

# WHAT IS DOING IN WORLD OF ART, ARTISTS AND ART DEALERS



Copyright by Berlin Photographic Company  
Bayadere from Dieu Bleu by Bakst.

**EXHIBITIONS OF THE WEEK.**

Water colors and drawings by Leon Bakst, in the galleries of the Berlin Photographic Company, 305 Madison avenue.

Color etchings by George Senseney, at Brown-Robertson Company's, 707 Fifth avenue.

Special exhibition of paintings, at Cottier & Co.'s, 718 Fifth avenue.

Paintings in oil and water color, by W. W. Gilchrist, Jr., at the Folsom Galleries, 398 Fifth avenue.

Special exhibition in new galleries of Harding, 11 East Fifty-sixth street.

Munchen gobelins, at Herts Brothers', 34 West Thirty-eighth street.

Group exhibition, by American artists, at Macbeth's, 450 Fifth avenue.

Group exhibition, at Macdowell Club, 108 West Fifty-fifth street.

Morgan missals, Avery Library, Columbia College.

Originals for illustrations, National Arts Club, Gramercy Park.

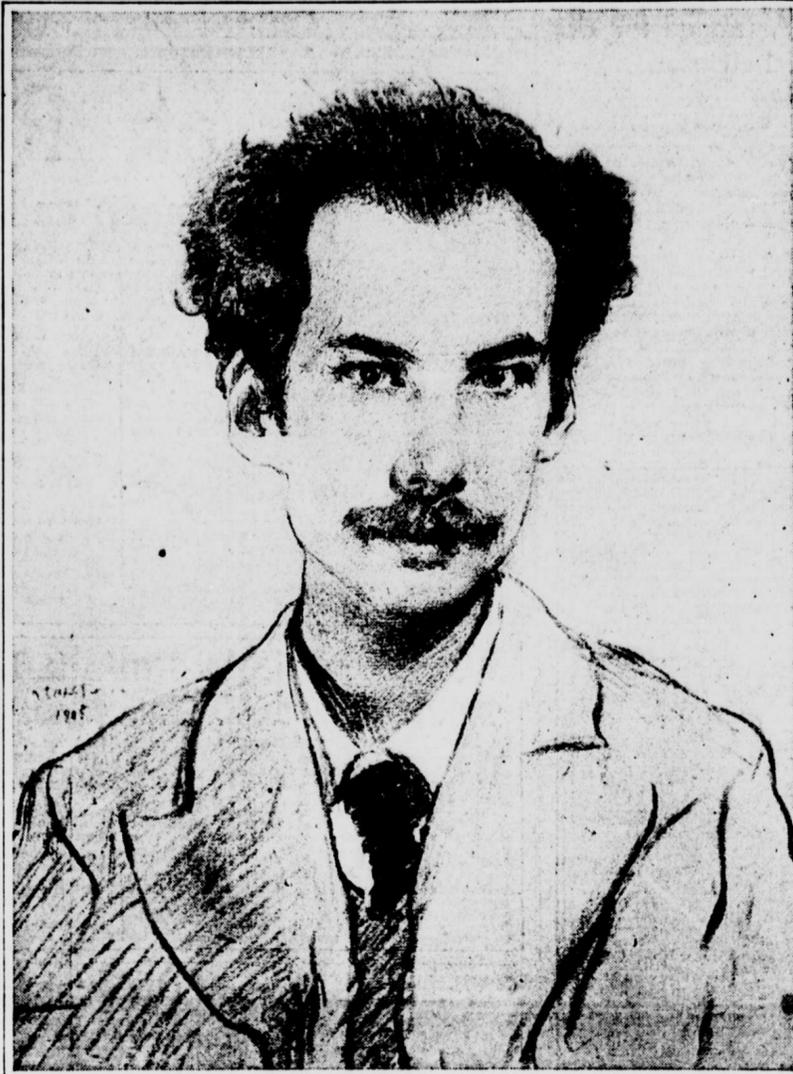
Etchings by Zorn, Keppell's, 4 East Thirty-ninth street

Sculpture, by Janet Scudder, at Theodore B. Starr's, Forty-seventh street and Fifth avenue.

last year at the Armory. Oh, no! Nothing like that. Any one, even a child, can understand these. But they are painted in what may be called "bursting" colors. Something goes out from them. People who see them make exclamations. If one-half or one-tenth of what Miss Gertrude Stein's young friends say about dynamism be true then not only your wife but even you, solid, respectable business man as you

would you prefer to stick to the novel and guard your artistic soul? It is a tough proposition, but I am afraid some such choice is before you. You are more fortunate than Bakst in having the matter placed before you in so point blank a fashion.

Bakst, poor fellow, probably never decided the matter consciously. He just slipped and slipped and Nijinsky leaped and leaped, and then they had the ex-



Copyright by Berlin Photographic Company.  
Portrait of the Russian Poet Audrey Bely by Leon Bakst.

**B**AKST has come to us at last. At the very moment that you read these lines a hundred and more of his water color drawings are hanging in the galleries of the Berlin Photographic Company all ready to be shown to you tomorrow. Are you "en rapport" as the spiritualists say? Do you feel in the calm of the quiet Sunday morning a sense of something strange hanging over you? Has

your wife remarked as she gave you your coffee at breakfast that she "doesn't know why it is, but she feels sure something is going to happen"? If so it is these Baksts. Please advise us. It would prove two things—first that these drawings are dynamic, and second that your wife has a truly sensitive nature.

By "dynamic" we do not mean that these drawings are in any way like the horrid pictures that shocked you

one of those Russian princesses that one reads so much about, and it was about this era, we estimate, that Bakst's timidly began to slip.

Of course in those days we were all mad over Diaghilev's ballet. We went every night. There are some in Paris who have never missed a performance. They regard it as they would some miraculously happy bubble that is liable to be swept away in an instant. The recrudescence of Hagdad's glories in a world from which the outward visible trappings of beauty are so remorselessly falling day by day warmed us "to the innermost fibres of our being," as Jane Eyre used to say feelingly. Fancy our delight in discovering that even the water color drawings for this thousand and second entertainment were works of art.

I don't think in those days that any of us students ever likened them to Dante and Bach. Art students are essentially artistic in their pleasures and never go in strongly for estimates and comparisons. They like what they like because they like it and never make any serious mistakes in consequence. I believe it was the Princess who lugged in Aeschylus and Donatello. The Princess, it seems, in spite of the silver embroidery upon the brown broadcloth, was not any too secure socially and sought to strengthen her position by patronizing the arts. At any rate, hearing all this talk, every theatrical producer in Paris began running Bakstward.

Human nature is human nature. Given a fixed set of circumstances and a definite individual end it is a poor romancer who cannot work out the result. Take any timid, sensitive, aspiring artist, tell him that the great Serge de Diaghilev deigns to permit him to decide upon a decor for the great ballet. It is the chance of a lifetime. He tells over the ancient manuscripts, dreams, worries, tears his soul to tatters, prays to the moon and hands in his completed designs. They are good. Serge de Diaghilev is great. The schemes are carried out to perfection. Then Paris. Then the Princess. Then the rival theatrical managers. Then the Pisanelli drawings that clever Mr. Birnbaum hides in his back parlor.



Copyright by Berlin Photographic Company  
Aimee from Scheherazade by Bakst.

are, ought to feel uncommonly restless this day.

We are not referring to the Sultana couches either. The rooms of the Berlin company are intimately small and the floral ornaments in the centre of the room force the disciples of modernism into solid phalanx close to the

**C**ERTAINLY we ought to like him. Is he not the fashion? Why next to Charpentier, the boxer, and Nijinsky, the dancer, he is the most popular person in France. He eclipses Poincare by far. Merely by talking about him we shall become fashionable ourselves. Gratitude alone should compel us to like him, for now that the weather shows signs of becoming settled we shall need topics that may be indefinitely extended for the tea hour.

Nobody realized how much of its fame the Armory Show owed to last year's tea drinkers. The half of the party that had been shocked talked so fulubantly of their experiences that the other half were compelled to inspect the exhibition the next day merely to get into the conversation of subsequent occasions. History may repeat itself. There is no serious obstacle, not even the election, for that has become too disturbing to be taken with meals.

Should M. Bakst develop into this sort of New York success it will be accompanied by considerable gush; in fact we cannot allow it to be a success without the gush. To those with a sense of humor gush is not unduly trying, and particularly not in this case, where, just as likely as not, it will tend to excite equally two such opposite poles as Alfred Stieglitz and Kenyon Cox. It would be great to see those two warring under one banner against Bakst, would it not? However, let us not hope for too much. Just to show you to what lengths some of the Parisian "gushers" spouted we recall that some of them likened the performances of the Ballet Russe to the perfections of the works of Aeschylus, Dante, Donatello and Bach, and called down upon themselves in consequence the righteous wrath of Wood Gordon Craig. But we shouldn't have mentioned the Ballet Russe. That brings us to another chapter.

**Y**OU have been feverishly waiting, no doubt, to learn the secret of success. You would like to know how to become a world famous and wealthy artist in one year or less. It is very simple. Secure a job as designer for the Ballet Russe. The Ballet Russe will do the rest. Every time that Nijinsky leaps into the air, and he is certainly a leaper, your fame ascends with his. It is a case in which there is too much glory for one individual, and in the entrance, when the leaping has ceased, the audience has leisure to read upon the programmes that the decor is by one L. Bakst. Comprenez-vous?

But before you decide positively to get rich and famous within the year think over the case of Bakst. Ponder it well. Venture into Mr. Birnbaum's back room, where the latest work is hidden. Then go back to the main gallery. It is a hard thing to have to say, but the latter is less admirable than the early work. Would you rather rush into riches and fame and be a worse artist a year hence than you are now

**A**S to his history there is none. You know of course of the two names. Like George Borrow's strange fat man he has a name for the house and a name for the street. Which of the two he likes best we cannot say, but when they gave him the "ruban rouge" last summer he answered to the name of Rosenberg. The two names, the two countries and the essences of so many civilizations have puzzled others than Miss Ellen Terry.

He works hard, he must work hard with all those orders, in a plain matter of fact studio. Not even a divan nor a cushion. But there have been no adventures. Modern success does not permit. George Moore complained of the great lack of biographic material in the life of Lloyd George. "He has never eloped with a Syrian," said he, "or carried boats across the desert on a camel back." He might just as well have said it of Leon Bakst.

"Looking through a collection of designs for the theatre, scenes, costumes and so on, by the Russian artists of the last six years," says an article entitled "Monkey Tricks" in the *Mask*, "the particular power shown by one and all appears to me to be that of assimilation. This power is their weakness."

"I suppose very few people out of Russia have seen this collection, which is made up of designs by Roerich, Somoff, Saponoff, Dobouinsky, Bilbine, Soudeikine, Stelletsky and others. The designs, although for the theatre, include, as you see, work by several men not included among the decorators of the Russian Ballet; and yet one and all look as if made by men of the same family. Much strong, indeed, one may say violent, color is spread over each design. The colors assert themselves each for its own sake; still one feels that that is the best part of the business."

"They can turn on the manner of the Middle Ages and make things exactly as if they came out of missals, or they can turn on the eighteenth century, or they can turn on a kind of a fresco scene, or a scene a la Byron or a la Conder; in fact they can become anything; but they cannot be natural."

"I once upon a time thought that the painters when they came into the theatre would hold the theatre rather too powerfully in their hands. I now see unmistakably that the theatre can twist them round its little finger."



Copyright by Berlin Photographic Company.  
Priest in the Dieu Bleu by Bakst.

**Moulton & Ricketts**  
Successors to Arthur Tooth & Sons

**PAINTINGS**  
OF THE  
**Early English**  
**Modern Dutch**  
AND  
**Barbizon Schools**  
ALSO  
**Original Etchings**  
AND  
**Engravings in Color**

537 Fifth Avenue, New York

**FREDERICK KEPPEL & CO**

**ETCHINGS**

OF REAL ARTISTIC  
MERIT COSTING FROM  
FIVE TO FIFTY DOLLARS  
AND UPWARD

4 EAST 39<sup>TH</sup> ST. NEW YORK

**D. B. Butler & Co.**

ANNOUNCE AN  
Exhibition of XVIII Century  
**ENGLISH MEZZOTINTS**  
UNTIL NOVEMBER 22, 1913

MADISON CHAMBERS  
601 Madison Ave. Near 57 St. N.Y.

**Nicholas Martini**  
New Galleries  
540 Madison Ave. (55th St.)

Works of Art  
Including  
**Old Italian and**  
**Spanish Furniture**

Brocades, Velvets, Carvings, Mirrors  
and other Antique Objects of Art

**R. EDERHEIMER**  
Print Cabinet

**EXHIBITION OF  
FRENCH & ENGLISH  
COLOR PRINTS OF  
THE XVIIIth CENTURY**

November 1st to the 22nd  
**NO. 366 FIFTH AVENUE**  
Telephone Greeley 2789

**Oriental and European  
Art Objects in**

**AMBER**

Antique and Modern Carvings  
Jewelry Necklaces and Beads  
Cabinet Specimens, etc.

We make ant. ing Amber can be used for.

**F. W. Kaldenberg's Sons**  
85 FIFTH AVENUE, N. Y.

**ORIGINAL PICTURES  
BY DISTINGUISHED  
ARTISTS ON EXHIBITION  
IN THE  
SCRIBNER BOOK-  
STORE, ON FIFTH  
AVE. AT 48TH ST.**

At present a set of paintings by N. C. Wyeth illustrating a new edition of Stevenson's *Kidnapped*, and another by Paul Bransom to illustrate a holiday edition of *The Wind in the Willows*, by Kenneth Grahame, are on exhibition.

**ALL BOOKS OF ALL PUBLISHERS**

**THE SCRIBNER BOOKSTORE**