

too careless to tie. Following this arrangement the lines forming the composition of the left hand group run together around the woman. The lines of the man are opposed to this group. So matter is subordinated to spirit, and our artist gets the unity of his composition out of a dramatic play of character. The left hand group itself may be further dissected into one and a group, which is the watchword of the whole arrangement. And is this not the way in which the world itself is arranged? The very constitution of the mind and heart, internally, and in relationship to others, is modelled after no other plan. Tito is a true poet. He offers us a criticism of life.

To leave the grouping and study the figures more in detail. First, the woman in the centre. How much you can see in her face. She looks about forty-five years old. She has had a hard life, and is perhaps a little younger than she looks. She is ignorant and coarse-minded, but she has courage and perhaps a temper. She is no sensualist like the lazy fellow to the right—all this and more expressed by a few irregular pen scratches on a piece of paper no bigger than a child's fingernail. Only a stroke for the eye with its contracted eyebrow. The sunlight falls strongly on the face. You can see the exact shape of the cast-shadow from the eyebrow as it falls upon the cheek. Study the cast-shadows all over the picture. Sometimes a full black blot, sometimes a delicate set of parallel lines, sometimes as in the case of the standing boy left out altogether. All with a purpose, all expressive to the last degree, even to the shadow that is left out. How could the camera do anything of that kind? It can never do anything more than give you a bit of raw material, very raw usually. Notice the different textures. How straight

and harsh the old woman's hair looks. Compare it with the softness of the hair in the standing boy. There is yet another quality of hair in the man's beard. And all how simply told. The complex and difficult continually simplified and yet without losing any of its complexity—a continual resolution of the impossible. You begin to enjoy the free and daring spirit of the man. Notice the drawing of the woman's right hand. You could count the lines, but every finger is in its place. The forefinger raised up more perpendicularly than the others catches more sunlight on the upper joint, while the lower is thrown into shade. The upper joint has no boundary line on its upper edge, yet there is no difficulty. The finger looks as if it had a boundary and stands out quite well from the dress behind. The absence of the line only helps to express the sunlight.

See the texture of the basket and how it is drawn; it is wicker-work—rather old and out of shape. Here would have been a grand opportunity for the inferior artist to get in his work. How he would have battened himself on that basket. He would have shown every upright and the interlacing of every willow, repeating himself a dozen times. But Tito tells the story once and passes on to other and more important themes. He gives us the essence, especially as it is related to the hard working, weather-beaten woman at its side. It is the same way with the object which the woman is tearing apart. He has not condescended to draw it as a recognizable article. It might be a fish or it might be anything. But whatever it is it is not essential to the action and character of the woman. As Schiller says: "The master of style is known as much by what he leaves out as by what he puts in." Notice the modelling of the pillar against which the boy is leaning. You can