



Aquarell: Russisches Ballett

Water-Colour: The Russian Ballet

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T A Y L O R

lost in the reproduction. He has just returned from Venice, bringing a rich treasure of lovely sketches. Railway poster work has its compensations, he says, for it has taken him as far afield as Egypt and South America.

Looking for new worlds to conquer, he is now trying his hand at oil painting and doing beautiful work, with a lovely smoothness without littleness, such as we sometimes find in the work of painters in oils who began as water-colourists. Lithographs cut by himself adorn his wall.

"They were wanted in a hurry, so I did them myself," he explains simply, and waxes enthusiastic about the quality of work on the stone—the beauty of grain, which no paper can have. "You simply can't go wrong," he says, with the unconscious arrogance that so becomes the real artist.

"If it is easy, it is not worth doing," is his word to the aspirant: and "The artist must always have something to overcome—even if it is only his depts".