

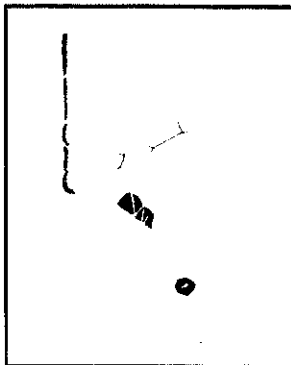
A "Follow-My-Leader" Picture.

HERE is an amusing Japanese game which might be spoken of as a sort of pictorial pool—and "snooker" pool at that. Each artist "plays on" to his predecessor, and does his best to snooker his successor. "One artist," says Mr. Arthur Morrison, "will fling a few strokes on the paper and stop, leaving it for the next to interpret these first touches as best he may, and add to them. Then follows the turn of the third artist, and the fourth, if so many be present." It struck the editor of an English magazine that the idea might be tried among English artists. The results of the experiment are interesting and amusing.

It was decided to appeal to nine well-known black-and-white artists for their co-operation—Messrs. Granville Fell, Dudley Hardy, Rene Bull, John Hassall, H. M. Brock, E. J. Sullivan, Joseph Simpson, Alec Ball, and H. R. Millar. Each was to add his instalment to that of his predecessor, sending to the editor at the same time a drawing showing the completed design he had in mind and of which his instalment made a part. These finished drawings, of course, were seen by the editor alone, and the next artist, after each addition had been made, started with no information beyond the fragments contributed by his

predecessors. The "pool-picture" was photographed at each stage of its progress, and here is the result.

after each instalment. Already, as we see, Mr. Granville Fell has begun with the paper placed laterally, and Mr. Dudley Hardy has turned it end up. Mysterious as Mr. Dudley Hardy's blots and dashes seem, they are clearly enough explained by his finished sketch, which is a Japanese scene. The line of the horse's chest and neck is turned into a flowering branch on which lanterns hang, and beneath which stands a lady with a fan. The thick black lines, which might seem to have been the stable-yard paving for Rosinante to walk on, have become the side of a thatched cottage or pavilion looking out toward the distant mountain. Already we are whisked from Spain to the opposite side of the world, and from Cervantes' comic epic to a poetic view of old Japan in blossom-time. But this again was not what Mr. Rene Bull saw in Mr. Hardy's blots and lines. Something weird and strange was what they obviously suggested, and Mr. Rene Bull trumped the trick with something weirder and stranger. Out from the jaw of Mr. Fell's horse he drew a firm, thick double curve, reaching to the edge of the picture. From the last of Mr. Dudley Hardy's row of strokes he drew another double curve, thinner and less pronounced in bend, with a hook at its end; and at the opposite side he



The design, as left by Mr. Dudley Hardy. R.L.

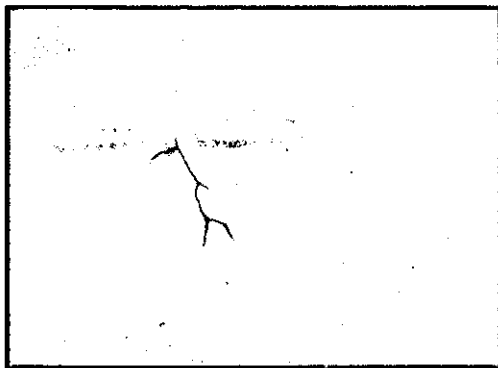


Mr. Dudley Hardy's completed picture.

perhaps the most striking and successful of the lot. Mr. Bull's weird curves and wash are left exactly as they stood, and a few almost shapeless touches of ink are added here and there, as the illustration shows. The puzzle for the newcomer is as great as ever—greater, in fact. But see and admire Mr. Hassall's complete design. Could anything be more wholly unlike what has gone before, and yet more completely adapted to the clues left by Mr. Bull? Once again the picture is turned about and placed as Mr. Fell placed it in the beginning. But here is no horse, no Japanese garden, no lady, no lanterns, no quaint citizen of the City of the Odd. Noth-

marked the outline of the Utopian lady's back is now the midrib of a leaf destined for immediate nibbling; and altogether there never was such another transformation in the whole history of black and white art—except, perhaps, the next one.

For here Mr. H. M. Brock has clearly imagined as complete a change as Mr. Hassall's, but in an almost opposite direction. And yet the additions to the fragments already existing are by no means large. The chief, and one of the cleverest in the whole series, is the adaptation of Mr. Fell's rudimentary horse, which has already been used as a branch, a dress-fold, and a rabbit's ear, to the outline of a dog. This is clear, and almost complete. So much so, indeed, that, as will be seen, it practically decides the fate of the picture in all its succeeding instalments. Beyond this dog-outline Mr. Brock's additions to the growing skeleton are wholly confined to a line or two which convert one of Mr. Hassall's carrots into a pretty obvious sleeve and cuff and a touch or two above it, the intention of which is almost, if not quite, as clear. The dog is excellent, but we must turn to Mr. Brock's completed picture to precision of his adaptation. There sits a lady in an arm-chair, with the dog reclining partly on her lap and partly on appreciate to the full the ingenuity and a cushion. She wears a great hat with feathers, and Mr. Dudley Hardy's lantern-decoration, which was Mr. Rene Bull's ear-ornament and Mr. Hassall's rabbit eye, is now—what? Nothing but a mask, seen from the side, which the lady is removing from her face. A gentleman with the carrot arm and an eyeglass leans on the back of the chair, and the lantern-decoration which has also been a shoulder-strap and a rabbit's ear, has now, amplified, become a bodice-decoration. But more especially to be noted is the ingenuity with which the accidental breaks in two of Mr. Hassall's touches have been utilised to admit the dog's tail, while one of the touches has itself been repeated several times to represent a fan in the lady's hand. Also particularly notice the artfulness with



The design started by Mr. H. Granville Fell, and sent on to Mr. Dudley Hardy. The lines form the fore part of a horse, as shown opposite.



The complete picture which Mr. Granville Fell had in mind.

predecessors. The "pool-picture" was photographed at each stage of its progress, and here is the result.

Mr. Granville Fell began. He placed on the blank sheet the simple branching lines reproduced in the first illustration. A twig, perhaps, one might say. In that view the next artist might go on to draw a tree, or a water-diviner with his forked hazel-stick. Obviously it might be a river on a map, and the map might hang on a wall, thus beginning a school scene. Further, in the hands of an ingenious artist it might grow into the branching horns of a deer, or it might be a fissure in a rock or a hillside, beginning a landscape. One might make a hundred such guesses and never divine what Mr. Fell had in mind—which was no other than the scene reproduced in the second illustration. The branching lines belong to the throat and chest of a horse, with the beginning of the jaw-bone and a little of each fore-leg. And the horse is our old friend Rosinante, with Don Quixote astride.

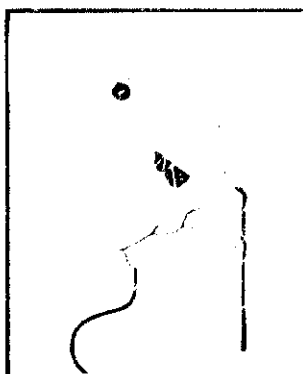
At any rate, the idea of the horse never occurred to Mr. Dudley Hardy, or if it did he preferred an idea of his own. He left the branching lines standing by themselves, and contented himself with dotting in the mysterious detached marks seen in the third illustration. Of course, as the illustrations appear here the drawing is placed in the way intended by the artist last working on it; but it must be remembered that as it came to each artist it had no right or wrong way up, and might be taken any way. So that the drawing must be turned about in all directions if one is to understand the problem presented

threw in a grey wash irregular and puzzling in outline. The rest he left for the bedabement of Mr. John Hassall.

It was indeed a difficult problem, for Mr. Rene Bull had been aiming at a fantasy wholly of the imagination, as a glance at his finished drawing will show. Mr. Dudley Hardy took us at a stroke from a Spanish tale to a Japanese garden, and now Mr. Bull, finding the whole width of the world already covered by Mr. Hardy's leap, struck away out of the world altogether, "east of the sun, west of the moon," to the planet of the fantastic. To be sure, he borrows a hint from Japan in the queerly-designed signature on the label in the corner; but then every idealist who imagines something wholly unreal is driven to use earthly elements, and a touch or two of suggestion from Japan is always useful to strike the outlandish note. Here we have a scented female figure in a costume perhaps faintly suggested by a combination of Chinese and Japanese elements with a touch of the Indian in the ornaments, and of the Egyptian in the vase in the foreground. Mr. Dudley Hardy's lantern-designs have become an ear-ornament and part of a shoulder-strap, and Mr. Granville Fell's Rosinante is swallowed up in the folds of the Martian (or Utopian) cloak.

Truly Mr. John Hassall was set a terrible task if he were to scent out this exotic design; but his native ingenuity gave him a design of his own, so entirely fresh and unexpected, yet so exactly adapted to the puzzling elements put before him, as to make his performance

ing but a peaceful group of lop-eared rabbits eating carrots, with the title of the picture beneath! Mr. Rene Bull's grey wash is adapted exactly to the contours of three of the rabbits; Mr. Fell's horse-outline serves for a rabbit's ear, eye, and paw, and a part of another rabbit's eye; but it was obviously one of Mr. Dudley Hardy's lantern-decorations that inspired Mr. Hassall's idea, with the outline of Mr. Rene Bull's grey wash placed so suggestively above it. That lantern-decoration became without addition or alteration the eye of the bunny to the right. The double curve that



The design as it left Mr. Rene Bull.



Mr. Rene Bull's completed picture.