

WATER COLORS *of* NEW YORK

BY

JOSEPH PENNELL, N. A.

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THE MACBETH GALLERY

450 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK CITY

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## FOREWORD

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WHEN in the dear, dead days, I would come home, to my home, to America, by way of New York, and in the dawn of the last, glad day, I stood alone on the ship's deck and the Unbelievable City came like a vision from the mists of the morning, I saw what I knew I wanted to try to do, what I could not find in Europe and no one sees here. I had then the most wonderful view of the great city of the Old World, London, but beyond, though I alone saw it and I alone still see it, stood and stands the great city of the New World, the new New York.

When I went into my work room in London, in the morning, with all the city before me where I hoped to live one half my time for the rest of my life, and I hoped to live the other half here, I knew what I should see that day. I knew St. Paul's would come from out of the mist, the red-sailed barges would come out too, the sun would make a glory of it all, or the mists would shroud it all, and all day, till the sun sank beyond Westminster, and the evening glory came, and then the quiet night. I knew it and I loved it and learned to love it from Whistler, but morning and night, he had done it, and what was left for me to do? I did what I could, and what I did is gone, gone in the War, and because of the War wiped out, and all that is left me is a beautiful, sad memory.

Then I came here, after being spurned by my own city, that I loved too, to the city that I had always wanted to come to and always had come to. Now I am here all the time, and here too, the sun rises and sets before my windows, but I do not know, from the moment the tall town comes from the night and the towers turn to rose and gold or are ghosts and shadows till they are lost again in the night, what the day, or the hour, or the minute will bring forth, for it is all new and strange, ever changing, never ending, all undone, all to be done. On these walls are some of the things I have seen and tried to do, only a few, but they are endless, unknown, unbelievable, only I am trying to put down what I see with what skill I have gained by looking at and working on great subjects for a lifetime.

JOSEPH PENNELL.



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*TITLES OF PICTURES*

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1. Governor's Island
2. Purple and Gold
3. Gulls
4. Bringing Heroes Home After  
Zeppelin Explosion
5. Winter Morning
6. Summer Afternoon
7. The Long Light
8. White Afternoon
9. Gorgeous Sky
10. Early Morning
11. Cloudy Sunset
12. Smoke Screen
13. Boat Tracks
14. Big Cloud
15. Sunset
16. The Long Cloud
17. Melting Snow
18. Steam Ashore and Afloat

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*TITLES OF PICTURES*

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19. Autumn Afternoon
20. Still Smoke
21. White Sunset
22. Purple Cloud
23. Windy Weather
24. Golden Evening, Vanishing City
25. Tramp Going Out
26. Snow and Fog
27. End of Winter, Snow Melting,  
Steam Rising
28. Storms Coming Up
29. When the Town is Lost in Lights
30. Purple Day
31. Still Blue Evening
32. Red Rift
33. Winter Morning, Early
34. White Clouds, Evening
35. Snow and Lights

These pictures are for sale.  
Prices will be given on request.

