

ALMA-TADEMA AND ZULOAGA A CONTRAST IN ART

The Manners of the Antique World Reproduced by the One, Living Spain by the Other

In his art the late Alma-Tadema was essentially a decorative painter. In the domain of theatrical decoration he would have been preeminent. All his pictures are theatrical and insincere, his line ineffectual, his color sense his weakest point. Visitors to Belgian galleries will easily recognize his ancestor in Baron Leys, whose hard mannered work may be best seen in the Modern Gallery, Brussels. But Leys was the more powerful personality of the two.

Tadema went in for popularity and found the soil ripe for its growth in England. Your marble is like cheese, severely remarked his master Leys to him at the beginning of his career, and he might have added that his human figures were like marble. The breath of life was not in them. But a certain sumptuous sense of the decorative and the gift of the pleasing anecdote made the canvases of Tadema desirable among a certain class of wealthy amateurs in search of fitting pictorial themes for their gilded parlors or breakfast rooms. Tadema was and is their preferred painter.

Richard Muller says of him that he stands to the grave archaeological group of English painters, Lord Leighton, Forster and the rest, as Gérôme to Courtois. As Bulwer Lytton in the field of literature created a picture of ancient civilization so successful that it has not been surpassed by his followers, Alma-Tadema has solved the problem of the picture of antique manners in the most authentic fashion in the province of painting. He has peopled the past, rebuilt its towns, refurbished its houses, refound the flame upon the sacrificial altars and awakened the echo of the distant drums to new life. Poynter tells of his marbles, how Tadema takes us in his company, and how the best informed viewers lead us through the streets of old Athens, reconstructing the temples, altars and dwellings, the shops of the butchers, bakers and fishmongers, just as they once were.

This power of making himself believed Tadema owes in the first place to his great archaeological learning. By Leys in Brussels this side of his talent was first awakened, and in 1853, when he went to Italy for the first time, he discovered his archaeological mission. How the old Romans dressed, how their army was equipped and armed, became as well known to him as the appearance of the citizens' houses, the artisans' workshops, the market and the bath.

He explored the ruins of temples and he grew familiar with the privileges of the priests, the method of worship, of the sacrifices and of the festival processions. There was no monument of brass or marble, no wall painting, no pictured vase or mosaic, no sample of ancient arts, of pottery, stonecutting or work in gold that he did not study. His brain soon became a complete encyclopedia of antiquity. He knew the forms of architecture as well as he knew the old myths and all the domestic appointments and robes as exactly as the usage of ritual.

In Brussels as early as the '60s this complete power of living in the period he chose to represent gave Tadema's pictures from antiquity their remarkable cachet of striking truthfulness to life. And London, whither he migrated in 1870, offered even a more favorable soil for his art. Whereas the French painters of the antique manner of painting were to a certain degree idealists and a lifeless traffic with old curiosities, with Tadema one stands in the presence of a veritable fragment of life; he simply paints the people among whom he lives and their world.

Antique Manners Depicted.

The Pompeian house which he had built in London, with its dreamy vivarium, its great golden hall, its Egyptian decorations, its Ionic pillars, its mosaic floor and its Oriental carpets, contains everything one needs to conjure up the times of Nero and the Byzantine emperors. It is surrounded by a garden in the old Roman style, and a large conservatory adjoining is planted with plane trees and cypresses.

All the celebrated marble benches and heads, the figures of stone and bronze, the tiger skins and antique vessels and garments of his pictures may be found in this notable house in the midst of London. Whether he paints the baths, the amphitheatre or the atrium, the scenes of his pictures are no other than parts of his own house.

And the figures moving in them are Englishwomen. Tadema was able to introduce into his works women of lofty and noble figure, with golden hair, forms made for sculpture. In their still life his pictures are the fruit of enormous archaeological learning which had become intuitive vision. It is only in this method of execution that he still stands upon the same ground as Gérôme, with whom he shares a taste for anecdote and a pedantic neat and correct style of painting.

His ancient comedies played by English actors are an excellent archaeological lecture; they rise above the older pictures of antique manners by a more striking fidelity to nature, very different from the generalization of the classicist's ideal; yet as a painter he is wanting in every quality. His marble shades, his bronze gleams and everything is harmonized with the green of the cypresses and delicate rose color of the oleander blossoms in a cool marble tone; but there is also something marble in the figures themselves. He draws and stipples, works like a copper engraver, and goes over his work again and again with a fine and feeble brush. His pictures have the effect of porcelain, his colors are hard and lifeless. One remembers the anecdotes, but never the color, for it is nonexistent.

To our way of thinking Alma-Tadema was never in the same class with Gérôme, either as craftsman or in powers of invention, while Gustave Moreau both as an artist and imaginative poet painter quite outdistances either. Moreau has given the world genuine evocations of antiquity, as did Flaubert in his "Salambo." Still there will be always an audience for painters like Tadema, as there will be always readers for Bulwer Lytton and his operatic school.

Let us turn with relief to the young Spaniard Ignacio Zuloaga, whose Brussels picture is reproduced on this page to-day. There is a vital hand, a vital brain for you. No Wardour street costumes' antiquities there, but the reproduction in terms of vigorous paint of the life about him. In Paris they say of

Sorolla that he paints too fast and too much; of Zuloaga that he is too lazy. The younger man is more deliberate in his methods. He composes more elaborately, executes at a slower gait. He resents the imputation of realism.

The fire and fury of Sorolla are not his; he selects, weighs, analyzes, reconstructs—in a phrase, he composes and does not improvise. He is, nevertheless, a realist, a verist, as he prefers to be called. He is not cosmopolitan and Sor-

ollan is; the types of boys and girls racing along the beaches which Sorolla paints are cosmopolitan.

Passionate vivacity and the blinding sunshine do not appeal to Zuloaga. He portrays darkest—let us rather say greenest, brownest Spain. In him the Basque is the strongest strain. Artistically he is a lineal descendant of El Greco, Velasquez, Goya; and the map of his memory has been traversed by Manet. He is more racial, more truly

green rivers. He has painted cavaliers and dames of fashion, but his heart goes out to the common people. He knows the bourgeois and he knows the gypsy. He has set forth the pride of the vagabond and the garish fascinations of the gitana. Since Goya's you say, and then wonder whether it would not be wiser to add Goya never revealed such a complicated psychology. He is a better draftsman than Goya, a more varied colorist, a more patient student of Velasquez and of life,

though Zuloaga has not the invention, caprice or satanic fougé of Goya.

Ignacio Zuloaga was not born poor, but a genius; and genius always spells discontent. He would not become an engineer and he would paint. His family, largely consisting of artists and artisans, did not favor his bent. He visited Italy, almost starved in Paris, and, after he knew how to handle his tools, he starved for recognition.

It is not so many years ago that he exhibited the portrait of his Uncle Daniel Zuloaga and his cousins; it now hangs in the Luxembourg, for Madrid would have none of him. A Spanish jury rejected him at Paris in 1900, and, not possessing the means of Edouard Manet, he could not hire a gallery and show the world the stuff that was in him. But he did not sink, he painted. Barcelona took him up, Paris followed.

athletic and healthy. His vitality is enormous.

He paints in large coups, yet his broad slashing planes are not impressionistic. He swims in the traditional Spanish current with joy. With him the color green is almost an obsession, certainly a national symbol. His browns, blacks, scarlets, greens are rich, sonorous and magnetic. He is a born colorist. He is master of a restrained palette and can sound the silver grays of Velasquez.

His tonalities are massive. The essential bigness of his conceptions, of his structural forms are the properties of an eye swift, subtle and all embracing. It seems an image that is at once solidly rooted in mother earth and is as fluctuating as life. Except Degas, no painter has to-day a greater feeling for character than Zuloaga. The Frenchman is the superior draftsman, but he is more

One Essentially a Decorative Painter, the Other a Realist With Magic in His Brush of Genius

in himself. That the more serene, poetic aspects and readings of life have escaped him is merely to say that he is not constituted a contemplative philosopher. The sinister skein to be not in some of his canvases does not argue precisely a spiritual bias, but may be accepted as the recognition of evil in life.

It is not pleasant, nor is it reassuring, but it is part of the artist's nature, rooted deep in his spiritual soul, in company with harsh irony and a cruel spirit of mockery. He refuses the ideals of other men and he

themselves are dissimilar. True in many instances, but the witches, "Les Sorcières de San Molian," are in the key of Goya, not so much man or subject matter, a hideous crowd indeed; at once you think of Goya's "Caprichos." The hag with the distaff, whose head is painted with a fidelity worthy of Holbein; the monkey profile of the witch crouching near the lantern, a repulsive creature in spectacles—Goya spectacles—the pattern hasn't varied since his days—these ladies and their companions, especially that anonymous in a hood, coupled with the desperate dreariness of the background (a country as dry and hard as a volcanic cinder), make a formidable ensemble.

Zuloaga relates that these boldnesses screamed and fought when he posed them in his studio. You exclaim while looking at them: "How now, you secret, black and midnight haze!" He'll hovers hard by. Each witch of the unholy trio has the evil eye.

As a painter of dwarfs Zuloaga has not been surpassed by any one since Velasquez. His "Gregorio," the monster with the huge head, the sickening, livid, globular eyes, the comic pose—Goya are favored to exclaim in front of this picture. What a triad! The canvas is abetted with reality, to be sure an ugly reality, for the old couple are not precisely serene. The topography is minutely observed.

However, this painter does not wreak himself in ugliness or morbidity; he is singularly happy in catching the attitudes and gestures of the peasants as they return from the vintage; of picadors, matadors, chulos in the bullring or smoking, lounging, awaiting the signal for the slaughter. The large and celebrated family group of the matador Gallo—which adorns permanently the walls of the Hispanic Society's museum in this city—is a superb example of the rhythmic art of the Spaniard. Each character is seized and rendered. The strong silhouettes melt into a harmonious arabesque; the tonal gamut is nervous, fiery, strong; the dull gold background is a foil for the scale of color notes. It is a striking picture.

Very striking, too, is the picture of Bréval as Carmen (now hanging in the Metropolitan Museum). The Paris singer is portrayed as if he is on the stage, the lights from below laying on her features. The lighting is so well solved very much as Bernard and Degas have solved it, successfully, though in a perfectly personal manner. It is not very characteristic of Zuloaga. Nevertheless it attracts much attention at the museum.

Paintings Seen Here.

When Zuloaga exhibited here at the Hispanic Society's gallery we saw dark eyed graceful manolas on balconies—a truly Spanish art motif, as Spanish as is the Italian madonna—over which are thrown gorgeous shawls, manolas smiling, flirting with languorous eyes and provocative fans they sit ensconced as they sat in Goya's time and centuries before Goya, they the eternal feminine of Spain. Zuloaga is their latest interpreter.

Do you recall his "Candida" (infinitely more stupid but infinitely more fascinating than Bernard Shaw's young person)? Wasn't she delicious in that green gown; her lace headdress of black? Her stockings were green. The wall was a miraculous adumbration of green. Across the room was another agent of disquiet in Nile green, her name Mercedes. Her aquiline nose, her black eyes, and the flowers she wore at the side of her head bewildered; the sky, clouds and general landscape were lovely. A singularly loose, limpid, flowing picture. It had the paint quality sometimes missing in the bold fast massing of the Zuloaga color chords.

His Montmartre café concert singer is a sterling specimen of Zuloaga's portraiture. He is unconventional in his poses; he will jam a figure against the right side of the frame, or stand a young lady beside an ornamental iron gate in an open park.

And the painter's cousin, Esperanza! What "Three Cousins," with its laughing trio and its rich color scheme. The measuring eye of Zuloaga, his tremendous vitality, his sharp, superb transference to canvas of the life he has elected to represent and interpret are at first sight rather dazzling. The performance is so overwhelming—remember, not in a nighting technical sense; a half dozen aviators beat him at mere pyrotechnics and lace flourishes—that his marked limitations are overlooked for a time.

You have drunk a hearty Spanish wine—oil to the throat, confusion to the senses. At first you do not miss the soul in this reverberating art; in the categories of Señor Zuloaga it is not included. Zuloaga, like his contemporary further north, Anders Zorn, is a man as well as a painter; the conjunction is not too frequent. He paints beggars, bull fighters, dwarfs, bandits, horse, insolent farmers, but real, not the footless and pastebored variety of Merimee and Bizet.

Zuloaga's Spain is not second hand Italy, like that of some Spanish painters. It is not all bric-a-brac and moonlight and chivalric tinpot helmets. It is the real Spain of to-day, the Spain that has at last awakened to the daylight of the twentieth century after sleeping so long; after sleeping notwithstanding the desperate nudging it was given a century ago by the realist Goya. Now, Zuloaga is not only stepping on the toes of his country but he is recording the impressions he produces. He, too, is a realist with such magic in his brush that it would cause us to forgive him even if he would paint the odor of garlic.

Nor is Zuloaga an eclectic. His force and individuality are too potent for us to entertain such a heresy. A glance at Jacques Emil Blanche's portrait of the Spanish painter explains many things. There is the physique of a man who can work twelve hours a day before his easel; there are the penetrating eyes of a shrewd student of human nature, spying eyes, slightly cruel; the head is an intellectual one, the general conformation of the face harmonious, even handsome.



"BEFORE THE BULL FIGHT,"
AFTER THE PAINTING in the MODERN
GALLERY, BRUSSELS, by IGNACIO ZULOAGA.

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To-day he is rich, famous, though not much past 40. He was born in 1870 at Eibar, in the Basque province of Vizcaya. He is a collector of rare taste and has housed his treasures in a gallery at his birthplace. He chiefly paints at Segovia in an old church, though he wanders over Spain, sometimes afoot, sometimes in his motor car, and wherever he finds himself at home he paints. A bullfighter in the ring, as was Goya—perhaps the Goya legend stirred him to imitation—he is

vital in the interpretation of ballet girls, washerwomen and gisettes than is Zuloaga in his delineation of peasant girls, dwarfs, dogs, scamps, wenches, zealots, pilgrims, beggars, drunkards and working women.

Zuloaga and Goya.

What nerve, what grip, what bowels of humanity has this Spaniard. He is a man, not a professor with academic methods. He has no school, and he is a school

paints a spade a spade; but at least the orchestration if brutal is not lascivious. A cold, impartial eye observes and registers the corruption of cities small and large, and the much worse immoralities of the open country. Sometimes the comments of Zuloaga are witty, sometimes pessimistic. If he has studied Goya and Manet, he also knows Félicien Rops. The French critic Alexandre has argued that Zuloaga should not be compared with Goya; that their methods and

"AVIETTING" MAY BECOME ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR FORMS OF SPORT

If the dreams of some 200 French experimenters come true it will not be long before the sight of a man peddling through the upper air currents will be a common sight, and "avietting," as this new air and earth sport to be called, will take the place of the power driven flying machine.

The exponents of this new method of flight propose to insure safety by substituting reliable "knee grease" for cranky and uncertain engines to navigate their apparatus, which is nothing more than a winged bicycle. Out of this army of experimenters, however, only one so far has succeeded in leaving the ground and that was for a short jump. This success was attained by the middle distance bicycle racer Lavelade, who managed to skim the air for a distance of 44 inches at a height of 8 inches at a trial made recently near Paris.

The movement has been given impetus in the way of big prize money and many well known inventors have been added to the list of competitors. Last February the Peugeot Motor Company of Paris offered a prize of 10,000 francs to the first to make a flight of thirty-two feet entirely by muscular energy. Soon afterward

the French publication *La Justice* offered 100,000 francs to the first man to make a flight from Paris to Versailles and return without a stop. The entries for the Peugeot prize came fairly fast. On the very first day there were a dozen and they kept increasing until in May they reached the number of 198.

All the entrants had bicycles, some large, some small; some biplanes, some monoplanes, some with propellers some without; they were all enthusiastic and believed they could do it. As the time of the race neared it became evident, however, that it would not be so easy; private experiments proved that it was quite hard and even professional cyclists found it difficult to make jumps with their machines.

Then the Peugeot company offered a preliminary prize of 1,000 francs for a very short flight of forty inches distance at a minimum height of four inches for propellerless aviettes. This contest took place on June 2 at Issy-les-Moulineaux, when the entrants numbered twenty-three.

They all raced along the aerodrome on their winged bicycles and tried hard, but none left the ground for even a frac-

tion of a second. The contest was not without its amusing features for the spectators, as there were many tumbles and crippled wings, as the contestants attempted to hurdle the string in front of the grand stand. They would speed along for half a mile and then find their wings inadequate to soar even four inches above mother earth.

Friends would rush to their rescue and help to clear the track for the next one, whose efforts met with the same failure. But this failure is considered by no means final; it is supposed to be due to the little study given the matter, to the fact that most people thought it easy and did not make proper study of the problems.

No definite date has been set for the Peugeot grand prize of 10,000 francs, but it may take place this summer, as soon as the experiments are advanced sufficiently to warrant the attempt.

This new science has met with enthusiasm all over France and each week its ranks are recruited by serious men, many professional bicyclists, aviators and sportsmen and also women. If nothing else, avietting promises to become a popular sport. There is already an

organization with over 200 members, all of whom possess aviettes and branches are being launched all over France.

Henry Woodhouse, associate editor of the *Bulletin of the Aero Club of America*, is one of those who believe the aviette is not a foolish theory to be ridiculed. "Avietting is more than mere acrobatic practice," said Mr. Woodhouse. "It is an incipient science. The principles involved are subtle and some day may, by further development and combination with motorless gliding, develop into an art."

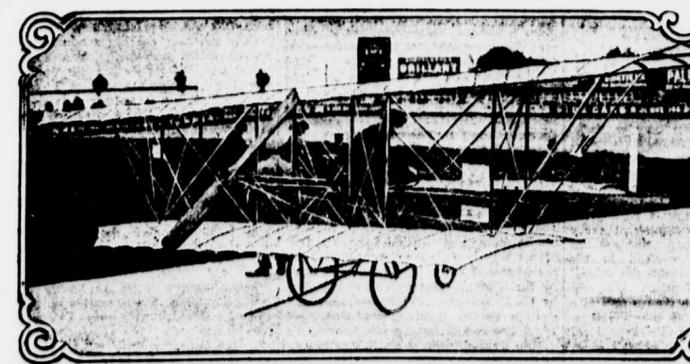
"That is why so many serious minded people are experimenting in that line and why such aviation experts as Gabriel Voisin, Jean Goupy, Count Gustave de Puiseux, Emile Ladougue and other veterans of motor flight are giving the matter their serious attention. They see in this a possibility of developing free flight independent of motor, some combination of the glider of the Wrights and Lillenthal and the bicycle."

The reason that if the Wrights and Lillenthal scored, the first by riding on the crests of gales, the other by launching from heights, they may soar by gaining the necessary "lift" by a run along the

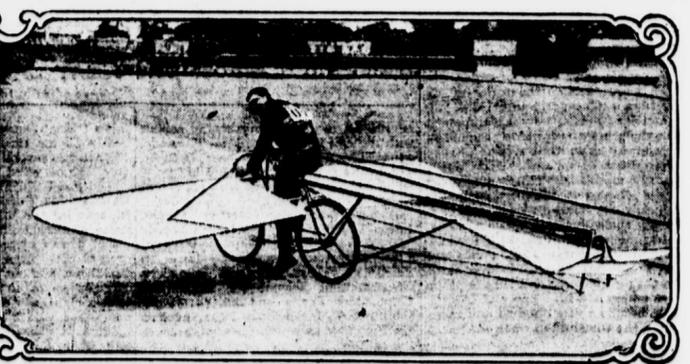
ground. They imagine their winged apparatus rising in the air as Orville Wright's glider rose last October and mastering gales. Those who have propellers in their machines even dream of possibilities of speeding up while in the air, making their propellers revolve by swift pedaling.

"Is that purely idle dreaming? I don't think so. I remember the time when Blériot was spending his time and money in experimenting with a flapping wing machine; when the Wrights were investing their resources to develop a motor aeroplane and Farman and the Voisins spent their time trying to glide from sand mounds and tumbled over like school children at play. These experiments seemed foolish, even ridiculous, and were laughed at by the world, yet to-day Blériot and Farman are among France's representative citizens and construct aeroplanes for the armies of the world by the score. And the Wrights are classed with the greatest of great men of history."

"No, aviettes are not things to laugh at. If the development brings nothing more than flying bicycles it will have been worth the effort, for the next logical step is the flying motorcycle—which would, I believe, be a rather popular and useful thing."



AVIETTE BIPLANE.



AVIETTE MONOPLANE.