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CONTENTS

June 1928

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| A Portrait by Giovanni Bellini at Hampton Court Palace. By SIR LIONEL CUST, K.C.V.O. | 247 |
| The Charm of Old Mezzotint Portraits. By MALCOLM C. SALAMAN | 248 |
| Dante Gabriel Rossetti. By J. B. M. | 257 |
| Domestic Architecture and Decoration—XIX. By MURRAY ADAMS-ACTON, F.S.A. | 259 |
| English Illumination. By TANCRED BORENIUS | 265 |
| The Art of Edgard Degas. By J. B. MANSON | 268 |
| The Exhibition of Art Treasures at the Grafton Galleries | 274 |
| Letter from Paris. By ANDRÉ SALMON | 279 |
| Letter from Berlin. By OSCAR BIE | 282 |
| Book Reviews | 284 |
| Art News and Notes. By HERBERT FURST | 290 |

LIST OF FULL-PAGE COLOUR PLATES

| | |
|---|--|
| Portrait of a Young Man. By GIOVANNI BELLINI | <i>Frontispiece</i> |
| Mrs. Pelham. By WILLIAM DICKINSON, <i>after</i> REYNOLDS | } <i>Between pages 254-255</i> |
| Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire. By VALENTINE GREEN, <i>after</i> REYNOLDS | |
| The Passover in the Holy Family. By D. G. ROSSETTI | <i>To face page 258</i> |
| Portrait of Mathieu Yrsselius. By RUBENS | " " 262 |
| Carved Head of Christ, Thirteenth Century | " " 274 |
| "The Sisters." By MATTHEW MARIS | " " 278 |
| Tebay Fells. By SIR CHARLES HOLMES | " " 288 |

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PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN. *By Giovanni Bellini*
In Hampton Court Palace

By gracious permission
of H.M. The King

A PORTRAIT BY GIOVANNI BELLINI AT HAMPTON COURT PALACE

By SIR LIONEL CUST, K.C.V.O.

THERE is no more difficult painter for modern criticism than Giovanni Bellini. To start with, Gentile and Giovanni Bellini seem to have worked for a time in unison, first under their father, Jacopo, and not without the influence of their brother-in-law, Andrea Mantegna. Whereas Gentile adhered longer to the old school of tempera painting, Giovanni began by degrees to adapt this to the new principles of oil-vehicles, introduced by Antonello da Messina, and by so doing to establish a technique which was to bear fruit in the works of Giorgione and the young Titian.

It is, perhaps, due to the delicate and rather personal technique of Giovanni that some of his paintings should have been ruined by the hand of the restorer in recent days, who has not been well-informed enough to discover the exact processes of the Bellinesque school.

This is not the place for a general review of Giovanni Bellini's work. There is, however, a portrait at Hampton Court Palace which has been the subject of much discussion as to its authenticity. This portrait, which is painted on panel (17 × 13½ inches), represents a youngish man with bushy fair hair, in black dress and black cap, entirely in keeping with other portraits of the Bellini school. The portrait, set in a landscape background, is seen over a red marble parapet or window sill, on which is a white label with the name *Joannes Bellinus* in cursive letters.

Those students who have been brought up in what may be described as the "thumb-and-ear" school of the late Senatore Morelli will remember how Morelli has laid down in a pontifical way that *all* signatures by Giovanni Bellini are false, and therefore the pious Morellian must perforce deny the claim of the portrait at Hampton Court to be the work of the master.

Another eminent critic, Mr. Roger Fry, has stated his belief that the famous portrait of Doge Loredano, in the National Gallery, is the only portrait which can safely be attributed to the hand of Giovanni Bellini.

Beneath so much adverse criticism the portrait at Hampton Court wilted and took refuge in a possible attribution to such a second-rate painter of that school as Bissolo.

In recent years the studies of Dr. Gronau, followed by those of Signor Venturi, have taken a wider view of the paintings which can be ascribed to the hand, or at all events to the workshop, of Giovanni Bellini; and among the paintings once more allowed to sun itself in the glamour of the master's name is the portrait at Hampton Court, though this portrait has suffered cruelly from the hand of the restorer. A recent removal of some obvious modern repaints has shown that the middle background has been almost entirely destroyed. The further background, a perfect Bellinesque setting, has fortunately survived. The modelling of the hair has been obscured by unskilful daubing. As the portrait now appears there should be no hesitation in accepting it as the work, though merely the remains, of Giovanni Bellini.

It is difficult to trace the history of such a portrait, for in old inventories a man in a black cap offers but a slender clue to identification. It was not a Mantua piece, and cannot be traced in the catalogues of the collections of Charles I or James II, nor in the list of paintings acquired in Italy by George III. On the other hand, in a list of paintings which belonged to James I and seem to have been brought from Scotland, there does occur "A Venetian Senator donne by Joan Tibulini," which may be the painting at Hampton Court Palace.

THE CHARM OF OLD MEZZOTINT PORTRAITS

By MALCOLM C. SALAMAN

(The illustrations are reproduced by the courtesy of Messrs. P. & D. Colnaghi & Co.)



LADY RUSHOUT AND
HER CHILDREN

*First state mezzotint by Thomas Watson,
after the painting by Daniel Gardner (1778)*

WHAT is the peculiar charm of eighteenth-century mezzotints that, while they may entice large sums of guineas from the close pockets of jealous collectors—who concern themselves more gravely over minutiae of the “state” of the impression than over the quality of the engraving—will also appeal equally to the generous purses of those who simply wish to decorate their walls with rare, interesting, and beautiful prints? When long ago these things were published, for the most part by the

engravers themselves, and were exhibited in the print-shop windows, people would buy them, and pay the few shillings charged for them, out of curiosity to see either the latest reigning beauty, Society’s prevailing “toast,” that might appeal to the brush of Sir Joshua or of Romney, “the man in Cavendish Square,” as Reynolds snuffily alluded to him, or the naval or military hero of the last new victory, or statesman or judge or actor—anybody, in fact, who engaged the current “talk of the town,” and, having found favour with a

The Charm of Old Mezzotint Portraits

popular painter, suggested profit to an engraver. In the eighteenth century, however, while the print-collectors addressed themselves to accumulating choice rarities of line-engraving, etching, and woodcut, and even of the pioneer efforts of the mezzotinter's art, the contem-

all the best engravers of his own time. In these days personal curiosity offers no stimulus for the appeal of the old mezzotint portrait; it has become the subject-matter of the collector, who considers it from the point of view of art, rarity or biographical interest, and is willing



ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF
HAMILTON AND ARGYLL

*First state mezzotint by William Finlayson,
after the painting by Catherine Read (1770)*

porary portrait in mezzotint was very rarely "collected." Indeed, I remember when, a little over twenty years ago, the comprehensive collection of that Sir Wilfrid Lawson (who died in 1806) came upon the market, surprise was general to find he had been so assiduous in acquiring, besides his Rembrandts, Nanteuils, and the older engravers, notable examples of

to pay, if his purse will extend to it, the market value, maybe a manifold ransom, for any scarce and much-coveted treasure. There are many gems of the mezzotinter's art, combined with graces of the painter's, which have not reached the pinnacle of price, even though they be in rarely precious "state" and the acme of condition, not only beautiful

"counterfeit presentments" of charming women and lovely children, but some of the finest and most characteristic portraits of men, such as J. R. Smith's elegant "Sir Harbord Harbord," after Gainsborough, and "Colonel Tarleton," spectacularly posed in Reynolds's idea of a battle; John Jones's "Edmund Burke," after Romney; Giuseppe Marchi's "Oliver Goldsmith," after Reynolds; James

Davenport"; Thomas Watson's "Lady Bampfylde"; William Ward's "Daughters of Sir Thomas Frankland"; Dickinson's "Viscountess Crosbie," or, to venture boldly on an earlier rarity, but one of the choice examples of the mezzotinter's art, James McArdell's "Mary, Duchess of Ancaster," as Reynolds's master, Thomas Hudson, painted Queen Charlotte's dainty Mistress of the Robes, attired



THE LADIES WALDEGRAVE

Second state mezzotint by Valentine Green, after the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A. (1781)

Ward's "Hon. Henry Erskine," in Raeburn's happy presentment. Yet what connoisseur is there with the soul of a collector who, when the rare opportunity offers, would not freely sell out the most lucrative of his shares, if needful, to acquire a really choice "first state" of, say, Valentine Green's "The Ladies Waldegrave," the "Duchess of Rutland," or "Lady Betty Delmé and Children," or J. R. Smith's "Gower Family," "Mrs. Carnac," or "Mrs. Musters"; John Jones's delightful "Mrs.

sumptuously in satin for the masquerade, with the Rotunda of Ranelagh in the distance? In these, Reynolds, Romney, Hoppner or Hudson must share the honours with their engravers; yet there is one most desired of prints, however, for which the engraver has all the glory, the design being his own. What true lover of prints does not covet John Raphael Smith's "Promenade at Carlisle House"?—the delightful mezzotint which he had translated superbly from his own gracious

The Charm of Old Mezzotint Portraits



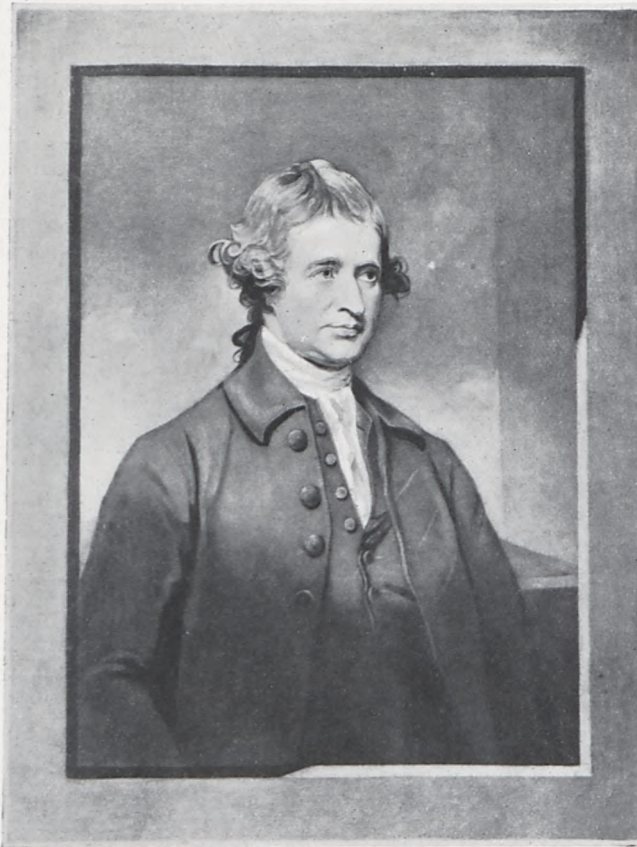
HON. FRANCES HARRIS

Second state mezzotint by J. Grozer, after the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A. (1790)

drawing in coloured crayons, giving a vividly characteristic impression, "catching the manners living as they rise," of the would-be modish men and women who frequented the bi-weekly "Promenades," with which it was hoped to lure the world of fashion back to Soho Square as in the brave days of Mrs. Cornelys' gorgeous masquerades some ten and twenty years before. This plate was wrought in 1781, when Carlisle House was making its last bid for fashionable popularity, with an entrance charge of three shillings, including tea or coffee and sundry syrups, such as capillaire and orgeat, and the print would probably have sold for about five shillings. At an auction sale exactly ten years later, however, when the public had no longer any interest in Carlisle House, and the print had become simply an unconsidered trifle, the old priced catalogue tells us that a "fine impression" was knocked down for eighteen pence! It has now become one of the rare prizes of collectors, for the natural and varied charm of the composition, with the general vivacity of the assembly and the actuality of the costumes and coiffures, with which J. R. Smith, as artist and man-about-town, had always made it his business to be particularly knowing, make it a living record that is also a work of art, so that at the Wilson sale in 1913 it fetched £966, and since then, I believe, it has passed the thousand-pound mark. Now, had the same subject been engraved in line or any other medium, it is extremely doubtful if it would ever have come into such collector's favour as to demand so high a ransom. Yet there is no magic in the mezzotint-scraper as such, but its pictorial message is infinite in its

suggestive possibilities, its range of tone being illimitable as the atmosphere itself, so that it is equally capable of rendering light in its brightest aspect and its most delicate subtleties, and shadows graduating from the finest to the deepest without ever a harsh contrast. There was, from the first, no mystery about the method, although John Evelyn, writing in his "Sculptura" in 1662, made all he could of the paradox of engraving without the customary engraver's tools; but the principle of working from dark to light was sound, and only needed development of the right way of grounding the copper for the scraper to work upon. Once the "rocker" was invented, or at least introduced, by Abraham Blooteling, the noted Dutch engraver, everything went well with mezzotint. The historic collector, accordingly, has a wide field in pursuing his hobby, and may be lucky in his "finds," for there were remarkable things done with the expedients before the "rocker" by the pioneers of the method, from Ludwig von Siegen, the inventor, and Prince Rupert, who introduced it into

England and so ensured its popularity, to Wallerant Vaillant, Jan Thomas, Von Fürstenburg, and other Flemish, Dutch, and German artists who dabbled in the new method, though, in spite of their initial activities, it had no success on the Continent. In England, however, it was William Sherwin and Francis Place, two well-to-do amateurs working in their several ingenious ways who, together with the Dutchmen—Blooteling, Gerard Valck, Paul van Somer, and John van der Vaart—set the ball rolling. For a while mezzotint flourished exceedingly; the English engravers took it up and made it their own, and it was in high favour



THE RT. HON. EDMUND BURKE *First state mezzotint by John Jones, after the painting by George Romney (1790)*

The Charm of Old Mezzotint Portraits

with the fashionable portrait painters of the Restoration and their sitters, curled and *décolletée*, or sumptuously garbed and periwigged. While "Lely on animated canvas stole the sleepy eye that spoke the melting soul," and

and John Faber carried on the traditions; but gradually, owing chiefly to the uninspiring dullness of the painters of the hour, the mezzotint portrait went out of favour and passed through a depressing time, until it was revived



MRS. JORDAN AS HYPPOLITA

First state mezzotint by John Jones,
after the painting by John Hoppner (1791)

Kneller was painting his "formidable likenesses" and cajoling flattery from his sitters, Isaac Beckett and John Smith, a memorable engraver with a crisp touch, commanded the market. Then John Simon, George White,

into a healthy state by the conspicuous talent of two young Irish engravers, William McArdell and Richard Houston. These were followed by their gifted fellow-countrymen, Edward Fisher, James Watson, John Dixon, and

Thomas Frye. Fortunately for the first three of these, Joshua Reynolds—having been in the earlier days of his brilliant career, as he said with flattering generosity, immortalized by McArdell's mezzotinting—was now painting portraits on a more sumptuous and commanding pictorial scale and affording splendid opportunities to the engravers. Now, it is a fact that as the painters were producing more distinguished pictures, so did the engravers respond; and Reynolds, Romney, Hoppner, and even Gainsborough, difficult as he was to translate to the copper, found them—J. R. Smith, Valentine Green, John Jones, Thomas Watson, William Dickinson, James Walker, Dean, Earlom, the Wards, Gainsborough Dupont, Charles Turner, S. W. Reynolds, and the rest—all equal to the demands made upon them. For all the successful mezzotinters were themselves more or less adept in painting; and the more veracious insight they had into the practice, the truer their appreciation of "values," the more sympathetically would they react to the painter's individual manner, and so they were able to translate it to the copper with its own accent.

Mezzotint portraits of lovely women, in the beautiful landscape surroundings that the painter's fancy had delighted to set them, have of late ruled the market; but the whole-length presentments, or even three-quarter length, in the fair perfection of the engraver's "first state," which in their frames give such a look of elegance to the walls, are becoming rarer and rarer; and now, it is good to learn, the men are to have their turn. Male portraiture offered great opportunities to the mezzotinters for concentrating upon suggestions of character; and Messrs. Colnaghi, I understand, are preparing for an exhibition of some of the choicest examples of the last quarter of the eighteenth century. John Jones's virile touch and penetrating insight into character will be seen in a magnificent impression of his "Edmund Burke," after Romney's rendering of that great statesman and man of letters. An "open letter" proof of Henry Raeburn's "Hon. Henry Erskine," sitting in his chair, with a mountain landscape to look out upon, will show that vigorously individual painter superbly interpreted by James Ward. This is the most distinguished of the four portraits that Raeburn painted of the handsome, fascinating, and witty Lord

Advocate, and the print is extremely rare. Then, Charles Turner's very fine "Lord Newton," in the wig and robe of a judge, will also represent Raeburn in characteristic and dignified mood. Reynolds, who painted nearly all his contemporaries of light and leading, will show that expression of will and character, even in the plainest face of a man; would engage his brush absorbingly, as will be seen in a "first state" of Marchi's "Goldsmith." Then, that excellent painter, Lemuel Abbott, who portrayed Lord Nelson's physiognomy with so much success, appears, in William Barnard's notable mezzotint, with a very vivid portrait of the admiral in 1798, after the loss of his arm at Teneriffe and shortly before his victory at the Nile; but in a very different vein the same painter is translated by the prolific William Ward. This is a full-length portrait of "Henry Callender," the golfer, standing with his back to a landscape which I suppose to be the links, attired in the contemporary uniform of the Blackheath Golf Club, with epaulettes on his coat and holding in his hand a driver, with a niblick resting close by. This is dated 1812, and dedicated "To the Society of Goffers at Blackheath," and is less known, I fancy, than Abbott's companion golfer, "William Innes," in Valentine Green's print. But the exhibition of "mere males" is not yet due, so we may, perhaps, borrow meanwhile a few of the ladies from Messrs. Colnaghi's walls or from their solander cases. Here, to represent the mezzotint of Valentine Green at its most exquisite, is "The Ladies Waldegrave," done in 1781, called a "second state," but so beautiful in every respect as to suggest that this might have been the very next impression taken after the few of the "first state," and with no perceptible difference between them. Horace Walpole's three favourite grand-nieces are sitting on the terrace overlooking a luxuriant landscape, as Reynolds painted them, engaged in homely pastimes: Charlotte holding a skein of silk over her hands for Laura to wind, while Anne occupies herself—not too seriously, I fancy, for her thoughts are obviously elsewhere—with a crayon-drawing. Gay and charming and care-free they look, though they were each to be married within the next year or two to an eligible nobleman, and intermediate happenings were to be forgotten. But supposing Sir Joshua had adopted Walpole's suggestion, and painted



MRS. PELHAM

First state mezzotint by William Dickinson, after the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A. (1775)

In the collection of Messrs. P. & D. Colnaghi & Co.



GEORGIANA,
DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE

*First state mezzotint by Valentine Green, after
the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A. (1780)*

In the collection of Messrs. P. & D. Colnaghi & Co.

The Charm of Old Mezzotint Portraits

the girls as the Three Graces adorning a bust of their mother, who had solaced her widowhood by marrying the Duke of Gloucester, the King's brother, we should have lost the natural charm of this simply gracious picture, perhaps Valentine Green's *chef-d'œuvre*. We should have had instead another version of

made a beautiful print of the picture. Now, here, in a "first state" of "Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire," we have Valentine Green's charming translation of Reynolds's full-length portraiture of an expressively beautiful woman. "Splendour's fondly fostered child," it was not her features that were remark-



LORD NELSON

First state mezzotint by William Barnard,
after the painting by Samuel Abbott (1798)

"The Three Graces decorating a terminal figure of Hymen," now in the National Gallery, in which, five years earlier, Reynolds had very ornately and sumptuously painted Sir William Montgomery's beautiful daughters, the "Irish Graces," as they were called, though why, presumably in view of their forthcoming marriages, these stately young women should engage in a frolic of garlanding a bust of Hymen, was probably Sir Joshua's idea of an Irish sense of humour. However, Thomas Watson scraped his tones most graciously and

able for beauty, but her radiant personality that bewitched with a smiling charm any company she might chance to be in—a motley election crowd or the *élite* of Society; and in presence of this print we forget and forgive her all the extravagances and indiscretions that made the town talk, the gambling, the open intimacy with Fox, and we think only of a lovely and vivacious legend that all men hold in gracious memory. Then here we see Sir Joshua painting, in particularly happy vein, "Mrs. Pelham," the wife of the M.P. for

Apollo: A Journal of the Arts

Lincoln, who became Lord Yarborough, in the rustic act of feeding her chickens, as in its "first state" the admirable Dickinson interprets the picture; and here again is a very winsome Reynolds portrait, "Hon. Frances Harris," Lord Dartmouth's young daughter, as a little girl in her ancestral park with her pet St. Bernard. Thomas Watson, an engraver of particular distinction, is seen at his best in

melting eye" and "joy-inspiring tones," who loved a Royal prince not wisely but too long, and died poor and neglected, though her ten children were ennobled. Lastly, here is "Elizabeth, Duchess of Hamilton," who later married His Grace of Argyll, in Finlayson's charming print after Catherine Read; she is wearing a sort of wimple, and certainly does not belie the reputation of "those god-



HON. HENRY ERSKINE

Second state mezzotint, "open letter" proof, by James Ward, after the painting by Henry Raeburn (c. 1805)

Daniel Gardner's group of "Lady Rushout and her Children," a joyous rendering of a playful scene, though the design is not quite happy. Romney's "Henrietta, Countess of Warwick," as mezzotinted by J. R. Smith, is a beautiful thing; and John Jones surely enjoyed translating to the copper Hoppner's "Mrs. Jordan as Hyppolita," one of the favourite comedy characters of that sunny-hearted, bewitching actress, with the "steady

esses the Gunnings" for peerless beauty, though one may marvel a little at Walpole's extravagant stories of Society and the populace mobbing the beauties to look into their faces out of sheer curiosity. The old mezzotint portraits are a delightful commentary on contemporary social history, and they help one to enjoy all the more Horace Walpole, Mrs. Delany, Fanny Burney, and all the other diarists and letter-writers of those compact and elegant times.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI was born in May 1828. He was the greatest of the youthful enthusiasts who formed the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood.

They were rather absurd in the attractive

companions. Under the impulse of his imagination they reached heights they could not long maintain. He even inspired the essentially prosaic Millais to poetry, and the Nonconformist Holman Hunt stepped, for a time, outside the limits of his more literal nature. On



DR. JOHNSON AT THE MITRE
By Dante Gabriel Rossetti

National Gallery, Millbank

way youth is absurd—in the sense of their own importance, of the importance of a title, of a name, and even of initials.

They inaugurated a picturesque movement which resulted in the production of a few masterpieces of unusual interest; then it waned and faded away. The story of British art proceeded, almost uninfluenced by the interruption.

Rossetti was the leading spirit in the Brotherhood. His intense, fervent, poetic, unbalanced Southern temperament influenced and moulded his more prosaic English

Millais the influence worked for nearly ten years with decreasing strength. "Speak! Speak!" of 1895 marked his nadir.

On Holman Hunt it was of longer duration and inspired the production of some interesting and possibly distinctively English works before its decline into the dry bones of naturalistic detail.

Rossetti was a born poet, a much better poet than painter. Most of his paintings were illustrative of literary ideas; they were not fundamentally conceived in terms of plastic art; they were not the result

of emotional reaction to the perceived beauty of Nature.

He was a fine designer; he had an original and particularly rich sense of colour; but he was a bad painter. His paintings, when they are distinguished, are remarkable for the poetry of the ideas they express. In fact the force of his poetry carries his painting, and has carried it into, perhaps, over-complete representation in the National Collection.

He could descend to low depths of sentimentality, and when his poetic ideas were poor or absent, as in "The Beloved" and "Monna Vanna," his painting touched a corresponding level of the commonplace. From P.R.B. he sank at such times to the level of P.R.A.

The mixture of child and knave, found in some Italian characters, was paralleled in Rossetti's combination of poet and vulgarian.

The early "Ecce Ancilla Domini" (1849-1850) has exquisite feeling; the well-known "Beata Beatrix" (begun in 1863) is a complete achievement of a poetic conception: it is "the very stuff that dreams are made on"; but his art is probably seen at its best in the series of watercolours of drawings of medieval subjects, such as "The Blue Closet," "The Tune of the Seven Towers," "The Chapel before the Lists," etc., painted between 1857 and 1864, which were formerly in the famous George Rae collection and are now at Millbank.

These are remarkable for their fertility of invention, their warmth of colour, their realization of medieval atmosphere. As watercolours they are poorly painted, being laboured and woolly.

These defects are almost entirely absent from the watercolour drawing known as "The Passover in the Holy Family," possibly because Ruskin snatched it unfinished from the painter's hands.

"The Passover" is one of the most delightful of Rossetti's pictures. It is clear in expression, simple and sincere in conception; it has no trace of the turgid sentimental atmosphere which was one of Rossetti's worst faults.

It was one of the earliest of his designs, having been planned originally in 1849, and the design of one of the two drawings made was carried out by Frederick Shields as a memorial window to Rossetti at Birchington.

The watercolour, which is now at Millbank, was commissioned by Ruskin in 1835. That Ruskin was not blind to Rossetti's faults of technique—he called him a "conceited monkey" when he disagreed with him—is proved by his taking the drawing away unfinished for fear that the painter would spoil it. For this reason it is not entirely worried into that state of discoloured wool which is characteristic of many of Rossetti's watercolours; something of the original blue of Mary's robe remains, and it is probable that the composition would have been spoilt had the figure on the left, which is merely sketched in, been completed. So Ruskin, by his high-handed action, possibly saved the drawing from the fate which befell some of the others. But the feeling is Rossetti's, and he has surrendered himself to this subject completely; he has lost himself in it, as he well could when a subject had taken possession of his mind.

The watercolour of "Dr. Johnson at the Mitre" is a very different affair. It is a strange work for Rossetti, and reveals him in a new and unfamiliar light. It is remarkably competent, not in the actual craftsmanship of watercolour—as usual the technique is woolly and worried—but in the vivid visualizing of a scene and in the natural and clear expression of essential character.

It also shows that Rossetti had a sense of humour—a sense that, with him, was often conspicuous by its absence.

The subject is taken from Boswell's "Life of Johnson," and is an illustration of the incident of the two young women who came from Staffordshire to consult Johnson about Methodism. The learned doctor apparently treated the subject in a manner satisfactory to all parties.

The conception of the scene is a very pleasant one. There is an agreeable contrast between the lighted room and the dark blue night sky seen through the window.

The attitudes are remarkably natural, particularly that of the figure which should have been Dr. Maxwell but has the features of Boswell.

The watercolour was painted from a smaller pen-and-ink drawing which bore the well-known monogram and the date "Paris 1860."

J. B. M.



THE PASSOVER IN THE HOLY FAMILY
By Dante Gabriel Rossetti

National Gallery, Millbank

DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE AND DECORATION—XIX

By MURRAY ADAMS-ACTON, F.S.A.

THOUGH the eighteenth century was not the golden age of English architecture, it was at least an age gilded by patronage of the arts, when rich personages like Lord Burlington, the Earl of Leicester, Walpole, and others erected enormous mansions at enormous cost. And since cost is scarcely a proof of meritorious production, let it be said that probably no decorative motif is more in accord with modern taste than the graceful classicism of the early eighteenth century. Wren, who died in 1723, left behind him highly-skilled designers whom he had trained during the erection of St. Paul's. Whatever genius was

lacking, the mere science of architecture and building had never been better understood.

Among the many popular eighteenth-century architects one of the most gifted was James Gibbs, a master at designing refined spires and steeples. Both St. Mary-le-Strand (1714-1715) and St. Martin's-in-the-Fields (1721) are his work, and genuine adornments to London. He designed Ditchley in Oxfordshire, and other fine houses. Isaac Ware was the builder of Chesterfield House; Sir William Chambers erected Somerset House (begun in 1775), and his work, although somewhat forced and self-conscious, was always academically correct; William Kent was the architect of the demolished Devonshire House



FIG. I. TRINITY HOUSE

in Piccadilly, Holkham House, Norfolk, etc. One of Kent's best works is the "Horse Guards," which is free from many of the architectural faults of the age, and probably appeared finer before it was dwarfed by surrounding buildings. Above this group of architects towers Sir John Vanbrugh.

Like Inigo Jones, he had connections with the stage before becoming an architect; but Vanbrugh shines more as a dramatist than as an architect. He had unique opportunities and princely patrons, but little artistic taste. He had a mania for designing ponderous and dreary castles, badly proportioned and covered with coarse detail.

Blenheim, Castle Howard, and others, although outwardly great, are not inwardly great. They are badly planned and ill-lit. He evinced little regard for the comfort of the people doomed to live in his edifices, and made a tyrant of his front elevation, which he designed first; and, so long as this tyrant could look imposing and important, domiciliary convenience was a minor matter. Servants must have had inordinate enthusiasm for a grandiose façade to be partial to a house in which the dining-room was about half an hour's walk from the kitchen. What is more depressing than a long, draughty corridor leading to ugly apartments full of gloom and grandeur, difficult to heat or to furnish?



FIG. II. CRICHEL

THE DINING-ROOM

Few people today can be as grand as the grandeur which Vanbrugh's huge mansions exhibit and desiderate, and nothing makes one realize more completely the change which has occurred in life and architecture than the spectacle of an attempt to reside in them. At Chatsworth there are still, I am informed, about fifty servants. Such houses are now show-places full of guides and sightseers. Their unfortunate owners furnish and live in only a few rooms at a time, and when in residence probably creep away into some corner ignored by grandeur to get warm! Blenheim has a frontage of 850 ft., but as a residence it is a failure. Except for the salon, which is 42 ft. by 35 ft., and the gallery, there is hardly a fine room in it. At the present date (1928) sanitation is bad, and it has very few bathrooms. To be candid, Blenheim, *et hoc genus omne*, have no recommendation but sentiment and historical interest to preserve them among "the stately homes of England." The argument for demolition provided by the disproportion between their bulk plus their expensiveness and their residential fitness will

ere long prove irresistible, and as they cannot be converted into tenements they will, in the course of time, be pulled down.

It must not be supposed, however, that in this severe judgment I include edifices, though both grand and private, which are not characterized by Vanbrugh's inept pomposity. Many Palladian mansions, which were not so big, have fine qualities. Moor Park, for instance, in Herts, which is now the club-house of some fine golf links, is externally stately and magnificent. Even in the eighteenth century it cost over £150,000 to erect. All the Palladian architecture of this period is refined; there is not one example anywhere which is in the least degree vulgar. It is true that the exceptional architectural opportunities of the period were not in the hands of a Christopher Wren, or its fruits, as visible in country mansions and churches, would possess the special grace which genius confers; but, though frigid and uninspired in their correctness, these edifices are generally well-designed and display a fine feeling for line and proportion. The academic architect who clings timorously to tradition may deny himself the triumphs of originality, but at least he avoids the errors of excess. New departures were not expected, nor was originality welcomed; critics demanded a correct use of the "orders" according to recognized canons, and a more or less slavish adherence to Palladian principles appears to have been general.

In the eighteenth century probably more than two hundred great houses were built. Nine-tenths were stone, and at least half of them have porticoes; in fact, porticoes were overdone. Porticoes are far more ornamental than useful; and since they diminish the light otherwise available for the rooms behind them, their introduction in domestic architecture is a questionable benefit.

What could be finer in design and proportion than Trinity House, on Tower Hill (Fig. I), designed at the end of the century by Samuel Wyatt (1735-1807)? In conception it is slightly reminiscent of the work of Robert Adam, especially in the leaf necking to the Greek order used and in the interior of the building itself. But when one has credited Adam with influencing Wyatt, it must be admitted that Wyatt used the antique with more restraint and far better judgment than Adam. Adam never designed a building as

Domestic Architecture and Decoration

fine as Trinity House. My regret is that Trinity House is not nearer central London. Writing when there is temporarily a vacant site facing Marble Arch, I yearn for magical power to take up Trinity House bodily and plant it down before the great caterers have time to erect another of their glazed brick "Corner Houses." One could then see it and enjoy it more often.

Samuel was an elder brother to James Wyatt (1746-1813), who was the architect of the Pantheon in 1771, and before his name became associated with "Strawberry Hill Gothic" he designed many imposing country mansions.

Until the middle of the eighteenth century the old traditions of English architecture had been more or less adhered to; but in the second half, a development, so extreme as to amount to almost a new style, made its appearance. Like other things both good and bad, it was an importation from Scotland and predestined to thrive on English soil. Robert Adam and his younger brother James were sons of an Edinburgh architect; they left little of importance to the history of architecture behind them, and established a vogue for cheap ornamental decorations based on inaccurate and wiry imitations of Greek and Roman ornament. The smaller houses, however, which they built in England and Scotland are delightful to dwell in. These are unpretentious and show none of the vanity which possessed the personalities of eighteenth-century architects—Paine, Campbell, Adam—who seem to have zealously practised the Caledonian anthem, "Lord, send us a' a guid conceit o' oursels."

Robert Adam took out a patent for a kind of stucco invented by Liardet, which he used freely on the outside and inside of houses. Pergolesi was his chief assistant in modelling, and with Pergolesi there came to England another Italian—Zucchi, an artist skilled in ceiling decoration. Zucchi's hand is seen in the colouring of the pink and green ground of the stucco work at Kenwood. Adam gives this reason for the use of colour in the ceiling: "The glare of the white, so common

in every ceiling till of late, always appeared to me so cold and unfurnished that I ventured to introduce this variety of grounds, at once to relieve the ornament, remove the crudeness of the white, and create a harmony between the ceiling and the side walls."

The dining-room at Crichel (Fig. II) is in the style of Adam, although there is only indirect evidence in support of the theory that he was the author of its design. By the year 1773, when the work was nearing its completion, architects were almost universally designing in the manner with which Robert Adam's name is associated. It is, perhaps, one of the most graceful schemes in this style, as the enrichments are more "telling" against the plain surface of the straw-coloured walls. The over-door panel is painted in grisaille, and the oval cameos are attributed to Biagio Rebecca. The



FIG. III. BOURDON HOUSE, MAYFAIR

background to the white plaster enrichment on the ceiling is toned blue-green and that of the medallions is purple. But the scheme appears still more refined when the enrichment in the cove is hidden by the hand; and if one were to continue to criticize, one would remark that the main cornice is not heavy enough and that the panels on the wall might have been in better proportion to the height of the room had they been raised ten inches.

The architects of the eighteenth century strove to create a harmony between the floor and the ceiling: witness the pattern of black flags on the floor which corresponds to the division of the ceiling in the Hall at Grimsthorpe. A later development of floor and ceiling harmony is seen in the use of carpets of knotted pile woven with the pattern of the ceiling, some being products of the carpet workshops of Thomas Moore at Moorfields. Well, harmony is, in the abstract, an idea of peace blent with beauty, and consistency in a design is a fundamental principle

of good architecture; but when the table harmonizes with the chair and the chair with the sideboard and the sideboard with the gas brackets and every ornament on the mantelpiece, and all are by Adam in a room designed by Adam, Adam floor reflecting Adam ceiling, are we, observant of all this harmony, *quite* harmonious with Adam?

One should not look for the charm of the eighteenth century in the large monumental stone house, any more than in the houses designed by Adam, but in the simple brick houses with white wood cornices and shutters, built by country architects now quite unknown to fame. One could more readily sacrifice the great mansions, fine though some of them be, than these unpretentious country houses,

secluded by their high walls and gardens, which abound in the peaceful villages. An essentially English simplicity rests the eye in these small manors, with their refined panelled walls and graceful staircases carved in pine. One admires them not merely for providing the right setting for comfort and culture, but for the soundness of their planning and construction. Their windows and fireplaces are cleverly designed and display a masterly knowledge of the art of decoration. Early Georgian is surely the best style that English architecture has evolved for the small house, and much of what is best in modern

domestic design still clings to its tradition.

Take, as typical of a thousand Georgian country houses, Rainham Hall, Essex, which was built by John Harle in 1729. In design it evinces the Dutch influence which had been strong since the Restoration in 1660, yet it is like nothing one sees in Holland. It is a house in harmony with Dutch sentiment which acclimatized itself



FIG. IV. GOODWOOD HOUSE

THE LONG HALL

in England, for it is appropriate to the simplicity of a domestically-minded, quiet, and refined people. It is built of red brick with the usual stone angle quoins which always mellow to a very beautiful colour. Its only enrichments are confined to the wooden cornices and an entrance porch composed of two finely carved Corinthian columns carrying a canopy with deeply recessed coffered panels and pateræ. Through the glazed entrance doors one passes a small hall, paved with black and white tiles, through an inner archway to the small carved pine staircase at the back of the house. The first floor is decorated with fine panelled rooms of simple proportion which are connected by carved doorways. I like the gates which separate the cobble-stone paved yard



PORTRAIT OF MATHIEU YRSSELIUS
By Peter Paul Rubens

Musée des Beaux-Arts
Copenhagen

Domestic Architecture and Decoration

from the front of the house. The eighteenth century was probably the best period for English wrought-iron work of this description.

Bourdon House, in Mayfair (Fig. III), is another example. I opine that there are few people who, with a free choice of residence, would not prefer this little place to any other in its locality.

Again, its attraction lies in its homeliness. Bourdon was built when George I was on the throne, being contemporary with some of the fine Georgian houses in Grosvenor Square, yet within it conforms with most of the needs of the present day. Here the angle quoins are of brick, and not dressed stone; the carved ornament is not so elaborate as in the former example.

There is an English "freshness" about the Georgian country house which differentiates it from all others. In what other country can one find an interior like "Goodwood" (Fig. IV), built for the third Duke of

Richmond by James Wyatt? In spite of badly arranged furniture and the stag horns which are disturbing, the design can be appreciated as a straightforward expression of refined taste, appropriate to prosperity and conducive to comfort. We can understand why Rousseau, who saw the simplicity of the English house, was moved to deprecate the extravagance of the French nobility and to advocate a return to a more simple manner of life in France.

There is nothing remarkable in the "Goodwood" scheme; and in one respect it is academically ordinary, being a simple arrangement of the Greek Ionic column of good proportion against a plain wall. Nevertheless, it is satisfying.

The State bedchamber (Fig. V) is an interior from Houghton Hall, Norfolk, a little place which Walpole built for "week-ends" between 1722-35.

Originally it was designed to stand in a park of seven hundred acres, twelve miles in circumference, with about forty acres of garden, etc. For size and magnificence it is probably one of the finest buildings of the Georgian era. The interior of Colin Campbell's building was largely decorated by William Kent, who was responsible for its furnishing. Some idea of the enormous cost of Houghton can be obtained when we realize that more than twelve hundred pounds were lavished upon

gold trimmings for the bed in this apartment, and that this bed is no less than 16 ft. in height. Kent's gilded decoration is equally ornate in character, and the bedroom walls are lined with costly tapestries representing the loves of Venus and Adonis. The chimney-piece, which completes the scheme, is of black and gold marble, enriched with white statuary carving, and the whole *ensemble* is, as Mr. Pepys would put it, "exceeding glorious and pretty to look upon."



FIG. V. HOUGHTON HALL,
NORFOLK

THE STATE
BEDCHAMBER

To light the hall and saloon of Houghton one hundred and eighty candles were required, the cost of which was fifteen pounds a night.

At the present time, in England and America, Georgian carved pine-panelled rooms are greatly in demand. The practice is to strip and remove the paint from their panelled surfaces and carved enrichments, which, having been protected by innumerable coats of pigment, are still as crisp as they were on the day when they were first cut. I deem this laborious undoing of old work to be ignorant folly. When such panelling is stripped it should be repainted as originally intended, and in conformity with contemporary Régence decoration in France from which many of them were copied. When pine panelling is "pickled," ugly knots are exposed, and I am of opinion

that the fresh appearance of the carving—now a major charm—will not long reward the trouble of removing the paint. Even friction, which has no object but cleanliness, such as the regular dusting of a mantelpiece, will, in a few years, prove disastrous to wood which is too soft to be unprotected. To the duster one must be indulgent; but one need have no compunction in remarking that fashion is but a perfidious friend to the art of architecture.

The carved overmantel, framing an indifferent landscape (Fig. VI), which comes from a little pine room, is probably by Abraham

Swan. It differs from the French school of carving in its straight lines. A Frenchman would never have been contented with these hard outlines of the frame merely filled with Chinese fretwork. (The "broken corner" to a frame is rarely seen in France.) He would have provided a rococo movement in the frame and other extravagances. But all this work

is essentially English despite its French accent. It is masterful and shows that the eighteenth-century woodcarvers excelled in the art of refined woodcarving.

Georgian architects were wise: they built extensively of brick. Among the glaring errors of judgment must be set the practice of covering London houses with stucco and painting them white. One of the worst aspects of London streets are the terraces. In

Bayswater, Regent's Park, even Park Lane, to mention no other districts, are houses painted in tones of drab and sooty white or custard which vary in freshness according to the terms of the lease. Few of us realize that tons of paint are wasted annually in this way. A house built in the Victorian era (before the red brick revival) has, up to this time, probably cost as much in paintwork as the original structure. Occasionally, in sheer desperation, a long-simmering tenant goes mad and, jeopardizing the mental equilibrium of his neighbours, bursts into blue or splashes red on his front



FIG. VI. A GEORGIAN OVER-CHIMNEY IN CARVED PINE

door and thus drops another discordant blot on the locality in which he resides.

Obviously, the planning of London "went wrong" after the eighteenth century. In winter the "back aspect" of these "terrace" and "square" houses, which are "Queen Anne" in front and "Mary Anne" behind, is decidedly dismal. The view into neighbouring back windows is across a patch of damp soil called a garden, where, accompanied by dustbins, unhealthy shrubs, wet ivy, and now and again a lime-tree struggle to exist, though snubbed by frequent mutilation. The depression of our suburban abodes is assisted

by the practice of "walling off" a few yards of earth and describing it as a "front garden"! Hideous to the pedestrian is the monotony of miles of these bending walls. But, were it not for the misdeeds of Victorian shoddiness, Georgian and Queen Anne houses, which were built as places in which one could at least breathe, would not appear so covetable. Art, unfortunately, does not, like science, always go forward. It does not require a house to prove this. If a Georgian designer had conceived and produced anything quite so unsightly as a London lamp-post, he would probably have been seized and locked up!

(To be continued)

With the exception of the carved over-chimney, I am indebted to the kindness of "Country Life" for the fine photographs which illustrate this article.

ENGLISH ILLUMINATION

By TANCRED BORENIUS

AT this time of the day it is, of course, impossible to speak of English Illumination as a subject which is new to the literature of art. On the contrary, not only do we possess a number of monographs which treat of important individual manuscripts, or groups of manuscripts; not only are scholarly catalogues of notable collections and admirable albums of reproductions accessible to the students; but the whole field of English illumination in the Middle Ages has more than once been surveyed in a connected form and with considerable detail.

And yet one may say that up to now there has existed no book which treats of the subject from the point of view which surely is of greater importance than any other: I mean the point of view from which English illumination is envisaged consistently as an expression



BESTIARY: SALAMANDER

British Museum.

End of twelfth century

of the general artistic tendencies of the successive epochs, the parallel currents of style in easel painting and wall painting being at the same time taken into account. Far be it from anyone to under-rate the results which have been achieved by previous workers in this field: they have been won through lengthy and patient labour, and have provided an absolutely indispensable foundation for all future investigators; but they have for the most part

savoured rather too exclusively of the library specialist. Obviously, the task of treating of the history of English illumination from the point of view now indicated is one not to be lightly undertaken; for where the task of mastering the primary material is in itself a formidable one, thanks to the numbers in which English illuminated manuscripts have survived, a widening of the horizon calls for an equipment of the critic which is none too easily supplied.



BESTIARY: MANTICORA *British Museum*
End of twelfth century

Still, the time has been ripe for an attempt to be made, and it is a matter of congratulation that the first one to be carried out should be such a successful one. It is contained in a book by Miss O. Elfrida Saunders, just published in two attractive and well-illustrated volumes issued by the Panthéon Casa Editrice of Florence (The Pegasus Press, Paris).*

Miss Saunders has faced her arduous task in a serious and scholarly spirit. She has an extensive first-hand acquaintance with English illuminated manuscripts, both in this country and on the Continent; and the selection of the plates with which she illustrates her argument is very happy and instructive. She writes very well and clearly, and not for a moment does she lose sight of the æsthetic problem, of the relation of the illuminated manuscript to other manifestations of pictorial art belonging to the same period. In consequence, the history of English illumination in her treatment of it acquires a fresh interest; the significance of the movements which it reflects becomes more vividly emphasized; it is seen against its proper background, and the gain of perspective is a gain all round.

The beginning is made by a chapter on Celtic illumination, in which its two great examples—the Lindisfarne Gospels in the British Museum and the Book of Kells in Trinity College, Dublin—naturally come in for the most detailed treatment. When, by the

* *English Illumination*, by O. Elfrida Saunders. Two volumes. 129 collotype plates, bound in half-leather. Price net, per set, eight guineas.

way, shall we have a really satisfactory facsimile made of the latter volume—a publication as the one recently made of the great Ulphilas Manuscript at Upsala? Here is a task the carrying out of which one hopes may not be too long delayed. From Celtic illumination we pass to the art as practised by the Anglo-Saxons; and here Miss Saunders gives us a fascinating analysis, both of the style of magnificent manuscript decoration in gold and colour as practised at Winchester of which the Benedictional of St. Aethelwold at Chatsworth is the supreme example (c. 980), and of the style of vivid outline illustration which was the typical Anglo-Saxon method of manuscript decoration, and which owed not a little to the influence exercised in England by the famous Utrecht Psalter, a work of the school of Rheims of the ninth century. We then proceed



Ryland's Library, Manchester
MISSAL OF HENRY OF CHICHESTER:
VIRGIN AND CHILD
Thirteenth century

English Illumination



Paris
APOCALYPSE: ST. MICHAEL SLAYING THE DRAGON
Early thirteenth century

to the Romanesque period, when Miss Saunders notes the increase of Continental influence caused by the Norman Conquest: "William brought over Norman abbots to preside over English monasteries, and a new epoch was introduced in illumination no less than in architecture." Her analysis of the style of figure-painting in English twelfth-century manuscripts is worth quoting: "Rhythm is a quality aimed at and achieved in the best work of the period. The artist misrepresents Nature not so much through ignorance as through a contempt for more literal accuracy. In nude figures he shows, indeed, a considerable interest in anatomy, but he reduces the bones and muscles to a decorative pattern. Solidity and form mean little to him; although fine modelling is used on faces, the definition of other surfaces is usually effected by lines rather than by tone. . . ." It is not often one has found this method of critical approach applied to English illumination; and it is also refreshing, in Miss Saunders's treatment of the second Winchester school, to find her noticing the parallels of style offered by contemporary enamels and by the wall paintings of the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre and the Chapel of the Guardian Angels of Winchester Cathedral. A fascinating chapter deals

with the "Bestiaries," or moralized stories of animals, which were decorated with particular frequency in England during the twelfth century, and in which the reflection of medieval lore is of absorbing interest.

The phase which saw the transition from the Romanesque to Gothic follows next; and then Miss Saunders takes us on to the Gothic period, which in its earlier stages is marked by the existence of several definitely individualized local schools, while we also notice the emergence of individual artists of remarkable quality, such as William de Brailes and Matthew Paris. The impetus given to art in



Corpus Christi College, Cambridge
CHAUCER'S "TROILUS": FRONTISPIECE
Fifteenth century

England by Henry III, that enthusiastic admirer of French Gothic art, is stressed, and in treating of the Court school in the thirteenth century Miss Saunders takes fully into account the work of the artists who adorned Westminster Abbey and Westminster Palace with wall-paintings and easel pictures.

Having dealt in a special chapter with the "Apocalypses," which, in Miss Saunders's words, "may be claimed with some justice as constituting not only the most beautiful, but also the most essentially national expression of English art in the Middle Ages," Miss Saunders goes on to consider the work of the great East Anglian school of illumination of the early fourteenth century: and here, too, the relation to the art of contemporary painters on a monumental scale is not lost sight of. And

so we come to "the last phase—the one on what 'all distinction' of local schools is lost." It is the period when the question of England's artistic relation with other centres, notably the Lower Rhine, France, and Flanders is particularly interesting. Miss Saunders considers it in all its aspects; just as she does not omit to notice the relation existing between the Eton wall-paintings and contemporary illuminations.

We have only been able to single out a few salient points in Miss Saunders's argument; but even from the instances given it will be evident what an important contribution she has made to the study and appreciation of English medieval art. Mature in its views, well-balanced in its judgments and admirably well-informed, her book is one which no serious students henceforth can afford to ignore.

THE ART OF EDGARD DEGAS

By J. B. MANSON

THERE have been many movements in art since the days of Degas. Not perhaps movements forward, but up and down; and much ebullition.

Many things have come and gone—cubism, vorticism, futurism which had no future, and a general medley of modern individualisms which contained within themselves their own criticism; they were concerned with individualities which could be adequately expressed without talent and without training. They expired of inanition. They have a value perhaps as documents by which posterity may judge this jazzing age, when febrile indiscretion must take the place of quiet reflection and give birth to what kind

of art it can. But the art of Degas remains: it has qualities that are eternal.

It was not a starting point like the art of Cézanne, but a culmination—a final expression. Consequently Degas has few followers and fewer imitators, for adequately to imitate perfection demands qualities of a very high order.

Degas attained perfection in his own line.

His was an individuality which was not exhausted at the end of a long life when blindness put a stop to its power, though not its need, of expression.

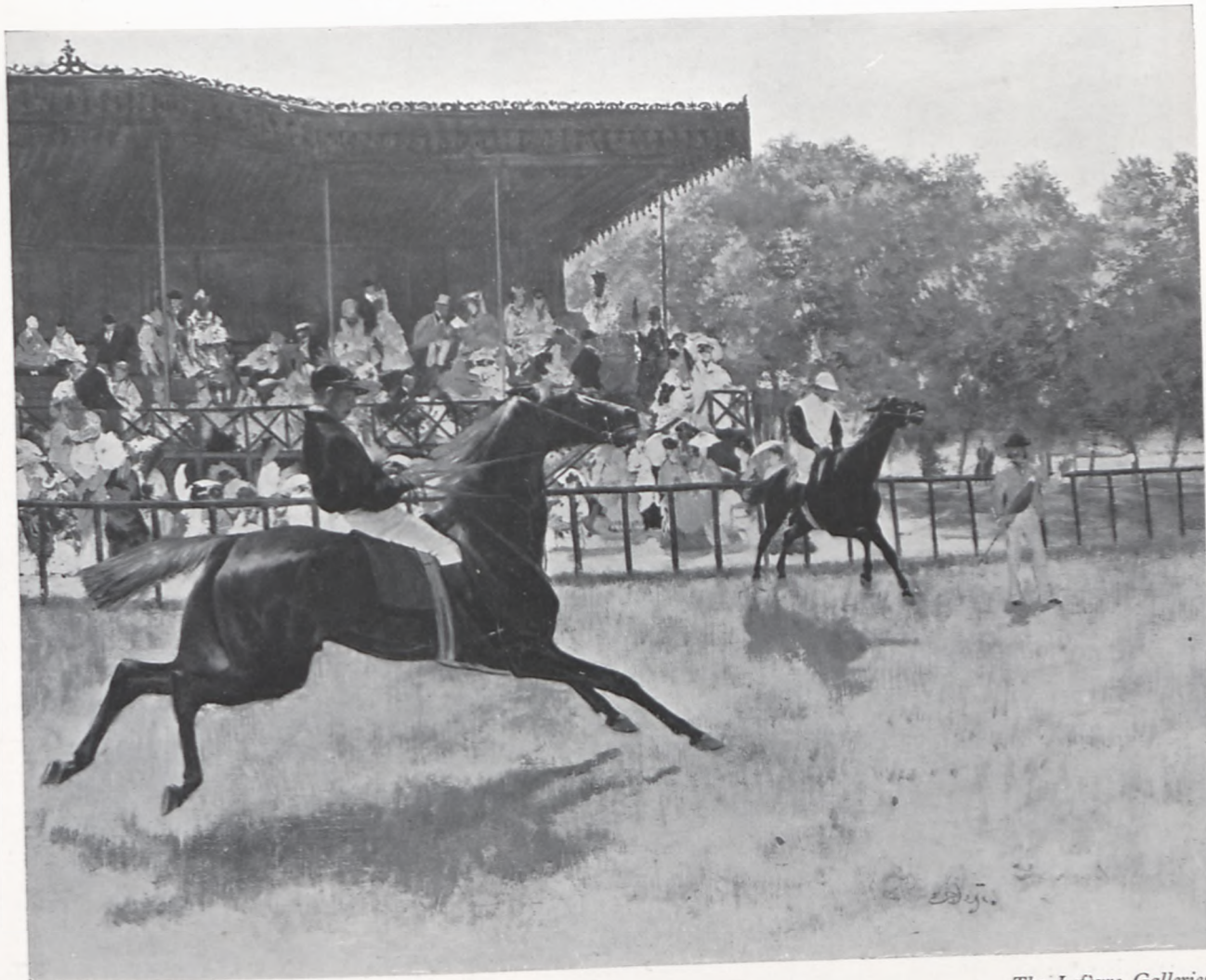
When art attains a certain perfection in one direction there must be a decline or a change. Nature is inexhaustible; it has endless unmastered resources



JOCKEYS IN RAIN
By Degas

The Lefèvre Galleries

The Art of Edgard Degas



AU CHAMP DE COURSES, 1871
By Degas

The Lefèvre Galleries

for the artist, but they are not to be had for the asking. Only by a lifetime of thought, study, and contemplation can an artist get power to reveal something of its beauty. From the highly developed art of a Degas, from the complete concordance of the artist's mind with Nature, which he did achieve, to the crude, untrained effusions of youthful "individualities," is a change as thorough as any that can be imagined. But a change of that sort is, in a way, a confession of inferiority on the part of the "effuser," a recognition of an incapacity to tackle a problem of which the end cannot be seen nor the depths plumbed.

It has been claimed for some aspects, the sounder and stiffer aspects, of new art that they represent an attempt to build up an architecture of expression. It has been said of cubism. That is not new in essence; it is

new in expression, in method. It was part of Degas's art, it was the part which distinguished him from the simple Impressionists. But all such architectural or other exploitation, in whatever direction it proceed—design, colour volume or other—must be erected on a foundation of emotional reaction to Nature.

And the measure of success is its power to keep alive, to keep vital, that original impulse through all the intricate stages of development.

Failure to keep it alive is failure to produce art, as we have seen only too often; as we see every day.

The art of Degas was well organized: he proceeded in that direction from the beginning, that being the quality of his mind; but through it all, through all the variety of his design, through the ever-changing arabesque



LE FOYER DE LA DANSE
Oil-painting by Degas

The Lefèvre Galleries

of his work, through his alert essays in rhythm, he kept the flame alive, he kept his spirit—the original quality and fabric of his inspiration—intact. So that all his work has that mysterious quality of vitality which is the fundamental necessity of a work of art, without which it cannot exist.

An exhibition of the work of such an artist is always a salutary experience, and we are indebted to Messrs. Alex. Reid and Lefèvre for the excellent exhibition of Degas pictures (paintings and pastels)—an event not easily accomplished now that the master's works are locked up in public and private collections throughout the world. The exhibition is small but choice. One does not speak of quality in connection with Degas. As with the work of his follower, Mr. Sickert, one takes that for granted. For Degas never produced anything, formidable or slight, drawing, etching, painting, sculpture or pastel, which was not imbued with what is known as "quality." The exhibition covers a wide period of Degas's activity, and there are one or

two works which we have not seen before, either in the original or by reproduction.

The oil-painting "Le faux Départ" is one of these. It was painted in 1871 and is one of the earliest of his racecourse pictures. It reveals certain qualities of the artist's mind—his sense of humour, his appreciation of essential character, his love of movement and his predilection for pattern in pictures.

It is interesting to trace the relationship of this painting with the painting of other artists of the period. One finds the same resemblances in the very early paintings of Claude Monet in his pre-Impressionist days. I was privileged to see many of them at Givernay a few years ago.

Later on, these resemblances disappear from Degas's work. This particular painting has a certain pictorial quality which, in his later work, became fused into the more abstract quality which governed his work. There is in it what I would call a certain amount of "free realism" which later in his development

The Art of Edgard Degas

was resolved or restrained into strict purposes of design.

This picture, in which the placing of the horses and jockeys is masterly for the purposes of design, is full of delightful and humorous incident. It is a witty commentary on life. He cared for horses only in their relations with jockeys, as part of the movement and character which he was never tired of seeking. He drew them with a truth and realism and a delight in their remarkable movements which have never been equalled.

There is a subtle difference between this picture and the much later pastel "Jockeys sur la Pluie," in which the facts are not recorded for their own sake but are strictly subordinated to the necessities of design. A comparison of the two pictures is interesting as showing the development of Degas's point of view.

Degas's interest in significant action, in natural movement, led him to look for his subjects in certain circumstances where the actions and conditions of life revealed character in perfect spontaneity. He found what he wanted on the racecourse among jockeys; in the theatre and dressing-rooms with dancers, practising or performing and resting in the foyer with the perfect unconcern of the trained individual doing his job. He also found it in the *blanchisseries* of Montmartre, where the movements of the workers were those special and characteristic actions necessitated by a special kind of work.

He delighted in that sort of thing. He satisfied his love for native and racy character, simple and unadorned, in these unconventional surroundings where no other painter had preceded him. A similar reason led Mr. Sickert to the purlieus of Camden Town.

The subjects of his last phase were still more unconventional, for Degas found them in the scenes representing various aspects of women at their toilet. It was the same thing under different circumstances: spontaneous movement, characteristic action, without self-consciousness or thought of any audience.

He wanted nature, human or otherwise, naked and unashamed.

Only two of the classes of subject which Degas made peculiarly his own are represented in this exhibition—the racecourse and the ballet. There are, besides, a few of those rare landscape studies which have such a personal charm.



LA DANSEUSE

By Degas

The Lefèvre Galleries

Degas painted or drew all his landscapes at the seaside or in the country near the sea.

Whether this were intentional or merely accidental is uncertain. He may have regarded landscape as relaxation and painted it only on his rare holidays when he could be induced to leave his beloved Paris. There is a special



LES TROIS DANSEUSES

The Lefèvre Galleries

Pastel. By Degas

exquisite seapiece "The Evening Star," which has the same quality of atmosphere and feeling and the same beautiful simplicity.

I do not know any better examples than the two in this exhibition, "Falaises aux bords de la Mer," a pastel, and the simple oil-painting "Au bord de la Mer." They are pure art. The other small oil, "Etude de Ciel," is rarer still and has a strange beauty.

To return to the ballet — in which, after all, one has to decide, almost reluctantly, Degas did his best and most original work—there are some splendid examples in this exhibition of his infinite variety.

Unlike most other painters, it is difficult to say that Degas was best in any particular branch of his work. One thinks of some superb *scène de ballet* of his, like the single exquisite figure of a ballet girl which is in the Luxembourg, and then one's recollection wanders to one of his wonderful "Ironers," in which the whole of that class of humanity seems to be summed up with that sense of the inevitable which one associates with great art; or to one of his

feeling and atmosphere about country near the sea which is never found in inland or enclosed landscape. He probably loved the feeling of space; certainly he conveys that in all his landscape work. That mysterious spirit of painting which is called "quality" is seen to perfection in his landscapes. For those who are insensible to quality they have, perhaps, nothing else, for the ingredients are of the simplest—a stretch of seashore with some distant cliffs and, far off, the sea, or a lonely road with some trees and perhaps a solitary house. But they are full of the atmospheric effect of the time and the place; they have space and are real, but infinite in suggestiveness. Curiously enough, nearly all of them have a certain air of melancholy.

One thinks at the same time of Turner's



AT THE RACES

The Lefèvre Galleries

By Degas

The Art of Edgard Degas

racecourse scenes, so full of vitality and movement.

Actually the ballet meant more to him than the other scenes of life which he painted; he revealed his personality more fully in the pictures which it inspired, and they show him in a remarkable number of moods, as may be seen in this exhibition.

The exquisite picture of the "Danseuse faisant des Pointes" is one of the most beautiful of his ballet pictures, and catches him in a mood of exceptional gaiety. It is one of the completest pictures he produced. Daring in design—at least for those days, and the possibilities of design were immensely extended by Degas—it is also very vivacious in colour and has his masterly feeling for form which is surely truly significant, at least as a means of revealing character; and it has the lightness and sense of movement of which he acquired a unique mastery. Very different is "Le Foyer de la Danse"—a fine, solid oil-painting in which are expressed both realism and mystery. The little groups of dancers leading up to the strong mass in the foreground was a favourite device of his.

The pastel "Le Foyer de la Danse à

l'Opéra," with its single figure in the centre, is fine in its restraint and simplicity, and represents yet another phase of the artist's development.

The interest in design, rhythm, and pattern which held Degas to the end of his life is shown in an interesting way in the fine pastel, "Les Trois Danseuses." The treatment is strong and simple, as the artist was seeking for a certain rhythm of line and accent. It is an ingenious and fascinating design which well repays study.

There remains a small early painting called "Aux Courses," which has a special interest because of its relationship to Manet, which is unusual in Degas's work. It also recalls the early Monet, painted under Boudin's influence, "La Plage de Trouville," which is at Millbank. But it differs from that in its insistence on pattern by means of mass. Degas had, among many other gifts, the rare gift of seeing things as they are in their

essential humour and character.

He saw them with a clearness and freshness which never deserted him throughout his life, until the failure of his eyesight made further work impossible.



The Lefèvre Galleries

DANSEUSE FAISANT DES POINTES
Pastel. By Degas

THE EXHIBITION OF ART TREASURES AT THE GRAFTON GALLERIES

THIS exhibition is unique. There is to the general public something surprising that dealers should combine in this manner—surprising because the prevailing impression is that dealing in antiques is a kind of hermetic mystery conducted by them as mystagogues and to which are admitted only the connoisseur, the expert, and that *rara avis*, the collector—and the *rites* have sometimes led to disputes which have had to be settled in a court of law. To minimize such risks the British Antique Dealers' Association was founded in order to safeguard "the interests of those engaged in buying, selling, and collecting antiques." Such an Association was necessary because, gold and silver work only excepted, the value of an antique is determined almost entirely by factors which are almost entirely foreign to other saleable commodities. Even in a work of modern art, economic factors such as cost of material and of labour and time can be

ascertained by those who want to bring the level of art down to that of industry. In antiques, however, "*cela ne se fait pas*." Even the face value of an antique is not always or necessarily an indication of its market value. For example, take any piece, a Tudor oak table, say. Its face value is dependent upon its design and construction; but if it be made of modern oak, however well and however beautifully, there would be only a very small market value for it, because "Tudor" does not conform to our present fashion. If it were a careful imitation of old oak, with worn edges and worm-holes complete, it would likewise be of small value as a "reproduction," however useful to the dishonest as a "fake." If such a table were in part the old wood and the old work, in part new restoration, its value would depend on the quantity and nature of the repairs. If it were entirely old work and in a perfect state its value would largely depend on the question whether it was "rare" or not, quite apart from any question of beauty in design or craftsmanship. If it were genuine, in a perfect state and, in addition, not merely rare, even unique, and, further, known to have belonged



THE ORPHEUS CUP

Of enamelled gold

Exhibitor: S. J. Phillips

to some famous person of the Tudor period, say Henry VIII or Shakespeare, it would become an "historic piece" and worth any amount of money. It will be recognized that none of these factors can be *seen*—the eyes can only judge design and, to a lesser extent, problems of craftsmanship; the rest are problems of knowledge and good faith. In no other branch of trade is absolute *bona fides* as between buyer and seller—and the dealer, be it remembered, is himself always both—quite so necessary as in this.

Such a preamble would be superfluous here if all our readers were dealers, connoisseurs, and big collectors; but there are many who are only tyros at the game, and others who are perhaps contemplating to embark on this exciting pursuit. Moreover, the exhibition was brought together from the point of interest rather than that of high value only. In the furniture section, for instance, some simple pieces, such as are met with in the smaller

manor houses in the country, were also shown.

And this reminds one of something Lord Lee of Fareham said when he opened the exhibition. It is unfortunately true that "antiques" are leaving this country and going to America, and some had expressed the fear that this exhibition would tend to encourage this. Lord Lee, however, pointed out that the exact opposite should be the case, the exhibition being the means of drawing the attention of British collectors to the treasures that are still here and giving them the chance to forestall the American market.

In that respect the exhibition offered opportunities in every kind of antiques; it comprised English and foreign furniture, gold and silver, porcelain, pottery and glass, tapestry, clocks and watches, gold boxes and miniatures, books, prints, pictures, illuminated manuscripts, coins and medals, arms and armour, musical instruments, medieval and Renaissance works of art, and even Chinese, Egyptian, and Assyrian antiquities; and the catalogue enumerated some fourteen hundred exhibits.

For some reason the fine art sections, painting and



CARVED HEAD OF CHRIST
Thirteenth Century

*In the collection of
Murray Adams-Acton, Esq.*

The Exhibition of Art Treasures at the Grafton Galleries



LA LÉGENDE DORÉE

Translated from the Latin of Voragine by Jean de Vigny. French, 1480

Exhibitors: Bernard Quaritch, Ltd.



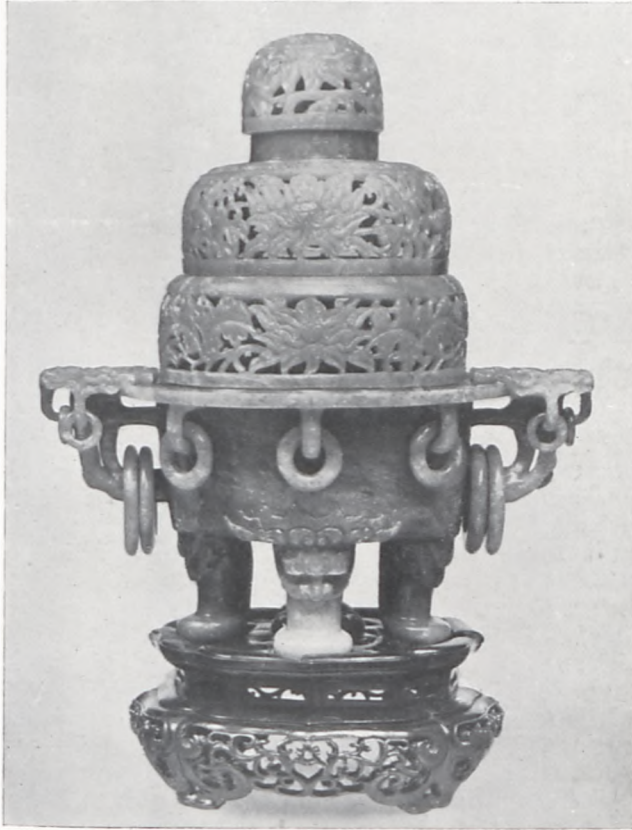
Exhibitors: Bernard Quaritch, Ltd.
 PETRARCA (FRANCISCO), "TRIONFI"
 Italian late fifteenth century

sculpture, were less admirably represented than the others, possibly because the art dealers felt that "art" is a separate category and should not be mixed up with "antiques." But who shall say where one begins and the other ends. There was, for example, a double stele showing Buddha as Prince Siddharta and as the Enlightened One, dating circa A.D. 100 (see illustration, p. 278), doubtless an "antique," but also a work of pure art, yet nevertheless done strictly according to canon and rule. Perhaps the most

moving of all the antiques here shown was the "Head of Christ," French work of the thirteenth century (see plate facing page 274), carved in wood, but apparently painted to resemble stone. In conception it is the very opposite to the just-named "Buddha"; it is the Dead Christ, with all the traces of His agony. The head of Holbein's painting (in the Basle Museum) of the "Dead Christ in His Tomb" bears, strangely enough, a distinct resemblance to this image, which was done, no doubt, by a journeyman carver to whom the term art was an unknown quantity, or at most the equivalent of craft. Yet it is a work of the highest art. The lovely little "leaf of an ivory diptych," also French work, but of about 1350 (see opposite page), is again an "antique"; but if one examines the tiny figures one finds them, not only carved in their appropriate attitudes—the subject is a series of scenes from the life of Christ—but the carver has contrived to give every face individual distinction. It is undoubtedly an "antique," but a work of "fine art" also. Practically all the works until the end of the fourteenth century owe their origin to a religious urge, an "inner necessity" which turned the monk or the journeyman into an artist without any conscious desire to create a work of art. After this period, when the Gothic spirit was beginning to wane, we find this religious motive subordinated to the wish to please, to demonstrate skill or learning, to show off the pomp and circumstance of secular wealth and temporal power. This tendency is well shown in the two examples of pages from late fifteenth-century manuscripts—one from the "Légende Dorée" translation of Voragine's compilation, translated by Jean de Vigny, dating from 1480, and illustrated with no fewer than 217 miniatures; the other from the MS. written for Matthias Corvinus of Petrarch's "Trionfi," the latter especially with its classic style reflecting the learned taste of the Renaissance (see illustration on this and previous pages).

This translation of the Legenda Aurea was written on vellum for Louis, the illegitimate son of Charles I, Duc de Bourbon. He was legitimized; and on his marriage, two years later, with Jeanne, natural daughter of Louis XI by Marguerite de Sassenage, received the rank of count. He died in 1486. He included among his titles the following: Comte de Rousillon, Seigneur de Montpensier, and Amiral de France. A full-page painting of his armorial bearings occurs on the second leaf and his portrait on the page that was exhibited. There is hardly a page in this ponderous tome which cannot show at least one large finely-coloured miniature depicting an event in the life of some saint. Rarely was a lay book so profusely illustrated. The manuscript was written at Montpensier and, as the scribe tells us, completed on September 6, 1480. Matthias Corvinus, King of Hungary (1443-90), commissioned this MS. of Petrarch's "Trionfi." It was done on vellum and executed in Florence. The King, who was a great

The Exhibition of Art Treasures at the Grafton Galleries



Exhibitors : H. Blairman and Sons
A GREY-GREEN JADE KORO AND COVER
Kien-Lung, 1736-95

lover of manuscripts, requested the Medici—the rulers of Florence—to have outstanding works executed for him by the skilled Italian scribes and illuminators. At the time of his death a large number of these manuscripts were still undelivered and, as no payment was forthcoming from Hungary, promptly appropriated by the Medici. In the present manuscript the initials of Corvinus have been painted at the bottom of the first page, and to this the Medici arms have been added.

Next we come to an example of the baroque period showing art in the service of the bizarre, the splendid, the amazing; it is a cup of enamelled gold, of which the catalogue gives the following description: "Oviform body enamelled inside and out with hunting subjects. The stem is dull gold of a kneeling male figure supporting the bowl, and the base is enamelled with reptiles applied. The cover is richly ornamented with groups of eleven cupids and eighteen various animals, all enamelled and jewelled. The group on lid is Orpheus on one side and Diana the other." This is presumably the Orpheus cup commanded of Benvenuto Cellini by his patron, François I of France. Cellini, however, died before its completion; hence we trace two hands. It is now identified for the first time; 7¼ in. high. Compare with the marvellous and overwrought product of the Italian baroque this (see illustration above) product of the Far East, cut and carved in grey-green jade. It is a "Koro," 12 in. high and 12 in. wide, and has, by way of showing the craftsman's skill, sixteen loose rings in addition to the pierced and carved bands of conventional flowers and foliage. Contrast in standards of "taste"

could not better be demonstrated. With silhouette portrait of "George Washington, General of the Americans," published at Gotha in Anthing's "Collection de cent silhouettes des personnes illustres et célèbres," we have a good example of the "antique" with a predominating associative interest.

How great and often curious interest may attach itself to an "antique" was well illustrated in this exhibition. A large standing cup and cover of silver gilt, with classical medallions by Gillis Sibricht, exhibited by Mr. S. J. Phillips, bore a Slavonic inscription: "The Gift of Tzars John and Peter to the English merchant, Joseph Samuel Wolf, in January 1686, for bringing them, the Great Tzars, large profit in the purchase of potash." A silver-mounted mace, exhibited by Mr. J. Rochelle Thomas, bore the inscription: "In memory of James Burkin, Esq., merchant in Mincing Lane, buried in St. Dunstan's Church, 10th Nov. 1689. This Staff secured by Mr. Richard Crew is by him recommended to posterity as a Mace for Mincing Lane Precinct at ye choosing Common Councill Man and other Officers being the same which Mr. Burkin used to ride withall."

Another object of associative interest was "A Caveatt for the City of London" by Hugh Alley, citizen and plaisterer of London, date 1598, in which the author complains of "a greedie kinde of people, inhabitinge in and about the citty and suburbs called Haglers, Hawkers,



Exhibitor : F. Mallett
THE ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM
A leaf of an ivory diptych



Exhibitors: Spink and Son, Ltd.

A STONE STELE OF BUDDHA AS
"THE ENLIGHTENED ONE"

Huxters and Wanderers, uppe and downe the streetes in buyinge with their owne handes, to rayse the prices for their owne luker, and pryvate gayne, all kinde of provisions and vixtualls." Things one sees have not changed very much; since then the "raysing of the prices for luker and pryvate gayne" still goes on, only the hawkers no longer wander.

And so one might go on gaining glimpses of the mind, the soul and the spirit of the past, nowhere perhaps more touchingly, if silently, revealed than in the humble piece of furniture with which the catalogue opens: "A Gothic Lectern," fourteenth century, exhibited by Messrs. Acton Surgey, Ltd. A tumble-down affair, with a sloping top for books; the front in the form of a cupboard bound with strap hinges; its intrinsic value, firewood and scrap-iron; and yet by the association of old age, its obvious and genuine antiquity, its resemblance to the furniture one

encounters in old pictures of the saints—St. Jerome especially—a thing strangely moving almost to reverence.

Over and above all these reasons for collecting antiques, there may be sometimes yet another: the sheer beauty of colour. That is, for example, especially the case with the gold boxes produced in France about the middle of the eighteenth century. The colour-charm of these things, inlaid with fruit and foliage designs, decorated with "quatre couleur gold scenes of ruins, tinted mother of pearl, and engraved," is often indescribably beautiful.

There are, it will be seen, many reasons for purchasing antiques, and one final one which we have not mentioned is to present it to public galleries and museums in order to instruct the craftsmen of today and to inspire them to emulate the past. Two of the members of the Association have already set an example in this respect: Mr. Francis Mallett, the president, who gave to the Victoria and Albert Museum a William and Mary walnut chair covered with the original needlework to commemorate the opening of the exhibition; and Mr. Moss Harris, the past president of the Association, who has just presented the same institution with a George IV carved and gilt side-table, which is illustrated on another page. It is said to be a relic of King George IV's palace, called "Carlton House," which stood where are now the mansions of Carlton House terrace.

It is to be hoped that this first "Exhibition of Art Treasures" inaugurated by the British Antique Dealers' Association will have gained the ancient order of collectors—it is ancient, for Pliny tells us of such as existing in his day—new recruits.



Exhibitors: Maggs Bros.

SILHOUETTE PORTRAIT OF GEORGE
WASHINGTON



"THE SISTERS"
By Matthew Maris

In the collection of
Sir William Burrell

LETTER FROM PARIS

By ANDRÉ SALMON

I MUST beg my readers to be careful to take me literally, word for word. It is only concerning the establishment of facts which are sufficient in themselves. And yet the calm statement I have to make sounds so like a paradox! Naturally, in these circumstances I have not allowed myself to be ironical. All this is *à propos* of the opening of the Salon—still called by some the official Salon—which, born in the seventeenth century, was the only salon of painting less than fifty years ago. It gives me a splendid opportunity of determining the position of the two rival groups of contemporary painters, those who wish to be modern and those who are academic.

It is incontestable that the "children of Cézanne," if I may so call them, the sons and grandsons of the men who, full of genius, exerted themselves in organizing the "Salons des Refusées," have today gained the upper hand. In this complete transposition of parts the conquerors of the family Matisse-Derain-Vlaminck sometimes wonder how their comrades, the *pompier*s of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, can live; literally, how they can find their bread.

They may rest assured. The academic painters, the *pompier*s, the calm traditionalists who place the subject at least on an equal footing with "painting pure and simple," have never lived so well. They sell their work at a high price, and they sell a lot; but they remain obscure. The most favoured benefit by the attentions of our Administration of Fine Art. Thus, after having decorated a certain number of provincial town halls they see, in the evening of their lives, the doors of the Institut open before them. It will be the same till the day that is sure to dawn when, under the pressure of an artistic Minister (I proved to you last month that it was possible to meet one), a Matisse, a Derain, or one of their disciples, today in his prime, will consent to be the first to don the garb of the academician, the fine Napoleonic uniform with green palm leaves, designed by David. And yet on that day, marked on the tables of destiny, all will not be over for the painters



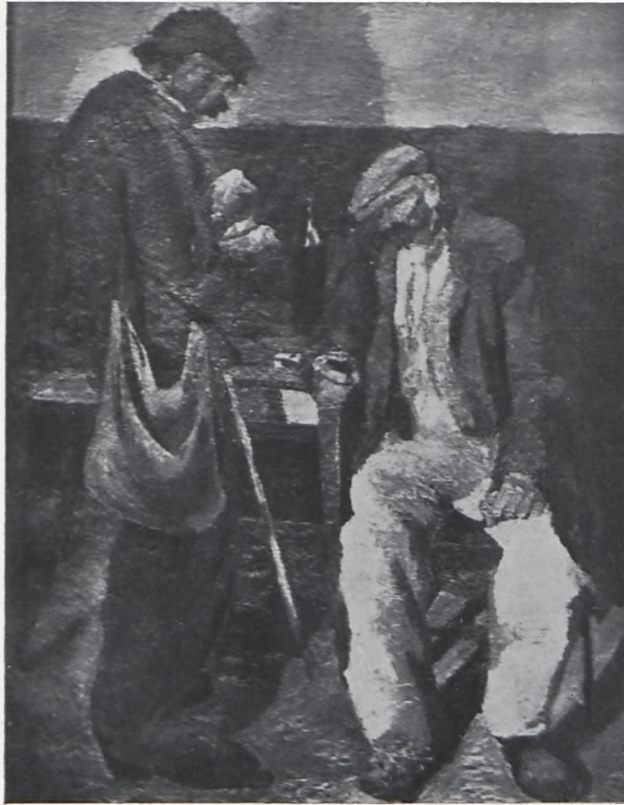
LES PIRATES

Charles Clément

of the "Prix de Rome" style. Becoming more and more obscure, the sons of those who were at the same time men of position and men of fashion in front of the vulgar herd of refractories, like Courbet and Manet, will be more and more spoilt by their clientèle. Indeed, the value of negotiable objects is rising every day, and there will never pass away the family of amateurs who prefer to "painting pure and simple," to "coloured volumes," to "objects in space," to the "integral relations of planes and volumes," the "Nudes" of M. Billoul, as tasty as confectionery and prettier than Nature; the frolics of M. Chocarne-Moreau's models—little pastry-cooks, little chimney-sweeps, and choir boys; M. Baschet's official portraits of Cardinals and marshals painted with photographic precision; the cuirassiers of Wagram and the *poilus* of Verdun by M. Georges Scott, who gave to England such a bad portrait of the most intelligent monarch of the time, Edward VII; the pink heather of M. Didier-Pouget, or the Glozelian tribes of those who are strong in the themes of the ex-atelier Cormon; and the fashionable "Vertiges" by M. Etcheverry, if not the æsthetic and Bohemian "Dreams" of M. Balestrieri.

Who knows if the amateur of these old-fashioned things, which receive but once a year the honours of criticism and of reproductions in magazines that are as a rule most resolutely closed to matters of art, are not the real amateurs? Their disinterestedness should be borne in mind; they pay a high price for things that are unsaleable, intransmissible.

The records of the Hôtel Drouot guarantee what I am advancing here, that only the great classic works and the modern productions of independent art can brave the fire of the bidding at the auctions which have inflamed all the world. The rest can only be liquidated at humiliating prices among lots of sofas, drawing-room suites of imitation Louis XVI, or piles of crockery.



GENS DE LA TERRE

Dunoyer de Segonzac

Such is, honestly defined, the double position. As usual, the organizers of the official Salon, unique since the war, owing to the reconciliation of the "Artistes Français" and the "Société Nationale," take care to supply the newspapers with notes indicating that it is they who take the largest receipts at the turnstiles and it is they who effect the largest number of sales.

At the time when the plastic revolution of living art began there were still some genuine masters in the official salons obstinately lingering among their degenerate pupils. One might find a Jean-Paul Laurens dull, but it was impossible to refuse him a certain respect. The founder of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts was none other than the great Puvis de Chavannes. Today there remains nothing. Everything that still has any value in the academic circles may be seen, beside the most downright revolutionaries, in the Salon des Tuileries, founded by Albert Besnard, the general character of which I have described to you. This salon offers to those who are interested in art the most perfect ensemble, is the most loyal to the tendencies of the day, and in order to give the *coup de grâce* to the official salon, whose varnishing day it is at the time of writing, will open its doors by the time this letter, begun almost on the steps of the Grand Palais, will reach London. It will be the subject of my chronicle next month. If the short-winded glories of the official salon die slowly we have the sorrow to see a painter, who was among the most gifted and seemed to show promise of the noblest destiny, compromise himself there more and more every day. I am speaking of Van Dongen. A Dutchman, who arrived in Paris at the same time as the

Spaniard, Pablo Picasso, Van Dongen naturally allied himself in friendship with everything that counted in the world of the Fauves of the Salon des Indépendants and the small galleries known only to amateurs with a great deal of *flair*. What might one not expect of him, who can be described in a few words as an observer greedy for violent voluptuousness and its artifices, who renewed Constantin Guys in the twentieth century by raising him to the great *mise-en-page*?

For ten years Van Dongen brilliantly lived up to these promises. Now he is nothing but a virtuoso of fashion. He was a neighbour of Picasso's in 1904 in the famous wooden house in the Place Ravignan at Montmartre, destined, it seemed, to figure one day in the museum in the vicinity of the great Renoir; he contented himself with taking the double part of successor to Boldini and to the late Antonio de la Gandara.

That is a lesson to meditate upon. Did the officials attract Van Dongen to themselves in order to grow young? They were infinitely mistaken. A young man does not rejuvenate the old, but they soon cover him with their dust and infect him with their incurable paralysis.

Besides, how are you not to have doubts, observe yourself better and impose upon yourself a saving discipline, when the followers of those who refused the great Manet, for example, the entrance to their salon begin to smile at you?—Edouard Manet, the first great collection of whose works has been brought together by a coincidence of almost pedagogic eloquence at the very moment of the festivities in memory of Goya, his inspirer and director.

Having made the journey to Albi to see again the collection of pictures, lithographs, and drawings by Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec in the old episcopal palace, I proceeded as far as the neighbouring sub-prefecture, the pretty town of Castres—all singing with fountains and buzzing with intelligent life, both civic and epicurean, at the cafés. At the museum, among many insignificant "envois de l'Etat"—works automatically acquired at the official salons by the State bureaux—there are some glowing pearls: three portraits by Goya and his great canvas, often mentioned, but so little known, "La Junta des Philippines." Before this lost masterpiece I met the deputy for Albi, our permanent delegate to the League of Nations, M. Paul Boncour, dreaming between two electoral campaigns.

"Manet! Manet!" exclaimed the most artistic of politicians.

He was right. The whole of Manet is there in power, in these profound and luminous portraits, painted with such an economy of colour. How we should enjoy seeing Manet's "Emile Zola" beside these Spanish portraits which belong, by the way, to Goya's Bordeaux period! As for the "Junta des Philippines"—the background of which is not perfect, with its tribunes in medallions, too strongly detached from the monotonous oval of the arm-chairs, but vibrating in the foreground group, especially the marvellously articulated group on the left—there is no doubt that Manet had studied it a great deal, and that he derived from it the construction of his "Jugement du Maréchal Bazaine," just as he took the elements of his "Execution of the Emperor Maximilian" from "A Military Execution."

Letter from Paris

In a study, remarkable for its insight, M. Jacques-Emile Blanche—often better as a writer than as a painter, in which capacity he is so well known in London—has presented Edouard Manet as a figure of the transition between expiring tradition and the spirit of æsthetic insubordination, whose banner was carried by Courbet. I quote Jacques-Emile Blanche: "Manet was the last to paint excellently according to what remained of the methods and recipes that go back to the Spaniards, the Flemings, and the Dutch; they were going to be discredited one day in very vulgar industrial juggler's tricks. That is the fate of crafts that have reached a point of excessive skill. Claude Monet relates that, having submitted to Manet a female figure by Renoir, Manet exclaimed: 'Advise this poor boy to give up painting at once!'"

How well everything is arranged, and how satisfactorily it turns out for the critic who is anxious to comment clearly upon his epoch! The "very vulgar industrial juggler's tricks" are the works exhibited at the official salon identical in 1928 with what they were in 1927, forestalling at the same time 1929. The "fate of crafts that have reached a point [the point of death] of excessive skill" represents sufficiently well the cult of the academic church and its error. And one sees the error which even Manet himself cannot escape, in spite of his greatness—a native greatness supported by very high culture and a strong aristocratic sentiment.

But Manet did not find peace of mind in the accomplishment of his limited work. In order to understand his torment it is only necessary to turn over the leaves of the catalogue of his private collection. If he had not made friends even late in the day with Monet, that Charlemagne of Impressionism, Manet would have, nevertheless, filled his little gallery with the most daring examples of the art of his time. How many of the canvases, passionately acquired, if uneasiness is one of the acute forms of passion, go so far as to give the lie to Manet's work! And be sure these canvases were not the ones he cared least about.

All this justifies the assertion I am hazarding. Manet, contained and limited as he was, was studied in his limitations and thus gave to youth a taste for carrying researches farther, just as a daring investigator might have done. Well aware that academic science, the science that had been transmitted, was reaching the point of death, and at the same time feeling the necessity of a classic certainty, the young, as their qualified representatives have never ceased repeating, made their revolution while endeavouring to reach back to the essential principles by questioning the masters of the great periods, even down to the negroes, thus transcending the bounds of school manuals on antiquity.

And now that it has been enfranchised by this attitude, the new generation shows signs here and there of a desire to piece together again some studio recipes. The canvas that Dunoyer de Segonzac proposes to send to the Salon des Tuileries will show how far this daring "reconstructor"

has pushed this new desire for a solidity of method that is certainly renewable, unlike the academic *trick*, and according to him useful precisely to serve audacity in permitting by some assured material principle a more direct passage for the spiritual. This is not without its danger. Intelligence will have to see to it that it does not once again, and this time without even the dignity of a high tradition, lead to "very vulgar industrial juggler's tricks."

If it was not necessary to watch so carefully over the plastic anxieties so far above the vulgar desire for originality for the sake of originality, I should insist also on a tendency of returning to the subject. Besides, the young painters in question have generally been moved by the exotic. Some have dreamed over naval albums or felt the spell of Mac Orlan, that metaphysician of adventure; others like Charles Clément, who has just held an interesting exhibition of his juvenile works at the "Carminé" gallery, have travelled much or little in the fashion of the pilot, Charles Baudelaire. Their initiator is the last of the Fauves, who persists in fauvism when the fashion for it is somewhat over: Charles Dufresne, a unique character, an unsuspected type of a good painter, saved by the academicians of the official salon. Fifteen years ago Dufresne, who had produced apparently nothing but amusing impressions of the music-hall, of movement and light, gained the bursary for a voyage to Algeria. He returned dazed, staggered at having made a pilgrimage like Delacroix in the land of Fromentin—staggered, but capable at last of organizing his compositions, which grew larger every day, with a rhythm that was borrowed from the study of the great solar movements. Intercourse with the poets did the rest. Orientalism, which had long ago fallen to the level of the Corps-de-garde Zouaves, was sumptuously brought to life again!

As for Charles Clément, no doubt he, too, has felt the influence, though less continuously, of Pascal, the great traveller who never moved except in the fashion of Gérard de Nerval, whose friend, Théophile Gautier, used to say that he only made the journey to Arabia in order to contemplate the exact power of a very ancient dream.

A painter ambitious to realize vast canvases, Charles Clément has also produced many *gouaches*. The style finds great favour at present. Chagall, the dreamer, excels in it; and I believe that it was Max Jacob, the painter and poet, of whom I spoke to you not long ago, who originated this passion for *gouaches* which is shared by collectors.

The *clou* of the Salon des Tuileries will be, no doubt, the picture by Utrillo. This master—who, alas! has not all his reason—is, besides, unequal because his output is without control, fevered and obedient to the wishes of the dealers. I was able to see this canvas before it was sent off to the Salon, and I was assured that only the pictures by Matisse could be compared with it. Certainly this is a Utrillo of the best days.

LETTER FROM BERLIN

By OSCAR BIE

IN the Kurfurstendamm, not far from the Albrecht-Achillesstrasse, there appeared not long ago a new building, which forms a contrast to the terrible architecture of this street. This thoroughfare of the west is otherwise stuck over with the most atrocious memories of Berlin's upstart periods, which reduce the impression of the street into so many little bits of snobbishness. The advance made by modern architecture has become very noticeable here in the last few years. The first attempts were made in the shop fronts, where modern forms were regardlessly fitted into old façades, until last month a stop was put to this tendency owing to a change of authorities, and we are apparently faced with a reaction towards the city. The building I am speaking of is situated farther out and is the work of Erich Mendelsohn, who some time ago began to play a part among the modern architects here. At last we have a definite break with the past; at last a new style born of the period, with rectilinear articulation resulting from ideas of space, with cubic accents, an æsthetic of utility which clearly confesses its truth, without any necessity of decoration or make-up. It is a style that has now spread from Holland

over half the Continent, has found very personal artists as its interpreters, and signifies in the history of architecture an expression which corresponds to our structural endeavours, just as the Gothic and Renaissance styles correspond to the requirements of those periods. Mendelsohn's building, commissioned by the Woga Society, contains a cinema, theatre, restaurant, hall, shops, and flats. It will make an accent in the Kurfurstendamm like Wertheim's house once did in the Leipzigerstrasse. At the same time, there is an exhibition of this artist's designs and models at Nierendorf's, a fact that also indicates the change of taste. There is no doubt that architecture has taken the lead in modern art. This was apparent already in the great exhibitions, as, for example, the November group. Perhaps it is the first time that a private gallery presents the entire work of an architect instead of pictures which, after all, nobody buys. We can follow Mendelsohn's imaginative but, nevertheless, practical activity from the Einstein tower in Potsdam of the year 1920, with which he first came personally to the fore, through the reconstruction of the "Berliner Tageblatt," through countless factories,

stores, and villas, up to the Wansee Yacht Club and the Woga building, and can see how it has developed with great intensity from certain æsthetic oscillations towards the present constructive purity. That opens up a future.

How variously the world; is reflected in the artist! At Flechtheim's there is a complete collection of Paul Klee's works, which carries us towards romantic dreams in the opposite direction to the modern world, towards dreams of these little trees, stars, animals, houses, and faces in the most wonderful combinations of colours in which Klee untiringly makes music. And yet this man belongs to the Bauhaus in Dessau, which follows principles similar to those of the above-mentioned architect. There must

be a deeper inner connection, however much the results may differ. What they have in common is the liberation from tradition. Just as the modern architect no longer pieces his houses together from the complex of the styles that have been handed down to him, but creates their forms out of the construction of our spirit, so the modern painter frees himself from the collective realism which has so far kept history together, and puts down his innermost and sweetest dreams without restraint. His objects are not



THAMES EMBANKMENT

By Kozoschka

At the Leicester Galleries

unrealistic; they are super-realistic. We know that the mood of this super-realism is now spreading like a sort of new romanticism throughout the world, and no one will be surprised to hear that Klee has aroused a keen interest in Paris, the city where this movement originated. The Germans themselves scarcely know as yet how closely these visions of Klee's are related to them. They regret that this great composer in colour is no painter in the ordinary sense. His temperament and his invention lie in another sphere. But, somehow, he is a part of our time.

Meanwhile, the old realists are still going to Paris because they cannot exhaust the enjoyment of this city as the object of their passion for painting. Lesser Ury, who is exhibiting in the *Kunstkammer*, presents a series of pictures of Berlin and Paris on the same walls where his pictures of London once hung. We find composition here too, and lyrical dreams, but everything is assimilated by an impression which has not overcome the old fascination of the idea of a *milieu*. The shimmer through the fog of London is different to the light air of Paris and to the crowded traffic of Berlin. In Berlin everything—the

Letter from Berlin

movement of cars, the proportions of the trees, the reflections of the luminous signs—remains, somehow, objective; in Paris, the waves of the Seine, the silhouette of Notre-Dame, the rows of cars in the Rue Royale, the profile of the trees in the Champs-Élysées acquire a poetic charm, as though these things presented themselves to the painter's eye for pleasure. This old magic world of air and light, which dominated the last century, still lives on, and will not be abandoned so long as palettes and brushes exist. Ury has opponents who look upon his unspoilt pictorial sense—which expresses itself absolutely lyrically—as primitive. But it is precisely through the depth of feeling in his poems of colour that he has gained many friends, among whom Corinth was the first. He need no longer be the subject of contention. The battle wages in quite another field.

The art dealer, Tannhäuser, has arranged a great Menzel exhibition. This is more a matter of honour than of necessity. Berlin possesses such fine Menzels that there is no need, without special reason, to show others, which are not always quite unknown. Finally, a revision in this case adds nothing to the point. We know that Menzel was always a clever draughtsman, and at first a great painter, inspired by the most daring aspirations, which were afterwards lost in the atmosphere of the Prussian sense of duty. On our part we have nothing new to say about him.

New things occupy us when we go to the exhibition of Max Beckmann, which Flechtheim has arranged, after Mannheim had led the way so gloriously with its famous Beckmann exhibition. Here we see only the most recent pictures, and they show in an extraordinarily interesting form the remarkable development of this painter. Beckmann is a special species of the German brooder. He has got away from the somewhat watery pathos of his youth. Today he is concerned with the problem which is the almost universal problem at present—a new conception of objectivity which will not sink into mere imitation of Nature, but orders things according to an inner principle. He isolates the object in order to make it spontaneous. He needs no connecting *milieux* or moods; he seeks the balance between the parts of reality in a somewhat rough and unprejudiced manner. In his painting there is something of that reduction of things into aphorisms which is apparent in our dramatic art. He paints like Sternheim and Kaiser write—also quotations of reality which are newly made use of by a higher and sceptical mind. The circus-like quality of his ideas is only the apparent pretext. He lets things dance and combine themselves differently and probe a method that will make a compromise between their substantiality and the flatness of the canvas. Planes alone do not satisfy him. That would only be ornamental. He has learnt from expressionism a higher form of still-life in which Nature does not become decorative, but counterpointed in another way. Visions of night, bathing scenes or circus-riding; then, again, all sorts of carnival scenes or ladies grouped in a window, or a bridge, a still-life of saxophones, a black vedute of Genoa, strangely situated nudes, the clown-like portrait of the actor Zeretelli—certainly there is something dreamlike, ghostly in all these visions, but they are not lyrically set down, rather with the roughness of a strong and healthy nature, massive and sharp as he appears to us in his fine self-portrait. The value of this painting lies in its absolute unsentimentality, in the absence of all playfulness, in the earnestness about the problem. It is a rich and varied art, though it

has perhaps not yet reached the end of its ideal. Hofer, who was subjected to similar oscillations, reached his goal in his own way earlier than Beckmann.

Emil Nolde is exhibiting at Möller's, but only watercolours and pastels this time, and little sketches of his travels in the South Seas. He exhibits his work so seldom that one must be very grateful for such a collection. Here is a painter who probably also has a chaos within, but has sufficient intelligence to clearly limit his path. In his heads, flowers, still-lives of fishes, landscapes, and studies of clouds he remains one of the most intense colourists we can boast of today. He, too, dreams and lets his fancy roam somehow; he, too, holds himself aloof from common sweetness and popularity, but he dislikes brutality or barbarism in the expression of his feelings just as much, and gains a mystic beauty in his visions even where they are caught from Nature in the saturated sound of a wonderful music. His highly cultivated art comes out more purely in these delicate little watercolours than in his enigmatic pictures.

The antique dealer, Emil Graupe, one of the most famous in Berlin, has now also completed his removal and resides in a feudal upper story in the Tiergartenstrasse. The fine galleries were inaugurated with an exhibition of a Scottish painter who was not known here before—David Sassoon. There are paintings and watercolours, characteristic things of an agreeable talent in the English landscape style—little houses, lakes, evenings, castles, trees and rivers in his own country set down in a light joyousness, each piece interesting through the special individuality of a tree, a prospect, the rhythm of the clouds, the grouping of houses or bushes, which are neither old nor new, not over-cultivated not dilettantish, yet it is pleasant to make the acquaintance of this scion of a famous family here in Berlin.

Music, too, has its play of styles. We heard Puccini's "Triptych" under Zemlinsky in the State Opera. Parts of it had already been performed in various opera houses here, but the whole was given for the first time. It is an education in change. We first hear the "Mantel," a piece according to the naturalistic pattern, a love and murder story in a tow-boat, the text tensely built up and musically fitted out with the approved Puccinisms. Then follows "Schwester Angelica," a lyrical opera almost Old French in style, with religious ecstasy made traditional—the worst thing that Puccini has ever written. And, finally, the best that he has written, "Gianni Schicchi," this bubbling comedy of a fraud about a will, with the most accomplished art in the ensembles, which rise from disappointment to hope and sink back again into disappointment, with sparkling invention in the expression of detail, and only small parentheses of love-lyrics as in "Falstaff," from which this masterpiece proceeds. The audience applauded most of all the rubbish in the second piece, perhaps because Mme. Heiderbach as Angelica gave the best singing of the evening. For the rest, singers of medium quality were employed, though these were recruited from all three operatic institutions in Berlin. Consequently it was only half a victory for the Klemperer company, which Kroll will one day have to fill entirely when the opera, "Unter den Linden," is again open. This work will always suffer from the divergence of styles. After the "Mädchen aus dem Goldenen Westen," Puccini has written nothing that will reach the popularity of his earlier operas, not excepting "Turandot."

I should like to take this opportunity of saying a few

words about the painter Kokoschka, who is now showing his pictures at the Leicester Galleries, London. Without forestalling the English verdict I may say that he has become one of the most interesting and most characteristic artists of the Austro-German world. He began in the usual gentle Viennese style, but soon appeared with very remarkable portraits, in which the character of the sitter was revealed with a speaking clearness through incisive drawing of the inner forms. Recently he has developed more in the direction of pure colour, and has created beautiful fantastic visions of burning colour.

Besides portraiture, landscape is his most fertile field. The temperamental manner with which he sees lakes, hills, towns, the pictorial *furor* with which he sets down his impressions, free from all assistance from the *milieu*, the result of a pure artistic impulse, sets up a new note in the more modern school of German landscape painting. In the course of his extensive travels he has painted views of familiar and unfamiliar places in all manner of lands, which differ greatly from the ordinary travel pictures owing to their individual charm, and these form the bulk of his London exhibition.

BOOK REVIEWS

MERYON, by LOÿS DELTEIL. Translated by G. J. RENIER. With forty illustrations. Masters of Modern Art. (John Lane.) 5s.

This volume is one of the most successful of the Masters of Modern Art Series—partly, no doubt, because prints lend themselves better to the process of reproduction here employed, but also because the text is more than an accompaniment to the pictures; it reveals the story of a great "little master," since "little master" we must call one who excelled only in one branch of a minor art. But, after reading Monsieur Delteil's text, Meryon the man becomes of even greater interest than Meryon the etcher. His life, like that of Van Gogh, was almost a nightmare—a bad dream in which only the time he spent in the pursuit of his craft, the time during which he was actually drawing or "biting," might be regarded as a relief. Not so; he was always critical of his own work, and the praise it received made him suspicious and doubtful. Maybe that the circumstances of an artist's life, his struggles and torments, are irrelevant to the appreciation of his art; but, somehow, the work gains in human interest, becomes in Meryon's case even more remarkable. For, if we disregard some fantastic additions to his plates—though the grotesque aerial army and navy descending upon the "Ministère de la Marine" seems today, in view of our aircraft, less bizarre; if we disregard such things, his strong, virile and controlled draughtsmanship, his

meticulous nicety of craftsmanship are the last one would expect from a mind so disordered, so tormented as his.

It has already been stated that the illustrations are generally good, and the translation, some gallicisms excepted, also.

MODERN FRENCH IRONWORK. 36 plates, with an Introduction by HENRI CLOUZOT, and a Foreword by MAX JUDGE. (John Tiranti and Company.) Library Edition (bound), 24s. Studio Edition (portfolio), 20s.



John Lane: The Bodley Head, Ltd.

LA GALERIE NOTRE-DAME

By Meryon

This imposing and informing volume should be of interest not only to the English ironworker and designer, but to all those who have in any way to do with exterior and interior architectural decoration—including private persons who are having a home built for them. The book is at all events intended to demonstrate the decorative possibilities of iron for gates, doors, radiator screens, balustrades, etc. etc. French taste is, of course, not English taste. The French take pleasure in design, the English in structure. The English believe in "the rules of the game," in processes, procedure and precedent—to all of which the French are more or less indifferent; they prefer novelty, new departures, expression, and they love to *épater les bourgeois*. There are plenty of examples of this kind amongst the specimens reproduced in this volume. Many of these will not commend themselves to the English taste. On the other hand, however, there are specimens which not only suggest supreme craftsmanship,

Book Reviews

but also display new ideas in the carrying out of which æsthetic pleasure is combined with architectural stability. One peculiarity here strikes the English reader, and that is the great contrast in principles which is seen in the work of one and the same craftsman, so that one is full of admiration perhaps for one thing and more than critically doubtful about another—even though the designer be identical. With this reservation it may be said that the sixteen or so designers and craftsmen whose work is here illustrated could teach ours “a thing or two”; amongst them, more particularly, Raymond Subes, Piguet, Nics Frères, Szabo, and Delion, whose “Radiator Screen” (Plate 27) is a wonder of rich design and craftsmanship. Nothing, however, will persuade us that iron is a suitable material for the making of such furniture as tables or chairs or *garnitures de cheminée*, which in themselves are objectionable whether made in iron or in Sèvres china. Mr. Max Judge writes a thoughtful foreword to Monsieur Henri Clouzot’s introduction to the plates, which are unexceptionable.

CARICATURE, by C. R. ASHBEE. (Universal Art Series.) (Chapman and Hall.) 21s. net.

It would be difficult to write a book on caricature that would not be full of interest. Mr. Ashbee’s volume is no exception to the rule. Though he confines himself almost exclusively to the work of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries he covers a great deal of ground, as witness the inclusion of caricature sculpture in the shape of “Ratapoil”—*l'idée bonapartiste a jamais pilorisée*—by the immortal Daumier. Some German artists who will be new to the general English reader are also considered, e.g. Spitzweg, Miss Olshausen-Schönberger, Ludwig Stutz, and Wilhelm Busch, the now probably forgotten author of “Max and Moritz”—one of the greatest of them all in his particular branch. Mr. Ashbee has much to say that is admirable: for instance, in his chapter on “Caricature and the Gross.” Nevertheless, having regard to the fact that the book forms part of the Universal Art Series, it seems a pity that he has not dealt more satisfactorily with this “Art” aspect. Perhaps it is because he himself has not very clear views in this respect. “I suggest,” he says, “that good draughtsmanship is not essential to caricature, but the power of getting what you want is essential.” Probably he means “accurate draughtsmanship,” because “getting what you want” is not only good draughtsmanship, but so superlative that probably even the greatest artists in the world would confess that they had not often got it. And he instances, too, Thackeray, Carruthers Gould, and Max Beerbohm, all in the same breath! Of these, however, Thackeray and Gould manifestly did not get what they wanted. Thackeray could “load” a phrase with much greater nicety than he can “load” a line, and it is therefore legitimately to be assumed that he wanted to be at least as skilled in drawing as he was in writing. Carruthers Gould wanted to draw accurately—every line of his shows his “want.” Only “Max”—of the three—knows admirably how to get almost what he wants, though he possibly may not know how to get what in any case he does not want, i.e. “good” draughtsmanship. The last chapter, an attack upon “Post-Impressionism” and its protagonists, however, proves definitely that Mr. Ashbee is out of his depth, æsthetically, otherwise he could not possibly have compared a caricature by Ospovat with a picture by Picasso. The very words he uses in the description of Ospovat’s “Rodin”: “Every bit of boot, and neck

and hair tells its story” (the italics are ours), proves that he does not understand Picasso. No doubt Messrs. Fry and Bell are vulnerable, but Mr. Ashbee aims at the wrong spot; their mental “stance” is much better protected than the heel of Achilles.



“RATAPOIL.” By Daumier. Messrs. Chapman & Hall, Ltd.
From “Caricature”

A PORTFOLIO OF RAPID STUDIES OF MOVEMENTS FROM THE NUDE FIGURE, by BOROUGH JOHNSON. (Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons, Ltd.) 10s. 6d. net.

These ten studies in sanguine, dedicated by the author to his past pupils, “with the hope that they may prove a tangible souvenir of friendly recollections and by their example perhaps be of benefit to those serious students who, with concentrated industry, cannot but attain knowledge and fluency in the supreme test of draughtsmanship—life figure drawing,” ought certainly to accomplish some at least of their avowed purpose. Mr. Borough Johnson can draw, and these ten excellent monochrome

reproductions prove it; but for the sake of the artist it would have been better if the additional "Finished Study in Colour" had been omitted, because it does him a positive injustice; even without having the original before one's eyes, one can tell that the reproduction is all wrong. The author's twelve "notes" which accompany these drawings as a text should be carefully marked, learned, and digested by every student.



J. M. Dent &
Sons, Ltd.

ISAAC OLIVER FAMILY PORTRAIT

From "Miniatures and Silhouettes"

MINIATURES AND SILHOUETTES, by MAX VON BOEHN.
Translated by E. V. WALKER, B.A. With 40 four-colour
plates and 200 other illustrations. (J. M. Dent.) 15s. net.

"The art of the small single likeness, or miniature, was," as the author of this delightful and informative survey of two minor arts points out, "approached from two directions. On the one hand, the painter tended to cut down the size of his picture more and more, and to use finer brushes for his work, and on the other hand the book illuminator frequently kept his portrait independent of the text and isolated it by a border or frame." Many miniatures, even to this day, show signs of this dual and really conflicting parentage—as if the artist were not quite certain whether to aim at a "small oil" or a large illumination. Partly, no doubt, this inherent duality, more certainly the tedious monotony of the stippling process, have prevented great artists from giving their time to this branch of art. At all events, only one of the great masters, Holbein, has practised it—without stippling—and the number of artists in the second rank is also small. Nevertheless, miniatures have their fascination, and in the hands of such painters as Holbein, Clovio, Clouet, Oliver, Hoskins, Cosway, Plimer, Füger, and Isabey, reaches considerable æsthetic value. Herr Max von Boehn tells the story, both of this craft and of the silhouette, concisely but interestingly and with manifest knowledge of the subject, and the translation reads as if it were the original. The illustrations, many of them coloured, are—taking them all round—adequate, but it is next to impossible to obtain perfect results from a medium which depends for its beauty not merely on colour but also on transparency.

THE ARYANS: A STUDY OF INDO-EUROPEAN
ORIGINS, by V. GORDON CHILDE. Pp. xvi + 222,
8 plates. (London: Kegan Paul.) 10s. 6d.

In the nineteenth century, when comparative philology was less scientific, a favourite amusement was to try to

track the elusive Aryan to his original home. The means employed at one time depended on the evidence of "the oldest language," as Sanskrit was supposed to be; at another on information derived from the names of trees and animals in the various Aryan languages and deciding from them where the first Aryans must have lived. Consequently the source of all Aryans has moved about from the Danube basin to Central Asia, and even now, after endless research and time and trouble, still remains untraced. The linguistic method is not necessarily sound, as the separation of the various Aryan languages must have taken place so far back that in the course of centuries many unnoticed changes must have occurred. In the Romance tongues today we should decide that the original word for horse had been *caballus*. Latterly the archæologist has joined in the chase and various new theories have been put forward. These involve the creation of Mediterranean, Nordic, and Danubian races, and the parts played by the various elements depend to some extent on the predilections of the scholars concerned. The great difficulty is in the identification of any phase of prehistoric culture in any part of the world as definitely Aryan. Further trouble arises with skull types—once a recognized guide—because we do not even today know which is the typical Aryan skull. Of the various theories that have held the field from time to time Mr. Childe here gives us a satisfactory guide within the limits of his space. He also sums up the archæological facts, especially as regards the Central European and Danubian areas, fairly clearly, though some would not be inclined to accept all his postulates. Greece, ever since the Homeric question became a burning one in the nineteenth century, has been a crucial point in the Aryan theories which involve both Homer and archæology. Here the author is on less sure ground in his exposition of the conditions of prehistoric archæology in Greece. His arguments and language are at times confusing. Sometimes he uses Mycænæan and Minoan as synonyms; at other times as if they were different. He attempts to identify the Achæans on the assumption that they must be Aryans. As a result he evolves an Achæan period and labels definite objects as Achæan on inconclusive evidence, and similarly adopts a theory which would label as Dorian other objects not necessarily confined to Dorian areas.

The author says that "the majority of the Aryan nations of historical times can be shown to be descended from the Nordic battle-axe folk of the Stone Age. By the aid of pottery and weapons they can be traced back with more or less certainty to one of two centres—South Russia or Scandinavia." There we must leave the problem. Scientific thought generally is against the idea of a single source for anything. For instance, are we to attribute to Mesopotamia the invention and use of crude bricks? Must a pot of such and such a shape have originated in one particular area and no other? After all, the archæological evidence so far discovered and scientifically handled is an infinitely small proportion of the whole. Hittite and Cretan tablets are still unread though great advances have been made towards deciphering the former. For the present the collection and proper publication of material—linguistic, archæological, or craniological—is the great need. When sufficient material is gathered, and the resemblances and differences both in kind and time have been duly collated, interpretations will suggest themselves.

A. J. B. WACE.

FOREIGN REVIEW SECTION.

WORK AND ART.

SCHAFFENDE ARBEIT UND BILDENDE KUNST, von PAUL BRANDT. Two Vols. Vol. I.—Im Altertum und Mittelalter, pp. xvi + 324, illus. 460 + plates 2. Vol. II.—Vom Mittelalter bis zur Gegenwart, pp. xvi + 348 + illus. 442 + plates 8. (Leipzig: Alfred Kröner Verlag.) Marks 18 per volume.

The title of this work was an inspiration: Art and Work; the subject is most fruitful. It is sometimes said that artists are lazy. Here, anyhow, there is ample evidence that they are, at all events, vastly interested in work. Turn page after page, and the sculptor and painter furnish evidence that work was not unknown to them, for here everyone is at some sort of avocation. The book is a human document, for it shows all the activities by which man strove to make the world a decent place to live in; how he fought first for necessities, then for luxuries. In the beginning art was the servant, in the end the master: art for life's sake succeeded by art for art's sake. But the artist clung to the former idea more tenaciously than to the latter, and it is this fact that these two ingenious volumes illustrate: the artist associated with work, even when the work was that of producing works of art. Man has always loved work, especially when he could do it in a leisurely fashion and give out his fancy in it. All the freshest and most human art has been that in which the artist has used his life's blood. But Paul Brandt has dealt with every sort of work, whether done by the conscious craftsman or by the unconscious workman or by the slave. It is this which makes this book so humanly interesting, and it seems to open up a new vista of art, a new sense in which it may be viewed.

Starting in Egypt, the tomb-paintings show all the processes of agriculture; the sculptor provides limestone figures at the grinding of the corn, and wooden figures carrying great vessels of water. Not so peaceful, the carved reliefs show men at the work of slaying each other; war is work, and art can express its horrors both by land and sea. The work of the galley-slave was not light, nor that of the hunter devoid of danger, whether in the forest or on the ocean. Men and women clothed themselves, and so we see them in pictures making cloth; they have to work with utensils, and sculpture represents the metal-worker at the anvil.

The Greeks did more artfully what the Assyrians and Egyptians did more naïvely; the Romans more sophisticatedly imitated the Greeks and produced, as in the Prometheus sarcophagus in the Capitoline, a fine, confused sculptural mass of work and avocation, pleasure and luxury. The years passed, and men in Europe worked hard on the basilicas and cathedrals in which their successors were to worship. They worked hard to please the architects, and the sculptors of Gothic figures worked hard to enliven and ennoble themselves, and as they worked they represented men like themselves at work, and even saints sometimes were seen working. Work was dignity and art upheld it in every possible phase, never more nobly than in the Middle Ages, where men had begun to work as men and not as slaves. Now, not only painted picture and carved figure showed men at work, but the textile designer wove working figures, and the tapestry maker made his figures busy, as did the stained glass makers. The professional painters and draughtsmen came along,

and pre-Renaissance art is often occupied with men and women working. As the artists became more accomplished, they became more realistic. Throughout this history of work in art, the painter strove to represent graphically the work of the architect. Now, in later art, architectural work on a larger scale emerges in great fanciful buildings, often in Towers of Babel. The mother of all the arts has always maintained her attraction for her children. During the Renaissance there was a very riot of work-representation; and the more accomplished the painter, the sculptor, the majolica worker, the weaver, the metal-worker became, the keener he was to represent the working processes.



QUEEN LOUISE AT THE WRITING-TABLE

J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd.

From "Miniatures and Silhouettes"

Fascinating as were these thousands of manifestations of the intrigue of art with work during the earlier periods of art, there is an added zest in the study of those made by the latest masters of the arts. The second volume of Paul Brandt's book brings the story down to our own days, finding in Expressionism no break with the legend which has held artists to the continuing expression of work. In modern art the author's ingenuity is no less acute because it is more obvious, and so he insists on Millet's "Gleaners" and many other examples of this art-apostle of work, matched in this respect by Meunier, both in plastic and graphic.

Apollo: A Journal of the Arts

Not quite so obviously the Barbizon School and the Impressionists come into the scheme, but it is the English Pre-Raphaelites and their associates who furnish the best modern examples: Millais with his "Jesus in the Home of Simon," Holman Hunt's "Shadow of the Cross," Madox Brown's "Work." Contemporary in other European countries there are Adolf von Menzel, Hans von Marées, Max Liebermann, Fritz von Uhde, Hans Thoma, and Ferdinand Hodler. Finally, we come back to England to an artist who is well known abroad, and known for his pictures and his prints of work—Frank Brangwyn. In the works of most of these the great modern motive of machinery makes its appearance.

No such ingenious book on art as this has been published before. It is a fascinating work on a fecund subject, admirably and adequately treated and profusely illustrated.

KINETON PARKES.

AVIGNON IN ITS GLORY.

AVIGNON AU TEMPS DES PAPES, by ROBERT BRUN. (Paris: Librairie Armand Colin.) 8vo., pp. 288, illus. 8. Francs 30.

The author of this useful and stimulating book has added to what is authentic in printed history the results of his researches among the Italian archives of the period, and produced an authoritative record. The natural beauties of Avignon were in the fourteenth century augmented by the erection of the great Palace of the Popes, with the accompanying churches, abbeys, and châteaux. A new and more purely ecclesiastical Rome arose in the most beautiful part of France. To Nature, architecture gave an added glory. Later, the culture of France itself was for a time concentrated at Avignon, establishing it for all time as one of the most magnificent monuments of man's enlightenment and taste. Artists, savants, ambassadors and Royal princes, as well as princes of the Church, found there the ideal conditions for the serene existence their culture demanded. Robert Brun has reproduced the atmosphere of this wonderful location and peopled it again with the sumptuous figures of its earlier centuries. He has thus produced a living book by which the visitor of today to Avignon may not only study the natural and architectural marvels of the place, but picture it inhabited as it was in its earlier centuries.

BAUER: ETCHER.

M. A. J. BAUER: ZIJN ETSWERK. (Amsterdam: E. J. Van Wisselingh & Co.) 4to., pp. 167 + plates 161.

British collectors of etchings have been busy acquiring prints by the Dutch artist Bauer for several years. They will be glad to have this account of Bauer's "Etched Work." He acknowledges more than 250 plates and most of these are illustrated in this volume. Bauer is a prodigious worker and traveller, and his etchings like his other productions are based on the impressions he has gathered in his wanderings, with a strong predilection for Eastern scenes. The book is a biography and a catalogue of the etchings up to the beginning of the year 1927, with full collector's details. It has been issued to celebrate the artist's sixtieth birthday, and it contains a frontispiece portrait in colour. Holland is fortunate in possessing one

of the foremost exponents of what is certainly the most popular form of art collection. The book is beautifully printed in large type in parallel columns of Dutch and English, on fine paper, and well bound in buckram.

A HUNDRED PICTURES OF A HUNDRED YEARS.

CENT ANS DE PEINTURE FRANÇAISE: Exposition par E. J. VAN WISSELINGH, Amsterdam. (Rokin 78.) Part I.—Peinture Rétrospective. Part II.—Peinture Moderne. (Musée Municipal.) 4to.

A hundred pictures are catalogued and thirty-two of them are illustrated. The illustrations are good, and as many of the originals are by now well known in England this publication has its value as a record. The exhibitions which form its basis were organized under the auspices of the French Association for artistic expansion and exchange. Only the finest pictures appear of the best of the modern masters. Representative works are divided into their four periods extending from 1830 to the present day: the Barbizon School, the Impressionists from 1865 to 1890, the Post-Impressionists to the end of the century and the Moderns of the present century. To those who do not remember, Corot's "Venise vue du Quai des Esclavons" will be a surprise: it is a fine architectural piece. There are three Daumiers represented, including "Le Wagon de Troisième Classe," and a portrait by Fantin-Latour. There are three Manets, and Toulouse-Lautrec's "Au Moulin Rouge," and three Renoirs, including a nature-morte. The *douanier* Rousseau's amusing "Forest Monkeys" is given, and Derain's fine "Harlequin" appears with others by the same artist. These catalogues are well printed, and notes of the media and sizes of the works are given.

A CLASSIC GUIDE.

DER CICERONE, von JACOB BURCKHARDT. (Leipzig: Alfred Ktöner.) Sm. 8vo., pp. xvi + 1060, illus. 273. Marks 12.50.

There is no such book as this in the English language, and if there had been it is questionable if it would have sold to the extent of fifty-eight thousand copies. It is a handy book; a pocket book, nice to the touch, flexible and yet strong. It is printed on thin, tough, opaque paper, and every illustration is a separate page plate. It is almost a perfect piece of bookmaking as well as almost a perfect guide. Years ago no one went to Italy without it; no one could do better than take it there with him now. It was published first in 1855, and in 1873 an English translation of the part of it dealing with painting was made by Mrs. A. H. Clough. Burckhardt was a Swiss, born in 1818, who lived much in Italy, but more in Germany, where he was a professor of art; wrote several books on art, mostly concerning the Italian Renaissance, and edited Franz Kugler's Art Histories. "Der Cicerone" is a guide to the delights of Italian art from the beginnings to the period of the Baroque, and is divided into sections of Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting. It has been the guide, philosopher, and friend to thousands of inquirers, and seems to fulfil still most of the requirements of such. It is a most handy book of reference, with an index of the chief works under the localities, and one of artists.

Book Reviews

VOLKSKUNST IN EUROPA, by H. T. BOSSERT. Pp. ix + 46, 132 plates. (Berlin, Wasmuth.) Marks 190.

The purist is apt to despise peasant art as untrained and as merely decorative, since it is employed to adorn the ordinary surroundings of daily life and peasants do not use art for art's sake. Paintings are employed to decorate their houses, furniture, and pottery; woven and embroidered patterns adorn their household fabrics and their costumes; carving, modelling, and engraving are used in their architecture and on implements of metal, wood, stone, and clay. Everything is done by popular taste, and usually a long tradition lies behind the use of fixed patterns for particular objects. Here and there someone may break away, but use and custom in the main prevail. The national characteristics of the makers are strongly expressed in everything, although in many cases a general similarity exists between everyday objects all the world over; and some distinctive patterns, such as the spiral, occur in widely separated countries which could never have been in contact, such as New Zealand and Scandinavia. The study of peasant art in other continents has become a definite branch of anthropology. In Europe peasant art is practically dead. The increase of education, the growth of industrialism, the triumph of the machine over man, and the progress in ease of travel, first through the steam engine and railways, and, secondly, through the petrol engine and motor omnibuses, have facilitated commerce and deprived isolated communities and races of their self-dependence. Linoleum, cheap china, and enamelled ware have taken the place of peasant rugs, peasant pottery, and wooden cooking or dairy vessels. In Britain, where, except in some remote districts, settlements have never been widely separated, peasant art has long been dead, though here and there traces still survive. Such are smocking, the seventeenth-century pottery now so highly prized, and some cottage furniture. Peasant art, however, if it is to flourish, demands wide lands where the farmsteads are widely separated by rough country, where roads are bad and winter severe. Isolation makes man self-dependent, and long winter evenings inspire the maid to weave or embroider and the youth to carve or to paint. The long distances between the Scandinavian farmsteads or the Russian villages make them fertile centres of such art. Almost equally prolific, though more affected by trade, since they were surrounded, not by bleak moorlands, but by the unvintaged sea, are the whitewashed, flat-roofed houses of the Greek archipelago.

Simplicity and crudity, with a quaint directness of effect and a flair for what is essential are the keynotes of peasant art. At times it rises very high, well up to the standard of academic art. A notable example is the embroidery from the Greek Islands, which for design, technique, and decorative appeal is unrivalled in its own sphere. A comparison with "Art Needlework" shows the superiority of unconscious over conscious art in this field. Now that peasant art is almost dead in most countries, it is urgently necessary to preserve and record what can be saved before all knowledge is lost. Sweden has set a

particularly good example, and the Nordic Museum in Stockholm and others at Gothenburg and Lund, with their rich collections, give an admirable picture of peasant life. Other countries are following suit, but the author has in this book done yeoman service by assembling this splendid material. Eastern Europe, as might be expected, gives him better opportunities than Western, and he has wisely made the most of them. We are especially grateful for his fine series of Russian specimens and for the plates which give distinctive objects from the Balkans and the Succession States of Austria-Hungary. The coloured plates are excellent, and the photographic reproductions are equally good and clear. The plates of German peasant art are most welcome. The only points which we have for criticism are that the text is too brief, and that in some examples of textiles only a small part of the object is represented, thus obscuring its purpose. Personally, we would have preferred more specimens of the Greek Island embroideries, for there are seven plates of mainland embroideries against four from the islands. We miss, too, the characteristic carved chests which are a feature of the archipelago. We have, however, noted only one apparent error, for the two pieces (Nos. 7 and 9) of Plate LVII, seem to us to be Moroccan rather than Italian. These trifles, however, do not in the least detract from the excellence of the author's work. Perhaps later he will give us a few typical examples of the homes for the decoration of which these objects were intended. The painted woodwork of Plate IV and the bright textiles of Plates XIII-XV are intended to be displayed in the low wooden homes of the north.

The student will find here excellent material for the comparison of patterns. Some embroideries from the Greek mainland show designs which can be paralleled in Albania and Jugoslavia, and so reflect the history of the country. Similarly the patterns from Jugo-Slavia include some which can only have been introduced during the Turkish occupation. A sampler on Plate XXI, No. 13, shows Caleb and Joshua returning laden with a gigantic bunch of grapes, a familiar pattern in Flemish damasks of the seventeenth century. It is even to be found on a damask of local weaving, dated 1807, in the Wisbech Museum, where the two Biblical characters have become Beefeaters. The sample of "Beiderwand" with Christ and the Woman of Samaria (Plate XXII, 2) uses another pattern taken from damasks, as one can often note in "Beiderwand." Here is a case of a popular art based on designs of commercial art. Two samplers on Plate XXI (Nos. 8 and 16) show Adam and Eve, and another, No. 14, the apple tree, all motives not peculiar to German samplers, but well known in English samplers of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. These are only a few examples which show the great usefulness of this work in such comparative study. The book fills a long-felt want in supplying in one volume an encyclopædia of European peasant art, and as such will be most useful for the student of design, for the anthropologist, for the artist, and for the collector.

A. J. B. WACE.

ART NEWS AND NOTES

By HERBERT FURST

The Royal Academy : First Notice.

This year's "Academy" is not so good as it used to be, and, like "Punch," it never was. This is not to say that there are not any good pictures in this year's exhibition; there are, in point of fact, quite a number, but even they leave one with the impression that they might have been so much better. The cause for such a recurrent phenomenon may probably lie rather deeper than one is inclined to think: it is not only the malady of old age—for, after all, these shows have taken place annually for nearly two hundred years—but much more the fact that there are three categories of artists: those who live *for* their art, those who live *by* their art, and those who "must do something to kill time." Of the "must do something" type, there are doubtless a considerable proportion, though it would be difficult to prove. But we must not forget that the pursuit of art has become increasingly respectable: even fifty years ago a "gentleman" might be excused if he had qualms about exhibiting his pictures professionally. Furthermore, well-meaning but ill-advised governmental and municipal authorities patronize art, as it were, hind-foremost. They create the supply of artists with a generosity worthy of a better cause, but leave the demand to take care of itself. Art, in the art school sense, is not so difficult, as anyone can see by the amount of "clever" work that is to be seen everywhere. But the healthy state of the Fine Arts depends almost, if not quite as much, on the intelligence of its patrons as on the genius of the artists. That, at all events, seems to be the lesson of history.

In the circumstances it is perhaps understandable that portraiture should take the highest rank in this exhibition, for in this branch of art the artist is least free. Even if his "patron" places no restraint upon him, the "sitter" must, however unconsciously. No doubt Mr. Sickert would pour scorn on any suggestion that he had allowed anyone to dictate to him, but to others it will be obvious that the personality of "Rear-Admiral Walter Lumsden, C.I.E., C.V.O., R.N." (652) has so powerfully influenced the artist that he has succeeded, in conjunction with his sitter, in producing the picture of the year—or at all events the most interesting piece of portrait painting in this year's Academy. Painting, with Mr. Sickert, has always been a means, not an end. Often the "end" may not have been pleasing, but the art at all events has always been true. In this picture we have an ideal combination: a striking likeness—this, the likeness, I take on trust, not having set eyes upon the original, but the striking effect is undeniable—expressed by consummate art. There is an almost unbridgeable gulf fixed between this painting and the other portraits here.

Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen's portraiture is always of a high order, and in "Sir George Buchanan, K.C.I.E." (276) and "The Rev. Dr. Samuel Bickersteth" (280) eminently successful. Note, in the latter picture especially, the painting of the hands. Two other admirable likenesses are those of Mr. R. G. Eves: "The late Thomas Hardy, Esq., O.M." (55) and "Sir Frank Benson" (62). They are less "finished," more spontaneous, like Mr. Sickert's,

with whose they share a kind of graphic technique. Then there is Sir William Orpen, with his portraits of "Mrs. Kendall" (15), "Mr. Selfridge" (144), "Sir George Maxwell, K.B.E." (193), "Mr. Barron" (215), and "Mr. Lloyd George" (290). If I were Mr. Selfridge, I should be tremendously pleased with Sir William's conception of myself; and if I were Mr. Lloyd George, I should not. As regards Mrs. Kendall, there seemed to me to be too much of "Joseph's coat" in this painting, but someone said: "She is just like that"—so I must suppose it to be so. Mr. Barron's portrait, however, is, in my opinion, the best: it has no æsthetic falderals of any kind. Below these in vigour are a number of well-painted portraits varying in merit. Mr. W. W. Russell's "Prunella" (31) is one of the least pretentious, but also one of the best. A curious artistic maladroitness spoils Mr. Colin Gill's "The Artist's Wife in a Pink Dress" (71), where one really does not know whether to admire the painting of the dress more than that of the artist's wife, or both less than the skill with which the cane settle is manipulated. A maladroitness of a somewhat similar kind occurs in Sir Arthur Cope's "His Majesty the King," where the regal paraphernalia, in particular the awkward red shape of the cloak on the shoulder of His Majesty, overwhelms the head. However, it is more than likely that we shall never again see such amazingly regal portraiture as was painted about the time of the eighteenth century by men like Hyacinthe Rigaud, and still continued onward until the days of Winterhalter, nor will it be the artists' fault: *tempora mutantur*. In his less ceremonial portrait of "Her Majesty the Queen" (218), Mr. A. T. Nowell has been more successful in the difficult task of combining likeness with a picture that must please not only the sitter and her immediate family, but that will also be gazed upon and criticized by thousands of Her Majesty's subjects who, after their manner, cannot distinguish between the facts of nature and the facts of art.

One would like to comment upon the merits, or maybe the deficiencies of the many other portraits, such as the President's able but all-too-pleasing "Mrs. Frank S. Pershouse" (152), Mr. James Gunn's curiously mis-seen "J. C. Squire, Esqre." (146), Mr. Ernest Moore's typically clerical "The Very Rev. Henry Julian White, D.D." (160), Mr. Glyn Philpot's nieces, "Gabrielle and Rosemary" (46), which has an unaccountably faded appearance, and the same artist's old-masterly "Sir Herbert Warren, K.C.V.O." (162), notable also for the painting of the hands; and Mr. John Wells's several contributions in which he has turned last year's successful "brown studies" into formula and comparative failure.

The London Group at the New Burlington Galleries.

Like the New English Art Club, the London Group was founded as a body of "protestants," which word should be interpreted in both its senses, i.e. positively as an organ of artists proclaiming to the world its new faith, and negatively as a fighting force against old creeds. Whatever the underlying aims, the methods in both cases were impassioned, even violent. Violence, in fact, characterized

the beginnings of the London Group—with a few exceptions—even more than the early stages of the “New English,” although the latter was considered “wild” enough in its time. This retrospective exhibition of the much younger society, however, also shows signs of subsidizing force. The most striking proofs here are, in painting, Mr. Bomberg’s “In the Hold” of 1914, and his “Jerusalem and the Mount of Ascension” of 1925; in sculpture, Mr. Frank Dobson’s “Concertina Man” of 1920 and “Torso” of 1928. So glaring is the contrast in both cases, so obvious the return to “sanity,” that the opponents of the New Movement—and they are many—will hail it as a confession of failure and a sign of repentance. But they would be wrong. To explain, in the compass of a short article, just how and why this is so is impossible; but perhaps the most sensible generalization would be to say that the London Group and the artists in sympathy with its aims and experiments have taught the British world to realize the autonomy of art; in other words, that the laws which govern design in art are not fulfilled by the mere expedient of copying Nature or imitating traditional forms of expression.

Mr. Mark Gertler’s five contributions chosen from different periods of his evolution, for example, demonstrate pretty clearly how much the artist has gained in creative force by the study of “pure design” (as Mr. Roger Fry designates the bond which has brought and has kept the London Group together), and the demonstration would have been still more obvious if one of Mr. Gertler’s quite early naturalistic and traditional still-lives could have been included.

That much of the work done during this period was of a purely experimental nature and can survive only in that sense is obvious. Gaudier Brzeska’s “Bird Swallowing Fish,” or Mr. Epstein’s “Pigeons,” and Mr. Lee’s “Owl” are such examples in sculpture; or Mr. Duncan Grant’s “Woman in Bath,” Miss Vanessa Bell’s “Three Women,” or Jacob Kramer’s “Death of My Father” in painting—and these are only a few haphazard selections. Our judgment in this respect, however, cannot easily anticipate the verdict of the future. Mr. Fry’s experiment in the catalogue, innocuously entitled “Three Men in Military Cloaks”—named under the illustration “The Three Generals,” and manifestly meant for “The Kaiser” and two of his general staff, and to symbolize militarism—is one of the best things he has done; it has a kind of monumental grandeur in spite of the fact that it is merely a paper mosaic stained with tempera, a *Spielerei* that has presumably cost him less trouble and given him more pleasure than his elaborate oil-paintings. Mr. Paul Nash’s exquisite “Still-life” of 1926 demonstrates *via* “The Shore” of 1923 the progress his experimental painting has made since 1917 when he produced the “We are Making a New World”; but this æsthetically inferior composition has a survival value—it is a bitter satire—on account of its associative poignancy. Association, too, plays a great part in the survival power of Mr. Nevinson’s three war subjects of 1916, “La Patrie,” “The Bomber,” and “Column on the March,” though in these cases the cubist formula which he adapted *ad hoc* considerably reinforces the associative significance. On the other hand, Mr. Roberts’s vorticist “stove-pipe” convention seems to doom his talent to ridicule in the eyes of posterity, which it by no means deserves. Ridicule, one imagines, will also be poured by posterity upon many

other works intended to be taken seriously by their authors, but in this respect many of the scoffers of today are likely to be wrong. Mr. J. W. Power’s Picasso-inspired “Accordion Dance” of 1927 is, despite the “hash” it makes of the figures, a most skilful and pleasant composition; and Miss Watson Williams’s “In a Little Restaurant, Paris,” of 1922, has a delightful humour which Miss Paule Vezelay’s (the same person’s) “Eleanora and Dolly in their Dressing Room,” of 1925, so sadly lacks. It is extremely difficult to anticipate the judgment of the future, but it would seem that some reputations that are at present considerable will suffer; amongst these, one fears, are the late Harold Gilman’s, Spencer Gore’s, and Robert Bevan’s—all serious artists, but hardly great. How much Spencer Gore gained from the new ideas may be seen by comparing his loose impressionistic landscape of 1905 with the carefully designed and charming “Inez and Taki” of 1910. One of the oldest and strongest pillars of the group, Mr. Charles Ginner, has produced picture after picture of even and equal excellence until this very year; but now, in 1928, his characteristic stolid “Englishness” gives way, judging by his latest painting, “The French Novel,” to an unexpected gaiety and fancifulness which carry him outside the orbit of his natural vision. This courage to experiment, to “paint dangerously,” as Mr. Tatlock calls it in a pithy foreword, which the painters of the London Group possess, will probably have the consequence that posterity will cease to hold individual artists in esteem, but will discriminate in favour of individual works. They will, perhaps, remember Mr. Walter Sickert’s “Ennui” in the Tate Gallery, and his portrait there of George Moore; they will possibly doubt Mr. Walter Richard Sickert’s “Battistini” here, and probably forget all about Richard Sickert, A.R.A., P.R.B.A., and his “Bar Parlour” or “Jehanne le Lorraine,” not believing that they could possibly all be the work of one man. Something very similar may happen in the case of Mr. Ethelbert White’s “Country House” of 1921, “Wild Dell” of 1926, and “Guitar Player” of 1923, which latter they will not identify as his, and will like to forget.

Amongst other paintings here that are likely to be remembered in future we venture to suggest are the following: Mr. Adeney’s “Nashend” of 1922 and “London Snow” of 1928, Mr. Keith Baynes’ “Cart and Flowers” of 1927, Mr. Dickey’s “Kentish Town,” Mr. Ginner’s “Dwelling Houses, Hampstead Heath” and “Flask Walk,” Mr. Duncan Grant’s “Idyll” of 1912, Mr. O’Connor’s “Still-life” of 1924, Mr. Porter’s “Tramp Steamer” of 1921, and Mr. Wadsworth’s “Marseilles” of 1924. Amongst the sculpture: Mr. Allan Durst’s “Standing Figure,” Mr. Epstein’s very remarkable “Head of Paul Robeson, the Coloured Actor,” Mr. Rupert Lee’s “Inez Dorothea Shuttleworth,” and Miss Muntz’s “Seagull.” There are, too, quite a number of drawings which will not be disdained, amongst them Brzeska’s “Drawing” of 1912, Mr. Etchell’s “Abstract,” Mr. Ginner’s “On the Avon,” Mr. Paul Nash’s landscape (246), Mr. Schwabe’s lithograph, “The Bath,” 1917, Mr. Wadsworth’s two “Streets in Marseilles,” etc.

These selections may signify no more than individual preferences of the present writer, but, when all is said, judgment in art is only a matter of taste—good taste, and the verdict of posterity as much subject to revision as that of the present.

With the writer of the already quoted preface all men—

and women—of good faith must be grateful to the London Group, because "its members have so often given us something worth thinking and writing about"—us, and, let it be added, those who come after.

Imperial Gallery of Art. Exhibition of Paintings, Drawings, Engravings, and Sculpture by Artists resident in Great Britain and the Dominions.

This year's Imperial Gallery of Art Exhibition in the Imperial Institute has, I understand, already been visited by *thousands*. Even the sales in this year's show have been considerable. Artists must really not any longer complain that no one takes any interest in art. It cannot be said with any confidence that the exhibition includes works of really outstanding merit; but there are a number of considerable interest, and it is pleasant to be able to register the fact that the "Dominions" have contributed some quite good "stuff." The fresh, clear simplicity of F. S. Coburn's (Canada) "Winter in the Laurentians, Quebec," the "wild" "Indian Home, British Columbia," by A. Y. Jackson (Canada), and the "old-masterly" "Portrait of Charles Gill," by E. Dyonnet, are worth noting. So are several contributions from India, notably "Majnoon as a Captive under Arrest and Boys Throwing Stones at Him," by S. Samiuzzaman, and "Caged Bird," by Charu Chandra Roy, both convincing, even moving, and happily without imitating Western methods. The Irish Free State has sent in Mr. John Keating's "Don Quixote," its most accomplished and characteristic, and in Miss Margaret Clarke's able "Strindbergian," its most "Irish," i.e. puzzling contribution. Amongst the English exhibits Professor Rothenstein's study for his portrait group of "Henry Tonks, John Sargent, and Wilson Steer" has both merit and historical interest. As a work of art in which every square inch and touch functions aesthetically Mr. Mark Gertler's "Dutch Doll" is distinct and distinguished. On the other hand, Mr. Glyn Philpot's portrait of "A Draughtsman," though beautifully painted, is too "old-masterly" in its aesthetic function: *man merkt die Absicht und wird verstimmt*. There is a kind of satisfying neatness in the design and technique of such very different works as Mr. Collins Baker's "Manaccan Mill," Miss N. L. M. Cundell's "Edge of Abruzzi," and Mr. Charles M. Gere's "Painswick Beacon." Miss Clara Klinghoffer's "Catherine" is a fine piece of drawing, Sir Charles Holmes's "Near Musgrave" is not as interesting as this artist's landscape design usually is, and Mr. Charles Ginner's "The Bridge" has not the peculiar "tactile" sense that generally distinguishes his work. Mr. Wadsworth's tempera painting, "Dunkerque," is also dullish. Amongst the prints Stephen Gooden's line-engraving, "Tail-piece to Revelations," is beautiful both in design and in craftsmanship, and Bernard Rice's remarkable "Portrait" (called a "wood-engraving") really requires a new term to distinguish its technique from that usually associated with the term. Mr. Muirhead Bone's etching, "Strandvagen," interests by the fullness with which its pattern covers the space. Other notable works are: Mr. Sickert's etching "That Old-fashioned Mother of Mine," Mr. Rex Whistler's pen-and-wash "Samson," Miss Whitehead's "Modes pour Garçonets," done in pen, wash, and chalk, Professor Tonk's pastel "Figures in a Barn," Sir George Clausen's pastel "Dutton Hill, Evening," Mr. Ledward's pencil "Study," and Mr. John Nash's "Still-life" in pencil, chalk, and wash. Amongst the twenty or so pieces of

sculpture Mr. Maurice Lambert's "Torso" in bronze and Mr. Henry Poole's "Little Apple Carved in Stone," Mr. David Evans's grand bronze portrait of "Signor Francesco Toppi" and Mr. McMillan's "Garden Group," are especially notable; but here the standard generally is high, and almost every exhibit has quality.



GREEN PLOVERS At Arthur Tooth & Sons' Galleries
By Cedric Morris

Cedric Morris Exhibition at Messrs. Tooth's Galleries.

Mr. Cedric Morris is fast becoming a "fashion." The cause is a little difficult to fathom. He appeals to people who patronize "modern" art; yet his style is by no means always "modern." He paints birds almost abstractly as in "Green Plovers" (15), or early Victorian as in "Dotterels" (19); he depicts beetles, overlife size, as in "The Green Beetle" (22), which has somehow a flavour of the Çapeks and their insect play. He also paints landscapes reminding one sometimes of pukka impressionism as in "Disused China Clay-pits, Dorset" (12), and other times of Cézannish post-impressionism as in the excellent "Landscape—Finisterre" (23) and the hardly inferior "Landscape near Tréboul." And, finally, he paints flowers seen growing, after the manner of the old Dutchmen, Marcellis or Withoos, though not at all in their style, as in "English Spring Flowers" (4) and "April Flowers of the Pyrénées Orientales" (6); but also cut and arranged as in "Poppies" (10), or as botanical illustrations as in the very beautiful "Lords and Ladies" (7). Perhaps it is this surprising difference in his styles that makes his art distinguished. Frankly, I do not always like his *pièces de résistance*; that is to say, his birds, by which he has made his reputation, but which, nevertheless, to me often look like the leisure hour labours of love of a house-painter in a little provincial town who has only badly stuffed specimens in the local "museum" as models. For most of his landscapes and nearly all of his flowerpieces I have greater admiration.

Paintings, Drawings, and Etchings by M. A. J. Bauer.

This interesting exhibition introduced the famous Dutch etcher in—to an English public—new capacities, namely, as a painter in oil and in watercolours. His technique in both media does not conceal the graphic or linear basis of his art. He *draws* rather than paints his pictures,

Art News and Notes

works upon neutral tints relieved here and there by accents of positive colour. By such means he conjures up both views and visions of beauty and often of convincing vitality, in spite of their reticence. His temperament is essentially romantic, even when his subjects are simply realistic. He is also essentially Dutch, with affinities to his compatriots such as Matthew Maris and, of course and obviously, to Rembrandt. Many of his etchings at a first glance might appear to have been done by that master. The resemblance, however, is purely superficial and technical. He is consciously æsthetic, and therefore delights in the appearance of a real or imagined scene. In other words, Bauer is moved by aspects; whilst Rembrandt, especially in his figure compositions, seems to create from introspection, is concerned far more with psychology than with æsthetics. The difference is fundamental.

Watercolour Drawings and Etchings by the late Charles J. Watson, R.E., at Messrs. Dunthorne's Gallery, Vigo Street.

The late Charles J. Watson, R.E., who died last year at the ripe age of eighty-six, has never quite had his due as an artist of considerable talent. His watercolours display the touch of a sure hand and the searching of an eye that knows exactly what to select from the mass of facts, and a fine sense of colour. They are done in a manner midway between watercolour *drawing* and watercolour *painting*; they have sometimes a technique of "blobs" in Arthur Melville's manner, yet suggest the intricacies of architectural sculpture with apparently effortless skill. The happy suggestion of intricate architectural detail is the distinctive quality of his best etchings, which have a delicacy that reminds one of Whistler's "Venice." He was, perhaps, inclined to be too "pretty." Nevertheless, in such plates as "St. Antoine, Compiègne," "Amiens Cathedral,"



LE MOULIN

*The late Chas. J. Watson, R.E.
at Messrs. Dunthorne's Gallery*

"Portrait de Notre-Dame, Neufchâtel-en-Bray," "Le Moulin," "Interior, St. Etienne du Mont, Paris," "Ponte Cavello, Venice," and in the drypoints, "Vespers, St. Mark's, Venice," and "Exterior of St. Mark's, Venice," he has left masterpieces; and if the early Meryonesque "Garlick Hill" is not one it is not too far removed from it.

Mr. Kenneth M. Morrison's, Miss Ann C. Dallas's, and Monsieur Jules Chadel's Works at the Redfern Gallery.

The French origin of Mr. Kenneth Morrison's art is obvious; he paints with vim, so that there is an aggressive quality in his work, due not to any eccentricity, but to his manner of laying on his pigments. This obtrusiveness of his technique, which is undeniable, is, however, tempered by his colour-sense, which, though unusual, personal, and perhaps a little uncertain, yields sometimes, as in "Autumn Leaves" (19), exceedingly beautiful results. Altogether his still-lives are pleasing and surpass in general decorative effect his landscapes, of which "The Old Barn" (15) and "The Farmyard" (4) are, nevertheless, eminently successful by reason of their rhythmic design, sense of space, and colour orchestration.

Miss Ann C. Dallas's watercolours and oils are vastly entertaining. The Balkans seem to lend themselves to a kind of intoxicating—or intoxicated—rhythm. In her oils the artist remains master (or should one say mistress?) of her design, which in some of her watercolours has rather got the better of her. "The Goatherd" (4), with his red turban, and "Group of Women at a Slava" (9) (whatever a Slava may be) are typical examples of her qualities, design and colour—the former bold, the latter severely restricted. "A Moment in a Street" (2) is also excellent—the next moment, one feels, will bring a collapse—but then things do happen to look like that, no doubt, in Bosnia and thereabouts.

Monsieur Jules Chadel's popular Rembrandtesque compositions in sepia are also on view; they are almost, but not quite, as good as they seem.

An Exhibition of "The Southern Coast," and other Engravings, after Turner, at the Cotswold Gallery.

Mr. Finberg's Turner exhibitions, whether of watercolours of "Liber" prints or of "engravings after," are manifest labours of love, as their admirable catalogues witness. Mr. Finberg is an enthusiast, and his enthusiasms communicate themselves to the visitors, almost I had said, against their better judgment. This, however, would not be strictly true, Mr. Finberg's judgment in these matters being inferior to no one's. It is, nevertheless, the case that but for the proprietor of the Cotswold Gallery the interest and the fascination that can be found in the Cookes' and other engravings after Turner would have been forgotten. According to Mr. Finberg, Turner "wanted these engravings to stand, as it were, upon their own feet, to have a life of their own, to be fine and strong, as engravings, not as suggestions, however charming, of drawings in colour." Amongst the exhibits here are some showing the progress the plates made from their first etched state to the finally passed proofs of the line engraving. They are of extraordinary interest, and bear out Mr. Finberg's contention; but there is a but. The etched state—curiously complete and not at all comparable to that of the Liber plates—is, or would be with some slight additions, in several instances superior to the finished engraving. These first etchings have a strong character of their own; true, they do not resemble the watercolour originals, but neither do the finished engravings, in which, moreover, all simplicity is sacrificed to dramatic interest. In fact, Turner seems to favour the melodramatic, introducing stormy darks and lights where there are none in the etching, and contrasts such as probably do not characterize the originals. But however that may be, the whole

of this work has an appeal and a fascination of its own, precisely because it is so different from the reproductive work of today. I have an idea that these Turner prints will start a craze for line-engravings amongst collectors.

Spring Exhibition of Modern Art at the Goupil Gallery.

The outstanding works in the small gallery are Mr. Frank Dobson's very beautiful drawings from the nude, in which there is no longer any trace of æsthetic affectation, but sheer power and sincerity. The principal paintings in the large gallery are Mr. William Nicholson's still-life "Fruit" and "The Last of the Colonel's Brougham." Their merits are originality of vision and wittiness in phraseology, or whatever the equivalent to literary expression should be called. In the first-floor galleries Nathalie Gontcharova's contributions, notably the "Ecrevisses et Fleurs," stand out from the rest by reason of their original colour orchestration. Having thus singled out a few works it remains to be said that there are many others worthy of note done by artists whose well-known names alone will suffice to give a hint of quality. For example, Camille Pissarro ("Le Pré," 1895), Claude Monet ("La Seine à Jeufasse," 1884), Gustave Loiseau ("La Route de Louviers"), and Le Sidaner ("Maison au Soleil d'Automne"). Amongst living artists should be mentioned Mr. Charles Ginner, Sir William Orpen, Messrs. Charles Cundall, Gilbert Spencer, John Coope, Alfred Hayward, Neville Lewis, William Clause, Miss Ethel Walker, and Mr. R. Ihlee, whose "Military Architecture," in spite of excellent design, has lost the "plastic" quality for which his painting is generally remarkable. Amongst the smaller works Messrs. Charles Ince, Mann Livens, George Charlton, George Sheringham, Allan McNab, Ian Strang, Elliott Seabrooke, Randolph Schwabe, Mark Gertler, and Gilbert Spencer are all well represented.

Sculpture and Bronzes by Mr. George Fite Waters at Barbizon House.

Mr. George Fite Waters, an American, still in his early thirties, has already made a reputation for himself both in France and in his native country. In an exhaustive preface to the catalogue Monsieur François Monod, of the Luxembourg, tells of the artist's struggles and determination to overcome obstacles in his way to fame. Mr. Waters's performances fortunately can stand on their own merits apart from any admiration one may have for the facts of his biography. In the works here shown he nowise conceals his admiration for Rodin and his methods; he is essentially a modeller with a tinge of romanticism which may be seen to advantage in his impression of Mark Hambourg, the Maurice Rostand, and the sketch model for the John Brown Memorial at Ossawatimie, Kansas. His ten-foot plaster replica of the bronze statue of Abraham Lincoln at Portland is full of dignity and character, but its effect here—in white and under a roof—is impossible to judge justly. His masterpieces in this show are undoubtedly a "Head of a Pianist," searchingly modelled, and the austere head of "Edgar Wace."

Monsieur Paul Bret at Messrs. Tooth's Galleries.

Paul Bret comes to us with an established reputation—in spite of his youth—won through a competition for the mural decoration of the Salle des Fêtes at the "Maisons des Etudiants" in Paris. In this London

exhibition there is only his "Antoine et Cléopâtre" to display his talent as a decorator. The colour and the large-looming figures are impressive; but the composition as a whole, and especially the background, which seems laboured and ineffective, is hardly satisfactory. As regards the rest of the work, it is even more difficult to form an opinion. M. Bret is still in the experimental stage. Conventionally academic in his "Portrait de Madame M. G.," his "Pan et Nymphé" is also "academic" with a certain would-be modern "naughtiness," not in subject, but in technique. His landscapes veer between impressionism and post-impressionism, according as they stress "atmosphere" or "pattern." "Le Campanile," "Côte d'Azur," and "Eucalyptus à Fréjus" are typical, and prove, at all events, that he is a painter of whom something may yet be expected.

Sir George Clausen's R.A. Exhibition at Barbizon House.

Sir George Clausen's work, more perhaps than that of any other living English painter, communicates to the spectator a sense of what I can only describe as "goodness," because it implies not only sincerity, but a moral quality which betokens both a cleanliness and a simplicity of thought, excessively rare in these days. In addition to these elements there is also another present in almost all of this artist's oil-paintings, and that is an exceedingly pleasant "texture": his pigment always looks "appetizing"—at all events in his oil-colours. This is another exception to the modern rule. Upon such foundations Sir George Clausen has built his art, with the result that he has probably never in his life produced a bad picture; only some, perhaps, have been "less good." As if to challenge comparison he has put one early picture, "Brown Eyes" (2) into this exhibition, painted when he was under Bastion Lepage's influence, a generation ago; and yet it looks as fresh as when it was painted; it refuses, like its author, to grow old. All his recent work has the vigour of youth. Good as his portraits are his interiors, his studies of the nude, it is doubtless the landscapes with their sparkling, misty evening or morning sunlight, and his barns with their fidelity of tone values which will make his fame outlast his lifetime by centuries.

Short Notices: Mr. Baker Clack and Mr. Guy Kortright's Pictures at the Beaux-Arts Gallery; Mr. Vivian Pitchforth's Paintings at the London Artists' Association; the late Frank Bramley's, R.A., Exhibition at the Gieves Art Gallery; Miss Frances Hodgkins's and the Children's Exhibition at the Claridge Gallery.

Mr. Baker Clack's painting has considerably more force than subtlety; its main fault, however, is his habit of scattering interest and so not allowing the eye to "perch" anywhere. Mr. Kortright's decorative sense has now undergone a severer discipline than was formerly evident, and his landscapes have consequently gained greatly in quality. Mr. Pitchforth's "first exhibition" is promising, hardly more. He is too much under the spell of post-impressionistic theories. The late Frank Bramley, R.A., "counted" in his time, and will count again, at least a little more than he happens to do at present. His "Old Gardener," his portrait of a "Child and Nurse," and even the sentimental "Through the Mist of Past Years" have considerable merit; but the exhibition was by no means representative. Miss Frances Hodgkins is an artist

with what the French understand by *temperament*: she is very "Frenchy" and also very original in the use of colour, especially so in her watercolours, but one would like her work better if it did not *protest* quite so much. The potato-prints shown by Miss Richardson, of Dudley High School, in her "Children's Exhibition" were most worth showing. The effects obtained by these patterns invented and printed by the children were sometimes remarkable for their simple beauty, and one was not surprised to hear that cotton-print manufacturers have bought them up. But does it not seem almost pitiful that art-school-trained and mature designers can hardly compete with the designs these children produce effortless and instinctively?

Paul Maitland and J. D. Innes's Memorial Exhibitions, and Watercolours by Owen Merton at the Leicester Galleries.

Paul Maitland was born in 1869 and died in 1909. A student of the Royal College of Art and a pupil of Théodore Roussel, he was, as Mr. Sickert tells us in a brilliant little preface, a member of a small group of painters brought together by the present President of the R.B.A. and called "The London Impressionists." This designation fitted Maitland, especially since "he may be said to have lived in Kensington Gardens by day and on the Chelsea Embankment by night"—and he painted entirely from Nature.

Paul Maitland was dead; this little exhibition is the first sign that he has risen. I should be very much surprised if his sensitive, subtle and extremely sympathetic art will not eventually bring his canvases to the very empyrean of appreciation. He is a child of his time: there are affinities—perhaps through Roussel rather than directly—with Whistler and Manet. Maitland's drawing, or rather his design, is more definite than his master's, and he knows how to render space better than either Roussel or Whistler. His art is reticent, *intime*, but those who can feel its spirit will have gained a new and dear friend. A choice where so many paintings—some of them quite small, and none of them, as Mr. Sickert says, "larger than enables you to see round it"—are admirable is difficult; but I single out for those who visit the exhibition, which is now on, as especially appealing to me, the following: "Elm Trees,



KENSINGTON GARDENS
By Paul Maitland

The Leicester Galleries



THE CHELSEA EMBANKMENT *The Leicester Galleries*
By Paul Maitland

Kensington Gardens" (34), "A Ship at Anchor" (44), "Old Chelsea Shops" (63), "Battersea Factories" (70), "Salvation Army Depot" (71), "Barges, Chelsea Riverside—the 'Eighties'" (74), "Kensington Gardens, Deserted" (84). "Chelsea Embankment" and "Kensington Gardens" are here illustrated, but give little idea of their quality.

This exhibition should be compared with its neighbour, the works of J. D. Innes, who died in 1914 in his twenty-eighth year! It is very different, and proves that in the house of art are many mansions, for Innes's paintings, too, can be very lovely—but he had to leave life before he had quite found himself. His colour sense was exquisite, his design nearly so; but his drawing was weaker than it need have been, and his sense of humour, sometimes, led him astray. But when he is good he is so, superlatively.

Mr. Owen Merton's watercolours are pleasantly modern, generally well-designed, but, although he is a follower of Cézanne, not as strong in the rendering of "recession" as he evidently means to be. "The Convent, Murat" (17), "River, Aveyron" (19), "Fields in Snow" (30), and the carefully-drawn "French Barque, Cette" (18), "Yachts—The Old Port, Marseilles" (25), and the sepia "St. Antonin" (6) are amongst his best.

Two Important Art Sales: The Holford Collection at Messrs. Christie's, and Messrs. Boerner's Leipzig Set of Prints.

Two events of international importance in the art world have taken place during the month of May, namely the sale of fifteenth to seventeenth-century prints by Messrs. C. G. Boerner, in Leipzig, and the disposal of the final portion of the magnificent Holford Collection by Messrs. Christie. Both sales were attended by foreign buyers and record prices were obtained in both cases.

As regards the ultimate destination of the Holford pictures, America will, of course, be the greatest beneficiary; but we are glad to note that at least one important picture will go to the nation, thanks to the National Art Collections Fund and an "anonymous lady friend" of this institution. This is a portrait of a "Gentleman in a Claret-coloured Coat," said to be John Simpson, Esq., of Esslington, Northumberland. It fetched a high price for this hitherto neglected artist—4,200 guineas.



A GEORGE IV TABLE PRESENTED BY MR. MOSS HARRIS TO THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM

(See page 278)

In the following we give a list of the principal items. The Holford Collection at Christie's comprised one hundred and sixty-three items, and the grand total of this final portion reached the astounding figure of £416,426 17s.

Rembrandt's "Portrait of Maurits Huygens," a wash-drawing measuring about 15 by 11 in., £10,500.
 Justus Susterman's "Portrait of a Nobleman," £13,125.
 Petrus Christus's "Portrait of a Gentleman," £14,700.
 Aelbert Cuypp's "View of Dordrecht on the Maas," £21,000.
 Rembrandt's "Portrait of Martin Looten," £27,300.
 Rembrandt's "Portrait of a Lady with a Handkerchief in her Left Hand," £31,500.
 Van Dyck's "Portrait of the Abbé Scaglia," £31,500.
 Rembrandt's "Portrait of a Young Man with a Cleft Chin," £46,200.

The highest figure being reached by Rembrandt's "Portrait of a Man holding the Torah," £50,400.

Rubens' "Elevation of the Cross," £5,460.
 Joos van Clive's "Holy Family," £5,565.
 Murillo's "A Girl Lifting Her Veil," £5,880.
 Ruysdael's "Le Coup de Soleil," £6,300.
 Rubens' "Portrait of Hélène Fourment," £6,825.
 Jan Gossaert's "Portrait of David of Burgundy," £7,140.
 Ferdinand Bol's "Portrait of a Young Girl," £7,350.
 Justus Susterman's "Portrait of a Lady" (said to be a Princess of the Medici family), £7,560.
 Paul Potter's "Rabbit Warren," £8,400.

The sale of prints at Messrs. Boerner's exceeded a million gold marks, or over £50,000. In the following we give a list of some prints which fetched £500 or over, in gold marks.

Anonymous, "The Annunciation" (Schreiber, 326), Mk. 10,000.
 Monogrammist, I.I.C.A., "The Nativity" (B. xiii, 370, 1), Mk. 10,000.

Master of the larger Vienna Passion, "The Virgin enthroned with Saints and Angels," Mk. 29,000.

Monogrammist, F. v. B., "The Judgment of Salomo," Mk. 31,000.

Rembrandt, "The Presentation in the Temple" (from the Remy, Barnard and Davidsohn Coll.), Mk. 36,000.

Rembrandt, "The Presentation in the Temple" (from the Straeter and R. Gutekunst Coll.), on Jap. paper, Mk. 43,000.

We have pleasure in drawing attention to the fact that the Curzon Galleries, Curzon Street, Mayfair, are at present exhibiting a number of pictures, furniture, and other *objets d'art* of a very varied nature. The pictures include, not only examples of the Old Masters, such as Domenichino, Bassano, Ferdinand Bol, Kneller, but also works of the English school from Etty, Copley Fielding, and others to Mr. Roland Pertwee, who, before he devoted himself to literature, studied art under John Sargent. He is here represented by an attractive profile study of a girl. The furniture includes Hepplewhite chairs, a Sheraton bureau and sideboard, also examples of Chippendale and French Empire furniture, and amongst the *objets d'art* are clocks, bronzes, and Sèvres china.

A new Palace of the Arts was opened last month in Brussels by their Majesties the King and Queen of the Belgians. It has been designed by Monsieur Victor Horta, and erected on a quintangular site in the heart of the city, namely, between the Rue Ravenstein, Rue Villa Hermosa, Rue Terarken, Rue Royale, and Rue de la Bibliothèque. The inaugural exhibitions comprise a general exhibition of fine art, a French exhibition, a Swiss exhibition, and an exhibition of Russian ancient and modern art.

The palace is managed by a committee under the presidency of M. Adolphe Max, the Burgomaster of Brussels.

OUR COLOUR PLATES

As is usual with the work of Sir Charles Holmes, the picture which we are privileged to reproduce here in colour, "Tebay Fells," is distinguished by a kind of classic dignity peculiar to himself: one would not mistake it for the work of any other hand, despite the fact that the subject, tonality, and the lusciousness of the colour in this picture are somewhat different in effect from his usual "industrial" landscapes. It belongs to a series painted near Tebay. One of these industrial landscapes has recently been purchased by the Leeds Art Gallery, and Sir Charles Holmes is, we understand, at present engaged upon a decorative scheme for a public building at Blackburn, comprising a series of such landscapes. They are to be exhibited at Messrs. Colnaghi's Galleries in the autumn before reaching their final destination.

Portrait of Mathieu Yrselius, by Sir Peter Paul Rubens, from the Musée des Beaux-Arts, Copenhagen. This portrait was one of the gems of the Exhibition of Flemish and Belgian Art at Burlington House.

The Sisters, by Matthew Maris, was until a recent date on loan with the rest of the collection of Sir William Burrell at the National Gallery, Millbank.