

**ONE DAY
WITH WHISTLER**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649233151

One Day with Whistler by Frederick Keppel

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

FREDERICK KEPPEL

**ONE DAY
WITH WHISTLER**

ONE DAY
WITH WHISTLER



BY
FREDERICK KEPPEL

REPRINTED, BY PERMISSION, FROM
"THE READER" OF JANUARY, 1904



FREDERICK KEPPEL & CO.
NEW YORK
1904



Registered

3

Frederick Kippard,
6 Buckingham Street
Strand

Please forward

sent

LONDON
11/11
1891

St Luke's Cottage Head End
Newquay

Sir - I have not had it occur to me
being - that you would acknowledge the
protection of the seal with which you have been
kind to provide the illustration of one of the
curiously independent incidents in the
of the - the daily occurrence of the same
part of the - -

Yours very properly
as is

The 75 pamphlet you said from Betty pointed to her.
Mr. Pennell also, I find, you had carefully supplied
with a copy - and I have no doubt that with the returning
energy of the "living" one you had smartly placed
the pretty work in the hands of many another before this.
Personally I am grateful to the activity of
you. -- for there is no activity into which I have not
not in time, say for his party's sake - and thanks to your
unsampled perseverance I am, though in a convincing and
undeniable material way, here - well now to deal with the
criticisms of the American College. For when Helen is allowed
to be officially antagonized this sort of a disturbance

and about coming over -

Had you read me direct, and to me about. The
is better like book, it would have been my pleasure
to have been there for the kind country, and to
have recognized in the evening again. The night in places
of an honorable man. -

I am, Sir, Your obedient servant

J. M. Smith 14th Oct.

Smith, 1945.

ONE DAY WITH WHISTLER

+

WHISTLER died only a few months ago and yet the more or less elaborate articles which have already been printed about him may be numbered by hundreds. Nor is the fascinating subject of this extraordinary personality by any means exhausted. More than one formal biography is in preparation, and the dual personality of Whistler — as a supreme master in art and as a supreme master of brilliant satirical wit — will continue to employ “the pen of the ready writer” for a long time to come.

If the old-time author's *apologia* for the appearance of some new book or treatise were still the fashion, I could make mine by simply stating that the present article contains nothing on the subject which has been printed before; seeing that it is the “unvarnished tale” (also the hitherto unpublished tale) of Whistler's intercourse with me and mine with him.

Our first meeting, long years ago, took place at his rooms in Tite Street, Chelsea. My errand

did not concern myself at all: I simply undertook to deliver to him a picture entrusted to me at Whistler's request by an absent friend of his who told me in French parlance the master would be *visible* from nine to ten o'clock every morning. I reached his house at about half past nine and was admitted by a servant who showed me into a reception room in which the prevailing color scheme was a pale and delicate yellow. The room at first looked bare and empty, yet its general effect was both novel and pleasing. Having sent up my card, upon which I had written a memorandum stating the cause of my visit, I soon heard a light step, and a moment later I set eyes on Whistler for the first time. It was his humor not to enter his own reception room, but to remain at the threshold glaring at me through his monocle and holding his watch open in his hand. There he was—the Whistler of so many portraits and so many caricatures—a slender, alert little man, but so gracefully proportioned that, as he stood framed in his own doorway, it was not easy to determine whether he was big, middle-sized or small. All the external attributes or trade marks were in evidence: the white lock above the middle of his forehead, carefully segregated from the black curls around it; the