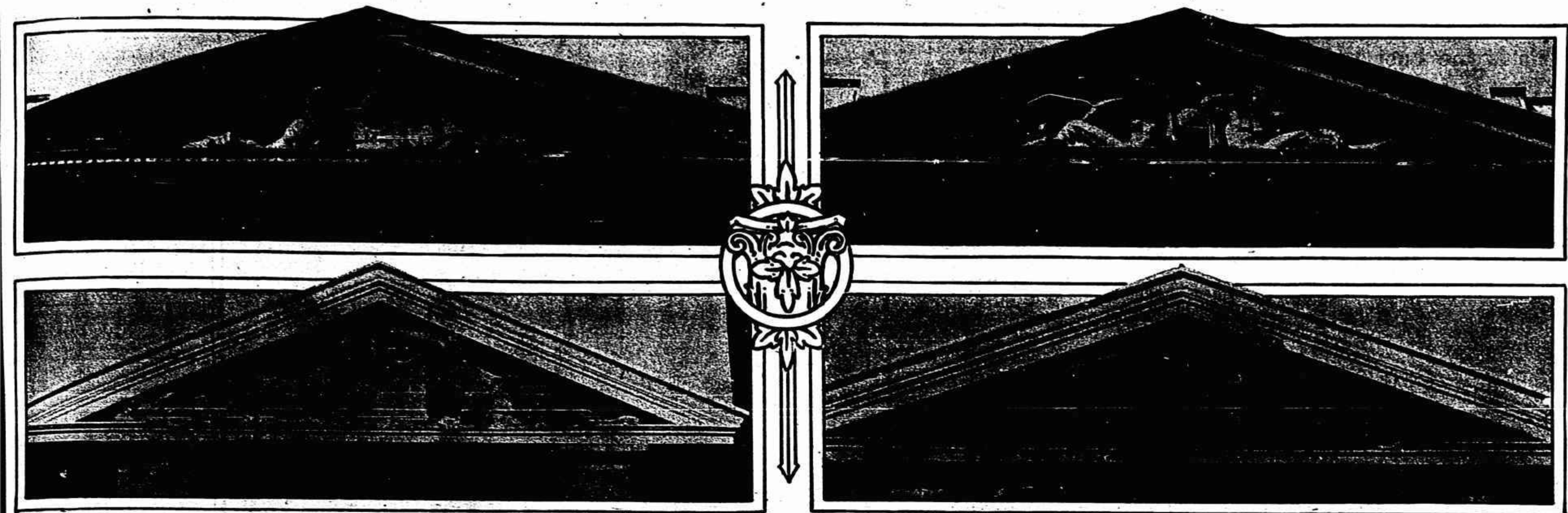


PUBLIC LIBRARY STATUARY RUINED, SAYS ITS SCULPTOR



North pediment, showing "History" and "The Knight" as the sculptor says they should show from the street. Above—North pediment, showing "History" and "The Knight" as viewed from the street.

South pediment, showing "The Arts" as the sculptor says they should show from the street. Above—South pediment, showing "The Arts" as they are revealed from the street.

George Gray Barnard Complains Architects Did Not Allow for Angle of Vision From the Street

CLIO, the muse who looks after matters of history, and Sir Galahad, the purest knight of the great Round Table, are the joint cause of two lawsuits growing out of their pained in straggling sort of placement on pediments of the New York Public Library.

George Gray Barnard, the sculptor who called into being these particular representations of the two, wanted them to tip well forward in a free and easy way out of the ornamental confines of their pediment quarters. Leaning thus outward they could see and be seen from the street over the top of their cornice.

But, Mr. Barnard complains, the architects and sculptors who had charge of placing his groups did not at all carry out his designs. They, Donnelly & Ricci, set the muse and the knight well back in the pediment, altogether too far back. Mr. Barnard alleges, for a lover of either Clio or Galahad to identify them from the street or get the right appreciation of their full art values. As it were, Donnelly & Ricci refused to show the pair straining outward as if to gaze at the white light focus of Forty-second and Broadway.

Stand in the street with a photograph of the groups that Mr. Barnard says he intended for insertion in the pediments and then gaze upward to the groups as now set in the pediments and there is no doubt there is a great difference between the conception and the completion, as Mr. Barnard relates it. In the photographs of the groups the figures are shown as pitched forward that even when the viewer stoops down close to them and looks upward the entire figures of Clio and Galahad can be made out. But from the street the line of the cornice at the base of the pediment cuts across the center of the marble figures as now placed. In other words, the point of gaze from the sidewalk hides all of the lower part of the muse and the knight. Sir Galahad seems to be a rubberneck, and Clio, instead of gazing on the scroll where she is chronicling the doings of the district and elsewhere, appears to be gazing outward into space, her mind not on her work.

The figures designed by Mr. Barnard were intended as show pieces in connection with the library. There is no public library in the world excelling the New York building in magnificence of architectural design and artistic accessories, in the opinion of many persons. Consequently, if the groups on the north and south pediments of the structure are irretrievably spoiled, as Mr. Barnard charges, the entire edifice will suffer deterioration. Covers of fine architecture from all over the world have visited the building and studied its construction. If it is spoiled it's a blow to the artistic side of New York, and New York hasn't anything it can spare of art to be spoiled. Mr. Barnard has shown what he thinks about it by bringing suit against Donnelly & Ricci for \$125,000. This firm in turn has brought suit against Mr. Barnard for \$10,000 for the work of setting the figures up. Their reputation is very high for work performed in New York and at the Panama exposition.

Mr. Barnard has his studio away up on Fort Washington avenue near the Revolution War. Thither I went the other day to get Mr. Barnard's side of the "entire story." The sculptor took me in and led me through a labyrinth of completed, semi-completed and newly planned models.

"Do you think the Public Library really seriously damaged because of the 'spoiling' of your groups?" Mr. Barnard was asked.

"Indeed, if it is damaged, and so small, he replied. The figures as they now stand near the artistic symmetry of the building. They are a disgrace to me as well as to the reputation of a country. I insist that these figures be taken down.

not to put them to the purpose for which they were chosen.

"The trouble is very understandable. It is the same old trouble that has so often marred art. It depends upon how the sculptured values are carried to the eye. You may call it the relation of the chiselled achievement to the point of view if you wish. It has to do with the difference between the mind's conception of an object and what the eye really sees of the object—the angle that it sees from, or the point of gaze.

"Now here we have the models of the knight and the muse designed for the library building pediment. Stoop down and you will be able to view them in the manner they would be viewed if you stood in the street and looked up at the pediment. Do you catch the lines and the lights?

"Notice how these figures project. I made them that way so that from seventy-five or a hundred feet below they would still be seen practically in entirety. They lean from their base, or in other words are tipped out. Now when you stand in the street in front of the Public Library and look up what do you see? Why, your line of vision strikes the top of the cornice or base of the pediment where it crosses the figures horizontally, about their centre. Every bit of carved work below that centre is obscured. It might as well not be there, or might as well be just a piece of rough marble, for all you see of it.

"This allowance for how a figure will look fifty or a hundred feet up in the air from you is decidedly a part of the art of sculpture. If you design a figure that you can approach at any time so close that you may handle or touch, why of course your eye sees and your mind conceives the figure at close range. It must be chiselled accordingly. Its measurements and its aspects will be judged at 'handing' distance. But the further away you intend the object to be observed or studied the more you have to take into consideration how you shall fashion it so as to preserve the effect planned.

"Had my figures in the pediments of the library building been tipped properly—or rather had they been set properly, because the tipping or slanting had been allowed for in the sculpturing—the man who gazed up at them from the street would have seen all of the arms, hands and feet of knight and the muse as well as parts of the other figures now hidden in great part. The observer would have understood what the figures were doing, or were represented as doing.

"Just in detail what are the discrepancies between the figures I designed and the figures as placed in the pediments? Well, the papers connected with my suit set forth these discrepancies at length. In the north pediment I charge that the directions relative to setting the group plumb with the base of the pediment were ignored. The pose indicated in the model, I maintain, was never used. The knight in armor, lacks eight to nine inches of marble on the chest and head. And the knight leans backward instead of forward. The sword and other details are in wrong places and lacking in marble.

"Likewise in the south pediment the head and torso, I contend, of one of the figures, lack eight to nine inches of marble, and the leg has been set back from its proper position to avoid holes that had been negligently bored in the marble by workmen. The head of one of the women lacks marble on the face and head so that the face appears eaten away. The fingers, instead of resting on the forehead, are cut into the skull, leaving no place for the hair to be carved. The lower part of the leg is not in accord with the upper part. And the entire group is fully ten inches back of its proper position, and instead of being properly parallel with the street is set crosswise.

"Then again the models were not placed together in the right way for pointing. The groups are not set in right, relative to the foundation or to each other. Seen from Fifth avenue they appear grotesque and unnatural. Thus these groups have been made worthless in my own eyes and in the eyes of every artist who inspects them. They will have to be torn out and replaced. That is all there is to it. Such a thing must not offend the artistic eye of New York—of visitors to New York.

"How came it, Mr. Barnard, that you permitted the groups to be placed in the pediments so negligently as you say, without stopping the work while in progress?"

"I was ill for nine months. As soon as I got out of the hospital I went to the Public Library and mounted the scaffold to see how things were progressing. One glance was enough. I wanted to—

stick a knife into me up to the hilt when I'm down?" he asked quickly.

"The word honorable has a strange sound on your lips, Skinny," answered Bonebrake sternly, though the man's haggard face touched him. "What was it your intention to do when you tried to dump this cotton on me at eight cents? Yet my knife isn't quite hilt deep. I could have offered you one cent a pound and you'd have taken it. I'm making you a present of the other two, which is more than you would have done for me."

"All right. Let it go at that." He drew out and uncapped a fountain pen to sign the bill of sale. "How you goin' to pay me?"

"By personal check."

"How do I know your check is good for seventy-five hundred dollars?"

"You don't know it—and you won't until you present it at the Boatmen's Bank."

"All right. Shove it in! You want Kite and Delacroix to witness this?"

"Hardly." He called forward two of the bystanders.

Skinnny slowly, reluctantly inscribed his signature. "Now show your hand!" he sneered.

Two minutes later a couple of darkies, galvanized into unwonted activity by the present of a silver dollar apiece, hastily heaped up such odds and ends of wood as lay near at hand and applied a match.

When the fire was burning briskly they rolled on a barrel of rosin and soon a pillar of smoke as black as obsidian and capped like a mushroom reared itself heavenward. A moment passed and then the crowd on the platform stiffened into a harkening attitude at the distance mellowed blast of a steamboat's chime whistle.

A vociferous cheer went up. Skinny McAfferty's sea green eyes glazied with astonishment and chagrin. He pursed his thick, unshaven lips and then thrust his hand at Bonebrake's.

"Congrats! The slickest rascals I've ever knowed were them with angel faces!"

Twilight had fallen and the saffron tide was licking the store fronts on Main street before the Valley Belle, breathing hoarsely through her 'scape pipes, approached the scene. Then a sunburst leaped from the electric searchlight, scoured the water and the houses, routed the dusk from every nook, painted every face a ghastly white and finally rested on the spot where Woodford Bonebrake stood signalling with a handkerchief.

exhibited in the Paris Salon of 1894, and in 1900 was awarded the gold medal at the Paris exposition. Again at the Buffalo exposition in 1901 he received a gold medal. Among his best known works are "Brotherly Love," now in Norway; the "Two Natures," at the Metropolitan Museum of Art; the "God Pan," in Central Park; "The Hower," "The Prodigal Son and Father," "Adam and Eve," a relief twenty-two feet high, and "Brotherhood in Suffering." Busts of Abram S. Hewitt and Collis P. Huntington are also from his hand.

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Single figures and groups followed, one after another. The sculptor made a model of his Clio and Galahad and illustrated how they had been tipped forward. So startling were the results of the few manipulations of the plasterine that you felt a regret when one group or figure was destroyed in order to form a new one.

Here Mr. Barnard caught up a little piece of plasterine, a plastic composition of wax, clay and oil, and began to make things. From the little formless piece of this instant he had fashioned gods, goddesses, nymphs and heroes the next. One pressure of the thumb, one creasing of the forefinger, and the little bit of wax and clay that was nothing in significance a moment before took on lines of beauty and grace.

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North and South Pediments Hopelessly Spoiled, He Charges, and Artistic Value of Edifice Impaired

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KING COTTON—By Elmore Elliott Peake

Continued from Thirteenth Page.

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English as She Is Twisted by the British Pictorial Humorists



MOTORIST—And what's your longest drive?
GOLFER—Oh, a matter of 650 yards.

KIND OLD JULIUS—JULIUS OLD...
What is your name, little boy?
You mean Julius. Now what is your name, little man?

Again the bells jangled, and with an expiring snort or two the engines were still. The boat, bulking darkly behind her blinding, cyclopean eye, forced almost imperceptibly nearer. The stage plank swung out like a huge antenna, an upright figure, with a hawser bight in his hand, balancing on its extreme end.

"Three months! • • • Oh, Woody, dear! This is shameful of me!"