

Provenance

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Provincetown in Art

tain early Japanese and Chinese drawings are remarkably like, allowing for the different tool employed; whilst the dowdy rose-garlands of the Greek and Roman decadence and those of Europe of the Victorian decadence are identical.

It follows that we may quite fairly conclude the character of the art of a period which acts and reacts on the popular medium of expression, to be the result of the state of mind then prevalent. It is therefore of very little use trying to revive any medium unless the popular temper of the day is able to appreciate that of the time of its invention. This is the case partly with tempera now.

The medium, though known to the Egyptians, was only brought to its highest point of achievement at the time of Angelico in Italy. The Italian Renaissance was a time of turmoil only less marked than that of our own, consequently opinions succeeded each other at such a rate that no medium had time to develop along its own lines undisturbed. The acceptance of perspective and of cast shadows due to the intellectual curiosity of the time more than to any artistic progress, was hasty, and the results were ill-digested. They quickly spoiled the beauty of colour that, coming from the East, Giotto and the Siennese had begun to explore, until by the time of Botticelli Italian colour was already wilted and rapidly blackening in exact ratio to the decrease of spirituality in the popular ideal.

The icy mannerism of the debased Byzantine school which gave way before the audacities of Giotto and his confreres, is not superficially similar to the loose Academism of to-day; but fundamentally it was equally void of thought, equally lacking in aim or message for the time.

It is unlikely that any Giotto will be necessary to the inception of our own renaissance; it being in all probability dependent on a widespread and democratic awakening to the need of beauty in every-day life; but although its appearing may be quite impersonal, it will surely demand a vivid medium of expression, and there are pointers indicating that in tempera it may find at any rate one of its congenial methods. As regards domestic furniture the time of small pictures is, no doubt, coming once more. No one any longer builds ancestral halls, at any rate no one that is likely to have any influence on painting, and there is no medium that is at once so charming as a decoration and at the same time so intimately naive in its characterization as is tempera.



DRY-POINT ETCHING

BY GEORGE SENSENEY

PROVINCETOWN IN ART

BY W. H. DE B. NELSON

PROVINCETOWN is rapidly becoming a painters' paradise to such an alarming extent that unless some freshly discovered terrain swallows up some of the great army of canvas carriers, self-respecting artists will be forced to give the little town a wide berth. When C. W. Hawthorne's class march to a subject traffic is paralyzed. This at the East end. At the West under the wing of George Elmer Browne, a steadily increasing class threatens to create similar conditions. The menace is further provoked at strategic points in between by the schools of George Senseney and Ambrose Webster. There are also other schools; as well as crowds of independents and a host of elderly ladies who have apparently deserted the knitting needle for the palette. Besides all these, numerous seasoned artists, who, under ordinary circumstances would be in Europe, are here in evidence, though most of them imbibe salt air and artistic impressions, keeping their paint boxes packed away in their trunks.

It used to be Gloucester and Lyme for the

Provincetown in Art

artist, but these are deserted villages, beside this quaint little town situated like a smiling dimple upon the nose of Cape Cod. It is a terrifying thought what becomes of all this desperate battle with the tubes. Does it merely enrich the dealers in artists' supplies, or does it serve some practical use, the key to which is yet to be discovered? Still in every sorrow there is consolation and carefully steered past the easels strewn around the town like leaves in the famous valley of Vallom-

gay colour pervaded the room. There was great variety: Futurists, Impressionists, Modernists, those academically inclined, adherents of Putz or Frieseke and other unclassified workers filled the walls. We would mention a few outstanding artists, who have not yet found veteran fame: Nancy Ferguson, with her quaint New England types that fit so well with the trim trees and houses; Kendall Saunders, who paints women in sunlight dashingly, convincingly and always with



IN THE SUN PORCH

BY KENDALL SAUNDERS

brosa, the automobile can soon waft one to fresh fields and pastures new, where secluded work is a possibility and a delight.

The logical conclusion of such art industry as we have here suggested is an exhibition and one was duly held last summer in the town hall.

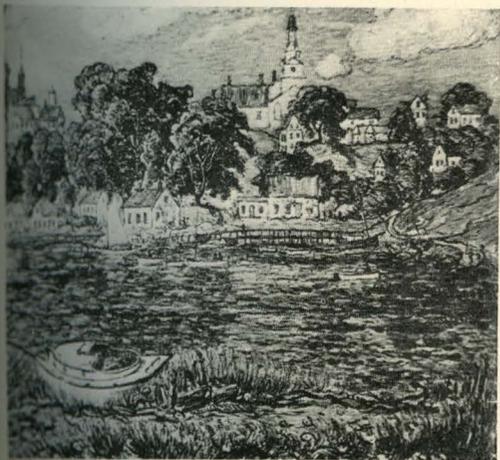
In common with most exhibitions of paintings, the canvases jostled each other, 175 pictures usurping the space of 50, but in spite of crowded hanging and the fact that it was an open-to-all exhibition, quite a number of canvases afforded immediate interest, whilst a modern tendency to

a keen eye for pattern; Ambrose Webster with two brilliant oils; Gerrit Beneker with a fine still life and a luminous portrait; Frederick H. Marvin with very unusual Venetian sketches in pencil; Harold Putnam Browne, well represented with spirited water colours. Among the maturer artists C. W. Hawthorne showed some of his earlier work of great delicacy and tonal quality. A dashing, breezy picture by George Elmer Browne is entitled *Seiners* and won the Isidor Prize last year at the Salmagundi Club. Interesting work by Oscar Fehrer demanded attention.



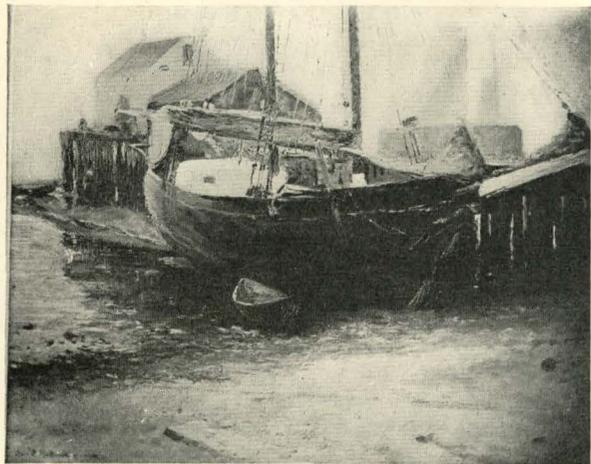
SEWING FOR THE WAR SUFFERERS

BY ELIZABETH WENTWORTH ROBERTS



WILFLEET

BY REYNOLDS BEAL



GREY DAY, PROVINCETOWN

BY GERRIT A. BENEKER