Tikhovice came up to him, pale with emotion.

"Domnale Doctor!" Zamfir stammered, looking at him with dim eyes, "don't chop down my vineyard. I am a poor peasant. My children are little. It is all I have for bread!" When Tikhovice, unable to speak, merely shook his head helplessly, Zamfir staggered like a drunken man, ran to one of the proud vines that still stood unburned, and sinking to the ground, laid his head close to the stem, saying, "Cut off my hand, cut off my head, rather than my vineyards!"

The laborers halted. They too owned vineyards, and their hearts stood still at the sight of the raging flames. Tikhovice did not know what to do. He went from Zamfir to Mariza, trying to comfort them; but the man lay close to his vine, crying like a child. Mariza lay near another vine, packing his arms around it and wailing loudly. The word 'infection' spoken by Tikhovice caught her ear.

"Infection!" she cried wildly, "infection on the roots! Then let me die of this infection first! Let me die and not see to-morrow's harvest! Let me die of this infection!" She began to dig up the ground with her fingers, and pulling up the small rootlets covered with the yellow pest, she stuf!ed them in her mouth, her eyes rolling wildly, her face was sullen and distorted. She swallowed painfully, repeating, "Let me die of the infection!" Their children cried hysterically. The laborers stood still. Suddenly a thought came to Tikhovice.

"Here, men," he shouted, "this woman has spread the disease. She should be punished! She may get sick. Let her inhale some of our gas." A laborer hastily ran to the gas-canister. Frightened in spite of her despair, Mariza sprang to her feet, and with her burning eyes fixed on Tikhovice, screamed:

"Drink your own blood, then, and choke with it, murderer!" And she ran out of the vineyard.

Tikhovice was surprised to see that Zamfir did not resist the men who picked him up and fairly carried him away. He moansly kept repeating:

"Cut my head off, not my vine! Don't take my bread from me, please don't rob me!"

They seated him outside the vineyard, under a willow, and he silently dropped his head on his chest. Meanwhile the fire worked slowly through the29 p[ilsen plants and the sound of smoke. The vines twisted slowly as if in pain. The delicate tendrils trembled whenever a flame-finger touched them. At length the flames gathered strength, rose higher and higher, devouring the grapes and the foliage with a wild roar. But Zamfir no longer saw what was occurring. His troubled eyes were like those of his feeble aged father. There was no longer sadness or anger in his heart.

The next afternoon Tikhovice, who had spent a sleepless night after the burning of the vineyard, was pacing the room to get a little repose when he saw Zamfir approach the door, leading a very old man by the hand.

"Domnale Doctor!" Zamfir said without the usual preliminary greetings and gazing at him with blackest eyes, "you have burned my vineyard. You've taken my bread from me. I must keep my old father now, so I bring him to you. You took my bread, you must keep my father!"

"Zamfir, is it my fault that this misfortune has befallen you? Tikhovice asked, not wishing to listen; he turned his back with a hopeless motion of the hand and walked toward the door. Mama-Dima, the feeble old father, stood helplessly a moment, then sat down on the bench, never taking his dull eyes from Tikhovice.

A JAPANESE VIEW OF MODERN ART1

BY OKAKURA KAKUZO

[OKAKURA KAKUZO is best known in America for his delightful Book of Tea published some years ago. The present article is from his posthumous papers in the Nippon Bijutsu-in.]

This essay is a confession — hence an appeal; an appeal, therefore, to a pre-sentiment. It concerns itself chiefly with the problems of modern art as seen from a Japanese point of view. Remember, however, that my criticisms are not dictated by any want of respect for Western art, compelling as it does, in all its phases, the uncomonous homage of wonder and admiration. Our reverential attitude toward any true expression of art can be traced to our time-honored axiom, that a picture should be approached as one would enter the presence of a great prince. We have been taught to prostrate ourselves even to a vase of flowers before examining the beauty of its arrangement.

In the first place, I wish to distinguish between the problems which concern the individual painter and those which concern society. In our Eastern conception of art, questions of technical merit belong to the painter himself. The public has no right to determine whether a work is to be, in the present or in the future. The individuality of the artistic effort forbids that an outside judgment should be pronounced. The painter himself is but half-cognizant of the secret which makes him a master, for each new idea imposes its own modes and laws. The moment when he formulates his secrets is the moment when he enters on his old age and death. For beauty is the joy of the eternal youthfulness of the creative mind. And it is the sharing of the gladness of the artist in his discovery of a reawakened life in the universe that constitutes the love of art to us. The common weakness of humanity is to offer advice when it is not asked. Society has been ever ready to invade the sanctuary of Art. Patrons, with its accustomed superciliousness, has often imposed its authority on a realm which could not reach. Public criticism, with its best intentions in the world, has made itself only ridiculous by trying to interfere in questions where the painter must be the sole judge. Why enchain the vital spirit of Art? It is evanescence and always alive, and is godlike in its transformations. Was it not a Greek who said that in defined limits in art by what he had done! The Napoléonic genuses of the brush are constantly winning victories, mindless of the dogmatic stratagem of the academicians. The foremost critic of modern England has been intentionally censured for his undue depreciation of Whistler, so one who was to be remembered by what he failed to understand. The fate of aesthetic disputes is to hand on the Achillean heels of Art and therein to find the vulnerable point of attack. We can flounder only in the past.

If I may stretch a point, the masters themselves may be said to be consci-
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ble for allowing society to frustrate the spontaneous play of later artists. Their personality has been so great as to be regarded with suspicion. Society has been taken into the confidence of modern Art on the account of the proffered familiarity. It feels at liberty to dictate what it ought to do; to direct in the way where it ought to comprehend. It is not that the public should not talk, but that it should know better. It is not that society should not be amused, but that it should enjoy more. We are sorry to realize how much real aesthetic sympathy is lost in the jargon of studio talks.

The very individuality of Art, which makes its problem so subjective to the artist, is the subject of a classification in time. It is a matter of doubt whether we can speak of the "modern problem in painting" as much, with any degree of accuracy or with profit. The problem which confronts the painter to-day has been with him, since the days he first traced the mastodon on bone fragments, in the primate dens of the cave-lions.

In this age of classification we often forget that the eternal flow of life joins us with our predecessors. Classification is, after all, a convenience to arrange our thoughts, and like all objects of convenience becomes in the end troublesome. The modern scientific mind is apt to think it has possessed knowledge which simply does not exist. But definitions are limitations, and thus barries the attempt to grasp the whole. A seventeenth-century Japanese poet has written that we feel the coldness of things on our lips, like a blast of autumn, whenever we begin to speak. Luo-tse, in his supreme adoration of the Unspoken, has pointed out that the reality of a house is not in the roof or the walls, but in the spaces which they create. So the reality of painting consists in its innate beauty, not in the names or periods in which we love to arrange it, the shelves of our historical consciousness.

It has been said that Romanticism is the distinguishing characteristic of modern Art. But which of the so-called classic masters has not been romantic? If the term means individualism, then the expression of the self instead of impersonal ideals, it must be the common property, nay, the very essence of all creative arts. If the term means the emotional aspect of the art—impulse in contradistinction to the intellectual, or the sensuous, which respectively represent the classic or the realistic, it is again a name for art itself, because art is emotion. A painting is the whole man, the whole, in the value of the new poetry they are the thoughts of other men and the nature around him. It is his essay on the world, whether it be a protest or an acquiescence. Dolaurox has been considered the seer of modern romanticism. But do we not see the same method of expressing his personality lies entirely with each artist and for bids any interference from the outsider.

I hope that I have conveyed to you the idea that the questions which we may discuss profitfully regarding painting are not whether it shall be more Idealistic or less realistic, whether the artist should care to invent in this scheme of color, or that tone of light. These are questions for the painter exclusively, and he is well able to take care of them. Then what is the objective side of the question? What are the modern problems of painting which society can fitly discuss at all? I reply that it is the relation of painting to society itself. Society regulates the conditions under which art is produced. If it cannot claim the artist, it can claim the man. If it cannot dictate his technique, it can formulate his line, and to a certain extent his ideals. It is in the secret understanding between the performer and the audience that both delight. It is the humanity that reverberates alike through the chord of art and the hearts of the people. The more human the call, the more universal and deeper the response.

Nothing touches us more than the waxy lines on a great painter's face, for they are the traces, not of his contact with his art, but with the world. One is a joy and a solace, the other is an eternal torment. The antagonism between the two lies in the laws of their existence. Art is the sphere of freedom, society that of conventions. The vulgar ever resent the ideal, society is somehow always afraid of the living artist. It begins to offer applause when his ears are deaf — flowers when he is safely laid in his grave. The success and popularity of a living painter in many cases are signs of lowness of spiritual level. For the higher the artistic mind soars, the greater becomes the possibility of local or contemporary misconception. Even in the perfection of Raphael, or in the precisely opposite case of Puslema, we are tempted to miss the sublimity of the tormented soul of Michaelangelo.

Society has not only been inimical to individual masters, but has at times indulged in the wholesale destruction of schools. Eastern art had also its ample measure of such catastrophes. To give an example: the conquest of China by the Mongols in the thirteenth century brought about a sudden downfall of Celestial art from which it has never since been able to recover. As you are doubtless aware, the time at which this calamity occurred was the brightest age of Chinese painting. It was in the Seng dynasty, so rich in poetical and philosophical inspirations. It was the age when Confucianism had evolved a new meaning by the synthesis of Taoist and Buddhist ideals. It was the age when China was break-
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It must not be inferred that the conditions in the past which gave to both the Italian and the Japanese painters a recognized place in society are to be considered ideal or perfect. I am simply pointing to the fact that the position of Art was not anomalous, at least not as it is nowadays. The difficulty at the present time is that society has broken the ancient harmony, and offers nothing to replace it. The academy and the institute are poor substitutes for the medieval guilds or the Japanese monometh — the groups which kept up traditions and financed a home for the artist. The modern spirit, in emancipating the man, exiles the artist. The painter of to-day has no recognized function in the social scheme of things. He may be nearer the original nobleness and devotional attitude of the artist's mind toward the divine than any other profession, but he is an artist in itself. The mere fact of painting a holy subject does not constitute the artist a holy man, but the painting is religious. It has been remarked that in the picture of the bamboo by Sandoulay the whole picture was tinged with a spirit of Taoism. The stereotyped representations of Christian or Buddhist subjects, of which there are so many, are not only a parody on religion, but a caricature of art itself. We see a religious subject here and there by a few exceptional geniuses. It was not the Mongols alone who inflicted such damage on Chinese art. The Manchus came again from the North to impose another alien yoke. In old times painting was either a trade or a pastime, and the taste of society was more in conformity with the mode of life. But in modern times, painting is a very popular pastime and the leisure hours of the people are spent in it. The painters are not confined to the nobility or the learned, but are the people of all ranks. They are not confined to the studio, but they are at home, or in the street, or in the field, doing their work with a free hand. The modern style of painting is more in harmony with the modern life of society, and is more in conformity with the modern taste. The modern style of painting is more in harmony with the modern life of society, and is more in conformity with the modern taste.