

## ODILON REDON

color not usually seen of men, and it was this emanation or presence which formed the living quality of his backgrounds in which those wondrous flowery heads and hands and wings had their being, through which those dusty wings of most unearthly butterflies or moths hurry so feverishly. He has given us a happy suggestion of the reality of spiritual spaces and the way that these fluttering bodies which are little more than spirit themselves have enjoyed a beautiful life. He was Keats-like in his appreciation of perfect loveliness, like Shelley in his passionate desire to transform all local beauty into universal terms.

No one will quarrel with Redon on account of what is not in him. What we do find in him is the poetry of a quiet, sweet nature in quest always of perfect beauty, longing to make permanent by means of a rare and graceful art some of those fragments which have given him his private and personal clue to the wonders of the moment, creating a personal art by being himself a rare and lovely person. He remains for us one of the finest of artists, who has reverted those whisperings from the great world of visual melody in which he lived. It was with these exquisite fragments that he adorned the states of his own soul in order that he might present them as artist in tangible art form. We are grateful for his lyricism and for his exquisite goldsmithery. After viewing his delicately beautiful pictures, objects take on a new poetic wonder.