

Marvin Cone Diary 1913

Friday Morning – Aug 21, 1913 –

I leave C.R for Chicago – Father had left the night before. A fine morning – glorious atmosphere which felt fine after a couple of months of almost continuous sweating. Left C.R at 8:25 A.M. A pleasant & comparatively clean ride into Chicago. My trip is made largely for the purpose of having one of my pictures framed – the first fairly large picture of mine that I ever thot amounted to anything. Arriving in Chicago a couple of hours late or rather only one hour (it seemed two to me), I went up to Fathers office in the Harris Trust Bldg – Left my grip & started off – picture under arm – for the picture framers. Chicago looks good. I like the bustle – Frame makers are across the river. Am treated finely, thanks to a letter of introduction from Mr. Hoftrup. I selected a Whistler frame & was glad to learn that I could get it the next day. Went over to see Uncle Sam but found him still in Denver so the prospects of my staying at his house vanish – Return to office & we go out to Mrs Browne’s for supper & lodging. A fine supper at Mrs Skillins. A friend of theirs from Kansas did all the talking. After supper to the moving picture show with Lola. Home to bed late.

Saturday – Arise early & Father & I take a walk over on the north side of the Northwestern Tracks – Some very beautiful stucco homes but I would just as soon have ours as any of them. Ate breakfast at Browne’s & then off for down town. I went immediately to the Art Institute where I found that several new pictures had been added since I was there a year ago. Also a very fine collection if Zorn’s etchings – marvelous. At eleven oclock I went over to the picture framers to get my new frame. Am well pleased – Take frame to office where I stay until dinner time. Mr Browne, Mr Skillin, Father & myself dined at some German-Jew restaurant. In the afternoon Father & I went to the Art Institute – the first time that he had ever been with me. Ate supper at the Brevoort – very fine (the supper) tender meat & chocolate ice-cream. After wards we went to the Cort theatre – where we saw “The Elixir of Youth” – a most comical affair very skillfully worker out. Stayed at the La Salle overnight – on the seventeenth floor – the highest up I have ever slept. Our room faced north & overlooked a little of the lake. As far as the eye could see, all was Chicago.

Sunday Morning – We slept rather late & ate breakfast at the La Salle. Father is much concerned as to whether he shall go to Milwaukee “oder nicht”. We finally decide to go & get back after dinner so that I could go to the Art Institute. After buying elevated tickets or rather tickets for the elevated road to Evanston we discovered that we were too late to make connections & so turned back & decided to stay in Chicago for the day. Sat around in the hotel lobby much of the remaining time of the morning. Because of the late breakfast we planned not to eat at noon but have dinner at night At 12:45 we left for the Art Institute – (I say “we” for father went along to my surprise. Spent most of my time in defending the modern painters against the ancients & I made some statements that I wish I could remember.

“Now look at that – every hair of those sheep painted & every leaf of the shrubs. Very bad – he painted what he knew to be – not what he saw – And look at that ship on the horizon – I’ll bet a nickel if you look close enough you can see the captain.”

After leaving the Institute about 3:30, we walked around looking at the shop windows & the interesting thing to me is the manner in which every available inch of space is made use of. And the arrangement of display is very cleverly done in most cases. This remark also applies to the women who pass in front of the show windows. In many cases the gowns outside the windows look more attractive than those inside on the dummies. I suppose the dummies make the difference. We returned to the hotel about 4:30 & rested awhile in our room. Telephoned Browne's that we would be out to Oak Park for the night. Checked out of hotel & went over to the office. No we didn't either – now I remember we checked our grips at the La Salle & walked around the streets looking at show windows until time for dinner. And a very fine dinner we had at the Brevoort – roast beef etc – After dinner we got our grips at the hotel and took the elevated for Oak Park. Stayed there overnight. On the way out, the occupants of the elevated car were entertained by a yelling babe. Also, father made the acquaintance of a small girl to whom he gave his white flower.

Monday Morning – Father & I again rise early & take another long walk in Oak Park – some very fine homes. In the morning – down town – I went to Favor Ruhl & Co to enquire about some canvas for Messrs. Hoftrup & Wargny – then up to A.H. Abbot & Co to purchase a canvas stretcher but the price was too much & I declined with thanks. Went to Art Institute for the last time. I hate to think I may not be here again for another year. Stay about an hour & look only at my favorite pictures. Ate dinner with father & Mr. Skillin at Marshall Fields – fine chicken pie which I managed to get outside of. After dinner I went to the Field galleries – then over to the Palace Music Hall where I enjoyed a good vaudeville performance – a fine little playhouse by the way – Whiled away my time down town until about 4:46 – Then went up to the office & met father. We left Chicago on the 6.05 train.

Thanksgiving Day – 1913 – I leave on the afternoon train for Chicago to see the Art Exhibit & Grant. Miss G. also took the same train. Pleasant ride & much fun caused by Miss G! Taking the wrong grip and losing her lunch box. I make the acquaintance on the train of a beautiful little girl – Pearl – 7 yrs old. The mother & 3 children were going to Philadelphia – She had her hands full with the two little girls & a boy. Pearl the oldest – She sat on my lap for about 2 hours & I amused her by drawing pictures while she copied – A most delightful little girl – At Chicago Grant met us with a derby & a moustache – we took Miss G. over to Y.W.C.A & then took the car out to Grants rooming place. We three of us had a dairy lunch of pie-a-la-mode by the way.

I was much interested in the charcoal drawings that hung on the walls of Grant's room – We lay in bed & talked until about 2. A.M. Got up at 5:30 as Grant has to be at work at 7:00. Weather misting & still dark at this hour. Took the car down town & I discovered that I had left my watch & money under the pillow at the room. Borrowed money from Grant & after eating breakfast at a dairy lunch I left him to go to work & returned to his rooming place where I found watch & money all OK. Took car again for down town & looked in shop windows until 9 o'clock when I met Miss G. at the N.W. depot. She had just rec'd her own grip & was happy. We took car out to Cox's Scene Studio where Miss G. made arrangements about some scenery for living pictures. Then we returned to loop district & visited several art stores in search of prints. Ate dinner at Hillmans. Then I took

leave of Miss G. & hurried over to Art Institute where I got my first glimpse of a big exhibition. I am bewildered by the wonderful showing of pictures & the ability manifested. Charles F. Browne conducted a gallery tour for some woman's club & I stayed close to him to hear what he had to say. A most delightful talker – Wish I might remember all of the things he said – some very serious & others very droll – He was asked to say something regarding Arthur B. Davies “Sleep” – “Well – if Mr. Davies sees beauty in this kind of work all right – I myself do not – But then – I wish him health & happiness & success. If this kind of work is what he wants to paint – all right – I don't care” – I saw the following painters also – John F. Stacey, Lawton Parker, Miss Pauline Palmer, & Frank Peyraud. I never can recall a more pleasant & profitable afternoon. Dismal rainy weather outside – all lights & pictures inside etc – Ran across Preston in the galleries during the afternoon.

At 5:30 I left for the N.W. depot where I was to meet Grant. Train late but he finally arrived – We ate our supper at the Lotus Club & then proceeded over to the Art Institute School. – My first visit to the school. I shall never forget it. How I wished to get down to work with such opportunities & facilities at hand – Grant was drawing from life – everybody enthusiastic – congenial atmosphere – all of a sudden who should bob up but Miss G – While the model was resting we went on a sort of tour among the class rooms – everything horribly interesting – Then who should appear but Preston – At 9:30 we left the building & from the steps of the Institute one of the most charming sights greeted us. Everything was bathed in a misting haze – the building across Mich. Boul. were scarcely discernable. The shining wet asphalt pavement reflected every street lamp & high in the air the row of lights along the top of the Peoples Gas Bldg twinkled faintly – really a fairy land – such a sight as Whistler would have delighted in. We four walked down Michigan boul to the Y.M.C.A – pausing to look at shop windows all the way down – Truly a wonderful night.-

Home late & Grant & I talked again as the night before. In the morning it was raining hard & I did not get up at 5:30 but slept until 8.- Then went down town – had breakfast & paid another visit to the Art Institute. At the noon hour I went into Fullerton Hall & heard a French lecture. Met Grant on the steps of the Institute at 12:45 – We met Miss G. at the Tip Top Inn where we dined – very fine. Then we walked about 4 miles trying to get a theatre ticket – Success at last – Also visited Marshall Fields where we picked out curtains for Miss G. Out to Grants for supper & to clean up – Ate supper at Conybeares – I enjoyed it – Hurried back down town & met Miss G at Y.W. Went to “The Firefly” with Emma Frentini in the title role – Very good music & much comical stuff to laugh at – Home again late – Sunday Morning breakfast at Grants cousins – fine griddle cakes – then Grant & I took a long walk. Later called for his cousin & we took the S.C. train for downtown. We walked all over down town hunting for a good place to get a cheap but filling meal. We started into a Chop Suey joint but the sight of the ferocious looking yellow man at the entrance scared us away. Finally we drifted into the Mandarin Inn where I got my first taste of Chop Suey – very good & I enjoyed it – 30¢ apiece – not so bad – A nasty rain when we left – Hurried over to the Art Institute where we spent the afternoon. Here I met Howard & Boman who were in Chicago for the Stock show – Also Preston & Miss G. We passed a most enjoyable afternoon – If was with much reluctance that I left – Went to Y.W. with Miss G. & then Preston, Grant, myself & Miss G. started for depot – How I hated to leave – Stopped at Brevoort where I had checked my grip –

Then onto depot – where we sat & talked until train time – Goodbyes & we are gone – Train crowded & I had to stand up until we were passed Dekalb. Miss G & I ate supper on the diner – Very enjoyable – We sat opposite Ex Gov. Sulzer – a stolid surly looking being who spoke only 3 words during his meal & who had a characteristic way of biting off a piece of end bread. Train on time in C.R. Home at midnight.

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To recapture something of that joyous mood.

Wilson –

If you don't expect much you'll be satisfied with little don't get anything for the sake of losing it. There's no difference in the eyes of an artist & those of a bagman. They both see things the same, but the artist thinks differently about what he sees. It is what you think about what you see that counts.

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“Such sweet compulsion does in music lie to lull the daughters of necessity & keep unsteady nature to her law” {From the masque “Arcades” written by John Milton}

“All that is needed is the confession we all can make that beauty exists & that it is the great symbolic language of the soul, whether it manifests itself through color or form or light & shade, through tone, melody, harmony & rhythm, or through any combination of these or any other of the numberless modes of its expression – Ralph Adams Cram {an excerpt from Ralph Adams Cram's The Ministry of Art}

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Mural Decoration in Main. State Capital. Amt. Expended - \$260,000

E.E. Simmons – In the large spandrils over the 4 arches of the rotunda 4 paintings representing “The American genius guided by Wisdom, following Hope.” “Wisdom banishing Savagery” “Wisdom breaking the ground” – Wisom as Minn. Distributing her products {to the four winds}.

In the gov. reception room are paintings by F.D. Millet- “The treaty of Traverse des Sioux”

Douglas Volk- “Discovery of Falls of St. Anthony”

Howard Pyle- “Minn. Req. at Nashville”

R.F. Zogbaum- “First req. at Gettysburg

F.D. Millet- 4th ‘ ‘ at Vicksburg

Douglas Volk- 2nd ‘ ‘ at Mission Ridge

Kenyon Cox- over entrance to Supreme Court Room – “Contemplation – Law & Letters”-

H.O. Walker- Over Senate entrance “yesterday- Today & Tomorrow”

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E.H. Blashfield- (Painted in the Vanderbilt gallery of the fine arts building on 57 st. N.Y.)
In Senate Chamber “Discoverers & Civilizers led to the source of the Miss”- (31 ft long
& 14 ft high)

Minn. The grain state

John La Farge- In Supreme Court Room 4 paintings

Mr. Blashfield's notes on the color of “Minn. The Grain State.”

“The whole center was white. The oxen white with a lemon yellow character. The white in Minn. Brocade was tempered with lakes & that of the wings of the flying genii with orange chrome. The reds of the flying d--- were filled with orange chrome, cadmium, malachite & with warm yellow greenish reflections – the whole on a basis of vermilion. All through the dark blues were slashings of yellow ochre, orange chrome & vermilion --- there was hardly any blue left.”

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Mural painting which decorates large edifices, est. done par elle – meme la plus haute destination de l'artiste

“The love of words & not a desire to publish new discoveries, the love of form & not a novel reading of historical events, mark the vocation of the writer & the painter.” R.L.S.
{From “Fontainebleau” by Robert Louis Stevenson}

Art is, in its nature, not an affaire of the understanding. Art has value & Significance only through the emotion aesthetic in its character that it provokes.

Art is not an expression of the beautiful but an expression in the beautiful.

Pleasure is a test of art but not the criterion. Arts criterion rests on taste, and taste is founded on universal education.

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Art is a love rather than a study, song rather than speech; it is man adjusting himself to his environment; it is the realization of the reflection of the best within us in the best without. Art is man: not nature; living not dead. There is no art without us; art & nature are opposing terms: there is no art in nature – there is no nature in art. To art, nature is a foil, all things but instruments of expression, keys, strings sounding boards, whereby the harmony is made manifest.

“La vie ne s'arrete pas, c'est seulement l'art qui peut la fixer” Georges Geffroy {From Georges Geffroy's La Vie artistique}

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“I mean by a picture a beautiful romantic dream of something there never was, never will be in a light better than any light that ever shone, in a land no one can define or remember – only desire” Burne-Jones {Written by Edward Burne-Jones in a letter to a friend}

Art is indeed a great awakener of sleeping souls – souls whom the toil & worry of life have made unresponsive to beauty. In these souls art arouses a new capacity for feeling, an aptness for the love of natural beauty, a sense of relationship with the haunting loveliness of the world. Art evokes in them a hitherto un guessed wonder.

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Mon cocur est en repos, mo name est en silence le bruit lointain du monde expire en avivant Comme un son eloigne qu;affaiblit la distance A l’oreille incertaine afforte far le vent

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Nuits de Juin

L’ete, lorsque le jour a fui, de fleurs couverte
La plaine verse au loin un parfum enivrant;
Les yeux fermes, l’oreille aux remeurs entrouverte,
On ne dort qu’a demi d’un sommeil transparent.
Les asters sont plus purs, l’ombre parait meilleure;
Un vague demi-jour teint le dome eternal;
Et l’aube douce et pale, en attendant son heure,
Semble toute la nuit errer au bas du ciel.

1837- Victor Hugo –

Copied at Mt. Vernon – June 18-‘14

{From Chapter XVIII “Nuits de juin” of Les Rayons et les Ombres by Victor Hugo}

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{Clipping from newspaper}

“**Home for Christmas** – Among the youngsters at home for Christmas are grant Wood and Marvin Cove, students at the Art Institute, Chicago, and Harry Raymond of red Oak, secretary of Judge Deemer of the supreme court of Iowa.”

October’s hills are all aglow
Recalling some fair dream of old
And they seem bathed in a haze of pearl
In whose depths floate drowsy clouds
All creamy gold.

Sept – 14-’14 on way to Ia. City

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Some little intelligence is gained through cultivating imagination & much nobleness from contemplating beautiful things.

Flaubert {From CEUVRES COMPLETES DE G. FLAUBERT, tome vi. p. 183”}

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“Mary” the subject is.

“Place” House of Jackson ‘tis

Gertie & Myrtie

Harrie & Bertie

These are the busy good gossipers four

Much are the things they say-

Gladly they-d talk a day-

Of the strange things of the “Mary” folk-lore

Oh, the mauiac mumbler

He sat in our pew

And he warbled his greeting

Of “Hail thee, Bamboo”

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Scene – Picture galleries J. R. –

- OH there is Rembrandt’s Mill. Lady Clerk – Oh No – that is not Rembrandt’s Mill

- (Examining back of picture) Oh yes it is – Here is the name – Rembrandts Mill.

Clerk – Oh yes I always get the two mixed

Work thou for Pleasure: paint or sing or carve

The thing thou lovest, though the body starve.

Who works for glory misses oft the goal,

Who works for money coins his very soul.

Work for the work’s sake, then, & it may be

That these things shall be added unto thee.

Kenyon Cox {From a poem Cox published in 1895
called “The Gospel of Art”}

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The masses that go to make up a picture have variety in their shape, their tone values, their edges, in texture or quality & in gradation.

The achievement of today in the imperfection of the morrow; nothing is ever finally & eternally finished: the hour never comes when striving yields to complacency & satisfaction.

Great art springs from the emotions and is crystallized into form through a controlling intellect

Sage & smug reflections

Most unholy glee

With the homing --- of an Antwerp pigeon

Awoke to the selection with a most

Refreshing promptness –

He had the faculty of looking as innocent as a white dove

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The lady moon is my lover,
My friends are the oceans four,
The heavens have roofed me over,
And the dawn is my golden door,
I would rather follow the condor
Or the sea-gull sailing from ken,
Than bury my godhead yonder
In the dust of the whirl of men.

Po Chu-I

712-786 A.D.

{Poem titled “A World Apart”. Could not find an accurate author; multiple authors listed on different websites}

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It is by suggestion that the greatest truths of art are brought home to us

Art is labor under conditions of delight – Arthur Jerome Eddy {From Delight, the Soul of Art}

{Newspaper clipping} “**ARTIST WALTER CRANE DIES** – LONDON, March 15 – Walter Crane, the artist, writer, and lecturer is dead in London, ages 70. Mr. Crane was born in Liverpool. He was well known as an illustrator of children’s books.

Walter Crane will probably be best remembered in years to come for his epigram on life: “Life is a series of Experiences; the man who has the most lives the longest.”

Socialist and artist, he was the second son of Thomas Crane, an artist of Chester, England. He was mainly self-taught as regards art, and exhibited at the Royal academy of 1862 at the age of 16. He was as eminent as a painter and book illustrator as a writer and lecturer.

One of his most noted works is a portrait of himself, which hangs in the Uffizi gallery at Florence, Italy. He also contributed panels to the Woman’s temple at Chicago.”

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Woman in blue – A allright Wigard{?} – a delicious symphony in blues enriched by indefinable touches of mauves & grays, pinkish taus with greens & violets, the whole relieved & accented by a wonderful little touch of gold in the finger ring.

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“For art should not only express those forces which are dominant in life & action, it must also reveal those minor chords of the spirit whose music is often drowned by the insistent iteration of the major notes of existence, yet which is so necessary to the full symphony of life.” Ed. Howard Griggs {From “A Books of Meditations” by Edward Howard Griggs}

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Across the seas of Wonderland to Mogadore we plodded,
Forty singing seamen in an old black barque,
And we landed in the twilight where a Polyphemus nodded
With his battered moon-eye winking red & yellow through the dark!
Since Ulysses bunged his eye up with a pine torch in the dark
{From “Forty Singing Seamen” by Alfred Noyes; Part I}

Across the seas of Wonderland to London town we blundered
Forty singing seamen as was puzzled for to know
If the visions that we saw was caused by – here again we pondered-
A tippie in a vision forty thousand years ago.
Could the grog we dreamt we swallowed
Make us dream of all that followed?
We were only simple seamen, so of course we did’nt know!
We were simple singing seamen, so of course we could not know.
{From “Forty Singing Seamen” by Alfred Noyes; Part XII}

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Listless, languid, limpid, lazy.
With dissolving color hazy blue of orange-hilled October.

Purple red yellow, cyan blue (Greenish blue like a turquoise).
Orange, green, violet

Vermilion, dark greenish yellow & violet blue.

Gradation is to colors just what curvature is to lines, both being felt to be beautiful by the pure instinct in every human mind. Nothing distracts the eye so much as the violent transitions of color”

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By giving a sentimental title to a picture, the artist panders to the tastes of those who cannot see & feel a picture's worth.

Let the drawing be an expression of truth perceived intelligently. It is much easier to put down a statement correctly than to correct a wrong one.

No vital expression of nature can be achieved without the aid of the particular vitality possessed by the medium with which one is working.

“Vouloir, c'est pouvoir”

Ingres' Motto {Meaning: Where there's a will there's a way}

And the stacks throw purple shadows
Through the haze of autumn's day
And the glory seems to linger
When the sun has dropped away

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Yoichi Tenko, the painter,
Dwelt by the Purple sea
Painting the peacock islands
Under his willow tree.
Also in temples he painted
Dragons of old Japan
With a child to look at the pictures –
Little O Kimi San

Kimi, the child of his brother,
Bright as the moon in May,
White as a lotus lily,
Pink as a plum-tree spray,
Linking her soft arm round him
Sang to his heart for an hour,
Kissed him with ripples of laughter
And lips of the cherry flower.

Child of the old pearl-fisher
Lost in his junk at sea,
Kimi was loved of Tenko
As his own child might be,
Yoichi tenko the painter,
Wrinkled and grey and old,
Teacher of many disciples
That paid for his dreams with gold.

Alfred Noyes
Part of the poem: "The Two Painters"

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And death was but a change of key-
In life – the golden melody-

Alfred Noyes {From Tales of the mermaid Tavern, Chapter V}

"Man is not a creature of pure reason, he must have his senses delightfully appealed to"
Charles Lamb {From Elia}

"Life is over, life was gay, we have come the primrose way"
R.L.S. {From Underwoods}

Has the drawing life & does it convey genuine feeling? Yes? Then it is not academic.

The imagination is the divinest of all the powers which men are able to put forth because it is the creative power.

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Monet reached that last degree of abstraction & imagination applied with reality of which the art of landscape is capable.

It is the subtle differences in the individual renderings of nature that are the life blood of art.

The great painters never lose sight of the fact that it is paint with which they are expressing themselves. They never paint so that you forget it is paint. They leave this to some of the smaller men.

"Invention in an art consists of thinking in that art it is the discovery of the harmonies proper to that art" Poussin

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Only that painter is an artist who adds to his representation of the visible world some new attribute or quality born of his own spirit.

Literal transcription is the antithesis of real art – instead of copying the subject, transfigure it.

"To appeal to the higher side of human nature, and to strengthen it, to come to its rescue when it is overcome by worldliness & material interests, to support it by great truths set forth in their most attractive form – this is the one worthy aim, the adequate end of all

poetic endeavors, and this it does by expressing in beautiful forms & melodious language the best thoughts & the noblest feelings which the spectacle of life awakens in the finest souls.” Prof. J.C. Sharp

It is the intention of the artist that makes his work valuable.

H.J. Bailey

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And the quartet of drunks lined up, still crooning their wish to be transported too ed Virginia with copious pleasure

A long & ominous praise punctuated with deep liquid gurgles where chaos & eternal night hold perpetual anarchy. Pulchritude is exclusively dermal in the evanescent luminosity steeped in vice beyond redemption. He’s raving mad with conscious villainy assumed mask of levity

Your wife’s society. – artful imposter come what may – with the rage of an ogre. – he was taking sustenance. I’ve been watching for hours – watching for what? Hours.

Disciple of Physical inertia – a dark brunette from Africa – appearing highly gratified at his own pleasantry – I have been perspiring in secret for the last century. – Apparently stupefied

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By the novelty of the situation. The beautiful pink of your complexion. Your complexion exhibits that peculiarly mottled combination of colors which is only to be seen in under done roast beef. If I though it was doing me the least harm, I’d quit it in a minute.

What are you looking at – Nothing sir

He feied me 3 time – My pulse is very debilitated – My confidential demon – Mr. Buelge – at so critical a moment – coffee-colored complexion. I know you’ll begin to bounce about again if I tell you – take care you do not drive me to extremities it cost me no trifling struggle to take this step – She debates upon them at great length – A little coyness will enhance my value. – You show no warmth of affection – My own sympathetic genius – I’m a mere detail – a most Pithy remark. Fine phrases – all of them.

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The doorway syrup of dreams. The fascinating ugliness of genius. Honest impulse – the simple instincts of an affectionate nature I prefer instinct to reason my beef – eating ancestors I have the right, legally to occupy a certain number of cubic feet on the surface of the earth. – dedicated to the rest cure –

He sat with his glass in his right hand in a state of melancholy alcoholic saturation – “fuddled” A most bizarre & romantic effect. A graceful expression of coquettish sadness. – In a royally gallant troubadour tone. He died of hiccoughs & a groan . A wild bloated being – very religious, but cheerful

His spectacles seemed to sag heavily on his nose – in a deep throaty voice a look of permanent sulkiness

Miss --- - that is so --- I am about as much good as a sucked orange both of which are exhilarating sensations.

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Deeply read in the little pages of all authors.

Mr. Budyn: All my wife does is to sing madrigals

I can still chew but I can't swallow

He emitted a meek wail & subconsciously died.

The horse displayed great symmetry of bone. A middle-aged man whose constitution was obviously ruined.- from sheer naughtiness – a vague prehistoric nebulosity – my name is a synonym for wit. – I confer a favor on --- by consenting to be alive. – I find even the most bizarre phenomena quite natural. He drank the tenth of a teaspoonful of coffee – Let me be your knight. I don't want to impair my bank account – on the impregnable rock of tradition. – a flower excluding a strange unearthly perfume. – a wistful medicinal princess – she floated away like a lily.

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But undeniably substantial he placidly insulted his liver with jaw-breaker upon jaw breaker domestic disposition

The city cars which “spill immortal souls in the evening suburbs” – Arnold Bennett

All passes – Art alone

Enduring stays with us

The bust outlasts the throne

The coin – Tiberius

Art is emotion remembered in tranquility

Learn as though you were to live forever. Live as though you were to die tomorrow.

Some have “ thought it happier to be dead to die for beauty, than live for bread”

{Newspaper clipping} “To art we go as to a well, athirst,

And see our shadow 'gainst its mimic skies,

But in its depth must plunge and be immersed

To clasp the naiad truth where low she lies.

-William Watson”

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When the professor met one of his oldest and most intimate friends the day after the lecture he naturally expected some comments on the previous evening's remarks. Many other topics were freely discussed. Finally the lecturer grew uneasy and remarked:

I was pleased to see you at the hall last night.

Yes, I was there.

Fine audience.

Yes, very nice crowd.

I always like to see my near friends about me when I lecture," the prof resumed timidly.

"Persons who I know can appreciate— I mean, who will sympathize— or rather, who— eh? What did you say—

I didn't say anything

Oh! I beg your pardon. I thought you did

No— Fine day—

Turning colder I fancy— Well I must be moving Good day

{Newspaper Clipping} "to describe as a Palais Royal farce— a naughty affair, but reasonably discreet. A"

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Whoever lifts the veil of misunderstanding finds loveliness in all things.

I was in the mood to be amused by trifles.

immemorial silence

"Art must ever be re-discovered & made over again from the beginning."

Julius Lange

{Enclosed in a sketch} Marvin

Dorwart

Cone

Ex Libris

Marvin D Cone

{Newspaper clipping} "Now You Know It.

He—Could you learn to love me?

She—I learned to speak Chinese.

—[Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern."

{Newspaper clipping} "W"

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Ignorance, inattention, prejudice, rashness, levity, obstinacy, in short all those passions & all those vices which pervert the judgment in other matters – prejudice at no less in this its more refined & elegant province – “taste”

The mission of no picture is to compete with nature.

To know is good but to feel is better when it is a question of appropriating the form and meaning of a work of art.

“he rejoiced with a fine childlike gladness in the mere outward shows of things”

And this practice is harmful to one’s power of perceiving truth & beauty of any kind.

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Full of odors & warmth, drowsy & delicious.

October haze. Purpled stacks
A sun dropping low & lower
Lengthening shadows – Evening mist
And a golden day is o’er

The lyf so short, the craft so long to lerne
The tools so crude, the master hand so stern
The price so great, the gain so nearly naught
The efforts vain, or knowledge dearly bought
A broken tool – an naught wherewith to mend
A struggle brief, & then we reach – the End
Paul Lorrilliere

No profit goes where is no pleasure ta’en
In brief, sir, study what you most affect”
Shakespeare

The ability to enjoy the best is conditioned upon intimate acquaintances with the best

“It is the treating of the commonplace with the feeling of the sublime that gives to art its true power” Millet

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It is a higher art to capture a mans imagination than to appeal to his intellect.
All the arts receive their perfection from an ideal beauty, superior to what is to be found in individual nature.

The of art is not to deceive the eye

The value & rank of every art is in proportion to the mental labor employed in it or the mental pleasure produced by it. The great end of art is to strike the imagination. Art gives something for the imagination to play upon.

Whatever can be better experienced in words has no place in painting.

We call it art because it is not nature: [Goethe?] The musician works up notes, the poet syllables, into a music unlike anything in nature & so must the painter work up nature's colors & forms under the sole guidance of his artistic instinct.

It is east to belittle what one will not take the trouble to understand

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Before one can lay down a law as to how one ought to feel about a work of art, it is but reasonable to try to find out how one really does feel.

All beauty in the long run is only fineness of truth – Do not accept prettiness for beauty They do not recognize that in the separate insistence upon each & every one of these bits of detail, the painter has frittered away the significance of his composition as a whole until in the artistic meaning of the term it is no longer pictorial composition because it lacks the unity which results from subordination of detail.

Art in the various forms is the product & the expression of man's feeling for beauty.

There are people who look upon art solely as a vehicle for intellectual, moral or religious ideas; that it may & should possess a power of independent appeal to our emotions is overlooked. It is as if they saw in the glory of a crimson sunset only the promise of a fine day tomorrow for the farming operations;

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no present joy or source of physical & spiritual enjoyment.

An era of perception & feeling.

The emotion is so infinitely larger a thing than any possible expression of it

Art can never give the rules that make an art.

Art is the representation of Nature, not Nature reproduced but Nature as interpreted by the personality of the artist.

Be sure you understand what a painter is trying to do before you blame – or praise.

The spirit of art is the same throughout the ages, the forms of art forever change as the needs of the new eras succeed one another.

Imagination deals only with materials supplied by the sense

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Frank Brangwyn's Palette.

Flake white, yellow ochre, raw sienna, burnt sienna, cadmium, venetian red, vermilion & French blue. It is a little peal of bells upon which many carillon changes are rung all the time.

Genius is a superlative borrower
Emerson

The mission of art is solely to appeal to the love of form & color & to leave intellect and conscience & morality untouched "Frank Brangwyn

C. Lambert Paterson of Chicago has some of the paintings of Claude Monet.
Wm. O. Cole of Chicago has a sketch by Frank Brangwyn for his large picture of St. Simeon Stylites.

{Enclosed in a box} Morris Davis
Normal 1654

Paul
325 - Oakland Ave
Milwaukee

R.J. Williams
6167 McClellan Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

{Newspaper clipping} Charles Austin Needham is showing a group of his paintings in the Daniel Gallery, in West Forty-seventh Street, which are peculiarly interesting by reason of they number and variety of studies in which he has employed subdued light. Moonlight and dawn effects characterize the exhibition. The artist handles these subjects well and produces combinations of silver, green, blue, purple and gray with attendant reflections and poetic results. Not a little of merit is due to his ability to enable the beholder to penetrate and see through the darkest shadows. Most painters understand light better than darkness, but Mr. Needham's dreams carry him with equal facility through both.

As if to show that he could join, if he would, the company of revelers in light who commonly send their pictures to these galleries, he presents one subject called "Rock Ribbed Ravines," in which a lighted sky of clouds fleecily white, with deep blue showing behind and between them, are flanked by cliffs of uniform darkest brown.

{Newspaper clipping} ART IN AMERICA.

Another group of sanguine local artists assure themselves and us that Chicago may make sure of a future in art which will pale the ineffectual glories of Florence or of

Greece. We devoutly hope so, and if faith will bring this about let us by all means have such faith as we can muster.

But faith, after all, without works is not likely to bring about an epochal efflorescence of art, and if we are to rely much upon continual assertion of a glorious destiny let us at least be careful not to place our reliance upon the wrong forces.

Somehow references to Florence, not to speak of Athens, are not altogether reassuring save perhaps the moments of post-prandial enthusiasm. Just why that small Tuscan town, less than twice the size of Waukegan, should have been able to lead all civilization during the greatest phase of perhaps the most brilliant epoch of modern times is a problem we are not inclined to tackle. But certainly it was not for some of the reasons which seem to figure in the usual inventory of our merits. It was not because Florence was big, or amiable, or securely prosperous. Was it because she was highly energized as we are?

A doubt imposes itself. The intensity of the Florentine very little resembles American energy. If we possess what the French have labeled for us, "la vie intense," it is a strenuousness that hardly runs to art. Our "vie intense" is the life of business, of material, objective, pecuniary achievement. The Florentines were great merchants and greater bankers, but their life was passionate, intense in a sense that our American temperament at this stage, at any rate, inhibits. Beauty is a high, if not the highest, expression of vitality, and there is a rather half-hearted response to it in our time and place. At best art is for us a decoration of life, never its most profound and significant expression, and while it remains a mere decoration it will never be the channel of great power.

Art with us is only culture. We pursue it politely when we are otherwise comfortable. It is not yet in the full tide of our lives. Until art is necessary we shall not rival Florence. Perhaps art will become for us necessary, commanding, and suddenly, inexplicable, a great epoch will come to us. But deeper forces will bring the miracle about than institutes or societies can generate.

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The Romance of Folk-lore-

Samuel Tindall

Independent Vol. 61- P. 922.

For some ideas on the early ... of myths & legends

A village of Vagabonds – F. Berkely Smith

Doubleday Page & Coo – N.Y. \$1.50]

Fata Morgana – Andre Castaigne

“The Real Thing” Henry James \$1. Macmillan N.Y.

Marcelle of the Latin Quarter {found book, title is Marcelle of the Quarter}

Clive Holland - \$1.25 Stokes N.Y.

The Enjoyment of Art – Carleton Noyes

Houghton Mifflin & Co. – Boston N.Y.

The Riveisi de Press – Cambridge

The dog is in the bedstead
The cat is in the lake
The cow is in the hammock
What difference does it make?

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If everywhere was opened up
And everything was free
And nothing mattered very much
How simple it would be

To find in almost anything
Whatever might be there
And anyhow & anyway
But something anywhere

Tis midnight & the setting sun
Is slowly rising in the west
The rapid rivers slowly run
The frog is on his downy nest
The pensive goat & sportive cow
Hilarious leaf from bough to bough

The night was growing old
As she trudged through snow & sleet
Her nose was long & cold
And her shoes were full of feet

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Aunt Laura Rice 533 – 60th St East

To reach Hoftrup ...
F. W. Weisbrook
McManus Bldg.
Davenport, Iowa

J.L. Hoftrup
137 East Water St.
Elmira, N. Y.
Chicago Address 4546 Wilcox Ave-

A preacher describing how he preaches- “I take my text & divide my sermon into 3 parts.
In the first part I tell em what I’m going to tell em. In the second part – well I tell em &
in the 3rd part I tell em what I’ve told em.”

You have a very fine way of doing nothing

Mr. Hoftrup water color palette-

Yellows-	Blues-	Reds-
Cadmium	Prussiam	Indian Red
Gamboge	Cobalt	Vermilion
Raw Sienna	Indigo	Crimson Lake

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Hyde Park – 6604

Uncle Sam – 5344 Harper Air 58

Mr. Dripps - a playwright resembling

Mr. Budge - everything that happens in

A play will furnish material for the play he is secretly writing

(Drawing of an orchestra)

Score.

Flutes

Oboe

Horn ...

Clarinets

Bassoons

F. Horns

Trumpets

Trombones

Tuba

...

1st Violin

2nd Violin

Viola

Chello

Base

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The Orchestra

Four

Three Kinds of instruments in an orchestra

Strings, woodwind, brass, instruments of percussion(the battery)

The usual strings are, 1st & 2nd Violin, viola, chello & base viola

The viola & chello are the remnants of a numerous viola family.

The woodwind instruments are Flute, oboe & bassoon clarinets

Contra- bassoon- base clarinet

The brass instruments – trumpets – French horns, trombones & Tubas.

Percussion instruments – kettle drums , base drum- triangles etc-

There are from 16-18 first violas & perhaps 16 seconds - possibly 2 violas & 10 cellos & basses

There are usually 2 flutes, 2 oboe, 2 bassoons & 2 clarinets

There are usually 2 trumpets, 4 french horns – 3 trombones & 1 Tuba

There are usually 2 or 3 drums

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Pas tout mal

Je n'ai pas de pain

Je ne manqué une serviette.

Commint allez-vous ce matin

Grand ciel! Luelle hoveur!

Va te cacher

Bien des amities a

Meillaurs voeux pour la

Nouvelle annee.

Pour passer le tiempas

Meilleurs voeux pour la

Nouvelle annee.

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