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The Tangent: An Annual.

Edited by: Hilken, Kathleen and Casey, Franklin

TANGENT

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THE TANGENT

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Editors: KATHLEEN HILKEN, FRANKLIN CASEY

From the Editor's Chair

ALAS, poor Tangent ! Alas that, after moving of heaven and earth, you should be thus hastily assembled amidst the rush of examination time. Alas that so few high authorities hold forth on thy pages. Alas that thy advertisers are not more numerous. (My children, henceforth shun Eaton's—they do not care to advertise with us.)

Yet are all these alases so certainly in order ? Tangent, we think, is still a line which touches the circle of our college studiousness. Being more than ever a student effort, it is perhaps a truer Tangent than ever.

Pax vobiscum.

My Impressions of Western Art

Lee Yook Tong

TO give my impression of Western Art is for me rather difficult. This is due, firstly, to my inability to master the English language, and secondly, because I was born in Canada. I know I cannot make myself as clear as I wish in English. I can express myself much clearer in Chinese. Being born in Canada, my impression is neither from the point of view of a Chinese nor that of a Canadian. Rather, it is from someone with an Oriental origin and brought up with a Canadian understanding. Therefore, my point of view could be termed "unique."

Whenever I go through an exhibition of Western paintings, I always come out with great many admirations. Certainly there are many fine points in the Western Art, which I could not see in Chinese paintings. For example, take a simple study like Still Life. How natural is the representation! An empty whiskey bottle will always be a transparent bottle with all its history and characteristics. If it were done by a Chinese artist in the Chinese manner, it would appear a little flat, though their composition is admirable. Let us take the drawing of buildings. Though a Chinese artist sometimes feels aerial perspective, he certainly is not as scientific as his western brother. He must take off his hat to him who has originated the C.V. (centre of vision) and P.P. (picture plane), etc. He never dreamt of the idea of applying science to art. In the study of colour we often find great harmony in Chinese paintings, whereas the western brother has taken a step further by again being helped by science. Turning the attention to the study of out-of-door colour is again something new to the Chinese artist.

The wonders that Commercial Art has done to trade is a phase which the Chinese artist has to learn from his western brother. The huge advertisements, like those of Ruddy's, are certainly cheering up the gray streets of Toronto. It is like a rose bud worn by a person who has "blues." Though it does not harmonize with him, it does give the bystander the impression of a little cheerfulness.

I often let the advertisements of the theatre form my opinion as to certain play is good; and go to see it, I often get disappointed. Perhaps, next week, under this mysterious power of advertisement, I go to the same theatre again. This power made me to misjudge and to ignore my previous experience is really more than I can explain. Then, as Mr. Cirra said in his Friday supper talk, referring to modern designs used to decorate articles, "It can make you buy second-class merchandise for a first-class price." Which really makes the Chinese artist "kowtow" to his "Western magician."

These wonders of the Western Art have impressed me greatly — attracted me. At the same time I learn that, though each has its apparent differences, the underlying principles that govern it are the same. Before I went back to China, I thought that there were as many differences between Western and Chinese paintings as there are between a

Canadian and Chinese. These outward differences are only caused by their local environments. One of the greatest causes for these apparent differences is due to the materials used. For instance, take the class of work which impress me as representative of the highest class of work of the Western Art, oil painting. In China, it is water colour. These paintings are often done in enormous sizes. I have seen many as tall as fifteen feet. Most of them are done with brushes. Some are done with chop sticks, or finger nails. The paper used is a sort called "Fan Gee." It is very thin and absorbing, like blotting paper. Silk is used, too. Brush strokes are the chief characteristic and it is mainly caused by the manner in which the brush is held. This unusual way of holding the brush is wholly influenced by the long adopted manner in which they hold their brushes in daily writing. There is a common saying among the Chinese that, "If he is an artist he must be a good writer." This shows how greatly writing influences painting. Every time a Chinese is writing, he is, in reality, making a picture, composing it. In an imaginary square, he is trying to obtain a pleasing and balanced arrangement with variety, rhythm and harmony. The materials, the method of holding the brush, are different, and these, in my opinion, are only apparent. The principles of rhythm, technique, coloring, composition and individuality are all thought of in the same manner as in Western Art. I found this true when I was taking lessons on Chinese painting from Mr. Ko Kei Fon of Lingnaan University in Canton. There is as much differences between the two as there is in the complexion and dresses of the two races. When I first arrived in China, how marked is the differences, but it was not long, after closer examination, one will find out too, that they are make up of flesh with blood floating inside and they too have the similar joys and sorrows. So it is in Art, the underlying principles are the same.

The world today is getting smaller and smaller through modern transportation and sciences. The good things of one country are quickly adopted by another. The same is happening in Art. I know many Western artists have studied under Mr. Ko with this intention. Likewise the Art schools of China are adopting the more scientific perspective and anatomy into their work. There is a group in existence now trying to work out a style which comes between the Western and Oriental Arts in China. Mr. Philips of Winnipeg and Miss Keith of London, England, I think, whose works are examples of using Oriental treatments. I am anxiously waiting to see the work which composes the essence of the Western and Oriental Arts. Art is universal and I do not see why the two shouldn't come together.

Drawing *Ruth Dingle*

The Coast of Nova Scotia

RUTH MARION DINGLE

IT was a warm, breezy August day. The sea was the deepest blue and a wayward breeze stirred the rigging of the idle fishing-boats on the inlet. Filled with ambition and ozone, I wandered down to the fishing village of Rustico, with my sketch-box and artistic paraphernalia. Ploughing through the sand, I directed an indefinite course towards the fish-houses by the water's edge. They were washed silvery gray by the rain and weathered by the salty air. Enchanted, I plodded on and approached the gang-plank arrangement of one of the shacks.

My object was to perch out on the jetty over the water, and look back toward the village. Holding my nose firmly, I climbed the plank with great resolution and gazed with a kind of smothered fascination into the interior of the shack. There were barrels filled with salted cod and nets strung up on the rafters, weaving a diaphanous pattern against the walls. The light crept through the cracks and wandered in wavering shafts of gold over the piles of sails, fish and implements of the fisher folk. The sagging door banged behind me—"Ah," thought I, "there's no retreat"— and felt like Casim Baba.

Through the sea-door I saw the boats and glistening water; picking

my way, I came out on the wharf. These wharves are of the daddy-long-legs family, and have an insecure and emaciated appearance. They are supported by wobbly stilts, stained dark by the water and jade green with slime. The floor, which resembles a fire-escape, is on a level with the gunwale of a boat at high tide.

Once more in the open, and intercepting a little of the said wayward breeze, I sat down on the edge with my feet hanging down and my back against a barrel. Attracted by the light glinting on the water, I peered between my feet into depths of green to behold with wonder the relics of by-gone codfish being looked over by some exercising carp of the tourist variety.

I leaned back after this interesting exhibition, to plan out my sketch. On the adjoining jetty were a couple of fishermen, cleaning and salting away the morning catch. When I looked up they were making loud, teasing comments on the little "city" girl who had tied her handkerchief over her nose—but "a night in Paris" was preferable to the heaviness of the local atmosphere.

I worked for about half an hour interested by the piles of lobster-traps stacked up on shore, for the season finishes earlier on the P.E.I. coast than on that of Nova Scotia. Near by old grizzled lads were lounging in the sun, smoking, chewing and spitting, occasionally turning back to the nets they were mending. Interested in my sketch, I was intent and concentrated——until the wind veered 'round. I felt vague and giddy —my nostrils quivered—but curiosity is prevalent in some people's make-up. I stretched a bit until my nose was on a level with the barrel's edge behind me—I peered in! No wonder the fishermen were jocular—no wonder I felt fey, for there it was, full to the brim of cod-livers, rotting in the Sun. I fled ! . . . . . .

Later we moved our goods and chattels and wandered along the Nova Scotia coast. When we found Peggy's Cove, we felt the glow that came to "stout Cortez," when he looked on the Pacific. Peggy's Cove is one of the quaintest spots in all Nova Scotia. To get there was an adventure in itself. The road winds up over bare rocks and dips down to a grass-grown track like a glorified cow-path. But the beauty of the cove is well worth the eventfulness of the way.

Below the road, lies the little cup of blue water, encircled by fishing shacks built on piles, and clinging to the rocks, and by green boats with idly flapping russet sails. To the south pounds the surf, futilely attempting to ruffle the serenity of the wee harbour which is protected by a barrier-reef.

Our advent was quite an occasion, for not many find their way to this isolated spot. All the youngsters in the place were hopping about trying to answer our query about lunch, in a single voice. They were extremely courteous, if vociferous. They were amazing kids. Their English was perfect, and they were as gracious as the proverbial Southern gentleman. Interesting, too, in their patched, faded garments and with their tousled heads and bright eyes.

Our hostess gave us her best and related stories of previous artists. Accommodation is very good and the people treat one royally. Imagine our joy and surprise at discovering a sketch by Robert Pilot of Montreal, and another and another.

The light-house keeper staged a reception. We got there over a little grassy path among the boulders and up sheer rock, then a climb up the iron stairs, 'round and 'round. To the right, seventy-five feet below roared the surf angry and high, showing white fangs at the reef. The keeper told us that the spray froze on the windows during the winter. To the left lay the cove, the bright little houses piling up in a haphazard fashion behind the shacks with their crazy jetties and lacy masses of net. The windows of the red church blinked golden eyes in the late afternoon sun.

Do go to Peggy's—it's about forty miles west of Halifax—but be sure to be well supplied with materials for, once there, you will eat of the lotus and will not be able to leave.

Time, that task-master, dragged us away. We thought our enthusiasm exhausted—until we came to Mahon Bay, Blue Rocks and finally to Lunenburg. Here were new scenes! Like old salts we took to the wharves. Here lay the pride and joy of the fishermen of the Grand Banks, great four-mast schooners. The place was a riot of colour—jade, russet and amber—and clamourous with voices, hammers and screaming gulls.

Here we listened to yarns of the sea—tales of storms, of rum-runners, stories of enormous hauls—until our throats were dry and throbbing from sheer excitement.

The warm, musty smell of the docks, the picturesque garb of the stevedores, the water lapping around the piles—all the new sounds and sights pervaded our confused minds as we trudged up the hill, turning often to look back on the broad sweep of the harbour with its riding frigates and rusty store houses and battered wharves.

In town we found quaint gabled houses with prim gardens. They gave one the feeling that they had been scrubbed and scoured by the pleasant-faced matrons. Each garden path had a border of great conch shells—brought back by the sailors from the West Indies.

In the streets were ox-teams, sleepily and slowly pacing along with their yokes creaking and straining; the low-swung wagons piled high with barrels of fish or pitch. In the same street a new Ford tore over the cobbles with a great flourish. It was incongruous.

Such is Lunenburg! See this world before the next, and see Canada first! Some travellers claim that there is nothing of interest in a young country. Is there not romance in the ghost-haunted forts of Annapolis Royal—in the quiet churchyards of the old covenanters, in the isolated hamlets of the fishermen and the crowded, noisy wharves of a great city? Happy the one who finds life a glorious adventure and living a fine art.

LINOLEUM CUT
Tom Stone

Commercial Art

BY BERT REED
Art Director, A. McKim, Limited

We are told that science is organized knowledge and that art is the application of that science. Consequently it is reasonable as well as logical to suppose that the knowledge of drawing, acquired by the average student, properly organized and applied, regardless of its particular use, is art.

The reason for this Moronic preamble to our discussion of Commercial Art is born of the fear that many students regard this phase of art as halfway house to complete and utter artistic disintegration.

Let us remember this, that whilst the various arts are relative they are not in any sense comparative. If a piece of work has achieved that purpose for which it had been intended it has fulfilled its destiny and is art, whether it be a tomato can label or a portrait. In short, surround your every piece of work with an atmosphere of creative pride.

* * * * * *

It is not my purpose in these few words to compete with any correspondence course in commercial art—but rather, to place before the student a few suggestions, the results of observations during the past decade or so.

In the first place know your medium of reproduction, study it, and particularly its limitations. Newspaper reproduction, which comprises a large proportion of Commercial Art, has many such limitations. Study successful examples of black and white work. Contemporary newspapers and magazines provide a fertile field for exploration.

Let a comprehensive simplicity characterize your work, that is, tell the whole story as simply as possible. Your drawing is competing with a score of others for attention. Let it tell the story at a glance.

Study the prevailing mode. Styles change in art as in clothing. The format of an advertisement in 1929 differs from that of 1920, and so too the technique. But do not be carried away by exotic extremes. Let good draughtsmanship and sound construction be the keynote of your work.

* * * * * *

Prepare a few good examples. Vary them in treatment. Lettering is not essential but is a distinct asset in the game of converting Higgins Black Waterproof and Bristol Board into cheques.

Keep your samples clean. If possible, mount them in a book which you can quite easily make from black cover stock, so that they may be inspected with the least possible loss of time.

So often an artist deposits a nondescript parcel upon the Art Director's desk, wound about with yards of knotted string, purloined from incoming groceries. Often in desperation the writer has joined the artist in concerted effort to sever the Gordian knot.

The final success in separating the string from the parcel may arouse on the part of the Art Director a personal satisfaction of having achieved the impossible, but it most certainly does not arouse a desire to repeat the performance upon some subsequent occasion.

* * * * * *

Now for the presentation—

It has been my privilege to meet and know many of the well-known illustrators in New York. Many of these men have incomes derived from brush, pencil and pen which are on a par with bank presidents, and all these artists pride themselves on being business men—and their art has not suffered because of it.

Art Directors are not connoiseurs of long hair, soiled linen and careless clothing. It is just as important that an artist be clean and normal as for any man who works in a downtown office. Carelessness in dress is usually reflected in the work a man produces.

* * * * * *

When you get a piece of work to do—don't make promises you cannot keep. If you are convinced that the work will take 5 hours don't say 4—but when you do take it, bring it back a few minutes before the scheduled time.

Advertising is an exacting taskmaster and when an Art Director says he wants a job at 9 a.m., he doesn't mean 9.15—and 11 o'clock or some time before he leaves that evening. This is very important.

Personality is a great force in human contacts. We do business with our friends and the sooner your particular ego is felt, and felt agreeably—well, your chances are better, that's all.

I have addressed my few remarks to those who intend to free lance—most artists start that way. But if you secure a position in some studio or engraving house, they still hold good.

* * * * * *

Above everything else, learn to draw. Do not be misled—mountains are mountains, not ice cream cones; and trees are trees, not a collection of denuded fish worms. Be truthful in your interpretations. Ninety per cent. of the work purchased is sane interpretation, not lacking in imagination, however.

There are a few magazines of the type of Vogue, Vanity Fair and the New Yorker which are markets for the exotic and bizarre. But they are the four leaf clovers of the pasture and it is upon the common, ordinary, every-day three-leaf variety the flock depends for food.

By this, I do not mean to discourage that group of adventurous creatives whose natures are constantly leading them to explore the unknown. By all means experiment, but do not regard the children of your brain as gods before which Art Directors should fall down and worship. Recognition may come, but in the meantime you must eat regularly.

* * * * * *

Summing up—(1) study the various mediums of reproduction. (2) Know what happens your drawing after the engraver gets it. (3) Draw a man like a man, not some geometric pattern. (4) Leave a business-like impression with the Art Director—be normal. Normal men like to meet normal men—when they want curiosities they visit museums. All the unfavorable impressions that business men have of artists has been caused by a few abnormal or subnormal creatures who imagine that the arms and crest of genius is long hair, rampant on a field of dirty linen.

So in closing, the best of luck. You are the ones who must follow on and fill the ranks of those who are making advertising palatable. Mix your Higgins Ink, if you will, with genius, but, above all, apply it with common sense.

Experiences in Sketching

WINCHELL PRICE

Drawing by Lee Yook Tong

THERE is scarcely an occupation that mankind has chosen for the channels of expression more open for lasting material to go down in the great book of memory than outdoor sketching, whether by the master, the casual student or the happy amateur.

When I first started sketching, I worked in water-colours entirely. How I did it was a marvel, for one could hardly imagine a greater collection of objects There were at least three preserving jars filled with water, rags enough for a small quilt, an umbrella, an easel made out of three pieces of wood, and paint brushes ad infinitum.—Yes, all the fancy colours:—brown, pink, violet, King's yellow, prussian blue—must have prussian blue—and all others that had a good name and nothing more.

Now, how was I going to walk most of the afternoon hunting for a subject, with all this freight on hand? One day I seized upon an idea. There were the Garman children just over the track—jam-faced, smutty, flaxen headed children. And so it came about. They agreed for five cents each to help me in my sketching trips. They were to come the next day.

"Winchell Price, who are these youngsters at the back door? They said that you wanted them," mother questioned. I had forgotten to tell her.

"Such queer-looking children—so dirty—who are they?" Why don't you play with boys your own age? You can't have them in here." Piles of rags, heaps of paint-pans and tubes, brushes and jars, were being jammed into baskets—three in all—and there was a last frantic effort to find the old umbrella. I explained the whole thing and mother fully enjoyed the joke.

Once outside I gave each lad a basket. I took my easel, drawing board and umbrella. It was a hot day, so I decided to go to the harbour and paint the scenes.

Upon finding the desired subject, after having tramped a good hour, I at once set up my easel and sat down to make sure I was in the right place.

"Now," I began, with an air of satisfaction and domination, "bring me the basket containing the colours and brushes." Whereupon the eldest child stepped up briskly without a word.

The sun was tremendously hot. I couldn't hold the umbrella and paint at the same time—though since I have learned to do so—and so I got one of the troop—the jammiest and dirtiest of the lot—to hold the umbrella over me. The other two took turns. They changed the paint water and got a fresh rag every moment or so. And so, far into the afternoon, I had three silent helpmates—uncommonly silent they were, too.

There were months with no vivid occurrence, and finally the time came when, now painting in oils, I went to Peterboro to sketch. It was there that quite a significant experience took place.

It was a sultry August afternoon. I stepped out from a wood and started out for a hayfield where a huge oak lay all bronzed in the relentless flood of sunshine. The heat waves reeled and twisted over the entire place. The cecadas resounded with that stinging tune from the trees. I was getting thirsty. No house in sight for at least a mile, and it looked so strangely unsteady in the heat. Nevertheless, I started to work. The shade of my umbrella was delightful. All I needed was a drink—oh, a nice cool drink of water, crystal clear.

Suddenly, under the shade of the oak, I perceived the figure of a boy. He came steadily towards me. I was annoyed. Why did he have to come? I was in no condition to be bothered. I sat very still and fairly glared. As the boy came closer I studied him. He was a small lad, about eight years of age. Beneath a great straw hat was a face, ruddy of complexion and with a pair of frank blue eyes that had a trace of diffidence in them. The mouth was shut tight as if he were driven by some resolve. He was barefooted and had blue overalls over a white jersey. He was carrying a small parcel.

"Ha! I guess this is an order off the property, or something," I exclaimed to myself. "What does he want ? Just the same thing, of course—just to bother me. Well," I said, a trifle briskly, "rather hot."

"Yes," came a very feeble but pleasant reply.

I didn't put the paint on so violently. His shadow fell upon the ground in front of me.

"I br—ought you somethin' to eat," he said, a little timidly.

"You—I beg your pardon—I didn't hear. You brought me something to eat, did you say?"

"Yes."

"Did you come from the house over there?"

"Yes. I have some milk here for—for you."

I was as one in a daze.

Something to eat ! Milk to drink ! How unusual ! Then the truth dawned on me. I was chagrined for my feelings. The lad placed on my lap a napkin, cool and moist, inside which were lettuce sandwiches and cookies. Could I have been dreaming ? I saw something else in all this—a mother's thoughtful hand.

"Did your mother do this ?" I said, almost in a whisper.

"Yes; she saw you out here and thought you might need something. She gave me some milk for you, too "

I really couldn't say much. I was quite stricken with the beauty and strangeness of the whole affair. The milk was very cold. The lad was shy and said little. When I was finished, I sent my warmest thanks to that unselfish mother and, bidding "good-bye" to the boy, watched him on his return, still wondering if I were dreaming.

One decidedly warm day a number of students at Port Hope spent a day farther out in the country for a fresh grasp on the subject of landscape painting. Owing to the excessive heat, I took an umbrella along with me I can hold an umbrella with one hand and paint with the other, with no difficulty at all, provided too strong a gale does not blow up.

When lunch was over, I decided to get a view of the countryside, as the humidity lent a opalescent hue to the entire landscape which merged strangely with the tones of the sky far out on the horizon. How delighted

I was that I had my umbrella ! The other students immediately found the object they wished to paint and we were all working hard in a few moments.

"Look out !" called one. "Here they come !" I turned quickly in the direction of a muffled sound and saw possibly ten or more cattle coming towards me. I felt more annoyed than alarmed—cattle are curious creatures and cows are seldom dangerous.

Suddenly an idea came to me. "Just let them come right up to me and watch." I began, at the same time, putting my brushes down. "There's going to be an exhibition in one second or so, and possibly ——"

There at my left and from behind were the curious, wild-looking animals. Some blew furiously through their nostrils. One, braver than the others, a surly-looking, black brute, made several determined strides in my direction. "We'd better run. There might be a bull," one of the girls continued with growing alarm. "Just give me a second." I answered. "I want them to be very quiet. Then—watch the penny show."

Closer they came. Suddenly up I leaped, jumping high in the air and throwing and catching my umbrella and dashing pell-mell into the midst of the herd.

With a terror-stricken appearance, their tails waving in the air, the cattle stampeded for possibly a distance of two hundred yards. I sat down and started to work.

"Here they come on the run ! They're going to get even with us now," were the words I heard, as I turned, only again to see them coming at us in a more forceful manner. Again I began leaping and dancing with the umbrella, and going through all sorts of antics.

When I came back, I found the students convulsed with laughter. They said they never saw a better off-hand wild-west show in their lives.

Needless to say, we had no curiosity seekers for the rest of the seething afternoon, for the animals stood at long distance in a bunch and seemed most ill at ease.

The Grange Craft Shop and Studios

IN November, 1929, a group of Art students leased the old Bolton residence at 15 Grange Road, and converted it into a craft shop and studio centre. This because of its excellent location in the section which is contributing so consistently to and is the recognized centre of creative art in this city, should be of special interest to those who follow the activities of the Ontario College of Art, the Toronto Art Gallery, and the Art Students' League.

The house is of very solid, old brick construction and has on its four floors a number of studios ranging from a small room with a quaint fireplace to more spacious studios with large bay windows. Practically all of the lighting is from the north or south, making them ideal for painting. Those who model in clay, too, find equally good accommodation for their work on any of the floors. The house is surrounded by ample garden space which sets it well apart from neighbouring buildings, and in which one finds a most desirable seclusion from the affairs of the street. There are several very interesting old sheds and barns behind the house which, with little effort, can be transformed into unusually fine studios. On the main floor of the house there are at the present time the Craft Shop, the Lunch Room, and a store to provide artists' supplies. It is hoped that the lunch room may soon be set up in an unique basement room which is well lighted by windows above the ground level, thus leaving the main floor free for exhibits. There has been a certain amount of difficulty experienced during the past winter in heating the large place with its present furnace equipment, but, with sufficient interest being shown by students, these details will be adjusted.

The work of transforming the old residence into some semblance of a gallery was quite an undertaking, as it had been vacant for many years and had accumulated more than its share of rubbish. Unfortunately for those who did the renovating, some invader of its vacancy who seemed to have a sense of "junk" values, decamped with all the lead plumbing pipe rather than with the old gas fixtures which had long since ceased to function. These problems of refitting were overcome by a willing group of workers and now the Grange Studios have a large gallery with a collection of the work of contemporary artists and students of art for sale. Among the arts and crafts represented are painting, sculpture, metal and leather work, pottery, batiks and weaving. In connection with the studios and gallery there is a department which provides frames and supplies by special arrangement with the Artists' Supply Co. The students are not, of course, permitted to undersell the down town prices, but those requiring supplies are provided with this convenience at the same rates, while the students in charge of the craft shop receive a commission., The lunch room regularly serves moderately priced breakfasts, lunches teas and dinners to any who would take advantage of its facilities, whether they be artists, students of art, those interested in the purchase of the crafts on sale, or merely casual visitors. It is sincerely hoped that this department will constantly bring these groups together in a pleasantly informal manner.

A most interesting feature conducted by this gallery is the periodical one-man exhibition. Among those who have thus exhibited are Arthur Lismer, Tom Stone, George Broomfield and, at the present time, Dr. F. G. Banting, who is showing sketches of his recent Quebec trip, to be followed by A. G. Jadsson's spring exhibit. These showings have done more in bringing before the public the works of all contributors to the Craft Shop than have any other factors, and they have received the approval of the foremost art critics of the city. Sir William Clarke, British High Commissioner to Canada, and a hearty admirer of the Canadian arts, upon being informally entertained there recently, displayed a very keen interest in one of these exhibits and in the enterprise as a whole.

It will be definitely of interest to any who may not be familiar with the objects of this movement to know that it is an essentially co-operative undertaking to provide a centre for all art students of all the schools,,to which they may bring their work for exhibition and sale. There is no fee for the showing of crafts, etc., but a small percentage, of course, is charged for sales to provide for the maintenance of the house and its purpose. Suffice it to say that the details of the co-operative system have been worked out with the aid of certain of the members of the Economics Department of the University of Toronto upon exemplary lines.

As the gallery's object is the sale of Canadian arts and crafts, they have a selective committee which comprises three of the foremost educators in that line—Mr. Arthur Lismer of the Toronto Art Gallery, Mr. J. E. H. MacDonald of the Ontario College of Art, and Mr. Peter Haworth of the Toronto Technical Schools. All exhibited work must pass this committee, thus assuring the purchaser of a high standard of Canadian art and granting to the exhibitor, at the same time, a certain desirable status.

The ultimate future and success of this undertaking rests entirely with the many and scattered art groups who become definitely interested in it. Its original organization came as a recognition of the long-felt want of a centre of this nature, where many of similar interests may be brought together, not only for the sale of their arts and crafts, but for the stimulation which it should afford to their efforts in building up an indigenous Canadian art. This can be most fully realized only by the genuine co-operation of all whose interests lead them to give it the support which its purpose seems to deserve.

W. T. Hood.

HUSH

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

Is it still unshrinkable?
Is it true that Mr. Holmes has a half interest in "Old Spain ?"
Why does Phyllis Hipwell ?
Does Casey have to use a moustache-cup now ?
Has Bob Walty a secret sorrow or is it only the strain of purity ?
Does Mr. McDonald really endorse Buckingham's ?
Is Ruth seriously considering a career in Grand Opera ?
Did Ed save Turret coupons for that car of his ?

Some gentlemen who had met Doris at a Girls' Camp were surprised that she should send life paintings to Hart House.

MR. BEATTY—That head is an inch too long for the torse.
MRS. FOLEY—It was that way yesterday; the model has moved.

HISTORY OF ART TOPICS

Did Ghiberti wash his bronze drawers in tempera ?
Did he use a mixture of egg and glue ?
Did the drawers shrink or expand following the procedure?
What was the result on the buttons ?

FLO—What do you think of Mr. Johnston's temperas ?
ELEANORE—I've never seen him in a rage.

HEARD AND OVERHEARD

It might have just a scrap more between the eyes.
Now, it's a funny thing——
Get some pretty colour on the lips.
Now, class——
Say kids——
Why didn't you do it some other way?
That's quite nice.
Try and feel the planes.
That's not very happy.
It might be rather fun to do this.
Tea—eee ?
My dea-ah——
I hope you're not trying to seduce me ?

SOCIETY NOTES

The early spring social event at the Ontario College of Art took the form of a Lawn Fête. Ablaze were the gardens with a riot of colour provided by one crocus which was later used between the teeth of Miss Doris McCarthy in one of her famous dances of Spanish extraction, which formed one of the high points of the entertainment.

Entrancingly was Dame Fashion portrayed in many new Paris creations for studio wear. Miss Helen Staunton looked charming in a smartly belted smock of Prussian Blue which struck a new note in its fringed brevity, affording freedom as well as style. Charming was another ensemble in tones of dun displayed by Mr. Casey, expressing subtly the Princess line.

Glorious was the glittering galaxy of gayly garbed girls gliding gleefully o'er the gravel. Cambridge cosmetics set up a new vogue in makeup.

Seductive were the strains of music from the hand organ of Signor Buonarroti Spaghetti, a brother of the equally famous Catelli Spaghetti, leader of the renowned string quartette.

Droll was the climax provided by Mr. Edgar K. Noffke's impersonation of an anthropoid. The departing guest departed with but one regret that Mr. Noffke did not render his equally famous interpretation of a rabbit.

THE THINKER
LINOLEUM CUT BY TED DROVER

"To one who feels, life is a tragedy.
To one who thinks, life is a comedy."

Death of the Wind

R. Marguerite Penman

'Twas twilight and the earth was wrapp'd
Within a mantle grey,
But on one cloud edge flickered yet
A fading crimson ray.

The wind complaining mournfully
To ev'ry rock and tree,
Stole gently down the wooded cliff
And thence towards the sea.

Caressing all upon its way
With listless, lulling hand,
It drifted to the margin where
The water kissed the sand.

When darkness stalked across the sky
With one enormous stride,
Somewhere upon that lonely shore
The weary wind had died.

The Deserted Farmhouse

Down in the valley
Weeds,
Broken fences,
A winding lane;
The evening dusk falls again
On a vine-clad door.
I pass it by;
Then pause;
Fall for a time into reverie;
Wonder how it came to be
Deserted.
Birds sing softly round
The silent house and fast-barred door.
No cheery laughter—
Only silence—
Solitude.

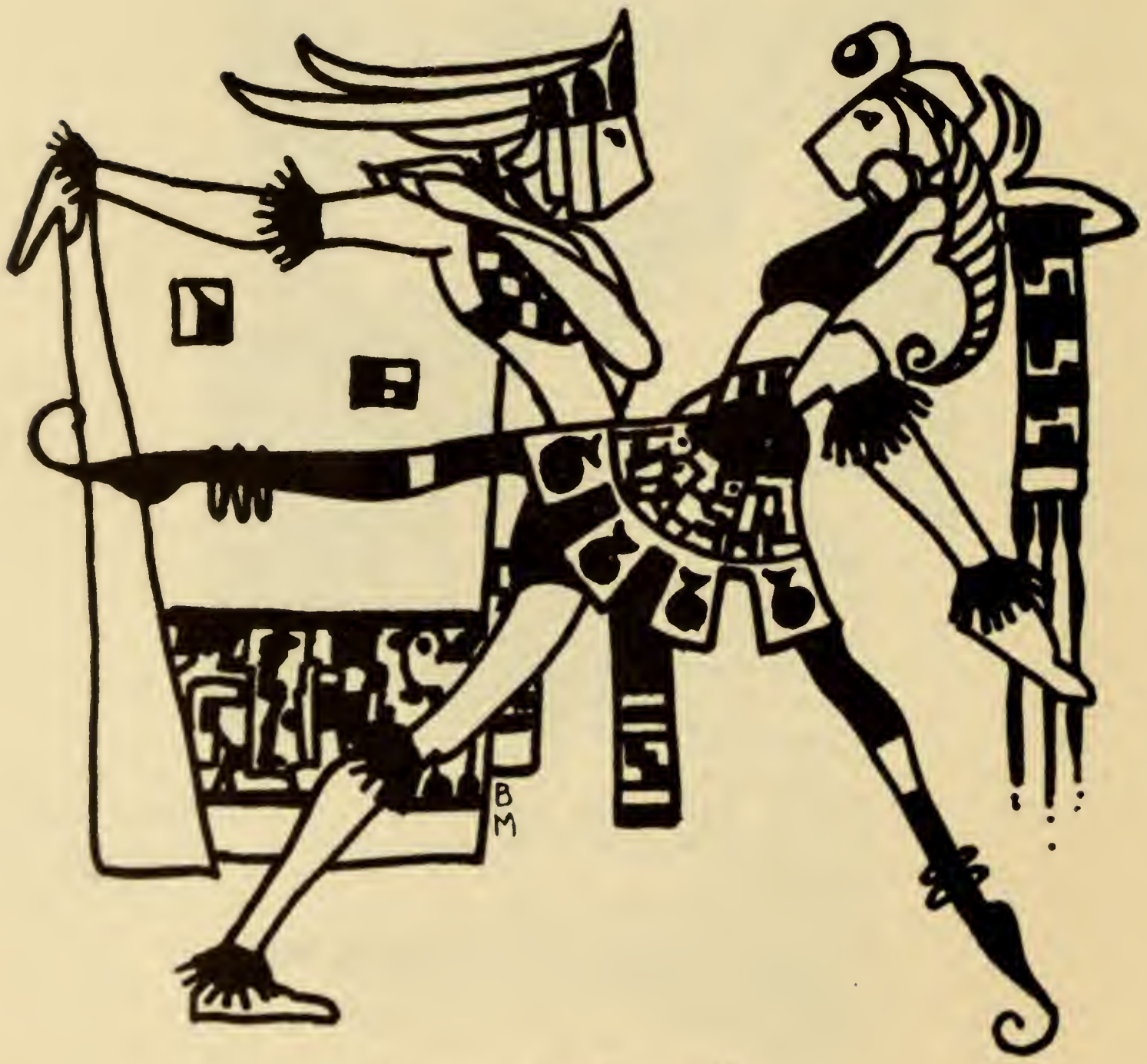
Merry Ann.

The Malcontent

J. G. Reidford

She sighed,
And wished
That she had died.

She died,
And wished
She had not sighed.



Decoration by Betty Maw

Stained Glass in Toronto

MARGARET PEAKE BENTON

THE art of stained glass, though many centuries old, seems to be experiencing quite a revival in this modern age, appearing in all forms in the churches and commercial houses of our own city.

Most people have a vague knowledge of the art in general, but how many know anything of its theory and practice or have even taken the trouble of locating any of the fine examples which exist in this very city?

Before going any farther, it might be interesting to step behind the scenes and take a peep at the stained-glass artist at work. We see him, having received an order, struggling with pencil and paper to work out his ideas. These first rough sketches completed, he transfers his design to a large sheet of Whatman's or other smooth water-colour paper. The drawing carefully finished, he proceeds to paint or preferably to outline with brown water-proof ink, representing the lead lines. I say .preferably the latter, because it enables him to clean up his drawing more easily before painting, and he is better able to gauge the proper value of colour as seen against the darkness of the lead line.

When painting, he uses a good transparent water-colour to give the crispness and sparkle of the glass.

Having completed this small design, which is usually on a scale of one inch to the foot, he proceeds to enlarge it to the required size. This stage is called the cartoon and done in black and white wash or charcoal and chalk. As a rule, a cartoon must be made for each section, often for each figure, since it must be carried out in such detail.

The cartoon made, the next step is the outline, which is a tracing from the cartoon showing only the portion of the lead lines. This is to be used in the cutting of the glass. The outline is laid over the glass to be cut with a piece of transfer paper between, and a tracing made on the glass, which is afterwards cut with the diamond or other tool.

Sometimes the glass is used in its original colour, but generally it is painted or flashed and fired, the flesh always being painted.

The glass having been cut, painted and fired, is now ready for the leading, soldering, and lastly cementing. With the addition of the iron bars, which are soldered to the leads by means of copper wires, our window is complete.

A long and tedious performance, you say; but isn't it worth the time and labour when you see the finished product in all its richness of colour, glowing in the light of the late afternoon sun?

One Thursday morning, a few weeks ago, the Design Class, accompanied by Mr. Stansfield, set out on a "stained-glass tour." Our first stop was made at the studios of the Lyons Stained Glass firm, Whence Mr. Lyon conducted the party through St. Michael's and St. James' Cathedrals, lecturing on the various types and points of interest of the windows.

In St. Michael's there was great variety of style, including English, French and German, as well as Canadian windows of a somewhat later

date. Perhaps the most unusual and imposing is the large front window, designed and brought out from France for the Cathedral by some French priests. Although rather crude in execution, the glass being unpainted also, it nevertheless has great richness of colour, lacking entirely that muddiness frequently found in painted glass. The German windows interested us, being among the earliest imported glass in the city.

In St. James' Cathedral the side windows depict the history of the church, but are rather lacking in colour. Those in the chancel, however, are quite rich, while the small Nordheimer window is a real gem. Our attention was directed to an opal glass window, which is entirely unpainted, several thicknesses of glass being used in places to give depth and richness. This type of glass is practically extinct, we were told, and from various bulges in the window, we decided that it, too, would soon be in the same category.

Returning, we retraced our steps to Lyons', where we were shown various designs and processes in the carrying out of a window, which I have attempted to set down, briefly, above. In fact, we could scarcely tear ourselves away when our watches, and that peculiar feeling within, told us that lunch time was past.

Although we only visited the two churches that day, there are many others containing beautiful examples of the art.

Personally, I consider the windows of the new Metropolitan church, which are valued at forty-two thousand dollars, about the finest I have seen; such richness and variety of colours, symbolism and design!

In the Timothy Eaton church is the famous and beautiful "Light of the World," by Holman Hunt.

Commercial or secular glass, while not as common or highly developed as ecclesiastical, has also come into favour and adorns many of our buildings. An example of the former may be seen in the city hall, facing the entrance.

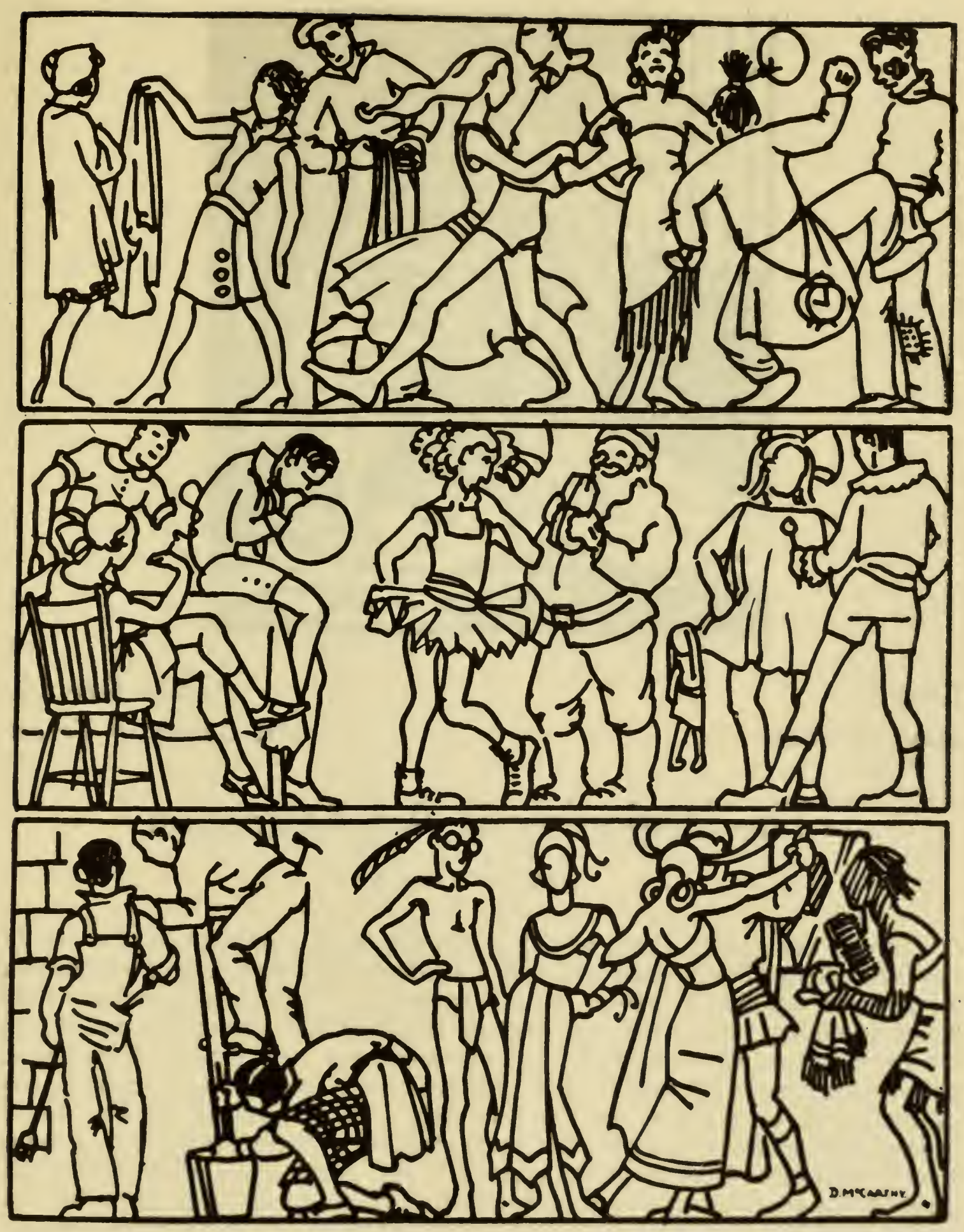
Hart House also boasts a number, three in the library and three in the chapel, the latter consisting of bits of glass gathered from the battle-fields of France.

Space here prevents a lengthier description, but let us hope that this may rouse a keener interest and evolve a deeper appreciation of this art which is coming into such prominence in our land.

Barrier

LEONARD BROOKS

Tear down the wall
So near I am and yet I cannot see;
Could I but peer beyond
Where lost in mist the quiet night
Bears no voice, lying deep
Like still brown waters.



'MEMBER?

October 25, December 21,
February 13

LINO CUT
Saturday Class

ALFRED MITCHELL
Art Gallery of Toronto

The Beginning of Art Education

ARTHUR LISMER

It was not so very long ago that Art Students commenced their training by making detailed and wearisome studies of plaster casts of ornamental forms and acanthus leaves, cones, cylinders, prisms, and cubes. The proof of ability in the Arts Student of 35 years ago, under the old tightly bound systems, was estimated (to his profession and fellow students) as to how long he could sustain the performance of producing a masterpiece of imitation of the cast in front of him. With pointed rubber, paper stumps and powdered chalk, the prize student would hold the other members of the class breathless with anxiety and admiration while he demonstrated his amazing uselessness, his skill in walking off with the academic medals and his position as pet pupil of the instructor. In the public schools and high schools, the teachers, trained under this system, handed on the tyranny to young charges and compressed *their* years of study into potted courses in tedium and dullness and handed it out in "homo-pathetic" doses to the poor little victims. Consequently, school children were made to do the Art Lesson as a child is made to take medicine, compulsory but not enjoyable.

It produced a fine crop of people who, in our day, may be classed as the middle-aged, respectability class. They are nice people who go to

shows, talkies, popular revues—read "old master" gossip in the Art News—all the comic strips, and never express views on politics until they read the morning papers.

Art Education nowadays is much better. The children in schools do have a chance to express something of the life around them, and, when, and if, they reach the Art School with some imagination left, they have a little better chance of preserving their souls alive.

But Art appreciation begins early and it is in the early ages, from 8 years to 13 years of age, that the artist is born and made, or whatever spark of desire and genius for the arts is carried along on the wings of these junior years to make some sort of illumination later in life. It is not realized sufficiently that Art is the language of childhood, as well as an adult expression. Without dropping into sentimental error by assuring that all the drawing, design and colour work done by children *is* Art, yet it is just as much an Art expression in proportion to the ages of youth as it is in adult age.

The beginnings of encouragement should not be delayed. If we believe that character is forming—not fixed—from the cradle days onward, it is not the less true of Art. As it is, an art student usually arrives at an Art School after having gone through preliminary and valuable years between entrance and matriculation, with no Art experience other than a little in the first year of High School. It is just these years that are valuable in the gaining of momentum and experience, for it is about 13 years of age—it varies a little, of course—that the artist is born, the one whose job it is to carry the torch forward.

It is in the period prior to that age that the need of sympathetic understanding of the child is essential to the future welfare. In the Ontario College of Art there is a Junior Course doing valuable work, in that it is the means of enabling those with some talent to commence their art education and to run it concurrently with their high school or public school training. If the records were traced, and they are available, the early commencement of these young art students could be shown to have been of great value to their future success. This brief article could not begin to go into the history of movements or the experience at home and abroad with child art and early training. The Art Gallery of Toronto enters the field with an idea that has taken hold and has its spectacular side which must appear marvellous to the uninitiated, especially those who think that Art belongs only to the professional artist, and to a very exclusive few having special gifts. But there is really nothing wonderful about it. It is so easy and natural for the child to draw and to draw well. It is one of the signs of healthy childhood that they take a genuine interest in their environment, and what they see they want to draw, or put down in some way. Feed them with the opportunity and the materials, try and keep out of it as an instructor propounding principles and practice, and the rest takes care of itself.

The children who come to the Art Gallery are specially selected—they may be described as "talented" children. Not all will be artists, but all, from 12 upward, have established their claim to recognition of their desire to become artists, in *their* interpretation of the world. There are young children from 8 to 10 years of age who are formed into the younger group. They are introduced, by pleasant and graded means, into the matter of

picture making. Everything they are fed with is sustaining, and they copy voraciously anything in sight, re-interpreting the forms and colours of the pictures into their own language. The older ones, from 11 to 13, are given the same, with the added experience of making pictures, murals, posters, modelling, illustrations, line cuts, etc., of their own creation. Guidance, rather than instruction, is the rule of the class, and their energy in the various forms of art expression is amazing. Their work is kept and carefully graded, and progress noted. Those who are old enough, and are selected, will be handed over to the College of Art, to commence their further experience in the Junior Course. I have no doubt that in a few years they will be going through the courses, and getting a sense of direction, according to their particular talents. The Art Gallery will see them again when their pictures and sculpture and illustrations appear on the walls with the annual Canadian exhibitions. In the Ontario Society of Artists' exhibition last year, there were, hanging on the walls as exhibitors, the pictures or sculpture of about 15 young artists who, seven or eight years ago, were students in the Junior Course of the Ontario College of Art, apart from those who had been rejected and whose work was in the cellar.

Early experience and training is important, and, if parents will insist on matriculation as a preparation for university and for life, then the best they can do is to see that their children get some art training along with their regular school work. This is where the Art Gallery fits in.

ARTHUR LISMER,
Educational Supervisor,
Art Gallery of Toronto.

Decoration by Leonard Brooks

"Out of the East, Light"

A LETTER FROM A JAPANESE STUDENT OF ART

It has been long time since I left Toronto, and also long time since my last letter I sent (year before last December). I am very sorry that I am a regular laze fellow as a frog in the pond, but I can explain for it on some day in future.

During the year of 1926 I met about 10 art students from Toronto or have been in O.C.A. They know me through your speaking. I am very glad to hear it as you are not forget me.

As they say, New York is Great City in the world on the earth. Great is great, and great produce great always. New York gave me hard luck, but great hard luck as I were sent to the hospital (first time in my life and would not like to have second). However, I learned very much *about what?* About *the philosophy* of *nature* and *human life*, and *psychology.* Of course I learned much human anatomy under George B. Bridgman. But above two subjects which I learned or I should say I studied by myself will be worthy for my future life and art. For that I would like you to say it. "Yes."

I came back from bath in Y.M.C.A. now, and I feel very well, so I am start this letter. Before Xmas I had no chance to take a bath in three month, because I did not like visit my friend for the bath, so that I went the Y.M.C.A. and got membership to use bath and shower, since after I am going to take bath every day.

I had more bad time in New York than in Toronto, but no one would help me and I myself did not ask them. Now I have many opportunity to get money which *they call* Commercial Art, that is *Lamp Shad or Furniture. Notice* Mr. M. when I get in hospital with bad Flu and Newmonia? Most people who had my favour they did not care of me they did not send me post card either, because my temperture was over 100 and Japanese paper said very sick. "*This is the most sad part of human nature,*" I believe.

While I was in hospital after getting well I had very good time for rest my body, I worked too hard as I was teaching until 2 o'clock in the morning sometime, if student stay. God send me beautiful flowers to the hospital through my friends, and he sent me very kind man who is my old chum.

This is the wonderful piece of fortune, to say that I met my old chum in the subway just few weeks before I got sick, if not I could not come back into the world again.

He is now studying his line and going back to Japan in June. He came to New York to see me on Jan. 1st. We went to Chinatown to the Chop Suey, in our speaking, it remind of my sickness last year, and he said I were looking happy and comfortable on the day of most bad condition, and asked me what do I believe? I said nothing but God, but he want me to tell him more, so I told him half of answer which I did not tell completely. When he asked me in hospital, "Mr. Yemido, if there

is anything for me to do I shall be very glad to hear for the futur," this question made me mad and I said, I remember: "Cut that nonsense. I am not going to die. How could I? I have much things to do." He said, "I am glad your mind is strong enough," and I had sleep.

Now I have to explain my thought completely for him. I said:

"Might is right *only when might is right.* No one born for nothing since creation, for that God gives them some power to do something. But unfortunately if one of them born on the earth between the parents who love their son or daughter with outline or beautiful face and yet they have enough of money. Poor he or she never know what is might and do something wrong with this or her might. But when that might is not right that might never be right. There are many living example for that. God never help them. Instade of that one who attempt to do something for the good porpuse, and he has his own power *7* for the success that is *10*, even if he does his best he cannot get success, but God very easy to see through our minds by his power, and if it necessary he gives him power of 3 more by the inspiration. There is God only when we working with our best toward the finish and he is standing above and betwen us and porpuse, he never show his body while we are human being. I can see him and maybe you can after I finished this story, but Great Number of people who are living as a dim light or mistry never would see. Even if they go to church he shall never to see them. Of course God living in church. The real church I mean it is very big building as large as covered the earth and God I believe is sometimes very small as the point of needle and sometimes larger than the church as he connects Heaven to Hell." Then he said: "I getting mistry with your story, and I think it impossible if the God as small as point of needle he can't be bigger than Earth."

I said: "Don't think of Contrast or Volume for while and think of secret of power of God.

"Can you see me? All right. Then, do you think the value of my body is more than one dollar?"

He said, "sure."

I said: "Not, but only 92 cents. 8c less than $1. If somebody break my body and change it to the *Oil* and *sugar* and *salt* that worth about 92 cents, but everything think the worth of Yemido more than $10.00 where is the worth of $9.08?" There is soul with my body that is real Yemido. When I am making something, my soul is making it, body is secondly. Where is the Volume? How can you measure of the soul? For instance, while I am fixing my stocking with the needle and trying the strings put through the hole of needle, my soul working for the hole. That time size of myself is about same to the hole of it, because my soul is really myself. Do you understand, then, which do you think larger between *Woolworth Bldg.* and Yemido?"

He said: "It isn't compered."

I said: "sure of course I myself much bigger than Woolworth Bldg."

He surprised and said, "Why?"

I said: "Look at my face," and I shut my eyes. "Now I have Woolworth Bldg. in my head. Then which is bigger? Myself is bigger than my head and Building is in my head. As you see it now I am bigger than Woolworth Building. Of course God is bigger than Earth as he is

Creater. But sometimes when he wants to help me he will come to me as the size about same as I am. Otherwise he is too big to see me.

"My sickness was not real sick. God gave me sick temporarily and send me to the Hospital to take rest if not Yemido never take a rest and he will work until he dead. Therefore he came to see me before 3 weeks the time that I were sent to there. God came to see me by your body. Did you know it?" He said: "No, what am I now?" I said: "As you do not know it you are human being, but I am very glad that even for short time your blood registered in the family of God, and you're still my old chum."

He asked me, "How did you know that you are not going to die as you said?"

I said: "I feel my duty to finish it that is the work of art and thinking of it always so that on the day when I had high temperture maybe I thought myself as soul and if my body is gone I will work continuously in Heaven and so I said that, *maybe.*"

He likes my strength of belief. I have had very interesting time with talking about the soul and spirit of art and we spent more than 5 hour in Chinatown in our free language in Japanese.

I found it very interesting that my school work was better after sick. When I thought I am strong I went to school again, it was August last year and met Mr. Bridgman. He was glad to see me and as usual he made me warm. First he said: "Made me thumb side of hand in any position." I made it of course without model. He said all right and next he want me to make little finger side by hand, and next he said, "Made me head in any way but eye and ear must be lebel." I passed these hard question, then he gave me Greek stature and said, "Only constract it. Don't draw."

I did it. Then he said, "Very good," unusual word for him, and said, "Where did you study since you left my class?" I said I was in bed mostly and was in Hospital one month and now returned to draw first time. Bridgman said: "But you not forget everything," and he left class. Next day he came to me especially and sit down beside of myself and said, "Young man you have passed 100 yards, but you have another 100 yards to run. Notice second 100 yards is much harder than in first. From now on you will go on by yourself if something want me to tell you ask me. *Remember the drawing realy is understanding.*" And he gone away from the class. By those short words I got many thing for the study. I believe the time of my rest made me more quiet and pure. Since then I caught into rush of New York again. However, I believe it is very good place here for the few years, not more than that. I won't forget New York in my life, but I decided to leave here as soon as possible. If I recall past time when I was walking with 11c around the Times Sqe. I feel I myself as the subject of the novel. I went to read the book to the Library but I couldn't stay, so I left there to the 8th Ave. for nothing and get into the show (10c show) to forget everything but picture does not interest me at all. I was just sitting down and still thinking the same picture came back on the stage but I am there. When they laugh I feel sad. Show is finished. I have to get out. Suddenly there came big shower. I left only 1c in my pocket. It was the time I got letter from you.

In that night I was thinking all through the night about myself, but I thought this is the time to be thoroughgoing with my phyrosophy. I said thank you with your letter with all my heart but it seem to me that is one of examination by the God for my phyrosophy.

Issa says in his Hokku Poem:

Yase gaeru Makeruna
" " "

thin frog don't lose
Issa koreni ari
" " "

I here am

I past most hard time with your kind letter. *At last* I got a job with *Lamp shade.* I had hard time more that, but they are away to the old story.

WOOD CUT
NARCISSE PELLETTIER

An Ancient Surveys Us

FRANKLIN CASEY

I noticed him first because of his tawny-orange bald pate and because he shook his head deprecatingly before Lawren Harris's "Lighthouse, Father Point,"and smiled pityingly the while. He was obviously foreign and considerably inclined towards the rotund. He carried a heavy overcoat and a bowler hat and just missed being unnoticeably dressed by the slightest shade of shabbiness. His remarkably coloured scalp was wrinkled slightly at the back above a fringe of grizzled hair. "Jewish," I decided, and turned again to the picture before which I was sitting, a picture of an island heaving itself sea-lion-like out of an eternal mystery of northern sea.

Presently someone hesitated beside me. "Egxcuse me," said a rather thick voice, "You are a ardt student?"

I looked up and met the earnest gaze of eyes as brown as burnt sienna or the varnish of the old masters. A faint odour of garlic drifted down to me. I decided that my guess as to his nationality was incorrect.

When I had admitted that I was one of those things he mentioned, he shifted his coat to his other arm and gestured sweepingly: "Perhaps you will tell me, vat you think of these."

I replied as nonchalantly as possible that I thought some of the pictures were splendid, and some of them were awful.

He of the fascinating baldness bent a little nearer and launched forth: "They are all awful; I know because I am an artist and for years I have studied in Germany. These pigtures are only posters—they are not so good as posters. Don't they make you ill in your stomach? Vat do you see now in that one?"

Often in the gallery I am asked for explanations, but this was a new sort of questioner, so I, not unwillingly, replied: "I think you are missing something if you see nothing in that. I see the vastness and mystery of a tragic northern land."

My little artist looked for a while and then shook his head. "Maybe there is some feeling of mystery, as you say, but the artist cannot see more than a child. Never have I seen anything like this. It is not real."

Thereupon I drew a deep breath and explained that the Group of Seven was interested more in the inwardness than in the outwardness of things; that they tried to see with the mind as well as with the eyes; that their pictures were poetry as well as painting.

"But look at that one now. I haf painted mountains in Switzerland and never haf I seen a mountain like that."

I suggested that Canada was not Switzerland, but admitted that the picture said nothing to me, although perhaps it had meaning to Mr. Harris.

"But it iss not painting: compare it to the work of the old masters now."

"Ah, but these men are painting new subjects, so they paint in a new way. They could be old masters if they chose."

"Vat do they tell you at your school about these things?"

"They tell us nothing. We learn a bit of the knowledge of the past and form our own opinions."

My friend was becoming excited and still did not believe that I really saw anything in these pictures. "How about that, now, and that?" and he swept the black derby from the Emily Carr abstractions to Bertram Brooker's spruces.

I hastened to admit that I disliked the former and loathed the latter, colour and spirit.

"Ach! and about those nudes, now ?"

"I think they are well studied—almost classical."

My artist came close and bent down. I was aware of the garlic again. "I vill tell you somethings: indecent poses, that's vat they are." He nodded vigorously and drew himself up, clasping his overcoat with both arms. "Haf you read vat Leonardo da Vinci says about how to paint a nude? No?"

I was properly withered by this, but interposed that Leonardo was hardly an authority on decency.

"And another thing: this Group of Seven, as you call them, they all paint just the same way."

But here I rose in my wrath and, towing my acquaintance behind me, proceeded to point out the originality of each of the Seven. To my surprise he did find, on our tour, a few things to his liking, and duly admired some of Mr. Jackson's snow, and the smaller of Mr. MacDonald's mountain canvases. Pointing out a section of the latter, he exclaimed "that mountain-side, that says something now." I mentioned its perfection of design and colour, but such things were arcana apparently to my German.

Before the colourful Varleys, my artist burst out, "A mess, a mess—come and see the Orpens, and I will show you painting."

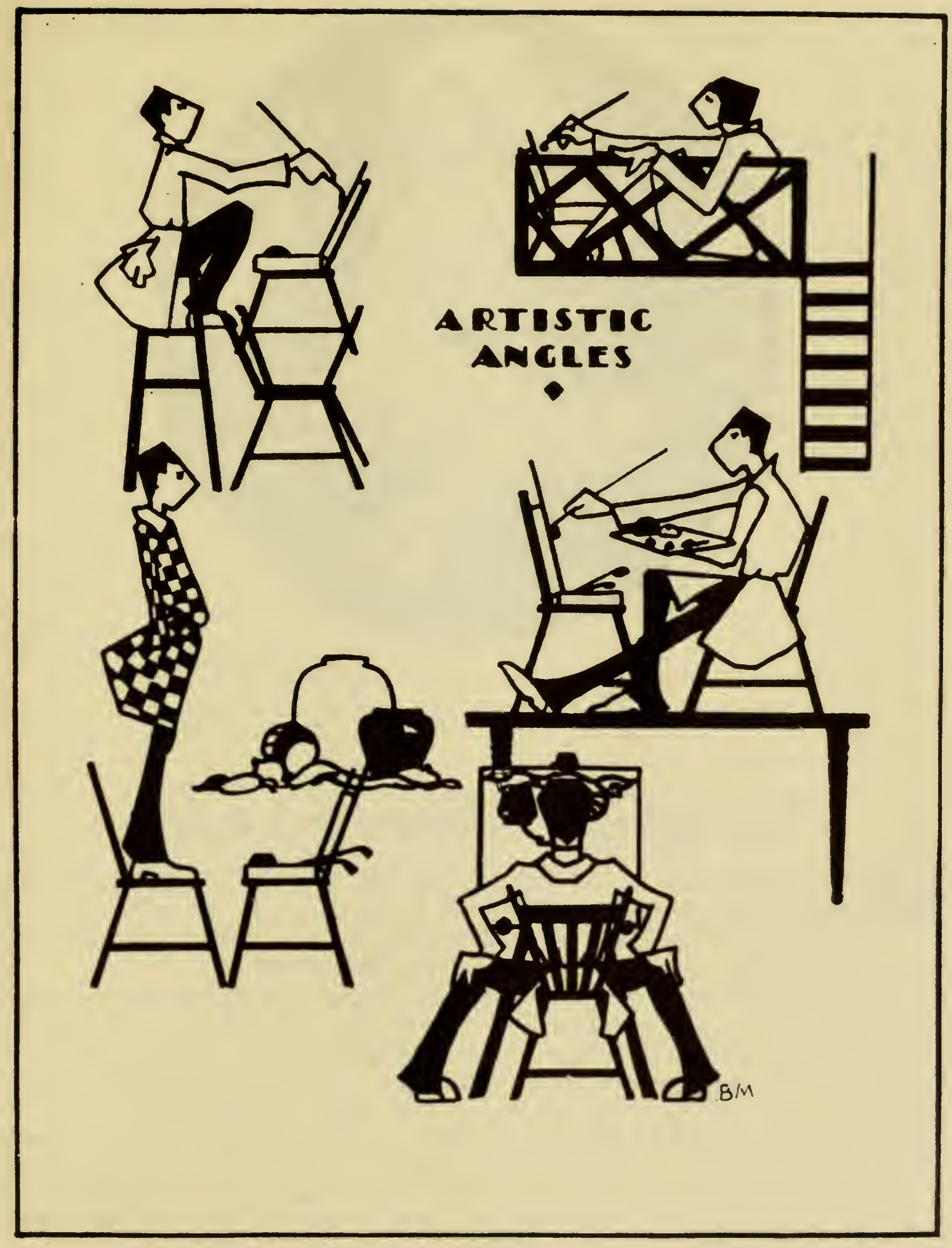
Once in the Fudger Rotunda, however, he dismissed the Orpens, and likewise the Sargent, and held forth on the beauties of the often unnoticed portrait by Paris Bordone. "The finest picture in the gallery," he said, and I was startled because I had recently heard Arbuckle describe this "Portrait of a Man," in exactly the same words.

Before the Sargent, he told me of seeing Joachim's funeral in Berlin years before.

Then we found chairs, and he told me many other things: that he taught his own class in the States; that he had once, in Detroit, been commissioned by a firm of furriers to paint furs of the most costly; that he came from the same town as Walter Damrosch. He spoke of the world's blindness to beautiful things and of his belief that, had he life to live over, he would again choose to be an artist—or else a hermit. At this he sighed and expressed fear that the world would call him a dreamer. He asked me to guess his age and, after consideration, I guessed forty-eight, which proved to be too kind.

When it was time for me to go, he offered his hand and his name.

As I left the room, I glanced back and saw him gazing doubtfully at a Casson water-colour.



DESIGN

BETTY MAW

LINOLEUM CUT
WILLIAM PARSONS

The Italian Exhibition in London

MANY worlds met at Burlington House, Piccadilly, this winter. The Italian pictures sent to London from all parts brought their own atmosphere and the half million people who came to see them recalled by word and gesture their individual outlook on life.

A first visit to the Exhibition is a little overwhelming, for serried masses of humanity hide the pictures until one discovers the art of diving into possible spaces and decamping if necessary into the less crowded galleries. Before the pictures have worked their spell and driven away the present day world, it is interesting to watch this great crowd which has come from so many different motives to see the Art of Italy. Casual remarks reveal a personality; backs are very expressive of enthusiasm, especially in the early rooms where the detail of the pictures is so intriguing that some of the visitors find themselves still in gallery two or three when closing time arrives.

Those early rooms made you feel how dramatic the religious beliefs which the painters loved to express were to them. The miraculous thrilled them. Not for them selection, when all heaven and earth and hell could be crowded onto one canvas. The martyrdom and glorification of a saint, the death of a child and her marvellous return to life—all form one picture, just as a child sees nothing incongruous in drawing the inside of a house and the outside in one enthusiastic creation. One of these

early pictures is called "The Miracle of the Profaned Wafer," and shows in six scenes, side by side, the fate of those who laid impious hands upon the wafer. A woman sells it to a goldsmith who puts the sacred pyx on the fire, but suffers torture at the stake for his wrongdoing. The woman indulges in a timely repentance which brings angels down from heaven on a ladder at the crucial moment when she would have suffered a like fate. The last scene shows angels and devils struggling over the body of the goldsmith for his poor, weak little soul.

Close by, but worlds away in spirit, are the calm saints and virgins of Fra Angelica, far removed from struggle and encircled by golden winged cherubs. Grotto and Filippo Lippi are here, and a little later we come to Botticelli.

There is one picture by Botticelli which is very modern in spirit. It is called "la Derelitta," and shows a young girl crouched in despair outside the closed door of a renaissance palace. Perhaps it is partly the subject, partly the harmony of tones and colours and the absence of any detail which might detract from the poignancy of the theme which suggests modern art.

The sending of so many pictures by Titian, Giorgione, Tintoretto and other great ones to London from all parts is a wonderful expression of modern life linking all worlds together. Other arts beside painting are represented. Venice sent glass, Florence and Rome their tapestries and metal work. The cape which Henry VIII wore at the Field of the Cloth of Gold is here, still rich in gold and crimson, and in the same room is an ancient choir book illustrating a procession of men and boys with banners through a mediaeval street, but filled with the vitality of any age.

The room devoted to drawings shows in several wonderful series of studies something of the workings of the minds of the masters. First sketches for pictures, alterations in light pencil lines, anatomical studies sometimes suggest more than the more elaborate canvas. In this room is a very beautiful marble relief by Michelangelo, "The Virgin and Child and St. John." The Christ-child is leaning on his mother's arm and looking back at St. John. The circular design and the treatment of the three figures recalled Raphael's "Madonna of the Chair."

In the central hall are other wonderful examples of sculpture. In the middle is a statue, also by Michelangelo, probably of David, although the features are more suggestive of Apollo. David is tugging with his left arm at something hanging down his back from the right shoulder—perhaps the sling—and the poise suggests vigor and manliness.

Nearer the wall is a statue by Donatello, which is unmistakably David, although the youthful hero wears a delightful wide-brimmed hat decorated with a wreath. No picture gives any idea of the beauty of that lightly poised and perfectly formed figure and calm face.

It is very interesting to go from the work of the old masters to the 19th century room. At first I felt, here was an anti-climax—the divine fire had gone, but, after a while, that impression gave way to another, and it was a small picture which convinced me that this was only another side of truth. This picture was called, "Christmas at the Hospice," and showed a large room evidently open to the sky, as the benches are thickly covered with snow. Moonlight falls as if through windows onto parts of the benches. The light throughout is subdued. In the fore-

ground a man is seated in an attitude of resignation. In the background is another figure more suggestive of hopelessness. There is truth in every line and tone.

Another picture in this room which made me feel that greatness is not confined to any age was "The Two Mothers," by Segantini. This is a vigorous picture of a peasant mother and child seated in a stable beside a cow and her calf. The rough warmth of the manger bed and the tenderness of the two families are suggested by the treatment in tones of brown and yellow.

Holland, the Flanders of other days, and Italy have all revealed their art anew through these exhibitions in London. The enthusiasm aroused shows that the people of today appreciate what is great in any age and that there are many who believe that beauty is "the best thing God invents."

KATHLEEN HILKEN.

Creed

I am utterly bored:
Could another be more bored?
I am sick with the subtle sins
Of sophistication,
Of its champagne-like immoralities,
Of Turkish cigarettes and satin,
Of scintillating epigrams
And impeccable sauveness.
But nature is yet more nauseating
With its tiresome franknesses,
Like new grass
Shamelessly green,
And the irritatingly clean winds
Vacillating baldly,
The anaemia of fresh milk.
I am uttely bored:
Could another be more bored?

MURRAY CARLAW BONNYCSATLE.

PEN DRAWING
W. E. NOFFKE

Linoleum Cut *Lillian Ferguson*

Night Light

The night is clear and soft,
The moon hangs, delicately poised,
Exquisitely slender,
In milky loveliness.
Enchanted by its fragile incandescence,
Infinite stars flash daggers of crystal light,
Faint, faint, and far away
Yet close and clinging over us,
Poignant little things.

MURRAY C. BONNYCASTLE.

Song

A flower-like face:
A flower that holds its petals folded close,
Desiring not the kisses of the sun.

Lips like a crumpled rose:
A rose that fears unfolding to the wind
That sighs for kisses never to be won.

L. F. C.

Peace Barrage

One loves to see the children play
On the old German gun;—
The lion and the lamb so gay
In the millennial sun.

Into his gaping throat they shout,
To hear him boom inside;
They try to swing his tail about,
And on his back they ride.

What a grand play-thing now he makes,
In dandelions bright,—
Too bad that men perverted him
To rear and roar and bite.

J. M.