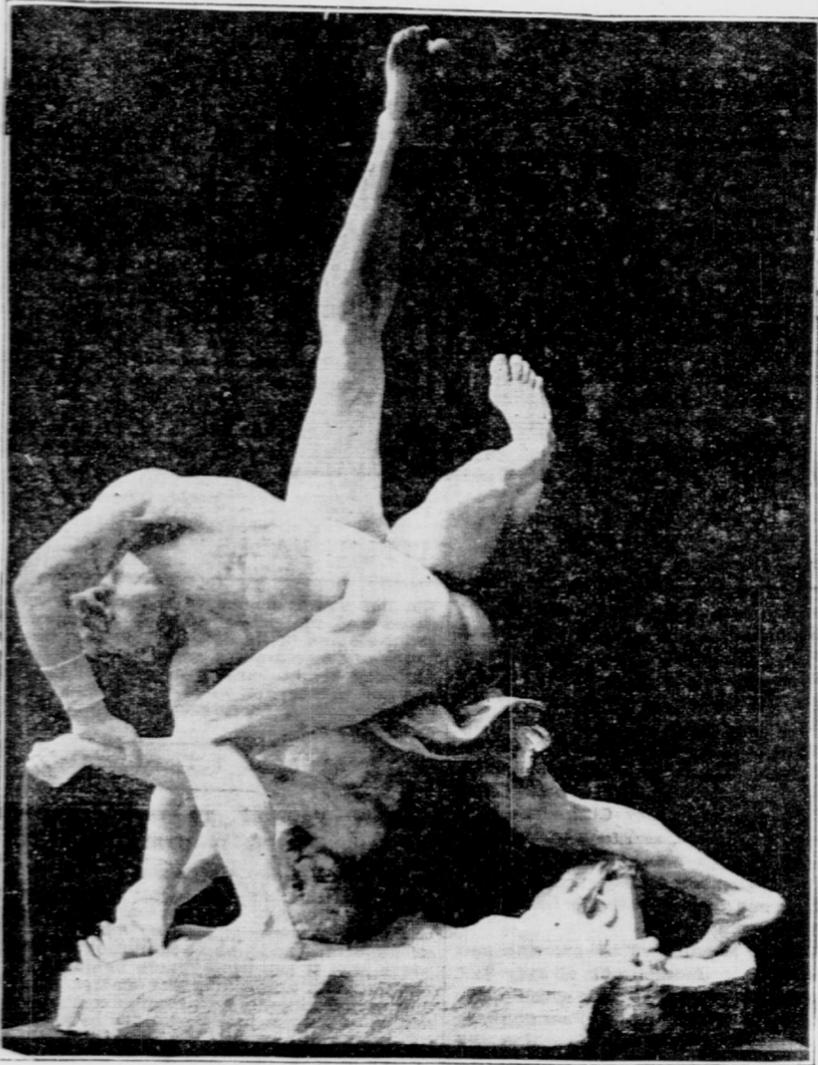


istic of the school, and shows us the kind of sensational motive on which the craftsmanship is usually spent. In some notes of "Conversations with Gounod" recently given to the world, the Baroness Martinengo-Cesaresco includes these observations uttered by the famous French musician: "The beautiful in art is the calm, the deep. Go to the British Museum and see the statues of Phidias; they are a school for every art, for art is one; there is no separate rule. They are calm and restful. Nothing contorted, nothing convulsionnaire is artistic." Gounod would find very few French sculptors of the present generation to agree with him, Rodin, for all his indubitable gifts, least of all. But of Rodin, who has a pavilion of his own outside the

course, fitted close to the legs. At the knees they inevitably wrinkle. These wrinkles constitute a miracle of minute modelling in the marble. But they are only wrinkles, and although it must be said that the statue, as a whole, is dainty and amusing there seems something wrong with a work that leaves chiefly in the memory an impression of wrinkles deftly treated. Saint-Marceaux, fortunately, has other things to prove his talent, especially the "Genie gardant le seuil de la tombe," and the late Henri Chapu counterbalanced some shallow work by producing his poetic statue of "Jeanne d'Arc à Domremy," a seated figure of pathetic beauty, executed with tenderness. But the average French sculptor is not so lucky. He can show



"LES LUTTEURS."  
(From the statue by Charpentier.)

Exposition, it will be fitting to speak at another time. He, moreover, is one of the exceptions, a figure detached from the general movement of French sculpture. The men controlling that movement are men like Charpentier, with his deplorable apotheosis of the masculine leg; or like Fremiet, with his monstrous gorilla carrying off a woman; or like Bartholomé, ranging dolorous figures in naked misery on either side of a cavernous door, the design forming an interesting but wholly forced and unnatural "Monument to the Dead." At long intervals, indeed, are those sculptors encountered who embody appealing ideas in appealing forms. When such are met, too, there are often further reasons for doubt-

us pretty draperies, or bodies not so pretty, modelled with consummate skill, but he cannot communicate refinement of feeling to his statues; he cannot give them souls; he can only preserve them from vulgarity, at the best, by lending them a kind of polished, extremely sophisticated elegance.

Years ago it was remarked by a leading French critic of literature that in his country the ideal had ceased to be, the lyric vein had dried up. One recalls the words in wandering through the forest of French sculptures at the Exposition. Taste, if it survives at all among the makers of these sensual images, acts solely in what might be called the grammar of their art.



"PANTHERS."  
(From the statue by Gardet.)

ing whether French sculpture has the value that has been claimed for it. A statue like M. Saint-Marceaux's "Genie gardant le seuil de la tombe," for example, combines with the fine workmanship a degree of spirituality. It is a serious conception, handled with breadth and even with grandeur. But it is to M. Saint-Marceaux himself that one may go for a perfect specimen of the kind of thing that French sculptors do simply for the pleasure of the eye. The tights of his graceful "Ariquin" are, of

They will not offend by ignorant construction. They are scientifically right in their manipulation of the human figure, even when they are, in an artistic sense, most desperately wrong. Their technique is almost faultless, it is so sure, so nimble, so adequate to the rendering of what they wish to present. As among the painters, each artist is in the fullest sense of the term a professional, trained to his finger tips. But all this is hard and sterile. There is no individuality of style because there is no individuality of

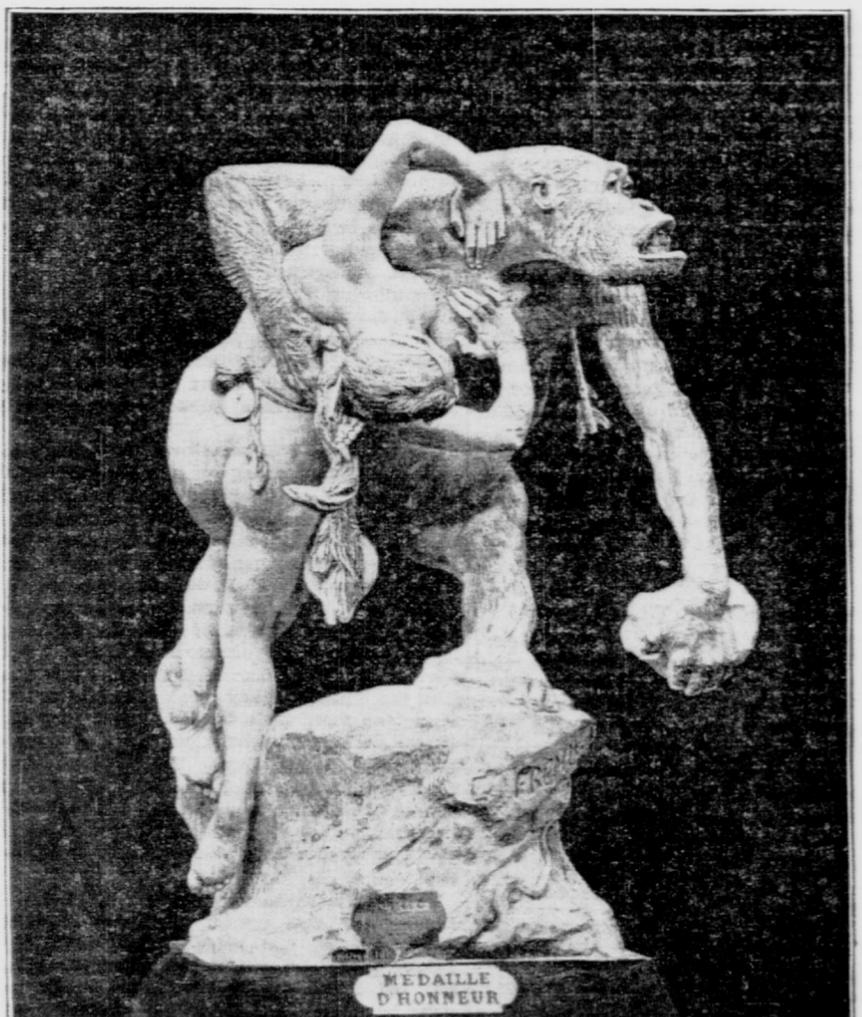


THE QUEEN.  
(From the bust by Onslow Ford.)

thought. Every one is doing much the same thing; that is to say, every one who is not modelling a businesslike and commonplace portrait is trying, in portraiture, in commemorative statues and in studies from the nude, to use his clever technique in the making of a sensation. Of course, the nudes predominate. The unanimity with which nine-tenths of the models, men, women and children, forget their dressing gowns seems droll until it begins to excite an emotion of disgust. The façades and cornices of the Exposition buildings, with their innumerable tasteless decorations, look like anatomical charts. The recent sculpture inside the Grand Palais is not one whit less materialistic and vain. It is with a sinking heart that the impartial observer finds himself obliged to conclude, after looking

over the entire field, that French sculpture is, after all, the best that exists in the world, barring, of course, the work of a man here and a man there in other countries. It is the best because it represents the highest level of technical accomplishment, because the proportion of finished craftsmen is larger in Paris than in all the other great art centres put together.

Only one man outside of France is comparable to Dubois in the magnitude and symmetry of his artistic character. He is an American, Augustus St. Gaudens. He has five statues here, and a group of portrait medallions. In the last mentioned works, comprising eight or ten different portraits, he comes in peculiarly direct competition with the French. Chaplain, Roty, Ringel d'Ilzsch and several others have



"A MARAUDING GORILLA."  
(From the statue by Fremiet.)