

New York (City). Macbeth gallery



PULP WOOD CUTTERS' EVENING

PAINTINGS

by

SPRINCHORN

NEW YORK

January 4th — January 23rd  
1943

MACBETH GALLERY  
11 EAST 57th STREET NEW YORK CITY

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Excerpts from

## "SPRINCHORN IN PERSPECTIVE"

BY CHRISTIAN BRINTON

It is with genuine creative insight that Marsden Hartley presents the Carl Sprinchorn of to-day. To pass across the film of memory an earlier Sprinchorn is my congenial province. Naturally, the two Sprinchorns are one and the same. Both are facets of an artist's identic yearning to envision the world as something other than it would currently appear. Born in Sweden in 1887.

The modest offering at George Hellman's in 1916 presaged the future artist. Amongst favoured themes were those devoted to the theatre, the ballet, the persuasive allure of Continental night scene whether in Paris, London, Copenhagen, or Stockholm. Unforgettable masks of Bernhardt, Duse, likewise of Isadora Duncan, Yvette Guilbert, La Argentina, and Alla Nazimova emerged in haunting effects lineal and tonal. One recalled not alone the fadeless distinction of Constantin GUYS or Egon Lundgren, but also deep-searching Edvard Munch. The epitome of this particular phase of Sprinchorn's progressive development is disclosed in the large canvas in oil dedicated to "*Nijinsky and Pavlova*".—(Philadelphia Museum of Art Collection). A "*Reverie romantique*" is how Dyaghilev himself described "*Les Sylphides*".

In the full dress presentation of the artist's subsequent work, held at the galleries of Marie Sterner, in 1922, we were confronted with an apparently new, different Carl Sprinchorn. No more glimpses of Versailles fountain and flowered parterre, the Champs Elysées, or those "white peacocks" softly gleaming under the pulsing lights of Copenhagen's Tivoli Gardens. The artist had meanwhile joined the modest Swedish American cultural settlement at Monson, Maine. By turns painter, by turns lumberjack, he thereafter discloses a fresh angle of his multiple productivity. The present exhibition—American Swedish Historical Museum, Philadelphia, May 3rd—October 15, 1942, affords at once a brief résumé of certain earlier work together with a selective survey of current achievement. Yet, whilst scene and subject frequently change, the painter remains integrally the same. With the Sprinchorn of today, no more are we in Europe, New York, California, the gleaming Carribeans. We are under the purple shadow of Mt. Katahdin. We have moved deeper into the forest fastness with, as Hartley so soundly senses, one who has wrestled earnestly in an ever-unfolding creative consciousness.

CHRISTIAN BRINTON

Excerpts from

## "SPRINCHORN TO-DAY"

BY MARSDEN HARTLEY

I know the complete development of Sprinchorn's work over a long space of years, but I wish to speak more directly of the recent remarkable documentary paintings which he has just brought out of the Maine Woods. Nothing like them has been brought out into the open art field before; they are utterly new, and it is not just their newness that appeals to me, but because he has brought forth out of the depths of my native Maine, graphic aspects that I myself have so longed to do and for which I have never had the passion requisite to endure the attendant physical hardship, though I did have a good taste of it recently when I got to the base of Mt. Katahdin, and that was plenty.

It doesn't matter that Sprinchorn was not born in Maine; neither Winslow Homer nor John Marin was born there, but he has come out after three years' continual stay there with documents that I thoroughly know because all my boyhood life I was accustomed to lumberjacks going into and coming out of the woods and recently during my residence in Bangor I saw this documentation all over again. Sprinchorn has had the luck to go with the lumber crews right to the centers of action, and this by the kindness of the lumber owners themselves, into the deep woods and down the river drives and knows this kind of man and his labours thoroughly. I congratulate him on this alone, as if he had done me a personal service, and as you look at these pictures you can smell the pine, the fir, the spruce, the balsam; you can smell the pungent wet autumn leaves, you can smell the odour of burning wood and food in frying pans, and all that.

And if you want to see a touch of absolute originality, look at his painting "*The Hunter's Dream*"—and take a good look at the dream at the top of the canvas—it is quaint, intriguing, and new.

MARSDEN HARTLEY.

## Titles of the Oils

- 1—THE HUNTER'S DREAM
- 2—DRESSING THE DEER
- 3—THE RED HUNTING CAP
- 4—PULP WOOD CUTTERS' EVENING
- 5—TIGER PITCH, SEBOIS—No. 1
- 6—TIGER PITCH, SEBOIS—No. 2
- 7—BULL PITCH, SEBOIS
- 8—LOADING PULP WOOD
- 9—RIVER DRIVERS CAMPING
- 10—SHEEP TAIL PITCH, SEBOIS
- 11—PULP WOOD PEELINGS
- 12—MAINE LARRIGANS
- 13—RABBIT AND SNOWSHOE
- 14—CANDLES FOR "BUD" AND DELORE
- 15—MAINE DEADWATER
- 16—DAISY FIELDS
- 17—THE NORTH WIND—SUMMER
- 18—RAINBOW TROUT
- 19—SNOWING
- 20—MY WINTER CURTAIN
- 21—ICICLES IN MOONLIGHT
- 22—THE ICE BOOM
- 23—ICE-BREAKING TIME
- 24—LOWER SHIN BROOK FALLS
- 25—UPPER SHIN BROOK FALLS
- 26—LILIES OF THE VALLEY
- 27—SPRING—SHIN BROOK
- 28—THE PINK TREE

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Lent by Miss Maude K. Wetmore

GROUP OF WATER COLORS, GOUACHES AND DRAWINGS

