

# CAMERA WORK

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ALFRED STIEGLITZ NEW YORK

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## CAMERA WORK:

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## PLATES

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### EDUARD J. STEICHEN

- I. Vitality — Yvette Guilbert
- II. Isadora Duncan
- III. Cyclamen — Mrs. Philip Lydig
- IV. Mary Learns to Walk







































## PHOTOGRAPHY AND ARTISTIC-PHOTOGRAPHY

**P**HOTOGRAPHY is not Art, but photographs can be made to be Art. When man uses the camera without any preconceived idea of final results, when he uses the camera as a means to penetrate the objective reality of facts, to acquire a truth, which he tries to represent by itself and not by adapting it to any system of emotional representation, then, man is doing Photography.

Photography, pure photography, is not a new system for the representation of Form, but rather the negation of all representative systems, it is the means by which the man of instinct, reason and experience approaches nature in order to attain the evidence of reality.

Photography is the experimental science of Form. Its aim is to find and determine the objectivity of Form; that is, to obtain the condition of the initial phenomenon of Form, phenomenon which under the dominion of the mind of man creates emotions, sensations and ideas.

The difference between Photography and Artistic-Photography is that, in the former, man tries to get at that objectivity of Form which generates the different conceptions that man has of Form, while the second uses the objectivity of Form to express a preconceived idea in order to convey an emotion. The first is the fixing of an actual state of Form, the other is the representation of the objectivity of Form, subordinated to a system of representation. The first is a process of indigitation, the second a means of expression. In the first, man tries to represent something that is outside of himself; in the second he tries to represent something that is in himself. The first is a free and impersonal research, the second is a systematic and personal representation.

The artist photographer uses nature to express his individuality, the photographer puts himself in front of nature, and without preconceptions, with the free mind of an investigator, with the method of an experimentalist, tries to get out of her a true state of conditions.

The artist photographer in his work envelops objectivity with an idea, veils the object with the subject. The photographer expresses, so far as he is able to, pure objectivity. The aim of the first is pleasure; the aim of the second, knowledge. The one does not destroy the other.

Subjectivity is a natural characteristic of man. Representation began by the simple expression of the subject. In the development of the evolution of representation, man has been slowly approaching the object. The History of Art proves this statement.

In subjectivity man has exhausted the representation of all the emotions that are peculiar to humanity. When man began to be inductive instead of deductive in his represented expressions, objectivity began to take the place of subjectivity. The more analytical man is, the more he separates himself from the subject and the nearer he gets to the comprehension of the object.



It has been observed that Nature to the majority of people is amorphous. Great periods of civilization have been necessary to make man conceive the objectivity of Form. So long as man endeavors to represent his emotions or ideas in order to convey them to others, he has to subject his representation of Form to the expression of his idea. With subjectivity man tried to represent his feeling of the primary causes. That is the reason why Art has always been subjective and dependent on the religious idea.

Science convinced man that the comprehension of the primary causes is beyond the human mind; but science made him arrive at the cognition of the condition of the phenomenon.

Photography, and only Photography, started man on the road of the cognition of the condition of the phenomena of Form.

Up to the present, the highest point of these two sides of Photography has been reached by Steichen as an artist and by Stieglitz as an experimentalist.

The work of Steichen brought to its highest expression the aim of the realistic painting of Form. In his photographs he has succeeded in expressing the perfect fusion of the subject and the object. He has carried to its highest point the expression of a system of representation: the realistic one.

Stieglitz has begun with the elimination of the subject in represented Form to search for the pure expression of the object. He is trying to do synthetically, with the means of a mechanical process, what some of the most advanced artists of the modern movement are trying to do analytically with the means of Art.

It would be difficult to say which of these two sides of Photography is the more important. For one is the means by which man fuses his idea with the natural expression of Form, while the other is the means by which man tries to bring the natural expression of Form to the cognition of his mind.

MARIUS DE ZAYAS.

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## THE SKYLARK

Oh, the skylark, the skylark,  
The beautiful skylark  
I heard in the month of June,  
It was nothing but a dark, dark  
Speck. And nothing but a tune.  
And Oh! If I had some wings  
I would fly up to him  
And I would look down upon the things  
Until the day grew dim.

MARY STEICHEN.\*

\*Age not quite nine.



## INSINCERITY: A NEW VICE

—“OH, THESE CUBISTS ARE NOT SINCERE”—A BRILLIANT EPIGRAM OVERHEARD AT THE INTERNATIONAL ART SHOW AT NEW YORK.

GULLIBUS:—A new vice! Could you be the protagonist, Satiricus, of a new vice I wonder what it would be like.

SATIRICUS:—It would be the realization of a very old and a very beautiful vice, but I should wish to apply it generally, to every form of life. Heretofore, it has been in the keeping of a few artistic minds; but I should like to reorganize it and make of it a religion, a philosophy or an educational system. I speak, Gullibus, of the vice of the Artificial, the Insincere. Profundity and sincerity have no roots except in sham and logic. I have noticed that the stupid are always sincere. They are both virtues, are seriousness and sincerity; Christian virtues, bourgeois virtues, the very marrow of moral systems, English ethical codes and New England poetry. If you wish proof in philosophy that seriousness, profundity, ugliness and stupidity are interchangeable terms read the “Origin of Species,” Herbert Spencer’s “Psychology,” the “Phenomenology” of Hegel, the “Creative Evolution” of Bergson, and Karl Marx. Place alongside of them the dazzling artificiality and laughing insincerity of Heine, Renan, Oscar Wilde, Bernard Shaw, Anatole France, Remy de Gourmont. The first build universes of lead, the second carve universes out of the air and blow them away with the nonchalance of God.

Go to the Greeks, who were the supreme adepts of artificiality and insincerity. The “Dialogues” of Plato are the contortions of a Harlequin. Aristotle said, “The universe has no insides; it is all outside, and here it is in my books.” The Greeks invented all the sublime lies that we have stolen. Their fables, their allegories, their tragedies and comedies, their painting, their sculpture, their architecture were artificial, transitory, things lightly seen and lightly recorded by the light of a campfire, during a battle, in a bath, during a love-siesta.

The “profound wisdom of the Greeks” is as purely an invention of the elephantine European imagination as are the miracles of Christ. The very cosmology left to us by Hesiod is a fanciful tour de force. They have left us no book that contains a “divine revelation.” They were in love with things as they are, the divine artificiality of this day and this night, the ironic insincerity of events. What was not registered on their senses did not exist, and a dead man was simply a corpse—no more.

If no one took anyone else seriously it would be a delicious world. Man has one supreme gift that has not been given to any other form of life in the universe—the ability to pose. In the evolution of the human imagination the summit is reached in the poseur. But he must be born to the purple; he cannot put it on like a sweater. When we look back at the Greeks we see that all they did was a pose. They seem to have decreed their own birth and



evolved a civilization for the purpose of attitudinizing before the Kodak of Posterity. They knew the secret of reincarnation here on earth in this present life. In a single glance they divined the law of life, that it was all a question of postures and masks, and they adapted themselves to that law. They are the only people of whom we have any knowledge who had a right to the earth. The Jews may have been heaven-born, and the Mohammedans may have sprung from Allah, and the Romans may have come from Mars, and the Christians may have been born of Adam, but the Greeks were planet-born. They were out of the bowels of Pan. They posed even in Death.

To live is to lie. To act is to pose. Sincerity, strictly speaking, cannot exist. To-day we have not the sincere and religious insincerity of the Greeks, but we have the religious and insincere sincerity of Christianity and Judaism, which latter attitude makes for tragedy as the former made for comedy. It is the difference between irony and hypocrisy, the difference between the Artificial and the Insincere as escapes into the heavens of light and air and liberty and the Mysterious and the Serious worn as disguises by beings who are ashamed to live according to the rules of the Immanent Lie. But some day, Gullibus, I shall write a ponderous book called "The Metaphysics of the Artificial and the Curse of Insincerity." It will be profound, wordy, and no doubt will become a classic in my own lifetime.

It is the pose, Gullibus, that makes our lives romantic and supportable. On arising each morning, we, all of us, prepare our pose for the day. In the freshness of the morning each being conceives an artificial and impossible vision of himself or herself—no different from the egocentric visions induced in the brain by opium or alcohol. The day dies and the dream—the pose—dies with it. It is like the "morning after" of a debauch. This is the eternal comedy of the daily tragedy—trying to make ourselves and others believe that we are other than we are. Hypocrisy generates the beautiful in character. The pose is the Lie Beautiful and gives reality to our ideals and ennobles our weaknesses and imperfections by straining them to the breaking point. Bottoms all, we conceive ourselves to be Prosperos and Don Juans. Tartuffes, we pose as Jobs and supermen of varying degrees. If you have not your pose you are as uninteresting as a cow. It is your artificial self that I fall in love with.

Woman is divine and seductive because she is the liar, the hypocrite, the artificial being par excellence. Her life is a pose and an artifice from the cradle to the grave. She will never be understood not because she is profound but because she is so shallow and vapory that we cannot grasp her least thought, her least feeling, her least action. She confounds us by her multiple poses, her thousand acts, her subtle surface-play. Divine woman! She never means what she says, "practices what she preaches" or "lives up to her convictions" or "sticks to her principles." She knows that is the jargon of bores.



The sane and simple are a menace to the race, a kill-joy at the orgy of existence. Sanity and simplicity are the prime curses of civilization. They are the masks of blackguards and saviours. To be in earnest, Gullibus, is really a defect of the understanding; it is a kind of lunacy wherein a fixed idea blankets the brain and smooths the admirable incoherence of life to a smug symmetry and proportion. The "sublime sincerity" of Prometheus himself looks ridiculous in the vision of the Aristophanic eye.

No, Gullibus, there is no form of sincerity that in the last analysis is not interchangeable with stupidity. Life is sublime—if it is sublime—because of its perpetual failure to realize itself. It is inherently vicious, inherently artificial, eternally worth while. Were I God—and I may be some day, who knows?—I would create each being in the likeness of Malvolio, Tartarin or Don Quixote. My new vice is merely to teach each one to appear other than he is, to make a religion of the artificial, the insincere, the pose. We should mock existence at each moment, mock ourselves, mock others, mock everything by the perpetual creation of fantastic and grotesque attitudes, gestures and attributes. I call it a vice because I merely desire to use the jargon of current ethical schools. Secretly, Gullibus, I lead a respectable life, and I desire to break none of the verbal conventions.

Besides, Gullibus, my doctrine of the eternal pose has a metaphysical and egotistic basis. The pose is a promise of immortality. We end by becoming the being we mimic. Death may cut me off here, but my poses, if there is passion behind them, will be continued elsewhere. I desire to prolong my fictitious selves into the Infinite. I am always at a rehearsal. But there! I am growing serious and I'll soon be as stupid as a President or a college professor.

BENJAMIN DE CASSERES.



## NOTES ON "291"

WATER-COLORS BY JOHN MARIN

THE new work and further progress in water-colors and oil, of John Marin, entitled him to a fourth exhibition at "291." His previous exhibitions were reviewed in CAMERA WORK Numbers XXVII, XXX, and XXXVI. The last exhibition included landscapes made in the Berkshires and in the Adirondacks, as well as a series of water-colors of New York. These latter, manifesting the newest and most advanced element of Marin's vision, were most worthy of closest study. Such a radical departure from any previous interpretation of New York, so far attempted in any medium, required adjustment of the point of view on the part of the public. Marin set forth, in a few lines, for the benefit of the visitors of the Little Gallery, a statement of the mood which inspired his interpretations of New York. As no more enlightening statement could be made, we reprint it in full for the benefit of the readers of CAMERA WORK:

The later pictures of New York shown in this exhibition may need the help of an explanation. These few words are written to quicken your response to my point of view.

Shall we consider the life of a great city as confined simply to the people and animals on its streets and in its buildings? Are the buildings themselves dead? We have been told somewhere that a work of art is a thing alive. You cannot create a work of art unless the things you behold respond to something within you. Therefore if these buildings move me they too must have life. Thus the whole city is alive; buildings, people, all are alive; and the more they move me the more I feel them to be alive.

It is this 'moving of me' that I try to express, so that I may recall the spell I have been under and behold the expression of the different emotions that have been called into being. How am I to express what I feel so that its expression will bring me back under the spells? Shall I copy facts photographically?

I see great forces at work; great movements; the large buildings and the small buildings; the warring of the great and the small; influences of one mass on another greater or smaller mass. Feelings are aroused which give me the desire to express the reaction of these 'pull forces,' those influences which play with one another; great masses pulling smaller masses, each subject in some degree to the other's power.

In life all things come under the magnetic influence of other things; the bigger assert themselves strongly, the smaller not so much, but still they assert themselves, and though hidden they strive to be seen and in so doing change their bent and direction.

While these powers are at work pushing, pulling, sideways, downwards, upwards, I can hear the sound of their strife and there is great music being played.

And so I try to express graphically what a great city is doing. Within the frames there must be a balance, a controlling of these warring, pushing, pulling forces. This is what I am trying to realize. But we are all human.

Photo-Secession Gallery, Marin Exhibition, 1913.

JOHN MARIN.

### INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF MODERN ART

The Exhibition of the Marin water-colors closed when the Exhibition of International Art arranged by the International Society of Painters and Sculptors (Mr. Arthur B. Davies, President; and Mr. Walt Kuhn, Secretary) opened its doors at the Sixty-ninth Regiment Armory in New York. An



analysis of the value of this most important exhibition to the American people can be found in Oscar Bluemner's article "Audiatur Et Altera Pars: Some Plain Sense on the Modern Art Movement," which was published in the Special Number of *CAMERA WORK*, June, 1913.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFRED STIEGLITZ

The period during which the public was attracted by the examples of Modern Art shown at the International Exhibition at the Armory, was deemed a proper one to show the relative place and value of photography. No better work for this purpose could have been chosen than that of Alfred Stieglitz. His prints represent the straightest kind of straight photography; giving us at its best, the results of the honest photographer, whose ambition it is to show the best his medium will give in the hands of the worker, who puts his whole heart in bringing out clearly the possibilities of his medium, and who loves it too much to attempt any suggestions of any other media. The prints shown were selected from the work done by Mr. Stieglitz during the past twenty-one years; the earliest print being dated 1892, and the latest 1912.

We call the attention of the readers of *CAMERA WORK* to the reprint in this Number of an article by Mr. Samuel Swift which appeared in the *New York Sun*. We also call the readers' attention, to the article on Photography by Marius De Zayas, printed on another page in this Number. This article should be read as a complement to De Zayas's first article on Photography which appeared in *CAMERA WORK* Number XXXIX.

A comparison between Marin's rendition of New York and Stieglitz's photographs of the same subject afforded the very best opportunity to the student and public, for a clearer understanding of the place and purpose of the two media.

EXHIBITION OF NEW YORK STUDIES BY FRANCIS PICABIA

In presenting the Studies of New York by Francis Picabia, "291" introduced to the New York public examples of the latest stage of abstract expression by one of the most sincere workers of the present day. A clear and logical thinker, Picabia set forth his attitude in a short statement for the benefit of the public that came to see his work. We reprint this statement in full. The article by Gabrièle Buffet (Mrs. Picabia) in June Special Number of *CAMERA WORK* is a further clear exposition of the attitude of those who work along the lines of abstract expression. Naturally, in view of the Marin and Stieglitz New York pictures, the interest in Picabia's abstract expression of New York was greatly intensified.

Picabia's "Preface" written for his exhibition :

Art is one of the means by which men communicate with each other and objectivize the deepest contact of their personality with nature. This expression is necessarily related to the needs of the civilization of the time. It has its conventions as has any means of expression. Its conventions are the limitation of the personality of the artist, a limitation which man



tends to extend, as he tends to remove all limitations to his perception. Just as the simple and direct perception of the outside world does not satisfy us any longer, and we try to go deeper into the essence and quality of this simple perception, so have our feelings towards nature become more complicated, and similarly the expression of these feelings.

The objective representation of nature through which the painter used to express the mysterious feelings of his ego in front of his subject 'motive' no longer suffice for the fullness of his new consciousness of nature. This representation bears no longer a relationship to his new conception of life, and has become not only a limitation but a deformation. 'The objective representation of nature is a deformation of our present conception of nature.'

Reality imposes itself upon us not only under a special form but even more under a qualitative form.

For example: When we look at a tree we are conscious not only of its outside appearance but also of some of its properties, its qualities, and its evolution. Our feelings before this tree are the result of this knowledge acquired by experience through analysis; hence, the complexity of this feeling cannot be expressed simply by objective and mechanical representation.

The qualitative conception of reality can no longer be expressed in a purely visual or optical manner: and in consequence pictorial expression has had to eliminate more and more objective formulae from its convention in order to relate itself to the qualitative conception.

The resulting manifestations of this state of mind which is more and more approaching abstraction, can themselves not be anything but abstraction. They separate themselves from the sensorial pleasure which man may derive from man or nature (impressionism) to enter the domain of the pure joy of the idea and consciousness.

But expression means objectivity otherwise contact between beings would become impossible, language would lose all meaning. This new expression in painting is 'the objectivity of a subjectivity.' We can make ourselves better understood by comparing it to music.

If we grasp without difficulty the meaning and the logic of a musical work it is because this work is based on the laws of harmony and composition of which we have either the acquired knowledge or the inherited knowledge. These laws are the objectivity of painting up to the present time. The new form of painting puzzles the public only because it does not find in it the old objectivity and does not yet grasp the new objectivity. The laws of this new convention have as yet been hardly formulated but they will become gradually more defined just as musical laws have become more defined and they will very rapidly become as understandable as were the objective representation of nature. Therefore, in my paintings the public is not to look for a 'photographic' recollection of a visual impression or a sensation, but to look at them as but an attempt to express the purest part of the abstract reality of form and color in itself.

PHOTO-SECESSION GALLERY, MARCH, 1913.

FRANCIS PICABIA.

#### EXHIBITION MARIUS DE ZAYAS

In the exhibition of his latest work, shown at "291" from March thirtieth to the closing of the season, De Zayas revealed himself as one of the contemporary workers who have carried furthest abstract representation in plastic expression. This distinction lies in the fact that in his abstract portraiture he expresses not the abstraction of his sensations in relation to the object, but abstract characteristics of the person depicted. In other words, he expresses objective abstraction instead of subjective abstraction. His conclusions in regard to his own work were embodied in an explanatory preface written by him in connection with the exhibition. This preface we herewith reprint in its entirety:

During my experience in the practice of caricature I have come to the conclusion through experimental analysis, that the facial expression and the expression of the body of a man reveal



only his habits, his social customs, never or at any rate very seldom his psychological self, and absolutely never his specific value, place or significance in relation to existing things.

Now matter cannot exist without spirit, nor can spirit exist without matter. But, though they are inseparable, they constitute two different entities. We cannot therefore represent the spirit of a thing by its purely material entity. We cannot represent materially something that is essentially immaterial, unless we do it by the use of symbols. Mathematics are essentially symbolical, they are the purest expression of symbolism. They represent material or immaterial things by abstract equivalents. We can represent psychological and metaphysical entities by algebraic signs and solve their problems through mathematics. We can represent the plastic psychology and the plastic metaphysics of matter by their geometrical equivalents. But we cannot represent both the psychology and the metaphysics of spirit and matter by only one of the two methods. In order then to have a perfect representation of an existing thing, we must represent it in its two essential principles, spirit and matter, but also in conjunction with a third principle; the initial force of the individual; force which binds the spirit and the matter together and makes them actuate. This initial force marks the specific value of things.

Limiting ourselves to the study of man, we can state the following:

1. The spirit is composed of 

{	Memory—acquired knowledge.
	Understanding— capability of learning—intelligence.
	Volition—controller or regulator of physical desires, vices and virtues.
2. Matter is represented, naturally, by the human body.
3. The initial force is represented by the trajectory that is marked by the passage of the individual through life.

This passage of the individual through life must be related to the evolution of humanity. Therefore I consider five classes of trajectories.

I. Those that have no beginning and no end, that is, those belonging to individuals who, by atavism, have a tacit or unacquired knowledge of the general progress up to the time when they begin to actuate and during their life contribute to the general progress without arriving at a conclusion.

II. Those that have no beginning, but have an end: belonging to individuals who are born under the same circumstances as the above, but who do arrive at a conclusion.

III. Those that have a beginning and have no end; belonging to individuals who acquire the knowledge of the general progress, but arrive at no conclusion.

IV. Those that have a beginning and an end, belonging to individuals who acquire knowledge and arrive at a conclusion.

The individuals whom we might call inerts or statics, because they do not move with the general progress have, naturally, no trajectory.

I find then, that caricature, as the representation of the individual self and his relation to the whole, is, when represented by the material expressions, very limited and misrepresentative. It is inconsequent with the philosophy of the *causa efficientes*, and entirely consequent with the philosophy of the *causae finales*; a philosophy which, to be right, would prove the non-existence of universal progress.

The habits, customs, vices, and virtues of man are so limited and common to all, that in the material idea of caricatures I found myself repeating *ad nauseam* the same fundamental ideas with variations that represented only the morphology of the individual. The idea of man, in relation to the meaning of his own life, to humanity and to the universal principle, opens a broader and more significant field to caricature.

With this fundamental idea as a basis for psychological analysis, I have found that man, in relation to his own life and to mankind, forms a third psychological entity, which is not an arithmetical addition but a chemical combination. The reciprocal influences between two human beings and between man and mankind and between man and the universe is not



equal to the addition of the specific psychological value of each of these elements, but to a combination which constitutes a third definite psychological or metaphysical entity.

As representation is only a matter of equivalents, we have, in order to represent man in all his characteristics, to represent all his entities. The old art permitted and, even more, imposed the representation of feelings and emotions through concrete form. Modern art permits the representation of feelings and ideas through material equivalents—abstract form. Between the two, I believe the second one the nearest to psychological representation. Accordingly my new procedure in caricature is inspired by the psychological reason of the existence of the art of the primitive races, which tried to represent what they thought to be supernatural elements, existing outside of the individual elements, however, which science has proved to be natural and which exist within the individual.

The technique of my procedure consists in representing: (1) the spirit of man by algebraic formulas; (2) his material self by geometrical equivalents; (3) and his initial force by trajectories within the rectangle that encloses the plastic expression and represents life.

My caricatures are of two kinds: absolute and relative. I call absolute caricatures those in which the individual influences time by the whole of his actions; and relative, those in which time influences the individual—that is to say when the individual has to make abstraction of his real self to adapt it to the character of a given moment of circumstance.

I call my latest manner of plastic representation caricatures, only because they are the natural evolution of my former plastic expression, which was consequent with what has been understood by caricature. They are not art, but simply a graphical and plastic synthesis of the analysis of individuals.

In presenting them to the public I do nothing but return that which I have taken from the public. These caricatures are not the expression of my psychical self, but the intrinsic expression, as I perceive it, of the individuals themselves.

Photo-Secession Gallery, De Zayas Exhibition, 1913.

MARIUS DE ZAYAS.

In a future number of *CAMERA WORK* we intend to return to this work by De Zayas.

P. B. HAVILAND.

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For the sake of record we reprint some of the newspaper criticisms on the exhibitions above referred to:

Arthur Hoerber in the "N. Y. Globe":

Incredible as it seems, Alfred Stieglitz provides a new art sensation at his little galleries of the Photo-Secession, 291 Fifth avenue, in the shape of an exhibition of views of New York City, by John Marin. The artist is well known at these rooms, but on this occasion he has made a complete departure, a departure so radical that he feels some sort of explanation of his motives is necessary, to which end he appends a circular to his catalogue. Yet even with the valuable assistance of this printed matter the spectator will find it difficult to accept the material offered. One may easily get Mr. Marin's point of view, but the mistake is, that instead of employing literature to express the metaphysical, the artist uses pigment on canvas or paper, and the means we believe are not suited to the end. Here is what Mr. Marin has to say, in part:

"Shall we consider the life of a great city as confined simply to the people and animals on its streets and in its buildings? Are the buildings themselves dead? We have been told somewhere that a work of art is a thing alive. You cannot create a work of art unless the things you behold respond to something within you. Therefore, if these buildings move me they, too, must have life. Thus the whole city is alive; buildings, people, all are alive; and the more they move me the more I feel them to be alive. It is this 'moving of me' that I try to express, so that I may recall the spell I have been under and behold the expression of the different emotions that have been called into being. How am I to express what I feel so that its expression will bring me back under the spell? Shall I copy facts photographically?

"I see great forces at work; great movements; the large buildings and the small buildings;



the warring of the great and the small; influences of one mass on another greater or smaller mass. Feelings are aroused which give me the desire to express the reaction of these 'pull forces,' those influences which play with one another; great masses pulling smaller masses, each subject in some degree to the other's power. In life all things come under the magnetic influence of other things; the bigger assert themselves strongly, the smaller not so much, but still they assert themselves, and though hidden they strive to be seen and in so doing change their bent and direction. While these powers are at work pushing, pulling, sideways, downwards, upwards, I can hear the sound of their strife and there is great music being played. And so I try to express graphically what a great city is doing. Within the frames there must be a balance, a controlling of these warring, pushing, pulling forces. This is what I am trying to realize. But we are all human."

### J. Edgar Chamberlin in the "N. Y. Mail":

John Marin's water-colors are no doubt "post-impressionist," and if we were inclined to treat his studies of the Woolworth building as an attempted record of fact, they would certainly appear insane. But it is absolutely undeniable that this artist has a delicate sense of beauty and a wonderful imagination.

And the Woolworth building studies are not intended as records of fact. Did you ever brood over this great hastening metropolis, with all its peoples blown every day on a hurricane of money-making impulse, until it seemed to you that the whole city, skyscrapers and all, had joined in a mad dance of eager life? Perhaps not. But it is possible to imagine it and remain sane.

Mr. Marin has done this in these sketches. He shows us, first, the Woolworth building in all its solid glory, but treated with fancy and tinted with lovely lights. Then, in another sketch, the great building seems to begin to join the dance in which all New York is swinging away. There is another and another sketch, each further on, until at last the great building whirls up aloft in a cyclone of color.

A strange fancy, but at any rate most cleverly expressed in these pictures, whether it is crazy or not.

Nothing could better illustrate the spirit of mere ascent in our architecture, translated into plastic terms, than Marin's pictures of the new Municipal building.

His country landscapes are not so fantastically treated. His trick with them is also esoteric. He summarizes and combines, but often his color is ravishing—as in two or three of the Adirondack and Berkshire studies.

Marin impresses one as a real dreamer and not at all as a poseur.

### Samuel Swift in the "N. Y. Sun":

At the Photo-Secession gallery you may look at quite another sort of representation of buildings; the painter, John Marin, has made bold to picture them as though they were animated by living spirit. Now Marin was for years an architectural draughtsman in a well known office, that of the Messrs. Tubby, in this city, before he tore himself loose from the exactitudes that he could not alter and became a free lance, a painter adrift on the tide of his own soul. And so it is rather interesting to note that buildings for him may have living personalities, may show waywardness, repulsions, curious attractions, simply as masses, as forms.

Here you see, for example, a series of suggestions evoked by Marin's study of successive stages of construction of the Woolworth Building. As it grows more and more assertive, in the mind of the artist it begins to swerve and bend, in his pictures, until at the last, he shows but a series of swirls, not meant to look like the structure itself, but to hint, in its powerful curves and its rhythmic masses, at the impression it has made upon Marin's eager sensibilities.

But the artist himself in a brief explanatory note accompanying the catalogue of his exhibition puts his case frankly: "Shall we," he says, "consider the life of a great city as confined simply to the people and animals on its streets and in its buildings? Are the buildings themselves dead? We have been told somewhere that a work of art is a thing alive. You cannot create a work of art unless the things you behold respond to something within you. Therefore if these buildings move me they too must have life. Thus the whole city is alive; buildings, people, all are alive; and the more they move me the more I feel them to be alive.



"It is this 'moving of me' that I try to express, so that I may recall the spell I have been under and behold the expression of the different emotions that have been called into being. How am I to express what I feel so that its expression will bring me back under the spell? Shall I copy facts photographically?"

"I see great forces at work; great movements; the large buildings and the small buildings; the warring of the great and the small; influences of one mass on another greater or smaller mass. Feelings are aroused which give me the desire to express the reaction of these 'pull forces,' those influences which play with one another; great masses pulling smaller masses, each subject in some degree to the other's power.

"In life all things come under the magnetic influence of other things; the bigger assert themselves strongly, the smaller not so much, but still they assert themselves, and though hidden they strive to be seen and in so doing change their bent and direction.

"While these powers are at work pushing, pulling, sideways, downward, upward, I can hear the sound of their strife and there is great music being played.

"And so I try to express graphically what a great city is doing. Within the frames there must be a balance, a controlling of these warring, pushing, pulling forces. This is what I am trying to realize. But we are all human."

It is simply a new version, personal to the artist, of the familiar truth that art's business is not necessarily to present facts. And while Marin's productions are often disconcerting to one accustomed to looking at pictures of things instead of pictures of emotions, stated in terms more or less depending upon the objects that brought about the original emotions—while this way of looking at the material world is a little puzzling it may freely be said that it often communicates eloquently a set of ideas that move and stimulate the observer.

So far as it does this it is successful. It is an approach in a way to the sister art of music, in which definite meanings may not be attached to the materials out of which one builds his composition. Marin has come near, in the final drawing of his Woolworth Building series, to depending upon pure pattern for the expression of his thought; the billowy curves and the balloon forms that make up this design bear little resemblance to anything that could be taken for a building. Like Picasso in his noted or notorious patterns, arabesques, call them what you will, he has traveled far from the world of conventional actuality.

In the entrance to the little show, which has already attracted many interested visitors, you may see a drawing made some time ago in which the facade of a group of beautiful buildings is rendered with graceful truthfulness and a delicacy of touch. This is just to let you know, it seems, that Marin did not come to his present stage by any short cuts. He knows how to draw, in the academic way, like many another of these experimenters whose sincere efforts have been made accessible at the Photo-Secession gallery. He has progressed deliberately to his present stage. It must be taken seriously on this account.

Moreover, Mr. Marin knows uncommonly well how to use his chosen medium of watercolor. He is no novice at this and it is a pleasure quite unusual to find so keen a sense for the beauty of white paper, washed lightly, but always with purpose and decision, with the translucent medium of watercolor. The little show is worth seeing, perhaps more than once. And there are mountain subjects, landscapes, besides the studies of New York. Color, mass and profile are expressive. If they do not convert you the first time, go again.

#### W. B. McCormick in the "N. Y. Press":

New York has withstood many stiff wallops from moralists, critics and uplifters generally, but most of them were "love-taps" compared with the rough treatment handed out by John Marin in his "New York Series" of pictures, now on view in the Photo-Secession Gallery.

What Marin does with his little brushes and water-colors is to make lower New York and its principal commercial tower buildings look as though some inebriated giant had gone swinging down Broadway putting buildings out of plumb and mixing things up generally.

Marin has written a leaflet for the catalogue of these weird compositions, because he says they "may need explanation," which they surely do. Furthermore he thinks the buildings of the city are alive; and that they move him. It is this "moving of me," he writes, that he tries to express. "I see great forces at work, the warring of the great and the small," he says.



"Feelings are aroused which give me the desire to express the reaction of these 'pull forces,' those influences which play with one another, great masses pulling smaller masses, each subject in some degree to the other's power."

In the series are five "views" of the Woolworth building, the first of which looks like a pianola record on end. The second is a sketch in blue and white, in which the tall structure looks as if it were falling apart, and, for the sake of making the spectator feel he is somewhere on solid earth, a two-funneled steamer is introduced in the background, not because it actually could be seen, but just because the artist wanted to put it in. The fifth looks like a big oyster shell opened over a battleship, although this is also labeled "Woolworth Building."

"Broadway, Singer Building," shows that structure bulging out ready to fall down on the street and on the structures across the way for several blocks. The spectator knows the street is meant to be Broadway because there are several silk hats, not worn by any one, hovering over the eastern sidewalk. "Trinity Church" is shown leaning joyously over to the left, just as though it had gone on a spree, and this effect is heightened by the building on the corner of Rector street inclining to the right in a "looking for a lamp-post" pose.

In looking at the view of St. Paul's Chapel one naturally thinks of the wreckage after an explosion. The only things definite in the picture look like a chauffeur and a dismembered taxicab in the foreground.

A view of the Brooklyn Bridge shows the tower and roadway struck by a ninety-eight-mile gale from the southwest and leaning over under the blast.

"River Movement, the Hudson," affords opportunities for a guessing contest as to how many ships of war there are at anchor in the stream; the longer one guesses the more ships one sees.

No one but absolute teetotalers should go to see this show.

#### Mr. Boswell in the "N. Y. Herald":

Suggestion of cubism, futurism and post-impressionism, and yet different from them is, Mr. John Marin's exhibition of paintings in the Photo-Secession Gallery, No. 291 Fifth avenue. There are twenty-eight examples, all extreme.

In one picture the Woolworth Building may be seen standing fairly erect, in another all awry, with the buildings at its base badly shaken; in still another aslant, with the foreground in the condition of scrambled eggs, and in the last as only a mass of curved lines and flourishes. They are not a series depicting an earthquake, but views of the building as seen by the artist, different times and from different angles.

In a leaflet which accompanies the catalogue the artist says:

"In life all things come under the magnetic influence of other things; the bigger assert themselves strongly, the smaller not so much, but still they assert themselves \* \* \* While these powers are at work pushing, pulling, sideways, downward, upward, I can hear the sound of their strife and there is great music being played."

Some of Mr. Marin's paintings of the Catskills and the Adirondacks are beautiful pieces of color arrangement.

#### Royal Cortissoz in the "N. Y. Tribune":

It is impossible to ignore the theory. In a note accompanying the catalogue of his exhibition of water-colors at the Photo-Secession Gallery Mr. John Marin himself states that his pictures of New York "may need the help of an explanation," and he goes on to state that in the buildings of this city he sees great forces at work, "great masses pulling smaller masses, each subject in some degree to the other's power." We do him no injustice in offering here no further citations from his philosophy. The nature of that philosophy is not the point at issue. Neither, we may add, is it necessary to discuss the question as to whether or not the views which he sets forth have any artistic value. All that we care to ask, and this, as has been hinted, we are driven to ask, is whether his pictures justify his theory. With the best will in the world to meet both half way we must confess that Mr. Marin's ideas seem to us to have spoilt a good artist in the making. He has, we infer, an excellent sense of color, and vaguely



we can make out in his landscapes, done in the Berkshires and in the Adirondacks, a true feeling for the big masses in nature. But in trying to express the forces that he talks about, great or small, he conveys the impression of a man moving about in worlds not realized. Like the Italian Futurists who seek to disintegrate things seen into their emotional constituents, he ends by denoting only an incomprehensible confusion. The present writer tried his best, in studying the Futurist exhibition in Paris last winter, to reduce this or that frantic network of form and color to some sort of coherence, but came to the conclusion that it would be a little easier to carry water in a sieve. Mr. Marin's pictures are, frankly, as disconcerting, though, to tell the truth, he rarely lets himself go with quite the recklessness characteristic of his European contemporaries.

When he sets out to portray the Woolworth Building, for example, one can at least make out the broad elements of that colossal object. But when these towering structures of his begin to oscillate, or when he causes vessels in the river to perform unprecedented evolutions, we can but regret the triumph or philosophic theory over what we may call, for the sake of the argument, artistic matter. The functions of line, of light and shade, of color, of composition, are turned topsy-turvy, and Mr. Marin covers so many sheets of paper with so many hypotheses of which we cannot make head or tail. To him, doubtless, they express a purpose. To us they express nothing but a lamentable error. Some one, Matthew Arnold, we believe, once said of Gautier that he failed to make the most of his talents because he stopped at a halfway house and never afterward had the impulse to leave it. It is not even a halfway house at which Mr. Marin is lingering. Sooner or later he will discover that he has lost himself in an *impasse*.

#### Forbes Watson in the "N. Y. Evening Post":

At the Photo-Secession Gallery, No. 291 Fifth Avenue, until February 15, another glimpse may be had of one of the phases of the much discussed "new movement"; but in the presence of John Marin's work the "movement" takes second place. This artist has something of his own to say, and is not merely an agent introducing ideas in which he himself had no initiative. If eventually one is led to feel that Mr. Marin has not yet found the necessary balance, that emotions and ideas are besieging him so abundantly that he is unable to sort and relate them, that the literary department of the new movement has occasionally overcome his instinctive better judgment, such a feeling cannot smother the delight which so much beauty of color gives.

One glance about the little gallery is a complete reassurance. Considered as a decorative frieze, the pictures are a delight and joy to the eye. This is not the work of a man who has made a virtue of a failing, who has joined the procession for fear of being left behind. He may have grave mental doubts, but he has very certain instincts, against which his doubts lead an unequal warfare.

No matter how annoyed the conservative may be at finding the strongest steel structures of New York wavering to fit the ideas of a movement; no matter how certain he may feel, in his wrath, that this is not a personal point of view; no matter how positive he may be that "the moving of me" and the "pull forces" are undigested hysterical formulæ, only the prejudiced can fail to become conscious of Mr. Marin's infallible instinct for color and spotting. A careful examination will show—to some—that in almost every one of these pictures there is a color balance, contrast, and climax, in striking opposition to the large but hazy ideas that have in a few cases compelled the artist to become self-conscious.

When he is true to his instinct he speaks poetically, with charm and grace. When he enters upon argument, instead of confining his effort to the interpretation of an emotion, he descends to prose, and at once becomes both less suggestive and less lucid. Yet the formula of a movement cannot overcome the lightness of his brush nor the refinement of his color sense. Even when his pictures become so argumentative that their emotional quality is proportionately weakened, something of the same charm of spotting often remains.

The formidable mentality behind all great art is not suggested by these airy, lovely, and exciting sketches, but the qualities of poetry and rhythm place them in the rank of painting of a high order. In the New York series the spectator is too often made conscious of a con-



## PLATES

### EDUARD J. STEICHEN

- V. Anatole France
- VI. Henri Matisse
- VII. The Man that resembles Erasmus
- VIII. Henry W. Taft
- IX. E. Gordon Craig
- X. The Photographers' Best Model—G. Bernard Shaw























































vention, in spite of the amazing suggestiveness of one or two of the sketches. Mr. Marin does not present the world objectively, but rather expresses his own emotions in beautiful color notes, almost as abstractedly as if music were his medium. One must divest the mind of all ideas of "correct" drawing and perspective, one must forget the work he has been brought up on, and consider these light, delicate color patterns as efforts to synthesize an emotion before the emotion has flown, without the slightest desire on the part of the artist to act as a recorder of facts. Then it will be hard indeed to fail in responding to these fine, though imperfect expressions of a sensitive, poetic artist. A delicate and lovely essence of beauty has been caught like a butterfly and fastened to the paper.

### J. N. Laurvik in the "Boston Transcript":

In his new collection of water-colors now on exhibition at the Photo-Seession, John Marin is more stenographic and suggestive than ever, and to the casual gallery frequenter I am afraid he will be even more enigmatic than before. In anticipation of possible misunderstanding the artist has prepared a statement of his intentions which, by reason of its clarity, is as interesting as the pictures it serves to explain:

"Shall we consider the life of a great city as confined simply to the people and animals on its streets and in its buildings? Are the buildings themselves dead? We have been told somewhere that a work of art is a thing alive. You cannot create a work of art unless the things you behold respond to something within you. Therefore, if these buildings move me they too must have life. Thus the whole city is alive; buildings, people, all are alive; and the more they move me the more I feel them to be alive.

"It is this 'moving of me' that I try to express, so that I may recall the spell I have been under and behold the expression of the different emotions that have been called into being. How am I to express what I feel so that its expression will bring me back under the spell? Shall I copy facts photographically?

"I see great forces at work; great movements; the large buildings and the small buildings; the warring of the great and the small; influences of one mass on another greater or smaller mass. Feelings are aroused which give me the desire to express the reaction of these 'pull forces,' those influences which play with one another; great masses pulling smaller masses, each subject in some degree to the other's power.

"In life all things come under the magnetic influence of other things; the bigger assert themselves strongly, the smaller not so much, but still they assert themselves, and though hidden they strive to be seen and in so doing change their bent and direction.

"While these powers are at work pushing, pulling, sideways, downwards, upwards, I can hear the sound of their strife and there is great music being played.

"And I try to express graphically what a great city is doing. Within the frames there must be a balance, a controlling of these warring, pushing, pulling forces. This is what I am trying to realize. But we are all human."

Seldom has an artist given a more lucid explanation of his intentions than this and only rarely has the intention been realized in the work as completely as in these water-colors of John Marin. The chaotic hurly-burly of New York is here given a pictorial rendering that must surely correspond to the sensations of at least many strangers within its gates who are overpowered by its immensity. These pictures make little or no pretence at a concrete representation of actuality. They make the loose impressionism of Pennell appear photographic by comparison. Nevertheless they convey a greater sense of architectural mass, of structure and of the general bulk and volume of New York than the work of any other man who has as yet assayed this difficult task.

Despite their apparent grotesqueness, or rather, I should say, by reason thereof, one gains a powerful impression of this city of amazingly tall towers, of gigantic structures towering above puny ones and of the rush and go that constitutes the tumultuous pulsebeat of New York. Here the towering top of the new Woolworth Building scraping the clouds makes the low-lying Post Office Building look squat, like a frog clinging to the edge of City Hall Park. And No. 3, giving another impression of the same subject, conveys a feeling of dizzy height that transcends the few inches of paper on which it is recorded, going beyond all bounds of the frame as its lines and color liberate the imagination of the beholder.



The Berkshire and Adirondack landscapes reveal the same unbiased eye for the beauty and grandeur of nature as did his series of the Alps. They have a pellucid clarity and brilliancy of color that is quite rejuvenating to a weary gallery trotter, and in these, no less than in the New York series, he has successfully evoked the spirit of the place. One needs no catalogue to know that No. 23 is the Adirondacks, any more than one needs to be told that the rolling, dipping hills and hollows of No. 18 is the heart of the Berkshires. The solitary grandeur, the cool, keen air, and frost-bitten color is of the essence of the first, as much as the soft, friendly undulations and warm color is typical of the latter and one is as consummately suggested as the other. Taken as a whole, this collection of water-colors confirms and strengthens my feeling that in John Marin America possesses one of her greatest artists, whose work will take a place with the best produced in modern times.

#### Charles H. Caffin in the "N. Y. American":

Shortly we are to have an exhibition in New York which will demonstrate the independence and liberty of spirit that have characterized the art of painting during the last seventy-five years. Its sweep will include the work of such a recognized master as Ingres or Daumier, and that also of some of the later men, whose position has not yet secured popular approval. To all but a few the latter are still an enigma or anathema.

It will be an exhibition almost exclusively—certainly in its main interest—foreign. So it is pleasant in anticipation of this foreign invasion, to note an exhibition fully as independent, quite as conclusively one of artistic liberty, which, moreover, is thoroughly American. I allude to the exhibition of water-colors by John Marin at the Little Gallery of the Photo-Secession, No. 291 Fifth Avenue.

Marin is a New Yorker, who, when I first met him, was living in Paris. He was doing etching, which, though excellent, was reminiscent of outside influence. He was also making water-colors, which in their motive and manner were nobody's but his own. They showed, however, that as yet he had not completely found himself.

Then Marin spent a Summer in the Tyrol, pitting his imagination and his technical resources against the problems of big nature. It was not views that he was studying, but sensations. He sought to render his impressions of the vastness and the power which are embodied in these great elemental facts of nature.

He faced those Alps and they faced him. Then he grappled with them; but, though he got a strangle hold, he could not quite pin his antagonist to the ground. His pictures were expressive of the vastness of the scene and abounded with beautiful passages of color, delicate and resonant tonalities, but the relations between the colors were not fully achieved; there were jars and distractions, interfering with the wholeness of the harmony; in a word, the compositions were not completely organized.

Marin, however, had had the advantage of measuring himself with his antagonist, and returned home to renew the encounter in the face of our own Berkshires and the Adirondacks. Meanwhile, he was face to face with magnitude of another kind, not of nature's, but of man's making—New York and her mountains and valleys of masonry and torrents and streams of human energy.

Impressions clamorously assailed him, but he was in no hurry to record them. He watched and thought; studied, reflected and digested. Hitherto sensations had mastered him; he was determined now that he would master them. So passed two years of silent, steady application, of which this exhibition now shows some of the results.

It will baffle and possibly enrage a great many people. It will, as the French say, "embêter le bourgeois"—stupefy and torment the average public. For what the latter are looking for in any form of art is what they have learned to recognize as familiar. Now the form in which Marin embodies his impressions is not a familiar one, because he is trying to express his sensations and not to record the facts of sight. Hence, his sensations being individual to himself, he has invented his own form.

It is built up of a great number of bricks of color value, which at first sight may seem to have been thrown together haphazard, but which will be found to be orderly and compactly cemented together by tone-relations of extreme subtlety. They seem to be the result, not



so much of calculation as of a very sensitive instinct for color. The whole, when you have learned to accept it in the spirit in which it is painted, is unusually beautiful; moreover, even to the eye very suggestive of the aspects of the scene.

But it is to the imagination that these products of Marin's imagination are meant primarily to appeal. If you have no imagination or refuse to exercise what you have these pictures are not for you. The liberty of his imagination is displayed conspicuously in his impressions of the sensations with which the mammoth architecture and the seething tumult of downtown New York inspire him. It is the urge of life in all this that moves him. In the might of it the very buildings seem to throb and swing.

Some six or eight of these New York pictures hang together. Then reinforce one another, as the rhythms of movement leap from picture to picture, coursing through the series in a resistless exultation. I have selected one for reproduction, and placed this water-color for comparison with two other artists' recent etchings.

The one is by Herman A. Webster, a bald and scarcely more than photographic summary of the facts of sight. The other etching is by Joseph Pennell, whose work, as a rule, is apt to suggest the hasty impressions of a persistent globe-trotter. But in this case he seems to have sensed much of, at least, the material immensity of the subject; whereas it is rather the spiritual aspect that Marin seeks to render.

His picture necessarily loses more in reproduction than the others do, for not only are the colors lost, but, still more important, the tonal relations also, and with these goes the sense of vibration and elasticity. Fixity has taken the place of movement, for in the original the values so echo one another that the lean-to one side of the building is in act of recovering itself.

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#### Hutchins Hapgood in an article *Art and Unrest* in the "N. Y. Globe":

We are living at a most interesting moment in the art development of America. It is no mere accident that we are also living at a most interesting moment in the political, industrial, and social development of America. What we call our "unrest" is the condition of vital growth, and this beneficent agitation is as noticeable in art and in the woman's movement as it is in politics and industry.

Art has suddenly become a matter of important news. The New York "American," for instance, now devotes an entire page every Monday to art news and art discussion. When one remembers what a great mass of people that newspaper is intended to reach, this fact seems significant. And the fact that Charles Caffin, one of our most conscientious and thoughtful critics, is writing that page would seem to indicate a serious as well as a widespread interest. That is only one of many journalistic indications of the popular interest. The coming great exhibition at the armory has produced in a large public something like excitement. Moreover, there is a surprising amount of curiosity and an even stronger feeling about new and strange tendencies and experiments in art. Post-Impressionism, as it is called, has something of the same appeal as a bullfight.

Yesterday I went to three art exhibitions in New York, all of which are in line with what is vaguely called Post-Impressionism. It does not matter what it is called, but the important thing is that it means agitation. It means education, in the disturbing, doubting sense. Post-Impressionism is as disturbing in one field as the I. W. W. is in another. It turns up the soil, shakes the old foundations, and leads to new life, whether the programmes and ideas have permanent validity or not.

The exhibitions I saw yesterday were those of Jo Davidson, sculpture, at Reinhardt's of Alfred Maurer, painting, at Folsoms', and of John Marin, painting, at the Photo-Secession, or "291."

Alfred Maurer's work seemed to me extremely interesting from the point of view of success along somewhat new lines. It is singularly authoritative and able. There is certainly the touch of a master in it. It is amusing to the mind to note that Maurer has taken from the new tendencies those elements only which he could immediately realize, which he could "get over." This work, therefore, ought to be popular and instructive.



But yet Maurer's paintings have no poetry to me, and because of the immediate masterliness and success. His sense of quick and complete realization has limited the depth of temperamental vision, has cut off intensity of beauty, has shown a superficiality of feeling. He is so successful in his workmanship that he leaves no hope and no doubt. I admire the fact that he has done with skill and authority what he has done, but my interest flags in the emotional substance, the real material of his act. The heart of art is poetry, and poetry is here lacking. Perhaps there is a lack of deep artistic personality.

Something of the same, I think, may be said of Jo Davidson's sculpture, with some important differences. Davidson, like Maurer, has quickly and cleverly caught in the new feeling whatever can be quickly realized, whatever can be "put over." His instinct is the same as that of a good actor who succeeds. He gets it over. His work ought to be popular. It is interesting, and interesting in the "news" sense. He, too, has authority and definiteness, but not so decided as that of Maurer.

But, on the other hand, Davidson's work, to me, has greater real promise than that of Maurer. In some of his work the modelling is really living, and therefore poetical. I feel that Davidson has a personality and a temperament which is sometimes expressed plastically in his work. It does not, as yet, reach the point where it is compelling because of depth and intensity. As yet his skill and ability are more obvious than his vision and sense of beauty. There is more of the real thing, to me, in his sketches than in his sculpture, in which there is much that is tender, charming, and sensitive, though not in the more ambitious pieces.

It is to me a strange fact that some critics regard the work of men like Davidson and Maurer as "ultra," as abnormal, as marking great breaks from traditional art. It seems to me that their divergence is slight, that they have quickly and sensitively caught the mood, the atmosphere and some of the more workable details of the "movement" and have used them skillfully, but they do not convey to me the feeling of determined and powerful initiation.

The paintings of John Marin, however, do not belong in the same class. They seem to me far less successful, less authoritative and more doubtful. But they also suggest greater hope. They make me feel that there is a possibility here of a deeper success. One feels the element of struggle more—that the painter is trying harder to realize a possibly more profound vision—to project the more obscure things in his soul on to the canvas plastically. If he succeeds at all, he probably will succeed more substantially. One feels that Marin is limited in life-experience, and that the poetry for which he is obviously struggling may be narrow and provincial, but it is poetry.

The artist that preceded Marin at "291," Walkowitz, while revealing poetry and temperament in his work, seemed to have a wider sympathy with life. He seemed to be doing in a different medium whatever any serious worker is doing in any medium in the different arts, or in the arts of action, in the intensification of life itself. This greater relationship with all things seemed to me one of the qualities that make Walkowitz's work beautiful.

Here I come back again to my muttuns. There seems a vague but real relationship between all the real workers of our day. Whether in literature, plastic art, the labor movement, science, journalism, philosophy, wherever we turn and find something vital in form, we find a common quality—we find an instinct to loosen up the old forms and traditions, to dynamite the baked and hardened earth so that fresh flowers can grow.

It is this instinct to turn up the soil, so that through hardened surfaces of lifeless conventionalities the simply humanly beautiful may again nakedly appear, it is this instinct that is creating our interest. One function of the general interest is the agitation which means education—agitation in art, as well as in labor, politics, and the whole field of our social life.

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### Hutchins Hapgood, "The Picture Show," in the "N. Y. Globe":

The art exhibition at the armory is over, leaving in the minds of many of us a lively regret that the four weeks could not have been extended to as many months. In my case, at any rate, every visit of the half dozen I was able to make started my imagination going in fresh channels. Indeed, there are very few pictures in this exhibition which, whether good or bad from the point of view of beauty, as of relationship with the best development of art, do not at any rate serve



a suggestive purpose. Many of them are like notes, tentative, hesitating, beckoning, or hinting. Notes, no matter if they do not come to full realization, are not likely to be dull. There is always hope for a note, for a suggestion.

And, of course, there is much more than the suggestion sketch in this exhibition. There are a very large number of successful works of art there. And many of them are works of art in the most vital sense. They enhance the lives of many people. They stir the emotions and make us see things in nature and in human nature that we have not seen before. As a friend said to me, when we were looking at the pictures together: "This is more than a picture show. And one can learn here not only about art but about everything. It stirs us to think about politics and industry and social relations and human values, fills us with a wonder as to whether we may not be keener about all those things than we have been, whether we have not been sunk in a dogmatic slumber."

Soon after the opening of this exhibition I wrote an article called "Life at the Armory," in which I said that the thing that stood out boldly was the vitality of the thing as a whole. One was struck with the fact that life was there, rather than art. And my first impression remains stronger than ever. The intense thing about this whole affair of four weeks has been the life, the vitality of it, the suggestiveness, the discussion, the general interest.

An artist told me on my last visit that this exhibition was the only event that had ever made him want to live fifty years longer. We had been talking of the really wonderful way in which the public had responded; the vital way. The intelligent crowds had taken these painted canvases as life messages. Thousands of persons had approached these silent things as if they were human temperaments, expressing their passionate convictions about experience. They wanted to understand what these artists were feeling and thinking. They were not talking about the technical art. They were talking about what the artists meant to say about life.

And the artist, who wanted to live fifty years longer, was moved by the sudden realization that the public would respond to anything that is alive, even if it is art. He had his doubt of the crowd removed, shattered. He had been made to realize that the only reason that art is limited in its appeal is that, as a rule, there is not enough life in it.

To move about in those armory crowds and see the eager, vital faces, the range of types, the curiosity, and the intelligence; the way in which the people merged into the pictures, as it were, communicated with them, argued with them, compared life notes with them—this, indeed, made one hopeful, made one expectant of all good things to come, made one trust democracy and realize that the people will take even the best, if there is life in it. They are gloriously uninterested in technical perfection. No matter how perfectly a painter observes the rules, this does not interest anybody except the deadly academic and the academically dead.

So-called artists have complained that the people are not interested in art. What they ought to say is that the people are not interested in death. Most of our exhibitions have been huge morgues in which stiffened corpses have been shown in decorous and decent fashion. But give the people life in art, and they like it, no matter how indecent, indecorous, lawless, imperfect it may be.

There is a well-grounded distrust of the half-educated, of the half-experienced, of the half-civilized. Artists who hate the middle-class, the "bourgeoisie," hate it because it is "half." Authority in art is bad for that reason. Authority in morality and taste generally is bad for the same reason. It is only half lived, half felt. This is the trouble with our Academy, with our respectability, with our reform. They represent rules for and by people who do not understand fully the meaning of life. And the vital public is rightly bored. It wants life and this pseudo culture gives them death instead.

That is why a return to the primitive, to the simple, to the directly material, to crude contact with nature, is so refreshing. It is inspiring to break through, not law, but laws. Indeed, breaking rules and regulations often means, and always ought to mean, getting back to law, to fundamental, natural law. We want now to break through the rules of our school system in order to get more fully in touch with vital education. Breaking rules in favor of fundamental law is the process of all real reform.

In this armory show there is evident this exciting demand to come again into the life of art—to feel the fundamental functions of art, which is an expression of life in form. The



factor of destruction, of rebellion, of revolt, of lawlessness is only an attempt to break through rules for the sake of law, to return to first principles, to the form instinct, to the instinct for form.

Of course there is always in such a renaissance movement grotesque abuses. Some artists do not see or feel the fact that revolt is not for its own sake, but only a bi-product of simplicity, reality, independence and courage. So in this show there is an element of the grotesque and the extravagant without life. But this does not determine the main effect of the exhibition, which is a vital, restless attempt to bring art back to life—to instinct, to feeling, to expression, to personality.

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Samuel Swift under the title of *Art Photographs and Cubist Painting*, in the  
"N. Y. Sun":

Broad as is the scope of the international art show at the armory on Lexington Avenue at Twenty-sixth Street, it so happens that an exhibition now visible at the little gallery of the Photo-Seession, 291 Fifth Avenue, supplements and explains rather fortunately certain striking features of the larger assortment.

This is nothing less nor more than a display of photographs of New York made by Alfred Stieglitz, some of them twenty years ago and some quite lately. Going back to 1892 you find here a photograph entitled "The Terminus," showing the changing of horses on the Third Avenue cars, at the loop by the post office; another print dating from the same year, and one that has been influential beyond expectation in pointing the way to expression through photography, both here and in the Munich Seession, is a snow scene, "Winter on Fifth Avenue."

And so at intervals you get other glimpses of the city, with its Flatiron Building, its railroad yards, its ferryboats and docks, the *Mauretania* putting out to sea, and finally the two towers that keep watch over Madison Square, shown on a single plate.

But it is not the subjects of these photographs that alone make this little exhibition one of the significant events of the art season. It is the lesson clearly enforced that photography, even without the aid of any manipulation of plates or special arrangement of composition, can represent actualities with something positive and undeniable in the way of expression.

Now turn to the international show at the armory. Look at the Cubist paintings by Picasso and Picabia and Kandinsky. The farther they have been carried the less can you find in them any representation at all of natural objects. And if you ask Francis Picabia, who is now in this city watching our reception of the new way of seeing things, he will tell you that he and his colleagues have abandoned representation, or the painting of objective things, because photography has shown itself capable of doing that part of the work so much better.

"Why," asks Picabia, "should we try any longer to record material facts about objects or human beings in paint when the camera in the hands of an artist can tell them so well? We must devote ourselves to setting down on our canvases not things but the emotions produced in our minds by things. We must be subjective. It is our own expression about what we feel or see that will have vitality if it be worthy.

"The primitive painters felt this; they sought to register their own feeling about the things or people they painted by knowingly changing, much or little, the forms of what they drew or painted, until they differed from those they saw in nature. This difference measured the artist's own contribution, his expression. And now that representation by paint or by the camera has progressed so far, the way in which we artists can best express what we feel is by the purely subjective, by the abstract. That is what some of us are trying to do."

Also, M. Picabia is ready to admit that the four pictures by which he is represented in the International show, although recent in date, are much less abstract than what he is doing to-day. "The Procession, Seville," with its hieratic design and the curiously structural look of its close packed units of shape and color, still indicates slightly the natural realities that inspired it.

So, in greater measure, does his "Souvenir de Grimaldi, Italie," with its hillside, its discernible houses and trees. "Paris" is almost realistic, compared with the painter's present



standards, but "La Danse a la Source," with its rhythmic lines and its vigorous color throbs, approaches nearer to up-to-the-minute ideals of the Cubists.

Pablo Picasso, perhaps the leader of the Cubists in Paris, has here work in various stages of thralldom to or emancipation from objectivity. He is a painter of force and ability. At the extreme of his subjective range in this exhibition is a rather famous "Drawing" (No. 351), happily left without other title, which was for a time shown in the Photo-Secession gallery. It has been called a glorified fire escape, a wire fence and other sarcastic names. It is almost pure pattern. It is undoubtedly rhythmic in high degree. There is a curious fascination about it. Based probably upon a human figure, it is still pretty thoroughly abstract.

Its owner, Mr. Stieglitz, declares in all sincerity that when he has had a tiring day in his gallery or elsewhere he goes home at night, stands before this drawing in black and white, which hangs over his fireplace, and gains from it a genuine stimulus. It is to Mr. Stieglitz a sort of intellectual cocktail.

This drawing by Picasso, with the remarkable painting in Gallery G, the "Improvisation" of the Russian artist Kandinsky, which represents nothing recognizable and is not intended to do so, you would expect to mark the ultimate goal of this sort of abstract expression. But it is stated credibly that Picasso to-day is doing things so far removed from this drawing that his Paris dealer, who has followed him with enthusiasm through many stages, has become alarmed. A jagged line or two in color across a canvas, with a few spots or blurs at either end or above and below, now suffice Picasso to record a set of his emotions, and he is said to regard even this drawing in the armory and its companions as no longer valid.

Next to this drawing is another by Picasso, a portrait of an old woman, in pen and ink, done before he left accustomed paths. And next to this, in Gallery J, is a pair of wonderful little portrait drawings by no less a man than Ingres. You are surprised to see how well Picasso's drawing holds its own. Verily, an artist who has deliberately struck out a new path, after acquitting himself so well in the old ones, commands at least your respectful attention in his new venture.

### J. Edgar Chamberlin in the "N. Y. Mail":

Mr. Stieglitz says that the purpose of his exhibition of his own photographs, at the Photo-Secession, is to serve as a foil to the International Exhibition of Art, which is the opposite of everything photographic. Its purpose is to convince the instructed observer that everything that may be rendered at all by photography is already better rendered by photography than it possibly could be by painting, and that the painters had therefore better devote themselves to subjects and to methods which photography cannot touch—to futuristic pictures, in short.

However that may be, we must thank Mr. Stieglitz for showing the public so many beautiful photographs. They are practically unsurpassable. They go back to his "Winter on Fifth Avenue" and "The Railroad Terminus," taken twenty-one years ago, which blazed the way for a lot of artistic photography, and they come all the way down to "The Two Towers, New York," and "The City of Ambitions," which represent the latest possibilities in the art of suggesting great ideas with photography. In between there is a long list of splendid photographic studies, belonging none the less to art for also belonging to photography.

### Royal Cortisoz in the "N. Y. Tribune":

The Photo-Secession Gallery is filled with photographs by Mr. Alfred Stieglitz. It is interesting to see them there, but we cannot forbear noting that if any worker with a camera might have claimed admission for his prints at the Salon of the Independents it is Mr. Stieglitz. Visitors at the Armory, when they are studying Matisse and the rest, may well recall that it was in the Photo-Secession Gallery that so many of the 'revolutionaries' were first introduced to the New York public. With his delightful breadth of mind, his enthusiasm for liberty and all those who fight for it, Mr. Stieglitz has been an exemplary pioneer. He, too, like Mr. Davies and the other leaders in the Association of American Painters and Sculptors, has been content to show new things on his walls and leave the spectator utterly free to judge for himself. His liberality is a noble trait, and there is no better occasion than this one for offering it a public tribute.



### Arthur Hoeber in the "N. Y. Globe":

Forsaking momentarily the exploitation of the men of the new school in painting and sculpture, Mr. Stieglitz of the little galleries of the Photo-Secession gives himself over to plain photography, in which field he stands almost alone as an artistic exponent. He offers some thirty examples, a retrospective show of his work, as it were, dating back as far as fourteen years ago, with his now famous 'Winter on Fifth Avenue,' and his 'Gossip, Katwyk,' both distinguished compositions in which the possibilities of the camera in the hands of an artistic man are fully realized. Of course these are the visualized things of nature, as the man in the street is likely to observe them, just good old nature, with some reasonable construction, drawing, form, and all that sort of thing.

There has been no deep research after inner consciousness and the significance of life. They are just snapshots of good old mother nature as she is, and you do not have to grab yourself to make out what it is all about. It is all these, and he who runs may read.

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### Samuel Swift in the "N. Y. Sun":

If the observer wishes to take seriously the group of water-color paintings by Francis Picabia, which purport to be the graphic reaction of the French Cubist to the sights and sounds of New York and of his recent voyage hither and have just been placed on view at the little gallery of the Photo-Secession, he may regard them as being made up of the symbols of a new language of the eye.

It seems that Arthur Dove, the radical young American painter whose strange patterns, some of them decidedly handsome in color and not without formal beauty, were shown at the same gallery last season, came into the sanctum of Alfred Stieglitz, which is the little gallery above referred to, at 291 Fifth Avenue, while the new studies by Picabia were being placed upon the walls a day or two ago. He beheld what will be to most visitors certain cabalistic signs, narrow oblong upright patches of color, penetrating the viscera of several of these Cubist paintings. They conveyed to him as definite a meaning, in terms of emotion, as any formula might have done that had been already accepted the world over.

Why? Because Dove himself, working independently, as Mr. Stieglitz will tell you, and evolving these symbols out of his inner consciousness, utilized similar modes of expression a year ago. If you wish evidence Mr. Stieglitz will produce the actual canvases from under his shelf. Yes, there they are. And while Mr. Dove was looking at Picabia's cryptograms the Frenchman was confronted without warning with what Dove, of whom it is probable that he had never heard, had done. Recognition followed as quickly as though two persons born with strawberry marks upon their arms had suddenly discovered the fact.

It is a large order, this building up by a few artists of a new language all by themselves. As the ordinary visitor looks about him he will not be likely, even with the aid of the catalogue and of M. Picabia's clearly printed titles upon the top of his pictures, to perceive the relationship of the graphic result to the emotional cause. There are three drawings in black and white, each called "Study for a Study of New York," in which it is possible to divine the prows of steamships projecting from wharves with a background confusedly architectural or a suggestion of crowded figures among buildings. But these are only the preliminaries. The studies that cover the wall in water-color are the second stage, and perhaps Picabia, after he has returned to Paris, will summarize these multitudinous impressions and expressions in a few large canvases, compositely setting forth what New York has meant to him.

But the present studies, with their curious shapes, some of them rhythmic in aspect, even to one outside the charmed circle (or is it only a triangle?), and their geometric patterns, energized and volitional in high degree. What can one make of them? Here you find one that is called "Chant de Nègre." It is a symphony, or perhaps a folk song, in whites and browns and purples. Picabia did not know, it seems, that purple was the favorite color of most negroes, but as he has told Mr. Stieglitz, who afterward conveyed this fact to him, purple was the inevitable and dominating hue that sprang to the Frenchman's consciousness when he heard the song of the darky.



The artist, besides furnishing titles to the pictures, which is quite out of accord with the spirit of the new way of looking at things, has written a really interesting preface which the visitor may read for himself and carry away on a printed slip. Here are a few of his words:

"The objective representation of nature through which the painter used to express the mysterious feelings of his ego in front of his subject 'motive' no longer suffices for the fulness of his new consciousness of nature. This representation bears no longer a relationship to his new conception of life, and has become not only a limitation but a deformation. 'The objective representation of nature is a deformation of our present conception of nature.'

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"But expression means objectivity, otherwise contact between beings would become impossible, language would lose all meaning. This new expression in painting is 'the objectivity of a subjectivity.'"

And so forth. It is not at all easy, though Picabia has written clear French, which has been carefully translated by Mr. Haviland. So you turn back to the pictures themselves for further enlightenment.

Children who have seen these pictures are said to have felt intuitively something of their meaning, or at least, they grasped some significance without explanation. Is it the old story of the inherent understanding, by the youth of any period, of what its newest experimenters are trying to do?

Musical children now in their teens have taken almost as a matter of fact the elusive harmonies and dissonances of Claude Debussy, which cost their educated elders a deal of thinking and many hearings to be able to accept and really to enjoy. Richard Wagner was still a thorn in the side of our parents when we of the generation now in our thirties had already swallowed him, hook, bait and sinker. To our grandparents, in turn, Schumann presented some tough problems, while their children were absorbing him readily enough. And so one generation stands upon the shoulders of another.

But look again at Picabia's puzzles. Even Stieglitz, who has been a sort of high priest of the new movements, will tell you that he "gets" this one but not that. You think of the laborious task of constructing over again an entire language, say in terms of Chinese ideographs. Of course, if it should really confer a set of glorious new perceptive and expressive powers upon the race of artists and other human beings, transcending those that sufficed Rembrandt and some others, the undertaking would be splendidly worth while.

Yet, when you contemplate the magnitude of the enterprise, and the loneliness of its present exponents, seeking for hidden meanings, for the psychic equivalents of swastikas and what not, you may also irreverently remember Mr. Pickwick's historic discovery, which ended thus: "Bill Stumps His Mark."

Forbes Watson in the "N. Y. Evening Post":

M. Francis Picabia has at the Photo-Secession Galleries several designs ingeniously entitled "New York," "Study for a Study of New York," "New York Perceived Through the Body," etc., etc. And the titles are almost equalled in ingenuity by the designs themselves, some of which are mildly amusing experiments in pattern-making. It is a little surprising that the public should find this type of work funny enough to excite hilarity, serious enough to be so valiantly defended, or important enough to inspire hatred. Nowhere is there evidence of a color sense or of a true feeling for design. Accompanying the catalogue is the usual solemn literary brief which informs the visitor, among other things, that "this new expression in painting is the objectivity of subjectivity." The work appeals more strongly to those who enjoy discussion than to those who enjoy works of art.

Hutchins Hapgood in an article, *A Paris Painter*, in the "N. Y. Globe":

Francis Picabia is one of the so-called post-impressionist painters of Paris. He is in New York, and four of his works of art will be shown at the coming Armory exhibition. He is one of the most logical of this general school. He carries the fundamental ideas of the day farther even than men like Matisse and Picasso. This does not mean that he is more of an



artist, but only that he attempts more uncompromisingly to paint in accordance with certain ideas.

In talking with him the other day I experienced again the pleasure, which I have not had since I was in Paris, of talking with an entirely self-conscious artist. A logical understanding of one's own emotions and instincts and a clear purpose in the method of expression is very uncommon in the active and external Anglo-Saxon. The love that the gifted Frenchman has of the internal self, of its states, his clear analysis of those states, and his power of expressing them, and the beauty and tenderness of his expression, with no barbaric element, no storm and stress or northern vociferous mist, is to me one of the most delicious sensations in life. I felt this in Picabia to an unusual degree, in spite of the fact that we were compelled to talk in French.

He showed me some paintings which he has done since arriving in New York only a few weeks ago, and with these paintings as illustrations he talked of the art of painting, of what he was attempting to do. I shall not attempt to quote him exactly. He was too subtle for that, but only to express the spirit of what he said.

Nearly all painting, now and always, has attempted in part at least to reproduce objects in nature—a woman, a child, a landscape, other objects or combinations of objects. Aristotle said that art is a copy of life.

But that is just exactly what art is not. Art is a successful attempt to render external an internal state of mind or feeling, to project on to the canvas emotional, temperamental, mental, subjective-states. All great art in the past has done that in spite of the fact that it has also had an element of the objective. It has partly reproduced external objects, but it has done so in such a way that the emphasis has been laid on what was going on in the imagination and feeling of the artist. Great art has always been crystallized feeling which in itself is unseen.

Photography has helped art to realize consciously its own nature, which is not to mirror the external world but to make real, by plastic means, internal mental states. The artist sees that photography can reproduce actuality better than any artist can, and so he sees that he must have a field to himself. The camera cannot reproduce a mental fact. Logically, pure art cannot reproduce a material fact. It can only make real the immaterial or emotional fact. So that art and photography are opposites. Absolutely consistent art would make no attempt to reproduce objects at all.

Now, Picabia and other modern artists attempt absolute consistency. When they are successful in their own opinion the picture they make contains no objects. It mirrors nothing in the external world.

Picabia was consequently indignant at a reproduction of one of his paintings in Sunday's "World." In that reproduction there were eyes and other objects represented or suggested, but Picabia told me sadly that it was a forgery, that they had probably enlarged and reproduced a cut in one of the Paris papers, and then had "touched it up," inserted eyes and other material objects, in order to make it ridiculous or comprehensible to the American public. But he absolutely disclaimed it. I agreed with him that this was decomposed journalism.

Art resembles music, he said, in some important respects. To a musician the words are obstacles to musical expression, just as objects are obstacles to pure art expression.

The attempt, made by most artists, to reproduce the third dimension of space is a mistake, as it is only a trick. The canvas has only two dimensions, and this natural limitation should be observed. Art can express the fourth dimension of the soul, but not the third dimension of actuality. And if it cannot legitimately render the third dimension, it cannot legitimately portray objects which exist in space, and so involve the third dimension. There should be no perspective in painting.

Art deals with deep, brooding fundamental, simple soul states. How do these states arise? They are the result of the artist's experience in life. Suppose the artist, in this case Picabia, has felt the quality of our skyscrapers, of our city and our life, and tries to reproduce it. This experience has affected his mood. He renders plastic that mood on the canvas. But the resulting picture has no skyscraper in it, and no city. It contains only the results of the skyscrapers and the city on his temperament.



But, of course, there must be technical means by which his soul-mood is rendered plastic, by which his soul-mood is expressed. What are these technical means? In Picabia's case they are the arrangement of line and color in such a way as to suggest the equilibrium of static and dynamic qualities, of rest and of motion, of mass and balance. His talk along this line reminded me of Maeterlinck's "Essay on Silence." In that essay, Maeterlinck says that when two people have something very profound and important, such as love, to communicate to each other, they are silent, for words only express dramatic or perturbed, changing things, and not the deeper and simpler moods of the soul.

Picabia attempts to give the purified results of experience by means of establishing an equilibrium. This is to me very suggestive, for I find that any intense effort of expression in any art means that by means of a few simple devices we suggest, rather than state, the spiritual picture of our soul, and its wealth of unconscious detail. What William James calls the "fringe of consciousness" is suggested by these simple devices. And it is this "fringe" that gives expression.

The attempt of art is to make us dream, as music does. It expresses a spiritual state, it makes that state real by projecting on to the canvas the finally analyzed means of producing that state in the observer. I have stated what Picabia's means are. Other artists have other means. Those means are what Picabia calls "style." It is through his style that the artist expresses his soul.

An artist might think well, might understand thoroughly what he was attempting to do, and yet not be able to do it. Picabia showed me his most recent work, and I felt that, in part, he was successful in doing what he was attempting, but only in part. Mainly he is still experimenting. And yet I did feel, or half feel, that his work, devoid almost entirely of the reproduction of external objects, did succeed, at least some of it, in suggesting to me what the total result on his mood was of a complex of life experiences, including experiences he had had with external objects such as men, women, pastures, skyscrapers, and automobiles, although those objects were not on the canvas.

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#### Wm. B. McCormick in the "N. Y. Press":

And now Marius de Zayas has got it, quite the worst case on record. By this we mean an attack of the prevailing disease for the fantastically obscure in art. You may see what this worst case is like in the tiny room of the Photo-Secession Gallery until May 20, where a group of eighteen caricatures, "absolute and relative" as the catalogue says, are now on view. Some of these caricatures are to be encompassed by the normal eye and understanding as in the instances of those of Charles Darnton—who for some reason is represented without nose, eyes or mouth, although in life those members of his make up a handsome countenance; Picasso and Frank Haviland, Rodin and Steichen and Marin and Stieglitz.

But the chief interest, or disgust, will be aroused by some other "drawings" as we should call them in our old-fashioned, simple, "unintellectual" way, although the catalogue calls them caricatures and the owner of the gallery, who acts as cicerone, styles them "expressions."

Possibly we all should get on faster in appreciating this art of the future if its practitioners and disciples would agree on a terminology and stick to it. That, of course, would simplify things, but evidently simplicity is not a desirable quality in this "new art."

To attempt to describe these new caricatures in words is not easy, unless one has devoted much of his youth, and with considerable success, to the study of trigonometry and algebra. For example, the caricature of Roosevelt that is shown here consists of a black-and-white design that resembles the pattern of a backgammon board or a row of dunce's caps along the top of the composition, below which are two rows of vertical writing exercises divided by an oblong bar of black. The one of Arthur Hoeber certainly looks like a black egg cut off at one end to stand on a plinth with a dark circle near the upper edge of the egg and two lines in the manner of eyebrows below this larger eye, that suggest the disfigurement of Wotan. Below the egg, if we may call this superintellectualism by such a mundane term, is an alleged algebraic formula that reads, "a equals ab equals minus bc equals minus cd equals minus D."

Now, Hoeber is an honest, simple painter-man, whose life and whose work resembles neither Wotan's favorite pursuits, nor an egg, nor an algebraic problem. Possibly he can



explain away this "expression," but as Stieglitz could not make his own wheels and algebraic formulæ clear, we have our doubts. Could these circles in the caricaturists' design of Stieglitz's personality be something of a subtle joke on the part of de Zayas?

"A New York Society Leader" is represented here as a sort of black eclipse overshadowing some curved lines. Picabia, who is partly responsible for this disease attacking de Zayas, is represented as three half-portions of shark's teeth with three formulæ written between the jags of the teeth as:  $a + b + c$ ; and  $a + b$ ; and  $B$ , there being a tremendous significance in the proper capitalization of these letter-symbols. If Gaby Deslys ever sees the burst of black crayon over some wobbly designs that is her "expression" she will exclaim "Jamais!" and arrive at being a real Futurist by destroying it. And we wouldn't blame her a bit. Just to show how easy it is to be in the Matisse galley, if you want to row with that crew, de Zayas has done a caricature of Regina Badet in the Post-Impression vein which is a little too lovely in form and a great deal too nice in color to be a really truly Matisse.

### J. Edgar Chamberlin in the "N. Y. Mail":

Marius de Zayas, in his exhibition of caricatures at the Photo-Secession Gallery, has two kinds of pictures. One set we may call the real caricature—the caricature of men and women in which some trait or characteristic is exaggerated in such a way as to make the picture look more like the person than the person looks like himself. Several of these are excellent—notably the caricature of Rodin, which is superb, and that of Charles Darnton, which is one of the most brilliant examples of work of that sort that has ever been seen in this town.

The other sort is a caricature of the caricature. It gives us a lot of black disks for a man who wears eye-glasses, and puts an algebraic equation, or rather a lot of algebraic symbols that make no equation at all, in the place of a man's mouth. For Gaby Deslys it gives us an explosion of fluff all going upward, and a complicated design of wriggles underneath, suggesting about a hundred legs.

In all this, of course, Mr. de Zayas is only having fun with his public, and incidentally caricaturing cubism and futurism. He says he isn't—he makes a great bluff at sincerity and purpose, and the "conjunction of spirit and matter," but that only serves to make the whole thing a better joke.

If the reader goes to see Mr. de Zayas's exhibition, he may not be able to see the joke in the algebraic and geometrical caricatures, but he will see something original, and he will see great art in the half dozen comprehensible caricatures.

### Royal Cortissoz in the "N. Y. Tribune":

The last exhibition of the season at the Photo-Secession Gallery is one of caricatures, "absolute and relative," by Marius de Zayas. It forms a sort of postscript to the freakish side of the recent Armory show, an affair of bizarre absurdity. In a few of his caricatures, those which we suppose are to be taken as "relative," Mr. de Zayas treats his figures in a rational manner and is cleverly amusing. The "absolute" performances suggest the disordered dreams of some Cubist mathematician. Travelers back from Africa sometimes tell weird tales about the transmission of news among the natives in that mysterious continent. When Major General Sir Steptoe Powncey makes a sudden foray out of Stellenbosch and incontinently casts a shoe, to the exacerbation of every nerve possessed by every member of his staff, it is said that whole parasangs away, in the heart of the jungle, some cheerful nigger will turn over and report to his fellow tribesmen that they must look out for squalls, as "Massa Powncey hab cast a shoe; he mad almost to bust." Perhaps if that dusky oracle could be brought to the Photo-Secession Gallery he might, with a savage's clairvoyance, divine what is hidden in these caricatures. It is altogether too "absolute" for us to sense it.

### Charles H. Caffin in the "N. Y. American":

Marius de Zayas is exhibiting a few of his latest caricatures at the Little Gallery, No. 291 Fifth Avenue. Here is an artist whose very unusual ability New York has all but overlooked.



When I think of de Zayas I am reminded of one of the favorite stories of my childhood, Hans Andersen's "The Ugly Duckling."

A swan's egg, you remember, found its way into a setting of ducks' eggs, and when the mother duck had hatched it out she was shocked at the anomaly. Having only a duck's experience and imagination, she was embarrassed and outraged at this violator of duck conventions and treated the intruder at first with indifference and then with neglect.

It is true that de Zayas is employed as a caricaturist on a daily paper, but under circumstances that do not permit him properly to prove his mettle. Meanwhile, when he works in the liberty of his own genius, he produces caricatures that not only for beauty of line, but also for life of line and meaningful expression, and for choiceness of tone and a seemingly inexhaustible variety of creativeness, it would be hard to parallel in the graphic art of any country to-day.

But as a community we are shy and sensitive about caricatures; while, notwithstanding our belief in our sense of humor, we are apt to be as lacking in humor as the Irish patriots who resented Synge's "Playboy of the Western World."

In fact, the trouble at bottom is that we are very chary in permitting ourselves the luxury of indulging our imaginations. Accordingly, the scope and independence of de Zayas's imagination embarrass us.

In the present exhibition he shows a few examples of those inimitable stenographic records of a personality, immediately recognizable, if you are familiar with the individual's appearance, and shrewdly suggestive of his characteristics. They show an increasing mastery of the abstract use of line.

Thus a zig-zag, which would convey no meaning by itself, becomes, by association with and in relation to other symbols employed, the vivid indication of a brow, an eye, and curve of the cheek.

In his other exhibits de Zayas has gone beyond this point of abstraction. There is no longer any optical suggestion of personality. The latter is interpreted purely by algebraic formula and by geometric forms that express their significance not only by their shape, but also in their relations to one another within the rectangle of the frame.

De Zayas disarms criticism by asserting that these caricatures "are not art, but simply a graphical and plastic synthesis of the analysis of individuals." Indeed, my own impression of them is that they are caricatures of the "New Evolution in Plastic Expression."

While others have amused themselves with the easy stunt of caricaturing the obvious externals of the work of the extremists, de Zayas, who is a thinker and student, has analyzed the psychology of their purpose and achievement; and discovered both its possibilities and impossibilities.

The fundamental impossibility, as he sees it, is that concrete thought cannot be expressed exclusively through abstract symbols. What happens if you logically carry out the exclusive use of abstract symbols is shown in these caricatures. They are a *reductio ad absurdum* of the principles of the Extremists. They may be sciences, but they are not art.

### Samuel Swift in the "N. Y. Sun":

Not long ago the public's curiosity was aroused by the assertion that the physical weight of the human spirit, the veritable spark of life, had been ascertained by observations made at the bedside of a dying man. This feat has now been outdone, it seems, by the artist-analyst Marius de Zayas, whose cartoons, so called, which are on view at the Photo-Secession gallery, purport to chart not only the souls of certain persons named in his catalogue but their operative value in connection with their attached physical bodies and also their paths, or trajectories, through life.

Rather a large order, you say. And as you look round the sixty running feet of wall space in the provocative little gallery and gaze at geometric diagrams, quite orderly and sometimes of handsome pattern, you note that these patterns are in part made up of algebraic symbols, not always equations, but just casual observations, pleasing mathematical musings, such as " $a^3 + b^3 \pm c^3$ ," which in your schooldays you would have translated as "a cube, plus b cube, plus or minus c cube."



Or perhaps Mr. de Zayas will playfully insert a cabalistic " $-c$ " in the center of a caricature of a dancer. Or again, as in his symbolic representation of Mr. Roosevelt, you will find the sign of infinity divided by 1 set down as the equivalent of zero. Here the author undoubtedly tripped; what he meant was the axiomatic statement that 1 divided by infinity equals zero. But no matter.

Probably most persons who are confronted with this new kind of caricature or portraiture will either grow angry and leave at this point or else they will ask Alfred Stieglitz, the presiding genius of the gallery, what relation these extraordinary proclamations bear to art.

Now this is just what the wary Mr. Stieglitz has been waiting for. If you go away in a huff he will smile to himself and tell his next guests about it with gusto. If you ask him the natural question he will gleefully draw forth the latest issue of *CAMERA WORK* and show you a really profound chapter written by Mr. de Zayas upon "The Evolution of Form." And then he will point to a sentence in the artist's printed statement regarding these strange caricatures:

"They are not art, but simply a graphical and plastic synthesis of the analysis of individuals."

And there you are. De Zayas further states that he represents (1) the spirit of man by algebraic formulas; (2) man's material self by geometrical equivalents, and (3) his initial force, that which binds the spirit and the matter together and makes them actuate, he expresses by trajectories within the rectangle that encloses the plastic expression and represents life.

Perhaps your best chance of solving these riddles will lie in looking at the caricature of Stieglitz, not the admirable "relative" caricature showing his human aspect as he and John Marin, the painter of live buildings, are seen together, but the "absolute" portrait diagram, whose salient features are ten circles, two of them filled in with solid black, ranged symmetrically in and upon an arborlike framework. There are some evidently complimentary algebraic remarks here too.

Mr. Stieglitz will tell you with due solemnity that he himself recognizes what the artist-analyst meant in this study of his net social and optical value combined. You may perceive it, but again you may not.

Take next the portrait of Mr. Roosevelt, an enticing affair that might be the detail drawing of a sort of electric wired bear trap with rows of sharp triangular shapes like shark teeth, the whole to be interpreted in the light of the wise remark above referred to concerning the relations of infinity, one and zero.

And there are other celebrities. The Orphic painter, Picabia, seems to simmer down to three arcs of circles pierced by a diagonal trajectory. Near this is a really handsome likeness of Gaby Deslys, the dancer, with not one but five pairs of symmetrical and expressive pillars supporting a horizontal trajectory over which is spread a splendid pattern of lines like a great fan. If Mlle. Deslys was really as overwhelming as this we regret not having seen her in her material embodiment.

To be fair with Mr. de Zayas, of whose artistic ability along accepted lines and also of whose mental vigor ample proof has been given before now, it must be added that he is obviously in earnest. In the *CAMERA WORK* chapter taken from the new book he is writing on form, he begins by declaring that "art in its latest manifestation has opened its doors wide to science; it has ceased to be merely emotional in order to become intellectual."

And again he remarks that when "art felt the powerful influence of the progress of science it awoke and broadened its horizon, calling to its aid the resources which science had accumulated. Possibly this only means the absorption of art by science."

It may be that Mr. de Zayas is a prophet. The impossible is happening every day in the strange new phenomena of our time. At least he deserves to be seen and heard; he is already reaching exactly the right audience at the Photo-Secession gallery.

#### Mr. R. Du Bois in "Arts and Decoration":

Another artist given to protect or to explain himself by the employment of words is the caricaturist Marius De Zayas, whose exhibition at the Little Gallery of the Photo-Secession, presided over by Preacher Alfred Stieglitz, continued to remain, the later portion, despite



## PLATES

### EDUARD J. STEICHEN

- XI. Steeplechase Day, Paris; After the Races
- XII. Steeplechase Day, Paris; Grand Stand
- XIII. Nocturne —Orangerie Staircase, Versailles
- XIV. Late Afternoon —Venice

































STEINER







Mr. Stieglitz's sermons, delightfully enigmatical. Mr. De Zayas in a preface written for the catalogue of his exhibition has given a cue to the modern movement in art that has, at least, the virtue of precision.

"During my experience in the practice of caricature I have come to the conclusion through experimental analysis, that the facial expression and the expression of the body of a man reveal only his habits, his social customs, never or at any rate very seldom, his psychological self, and absolutely never his specific value, place or significance in relation to existing things.

"Now matter cannot exist without spirit, nor can spirit exist without matter. But though they are inseparable, they constitute two different entities. We cannot therefore represent the spirit of a thing by its purely material entity. We cannot represent materially something that is essentially immaterial, unless we do it by the use of symbols. Mathematics are essentially symbolical, they are the purest expression of symbolism. They represent material or immaterial things by abstract equivalents. We can represent psychological and metaphysical entities by algebraic signs and solve their problems through mathematics. We can represent the plastic psychology and the plastic metaphysics of matter by their geometrical equivalents. But we cannot represent both the psychology and the metaphysics of spirit and matter by only one of the two methods. In order then to have a perfect representation of an existing thing, we must represent it in its two essential principles, spirit and matter, but also in conjunction with a third principle: the initial force of the individual; force which binds the spirit and the matter together and makes them actuate. The initial force marks the specific value of things."

I am inclined to believe that Monsieur De Zayas has his tongue in his cheek. The caricaturist is naturally a humorist, sometimes he is a practical joker and a few are to be found so busy with the ridiculous in others that they have no time to take up by gazing into a mirror. The best of the caricatures in this collection was representative; in it appeared the mediaeval physiognomy of John Marin, famous for his interpretation of the new Woolworth Building, presided over, as is the gallery, by High Priest Stieglitz.



## DEFINITIVE RECOGNITION OF PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY

THE Royal Academy of the Graphic Arts, Leipsic, Germany, has appointed Frank Eugene, Royal Professor of Pictorial Photography. For this purpose a special chair was created for him.\* Five years ago the Photographic School (State School) in Munich had added to its curriculum a tutorship for pictorial photography. This was done for the special purpose of inducing Eugene to become teacher at the school. It was realized by the management, after an exhibition of Eugene's photography at the Munich Kunst-Verein, that pictorial photography must be added to the School's regular course, and above all that Eugene was the man to take charge of it. His appointment was Bavaria's first official recognition of pictorial photography. As a teacher there, his fame spread so rapidly that pupils from all parts of the world flocked to him. Coincidentally with his teaching he continued his own private work. His thorough training in the field of art, his broadness of vision, his strong and joyous and enthusiastic disposition, together with his genuine ability, finally gained for him a unique position in Germany's art world. His work attracted attention everywhere. Thus, when the Royal Academy of Graphic Arts in Leipsic came to realize the increasing value, and the fuller significance of photography as a medium of expression, it felt itself moved to create a special chair for pictorial photography for Eugene, if he were willing to consider the offer of a full professorship. He accepted the offer, with conditions as follows: The professorship to be for life at a salary of six thousand marks a year, with the privilege to continue his own work unrestrictedly; the State to build for him a studio and a laboratory after his own design, and at its expense; the number of pupils to be limited to six at a given period, and these to be selected by himself. This last condition enables him to devote himself enthusiastically to the development of the highest talent that may come to him; so that he is insured against wasting his energies on mediocrities and dilettantism. The authorities wish him to train potential masters, so that these may go out in the world to exert their influence in their turn. The professor is to have six months a year entirely for himself; and should he deem it desirable at any time to travel in the interest of his work, in connection with the Academy, the privilege shall be his, at the expense of the Institution. Furthermore, when Eugene retires he will be entitled to full pension. This official recognition of pictorial photography is definitive. Art museums have purchased prints; art museums have held official photographic exhibitions in their galleries; but no art academy ever before recognized pictorial photography by creating a chair for it. And no art institution can ever recognize it in a more liberal and enlightened manner.

We owe the news of these details to the assistant Art Director of the Leipsic Academy, who on a visit to New York during the summer, gave them to us with the request to let the public know of them. He thought, as we also did, that Eugene's appointment under such conditions would be a source of encouragement to all the serious workers in the photographic world. We rejoice for Eugene; we rejoice still more for photography. Both have earned the distinction.

All those interested in examples of Eugene's work we refer to *CAMERA WORK*, Numbers V, XXV, XXX and XXXI.

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During all these years it has been our editorial policy to print nothing in our pages which may have been written, or said, in praise of *CAMERA WORK*. But we are going to make an exception. In view of Eugene's appointment, which we interpret as an official recognition of photography as a medium of expression by one of Germany's most advanced and active art Academies, we add an interesting note about *CAMERA WORK* and Berlin.

Dr. Jessen, Director of the Library of the Berlin Museum of Decorative and Applied Arts—the most advanced institution of its type in Europe—during his recent visit to New York, spent several afternoons at "291." Dr. Jessen has been vitally interested in

\*For some years in the curriculum of the Academy, a course of "Natur-Photographic" was included. This has been replaced by the new Professorship.



photography for many years. Dr. Juhl, of Hamburg, and Matthies-Masuren, of Halle, are close acquaintances and photographic advisers of his. What he found at "291" was a perfect revelation to him, he said. Nothing could be found in Europe to compare with it. He even went so far as to say that had he seen nothing else in New York, his trip to America would have been made worth while by what he had seen at "291." Until he came to its little garret, he says, he really had had no idea of what was going on or what had been actually accomplished in photography. Amongst other things he discovered CAMERA WORK. He had heard of it but he had never seen a copy. He at once recognized its potential importance and expressed the desire to procure a complete set for the Museum. And he offered two thousand marks for such a set. We ourselves do not measure recognition and value by money standards. We dislike to influence the readers of CAMERA WORK through introducing the idea of money value, although we are fully aware that money is still, in reality, the only standard by which the general world measures the value and the success of things. Dr. Jessen's offer to spend two thousand marks of the German State's money for a set of a magazine, a photographic one at that, is matter for reflection. Especially is this so when one knows with what efficiency Germany spends its official funds. This item should also encourage the deeper thinkers in the photographic world.

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And while we are on this subject of recognition of photography we might note that the Syracuse University of our own country, last January, created a chair for photography—not pictorial—and appointed as professor Mr. E. J. Wall, of England. Mr. Wall is an authority on photo-chemistry, theoretical and practical.

This is the first university chair of its kind in the United States. It is an encouraging step. Germany, about thirty-five years ago, made the first official step in recognizing photography's claims as a science. The Berlin Polytechnic at that time built a laboratory for practical work and scientific research for H. W. Vogel—the virtual father of photography as a science—appointing him to a full professorship. Several Polytechnicums and Universities in Switzerland, Austria and Germany gradually followed Berlin's lead.

At Syracuse the photographic course is to extend over two years. The laboratories are to be very comprehensive.

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## EDITORIAL NOTE

The second instalment of "The Evolution of Form," by Marius de Zayas, is held over and will appear in the next issue of CAMERA WORK.



## OUR PLATES

THE Plates in this Number of *CAMERA WORK* are devoted to the work of Eduard J. Steichen. There are seventeen in all; and they represent a series of fourteen photographs and three oil paintings. This work of Steichen's was done between the years 1905 and 1911. Plates I—X are photogravures, all of which were made directly from the original Steichen negatives, most of which average 10x10 inches. Plates XI—XIV are duogravures made from four Steichen original "gum" prints. Plates XV—XVII are reproductions of three Steichen paintings which were painted in the years 1909 and 1911.

To those students of photography interested in the evolution of Steichen, the photographer, we recommend the study of *CAMERA WORK*, Numbers II, XIV, Steichen Special (issued as Supplementary to Number XIV), XIX, XXII (Color Photography), XXXIV—XXXV (Balzac Series, Rodin Number).

In this Number of *CAMERA WORK* we introduce to our readers, for the first time, Steichen, the painter. Owing to the great difficulty of obtaining the quality of reproduction we insist upon, time plays an important role. This Number of *CAMERA WORK* has been in hand for several years. The latest phase of Steichen's evolution as a painter is not, for obvious reasons, incorporated in the present series. In the reproductions of both photographs and paintings some of the quality of the originals is unavoidably lost. Yet it is marvelous how wonderfully well the Bruckmann Company, of Munich,—who have done all the plates except four,—under the direction of our friend Goetz, has managed to keep the spirit of Steichen in all the reproductions. Likewise, the Manhattan Photogravure Company, of New York, has done its work well. Of course all the proofs were submitted to Steichen for corrections at various times before the editions were printed.

We take this opportunity again to put on record, inasmuch as we believe that *CAMERA WORK* is making history, our indebtedness to Steichen. The work of "291" could not have been achieved so completely without his active sympathy and constructive co-operation, rendered always in the most unselfish way. It was he who originally brought "291" into touch with Rodin, the recognized master, and with Matisse, at the time that he was regarded as "The Wildman." It has been Steichen also who, living in Paris, has constantly been on the watch for talent among young Americans there, and, as for example, in the case of Marin, has introduced them to the spirit of "291."

He has embodied that spirit in the most vital and constructive form.



## COSMISM OR AMORPHISM?

THE new Movement in art confirms the Hegelian rule that theory follows practice. It has now reached a stage when it becomes conscious of its ways and aims. Growing out of a purely practical life-urge it felt its way by desultory effort and sporadic attempt, unorganized, questioning and doubting. Its now evolving philosophy, at last, makes it tangible and accessible to a determination of its latent vitality, of its potential way and limit.

Whatever the assertions of its detractors, the New Art expresses a sincere endeavor to live up to the artist's racial mission, which consists in summing up, by self-revelation, the life of mankind. Whatever his plastic conquest, he has dared to defy the powers of retrogression and has established a standard for an artist's free manifestation. He has consciously labored to create a soil favorable for the growth of true art.

At no time in history was the artist more fully aware of art's universality than he is today. Rejecting Zola's idea of art as a "corner of nature reflected in one's intellect," the New artist declares his more comprehensive point of view: all cosmos must be distilled in the eternal soul-depths of a full man. Only the mediæval mystics, those apostles of fearless thought who sought to reach the very seat of the Almighty by an act of supreme voluntarism, only those protesters of individualism dared to aspire as freely, as infinitely, as does the New artist in his conscious universality. Unintelligible, non-concrete, as the content of his art appears to the uninitiated observer, it aims at portrayal, in terms highly individual, of our own environment, in the broadest sense of the word. A bird's-eye view proving inadequate, he chooses a more remote point of view. Paradoxical as it may seem, it nevertheless is a fact, that the sky-perch of most dreamers is not an act of mundane negation, but one of superior affirmation; it is solely a desire to better behold one's whole reality, an insistence upon contact with a more than finite extent, a determination to possess *all* in the confines of one soul. Thus, post-cubism, in spite of its divested corporeality, is not intended as a denial of matter, of movement, of life, but—just the contrary of nihilism—as a positive attempt to embody in a plastic master-work the complete immanence, in man's perception, of all materiality and reality of the universe.

Philosophically the New artist is an outspoken dualist; very much of the Platonic kind. Monism is still impossible in his mind, which is too resentful of the 19th century's materialism to be able to suppress an emphatic idealistic counterdemonstration. Hence the world's oneness which our age has come to feel by way of science as well as by intuition, philosophical and poetical, appears to the New artist with a preponderance of spirit, and a corresponding plastic asceticism. The unavoidable imperative of concreteness, forced upon the artist by the racial nature of his calling—and "racial" cannot be shorn of its eternally material origins and spheres—is constantly present in this spiritual system. But, while uneradicable, it must submit to an "Entmaterialisierung" for its better fitness to the doctrine. The universal oneness must be apparent



in every detail, that is why it quivers in every detail of a Cézanne nature-revelation in color and form. The noumenon must shine through the phenomenon.

From this standpoint, the academic materialistic literalism is but a naive attempt to convey the idea of an edifice by the production of one brick of it. On the other hand, to the traditional artist, the abstract portrayal of reality by the New artist is no less a calamity than a willful shattering of the sole mirror of nature; or, at best, a visionary's blindness to immediate reality. And yet, they both, the Old and the New artist, have a kindred goal. Their respective positions are like those of two men, one in the valley, the other on a high summit. To the man at the foot of the mountain, complacently facing his confined aspect, the man on the summit seems small and strange and, probably, guilty of indifference to what the man below calls life—his all-sufficient reality. The man above, with a horizon endlessly magnified, beholds the lower man's abode at a glance, and, besides, its points of contact with the surrounding world, its world-value. The man below lives the life of his soil; the man above, that of a world. They do not understand one another and deny all mutual bonds. And still they hold their eyes riveted upon one aim—our own earth.

The clash between the two extremes of plastic vision is brought about by the incommensurability of their perceptions. Each one's standard fails when applied to the other's entity.

We are here concerned with the standards of the man on the summit and wish to determine their applicability within their own sphere. Our inquiry is prompted by the decidedly negative results threatening the New movement; an outcome the more puzzling because capping a process that operated with positive quantities at the outset.

No longer conceivable within a final perspective, the New Artist's world is focused from a distance whence the corporeality of things becomes diffused in their atmosphere. Then all objects abide only as form,—shape as an idea; reality as a mood. Ever higher altitudes of the New movement have been signalized by ever increasing elimination of concreteness. Picasso, Picabia, Kandinsky have built their straight road tangent to our globe. They are marching undauntedly toward its other end. By the wayside they have left their encumbering conventional equipment—to the dismay of the onlookers. Soon they will have stripped themselves to bareness; yet the march toward infinity is hardly begun. Is the lightening of the "material" burden an adequate means to reach cosmic heights?

The vicious circle of dualism—the serpent gnawing at his own tail—now makes New Art pay its penalty. Its successive self-deprivation of all elements of expression has brought about plastic anaemia. Attempting to seize the noumenon of form it has caught the expiring breath. Aiming at Cosmism, it has led toward Amorphism; to a *tabula rasa*. It has put the sign of equality between the symbols of infinity and naught:  $\infty = 0$

The unmitigated admittance of all empirical elements into Kandinsky's compositionism leads, when pursued to its logical end, to the same blank plastique. Setting out to hide the mystic seed of the creative "innere Not-



wendigkeit" beneath the conglomerated ensemble of "entmaterialisierte" details, this neo-platonism professes to obtain an increase of "inner sound" in proportion to a suppression of limiting concreteness. The whole of one's time must even be shunned to combat successfully the pollution of materiality in art. Hence, the total absence of limitations in a *tabula rasa* offers the most unobstructed field for imaginative ramification. A panel all white is the ultimate end of this art, in white, which Kandinsky's color-psychology lauds as "a symbol of a world whence all colors, all material properties and substances have vanished . . . which sounds, inwardly, as non-sound . . . a silence which is not dead, but full of possibilities—which may suddenly be comprehended. . . ."

How did this sterile bud come to bloom on the glorious tree of the 19th century's art, that meant to synthesize all virile and quintessential matter in its Cézannesque force? The introduction of elements hostile to the innermost nature of the great living body; the straining of its positive tissues by a fatal enrichment through infusion of negative substance — as I hope to prove — was the cause of a deformed growth and abortive outcome. A logical miscarriage is what has happened to New art. Let me make this clear by the psychology of it.

\* \* \* \* \*

There are three postulates that have gradually grown out of contemporary material and ideological conditions which now are fundamental to the New Movement:

- I. An infinite world of experience.
- II. A man, spiritually free from social conventions.
- III. An art free because devoid of concrete limitations.

The first of these three principles, which the word Cosmism conveniently symbolizes, gives the modern man's psychology. A new world has arisen before our eyes. Towering billows of social unrest force their echoes into our mind. New life-conditions, newly awakened forces, give a new impetus to imagination. A steadily growing cumulative consciousness of unfathomed possibilities threatens to burst the frail embankments of reason. A well-nigh endless development of science sharpens man's powers of acquisition, discrimination and aspiration to god-like proportions. All this engenders a mental sensitiveness, a psychic profundity of unknown magnitude. No more can a man's eye rest on one point in space, on one moment of time. All space, all time, all phenomena, all experience are to the modern man the crossing and interwoven lines that make one wondrous carpet of modern intellect.

Theorizers of the New movement, who are at the same time, mostly, its pioneers, love to speak of the overwhelming appeal of this recent life of ours, which they purpose to convey by virtue of their calling. The echoes of social chaos have come to them by way of the French Parnassians, Symbolists, Neo-pantheists and Mystics. Not only poets and critics like Baudelaire, Mallarmé, Verlaine, Zola, Mirbeau, Maeterlinck, etc., etc., but painters from Delacroix to Eugène Carrière have opened the artists' eyes wider and wider



with the increased wonder of being. This is the eye with which a Van Gogh beholds nature. It is the basis of plastic pantheism in modern art.

Of course, such an infinity and eternity palpitating in an artist's glimpse cannot but create the demand for a new cerebration, a new mental instrument, a new agent of cognition; in short, a new man. Such is the New artist. His psychology is the key to all of the recent art situation. Post-cubist literature contains many references to the "special consciousness" evolved in modern times, that knows, in the words of Gabrièle Buffet,\* "all that exists above and beyond it," and "the new state of mind to which the external world appears more clearly in the abstract." Neither was the onerous "sixth sense"\* omitted in this connection by another commentator. With the newly acquired mind the New artist claims to be able to "pierce below the surface or grasp the essence of things, and in so doing an infinite form is opened up"; "the mysterious source of nature is reached."

The evolution of the latest type of super-social consciousness is the sociological process from which the New artist's mind can be readily traced. The new social order has fostered the growth of a soul that renounces its allegiance to the man-made social forms. These have been demasked and shown up as mere whirl-pools, or eddies, or bays of a mighty stream, which is the eternal soul-life. The racial impetus is the moving force of it; the social forms have failed to stay it. Sociology is fully aware of the newly revealed truth, and therefore seeks to mine the social clay from the profoundest depths of man's soul-life. It looks to raciality as the new social bond; hence it revives the ancestral forces in man to better serve new-human ends. All this has been lived through by philosophers, poets, and painters. As a sociological basis of New art it accounts for its establishment of racial norms in plastic expression, in place of the conventional ones.

When the church-man, tribe-man, and state-creature are no more typical embodiments of social life; when the blood of a Giordano Bruno, a Rousseau, a Stirner, and Nietzsche has risen to a young artist's head, then the New Prometheus is born in him. Thence came his disdain of the merely mundane, external, temporal. Hence he felt in institutionalism the chain holding him to the rock; and in its defenders—the preying vultures. This explains the New artist's aggressive attitude towards Old art. Coming from Olympian heights to give life to men, he could not help combating those who unmanned mankind; those to whom Hugo von Hoffmannsthal's words apply.

"Ich habe mich so an Künstliches verloren  
Das ich die Sonne sah aus toten Augen  
Und nicht mehr hörte, als durch tote Ohren. . . ."

His was the superman revealed in art. In philosophy—for the merely logical superman such as the mystic was—purely abstract spheres will suffice. In art, which is, as Kandinsky terms it, "das ewig Objective," racial objectivity was the only legitimate sphere for supermanhood. Only the infinity of evolutionary experience, crystallized in our racial characteristics, could contain the Olympian aspect of reality. Universality and individuality were thus made categories

\*See CAMERA WORK, Special Number, June, 1913.



of New art. Inner compulsion was made the source of expression, against the environmental. "The true artist works first of all to satisfy a natural need of expressing himself for his own satisfaction . . . a work of art may be the product of beliefs, feelings and emotions of a kind not known to the public," declare De Zayas and Haviland.\* By proclaiming himself a law unto himself the New artist means to assert his racial sovereignty.

Was the enthronement of racial categories in place of conventional ones — born of temporal institutions — a justified procedure in art? Was it not a reckless leap into infinity, into the great Unknown, where all human forms become parts of the primordial chaos? Is this not a clue to the amorphous leanings of recent plastic manifestations? Surely not! For the following reason: Racial sensations that have originated from plastic perception, through the agency of one of our plastic sense-organs, are irrevocably bound up with form-conceptions. A tree that has virtually grown into racial consciousness by means of its plastic characteristics, will forever summon all ancestral recollections of it in terms of their origination, i. e. in form-conceptions. It will appeal by an impression paralleling its cerebral evolution. In doing this it cannot fail to make a contact with all of the eternal experiences concomitant with the racial acquisition of the tree-concept. Hence it will bring the whole treasure of our racial life to enrich the new impression; it will become an affair of the whole man. And this means, that elements of plastic expression are not only generated racially, but are confined to racial apperceptions, in opposition to the merely accessory apperceptions, which have a limited appeal to only a part of our nature, and, hence, one incomparably more diminutive.

Thus New art, building upon racial principles, is far from courting amorphous illusions, but is consciously in search of eternal plastic forms. Their infinite reach alone can comprehend modern Cosmism.

This, therefore, is the inner force as well as the inner circle out of which pure art must spring. To be pure it must be purged from accessory, non-racial elements. The incidents of recent origin, of external discipline, adaptation, imitation and all of the traditional influences which are not racially human must be washed off as so much dust that has settled on the canvas of true art.

When demanding the emancipation from the accessory life and an enfranchisement of the racial compulsion, the New artist is consciously carrying out the long-cherished wishes of poets, tonal, verbal and plastic. They have long felt the stifling conditions imposed upon them by acquired human functions. They, with their racial soul, first voiced the complaint of life against discipline. The instances of protest are many, in all tongues. Let me recall only that of our own truly racial Poe, who speaks of science as the vulture preying upon the poet's heart, the vulture whose wings are dull reality:

How should he love thee? or how deem thee wise,  
Who wouldst not leave him in his wandering  
To seek for treasure in the jeweled skies,  
Albeit he soared with an undaunted wing?

Science is only one of the many accessory structures of life; its appeal is still

\*See "Modern Plastic Expression," by M. De Zayas and P. B. Haviland.



non-instinctive, fortuitous, violent, one might say. Similar to it is the appeal of all logical concatenations embodied in short-lived "ideals" and methods. All the painful efforts of poet-laureates will not invest royalty, constitutionalism, militarism, education, aristocracy, church-loyalty, caste-fidelity, class-serility, group-ambition and property-greed with the halo of art, which is not a mercenary's glaring embellishment and luminous display of his wares, but a natural, intensely human atmosphere born of racial being. Immersion in the universality of race feeling, and nothing less, gives poetry and art. Hence only that portion of social manifestation is susceptible to art-treatment which is eternal; as is our racial life.

Such considerations lead the New artist to a demand for full freedom of expression and an absolute awakening of the racial man. Archaism and Primitivism, dictated by plastic considerations, were fostered by this ideology. It meant the shedding of the epochal husk, to obtain the racial seed. Modern psychology furnishes ample corroboration of raciality of art. It has gathered a formidable array of evidence substantiating Friedrich Schiller's thought that art-activity is the manifestation of the play-spirit residual in human souls. By way of the works of Groos and Queyrat, science has come to see in children's play a most solemn reproduction of racial history — the child living through, successively, all periods of his species' evolution. The remoteness of the inspirational source is the secret of its main characteristic: its self-end. A task, a conscious direction, a purposive coercion makes work out of play. It turns seraphim into dray-horses.

Art, in a similar way, is aiming at an objectification of racial experience, which alone is the source of undivided emotion. It measures the greatness of a masterpiece by the profound depths of human history it summons into our consciousness by its plastic bidding. Thus the infinitude of race-life asserts itself as a self-end in form of the art instinct. In free art the voice of eternity totally drowns temporal clamor; and then "it seems," writes Bergson, "as if an appeal had been made within us to certain ancestral memories belonging to a far away past — memories so deep-seated and foreign to our present life that this latter, for the moment, seems something unreal and conventional."

Hence the New artist is a law unto himself; his own racial mind he accepts as the only means of conveying all-embracing reality — Cosmism. In the light of this belief, he is inclined to see little of art in all of the traditional plastic manifestations; and, with his freedom of conception as a stepping stone, he claims to be the usher of a new era, when true art will at last become the property of mankind.

There is no doubt that the art of all ages we have gathered in our museums shows, principally, institutional characteristics, of state authority, of religion, of legalized morals, of approved ideals, etc., etc. It all tends to suggest that social coercion, of one sort or another, has, from immemorial times, inhibited pure self-expression.

The rock incisions of the cave-men are undoubtedly early proofs of social compulsion — not only by imitation, but by proscription of all deviation from



the norm. A possession of animal forms in the shape of art gave, in accordance with well-established primitive man's belief, the cave-man a much-desired power over his animal foes. A drawing of an artist thus became a valuable weapon; too important for our weak human ancestor to be trifled with, or left to the play-instinct of any man. Convention, therefore, must have had very ancient beginnings.

All primitive communities could produce only standardized art. Socialized to the extreme as those ancient organizations are known to have been, they brought all of their members' activities to one common denominator. All socially propitious acts were sanctified; digression from the norm was a menace to the social order, as they thought. Therefore the suppression of all divergence seemed to those communities a prime condition for their survival.

The usurpation of arts by castes; their subservience to rigidly crystallized ideologies in Egypt and other early civilizations could not help producing the high symbolization of classic arts. And a symbol precludes unity of discipline, a oneness of apperception, a mass-acceptance of imposed norms. Even classical Greece was no exception to the general rule of social coercion of artists. Even such men as Praxiteles were not immune from it, and were frequently made to feel its sting.

The art of Japan never freed itself from immemorial Buddhist and Chinese conventions. Religion and class-dominance conditioned the survival of frozen principles. When the great awakening came, through the Ukiyo-e school, ostracism and starvation were the class-weapons against "vulgarization" of art. The art-loving Samurai never rescinded their condemnation of this great attempt at freer art-expression.

Returning to "our" civilization let us recall the absolutism of the Holy Catholic Church, whose attitude towards art may be summarized, briefly, in the declaration of one of its great councils: "It is not the invention of the painter which creates the picture, but an inviolable law, a tradition of the Catholic Church. It is not the painters but the holy fathers who have to invent and to dictate. To them manifestly belongs the composition, to the painter only the execution."

Absolute monarchy fostered historical painting, with a pseudo-romantic tinge; democracy favors shallow classicism; the bourgeois, self-satisfied and triumphant in worldly pursuits, demands realism from Hals and Rembrandt. Leaving such as Rubens, Van Dyke, and Velasquez to create a false glory around court-life, they wanted no mere artist to express his painted opinions against their authority. They were not slow in making Rembrandt feel their displeasure when he dared to mask their workaday sobriety and vulgar self-importance in his "Night Watch."

And what of today's parvenu-approved art, whose academies have sanctioned what Caffin sees in La Touche's canvases: "The blatancy of an age of mushroom millionaires and diamond Kaffir Kings . . . reflected in the decorative orgies. . . ."

In fine, the New artist seems fully justified in his distrust of traditional "spontaneity and individuality." He defies the influences of church, state,



class, and "idola fori," who are the ghosts guiding the artist's brush and chisel; who still demand self-suppression, aesthetic orthodoxy, and asceticism in the name of sainted traditional bogeys, hallowed institutional taboos and deified class-talismans.

He sees the violent contexture of social organization giving way to one built upon racial voluntarism. And that is why he proceeds to tear the thousand obsolete social tendrils, and anticipates the birth of true art.

The establishment of the individual sanction for art-activity "of the fructifying heavenly breath," as Goethe calls it, from which New art draws its strength, was one of the mighty currents of the 19th century's art-evolution. In the vast arena of that epoch the institutional and individual tendencies have fought. The tentacles of the past were fastened on the hearts of even the most radical innovators. They often had institutionalism emblazoned on their revolutionary banners; especially, when the intensity of social disharmony called for an oblivion of personal ills to minister to the commonwealth's pressing needs. Even the most racial ones among them, believed with Jules Romin, that "the kingdom of the individual must come to an end; his soul, his passions, his inner upheavals must no more occupy literature. What is of importance at present, what is becoming the most real form of life, are — groups of men, streets, plazas, meetings, towns. Poems, novels and dramas must mirror the life of these groups; must show the lyrical joy of dissolution in their multiplicity, of disappearance in their rhythm or of their reproduction within one-self."

It is well known that Courbet, Proudhon's friend, regarded art as a handmaid of class struggle.

His realism was a didactic imperative, a social institution that gave way to that of science, when Impressionism came to its own.

The idol of science planted in art's holy groves was shattered by Neo-impressionism. Imagination, without which, according to Gauguin, there is no art, was the weapon of those who protested against the impersonal rule of science. All other contemporary ideologies — beauty, justice, freedom, progress, etc., etc. — were promptly substituted. Art then became a record of popular creeds, of "vulgarism" and social phosphorescence. Daumier, Meryon, Rops, Meunier, Gavarni, Millet, Degas, Guys, Lautrec, Carrière, Denis, etc., ad infinitum, — often unrelated natures, — saw their mission in institutional reality.

Van Gogh and Gauguin felt strongly this social compulsion. Cézanne, the arch-primitive, was almost impervious to it. They have seized nature and contracted it out to didactic purposes. The tragic fire in the heaven-rending scream of Van Gogh's self-portrait and the color-glory in Gauguin's "Les Misères Humaines" had a social mission: to summon man's conscience into his eye.

Today we hear the same sociological imperative in the most "dematerialized" art-system of which Kandinsky is a theorist. This spokesman of the "inner compulsion" and "evangelical talent" speaks often of the elevating and refining quality of his sort of art, which it is the *duty* of the artist to



apply to personal and social purposes. His mysticism did not raise him above our sociological clamor. Only French Post-cubism aspires to the logical self-end of art. In it the artist is concerned with only his own-self-realization, leaving it to the sociologists to turn to popular use the new revelation of racial humanity. All he asks for is freedom—not even for understanding.

\* \* \* \* \*

The evolution here surveyed, while showing the vitality of institutionalism even in those who combat the old order of things, is, nevertheless only one phase of those innovators' lives. Real links between two epochs, they have mirrored both in their art. Such is genius.

Their very institutionalism they have turned into a pick to uproot the non-personal life and art.

Romanticism, the social mystic, broke the path. Delacroix came to nature as her master. Nature, he said, was a mere dictionary whence words and phrases came for poetry. Literalism is a mere copying out of a dictionary—words, but not a poem. When later on, Gauguin exclaimed: "No art without imagination," he only echoed Delacroix's thoughts, which, as Baudelaire realized, have become the new art-principles.

Courbet's realism was, on its other side, a protest against the then prevalent stifling conventionalism; and such was also the whole of Impressionism, which insisted upon what it deemed natural vision as against the institutional eye.

Later on, the opposition to science-intoxicated Impressionism was an uprising against the tyranny of a theory of optics.

Thus, the free man, step by step, fought for his right. Neither concrete things nor abstract rules could deter him. "No objects but objectivity" demands Cézanne: "not the sun as it is, but recreated" as it feels. Man is not a copyist of experience, but a creator of it; and so is art, such as he wills it to be, thought that arch-primitive. What institution could fetter a spirit like this?

With Cézanne came an elemental demand for truly humanized art. No more of the indiscriminating immersion of nature in a sun-dust of a Monet, that turns pebbles into gems, as darkness turns all cats gray. No more of worship of nature's holiday attire, but the search for its soul,—became the watchword of Cézanne's and Van Gogh's art. In these two the age of acute reality-perception is most clearly exemplified. Their aim is modern art's soundest formulation: To reveal reality by form; its soul in color; its dynamics in line; its mystic *leitmotiv* in tone-relations;—in fine, to synthesize the world in symbols born of racial experience.

\* \* \* \* \*

The second postulate of New art is vindicated and typified by Van Gogh's volcanic sociality and Cézanne's primitive intuitional objectivism.

The Post-cubists have committed the error of naming the latter "abstraction" and at once proceeded to exploit all of the possibilities of such a purely analytical process, as that term implies. This has caused them, imperceptibly, to give up their racial universalism for a merely logical one, and objective conception for the abstract one. Thus their third postulate originated.



The soundness of the fundamental thought of this movement, embodied in the preceding postulates, indigenous in New art, must eventually assert itself and save new plastique. This is bound to follow upon a crystallization of the New artist's consciousness around his truly racial basic principles. However, let me here continue to trace the mutations of the Post-cubist art.

As previously remarked, reality—not logical noumenons of it, or meta-physically woven dreams of it—but the racial endowment of mankind, is the only source and self-aim of art. Post-cubism sets out to reveal “das ewig Objective.” Accordingly, the sentiments, likes and dislikes, the habits, the movements, attitudes, masses, forms of infinite re-impression—the tangible world in mental apperception, as wrought on the eternal anvil of time—these alone are the alpha and omega of art revelation and appreciation. Only that which can be gleaned from the contents of this art-sphere gives undivided appeal to the wholeness of man. All else, embellished with racial gem and flower, as it may be, does not rise above artistry.

All of the racial depths of Goethe's genius could do no more with the logical thesis of Faust's second part than stamp it with the tool-marks of a genius-artisan.

There are, roughly, three large domains of expression. The one having a source and self-end most ancient—art. The second, operating with most up-to-date sources and ends—science. The third, which comes from an interaction of the two previous ones is—artistry. The latter is usually abhorred as art by the scientist; and relegated to science, by the artist. By his nature, the perfect artisan is a man of two worlds, so to say. He is, as a rule, too racial to be a scientist, and too logical to be an artist. His position may be gained from two directions: by ascent from art, or by descent from science.

All of man's manifestations find a rung on this endless ladder, which, in a way, is a scale for measuring all work.

The end of last century and our epoch show science, in the hands of Ostwald and Bergson, unmistakably descending towards the domain of art; for such is the position of their nature-philosophies. This phenomenon may serve for a better elucidation of the same, though directly reversed, process in art; for it, as “peinture pure,” has passed the Rubicon of science. This, I believe, accounts for the predominantly laboratory value of the latest plastique of Picasso, Duchamp, Gleizes, Metzinger, Lèger, Braque, Hansen-Jacobson, Bloch, Macke, Kubin, Burljuk, Kandinsky, Morgner, De Zayas, Walkowitz, Hartley, Dove, etc., etc. For the analytic implication in their work, Kandinsky's “Malgrammatik” seems a good word. Their work gives plastic sensation in analysis.

Analogous causes have brought about the modern transgression of their respective limits by science and art, namely, the analysis of their elements in terms of another, heterogeneous system of activity. In science, the attempt to fathom its building-stones—time, space, movement, etc.,—in purely abstract (non-scientific) terms has been responsible for the disruption of its boundary. Similarly, in art, the attempt to express its building-material—man, intellect, imagination, experience, mass, form, color, etc.,—in purely abstract (non-racial)



terms, has caused the transmutation of art-activity into art-scholasticism, i. e. an artisanship consisting of an interaction of two distinctly opposed spheres of activity. Art itself—the domain of racial source and racially approved manifestation—is not affected by this scholasticism, just as science itself keeps on, within its positive domain, in its literal revelation of the concrete, undisturbed by the uncertainty of its building-stones' logical doom. Even if they do not know the absolute meaning of time, space, etc., scientists persist in working out an invaluable system of science based upon these terms. Their scientific validity remaining unshaken, their usefulness is undiminished. Parallel with this, Cézanne has been operating with color, form, tone, line, mass, space, etc., etc., solely on the basis of their art-validity. Their absolute meaning was no concern of his; it belonged to the system of logical and not racial activity; to science, and not to art. Their determination is always a matter of analysis, and not synthesis. Hence it comes that the comprehensive mining of the hidden treasures of the mystic inner compulsion can lead only to a scholastic manipulation of abstract terms, foreign to art, and, if forced to an unnatural union, these two can engender only artisanship.

Cézanne and Van Gogh, the arch-artists, could conceive only in art-terms, i. e. in raciality, which can no more be seized from the focus of a logical system, than mediæval life could be dwarfed to monasticism. When Poe and Maeterlinck summon racial-feelings by imagination-stirring word-construction and visual suggestion they follow the imperative of art: to operate within a synthesizing sphere. When they ponder upon the secret of poetry and art, they analyze and make science. Then they consciously forsake the raciality of their art, because they are then after art's abstract skeleton. They pluck the flower, flatten it between the leaves of a book, then find it fit for service in their scientific collection.

Kandinsky sees, with Plato's eyes, an abstract "idea" behind every reality. "Der Innere Klang" is the expression of his dualism, his disruption of being—the very antithesis of raciality. His dualism logically leads to plastic solipsism. He permeates the world with logical ether, until it loses its reality, except within the *sancta sanctorum* of his imagination. There, in the anchorite's seclusion, reigns supreme the concept, a thought-vessel ever hungry for content. Truly, the abstract number is the symbol of this art, as Kandinsky himself concludes.

The recognition of the opposite pole of his dualism—the world of matter—introduces, as in all dualistic philosophies, an irreconcilable partner. The intruder is admitted upon a condition of subjection to the "inner imperative." Even when "zerstückelt" and "kontrapunktirt," he persists to dwell in the canvas in fullest separation from the other partner in dualism—the idea. One is, and ever will be, entirely separated from, and even opposed to the other; as, by this theory concrete elaboration is, unavoidably, a spiritual limitation. Thus an internecine struggle between the matter and the spirit of a composition is the unavoidable outcome. Over the din of conflict, we are, therefore, to await the harmonizing verbal elucidation of the artist, who, we have his assurance, in time will be able to formulate precisely the constructive process of his work.



French Post-cubism, equally dualistic in its conception of reality, more completely sacrifices the most troublesome one of the two warring principles. It gradually absolves itself from the pollution of form-manipulation. From Matisse's simplification, and Picasso's geometrical de-composed compositions a steady denial of concrete detail has aimed at a destruction of objectivity, as that foreshadowed by Picabia's latest work. That this road is one crossing the boundary of former art, this they fully admit. The domain of "pensée pure," which is the content of their canvases, lies beyond all that centuries have grown accustomed to regard as the exclusive region of art. They repudiate all that modern German aestheticians, of the school of Lipps, with Worringer's revision, would call style, and which, in line with this essay's argumentation, is no more than the temporal social imposition upon racial creative force. Furthermore, they reject, not only the aesthetic teleology of plastic cognition of nature, but all natural fixity of content. "Ce monstre de la beauté n'est pas éternel," exclaims Apollinaire. "L'art moderne repousse, généralement, le plupart des moyens de plaire mis en oeuvre par les grands artistes des temps passés". . . . "On s'achemine ainsi vers un art entièrement nouveau, qui sera à la peinture, telle qu'on l'avait envisagée jusqu'ici, ce que la musique est à la littérature. Ce sera de la peinture pure, de même que la musique est de la littérature pure. L'amateur de musique éprouve, en entendant un concert, une joie d'un ordre différent de la joie qu'il éprouve en écoutant les bruits naturels, comme le murmure d'un ruisseau, le fracas d'un torrent, le sifflement du vent dans une forêt, ou les harmonies du langage humain fondées sur la raison et non sur l'esthétique. De même, les peintres nouveaux procureront à leurs admirateurs des sensations artistiques uniquement dues à l'harmonie des lumières impaires."

Conscious of their self-imposed ostracism from traditional realms of art, the Post-cubists reiterate nevertheless their allegiance to the mother-land by identifying their plastic creations with music. They claim to have dematerialized their art so completely that there remains only the inner voice, whose sound is the common keynote of all arts, the sign of their kinship, and the means of their ultimate practical correlation. Through it, they claim, it becomes possible to unite all forms of expression—tonal, verbal, and plastic—into an elementally powerful unison of art-effect—the high aim of Richard Wagner, missed by that innovator, because hung upon a material scheme. This is now propounded by the daring group of contributors to the "Blaue Reiter." The sound-color transposition tables by Skryabin and Kandinsky are conscious efforts in this direction. Skryabin's color-accompanied music is an attempt at practical realization of the new unison.

Gabrièle Buffet connects Picabia's "peinture pure" with the search for the objectivity of color and sound elements. She claims a superiority over music for pure line and pure color as agents for abstraction. "The deepest meaning of a musical composition will escape, in part, the comprehension of those listeners who are not educated in music, or who have not, at least, the heredity of a long education. On the other hand, pure line and color have a definite and particular meaning in themselves which the normal develop-



ment of our sense-perceptions permits us to appreciate without effort. Everyone has in himself the comprehension of the straight line and the curve, of the colors blue and red. Everyone can seize the relations that exist between two lines and two colors and the different impression that ensues from different relations of these same lines of colors. We can realize the geometrical objectivity in the work of "peinture pure," free as it is from all representation, as clearly as we can realize the materialistic objectivity of the representative work of art and we experience the emotion in this abstract balance in the work since we realize the value of its elements."\*

I believe that New musicians as Arnold Schoenberg, Skryabin, Von Hartmann, etc., will promptly disown Mme. Buffet's statement concerning their art. They claim the very opposite for free music. The desire to penetrate to depths inaccessible to the "educated" music leads them to a revolutionary introduction of non-classified tonal values, of unknown sounds, strange chords, dissonance, fractional tones, etc., etc. They feel the need of a reconquest of raciality in music, i. e., of a world divined in eternal sounds. A purely scholastic interest in noises, thirds or twelfths of tones, or other elements of expression is as foreign to their art as the objectivity of line and color is to painting.

Geometrical objectivity to become art must be dissolved in the racial wholeness of world-conception. For, by themselves, elements of art are no concern of the artist. Disharmony, sound, tone, color, line; kaleidoscopic, or rainbow aspects; geometrical, organic dismemberments; crystallic, or vital effects are, severally, logical discharges of experience. Their objectivity is intellectual, and not racial; scientific, and not artistic. What Lipps calls "Einfühlung," the projection of the artist's ego into his perceptions, and which, from our point of view, is a racial apperception of new experience leading, by its inherent potentiality, to a recreation of raciality from the focus of the new experience,—this process of art-expression never lets an artist view a line, a color, a thing in general, otherwise than in racial integration. The near-aspect, the literal image (all that is narrowly termed natural) is out of the artist's reach; for all things are to him as racially enveloped. Mankind's history clings inseparably to artists' vision, which sees not the tools, nor the means, nor the clay, nor the bricks, but the wholeness of creation.

Erroneously concentrating upon those abstractions Post-cubists have made them the measures of art; with the result I have formulated above. They have transgressed the boundary of art and encroached upon science and artistry.

One more point remains to be considered in this connection, for the professed aim of dematerialization (which we have found to have taken the form of logical emaciation) was the approach to the immateriality of music. This seems eminently in keeping with the trend of New art towards raciality. For by an extreme simplification modern plastique might have summoned racial regions so primitive as to be akin to those awakened by music. However, it is not likely that these two arts will ever overlap one another.

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\*See CAMERA WORK, Special Number, June, 1913.



Racial precedence of the two arts in question gives a positive demarcation of their respective spheres. Music, appealing through sound-sensations, which are elements of orientation much older racially, than those of vision, summons into our consciousness ancestral memories antecedent to those of even the oldest plastic recollection. A different racial world, therefore, belongs to each one of these two spheres of cognition, and hence music is as inaccessible to concrete plastic grasp, as plastic experience is irrevocably above the amorphous early animal sensations. Music speaks in an almost pre-human tongue, so that not even the most rudimentary plastic expression can recreate the musical, preplastic sensation. That there exists a racial veto against transposition of arts Kandinsky fully admits: "Eine genaue Wiederholung desselben Klanges durch verschiedene Künste ist nicht möglich." Only in subliminal transcendence can the echoes of widely different racial regions sound with one art-note.

There is known, in mathematics, a way of proving all quantities equal to one another, thus directly annihilating the principle of quantity. This is accomplished by subjecting them to a treatment in terms of one of the quantitative limits, say zero. By such a procedure we readily identify all things, music and plastique included. Thus:  $M^0 = P^0$ , an equation strikingly proving the inhuman impartiality of mathematics, which makes all quantities in the power of zero equal to one.

By treating all plastic entities in terms of their logical limits, raising them to the power of zero, it became possible, as we saw, to dematerialize all realities alike, and then triumphantly to claim the discovery of ultimate oneness.

\* \* \* \* \*

Consciously possessed of art's heritage, undaunted by the opposition of a whole epoch's callousness and ignorance, divinely optimistic in the face of an Archimedes' task to move a world, from their newly revealed fulcrum, the Post-cubists are now in the fore-front of the movement for true art. Summing up universality, they have evolved an infinite measure: the New man. He, in his racial infinity, is the one of whom Protagoras said two thousand years ago: Man is the measure of all things. Proceeding to endow this measure of all being with all inclusive capacity, the Post-cubists have taken his logical faculty as a starting point—a fatal procedure. They have obtained mere truth, a peep at the universe through an intellectual key-hole. The awakening is bound to come; for truth is a candle lit at both ends. When reaching to its conclusion it burns the holding hand.

The candle is not long.

It is up to the New artist to build a reality which is endlessly wider than logical insight. He must live up to his raciality, which is at the basis of his art-conception. With undivided mind he must grasp life, which speaks to him, as it did, in a mighty synthesis, to Cézanne and Van Gogh, in terms of movement, magnitude, mass, strength, attitude, will, direction, revelation, light, glimpse, vibration, whisper, rhythm, and harmony—besides innumerable other racial tongues.

The free artist will hear them and reveal their message. JOHN WEICHSEL.



## PLATES

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- XV. Nocturne—Hydrangea Terrace, Chateaux Ledoux
- XVI. Autumnal Afternoon—The Poplars, Voulangis
- XVII. The Lotus Screen: S. S. S.





























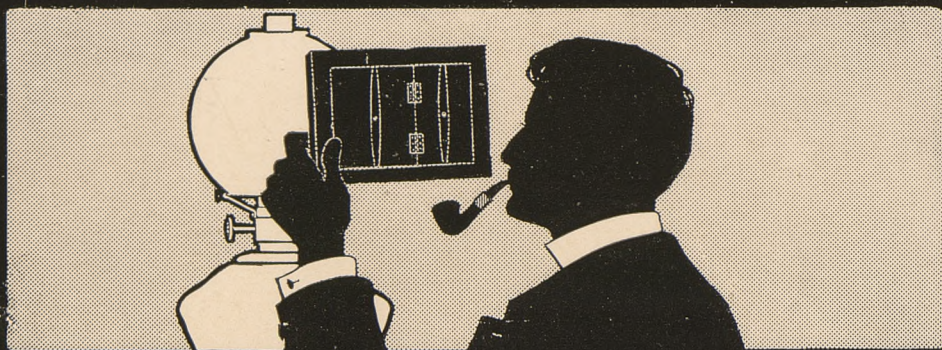












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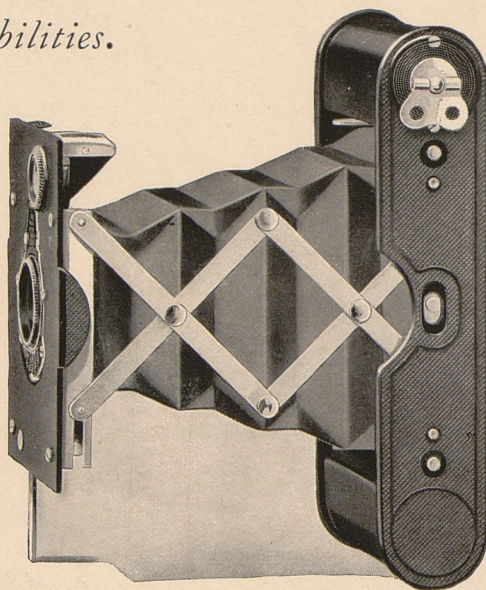
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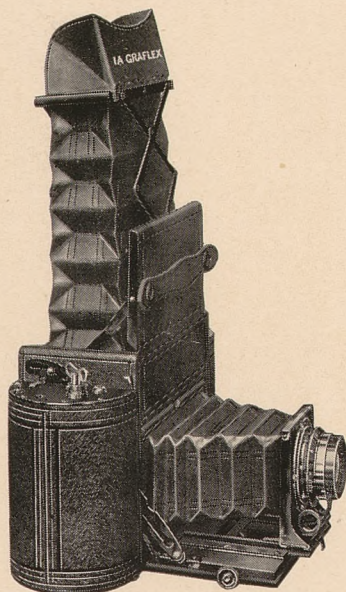
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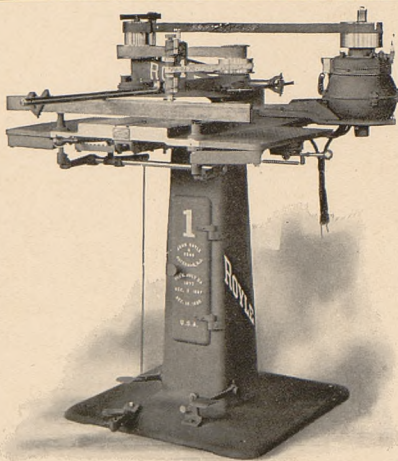
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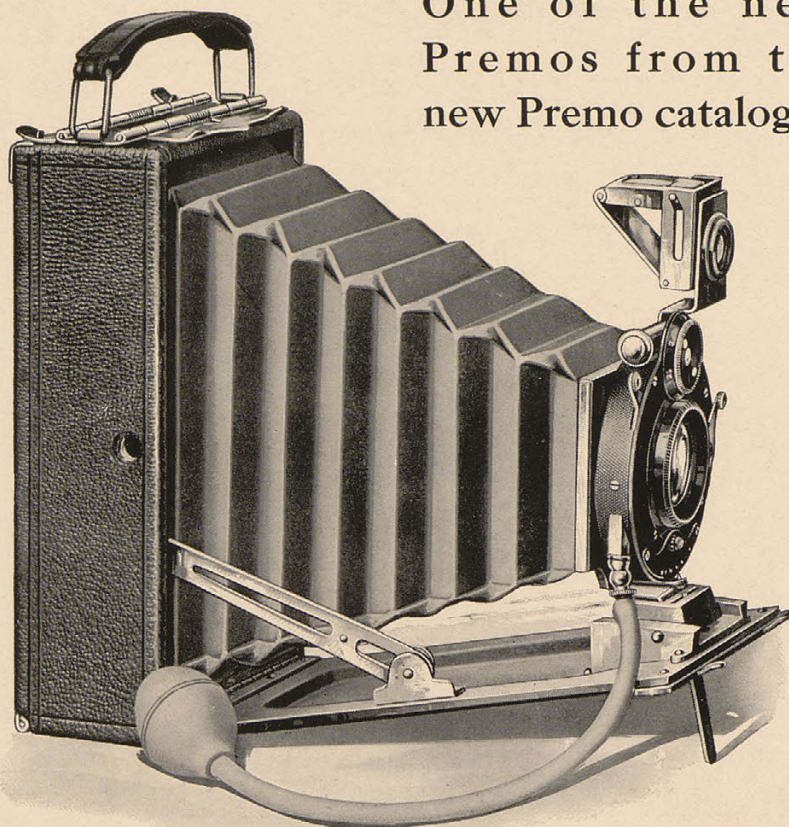
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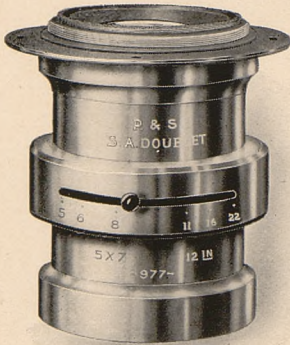
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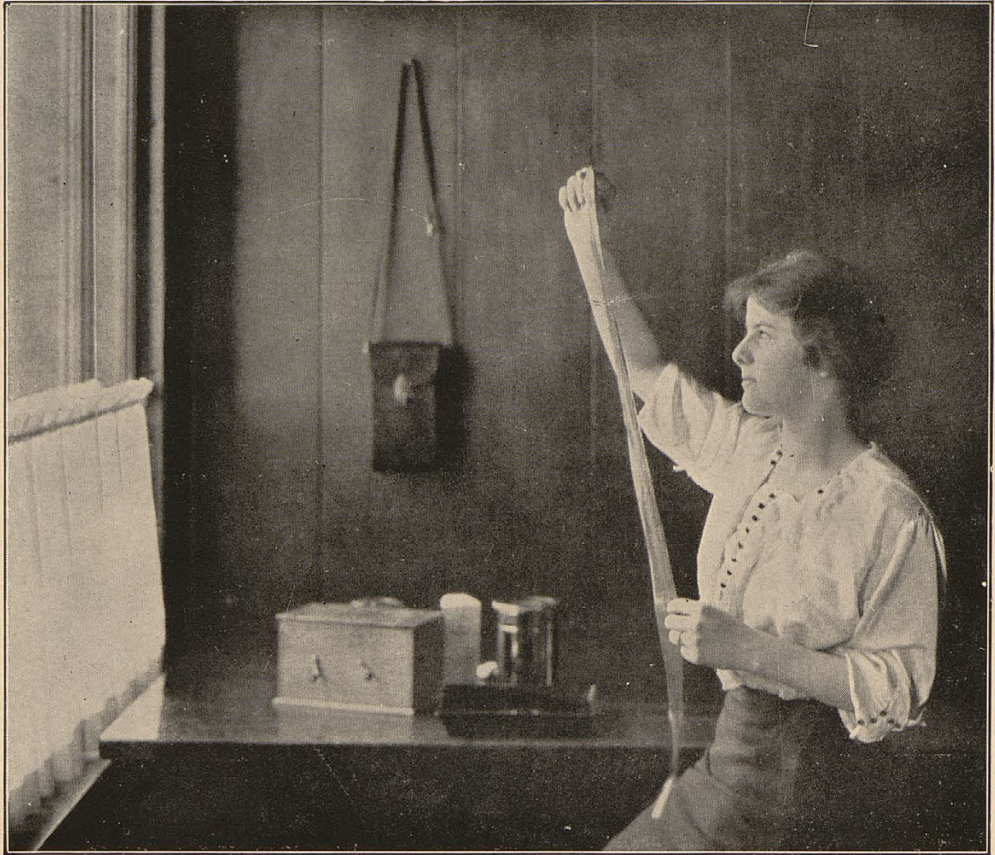
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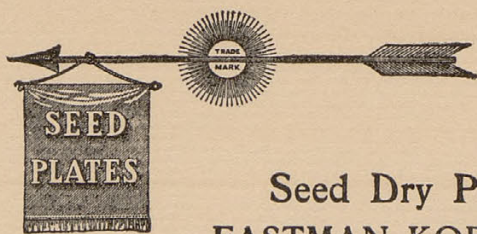
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