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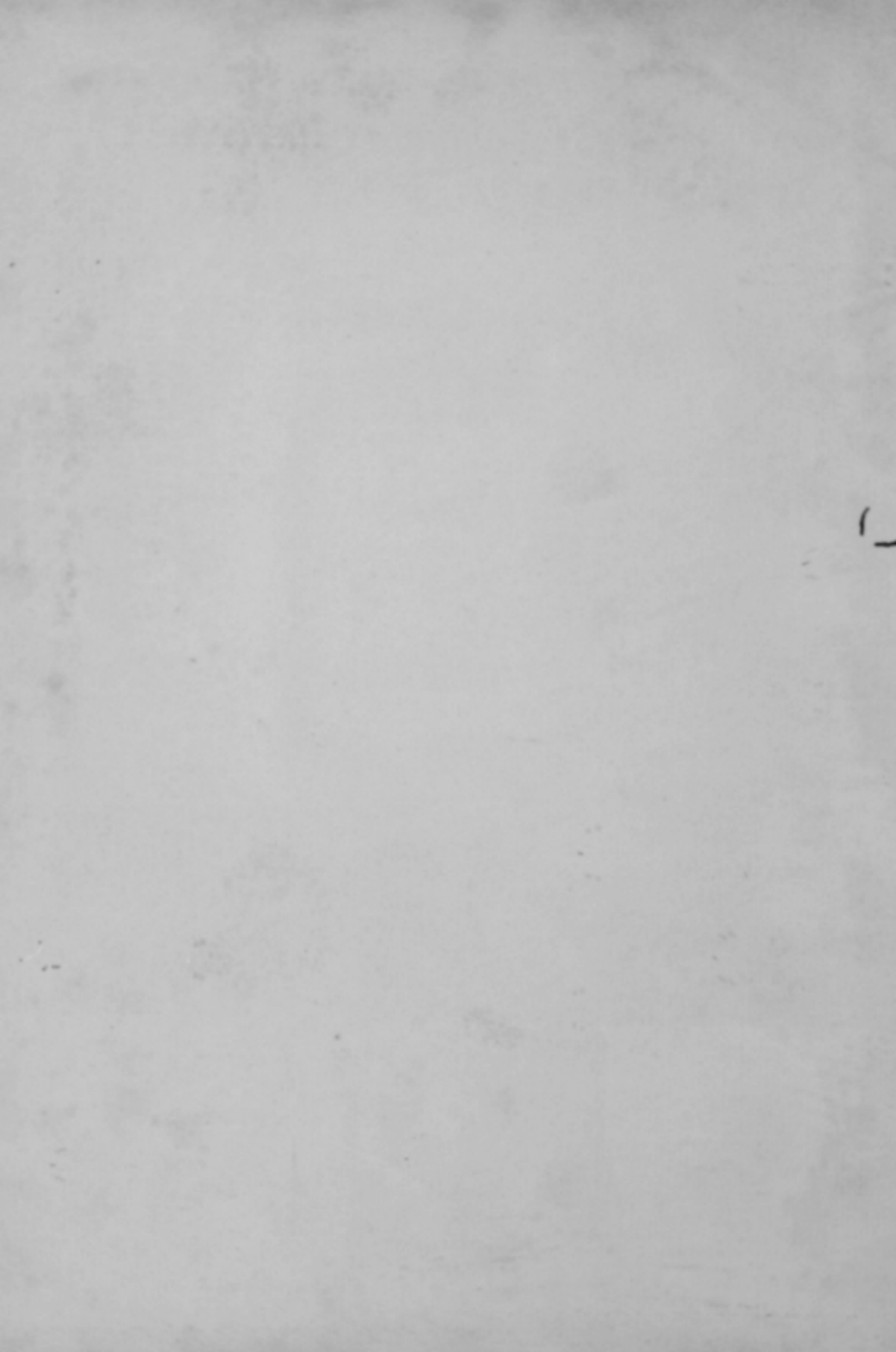
CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN ARTISTS:
ALBERT STERNER

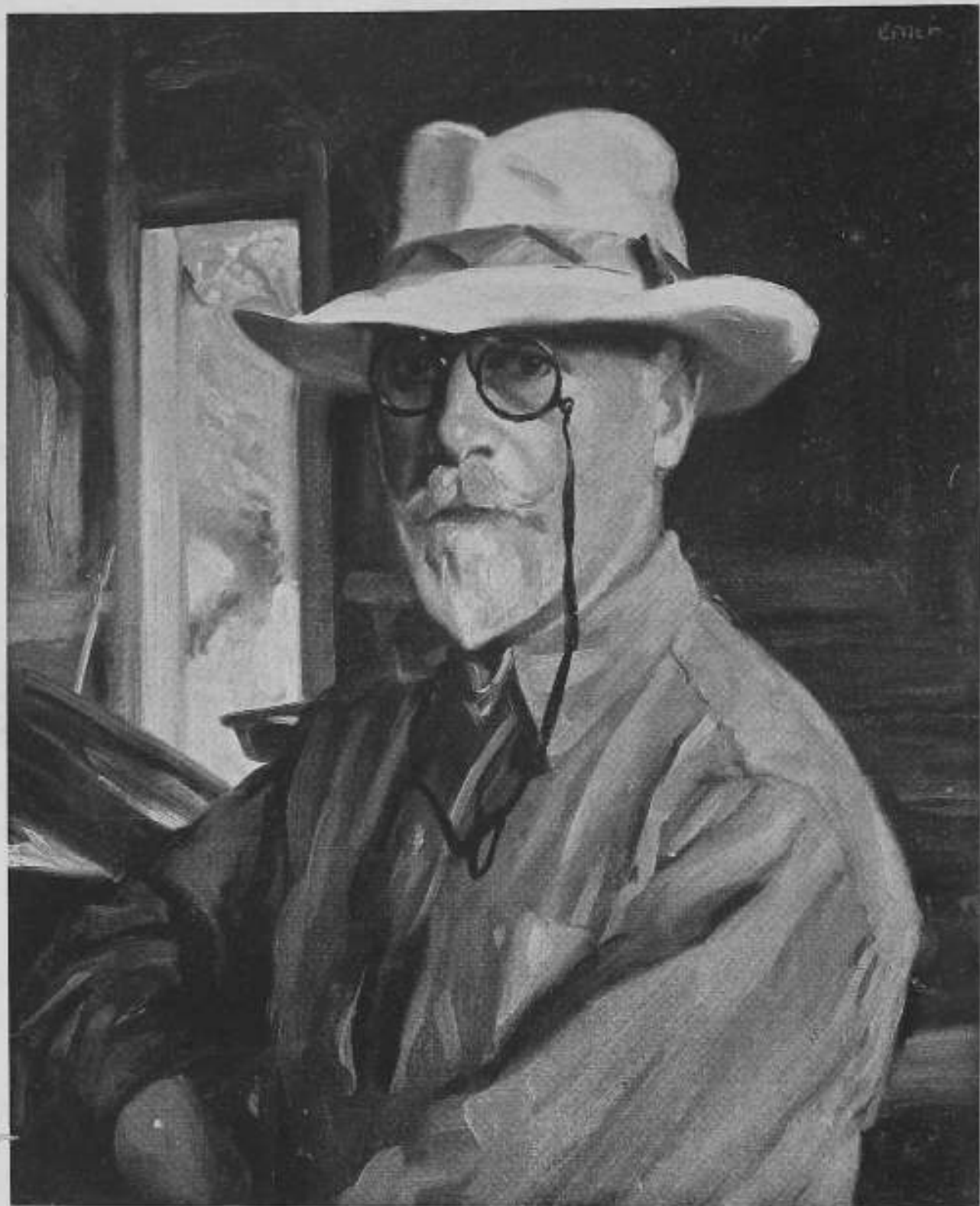
To His Majesty the King
Pradjadhipok

with sincere
regards
of

Albert Sterner

Ophis Hall
July 1931.





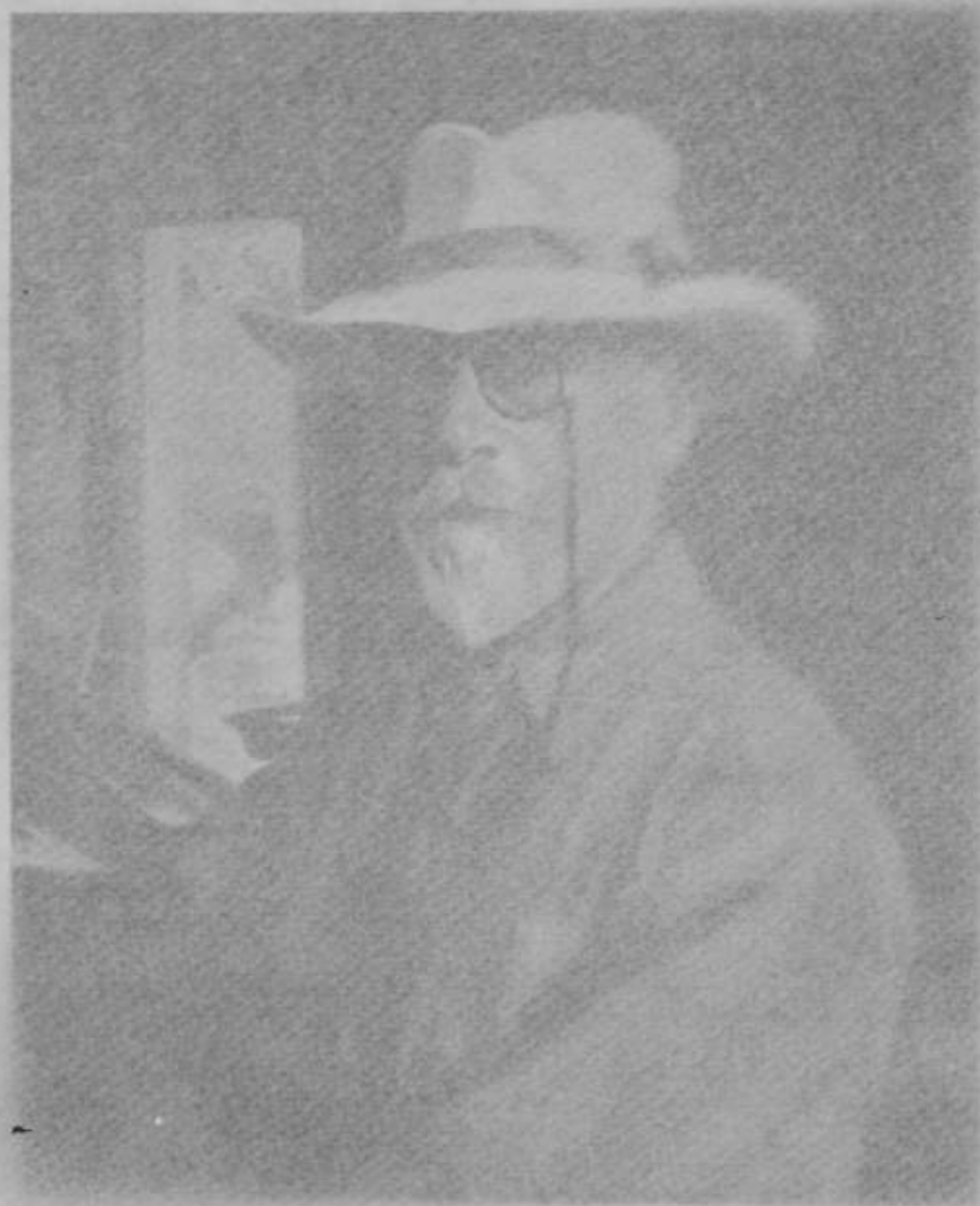
*Portrait of the Artist
by himself—Oil painting*

ALBERT STERNER
His Life and His Art

By RALPH FLINT

1 9 2 7

PAYSON & CLARKE LTD
New York



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His Life and His Art

THE field of art offers a wide and varied territory for cultivation and exploration, with its highlands, lowlands and intermediate levels to suit all comers. At a distance these diversely conditioned areas present a well-patterned panorama, diapered like some richly agrarian region whose contrastingly textured patches give the appearance of a colourful map. While there are no actual territorial divisions to limit free passage among the various localities save what the exigencies of human nature may set up for each individual, usage manages, however, to establish lines of demarcation that in time assume the properties and proportions of boundary walls. In this way a barrier may be said to have arisen between illustration and painting proper in America sufficiently formidable to presuppose a passage from the one to the other an unlikely if not altogether impossible event, as if a once restricted talent could not be developed for service in the higher fields of art. This is indeed a poor and trivial claim in the light of the old masters' versatility in turning at will from exalted pictorial tasks to the fashioning of a shopkeeper's sign or some household trifle; yet the fact remains that until a decade ago when many similar distinctions were swept into the discard, this assumption of incompatibility between painting and illustration obtained with almost sovereign authority in the studios. Pictorial talents are not so readily classified to-day as they were in the last century when illustration was such a highly centralized profession and meant a literal confinement within the ranks, so that the phenomenon of an artist moving freely among the various departments of the arts is no uncommon thing. But to the historian of art the effecting of such a transition in the earlier days when there were

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no breaches in the barriers becomes an act of genuine importance and worthy of record.

Among contemporary American artists who have at one time or another made illustration their concern, Albert Sterner stands out conspicuously as one of the very few to change his pictorial markings and to emerge a full-fledged painter. He has accomplished that difficult passage from zone to zone as perhaps only Winslow Homer did before him, for the great marine painter also laboured assiduously for many years in the field of illustration before passing into the fair pasturage of pure painting. In respect to this curious divisional ruling of the art world a considerable company of men might be cited as proving the case in one way or another, since John La Farge was another resolute painter with illustrative beginnings, and Edwin Abbey, one of the most illustrious to attempt the passage, remained a confirmed illustrative painter to the end, in spite of his ambitious and widely acclaimed public decorations at home and his large historical canvases abroad. Joseph Pennell, also of this early group, concerned himself with matters of painting all his life, yet he was an out-and-out illustrator at heart and openly confessed himself as such; and there have been other well-known men with strong illustrative tendencies at one time or another, like Metcalf, Blashfield, Vedder, and Wiles.

But it is extremely doubtful if the annals of American art present any more conclusive proof that the metamorphosis from the legitimate if restricted profession of illustration to the honourable and ancient calling of painting is within the bounds of possibility and reason, than the case of Albert Sterner. Belonging at one time to the top flight of illustrators, alongside Abbey, Pyle, Frost, Reinhart, Remington, and Smedley, he has risen by virtue of his innate ability and self-determination to make for himself as distinguished a place in painting as that which he once enjoyed as a leading contributor to the pages of Harper's, Scribner's, and the Century. The story of this development mocks any dogmatic ruling as to what may or may not be expected in these matters,

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and it should be a source of much inspiration to young illustrators who may fancy themselves debarred from the delights of the more serious, more searching phases of art by any arbitrary conditioning of their calling.

ALBERT EDWARD STERNER was born in London on a certain Sunday morning in March 1863 when that sober city was in a particular flurry over the impending marriage of the Prince of Wales to the beautiful Princess Alexandra of Denmark. His mother, an Englishwoman and ardent royalist, was so taken with the popular prince that she named her eldest born in his honour; and in fact was actually out in her carriage to admire the gayly bedecked thoroughfares when she was obliged to hurry home for the event which rightfully opens this narrative. Curiously enough young Albert Edward grew up to bear a marked facial resemblance to Edward the Seventh, and to develop an identical handwriting running loop for loop. His father was an American of German extraction, a Bavarian by birth who had gone to California at the time of the famous gold rush in 1849 and had been naturalized in Sacramento some years later. Returning to England he became a successful merchant, and for a while the Sterners were very well to do. Six children were born to them after which the family went to live in Brussels. Here the boys got a thorough grounding in French, and among young Albert's still vivid impressions of those days are the cartloads of wounded soldiers being drawn through the Belgian capital at the time of the Franco-Prussian war, and the laying of tanbark in the streets where they were quartered.

When Albert was eleven years old, his family returned to England, settling in Birmingham. He was sent to King Edward's School, an endowed free institution of very ancient tradition and one that by its very name must have appealed mightily to his mother's royalist nature. Admission was to be had only by competitive examination, and young

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Sterner entered proudly at the head of a field of seven hundred boys. He proved to be a good student, with a special aptitude for literature and languages, and rose rapidly with many prizes to his credit. But the significant item about this chapter of his career was the outstanding excellence of his drawing papers which were found so satisfactory that the head master arranged his release for two afternoons each week to attend the art classes of the Birmingham Art Institute. There he received an elementary training in freehand drawing, the copying of casts and other objects which no doubt served constantly to whet the boyish interest he had for drawing, well attested by some of his small sketchbooks of this period. One in particular contains some pencil drawings of prize cattle made at the Birmingham Agricultural Show when he was about twelve years old, remarkable in their sincere and earnest character. Like Burne Jones, who had also been a student at King Edward's School, he was marked as a painting person from the start, although there does not seem to be anything in the family archives to argue an artistic inheritance, unless the linguistic talents of an uncle or the fine dramatic ability of one of his brothers are to be considered. When he was fourteen, the family fortunes suffered severe reverses, and he was forced to leave school. He entered a local lamp factory at five shillings a week, but the lampmakers were not impressed with the caricatures and juvenile scribblings that invariably found their way onto the margins of the company invoices, and so he went perforce to the C. G. Bonchill gun factory where the business round was made somewhat less monotonous by his interest in the fascinating processes of gunmaking. He was clearly not of a clerical cut, but his proclivity for art was to be denied fulfillment for some little time to come.

Sterner *père*, with his coffers empty, decided to try his luck once more in America, and, in spite of the protests of his staunchly British wife, the family embarked for the New World, leaving Albert, then a youth of fifteen, to be shipped to an uncle in Germany. This relation,

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a prosperous Frankforter of generous girth and small intellect, soon apprenticed him to a remote cousin, one Michael Flürsheim of Gaggenau, who owned a flourishing iron foundry in that village—in fact he might be said to have owned the town since the entire personnel of Gaggenau was absorbed by the foundry. Albert took up his duties as clerk and confidential secretary with this domineering ironman, and slept in a little room over a stable, although he took his meals with the family. There was the long dinner table formally set out with candles and plate, and the most agreeable Frau Flürsheim, invariably in black velvet, presiding at the board. Frau Flürsheim was apparently the one consoling feature of this Gaggenau episode, for she was a woman of wide talents and accomplishments, having studied the pianoforte with the famous Hans von Bülow. She would often play in the evenings, and this music must have fallen on the artistically minded apprentice as balm indeed. Life was very irksome to young Sterner in Gaggenau, but he was sometimes able in odd moments to sketch out of doors in this picturesque valley of the Murg. Being severely reprimanded by the ironmaster one day for such arrant foolishness, he remonstrated and the overlord of the town kicked the whole business, easel and all, into the river. After a full dose of Gaggenau and its restrictions, he ran away to Freiburg, a lovely old world town where he led a gay and roving life for some six months until his uncle, getting wind of the matter, bade him return at once to Frankfort. Apparently the situation was too much for the perturbed uncle to cope with, for he abruptly packed him off to his family in America.

Like father, like son; and once again a Sterner cried "Westward-ho!" He embarked alone at Antwerp for that land of promise where his father had always hoped his sons might grow up, and toward the close of 1879 he landed at New York, thence making his way to Chicago where the Sterners then lived. No doubt this young Continental looked wide of the mark as he trod the weary round of the office-seeker, but he eventually got a start with the well-known lithographers, Shober and

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Carqueville, to whom he had submitted a book of sketches made on ship-board. A little later on he worked for a German named Bertram who had a studio on the top floor of the Ashland Block where embryonic artists were wont to work out their devious problems. Here he made accurate copies of commodities for engraved catalogues, and became expert at drawing on the block shoes, asparagus, tennis rackets and other household articles. During this period he ran the gamut from stained glass designing to turning out menu cards, and for a while he worked for Walter Burridge, the well known scene painter, who was then presiding over the decorative destinies of the Grand Opera House. There he toiled for twelve dollars a week and for his first job was assigned with Peter the paint-boy the not inconsiderable task of priming a back-drop forty feet by forty, at the end of which heroic performance he fell exhausted to the floor. As he advanced in the art of scene painting he was allowed to paint part of a tree on an enormous back-drop. The story goes that on the opening night, having been caught by Burridge out front lost in admiration of his handiwork, he was dragged back stage by the ear. Harry B. Smith, the librettist, and he were close friends at this juncture, and under multiple aliases, they brought out a weekly publication called the *Rambler*, with Smith doing all the stories, and Sterner the illustrations. Crayon portraits done from photographs figured on his list of activities in these preliminary Chicago days, but after about three and a half years of this hand-to-mouth existence he took leave of his people and went to New York.

AT this time American illustration was beginning to get well under way. *Life* had just been founded and Atwood, Frost, Kemble, Remington, McVickar, Wenzell, and Van Schaik were constant contributors. The newcomer went to live in a typical brownstone lodging near the old Academy of Design in East Twenty-third Street, his third floor back windows abutting on those of his friend, Oliver Herford.

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Here he made little drawings, often with his own jingles attached, which he managed to sell for small sums. The first one to see the light of day was a quaintly naïve thing about Big and Little Sister at the Piano and appeared in the *St. Nicholas Magazine*, that one treasured repository of youthful delights. From such humble beginnings springs many a masterpiece.

Things shaped up little by little, and he was soon drawing for *Life*, then published at Broadway and Twenty-eighth Street under the guiding hand of John Ames Mitchell. He found Mitchell one day in a very glum mood because of the scarcity of good men available for the lighter side of illustration, crying, "We've got to get new blood on the paper. Who is there?" The search was vain. Many years later at a dinner of the Society of American Illustrators, of which he was a founder, with some hundred and fifty well-known members about the board, Sterner asked Mitchell if he recollected that crucial day when just one more good man on the staff of *Life* meant salvation.

The Harper and Century publications then began to seek the young illustrator. He also made sketches for the *Art Age* and many double page drawings of theatrical celebrities of that day—Modjeska, Mansfield as Richard the Third, and Irving as Becket—and scenes from "As You Like It," at Daly's famous playhouse.

He soon came to the conclusion that what he needed was a more serious technical foundation and so, by careful saving, he put by barely enough money for an ocean passage and six months' stay in Paris. "It was a hard job to save four hundred dollars then with the small pay I got for my work—but I knew I had to get to Paris." Here is the keynote to his whole career, fittingly summed up in the motto—*Per aspera ad astra*.

It was at the original Julian's Academy in the Faubourg St. Denis that Sterner began his training in all seriousness, working there under Boulanger and Lefèvre. An incident in one of the life classes brought Sterner into sharp conflict with the meticulous nature of the in-

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struction in those academic days, and may have had much to do in determining his eventual decision to work out his problems on his own. It was the custom—and no doubt still is—to allot places each Monday morning according to the merit of the preceding week's compositions, and Sterner, being among the top of the list, set his easel close up to the model after the fashion of the teaching of the day. This particular model happened to be an old vagrant of uncertain years with a varicose vein on his right calf. "I was thoroughly disgusted at the time and could not seem to draw it. Boulanger, on his rounds, stared at me in amazement and asked me why I had not drawn the vein. When I remonstrated that I would make a hole in the paper if I went on fussing with it any longer, he cried in a fury, "But damnation, draw it even if you have to make a hole in the board!"

He also worked at the Beaux Arts under Gérôme, and found that the Paris schools were of a much more professional character than he had supposed, the teachers silently marking the better men and paying little regard to the unpromising students. He had no studio of his own on this visit but managed to send back to the New York publishers little pen and ink drawings, variations of two people engaged in conversation—"comics," they were called—to which quips and tags could be conveniently added, and which brought him his living.

This Paris training, however brief, enabled Sterner to acquire a new angle on technical matters, in which he admits discovering that patience was a prime ingredient. When he returned to New York, after these studies, he found that he could command more money for his work because of his surer technical grasp, and this improved *status quo* made a profound impression on him at the time. His clientèle was now greatly enlarged, and he was contributing to all the leading publications. Peter F. Collier was just appearing in the field then, and he established a more liberal standard of prices to artists and writers. Other interesting figures in the New York magazine circles of that period were Walter Appleton Clark, Mary Mapes Dodge, and Lewis

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W. Fraser (all connected with St. Nicholas), Howard Pyle, Edwin Abbey, W. T. Smedley (with his splendid wash drawings), Reginald Birch (who illustrated "Little Lord Fauntleroy"), Hopkinson Smith, A. B. Brennan, and Alfred Parsons.

When Sterner was about twenty-seven, he once more set sail for Paris, and after a while settled in a studio of his own at 112, Boulevard Arago. Like so many before and after him, the young illustrator soon found that the schools, while educationally and technically helpful, failed to nourish the inner man to any degree, and he decided to seek salvation wherever he might find it. He met any number of interesting artists at the famous "Chat Noir" in the rue de Douai, and probably picked up many helpful hints that were not to be found in the curricula of the schools. Such celebrities as Steinlen, Caran d'Ache, Forain, and Willette were the headliners at this café where the noted Rodolphe Salis presided, and out of the flow of their wit and merriment sprang the original idea of cabaret entertainment. In 1891 Sterner sent his first contribution to the Salon, a canvas called "le Célibataire" which was not only to bring him an Honourable Mention but considerable publicity as well. Raoul Ponchon, a clever poet and feuilletonist of the time, was accustomed to review the annual salons in a series of verses published in the *Courrier Français*, and he amusingly summarized Sterner's painting in the following stanzas:

Ah, le pauv' Célibataire
De Sterner
Qu'il a l'air
De s'ennuyer!
Enfin s'il ne veut
Pas se marier
C'est pas notre affaire!

This canvas, all velvety shadow save where the flickering firelight revealed a man lost in reverie, caused Boulanger, standing before his

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student's picture in the *salon* to remark, "*Mon ami, vous avez joué dans la basse—mais vous avez bien joué.*" Boulanger spoke more prophetically than he knew, for "le Célibataire," now the property of the Lotos Club in New York, has turned even blacker with time.

It was during this second stay in Paris that Sterner met Oscar Wilde through Stuart Merrill, an American poet with symbolistic tendencies, and Wilde sat for his portrait in the Boulevard Arago studio. It was a pen drawing which he enthusiastically autographed, and he later wrote to the painter expressing his hope that he might sit one day for a more serious study. At the time of Wilde's imprisonment this little black-and-white sketch by Sterner, originally published in *la Plume*, was the only available likeness of the poet in Paris, and was hawked down the boulevards.

Another interesting sitter was Dauphin Meunier whose "Bréviaires pour Mes Dames" was just then something of a sensation. Ernest Dowson and Retté, the poet, were also of Sterner's intimate circle. It was at this time that he made his first few tentative lithographs, working at Lemercier's. But it was painting which claimed his attention then to the exclusion of almost everything else.

One day, in trouble over a larger canvas than he had hitherto undertaken, he begged the help and criticism of Eugène Grasset, the celebrated decorative painter who lived in a studio next door. The younger painter deplored his lack of style, whereupon the master exclaimed: "*Le Style—n'en parlez pas, mon ami, ça viendra comme une maladie dans la nuit—trop tôt.*"

ON his return to America Sterner was invited to enter a competition for illustrating a new edition of George William Curtis' "Prue and I," a book which had lain fallow for some thirty years. J. H. McVickar, Charles H. Johnson and he were the three men chosen for this trial by illustration, with Sterner emerging the victor. He made

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one hundred pen-and-ink and wash drawings for this charmingly serene tale by the well-known editor of *Harper's* "Easy Chair," and this marked the first really important achievement in his career. The drawings are scattered through the text, and the book, published at the Christmas season, was a pronounced success from the start. With a handsome advance payment in his pocket and royalties to come, he again took ship for Paris, considerably elated at having got well under way and facing the future with a new confidence.

Among the many articles and stories which he illustrated at this time was a tale by Brander Matthews who wrote him an enthusiastic appreciation. "I want to tell you how delighted I was with the three illustrations to 'Etelka Talmeyr.' You made the girl's face in the first picture just what it ought to be and you know how rarely an author is satisfied with his illustrator."

His first public exhibition was held at Keppel's East Sixteenth Street gallery in 1894, featuring the "Prue and I" drawings. A half dozen paintings and some twenty other drawings were also shown, among them studies for "The Ball" which he sent to the big water colour exhibition of that year. W. Lewis Fraser wrote an appreciative foreword to the Keppel catalogue. "Among the younger artists whose progress it has been a delight to me to follow, few have interested me as much as Albert Sterner, for, from his earliest flounderings in the pages of the weeklies to his delightfully accomplished performances of to-day, he has been so naïvely fin-de-siècle in the sense that tradition has had little hold on him and that he has tried to work out a way which should be his own. Of course, in its fullest development, this is impossible—Sterner, as all others, has profited by what has gone before—but he still tries to do things which puzzle the critics and render them unhappy—not that Sterner is extreme. I could not imagine him being found, for example, among the little group of *Avancés* now exhibiting in Broadway. It is well for him that he was born with the possession of strong artistic intuitions, otherwise, I think, he would have come to grief: for,

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after all theories and formulas have been advanced, discussed, and practised, it is the inner essence of the artist which makes the work of art. He is certainly entitled to a high rank and a foremost place among American illustrators. It is therefore to me a genuine pleasure to know that the American public has given so hearty a welcome to his charming obbligator to 'Prue and I.' This same group of drawings was also shown at Earles' Galleries in Philadelphia.

The Water Color Society exhibition of that year—the twenty-seventh annual—was productive of interesting press comments for the historian of art. It was held in the old Academy of Design at Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue, a building designed after the Doge's Palace in Venice. The decoration committee went in heavily for "hangings, arms, and lanterns" according to the custom then in vogue, and a contemporary critic wrote that "the draping of the doorways quite fills the householder, in search of good colour schemes, with delight." Here is clearly an early manifestation of what was to become in time one of the leading industries of the town. Sterner's "The Ball" was variously received, such conclusions as "one of the gems of the exhibition," "a satisfactory attempt to imitate the kaleidoscopic colour of Fortune," and "though ambitious is unsatisfactory" being recorded in the columns of the New York papers. Some of the other artists showing at this Twenty-seventh annual were Childe Hassam, Robert Blum (with his Japanese sketches), J. Alden Weir, Walter Shirlaw, Frederick Remington, and Willard Metcalf. One critic complained bitterly that the strong blue background which Sargent had recently introduced into his portrait of Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth was cropping up everywhere in the exhibitions; and Weir, according to the same deponent, was working a combined "Mary Cassatt-Boutet de Monvel-Japanesque" style, which seems at this distance to have been a not inconsiderable feat. Sterner was beginning to be called "that clever young illustrator" and when his "Prue and I" exhibition went to Keppel's Chicago Gallery he was hailed by a local scribe as "the foremost of American illustra-

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tors," but he was "at once the critics' delight and their despair" because he insisted on being original.

Zorn was in New York just then and was being well lionized. Sterner expressed a wish for a criticism from him. He accordingly went with considerable trepidation to where the Swedish painter was working in Twenty-third Street—a sort of bedroom studio in the general state of picturesque disorder such as Sargent used to paint with gusto on rainy days—with a reproduction of "The Ball" under his arm. This painting showed a large company of dancers in a handsome interior, worked out with considerable detail; but Zorn merely gave it a casual glance as he threw it on the bed, saying, "Oh, that's a grand affair," and went ahead with the business of trying out a new model who had just arrived. He had been dining apparently the night before at a certain well known house and his attention during dinner had been attracted by the generous proportions of one of the maids; and as he was quite direct when it came to matters of the studio, it never occurred to him that selecting models from among his host's servants was anything out of the ordinary. Sterner found him equally surprising and unconventional several years later when he had the honour of escorting him through an Academy exhibition, for instead of noting the most Zorn-like canvases with an approving glance, he scorned them all only to pick out a little New England scene all gentle grays and timidity as the best thing in the show.

In 1894 Sterner was working in his Roslyn studio on a series of illustrations for a ten volume edition of Poe's works, which was being edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman and Professor George Woodbury for Stone and Kimball. He received a letter from Stedman anent these drawings which sheds some light on the problem of the illustrator. It must be noted in explanation that three of the series were published in the *Century* prior to the appearance of the new edition. "Your three drawings in the *Century* were so different from anything I had in mind that at first glance I was scarcely in sympathy with them.

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That feeling, however, I have learned from experience *always* comes when one sees anything absolutely new to his preconceived notions. So I will acknowledge that the more I have seen them the less disposed I am to criticize them and have concluded that it will be necessary to become familiar with the entire series before reaching an adequate estimate of your conceptions. I remember that when I saw the Pre-Raphaelite illustrations of Tennyson (in 1856?) by Millais, Hunt, Rossetti, etc., I did not like nor comprehend them. Your 'Red Death' is forceful, and both 'grotesque' and 'arabesque'—P. S. I am still of the opinion that the novelty of your whole series is affected adversely by the issue of the *Century* drawings. It is 'discounted' as we say." But the effect was apparently in no way discounted for at least one critic was moved to observe that Sterner was "one of the half dozen of our illustrators who aim above a merely literal and pictorial transcription of the text."

THE following year Sterner started on another series of continental wanderings that took him again to France, and to Germany, Italy and England. Many new influences were brought to bear on the artist's development during the two and a half years in Germany, and his status as a serious, ambitious, and many-sided artist became increasingly defined. He won a gold medal with his painting, "Harold and the Deer Hound," at the Internationale Ausstellung at the Glaspalast in Munich; and there, in the very city where Aloys Senefelder had invented the process of lithography, he again took up work on the stone. A group of his prints, displayed in the Odeonsplatz windows of Litaueer—the "Knoedler" of Munich—caught the discerning eye of the director of the Print Room of the Alte Pinakothek who promptly acquired a selection on the spot without knowing whom they were by. A similar selection was later made for the Kupferstich Kabinet of the Royal Collection in Dresden, and Sterner began to find himself more and more committed to the stone, although he was not to take it up again

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to any extent for a decade or more. The well-known "Dame am Wasser," printed in two tones, was done at that time. He found exacting craftsmen in Munich, among them Leo Putz, Angelo Jank, and Fritz Erler, and worked in the fine printing establishment of Klein and Volbert where he gained much valuable information on the technique of lithography. He was also a contributor to the *Fliegende Blätter* and *Jugend* during these Munich years. On his eventual return to the United States, he settled in Nutley, New Jersey. It was at this period that he seriously turned his attention to the making of portrait drawings, while simultaneously came his first commission for the illustrating of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's novels.

When he held his next one-man show at Keppel's in New York, Mrs. York, writing in the *New York Sun*, complimented him for letting the public have a "glimpse of the artist in his own unfettered personality" and for not including in the exhibition his magazine illustrations, no matter how excellent. Here was the artist in him taking definite precedence over the illustrator, for his "Eleanor" drawings had made a considerable sensation and had prompted Sadakichi Hartmann, the art critic and historian, to remark that "Sterner is, with Albert Brennan, my favorite illustrator." Another writer, sensing his breaking away from illustration, wrote: "He has allowed himself the luxury of appearing 'in propria persona,'" and this observation only goes to show how general the sense of division between the two fields of artistic endeavour was. Sterner himself once defined his position in these early days when he said, "I am not an illustrator but I illustrate," a distinction for once with a difference. The Sterner psychology must have given Mrs. York much food for thought, for she found his "Study of a Lady" to be a painting in which "the undulating movement is carried through the hands in a manner somewhat Boldiniesque, which to many of us is synonymous with snakiness and forced diablerie, smacking of decadency." This mauvish tidbit of critical analysis is eloquent witness to the tricky tenor of those days, but her review is rounded off by the as-

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sersion that the serious side of the artist is well in evidence, markedly presenting "qualities of temperament, intellectuality, and character, wherein so many of the craft fail."

Travel and work and exhibitions followed in rapid sequence for the next few years. His red-chalk drawings ("sanguines") were becoming a sort of hallmark for the artist, and one of the finest was his portrait of Mrs. Ward done in the library of her Grosvenor Place house in London. Sterner was at this time doing illustrations for Mrs. Ward's "The Marriage of William Ashe," and it was in a little old-fashioned house in Elmtree Road, close by Israel Zangwill and Oscar Ashe, that he made these drawings, working by gas-light during the foggy London days.

A CLEAR picture of the shifting state of illustration at the start of the twentieth century is gotten in one of Sterner's many open letters to the press. Under the heading "Illustrations that Illustrate," he wrote to the *Commercial Advertiser*: "It is not at all surprising that a vigorous protest has been made regarding the poor quality of work commonly known as illustration now being dished up in enormous quantities to the public. None will hail this protest with more delight than the few serious and well-equipped artists who have given themselves thoroughly to the study of making good and adequate illustrations, and although the perfection and development of the half-tone process—a method of reproduction much more expeditious and far cheaper than the more artistic mode of the art of wood engraving—has in a measure been responsible for the reproduction of useless pictorial matter, it is not the only factor that has worked in the deterioration of the high standard set in this art in America, and which reached its zenith some twelve or fifteen years ago. The trashy quality of the greater part of the work now being put forth from the printing presses is gradually vitiating and undermining the good taste of the major portion of the reading public of

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the United States." He likened the "splendid, serious, illustrative work of a decade ago" to a "dainty and slowly built edifice of art" almost completely swept away. "We are now in the midst of a period of meaningless illustration" where "quantity rather than quality obtains," where "drawings are wanted over-night and 'Rush' is the motto." He further cited in proof of the sorry state of affairs, a man of his acquaintance who had for some time vigorously refrained from buying illustrated books for his children, and this leads one to speculate on what course would be left such a father to-day in order to keep his offspring uncontaminated by the tabloids and comic strips of a ruder age.

Like Whistler before him, Sterner has always risen briskly to parry and thrust in the cause of art. An episode which comes to light is the controversy that raged in the *New York Sun* over his reply to an "American Woman" who had publicly protested the lack of "nicety" in John Luther Long's then recently published story of "Madame Butterfly." It furthermore brings very apropos a Butterfly touch into the narrative, although it provides no Baronet. This correspondence centers about the so-called "American Girl" idea which has always been a prime factor in American illustration, although it seems like a shot in the dark to couple the various statuesque versions that Wenzell, Gibson, Christy, Fisher, et al, once turned out with the gay, larking young things that bear the John Held, Jr., hall-mark of 1927. Asking if this self-appointed public champion of "niceness" had ever stopped to consider that there might possibly be "more things in heaven and earth than are contained in her philosophy," and asserting that "art and literature are qualities which have the privilege, nay, claim the right, to deal with subjects which now and then might reach beyond the enormously keen and comprehensive faculties of the 'American Woman,'" he continued with continental warmth and emphasis: "The art of America—and here I use the word in its broadest sense—has suffered long enough from just this pernicious 'niceness' born of a conventional false modesty and the remains of a narrow Puritanism, limiting hopelessly all great

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efforts in the arts. We have had this 'nice' American girl drawn for us until we are sick of her. She has been written about, this grown-up school girl, ad nauseam." Replies to this epistle came thick and fast, and Sterner was referred to as "your German correspondent," among other things.

Another issue that caused him to rise in revolt was the "hors concours" system then in vogue with the American Water Color Society, by which members were permitted to exhibit their work without being passed on by the jury. At a meeting of the members shortly after the thirty-first annual exhibition, he boldly attacked the old guard by telling them that the exhibition just closed had been made up largely of "unmitigated rubbish," and that far from being what it professed to be—an artists' exhibition—it was "in truth a little below what might reasonably be expected of a society of mediocre amateurs." He therefore proposed to remedy the situation by reducing the size of the exhibitions, enlarging the number of jurymen, and curtailing the "hors concours" rights of the members.

At another time he wrote emphatically to the press on the action of *Pearson's Magazine* in presenting to the Metropolitan Museum of Art a drawing by a contemporary illustrator. "In the firm belief that the quality of the pictorial matter put forth by our daily journals and magazines is a potent if perhaps unconscious factor in elevating or degrading the taste of the people, I hail this opportunity to endorse most thoroughly the movement now on foot to establish a permanent collection of the work of American draughtsmen at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. The vast interest evinced in picture making for the press (in its big sense) to-day and the universal use of reproductive methods to enable creative design of any kind to be spread to all corners of the earth point undoubtedly to a democratic renaissance in art. Whether such a tendency is finer or more fruitful in high achievement than a more exclusive and aristocratic art period it is not now my purpose to discuss. But if this universal demand for pictorial matter exists and our papers

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and periodicals prove that it does, then it is necessary that the people should be taught to distinguish at least in an elementary way the good from the bad." Sterner must have to a certain degree previsioned the pictorial deluge that was to sweep over the illustrative levees of the nineteenth century when he wrote this document, for he felt even then the need of raising a standard high enough to be seen above the rising waters.

Nor were the publishers of that epoch any more exempt from Sterner's shafts than the academicians or the illustrative middlemen. In a Chicago interview he roundly rated them for holding preconceived notions of what an artist should or should not draw. "They allow him no stimulating choice. Twenty-five years ago public taste had not crystallized as it has now and the editor did not see fit to ordain that every other picture should contain an expansive-eyed child sitting on a nursery floor among a clutter of toys." (This must have been during the Jessie Wilcox Smith era of illustration.) "Neither was there an imperative demand for a statuesque and virginal creature strolling beside the usual athletic and correctly sartorial collegian. They are very tender of the feelings of the dear public, these editors. Prudishness and commercialism, these are the two enemies of fine progress. It is a long struggle and involves many heartaches, but it must be made. There must be less work and vastly better; fewer men and more talent."

STERNER continued to show his work publicly, with the portrait drawings well to the front. Again at Keppel's; also at the Bauer-Folsom Galleries at 396 Fifth Avenue. "Dr. Trumpp" and "Mrs. Fitzroy Carrington" were among these new offerings, with "Harold and the Deer Hound" reappearing after the Munich days. Later this collection was sent to the Rhode Island School of Design in Providence where it had a genuine success. A local scribe avowed the portrait drawings lively enough to make him forget the "mere chalk and paper mummery"

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of the business, adding that years of illustration had been equipping him for this new style of work. "He is without fads and the slurring over of difficulties, and it is one of the notable events of the year." Soon after the Providence exhibition the artist took up his residence in Newport, where he stayed for several years. Besides helping to found the Newport Art Association, he taught in an art school dependent on it, which several resident painters organized in the remodeled studio of Richard Morris Hunt.

When Sterner was once more settled in New York, he had his studio in Gramercy Park at the National Arts Club on the south side, and there he painted his Academy offering for 1919. The following year he was elected an Associate Member of the National Academy. That same year saw his exhibition of portrait drawings at Knoedler's which did much to expose the popular American fallacy that a portrait of any particular consequence must be done in oils. This sort of crayon portrait which Sterner had been gradually developing was an offshoot of that delicately determined portraiture which Holbein and the French draughtsmen of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries had cultivated with such success; and while he had obviously sat at their feet, he had come to achieve a definite style of his own minus the mannerisms or hall-marks of any bygone school.

In 1911 Sterner held an important exhibition of lithographs and monotypes at the Madison Avenue and Forty-second Street Gallery of the Berlin Photographic Company, where Martin Birnbaum held forth as champion of the younger and more enterprising artists of the day. Birnbaum was managing a series of highly interesting exhibitions at that time, exhibitions that were a distinct advance over what had been previously accomplished in New York in the way of framing, cataloguing, and showmanship; for he was practically the first to go in for distinctive exhibitions of any sort. He took an active interest in what the men were doing, going about the studios with an eager eye for promising material. This particular show was fairly epochal, for lith-

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ography had not been much in evidence in the exhibitions up to this time.

This Berlin Gallery show included twenty lithographs, twenty-three monotypes, and ten drawings, and Royal Cortissoz of the *New York Tribune* wrote of it as the work of an artist who knew what he was about. "The example of Mr. Albert Sterner might well be pondered by the dabsters for whom the Armory show seemed to open a new heaven and a new earth. What is the secret of the charm which exhales from his drawings? It is at bottom, no doubt, his taste, his feeling for beauty of form, his whole artistic mastery over his medium. Nay, it is more than the medium. He has studied the living model, he has given thought to matters of composition, he has seriously interested himself in light and shade, and always, in season and out of season, he has taken care to draw like a gentleman. 'Thorough' has been his watchword—and what is the result? He draws with perfect ease. His line has grace and sometimes subtlety. When he chooses to draw the nude as in the 'Remorse,' with a bold and summarizing touch, he remains sure of his truth and gets, into the bargain, something of the force of style. He has illustrated Poe, and the experience has had its effect upon his imagination. He gives us in some of his designs a kind of macabre poetry. But we would emphasize more particularly the brilliance of his technique. With the lithographs are exhibited a number of drawings, chiefly portraits. They disclose the same sterling traits that we have noted in his work on the stone, the traits of an accomplished and sincere artist. They are mightily refreshing." Another Boston exhibition, this time at the Brooks Reed Gallery, and the local critics seized upon his monotypes again as an irrelevant gesture in art. F. W. Coburn of the *Herald* declared that Sterner had plenty of substance but little style, and he characterized the "monkeying with monotypes" as a "process of vast interest to the curious and semi-curious soul."

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STERNER was soon to move his studio across Gramercy Park to No. 1 Lexington Avenue on the north side, where he has been ever since. In 1915 he held his first exhibition of pastels at Knoedler's Gallery, and many of these large sized portraits were carried to the full-bodied point of development that Latour had so wonderfully evolved in France in the eighteenth century, but which was something of a novelty outside of France. Hitherto in America the pastel had not been taken very seriously, to most artists just a "sketchy thing on paper"; but Cortissoz again praised the artist's work with much warmth in his art columns of the *Tribune*. "He carries conviction because he paints a portrait from within, sees it as a form of art, and does his work with a conscience."

On the evening of January 9 of that same year an informal meeting was held in Sterner's studio to discuss ways and means for the formation of a society of artists working in the graphic arts. Childe Hassam, George Bellows, Boardman Robinson, Ernest D. Roth, George Elmer Brown, and Leo Mielziner were among those present and the upshot of this session was the founding of the Painter-Gravers of America. Sterner had long had such an organization at heart to help raise the general quality of prints in America, and he threw himself into the new project with full enthusiasm. The specific object of the society was to further the understanding and appreciation in the United States of the methods used by artists for autographic reproductions of their work in engraving, lithography, and etching, and to give exhibitions of such work and to provide for sales. The membership was to consist of artist and patron members, and there was to be no jury "either in spirit or in form." It was further planned to have each member invite one non-member to show with them. Some fifty prominent patrons responded to the idea, and the Painter-Gravers opened its campaign with an exhibition in a renovated shop in West

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Fifty-eighth Street which Bellows and Sterner had transformed into a suite of beautifully lighted galleries, with delicate gray walls and tasteful furnishings made after his designs. The exhibition began in March with one hundred and ninety-eight prints. Ernest Haskell, Kerr Eby, Eugene Higgins, Maurice Sterne, John Sloan, J. Alden Weir, and Mahonri Young were among the charter members showing, and John Taylor Arms, Anne Goldthwaite, Edward Hopper, Troy Kinney, William Auerbach-Levy, and Jerome Myers were some of the invités. They were roundly acclaimed by the press, and one particular verdict held that such an organization filled a timely need in the town. The exhibition later went on tour, taking in Rochester, Buffalo, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Toledo, Milwaukee, and Detroit, continuing until May of the following year. Sterner was elected chairman of the Board of Governors for the second year, and the next exhibition was held at the Milch Galleries. There were four shows in all, but the country's preoccupation with war checked the momentum of the Painter-Gravers. However, the society proved a great help in establishing the co-operative art idea in the United States, and since then many similar movements have been launched.

An exhibition held at the Jacques Seligmann Galleries in 1922 showed new manifestations in Sterner's portrait drawings. It was his most dignified and important assertion of artistic independence and power. Here was the man himself in full force, completely freed from derivative sources or measures. Here one could study his advancing clarity of delineation and the growing simplicity of his handling. Clearly he had outdone himself in the newer portraits. In these deeply searched likenesses, no unnecessary emphasis of detail marred the rounded fusion of the whole.

An exhibiting organization with which Sterner has been vitally concerned from the start is the New Society. He was a charter member of this society of forty painters which broke away in 1919 from the rigid and restricting policies of the academic group to combat the idea of pre-

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eminence of any one school over any other, and, incidentally, any one medium over another.

Among the canvases that Sterner painted at this time were "Passion" and the portraits of Philip Merz, Dr. Hoffman, and Mary Hall as Lady Macbeth. It was now more and more the medium of oil painting with which he was concerned and the various exhibitions to which he contributed bear record of a sequence of interesting canvases.

Although a man of varied accomplishments, Sterner has only recently put his hand to decoration. This delayed approach does not necessarily imply any lack of interest in this direction. Rather does such work possess a direct appeal for him, fulfilling his favourite theory that all true art should spring from a direct need, should cater to some specific want of a specific client. Perhaps the upward stages from his early illustrating days to his present painting period have been too crowded and continuous to permit any extended excursion in this however delectable branch of art, but his few essays in large scale design argue a decided aptitude for such work. About the same time he undertook the decoration of a Georgian hallway in Mrs. A. M. Brinton's house in Philadelphia, obviously relishing the opportunity of enlarging his decorative borders after long years of small dimensional painting. He has worked out there an Italianate design in monochrome—directly upon the carefully prepared walls. This undertaking occupied four months of his time. A panoramic view of garden enclosure, cut here and there with upstanding cypresses and leading out upon a distant stretch of waterways and encircling hills, is the substance of his design. At present he is engaged on preliminary studies for a large group portrait of the Deaver Clinic to be completed during the winter of 1927-1928 and placed in the Lankenau Hospital in Philadelphia.

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ALBERT STERNER is today at the height of his power, working quietly and continuously in the Gramercy Park studio that has housed him these many years. He maintains there an almost old world atmosphere of peace and seclusion as devoid as possible of the various intruding elements of a too demanding and democratic society. He arranges his life with jealous care to sustain and promote just the essentials of a painter's calling. The skyscraper apartments pressing their huge masses in upon the peace of his little park are to him symbols of a new order of things, manifestations of strange and disturbing dynamics in a world gone maddeningly modern. And yet, with all his strongly cosmopolitan old world point of view about the ordering of events, he is definitely wedded to New York; nor would he dream of exchanging his Gramercy Park for all the green acres of all the capitals of Europe. Neither would he turn tail and climb into his attic with the ladder pulled up behind, for he has seen how foolish and fatal it is for an artist to renounce the world and its reasonable rewards and revenues in the hope of finding salvation in solitude. In his unconscious careful way he will keep his weather eye well fixed on an old-fashioned house at Richmond in the Berkshire Hills with its studio, where it is a foregone conclusion the yearly visits will be increasingly extended.

While Sterner is well aware of a world about him more scaled to mass than to class, and while he senses and freely discusses the great influences active in the endeavour of the art of to-day for quick unfettering of bygone modes and manners and for bold launching forth into uncharted ways, he is enough of a classicist not to accept hastily or insincerely the new progressions or the sharper chromatic chords that are sounding on all sides. He clings resolutely to his conservative means, for way back of his honest and openly avowed Americanism lies an ingrained and subtle continentalism, shaping his work to a marked degree. The time honoured masters who stressed their points through strength, linked to refinement and delicacy rather than the rough and ready "shirt-sleeve" artists of our period, are logically his pictorial ancestors; and

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while he is an admirer and student of all methods of painting his deeper feelings are not easily stirred save by the work of the outstanding stylists, those men who have unequivocally registered down the alleys of time. It is the name of Velasquez perhaps (his greatest favourite technically) or Titian or Rembrandt, that colossal exponent of characterization and the humanities, that brings him to his feet with a painter's thrill, that starts him off on an enthusiastic analysis and appreciation of the great attributes of all art.

Perhaps the counterpart in this century of these old masters will be found some day handling the new and throbbing medium of the screen when that intriguing young art shall have reached a degree of sensitiveness and flexibility sufficiently attractive to men of their calibre. This is not at all an unlikely possibility in the light of what has already been accomplished in the short space of the screen's existence. Sterner himself is enormously interested in the new and plastic medium of the motion picture and has a lively curiosity as to its future. But it is too early yet to expect that the artist would find satisfaction or encouragement in trying to handle the unwieldy proportioned medium of the screen, or to cope with the many limitations that encompass motion picture production to-day. Yet one producer has demonstrated with his film masterpieces of "Nanook of the North" and "Moana" that it can be done, and in time we shall see the pictorially trained artists on their way to Hollywood with the rest.

IT is manifestly unfair and doubtless unwise to attempt any particular summary of a man's work before he has brought it well towards completion, and Albert Sterner has far too many painting years ahead to be considered artistically crystallized. He stands at the threshold of his best and richest period, as eager for the fray as when he entered the competitive test for "Prue and I" back in the days of his youth. Being an ardent follower of the great masters in art, he has before him those

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stirring examples of vigorous maturity that the Venetian school affords; for it was Tintoretto who mounted ladders in the Ducal Palace at well past seventy to produce unaided his magnificent *Paradiso*, the world's largest fresco and containing some four hundred life-size figures circling through starry space, and it was Titian who went on painting his large decorative canvases into his ninety-ninth year.

Now Sterner has been seriously concerned with painting throughout his career, and early received recognition for it both here and abroad. In the later years of his practice, oil painting has gradually come in for a greater share of his attention. Naturally he carries over his thorough draughtsmanship and his acknowledged acumen in characterization, acquired through long years of patient study, into his present painting period.

The adventure, the degree of development of any sincere artist as he goes forward, is unknown and unlimited, but one of Sterner's firm beliefs is that Form is the foundation of all pictorial representation, colour but its embellishing adjunct. Therefore throughout his practice it is not surprising to find his painting temperate and conservative, his colour sense in abeyance, never mounting into any sudden chromatic flamboyance. The severe simplicity of a restricted palette suffices well for him and he is willing to sacrifice a great deal—perhaps too much—for the certainty of a clear and vital statement of character. It is this quality of vital sensuous expression that is so evident in the whole of his work.

Thus Sterner by virtue of his calm and persistent courting of moderation in all things has remained unaffected by the many pictorial experiments that have been succeeding each other in swift sequence these past two score years. But whatever school an artist belongs to or whatever style he affects, it is still for each to evolve his own technical equipment; and a long uphill road it often is until the best suited medium finally evolves. It may be contended that such scrupulous attention to vehicle and technique as the great masters displayed is a thing of the past, and that the temper of the times is too short for such intricacies and

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complexities; yet it is certain that whenever a message of new beauty comes to the painting world of sufficient depth and significance, just so will the one chosen to deliver it make the time and take the trouble to work out a vehicle of corresponding depth and significance. After all what matter if one phase of an artist's work stands out more prominently than another. Is it not out of one and the same man and is it not one and the same message?

I believe that I have brought together sufficient testimony from various and reliable sources to substantiate Sterner's claim to eminence and to indicate how steady was his rise in pictorial power from the earliest work to the latest achievements in painting and decoration. He has brought to portraiture in line a new intensity through years of searching study, and this is undoubtedly his most important contribution to American art thus far. Lithography has given him ampler room for the more dramatic side of his talent, and into his line on the stone he has woven many moods, gay to grave, romantic, macabre, stern, subtle, simple. He has always found this medium responsive to his demands, whether it be for carefully studied portrait heads or for the more imaginative designs. As for etching, to judge from the few plates that exist, it is a medium eminently suited to his hand. His "Neurasthenic" stands out for its delicate mood and tender yet virile line. There should be more prints of this calibre to come. His drawings in red chalk and his innumerable studies of the nude figure in this medium are Sterner at his best. The monotype (generally considered a slight and playful thing) he is particularly fond of. Sterner proves by examples in this medium that the oil paint on the zinc plate, afterwards to be pressed on to paper, may be manipulated, if the artist so wills, quite seriously and pushed to a great completeness.

The plates chosen here to illustrate the various phases of Sterner's art will do more than any words to justify the distinguished position he holds and will set forth the sum and substance of the man himself.

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THIS story does not quite end with the record of Sterner's pictorial accomplishments, for the versatility of his nature inclines him avocationally more or less toward other fields such as acting, music, writing. He likes to act and he has written several plays. His free thinking and frankness of speech have often led him to contribute to the press and to mount the rostrum in the cause of art. He has been a contributor to the magazines on various matters of his calling and is at the moment preparing a book on art which should prove a valuable document coming from one as well informed on this subject as he is. Sterner places the medium of expression below the will to create. He is essentially a creative artist.

He likes to think in universal terms and believes that the artist at work on the Parthenon frieze or the Chinese painter of the Ming period was one and the same kind of man as the artist of to-day. The ruff around the neck of the men and women Hals painted—or the less attractive still linen collar of to-day—are after all collars to be represented. These very differences, Sterner in his larger view likes to reduce to similarities that tie the ages together.

In the main his creeds are sound and his artistic advice is invariably worth heeding. Wherever he goes he takes with him a communicating sense of the reality and importance of art, and he is ever striving to lift that veil of mystery which to the average American more or less shrouds such matters. At the Town Hall in New York, he spoke on just this point, insisting that it was the bounden duty of each individual to learn to approach art with an open mind and without timidity, and to look at the work of art for himself. Since the artist has tried to express and embody that intangible something which has prompted him to expression, in the hope that the beholder will be similarly moved, he pointed out how necessary it was that the individual discover his own reactions to art in order to gain any tangible good from the experience. Sterner

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finds the average American timid almost to the verge of the ridiculous in these matters, and it is this great bogey of artistic self-consciousness that he has fought these many years.

The charlatan and poseur have little chance with Sterner, for he keeps the subject of art on a high plane. Art that appeals to the emotions is not enough, for it must challenge the intellect as well. "The quality of the artist is inherent in him; he has this quality a priori like a fine violin." "The artistic conception depends on the sum total of his personality, his experience, on the quality of the man himself." So reasons Sterner, and soundly; and we undoubtedly find the cornerstone of the man's makeup in his declaration that conception, the inner æsthetic urge, to become eventually art must be made concrete in controlled expression. "*Controlled expression*,"—here is the Sterner creed in a nutshell; with possibly a qualifying tag that this expression be controlled for a definite purpose. The futility of purposeless art rouses him to lively discussion, for he insists that art be related directly to the community and to the individual, that there can be no great artists without great audiences, and he feels it only fair to give the public what it wants as far as it is compatible with artistic integrity. In this light he holds the eccentricities of modernism to be the manifestation of a riotous individualism, and he maintains that Rubens would have laughed to scorn the suggestion that he paint a "Descent from the Cross" just for his own pleasure, just to express himself.

It will thus be seen that Sterner is an avowed apostle of sanity and order, working for that perfect welding of conception and technique, an aim that makes for great art. Because he stands aside from the modernist movement is no sign that he is not at his post, striving with all that is in him for a common art of uncommon proportions. He has glimpsed the heights, and with this vision always in mind he has gone a long way toward his goal: He works content in the unceasing revelation of natural beauty and he rejoices in the task of bringing to a restless, unheeding world something of the wonder of life that has been vouchsafed him.

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This is the secret of Albert Sterner as a man and as an artist, this the motivation that charges him to communicate his emotional and pictorial reactions to the world at large. Such art is with signs following.





*1. An early illustration
in the Century Magazine*



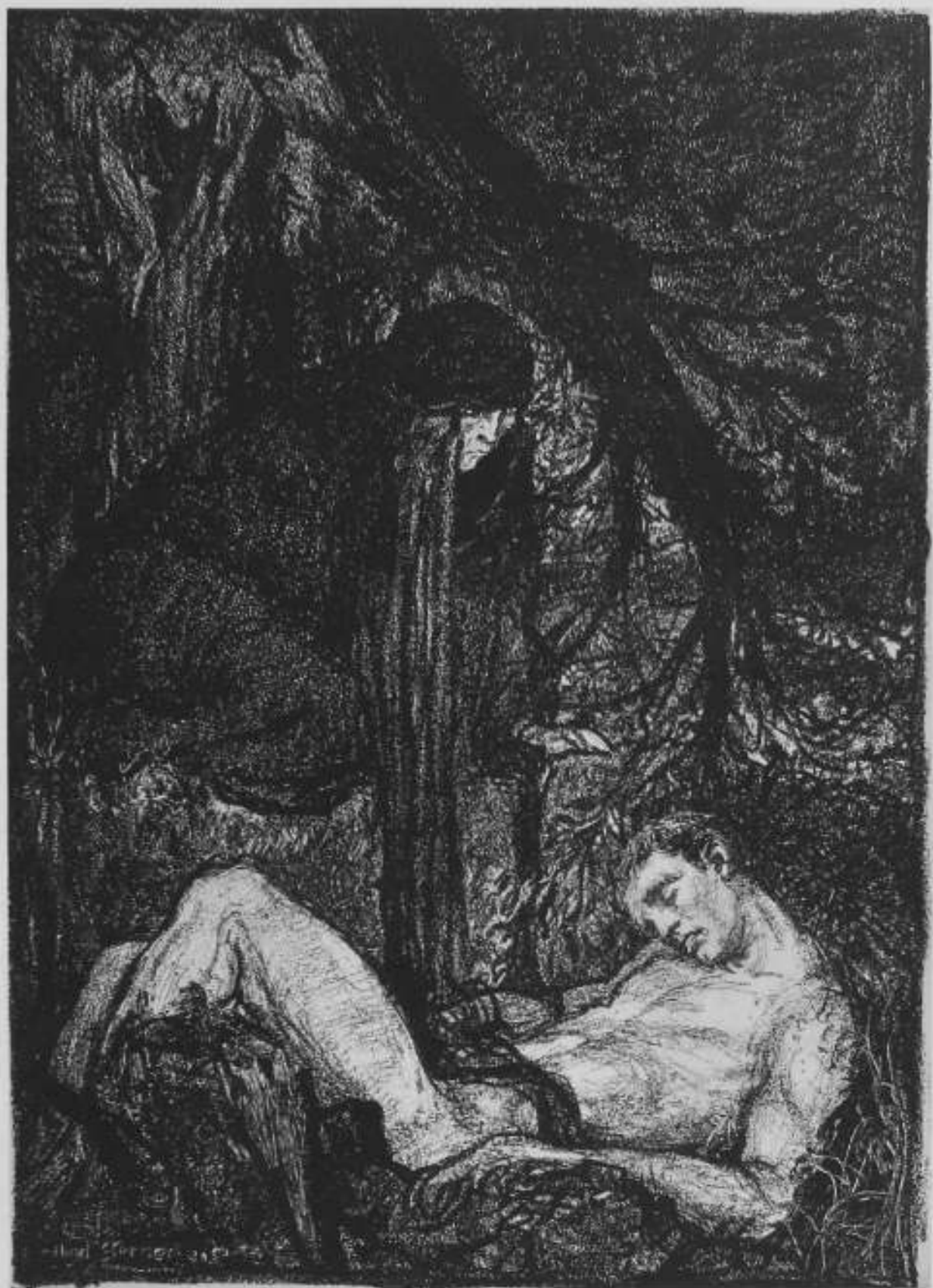
4. *Newport Wharf*—Lithograph



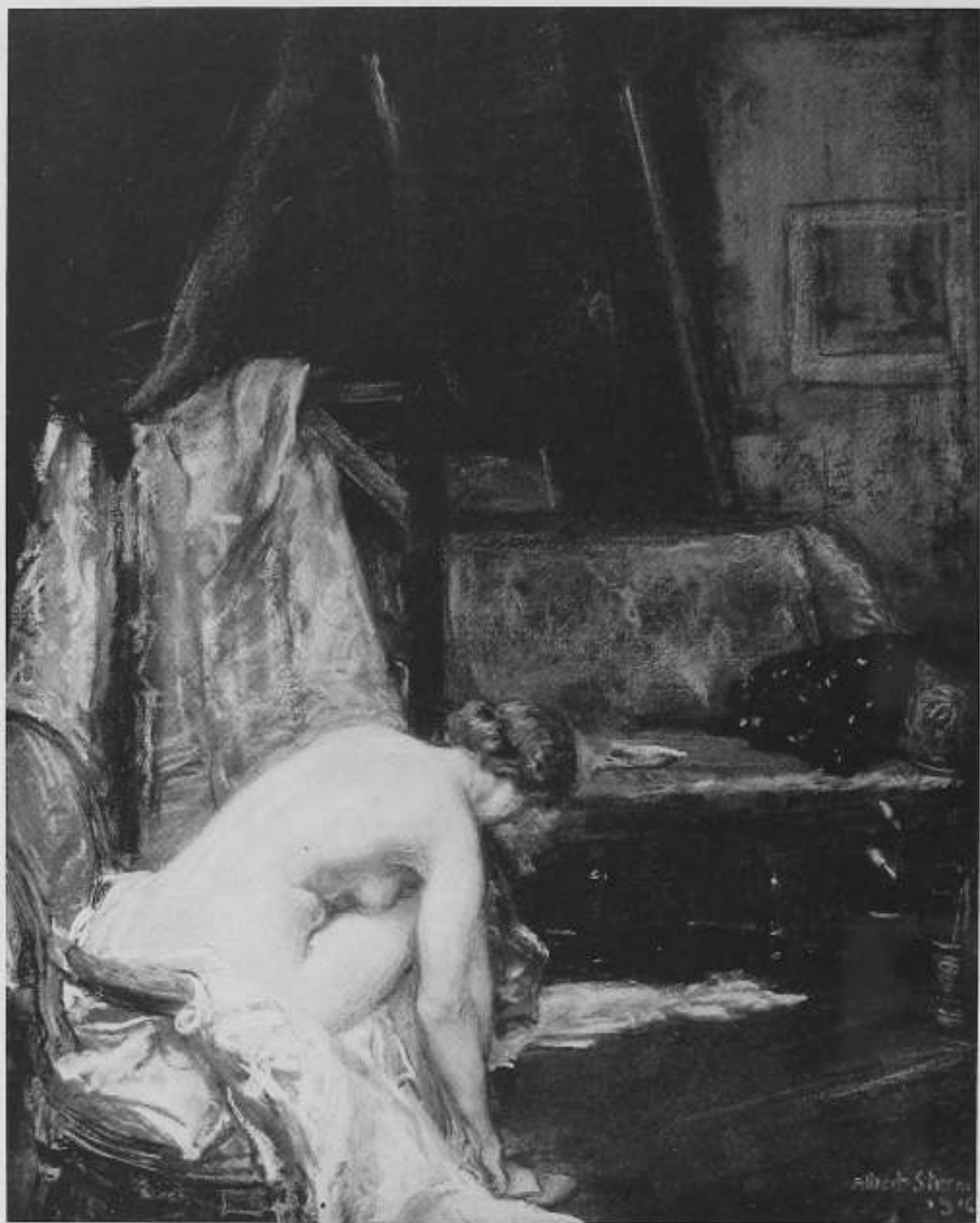
5. *Phoebe—Water-colour*



6. *Dr. Trumpf of
Munich—Lithograph*



7. *The Son*—Lithograph



8. *In a Studio—Pastel*



9. *The Stranger*—Lithograph



10. Martin Birnbaum—Lithograph



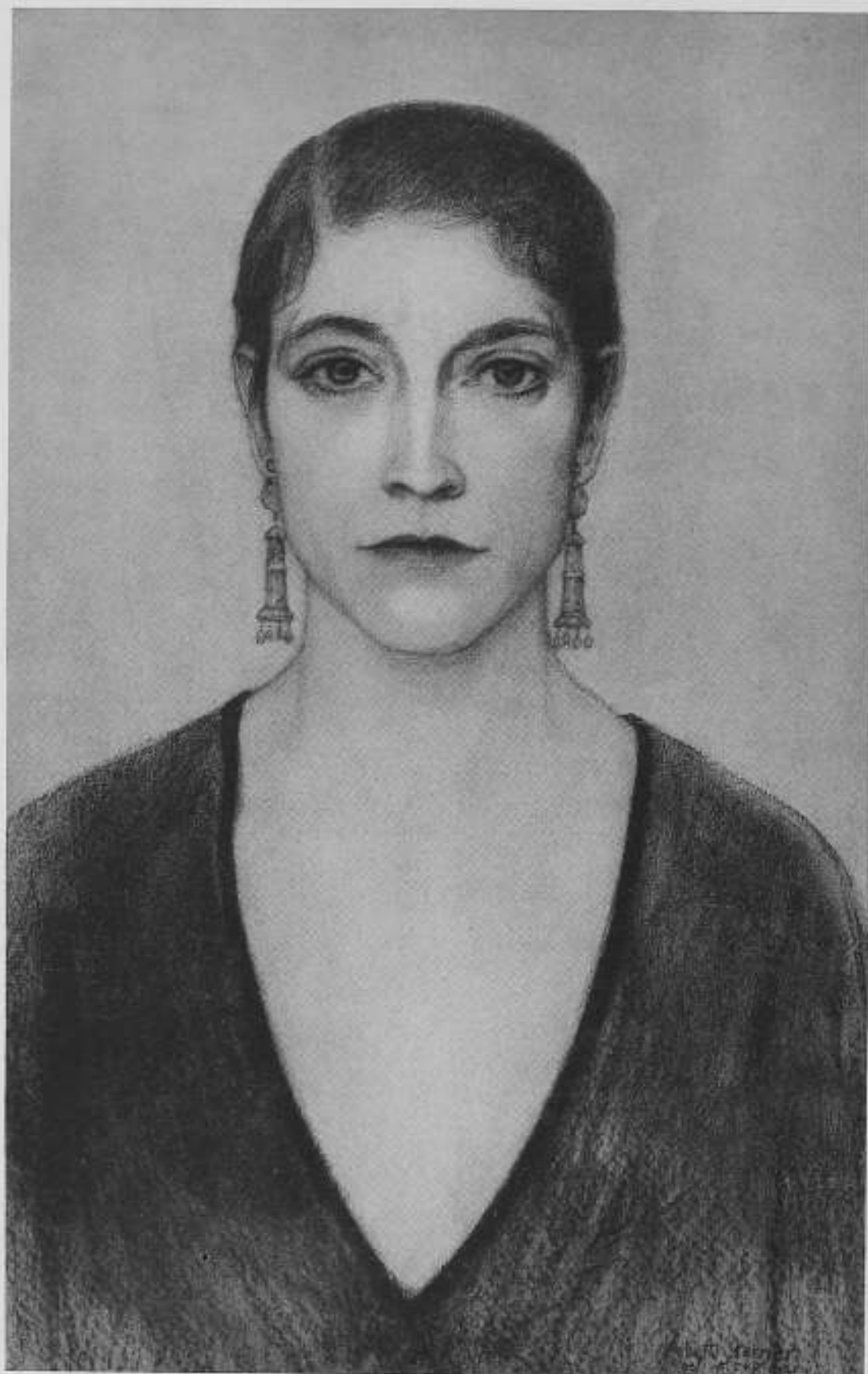
11. Hari Govind Govil—Drawn



12. *Conceptual drawing*



13. *Emily Elsas—Oil painting*



14. *Mrs. Robert Locher—Drawing*



15. *Young Woman Laughing*
Red chalk



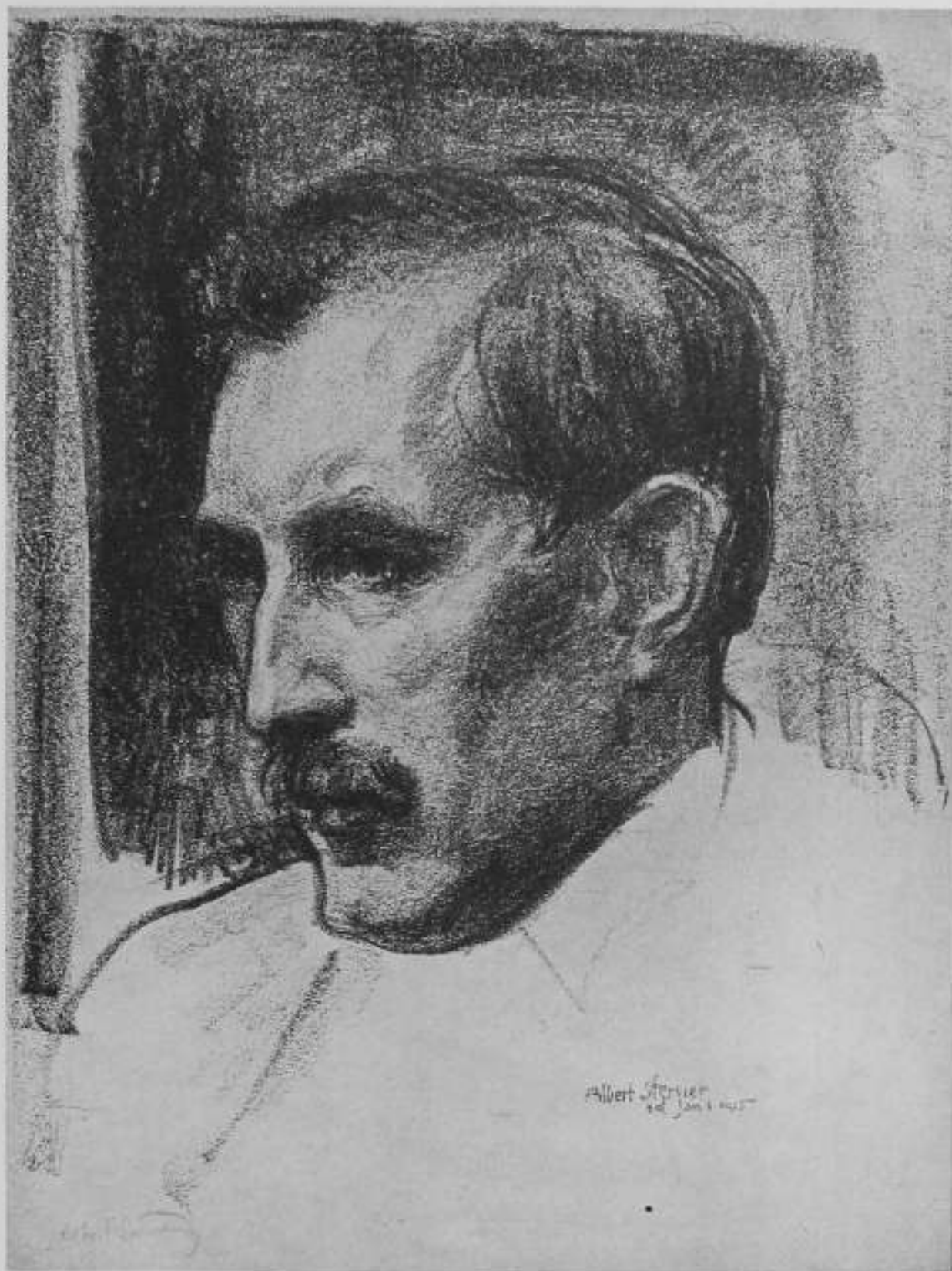
16. Leon Pantalides—Charcoal



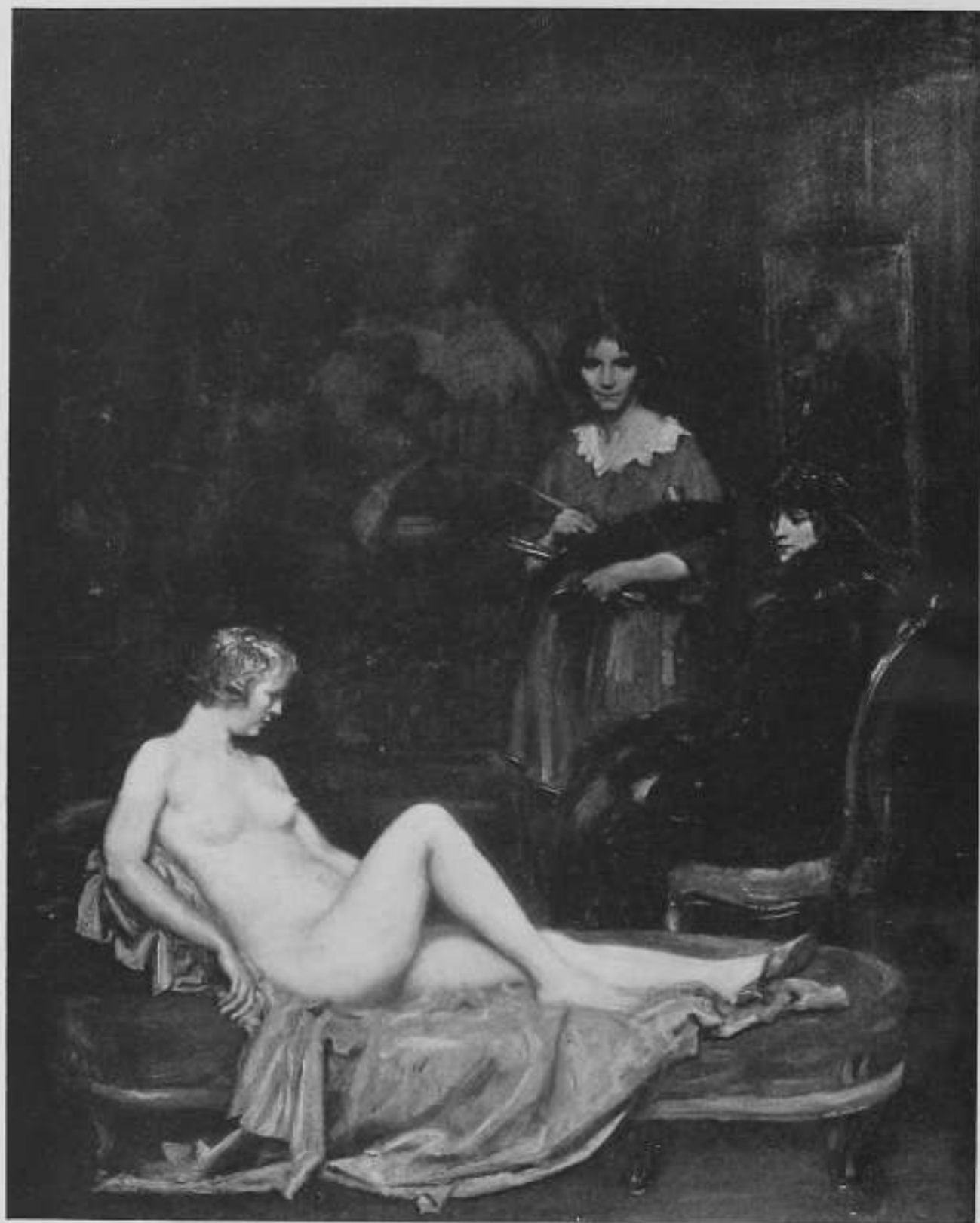
17. Nude—Red chalk



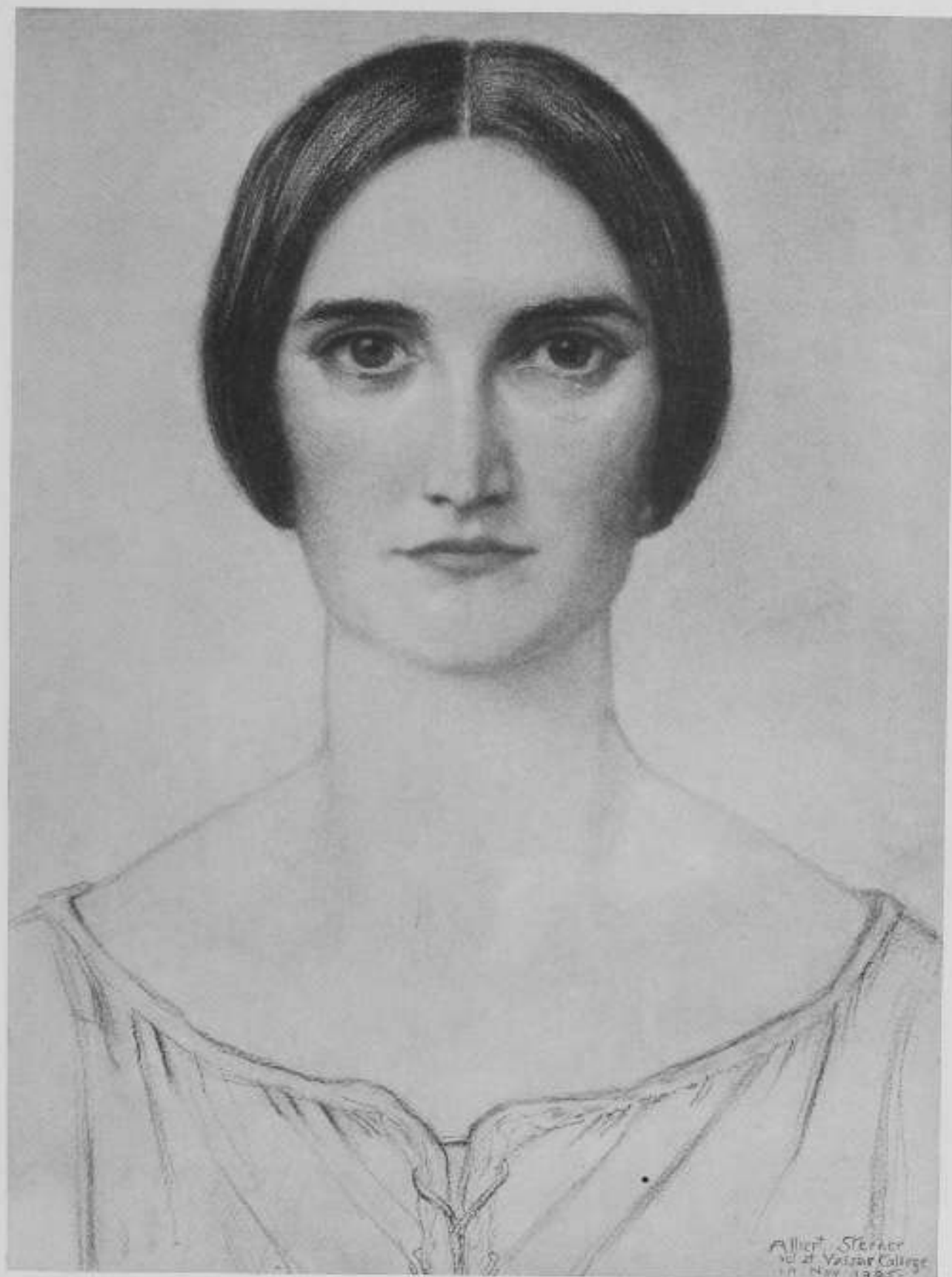
18. *Nude—Monotype*



19. Edmond Quinn—Lithograph



20. *In a Studio*
—Oil painting



21. Marvin Breckinridge—Drawing



22. *Nude—Black chalk*



23. Robert Aitken, sculptor
—Pencil drawing



24. *The Dressing Room*
—Red chalk

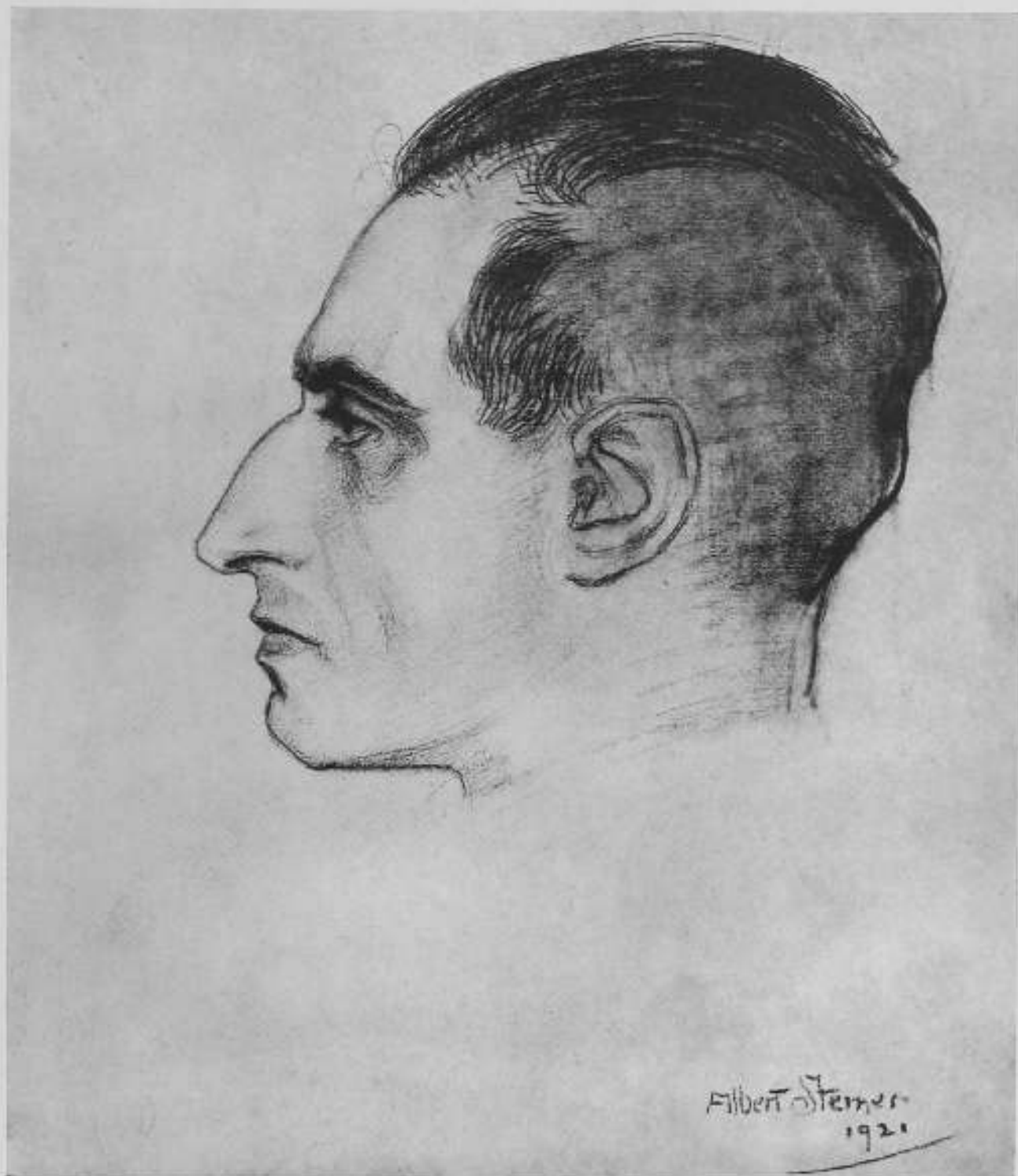
John Langdon Brandegee aetatis suae VI anno



25. Portrait drawing



26. *Conceptual drawing*





28. *An East Indian—Tempera*



29. "Death and the Maiden"—
Conceptual pen drawing on stone



30. *Mary Hall as Lady Macbeth—Oil painting*



31. *The Passion—Oil painting*



32. Harold Gould—Lithograph



33. *Mrs. Aldis—Drawing*



34. *Amos Tommy—Lithograph*



35. Nude—Red chalk drawing



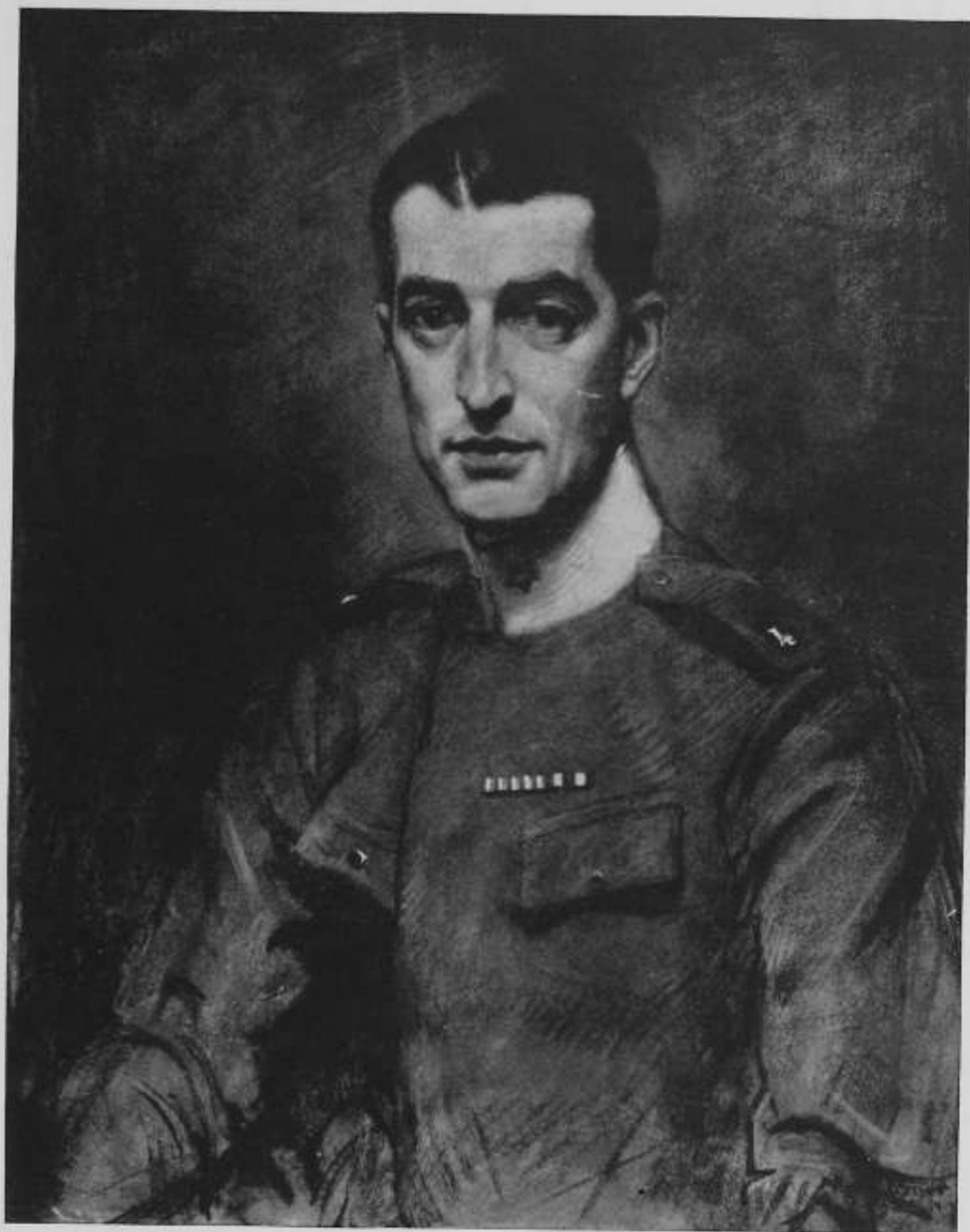
36. *Portrait of a Young
Woman—Oil painting*



37. Portrait drawing



38. *My Son Harold*
(1910-17)—Oil painting



39. *Rospigliosi—Pastel*



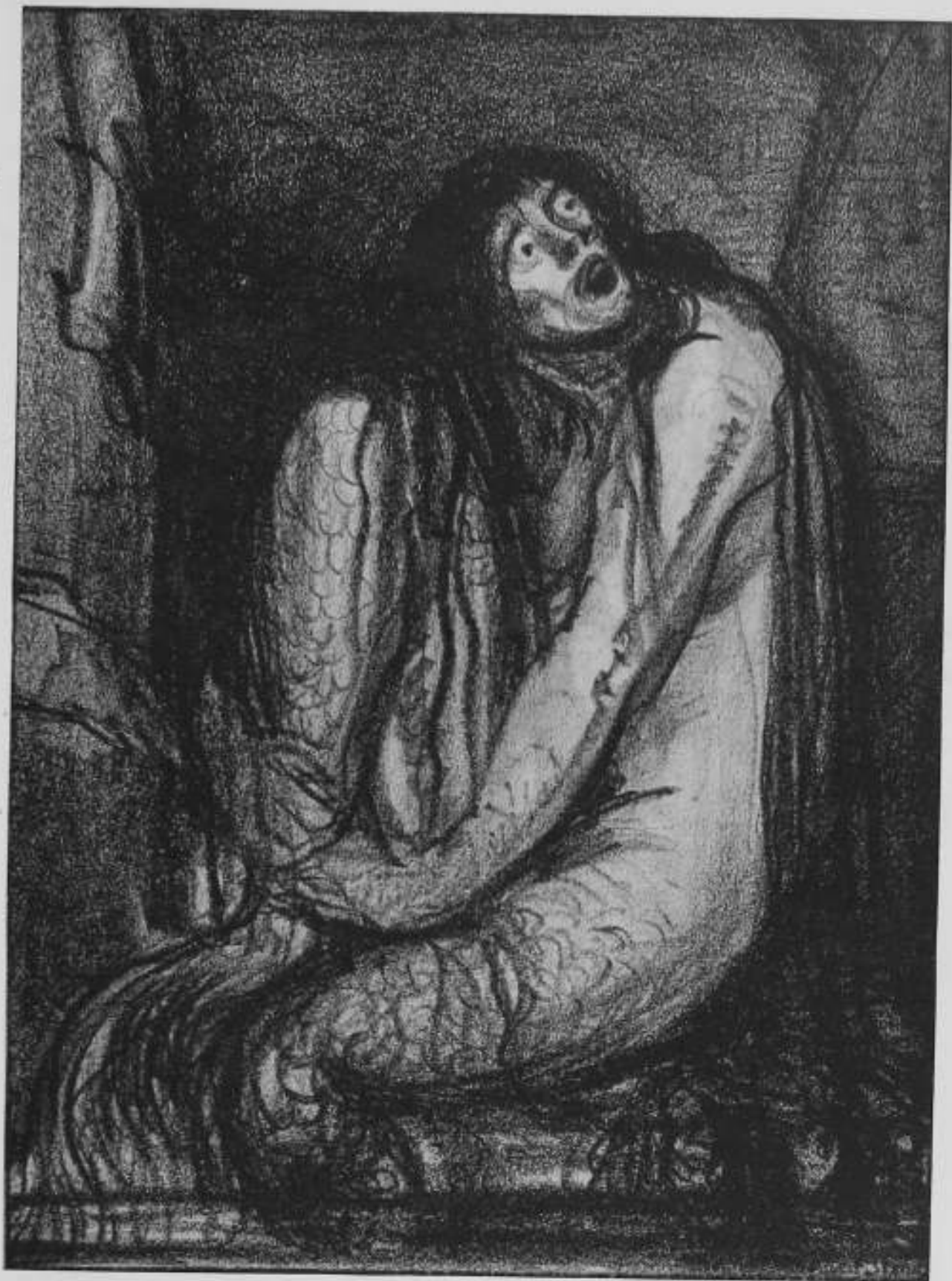
40. *Catharine Cazale White—Drawing*



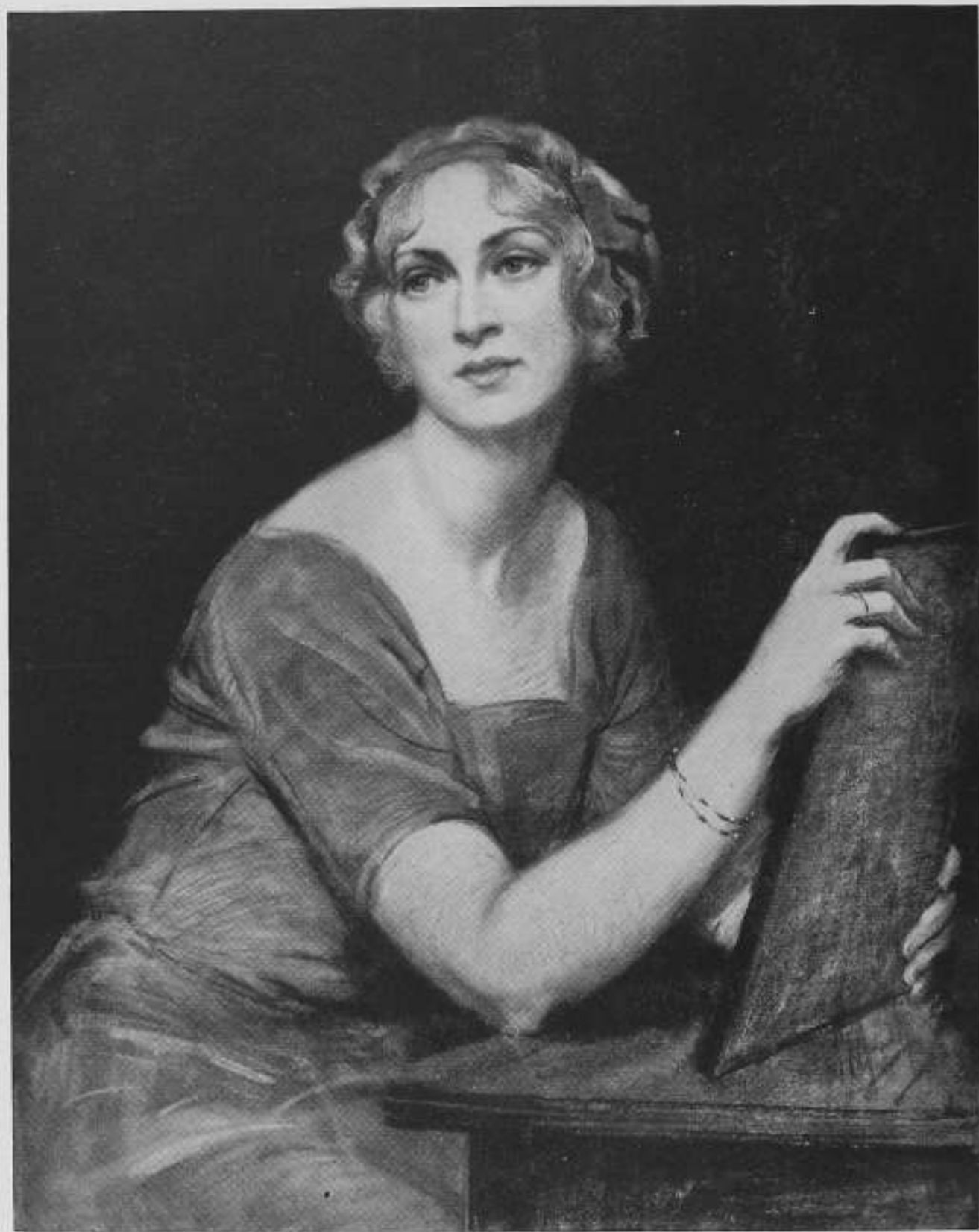
41. *Conceptual drawing for
lithograph "Nocturne"*



42. *Nude Recumbent—Red chalk*



43. *Thing of the Sea*
—Lithograph



44. *Flora—Pastel*



45. *The Mother of My Wife*
—Oil painting

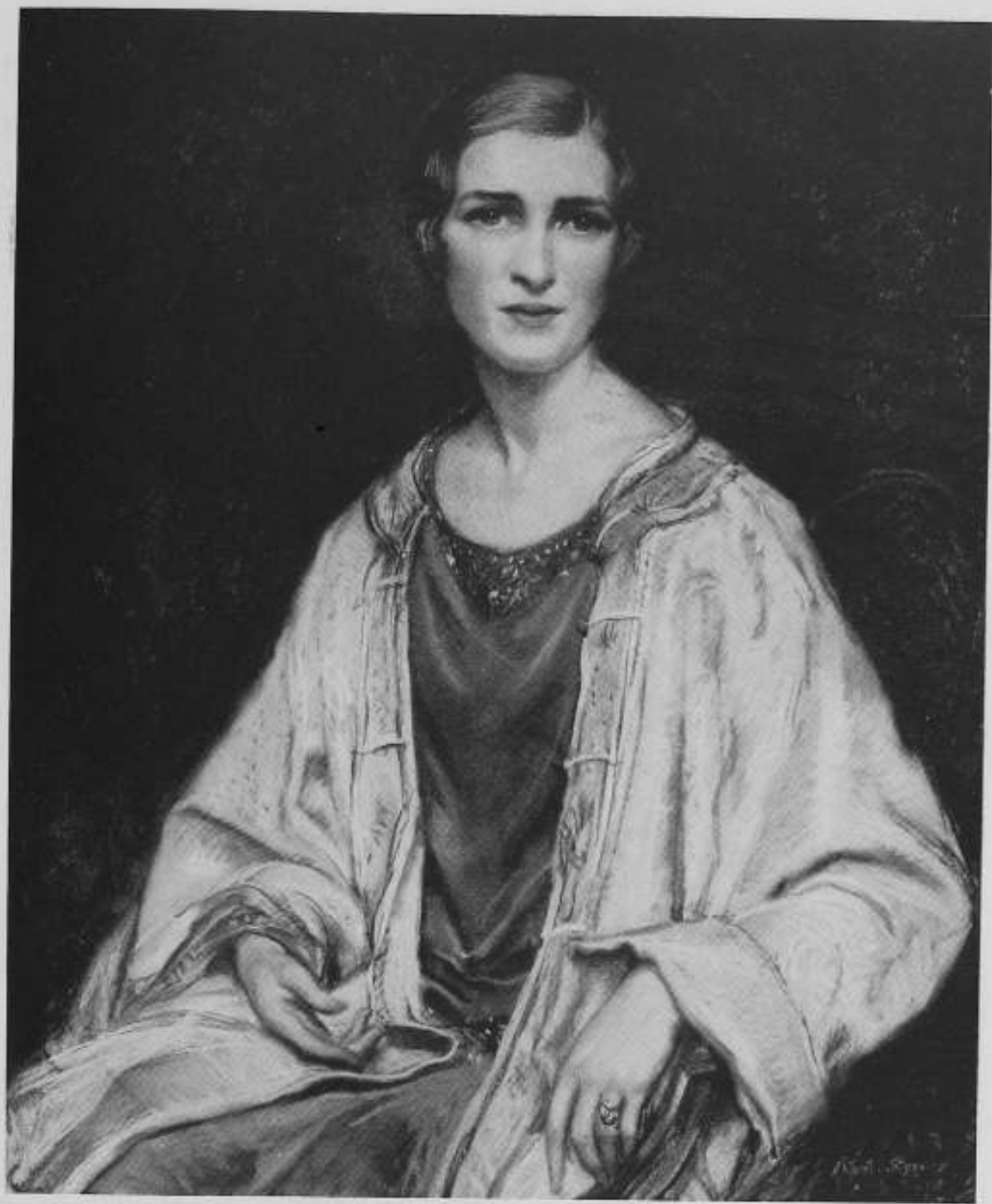


46. *Enigma—Monotype*

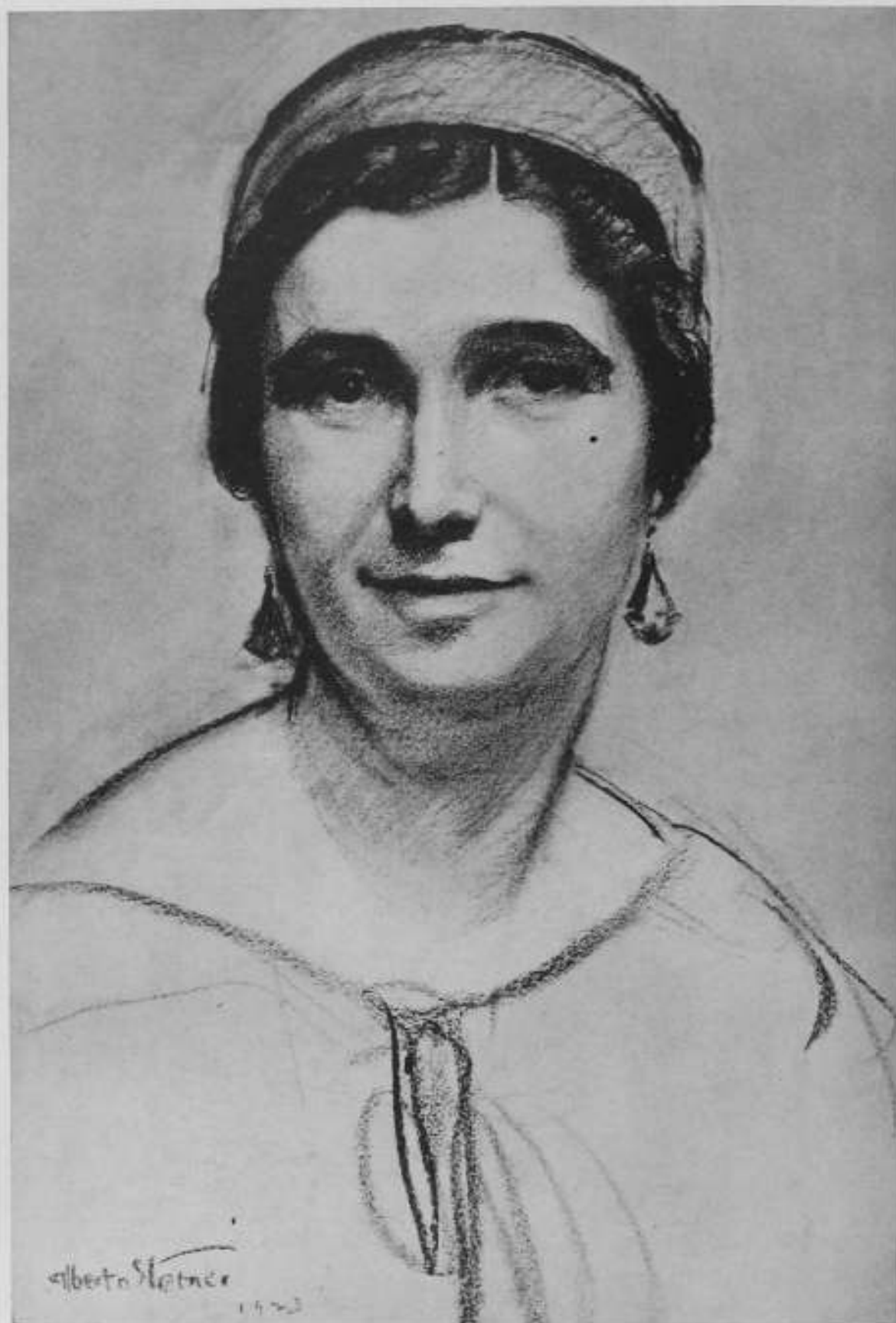




48. *Mrs. Kinney—Oil painting*



49. *Mrs. Cammann—Pastel*



50. *Cornelia Chapin—Drawing*



51. *James Anderson—Oil painting*



52. *Flora*—Oil painting



53. *My Mother—Monotype*



54. *An Italian Girl*
—Oil painting

John Brooks Wheelwright

ætatis suæ xiii anno.





56. *The Gray Cape*
—Oil painting



57. *Nude—Charcoal*



58. *Nude—Black chalk*



59. *Koski—Oil painting*



60. *Doctor Edward Randall*
—*Oil painting*



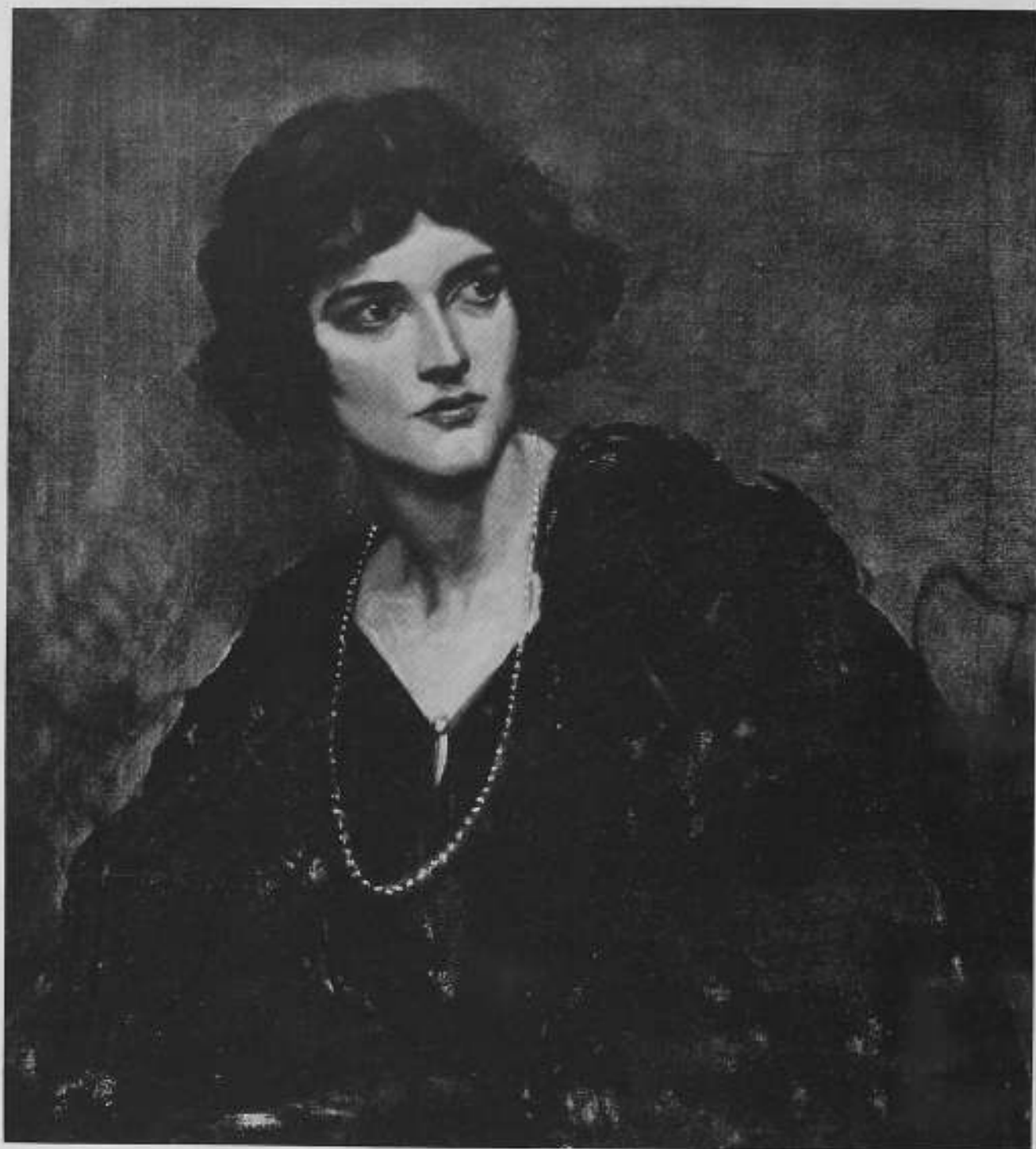
61. Lee Bartlett Goddard—Pastel



62. *Neurasthenic—Drypoint*



63. Peter Widener—Drawing



64. *Mrs. Hay—Oil painting*







