

UNIVERSITY of GLASGOW

The Correspondence of James McNeil Whistler

Mr Whistler's Ten O'Clock

Public lecture, Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, 20 February 1885.

Ladies and Gentlemen! –

It is with great hesitation and much misgiving that I appear before you, in the character of – The Preacher –

If timidity be at all allied to the virtue modesty, and can find favor in your eyes, I pray you, for the sake of that virtue, accord me your utmost indulgence –

I would plead for my want of habit, did it not seem preposterous, judging from precedent, that ought save the most efficient effrontery, could be ever expected in connection with my subject – for I will not conceal from you, that I mean to talk about Art! Yes, Art – that has, of late become, as far as much discussion and writing can make it, a sort of common topic for the Tea table. –

Art is upon the Town! – to be chucked under the chin, by the passing gallant! – to be enticed within the gates of the house-holder – to be coaxed into company, as a proof of culture and refinement! –

If familiarity can breed contempt, certainly Art, or what is currently taken for it, has been brought to its lowest stage of intimacy! –

The people have been harrassed with Art in every guise – and vexed with many methods, as to its endurance – They have been told how they shall love Art! and live with it – Their homes have been invaded – their walls covered with paper – their very dress taken to task, – until roused at last, bewildered and filled with the doubts and discomforts of senseless suggestion, they resent such intrusion, and cast forth the false prophets, who have brought the very name of the beautiful into disrepute, – and derision upon themselves. –

Alas! ladies and gentlemen – Art has been maligned – she has nought in common with such practices – She is a goddess of dainty thought – reticent of habit – abjuring all obtrusiveness – proposing in no way to better others –

She is withal selfishly occupied with her own perfection only – having no desire to teach – seeking and finding the beautiful in all conditions, and in all times – As did her high priest Rembrandt, when he saw picturesque grandeur and noble dignity in the Jews' quarter of Amsterdam – and lamented not that its inhabitants were not Greeks. –

As did Tintoret and Paul Veronese, among the Venetians – while not halting to change the brocaded silks for the classic draperies of Athens. – –

As did, at the Court of Philip, Velasquez, whose Infantas clad in inaesthetic hoops, are, as works of Art, of the same quality as the Elgin marbles –

No reformers were these great men – no improvers of the ways of others! – Their productions, alone, were their occupation, and, filled with the poetry of their science, they required not to alter their surroundings – for as the laws of their Art were revealed to them, they saw, in the developement of their *work*, that real beauty, which, to them, was as much a matter of certainty and triumph, as is to the astronomer, the verification of the result, foreseen, with the light given to him alone. – In all this, their world was completely severed from that of their fellow creatures, with whom, sentiment is mistaken for poetry, and for whom, there is no perfect work, that shall not be explained by the benefit conferred upon themselves – Humanity takes the place of Art – and God's creations are excused by their usefulness –

Beauty is confounded with Virtue, and, before a work of Art, it is asked: "What good shall it do?" –

Hence it is that nobility of action, in this life, is hopelessly linked with the merit of the work that portrays it – and thus the people have acquired the habit of looking, as who should say, not *at* a picture, but *through* it, at some human fact, that shall, or shall not, from a social point of view, better their mental, or moral state – So we have come to hear of the painting that elevates, – and of the duty

of the painter – of the picture that is full of thought – and of the panel that merely decorates. –

A favorite faith, dear to those who teach, is that certain periods were especially artistic, and that nations, readily named, were notably lovers of Art. –

So we are told that the Greeks were, as a people, worshippers of the beautiful, and that in the fifteenth century, Art was engrained in the multitude –

That the great masters lived, in common understanding with their patrons – that the early Italians were artists – all! – and that the demand for the lovely thing, produced it. –

That we of today, in gross contrast to this Arcadian purity, call for the ungainly, and obtain the ugly –

That could we but change our habits and climate – were we willing to wander in groves – could we be roasted out of broadcloth, were we to do without haste, and journey without speed, we should again *require* the spoon of Queen Anne, and pick at our peas with the fork of two prongs! And so, for the flock, little hamlets grow, near Hammersmith, and the steam horse is scorned. –

Useless! quite hopeless and false is the effort! – built upon fable, and all because "a wise man has uttered a vain thing and filled his belly with the East wind". –

Listen! – there *never* was an artistic period! –

There *never* was an art loving nation –

In the beginning, man went forth each day – some to do battle – some to the chase – others again to dig and to delve in the field – all that they might gain, and live – or lose and die. – until there was found among them, one, differing from the rest – whose pursuits attracted him not – and so he staid by the tents, with the women, and traced strange devices, with a burnt stick, upon a gourd. –

This man, who took no joy in the ways of his brethren, who cared not for conquest, and fretted in the field – this designer of quaint patterns – this deviser of the beautiful, who perceived in nature about him, curious curvings, – as faces are seen in the fire – This dreamer apart – was the *first* artist. –

And when, from the field and from afar, there came back the people, they took the gourd and drank from out of it.

And presently there came to this man another – and, in time others – of like nature – chosen by the Gods – and so they worked together – and soon they fashioned, from the moistened earth, forms resembling the gourd – and, with the power of creation, the heirloom of the artist, presently they went beyond the slovenly suggestion of Nature – and the first vase was born, in beautiful proportion –

And the toilers tilled, and were athirst, – and the heroes returned from fresh victories, to rejoice and to feast – and all drank alike from the Artists goblets, fashioned cunningly – taking no note the while of the craftsman's pride and understanding not his glory in his work – drinking, at the cup, not from choice, not from a consciousness that it was beautiful – but because, forsooth, there was none other! –

And time, with more state, brought more capacity for luxury, and it became well that men should dwell in large houses and rest upon couches, and eat at tables – whereupon the artist, with his artificers, built palaces, and filled them with furniture, beautiful in proportion, and lovely to look upon –

And the people lived in marvels of Art – and eat and drank out of Masterpieces – for there was nothing else to eat and to drink out of – and no bad building to live in – no article of daily life – of luxury, or of necessity that had not been handed down from the design of the Master, and made by his workmen –

And the people questioned not – and had nothing to say in the matter –

So Greece was in its splendour – and Art reigned supreme – by force of fact – not by election – and there was no muddling from the outsider – The mighty warrior would no more have ventured to offer a design for the temple of Pallas Athene, than would the 'sacred' poet have proffered a plan for constructing the catapult –

And the Amateur was unknown – and the Dilettante undreamed of –

And history wrote on – and conquest accompanied civilisation – and Art spread – or rather its products were carried by the victors among the vanquished from one country to another – And the customs of cultivation covered the face of the earth – so that all peoples continued to use what *the artist alone produced* –

And centuries passed in this using, and the world was flooded with all that was beautiful – until there arose a new class who discovered the cheap –

and foresaw fortune in the facture of the sham –

Then sprang into existence, the tawdry – the common – the gewgaw –

The *taste* of the tradesman, supplanted the *science* of the artist – and what was born of the million, went back to them – and charmed them – for it was after their own heart – and the great and the small, the statesman and the slave, took to themselves the abomination that was tendered, and preferred it, and have lived with it ever since –

And the Artists occupation was gone – and the manufacurer and the huckster took his place –

And now the heroes filled from the jugs, and drank from the bowls, with understanding – noting the glare of their new bravery, and taking pride in its worth.

And the people, this time, had much to say in the matter – and all were satisfied – and Birmingham and Manchester arose in their might, and Art was relegated to the curiosity shop –

Nature contains the elements of color and form of all pictures – as the keyboard contains the notes of all music –

but the artist is born to pick, and choose, and group with science, these elements, that the result may be beautiful – as the musician gathers his notes, and forms his chords, until he brings forth from chaos, glorious harmony. –

To say to the painter, that nature is to be taken, as she is, is to say to the player, that he may sit on the piano! –

That Nature is always right, is an assertion, artistically, as untrue, as it is one whose truth is universally taken for granted – Nature is very rarely right, to such an extent even, that it might almost be said that Nature is usually wrong – that is to say – the condition of things that shall bring about the perfection of harmony worthy a picture, is rare, and not common at all –

This would seem, to even the most intelligent, a doctrine almost blasphemous – So incorporated with our education has the supposed aphorism become, that its belief is held to be part of our moral being – and the words themselves have, in our ear, the ring of religion! – Still, seldom does nature succeed in producing a picture – –

The sun blaes – and the wind blows from the East – the sky is bereft of cloud – and without, all is made of iron – The windows of the Crystal Palace are seen from all points of London – the holiday maker rejoices in the glorious day – and the painter turns aside to shut his eyes –

How little this is understood, and how dutifully the casual in Nature, is accepted as sublime, may be gathered from the unlimited admiration, daily produced, by a very foolish sunset –

The dignity of the snowcapped mountain is lost in distinctness – but the joy of the tourist is to recognise the traveller on the top – The desire to see, for the sake of seeing, is, with the mass, alone the one to be gratified – hence the delight in detail – and when the evening mist clothes the riverside with poetry, as with a veil – and the poor buildings lose themselves in the dim sky – and the tall chimneys become campanile – and the warehouses are palaces in the night – and the whole city hangs in the heavens, and faireyland is before us – then the wayfarer hastens home – the working man and the cultured one – the wise man and the one of pleasure – cease to understand, as they have ceased to see – and Nature, who for once, has sung in tune, sings her exquisite song to the Artist alone, her son and her master – her son in that he loves her, her master in that he knows her –

To him her secrets are unfolded – to him her lessons have become gradually clear – He looks at her flower, not with the enlarging lens, that he may gather facts for the botanist, but, with the light of the

one, who sees, in her choice selection of brilliant tones and delicate tints, suggestions of future harmonies –

He does not confine himself to purposeless copying, without thought, each blade of grass, as commended by the inconsequent – but, in the long curve of the narrow leaf, corrected by the straight tall stem, he learns how grace is wedded to dignity, how strength enhances sweetness, that elegance shall be the result. –

In the citron wing of the pale butterfly with its dainty spots of orange – he sees before him the stately halls of fair gold, with their slender safron pillars – and is taught how the delicate drawing, high upon the walls, shall be traced in tender tones of orpiment, and repeated by the base, in notes of graver hue –

In all that is dainty, and loveable, he finds hints for his own combinations, and *thus* is Nature ever his resource – and always at his service – and to him is naught refused –

Through his brain, as through the last alembic, is distilled the refined essence of that thought which began with the Gods, and which they left him to carry out –

Set apart by them to complete their works, he produces that wondrous thing called the masterpiece, which surpasses in perfection, all that they have contrived in what is called Nature, and the Gods stand by, and marvel – and perceive how far away more beautiful is the Venus of Melos, than was their own Eve. –

For some time past the unattached writer has become the middleman in this matter of Art – and his influence, while it has widened the gulf between the people and the painter, has brought about the most complete misunderstanding as to the aim of the picture –

For him, a picture is more or less a hieroglyph or symbol of story – Apart from a few technical terms, for the display of which he finds an occasion, the work is considered absolutely from a literary point of view – indeed from what other can he consider it – and in his essays he deals with it, as with a novel, a history or an anecdote. –

He fails entirely, and most naturally to see its excellencies, or demerits, artistic, and so degrades Art – as supposing it a method of bringing about a literary climax –

It thus, in his hands, becomes mainly a method of perpetrating something further, and its mission is made a secondary one, even as a means is second to an end –

The thoughts emphasized, noble or other, are inevitably attached to the incident – and become more or less noble, according to the eloquence or mental quality of the writer, who looks, the while, with disdain, upon what he holds as "mere execution" – a matter belonging, he believes, to the training of the schools, and the reward of assiduity – So that as he goes on, with his translation, from canvas to paper, the work becomes his own – He finds poetry, where he would feel it, were he himself transcribing the event – invention, in the intricacy of the *mise en scène* – and noble philosophy in some detail of philanthropy – courage, modesty, or virtue suggested to him by the occurrence –

All this might be brought before him and appeal to his imagination, by a very poor picture – indeed I might safely say that it generally is –

Meanwhile, the *painter's* poetry, is quite lost to him – The amazing invention that shall have put form and color into such perfect harmony that exquisiteness is the result, is without understanding – the nobility of thought that shall have given the artist's dignity to the whole, says to him absolutely nothing. –

So that his praises are published, for virtues we would blush to possess – while the great qualities that distinguish the one work from the thousand, that make of the masterpiece the thing of beauty that it is, – have never been seen at all – –

That this is so, we can make sure of by looking back at old Reviews upon past Exhibitions, and reading the flatteries lavished upon men who have since been forgotten altogether, – but upon whose works the language has been exhausted in rhapsodies that left nothing for the National Gallery! –

A curious matter in its effect upon the judgement of these gentlemen, is the accepted vocabulary of poetic symbolism that helps them by habit in dealing with nature – A mountain to them, is synonymous

with height – a lake, with depth – the ocean with vastness – the sun with glory –

So that a picture with a mountain, a lake and an Ocean, however poor in paint, is inevitably lofty – vast – 'infinite' and 'glorious' on paper –

There are those also, sombre of mien, and wise with the wisdom of books, who frequent museums and burrow in crypts – Collecting – comparing – compiling – classifying – contradicting. – Experts these – for whom a date is an accomplishment – a hall-mark, success – Careful in scrutiny, are they, and conscientious of judgement – Establishing, with due weight, ... unimportant reputations – discovering the picture, by the stain on the back – testing the Torso, by the leg that is missing – filling folios with doubts on the way of that limb – disputatious and dictatorial, concerning the birthplace ... of inferior persons – speculating ... in much writing, upon the great worth of bad work – ... True clerks of the collection, they mix memoranda with ambition – and reducing Art to Statistics, they 'file' the Fifteenth Century and pigeonhole the Antique! –

Then the 'Preacher' – appointed! – He stands in high places – harangues and holds forth – Sage of the Universities – learned in many matters, and of much experience in all save his subject –

Exhorting – denouncing – directing –

Filled with worth and Earnestness –

Bringing powers of persuasion and polish of language to prove – nothing! –

Torn with much teaching – having naught to impart –

Impressive – important – shallow

Defiant – distressed – desperate –

crying out, and cutting himself while the Gods hear not –

gentle-priest of the Philistine, withal, again he ambles pleasantly from all point, and, through many volumes, escaping scientific assertion, "babbles of green fields" –

So Art has become foolishly confounded with education – that all should be equally qualified

Whereas, while polish, refinement, culture and breeding, are, in no way, arguments for artistic result, it is also no reproach to the most finished scholar or greatest gentleman in the land that he be absolutely without eye for painting, or ear for music – that in his heart he prefer the popular print to the scratch of Rembrandts needle – or the songs of the Hall to Beethovens 'C minor Symphony' –

if he have but the wit to say so – and do not feel the admission a proof of inferiority –

Art happens – no hovel is safe from it – no Prince may depend upon it – the vastest intelligence cannot bring it about – and puny efforts to make it universal end in quaint comedy – and coarse farce –

This is as it should be – and all attempts to make it otherwise are due to the eloquence of the ignorant – the zeal of the conceited – The boundary line is clear – Far from me to propose to bridge it over, that the pestered people be pushed across –

No! I would save them from further fatigue – I would come to their relief, and would lift from their shoulders this incubus of Art! –

Why, after centuries of freedom from it, and indifference to it, should it now be thrust upon them by the blind! – until wearied and puzzled they know no longer how they shall eat or drink – how they shall sit or stand – or wherewithal they shall clothe themselves – without afflicting Art! –

But lo! there is much talk without! –

Triumphantly they cry 'Beware'! – This matter does indeed concern art! – We also have our part in all true Art! – for remember the "one touch of Nature", that, "makes the whole world kin!" –

True indeed – but let not the unwary jauntily suppose that Shakespeare herewith hands him, his passport to Paradise – and thus permits *him* speech among the chosen – Rather learn that, in this very sentence, he is condemned to remain without – to continue with the common –

This one chord that vibrates with all – this "one touch of nature" that calls aloud to the response of each – that explains the popularity of the Bull of Paul Potter –

that excuses the price of Murillo's Conception – this one unspoken sympathy that pervades humanity – is Vulgarity! –

Vulgarity – under whose fascinating influence 'the many' have elbowed 'the few' – and the gentle circle of Art swarms with the intoxicated mob of mediocrity, whose leaders prate and council, and call aloud, where the Gods once spoke in whisper! –

And *now* from their midst the Dilettante stalks abroad! – The Amateur is loosed – the voice of the Aesthete is heard in the land – and catastrophe is upon us! –

The medler beckons the vengeance of the Gods – and ridicule threatens the fair daughters of the land .
–

For there are curious converts to a weird Culte, in which, all instinct for attractiveness – all freshness and sparkle – all woman's winsomeness, is to give way to a strange vocation for the unlovely! – and this desecration, in the name of the Graces! –

Shall this gaunt, ill at ease – distressed – abashed mixture of mauvaise honte and desperate assertion, call itself artistic – and claim cousinship with the artist? – who delights in the dainty – the sharp bright gaiety of beauty! –

No! a thousand times no! – Here are no connections of ours! –

We will have nothing to do with them –

Forced to seriousness, that emptiness may be hidden – they dare not smile –

While the artist, in fulness of heart and head, is glad and laughs aloud – and is happy in his strength – and is merry at the pompous pretention – the solemn silliness that surrounds him! –

For Art and Joy go together – with bold openness – and high head and ready hand – fearing naught – and dreading no exposure –

Know then all beautiful women, that we are with you – pay no heed we pray you to this outcry of the unbecoming – this last plea for the plain! –

It concerns you not –

Your own instinct is near the truth – your own wit far surer guide than the untaught ventures of these thick headed Apollos! –

What! will you come up and follow the first piper that leads you down Petticoat Lane, there, on a Sabbath, to gather, for the week, from the dull rags of Ages, wherewith to bedeck yourselves! – that beneath your travestied awkwardness, we have trouble to find your own dainty selves! Oh fi! – Is the world then exhausted! – and must we go back, because the thumb of the mountebank jerks the other way? –

Costume is not dress –

and the wearers of wardrobes may not be doctors of 'taste'! – For by what authority shall these be pretty masters! – Look well, and nothing have they invented! – nothing put together for comeliness' sake –

Haphazard from their shoulders hang the garments of the Hawker – combining in their person, the motley of many manners, with the medley of the mummers' closet –

Set up as a warning, and a fingerpost of danger – they point to the disastrous effect of Art upon the Middle Classes –

Why this lifting of the brow in deprecation of the present? – this pathos in reference to the past! –

If Art be rare today, it was seldom heretofore –

It is false this teaching of decay –

The Master stands in no relation to the moment at which he occurs – a monument of isolation – hinting at sadness – having no part in the progress of his fellow men –

He is also no more the product of civilisation than is the scientific truth asserted, dependent upon the wisdom of a period. – The assertion itself requires the *man* to make it – the truth was from the beginning. –

So Art is limited to the infinite, and beginning there cannot progress –

A silent indication of its wayward independence from all extraneous advance, is the absolutely unchanged condition and form of implement, since the beginning of things –

The painter has but the same pencil – the sculptor the chisel of centuries –

Colours are not more since the heavy hangings of night were first drawn aside, and the loveliness of light revealed! –

Neither Chemist nor Engineer can offer new elements of the Masterpiece –

False again is the fabled link between the grandeur of Art, and the glories and virtues of the State – for Art feeds not upon Nations – and peoples may be wiped from the face of the Earth, but Art *is* –

It is indeed high time that we cast aside the weary weight of responsibility and copartnership – and know that, in no way, do our virtues minister to its worth – in no way, do our vices impede its triumph! –

How irksome! how hopeless! how superhuman the self imposed task of the Nation! – how sublimely vain the belief that it shall live nobly – or Art perish! –

Let us reassure ourselves – at our own option, is our virtue – Art, we in no way affect –

A whimsical Goddess – and a capricious – her strong sense of joy tolerates no dulness – and live we never so spotlessly, still may she turn her back upon us –

As, from time immemorial, has she done upon the Swiss in their mountains –

What more worthy People! – whose every Alpine gap yawns with tradition, and is stocked with noble story – and yet the perverse and scornful one will none of it – and the sons of Patriots are left with the clock that turns the mill, or the sudden Cookoo, with difficulty restrained in its box –

For this was Tell a hero! – for this did Gessler die! –

Art, the cruel jade cares not – and hardens her heart, and hies her off to the East – to find, among the opium eaters of Nankin, a favorite with whom she lingers fondly – carressing his blue porcelain, and painting his coy maidens – and marking his plates with her six marks of choice – indifferent, in her companionship with him, to all save the virtue of his refinement! –

He it is who calls her – *he* who holds her –

And again to the West that her next lover may bring together the gallery at Madrid – and show the World how the Master towers above all – and in their intimacy they revel, he and she, in this knowledge – and he knows the happiness untasted by other mortel –

She is proud of her comrade – and promises that in after years others shall pass that way and understand –

So in all time does this superb one cast about for the man worthy her love – and Art seeks the Artist alone –

Where *he* is, there *she* appears – and remains with him – loving and fruitful – turning never aside in moments of hope deferred – of insult and of ribald misunderstanding –

and when he dies, she sadly takes her flight – though loitering yet in the land – from fond association – but refusing to be consoled. –

And so have we the ephemeral influence of the Master's memory – the afterglow, in which are warmed, for awhile, the worker and disciple –

With the *man*, then, and not with the multitude are her intimacies – and in the book of her life, the names inscribed are few – scant indeed the list of those who have helped to write her story of love and beauty –

From the sunny morning, when, with her glorious Greek, relenting, she yielded up the secret of repeated line, as, with his hand in hers, together they marked, in marble, the measured rhyme of lovely limb, and draperies flowing in unison,

to the day, when she dipped the Spaniard's brush in light and air, and made his people *live* within their frames, and *stand upon their legs* – that all nobility, and sweetness, and tenderness, and magnificence should be theirs by right, –

ages had gone by, and *few* had been her choice! –

Countless, indeed, the horde of pretenders! –

but she knew them not! – a teeming, seething, busy mass! – whose virtue was Industry – and whose Industry was vice –

Their names go to fill the catalogue of the Collection at home – of the Gallery Abroad – for the delectation of the bagman, and the Critic! –

Therefore have we cause to be merry! – and to cast away all care – resolved that all is well, as it ever was – and that it is not meet that we should be cried at, and urged to take measures –

Enough have we endured of dullness! – Surely are we weary of weeping – and our tears have been cozened from us falsely – for they have called out 'woe!' when there was no grief – and alas! where all is fair –

We have then but to wait – until, with the mark of the Gods upon him, there comes among us, again, the chosen, who shall continue what has gone before – satisfied that even, were he never to appear, the story of the beautiful is already complete – hewn in the marbles of the Parthenon, and brodered, with the birds, upon the fan of Hokusai – at the foot of Fusihama –

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