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THE MIRROR OF NATURE

Holland, seventeenth century

The division of Europe into a Catholic and a Protestant camp affected even the art of small countries like the Netherlands. The southern Netherlands, which today we call Belgium, had remained Catholic, and we have seen how Rubens in Antwerp received innumerable commissions from churches, princes and kings to paint vast canvases for the glorification of their power. The northern provinces of the Netherlands, however, had risen against their Catholic overlords, the Spaniards, and most of the inhabitants of their rich merchant towns adhered to the Protestant faith. The taste of these Protestant merchants of Holland was very different from that prevailing across the border. These men were rather comparable in their outlook to the Puritans in England: devout, hard-working, parsimonious men, most of whom disliked the exuberant pomp of the southern manner. Though their outlook mellowed as their security increased and their wealth grew, these Dutch burghers of the seventeenth century never accepted the full Baroque style which held sway in Catholic Europe. Even in architecture they preferred a certain sober restraint. When, in the middle of the seventeenth century, at the peak of Holland's successes, the citizens of Amsterdam decided to erect a large town hall which was to reflect the pride and achievement of their new-born nation, they chose a model which, for all its grandeur, looks simple in outline and sparing in decoration, *figure 268*.

We have seen that the effect on painting of the victory of Protestantism was even more marked, *page 374*. We know that the catastrophe was so great that in both England and Germany, where the arts had flourished as much as anywhere during the Middle Ages, the career of a painter or a sculptor ceased to attract native talents. We remember that in the Netherlands, where the tradition of good craftsmanship was so strong, painters had to concentrate on certain branches of painting to which there was no objection on religious grounds.

The most important of these branches that could continue in a Protestant community, as Holbein had experienced in his day, was portrait painting. Many a successful merchant wanted to hand down his likeness to those after him, many a worthy burgher who had been elected alderman or

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Jakob van Campen, *The Royal Palace (former Town Hall), Amsterdam*, 1648

A Dutch seventeenth-century town hall

burgomaster desired to be painted with the insignia of his office. Moreover, there were many local committees and governing boards, prominent in the life of Dutch cities, which followed the praiseworthy custom of having their group portraits painted for the board-rooms and meeting-places of their worshipful companies. An artist whose manner appealed to this public could therefore hope for a reasonably steady income. Once his manner ceased to be fashionable, however, he might face ruin.

The first outstanding master of free Holland, Frans Hals (1580?–1666), was forced to lead such a precarious existence. Hals belonged to the same generation as Rubens. His parents had left the southern Netherlands because they were Protestants and had settled in the prosperous Dutch city of Haarlem. We know little about his life except that he frequently owed money to his baker or shoemaker. In his old age – he lived to be over

eighty – he was granted a small pittance by the municipal almshouse, whose board of governors he painted. *Figure 269*, which dates from near the beginning of his career, shows the brilliance and originality with which he approached this kind of task. The citizens of the proudly independent towns of the Netherlands had to do their turn in serving as militiamen, usually under the command of the most prosperous inhabitants. It was the custom in the city of Haarlem to honour the officers of these units after their stint of duty with a sumptuous banquet, and it had also become a tradition to commemorate these happy events in a large painting. It was surely no easy matter for an artist to record the likenesses of so many men within one frame without the result looking stiff or contrived – as earlier such efforts invariably did.

Hals understood from the beginning how to convey the spirit of the jolly occasion and how to bring life into such a ceremonial group without neglecting the purpose of showing each of the twelve members present so convincingly that we feel we must have met them: from the portly colonel who presides at the end of the table, raising his glass, to the young ensign on the opposite side who is not accorded a seat, but proudly looks out of the picture as if he wants us to admire his splendid outfit.

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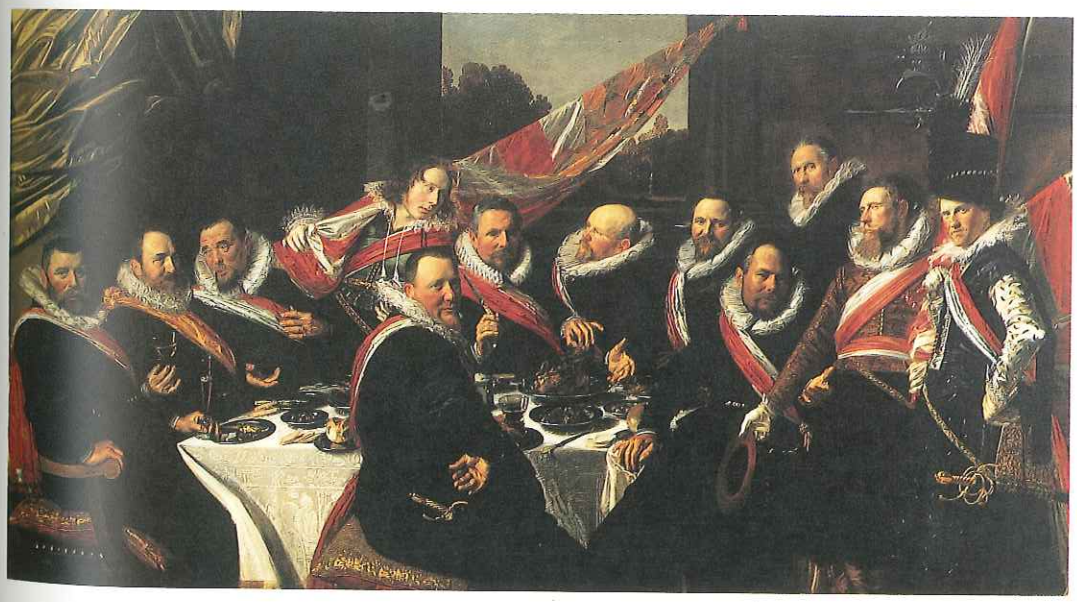
Frans Hals
Banquet of the officers of the St George Militia Company, 1616

Oil on canvas, 175 × 324 cm, 69 × 127½ in; Frans Halsmuseum, Haarlem



Perhaps we can admire his mastery even more when we look at one of the many individual portraits that brought so little money to Hals and his family, *figure 270*. Compared to earlier portraits, it looks almost like a snapshot. We seem to know this Pieter van den Broecke, a true merchant-adventurer of the seventeenth century. Let us think back to Holbein's painting of Sir Richard Southwell, *page 377, figure 242*, painted less than a century earlier, or even to the portraits which Rubens, Van Dyck or Velázquez painted at that time in Catholic Europe. For all their liveliness and truth to nature one feels that the painters had carefully arranged the sitter's pose so as to convey the idea of dignified aristocratic breeding. The portraits of Hals give us the impression that the painter has 'caught' his sitter at a characteristic moment and fixed it for ever on the canvas. It is difficult for us to imagine how bold and unconventional these paintings must have looked to the public. The very way in which Hals handled paint and brush suggests that he quickly seized a fleeting impression. Earlier portraits are painted with visible patience – we sometimes feel that the subject must have sat still for many a session while the painter carefully recorded detail upon detail. Hals never allowed his model to get tired or stale. We seem to witness his quick and deft handling of the brush through which he conjures up the image of tousled hair or of a crumpled sleeve with a few touches of light and dark paint. Of course, the impression that Hals gives us, the impression of a casual glimpse of the sitter in a characteristic movement and mood, could never have been achieved without a very calculated effort. What looks at first like a happy-go-lucky approach is really the result of a carefully thought-out effect. Though the portrait is not symmetrical, as earlier portraits often were, it is not lopsided. Like other masters of the Baroque period, Hals knew how to attain the impression of balance without appearing to follow any rule.

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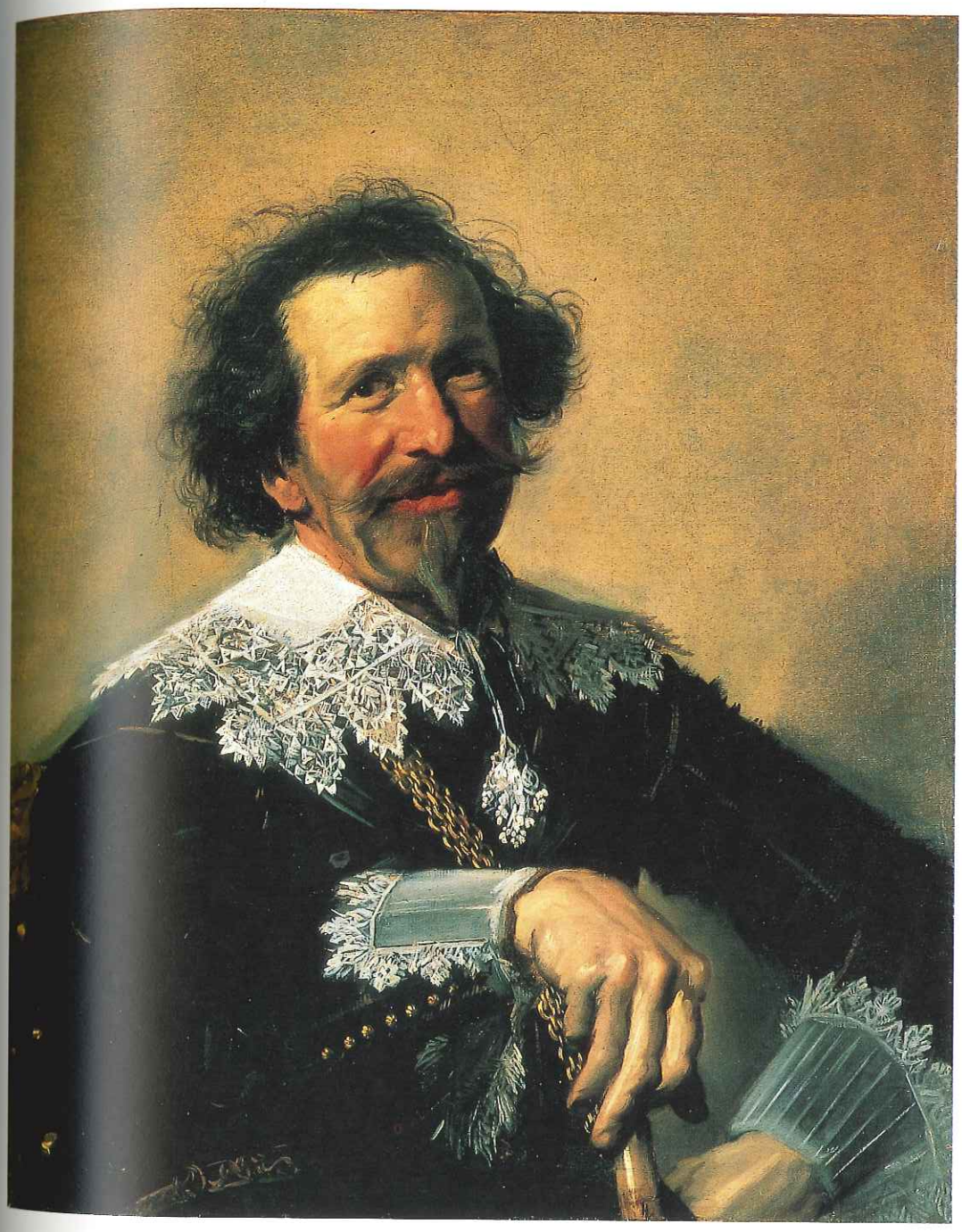
Frans Hals
Pieter van den Broecke, *c.* 1633

Oil on canvas, 71.2 × 61 cm, 28 × 24 in; Iveagh Bequest, Kenwood, London

The painters of Protestant Holland who had no inclination or talent for portrait painting had to give up the idea of relying chiefly on commissions. Unlike the masters of the Middle Ages and of the Renaissance, they had to paint their picture first, and then try to find a buyer. We are now so used to this state of affairs, we take it so much for granted that an artist is a man painting away in his studio, which is packed full of pictures he is desperately trying to sell, that we can hardly imagine the change this situation brought about. In one respect, artists may possibly have been glad to be rid of patrons who interfered with their work and who may sometimes have bullied them. But this freedom was dearly bought. For, instead of a single patron, the artist had now to cope with an even more tyrannical master – the buying public. He had either to go to the market-place and to public fairs, there to peddle his wares, or to rely on



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Simon de Vlieger, *Dutch man of war and various vessels in a breeze*, c. 1640–5
Oil on wood, 41.2 × 54.8 cm, 16¼ × 21⅝ in; National Gallery, London

middlemen, picture dealers who relieved him of this burden but who wanted to buy as cheaply as possible in order to be able to sell at a profit. Moreover, competition was very stiff; there were many artists in each Dutch town exhibiting their paintings on the stalls, and the only chance for the minor masters to make a reputation lay in specializing in one particular branch or genre of painting. Then, as now, the public liked to know what it was getting. Once a painter had made a name as a master of battle-pieces, it was battle-pieces he would be most likely to sell. If he had had success with landscapes in moonlight, it might be safer to stick to that, and to paint more landscapes in moonlight. Thus it came about that the trend towards specialization which had begun in the northern countries in the sixteenth century, *page 381*, was carried to even greater extremes in the seventeenth. Some of the weaker painters became content to turn out the same kind of picture over and over again. It is true that in doing so they sometimes carried their trade to a pitch of perfection which commands our admiration. These specialists were real specialists. The painters of fish knew how to render the silvery hue of wet scales with a virtuosity which puts many a more universal master to shame; and the painters of seascapes not only became proficient in the painting of waves and clouds, but were such experts in the accurate portrayal of ships and their tackle that their paintings are still considered valuable historical documents of the period of England's and Holland's naval expansion. *Figure 271* shows a painting by one of the oldest of these specialists in seascapes, Simon de Vlieger (1601–53). It shows how these Dutch artists could convey the atmosphere of the sea by wonderfully simple and unpretentious means. These Dutchmen were the first in the history of art to discover the beauty of the sky. They needed nothing dramatic or striking to make their pictures interesting. They simply represented a piece of the world as it appeared to them, and discovered that it could make just as satisfying a picture as any illustration of a heroic tale or a comic theme.

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Jan van Goyen, *Windmill by a river*, 1642

Oil on wood, 25.2 × 34 cm, 10 × 13¾ in; National Gallery, London

One of these discoverers was Jan van Goyen (1596–1656), from The Hague, who was roughly of the same generation as the landscape painter Claude Lorrain. It is interesting to compare one of the famous landscapes of Claude, *page 396*, *figure 255*, a nostalgic vision of a land of serene beauty, with the simple and straightforward painting by Jan van Goyen, *figure 272*. The differences are too obvious to need labouring. Instead of lofty temples, the Dutchman paints a homely windmill; instead of alluring glades, a featureless stretch of his native land. But Van Goyen knows how to transform the commonplace scene into a vision of restful beauty. He transfigures familiar motifs, and leads our eyes into the hazy distance, so that we feel as if we were ourselves standing at a point of vantage and looking into the light of the evening. We have seen how the inventions of Claude so captured the imagination of his admirers in England that they tried to transform the actual scenery of their native land, and make it conform to the creations of the painter. A landscape or a garden which made them think of Claude, they called 'picturesque', like a picture. We have since become used to applying this word not only to ruined castles and sunsets, but also to such simple things as sailing boats and windmills.

When we come to consider it, we do so because such motifs remind us of pictures not by Claude, but by masters like de Vlieger or Van Goyen. It is they who have taught us to see the 'picturesque' in a simple scene. Many a rambler in the countryside who delights in what he sees may, without knowing it, owe his joy to those humble masters who first opened our eyes to unpretentious natural beauty.

The greatest painter of Holland, and one of the greatest painters who ever lived, was Rembrandt van Rijn (1606–69), who was a generation younger than Frans Hals and Rubens, and seven years younger than Van Dyck and Velázquez. Rembrandt did not write down his observations as Leonardo and Dürer did; he was no admired genius as Michelangelo was, whose sayings were handed down to posterity; he was no diplomatic letter-writer like Rubens, who exchanged ideas with the leading scholars of his age. Yet we feel that we know Rembrandt perhaps more intimately than any of these great masters, because he left us an amazing record of his life in a series of self-portraits ranging from the time of his youth, when he was a successful and even fashionable master, to his lonely old age when his face reflected the tragedy of bankruptcy and the unbroken will of a truly great man. These portraits combine into a unique autobiography.

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Rembrandt van Rijn
Self-portrait, c. 1655–8
Oil on wood, 49.2 × 41 cm, 19⅜ × 16⅛ in; Kunsthistorisches Museum, Vienna

Rembrandt was born in 1606, the son of a well-to-do miller in the university town of Leiden. He matriculated at the University, but soon abandoned his studies to become a painter. Some of his earliest works were greatly praised by contemporary scholars, and at the age of twenty-five Rembrandt left Leiden for the teeming commercial centre of Amsterdam. There he made a rapid career as a portrait painter, married a wealthy girl, bought a house, collected works of art and curios and worked incessantly. When his first wife died, in 1642, she left him a considerable fortune, but Rembrandt's popularity with the public declined, he got into debt, and fourteen years later his creditors sold his house and put his collection up for auction. Only the help of his loyal mistress and his son saved him from utter ruin. They made an arrangement by which he was formally an employee of their art-dealing firm, and, as such, he painted his last great masterpieces. But these faithful companions died before him, and when his life came to an end in 1669, he left no other property than some old clothes and his painting utensils. *Figure 273* shows us Rembrandt's face during the later years of his life. It was not a beautiful face, and Rembrandt certainly never tried to conceal its ugliness. He observed himself in a mirror with complete sincerity. It is because of this sincerity that we soon forget to ask about beauty or looks. This is the face of a real human being. There is no trace of a pose, no trace of vanity, just the penetrating gaze of a painter who scrutinizes his own features, ever ready to learn more and more about the secrets of the human face. Without this profound

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Rembrandt van Rijn, *Jan Six*, 1654
Oil on canvas, 112 × 102 cm, 44⅛ × 40⅛ in; Collectie Six, Amsterdam

understanding Rembrandt could not have created his great portraits, such as the likeness of his patron and friend, Jan Six, who later became burgomaster of Amsterdam, *figure 274*. It is almost unfair to compare it with the lively portrait by Frans Hals, for where Hals gives us something like a convincing snapshot, Rembrandt always seems to show us the whole person. Like Hals, he enjoyed his virtuosity, the skill with which he could suggest the sheen of the gold braid or the play of light on the ruff. He claimed the artist's right to declare a picture finished – as he said – 'when he had achieved his purpose', and thus he left the hand in the glove as a

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Rembrandt van Rijn
Parable of the Merciless Servant, c. 1655
Reed pen and brown ink on paper, 17.3 × 21.8 cm, 6¾ × 8½ in; Louvre, Paris

mere sketch. But all this only enhances the sense of life that emanates from his figure. We feel we know this man. We have seen other portraits by great masters which are memorable for the way they sum up a person's character and role. But even the greatest of them may remind us of characters in fiction or actors on the stage. They are convincing and impressive, but we sense that they can only represent one side of a complex human being. Not even the Mona Lisa can always have smiled. But in Rembrandt's great portraits we feel face to face with real people, we sense their warmth, their need for sympathy and also their loneliness and their suffering. Those keen and steady eyes that we know so well from Rembrandt's self-portraits must have been able to look straight into the human heart.

I realize that such an expression may sound sentimental, but I know no other way of describing the almost uncanny knowledge Rembrandt appears to have had of what the Greeks called the 'workings of the soul', *page 94*. Like Shakespeare, he seems to have been able to get into the skin of all types of men, and to know how they would behave in any given situation. It is this gift that makes Rembrandt's illustrations of biblical stories so different from anything that had been done before. As a devout Protestant, Rembrandt must have read the Bible again and again. He entered into the spirit of its episodes, and attempted to visualize exactly what the situation must have been like, and how people would have moved and borne themselves at such a moment. *Figure 275* shows a drawing in which Rembrandt illustrated the parable of the Merciless Servant (Matthew xviii. 21–35). There is no need to explain the drawing. It explains itself. We see the lord on the day of reckoning, with his steward looking up the servant's debts in a big ledger. We see from the way the servant stands, his head lowered, his hand fumbling deep in his pocket, that he is unable to pay. The relationship of these three people to each

other, the busy steward, the dignified lord and the guilty servant, is expressed with a few strokes of the pen.

Rembrandt needs hardly any gestures or movements to express the inner meaning of a scene. He is never theatrical. *Figure 276* shows one of the paintings in which he visualized another incident from the Bible which had hardly ever been illustrated before – the reconciliation between King David and his wicked son Absalom. When Rembrandt was reading the Old Testament, and tried to see the kings and patriarchs of the Holy Land in his mind's eye, he thought of the Orientals he had seen in the busy port of Amsterdam. That is why he dressed David like an Indian or Turk with a big turban, and gave Absalom a curved Oriental sword. His painter's eye was attracted by the splendour of these costumes, and by the chance they gave him of showing the play of light on the precious fabric, and the sparkle of gold and jewellery. We can see that Rembrandt was as great a master in conjuring up the effect of these shining textures as Rubens or Velázquez. Rembrandt used less bright colour than either of them. The first impression of many of his paintings is that of a rather dark brown. But these dark tones give even more power and force to the contrast of a few bright and brilliant colours. The result is that the light on some of Rembrandt's pictures looks almost dazzling. But Rembrandt never used these magic effects of light and shade for their own sake. They always served to enhance the drama of the scene. What could be more moving than the gesture of the young prince in his proud array, burying his face on his father's breast, or King David in his quiet and sorrowful acceptance of his son's submission? Though we do not see Absalom's face, we feel what he must feel.

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Rembrandt van Rijn
The reconciliation of David and Absalom, 1642

Oil on wood, 73 × 61.5 cm, 28¾ × 24¼ in; Hermitage, St Petersburg

Like Dürer before him, Rembrandt was great not only as a painter but also as a graphic artist. The technique he used was no longer that of woodcuts or copper-engraving, *pages 282–3*, but a method which allowed him to work more freely and more quickly than was possible with the burin. This technique is called etching. Its principle is quite simple. Instead of laboriously scratching the surface of the copper plate, the artist covers the plate with wax and draws on it with a needle. Wherever his needle goes, the wax is removed and the copper laid bare. All he has to do afterwards is to put his plate into an acid which bites into the copper where the wax has gone, and thus transfer the drawing on to the copper plate. The plate can then be printed in the same way as an engraving. The only means of telling an etching from an engraving is by judging the character of the lines. There is a visible difference between the laborious and slow work of the burin and the free and easy play of the etcher's needle. *Figure 277* shows one

of Rembrandt's etchings – another biblical scene. Christ is preaching, and the poor and humble have gathered round Him to listen. This time Rembrandt has turned to his own city for models. He lived for a long time in the Jewish quarter of Amsterdam, and he studied the appearance and dresses of the Jews so as to introduce them into his sacred stories. Here they stand and sit, huddled together, some listening, enraptured, others pondering the words of Jesus, some, like the fat man behind, perhaps scandalized by Christ's attack on the Pharisees. People who are used to the beautiful figures of Italian art are sometimes shocked when they first see Rembrandt's pictures because he seems to care nothing for beauty, and not even to shrink from outright ugliness. That is true, in a sense. Like other artists of his time, Rembrandt had absorbed the message of Caravaggio, whose work he came to know through Dutchmen who had fallen under his influence. Like Caravaggio, he valued truth and sincerity above harmony and beauty. Christ had preached to the poor, the hungry and the sad, and poverty, hunger and tears are not beautiful. Of course much depends on what we agree to call beauty. A child often finds the kind, wrinkled face of his grandmother more beautiful than the regular features of a film star, and why should he not? In the same way, one might say that the haggard old man in the right-hand corner of the etching, cowering, one hand before his face, and looking up, completely absorbed, is one of the most beautiful figures ever drawn. But perhaps it is really not very important what words we use to express our admiration.

277
Rembrandt van Rijn
Christ preaching,
c. 1652
Etching, 15.5 × 20.7 cm,
6¼ × 8⅛ in

Rembrandt's unconventional approach sometimes makes us forget how much artistic wisdom and skill he uses in the arrangement of his groups. Nothing could be more carefully balanced than the crowd forming a circle round Jesus, and yet standing at a respectful distance. In this art of distributing a mass of people, in apparently casual and yet perfectly harmonious groups, Rembrandt owed much to the tradition of Italian art, which he by no means despised. Nothing would be farther from the truth than to imagine that this great master was a lonely rebel whose greatness went unrecognized by contemporary Europe. It is true that his popularity as a portrait painter decreased as his art became more profound and uncompromising. But whatever the reasons for his personal tragedy and bankruptcy, his fame as an artist stood very high. The real tragedy, then as now, is that fame alone does not suffice to make a living.

The figure of Rembrandt is so important in all branches of Dutch art that no other painter of the period can bear comparison with him. That is not to say, however, that there were not many masters in the Protestant Netherlands who deserve to be studied and enjoyed in their

278
Jan Steen
The christening feast, 1664
Oil on canvas, 88.9 × 108.6 cm, 35 × 42 in; Wallace Collection, London

own right. Many of them followed the tradition of northern art in reproducing the life of the people in gay and unsophisticated paintings. We remember that this tradition reaches back to such examples of medieval miniatures as, *page 211, figure 140*, and *page 274, figure 177*. We remember how it was taken up by Bruegel, *page 382, figure 246*, who displayed his skill as a painter and his knowledge of human nature in humorous scenes from the lives of peasants. The seventeenth-century artist who brought this vein to perfection was Jan Steen (1626–79), Jan van Goyen's son-in-law. Like many other artists of his time, Steen could not support himself with his brush, and he kept an inn to earn money. One might almost imagine that he enjoyed this sideline, because it gave him an opportunity of watching the people in their revellings, and of adding to his store of comic types. *Figure 278* shows a gay scene from the life of the people – a christening feast. We look into a comfortable room with a recess for the bed in which the mother lies, while friends and relations crowd round the father who holds the baby. It is well worth looking at these various types and their forms of merrymaking, but when we have examined all the detail we should not forget to admire the skill with which the artist has blended the

various incidents into a picture. The figure in the foreground, seen from behind, is a wonderful piece of painting, whose gay colours have a warmth and mellowness one does not easily forget when one has seen the original.

One often associates Dutch seventeenth-century art with the mood of gaiety and good living we find in Jan Steen's pictures, but there are other artists in Holland who represent a very different mood, one which comes much nearer to the spirit of Rembrandt. The outstanding example is another 'specialist', the landscape painter Jacob van Ruisdael (1628?–82). Ruisdael was about the same age as Jan Steen, which means that he belonged to the second generation of great Dutch painters. When he grew up the works of Jan van Goyen and even of Rembrandt were already famous and were bound to influence his taste and choice of themes. During the first half of his life he lived in the beautiful town of Haarlem, which is separated from the sea by a range of wooded dunes. He loved to study the effect of light and shade on these tracts and specialized more and more in picturesque forest scenes, *figure 279*. Ruisdael became a master in the painting of dark and sombre clouds, of evening light when the shadows grow, of ruined castles and rushing brooks; in short it was he who discovered the poetry of the northern landscape much as Claude had discovered the poetry of Italian scenery. Perhaps no artist before him had contrived to express so much of his own feelings and moods through their reflection in nature.

279

Jacob van Ruisdael
A pool surrounded by trees, c. 1665–70

Oil on canvas, 107.5 × 143 cm, 42¼ × 56¼ in; National Gallery, London

When I called this chapter 'The Mirror of Nature', I did not only want to say that Dutch art had learned to reproduce nature as faithfully as a mirror. Neither art nor nature is ever as smooth and cold as a glass. Nature reflected in art always reflects the artist's own mind, his predilections, his enjoyments and therefore his moods. It is this fact above all which renders the most 'specialized' branch of Dutch painting so interesting, the branch of still-life painting. These still lifes usually show beautiful vessels filled with wine and appetizing fruit, or other dainties invitingly arranged on lovely china. These were pictures which would go well into a dining-room and would be sure to find a buyer. But they are more than mere reminders of the joys of the table. In such still lifes, artists could freely pick up any objects they liked to paint, and arrange them on the table to suit their fancy. Thus they became a wonderful field of experiment for the painters' special problems. Willem Kalf (1619–93), for instance, liked to study the way in which light is reflected and broken by coloured glass. He studied the contrasts and harmonies of colours and textures, and tried to achieve ever-new harmonies between rich Persian carpets, gleaming china, brilliantly coloured fruit and polished metals, *figure 280*. Without knowing it themselves, these specialists began to demonstrate that the subject of a painting is much less important than might have been thought. Just as trivial words may provide the text for a beautiful song, so trivial objects can make a perfect picture.

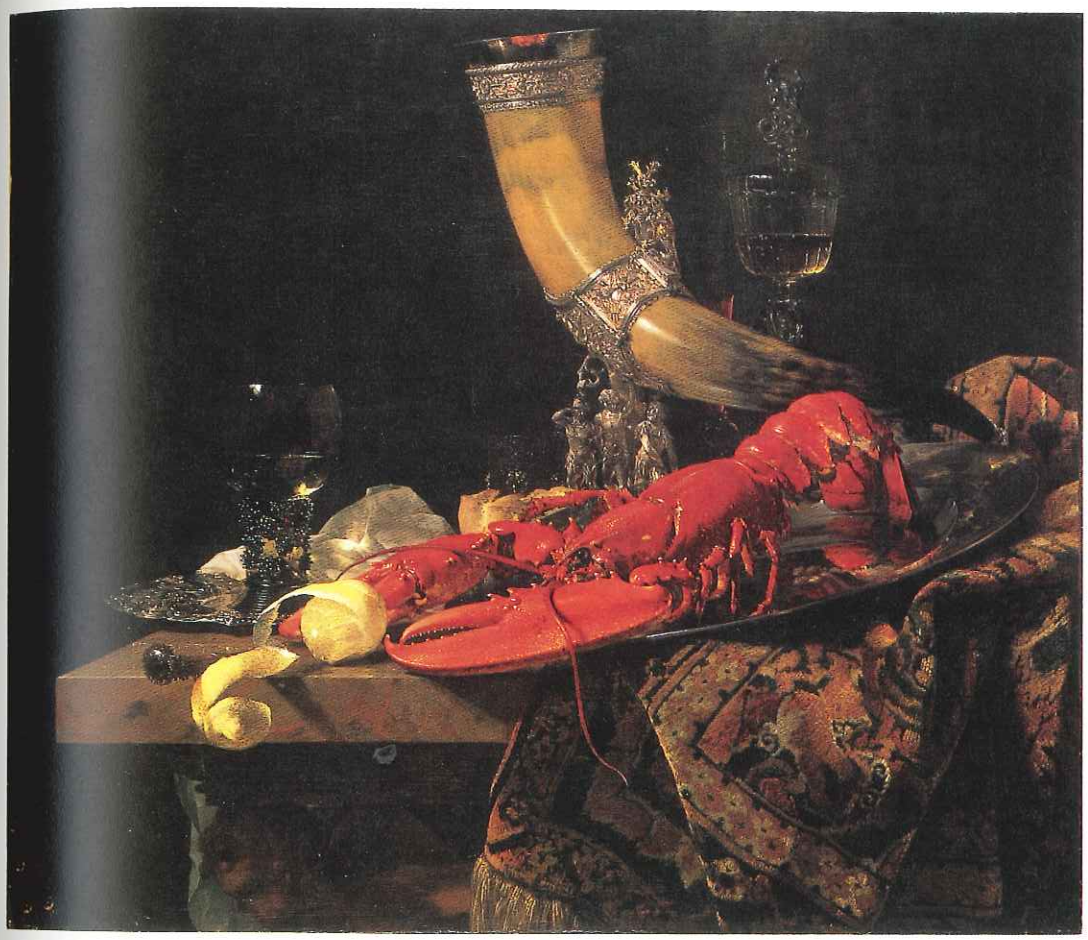
280

Willem Kalf
Still life with the drinking horn of the St Sebastian Archers' Guild, lobster and glasses, *c.* 1653

Oil on canvas, 86.4 × 102.2 cm, 34 × 40¼ in; National Gallery, London

This may seem a strange remark to make after the stress I have just laid on the subject-matter of Rembrandt's painting. But actually I do not think that there is a contradiction. A composer who sets to music not a trivial text but a great poem wants us to understand the poem, so that we may appreciate his musical interpretation. In the same way, a painter painting a biblical scene wants us to understand the scene to appreciate his conception. But just as there is great music without words, so there is great painting without an important subject-matter. It was this invention towards which the seventeenth-century artists had been groping when they discovered the sheer beauty of the visible world, *page 19, figure 4*. And the Dutch specialists who spent their lives painting the same kind of subject-matter ended by proving that the subject-matter was of secondary importance.

The greatest of these masters was born a generation after Rembrandt. He was Jan Vermeer van Delft (1632–75). Vermeer seems to have been a slow and a careful worker. He did not paint



very many pictures in his life. Few of them represent any important scenes. Most of them show simple figures standing in a room of a typically Dutch house. Some show nothing but a single figure engaged in a simple task, such as a woman pouring out milk, *figure 281*. With Vermeer, genre painting has lost the last trace of humorous illustration. His paintings are really still lifes with human beings. It is hard to argue the reasons that make such a simple and unassuming picture one of the greatest masterpieces of all time. But few who have been lucky enough to see the original will disagree with me that it is something of a miracle. One of its miraculous features can perhaps be described, though hardly explained. It is the way in which Vermeer achieves complete and painstaking precision in the rendering of textures, colours and forms without the picture ever looking laboured or harsh. Like a photographer who deliberately softens the strong contrasts of the picture without blurring the forms, Vermeer mellowed the outlines and yet retained the effect of solidity and firmness. It is this strange and unique combination of mellowness and precision which makes his best paintings so unforgettable. They make us see the quiet beauty of a simple scene with fresh eyes and give us an idea of what the artist felt when he watched the light flooding through the window and heightening the colour of a piece of cloth.

281
Jan Vermeer
The kitchen maid,
c. 1660
Oil on canvas, 45.5 × 41 cm, 17⅞ × 16⅛ in; Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam

The poor painter shivering in his garret,
c. 1640
Drawing by Pieter Bloot; black chalk on vellum, 17.7 × 15.5 cm, 7 × 6⅛ in; British Museum, London