



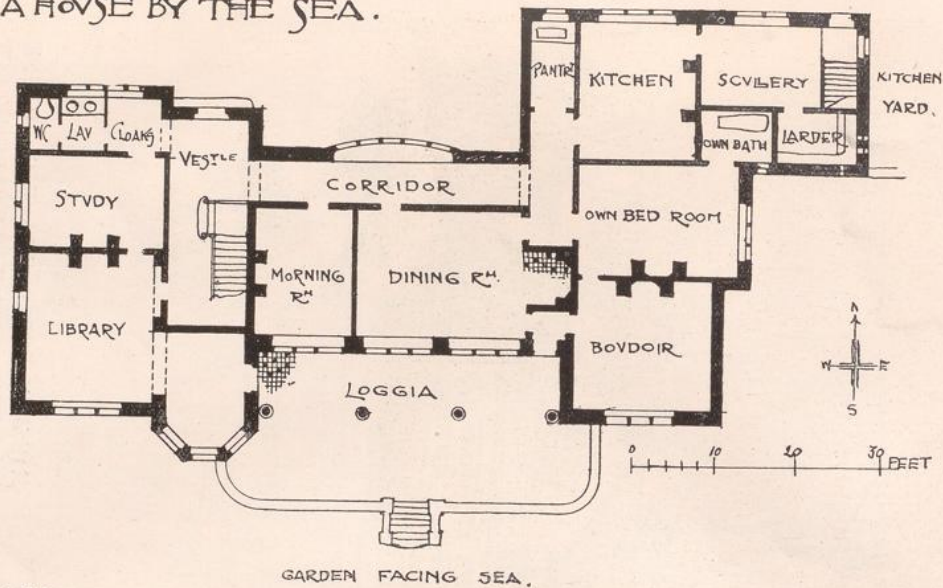
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François Maréchal, A Liège Etcher. By Fernand Khnopff.

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François Maréchal

A HOUSE BY THE SEA.



PLAN OF SEA-SIDE HOUSE

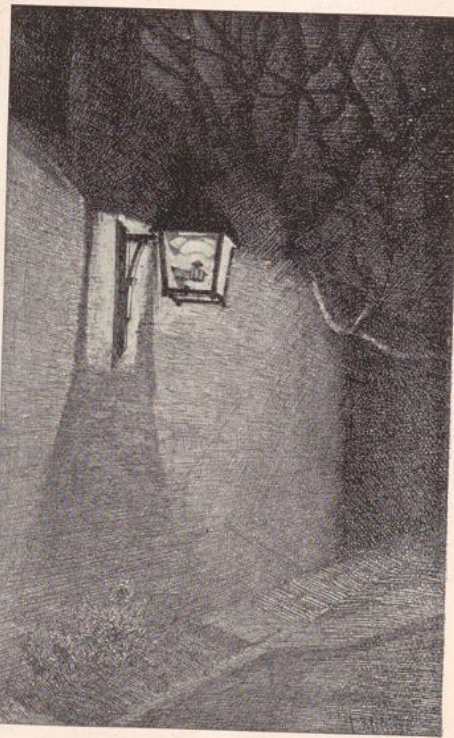
ARTHUR STRATTON, ARCHITECT

type, and we note with pleasure that the garden has received in some far more consideration than architects gave to it about a decade ago.

FRANÇOIS MARÉCHAL, A LIÈGE ETCHER. BY FERNAND KHNOPFF.

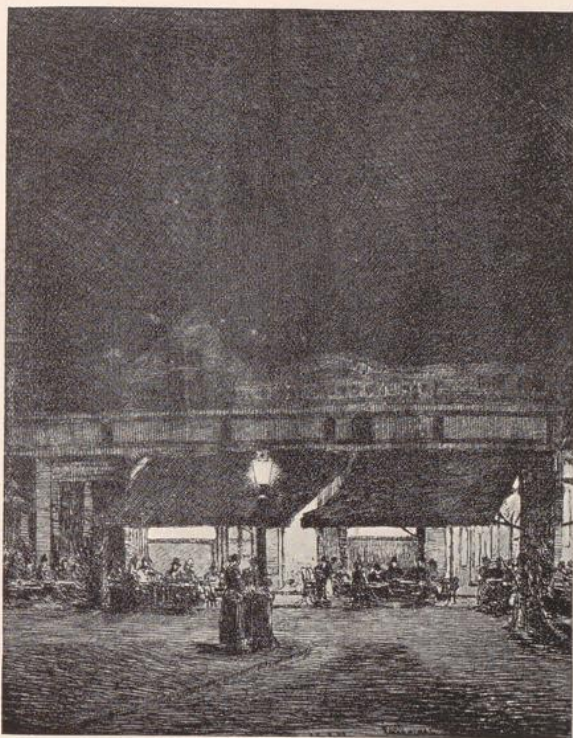
In the year 1893 I saw in the album of the Brussels Society of Aquafortists a number of panoramic views of Liège, signed "F. Maréchal." I was struck at the time by their skilful composition, their somewhat rough but solid touch, and by their air of truthfulness and sincerity. Since then I had come across nothing bearing the same signature, until in the studio of M. Rassenfosse I saw it again on an extraordinarily varied series of etchings, representing "bits" and types from the outlying suburbs, and numerous night scenes on the quays, with the trembling lights reflected in the waters of the Meuse. To a sense of admiration for the works themselves was added a strong desire to see their author.

Shortly afterwards I was accordingly introduced to him, and found myself in the presence of a man, still young, of very interesting appearance, small, spare and wiry, with short thin features, bright and piercing glance, and the full forehead of a man of



AN OLD WALK, SUBURBS OF LIÈGE
FROM AN ETCHING BY F. MARÉCHAL.

François Maréchal



"THE LIÈGE BOULEVARDS, EVENING"

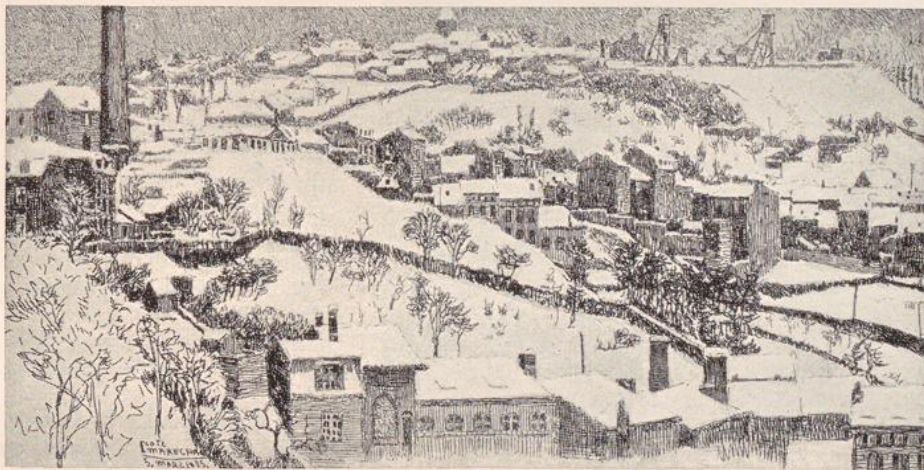
FROM AN ETCHING BY F. MARÉCHAL

strong will and concentrative power—in a word, a native of the Ardennes. A modest room in a

simple inn, commanding a view of the broad river and the town, served as his studio, which, by way of furniture, boasted nothing beyond a couple of seats, a large press, bottles and phials of every sort of shape, a fine grey cat, and notably a rich and splendid collection of butterflies, carefully pinned inside their glass-lidded boxes, and, in their superb, intact condition, glistening like so many marvellous gems. I hastened to accept the offer made to show me his portfolios, wherein, elaborately classed and numbered, were stored his drawings and engravings. These drawings—mostly from the nude—were serious, complete works, and cruel, so to speak, in their pitiless accuracy; while the engravings, rather heavy in touch at the outset, but growing more refined by degrees, developed at length extraordinary lightness and flexibility, without any sacrifice, moreover, of the artist's truly scientific precision.

more hard, to such an extent that some of the drawings had the appearance of those sculptors'

I observed that as the strokes upon the metal became more supple, those on the paper grew more and



"UNDER THE SNOW (SUBURBS OF LIÈGE)"

FROM AN ETCHING BY F. MARÉCHAL

François Maréchal

designs in which the substance, the "volume," is skilfully suggested, while the *contour* is rough and awkward. Thus the dominant passion of the engraver was plainly visible in his work, the obstinate striving after the faultless technique he must attain at any price.

M. Maréchal first studied oil-painting, regularly attending the classes at the Liège Academy of Fine Arts, and not without success, for he won a prize for an historical subject; he also devoted himself to landscape. In all he did there was evidence of undoubted hard work and a desire to succeed; but after all it was only experimental, for the "process" he had chosen was not adapted to his

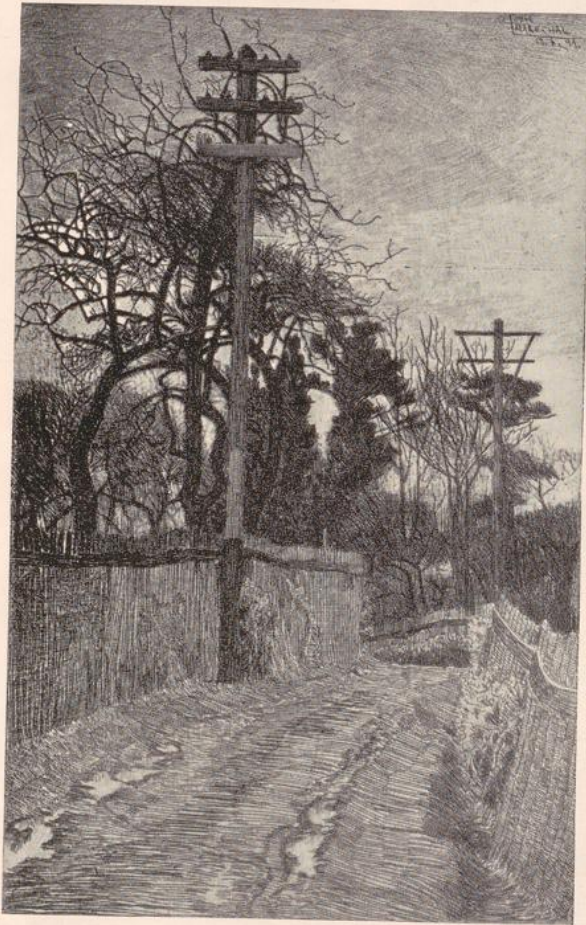
vision of things; there was, in fact, a want of harmony between the workmanship and the style. When things were at this stage he began to study engraving with the help and guidance of M. Rassenfosse, whose great talent is equalled only by his generous and fraternal spirit. To the young engraver the new method came as a revelation of himself. Full of enthusiasm he abandoned painting to devote himself wholly to the engraving in which he delighted. His keenness for work, always great, became quite extraordinary. He produced plates literally in heaps, and thus in a short time succeeded in acquiring remarkable sureness of touch.

The danger was that this very dexterity—which was only a means to an end—might be regarded by the artist as the ultimate aim of his labour; that he might waste his ability on mere feats of skill. Happily the crisis was of short duration. The period of manual exercise was succeeded by one of intellectual work. He read, and watched and pondered, and then, when face to face with nature, he realised that he was equipped to understand and to depict it.

The works by M. Maréchal, reproduced here, show how he loves—one may almost say adores—these varied and interesting regions around Liège, with their long perspectives of tall chimneys, and their old deserted roads, lit only by some antique lamp.

A word more to conclude. Maréchal had become accustomed to engrave direct from nature, and the public at first failed to recognise the Liège scenes, naturally reversed in the printing, and refused to buy plates which to their eyes represented nothing! Connoisseurs, however, were not slow to see that, although the faithfulness of the "view" might suffer somewhat thereby, the engraving gained greatly in point of suppleness and life.

François Maréchal is to-day in the plenitude of his powers, the possessor of honest original talent, and, I feel sure, will again and



"AN OLD PATHWAY, SUBURBS OF LIÈGE"

FROM AN ETCHING BY F. MARÉCHAL.

Francois Maréchal

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vision of things; there was, in fact, a want of harmony between the workmanship and the style. When things were at this stage he began to study engraving with the help and guidance of M. Rassenfosse, whose great talent is equalled only by his generous and fraternal spirit. To the young engraver the new method came as a revelation of himself. Full of enthusiasm he abandoned painting to devote himself wholly to the engraving in which he was assigned. His keenness for work, always great, became quite extraordinary. He produced plates literally in heaps, and thus in a short time succeeded in acquiring remarkable strength of touch.

The danger was that this very *deftness*—which was only a means to an end—might be regarded by the artist as the ultimate aim of his labour; that he might waste his ability on mere feats of skill. Happily the crisis was of short duration. The period of manual exercise was succeeded by one of intellectual work. He read, and watched and pondered, and then, when face to face with nature, he realised that he was equipped to understand and to depict it.

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"AN OLD PATHWAY, SQUARE OF LIÈGE"

FROM AN ENGRAVING BY F. MARÉCHAL

Recessional

GOD of our fathers known of old
LORD of our far-flung battle-line
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine
LORD **G**OD of **H**osts, be with us yet
Lest we forget lest we forget.

The tumult and the shouting dies
The captains and the kings depart
Still stands **C**hine ancient **S**acrifice
An humble and a contrite heart
LORD **G**OD of **H**osts, be with us yet
Lest we forget lest we forget.

Har-called our navies melt away
On dune and headland sinks the fire
Lo all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the **N**ations, spare us yet
Lest we forget lest we forget.

If drunk with sight of power we loose
Wild tongues that have not **C**hree in awe
Such boasting as the **G**entiles use
Or lesser breeds without the **L**aw
LORD **G**OD of **H**osts, be with us yet
Lest we forget lest we forget.

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard
All valiant dust that builds on dust
And guarding calls not **C**hree to guard
For frankic boast and foolish word
Gay **M**ercy on **G**ay **P**eople **L**ORD

RUDYARD KIPPLING

Studio-Talk



"RETURN OF THE PILGRIMS FROM KEVELAAR." FRESCO

BY NICO W. JUNGMAHN

again afford us the opportunity of admiring his conscientiousness and his energy. F. K.

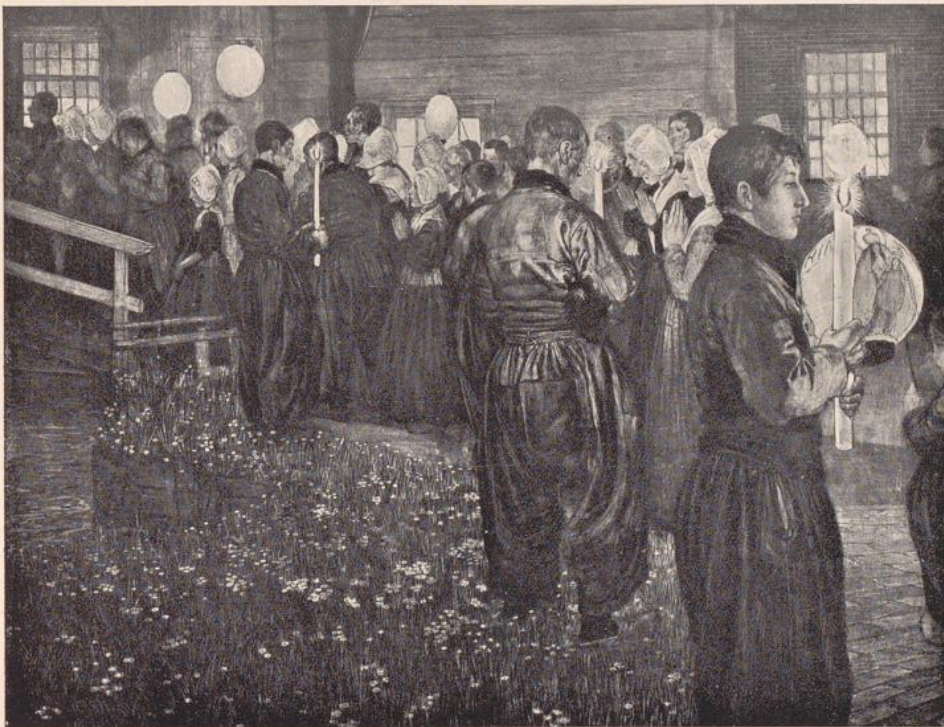
STUDIO-TALK.

(From our own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—The electric lamps recently erected in the Strand and its neighbourhood seem from their shape—evidently inspired by the familiar note of interrogation—to demand an opinion upon their design. The English language, however, fails to furnish the

words that adequately express our disgust at this latest exhibition of "art-work" as it is understood in officialdom. Why should the unoffending public have such horrors thrust upon them? Cannot some punishment be devised for those who commit in public places crimes against the common-sense of good taste?

M. Nico Jungmann's remarkable artistic ability seems to be steadily growing, and his grasp of many branches of the painter's craft is year by year



PART OF THE "RETURN OF THE PILGRIMS"

BY NICO W. JUNGMAHN