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## LENBACH: THE PAINTER OF BISMARCK.



DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER.

LENBACH'S HOUSE, GARDEN, AND PRIVATE MUSEUM.

EVERY one who has visited Munich carries away a recollection of that quarter of the town made beautiful by the broad streets and magnificent Greek buildings which date from the reign of the art-loving Ludwig I. Here, where it receives an added charm from the beauty of its environment, is the studio of Franz von Lenbach, one of the finest in the world, rivaling, if not surpassing, those of the great English and French painters. Built after the plan of a Roman villa, with a beautiful garden and fountain in front, it forms, with the neighboring private museum, an im-

posing group, a worthy addition to the symmetrical and beautiful structures about it.

The great steps, half the width of the house, lead from the ground to the studio in the second and the top story, giving to the whole a palatial appearance. Ascending the broad stairway, on each side of which are blossoming orange-trees, one reaches the fine loggia, round the marble pillars of which twine great masses of purple passion-flowers; from this one may pass on into the spacious and somberly rich studio beyond.

In appearance Lenbach is typical of his

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race, with tall, heavily built figure, near-sighted blue eyes, and thin sandy hair. His manner is marked by an extreme simplicity and an entire absence of ceremony, amounting at times to a sort of mental withdrawal from those about him. Only after a nearer

almost immediately to make copies of the masterpieces in the Alte Pinakothek, by which he was enabled to support himself, while at the same time he was forming his own taste.

During the years of his early manhood he made journeys to Spain and Italy, where the

cult of the old masters, which so distinguishes him, was encouraged and strengthened. It is one of his cardinal beliefs that the true breath of inspiration is drawn from them, and at this the formative period of his art he made numberless copies from the Italian and Spanish schools, as well as from those of the Netherlands. The Schack Gallery has many rooms hung with paintings by him after the immense canvases of Correggio, Titian, Rubens, etc.; also portraits from Velasquez and Rembrandt. His constant and unvarying advice to young colleagues, toward whom his critical kindness is well known, is, "Study the old masters." As a boy he spent long hours seeking out their color-formulas, analyzing their compositions, or searching after the spiritual verities embodied in them. For the



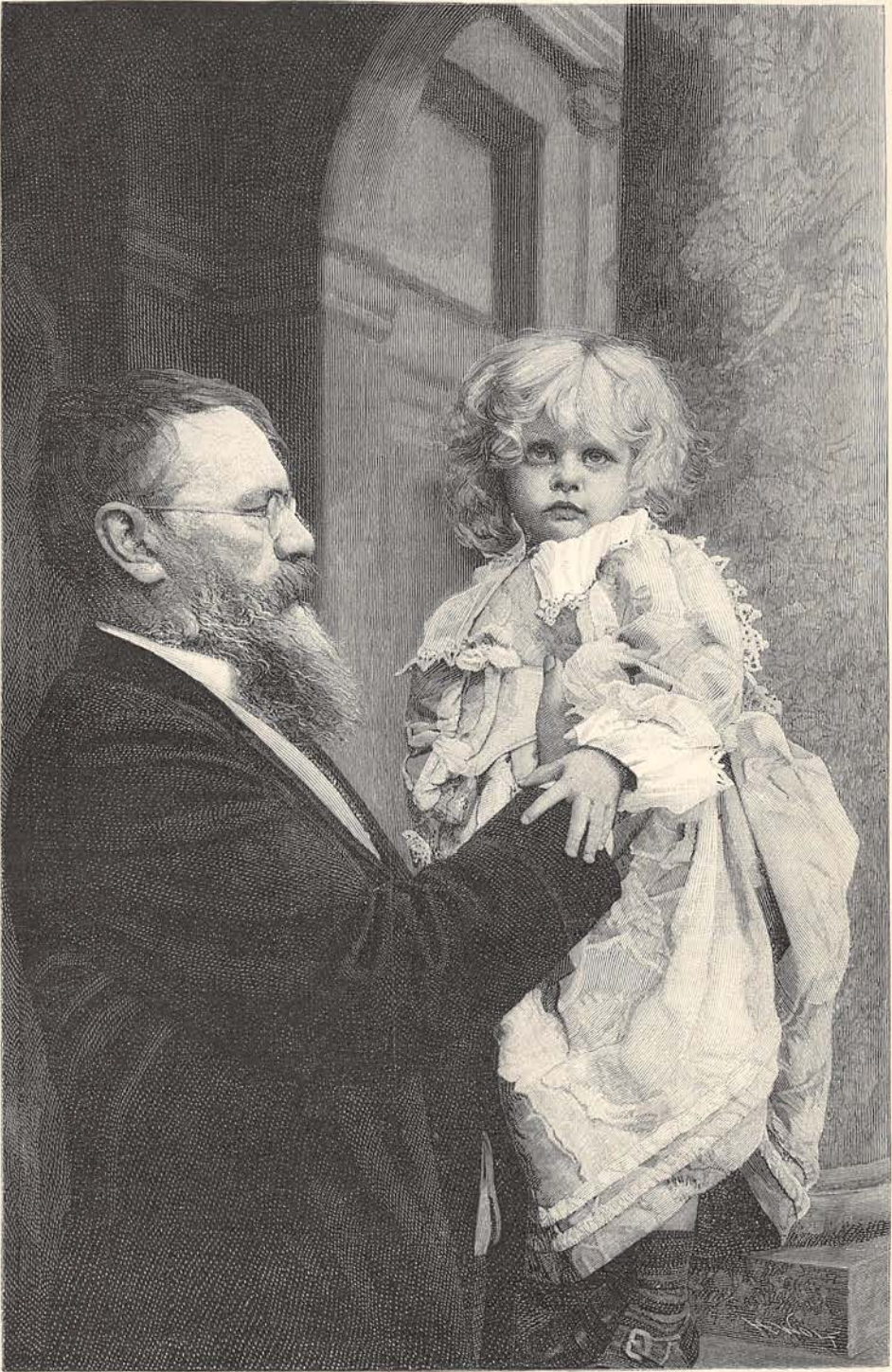
DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER.

THE FOUNTAIN IN THE GARDEN.

acquaintance one realizes that the seemingly careless glance with which he receives his many visitors takes in with unerring precision their physical, social, and mental dimensions. He is essentially a self-made man. Born of humble parents a half-century ago in a little village eight miles from Munich, he early showed marked artistic ability, and for a time was pupil at the Akademie. He began

English school of the eighteenth century he also has a great admiration, and some of his portraits recall the graceful and poetic creations of Gainsborough, Reynolds, Romney, or Lawrence.

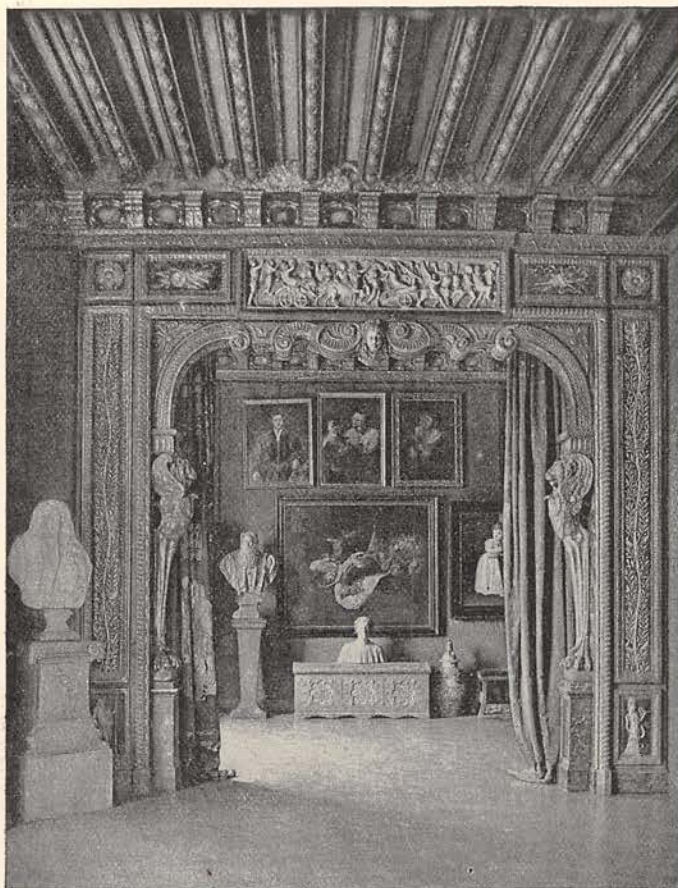
In the early part of his career his name was somewhat associated with that of Piloty, though, with his deeply ingrained idealist tendencies, he could never have been alto-



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FROM LIFE.

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

LENBACH AND HIS CHILD.



THE CORRIDOR LEADING TO THE BISMARCK ROOM.

gether in sympathy with this great exponent of the realist movement in Germany.

To Lenbach what counts is insight and «the breath of life.» He believes that artists, like poets, are born, not made; that each must work out his own salvation in the way his genius best prompts; and that, after all, it is but little the master can do for the pupil. Imbued with these sentiments, it was only natural that he should cut loose from the established German schools. To exceptional genius and unusual methods of study he has added a lifelong habit of unflagging industry. For years he worked in an unpretentious back building on the site where he has now erected the magnificent house of which his brother, well known in his special branch, was architect. The studio is divided into three spacious rooms, and occupies the whole of the second story. The ceilings are richly decorated with medallions and bas-reliefs in dark woods picked out with gold; the walls, also dark in tone, are hung with valuable tapestries, and copies of well-known

pictures made during his *Wanderjahre*, with here and there an authenticated work of an old master. An unceasing and discriminating collector, Lenbach has filled his house and studio with objects of esthetic and historic interest. There are marble statues and friezes of ancient Greece and Rome, busts and bas-reliefs dating from the Renaissance, crucifixes and reliquaries breathing the mystical afflatus of the middle ages, priceless and historic brocades, rugs, and hangings from the East—everything, from the beautiful shell grotto adjoining the studio, with its elaborate mosaics, to a rare bit of brocade from some suppressed monastery, giving evidence of the unerring taste of the master. The whole building is illuminated by a complete system of electric lights, enabling him to paint, as he often does, until far into the night. He is in consequence a late riser, breakfasting

at ten, and rarely going to his work before eleven o'clock.

His studio is in a way a reflex of his domestic and private life. Noticeable by their number and beauty are sketches of his one child, a little girl of three, who is perfectly at home there, and always welcomed by her father, who invariably lays down palette or crayon at her approach. As beautiful as she is precocious, her silvery blond hair and delicate, rose-leaf face are a spot of color in the somber richness of the great rooms. She knows the names of many of the pictures, and it is a pretty sight to see her pointing out the various portraits in her soft voice and uncertain accents: «das Bismarck,» «das Helmholtz,» «das der alte Kaiser,» and so on. She upsets palette and oil-cans, steps on pastel stumps with impunity, and the choicest bibelots are given her as playthings. The great artist seems to find his chief happiness in portraying the loveliness of this child. A phantom-like delicacy of touch is specially apparent in these pictures.

In glancing about, one sees portraits of nearly all the contemporaneous great men of Germany, and many celebrities of other lands. Statesmen and diplomats, artists and musicians, women whose beauty has made them preëminent, scientists and litterateurs, many of them warm personal friends, bear testimony to Lenbach's power as a man as well as an artist. Portraits of the imperial house abound—the old Kaiser and members of his immediate family, among them that fine one of the Emperor Frederick which portrays him in the flush of expectancy and strength, clad in his white uniform, with a great star upon his breast. There are numerous and finely characteristic portraits of Bismarck and Von Moltke, his intimate friendship with the latter being too well known to need more than a passing mention. Wagner and Liszt are there, with something of the fire of the special genius of each caught and fixed on the canvas; also striking and gracefully individual portraits of Sembrich and Duse. Of the latter there are several done with his little girl, and the dark intentness of the great tragedienne is in strange and startling contrast to the almost ethereal brightness of the child. Lady de Grey's loveliness is offset by Monaldeschi's Southern intensity, and Paul Heyse's poetic head is seen near a picture of the Queen of England. Noticeable, also, is a fine portrait of Prince Rudolph of Liechtenstein done in dark tones, and near it is a characteristic one of the Pope. Among others is an interesting and powerful likeness of Professor Edward Emerson, which had one of the places of honor in this year's exhibit.

Lenbach has all his life been a great producer. This has been made possible in part by his rapid methods of work. He obtains his fine results with astonishingly few lines. One may see him put in a life-size head in pastel or oil in an hour, which, though linearly slight, is yet complete, revealing

with marvelous precision the form and individuality of the sitter. His portraits are mostly bare of accessories, the greater number being, in fact, simply heads, the dress indicated by some slight suggestion of coat or drapery, which is soon lost in a background always subordinate. His work is never marred by over-perfecting. Possessing the rare quality of knowing when to stop, he seems specially to delight in a sort of happy play of half-veiled effects, which arrest the eye and arouse the imagination. The end of the studio where he works is lighted by a window of scarcely more than ordinary size, and even then he sometimes closes the lower half of the folding blinds.

His pastel sketches are unusual, being so slight sometimes that they seem the unsubstantial fabric of a dream, and yet the essentials, life and individuality, are in every one. As he himself said of them, «A breath, yet all must be there.» His memory for form and expression is prodigious, and he may often be found working at a portrait in a rapid and introverted way, without the sitter.



A CORNER OF THE BISMARCK ROOM.



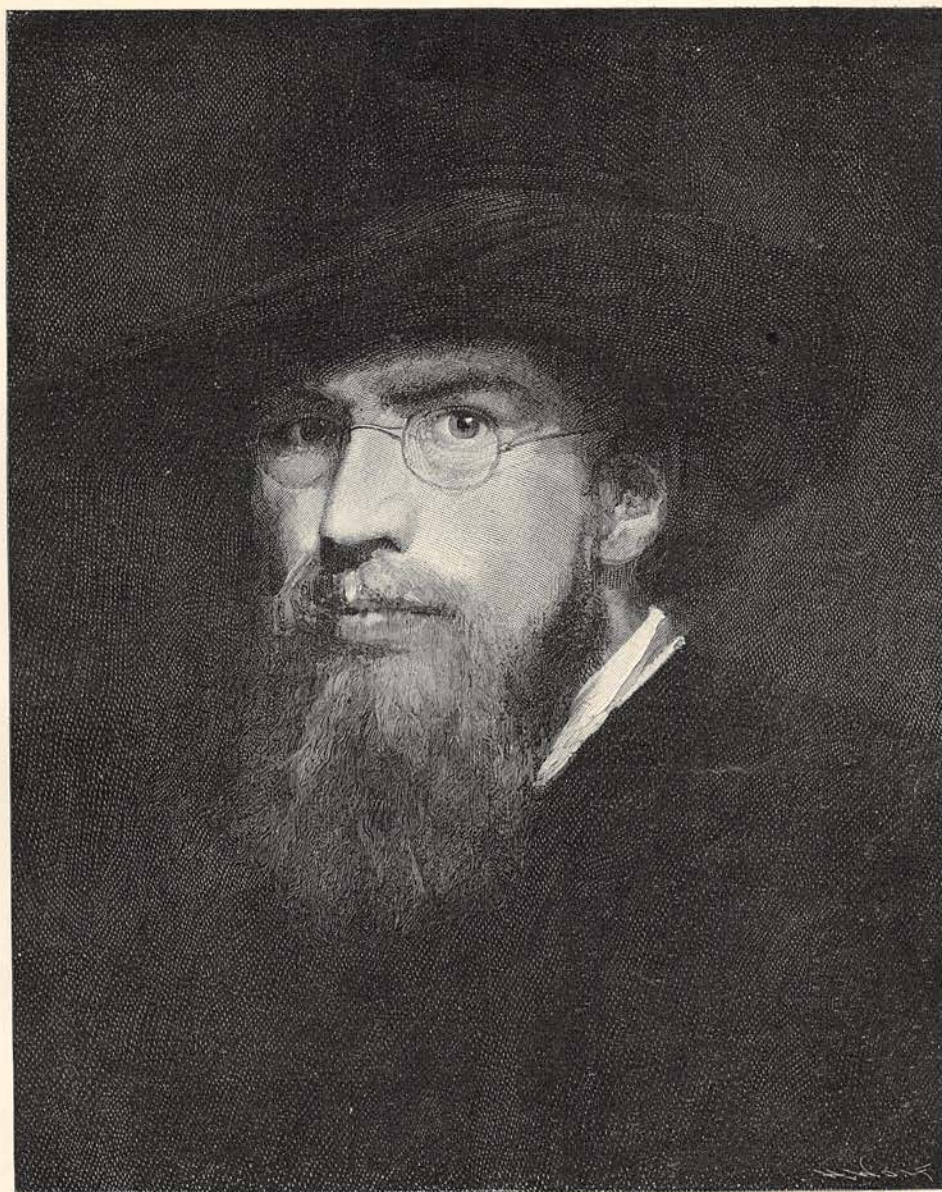
PAINTED BY FRANZ VON LENBACH.

PROFESSOR EDWARD EMERSON.

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

Lenbach's views on life in general are revealed only in snatches, for he speaks but little of himself, and his conversation on any topic is rarely sustained, though in the phrases he lets fall here and there he betrays a simple and profound appreciation of the best of all ages. In literature his tendency is toward the classics. Seneca and Epictetus may be seen

on the table near his easy-chair. The modern literary movements represented by the French psychological school and the various schools of the realists are absolutely alien to his temper of mind; modern metaphysics, with its hair-splitting analyses, has little interest for him. He cares little for forms and conventions, and, though acquainted with courts,



PHOTOGRAPHED BY FREDERICK BRUCKMANN.

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

FRANZ VON LENBACH, PAINTED BY HIMSELF.

has nothing of the courtier. A few years ago he was knighted by the Bavarian king, but he seldom uses his title. He has shown absolute independence of thought and action in a country the institutions of which have been considered to necessitate certain concessions toward people born to position, and an unswerving fidelity to the people and causes he has elected to uphold; these traits have probably been among the elements of his success.

The French consider him academic, and he, on his side, considers that, ethically, modern French art is all wrong; and one can see how he, pure idealist that he is, would shrink from the absolute literalness shown in their choice and handling of subjects. Their power he admits, and their learning; but he feels that their desire to show how well they can paint makes them forget that art, to be great, must be significant, expressive of some truth, moral or esthetic. He holds that the tech-

nic they carry to such a high degree of perfection is often used by them as an end, not a means, and is not only unworthy, but pernicious, in that it deceives and corrupts the beholder, accustoming and training him to the letter instead of the spirit. The sensational and realistic have no charm for him. The province of art is, he believes, to portray the beautiful, and not only the relatively beautiful but the absolutely beautiful. Though he does not exhibit in Paris himself, he nevertheless is very much interested in the pictures that the French send every year to the Munich exposition.

Lenbach often says that if it were not for the barrier of language he would rather have built his studio in London, which he considers the center of the civilized world.

In conclusion, it would perhaps be interesting to say a word of the painter's annual special exhibit at the Glaspalast, where his pictures are shown under nearly the same conditions of light and shade in which they were painted. The space allotted to him is divided into three rooms, the first a dim ante-chamber with only two pictures, hung opposite a large divan where one may sink down and forget the glare and fatigue of the main



A CORNER OF THE STUDIO.

For the better preservation of his great collection, Lenbach has built his private museum, and to this the public is daily admitted between the hours of one and three. It is the repository of countless marbles, carvings, and hangings of great beauty and value. In this is the magnificent suite of rooms, with tessellated floors and Japanese brocade hangings of the seventeenth century, known as the Bismarck suite, from its having been occupied by the chancellor during several of his visits to Munich.

galleries. Here everything breathes repose and harmony. The ceiling is of dark inlaid wood, from which hang some rich old embroidered canopies; the walls are of a *fade* red, with here and there a piece of fine tapestry, and there is a discriminating use of screens, antique carved chairs, and various *objets d'art*.

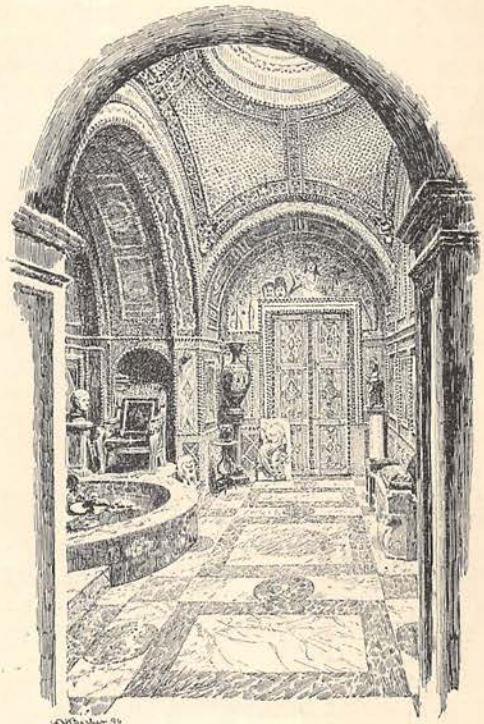
Among the thirty pictures shown at Lenbach's last exhibit was his striking new portrait of Bismarck. The eyes are specially fine, with their steadfast intensity of look. Lean-



ing on his sword, wearing a superb helmet, and wrapped in a paletot with a vivid yellow collar, one does not notice at first sight that this portrait of the Iron Chancellor, despite the insignia of power and the brilliant bits of color, makes him out older and sterner, with the lines of thought and care deepened about the mouth and eyes—those eyes that have kept so long and vigilant a watch over the destinies of Germany.

Viewed as a whole, Lenbach's art strikes one, above all, as honest. Here are no tricks of the brush, no specious strokes to deceive the eye into thinking it beholds truth where the work is but meretricious, no sensational juxtaposition of light and shade, no abnormal craving after something new. His work is pursued on great and long-acknowledged principles, modified only so far as the individual genius of every artist inevitably modifies the medium of expression. His portraits, in the eyes of which shine the soul, the mind, and the character of the sitter, bear testimony that his art is a faithful, if sometimes idealized, portrayal of nature. They testify to his peculiar gift of seizing and fixing those subtle traits that, more than form or feature, make us different one from another.

*Edith Coues.*



DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER.

SHELL GROTTA ADJOINING THE STUDIO.

## SPEECH AND SPEECH-READING FOR THE DEAF.<sup>1</sup>

THE majority of people will, I presume, be surprised to learn that there are to-day more than 2500 deaf children in this country who are not only taught to speak and understand the speech of others, but are taught as wholly by means of speech as the children of our public schools.

The children of our school always have quite enough to tell and to ask, but when they first return after their summer vacation they are filled with news almost to bursting. They chatter all at once if we will let them, and pull us this way and that in their endeavors to monopolize our attention. This year two little chaps were specially amusing. Each was eager to relate the adventures of the summer, and one with a roguish laugh placed his hand over the mouth of the other while he told me that he stepped in a bees' nest, and the bees stung him and hurt him very much; that he fell into a brook and got wet all over—«but my shoes did not get wet.» «Why did n't your shoes get wet?» I asked.

«Because they were on the grass,» was the reply. My time was exhausted before their stock of information, and I fled in desperation, leaving them to tell their experiences to one another.

Can such children be called deaf-mutes? Had they been educated by the sign method their only means of conveying information to people in general or obtaining it from them would have been the laborious medium of pencil and paper, for very few people understand the language of signs. People soon weary of writing their conversation on the street, in a carriage, even in a room and at a table. A gentleman who had lost his hearing at seventeen, and then learned the sign language and was educated at the college for deaf-mutes in Washington, once said to me, «I found that people who came full of interest, and with many things to tell me, seemed to freeze up and close the fountains of their expression when I presented them with a pencil and tablet. So I learned lip-

<sup>1</sup> See also «Open Letter» on Helen Keller at Cambridge.



PAINTED BY FRANZ VON LENBACH.

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

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