ever cares to come here now."

In another, of which some idea may be gathered from the coloured reproduction, a cavalcade is setting off for the Fortunate Isles; avant-couriers are speeding along the beach, and under the filmy canopy of the car a cheiromant is reading the pilgrim's destiny.

In yet another, the ship has touched the port.

From the blossom-ramparts of a high terrace the women look down, sentinels of "white Iope, blithe Helen, and the rest," to descry what hero or traveller has come. How these are received, and the feast that follows, I had better translate from the report of the "True History."

Going forward through the flowery meadow, we fell in with the guards and sentinels, and these, binding us in chains of roses—for this is the most formidable manacle in use among them—led us to the governor: and we learned from them by the way that the island was called of the Blessed, and the governor was the Cretan Rhadamanthus.

Rhadamanthus leaves their foolhardiness to be judged after their death, and lets them pass.

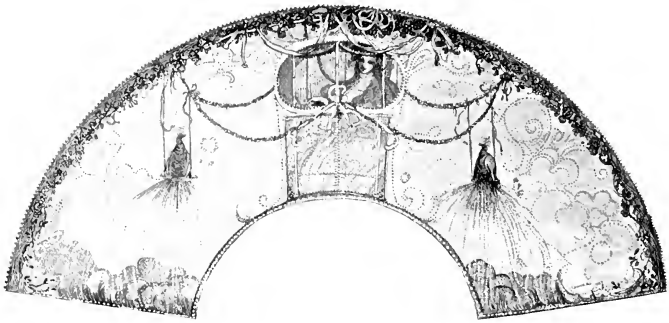
Thereafter our bonds falling from us of their own accord, we were loosed, and were led to the City and to the banqueting-place of the Blessed. Now this City is all of gold, and the wall that goes round it of emerald. There are seven gates, each cut whole of one tree, and that cinnamon. But the foundation of the city and the street of it within the walls is ivory, and the temples of all the gods are built of beryl stone, and within them are very great altars each an amethyst, and on these they offer the victims. And round about the city there runs a river of the finest myrrh, in breadth a hundred royal cubits, in depth fifty, so as to be pleasant for swimming. And they have baths, great houses of crystal heated with cinnamon-wood, but instead of water in the basins there is warm dew. And they wear a dress, light as gossamer, of purple dye. And for themselves they are without bodies, impalpable and insubstantial: the form and figure of a body only they have, and so appear: and being bodiless, none the less they have commerce one with another, and move and think and utter a voice. And it is all as though a naked soul of them went about, that had put on a likeness of the flesh. At least if one did not touch them he could not prove that it was no body he saw: for they are like shadows, not black, but proper coloured. And none there grows old, but of what age he comes, so he abides. Moreover, there is no night there, neither a quite broad dazzling daylight, for like the lucid dawn when the sun is not yet risen, so is the light that broods upon that land. Moreover, they know only one season, for it is ever spring with them, and one wind blows with them—the Zephyr. And their land is rich in all flowers and in all tame and shade-giving plants. For their vines bear twelve times in the year, and bear their fruit once for every month. But the pomegranates and the apples and other orchard stuff they said bore thirteen times, for in one month (that called after Minos) there is a second crop. And instead of ears of wheat, the corn-stalks bear bread ready made like mushrooms. And there are springs of water about the city in number three hundred and sixty-five, and of honey as many again: and of myrrh five hundred, not, however, so large: and rivers of milk seven, and eight of wine. And their feast is spread without the city in the plain called Elysian. It is a very fair meadow, and round

PAINTING ON SILK BY CHARLES CONDER

A PAINTING ON SILK BY CHARLES CONDER

it wood of all sorts, thick, shady for those who recline beneath, and under them is laid a carpet of flowers. And the service and carrying about of things is done by the winds, except the service of wine, for there is no need of that; but round the feasting-place there are tall crystal trees of the clearest crystal, and the fruit of these trees is drinking vessels of all kinds both for shape and size. When, therefore, any one sits at the banquet, he plucks one or two of the cups and lays them by him, and straightway they become filled with wine. Thus they drink; and in place of garlands the nightingales and other musical birds from the near meadows pluck flowers in their bills and snow them down upon the feasters, and fly singing over them. And the perfuming is done like this: The myrrh is drawn up from the founts and river in thick clouds, and these stand over the feasting-place, and gently under pressure of the winds rain it down light like dew. And after the feast they are entertained with music and singing, and it is the poems of Homer that are sung to them most. For he himself is there and feasts with them, seated just above Odysseus. The choirs are of boys and maids. And to lead the song and sing with them are Eunomus of Locri and Arion of Lesbos, and Anacreon and Stesichorus, for him, too, I saw among them, Helen by this time being reconciled to him. Now when these give over singing, another choir is at hand of swans and swallows and nightingales; and when they, too, have ceased, then the whole wood flutes, played upon by the evening airs. And what most of all makes for merriment with them is this: there are two fountains beside the banqueting-place—one of Laughter, the other of Pleasure; from either of them all drink at the beginning of the feast, and pass the time thereafter in joy and mirth.

It may be remembered that the travellers in the "True History," after quitting the Blessed Islands, touched at the Island of Dreams, with its harbour that dodges the mariner, its thick forests of poppy and mandragora, its waters, *WakeNoMore* and *AllNightThrough*. Of that land, I think, our painter must really be a native, and have stumbled by noctambulous accident upon the island reputed to have given him birth. At least the present temper of this island runs strongly against such a dreamer. To import the manner of poetry into life is inconceivable in the admirable part for which the Englishman casts himself, and the very women, those superb Amazons, can be thought of as wielding a whip, but hardly a fan. This race, that produces the finest of poetry, treats it as something alien, cuts out endearment from its tongue, and blushes at any graceful embroidery upon the acts of life. The profession of poet it regards askance. In other countries, my own, for example, every one, man or woman, is a poet. The poetry, in a little-known tongue, is reported not to be of the highest merit, but the profession of poet is the only respectable calling, the only one recognised. It may be apologetically admitted that a man is a shoemaker,



PAINTED SILK FAN BY CHARLES CONDER

a postman, grows strawberries, works a ferry, but you are at once informed that what he really is, is the poet of the Deer, or of the Seals. So again, in France, a very different feeling would seem to prevail. It recently happened that an Englishman was brought before a French Court for assaulting, if I remember rightly, a baker. Things were going badly for him, the judge's mind was black with thoughts of Egypt and British perfidy, when the defence sprung upon the Court twelve amiable Frenchmen who testified that the accused was a great English poet. . . . He left the court with only that stain upon his character. Think of it as a possible testimony to character in this country! Why, his friends would have lied themselves hoarse to assure the Court that he had never written a line of verse, and had it come out in cross-examination, a jury would certainly have given weight to it in awarding damages.

By people so stern to their own feelings, so shy of the grace and vanity of life, it is improbable that Conder's art should be very much liked. In a more congenial time princesses would have fought for his fans, since none more beautiful or fit were ever made. They do get about: amateurs frame them and hang them charily up; but where are the rooms, the palaces, he would have filled with imagery in a gallanter time? Never was an age so diligently bent on the penances of art as ours: every mournful mendicant gets his hearing: our royal family spend their afternoons in Bond Street "inspecting" (the only possible word) the sketches that any dull itinerant has to show, but the pious chase is for ever on a false scent, and avoids joy like a plague.

An art like this is often dismissed as "slight" by people who do not understand that an amply stuffed realism is only one stratagem for tricking the imagination, and thus insist on the publication of what is not even a pledge of good faith. Certainly on the face of it there is an air of injustice in the fact that one man may fatten us with circumstance and make the heaviest deposits of securities, yet never in this world of make-believe get a penny of credit: the most guileless suspect a confidence trick and will not trust him with their watch round the corner; while another, on the passage of a trifling coin, can open an unlimited account and is free to handle our dearest possessions. Sometimes this is desperately set down to the wisdom of "leaving things to the imagination;" but a left luggage office is not more doggedly inert than imagination when treated in that way. Some pledge must pass, though it may be difficult for us to fix the manner and terms of its passage, some assurance of good faith or kindling instigation. In a moment the inert poetic faculty is ranged as an accomplice, ready to do half the work, to outrun the suggestion, to take fire on a hint. This secret power is present in the slightest of some men's work, absent from the most laborious of others: the invitation given by the first seems to set the course, trim the sails, and command the wind; away goes the ship, and mere nothings of corroboration—floating weed, a spar, a bird—are proof effective of the continent the pilot

has promised. Only everything must corroborate. We heed the whisper of the spy who returns with the wine stain upon his hands and the song in his mouth; we ignore the statistics of those "who have toiled all day in the vineyard, and never found the grapes."

What song the Sirens sang may admit of conjecture but is a superfluous inquiry. Give the score of it to a singer whose lifelong art is the attempt to disinfect his voice, and should we have to stop our ears for fear of seduction? But let that music unmistakable sound, though ever so faint, and the heart of the galley slave is free of the despot mood that refuses him his own memories and desires, he is ranging Elysian meadows and greeting companions long renounced.

After so many eminent men with their imposing baggage have occupied these columns, I do not know what chance a nonchalant dreamer may stand of being overheard. For the space of his turn he awaits your pleasure.

D. S. MACCOLL.

SUNDAY AT "CLIFF TOWERS"
DEVONSHIRE COAST

"CLIFF TOWERS": A HOUSE ON THE DEVONSHIRE COAST. BY C. HARRISON TOWNSEND.

THE *projet* beloved by the French architect, and by not a few English ones, is adapted for a world "where nothing is but all things seem," a world where no client troubles, and—better still—where no sordid questions of cost arise to disturb its eternal calm. But man is a conditioned creature,

"CLIFF TOWERS"

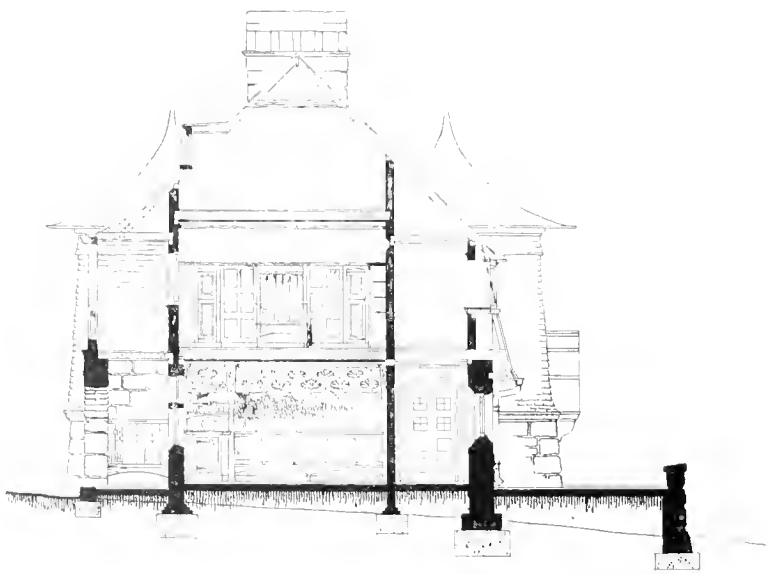
"CHIP TOWERS," NORTH ELEVATION — C. HARRISON TOWNSEND, ARCHITECT

living in a very actual world, and of the architect specially may it be said that he shows himself to be truly an artist just in proportion as he succeeds in triumphing over his imposed conditions. It is for him, perhaps, more than for any other craftsman to turn what seems to obstruct into what actually helps, and he shows his skill by so moulding his difficulties as to shape them into his successes.

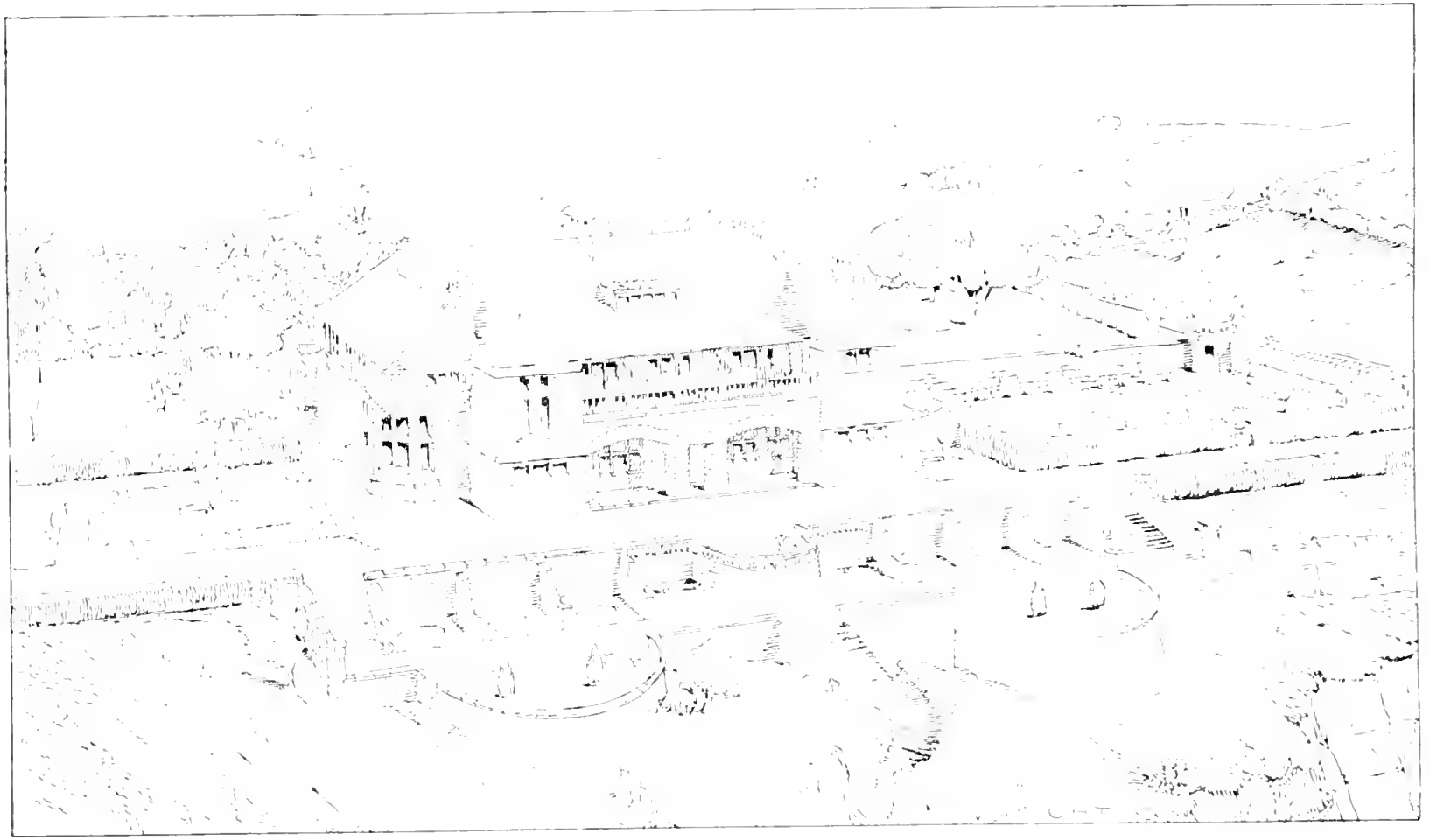
Climate, exigencies of site, conditions brought about by the building materials available, the idiosyncrasies and peculiarities of every client—these may be disregarded by those who design houses to be read about, not to be lived in. But they are features, and helpful features, that an architect face to face with a real problem turns to friendly account. To work apart from such considerations, to design an "ideal house," is as though a painter set himself the silly task of painting the "ideal man." Without problems where is the one artist or the other, and how, when absolutely unconditioned, are either painter or architect to produce more than airy nothings, lacking the strenuousness and reality due to actual difficulties squarely met and conquered? A mere paper-design for some kind of house, for some one, somewhere, is but a thin, impalpable and purposeless affair. An artist produces not *a* house but *the* house—that is, the house for such and such a man of so much (or so little) income, with such and such needs, and for this given position, and under these local conditions.

Therein lies the chief charm of an architect's work; for no problem submitted to him is, or can be, solvable in exactly the same way as the last, and his creative faculties and originality are always being confronted with fresh material which his ingenuity kneads and shapes in proper form for his desired end. His work is interesting so far, and only so far, as it is the outcome of necessities moulded by invention.

So much by way of apologetic introduction to the following notes on my drawings for a house in



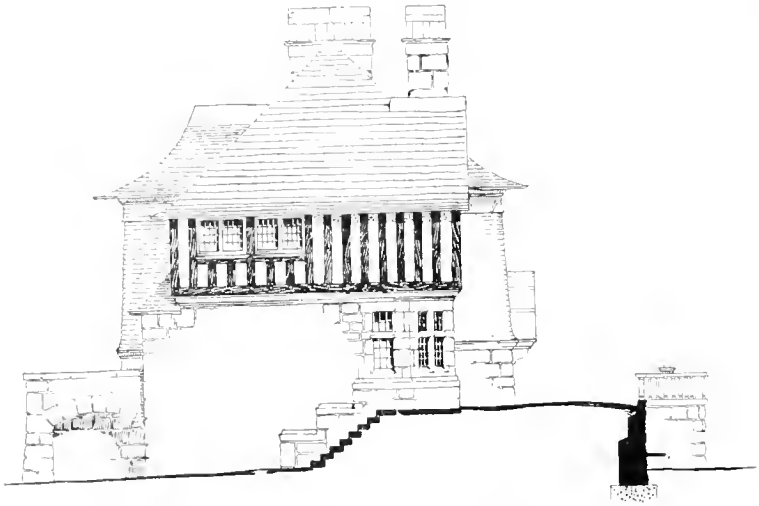
"CHIP TOWERS," SECTION — C. HARRISON TOWNSEND, ARCHITECT



"CLIFF TOWERS." VIEW OF FRONT FACING THE SEA. C. HARRISON TOWNSEND, ARCHITECT

Devonshire, and of plea that its actuality may be set against those shortcomings that are so easily to be avoided when real conditions have not to be taken into account.

The quaint, old, narrow-streeted town of Salcombe occupies one side of the estuary which runs down, like some deep chine, from Kingsbridge five miles off, and debouches into the English Channel a mile or two west of the little town. Here on the edge of a cliff, and backed by the rich green Devon country, the house is to be placed. A climate such as this nook on our Southern coast is blessed with, which allows the cactus, the olive and the aloe to prosper well through its faint version of winter, suggests an open-air habit of life which the arrangement of the house attempts to embody. Accordingly, the terraces carried to the very verge of the cliff that falls sheer down to the deep water, the verandah on which the living rooms give, and the long length of balcony, are all made the leading and cardinal features of the design. Not only, too, is the aspect full south, but it is in that direction that the view spreads out like a panorama, and the green Devon hills across the lake-like estuary stretch to the sharper and loftier rise of Bolt Head, while beyond the Bar, that is alike the harbour's protection and its danger, the sweep of cliffs widens out to the Channel itself.

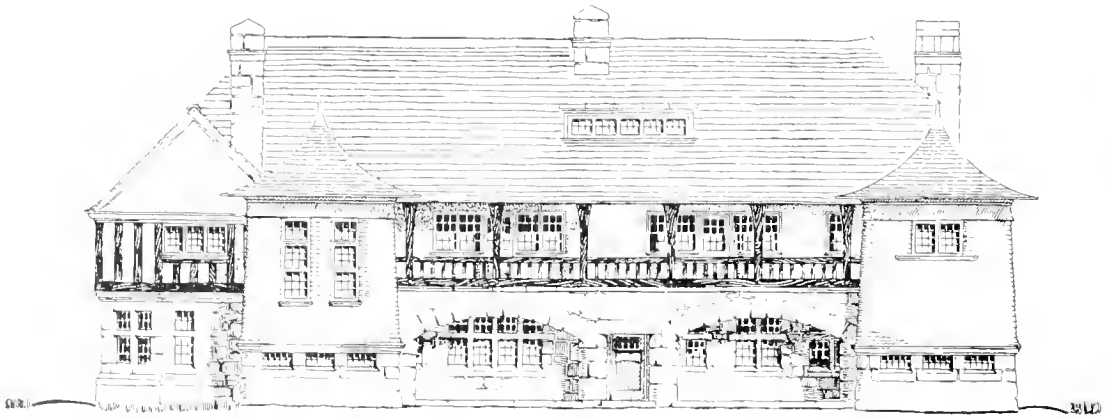


"CLIFF TOWERS." END ELEVATION C. HARRISON TOWNSEND, ARCHITECT

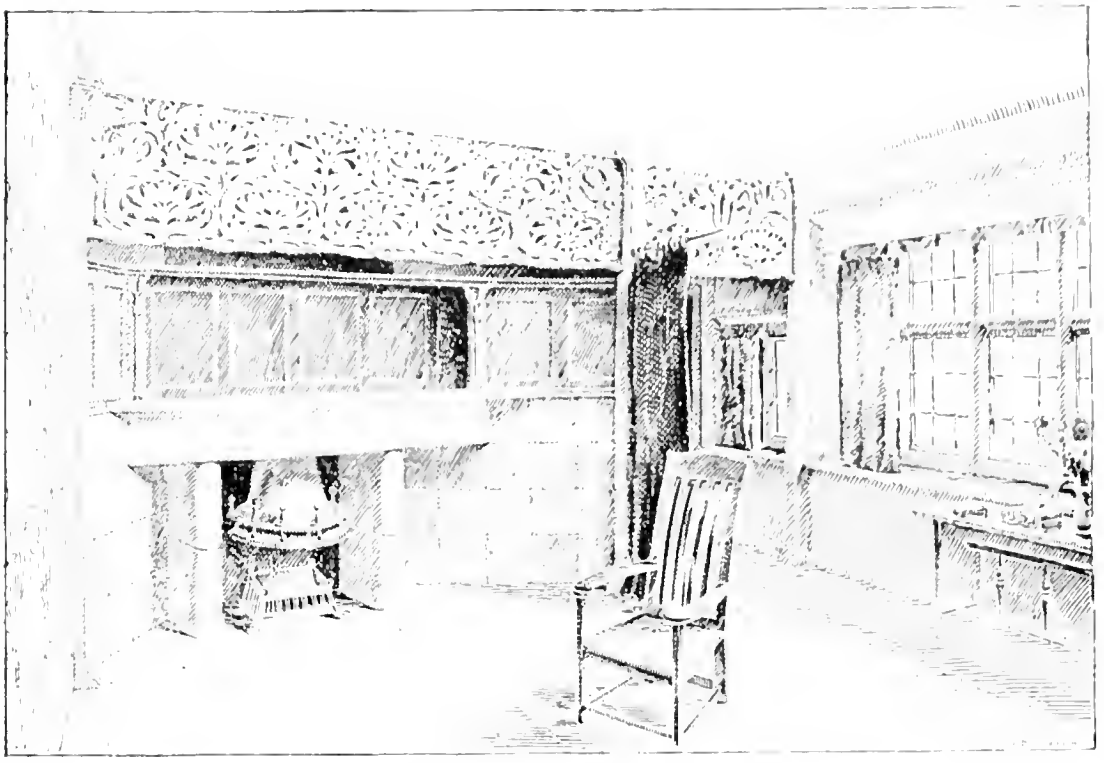
The principles which actuated the design of "Cliff Towers" can perhaps best be expressed by means of a descriptive letter written to explain to the client the features of the house.

"My dear S——, I should have liked the opportunity of showing you the drawings for the proposed 'Cliff Towers' with *vivâ voce* commentary on them. There are many points that must needs be left untreated in a written description.

"I have, as you see, before all things considered the position of the house, and have tried to make my design speak the fact that it was primarily dictated by the nature of your site. With the opportunity of facing full south, I have started with the principle that each of my rooms should have this aspect, and the further opportunity of commanding the view up the estuary on the one

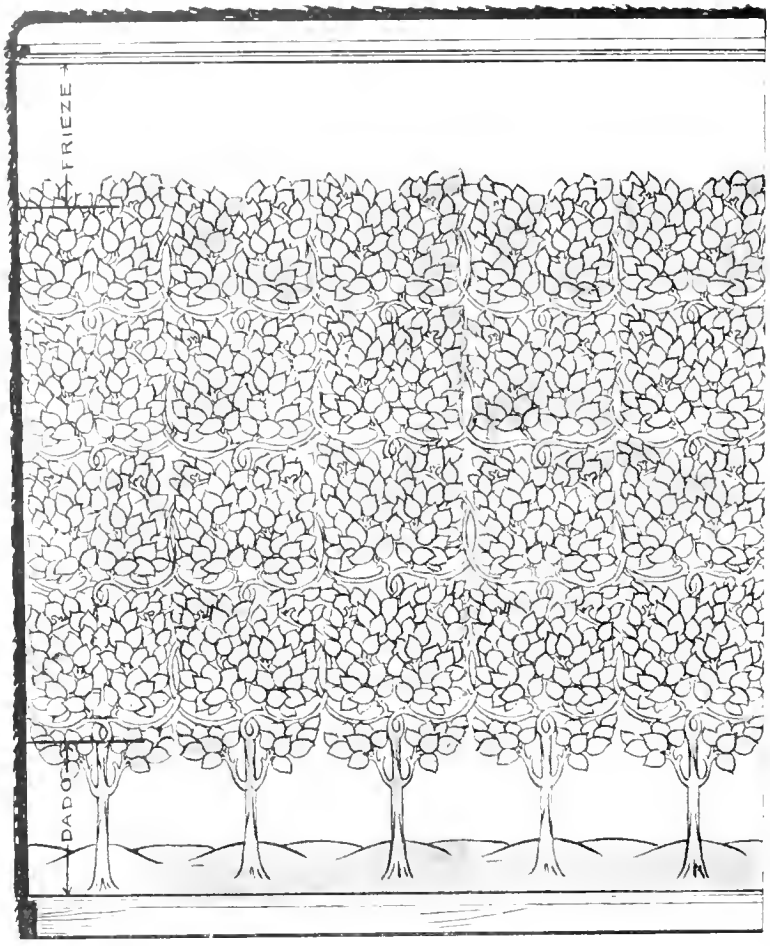


"CLIFF TOWERS." SOUTH ELEVATION C. HARRISON TOWNSEND, ARCHITECT



"CLIFF TOWERS." FIREPLACE END OF DRAWING ROOM — C. HARRISON TOWNSEND, ARCHITECT

"CLIFF TOWERS." FIREPLACE END OF DINING ROOM — HARRISON TOWNSEND, ARCHITECT

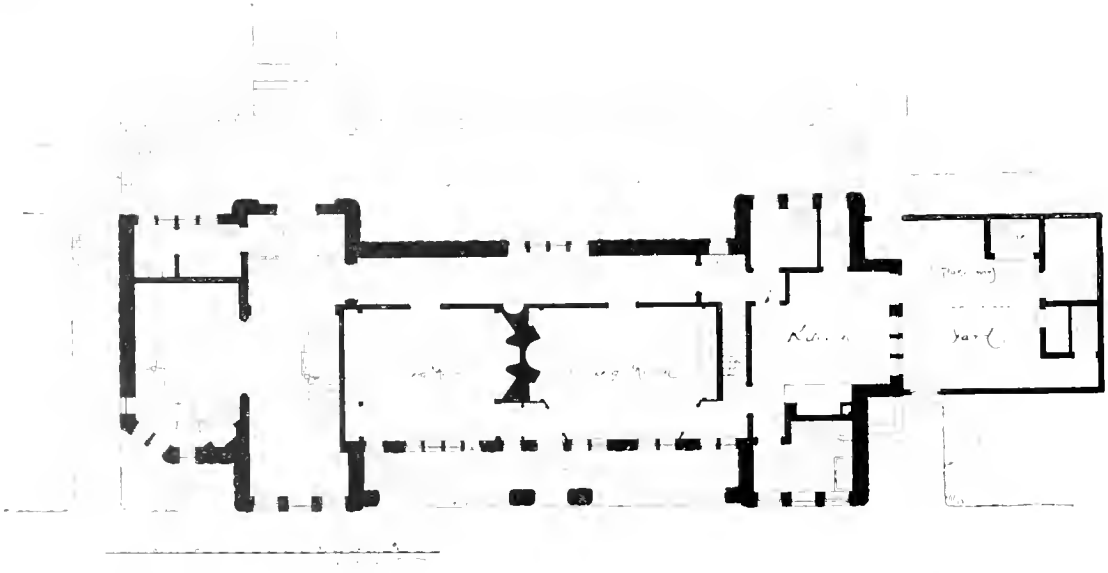


"CLIFF TOWERS." WALL-PAPER IN DRAWING-ROOM

DESIGNED BY C. H. TOWNSEND

band, and of Bolt Head, Prawle Point, and the English Channel on the other. So arranged, as you will see from the ground plan, the rooms all lead out of a wide corridor on the north side of the house. This would be of sufficient width to admit of furniture, such as cabinets, being disposed along its sides, and of arranging a fixed seat in its window. Both the drawing-room and dining-room open on to the verandah, not directly, but by means of a porch, the double doors to which will prevent any possibility of the draught which is the bane of garden doors. The verandah and the balcony are treated as integral parts of the house, and not as the flimsy wooden afterthoughts one is apt to see. The bird's-eye perspective and the south elevation illustrate this.

"The dining-room and drawing-room treatment I explain by means of



"CLIFF TOWERS." GROUND FLOOR PLAN

C. HARRISON TOWNSEND, ARCHITECT

sketches showing in each instance the fireplace end. That for the drawing-room proposes a lower portion consisting entirely of delicate grey green Cipolino marble with the upper portion carried out in oak, unstained and slightly waxed. The open-work frieze carved in the same wood is treated with a conventional design, and would have some of its features emphasised by light points of colour; the tips of the leaves, for instance, would be touched with green, smudged or wiped off, so as to leave the greater part of the leaf the natural colour of the wood. The floor of this room would be of pine, stained a light green, and beeswaxed. The wall-paper would be one I have just designed, the feature of which is that while comprising a dado, a 'filling' and a frieze, it gets rid of the arbitrary lines either of moulding, or of delimitation of pattern usually thought necessary when these are made use of. The paper, moreover, admits of being adjusted to different heights so as to adapt itself to the various parts of the room. The section, for instance, shows its employment above the fixed settee at the end of the room opposite the fireplace, where the open-carved frieze again occurs.

"With regard to the dining-room, its treatment throughout would be in plain deal panelling painted white, and the mantelpiece proper would be in dull copper, showing a free use of the hammer on its surface. The baluster standing on the lower shelf (which is of brown-red marble) would be of copper, highly polished. The floor here is of oak very slightly beeswaxed. For the frieze paper in this room the general interior view, and the detail to a larger scale show a plain flock surface with gold lines and with panel designs occurring at intervals. The chimney-piece in the hall would be entirely of red bricks with wide mortar joints, and the fire would burn on the hearth, an object attainable by using the 'Well grate.' The floor here and in the corridor would be paved with the local dark green paving-stone in large squares.

"Before leaving the ground floor, I would point out that the serving-room occupies the space under the servants' or back stairs, and the sideboard is placed in a recess which would be ceiled at a lower level than the rest of the room, in consequence of the upper flight of the servants' stairs passing over it. The kitchen would be lined inside with glazed bricks of very pale green.

"I hope we shall be able, with the exceptions I have mentioned, to avoid the use of wall-paper anywhere throughout the house, and in its stead to fall back upon the plain unmoulded panel that has been mentioned for the dining-room. The panelling painted white need not necessarily occupy the whole height of the wall, and where it does not, the plaster above might be distempered a quiet tone of clear yellow.

"As regards the exterior of the house the material I propose is the stone which the site itself furnishes.

TORSO OF A GIRL BY P. W. BARTLETT

(*See "Some American Artists in Paris"*)

This can be selected of a very soft and interesting green tint, and would harmonise effectively enough with the grey green Tilberthwaite slates, used also for the battered wall face on the north elevation, for the towers and for the roof in general. The terrace parapets might well be of the greyish or more ordinary coloured stone of the district.

"I am sending you an illustration of the sundial which I propose shall be placed in the centre of the upper terrace. The gnomon consists of a figure of Time, whose scythe casts the shadow that tells the hour, and the inscription could be Austin Dobson's lines:

> 'Time goes, you say? Ah, no!
> 'Tis Time that stays; *we* go.'"

C. Harrison Townsend.

Some American Artists in Paris. By Frances Keyzer.

America is largely represented in the Paris art world, but in three distinct classes. Every steamer brings the American art student to Paris and every steamer takes a number of the genus home again. The majority come here with the idea that it is only in the *ville lumière* that they can study, that the atmosphere of the French capital is necessary to the development of the spark they feel within them. And what happens? This class of American arrives, installs himself in the Latin Quarter, joins Julian's or some such academy, has his or her work corrected now and again by Bouguereau, Lefèbvre, and *tutti quanti*, dines at the same restaurant as his compatriots, talks their language and lives in the same atmosphere as he would in his native town. If he visits an exhibition, he judges with the academical eye of his professors, but as for art in the broad sense of the word, he is no nearer to it here than he was before he crossed the Atlantic. But he is not aware of his deficiencies, nor does he know that another world exists in this city of Paris beyond the narrow circle of his acquaintances. He lives in the most artistic centre of the world and is not of it: has, perhaps, never heard of Degas, of Carrière, of Rodin. Incredible as it may seem, I have met a man of this stamp who went to his academy of painting in the early morning, and returned to dinner at seven, and had never even seen the inside of the Louvre. He stayed here two years, and boasted that he never "lost" an hour.

STATUE OF COLUMBUS BY P. W. BARTLETT

In the course of two or three years the average art student considers his education complete, and returns to his native shore, to sell to his fond relations and friends whatever he has produced, satisfied to write B.T.P. after his name, and make a fortune portrait painting when his studies from the nude are exhausted. Or, he may be taken up by some architect syndicate—if the plastic art has been his bent—and perpetrate scores of ugly monuments for an artless public.

Then we have a large section of American painters domiciled in Paris, living in princely mansions—men of undoubted skill, virtuosi of the brush. But like all men of this order, no matter the branch of the fine arts in which they had chosen to become exponents, had it been in music, in poetry, painting, or sculpture, they would never have developed more than talent, in the

French acceptation of the word. Perfect as far as technique is concerned, but without that divine spark that enthralls, that moves to tears, that creates a feeling beyond that of admiration for form or colour, construction or tone. Every artist must be capable of impressing his public to the extent that if only for a moment they forget the language in which he is speaking, and are enveloped with the beauty of the thought he expresses. Be it in any one of the sister arts it is only when we forget the medium through which the artist communes with us that he is great, and we arrive through him to be as great as he during that moment that we have understood him.

But why ask of Americans more than we do of Frenchmen or Englishmen or Italians? There are many clever, skilful men among them, but no greater artists than in other countries. Genius is rare still, and although the new country is expected to engender a new epoch in art, at present the rising men are personal, interesting, are talked about, studied, blamed and praised, but the true artists among them are scarce. The few that are to be found in their midst are content to wait their hour, satisfied that they will be recognised in time, and not striving after the attention of the crowd by eccentric, extraordinary effects of colour or some equally sensational trade-mark. Yes, trade-mark. For what else is this at which they aim? Nothing beyond that A.'s sheep or B.'s fields or C.'s figures shall be known as clearly as certain brands of corned beef. We reproach the Americans that they invented Bouguereau, but as Bartlett remarked when it was said in his hearing: "We also invented Millet!" But Bartlett is one of the American artists in the highest sense of the word. It is only men of this stamp who interest us and who are engrossing our attention.

Paul Weyland Bartlett came over to Paris when he was quite a child. His father wisely sent him from America, where he was surrounded by things commercial, to make his home here, to love the old masters, to grow up with the sense of the beautiful, and to have other gods than money. For he felt that America may be a grand country for artists who have name and position, but it is no place in which to make either one or the other. Bartlett is to-day one of the finest sculptors we have in France. His *Dancing Indian* and *Dancing Bears*, which secured him the gold medal in the 1889 exhibition, brought him first into notice, but it is in his *Columbus* and his *Washington* that we find those qualities of mind that bear the stamp of greatness. Living within himself, away from

STATUE OF WASHINGTON BY P. W. BARTLETT

society, solely devoted to his art, he has executed much that has brought him fame. *Columbus*, a colossal figure with power expressed in every line of the face, in every fold of the cloak, is one of the most commanding works produced of late years, and the American Government may be congratulated on having secured it for the Congressional Library in Washington. It is the first time that the Government has taken an interest in matters artistic. This clever sculptor steers clear of "specialities," that dangerous rock on which so much talent has foundered, for he is as great in his *Torso of a Girl*, in his *Dead Lion*, as in his historical figures. His poetical organisation and delicate touch are exemplified in a door of a mausoleum, with the ethereal form of a woman surrounded with poppies and leaves. I also recall the figure of a man bent with grief, the muscles on the back and arms standing out with the force of the passion that apparently overpowers him. In this work there is a grandeur in the clasp of the knees, in the bowed head, that reminds us of the Italian masters.

"THE TUMBLING BLOCK" BY E. MARCUS-SIMONS

John W. Alexander is a follower of William Page in his love of experiment, in his desire to realise new truths, but unlike his predecessor in his search for novelty, he lives in an age where the public try to discover a meaning in a new form of expression and often arrive at an appreciation of an artist's intentions—an appreciation just or otherwise, but which at all events is the outcome of study. Alexander was remarked from the moment of his début in the Champ de-Mars Salon of 1893. His five contributions were all hung on the line and favourably criticised. They were chiefly portraits, and it is in portrait painting that he excels. He certainly has rendered a great service to art by breaking away from the conventional background, which, from a plush curtain to a Japanese screen, is always a question of arrangement. Alexander paints a woman standing against a wall, bending to pluck a flower, or walking through a room, just as the fancy takes him, without thinking of the effect, and ends by giving us a portrait with determination and individuality in each mark of the brush. He shows remarkable skill in suggesting texture, and it is in daring schemes of colour and in the treatment of surfaces that he calls forth especial admiration, more perhaps than in the portrayal of the mind. But then he may be excused, as few, very few painters are psychologists. Alexander has mapped out a course of his own, a course of independence, and he has arrived, by his courage and energy, to be looked upon as one of the best portrait painters America has.

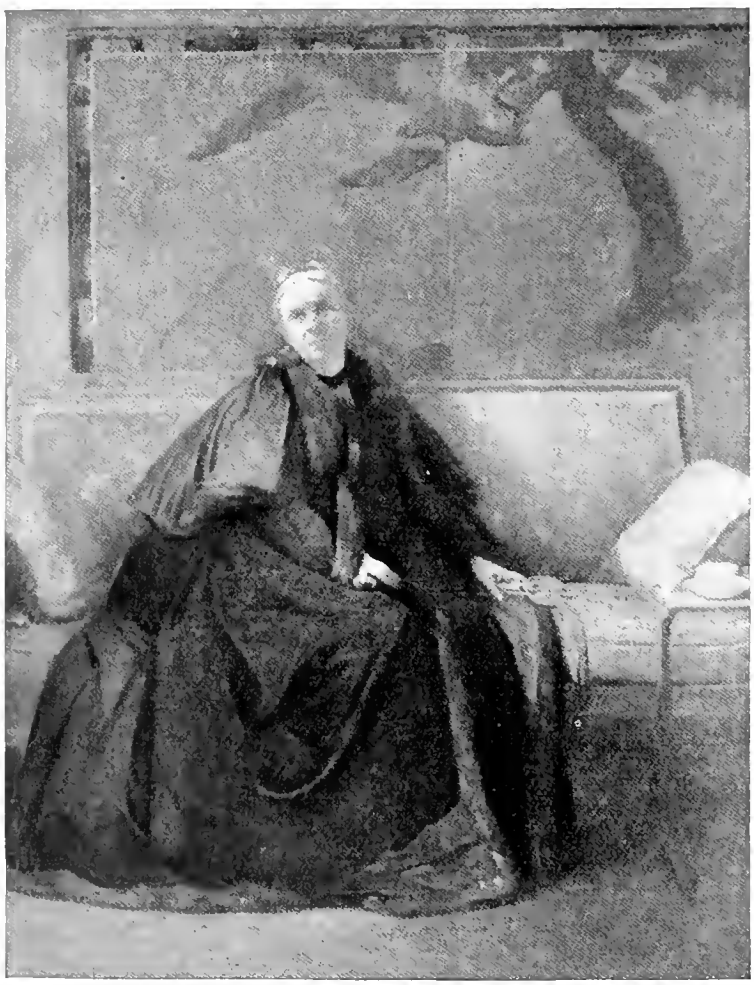
Alexander Harrison is another of the American painters in whom we feel interested; another seeker, but on different ground. His strength lies in the delicacy of his perception of colour; his wide seas with rippling waves, his brilliant sunsets and incoming tides are all great in their colour effects. Although most of Harrison's later works treat of the sea, drawn from mental notes and impressions during the five years he spent upon the waters, he started, as far back as 1873, with a passion for painting children. He has painted them of all shapes and sizes, but always happy, laughing children, and chiefly bathing, splashing boys, with the light of sea and sky reflected on their dripping forms. His first success was with *Chateaux en Espagne*, a boy "dreaming the happy hours away," stretched upon the sand. His curly head rests upon his hand, his arm is bare, he is poor and ill

PORTRAIT BY JOHN
W. ALEXANDER

clothed, but he is young and he is happy. And I fancy that notwithstanding the praise the artist has received from critics all over the world on his remarkable sea-pieces, and his later work generally, so far in his career it is this little boy that has given him most pleasure. Harrison has gone through the usual course of study—Gérôme, Beaux-Arts, the nude—has been most prolific and varied in his subjects, only to return to his early love for the sea, to portray it with a knowledge and a tenderness born of this love. His studio in the Latin Quarter, in the midst of the American students whom he constantly helps with advice, is typical of his tastes in art. However great his admiration may be for the artists of the day, he is evidently not inclined to make a collection of their works, for the walls in his studio are bare, and all that meets the eye is a very fine Rodin and a full-sized copy of the famous *Victory* from the staircase in the Louvre. No artist is better known in cosmopolitan Paris than Harrison, whose tall figure can be seen towering over the guests at nearly every important social function, from a five o'clock tea to an official reception. Yet he gives forth good work and plenty of it. He went away to America a few months ago, after finishing the picture that represents him in this year's Salon.

J. Humphreys Johnston has resided in Paris for about seven years. He is a rapidly rising artist, with a keen sense of the beautiful and a great gift in the portrayal of it—a man in the "right swim," as they say here. The portrait of his mother, which was exhibited at the Champ-de-Mars Salon of last year, first attracted the attention of critics. The colouring in the sofa, the screen, and the table harmonising with the black robe and the clever study of fur, all denote the experience with which the painter handles his brush. But it is in the expression of the face and hands that the strong sensibility of the artist is felt. We expect great things of Humphreys Johnston.

P. Marcius-Simons, known in the art world as "Pinkey," is not an exhibitor at the Paris Salons, but there are few private collectors who have not at least one example of his talent. Our first impression of Marcius-Simons' work is a curious one; we are involuntarily reminded of Turner. But this impression is only momentary, for we at once discover that the similarity lies in the subject and even in the colouring, but not in the treatment. Like Turner, he is a remarkable colourist, and reproduces colour a thousand times more beautiful than that seen by the untrained eye; it is by the help of such men that we find in nature that which at one time we failed to appreciate. In character, however, they are widely apart, and after a while we



PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S MOTHER BY J. HUMPHREYS JOHNSTON

PORTRAIT BY JOHN W. ALEXANDER

are even surprised that we should ever have linked them together. Marcius-Simons' nature is decidedly practical, a rare quality in an artist. Thus, in his *Stumbling Block*, depicting humanity, an immense crowd of men and women pressing onward up a stony path, their progress to heaven stopped by a female figure symbolising gold, we find the road absolutely practicable. And higher in the canvas we are shown a flight of angels, where the artist has imagined a rainbow as a connecting bridge between heaven and earth. It is a strange mixture when you pause to think of it, this combination of the practical and the poetical, and Marcius-Simons is aware of this uncommon side of his nature, as he admits that he never draws a building of any description that could not serve the architect. The *Stumbling Block* is a remarkable composition, well planned and admirably carried out. The predominating colour is a graduated scale of blue, that starts in a rich, full tone, to melt into the pale lights of the sky, and mingle with the soft yellows and pinks of the angels' robes. Equally interesting are his *Saint Marc*, and his many romantic views of Venice; his *Joan of Arc*, a grand conception of the maid, more spiritual than realistic; and his *Columbus*. As an artist he has not always been understood: in fact, many even among his own countrymen fail to see his meaning; but to the great majority, an artist with elevated thoughts will always be beyond their comprehension. In his quieter moods he depicts Scotch moors with the purple heather, the water, the sky, in one delightful harmony, and he is as great perhaps here, as in those wild flights of imagination when he leads us through storm and shrieking wind to mystic heights, that leave us battered and weary as if we had in reality climbed them.

Elizabeth Nourse is an example of strength in the weak frame of a woman. Her work is well known to frequenters of the Champ-de-Mars Salon, who cannot help feeling impressed with the steadfastness of purpose and force discerned in the somewhat conventionally grouped figures. And when it became known that the artist who produced *Good Friday* and *The Family Meal* was but a girl, the world of art was fairly surprised. Puvis de Chavannes was among the first to discover the talent of the young American, and when she was made an Associate of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts in 1895, the great French painter expressed his satisfaction at the general recognition of her powers. Elizabeth Nourse has since exhibited at each yearly Salon at the Champ-de-Mars, and has always been much noticed. Her fame is, moreover, steadily spreading far beyond the borders of France, and her pictures are always in great demand for exhibitions in all parts of the world. For instance, last year pictures from her brush were on show in Tunis, Copenhagen, Nashville, Pittsburg, St. Louis, Chicago, and Washington.

In this short sketch it has only been possible to refer lightly to the best class of American artists, to those who have not only acquired fame in their own country, but who, in this critical centre of art, are recognised as men of more than passing talent. Besides these we have a large contingent of painters and sculptors, whose names are per-

haps well known across the Atlantic, yet who are not more interesting than hundreds of their French confrères who exhibit yearly at what is termed the "old Salon." I feel compelled to make this statement to guard myself against the reproach of having omitted to speak of a number of so called men of note. It may seem strange to the uninitiated that, out of the number of Americans working in Paris, I should but have selected a small handful as worthy of public attention. It should, however, be borne in mind that were one to select the good artists from among Frenchmen, the proportion there would be far smaller. This is an argument in favour of those who believe that the time will come when we shall have an American school as famous as formerly were the Dutch, the Italian, the English, or the French schools. But, with all due respect to these enthusiasts, I am afraid it will take centuries before their prophecy comes true. At present America is too young, and its cities too prosperous, to aspire to become art centres. The American, therefore, shares the fate of many others. He can only thrive in the artistic atmosphere of Paris. Once transplanted to his native country he is influenced by his surroundings; the commercial instinct takes the upper hand, and, though he may amass wealth, he is dead to art.

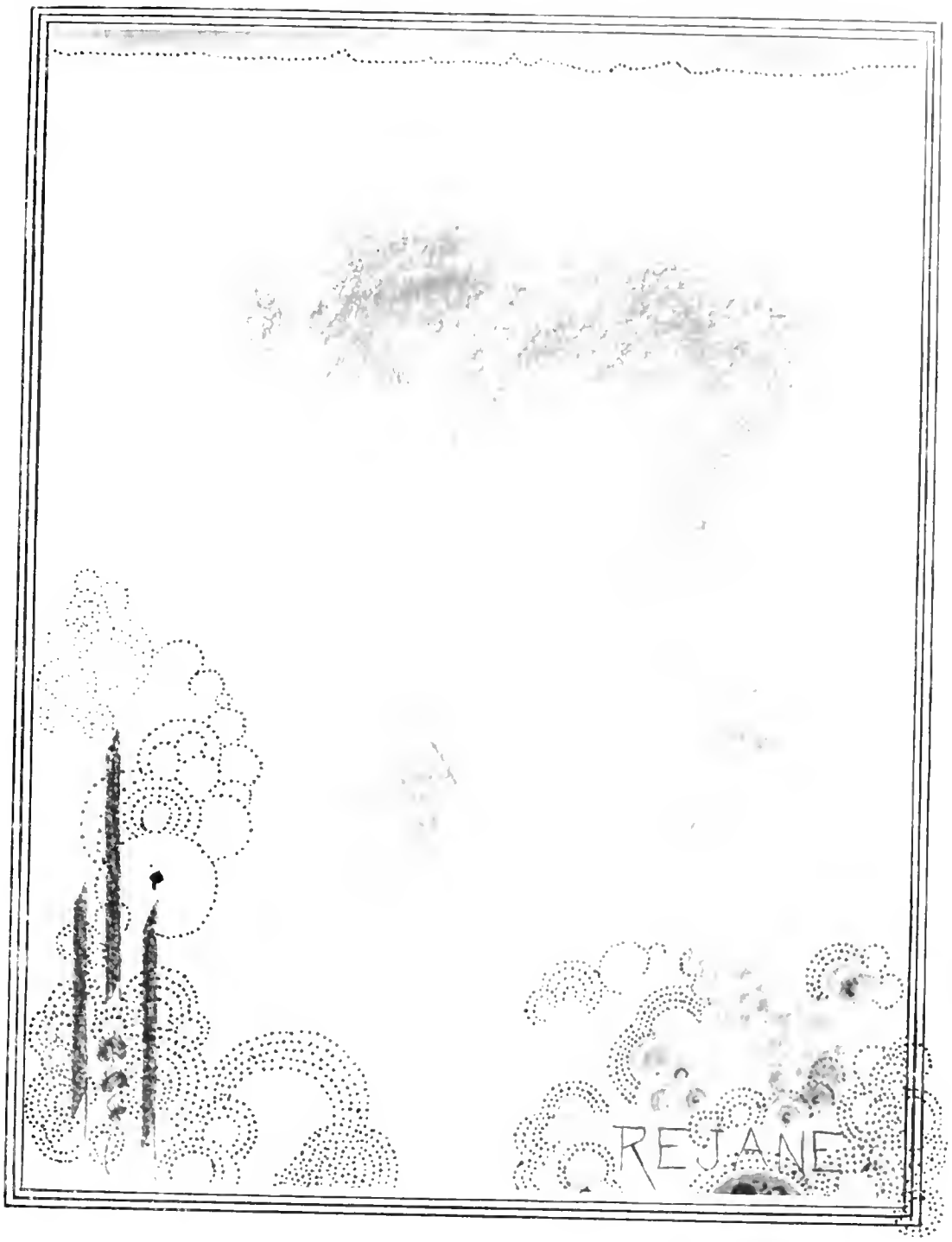
FRANCES KEYZER.

THE ORIGINAL COVER OF "THE STUDIO"
BY AUBREY BEARDSLEY

AUBREY BEARDSLEY. IN MEMORIAM.

ALTHOUGH the present is not the time to forecast the ultimate position in art of Aubrey Beardsley, there is little doubt but that his work will be remembered as long as that of artists far more fully equipped. For the poignant flavour of his fancy, the amazingly novel conventions he developed, will alone serve to keep his memory green. How really inimitable his manner was, is already proven. The short five years that he was before the public sufficed for the growth and withering of his imitators. None could raise the flower though all had got the seed. Nor, speaking dispassionately, would one have wished it otherwise. A single designer with such a peculiar gift suffices for a generation. That he displayed sheer genius is admitted on all hands; that it was of a sort that made for the advance of the art of illustration is another matter: it certainly added not a few possibilities to its technique, and defined more clearly that artificiality which is admirable for pure decoration, because of its remoteness from actual pictures of things seen. He set a standard all his own, which no follower has come near. His subject matter is quite another thing; yet it is but fair to allow a satirist far wider range than would be permitted to a recorder of actuality. The one lays bare the hidden follies and vices of his age, and often does so with apparent relish. The other must needs observe greater reticence, and deal only with things deemed worthy. Yet to-day, although we forgive Petronius Arbiter his amazing frankness because of his wondrous art, we do not print his Satyricon for popular use; nor, despite his style, advise students to imitate his methods. Indeed satire as it was once understood, even as it was practised a century ago—by Swift or by Gilray—is now softened and more obedient to social amenities.

Born on August 24, 1872, Aubrey Beardsley had scarce reached an age when art students, even of the most brilliant type, are considered fortunate if they gain local school honours, when he stepped into the crowded field of illustration and, by the extraordinary vitality of his convention, at once influenced trained draughtsmen all over the world. Breaking away with a light heart from the hitherto accepted canons of Dureresque illustration as gaily as he disdained the canons of the realists, he never "boggled" his own convention. Nor was he wont to lose the thread of his own argument, and rarely, if ever, fell short of mastery of his material. Heed


REJANE

less of established precedents he did not revel in license, but set himself new ones, no less rigid; and within these he obeyed his own rules inflexibly. It is true that the "growth" of foliage in his decorative patterns is often to seek; that anatomy to him was a slave obeying his whim, not a fixed quantity compelling obedience; that his regard for the author's text was often a non-existent quality; but, on the other hand, he never forgot that "picture" and "pattern" are distinct, that expression of idea by pure "line" or by "tone" are diametrically opposed, and can rarely, if ever, be mixed without disaster, and that nature-imitation in a conventional design is as intrusive as a Greek acanthus would be in a realistic study of a cabbage plot. Never do you find that he escapes a difficulty by resorting to pure realism in the midst of a composition unrelated to nature.

This aspect of his art is the one that deserves special attention to-day. It is true that there are other ways possible of the wholly arbitrary use of pure black upon pure white to represent that which, in Nature, is always colour against colour. By varying breadth of line (as in steel engraving) modelling may be suggested in a way imitative of actual bas-relief; by washes of black, shading imperceptibly to the faintest grey, portraiture of people or of things can be carried nearer to their resemblance. But all these are varying degrees of untruth; imitative work needs colour. Having accepted the theory of a bare outline for the resemblance of a solid object, whether you leave it thus, or by shading and imitation of texture bring it a step nearer, is of slight importance. But whatever substitute for photographic imitation you employ the method should be restrained to the same convention, whether it be outline, silhouette, or stippled finish like an old South Kensington study from the antique.

Mr. Pennell, who first called attention in these pages to Mr. Beardsley as an illustrator, spoke of his pen line, and did so (as reference to his article will show) with equal recognition of the other fine qualities of his designs. Since then, this said "line" seems to be the rope which critics out of their depth, in an endeavour to follow his wayward fancy, cling to in despair. Beardsley's nervous, yet equal, line was in its way superb, but not more so than his sense of filling a space by masses, or than his novel artifice by dot, by white lines, and by pure suggestion. German art lives to model faces with delicate shading, until they resemble a careful pen study of a medal in bronze; yet others—Beardsley for one—by an outline alone can suggest the modelling. The tiny face in the *Death of Pierrot* is cadaverous and shrunken, with an amount of suggestion that seems to give it the actual colour of death, yet is just a few lines, as rigid and hard as if drawn by an architect's bow-pen. A "line" without a purpose is really no great achievement, nor its charm, however accom

HAIL MARY

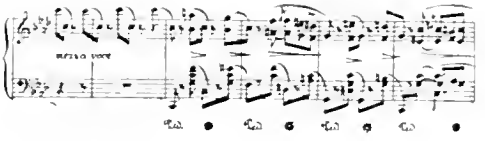
FROM A DRAWING BY AUBREY BEARDSLEY

(By permission of Frederick H. Evans, Esq.)

plished, a new discovery. Hogarth's famous "line of beauty" is of small value, unless it play its proper part in the scheme of beauty. The real beauty of Beardsley's work is often overlooked. It is true that it was rarely or never "pretty"; but that at times it possessed beauty according to academic canons, both in figures and pattern, could be proved up to the hilt. His caricatures and his grotesques have blinded critics to the other side of his art, which is present in *The Coiffing* and several of his later designs, as it is also in some of the earlier. Turning back to *Hamlet patris manem sequitur*, a wonderful study (reproduced in *The Bee*, the magazine of Blackburn Technical School, November 1891), one is re-impressed by its weird beauty; in the curious intensity of Hamlet's slim figure, swathed in drapery, with one nervous hand clutching his throat, while the other is outstretched against a tree, one finds those qualities which first revealed themselves had even then found clear expression. Yet at this time he was but nineteen years old, and had not devoted himself to art as a profession. His former schoolmaster, Mr. E. J. Marshall, of the Brighton Grammar School, says that he studied art privately, and was for a time in an architect's office; but all that is wonderful in the early work is entirely opposed to anything he would have been taught in either place. Even in the school-boy drawings to *The Pay of the Pied Piper*, which appeared in *Past and Present*, the Brighton Grammar School magazine, February 1889, there is a hint, slight but still definite, of his personal manner. A fellow school-boy speaks of his delight at that time in Japanese fans and lanterns which crowded the shop windows; and this glimpse of the art of Japan at its poorest, coupled with evident study of Sir E. Burne-Jones' work, are the only extraneous influences apparent in his earlier designs. Nor, despite his keen interest in contemporary work, especially French, do we find any notable influence in his later work.

After the few things which appeared in school magazines, nothing of importance seems to have been published until the time he was, in the pages of THE STUDIO, formally introduced to the public, and took it by storm. It may be as well here to summarise the various incidents of this time—the early months of 1893—by way of correcting many misconceptions that have arisen.

Still clerk in an insurance office in the city, he had done a certain number of drawings for his own amusement. These (including some afterwards reproduced in THE STUDIO, No. 1) had been brought to the notice of various people, including Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Mr. Aymer Vallance, Mr. F. H. Evans and others. Mr. Evans, by whose kindness *Hail Mary* is here reproduced for the first time, showed that drawing to Mr. J. M. Dent, and said, "Here is the right person to illustrate your 'Morte d'Arthur.'" Mr. Dent was so far impressed by it that he gave Mr. Beardsley an opportunity of trying his hand on an Arthurian subject, the result being the design reproduced in the photogravure to the second volume of the work—*The Achieving of the San Greal*, which won him his first big commission. Meanwhile preparations for the publication of THE STUDIO were in progress, and the promoters of the magazine had seen the portfolio, and chosen certain drawings for their first number, for which Mr. Pennell had written his well known appreciation. At this time Mr. Lewis Hind had just accepted the editorship of the *Pall Mall Budget*, and gave Mr. Beardsley a commission to illustrate current events in his weekly paper. But the drawings representing characters in Tennyson's "Becket" and in Gluck's "Orpheus," both performed at the Lyceum, which appeared in the *Pall Mall Budget*, February 9 and March 16, 1893 (with others of less importance in the numbers for February 2, 16, 23, March 9, 23, and 30), do not appear to have aroused much curiosity regarding the new illustrator. It is with No. 1 of THE STUDIO, April 1893, which contained *Siegfried*, *The Birthday of Madame Cigale*, *Les Revenants de Musique*, *Salome* and three subjects from the "Morte d'Arthur," accompanied by Mr. Pennell's sympathetic article, that Beardsley's formal recognition is to be dated. The first part of the "Morte d'Arthur" was therein announced as ready "in June next." In THE STUDIO, No. 2, appeared a large reproduction of a pen drawing of the *Jeanne d'Arc Procession* (another version of the pencil study of the same subject owned by Mr. F. H. Evans). Then came the serial issue of the "Morte d'Arthur," the "Bon-Mots" grotesques, two notable compositions for *The Pall Mall Magazine*, and not long after *The Yellow Book*, No. 1, April 1894, which in its first four volumes contained seventeen of his designs. The idea of this periodical with Mr. Aubrey Beardsley for its art editor, grew out of a suggestion for a book of masques he was preparing. Still later followed cover and title designs for twenty-one volumes, the "Keynote Series," and "Salome," decorations for the *Pierrot Library*, and many another work published by Mr. John Lane, which established



Chopin. Ballade III Op 47

Beardsley's popularity and notoriety; and finally a host of drawings for *The Savoy*, and a few scattered designs for various publishers, not forgetting *A Book of Drawings* (issued by the publisher of *The Savoy*) which include some few not hitherto printed.

The poster which Miss Florence Farr used for her season at the Avenue Theatre, which began with Dr. John Todhunter's play, "A Comedy of Sighs," March 29, 1894, was probably the first introduction of Mr. Beardsley to "the man in the street," and its blue lady looking through a green spotted curtain (followed soon after by the other posters issued by Mr. Fisher Unwin), aroused not merely his ridicule but his anger. Henceforth Mr. Beardsley was well known not only in the artistic society of both continents, but in a less degree to the general public also. Comic papers attempted to burlesque his manner; *Punch* did so on more than one occasion with felicitous success. America caught the fever, and took it badly. A parody on the "Blessed Damozel" (called, possibly, *The Beardsley Damozel*, the quotation is from memory), will serve to show the popular attitude to the work of his school:

> The yellow poster girl looked out
> From the pinkly purple heaven,
> One eye was blue and one was green,
> Her bang was cut uneven.
> She had three fingers on one hand,
> And the hairs on her head were seven.

It contains other neat lines, such as, "It was a kind of wobbly wave that she was standing on," and "She was so very tall her—seemed she reached the sun." By this we gather what the public thought it saw in Beardsley's strange art. That it rarely recognised even his mannerism is true; that it usually misunderstood his meaning is also true, but not wholly the fault of the public. That no imitator ever caught its spirit even remotely is truest of all.

FROM A DRAWING BY AUBREY BEARDSLEY

(By permission of John Lane, Esq.)

Beardsley himself spoke of a famous artist as "the imitable Mr. So and So"; no one could retort in kind, for the fact (whether it is one to be regretted or approved is not the question) remains that Beardsley stood, and needs must stand, alone. He is as remote from the pre-Raphaelites, the neo Primitives, and the so-called Decorative School as he is from the impressionists and the actualists. Whether you regard his as a portent or "a sport" (as science uses the word), he represented a new departure, but kept the secret of his "style" all his own.

He was a satirist or a decorator, at times both; but never, one fancies, a conscious preacher. Above all, he was an artist literally to his finger-tips. Indeed, to sit behind him at a performance of "Tristan and Isolde," and watch those transparent hands clutching the rail in front, and thrilling with the emotion of the music, was in itself a marvellous experience. No instrument in the orchestra vibrated more instantly in accord with the changes of the music, from love-passion to despair. Dowered prodigally by nature, so that he would doubtless have made his mark no less in music or in literature had he preferred sounds or words to line, he was content to devote himself to a small corner of art, and in "black-and-white," he alternately astonished, shocked, and delighted an increasing audience during the four years of his active work. "Sleep is a cave into which I crawl and forget the world," Robert Louis Stevenson once said in friendly converse; Beardsley never seems to have slept, he worked far into the night, and by day seemed always active. He never forgot the strange unreal world he studied. His fantasy often crossed the border-line, his extravagances were more than many could tolerate, he was impish in his disregard for decorum, but with his art he played no tricks. Whether working with broad masses, white silhouette on black, or even black on black, he escaped confusion in pure line. He never attempted modelling, nor was concerned by cast shadow; and in the later methods used in *The Rape of the Lock* and *Volpone*, and many of his *Savoy* designs, he set himself to develop a style which, while it suggests wood-engravings of the sixties so long as you do not place examples of each side by side, is no less his own than were his first drawings executed in pure line or in pure mass.

FROM A DRAWING BY AUBREY BEARDSLEY
(By permission of John Lane, Esq.)

To-day it has been said that his figures are but puppets in vacuum. He evidently intended them to be simulacri only, and recognised that atmosphere which belongs to colour, and can be only faintly suggested by a scheme of varying blacks and greys, is not essential to the art of black and white. His ingenious decoration, which invented new "motives" by the score, that designers of conventional patterns have not been slow to imitate, is too obvious to need comment. His curious fondness for candelabra betrays itself in a very early drawing (unluckily not adapted for reproduction) (owned by Mr. H. A. Payne, of Brighton, who most kindly put it at our disposal); so certain pieces of ornate *rococo* furniture attracted him again and again, and so a draped toilet-table, not hitherto a joy to artists, is frequent in his work. To these properties he returned as often as did Du Maurier to his big chintz-covered couch, and his dumpy vases on a chimney-piece. Lighted candles had a curious fascination for him; he drew chiefly by artificial light, and wherever he could introduce these he did. Perhaps the designs which are most entirely his own are those based on subjects from Wagner's operas. Certainly they owe nothing to the stage effects the composer himself arranged. That, in face of pictures so well established as those of *Siegfried*, *Fafner*, or the *Third and Fourth Tableaux of the Rheingold*,

FROM A WATER-COLOUR BY WALTER TYNDALE

(See *London Studio-Talks*)

FROM A WATER-COLOUR

BRONZE MEDAL FOR THE SHROPSHIRE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY

BY COUNTESS GLEICHEN

"MY QUEEN" MEDALLION BY ALFRED DEURY

he should have evolved wild fantasies wholly dissimilar, betrays the curious colouring which all themes, whether of opera, legend or common life, took on as they passed through his mind. *The Third Ballade of Chopin*, reproduced here for the first time, is an instance of this. It is doubtful whether any listener had formed such an image of its meaning before. Some who saw it (when the original was exhibited) say they will never hear the music again without picturing this interpretation in their minds. Speaking personally, neither the Wagner nor the Chopin themes seem directly inspired by the music, any more than are most of the "Morte d'Arthur" drawings by Mallory's text. The beautiful study of *Madame Réjane* is given in facsimile of the original, owned by Mr. F. H. Evans, who also possesses a remarkable decorative panel of *Perseus*.

Death has given Aubrey Beardsley the im-

C. H. SHANNON, ESQ. BY PROFESSOR LEGROS

mortality of youth; and in future histories of illustration, whether for blame or praise, men must needs add that it was a mere boy who did these things, and did them as no other had ever attempted to do them before. G. W.

STUDIO-TALK.

(From our own Correspondents.)

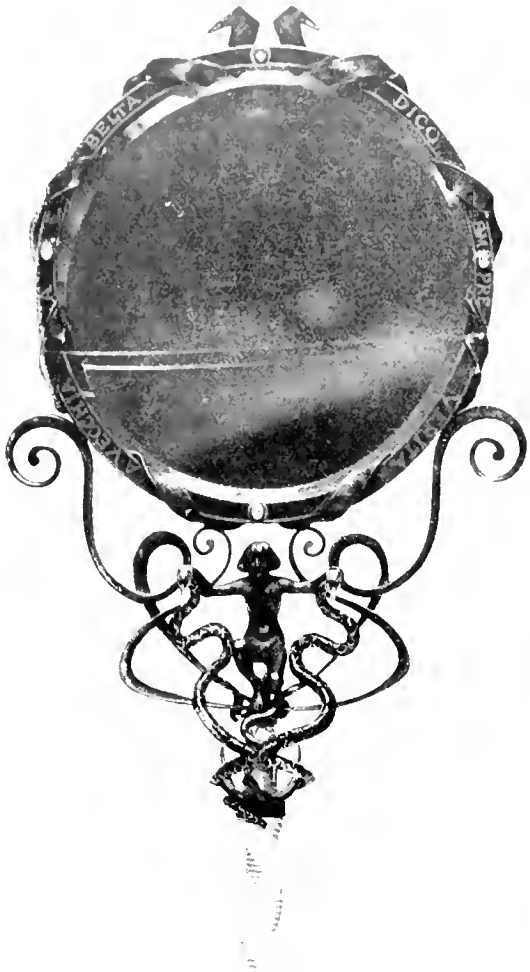
LONDON.—By his seventy-four water-colour drawings recently exhibited at Dowdeswell's Galleries, under the general title of *Cairo, the Lebanon and Damascus*, Mr. Walter Tyndale proves his right to a foremost place in the art. The especial qualities which justify this opinion are perhaps not fully evident in the otherwise excellent reproductions illustrated. In the original, the dome and minaret of the mosque, telling out a brilliant white against the blue sky, reveal a peculiar subtlety of modelling, which is almost stereoscopic in its effect. This quality is gained without exaggeration or loss of "value." So in the other, the architecture appears as real masonry, solid and of cubical dimensions; not, as is so often the case in works of this class—like well-painted theatrical scenery—with no weight, no real substance. Mr. Tyndale is also a colourist who neither shirks the problem of dazzling light and brilliant colours which strike a Western eye as crude, if not impossible; nor, on the other hand, by over-attention to this aspect makes his pictures

MEDALLION PORTRAIT BY FRANK BOWCHER

MEDAL BY DAVID McGILL

"NAOMI" BY EDITH A. BELL

MEDALLION PORTRAIT FRANK BOWCHER



MIRROR BY COUNTESS GLEICHEN

garish and unsuitable for decoration, which is at least one essential aspect of a painting.

The first exhibition of the Society of Medallists, held at Mr. Van Wisselingh's Dutch Gallery, deserves well of all interested in a branch of art for which, if our current coinage were sole evidence, English people would seem to have lost all feeling and interest. Here were veteran medallists, notably Professor Legros and Miss Elinor Hallé and new recruits with tentative efforts in the difficult art of the medallion. Among some twenty-eight medals by Legros, those of Charles Ricketts and C. H. Shannon were the latest and in some respects most interesting. One, here reproduced, will demonstrate the delicacy and strength of both; the other, unfortunately, failed to reproduce effectively. Miss Edith A. Bell's *Naomi*, Mr. Pibworth's *Medallion Portrait*, Mr. David McGill's medals, Sir Edward Poynter's *Una Capresse*, Mr. Rothenstein's *Rodin* and *Paul Verlaine*, and an admirable collection by Mr. Frank Bowcher, were among the most attractive by reason of their design. Mr. Alfred Drury's charming panel in high relief—*My Queen*—if hardly a medal, is a beautiful thing in itself. The Countess Féodora

MEDALLION BY FRANK BOWCHER

MEDALLION BY FRANK BOWCHER

PICTURE FRAME. DESIGNED AND DECORATED BY A. WICKHAM JARVIS

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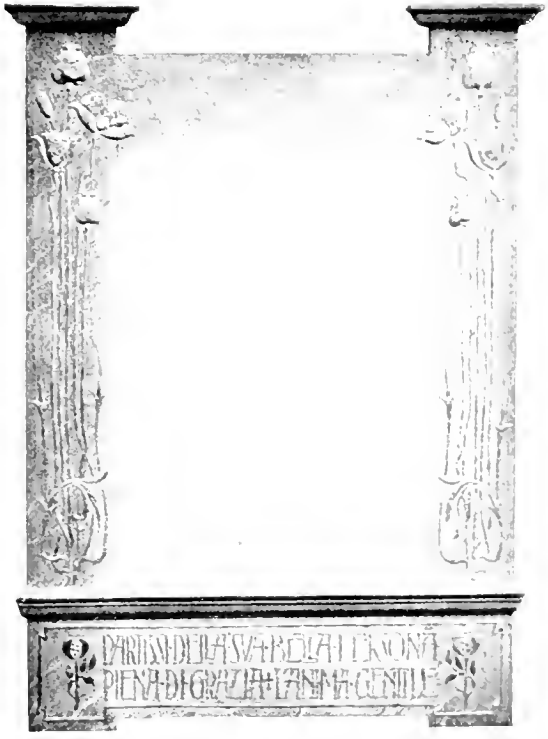


PICTURE FRAME. DESIGNED AND DECORATED BY A. WICKHAM JARVIS

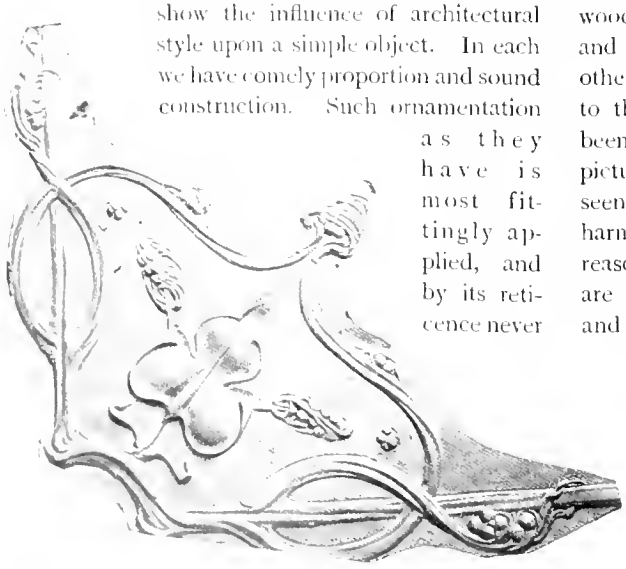
PICTURE FRAME. DESIGNED AND DECORATED BY A. WICKHAM JARVIS

Glenchen, besides several medals (one being here reproduced), showed a very graceful hand-mirror, with an ivory handle and back, gold and green enamel snakes, entwined amid bronze metal work enclosing a crystal below, and framing a daintily modelled figure above the handle.

The new schools in connection with the Leighton Memorial Art Gallery in Peckham Road, Camberwell, promise to extend the admirable work of the County Council art-training on the south side of London. Mr. Cecil Burns is the master, and the rooms at his disposal are singularly well arranged and well lighted. To show how practical is the scheme of technical education carried on in the same building, it will suffice to mention a class for house painters which has a room provided with a certain number of old panelled doors for them to practice upon. Housed under the same roof as the art galleries, students enjoy the benefit of the loan exhibition held therein. At present a number of fine paintings by Leighton, Burne-Jones, Watts, and others are reinforced by a large collection of Mr. Walter Crane's work, and rooms filled with porcelain, metal work, and various examples of applied art, some lent by the South Kensington Museum and others by Mrs. William Morris; one of these latter being a famous *armoire* painted by Sir Edward Burne-Jones and made for the Red House, Bexley. So admirable an enterprise deserves the good wishes of all in sympathy with art.

CEILING DECORATION BY JAMES R. COOPER

The frames, illustrated here, designed and decorated by Mr. A. Wickham Jarvis, show the influence of architectural style upon a simple object. In each we have comely proportion and sound construction. Such ornamentation as they have is most fittingly applied, and by its reticence never enters into rivalry with the pictures for which they have been in each case specially designed. The wood in some has been entirely covered with gold, and the gesso decoration treated harmoniously; in others, the "untouched oak" is left as background to the relief decoration in gesso. As they have been in each case specially designed for certain pictures, some of the effect is lost by their being seen as frames only, and the symbolism adopted to harmonise with the motive of the painting lacks its reason for existence. But the designs themselves are far better studied with no conflicting interest, and they are good enough to stand the test. The work of Mr. Wickham Jarvis in this direction is distinctly timely. At present, when pictures in the ordinary gilt frames are viewed suspiciously, it is good to find that by substituting designs of the character of these illustrated, even a modern naturalistic picture can be brought to take its rightful place in a well-considered scheme of interior decoration, as in the one bear-



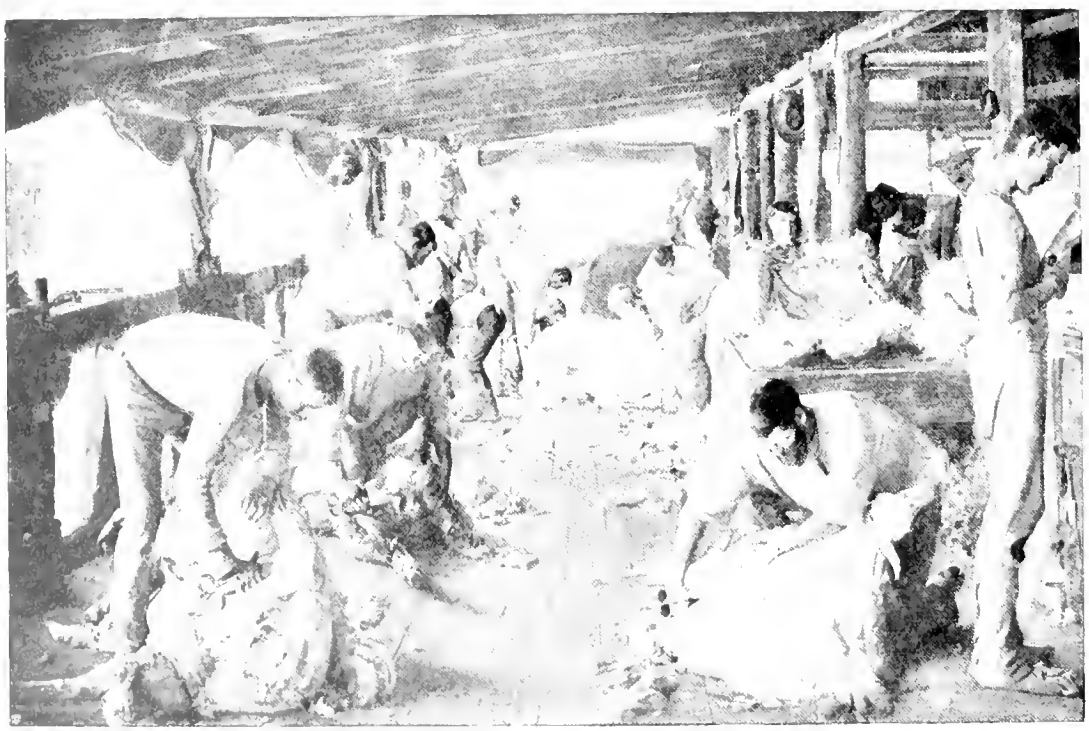
CEILING DECORATION BY JAMES R. COOPER

"PURPLE NOON'S TRANSPARENT LIGHT." FROM A PAINTING BY ARTHUR STREETON

ing the initials E. A., with very light green gesso decoration on a gold ground, designed especially for a portrait of the little daughter of Mrs. Andrews, by whose kind permission it is here illustrated.

Some details of decoration of a room designed and modelled by Mr. James R. Cooper, for Mr. J. G. Gibbons Sankey, a London architect, are illustrated on page 266. The fragment, which fills each angle of the ceiling and repeats four times to form the centre ornament, shows pleasant, simple lines of foliage, suggested probably by Indian maize. The whole ceiling is thus enriched with comparatively little ornament, but that little being good the whole effect is admirable. The figure is one of two supporting each end of a panelled beam above the large bay window. The subject, a wood-nymph (about 2 feet 4 inches high), is finished in colour.

So much has been said during the past winter about the artistic possibilities of the exhibition of Australian art at the Grafton Gallery that the show itself may have come to many people somewhat as a disappointment. Yet it has revealed what every one who had studied the progress of the art movement in Australia knew already, that the native school is, like all others, made up of men of moderate capacity and good intentions, with some half-dozen leaders who stand head and shoulders above their fellows. To have anticipated that the exhibition would have presented a congeries of masterpieces was to expect the impossible; we have really every reason to be both surprised and pleased at the considerable amount of good work which it actually contains. Such a landscape as Mr. Arthur Streeton's *Purple Noon's Transparent Light*, with its admirable drawing and aerial perspective, and its splendid force of colour, would hold its own in any London gallery; and such a vigorous piece of action as *The Golden Fleece*, by Mr. Tom Roberts, with its groups of busy shearers, is worthy of the sincere approval of every one who holds that the best occupation for the artist is to be found in the illustration of modern life. The one peculiarity of the show is the manner in which landscapes predominate. Only a few noteworthy figure pictures appear, and the most important of these are the contributions of three men—Mr. Longstaff, Mr. E. P. Fox, and Mr. J. R. Ashton—who are fortunately painters of exceptional capacity. Decorative figure subjects seem to come hardly within the scope of the Australian school, for with the exception of Mr. S. Long's fanciful *Spirit of the*



"THE GOLDEN FLEECE" BY TOM ROBERTS

"THE SPIRIT OF THE PLAINS" BY S. LONG

Plains, and bright coloured *Sea Idyll*, there is nothing, save some tentative nudes, which reveals any inclination towards imaginative design. At present the dominant idea is that of straightforward realism; but, as time goes on, this, we may fairly expect, will be greatly modified, and with the development of the national art will come more poetry and more variety of fancy.

DUBLIN. — The Royal Hibernian Academy Exhibition now open is a very good one, although the number of striking pictures is rather below the average. Mr. Walter Osborne's portraits have attracted much attention, as also have Mr. Catterson Smith's, and they have had to face the trying ordeal of neighbourship with Mr. John S. Sarjent's celebrated study of *Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth*. Mr. J. N. Bolton's excellent *Portrait of Miss Florence Francis* has escaped this test by being hung in another room, but it might with more reason have been subjected to it than some of those placed in the large gallery.

The collection includes an unusually large amount of work from Scotland, some of the landscapes sent by members of the R.S.A. being very powerful in many respects. Several of these have been given richly deserved places of honour. Perhaps the most remarkable are from the easels of Mr. Patrick Adam, Mr. C. W. Nicholls, Mr. Pollock Nisbet, and Mr. Rattray.

It is somewhat curious that there are but two or three paintings dealing with Irish subjects. Mr. Henry Allan's large canvas, *An Episode of the Rebellion of '98*, is, however, strong enough to make up for the fewness in numbers. The powerful drawing, the fine colouring, and the dramatic force of this noble picture justify the highest praise, and warrant the expectation that this young Academician will eventually take a foremost place in British art.

The water-colour drawings are numerous, and many of them are excellent, notably one, a charming figure study by Miss Gertrude Hammond.

B.

LIVERPOOL.—R. E. Morrison occupies a leading place here as a penetrative and sympathetic portraitist, and his industry is proved by the number of his recent achievements. Among these are several presentation portraits of prominent local men, including the Right Hon. the Earl of Derby, K.G., K.C.B.; Sir John Willox, M.P.; John Brancker, Esq., J.P., Chairman of the Mersey Dock Board; Captain J. Jackson, retiring Commodore of the Alfred Booth Line; besides portraits of James W. Lowther, Esq., M.P., Sir Thomas Hughes, ex-Lord Mayor of Liverpool, and others. In each instance the character of the sitter is convincingly told. Advanced technical skill is displayed in the manual execution, the eye is satisfied with refined harmony of colour, and in the simple accessories the picture is nearly always composed with a fine taste. The portrait of *Hall Caine*,

"SYRINX" BY G. HALL NEALE

reproduced on page 271, is not the least of Mr. Morrison's successes: it is strikingly rich in colour as a study in browns.

The Isle of Man coast has inspired two large seascapes in oil by Richard Wane, *The great Cliffs of the Ocean stand and Battle with the Waves for Ever*, and *Clearing Up*, in which the strong quality of the painting, the luminous colour of the curling waves, and the realisation of an angry sea are noticeable features. G. Hall Neale has recently completed a large water-colour entitled *Syrinx*—a poetic rendering, both as regards colour and drawing, of the Greek myth of flute-like music in the water-reeds (see reproduction on this page). A very successful portrait by the same artist of the present Lord Mayor of Liverpool (Alderman Houlding) has been admired equally for the quality of its painting as for the excellence of its likeness.

Another industrious Liverpool artist, Isaac Cooke, R.B.A., has been busy upon *Snow-Clad Crags of Idwal*, a small canvas picturing the Devil's Kitchen and rosy evening light on the clouds that are driving over the snowy tops. Also two water-colours of shower and sunshine effects in the Kirkstowe Pass and Cader Idris. At the R.B.A. Mr. Cooke is showing two water-colours—*Sunshine Showers over Cader Idris*, from the wild moorland road to Dinas Mouth, with a solitary shepherd's home, and an *October Evening Glow on Place Fell, Patterdale*, Ullswater lake reflecting the fiery glow of light on the mountain-side; and at the Royal Institute, a small water-colour of *Sunshine Showers over the Summits of Catchedesam and Helvellyn*. Robert Fowler's work is referred to in the extra number of THE STUDIO this month.

Of other local artists, including W. B. Boadle, A. E. Brockbank, R.B.A., Arthur Cox, Robert Dobson, G. Cockram, R.C.A., Hampson Jones, J. V. Parsons, Miss Jessie Macgregor, and others, who are represented in the London exhibitions at this season, I must forego any further mention on account of limitations of space. H. B. B.

BERLIN.—For several months past the whole art-world has been under the spell of Arnold Böcklin. The seventieth birthday of the famous Swiss painter, recently celebrated, brought forth a veritable flood of brochures of all kinds on the life of the artist and the development of his genius. A wave of enthusiasm passed over the whole land, and it was completely forgotten that but a few years ago most people greeted with jeers and sarcasms Böcklin's strange fantasies which, even now, the great majority are quite incapable of appreciating. But we live in a rapid age, and the immediate past is soon forgotten in the present.

To do him honour, the citizens of Bâle, the

artist's birth-place, recently organised an exhibition of his works, of which the local art collection contains a goodly number. About eighty of his most important pictures were brought together and afforded ample opportunity for studying the evolution of Böcklin's art. The Berlin Academy, of which Böcklin is a member, also held a large exhibition, comprising nearly 100 pictures, with a few of his drawings and numerous reproductions of his works, which gave the public an opportunity of seeing with their own eyes what Böcklin really is. There is something rather humorous in the idea of the staid old Berlin Academy displaying the sprightly fantastic productions, the lovely colour-dreams of this altogether unacademic painter! However, the popular success of the exhibition was marvellous, crowds thronging to it at all hours of the day. Nevertheless, I do not believe Böcklin's genius is even now one whit better understood by the public than was formerly the case; it has simply become the fashion to "enthuse" over it.

Reference has already been made to Böcklin in these columns (see THE STUDIO for March 1896). It is interesting to observe that the true meaning of his works is not quite appreciated abroad, whether it be in England, in France, or in Belgium, and to find indeed that his right to the title of artist is still denied by many competent critics. The fact is, Böcklin is frankly German, like most of our modern painters. If we place him on the one side and Menzel on the other, we have the two poles of German art. Our painters have even shown a preference for ignoring the realistic side of their surroundings, and have elected to live in a world of dreams, where the skies are bluer and eternal sunshine reigns, where a godlike freedom prevails, such as the ancients knew. In Arnold Böcklin this school has reached its zenith.

The artist's early work gave but little evidence of the powers latent within him. But soon after he arrived in Italy, and while still young, a complete change came over him, as though the very soil had filled him with a new life. A charming little picture of that period is in existence. A faun is lying on his back among the high grass, with a bird carolling above him; gaily laughing, he tries to imitate its song, snapping his fingers the while. This picture is instinct with the joyousness born of the southern sun. Again and again the painter charms us with his Italian landscapes. Thus, in the *Summer's Day*, with the river meandering through the fields fringed with tall poplars, a group of boys, stripped for bathing, are gambolling about, with the full glow of the midsummer sunlight pervading all around.

PORTRAIT OF HALL CAINE, ESQ. BY R. E. MORRISON

Certainly Böcklin's great power as a landscapist was acquired in Italy, where he studied the scenery under its every aspect, at all hours of the day and through all changes of season. The charm of the bare, steep mountains, which catch the eye at once by their form and stand out so wonderfully under the glare of the sun; the peculiar fascination of the trees, which impart to the Italian landscape a colouring of its own; and, above all, the infinite loveliness of the Italian sea—all this the painter has again and again depicted. Any one who has ever stood on the Punta di Tragara at Capri during an oppressive sirocco, beneath a leaden sky, with the almost motionless sea lapping lazily against the rocks—any one who has seen these same dark-blue waters tossed by the storm, rising and falling in gigantic waves, and pouring over the rocks, then rushing back again to swallow up the foam, must surely rank Böcklin high among the landscape painters of the day.

In these landscapes of his, these scenes of eternal beauty, the old symbols of Nature's power come to life once more. From out these waters spring Tritons and Nereids; in these forest glades the Satyrs watch the sleeping Nymphs with wonder or desire in their strange faces. Pan pipes his melancholy evensong; for it grows dark, and the whole country-side is sinking under the bluish mist; and there, hard by, behind a tree, clinging closely together, a pair of Nymphs are listening. It all sings of old fairy lore, awakening many a half-forgotten dream. As Goethe has it—

> Märchen noch so wunderbar,
> Dichterkünste machen's wahr.

In truth, these wondrous fairy-forms grow real to our eyes through the medium of Böcklin's art.

G. G

"LE MIME ENFANT" BY GEORGES MORREN

BRUSSELS.—The Salon of the "Libre Esthétique," one of the most interesting art exhibitions in Brussels, has been opened for the fifteenth time—if one may include the displays by the old "Cercle des XX.," the traditions of which have been carried on by the "Libre Esthétique" Club, with no modifications to speak of. The exhibition is full of interest, from the merit of the works it contains, and from the way in which they have been arranged. The most important works of applied art have practically been all collected in the first room, a sort of corridor, in which, thanks to the softened light produced by M. Evaldre's glass, they produce a most favourable effect on the visitor. Here we find at once M. Louis C. Tiffany's exhibit—vases, flagons, and dishes in favrile-glass. But it is need-

"LE PRINTEMPS." FROM A PAINTING BY LÉON FRÉDÉRIC

"SOIR EN PROVINCE (FLANDRE)"
FROM A PAINTING BY
ALBERT BAERTSOEN

"FERME DE ZUID, BEVELLAND"
FROM A PAINTING BY
EMILE CLAUS

less to discuss these wonderful works further, after the recent article in THE STUDIO from the pen of Mrs. Cecilia Waern. Enough to say that they constitute the *clou* of the whole Exhibition, for there is nothing more truly deserving of attention than these superb productions.

In neighbouring cases are displayed the delicate, pale-tinted porcelains from the Royal Manufactory, Copenhagen, together with the

"FILETTE" BY THEO VAN RYSSELBERGHE

ingenious pewter work of M. Karl Gross, of Munich; vases, dishes, and works of ceramic art by MM. Bing and Groendahl, of Copenhagen; the extensive exhibits of the "Société Danoise du Livre"; the embroideries of Mlles. Ida and Carlotta Brinckmann, of Hamburg; and the *batiks* by M. J. Thornprikker, of La Haye. Proceeding further we come upon the bronzes (vases, figures, and animals) by Mr. P. Weyland Bartlett, most ingenious and skilful in composition and admirably oxidised; the bronze statuettes by M. V. Vallgren; the pewter work of M. J. Desbois, and the bronze *plaquettes* by

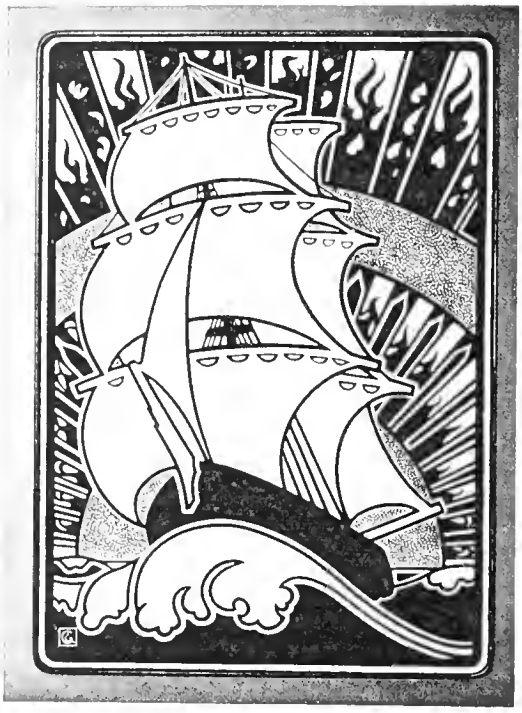
EMBROIDERED PANEL
BY MDLLE. L. G. VAN MALTEMBURGH

M. A. Charpentier, whose style is growing more and more refined.

Other notable productions are the wrought-iron brackets by M. Otto Eckmann, of Berlin, displaying an *ensemble* of charming lines; M. Fritz Rentsch's (Dresden) richly coloured tapestries, both embroidered and painted; the delicate objects of applied art by MM. Plumet and Selmersheim, of Paris; and lastly, the "schemes" and "designs" by Mlle. Huez and M. G. Combaz, of Brussels. The poster, by M. Combaz, announcing the opening of this Salon, is most happily conceived, and shows genuine progress on the part of the designer.

In the picture galleries one of the finest canvases is M. Alfred Verhaeren's *Intérieur d'Eglise*. This is a superb production, admirable in colour, of masterly execution and profound feeling. M. Frédéric's *La Nature*, in spite of the fact that it is overloaded with detail, is nevertheless

FRIEZE BY GISBERT COMBAZ



DESIGN FOR A POSTER BY G. COMBAZ

remarkable for the skilful handling of this very detail, which constitutes one of the chief merits of this important and laborious work.

Among the other Belgian productions are the large and brilliantly coloured *Soir en province* by M. A. Baertsoen; the *Ferme de Zuid, Beveland*, by M. F. Claus; a delightful little painting, *Zélandaises*, by M. Mertens; and the plentiful display by M. Van Rysselberghe, which comprises portraits, figures, landscapes, seascapes, drawings, and pastels, the latter including a charming portrait of a little girl. The German school is represented by paintings by Mlle. Dora Hitz, M. A. Illies, M. Curt Hermann, and M. W. Leistikow, in which a regard for colouring appears to be the chief object in view. The French

METAL VASE BY KARL GROSS

school sends portraits by M. L. Simon, dreamy paintings from the brush of M. Le Sidaner, and a delicate picture by M. Maurice Denis.

A word must also be said for the Dutch studies by MM. Charles W. Bartlett and N. Jungmann; the drawings, etchings, and lithographs of MM. M. Cazin, G. Morren, whose charming *Femme Lisant* is reproduced upon page 272, F. Liebermann, Van Hoytema and Deysselhof; M. Fritz Thaulow's Venetian scenes; the graceful colour schemes of MM. Alexander and Childe Hassam; M. Welden Hawkins's landscapes; M. C. Meunier's exhibit, full of interest, as usual; and lastly, the works of the young Belgian sculptor, G. Minne—expressive little figures in bronze and blue-stone. His figure in blue-stone is altogether a most remarkable work.

F. K.

REVIEWS OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Drawings and Studies by the late Lord Leighton of Stretton, P.R.A. Facsimiled after the Originals: with a Preface by S. Pepys Cockerell. (London: The Fine Art Society, and Macmillan & Co. 1898.)—As a monument to the memory of a great artist this collection of forty reproductions of Lord Leighton's drawings has a quite unusual importance. It is a good deal more than a mere assertion of technical cleverness or a record of particular achievements, for it deserves really to be regarded as a reasonably complete summary of some of the finest qualities of the late President's art. Although the suggestion of his view of colour does not come within the scope of the book, the expression of his mastery over subtleties of design and intricacies of draughtsmanship is perfectly adequate; and the evidence given of his extraordinary industry and fastidious care is thoroughly convincing. The selection of the drawings reproduced from the mass of available material, has been made with excellent judgment, and not only studies of figures and draperies, of architectural fragments and foliage forms, but also first sketches for pictures and notes of composition are given. Concerning the manner in which these reproductions are made it would scarcely be possible to speak too highly. They are actually what they profess to be, exact facsimiles of the artist's work, repeating with minute accuracy the characteristic touch, and the particular manner of using his materials, which stamped his individuality upon even his slightest notes. Nothing of the quality of the originals seems to have been lost in the process of translation, and even the effects caused by the choice of paper of a certain colour, or by little devices of handling, are realised with absolute truth. The prefatory note by Mr. Pepys Cockerell, brief though it is, adds appreciably to the value of the volume, for it is written sympathetically by an intimate friend of Lord Leighton, and it includes many explanatory details about his mode of working and his technical customs. It is practical, direct, and simple; in fact, quite in keeping with the simplicity and directness of the artistic efforts to which it serves as commentary.

The Miracles of Madame Saint Katherine of Fierbois. Translated by Andrew Lang. (Chicago: Way & Williams. London: David Nutt.)—To students of the life and thought of the Middle Ages, this translation from the French, the original manuscript of which is now in the Bibliothèque Nationale, will doubtless be welcome. The title-page, head- and tail-pieces, and the initial letters are designed by Selwyn Image, and are excellent examples of the always delightful and well-considered work of that artist.

Lullaby-Land. By Eugene Field. Illustrated by Charles Robinson. (London: John Lane. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.) Price 6*s.*—Mr. Kenneth Grahame, the author of *The Golden Age*, is accredited upon the title-page with having selected the verses contained in this book, to which he contributes a pleasantly written introduction. There is a peculiar fascination about these little jingles calculated to go straight to the heart of the mother of babes, and the plentiful illustrations which bedeck the pages once again testify to the imaginative and technical ability displayed in Mr. Robinson's drawings.

Progress of Art in English Church Architecture. By T. S. Robinson. With illustrations by the author. (London: Gay & Bird.) Price 5*s.*—A plain account written in non-technical language of the salient features which characterise the great styles of ecclesiastical architecture in England during the Middle Ages. As a book calculated to become a popular introduction to the numerous handbooks on English cathedrals which are now being published, it will doubtless receive the well-merited support of the public.

A Text-book of the History of Sculpture. By Allan Marquand and Arthur C. Frothingham. (New York, London, and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co.) Price 6*s.*—In the preface to this volume it is stated that its object "is to

provide students in schools and colleges with a concise survey of the history of sculpture, so that they may be able to comprehend intelligently the sculpture of the past and the present in the countries with which our own civilisation has been and is most intimately connected." In pursuance of this purpose separate chapters are devoted to Egyptian, Babylonian, Assyrian, Persian, Hittite, Phœnician, Greek, Etruscan, Roman, and Byzantine sculpture, and to Mediæval, Renaissance, and to the modern European and American developments of the art. Not the least useful features of the book are the sections referring to the bibliography of the subject, and to the large number of addresses given in various parts of the world where photographs of sculpture and plaster casts may be purchased. It is largely illustrated from photographs and is a work of distinctly practical value.

Handbook to the National Gallery. By EDWARD T. COOK. (London: Macmillan & Co.) Price 14*s*.—In the present edition of this valuable book of reference the author has endeavoured to bring his work as nearly up to date as possible. In consequence of many recent changes in the arrangement of the collection, caused partly through the acquisition of further pictures and the removal of others to the Tate Gallery at Millbank, the task of the compiler has been by no means a light one. The criticisms upon many of the pictures by Ruskin, extracted from his various works, which are appended to the author's notes, are useful and interesting, especially to laymen; but, as Mr. Cook modestly remarks in his preface, "this book has been written by a layman for laymen." That the book justifies its existence is amply proved by the fact of a fifth edition being called for. It should find a place in the library of all lovers of art.

The Two Duchesses. Edited by VERE FOSTER. (London: Blackie & Son.) 16*s*.—The two ladies from whom this treasury of good things takes its title are Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, first wife of the fifth duke, and Elizabeth, Duchess of Devonshire, second wife of the same nobleman. It is a collection of private letters, bristling with entertaining anecdotes, written between the years 1777 and 1859 by personages occupying high political and social positions at home and abroad during that eventful period of modern history, which, roughly speaking, may be said to have commenced with the accession of Louis XVI. to the throne of France, and to have terminated shortly after the conclusion of the Crimean War. The illustrations consist of seventeen admirably executed photogravure plates which include Gainsborough's and Romney's portraits of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, and that by Sir Thomas Lawrence of the Duchess Elizabeth.

The Art of Painting in the Queen's Reign. By A. G. TEMPLE, F.S.A. (London: Chapman & Hall, Limited.) Price £3 3*s*. net.—The title of this work has been selected with indifferent taste. To describe "The Art of the Queen's Reign" at a time when, as is fondly hoped by all her Majesty's subjects, that reign has not nearly reached its completion, shows, to say the least, an undue haste on the part of the persons responsible. To compress into a single volume anything approaching an exhaustive account of British art and artists of the last sixty years is evidently well-nigh an impossibility. The notices respecting the work of the painters referred to are necessarily condensed, but they have for the most part been compiled with care, and with much genuine appreciation, on the part of the author. Many names of painters of conspicuous ability have been omitted; and, in this respect, the "New English" fraternity is particularly unfortunate. The illustrations which accompany the work are nearly eighty in number. They are well reproduced in collotype, and the selection of them has been made with sound judgment.

Geschichte der Rheinischen Städtekultur. With illustrations by JOSEPH SATTLER. (Berlin: J. A. Stargardt.)—The second volume of this important work is a worthy continuation of the first volume, already reviewed in these pages. Mr. Sattler loses none of the charm and mastership of his pen-work which we have had occasion so often to commend. The illustration which prefaces *Die Zeit des Faustrechtes* is an excellent example of his peculiar power of combining tragedy and humour without loss of dignity. The wierdness of his conceptions combined with right appreciation of the power of line work permits him to be ranked among the first decorative illustrators of the day.

The fascinations of "poker work" still seem to claim votaries among our amateur art-workers as the means by which the work can be either entirely carried out or improved. We have received from Messrs. Moeller and Condrup, of 78 Fore Street, London, for review in our columns, a particularly well made and effective instrument known as the "Simplex" wood-burning machine. Possessed of such a practical little apparatus, the possibilities in matter of ornamentation to those gifted with decorative instinct are endless.

AWARDS IN "THE STUDIO" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

As announced in February 1897, a gold, a silver and one or more bronze medals will be presented annually to those competitors who, by the excellence of their collective work in the respective classes, shall be deemed worthy of the honours. The names of those to whom medals have been awarded will shortly be published.

DESIGN FOR A PORTIÈRE.
(A XIII.)

The FIRST PRIZE (*Two guineas*) is awarded to *Aberbrothock* (H. T. Wyse, Viewfield Road, Arbroath, N.B.)

This design will be reproduced in colours in a later number.

The SECOND PRIZE (*One guinea*) to *Crown Imperial* (W. R. Bullmore, 20 Albion Terrace, Gaywood Road, King's Lynn).

Honourable Mention is given to the following:—*Doctor* (Agnes C. Martin, 45 South Road, Handsworth, Birmingham); *Kataja* (Countess Eva Sparre, Borga, Finland); *Watchman* (R. Morton Nance, 23 Westbourne Road, Penarth, S. Wales): *the above are illustrated*; also to *Gilligate* (Madge Groves); *Jennifer* (Kate Lanyon); *Leslie* (Miss M. Hounsfield); *Tulip* (Miss F. V. Shoosmith); and *Walmgate* (Jeanie I. Swanson).

DESIGN FOR A FANCY BOOK-COVER IN COLOURS.
(B XII.)

The FIRST PRIZE (*Three guineas*) is awarded to *Arc* (Thomas Corson, 8 Blenheim Walk, Leeds).

The SECOND PRIZE (*Two guineas*) to *Recklaw* (C. A. Walker, 1 Aigburth Road, Sefton Park, Liverpool).

Honourable Mention is given to the following:—*Dorian* (Oliver Senior, 172 Stockport Road, Levenshulme, Manchester); *Erato* (Mrs. Jessie D. Brown, 6341 Monroe Avenue, Chicago, U.S.A.); *Karl* (Charles H. B. Pinchard, 2 Doughty Street, W.C.); *Pan* (Fredk. H. Ball, 189 Noel Street, Nottingham); *M.A.F.* (Minnie A. Field, Penrhos, Chislehurst): *the foregoing have been purchased at one guinea each*); also to—*Alige* (Alice E. Newby); *Art* (Ernest Sanders); *Aberbrothock* (H. T. Wyse); *Balbus* (Wilmot Lunt); *Honor* (H. C. Appleton); *Morpheus* (T. C. Dugdale); *Max* (Reby Veronica Waddington); *Maybe* (Countess Vera Sollshub); *North-West Wind* (Elinor Postlethwaite); *Pat* (Sylvia Packard); *Roach* (F. W. Ogden); *Roffey* (Arthur E. Payne); *The Fusee* (A. Constance Smedley); *Tregeagle* (Samuel J. Hicks); *Freda* (Winifred Arthur); and *Valkyrie* (A. Hamilton Scott).

CHARACTERS FROM THE WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS.
No. 1. "MR. MICAWBER"
(B XIII.)

The FIRST PRIZE (*One guinea*) is awarded to *Rex* (J. M. Staniforth, Llanishen, near Cardiff).

The SECOND PRIZE (*Half-a-guinea*) to *Duffer* (Claud Cooper, Bourne Hall Road, Bushey, Herts).

Honourable Mention is given to the following:—*Comus* (Henry C. Wilkie); *Morpheus* (T. C. Dugdale); *Martha* (Ethel M. Turner); and *Roy* (F. W. Doyle Forfane).

STUDY OF A CHILD.
(C XII.)

The FIRST PRIZE (*One guinea*) is awarded to *Clymping* (Louisa Ginnett, 16 Sinclair Road, West Kensington).

The SECOND PRIZE (*Half-a-guinea*) to *Crowquill* (Katherine L. Beard, 9 Denning Road, Hampstead).

Honourable Mention is given to the following:—*Grumbler* (Rosa C. Petherick, Maple Lodge, Havelock Road, Croydon); *Brontops* (Evelyn Pearce); *Bimbo* (Eleanor Barton); *Biff* (Henry P. Truman); *Century* (Jessica Turner); *Dox* (Nellie Harvey); *Crock* (Emily Westrup); *Daub* (E. Grace Wilson); *Etelka* (Etel Heinreich Arad); *Leekey* (Ernest A. Taylor); *Lazy Tued* (Evelyn M. Scott); *Langtown* (George Mitchell); *Olly* (E. Gritein); *Primula* (E. Jones); *Pan* (Fredk. H. Ball); *S.P.Q.R.* (A. H. Jenkins); *Taffy* (Mary Hughes); and *Vevers* (Beatrice Greenwood).

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM NATURE.
STUDY OF A CAT.
(D VI.)

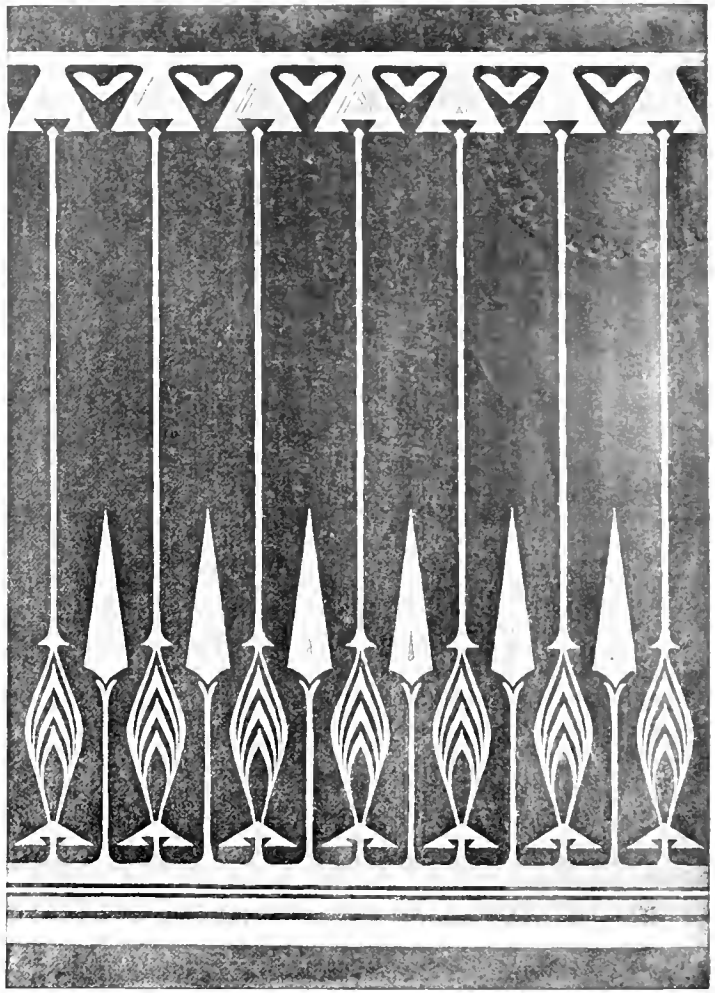
The FIRST PRIZE (*One guinea*) is awarded to *F.R.S.* (Mary C. Fair, Freemantle Rectory, Southampton).

The SECOND PRIZE (*Half-a-guinea*) to *Bromide* (Hugh Milton, 22 Promenade Villas, Cheltenham).

Honourable Mention is given to the following:—*Colly* (Miss Van Andringa); *Etol* (Ethel Oliver); *Fluff* (Miss Curtis); *Junius* (Philip Parsons); *Murus* (Mrs. Wall); *P. Jay* (Philip Joshua); *Tetnal* (G. M. Griffiths); *Un Coupable* (Jacques de Bronwer); *Whittington* (Miss L. A. Russell); *West Carbery* (Mrs. Coghill); and *Warwick* (J. H. Liebreich).

In consequence of great pressure of matter we regret that we are unable to find space to illustrate this competition.

SECOND PRIZE "CROWN IMPERIAL"



HON. MENTION "KATAJA

DESIGN FOR A PORTIÈRE (COMPETITION A XIII.)

HON. MENTION "WATCHMAN"

HON. MENTION "LOCUST TOR"

DESIGN FOR A PORTIÈRE (COMPETITION A XIII.)

FIRST PRIZE "REX"

SECOND PRIZE "DUFFER"

CHARACTERS FROM THE WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS (No. 1 "MR. MICAWBER")
(COMPETITION B XIII.)

Study of a Child (Competition C XII.)

FIRST PRIZE "CLYMPING"

SECOND PRIZE "CROWQUILL"

HON. MENTION "GRUMBLER"

THE LAY FIGURE AND ART.

"Is it a good Academy?" said a Colonial Visitor, who had dropped in. There was a dead silence.

"Within no man's memory was an Academy called good during its three months' existence," said the Journalist solemnly. "It must be half-forgotten before it earns that epitaph."

"Half-a-dozen sensational pictures are enough to get a show talked about," said the Decadent.

"But is the good man or the good show 'talked about?'" said the Æsthetic Designer. "One rather fancies that it is the reverse; what is most impressive is often kept silent."

"I mean, is there sign of progress?" said the Colonial Visitor. "Are we going ahead or not?"

"What do you mean by going ahead?" said the Æsthetic Designer. "Do you really feel that art is always evolving to higher forms, or is a matter that can be recorded in parallel columns like the navy of 1898 compared with the navy of 1868? Art is not so easily summed up."

"What is art?" said the Colonial Visitor.

"The title of a book by Mr. James Stanley Little, and of another, years later, by Count Leo Tolstoi," he replied. "Yet, with all respect to each author, I feel that the answer is still not only to seek, but must needs remain so. Remember also that 'Art,' as the term is used nowadays, has acquired quite a new meaning. Art was once merely artifice or craft, now we express it to imply inspiration, supreme technique, to expound a gospel, or to betray a purpose, and what not. Yet, speaking for myself alone, it seems to me that art is nothing but the best efforts of specially gifted men: a thing not to be acquired, not to be imitated. Some people—an infinitesimally small number always—have the knack of expressing their sense of the beauty of nature or of imagination so exactly and clearly that a world understands their message."

"What is art?" said the Decadent. "An excuse for talking sentiment and for rhapsody on the misunderstood. The man who discovers it generally does so to prove his own critical acumen, or to exalt some hero who has convinced him."

"But," said the Colonial Visitor, "there must be something that separates art from all else?"

"Yes," replied the Man with a Clay Pipe, "and when you have defined accurately genius, inspiration, poetry, and a few other abstract nouns, you may define art; until then it depends merely on the concensus of opinion among critics. One will tell you that Raphael is of art compact, another that his pictures are not essentially different from chromolithographs after them. Raphael—or Raphael Tuck—that is the question; it depends on the point of view."

"That may be an easy way to evade the difficulty," said the Colonial Visitor; "but surely painters must agree what is art and what is mere accomplishment?"

There was silence until the Æsthetic Designer said: "I do not believe in the extreme views of either side. I see no reason why a sermon in paint is essential, nor why virtuosity in excelsis, which we esteem only at its lawful value in music, should be more highly valued in painting. You cannot explain the scent of a rose in words, you cannot even describe it so that one who had never even smelt a rose would identify it by its odour. If a common experience in scent, in sound, or in taste cannot be expressed in words, how much more is it unlikely that 'Art' can be explained so that those who feel it not can recognise it thereby?"

"Why trouble about it?" said the Journalist. "Art may be a pleasant and lucrative profession, it may be a struggle against adverse criticism. Even beauty, like morals, is a question of latitude, and most efforts to philosophise are not merely fatuous but dull. I, for one, wish that the very word were abolished. Let us praise pictures well-imagined and well executed. Let us praise fine music and fine buildings; but let us cease to ask if they indeed belong to art. Art to me is a sort of Mrs. Grundy catchword, no more important than many other purely local shibboleths of the hour. Indeed, 'art' is usually but a synonym for 'fashion.' As Mrs. Grundy respects the mode, so Mr. Grundy turns to a fetish labelled 'Art,' and both change their idols as rapidly as the seasons change."

"I knew you would not tell me when I asked," said the Visitor "I don't believe there is such a thing as art."

"I quite agree with you," replied the Æsthetic Designer. "If neither experts nor laymen can agree on its attributes, if it changes with the fluctuation of taste, and is never recognised by more than a small minority of the millions of the world, let it go. Then ingenuity, honest unstinted effort, fine virtuosity, and the happy knack of expressing precisely what the worker meant to express—all these things may be valued at their worth. Possibly, when we have faced the Sphinx, and found she cannot answer her own riddle 'What is Art?' we may find that unawares the answer is as clear as day."

THE LAY FIGURE.