



would be inspired by the editor and the editor by him, till the excitement and joy of the creative moment ensued. Often enough such a Matejko drawing, rounded-out, perfect, throbbing with life, would come into being from night till morning—no-one who assisted at this act of birth will ever forget it.

If we examine ourselves to discover what strikes us in these drawings, why we find them great, why their appearance in the editorial office would excite rejoicings not usual in such surroundings—we lay hold upon a few facts. We find that the very being of an occurrence and its details have been seized upon in masterly fashion. His feeling for the dynamics of action is most strongly developed and this, in combination with a sovereign command of his pencil, lends his work a strength which does not appeal only to the visual sense but excites the whole nervous system. The beholder experiences what he sees—he seems to go through the whole procedure. These things have been lived, we do not merely see their outlines or their outward being. Matejko registers this experience in black and white, but out of these colourless factors he creates, again and again, an incredible fulness of tone, the suggestion of manifold colour. He knows the world of machines, the sports fields, the world in which he lives—it is alive in him—at any moment he can recall it to mind, rebuild it out of his memory for form and people it with its proper inhabitants. The research student who seeks to recapture the vision of our day, so over-rich in events, developments, decisions, will find the panorama arise to life in Matejko's drawings in the "Berliner Illustrierten"—more alive, truthful and real in the richness of significant detail than ever an age was recorded before. Trans. by E. T. Scheffauer.

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