

THE BULLETIN

OF THE
SANDON STUDIOS SOCIETY



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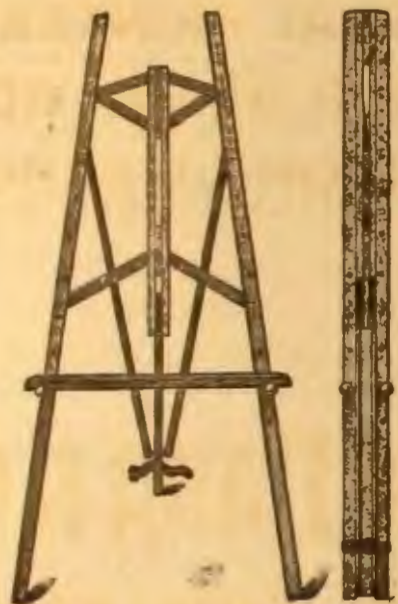
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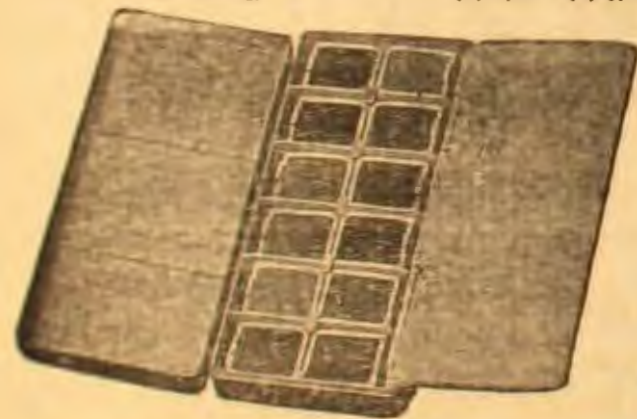
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THE BULLETIN

THE BULLETIN OF THE SANDON STUDIOS SOCIETY.

QUARTERLY—No. 8.

APRIL, 1914

ILLUSION.

DISPEL not my illusions while they
weave
Their phantasies through truth, but
let me dream
My dream out to the end, and still believe
There is no dawn, whose waking shafts
yet gleam
As burnished spear-heads round some
city's wall,
Where silent watchers wait until the
gates shall fall.

The shadows which the trees fling on the
grass
Are all too fleeting; soon the omnipotent
night
Will merge them in himself; so will they
pass
Into the darkness, and the tomb of light.
But, 'till they fade, and the cold night
arise,
Give me your hand, and light the shadows
with your eyes.

N. D. HACKETT.

CONTEMPORARY ART.

BY PROFESSOR REILLY.

THE discerning have long recognised that in the Sandon Studios Society Liverpool possesses a group of artists of real vitality and enthusiasm. Their work has proved at each successive exhibition how alive they are to modern influences, and how anxious they are to interpret modern life. If Liverpool is again to be honoured by possession of a Liverpool school of painting in any real sense of the term, it will be the outcome of such a Society. But the activities of the Sandon Studios do not stop short with the exhibition of their own work. With

the disinterestedness of artists—a disinterestedness which should be recognised and welcomed by all, to whatever cult in art they may be attached—this society has from time to time brought to the town exhibitions of great moment. It was due to them that Liverpool had an opportunity of seeing the models of Gordon Craig, and the post-impressionist pictures from the Grafton Gallery. The great town gallery, perhaps of necessity from its position as a municipal institution, takes no side in current controversies. If by chance a rebel picture finds its way into its vast annual exhibition, it is smothered by the surrounding academic respectability. While the unthinking mass of the public may be satisfied, the serious student finds it difficult, if not impossible, to disentangle the skeins, and is too often tempted to turn his back on the whole exhibition. It should always be remembered that there is an invertebrate as well as a vertebrate type of catholicity—a catholicity of no taste as well as a catholicity of taste. The Walker Gallery, therefore, leaves the way open for a private society, which knows its own mind, to undertake a public work; and in bringing to Liverpool this exhibition of the pictures, bought for the nation by the Contemporary Art Society, the Sandon Studios Society has done a wise, a generous, and a very patriotic thing.

The Contemporary Art Society, founded in 1909, with Lord Howard de Walden as its president, and Earl Plymouth as treasurer, with curators of our leading galleries, like Charles Aitkin, of the Tate, and D. S. MacColl, of the Wallace Collection, on the committee, is fast becoming a great force in the world of art. Its aim is to encourage, by purchase and exhibition, the more remarkable examples of the works of painters who in any other country would enjoy official patronage. During the last century little or no attempt was made to secure painting which had stood the test of time. For the present century, when English art, after long stagnation, is exhibiting the ferment of a new life and spirit, the Contemporary Art Society has under-

taken this task. The result of its labours so far was seen in Liberty Buildings during the month of February.

One may say at once that no more striking exhibition has taken place in recent years in London or Liverpool. The society, with the influence a society so well founded and with so disinterested an end in view is bound to possess, has been able to secure many famous pictures—the cream of successive exhibitions at the New English, the Academy, and latterly at the Grafton Gallery. There is, for instance, and hung in the place of honour, Augustus John's famous "Smiling Woman" (No. 47)—a veritable modern Mona Lisa. Everyone who stands before this great picture, painted a few years ago, which came as a revelation to London of a new master to rank with the masters of all time, will feel in the massive proportions of the figure, the dignity of its attitude, and the inscrutable smile of the face, those elements of the eternal which belong only to the greatest art. Here is no trick or artifice. The masterly handling of the paint is the direct transcript of the imagination, nothing is laboured, everything is sure, certain, and complete. This picture alone should make this exhibition remembered.

Augustus John, however, is represented by other paintings and drawings. In No. 39, "St. Chamas" (a study) we have the same respect for his medium, the same purity and restraint both in colour and form, though with further simplification. The abstract beauty long seen in John's drawings is here carried to the more complex medium of colour and paint. In Nos. 90, 93, 95, we have examples of his perfect draughtsmanship, for which alone he would remain famous. In one—a woman standing with outstretched arms there is a perfection in the relation of each part to the whole which is Greek in its exactitude. Then there is the "Walpurgis Night," a sketch made by him when a student at the Slade. Surely this drawing, with its Rembrandt-like insight into that romance of char-

acter, is the most remarkable drawing any student ever made.

Wilson Steer is represented by four typical landscapes showing his great knowledge of the intricacies of sunlight, and if to-day we are attracted by a deeper emotional expression than these paintings seem to show, they yet stand for that solid achievement of Mr. Steer when, in the early days of this century, he brought about the rehabilitation of English landscape painting.

Another famous picture which Liverpool should be glad to see is Charles Conder's "Green Apple" (No. 8), though the slight tendency to incoherence in composition, noticeable in all his larger works, can be detected. What this incoherence may amount to in another painter of decorations—an associate of the Royal Academy—may be seen in the two works of Charles Sims, A.R.A. (Nos. 17 and 32). More satisfactory in every way are the landscapes of C. J. Holmes—Oxford professor and distinguished curator of the National Portrait Gallery—especially in Nos. 1 and 31. There is no looseness here; his mountains have sure and beautiful outlines; his colours are both pure and delicate. The same remarks apply in even greater degree to the small landscape of J. D. Innes (No. 42)—the landscape artist to whom so many eyes are beginning to turn. This little picture is indeed one of the splendours of the collection. It exhibits in landscape the same sense of abstract purity and perfection that a John drawing possesses. Henry Tonks, the builder of the Slade School, to whom is largely due the modern revival of draughtsmanship as an end in itself, is represented by four pictures, and notably by Nos. 29 and 36—"A Girl's Head" and "A Girl with a Parrot." This latter picture, with its respect for detail, represents a curiously-different outlook to that of his famous pupil, Augustus John. William Nicholson, in his "Lowestoft Bowl" (No. 46) might be placed in an intermediate position between them. He has some of the strength of the younger man, and yet

retains the older man's interest in minutiae. Nicholson has, too, a sweet and delicious method of applying his paint, which, nevertheless, sometimes serves to hide a certain shallowness of thought.

Gerard Chown is shown by "Flowers in Sunlight" (No. 32), in which he departs from his usual Fautin-Latour manner for a stronger and more realistic method, and this without any loss to the fine taste which distinguishes this charming artist. William Rothenstein is represented by "Two Figures" (No. 13), a painting with more fantasy than usually appears in this artist's fine and conscientious work. Perhaps the influence of Conder can be traced in this picture. His brother Albert, now famous for his stage decorations for Granville Barker, has several dainty drawings full of charming conceits. Muirhead Bone is shown by his great and monumental drawing (No. 65) of the British Museum Reading-room—a drawing in which the highest imaginative effects are obtained without any departure from the strictest realism. Piranesi never obtained finer results from the ruins of Rome than Muirhead Bone gets from his scaffolding. He is also represented by one of his rare and generally successful excursions into colour (No. 9). No. 12, by William Orpen, A.R.A., shows how far away he has strayed into the groves of the Academy from his old associate, Augustus John.

Miss Gwen John has two small pictures very delicately seen and painted (Nos. 2 and 10), which, like her plays, show an imagination in its way as fine and clear as her brother's. H. B. Brabazon—Sargent's great discovery in water-colour work and his master in that medium—has a characteristic drawing (No. 63), while our most scholarly of sculptors, Havard Thomas, sends three pencil drawings, in which is easily apparent that delicate and intimate quality which makes his sculpture so far removed from the common ruck. Walter Sickert, spokesman and prophet for so many of the younger men, shows a portrait of

George Moore (No. 19), which seems like a Whistler portrait, to be one of the spirit rather than the flesh. Liverpool will be interested and proud to see that this society, which exists to save for posterity worthy works of present-day artists, has bought a picture of Darsie Japp's (No. 50) while another painter closely connected with the town, David Muirhead, is similarly honoured by two purchases. The impressionists are represented by Lucien Pissaro with the honoured name (No. 54) and Duncan Grant's well-known "Queen of Sheba" (No. 52).

Lastly, we come to the cubists, and it is confessedly a relief to know that most of their works have been given to the society by their authors. Even so, it is difficult to understand the bond of union between them and the rest of the show. Wyndham Lewis in his "Laughing Woman" (102) at any rate allows himself pleasant colour if he deals in forms of nightmare shape; but even this much cannot be granted to Roger Fry, while in No. 106 C. F. Hamilton shows women who appear to have undergone the process meted out to the freshly-caught lobster. There may be some deep emotional meaning in these works which escapes me. I know their authors are sincere, but I find myself without any key to the language they speak.

But, whether we include or exclude these last pictures, hung by themselves, this exhibition, which has been collected by experts, and which comes to us from the city galleries of Manchester, Leeds, Bradford, and Aberdeen, is one which no one in Liverpool who has any real interest in art can afford to miss.

ART OF THE PRESENT.

A LECTURE DELIVERED BY
MR. CHARLES AITKEN.

MANY of those questions which have for some time been quietly disturbing the art world were touched upon in an interesting address delivered on Friday, Feb. 13th, in connection with

the Contemporary Art Society Exhibition in Liberty Buildings, Liverpool, by Mr. Charles Aitken, curator of the Tate Gallery. Professor Reilly was in the chair.

Mr. Aitken's subject was "The Present Position of British Art," and in the course of his address he said that certainly in technique the dominating artistic movement of the nineteenth century had been impressionism, the almost scientific study of light, as befitted a scientific era—the substitution of tints for contrasts of tone as used by Rembrandt and the chiaroscurists. Turner initiated the movement, and Constable handed on the idea to the French. But it was Monet, Pizarro, Sisley, and their followers who exploited it in a logical and scientific rather than in a truly artistic way. Impressionism might be said to have really revealed light in nature. The mistake of Impressionism as a movement was that it mistook a new means for an end, and from the disregard of Monet and its chief exponents for ethical significance it began to pall and produced reactions in various directions. Mr. Aitken went on to say how Cezanne, Gauguin, and van Gogh used Impressionism as a fresh and intense means of illustrating their personal vision of great themes of life. From them and their formulas were derived many schools and lesser artists of the present day.

They had to thank Legros that when Impressionism began to pall, from among his well-trained pupils came a movement led by Augustus John, Henry Lamb, Tonks, and others. The intent of this movement is democratic and revolutionary, and it seeks simplification in form and in technical methods. As a result of it a lean, athletic art has been created that pierces the inner consciousness. The poetry is inherent and not literary, as with the Pre-Raphaelites. Side by side with the artists of this movement we have the English Post-Impressionists.

Like all new movements, Post-Impressionism is, Mr. Aitken went on, full of

mistakes and blind alleys. Often run by cranks and sensation-mongers, its cause has been preached perhaps too much by the intellectual exponent; nevertheless, it has in it a vital spark which has revolutionised our vision already. Who is shocked at seeing Mr. John's work now? He seems a conservative classic. The difficulty in the way of Post-Impressionism is that the object is so denuded of all its attributes, shape, colour, etc., as to be unidentifiable except as a blob of colour, possibly suggesting volume. The appeal of such art cannot be great or continuous. It would be on the level with the carpet design which palls unless based on some remote subject.

After dealing with Neo-Realism, Cubism, and Futurism, Mr. Aitken said that art is still living and struggling towards fresh expression. No doubt it is terribly hampered by the conditions of modern industrialism. The present distribution of wealth is also utterly inimical to art. Steps, such as real education with small classes and well-equipped teachers, who would sift out each child to what he was really fitted for and train him for it, the formation of trade guilds managing their own internal affairs, the more even distribution of wealth, the production for use instead of for sale and profit, will have to be taken unless modern civilisation is to perish by degeneration, disease, and servile decline or by violence and revolt; and until they are taken art cannot but be anæmic and hectic, the product of the ill-balanced individuals, unsupported by the faith of a sound order of society. One of the most hopeful signs of to-day is the growing opportunities for mural decorations in schools, halls, theatres, and public places. These wall spaces give the younger artists opportunities for developing their innate instinct for decorative pattern and significant form. The results are enjoyed by all, or at least by many, so that the painters have the support of working for a wide public. By such consummate art, the obsession of mankind, that possession is better than access, is to some extent weakened, and one step towards a better, sounder basis

of life and art seems actually being taken in a faltering tentative fashion before our very eyes.

* * * *

THE CONTROVERSY

AROUSÉD BY THE CONTEMPORARY ART EXHIBITION.

To the Editor of the Post and Mercury.

Sir,—If any of your readers wish to see the whole spirit of Modernity dissected and laid bare to its wildly-throbbing heart, let them go to the Contemporary Art Exhibition at the Sandon Studios.

Like most revolutionary spirits, it is not wholly bad; there is, indeed, much that is good: its energy, its altruism, its enthusiasm. When I refer to "It" I mean the spirit of modernity, modern tendency, or whatever you like to call it, not only in art but in all its many and varied ramifications.

This exhibition, as I have said before, lays before the mind's eye a neatly-plotted graph of its many points of interest, and—alas!—its great mistakes. It is with the latter I wish to deal; the former have already many champions.

Take these pictures generally. What do you find? Lack of balance, lack of discrimination, lack of judgment, in the collection of the whole and in the painting of many.

With its back to what will most certainly be, a century hence, a much-admired old master, hangs a strange work—I was going to say "of art," but I could not bring my fingers to perpetrate such impiety. This grotesque image of all that is not in woman is, philosophically, artistically, and prosaically, one of three things: a lunacy, a joke, or an impertinence; and yet I am told it is the best of its kind in the exhibition. After having looked for some time at the "Laughing Women," and heard much of its praise, I was almost prepared for the "Canal de Condekerque." I will say no more of the other senseless daubs by various persons

whose proper fantastic appellation I am sure I should get wrong were I to attempt it.

Another indictment: Should you have hanging in the same room Orpen's "Summer Afternoon" and, on the one hand, Vanessa Bell's "Girlhood of Thisbe," and on the other Walter Bayes' "Day Dreams?" It is possible that both the latter might find admirers, but neither are worthy a place in a national exhibition.

In this collection, and the spirit it exemplifies, you discover the same pathetic combination: an eye to perfection and a total lack of eye to imperfection—in a phrase, you never find commonsense.

In no other exhibition in the world, I venture to say, would you find such a miscellaneous and polyglot collection, and I have seen many permanent and temporary exhibitions of art in Brussels, Paris, Milan, Venice, Florence, Rome, and London.

I am hoping for much information from the lecture Mr. Charles Aitken is going to deliver—in the same building, I believe—on Friday next; but I may say with confidence that, despite his forensic and artistic qualifications, he will be totally unable to prove that the committee of the Contemporary Art Society justify their existence by their selection.

I ask for one thing only in art as in life. Let it be consistent. In art let our national or civil exhibitions be as good as the Pitti, or as hopelessly mediocre as the Walker Art Gallery. In life let commonsense control hysteria, and the straight jacket the certified lunatic.

Apologising for using so much of your valuable space.—Yours, etc.,

MENS SANA.

* * * *

To the Editor of the Post and Mercury.

Sir,—The pictures bought for the nation by the Contemporary Art Society, and now being exhibited in the rooms of

the Sandon Studios Society, have aroused much controversy in Liverpool, and have led to the expression of many extraordinary views.

Of the latter surely none are more singular or less justifiable than those embodied in a letter published in your columns above the signature of "Mens Sana."

After a favourable review of certain of the exhibits, he complains that the collection as a whole is lacking in consistency—as if that were a fault instead of a supreme merit—and cites the great Continental galleries in support of his contention.

This really is amazing. The most casual acquaintance with the contents of the Louvre, the Kaiser Frederick Museum, and the Uffizzi Gallery, to take three typical examples, is sufficient to dispel the idea that uniformity of type has either been achieved or desired. One of the most important aims of these institutions has been the maintenance of a broad and reasonably catholic attitude towards artistic work. It is only through the adoption of such a policy that any great representative collection of pictures can be formed.

This principle the Contemporary Art Society have steadily kept in view; and the works they have brought together have been acquired in a spirit of generous tolerance. They have not, like too many of our picture-buying committees, waited till artists were of international reputation, and then vainly attempted to secure their works at prohibitive prices. From the formation of the society, it was determination to patronise painters of unrecognised but unquestionable genius, with the result that the present exhibition includes drawings by Augustus John, water-colours and oils by C. J. Holmes, landscapes by Orpen and Wilson Steer, and portraits by W. Rothenstein.—Yours, etc.,

CORPUS SANUM.

Liverpool, Feb. 12, 1914.

To the Editor of the Post and Mercury.

Sir,—I have read "Mens Sana's" letter in your issue of Thursday with great interest, and only regret that he did not go further. Where is the "bounce" of the Sandon Studios Society going to end? Are we to allow them to foist off the works of a set of heretics on a credulous public as the best examples of modern art? Surely, if the citizens of Liverpool desire to see what modern art really is they have only to go to our splendid civic collection, where the great academicians are adequately represented.

To the defenders of the Sandon Studios Society and the panegyrists of eccentricity I would say, "Look on this picture and on that." Let them compare their present much-vaunted show with such a well-selected and representative collection as that which our city fathers provide in the annual Autumn Exhibition, and then let them hide their diminished heads.—Yours, etc.,

NO NONSENSE.

* * * *

A LETTER

SENT

To the Editor of "The Post and Mercury"

BUT WHICH DID NOT APPEAR.

Sir,—Notwithstanding the able letter of "Corpus Sanum" which appeared in your issue of the 14th inst., I am afraid the vision of "Mens Sana" together with that of "No Nonsense" will need further clarifying. Permit me.

A writer in a recent number of "The Observer" most truthfully remarked that "Primitive space has entered into us, as it were. Against that space within us, as against the space that appalled the savage from without, we erect always more hard and logical images. All brute material, animate and inanimate, of earth becomes as organism to confront the soul. Formerly the soul as a simple

"figure, like a bullet, faced the environing "vagueness."

Before the canvases of P. Wyndham Lewis, E. Wadsworth, Roger Fry, C. F. Hamilton, and Fred Etchells, at present displayed in the Sandon Studios, all true art lovers have striven to adumbrate the eternal conflict between the morbid pathology of Realism and the poignant simplicity of Nihilism. In other and shorter words, chaos must ever be on the side (the other side) of the angels. Until the advent of the New Truth—and the Sandon Society—the whole mission of Art in this city had trickled into a desertum of arid sentiment. One could stalk, like "Corpus Sanum," through the Louvre, the Kaiser Frederick Museum, and the Uffizzi Gallery, and find nothing to lighten one's melancholy. Emotion, Idealism, and Beauty one sees depicted *ad nauseum*. These are the qualities which, acting as evil spirits, have fettered Art up to the present day. The New Art has so exorcised them that they have fled before the Light howling. Wyndham Lewis's tender parallelograms, "Laughing Women" (No. 102), and E. Wadsworth's triumph of astigmatism "Canal de Condekerque" (No. 103), are examples of this conquest of the inner retina over the brutal insistences of form and matter. Concerning No. 103, how sweetly the limpid, lilting strains issue from "The London Charivari's" own Futurist poet.

"Mud, sedimentary, coffee-colour,
And here a wedge, a sharp, keen thrustful
triangularity,
And squares that writhe in painful green,
Calling, clamouring—O venerable shade
of Euclid.
Back to the ages dusty, maculated,
Across the slate-hued fogs of time
Behold them!—oblongs of sliding water
And cubed banks,
Bridges and barges, blatantly, wonder-
fully, inconceivably angular,
Calling, clamouring — Canal, CANAL,
CANAL!"

Of still deeper significance is that wonderfully luminous canvas of C. F. Hamilton (No. 106) "The Natives." No picture in the whole range of art is more illustrative of the high souled heroism demanded for the struggle by the modern movement in art against convention than is this poignant work, wherein, true to the eternal verities, the artist has confounded realism in its own domain by the unrecognisable faces of the squatters.

One Teutonic spectator, pointing to "The Woman at the Mirror" (No. 107) by Fred Etchells, eloquent in his incoherence, was moved to cry out, "Dis makes mine soul to sweat!" and a Corporation official from William Brown Street, recognising for the first time in his existence that the inhibition of all apperceptions in art is correlative to the inner ego, vociferated with sated soul, "Enough!" and passed into the darkness. . . . No, not the darkness, henceforth to him, for his eye was delivered from the veil of atavism and he was aware, at last, of the flashing of the living fires of vivid viridian and alizarin—violets and yellows which penetrated his brain-pan direct from the star yspangled empyrean.

THE OFFICE BOY OF "THE BULLETIN."

* * * *

MARRIAGE.

GRANT—DAWSON.—Dec. 31, at Church of St. Mark, Claughton, by the Rev. H. Leigh Mallory, M.A., vicar, James Ardern, third son of Jesse Grant, of Hoylake, to Ann Stringer (Cissy), elder daughter of the late Alfred Dawson, of London, and Mrs. Dawson, of Fair Lawn, Caroline Place, Claughton.

The Sandõno Dance.

Allegretto grazioso

Arnold Clibborn.

The first system of musical notation, consisting of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. It begins with a treble clef and a common time signature. The music features a melody in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef. Dynamics include *mf* and *f*. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The second system of musical notation, continuing the piece. It features a treble clef and a common time signature. The music includes a melody in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef. Dynamics include *mp*. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The third system of musical notation, continuing the piece. It features a treble clef and a common time signature. The music includes a melody in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef. Dynamics include *f*. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The fourth system of musical notation, continuing the piece. It features a treble clef and a common time signature. The music includes a melody in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef. Dynamics include *f*. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The fifth system of musical notation, continuing the piece. It features a treble clef and a common time signature. The music includes a melody in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef. Dynamics include *ritard* and *mf*. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The first system of musical notation on the right page, continuing the piece. It features a treble clef and a common time signature. The music includes a melody in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef. Dynamics include *f*. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The second system of musical notation on the right page, continuing the piece. It features a treble clef and a common time signature. The music includes a melody in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef. Dynamics include *f*. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The third system of musical notation on the right page, continuing the piece. It features a treble clef and a common time signature. The music includes a melody in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef. Dynamics include *f*. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The fourth system of musical notation on the right page, continuing the piece. It features a treble clef and a common time signature. The music includes a melody in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef. Dynamics include *f*. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The fifth system of musical notation on the right page, concluding the piece. It features a treble clef and a common time signature. The music includes a melody in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef. Dynamics include *f*. The system concludes with a double bar line and the word "FINE".

THE ART OF THE TROGLODYTE.

GENUINE antiques, which are at the same time beautiful, are to-day more rare than the Dodo, and yet Mr. Legge showed us their likenesses at least in large numbers on the 9th of this present month. Art before Adam seems an astonishing announcement; but when we saw pictures painted and drawn forty-five thousand years before our first ancestor, it was hard to believe that de Rougemont was not again startling us with incredible tales. The lecturer's precision, his carefully-arranged facts, and his unassailable proofs, however, soon converted hovering disbelief into silent astonishment. That such things could have been produced before the formation of proper speech and even before so-called intelligent thought seems as incredible as in reality it is true.

The key-note of the lecture was sensationalism: ghosts, fifty thousand years old, spoke in the artistic tones of the present day—a spiritualistic séance is a farce compared with Mr. Legge's revelations. The writer, at all events, felt the hairs of his head touch the ceiling, and the marrow of his spine grow cold and fluid. In the end, the intellectual interest of the information poured out to the listeners perhaps partly overcame the feelings of fear and astonishment.

It is difficult to conceive anything more thrilling or more interesting, even to the mere outsider, than this topic of the cave-man's art. Art it most certainly was, in some cases of as high or even higher order than that of the present day, and the conditions under which it was produced only accentuate its true value.

To this artistic and extraordinary skill of Prehistoric Man must every member of the Sandon bow he knee, whether layman or painter, and for the consciousness of this slavery we have Mr. Legge to thank.

We take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Legge on behalf of the Club. We

realize that he is a very busy man, and that it must have entailed considerable trouble and self-sacrifice for him to make the necessary time and visit us. We can assure him that his lecture was greatly enjoyed; and that we will always be glad when his engagements permit of his lecturing to us again on this or any other subject.

* * * *

A CURRENT CLUB-ROOM EXHIBITION.

ROOM I.

Oil Paintings.

1. DONALD MACLAREN—The Maw, Barmouth.
2. M. COONAN—Brewery Bay.
3. HENRY HILES—The Valley.
4. W. ALISON MARTIN—Orduna, Spain
5. MICHAEL COONAN—Sketch.
6. W. ALISON MARTIN—Sefton Park.
7. ETHEL M. FRIMSTON—Interior.
8. W. ALISON MARTIN—Arbieto, Spain
9. CONSTANCE IRVING—The Herd.
10. DONALD MACLAREN—Lake Cregennan
11. BETTY MORRIS—Pastureland.
12. BETTY MORRIS—The Anchor, Hemingford Grey.
13. BARBARA HILES—Conway Valley.
14. HENRY HILES—The Estuary.

ROOM II.

Oil Paintings.

15. BARBARA HILES—Dahlias.
16. HILDA G. ATKINSON—Groote Kerk, Dordrecht.
17. CONSTANCE IRVING—Miss Minnie McLeish.

ROOM III.

Etchings, etc.

18. HAMILTON HAY—Southwold Village (Drypoint).
19. HAMILTON HAY—Southwold (Drypoint).
20. HAMILTON HAY—Old Salt Mill (Drypoint).
21. W. ALISON MARTIN—The Bather (Lithograph).
22. JESSIE BESWICK—A Café in Paris.
23. JESSIE BESWICK—The Market Place.
24. HAMILTON HAY—The Ferry (Drypoint).
25. BETTY MORRIS—The White Calf (Watercolour).

ROOM IV.

Oils, etc.

26. CONSTANCE IRVING—The Necklace.
27. ETHEL M. FRIMSTON—Flowers.
28. JOHN GARSIDE—The Shore.
29. HENRY HILES—The Cliff Path.
30. ETHEL M. FRIMSTON—Flowers.
31. JOHN GARSIDE—Summer.
32. GEO. W. HARRIS—Frieze for Ballroom.

* * * *

THE BUTTERDISH.

An unsolicited testimonial from "The Liverpool Daily Courier" (March 14th) anent the Sandon Studio exhibits in The Birkenhead Art Gallery.

"Of all descriptions, there are just over five hundred works displayed, all betraying a placid orthodoxy, the serenity of which is disturbed by one wall in the large gallery which is occupied almost

entirely by a small selection of works by a group of Sandon Studio iconoclasts. It is not always safe to bestow praise upon the production of these workers, for they are daring enough as it is, and if they were once imbued with the idea that anything they sprung upon an innocent public would be received with acclamation there would be no conceiving to what lengths they would go. Their contributions to the present show are, however, something for which to be thankful; their bold disregard of detail relieves the meticulous exactness which is so much in evidence elsewhere on the walls, and their riotous colour breaks up the prevalent tones of grey and dirty yellow. Hail to the Sandonites, who, in their onslaught on gloom, are led by Henry Carr with one of the best figure studies, "The Striped Dress," he has ever accomplished. Mrs. Ethel Martin Frimston successfully adds to the colour scheme with her brilliant and bold Bowl of Flowers; Albert Lipczinski presents an impression of Wallasey Sandhills, which is acceptable, as also is Henry Hiles' colour note, "Morning at La Bruux." W. Alison Martin's "Market Day, Orduna, Spain," combines good composition with effective colour scheme, and M. Coonan adds to the general joy with his "Distant Bay" and "Port St. Mary." "The White Feather" is an effective work by Mrs. Constance Irving, and Miss Betty Morris's "Flowers." E. Carter Preston's frescoes "Summer" and "Spring," and John Garside's "Spring Morning" are valuable additions to the best wall in the exhibition."

* * * *

THE Spring Exhibition of Pictures which the Mayor of Birkenhead opened last Saturday afternoon has been redeemed from utter mediocrity by the artists hailing from the Sandon Studios, their collective exhibit being the bright particular spot in the show. They deserve full credit for having made an effort to be represented by vigorous, fresh works.

Liverpool Daily Courier, March 19th.

A CONTRAST.

The same pictures seen through the eye of the Art Critic of "The Liverpool Daily Post and Mercury" (March 13th).

"THOUGH there is nothing particularly distinctive about the collection, it is interesting as showing the changes of methods and ideas which have entered into the art of to-day. . . . On what might be termed the 'Post-impressionist' wall, which seems to disturb the harmony of the room, appears a number of works too strikingly blue."

* * * *

ENTERTAINMENTS.

I.—RECEPTION FOR GREEK PLAYERS.

ON Thursday, February 12th, the members of the Society entertained or were entertained by Miss Wheeler and the Greek Players. The hostesses took a wholly unnecessary precaution by providing the guests of the evening with a bunch of violets. None but the stone blind could have confused the Hellenic elegance and graceful draperies of the Players with the anthropoid gait and motley textiles of the aborigines.

Pearls—in the shape of pictures—were cast free (Catalogues 6d.) before all those present, by the kind permission of the Exhibition Committee.

After a period of æsthetic tension, lasting some two hours, and punctuated by the horseplay of vulgarians, the strain became totally unbearable, and by 11 o'clock there was stillness again in the *Leichtfertigkeitpalast*.

* * * *

II.—THE CARNIVAL DANCE.

This was held on Shrove Tuesday evening, February 24th, 1914. The work of preparation had been unusually heavy, since it involved the careful removal from

the Ball-room of the pictures lent by the Contemporary Art Society, of the screens on which the pictures were hung, and of the endless sheets of brown paper that had served to provide a background to the exhibits. Nevertheless, such was the enthusiasm of those who undertook the task, that the entire exhibition was dismantled in one strenuous evening; and another day and a half saw the decorations of the hall completed on a more elaborate scale than has been attempted for some time. Real economy of means—a liberal use of red and "Post-Impressionist" wall-paper, and of drawing pins and seccotine, backed up by black and pink hangings—gave an effect of richness whose only fault was that it rather tended to kill all but the most violent costumes of the dancers.

As usual, the *piece de résistance* of the decoration was a curtain painting by Mr. George Harris. To his mastery of medium and genius of characterisation and invention we take off our hat. Mr. Harris excelled himself. His priceless work (which extended the full length of the spectators' gallery, and hung immediately below it) contained more witty draughtsmanship per square foot than one would have thought it possible to achieve in an acre of design. From the exceedingly precious Gentlemen of the Band to the dissatisfied Lady in Blue, the whole thing was conceived with a verve and audacity impossible to convey in words. In the actual execution of the painting Mr. Harris was assisted by Mr. Carr and Mr. Preston.

With regard to the dance itself, the measure of its success may be gauged from a comparison of the opinions of visitors and of Club members. The majority of the former repeatedly declared that it was "the best dance ever given by the Sandon." The latter hedged and appeared to have enjoyed themselves only in spasms during the evening. In point of fact, the dance was rather less Bohemian and went with less *élan* than its predecessors. And it did so for four reasons:—

- (1) The Dance Committee were, before the orchestra even began, too exhausted by the labours of preparation to contribute their share to the revel.
- (2) Some members, most necessary at these times, by reason of their contagious gaiety, were unable to be present.
- (3) Certain others, equally necessary, arrived—without the shadow of an excuse—late, when the character of the evening had too far set for it to be altered.
- (4) There was no introductory diversion, such as the imbecile elephant that gladdened our hearts on the last occasion.

Experience has always shown that if a dance is to "go" at all, it must be made to do so from the very beginning. There is no such thing as "working up the right spirit" if the initial impetus be absent.

However, we suppose the Sandon Studios Society may console itself with the reflection that by a preservation of the proprieties for one night at least, it brought happiness to the souls of its visitors, to whom the atmosphere of the Wellington Rooms is not merely a form of social sustenance but a necessity of their spiritual well-being.

A perusal of the fashion pages of *The Queen* and of the inspired technicalities of "Camilla and Lady Betty," has convinced the writer that the description of dresses is not his *métier*, and he will therefore attempt none. The prizes (two embarrassed rabbits) were won by Miss Madge Ennitt and Mr. Kenneth Burrell. In both cases the engaging simplicity of the costumes was most effective. Financially, the success of the dance was, we believe, considerable, and an exceptionally large number of applications for tickets had to be refused towards the end.

A SANDON LIMERICK.

Our brilliant young barrister, R*wd*n,
(The eye-glass he wears has a cord on,)
Has a gap for a chest,
But looks at his best
When he comes to the dance with a sword
on.

* * * *

An illustrated account of the Club Theatrical performance, entitled "Blue Blood," has been unavoidably held over until the next issue of *The Bulletin*.

* * * *

ENTERTAINMENTS SINCE
LAST ISSUE.

Dec. 1st—Exhibition of Textiles, etc., from the Omega Workshop, and debate on the same.

Dec. 15th—Musical Evening, provided by Miss Johnston.

Dec. 31st—Special Open Club Evening.

Jan. 26th—Exhibition of Bavarian Posters lent by Mr. Noël Irving.

Feb. 12—Reception of Miss Penelope Wheeler and the Members of the Greek Play Co.

Feb. 24th—Club Dance.

March 5th—Club Theatricals.

March 9th—Lecture on Troglodytic Art by Mr. Legge.

No further Entertainments have as yet been arranged.

* * * *

THE public indignation against the woman who damaged the "Rokeby Venus" continues unabated, and most inhuman propositions are being made. One gentleman has even been heard to suggest that

THE BULLETIN

the woman ought to be made to serve her term of imprisonment in the Royal Academy. *Punch* (March 18th).

If a representative form has value, it is as form, not representation. The representative element in a work of art may or may not be harmful; always it is irrelevant. . . . Forms and the relations of forms were for Frith not objects of emotion, but means of suggesting emotion and conveying ideas. Frith's "Paddington Station" is not a work of art but an interesting and amusing document. . . .

"Detail is the art of realism, and the fatty degeneration of art. . . .

"The quarrel between Romance and Realism is the quarrel of people who cannot agree as to whether the history of Spain or the number of pips is the more important thing about an orange."—*Art*, by CLIVE BELL (Chatto and Windus, 5s. net).

FROM AN ADVERTISEMENT OF THE REPERTORY THEATRE.

A natural sequence:

Sat., Mar. 28	LOVE—AND WHAT THEN?
Mon., Mar. 30	THE SON AND HEIR.

NEW MEMBERS.

- ADAMS, T. D., Grosvenor Terrace, Dingle.
BENJAMIN, L. A., 2, Sefton Drive, Sefton Park.
BROWN, Miss L., Westerland, St. Michael's Road.
BURRELL, J. B., 19, Fulwood Park.
EDWARDS, Mrs., 30, Beresford Road, Oxtou.
GOLDIE, Cyril, 33, Washington Street.

- KNOWLES, Charles, Arnside, Rock Ferry.
KNOWLES, Mrs. C. " "
MACE, L. D., Manhattan, Baliol Road, Bootle.
MAHLER Miss, Sudworth, New Brighton.
MAPLES, W., Conservative Club.
OLLEY, Miss, Cressington Park.
PARRY, G. H., 30, Buckingham Road, Tue Brook.
RITCHIE, Miss, Neston.
STEVENSON, Mrs., 1, Percy Street.

THE following ladies and gentlemen are in charge of various departments, and may be addressed at the Sandon Studios Society, Liberty Buildings, School Lane, Liverpool.

- Hon. Sec. General Committee,
Mrs. Calder.
Hon. Treasurer Mr. Sewell Bacon
Hon. Sec. Executive Committee,
Miss Lilian Allen
Hon. Sec. Entertainments Committee,
Mr. Rawdon Smith
Hon. Secs. Artists and Exhibition Committee, Mr. Noël Irving and Mr. Kenneth Burrell.
Hon. Sec. House Committee,
Mrs. Abraham
Life Class Stewards.....Miss Page and Mr. Henry Carr
Enamellers' Steward Mr. Shephard

Extra copies of THE BULLETIN (price threepence each) may be had from the Housekeeper, Sandon Studios Society, Liberty Buildings, Liverpool.

Pictures, prints, and publications by members, may always be obtained through the Society.

Printed for the Sandon Studios Society by HANDLEY BROTHERS, 146, Breck Road, Everton, Liverpool, April, 1914.

EASTER FESTIVITIES.

A Fancy Dress Dance

WILL BE HELD IN LIBERTY BUILDINGS, ON
FRIDAY, APRIL 17th,
FROM 9 P.M. TO 3-30 A.M.

"THE SANDONO," especially composed for the *Sandon Studios Society* by ARNOLD CLIBBORN, and which appears in the present issue of *The Bulletin*, will be danced for the first time by MISS AUDREY KEARNS and MR. ROBERT CRIGHTON.

170 Tickets will be issued (and 30 more to members only if necessary). Members' Tickets, 2/6; Spectators', 2/6; Visitors', 5/-; may be obtained from MR. RAWDON SMITH, LEE VALE, GATEACRE. Requests for ladies' tickets must be accompanied by an application for an equal number of gentlemen's tickets.

No Tickets will be issued unless a remittance and the names and addresses of visitors for whom tickets are required accompany the order.

Sandon Studios Society

SPRING EXHIBITION

Will be opened by WILLIAM STRANG, Esq., A.I.
on SATURDAY, APRIL 25th, at 3 p.m.

The Exhibition will include works by AUGUSTUS JOHN, R. ANNING BE MUIRHEAD BONE, PROF. FRED BROWN, GERALD CHOWNE, JOHN A.R.A., R.S.A., DAVID MUIRHEAD, P. WILSON STEER, HENRY other well-known Sandon Artists.



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