MODERN PAINTERS AND SCULPTORS AS ILLUSTRATORS
MODERN PAINTERS AND SCULPTORS AS ILLUSTRATORS
## PUBLICATIONS
### OF THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

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<tr>
<th>Titles</th>
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MODERN PAINTERS AND SCULPTORS
AS ILLUSTRATORS
IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF THE PREÉMINENCE OF THE PUBLISHER, AMBROISE VOLLARD, AND HIS MOST GENEROUS LOAN OF RARE BOOKS AND WORK IN PROGRESS, THE DIRECTOR OF THE EXHIBITION TAKES PLEASURE IN DEDICATING TO HIM THE PRESENT VOLUME.

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COVER: Etching by Picasso from Les Métamorphoses
d'Ovide, Pub. by Skira.

TITLE PAGE: Etching by Matisse from Poèmes by
Mallarmé, Pub. by Skira.
DIRECTOR OF THE EXHIBITION
Monroe Wheeler

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The Director of the Exhibition wishes to thank Miss Edith Wetmore, Mr. Philip Hofer, Mr. Ambroise Vollard, Mr. A. Hyatt Mayor, and Mr. J. B. Neumann for encouragement and counsel.

BOOKS OR ORIGINAL DRAWINGS HAVE BEEN SELECTED FROM THE FOLLOWING COLLECTIONS:

Mme. Jeanne Bucher, Paris
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THE FOLLOWING PUBLISHERS HAVE ALSO LENT VALUABLE MATERIAL:


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The word modern has at least two current meanings, and in fixing the scope of this exhibition they should be distinguished and borne in mind. The first is lexicographical, and very simple: "of the present and recent times." In general I have restricted myself to books published in the first third of the present century. Certain exceptions—work of nineteenth century painters in advance of their time—will show how our artists learned certain of their methods and inherited a portion of their inspiration from these elders, as is natural. In 1828 Delacroix published Faust, ideal prototype of the costly book. Regularly throughout the middle of the century appeared the popular editions illustrated by Daumier. In 1875, Manet's Le Corbeau (Poe's Raven in Mallarme's French version) somewhat initiated his generation into a new cult of the art of the book. De Maupassant's La Maison Tellier, published by Vollard, at Renoir's suggestion, with compositions in various media by Degas, has only recently been given to the public, and does not seem in the least old-fashioned. For the greatest artists, as if in unconscious agreement, advance with the surest step, going very slowly, but starting decades ahead of the common flock. It is only the second-rate men who must come up-to-date in a hurry, with a thunder of theory, all upset and dishevelled as if it were the end of the world.

The word modern's second meaning is less simple. It involves many moot points of aesthetic doctrine, and is periodically obscured by the wordy and sometimes crafty pretensions of the artists themselves. It has caused a constant battle of the art-critics, and peace is not yet in sight. I mean Modern with a capital M; Modern, as one says Renaissance or Elizabethan or Baroque. One must distinguish between the crowd of commercial and academic practitioners of art in our time, and certain men who have not been content to imitate previous masters, and whose art impulse, furthermore, is reasonably free from the tendency to imitate even their own early work. At this point in the history of art, Modern may
be taken as referring not to any one innovation, but to a large and disparate number of contemporaneous innovations; and, in each individual artist's case, to a series of them. What these men have in common is a life-long willingness to innovate, a relative freedom from aesthetic habits, good as well as bad, and some instinctive fear of ruts, and disdain for what is easy.

How many men there are who started in the vanguard fifteen or twenty years ago, whose work then was as audacious as any of their rivals', but who soon reduced their way of looking at things and rendering them to a trick and a pattern, and have plodded along ever since in the harness of their first reputation! Suppose that Picasso's career had been one long Blue Period: he would have appeared in this exhibition only if he had happened to influence younger men. And if he had not progressed beyond cubism, he would, by now, have begun to seem less truly modern than he does.

I have restricted my present choice to the work of painters and sculptors of note as such—that is, I have left out of consideration books done by specialists, professional illustrators,—partly for the restriction's sake. Of course the distinction between professional and non-professional, between master of high art and publisher's employee, is an arbitrary one. No doubt the humblest engraver still somewhat pursues his early hopes of independent achievement as painter or sculptor. So I have had to resign myself to an extreme likelihood of injustice to men known to me only as illustrators, yet proud of themselves as artists. But in what other than an arbitrary spirit could I have hoped to judge the thousands of contemporary picture-books?

The by-products of a career of high art are not necessarily superior to the result of humbler specialization in work for publishers. They generally are, at least at present. A hundred years ago, Deveria and Doré, for example, did neglect their remarkable talent for oil-painting in order to do nothing but sketch and engrave and draw on stone all their lives, in the pay of publishers. There is little or no point in doing so today. Such publishers as Vollard and Skira do pay large fees for the pictorial enrichment of their volumes; but the painters whom they favor receive even more princely prices for paintings. For the sale of pictures has become more profitable than ever before. Creators of odd and even abstract
beauty have made more money than the rapid, obedient hack. Even portrait-painting and the erection of public monuments have proved less remunerative than the right sort of lawlessness. For men with any of the kinds of genius that have been in fashion, book-illustration has not been tempting at all, from the economic standpoint. Yet almost all our modern celebrities have engaged in it.

Celebrated artists, ordinarily a law unto themselves, working to order, upon subject-matter dictated to them by living or dead authors, obliged also to take into account bibliophilic taste—might one not expect such an exhibition as this to reveal, above all, bad effects of pot-boiling? The exact opposite seems to be the case. There is no trace of boredom, no carelessness. I have also given some attention to the circumstances in which these various series of illustration were commissioned and executed. Aesthetically successful or not, most of the work that I have left out, and all that I have included, appears to have been undertaken by the artists with real enthusiasm, in willing collaboration with literary men who were friends of theirs, and with publishers who seemed to them friendly. There is no evidence of anyone’s having thought of himself as shamefully hired, or as working at a disadvantage in harness, or as compromised either by literary or commercial taste. I honestly believe that the elimination of those whose specialty and chief source of income have been book-illustration—while conveniently reducing the number of books I had to choose from—has also automatically raised the level of excellence and the percentage of sincerity.

There is further advantage in having given all our space to all-round artists. This exhibition may be studied as a miniature survey of modern art in general. It will be possible for disinterested art-lovers to correct certain casual and critical errors about it. No one now makes the old mistake of supposing that our painters are indifferent to classic examples of their art, or generally ignorant of past methods. But many people still believe that modern art is or should be non-literary; that the best modern painters feel, not mere timidity, but repugnance, in regard to the pictorial treatment of dramatic or poetical subjects. This opinion was first regularly put forth to defend cubism when it was shocking to the public, and to be of assistance to the new generation of art-dealers in marketing it. Contrary to early expectations, cubism has failed to predominate over other schools in our epoch. But the purists’ doctrine of restricted pictorial subject-matter is still constantly applied to the art of painting in general. In this exhibition we have evidence that the great men of modernism themselves, even cubists, have not consistently held this opinion, nor felt any real repugnance to the forbidden themes. On the contrary, with obvious enjoyment, they have welcomed oppor-
tunities to try their skill at legend and symbol and sentiment, adapting their style to new uses, if necessary, and accepting whatever restrictions complex subject-matter may impose.

A certain fanatic school of bibliophiles maintains a particular ideal of the fine book. If there are to be pictures— which many purists among them will not admit—their significance in relation to the text is judged to be of less importance than their harmony with the typeface. Here is a restriction of an uninspiring order which the important artists may be expected to resent. On this account there exists a prejudice among these fastidious collectors against real painters as illustrators. The docile professional understands them. But in reality the book which attains a perfect union of the elements involved is excessively rare. Painters and sculptors working with very patient and affluent publishers sometimes achieve it. The 'Eclogae et Georgica' of Virgil that Maillol decorated for Count Kessler satisfies this prejudiced group as well as art-lovers. Rockwell Kent's original 'Candide' pleases them and the general public.

In sensuous effect as combined with fine typography, and in variety of possible combinations, no mechanical process of reproduction can compare with the artist’s handicraft; and the skill of experts who engrave after the artist’s drawing is rarely to be trusted. This evidently occurred to a number of book-loving painters at the turn of the century, and stimulated their earliest efforts in a new direction. Throughout the eighteenth and the nineteenth centuries, the artists employed in illustration merely furnished sketches, more or less freely transcribed by engravers of extreme virtuosity. Rich collectors, rather appreciative of richness and finish than sensitive to art, gave as much credit to engraver as to artist. The magnificent illustrations in question almost entirely lack the spontaneity and forcefulness of original drawing, and seem inferior aesthetically to less accomplished graphic art of previous centuries. It happened that spontaneity and force were ruling passions of the founders of contemporary art. They disliked the Rococo and the Romantic books; among Mediaeval and Renaissance illustrators they discovered their masters.

I have included in this exhibit two or three volumes in facsimile: not, strictly speaking, illustrated books. One is a sheaf of Manet’s letters, illustrated by him.
with vivid little water colors. One is Gauguin’s Noa-Noa as he himself put it together: autobiographical text and pictorial odds and ends of the same daily inspiration. Another is a reproduction of an ordinary edition of the Goncourt La Fille Elisa which Toulouse-Lautrec decorated with original sketches. Somehow in this spirit of improvisation the painters of this epoch set about regular illustration when asked. Strangely enough, it stimulated them to mastery of first-hand techniques. For only if they themselves drew on stone or plate, or cut in the wood, could they be sure that the qualities they prized most highly in their work would not be lost.

Artists aroused by this new ideal found an eager ally in Ambroise Vollard, the greatest contemporary publisher of illustrated books. His fame is international. Eight of the finest books in the present showing are his publications. A gigantic young French colonial from the island of La Réunion, he came to Paris in 1890 to seek his fortune. Starting with Degas he became enamoured of the art of his day, and opened a picture gallery. He was one of the first dealers to sense the true greatness and the incomparable market-value of Renoir, Cézanne, van Gogh, Toulouse-Lautrec, and in due time of Picasso, Derain, Rouault, and other moderns. He made friends with his painters, stored up in his big bullet-like head every anecdote and axiom that fell from their lips, and pieced it all together in several invaluable Boswellian volumes. Meanwhile he made a fortune, buying low and selling high; he has spent it all making an early dream come true—a dream of becoming the greatest publisher of illustrated books that ever lived.

He began, in the nineties, as a publisher of prints. In 1900 he issued his first great book, Verlaine’s Parallèlement illustrated by Bonnard, followed two years later by another Bonnard masterpiece, Daphnis and Chloé, with nearly a hundred original lithographs in each; volumes so fine that they have not been surpassed by Vollard’s own later productions, or by anyone’s. Since then, he has brought out twenty-odd volumes, varied in style, thoughtfully conceived, and painstakingly and richly executed, though not all perfectly pleasing. His stubborn insistence upon flawless impression of type, wood engraving, etching, lithograph and aquatint, made it a series ranking with the best editions of the
past, and almost equal to his own exorbitant ideal. It was Vollard who fostered
the extraordinary collaboration between Rouault, the great mystic painter, and
Aubert, the supreme wood carver, from which resulted the Réincarnations du
Père Ubu. When Vollard found that a man’s arm was not strong enough to
obtain with a hand press the extreme pressure they required, he had his printer
Jourde construct a special press by means of which man’s strength could be sup-
plemented, at the moment of printing, by the strength of electricity. There are
innumerable similar instances of Vollard’s obstinacy and extravagance, and his
desire to help his painters do their best for him.

No two—certainly no three—enthusiasts will agree upon which are Vollard’s
best publications. They are all fine enough for it to be a question of which artist
one most admires, which books one has wished to see illustrated, and how.

Today we think of pictures and literature as almost
opposite arts, and many who are not strict bibliophiles
feel that it is unnecessary and disorderly for them to mix
and overlap.

In the dim beginning of history, drawing and writing
developed together as human faculties, nearly identical.
Primitive man’s sense of magic in nature and in his own
nature probably started him representing things, and
he found it useful. Certain images became alphabet.

For a long time after languages had become elaborate,
pictures were still used as a sort of alternate vocabulary,
for both religious and practical purposes. In a sense all
art was illustration, and in that sense illustration may be said to have preceded
text. First came beauty of art, and after it a conscious sense of beauty; theory
came last. Thus for centuries none of our present standards occurred to anyone.

Mediaeval art, sculpture as well as painting, was mostly representation of
sacred scenes to help people who could not read. In the earliest printed books,
the text was usually ancient; and the first masters of woodcut provided a parallel
rendering of the story—as if the ancient heroes were their contemporaries, in
familiar scenes—to make it vivid, and to bring it close to the reader’s experience.
Later, when didactic and scientific books were printed, we find illustration used
chiefly as explanation of things difficult to describe in words, as in medical
treatises, herbals, manuals of venery and strategy, etc. Because it is hard to tell a
man how to ride horseback, engravings were added to show him the proper
posture. Travellers not only wrote accounts of savages and newly discovered lands but made engravings of what they found, or had experts make them.

Then too, the foundations of religion were being shaken, and those of modern government were being laid, by a very few important books, which were cherished accordingly by the idealistic men who could afford them. Therefore the impulse which had wrought precious reliquaries turned to the worthy embodiment of the new texts: homage paid, not to a fragment of sainted bone, but to living idea, the very substance of the future. Volumes of reasoning and scholarship, not really illustratable, were lovingly embellished, just as they were magnificently bound: to show delight in them and to make them as impressive in format as they were important in content.

Today, although there is more book-illustration than ever, almost all this traditional motive for it has gone by. In the nineteenth century, artists still labored away at herbals and bestiaries. In watercolor and woodcut Gauguin portrayed his islanders somewhat as documentation of his journal, Noa-Noa. He, and, let us say, Iacovleff, draughtsman-in-chief to the Citroën expeditions, are the last of a long lineage. But science grows increasingly analytical, less and less descriptive. Geography and botany and zoology have become secondary studies, now that we have geology and chemistry and biology. Visual knowledge of the world is cheap. The photographic lens does the drudgery that artists were once proud to do.

Only the desire to honor the writer and his work by giving it a fine format—embellishing it for embellishment's sake—seems to be the same today. Books are no longer rare, and they are of less swift and less decisive effect upon men's minds; but, old and new, certain of them are still adored, as in the Renaissance. Now that book-making is an industry like any other, books are plentiful and cheap. When they are not, it is because of a deliberate turning away from the common commercial product—a manifestation of wealth or intellectual aristocracy. Sometimes it is also turning back, characteristic of idealists and aesthetes who are disappointed in the machine age and in democratic culture: rather arbitrary emulation of masterwork of the Middle Ages or the Renaissance. A good example of this rather anti-modern modernism is Eric Gill's Canterbury Tales, up-to-date enough in pictorial style, but quite reactionary in concept and old-fashioned in general effect. It shows the persistent influence of William Morris, also to be observed outside England. Derain's reasons for richly decorating Vincent Muselli's Les Travaux et les Jeux are of a different and more personal order. As a very famous artist enthusiastic about the work of this relatively unpopular
poet, he has crowned it, as it were, with a laurel-wreath of lithographs, at the same time giving it a dignified sort of advertisement.

Though cubism was so much more elaborate and intellectual an art than any previous abstract style, a wealth of pure ornament might easily have been derived from it. It is surprising that cubist artists did not produce books in their manner as floridly initialed and bordered as any Book of Hours or masterpieces of Geoffrey Tory. The series of abstractions en manière d'introduction in Picasso's Chef-d'Oeuvre Inconnu suggest what cubist book-embellishment might have been; what lively pattern such an artist might have contributed to typography. But I have been unable to discover any important publication cubistically decorated throughout. Juan Gris' contributions to books were all representational cubism; and when Picasso with his usual virtuosity turned to books, he preferred not to keep within the restricted field of the style that he had invented, but to work chiefly in the great old tradition, portraying scenes and persons as in the text.

The highest type of illustrated book is the joint work of author and artist who are contemporaries, working as in equal collaboration; inspired by similar feeling; approaching the same subject-matter from opposite directions; dealing with it twice within the covers of the one volume. Ideally speaking, the work of either author or artist would be complete without the other: the text well worth reading, in the cheapest, barest format; the series of designs fit to stand alone, and be judged on its own merits. As they appear on equal footing, our sense of the greater importance of one or the other will depend on which of the two arts we are most sensitive to. Neither should seem to take precedence. Of course, one does precede the other, in practice; but our impression in the ideal instance is of simultaneity, as if in free enthusiasm author and painter had each created alone, and the results had just happened to coincide: an impression of spiritual unity.

This sort of book is superior to others also by virtue of its entire newness, its double contemporaneity. A new text has at least that advantage over even the greatest classics. And as the artist is the writer's contemporary, he may work in whatever style is natural to him. No sort of pastiche or archaism is called for; nor is the risk of his idiom being inharmonious with the text likely to embarrass him.
For there is deeper kinship between modern creators than can be discovered by
any nationalization of their conflicting sorts of modernism; they speak a common
language even without meaning to.

I have been lucky in my borrowing for this exhibition, and this greatest type
of book is so well represented that my attempt to point out its excellences will
seem superfluous. First in date, and it may be first in artistic excellence, is Dela-
croix's Faust. It exemplifies what I have referred to as seeming collaboration,
inexplainable effect of simultaneity. For, of course, Delacroix was a much younger
man than Goethe, and they never met. Yet the old poet was not only deeply
touched by this tribute from the young man abroad, a gratifying demonstration
that his art was still "modern;" but he spoke of it as enabling him to see with his
eyes Faust and Mephistopheles and Marguerite more vividly than he had
dreamed of them. Bonnard's lithographs for Verlaine's Parallèlemente, Matisse's
etchings for the poems of Mallarmé, Segonzac's etchings for C. L. Philippe's
Babu de Montpamasse, Derain's woodcuts and Dufy's lithographs for the two
novels of Apollinaire, L'Enchanteur Pourissant and Le Poète Assassiné—what
more fascinating constellation, what greater glory, is to be found in the entire
extent of twentieth century art?

Matisse's illustration of Joyce's Ulysses should have been another of these per-
fect collaborations. It was a great idea to bring them together: celebrities of the
same generation, of similar virtuosity. There must have arisen practical difficul-
ties, or some misunderstanding. A nobler undertaking than most of the Limited
Editions Club's publications, it is by no means satisfactory. That same organiza-
tion has announced another almost equally exciting project: Main Street illus-
trated by Grant Wood. It might be the most interesting American illustrated
book up to date.

There is another type of book of nearly equal interest: an old text that happens
to be of vital importance to us today, with illustration by a modern artist equal to
the task. Each epoch requires new translations, from ancient language into its
own idiom, to bring close to us once more the timeless beliefs and fictions, to
"start flowing freshly for us those distant sources of our intellectual life:" a new
Homer (the recent Odyssey of Col. Lawrence, for example), a new Montaigne,
or a new Bible. Just so, in every age, new attempts must be made to visualize,
that is, revisualize, legend and epic and romance: "the deities, the heroes, the
immortal couples of lovers, by which it is desirable that the mind should be
familiarly peopled." For, in a sense, mankind is permanently mediaeval, and
always attempting as much renaissance as possible. The same classics that have been translated into every tongue again and again—the above-mentioned, the Bible, and Aesop, and Ovid, and *Daphnis and Chloë*, and *Don Quixote*—have been portrayed by innumerable artists, always. Certain nineteenth century books seem to have made places for themselves on the timeless shelf: Goethe, Balzac, two or three such in a century.

This is a less daring enterprise than the marriage of modern text with contemporary picture, and perhaps it is more generally successful. The publisher has only one worthy man to decide upon, not two. He has texts sorted out for him by the passage of time and by universal opinion; and the expense of the edition is reduced.

Of course he must discover an able artist whose literary culture is sufficient and of the right sort. However, the belief that painters generally lack literary culture appears to be based upon error as to what constitutes it. The response of the present painters to a few texts apiece may be taken as exemplary, not only for painters, but for those of us whose literary enjoyment leads in other directions. We should be proud to feel and think about books as Bonnard demonstrates that he has felt and thought about *Daphnis and Chloë*, or Picasso about the *Metamorphoses*. In any field of art or study in which the French are eminent, one finds them forever coming back to the Greeks. They never cease discovering and rediscovering them; every century is a minor Renaissance.

Artists of other nations of course have different literary appetites. We have McKnight Kauffer’s elegant *Anatomy of Melancholy* and his *Don Quixote*. In England there is also periodically *The Canterbury Tales*; Eric Gill’s the latest. For some reason the new English work tends toward pastiche, and timid decorative effects; their portrayal of classic story is rather embellishment than portrayal. Mr. Gill has also given us *The Four Gospels*. Perhaps, now that religion is rapidly changing place in twentieth-century life, the Bible is becoming Jewish literature. Surely the most impressive modern treatment of biblical subject is Chagall’s *Le Livre des Prophètes*. He is a man of extraordinary temperament; his *Fables* of La Fontaine remind us that the seventeenth-century verse is a retelling of Aesop, and that Aesop is a legendary story-teller, whose stories derive from archaic, probably Semitic lore. Max Slevogt is the most famous German painter-illustrator, ardent and Germanic, influenced by Delacroix and Daumier rather than by contemporary French art; his choice of texts is also suggestive, tales from the Arabian Nights, Cellini, and Mozart operas.

Naturally Balzac’s *Le Chef-d’Oeuvre Inconnu* appealed to Picasso. This
famous tale is the romance of an old painter’s folly and glory, working for ten years on one canvas, an epitome of womanly beauty, with nothing to show for it at last but superb abstraction, meaningless in others’ eyes. In story-form it is a sort of preface to cubism. It is significant of that tragi-comic episode in art-history that the great cubist master himself, in 1933, given that most appropriate text to illustrate, should have chosen to do the major part of it, not abstractly, but in romantic and representational style. Picasso’s labor of love has made this publication of Vollard’s one of the most beautiful books in the world.

There is another quite usual type of illustrated book: what we may call the album-type. The artist is not always willing to do real illustration, especially since bibliophilic taste, and his own concern lest his art be betrayed in reproduction, will dictate to him graphic techniques at which he may happen not to be skillful. Ambitious publishers, excited by the successes of their rivals, are not willing to let go to waste all the drawings that lie about celebrated artists’ studios or that turn up after their deaths. So there are arranged marriages of book with picture not intended to illustrate: mariages de convenance, and sometimes by proxy. Often a text can be found that does suit the designs that happen to be available. In the present exhibition there are a number of examples of rather undeserved success of this sort, particularly arrangements of sculptors’ drawing with poetry: Despiau, Rodin. Amorous verse and voluptuous studies of the nude do go well together. But two grave difficulties arise to make this free and easy excellence rarer than one would suppose: that of method of reproduction to which I have referred, and that of placement on the page. If the best the publisher can do with the drawings that he has bought is to insert full-page reproductions every now and then between pages of the text, every true bibliophile will grumble disgustedly. It does make a second-rate book, though the drawings may be superb. Rodin’s Le Jardin des Supplices is a famous example of this. If the publisher can compose his text around the drawings, to show them off, and if some of the drawings can be used on the printed page, and if the right font of type can be found, suitable in pattern and in color to the artist’s handiwork as produced—the result may be fine, as in the case of another book with drawings by Rodin:
the *Élégies Amoureuses* recently issued by Philippe Gonin, with the cooperation of the curator of the *Musée Rodin*. But here it is the publisher who has done a major part of the illustrator's work, with scissors and paste. And at best only relative success can be achieved in this way. Compare almost any of these made-up picture-books with Bonnard's *Parallèlement*, the illustration of which is also just a series of nudes, in which it is evident that the artist bore in mind as he worked not only the subject of each poem but the Garamond italic in which it was printed, the length of the lines and the shape of the stanzas; the paper appealed to him as if it were canvas. The superiority of the latter book is a mystery, but it is obvious.

It is easy to find reasons for France's supremacy in this sort of publication, as in modern painting in general: aesthetic, and human, and economic reasons.

There was certainly an obscure potency in the international impressions brought home after the French Revolution by émigrés and grenadiers alike. From then on their art was profoundly affected by the amateurism of the English; by the passionate Baroque, Dutch and Spanish; by the oddities of the Orient, and primitive arts and crafts. All these odd elements were thoroughly digested and mixed, in the French way. From the start their modern school of painting was cosmopolitan, more so than any other has ever been: a truly European style at last.

Young foreigners have always loved going to Paris, even to study, because of the celebrated sweetness of living there. They have enriched French society with various alien enthusiasms; and given the stay-at-home Frenchman some of the experience of venturing abroad. Certain of them have become idols of the French, innovators in French art, making Parisian modernism still more international. The Frenchman makes a fine teacher, by virtue of his ability to talk and write theory without getting drunk on it, and because he never ceases to pride himself upon being a craftsman and a prudent sensualist—rather than upon his intellectual prowess. He has taught himself more than he could teach others; most teachers do.

The characteristic French combination of general parsimony with occasional
passionate extravagance has been very favorable to the development of the minor and market-inspired arts. We think of the Frenchman as a selfish, worrying little fellow, a petty realist and a fatalist—not at all the artist type. Offhand, one might expect more from the German dreamer, or the American enthusiast. But the French have been getting results, and influencing all the rest of us. Painting and sculpture are universal languages; unless one reads French for pleasure one forgets that their productivity in modern literature has been no less preeminent. Think of having had Baudelaire, Rimbaud, Mallarmé, Verlaine, Apollinaire, C. L. Philippe, Max Jacob, Colette, Gide, Valéry, Claudel, Proust, Giraudoux, and Malraux, not to mention academicians and freaks, all in one life-time! Naturally, as these two abundances met, there accumulated a rich by-product in the form of illustrated books.

The proud Germans, while their idealism in spite of defeat lasted, and while they could still manage in bankruptcy, prided themselves upon everything of this sort. They slaved, in the German way, and spent money like princes to have illustrated books as fine as anyone's, and often the result was very fine.

It is a pity that their modern painting and sculpture were not of an older and slower indigenous growth. We find a certain amateurishness in what was conscientiously Germanic and violent and mediaeval. In the opposite schools, there is a certain provincialism in regard to Paris. But the quality and quantity of fine books published in Germany in the few years after the war was applauded all over the world; and the names of the publishers Cassirer, Count Kessler, Wiegand, and others will always figure nobly in the history of German culture.

In Russia, since the revolution, picture-books have constituted a governmental policy, and something of the mediaeval spirit has started up again: pictorial representation as a helpmate art, to make new literary culture vivid and personal, to make instruction easy, to make the great Soviet moral palatable. It is not very sumptuous. Often it is not original; the Russians are scornful of the love of novelty, as being part of the bourgeois cult of "art for art's sake."

Nearly all Russian painters and sculptors have been enticed into this government illustrating-service, including many who were prominent before the war.
The best of their work is characterized by a sort of childish violence, simply and
decoratively expressed—Moujik temperament, and French poster-technique.
The wondrous prehistoric caves of Altamira in northern Spain have also cast
their spell on that distant society of the future. Lately the Soviets have issued a
few elaborate books, illustrated with original etchings, with an eye, no doubt, on
the purse of the international bibliophile. The whole of this Russian work, as
befits collectivist art, is greater than any individual part.

Where art is concerned, we Americans are a timid and idle people. Apparently
education, in its effect upon the aesthetic impulse, is not all one hoped. Those
who invest money in artistic enterprises, such as the publication of books illus-
trated by noted painters, do so faint-heartedly, too eager to get it back quickly.
Feeling a natural patriotism I wished to make the showing of American material
as large as I could. But I found scarcely anything that one would patriotically
choose to have compared with the best foreign work. With either quality or
quantity in mind, one might suppose, if one did not know better, that this were
a nation of extremely low cultural level, in a period of extreme poverty. Now, as
in the nineteenth century, inspiration strikingly arises, again and again, but
nothing further happens. Our publishers and bibliophiles still prefer to play
safe by entrusting the embellishment of books to skillful minor craftsmen. Rock-
well Kent is the only one of our painters upon whom the public has lavished its
favor.

I have not, needless to say, undertaken to show the work done by American
artists for magazines—there is any amount of it. The question of aesthetic seri-
ousness would arise, as the artist has only a page or two to himself, and the other
pictorial contents of the magazine must seem to him deplorable. It is not difficult
to find less equivocal indications of what American artists would do if there were
a more considerable demand for their work as book illustrators. Why were the
late Charles Demuth's subtle watercolors for Henry James' *The Turn of the
Screw* and *The Beast in the Jungle* never published in book form? Or why was
he not asked to do others like them for publication? There are few original
American artists; and those few are rarely asked to illustrate anything. Only a
handful have troubled to master the various hand-processes of graphic art. Sloan,
Glackens, Luks, and a few others, are honorable exceptions. Generally cheap-
ness and easiness seem to be the passwords.

The real causes of all this may come to light in the future; the ultimate effects
surely will. We are a luxury-loving and culture-loving people, and it seems
unlikely that our shortage of national arts will go on forever. If the present exhibition only reminds a number of sophisticated people to buy the foreign books they like best in it, they are to be congratulated. But we, as a people, will be no better off. On the other hand, if we are properly provoked by the state of affairs, all may end well.

Let us selfishly consider the example of these admirable Europeans and turn to our own salvation. We must beware of their old traditions and their new tricks. Too mimicking a love of art is the worst road to artistic fulfillment.

To encourage enjoyment of these books, I wish to suggest that no effort be made to like what seems repugnant, or to rationalize what may indeed be irrational. Furthermore, I believe this to be a necessary step in the evolution of any people in any period, toward the enthusiasm and the critical temper favorable to creation.

Artists themselves point the way, giving us the most entertaining examples of uninhibited preference. It is evident that the artist would be enfeebled in the realization of his innate excellence if he did not to some extent clear his mind of the opposite. Probably one cannot make the most of the experience of liking without indulging in some even erroneous distaste. El Greco referred to Michelangelo as a good man who, alas, could not paint. Delacroix expressed abhorrence of the austerity of Ingres, saying after a visit, “I left him in the full chill of creation.” Manet said Cézanne was a bricklayer who painted with his trowel. Cézanne was impressed by nothing in Gauguin’s work except the impropriety, and nothing in van Gogh’s except the evidence of madness. And they were all quite right.

It is surprising how much rightness can be developed out of one’s natural sensibility and common sense. Good taste is indeed a thing to be proud of, but the only real education that one’s taste may be given is the good-natured exercise of it upon various works of art. Odd new works on the one hand, universally admired masterpieces on the other, give the best training. In the heaven of art there are many mansions, and in modern art particularly, a multiplicity of schools, justifying preferences and prejudices in like number, and there are odds and ends of delight for each of us, according to his spirit.

Monroe Wheeler
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For the sake of a minimum reduction of the larger book pages, the correct margins are not indicated in the following plates.
45. DEGAS: Color etching, after drawing. De Maupassant, La Maison Tellier
Chapitre IV.

Le conteur parlé.

_..._.

_Les nuits sont devenues pour moi brûlantes, dormir en balançoire, je mange comme un roi. Lorsque j'ai travaillé pour les partages, je me retrouvais dans l'indolence et du soir venant, de brûlantes pensées de grandeurs_.

_Le soir l'on avait des baisers tendres, que dominait la tête ébouriffée des locataires, on se réunissait, on gambadait._

_..._
C'est dans la Thébaïde, au haut d'une montagne, sur une plate-forme arrondie en demi-lune, qu'enferment de grosses pierres.

La cabane de l'Ermite occupe le fond. Elle est faite de boue et de roseaux, à toit plat, sans porte. On distingue dans l'intérieur une cruche avec un pain noir; au milieu, sur un stèle de bois, un gros livre; par terre ça et là des filaments de spalterie, deux ou trois nattes, une corbeille, un couteau.
L’Araignée
Les femmes - et en fait, c'étaient celles qui se trouvaient Elisa, et bien sûr, pour la plupart des bonnes de la maison, envoyées et renvoyées par leurs maîtres. Vous les voyez, ces femmes épaisses créatures dont la peau conservait, en dépit de la parfumerie locale, le hâle de leur ancienne vie en plein soleil, dont les mains portaient encore les traces de travaux masculins, dont les rigides boutons de seins faisaient deux trous dans la robe usée, à l'endroit contre lequel ils frottaient. Une jupe noire aux reins, une camisole blanche au dos, ces femmes aimaient à vivre les pieds nus dans des pan-

202. TOULOUSE-LAUTREC: Watercolor. E. de Goncourt, La Fille Elisa
Et dois-je le punir de m’avoir trop aimé ?
Triomphons Diomede & vantons nos foiblesses,
Nous avons sans respect attaqué deux Déesses,
Vénus fut par tes coups traitée indignement,
Et Corine aujourd’hui l’est par ceux d’un Amant.
Nos crimes sont égaux, quoi qu’avec difference,
Le mien est pur outrage, & le tien est vaillance.
Tu servois ton pays contre des Dieux jaloux,
Et contre mon amour j’ai servi mon courroux.
Pour cet exploit si beau, cette illustre victoire
Le triomphe m’est dû si Rome m’en veut croire,
Et jusqu’au Capitole il faut porter aux Dieux
De grands remerciments d’un coup si glorieux.
On entendra les cris de mille voix Romaines
Me mettre au rang fameux de nos grands
Capitaines ;
Et chacun sous l’apais d’un hommage moqueur
Vangera ma Maîtresse en me faisant honneur.
Corine aux yeux de Rome exposée en victime
Aux pompes de mon char attachera mon crime,
Et me reprochera dans un si triste état
Les coups d’un téméraire & les feux d’un ingrat.

26
173. RODIN: Wood engraving. Ovid, Elégies Amoureuses
Eux étant ainsi occupés, vint un second messager dire qu'on vendangeait au plus tôt, et qu'il avait charge de demeurer là jusqu'à ce que le vin fût fait, pour puis après s'en retourner en la ville querir leur maître, qui ne viendroit sinon au
Ne fonce plus ces sourcils-ci,
Cacées, ni cette bouche-ci,
Laisse-moi prier tous tes baumes,
Piana, sucrés, salés, poivrés,
Et laisse-moi boire, poivrés,
Salés, sucrés, tes sacrés baumes.
Gris: Lithograph. Jacob, Ne Coupez Pas Mademoiselle
SCÈNE IX

*Méduse* — Astolfo — Frisette — Polycarpe

*MÉDUSE*

Je l'ai subjugué. (Le baron consulte le thermomètre) Comme ma vue baisse! Depuis ce matin elle a baissé de six degrés!... (Apparition d'Astolfo)

Attention! Voici le moment de lui tendre mon piège. (Méduse fascine Astolfo)

(A brûle-pourpoint) Savez-vous danser sur un œil?... sur l'œil gauche?

ASTOLFO

Suffoquant de surprise.

?...

*MÉDUSE*

Prenant des airs d'hypnotiseur. Durement.

Je vous demande si vous savez danser sur un œil?... sur l'œil gauche?

(lui mettant l'index dans l'œil droit) sur celui-ci?

27. BRAQUE: Color wood engraving. Satie, Le Piège de Méduse
52. DERAIN: Woodcut. Apollinaire, L'Enchanteur Pourrissant

Page 38
Dans un sentier de toiles, les saltimbanques de la foire s'éveillent la nuit sous leurs draps sales. Les hommes ont des nuques fraîches, les cheveux des femmes, des cheveux d'occasion, sont emmêlés sur les chemises. Le Pesage d'Auteuil impose son diadème de bois sans chevelure.
56. DERAIN: Lithograph. Muselli, Les Travaux et les Jeux

Page 40
Ce chérubin dit la louange  
Du paradis, où, près des anges.  
Nous revivrons, mes chers amis  
Quand le bon Dieu l’aura permis.
62. DUFY: Lithograph. Apollinaire, Le Poète Assassiné
61. DUFY: Stencil-colored lithograph. Mallarmé, Madrigaux
GARÇIN, en sa chambre d'hôtel, se rongeait. Ses réveils étaient pénibles. Ouvrant les yeux, il se retrouvait seul, dans un lit loué, au milieu d'une pièce banale, parmi des meubles qui n'étaient pas seulement laids, mais qui encore avaient l' impersonnalité triste des choses qui n'appartenaient à personne. Lui aussi était comme une épave. Il avait échoué là. Là ou ailleurs... Demain, où serait-il?... Et où il serait, pour-
71. FRIESZ: Color wood engraving. Ronsard, Poèmes
Dieu le père est à son bureau américain. Il signe hâtivement d'innombrables papiers. Il est en bras de chemise et a un abat-jour vert sur les yeux. Il se lève, allume un gros cigare, consulte sa montre, marche nerveusement dans son cabinet, va et vient en mâchant son cigare. Il se rassied à son bureau, repousse fièvreusement...
Le manège à vapeur regarde s'en aller interminablement le paquebot *Touraine* il donnerait tout l'or de sa gloire foraine pour défaire sur l'eau son voyage enroulé
175. ROUAULT: Lithograph. Arland, Carnets de Gilbert
174. ROUAULT: Lithograph. Rouault, Paysages Légendaires
177. ROUAULT: Color etching. Rouault, Le Cirque de l'Etoile Filante

Page 50
RHUM

C'est pour ça qu'elle n'était pas dans la salle... Je l'ai cherchée au deuxième rang d'orchestre où le Monsieur avait dit. Elle m'attendait ici. Bravo ! C'est vrai qu'elle est gentille... *(Il l'écarte de nouveau.* ) Une seconde, mon petit...

SEGONZAC: Etching. Philippe, Bubu de Montparnasse
189. SEGONZAC: Etching. Virgil, Georgiques
107. LAURENCIN: Color lithograph. L'Héritier de Villandon, L'Adroite Princesse

Page 54
ombre

Vous voilà de nouveau près de moi
Souvenirs de mes compagnons morts à la guerre
L’olive du temps
Souvenirs qui n’en faîtes plus qu’un

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35. de CHIRICO: Lithograph. Apollinaire, Calligrammes
41. DALI: Etching, Lautréamont, Les Chants de Maldoror

Page 56
IX. — Lycidas, Mœris

Lycidas

Où, Mœris, te portent tes pas? N'est-ce pas où mène le chemin, dans la ville?

Mœris

O Lycidas! n'avons-nous tant vécu que pour entendre

57
Je suis entré dans mon jardin, ô ma sœur, ma fiancée; j'ai récolté ma myrrhe et mon baume, j'ai mangé de mes rayons de miel, j'ai bu mon vin et mon lait... Mangez, mes

65
31. CHAGALL: Etching. Les Prophètes
Dans la vallée de Bamyan l'image se dresse, immense, mais en dépit de ses dimensions, incomparablement humaine. Elle fait corps avec la masse rocheuse de la falaise, elle-même creusée de mille cellules et tout imprégnée d'une vie mystérieuse. Page monumentale d'un livre occulte, sculptée dans la montagne.

Quelques fragments de peintures murales gardent une inspiration hellénistique dont il se dégage un charme délicat. Les plus beaux, aussi bien par l'équilibre et la maîtrise de leur exécution que par la liberté de leur conception, sont groupés dans la voûte au-dessus de la tête du Grand Bouddha.

Curieux d'analyser plus profondément l'esprit de cet art et de conserver quelques documents sur ces peintures dont les années ne tarderont guère, malheureusement, à effacer les traces, je me résous avec émotion au métier de copiste. Sur un pliant instable percé sur le sommet convexe du crâne colossal, il faut passer de longues heures à travailler, la tête renversée, pour déchiffrer la fuite
127. LYDIS: Lithograph. Gay, The Beggar's Opera
LE FAVNE

Ces nymphes, je les veux perpétuer.

Si clair,
Leur incarnat léger, qu'il voltige dans l'air
Assoupi de sommeils touffus.

Aimai-je un rêve?
Les donneurs de sérenades
Et les belles écouteurs
Échangent des propos fades
Sous les ramures chanteuses.

MANDOLINE
JE suis belle, ô mortels, comme un rêve de pierre,
Et mon sein, où chacun s'est meurtri tour à tour,
Est fait pour inspirer au poète un amour
Éternel et muet ainsi que la matière.
145. LUC-ALBERT MOREAU: Lithograph. Courièrès, Physiologie de la Boxe

Page 66
LE CHEF-D'OEUVRE INCONNU

Porbus et Poussin restèrent à la porte de l'atelier, se regardant l'un l'autre en silence. Si, d'abord, le peintre de la Marie égyptienne se permit quelques exclamations : — Ah! elle se déshabille, il lui dit de se mettre au jour! Il la compare! Bientôt il se tut à l'aspect de

de la Marie égyptienne se permit quelques exclama-
tions : — Ah! elle se déshabille, il lui dit de se mettre au jour! Il la compare! Bientôt il se tut à l'aspect de

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163. PICASSO: Wood engraving. Balzac, Le Chef-d'Oeuvre Inconnu
163. PICASSO: Etching. Balzac, Le Chef-d’Oeuvre Inconnu

Page 68
PICASSO: Etching. Aristophanes, Lysistrata
THIRD YOUNG MAN: Now won't you come down?
FIRST ATHENIAN WOMAN: Many thanks for the fillet. Perhaps I'll see you tomorrow.
FIRST YOUNG MAN: Oh, Rhodope, come down here.
THIRD ATHENIAN WOMAN: I'm afraid I can't hear you. I have grown rather deaf.
THIRD YOUNG MAN: Come down here, my darling.
FIRST ATHENIAN WOMAN: Your dancing's improved. I ought to be jealous.
SECOND YOUNG MAN: Is there any young woman who'll take pity on a soldier?
162. PICASSO: Etching. Ovid, Les Métamorphoses
MASSON: Etching. Desnos, C'est les Bottes de Sept Lieues

Page 72
J'ai vu dans la lune
Trois petits lapins
Qui mangeaient des prunes
Comme des petits coquins.
La pipe à la bouche, le verre à la main,
En disant : «Mesdames,
Versez-nous du vin,
Tout plein ».
En cependant que la jeunesse
D'une tremoussante souplesse
Et de manimens fretillars
Agitait les rougnons paillars
De Catin à gauche & à dextre,
Jamais ny à Clerc ny à Prestre,
Moine, Chanoine, ou Cordelier
N'a refusé son hatelier.
necdum illis labra admovit, sed condita servo.
   si ad vitulam spectas, nihil est quod pocula laudes.
MENALCAS
   Num quam hodie effugies; veniam quocumque vocaris.
   audiat haec tantum, vel qui venit ecce Palaemon.
   efficiam, posthac ne quemquam voce laciesas.
DAMOETAS
   Quin age, siquid habes; in me mora non erit ulla,
   nec quemquam fugio; tantum vicine Palaemon
   sensibus haec imis, res est non parva, reponas.
PALAEMON
   Dicite, quandoquidem in molli consedimus herba.

128. MAILLOL: Woodcut. Virgil, Eclogae et Georgica
191. SLEVOGT: Lithograph. Benvenuto Cellini, translated by Goethe

Page 76
82. GROSZ: Drawing. Herzfelde, Tragigrotesken der Nacht.
Anima

hinter der Tür, sanft

Wer sich nicht vorsieht,
Sich vermisst,
Kann den Kopf verlieren!

Hiob

verärgert

Kopf oder Welt! Eis und 's Andre!
Man zieht mir ja das Wort

99. KOKOSCHKA: Lithograph. Kokoschka, Hiob
Mephistopheles mit der Alten

Einst hatt' ich einen wüssten Traum;
Da sah ich einen gespaltenen Baum,
Der hatt' ein — — —
So — es war, gesiel mir's doch.

7. BARLACH: Woodcut. Goethe, Walpurgisnacht
Le peuple norvégien lui faisait sentir de la façon la plus flatteuse l’orgueil qu’il avait à le posséder. L’Université l’avait invité à prendre la parole sur Henry Becque au Grand Amphithéâtre. L’Académie Ouvrière a fait une foule sur l’Arc de Triomphe, les Amis de l’Art français a traiter de la cinquième époque du Picasso. De nombreux particuliers le prétendent à sonner. Enfin le Directeur du Théâtre National, M. Johan Johanassen, lui adressait message sur message en
148. PAUL NASH: Colored drawing. Browne, Urne Buriall
Tu cano capite amas senex nequisisse
Jam plenus atatis, animaque fetida,
Senex hircostts tu osculare mulierem?
Utina addas comitis potius excutias.
Thou old goat, hoary lecher, naughty man,
With Stinking breath, art thou in love?
Must thou be slavering? she spews to see
Thy filthy face, it doth so move.
Yet as some will, it is much more tolerable for
an old man to marry a yong woman (our Ladies
match they call it) for cras erit mulier, as he said
in Tully. Cato the Roman, Critobulus in Xenoph-
thon, Tyraquellus of late, Julius Scaliger, &c.
and many famous presidents we have in that
kind; but not e contra: 'tis not held fit for an
ancient woman to match with a yong man. For
as Varro will, Anus dum ludit morti delitias
facit, 'tis Charons match between Cascus and
Casca, and the devil himself is surely well
pleased with it. And therefore as the Poet in-
veighs, thou old Vetutina bed-ridden queen,
that art now skin and bones,
Cui tres capilli, quatuorque sunt dentes,
Peltus cicadae, crusculumque formicce,
Rugosorum qua geris sola frontem,
Et araenarum cainibus parae mammas.
That haft three hairs, foure teeth, a brest
Like grasshopper, an emmets creft,
A skin more rugged then thy coat,
And duggs like spiders web to boot.
Must thou marry a youth again? And yet du-
centas ire nuptum potius amant: howsoever
it is, as Apuleius gives out of his Meroe, con-
gressus annosus, pestilens, abhorrendus, a pestilent
match, abominable, and not to be endured. In
such case how can they otherwise choose but
be jealous, how should they agree one with
another? This inequality is not in years only,
but in birth, fortunes, conditions, and all good
qualities,
Si qua voles apte nubere, nube pari,
'Tis my counsel, saith Anthony Guivera, to
HERE CONTINUETH
THE BOOK OF
THE TALES OF
CANTERBURY

'SQUIER, com neer, if it your wille be,
And sey somwhat of love; for, certes, ye
Connen theron as muche as any man.'

'Nay, sir,' quod he, 'but I wol seye as I can
With hertly wille; for I wol nat rebelle
Agayn your lust; a tale wol I telle.
Have me excused if I speke amis,
My wil is good; and lo, my tale is this.
197. STERENBERG: Lithograph. Kipling, 40 North-50 West

Page 84
Человеческая жизнь — сновидение, говорит философы-спиритуалисты, и если бы они были вполне логичны, то прибавили бы: и история — тоже сновидение. Разумеется, взятые абсолют, оба эти сравнения одинаково нелепы, однако нельзя не сознаться, что в истории действительно встречаются по местам словно провалы, перед которыми мысль человеческая останавливается не без недоумения. Поток жизни как бы прекращает свое естественное течение и образует водоворот, который кружится на одном месте, брызжет и покрывается мутной накипью, сквозь которую невозможно различить ни ясных типичных черт, ни даже сколько-нибудь обособившихся явлений. Сбивчивые и неосмысленные события бесследно следуют одно за другим, и люди, повидимому, не преследуют никаких других целей, кроме защиты от нынешнего дня. Попеременно, они то трещуют, то торжествуют, и чем сильнее дает себя чувствовать унинженние, тем жестче и мстительное торжество. Источник, из которого вышла эта тревога, уже замутился; начала, во имя которых возникла борьба, стушевались; остается борьба для борьбы, искусство для искусства, изобретающий дыбу, хождение по спицам и т. д.

Конечно, тревога эта преимущественно сосредоточивается на поверхности; однако, едва ли возможно утверждать, что и на дне в это время обитает благополучно. Что происходит в тех слоях почвы, которые следуют непосредственно за верхним слоем и дальше, до самого дна? пребывают ли они спокойными, или и на них производит свое давление тревога, обнаруживаясь в верхнем слое? — с полной достоверностью определить это невозможно, так как вообще в нас еще нить привычки приглядываться к тому, что

183. SAMOKHVALOV: Lithograph. Saltikov-Shedrin, Istoria Odnogo Goroda (The Story of a City)
2. ANNENKOV: Drawing. Block, Dvenadztat (The Twelve)
111. LEBEDEV: Lithograph. Lebedev, Verkhom (On Horseback)
137. MASEREEL: Woodcut. de Coster, Die Geschichte von Til Ulenspiegel

Page 88
12. BENTON: Drawing. Huberman, We, the People
ROBINS M'AIMÉ

Robins m'aime, Robins m'a,
Robins m'a demandée
Si m'ara.

Robins m'acata cotèle
D'escarlate bone et bèlé,
Souskranie et chainturèlè
A leur i va.
Robins m'aime, Robins m'a;
Robins m'a demandée
Si m'ara.
49. DEMUTH: Original watercolor. James, The Turn of the Screw
196. SLOAN: Etching. The Works of Charles Paul de Kock
It was nearly six o'clock, but only grey imperfect misty dawn, when we drew nigh the wharf.

"There are some sailors running ahead there, if I see right," said I to Queequeg, "it can't be shadows; she's off by sunrise, I guess; come on!"

"Avast!" cried a voice, whose owner at the same time coming close behind us, laid a hand upon both our shoulders, and then insinuating himself between us, stood stooping forward a little, in the uncertain twilight, strangely peering from Queequeg to me. It was Elijah.

"Going aboard?"
ROBINSON: Drawing. Dostoyevsky, The Idiot
A STAG DRINKING

As a stag was drinking upon the bank of a clear stream, he saw his image in the water, and entered into this contemplation upon't. Well! says he, if these pityful shanks of mine...
CATALOG

A star (*) before a catalog number indicates that the item is illustrated by a plate which bears the same number. Further biographical notes on many of the artists may be found in catalogs previously published by the Museum of Modern Art, New York.

NATAN ISAYEVICh ALTMAN
Painter. Born Vinnitza, Russia, 1889. Lived in Moscow in 1930.

V. ANNENKOV
Painter. Russian contemporary.

PEGGY BACON

ERNST BARLACH

ANDRE BEAUDIN

GEORGE WESLEY BELLOWS

THOMAS HART BENTON
EUGENE Berman

EMILE BERNARD

GEORGI NIKOLAYEVICH BIBIKOV

IVAN YAKOVLEVICH BILIBIN

PIERRE BONNARD

EMILE-ANTOINE BOURDELLE

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GEORGES BRAQUE

ALEXANDER CALDER

MARC CHAGALL

JEAN CHARLOT

GIOVANNI DE CHIRICO

LOVIS CORINTH

SALVADOR DALI
HONORE-VICTORIN DAUMIER

HILAIRE-GERMAIN-EDGAR DEGAS

FERDINAND-VICTOR-EUGENE DELACROIX
48A. Two original drawings for Faust, lent by Philip Hofer, New York.

CHARLES DEMUTH

MAURICE DENIS

ANDRE DERAIN


60A. Original drawings for Le Bestiaire, lent by Philip Hofer, New York.


MAX ERNST

WHARTON ESHERICK

ERNST FIENE

JEAN-LOUIS FORAIN
EMILE-OTHON FRIEZ

EUGENE-HENRI-PAUL GAUGUIN

HUGO GELLERT

ERIC GILL
74A. Original drawings for The Canterbury Tales, lent by Philip Hofer, New York.
75A. Original drawings for The Four Gospels, lent by Philip Hofer, New York.

WILLIAM J. GLACKENS

JUAN GRIS

MARCEL GROMAIRE
GEORGE GROSZ
83A. Two original drawings for Interregnum, lent by Mrs. Erich Cohn and the Black Sun Press, New York.

JEAN HUGO

ALEXANDRE IACOVLEFF

VASILY KANDINSKY
Painter. Born Moscow, 1866. Has lived in Paris since 1934.

EDWARD McKNIGHT KAUFFER
Painter, commercial artist, illustrator. Born Great Falls, Montana, 1891. Studied, Art Institute of Chicago, and in Munich. Has lived in London since 1914.

ROCKWELL KENT

ERNST LUDWIG KIRCHNER
Painter. Born Aschoffenburg (Bavaria), 1880. Has lived since 1918 at Frauenkirche, near Davos, Switzerland.

OSKAR KOKOSCHKA
Painter. Born Pöchlarn, Austria, 1886.

PER KROHG

V. KRUKOV
Painter. Russian contemporary.

ROGER DE LA FRESNAYE

PIERRE LAPRADE

MARIE LAURENCIN
VLADIMIR VASILEVICH LEBEDEV


FERNAND LEGER


EDY LEGRAND


ANDRE LHOTE


MAX LIEBERMANN


Page 105
EL LISSITZKY
Painter, constructivist, architect, editor. Born Smolensk, Russia, 1890. Lives in Moscow.

WILLIAM HORACE LITTLEFIELD

JEAN LURÇAT

MARIETTE LYDIS

ARISTIDE MAILLOL

EDOUARD MANET

LOUIS MARCOUSSIS

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FRANS MASEREEL

ANDRE MASSON

HENRI-MATISSE

JOAN MIRO

LUC ALBERT MOREAU

JOHN NORTHCOTE NASH

PAUL NASH
IGNATII IGNATIEVICH NIVINSKI
Painter, designer for theatre. Born Moscow, 1880. Professor of etching, High School of Art and Industry, Moscow. Lived in Moscow in 1930.


JOSE CLEMENTE OROZCO
Painter. Born Zapotlan (Jalisco), Mexico, 1883. Lives at present at Guadalajara (Jalisco).

150A. Two original drawings for Underdogs, lent by Mrs. Alma Reed, New York.
151A. Two original drawings for Glories of Venus, lent by Mrs. Alma Reed, New York.

JULES PASCIN


MAX PECHSTEIN
Painter. Born Zwickau, Germany, 1881.


PETRENKA
Painter. Russian contemporary.


PABLO PICASSO


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ODILON REDON

DIEGO RIVERA
Painter. Born Guanajuato, Mexico, 1886. Lives at present in Mexico City.

BOARDMAN ROBINSON

AUGUSTE RODIN

GEORGES ROUAULT

PIERRE ROY


ALEKSANDR NIKOLAYEVI CH SAMOKHVALOV


ANDRE DUNOYER DE SEGONZAC


MAX SLEVOGT
Painter, illustrator. Born Landshut (Bavaria), 1868. Studied, Munich Academy and in Italy. One of leaders of German "Secession" and north German Impressionists. Late years devoted chiefly to graphic arts. Died near Landau, Germany, 1932.


JOHN SLOAN


DAVID PETROVICH STERENBERG


VLADIMIR EVGRAFOVICH TATLIN


PAVEL TCHELITCHEW


199A. Two original drawings for A Calendar of Saints for Unbelievers.

BORIS BORISOVICH TITOV


HENRI DE TOULOUSE-LAUTREC


NIKOLAI ANDREYEVICH TYRSA
Painter. Born Aralykh (province of Erivan), Russia, 1887. Lived in Leningrad in 1934.


Page 111
VIKTOR MIKHAILOVICH VASNETZOV
Painter. Born Ryabovo (province of Vyatka), Russia, 1848. Studied, Academy of Fine Arts, St. Petersburg, 1867. Died 1926.

MAURICE VLAMINCK

VOLSSTEIN
Painter. Russian contemporary.

MAX WEBER

GRANT WOOD

SOLOMON BORISOVICH YUDOVIN
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