

Charles Demuth

By MRS. JOHN E. MALONE

OUR fellow-townsmen, Charles Demuth, was without doubt one of the finest water-color artists of his period, if not of all time. In his lifetime, there is probably only one other master of this medium, who approached him, namely, John Marin. Both of these artists have carried the manipulation of this difficult medium to hitherto unprecedented achievement, not only in their technical ability, but especially, in the case of Demuth, in his appreciation of the possibilities of the fugitive water-color to depict the ephemeral quality of flowers and fruit.

The writer of this paper could not have written it without the great help given to her by Demuth's life-long friend, Mr. Robert E. Locher. Through him and his associate, Mr. Richard Weyand, she was granted full access to the Demuth home, to the comprehensive catalog of Demuth's work, containing more than nine hundred items, compiled by Mr. Weyand; and to much historical data, and personal memoranda. Mr. Frederick W. Hammond also has contributed to the writer many suggestions and reminiscences of Demuth, as he knew him well for many years. Mr. Locher, at Charles Demuth's death, inherited all the water-colors, which had not previously been sold to museums and private collectors, and upon the death of Charles' mother, came into possession of the home. A wealth of material was found there, and Mr. Locher has made of the house a veritable shrine to Demuth.

A glance at his ancestry is interesting, so I shall quote excerpts from a booklet on "The Demuth Family and the Moravian Church," which was written by C. F. Battershell of New Philadelphia, Ohio, in 1931. Christoph Demuth of Moravia was born almost three centuries ago, between 1653 and 1658, and had four sons. In 1726

three of them fled across the border into Saxony, because of persecution by the Catholics of Moravia. They settled on the estate of Count Zinzendorf, close to the boundary of Moravia and Saxony, in a village called Herrnhut. Tobias, the eldest son, died, and his widow with her eldest son were thrown into prison, in 1728, in Moravia. After more than a year there, they managed to escape. This eldest son, Joseph, and his two sisters, came to Herrnhut in 1729. Rosina, the mother, may have come later with her youngest son, Gottlieb, who arrived in Herrnhut in 1730. In 1735 Gotthard Demuth and in 1736 Gottlieb, his nephew, left Herrnhut, going to Savannah, Georgia, in North America. From there they went to the vicinity of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. Gottlieb's sister, Anna Maria, evidently came to Pennsylvania also, as she died in Bethlehem in 1760. A Johann Christoph Demuth died in Nazareth, Pennsylvania, in 1754. It is a noteworthy coincidence that Gottlieb Demuth came to this country on the boat which brought James Oglethorpe to Georgia, on his way to his new appointment as governor of that state. Gottlieb, a carpenter, helped found the town of Bethlehem. He served after the Revolutionary War in a Battalion of Northampton County, Pennsylvania, as did a brother, Joseph, who served during the war.

Some of the Demuth forbears moved to Tuscarawas County, Ohio, where one, Daniel Christopher, became the first farmer in that county to make a regular business of market gardening. Among others there was a watchmaker and a boxmaker, but farming and carpenter work seem to have been the principal occupations of these early Demuths. One finds among Charles Demuth's ancestors, a tendency toward painting and drawing. Mr. Locher has an old sketch book, which belonged to Caroline L. M. Demuth, that contains pencil drawings, water-colors in black and white, and one painting of lilies in full color. Another sketch book, dated 1829, belonged to Samuel Demuth, and contains designs for a barn, outline drawings of toad stools, mushrooms, and curiously enough, of Chinese pagodas. Another painting by a sister, Louisa, is a bouquet of flowers in water-color.

Christopher Demuth, born in 1738, son of Gottlieb, emigrated to Lancaster, where he married Elizabeth Hartaffel, and settled in the house at 116 East King Street, which was probably bought from his father-in-law. In this house they conducted a tobacco

shop, now the oldest in the United States. It was founded in 1770, and was kept by Christopher until 1814. According to this, Christopher lived to be 76 years of age, when Jacob, his son, took over the shop until 1842. The place was then run by Jacob's son, Emmanuel, and by Lawrence, another son, until 1853. Then it was again run by Emmanuel until 1864. Henry, another son of Jacob, ran the shop until 1906. After that Ferdinand and Henry C. ran it until 1930, when Henry C. and his son, Christopher, took over, and since Henry's death, Christopher alone has run it.

The line of Charles Demuth's ancestors goes as follows: *Christoph*, born about 1653, his son *Tobias* born 1682, married Rosina Tonn. *Gottlieb*, son of Tobias, born 1715, married Eva Gutsler. Their son, *Christopher*, born in 1738, married Elizabeth Hartaffel. John Demuth, a son of Christopher, born in 1770, married Catherine Tressler, and was a painter and sculptor. He painted family portraits and carved in wood. One of his carvings can now be seen in the Demuth tobacco shop. This small figure served as the first sign for the shop. *Jacob* Demuth, born in 1779, was the son of Christopher. He married Eliza Eberman, and after her death, he was married again, to Catherine Medford. Jacob's son, Emmanuel, married Margaret Eichholtz, the daughter of Jacob Eichholtz, who no doubt, augmented the artistic trends already inherent in the Demuth family. Another member of Jacob's family, Elizabeth, had children who were all musical. Jacob had twenty children; in fact the family was so large that they moved to 118 East King Street, next door to the tobacco shop. This building was before that, an inn, called "William Pitt, the Earl of Chatham," the sign for which was painted by Jacob Eichholtz, and may now be seen in the Landis Valley Museum. Another son of Jacob, *Henry*, married Elizabeth McDonald, who were the parents of *Ferdinand*, Charles Demuth's father. Ferdinand married Augusta Wills Buckius, and Charles was born on November 8, 1883, at 109 North Lime Street, where they lived until about 1890, when they moved to the house at 118 East King Street. Ferdinand died in 1911, and Charles' mother lived in the old house until her death in 1943.

Here she kept everything she had pertaining to Charles, the books he had collected, the pictures, some of his own paintings which had not been turned over to dealers, and many childhood

belongings. In a recent exhibition at the Demuth home, during Art Week, a tiny water-color was shown, done by Charles at the age of ten years, and carefully framed and dated by his mother. Both his mother and father were thoroughly sympathetic with his interest in painting, and the small family was a closely knit one. Mr. Ferdinand Demuth was a good amateur photographer, and whether or not Charles contributed to his father's efforts along that line, the innate good taste displayed in this Demuth family, proved a sound background for Charles' exceptional talents.

As the writer remembers him, he was never very strong. He will be remembered by those who knew him, as somewhat lame, and wore a built-up shoe. This slight deformity must have happened when he was very young, perhaps from a fall. Nevertheless he could do many things in spite of this affliction, including dancing. Socially he was delightful, with his wit, fine sense of humor, and always sympathetic understanding. Mr. Hammond says of him that he never disparaged a fellow artist, or even a would-be artist; he also says that if Charles had not been an artist, he would have been a fine architect. He was extremely modest about his own work, showing real appreciation when anyone admired it, never saying unpleasant things about others' work, simply making no comment when he could not like it. His tact and quiet manner made for him many friends in the art world, and outside of it.

Because of his delicate constitution, it was no doubt decided for him that he should be developed into an artist, instead of trying to start him on a more robust sort of career. In his youth he showed a decided taste for drawing and painting, so that, too, aided the decision. Before the age of seventeen years, he was doing burnt woodwork, painting china, under the direction of Miss Purple of Columbia, and even doing needlepoint. Miss Stettheimer, of New York, owns to this day some of the hand-painted china he did, according to Mr. Hammond.

When Charles was eighteen years of age, after attending Franklin and Marshall Academy in Lancaster, he went to the Drexel Institute in Philadelphia, in 1901. Prior to 1905 he studied at the School of Industrial Art, in the latter city, under Mrs. Mary Andrade. She considered him unusually gifted, and advised him to change his school to the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, where he went in April, 1905. Drawing at first from plaster

casts of antique Greek statuary, as all beginners were required to do, he soon, in 1906, was working in the classes of life drawing and painting, where he remained until 1908.

The writer remembers vaguely, because of being very busy herself, that her last year at the Academy was Charles' first year there. In the summer of 1907 he attended the Academy's summer school at Fort Washington, the so-called Darby School, and there was under Thomas Anschutz and Hugh Breckenridge. The summers of 1911 and 1912 were spent at Lambertville, New Jersey, other summers at New Hope, in our state, and at Provincetown, on Cape Cod, Massachusetts, painting and experiencing much that was to come out later in his work. The style of work done at that time was nothing like the painting he did after he found himself. In spite of these many opportunities for landscape painting, Demuth did not develop into a painter of landscapes as such. It is true that he did many paintings of outdoor subjects, but he was essentially urban, and we find most of his subjects, which were not flowers or fruit, were church steeples, smoke stacks, and one striking picture of the standpipe at the reservoir on East King Street. The paintings of smoke stacks, some done at Coatesville, Pennsylvania, of churches, some done in New England, others here in Lancaster, and of smoke stacks and machinery on steamships, are whimsical and done with a sense of humor, especially with regard to the titles given them. They are painted with the cubistic kind of construction, straight lines and triangles forming a background for the more literal portrayal of the subject. We find a painting of two chimneys entitled "Aucassin and Nicolette," one of a church is called "A Box of Tricks," another of a group of chimneys, "The Piano Mover's Holiday," and still another, "The End of the Parade." One of large smoke stacks is entitled "My Egypt." A New England church is "After Sir Christopher Wren," and a painting of a church in Lancaster displays beyond it and towering over it a very practical water tank.

Did he paint these pictures with his tongue in his cheek? I think he so painted and so named them, to avoid the commonplace, which he never could accept. His subjects were all in our everyday life, but they, when contemplated by an artist, must take on an uncommon quality, and are subject to unusual names, as well as the unusual abilities of the artist. There is little of the cubist's

influence seen in the flower paintings, perhaps more in the pictures of fruit and vegetables, but one cannot help but feel his sympathy with cubism in the construction of the architectural paintings in oil and tempera. His really great contribution to American Art lay in the exquisite water-colors of flowers and fruit. These still-life pictures are owned by all important art galleries and museums in the country. The vivid and amusing pictures of circus performers and acrobats, seen by the artist in vaudeville acts and circuses, are also outstanding examples of his art. A retentive memory is required to place upon paper these swift moving impressions, and Demuth translated them in his own inimitable way, into brilliant scenes of action, with brilliant color and sensitive drawing. He drew the essentials in his pictures, eliminating the unimportant, so that the impression he wished to create, was there, without any useless details.

In a Demuth painting there is often a seemingly unfinished part. A foot may taper off into nothing, and a hand be a mere suggestion of a hand. This is true of some of his illustrations for "The Turn of the Screw," and "The Beast in the Jungle," by Henry James. Demuth was a superb draftsman, as is evidenced by his floral water-colors. The great delicacy of line displayed in these pictures, is worthy of an Ingres. Fine color, line, and imagination are the qualities the writer most admires in the work of Demuth.

He was particularly fortunate in not having to earn a living. He was comfortably enough situated, to be able to devote himself to the kind of painting he liked to do. Unlike Lancaster's other famous painter, Jacob Eichholtz, who had a large family to support, and who worked to make ends meet,—he never married, and Demuth, when I knew him, in Paris, was living on an allowance, which, while not large, was sufficient for his modest needs, and which enabled him to avoid doing uncongenial work, and to concentrate upon the painting for which his talents fitted him. He was not forced to sell his paintings before he was ready to submit them to the judgment of his public. In a recent book, "The Left Hand is the Dreamer," a statement is made to the effect that to earn a living at painting in America, you had to paint badly. We do know that many of the great artists were poor, and received little recognition until after their death. Demuth's attitude was

as unconcerned as if he said, "There it is, take it or leave it, I have done what I like to do. If you people do not like it, I shall keep it for myself." Any artist would say such a position is an ideal one in which to be placed. Therefore it is surprising, the amount of work he did during his life, and shows how great was the urge to paint, and how little he really cared for general recognition.

When it did come to him, it was demonstrated by the high prices he received both from New York dealers and museums, by the striving of private collectors to own at least one Demuth, and by the fact that his paintings are likely to endure.

He was in Paris as early as 1907. He went to the Academy in Philadelphia for almost four years, but the writer remembers him most vividly during the winter of 1912 in Paris, to which city he traveled frequently, not working too diligently, but absorbing much from the modern painters and writers of that day. At the time Gertrude Stein was much in evidence, Jo Davidson, the sculptor, Ezra Pound, so recently tried as a traitor to our country, and many others, with whom Demuth was more or less intimately acquainted. He found these connections fascinating, and his descriptions of these people and their discussions were humorous, but full of respect for the pioneers in modern painting and writing. These discussions were often held in the Cafés. The Café des Lilas and the Café du Dome were then the popular meeting places of the modern group. Café Lavenue where the owner himself played the violin, was a delightful place. All of these Cafés were in the Latin quarter near the Sorbonne. It must have been an intellectual treat to frequent these gatherings, and Demuth was one who no doubt added his bit to the discussions. During that winter he had one of his occasional attacks of what was probably diabetes, which would keep him out of circulation for a time. He lived alone, not far from the writer's studio, and used to drop in once in a while. He attended the school of the Academie Moderne in the late afternoon and evening, where he made quick sketches from the model, who changed the pose every five minutes. The pose was held for three minutes, then a rest of two minutes was allowed. Thus the model could take unusual and difficult poses, and the artist was obliged to work at lightning speed to convey upon paper, with a few lines, the spirit of the pose. Demuth did this successfully,

adding a touch of color afterwards, very much on the order of a Rodin drawing. The brain and the hand were forced to work simultaneously, and with great concentration, to achieve a result. It was one of the finest exercises I can imagine, especially for an illustrator.

In Demuth's illustrations, there is a psychological approach to the subject, not a literal transcription of the text. His imagination was brought into full play, when he did the unusual drawings for the Henry James stories, and it is to be regretted that he did not do more illustrations from his favorite authors.

Living in Paris at that time was inexpensive. A dollar a day would procure for one a comfortable room, to be sure not adequately heated, according to our standards, but clean, and delicious food along with it. Demuth, who had a room, but ate wherever he happened to be, was living on an allowance of sixty dollars a month, which was more than adequate, if one did not become ill. One wonders how he managed when an attack of illness came on. I did not know of it that winter, until it was over and he again came to the studio, and told us about his bad leg. These occasional outbreaks were probably the result of diabetes, but it was not until 1919 that the doctors discovered it in Charles, and it was sometime later that he began taking insulin to keep him going. It was not until 1921 that insulin was found to be of great help to the diabetic patient. According to the Demuth coat-of-arms, the name means either "Courage" or "Humility." He had both, and displayed these qualities throughout his life.

In a "Pen Portrait," written by Rita Wellman, for "Creative Art" magazine of December, 1931, Charles Demuth is described as one who was uncompromisingly an individualist. Rita Wellman attended the classes at the Academy in Philadelphia while Charles was there, and was one of his close friends. She speaks of Henry Macarter as being a provocative teacher of illustration. He would be one who appreciated Charles' gifts, and would give this student encouragement to go on. William M. Chase taught at this time, also, but his realistic still-lives and portraits, with brilliant technique, would leave Charles cold. Chase himself was a picturesque figure, but the quiet unassuming men, such as Breckenridge,

Anschutz, and Macarter, would appeal strongly to Charles Demuth, and were of influence in his later life.

The following is a quotation from Rita Wellman's article: "Charles Demuth paints in Lancaster. He does nothing else there. When he feels he wants to see people he decides to come to New York. After three or four days of seeing people he decides it is time to go back to Lancaster, Pennsylvania. He is not home-loving, nor anti-social. Lancaster fits, and when something fits it is a good idea to keep to it, if you have work to do. Demuth has no particularly violent dislikes, unless it be arguments. The other day we both agreed that this was our favorite hate, although we had different reasons for hating arguments, and shying from arguers. We had quite an argument about it. He likes horses, movies (when they contain Charlie Chaplin and Marlene Dietrich), wine, Marcel Duchamp, swans, Diego di Rivera, Marcel Proust, prize fights, Robert Locher. He does not care for domestic pets, nor for small children, nor people who talk about art. He prefers the wooden and plush era to the monel metal and leather one, and cannot be enthusiastic about the creations of any modern decorators, with the exception of Djo Bourgeois. Locher is his friend, but he admires his modern work less than his earlier work. He does not understand women nor classic music. He knows flowers. He thinks it would be wonderful for him to illustrate an edition of Marcel Proust. So do I. We spoke of certain scenes, 'Think of Odette in that funny stuffy apartment near the beginning. The wicker furniture, Odette in a long negligee, pink chiffon with ostrich plumes down the front,—the catelias.' 'The Duchess de Guermantes in that hat trimmed with violets.' 'Odette in the Bois, wearing more catelias.' He should do it."

This quotation gives one an excellent idea of the precious quality of Demuth, both from the painter's and writer's viewpoint. He wrote among other things, "A Pantomime with Words," which was decorated by Robert Locher. "You must come over," "Painting, a Play," "Fantastic Lovers," a pantomime after Paul Verlaine. "In Black and White," "In the Fields," a poem, and "The Azure Adder," a play; also an article in "Creative Art" magazine, entitled "Across a Greco is written." A number of articles have been written about Demuth, among them one by Forbes Watson for "The Arts," New York, 1923, pp. 77-80, illustrated. Another

by Samuel M. Kootz, 1930, in "Modern American Painters." One in the "Wadsworth Athenaeum Bulletin" of December, 1923, vol. 18, page 294, in its list of accessions and loans. One in "American Watercolorists" by Albert Eugene Gallatin, 1922, but the book, edited with an introduction by Gallatin, published by William Edwin Rudge in New York in 1927, entitled "Charles Demuth," is the outstanding work on the artist, both for the fine appreciation of him, as well as for the excellent and varied reproductions of his work. Another book done for the Whitney Museum of Modern Art, by William Murrell, contains an appreciative article, good illustrations and a reproduction of a photographic portrait done by Alfred Stieglitz of the artist.

At one time before the first World War, he made a trip to Berlin, and it was there that Arnald Ronnebeck made a fine portrait bust of him. Probably portraits of him have been painted, but I know of none in existence.

Stieglitz, one of the best photographers of his time, was interested in Demuth's painting from the time the artist first went to New York. He exhibited in the small Stieglitz gallery, after his work had been handled by the Charles Daniel gallery, where it had been sold for many years. Alfred Stieglitz and his wife, Georgia O'Keeffe, were close friends of the artist, and it was to Georgia O'Keeffe that he left his oil paintings when he died, just as he left his water-colors to Robert Locher. In Gallatin's book there is a reproduction of a poster Demuth did for Georgia O'Keeffe, who, herself, painted much in the manner of this poster.

It seemed that anything Demuth put his hand to, acquired distinction, which is inevitably the case of a true artist's efforts. The small slight sketches, made for his own pleasure, with no thought of permanency or survival, which Mr. Locher found in the house, when he took possession of it, bear witness to this fact. They are delightful spontaneous expressions of keen observation in many walks of life, and bear the earmarks of a thoughtful and impressionable nature. These qualities Demuth had to a marked degree, and the final results of thought plus experience, with technical ability, make of his water-colors, the beautiful things they are. There is wisdom displayed in them, in the matter of elimination of unessentials, which is a sign of his growth. The important thing is never missed, the backgrounds are lovely grey

tones to set off the brilliant or subtle flower or fruit colors. The drawing is careful to display the fine curves of a flower petal, and the composition of each painting painstakingly studied, in some cases just as a Cubist would plan it, in others just as only a Demuth would do it.

Quotations from William Murrell's book and from A. E. Gallatin's book give an idea of the esteem with which Demuth was held by the modern art world. I shall quote first from Mr. Murrell's book as follows: "Of Demuth's work it has been said that it has charm, subtle harmonies, exquisiteness of suggestion, and delicacies of statement; that it is light, whimsical, and ironic; and that it is clear, cool, sure and elegant.

"Demuth says: 'Paintings must be looked at, and looked at, they (I think the good ones), like it. They must be understood, and that's not the word either, through the eyes. No writing, no singing, no dancing will explain them. They are the final, the nth whoopee of sight. A watermelon, a kiss may be fair, but after all have other uses. "Look at that," is all that can be said before a great painting, at least by those who really see it.'

"Demuth's statement expresses a firm belief in the Art for Art's sake theory and its corollary of unique aesthetic emotions. Without pausing to question the validity of that attitude, it is unquestionable that he does not regard art as a social function. And a glance through these reproductions will prove that he had no sympathy with what Shaw calls the undeserving poor, nor with the daily occupations of average humanity, nor indeed with anything except the activities of cultivated leisure. In a word, he is more hedonist than humanist.

"Demuth is essentially of the twentieth century, not of the last decade of the nineteenth. He quickly recognized that effete imitative estheticism of the nineties could not, to a lively and curious intelligence, compare favorably with the stimulating discoveries of his own day. And these discoveries had the attraction which the new and the unapproved always have for the ardent young.

"When Demuth first went to Paris, a few years before Europe went to war, the strife for and against these movements was at its height. But he did not need to be convinced, he was fascinated. These large sweeping rhythms, these clean-cut cylindrical, conic

and cubic shapes: he loved them at first sight. Later he perceived that they too were formulas, and that their value depends upon the use that is made of them. Yet it was his kind of thing. He recognized it. He fell in with Duchamp and others of Les Jeunes, and he became one of the first American moderns.

"I have said: Demuth, within an apparently limited compass, has developed a wide range of interest through the fineness of his perceptions. And that the peculiar quality of his aesthetic curiosity has evolved an unusual flexibility of method and approach."

A. E. Gallatin says in his book on Demuth: "It is interesting to note the great attraction which water-color has had for the contemporary American painter, several of the most important of whom have chosen this medium almost to the exclusion of oil, while still others have executed a considerable part of their work in water-color. Indeed this preference for water-color is nothing new in the history of American painting, as such names as those of Winslow Homer, much of whose work was executed in water-color, Whistler and Sargent bear witness.

"Charles Demuth, one of the most highly gifted of living water-colorists, and the subject of this essay, has painted in both oil and tempera, but water-color has been his chief concern, and his fame no doubt will largely rest upon his work in this medium. Demuth's drawings are always most carefully and beautifully organized. He has aimed at perfection, which usually he has obtained. His water-colors and paintings are as fine in form and as delicately wrought as the essays of Max Beerbohm.

"The period of the illustrations and vaudeville drawings, while the first in the artist's development, proved to be one of the most important, for some of Demuth's very finest things are to be found in these two sets of water-colors. The imaginative drawings which illustrate various works of fiction, by French, American and German authors, have not been published with their accompanying text. Their interest, it is not quite necessary to note, is of course an aesthetic one and it is not because they are illustrations that we derive pleasure from them, any more than we do from Aubrey Beardsley's. Demuth's and Beardsley's illustrations interest us as independent works of art. These drawings of Demuth comprise some half dozen designs for Zola's novel, "Nana," a single

design for Balzac's short story entitled "The Girl with the Golden Eyes," four drawings for Henry James' "The Turn of the Screw," three for the writer's "The Beast in the Jungle," one for Poe's tale, "The Masque of the Red Death," and seven for a play by Wedekind, a modern German dramatist, entitled "Erdgeist."

"Demuth evidently came to the conclusion that oil and tempera were more appropriate media for the delineation of lofty chimneys, iron girders and red brick facades than the more fragile water-color. These unlovely things, belonging to our era of commercialism and mass production, have been made lovely by Demuth's rare art. Including several other pictures, among them paintings of Colonial churches there are about forty of these paintings, about half of them executed in oil and about half in tempera.

"Quite recently Demuth has been turning his attention to the painting of still-life subjects, with fruits and vegetables as the motives. These water-colors mark a new phase in his development. The compositions, for one thing, have become rather more ambitious, his sheets of paper decidedly larger. The artist's technique has undergone certain changes as well. These still-lives are very handsome and take their place with the artist's finest things. It is possible, however, that certain of Demuth's admirers find more charm in the flower subjects, with their note of graciousness. These fruits and vegetables are very cool. The juiciness of a peach by Renoir or the passion which Cézanne put into an apple are not to be found here. This is not voluptuous fruit; it comes from a country whose *vin du pays* is iced water.

"No note on Demuth's work would be complete without a reference to a set of four paintings which the artist executed in 1924, "Homages" to John Marin and three other painters. These are lively and entertaining canvases, fine examples of craftsmanship and splendid in color. I agree with Henry McBride that in this country there should be more homage done to artists by artists than there is. In France, they order these matters far better, as Mr. Yorick of Sterne's "Sentimental Journey" once said on another occasion. Not only the artist-painters, but the politicians as well. Indeed, were New York Paris, no doubt but that a portion of Broadway eventually would become, at least for a time, Boulevard John Marin, and a segment of Park Avenue Charles Demuth. Which would be rather nice."

These quotations from books and articles on Demuth give a better idea than the writer could, of the high esteem in which the artist was held by the critics and his fellow artists. In 1941, The Junior League, of Lancaster, gathered together a loan collection of Demuth's paintings which was exhibited at the Franklin and Marshall College Library. Excellent examples of his work were shown, and the display was one of the most successful the Library ever had. This winter, a paper was read before a meeting of the Junior League on the subject of Charles Demuth, by Helen Henderson, an art critic, who knew Demuth for many years. With her statement, that he was a genius, we must agree. If genius is "hard work," as has been said, he must have worked hard, but he never seemed to do so. The apparent ease with which he produced his astonishing water-color paintings give to them an unlabored quality, a joy, which does not in any way suggest labor. I think Lancastrians have never quite realized what a really famous painter they had in their midst. Demuth did not advertise himself in any way. He was retiring and was content to paint here, without any attempt to thrust his gifts upon his fellow-townsmen. Of course he did not need local appreciation, but one less modest would perhaps have enjoyed some local acclaim during his life. It seems that only after his death, the real value of his talent has come to be understood by us. He died on October the twenty-third, 1935, and is buried in the Lancaster Cemetery. Twelve years or more after his death, the Lancaster County Historical Society has fortunately seen fit to hold a meeting devoted to him, and the writer is proud to have been asked to contribute this paper. It has been a pleasure to show in some slight way, her interest in and enjoyment of the work of Charles Demuth.

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Watercolors By Charles Demuth

The following twenty-nine watercolors by Demuth were on exhibition in the Fackenthal Library of Franklin and Marshall College, January 3 to 11, 1948; the exhibition was sponsored jointly by the Lancaster County Historical Society and the Fackenthal Library.

<i>Title</i>	<i>Date</i>	<i>Lent By</i>
Lambertville	1911.....	Miss Helen W. Henderson
White Horse	1912.....	Mr. Richard Weyand
Spring Clouds	1912.....	Miss Ann Locher
Morning	about 1912.....	Mr. Robert E. Locher
The Bay	about 1912.....	Mr. John H. Muth
Two Men with Woman on Beach..	1912.....	Mr. Robert E. Locher
Man in Sun Helmet	1912.....	Mr. Robert E. Locher
Two Women	1912.....	Mr. Robert E. Locher
Flower Pattern	about 1915.....	Mr. Robert E. Locher
Blossoms	about 1915.....	Mr. Robert E. Locher
Tree Forms	1916.....	Kraushaar Galleries
Acrobats	1916.....	Mr. Robert E. Locher
Man on Dock	1916.....	Mr. Robert E. Locher
Panel for screen (tempera) ..	about 1916.....	Mrs. James Hale Steinman
Poster (tempera)	about 1916.....	Mr. Robert E. Locher
Tropical Fruit (tempera) ..	about 1916.....	Mr. Robert E. Locher
Cyclamen	1917.....	Mrs. Samuel R. Slaymaker, II
Fish	1918.....	Mr. Richard Weyand
Provincetown	1918.....	Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Demuth
Eggplant and Tomatoes	about 1927.....	Mr. Richard Weyand
Fruit and Flowers	about 1928.....	Mr. Robert E. Locher
Zinnias With Scarlet Sage	1928.....	Mrs. J. Nevin Schroeder, Jr.
Tulips	1930.....	Mr. Frederick W. Hammond
Jonquils	1933.....	Mrs. John E. Malone
Iris	1933.....	Mrs. Charles S. Foltz
Tulips	1933.....	Miss Mary E. Herr
Pears	1933.....	Miss Luetta M. Bowman
Pears	1933.....	Mr. Richard Weyand
Child on Beach	1934.....	Mr. Robert E. Locher

An Appraisal of Demuth

Edward Alden Jewell, art critic of the *New York Times*, had this to say of Demuth and his work:

"Charles Demuth stands cloistered and alone in the company of American artists.

"Demuth comes closest to 'naturalism' in some of his flower water-colors, although there is nearly always even here, a kind of tell-tale introspective, shy, etherealized loveliness.

"Charles Demuth was like Kipling's cat that 'walked by himself.' And perhaps his garden adjoined an ivory tower. But as Henry McBride puts it in his sensitive catalogue introduction, Demuth was 'completely and naturally an artist' "

In the Stieglitz Exhibition

Charles Demuth, Lancaster's late great modern artist, was represented by a roomful of paintings at the Alfred Stieglitz memorial exhibition held by the Museum of Modern Art in New York City, in August, 1947.

The Stieglitz show was divided into two sections—his own photographs through which he won his early fame, and paintings of the five artists who in later years formed the Stieglitz Group. These five were Georgia O'Keeffe, John Marin, Arthur Dove, Marsden Hartley and Demuth.

The Committee

of the Demuth Exhibition

Fackenthal Library January, 1948

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