

new Walhalla's golden roof, rises again from destruction after the "Twilight of the Gods." This saga almost takes the place of a faith with the Germans—"The Germans smile through their tragedy."

But the path to be followed can be indifferent to no one—I venture to say not even to a free citizen of the great United States. Every nation of course has a genius of her own, but there was

a poet who sang both for you and for us:

SALUT AU MONDE!

"What cities the light or the warmth penetrate, I penetrate those cities myself,
All islands to which birds wing their way,
I wing my way myself.
Toward you all in America's Name
I raise high the perpendicular hand, I make
the signal,
To remain after me in sight forever,
For all the haunts and homes of men."

As I Like It

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

ON the evening of Maundy Thursday and on the following Saturday afternoon Bach's "The Passion of Our Lord, according to Saint Matthew," was produced in New York under the leadership of that consummate artist, Ossip Gabrilowitsch. In many ways the occasion was memorable. Two special trains brought from Detroit the Symphony Orchestra and the large company of singers composing the Madrigal Club and the Orpheus Club. The soloists were Madame Matzenauer, Madame Vreeland, Reinald Werrenrath, Richard Crooks, and Fred Patton. Advance notices in the papers had requested the audience to wear black clothes, and to refrain from applause. Carnegie Hall was sold out, and a vast number of men and women preferred to stand rather than to miss the music. Mr. Gabrilowitsch prefaced the performance with an admirable exposi-

tory lecture, explaining the nature of the piece, its peculiarities, the necessary cuts, and then with a dignity, reverence, and sincerity characteristic of a devout priest—and Mr. Gabrilowitsch always seems to me the high priest of music—spoke with deeply moving solemnity of the Passion itself.

The three Detroit organizations were assisted by the boy choir of St. Thomas's Church, New York. The chorales were sung by Detroit choirs placed far back in the auditorium and in the galleries, which added an effect indescribably beautiful and impressive. Mr. Gabrilowitsch conducted without the score—an amazing feat of memory—and he was imitated in this respect by Madame Matzenauer. I am still hoping that some day I may see repeated the extraordinary *tour de force* of Hans von Bülow, who on certain occasions not only conducted without the score but forced

every member of the orchestra to dispense with it, so with no sheets of paper and no racks, the players, with their eyes fixed on their leader, worked away as if inspired.

Those who object to conducting without the score have sometimes maintained that the leader must see in his mind every note of every instrument—a manifest impossibility; this objection is of no moment, for even with the score in front of him it is likewise impossible for the conductor to see every note.

Mr. Gabilowitsch expressed the wish that on some future occasion he might produce the entire "Saint Matthew Passion" without cuts; this would mean giving the first half one day and the concluding portion the next. I echo this wish, and when he does it, may I be there to hear and worship!

Mr. Jefferson Webb, the admirable vice-president and manager of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, deserves great credit for carrying through successfully the practical details of this difficult undertaking. Ability and energy are characteristic of this man.

The fact that these organizations made this special pilgrimage from Detroit to New York to produce this mighty work gave to the occasion an unusual interest and importance. It was like going in the old days to the "Passion Play," or going to Bayreuth to hear "Parsifal." I wonder if all music-lovers in America realize how much we owe to Ossip Gabilowitsch, who is not only a great conductor and a great pianist but who is a man of the deepest sincerity, loftiest ideals, and nobility of character. His heart and brain work together. It is a great thing for Americans that we have such a musician and such a man.

The thirteenth-century cathedrals,

the sixteenth-century paintings of the Holy Family, and the eighteenth-century music of Bach were all born of faith. Apart from the genius displayed in these incomparable productions, there was inspiring them all the deepest conviction. It is partly because Mr. Gabilowitsch has this fundamental and devout sincerity that everything he does is so impressive.

On Good Friday afternoon, as has been my custom for many years, I heard "Parsifal" at the Metropolitan. Frau Kappel for the first time sang Kundry in America, and captivated the audience. The Metropolitan has had an unusually successful season, and among the novelties was Puccini's "La Rondine," which is really an operetta, pretty, sentimental, graceful, and diverting. It is gorgeously mounted.

The theatrical season has been far above the average. The Theatre Guild productions have been admirable, and Eva Le Gallienne's Civic Repertory Theatre has more than justified itself. She has the right combination of brains and courage. Among the new plays first place must be given to Eugene O'Neill's "Strange Interlude." This play in nine acts, now available in book form, is both abnormal and revolting in certain aspects, but its sincerity and power are so remarkable I would not have missed it for anything. We may not always like Mr. O'Neill's choice of material, but, as Augustine Birrell says, "Let us not quarrel with genius." The acting of this piece I have not seen surpassed—no, not by the Russian players. Mr. George Kelly, in "Behold the Bridegroom," wrote a deeply affecting and stirring play, which has since been printed, as every good play should be; Walter Hampden made a splendid pageant out of "Henry V"; Otis Skinner, Mrs.

Fiske, and Henrietta Crosman revived "Merry Wives of Windsor"; and Winthrop Ames's beautiful production of "Merchant of Venice," with George Arliss and Peggy Wood, I have already praised. Ibsen came into his own with Mr. Hampden's brilliant production of "An Enemy of the People," and Eva Le Gallienne gave three of the Ibsen masterpieces. One of the best new comedies in New York is "The Royal Family," from the deft hands of George Kaufman and Edna Ferber. Galsworthy's finest piece since "Loyalties," that is to say "Escape," was magnificently acted by Leslie Howard. The most exciting mystery play I ever saw was "The Silent House," at which the audience became uncontrollable. Philip Barry produced an immensely successful comedy, "Paris Bound." Imported from England was "And So To Bed," a clever dramatization of Pepys, and from the same country came a delightful comedy of murder, "Interference," and a revival of "Our Betters," which I saw in London in 1924. Helen Hayes added to previously well-deserved triumphs in a tragic American play, "Coquette," which made even the cynical critics snuffle. The Theatre Guild revived Shaw's great play "The Doctor's Dilemma" in a manner that almost, though not quite, equalled Granville-Barker's superb production. How I wish Granville-Barker would return and give us his "Madras House" and other things! "Porgy," the negro play, was one of the events of a remarkable season. And I record my gratitude to Florenz Ziegfeld for producing an enchanting version of "The Three Musketeers," with the wholly satisfactory Dennis King as the Gascon.

Every day in every way I rejoice that I live so near New York.

One curious repetition which I may have been the only one to witness should be recorded. On a certain Thursday afternoon I went to see "Interference" at the Lyceum Theatre. In the middle of the second act the leading man was violently threatening a certain woman, who was intelligently presented by Miss McDonell. At exactly the proper moment she fainted, beautifully, thoroughly, impressively. Not a person in the audience suspected the truth until her threatener requested "Sterling" to lower the curtain. When this had been done, a man came before the curtain and announced: "Miss McDonell has fainted. We must ask the kind indulgence of the audience to wait five minutes in order to see if she can proceed. If she is unable to do so, we must find her understudy." In five minutes, and to great applause, Miss McDonell did proceed, and pluckily finished the performance. Well, exactly two weeks after this strange interlude, I was in the neighboring Belasco Theatre, witnessing "The Bachelor Father." In the course of the second act the curtain was rung down; a man came before it and said: "Miss June Walker is ill. She fainted at the close of the first act; we must ask the kind indulgence of the audience to wait five minutes to see if she will be able to continue. If she cannot, we must find her understudy." In five minutes, and to great applause, Miss Walker did continue, and pluckily finished the performance. Now then: is there a peculiar fatality attached to Thursday matinées, or did these charming actresses faint just because I was in the audience?

A permanent memorial to Thomas Hardy is to be erected in England to take the triple form of an obelisk in

Wessex, a collection of his manuscripts and memorabilia, and the preservation of his birthplace. It is hoped that America will contribute \$15,000 toward this project, and we ought to do it. Those who wish to contribute may send their gifts to the *Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 West 45th Street, New York. The collection will now be taken.

Sinclair Lewis's new novel, "The Man Who Knew Coolidge," shows that in one respect the clever Mr. Lewis resembles the D. A. R. He has a Black List, which includes Coolidge and his admirers, *The Saturday Evening Post*, Kiwanis and similar clubs, and various popular clergymen and journalists. Mr. Lewis's astonishing gift of mimicry, in which he is unexcelled by any writer of our time, is here displayed in its full fruition. His gift is unique. For page after page a monologue is maintained, revealing the unalloyed Babbittry of one of the most colossal bores imaginable. He is perfect; we have seen and heard him, and no doubt there is something of him in us all. But the very perfection of this imitation makes the book intolerable. In real life, when we see a man like this, we flee shuddering. Why then should we endure his hellish monotony through scores of pages, unrelieved by even the suggestion that the world contains something different? And I wish to Heaven, now that Mr. Lewis has abundantly displayed his great gifts in "Main Street" and in "Babbitt," that he himself would write something different. He used to be, and I suppose is now, a passionate lover of beauty and what he regards as truth. Why not reveal them by some method other than showing their opposites? As Isabel Paterson says: "It is a pity."

If a man gave a perfect imitation of the noise made by a saw-mill, we should

laugh; but if he kept it up for three hours?

The same conviction is forced home by reading a new and exceedingly interesting book, "Contemporary American Authors," each essay written by an English critic associated with the London *Mercury*, the whole being under the supervision of the accomplished editor J. C. Squire, with an introduction by "our" Doctor Canby. The essay on Lewis justly says that of all living American writers he is the best known outside of his native land. It justly praises "Babbitt," "Main Street," and the characters in "Arrowsmith." And it justly condemns "Elmer Gantry" as a sad decline.

Other American writers considered in this work are our three foremost living poets, Robinson, Frost, Lindsay; our novelists Edith Wharton, Willa Cather, Dreiser, Hergesheimer, etc. The estimates on the whole are very fair, and those who imagine that all British critics despise American writers should read this excellent little book.

I am grateful to my friend Clive DuVal for calling my attention to one of the best stories of English school life I have ever read, "The Lanchester Tradition," by G. F. Bradby. It is beautifully written, full of insight and sympathy. Any one who has ever been a teacher—and who has not?—will find here what he has often looked for in vain.

"The Greene Murder Case" is at last available in book form. It is much the best of its author's productions. Philo Vance is often irritating to the reader, but on the whole he is the best amateur detective since Sherlock Holmes. In lecturing on new books at the Town Hall in New York to my "Saturday's Children," I committed the unpardonable sin. Quite inadvertently I let out

the identity of the murderer. I have never done such a thing before and I hope and believe I never shall again.

Miss Frances H. Bickford, librarian of the Central High School, Bridgeport, Conn., sends me the following note containing matter new to me, which will interest readers of "The Greene Murder Case":

I wonder if you have noticed the slip in Connecticut law which the author has made in the final instalment. In the letter from the Reverend Anthony Seymour it is stated that the marriage between Sibella and Von Blon was performed in Stamford on a license issued in New Haven. This is quite an impossibility in this state. I well remember the perturbation of my father, newly come to Connecticut and not reckoning on the difference in state laws, when he had to marry a couple twice over because he had not noticed that their license was issued in Monroe while he performed the ceremony in Huntington. The kindness of the town clerk saved him from what might have been a serious situation. I believe that five days' notice must also be given by non-residents. Of course these minor details do not detract from the interest of the story.

Of the numerous doctors' theses in literature that I have read during the last ten years three stand out conspicuously for their importance, significance, and appeal to the general reader. These are "The Death of Marlowe," by Doctor Hotson, "Bernard Mandeville," by Doctor F. B. Kaye, and "Browning's Parleyings," by Doctor W. C. DeVane. Northwestern University is fortunate in having among its professors of English such a man as Kaye. He is a brilliant research scholar, an excellent and inspiring teacher, with an original and interesting mind. His book on Mandeville takes a clutch on the reader. Professor DeVane's book on the "Parleyings" ranks with Judge John Marshall

Gest's work "The Old Yellow Book" and A. K. Cook's commentary on "The Ring and the Book" as the most important contributions to Browning scholarship that have appeared since Griffin and Minchin's "Life." Doctor DeVane has taken one of the dullest and least valuable of Browning's productions because it afforded a field for original research; he has made the most of it, and discovered much new material of high value. With the natural enthusiasm of the discoverer, he has, I think, overstressed the expression of Browning's own opinions, something that always seemed abhorrent to this poet. I mean that if Browning himself should read this book, I am sure he would not agree that he had given himself away so intentionally and so deliberately; nor would he admit that in order to preserve his mother's religious faith, he had denied the evidence of reason. But the actual matters brought out by our investigator, such as the allusions to Carlyle and Disraeli, and the wealth of hitherto-undiscovered material, make this a work of the highest importance. It is regrettable that some of the reviewers missed the real significance of the book and the author's intention; for example, one review, with the detestable title "Browning Debunked," says that Doctor DeVane has shown that Browning was a peevish old man. As Doctor DeVane does not believe that, he naturally has not shown it. Browning was peevish to the exact degree that Roosevelt was blasé.

A distinguished American scientist, who has made important contributions to anthropology, writes me a letter that ought to be published for two reasons: it is a fine thing to see a first-rate man of science reading for pleasure Greek drama in the original; and the

testimony to Browning's "homespun" knowledge of Greek is worth having.

Last year I made up my mind to try to realize a thirty years intention of reading the body of Greek tragedy, and during the summer covered very carefully, looking up everything, 20 plays of the 33. I took along Browning's *Agamemnon*. I was familiar with *Balaustion*, a running translation and commentary on the *Alcestis*, and I expected something the same. Of course the translation of the *Alcestis* is all right, but pretty free in spots. I read the *Agamemnon* myself first, and got badly bogged in some of the Chorus. Eventually I worked out something that seemed reasonable. Then I took Browning and went over the whole thing with him.

It astounded me to find the exactitude of the translation. It is so literal in places as to be rough and not too intelligible; but the grip on the Greek that he must have had staggered me. I could even tell that he had adopted certain readings rather than others. He cleared up all my difficulties except where his text seemed to be divergent from the one I used. I need not say that his rendering was supremely right and in the spirit of the original wherever there was a demand for flight or a call for austerity and rigidity. It seems to me that Aeschylus saw a grand passage coming—or felt it boiling inside him—and rose mightily—more mightily than Sophocles or Euripides—to the situation. Well, Browning seemed to get the swing too and ascend with him.

The friendship of Goethe and Schiller was like that of Hamlet and Horatio. Goethe admired the moral austerity and steadfastness of Schiller—"there was in Schiller's mind nothing vulgar." Horatio loved Hamlet with devotion; a devotion that had the element of worship toward a mystery. For there were things in Hamlet unfathomable by Horatio, as Schiller recognized but could not measure the subtlety of Goethe.

A new book by the English mystic Evelyn Underhill, called "Man and the

Supernatural," is profound, wise, eloquent. I recommend it to clergymen who have lost their faith in God; to clergymen who believe that social and political work is the essence of religion; to all who believe that "God" is the creation of human fear or tribal superstitions; for this book is a foundational book, and the author has no qualms over the word "supernatural." If any one asks me if I believe in the supernatural, I answer: "Of course." It is interesting to see that so many earnest people try to explain "God" by an immense variety of subjective emotions, when it is at least possible that the reason for the almost universal concept of God is simply—God. I sometimes think we need the ministrations of the lady from Philadelphia. It is as though a dozen persons were looking at a tree, while each one tries to explain by some subjective process or tribal hallucination why it is they think they see a tree. Finally, the lady above mentioned suggests that it is at least possible that the reason they think they see a tree is because they do.

Mr. Thomas Moulton has written a much-needed book on Sir James Barrie, devoting chief attention and emphasis to the playwright's early years. It is a good book on a good subject. In the London papers the author has fallen foul of St. John Ervine; they have started a controversy on what is called Barrieolatry. But why is Mr. Ervine wasting his substance in riotous controversies? He ought to be writing another play as good as "John Ferguson" or "Jane Clegg." Those are two of the best English plays of the twentieth century; and the former laid the foundation for the success of the New York Theatre Guild.

Fowler Wright's novel "Deluge" is

a fanciful and imaginative story of the future. The rushing of a mighty wind, a flood, and the gentle but effective sinking of the land have destroyed most of the earth's inhabitants. Those isolated few who remain in England, instead of combining for mutual protection, engage in a war of extermination; so dearly does the human animal love fighting. There are not nearly enough women to go around, which leads to further complications, and this seems to have been too much for the author, who leaves things in a mess at the end. There are many diatribes directed against the present way of living, but no valuable suggestions for improvement. However, it is a good yarn. I wonder if any one can give me the name of the author of a short story I read nearly forty years ago called "The End of All." It graphically described the coming of a mighty and steady wind, which rose to such velocity that it wiped out the earth. "Chicago was cut off at four o'clock."

Mr. J. McIntyre, in "Stained Sails," has treated that familiar hero of romance John Paul Jones in a refreshingly original manner. He gives a psychological twist to the story that to me is quite new and decidedly interesting.

Professor Charles C. Torrey, a Biblical scholar of international fame, has produced a highly important work called "The Second Isaiah." His conclusions are so new that they will start sharp controversies among scholars. It would be an impertinence for me to express an opinion; but I can say that to those who are interested in Old Testament literature, even though they may be as ignorant of Hebrew as I am, this book will be inspiring and also instructive.

Some three years ago in this column I called attention to a brief novel by an

American living in Spain. The author has the inappropriate name of W. B. Trites, and his book was called "Ask the Young." Now he has produced another short novel which is deservedly attracting much favorable comment, "The Gypsy." It is beautifully written, with extraordinary economy and felicity of language. Every word counts. It is a tragedy so poignant that I shall not succeed in forgetting it. Furthermore, it constitutes a powerful plea for absolute monogamy. Now nothing could be further from the author's method than teaching or preaching or moralizing. He is an artist, singularly detached and aloof. His method is scrupulously objective. But many men and women are merely big children; not content with what they have, they will always be crying for the moon. They don't know when they are well off, even as we do not begin to appreciate the happiness of ordinary health until we become sick. Thus many married men and women, who are getting along well enough as this world goes, and are at all events enjoying all the happiness they deserve, are fascinated by the momentary appearance on the scene of a stranger, who seems to their clouded sight wildly desirable; and just as children are not satisfied with wholesome food, but cry for a lollipop, so these deluded idiots run awhoring after a novelty. Then when it is too late, they would give all they possess if they could only restore the *status quo*, even as an invalid would give anything for health, just plain ordinary health. Every one should read "The Gypsy," because every one needs the terrific lesson it drives home with such cold steel. Forbidden fruit has always appealed to children, and, unfortunately, many never reach years of discretion. They will play with fire.

I remember reading in a magazine some forty years ago a poem that I am not sure I am quoting correctly. I cannot remember the name of the author.

"In the olden days,
Arthur loved his queen.
Guinevere loved Arthur not,
Lost in love for Lancelot.

If, dear, one should think you
Somewhat cold and high,
This might be wise—to ponder well,
In seeking fire one might find hell."

H. L. Mencken cannot be accused of being an evangelist or a missionary; his most salient characteristic is not moral enthusiasm. But in an article in *The Nation* he advised those who wish peace, contentment, and happiness to observe absolute monogamy. It may be remembered how often and how earnestly Schopenhauer insisted that the allurements of the senses were invariably illusions. Nothing is such a cheat as Nature.

Mr. William Walker, of Albany, sends me a cutting from an English newspaper that throws a curious light on human nature. A municipal orchestra concert was being given in a hall at Folkestone. Mr. C. E. Mumford, who is an alderman, a borough magistrate, and a member of the Kent County Council, entered the room, took a seat at a table, ordered coffee, and began to read a book. In order to get a better light, he turned his back to the players, and was quietly enjoying himself, reading and listening to the music. But two men immediately approached him; one called him a damned cad, and the other said he was insulting the audience and the orchestra by sitting with his back turned to the stage, and insisted that he be forcibly ejected. Alderman Mumford, like many men in a similar predicament, became more and

more angry the longer he reflected on this lesson in etiquette, and I cannot blame him. He said to a reporter:

I am a peaceful old man of 71, but at the time I felt like hitting both men. I went into the building to enjoy the music, and to read my book, and I did not think that I was doing any harm by reading or sitting as I did. I am taking legal advice in the matter.

Self-constituted censors of other people's behavior are perhaps the most irritating of all men. It is curious into what a frenzy of rage they can drive their victims, and how lasting is the sense of injury. I met a man who told me that in a New York restaurant occupied only by men he removed his coat, whereupon a man told him to put it on. He swore horribly while narrating it. When Sir Sidney Lee was in this country, he lit his pipe while sitting in a man's club. He was told that pipes were not allowed. He never recovered from the shock. Twenty-two years ago I had finished my meal in a hotel "coffee-room" in Norwich, England, and while waiting for the waiter to bring my bill, I lit a cigar. An Englishman at an adjoining table came to me and said: "You should remember there are ladies present." I was too astonished to make any reply. But as soon as I got outside, I found I was boiling with rage. Even now I cannot think of the incident with calm. I suppose there is so much vanity in all of us we resent fiercely unsolicited lessons in etiquette.

An editorial in the New York *Evening Post* for March 7 pays (quite unconsciously) a tremendous compliment to our F. Q. Club.

Those, for instance, who have read all of Spenser's "Faerie Queene" would form one of the most exclusive organizations imaginable.

Would form, quotha! Postie, they do.

I received the picture of a cross-eyed cat, the pet of Mrs. Muriel Frey, of San Francisco. Has any one knowledge of any other cat thus peculiar? My own white cat, Miss Frosty Evans of Philadelphia, has one blue and one green eye, and is attracting the attention of biologists. Men and women with one blue and one brown eye are not very uncommon, but the blue-and-green combination is excessively rare.

What every boy and girl does not know nowadays is not much.

If you want to know how old you really look, glance at your contemporaries.

It is my intention to spend July, August, and September of this year in Europe. It will be impossible for me to answer letters. But I hope my correspondents will keep right on giving me information and telling me what they think. These letters are valuable to me, and often to the readers of this Magazine. Every letter will be received gratefully and preserved, whether it is addressed to New Haven, Conn., or in care of SCRIBNER'S.

I was fortunate enough in March to spend a week in my favorite hotel in my favorite town of Augusta, Ga. The

Conversation Club had important sessions; every morning we settled practically everything. Many of the old members of 1925 were there; though we sorely missed Walter Travis, and Sir Robert Borden surprised us by going to another hotel, which we hope he will never do again. The people of Augusta are worthy of their climate, and what higher compliment can be paid? And our hotel seems to have only charming and interesting guests. In our famous club this year were President Nicholas Murray Butler, Daniel Frohman, Charles Scribner, Colonel Cooper, Governor Durbin, Governor Lake, Louis Cheney, Cabot Morse, George Clapp, George Gray, George Crocker the "iron man," Harry Cole, Judge Henderson, Justice Thompson, Messrs. McCall and Waddell of Montreal, Mr. Booth and Mr. Farrand of Detroit, etc. Every morning we had a two-hour session, which if it proved nothing else, proved this: that one of the keenest pleasures on earth is good conversation.

Dear old Major Black, the splendid Confederate veteran, was too enfeebled by age to come to the hotel. But Dan Frohman and I called on him at his house, and received his benediction.



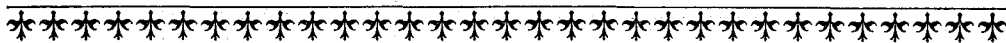
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THE FIELD OF ART

An Anniversary Reviving Interest in the Genius of Albrecht Dürer

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ



ALBRECHT DÜRER was born at Nuremberg on May 21, 1471. He died at the same place on April 6, 1528. On the four hundredth anniversary of the latter date the citizens of his native town launched a series of celebrations which is proceeding as I write and will be continued for weeks. All summer, indeed, the traveller in Germany will be made aware of Dürer, for his works have been brought into the foreground and nothing has been left undone that might in one way or another revive the appeal of his genius. He is one of the most portentous figures in the national Walhalla. He is more than that. He belongs in the company of the universally accepted masters. He is a world classic. It is always worth while to dwell upon his traits and it is peculiarly so at a time like the present, when his countrymen are taking special pains to do him honor. For my own part I can ask no more delightful theme, for his art has been a passion of mine from my youth up.



I was lucky in my introduction to that art. I had known it more or less in the engravings, but back in the early 80's there fell into my hands the memorable work of Charles Ephrussi, *Albrecht Dürer et ses Dessins*, with its perfect plates. That book brought home to me the greatest of all the virtues of Dürer,

his consummate draftsmanship, and thenceforth I was sealed of the tribe of the Nuremberger. Prolonged study of his life and work has only deepened my feeling for him. There is, indeed, something curiously endearing about this great German. In his greatness he is still so human. Other dwellers on the Parnassus of art hold themselves aloof. He had his reserves, no doubt, but he mingled very sympathetically with his fellows, and an atmosphere of friendliness envelops his personality to this day. This, too, despite the gravity belonging to all the portraits that we have of him. There is something positively pontifical about the famous full-face at Munich, dated 1500, and even in earlier self-portraits, starting with the one in the Albertina that he drew when he was thirteen, he is nothing if not serious. And yet I feel his friendliness, the warmth of his nature, the qualities that made him the beloved companion of Willibald Pirckheimer and other jovial humanists of his day. I fancy it is just the sheer artist in him that accounts for this charm of his, that temperament which may be never so grave and yet will be on the side of freedom and intellectual adventure. He was patiently industrious if ever an artist was, and at the same time you are bound to think of him as a courageous, questing spirit. If he could obey routine, he could also make a decisive departure from it. The point comes out in one of those precious pas-