

# Winslow Homer, Albert P. Ryder, Thomas Eakins

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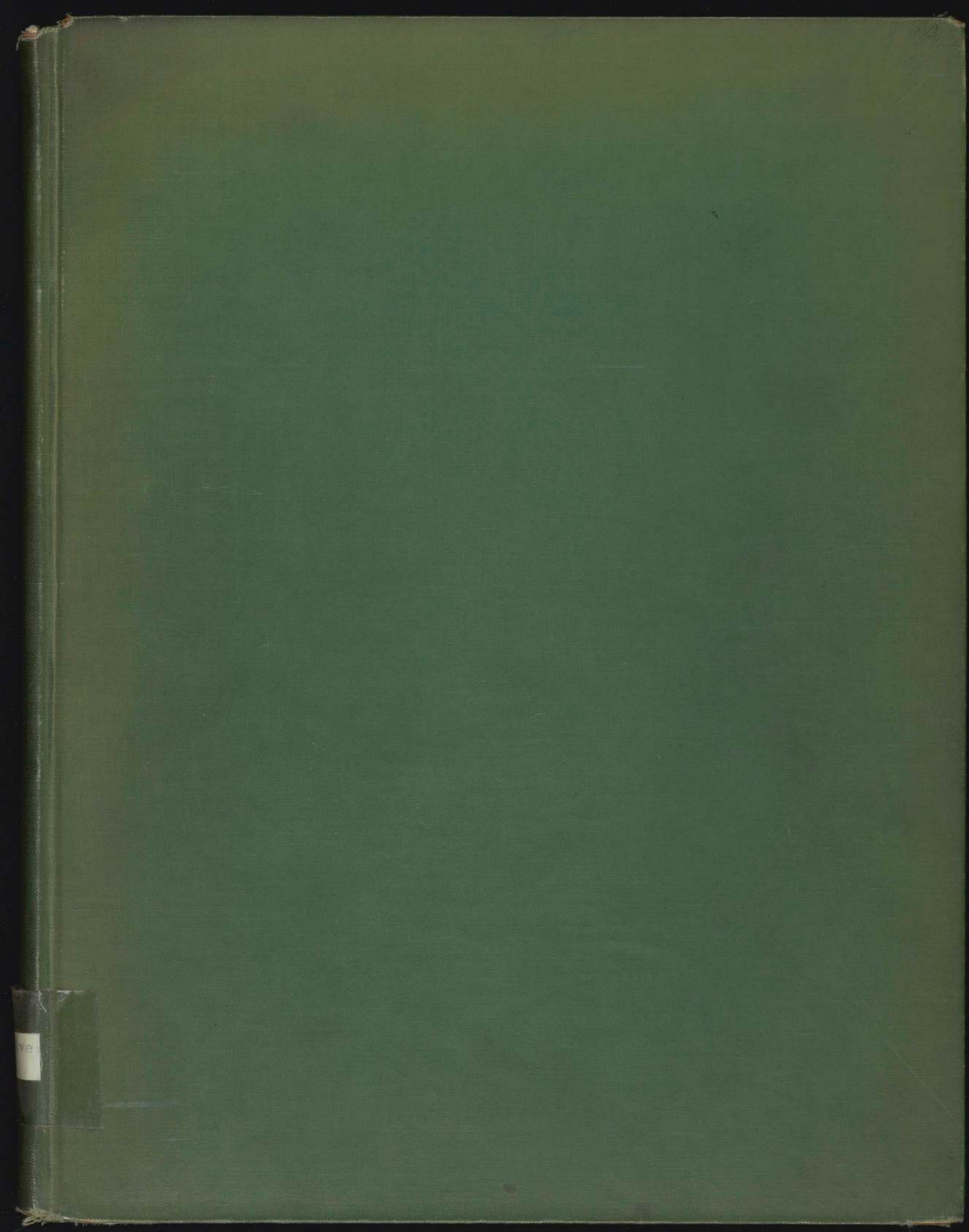
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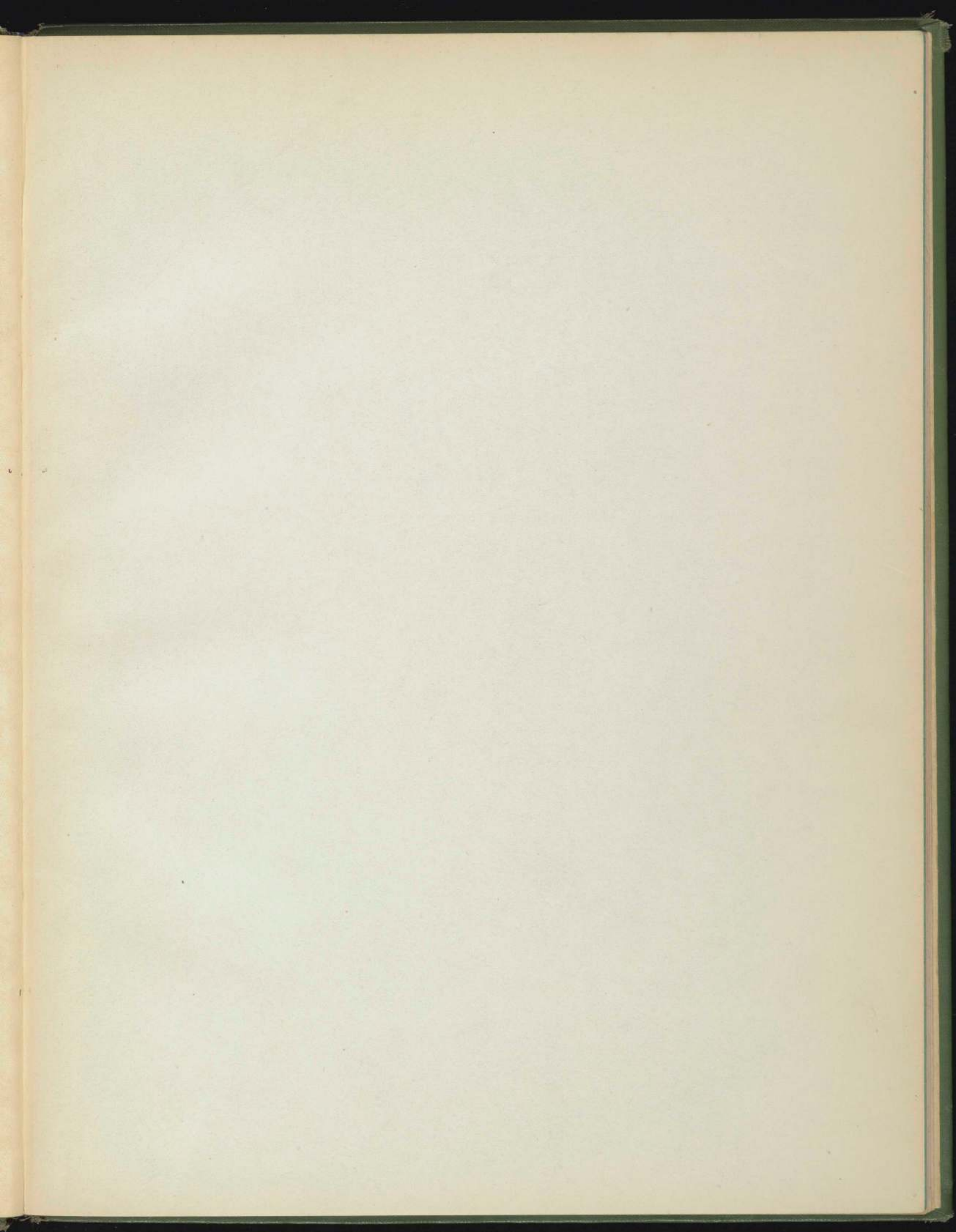
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THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART  
SIXTH LOAN EXHIBITION

NEW YORK

MAY 1930

WINSLOW HOMER

ALBERT P. RYDER

THOMAS EAKINS





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In addition to those who have lent pictures the Trustees and the Staff wish to thank the following for their generous co-operation in assembling the exhibition: Mr. R. G. McIntyre of the Macbeth Galleries, Mr. F. N. Price of the Ferargil Galleries, Mr. Henri Marceau of the Pennsylvania Museum, Mr. Roland Balay of M. Knoedler and Company, and Mr. Daniel Catton Rich of Chicago.

The Museum is fortunate in presenting in this catalogue contributions of three distinguished American critics. Frank Jewett Mather, Junior, who writes on Winslow Homer, is director of the Museum of Historic Art of Princeton University. Bryson Burroughs, who writes on Albert P. Ryder, is Curator of Painting in the Metropolitan Museum. Lloyd Goodrich, who writes on Thomas Eakins, is Contributing Editor of *The Arts*.

The Trustees regret that the exhibition of Ryder's work is not so representative as that of Homer or Eakins. It was impossible to borrow any of the several very important paintings by Ryder in the collections of Mr. John Gellatly and Mr. Frederic Fairchild Sherman of New York and Mr. Robert C. Vose of Boston.

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## IN 1930

Homer, Ryder and Eakins seem of considerably more importance than they did in 1920. Ten years ago most progressive painters in Europe and America were still concerned primarily and often exclusively with the problem of "form." A little before 1890 Georges Seurat had asserted that the art of painting depended upon the relations between tones, colors and lines, and on the harmony of these three elements. Thirty years later composition, construction, plastic values, organization had become shibboleths on the lips of the orthodox. Pictures were painted and books were written to demonstrate that painting could and even should be pure design entirely purged of subject matter. Descriptions of natural appearances, any compromise with the ordinary feelings and experience of human beings were considered otiose. Such puritanism was perhaps superior to the previous delight in blue shadows or the still earlier taste for the "square touch" and "quality of painted surface." Whatever may be its ultimate value the doctrine of art for form's sake is now the property of the academies.

But a new generation of ideas and of painters has arisen in opposition to what was only recently heretical. "Form" is no longer an end but is again subordinate to other values. Two new interests are especially conspicuous—not new perhaps if one remembers history—but newly stimulating because they have been revived from the grave of the unfashionable.

One of these is a new regard for the values of objective observation—for a kind of painting that is popularly called realistic, that is the result of direct, accurate, even meticulous study of actual appearances. An increasing number of younger artists are asserting that the object itself is worthy of respect and interest—and they paint accordingly. For them Eakins and Homer may well be of far greater importance than Gauguin and van Gogh, Picasso and Matisse. Eakins' passion for truth as he saw it in the awkward American man and woman of forty years ago, Homer's naïve enthusiasm for American scenery (despised word!) may have far more meaning for the immediate future, especially for us, than have the recent more sophisticated experiments in decorative and formal distortion of the great Parisians.

Ryder, too, has a peculiarly contemporary meaning. His contempt for the "bondage of appearance" to which Homer and Eakins were subject suggests some sympathy with the expressionism of the early 20th Century. But Ryder also tried (to use his own words) "to find something out there beyond the place on which I have a footing." He believed that "it is the first vision that counts." "The artist has only to remain true to his dream and it will possess his work." Such ideas, even his very words, make him the antecedent not of the cubists but of



the more recent surrealists—artists intent upon realizing spontaneous images capable of evoking sentiment. Ryder's dreams of clouded moonlight over troubled seas, of death and witches lurking in uncanny shadows are prophetic of a contemporary nostalgia for the romantic, the mysterious and the sentimental which gains strength daily.

The objective world of Homer and Eakins, the imaginative world of Albert Ryder need no apology in 1930.

A. H. B., JR.



## WINSLOW HOMER

That realistic endeavor which is the most constant strain in our American painting finds its fullest and finest expression in the work of Thomas Eakins and Winslow Homer. Historically, Winslow Homer may be regarded as fulfilling that quest of form in landscape which began with Asher B. Durand. Durand in his larger paintings lost himself in the search for data. His slighter sketches show a vague intuition for form. It is the achieving of a personal form in landscape that constitutes the superiority of Winslow Homer, and places him above such distinguished lyricists as George Inness and Homer D. Martin. His training was apparently the most desultory and unpromising, yet the pressure of a lithographer's establishment and of journalistic illustration only fined and hardened his fibre, developing an extraordinary executive capacity without breeding anything like carelessness. He was born a great draughtsman. The little pencil sketch of playing boys, published in Mr. Downes's admirable biography, already shows a sense for that larger contour which not merely bounds but models, a skilful distribution of light and dark, tact and strength in minor indications, a lucid sense of the value of the white paper. Winslow Homer's drawing will gain in power, but it is already thoughtful and mature.

The Civil War, in which he was a correspondent for *Harper's Weekly*, constitutes an interruption in his development, though it supplied themes for some of his good early pictures. He was nearly thirty when the war was over and the succeeding pictures are remarkable for gusto, as often for a modest beauty of handling which he was later to forego. Among these early *genre* pictures none are better than *The Bright Side*, in the H. T. Pulsifer Collection, and that amazingly brilliant *Croquet Party* in the Morgan Memorial, Hartford, Connecticut. I intentionally choose pictures which are antipodal in theme and color, in order that the common element of seriousness may appear the more emphatically. In these early pictures everybody functions most positively. If a negro muleteer lolls in the sun, he lolls tremendously; if a fair girl poises her mallet, she too does it in her fashion tremendously. Every motion is specific and has importance. It is already the hand and mind that twenty-five years later will make the wave crash, the tree twist up into the wind, the boat heave powerfully in the sea, the gale snatch the fronds from great palms or shave the crest from huge waves. And there are already audacities of acceptance, disregard of conventions which were perhaps not even weighed. Thus, while the lustrous low tonalities of *The Bright Side* are more generally accessible—Eastman Johnson could have compassed them—the flower-bed audacity of the *Croquet Party* is as unique at



its moment as it is amazing. Winslow Homer does not wince before the full cry of color, the rose and blue frocks against the greenest grass—he takes it as it comes along and does apparently without difficulty what ninety-nine out of one hundred artists of the moment would have declared to be entirely unpaintable. Twenty years earlier some gifted Pre-Raphaelites might thus have conceived his picture, but he would hardly have painted it as well. Manet and Monet were not yet ready to cope with such extremes of color. Indeed, unless it were John La Farge, nobody else living could have carried the thing off at all.

Theoretically it should have been a short step from such early pictures as these to full maturity. Actually ten years of spade-work in magazine and book illustration were to intervene. I find most of our artists regard this long stretch of hack work as *infra dig.* and better forgotten. I cannot take that view. Did not the relentless work as a general-utility illustrator for *Harper's Weekly* broaden and define Homer's executive gift? May it not have been lucky that using him for the most various purposes, they never assigned to him his favorite themes, the forest and the sea? In dictated themes honestly faced may he not better have felt the problem of form, precisely because rather his mind than his heart was enlisted? In any case these designs for the *Weekly* have style even as the woodcutter traduces them. Turning the thumbled pages, one soon comes to recognize the Homers at a glance. They lie pleasantly and reasonably on the page in fine relations of white and silvery gray; they are lucid, strong and untroubled. And as the proof of the pudding is in the eating, the deprecator of this work should at least explain how Winslow Homer came out of it by no means confused and debilitated, but in every way more clear sighted and stronger.

The *genre* pictures of this period, mostly of rustic themes, run parallel with the illustrations, and are if anything a little inferior to those of the late 'sixties. There was to be a considerable renewal of a technical sort, in the direction of a calculated rawness, and while the change is probably chiefly in behalf of more truthful suggestion of texture and illumination, it is probable also that the example of Courbet counted for something. Winslow Homer had been in Paris for the International Exhibition of 1867, had received praise there for his *Prisoners from the Front* and *The Bright Side* and he has left a view of a Picardy farm where the reminiscence of Courbet's more sober vein is, to me at least, palpable. He was to part from Courbet in accepting a range of color as broad as that of nature itself, and while he was never to be a great colorist, he was to cope creditably with all the major problems of color, scorning the usual retreat to the safe current conventions.

By 1876, being forty years old, he ventured to be only a painter, and soon he found his true



themes, the forest, the sea and the workers in both. A solitary, but not an unsocial bachelor, it took some eight years to break the light New York ties. There was an English holiday, at Tynemouth, productive of a group of pictures of fisher women which for all their reality and robustness may be called idyllic—a rare grace note in a diapason usually severe. By 1884, being forty-eight years old, he settled at Prouts Neck, Maine, within sight and hearing of the sea as it ground upon the cliffs. This drawn battle between sea and land was to be Winslow Homer's main theme, and no one has treated it more grandly or with more simple truthfulness. He knew every phase of it—the overt wrath of the sea in storm, its treacherous caress in calm. And he painted with rare fidelity and power the life of the fisher folk who fight with the sea. Such pictures as *Eight Bells* and *Fog Warning*, through large and understanding study of the individual, achieve the dignity of eternal types—are in every way comparable to Millet's similar generalizations of work in the fields. Here too are his few oil paintings which have material loveliness—justly famous among them *The Lookout*, *All's Well*, with its exquisite frostiness of lunar blues, and its power only enhanced through its loveliness.

There were visits to the Adirondacks and to Canada, each invoking memories that went into some of his best pictures. Here again the magic is largely that of isolation and emphasis. The theme has seemed so important, that what is merely marginal has sunk without trace. We have his word that he would never have changed or omitted anything intentionally. All the same the omissions and changes occurred, and we get such little epics as *Fox and Crows*, such synthesis as *The Camp Fire* in which all the sparks that have flown heavenward seem to participate, though it is also what any camper with a steady eye may see any night.

His composition, which is always large, simple, and right, seems less the result of conscious arrangement, than of simple concentration of vision. One may say that he focuses his subject so sharply and narrowly that whatever is marginal and irrelevant automatically falls away. In a true sense he rather discovers his pictures than makes them.

Since Winslow Homer was primarily a great constructor and draughtsman, never rich in overtones of sentiment, unconcerned with refinements of handling or with supererogatory graces of decoration, he is at his best in those watercolors, which exemplify the strongest and simplest construction with the slightest material. Here too he came nearest to being a colorist, though I feel that even here he is not a fine colorist in the sense that La Farge, much his inferior in power, was, and John Marin is. The interest in the color of a fine Winslow Homer watercolor is simply the interest in the color of the scene itself. There is no personal orchestration. He would not have wanted it, and I do not want it from him. One may say that if he had not painted at Florida and Nassau, where the natural color is riotous, one would hardly



think of Winslow Homer as a colorist at all. The interest is really that of a spacious and dynamic construction through blots and washes of vivid and almost untroubled hues. For the rest there is the "he man's" interest, in the bobbing of boats in ripples, in the sombre opalescence of black skin as the salt water runs off, in the bending of palms under the hurricane, in the fierce leaping of hooked fish from a quiet lake—everyday miracles of appearance greeted with ever new surprise and devotion.

If Winslow Homer had been told that he had an aesthetic, he probably would have indulged in laughter worthy of his greatest namesake. So I will avoid the word. His capacity, his gift, was to see largely and to see truly. His rare and powerful executive ability means simply that his character was equal to his gift. And this without breadth of culture was quite enough to make a great painter. In achieving style through representation Winslow Homer was, of course, in a tradition as old as the cavemen, the aim being to reach the character through the appearance. It had been Copley's tradition, and he had signally succeeded in it. Asher B. Durand had measurably failed in it, but at least he had transferred the age-long endeavor to our American landscape. Inness and Homer D. Martin vacillated between landscape as mood and as appearance, and, more cultured and accomplished as they were, have less importance than Winslow Homer, whose work is the consummation of our objective tradition in outdoor painting.

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.



## ALBERT PINKHAM RYDER

Ryder was a belated incarnation of the romantic spirit of the early nineteenth century and that seems all which can be said in explanation of his genesis. There was no conscious carrying-on in his case of the principles of any artist or school; his conceptions and his craftsmanship, in a degree rare indeed in the history of art, were evolved independently. The styles of the two other artists who appear in this exhibition, although both are original painters and both, we feel, typical of our country, proceed from generations of artistic experience abroad as well as here. The estimation of Homer and Eakins therefore may prove more lasting than that of Ryder whose achievement depends only on the solitary efforts of one life-time. But the lack of systematic instruction was a necessary condition for the flowering of his personality as we know it; one can only deplore his deficiency of training in so far as it was responsible for his heedless methods of painting and the consequent early ruin to which many of his pictures are doomed.

Those who themselves have had actual experience can comprehend the difficulties of a painter who has no ready-made formulas to rely upon in his own practice. The fundamentals—the sort of theme his picture should have, its general composition and color, its handling and degree of finish—all such things are settled for the young artist by those he follows. Traditional precepts are the fences which prevent his straying from the road and losing his way in aimless wandering. Afterwards when his personal style is formed in accordance with his temperament and his response to the new needs of a changing time, the style he has inherited, in cases of normal and healthy development, shows as the nucleus of his own. Only geniuses of a peculiar sort like Ryder, or like Matthew Maris to whom Ryder bears so strange a likeness in character, art and circumstances, have been able in our age to arrive at excellence without the help of direct masters. They are the extreme individualists—isolated phenomena in the arts, who happen unaccountably and have no generation.

Some rudimentary help Ryder had in his beginnings, from casual painters in his neighborhood, and he copied engravings which came to his hand. As a boy he must have seen pictures by Bierstadt, then the most famous artist in America, who lived not far from his father's house in New Bedford. Such meagre experiences as these served to awaken the boy's faculties and fostered in him the certainty of his vocation.

The Ryders were of Yarmouth on Cape Cod where they had been sailors, mechanics and shop-keepers since the seventeenth century. His mother's people were of New Bedford and



his parents lived in that town when he was born. They were plain, hard-working folk on both sides of his family it appears, some of them very religious. Albert was the youngest of four sons. Two of his brothers were sea-faring men in after life, the other became a restaurant keeper in New York and at one time owned the Hotel Albert on Eleventh Street.

Although Ryder's ambition was of course incomprehensible to his matter-of-fact parents there was no active disapproval of it and he was allowed a certain time to test his talent. As he told the story in his later years to his young friend Kenneth Hayes Miller, he would go to the fields each day with his paint-box, and start to work, mixing all the colors of the landscape on his palette before trying them on the canvas. And when all his colors were mixed and he began to put them on the canvas he found that they were always wrong and ugly. The end of his probation was nearing and he had nothing to show. Then, one day, in a flash he saw his scene framed by trees "like a picture," in its broad divisions of sky, foliage and ground, and with a sort of frenzy, scarcely mixing his pigments and using the palette knife instead of brushes, the landscape began to take form on his canvas. He saw that it was strong and good, and he felt that a "lightness of hand" had come to him. For several days he worked with equal elation and at the end of the allotted time he ranged his pictures on the mantle-shelf for the examination. His aunt "who knew how to paint" was the judge. She looked at each panel in turn as he stood by and when she had finished looking she said, "I see nothing in them, Albert." "Nor I, now," said the artist, "but out in the fields there was something magical about them."

The test failed, one must suppose, but, probably with the mute obstinacy of gentle people who are determined, Ryder continued to paint. He lived with his family and when they came to New York in 1871 in the train of their successful member, the restaurant keeper, Albert was with them. In New York he found his first encouragement in the approval and help of William Marshall the painter and engraver, and entered Marshall's studio as pupil or assistant in some capacity. This association with Marshall may have been the momentous event in Ryder's development—the means of the enfranchisement of his genius. Many years ago I saw some little paintings by Marshall, romantic and imaginary, inspired perhaps by the late work of Turner, and the idea has often recurred to me that these paintings, though not memorable in themselves, might well have served as the starting-point of Ryder's style. The date when his characteristic traits first appeared would be hard to fix; he worked on his pictures for a long time and very irregularly. But his youthful work, up to close on his thirtieth year I should judge, is rather commonplace—brown, fuzzy little landscapes and farm-scenes,



showing no prefigurement of that wistfulness and tenderness contained so poignantly in his later paintings of similar subjects.

In any event, at about thirty his work was excellent enough to attract the admiration and advocacy of that fine connoisseur and well-known dealer, Daniel Cottier, who was also by the way the discoverer of Matthew Maris. By Cottier's efforts Ryder was made known in the world of art and buyers were found for his paintings. Their prices indeed were small but were sufficient for the artist's frugal way of living, though not always for his generosity. He still lived with his parents. Not until 1881 did he separate himself from them and set up a place of his own.

His life was without noteworthy incidents. Twice he went abroad, on one time for a short stay in London, and on another, in 1883, traveling hurriedly with Cottier and Warner the sculptor, through England, Italy, Spain and Holland. Neither the old masters nor modern art made any impression on him, steeped as he was in his own idiosyncrasies. The only painters he seems to have ardently admired were Corot and Matthew Maris.

The fertile period of his career was of very brief duration—twenty or twenty-five years at most; his art, one would say, was too unattached to yield any plenteous harvest. All his resources were in himself—in the thoughts and sentiments engendered in him, sometimes by reminiscences of things seen, sometimes by poetry or music: and in this secret world of his he found not only the matter of his pictures but guidance also in the solution of his technical problems. Even in the paintings which depend the least on fantasy—pure landscapes, marines, farm scenes and the like, or still-life even, as in the tiny picture of a dead bird, their ostensible facts count for little. Overwhelmingly it is the emotion of his own insight which furnishes the real matter and purpose of his work. And in the paintings of fanciful or literary themes, with no remembered actuality as starting point, the forms and colors respond yet more freely to the dictates of his sentiment. With the inventive and creative use of its natural material and also with its mood-evoking power, his art seems to approach at times the subtlety of music.

Child-like qualities—trustfulness, simplicity, credulousness and a perfect unworldliness—were prominent traits in his personality. Something also of the ingratiating absurdity of the child appeared in him at times, and a childish indifference to rationality and logic. His pictures show him to have been particularly susceptible to the eeriness of night, as children are, and to have had their happy faculty of fusing inextricably in their own minds imaginary and real experiences. In those night walks of his which we hear about, was it the streets and the factories, the tedious line of houses, that he saw, and the people of the pavement? I doubt it. He looked



at palaces with pinnacles, I believe, and castles and towers; at enchanted princesses and the great ladies of Romance and lovely knights; at the Thane of Glamis as he met the Witches in Union Square; and at Melusine with a dulcimer at a window on Fourteenth Street. His living place could be a tenement garret, unswept and cluttered with rubbish (it generally was as a matter of fact), with an old chair or two and an easel as its only furniture; yet to his sweet spirit that room was the acme of all that was desirable, which he "would not exchange for a palace with less a vision than the old garden (which he saw from his window) with its whispering leafage." He was indifferent to the shabbiness of his clothes, and to the coarse food which frequently he prepared himself. "The artist needs but a roof, a crust of bread and his easel," he said, "and all the rest God gives him in abundance."

His peculiarities became more and more marked as he grew older. He had ceased to invent at about 1900, thereafter only altering and retouching continually those panels begun in his active time, which had remained in his hands. Often he would work all night long. There were always a few friends of his about, solicitous for his welfare but they could accomplish very little. Back of Ryder's gentle works and perfect courtesy was an iron determination to live in his own way. But what with sickness and feebleness his case was urgent; something had to be done. So a devoted admirer of his work, William Macbeth, hit upon a plan. He rented a pleasant, airy studio and commissioned the artist's friend Kenneth Miller to induce the old gentleman to move in. But this latter was the difficulty. Ryder, with deep appreciation for the kind intention of his unknown well-wisher (characteristically Mr. Macbeth did not wish to be known as the benefactor), firmly declined. Miller was in despair. At last, after a whole year of effort, when on a walk together they passed the very place, Ryder was persuaded just to step in and look at the rooms which had been so long prepared for him. Contrary to all expectation he was delighted and wanted to move there immediately.

It was all settled before Ryder had time to change his mind and once installed he could scarcely be persuaded to leave even for a short time, so pleased was he, like a child, with his new quarters. But decrepitudes had set in and a little later when he became ill again, he accepted at last the repeated urgings of his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fitzpatrick, to come and live with them. It was at their house in Newtown, Long Island, that he died in his seventy-first year.

BRYSON BURROUGHS



## THOMAS EAKINS

Thomas Eakins was the most consistent, thorough-going and complete realist among the American painters of the last generation. His work, having little romance or picturesqueness of subject, or charm and grace of style, has never attained the popularity of many of his contemporaries. His hard-working, uneventful life, passed almost entirely in his native city of Philadelphia, was not calculated to furnish colorful material for biographers; as he himself said: "For the public I believe my life is all in my work." But the austere power of his art is making itself felt more and more as the years pass.

Temperamentally Eakins presented an unusual combination of artistic and scientific qualities. Endowed with intellectual powers of a high order, and living in an epoch when science was the new religion, and in a city which has always had a reputation for scientific eminence, it was natural that he should turn toward the pursuit of scientific truth. The circles in which he moved were as much scientific as artistic; in his portraits the figures of physicians, surgeons, and professors appear more often than any other types. There was much of the scientific spirit in his absorption in problems of anatomy and perspective, in the thoroughness and patience with which he assembled his data, in the completeness of his technique, and in the logic that governed the construction of his works.

His attitude toward his subjects also had something of the impersonality of science. He had the scientist's gift of observing life from an objective viewpoint, never sentimentalizing over the individual actors but presenting the scene as a whole without comment. This remarkable impartiality, however, is not to be confused with absence of emotion. The hand that guided the brush was as steady as the hand that guides the scalpel in *The Gross Clinic*, but there was no lack of human sympathy—not, however, the faint-hearted sympathy that hides its eyes and shrinks from the less pleasant aspects of life, but the robust sympathy of the scientist who can look on disease and pain without flinching and describe them truthfully. Profound humanity and intense emotion underlay all his work, but they expressed themselves not in any merely subjective emotionalizing but in the creation of a powerful objective record of things as he saw them. The richness of his emotional nature is to be measured not by his expression of his own ego but by the completeness, vitality, and profundity of the image of life which he created.

With all his scientific leanings, Eakins was thoroughly an artist. Although he does not seem to have been much concerned with purely æsthetic qualities, they nevertheless manifested



themselves inevitably and perhaps unconsciously in everything he did. Such were his innate qualities of mind and character that every one of his pictures, from the very beginning, had æsthetic virtues of a high order. His work possessed instinctive qualities that seem to transcend our ordinary artistic standards—certainly the narrow limits of present-day æsthetics; it makes one believe that the greatest æsthetic significance may often be a by-product of the search for other properties.

Eakins represents a completeness of adjustment to his environment rare among American artists of his generation. Too many of his fellows, returning from Europe, found America hard and ugly, and took refuge in romanticized reminiscences of the more gracious life abroad, with the inevitable weakening that such fantasies produce. But Eakins submerged himself deeply in his environment and succeeded in extracting from it the raw material of art. Something tonic and vigorous in it must have answered the masculine vigor of his own personality. Such a whole-hearted acceptance indicates a strong-mindedness, almost a ruthlessness, which few artists of his time possessed. Ryder painted an inner reality; Winslow Homer sought out the most picturesque and stirring aspects of the outdoor world; but Eakins took the environment of the average middle-class city-dweller of his day and, without sentimentalizing or distortion, created art from it.

Few painters have mirrored an environment with such fidelity. His work could have been painted in no other time and place than in the United States from 1870 to 1910, and more particularly in Philadelphia, with its conservatism, its quiet, solid, rich respectability—so different from the ostentatious spectacularity of New York—its tradition of science and medicine, its material massiveness, its pleasant, healthy outdoor life on the Schuylkill and in the surrounding countryside, its distinctly older American character as opposed to the foreign ferment of Manhattan, its air of a more settled, compact, and homogeneous community. It was an epoch to which we of this day are inclined to look back with a certain condescending irony, and indeed certain of its aspects were forbidding enough—the dark rooms, the heavy, ugly furniture, the sombre, prosaic clothes, the general grimly utilitarian atmosphere—but Eakins evidently found it satisfying enough, for he was able to transmute it into art which was rich and strong—a measure of his own inner strength and richness. An integral part of this environment, living its life, he painted the people and things that were closest to him, so that his work had always an undercurrent of intense personal emotion; and at the same time he saw his surroundings with such clear eyes and such a steady mind that his pictures were deeply revealing—sometimes devastatingly so. Without any intentional satire, he portrayed his en-



vironment with an entire honesty and a single-hearted devotion to the truth that were far more mordant.

As a portrait painter Eakins' concern was above all with character. His sitters were seldom possessed of any high degree of ideal beauty or brilliancy, being usually more or less matter-of-fact, hard-working people—doctors, lawyers, professors, business men, and their wives—with little of the attraction of youth, but plenty of the strength of maturity and experience. These people, most of them his friends and neighbors, Eakins saw and painted with complete candor, with no attempt to flatter, to soften over-prominent features, to iron out grim, uncompromising saliency of character. His vision of them was austere, stripping them of all glamor, of all extraneous pomp and circumstance, of anything that might disguise their essential selves. His art had an element in it like a powerful acid which ate away the sham, the pretence, the illusion, and left only the irreducible nucleus of personality. This psychological penetration was never as obvious as caricature, but for that reason all the more intense. And yet his portraits were profoundly human. One never feels that his sitters are merely the polite, stylishly dressed shells of people, as in so many of Sargent's portraits, but flesh and blood and bone, in all their commonplaceness, their limitations, their fundamental humanness. They are real; they exist. And when he was fortunate enough to paint figures of genuine distinction, like Dr. Gross or Dr. Agnew, what force of character, what dignity and power, what a quality of grandeur he gave them!—portraits which, in integrity and genuine magnificence, are not far removed from the great portraits of the Renaissance.

On the surface Eakins' work is apt to deceive the superficial observer into thinking that he was only one more of the host of competent academic painters of the last generation whose pictures are now so lamentably out of style. But there were fundamental differences. He was never academic. The essence of academicism is conformity, standardization, the manufacture of easy formulas for the use of mediocre talents; but Eakins' art was innocent of formulas and entirely personal. A pupil of the *Ecole des Beaux-Arts* under Gérôme and Bonnat, he presents the unusual spectacle of a genuinely original artist developing out of one of the most frigid official schools in the history of painting. From the very first his work had a reality and vitality that his masters lacked. In contrast with their cold, external naturalism, his creative kind of realism seems closer to Courbet than to any other French painter of the time, although of a more austere, restrained and intense character, without the Frenchman's exuberant animalism or romanticism.

It is almost impossible to trace any direct influences in his work. A trip to Spain in his youth introduced him to Ribera and Velasquez; and he must certainly have admired Rembrandt. But



all these were not so much influences as temperamental coincidences. Never one to borrow, he developed as independently as an oak in a clearing. From the spell of the passing movements of his day he was entirely free. Impressionism came and went and left no trace on him. He remained throughout his life at once an individualist and a traditionalist; one more example of the fact that the strongest American artists have worked out their destinies independent of current movements abroad.

His development was a singularly logical, consistent one. From the meticulous *genre* pictures of his youth to the maturer portraits of his later years, it was a steady process of ripening, gaining in breadth and mastery. He found himself early; *The Gross Clinic* was painted when he was only thirty-one. His power was a natural, unforced one, manifesting itself from the very beginning. Even in the first work that he painted after his return from abroad—those scenes of hunting, rowing and boating which constitute such authentic documents of American sporting life in the '70s, furnishing illuminating comparisons with Winslow Homer's paintings of similar subjects—the individual and racial character is unmistakable. Although possessing all the technical skill that he had acquired in the Paris studios, they showed a fidelity to their virgin subject-matter, a freedom from mannerism, an essential innocence of vision, that were altogether his own. They prove him to have been above all a student of nature, creating art out of the actual unvarnished material of the visible world, with no memories of other men's styles coming between him and the subject. As angular and hard and uncompromising as photographs, they had a warmth, a severe simplicity, a distinction that no camera could give. Direct out of life, they still achieved that genuine style that is the inevitable result of a mind of strength and integrity telling the truth about things as it sees them.

This quality of first-hand, independent vision, this extraordinarily close contact and harmony with reality, remained with him throughout his life. Few artists have seen the external world with such clear-sightedness or intensity, or realized it in their work with such completeness. But Eakins' realism was never a matter of the surface. His painting shows no trace of the attempt to capture superficial appearances that preoccupied most of his generation. His portraits differed fundamentally from the brilliant shadow-painting of Sargent, Chase, and Duveneck, masters of surface naturalism and of the flowing brush. He did not merely paint the illusory aspects of things, as they did, but created a world of ponderable forces. His concern was always with the deepest properties of reality. His work had formal qualities—depth, volume, solidity, weight—such as could be found in only a few painters of his day in any country. The physical existence of his pictures is tremendous; they have a quality of



strength and permanence that places him among the few masters of plastic form of his time.

Every element in his pictures was thoroughly understood, firmly constructed, fully realized. He was incapable of painting a lazy, vague, or meaningless passage. His forms were modelled with the precision, firmness, and saliency of a sculptor; they give forth a sense of spare muscularity, of inner vitality, of being sound and living to the core. The largeness and amplitude with which they were conceived endow them with a quality of genuine monumentality. The austerity of Eakins' nature led him to omit everything superfluous, but there was no hint of weakness in this asceticism; rather his power gained in intensity from being stripped to its bare essentials. The result of this severe discipline was style in the least superficial, most fundamental sense of that much-abused word.

During his lifetime Eakins received the modest amount of academic recognition that comes to a good workman, but the larger qualities of his art seem to have remained almost entirely unrecognized. One has only to turn to the writings of the older generation of critics to see how little his essential originality was appreciated, and how on the other hand his lack of grace and smartness was held against him. Most of his contemporaries thought of him as a sincere and entirely sound but awkward, uningratiating, prosaic painter; they failed to perceive his great formal strength. But now that the tide of impressionism has ebbed and its frothy waves subsided, the art of Eakins stands out like a rock. Now that we no longer value surface naturalism as the last generation did, but look for deeper structural qualities; now that we demand clarity and precision, and mistrust the vague and sentimental; now that we aspire toward a more masculine and architectonic art, we have rediscovered Eakins.

This does not mean that his art is not basically opposed to the more superficial tendencies of modern art, as to those of his own day. There was no trace in it of mere decoration, mannerism, or the restless search for novelties, that mark so much painting today. We are witnessing an orgy of subjectivism, but Eakins' art was severely objective. A large section of modernism is fanatically opposed to what it calls "representational" painting, but Eakins' work was entirely representational. Any trace of "literature" is frowned upon by proponents of "pure" painting, but Eakins' art was a record of his times. But although to the narrow dogmatist he may seem deplorably unæsthetic, those who can see the essential æsthetic qualities beneath the differing surfaces, will recognize his profound affinity to the deepest currents of contemporary art. For those to whom painting is not merely pretty decoration or an amusing intellectual game, but the expression of life and experience, the art of Eakins is a permanently vital element of our tradition.

LLOYD GOODRICH



## WINSLOW HOMER

Born Boston, 1836. Lithographer's apprentice, 1855. New York, 1859. Illustrations for *Harper's Weekly* and other periodicals 1858-76. War correspondent 1862-64. First oils, 1862. Virginia, 1876-80. England, 1881-82. Settled at Prout's Neck, Maine, 1884; first of large marines. Subsequently visited Canada and the Adirondacks, the Bahamas, Cuba, Florida, and Bermuda. Died at Prout's Neck, 1910.

1 THE BRIGHT SIDE (THE TEAMSTERS), 1865

Oil

Collection Harold T. Pulsifer, New York

2 CROQUET, 1866

Oil

19 x 30 inches

Collection Clark G. Voorhees, Old Lyme, Connecticut

Courtesy Wadsworth Atheneum, Hartford

ILLUSTRATED

3 NEW ENGLAND COUNTRY SCHOOL, 1872

Oil

Collection Addison Gallery, Phillips Academy, Andover, Massachusetts

ILLUSTRATED

4 NEGRO CABIN, about 1876

Oil

Collection C. R. Henschel, New York

5 SUNDAY MORNING IN VIRGINIA, 1877

Oil

Collection Cincinnati Museum

6 WATCHING THE BREAKERS, 1881

Oil

Collection John F. Braun, Merion, Pennsylvania

7 TO THE RESCUE, 1882

Oil

Collection Phillips Memorial Gallery, Washington

8 WATCHING A STORM ON THE ENGLISH COAST, 1883

Oil

Collection Babcock Galleries, New York

ILLUSTRATED

9 THE HERRING NET, 1885

Oil

Collection Martin A. Ryerson, Chicago

ILLUSTRATED



- 10 TAKING AN OBSERVATION, *about* 1886  
Oil  
Collection Babcock Galleries, New York
- 11 EIGHT BELLS, 1888 ILLUSTRATED  
Oil  
Collection Addison Gallery, Phillips Academy, Andover, Massachusetts
- 12 WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE FOUNTAIN AT NIGHT, 1893  
Oil  
Collection Mrs. Charles S. Homer, New York
- 13 WATCHING THE BREAKERS, 1896  
Oil  
Collection The Art Institute of Chicago
- 14 THE WRECK, 1896  
Oil  
Collection Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh
- 15 THE LEE SHORE, 1900 ILLUSTRATED  
Oil  
Collection Rhode Island School of Design
- 16 SIGNAL OF DISTRESS, 1900-1901  
Oil  
Collection Ralph Cudney, Chicago
- 17 EARLY MORNING AFTER A STORM AT SEA, 1902 ILLUSTRATED  
Oil  
Collection Cleveland Museum of Art
- 18 KISSING THE MOON, 1905-1906 ILLUSTRATED  
Oil  
Collection Miss Candace Stimson, New York
- 19 WEST WIND, 1908 ILLUSTRATED  
Oil  
Collection Addison Gallery, Phillips Academy, Andover, Massachusetts
- 20 WEATHERBEATEN  
Oil  
Collection Mrs. F. S. Smithers, New York
- 21 FISHIN' (*Sketch*)  
Collection Rhode Island School of Design
- 22 HILLTOP BARN, 1874  
Watercolor  
Collection L. V. Pulsifer, New York



- 23 BO-PEEP, *about 1879*  
Watercolor  
Collection John T. Spaulding, Boston
- 24 AT SUNDOWN, 1879  
Watercolor, 8½ x 12½ inches  
Collection Charles Wharton Stork, Philadelphia
- 25 ON THE BEACH, TYNEMOUTH, 1881  
Watercolor  
Collection Mrs. Charles S. Homer, New York
- 26 HAULING NETS, 1887  
Watercolor  
Collection C. R. Henschel, New York
- 27 TROUT, 1889  
Watercolor  
Collection John T. Spaulding, Boston
- 28 ROWING HOMEWARD, 1890  
Watercolor  
Collection Phillips Memorial Gallery, Washington
- 29 A GOOD SHOT—ADIRONDACKS, 1892  
Watercolor  
Collection C. R. Henschel, New York
- 30 THE END OF THE HUNT, 1892  
Watercolor  
Collection Bowdoin Museum of Fine Arts, Walker Art Gallery, Brunswick, Maine
- 31 BURNT MOUNTAIN, 1892  
Watercolor  
Collection C. R. Henschel, New York
- 32 SAGUENAY RIVER, LOWER RAPIDS, 1897  
Watercolor, 13¾ x 20¾ inches  
Signed Homer 1897  
Collection Worcester Art Museum
- 33 KEY WEST—HAULING THE ANCHOR, 1903  
Watercolor  
Collection C. R. Henschel, New York
- 34 HOMOSASSA JUNGLE, FLORIDA, 1904  
Watercolor  
Collection Mrs. Charles S. Homer, New York

ILLUSTRATED

ILLUSTRATED



- 35 THE PORTAGE, 1907  
Watercolor, 13 x 19 inches  
Collection Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Bixey, New York
- 36 RUM CAY, BERMUDA, 1910  
Watercolor, 14½ x 20¼ inches  
Signed Homer 1910  
Collection Worcester Art Museum
- 37 STUDY FOR THE BRIGHT SIDE  
Collection Harold T. Pulsifer, New York
- 38 ON THE CLIFFS, TYNEMOUTH  
Collection Addison Gallery, Phillips Academy, Andover, Massachusetts
- 39 WIND STORM—BAHAMAS  
Watercolor, 14 x 20 inches  
Collection Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Bixey, New York
- 40 CANOE IN RAPIDS  
Collection Fogg Art Museum, Cambridge
- 41 KEY WEST  
Collection Edward W. Forbes, Cambridge
- 42 NASSAU  
Collection Haverford College Art Museum, Haverford, Pennsylvania
- 43 OPPOSITE IRELAND ISLAND  
Watercolor  
Collection Mrs. H. S. Meeds, Wilmington, Delaware
- 44 PROUT'S NECK, SUNSET  
Watercolor, 10 x 14 inches  
Collection Mrs. H. S. Meeds, Wilmington, Delaware
- 45 NATURAL BRIDGE—NASSAU  
Watercolor  
Collection The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York
- 46 SLOOP—BERMUDA  
Watercolor  
Collection The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York
- 47 TORNADO—BAHAMAS  
Watercolor  
Collection The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

ILLUSTRATED

ILLUSTRATED



48 WATERCOLOR, A WALL  
Collection The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

49 AFTER THE TORNADO  
Watercolor  
Collection Martin A. Ryerson, Chicago

ILLUSTRATED

50 THE GULF STREAM  
Watercolor  
Collection Martin A. Ryerson, Chicago

51 THE GUIDE  
Watercolor  
Collection John T. Spaulding, Boston

52 THE WRECK  
Watercolor  
Collection John T. Spaulding, Boston

53 THE FAN  
Collection Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., Princeton

54 EARLY WOODCUTS  
Collection Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., Princeton

ONE ILLUSTRATION



## ALBERT PINKHAM RYDER

Born in New Bedford, Massachusetts, 1847. New York about 1867. Studied with William E. Marshall and in 1871 at the National Academy. Exhibited National Academy 1873-88; Society of American Artists 1878-87. Europe, 1893. Died, Elmhurst, Long Island, 1917.

55 COUSTANCE

Collection Addison Gallery, Phillips Academy, Andover, Massachusetts

56 WAY OF THE CROSS

14 x 11 $\frac{3}{4}$  inches

Collection Addison Gallery, Phillips Academy, Andover, Massachusetts

ILLUSTRATED

57 TOILERS OF THE SEA

Collection Addison Gallery, Phillips Academy, Andover, Massachusetts

ILLUSTRATED

58 TEMPLE OF THE MIND

17 $\frac{3}{4}$  x 16 inches

Collection Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo

59 DIANA

35 x 26 inches

Collection A. W. Bahr, New York

60 THE SMUGGLERS

8 $\frac{3}{4}$  x 10 inches

Collection Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Brixey, New York

ILLUSTRATED

61 DEATH ON A PALE HORSE

27 $\frac{3}{4}$  x 35 $\frac{1}{8}$  inches

Collection Cleveland Museum of Art

ILLUSTRATED

62 DECORATION ON LEATHER

8 $\frac{3}{4}$  x 26 inches

Collection Ralph Coe, Cleveland

63 DIANA'S HUNT

18 x 14 inches

Collection Ralph Cudney, Chicago

64 ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

12 $\frac{1}{4}$  x 10 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches

Collection Ralph Cudney, Chicago

65 SEA TRAGEDY, 1892

15 $\frac{1}{4}$  x 13 inches

Collection Ralph Cudney, Chicago



66 SMUGGLERS' COVE

11 1/2 x 12 inches

Collection Ralph Cudney, Chicago

67 FOREST OF ARDEN

18 x 15 inches

Collection Miss A. M. Dodsworth, New York

68 TOILERS OF THE SEA

9 1/4 x 10 1/2 inches

Collection George A. Gay, Hartford

69 MISTY MOONLIGHT

11 1/4 x 11 3/4 inches

Collection G. B. Hollister, Corning, New York

ILLUSTRATED

70 THE FARMYARD

Collection Adolph Lewisohn, New York

71 MENDING THE HARNESS

19 x 22 1/2 inches

Collection Adolph Lewisohn, New York

72 ORIENTAL CAMP

7 1/4 x 12 inches

Collection N. E. Montross, New York

ILLUSTRATED

73 MOONLIGHT MARINE

12 x 12 3/8 inches

Collection N. E. Montross, New York

74 AT THE FORD

12 x 11 1/2 inches

Collection N. E. Montross, New York

75 THE RETURN OF THE PEASANT

12 1/4 x 11 1/4 inches

Collection Minneapolis Art Institute

76 DEAD BIRD

4 1/4 x 9 7/8 inches

Collection Phillips Memorial Gallery, Washington

77 MOONLIT COVE

14 x 17 inches

Collection Phillips Memorial Gallery, Washington

ILLUSTRATED

78 MACBETH AND THE WITCHES

10 x 10 inches

Collection Phillips Memorial Gallery, Washington



- 79 THE RESURRECTION  
17 x 14 inches  
Collection Phillips Memorial Gallery, Washington
- 80 HOMEWARD BOUND  
 $8\frac{7}{8}$  x  $17\frac{7}{8}$  inches  
Collection Phillips Memorial Gallery, Washington
- 81 BOAT IN MOONLIGHT  
8 x 10 inches  
Collection Mrs. D. H. Reese, New York
- 82 DEATH RIDES THE WIND  
 $14\frac{1}{4}$  x 16 inches  
Collection Mrs. D. H. Reese, New York
- 83 ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON  
14 x 12 inches  
Collection Mrs. D. H. Reese, New York
- 84 JOURNEY'S END  
 $8\frac{1}{4}$  x  $8\frac{3}{4}$  inches  
Collection Mrs. D. H. Reese, New York
- 85 THE SISTERS ILLUSTRATED  
11 x  $5\frac{3}{8}$  inches  
Collection City Art Museum of Saint Louis
- 86 STABLE  
8 x 10 inches  
Collection Mrs. F. S. Smithers, New York
- 87 THE OLD MILL BY MOONLIGHT  
8 x 12 inches  
Collection Mrs. J. E. Spingarn, New York
- 88 MACBETH AND THE WITCHES ILLUSTRATED  
Collection Haverford College Art Museum, Haverford, Pennsylvania
- 89 UNDER A CLOUD  
24 x 24 inches  
Collection Mrs. Durland VanOrland, New York
- 90 DECORATION ON LEATHER  
Collection Charles H. Worcester, Chicago



## THOMAS EAKINS

Born Philadelphia, 1844. Paris 1866-69 studying at the Ecole des Beaux Arts under Gérôme, also under Bonnat and the sculptor Dumont; travelled and studied in other parts of Europe. Settled in Philadelphia 1870, where he lived the rest of his life painting, doing some sculpture and teaching at the Pennsylvania Academy and later at the Philadelphia Art Students' League. Series of rowing, sailing, hunting, baseball pictures 1871-75. *The Gross Clinic*, 1875; *The Agnew Clinic*, 1889; *The Concert Singer*, 1892. Prize-fighting series, 1888-89. *Mrs. Frishmuth*, 1900. Died Philadelphia, 1916.

91 MARGUERITE IN SKATING COSTUME, 1871

Oil on canvas, 24 x 20½ inches

Signed lower right, T. E. 1871

Collection Pennsylvania Museum of Art, Philadelphia

92 JOHN BIGLEN IN A SINGLE SCULL, 1872

Oil on canvas, 24 x 16 inches

Collection Henry Penn Burke, Philadelphia

ILLUSTRATED

93 THE OARSMEN, 1872

Oil on canvas, 24 x 36 inches

Signed and dated at right, Eakins 1872

Collection Pennsylvania Museum of Art, Philadelphia

94 THE BIGLEN BROTHERS TURNING THE STAKE BOAT, 1873

Oil on canvas, 40 x 60 inches

Signed and dated, Eakins 73

Collection Cleveland Museum of Art

ILLUSTRATED

95 SAILING, 1873

Oil on canvas, 31½ x 45¾ inches

Signed lower right "To his friend William M. Chase, Eakins."

Collection Pennsylvania Museum of Art, Philadelphia

96 PORTRAIT OF SAMUEL DAVID GROSS, M.D., about 1875

Oil on canvas, 24 x 18 inches

Collection Worcester Art Museum

97 WILLIAM RUSH CARVING THE ALLEGORICAL FIGURE OF THE SCHUYLKILL RIVER, 1877

Oil on canvas, 20½ x 26½ inches

Signed and dated lower right, Eakins 77

Collection Pennsylvania Museum of Art, Philadelphia



- 98 THE FAIRMAN ROGERS FOUR-IN-HAND, 1879  
Oil on canvas, 24 x 36 inches  
Signed and dated lower left, Eakins 79  
Collection Mrs. William A. Dick, Philadelphia
- 99 RETROSPECTION, 1880  
Oil on wood, 14 $\frac{3}{8}$  x 10 $\frac{1}{4}$  inches  
Signed and dated upper right, Eakins 1880  
Collection Bryson Burroughs, New York
- 100 THE SWIMMING HOLE  
Oil on canvas, 27 x 36 inches  
Collection Fort Worth Art Association, Texas
- 101 PORTRAIT OF MRS. FRANK HAMILTON CUSHING, 1886  
Oil on canvas, 26 x 22 inches  
Signed lower right, T. E.  
Collection Pennsylvania Museum of Art, Philadelphia
- 102 PORTRAIT OF MISS VAN BUREN, 1889 ILLUSTRATED  
Oil, 45 x 41 $\frac{3}{4}$  inches  
Collection Phillips Memorial Gallery, Washington
- 103 PORTRAIT OF ARTHUR B. FROST, 1889 ILLUSTRATED  
Oil on canvas, 27 x 22 inches  
Signed on back lower right, T. E.  
Collection Pennsylvania Museum of Art, Philadelphia
- 104 PORTRAIT OF GENERAL E. BURD GRUBB, 1890  
Oil on canvas, 30 x 22 inches  
Signed, T. E.  
Collection Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Marsh, New York
- 105 THE CONCERT SINGER, 1892  
Oil on canvas, 75 x 54 inches  
Signed upper right, Eakins 92  
Collection Pennsylvania Museum of Art, Philadelphia
- 106 BETWEEN ROUNDS, 1899  
Oil on canvas, 50 $\frac{1}{4}$  x 40 inches  
Signed and dated lower right, Eakins 99  
Collection Pennsylvania Museum of Art, Philadelphia
- 107 "ADDIE," 1899 ILLUSTRATED  
Oil on canvas, 24 $\frac{1}{8}$  x 18 $\frac{1}{4}$  inches  
Signed on back lower right, T. E.  
Collection Pennsylvania Museum of Art, Philadelphia



- 108 PORTRAIT OF MRS. FRISHMUTH, 1900 ILLUSTRATED  
 Oil on canvas, 97 x 72½ inches  
 Signed and dated lower right, Eakins 1900  
 Collection Pennsylvania Museum of Art, Philadelphia
- 109 PORTRAIT OF PROFESSOR LESLIE W. MILLER, 1901 ILLUSTRATED  
 Oil on canvas, 88⅞ x 43¼ inches  
 Collection Mrs. Edgar V. Seeler, Newtown Square, Pennsylvania
- 110 SELF PORTRAIT, 1902  
 Oil on canvas, 30 x 25 inches  
 Not signed or dated  
 Collection National Academy of Design, New York
- 111 PORTRAIT OF CHARLES L. FUSSELL, 1903  
 Oil  
 Collection The Griscom Galleries, Philadelphia
- 112 MUSIC, 1904  
 Oil on canvas, 39⅞ x 49 inches  
 Signed lower right, Eakins 1904  
 Collection The Art Institute, Chicago
- 113 PORTRAIT OF MONSIGNOR DIOMEDE FALCONIO, 1905  
 Oil on canvas, 72 x 54¼ inches  
 Signed on back, Eakins  
 Collection Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Marsh, New York
- 114 THE OLD-FASHIONED DRESS, 1905 ILLUSTRATED  
 Oil on canvas, 60⅜ x 40¼ inches  
 Signed lower right, T. E.  
 Collection Pennsylvania Museum of Art, Philadelphia
- 115 KNITTING  
 Watercolor,  
 Collection Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., Princeton
- 116 MENDING NET  
 Watercolor  
 Collection The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York
- 117 THE GROSS CLINIC, 1875  
 Drawing, 23⅝ x 19⅞ inches  
 Signed Eakins 1875  
 Collection The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York
- 118 RECLINING MODEL  
 Drawing  
 Collection Pennsylvania Museum of Art, Philadelphia
- 119 BLINDFOLDED MODEL  
 Drawing  
 Collection Pennsylvania Museum of Art, Philadelphia







## ILLUSTRATIONS



SPIDITARTULU 31





HOMER 2

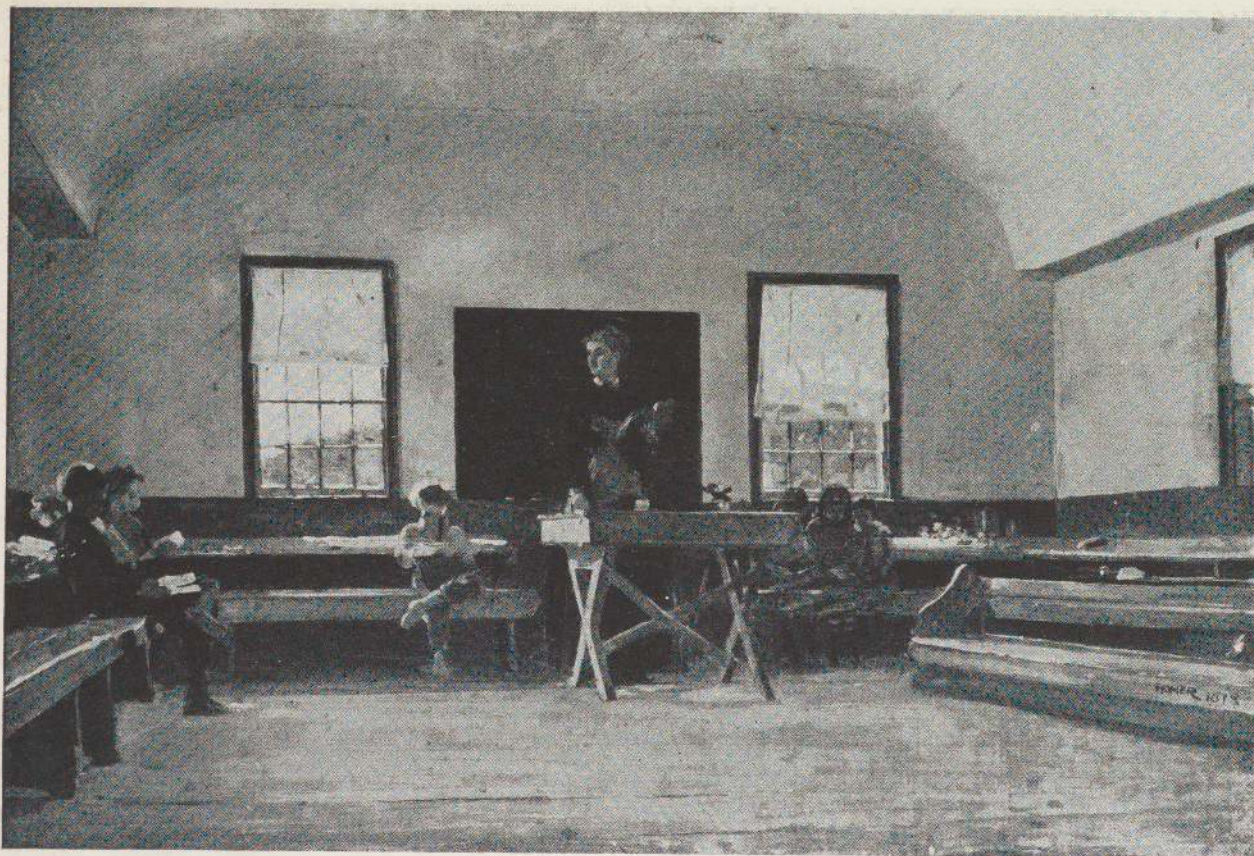
CROQUET, 1866

Oil on canvas, 19 x 30 inches

Collection Clark G. Voorhees, Old Lyme, Connecticut

Courtesy Wadsworth Atheneum, Hartford





3 HOMER

NEW ENGLAND COUNTRY SCHOOL, 1872

Oil on canvas, 12 x 18 inches

Collection Addison Gallery, Phillips Academy, Andover, Massachusetts





HOMER 8

WATCHING A STORM ON THE ENGLISH COAST 1883

Oil, 12 x 28 inches

Collection Babcock Galleries, New York





9 HOMER

THE HERRING NET, 1885

Oil on canvas, 30 x 48 inches

Collection Martin A. Ryerson, Chicago





HOMER II

EIGHT BELLS, 1888

Oil on canvas, 24 $\frac{1}{4}$  x 30 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches

Collection Addison Gallery, Phillips Academy, Andover, Massachusetts





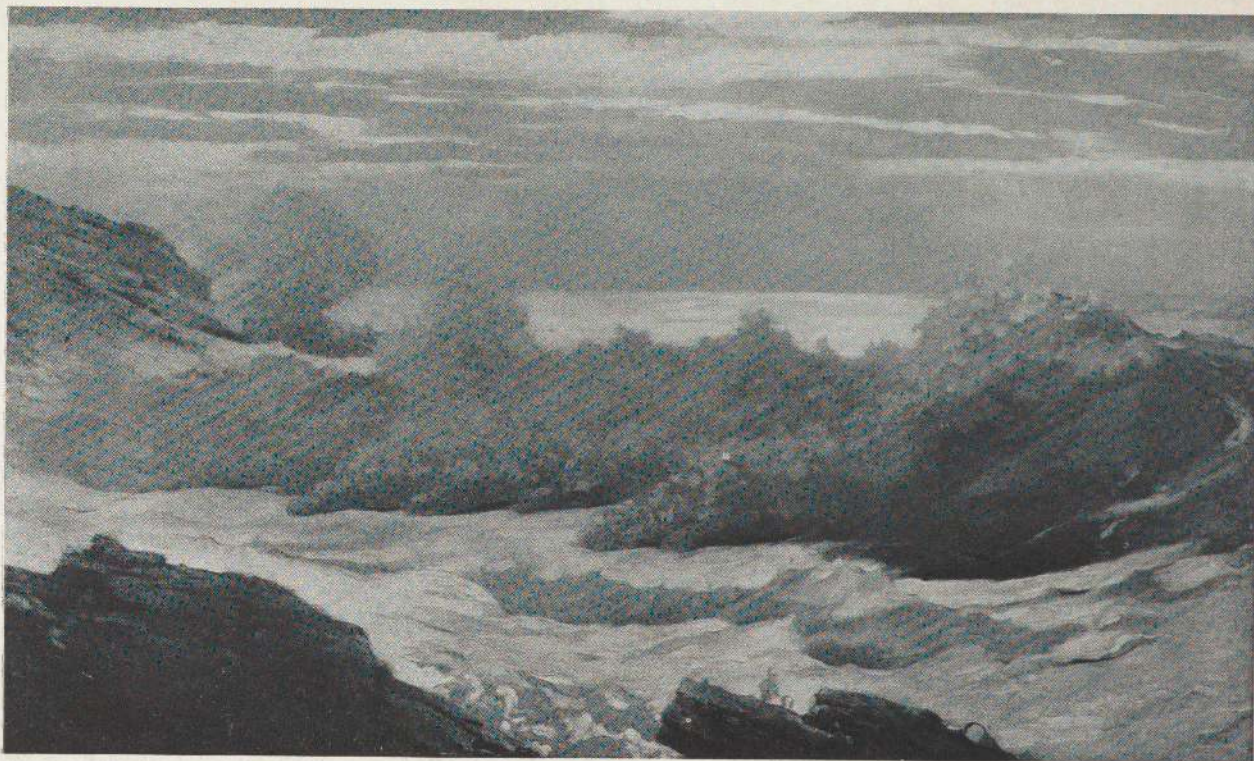
15 HOMER

THE LEE SHORE, 1900

Oil on canvas, 39 x 39 inches

Collection Rhode Island School of Design, Providence





HOMER 17

EARLY MORNING AFTER A STORM AT SEA, 1902

Oil on canvas, 30 $\frac{1}{4}$  x 50 inches

Collection Cleveland Museum of Art





18 HOMER

KISSING THE MOON, 1905-1906

Oil on canvas, 30 x 39½ inches

Collection Miss Candace Stimson, New York





HOMER 19

WEST WIND, 1908

Oil on canvas, 29 $\frac{1}{4}$  x 43 inches

Collection Addison Gallery, Phillips Academy, Andover, Massachusetts





HOMER 28

ROWING HOMEWARD, 1890  
Watercolor, 14 x 19½ inches

Collection Phillips Memorial Gallery, Washington

49 HOMER

AFTER THE TORNADO

Watercolor, 14½ x 21 inches

Collection Martin A. Ryerson, Chicago







31 HOMER

BURNT MOUNTAIN

Watercolor, 13 1/2 x 19 3/4 inches

Collection C. R. Henshel, New York

HOMER 35

THE PORTAGE

Watercolor, 14 x 20 1/2 inches

Collection Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Brixey, New York







39 WINDSTORM—BAHAMAS  
Watercolor, 14 x 20 inches  
Collection Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Bixey, New York

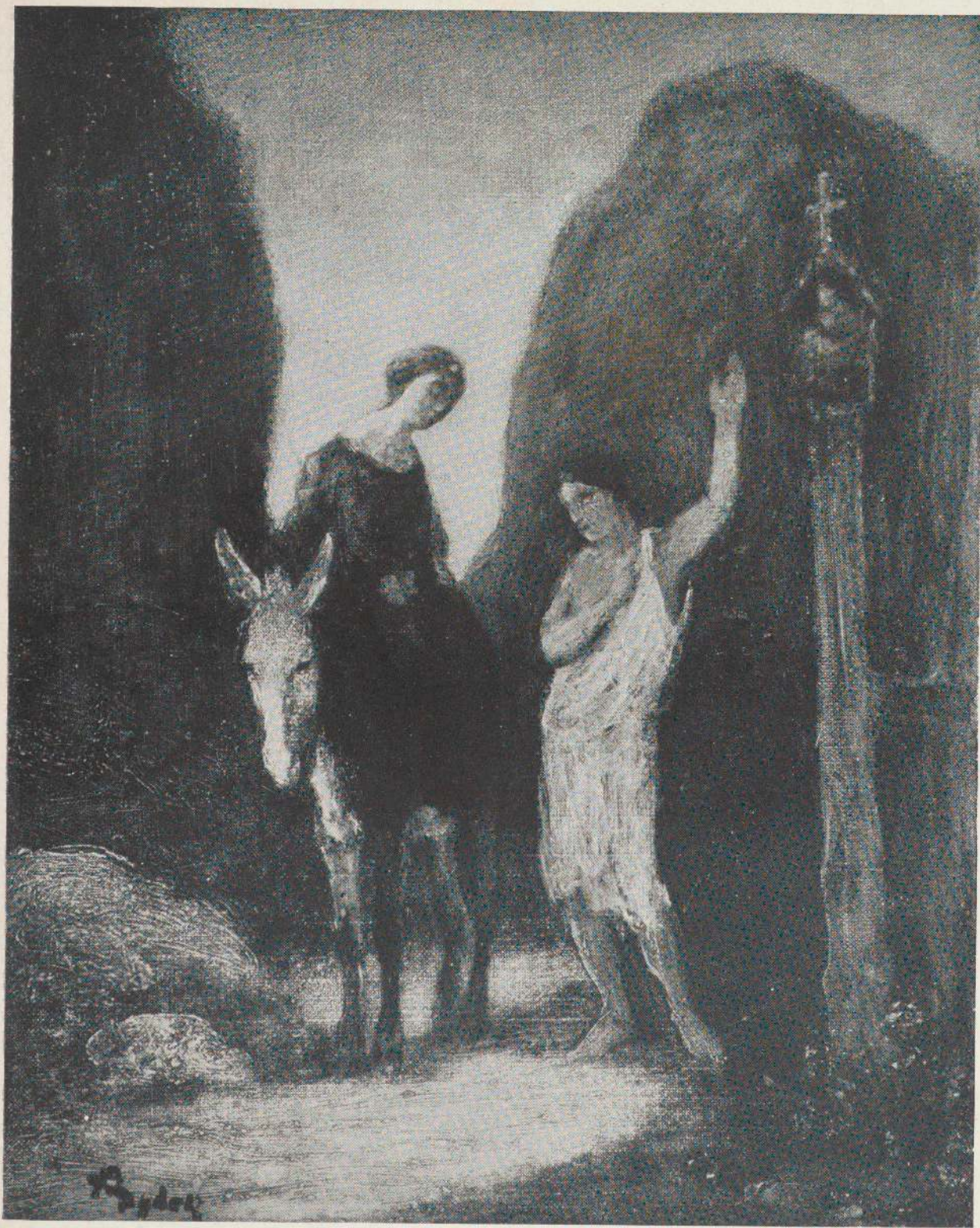




HOMER 54

"WINTER"—A SKATING SCENE  
Woodcut—*Harper's Weekly*, January 5, 1868  
Collection Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., Princeton





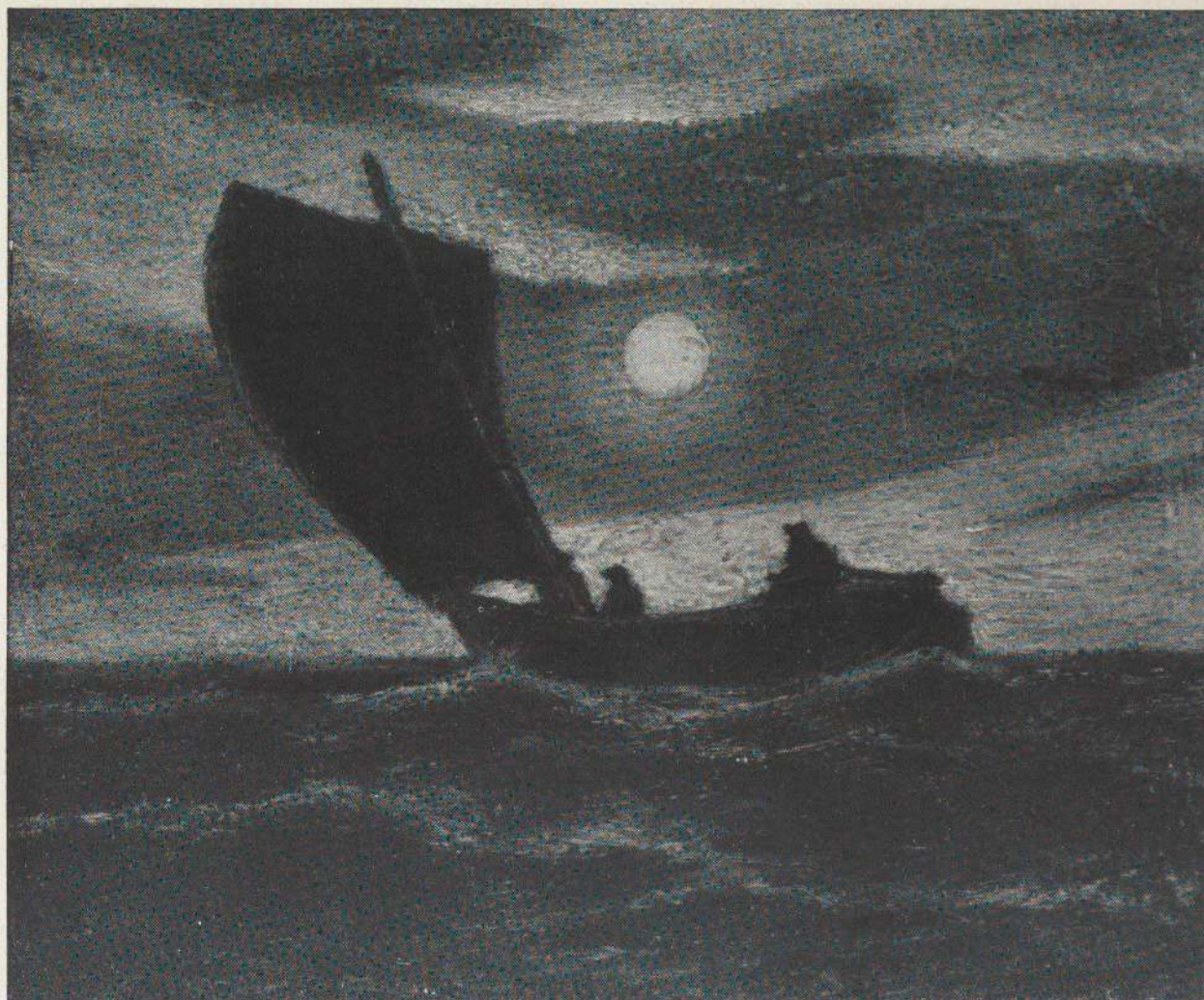
56 RYDER

WAY OF THE CROSS

Oil, 14 x 11 $\frac{3}{4}$  inches

Collection Addison Gallery, Phillips Academy Andover, Massachusetts





RYDER 57

TOILERS OF THE SEA

Oil, 10 x 12 inches

Collection Addison Gallery, Phillips Academy, Andover, Massachusetts





60 RYDER

THE SMUGGLERS

Oil,  $8\frac{3}{4}$  x 10 inches

Collection Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Bixey, New York





RYDER 6I

DEATH ON A PALE HORSE

27 $\frac{3}{4}$  x 35 $\frac{1}{8}$  inches

Collection Cleveland Museum of Art





69 RYDER

MISTY MOONLIGHT

Oil, 11 $\frac{1}{4}$  x 11 $\frac{3}{4}$  inches

Collection G. B. Hollister, Corning, New York





RYDER 72  
ORIENTAL CAMP  
Oil, 7 $\frac{1}{4}$  x 12 inches  
Collection N. E. Montross, New York





77 RYDER  
MOONLIT COVE  
Oil, 14 x 17 inches  
Collection Phillips Memorial Gallery, Washington





RYDER 85

THE SISTERS

Oil, 11 x 5 $\frac{3}{8}$  inches

Collection City Art Museum of Saint Louis





88 RYDER

MACBETH AND THE WITCHES

Oil, 28½ x 36 inches

Collection Haverford College Art Museum, Haverford, Pennsylvania





EAKINS 92

JOHN BIGLEN IN A SINGLE SCULL, 1872

Oil on canvas, 24 x 16 inches

Collection Henry Penn Burke, Philadelphia





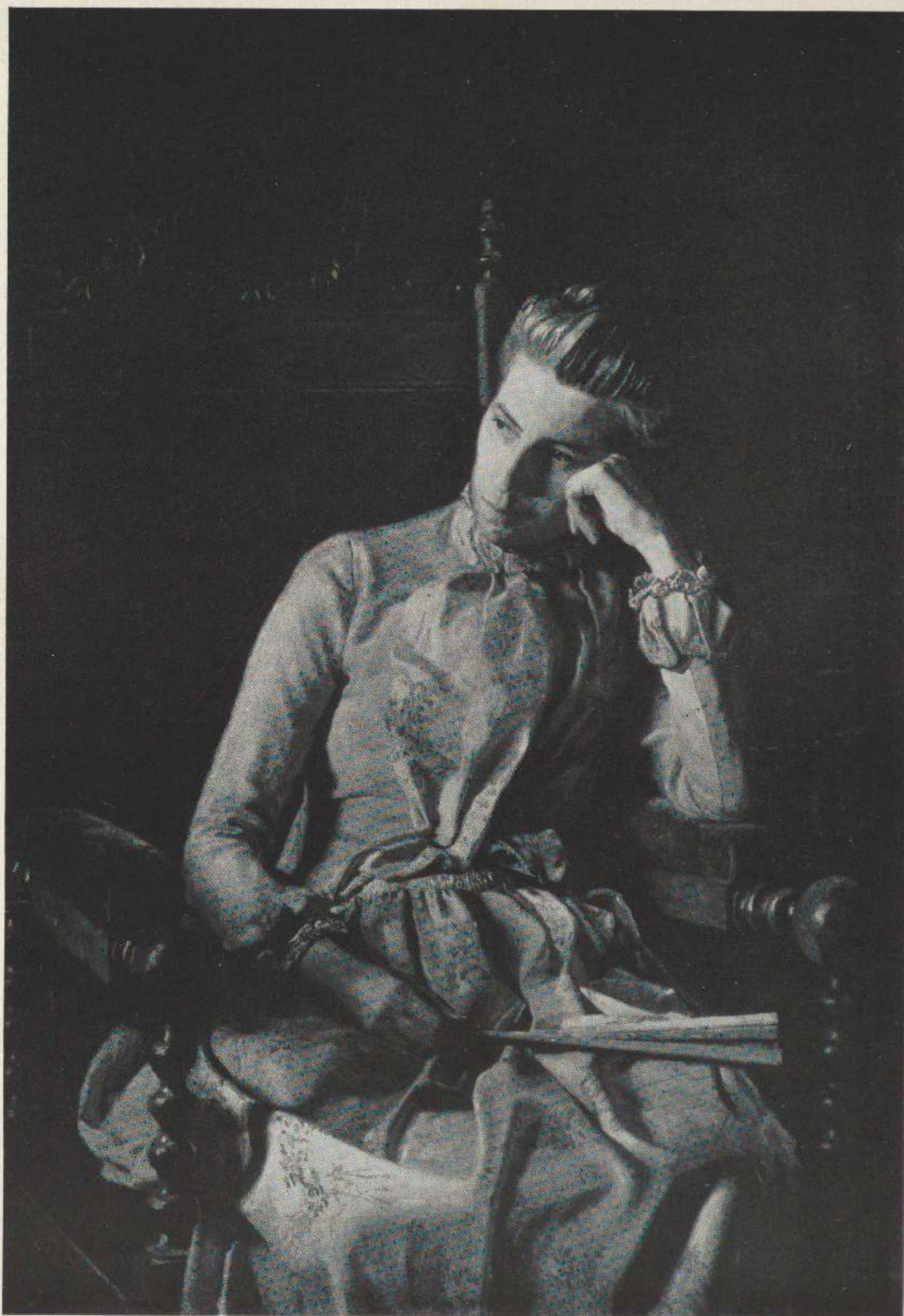
94 EAKINS

THE BIGLEN BROTHERS TURNING THE STAKE BOAT, 1873

Oil on canvas, 40 x 60 inches

Collection Cleveland Museum of Art





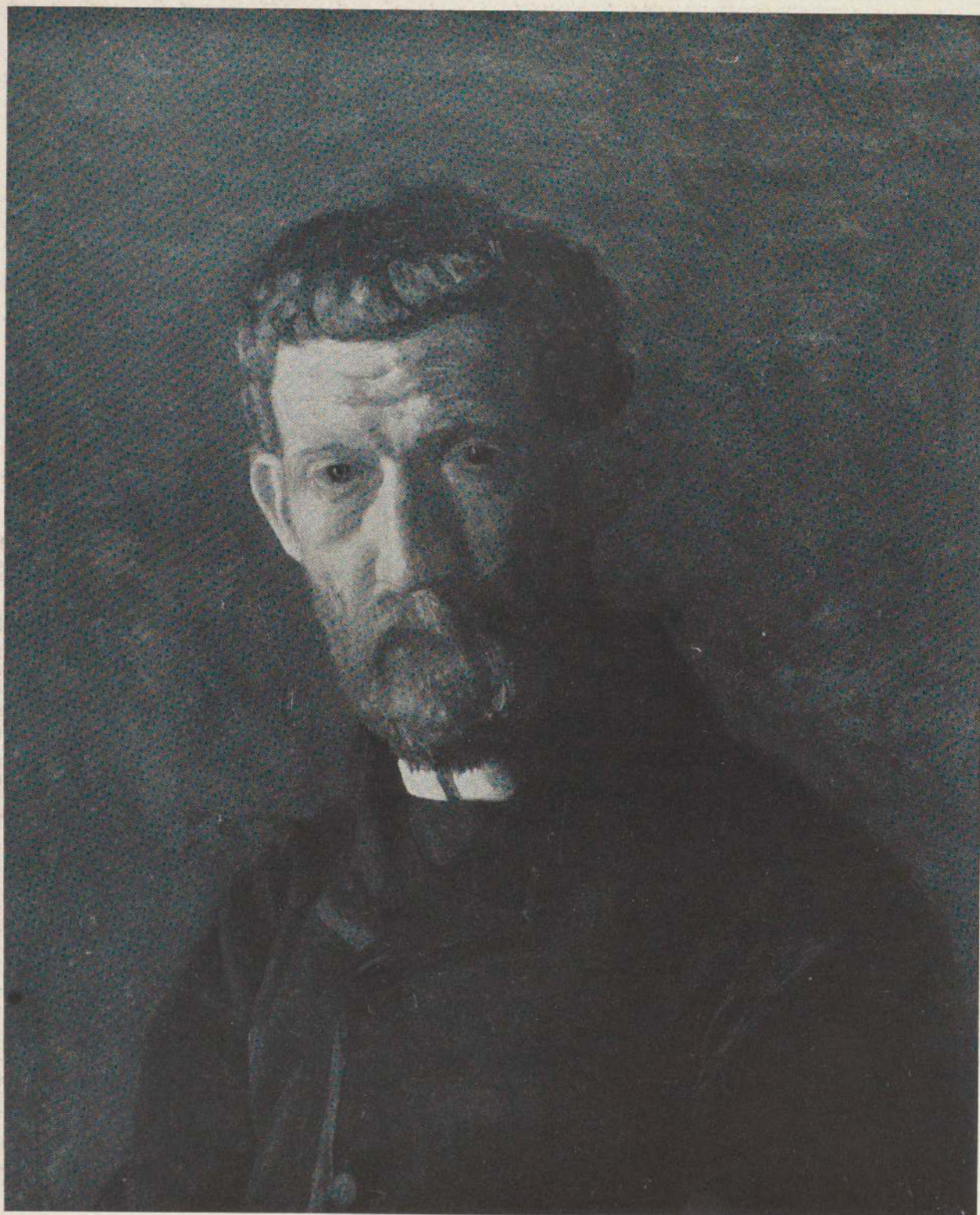
EAKINS 102

Portrait of Miss Van Buren, 1889

Oil on canvas, 45 x 41 3/4 inches

Collection Phillips Memorial Gallery, Washington





103 EAKINS

Portrait of Arthur B. Frost, 1889

Oil on canvas, 27 x 22 inches

Collection Pennsylvania Museum of Art, Philadelphia





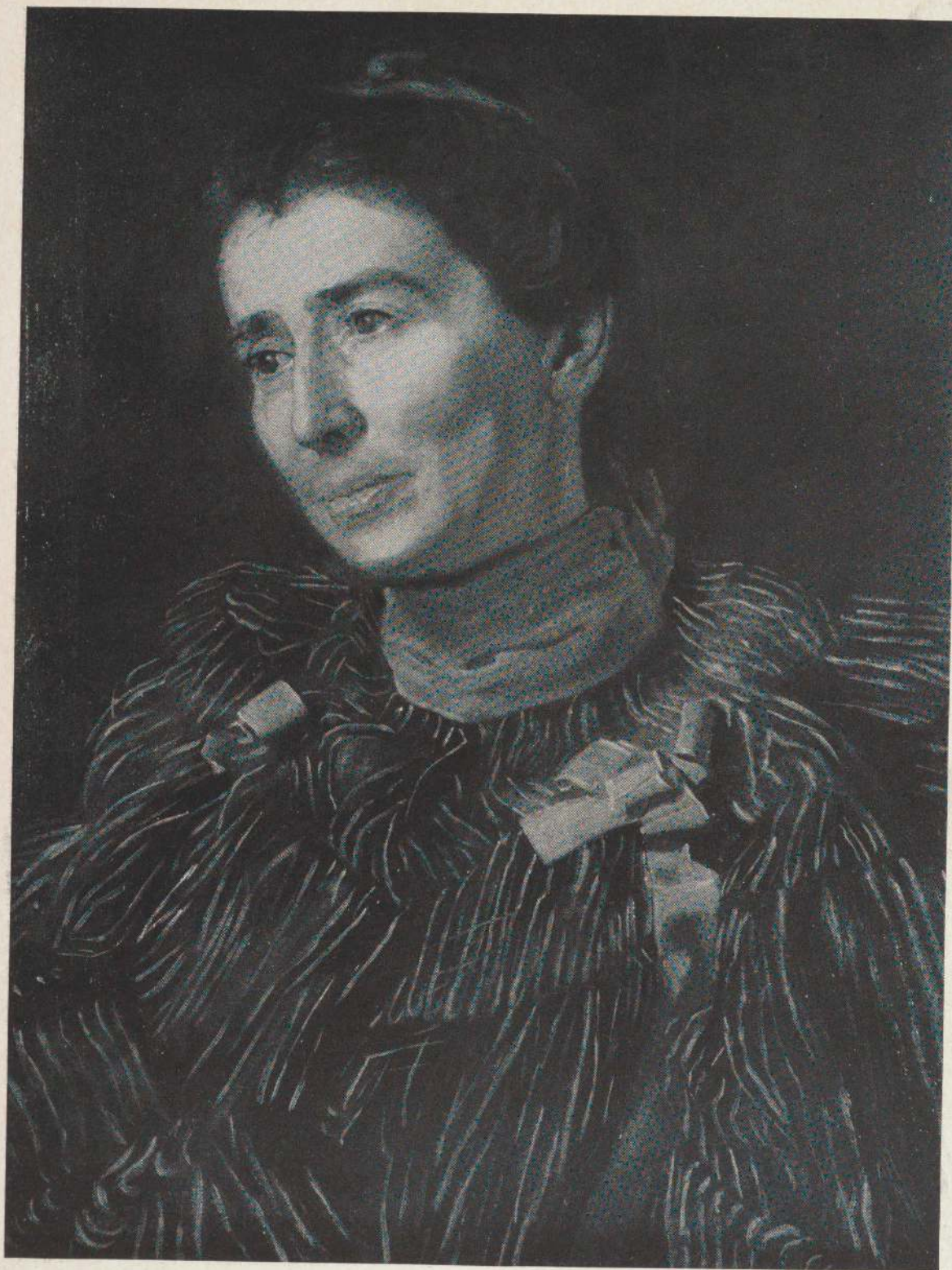
EAKINS 106

BETWEEN ROUNDS, 1899

Oil on canvas, 50 $\frac{1}{4}$  x 40 inches

Collection Pennsylvania Museum of Art, Philadelphia





107 EAKINS

"ADDIE," 1899

Oil on canvas,  $24\frac{1}{8} \times 18\frac{1}{4}$  inches

Collection Pennsylvania Museum of Art, Philadelphia





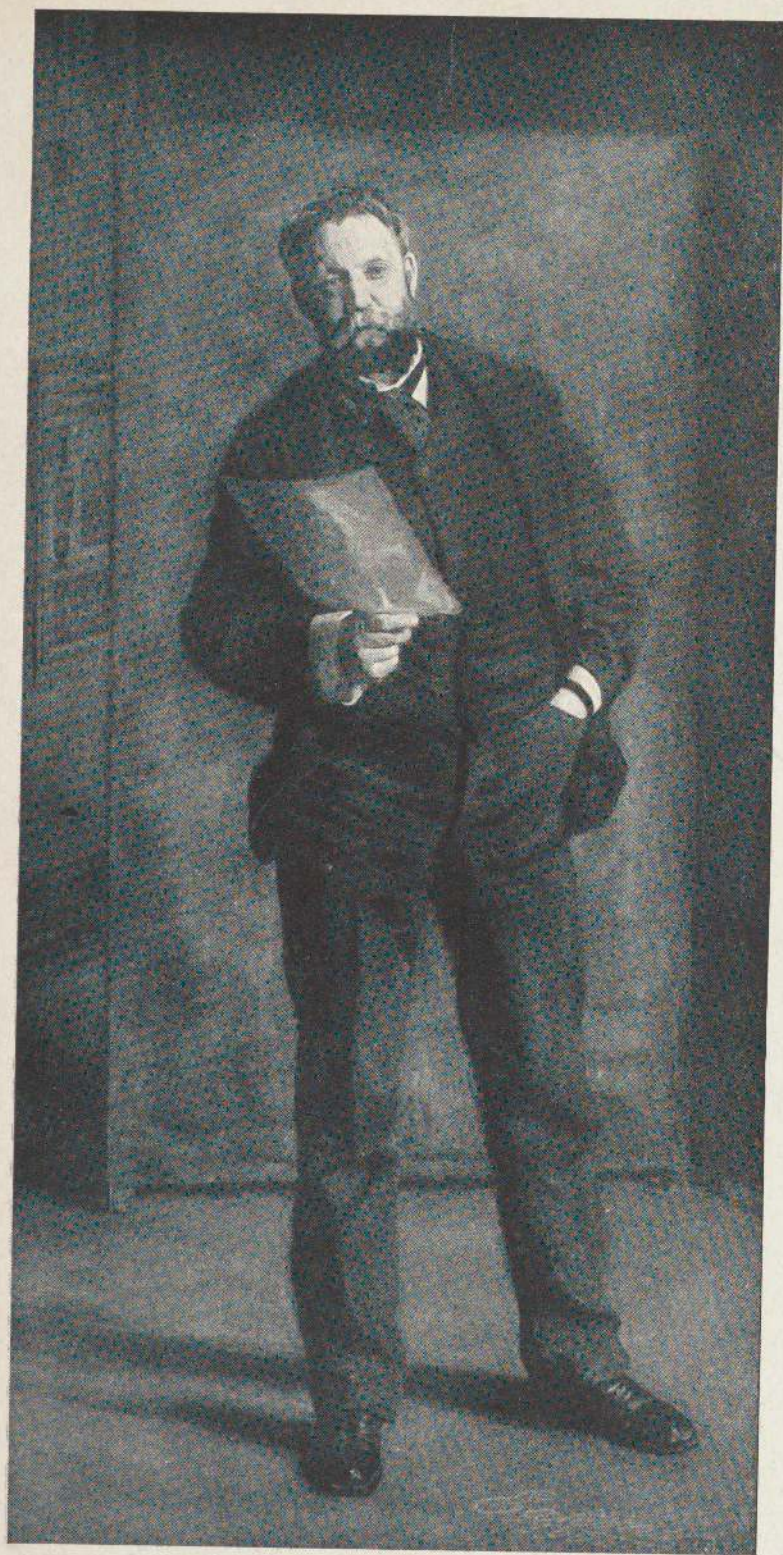
EAKINS 108

PORTRAIT OF MRS. FRISHMUTH, 1900

Oil on canvas, 97 x 72 1/2 inches

Collection Pennsylvania Museum of Art, Philadelphia





109 EAKINS

PORTRAIT OF PROFESSOR LESLIE W. MILLER, 1901

Oil on canvas, 88 $\frac{1}{8}$  x 43 $\frac{1}{4}$  inches

Collection Mrs. Edgar V. Seeler, Philadelphia

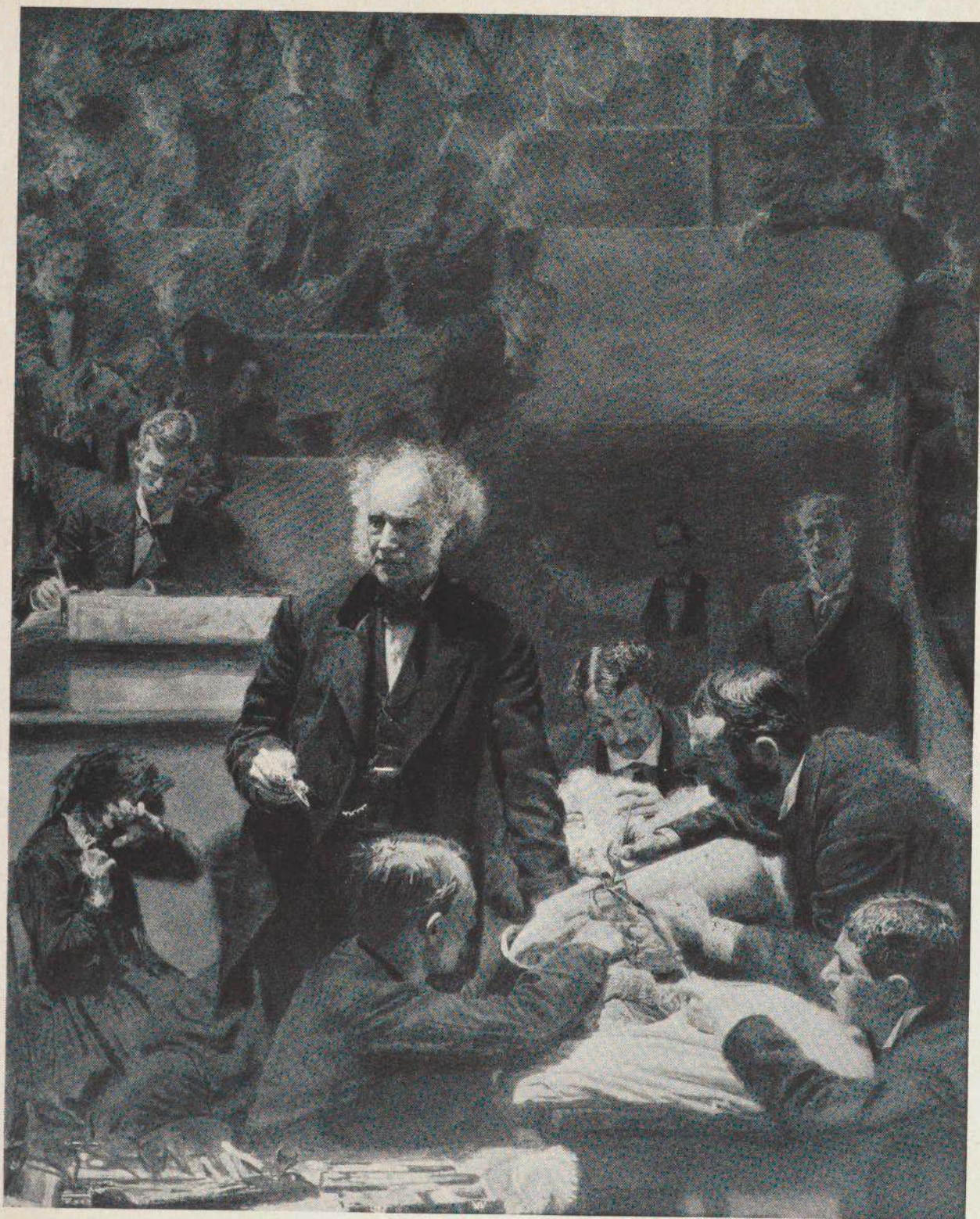




EAKINS II4

THE OLD-FASHIONED DRESS, 1906  
Oil on canvas, 60 $\frac{3}{8}$  x 40 $\frac{1}{4}$  inches  
Collection Pennsylvania Museum of Art, Philadelphia





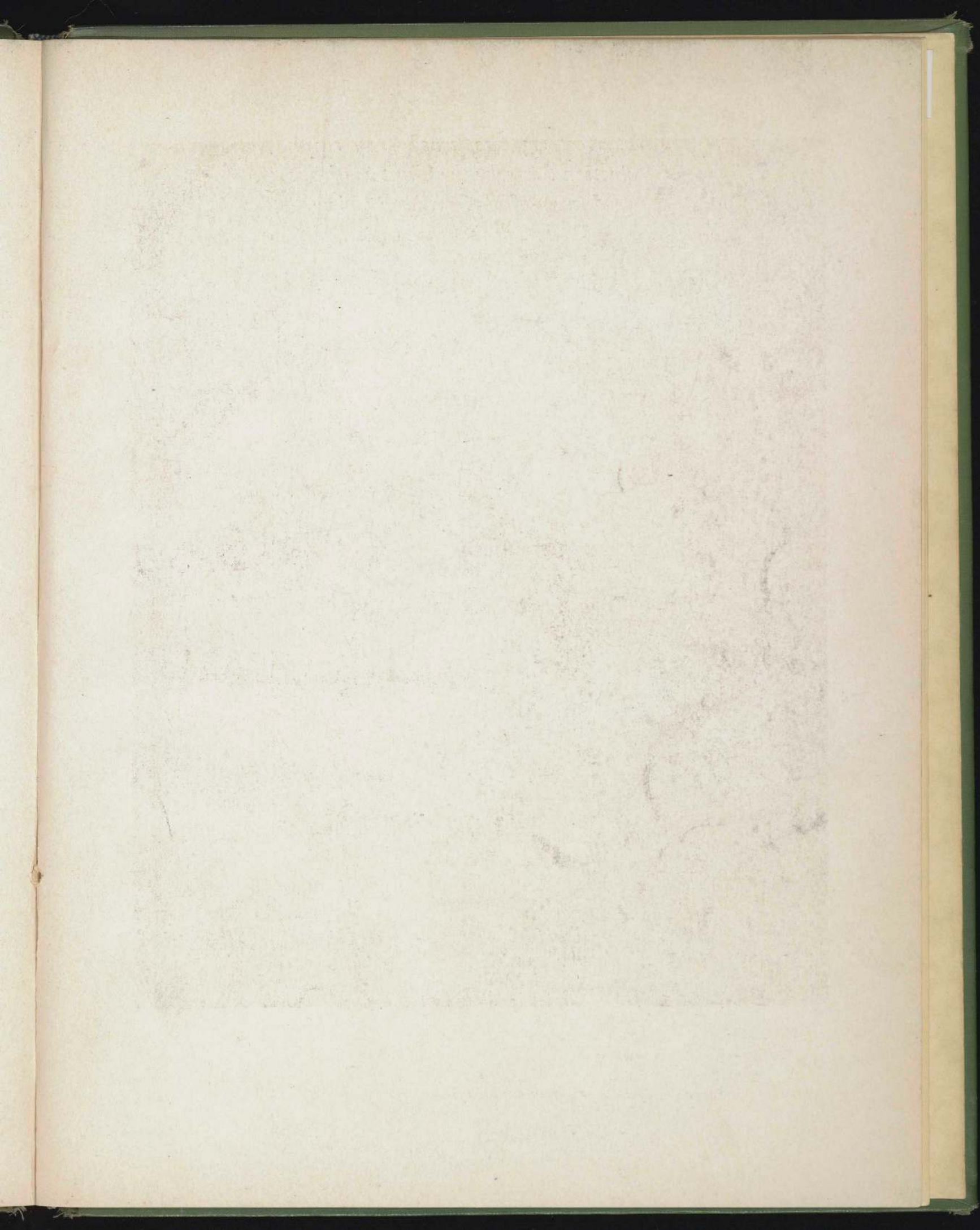
116 EAKINS

THE GROSS CLINIC, *Drawing*, 1875

23 x 18 $\frac{3}{4}$  inches

Collection The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

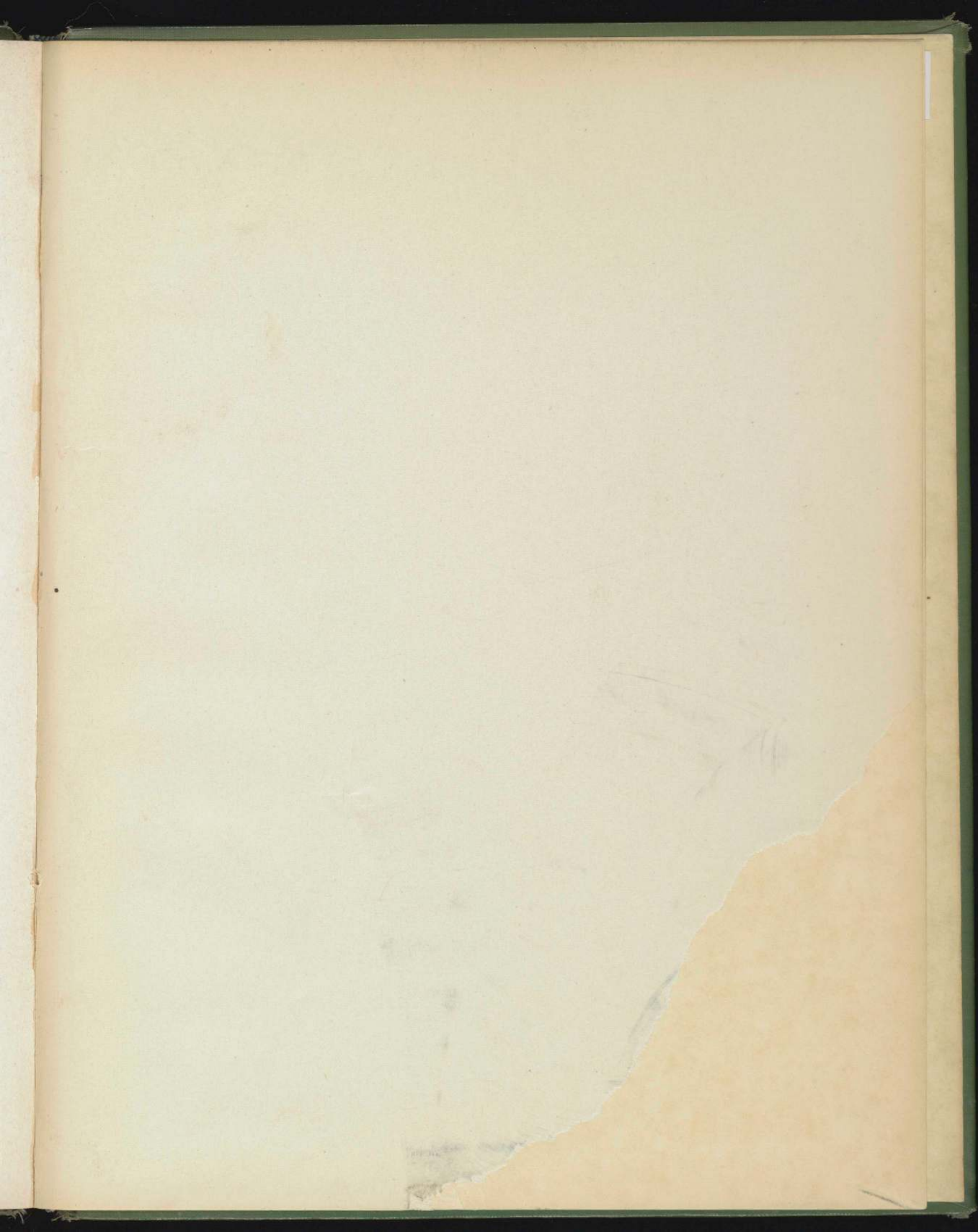






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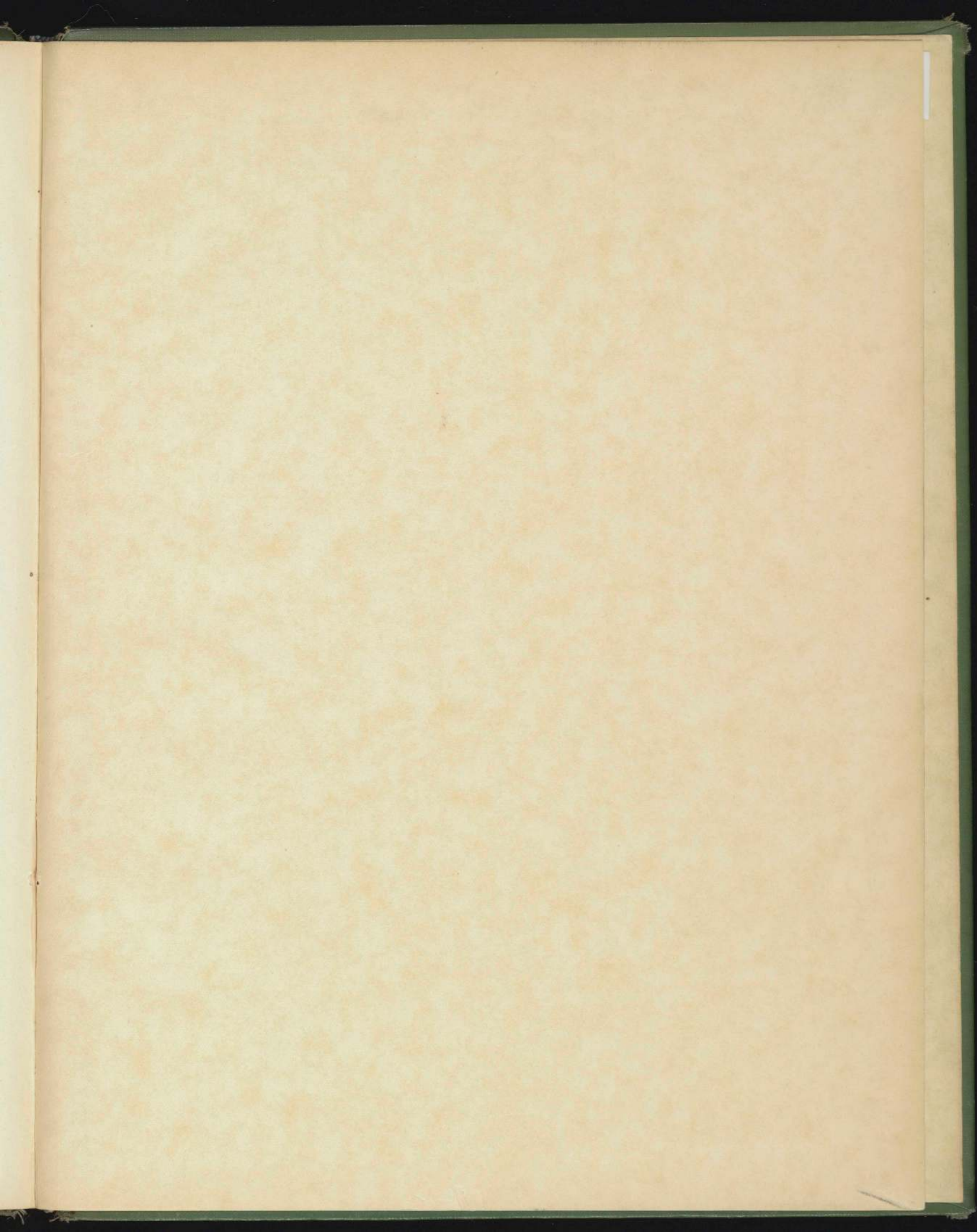


















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