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PLATES

MODERN ART—THEORIES AND REPRESENTATIONS

THERE are, in the modern movement of art, two equally important sides to consider: the invention or the discovery of new representations, and the theory or argument of the acquired knowledge of the psychological meaning of those representations. These two sides of art, its theory and its practice, do not form a unity; they remain independent, both in their development and in their evolution. They follow different paths and accomplish different results, and their only relation is to serve as an incentive to each other for their progress. This may seem a paradox, but close observation of the conditions of the modern movement of art will convince us of the separate existence of these two entities.

Art, at all times, has been composed of two elements: the idea and the fact; that is, the subjective and the objective. It began by being essentially subjective and in its evolution it gradually became essentially objective,—culminating, so far as relates to plastic representation by man, in Photography.

The modern movement of art presents the phenomenon of being equally subjective and objective. First art was simply the expression of feelings and sensations, represented by geometrical combinations of lines, as in the work of the savages in whom the power of observation of form is very limited. When the intellect of man acquired the power of observation, his beliefs were expressed in a more objective manner. Then began the evolution of represented form, which was always independent of the evolution of the philosophical idea of art. It is true that the idea modified the form for its better expression, but the development of form continued uninterrupted in the direction of the perfect representation of its objectivity.

The fusion of the *theories* of modern art and its *representation* brings about the confusion of those who find more self-satisfaction in a quick judgment of it than in investigating its significance.

Never before the present time has the theory of art taken such an important place in the thought of man. The sentimentalists, the lovers of contemplativeness, find it futile or unnecessary that anything should be written on a purely plastic subject which ought to speak for itself; ignoring that, in our epoch, the knowledge of the reason of things seems to be of more importance than the things themselves; that there is a struggle to know not only the *how*, but to go as far as trying to investigate the *why* of things. The theories that modern art has brought forth are of equal importance with, if not of more importance than its plastic productions. I will try to demonstrate this in the present article.

Ampère, dividing the history of any science that has attained its full development into four periods, classes the one in which we take hold of the laws that rule the succession of the natural phenomena in a determined order, as the last and highest period. It can be said that art in its latest manifestation has entered into a similar period, for it tries with its theories to understand and acquire the laws that govern plastic phenomena, and with its representations tries to express that phenomena.

Art, before the modern movement, was always synthetic; was always the final conclusion of a belief; it had no theories but doctrines. Modern art is analytical; and for this reason it divides and subdivides itself into many different branches, all of which aim to discover the primary cause of the plastic significance of the physical world, the concrete. Formerly art was the expression of a collective or individual belief; now its principal motive is investigations. It proceeds toward the unknown, and that unknown is objectivity. It wants to know the *essence* of things; and it analyses them in their phenomena of form, following the method of experimentalism set by science, which consists in the determination of the material conditions in which a phenomenon appears. It wants to know that significance of plastic phenomena, and accordingly, it has had to enter into the investigation of the morphological organism of things. "Man does not limit himself to see; he *thinks* and wants to know the significance of the phenomena whose existence has been revealed to him by *observation.* Therefore, he reasons; compares the facts; questions them; and, by the answers he draws, he controls the one by the other. It is this kind of control, by means of reasonings and facts, that constitutes, properly speaking, the experience. It is the only procedure by which we can instruct ourselves in the nature of the things that are outside of ourselves." So says Claude Bernard in his studies on experimentalism. But while science in its experimentalism deals directly with matter operating on matter, art to penetrate into the organism of the plastic phenomena of matter deals only with the sense of sight.

This method, introduced in art, manifests the intellectual attitude of man toward Nature rather than expresses his beliefs. But, while the "old" art was the expression of the conception of an idea, or in other terms, expressed the idea by the conception of its constitutive elements, the "new" art is not the expression of its theories. It follows, at the same time, two criterions: one inner, conscious, subjective and absolute; and the other, outer, experimental and relative. We could say that one is a "mental" analysis while the other is a "plastic" analysis. With its theories it wants to get at the subjective truth; and with its practice at the objective truth. It wants to get at the synthesis of all thought and at the essence of all facts. It follows science in its method, but not in its spirit.

Some one said, writing about a popular artist, that: "when all sides of the question have been weighed, it must remain the deeper faith, the greater glory, to take the world as it is and find the eternal in it, than to seek for our realities in some fictitious atmosphere born of the imagination." This phrase clearly defines the attitude of the modern artist and his utopian aim to find the eternal subjective and represent it by the eternal objective, when neither of them is or can be eternal.

To obtain these truths in their eternality, the modern artist analytically studies his inner self and the outer world, separately. He employs in his studies a personal philosophical system and an impersonal experimental method. He goes beyond observation, for he does not want to express nature as he sees it; he does not want to express its effects but its causes; he dissects both the outer world and its psychological effects on men; and therein, lies the difference between his theories and his practice of art. One is purely philosophical, the other purely experimental. One is conscious and subjective; the other unconscious and objective. One is the idea, the other is the fact; one is Man, and the other is Nature.

Through reasoning and induction the modern artist arrives at a philosophical system; at a theory which explains his idea of the subjective truth, which, like all subjective truths, is universal and absolute. These theories manifest the natural tendency of the human mind to search for the primary cause of existence, since man cannot accept a phenomenon without a cause. He needs an explanation of it to satisfy his necessity to believe. It is a new face of the religious idea, composed, like the latter, of impressionability and intelligence. In all these theories can be felt a reasoning faith that in most cases is contagious, ending very often in fanaticism.

Most of the theories of modern art have for a starting point a scientific truth. Taking the principle of his logical deductions as a truth, the artist believes that his conclusions are also truths. But when we carry those conclusions to facts, we are soon convinced that, though they are perfectly logical, they are by no means reducible to facts. Dazzled by the light of Science and carried away by his instinct of the marvellous and the absolute, the artist, the interpreter of the emotionalism of humanity, who in other times tried to represent not only the idea of the natural but also the conception of the supernatural, now seeks to discover the laws of Nature.

Art is no longer the result of the affective phenomena; of impressions and emotions; it is a product of the intellectualism that reigns in our epoch. Man loses in affective impressionability what he gains in intellectual power. Intellectualism in art has become a passion; a source of pleasure. Its desire is the force that impels us to the combination of ideas that carry man to abstraction. Hence the necessity to theorize.

Claude Bernard says that: "the human mind in the different periods of its evolution, has passed successively through *sentiment*, *reason* and *experience*. First, sentiment, imposing itself upon reason, created the truths of faith; that is, Theology. Reason or Philosophy, being next the master, gave birth to Scholasticism. And, last, experience, that is the study of the natural phenomena, taught man that the truths of the outer world cannot be formulated either by sentiment or by reason; these are only the guides. But to obtain these truths, it is necessary to descend to the objective reality of things, where they are found hidden in the form of their phenomena."

An analysis of the idea of art in its evolution shows that it was originated by strong impressions, by emotions; it also shows the slow transformation of those emotions into intellectual conceptions; and finally into the idea that has become the instrument to penetrate into the reason of things.

The philosophical idea of art has followed step by step the evolutions of the religious conceptions of man, which succeeding one another, becoming less and less crude, less and less chimerical, finally arrived at science with its realities, devoid of fantasies.

The masses which humbly worshipped the representations of art when they were the expressions of sentiments, affections and beliefs, began to have an instinctive doubt as art gradually approached objectivity. They revolted when it entered into the analysis of the objective. They blindly believed in art when it only expressed the subjective; when it only intended to evoke a doctrine; or convey a *credo*. They condemned it when it tried to reveal a truth. The understanding of the *idea* of the objective marks the highest period of the intellect of man. Modern art reasons; on the other hand, the masses are acted upon by emotions infinitely more than by logical reasoning.

A theory, formulated by logical reasoning, might not be convincing, but is always comprehensible. Were it possible for plastic productions of modern art to be the logical reasoning of its theories they would be, if not convincing, at least understood by the generality of the art public. But they cannot be. The theories are, in relation to the plastic works, their philosophical justification; but the plastic works remain as isolated facts.

A subjective truth is not the same thing as an objective one. The intrinsic meaning of an idea cannot be represented by the intrinsic meaning of a fact. An idea can only be represented by form if we give to form a conventional value. As the theories of modern art are formulated through analysis—the logical reasoning of a subjective truth—art's representations are the analysis of an objective truth. The theories are purely ideological; the representations purely morphological. The theories might create in us a mental interest; give us an intellectual pleasure; while the representations give us only a plastic impression, that is purely an optical impression. These representations are the analysis of existing things in their phenomena of form; they are not only abstract form, but form in its abstraction. Man cannot create form; form in its most abstract expressions remains form; it remains objective; it remains a fact.

And a fact, as Claude Bernard says, "is nothing in itself, it does not have any value but for the idea that goes with it, or by the proof that it furnished. When we qualify a fact as a *discovery*, it is not the fact itself that constitutes the discovery, but the new idea that derivates from it. And the same happens when a fact proves; it is not the fact itself which gives the *proof*, but only the rational relation that it establishes between the phenomenon and its cause."

This also happens with the works of modern art; they do not have any intellectual value, outside of the purely optical impression, until one has become acquainted with its theories. Although the sense of sight, the sense that connects the mind with the visible world, is the highest and most cerebral of all the senses, it cannot by the impressions peculiar to it, be sensitive to the qualities of reason, to essentially ideological entities formulated by pure intelligence which is the cerebral faculty of the highest order. So then, if we are to get any pleasure from the modern works of art, it would seem to be the pleasure produced by the gratification of the pure intellect, about which Mr. Maurice Aisen writes in a recent number of CAMERA WORK, and which he believes to be the sixth sense. In other words, our pleasure would seem to be caused by the theories; by that "beauty" which Charles Letourneau, not quite fifty years ago, thought to be beyond the possibilities of art, when he said in his study of passions that: "higher still we find a purely intellectual beauty, scientific or philosophical; but this last one escapes the artist, it rises above art." Hence, either art has been raised to a higher level, or it has evolved into another intellectual entity; as Science (research of the objective truth) evolved from religion (explanation of the subjective *credo*).

If we admit that the highest cerebral faculty produces the highest psychological manifestations, we also have to admit that the manifestations of the pure intelligence are higher than those produced by the emotions of any of the senses, since the pleasure, produced by the senses which are in a closer connection with the cerebrum, are more intellectual, though of a lesser emotional intensity, than that produced by the senses of a minor cerebral intimacy. For example: the pleasure of plastic impressions, produced by the sense of sight, the sense which has the most intimate connection with the cerebrum, are less emotional but more intellectual than those of musical sounds, produced on the ear, which is more a sensual sense-organ than the eye. By natural reason the intensity of the emotions received by the senses are in inverse ratio of their degree of intellectualization.

"The nervous organization of man definitively has four orders of centers. The functional centers, the first to be formed, unconscious and devoid of spontaneity; the *instinctive* centers, conscious and gifted with irresistible; with fatal manifestations; the *intellectual* centers, acquired in a voluntary and free manner, but becoming by habit more or less automatic and involuntary. And, lastly, at the summit of all these manifestations is found the superior cerebral organ of the intimate sense, into which all come to finalize. It is in this center of the intellectual unity that is found the conscience, which, enlightened incessantly by the light of the experience of life, tends to weaken, by the progressive development of reason and volition, the blind and irresistible manifestation of the instinct. The conscious superior intelligence is always the last to appear in the development of the animal series as well as in the development of man."(Cl. Bernard).

Nothing is more abstract, more detached from the outer world than that conscience, the lamp of knowledge, even if in the last analysis we find that it has its foundation in the senses. That conscience, that pure intellectuality, is the psycho-chemical combination of memories; of evoked images, of all psychic phenomena in their immediate causes, mobilized, compared, analyzed. It is the faculty which formulates the idea, the theories, the subjective truths based on experience.

Hence we may conclude that the theories of modern art, when based on experience or the manifestations of pure intellectualism, are of a higher order and occupy a higher degree in the scale of intellectual progress than do its representations.

It is an incontestable fact that Art in its latest manifestations has suffered an evolution, no matter whether this evolution is progressive or dissolvent; and I call dissolvent evolutions those in which, by the introduction of new elements into a manifestation of the mind, we develop it, or verify its inadequacy to fulfil our present intellectual needs.

The idea of evolution, unfortunately, has become the *primum mobile* of a great majority of followers of the modern movement of art. It has become a moral disease which has spread in the form of an epidemic of intellectualization.

Evolution, development, and progress are the impelling forces of a frantic race in which every one tries to press onward, to be at the head, to gain always a step forward toward the solution of the problem, toward "the glory to take the world as it is and find the eternal in it."

This epidemic of intellectualization is responsible for those numerous cases that we so often meet with of ultra-individualism, generally accompanied by unlimited egoaltry whose expressions are the extravagant exaggerations of the discoveries made by the investigators. These are the fanatics, and with all the characteristics of fanaticism of all time. They possibly are the cause for which modern artists have been earnestly qualified as paranoiacs, and as pathological lunatics; qualifications which are thoroughly unjustified.

The most exaggerated and extravagant production of the modern art movement differs in every respect from the production of a demented brain. The mere fact that the theories and the represented expressions of modern art have created an epidemic of artistic intellectualism proves that they are not the product of lunacy. "There are no epidemics of pathological lunacy. The facts are positive in that respect," says the alienist, Dr. Despine, in his study of lunacy from the philosophical standpoint. "Facts do not show us any epidemic of lypemania; of those lunacies called monomanias." He further says: "There are no epidemics of lunacy except among healthy men; and the cause that produces it is a moral contagiousness." And still further he writes: "The exciting object being that which fixes the thought of all the excited ones, becomes the delirium of all, and that delirium being the same in every one, takes in reality the character of an epidemic."

"It would be wrong to say," continues Dr. Despine, "that lunacy is contagious. It is the passion only which is contagious, exciting by its manifestations the same passion in all those who are susceptible of experiencing it."

It is quite unreasonable to condemn as works of lunatics those which are the result of instinct, reason and experience, whose tendency is investigation, and whose aim is truth; works which at least have come to prove to the arch-sensitives, whose only criterion of art was their sensual emotionalism, who have looked in the works of art for nervous spasms and pleasurable lassitudes, —that the only criterion, which leads to understanding, is reason.

Never before has art endeavored to manifest exclusively the organism of the outer phenomena. It has always been the expression of emotional experiences or desire. This principal human element, emotionalism, is of particular interest to the public which, consciously or unconsciously, always looks in art for the gratifying exaltation of their own moral qualities. It is the subjective which appeals to them; for they consider the objective as a matter of fact, as obvious, axiomatic. "Even in the highest work of art our interest is too apt to be strongly or even mainly, of a biographical sort. Art indeed is Art; yet Man also is Man. Had the *Transfiguration* been painted without human hand, had it grown merely on the canvas, say by atmospheric influences, as lichen-pictures do on rocks—it were a grand picture doubtless, yet nothing like so grand as the picture, which, on opening our eyes, we everywhere in Heaven and on Earth see painted; and everywhere pass over with indifference—because the painter was not Man. Think of this; much lies in it." So says Thomas Carlyle in his essay on "Biography."

Will the modern movement of art begin to raise in the general public an interest for the outer world? Will it make the public abandon its exclusivism for the subjective and make it understand the significance of the objective? Perilous is the task of prophets, and unless one indulges in lyricisms, one is sceptical about the effects of an idea on the masses. But we can assume as a certainty that all those whose physical brain development will be high enough to create that conscience "always enlightened by the light of the experience of life" will understand and get pleasure out of the beauties of scientific truth—infinitely more beautiful than those created "in some fictitious atmosphere born of the imagination."

The "Old" art always synthetized. The "new" art analyzes. Chevreul, the great savant experimentalist, affirms "The Truth that we believe to have recognized, only by analysis or only by synthesis, often is nothing but a deception. The certainty of truth requires that the result of analysis should be confirmed by the synthesis, and the product of a synthesis, by analysis."

The "old" art did not analyze its synthesis. The "new" art, as yet, has not synthetized its analysis. It has not been able to give a convincing proof of its theories by its representations, nor a conclusive proof of its representations by its theories.

MARIUS DE ZAYAS.

THE RAMPANT ZEITGEIST

> "DIE KUENSTLER SOLLEN KEINEN INHALT DER ZEIT ZUM AUSDRUCK BRINGEN, SIE SOLLEN VIELMEHR DER ZEIT ERST EINEN INHALT GEBEN."
>
> CONRAD FIEDLER.

I CAN NOT agree with the now current opinion that art is an expression of its birthday's spirit; that an artist, when prompted by his genius, must attenuate or expand in accordance with the rhythm of his epoch. A great mind outstrips the fleetest age while a small one is more sluggish than a snail-paced day. Which mind, then, shall be made the epoch's epitome? Which is the truer expression of its day's gait? Or shall we, perhaps, set, for all minds, one beat of time? Shall we command Homer to be a measure of a mortal day, when nature bade him count his hours by eternities?

Contrary to prevailing notions, I claim that art must not try to assume the scale of our day, to be beneficent for our time. Rather must our time seek to find its real scope by the racial light revealed in untrammeled art. However, even while I am saying this, I am fully conscious of inward voices that are raised in protest against the non-contemporaneity of art. Notwithstanding the strong conviction of the newer idea's scientific validity—based as it is on the authoritative conclusions of a number of profound thinkers—I am still unable to rid myself of the tide of feeling in favor of art's subservience to our time, of the reasoned or unreasoned causes that are active within me—as they are in all of us—for the continued survival of the discredited demand for art's contemporaneity. Furthermore, I am aware that the mere knowledge of the more recent art-formula will not suffice to insure its ascendance, and that this can be attained only by a subjugation of the forces supporting the older notion regarding art. It is necessary to clear the soil of the mass of tangled roots if we want to provide a living chance for the new growth.

What are the sustaining powers of the thought of art's subservience to our day? There are many influences combining to keep alive within us the idea that every art, like every dog, has its day; and vice versa, that every day has its own specific art. Of the causes for this belief the most formidable seems to me the fashion we have formed to account for all things happening in our midst by the vast working of the Zeitgeist. Now, in the face of the well-grounded facts of group-psychology, no one can rightly deny the momentous influence of the time-spirit. Indeed, social psychology fully establishes the claims of the dominant thought to social power, so much so that it installs it as the contemporary censor and editor of prenatal leanings. But, even when admitting the magnitude of social heredity over against racial heredity, we must not forget that the rule of environmental thought is not undisputed by the individual; that there is an incessant struggle going on in society between imposed and inborn forces, between custom and nature; that after all the variegations life has assumed, it offers not a single clue for conscious progress except what it reveals as the imperative of our racial nature. Without this life is a pathless groping and erring, and to such we are exposing all leading thought in literature and art when subjecting it to the indiscriminate rule of contemporaneity. Such a procedure is no less than a denial of life's inherent design and purpose; it is a decapitation of evolution. In truth, no such ruthless application of the Zeitgeist's way was really implied in the statements of group-psychology. Its professional version was merely a start that gave the popular impetus, the indiscriminate use and abuse of the fundamental idea. Hence, it is not science that breathes life into the clamor for contemporaneity, but its degenerated exhalation.

Besides the psychological cause of the Zeitgeist fashion, there is another one—the economical. Not that political economy has fully apprehended it as one of its regulative principles. But the mere fact of present preponderance of economy tends to reduce all questions to a practical denominator. It puts the claim of social service to everything, hence also to art. While this is absolutely right in a deeper way, it ends by being wrong, when it hitches all humane endeavor to the economic-cart, i.e., when it takes the means for an end, when its vision becomes myopic. Then it feeds the body and starves the soul. And then it approaches all things, and also art, as it does Niagara: it squanders eternities in its search for a day. Such is the way of stock-blindness. Of course, this attitude is not intentionally parsimonious, with most of us. It is but a vogue, intellectual or other, often sprouting out of roots alien to it, and clamoring, with the unthinking insistence of fashion, that nothing but concrete and direct fruition can justify a social existence. It seizes upon the Zeitgeist as a destinal confirmation of narrow volition. It mistakes effect for cause, since the spirit of our time is, really, only a magnified expression of history's narrower ends; it is a product of history and not its cause.

There are other reasons for the prevalent fashion of contemporaneity, for instance the philosophical one. Materialism, which is surviving, latently, even in its opponents, has become a habit with us, to a great extent, favored, as it is, by its congeniality to science. It creates an atmosphere favorable to the sway of the Zeitgeist, whose implication is a measurable, i.e., material social effect. All these and other reasons dispose our time in favor of contemporaneity in all activities, hence also in art. They create a universal, almost elemental current, that sweeps all before it, an unthinking force that spares only contemporaneity.

This surge of sentiment—I have said it at the outset—is the most formidable obstacle in the way of art progress, which latter calls for race-revelation and not mere custom-reflection. This being so, I may now be told, that as long as it is an unreasoned sentiment, it does not form a hindrance for progress with people whose attitude is not impetuous like that of the masses, but one of conscious, scientific knowing. Hence, I may be told, artists and art-connoisseurs feel no compulsion from the Zeitgeist, at least not such a compulsion as I have been considering until now. As a matter of fact, very few persons critically concerned with art, are at this time free from the spell of the Zeitgeist. They have undoubtedly felt for some time the newer current of thought towards an art freed from external sanctions of contemporaneity. And yet, they can not emancipate themselves from their acquired way of subservience to the time-spirit. They are bent on contorting all their individuality to the mould of the public day—the day into which their bodies were born—instead of letting their spirit's day blossom forth for the purpose of uplifting their age. They share the error of rampant contemporaneity, whose advocates assume that there exists for every chronological moment a universal level of individual development, and who arrogate to themselves the right to sift all humanity and to condemn all that does not pass through the meshes of their sieve—which is their only measure of what they call "to-day." This those pillars of the time-spirit preach with such religious zeal that they make all of us long, with all our might, to pass through the sieve by hook or crook, hence it is small wonder to see us all, including artists, bending all our energies to diminish our individuality to the public-approved caliber, or to soften it oyster-like, to let it somehow slip through the all-saving meshes.

Does not this state of things show that not only do the artists betray the effects of inundation by the mob-spirit-sanctioned thought, but, also, that they manifest fully conscious, deliberate leanings in favor of the discredited art-formula? As it is, they are impressing even the well-meaning, unprejudiced part of the public with the narrow interpretation of the Zeitgeist's relation to art, so that the only element of possible progress is led away from the cause of free art. From such a frame of the artists' mind I conclude that they share the difficulty, which we all feel in ridding ourselves from the shadows of past error—from the effects of conscious as well as unconscious supports of contemporaneity in art.

The deliberate supports of the Zeitgeist's domination in art, which I now wish to size up, seem to me falling into three more or less distinctly defined classes—according to the different ways one might select to connect existing reality with art. One class of persons might choose to see reality's excuse for its existence in the fact that it happens to be the only available model for one's vision (or camera). Another might take things in an order directly reversed to this and come to see the eye's only *raison d'etre* in its self-denying vision, in its willingness to do "to-day's" bidding. A third, more artful, might place his mediating point of view between reality and art and say: "You are both the cream of the earth; the twain of you of one blood and flesh, and as you are the only couple on God's earth I venture to advance a scientific conclusion that you are destined to a rather limited yet most fortunate connubial choice."

Out of the first of these three ways of thinking springs the class of people who demand that art do for us what Zeuxis' grapes did for the birds, or what the reflecting water is doing for the canine innocence that yelps at its submerged image. For such undiscriminating literalists—impressionists were none other—contemporaneity is a mere circumstance of their artistic procedure, not valuable in itself except as an essential tool for their vocation. All natural and human environment they reduce to stencil-importance and curtail all artistic creativeness to a mimetic reflex. To exchange their mental eye for a camera is their highest ambition. Their theory and art are unfair to their time and also to themselves. Contemporaneity from their mouths, means art unmanned, automatic.

The now most numerous and overwhelmingly assertive class is of the second sort, for whom "their" day is the absolute human goal. This goal is aimed at for personal or for philanthropic reasons, by the ruling state, or the dominant church, or callous literalists, or obtuse idealists, or over-zealous reformers. Such as these tilt the artist's chin downward to keep his eye beneath the sky-line. They corral his will and clip the wings of his imagination and they tell him: "It is not for the maker to set the goal for art, but for the buyer; live our life or none at all; you were born to do our bidding; yours is the improved mechanism in our hands, and to us belongs might and right." So speak the men for whom "their" day is all important. Such men as these have at all times, consciously or unconsciously, put their livery upon art. Even in ancient times they have had art taught to their slaves, who have wrought tyrants' crowns and carved their statues. And up to this day contemporaneity in art means for men of this sort a demand not for artists but for plastic tools; not for freemen but for eunuchs.

The third class of thinkers are sponsors for the more recent art, the most ingenious of any that ever existed. They inflict contemporaneity upon art for considerations both humane and learned. Their psychology is complicated. They would have had more of life if books were not so handy. They have read Tarde and LeBon and Marc Baldwin, with their whole mind, yet in their hearts they have Nietsche, who keeps himself quite up to date and speaks a fluent Bergsonian tongue. Hence, their erudite garrulity and polyglotal obscurity. Their talk is intricate. They say that, truly, the artist is of God's grace, yet man's tents are the temples of deity. Indeed, creative force is focused in a superman's artistic soul. And yet the artist is only a link in creation's undivided chain, a consciously recording organ. Just as the intellect is a special function of the mind, with an essential purpose to comprehend matter, so is the artist the collective eye, the tool of men's plastic sense, the epitome of popular instinct. Yet, withal, no more than the headlight of the one universal Impetus. Now, what is the outcome of this thought-affluence? Only one, so far, namely an unsolvable dilemma, whose two horns are the vortexes of life: the individual and his environment. There is still wanting a bridge between two human neighbors, although there are scaffoldings enough to reach the Almighty. Hence comes the anomaly of an artist who sidles with an all-propitiating air through mob-filled streets, while his thought swaggers through the exalted spaces overhead. The acclaiming vulgus and the coin-jingling coryphaei do not realize the sadness in that artist's divided heart. "Their" day is depriving him of "his" day; and that day he shall not gain as long as he fails to understand that there is no true art except racial art. All other is dexterity or science.

So all the three classes of the now prevailing art-notions tend to dwarf a larger life into the stinted measure of "to-day." The first of these aims at identifying the artist with a reflecting apparatus. The other seeks to deny his manhood, to better enslave him. The third chains him to earth while giving wings to his imagination. So does the Zeitgeist rule in art.

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It is a striking instance of history's irony to see even those in the front ranks of innovation array themselves with the colors of the enslaving art formula; of art embodying the spirit of its birth-day. This fact would be totally incomprehensible were progress an analytically reasoned performance, a sort of logical march to an established goal, instead of what it really is: a jog and a jolt and a leap and a wrench of a world-impetus, a turbulent sea tossing the undaunted sailor up and down, forth and back. But, however aggravating the conditions may be, a leeward task is not a full man's limit; therefore the man at the helm wants to know the goal besides the drift and draught. Were the New artist properly aware of art's true course, his would not be a futile venture under the sails of the Zeitgeist.

When I think of the exalted seat we are still giving to art, I can not help feeling mortified by the total inadequacy of its present incumbents; I can not help feeling that their distinction is wholly unearned and unjustified, and, indeed, unaccountable except as a surviving reflex of a cherished thought of what art sometimes proved to be for striving manhood: "The purely spiritual energy, the high self-expression which drives others to emulation; the irresistible willing of the unreachable, which builds for itself, in the masterpiece, a ladder to heaven." Such words as these, of J. Meyer Graefe, sound like mockery in the presence of art-acolytes of our age, who either vie with the camera-lens and archeologic stunt, or move heaven and earth in search of a brush-stroke, or line-kink or color-clot; all forgetful of their deeper manhood to which their racial talent impels them. Such men as these are but the ghosts of past art who in a midnight stillness fancy that theirs is the only life. Such men as these are but the tail of contemporaneity, and not its headlight.

John Weichsel.

WALKOWITZ*

WALKOWITZ, the painter, is entirely ONE with the man, with his subject, with its pictorial transformation. His work is his personality. Oriental-Russian, quiet, undemonstrative, with the look of a musician besides, breathing sincerity, neither his Caucasian-Slavish nor his Jewish blood predominates. What distinguishes him from the louder radicals, is his concentration, the absence of pretension and strife, he goes about like a keeper, who knows his wild animals well; as a shepherd in the meadow or in the church, who has his flock well in hand. If one can at all entangle him in a controversy on art, he will start by saying: "Art is only through feeling, so alive and sensitive that the picture is as the breath out of the mouth, but coming from the heart; a distillation upon painting-ground, from compassion, absorption, exhalation—a phonographic record in color, line and tone—or else there is no art." He is Tolstoian in his affection for humanity, for the laboring, sorrowing, struggling millions which throng the east side, or frolic in parks and on the seashore. Amidst such he absorbs and afterwards records his impressions. Not in naturalistic-academic pictures, for he is the living antithesis of the Academic. Rather he proceeds in a reconstructive way to recreate. From a motif of reality—be it a laborer laboring, lovers loving, a family reuniting, a dancer dancing, a park colorfully spotted with a crowd, a market group—he develops one idea at a time. This idea he constructs solely from the pictorially expressive features of the motif, as a logical function, in each instance. Hence the enormous variety and power in his work; entirely composed of lineaments, formations, tonalities which precisely correspond to the feeling engendered by nature. So each picture has its own reality and inner laws, by which it is an organism, totally and purposely different from nature. A picture should have beauty of intense vision—be it simple or complex, subtle or powerful. Walkowitz is master of his pictorial means; a draftsman facile in all requirements. So, that he can sensitize a surface and make it alive, refract expressions of life through pictorial equivalents; with him the bare enclosed spaces live. At the same time, to a feeling eye, his pictures look "naturalistic," real, by way of the imagination and memory of corresponding experience. We need only examine the drawings, inch for inch, in order to become aware of the pictorial metamorphosis that reality undergoes in his vision. Walkowitz carries forward Cézanne's standard consciously, and like him, conscientiously. In results he differs from Cézanne. Walkowitz requires form or tone, only, after the line has fully served, has lived its life—as it were—in behalf of the motive; his lines may be the merest thread of a silhouette, or a heavy organic skeleton—their qualities, of touch, "modulation," express life. The simpler the lines are, the

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*Extract from "Kandinsky and Walkowitz," an essay by Oscar Bluemner which will be published in a future Number of CAMERA WORK.

stronger is the consonance of the white ground or of the color around and between them. He can increase the vibration of strong charcoal-tones—say the motif of a muscular back—to a degree that one imagines a thunderstorm. His charcoal has often a patina-look of finish. He does not work by any set methods, of contrast, rhythm, simplification or exaggeration, but naively, surely, with a sensitive touch for the pulse-beat below the skin. Tones and lines swell, abate—undulate, contort—strain or relax; they are sharp or soft, full or crisp. When compared with similar subjects rendered by photographic artists, Walkowitz's earlier drawings appear like the freest naturalism; but when seen side by side with his latest synthetic work after nature, they themselves almost seem to be realism of life. All is relative. There is no double in living form. Painting—the most photographic, mechanical—does not give a substitute for nature, save to those dull of eye and mind; since painting, physically, is not identical with any part of nature. But, because we take paint-strokes for symbols of natural effects and thus agree on a code, by which we read nature from a canvas, we have gone to making that outer or superficial, and accidental, contingency a principle; thus realism in painting happened. However, the truth is, that paint-symbols stand for thought, feeling, in short for idealism. Now, I can assemble those symbols of painting—like letters, as words or tokens of literary meaning, describing or illustrating the actual—as a photograph represents—with the feeling left out, or at best implied; and a mule with some horse-sense and an asinine temperament, can be trained to do the trick, without taking the full course of an academy—the Elberfeld horses compute cubical roots. Or one may assemble those symbols—line, tone, color—in a free way, in any way suited for another purpose than that of copying nature, such as in ornament, decoration—and the true pictorial way is the one by which not semblance to life, but expression of an idea, vision of feeling, is conveyed. The symbols may still resemble natural effects; their assemblage is personal: free painting; or on the other hand they may be unimitative, wholly invented. Then painting gets to be abstract, as Kandinsky wants it. But the former way is that of Walkowitz's new work. And he takes that step as he goes toward a more intense and pure recording of his sensations, though they are still derived from reality, as before. Only he sets them free, pictorially; while formerly they remained in the bondage of reality. Walkowitz is impelled by the "inner necessity": Kandinsky, however, like other radicals, appears not to proceed gradually and inwardly, but with a mind made up to commit an intellectual feat—which is not art.

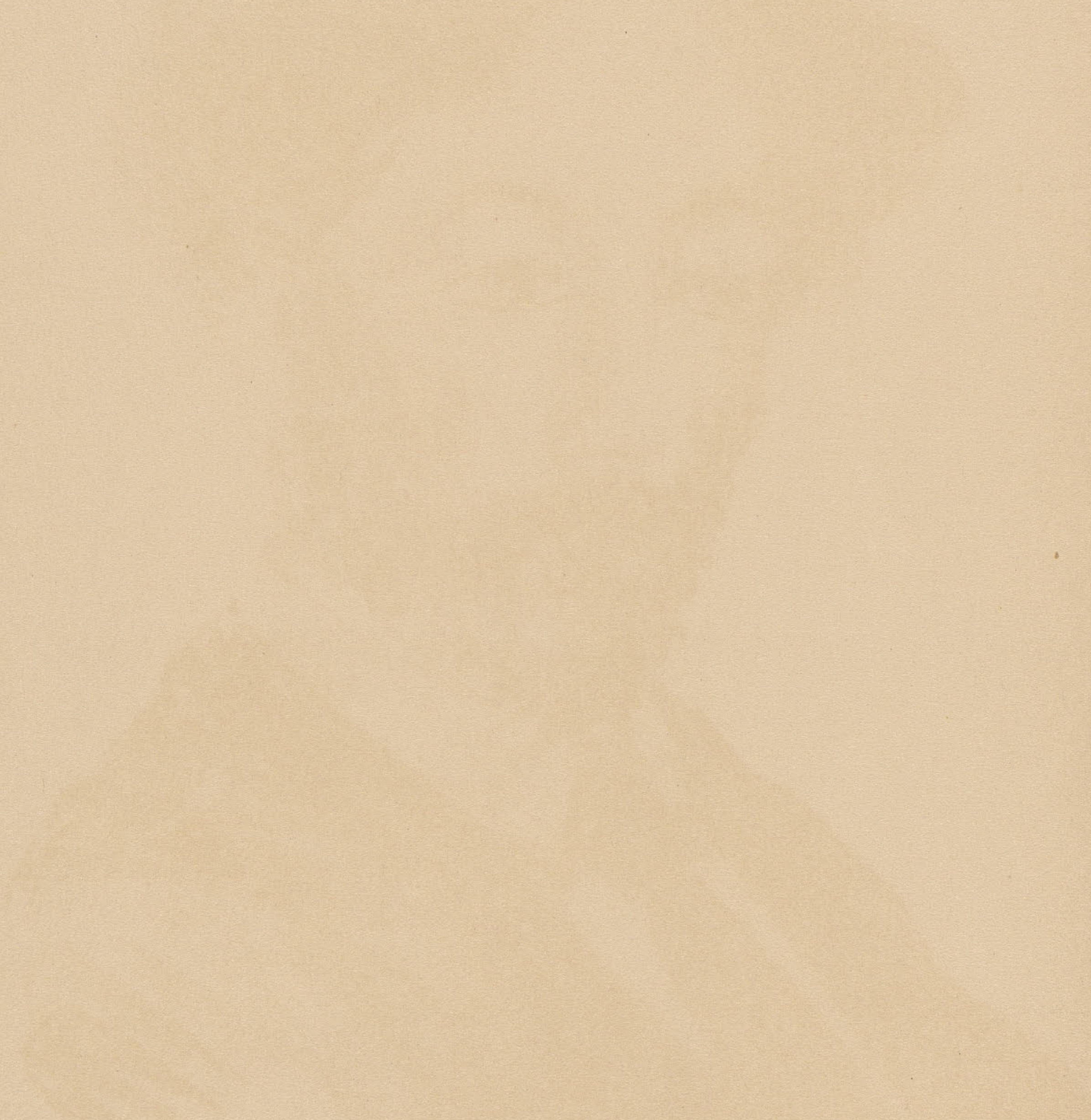
Realism suppresses the spiritual in art. Natural truth does not express pictorial truth. Realistic painting was significant for the age of "conventional lies." Both still exist, the one in "decorative" disguise, the other bears the flag "sane and safe." The faithful imitator-artist burdens his picture with all those features of reality which, in scale and form, are foreign to pictorial unity. Art is form organized as beauty, the criterion of which is

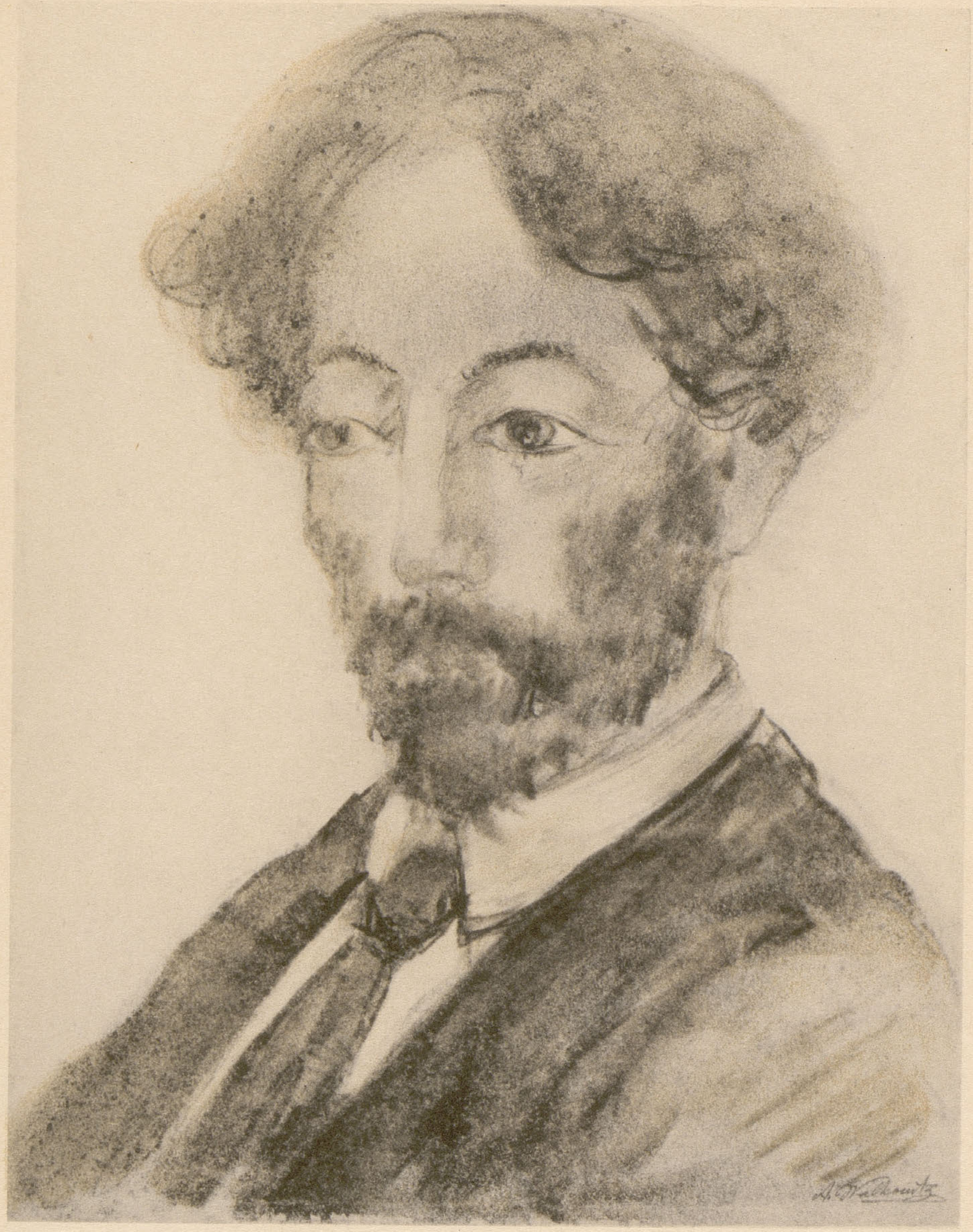
PLATES

A. WALKOWITZ

- I. Music
- II. Mother and Child
- III. The Kiss
- IV. Portrait


A. Walkowitz




A. Walkowitz


A. Walkowitz

harmony—as in other qualities, so in scale and in forms. Nature is form organized as Life, and makes use of an endless variety of shapes and sizes —such as the eye, teeth, nostril, fingers, toes, in comparison with the limbs and larger portions of the body; or as leaves, twigs, flowers, in comparison with the trunk and masses of foliage—to mention only a few things—features that serve nature's purpose of life, but that pictorially both are inexpressive and out of harmony with the larger parts. That this is so, is proven by the fact, for instance, that a sketch omits "details" and is "bigger" thereby.

In his "naturalistic" work Walkowitz ignores those details, as also Rodin does in his figure-drawings; while others enlarge the features of the face, in order to equalize their pictorial scale and expressive qualities, say of the eye and its surroundings in connection with the mass and outlines of the head. But Walkowitz goes at once to the fundamental recognition of the fact that intense and specific feeling, as well as absolute harmony, are always actuated and represented only by a single motive of nature at a time, a theme of a figure or of a scene, of any object or general effect, while all else that makes up the natural ensemble, is irrelevant to that one specific pictorial idea. Therefore he ignores the totality of nature, eliminates all the irrelevancies, dissolves the natural corporation of the remaining features and qualities, and rearranges them in a new composition of lineaments and tone-figurations distributed over the picture plane. In doing that he is now conscious only of the pictorial sensation derived from the actual motive to be expressed. He limits himself to the intense expression of the motive and makes its pictorial qualities the motif of a composition. By repetition, variation, arrangement, co-ordination, balance and always by a rhythmical feeling, a new, unreal, purely expressive vision of life-sensation is created. I have no theory in mind, but simply the curious fact that Walkowitz's drawings are all beautiful, each one having its own theme and peculiar character of effect, each one being alive with complexity, but also harmonious, because organized; each one a record of intense vision, recalling a motive of the ever-varying aspects of living form. His color experiments convey rapid and fluctuating sensations or real effects, that would stir our vision during a stroll past the human crowds and the shops of many streets; that have been plucked here and there, from the commonplace vastness, and, bound together, become varied expressions of human thought and feeling. Whatever has been noted, before, about the lifelike qualities of Walkowitz's work in the "imitative" style, is emphasized in these newer form-creations of a relatively abstract character.

Do not our vision, our feelings, our philosophy slowly grow larger, as we advance in the years of life? Do we not widen our consciousness from that of the accidental to that of the typical, from the type to its causes or to conditions, and from these to the laws of the All? Intense temperament causes the artist to step more rapidly. Although free and disconnected from the real, Walkowitz's "abstract" compositions are, nevertheless, based upon the imitative, since he re-creates his experience with nature, and does not assume any meanings of colors or of forms, and does not disregard the sense of fitness and harmony. To ask what he wants to say or what particularly he saw, is not to the point. After all the painter sees as he feels; the spectator is left to that visible outcome—and to his own imagination. The painter need not try to word what he can express only in paint.

Is self-expression the highest object of art? Not unless individual talent is instrument of the cultural spirit, mouthpiece of the human heart *en masse*. There is a lot of bosh, today, about guaranteeing the liberties and unmuzzled barkings of every dog and pup.

Is rhythm the true mode of the pictorial, or is not the present influence of music, of feeling, on painting, a supercession to the former literary inclination? Walkowitz and Kandinsky are Russian. Culture has radiated from Florence, north, northwest, northeast. The different races formulate the pictorial differently. There is the absolute pictorial idea; but its artistic manifestation is not uniform nor is its field limited. Pure self-expression, indeed, is a modern achievement, and an enlargement of the sphere of painting, if it is not art reincarnating in sublime beauty supreme aspiration.

In that sense, is color in painting possible and desirable without the concrete form of reality, from which man derives his knowledge and divinations? Is soul without body, body without soul?

OSCAR BLUEMNER.

PHOTO-SECESSION NOTES

AT "291" the season of 1913–1914 was opened with a Walkowitz Exhibition. From November nineteenth, 1913, until January tenth, 1914, the public was given the opportunity to study his development. The new direction taken by Walkowitz since his last exhibition (see CAMERA WORK, Number XLI) entitled him to this second show.

While the first exhibition revealed primarily the response of Walkowitz to surrounding social conditions, his more recent work, in its abstract representation, gave us an insight into his more intimate personality, and revealed more completely his sensorial and emotional sensibility. In a color key, sometimes quiet and reserved, sometimes full of song and joy, and in rhythmic lines alive and sensitive, he conveys his response to nature as a whole and to the human form. In those drawings where lines, suggested by the curve of a breast, the stooping of a back, the sinuosity of a hip, commingle in interrupted patterns, we feel as if he had translated into a graphic pattern the tactile sensations of a sensitive hand playing over the human form without sequence but with keen response. Comparing the later work of Walkowitz with that shown at his first exhibition we feel that he has become less austere while remaining just as human.

PAUL B. HAVILAND.

As is our custom, we reprint, for the sake of record, some of the Press comments upon the exhibition:

Mr. McBride in the "N. Y. Sun":

Ardently as we desire new blood in our sculptural circles and however much we may believe in the benefits that may accrue to us from a discussion that may arouse the public and cause it to take an interest in and to look at sculpture, yet we cannot conscientiously invite Mr. Epstein to visit us with his carvings. He has said just enough about the puritans to frighten us and just enough about the "subject matter" to convince us that his sculptures have subjects.

Here we have done with that sort of thing this long time past. There is scarcely a week in which we do not have an exhibition of "absolute" art. And our absolutists, Mr. Epstein, are puritans. In the little gallery of the Photo-Secession, where Mr. Stieglitz and his disciples hold forth for months together, there is never so much as a lead pencil sketch in the little exhibitions which may be properly said to have so much as a shred of a subject, and the word of all other words that may be constantly overheard in the discussions there is the word "pure." Mr. Walkowitz's little drawings last year were pure. This year they are still purer. There is nothing in the current show to bring blushes to modesty's cheek or to cause virtue to turn away her head.

It seems to be quite in the line of our natural national development. We wish to be up to date in our own way. Mr. Epstein's is the ancient London way. There everybody from Bernard Shaw down to Mr. Epstein makes a living by attacking the established moral code. Here we get along by submitting to it.

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It is sometimes a question in our minds whether it is Mr. Stieglitz or the pictures on the wall at the Photo-Secession that constitute the exhibition. The pictures change from time to time in the little room, different artists emerge from somewhere to puzzle us, and having succeeded go again into the mist, but Mr. Stieglitz is always in the centre of the stage, continually challenging us, continually worrying us, teasing us, frightening and inflaming us according to our various natures.

We suppose there have been more violent altercations upon the subject of art in that gallery in the last ten years than in all the rest of the city combined, including even the Lotos Club. The maimed, the blind and the halt among the academicians are held up relentlessly to the light that we may see them as they are. The villains in that body—there are some, it seems—are mentioned fearlessly by name and consigned to the exact strata that they shall occupy in the new Stieglitz inferno. Had ever a detectaphone been installed in the establishment we shudder to think of the consequences. As it is, the defenders of the faith, the faith that was, that is, can be seen almost any day fleeing from the Walkowitz drawings with hands raised to heaven, or eyes moist with vexatious tears as the minions of the little elevator conveys them down to outer darkness.

Of course business is not as it was. The great eruption of last year, when the armory exhibition showed us fashions in art that none of us had dreamed of, and that were as repulsive to our eyes as the hobbled skirt was at first to ladies, cannot be duplicated even in miniature so soon. Nature requires time to store up sufficient steam, gas or whatever it is for loud noises. But on the other hand it would never do to close up the shop. Mr. Stieglitz therefore resumes business at the old stand.

How people can have the heart to quarrel with Mr. Stieglitz we cannot comprehend. Like Charles II., he never says an absolutely foolish thing. He is most guarded in his references to Rembrandt. Comparisons between the work of Rembrandt and the particular young artist who is exhibiting at the time in the Photo-Sesesh are always quoted. It is a young Harvard student who hitherto had not been much interested in art who sees the marked rapprochement between the new and the older master. It is a young lady, daughter of a clergyman, who owns a precious Rembrandt etching and who finds that a Whistler cannot be hung in the same room with it but that a Walkowitz can. There is no hint in this of Mr. Stieglitz's own opinion.

He says invariably that he has had no occult vision that these proteges of his are to be the great men of the future. He merely feels that they are tender, sympathetic beings, who seem to him keyed to our present needs. He doesn't know that they are great, but he intends to give them a chance to be great. Anything to quarrel about in that? On the contrary, it's fine.

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Mr. Walkowitz's new work cannot properly be called cubistic. It is rhythmic, synthetic, disintegrated, but it takes more than that to be cubic. In the unfairly cursory glimpse of the drawings that the fates permitted us we detected no hint of fourth dimensions. We spent an hour and a quarter in the gallery, ten minutes of which was devoted to the pictures and one hour and five minutes to delightful conversation. Hence we feel we have a legitimate excuse to go again—and we shall.

In the meantime we can only report vaguely of Mr. Walkowitz that the influences brought to bear upon him during the past year have produced visible results. The work last year had a hushed quality. It was as though some one were communicating to us in a whisper the news of some dreadful calamity. The voice this year is distinctly louder. The colors are brighter, much bolder, but still mournful. The people lying upon the grass in Central Park are not holiday makers. There will never be a holiday for Mr. Walkowitz. Instead they have been flung down in an exhausted state upon the lawn, worsted but still breathing after another of the unkind tussles with misfortune that Mr. Walkowitz's dream people are always undergoing.

To get mournfulness into such bright colors is strange. Only the Orient has hitherto done that. We shall have to ask Mr. Walkowitz about his progenitors. The Spaniards, the Moors, the Arabians, you know, are sad even when they smile.

Joseph Edgar Chamberlin in the "N. Y. Mail":

At the Photo-Secession Gallery there is an exhibition of the work of A. Walkowitz, a gifted young artist, who has gone heart and soul into futurism. Mr. Walkowitz's pictures are not "cubist"; they are rather globist.

There can be no question of the artist's sincerity, but it is impossible for the ordinary mind to follow where he goes, because there is nothing to lead the eye on the path. He shows us drawings which are merely collections of curves or bending lines, now and then taking the form of breasts or other parts of the human body, and on the whole resembling anatomical charts, much and disagreeably confused, more than they resemble anything else.

Along with them he exhibits a few sketches which are of more conventional or comprehensible form—among them a group of two figures, which might be named "The Kiss," and which is very beautiful.

Mr. Walkowitz is an artist of skill and imagination. He admits that he makes the more conventional drawings or sketches along with the formless productions to which we have referred; and it seems to this writer that these conventional sketches must be the real and saving thing with the artist, though they do not represent themselves to him. With Mr. Walkowitz the formless is the real, because it is purely subjective, whereas anything which really represents anything is objective, and therefore outside the soul of the artist.

But it is impossible for the ordinary observer to wonder why the pictures are exhibited, if they are wholly subjective, and contain nothing which any one can understand. The modern soul, indeed, delights in the formless, the subjective; but it is not by means of the eye that the modern soul apprehends the formless. It is by means of the ear. Such vague dreams as these are not for pictures—they are for music.

.... in the "Brooklyn Eagle":

In the Photo-Secession Gallery, A. Walkowitz has on view until January 3, a number of works that are and shall be nameless. At first glance they seem to be either blotches of color laid on at random or a series of marks and curves that speak of anatomical rather than picturesque subjects. Yet, on looking long enough at them, especially the works in color, you get a sensation. As Mr. Stieglitz, the proprietor and a noted camerist, says: "There is no need for names to the works. Each may hit each visitor separately; it is just as in hearing a symphony or any absolute music, every individual gathers his own message." To one musically impressive, as is the maker of the subjects on view, there comes a conviction that Mr. Walkowitz is expressing as best he may in colors a feeling in his temperament. There is a kind of order in his "spotting"; and he gets some wonderful effects in opalescence in one of his subjects. It may be that he is on the road to something new and wonderful, and it is certain that he avoids the ugliness of most of the cubist cult.

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

An exhibition of drawings, pastels and water colors by A. Walkowitz is being held in the Gallery of the Photo-Secession, No. 291 Fifth Avenue.

This work represents the latest expression of the new movement in painting which has detached itself from the motive of representation, and is intent upon interpreting plastic ideas by means of abstract suggestion. It would move the spectator, as music does, by stimulating him to abstract sensations.

Most people affirm that this is beside the purpose of painting; and, of course, judging by the past, it is. But the future has continually given the lie to the past, proving its prognostications false, and it may be that it will do the same in this case. Meanwhile, to thoughtful minds, it is certainly significant that in these days so many painters in different countries, approaching the problem by a variety of different roads, are heading for the same end—the abandonment of direct representation and the plastic rendering of abstract suggestions.

These artists are obeying an intuition which impels them to make this advance toward abstract expression. For some ten years, long before he was aware of what was being done in Europe, Walkowitz has felt the urge of this impulse.

If his subject, for example, were some workman at his arduous toil, it was not the personality of the individual, but the general idea of strength, concentrated on a mighty effort that he sought to suggest. Were it two lovers, clasped in embrace, the nude form became the symbol of the complete surrender of each to a union of spiritual ecstasy.

It is unnecessary to argue that this is a purer and higher kind of expression than that which is derived from observing the love encounters of two specific individuals. Meanwhile such expression is possible, though somewhat rare, in the case of painting, which is based on the actual representation of the human form. The intuition of some modern artists aims at a still more abstract means of expression.

Now the highest love, though it rises superior to flesh, has its roots in flesh. And this is equally true whether the beauty of flesh, or its imagined beauty, stirs to an ecstasy of passion or the devastation of flesh excites a passion of pity. Our noblest as well as our lowest emotions originate in flesh sensations.

Now, can the artist take the abstract idea of flesh, detached from particular reference to the accident of the individual, and use it, in the way a musician uses a theme, as a motive by means of which he may stimulate in others the abstract sensations and emotions of which he himself is conscious?

This is what Walkowitz essays to do in many of these drawings. He takes from the whole of the nude figure some part; gives you not the representation of it, but the sensation of it, and composes it into a scheme in which, among the repetitions and varieties of rhythm and tone, the sensation is felt like the motive in a fugue of music. The result is a harmonic composition, based upon the theme of flesh, which stimulates pure abstractions of sensation.

When an artist so works, on what does he rely? Firstly, upon stimulating in us an imagined sense of touch; secondly, on the suggestion of life in every part of his composition.

It is a long accepted fact that in comparison of sensations the eye-sense is but a passport to the sense of touch; that an artist will most readily stir our emotions if in what he shows us he can suggest the tactile values and through them stimulate the actual or imagined tactile sense which is active or latent in every sentient being. Even a blind man can distinguish by touch the difference between a live body and a dead one.

But the joy of touch sensation has its source in the life of the thing touched. If you have any doubt of this pass your fingers over a live cat and then a dead one. But handle an inanimate object, such as a bit of fine old Japanese lacquer work, and the joy of doing so has its source in the creativeness of the artist, who has recreated his own sense of life in its exquisite contours and surfaces.

Now the modern artist is allying himself with the scientist and all modern thinkers in conceiving of life as universal; a miracle of movement, derived no man knows whence, which weaves the universe into a whole of related and conflicting rhythms. That which permeates the whole exists in every part. So to an artist a single line, if it grow out of his own sense of life, becomes a symbol of the universal life; and combinations of lines and tones and colors become the abstract conception of universal relations and conflicts.

Do these drawings succeed in conveying to others the artist's intention? If they do not, the fault is not necessarily his. From a symphony each member of the audience receives only what he is capable of receiving. Meanwhile, in music we have accustomed ourselves to expect and to receive sensations that are abstract and all the more moving on that account. How far can we extend a corresponding receptivity to abstractions interpreted through drawing and color?

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

An altogether different kind of sensation is derived from the drawings and paintings, by A. Walkowitz, shown in the little gallery of the Photo-Secession. To begin with, all of these drawings of men and women as well as of the nude are made from memory, and therefore have a fluent spontaneity of movement that is absent in Mr. Davies's drawings. They are more living, more closely related to the central and moving spirit of life itself. Here are several souvenirs of Isadore Duncan that re-create the sense of grace and bird-like movement created by her dances. They recall vividly the magical atmosphere and one can almost hear the music and see the moving figure, remotely flitting on the empty stage. But the drawings that evoke these reminiscences are as far from anatomical study as anything well may be.

With a few swift lines Walkowitz has summarized the lines of the figure, giving the essentials of the form as well as the movement, and the result is somewhat akin to the effect achieved by the hastily scrawled lines of Rodin, only in the case of these drawings by Walkowitz one is conscious of a certain intuitive quality that endows them with a power of stimulating the imagination far beyond the drawings by Rodin. This in fact is their chief virtue, and relying upon this quality to convey his impressions of life, Walkowitz has unhesitatingly pushed it to its furthest limit in a number of these drawings which resolve themselves into incomprehensible charts made up of the lines and contours of a figure arranged in rhythmic sequence representing the impressions Walkowitz has received and that he wishes to convey.

But I confess I get nothing more out of them than an impression here and there of truncated human beings hopelessly mixed up in a chaotic ensemble, and I turn to one of his beautiful dancing figures with a sense of relief, meanwhile noting the interesting fact that from the latter I receive abstract sensations of beauty, while the former arouse in me a more vivid realization of actuality, which is just the contrary of what the artist intended. And as I listened to comments of apparently intelligent and sensitive spectators I came to the conclusion that this was the general impression made upon everyone who was honest enough to admit their failure to enter into the real inwardness of these enigmatic drawings. Nevertheless they convey in some mysterious manner an impression of sincerity, an impression amply confirmed by that part of his other work which is within the ken of ordinary human beings. Altogether it is an interesting and stimulating personality that is revealed in this unpretentious little exhibition, which may be regarded as another of those straws that show which way the wind is blowing in modern art.

Adolf Wolf in the "International":

Now for "291" Photo-Secession Gallery. Below, Mary Elizabeth, distributor of melting sweets, above, Alfred Stieglitz, dispenser of bitter pills. Bitter pills indeed for those who seek in art, the Bougueraunian sweetness, the Whistlerian subtleness and the Sargentian virtuosity.

A. Walkowitz is the divine infant now occupying this cradle of the "New Art." He will remain there until January. Go there, but do not expect to find pictures hanging on the walls; if you do you will be disappointed.

Walkowitz is an artist, not a picture maker. If you look upon picture makers as artists, then Walkowitz is no artist.

Walkowitz is a human wireless apparatus, receiving and transmitting impressions from life. If you do not get the message, there must be something wrong with your receiver.

The pages now exhibited at "291" are covered with code language, the key to the comprehension of which lies in finding the proper viewpoint.

Walkowitz is one of the few artists who have already emerged from the chrysalis of the civity; in his case the butterfly has replaced the caterpillar.

Such men as he feel life so intensely that the outward envelope is exploded by the inner vibration. They give us not the things, but the essence of things; the essence of things expressed in line and in color.

APPRECIATION

MISS CLIFFORD WILLIAMS AFTER A VISIT TO THE WALKOWITZ EXHIBITION

THIS exhibit has given me great pleasure. Has form ever been more greatly loved—the big content of line sensitively, tenderly felt. Who other has sung over and over the line of lips. Sung hummingly in varying rhythm till one faints with the sharp beauty of it. The soft, mighty contours of life-giving humanity, one feels. Reverent seems the soul toward life. Over and over the eye touches sensitively in short spanned pulsating rhythm the bending curves of earth and woman and man. Touches with reverent finger, he, and is gone —— to come back once more and touch again ———

OUR PLATES

THE Plates in this Number of CAMERA WORK are devoted to photographs by Eduard J. Steichen, Alfred Stieglitz, and Annie W. Brigman; and to the drawings of A. Walkowitz.

Plate I, "Venice," is a photogravure made directly from one of Steichen's negatives. In the last Number of CAMERA WORK Plate XIII was a reproduction of the "Gum-Print" Steichen had made from the same negative.

Plate II, "Two Towers—New York," by Alfred Stieglitz, is a photogravure produced directly from a negative which was made by this photographer two years ago.

Plate III, "Dryads," by Annie W. Brigman, is another illustration of this photographer's work.

The seven other Plates in this issue of CAMERA WORK are collotype reproductions of drawings by Mr. A. Walkowitz, of New York. Mr. Walkowitz's art is fully dealt with elsewhere in this Number. The seven drawings reproduced have been chosen with the view of giving the readers of CAMERA WORK an opportunity to study the evolution of the idea underlying Mr. Walkowitz's work. Plate VI and VII show the beginning of this artist's series of abstractions. In a future Number it is hoped to include a further series to show the logical evolution of the underlying idea which was so lucidly and logically illustrated in the Exhibition of the Walkowitz Drawings held in the Photo-Secession Gallery during November and December, 1913. Walkowitz's drawings are extremely sensitive. In the reproductions the spirit of the original drawings has been fully preserved, thanks to the extraordinary ability of the F. Bruckmann Verlag, Munich, and the special interest taken in the work by its Direktor, Fritz Goetz.

The photogravures in this Number were made by the Manhattan Photogravure Company, New York, and as usual under the direction of our editor.

PLATES

A. WALKOWITZ


A. Walkowitz

JOSEPH T. KEILEY

JULY 26, 1869—JANUARY 21, 1914

"MY EXPERIENCES OF LIFE HAVE TAUGHT ME THAT THE GREAT CONQUEST OF LIFE IS THE CONQUEST OF ONE'S INNER SELF, AND THAT A MAN'S REAL WORTH IS MEASURED, NOT BY WHAT HE HAS AMASSED, BUT BY THE EXTENT TO WHICH HE HAS MASTERED AND PERFECTED THE FACULTIES OF HIS SOUL, TO WHICH HE HAS REALIZED HIS IDEALS.——JOS. T. KEILEY."

JOSEPH TURNER KEILEY

OBIT 21 JANUARY, 1914

DREAMER of dreams, born out of my due time," was a line written by William Morris ere he had reached his full scope, yet he could have realized later but little better what wide value and vitalizing influence would come from his eager energy in his widely diversified occupations. What man can evaluate his own worth, can stand off and judge his true effectiveness to life. Friends may estimate better. Comparative strangers, again, can rarely approach a full idea of any but a few mortals exceptionally happy and complete in the results of their activities.

Contemporaries may err concerning any man's worth—yet it is his contemporaries, and especially his intimates, who alone can approximate the value of a personality that has irradiated itself in intangible, indirect ways, —often indeed in uncommemorative ones—in the activities of life: in the vitalities of being, moment by moment; ramifying in and through the fluent human stream of thought and feeling that is real life. Such a personality may be more potent and pervasive in influence than any one can fairly credit; and may be more fruitful, more fertile and more efficient, perhaps even in the hidden, devious ways of reflex influences, than one who is apparently more valuable to his time, because he leaves results more visible, commensurable, and easily assessed.

But those whose very impulses, as well as fancies, "broke through language and escaped" in the living—after all, we feel that they could hardly be greatly grieved if their worth should not be fully embalmed in dust-gathering archives. And too much dealt they with the stuff of dreams, living ahead of the moment, rather than in it, to be troubled could they know that their past was not spread on records that are already the ancient history of yesterday. Perhaps they dreamed to make records—in the future! But they were ever of the living, questing the event; the day's knights, of the chivalry that never dies. Knights errant, for those in need, at service of the right as best they should see it. We may hold ourselves fortunate to have known such.

And of this knightly company was Joseph Turner Keiley—a friend who could never do enough for his friends.

His sympathies were with those in the difficulties of life—and also with those of high aims and ideals; and his active co-operation was easily secured, both in his profession of the law, and in matters of art. His early practice in literature and in photography became a natural bond of interest that brought him as a zealous assistant in the production of CAMERA NOTES for fourteen numbers, and then of CAMERA WORK for its forty-four numbers.

The story of Joseph T. Keiley's share in this labor of love, for fourteen years, is told but in small part by his many contributions to the volumes. The amount of consideration and the pains he took, can be partly surmised by careful readers between the lines of his thoughtful essays. But the amount of preparation put on his exhaustive criticisms, is known but to a few; and so also is the great amount of other work he did in the long campaign to raise the standards of pictorial photography higher and higher.

DALLETT FUGUET.

JOSEPH TURNER KEILEY

OBIT 21 JANUARY, 1914

DEATH, they tell us, loves a shining mark. But Death is very catholic in his loves. And if this enemy of us all — this friend who wears hostility like a mask — be indeed of so sardonic a temper, he must sardonically smile when, on occasion, his shafts having singled out for extinguishment a spirit like that of Joseph Turner Keiley, he marks our bewilderment and sees that the true magnitude of our loss is at once obscured and emphasized by our inability to express it.

For words are great consolers. They wear at least the outward form of finality. And for us mortals, adrift in the infinite, some figment of finality is the only refuge, be it from joy or from grief. And since expression is such a figment, once we achieve expression of happiness or of sorrow, we are ready, perforce, to pass on to new feelings.

Thus when the doer dies; when the achiever passes; when the see-er shuts his eyes or the singer falls silent; we put our loss into words, and give our sorrow a shape, and are content. But when a spirit is extinguished we stand, not only bereft but bedevilled. For words were not forged for such fine uses, and to use them is but to mock our inner knowledge.

To those who knew him Joseph Keiley was many things that it were easy to put into words:— a dreamer of fine dreams who woke to do friendly deeds; a champion of lost causes who could, never-the-less, fight gloriously for obtainable ideals; a glowing intelligence, radiant but diffused when turned on selfish aims, yet capable of keenest focus for others; an enigma and a joy. But to those who knew him not, that which he truly was is incommunicable. It must be enough for us, as it would be for him, to know that thousands who never hear of him will react without knowing it to the widening circles of influence that radiate because he lived.

J. B. KERFOOT.

A TRIBUTE

The following editorial tribute, "The Death of Mr. Joseph T. Keiley," by R. Child Bayley, appeared in "Photography" (London):

A few years ago, when "American photography was really a movement," to quote one of its leading men, the one name associated with that of Stieglitz was Keiley. Together they worked at the glycerine method, on which they published a paper, together they laboured on CAMERA NOTES, and when the New York Camera Club manifested its lack of sympathy with the publication which professed to be no more than its organ, together they built up CAMERA WORK. Owing to a long stay in England a few years ago, Keiley was about the best known of the Secessionists on this side; although his characteristic reserve and cultivated artistic and literary temperament kept him from taking any interest in the little London photographic coteries. It was a review of an American exhibition from his pen which was one of the first things to call attention in England to the existence and aims of the movement now known as the Photo-Secession. One or two of his pictures have appeared in our pages, and some dozen years ago he contributed to *Photography* a series of articles upon prominent pictorial workers, which attracted much attention from those who could enter into the deeper views of their writer.

Keiley was a man of very high ideals, quiet, tactful, unselfish to a most uncommon degree, a loyal friend, a doughty and honourable opponent. As a companion he possessed a strange charm, emphasised by his strikingly handsome face and figure. Professionally a lawyer, his business occupations latterly made great demands upon his time and health, and early in the new year he broke down altogether, dying of Bright's disease on January twenty-first.

POESY UNBOUND

(*The Voice*)

O Man! Why seek to hide Thyself behind thy graceful verse?
True, it hath charm, as hath some lyric statue set
In twilight quiet of garden so forgot with paths o'ergrown
We marvel such neglect.
Its delicate modeling doth rest our eyes;
Its flowing line hath power to bind the worldly will,
And raise the mind and feeling to a seeming realm of dream.
Yet only thus, I say, in off-time mood.

Dost aye prefer to view the Sun through veils of fog and mist?
That glowing disk; that soft, moist air; those half-light shapes
Which Fancy loves to change to suit her will—
I too, adore; and, wistful in their company, do dream
Of works and hopes as high above *this* clay
As yon lark's note's above thy labored song.

What of the Sun in brilliant, radiant morn?
In air that's fresh, and sweet, and clear?
A Sun that warms and thrills; and on the too-gray days
Doth force the rain, and beams down through the weak'ning clouds—
Himself!—and welcome, too.

Why hide the Sun of thy power and passion in this suppressive expression?
Exuberant sing thy joy! Unmeasured too, thy grief!
And all thy loves and hates for men and Art;
And thine own thrill at Life's upbounding, timeless yearn—
Sing these out of the fullness of thine heart:
An *inner* music thou wilt find infused, the rhythmic beat of Life's own powerful Song!

(*The Poet*)

Inspiring, Unseen Counsellor! Thy words
So noble, forceful, and unworldly-clear,
Do give me pause; and, pausing still, I hear
Th' ecstatic songs of joyous, whirling birds—
'Tis thine and their unworldliness disturbs
Me in half-formed resolve to let the sheer
Impulses elemental, grief and cheer,
Wing up my song—But Ah! Men are not birds!

Pale Thought and Fear are enemies of song
So beauteously tuneless and naïve,
For strands of Thought or Fear are aye among

The twilight songs we humans still must weave—
What joy I feel would turn to tears, else;
And grief would be a shriek or dumbness' self!

(*The Voice*)

O Man! 'Tis conscious Thought and Fear do captive bind thy Muse!
While Faith and Hope are wings on which upsoars all blithest Song!
And blithest, sweetest Poesy is but embodied Love.

Love!

Containing all, revealing all, Love's the surest mentor—
The breath of Courage; the wings of Aspiring;
The true fount back of fabled Hippocrène;
The Inward Urge that shadows forth, embodies, and enshrines
Idea in truest form—yet leaves a yearning still
To wing from high to higher:
For Love's the magnet that would draw thee up to Highest Poesy.
O Man! Let go the Earth!

(*The Poet*)

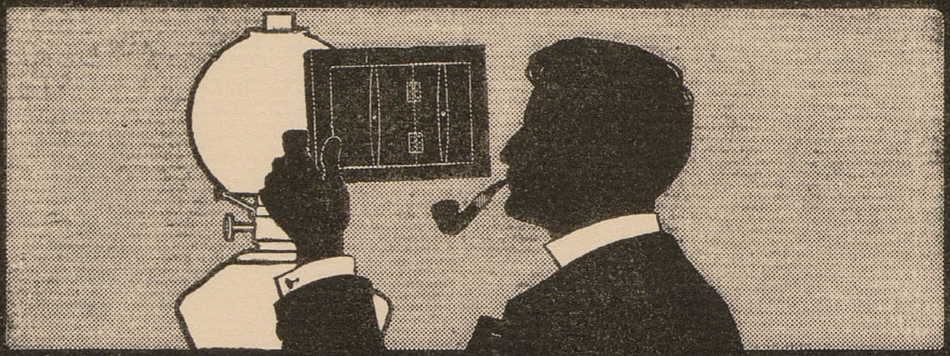
I hear! I hear! I more than hear—
I feel and Know it true!
And feeling, Knowing,
Glad my Muse doth upward take her flight
On wings unseen,
Whose motion is unconscious as perfume
Some vagrant wind hath lifted from a garden hid from view.
On—on—and upward, to the purest, bluest, height
Attainable by song from human breast!
Divine the Consciousness of Power t'express whate'er of Beauty moves the Soul!
Divine the Urge that doth create Expression's unique form!
Ah, Faith that dares,
Hope that aspires—
What boons to men ye be!
O! how to keep this pure devotion unalloyed by baser mood?
Love!
Love!
Love!
The pure chord striking,
Aye aspiring
Motive back of all Immortal Song!

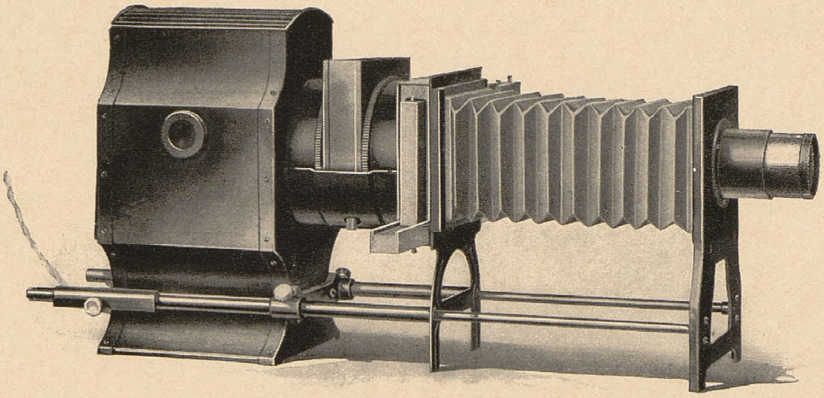
William Murrell.

TO OUR READERS:

THE advertising pages of CAMERA WORK are an integral part of the publication. They are limited.

The circulation of CAMERA WORK is one of QUALITY ONLY.





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offers the most fascinating of all entertainment, the picturing of your good times, the story of travel or vacation days, in brilliant lantern slide pictures thrown on a screen in your own home.

Such pictures from your own Kodak negatives, realistic in size and interesting in detail, with the added touch of human interest, are made possible by the Kodiopticon.

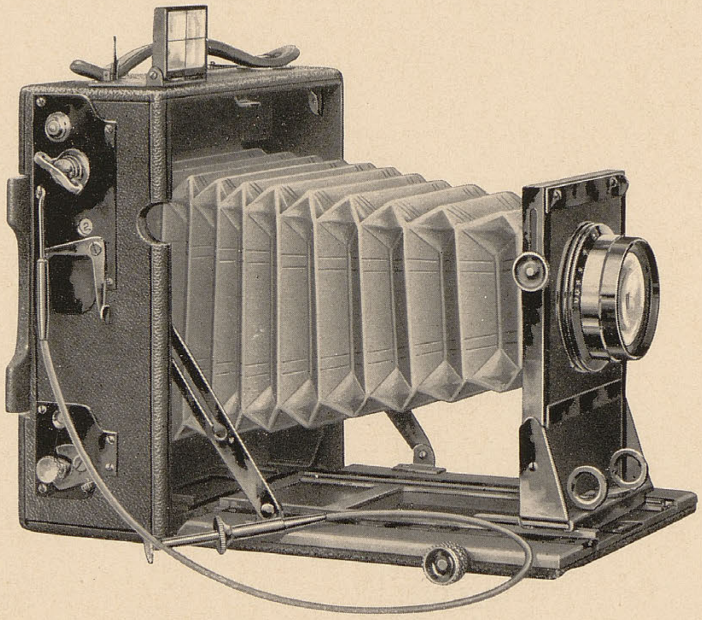
The Kodiopticon is equipped with a powerful Mazda incandescent lamp and may be connected with the ordinary electric lamp socket. Uses either glass slides or the Velox Film Lantern slides which are made from your negatives the same as Velox prints.

Kodiopticon, complete with Mazda Lamp, - - -	$20.00
Velox Lantern Slide Films, per doz., - - -	.30

Have your dealer show you or write for descriptive circular.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

THE SPEED GRAPHIC



A high grade Focal Plane Shutter Camera, made in the Graflex Factory.

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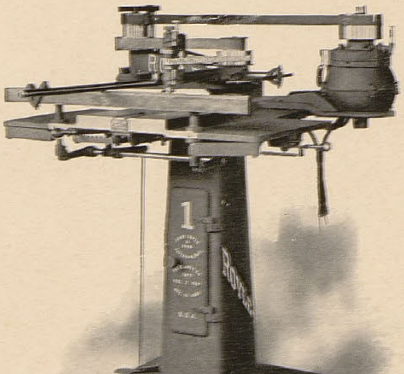

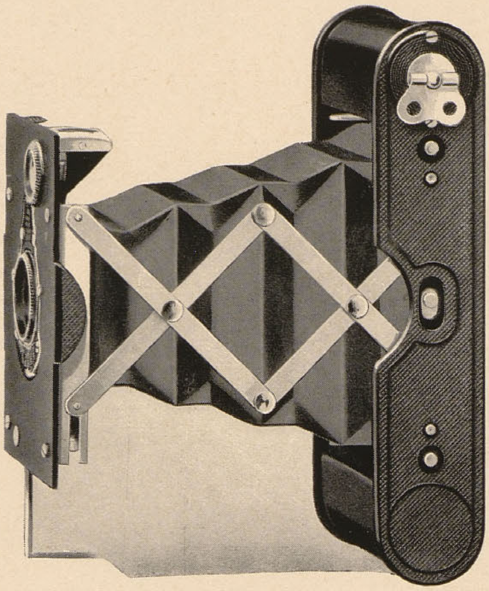

You can make lantern slides from your negatives as easily as Velox prints with

VELOX LANTERN SLIDE

VELOX LANTERN SLIDE FILM

It simplifies the making of lantern slides for use in the Kodiopticon or any projecting lantern having a water cell cooling device.

Velox Lantern Slides are printed direct from your negatives like Velox prints and are developed in the same light with the same chemicals. They are masked and mounted in Velox Lantern Slide Frames which are so constructed as to eliminate the binding of the edges—more simplicity. The slides are of the highest quality, are light and unbreakable.

Make Velox Lantern Slides from *your* negatives—project them in the Kodiopticon.

Velox Lantern Slide Films, per doz., - -	$ .30
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Velox Lantern Slide Mats, per 2 doz., - -	.05

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

At your dealers.

HAVE you seen the Special Number of Camera Work issued last June? This number is devoted entirely to the question of "New Art." For this country it is epoch-making. It contains the following original essays:

"Portrait of Mabel Dodge", by Gertrude Stein.
"Speculations", by Mabel Dodge.
"The Renaissance of the Irrational", by Benjamin De Casseres.
"Modern Art and the Public", by Gabriële Buffet.
"The Latest Evolution in Art and Picabia," by Maurice Aisen.
"Audiatur et Altera Pars: Some Plain Sense about the Modern Art Movement", by Oscar Bluemner.
"Vers L'Amorphisme".
"Ecce Homo", by John Weichsel.

It also contains eight full-page illustrations:

"Nudes", by Cézanne.
"A Portrait", by Cézanne.
"Still-Life", by Cézanne.
"Landscape", by Van Gogh.
"Portrait, Gertrude Stein", by Picasso.
"Girl with Mandolin", by Picasso.
"Drawing", by Picasso.
"Star-Dancer on an Ocean Liner", by Picabia.

¶ ARE you interested in the deeper meaning of Photography?

¶ ARE you interested in the evolution of Photography as a medium of expression?

¶ ARE you interested in the meaning of "Modern Art"?

¶ ARE you interested in the Development and Exposition of a living Idea?

¶ ARE you interested in Freedom of Thought and Freedom in Expression?

¶ If you are interested in any of these, you will surely be interested in the Numbers of Camera Work so far published. Thus far forty-one Regular Numbers and three Special Numbers have been issued.

¶ They contain reproductions, unique in respect of presentation, quality, and interpretation, of the work of Annan, Brigman, Coburn, Mrs. Cameron, Davison, De Meyer, Demachy, Eugene, Evans, Herbert G. French, Haviland, Henneberg, Hill, Hofmeisters, Käsebier, Keiley, Kuehn, Puyo, Le Bègue, Seeley, Mrs. Sears, Stieglitz, Steichen, White, Watzek, etc., etc.

Also reproductions of the work of Rodin, DeZayas, Matisse, Picasso, Gordon Craig, Marin, Manolo, Cézanne, Van Gogh, Picabia, etc., etc.

¶ The text contains original articles by:

Maeterlinck, Shaw, De Casseres, Van Noppen, Steichen, Max Weber, Gertrude Stein, Temple Scott, Sadakichi Hartmann, Joseph T. Keiley, Dallett Fuguet, DeZayas, Mabel Dodge, Gabriële Buffet (Mme. Picabia), Maurice Aisen, Oscar Bluemner, John Weichsel, W. D. McColl, J. B. Kerfoot, Mrs. Wm. Sharp, Charles H. Caffin.

¶ Camera Work is published for those *who know* or *want to know*.

THE PLATES, EXCEPT THREE, IN THIS NUMBER OF *CAMERA WORK*, WERE MADE BY F. BRUCKMANN, A.-G., LOTHSTRASSE 1, ■ ■ ■ MUNICH, GERMANY