

CAMERA WORK:

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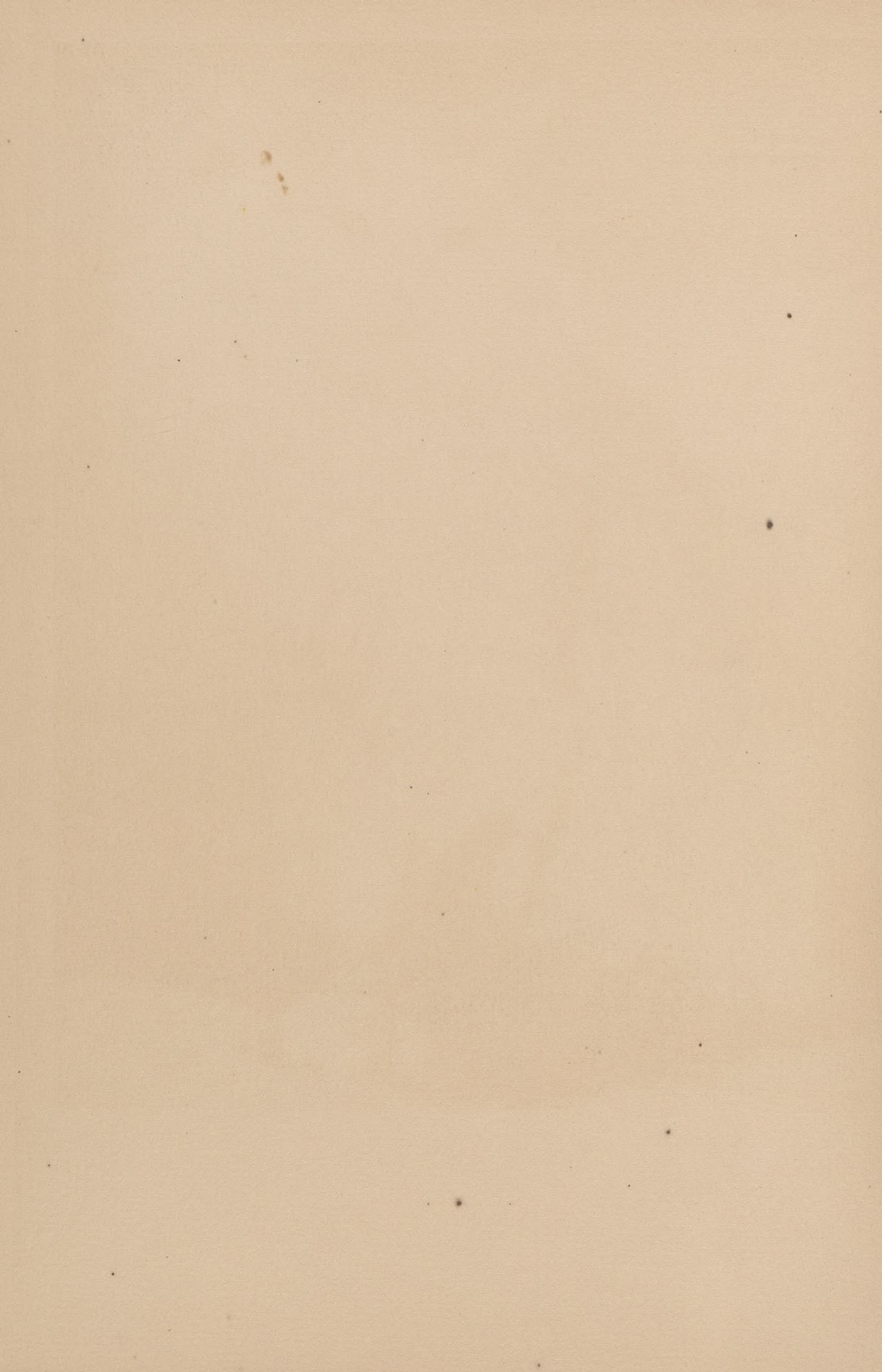
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PLATE

FRANK EUGENE

I. The Cat





"291" EXHIBITIONS: 1914-1916

NEGRO ART

THE tenth season of "291" began with an exhibition of statuary in wood by African Savages. This was the first time in the history of exhibitions, either in this country or elsewhere, that Negro statuary was shown solely from the point of view of art. The exhibition opened on November third and lasted until December eighth. We herewith quote Marius De Zayas on "Modern Art in connection with Negro Art":

Modern art is not individualistic and esoteric and even less an expression of spontaneous generation. It shows itself more and more frankly an art of discoveries.

Modern art is not based on direct plastic phenomena, but on epiphenomena, on transpositions and on existing evolutions.

In its plastic researches modern art discovered Negro Art.

Picasso was its discoverer.

He introduced into European art, through his own work, the plastic principles of negro art—the point of departure for our abstract representation.

Negro art has had thus a direct influence on our comprehension of form, teaching us to see and feel its purely expressive side and opening our eyes to a new world of plastic sensations.

Negro art has re-awakened in us a sensibility obliterated by an education, which makes us always connect what we see with what we know—our visualization with our knowledge, and makes us, in regard to form, use our intellect more than our senses.

If through European art we have acquired the comprehension of form, from the naturalistic point of view, arriving at mechanical representation, Negro art has made us discover the possibility of giving plastic expression to the sensation produced by the outer life, and consequently, also, the possibility of finding new forms to express our inner life.

Negro art, product of the "Land of Fright," created by a mentality full of fear, and completely devoid of the faculties of observation and analysis, is the pure expression of the emotions of a slave race—victims of nature—who see the outer world only under its most intensely expressive aspect and not under its natural one.

The introduction of the plastic principles of African art into our European art does not constitute a retrogradation or a decadence, for through them we have realized the possibility of expressing ourselves plastically without the recurrence of direct imitation or fanciful symbolism.

RECENT DRAWINGS AND PAINTINGS BY PICASSO AND BY BRAQUE

From December ninth, 1914, to January eleventh, 1915, there was shown in the little room examples of the most recent work of Picasso, and of Braque, for some time the working companion of Picasso. For the past few years these two men collaborated in new researches. De Zayas says: "Braque has often been accused of simply being the faithful copyist of Picasso. But while it is true that he has followed Picasso's method of painting it is also true that he has paid his debt by bringing to Picasso contributions of a very personal nature."

The Braques and Picassos shown were from the private collection of Francis Picabia. There were paintings in oil and drawings in charcoal.

ARCHAIC MEXICAN POTTERY AND CARVINGS—KALOGRAMAS

Simultaneously with the Picasso-Braque Exhibition there were shown in the inner room of "291" a collection of Archaic Mexican pottery and carvings in stone. The exhibit consisted of selected pieces from the collection of Mr. Paul B. Haviland.

Simultaneously too there were shown Kalogramas by Torres Palomar, of Mexico, who in his field stands in a class by himself, both in invention and as an artist.

PAINTINGS BY FRANCIS PICABIA

From January twelfth to January twenty-sixth the most recent work, by Francis Picabia, three oil paintings each about twelve feet square,—and never before exhibited anywhere,—were shown in the main room of "291".

This exhibition brought to a close the definite series of experiments begun at "291" some years ago. And the underlying idea of this series was summed up in the exhibitions of Negro Art, Picasso-Braque, closing with Picabia.

MARION H. BECKETT AND KATHARINE N. RHOADES

From January twenty-seventh until February twenty-second, both rooms of "291" were filled with paintings by two young New York women, Marion H. Beckett, and Katharine N. Rhoades.

Mrs. Eugene Meyer, Jr., handed us the following critique on these workers:

I should like to compare Katharine Rhoades' and Marion Beckett's work not merely because they happened to show at "291" at the same time but because their method of approach, their execution and even the problems which each still has to solve all present such a direct contrast that a comparison of the two points of view is helpful in the understanding of each.

This contrast can best be explained by an analysis of the different mental processes in back of the work. Miss Beckett's mind has a photographic quality which makes a direct translation of the object to the canvas. Her feeling for form is so fine and so exact that her paintings always have a camera-like fidelity to the subject but so sensitive is she to the value and final significance of planes and surfaces that her work, especially the portraits, at first seems based upon the subtlest kind of psychological analysis. It is, however, through her knowledge of the material that she arrives at the spirit. Just as the character of a person moulds every line of his physiognomy so Miss Beckett through her instinctive reconstruction of the line works back to a representation of the character, but life pulsates none the less vigorously in her paintings, perhaps even more so because it comes not as a thing deliberately sought but as the spontaneous by-product of a great love for all the forms that life takes in expressing itself. In other words she has a purely objective and deductive type of mind, one that accepts the result and works back to the cause, and her method for the sake of summing up can best be described as that of analysis after the fact.

Miss Rhoades' method is just the opposite. Her whole impulse to paint seems to spring from a close communion with and a desire to impart the underlying significance of the world as she sees it and whether she depicts a human being, a sweep of hills or a group of elms, always she arrives at the form through her sensing of the soul of things. So strong is this impulse in her that we are actually conscious at times of an intense struggle to find and depict the outward form that will adequately express all its inner beauty. For this reason there seems at first to be a strange and foreign quality in her portraits but a sympathetic study reveals the fact that she has seen further or at least differently than we and expressed in her depiction of the sitter qualities we had not known him to possess. Marion Beckett could do an adequate portrait of a stranger as she needs only her subject as a point of departure but Katharine Rhoades would do the model justice only after she has had an opportunity to determine upon his quality of self. Her mind is therefore subjective and wholly inductive and her method one of analysis before the fact.

This method is necessarily dependent upon a deep sympathy and understanding of the universe, upon experience and the ability to express that experience. When so young a painter as Miss Rhoades uses it, her early work will inevitably show a lack of complete domination of her medium, a struggle with what is commonly called technique that results quite naturally from the effort to constrain thought in form. But the outer certainty is bound to follow the inner certainty that development will bring and the compensation for the early struggle lies in the fact that the possibilities of her art are bounded only by her own. Something like a proof of this analysis can be found in the fact that Miss Rhoades also writes but as her brush learns to keep pace with her mind, as her expression in paint becomes more and more facile, I am sure that the need of a literary outlet will constantly decrease.

On the other hand the danger to Miss Beckett's work lies in a too great facility which she uses in a purely instinctive way and which will never reach the highest possible result until she succeeds in intellectualizing it. Her appreciation of comparative values is so quick that some of her compositions affect us as conclusions too easily reached and show an occasional triviality that is out of keeping with their firm workmanship. Her feeling for form is as pure as that of Degas but a consideration of this great artist's work will clearly illustrate what Miss Beckett lacks, for in his work the instinctive aesthetic emotion is subjected to the dictates of his mind and the result is a fine discrimination, and restraint, a certain inevitability of selection which more than any other single quality makes him one of the supreme masters of all times.

AGNES ERNST MEYER.

THE EVOLUTION OF MARIN

From February twenty-third to March twenty-sixth, both rooms of "291" were occupied by watercolors, oils, etchings, drawings, recent and old, by John Marin. The work exhibited included the complete evolution of Marin.

THIRD EXHIBITION OF CHILDREN'S DRAWINGS

From March twenty-seventh to April seventeenth the walls of "291" were covered with children's drawings. We herewith reprint the text of the leaflet which accompanied the exhibition:

Two shows of children's drawings have already been held at "291." Both of these disclosed, in a most illuminating manner, the invaluable quality of individual observation, and the equally valuable impulse towards individual expression, that is present in the un-self-conscious child.

Both these shows were entirely composed of unguided work of untaught boys and girls, whose ages varied between three and eleven years.

The present exhibition consists of a collection of drawings done by boys between eight and fourteen years old. In producing these drawings the boys work under the influence of a system.

Their teachers, Dr. Joseph Cohen and Miss Eda L. Puckhaber say:

These drawings were made, after school hours, and when their time was their own, by children of one of the city's public elementary schools. The drawings are not spontaneous productions. They have been influenced by the suggestions of teacher and fellow pupils. But of that active direction which is commonly advocated in children's textbooks, in teachers' manuals, and in school curricula, syllabuses and courses of study, there has been none. The goal to which prevailing art instruction aspires is the attainment of a collective mediocrity. A uniformity of result and perfection of finish has been its chief aim. To this end, the instability of changing standards and the restlessness of new conceptions have not been allowed to disturb the serene complacency of the schoolroom. Everything there has been prescribed and set in order. The mechanism of instruction has been so perfected that it operates, no matter who the teacher is, or who the learner. It has been rendered fool-proof on the one hand, and genius-proof on the other. And, to us, the purpose of this process appears at once ambitious and not altogether worthy. Our decisions affect the children—why may not their decisions move us? These drawings—the work of everyday boys, distinguished for no extraordinary gifts or native endowment—are the outcome of a frank departure from the scholastic norm, undertaken in the hope that the results might disclose something of what the children themselves might wish to say to us.

PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS BY OSCAR BLUEMNER

The 1915-1916 season of "291" began with an exhibition of paintings and drawings, based upon New Jersey landscapes, by Oscar Bluemner, of New York. The exhibition opened November tenth and closed on December seventh. This was Mr. Bluemner's first exhibition in America.

ELI NADELMAN, OF PARIS

From December eighth to January nineteenth, 1916, both galleries of the Photo-Secession were filled with the work of the sculptor, Eli Nadelman, of Paris. Mr. Nadelman, himself, who has been in New York since the beginning of the war, arranged the presentation of his work, which consisted of fifteen pieces of statuary in marble, bronze, wood and plaster, and of ten drawings in wash and pen and ink. This was the first exhibition of Nadelman's work in this country, and it included the complete development of his evolution.

We herewith reprint the text of the leaflet which accompanied the Nadelman Exhibition:

We are flooded with pictures and sculpture, but are without plastic art. We seek, in painting and sculpture, all things save those which they could and should give to us. We have several ideals of art, but we lack the true one. At one time we imitate nature so closely that we make nothing but sterile copies of her. At another we separate ourselves from her completely and turn toward the abstract, where we float in the void and no longer find anything. We would like to possess a great art which, by its authority and clarity, would impose itself upon all; and we possess but vague attempts which change daily and fail to satisfy.

For a long while the true meanings of plastic art have escaped us. We do not recognize that essential quality which gives to this art its true value, and which permits it to develop in all its grandeur.

Neither an exact copy of nature, nor a geometrical abstract form, nor all the productions of painting and sculpture in our time that can be placed between these two extremes, possess that quality.

The ultimate quality of painting and sculpture is plasticity.

Matter has an individual will which is its life. A stone will refuse all the positions we may wish to give it if these are unsuited to it. By its own will it will fall back into the position that its shape in conjunction with its mass demands.

Here is a wonderful force, a life that plastic art should express. Here is a life which, cultivated, enriched by art, will reach a dazzling power of expression that will stir us.

It is this will of matter expressed in shapes and volume that I call plasticity. This power, this will, is not solely found imprisoned in matter itself. It is a natural force that corresponds to our own instinct. In looking at a tower whose height is too great a feeling of disquiet comes over us. We feel that the material labors under strain and does not find itself normally conditioned. In the same way any object in which the needs of the material have been respected transmits to us a sense of satisfaction. It is from this that contact between us and a work of plastic art derives. It is, therefore, the plasticity of the image that awakes sensations in us; and the most indifferent object reveals itself to us with an unfamiliar force and charm if this object is interpreted by a purely plastic means, independently of what a work of plastic art represents, it is solely by its plasticity that it speaks to us. Plasticity is the poetry of plastic art. It is its essence. To seek its poetry elsewhere is to draw it toward error.

ELI NADELMAN.

SIXTH MARIN EXHIBITION

From January eighteenth to February twelfth, both rooms of "291" contained the most recent watercolors by John Marin. These latest watercolors of Marin were exhibited at "291" while the Montross Gallery was exhibiting Cézanne's watercolors, more than half of which had been shown at "291" six years ago.

THIRD WALKOWITZ EXHIBITION

From February fourteenth to March twelfth the most recent drawings and watercolors by A. Walkowitz filled the rooms of the Photo-Secession. The text of the leaflet accompanying this exhibition is herewith reprinted:

What one picks up in the course of years by contact with the world must in time incrust itself on one's personality. It stamps a man with the mark of his time. Yet, it is, after all, only a dress put on a man's own nature. But if there be a personality at the core then it will mould the dress to its own forms and show its humanity beneath it.

In speaking of my art, I am referring to something that is beneath its dress, beneath objectivity, beneath abstraction, beneath organization. I am conscious of a personal relation to the things which I make the objects of my art. Out of this personal relation comes the feeling which I am trying to express graphically. I do not avoid objectivity nor seek subjectivity, but try to find an equivalent for whatever is the effect of my relation to a thing, or to a part of a thing, or to an afterthought of it. I am seeking to attune my art to what I feel to be the keynote of an experience. If it brings to me a harmonious sensation, I then try to find the concrete elements that are likely to record the sensation in visual forms, in the medium of lines, of color shapes, of space division. When the line and color are sensitized, they seem to me alive with the rhythm which I felt in the thing that stimulated my imagination and my expression. If my art is true to its purpose, then it should convey to me in graphic terms the feeling which I received in imaginative terms. That is as far as the form of my expression is involved.

As to its content, it should satisfy my need of creating a record of an experience.

A. WALKOWITZ.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL STRAND

From March thirteenth to April third, Photographs of New York and Other Places, by Paul Strand, of New York. These photographs were shown at "291" as the natural foil to the Forum Exhibition of Modern American Painters which was being held at the Anderson Gallery, New York, during the same time. The Forum Exhibition was the most important large exhibition of Modern Paintings held in America since the historic "International" at the Armory in 1913. It consisted of sixteen "one-man groups." The artists represented were: Ben Benn, Thomas H. Benton, Oscar Bluemner, Andrew Dasburg, Arthur G. Dove, Marsden Hartley, S. Macdonald-Wright, John Marin, Alfred Maurer, Henry L. McFee, George F. Of, Man Ray, Morgan Russell, Charles Sheeler, A. Walkowitz, William and Marguerite Zorach.

During the International Exhibition, Alfred Stieglitz's photographs occupied the walls of "291." "291" exhibitions are never exhibitions in the ordinary sense, but are a series of experiments and demonstrations, all inter-related. During the International at the Armory it was but logical for "291" to show the Stieglitz photographs. Likewise it was the logical step in the evolution of "291" exhibitions to show photographs during the Forum Show. And to show pure photographs. No photographs had been shown at "291" in the interim, primarily because "291" knew of no work outside of Paul Strand's which was worthy of "291." None outside of his had been done by any new worker in the United States for some years, and as far as is our knowledge none had been done in Europe during that time. By new worker, we do not mean new picture-maker. New picture-makers happen every day, not only in photography, but also in painting. New picture-makers are notoriously nothing but imitators of the accepted; the best of them imitators of, possibly at one time, original workers. For ten years Strand quietly had been studying, constantly experimenting, keeping in close touch with all that is related to life in its fullest aspect; intimately related to the spirit of "291." His work is rooted in the best traditions of photography. His vision is potential. His work is pure. It is direct. It does not rely upon tricks of process. In whatever he does there is applied intelligence. In the history of photography there are but few photographers who, from the

point of view of expression, have really done work of any importance. And by importance we mean work that has some relatively lasting quality, that element which gives all art its real significance.

HARTLEY EXHIBITION

Towards the end of December, Marsden Hartley returned from a two years' stay in Berlin. The pictures which he had painted there during that time were held up in transit, owing to the War, so that they did not arrive in New York until April first. Forty of these pictures, oil paintings, were hung in the "291" rooms from April fourth to May twenty-second. We reprint the leaflet which accompanied this exhibition.

The pictures in this present exhibition are the work of the past two years. The entire series forming my first one-man show in Europe which took place in Europe last October. These pictures were to have been shown in these galleries as previously announced in February, but owing to blockades, war difficulties, etcetera, they have only just arrived. The Germanic group is but part of a series which I had contemplated of movements in various areas of war activity from which I was prevented, owing to the difficulties of travel. The forms are only those which I have observed casually from day to day. There is no hidden symbolism whatsoever in them; there is no slight intention of that anywhere. Things under observation, just pictures of any day, any hour. I have expressed only what I have seen. They are merely consultations of the eye—in no sense problem; my notion of the purely pictorial.

MARSDEN HARTLEY.

GEORGIA O'KEEFFE—C. DUNCAN—RÉNÉ LAFFERTY

In spite of the lateness of the season when the chief art critics of the New York papers had already been laid off for the summer, "291," from May twenty-third to July fifth, presented to the public for the first time the work of three young people: ten charcoal drawings by Georgia O'Keeffe of Virginia, occupying the walls of the main room; two watercolors and one drawing by C. Duncan of New York, and three oils by René Lafferty of Philadelphia, occupying the walls of the small inner room.

This exhibition, mainly owing to Miss O'Keeffe's drawings, attracted many visitors and aroused unusual interest and discussion. It was different from anything that had been shown at "291." Three big, fine natures were represented. Miss O'Keeffe's drawings besides their other value were of intense interest from a psycho-analytical point of view. "291" had never before seen woman express herself so frankly on paper.

Relating to this exhibition we print a short critique written for, and a letter sent to, us:

The story of aesthetic is song of a widening consciousness. One contradiction is the Puritan fathers making brittle halos from narrowness, Pedantry burnished and with the nervousness of combined duty and unintelligence distributed them. Clear living though is clear assayer moving always with sensitiveness and compelling slow resource to its often tragic end.

Among the few incomparable assets are the fire and flow of a fresh sensualism; tremulous, giving—a flower, opening; colossal with rise and surge of interwinding Niagara rapid; or stifled internecine, insipid, dishonest, with the assistance of parental and social ignorance and cowardice. Its beauty in Anglo-Saxon cultures today pays the cost of an insufficiency that must be incomparable in history.

Miss Virginia O'Keeffe's drawings in the season's last exhibit at "291" make this reflection unavoidable. Behind these delicate, frequently immense, feminine forms the world is distant. Poised and quick—elate—teeming a deep rain; erect, high, wide turning, unre-

quited in silent space this vision is exclusive to a simple reality. Once a thin scarecrow is, humorously, victim for the elements. With one exception these drawings are given passive and tumultuous upon the air.

The rear room contained drawings and paintings by C. Duncan and René Lafferty. Like Miss O'Keeffe, Duncan uses the method of picturing non-visual experience while Lafferty has interpreted the significance to himself of a comet, a dragonfly, and a fountain.

C. DUNCAN.

My Dear Mr. Stieglitz: I feel very hesitant about trying to write an appreciation of the woman pictures.

I was startled at their frankness; startled into admiration of the self-knowledge in them. How new a field of expression such sex consciousness will open.

I felt carried on a wave which took me very near to understanding how to free and so create forces—it has receded now and leaves me without the words.

I shall never forget the moment of freedom I felt—or the inspiration of how to use it.

May I leave it this way—if it comes to me before your next issue of *CAMERA WORK*, I will try to write it, if not, please know I should have liked to.

Self-expression is the first and last difficulty of my living.

Very sincerely,

KILLIAM'S POINT
BRANFORD, CT.

EVELYN SAYER.

As has been our custom, for the sake of record, we reprint some of the criticisms published in the press on the above exhibitions:

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

The tenth season at the Little Gallery of "291" Fifth Avenue opens with an exhibition of statuary in wood by African savages. Hitherto objects corresponding to such as are shown here have been mostly housed in natural history museums and studied for their ethnological interest. In the Paris Trocadero, however, their artistic significance has been recognized, as it also has been by certain French art collectors and by some of the "modernists" among artists—notably Matisse, Picasso and Brancusi.

It is as the primitive expression of the art instinct, and particularly in relation to modernism in art, that the present exhibition is being held, and it is said that "this is the first time in the history of exhibitions that negro statuary has been shown from the point of view of art."

These objects have been obtained from the middle-west coast countries of Africa—Guinea, the Ivory Coast, Nigeria and the Congo. Nothing is known of their date or of the races who produced them, the natives in whose possession they were found having come into some sort of contact with white civilization and lost the traditions of the art.

I have talked with Marius de Zayas, the well-known caricaturist, who for many years has been studying ethnology in relation to art with the view of discovering the latter's root idea, and who accumulated these eighteen examples during his recent visit to Paris. He begins by reminding one of the accepted premise in the study of the evolution of civilization, namely, that every stage in the progress of mankind, wherever it may have occurred, has been characterized by a corresponding attitude toward life and a corresponding expression of it in the handiworks.

While hitherto historians of art have looked for its roots in such directions as the lake dwellers and the caves of Dordogne, they have overlooked the fact that the white race in itself represented an evolution in advance of the black. Consequently, to get at the root of art one must dig deeper than the white primordial and look for it in the black.

The objects, however, which are here shown do not go down to the deepest elemental expression of the savage. They represent him at a comparatively advanced stage, by which time he had evolved a very marked feeling for beauty.

These specimens, when once you have got over the first impression of grotesqueness, are easily found to be distinguished by qualities of form, including the distribution of planes, texture and skilful craftsmanship that are pregnant with suggestion to one's aesthetic sense.

With what motive and under what kind of inspiration did the primitive artist carve these works? Mr. de Zayas explains that the savage looked out upon a world that seemed full of threats; that his imagination involved no idea of good, but only one of fear of mysterious agencies whose evil purposes he must avert.

He had recourse to fetiches; in earliest stages some stone or stock of wood. As he evolved he increased the efficacy of these by fashioning them into forms of his own devising. Such are the objects here shown; they are fetiches.

Characteristic of all is the purely objective way in which the carver approached his subject. He set out to make his public see just what he saw in the object. But the way in which he saw it was entirely opposed to the photographic way. It was not representation, as in the case of white savage art; it was rather what we call today the caricaturist's way.

If he wished to objectivize the fierce bulging of the eyes, he makes them protrude like pegs; if a covert expression of the eye, he parts the closed lids by a decisive slit. Note, again, in one face the power expressed by the massive protuberance of the features and in another the refinement, actually subtle, obtained by varying the surfaces of the planes. And in almost every case it is not representation, but suggestion, that secures the objective reality. Here is the essential difference between this art and that of white savages.

In a word, the main characteristic of these carvings is their vital objectivity, rendered by means that are abstract. This or that objective fact has been, as it were, drawn out into constructive prominence, and has been given such a shape as would most decisively emphasize it.

Another feature of these carvings which must not be overlooked is their decorative character. It was necessity in the first place that prompted the making of these fetiches. They were needed for the preservation of the race. But by this time the instinct to beautify the needful things of life had been evolved. One can discover it in the details, added for no other purpose than that of ornament, as well as in the treatment of the hair, and of the surfaces generally.

It is impossible, for example, to believe otherwise than that the carver was satisfying his instinct of beauty when he sloped down the contours of one face and curved the lips of another. Over and over again there are details of form and surface that are replete with aesthetic feeling.

And one other characteristic among many more that could be mentioned distinguishes these objects. To a greater or less degree all are expressive of movement, be it but the opening or shutting of the eyes. A feeling for the static does not belong to the savage. He is ever on the move, encountering the changes of the seasons and weather. To him life is movement, which, by the way, brings his primordial instinct into touch with modern philosophy as well as modern art.

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

We do not think of the wild African tribes as great sculptors, but the exhibition of their work which Mr. Stieglitz has been holding at the Photo-Secession gallery proves that they are real artists, expressing a definite idea with great skill—inherited, traditional skill. Their use of the rich, dark woods of Africa, the exquisite, almost unbelievable beauty of the patina they put on these wood sculptures, are remarkable. Forms are rude and conventional, but the expression is quite as successful as that of the archaic Greek sculptures.

Several large, rude heads and faces, probably originally collected either by the French government or some of its representatives in the French Soudan and Senegal, show exactly where Picasso got his inspiration for his "Mlle. Pogany," or whatever her name may be. She is here to the life, but in ebony. These negro sculptors represented human faces and heads in this way because they knew no better way; but knowing no better way, they achieved a considerable expression in spite of the limitation. Enamored by their success, Picasso has adopted their limitations—and produced a merely curious, not an admirable, result, like the negroes'.

Every one should see these African carvings. They are one of the few very real things now visible in this town.

Elizabeth Luther Carey in the "N. Y. Times":

One is tempted to think that the Primitive, the first barbarian moved to express himself in terms of art, has never existed. The further back we go the further he recedes until suddenly we come to something that looks so "modern" as to seem of today. The Post-Impressionist and the Congo savage have much in common, as the exhibition of African carvings at the Photo-Secession Galleries clearly demonstrates. The quality they share most obviously is the tendency to emphasize significance at the expense of representation. If an eye bulges make it bulge more; if a chin retreats send it back as far as it will go or obliterate it altogether; if arms are long make them like those of an ape. Certain of the carvings are, however, obviously of a much more advanced stage in art than others. One head, polished and black, with a red

mouth, slightly open, hair combed back from the forehead, half-closed eyes set somewhat slanting, has a distinctly Oriental aspect and a curious haunting beauty of long lines and smooth surfaces. Other heads of apparently the same period and of the same general type entirely lack this quality of subtle charm. There are also the cruder carvings that subordinate all human likeness to a savage convention, and there are the decorative pieces not meant for decoration, probably, but rich in that vital conventionalization which is the ideal of the best decorative art. Finally, there are the purely barbarous pieces which are little more than brutal comments on life, and are not good material for exhibitions. The things come from the middle West Coast countries of Africa, and nothing is known of their date or racial origin. They will be shown through the month.

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

"African Savage Art" is the sign at the street door of the Photo-Secession Gallery, 291 Fifth Avenue, which has opened its tenth season with an exhibition of statuary in wood by African savages. The word art is in large letters, for this, according to the announcement, is the first time in the history of exhibitions that "negro statuary" has been shown "as art." And yet it is strange, considering that nowadays nearly everything made by man, in one guise or another, is shown "as art."

In the case of these exhibits it was not necessary to explain that they are savage. Savage indeed! The rank savor of savagery attacks the visitor the instant he enters the diminutive room. This rude carving belongs to the black recesses of the jungle. Some examples are hardly human, and are so powerfully expressive of gross brutality that the flesh quails. The origin of these works is somewhat obscure. The gallery describes them as "the root of modern art," and this might be admitted in the same sense that the family of apes may be called the root of modern man. But to whatever period they belong, and whoever created them, there can be no doubt that they convey a sense of a race of beings infinitely alien to us.

Some of them at least do, for there is much variety in the work. An effort has been made to show it in a setting of crude and violent color. One or two of the masks are comparatively highly developed in workmanship and design. But the most striking piece is a mask which lies on a table in a corner, coarse, black, indescribably African. It recalls the haunting sense which broods over Joseph Conrad's story of the Congo, "Heart of Darkness," the sense of an earth vegetated to the point of suffocation, dank and barbaric. It is a nightmare not soon to be forgotten. When the outer door is reached again no insistent signs are necessary to inform you that you have seen savage art. The good, familiar daylight, the friendly white faces on the street, come as a relief after this blackness.

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

The gray walls of the little gallery of the Photo-Secession now support carvings, strange wooden carvings, queerer carvings than you will see anywhere else in town. Mr. Stieglitz is on deck with sensational and sardonic theories that surmount the din of battles and shine above the dust clouds arising from crumbling empires. His first lieutenant, Mr. Walkowitz, is there also, less wan and pale than of yore, but more unutterably philosophic than ever. Mr. Zorach, who is a primitive, very fond of painting his personal recollections of ancient Egyptian history, now enters upon his sophomore year in this academy of arts and thrills. Several of the new recruits had the look of being permanent additions to this society, although one of them, a most clever young man, an Albanian refugee 'twas said, had rather too decided and forceful a manner for a recruit. Being clever, no doubt he will soon subdue himself.

All of the dramatis personæ are on the scene, you understand. They are all word perfect in their parts and eager for the curtain. Hamlet, that is to say, Mr. Stieglitz, can hardly wait until the big scene in the fifth act, where he jumps into the grave and defies Mr. K-ny-n C-x to outweep him in grief for the corpse. The anticipatory emotion is so strong and so contagious that you, even you, who have seen the rehearsals and know that it is only a play, are beginning to wonder whether you are going to disgrace yourself by blubbering outright, when suddenly a horrid doubt intrudes itself. Perhaps we had counted too naively upon Mr. K-ny-n C-x always playing opposite roles to us. Mr. K-ny-n C-x likes ancient art of any sort. These are ancient carvings that we are about to show you, ladies and gentlemen. Mr. K-ny-n C-x will like these wooden images. He will not clash swords. He is, in fact, upon our side. Is it not wonderful? And vexatious?

It spoils our big scene completely. It's no fun having art shows unless we may wake somebody up with 'em. Who can we wake up with these carvings? No one. They are several hundred years old and, therefore, hors concours. Everybody will love them. It would have been awfully wicked, perhaps, but in the interest of art, justifiable, to have dissembled a bit with this show. Suppose Mr. Stieglitz had assumed a timid air which he can do very well and had announced that he wasn't at all sure that there was merit in these productions, the work of a little colored boy named Rastus Johnson, who lived at 137th street and Lenox Avenue, but he was determined to give them a trial; what a fuss there would have been!

Then when Mr. K-ny-on C-x had had his fit, and all of us critics had tied ourselves up into irretrievable conclusions, we ourselves probably holding Rastus' to be an impudent little upstart totally lacking in sense of decorum and religious instinct, then, we say, Mr. Stieglitz could have come forward with the truth about these carvings, and he would have had us.

He would have had me, at any rate. For these African antiques are deeply religious. Mr. Stieglitz claims that all of the pieces in the exhibition are examples of fetich art. "They didn't know 'good,' these Africans, as we know it. These figures were supposed to ward off evil." I have read somewhere that the root of all religions lies in the great Mystery. It began with the first confrontation with Death. Art that begins so nearly in the same place may well be serious and may without much fear be accepted as religious. Tolstoy arrived at the idea that the basic principle in all the great religions was the same. In that case we must ask Mr. Stieglitz to believe that these long dead Africans, since they did mean passionately what they carved into his show, knew "good" even as we know it.

The most ancient of these carven masks are the most dynamic. The eyes, lips, nostrils, project from concave surfaces in these heads as surfaces are projected in modern cubistic art. The parallel was not long in being remarked; but just who among the cubists was the first to adopt the cult for it is not known. Matisse has some interesting pieces in his drawing room. Early in the game they were shown in connection with "cube art." Last spring the little gallery started by Mr. Brenner in Washington Square held a few pieces, but this at the Photo-Secession is the first exhibition of ancient African wood carving, as such. This collection is owned privately in Paris. The museum at St. Petersburg was desirous of borrowing it for a show, but in spite of the "alliance" it was refused. It was owing to the efforts of Mr. de Zayas, the caricaturist, that the carvings reached New York, and it is also worthy of record that he managed the shipment at the historic moment when most Americans abroad were parting from their luggage indefinitely.

René Guy DuBois in "Arts and Decoration":

Behind the masque worn by Alfred Stieglitz, which frowns down from a tremendous height at visitors in the little gallery of No. 291, I am inclined to detect a somewhat sardonic grin. Mr. Stieglitz says that he showed the work of Brancusi and Picasso before the work of the Primitive Blacks because these men uncovered, by preceding them, an interest in the blacks that would, otherwise, have remained blanketed. Personally at the exhibition of "Statuary in Wood by African Savages" we found the root of Brancusi's handicraft more directly than that of Picasso. My interest in the work of the blacks may have been increased by the previous view of Brancusi while the interest of the work of Brancusi, who happens to be a European, was entirely destroyed. It is very likely that without that grin Mr. Stieglitz would not have shown, in the works of the blacks, the ancient models of Brancusi's modern work. Of course there is the possibility that Mr. Stieglitz meant to be amiable and was perfectly innocent. On the other hand, we like our dogs to be thoroughbreds, to inherit physical traits from similar physics, to have pure blood. It may be folly to demand that men's minds be kept pure, that the children of their minds be thoroughbreds. It seems to me that the children of Brancusi's mind, part ancient and part modern, savage and civilized, European and African, black and white, are not thoroughbreds. That may be the fault, at the same time we must not forget that the breed of the grayhound was improved by the introduction of the blood of the bull dog.

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

Some recent drawings and paintings by Picasso and by Braque are being shown in the gallery of the Photo-Secession, No. 291 Fifth Avenue. The two men are friends and work in common, Picasso being the leading spirit. His is, in fact, the most original, intrepid and logical mind among all those which today are bent upon intellectualizing their sensations in pictorial terms.

It is the kind of mind that, though one may not be able to appreciate its products, is worth examining for the sake of its processes. How shall one approach them? By way of an experiment, let us imagine ourselves in St. Patrick's Cathedral. We have been present at a service perhaps; the sound of voices is hushed and the last strains of the organ are dying away amid the aisles and vaulting. Our eyes and ears have been saturated with sensations; but in the pause that follows, instead of being more or less hypnotised by the various impressions, let us suppose that our intellectual faculties are quickened to an intense degree of activity. We become acutely aware of the embodied forces that produced the sensations.

The column, as a column, is forgotten in the sense of its being a support; the arch is realized in its capacity of sustaining the weight of the clerestory, and the vaulting is analyzed as an adjustment of conflicting strains, the lateral pressures of which are offset by side aisles and flying buttresses. Intellectually, or, as we say, in our mind's eye, we have pictured the edifice as a bodiless structure of innumerable forces, some in correspondence, some in conflict, but all organically harmonized by the engineering intellect of the architect.

Then, into this skeleton of intellectualized sensations, may pass an intellectualized impression of the music. Part of it was human, part instrumental. But the consciousness of the congregation and the organ have all but left our memory; it is the varieties and qualities of sound, its crescendos and diminuendos, and, above all, its rhythms, that hold our mind in this moment of intense activity.

Again, the impulse to sensation has been one of corresponding and conflicting forces, organically harmonized into rhythmic structure.

Now, supposing one wished to communicate these intellectualized sensations to some one else. Personally I should try to do it by a few words, selected to indicate my train of thought, and uttered with suitable variety of pitch and tonal shading, while I filled in the expression by pantomimic gesture. Meanwhile, if it were possible to photograph the inflection of the voice and the cadence of gesture with the words appearing in print as they occur, the result would be a moving picture of my intellectualized sensations.

This in a way is what Picasso does; only his picture is once and for all in front of us, and instead of rambling on as mine would do, is itself a structure of harmonic completeness.

Whether you care to have even intellectualized sensations conveyed to you in so rarified an abstract form is another matter. Meanwhile the processes of Picasso's mind, as laid bare in these drawings, might well be studied by our artists, not for imitation—they are too personal to this particular artist—but for the purpose of eliminating from their work its concrete superfluities and raising its capacity of intellectual suggestiveness.

Manuel Komroff in the "N. Y. Call":

Perhaps the last word of the futurists—and perhaps not. Picasso's development from his pictures shown at the International Exhibition in 1913, and his work shown this summer at the Washington Square Gallery, is not very great, yet one can easily see the great struggle and attempt he is making for a newer form. A form of picture which would translate graphically an emotion of music. In a small way this is quite possible, as his exhibition at 291 Fifth Avenue shows, but one is inclined to feel as though the attempt is not as successful as it might have been. Of course, I speak only for myself; some of my friends say that the work is successful in transmitting the sensation of music, while, on the other hand, some say it is impossible. One can only judge such things for one's self.

Elizabeth Luther Carey in the "N. Y. Times":

Picabia is now at the Photo-Secession Gallery, with an exhibition logically following that of Picasso last month. Three pictures with titles have perhaps a direct bearing upon the artist's intention, but are not to be read by one who runs except in their detachment, "Marriage Comique" is one, and another is "Je revois en souvenir ma chère Udnie," both most unpleasant arrangements of strangely sinister abstract forms that convey the sense of evil without direct statement. A much breezier though still abstract composition is that entitled "C'est de moi qu'il s'agit." On the whole it is not an agreeable change from Picasso, whose strangeness is more often than not sheer beauty.

Probably we shall have another chance to appreciate Picasso. "If at first you don't succeed—" In time, no doubt, such is the assiduity of those charged with the education of the public, we shall have all the Picassos, the many gifted personalities working through

that one brain and that one pair of hands. Perhaps of them all the most engaging is the Picasso of "Le Lapin Agile," 1905, in which the painter in Pierrot costume sits at table with a man and a woman in the famous Paris café.

Then there is the painter who followed Daumier with strong contrasts of dark and light and rich modeling. And, further back, the painter of the young girl with her head crowned with flowers. It's a long, long road to the comparatively new Picasso with his figures and letters of the alphabet and pieces of newspaper and his cubistic drawing and "absolute painting." He can be poignant, the "Dead Pierrot" showed that, he can draw vice as cruelly as Balzac, those "Apaches" in the etching of 1905 prove it; he is sensitive to personal significance and cognizant of decorative values, both qualities are in the "Seated Pierrot" of 1903; and since most of us grant that the writing of experience is never wholly erased from a still sound mind, no doubt we should assume that the poignancy and cruelty and tenderness are all in the complicated designs with their beautiful flickering lights and darks and their interesting and tremendously difficult perspectives. We of the public live by faith alone, and it is not a faith to come at easily in the case of Picasso, yet his sincerity and his skill are both so apparent, that the absence of a clearly defined artistic meaning in his work is unbelievable.

At the Photo-Secession Galleries in one of the inner rooms are half-a-dozen drawings, and an impression of the "Apaches" illustrating the progress of Picasso, synthetically presented. This inner room is the magnet for students of art.

Peyton Boswell in the "N. Y. Herald":

Within the last few days five exhibitions involving the extreme in art have been opened in the New York galleries and these do not include the Matisse exhibition. So eager have been the galleries to show the new art that Alfred Stieglitz, of the Photo-Secession Galleries, No. 291 Fifth Avenue, who showed the first extreme art seen in New York, said he might have to devote his gallery to exhibitions of academic work in order to escape being obvious.

"If the worst comes to the worst," he said yesterday, "and the members of the National Academy of Design can find no other place to exhibit their pictures I will cheerfully give to them the use of No. 291. An exhibition of work by Mr. Edwin Blashfield and Mr. Will Low might help a lot to start the pendulum swinging back the other way.

The Photo-Secession Galleries are now showing portraits done in the new manner by Misses Marion H. Beckett and Katharine N. Rhoades. Not much liberty has been taken with form by these artists, but they have used strident and striking color to the limit. Typical is Miss Rhoades' "Portrait of Mary V. Pyle," which has green eyes, but no other monstrous element. An outdoor flower piece, "Voulangis," by the same artist, is a striking piece of bright color. Among Miss Beckett's portraits is one of Mr. Eduard J. Steichen, carrying a stalk of hollyhock over his shoulder, reminding one of the flower pictures by this artist shown at the Knoedler Galleries.

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

Two young women are showing at the little gallery of the Photo-Secession, 291 Fifth Avenue, and they depart considerably from the traditions of these rooms, which have been given over for some years now to the manifestation of the more revolutionary groups, for while these ladies are by no means conventional, they have at least clung to certain acknowledged notions of human anatomy and construction, to resemblances of men and women, and given recognizable likenesses, particularly in the case of the painter, Eduard Steichen, limned by Marion H. Beckett, in most agreeable color and with a nice sense of the personality of the man, a really decorative canvas of force and distinction. Katharine N. Rhoades, the second of the pair, has painted Mrs. Steichen, not perhaps as successfully as the husband has been presented; but she has a standing nude that is most interesting. There are some landscapes and more portraits that make up the display, which may be seen for some little time.

Meanwhile Mr. Stieglitz has devoted the current number of his publication, CAMERA WORK, which may be said to be the organ of these galleries, to the expression of opinion of some sixty-five people, in various walks of life, as to what the place means to them, and this issue contains no illustrations whatsoever. Some of the writers have expressed themselves in poetry, others in prose. With but a single exception there is deep appreciation for the freedom of thought and the liberty offered to the exhibitors here, but mainly it is a note of friendliness,

even affection for the promoter, Mr. Stieglitz. It is all very interesting reading, and it is a pity the issue could not have a more general circulation.

Elizabeth Luther Carey in the "N. Y. Times":

At the Photo-Secession Galleries are pictures by Marion H. Beckett and Katharine N. Rhoades. The faithful gallery visitor will recall several studies of children exhibited a few years ago by Miss Beckett in which the influence of Whistler was apparent, but which, nevertheless, had a personal point of view and a charming freshness. Miss Beckett and Miss Rhoades are now fighting under the post-impressionist banner. They have not been studying with any one, but they have been in Paris, and that has been enough. There are portraits by Miss Beckett, one of Eduard Steichen, full of character and somewhat murky in color; a large, imposing version of Mrs. Cord Meyer in purple, Mrs. Steichen and Mrs. Alfred Stieglitz—all affairs of substance and strong color. Miss Rhoades also shows portraits, by far the most engaging a fresh blonde study of a child, expressing the naïveté of childhood without straining at significance, a refreshing and happy little picture. A nude by the same artist in the inner room has a strong sculptural quality. The pose is chosen to bring it out, the mass compact, the interstices few, the depth emphasized.

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

The two artists, Marion Beckett and Katharine Rhoades, who are now showing their work at the Photo-Secession Gallery, 291 Fifth Avenue, attracted attention last spring in the exhibition of "Modern Art" held at the National Arts Club, and on the present occasion a fuller opportunity is given to see what they stand for.

The estimate of Miss Rhoades's work is modified by further acquaintance more than that of Miss Beckett. A less formidable personality than her friend, with less sense of the bulk and volume of things, Miss Rhoades possesses a good sense of color, and a freshness in her manner of expressing it which is far from ordinary. One of her landscapes, a rolling stretch of hilly country, has that much to be desired effect of ethereal freedom from the paintiness of paint, which is, of course, only another way of saying that in this case, at any rate, the artist was in complete control of her medium, and making it express her own clear vision.

Another landscape, hanging opposite, while entirely unrealistic in the conventional sense, conveys what is far better than any literal exactness of fact, a real sense of living air and light. Miss Rhoades's portraits are very unequal, and by no means in every case is a sense of life achieved. But there is a symmetrical portrait of a little blonde girl which has charm and suggests, in the upright pose and fresh color, a quality akin to the delicate vitality of a growing flower.

Miss Beckett's hand is heavier; but her gifts fit her better for portraiture. She sees form in a solid way, and she presents her subjects with considerable grasp of their essential character. Her color is not always agreeable, but it is not trivial. The work of both artists is serious.

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

An exhibition of paintings by Marion H. Beckett and Katharine N. Rhoades is being held in the Photo-Secession Gallery, No. 291 Fifth Avenue.

While the comradeship of these ladies, extending over many years, represents a feminine counterpart of Damon and Pythias, it has tended to strengthen the differences of their temperament, as if each found in the other something complementary to herself. And this exhibition confirms the impression that I recorded on this page when their work was seen some time ago at the National Arts Club. Miss Beckett's reliance is on reasoning; her friend's on intuition.

Miss Rhoades seems to have a capacity of psychically sensing her subject. How pure and lucid and clairvoyant her vision is may be gathered from the landscape "Williamstown"—swelling hills beneath an ample, whitened sky. The natural aspects of the scene are generalized in a sweeping synthesis, but the vigorous truth of this soon becomes secondary to one's appreciation of the mood that has inspired it; one, as I interpret it, of conflict, in which spiritual confidence is victor.

Compare with this picture the one called "Voulangis." It is less significant because all hint of conflict is absent. Everything has conspired to promote a mood of undisturbed harmony. How exquisite a sense of the peace of happiness is conveyed in the open spacing of this picture and the playfulness of happiness that frolics in the decorative caprices of the composition.

I think one can find an echo of the moods of both these landscapes in the "Self-Portrait," which is singularly fascinating in its revelation of character and temperament. It is very interesting to compare it with the adjacent portrait of the same subject by Miss Beckett. The facial characteristics are similar, but the character of the face is different. There is an imperious suggestion in the portrait by Miss Beckett, which is absent from the other. The suggestion of intellectuality has been pushed to an extreme that entirely misses the quality of spirituality.

However, this portrait does not represent Miss Beckett at her strongest. For that one must turn to the "Mabel Hussey" and "Eduard J. Steichen." Of these the last named is the better, for here there is the suggestion of complex qualities of character, whereas in the other the suggestion is of a single trait, extracted and intensified with an almost ruthless insistence. Meanwhile, the color beauty of these portraits is as unquestionable as their force. Indeed, their insight and grip, as well as their technical execution, display an individuality quite different from those of any other woman portrait-painter, and, it seems to me, superior.

For, so far as I can judge, this lady is no imitator, even unconsciously, of the methods of men painters. Her manner, both of seeing and recording, is being evolved from her own very distinctive personality, and it may not be too much to predict that, if she can maintain her progress, she will prove to be the first of women painters to reveal in portraiture the actual feminine point of view.

Robert J. Cole in the "N. Y. Evening Sun":

There is an odd placing of certain pictures in the current exhibitions. The revolutionary Matisse at the once conservative Montross Galleries has already been noted. Now come the Steichen decorations for a private house, at Knoedler's, and the quite intelligible portraits by Katharine N. Rhoades and Marion H. Beckett at the Photo-Secession Galleries. One would naturally expect the positions to be reversed. But Mr. Stieglitz has exhibited Picabia and Picasso, not because they represented the limits of his own taste, but because he refused to be bound by the limits of other people's taste.

It is worth a trip to 291 Fifth Avenue to see some of the enthusiasts over the art of the future in the act of not looking at these lively present day portraits that are painted with at least a partial use of old methods. Mr. Steichen happened to sit the other afternoon exactly under the Beckett study of himself. A young artist whose work might well be used to illustrate certain pages of Gertrude Stein was reproaching him for his use of gold in the said mural decorations at Knoedler's. She never glanced at the pictures in the room where she stood.

Yet they were worth a look. The portrait of Mrs. Cord Meyer is full of dignity. Character speaks from the silent lips. There is a fine gradation of tones in the light fabric that lies between the rich gown and the shoulders.

The sheer human appeal comes, perhaps, most powerfully through a nameless "sketch." The artist here shows a rare sympathy with individual personal life. The portrait of Mrs. Stieglitz, in the next room, with its wise smile, is the kind anybody might wish to possess as the record of a friend.

The other artist, Katharine N. Rhoades, may see herself as others see her in the Beckett portrait, and close by others may behold her as she sees herself. The two views have little in common. The subject's friend is evidently trying to make an honest presentation of her. But the artist in doing her self-portrait cared only for the decorative values of her countenance. She evidently enjoyed taking any liberty she pleased with it, and the result justifies her—green eyes, gold background and all.

Henry Tyrrell in the "Christian Science Monitor" (Boston):

Alfred Stieglitz's little Photo-Secession gallery, familiarly known to seceders of all sorts as "291," its Fifth Avenue number, has been having its most important season.

It began with an exhibition of statuary in wood by African savages, wherein, Mr. Stieglitz says, lies the root of modern art. This was followed by drawings and paintings of Picasso and Braque of Paris, to which was added for good measure, archaic Mexican pottery and stone carvings and "Kalogramas" of Mexican Torres Palomar.

The New Year found in the garret gallery new paintings of Francis Picabia—more of modernist Paris—and these in turn were followed by the work of two young American women of talent and marked personality, Marion H. Beckett and Katharine N. Rhoades. With an honest love for sturdy drawing they conjoined the bold and purposeful use of the modernists'

pure pigment and painted each other, the Steichen and Stieglitz families and others with vivid illumination.

Following them now comes John Marin, another New Yorker, and another of the earnest group of serious secessionists, with a comprehensive collection of his watercolor landscapes—and some oils.

An admirably defiant group they make. It may not be quite fair to call them the "Reds of Art," though one doubts if they would object, but they are certainly revolutionaries all. But such destruction as they may have wrought has been constructive havoc. In following the voice within them they have opened many new and strange ways and left it to us to follow if we will or can.

Unless one can question their sincerity—which is not often a safe or wise thing to do—one dare not condemn out of hand. These defiers of the old canons have taught us already too much that was worth learning not to command, at least a considered judgment.

We have learned from them, for example, that pictorial art of the past has been greatly taken up with exposition. It has been explaining and explaining again. And its eternal preoccupation with facts has often left it emotionless. There is no doubt of that. The new art is frankly careless of facts. It says they do not matter and it tries to reach straight into the heart of things—by "the heart of things" being meant their emotional content, their power to arouse feeling of an exalted kind.

The circle of argument of course completes itself. Exalted feeling is a sense of beauty. Beauty is a quality of things. We are back again to facts. But there are beauties of spirit as well as beauties of material impression, about which it is possible to have feeling. Perhaps the new artists would have us sense the beauty of the emotion engendered by the feeling he has put into his pictures.

In any case John Marin has dealt with many engaging facts. His compromise between material realities and the absence of them will still be puzzling to many but they will have no difficulty in finding real boats and trees and land and water—glowing and very beautiful water, skies that he can understand as well as feel and land solid enough for any footfall—sometimes. He may still fail to understand, as does the present observer, why skyscrapers should bend in the breeze like any sapling but he will not be able to resist John Marin's color.

Studying these bright and lively impressions of the outdoor world one can see with what artless joy the painter flowed his great brushfuls of luscious color over paper. They did express the brilliant gladness of sunlight on land and water to him and they do to us. Their piquing mystery is a real spur to our imagination and a pleasant one. It would never be an annoyance to have a good Marin for steady company, though it might be unduly preoccupying. One would be continually seeking and finding the unexpected therein.

Henry J. McBride in the "N. Y. Sun":

The recent number of CAMERA WORK seems to have been well timed. The enthusiasm of the young artists and art lovers who wrote down their reasons for liking the Photo-Secession gallery is of a sort to incline sceptics who have occasionally been shocked by exhibitions in the little gallery to give it one more chance. Those that make the venture will now find a John Marin show there which ought permanently to convert them.

Marin, as an artist, has so long been a private force among aspiring students that it is amazing to realize that he is not yet a celebrity. Mr. Stieglitz, who is in charge of the Photo-Secession, states that no public museum owns Marins as yet. This seems strange. He says, too, that certain American connoisseurs have already seen Marins and have failed to appreciate them. This is extraordinary. One feels quite helpless to combat so unreasonable a situation. Not to like Marin is as inconceivable as not to like Chopin.

Not long ago at a little dinner a lady was heard to announce in a most sprightly fashion that she did not like the Boston Symphony Orchestra. She had been bored past endurance, she said, and at last had resolved to fling off the mask she had worn and never to hear the orchestra again. A frightened silence fell about the table, for the lady plainly believed she was saying something clever. Finally a gentleman turned to her and said, "What a misfortune!" and then immediately all of the guests talked about something else.

In fact nothing could be done for the poor lady and nothing can be done for people who do not like Marins. Talking to them won't help them. Explaining won't help them. As for the museum directors, that's another matter. Much more serious than the lady's non-com-

prehension of the orchestra! You would not, for instance, take such a lady and make her director of the orchestra, would you? Then why put men in charge of our museums who cannot respond to Marins? It makes one feel quite ashamed to think there are no Marins in the museums.

By and by, of course, they will be in the museums, just as the Whistlers are now, but for a long, long time the museums would not touch Whistler. It is understood, of course, that we are referring to museums in general, to those of Germany, England and Ireland as well as our own. The museums, in fact, would not touch Whistlers until after they had become expensive. Isn't that really curious? France was the exception. France bought Whistler's portrait of his mother for much less than she would have to pay now. France always spends her public art money better than the other nations, but that was an especially effective purchase, for it made Whistler.

Whether a museum could now make Marin by purchasing him is a question. The matter of ultimate success is so delicate. The weight of a hair sometimes starts the scales that finally register justice. If Whistler had kept perfectly quiet in his lifetime, had never quarreled and had never written stinging letters he must have arrived, we all think, at his present fame, by this time, upon pure merit as a painter. But it is not sure.

In a certain country that won't be named the phrase "making good" is frequently heard. The prevalent opinion of the people of that country is that a genius who does not "make good" is not a genius. It is, however, an opinion that "The Sun's" chronicler has not been able to adopt. Full many a gem the dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear, "The Sun" believes, and if it were not so mean to keep pressing the point, it would mention one or two undoubted geniuses long since mouldered to dust that the unmentioned country gave birth to and has not yet honored.

A fine, spectacular death, however, is undoubtedly an aid. Chatterton's sudden and painful taking off put an extravagant valuation upon his verses that has not even yet entirely worn from them. It is not a method to be conscientiously recommended though to painters. There are in fact many serious thinkers who hold that complete and universal fame is no longer desirable for an artist during his lifetime. They say that the world has grown too large, that the modern machinery of publicity puts too strong a light upon his every action, and that the crowd, even though they be admirers, rob him of his creative moments and his still more precious hours of solitude. Rodin is the instance most often referred to.

Whistler's name has been mentioned in connection with Marin's chiefly because it would seem that museum directors must have been prepared by Whistler for Marin. Marin has not so wide a range as Whistler, but in many departments of the game he is more elusive and subtle. Marin may or may not approach the standard of Whistler's big figure pieces. It is too soon to say. But in the present Marin exhibition there are a dozen watercolors which, if they bore the butterfly signature, would be rated, even by museum directors, as ranking near the top of Whistler's achievement. Pray, don't imagine for a moment that Marin is a Whistler copyist, however. Had he been he would have been adopted by the philistines instantly. No; he is a living, live original. That's the rub.

He paints invariably in rare colors. There is the stir of air upon the waters and among the trees of Marin's pictures and a sense of arrangement that is quite Japanese. The trouble is that he sometimes attempts the impossible. For that the students love him. All genuine art lovers love a sport. Marin has never been accused of not being a sport. His reachings out for impossibilities result in certain works that appear to be mere confusions to the museum directors. My advice to the museum directors would be to leave these experiments at one side for the present.

The experiments, you must not forget, have been made by an intelligent artist, and have that interest. Later experiments by Marin and future artists may go further along the same lines, and then these present "confusions" may appear sweet and reasonable.

Peyton Boswell in the "N. Y. Herald":

John Marin, one of the first of American extremists, is showing forty-seven of his works in the Photo-Secession Gallery, No. 291 Fifth Avenue. Some of them are disjointed dabs of pure color on white ground, designed to be suggestions of landscapes, and some are views of skyscrapers, their sides bent in impossible directions and their skies apparently full of the suspended débris of dynamite explosions.

The exhibition makes good food for the new art cult, but only the initiated and the faithful can get anything out of it except a bored feeling. This style of art is now about the most common thing in the world. Its novelty is gone.

PLATES

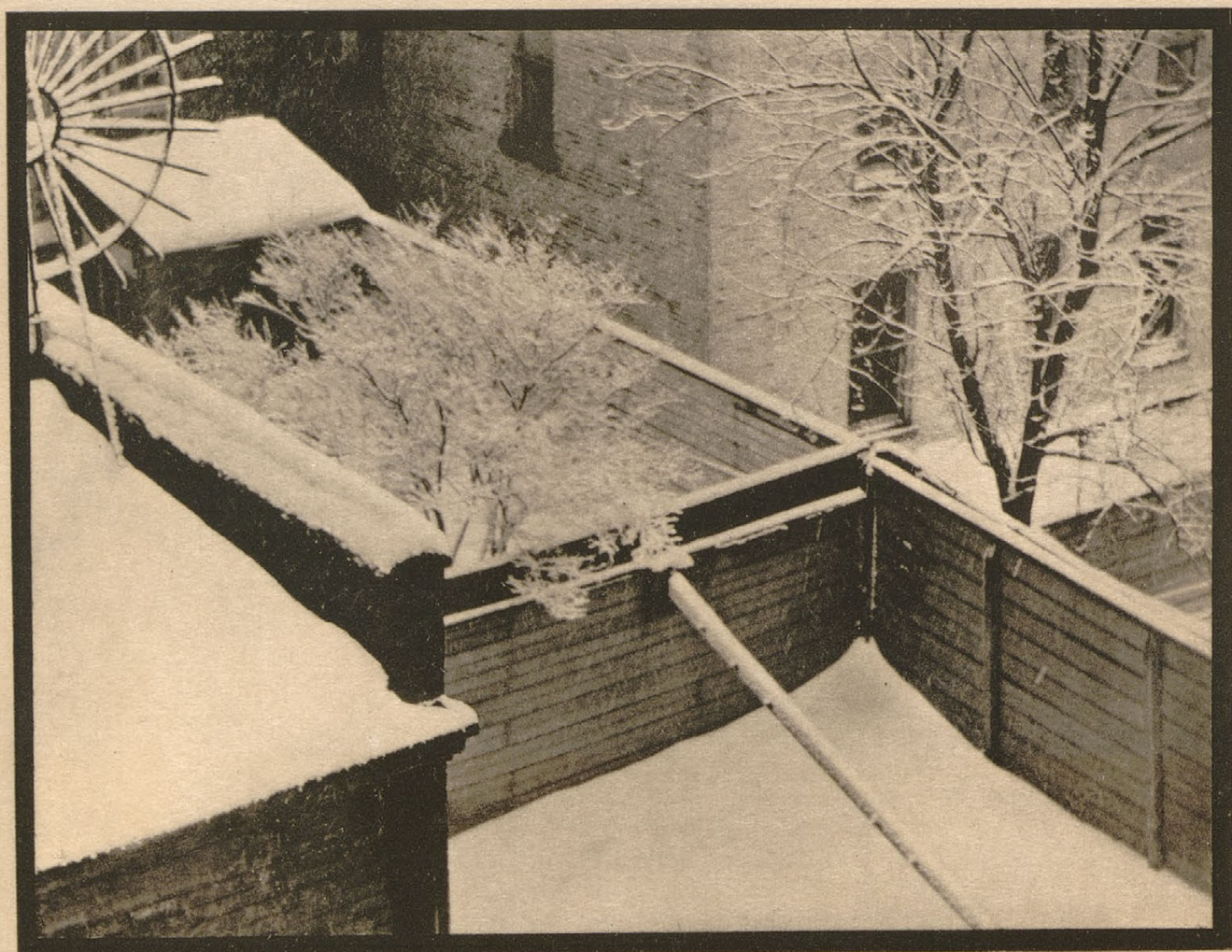
PAUL STRAND

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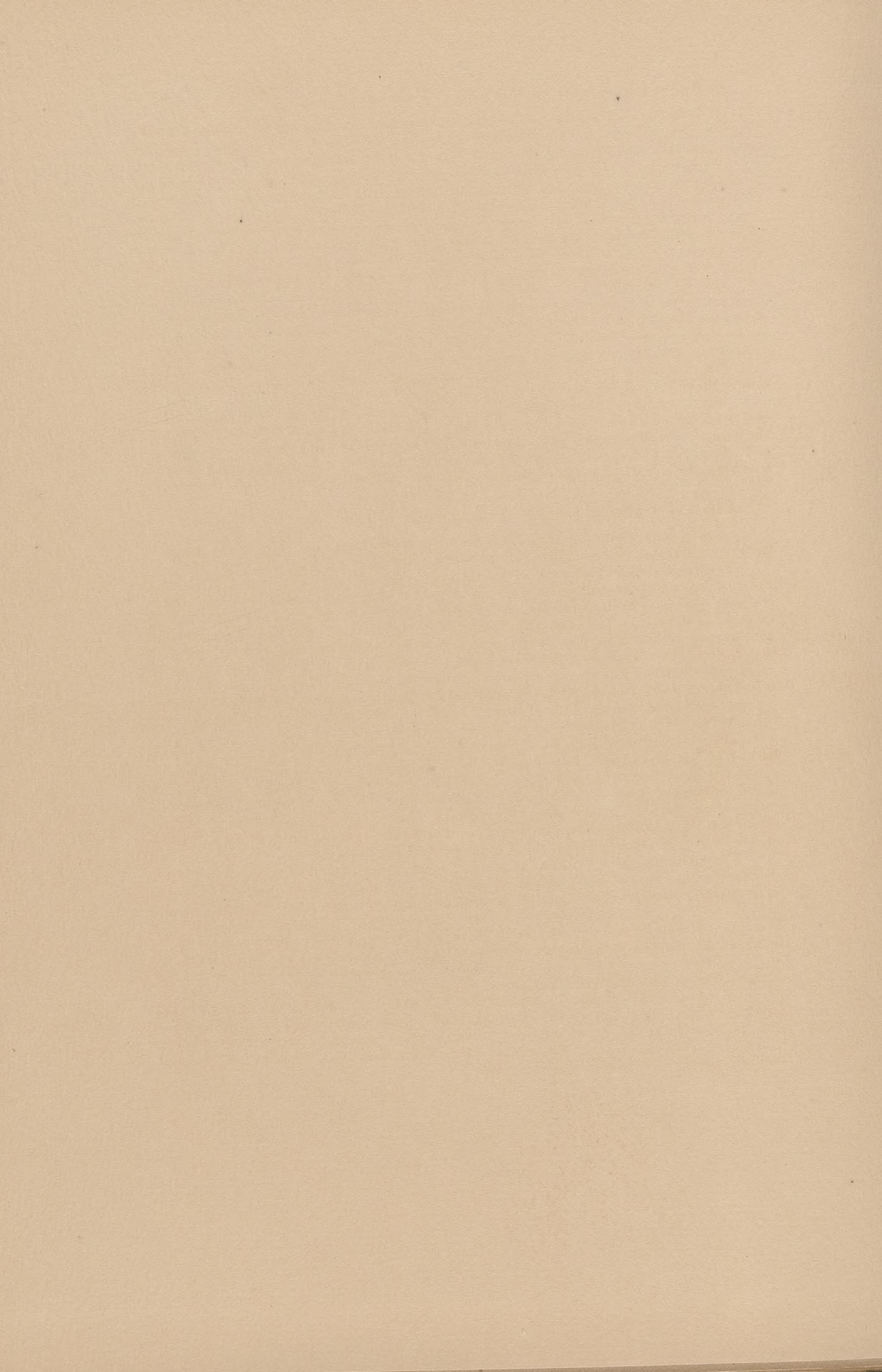












J. Edgar Chamberlin in the "N. Y. Evening Mail":

John Marin, whose oils, watercolors, etchings and drawings are on exhibition at the Photo-Secession Gallery, is a wonderful colorist and the possessor of a style of great originality and expressiveness, whose fault is a too great contempt of the understanding of people in general.

We have gone so far as to approve of his remarkable pictures of the Woolworth building, in which that lofty structure begins to oscillate and then go off into spirals in the air, because these things are a sort of interior or psychologic picturing of the effect of the architectural madness of downtown New York on a sensitive soul. But in this exhibition at the Photo-Secession there are several combinations of lines and colors which it is impossible to "get" at all. They may represent a sort of artistic trial-lining in the artist's own mind. But if so, why exhibit them? The artist may answer simply, Well, why not exhibit them? In which case we can only make this rejoinder: The burden of the proof that they ought to be exhibited is upon you, since you invite us to come and see them. By asking us in to see them you assume that you have something which will mean something to us. If we had seen them hanging upon your studio walls, we should say, "These are the tools of his trade; they are paper, or graphite, or colored pigment, or what not; but seen at the Photo-Secesh, in a public exhibition, they are supposed to mean something that we can understand. But they don't. Therefore, why exhibit them?"

Just the same, there is real delight for the eye, of a pleasant sort, not obtainable anywhere else, a summary, simple, joyous thing like the "Pine Trees, Casco Bay," "Looking Through the Trees," "William Street" (etching), two studies in oil (12 to 15 of the catalogue) and several others. And everywhere we get the strangeness and perfect individuality in color, always seeming to be a new and delightful revelation in color, which is characteristic of Mr. Marin.

Chas. H. Caffin in the "N. Y. American":

Some of John Marin's most recent work in watercolors is being shown at the gallery of the Photo-Secession, No. 291 Fifth Avenue, between Thirtieth and Thirty-first Streets.

This artist and this gallery are very intimately associated. It was here that Marin some five years ago found his mind directed toward more abstract forms of expression. Hitherto, in the years succeeding his actual student days in Paris, he had been seeing and feeling through the influence of Whistler. Then the exhibitions at "291" of Cézanne and Picasso's watercolors and the talks in the gallery that they stimulated opened up to him the suggestion of abstraction as a motive. He spent a Summer in the Tyrol, seeking to discover the principles of abstract expression in the study of mountain scenery. Then he returned to New York and for a while tested his experience and enlarged it by studying the colossal aspects of the city's skyscrapers. He was represented by some of these watercolors in the exhibition in the armory in 1913. For the past two years he has been painting on the coast of Maine.

The most characteristic feature of Marin's evolution in this new direction has been his independence. Having sensed the idea that the most valuable element in painting is expression and that expression may be made more expressive by disembodied it, as far as possible, from the direct representation of the concrete, he proceeded to fit the idea to his own temperament and to work it out in a manner personal to himself. The result is that his watercolors have shown not only a distinct individuality but also an unbroken progression in capacity, leading on step by step to the very remarkable advancement of this latest work.

The latter suggests that Marin has made a great advance in intellectual grasp. Much that hitherto had been only felt has been made plain to his understanding; that which he had instinctively groped after he has now captured and submitted to mental analysis. In the first place, he has gained in assurance of selection as to what he shall leave out and what shall be put in. He has learned to discriminate the ultimate essentials of the concrete that must be retained as a foundation of actuality to support his fabric of abstract expression. Secondly, he has attained to a more thorough organization. He has learned how to give his abstraction actual organic constructiveness. In the best examples of his recent work one can feel that the washes of color, notwithstanding their impalpable suggestion, are actually built together into a structural whole. The various planes and surfaces of the transparent edifice are locked together with the logic of the builder who makes provision for the stresses and strains of his assembled material. And in this superior coordination the colors have become more fine both in their individual quality and in their mutual relations.

I might illustrate the effect of this organic orderliness by the analogy of a person studying a foreign language, when he no longer consciously translates the words and idioms from one tongue to the other, but thinks freely in the new one. Marin is no longer translating the concrete into the abstract, he has learned to think in the latter. And his freedom reacts upon oneself. In the case of most of these watercolors, one's own mind is not occupied with the process of reconstructing some concrete apprehension at the back of the abstract expression. One accepts what is seen without any need of conjecture. One can enjoy freely the spiritual appeal of the expression.

For this later work, liberated from much that was confused and more or less merely impressionistically suggestive, has now attained that capacity to excite intellectual and spiritual emotions, free of material alloy, such as a symphony may evoke, or, in rare moments, one may have experienced in the presence of nature, when the perception of things seen has been absorbed into the joy of pure sensation and one has been caught up into the exaltation of a heightened spiritual consciousness.

Manuel Komroff in the "N. Y. Call":

The difference between watercolors and tinted drawings is well brought out by the exhibition of John Marin's work at 291 Fifth Avenue. John Marin's work is watercolor painting in its highest degree and nothing like the tinted or wash drawings often used and palmed off as watercolors. The work is better than his exhibition last year and more coherent than his work of two years ago. The big idea is told quickly lest it become lost in that arabesque of thought which time brands. A stroke here and a dash there is quite sufficient for us symbolists and is surely more real than our realists.

The exhibition is the most successful that the little gallery of the Photo-Secessions has held this year—not that success which is measured by dignified gold frames, but rather a success that is unmeasurable by anything else than joyous sensation; and this is John Marin's watercolors.

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

John Marin appears again at the Photo-Secession Gallery, 291 Fifth Avenue, where a considerable number of his watercolors, oils, drawings, and etchings have been arranged. He seems to find watercolor his most sympathetic medium. Indeed, he has always shown a quite exceptional aptitude for this particular vehicle of expression. The clear wash is swiftly, vividly used to fix upon paper evanescent aspects of light, of weather, of movement.

On entering the exhibition it is necessary to leave reason behind and surrender to sensation, for logic receives but peremptory treatment at the hands of this artist. That Mr. Marin is not invariably able to surrender himself to the impression pure and simple, is shown by the evidences, in some of the pictures, of confused and undigested ideas which struggle to make themselves coherent. But if you are one of those who can, even for a moment, give up preconceived ideas, and receive the record of an artist's fleeting color impressions you may enjoy the more spontaneous of Mr. Marin's watercolors.

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

Positively the youngest cubists in town, the children whose work is to be seen in the Photo-Secession Gallery, are the best. This will be no surprise to those who have studied children's drawings, for, as everybody knows, we are born cubists and it is only after years of arduous and expensive study that we learn how not to be cubists.

The present exhibition consists of drawings by young pupils of Dr. Joseph Cohen and Miss Eda L. Puckhaber, who explain in a little foreword that "these drawings were made after school hours and when their time was their own by children of one of the city's public elementary schools. The drawings are not spontaneous productions. They have been influenced by the suggestions of teacher and fellow pupils, but of that active direction which is commonly advocated in children's textbooks, in teachers' manuals and in school curricula, syllabuses and courses of study there has been none. The goal to which prevailing art instruction aspires is the attainment of a collective mediocrity.

"The mechanism of instruction has been so perfected that it operates, no matter who the teacher is, or who the learner. It has been rendered fool-proof on the one hand and genius-proof on the other. And to us the purpose of this process appears at once ambitious and not altogether worthy."

Judging by the work we should say that none of these young children are especially gifted and none possess the imaginative faculty to an astonishing degree. Probably they are just ordinary, healthy, happy-go-lucky youngsters. Nevertheless their work hung about upon the walls of a picture gallery makes an attractive display and is not in the least tiresome, as the work of profound and uninspired adults often is. One thing is common to all the young people, they get good color. They almost always make pleasing designs too.

These children, it may be presumed, are not of gentle birth and have not been carefully fed upon tales of old knights, fairy lore and kings nor have they picked up from Nurse graphic suggestions of pirates, ghosts and the place that bad little boys and girls who do not behave go to. The field of their expression is rather limited in consequence.

Most of the pictures are scenes about the city; and the effect of crowds of motor cars upon the avenues is never slighted. In the compact masses of buildings the garage is usually labelled, and in one picture, the "subway motif" is made to look like an illustration to Fox's, "Book of Martyrs." One of the two circus pictures presents quite a symphony of childish pleasures. The group of head balancers balanced upon a live pig is something, no doubt, that one would like to see, rather than a close transcript of something that has been seen.

Subtle grasp of realistic detail, however, is shown in the stolid behavior of the people upon the front seats and the more or less frenzied appreciation of the people upon the back rows. That is very true to life. Another truthful touch is the slow movement of the piebald horse from whose bare back the smiling lady leaps through a paper hoop. This extreme slowness of the barebacked horses in the circus is something new in art. The adult artists, for some reasons have always kept up the polite fiction of their great speed.

One battle scene is evidently the work of an unbelieving neutral. A hot engagement is going on in the streets of a mountain village and the cannon are pouring out shrapnel and whatever else it is that they pour out, but the casualties are of the slightest. Only one female has toppled over. The bystanders who fill the streets are "more than usual calm" and the only sign of anything extraordinary going on is betrayed by the architecture. The village houses give a strange effect of being just about ready to fly off over the hill.

There is a very evident and widely felt impulse to drape the full responsibility for the cubistic movement upon the shoulders of Arthur B. Davies. This is highly complimentary to Mr. Davies, but not at all considerate of the feelings of Alfred Stieglitz. Mr. Stieglitz is quite willing to share the burden. But no one seems to mind his being a cubist. Perhaps it's because he always was one. When he first swam into our ken he was a something which we afterward learned to call by that name.

But Mr. Davies once was not a cubist. Once he was a rebellious poet who kept up his rebellion until the public capitulated (as it always does to persistent poets), and just before he became a cubist he had approached perilously near being a best seller. To have a best seller turn cubist of course is a very different thing from the cubism of a peripatetic philosopher like Mr. Stieglitz.

Mr. Stieglitz's cubism doesn't interfere with business. People who buy the outlandish productions he recommends do so at their own risk. They may be even said to deserve the losses that shall be theirs when the people rise in their might and wipe cubism from the face of the earth, as Mme. de Thebes, in one of her recent trances, declared they will.

The case of Mr. Davies is complicated enormously by the fact that a great many people bought his work in times past never dreaming that he was to turn cubist. If it were just a case of "saving their faces" they could flop too with their poet, and nothing loath; but what would become then of the other pictures in their collection not by Mr. Davies? You see the rub? Who cares to sacrifice one's whole collection for the sake of one artist? It is far more practical to break the proud poet's will and force him back into the traces, they finally decide. Once forced back into harness his future output may not be so spirited, but at least it won't jeopardize his value on the market.

Side by side with this idea of Mr. Davies' culpability runs another idea equally curious, that all that there is of cubism is here in America, and if it can only be run to earth the movement will be done for. Which is droll! Cubism is in the air. Musicians feel it, poets express it; the dancers reflect it, as you will see next year when the Ballet Russe comes to town; and business men make considerable money out of it. Of course it won't last. Nothing lasts. Even the Barbizon School as a movement has faded out. Therefore, why worry?

Mr. Davies' aggregation of modernists now performing in three of Mr. Montross' rectangular galleries have by no means a monopoly upon the cubes. There are many others right in this

borough who do it too. Four other galleries in town at this moment are given over to the moderns, four, that is if we are to include the exhibition of children's drawings in the Photo-Secession Gallery, as Mr. Stieglitz says we must. But Mr. Davies' crowd have the faculty of arousing more philistine ire than the others. This does not prove them better, but does prove them useful propagandists for the cause.

The experts on "modernism" and the critics have all taken the Montross exhibition rather coolly, due probably to having drunk too deeply at the French well of cubism in the Carroll Galleries, which has been bubbling there all winter, but Mr. Chase and Mr. Beckwith, who have been to see the home show, found themselves quite as irritated as ever and expressed their disapprobation more successfully than ever, to the great joy of the artists, who feel the work therefore has not been in vain.

The special innovation of the show is the collection of small carvings in wood by Mr. Davies. These met with instant appreciation, and I believe have all been sold. One gentleman who journeyed over from Philadelphia on the opening day did not take an early enough train, for the piece he desired, a gilded little goddess, had been sold before his arrival. Most of them have been richly colored, so that they seem at present as rich as jades and lapis.

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

A third exhibition of children's drawings is being held at the Little Gallery of the Photo-Secession, No. 291 Fifth Avenue. It is distinguished from the previous ones by the fact that in this case the drawings are not "spontaneous productions." Although made after school hours by boys of one of the city's public elementary schools, varying in age from eight to fourteen, "they have been influenced by the suggestions of teacher and fellow pupils."

Their teachers are Dr. Joseph Cohen and Miss Eda L. Puckhaber, who in the prospectus of the exhibition condemn the "prevailing art instruction," but omit to describe their own. Accordingly one has to study the drawings at a disadvantage of not knowing how direct or indirect the suggestions may have been and, therefore, to what extent they actually represent the point of view and feeling of children.

Most of them illustrate the child's delight in circumstantial representation; street scenes, for example, frequently appearing, offering intricate and profuse arrangements of houses and much activity of vehicles and figures. In all of these the feeling of pattern, as well as of life and action, is very marked.

Then there are others in which the pattern assumes a greater simplicity and often a quite remarkable feeling for organic unity. These are either interiors, sometimes showing one room opening into another, or studies of fruit and other objects.

In some of these the color schemes are so notably organized and so handsome, that the question of the amount and kind of influence exerted by the teacher becomes a most important factor in estimating them as productions of the child-mind. In fact, it would have been fairer all round if the teachers in question had enlightened us as to their theory of instruction, instead of attacking another, the products of which are not given in evidence.

Willard Huntington Wright in the "Forum":

Still another type of artist who is striving for a personal vision, or rather, I should say, who feels that his vision is different from any man now painting, is Oscar Bluemner. Formerly an architect, the work of this man bears traces of a certain coldness and stiffness due perhaps to his early training with mechanical draughtsman's instruments. His desire is to produce on canvas, by a highly synthetic method of picturization, the actual emotional experiences he senses before nature. Highly intelligent, he realizes that this can never be done by merely copying what is before him. He recognizes that the actual volume of emotion one has in the out-of-doors cannot be transmitted to a small square of cloth by copying values. He therefore strives to heighten all color forms and lights to such a degree that, in the immensely restricted space of a picture, their intensity will overshadow the sensitive spectator even as he is awed by nature's effects. With Bluemner there is a desire for bigness, for extent of effect—an ambition to condense and concentrate, as it were, into a small area the forces of nature, which by their intensity will produce the colossal volume of emotion we have before an actual landscape. Here is a highly commendable ideal, and an original one. At present Bluemner sacrifices much toward the achievement of his ambition. But this is only natural, for compromise is always the path of him who is not yet master of himself. Bluemner would be the first to repudiate the

assertion that he has arrived; to him it would be a sacrilege to have one think he aspired to nothing higher than his present achievements. He is now in the making: he says it will take him twenty years to achieve his aim. Personally, I believe that his goal will have become modified in less than a quarter of that time. As he progresses in his ability to handle his medium, he will be confronted by other, and perhaps profounder, aesthetic complications. His color now has a hardness and dryness which will undoubtedly pass away; and in his drawing is a certain stiffness which also is due to disappear. He has set himself the task of doing a certain thing. Whether or not he succeeds in his present aim is unimportant; but he will unquestionably find himself *en route*. And this self-expression—this recreation of a highly personal intellect and temperament—is, after all, the thing that counts.

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

At the Gallery of the Photo-Secession, No. 291 Fifth Avenue, is an exhibition of paintings and drawings, based upon New Jersey landscapes, by Oscar Bluemner. He has taken characteristic features—mountains, rivers, bridges, railroad embankments, houses, factories, streets and so forth—translated them into more or less conventionalized forms and constructed these into a composition that represents a systematized abstraction.

I mean that, while each composition has its separate character, there is no suggestion of intimate locality nor of personal feeling on the painter's part. The character is expressed in forms that as far as possible emulate the abstract generalization of a mathematical formula.

Or, to be more precise, an engineering formula, which covers the constructional principles, and an architectural or aesthetic formula that provides for the attractiveness of form and color. For Bluemner is an architect, trained in the principles of building and structural design, who has a working comprehension of the relations of one mass to another in the matter of strains and stresses and, moreover, has been a scientific student of color.

Consequently these abstractions have a concrete actuality. The artist is dealing with facts, though he chooses to view them abstractly; and his paintings strike me as the most thoroughly comprehended, most ordered and most intelligible product of the desire to intellectualize the sensations that I have seen. Their very logic clarifies the intention, which often in the case of other painters, is so slight or fine-drawn or confused.

There is no mistaking the suggestion of these paintings. Bluemner would substitute for the disorderliness of nature and its accompanying waste of energy a systematized efficiency, based on the assumption of a scheme of superior invention.

The artist's method of organization, which preserves the individuality of a scene or person and seeks to organize the individuality to higher expressiveness, he would replace by an invented mechanical precision.

The material efficiency, which the latter achieves too often at the expense of what is individually valuable, he would apply to the systematizing of the things of the spirit. The free working of the spirit he affects to ignore, and would replace it by a motive power, based on an abstraction and calculated at all costs to get material results. When you penetrate the idea involved in the abstraction, it is the institutionalizing of life.

In the scenes of these pictures you cannot imagine human beings moving freely. They would be drilled, regimented, coerced into formations; moving like automatons at the word of command; a command imposed upon them by their subjection to an idea—an idea that represents in the final analysis the autocratic will of a few individuals. It is utterly alien to the American idea of democracy.

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

The Photo-Secession Gallery opens its season with a group of "paintings and drawings based upon New Jersey landscapes," by Oscar Bluemner, who seems to have looked longingly and lovingly on the early work of Herbin, to judge by some of the tree forms he has painted. Gauguin, too, seems to have been the inspiration for some of his color, so that the sophisticated will realize this is an ultra-modern show at once.

Bluemner represents cities, such as Passaic, let us say, as an assemblage of bright red factories—he is very strong on chimneys—and bright blue houses with tropical looking foliage interspersed between and around them. He also shows us very "cubey" trees and houses in violets, greens, reds and purples that would shock the average Jersey commuter into thinking he had better change his habits if he came upon these pictures unexpectedly.

Just to show what he can do in an academic way, the artist has a watercolor drawing of a factory town across the Hudson that would restore the aforesaid commuter to a proper state of self-respect under the circumstances we have just suggested. In one respect this painter's manner fails of the first purpose of all ultra-modernism. It is neither meaningless nor irritating, but is merely naive.

Elizabeth Luther Carey in the "N. Y. Times":

The exhibition of drawings and paintings by Oscar Bluemner at the Photo-Secession Galleries reveals a sane and logical follower of modern theory. Mr. Bluemner has worked toward an abstract presentation of natural scenes that shall not rob them of their recognizable quality. He has taken the landscapes and town scenes of New Jersey and made pictures of them, leaving out such ingredients of reality as were unsuited to his purpose and forcing appearances into compliances with his artistic scheme, but never denying or discarding nature. His results, seen chronologically, show an increasing gravity of color and largeness of construction. His training as an architect stands him in good stead, enabling him not only to see the constructive relations of his subject, but to stick to essential forms, whatever may happen to the minor detail. His use of a white halo back of the principal objects has a look of mannerism, owing to its frequent repetition, but it undeniably provides the effect of distance without the tawdry tricks of illusion. The presence in one of the more interesting subjects of a pool of clear water, painted as realistically as Cranach painted his pool of the Fountain of Youth, throws a rather astonishing light on the possibility of combining abstract and representative art without producing chaos.

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

At No. 291 Fifth Avenue the gallery of the Photo-Secession is an exhibition of sculpture and drawings by Eli Nadelman, an artist of Polish extraction who has been working for many years in Paris.

It is an exhibition that should be visited and studied by every young painter and sculptor; by every artist, that is to say, who has not yet become hardened by habit but is still in the stage—not to be reckoned by years—of being open to impressions that are keenly related to his art. For it is an exhibition at least of very remarkable craftsmanship. And it is a craftsmanship, directly expressive of this artist's conviction of the prime necessity, both in painting and sculpture, of plasticity.

This conviction is stated by Nadelman in the foreword to the catalogue. Plasticity is the chief article of his artistic belief. Nor do I understand from what he has written that he believes he has invented something new.

On the contrary, he is only reminding himself and others whom it may concern of an old principle that during the nineteenth century was crowded out of consideration by the artists' preoccupation with naturalism and impressionism.

Whether they recorded what they saw or the impression which they had derived from the things seen, they were satisfied to represent or interpret the subject mainly, if not exclusively, as it appeals to the eye. They were little or not at all concerned with appealing to the touch sensations; with interpreting, that is to say, a sense of the actual bulk and gravity of objects, and with stimulating the spectator's appreciation of form and of the significance of form by actual or imagined sensations of touch.

Holding this belief that, as he says, it is "the plasticity of the image that awakes sensations in us," Nadelman inevitably rejects that kind of representation or interpretation which is expressed in "a geometrical abstract form."

It is in his own application of his belief in plasticity that this exhibition is particularly interesting. There are some pen and ink drawings, studies of the volume of form in heads and draperies, in which the different directions and qualities of the several planes have been searched most closely and rendered with enjoyably conscientious precision.

And the severe exquisiteness of the craftsmanship is felt as a necessary expression of the clarity and logic of the artist's study. These drawings are technically and intellectually beautiful and, put alongside of the average studies of form, would be apt to make the latter seem slipshod and inconclusive.

A similarly exquisite justness of means to end characterizes the modeling of the sculptures according as their material is marble, bronze, wood or plaster. For, as every true technician

must, Nadelman varies his treatment to the material as well as to the motive inherent in the subject. You may not warm to the motive; it may even antagonize you. But, for the moment, likes or dislikes may be discarded. It is the technical virtuosity per se that I am considering.

There is, for example, a marble head, "La Mysterieuse." The treatment of its surfaces is of quite extraordinary refinement; the more fascinating that it is apparently so simple, and the more irresistible because it veils an unmistakable weight and volume of form.

Correspondingly choice is a small bronze head. Then, there are three standing bronzes of nudes, in which, instead of a feeling of intense calm, the expression is of vibrant, elastic movement. In one case the movement is drawn up from the feet to the head in an intensity of contraction; in the others, it is diffused throughout the figure in an expansive coquetry.

But in each case, the plasticity of the surfaces, wedded to a beautiful patina, stimulates one's sensations to a very high degree of sensitiveness.

In these three statuettes Nadelman has assumed for purposes of expression the liberty to establish his own relations between the parts of his figure. The height of one of them, for instance, is about twelve times the dimensions of the head. Like El Greco and others, he is for the moment less concerned with anatomical averages and standards than with enhancing the expressiveness.

Among the notable features of these bronzes is the expressiveness yielded by the open spaces between the limbs. Here, however, the union of the open and full spaces in an ensemble of feeling has the appearance of spontaneity.

But, in some later pieces, done in wood and plaster since his arrival in this country, the principle is applied with increasing obviousness. It is somewhat thrust into notice in two wooden recumbent nudes, and is accompanied by a more arbitrary treatment of form. An arm, for example, has lost its individual character and become a loop to connect the hand with the shoulder.

Finally, in "A Young Man with Hat," plaster, the device is starkly presented and there is little or no suggestion of the character of form.

It is true that the feeling of form is preserved; and it is still plastically expressed. But in such a way that our sensations are stimulated less by the qualities of the form than by the quality of the feeling. And it seems to me that it is precisely in the matter of feeling that Nadelman has least that is worth while to offer. I am not speaking now of the feeling of virtuosity, but the feeling that impels the whole conception.

Nadelman says in his foreword: "Independently of what a work of plastic art represents, it is solely by its plasticity that it speaks to us." Certainly the plasticity is the means; but the means to what? It speaks to us, assuredly; but what has it got to say? Beyond the fineness of the phraseology, what is there of thought and feeling?

In Nadelman's work, little of much account; and, in the case of this sexless caricature of a boy-girl, uniting the sophisticated insipidities of both periods of mental and emotional immaturity, nothing, to myself at any rate, but what seems disagreeable and, of more importance what is as foolish as it is futile.

Henry J. McBride in the "N. Y. Sun":

One swift glance at the sculptures of Eli Nadelman, now exposed in the gallery of the Photo-Secession, reveals that their author is a man of talent. It is not a talent that will be appreciated or even understood by Mr. Joseph Pennell, who says he doesn't understand modern art and considers it indecent. It will be readily apparent, however, to younger, less prejudiced observers and to those with a less keen scent for immorality.

Mr. Nadelman is himself a young man, and it is almost too soon to weigh his powers for uplift or downpull in the world of art, but it is clear that his faculties are the sort that influence others. What he does will be looked at. His work, whether you like it or not, forces your consideration. This is the essential faculty an artist must have. If Mr. Nadelman lives and is permitted to work out his special tasks in conditions that are fairly sympathetic (which is always a matter of luck, for the most sensitive artists are the least fitted to combat a repellant environment) there is no question but that he will be an influence of the future to be reckoned with.

As things are there is more danger that he will be overpraised by the young contemporaries who bring garlands to those who succeed in expressing the spirit of the time, in quantities proportionate to the abuse that is heaped upon them by the bigots, than that he will be harmed by the critics, of which class I for the nonce am not one.

The new sculptor, you will have already surmised, is a modern of the moderns. He is excessively refined, although those who hold that modern sculpture should imitate Greek sculpture, in spite of the fact that modern life is nothing like the Greek, will hold otherwise. He models in the modern "plastic" method.

He tries for the things that Rodin tried for, but being younger he tries in a more exuberant way. He is in the lyric stage of his life and is busy singing. It is the Rodin of the drawings that influenced him. He has not as yet looked through the "doors of hell." He is so young that no one so far has dared to tell him that there is a hell. I see no indications myself that he will ever get hell into his work. But he should not be underestimated for that.

Even modern life has its lyric side. Only, only, lyricism has its dangers. Nature ordains that pure singers die early. It's the law. Shelley went quickly, and Chatterton quicker. But who wouldn't be a Shelley?

Some of this work is artificial. Almost as artificial as modern life. Profound observers of humanity are aware that the three little locks of hair that curl so gracefully upon the smooth foreheads of modern Parisiennes are not entirely the work of nature. No, indeed! Curious, and I am told expensive, emollients are used upon rebellious tresses in order to overcome the laws of gravity and the effect of contrary winds.

The sculptor has taken almost as much pains to emphasize these curls as did the young person herself who suggested the motif. Nevertheless, many people who wish to govern art production with rules of steel will say such curls in art are immoral. I find that they do not worry me at all.

There are other essays of art in the exhibition, such as drawings and reliefs, that have so much strangeness that they will be at once seized upon by the opponents of "plasticity" as justification for charges of insincerity against the artist. It is a matter of debate whether such things should be shown, especially at a debut. They are experiments in different lines, and some of these lines the artist will abandon later. It is scarcely necessary to take the public into absolute confidence at a first appearance, or to show laboratory practice. One complete bit of self-expression is more to the public than a hundred half truths—or ought to be.

——— in the "Springfield Republican":

A curiously lucid originality is what impresses the Evening Post's critic in the exhibition of sculpture and drawings by the Polish artist, Eli Nadelman, at the Photo-Secession gallery, New York. The general impression, on entering the room where the principal works are shown, is of a harmony possible only to a consistently developed idea of art. The work is consistent, in fact, to a remarkable degree. It betrays no impulses, no uncontrolled nor unconscious moments. Everything is logical, clear, severely held within the rules of a chosen convention. It is certain to give offense to those who place their simple faith in unquestioning imitation of nature, for, although it is representative in a formal way, it is anything but naturalistic. There is a certain sculptural importance in some of the figures and heads, in spite of the strong element of caricature. For example, a small bronze figure gilded, a fat woman with tiny head and feet, is absurd—it makes you laugh—and yet it is right! It contrives somehow to justify itself. In the case of two marble heads with highly polished surface, like a head by the same artist shown last season privately by an uptown dealer, the Greek convention is used with a sense of humor, but the thing is definitely planned. It is understood. There is little or no emotional force in the work, but there is logic, humor, knowledge, and a streak of art.

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

A curiously lucid originality is to be noted in the exhibition of sculpture and drawings by the Polish artist, Eli Nadelman, at the Photo-Secession Gallery, 291 Fifth Avenue. The general impression, on entering the room where the principal works are shown is of a harmony possible only to a consistently developed idea of art. The work is consistent, in fact, to a remarkable degree. It betrays no impulses, no uncontrolled nor unconscious moments. Everything is logical, clear, severely held within the rules of a chosen convention. It is certain to give offence to those who place their simple faith in unquestioning imitation of nature, for, although it is representative in a formal way, it is anything but naturalistic.

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There is little or no emotional force in the work, but there is logic, humor, knowledge, and a streak of art.

Elizabeth Luther Carey in the "N. Y. Times":

At the Photo-Secession Galleries is an exhibition of drawings and sculpture by a young Polish artist, Eli Nadelman. In a self-respecting and tolerably clear little introduction to his brief list of titles Mr. Nadelman explains that his effort has been toward attaining the highest possible degree of plasticity in his sculpture, and says further: "Neither an exact copy of nature nor a geometrical abstract form, nor all the productions of painting and sculpture in our time that can be placed between these two extremes, possess that quality—matter has an individual will which is its life. A stone will refuse all the positions we may wish to give it if these are unsuited to it. By its own will it will fall back into the position that its shape in conjunction with its mass demands."

There is reason to believe that Mr. Nadelman, whose sense of form is highly developed, will work through the present stage of his accomplishment to a nearer approach to his ideal than he shows in the present exhibition. He already has cast behind him an outworn shell of contortion and broken and undulating forms, to arrive at a serenity of surface of the utmost beauty. A couple of heads in marble invite the touch by the exquisite smoothness of their generalized surfaces. It is, moreover, a generalization that includes a true synthesis and not an emptiness.

But the artist is still hampered in his communications with the public by childish symbols. One should not perhaps forget that a very great critic has found in the Sistine ceiling "the symbolism of a primitive and the science of a decadent," but the fact that the words could be applied with equal truth to much of the "modern" art by no means argues that all our young artists are on the way to become Michelangelos. An artificial innocence of vision which, in combination with the science of decadence, produces an effect of deepest guile, is the stumbling block of the new schools. The fact that Mr. Nadelman has a keen sense of humor is in favor of his winning out in his fight against abnormal influences.

Henry J. McBride in the "N. Y. Sun":

The important show of the week is the John Marin exhibition of watercolors in the Photo-Secession Gallery, at 291 Fifth Avenue. Mr. Marin's is one of the most undoubted talents in America, and its slow progress into the consciousness of the great public is a tragedy—for the public. It would seem that such exquisite work would win instant applause, would be its own recommendation; but the same old painful period of purgatorial tests, it now begins to be apparent, will be exacted of it, before it enters into the holy places of the museums and picture auctions.

What is the public's loss is, I am inclined to think, Mr. Marin's gain. As an artist he continually grows, and the present exhibition is one of the best he has ever given. Certainly the work is more subtle. This unmolested utterance of "melodic" color (the felicity of the work has a Mozartian strain) could hardly continue were Mr. Marin as great a popular favorite as, say, Harrison Fisher or Dana Gibson.

He would be owned too much by his admirers, and as the money value would be quickly and precisely fixed upon his efforts so would the immense weight of the public opinion (something that can be laughed at when you are safe from it, but which no giant can slay single handed in actual combat) be entirely borne upon the desire to make this money producer do the much advertised Mozartian strain over and over again ad infinitum, ad nauseam.

One of the most comforting things about Mr. Marin, the artist, is that though he belongs unmistakably to this year of Our Lord, he yet escapes from complete identification with any of the various cliques or schools. Like Albert P. Ryder, he would be gladly claimed by all the factions. There is frequently in his work a breaking up of outlines and a recomposition of them in the "modern art" fashion, yet I should hate to call Mr. Marin a cubist, a post-impressionist or any other term except "artist."

I am never very enthusiastic about labels or classifications, however, and in the present instance it contents me that Mr. Marin is a poet, and that in the development of his impression

he even gives one vivid, if etherealized, realism. In almost every watercolor save those that look like Chinese hieroglyphics I get decided realism. It is realism to something rare, subtle, fleeting, dreamlike in the actual scene, and facts and measures have little to do with it. Even the Chinese hieroglyphics I "understand" sufficiently for myself. They are pleasing forms from nature juggled together in agreeable color and have the effect of the stamps one sees upon the back of a fine porcelain.

The Chinese feeling they suggest is continued in practically all the landscapes, although it appears simply in the increased mellowness and subtlety of the color. Many correspond in the harmonious use of grays to old Chinese temple paintings, but there is no sign that the artist himself was striving for such an effect. It is merely a coincidence. Chinese art gives one the sense of age, of vast knowledge, of the accumulation of thousands of years of resignation to the difficult facts of life, and to thankfulness, just the same, for the good moments here and there.

Mr. Marin's art seems old, too, this year; much older than ever before. The fact is the whole world is feeling its age at present, and it is no surprise to find one of our most sensitive artists swayed by it.

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

An exhibition of watercolors, oils, drawings and etchings by John Marin is being held in the gallery of the Photo-Secession, No. 291 Fifth Avenue.

When I first met him in Paris some years ago, he showed me a number of etchings. They did not so much express his own way of seeing as suggest that he had been seeing through Whistler's eyes. Later he returned to New York and became identified with the spirit of "291," of which his subsequent development has been very intimately a product. For here he found encouragement to seek the source of his inspiration in himself and to experiment with his own way of seeing and feeling. To his maturer experience New York presented an amazement of impressions.

They were amazing because so vast and incoherent. For, as I divine his art, the things of sight appeal to Marin as manifestations of force. He sees in the forms and color of nature the symbols of its inward workings; in the handiwork of man in cities, the symbols of intellectual, material and spiritual energy. And in New York he found, as do most other thinking souls, that these forms of energy are confused and incoherently related. To the optical eye the city may seem solid and stable; but to the eye of the spirit, visioning, the elements and qualities of energy that created and inform it, it may seem a very vortex of conflicting forces.

He tried to symbol forth these visions of invisible reality, swirling, thrusting, soaring, tottering around him. But it was not until he had spent a summer in the Tyrol, communing with the colossal, but comparatively stable, phenomena of mountains, forests and valleys that he began to find himself and learn how to control the magnitude of his impressions.

Control in art, as in any other department of human activity, is the result of organization; the adjustment of conflicting values and the establishment of harmonious relations. In Marin's case this was not the balancing of big masses; mountain against sky, forest with valley. His temperament refuses to see nature thus adjusting herself into large conventional distinctions, as the world has systematized society into classes. It refuses to see the mass as mass, but views it as an aggregate of infinite individual units, correlated into a whole of living organic unity. To organize this unity of impression among the innumerable strokes and touches by which he tries to interpret his vision, and in a medium that permits so little fussing with effects as watercolor, was his problem. It was in the Tyrol, I repeat, that he began to gain control over it.

When again he returned to New York and applied himself to the phenomena of the city, his work at once revealed superior organization. He probably made as many failures as successes, for the kind of expression he is intent upon, so elusive, as easily twisted awry by a little discord of color, or a touch of tone too big or too little, as the mechanism of a watch is upset by a grain or two of dust, can only be attained through failures. Indeed, it is only through failure that anything worth while can be accomplished in the spiritual world, and Marin's expression is as truly a product of the spiritual imagination as poetry. If you seek to align it with material comparison, you may as well leave it alone. Unless you can feel it as the symbol of spirit speaking with spirit, it is not for you.

Then, after grappling with the forces of our leviathan city, he spent last summer by the seashore in Maine. His reaction to nature was now more comprehensible to himself. The paintings that he has gleaned from this quiet spell of nature-study show remarkable development.

PLATES

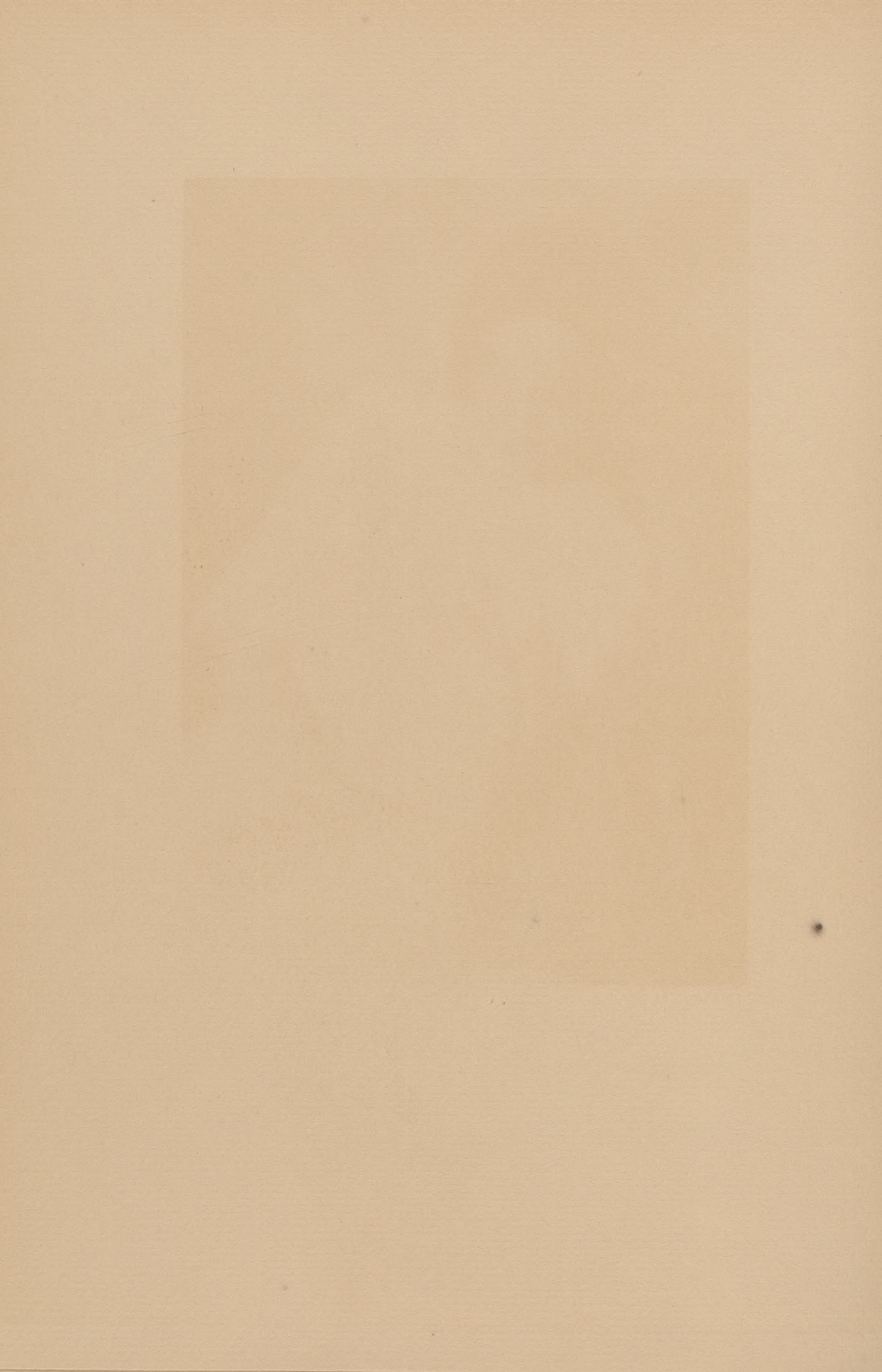
ARTHUR ALLEN LEWIS

I. Winter

FRANCIS BRUGUIÈRE

II. A Portrait







In most of these he has ceased to experiment; he has successfully achieved. They carry on the face of them a certainty of confirmed assurance. Brain has wrought a finer organization and feeling discovered fuller utterance. It speaks in greater clarity of color, in mellower and more subtle harmonies. It is more flexible in expression, more immediately imaginative. Noticeable, too, is the variety of expression. No formula is discoverable in choice of subject or treatment. Everything speaks of a liberation of spirit, working in harmony with its surroundings and actively alive.

Nor does the charm of these watercolors suggest finality. The grand thing about Marin is that one step leads always to another, and always is prompted by the consciousness of force within himself that must be brought to birth. It would be hard to name a man less swayed in his art by outside influences. His impulse is purely from within; and he is so rarely single-minded that the following of his own promptings has become as inevitable as breathing.

To many, like myself, his exhibition will bring a singularly choice enjoyment.

Henry Tyrrell in the "Christian Science Monitor" (Boston):

What may be considered in some of its relations the most significant art exhibition on Fifth Avenue at the present moment—and, in the eyes of a large and growing cult, one that is profuse in sheer visual beauty of a rarefied sort—holds forth practically unannounced in the littlest gallery. The exhibition is that of John Marin's watercolor studies along the Maine coast, done within the past two years. They are shown appropriately, one may say inevitably—though some of the big business galleries would be glad to get them now—at Alfred Stieglitz's Photo-Secession loft, No. 291 Fifth Avenue.

Six or seven years ago—about the same time, by the way, that Mr. Stieglitz gave to an unresponsive New York its first Cézanne show, including several of the identical aquarelle studies now held in high reverence, and at corresponding prices, at the Montross galleries—John Marin offered his first exhibition here at the Photo-Secession, in conjunction with another young American artist whose name likewise has since become fairly familiar to the public, Alfred Maurer. Both were fresh from their Paris studies. Maurer had already enlisted under the banner of post-impressionism. Marin was just emerging from the spell of Whistler influence, manifested with quite gratifying results in his etched work especially, to "find himself," with the whole-souled conviction of an imaginative, poetic nature, in Cézanne. He has ever since eagerly pursued the fair elusive vision, which is the modern muse of abstract expression. It is a sort of soundless music, or "disembodied beauty," as some one has happily phrased it.

The Marins at the international "Armory" show, a little later, were mostly emotionalized skyscrapers, consistent enough with the artist's subjective mood in viewing concrete material things, but not comparable to his subsequent ethereal transcriptions of Nature's own songs. Sometimes these are the aerial romanzas of the Tyrolean mountain lakes. Latterly, the wild rocky hillsides, phantasmal trees and infinite vistas of sea and sky along the Maine coast have supplied the themes. Not the surging, thundering Maine coast of Winslow Homer, but rather some enchanted solitude like Prospero's isle in "The Tempest."

The twenty-odd pictures which are souvenirs of the artist's sojourn there are not classified, nor identified in any way. No titles, no catalogue. And indeed, these would be superfluous to the appreciation of a memory sketch, such as, for instance, this of a crimsoned maple tree—the vital center though not in the middle of the picture by a long shot—around which all the other features of the landscape, felt rather than actually seen, float or rhythmically revolve as in an orbit.

Some of the scenes are more clearly and objectively defined than this; others are even more vague and nebulous. Yet one and all are flushed with the strange light of fancy that seems to give the very mists delightful forms, and fill the blank spaces with fascinating patterns.

An effective way of describing these indescribable watercolors of John Marin's would be to take some lines from Shelley, and attach them as might seem appropriate—or perhaps better, at random:

. . . Moments faint
With the delight of a remembered dream,
As are the noontide plumes of summer winds
Sate with sweet flowers. . . .

Or, for one of the marine vistas:

Look how the gusty sea of mist is breaking
In crimson foam, even at our feet! It rises
As Ocean at the enchantment of the moon.

Willard Huntington Wright in the "International Studio":

At 291 Fifth Avenue is an exhibition of considerable importance to those interested in the more individual and vital expression of American Art. Here John Marin exposes about thirty watercolors which show a remarkable year's progress toward the profounder art problems—problems which every sincere modern artist must sooner or later solve for himself. Marin, unlike many American painters, has chosen to devote his every energy to mastering them; and it is refreshing to visit an exhibition where one is not confronted with obvious limitation. Marin's personality stands forth, healthy and strong, not dependent on the crutches of second-hand inspiration.

While the passing craze of Futurism, the epidemic of unintelligent distortion seen *en courant* in Cézanne and Matisse, and though sterile primitivism of Douanier Rousseau and Zak have been sweeping over the field of our national art, Marin has forged ahead toward a goal of his own imagining. No excess of enthusiasm for the easily achieved fame which comes from painting *à la mode* has shunted him from his direct path. Beginning with almost literal translations from landscape, Marin has, in one short year, gone far toward conquering many of the deeper concerns of composition. To say that he has achieved a finality would only give the unjust impression that his vision and talent are restricted. He has made much progress; and he still has some distance to go. But during his evolution he has not passed over any of the vital lessons which might turn up later on to impede his final progress.

It is impossible to say that one painting of his is better than another. Marin is in process; and we must judge almost every work of his from an individual standpoint of partial achievement. In some of his pictures, where the delicacy and lightness are the result of the water-colorist's instinct, there is a completeness which tempts us to pass final judgment; but, on turning round, we perceive that this completeness is much slighter and less advanced than the progress made in another work where a more extended order has been attempted but not quite satisfactorily attained. To criticise Marin justly one must judge him from each separate point in his progress from which he has made his different studies.

From the very simplest types of order (such as a slight block form of objects) he has attained to a rhythmic conception of his subject-matter until it has become almost abstract. In this sense, he at times reveals a certain inevitable Chinese aspect. Some of his pictures betray a great desire to see and feel, through intense concentration, the inherent (varying as the painter varies) rhythm of his subject. Herein he attunes himself to Cézanne's mental attitude. In his latest paintings a process of elimination is going on; the objects, as such, have almost entirely disappeared, and all that remains is the salient line, or combination of lines, which to him expresses the plastic attraction of his natural inspiration.

His color is not at all times pleasing because it falls short of a complete gamut; but as his sensitivity develops along the lines of volumnear balance and three-dimensional poise, the comprehensiveness of his color will inevitably follow. At that time—and I predict that it is not far distant—we may expect to see some of America's most genuine expression delivered from the shackles of European snobbery and standing on the high pinnacle of personal achievement.

Henry J. McBride in the "N. Y. Sun":

"What one picks up in the course of years by contact with the world must in time in crust itself on one's personality. It stamps a man with the mark of his time. Yet, it is after all only a dress put on a man's own nature. But if there be a personality at the core then it will mould the dress to its own forms and show its humanity beneath it."

The above, which is culled from the foreword of the Walkowitz exhibition in the Photo-Secession Gallery and has been written by the artist, will be subscribed to by most everybody. It is in fact Schopenhauerian.

But not all who subscribe to what Mr. Walkowitz writes will subscribe to what he draws and paints, or at least to what he chooses to exhibit at the present time. The work is too abstract, too remote, from present-day streams of thought to gather any large audience. The abstract is preached as a doctrine by many painters successfully, who, however, replace realism with something sensuous. Colors may caress the eye as harmonious tones the ear, but Walkowitz abstracts all that is physical into an intellectual brew that becomes at times dangerously thin.

Walkowitz is an artist of talent, but at his best (or rather, at his most accepted) he is subtle and for the few. His drawings for the most part are drawn in faint lines, like airs played

upon muted strings, and while certain instructed amateurs see the charm in them and the sensitive feeling of life such amateurs are few and do not dominate the actual art world as it is. When such an artist, who is subtle when realistic, throws subjects to the wind and becomes musical in color it seems to me his audience must still further diminish. To a sincere artist, however, a small audience is not the tragedy that it is to a charlatan.

I was thinking somewhat of this in the Yamanaka exhibition of color prints because the foreword of that exhibition contained some pregnant sentences of old Hokusai, the master. Quoting from memory they were something like this. "At 70 I shall know something about art, but at 90 I shall know more. At 100 I shall be excellent, but at 110 I shall be sublime. I shall be able to reduce life to a single tone, a single line. Let no man mock at these words."

No man will, I think, any more than he will mock at Mr. Walkowitz's simplifications. But I could not resist replying to old Hokusai, "Sublime you will be, but where will your sublime audience be found? So exalted, so perfect an expression of life that it can be resolved into one line, will be seen, will be felt, only by your equals who have reached 110."

Heaven knows, but few of us survive to that age.

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

At the Gallery of the Photo-Secession, No. 291 Fifth Avenue, is an exhibition of drawings and watercolors by A. Walkowitz. It is an exhibition of abstractions.

As the artist explains in a foreword, he reacts to some experience of life, and "if it brings to me a harmonious sensation, I then try to find the concrete elements that are likely to record the sensation in visual forms, in the medium of lines, of color shapes, of space division." And he adds:

"If my art is true to its purpose, then it should convey to me in graphic terms the feeling which I received in imaginative terms. * * * As to its content, it should satisfy my need of creating a record of an experience."

This, I suppose, differs only in the personal twist of its expression from what might be said by most artists in explaining their purpose of giving what is practically an abstract rendering to their abstract sensations.

It might seem to suggest that in expressing their sensations to their own satisfaction they have fulfilled their purpose; that whether or no they succeed in making others share their experience is a matter perhaps not entirely of indifference, but at least of very subordinate consideration.

An egoist may applaud such an art creed, while the majority of men, who regard art as a means of communicating from soul to soul the finer experiences of life, will call the creed unsocial.

For by the time a man adopts abstractions to visualize what was originally an abstraction, he gets a long way from a mutual viewpoint of communication. He is employing symbols; not, however, such as are familiar by use, but arbitrarily selected for the occasion—arbitrarily, because he is the sole judge of their fitness and judges their fitness with reference only to his own feeling. The other man is left to grope for a key to the enigma.

Walkowitz's use of symbols frequently consists in taking some fragment of form and repeating it with variations, so that the whole is, as it were, a composition of harmonies and overtones of some fundamental tone. It is more than a design or pattern, for it involves the third dimension and is structurally organic, the parts functioning with one another.

It is therefore a living composition and actively affects one's imagination. But one's imagination circulates in a very limited sphere. It may be because of one's lack of receptiveness; yet I suspect that this is precisely how the artist's own imagination has operated; that it is essentially an ingrowing imagination.

It revolves, one may believe, around something so intimately personal that it is impossible for outside imaginations to gain more than a glimmer of the experience. If this be so, it helps to explain the impression that I myself derive from these drawings. It is one of enticement rather than realization.

Henry Tyrrell in the "Christian Science Monitor" (Boston):

At Alfred Stieglitz's Photo-Secession loft, No. 291 Fifth Avenue, research work in art is continually going on. Here at "291," a tiny place dedicated to an illimitable thought, there is much concentration. It is a concentration of various individualities upon one dynamic idea, that idea being to treat art solely as a living thing in relation to life. A. Walkowitz, whose

recent drawings and watercolors now on exhibition here at once fascinate and tantalize—if they don't bewilder and exasperate—the average normal picture gazer, is one of the progressive artists who distinctively belong in just this sort of a laboratory.

We are now in a realm of pure aesthetics. Abstract compositions in black-and-white line and in color lure the fancy, and gradually satisfy the sense, until we are almost willing to agree that titles and catalogues (which there are none) would be superfluous. The dizzy congestion of tall buildings in lower Manhattan is noted with sufficient objectivity to be quite obvious, without a specific label that would belie its generalization. The harmonious impression of a provincial town or village is sufficient unto itself, and whether the place happens to be in Normandy or in New Jersey has no relevancy to the pictorial notation. When it comes to human figures, the partial or complete disembodiment at first seems baffling—but that is only a matter of habit or degree. There is an exquisite nebulous abstraction of a nude, in color, or rather in aerial tints of rose and blue, which positively holds in solution all the elements of Venus' beauty, without the slightest hint of a line.

"If an experience brings to me a harmonious sensation," says Mr. Walkowitz, "I then try to find the concrete elements that are likely to record the sensation in visual forms, in the medium of lines, of color shapes, of space division. When the line and color are sensitized they seem to me alive with the rhythm which I felt in the thing that stimulated my imagination and my expression. If my art is true to its purpose then it should convey to me in graphic terms the feeling which I received in imaginative terms. That is as far as the form of my expression is involved. As to its content, it should satisfy my need of creating a record of an experience."

That is clear and frank enough, surely. And the working out of the theory, in Mr. Walkowitz' instance, produces results so closely akin to those arrived at by Messrs. Picasso, Picabia, Haweis, Weber, Zorach, Arthur Davies, John Marin and Marsden Hartley (to name only a few artists whose work has become fairly familiar in current exhibitions), as to offer encouraging signs of co-ordination or crystallization of the "modern" ideas in art. Maybe some masterly synthetic genius will come along and give them a common denominator.

Elizabeth Luther Carey in the "N. Y. Times":

At the Photo-Secession Galleries Mr. Walkowitz is showing his latest work, which is abstract and subjective, extremely skillful, often disconcerting, sometimes beautiful. His way of putting it is that a man's feelings may be recorded graphically with as much success as attends the recording of sound. If your instrument is in tune and you are a master of music you can play. Your performance depends upon what you have within yourself to offer. He draws and paints in this exhibition not so much objects as his feelings toward objects, and they are extremely tactile feelings as he presents them. If he were using only the old formula of representation we might find him shocking to a civilized taste. As it is, he is either shielded or betrayed by a formula of expression not generally understood. Much of his work has to the commonplace observer the look of fungous growth and is accordingly unpleasant. A very little of it, notably the things in color, is tonic and spirited. Where his central form is that of mountains, a city, steps, anything remote from the human figure, the result is agreeable, although seldom really stimulating or suggestive of vigor and force.

——— in the "Brooklyn Eagle":

At the Photo-Secession Gallery are some remarkable studies which are the result of the evolution of thought, as regards art, in the mind of A. Walkowitz. The artist studied at the Academy and painted in Paris and exhibited in Manhattan. His "early work," as he calls the collection of strong figures, is set around carelessly in the gallery, while the modern work, which is on the scientific order, is hung on the walls. There is the suggestion of the old quarter of Manhattan in one drawing—the thought of the moving throngs in the streets or the elevated railways and teeming streets. Angles, curves and geometric figures are shown in the drawings, which all tell a story to the initiated. One of the works, in color, which hangs in the gallery, suggests a garden. When one paints something it is more or less mechanical, a copy; but when one feels the scene in the heart and soul, one paints the living, breathing idea. It is an effort to paint sound and wave undulation. The man Walkowitz is highly interesting; he is sincere and is working for a definite feeling in art. Whether his theory that the present order of drawing and painting that exists in his own mind, and is illustrated by his work at the Photo-

Secession Gallery, will be accepted as a vagary or a truth remains to be seen. No one who has seen him and heard him talk would ever doubt his motives.

Ben Benn in "Revolt":

"291" has come to life again with an exhibition of watercolors and drawings by Walkowitz. Speaking of life, the walls vibrate with color and forms seldom experienced. In some of his drawings one feels that he is interested in interpreting sound and in others emotion.

He succeeded where a great many have failed.

He interprets sound, graphically using subjective means. The human form he uses synthetically based upon his life's experience and aesthetic principles.

His understanding of modern art has not defaced the old masters, they are still new to him. Judging from his work they always will be, because he is a true artist whose works have a past, present and future.

The music of Beethoven vibrates all through his works. In Walkowitz's more recent work, where his means of expression are through those of Nature he touches the cosmos.

A great many will no doubt dispute the idea, what has graphic art to do with music and cosmos: perhaps it has been impossible to interpret these elements until now. If you wish to be convinced, go to see the works of Walkowitz and take your time—for to really get the full benefit of this exhibit, only one person at a time should be allowed in the gallery.

Willard Huntington Wright in the "Forum":

Among the strangest and most serious of modern art stands the work of Walkowitz. Its strangeness lies in its total detachment from the easily recognized methods of the modern leaders and in its slowness and reticence in giving itself to the spectator. At first sight there is merely a medley of harmonious lines, done for the most part in crayon and pencil, which on closer study resolve themselves into the salient contoural forms of the human body, landscape, portrait and still-life. Thus from his work one receives the emotion of form while dispensing with the actual objective model. Strangely enough, there are traces of admiration for the ancient masters in both the simplest and most complex of Walkowitz's pictures. In one work, for example, is found the frieze form of composition even more simply stated than in the Byzantine mosaics: here Walkowitz has utilized the full human figure (as one utilizes flowers) in an ordered decoration whose colors and drawing, while simple to a great extent, attract and impel further study. In other of his later works there are the complicated linear organizations of Michelangeloesque nudes, worked into subtle and intricate plays of space filling. Consequently these require greater concentration, and, as a result, give greater aesthetic pleasure when visualized. Walkowitz uses nature as an inspiration for a highly abstract method of creation; and in him are many of the traits which have become familiar to us in the works of Picasso. In fact, his talent is not dissimilar to Picasso's, though perhaps a bit more robust. His gradations of tone are like poems of light and shadow, and it is not difficult to see that this artist has had more extensive self-training on the profounder side of draughtsmanship than many American artists who enjoy a wider reputation. In all his work there is a sense of qualitatively limitless space which only comes to one whose knowledge of form is extended. For him I predict a future equaled by few of this country, both as to his color and his work in black and white.

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

An exhibition of photographs by Paul Strand is being held at the Gallery of the Photo-Secession, No. 291 Fifth Avenue. Comprising views of New York and other places, they are what are known as "straight" photographs, done by the platinum process. There has been no tampering with the negative, nor have any alterations been made at any part of the process between the snapping of the shutter and the mounting of the picture. Thus the views are in the strictest sense records of actual objectivity.

It is significant that they should be exhibited just at the present moment when the comparative methods of objective and abstract art are occupying so many minds and the Forum Exhibition, which largely represents a reaction from objective, illustrative or representative painting—call it as you will—is in full swing. For these photographs can scarcely fail to give pleasure in varying degree to all sorts and conditions of people. They are, in fact, an unanswerable witness to the pleasure and interest that the objective holds for us.

Here, for example, is a Winter view of City Hall Park; a vista of winding paved walk, spotted with figures and threaded with shadows of the bare limbs of trees, flanked in front by bits of iron fencing and turf, bounded at the back by a diversity of buildings. You may be disposed to size up the impression generally by the phrase: "It is so wonderfully alive." That's just it; it is a fragment of the kaleidoscopic variety of appearances and movements that make up our city life and are so familiar that we are apt to overlook their wonderfulness. And the fragment has been caught in the directness of actual movement. It is wonderfully alive.

For this result the photographer can lay claim to two achievements. He first exercised artistic knowledge and taste in selecting his subject and determining the exact position that his view should occupy on the negative. Then followed integrity of craftsmanship, leading up to the beautiful possibilities of tone inherent in platinum printing. Thus, while the contents of the picture are absolutely objective, outside himself, their vitality and expression have been enhanced by his personal taste, skill and honesty.

Now such complete objectivity of purpose and achievement is impossible to the draughtsman or painter. However much he may try to depend on eyesight, something of his personal feeling must affect everything that he depicts. But today, with our increased scientific knowledge and our cultivated taste for accuracy, we demand an absolute objectivity. We are not satisfied to have the facts filtered through the subjectivity of the artist. We want our facts straight, and we can only get them so through the straight use of the mechanism of photography. The limitations of photography have long been dwelled upon; but its distinct, unrivalled and unassailable possibilities of picture-making are only now being incontestably proved, by such examples as these of straight photography.

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

At the Photo-Secession Gallery, usually devoted to the vagaries of artists of the various modern "isms," are some noteworthy photographs of New York and other places by Paul Strand. This photographer has a good sense of composition and some of the pictures have a remarkably fine color suggestiveness in their tones. He has, too, the faculty for seeing possibilities of beauty in the most commonplace objects and places. In the snowy street corner the figures are well placed, and the top of a lamp-post at the bottom of the picture is a telling note. He has made splendid use of the line of foam against the rocks in the photograph of Niagara River below the falls. The base of the falls is veiled in the cloud of spray, which forms the background, and the spots of dark are supplied by the pile of rocks on the left and the "Maid of the Mist" pursuing her valiant way on the right. It is a lovely photograph. The winding stream with a leafless willow in the foreground is exquisite in tone and texture. The artist has made a thing of great beauty out of a railroad yard. The snow-covered hillock, with its indefinite bushes, is a silvery picture of surpassing loveliness.

Henry J. McBride in the "N. Y. Sun":

The Marsden Hartley pictures fill the small galleries of the Photo-Secession with glowing color. Any one who takes delight in color should get the same pleasure from these canvases that one obtains from fine stained glass. They are rather large for the small galleries and there is no chance for the architecture to provide settings for them. Still that is not a serious drawback for the lover of color. There never can be too much good stained glass, some people think. Witness the admired Sainte Chapelle in Paris, which appears at first glance to be all glass!

These works are all terrifically modern, of course, else they would not be shown at the Photo-Secession. There are triangles which can be readily accepted as soldiers' tents, and there are rhythmic repetitions of horses and constant suggestions of uniforms of dragoons, banners, swords and all the pomp and circumstance of war. So much even a Philadelphian could make out. But as to the exact episode or emotion that the artist portrays there will be less certainty, although Mr. Hartley says he has expressed only what he saw during his travels in Germany.

This Mr. Hartley, the artist, is a lean, intellectual, disillusioned type, "very American," as the Berlin newspapers said; so American that it is a fair guess that he is a Yankee. He has the appearance of a man who does not fool himself or deal in foolery. He would be taken by most people for a surgeon, a chemist or an inventor. Yet this is what he says himself of his strange pictures:

"The Germanic group is but part of a series which I had contemplated of movements in various areas of war activity from which I was prevented, owing to the difficulties of travel. The forms are only those which I have observed casually from day to day. There is no hidden symbolism whatsoever in them; there is no slight intention of that anywhere. Things under observation, just pictures of any day, any hour. I have expressed only what I have seen. They are merely consultations of the eye, in no sense problems, my notion of the purely pictorial."

This calm, unequivocal statement that Mr. Hartley actually saw these stained glass window effects in Berlin and other places is enough to infuriate those simple minded students of art who believe that a sincere artist's own promulgation is the only gospel to be consulted in regard to his work. But words are winged. Before flying off into a white passion at Mr. Hartley I advise my readers to look sharply at his last phrase. The "purely pictorial" is not a term, I fancy, that E. L. Henry would use in describing his technique. When a modernist insists that he is purely pictorial he wishes to imply that his work is uncontaminated with literalism.

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

Paintings by Marsden Hartley are being shown at the Photo-Secession Gallery, No. 291 Fifth Avenue. They represent the work of the past two years, which he has spent in Berlin, supplemented by a few examples painted since his recent return to New York.

Some of these paintings were seen in the late Forum Exhibition, and it will be recalled that they might be described in a loose way as color patterns, composed in part of recognizable objects, and in part of geometric forms—circles, triangles, and so forth.

It was when he went abroad some three or four years ago, visiting first Paris, that he abandoned the landscapes with which he had been associated previously and set about developing these abstract expressions of his sensations. The earliest examples were inclined to be turbid in color and confused, or at least over-complicated, in design. My own impression at the time was that under the stress of new experiences, so vastly different from the narrow environment of the New England mountains, among which he had spent the greater part of his life, new sensations had crowded upon him so hurriedly and hotly that for the nonce he was like a man whelmed in a torrent, now spinning around, now swept onward, struggling to keep his head above the water.

All this is now changed. Hartley has found his bearings, mental and emotional; and proves it in the superior organization of these later subjects, and in their purer and finer color. The color combinations now have a clarity and resonance, as of bells and the music of brass and silver instruments, threading the sunny air with glad and often jubilant rhythms. For the distinction of these compositions is the rhythm of their designs. They have their origin, one feels sure, in a stimulated consciousness of rhythms; so that, as I hinted above, it is short-sighted to speak of them as patterns. They are compositions—organic arrangements of form and color that have grown out of and on to the rhythms, the feeling of accented movement that has been stirred in the artist's consciousness by his experience of certain sensations.

He tells us that he has expressed only what he has seen, "things under observation." This is no doubt true of many of these paintings; but there are others, such as the two which record, respectively, his sensations on hearing of the death of a friend's horse and on reading a friend's description of a dream. The motive of these is scarcely what has been seen, unless it be in the mind's eye.

A poet once wrote an elegy on the death of a canary. One can imagine the motive first taking shape as a haunting rhythmic lilt, which he later clothed with the substance of thought and the flesh of words, which by the nature of the case would present to our minds a movement of tangible ideas.

On the other hand, had a musician been impelled by such a motive, he too would have shaped his sensations in a flow of rhythms, upon which he would proceed to construct a melody, furnished forth with harmonies. But in his case the ideas expressed would be, as compared with the poet's, intangible. It is somewhere between these two forms of intangible expressions that Hartley's compositions may be placed.

While the whole has the intangibility of abstract expression, many of the details are recognizably concrete—flags, spurs, caps, and so forth; used, however, not in a representative way, but as symbols of expression. This, by the way, does not imply a "hidden symbolism," which Hartley is at pains to disavow.

At times the character of the concrete objects, used as symbols of expression, may seem to minimize the conception; introducing a local and comparatively insignificant note into a composition of great beauty and high imagination. I can believe that the next step in Hartley's evolution will be toward the symbolizing of more elemental and universal ideas. It is even now demanded by the spiritual quality of the creativeness that he is possessed of as a composer of form and color. His organic creations are already superior in most cases to the ideas that they embody. I wish him an enhanced range of vision.

Willard Huntington Wright in the "Forum" (*revised*):

Hartley was undoubtedly inspired in the beginning of his career by one of the most artistic men America has produced—A. P. Ryder. His first works, of which I have seen but a few, bear something of the earlier man's massive pattern transformed into a more modern type as befitted a younger artist sensitive to the scintillation of color. In them also is a quality of decorative lightness more ethereal than Ryder's; but in addition there was evident a desire to beautify by rich ornament; and this desire marked a gulf between the temperaments of the two men. Later Hartley was more or less of a mystic who endeavored to transmit to the spectator, by abstract groupings of lines and by contour shapes and colors, the causative stimuli he has received before nature as an experience. In other words, he tried to translate into abstract terms, which serve as symbols, his emotions before concrete nature. Like Kandinsky in paint and Maeterlinck in literature, Hartley sensed the profound affinities between objective stimuli and their all but sub-conscious reactions, and he sought, by cultivating a hypersensitivity, to transmit these parallels to the highly motor individual. His latest work, however, unfortunately not available for the Forum exhibition, being delayed in transit from Berlin, show a decided advance, both as to color-vision and point of view. There is no literary symbolism here. The promise of something relatively decisive, which I remarked in his earlier works, has been fulfilled. He has set down, directly and sensitively, his optical impressions—not in the purely illustrative sense, but in the deeper aesthetic sense. For this organized method of vision Hartley uses the word "pictural," in distinction to "pictorial," and calls his canvases "consultations of the eye": for although there are recognizable objects in his work, these objects are viewed through an aesthetic consciousness which permits of the retention of their character, but at the same time moulds them to the needs of the picture's form, producing a kind of harmonic and simultaneous vision, as if one had looked at nature through a glass which arranged, balanced, and properly toned the normal vision—in short, which made aesthetically "pictural" a common pictorial view. Hartley's color is exquisitely sensitive; and his effects, while being artistic and ordered, are yet free from obvious struggling with problems. His pictures beautify life in the highest aesthetic sense.

Robert J. Cole in the "N. Y. Evening Sun":

Marsden Hartley affirms that there is "no hidden symbolism whatsoever" in his pictures at 291 Fifth Avenue. They are "things under observation, just pictures of any day, any hour. I have expressed only what I have seen. They are merely consultations of the eye—in no sense problems." It might perhaps be said that, however he felt about it, he has left a problem or two for spectators to solve. But the better way is to enjoy the good color combinations of flags and checker boards, with here and there a lusty trout and here and there a grayling, as in Tennyson's "Brook." For Mr. Hartley loves fish and waves undisturbed by submarines. Even in the soldier pieces we get no effect of the strife and destruction of battle. In this time of modern warfare the very modern artist has gone back to the glory of chivalry—trappings and heraldry. That is it—heraldry. A number of these compositions resolve themselves into designs for coats of arms. The present war is a legacy of the Middle Ages. But hold! Here we are doing just what Mr. Hartley expressly forbade, going back of the facts he "observed casually."

Henry Tyrrell in the "Christian Science Monitor" (Boston):

"Never since the tower of Babel has there been such general chaos of utterance and confusion of understanding as prevails in the art world today," was the declaration lately made to the correspondent of The Christian Science Monitor by Alfred Stieglitz, whose unique gallery of the Photo-Secession, 291 Fifth Avenue, is a sort of sanctuary or no-man's-land that offers a temporary resting place to any and every strange new thing that comes along.

The three-cornered exhibition at present occupying this quaintly uncommercial and seemingly spellbound place is in nowise calculated to clarify either ideas or terms of expression. It consists of a dozen or so of charcoal drawings alleged to be of thoughts, not things, by Georgia O'Keeffe of Virginia; and a few further vagaries in color by Messrs. C. Duncan of New York and René Lafferty of Philadelphia.

The trio have one peculiarity in common, and that is an absolute avoidance in their pictures of any material object that eye has seen or could see. But while Miss O'Keeffe looks within herself and draws with unconscious naïveté what purports to be the innermost unfolding of a girl's being, like the germinating of a flower, the two men essay little journeys into space and try to symbolize mentality as a fountain, or a ray, playing against abysmal depths of ether, amidst whirling suns, and ever falling back into the same vast circular basin. Of course, these are only surmises at interpretation of the pictured symbols; for in the blithe scheme of the Photo-Secession there is no such thing as a catalogue, and the things tacked up on the walls are uniformly innocent of title, number, or signature of any kind.

Robert J. Cole in the "Evening Sun":

The latest number of "291," the magazine that goes out from Alfred Stieglitz's place on Fifth Avenue, has just appeared and is dated February. What is a little thing like the calendar between artists? There are two very fine examples of half-tone printing on uncoated paper—the printer must be a good deal of an artist.

The first illustration is from a piece of Congo carving, "created" as De Zayas explains, by "a mentality full of fear." It is a logical product of Africa, the "land of fright." Our own feeling on beholding this kind of expression of the "victims of nature" is one of the deepest gratitude. There is profound meaning to the student of race, of geography, of climate. But having acknowledged the meaning, we may be permitted to turn the page with a feeling of relief and mingle with Katharine Rhoades' crowd—

"Black spots moving walking . . . scattering
"Interminably dull yet irresistibly hypnotic
"A narcotic
"Dull monotonous thuds and endless motion of men."

Mrs. Roosevelt's tennis player is a twist and a curve, the arc described by the racquet, no doubt. Picabia contents himself with words. "I maintain," he asserts, "that the painting of today is the most truthful and the purest expression of our modern life."

But which of the paintings produced at this time are "modern paintings"?

Hanging in the galleries at "291" are the strange expressions of three persons, all of whom were—and perhaps yet are—in a state of "struggle." The beholder will have to interpret them for the most part for himself. There is this vital difference, however: all being the result of intensely personal states, part of them carry the expression outside of the personality and others do not. Among the former we get the dragon fly with the suggested lines of its flight and the comet that burns its blue and red passage through illimitable ether.

O, GEORGIA!

Let's see. Are artists all supposed to "record their emotions in their work"? If so we pause. Georgia O'Keeffe has some drawings at the "291" gallery. We pause. O, Georgia!

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS

Six Plates in this number of *CAMERA WORK* are devoted to Photographs by Paul Strand. The photogravures were reproduced directly from Strand's 11 x 14 negatives. Naturally in the reduction of size, a great deal of the power and some of the luminosity of the original prints are lost. It could not be otherwise. Some of the print quality too is lacking in the gravures, excellent as they are, for Strand's originals are full of real print quality.

The other Plates are by Arthur Allen Lewis, the New York etcher and wood-engraver who occasionally photographs; "Portrait," by Francis Bruguière, who, originally a pupil of Eugene's when Eugene lived in New York, is now an enthusiastic practitioner of photography in San Francisco; "The Cat," by Frank Eugene, the American who is now professor of Pictorial Photography at the Leipsic Art Museum, and whose name and work are well known to the readers of *CAMERA WORK*. With the exception of the Bruguière and Frank Eugene photogravures, which were made before the War, by F. Bruckmann Verlag, of Munich, the photogravures in this Number were made by the Manhattan Photogravure Company, of New York.

For the sake of record we are also incorporating in *CAMERA WORK* three pages of half-tones, six photographs illustrative of the methods employed in presenting work at "291."

"291"—A NEW PUBLICATION

"291" is always experimenting. During 1915-16, amongst other experiments, was a series with type-setting and printing. The experiments were based upon work which had been done with type and printers' ink, and paper, by Apollinaire in Paris, and by the Futurists in Italy. No work in this spirit had as yet been attempted in America. The outcome of those American experiments has been a portfolio, consisting of twelve numbers of a publication called "291." The size of the sheets approximate 12 x 20 inches. Two editions were printed, one, the ordinary, on heavy white paper, of a thousand copies; the other, an edition of one hundred printed on very heavy Japan vellum. With the exception of the one picture in type by Apollinaire, all the matter and all the pictures in this publication have appeared nowhere else. One number is devoted to photography, and includes a Japan vellum proof of "The Steerage" by Alfred Stieglitz. The new typography has already a name: "Psychotype, an art which consists in making the typographical characters participate in the expression of the thoughts and in the painting of the states of soul, no more as conventional symbols but as signs having a significance in themselves."

The chief contributors to this publication are Marius De Zayas, Francis Picabia, Paul B. Haviland, J. B. Kerfoot, Katharine N. Rhoades, Agnes Ernst Meyer, Pablo Picasso, Max Jacob (Paris), John Marin, A. Walkowitz, Eduard J. Steichen, Alfred Stieglitz, Apollinaire.

The price of the portfolio with box of the ordinary edition is \$12.00. Of the De Luxe Edition, \$35.00.

"291" AND THE MODERN GALLERY

In the Publication "291," Number Nine, which was published early in October, 1915, the following announcement appeared:

" '291' "

announces the opening of the Modern Gallery, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York, on October 7th, 1915, for the sale of paintings of the most advanced character of the Modern Art Movement—Negro Sculptures—pre-conquest Mexican Art—Photography."

"It is further announced that The work of '291' will be continued at 291 Fifth Avenue in the same spirit and manner as heretofore. The Modern Gallery is but an additional expression of '291'".

Underlying the above announcement the circular reprinted below had been prepared for public dissemination. This was withheld because "291" felt it owed no explanations to anyone, and the above was substituted in its stead. But the course of events necessitates a recording in CAMERA WORK the genesis of the Modern Gallery. The withheld circular announcement read as follows:

" '291' announces the opening in the first week of October of a branch gallery at 500 Fifth Avenue, called the Modern Gallery.

Here modern and primitive products of those impulses which for want of a more descriptive word, we call artistic, will be placed on exhibition and offered for sale.

We are doing this for several reasons.

We feel that the phase of our work which has resulted in arousing an interest in contemporary art in America has reached a point where, if it is to fulfill itself, it must undertake the affirmative solution of a problem which it has already negatively solved.

We have already demonstrated that it is possible to avoid commercialism by eliminating it.

But this demonstration will be infertile unless it be followed by another: namely, that the legitimate function of commercial intervention—that of paying its own way while bringing the producers and consumers of art into a relation of mutual service—can be freed from the chicanery of self-seeking.

The traditions of '291,' which are now well known to the public, will be upheld in every respect by the new gallery.

It is the purpose of the Modern Gallery to serve the public by affording it the opportunity of purchasing, at unmanipulated prices, whatever '291' considers worthy of exhibition.

It is the purpose of the Modern Gallery to serve the producers of these works by bringing them into business touch with the purchasing public on terms of mutual justice and mutual self-respect.

It is the purpose of the Modern Gallery to further, by these means, the development of contemporary art both here and abroad, and to pay its own way by reasonable charges.

To foreign artists our plan comes as a timely opportunity. Their market in Europe has been eliminated by the war. Their connections over here have not yet been established.

Photography has always been recognized by '291' as one of the important phases of modern expression. The sale of photographic prints will be one of our activities.

We shall also keep on hand a supply of photographic reproductions of the most representative modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures, in order to give to the public an opportunity to see and study modern works of art that are privately owned in Europe and elsewhere.

The literature of modern art will also be dealt with.

Indeed, as time goes on, we propose that nothing shall be omitted that may make the Modern Gallery a helpful center for all those—be they purchasers, producers, or students—who are in developmental touch with a modern mode of thought.

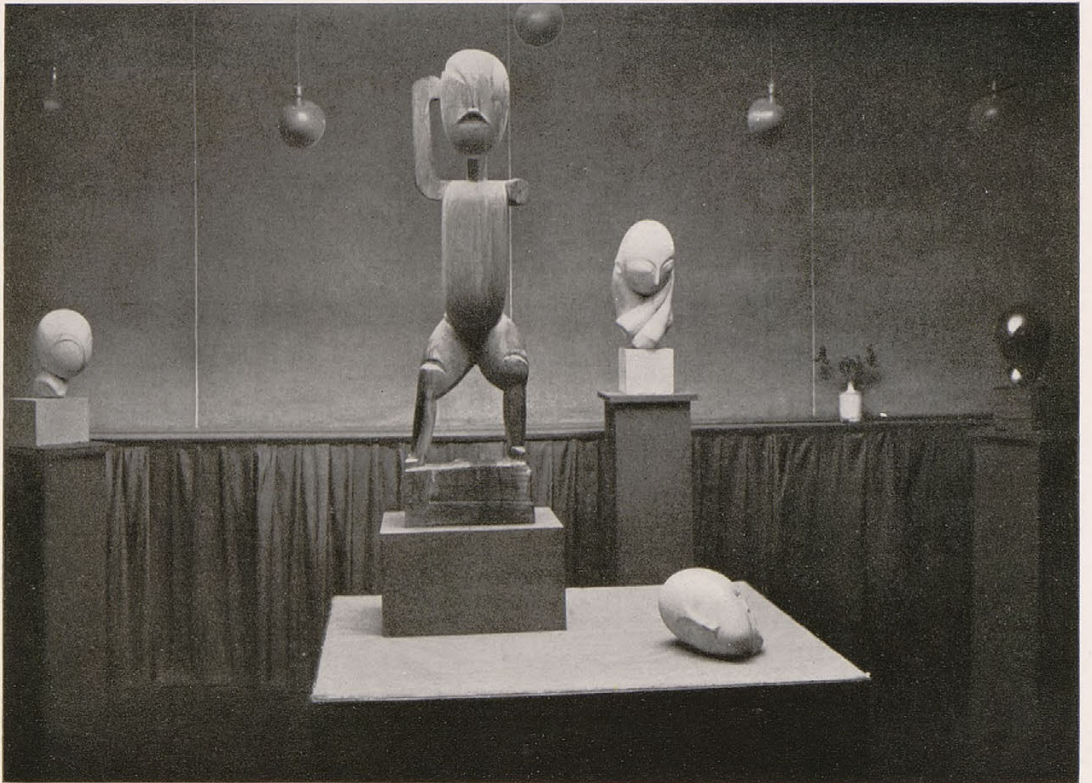
To these products of modernity we shall add the work of such primitive races as the African Negroes and the Mexican Indians because we wish to illustrate the relationship between these things and the art of today."

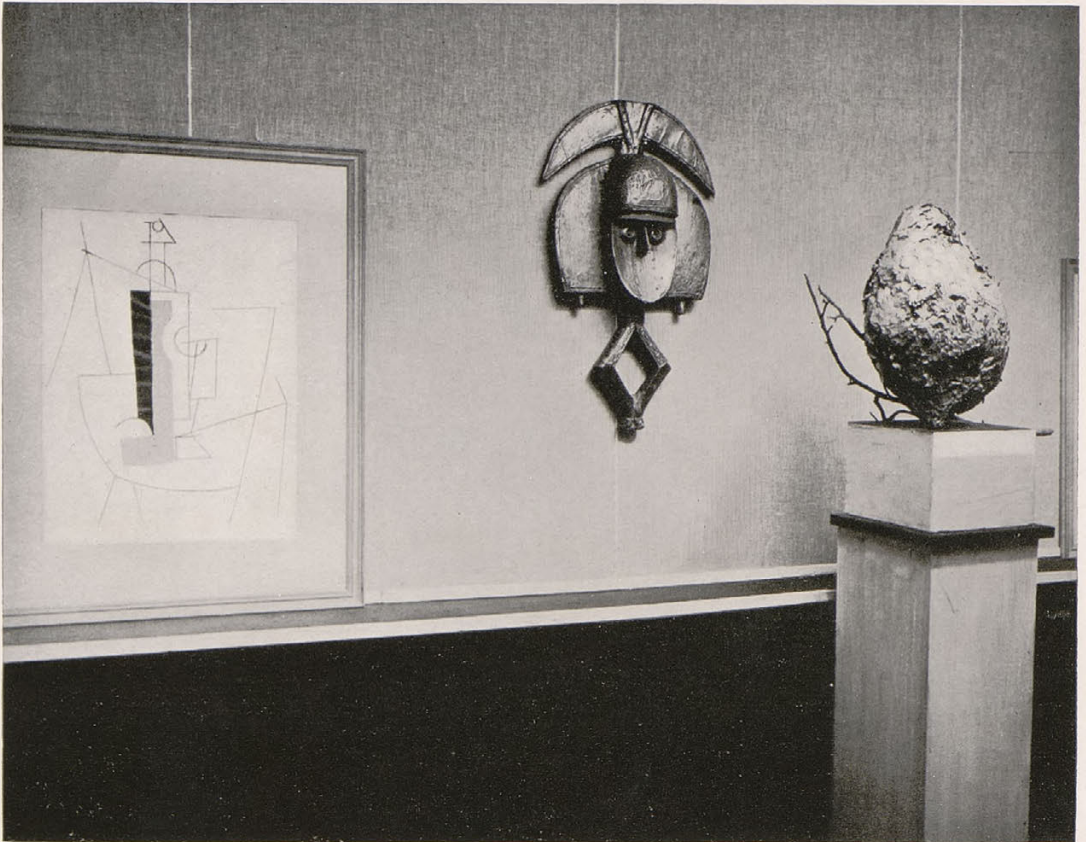
Marius De Zayas, who had been a very active worker at "291" for years past,—as is evidenced in the pages of *CAMERA WORK*—was, as the proposer of the idea and the chief believer in the need of such an enterprise as the Modern Gallery, naturally given the management of the experiment. The opening exhibition consisted of paintings and drawings by Braque, Burty, De Zayas, Dove, Marin, Picabia, Picasso, Walkowitz; sculpture by Adolf Wolff; photographs by Alfred Stieglitz; and Negro Art.

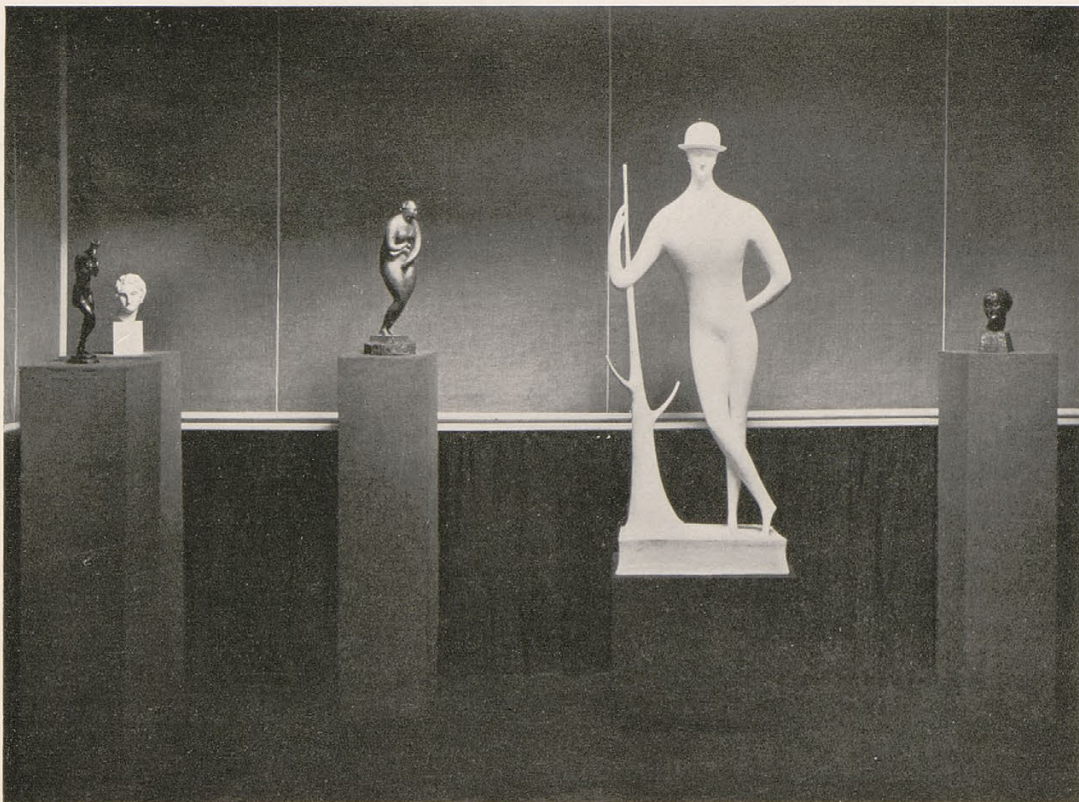
Mr. De Zayas, after experimenting for three months on the lines contemplated, found that practical business in New York and "291" were incompatible. In consequence he suggested that "291" and the Modern Gallery be separated. The suggestion automatically constituted a separation.

EXHIBITION "ARRANGEMENTS" AT "291"

- I. Negro Art Exhibition
November, 1914
- II. Brancusi Sculpture
March, 1914
- III. German and Viennese Photography
March, 1906
- IV. Detail: Picasso—Braque Exhibition
January, 1915
- V-VI. Nadelman Exhibition—2 Rooms
December, 1915







FROM "291"—JULY-AUGUST NUMBER, 1915.

New York, at first, did not see. Afterward she did not want to see. Like a circumspect young girl or a careful married woman, she has taken all possible precautions against assimilating the spirit of modern art; rejecting a seed that would have found a most fertile soil. All genuine American activities are entirely in accord with the spirit of modern art. But American intellectuality is a protective covering which prevents all conception. This intellectuality is borrowed, exotic. Better still, it is a paste diamond.

Beware, messieurs the Americans, of your intellectuals. They are dangerous counterfeits. They believe themselves to have a luminous mission; but their light dazzles the eyes instead of illuminating. They wish to impregnate you, believing themselves stallions when they are but geldings. They are not a product of their country. Their ideal does not reach beyond their personal interests.

The critics do not work to develop their knowledge, or to spread knowledge. They work for a salary.

The press has established a false notion of American life. It has succeeded in creating in the American people a fictitious need for a false art and a false literature. The press has in view but one thing:—profit.

The real American life is still unexpressed.

America remains to be discovered.

Stieglitz wanted to work this miracle.

He wanted to discover America. Also, he wanted the Americans to discover themselves. But, in pursuing his object, he employed the shield of psychology and metaphysics. He has failed.

In order to attain living results, in order to create life—no shields!

Each manifestation of a progressing evolution must derive from an organism which has, itself, evolved. To believe that artistic evolution is indicated by artists copying Broadway girls instead of copying trees—is inane.

We have also moved on from the age of symbolism. It is only the day after that we believe in the orange blossoms of the bride.

Art is a white lie that is only living when it is born of truth. And there is no other truth than objective truth. The others are but prejudices.

Stieglitz tried to discover America with prejudices.

He first, and he alone, has placed before New York the various foundation supports of the evolution of modern art.

He wished to work through suggestion.

But soon, commercialism brought an avalanche of paintings. Those lepers, those scullery maids of art, those Sudras of progress—the copyists, got busy. They even believed themselves to be part of the evolution because, instead of copying trees, they copied a method.

America remains to be discovered. And to do it there is but one way:—DISCOVER IT!

Stieglitz, at the head of a group which worked under the name of Photo-Secession, carried the Photography which we may call static to the highest degree of perfection. He worked in the American spirit. He married Man to Machinery and he obtained issue.

When he wanted to do the same with art, he imported works capable of serving as examples of modern thought plastically expressed. His intention was to have them used as supports for finding an expression of the conception of American life. He found against him open opposition and servile imitation. He did not succeed in bringing out the individualistic expression of the spirit of the community.

He has put the American art public to the test. He has fought to change *good taste* into *common sense*. But he has not succeeded in putting in motion the enormous mass of the inertia of this public's self-sufficiency. America has not the slightest conception of the value of the

work accomplished by Stieglitz. Success, and success on a large scale, is the only thing that can make an impression on American mentality. Any effort, any tendency, which does not possess the radiation of advertising remains practically ignored.

America waits, inertly, for its own potentiality to be expressed in art.

In politics, in industry, in science, in commerce, in finance, in the popular theatre, in architecture, in sport, in dress—from hat to shoes—the American has known how to get rid of European prejudices and has created his own laws in accordance with his own customs. But he has found himself powerless to do the same in art or in literature. For it is true that to express our character in art or in literature we must be absolutely conscious of ourselves or absolutely unconscious of ourselves. And American artists have always had before them an inner censorship formed by an exotic education. They do not see their surroundings at first hand. They do not understand their milieu.

In all times art has been the synthesis of the beliefs of peoples. In America this synthesis is an impossibility, because all beliefs exist here together. One lives here in a continuous change which makes impossible the perpetuation and the universality of an idea. History in the United States is impossible and meaningless. One lives here in the present. In a continuous struggle to adapt oneself to the milieu. There are innumerable social groups which work to obtain general laws—moral regulations like police regulations. But no one observes them. Each individual remains isolated, struggling for his own physical and intellectual existence. In the United States there is no general sentiment in any sphere of thought.

America has the same complex mentality as the true modern artist. The same eternal sequence of emotions, and sensibility to surroundings. The same continual need of expressing itself in the present and for the present; with joy in action, and with indifference to "arriving." For it is in action that America, like the modern artist finds its joy. The only difference is that America has not yet learned to amuse itself.

The inhabitants of the artistic world in America are cold blooded animals. They live in an imaginary and hybrid atmosphere. They have the mentality of homosexuals. They are flowers of artificial breeding.

America does not feel for them even contempt.

Of all those who have come to conquer America, Picabia is the only one who has done as did Cortez. He has burned his ship behind him. He does not protect himself with any shield. He has married America like a man who is not afraid of consequences. He has obtained results. And he has brought these to "291" which accepts them as experience, and publishes them with the conviction that they have the positive value which all striving toward objective truth possesses.

M. DE ZAYAS.

EPITAPH FOR ALFRED STIEGLITZ*

Question not
My soul's demise
My friends consult
The query is the answer.
To my peace.

MARSDEN HARTLEY.

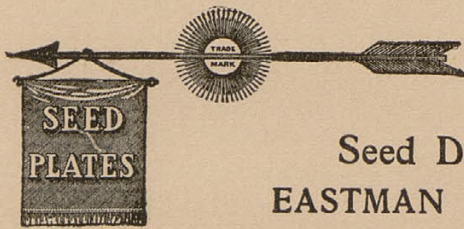
* From a letter to Alfred Stieglitz from Marsden Hartley, August 10, 1916: "I fancy if there is an epitaph ever one day it will read like this somewhat."

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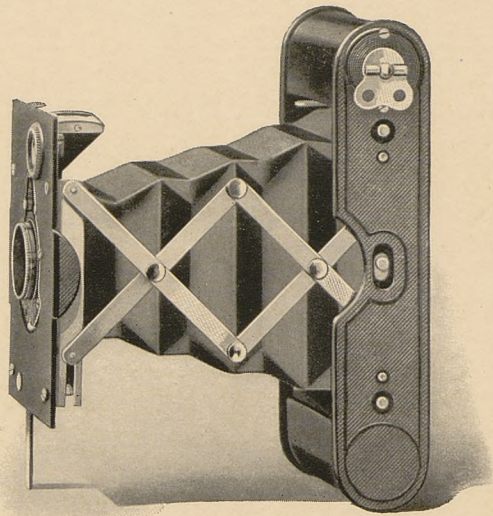
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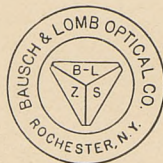
We used to compare the V. P. K. and the note-book in size. That is still true—each occupies about the same small space in the pocket or hand-bag.

Now, however, the comparison goes still further, for the autographic attachment permits you to date and title each negative at the time you make the exposure. First hand information jotted down on the instant becomes a part of the negative itself.

The Vest Pocket Autographic Kodak may be carried conveniently always and the resulting story will be complete—the pictures plus the notes.

Your dealer has the Vest Pocket Autographic Kodak at \$6.00 or with Kodak Anastigmat lens *f.* 7.7 at \$10.00.

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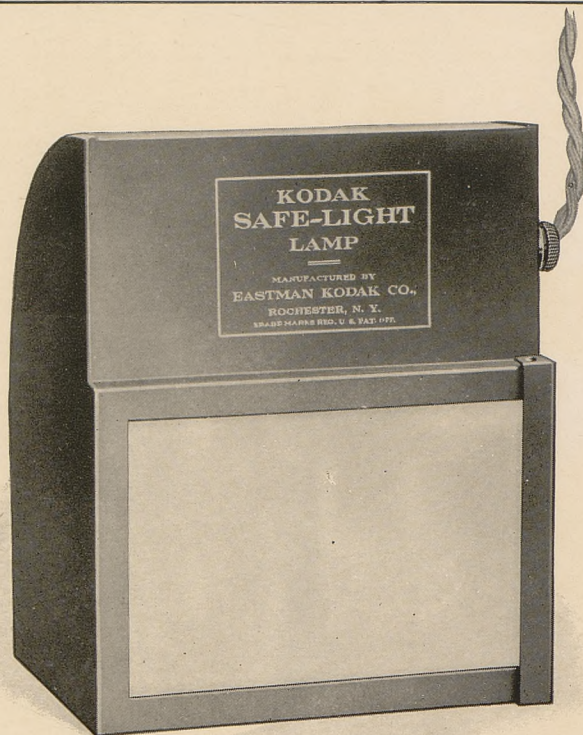
With the Protar VIIa you can make two or three image sizes from the same view point — according to the combination of lens elements you select.

Additional combinations can be purchased at any time, forming sets with a wide variety of focal lengths. One shutter takes all combinations, saving the troublesome multiplication of flanges, adapters, lens boards, etc.

Ask your photographic dealer to show you one of these lenses, or write us for specific information regarding lens for your camera.

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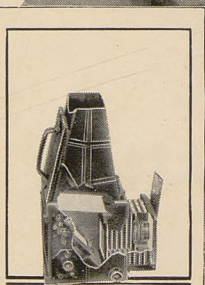
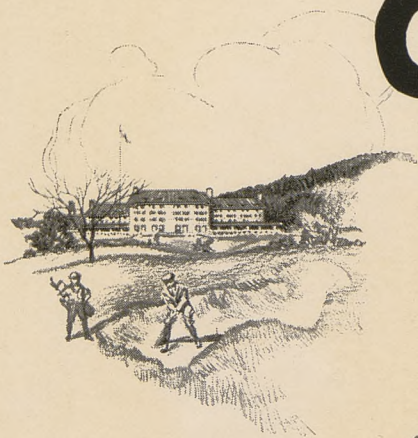
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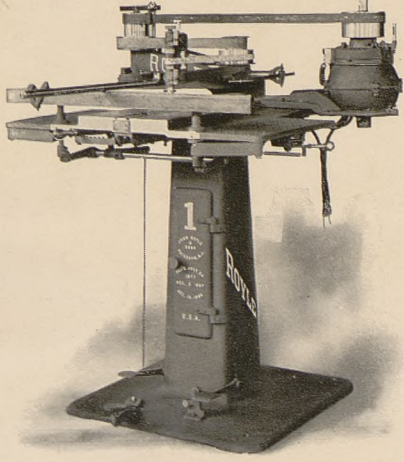
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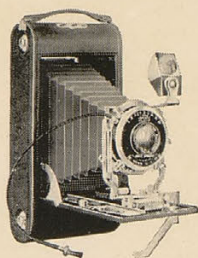
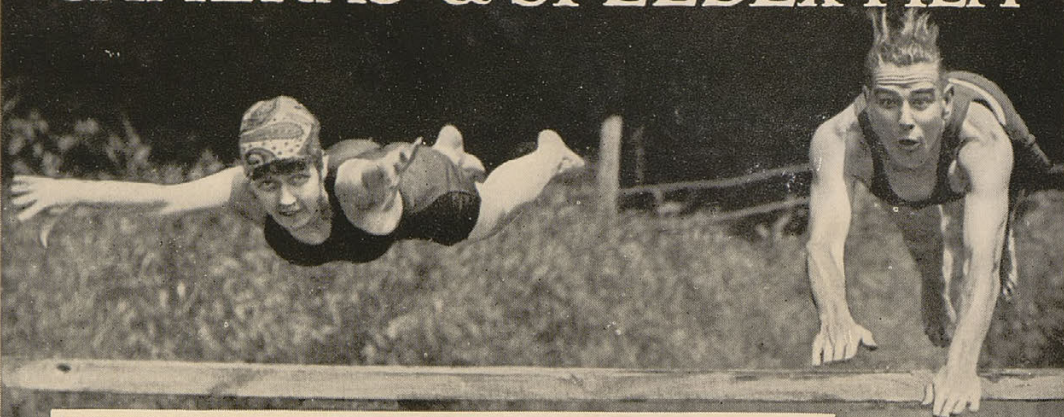
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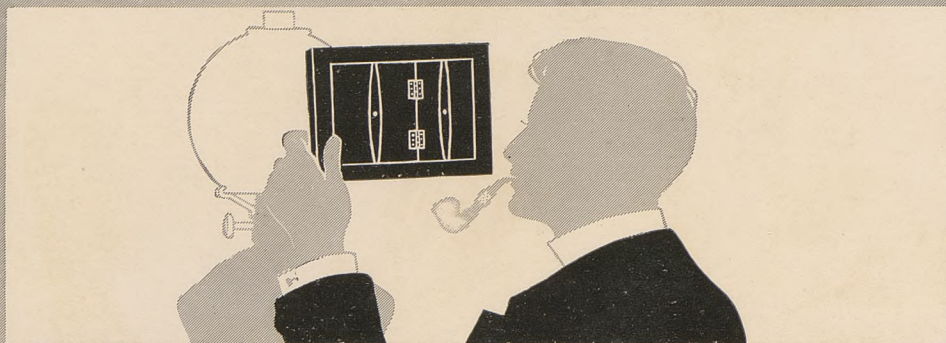


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