

brauchsgraphik" publishes a selection of the best of such fashion photos at regular intervals (Cf. H. K. Frenzel, Hoyningen-Huené. Meisterbildnisse. Pub. by Dietrich Reimer, Berlin, 1932) The photograph as a form of art has made astonishing progress during recent years. Both the fashion illustration and the society picture have lost that stiffness and awkwardness that formerly disfigured them. And the designer, the illustrator? — Have they no word in the making of the modern magazine page? The photograph has not displaced the drawing but it has forced it to take a more modest place—on the edge, so to speak. And these marginal sketches must appear to be improvised. There is no need of elaborate shading. These figurines—they cannot be called figures—are sketched in a couple of delicate lines. A few dainty curves and strokes indicate a landscape, suggest rather than define. The drawing has become an intermediary between the photo, true to life and loaded with color and the stiff, unbending text. It trips between them, a last fragment of incommensurable phantasy. Formerly the illustrator took the greatest pains to achieve truth to



nature. Now he will have none of it. The drawing fills the role of an eccentric clown. It fills a want which is felt by the reading public. This much-worried mass element (the reading public) feels the need of recreation when turning to an illustrated paper. Away from the fathomless seriousness of life! Let us have short, entertaining stories, jolly anecdotes and funny, even ridiculous drawings! Come here, Micky Mouse, come on, Bonzo, trickiest of picture-book pups, and you, old Federmann, eternally in trouble, you purveyors of infinite pleasure. Is not life itself a fantastic affair? A study of history would seem to teach us so. Most great men were small of stature and crazy at that. Newton, the great master of physics, dropped his watch into boiling water and stood beside it with the egg in his hand to measure off the minutes. Caesar would rather be first in a wretched Alpine village than second in Rome, Napoleon was as superstitious as an old woman and yet ruled over half the world—playthings of fantastic fate! Let us learn not to take anything too seriously.

What a perspective this point of view opens up before a draughtsman gifted with imagination! What a quantity of grotesque humour the world's happenings can be made to yield as booty for the airy strokes of a satiric pen. If we confront these modern arabesques of pen and pencil with the often no less arabesque vignettes of

Schrödter, Speckter or Ludwig Richter, then we are at once aware of the enormous chasm that yawns between then and now. Here, too, a purely outward factor is determinative. The good old illustrators mentioned were book illustrators, whereas the draughtsmen of to-day design in the main for newspapers and magazines. The page of a book is quite another matter than the page of a magazine. A book is as a rule the product of one author and when it is illustrated, of one illustrator. The book illustrator demonstrates the text and therefore goes to work to create an illusion by means of light and shade and perspective. In a magazine the task of the sketch is to create an



Illustrations

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