

## JEAN CARRIÈS: SCULPTOR AND POTTER.

WITH PICTURES FROM SCULPTURES BY JEAN CARRIÈS.



IN May, 1892, the Salon of the Champ de Mars contained a number of works in bronze, wax, and pottery by an artist till then almost unknown: Jean Carriès. His success was immediate and great. On the opening day, amid the acclamations of all present, in the name of his fellow-artists, Dalou demanded and obtained for him from the President of the Republic the cross of the Legion of Honor. Since Delacroix no such distinction had thus been won, as it were, on the field of battle. Other and more substantial recognition followed in the shape of a large order from the state. For once distinction and reward were merited. No talent which has risen in France during the last generation is rarer or more interesting than that of this admirable artist, exquisitely and variously gifted; none is so absolutely without parallel in contemporaneous art. For Carriès belongs to a departed race: he is, above all, a great workman in an age which has lost the sense of consummate workmanship; a pure medievalist in a country saturated with the classical traditions of the Renaissance; a spontaneous creative imagination in the midst of academical mannerism; and in pottery an inventor second only to the great Japanese masters of the past.

### I.

ALMOST the highest praise that can be accorded Carriès is that of being, above all, a workman of genius who, like the primitive artists of France and Italy, has carried into the highest forms of art the soul and senses of a workman. This may seem strange, yet a rapid analysis will suffice to show the splendor and rare originality of such a gift in a country whose art and literature are artificial and aristocratic to excess.

That the workman has long ceased to be an artist is a commonplace. The economical reasons for this decay are manifest; the social causes are hardly less so. All unity of feeling has disappeared in the complications of modern society; common aspirations and tastes have been destroyed; interest is the only bond we know; and our collective achievements are no longer cathedrals, as in the past, but railways

and exhibitions. Art has ceased to be national and democratic, simple, sensuous, and spontaneous: it is the privilege of a few, a hothouse flower of painful growth.

In no country is this division of society into separate classes, without common sympathy, more visible than in France; in none did the appearance of a poet, artist, or workman of the people seem more impossible. When the Renaissance created the outer unity of the nation, it began the ruin of its inner unity of feeling. Literature and art became more and more the privilege and enjoyment of a cultivated few; year by year more purely intellectual, difficult, and unintelligible to the great mass of the nation. Popular literature and feeling sank completely out of sight, and ceased to enter as an active element into the higher development of the nation. One class achieved extreme and refined culture at the expense of all others. The new elements of life and thought introduced by the passionate study of the Renaissance were never assimilated by the lower classes: their number and complexity were too great; the magnificent promises of direct and purely national development were never kept. Entire elements of the French character—the fervor and seriousness that made the crusades and the cathedrals, the tenderness of the exquisite popular songs—were almost without a representation in the sure and splendid literature and art of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

But if a Bunyan or a Burns seemed an impossibility in classical France, harder still was it for the artist to free himself from the traditions of the court and academies. From the sixteenth century onward, art shrank rapidly away from the masses; it crystallized around the court and aristocracy; it accepted without a regret and continued without a recoil the Greco-Italian ideals of the Renaissance. Then arose a long line of masterpieces full of splendor, rhetorical magnificence and grace, subtle and exquisite, delicate and frivolous, intellectual rather than emotional, but at no period nor in any deep sense of profound national importance. For a popular artist we look as vainly as for a popular poet. Claude Lorrain, Poussin, Lesueur le Brun, Watteau, Boucher, Jean Goujon, Puget, Clodion, Houdon—all give us of French life and feeling an exquisite and aris-





PORTRAIT BUST OF JEAN CARRIÈS.

ocratic interpretation. They show us the court and life of a class in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries: together they give us less information on the deeper life of the nation than the single cathedral of Amiens gives. But this deeper life struggles to the surface in art as in literature after 1789. In Millet, in Théodore Rousseau, even in the delicate, cheerful poetry of Corot, and in the masterpieces of Carriès, we break with classic traditions, and catch an echo of the far-off past, of the exquisite popular songs, tender and graceful and deep, which

sprang with bird-like note from the very heart of France — songs which are absolutely without a trace of rhetoric or conscious art. But neither the Gothic past nor they were understood. Fifty years elapsed after the Revolution before France grew proud, and not ashamed, of her magnificent cathedrals, and of the unique passion-flower of art which from the thirteenth to the fifteenth century had overspread the land.<sup>1</sup> Recognition came but slowly to Millet and Rousseau. More fortunate, younger, and born into an age prepared to understand

<sup>1</sup> See Viollet-le-Duc's "Dictionnaire de l'Architecture française," tom. viii., p. 137, for a significant note.





PORTRAIT BUST OF FRANS HALS. PRESENTED TO THE CENTURY ASSOCIATION, NEW YORK, BY MR. E. WOOD PERRY.

him, Carriès has attained fame early, though not without severe effort and exhausting struggle. The very nature of his gift served him even more than his artistic talent. It was the rarest and most novel of all. For the workman had suffered more deeply than either writer or artist: they had emerged from the tremendous transformation of the Renaissance with splendid success indeed, and masters of a new technic, but arduously, after diminution

and profound change; the artisan<sup>1</sup> entered irremediably on the downward path. The artist rapidly ceased to be a workman; the workman slowly ceased to be an artist. The work of the one lost that spontaneousness, freshness, admirable sense, and treatment of material of earlier times and the great artistic ages; the work of the other lost all deep significance, dignity, and style. The very traditions of the several crafts were lost. In 1792 the Revolution scat-

<sup>1</sup> Verocchio, Pollajuolo, etc., were simple *workmen*. (See the "Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini" for the practical training of an artist in the best times of the Renaissance.) The first Italian artist to have himself

called Messer and to play the gentleman was Caravaggio. The decadence had set in. (See Taine's "Philosophie de l'Art," tom. ii.)



PORTRAIT HEAD.

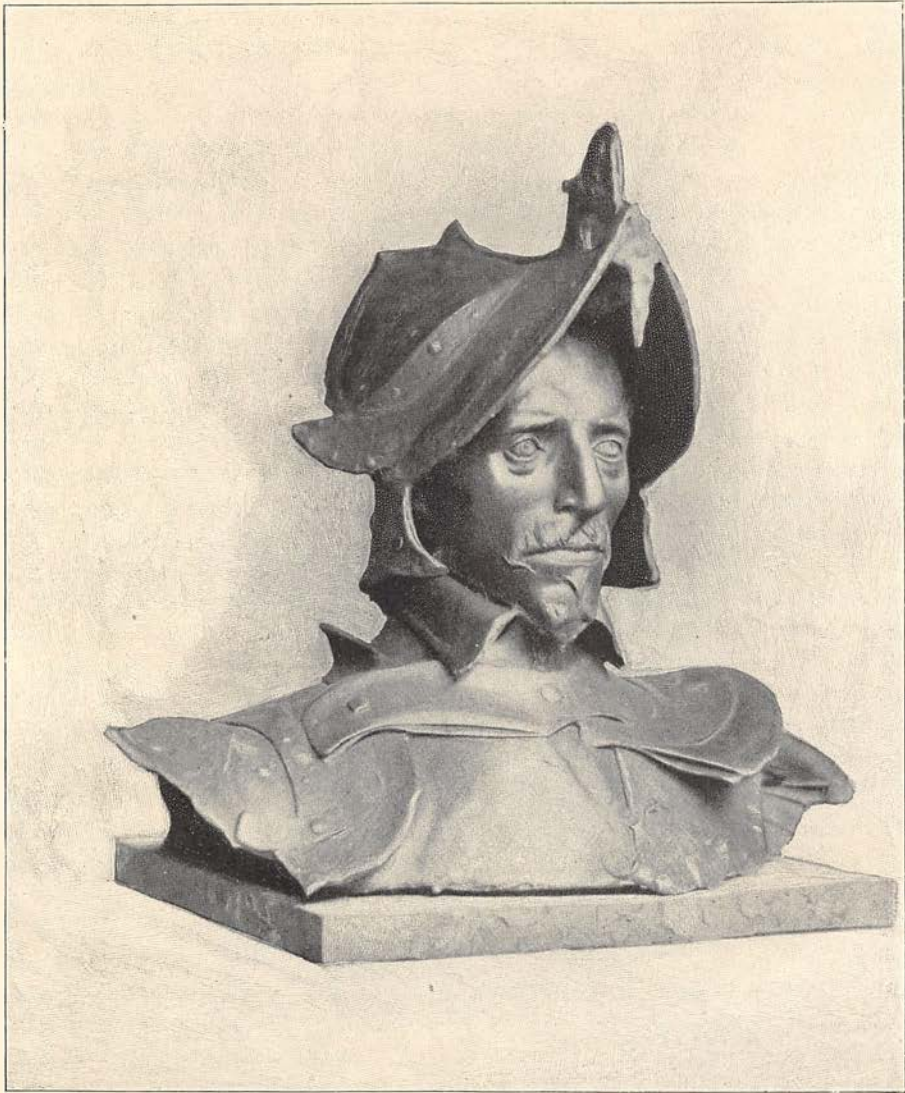
tered the last traces of the old corporations of master-workmen, and closed, it seemed forever, a development begun in the fervid enthusiasm of the thirteenth century. And thus it is that when, after a silence of a hundred years, in 1892 an artisan like Carriès arises who, like his unknown brothers, the stone-cutters of Chartres, Notre Dame, and Rheims, asks for no nobler title than that of a master-workman, the splendor and originality of his gift is so rare as to appear genius, so unique as to demand explanation for fear its importance should not at once be recognized.

## II.

BUT if the Revolution destroyed, it also indirectly recreated. It brought to the surface germs stifled and arrested in their development

for centuries; it penetrated the sluggish mass of the nation with common ideas, enthusiasms, hopes, stirring to the very bottom the dormant depths, and pouring them turbulently up to the light of life and consciousness. As in Greece after the Medic wars, in the Italy of the fifteenth century, in the Holland of the sixteenth, the energetic and tumultuous life of the earlier generation crystallized into art in the next, and the admirable luxuriance of artistic production of the nineteenth century is in this manner and in part the work of the Revolution and of the Empire. It is to one of these deep, underlying veins of pure French race thus brought to the surface that Carriès owes his birth. In him generations that have obscurely continued the deep, unconscious life of the middle ages, untouched by change, have reached articulate speech and full expression; and after the lapse





BUST OF A SOLDIER.

of four centuries arose an artist who instinctively, from no imitation or training, but spontaneously, has the soul and the senses of a Gothic workman.

Carriès was born at Lyons in 1856. His father was a cobbler, his mother a workwoman. His education was of the slightest. At twelve he was set to coarse manual labor, then apprenticed to a builder. There, as he watched the plasterers working at the stuccoed ceiling, he often wistfully thought that perhaps some day he too might have the fortune to do such work as theirs. He knew no higher ambition, and could conceive no higher art. At twenty he went into the army for the five years' service of the poor. It was there that his admirable talent was discovered, and that, through the kindness of

the colonel, at twenty-four he set to work, not as a plasterer, but as a sculptor. Like every French artist, he attempted a course of academical training; but he failed to profit by it: he felt his nature and gifts had nothing in common with the art around him, and could gain no advantage from its influence or study. He withdrew to work alone, aided by the intelligent sympathy of Jules Breton and one or two other artists who saw the admirable talent that lay in the man. With sure instinct, Carriès at once abandoned all idea of purely sculptural work in stone or marble. He sought for a material he could transform, enrich, and beautify—which would give scope to his deep inventive instincts, his subtle, sensuous enjoyment of textures and color; and his early works were those marvelous bronzes



HEAD OF CHARLES I. OF ENGLAND. BRONZE. IN THE LUXEMBOURG MUSEUM.

whose patinas, glaucous green, deep or angry purple, faded gold, trembling gray, were a revelation in bronze-work, and have never been surpassed, if they have been equaled, by the first bronze-workers in the world—the Japanese. But as secrets that had seemed forever lost were discovered by him, in him grew the absorbing dream to wrench fresh secrets from his strange fellow-workman—the flame. He would create a material, richer and more sumptuous than any, that should be his, and his alone. In 1889 Carriès obtained an order

from the Princesse de Seey-Montbéliard (Miss Singer) for a colossal decorative door (*ingrès*). His chance had come. He buried himself in the forests of the Nièvre, and, like a new Bernard Palissy, built rudimentary ovens, as rough and crude as those of ancient Korea; and there for eleven months, alone with his workmen, day and night Carriès wrestled with problems it seemed hopeless his ignorance could ever solve. In the eyes of every sane ceramist his act was madness, and meant ruin. But a sublime and mysterious instinct led him on through





PORTRAIT BUST OF JULES BRETON. PRESENTED TO THE CENTURY ASSOCIATION BY MR. E. WOOD PERRY.

toil and weariness, heart-breaking disappointment, hopeless failure, and reiterated checks; and before a year was over, the workman, the plasterer, had shot ahead of every living ceramist. He had discovered his inimitable grès (stoneware), and the first-fruits of his discovery were those admirable busts, statues, masks, and pottery in stoneware exhibited in 1892. Nothing can be more touching than to see the series of essays which led him to his triumph—the poor, coarse, fragile, and almost comically gross pots and potsherds of the beginning, gradually month by month becoming finer, denser, more

exquisite in texture, more marvelous in color, more sumptuous, rare, and unique, until in the last one, for the first time since the workmanship of the middle ages, one has a sensation of richness and magnificence such as none of our poor tawdry, gilded, and cheap materials can ever give. Never vitreous, never hard or shiny, the close, fine epiderm of dim enamel, as warm as flesh to the hand, and as soft as skin to the eye, seems the natural outgrowth of the grès, and not applied upon it. It has all the characteristics, not of dead matter, but of a living organic substance, a natural growth of





HEAD OF AN OLD MAN.

some rare and precious kind; and this strange fruit of the flame is a fruit indeed. And here we see what is perhaps the fundamental originality of Carriès and his genius—his subtle and intense sense of individual *life* in its infinite variety of exterior manifestation, from the obscure pulpos life of tissues and surfaces to the finer life of thought and emotion. In this he is unique. Others have felt as keenly the impetuous or melancholy life informing a human face, the struggle and action of forces which have gone to create the serene or distorted life of a human body, or, as Barye, the irresistible convergence of vital energies which have shaped the ardent and simple life of the brute; none has had, like Carriès, so subtle a divination of the profound plastic forces of organic and properly vegetative life which are the substratum of the other and its essence.

What he produces seems to have grown from the center to the circumference; with him texture and epiderm are of vital importance, for they are a continuation and a sign of the life within. In his hands not only flesh and that other flesh of fruit and leaf and wood take significance and value, but those other forms of individual existence which are manifested in the grain, texture, and vibration of metal, stone, and pottery, and give them an artistic quality and character of their own. By the nervous acuteness and perfection of his sensuous perception, by his mysterious sense and deep enjoyment of the outer life of things, Carriès penetrates impetuously and profoundly into their essence and hidden life. He revels in the splendor and sumptuousness of natural substances which are the glow and outer glory of that life. He has a sense of the richness



and magnificence of matter unknown to our blunted senses, which are satisfied with plaster and stucco and tawdry gilt, but no longer feel the massive magnificence of richly chiseled stone and carven wood, rare bronze, and richer grès. By this beauty Carriès is intoxicated as by sumptuous flowers, for his senses are barbarously fresh and keen. And thus he revels in a world which is all his own, in material as in dreams; he needs no exterior images, and such as he receives he transforms. Such art is intensely sensuous, subjective, and imaginative; and indeed, none is less objective and more real than his, none more capricious and unexpected in its creations. To understand the variety, the delicacy, the luxuriance, and the originality of such a talent, one must forget the admirable but too purely intellectual art of the Renaissance and antiquity, our nineteenth century, and set habits of thought, and return to the simple, sensuous enjoyment of sumptuous matter, to the naïf dreams of the middle ages, to the weird, fantastic, and subtle imagination of the Japanese, to their profound observation of natural detail and significant deformation, to their feeling for the magnificence of rare material. It is in such a spirit that the work of Carriès should be approached, and it is with a constant recollection of these fundamental characteristics that we should seek for the more purely intellectual traits of his art.

### III.

IN few works are this strange and intensely original mixture of Gothic and Japanese feeling, with no trace either of direct influence or of imitation, this extraordinary sense of mysterious life, more strongly marked than in the wonderful grès exhibited in 1892, in which all the uncanny poetry of stagnant pools, all the portentous vitality that slowly gathers form in the deep ooze, have fashioned themselves into so precise and weird a dream-shape. Crouching heavily in a frog-like attitude, a great half-human, half-aquatic monster convulsively presses a strange newt to his massive chest; from his back, bulging into pustules like those Surinam toads which carry their eggs and half-formed young in the foul pouches of their skin, a young frog has just emerged, and pauses in the act of springing into independent being; others are obscurely felt in the swelling pustules of the dense, flabby, and elastic flesh. Only the dim, cool, gray-green grès, dashed with mottling patches of clear brown, can give any idea of the intense reality of that viscous frog-flesh and the hard, powerful, yet brittle and distorted bones that so strangely pierce the corded muscles and heavy folds of swollen skin. The coarse, grotesque head, with its starting eyes, its worm-

wrinkled and hideously old, smooth scalp and face, is fearfully living; but not more so than the whole body, every line, texture, and fold of which is intensely expressive of the slow life accumulated within. One thinks of strange saurians born in the primeval ooze, as hideous and threatening as a nightmare, and no figure of their reconstructed life gives half the sense of reality of this wild dream; with a thrill of shuddering sympathy one has the feeling of their rank intensity of existence, and an insight into the mysterious organic forces that fashion them in the depths of festering slime. No Gothic gargoyle, no medieval dream of awful life, no Japanese fantastic vision of the demons of the marsh and rotting fen, has this force of suggestiveness, has this weird intensity of imaginative reality, this concentrated energy of existence. To create such a form, with such an inflexible logic of life, is to have felt, without books, study, or other knowledge than a swift poetic intuition, as fully and comprehensively as the intelligence of a Goethe all the obscure conditions of organic form, all the subtle, hidden correspondences with outer circumstance and influence and change. Such a vision is complete, and such a being is as real as one of nature's own.

But the sense of such existence is oppressive, and it is with relief that one turns to serener forms and purer life. Very beautifully has Carriès expressed the yet half-vegetative humbler life in his delicious child-series. With what swiftness and sureness of tender observation has he rendered the sudden exquisite turns of awkward baby heads on the disobedient muscles of the yielding neck, the peace and deep, warm life of the tender, perfect flesh! Almost alone among sculptors or even painters, Carriès is the admirable poet of infancy; none has felt so deeply the charm of the helpless, undecided baby bodies, and the fine satin of the baby skin under which beats almost visibly the rapid flow of ever-changing life. To a Greek, who cared only for the fixed beauty of the perfected type, the infant was but a formless pulp; in it he saw no beauty or even interest: there are no children in Greek art. With Carriès it is precisely that very formless, changing, living flesh beating with existence that most fascinates him: the lovely, tender life, manifested as delicately as in a trembling flower, is to him infinitely beautiful. Through him, without a trace of paltry sentimentality, from sheer force of sympathy and exact representation, infancy has entered into art. And this surely is no small originality.

More complex is the charm as we reach the more complex life of the exquisite little novice. Her timid, shrinking beauty is that of some pale young flower that has expanded in shadow and chill. All the poetry of cool, claustral life, all





A NOVICE.

its silence and deep rest, its innocence, its purity, are beneath the quaint and charming head-dress of the child, in the sweet seriousness of the tender face untouched by the fever of our confused and noisy lives. The pale, gentle features, the large, calm eyes, as clear and pure as living springs, will never grow conscious of harsh images of unrest, lassitude, and pain. Something of the freshness and cool youth that speaks of unruffled quiet will remain in that face grown old, as in those clear, faded faces we pass in Paris under the white caps of the nuns, poems of peace and symbols of rest. So delicate and

swiftly winning is this charm of feeling that it is only later we see the rare grace and subtle taste of the decorative lines of head-dress, robe, and folds, the fanciful, fine artistic sense of arrangement, or the quiet splendor of the harmonious grès. It is thus with all Carriès's work: its charm is, above all, penetratingly poetic and suggestive; its grace is wayward, unique, unexpected; it has a sort of lyric intensity and directness of feeling; and its beauty is less a beauty of pure form than of very sweet impression. He is thinking neither of the type nor of the individual, as the sculptors of Greece





THE DUTCH WOMAN: "LA HOLLANDAISE."

and the sculptors of the Renaissance, but of the world of simple human feeling and dreamy beauty, like his ancestors of the Gothic age. Like them, he puts in visible form before our eyes,—he *exteriorizes*,—keen elementary feelings and impressions, joys, hopes, fears, sufferings, aspirations, peace and pain, with a freshness as of discovery, a naïveté, a directness, our languid, indifferent hearts no longer know. For rarity of attitude and form he cares but secondarily, for the nude but little, for the rhetoric of gesture not at all. He needs often only a head to express all he has to say. His series of martyrs, of those whom life has vanquished, is an epitome of human pain, as are his masks of

human desire and excess: no shade of defeat, of sorrow, of resignation, is unexpressed by the fiery yet nervously delicate and sure modeling of the grès and bronze. From his women the tragedy of pain is absent, but this lyric intensity of moral expression is the same in all. They have (as in "La Hollandaise") a sweet and strong serenity, a grave cheerfulness, a tender, smiling delicacy, that set one dreaming of the old popular songs of France, so deep and simple, so soberly pathetic, so profoundly human; and like them, they have an inexpressible, delightful flavor of naïveté and sincerity, a robust and rustic charm as of clear water in a cup of wood.



## IV.

To speak adequately of his great door would be to sum up Carriès's marvelous and varied gifts. But this is impossible. The door is unfinished, and, alas! likely long to remain so. Yet one cannot quit Carriès without briefly speaking of his gigantic design. Gothic in architecture, Gothic and Japanese in treatment, it is a fit portal to the weird land of imagination in which Carriès dwells. Before it we dream as before mysterious depths of pregnant darkness in the enchanted forests of Scandinavian legend or Japanese fairy-tale. It is a like form of imagination that has created the one and the other, that gave birth to the strange fauna of Gothic cathedral and Gothic legend. And is she not worthy to be some princess of a wonderful fairy-tale for grown-up folk, the exquisite, audacious little maiden who has just stepped fearlessly from the jaws of the monster, and stands questioning among the strange scrolls of grimacing heads of lust and madness and hate and sloth and avarice? Into what land of Circe has she strayed like the lady in "Comus"? Is it that the obscure, invisible passions of the foul world groveling round her path have suddenly, at an enchanter's call, started into visible and concrete life. Or is it simply that her clear, fearless eyes have seen through the commonplace masking forms of our workaday world to the festering ugliness, to the ever-simmering, unresting ocean of passion and animalism, below? Is she but a vision frozen into solid form? From what calm home of peace has she come with her kitten purring lazily on her arm? And to what adventure is she bound? Even if the door were finished in the rare polychrome grès which would render it as unique in color and material as it is in conception, perhaps the symbol would hardly be clearer. Perhaps the sculptor himself could hardly tell us all that he meant.

Of Carriès's martyr group little can be said until it is in bronze; but more strikingly than any other of his works it betrays the only personal influence he distinctly feels. The name of Claux Sluter is one of the very greatest in all sculpture, and his art is absolutely different in origin and nature from that of Carriès: it is as solidly objective, concrete, Flemish, as Carriès is gracefully subjective, wayward, French, in balance and reserve; he is nearer Holbein and Teutonic feeling, and Carriès, a pure Celt, very far from either; yet in this group, as in much of Carriès's work, there is much to remind us of the great dreamer of the Puits de Moïse and the Burgundian tombs. And some mention of this influence is necessary.

To pass from such massive and magnificent works as these to pottery seems a descent in-

deed, and Carriès's labor waste. And yet they are but trifles, yet every one a rose, to use the old Greek poet's excuse for the epigrams of the Anthology. One feels the charm there is for a workman like Carriès in a humble yet delicate manual craft. In his forest, after the long day's work, he sits dreamily at his potter's wheel, thoughtfully shaping some vase into exquisite form, while a thousand images silently flit through his brain, fade, and reappear as the sensitive fingers rejoice in the rounded fullness and subtle accidents of shape. Such hours are not lost: the hands alone are busy, the brain is free. And how exquisite and very rare the vases are! It is a sensuous joy of the eye and hand to feel the varied outline swelling into gourd or vase or fruit-like form as from the action of an inner force; their warm flesh, which unites the hard beauty of metal to the pulpy richness of vegetable tissue; their marvelous surface so subtly veined in schemes of faint, clear tones, sometimes like fine petals or strange woods. One cannot tire of surface and flesh and form which make them now soberly magnificent, like the faded splendor of old silks; now barbarously rich with incrustations of silver or of gold; now as plain, smooth, and simple as an old brown leather gourd; now strangely marvelous, like some stone or shell, rough with a thousand tides, and full of the poetry and the mystery of the sea; sometimes as clear and cool as the husk of some great fruit the shape of which they take, or again sumptuous with the splendid creamy flow of dim enamel or dull gold rolling over the rim and heavily down the sides. All have the same mysterious flesh-like quality of life, and, by one knows not what, hidden subtle correspondences with natural objects; all fill the mind dimly with soft, vague images of far-off things familiar yet unknown; and all, one knows not why, set us dreaming, too, as if in handling them we felt by sympathy something of the dreamy, unending activity and enjoyment of him who produced them.

## V.

WE found Carriès a workman, and a workman we leave him; and when we look back over his varied achievement we feel that his originality, after all, is there. All other modern art by the side of his spontaneousness and naïf intensity of impression is conscious, artificial, cerebral; all other sculpture conceived with little regard or true sense for the material in which it is to be realized; all other execution impersonal and commonplace. Our dexterous artists seem pure intelligences, constructive, coördinating, organizing, but neither truly imaginative nor creative, compared with this fiery sensuousness



passing into immediate realization. In them one feels the intellectual element vastly more developed than the sensuous; their culture and expertness are great, but they have little emotion; their rhetoric is admirable, their sense of the artistic most fine, but they have little poetry and no mystery. There is nothing incommunicable and divine about them; there is not even anything exquisite and rare in their physical sensibility. They are, if you will, as rich in ideas as Carriès in impressions, but ideas are not always very important in art. Above all, they have in no degree that extremely rare gift, granted to races and individuals hardly emerged from the domain of obscure sensation—the sense of richness and the sense of hidden life which Carriès so splendidly manifests, in that the Japanese alone have surpassed him. And perhaps one could hardly define Carriès better than by saying that in a rare and singular degree to the sensuous qualities of a race whose nervous acuteness of sense has never been equaled, he unites the fine taste, sober reserve, and sense of harmony of the Frenchman, while the sentiment that penetrates his work, sometimes Gothic and Celtic, is as often distinctly Japanese. Sensuous or emotional, Gothic or Japanese, his qualities are emphatically those of virgin sense and virgin mind, those of early races and primitive natures. In an age like ours they have an inexpressible freshness and a very potent charm. We feel that such a man, like the sylvans and the fauns, is closer to Nature than are we: for him she is a visible presence. He is a link between us and the great Mother of all, whose obscure life we have long ceased to feel; with his hand in ours, we once more hear the beating of the pulses of her being, and to her eyes we see the old light return that our forefathers knew and adored in the far-off days of wonderful legend and myth. Through a rift in the gray veil that covers the universe from our blind eyes, thanks to artists like Carriès, we see the eternal glory and beauty of that life. It flashes upon us like the glow of molten lava through the dead scoriæ that hide its torrent of rolling flame. It is a portion of that life and an aspect of that beauty that all true artists discover to us. For, by them, to speak the language of Carlyle and of Plato, we become aware of realities we carelessly passed by, and their life

becomes known to us. The vision fades, but we depart from its atmosphere richer in emotion, in sense, in thought—dead things have become living for us. We have felt the deep forces pulsating through the humblest existence and the lowest organisms. We have seen them expand in sweet and various human life; we have been face to face with childhood, purity, and tenderness, with suffering and resignation and hope, as before divine presences—the thrill endures still.

Such art is infinitely beneficent, for it is infinitely human. To exalt it to excess and at the expense of any other would be foolish; to depreciate it for real or imaginary deficiencies more foolish still. Each is very beautiful, with a beauty of its own which corresponds to an eternal necessity and function of the universe or of the soul. But if in our languid and complex hearts our peculiar tenderness goes to the one rather than to the other, it is to the Gothic and to the primitive, to Amiens, Chartres, Rheims, to Carpaccio and Angelico, to Quentin Massys and Claux Sluter. More than ever we feel the charm of Japanese art and primitive workmanship, and it is this double charm we find in Carriès which so strongly appeals to us. There are other reasons for his influence. If we fill our rooms with old pottery and precious artistic objects, if art is accumulated in our houses rather than around us as of old, if we take refuge from the hideousness of the street and our industrial civilization in a hidden paradise of our own, if our artistic enjoyment is selfish and personal, it is from a deep-lying cause. The very conditions of art are perhaps in course of transformation as in Holland three centuries ago, when, for the first time, civic and common life in rooms and houses was painted to be hung in rooms and houses, not in palaces and churches. And so with us, the open-air and decorative art of the Renaissance and of antiquity jars with the civilization around us. It is discordant and out of place. From our houses alone can we exclude all elements of ugliness, and of them our careful dilettantism composes rare and curious museums, reflecting the taste, not of a community or of a group, but of an individual mind rich with the accumulated culture of various races and many centuries. And here again the subtle and sumptuous art of Carriès responds to a living and legitimate taste.

*Émile Hovelacque.*

[NOTE. Since the above article was written, Carriès has ceased to live. He died on the 1st of July, 1894, aged 38, after a short and painful illness, due in a large measure to his labors. His loss is irreparable, not only to his friends, who passionately loved and admired his genius and character, but to the world and to art. The truly heroic life of this most noble artist,—a poem of courage, suffering, and faith which some day will be told,—his marvelous career, none will imitate. With

him perish inestimable secrets and a world of rare and unexpected beauty. An exhibition of his works will be held this winter in Paris. In all probability they will subsequently be gathered by the state into a room dedicated to Carriès. In it will be placed the only painting we possess of him—the admirably penetrating, sincere, and suggestive portrait by his friend Mlle. Louise Breslau, showing the sculptor in his thirty-second year.]