BELGIAN EXHIBITION
AUGUSTE OLEFFE: Portrait of Rik Wouters

Lent by the Musée Royal des Beaux-Arts, Brussels
EXHIBITION
OF
CONTEMPORARY BELGIAN
PAINTING - GRAPHIC ART
AND SCULPTURE

FOREWORD BY
CHRISTIAN BRINTON

INTRODUCTION BY
LOUIS PIÉRARD

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THE EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN
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1929-1930
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FOREWORD

By Christian Brinton

A Paris, dans les expositions, c'est généralement la salle où l'on rit le plus qui est la meilleure.

Odilon Redon

Stretching in unbroken continuity for the space of over five centuries, the artistic tradition of sturdy, compact little Belgium is to-day as vital and indigenous as ever. In any survey of Belgian art, however cursory, you will note two essential tendencies. You will observe a faithful regard for fact, and you will be confronted with an imaginative fervour replete with power and potency. These two characteristics exist side by side. Sometimes they manifest themselves in the same individual. Tightly pocketed between two powerful, possessive neighbours, Germany and France, Belgium, it must not be forgotten, is neither Teutonic nor Latin. These fruitful Flemings are of Nordic stock, related to the early Franks. The Walloons are ethnically of Alpine origin. The forces of attraction being in this instance stronger than the forces of repulsion, the two races have been fused into a single political state. This state, despite incredible obstacles and unbelievable oppression, is the coming year proudly celebrating its centenary.

Unknown even to spirited, acquisitive Paris until 1928, on the occasion of the memorable exhibition at the Musée du Jeu de Paume, the contemporary Belgian school of painting and sculpture is the artistic sensation of Europe. Modern Belgian art in its most significant aspects is a post-war manifestation. Just as in the sixteenth century, after the expulsion of the Spaniards from their harrassed domains, Netherlands art
blossomed as never before, so Belgium, following the exodus of the so-called Huns, has initiated a veritable aesthetic renascence. War in brief does not extinguish artistic activity providing the nation itself be not irredeemably crushed. There can be no question but that the psychological reaction which succeeds the hazards and heroism of war, and the consequent reaffirmation of the national consciousness, act as powerful stimuli. That such has been the case with Belgium is beyond the slightest question. It has been eloquently proved by the notable exhibitions of Belgian art at Venice and Paris. And furthermore, material evidence has been furnished by the construction of the new and modernist Palais des Beaux-Arts, Brussels, which within a twelvemonth has in large measure become the artistic clearing-house of the Continent.

Yet had the soil not been fertile and ready for the sowing, this splendid artistic growth could not have been so rapid or so sound. For the actual germination of modern Belgian art it is necessary to glance back not ten, or twenty, but thirty, forty, and even fifty years. We shall have to peer through the mystic half-light of the bare, stark studio occupied by Constantin Meunier at Louvain, which had previously been the dissecting room of the medical faculty of the university. We must in retrospect stroll with James Ensor along the waterfront of Ostend watching the luminous, opalescent beauty of North Sea wave and sky. And we must in spirit sit in the book-lined study of Octave Maus as he formulates plans for the organization of Libre Esthétique, the first modern art society in all Europe. These are significant moments in the genesis of contemporary Belgian art culture. Do not forget them. It was Meunier who first felt the solemn, rhythmic majesty of labour, labour rural and above all industrial. It was Ensor who in
Belgian painting first sensed the palpitation of light and atmosphere, the magic dance of colour. And it was Maus who, in written and spoken word, became the recognized apologist of the new movement.

Whilst in nowise desiring to pose as a benign patriarch, it was my privilege to observe something of this inspiring programme. Nearly forty years ago, on my first visit to Brussels, I attended the early exhibitions of Libre Esthétique. Thirty years back, I saw the remarkable showing of the Flemish nationalist group known as Doe Stil Voort, in which figured the redoubtable Jakob Smits. Twenty years since, I had the inestimable honour of arranging for the presentation of Constantin Meunier in America. Belgium during her dolorous, heroic martyrdom I did not know, though last year I witnessed the epoch-making inaugural of the Palais des Beaux-Arts. Upon each of these occasions I was impressed with one particular fact. That fact is the resolutely independent, autonomous character of Belgian art. It is true that the dictatorial David palpably influenced the Belgian portraitist François-Joseph Navez. It is also apparent that Millet, Courbet, and kindred exponents of the peasant heroics and social pity of the mid-century found a sympathetic apostle in Charles De Groux. What was true of yesterday is likewise true of to-day, for something of the pleinair radiance of Gallic impressionism unquestionably played to the very last about the sun-drenched home of Emile Claus at Astene. Nevertheless, Belgian impressionism was not French impressionism. Nor is Belgian expressionism either the sophisticated product of the Ecole de Paris or the stressful brutality of the Teutonic Brücke and Neue Sachlickeit groups.

Study the paintings and statuary in the current exhibition
and you will doubtless arrive at a kindred conclusion. Though not precisely an ideal showing, the present offering is not without positive merits. Its chief asset is that it is frankly stimulating, courageous, and devoid alike of official pretence and academic pedantry. I heartily congratulate M. Louis Piérard and his associates upon sending to our shores not that which is senile, fatigued, and outworn but that which is fresh and still in the making. In this they have established a precedent which it is hoped may frequently be followed. Owing to various circumstances in connexion with next year's centenary celebration it was impossible to obtain important and significant loans from the great State and private collections. The choice was mainly restricted to the artists themselves and to certain amiable, enlightened amateurs. The result is nevertheless typical of present-day artistic development in Belgium. You can here discover not a little of the national physiognomy and deep-rooted racial characteristics of the brave Belgae as exteriorised in their painting and sculpture. The note as a rule seems predominantly Nordic and Gothic in its sturdy objectivity of outlook, its profound human pity and sombre imaginative power.

That rationalizing instinct which with the Latins so often reduces artistic expression to a mere formula, a species of sterile abstraction, is here absent. You have in its place something rich and savoursome, something which speaks of the native sod, soil, and sky—of smiling or snowladen village, the lush meadows and green valleys of the Meuse, the Sambre, and the Lys, the stern, pine-studded Campine, and the seamed and scarred Black Country about Charleroi. Not only do you catch from this art a fulfilling impression of nature itself, you also acquire a just conception of the manner in which the
Belgian artist treats man in relation to his natural setting. Ever since pre-Van Eyck days, even, there has been manifest in Belgian art a certain special plastic sense which we instantly recognize as national. Broederlam and the earliest primitives possess it. You note it in the diverting, incomparable panels of Breughel with their flat, spatial surfaces dotted with seemingly informal yet schematic figures. You meet it to-day in such an artist as Edgard Tytgat who, in the words of Goethe, shares the same immortal “Lust zu fabulieren.”

Our friend and colleague, M. Piérard has silhouetted for us with sympathetic penetration the older artists who are represented in the exhibition. It merely remains for me to add a few lines regarding those who, like Tytgat and his contemporaries, have contributed something novel to the panorama of their country’s artistic achievement. Whilst Ensor has remained to this very hour perennially young, and has exercised an immense influence over the present generation, the first typical Belgian modernist is Rik Wouters. Wouters, who died at four and thirty, espoused in a measure the Cézanne tradition. Yet the progressive young Malinois added thereto a splendour of colour, and a robust pictorial pantheism unknown to the sedentary recluse of Aix-en-Provence. It remained for the post-Cézannists and avowed expressionists boldly to carry forward the standard dropped, alas, by Wouters in a Dutch internment camp following the fall of Antwerp. And boldness was not lacking in the equipment of the recruits to the cause.

The outstanding trinity of modernist Belgian art—for Tytgat occupies a place apart—is composed of the powerful, salient figures of Constant Permeke, Fritz Van den Berghe, and Gustave De Smet. All former members of what is known as the Laethem-Saint-Martin group, from the modest little
Flemish village where they lived and worked, they convincingly incarnate the aims and ideals of the avant-garde. Permeke reveals a surpassingly vital, elemental personality, with roots deep-bedded in his native peasant patrimony. His big, vigorously brushed canvases constitute a veritable epopee of the Belgian land and the Belgian labourer. If Permeke’s vision is predominately physical—compounded it would seem of the very mud of the Ostend waterside and the moisture of his beloved Jabbeke, the realm to which Fritz Van den Berghe transports us is assuredly the metaphysical. It is a region of dreams, of plastic hallucination in which we meet by turn the sardonic spectre of Hyeronimus Bosch and the overpowering animalistic fantasy of Peter Breughel. Somewhat less spacious and untrammelled, a bit more schematic in its flatter, lower relief, is the province occupied with such convincing and diverting verity by Gustave De Smet. Of the three he is the most simplified, though such pronounced simplification may not be appreciated by our perturbed lay brethren. The work of each of the foregoing painters is dominated in greater or less degree by what may be termed “l’homme-idée.” An essentially human expression, this art is not given over to mechanistic mannerism, esoteric abstraction, or the problems, exclusive and elusive, of “la plastique pure.” The shores of Belgium, be it recalled, are washed by the North Sea, not the Mediterranean or the Aegean. And peering out of these canvases, notably the modernistic ones, is man almost hyperborean in his primal power and mystery. You do not encounter here the ordered, deindividualized creature of Greco-Roman mass culture. This art, permit me to add once again, is typically Nordic. In more than one phase it reminds us of Peer Gynt and Gösta Berling, of giant and gnome from Northland saga and myth.
Edgard Tytgat, the beguiling fabulist of Waetermael, and later Woluwé-Saint-Lambert, whose pictorial cosmos is still in a measure encompassed by childhood’s casement, and who suggests by turns the douanier Rousseau and the imperishable little images d’Epinal, must not be overlooked. Nor must Brusselmans and Decoeur, who are more primitive than naive. Frans Masereel and the sculptor Henri Puvrez are likewise among the modernist high-lights of the present ensemble. These men, who exhibit now at Giroux’s, the Époque, or the Centaure in Brussels, chez Alice Manteau in Paris, or at the Galerie Flechtheim in Berlin typify the vanguard of contemporary Belgian art. Viewed in the large, it is an art which, whatever else it may or may not be, is a fundamentally racial expression, at once veracious and visionary. As a purely modernist manifestation it has of course its correlations with the general drift of the modern movement of the day—with the Russian, Chagall, the Norwegian, Per Krohg, the Hungarian, Kadar Bela, the German, Campendonk, and the Dutchman, Jan Sluyters. Yet it is in the main strongly imbued with the collective psychology of the tenacious, autochenous community of which it is the predetermined product.

What one can most admire in the art of the Belgians, as in the Belgians themselves, is just this quality—the salutary instinct for achieving something that shall be one’s own. This work does not speak that species of international art esperanto beloved of the public because so rapidly comprehensible, approved of the purveyor because so readily negotiable. It boasts its own language, its own idiom. The Belgians have not the facile receptivity of the French, and likewise ourselves. They are not so much concerned about something as they are in being something.
JAMES ENSOR: Memories
INTRODUCTION
BY LOUIS PIÉRARD

The crowning glory of those provinces which constitute present-day Belgium is beyond doubt an uninterrupted artistic tradition that extends from the sixteenth century to our own day and which, in all periods except the eighteenth century, reveals a galaxy of truly admirable masters. The entire world is familiar with the Flemish and Walloon primitives, and the splendour of the Antwerp school of the seventeenth century. Yet the general public is virtually unaware of the astonishing richness of that school of painting and sculpture which is the pride of contemporary, independent Belgium. Constantin Meunier alone perhaps enjoys his rightful measure of recognition, for he is represented in most of the leading galleries and museums of Europe and America. The reverse is true of Henri de Braekeleer, and of Guillaume Vogels (who has not yet been accorded proper consideration by his own countrymen), both of whom are passed over in silence by supposedly well-informed historians of art. Should one seek an explanation for such assuredly temporary injustice, it may be traced to the fact that in general the Belgium artists born during the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, with the outstanding exceptions of Stevens and Rops, have not courted the consecration of Paris, as was the case of their colleagues in the field of letters, Verhaeren and Maeterlinck. They but rarely exhibit abroad, finding at home, to put it rather commercially, their own ready market.
Whilst the typical Belgian does not read overmuch, yet he has a genuine taste for art. He buys good Burgundy, he buys good paintings, and he appreciates the one quite as much as the other. Taking into consideration its actual population, there is perhaps no country which, in less than a century, has produced so many artists of outstanding merit as has Belgium. There is no capital where one finds so many art galleries as in Brussels, where the exhibitions succeed each other without cease from October until June. And furthermore, this artistic activity is not confined to the capital. Antwerp, Ghent, Bruges, Liège, Charleroi, Namur, Mons, and Tournai have their salons where one may study that artistic regionalism which gives to the Belgian school a richness, a diversity, and a local flavour which, it is fervently to be hoped, may never diminish. Following the war of 1914–1918 one noted such an inspiring revival of this already prodigious activity that there seemed to be with us almost a plethora of painters. The climax of this astonishing artistic efflorescence was the completion in 1928 of the splendid new Palais des Beaux-Arts, the creation of the distinguished modernist architect, M. Victor Horta.

However one may look at it, Belgium may well be proud of the remarkable flowering of art pictorial and plastic of which signal proof has been given since 1830, and more particularly during the past twenty years. M. André Fontaine, a French authority who has made a special study of Belgian art recently remarked: “In looking over the catalogue of the retrospective exhibition which took place in 1880 on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of Belgian independence, one is struck by the number of names which have since become illustrious, and have remained so to this day. And moreover, since this date, art in Belgium has made relatively greater progress. The
national characteristics have become more distinctly marked so that each of the main artistic centres, such as Brussels, Antwerp, Ghent, and Liège has lost nothing of that sturdy individuality which permits the eye immediately to distinguish a Flemish work from a Walloon work, or the vigorous, fecund savour of Antwerp from the delicate limpidity of Liège. In truth, whether one examines the literary or the artistic achievement of Belgium, one arrives at the conviction that never, in such a restricted corner of the world, amidst such density of population, have so many souls been moved by the desire to express their vision of beauty, and to celebrate in language so diverse the magic of living nature."

In 1905, Constantin Meunier, grand and sober apostle of work, died in his studio in the rue de l'Abbaye while adding the final touches to the group entitled Fecundity for the monument to Émile Zola. The renown of Meunier increased day by day during the last glorious phase of his career—a truly great artist he was, as great in painting as in sculpture. I am thinking, as I write these latter words, not so particularly of such paintings as the Return from the Mine, Leaving the Mine Shaft, the group of Mine Girls, or the Lamp Shed, as of certain Borinage landscapes without figures—of a runway alongside a dump leading across the railroad tracks beside which one sees the snow and slush mingling with coal dust and slag, or again, I am thinking of the miners' huts capped with red tiles flanking both sides of a road in Wasmes, or the Escaut at low tide at Rupelmonde. From the very beginning he painted like a great master, as in that sketch of the Cigarette Factory in Seville, hanging in the Modern Gallery of Brussels, the sketch, as it so often happens, finer than the completed picture.
Close to Meunier in his sense of the pathos of simple, daily life stands Xavier Mellery who, among other things, in his minute rendering of the picturesque cottage interiors of Marken, has evoked the subtle mystery of houses wherein the very furniture seems to whisper strange secrets. We now hasten to arrive at the consideration of a master whom we can frankly class with Verwée as one of the greatest animal painters of the nineteenth century, Jan Stobbaerts (1838–1917), whose rich, warm palette recalls the mighty name of Jordaens. After having painted so many stable interiors, farmyards, and abbatoirs, this artist, in his green old age, found fresh sources of inspiration. His Bath of Roses and Temptation of Saint Anthony with their pearly flesh tints make one think in fact of Rubens rather than Jordaens.

We are next face to face with three famous Gantois—Emile Claus, Albert Baertsoen, and Théo van Rysselberghe. Claus, former head of the school of the Lys, lived close to the heart of nature in his house known as Zonneschijn (Ray of Sunlight) at Astene, a true “chasseur d’images” who planted his easel at every hour of the day, in all seasons, beside the winding river whose waters by virtue of some mysterious alchemy impart to flax a quality which renders the linen at once soft and strong. Confirmed painter of the outdoors, Émile Claus was a luminist with a strong parti-pris for clear tonality, his palette being singularly brilliant ever since the period of the Cockfight and the earliest of his portraits. During the war while living in exile in London, Claus recorded, as had Whistler and Monet, the ever-changing fairy vision of the Thames with its mysterious reflections, its fogs rose or milk-white. Light! how light has haunted all the great Belgian landscape painters during the past twenty years! "Vie et lumière": it was in fact
under this caption that forgathered the group of Belgian painters who exhibited at the last few showings of the Libre Esthétique.

Albert Baertsoen, poet of the old quays and canals of Ghent, of silent, opaque waters from which rises that odour of death which Maurice Barrès thought to find in Venice, was likewise the painter of the snow and thaw which Guillaume Vogels had so well understood before him. Toward the close of his career, previous to his exile in London, Baertsoen, forsaking for a moment the old Flemish cities, set himself to the task of depicting the atmosphere of Liège amidst the hills crowned with slag dumps, the tall stacks, and the “belles-fleurs” of the coal-pits. Our third Gantois is Théo van Rysselberghe who, together with Seurat, Signac, Cross, and Maxime Luce was an ardent follower of French neo-impressionism and pointillism. Van Rysselberghe however eventually renounced the explicit division of tones, and in his memorable portraits of writers and artists such as Verhaeren, Gide, Copeau, Vincent d’Indy, etc., and in his landscapes and luminous decorative compositions filled with graceful nude forms proved himself much the gainer thereby. As to Georges Lemmen, a refined, delicate colourist, it is through the art of Bonnard and Vuillard that one must approach his work, whilst Marcel Jefferys finds himself in the general category of impressionism. And finally, it is in terms of the Cézanne tradition that one thinks of Rik Wouters, that marvellously gifted painter and sculptor who died during the war at the age of thirty-four in Holland where, a soldier of the army of Antwerp, he had been interned after the fall of the city. One finds in his work the same rigorous purity of tone as in Cézanne, the same stripping of beauty down to its essential elements. Certain of his forest
landscapes recall the canvases of the Estaque, whilst certain still-life compositions and interiors remind one of the four apples upon a tilting table which sufficed for the grand solitary of Aix-en-Provence to create thereof a masterpiece.

Most of the foregoing figures have been Flemish, for it is Flanders which has always furnished the country with the largest number of painters. A single Walloon should nevertheless here be mentioned—Auguste Donnay—who may be called the Hokusai of the Ardennes and who, inspired by the harmonious contour of the hills along the banks of the Ourthe composes landscapes which charm by their line and form, as much as by their colour and subtle mutations of time and season.

There is one master who dominates the entire artistic movement of present-day Belgium, a precursor who enjoys the affectionate gratitude of all the young militants of to-day—James Ensor. It is quite a while since La Plume consecrated to him a special number, but I much fear that this Parisian publication revealed but one facet of his genius, the fanciful side, that touch of the macabre which he shares alike with Hyeronimus Bosch, with Gillray, and with Rowlandson. Yet there is another phase to the production of the hermit of Ostend beside that shown in his paintings of masques however beautiful, of ferocious onslaughts upon the medical fraternity, or in his Temptations of Saint Anthony. In addition to this, Ensor is an admirable painter of marines, still-life subject, and interiors, beside being a colourist and a luminist of magic gifts capable of seizing and noting the most delicate nuances, the most fleeting reflections, the most subtle interplay of light and shade. I particularly like the fact that upon his début he called a whole series of his canvases “Les sensibilités de la lumière.”
Born in 1860 in the city to which he has remained ever faithful, Ensor’s evolution proceeded parallel with and analogous to that of the French impressionists without indeed his ever having seen their works. From 1882 to 1884 he exhibited such canvases as The Sitting-room, Afternoon at Ostend, and Russian Music, which were genuine landmarks in the history of modern art. For a long time in the full enjoyment of a truly great name in his own country, recent exhibitions of his work in France and in Germany have given Ensor that reputation abroad which he so unmistakably merits. His influence upon the younger Belgian school has been immense, without, it may be added, the slightest attempt upon his part to impose his truly inimitable manner upon any particular group or individual. The splendid collective exhibition of his work held last winter at the Palais des Beaux-Arts, Brussels, was for him a veritable apotheosis. Of English descent on the side of his father, and Flemish on the side of his mother, Ensor has wisely remained wedded to his native city of Ostend facing the North Sea from which he borrows the most enchanting tints of his palette.

Together with Ensor I consider the important names among the older living painters in our exhibition to be those of Laermans, Oleffe, and Valerius de Saedeleer. The first belongs to that splendid line of realists who are the artistic descendants of Charles De Groux, the Belgian Millet. Like Frédéric, Eugène Laermans chooses the Belgian peasant folk for his models, yet with what a difference! Here, indeed, it is not a question of mere realism. These rustics are essentially tragic. Upon them rests a species of veritable malediction. Each of these canvases breathes an infinitude of pathos. Sometimes, for instance, in order to diversify the emotional note,
the artist will evoke at the end of the day a humble little cemetery set in the deserted countryside, the modest parish church touched by the last rays of the setting sun. There is in the work of Jakob Smits more serenity and quite as much nobility of spirit as in that of Laermans. Such canvases as his Father of the Condemned, his Symbol of La Campine, his simple cottages where Christ quite simply sits down beside the peasants are conceptions which, as is the case with great art, rise to the heights of the genuinely symbolic. One may in truth well rank the Campine of Jakob Smits beside the Provence of Mistral or the Creuse of Guillaumin.

Auguste Oleffe was one of the first Belgian painters who, at the moment of the ascendency of impressionism, reverted quite frankly to a certain sobriety of tone, whilst Valerius de Saedeleer, a member of that group of artists who settled in the little village of Laethem-Saint-Martin on the banks of the Lys, has recaptured in his landscapes, and more especially in his snow scenes the spirit of the Breughel the Elder whom we meet in the famous Hunters of the Vienna gallery. It is of Breughel, of his technique and his expansive popular humour that one likewise thinks when approaching the work of the most audacious and vital of the Belgian artists of the younger school. One man in particular dominates this avant-garde group by the fecundity of his temperament and his sheer primitive strength—the Ostendais Permeke. He is as brutal and direct as nature herself. His peasants, his fishermen, and his landscapes make one think of the barbaric forces one encounters in the Sacre de Printemps of Stravinsky. It would take too much space for me to characterize by artistic affinity, by school, or by locality all the painters who figure in the present exhibition. One may however venture to hope that we
have been sufficiently eclectic in according due representation to left, centre, and right, in so far as political terminology may be applied to the matter under consideration.

One can scarcely claim that sculpture reveals in the history of Belgian art a tradition quite so rich or so complete as does painting. Nevertheless, in its beginnings during the Gothic period there were at Tournai and in the valley of the Meuse a number of admirable *tombiers* whose unquestioned talent manifested itself in certain recumbent figures, notably those in the basilica of Saint Denis. It was likewise from Flanders whence about the same date came the Claus Sluter who modelled the figures of the prophets for the Well of Moses at Dijon. In any event, it is to-day generally conceded that the art of Roger van der Weyden was decidedly influenced by the pathetic intensity of those anonymous sculptors who carved in wood or in stone during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Later on one sees only isolated though splendid figures such as Jacques du Broeucq during the Renaissance, Duquesnoy during the age of Rubens, or Godecharle toward the end of the eighteenth century. Yet nothing in sculpture was comparable to that glorious florescence of painting of which the history of Belgian art offers such convincing proof. In the nineteenth century and in our own day matters are different. Our modern school of sculpture is, with that of France, one of the richest in all Europe. One powerful creative genius dominates all others, Constantin Meunier who, to borrow the expression once applied to Baudelaire, created "un frisson nouveau." To-day Georges Minne simply and earnestly recaptures the moving spirit of Gothic art, while Victor Rousseau, modest artisan that he was, forsook his Walloon village to work upon his figures for the Palais de Justice, and imparted
a truly Florentine charm to his best creations. Younger talents such as Dolf Ledel and Puvrez work directly in stone or wood or achieve strongly simplified effects in new media such as artificial granite.

The art of engraving has likewise during the nineteenth century enjoyed a genuine rebirth, thanks in particular to the faithful teaching of the master Danse who just died in his one-hundredth year, as well as to the astounding imagination of Félician Rops. Etching with Ensor, de Bruycker, Delstanché, Verhaegen, and Jean Donnay (the coming man of the Liège group), and wood engraving with Masereel and Brocas are enjoying an immense vogue of which such an exhibition as the present can offer but a mere résumé.

At a moment when America is displaying avid curiosity regarding those manifestations of aesthetic activity which one may characterize as "living art," let us venture to hope that she may divine in this particular selection the diverse strength of the younger Belgian school. It is a school of art that in more than one point differs from the French school. One may say in conclusion that it is a school of art which springs direct from the very vitals of a race, of a people more richly endowed than perhaps any other with the artistic temperament.
CATALOGUE

PAINTING

ALBERT, Josse
1 Brabant Landscape
2 Interior

BAERTSOEN, Albert †
3 River Lys at Ghent

BRUSSELMANS, Jan
4 Winter
5 Marine

BUYLE, Robert
6 Peasant Woman
7 Fruit

CARTE, Anto
8 Bénédicté
   Lent by Mrs. Roger Deschamps
9 Blind
10 Fishermen
11 City by the Sea

CLAUS, Emile †
12 Entrance, Zonneschijn
13 End of the Day

CREYTENS, Julien
14 Flemish Farmyard
15 Still Life

† Deceased
DAEYE, HIPPOLYTE
16 Eve
17 Child
18 Child with Green Sleeves

DECOEUR, LOUIS
19 Village Fair
20 Reaper
21 Winter

DEHOY, CHARLES
22 Tree in Blossom
23 Suburbs
24 Shells

DE KAT, ANNE-PIERRE
25 Snowladen
26 White Houses
27 Little Boitsfortoise

DE SAEDELEER, VALERIUS
28 Winter Flood, Flanders

DE SMET, GUSTAVE
29 Radio
30 Life on the Farm
31 At the Window

ENSOR, JAMES
32 Memories
33 Vanished Perfumes—Faded Flowers
34 Carnaval
35 The Ideal
36 Still Life
37 Cabbage and Onions
38 Canal
39 Types and Silhouettes, water colour
40 Man in Green Topcoat, water colour
41 Man and Dray, water colour

GAILLARD, JEAN-JACQUES
42 The Mystic Burning of Louvain

HENS, FRANS†
43 Ancient Church of Burght

HOWET, MARIE
44 In Ardenne

JEFFERYS, MARCEL-GEORGES†
45 Portrait of Madame R.
46 Still Life
47 Flowers

LAERMANS, EUGÈNE
48 The Promised Land
49 Bringing Home the Grain
50 Youth
51 Country Circus

LATINIS, GEORGES
52 Last Rays
53 Knitting

MAAS, PAUL
54 Woman with Pearls

† Deceased
MASEREEL, FRANS
55 Women of the Street
56 Cabaret
57 Little Flower Seller, water colour

MEUNIER, CONSTANTIN †
58 Winter, Miners’ Village, Borinage
59 River Escaut at Low Tide
60 Red Roofs, Le Coron

MICHA, ARMAND
61 Roses
62 Bouquet
63 Reading

OLEFFE, AUGUSTE
64 Portrait of Rik Wouters
   Lent by the Musée Royal des Beaux-Arts, Brussels
65 In the Garden

OPSOMER, ISIDORE
66 Old Mill
67 The Red Church
68 Village, Campine

PAEREELS, WILLEM
69 Berthe
70 White Boat, Marseilles

PAULUS, PIERRE
71 Miner
72 Mother and Child
73 Maternity

† Deceased
PERMEKE, CONSTANT
74 Man with Basket
75 The Farmyard Cock
76 The Kitchen
77 Evening Landscape
78 Woman of the Quays

RASSENFOSSE, ARMAND
79 Nude

SAVERYS, ALBERT
80 Flemish Landscape
81 Thaw, Flanders

SCHIRREN, FERDINAND
82 Maternity
83 Nude

SERVAES, ALBERT
84 Harvest
85 Autumn

SMITS, JAKOB†
86 Stormy Sky
87 Village, Campine

SPILLIAERT, LÉON
88 The Chair
89 Souvenir of Versailles

STERCKMANS, MICHEL
90 Woman and Child
91 Three Children
92 Figures

† Deceased
THEVENET, LOUIS
93 Kitchen Interior

TYTGAT, EDGARD
94 Oriental Tale
95 Inspiration
96 A Dramatic Moment

VAN DEN BERGHE, FRITZ
97 The Kingdom of Love
98 Liberation
99 The Poet Assailed

VAN HUMBEECK-PIRON, M.
100 Village Shop
101 House in Flanders

VERBURGH, MÉDARD
102 Storm, Ostend

WERY, FERNAND
103 Young Woman at Window
104 I Go Out for a Stroll
105 Brabant Landscape

WOUTERS, RIK†
106 Still Life
107 Young Woman in Rose

†Deceased
THE BELGIAN EXHIBITION
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CLAUS, ÉMILE
108 The Thames at London
109 Winter Landscape
110 Sunlit Woodland

ENSOR, JAMES
111 Marriage of the Masques
   Lent by Dr. and Mrs. Harry Bakwin
112 Death and Masques
   Lent by Dr. and Mrs. Harry Bakwin

MASEREEL, FRANS
113 Recumbent Nude
   Lent by Mr. Frank Crowninshield
114 Water Front at Toulon
   Lent by Mr. Frank Crowninshield
115 Wharf at Marseilles
   Lent by Mr. Frank Crowninshield
116 Café, Marseilles
   Lent by Mr. Frank Crowninshield
117 Seaport, Evening
   Lent by Weyhe Gallery
118 Apache—Water Color
   Lent by Mr. Frank Crowninshield
119 Street Scene, Montmartre—Water Color
   Lent by Weyhe Gallery
120 Stairway, Montmartre—Water Color
   Lent by Weyhe Gallery

HENS, FRANS
121 Unloading Lumber, Antwerp Harbor

MEUNIER, CONSTANTIN
122 Tobacco Factory, Seville

PAEREELS, WILLIAM
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RAMAH, A.
124 The Artist
125 Mountain Village
126 Mountain Gardens

SMITS, JAKOB
127 Shepherd

STREBELLE, RODOLPHE
128 Wife of the Artist
129 Woman with Bouquet
130 Jean and Claude

VAN DE WOESTYNE, GUSTAVE
131 Portrait of Madame Angèle Watson, née Hamendt

VERHEYDEN, ISIDORE
132 Woodland Pasture

WATSON, ANGELE, née HAMENDT
133 Jugoslav Woman
   Lent by Miss Leslie Fuller
134 Italo-American Girl
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136 Lemons and Persimmons
   Lent by Babcock Art Gallery

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38 Flagellations
39 Fisherman
40 Thinker
GRAPHIC ART

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1 View of Huy
2 View of Cordes
3 Port of Collioure

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4 Porte St. Denis, Paris
5 Pont Neuf
6 Jan Palfyn House, Ghent

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8 Still Life—Cauliflower
9 Still Life—Rabbit

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10 Paphnuce, the Stylite
11 Peasants
12 Holy Women on Calvary

ENSOR, JAMES
13 Napoleon at Waterloo
14 Jeanne d'Arc
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16 Portrait of Ernest Rousseau
17 Roman Triumph
18 Beached Boats
19 Tempting Demons
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21 Battle of the Golden Spurs
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23 Vengeance of Hop Frog
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PERMEKE, CONSTANTIN
29 Dockhand

SERVAES, ALBERT
30 Flemish Peasant Woman

VAN CLEEMPUT, JAN
31 Harvester
32 Flax Gathering
33 July Fourteenth, Paris

VAN OVERSTRATEN, WAR
34 Maternity
35 Harvest

VERHAEGEN, FERNAND
36 Pasqueye
37 La Ronde de Gilles
38 Fête Day

† Deceased
SCULPTURE

FONTAINE, GUSTAVE

1 Amazon
2 Meditation
3 Laughing Girl

LEDEL, DOLF

4 Young Woman
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6 Le Mecano, Head

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7 Miner with Hatchet
8 Despair
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10 Grief
11 June
12 Woman of the People
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14 Return of the Miners
15 Toilers of the Sea

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16 Bust of Workman
17 Kneeling Youth
18 Kneeling Youth with Shell

PUVREZ, HENRI

19 Nude Torso
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21 Laughter

† Deceased
ROUSSEAU, VICTOR
22 Man with Mask of Beethoven
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27 Reverie

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31 Child on Wooden Horse

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33 Enigma
34 Singer

WOUTERS, RIJK
35 Bust of the Artist
36 Bust of Young Woman
37 In the Sunlight

† Deceased
JAMES ENSOR: Vanished Perfumes—Faded Flowers
EUGENE LAERMANS: Bringing Home the Grain
EUGENE LAERMANS: The Promised Land
PIERRE PAULUS: Miner
FERNAND WERY: I Go Out for a Stroll
FERNAND WERY: Young Woman at Window
ANNE-PIERRE DE KAT: White Houses
ANNE-PIERRE DE KAT: Snowladen
ISIDORE OPSOMER: Village, Campine
ISIDORE OPSOMER: Old Mill
ANTO CARTE: Bénédicité

Lent by Mrs. Roger Deschamps
ANTO CARTE: Blind
CHARLES DEHOY: Suburbs
FRANS MASEREEL: Cabaret
HIPPOLYTE DAEYE: Eve
FERDINAND SCHIRREN: Nude
GEORGES LATINIS: Last Rays
EDGARD TYTGAT: Oriental Tale
JAN BRUSSELMANS: Winter
LOUIS DECOEUR: Reaper
LOUIS DECOEUR: Winter
LOUIS DECOEUR: Village Fair
FRITZ VAN DEN BERGHE: The Poet Assailed
CONSTANT PERMEKE: Man with Basket
GUSTAVE DE SMET: Life on the Farm
CONSTANT PERMEKE: Kitchen
CONSTANTIN MEUNIER: Mine Girls
CONSTANT PERMEKE: Dockhand
CONSTANTIN MEUNIER: Harvest
CONSTANTIN MEUNIER: Return of the Miners
GEORGES MINNE: Bust of Workman
CONSTANTIN MEUNIER: Woman of the People
GEORGES MINNE: Kneeling Youth
HENRI PUVREZ: Nude Torso
ANNOUNCEMENT

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