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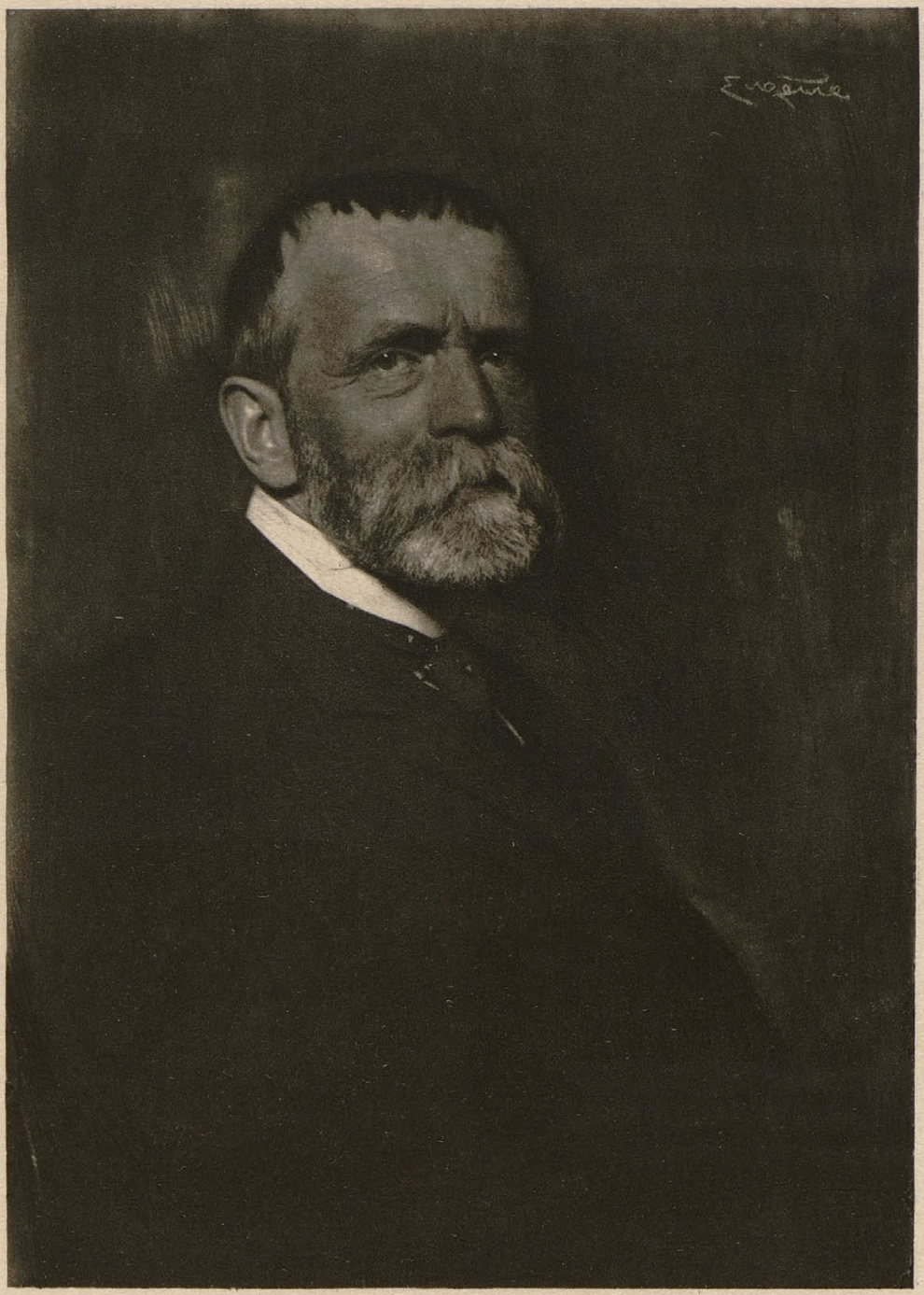

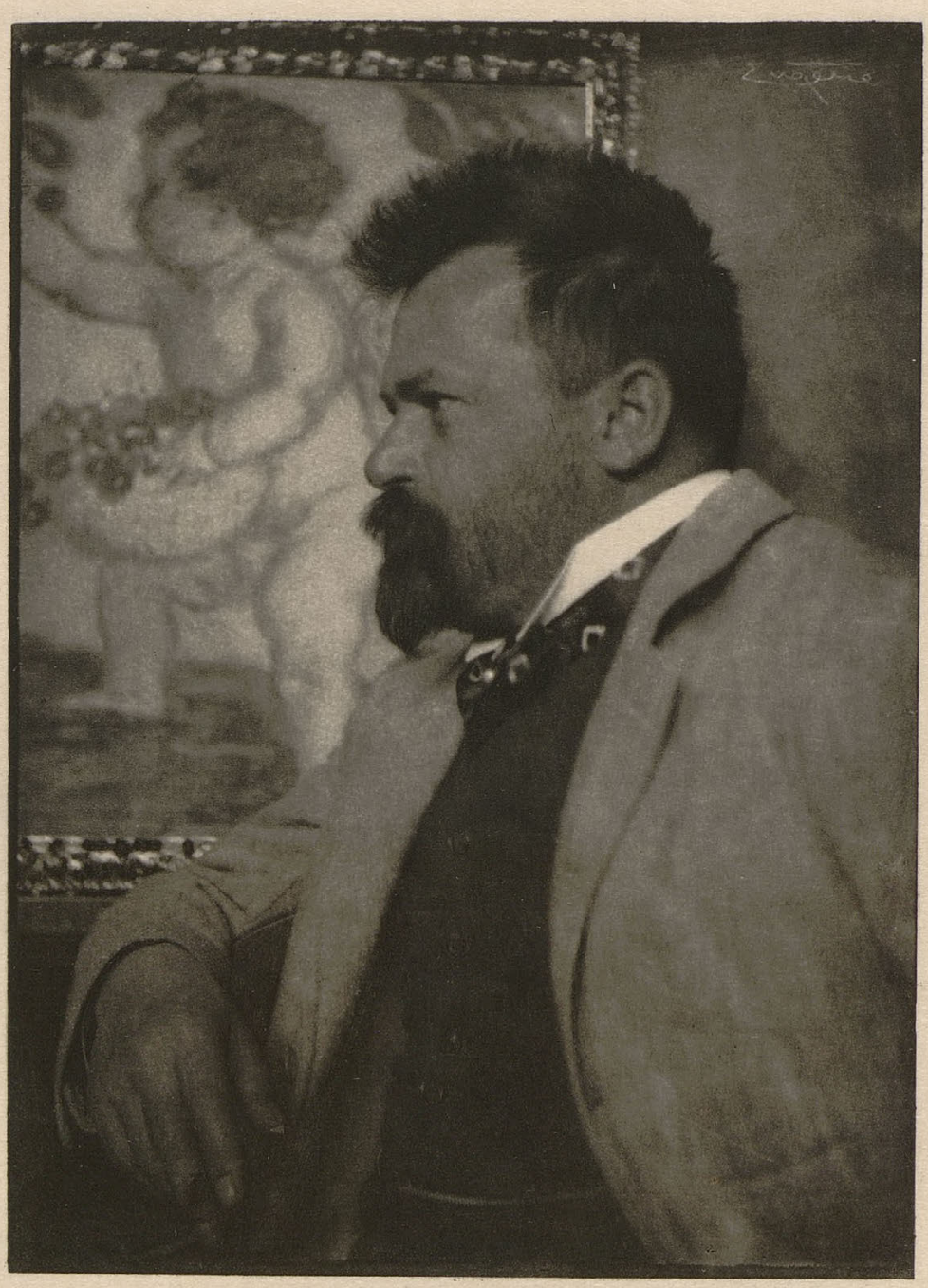

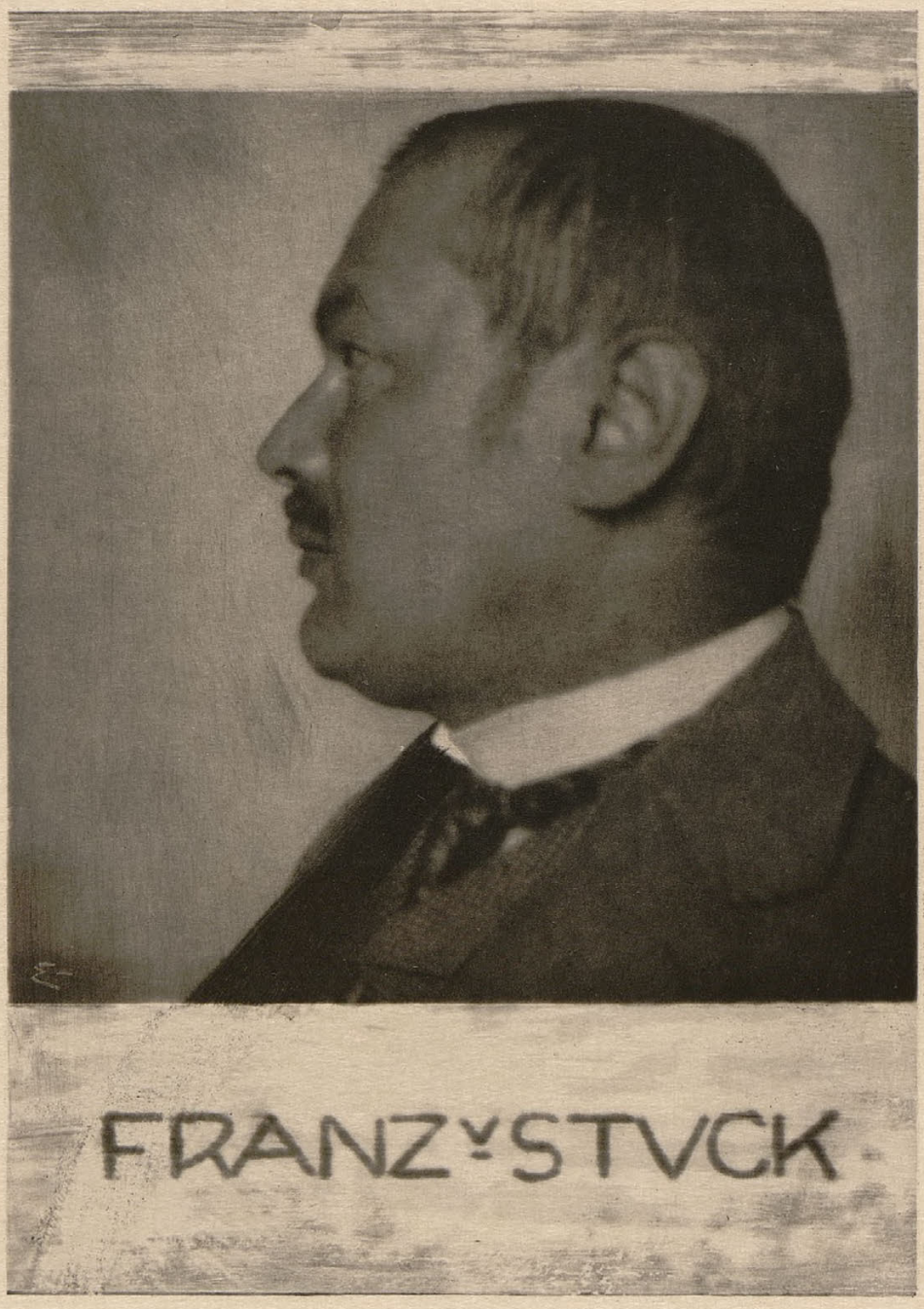
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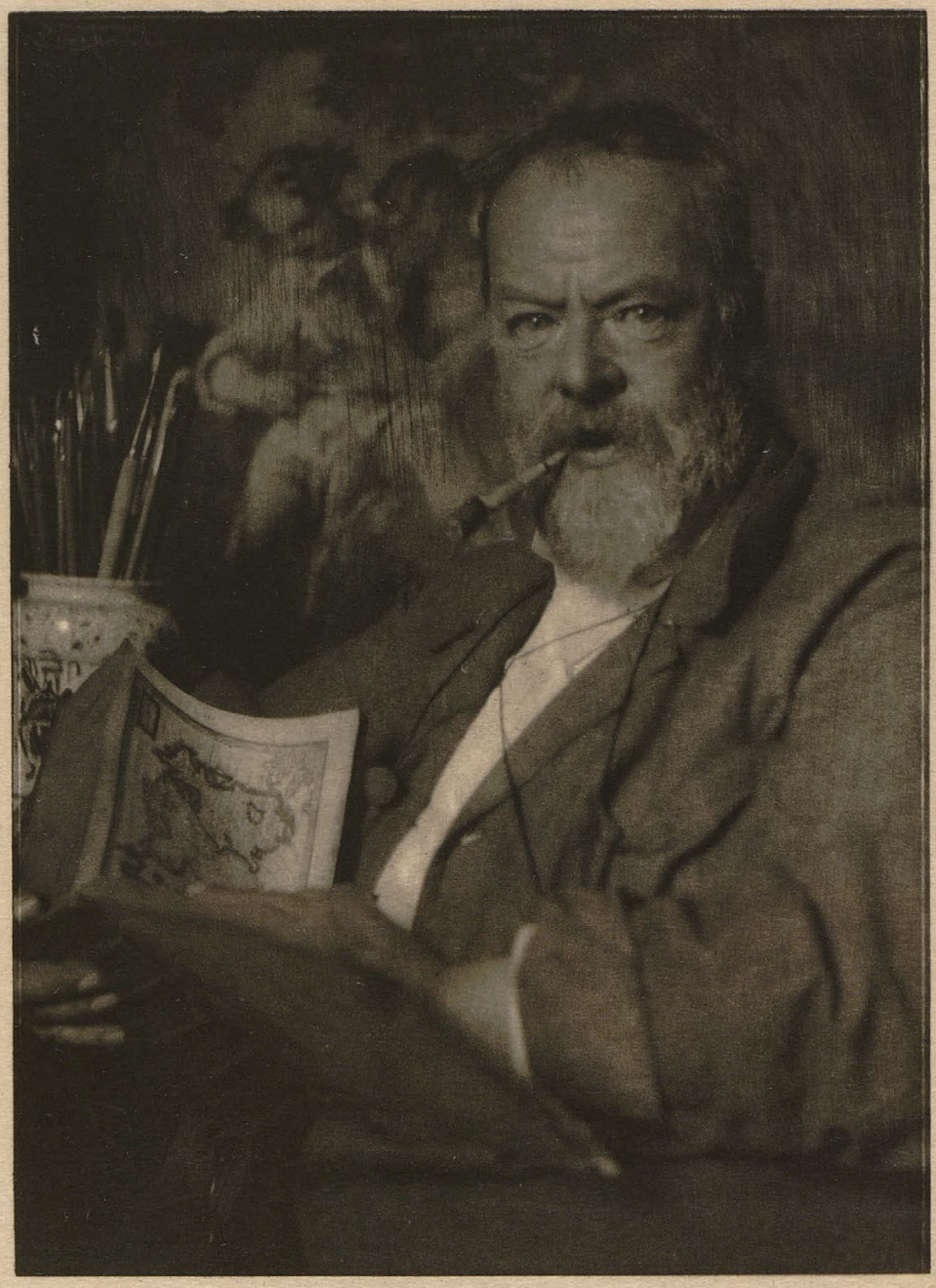


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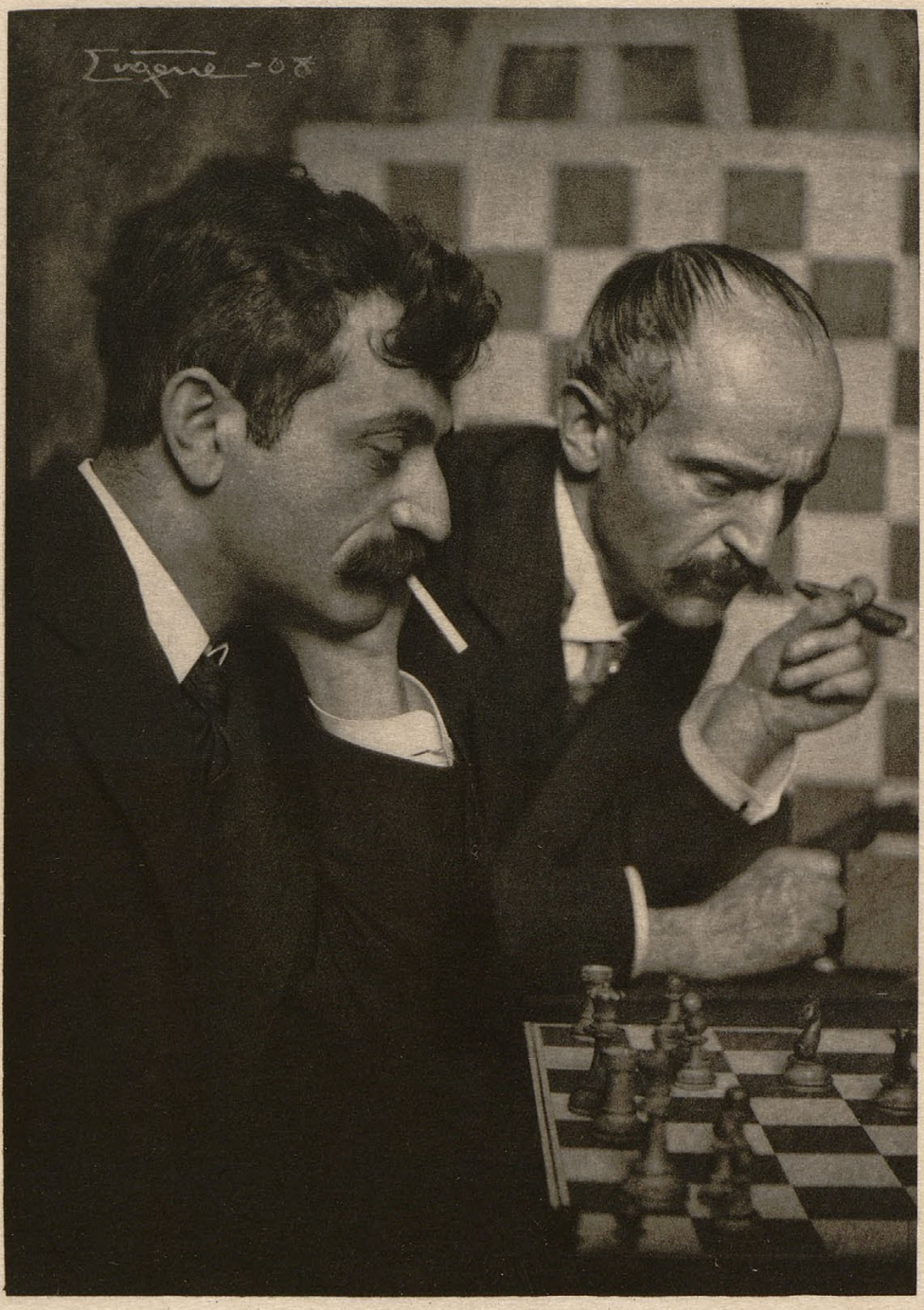
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THE NEW THOUGHT WHICH IS OLD

SOME ladies, "interested in art," lamented to me that the only pictures their husbands cared about were moving pictures. They added that it was the same with all the other men in their city. It must be added, however, in fairness that, until those ladies united with some others in organizing a temporary exhibition of paintings, there had been no public opportunity of seeing in the city any other kind of picture than the moving ones. It was the moving picture show or nothing. On the other hand, in a city like New York, where the chances of seeing "real hand-painted" pictures abound, they are taken advantage of by only thousands where hundreds of thousands flock to the other variety; and a correspondingly general support of the moving-picture show is also characteristic of the cities of Europe. Why not?

There is a dire logic in this that has been overlooked. It recalls the prophecy, made some seventy years ago by Delacroix, when he was confronted with the invention of Daguerre,—"painting is dead." Looking back over what has been accomplished in painting and photography since that date, and because of that experience being in a better position today to view those two arts in their actual relation, we are able to estimate Delacroix's statement at its true value.

So far as both arts are based upon the representation of form, photography unquestionably is superseding painting. At the date when Delacroix spoke the only basis of painting was representation. The painter might represent form literally or in various ways ideally, but the actuality of appearances was, as it had been ever since the days of Giotto, the standard of achievement and appreciation. However, some twenty-five years after Delacroix's statement was made, there began to appear a new motive in painting. As the knowledge of Oriental art permeated the studios of Europe, a picture began to be regarded as a decorative unit; form was treated less for its actuality than as a symbol of expression. Whistler was the leader in this new motive; but only yesterday I read a well-known American painter's criticism of Whistler's portraits that they are lacking in vitality. This man is bothered because those portraits are symbols of expression and the thing expressed is not the obvious personality of the subject but the idea evoked from it by Whistler's imagination, by his tendency to view the particular and the concrete in relation to their background of the general and the abstract. This critic still demands that form shall be represented as actuality. Nor is he singular in this. The tradition and associated ideas of seven hundred years cannot be obliterated at the waving of any one magician's mahl-stick. They are dying hard, but they are dying, and it is photography that has given them the *coup de grace*. To a public, trained by the painters to love the representation of form in pictures, it has given the crowning satisfaction of the moving picture.

People ignore this because they insist on arguing from particulars. They instance a certain picture and ask triumphantly: "Could photography have produced this?" It would be about as much to the point to inquire if

Mantegna could have painted a Watteau. It is different, however, when one passes from particular examples to general principles. Then one may discover the link of a common motive uniting these two painters, otherwise so different. It is the representation of form, used in both cases decoratively and with a desire to express its actuality and vitality, yet in neither case with the abstraction of expression that distinguishes the Oriental artist. The latter uses form only as a symbol to express something of the *kokoro* or universal spirit, while the Caucasian artist bases his idealism and realism alike upon the representation of the actualities of form. This, as a motive, is neither less nor more than the photographic point of view. Imagine a photographer of Holbein's analytic and comprehending genius and he would produce a portrait that, while it might differ in degree of quality from the work of that master, would be the same in kind. So, if a modern Velasquez should arise, he might be expected to render his impressions sometimes with the camera, sometimes with the brush. For the point is not that the camera can do all that the brush can, any more than that the reverse is true. A man who is equally proficient in both mediums will select the one or the other, as it seems more fitted to render the particular subject that he has in mind. The real issue is that in the matter of motive, of point of view, the camera has invaded the field of painting. If the latter would once more occupy an independent field of its own, it must discover a new motive. It has already set about the discovery, seeking for it in the direction of abstraction. The motive is no longer to represent form, but to express the quality, the character, of form; to use it as a symbol of expression. It therefore proceeds by simplification, in order as far as possible to divest form of its formal significance, and make it yield suggestion to the imagination. And, once more, the suggestion is abstract, detached from association with the concrete actualities of form, and expressive of qualities that invite and stimulate the higher faculties of the imagination.

Whistler, unless we except Corot, was the first modern to attempt this abstract use of form. No sooner had he received the lesson of impression from Velasquez than he began to learn of Oriental art. He was the only man of his time to divine the difference of motive on which the latter is based and to fit it to his own purpose. It became the habit of his mind to view the particular in relation to the general, to see the type in the individual, to regard the personal and the local as manifestations of the universal. His portraits, to quote his own word, are "evocations" of the idea with which the personality had inspired him. In his nocturnes, forms lose their concrete assertiveness and become as presences, looming athwart the infinity of spiritual suggestion. But the nocturnes, after all, are beautiful evasions, wherein the artist has taken refuge from the obviousness of facts by immersing himself in the penumbra. Whistler left this new motive to be carried further by others who would view the facts of appearances in clear, open daylight and yet discover how to render their abstraction. The artist who thus carried forward the new motive was Paul Cézanne.

It is only since Cézanne's death in 1906 at the age of sixty-seven years, that the world is beginning to realize his influence on modern painting. For,

a Provençal by birth, he lived and worked far from Paris in the little town of Aix, some twenty-five miles from Marseilles. It is recorded by Emil Bernard, who was for twenty years the pupil and companion of Cézanne, that the latter was conscious of a defect of eyesight. "I see the planes overlapping one another," he would say, "and sometimes the vertical lines appear to fall." The result was that his eyes had a natural tendency to simplify the object viewed, by reducing the effects of distance and by flattening the planes into a pattern. On the other hand he had instinct for the value of bulk of form. He was chiefly preoccupied with the effort to realize it. Thus in his pictures he not only simplifies form but renders its plasticity. While divesting it of its accidental associations, he expresses its essential qualities, rendering abstractions of its shape and bulk, color and texture. His pictures of landscape and still life, in which he specially excelled, are extraordinarily stimulating in their suggestion to the imagination. Instead of a representation of the obvious facts, there is evoked from the latter an abstract realization of the significance of plasticity and construction; moreover of color.

For Cézanne has started the modern painter on a new use of color, which again is an old one. It is practically the Venetian attitude toward color, especially that of Paul Veronese. Whistler had set the example of low tonalities, seeking for color in the penumbra where their vividness and strength are veiled in half light and half shadow. The luminarists, on the other hand, trying to render the appearance of light, decolorized the hues of the scene, raising them to the highest possible key by mixing white with the pigments. Cézanne, however, a son of the South, accustomed to glowing sunshine, turned from the rendering of the effects of light to the expression of color as it is affected by light. His hues, instead of being decolorized or veiled with mists of obscurity, burn with the absorbed heat and the vitalizing glow of sunlight. No painter, since Paul Veronese, has excelled Cézanne in the clarity, the depth and fulness of his color schemes. Compared with his contemporaries and immediate predecessors, he has simplified color and in doing so has evoked more completely than they its abstract qualities of expression.

Simplification and expression, both of form and color,—those are the aims which the example of Cézanne has put in the forefront of the new thought in painting. At the same time this new effort to obtain simplification and expression represents a reaction from recent impressionism. There was no viewing of realism through the medium of a temperament in Cézanne's approach to nature. He was an out and out realist; in the philosophic sense of the term, that he extracted his vision of the subject from the actual appearances, clearly seen in open light. The process by which he extracted it was an exhaustive application of analysis, designed to strip the vision of all superfluities and accidents and reduce it to its simplest statement of expressional form and color. The abstraction, at which he arrives, has not been superimposed upon the facts by his temperament or imagination, but actually extracted from the facts themselves. While Whistler may be compared with Maeterlinck, Cézanne takes his stand beside Ibsen.

The final aim in Cézanne's simplification is to reach an organic unity, in order that the expression may be a single and harmonious one. Thus the process of gradual elimination to which he subjects his vision of appearances is twofold. It is regulated by the double purpose of reaching the ultimate suggestion of abstract expression and of organizing that expression into a unit.

Cézanne's influence is appearing sporadically and in bulk. It is incidentally affecting a variety of painters in their use of color; at the same time operating in a more complete way upon that group of new men who have been nicknamed "Les Fauves." But the "Wild Beasts," among whom Matisse is conspicuous, are not imitators of Cézanne, nor have they the outward signs of being united with one another. Their methods vary. Yet their purpose is one in common: to attain to abstract expression by means of simplification and organization. In this Matisse, by force of character and example, has come to be regarded as a leader, especially by the outside world, which knows of the movement only through him.

Trained under Academic methods to be an expert draughtsman, he has been intent for several years upon the effort to disengage himself from the motive of representation which the Academy upholds. He is no upstart who would kick aside the great art of the past. On the contrary, he has been a close student of it; but always with the idea of measuring himself alongside of it, in order to fortify himself by discovering what there was in it for him to accept or reject in pursuance of his own development. The latter, as he planned it, was to proceed from a knowledge of what others had done to a complete forgetfulness of everything except what was in himself; and then to develop himself by reliance upon an instinct which leads him back continually to first principles. He would put himself in the attitude of the primitive man, who, impressed with the weight or bulk or movement of an object, might try to express those abstract qualities by line and color. On the other hand, Matisse combined with this the later art-man's instinct to organize a complete and single ensemble.

In this effort to replace the representation of form by the rendering of its abstraction, Matisse has found himself compelled to violations of the appearances of form that he himself regrets. They were the necessary stumblings and faltering steps before he could learn to walk. They are continually diminishing in frequency and in violence, while at the same time his control of color has gained in power and effectiveness. But it is not my purpose here to dwell upon Matisse. His art is still in the flux. Meanwhile, it has attracted so much attention that his name obscures the movement of which he is only a part. He and not Cézanne has been regarded as the leader of the new thought. My present object has been to set this right, and to suggest the general principle of the movement. A lengthened consideration of Matisse must be reserved for another occasion. CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

THE FOURTH DIMENSION FROM A PLASTIC POINT OF VIEW

IN plastic art, I believe, there is a fourth dimension which may be described as the consciousness of a great and overwhelming sense of space-magnitude in all directions at one time, and is brought into existence through the three known measurements. It is not a physical entity or a mathematical hypothesis, nor an optical illusion. It is real, and can be perceived and felt. It exists outside and in the presence of objects, and is the space that envelops a tree, a tower, a mountain, or any solid; or the intervals between objects or volumes of matter if receptively beheld. It is somewhat similar to color and depth in musical sounds. It arouses imagination and stirs emotion. It is the immensity of all things. It is the ideal measurement, and is therefore as great as the ideal, perceptive or imaginative faculties of the creator, architect, sculptor, or painter.

Two objects may be of like measurements, yet not appear to be of the same size, not because of some optical illusion, but because of a greater or lesser perception of this so-called fourth dimension, the dimension of infinity. Archaic and the best of Assyrian, Egyptian, or Greek sculpture, as well as paintings by El Greco and Cézanne and other masters, are splendid examples of plastic art possessing this rare quality. A Tanagra, Egyptian, or Congo statuette often gives the impression of a colossal statue, while a poor, mediocre piece of sculpture appears to be of the size of a pin-head, for it is devoid of this boundless sense of space or grandeur. The same is true of painting and other flat-space arts. A form at its extremity still continues reaching out into space if it is imbued with intensity or energy. The ideal dimension is dependent for its existence upon the three material dimensions, and is created entirely through plastic means, colored and constructed matter in space and light. Life and its visions can only be realized and made possible through matter.

The ideal is thus embodied in, and revealed through the real. Matter is the beginning of existence; and life or being creates or causes the ideal. Cézanne's or Giotto's achievements are most real and plastic and therefore are they so rare and distinguished. The ideal or visionary is impossible without form; even angels come down to earth. By walking upon earth and looking up at the heavens, and in no other way, can there be an equilibrium. The greatest dream or vision is that which is *regiven* plastically through observation of things in nature. "Pour les progrès à réaliser il n'y a que la nature, et l'œil s'éduque à son contact." Space is empty, from a plastic point of view.

The stronger or more forceful the form the more intense is the dream or vision. Only real dreams are built upon. Even thought is matter. It is all the matter of things, real things or earth or matter. Dreams realized through plastic means are the pyramids and temples, the Acropolis and the Palatine structures; cathedrals and decorations; tunnels, bridges, and towers; these are all of matter in space—both in one and inseparable. MAX WEBER.

THOUGHTS—

FROM A NOTE-BOOK*

WHEN I speak of Criticism, I speak not of the more or less deft use of commentary or indication, but of a rare and fine art: the Marriage of science that knows, of spirit that discerns.

The basis of criticism is imagination: its spiritual property is sympathy: its intellectual distinction is balance.

Without imagination, there is neither the art that creates, nor the art that discerns: without sympathy there is neither interpretation nor even understanding: without balance, which is the exercise of the controlled imagination and ordered intellect, there is neither measure nor harmony, the fundamental ideas of architecture, which is itself the fundamental art.

The truest literary criticism is that which sees that nowhere, at no time, in any conceivable circumstance, is there any lapse of intellectual activity so long as the nation animated thereby is not in its death-throes. Death is a variation, a note of lower or higher insistence in the rhythmic sequence of life. The psychic sense of rhythm is the fundamental factor in each and every art.

Poetry is a glorious re-birth of prose. When a beautiful thought can be uttered in worthy prose, best so. But when it moves the mind in music, and shapes itself to a lyric rhythm, then it should find expression in poetry. The truest poets are those who can most exquisitely capture, and concentrate in a few words, this haunting rhythm.

WILLIAM SHARP.

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*From the hitherto unpublished MSS. of William Sharp (Fiona McLeod); contributed to CAMERA WORK through the kindness of Mrs. William Sharp.—Editors.

THE BRAIN AND THE WORLD

Dedicated to Eduard J. Steichen

WE never come into contact with things, but only with their images. We never know the real—only the effigies of the real. We do not pursue objects; we pursue the reflection of objects. We do not possess things; we possess the sentiment that things inspire.

If I pluck a flower and hold it in my hand I have merely come into contact with an image in my brain created by certain complex influences transmitted through the senses from an unknowable. No one pursues power or wealth; he pursues ideas and images of power and wealth. Strictly speaking I do not live in a house, in the air, but live in my house-image, my air-image. Images and thoughts being the very pulp of consciousness, it follows that in images and thoughts there lies the only reality we can ever know. Imagination and its elements are not the effigies of matter, but what we term matter is the effigy of our images. Hence the imaginary world—the world of intellect and images—is the only real world. It is the unanalyzable data of consciousness.

We never get over the threshold of our images. We live in them whether in rest or motion. Illusion does not consist in believing our images and dreams to be real, but in believing that there exists anything else but images and dreams. The illusions of the brain are the only realities; they become delusions when we try to externalize them. All practical men are insane because they seek to externalize the internal. All poets and philosophers are sane because they seek to internalize the external.

Idolatry is the worship of the non-existent. All practical life is founded on the belief that there is something to be had outside of the self, that there is a pleasure to be had in things per se, that Mecca is a place, not a belief. Matter is something fashioned by the brain, and eidolon of the will, the symbol of an image. The practical person tries to grasp the symbol; the poet tries to grasp the image. The former must always fail because we never come into contact with matter, which is the symbol of ideas; no mind ever comes into contact with the external world. The latter (the poet) always succeeds because he arrays himself in himself; lives immediately in the thought, image or emotion that a thing creates; he knows that the materialization of an image is the substitution of a symbol for a reality.

The sense of universal disillusion, of the almost total absence of relation between dream and deed, is the ever-recurring proof of the egocentricity of man. He is the sun around which swing and dance the worlds tossed off through immeasurable time; worlds so seeming real, but which are mere spawn of dreams, man's chance-litter. To stretch out the hand from the House of Images, seeking to grasp this domed and pinnacled mirage, is the signal that wakes the imps of irony from their subterranean vaults and sends them swarming and gibbering over the roofs and through the streets of that image-chrismed city, now suddenly become a deserted city of rotted rookeries. The eternal legend of the Brain and the World, of the Image and the Mirage, is found in all ages—in the fables of Tantalus and Ixion, in the world-wisdom

of Don Quixote and Faust, in El Magico Prodigioso of Calderon, in the Dhamapada, in the Ibsen plays. The legerdemain of the senses it is that scratches those lines of sorrow at mouth-ends, draws heavy blank curtains over the wild scenery of the eye, sets a flag of truce on the purposeful brow and sends us to cower behind the breastworks of an eternal reticence.

Men sail the seas for adventure, travel toward the poles for the novel, and seek in remote lands the tang of the strange, the witchery of the weird; but the adventure, the novelty, the tang and the witchery are in men themselves. I am my own novelty, my own adventure; it is I who give tang to life. I am bewitched of wonder and mystery—and than me there is nothing more weird that is conceivable. He who goes a-seeking leaves himself behind. Other than your soul there is no reality. We can go toward nothing unless that thing has first come toward us. The Brain is not only the centre of gravity, but is gravity. The Will is not only the inventor of the universe, but is the universe.

We go toward ourselves. My images and dreams and thoughts are eggs. I enwomb and unwomb myself. I have infinities, eternities, nadirs, zeniths boxed in my brain. I am always delivering myself to myself, cannot forsake myself, cannot possibly exist in the world—seeing that the world exists in me.

The world began with mind; before that it was only a possibility. The brain is the radiant hub of the universal illusion. We have exiled the stars in their spaces and imprisoned light in its wall-less tombs of air. Pole star and the frozen mountains of the moon are the mere flotsam and jetsam of our evolved and highly elaborated imagining. All, all is only the balustrade of the mind, out on the furthest portals of which this mysteriously appeared. I peer for all its days at the image-children that it has flung off in its incalculable evolutions.

This ethereal upstart with the brazen acclaim, this image-haunted mystery that we name Man, who, after all, is but a slight excess of Nothing and yet the measure of all, a drop of blazing oil that has bubbled out of a beaker of flame in the hands of a Something—what does he know? There are the image and the imagined, the Brain and the World, the Eternal Ghost fabricating its world-shrouds.

BENJAMIN DE CASSERES.

VISIONS OF THE NUDE

CONTEMPLATING a Greek statue, may it be the Venus of Knidos, the Hermes of Olympia or the sandal-lacing female figure of the Parthenon, we become conscious that it is the representation of an ideal type of the human form; that the artist has concentrated the highest faculties of his mind to produce the most perfect vision of life, as he comprehends it, in a supreme work of art. The beauty of these ancient masterpieces is so triumphant, that it excludes whatever strange thoughts or discordant images may enter our minds. Their forms appear isolated and intangible, outside of common life, resembling rather a supernatural materialization than a creature of our species. All esthetic possibilities converge in them as in a centre, and they enchant us by the mere sovereignty of their presence.

The modern artist has no such power. The light and riant nymphs have fled from our life. It is a dream gone forever. Christian asceticism killed the fair temptresses centuries ago. As much as we may wish to summon them, we cannot recreate their forms. The body has become disgraceful and passion a shameful thing and it is difficult for our materialistic mind to image those blithe old skies under which the stately figures walked in beautiful, unconscious nudity. Our morals, our climate, our mode of life have turned the nude into a phantom and it leads, alas! a phantom-like existence in the arts. The chasm between pagan and modern conception can not be better expressed than by one sentence of Herodotus, who to his great astonishment had heard that "among certain barbarous people it was considered shameful to go naked."

Our passions have remained the same. Our hearts still swell with a confused aspiration towards physical force, towards robust health, towards an almost savage joy of life, towards simple and primitive love, towards the great primordial liberty. Yet few of us dare to proclaim the purity of the nudity and the frank nobility of human passions. We peer at them peevishly through the spyhole of a curtain. A false modesty oppresses our mind, and under its tyranny we find it difficult to separate passion from art, and prefer to trick the human body in all the shamelessness of sought and subtle apparel. Even the greatest artists can not evade the problem. No matter how frankly non-moral they may be, they can sing no pæans of the flesh or recapture the fresh, sublime wonders of Greece and the Renaissance. It has become technically impossible. The nude body no longer is seen in free and natural motion. The knowledge of muscular structure and action has become a myth. One human form never represents perfection, and the opportunities to create an ideal type from observation are too scarce.

We see the nude only as physical appearance, despoiled by its most bewitching charm of spontaneity. This may suffice for the expression of facts, like the cold, classic demonstrations of a Bouguereau. They possess the ordinary charm of line and modeling, but they lack all the subtlety of color, the suggestion of motion. They are lifeless. Makart with his supple, long forms and flowing lines realized serpentine elegance with a semblance of pleasure that recalls Venetian opulence. The Pre-Raphaelites with their love

for adolescent, thin and flexible bodies, have preserved in the depiction of narrow limbs something of the charm of Primitif purity. None of them are poets of the nude who could suggest the vague palpitation of a breast or throat, the mystery of some inexplicable movement, or the poetry that lingers in the depression of the groin where the epidermis unfolds its most exquisite suavity.

If we compare the reclining Venus of Titian to Manet's Omphale, and the plastic images of Michael Angelo to the angular ghostlike forms of Puvis de Chavannes, we realize that the ancient dream of nudity is fading. The modern artist in the treatment of the nude has become a specialist. Manet's Omphale, drawn with Ingres-like precision, shows little more than physical sincerity. The figures of Chavannes are conceived as color patches in a symphony of frail colors, stimulated by line arrangement. They contain but little of the fantastic splendor of the past, of the subtle power to evoke fantasies of esthetic sensuousness.

To the modern painter the most precious singularity of the body is its coloration, the indescribable color of the skin. They endeavor to gild the form by an inner flame, and to enrich its tissues with a diffusion of gold and impalpable amber. Etty tried to recapture the joyous voluptuousness of Rubens, by a variety of harmonious pallors. And the impressionists, notably Renoir, search in the luminous surface of the flesh, with its undulating planes, for accords and contrasts almost analagous to musical dissonances. Color is a great magician through which the human form may become metamorphosed into radiant dreams of light—the figure of a woman standing in the splendor of the day, a warm and joyful body beaten by the sun—disclosing its infinite grace in a new expressive way. But color alone will not perform the miracle of resurrection. The slightest defects are accentuated and although they may not diminish the fascination, the attraction is an irritating one.

As the old laws—of construction and action, of measurement and scientific observation of the idea of perfect beauty, which could subdue all rebellious forms and disclose in the body the whole gamut of human passions—have gone out of usage, some new ideal must be pursued. We need the *clair obscure* of a Henner, Whistler or Carrière to envelop the figure in translucent shades, that the flesh may shine from the darkness with the mobile splendor of precious stones, and tremblingly reveal an inner life. And the obscurity of chambers with drawn shades will yield a more suggestive setting than the barren brightness of studios of northern exposure.

The mystic, psychological note alone can save us from animalism in the representation of a nude. It will enable us to wrest from it the sentiment and deeper significance which reigns beneath the external. The nude body reveals its highest beauty only in fugitive visions and fragments. The exponent of the nude must follow a human body in all its actions, its slightest gestures, its almost insensible movements, and most delicate external signs. The actual appearance of the nude will change at every moment. The artist mind must preserve the inspiration of the one moment which still dominates his mind.

The expression, that immaterial quality which irradiates all matter, that changing force which invades the body and transfigures it, that vibrant power

which superposes a symbolic beauty on the realities of line, form and color, will yield alone the highest beauty possible to the nude of today, as it offers a continual motive for emotions and dreams. A fugitive gesture of suppressed energy, a moment of muscular lassitude, a physical memory, an indefinable twist or shift of limb or torso, suggestive of some frail desire, thrill of abandon or forgetfulness—expressed in some calm attitude emphasizing the most perfect part of the model's body—will be sufficient for the human form to offer all its beauty. The play of light on a spinal column, or some shapely flank which seems to throb, may make us forget in its mute eloquence even the poesy and memories of the past.

Our salvation lies in the quest of those fragments of the ideal human type that nature scatters here and there among the multitude of mediocre and defective forms by which the race perpetuates itself. To assail the enigma of the human body and to discover all the uncreated movements that are hidden in its shrine—that is the goal that looms afar in the fantasies of the modern artist's soul.

S. H.

DE ZAYAS

A STRANGE little play entitled "Up and Down Fifth Avenue" has been enacted in the Little Galleries during the vernal season. It was a drama of New York life which strictly adhered to the conventions of time and place, as it had only one solitary scene and all of its immense cast of two hundred and fifty characters was continually on the stage.

It was the second time that the muse of Montmartre made her bow before a New York audience. The first occasion was that memorable night when Yvette Guilbert, long before she deteriorated into an ordinary music hall singer, introduced to us the gestures and the song of songs of vice, and the code of the Paris slums. After that a long silence ensued;—a sad reflection on our strenuous materialism, which forces our mind to subsist on provincial isolation. And now De Zayas!—with his cutting annotations on society and its more or less notorious representatives. In the harmless form of a puppet show, he unrolls a whole epopee, every page a human life told in a swift and summary way, a protest against the smug and equalitarian organization of life, against the monstrous stupidity of conventions, parades and badges, and the hypocrisy of morals—a wonderful synthesis of the grandeur and shame of the large city.

"What an amusing show! Exceedingly clever. But what does it all mean?" This was the general consensus of opinion of the people who filed in and out of the room. It is the critical and sceptical attitude—the only one!—that the average art lover assumes, to hide his lack of discrimination.

The ordinary caricature never reaches beyond clumsy auscultation and ordinary records of distortion. No wonder the public was irritated at the artist's irony, his fancy for bitter mystification, his savage style at once correct and individual, and his rather impudent, reckless and at times brutally inconsiderate attitude. The De Zayas method goes to the root of the matter. It recaptured for the caricaturist the royal right, that also he may create.

The caricaturist is a natural iconoclast. Iconoclasm is the trade mark of his activity. He beats against the iron doors of tradition. He waves the flag of revolt. He proclaims a rebellion against the social laws and customs—all the tyranny of traditional morals and habitudes, under which truth and beauty are stifled. He is the thrower of the mental bombs of contempt and despair. And all this merely out of curiosity, not to reform humanity—he leaves that to fanatic sentimentalists. There is no sentimentalism in his art's philosophy. He lets the beholder draw his own conclusions.

He is the true child of his age. Men and women are merely the toys with which his bored Ego amuses itself, in attacking a man's position or a woman's vanity. He finds the child's pleasure in destroying a mechanical doll. He sends his soul abroad on adventurous missions. He plays his part in the comedies of the hours. Wherever there is any bustle and stir he seizes, amiable and alert, his weapon, his pencil that is his sword. A few passes and somebody is sure to be wounded. The victim limps home and hides his shame. An exciting profession—as it furnishes a melodramatic stimulant to life.

And when I think of these gentlemen who look so shrewdly and pitilessly upon their generation, there is none upon whose swordsmanship I can count more surely than that of De Zayas. He has a subtle wrist and a quick eye.

He represents better than most men of the day this city, at once beautiful and horrible. In this spectacle of contemporary life, De Zayas has seen an immense and ironic drollery. And he has amused himself and written it down for us in his own expert fashion. His style is direct, brief, strict, hard. His ideas are realistic, huge, grim, vulgar, common at times and yet always unforeseen, so modern they are. It is a kind of calligraphy, not unlike the signs of Japanese syllables, lean and black, decorative and mystifying, that have a meaning even to those who do not understand the language.

What is the object of this new style of caricature? To write the monographs of human souls. This may be considered a pompous phrase, but it is not meaningless. The artist who would write the monograph of a soul has but to discern at what point the parody touches the subject. Each man has some external characteristic, an appearance, gesture, attitude, which reveals the essence of his personality. The interest of the caricaturist is not in the actor but in the role the particular Thespian plays. He need not consider whether the Dianas of Murray Hill are contented with their lot, of their vain little turbulences, what they chatter to each other as they meet in the dull suavity of the drawing rooms—their attitude interprets them.

What De Zayas loves in his models is their foibles, their weaknesses, their emotional misery, and it pleases him to humiliate himself, to crown himself with their thorns, to ulcerate himself with their woes. Thus he gains the supreme pleasure of testing in reconstructed tortures the chastisement of their sins—without having the trouble of committing them himself.

Caricature with him is not character seen across a temperament, it is character volatilising itself in the temperament of the portrayer. It is opposed to general art ideas. It describes only the individual, it desires only the unique. It does not classify. It declassifies.

What I feel, I draw. I am sad, curious, cruel, flippant, vicious, just as the moment dictates. But what I draw is not me. It is not art. It is not myself. Like Pierrot I am the slave of lawless emotions that drift through me. For in this instance it is not the artist who creates the rhythm, but it is the essential rhythm of persons that scan and direct the caricaturist. Ah! who will say what laws of hydraulics, what trajectory of the stars, what strange currents of attraction and repulsion produce a De Zayas sketch.

His, I take it, is an analysis of an extremely subtle and effective sort; it mirrors in a glass—which distorts—the intellectual and moral grimaces of the age. And these grimaces—commentaries on the evolution of the human race as they are—only the uncultured person can neglect. S. H.

THE LAND OF DELUSION

Alone in the land of delusion,
  Beyond the lost kingdom of truth,
Around me the phantoms of faces,
  I met with the ghost of my youth.
On her lips was a whispering shadow
  Like the shadow of boughs on a stone,
And her sighs were like echoes that haunted
  A ruin whence music had flown,
And with eyes, like sad exiles, returning
  She wandered to meet me alone.

Like the moon, the pale sister of silence,
  She drooped through that valley of sighs,
And the look of her face was as lovely
  As the face of a dream when it dies.
She leaned to me, leaning, and whispered
  A secret of awe, and the air
Was chilled into winter and over
  My heart swept the cold of despair,
And my tongue was a shriek that was frozen
  And a shivering wind was my hair.

I turned like a stag from the hunter,
  I fled to the ends of the dark;
But ever before me the vision
  Of that mystery, naked and stark.
Pursued by myself the pursuer,
  And pierced by that pitiless stare,
I fled to the planet of pleasure
  That circles the dead sun of care;
And the stars, like lions of hunger,
  Leaped out of their listening lair.

I feasted, a guest at life's bridal,
And plucked with the roses no thorn;
I danced with the daughters of beauty
And sang with the princes of scorn;
I laughed, but, alas! in the revel
A voice like the challenge of doom,
And my joy like a torch in the tempest
Was quenched in a quiet of gloom;
For I glimpsed through a rift in the glory
A wraith, and it leered from a tomb.

Yea, the feast, that wild banquet of shadows,
Went out like a lamp in the wind,
And I was alone and around me
Was only a midnight of mind;
And out of the dead heart of darkness,
In a shroud like a garment of sighs,
There stalked like the shadow of murder
A spectre that cursed with her eyes,
A Memory, hooded with horror,
All red save the death in her eyes!

With my soul all alone in the silence,
With my dead in the dark all alone,
I called to my love, and around me
The silence was wounded with moan.
"All alone, all alone," and forever
Wailed the wind to the night "all alone,"
And the night, like a forest of whispers,
Breathed back "all alone, all alone";
And my hope was a city in ashes
And my life was a lingering groan;
And the morrow, that mother of roses,
Placed over my music a stone!

LEONARD VAN NOPPEN.

PLATES

FRANK EUGENE

PHOTO-SECESSION NOTES

RODIN EXHIBITION

AN exhibition of drawings by Rodin was on view in the exhibition rooms of the Little Galleries from March thirty-first to April eighteenth. Following two years after the Photo-Secession had first introduced drawings by Auguste Rodin to the New York public, this second exhibition of sketches, selected with great care from the best contained in the master's portfolios, enabled those who witnessed both shows to form a more comprehensive estimate of the range of this great artist's versatile talent.

Some of his early drawings, shown side by side with his later work, were interesting chiefly as historical documents and as illustrative of the change brought by years in the master's attitude, and in his command over his medium. Drawn mostly on a much smaller scale than his more recent sketches, they are more complicated, less direct and less imbued with emotion. In the sketches produced during the last ten or fifteen years, we feel that the artist has attained such thorough control over his medium that he is no longer conscious of it and that his whole power is concentrated on the attitude to be recorded without any waste of energy over the means of recording it. The lines, few in number, drawn with apparent carelessness and wonderful ease, encompassing a movement with a single uninterrupted stroke seem almost as if born of instinct rather than knowledge. And yet an examination of his early sketches convinces us that only by a constant use of his medium and a constant attention to the elimination of unnecessary details could the artist have attained the power of expressing himself so completely with such economy in the use of lines, the limit of successful artistic simplification.

The range of human emotions seems to have been covered by this versatile artist. It is emphasized in those sketches in which he has used a washed-in color which assumes an almost symbolic significance quite distinct from representation of local color. The force of his "Hell" with its abysmal blue tint broken by flamelike spots of red, or the bestiality of his Nero, the Roman emperor, whose square sensual head is crowned with foliage, while the lower part of the figure is enveloped in an orgy of color suggestive of spilt wine and blood, could hardly be surpassed. What a contrast when we pass to the charming figure of his "Salome" with that strange note of red on the flower in her hair which gives vibration to the light of blue of the drapery. His almost Greek love for the tender attitudes of women is well exemplified in his drawing of two semi-nude figures called "The Embrace" in which the cool green tint of the draperies sings in juxtaposition to the tender flesh tint of the girlish bodies. Three sketches for a series entitled "The Sun" occupied the centre of the main wall in the exhibition room. They are remarkable not only by the loftiness expressed in each figure but also from the point of view of composition, Rodin having managed to fill the space of his sheet of paper in a manner so thoroughly satisfactory in spite of the minimum amount of material used.

CAMERA WORK has in preparation a "Rodin Number" which will contain a series of reproductions of the drawings shown in this exhibition, besides three of the Steichen "Balzac" interpretations, as well as a new portrait of the master by the same artist.

CARICATURES BY MARIUS DE ZAYAS

The 1909-1910 season of exhibitions held at the Little Galleries ended in a peal of laughter with the caricatures show by Marius de Zayas. The exhibition opened April twenty-sixth and will remain on view until the opening of the new season next November. On a stage built for the purpose, nine feet wide and fifteen feet long, well known New York characters from the theatrical world and the world of art and letters, and prominent people from the social world were represented in silhouettes cut out of thick cardboard, disporting themselves up and down Fifth Avenue on foot, in hansoms, taxicabs, private carriages, or public busses. The Alfred Vanderbilt coach driven by the young millionaire and occupied by half a dozen theatrical stars was a feature of the show. The show was well attended and attracted considerable attention, partly because of the personal interest of those represented and their friends, and for the greater part because of the more legitimate interest in the thoroughly artistic conscience with which this little tableau of New York life was presented, although in this sort of representation the humorous side of the subject might easily have blinded the people to its more lasting qualities.

THE PHOTO-SECESSION AND PHOTOGRAPHY

The season, which ended with but a single photographic exhibition, has led many of our friends to presume that the Photo-Secession was losing its interest in photography and that "The Bunch at 291" was steering the association away from its original purpose. The best answer is to be found in the pages of CAMERA WORK,—the official organ of the Photo-Secession—in which the best examples of photography are presented regularly to its subscribers. In the announcement of the coming Buffalo Exhibition, printed in our last issue, is to be found a complete vindication of the fact that the interests of photography have never been lost sight of by the Director of the Photo-Secession and that this fact is realized by those who have closely followed the work done at "291." If the position of photography among the arts is to be firmly and permanently established, this can be accomplished by proving it capable of standing the test of comparison with the best work in other media and not by isolating it. The last word has not yet been said in photography. A great advance in the use of the medium is still possible and much to be hoped for. Those photographers who hope and desire to improve their own work can derive more benefit from following the modern evolution of other media than by watching eternally their own bellies like the fakirs of India. This is the help the exhibitions of the Photo-Secession are giving to photographers.

P. B. H.

"THE YOUNGER AMERICAN PAINTERS" AND THE PRESS

IN the Photo-Secession Notes in the last number of CAMERA WORK, when reference was made to the exhibition of the work of "The Younger American Painters," it was announced that some of the press notices of the exhibition would be reprinted in this issue for the sake of record. They follow:

James Huneker in the "New York Sun":

We picked out Max Weber from the rest of the revolutionists in the Little Gallery of the Secession, 291 Fifth Avenue. Mr. Weber caught our eye (collided with it would be more truthful) with his dainty exposure of three ladies in search of the mad naked summer night. That their legs are like casks, their hips massive as moons, their faces vitriolic in expression is beside the mark. The chief thing that interested us was to note the influence of Matisse. We know that Cézanne reduced all forms to the sphere, the cone and the cylinder, and this study viewed as such reveals plenty of cleverness and research. In the meantime the "picture" has vanished. Like the old saying at the hospital, "The operation was successful but the patient died." The entire new movement, its æsthetic, is based on the avoidance of the picturesque, of the "picture," of the lyric interpretation of nature. Courbet called himself a realist. Was he? No more than Zola. He was at heart a blustering romantic, accepted many studio conventions, and consider his horrible rusty blacks! Manet went far, but Hals and Velasquez hooked him in the end. The break with the past must be radical, one in which the present practice of form and color will be superseded by an absolutely (in a relative sense, toujours, mes enfants!) truthful rendering of nature. Cézanne is the path breaker. Monet, with his colored shadows, is as old-fashioned as Turner or Whistler! This Max Weber in his still life has some good color, and his treatment of volumes of tone a la Cézanne must be praised. Steichen is represented by several portraits, classic in comparison with the efforts of his associates. One, that of a woman sitting and gazing at the spectator, is intensely felt. In technique it is strong.

As for shadows, they are antique studio baggage. These young Peter Schlemils of paint have shed their shadows. A garden scene with tea table by Alfred Maurer is another vivid piece. It is vital paint this, and if it is not in the misty poetic key of Le Sidaner (who is fond of just such stunts with contrasted lights, lamplight against moonlight), it is very individual all the same. Marsden Hartley makes you catch your breath, yet a mountainside of his has a touch of the grandiose and no doubt looked that way to the young artist. Sincerity is the keynote, even the interpretation of the ugly, or what is called ugly, for it's all a matter of degree. Monet, now a rosewater idealist in landscape, was declared hideous thirty years ago. The fact is the opticians and aurists tell us that the capacity for optical and aural "accommodation" of the human eye and ear is very great. Therefore do not be surprised if some of these chaps, Brinley, Carles, Arthur Dove, Fellows, Hartley, John Marin, Alfred Maurer, Steichen and Weber loom up as pontiffs of the Futurists. We confess we went up to the Academy in a chastened mood and sought the compositions of Gilbert Gaul, Henry (not "Oh!" Henry, but E. L.) and dear old J. G. Brown as anodynes.

The Matisse controversy proceeds apace in Paris. Some German admirers sent the artist a gold crown. This moved Charles Morice—himself once a leader of les Jeunes—to make sarcastic comment in the columns of the Paris *Journal*. He finds Matisse on the wrong track, a victim to his fanatical admirers, to his native bad taste, to his research of the bizarre, the morbid, the horrible (sounds like a cast iron indictment of Richard Gambrinus Strauss) and also to a misapprehension of Cézanne. We would not mention this banal accusation if it had not been made by Morice, the same Morice who defended Paul Gauguin. He concludes by declaring that every epoch has its Bonnat and its Matisse. Yes, and its Max Nordau. There is no evading the logic of Mr. Mather, who, after a study of the Matisse drawings, summed up thus: "They are in the high tradition of fine draughtsmanship of the figure. If on sufficient acquaintance they still seem merely eccentric to any one, let him rest assured that the lack of centrality is not with them but

with himself." Pregnant sentences! And Mr. Mather did not fear to mention the august names of Pollaiolo and Hokusai in connection with Matisse. But we mustn't forget that the followers of Matisse, like the followers of Manet and Whistler, should be regarded with a suspicious eye.

B. P. Stephenson in the "New York Evening Post":

One of the surprises in the present exhibition at the Photo-Secession galleries, No. 291 Fifth Avenue, is that the paintings by Eduard Steichen look almost old-fashioned in the company where they find themselves. Besides Steichen the exhibitors are Arthur Beechwood Carles, Marsden Hartley, John Marin, Alfred Maurer, Max Weber, Arthur Dove, and D. Putnam Brinley. But Brinley does not really belong to this group of younger American painters, who are creating so much discussion by their individuality, eccentricity, or whatever you choose to call it, as is quite evident from an exhibition of his own to be described further on. These Steichen pictures were not among those shown recently at the Montross gallery, whose owner feared they might frighten away his customers, but were gladly accepted for the Photo-Secession galleries by Alfred Stieglitz, because, as he will tell you, the Photo-Secessionists have no customers to frighten. We have already spoken of these men, not knowing exactly what they are struggling to reach, and as they do not know themselves, it would be absurd for an outsider to attempt to point it out, but that they are honestly experimenting we have no doubt, and it is only as experiments that these pictures must be judged. They certainly are not masterpieces, and the men who painted them do not pretend they are. They even fight among themselves as to what the point is which they hope to reach.

Hartley sees greatness in a weird picture of two figures by Max Weber, one of the recent recruits, which looks to the present writer like a very crude painting from an Assyrian tomb, but Weber can see nothing in Hartley's three waterfalls, painted at different times of the day, nor even in a mountainside, which the writer is just beginning to understand. A well-known critic, himself a painter, refuses to publish a word about the exhibition, which he considers "an insult to the public." An hour later a critic of international repute enters the galleries and declares the exhibition to be one of the most important ever held in this country, for it is the first time that the American public has had an opportunity of seeing these works of men who express themselves in color, the whole structure of whose paintings is color. One artist exclaims, "Were the great old masters, then, all wrong?" Another, "It is not my style, but why should men be tied down to distances and middle distances because of Claude and Turner? Why not allow them to be individual?" Well, whether they be on the right or wrong tack, they are adding to the gayety of nations.

But to return to Steichen. There is one picture of his at the Photo-Secession of a woman leaning over the back of a coral colored chair, dark-haired and dark-eyed, and rich purples about her, a screen behind of many colors. It is all color broadly swept on, and the color gradually acts as magic on you, casts a spell, so that at last you begin to wonder how the most academized mind can find fault with its draughtsmanship. And so with Maurer. A few years ago he won a Carnegie prize, or something of that sort, for a figure painting, and was hailed as "the coming man." Some one called him "the modern Velasquez"; others told him the mantle of Whistler would fall upon him, and he believed what he heard. So he painted like Velasquez and he painted like Whistler, and no one bought his pictures, for men who wanted a Velasquez bought either a Velasquez or a Mazos, and those who needed a Whistler bought Whistlers; and there was no art dealer willing to push the young painter's pictures. And he went to the Salon d'Automne in Paris, saw Matisse and his followers, and scoffed; and presently he went again and, returning to his studio, he saw there was no color in his pictures, and, more than that, no individuality. So he determined to express himself. Now he is painting landscapes, and there are a spring scene of his at the Photo-Secession and a tea table on a lawn, which, if you will only take the trouble to look at them for a while and without prejudice, will tell you that Maurer has discovered an indiviual expression. Some day he will return to figure painting. It will be interesting to see how he will express himself then. Arthur Dove used to illustrate, but he went to Europe and was attacked by the epidemic rather badly, too, judging from his picture of fruit, but as yet he has not expressed individuality. But Lawrence Fellows has in his purely decorative pieces, mostly figures, in which he has not tried to follow nature, used color in a broad and simple fashion, and of all this group of painters, with the exception of Steichen, perhaps, appears to have got nearer his goal.

Mr. Harrington in the "New York Herald":

Ultra-modern art disports itself in earnest experiment in the galleries of the Photo-Secession, in Fifth Avenue near Thirtieth street, in a collection of pictures without titles, painted by men whose names are beginning to be known. The exhibition is especially interesting at this time because it will inevitably be compared with that of the works of Whistler on view in the Metropolitan Museum of Art and also with the current display of the National Academy of Design. Several very learned art critics are going straight from Whistler this week to the "Little Gallery" to experience a sensation.

The group of young American painters whose works are on exhibition consists of Messrs. Marsden Hartley, John Marin, Alfred Maurer, Max Weber, D. Putnam Brinley and Eduard Steichen. They are experimenting in public, and naturally there are others who are concerned in seeing what they are doing and why they think they ought to do it. The echoes of the cry of the last generation, "Art for art's sake," are heard in this new school of color for color's sake, of which Mons. Matisse is now probably the best known.

It may be that some day this strange school will be recognized as the beginning of an important evolution in art. Certain it is that the exhibition is attracting much attention, and the snug little gallery over which Mr. Alfred Stieglitz presides is crowded most of the day, especially when he is there to tell why the bright hued, shadowless things in frames are there.

Elizabeth L. Carey in the "New York Times":

At the Photo-Secession rooms is now a collection of paintings by G. Putnam Brinley, Arthur Beecher Carles, Arthur Dove, Lawrence Fellows, Marsden Hartley, John Marin, Alfred Maurer Eduard Steichen and Max Weber. These various talents offer a kaleidoscopic vision of that new art for which Cézanne, we suppose, is primarily responsible, but there are as many personal and strongly differentiated notes in the general harmony as in the Spring Academy. Max Weber's bits of still life are delightful, but his impressions of humanity, as in the grip of epileptic seizures, if taken seriously, as they must be, are eloquent of horror and nightmare. A very handsome picture by Mr. Steichen shows a lady with purple hair leaning on a vermilion chair-back, her figure silhouetted against a gold screen. Across the width of the room the color values come together with remarkable effectiveness. It is altogether the strongest piece of work that we have seen by Mr. Steichen, a truly barbaric force is achieved, and one thinks of the effect, not of the means. The Egyptian poster effects of Mr. Fellows also are interesting and highly decorative. Mr. Dove's table, on which are lobsters and grapes against a background of handsome figured chintz, is one of the more convincing canvases; but we confess ignorance of the general aim of the group, unless it is to make color and pattern do all the work of a picture, leaving out values of dark and light and substituting symbol for representation. Of course painting may develop incredibly in such direction, but leaving out values of dark and light upsets all our Western conceptions of a picture. So long as the color and pattern are kept stimulating and vigorous there is nothing to complain of. When they suggest disease and decay the lover of art may justly rebel.

Israel White in the "Newark Evening News":

Alfred Stieglitz has lived to see the Photo-Secession make a stir and that is what he set out to do. We have often spoken of Mr. Stieglitz. He is the showmaster extraordinary. For more than twenty years he has been arranging exhibitions all over the world. More than a thousand performances lie to his credit. He has always had a deliberate purpose in making these exhibitions and there's no doubt about his knowing how to do it. If the museums and art organizations really desired to show the public what the progressive men are doing in art they could not do better than to engage Mr. Stieglitz's services.

There's something doing in the world of art. The wind has been blowing, rustling the blinds, and still we slept. Now it rushes through the room and we must get up to see what's happening. Mr. Stieglitz will tell you that this is what it is; the men who have gone along with the tide have developed into makers of colored photographs. Then color photography—note the distinction between colored photographs and color photography—showed that the painters' colors were all wrong and that better results along this line could be secured mechanically. That

knocks the pinning out from under the artistic house and the builder must set to work anew to secure more color and a new idea in painting. Month after month he has been showing the latest results in photography and the newest things in painting. For the last three weeks he has had the walls of the Little Gallery hung with pictures by Maurer, Marin, Brinley, Carles, Dove, Fellows, Hartley, Steichen and Weber—men who have taken a new grip on color and whose pictures make Monet look gray.

Well, they went out after color and now they've got plenty of it. But we cannot see that they have much else. They have such color, however, as never was seen on canvas before. And they do not know what to do with it. They have outgrown the idea of making a picture, and their notions of art are very, very radical.

However, this strange work is not to be scorned or laughed at. We have to accommodate ourselves to it just as we have had to adjust ourselves to Sunday trains along the Lackawanna and have to keep accommodating ourselves to social changes all the time. We have been watching this thing for months. Every now and then we would go up to the Little Gallery. No matter what the exhibition on the walls might be, there was always one or more of the pictures lying around; apparently it was accidental. Gradually our eyes became accustomed to them. Pictures that had seemed brilliant, even exaggerated, grew commonplace and lost their sparkle. As Mr. Huneker wrote the other day, "Opticians and aurists tell us that the capacity for optical and aural 'accommodation' of the eye and ear is great." These pictures prove it, and we are almost ready to predict that the painting of the future, when these men or others have learned to use their discovery, will be as much more brilliant than Monet as Monet was more brilliant than Homer Martin. They have painted the world out-of-doors in more truthful tones than ever before.

But that is as far as we are willing to go. We do not dare say we will never go any further. Intimate acquaintance makes even one of Marsden Hartley's mountainsides a fascination and, hitherto, Hartley has been nothing more to us than an eccentricity; we begin to see something in the use he is making of color. Of the entire company, Putnam Brinley is on the safest ground. He still adheres to the idea of making a picture. He is not a radical except in his quest for color and light.

But every step in the progress of art has been a triumph over opposition; a victory for the radicals. The pioneers hardly outlive the ridicule they create. Their bodies are still warm when another group advances beyond them to repeat the experience. It was so with Constable and Turner, and The Men of 1830. Manet and Monet and Degas have not been fully accepted by the public yet. And here comes Matisse and his disciples. Maybe—who knows—we will live to see them become recognized as the sanest exponents of art, and then we will look back upon Hassam and Donoho and Metcalf as we look upon E. L. Henry and J. G. Brown. We do not say that we will, mind you; we say—maybe we will. The critic is always privileged to keep a loophole open as a refuge for his open mind.

Guy DuBois in the "New York American":

The fortunes of fame, as realized through notoriety, are truly inconstant, uncertain, different in aspect and result. Americus Vespucci, through the dispersal of his book on the discovery made by Columbus, robbed the latter of his due. A parallel to this great injustice is being enacted today. It is in the widespread publicity given to the name of Henri Matisse, who, in reality, far from being the originator, the head of a new movement in art, is simply a disciple of Cézanne, who, during his life, was ridiculed when he was not described a fanatic in art. Matisse, greater in ability, in power of speech, in perhaps magnetism, has dissected and divulged the older man's theories, what there is of greatness in his art, so successfully as to have been awarded the spurs that rightfully belong to Cézanne.

Where the latter in death left off Matisse has begun—begun as second man in a relay race that will end with the perfection of the system and which would never have been started without the suggestion of Cézanne. Yet the latter's name promises to be entirely eclipsed by the shadow or solidity of Matisse's. And curiously enough, the injustice does not end here; it is foisted upon the men who are next in line and who—willy-nilly—are dubbed Matissites. The impressionists who followed Monet have been more fortunate.

It is difficult to retain even a semblance of the individuality so important to an artist's fame when one's mode of expression is tagged with another man's name.

There are "followers of Matisse" among the young men who exhibit during this week at the Photo-Secession Gallery, and one may not but associate them directly and insistently with the usurper. What individuality they have is immediately merged, literally swamped by the overpowering suggestion in the big letters of the name of Matisse.

"Yes," as some one remarked, "these are the children, but what is the father like, and has he taught them manners to equal his own? Do they represent him well or badly?"

One does not imagine for a moment that they surpass him; that they may have gone over his head to Cézanne and appreciated in the work of the "grandfather" his theories—much that the mind of the father has failed to grasp.

Charles Morice, the noted French critic, is of the opinion that Matisse's understanding is in the main superficial, which would constitute him simply a daring imitator. We need here a comprehensive exhibition of the work of Matisse, and, better still, Cézanne. What an opportunity for the Metropolitan Museum of Art! The exhibition could be worse than that of the contemporary German art.

Many of the most promising young Americans have followed one or the other directly, and also have followed Picasso, to whom nature is a series of geometrical designs that are to be insisted upon in reproduction at the expense of the anatomical construction, as one may see here in the drawings of Max Weber.

Weber, however, has sense of color that could have emanated only from the inner man; so it is with Alfred H. Maurer, who is very well shown in this gallery, despite that he is decisively stamped with the hall mark of this neo-impressionistic movement—"Matisse." Along with the others, with Arthur Beecher Carles, Arthur Dove, Lawrence Fellows, a Philadelphian, who has borrowed much from the Egyptian decoration, Marsden Hartley, John Marin and G. Putnam Brinley, they accord to the gallery a very unusual brilliancy of color.

James B. Townsend in the "American Art News":

Some younger American painters, namely, G. Putnam Brinley, Arthur Beecher Carles, Arthur Dove, Lawrence Fellows, Marsden Hartley, John Marin, Alfred Maurer, Eduard Steichen, and Max Weber are holding an exhibition at the Little Galleries of the Photo-Secession, No. 291 Fifth Avenue, to March 21. It would be well for all art lovers who wish to keep abreast with the spirit of the times and to know what are the new movements in art, to visit this little display by these young experimenters, these birdlings, who are trying their wings, which will be found weirdly interesting. It may best be called a pathological art laboratory—an exhibit, as it were, of the vivisectionists of modern art. Not that all the works shown can be characterized as productions of the criminal insane or sketches by students of anatomy or makers of crazy-quilt designs. There are some exhibits, notably those of Alfred Maurer, John Marin and Eduard Steichen, which are sane and which, either in richness and riot of color and sunlight, or in delicacy of tone, are delightful. But there are others, such as the productions of Max Weber, which can only have proceeded from a close student of the "King in Yellow." Over this remarkable display presides and preaches in a most interesting way, the high priest, Alfred Stieglitz. It is understood that certain art writers and critics have been affected by the show, as by an emetic, and that others have refused even to mention it, but that a remnant, which came to scoff, has remained to pray.

Sadakichi Hartmann has written the following on this exhibition:

In several recent exhibitions I was astonished at the predominance of color. It furnished, to me at least, the peculiar note of attraction. High-keyed tonalities are no longer unfamiliar to us, they have been steadily on the increase ever since impressionism (i.e. representing form by color without any drawn outline) gained a strong foothold in modern art appreciation. But many of these paintings were not merely full sunlight effects but luminous harmonies or disharmonies—just as you like—plus color, actual color.

In contemplating them one has not only the impression of stepping forth into the open, but to be standing in the midst of a conflagration, amidst fires flaming up on all sides. We have lived for

years in a cellar and now are suddenly transported to some Oriental scene of vibrant light and barbarous color dreams.

And nowhere has this impression been more keenly felt than at the March exhibition at the Galleries of the Photo-Secession, when a group of younger American painters held a pictorial confab to prove that the Cézanne-Matisse influence finally had crossed the Atlantic and was asking for its right of existence, even in this uninspirational and artistically behind the time community. It is to the everlasting credit of the Photo-Secession Galleries to have been the first institution to offer the American public these latest revolutionary accomplishments in the domain of color.

How far the movement is under way and what success and justification it has in the world of art is difficult to state at this moment. As is always the case when painting undergoes a change and is entering upon a new phase of development, a score of men, perhaps entirely unconscious of each other's efforts, are bent upon solving the same problems, to unravel the intricacies of a subtler and more convincing method of representation and to find the safest and surest medium to convey this new view of life. And I selected the names of Matisse and Cézanne merely as an emblem of classification to differentiate the efforts of this latest movement from those of the Impressionists and Neo-Impressionists.

The new movement is striving principally for the realization of the three vital principles of color, motion and form. Their interpretation of color is new in as far as it deals not so much with the veracity of local color. The Impressionists oppose the complimentary colors, yellow sunlight with purple shadows. The anti-Impressionists prefer a subtler juxtaposition of primary or secondary colors that are nearer related to each other, as for instance blue and the tints of its adjoining sections of green, yellow, purple and red. This produces a rarer contrast and vibrancy and consequently the illusion—a perhaps more convincing though more decorative quality of light.

But it is not so much actual light they strive for as the virility and motion of some color impression. It is not the matter of fact representation of a scene they want but its poetry and sentiment as expressed by some color combination.

Their facture is lawless, experimental, opposed to the mechanism of this age, and it is one of their main contentions and efforts to overcome all formulæ and recipes of former methods of painting. In their line drawing they reveal an atavistic, pantheistic tendency. They either see the beauty of character in all forms, as nature or the effort of man have fashioned them, or they go back to ethnological forms that are foreign to our civilization but have been considered beautiful by other races, in other climes and remoter times.

The followers of this movement have been accused of insincerity, of the sole and vainglorious ambition to do something new, no matter at what sacrifice to truth and beauty. This is not astonishing. Every innovator in all, even the most ordinary, phases of life has to fight the same battle. Whether they are in the right or wrong only future developments can decide.

All I realize is this, that all these men love color, they drink it in, they bathe in it, they worship it on their knees and become intoxicated with its joy and glory. The sun has risen at last; they have witnessed them, those rainbow lights of the sky and their magical influence on all terrestrial scenes and conditions. It has become their dearest possession, a lusty wench of extravagant taste and proportions, loud and unabashed, and one thing is certain—they will never forsake her entirely.

This, then, I believe, is what the whole movement stands for: Color and virility. Not necessarily poetic or emotional color, nor atmospheric or decorative color, but color endowed with some sensuous or emotional magnificence. And it must be vital, actually glow, sparkle and vibrate—no matter whether instinct or caprice, a scientific theory or a state of rapture furnishes the *causa movens*. This is the new lesson they have to teach. Whether these queer interpretations of simultaneous contrast are art is a futile question. Frequently they are not, surely not in the accepted sense, masterpieces are still scarce, but these men are trying to produce a new and virile art. That should suffice.

And the art public, even its most advanced partisans, will have to learn to see life in art as they see it. Their cataracts will be operated upon by the critics, and picture buyers will eventually accept the new ware, forgetful of the reminiscences of the older arts that, alas, are ingrained inch deep in all of us. White gods still walk the sacred woods. The old dreams still haunt our imagination and our thoughts fly out but rarely to undiscovered stars on the map of art. All the same the lesson has to be learnt. For this fanaticism for pure color—with its cries of violence and

scattering of firebrands—is not the result of individual effort, it floats in the air, in Maine as much as in Montmartre, and is the logical sequence of the development of painting.

When Leonardo wrote that "the first object of a painter is to make a simple flat surface appear like a relievo" he uttered a great truth—for his time. But it was after all only half the truth, as the Japanese proved the verity of the opposite in an equally convincing and eloquent style. The aim of art is no longer to *create* an illusion but to *suggest* an illusion. The classic era is past, and the Japanese era with all its suggestive splendor has set in; while the storm and stress of the present day has added to this new conception its analytical psychological moods. The Old Masters have become the privileged property of collectors and tourists who do not mind taking a ten-mile constitutional in public museums. They still remain beautiful, of course. But their beauty has lost some of its meaning. We can no longer paint like the Florentines and Venetians, simply because we do not know how, neither do we care to, as we have something else to say that expresses our age more adequately.

There is a scientific pessimistic trend in man's thought today. Life is hard on all men with unselfish, esthetic or intellectual pursuits. Not that life has grown more material, but that we are more conscious of the fact. The masses have been awakened, they grumble, growl and snarl, they try to throw off the fetters of poverty, and there is a general crowding, jostling and groping in the ranks for a more gracious humane existence. That is why artists are swept aside and poets not listened to. The full dinner pail is of more importance. There is no room for art exfoliation, neither under the parvenu or socialist régime.

And the artist, particularly the American artist, receiving so little encouragement either intellectually or materially—should he shelter one spark of genuine beauty worship in his soul—will fall back upon himself, upon his own strength, and find a way for himself in which he can express what is dearest to his heart.

And the painters naturally turn to color. They realize fully that their palettes will pour forth a stream so rich and many colored that the death of the art of painting alone could dam it. For color is the soul of painting. It always has been. At least it has been considered one of the greatest attributes of painting, while now it is destined to become the principal one. We want no more painting for religion's sake. We want no more painting for the sake of some symbol, of some poetical or ethical idea. We want no more painting for painting's sake, to show off clever brush work. We want painting primarily for the glorification of color.

This is the war cry. And time will show that it is the most candid, the sanest, and most logical, if not only way, of solving the vital problem of modern art.

Immediately after the exhibition of the "Younger American Painters," held at the Photo-Secession Gallery, a huge show of "independent" artists, under the leadership of Mr. Robert Henri, the painter, was arranged. Mr. Huneker, in the "N. Y. Sun," wrote as follows of this exhibition:

A revolution that doesn't revolve could hardly be called a success; but no fault can be found with the way the wheels go round at the exhibition of the Independent Artists in West Thirty-fifth street. Indeed, the velocity and variety of the aforesaid wheels is almost blinding. Wheels of every description; wheels within wheels; Catherine wheels, and the wheel of Ixion—poor art lashed to the spokes. Such busy little wheels! Such busy little Goya, Manet, Cézanne wheels! The coruscation is dazzling, the noise deafening, while the "quiet" canvases in the collection seem like mournful wraiths. All the lads and lasses, the insurgents, revolutionists, anarchs, socialists, all the opponents to any form of government, to any method of discipline, are to be seen at this vaudeville in color, and the worse they smear the more they tug at the coat tails of painters like Henri, Davies, Lawson, Glackens, Bellows, Rockwell Kent and a few others for support. The pendulum has swung from the insipidity and conventionality of the Academy to the opposite extreme—to rawness, dull vulgarity (there is a fresh vulgarity, you know!) and the banalities of wretched paint, draughtsmanship and composition. The younger generation has kicked in the front door of the master builder, but something is lacking—art; the chief devil possessing this show is the devil of empty display. There is plenty of crude talent, but without schooling or direction. These young women and men wish to sing *Isolde* and *Tristan*, *Brünhilde* and *Siegfried*, before they have mastered their scales.

But the gesture is brave, as they say in Parisian anarchisitc circles when some imbecile throws a bomb at a gendarme. It is well to inform official circles at times that there are children among them taking notes. Perhaps the easiest thing to criticise in this hastily improvised affair is its lack of unity, its absence of tendency, in a word, its general futility. As for novelty, why, at Alfred Stieglitz's Photo-Secession Gallery a week ago there was a grouping of the minor spirits of the Matisse movement that were actually new, not mere offshoots of the now moribund impressionists as are the majority of the Independents. However, neither raging abuse nor cool criticism will prove to the muddiers of canvases in Thirty-fifth street that they ought to be at house or sign painting (for the technical lessons involved) or breaking stones on the highway instead of wasting good paint and muscle. Paul Gauguin said that a painter is either a revolutionist or a plagiarist. These young folks have demonstrated their ability to play both roles with complete complaisance. However, there is a limit, and this limit logically resolves itself into the Fakirs' exhibit in West Fifty-seventh street. The Fakirs are the connecting link between Academic stupidity and impertinent independence.

Three years ago the *Sun* saluted the work of such men as Davies, Lawson, Henri, Glackens, Sloan, Jerome Meyers, Bellows, Prendergast, Kent, Julius Golz, Everett Shinn and others. They are here, but not in their best estate; yet how resplendently they shine! Mr. Henri, whose influence upon the youthful, warlike spirits is very fatally marked, shows a Salome dancer, startling in its coarseness, as befits the theme; therefore a human document. What such a sensationalist as Ben Ali Haggin attempted in the full length portraits of Mary Garden and Rita Sacchetto, Henri achieves with a virtuosity that overwhelms. He even dares to tell the truth, a Schopenhauer truth about the lower limbs of his model. She is short-legged. If painters recorded that fact oftener portraiture would soon go out of fashion. Mr. Henri is always brilliant. Yet—dare we confess it?—the marine on the second floor is worth, in an artistic way, all his females in this show. He is sincere, powerful, imaginative in that marine.

Mr. Davies has several pictures; "As Movement of Water" is the most seductive, but his wonderful color, still more wonderful poetry, seem like angels astray in the ruck and confusion of these galleries. Mr. Lawson is to be viewed better at his individual show in the Madison Gallery. Mr. Glackens' big nude is surprisingly brilliant, though reminiscent of Renoir, particularly in the color scheme. The Bellows pugilists we admired at the Pennsylvania Academy, and we have described before the surprising picture of Blackwell's Island by Julius Golz. Elmer Livingston Macrae holds his own, and James Preston is on the way to be completely Lawsonized. As for Everett Shinn, he appears as a master of the classic manner when compared with some of his neighbors.

"Road Breaking" by Rockwell Kent further confirms our first impression of the young man's talents. When he made his maiden exhibition on Fifth Avenue (at Clausen's) two or three seasons ago, it was not difficult to foresee his future. His marines are as powerful and drastic as ever. Walt Kuhn, Ernest Fuhr, Carl Sprinchorn, Homer Boss are men who are doing things. Polly Rice is somewhat disconcerting. She is young, gifted, and not burdened with a spirit of reticence. Her "Head of an Anarchist" is the best. Her notion that nuns are sinister hypocrites seems to be based rather on a reading of Eugene Sue's "The Wandering Jew," or Blanco Ibanez's "In the Shadow of the Cathedral" than on facts.

Evergood Blashki has jumped the boundary line and is now with the independent goats, after long vegetating with the academic sheep. His color is rich and vibrating. Prendergast is delightful as usual, and the Jerome Meyers nocturnal dock scene is still fascinating. We praised it long ago. Young Guy Du Bois, who has inherited the artistic activities of his father, Henri Peine Du Bois, shows some clever work. We liked "Au Cadran Bleu," with its feeling for values. John Sloan's striking illustrations are no novelty, yet always worth seeing. He is a born ironist. Hilda Belcher is a favorite, and Frank Nankivell comes to the front as an "old master" with his charming Whistlerian portrait of a veiled woman. We admired it at a Pennsylvania Academy exhibition. His color spots in his little landscape are enticing. Leon Dabo has a poetic nocturne that shivers sensitively in the hurly-burly.

Nothing new, you see! The best things have been shown here time and time again; the bad stuff we hope never to encounter any more. We preferred the third floor with its original drawings to all the rest. Henri, John B. Yeats, John Sloan, May Preston Glackens, Florence Scovell Shinn,

E. Dimock—fine, subtile character in the young man's stuff—Glenn Coleman, and so many others that the list would fill a book. The most impressive piece of sculpture was Gutzon Borglum's large head of Lincoln. There are contributions by Aitken, James Fraser, Humphreys, Louis Potter, Gertrude Whitney and Dorothy Rice.

To sum up: we advise those who have visited the spring Academy to see the Independents. They will have the poison and the antidote, but about twenty blocks apart. It is a joyful show in Thirty-fifth street, and as an expression of a spring frolic it will harm no one, not even the suffering public. It will probably pay expenses; and that is an important item. Nevertheless, we regret that the number of exhibitors was not limited to a baker's dozen, the number of pictures to not more than three dozen. Fancy 260 paintings, 344 drawings, plastered all over the dingy walls of a badly lighted house! No, messieurs et mesdemoiselles, les Independents, you'll never beat the Academy at its own stupid game by substituting quantity for quality! Two wrongs don't make a right. Oppose quality to quantity. Slash off the heads of two-thirds of your applicants and try to kill the demon of vain display. One ounce of sincerity outweighs a ton of garish virtuosity. All of which is submitted, though confessedly as old fashioned as the Flood; but then, we prefer one-man shows to the most variegated paint circus that ever whirred.

CHINESE DOLLS AND MODERN COLORISTS

I HAVE seen Chinese dolls, Hopi Katcinas images, and also Indian quilts and baskets, and other work of savages, much finer in color than the works of the modern painter-colorists. Yet the dolls were very modest and quiet about their color, not to speak of their makers; and their makers knew they were making dolls and toys and were satisfied at that. But at the *Salon d'Automne*, and the *Salon des Artistes Indépendents*, the canvases of some of the color masters seem to shriek out, "Why, the whole universe depends upon me! Don't you know that?" And pretty soon a mob gathers in front, and on all sides of these masterly colored pieces, and all join the chorus in unison. This is so even with the very poorly colored paintings as long as they are in red and green, blue and yellow, or other scientific harmonies, freshly squeezed from the pure tubes. But the purely colored doll, with its intense and really beautiful color and form, is nothing but a pleasing toy, while a Cézanne or a Renoir, with its marvelously rare and saturated, yet grey colored forms, is a masterpiece, and a very unpretentious and distinguished one.——I'll take a Cézanne and keep my Chinese doll.

There are today painters who lay open the tubes upon their canvases, according to the laws of modern chromatics, then step upon them until the canvas is well and purely covered, and uncovered canvas is a happy accident. After this marvelous achievement they expect trees, pots, heads, figures, or other forms, and even *l'expression absolue*, to grow out of these colored steps. Impossible! No smear of Veronese green, juxtaposed with one of vermilion, or other formless complimentary daubs or splashes, however brilliant in color, can ever take the place of even the dullest toned or moderately colored painting that has form. There can be no color without there being a form, in space and in light, with substance and weight, to hold the color. I prefer a form, even if it is in black and white, rather than a *tache* of formless color. And as we think of these matters, we question: "Will there ever be a science of art?"

MAX WEBER.

A DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT

THE STATE OF "ART" PHOTOGRAPHY

In the last six or eight years there has been a manifest falling off in the number of photographic exhibitions, and that despite a steady increase in the popular use of the camera. This seems to be admitted on all hands in Europe, and, according to an English critic, who is evidently well informed, the number of photographic societies in the United States has "decreased 50 or 60 per cent. at least." He does not think, however, that this implies a decay of interest in photography, for dealers say "they never had so many photographers on their books as at the present time; while amongst holiday-makers it is only necessary to go to one of those places which tempt the photographer to make an exposure to find that almost every other visitor has a camera of some kind."

The truth seems to be that what the public has lost interest in is that peculiar variety of photography which is called "pictorial." The critic we have just quoted made an inquiry into the public attendance at two of the main annual exhibitions in London. One of these exhibitions is of the miscellaneous sort, the other is given up entirely to high art and is called a *salon*. To say that the visitors to the latter numbered a hundred a day would, he thinks, be an exaggeration; but allowing that there were so many, we find that the total number of visitors in the course of the exhibition was about 3,000, while at the non-pictorial show the number was something in the neighborhood of 11,000. And from this circumstance and others of a like kind he draws the following inference:

The great majority of those who carry cameras care nothing about "art," at least as far as their photography is concerned. Hybrid methods of photographic-painting, such as gum-bichromate, oil, and, the latest, bromoil, in which a few of the members of photographic societies are so wrapped up, do not exist for them at all. They want records, portraits that shall be instantly recognizable, scenes that have a definite geographical significance. "Study of a Head" and "The Brook at Even" they pass by, while "The Place Where Charlie Met Us on his way from Nice" and "Uncle John and Aunt Emma on the lawn" find interested spectators at once.

Now this, distressing as it must be to the camera artist, is perhaps not altogether discreditable to the exhibition-goer. Uncle John and Aunt Emma are apt to be quite interesting to those who know them, and as snapped by the button-presser are very often amusing even to those who don't. Draped, however, in classic garments, furnished with Pan pipes, "treated" by the pictorialist, and labelled "Pastoral" or "Arcadia" or "Study," the said Uncle John and Aunt Emma are two of the worst bores we know. If the public are sick of this mongrel art is it any wonder? For our own part, having had a surfeit of it in the last few years, we long for plain, unspoiled, "inartistic" snap-shots, and sympathize abundantly with those who prefer the absurdest indiscretions of the reckless photographer to the cooked-up sentimentalities of the art-photographers, with their trite and fatuous pictorial preconceptions.

THE above is reprinted from the editorial columns of the New York *Evening Sun* for June 24th, 1910, a newspaper of recognized authority and, despite its occasional lapses into prejudiced acerbity and cheap vulgarity, esteemed for its intelligence, good humor and general sanity of point of view. We reprint this editorial, however, not because it illustrates the more estimable qualities of the editorial mind, but because we are accustomed occasionally to take an opportunity that may be offered to record and preserve for future reference those counterblasts to photography which its critics are so fond of delivering, and which serve so often to point a moral and adorn a tale. We make no doubt that the writer of this precious lucubration is that very brilliant assistant editor and quondam art-critic, Mr. Fitzgerald, better known, perhaps to the *cognoscenti* of the art world of New York as the defender of the faith of the once "boosted" but now wisely neglected, "Eight." Mr. Fitzgerald has been art critic to the *Evening Sun* for some years now and has so often committed his journal to his own antagonistic attitude towards pho-

tography as an expression of art that we are compelled to ask for the cause of these periodic outbursts. What has photography done that it should merit this gentleman's persistent indignation? Is it because it has draped Aunt Emma and Uncle John and called them "Pastoral," or "Arcadia" or "Study"? Surely that is not so heinous a sin! We know of respectable artists, even those for whom Mr. Fitzgerald once stood sponsor, who have draped even homelier people and called them by even more grandiose titles. Is it any wonder that the public are sick of their mongrel art? (Mr.Fitzgerald will pardon us for appropriating his elegant diction.) For our own part we have long ago had our surfeit of these trite and fatuous pictorial preconceptions. And we have long ago had our surfeit of the trite and fatuous praises with which these pictorial preconceptions have been received by critics who should know better.

But this is by the way. In this latest editorial of his Mr. Fitzgerald becomes ratiocinative. And we prick up our ears. In these degenerate days an art critic who can reason logically is no common bird. Only he should make quite sure first that his premises are sound. Otherwise his syllogisms may lead him astray. Unfortunately for Mr. Fitzgerald he forgot to take this precaution. He accepted as an authority on the progress of photography a gentleman, who, in spite of his statistics and writings on photography, is not an authority. The English exhibition—the last of the now discontinued exhibitions of the Linked Ring—to which Mr. Fitzgerald refers and upon which he bases his conclusion, was indeed a dismal failure; but it was a failure, not for the reasons given by Mr. Fitzgerald, but for the fact that, with the exception of one or two, all the photographers of international reputation and acknowledged excellence abstained from exhibiting in it. So that the failure was inevitable. But the failure of this particular exhibition does not at all imply, as Mr. Fitzgerald will have it that it implies, that the public has lost interest in photography—even in that peculiar variety of photography called pictorial. It is rather stupid to draw a universal conclusion from a single instance. We might just as well argue that because so few people visit the annual exhibitions of our respectable National Academy of Design that the public is no longer interested in painting as an art.

We are devotedly thankful that there are fewer photographic "Art Exhibitions" now than there were several years ago. What has been lost in quantity, however, has been gained in quality. (We wish the same could be said of the "real" art exhibitions.) The decline in the number of mediocre exhibitions is due, not to lack of interest, but to the growth of intelligence in a public which has been educated by means of good exhibitions to distinguish what is good and real from what is bad and superficial. We dare aver, and we make the statement from a long experience, that if a representative exhibition of pictorial photographs be given today it will obtain a better appreciation and a more genuine interest than ever before. The percentage of work really worth while is no less and no greater in photography than it is in any other medium of individual expression. We are fully in accord with Mr. Fitzgerald in his impatience at the endless "arty" stuff with which the majority of photographers

deceive themselves and impose on the public. But that does not blind us to the value of what is genuine and "of the centre" in photography. We have no patience, also, with the sophisticated clever paint-slapping that has so frequently passed for "art" with critics of even Mr. Fitzgerald's insight; but that does not blind us to the splendid productions of genius. We differ, however, from Mr. Fitzgerald in still having faith. He has lost his faith. It may be that his experience of sorrow with painters has soured his genial spirit and now sends him turning atrabilious eyes on any art. That is a pity. "Ueber allen Gipfeln," said Goethe, "ist Ruhe." On the other side of the hills of disappointment are the Ranges of Hope. We invite Mr. Fitzgerald to climb them with us, making but one condition—that he leave behind him "the trite and fatuous preconceptions" which an association with mediocrity has implanted in his mind. EDITORS.

OUR PLATES

IN THIS number of CAMERA WORK we conclude the series of reproductions of Mr. Frank Eugene's work which was begun in the last issue of the magazine. We believe that the plates published in the two numbers will give the readers of CAMERA WORK a very fair idea of the scope and character of Mr. Eugene's interesting photographic work. In the two numbers all the gravures have been reproduced from the original negatives and all but one, the Prince Rupprecht, in the original size; the Prince Rupprecht has been somewhat enlarged. Like the plates in the last number of CAMERA WORK those in the present issue were engraved and printed by the German firm, F. Bruckmann Verlag, Munich, under the direction of its director, Mr. F. Goetz and the personal supervision of Frank Eugene himself.

The article on Frank Eugene which Mr. Maximilian Rohe, of Munich, had promised us and which we had hoped to publish in this number, has been unexpectedly delayed in its materialization. It is therefore held over for some future number.

PLATES

FRANK EUGENE

XI. Nude—A Child

XII. "Hortensia"

XIII. Nude—A Study

XIV. Direktor F. Goetz


Eugene

WHAT IS BEAUTY?

THE age that accepted the works of Raphael, Titian and Tintoretto as classic masterpieces could pronounce Louis David's "Rape of the Sabines" a masterpiece and classic. As compared with that of Raphael, Titian and Tintoretto, the classicism of David and his age is dead. So much for permanent value of popular judgment. It is usually reducible to the pronouncement of a group of critics, opponents or partisans of popular artists; and the merit of their critiques is co-extensive with the soundness of the knowledge, taste and judgment of the critics. And then, as today, it too often is the case that the majority of professional critics, while possessed of some knowledge, represents little judgment and less taste. In the very nature of their occupation they themselves are the precipitated expression of popular likings and prejudices. The majority of the public is responsive only to the obvious. That is obvious that appeals most directly to average everyday unimaginative understanding, whose intellectual ratchet is held in proper restraint by the pawl of convention. Its course of progress is always round itself. It can never get away from its own pivotal centre. When the pawl of judicious restraint loses grip on the ratchet wheel of the obvious it buzzes like an electric fan round its stationary centre till the heat of its circumscribed, uncontrolled revolutions, expands to the point where it blocks its own motion and locks upon itself. Thus moving or at rest the outermost circumference of the obvious never increases its distance from its central pivot which is convention. Convention is the wisdom of ignorance. The wisdom of ignorance is the offspring of instinct and vanity. That wisdom is never creative, except in a negative way: for example, when it serves as a retarding agent of too rapid or radical progress. Of the more subtly fine and delicate it is often destructive.

Upon such ground as is exact and demonstrable, as for example, astronomy, chemistry and all calculable science, it ventures not to trespass its opinions. But where art and taste of any sort are concerned, it gives itself free rein. For does not each man feel, and see, and know color? Has he not as much right as the next to say what is art? Does he not know what he likes? Is not that which he likes the standard of judgment? Does it require any special training to teach the perception of the beautiful? Will not each one say, "I am quite able to judge that for myself—I know what is beautiful, what I like. You can't make me see any beauty in that Rodin nude, for example. It is gross and contorted. It should be destroyed. And that so-called picture in color by Hartley, who ever saw anything like that? It's grotesque. Such work is inartistic and unnatural and should not be encouraged. Why do you have such exhibitions anyhow? What does that fellow mean by this, and this chap by that? *I* don't see anything in it."

And so it goes. Here you find the critic and his followers declaring their right to freedom of taste and opinion and their determination not to be coerced into accepting any standard but their own for beauty; and in the same breath themselves setting a standard and trying to coerce the artist to recognize and conform to their requirement and idea of beauty. Ask the public and critics

what beauty is. Where attempt at reply is made at all the answer will be a wordy evasion, impressionistically vague and indeterminate. Turn to the Standard Dictionary, for example, and look up the word *beautiful;* you will read the following:

1. Having conspicuously the qualities of beauty; excelling in form or grace; exerting the charm of beauty; appealing to or satisfying the esthetic faculty.
2. Finely illustrating a type or principle; complete and harmonious in form or development, as a beautiful specimen in botany or case in surgery; a beautiful system.

Then below we find defined: "The beautiful, beauty in the abstract; the domain of beauty; also that which is beautiful; distinguished from *the true* and *the good*, as the *beautiful* in nature or art. *The beautiful* is apprehended by taste or esthetic powers, *the true* by the logical or rational, the *good* by the moral or practical. Anything may thus be at the same time true, beautiful and good though from different points of view and for different reasons."

Let us now turn to the Standard definition of beauty:

1. That quality of objects in nature, art or mind that appeals and gratifies the esthetic nature or faculty; the perfection of form or shaping, physical or spiritual, resulting from the harmonious combination of diverse elements in unity.
2. The sense of the beautiful, or the power in man of perceiving and appreciating the beautiful; the esthetic faculty, including taste and constructive imagination.
3. A feature or element in any object that helps to make it beautiful; a person or thing that is beautiful, especially by way of contrast; said of a very attractive woman, or a fine specimen of its kind, as a horse, dog, etc.
4. In mysticism, the perfection of the Supreme Being.
5. The ruling style; fashion.

Here we have a fine example of wordiness that is vague and indefinite in meaning. It does not give us any very clear conception when we are told that the beautiful is that "having conspicuously the qualities of beauty; excelling in form or grace; exerting the charm of beauty; appealing to or satisfying the esthetic faculty."

Nor are we more illumined by the explanation of *the beautiful* that it is "beauty in the abstract; the dominion of beauty; also that which is beautiful; distinguished from *the true* and *the good*, as *the beautiful* in nature or art." We might as well say Jones is Jones as distinguished from Brown or Smith. Jones, as a matter of fact, does not need to be distinguished in order to be Jones nor are Brown and Smith necessary to explain the why of Jones unless Jones chances to be dumb or intoxicated.

We are told that the beautiful is apprehended by taste or the esthetic powers, etc., etc., and find ourselves very much at the point whence we started.

Turning to Skeats' Etymological Dictionary we find that the word beauty is derived from French *beau*, old French *bel*, Latin *bellus*, fair, fine; and we deduce from this that that which is fine or fair to contemplate or look upon is beautiful. From this we again deduce that the beautiful is that that charms and attracts by its fineness or fairness, i.e., that that approaches our conception of the perfect. It was no less a person than Dürer who said, "What is beauty: that is what I do not know." Beauty might be said to be the divine dream-vision or inherited memory of every true artist shaped and moulded by the circumstances and environments of his life and age. The real pioneers of art ever in pursuit of that dim dream within their souls reverence the accomplishments of the great masters of art who preceded them none the less because their dream of beauty comes in different guise. Of the great masterpieces of the past they say, as Ingres said to his students in passing through the Rubens gallery in the Louvre, "Salute—but pass on." Salute, but pass on. Respect and admire, study the great masters if you will; they can teach much, but seek to evolve from your inner self your own dream. If there is that in nature that awakens a quick, throbbing response and an irresistible desire to give definite expression to the thrill of joy thus stirred, seek to express as nearly as possible as you feel, and see, and understand, and not in the terms and mannerisms of recognized classicism of the established masters. This is the lesson that Secessionism would teach, in these days of commercialized art and expensive living; in these days when pseudo-old-masters bring handsome prices and struggling artists of merit receive little encouragement; in these days when more powerful than ever before is the temptation to conform in pictorial style and subject to the requirements of the academic art juries and most successful art dealers. It is individualism of style and expression that Secessionism seeks to encourage. Let each see and feel for himself and express himself as he sees and feels.

It is this that the public and even many of the critics find so difficult to understand. In the work of the so-called wild men of Paris and New York, the Expressionists I prefer to term them, they see only a violation to their recognized standards and an affront to their conventions. Many of the nudes of Matisse, for example, deeply shocked their moral sense. This appears to be due largely to the fact that it is almost impossible for the public to view the presentation of the nude human form as merely an expression of animation—the most wonderful piece of machinery in the word. Somehow they always see in it something that borders on the immoral. In view of the fact that most occidental literature concerns itself almost exclusively with questions of sex and it is the one problem we have continuously before us whether in plays, books or operas, light or heavy, it is natural that this should be so. Orientals who, while apparently very free in such matters, seem to regard our literature as more or less immoral because of the manner in which it gives predominance to such matters. Compare Occidental with Oriental art and note how great a part the sex element predominates in our art expression as compared with theirs. As nations have their different points of view, so have individuals. Some New Orleans friends related to me that on one occasion when Lafcadio Hearn was writing on the *Times Democrat* of New Orleans, he visited their

home. The old Southern home was charming but far from being as beautiful and mysterious as it appeared to Hearn because of his impaired vision. So each one sees from his particular point of view; and as each may be right or wrong it is well not to condemn too readily the works of a Matisse, a Marin, a Weber or a Hartley, because to us they seem extreme, bizarre or outré. Time may prove these things the pioneer steps of a new and vital expression of the beautiful; or it may relegate them to the junk-heap of *art* as the ephemeral impertinences of clever charlatans. That is something that the verdict of time alone will decide. Read over and compare the opinions on the same exhibitors published in the various newspapers by our leading art critics and republished in CAMERA WORK as an object lesson in comparative contemporary criticism. See how widely at variance are these gifted and brilliant leaders of public opinion on art and often how much at sea too. And then recall what Dürer said, "What is beauty: that is what I do not know"; and be guided in forming opinions by the advice of Voltaire, "Cultivate preferences but avoid prejudices."

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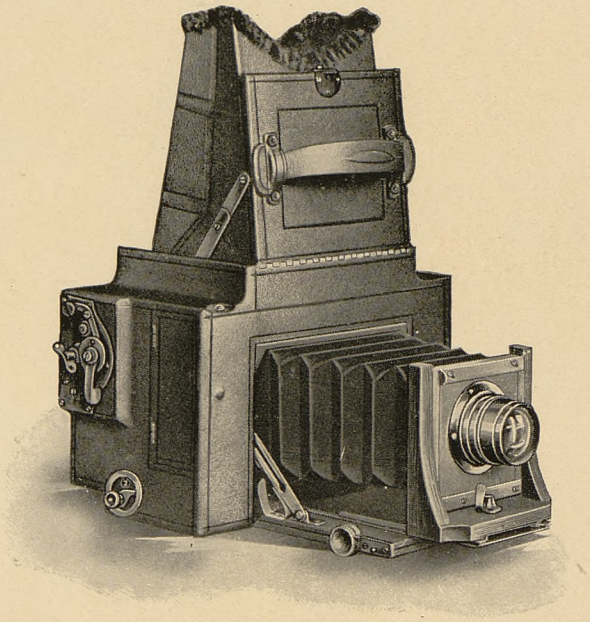

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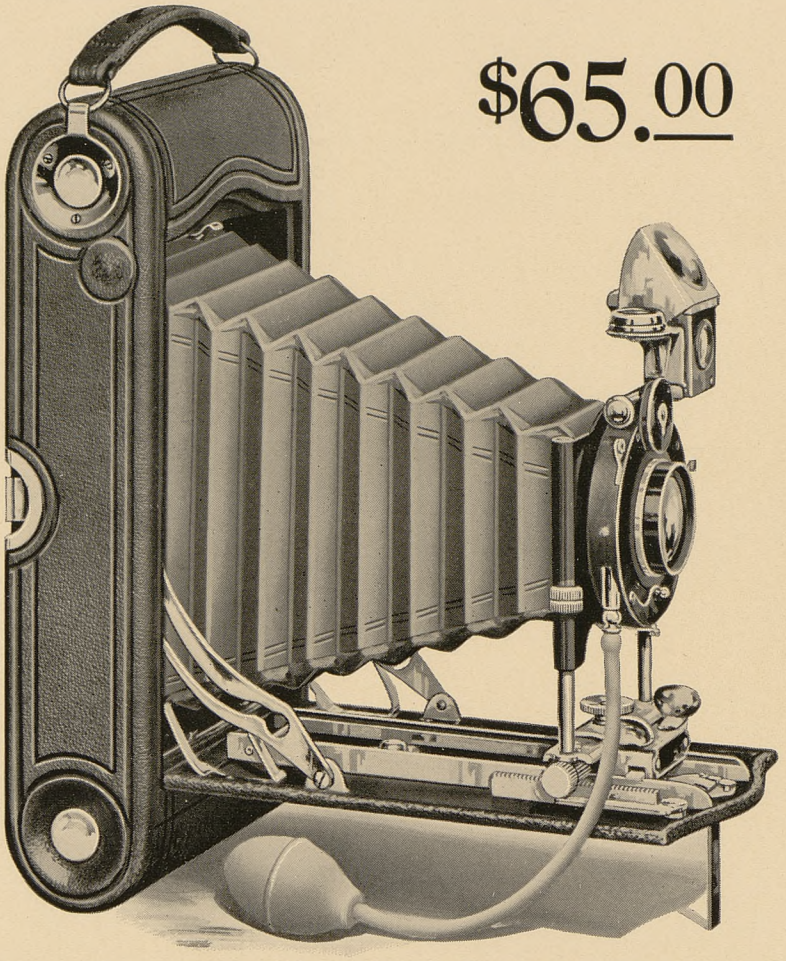

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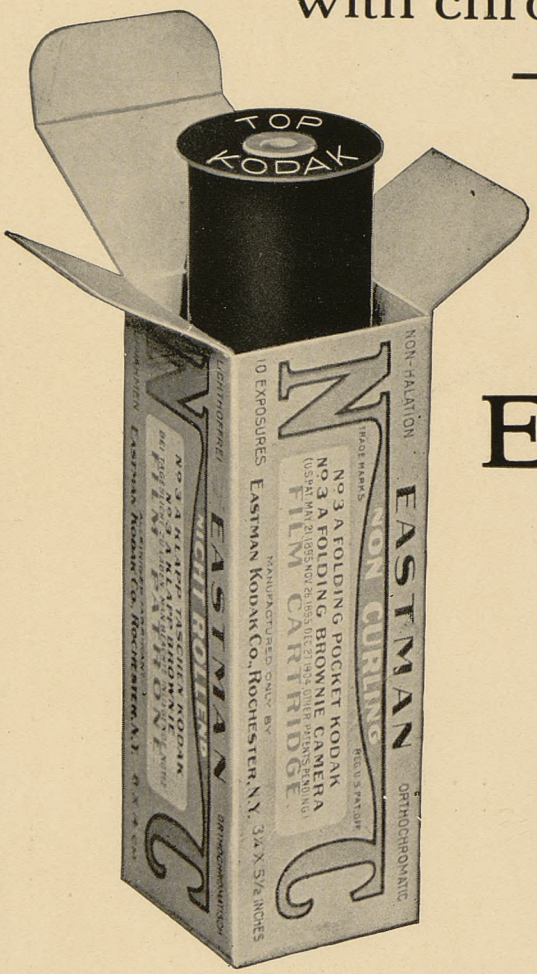

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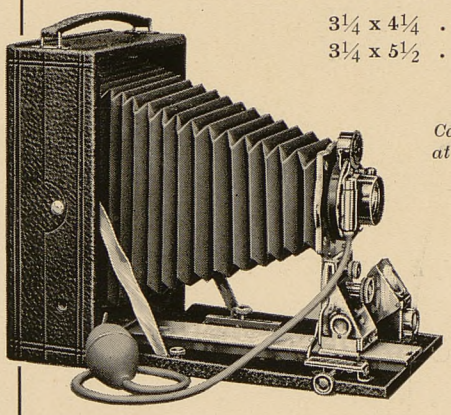

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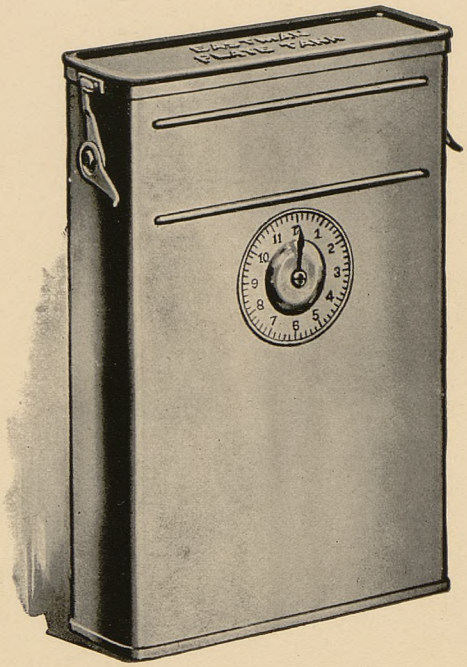

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