

**CATALOGUE OF AN EXHIBITION  
OF CONTEMPORARY GRAPHIC  
ART IN HUNGARY, BOHEMIA,  
AND AUSTRIA: THE BUFFALO  
FINE ARTS ACADEMY**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649341313

Catalogue Of An Exhibition Of Contemporary Graphic Art In Hungary, Bohemia, And Austria:  
The Buffalo Fine Arts Academy by Various

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](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**VARIOUS**

**CATALOGUE OF AN EXHIBITION  
OF CONTEMPORARY GRAPHIC  
ART IN HUNGARY, BOHEMIA,  
AND AUSTRIA: THE BUFFALO  
FINE ARTS ACADEMY**





**HIS MAJESTY FRANCIS JOSEPH I**

*From an etching by Wilhelm Unger*

**THE BUFFALO FINE ARTS ACADEMY  
ALBRIGHT ART GALLERY**

---

**CATALOGUE**  
**OF AN**  
**EXHIBITION OF CONTEMPORARY GRAPHIC ART**  
**IN**  
**HUNGARY, BOHEMIA, AND AUSTRIA**

**WITH INTRODUCTORY ESSAYS BY  
MARTIN BIRNBAUM**

**BUFFALO, N. Y.**  
**JANUARY 4TH—FEBRUARY 1ST**  
**122—1914—2**

g - lesson  
110944  
FOGG MUSEUM LIBRARY  
HARVARD UNIVERSITY  
5195  
B92

Thanks are due to Dr. Ferenc Hoffmann, who brought this collection to America; and to Prof. Viktor Olgyai and Dr. Kálmán Pogány of Budapest, to M. Stutzig and M. Štenc of Prague, and to M. Artaria of Vienna, without whose sympathetic coöperation it would have been impossible to bring this representative group of works together.

# CONTEMPORARY GRAPHIC ART IN HUNGARY, BOHEMIA, AND AUSTRIA

## I

### HUNGARY

Not far from the northern shore of Lake Balaton, dominated by the gaunt ruins of a castle dating from the Turkish invasion, there is a quiet little town known as Sumeg. At rare intervals it is crowded with smart hussars who take part in the military manœuvres on the great plains near by. On holidays you catch glimpses of gaily dressed market-girls dancing the *csárdás*, to the weird, rapturous music of the gypsies, but ordinarily its streets are disturbed only by lowing herds. At the foot of the steep hill on the summit of which the castle stands there is a modest house plastered white, with a memorial tablet on it from which the stray traveller learns that Károly Kisfaludy was born, had lived, and died there. He was a



Hungarian poet of whom foreigners practically never hear, merely because no one has as yet found it possible adequately to translate his inspired songs. Even a paraphrase of his passionately patriotic lines would seem overstrained and too emotional. As well attempt to translate Robert Burns into Spanish! Only Kisfaludy's fellow-countrymen can truly appreciate such intense nationality, but the unique flavor of his native heath, which limits the poet's appeal, is one of his chief claims to recognition, and, in a measure, it is a quality possessed by him in common with almost every true artist in any medium. The Hungarian graphic artists, who address themselves to our eyes, are of course more easily appreciated, or, as it were, translated. Even pictures, however, are often as strange as spoken language, and works of rare truth and power may exert no charm on the average foreigner. It is for that reason, perhaps, that the world at large can with difficulty be persuaded to see beauties in the work of such original men as the Northerner Munch or the Swiss Hodler. It usually takes many years for artists of their type to command a cosmopolitan appeal. To the student and the connoisseur, however, such men are most worthy of study, and it is encouraging to find that an artistically

youthful country like Hungary possesses many talented sons who are content to be occupied with national ideals. One of them, indeed, having mastered the manner of the great Frenchmen among whom he sojourned, and having succeeded artistically and financially, deliberately threw over their remunerative methods and gradually evolved a style which is thoroughly personal, and therefore Hungarian through and through. We refer to Joseph Rippl-Rónai.

This gifted artist, now in his fifty-second year, was at one time a pupil of Hungary's most celebrated painter, Munkacsy, who had turned his back on his native land because the recognition which meant so much to him was generously meted out by France and America. Rippl-Rónai for a time followed in his master's footsteps. He came into touch with Puvis de Chavannes, Van Gogh, Cézanne, Vuillard, Gauguin, Denis, and their circles, and so completely assimilated the French style that his early paintings, which hang in the Hungarian National Gallery at Budapest, and the drawings and lithographs of that period, might well be mistaken for French works by artists like Toulouse-Lautrec or Vallotton. That entire period of his career is admirably described in his fascinating book of "Reminiscences,"

which ought surely to find a translator. In spite of his success in Paris, however, Rippl-Rónai began to feel the call of his Magyar blood, and he went back to Kaposvár, his birth-place, to begin a new career. There he now lives among his vine-covered, undulating hills, in a grove of noble trees through whose arches he sees the peasants working amid golden waves of ripening wheat. The house is surrounded by beds of marigold and lovely zinnias, which Fantin loved so well. He is away from all schools and all influences, and only an occasional letter from his dear friend Maillol awakens memories of the days before he was moved by his present ideals and the technique consistent with them. He has the true Magyar's rhapsodic temperament, and each etching, drawing, or even painting is an inspiration interpreted in a single sitting with the fierce enthusiasm of which only a countryman of Petöfi is capable. His charming family circle, the talented gypsy girl Fenella Lovell, the neighboring stone-mason, his cook, his Siberian hound Olga, his peacocks, his horses and cattle, the adjoining fields and vineyards, are his subjects and furnish him with ample inspiration. The etchings will make an average Whistlerian shudder, and his color will seem a daring sacrifice of nature to those un-