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Studio-Talk. (From our own Correspondents.)

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museum, and would inspire some of the readers of THE STUDIO with a desire to visit it, and examine its contents minutely.

OCTAVE MAUS.

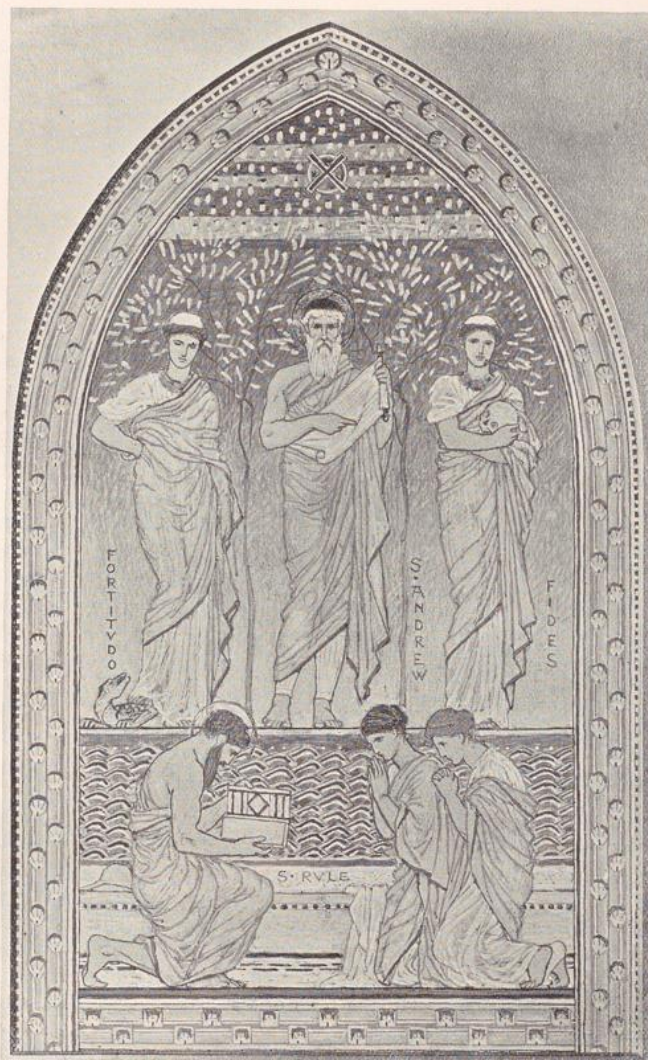
STUDIO-TALK.

(From our own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—It is the custom of our Government officials to struggle to make reasons for not doing things they obviously ought to do. When the particular thing they ought to do involves the encouragement of art, their struggles to shelve the whole matter become quite painful. As an illustration of this, the case of Albert Moore's designs for the mosaic panels in the Central Hall of the Houses of Parliament is worth noting. These designs were prepared by him some time in the sixties, and have been in the possession of the Board of Works ever since. Two or three years ago the suggestion was made that the completion of the panels was about due, so the officials have examined the drawings and have decided they would like a little more detail in them. Seven years ago Albert Moore died.

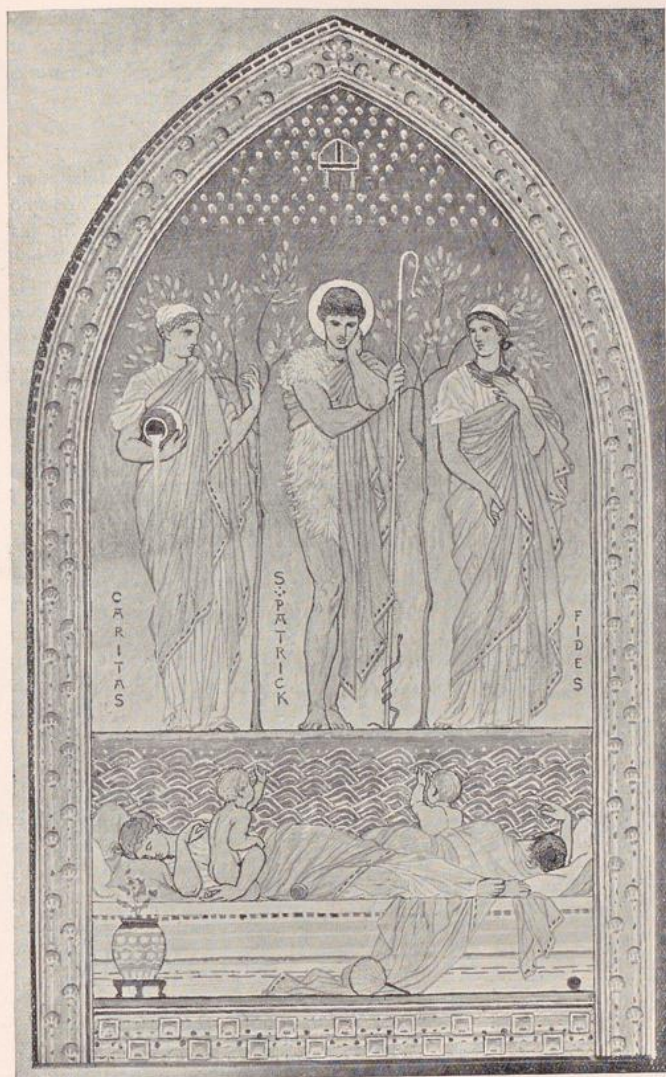
During the winter English artists have been put to a rude trial. They have been judged by a new and severe public, a public whose mind had been invigorated by the bracing stress and strain of a grave national crisis; and none can say with truth that their work as a whole has seemed anything but trivial in comparison with the stern manliness of temper called forth by the war and its anxieties. Indeed, many people now

perceive, for the first time, that artists seldom feel called upon to show a deep sympathy for the immense drama of actual life. Some, as though afraid of human realities, try to live fastidiously "in an isle of dreams"; while many of those who do profess to be realists seem much too sentimental, too boudoir-like and epicene, when their realism is contrasted with that, say, of Fielding's "Tom Jones." The truth is, they have for long been debilitated by their excessive fondness for



DESIGN FOR MOSAIC

BY ALBERT MOORE



DESIGN FOR MOSAIC

BY ALBERT MOORE

delicacy of sentiment, as if that alone were the divinely-appointed end of all art.

This applies to the present exhibition of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours. In this show there are certainly some good things but the average level of achievement is insipid, and that is inexcusable. Among the landscapes may be found some good work by Messrs. Weedon, J. Aumonier, Bernard Evans, E. M.

Wimperis, and Leslie Thomson; but perhaps the most refreshing successes of all are won by two Scotchmen, Messrs. R. B. Nisbet and Alexander MacBride, whose landscape art has not yet become a habit, like that of some other important members of the Royal Institute. As to the figure subjects, they are mostly of a retrospective character, like Mr. Gregory's *Guard-room Dandy*, an exquisitely-painted little picture. You will look in vain for something at all memorable as a piece of to-day's history nobly realised.

The new English Art Club has got together for its spring exhibition one of the best and most varied collections of pictures and drawings that it has presented for some little while. There is about the show none of that aspect of uniformity of intention and effort that has more than once during recent years diminished the value of the assertions of the view of the younger school that are made at the Dudley Gallery by this society. More independence of thought and more marked indi-

viduality of practice are evident in the majority of the works that have been put on view; and quite a large proportion of them deserve the highest praise as thoroughly successful attempts to combine harmoniously older traditions with the more modern methods of practice. Mr. P. W. Steer's portrait group of *Mrs. Cyril Butler and her Children*, for instance, is, despite its extremely up-to-date manner, full of evidence of admirable care for elegance of arrangement; and Mr. W. W.

Studio-Talk

Russell's *Lady in Black* is based with conspicuous intelligence upon the work of the greater masters of portrait painting. The three little pictures of Mr. H. Tonks; the finely-composed *Durham from the River*, by Mr. George Thomson; the snow scenes by Mrs. Hartrick and Mr. Francis Bate; the *Pastoral*, by Mr. Arthur Tomson; and the other landscapes by Mr. J. L. Henry, Mr. P. W. Steer, Mr. James Charles, Mr. Bertram Priestman, and Mr. Moffat Lindner, are all marked by true insight into nature's effects, and by sound sense of style. Some admirable watercolours by Mr. H. B. Brabazon, Mr. A. W. Rich, and Mr. Francis James, are also of great value in the exhibition,

and add appreciably to its importance. By way of special attractions, a couple of magnificent landscapes by M. Claude Monet, and two works by Mr. Holman Hunt, are included.

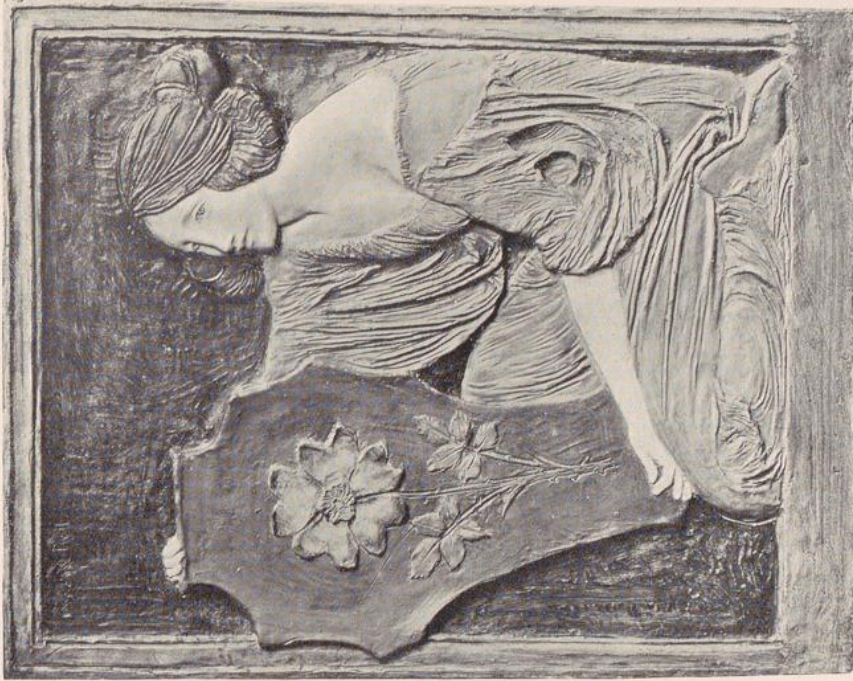
The set of panels in coloured relief by Mr. Anning Bell need a few words of explanation. They were executed for a gentleman in Paris who wished to give names to certain rooms in his house. The panels are fixed in the wall outside the doors, and in each one the name of a room is indicated by a symbol—the wild rose, for example, and the tulip and the honeysuckle. It is impossible to give a clear idea of the schemes of colour,

as Mr. Bell's tints are admirably broken. In one panel, that of the wild rose, the ground is dull blue, the hair warm brown, the dress pale yellow with a greenish over-tint, and the shield a greenish blue. The flowers upon it are pinkish. But this description conveys no impression of the general effect, and we shall employ our time to better purpose by considering some of the remarks which Mr. Bell has written and published on the subject of colour relief. The following short



PANEL IN COLOURED RELIEF

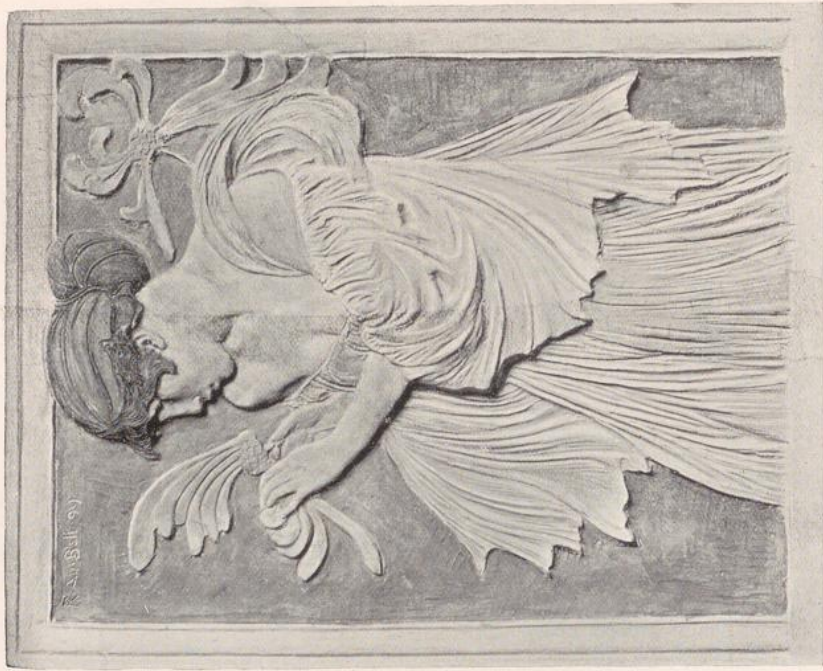
BY R. ANNING BELL



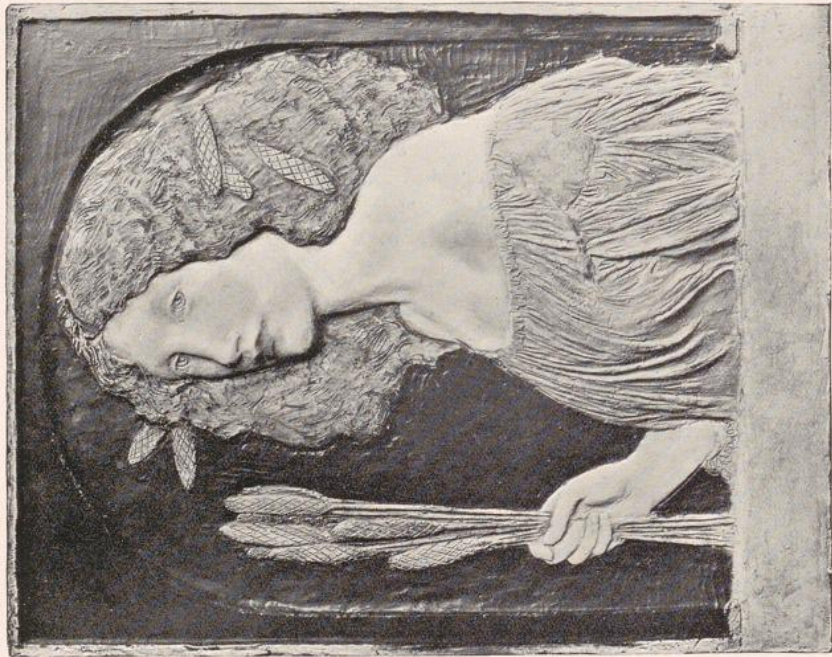
BY R. ANNING BELL



PANELS IN COLOURED RELIEF



BY R. ANNING BELL



PANELS IN COLOURED RELIEF



STENCILLED WALL DECORATION

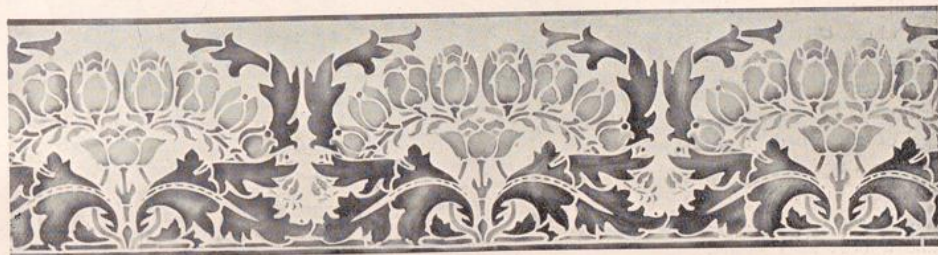
BY KATHERINE RAYMENT

quotation will be helpful to a great many students:—
“The masses of colour,” says Mr. Bell, “are the first things to be settled, and one has to remember that it is the shape of the mass as a whole rather than the outline of it that affects the eye. In modelling a head, for instance, one must remember that the hair, if it is to be coloured at all strongly, will tell as a mass against the face and neck, and both will tell against the background; the proportion and shape of the mass of hair, then,

apply necessarily to patterns painted on drapery, or elsewhere, or to work coloured in a vague and floating manner, but it certainly does apply when the colouring is bold and rich.”

For the rest, Mr. Bell uses a wax medium, and prepares the surface of the plaster by working over it several times with rather a weak solution of shellac in methylated spirits. “At first the plaster soaks up the liquid very quickly, then more slowly,

must be arranged for in relation to the size and shape of the face and neck, instead of treating the head as a whole in relation to the background. Again, as different parts of a dress and different materials will be coloured differently, each must be looked at as a separate patch and designed accordingly. A piece of work which looks quite well from the sculptor's point of view before it is coloured will often be found to have gone all to pieces when the colour is applied. . . . Another very important point, to my mind, is that there should always be a distinct edge of modelling where there is to be an edge of colour. To see two masses of colour touching each other without any difference of plane always gives an unpleasant feeling, I think, and should be avoided. This does not



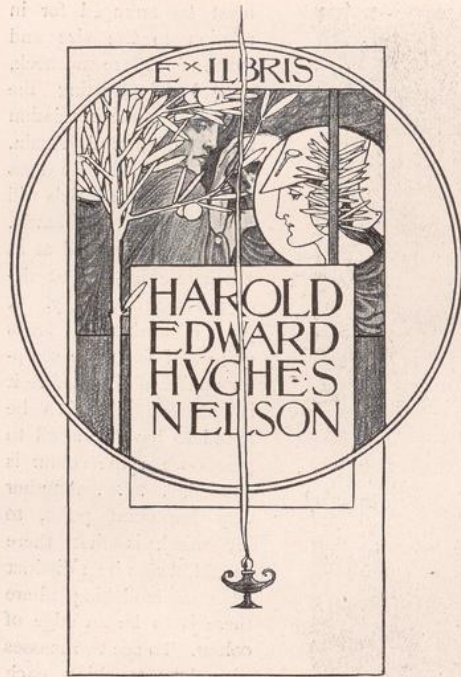
STENCILLED FRIEZE

BY KATHERINE RAYMENT

Unknown the dead body of a man who has lived to extreme old age. Like everything that Mr. Fisher does, this book-plate is full of thought.

The charming book-plates of Mr. Harold Nelson (pages 269 and 270) are touched with a lighter spirit. In them there is nothing mystical, nothing "other-worldly." They are bright and spirited, while in beauty of drawing it would be hard to find their equals among modern book-plates. Those of the mediæval knights in armour have a strong rhythm of line admirably in keeping with the subject.

FALMOUTH. — Academically considered, I suppose no town in the United Kingdom is so favoured as Falmouth; out of the three or four artists who have chosen this most delightful of western seaports as their home, two have now the privilege of associating with the elder brethren of Burlington House, Mr. H. S. Tuke being the last painter who has been drawn into this serene atmosphere, where the juries cease from troubling, and—— Well, Mr. Tuke richly deserves whatsoever of peace with honour there is in his selection, and I do not



BOOK-PLATE BY HAROLD NELSON

and at last not at all; the spirit evaporates, and the shellac is left."

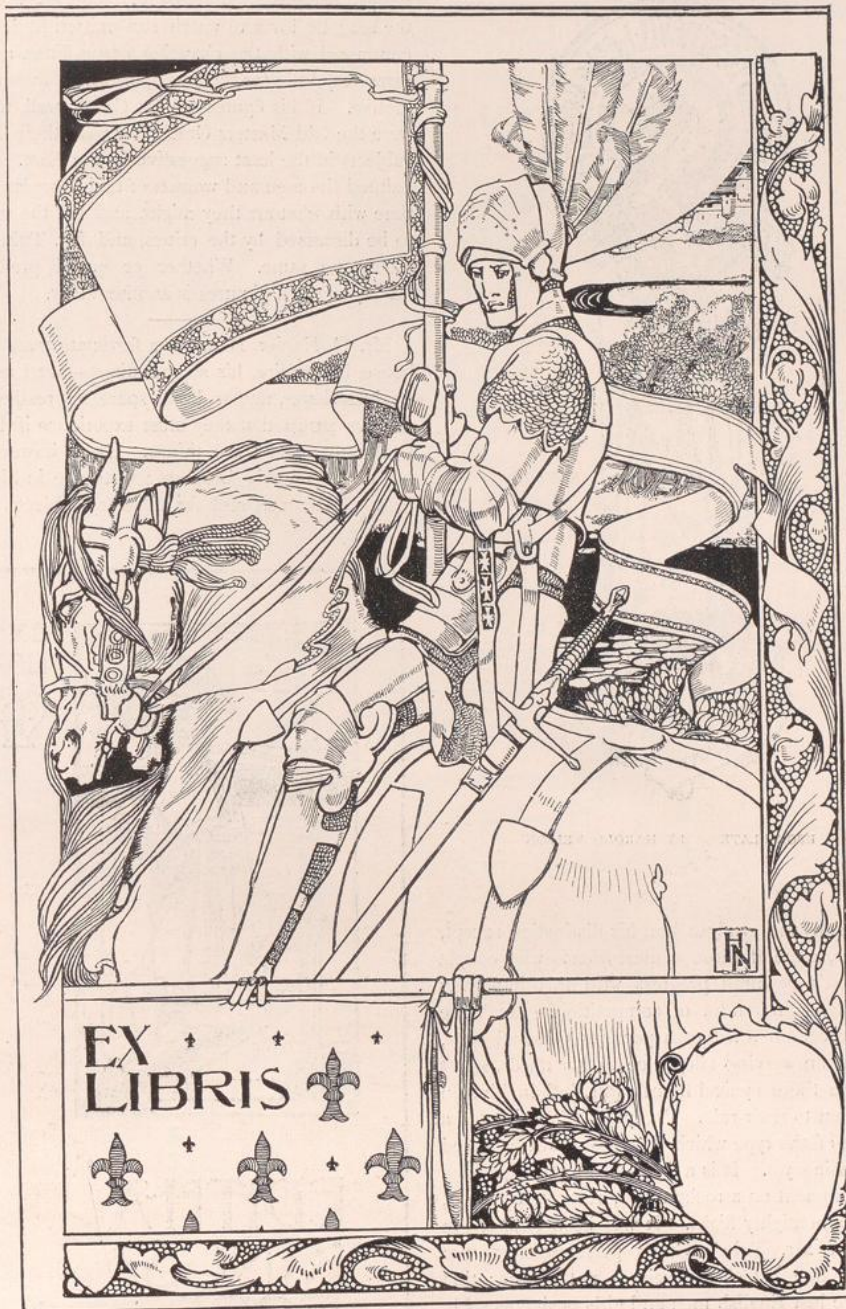
Illustrations are given (p. 267) of two designs for stencilling by Miss Rayment. Miss Rayment has a good eye for colour, and her designs are nearly always fortunate in treatment.

Mr. Fisher in his book-plate (p. 271) takes for his subject the Angel Azrafel, whose heart's strings are a lute, and whose music is the sweetest of all God's creatures. Behind, at the edge of the wood, there are figures typical of love, youth, and youthful sorrow; while down the River of Time a boat sails slowly, bearing onwards to the



BOOK-PLATE

BY HAROLD NELSON



BOOK-PLATE BY
HAROLD NELSON

Studio-Talk



BOOK-PLATE BY HAROLD NELSON

believe anyone grudges him his distinction except, perhaps, some of those cynical friends who couple an artist's downhill progress with this immunity from the common lot of competition. Mr. Tuke is, however, an artist of a peculiar personal bent, and an unswerving allegiance to his ideals, so let us hope these cynical friends will find in him an exception to their rule. This year he has painted a picture of the type which, I suppose, will be called his classic style. It is a figure of Mercury, pausing for a moment on a rocky shore, resting, I take it, after some mighty flight. It has been objected to me that Mr. Tuke's Greek personages are not Greek; that his classic vein is not classic; that they are just English men and girls posing as such. And this always seems to me very trivial; Mr. Tuke has his message as an artist, and that message is not to help us to any visualising of Greek mythology, but simply to give us pleasure in those

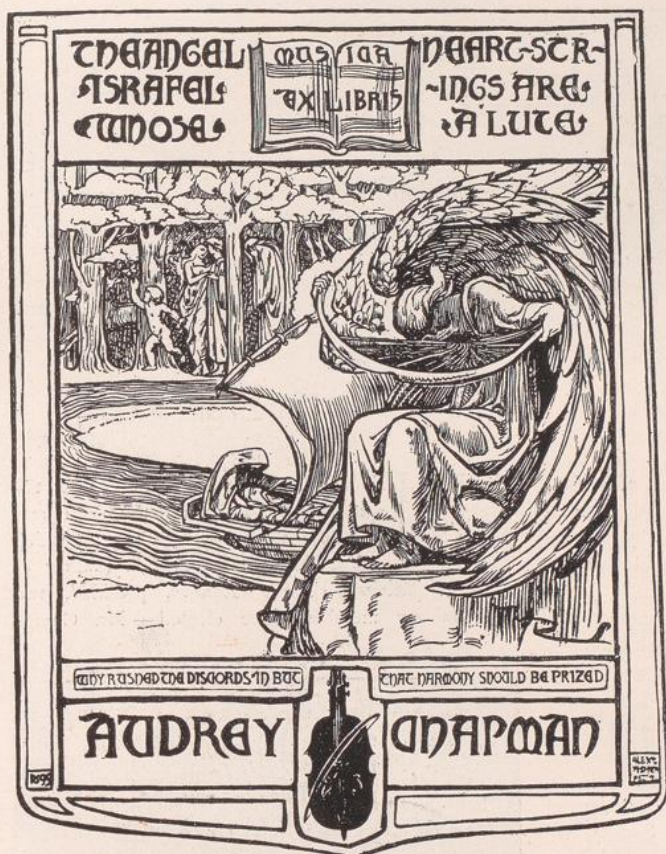
things that give him pleasure. The air, the sun, the sea; he loves to watch sun-smitten flesh tones contrasted with the changing ocean lines, and he cares very little for the peg upon which to hang his motive. If his figures are not Greek, well, neither were the Old Masters Greek, nor were their Gospel subjects in the least suggestive of the East. They painted the men and women of their own land and time with what art they might, and left the subject to be discussed by the critics, and Mr. Tuke does much the same. Whether or not I prefer his frankly modern pictures is another story.

Mr. C. Napier Hemy is a fortunate man. His house, his studios, his surroundings—but I am not an interviewer, and so I will spare my readers the envious pangs that they must experience if I were to descant upon these things. Even, however, in his pictures he is fortunate; fortunate in his subject. Some men seek far afield for subjects, some



BOOK-PLATE

BY HAROLD NELSON



BOOK-PLATE

BY ALEXANDER FISHER

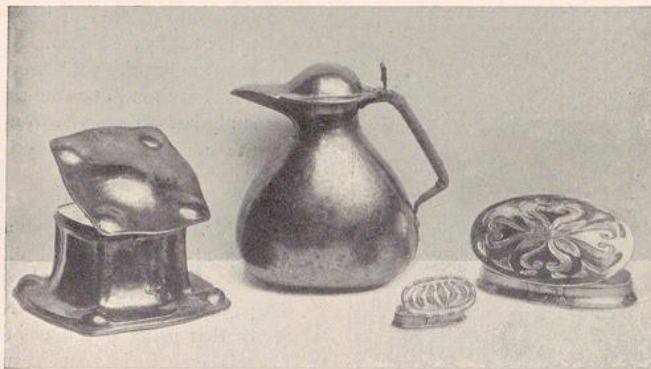
have them thrust upon them almost at their doors. Near the gateway of the beautiful haven of Falmouth stand the grim Manacles, for no other purpose that I can imagine except to give Falmouth artists a subject. These terrible rocks recently lured two innocent steamers to their fate, and the world rang with the tragedy of one and the peril of the other. Then Mr. Napier Hemy saw his chance, and has painted a vessel of an old-world type speeding before the wind; the waves are rolling into the picture away from the eye, the sky is charged with drifting vapour, the vessel is crowded with figures, each at the post that is proper to him; the canvas is drawing for all it is worth—I believe this is correct sea language—when some one sees in the misty offing a familiar headland and a line of rocks and shouts “Ware Manacles.” *Voilà!* Space will not allow of my describing the panorama of Oporto, which Mr.

Hemy has painted in: tempora; but by the time these lines are in print readers of THE STUDIO will be able to study it for themselves on the walls of the Royal Academy.

Mr. W. Ayerst Ingram has also felt the spell of the Manacles, and has painted a powerful picture of that grisly reef, but in this case it is seen from the shore; the late afternoon sun is falling on the jagged teeth of the sea monster, and also here and there among the masses of green water that are curling in white crested waves to wards the land. He has also a blue sea rolling in leisurely undulations; above it there is a serene sky, cloudless and luminous, and a stretch of sunny cliff strikes across from the right-hand side. N. G.

LIVERPOOL.—
The Unitarian
Church in Ullett
Road, recently
completed from the designs

of Messrs. T. Worthington and Son, of Manchester, is not only admirably planned, stately in its proportions, and refined in its various details, but contains also much excellent decorative work in several crafts. The oak work of the interior, done principally by Messrs. Hatch and Sons, of Lancaster; the carved oak panel in the reredos, after Leonardo da Vinci's fresco of *The Last Supper*, executed by H. H. Martyn, of Cheltenham; the stone and wood carving by Messrs. Earp and Hobbs, and the rich and beautiful stained glass windows designed by Sir E. Burne-Jones and carried out by Messrs. Wm. Morris and Co., all deserve especial notice. Conspicuous in the exterior embellishments is the embossed copper work entirely sheeting over the oak work and iron bands of the three doors leading into the west porch. This has been designed and executed by R. Ll. B. Rathbone. The colour of this copper work, a deep bronze-



BEATEN COPPER WORK

BY R. LL. B. RATHBONE

by reason of its extreme delicacy of colour and truthfulness. In oils the collection was not so good, some half-dozen contributions by Mr. Ireland Blackburne, Mr. Patten, and Miss Irlam Briggs overshadowing the rest. A large number of pieces of needlework, a quantity of decorative metal work and wood-carving, and a case of excellent miniatures by Miss Waddelove added very largely to the attraction of the show.

J. B.

brown at present, harmonises well with the Run-corn stone and Ruabon brick of the exterior. How this colour will be affected by time and the Liverpool atmosphere it is impossible to say.

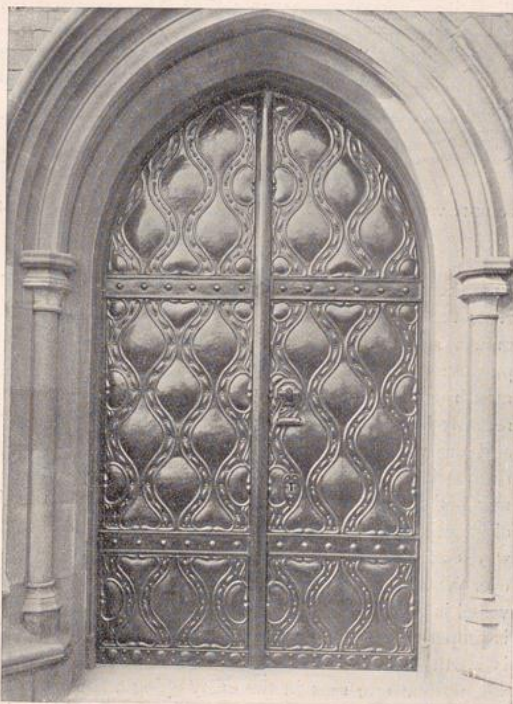
Some small articles of beaten copper work by Mr. Rathbone are also reproduced here. They are finished in various tones of bronze colour with rich effect.

H. B. B.

BOURNEMOUTH.—The Tenth Spring Exhibition of the Bournemouth Art Society, which was opened on the 26th March, was largely attended, and the sales were numerous. The collection was an exceedingly creditable one, a large proportion of the work in water-colour being excellent, especially the contributions by Miss Sophia Beale, Miss Fenwick, Miss Hake, and Mrs. P. de Crespigny, the contribution by the latter, *The Edge of the Forest*, a study of beech trunks in early winter, being one of the gems of the exhibition. An autumn study of foliage and stream by Miss Agneta Smith certainly was entitled to the prize awarded to it by the Society. The contribution by Miss Kemp-Welch, *An Idyll, New Forest*, was charming as regards drawing, but lacked the attractiveness of the artist's famous recently engraved *Colt Hunting in the New Forest*. The few flower studies were excellent, Miss Teresa Hegg's *Roses* taking the first place

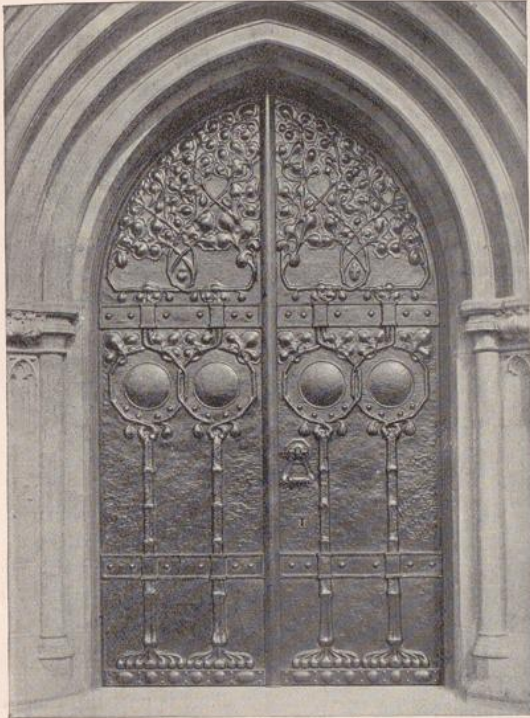
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NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.—At the inaugural dinner of the Pen and Palette Club on March 3, at which Mr. Aaron Watson, J.P. (Editor of the *Newcastle Daily Leader*), presided, two honorary members were elected—Mr. George



EMBOSSSED COPPER DOOR

BY R. LL. B. RATHBONE



EMBOSSED COPPER DOOR

BY R. LL. RATHBONE

Frampton, A.R.A., and Dr. Thomas Hodgkin, the author of "Italy and her Invaders." The merits of Mr. Appleby Miller's decorative menu—the sisters nine encircled by the flame of fraternity (which we reproduce)—drew words of unqualified praise from Mr. Frampton. Mr. Frampton was in Newcastle to be present at the unveiling of the bust of Dr. William Garnett, which he has presented to the Durham College of Science. The Pen and Palette Club has been established by those professionally engaged in, or especially connected with, different branches of art or science. While its primary object is "social intercourse," its charter is not limited. The Club has made a

promising beginning, and should enlist the support of all those qualified for membership in the north-eastern counties.

A. W.

BIRMINGHAM.—A very interesting drawing of the west front of Bourges Cathedral, by Mr. T. M. Rooke, A.R.W.S., has recently been given to the Corporation Art Gallery. It has been presented by the subscribers to the Society for the Preservation of Pictorial Records of Ancient Works of Art and Architecture, who have given a number of similar works to this Gallery. This is the tenth drawing by Mr. Rooke which he has made for Birmingham under the auspices of this Society. It is not only a very faithful and truthful piece of work, of historical value, but it is also a beautiful drawing in itself. The west front of this famous old cathedral, which dates from the thirteenth century, is very imposing in effect, and is very richly sculptured and decorated.

MELBOURNE.—Towns-folk and bushmen alike have recently thronged the National Gallery with a sense of patriotic pride to look at Mr. Bertram Mackennal's bust of their native Queen of Song, whom they all knew here as "Nellie Armstrong," and whom the world now worships as "Madame Melba."



DESIGN FOR A MENU CARD

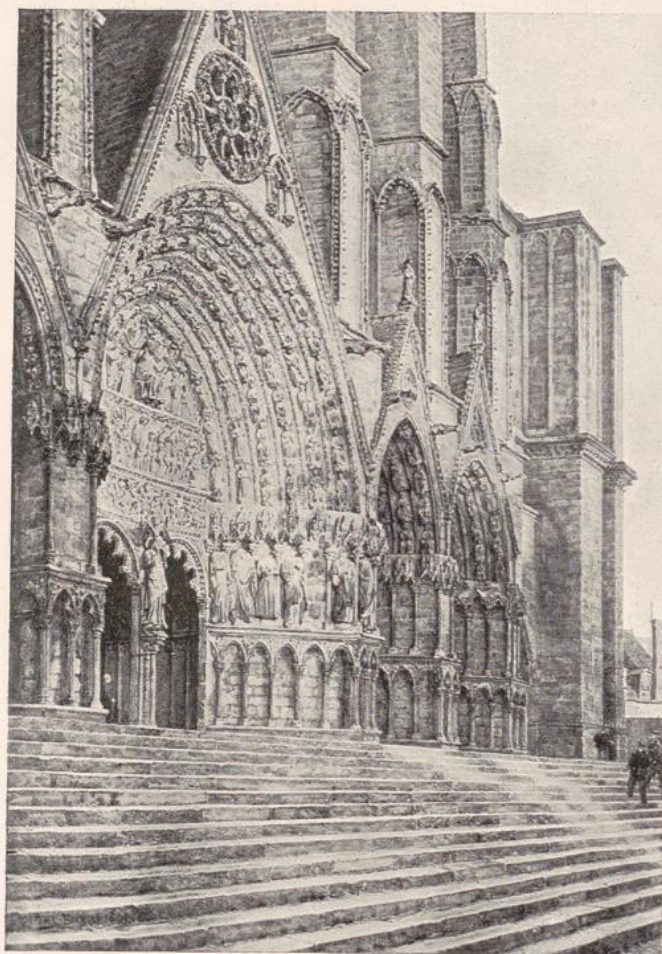
BY APPLEBY MILLER

Studio-Talk

The Victorian Artists' Society recently concluded a short Summer Exhibition, but Mr. Longstaff and Mr. M'Cubbin were too busy with commissioned works to be able to contribute. The honours lay with Mr. E. P. Fox, Mr. Gordon Coutts, and Miss Florence Fuller in figure work, and with Mr. Withers, Mr. Arthur Boyd, and the President (Mr. John Mather) in landscape. Mr. Scheltema, our best Australian painter of sheep and cattle, brought back some delightful reminiscences of his recent trip home to Holland, and his *Milking Time* was redolent of "the breath of kine in the meadows." Mr. Colquhoun achieved a moderate success in imagining the

scene of the fall of the Khalifa's standard *After Omdurman*, but such an effort demands more knowledge and experience than an untravelled Australian can be expected to possess. J. L.

We have pleasure in giving on the opposite page, illustrations of two admirable drawings by the well-known Sydney artist, Mr. Henry Fullwood. These drawings were sent in for the Colonial competition which was set in *THE STUDIO* last year, but reached the office too late to be judged with the other drawings submitted.



"BOURGES CATHEDRAL"

(See *Birmingham Studio-Talk*)

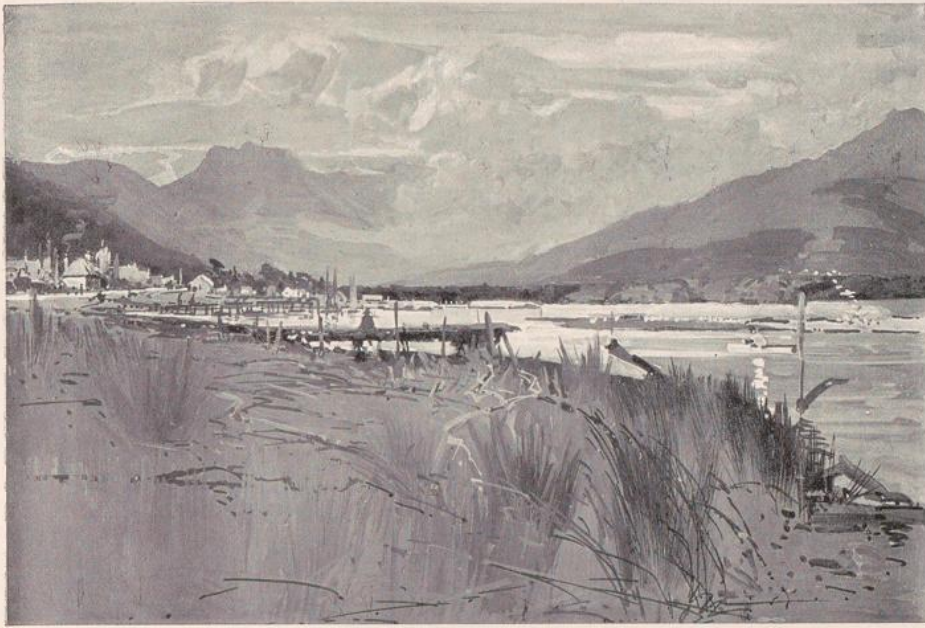
BY T. M. ROOKE

MILAN. — Only two months after the terribly sudden death of Giovanni Segantini, amid the solitary heights of the Schafberg, there was opened in Milan an exhibition of the dead painter's works; and the melancholy event being so recent and so keenly felt by all, it is not surprising that the display should almost have assumed the aspect of a funereal commemoration, in which his friends and the public generally took part in reverent regret.

It cannot be said that the exhibition was in any way complete; so many of Segantini's most important works were missing that the display gave but a faint idea of the artist's labours in the course of his all-too-brief career. However, the exhibition was completely successful; more so, indeed, than one could have hoped.

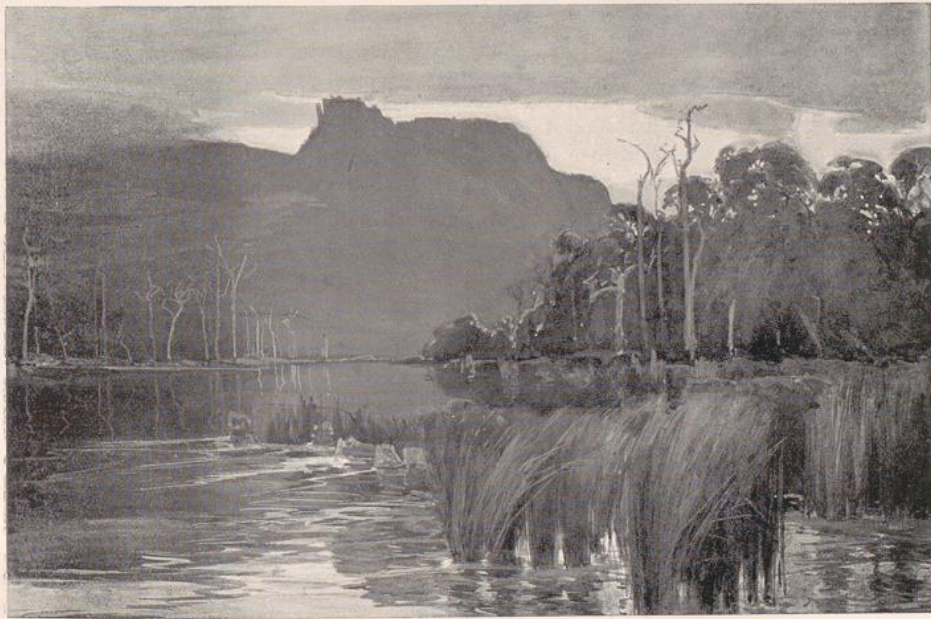
Altogether, with paintings and drawings, the works exhibited numbered seventy. These included the three large canvases on

Studio-Talk



"THE HUON BELLE, TASMANIA"

BY HENRY FULLWOOD



"AN AUSTRALIAN SOLITUDE"

BY HENRY FULLWOOD



BOOKPLATES

BY MAURICE DE LAMBERT

which poor Segantini was engaged when death struck him down. He had intended them for the Paris Exhibition. Naturally, they attracted universal interest. They were to have formed part of a grand composition, which would have included three lunettes and several medallions, of which we have only the studies left.

The works are styled *La Natura*, *La Vita*, *La Morte*, and, although unfinished, bear striking testimony to Segantini's masterly abilities. The centre canvas, *La Natura*, is a landscape, absolutely marvellous for the grandeur of its lines and its perfect luminosity. In idea and in treatment alike the thing is quite beautiful.

So large has been the number of visitors to the exhibition that the takings will materially assist the fund being raised by the friends of the lamented artist for the purpose of erecting a memorial of him in the Maloja Pass, in the Upper Engadine, where he dwelt.

G. B.

undecided about his execution. M. Camille Bourget, a colourist blessed with energy and a vivid imagination, showed a series of excellent water-colours. I have kept M. Pierre Bracquemond's name last. The portraits, landscapes, and still-life studies exhibited here show him to be making rapid progress towards full development. His eye is becoming more subtle,

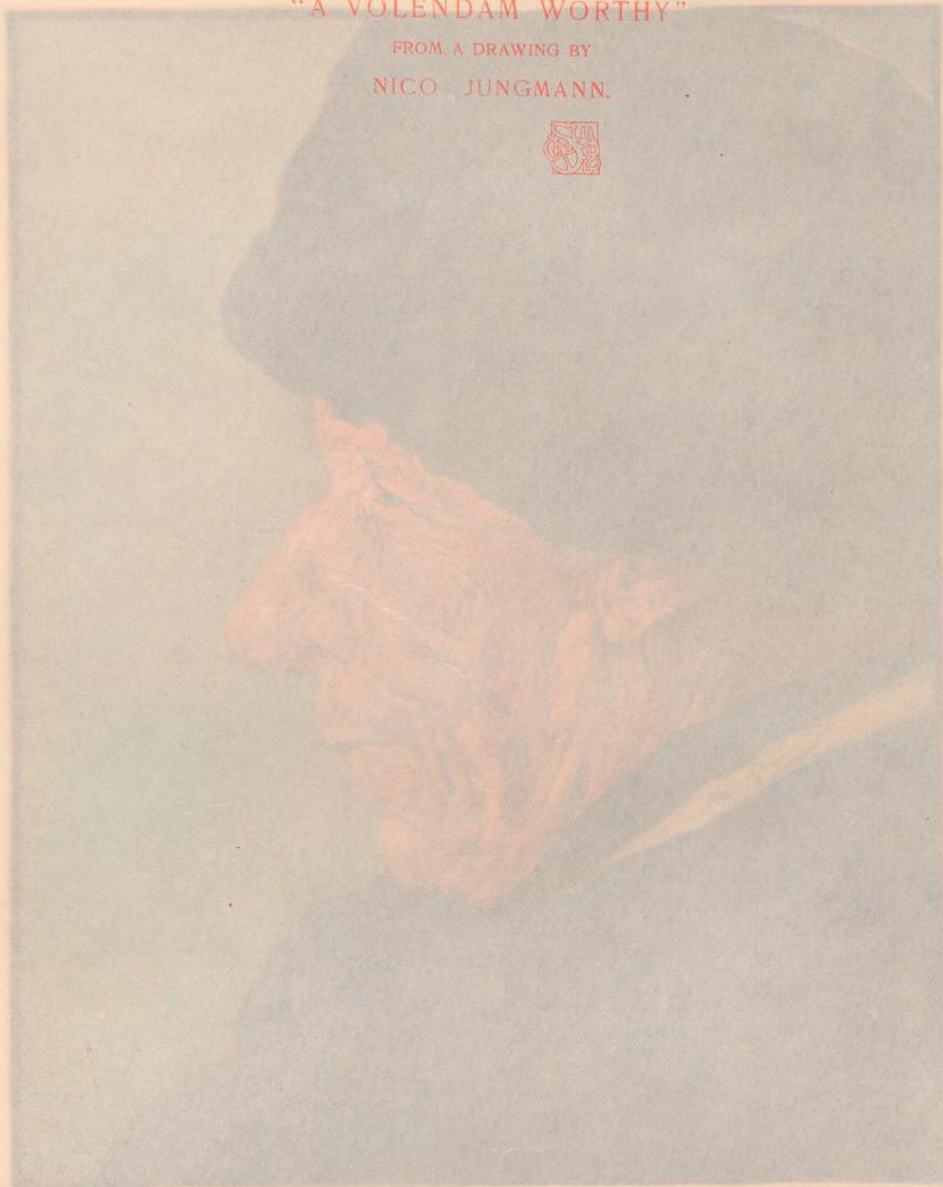


BOOKPLATE

BY MAURICE DE LAMBERT

"A VOLENDAM WORTHY"

FROM A DRAWING BY
NICO JUNGMANN.





BOOKPLATES

BY MAURICE DE LAMBERT

PARIS.—The society known as "La Demi-Douzaine" has been holding its second annual exhibition in the galleries of the "Artistes Modernes," Rue Caumartin. M. Charles Huard shows in his seascapes and his studies of fishermen and peasants all the acute observation and honesty of purpose we know and appreciate so well in him. M. Eugène Bèjot's landscapes of Paris and London, both drawings and etchings, are lovely things, revealing the diverse aspects of the great cities with rare skill and delicacy. M. George Gascoyne, the only foreign member of the Society, exhibited two oil landscapes of excellent quality—*Work in Sunshine and Cloud* and *The Stream*—also five powerful etchings. M. Ferdinand Luigni remains faithful to his old themes—*Marken and Volendam*. In these North-Dutch types and interiors he displays real ability, but there still remains something soft and

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BOOKPLATE

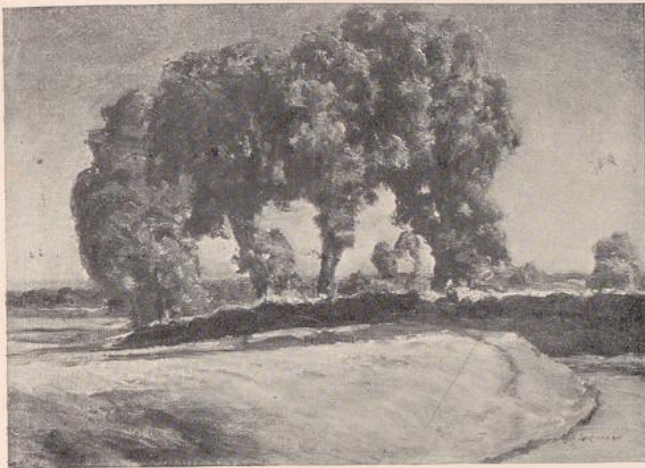
BY MAURICE DE LAMBERT



The
Smith
Library

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Studio-Talk



LANDSCAPE

BY KARL LANGHAMMER

(See Berlin Studio-Talk)

his drawing more bold and elastic. Several of his portraits, such as that of Mlle. Jeanne Régner, of the Opéra ballet, give evidence of solid work; but I prefer his still-life. M. Bracquemond also showed some painted glasswork, which was interesting, although over-complicated in design, and not

Cottet, Simon, and Dauchez is wild and grand; that of M. Le Gout-Gérard, on the other hand, is bright and cheerful: which proves that his vision is different from theirs. Moreover, unlike the artists I have named, M. Le Gout-Gérard seeks the picturesque rather than the expressive,

altogether satisfying in material execution.

Following the "Demi-Douzaine" came M. Fernand Le Gout-Gérard, with sixty-six paintings and pastels, almost all landscapes and scenes of Brittany. It would almost seem as though there were no other part of the world worthy of the artist's brush! Always Brittany! However, M. Le Gout-Gérard gives us a little variety in the shape of several English scenes—*La Medway à Rochester*, *Le Pont de Rochester*, *Fond du Port de Strood*, etc. The Brittany of MM.



LANDSCAPE

BY KARL LANGHAMMER

(See Berlin Studio-Talk)

Studio-Talk

and on the whole succeeds admirably in his endeavour. If at times his work is overdone in its regard for minute detail, it is at any rate always thoroughly sound and honest. To me his pictures seem more fascinating than profound, but there is no denying the real charm they possess. M. Le Gout-Gérard's exhibition was a genuine success, as it deserved to be.

On page 276 we give illustrations of some delightful little bookplates by M. Maurice de Lambert.

In the pretty little exhibition gallery of the Paul Ollendorff *Librairie* M. André Sinet recently displayed thirty-four of his canvases, including landscapes of Paris and its environs, female studies and portraits. M. Sinet delights in the attenuated aspect of things, in misty effects, seen in the pale light of evening. He paints delightfully, with an infinitely delicate touch, for he is full of poetic sentiment.



"ESPAGNOL À PARIS"

BY H. EVENEPOEL

(See Brussels Studio-Talk)

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Above all I admired his *Crépuscule parisien* wherein one sees, from the Place de la Concorde, the whole Avenue des Champ-Élysées, with night falling rapidly over all, and the Arc de Triomphe gleaming away in the distance. Another fine thing is his study of a woman, called, I think, *Le Corset Jaune*, a delicate harmony in whites, with a blue night effect of irresistible charm.

A few ardent and hopeful young artists have just started a club at Saint-Germain-en-Laye, styled "L'Esthétique," the object of which is to develop throughout provincial France, by means of meetings and concerts and exhibitions, a taste for all that is Good and Beautiful and True. The initiators of the movement are MM. Georges Godin, the aquafortist in colours, well known to the readers of *THE STUDIO*, R. Lemeunier, the musical composer, E. Genet, and Ch. Félix Le Gendre, painters, and Léon Pivet, draughtsman. The honorary committee of which Rodin has accepted the presidency consists of MM. Bracquemond, Jeannot, Helleu, Hugues Le Roux, Octave Mirbeau and Gabriel Mourey. G. M.

BERLIN.—The work of Karl Langhammer, whose landscapes *Klänge* and *Aus der Priegnitz* formed part of the January exhibition at Keller and Reiner's Salon, belongs to that kind of artistic production which slowly but steadily gains real friends among lovers of true art. The artist has been before the public several years, but the quiet inwardness of his work, which shrinks from anything in the nature of startling effects, has failed to make people talk about him. Still his faithfulness to his own individuality and a touch of aristocratic reserve have brought it about that you can now hear him spoken of in fashionable drawing-rooms. That even ladies call him "a very good artist" says just as much for him as for the fact that the Press and its critics have gradually succeeded in instilling the public with something like appreciation of art for art's sake. It is art for art's sake, and *Heimatkunst*, the art of your own native soil, that Karl Langhammer gives. He is foremost among the men who know how to make the sandy, dusty,



"LA VEILLE DE LA COURSE DE TAUREAUX"

BY IGNACIO ZULOAGA

ofttimes gloomy, landscape of the Mark Brandenburg talk its own language of silent grandeur. The charms of light and shade, of colour in soil, in foliage, sky, and clouds, in dancing sunbeam and glittering water are his, and he interprets them with a true-hearted reverence, born of that hunger after the beautiful which—judging by him at least—seems to be keener and more appreciative of small things in the natives of large cities than in many upon whose childhood the richest glories of superb natural surroundings have shone in vain.

L. H.

BRUSSELS.—Once more the Salon of the "Libre Esthétique," installed in the galleries of the Musée de Bruxelles, has achieved its customary success. The numerous visitors found there the wherewithal to satisfy all tastes in matters artistic, for the work of selection had been carried out in the broadest spirit of eclecticism, and all "tendencies" were represented, from idealism of the most literary type to realism of the most scientific. First of all we must do homage to the last productions of Henry

Evenepoel the young Brussels painter, who passed away so sadly in Paris a few months ago just when his talents were beginning to command respect. Before all else he was a painter; he understood our modern life in all its reality, and he has left behind several canvases of great merit, among them being the *Espagnol à Paris*, which has been purchased for the Ghent museum.

M. J. Delvins contributed several remarkable works which aroused much attention. His bullfight scenes are full of vigour, bold in drawing and vivid in colour. Spain, too, is the theme chosen by M. Ignacio Zuloaga; but his vision of things is sombre, his colour harsh, and his drawing hard. One of these pictures, the *Portrait du Maire de Rio-Moro et de sa femme*, was exhibited at the last Salon at Ghent, and was purchased by the Government, but refused by the Commission des Musées. M. Zuloaga's big picture, *La Veille de la Course de Taureaux*, is a noble work, and worthily carries on the true traditions of Spanish art.

The large display of jewellery and goldsmith's

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work by M. Henry Van de Velde is one of the *clous* of the Exhibition. It is impossible at the present moment to analyse this remarkable collection, but later an interesting article might well be written on this artist and his work.

Another attraction is the series of twelve landscapes by M. A. J. Heymans, which are profoundly charming in their poetic sentiment and their delightfully clear colouring. The landscapes of MM. F. Claus and G. Buysse are equally attractive, by reason of their sincerity and their freedom of expression. Worthy of special mention also are the precise and thoughtful landscapes of MM. Frédéric and W. MacAdam, and the curious works of M. F. Melchers.

The sculptors are not so well represented as usual this year, but the catalogue contains the well-known names of C. Meunier, P. Dubois, Charpentier, Bourdelle, Dejean, G. Morren, and Mlle. Cornette.

The characteristic drawings of M. Milcendeau and the etchings of Mme. Destrée-Danse

and M. Nieuwenkamp are worthy of careful study.

Lastly, mention should be made of the glass-work of H. Powell, the potteries and ceramics of Mme. Schmidt-Pecht; not forgetting the displays by M. Serrurier-Bovy and the Rorstrand porcelain factory. Then we have to note the lithographs in colour by MM. Rhead and Rivière, and the posters designed for the "Libre Esthétique" exhibition by M. Combaz and Mlle. Léo Jo.

F. K.

ANTWERP.—The mural paintings on the *escalier d'honneur* of the Hôtel de Ville, which were inaugurated on the opening day of the Van Dyck *fêtes*, are good in this respect—that in their *ensemble* they blend harmoniously with the dual series of similar works by Hendrik Leys which adorn the big "Salle de Réception" and the small hall adjoining, as well as with the paintings by Victor Lagye in the "Salle des Mariages." They owe a great deal, in the first place, to the intelligent interest shown by the eminent director of the Academy, Albrecht



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de Vriendt, under whose personal superintendence they were designed and executed. Unfortunately the five panels are not of equal merit. That signed by Houben is a very ordinary piece of work, the figures having no especial character. The panel by De Jans is of a higher order, but it is too suggestive of an easel picture, this being due, no doubt, to its lack of the necessary style. The other three panels are far superior. In his *Entrée triomphale des Rhétoriciens* Farazyn has attained a tonality which gives the most happy result, his greens, mauves, and reds, artistically disposed, forming a colour-scheme of much distinction. Boom has employed red very largely. His *Ouverture de la Bourse* is ruddy as a sunset, but in no way mars the general effect of the series. Moreover, he has been fortunate in his typical figures, which are full of interest—Flemish patricians and magistrates of dignified mien and broad, majestic movements. Several of the heads reveal careful study, but not all, unhappily. A picturesque mediæval town, seen in perspective, forms an excellent background.

The best work of all is unquestionably that of Verhaert, whose *Arrivée d'un chargement de sucre* is a remarkable production. Here the types depicted are less robust than those of Boom—some, indeed,

appear emaciated, almost sickly; but what character in the faces, which are, for the most part, handled like portraits; and what sound archæological knowledge, with no touch of pedantry, in the treatment of the costumes! More strictly than any of his collaborators Verhaert has confined himself to the prescribed limits of decorative painting, and thus his work resembles most nearly that of Leys. His colouring is remarkable both for the vigour of its tones and for its novelty. It is extremely strong and bold. Altogether, the ornamentation of the "Salle de l'Escalier" may be pronounced a success.

As in previous years, individual exhibitions are succeeding one another with great rapidity, every week or two seeing something new. They are held for the most part in the Verlat-Zaal, which is very conveniently situated near the Bourse, and only a few yards from the main thoroughfare, the Meir. So far there has been nothing very striking to record. Mention, however, must be made of the displays of M. Frans Mortelmans and—more recently—of Mme. and Mdlle. Ronner. Mortelmans paints flowers and still-life, which, it must be admitted, reveal a sure touch and a fine sense of colour. The artist would do great things if only he could

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rid himself of a defect which mars his work. The defect in question lies in the fact that he frequently fails to attack his subjects with sufficient earnestness, his work only too often showing virtuosity rather than depth.

Madame Ronner is well known, not only here, but also in England. Despite her great age, this gifted woman, who seems not to know the meaning of the word Rest, continues to produce her little scenes from cat-life with as much observation and humour as ever. To be sure, they are simply anecdotes, and trivial anecdotes too; but so wittily, so convincingly does she record them that we must needs listen, nor ever cease to be amused. Mdlle. Ronner, her daughter, devotes herself chiefly to flower painting. She has taste, and a style that is particularly feminine, somewhat akin to that of Mdlle. Georgette Meunier. Her paintings have no great profundity, but they express very effectively all that is light and airy, and (I had almost said) artificial, in the flower world.

At the Cercle Artistique, or "Kunstverbond," last month M. Lemmers displayed several landscapes and a large number of portraits. I say it with regret, but there was nothing in this collection so good as his *Portrait de mon Père*, produced two years ago. His newer work is as bewilderingly unequal in artistic value as it is varied in method. Certainly he secures a resemblance, not merely physical, but moral too; but, as a rule, he does not trouble to penetrate far into the psychology of his models, while his somewhat garish colouring often lacks distinction. By producing fewer works, and devoting himself to them with greater care, Lemmers might assuredly develop into an excellent portrait-painter.

Of very uneven merit, too, was the exhibition of the works of George Morren, displayed in a very badly-lighted gallery in the Meir. Morren, an artist of much versatility, showed paintings, pastels, *fusains*, and pencil work, together with several pieces of sculpture and various *objets d'art*.

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I cannot conscientiously say his newest works show great advance on those of two or three years since. The latter, it seems to me, were superior in conception and in harmony of treatment, and truer and richer in tone. In some of his sea-pieces, for instance, it is by no means difficult to detect certain deficiencies which might have been easily remedied; while in several of his still-life studies one comes across loud, prosaic, unsatisfactory bits of colour. I greatly prefer some of his pastels, and most of his black and white work is excellent, notably the remarkable series—*Soirées d'Hiver*. Here Morren has caught to perfection the atmosphere of our homes in winter time.

Among the sculpture should be noted his *Femme à sa toilette*, the *Buste de Zélandaise*, the *Nymphes lutinant un Satyre*, the *Femme à la mouche*, and above all, despite one somewhat puerile piece of detail, the *Trois Zélandaises en promenade du dimanche*. This is a thing of beauty in its truest sense, the whole group being full of charm and character.

Several of his objects of art are also worthy of mention, especially an amphora and an ink-stand, both in bronze, a ring-box in bronze *cire perdue*, a tin-ware coffee service, and a few brooches and clasps.

P. DE M.



ILLUSTRATION FROM "MEISSNER PÖRZELLAN"

(LEIPSIG: F. A. BROCKHAUS)