THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

CATALOGUE

OF WORKS OF

JEAN FRANÇOIS RAFFAÉLLI

PAINTINGS, DRYPOINTS AND
ETCHINGS PRINTED
IN COLOR

CHICAGO
JANUARY 10 TO JANUARY 25
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THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO was incorporated May 24, 1879, for the "founding and maintenance of schools of art and design, the formation and exhibition of collections of objects of art, and the cultivation and extension of the arts of design by any appropriate means." The Museum building upon the Lake Front, first occupied in 1893, is open to the public every week day from 9 to 5, Sundays from 1 to 5. Admission is free to members and their families at all times, and free to all upon Wednesdays, Saturdays and Sundays.

The Art School, in the same building, includes departments of Drawing, Painting, Sculpture, Decorative Designing and Architecture.

All friends of the Art Institute are invited to become members. Annual Members pay a fee of ten dollars for the year. Life Members pay one hundred dollars and no dues thereafter. Governing members pay one hundred dollars upon election and twenty-five dollars a year thereafter. All members are entitled, with their families and visiting friends, to admission to all exhibitions, receptions, public lectures and entertainments given by the Art Institute, and to the use of the reference library upon art.
DESIGNATION OF GALLERIES

SECOND FLOOR

SEE PLAN

Room 25, Collection of R. Hall McCormick; Old English School.
Room 26, Oil Paintings; Modern.
Room 27, Special Exhibition of Works of Jean François Raffaëlli.
Room 28, Special Exhibition of Works of Hermann Dudley Murphy and Maurice B. Prendergast.
Room 31, Oil Paintings, Munger Collection.
Room 32, Room 28, Century Drawings and Autotypes.
Room 33, (Corridor) Paintings; Old Masters.
Room 34, Arundel Reproductions.
Room 34, Committee Room.
Room 35, (Hall) Sculpture and Paintings.
Room 36, Committee Room.
Room 37, (Corridor) Autotypes and Sculpture.
Room 38, Oil Paintings, Henry Field Memorial Collection.
Room 39, Oil Paintings, The Elizabeth Hammond Stickney Room.
Room 40, Oil Paintings, A. A. Munger Collection.
Room 41, Special Exhibition, Works of Albert M. Herter.
Room 42, Oil Paintings; Modern.
Room 43, Collection of the Antiquarians, Textiles, Embroideries, Musical Instruments, etc.
Rooms 46 to 54 are in the part not yet built.
FOR INFORMATION REGARDING EXHIBITS FOR SALE APPLY TO MISS WILLARD, AT THE DESK.

ALL PAYMENTS OF EXHIBITS PURCHASED MUST BE MADE TO THE SECRETARY OF THE ART INSTITUTE.
JEAN FRANÇOIS RAFFAËLLI
IT was in the year 1894, five years ago, that I first came to America. At that time I was invited to come over to the opening of an exhibition of my works given by the American Art Association. I came, intending to pass one week in New York, and take the next steamer back; but I remained five months, travelling from one section of this great country to another, and becoming wonderfully interested in American life, of which I had not before the faintest suspicion. During all those five months I never touched a brush nor a pencil, because I feel that no artist should paint what he does not thoroughly understand.

Since that time I have been often asked to return, but the moment never seemed propitious until a few months ago, when I received a letter from Pittsburgh inquiring if I would consent to be one of the jury to award the prizes at the approaching exhibition in the Carnegie Galleries of that city. Feeling the honor of being chosen by my confrères of two worlds as one of two members to come from Europe to join with their American confrères for that occasion, I was proud to accept, and thus became a member of the jury of the International Exposition at Pittsburgh.

When once more I reached the shores of America I gazed about me with the same intense interest with which I had been inspired on my first visit. Arriving in New York, I had the opportunity to behold your beautiful arch of triumph, and to perceive the great advance made in decorative effects throughout your big city—a city alive and strong with a breath of a superb prosperity. Next I found myself in Pittsburgh where I was lost in the clouds of smoke, another token of the same prosperity. To a charming woman of that town who was complaining of the difficulties of properly keeping house in
such an atmosphere, I replied: "Pity is superfluous, Madame, the more smoke the more business." Knowing of my intended
journey to Pittsburgh, M. Durand-Ruel asked me to exhibit
my latest works in New York, and this exhibition is now re-
peated in Chicago.

You will find what, perhaps, to you will be an indefinable
change between my present work and that of a few years
since. I desire to explain this change to you as I have ex-
plained it to myself. My life has not been an easy one, for I
was brought up in luxury until I was fifteen, when within a
few years my family lost its entire fortune and I became ac-
quainted with the most grinding poverty. Then came the war
of '70, to throw its veil of mourning over all the young men
who were just at the outset of their careers. At that period I
painted with the greatest sincerity my hopelessness, my bitter-
ness, my anger, my madness. It follows then that my art was
a violent art, sombre, bitter, hopeless. I was at that time
consumed with the greatest pity and commiseration for those
who had been defeated in the great battle of life. I passed
several years in such a state of mind as could only inspire an
art sad and vibrating with a generous pity.

But as the years rolled by they brought great changes into
my life. First, my poverty was changed if not into immense
riches at least into a comfortable independence. My old age
and that of those dear to me was now assured after the modest
fashion which most pleased and suited me; for as one nears
his fiftieth birthday a tranquility comes to the spirit at the
same time that one realizes the vanity of many things. Then,
too—must I make the confession?—my artistic successes have
been such that all my bitterness has fled. Many of my pic-
tures are in the best galleries in the world. Three are in the
Luxembourg at Paris; two in the museum of Brussels; two
are owned by the city of Paris; others are in the museums of
Philadelphia, Rome, Stockholm, Nantes, Lyons, Beziers, Liège,
Nancy, Mulhausen, Bordeaux, and Christiana. A piece of
my sculpture is in the Dresden museum, some of my drypoints
and etchings in color are in the museums of Berlin, Venice,
Dresden, Hamburg, and in the Cabinet des Estampes at Paris.
The strange effects of my first trip to America, with its vivid impressions, must also be taken into account. I here discovered an unending hope for all men who have confidence in their own power. Why not also acknowledge that the success of my own efforts has brought me to believe in happiness. In this connection I recall some words of your great painter William E. Dannah, who had come to purchase a picture executed in my earlier style. The subject was a very much bent over old laborer. “Yes,” said he, “that little old man is worth a big price, for he who created him is dead; for you, my dear Raffaëli, will never do that any more.” And my friend was right. Since by sad sights my melancholy was not soothed, I was forced to supply by my art my great desire for charm, for beauty, grace, elegance, poetry, tenderness and the sweetness which could not flourish during my years of hardship. So that at this period I paint the portraits of young girls, the portraits of children, flowers, the sun light, all things pleasing.

My earlier admirers probably say still that they like better the Raffaëli of the first period, while others admire more my new dreams. Had Corot been asked at the end of his life, when he was painting all things as in a beautiful dream, to paint one of the hard, black landscapes of his earlier years he could not have done so. To-day each thing of his is loved—the first paintings of Brittany, those of Italy, his pictures of nymphs, his landscapes of Ville d’Avray, his studio figures, even to those last landscapes which are nothing more than vague silhouettes of cherished forms.

So after all the storms of youth I have gradually arrived at some degree of serenity, with which it is so well to finish; it is the expression most suitable to the whitening beard. Thus, if life be a succession of accidents, it must be that the oftener they are overcome the less they move us. Why not confess that one finally is tempted to laugh at it all? Again I say it is well, it is good to quit life in an amiable and generous fashion. It is the attitude of a man who has suffered, thought, loved, worked, in a word, lived, and who is none the vainer for it.

J. F. RAFFAËLLI.

New York, November 9, 1899.
ETCHINGS AND DRYPOINTS
PRINTED IN COLORS.

In the creations which the panorama of social life inspires in an artist, drawing always occupies an essential rôle. It is by lines that the results of his unending research in the wide field of humanity are recorded with matchless precision, that types and temperaments are indicated, and that the apparent is distinguished from the real. These individual characterizations are seen under the dash of a brush, but are better rendered by the first rough sketch, and better still by that personal method of engraving which has ever been the favored medium of painters of life and manners, and which is regarded by them as eminently adapted to reveal the secret and the first movement of their thought. It is in this way that originated the tradition, while Jean François Raffaëlli continues among us to-day with such admirable results. As early as 1880 it was his delight to engrave on copper, his aesthetic bias made him the illustrator demanded by the evolution of modern letters, and nothing can be more suitable to the text than the etched commentaries with which he has enriched the “Croquis Parisiens” of J. K. Huysmans, and the “Germaine Lacerteux” of the Goncourt. It is his etching-needle which has done homage and honor to the publication, projected to the impressionist group “Le Jour et la Nuit,” and to the truly unique collection of Marty... These works, executed without any sequence, although of great significance, require to be recalled; and now, with the lapse of time, they appear to stand forth as the forerunners of his later work. It is, indeed, only
since 1890 that Jean François Raffaëlli has devoted himself to that very special and essentially French style of engraving created by Debcourt, which he has thus renovate—again achieving a triumphant success.

The success of his initiative is no matter for wonder. It dates from the time when the mastery of Raffaëlli, in its full maturity, was enriched with the most enviable gifts. A mind such as his does not pursue one single and invariable object; it is incessantly in hopeful search of the unknown, and in the mode of conception and execution the evolution as well as the progress is constant. In spite of the praise received from all parts of the Old and New World, Raffaëlli has taken care not to confine himself to the class of subjects on which his fame was founded, not that he intends to conclude at once his very personal investigation of the outskirts of Paris and its humble folk; but the thorough independence of his nature was bound to chafe at any limitation, or at any restriction from freely exploring all regions. The manifold researches of his untrammeled intellect, developed a corresponding and increasing keenness of perception, and while, at the same time, analysis extended the field of his research, one began to notice a refinement of method, a brightening of his palette, and an ever-suble record of the effects of light. This gloomy chronicler of sadness in the Parisian suburbs, and of the squalid life of toil, was also capable of rendering the fairy-like aspects of the great city, and of sketching, as a discreet psychologist, the centres of elegance and refinement. Henceforth all the phases of modern life came within the scope of his art. . . .

The salons of the Champ-de-Mars, the exhibitions held at Goupil's in Paris in 1890, and at Raffaëlli's own residence in 1894, bore evidence of the blossoming forth of a talent which, by its opposing contrasts, compelled the critic to reiterate its praise. The remembrance of these great displays of power has not yet faded. As formerly did the author of the "Tableau de Paris," an artist had had the high ambition to leave a picture, an integral and faithful "physiognomy" of his time; and every one was pleased to find, in the service of an inquiring spirit, the qualities of a keen analyst, and an extraordinary
power of expression. A writer and lecturer, as his inclination prompted, Raffaelli proved himself by turns painter, pastellist, sculptor, illustrator and decorator. In view of such evidence of activity, who could have imagined that a portion of his labors, and by no means the least lay still hidden?

This was precisely the time when Raffaelli was engrossed body and soul in an arduous task, a task which he resumed daily, in secret, away from the gaze of the crowd. He used to withdraw furtively to a mysterious rendezvous in the neighborhood, and he remained shut up there for long hours at a time. The engraver's art possessed him completely, to the extent of producing in him that intoxication which, as the Goncourts said, leads to forgetfulness of the world and life. It was not however, etching pure and simple, but printing in colors with several copper plates, the slow complicated technique of which cruelly prolongs the anxious expectancy of the final result. Without doubt he avoided the work of his predecessors; the case of Debucourt, just now mentioned, intervenes only to establish a connection and to indicate the common desire to obtain a polychrome image by engraving in intaglio, which Raffaelli alone deems worthy of the amateur. Although the principle remains the same, note to what extent the applications and the effects appear different. Unlike his predecessor, Raffaelli always, or almost always, employs the dry point, and his work, far from being concealed, proceeds by straightforward methods, by free and seriously acknowledged indications, and in spite of variety of means, ingenuity of resource, and the sometimes astonishing number of his "registers," he aims less at giving evidence of masterly skill than at giving, by harmonious aspect and delicate freshness of coloring, the impression of an original unique work born of inspiration. These prints are really repeated copies of drawings heightened with water-color, and of wash drawings. Printed to a limited number of proofs, by the author himself, or under his supervision, with a minute care and attention, they present to amateurs of refined taste the charm of some precious, rare, and exquisite production. Raffaelli has put in them, perhaps without knowing it, the best portion of himself; and we do not remember
having come across more stirring descriptions of the types and manners of the bourgeoisie and the people of the street and the faubourg, of the country and the flora, or more comprehensive and intimate notes of feminine gesture caught instantaneously and unawares.

If this collection of prints should have only the merit of offering to meditation, and to daily amusement and study, a résumé, a foreshortened view of the beloved work, the result would already be held to be of considerable importance; but, beyond the synthetic interest with which it is invested, it must be regarded as singularly instructive as to what is underlying the work—talent; the future will have to appraise for him, at its exact value, the knowledge and the refined touch of a master, and the universality of his philosophy.

PARIS, May, 1898.

ROGER-MARX.
PAINTINGS.

1 Young Girl with Cornflowers
2 The Old Peasant
3 American Farmer clearing a Forest
4 Flowers
5 The Rue du Helder, at Paris.
6 The Rag-Picker
7 Flowers
8 The Little Parisian
9 Girl with Buttercups
10 Le Parvis, Notre-Dame of Paris
11 Notre-Dame of Paris, the Embankments
12 The Bootblack of the Traveller's Hotel
13 Flowers
14 Head of a Girl
15 An Empty Lot
16 The Allegheny River, Pittsburgh, (painted October, 1899)
17 Portrait of my Daughter, Salon 1898
18 In the Champs Élysées, Paris
19 Flowers
20 Flowers
21 St. Étienne du Mont, Paris
22 St. Cloud
23 The Little Street at Levallois
24 The Lifeless Trees
25 The Argenteuil Avenue
26 The Sunlit Road
27 Notre-Dame of Paris, Autumn
28 Place de la Concorde
29 La Trinité, Paris
30 Shenley Park, Pittsburgh
ETCHINGS AND DRYPOINTS

PRINTED IN COLOR

31  The Old Lady's Garden
32  The Grandfather
33  The Morning Bath
34  By the Water's Edge
35  Portrait of the Artist
36  The Seine at Asnières
37  The Dog Washer
38  A Friendly Discussion
39  No Man's Land
40  "Your Health!"
41  Removing
42  On the Road
43  Carnations (Fan)
44 Actress
45 Across the Fields
46 Boulevard des Filles du Calvaire
47 The Letter
48 At Her Toilet
49 The Navvy
50 Man with a Dog (*Unique proof with remarque*)
51 Dressing
52 Hôtel des Invalides
53 Road with Trees
54 Place de la Madeleine
55 At Jeunevilliers
56 A Sunday Walk
57 The Two Friends
58 The Little Street