



UNIVERSITÄTS-
BIBLIOTHEK
PADERBORN

A Master Draughtsman: Paul Renouard. By Gabriel Mourey.

[urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-69992](https://nbn-resolving.org/urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-69992)

A Master Draughtsman

like stone. How lucky we all should be if riches akin to these were to appear in our sporting trophies! Of course, this is far too much to expect at present, but some improvement ought certainly to be brought about if those who care for good metal-work make a determined effort to bring into vogue a better type of cup and trophy.

The worthiness of this aim has for some years been recognised here and there, and on several occasions this recognition has shown itself in a practical manner, as when Mr. Frampton made a beautiful medal for Winchester. Some years ago, again, the London Schools Swimming Association received from the Fabian Society a fine shield designed by Mr. Walter Crane; and to the same Association Mr. C. R. Ashbee gave a challenge cup designed by himself. Since then, in co-operation with his Guild of Handicrafts, Mr. Ashbee has turned out some attractive cups for several tournaments, schools, and tennis clubs, so that a beginning has been made. But what we need now is a more general and systematic attempt to familiarise the public with good sporting cups in various styles. With this end in view we invited some well-known metal-workers and designers to make special illustrations for this set of little skirmishing articles. Up till now several artists have finished designs, and we shall be glad to hear from others who can help in any way.

Of course it is unfortunate that designs in black and white cannot represent those qualities of surface and colour with which most buyers of sporting cups need to be familiarised. This drawback is serious, but it may perhaps be rendered less so by descriptions.

Reproduced in this article are two sketch designs of yachting cups by Mr. Reynolds-Stephens. In the larger one Triton supports a boat-shaped vessel of silver, at the stern of which stands a female figure, a figure of Victory, whose mantle is of gold, whose robe is of blue mother-of-pearl, and whose face arms, and hands are in ivory. She holds in her left hand a gilded laurel wreath, and in her right, as a symbol of swiftness, a caduceus like Mercury's. The boat, too, has its symbols. It is decorated with ivory Cupids' heads, and on each one, wrought in blue mother-of-pearl, is a winged cap, and the meaning of this symbolism is, that in sport there must be love, good-fellowship, as well as speed. For the rest, the cutwater ends in a fish-head of gold, while along the bow the mother-of-pearl is again repeated, greatly to the advantage of a very fortunate colour scheme.

In the smaller sketch-design Mr. Reynolds-

Stephens takes a simpler *motif*, and gives us a charmingly-shaped cup supported by two fish. The fish are represented as in the act of starting off to swim. At the corners of the cup's base speed is symbolised once more, this time by swallows' heads, and the beauty of the whole work is greatly enhanced by the pieces of ruby-coloured crystal with which the knob is ornamented. Something reminiscent of that wayward orderliness which is common to the beautiful forms of shells is observable in the growth of this design.

The other illustrations represent some of the athletic cups, so well suited for clubs and schools, that are being produced by the Guild of Handicraft. In the workshops of this Guild only the subsidiary parts of cups are made by sand-casting from patterns originally modelled in wax. The principal parts are worked up from sheets of metal, then filled with pitch and hammered over till the repoussé comes right. The hammer-marks on the plain metal surfaces are retained throughout, for Mr. Ashbee has justly a strong objection to the abrasive process of treating silver with the polishing wheel, or buffers. The inscriptions are *pricked* into the metal, not chased or graved (as in the usual commercial manner), and great care is taken in the choice of well-formed letters. Briefly, Mr. Ashbee and the Guild of Handicraft are doing serious work. It is true that it would not be difficult to find some defects in their sporting cups, but at present we think it more profitable to recognise the sincerity of their efforts and the value of their practical example.

(To be continued.)

A MASTER DRAUGHTSMAN: PAUL RENOARD. BY GABRIEL MOUREY.

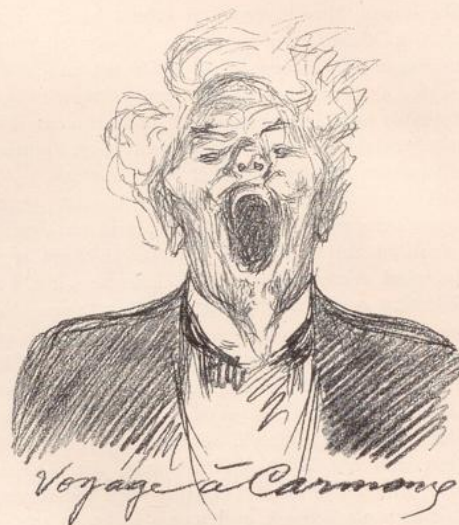
I REGARD M. Paul Renouard as being the very highest type of the modern draughtsman. He draws as naturally as he breathes; he can neither look nor listen without drawing, for his art has come to be with him a sort of sixth sense, working in unison with the others, registering and fixing, for the delight of his contemporaries, all his sensations, all his impressions.

A curious personality this, indeed, both as man and as artist, witty and *sympathique*, and very French, with great power of assimilation, wonderful quickness of vision, and inexhaustible fertility. Physically this *diable de petit homme*, with his thick beard and long hair, reminds one of a Moor. His features are strong and his colour high; his ebony

A Master Draughtsman

black hair has just a trace of silver in it; his eyes are extraordinarily bright and piercing, and there is something of irony in his smile. As for his conversation, it sparkles with originality and happy phrases; and that same lively force which animates his drawings is revealed in all he utters. For the rest, picture a man of the simplest manners, somewhat shy, yet at once enthusiastic and sceptical, and fortified by a powerful will and an independent spirit that nothing can shake.

Renouard's work and success afford the clearest possible proof of the power of draughtsmanship on the masses; moreover, he has had the rare good fortune to please the many and the few at the same time—surest sign of excellence. The crowd is enchanted by his love of truth and by the expressive force of his pencil; the critic is disarmed by his incomparable technical gifts, his suppleness, his alertness, his suggestion, his prodigious dexterity. Renouard is a "journalist" in the very



HENRI ROCHEFORT

BY PAUL RENOUARD



"AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY"

BY PAUL RENOUARD

166

highest sense of the word; and in using this oft-abused term, needless to say, I imply no depreciation of the artist. What I mean is that he has the knowledge, the vivacity of touch, the assimilative power, the capacity to rise to the occasion, which mark the work of the ablest writers for the press. Besides, he has style, a living style which expresses everything in a few lines, which notes the fluctuations of ideas, the movements, the characteristics, the gestures of his subjects, and reveals the very thoughts, the very instincts by which they are inspired. How masterly is his gift of seizing on the essential point of a scene, the chief characteristic of a person or of a crowd! And all this without bias, without effort, and by the simplest possible means.

All circumstances attract him; he is fascinated by all he beholds; thus he takes an active part in the life around him, interested in everything that comes within his ken. He goes everywhere: to the Opera, to the Bourse, to La Salpêtrière, to the Assize Court; he will wander through the working quarters, or spend his

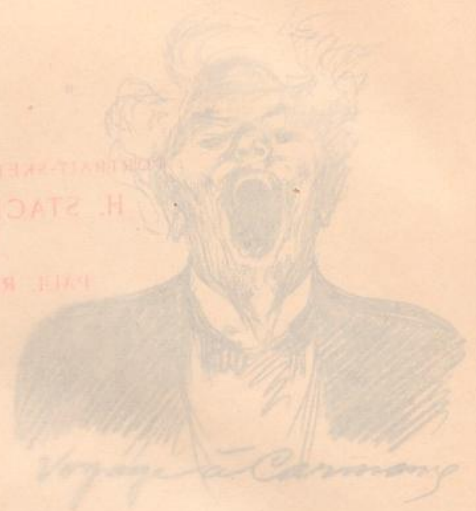
PORTRAIT-SKETCH OF THE LATE
H. STACEY MARKS
BY
PAUL RENOARD.



A Master Draughtsman

black hair has just a trace of silver in it; his eyes are extraordinarily bright and piercing, and there is something of irony in his smile. As for his conversation, it sparkles with originality and happy phrases; and that same lively force which animates his drawings is revealed in all he utters. For the rest, picture a man of the simplest manners, somewhat shy, yet at once enthusiastic and sceptical, and fortified by a powerful will and an indomitable spirit that nothing can shake.

Renouard's work and success afford the clearest possible proof of the power of draughtsmanship on the masses; moreover, he has had the rare good fortune to please the many and the few at the same time—surest sign of excellence. The crowd is enchanted by his love of truth and by the expressive force of his pencil; the critic is disarmed by his incomparable technical gifts, his sagacity, his alertness, his suggestions, his position of superiority. Renouard is a "universal" in the very



RENAL AGNESEFORT

BY PAUL RENOARD



"AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY"

BY PAUL RENOARD

155

highest sense of the word; and in using this oft-abused term, needless to say, I imply no depreciation of the artist. What I mean is that he has the knowledge, the vivacity of touch, the assimilative power, the capacity to rise to the occasion, which mark the work of the ablest writers for the press. Besides, he has style, a living style which expresses everything in a few lines, which notes the fluctuations of ideas, the movements, the characteristics, the features of his subjects, and reveals the very thoughts, the very instincts by which they are inspired. How masterly is his gift of seeing on the essential point of a scene, the chief characteristic of a person or of a crowd! And all this without bias, without effort, and by the simplest possible means.

All circumstances attract him; he is fascinated by all he beholds; thus he takes an active part in the life around him, interested in everything that comes within his ken. He goes everywhere: to the Opera, to the Bourse, to La Salpêtrière, to the Assize Court; he will wander through the working quarters, or spend his



A Master Draughtsman

evenings in the wings at the theatre or the circus; or mix with the crowd at a public meeting; or attend the funeral of some celebrity. Here, for instance, we have *Rochefort voyageant à Carmaux*; *Jaurès chantant la Carmagnole*; *La Messe à Mazas*; *Gambetta à la Tribune*; or, again, *Les Couliisses du Théâtre Annamite*, at the 1889 Exhibition; *Le Conservatoire*; *Sarcy Conférencier*; *Les Professeurs de Cuisine*; *Le Procès Zola*, or *Monte Carlo* with its roulette-players.

In London, where he spends half his time, Renouard shows us the Houses of Parliament, Drury Lane, the Salvation Army, the prisons, the Lyceum Theatre, the music halls, the Royal Academy, &c., &c., all of which furnish him with subjects for the pictures so well known and so much admired for their truth and vigour by readers of *The Graphic*. He is present, of course, at the Queen's Jubilee; he depicts a distribution of prizes by the Dean of Westminster, the winding of the clock at the Houses of Parliament, and the Royal Military Tournament; shows us how Madame Katti Lanner's pupils learn to dance, and introduces us to the Anarchist Club in Berners Street. Then he turns to Ireland, which he reveals in a series of strikingly mournful pages, full of emotion, and altogether unforgettable.

Rome next attracts him during Holy Week; then we see him at Washington in Congress time, producing a collection of political portraits and scenes full of expression and humour and true to the life. Note his *Committee of Appropriations*, his *Committee of Ways and Means*, and his *Stenographer*, not forgetting his portraits of Mr. Carlisle President of the Chamber of Deputies, and Mr. Ingalls, President of the Senate. *A propos* of the last-named portrait, Renouard tells in his own

inimitable way how he did it. It was after a sitting at which Mr. Ingalls had delivered a violent attack on President Cleveland. The orator was still quivering with his eloquence when the artist caught him, and kept him for two hours in a room adjoining the Chamber. When half an hour had elapsed Renouard deemed it expedient to ask his model if he wished to rest awhile. "Thank you," replied President Ingalls, "you may go on; I am not tired." Half an hour later the same proposal met with the same answer; and so it was for three times more.

"When I had finished," says Renouard, "I was quite done up and bathed in perspiration. But Mr. Ingalls had remained posed for two whole hours, motionless, and giving not the slightest sign of impatience or fatigue. Seeing, however, the state I was in, he gave me his arm and saw me out, not even asking to look at his portrait."



"AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY"

BY PAUL RENOUARD

A Master Draughtsman

Indeed, there is a *mot* or an anecdote to be told about every one of the innumerable portraits sketched by Renouard. All types come alike to him, however varied, and all spring to life beneath his pencil with equal force and *intimité*. To name but a few, which have appeared in the *Revue Illustrée*, in *Illustration*, and in *The Graphic*: Sarah Bernhardt and Sardou, Ambroise Thomas, Alexandre Dumas *fils*, Émile Bergerat, Ravachol, Chevreul, Louis Ménard, Meissonier, Saint-Saëns, General Boulanger, together with whole series composed of members of the Institute and of the Chamber of Deputies; then we have Sir Laurence Alma-Tadema, Sir J. E. Millais, Sir Frederic Leighton, Luke Fildes, and nine sketches of Sir Henry Irving as Mephistopheles. Particularly should be noted the gallery of portraits done in connection with the Dreyfus case, commencing with the first Zola trial and ending with the Rennes court-martial, where we see, vibrating with life, all the actors in the great drama so recently closed. What a mine of "documents" for the historian of the future; what a wealth of sincere and poignant realism!

In fact, the real strength of Paul Renouard's work lies in its absolute honesty and truth. Herein he resembles the great Japanese artists. He



"LE NÉANT" BY PAUL RENOUARD
(From the series entitled "Mouvements, Gestes, Expressions")



HENRI ROCHEFORT

BY PAUL RENOUARD

has the same unbiassed way of observing nature, which he treats neither as an idealist nor as a realist; that is to say, he works without regard for any fixed rules or formulæ. In his preface to the catalogue of a collection of drawings and etchings by Renouard, exhibited at La Bodinière in 1894, M. Tadamasa Hayashi, after announcing that he was presenting to the Tokio Museum a series of Renouard's works, very justly observed: "Glancing back over the history of art in Japan one perceives that the most ancient school proceeds from Buddhist art, which sprang exclusively from the art of India. Then comes the Chinese school, exercising a perpetual influence. . . . For ten centuries past we have been on the down grade, and at the present time our artists are played out because they have done nothing but copy one another. To recover the lost ground we need a new element, which is to be found in the spirit of modern French art. It is for this reason I am transporting a Parisian gallery into the Far East; not that our artists of to-day should copy these works, but that they should learn therefrom to understand that interesting work can only be produced from direct observation of nature."

Nothing could be truer than this, and not a word need be added. It is in this way that work like that of M. Renouard, work devoid of all



(From the series entitled "Mouvements, Gestes, Expressions")

STUDIES OF DOGS, FROM
ETCHINGS BY PAUL
RENOUARD

A Master Draughtsman



"À L'INFIRMERIE DES INVALIDES"

FROM A SKETCH BY PAUL RENOARD

mannerism and mere regard for effect, is precious and fruitful.

A word must now be said of Renouard in respect of his treatment of animal life. In a collection of more than two hundred plates—almost all engraved à l'eau forte by himself, the remainder, a score perhaps, done by F. Florian—explicitly styled "Mouvements, Gestes, Expressions," he reveals himself completely and triumphantly. This colossal work was exhibited in the Salon du Champ de Mars of 1898, and was a source of wonder to all. Cats, dogs, goats, chickens, ducks, frogs, pigs, tigers, rabbits, and birds were there alive

before our eyes, each uttering its characteristic cry. Nothing more charming in its power, nothing more powerful in its charm, was ever seen.

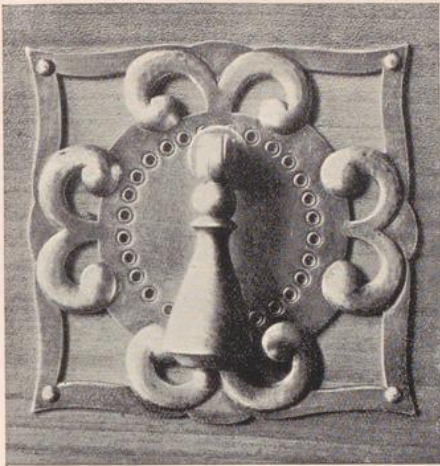
From the brute creation we pass to the human species—children and men, ballet girls, anglers, gymnasts and contortionists, together with the attitudes of Gambetta while delivering his last speech, &c., &c. Here we find ourselves in the very highest region of pictorial art—that of expression. And here the supreme art of the draughtsman triumphs all along the line, with its extraordinary delicacy and its truly astonishing modelling. Everywhere, in fact, in these two hundred pages, one is conscious of a delicious sense of real life—now delicate, now brutal, but always life itself, whether in laughter or in tears, and with now and then a pretty touch of humour or irony, quite devoid of scoffing or pessimism. From this it must not be supposed that Renouard shrinks from depicting the horrors, the sombre dramas, of everyday life. His Irish sketches testify to the contrary, as do his terrible pictures of low life in Paris and London—truly hellish scenes of vice and wretchedness. Yet this is the very artist who can depict in all her airy grace the most lithesome of *danseuses*, who can portray in all its tenderness the helpless gesture of the new-born child.

But whether his work be sombre or bright, subdued or luminous, sorrowful or full of joy, whatever he does, in fact, Paul Renouard depicts for us, day by day, with surest hand, and honest purpose, and in perfect style, the essentials of our every-day life. He has undertaken a noble task, and posterity will thank him for it. To him and to others of his stamp will future generations come—should the grave problems of existence allow them the necessary leisure—if they desire to realise the special quality of our *fin-de-siècle* civilisation.

GABRIEL MOUREY.

In addition to the munificent bequest of the late Mr. Henry Vaughan, the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, has recently acquired a collection of twenty-seven paintings, chiefly in water-colours, presented by Mr. James Orrock, R.I.

A Room Decorated by Frank Brangwyn

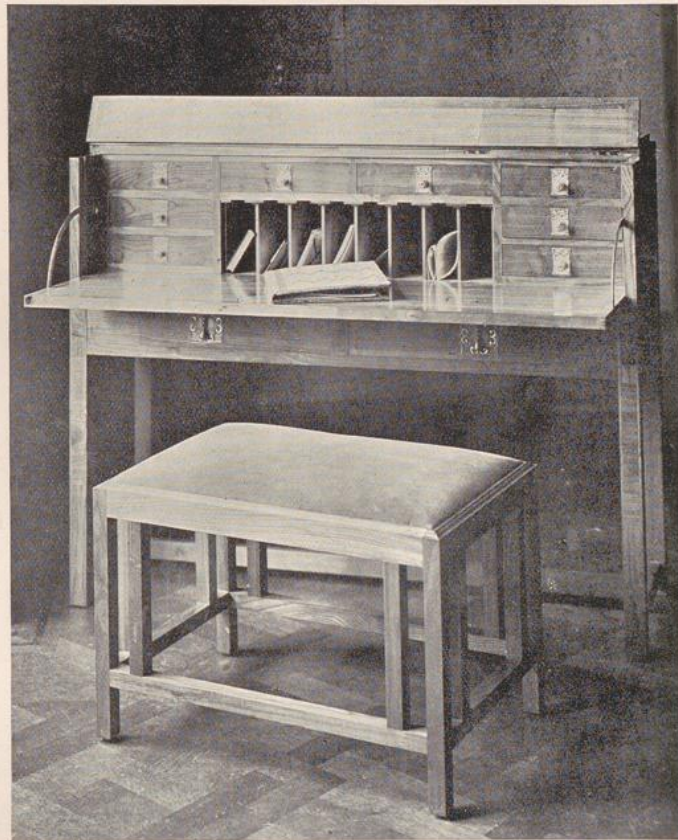


DRAWER-HANDLE DESIGNED BY FRANK BRANGWYN

munity of style. What has happened is a transference of patronage from the picture painter, to whom formerly it was given almost exclusively, to the decorator and designer, whose right to a place in the front rank of his profession is gaining daily a wider and more sincere recognition. This is to some extent a reversion to the creed of the Middle Ages when there was not the hard and fast line that has been drawn in modern times between workers in various branches of art. The mediæval artist took a very comprehensive view of his responsibilities, and spared no pains to equip himself so completely that he would be equal to whatever demands might be made upon him. He was by turns painter, architect, metal-worker, and sculptor, a craftsman full of adaptability, a practitioner learned in all the details of artistic production. But through all his practice ran the one dominating idea, that his mission was to

A BEDROOM
DECOR-
ATED BY
MR. FRANK
BRANGWYN.

ALTHOUGH the collecting of pictures has ceased, of late years, to be a general fashion, it certainly cannot be said that people with artistic tastes have lost their desire for surroundings that are attractive and aesthetically satisfying. The lessened demand for pictorial productions does not mean that art in the broad sense has become uninteresting to the majority of thinking men, but simply that a conviction has grown up that other, and perhaps better, ways of adorning modern houses can be found than the old device of covering the walls with a heterogeneous collection of canvases of different dates and without any com-



WRITING-TABLE AND STOOL

DESIGNED BY FRANK BRANGWYN