

Nineteenth-Century French Portraiture

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FRENCH ART *of the* NINETEENTH CENTURY

WHEN THE BURLINGTON MAGAZINE was founded thirty-five years ago, the art to which this special number is in the main devoted was to a large extent unknown to the general public in this country, or if known, was consistently despised. Manet and Degas were then regarded as the doubtful limit to which any reputable connoisseur might go; Cézanne, who was just then being rediscovered in his own country, was dismissed as incompetent, Matisse as infantile. Now the situation is very different. Manet and Degas occupy an unchallenged position among the great masters of the past, and Cézanne, if not so unanimously accepted, is seen as a genius whose work has determined the subsequent development of painting in the twentieth century.

Our own part in this transvaluation of aesthetic values has been considerable ever since Roger Fry sprang to the defence of this school in a letter which was published in our issue of March, 1908. This was followed, in January, 1911, by one of the first, and what still remains one of the best, appreciations of the Post-Impressionists by Arthur Clutton-Brock—an article inspired by the famous exhibition of the work of this school which had been organized by Mr. Fry, who was then one of the joint editors of this Magazine; and from that time artists like Cézanne, Gauguin and Van Gogh were treated with increasing respect in our pages. That even so we were well in advance of official and academic opinion is shown by the fact that it was not until 1917 that the National Gallery, Millbank, ventured to acquire a painting by Gauguin; Van Gogh was not thus honoured until 1924; Cézanne not until 1926.

We publish this special number to demonstrate once more our conviction that art has no temporal boundaries. As students and collectors we must be prepared to exercise our sensibilities and to test our values against works of art whether they are recovered from the remote past of mankind or are the creative expression of our own age. We may make mistakes; but the evidence as it is eventually registered in our museums no less than in the market shows that when our principles are sound our courage will be justified.

NINETEENTH-CENTURY FRENCH PORTRAITURE BY DOUGLAS LORD

PORTRAITURE is essentially an art of collaboration, but one which demands from the artist as much as, and frequently more than, is offered. For a portrait is a concrete presentation of an individual personality and as a work of art must therefore satisfy both personal as well as æsthetic standards. On the whole it is dangerous for an artist to become too devoted to the painting of portraits for, unless he is both authoritative and strong-willed, he is likely to sacrifice æsthetic necessities to non-æsthetic demands. This happened all too obviously in England in the eighteenth century, where the artist existed merely to satisfy his patron's desire for prestige by painting flattering portraits of him and his family. Baudelaire has divided portraits into two categories, "l'histoire et le roman,"¹ the historical and the fictional: and up to a point one can accept this classification. That is to say that broadly speaking there have been two main forms of portraiture: the one typified by such artists as Dürer, Holbein, Fouquet and Philippe de Champaigne, the other by Greco, Rubens, Rembrandt, Watteau and Fragonard. The former place their subject as in a vacuum and concentrate on a faithful rendering of the contours and modelling of his features, selecting the attitude most characteristic and expressive of his personality; the latter bathe their

subject in air and light, see him as a fragment of a universe, concentrate less on his actual features and allow colour and their imagination to evoke his personality. The one group therefore distorts for plastic purposes, the other for psychological.

Periodically either one or the other prevailed. In the first part of the nineteenth century, however, we are faced with both tendencies existing simultaneously and as rivals, but each in its way as a dominant: in the latter half every artist is for himself and simply flaunts his talent, or lack of it, with the result that there is no conceptual unity whatever. The two periods are separated by Courbet and the invention of the camera. Photography deprived portraiture of much of its usefulness, but also created a perverted public taste, with which the self-respecting artists refused to compromise. Thus the public did not understand them when they no longer painted portraits to please but to express their feelings: as a result their subjects were limited almost completely to fellow artists, themselves and members of their own family or immediate circle of friends.

Up till the French Revolution there had, in each century, been a tradition: not merely in the form of an artistic mould in which portraits were cast, but indeed a tradition of taste among the patrons, which meant that they knew more or less what to expect of an artist. Thus the outstanding artists

¹ *Le Salon de 1846.*



THE ARTIST'S WIFE, BY PAUL CEZANNE. CANVAS, 65 BY 50 CM. (MESSRS. WILDENSTEIN & CO., LTD.)

of each century had to express their genius more or less within the limitations of a current plastic language, while the minor artists at least had a model to which they could conform and, though their work was academic and dull, it was seldom so vulgar as to be unbearable. Nanteuil, Le Brun, Mignard or Tocqué bear this out. But the French Revolution changed everything: at that time tradition was swept away and so were the patrons. Hence the nineteenth century is characterised by a complete lack of taste as well as of tradition: yet despite, or rather because of, this it produced an astonishing sequence of highly individual artists. The true effect of the collapse can, however, best be measured by a look at the minor figures, such as Vernet, Lhermitte, Bouguereau, Bonvin or Meissonnier, even Guérin, Gérôme or Couture. The wealth of the nation and the control of art had passed into the hands of ignorant people: but they knew what they wanted from art—they wanted portraits to be sentimental and naturalistic, but above all to be noble. David, who had then just returned from Rome, quickly became the founder of the new style. Painting, he decreed, must remind men that they were like the ancient Romans, citizens of a free and enlightened Republic: he attempted in his painting to express sentiments as noble as those proclaimed by the popular orators. His figures sit solidly immobile, as though hewn out of marble: the *Portrait of M. Gérard and his Family* (Museum of Le Mans) is a typical example. How ideal this father sitting among his four children: the little daughter dutifully playing the piano, the elder brother with his protective arm around the younger one's shoulder, the smallest child dandled between father's knees. Each figure is severely detached from every other, yet the artist has been very observant: each has a distinctly personal expression, the crude essentials of character are quite directly and vigorously set down. There is little trace of an interest in proportion or arrangement, but there is a vividness, a realism which is striking: the style is linear, the artist is clearly detached, this is "histoire."

The Republic was soon replaced by Napoleon, who saw in painting a means of celebrating his own triumphs; and indeed as early as 1796 the First Consul found, during his campaign in Italy, a young pupil of David, Antoine Gros, who was burning to serve him. On the day he painted him at the Pont d'Arcole he was obviously fascinated by the face, with its thin lips and long pointed nose; he makes us feel the youthful fire, the determination, even the idealism of his subject: but there is no idealisation. It is also a step forward from David in its relaxation of the contours and its sensitive use of colour. Moreover it is alive and actual. But within a few months Napoleon was already saying:—

"Qu'avez-vous besoin de modèle? Croyez-vous que les grands hommes de l'antiquité aient posés

pour leurs portraits? Qui se soucie de savoir si les bustes d'Alexandre sont ressemblants. Il suffit que nous ayons de lui une image conforme à son génie. C'est ainsi qu'il convient de peindre les grands hommes." He found Gros and David willing to obey, as well as minor Court painters, such as Guérin, Gérard and Gérôme: idealisation was the order of the day.

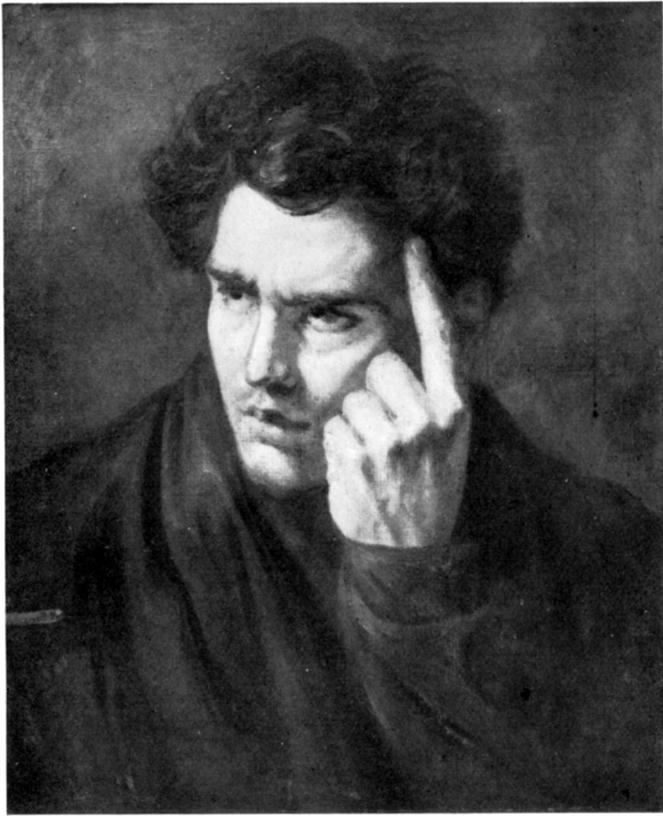
Suddenly, however, Ingres, another young pupil of David, appeared and replied to Napoleon: "Les chefs d'œuvre de l'antiquité ont été faits avec des modèles comme nous en avons sous les yeux en ce moment à Paris. . . . Il faut trouver le secret du beau par le vrai."² What must have been Napoleon's reaction to the *Portrait of Napoleon, First Consul* (Liège Museum) painted in 1805, or *Napoleon on his Throne* (Musée de l'Armée, Paris) painted in 1806? Great care has been lavished on the clothes and on the composition, but the face is dead white like a death mask, while the character, though strongly felt, is expressed through the almost grotesque attitude. No wonder it was condemned as being quite unlike Napoleon. In 1806 Ingres left France for Italy, where he spent eighteen years and learnt much by studying Raphael. His portraits remain essentially "histoires," but he forces his figures into a deliberately rhythmical composition. When confronted with his own or some other face he forgot all about ideal beauty; he was so excited by what was actually before his eyes that he just wanted to record it as accurately as possible. At the same time he remembered æsthetic considerations, and the more he saw rhythmic possibilities develop the more deliberately, the more significantly did he distort the figure. "Si vous voulez voir cette jambe laide, je sais bien qu'il y aura matière: mais je vous dirai: prenez mes yeux et vous la trouverez belle"³ he said to his pupils. M. Bertin has an arm and hand like an eagle's claw, Mme. Moitessier's is like some bulb or submarine growth pushing out its shoots. "L'art n'est jamais à un si haut degré de perfection que lorsqu'il ressemble si fort à la Nature qu'on peut le prendre pour la Nature elle-même."⁴ Ingres' colour may at first sight seem cold and ugly, but then in his opinion: "une chose bien dessinée est toujours assez bien peinte,"⁵ and his colour accords perfectly with his line. Few artists have had such an amazing feeling for contours: but his contours are not flat, they express all the tension of the forms they enclose. His line is never flaccid, it is unhesitating and evocative: the modelling is broad, the full volume of the forms is expressed and every part of a figure is related to the whole. The figure is plastically grasped, so that even the excessive length of *Mme Rivière's* [PLATE II, c] right arm is not worrying. Ingres was

² M. JANMOT: *Opinions d'un artiste sur l'Art*. Paris 1885.

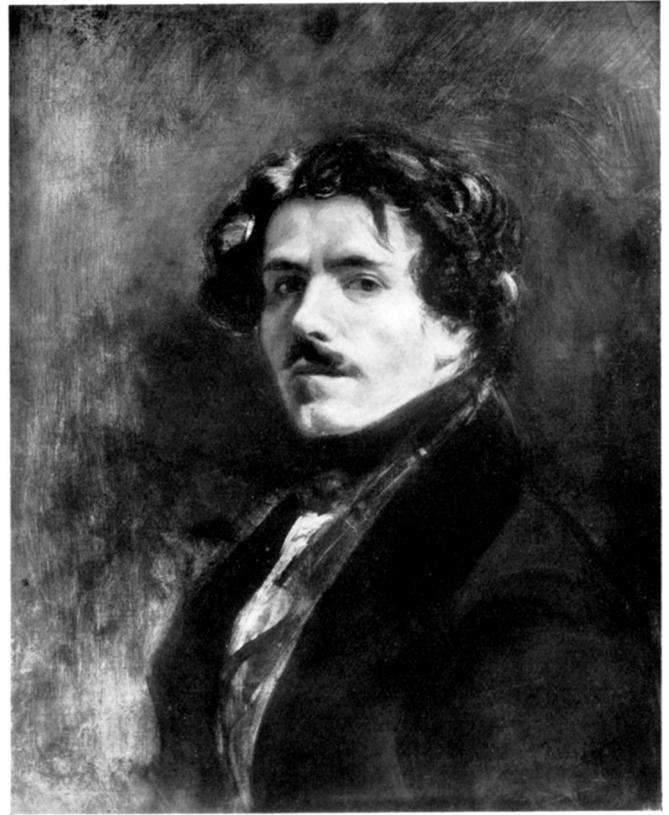
³ Cf. M. LAPAUZE: *Ingres, sa vie et son oeuvre* Paris, Imprimerie, Georges Petit, 1911.

⁴ *Ibid.*

⁵ *Ibid.*



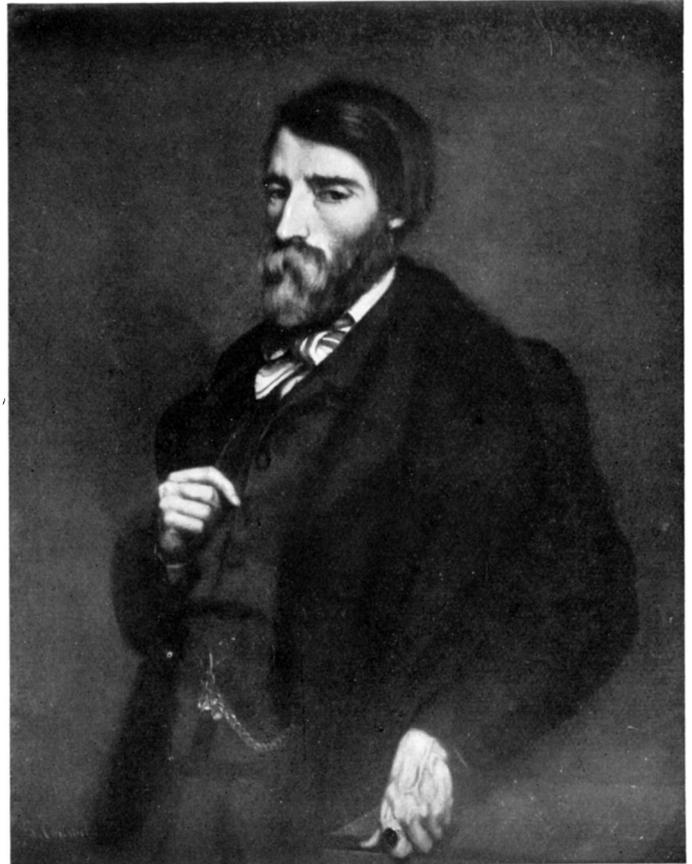
A—*PORTRAIT OF LORD BYRON*, BY THEODORE GERICAULT. CANVAS, 61 BY 49 CM. (MUSEE FABRE, MONTPELLIER)



B—*SELF-PORTRAIT*, BY EUGENE DELACROIX. CANVAS, 64 BY 51 CM. (MUSEE DU LOUVRE, PARIS)



C—*PORTRAIT OF MADAME RIVIERE*, BY J. A. D. INGRES. CANVAS, 117 BY 90 CM. (MUSEE DU LOUVRE)



D—*PORTRAIT OF M. ALFRED BRUYAS*, BY GUSTAVE COURBET. CANVAS, 91 BY 72 CM. (MUSEE FABRE, MONTPELLIER)

PLATE II. NINETEENTH-CENTURY FRENCH PORTRAITURE



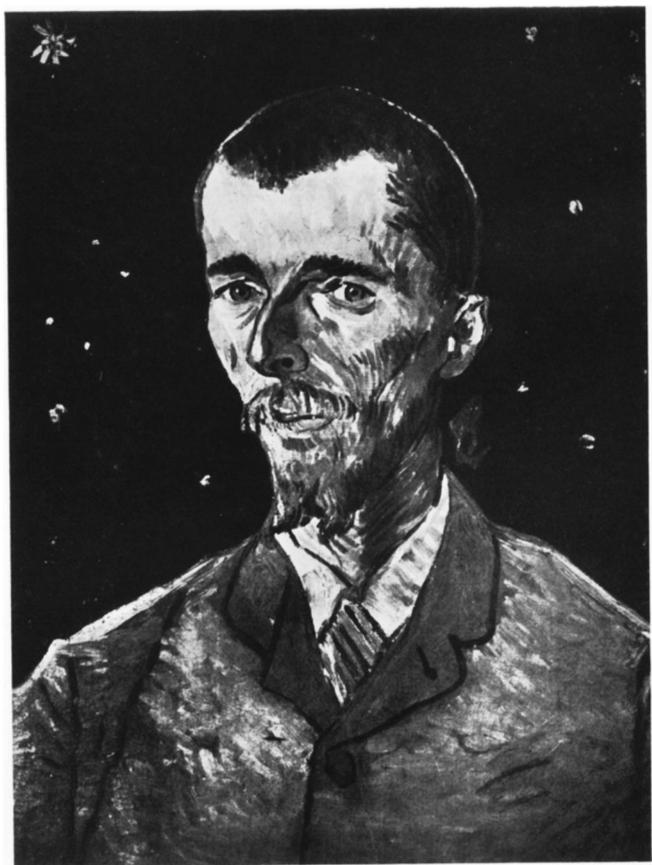
A—PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG WOMAN, BY EDGAR DEGAS. CANVAS, 62.5 BY 48.5 CM. (MRS. A. CHESTER BEATTY; COURTESY OF MESSRS. REID & LEFEVRE)



B—PORTRAIT OF MME. MICHEL LEVY, BY EDOUARD MANET. CANVAS, 74.3 BY 52.2 CM. (MR. & MRS. CHESTER DALE; COURTESY OF MESSRS. REID & LEFEVRE)



C—SELF-PORTRAIT, BY J. B. C. COROT. CANVAS, 33 BY 25 CM. (UFFIZI, FLORENCE)



D—PORTRAIT OF M. BOCK, BY VINCENT VAN GOGH. CANVAS. (PRIVATE COLLECTION)

PLATE III. NINETEENTH-CENTURY FRENCH PORTRAITURE

undoubtedly a great portrait painter, but too unique to be a *chef d'école*. Bouguereau is there to show us the folly of trying to follow him blindly, while another pupil, Chassériau, was forced to try the experiment of grafting on romantic colouring: not unsuccessfully indeed, to judge from his *Self-Portrait* in the Louvre.

The opposing, the Romantic, school of portraiture grew out of Davidism, or rather out of the studio of Gros. It arose partly as a natural reaction against the tyranny of Neo-Classicism, but partly from Gros' own principles of colour and composition. The first protagonist was Géricault and his *Portrait of Lord Byron* (Montpellier Museum) [PLATE II, A], painted in Italy about 1816, is evidence of a new directness of vision. The forms are no longer incised, though there is still a suggestion of contour, there is real feeling for paint and colour, the head is felt plastically and the modelling is careful. The clue to character is not the attitude (though the raised finger pointing at the brain is obviously symbolic) but the obtruding veins, the brooding angry look in the eyes, the pursed lips. However, the fruit of Géricault's attitude is only seen in his disciple Delacroix, who was as gifted a theorist as he was a painter. With him ideal beauty is dead: it is simply personality which matters; but the technique is much broader than in the case of Géricault, there is not even a trace of hard outline and there is a real passion for colour. His *Self-Portrait* (Musée du Louvre) [PLATE II, B], painted in 1829, is one of the noblest portraits of the nineteenth century. Here "imagination speaks above all else"⁶; one is conscious of a man living in an inner world of imaginative excitement and the whole pose suggests the grandeur of his conceptions; but there is no doubt as to his intelligence. The model has been so thoroughly understood that he is able to pass over the details of clothing, even the form of the ear, to concentrate on the really characteristic details of the face. The head grows naturally on the body: it is felt in all its volume and when the eye reaches the back it needs no emphatic line, as in *Mme. Rivière*, to take it round to the other side. It is not a servile reproduction of nature, nor is it prosaically descriptive: it is, in terms of paint, a suggestive portrait. "It is much more important," he writes in his Journal,⁷ "for the artist to approach the ideal which is in him, and peculiar to him, than to record, even in a strong way, the transitory ideal which nature may present—and she does present such aspects: but it is only a certain type of man who sees them in nature, and not the common run of men, which is a proof that it is his imagination which creates the beautiful and precisely because he follows his genius." It is perhaps not uninteresting in this context to contrast Delacroix' *Portrait of Paganini* (Phillips Memorial Gallery, Washington) with Ingres' portrait drawing (Musée

⁶ Delacroix's *Journal*: Oct. 12th, 1853.

⁷ *Ibid.*

du Louvre): the one a thrilling expression of an enthralling musical experience, emphasises the performance, the other a materialistic view of a determined gentleman with a violin under his arm and a bow tightly gripped in a little hand, emphasises the profession. The one evokes the magic of the music he makes, the other states the mastery of his instrument: one is dynamic, the other static.

Between these two giants must be fitted two smaller painters whose portraits are nevertheless far from being negligible. The first of these is Corot, the second Daumier. The figure in Corot's *Self-Portrait* (Uffizi, Florence) [PLATE III, c], painted about 1835, is beautifully placed on the canvas, the forms develop naturally out of each other and the face is cleverly emphasised between the dark cap and the dark scarf. There is no romantic emphasis here, it is a product of meditation. Corot has studied himself, for there is an intensity in his look; the figure has vitality and there is a subtle revelation of the character in the pose. It is not strained, the forms are solid and the modelling careful, though simple. But he has been content merely to bring out the main facts of the structure of the head, quite a lot is left to the imagination. Daumier on the other hand is violent: his portraits are not poetic but realistic. His *Portrait of Baudelaire* looking like a terrified vulture is typical. Daumier insists on the intense individuality of his sitter and he stresses it by seizing on intensely characteristic poses. He does more than paint, he practically models the head in paint. He attempts simply to realise plastically the principal elements of the head: he indicates the shape of the skull by highlights on one side and shadows on the other, he hollows out the eye-sockets, models the nose and chin and carves a mouth. But he succeeds in achieving considerable vigour as well as an air of sinister mystery.

The middle of the century is emphasized by the appearance of a new and powerful vision, which cuts across each of the existing schools. Courbet, the artist to whom I refer, has been called a "realist" and this appellation can stand. He determined to paint only what he saw before him, believing that the result must be good because it would be true. There is no idealization about the *Portrait of M. Bruyas* (Montpellier Museum) [PLATE II, D]: but nor is it merely photographic. The very fact that he was in front of a model seems to have liberated his plastic imagination, for the exaggeration of the left side is clearly done for compositional reasons. There is no very deep psychological perception, the figure stands there melancholy and thoughtful, wearing a black morning coat and a red and white striped bow tie, one hand resting in the armhole of his brown waistcoat, the other on a green book labelled *Etudes sur l'art moderne: Solution*. Here is the solidly respectable bourgeois, even to the heavy gold watch chain hanging across his stomach: "oui, je vous ai compris, et vous en

avez une preuve vivante, c'est votre portrait . . ."⁸ wrote Courbet. It is a vigorous work whose appeal is immediate: it is not artificial, the modelling is broad but essentially structural and as a statement it is almost brutal in its frankness. There is an honest lack of refinement about Courbet's portraiture (thus Baudelaire is painted smoking his pipe) and it was only his skill and firm plastic apprehension of what he saw that saved it from vulgarity.

Courbet divides the century and marks the beginning of modern portraiture: with him the old tradition disappears and research begins again. Courbet's influence was tremendous on the whole succeeding generation. Before him the sitter's personality had been the essential, after him the artist's visual experience, the artist's individuality. There was no more reason for struggling after accurate likeness: the camera could achieve that automatically. Courbet's determination to paint just what he saw before him broadened into a doctrine and artists became absorbed in their own idea of the world of appearances. Hence the apparent disunity of the last half of the century: yet, broadly speaking, the old classifications still apply. Manet was the immediate successor to Courbet, seeing things in more or less the same way, though with a more trivial, more vulgar vision. Beside Courbet he has no vitality, he is consciously trying to impress, yet there is a certain distinction about his more natural and straightforward portraits [PLATE III, B] where he has concentrated on his work and forgotten about his own importance. Impressionist portraiture as practised by Monet, Pissarro and Sisley is of small interest: the figure is made simply an excuse for rendering their own ocular sensations. Renoir, however, gave it a new significance. He is a bourgeois who painted the bourgeois for their own sake: but having no moral to preach transcends class-consciousness. He does not attempt to read deeply into people, he accepts them at their face value. The *Portrait of Jeanne Samary* (Museum of Modern Western Art, Moscow) [PLATE IV]⁹ is slight but delightful: we are told nothing about the actress, it is simply an impression recorded—and Renoir was held by her eyes. The spectator must imagine the rest. The painting is rich and sensitive, the colour delicious: the figure is nicely placed on the canvas, but there is no calculated composition. The modelling is summary, the right arm remains a shapeless, amorphous mass; but Renoir saw those eyes, his sensuality was stirred and he has succeeded without any paraphernalia in making a work of art with elements of the commonplace, so that one accepts even the vulgarity of his colour.

⁸ *Lettres de Courbet à Alfred Bruyas*. (Privately published, Montpellier 1885).

⁹ Reproduced by the courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Wm. Heinemann, Ltd., from their forthcoming book: *Renoir*, by MICHEL FLORISOONE (10s. 6d.).

Impressionism had its linear as well as its colourist element: and this is represented by three artists. The first of these is Degas: he claimed Ingres as his master. Not that there is much similarity between them: Degas is more interested in character and his line is more casual, as one can see in the *Portrait of the Duchesse de Morbilli* (Louvre; see p. 294, PLATE B). Degas never gets lost in too much detail, he has a great sense of volume and of the nature of forms. His vision is acute and penetrating, uncompromising and original; he always discovers some unexpected aspect of character. His portraits [PLATE III, A] seem like photographic snapshots, yet the more one looks into them the more one realizes that every line, every form is calculated to complete the design, and that, far from being accidental every detail is deliberate. Degas emphasizes the ugly individual gesture, the revelatory expression: thus Mme. Jeantaud studies herself in the mirror, Degas *père* listens intently to his favourite guitarist, the Comte Lepic crosses the Place de la Concorde smoking a cigar accompanied by his two daughters and a large hound. The impression of instantaneous photography is achieved by unusual angles of vision. More than any of his contemporaries he sets his figures in the ambiance of their time and milieu; he does not flatter them, nor does he caricature. He does not endow them with imaginary virtues or vices, but merely probes into their life. Lautrec, the second artist, is more witty and sparkling perhaps, but more facile and fundamentally a caricaturist. He is not a great painter like Degas and his compositions are not adventurous: but he could convey a character with very few lines, as witness the *Portrait of Oscar Wilde*, or the many portraits of Yvette Guilbert. However, he needed a model with personality or some eccentricity to stimulate his imagination: he is the historian of a little world, in a sense he represents modern *genre*. Gauguin, the third, is a mannerist: character meant nothing to him (though his self-portraits illuminate much of his dishonesty), modelling is almost completely absent and the figure is made to spread itself on the canvas in a tastefully decorative design.

I have purposely left till the end the two great figures, Van Gogh and Cézanne, who personify the conflict of the period. Both owed much to Delacroix, both detested Ingres: one is ferociously interested in personality, in human beings, the other only in form and a conception of the Universe. Van Gogh did not try to reproduce exactly what he saw, though he set great store by exactness and his likenesses are striking. Colour he used symbolically, to express his feelings more forcibly. In photography he saw a possible aid to a great revolution in portraiture, by heightening a speaking likeness with arbitrary colouring. He dramatizes rather than analyzes his subjects. Human beings become universal symbols, each conveying a message: thus



Portrait of Jeanne Samary, by P. Auguste Renoir. Canvas, 56 by 46 cm. (Museum of Modern Western Art, Moscow)

PLATE IV. NINETEENTH-CENTURY FRENCH PORTRAITURE

Mme. Roulin is painted rocking a cradle so that "sailors—who are both children and martyrs—seeing it in the cabin of their Icelandic fishing boats should once again experience the old feeling of cradling."¹⁰ His *Portrait of M. Bock* [PLATE III, D], a Belgian painter friend symbolizes the artist: "he is a man who dreams great dreams, who works as the nightingale sings because it is in his nature. He'll be a fair man. I want to put into my picture the love that I have for him. So I paint him as he is, as faithfully as I can to begin with. But the picture is not finished yet. To finish it I am now going to be the arbitrary colourist. I exaggerate the fairness of the hair, I come even to orange tones and pale lemon yellow. Beyond the head instead of painting the ordinary wall of the mean room, I paint infinity, a plain background of the richest, intensest blue that I can contrive and by this simple combination of the bright head against the rich blue background, I get a mysterious effect, like a star in the depths of an azure sky."¹¹

Cézanne on the other hand, was quite indifferent to his sitter's face or character: but he minded a great deal about their construction. Mme. Cézanne was expected "to sit as still as an apple" while he painted her in all her solidity. After 115 sittings he stopped work on Vollard's portrait remarking that "he was not altogether displeased with the painting of the shirtfront." The *Portrait of the Artist's Wife* [FRONTISPIECE] is evidence of his complete detachment. The face might equally well be male or female. Cézanne's sensations proceeded from his brain, and he attempted to reconcile the transitory appearance with his knowledge of the

¹⁰ *Letters to his brother Theo*, No. 574.

¹¹ *Ibid*, No. 520.

underlying form. His portraits have great vitality, but because of their plastic organization not because of the sitter's personality. Yet the characteristic pose and the natural background are essentials: thus his cook sits beside a table on which are a cup and a coffee-pot, Geffroy works at his desk surrounded by his books, Cézanne *père* reads the newspaper, peasants sit at café tables smoking pipes and playing cards. Cézanne's portraits are monuments to their subjects. He sees figures as forms bathed in light: but he analyzes his sensations in his brain not on the canvas, so that his brush performs a synthesis. Colour is used purely to represent line and suggest volume, while by the exact rendering of tonal values he creates the forms. Yet in the end he emphasizes these by simplification as with Mme. Cézanne's right arm. Colour is used neither symbolically, nor artificially, but architecturally: it is not left free, nor enclosed within sharp contours for "plus la couleur s'harmonise, plus le dessin se précise. Quand la couleur est à sa richesse, la forme est à sa plénitude."

The invention of photography deprived portraiture of one of its uses and as yet no new tradition has evolved. Nor will a tradition again prevail until the artist is re-absorbed into society. Nineteenth-century portraiture is a progressive denial of the importance of the human race; it represents a refusal to distinguish between humanity and nature. The artists being free looked at society dispassionately and asked "Where is truth?" Each had his own reply: in the words of Baudelaire "l'état actuel de la peinture est le résultat d'une liberté anarchique qui glorifie l'individu quelque faible qu'il soit."¹²

¹² *Curiosités Esthétiques*.

JACQUES-LOUIS DAVID AND THE DUCREUX FAMILY

BY D. S. MACCOLL

DAVID (1748-1825) stood at the turnstile of French eighteenth-nineteenth century art. He is notorious as a revolutionary in politics, but had a passionately fluctuating mind, and served under three regimes, the Ancient, the Terrorist and the Napoleonic. Under the second he even commanded in publicly religious affairs, and artistic, including dress and furniture. But he was a revolutionary of lasting effect in his chief business, painting. His "idealist," high Roman and Napoleonic pomps have obscured his initiative in "realism," with its technical concomitant of "direct painting," and his law-giving to the schools in drawing; a legislation confirmed by Ingres. David, no more than Ingres, was safe in colour. Ingres was completely insensitive to tone and values, and only dirtied his paint when he attempted them: a bright enamel was his

successful line. David, as Jacques Blanche has put it, was "east-windy," for the most part; but not altogether. From 1826 his unfinished *Madame Récamier* has spoken for something better in the Louvre, and since then a whole series of portraits has accrued which will prove his lasting security when "Horatii," "Sabines" and the rest have gone the dusty way to respectable oblivion. It was in family portraits he found salvation; the Desmays (1782), the Pécouls (1784), the lovely Madame Sériziat and her husband (1795), vigorous, intimate, gracious. He is no world-master, but, like Poussin, a French, and at least one portrait, from his fortunate Belgian exile, is immortal, the *Old Man in a Tall Hat* [PLATE I, B]. That despised head-piece, in the hands of David, as of Bonington, was the occasion for a masterpiece.

David has never been popular with us, and is