

ART, OR YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU LIKE

By Brenda Ueland

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

NOW, all around us, in art galleries, museums, libraries, on billboards, in magazines, in department-store windows, there are strange hieroglyphics, some charming, some enraging, known as modern art. Perhaps it ought to be explained.

The present artistic upheaval which vexes so many people shows what has been happening to the world in the last century. From Lorenzo the Magnificent to the Battle of Waterloo, civilization was much the same. People moved by leg power or horse power; there were no factories and all things were made in the home. It is strange that for all those centuries, though people were undoubtedly as ingenious as they are now and there was nothing to inhibit invention, hardly one homely, practical idea for the simplification of life was evolved save the clock.

But ever since Waterloo, since the industrial revolution, man has been freeing himself from nature. Before, he was the slave of nature, the parasite of the horse. Today, we can see this emancipation from nature running through everything—in philosophies that show the world as an image of the mind, in novels full of spiritual contest instead of action, in medical discoveries showing the influence of the mind upon the body, lastly, in the demonstration that solid matter is composed of something which is not matter at all—something imponderable, immaterial.

Proving That Grass is Green

NOT only the scientists and philosophers but also the artists have been demonstrating that things are seldom what they seem. For example, there is the matter of perspective. For about five hundred years it was believed that the horizontal lines converge to a point. The invention of the camera showed us that vertical lines are subject to the same law—that is, they also converge to a point—and that there are only two lines in nature that are visibly straight—the lines passing horizontally and vertically through the center of vision. But we still balk at accepting this as an artistic fact, and so complain bitterly about those very modern painters who do. In time we shall get used to it and accept it. The first quarrel with the public over art arose with the Impressionists. Before them there had been some skirmishes—Corot, for example, was reproached for painting smoke instead of trees—but these never amounted to much. But when the Impressionists appeared the public went into a wild rage.



All Around Us, in Art Galleries, Museums, Libraries, There are Strange Hieroglyphics, Some Charming, Some Enraging, Known as Modern Art

"At the time of the Salon des Refuses," says Jan Gordon, an English critic, in *Modern French Painters*, "many a Frenchman would gladly have murdered Monet or Renoir."

What had they done that was so outrageous? They had merely shown up in their paintings a fact of nature that had been overlooked for centuries.

Just to give one example: The Old Masters had gradually convinced themselves and the public that trees were brown or burnt umber, until at last the burnt-umber tree was accepted with such faith that to paint a tree green was to attempt a shocking innovation. Long before the Impressionists, the English artist, Constable (1776-1837)—and in this day it seems impossible that once his pictures were considered too green—placed a violin upon a lawn to prove to one who criticized him that landscapes and grass were not, in nature, the color of an old violin, but green—green like green paint. When, however, the Impressionists presented a blue tree to the public, the public revolted. Yet, as a matter of fact, trees are often blue and very seldom burnt umber.

An object is a certain color because it reflects certain rays—all the other rays in the spectrum except the color it shows being absorbed. A leaf is green because it reflects green rays; if placed in a red light so that no green rays can be reflected, it appears black. A leaf under a blue light will appear blue because there are no yellow rays with which to make up green. A shiny leaf will appear more blue than a dull leaf because it is a better reflector. Under an intensely blue sky like that of Southern France there are sometimes so many blue rays that the leaves of a tree

reflect far more blue than green, and so actually appear blue, at least to a person who has been able to free himself from the preconceived idea that all trees are green or burnt umber and never anything else. However, there are two facts for such an observer to accept, both equally true—the tree is blue, and yet this does not prevent him from perceiving that it is also really green. Thus he is faced with two paths, only one of which can be followed. He can paint the tree green or blue, as he wishes. As the Impressionists were making a study of light, they painted it as it looked to them, not as they knew it to be—blue.

Gravy in Art

NOW, the fierce anti-Impressionists would have artists make their paintings a faithful representation of fact like the painted fly that the emperor tried to brush off his picture. But as a matter of fact, just to give one reason,

painting must be unlike fact because of the limitations of paint. For example, as long as an object shows no reflections of actual light, such as the sparkle of a high light on a glass bottle, an object that is indoors can be copied with fair accuracy; the lightest white can be matched with white paint, and the darkest dark is no darker than black. But once a glint of outside light strikes an object, the painter is lost. His lightest white is much darker than this sparkle.

This means that the whole picture has to be painted in a key much lower than reality in order to give contrasting brilliance enough to the painted sparkle.

This fact led to the invention of the Lorrain glass, which lowered the whiteness of a white cloud in the sky to the whiteness of white paint on the canvas, but with the result that when the painter got to the shadowy parts of his picture, all subtle changes would be lost in that dark confusion so common in old pictures and because of which they are scornfully dubbed by young aspiring modern artists, "the brown-gravy school."

The Impressionists found that nature is a very unstable thing. A shadow beneath a tree which might be violet at first glance would, if stared at, lose its color and in the end could be imagined almost any tint of grayish quality. They discovered that the best way to study the effects of light was by means of rapid glances. But their great struggle and passionate research were directed toward getting more luminosity by means of paint. For example, they found that the process of mixing colors entailed some loss

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of brilliance. If you mix a bright yellow with a pure blue, the green color that results from it loses much in brilliancy. So some of them hit upon this method: They would paint a picture in spots, dots, of pure color, the dots of pure yellow and pure blue so juxtaposed that they would blend optically into a green that was more brilliant than if it had been mixed on the palette.

To most people the picture of an unpleasant object means that the picture is ugly. The Impressionists maintained that beauty is a question of the eye alone. For example, corrugated iron is considered an eyesore. But corrugated iron is not ugly. It has a luminous blue tint that reflects the sky. At the distance of a mile it would be impossible to distinguish a small corrugated-iron building from a tent of blue canvas. Yet the former would be dubbed hideous, the latter charming. Thus, the ugliness of corrugated iron is not a real visual ugliness at all, but is due to mental conception of corrugated iron.

The modern artist has been trying to free the eye from prejudices. Cheap pictures, they say, arouse emotion not because they are beautiful themselves but because they are pictures of something that we have been in the habit of considering beautiful. Thus, you may have the idea that the picture of a pretty girl on a candy box cover is beautiful. This is just because it reminds you of pretty girls at whom you have enjoyed looking. But if you could free your mind from these associations and see the actual picture, you would see, as like as not, that it is a vague, spotty approximation of a pretty girl, that there are enormous goggly eyes—eyes, after all, are only wells of mucous membrane, and as such, when tremendously enlarged, not very pretty—badly drawn ear lobes, horrible boneless fingers and smeary hair.

It happens this way: A great artist paints pictures of peasants and at last the public accepts the fact that there is beauty to be found in the peasant. Well, that is all right. But then they go on to the belief that any picture of any peasant is beautiful. Cézanne, for instance, began proving more than thirty years ago that back yards are beautiful; Renoir, that vast, beaming, broad-backed, nude women are beautiful; others, that factories are beautiful. So that now there is a tendency, especially on the part of artists themselves, and art adorers, to believe that all paintings of back yards and fleshy nudes and factories are beautiful and art itself. But you are not to be fooled. This is not necessarily so. You can't tell. At any moment there may suddenly appear a great artist who will prove that even pretty girls are beautiful and actually art.

To know anything about modern advertising art you will have to know a little about three French painters—Cézanne, Gauguin and Matisse.

Cézanne—1839-1906—was the first to avoid all suggestions of the picturesque. His pictures are about as picturesque as new plumbing. Yet they are everlasting; you never tire of them. Every time you look at his pictures you derive a new pleasure, not the resurrection of a past pleasure, because they remind you of something that you feel pleasurably sentimental about.

The Post-Impressionist's Gospel

HIS drawing is not a drawing of outline but a drawing of space. Space, depth, the distance between this object and that one beyond—that was what was thrilling to him. When a broad vista bursts upon us, it is not the contour of the hills, he maintained, but space that grabs us by the throat and shakes us with emotion.

With Cézanne, any subject—two or three pears, a landscape, his wife—each has equal significance. In everything he painted he showed us the shocking, strange magic that lies in reality as much as, more than, in fairyland.

Gauguin was a successful French banker, staid and grown up, when he suddenly plunged into art, deserted his wife and family, and finally, in the hope of discovering true primitive simplicity, went to Tahiti, where he turned native and died, the only witness of his death being an old ex-cannibal.

"How does that tree appear to you?" said Gauguin to a friend, looking at a corner of the Bois d'Amour. "Very green? Very well, then, use green—the greenest green on your palette. And that shadow is rather blue? Do not be afraid; paint it as blue as you can." Another time he said, "If I wish to express greenness, a meter of green is more green than a centimeter."

And thus he laid down the principle that every work of art is a caricature. He freed us from all the restraints of copying. If poets make metaphors such as "She walks in beauty, like the night" . . . which exaggerates grossly, why not painters? Therefore, use vermilion, if you like, in painting a tree which seems to you at the moment very reddish. Stress, even to the point of deformation, the curve of a beautiful shoulder, exaggerate the starched whiteness of a carnation.

In drawing, Gauguin said, you should not alter a line, once you have put it down; for, however imperfect it is, it is nearer the original conception of it than a correction of it, and any alteration in this first line can only represent a fumbling after an ideal that has been lost. Now, if you consider drawing as merely copying a fact, this idea is absurd. But if you think of it as representing an image which exists in the mind alone, there is much wisdom in it.

Gauguin popularized the method, that you now see everywhere in advertisements, billboards, fashion magazines—not to mention art exhibits—of inclosing his figures with a strong black line, now thick, now thin, as the colors in *cloisonné* are separated by an edge of metal. And Gauguin, by the way, they say, is responsible for more bad artists and spoiled canvas than any other painter since Raphael. He is responsible for those shoals of loafers who wish to paint without the struggle of learning how to draw, and for those who wish *faire du neuf*.

The Artist and His Line

MATISSE, who is living, is a third who explains much. He had a marvelous technical ability, and was employed by the French Government to copy the Old Masters in the Louvre. But he realized, after a while, that too often technical ability is just reflected light, like that of a diamond, and not a sign of real internal fire. To get at the internal fire in himself he trampled on his technic. He made a research for a simplification of drawing, a sort of shorthand of what is taking place in the mind.

And so, when Matisse was accused of drawing like a five-year-old child, he replied, "That is what I am trying to do."

He wanted the tender, unjaded retina of a very small child to whom everything—red drum, broken bottle glass, old house cat, anything—is dazzlingly interesting. And it was Matisse and those who emulated him who have raised the prevalent bitter cry against the old-fashioned method of teaching art, against academic art schools. And this is their argument:

They say that if you went to a school of journalism which trained its pupils to memorize all the known *clichés* such as "She bowed her head in shame," "but, alas, to no avail," "sleeping the sleep of the just," and so on, that would be like certain kinds of art-school training. For every thought you wished to express, out would pop some such hackneyed bromide, which would be only a rough approximation of what you were actually thinking. "She bowed her head in shame," you would write when you wished to say a young woman was embarrassed, while, really, in your imagination, perhaps, that was not what she did at all, but rather wagged her right foot agitatedly or swallowed several times. Well, such training in journalism would be analogous to a certain kind of art-school training—burnt-umber trees for trees that are really blue.

Modern art began seeping into advertising via fashion magazines. A man named Vogel, in Paris, published a fashion magazine, the *Gazette de Bon Ton*, illustrated by the most talented young French artists—Bernard Boutet de Monvel, Pierre Brissaud, Le Pape, Guy Arnoux, and others. The work of all these, incidentally, now frequently appears in American advertising and magazines.

American fashion magazines, which had formerly been lugubrious dressmakers' manuals, full of chromolike pictures of wasp-waisted ladies carrying parasols, tried to appropriate a little of the charm of the *Gazette de Bon Ton*. Fashion artists became sophisticated—modern. Not that there was anything particularly artistically valuable because ladies' necks were now drawn two feet long and their slippered feet became two-pronged forks. But there was respect at last for originality and freedom. Buckeye art was out. Besides, the artists began to get some real money for it. The movement spread from fashions to atmosphere advertising—automobiles, cigarettes, glass, silver, radios, grand pianos, furniture, bathrooms, and so on. And the result? Today good artists are not poor; they are rich. And the other even more astonishing fact is that many of these, far from being the old-fashioned, much disdained commercial artists whose work was as literal as a beer calendar and as dismally lacking in charm, are excellent modern painters who are eminent enough to have one-man exhibitions in Paris and are actually respected by art critics, than which there is nothing more finicky and snobbish in all the world.

Artists are always talking about "line." By his "line" you can tell a great draftsman. Look at Ingres' line—exact, and yet so subtle, so delicate, so intended, and so far from accidental that even a great forger could not reproduce it. Holbein's line—no one has ever been able to draw corners of the mouth with such tenderness as Holbein. Look at the line of the elder Boutet de Monvel. Then observe how many ugly, stiff, approximating pen scratches it takes for an ordinary pen-and-ink illustrator of the Gibson school to draw a face. The elder Boutet de Monvel outlines a face

with a single line so microscopically fine and subtle that only a jeweler could etch it, and yet by its subtle changes in direction and thickness expressing jawbone, cheek muscles, brow, with all the definiteness—in a tiny face half an inch across—of an exact portrait. And the younger Boutet de Monvel—he draws round skulls and chins with a compass, and legs with the help of a curved ruler, and the tender meeting of lips with a straight ruler, and yet the mysterious genius in his hand makes his line such that no one can duplicate it without losing three-quarters of his charm and force.

"Gee," a young art director of an advertising agency said to me, "if a lot of these fellows, instead of trying to draw like Gibson or Flagg, would try to imitate Boutet de Monvel, they'd be up against it, because where they can't draw they just fill it up with a lot of pen scratches."

A great illustrator creates a character as much as the author. You cannot think of David Copperfield without seeing pictures of him by Phiz, of *Oliver Twist* without Cruikshank. Where would be our ineradicable memories of the darling, tall, gray-eyed, black-browed Trilby without Du Maurier's drawings? Where would the Mad Hatter be if it weren't for his picture?

John Leech was a comic artist on *Punch*, yet he was one of the greatest artists England has had; and because he was so interested in life around him and drew it so accurately, with the mystery of his talent illuminating it all, his works have great historical value. There was Gustave Doré, and Boutet de Monvel, Senior, whose drawings will live for several centuries.

Just as there is touchiness between the brown-gravy painter and the modern painter, and between the modern painters who make no money by advertising and those who make a great deal, there is touchiness between illustrators and artists.

— Says the Illustrator

THERE are oil painters who will spend months painting a couple of apples, who will say contemptuously of a man like the elder Boutet de Monvel: "Mere illustration! Not an artist."

This drives illustrators wild.

"An illustrator draws what he really enjoys looking at," one of them explained. "We are looking with excitement every minute of our lives; craning our necks like children at a parade. Everyone knows what a pleasure, what a fascination it is to stare at a troop of horses, dirigibles, sailors, Follies girls, shop windows, crazy people, accidents, fights, pugilists, circus girls turning handsprings, murderers, handsome young men, spangled evening dresses. Well, the illustrator is a man who takes an unusual pleasure in looking and then draws what he sees—draws everything. But the average ordinary ham oil painter will spend months over a still life or a posed nude, and then, in order to make it sufficiently interesting, he'll have to make feet gnarled and ugly and accidentally drawn, and a great, projecting hipbone rising out of the loose flesh like the hips of an emaciated cow. Why don't they draw what they see—which is exciting enough—without straining to be so interesting?"

The first artist I ever saw—in 1913—had a dim studio with a gallery in it, hung with musty portières; a hushed place immersed in a Rembrandtish darkness, smelling of dust, with oils on the walls, oils on the clothes, incrusting oils on the palette, oils on the hands, oils under the very long finger nails; and the artist was, all in all, a sallow, amorous young man who, when he had a dollar in his pocket, brought in sandwiches from the delicatessen store and called it dinner.

Today I can think of more than ten artists who live elegantly in penthouses, with sunlight, air, servants, taxicabs. Perhaps the Impressionists' interest in sunlight has had something to do with it.

I will now describe the working day of a leading fashion artist, for her income and her businesslike habits are now not at all rare among artists. She has a house in Connecticut, on Long Island Sound. She takes a 9:05 train to New York, a taxicab to her office on the roof of an apartment building. It is a large room with bright yellow walls, a black-and-white-checked floor. A French door leads to a very sunny roof, where there are green iron chairs and a table and a swinging couch and a rowing machine. On arrival, she reads her mail, sharpens her pencils and goes to work. A servant has been there before her, so that her desk, drawing table, everything is in perfect order. At eleven o'clock the servant brings her a glass of orange juice. At one o'clock she puts on a bathing suit and tennis shoes. A Swedish gymnast comes and gives her exercises on the roof. Then a sun bath, a shower bath and clean clothes. The servant serves luncheon upon the roof in the sun. She resumes work at 2:30 P.M. and keeps at it until six. She

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Friendly five shoes



THE PEER
Genuine Calfskin, Com-
bination Last. Widths A to
D. Black No. 376. Tan No. 377

©1930, J.S.Co.

LOOK FOR
THIS
ON THE
SOLES



The tremendous popularity of Friendly Five Shoes has encouraged many imitators. The man who seeks genuine value is cautioned to make sure that the Friendly Five trade mark is on the soles of every pair he buys. The Peer, illustrated above, typifies the smartness and quality in the fifty styles of street, dress, and sport shoes shown by Friendly Five dealers for the coming season . . . all at the friendly price of five dollars.

JARMAN SHOE COMPANY
Manufacturers
Nashville, Tennessee

FRIENDLY TO THE FEET



Real Prizes for Outdoor Boys

THE summer games are on. Every live boy wants prizes, games, equipment. Here's how you can earn them all—spending money too! Just arrange with us to build up a delivery route for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* in your own neighborhood.

We'll help you earn the airplane model, kite, marbles and Official Scout Shoes pictured here. We'll give you real business training. Talk this over with Dad and Mother. Get their consent, then carefully fill out and mail the coupon. You'd be surprised how easily you can earn money and prizes.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
822 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Dear Prize Man: How may I earn prizes and cash?

Name.....Age.....
Street.....
City.....State.....
(Have one of your parents sign the following statement.)
I shall be glad to have my son take advantage of your business training.

(Parent)



about twenty thousand down when he bought his second stack. Mannix promptly took half of it by topping Mickey's pat flush with four treys. Mickey felt sick.

Eppus dealt a hand of five-card draw. Mickey was worried. They'd take his roll if his luck got any worse. But it was just luck. There was nothing to do but play them tight and hope that a big pot would jerk him out of the red. He wished they wouldn't talk about business so much. He shuffled his hand, spread the cards so that the corners showed under the top one, and looked at them. He had three queens, an ace and a deuce. He opened the pot for fifty. Everyone stayed around to Eppus. Mickey's thumb marks told him that Eppus had an ace, and that one other ace was across the table in Mannix's hand. Eppus made it three hundred to draw cards. Mickey stayed. Two men dropped. Mannix stayed. Bernstein tilted it a grand. Eppus stayed. So did Mickey. He wasn't worried, even if it did look like Eppus and Bernstein had him across a family barrel. He was sure that he had had the best hand going in. Mannix stayed. There was about six grand in the pot. Eppus drew to three cards. One of them was the ace. Mickey drew two cards to his three queens and caught an eight and a nine. Mannix looked at his one-card draw and irritably threw his hand away. Bernstein drew one and didn't look very happy. Mickey checked. Bernstein checked.

"Well," said Eppus kiddingly, "looks like you boys are afraid of me." He bet two g. Mickey raised him a hundred as a teaser. Bernstein just called. Mickey figured him for two pair. Eppus saw Mickey's hundred and bet the size of the pot in addition, just as Mickey had figured he would. Mickey drew a deep breath. There was almost twenty-five g. in the pot. Mickey was certain that Eppus had drawn to a pair and an ace. Eppus might have caught threes or even fours, but his own three queens were almost tops. He studied the backs of Eppus' cards. He felt sure that Bernstein would drop. He glanced at Eppus' face. For the first time that evening there was a set expression on it. Eppus had been bluffing all evening and his expression had never changed before. Mickey suddenly remembered that Bernstein had looked like that after catching two cards to a three flush. He wondered if it were a special motion-picture look. An unreasoning conviction began to creep into Mickey that Eppus had him beat. He wanted to flip his I O U out from under his chips and toss it into the pot, but his hand just trembled and did not move. Thoughts went through his mind. A bunch of amateurs were beating him at his own racket. They were talking about Adele Allaire. This wasn't poker; this was just fun. Will the Big Shot stand a touch by wire? . . . Sadie and Michael Polk, Junior, aged eight. . . . Doc Ferretti. . . . You're just a shell, and a

smart boy is bluffing you. If he's got you beat, your cabbage is gone. Mickey wondered what he would do if he went broke. The others were talking about some pal of theirs now. The words came clearly to Mickey's ears. Apparently they had walked slow behind the pal quite recently.

"He'd be going good today if he'd done like the doctor said, but he never took any care of himself—up all night, every night; livin' at high speed under a constant strain. Just a swell playboy, an' a gamblin' fool. Why, he'd bet you that black was white, and make you believe it. Too bad he couldn't quit."

Mickey felt quite faint.

"Well," said Eppus, "you goin' to give me a call?"

Mickey's cards fell from trembling fingers. He rubbed a shaking hand over a moist forehead. "I drop," he said. Bernstein dropped.

Eppus very deliberately turned over two fours, an ace, a seven and a nine, and raked the pot toward him. Mickey stared thoughtfully at the cards as the certainty that he'd been well bluffed sank into his mind. Mannix laughed.

All zest for poker ebbed out of Mickey. He got slowly to his feet. "Deal me out," he said quietly.

The others said good night and kidded Mickey and were sympathetic about his tough luck.

Mickey was very thoughtful the next morning. He felt heavy and old, and he wished that Sadie were there to talk to him. After breakfast he wrote out a check that cut his bank roll pretty thin and sent it to Eppus' suite. Then he sat there, looking out over the streets, thinking the whole thing over. The spot that he had always been looking for had been handed up on a silver platter, and he'd muffed it. There was a growing fear in his mind that his nerve might curl up on him the next time he sat at a poker table too. And they'd been nice to him just to grab his theaters for talkies? That was a laugh. The thought gripped Mickey's mind. He wondered if, like Sadie had said, he could make the grade and be happy in some legitimate racket.

Suddenly he leaped to the phone and called Tony Perna. So it was Tony Perna that introduced Mickey to Ace Realty, the highest-powered dirt dealers in L. A. Mickey's split commission from the Polk Theaters-Superb Pictures deal went right back into the Ace Realty business less the chunk that bought the swell little home overlooking the blue Pacific, that Sadie and Michael Polk, Junior, aged eight, picked out. Sime Eppus is still wondering who it was in his organization that leaked and tipped a bunch of smarties like Ace Realty off to the fact that Superb just about had to have the Polk chain for first-run releases, which, with the agent's cut and all, made him pay almost twice the steal price that he had figured on.

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plays the radio softly, which helps to make "the washes go on smoothly." If friends come in, she continues to draw while talking to them. A taxicab is announced at six. And so to the Grand Central Station.

Now, this sounds very soft. But there is one thing to bear in mind, and that is that this woman works twelve hours a day, and most Sundays, and has not had even a two weeks' vacation for several summers.

One young man—a fabulously successful artist—works from noon until three o'clock in the morning, and then often his wife has to go and drag him out of a working trance.

One night he kept murmuring as she led him home along Fifth Avenue, "That man gets my goat—he gets my goat."

"What man?"

"The one with the top hat that I'm drawing." Then he broke away from her

and went back to the studio and worked until dawn.

But still there is something so absorbing, so peaceful, about drawing that artists do not seem to be drained by long hours the way factory hands or corporation lawyers would be. The young man I have just mentioned is as handsome as Praxiteles' Infant Hercules and appears to be no more harassed. I have seen artists working way past midnight, after a twelve-hour day, with amazingly happy concentration, as contentedly lost in what they were doing as those kindergarten children who stick their tongues out over a sewing card. Artists who can draw attractive people are apt to be attractive themselves. Those who have a beautiful line have lines themselves, are well built, brisk, lively, usually stylish.

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This is not far-fetched. Leonardo da Vinci, centuries ago, said that just as our souls make our bodies, as our bodies are the outward manifestation of our aesthetic sense and will, so does an artist, in spite of himself, keep drawing himself in his work.

Good artists, you will find, are as neat as surgeons. A well-kept palette is a good-sized table covered with glass over white paper. In fact, some artists I know are so continually cleaning off instruments and paint saucers, getting out clean blotters to put under the hand, polishing ruling pens and compasses and triangles, washing hands every few minutes after every pencil sharpening, it gives you an uneasy feeling that you are at the dentist's.

And it is interesting how you can tell the artists who are firsts from those who are seconds. The seconds, for example, may be wonderfully facile, can imitate anyone, and can do it in no time.

Art for Art's Sake

"How did you know that the Alleghanies looked like that?" I said to one of these, pointing to some sand-colored bumps in the middle of a color drawing.

"I didn't," he said, laughing gayly. "I just faked it." And it looked it. There was a kind of meaningless modern look about it that meant he had not the slightest interest or conscientiousness in expressing how mountains looked to him.

The seconds work easily and glibly. The firsts work painstakingly and slowly, with loving care; never cocksure, never satisfied.

There is an idea that the artistic temperament cannot bear to ask for money.

"Take Smith and Jones," said the young art director to me. "Smith is a good artist with a lot of training. Jones just a few years ago was an office boy in an agency; did a little lettering, and so on; then a free lance, getting fifteen dollars for a pen-and-ink drawing of an undershirt for a sporting-goods store. This year he is getting six hundred dollars for a drawing. But he's not nearly so artistic as Smith. It's just that Smith can't stand up for himself and ask for the dough."

Well, probably a lot of ill success among artists is due to this poverty tradition. Perhaps even some starve because they think that is the real, genuine way to become real, genuine art-for-art's-sake artists of the purest ray serene.

"They hate to sell their work, and why shouldn't they?" said a sympathetic woman whose heart bleeds for artists. "They feel it is selling their souls, and it is!"

Whistler was not a put-upon man, nor was Sargent, nor are any of those who are at the top of their profession.

A foreigner who has a contract for eighty thousand dollars a year for designing automobiles explained how he has always staged himself in a grand way. He would always have a manservant to carry his portfolio of drawings; even when, two or three years ago, he was only making newspaper advertisements for a department store. He always had a sparkling and fashionable motor car in the background, faultless clothes, the manners of an eighteenth-century cardinal.

A successful artist, a woman, told me that from the very first, when she was very poor, she adopted a philosophy that was just contrary to the usual arty philosophy, which is, starve for art's sake, wear batik clothes and old hats, live in a crumbling hand-painted studio with no shiny modern plumbing. She long ago came to the conclusion that if you think poor, as many artists do, you will be poor. Therefore she always stepped boldly into financial responsibility. First, she would not work where she ate and slept. She hired an excellent, workmanlike studio; she never took street cars, but always rode in taxicabs; dressed with stern, indefatigable smartness—handsome clothes, clean gloves twice a day, gardenias—thereby cultivating in herself that swaggering I-can-buy-it feeling that only bankers and financiers are supposed to have.

Too often the artist's point of view toward money and economy is that of a put-upon bookkeeper. Much artistic starving is a rationalization for one's laziness and lack of daring. Only the brave are well paid.

The president of a big agency said: "In dealing with artists I have found the more artistic the temperament the less the talent. Good artists have office hours, work eight hours a day, refuse jobs they have not time to do, deliver drawings when promised, and are explicit about price."

Now, business men's taste is still a stumblingblock to art in advertising.

"I take a finished drawing into a business conference," says one of the best-known art directors, "and the man who takes the drawing out of my hands will turn to a dull adenoidal stenographer and say, 'Well, what do you think of it?' and then take her answer seriously."

Sometimes the wives of business men are stubborn obstructionists. One of these, a woman who lived in a small New England town, had a beautiful color drawing by Carl Ericson—one that was nice enough to have graced a Paris exhibition—thrown out because the woman in it did not look like "a really fine type of woman."

Here is the way business men should appraise art: Take a look at a picture. If something happens, it is a work of talent; if a distinct thrill runs up and down your spine, you are in the presence of a work of genius. Even, according to some critics, if the thrill should run up and down the spine of yourself alone in all the world.

One artist explained it by the phrase: "Getting a slip."

To illustrate, he held a red and an orange zinnia together. "Pretty, but no slip," he said. He then held a red and a magenta zinnia—a purplish-lavenderish-pinkish color—together. Sure enough, it gave you a distinct sensation, a tiny shock of pleasure. "See?" he said. "There you have a slip!"

The famous critic, Berenson, explains it like this: Say you are in the habit of realizing a given object with an intensity of two; if you suddenly realize this familiar object in a painting or a drawing with an intensity of four it is a work of great genius. In other words: "A cube painted by a genius seems to give one a greatly enhanced feeling of what a cube is like."

But beyond this, do not worry. Do not worry if a thing is "brown gravy" or "mere illustration" or "photographic" or not sufficiently "modern." And do not let the art know-it-alls stampede you any more. For if you read a dozen tomes on art criticism, the critics themselves are compelled to say again and again:

"The great artist can break all the rules and produce great art. Michelangelo, Rubens, Rembrandt, could have worked any way they liked. Beauty depends on the man, not on his methods."

That Would be Art!

"If I should paint that silver coffeepot," I said to an artist, timidly fumbling after an explanation of all the mysteries, wishing, perhaps, to make just an insectlike protest against all this modernness—"if I should paint that silver coffeepot exactly as it is —"

He interrupted me coldly and emphatically: "It would be too photographic. Not art."

"But," I said, "if I could paint that silver pot, that shining blue silver, exactly as it is, in all its glory —"

"There!" he cried. "Well, there you have it. 'In all its glory.' Ah! That would be art!"

Personally I think it is the art snobs who do more to frighten us from great art than anything else.

I remember such a nice man, a broker, who had the most blind, unreasoning, passionate hatred of the Soviet Government. But the only reason he could give was that he had heard they had compulsory art galleries. And in a way, you know, you could understand how he felt.

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GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 66)

know that. Rooming-house dwellers, I discovered, rarely look for a room under the HOTEL classification in the newspapers, because they fear that the rates are beyond their means. The new development of small, inexpensive hotels is virtually unknown to them, and they look where they have always looked—in the columns headed ROOMS TO RENT. Yet the hotel was spending fifty dollars every week for ads which appeared under HOTELS.

"I immediately cut the size of the ads and inserted them under the ROOMS TO RENT heading, and my copy stressed our elevator service and hotel facilities. In large type we stated: '\$12.50 for Two in a Room.' We also got out several hundred letters, showing the advantages of the modern hotel over the old-fashioned rooming house, and mailed them to our neighbors. Mailing lists are not hard to procure, nor are they expensive. We further received permission from three churches near us to post cards on their bulletin boards.

"These methods of advertising brought us plenty of prospects. They came, curious to see what we had; and once they visited us, it was easy to rent to them. They were surprised and gratified to find that for the

same rates they were then paying in old-fashioned and inconvenient rooming houses, they could live in a modern and cheerful hotel. Here they found an attractive lobby to gather and chat in, and besides the usual hotel services, there was an elevator to eliminate climbing the several flights of stairs they were forced to do where they then lived.

"We organized card games and sewing circles for the women, checker games and a horseshoe court for the men. Twice a month we rented a moving-picture camera and showed films in the lobby for our guests and their friends.

"We made certain that by ten o'clock at night all was quiet throughout the hotel. A few of the younger element who were inclined to be playful after that hour were advised to be quiet or to move. If they did move, we had no difficulty in renting their rooms to the older folks who were drifting in every day to see the hotel and to visit friends there.

"Today we have no vacancies, and we have a waiting list which is steadily growing. Our advertising bill has been cut from fifty dollars a week to about fifteen. Our movies twice a month cost us twenty-five dollars."

—B. P. F.

Convocation

A GREAT bell chiming out the hour.
A hush, and through the distant
corridor,
With stately music growing on the air,
The long black-robed procession:
The candidates for bachelor's degree—
Among them some cum laude—
For master's, doctor's honor.
And then the very wise ones come
With velvet bands on sleeves
And capes of scarlet, blue and gold.
And here come three in lordly robes
Of cardinal, in foreign style,
And golden-tasseled satin tams.
On, down the long, red-velvet aisle
And up the crimson steps,
All black and brilliant silhouettes
Against a background
Of purple splendor, age-stained oak
And Gothic windows
Where the sun shines grudgingly,
Knowing he is no longer mystery.

A Woman in the Gallery

There he is! And no one walks
As he walks, lifting up his head
There with the best.
It seems but yesterday I held him.
Well, they think it's books . . .
I always knew that he would do
Some glorious thing.
It seems but yesterday.
I wish he hadn't had to work his way.
I wish he could have had more play.
Well, I've done my best.
And here's his name. 'He marked it here
So I should know, with Latin words and
all.
Now there he is. How proud he holds his
head!
It seems but yesterday —

A Lad With the Cum Laude

I wonder if she sees me now.
Well, I'm through. Cum laude—

And why not? I've had advantages—
I have! I don't see how
A lot o' this gang
Ever made the grade.
I didn't wait till I came here to knuckle
down
And do without a lot of useless junk.
I learned it long ago.
I had a bringing up, I had!
I wonder if she sees me yet.
I'll hold my head the way she made me do
When I was just a kid.
Cum laude—not so bad—
And that belongs to her.

A Wise Old Man Awaiting the Time to Confer Degrees

Well, once again.
Something pathetic about this thing
Year after year. These youngsters—
I wonder if they ever think
How all of this is but the vestibule
Into the school.
The things that teach —
The day that Ruth was born.
When Peter had his stroke.
The night my manuscript was burned.
The hour that Anna died . . .
Ah, well. And here they come.
Children cum laude. Bachelors of art.
Masters of things in books.
Doctors tired out with theses . . .
Philosophy? They'll have one at the end.

A Man With a Complimentary Ticket

A college education—
That's the thing that counts.
You've got to have it to get anywhere.
Background—why, if I'd had four years of
this
I could have done something big.
Background—there one goes,
Holding his head so high,
Proud of the things he knows.

—Helen Baker Parker.

