THE SCULPTOR AND THE GARDEN: ANOTHER CHANCE FOR THE FAIRIES

The hour of midnight in the dark of the moon, the great black bat releases the fairy folk from the spell of invisibility. Then the garden becomes alive with jolly, playful little pixies, elves, fairies and fays that have been hidden in the flowers. Funny wee goblins, gnomes, brownies, kobolds and trolls come out of the rocks, lovely dryads appear in the trees, beautiful naiads arise from the water, fauns gambol lightly upon the lawn to the music of their own fairy songs, Puck sits upon his toadstool throne, Pease-blossom the fairy arrives on gauzy wings, Pan pipes among the reeds, Undine laughs in the fountain, will-o'-the-wisps flit here and there and delicate Ariel plays with the gentle winds. All these charming earth spirits and a great many other delightful creatures may then be seen by mortals with believing child-eyes.

It is truly a pity that there are so few of us grown-up mortals with child-eyes. We have shut ourselves out of an enchanting spirit world with our foolish sneers and stupid scoffs and well deserve the penalty of blindness we have called down upon our heads. Alas, were it not for the artists, the sculptors and poets we would forget even the tinkling names of the pleasant woodland and garden folk and unconsciously deprive our children of their magic world. Imagination and fancy are marvelous magicians. We must not let them fade out of our lives through lack of use, nor must we grow up so high and heavy that we cannot have them for companions in our walks and quiet times.

When the world was young, people believed that spirits dwelt in trees, in storms and in mountains. When the wind blew they heard the voice of Boreas, when the ocean beat with unusual force against the rocks they knew Neptune was angry with them. Phaeton, the glorious son of Helios, daily drove his chariot sun across the heavens; Jove flashed his displeasure in the lightnings and gods looked down from the stars at night or dwelt on earth disguised as flowers of the meadow. Nowadays there is a growing tendency, fortunately for art and poetry, to again let the imagination loose. There is a conscious effort being made by many grown-ups to stay young by keeping in touch with youth, with the lore of the gods and legendary folk. Age comes when we no longer believe in beauty, in gods and fairies, when we
GROUP FOR GARDEN POOL designed by Charles Carey Rumsey: The water nymph figures are almost life size and designed so that the composition is effective from any viewpoint.

Placed in a circular pool in the center of a garden or at the upper end of a long, narrow pool partly enclosed by a hedge or in a more formal garden temple it would center the interest.
FANCY AND IMAGINATION HAVE FULL SATISFACTION
in this exquisite white marble group designed by Paul Manship:
The elfish play-spirit, so delightful a thing in garden sculpture, is
here brought out with a delicacy at once classical and fairy-like.
GARDEN SEATS AND PEDESTALS to hold aloft some especially charming bit of sculpture are pleasant parts of garden furniture:
This laughing baby playing with a wreath upon its mother's hair was designed by Edward McCartan.
THE PIED PIPER of Hamelin with his merry tunes led away the village children to the land of purest happiness. This boy with bagpipe under his arm, designed by Chester French, looks as though he could charm the goldfish and little green frogs in the pool into loveliest of gods and goddesses.

TURTLES in children's minds are not above a merry game with any boy or girl who challenges them as may be seen by this charming group designed by Henri Crenier.
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deny fancy for what we are pleased to call fact, when we no longer peer among the flowers for their spirit, but tear them apart that we may count their petals or see how their stamens are formed.

Now, the first people, in order not to so far forget themselves as to forget the gods, made images of them and set them about their gardens or in their houses, where they could be constantly seen. To this very day a stone or wooden Buddha sits under a thatched shelter at the head of the rice fields in Japan that the laborers may see him and thus remember to invoke his aid with their crops, and every Italian garden has a shrine or an image of a god or goddess. Thus the world of worship, imagery, legend and history is kept in remembrance.

WE, here in America, have taken up gardening with our usual enthusiasm, we have planted trees, set out hedges and flower beds and painted dull barren places with bright flower color. We have all become wise in garden lore, in making many flowers grow where none grew before. We know the scientific names of plants, we have imported rare species and created new ones, but somehow, in spite of this, our gardens have been without spirit or life; they did not seem complete, were empty in spite of the living plants. Gardens are in reality outdoor rooms, and as rooms they need to be furnished with the things that bring physical comfort, such as seats, tables, chairs, hammocks, arbors, arches, etc., and with little stone gods and spirits. As soon as these things appear our gardens begin to look livable, “homey.” The stone frogs and turtles at the edge of the pools, the marble dolphins sporting joyously in fountains, iron cranes peering among the iris along the bank, painted weather vanes and bird sticks have brought a delightful humorous play-spirit to the garden and helped them beyond measure. The carved satyrs and fauns, strange as it may seem, have humanized the place because they have related it to our poetry, legend and history, and brought the garden into the understanding world of children.

In almost every art exhibition given in New York City this season, there have been examples of garden sculpture showing the serious thought that is being given to making the garden more beautiful. Gardens are being designed architecturally, so that the framework is beautiful in winter as well as in summer. They are made so that at every season of the year they are lovely, and this is possible by the sculpture being designed especially for gardens. The merry laughing faun in the wall fountain, with beard, nose and pointed ears dripping with icicles, peering through the dead and leafless tendrils of the vine, seems almost more attractive than in his garments
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of summer. The baby satyr bird bath round which the birds of summer circle, dashing in and out through the spray, though lonely, smiles serenely, knowing that with the return of spring the swallows will come again.

An exhibition of garden sculpture that attracted unusual attention was one wherein nothing but garden statuary was shown. Figures for fountains, sun dials, bird baths, in bronze, marble, even concrete, were arranged in circular pools of zinc, rimmed with flowers, backed by evergreens, hedged in with laurel; fountains played, birds in cages sang, the air was full of perfume of flowers. This exhibition in the early part of spring made every garden lover long to sell all that he had and buy those garden pearls of beauty. It was interesting to note that humor played an important part. Children playing with animals, little boys with shells, children with butterflies and rabbits, women, primitive mothers, with children upon their backs, water animals and water babies were in evidence; everything that was beautiful, light and joyous, nothing that was dignified, impressive or awe-inspiring. A few of these beautiful things we are able to show here.

The first is a group for a garden pool by Charles Carey Rumsey, nymphs bathing in a rose bordered pool. There was an exquisite garden group by Paul Manship, the classic beauty of which was brought out by a rich hedge of arbor vitae; Edward McCartan was represented by a lovely garden group. Clio Bracken showed a wonderful wall fountain, the beauty of which cannot be appreciated until water is flowing in and out and under the arms and limbs of the graceful figures forming the crest of the waves. Bridget Guinness' "By the Waters" exhibited a new idea for a pool which could be worked out in small size for a fountain or a larger form for a central pool. Chester Beach showed a merry boy with a bagpipe. The boy and turtle of Henri Crenier carries out to the full the frolicsome spirit so sought for in modern gardens. Right merrily he dodges the tiny jet of water flying up from the turtle's mouth. The Will-o'-the-Wisp by Edward Berge is typical of the spirit we are trying to get in our gardens, something that has to do with children and fairies and laughter, instead of the classical figures of gods and goddesses found in the Italian gardens. We could almost say that nine-tenths of the garden groups of fountains, sun dials, bird baths, etc., are of children in some laughing guise, holding a turtle by the tail, struggling with a monster fish, gazing curiously at frogs, riding upon a dolphin's back, chasing butterflies, teaching the rabbits, gazing with delight at the backward motion of a funny crab.

The tendency of the time toward humorous sculpture in the garden rather than the severely classical reminds us of a saying of
BUBBLES AND FROTH AND SPRAY upon the crest of a wave
if seen with childlike eyes are fairies, nymphs and naiads: Clio
Bracken designed this exquisite group so that the water as it over-
flows from the bowl round which these figures are wreathed will run
along the groups and find a graceful way over and above the figures.
“BY THE WATERS” is the title Bridget Guinness has given this figure which, unlike Narcissus, ripples the mirror of the pool with playful hand:
This design suggests the possibility of a “lifted pool,” that is, one placed almost upon the level of the eyes, upon some grassy mound or pedestal of stone.
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Victor Hugo's. "It is important," he said, "at the present time to bear in mind that the human soul has still greater need of the ideal than of the real. It is by the real that we exist, it is by the ideal that we live. Would you realize the difference? Animals exist, man lives." All these fascinating figures that are finding their way into the garden, laughing children, baby satyrs, gnomes and fairy people, are just the things that we must have need of in this matter of fact practical age. Were it not for some stone embodiment of these beautiful fancies we might let the pendulum of living swing so far to the side of practicality that we would forget that we have the inner as well as the outer necessity of full life.

The merry sprites imprisoned in stone by the magic skill of the sculptors bring beauty to minds as well as to gardens. They cause us to smile which we so much need to do to sweeten and harmonize the too tense and anxious reasoning, bartering and selling of the day. There are a thousand charming ways to use garden figures such as we are here showing. If there are gardens with no pools in them, then the playful children and pixies can be used to hold a sun-dial, a small table-top or vase; they can be used to focus the interest at the end of a vista, to hold a birds' feeding table or bath; they make charming companions in secluded bowers placed on the end of a seat upon a pedestal as shown in one of the pictures. Some of these little figures are made of a composition of concrete and crushed marble. These are as durable as marble and in color are fully as effective as the pure white. In many positions they even look better and the cost is a great deal less. The concrete mixture is poured in a mold, and then before the material is fully hardened is remodeled by the sculptor, so that the marks of the tools are still upon it. Each piece is thus full of an especial individuality and character. Such charming creations are within the reach of almost any garden maker. The dark bronzes and fine marbles are more suitable for large estates where their rich and impressive beauty can have the setting due them.

For every type and every size of garden there are perfect little figures of laughing children, of funny animals or lovely spirits to keep us in remembrance of our own childhood days, those golden days when we "almost" saw fairies sleeping in flowers or riding upon butterflies; when the wind's touch upon our cheek was the caress of an invisible playfellow; when the pine tree sang songs too beautiful to be caught by words. Life is not all heavy work and anxious philosophy. There must be light and playful times as well. There are sages in the world—also little children. We are all indebted to the sculptors who make images of the lovely things we have almost lost the power to see for ourselves and who give us laughing children who never grow old.

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