A Rose

Painted by Thomas B. Anshutz

From the One Hundred and Third Annual Exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts

The First Big Exhibition *of the* Season

The One Hundred *and* Third Annual Exhibition *of the* Academy *of the* Fine Arts

By Talcott Williams

THE annual exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts in the one hundred and third year accurately reflects, as this display usually does, the present aspect of American art. The greater men, names to conjure with, are absent in any impressive work. The extreme advance, the small group of active-minded, swift-fingered and convention-scorning men, Luks, Glackens, Shinn, Sloan and the rest, are absent, too. You must seek them in the insurgent exhibition of "The Eight." To them, with Lawson, Davies, Henri and the rest, the future probably belongs—a future far from our past traditions of beauty. In the Academy exhibition these men are all present with some significant work; but not their most significant achievement. So the more conspicuous of our art world, Homer, Chase, La Farge and Sargent, are represented, but not by the work with which they won their present place and repute.

The year's exhibition in Philadelphia, which season by season comes nearer than any other to standing for the general movement in our painting, mirrors in this our present position. The men who broke out in the early eighties, and gave our national exhibits in the international expositions of 1889, 1893, 1900 and 1903 a place second to no country whatever ex-

Fishing Boats
Painted by H. Van der Weyden

cept France, and scarcely second to that, have done their work. They will continue to prolong the catalog of their paintings. They will not widen their fame. They stand, that small and triumphant group, about a score in number, the men who first made transatlantic art something with which Europe had to reckon.

Lady Playing with a Macaw
Painted by Thomas W. Dewing

This is achieved. No men will again have the same privilege. A certain kind of cheap criticism can undoubtedly be made on our art, such as appeared in the irritated attacks of a New York weekly, the *Independent*, on the annual showing of the National Academy of Design in New York, some forty of whose leading pictures are at the Philadelphia exhibition. American art was, it was averred, commonplace in its portraits, seeking in the subjects those who paid and not faces of note, trivial in its genre, and in its landscapes satisfied with skill in painting in a special light the ordinary view, instead of turning to haunts of Arcady.

Many feel this, but they are all yearning for the painting of our generation to emulate the religious art of the fifteenth century, the inspiration of the sixteenth century, the portraits of the seventeenth and in landscape a blend between the classic spirit of Claude and Turner and the romanticism of Corot and Rousseau. Unconsciously, this is what people are asking who bewail the "emptiness" of American art. They are moved by the painted products of the ages of faith, of splendor, of analysis and of romantic revolution. They demand the like in an age which has none of these things. The small house has limited in size the easel picture. The sacred canvas is as painful a reconstruction as a Gothic cathedral. The portrait plays its part in furnishing. It is no longer a perpetual memorial of some life led on the grand scale. Our greatest portrait painter, Sargent, makes it instead the grand inquest of small characters. Landscape has ceased to be on the imposing level of the eighteenth, or to present the personal interpretation of the nineteenth century, as the artist was English at the beginning or French in the middle of a century which did for the

Girl with a Parrot
Painted by Howard G. Cushing

aspect of nature what previous centuries had for the sacred and sensuous emotion.

A significant symptomatic exhibition such as the Academy and the Academy alone has gathered has not all the past, but it reveals to us in each field the tendency of the American artist. He reflected England a century ago. He drew successively

Lady with a Rose

Painted by John S. Sargent

Brother and Sister

Painted by Cecelia Beaux

as the past hundred years unrolled from England, Germany and France. He learned the French lesson as a French lesson a quarter of a century ago so well that the American artist furnishes canvases, candidates for French official purchase, as does no other land. Suddenly, we realize, in this exhibition, that all this is past, and the young American is doing his own work in his own way. In those early exhibitions of the Society of American Artists, from 1880 to 1895, you could "place" almost every one of our craftsmen, save some man of the woods like Winslow Homer, in his special relation to some French artist or atelier. You can no longer. Right or wrong, each field has its own expression. New men are filling it. The familiar figures which have so long held the stage are near their epilog. If there is omission in this narrow space of their names, it is not because their work is less good, but it has grown relatively less important.

The portrait came to us from England with definite conventions, not yet overcome, but for the younger men they are disappearing. It is part youth; but part also the new view. In his portrait of today of A. Augustus Healy, Mr. Sargent is commonplace. Queer stories are about of the way the jury failed even to know it as "a Sargent" and came nigh treating it on its merits. This comes of sacrificing year in and year out at the altar of sheer force. But Mr. Sargent of twenty-five years agone, in his marvelous "Lady with a Rose," so suave, so modeled, so amazing in its background, so wonderful in the soft flesh of this adorable young woman, arm akimbo, hand (mark the perfect drawing) holding rose—all so eternal, so

December

Painted by Edward W. Redfield

apart from the passing day (Why? I don't know. It is. That is all.) is a very great artist in a very great work before his ability led captive his inspiration and his brush mastered his hand.

Even this portrait has convention. When Mr. Frank W. Benson does his three children on an oblong canvas, he runs across the top a dazzling line of blue river. He touches it with pink. The heads are part of a picture. Mr. Howard Cushing and Mr. Philip Hale see their figures in a golden light. If Miss Violet Oakley paints Mr. William V. Lawrence in his library, face and book-backs become a decorative expanse. The face should be quite apart? Perhaps; but there is still the tapestry effect to move. For sheer unmistakable force at the thing as it is, there is perhaps nothing so simple, so direct, so sharply drawn as Mr. Joseph de Camp's daughter "Sally." The color may be dry, but the face is fitted as the painter only can with the familiar. Mrs. Ames, by Mr. Tarbell, well composed as it is, seems a bit brown and colorless. His President L. Clarke Seelye, of Smith's, has most successfully expressed a face in which business and administration have made their mark. Less successfully handled are the rather lumbering accessories which fill the canvas without making a picture. Contrast with this older work or Mr. W. M. Chase's excessively serious and ordered Cadwallader Washburn, the fluent ease with which Mr. Adolph E. Borie has portrayed the head of Mrs. Percy Madeira, so that a picture conventionally posed in its frame does not impress you as having a formula, because the color is fresh and the whole unhackneyed. Mr. Julian Story's portraits of Mr. and Mrs. T. De Witt Cuyler appeal to one of the most acute of New York's critics as having an unusual distinction. I record the judgment with deep respect.

To many, however, these admirable works, close in likeness and trained in execution, seem precisely suited to furnish the mantel-piece and the space opposite in a well-appointed dining room. They are not, as are Miss Beaux's portraits, documentary. The portrait of Mr. John F. Lewis has its familiar conventions, but how shadowy is the suggestion of a collision chart with its port and starboard

Portrait of Cadwallader Washburn
Painted by William M. Chase

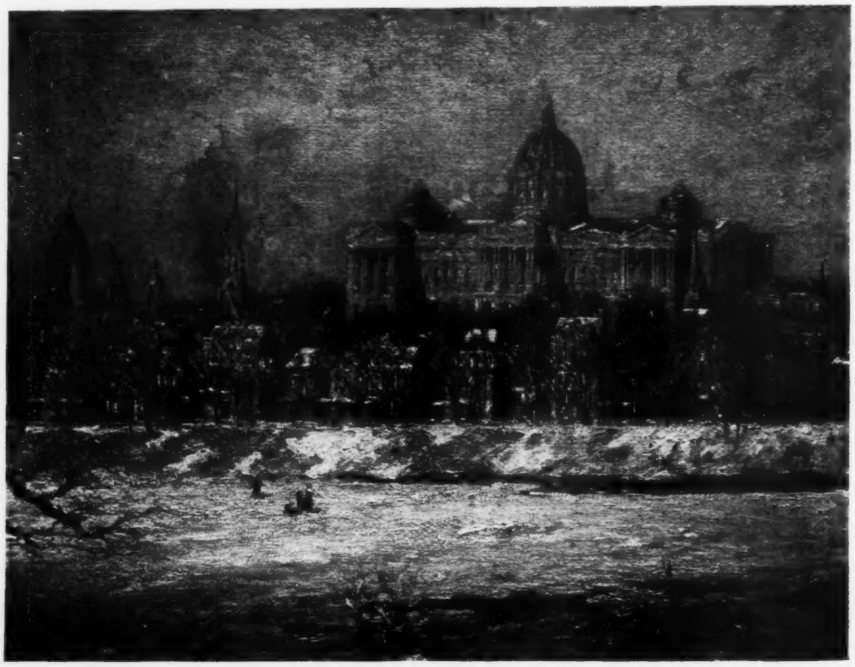
lights, how simple and summary the keen face of the trained forensic combatant. In the one large canvas which attracts general attention in this exhibition, Miss Beaux's life-size portraits of a brother and sister, Mr. and Miss Bird, of Walpole, Massachusetts, you have the precise generation of to-day, which rides and rejoices in its removal from the toil and moil which conferred fortune in a previous generation and will never ride anywhere in particular in this. There are possibilities in their eyes which survive even idleness, as eyes will. The great hall is here, the values of floor, wall and window perfectly preserved, a portrait which as temperaments vary will seem mere facility or a cross-section of current life.

But the object, the motive of these portraits by those older, is wholly apart from the effort and intent apparent in Miss Genth's profile of Miss Parker, a study of temperament, pale, waiting and concentered. The new portrait has the direct desire to make the subject speak rather than the artist, which is apparent in Mr. William M. Paxton's Cleveland, with its cluttered realism. Even Mr. Ullman, who is more pure painter than most, gives his "Child at Play" this uttering quality. It is present in Mr. Rittenberg's "Baby," is apparent even in the hard and crude and rather forced "Madame Hanako," by Mr. Ben Ali Hagan and Mr. Homer Boss' "Actress." When Mr. W. W. Gilchrist, the son of one composer, paints another,

Herr Pohlig, he is intent on a certain professional expression. What has really happened in the swing of the pendulum is that the new methods which developed thirty years ago turned the artist to execution—in which, for instance, a man like Whistler was supreme—but the younger man, who has inherited knowledge of this method instead of achieving it, turns instead to expression. Yet solid are the results of that earlier way, when Eakins paints Whitman, Samuel Murray models the seated Eakins, Alexander profiles the artist Whitredge or Kenyon Cox limns, with little color, the pale and overwrought Saint Gaudens.

Landscape, like portrait, has reached a new and definite aspect. The places of honor are held, of course, by two Schofields, in the main room, refined examples of the long process of elimination in landscape until all that is left is a pellicle of atmosphere, shadow and color, conveying sentiment. The "important" landscapes are by Mr. Redfield, and his gaunt tree, his accurate yet beautiful "December" and all his familiar round of sweeping air and moving flood continue his tradition, for his work is already that. But the real thing, which has the future, is the vivid color of Mr. Rockwell Kent, who sees weather as well as air; Mr. Paul Dougherty's strong, almost brutal rocks and blue seas, Mr. Woodbury's heaving surge, the solid interpretation of the ultimate fact in Mr. Charles Rosen, who has ceased to echo and begun to speak. See "An Old Quarry." Even Albert Groll catches this turn for the reality below the aerial envelope in "The Cloud: Arizona." These men all realize that there is something to see and paint, looking through and beyond mere atmosphere.

If these are the men of to-morrow, those who arrive, there is an encircling ring of those who represent to-day and perhaps—who knows?—yesterday, in Messrs. Lawson, Metcalf, Hassam and Weir, with whom one groups Mr. Charles Morris Young. He still paints with interest and not with industry, as most men do when they have rounded middle age.



The Capitol at Harrisburg
Painted by Colin Campbell Cooper

"Aspens," all aquiver in sun and shade, as Mr. Childe Hassam gives them, carries illusion far. Mr. Metcalf's "Trembling Leaves" still farther. Sheer skill both. "Morningside Heights," by Mr. Ernest Lawson, gaunt and bare as it is, has elevation. "May Night," by Mr. Willard L. Metcalf, is another of those brilliant transcriptions of a moonlight mood which stir the memory and touch the final string of vibrant recollection. "Fishing Boats," by Mr. Van der Weyden, sounds an earlier note, but has a true bit of water. Mr. Colin Campbell Cooper has been more successful in seething city scenes than in the rather white grandiose bulk of the "Harrisburg Capitol."

The nude, which had almost disappeared from our exhibitions, has begun again to assert itself. Mr. Sergeant Kendall, in "Narcissa," is wise to take his nude very young. This beautifully painted child, looking into a mirror, is cold, but accuracy itself. "Lorrette," by Mr. Henry T. Hubbell, is a more shadowy child, bearing a superficial suggestion of Miss Cassatt. Mr. W. M. Paxton's showy figure, rather squirming, is as hard as Bouguereau. Mr. Louis Loeb, in his vanishing, floating "Summit" on the mountain-top, pursued by ambition, and Miss Genth in the rounded figure, standing, relieved against a trellis, are in contrast, action and quiet, one cold and the other warm with life, and something more, the difference between the figure used to express, and the simple, direct, somewhat academic expression of the nude. Mr. Childe Hassam's "Aphrodite" lacks either passion or beauty, but it is none the less a most carefully drawn figure, not in itself attractive.

Mr. T. W. Dewing has created a special school of his own, tonal, flexible in composition and related in color. The work fits precisely into the half lights of our parlors with good dark old furniture about, a bit of bric-a-brac and a deftly handled figure and gay color like the rather posed "Lady Playing with a Macaw" to fill a wall space with its distinguished note. In a gallery, these things look a little thin and overcome by the conflict, but no one can question their grace, distinction or selling power. A younger man, like Mr. Howard Cushing, grows more direct with his "Girl with Parrot"—nicely painted throat and reflected back in mirror—but he is much less parlor filling. In this room, sacred to subdued color, there hangs the poetic and suggestive "First Snow," by Charles Morris Young.

The note of group action or figure in the exhibition is in the main more vigorous. Miss Elizabeth Sparhawk-Jones, in her easy, color-full, swift-moving "Roller Skates" and "Nurse-maids," has put all student days behind her and, at a stage when most still display traces of the classroom, shows that she has wholly mastered a most difficult field of expression. She shares with Mr. Everett Shinn's "Before the Footlights" the desire of the new people to have every figure on the canvas visibly doing something. Illustration has had its effect on all artists of recent years. It has none of the simplicity with which Mr. Thomas P. Anshutz seats his figure and lavishes the accurate power of the lifelong draughtsman and teacher on its outlines, missing nothing. The large groups do not carry conviction. This is true of Mr. Richard E. Miller's "La Visite," a true salon piece, a little girl visiting grandmother; W. T. Smedley's clustered reading figures about a tree; even sacred groups like Mr. Robert MacCameron's "Last Supper," or Mr. Tanner's "Nicodemus," or Mr. Hugo Ballin's elaborate and deeply colored (old Italian picture

La Visite
Painted by Richard E. Miller

fashion) "The Bath." This baby with richly dressed attendants is a palpable formula.

The sculpture has as its notable figure Mr. Grafly's statuette, "Maidenhood." It is an odd title for a brilliantly modeled realism which suggests desire rather than reserve. A group of young women have the original honors of the statuary. Mrs. Edith Woodman Burroughs with a "Circe," full of luring, enticing grace and a most remarkable achievement, "A Summer Sea"; Miss Abastenia St. Leger Eberle's uncompromising "Old Woman Picking up Coal," in sculpture what John Sloan is in etching; Miss Louisa Eyre's most charming child's portrait; Miss Meta Vaux Warrick's dramatic "Peeping Tom." Mr. Murray has a group of portraits and statuettes all marked by his capacity for combining patient accuracy and likeness with characterful quality. Mr. Giuseppe Donato catches closely the actor face of Robert B. Mantell.

There is a menagerie of animals. Albert Laessle, turtles; Ella Harvey, bears; Edward Kemeys, panthers and jaguars. It is really wonderful how dull a lively animal can be made by mere modeling. But the sculpture is not an adequate example of current work, as is the painting.

A Song *of* Spring

***By* Elizabeth West Parker**

SING me a song of spring;
Of joys that the spring things bring;
For my heart is aweary
Of these sad, dreary
And worn old winter days.

Sing me a song of spring;
Tell me of birds on wing,
Of nests in a hollow,
Of robin and swallow,
And the oriole's yellow blaze.

Sing me a song of spring;
Remind me that each brown thing
Will fling on the soft air
A thousand of flowers fair,
While fern fronds their brown curls raise.

Sing me a song of spring;
Repeat that the bare earth will bring
From dead leaf drifts hiding
All, all my heart's biding,—
After winter—the summer days.