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GALLERY NOTES (Continued)

NEW GALLERY, 600 Madison Avenue—The few pastel drawings shown here of Eugene Zak, the young Pole recently deceased, all have a fine gravity of spirit and repose of line. His peasant heads and line drawings of women suggest, in their simplicity, the work of Holbein—perhaps a little warmer, a little less austere. His was undoubtedly a serious and beautiful talent.

The watercolors of Berthe Martinie are really splendid in their movement and subdued fire. Although her color is almost entirely sepia, grey and black—like *Guys'*—it manages somehow—like *Guys'* too—to be rich and warm and varied. Horses seem to attract the artist in her more than anything, and the vigorous drawing of their rearing flanks and necks attests to her profound and joyous knowledge of them.

The color-prints of Charles A. Aiken are so mild and banal in tone and subject that the elaborate procedure of their creation—which seems to be a combination of the monotype process with the use of a wax matrix and glass—is hardly warranted. Perhaps if Mr. Aiken chose, instead of a tree, a meadow or a pond, subjects as new and complex as his method, the result might be of value.

The New Gallery has also acquired six of Edward Bruce's most recent canvases, five landscapes and one nude. The landscapes have his usual finely balanced breadth and precise serenity of color. Their breathless clarity is livable, not cold. The nude, which is said to be his first, creaks with labor, is tight and hard and lifeless. But this may be like the stiffness of new shoes.

In a previous mention of Clivette in these pages, it was said that he struck bottom once in fifteen times. Perhaps the ratio is too small. For out of the twenty-three canvases in this last exhibition, eight are definite and quite amazing impacts. It must be admitted, Clivette has something which practically no other living artist has—an urge so tremendous that it tears, screaming, through the paint and canvas and makes them pale in subordination to it. When the urge is not there, his actual paint is unbearable. It is slap-dash, sprawling, loose, formless and lineless. The two realistic still-lives and the small sea-and-sky-scapes are clear proofs of what happens to a painter when the emotional vigor which is his only gift gives out. There is no brain, no craft to fall back on. But how the horse thunders in the "Pony Express!" How the rapacious eagle swoops on the swan, clawing in a rush of blood and spray and feathers! What incredibly fierce motion is let loose in those sprawling strokes and spattered oils! The "Self-Portrait," the two big flower and fruit still-lives, the "Large Fish" and the "Black Swans" are calmer, but of the same immense audacity and splurge. Whether one could live with a Clivette is very debatable; but it is difficult to be left unmoved by their motive power.

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