

# Clivette, World's Greatest Artist, by His Own Admission, Quits Village for Paris

Selling Out His Studio Objects to Return Where Art Is Appreciated.

HE ADMITS HE IS PERFECT

Taught Sir Conan Doyle and Sent Lord Kitchener to Egypt—So He Says.

Clivette is leaving the village.

No longer will No. 1 Sheridan Square be the home of the Soul Light Shrine and the place where one can buy anything and everything from a portrait of a spirit face to a string of beads, a bit of pottery, a broken glass or a book.

Clivette is going to Paris.

There he will be appreciated in a way that even the Village cannot equal. There the lovers of art have studied the forms of art until they recognize when they see one. And they have recognized Clivette.

The trouble all started when an agent of Paris with a half dozen photographers sailed across the ocean to take a look at this man, hailed by half the world as the greatest of its artists. They came, they looked, and they photographed the pictures in the studio at No. 1 Sheridan Square. Then they went back across the Atlantic and showed Paris what they had discovered—an artist who has something that even the greatest masters did not have.

Back to That Dear Paris.

Paris looked at the discovery. And Paris bought. So Clivette is leaving the Village for Paris, where in two weeks the lovers of art bought more than the Villagers have in years.

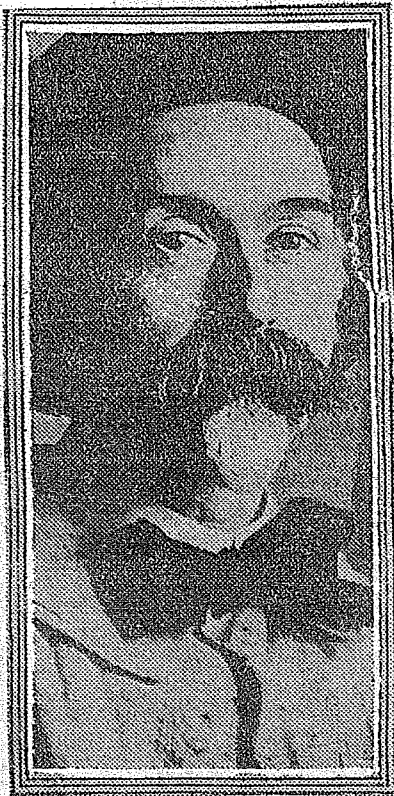
Before he goes, however, he is selling out all his store of modern masters, bric-a-brac, objects of art, embroideries, prints, jewelry, bronzes, manuscripts, and curios.

The Village has known Clivette for years. He was married there thirty years ago and has lived there between travels since. For the last five years he has made it his permanent home. Before that twenty-two trips across the continent, thirty voyages across the ocean and a couple of trips around the world kept him away most of the time.

If you do not already know Clivette, he will be glad to make your acquaintance down at No. 1 Sheridan square. He will show you his pictures and explain his philosophy, which has been published in the forty-five books he has written. The latest is "It." And the preface to this little red-bound book sums up well Clivette's philosophy:—

"Being a firm believer in the perfection of the Almighty's works, and knowing I am God's work, I must be perfect. This volume was written by me (God's work), therefore, is perfect."

Clivette will take you up the winding, rickety stairs which have been honored by the tread of Poe and of O. Henry in the days when the old building was an inn. On the landings and lining the walls of the little rooms of the attic are the pictures that have



Clivette, artist, who is deserting Greenwich Village for that dear Paris, where art and artists—especially Clivette—are really appreciated.

### Painted Spirit Picture.

"This one has a curious history." pointing to the picture of a woman draped in white. "A woman came in here one day, a psychic. She said she had an idea for a picture in her mind and wanted me to paint it. I painted that picture without having her tell me a thing, and when she looked at it she admitted, with surprise, that it was exactly the face she had been thinking of."

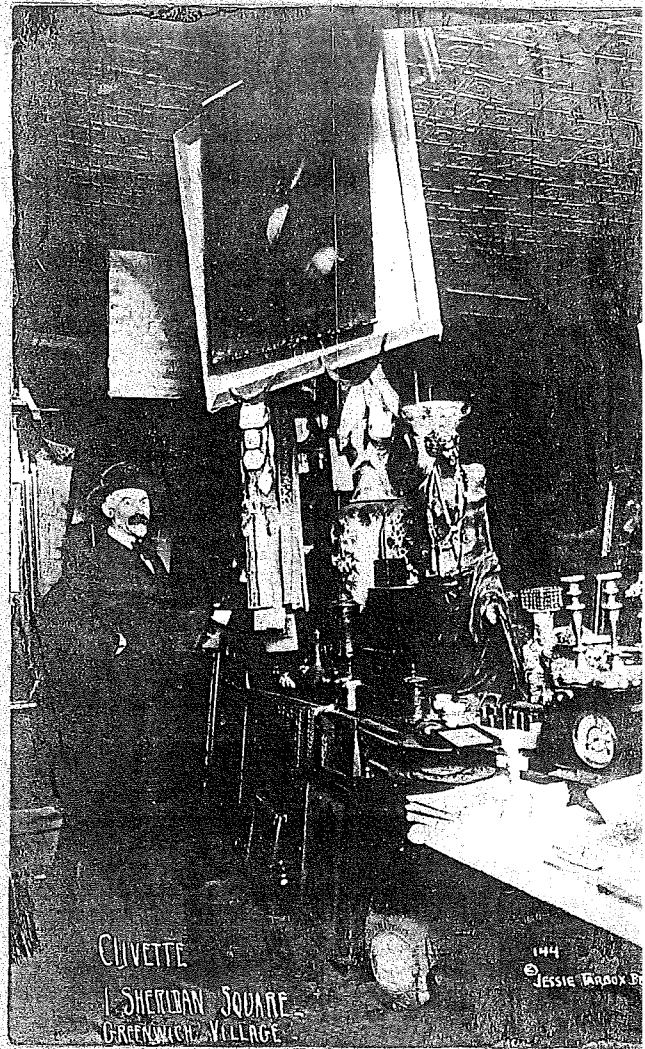
"Now here is a peculiar picture of Sir Conan Doyle. I studied the spirit world long before he did. In fact, I had a school in London thirty years ago. Sir Oliver Lodge was my pupil and he taught Sir Conan. So when Sir Conan came to America he came down to see me and told me if it hadn't been for me he would never have taken up this work."

"And this one of Rodin was pronounced by him to be the greatest picture in the world. Paris wants it and this one of Peary too."

"I really don't think it should go out of the country. I painted it just after he came back from the North Pole."

"The French like my work because they see that I have a sense of light that none of the masters had. Most artists look merely at the outer form of the face they are painting. But I paint the inner soul. And I paint the movement of the light."

"Twenty years of juggling on the



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"Twenty years of juggling on the stage made my eye so quick that I catch every movement of light while I am painting. A juggler has to watch the high lights when he tosses the balls in the air."

"I don't call myself a modern painter. If by modern you mean this cubist and futurist stuff. But my ideas are new, and they have taken France by storm. That picture hanging there has been reproduced in 280 magazines and papers. They like it, so I am going to Paris."

"I hate to leave the Village, but Paris calls. I will take my own pictures with me. All I want to sell is the collection I have of other artists' pictures and curios."

#### Has King Tut's Relics.

And if you are really interested in his collection, Clivette may show you the relics he got from King Tut's tomb. They are 3,000 years old and they are authentic even though most of the Villagers who have seen them in the window are sceptical.

Clivette wasn't over in Egypt this trip, but this isn't the first time King Tut's tomb has been opened, he says. Back in 1882 when Clivette sent Lord Kitchener to Egypt (by casting his horoscope as he did for many famous men and women). King Tut's tomb was opened and most of the valuables were stolen.

"Some of the stuff was sent to the Rajah of India and he gave it to Lord Kitchener and Lord Kitchener gave it to me," Clivette will explain.

Clivette doesn't blame the Village. He leaves it with no hard feelings. It is just that Paris speaks louder in its language of francs. And the language has an alluring sound.

But as Clivette says so often in his book of philosophy:—

"This also is right.

"All things are right.

"Everything is as it should be."