

ADVENTURES IN THE ARTS

ment is a true representative of beauty, and that the vision of some fair hand or some fair eye is sure to be the epitome of all that is lovely in the individual.

We have as a result of this almost religious devotion of Redon's, the fairest type of the expression of that element which is the eye's equivalent for melodious sound. In his pictures he perpetuated his belief in the unfailling harmony in things. Either all things were lovely in his eye, or they are made beautiful by thinking beautifully of them. That was the only logic in Redon's painting. He questioned nothing; he saw the spiritual import of every object on which his eye rested. No one shall go to Redon for any kind of intellectual departure or for any highly specialized theory—it is only too evident from his work that he had none in mind. He had, I think, a definite belief in the theosophic principle of aura, in that element of emanation which would seem sometimes to surround delicate objects touched with the suffusion of soft light. For him all things seemed "possessed" by some colorful presence which they themselves could in no way be conscious of, somewhat the same sort of radiance which floods the features of some beauteous person and creates a presence there which the person is not even conscious of, the imaginative reality, in other words, existing either within or without everything the eye beholds. For him the very air which hovered about all things seemed to have, as well, the presence of