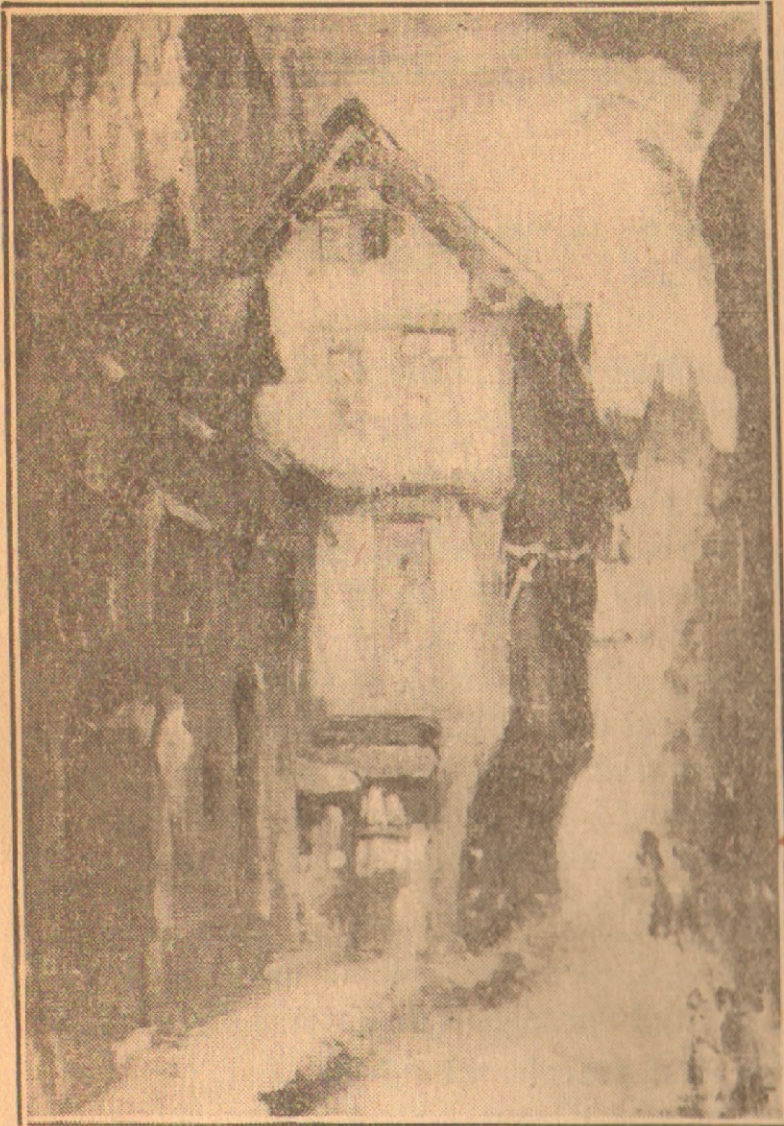


"MAISON DE XVIeme SIECLE"



THE FAMOUS LANDMARK OF ROUEN is among the oil paintings brought back from France by Gino E. Conti, whose work is shown this week at Tilden-Thurber's.

Gino Conti's Reputation Mounts

The Young Providence Painter Returns Here for a Brief Exhibition After Greater Recognition Elsewhere.—His Moods and Means

BY MABEL LISLE DUCASSE, M. F. A.

Through unforeseen circumstances an exhibition which art-lovers would have wished open much longer will be on view for only one week. It is the exhibit at the Tilden-Thurber Galleries of the works of Gino E. Conti, Providence's young painter, who during the past season attracted so much well-deserved attention in metropolitan art centres.

It is not surprising that this gifted artist, who is yet in his twenties, should meet with higher praise outside than at home—no man is a prophet in his own country! It is hard, indeed, to realize that Mr. Conti is no longer the obscure art student, who, but a few years ago was doing graduate work at the Rhode Island School of Design, but rather a painter who is already taking his place among America's few recognized mural-

fountain, in which the figures of the children composing it will appear life-size. Though conceived several years ago, not until this summer was it completed, as a commission for a fortunate garden owner.

The collection will be on view this week only.

HUSH

The night sways over the lagoon. And all about us down the air Is gently drifting everywhere The shining pollen of the moon.

The trees like citadels and bars Stand dark within the brilliant night. And in between them, poised in flight, Unfold and fold the wings of stars.

WINFIELD SCOTT.

These Plantations

A Wednesday Morning Review of Rhode Island's Activities in the Arts

The page welcomes consideration of the personalities and other features of the State's artistic progress, past and present. Short essays in belles lettres, preferably local in subject matter, and a limited amount of verse are also used.

Contributions should be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes and directed to W. Chesley Worthington, editor "These Plantations." The Providence Journal, Providence, R. I.

The New Indulgence

"It is still, of course, a terrible thing for a middle-aged banker to let it be known to men of his vintage that he plays the piano or that he writes verse in leisure hours, but it is permitted to the banker's friend or the banker's son, without stigma, as long as he is not actually employed by the corporation."

—Vachel Lindsay



"THE VIRGIN, INFANT and St. John," one of the canvases included in the exhibition at Tilden-Thurber's, is typical of Gino Conti's devotional mood.

The Paint Brush Was Fatal to Him

Had George Annable Been Content with His Gifts in the Field of Sculpture, His Career Would Have Been a Brilliant Success, It Seemed, But—

His father had been a shoemaker, but George Annable, Providence sculptor, had never taken to heart the copy book maxim associated with lasts and sticking. And so it was that this artist, well on his way to eminence in sculpture, transferred his allegiance to painting—and dropped from sight and memory. On the approximate centenary of Annable's birth, Howard M. Chapin recounts his hairpin shaped career interestingly in the latest quarterly "Collections" of the Rhode Island Historical Society.

Annable's forte was in the short-lived art of cameo portraiture, which Mr. Chapin says flourished in the United States chiefly between 1840 and 1860. His work ranks high in this unusual field, in the writer's opinion, and his sculpture met with phenomenal favor.

Early recognition was given the artist by the Rhode Island Society for the Encouragement of Domestic Industry, which considered the cutting of cameos to come within its purview. In 1851 when Annable was 22 years old the young man received the society's highest prize, \$10, for "medallions and cameos, likenesses, very truthful, and also exhibiting a very commendable progress in the art." The society's report speaks of "the short time which has passed since his first work was produced." Two years later Annable received the highest premium, a silver medal, for portrait busts and cameos.

Gravestone Cutter His Tutor

Tingley, for many years the city's leading gravestone carver, was Annable's teacher in marble cutting while Louise Value Chapin helped him with drawing lessons that developed his "delicacy of design and artistic appreciation."

Among his important commissions were the marble busts of Gen. Nathaniel Greene and Judge John Pitman in the Athenaeum, of Dr. Francis Wayland, and

(Dr. Nathan B. Crocker)—a most excellent likeness."

The Fatal Longing.

But that same notice hints at the restlessness which the promising young man was experiencing. "Annable is dreaming of Italy," we read, "and languishing for commissions which would put him in possession of the means to go there to study."

The commissions arrived and financed his heart's desire. To Europe he went, and in Europe he took up the painter's brush he coveted. Arnold tells us that he studied earnestly in the "best schools" of the day, under Rothermal in Paris and William Page in Rome. "Yet, notwithstanding all these advantages," says Arnold, "after his return, I can recall nothing of his work of any special interest in all the years preceding his death." Others concurred with Arnold apparently.

"It was one of the most deplorable cases of misapplied ambition I ever knew," Arnold concludes. His praise of Annable's sculpture is borne out by reproductions of cameos and busts with which Mr. Chapin illustrates his article.

"But his ambition was to become a painter, and disregarding the remonstrances of his friends, he dropped clay, modeling tool and chisel, which he had shown signal ability to handle, for the brush, color and canvas, for which he was wholly unfitted. Complete failure was the result."

A Molnar Premiere Adds Interest to the Paravent Players' Program

A Molnar playlet never before produced outside of Buda-Pesth, one of Eugene O'Neill's plays of the sea, and Louise Saunders's "Figureheads"—with this bill the Paravent Players will open

Charles Brackett's Victor

Wherein a Cosmopolitan Sophisticate Gotham and the Cap to Continue His Prospect Street's 19th Century

Tired of Broadway, Charles Brackett, novelist, critic and cosmopolite, has pitched his camp in Providence . . . a permanent camp in the old Corliss mansion on Prospect street and one that will not lend itself with grace to folding and removal.

Far from the roar and din of Manhattan, Mr. Brackett sits at ease . . . at home to the shades of his ancestors. George Corliss, one of the greatest engineers and inventors of all time, and Mr. Brackett's great-uncle, built the house and loved it. Charles Brackett loves it and the heavy Victorian furniture will remain.

Those who know Charles Brackett's writings, but do not know Charles Brackett, will marvel. For nothing could be further removed from Victorianism than the scintillating sophistication with which he invests the characters in his novels and, as dramatic critic of the New Yorker, he left nothing between the lines that might have hinted of the broideries, tufts and tassels of a buried age.

His Quleter Manner

Mr. Brackett's serial novels and short stories which appear in the Saturday Evening Post and other magazines are of a kinder fibre. His two small daughters, Alexandra and Elizabeth Fletcher Brackett, aged 9 and 7, respectively, have been recognized in several of these as "Patty" and "Catharine." The daughters, with their charming mother, are ensconced in the Corliss house, and, at bedtime, romp through the mahogany archways of hall and living rooms in Oriental pajama ensembles. "The Brackett houris," their father calls them.

"Providence should be a quiet place in which to write," declared Mr. Brackett, after explaining his fondness for Victorian surroundings and rolling the heavy doors together on the heels of his lively offspring, "in fact, my work has gone pretty well so far."

Plumbers, electricians, plasterers and painters have failed to shatter the shadowy gloom of the big brick house. Although the floor in the wide hallway is carpeted with the mysterious sheets and planks of the trade, there in an invisible and invincible line drawn at the threshold of the drawing room. No dust of falling plaster nor shavings from a carpenter's plane have sullied the rich and sombre interior of this sanctuary. Only a comfortable display of ash trays and the presence of Mr. Brackett himself can displace some of the atmosphere of the austere eighties which formerly brimmed to its vaulted ceiling.

New Yorker for All That

Mr. Brackett has breathed a freshness into the old house. It, in return, has provided a background that enhances rather than detracts from the personality of its new owner.

SOMETHING

"American nadir of the n . . . been so bad . . . thing pleasant . . . ous houses of t . . . they'd remaine . . . —Charles Brack Colony."

New York has ma one of its sons, he desire to renounc tions. Tired he ma on a sea of popu tions, work and p bright lights, first supper clubs, New lists, novelists and ever much he tric a padded, mahoga Victorian parlor, N mark. Mr. Brack whetted at the Go cars are attuned t and his eyes hold of the dizzying h White Way.

A next-door ne Woolcott and one neighbor and frie Kaufman, Harpo Miller and a mem numbers New Yo authors, dramatic actors, actresses an brings with him a and remembrances Providence ear a bring many cribbe Islanders to the o old house.

Back to "Am

When asked wh forego his custom Riviera, Mr. Brack Brackett family w Europe when the Brackett will proba casionally of a ch and Prospect stree strolls along the b the setting for his can Colony."

In this last, w tion to Mr. Wool pitiless pen the Americans among lost foreign broth novels of Mr. Br Council of the U (to which peopl the remark, "Oh, y "That Last Infirm

Mr. Brackett, t Providence once a late New York Sta man Brackett of S wife was the daug brother of George sounds very co Brackett will be re as counsel for the ernor William Su was a member of t of Brackett, Stan The Bracketts l Mr. Brackett was ried Miss Elizabeth apolis, Ind.

unexpected situations. In this one-act play of Ferenc Molnar, never before shown outside of Hungary, three highly civilized persons sit around a tea-table talking of this thing and that. Superfic-

With one exception, however, the present show is made up of his more intimate works only. That one exception is "The Virgin, the Infant, and St. John," an important item, as it marks a point of transition in the artist's development.

In it he inaugurated his present practice of eliminating from his palette all but seven colors, the "earth" pigments, and of abolishing every element of the transient or accidental from the composition. In this canvas, every inch of the surface is considered as design, and an almost sculptural quality is conferred upon every object in it, including the clouds, the tiny flowerets, and the delicate locks of the child's hair.

A Reputation Maker

A New York critic said that the picture called "Slumber," alone might make the reputation of any artist, and it is surprising that this exquisite study of a sleeping shepherd boy should not yet have been snapped up by someone needing an over-mantel. The closely-related harmonious tones, the long horizontal lines of relaxation, not to mention the extraordinary beauty of the subject itself, make it ideally appropriate for this.

This artist's unusual capacity to attune himself to the mood of his subject is shown by the manner in which he varies his handling in each individual case and succeeds in being equally at home with cathedrals and with babies.

Note, for instance, how in the "French Gypsy Boy," he has expressed the wild smouldering soul of the restless child, by means of quick, energetic brush strokes which have the very character of flame. In no other painting is this technique used. Compare the broad, decisive strokes which build up the massive cathedral walls, with the delicate, almost tentative spotting with which he recreates the lacelike stone of the ornament.

Goal Before Means.

The result is a painting which puts before us not so much mortar and stones, as the very spirit of religious aspiration. It is gratifying to find a painter who does not, as do so many others, mistake the means of art for its end. Mr. Conti's absorption in what he has to express is such as to dictate the appropriate technique, without preoccupation with doctrinaire views of methods. How petty in the presence of a true work of art, appear all the usual gauging in terms of rules, recipes and theories. To quote my favorite aesthetician, it would be like evaluating Hamlet in terms of its grammar.

The series of snow nudes was inspired by the unearthly beauty of the world after the snowstorm last winter, which coated every object with glistening crystal, and the sight of a youth rushing out into the midst of it for a snow bath. The contrast of the warm toned flesh against the cold blue-white landscape moved the painter to the charming and somewhat whimsically diverting depictions of the effect.

And the village and castle pictures of Pierrefonds! Could anything built by man be quite so beguiling to the imagination as these enchanting things?

The exhibition is accented and unified by the single sculpture in the centre of the gallery. It is a small model for a

I WONDER!

I wonder what it would be like
If the world were upside down
And all the stars of heaven
Were lamp-lights in our town—
If the light beside my window
Shone brightly in the sky
And the airport light across the way
Were a gliding moon on high—
I wonder if our earthly lights
Would make folks heave a sigh . . .
If they were in the sky!

RUTH C. FENTON.

Pictures for Pages

"The metier of book illustration, it seems, is understood by only a limited number of those whom we might assume should understand it best; namely, the illustrators, authors and publishers."

So writes Thomas Erwin in an introduction to the catalogue of the third annual exhibition of the American Institute of Graphic Arts, for the time being on view at the John Hay Library, Brown University. Twenty-two volumes were judged worthy of inclusion in this yearly collection of the best, according to the A. I. G. A. jury, in American book illustration.

Mr. Erwin continues:

"The whole tradition of illustration in America has been one of literal pictures—usually oil paintings—designed to render more obvious the already sufficiently obvious stories found in our popular magazines. Pictures which do not harmonize with the type elements of a printed page can only succeed in marring the appearance of a book. Artists of taste and sensibility have instinctively realized that always. The earliest makers of books never erred in this matter.

"The invention of the halftone engraving process interrupted the development of a school of illustration suited to the limitations of the printed page. Slowly and hesitantly we are turning back to the mediums and engraving processes best adapted to the character of book pages.

"Also we are learning that a book is—or should be—a work of literary art and that it does not profit by the addition

John B. H. Leonard in the Rhode Island Historical Society Museum.

"For a few years he was kept fully employed," writes John Nelson Arnold, the historian of Rhode Island arts. "He had a wonderful talent for getting a likeness, having an accurate eye for form, and he easily seized the characteristic expression of his patrons."

Annable, said a critic in the Providence Journal in 1851, quoted by Mr. Chapin, "is giving renewed demonstrations of his genius for art by cutting some highly successful specimens of cameo cutting. The last and best we have seen is a spirited copy of the truly clerical head of the Rector of St. John's

of literal illustration which cannot escape being an intrusion upon the author's domain and an offence against good taste.

"The best illustrators content themselves with complementing and decorating the author's story—they present the author to his audience graciously—wittily—or with decorum, as fits the occasion, as a good master of ceremonies would. They strive to gain for him a favorable hearing, but they never attempt to tell his story.

"Possibly all publishers will in time have learned that buying a 'set of pictures' and binding them into a book in halftone insert form is not necessarily enhancing the book.

"The present exhibition is much smaller than usual. The jury, I am told, searched conscientiously—but in vain—for additional suitable volumes. The books show no prevailing trend—rather they exhibit many divergent characteristics—one feature I noticed particularly—the artists are growing vocal—four of them wrote the books which they illustrated."

"DONEGAL COAST, DUNBEG"



PAINTING UNDER IRISH SKIES during the past year, Gertrude Parmelee Cady, president of the Providence Water Color Club, proved faithful and sensitive to her surroundings. Her work is on view for the current fortnight at the Art Club.

their winter season, presenting the three one-act plays in the Plantations Club Auditorium on Tuesday and Wednesday evening of next week.

"Figureheads" will serve as a vehicle in which to introduce to a Providence audience Lillian Granzow of the Denishawn Dancers, who has recently come to this city to live. The first scene of the play will discover Miss Granzow in one of her oriental dances. Of added interest will be her costumes, some of which were brought to this country from the East by Ruth St. Denis.

The spirit of "Figureheads" is reminiscent of the illustrations of Edmund Dulac, whose work is also suggested in the settings and costumes.

"The Moon of the Caribbees," by Eugene O'Neill, was first produced at the Provincetown Theatre, New York, in 1918 and is one of the series of episodes in the life of the crew of the British tramp steamer "S. S. Glencairn." The series consists of four sketches, in each of which one of the characters lives some profound moment of his existence. All four were produced so as to make a complete evening's entertainment in 1918 and again by the Provincetown Players in the spring of this year.

White Sailors Carouse.

In "The Moon of the Caribbees," which is O'Neill's own favorite among his early plays, the sea is the symbol of the eternal mystery. While their mates carouse, two sailors converse intermittently about the songs that come to them over the waters from the natives on the island—converse, too, of liquor and of love. There is a fight, a general melee, and when the decks are finally cleared there remain only the sea, the silence and the untroubled tropical night.

"Marshal" reveals the incomprehensible inconsistencies that come to the surface of human nature in the fact of

ally the scene is what one would expect when any group of well-born and well-bred are gathered on so slight and charming an occasion.

In each of the persons, however, a savage emotion is at a white heat. The opening conversations are most revealing, but the succeeding badinage is an almost incredibly brilliant example of how words may be used to disguise thoughts and feelings.

The tone of the conversation gradually changes as emotions become too strong to be suppressed. The characters seem to acquire a new significance for each other, and there is a sudden, intensely dramatic denouement, such an unforeseen twist as Molnar is skilled in contriving. The irony of the play is softened by an undercurrent of pity and tenderness.

ROSALBA de ANCHORIZ JOY.

CHINA TEA

Tea, Matilda? Yes, it came from China. Andy brought it in his dragon casks, Brew elusive to the palate, finer Blend of blossom than a Buddha asks.

Has a potency to loosen phrases; Draws a secret from a lump of loam; Steeps with sentiment or sin in phases. Tea, Matilda? You're not going home!
GRACE SHERWOOD.

Dante and the Rhyme

Appropriately from Brown University with its traditions of Dante scholarship and its pre-eminent Dante collection comes one of the most important contributions to the study of the poet made in years. The work is "The Rhyme Words in the Divina Comedia," and the estimate of its value is based on letters sent from several countries to the author, Dr. Alfonso de Salvo, professor of the Italian language and literature at Brown.

The book, which has almost nothing of general interest within its covers, will never threaten to enter best seller lists. That fact does not, nevertheless, prevent an engrossed, meticulous reading in the scholarly circles to which it is addressed or lessen the achievement of Professor de Salvo. The three pages of bibliography suggest the enormous amount of research involved. The response has been very favorable.

Because so many of the rhyme words in Dante have been unfamiliar in form, commentators have concluded that the poet introduced strange and distorted hybrids simply to overcome rhyming obstacles. Professor de Salvo shows that Dante, with his knowledge of Italian dialects other than Tuscan, as well as Latin, French and Provençal, and of early Italian writers, never needed to say anything forced by the rhyme. The Brown faculty member finds a precedent or analogy for forms hitherto believed invented by Dante.

The book bears the imprint of the Parisian publishing house of Champion, which stamps the work as authoritative.

GIRL IN A RED SWEATER

A tall pillar,
Strong with a strength that stands by itself;
No hidden mystery of night are you,
No blushing damozel.

Diana's spirit,
Straight in the sun,
Youth and truth and you are one.

ETHEL H. ABRAMS.

The O'Neill Justice

"Eugene O'Neill has a crude sense of justice but it's literary lynch law."
—Sherwin Lawrence Cook.

at various artists' Meccas. The loss of her favorite travel sketches, however, has not discouraged their energetic creator, and she has assembled the remaining fruits of that season's

A FIRE BURNS IN THE HILLS—

This is the turning
Of the year.
Deep in the hills
A fire is burning.
The trees are flame
And dying ember.
But what of the fire
Shall we remember?

An orange blaze
On a mountain track,
A skeleton leaf
In a lonely spring,
The purple stain
Which wild grapes bring
Or the sheaves of grain
In a wig-wam stack?

The quiet flight
Of amber leaves
Like golden birds
From burnished boughs

The yellow light
Of a pumpkin moon
Or planes in the sky,
When wild geese fly.

Over the earth
Blue smoke creeps,
Light as a feather,
From a heron's wing,
Puffed in a ring
By an Indian squaw
Who lights her pipe
Before she sleeps.

Here is the end
Of the Fall—
The smoky sky,
The smouldering fire,
Here is the bend
Of the road.
Shall we make of it all
Only a funeral pyre?

EMILY G. N. KNIGHT.

"ILLUSIONS ON LIFE"



THE STUDY FOR THIS COMPOSITION is exhibited at Tilden-Thurber's where Gino E. Conti, Rhode Island School of Design graduate, is the exhibitor for the week.