MODERN ART

Matisse

HENRY McBRID

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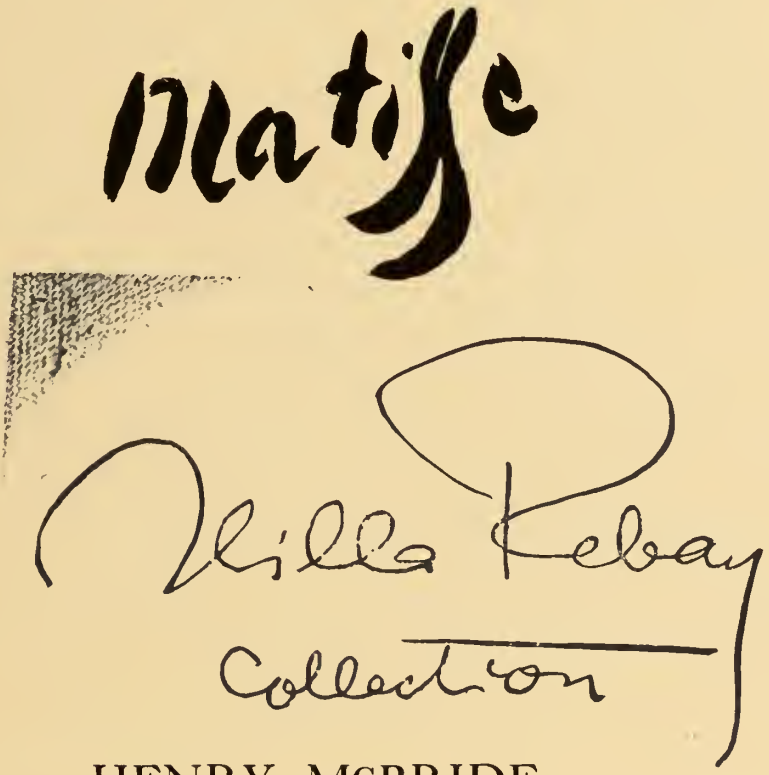


HENRY McBRIDE

ALFRED A. KNOPF NEW YORK · 1930

MANUFACTURED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

HENRI MATISSE

« Aujourd'hui, Matisse est maître de lui-même. Il est en plein et complète possession de tous ses moyens. Totale conquête! Bergson aime à nous jurer que le destin de l'homme est de se créer lui-même. Cette nécessité magnifique s'impose à l'artiste avec plus d'évidence encore qu'aux autres hommes. En ce sens la création de Matisse par lui-même est maintenant accomplie. Son œuvre des Sept Jours est achevée: mais il ne songe guère à se reposer. »

Marcel Sembat, 1920.

On a cependant peu ecrit sur Matisse.
— G. Duthuit, dans l'Action. 1920.

I

Henri Matisse began by being notorious and considerably later achieved fame. During the period of his notoriety an amazing amount of nonsense was written against him by his enemies and in the present period of his celebrity an equal amount of nonsense is being printed by his admirers.* This last is and has been honest enough in intention but it errs generally in being too technical, in trying to be too exact, and in using the shop-terms of the studio to the confusion of the layman. The final word in regard to Matisse, and the final word in regard to all other artists, is always addressed to the world at large, not to specialists, and for that reason it is desirable that the "final word" be written in the exceedingly plain language that the world understands. It is obviously too soon for any finality upon the subject of Matisse who is still in the full vigor of production and it is equally obvious that the complete summing up of his art is a task for one of his

* At the moment of going to press a sumptuously illustrated volume on Matisse by Florent Fels appears and effectively challenges this statement. Previously I had clung to Marcel Sembat's sensitive and intelligent appreciation in the series devoted to Les Peintres Français Nouveaux; and in America, the early enquiries of James Huneker still retain their freshness and pertinence.

compatriots, but in the meantime a "foreigner" may be permitted to register a plea for complete simplicity and clearness in the biography when in due course of time it is undertaken. I have always suspected that the writing upon art was unnecessarily complicated and when years ago I chanced upon John Addington Symond's idle and certainly very curious essay called "In the Key of Blue" I was confirmed in this idea. Symonds merely complained about the inadequacy of the nomenclature of colours in literature and drew an invidious parallel between the terms in common speech such as sapphire, turquoise, mulberry, russet, etc., and the colours of the paint-box, such as gamboge, sienna, cobalt, or ivory-black, and I there and then decided that the writing person's business lay with the first list rather than the second, and straightway began saying — and have kept it up ever since — almond-colour rather than Naples yellow. This may seem a trifling distinction, especially to artists who dearly love their own jargon, but it tends toward clarity of expression, and clarity is by no means a trifling thing.

For similar reasons I have always deplored the stress that is laid, and at such great length, upon the "volume" in the painting of Cézanne and the "striving towards abstract synthesis" that is attributed to Henri Matisse and Picasso. These terms are all right in atelier confabs but they don't go very far with the citizen of the open-air — not even though he be an intelligent citizen of

the open-air. The individual who is still confined mentally in the period that produced Manet and Renoir, chiefly because he sees no new place in which he dares to make a stand, may be intellectual enough for all that. Intellect does not always give the clue to the innovations in art that are going to wear well. It really takes that as yet ill-defined thing, an open mind, which is probably rarer than has been supposed, since the so-called advance-guard that heralds inventions and sponsors them is never a large band. It is not a fixed band either, as some think, for each new generation has its own advance-guard and its own little hardy set of advanced collectors who defy and deride the slower-moving world. Intellect is intellect, however, and sooner or later the people who pride themselves upon knowing which way the wind blows, can't resist the evident enthusiasm of the people who are rejoicing in a brand new and up-to-date way of looking at life, and come around "wanting to know." It is then they are met with those baffling remarks about "volume" and "abstract synthesis" that seem so to way-lay them. It is true that Mr. Clive Bell has had an especial success with his phrase "significant form" which seems to have thoroughly persuaded his English readers that at last they have the clue to all modern art, and I have seen it much quoted by the better writers of the day on this side of the water, but it was not a greatly illuminating remark to me personally and I have not had much luck with it when

trying to pass it on to others. In fact, I have never been a great believer in explaining art.* I think art that can be thoroughly understood is practically useless. Instead, I now invariably recommend would-be progressives, if they look as though they could afford it, to buy a Matisse. It is almost the only way for the uncertain person to come to conclusions in regard to this master. Certainly it is the easiest way. What is difficult in his art has a way of simplifying itself once it has been lived with, and the first thing the possessor knows he is taking the picture upon the artist's own terms — which, after all, is the way all pictures are to be taken. Were there good Matisses in the public museums I should of course say go to them for enlightenment, but unfortunately a public museum is the last place on earth in which to look for guidance in contemporary problems. No museum director yet has ever belonged to the advance guard.

II

The important thing to know about Matisse is simply this — he is a magnificent painter. He takes a pleasure that some say is malicious — and it may be malicious — in procedures that are just the reverse of those employed by Manet and Renoir who were themselves relentless innovators in their day. He does not hesitate to put in heavy black outlines with wide brushes where

* "Les lettres expliquent les arts sans les comprendre, les arts comprennent les lettres sans les expliquer," Degas, as reported by Georges Roualt.

his predecessors said there were no outlines. Black outlines! What on earth is there immoral, degenerate, criminal (all these terms I have heard applied to Matisse's art by academicians!), in black outlines, now that you come to think of it? Why must we always drift into the groove of believing there is only one way to paint when all history teaches the infinite variety of methods that may be successful? . . . Or he plays fantastically with a portion of an outline and allows the rest of it to be as disappearing as you like. He occasionally acts toward realism as though he were a bad boy saying "to h— with realism" and he is equally wilful, at times, in compelling you to accept the very colour combinations that mid-Victorians thought most horrible — such as pale pink and bright orange, or bright vermillion and purple. But he is a gorgeous painter just the same, just as assured and confident in his manner as Frans Hals and Rubens and infinitely more forceful than either — for we know more about dynamics than the older men did and the release from the preoccupation with detail permits our artists to indulge to the limit the modern passion for percussion.

Furthermore there is always the mental freedom and imaginative agility of a child back of his brush-work. Matisse almost at the beginning of his career looked about him for encouragement in his desire for spontaneity of expression and found it only in the drawings of children. Not being a child himself he felt it

necessary to throw overboard a lot of stiffening mannerisms that had been taught him in the schools and he did suddenly begin painting with the care-free abandonment to the sheer pleasure of painting that all children show in their beginnings. Such an outcry as there was about that! Again it was immoral, degenerate, criminal for a grown man to paint like a child, and it was also immoral, degenerate, criminal for those of us who made a profession of writing about art to tolerate such productions; for some of us, not only in France but in America did more than tolerate, we openly liked the novel presentments of nature that Matisse, Picasso, Braque and the Fauves generally put forth, finding in them the only sparks of genuine vitality that were visible at that time above the ocean of deadly mediocre stuff that was seething about the official institutions and receiving official sanction. It was this particular business of refusing to be any more trammelled than a child that led Matisse, as much as any one trait that may be mentioned, to the heights he afterward achieved. Some writer, I now forget whom, after citing the remark of Delacroix that "preserving the freshness of the sketch in the finished painting was the most difficult task that confronted the artist" added that that was precisely Matisse's achievement — and it is true. All the great Matisse pictures hide completely the traces of preparation and seem like improvisations.

III

A page or two back I allowed the word "malicious" to pass and also the insinuation that has been heard from some quarters that Matisse is a "bad boy." Something further, however, on that line is required. Matisse, I fear, was a bad boy at one time, though never quite to the extent that Picasso was and is. Picasso is rather incorrigible. He finds it impossible to resist taking a rise out of the stodgy people who sit in continual judgment upon him, even now that he is a world celebrity with all the prosperity that goes with it,* but Matisse is more essentially sober and sedate, and most of his wilfulness consists in merely refusing to aid dull people when he sees that they are puzzled — but I don't think he sets out deliberately to construct puzzles. I thought I caught him in the act once of thus "maliciously" withholding an explanation when an explanation would have been quite simple. It was upon the occasion of my first meeting with the artist, an occasion brought about in turn by an accidental rencontre in the streets of Paris, years ago, with Mr. Roger Fry of England and Mr. Bryson Burroughs of America, who said, "Come along and lunch with us and go afterward to see Matisse. We have a date with him." I urged at first a non-acquaintance with the painter but was easily persuaded to join the party notwithstanding.

* Jean Cocteau, in his *Rappel à l'Ordre*, in reply to the tiresomely repetitious enquiries of the early part of Picasso's career, 'Is he sincere?,' made the, to philistine ears, startling, but obviously true assertion that many a work of art that had its inception in a gesture of disdain for the public, achieved greatness *quand même* — greatness of disdain being as inspiring a motive as any other.

Feeling myself to be somewhat of an interloper I did not take an active part in the proceedings and when we were in process of making our adieux I was the first to gain the outer vestibule. Mr. Fry, shaking hands with our host, and still in the studio, espied something none of us had previously noticed, an astonishing bronze figure on the ledge of the big studio window and said, "What is that?" From my hidden vantage point I did detect a touch of slyness in Matisse's smile as he pulled the curtains aside and drew the bronze into the light, as though he were saying to himself, "This time I'll get them." As a matter of fact he did "get" us. The bronze female figure was decidedly bizarre with certain *apparent* reversals of form that were enough to make an academician die of apoplexy on the spot but they had no such disastrous effect upon Mr. Fry, Mr. Burroughs or myself, all of us surviving to this day. But I personally was struck dumb by the Venus whose thighs were almost as thin as wires and whose lower legs were as thick as her thighs should have been. Mr. Fry who is always equal to any social demand murmured something felicitous enough to get us over the situation and finally out of the atelier — and it has ever since been an intense regret that I did not catch precisely what he said. It must surely have been something worth remembering. *But*, here is the point of this already too-long-winded story. Years afterward the Venus showed up in one of the exhibitions in Mr. Alfred Stieglitz's gallery at

291 Fifth Avenue and I chanced to see it through two doorways which produced a refracted light that must have been exactly like the one Matisse had worked in, for I saw the intention of the artist clearly. Matisse had merely "painted" in sculpture, putting in the streak of high-light on the thigh of his Venus and lengthening out the shadows on the lower legs just as they had occurred on his model; and when properly seen, as on the occasion I describe, the bronze figure, which at first had seemed an ineffective joke, did actually resolve itself into an excellent interpretation of form. It would have been an easy matter, as I have said, for Matisse to have given Mr. Fry, Mr. Burroughs and myself a helpful clue to this Venus, but the bad boy in him tempted him to keep us mystified. This bronze Venus reappeared quite recently in the sale of the late Arthur B. Davies' art collection, and was greeted on the auction block with derisive laughter. Calling a few days later to view a small exhibition in the private gallery of Mrs. John D. Rockefeller Jr., I found that lady to be the contented new owner of the piece, and when I proffered my explanation of the way the thing had been modeled, Mrs. Rockefeller smiled and said she, too, by accident, had once chanced, in Mr. Davies' studio, upon the revealing lighting for the Venus and that was why she had bought it at the auction.

Trivial? Do you find such an attitude toward the world trivial? At least to me it is understandable. In the first place it is not

toward the world in general that such artists as Matisse and Picasso hurl their disturbing conundrums but toward the bigoted custodians of the institutions that do everything imaginable to block the careers of new geniuses. So much has been accomplished for this generation by Matisse and Picasso in battling down official opposition that now it takes an effort of memory to recall just how tight and fixed the laws of picture-making were when they came upon the scene,* what a long list there was of "must not's" and how vague the professors were on the "can be's." In fact to many discouraged artists it seemed as though nothing were permitted, and above all that the ideals and backgrounds of their own lives were impossible in art. It is to Matisse's great glory and to the Fauves' great glory that they corrected this stifling and fatal error and gave to the people of the day an art that matched all its aspirations. It is *our own* contribution to history, we feel with pride, in looking at a Matisse, it is a beauty *we* discovered, and " by George," say all the young people, " it's elegant and satisfactory stuff." That it was elegant, the decorators, among others, quickly saw, and thereupon in an amazingly short time an entire system of decorative art was gleaned from the paintings of Matisse, Picasso, Braque, etc., and so thoroughly applied that everything inside the house and outside of it, and

* In 1910, C. Lewis Hind, who thought he was being very liberal in conceding that the Matisse paintings were "life-communicating," added; "Of one thing I am sure. If what Matisse is doing is to live, it must be designated by another name than that of art."

particularly everything that is for sale in the shops is now expressed in terms of modernity. "The period," in fact, is as completely rounded out as any in history.

IV

It is true that, in America, it is only within the last few years, that the greater Matisse pictures have been coming to us. And the greatest of them all only came upon a visit. The affiliation of the artist's son, Pierre, with the Valentine Gallery permitted that establishment to have, in 1927, a retrospective exhibition that was in every way impressive, and that met with an instant success. The largest and finest work in it was a robust rhapsody in paint over an "Odalisque." There were several odalisques in the show, but the one I single out, gave us the figure seated on the floor, surrounded by the flamboyant tapisseries that especially mean Matisse and that could only have been painted by Matisse. It had amused the artist to discover an almost straight line in the silhouette of the woman's back, just as it had amused Verrocchio, centuries before, to emphasize the straightness of the line of the neck in his celebrated portrait of a girl — and it had also amused Matisse to appreciably vary the mood of the painting when he arrived at painting the woman's head. When reviewing this exhibition for *The Sun*, I permitted myself unrestrained

admiration for the virtuosity of this painting, but in a frivolous post-script accused Matisse, in this changed manner of painting for the head, of having laid a snare for the Bernard Berenson's of the future, all of whom would surely say the head was by another hand and that therefore trickery had been let loose in the land. As a matter of fact I knew very well why that head had had a different treatment from the rest of the picture. It was merely that the pace and power of the painting had everywhere been so great that Matisse felt that nothing short of a change into a new key could make the head dominate the composition as it should — and, as, in the end, it did. This picture, which would have been "the making" of a fine private collection, or for that matter of a fine public collection, was not for sale. I tried in every way to pull wires to have the canvas remain in a certain New York public collection — even going so far as to offer a respectable *rental* for a term of six years after which the picture was to be faithfully returned to Paris — but the artist was adamant and still keeps the " Odalisque " in his atelier. It is certainly the best Matisse I have seen, and I suspect it is the best M. Matisse himself has seen. No doubt before very long you will hear of it in the Luxembourg; or perhaps, since it is so sensationally good, it may jump directly into the Louvre. The Louvre, I hear, is sometimes impatient at the Luxembourg "barrier," and the "Odalisque" if used as the implement for breaking it down, is

quite capable of stirring up as much debate as did the "Olympia" of Manet, years ago.

Number two on my list of fine Matisses seen in America is a still-life belonging to Mr. Stephen Clark. It is an arrangement of a shiny metal tray with some red herrings on a table. It is painted with superb directness and has a vitality that is amazing. It is probably not so easy and flowing in composition as the great still-life that has recently been purchased by the Luxembourg, and which I know only by photograph, but it has another daring straight line in it — the line along the table-cloth to the left — that will be considered a personal insult by any philistine who happens upon it but which was probably the very trait — I am guessing, of course — that induced Mr. Clark to purchase it.

V

I have already said that Matisse is a painter above everything else, meaning if you don't "get" the painting, you are not apt to "get" anything from the work, but in spite of my unwillingness to grow technical, I must add a word about his mastery of composition for it would indeed be considered singular not to, and I have no desire at this moment to be thought odd. Composition can be and is taught in the schools. It is part of the equipment of even ordinary painters. But Matisse makes it extraordinary. Both he and Picasso get power out of the modern air and weld

their productions into a forceful inevitability that I believe is unprecedented in the annals of art. Matisse gives a great deal of thought to this end of his work. To hear him talk you would imagine it to be the chief end of his work,* but it is when he drops from the scholasticism of the schools into pure music, as he does in the Luxembourg still-life, in the "Odalisque" and in fact in most of the figure paintings illustrated in this book, that he becomes very great in composition. I have an overpowering affection, too, for a considerable group of paintings in which the compositional lines are so heavily indicated that they might be thought by some to be the whole thing in the picture — though those who hold with me that "Matisse is always the painter" will scarcely be contented with phrasing it in that way. On the contrary, the heavy lines are "painted" and balanced beautifully with the colour masses however simply they may have been indicated. The most memorable work in this class that came to New York was a huge "Gold Fish" picture, shown at Montross', which returned to Paris and is now probably adorning some French private collection. It is superb. An "Interior" in the Bartlett Collection, shown in the Chicago Museum is another fine

* "L'expression, pour moi, ne réside pas dans la passion qui éclatera sur un visage ou qui s'affirmera par un mouvement violent. Elle est dans toute la disposition de mon tableau: la place qu'occupent les corps, les vides qui sont autour d'eux, les proportions, tout cela y à sa part. La composition est l'art d'arranger de manière decorative les divers elements dont le peintre dispose pour exprimer ses sentiments. Dans un tableau chaque partie sera visible et viendra jouer le rôle qui lui revient, principal ou secondaire. Tout ce qui n'a pas d'utilitie dans le tableau est par la même nuisible. Une œuvre comporte une harmonie d'ensemble: tout detail superflu prendrait, dans l'esprit du spectateur, la place d'un autre detail essentiel."

Notes d'un Peintre: Henri Matisse.

example of the same type. . . . On the contrary, I have never been able to share the enthusiasm that some connoisseurs have manifested for the much-discussed murals, La Danse and La Musique, which went to Moscow, or somewhere in Russia, although I had the advantage of hearing the artist's eloquent explanation of the genesis of the work; for La Danse was there in the studio at the time of my already mentioned visit to it with Mr. Fry and Mr. Burroughs. For me, those bacchantes were not "endiablée," as Marcel Sembat held, but over-intellectualized and dry. If they were dancing to music, I didn't hear it.

VI

> "Well I do believe, for one thing, a man has no right to say to his own generation, turning quite away from it, 'Be damned.' It is the whole Past and the whole Future, this same cotton-spinning, dollar-hunting, canting and shrieking, very wretched generation of ours. Come back into it, I tell you."
>
> Carlyle, in a letter to Emerson, 1842.

Being of this time, Matisse like all the other masters of the period, has been emancipated from the thralldom of the "subject." "With the perfection of the camera," as Mrs. Dale puts it in her admirable study of the work of Modigliani, "an art that painted only what the eyes could see had lost its *raison*

d'être." * But just the same an extraordinary and explanatory aroma clings to all the Matisse production and must mean "us" and our ideals to posterity, precisely in the manner that Watteau and Boucher explain *their* periods. It is not likely that Watteau and Boucher thought of themselves as historians, and it is quite sure that such an idea has not yet occurred to Matisse — (the spiritual reflection of an age, when it appears in a work of art, is apt to have been implanted there by what we now call the " subconscious "), yet a something that is unquestionably and contemporaneously French emanates from each canvas he sends out. It is bourgeois and all the more French to modern eyes for being bourgeois. The " interiors " make no pretension to the standards of the " faubourg " nor even to those of the Avenue Henri Martin. They are almost always and frankly the sitting-rooms of the Matisse family with the odd tapisseries that an artist picks up in Morocco or elsewhere, and fearlessly adds to the family chattels; and the garden scenes which have a novelty and freshness all their own, are of Madame Matisse and her daughter quietly engaged, under the trees, in homely sewing tasks. This is casualness with a vengeance, if you like, but the fine ease of the artist in facing such familiar themes has had as

* "The first quarter of the twentieth century was a reaction against the nineteenth. In art man demanded something he had in his heart and not in his eyes. A gaping public had become an inquiring public and was no longer satisfied in dissecting the obvious. With the perfection of the camera an art that painted only what the eyes could see had lost its *raison d'être.*"

Maud Dale's "Modigliani."

much as anything, no doubt, to do with his catching those higher rhythms that relate to all time.

Returning travellers from abroad (1929) tell me that the artist at this moment is again deeply immersed in sculpture and is producing some memorable figure pieces. The early bronzes, it will be recalled, founded almost a new school of sculpture, influencing, of course, too arbitrarily, too many students. The travellers say, too, that Matisse, the eminently bourgeois, the eminently French, is actually considering a trip to the West Indies, and in such a case might on the return journey look in and up to the skyscrapers of New York. This consummation, if it really comes about, will provide us with a legitimate chapter of our own which we may add to the Matisse history. Hitherto, we have been catching rather desperately at the story from long range.

Addenda

My friend Pierre Matisse's papa is, it seems, an academician. This will be quite a surprise to Pierre. He had supposed his papa, Henri Matisse, to be some sort of a Radical — a Bolshevik or a conscientious objector — anything, in fact, save what he now turns out to be. It is a wise child, of course, that knows its own father. It is indeed a wise father, the old Greeks held, that knows himself, and Henri Matisse may be also among the surprised. But there can be no doubt as to the fact. The Pittsburgh International Exhibition has just awarded him its annual gold medal, with its attendant prize money, $1,500.

He was a long time in getting found out. He is no longer in his first youth, nor even in his second. He is almost sixty. For many years he has been famous — some would say notorious — for doing all sorts of things that young painters in the schools are taught expressly not to do. To have him suddenly caught up like this by Carnegie Institute and held aloft as a model for the entire world will require many professors and curators of paintings to make a right-about-face. Heretofore, you know, Henri Matisse has not been overly popular with curators and the number of

museums in which he is not represented is almost one hundred percent of the total.

All the way home from the show — and whilst gazing at the bleak, forbidding landscape of Western Pennsylvania, which does not in itself reward thought — I kept wondering what Henri Matisse would do with the money. He is, from the point of view of artists, a rich man. In the far-away days before the war, when calling upon him with Gertrude Stein, I noticed, as we passed through the gardens, some first-rate horses kicking their heels in his stables, and only last summer in Paris I heard a rumor, which may have been true, that he had refused $50,000 for a certain picture. The sudden accession of a $1,500 prize would not, therefore, mean any great change in his mode of living.

What would he do with that money? Whistler, you may remember, when he received a farthing damages in the celebrated suit for libel against Ruskin, decided to wear the farthing upon his watch chain. Matisse would hardly spend the $1,500 — trifling though the sum must seem to him — on a bangle for his watch chain. True, he could invest it in a bangle for his wife's watch chain. A bangle for a lady may cost as much as you please, and more, as John Singer Sargent found out when he wanted to do something nice for Carmencita.

I thought the Carmencita episode the only amusing item in the new life of Sargent, which I recently perused for pay — I re-

viewed the book. When the portrait of the dancer was exhibited in New York an admirer offered £600 for it, which was refused. Sargent said to Glehn: "I was unable to accept it as it had cost me more than that to paint." "Cost you more! How do you mean?" "Why, in bracelets and things."

But to get back to the sensational elevation of Matisse to academical honors (for it is sensational and returning visitors from Pittsburgh will probably talk of it to the exclusion of all else). Pittsburgh itself will probably be sufficiently scandalized by the affair. It has never known what to think of Matisse; or, rather, it has never been permitted to think about Matisse. The few Matisses in times past that got past the stern censorship were non-committal affairs and were hung usually in the remote corners where they escaped the throng. Hanging committees can do wonders in the way of shelving pictures.

Even the present Matisses, if the truth must be told, are non-committal affairs, and not the best Matisses I have seen. If Pittsburgh puzzles over them it will not in the least imply a lack of intelligence upon Pittsburgh's part, but simply that insufficient evidence has been presented. The Matisses are genuine, of course, but modest. They are the kind that small collectors snap up with avidity, but not the kind that "make" collections or great museums. They are not the kind — I want to put it so you must understand me — that Matisse refused $50,000 for last summer in

Paris. The prize award, consequently, was a beau geste. It was given by some one who knew more about Matisse than what he had just picked up in the Pittsburgh exhibition.

New York Sun, Oct. 1927

Especially toward Matisse has the public attitude changed. There are all sorts of reasons for this. For one thing, he is older than he used to be and is through with the experimental phase of his career. Then, too, he cannot have felt for many years now the young man's instinctive yearning to defy weighty tradition, which is nothing more in the case of the young than a healthy desire to state all of life's experiences in their own terms. He is so universally accepted that he is no longer obliged to go out of his way to astonish the heedless, and in the work of his recent years he is so serenely and simply occupied with stating his own vision that practically everything he now puts forth may be seen to be in the great tradition that he at one time appeared to despise.

The new pictures are notable, as usual, for rare and lovely color, for bold and inventive brush work, for masterly design. It is impossible to choose among them, but the big interior, entitled "Nature Morte," certainly contains a wholesale amount of charm and most of the amusing tricks of treatment that one has come to like in a Matisse. The "Atelier," with a young woman painting

in it, is a most successful interior, with startling simplifications and values that are audacious and at the same time true. The various "Odalisques" and the young women in the "Corsage Rose" provide excuses for the very latest things in the way of color harmonies, and the "Partie de Dominos" shows where Matisse links up with tradition. It must seem natural painting, for instance, to any one who has already learned to like Degas.

New York Sun, Jan. 7, 1928

Henri Matisse

1. Odalisque

Collection Henri Matisse

2. Odalisque

Collection Paul Guillaume

3. L'odalisque à la culotte grise

Collection Paul Guillaume

4. Odalisque B

Collection Paul Guillaume

5. Le Repos

Collection Henri Matisse

6. Femme nue couchée

Collection Etienne Bignou, Paris

7. Seated Figure

Collection Mr. William F. Laporte

8. Femme jouant du violon devant un piano

Collection Etienne Bignou, Paris

9. La leçon de piano

10. La plante grasse

Collection Etienne Bignou, Paris

11. Chanteuse assise

Collection Paul Reinhardt

12. Odalisque

Private Collection, New York

13. Jeune fille au torse nu

14. Femme Mauresque

Chester Dale Collection

15. Femme nue au chapeau de plumes

Collection Etienne Bignou, Paris

16. Woman with Plumed Hat

Collection Mr. Stephen C. Clark

17. Le chapeau de plumes

Chester Dale Collection

18. L'Été — Jeune femme dans un fauteuil

Collection Mr. Adolph Lewishon


Henri Matisse

19. Figure

Collection Mr. T. Catesby Jones


Henri Matisse

20. Portrait de femme accoudée sur un fauteuil

Collection Mr. Adolph Lewishon


Henri-Matisse

21. Tête de femme

Collection Mr. T. Catesby Jones

22. Femme devant un aquarium

Art Institute of Chicago, Birch-Bartlett Collection

23. On the Balcony

Collection Worcester Art Museum

24. Spanish Shawl

Former Collection Soubies, Paris

Collection Josef Stransky


Henri Matisse

25. Fête des fleurs à Nice

26. Gorge du Loup

Chester Dale Collection

27. Villa Bleue, Nice

Chester Dale Collection

28. Maison dans les olives

29. Paysage à Cagnes

30. Le pont de Sèvres

31. Notre Dame de Paris

32. Etretat

33. Woman at the Window

The Art Institute of Chicago, Winterbotham Fund

34. Femme assise dans un fauteuil

Collection Mr. R. Sturgis Ingersoll

35. La dame en vert (à la fenêtre)

36. La fenêtre fermée

37. La fenêtre à Nice

Private Collection, New York

38. Interior, Nice

Collection Mr. Stephen C. Clark

39. The Window

Collection Detroit Institute of Arts

40. Vase de Fleurs

Collection Mr. John T. Spaulding

41. Flowers

Collection Mr. Adolph Lewishon

42. Still Life with Apples

Collection Mr. John F. Kraushaar

43. Still Life

Awarded First Prize in the Twenty-sixth Carnegie International Exhibition

44. Les Crevettes Roses

Collection Mr. Stephen C. Clark

45. Still Life with Pineapple

Collection Mr. and Mrs. Samuel A. Lewishon

46. Still Life

Musée du Luxembourg

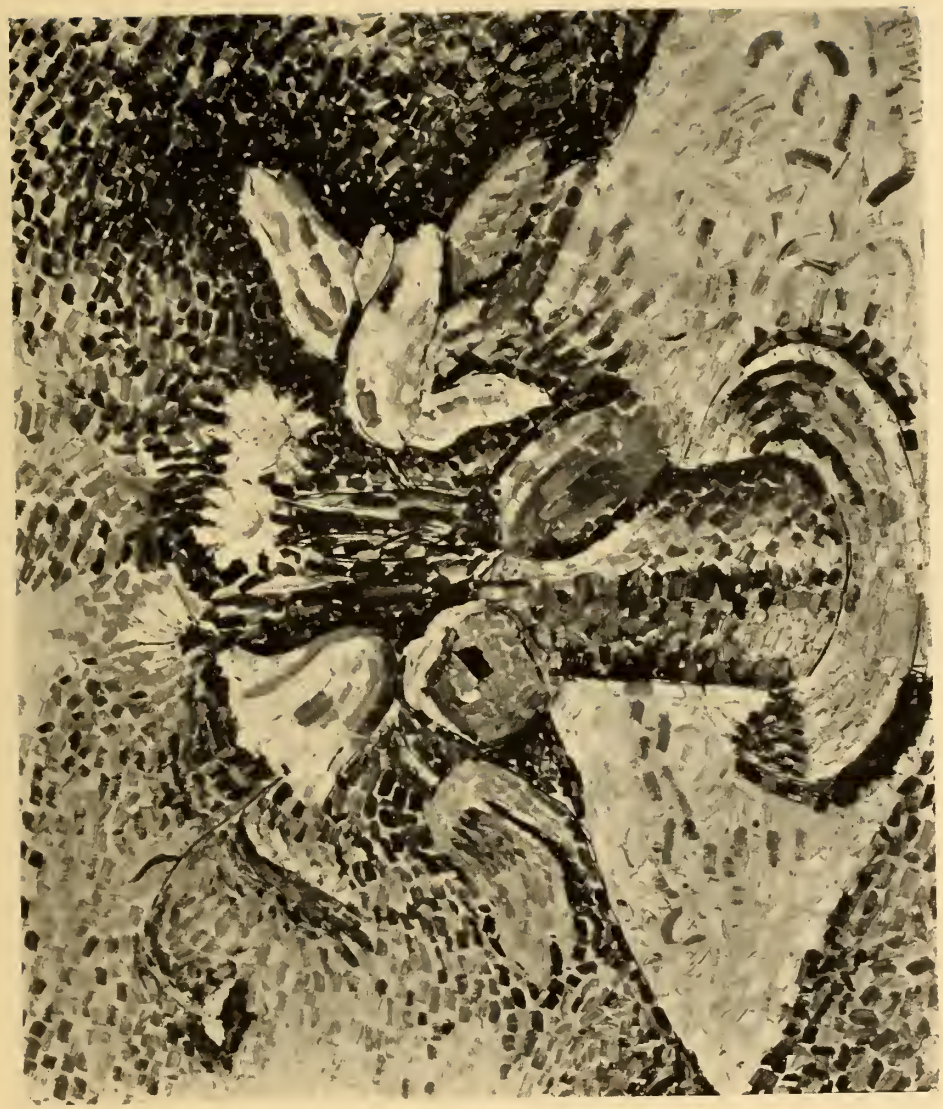
47. Deux pêches et un verre dans une assiette et pot

48. Pot de Géraniums

Chester Dale Collection

49. Vase de Fleurs

Chester Dale Collection



50. Still Life

Collection Henri Matisse

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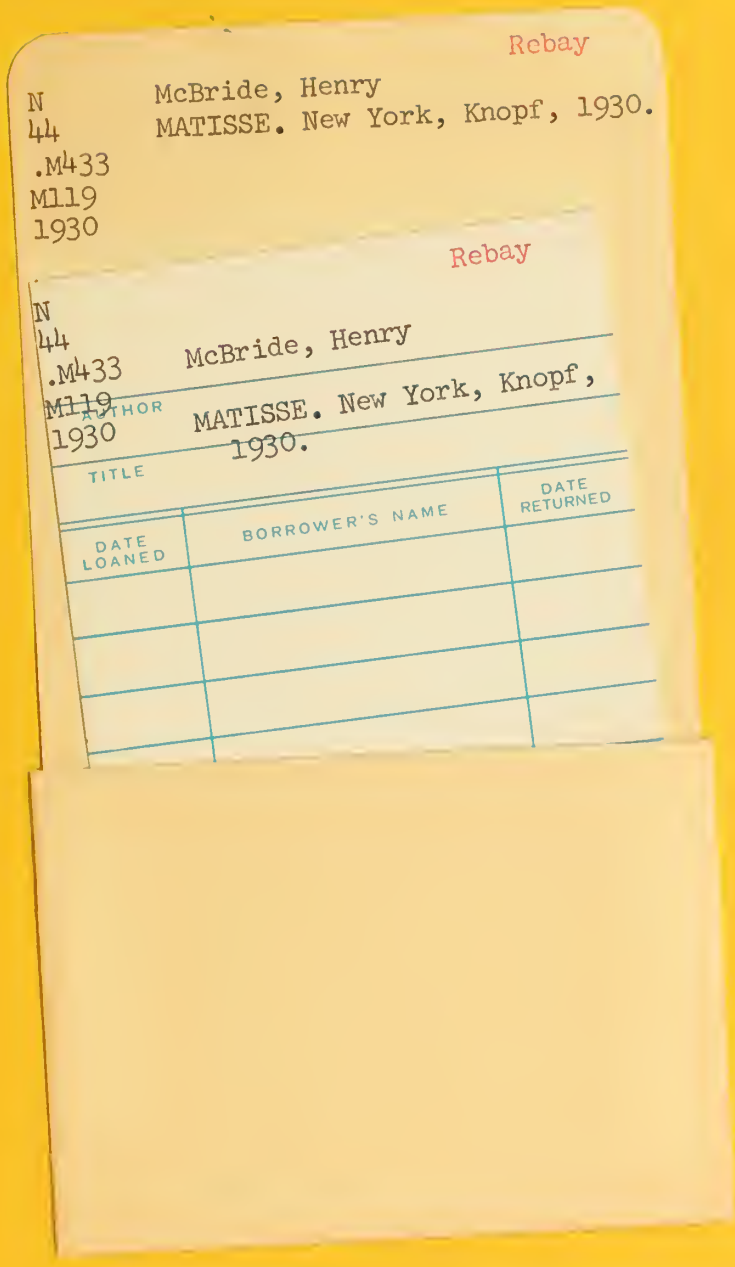

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