

Ernest Haskell

1876 - 1925

Memorial Exhibition



MACBETH GALLERY

Founded 1892 by William Macbeth

15 East 57th Street :: New York City

Catalogue of a
MEMORIAL EXHIBITION

selected from the works of

ERNEST HASKELL

1876 - 1925

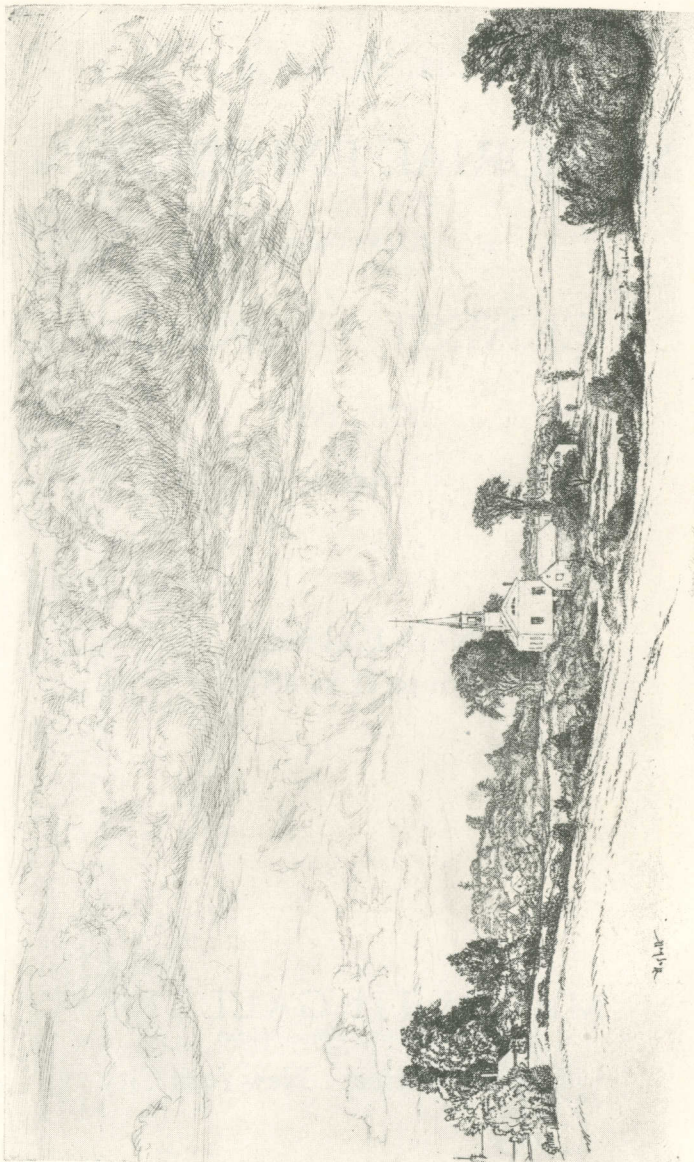


NOVEMBER
9th to 22nd, 1926

MACBETH GALLERY

Founded 1892 by William Macbeth

15 East 57th Street : New York City



RIVER SANCTUARY

THE ETERNAL SONG

*I*N the clouds that rest on the mountains' crest,
In the flight of the eagle that soars on high,
In the depth of the sea, in the ribbed sea sand,
In the zenith blue of the sky—

*On the swaying top of the highest tree,
On the wind that bears the seeds afield,
On the rocks that are graven with icy hands,
In the joy of the harvest's yield—*

*From the flowers that gladden the valley's floor,
From the heart of the oak, the song of the lark,
From the desert's heat—from the marshes drear,
In the depth of the cavern dark—*

*Each is a stave from Nature's Song,
Sung to the beat of God's own time;
Sung for ages and eons long,
In perfect song sublime.*

ERNEST HASKELL

(Reprinted from "All Story Magazine")

AN APPRECIATION

ERNEST HASKELL was a splendid etcher and, in his last work, a painter of an admirable group of water colors, as those that remain will prove to any fair minded observer.

I think of his etchings as among the best that have been made—absolutely and wholly personal, some so meticulously and highly finished that it may be said that they were really in the spirit of the old Masters.

He used, as the old Masters did, the bitten line and the burin, rarely dry-point; or when he used dry-point, it was usually hidden by the scraper. That such complete and original plates are appreciated, there is no doubt, and the appreciation will increase with time. His subjects, celebrating his own country from the farms on the granite of his native New England, and under the long shadows of Mt. Shasta, to the cypresses of the Bay of Monterey, are interesting to both Americans and Europeans. They will never interest those who profess to believe that "Fumiste" is the greatest artist living—or dead, for that matter!

Haskell was a big honest and lovable human being, with fine enthusiasms. He knew and admired the beautiful things in art and life. He hated sham. The inner worth of his individuality speaks through his work.

CHILDE HASSAM

October 31, 1926

A TRIBUTE

A LITTLE OVER A YEAR AGO, a car driven by a man met fate in the road. This man was so intent on his purpose—his destination—his living—that maybe he didn't see the hand raised until it was too late—it so happens in life. So that Ernest Haskell was stopt—in his prime—in his rushing toward his high aims (for he always aimed high) fortified with the very best of tools—keenly sharpened many tools always in the best of condition, ready for immediate use—so that when the Spirit of the man was awakened by what was before him these tools were ready and used.

Such a man was bound to do good work and he did good work, and he left another mark of American craftsmanship, than which at its best there is no better.

Most of his working self was expressed through the medium of the etching needle handled by a master who knew his medium and whose medium knew him so that medium and man were welded together.

Ernest Haskell was always brimful of enthusiasm—always observing—always intent. And he had a true reverence—this big six-footer—lusty American he-man—huddled over a copper plate gripping his needle with a sure hand.

Later he added the medium of water color to his equipment for expression and the man was alive in this medium searching and seeing farther than ever—one has only to look at his latest work to verify this. He's the same man working with the same spirit—the same outlook.

You're not to approach the work of a man like this lightly—for he didn't feel lightly. You're not to approach this work with disrespect—for he respected his work. You're not to approach it unlovingly—for he loved his work. So that despite fate his work lives for us to see.

Put down by his friend and countryman.

JOHN MARIN

November, 1926

THE PRESS

HASSAM AND MARIN, as artists so different, as friends of Haskell's so alike, have given us a brief picture of the man they knew. We can see him through their eyes. About the work they say little, yet even that little is, or may be, tinged with prejudiced favor.

The critic, asked to appraise in a memorial catalogue, the work of a man who has gone, is severely handicapped. To censure, under such conditions is impossible; to praise, equally impossible, for praise too likely may be attributed to an obvious desire to please at a time when kind words are most appreciated.

Better then to look for appraisals of showings made by the man himself in his working days, when the critic let himself go with none of those thoughts of personalities which must creep in later on.

Here are a few excerpts from reviews of exhibitions held at various places during the past ten years. They are prejudiced only by each writer's point of view. They present the work of Ernest Haskell as it appeared to his critic contemporaries:

ROYAL CORTISSOZ—*The Tribune*, November, 1923

The etchings of Ernest Haskell have always been interesting. This is a stimulating show in the first place because it is an affair of beauty. His technique, like his faculty of design, has taken a great step forward. The well planned plate is carried forward simply and firmly. There is ease in his firmness too.

We delight most of all in the broad drift of his work, its happy adjustment to the spirit of landscape, its fusion of workmanlike technique with an interesting pictorial sense of things. He has mastered an idiom and uses it to express things that are worth while.

THE PRESS

MARGARET BREUNING—*The Post*, November, 1923

It is the line that incriminates or approves the etcher. He is his own judge and jury in the whole matter. It is because of the pure line, never static, rhythmic and unerringly certain, that these etchings carry so profound an impression of power. There can be no faltering or painting out or gentle ministration of the burr in pure etching, so it is the triumph of both head and hand that gives such a victory to the artist and such joy to the beholder.

WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT—*The Bulletin*, San Francisco, 1919

No one since Durer has handled the engraver's burin with such a combination of strength and delicacy, and with such manual control and accuracy, as does Haskell. Haskell is the only modern metal engraver whose work approaches the greatness of Durer.

So facile is Haskell, so marvelously does he handle his medium, that he manages to infuse an impersonal attractiveness with his pictures and to inspire a purely intellectual admiration.

W. HUTCHINS—"The Trend"

Catholicity of judgment is the first duty of the critic. There are few artists broad enough in spirit to reach the same noble plane. Ernest Haskell is one of those few.

His recent exhibition would place him among the few really great modern masters of the needle and the burin.

ELIZABETH LUTHER CARY—*New York Times*, November, 1923

Charm of subject aside—the technical interest of these clean-wiped plates is great. They convey the conviction that line will do whatever you ask it to do for you. So few push a line to its furthest possibilities that the event when it occurs must be applauded.

RALPH FLINT—*Christian Science Monitor*, 1923

Mr. Haskell's talents as meticulous draftsman and impeccable technician have long been acknowledged, but on the strength of this exhibition he steps into the front rank of American etchers.

HENRY MCBRIDE—*New York Herald*, 1924

Ernest Haskell emerges from this exhibition of his etchings in excellent estate. From being "one of the American etchers," I am now almost inclined to call him "the American etcher."

TITLES

ETCHINGS

FLORIDA

- | | |
|------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1 Negress and Buzzards. 1915 | 14 Golden Arcana. 1920 |
| 2 Near Silver Springs. 1915 | 15 Lone Tree of Glacier Point. 1915 |
| | 16 Baby Sequoia. 1915 |

CALIFORNIA

- | | |
|--|--|
| 3 The Large Live Oak. 1916, Dry Point | 17 Stevenson's House, Monterey. 1915 |
| 4 The Large Pool. 1915 | 18 Wild Cat Canyon. 1919 |
| 5 Fragment of "The Ostrich." 1915 | 19 The Pinnacles. 1915 |
| 6 Cypress Vale. 1915 | 20 Mirror of the Goddess. 1922 |
| 7 Saraband. 1919 | 21 Confidantes. 1916 |
| 8 The Oak and the Adobe. 1919 | 22 The Little Arroyo. 1920 |
| 9 "General Sherman." 1915 | 23 Companions. 1920 |
| 10 Light House Pines, No. 2. 1915, Dry Point | 24 Light House Pines, No. 1, Dry Point. 1914 |
| 11 "The Ostrich." 1915 | 25 The Crippled Pine. |
| 12 Head of "The Ostrich." 1915 | 26 The Lone Pine. |
| 13 The Fan Tree. 1920 | 27 The Haystack. 1919 |
| | 28 Dryad's Parasol. 1922 |
| | 29 Hills of Dreams. 1919 |

TITLES

- | | |
|----------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 30 Cypress Monarch. 1914 | 45 Dwarfs of Ragged Island. 1916 |
| 31 El Torro. 1922 | 46 Alna Pastoral. 1924 |
| 32 Cypress and Rocks. 1914 | 47 Wooded Point. 1923 |

MAINE

- | | |
|----------------------------|------------------------------|
| 33 Crystal Morning. 1924 | 48 The Tide Bridge. 1924 |
| 34 The Tide Mill. 1924 | 49 Tidal Pathway. 1924 |
| 35 A River Sanctuary. 1924 | 50 Kennebec Homesteads. 1913 |

Flick Engravings

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|--------------------|
| 36. Thundercloud. 1923, Dry Point | 51 Amelia. 1914 |
| 37 The Sylvan Sea. 1924 | 52 Arabella. 1925 |
| 38 Boubier's Field. 1924 | 53 Mrs. Eddy. 1924 |

Silver Points (in West Gallery)

- | | |
|----------------------------|------------------------|
| 39 The Snow Farm. 1924 | 54 Celine. |
| 40 New Meadows Farm. 1924 | 55 Reinald Werrenrath. |
| 41 Snug Haven. | 56 Fritz Rockwell. |
| 42 Low Tide, Dromore. 1924 | |

Monotypes

- | | |
|----------------------|------------------------|
| 43 Phippsburg. 1924 | 57 Robert Reid at Tea. |
| 44 The Willows. 1924 | |

TITLES

58 The Black Hat.

59 Miss Maude Adams.

DRAWINGS (in West Gallery)

60 Flora Finch.

61 Fairyland (E. A. Poe).

62 Mrs. Fiske.

63 The Hunchback.

64 The Skylark.

65 Sentinel Oak.

66 a. Flight of Wild Geese.

b. From a Mountain Top.

67 The Prophet.

68 Yvette Guilbert.

69 Imaginary Landscape.

70 Marie Rose.

71 The Monarch (Lent by
Mr. Gutzon Borglum).

CARTOONS

(in West Gallery)

72 Paderewski.

73 Sir Thomas Lipton.

74 Bessie Clayton.

75 Sir Henry Irving.

76 Sumurin.

77 J. M. Barrie

LITHOGRAPHS

(in West Gallery)

78 Maude Adams.

79 The Tan Coat.

80 Landscape.

81 Nude.

82 Factories.

83 Meditation.

84 Landscape.

85 Whistler.

86 Juliet.

WATER COLORS

1 The Mesas.

2 Across the Dunes.

3 On the Carmel Coast.

4 The Last Stand.

5 The Gould Ranch.

6 Correlli's Oak.

7 Low Tide—California.

8 Cypress Tops.

9 Portola White Oaks.
(Crayon Drawing)

10 Kennebec Meadows.

11 Across the Arroyo Seco.

12 Point Lobos Cypressess.

13 Carmel Hills.

14 New Meadows River.

15 Eagle Rock.

16 The Arroyo Seco.

17 A Woodside Field.
(Crayon Drawing)

18 At Cryley's.

19 Maine Meadow.

20 Corral de Tierra.

21 Lobster Pots.

22 Garipatti Rock.

23 Down the Coast.

24 On Casco Bay.

25 Salinas Hills.

26 Point Lobos Rocks.

A group of early studies in oil and a selection of Mr. Haskell's book-plates are shown without special cataloging.

ERNEST HASKELL

ERNEST HASKELL was born in West Woodstock, Connecticut, on June 30, 1876. His artistic career started in 1895, when the editor of the "Mail and Express" in New York recognized talent in some of his idle scratchings and published them. This so delighted the boy that he decided to become an artist, and he later obtained a position in the Art Department on the staff of the "New York American." In his leisure hours he experimented with lithography and designed several posters. In 1897 he went to Paris, studied in the galleries, and took a studio where he painted and sketched, and did a series of charming monotypes. One of these pictures was hung in the Salon de Mars.

In 1898 he returned to New York. He became well known for his theatrical posters and portraits, his magazine drawings and decorations, and his caricatures. In 1899 he had his first one-man exhibition at the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, where the best of his work was shown. Although this received a certain amount of acclaim, Mr. Haskell, realizing that he had not built on the firmest of foundations, set about to conquer the science of draftsmanship. He returned to Paris in 1900, worked by himself for two years, and with the books of Leonardo da Vinci and the Rovinski Rembrandt catalogue for instructors, started an intensive study which he carried on during his entire life. Here he did his first etchings.

After his marriage in 1903, Mr. Haskell bought the place in Maine which always remained his home. There he set for himself a rigid apprenticeship in pen drawing as a preliminary to his work on the copper plate. His winters were spent in New York doing portraits. In 1911 he had his first New York exhibition. A trip to Florida and to California inspired a series of etchings and dry-points of trees and landscape subjects which he exhibited in New York in 1916. In the early spring of 1920 he did a set of some fifty water colors in California with the same directness with which he etched his plates. The following years were spent in the east.

During the summers of 1923-1924 he accomplished the lovely Maine series. The summer of 1925 was again spent in California in the painting of a series of water colors. On November 1st, 1925, while he was returning to his home in Maine, after arranging for an exhibition of these water colors in New York, the fatal accident occurred that took his life.



BC 107.1
M12
V.3

