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THE days are wonderful and the nights are wonderful and the life is pleasant.

Bargaining is something and there is not that success. The intention is what if application has that accident results are reappearing. They did not darken. That was not an adulteration.

So much breathing has not the same place when there is that much beginning. So much breathing has not the same place when the ending is lessening. So much breathing has the same place and there must not be so much suggestion. There can be there the habit that there is if there is no need of resting. The absence is not alternative.

Any time is the half of all the noise and there is not that disappointment. There is no distraction. An argument is clear.

Packing is not the same when the place which has all that is not emptied. There came there the hall and this was not the establishment. It had not all the meaning.

Blankets are warmer in the summer and the winter is not lonely. This does not assure the forgetting of the intention when there has been and there is every way to send some. There does not happen to be a dislike for water. This is not heartening.

As the expedition is without the participation of the question there will be nicely all that energy. They can arrange that the little color is not bestowed. They can leave it in regaining that intention. It is mostly repaid. There can be an irrigation. They have the whole paper and they send it in some package. It is not inundated.

A bottle that has all the time to stand open is not so clearly shown when there is green color there. This is not the only way to change it. A little raw potato and then all that softer does happen to show that there has been enough. It changes the expression.

It is not darker and the present time is the best time to agree. This which has been feeling is what has the appetite and the patience and the time to stay. This is not collaborating.

All the attention is when there is not enough to do. This does not determine a question. The only reason that there is not that pressure is that there is a suggestion. There are many going. A delight is not bent. There has been that little wagon. There is that precision when there has not been an imagination. There has not been that kind abandonment. Nobody is alone.

If the spread that is not a piece removed from the bed is likely to be
whiter then certainly the sprinkling is not drying. There can be the message where the print is pasted and this does not mean that there is that esteem. There can be the likelihood of all the days not coming later and this will not deepen the collected dim version.

It is a gnarled division that which is not any obstruction and the forgotten swelling is certainly attracting, it is attracting the whiter division, it is not sinking to be growing, it is not darkening to be disappearing, it is not aged to be annoying. There cannot be sighing. This is this bliss.

Not to be wrapped and then to forget undertaking, the credit and then the resting of that interval, the pressing of the sounding when there is no trinket is not altering, there can be pleasing classing clothing.

A sap that is that adaptation is the drinking that is not increasing. There can be that lack of any quivering. That does not originate every invitation. There is not wedding introduction. There is not all that filling. There is the climate that is not existing. There is that plainer. There is the likeliness lying in liking likely likeliness. There is that dispensation. There is the paling that is not reddening, there is the reddening that is not reddening, there is that protection, there is that destruction, there is not the present lessening there is the argument of increasing. There is that that is not that which is that resting. There is not that occupation. There is that particular half of directing that there is that particular whole direction that is not all the measure of any combination. Gliding is not heavily moving. Looking is not vanishing. Laughing is not evaporating. There can be the climax. There can be the same dress. There can be an old dress. There can be the way there is that way there is that which is not that charging what is a regular way of paying. There has been William. All the time is likely. There is the condition. There has been admitting. There is not the print. There is that smiling. There is the season. There is that where there is not that which is where there is what there is which is beguiling. There is a paste.

Abandon a garden and the house is bigger. This is not smiling. This is comfortable. There is the comforting of predilection. An open object is establishing the loss that there was when the vase was not inside the place. It was not wandering.

A plank that was dry was not disturbing the smell of burning and although there was the best kind of sitting there could never be all the edging that the largest chair was having. It was not pushed. It moved then. There was not that lifting. There was that which was not any contradiction and there was not the bland fight that did not have that regulation. The contents were not darkening. There was not that hesitation. It was
occupied. That was not occupying any exception. Any one had come. There was that distribution.

There was not that velvet spread when there was a pleasant head. The color was paler. The moving regulating is not a distinction. The place is there.

Likely there is not that departure when the whole place that has that texture is so much in the way. It is not there to stay. It does not change that way. A pressure is not later. There is the same. There is not the shame. There is that pleasure.

In burying that game there is not a change of name. There is not perplexing and co-ordination. The toy that is not round has to be found and looking is not straining such relation. There can be that company. It is not wider when the length is not longer and that does make that way of staying away. Every one is exchanging returning. There is not a prediction. The whole day is that way. Any one is resting to say that the time which is not reverberating is acting in partaking.

A walk that is not stepped where the floor is covered is not in the place where the room is entered. The whole one is the same. There is not any stone. There is the wide door that is narrow on the floor. There is all that place.

There is that desire and there is no pleasure and the place is filling the only space that is placed where all the piling is not adjoining. There is not that distraction.

Praying has intention and relieving that situation is not solemn. There comes that way.

The time that is the smell of the plain season is not showing that the water is running. There is not all that breath. There is the use of the stone and there is the place of the stuff and there is the practice of expending questioning. There is not that differentiation. There is that which is in time. There is the room that is the largest place when there is all that is where there is space. There is not that perturbation. The legs that show are not the certain ones that have been used. All legs are used. There is no action meant.

The particular space is not beguiling. There is that participation. It is not passing any way. It has that to show. It is why there is no exhalation.

There is all there is when there has all there has where there is what there is. That is what is done when there is done what is done and the union is won and the division is the explicit visit. There is not all of any visit.

Gertrude Stein.
MANY roads are being broken today and along these roads consciousness is pursuing truth to eternity. This is the age of communication and the human being who is not a “communicant” is in the sad plight, which the dogmatist defines as being a condition of spiritual non-receptivity.

Some of these newly opened roads lie parallel and almost touch. In a large studio in Paris, hung with paintings by Renoir, Matisse and Picasso, Gertrude Stein is doing with words what Picasso is doing with paint. She is impelling language to induce new states of consciousness and in doing so language becomes with her a creative art rather than a mirror of history.

In her impressionistic writing she uses familiar words to create perceptions, conditions, and states of being, never before quite consciously experienced. She does this by using words that appeal to her as having the meaning that they seem to have. She has taken the English language, and, according to many people, has misused it, or has used it roughly, uncouthly and brutally, or madly, stupidly and hideously, but by her method she is finding the hidden and inner nature of nature.

To present her impressions she chooses words for their inherent quality rather than for their accepted meaning. Her habit of working is methodical and deliberate. She always works at night in the silence and brings all her will power to bear upon the banishing of preconceived images. Concentrating upon the impression she has received and which she wishes to transmit, she suspends her selective faculty, waiting for the word or group of words that will perfectly interpret her meaning to rise from her sub-consciousness to the surface of her mind. Then and then only does she bring her reason to bear upon them, examining, weighing and gauging their ability to express her impression. It is a working proof of the Bergson theory of intuition. She does not go after words—she waits—and lets them come to her, and they do.

It is only when the art thus pursues the artist that his production will bear the mark of inevitability. It is only when the “élan vital” drives the artist to the creative overflow that life surges in his production. Vitality directed into a conscious expression is the modern definition of genius.

It is impossible to define or to describe fully any new manifestation in aesthetics or in literature that is as recent, as near to us, as the work of Picasso or of Gertrude Stein; the most that we can do is to suggest a little, draw a comparison—point the way and then withdraw. To know about them is a matter of personal experience—no one can help another through it. First before thought must come feeling, and this is the first step toward experience, because feeling is the beginning of knowledge. It does not greatly matter how the first impress affects one . . . one may be shocked,
stunned and dismayed, or one may be aroused, stimulated, intrigued and delighted. That there has been an \textit{approach} is what counts. It is only in a state of indifference that there is no approach at all, and indifference reeks of death. It is the tomb of life itself.

A further consciousness than is already ours will need many new forms of expression. In literature everything that has been felt or known so far has been said, as it has been said. What more there may be for us to realize must be expressed in a new way. Language has been crystallized into four or five established literary forms, that up to the present day have been held sacred and intranscendent. But all the truth cannot be contained in any one or any limited number of moulds. As A. E. the Irish poet says of it:

\begin{verbatim}
The hero first thought it;
  To him 'twas a deed:
To those who retaught it,
  A chain on their speed.

The fire that we kindled,
  A beacon by night,
When darkness has dwindled
  Grows pale in the light.

For life has no glory
  Stays long in one dwelling,
And time has no story
  That's true twice in telling.

And only the teaching
  That never was spoken
Is worthy thy reaching,
  The fountain unbroken.
\end{verbatim}

This is so of all the arts, for of course what is true of one must, to be justifiable, be true of them all; even to the art of life, and perhaps first of all to that one.

Nearly every thinking person nowadays is in revolt against something, because the craving of the individual is for further consciousness and because consciousness is expanding and is bursting through the moulds that have held it up to now. And so let every man whose private truth is too great for his existing conditions pause before he turn away from Picasso’s painting or from Gertrude Stein’s writing, for their case is his case.

Of course comment is the best of signs. Any comment. One that Gertrude Stein hears oftenest is from conscientious souls who have honestly tried—and who have failed,—to get anything out of her work at all. “But
why don’t you make it simpler?” they cry. “Because this is the only way in which I can express what I want to express” is the invariable reply, which of course is the unanswerable argument of every sincere artist to every critic, and again and again comes the refrain that is so familiar before the canvases of Picasso, “but it is so ugly—so brutal!”—But how does one know that it is ugly after all? How does one know? Each time that beauty has been reborn in the world it has needed a complete readjustment of sense-perceptions, grown all too accustomed to the blurred outlines, faded colors, the death in life of beauty in decline. Our taste has become jaded from over-familiarity, from long association and from inertia. If one cares for Rembrandt’s paintings today, then how could one have cared for them at the time when they were painted, when they were glowing with life? If we like St. Marks in Venice today, then surely it would have offended us a thousand years ago. Perhaps it is not Rembrandt’s painting that one cares for after all, but merely for the shell, the ghost, the last pale flicker of the artist’s intention. Beauty? One thing is certain, that if we must worship beauty as we have known it, we must consent to worship it as a thing dead. “Un-grande, belle chose morte.” And ugliness? What is it? Surely only death is ugly.

In Gertrude Stein’s writing every word lives, and apart from the concept it is so exquisitely rhythmical and cadenced that when read aloud and received as pure sound it is like a kind of sensuous music. Just as one may stop, for once in a way, before a canvas of Picasso’s and, letting one’s reason sleep for an instant, may exclaim: “It is a fine pattern!”—so listening to Gertrude Stein’s words and forgetting to try to understand what they mean, one submits to their gradual charm. Huntley Carter of the “New Age” says that her use of language has a curious hypnotic effect when read aloud. In one phase of her writing she made use of repetition and the re-arranging of certain words over and over, so that they became adjusted into a kind of incantation, and in listening one feels that from the combination of repeated sounds varied ever so little, that there emerges gradually a perception of some meaning quite other than that of the contents of the phrases. Many people have experienced this magical evocation, but have been unable to explain in what way it came to pass, but though they did not know what meaning the words were bearing, nor how they were affected by them, yet they had begun to know what it all meant, because they were not indifferent.

In a portrait that she has finished recently, she has produced a coherent totality through a series of impressions, which, when taken sentence by sentence, strike most people as particularly incoherent. An interesting thing in connection with this portrait is that a record has been kept of the comments and criticisms upon it, which forms in itself a most accurate description of the model. Surely portraiture can hardly go further than this! Each comment upon the portrait was characteristic of the subject and fitted her perfectly as seen from the angle of the critic. In each of the portraits that
Gertrude Stein has done, the quality of the words in it is of the same quality and nature as that in the image. To illustrate this, the words in the following paragraph are strenuous words—words that weigh and qualify conditions—words that are without softness—yet that are not hard words—perilous abstractions they seem, containing somehow agony and movement and conveying a vicarious livingness. “It is a gnarled division that which is not any obstruction and the forgotten swelling is certainly attracting. It is attracting the whiter division, it is not sinking to be growing, it is not darkening to be disappearing, it is not aged to be annoying. There cannot be sighing. This is this bliss.”

In the succeeding quotation taken from another portrait is the following: “If it had happened that the little flower was larger and the white color was deeper and the silent light was darker and the passage was rougher, it would have been as it was and the triumph was in the place where the light was bright and the beauty was not losing having that possession. That was not what was tenderly.”

Here we perceive a very different personality. What gentle tranquil words. What poise and in their quiescence how much resignation! Of course it is unfair to lop off a piece of anything that is a whole and by offering it, try to assure justice towards it. And this is especially true of the work of Gertrude Stein, for it excels in its unity. To her a portrait is a series of impressions that expresses a total unity. Of course this is a grave assumption for her to make, because it is possibly assuming control of the fourth dimension! If we have any reason to admit the existence of the fourth dimension, we may presume that it is present or will be in human beings. So for any work of art to completely depict a human being in his entirety, it would be necessary for it also to contain the fourth dimension. Perhaps that is why so many of us—feel absolutely up against a blank wall when we are faced by the post-impressionists. We are most of us creatures, aware as yet of only three dimensions, while perhaps here and there among us walks one who has become conscious of the fourth! Can we bear to admit it? But do we dare to deny it?

Many roads are being broken—what a wonderful word “broken!” And out of the shattering of the petrification of today—up from the cleavage and the disintegration—we will see order emerging tomorrow. Is it so difficult to remember that life at birth is always painful and rarely lovely? How strange it is to think that the rough hewn trail of today will become tomorrow the path of least resistance over which the majority will drift with all the ease and serenity of custom! All the labor of evolution is condensed into this one fact of the vitality of the individual making way for the many. Remembering this, we can but praise the high courage of the road breakers, admitting as we infallibly must, in Gertrude Stein’s own words, and with true Bergsonian faith—“something is certainly coming out of them!”

*Mabel Dodge.*
THE difficulty experienced by the public in understanding modern art is the result of a misunderstanding. This misunderstanding exists not only towards modern art but towards every manifestation of ancient or modern art. The number of people who really understand the interest and beauty of the Primitives and of El Greco and Rembrandt is as limited as the number of those who genuinely appreciate modern painting.

This misunderstanding arises because the public looks upon art merely as a pastime, a form of entertainment that is due to it, and balks at making the slightest effort to understand the significance of the work of art or the art itself. It seeks in the work of art merely its own personal vision of life—its own conventions—and it declares it to be absolutely without interest if it does not find in it the egotistical and superficial pleasure that it had hoped to find there. It is because of this that the whole misconception has arisen.

For art is not just a pastime, nor a striving for pleasure; nor is it the expression of a mere conventional beauty. It is simply a means by which men may communicate with each other and express the profound needs of their being, of their race and of their epoch to go beyond the exact meaning of words and to reach the mysterious source of nature.

And so it is not from our own egotistical point of view alone that we ought to regard a work of art in order to form an opinion of it. The question, even, of whether one has or has not a merely sensuous pleasure ought not to impose itself at all. On the contrary one should try to suppress one's own personality in order to understand that of the artist. One should try to reconstitute his thought, his need and the need of the epoch in which he lived and the form of the language in which he tried to express himself. For example the ideal of the primitive painters has little or no relation to the ideal of our time. If we judge their work from the point of view to which we have arrived today it will seem to us unskillful and absolutely illogical. In order to feel the purity of these paintings one has to remember the simple religious temperament of the artists of the Middle Ages; and the mystical tendency of their minds, and then we can understand that the grotesque deformities which offend our conventional modern standard of proportion is intentional with them for a more intense expression.

We have to realize, for a further comprehension of them, that they did not want to represent merely external nature but that they availed themselves of natural forms to embody their religious and sentimental ideals; and the beauty of their achievement lies rather in the expression of feeling than in the representation of objects.

In looking, then, at the work of the Primitives and seeing it from the point of view of expression which was their only intention, the deformities and disproportions of their figures will cease to trouble us. We will notice them
no longer, but will only perceive, beyond the external representation, the intensity of what they express.

It is in the same attitude of mind and with the same good will that we should approach the modern artists, Cubists, or Post-Impressionists (as they are called in New York) if we want to find out what they mean; and before judging them it is but fair to try and see their work from the angle from which it was done. To do this it is necessary to recall and go over briefly the evolution of modern thought which is now, as it has always been, the profound reason for the evolution in art.

The development of science has given us a new conception of life. It has given life a new meaning.

We have gone past the first sensorial contact of our senses with the universe. We know now that the forms among which we move are the conventions of our senses. We no longer content ourselves with differentiating between these forms, by the means of our sensorial perceptions.

We plumb to their depths, we pierce below the surface to grasp their quality, their essence, and in doing so an infinite world of new forms is opened up to us—thanks to the continual analyses of chemistry and physics.

Out of the ever deepening consciousness of life which we derive from every new scientific discovery there arises a new and complex state of mind to which the external world appears more clearly in the abstract form of the qualities and properties of its elements than under the concrete form of our sense perceptions. Or more broadly speaking, we can say that at the same time that we have our perception of the external, we have the consciousness of all that exists above and beyond it.

In order that art should express the complexity of this new state of mind, it has to create new elements. The old language of the artist is no longer appropriate for the last new needs of our being.

The condition of art today is not, then, one of sudden and unexpected upheaval but the result of a necessary evolution. Each mode of expression naturally tends to break through the limitations of the old artistic conventions in its endeavor to find a new formula which will relate the trend of events of modern consciousness.

It is in painting that this evolution shows itself most definitely and most clearly. Its essential characteristic is the partial or complete abandoning of the representation of the object in nature.

There is practically no objective representation in these recent works, or if we do find certain traces they are there to corroborate some pre-established theory (varying according to the different temperaments or different qualities of the imagination of the artists who are all working along the same line) but not from the point of view of the purely representative.

These theories—the first tentatives to form a convention for pictorial composition that will be purely intellectual—are the necessary stages for arriving at a formula that will be absolutely free from any trace of objec-
tivity—that will be expressive by the force of its rhythms, and the relations of line and color—a convention, abstract and free and pure—expressive of the artist’s imagination and desire.

The most advanced works of this movement seem to us a combination of different volumes of form and color, one balanced by another, in which it is impossible to find any vestige of representation either concrete or symbolic. These works do not form any part of Decorative Art (as has been alleged) for they form a unity, wholeness, in themselves, and awaken an emotion of the same kind as that which music evokes.

The mistake on the part of the public is in desiring to find that a particular subject has aroused this emotion (as was the case in old-fashioned painting) and in frantically trying to find some objective point of contact between the title of a picture and the picture itself. This point of contact doesn’t exist; and the title represents only the state of mind, the emotion, which influenced the artist to desire and express a certain artistic equilibrium.

This is particularly true of the paintings of Picabia. If he calls some of his recent water-colors “New York” or “Negro Songs” it is only because he did them when stimulated by his impression of the city or by the bizarre rhythms of ragtime.

To try and explain how, from an external impression that he has received, is born in the artist the desire to express it in either rhythmical sound or in rhythmical line would necessitate entering into the domain of the psychology of aesthetics and would take us to the great problem of the reason itself for the existence of art. But here we want merely to give a definition as precise and concrete as possible of these works that have been dubbed incomprehensible by the public, and try and make this definition of them confirm their logic and simplicity.

And so to go back to the title, which has no more importance as far as understanding the picture is concerned than have the names of musical compositions such as the “Heroic Symphony,” and of “Spring,” etc., we should not look for anything more in it than the abstract suggestion of the impression that has impelled the artist to express himself by this special balance of form and color, without trying to give some objective or literary interpretation to the meaning or sensation expressed by this equilibrium. To be sure, this sensation, reacting upon different imaginations, may suggest to each according to his temperament or aptitude some special concrete form, as certain music suggests to us the idea of repose or inquietude, etc. But this reaction is a secondary consideration only. The real meaning of the work of art can only have an indefinite influence on this reaction and it is for the onlooker to limit and define it according to his own fancy. It is unimportant whether the “Negro Song” of Picabia indicates an altogether different subject, or doesn’t evoke any subject at all to the spectator. The essential is that he should have an impression of the volumes of color which form the equilibrium in the picture and take an abstract and impersonal pleasure in this equilibrium.
The obstacle which lies in the way of our comprehending is the need which has become a routine part of us, to give some conventional literary interpretation to the balance of form and color in a work of art and which is the only reason for being, instead of giving ourselves up to the emotional impression which we feel when we listen to music. For the expressive value of line and color is as logical as that of sound; to deny one is to deny the other. Indeed, we believe that the abstract idea in pure line and pure color is conveyed to our understanding more directly than in the musical form, for in the latter we cannot completely appreciate it without an initiation into the arbitrary laws of composition and harmony. The entire objectivity of sound had to be created, a convention of the musical language to be organized. The deepest meaning of a musical composition will escape, in part, the comprehension of those listeners who are not educated in music, or who have not, at least, the heredity of a long education. On the other hand, pure line and color have a definite and particular meaning in themselves which the normal development of our sense perceptions permits us to appreciate without effort. Everyone has in himself the comprehension of the straight line and the curve, of the colors blue and red. Everyone can seize the relations that exist between two lines and two colors and the different impression that ensues from different relations of these same lines and colors. We can realize the geometrical objectivity in the work of “peinture pure,” free as it is from all representation, as clearly as we can realize the materialistic objectivity of the representative work of art and we experience the emotion in this abstract balance in the work since we realize the value of its elements.

The objection has been raised against this form of painting that it deprives this art of its richest source of emotion in relinquishing its representative mission, the role of representation. To this we reply that if representation had been an essential element in painting this old form would have now no reason for existing because no work of art made by a human hand will ever have the accurate value of the mechanical reproduction by photography, and so the evolution of photography, far from retarding the development of painting, has, on the contrary, contributed to its progress in showing the uselessness of a method of painting whose sole interest was the facility to reproduce by the deceit of perspective and “trompe l’œil”—some model—either person, place or anecdote. Thanks to photography and to the cinematograph this kind of painting has ceased to live. Furthermore, if one looks a little deeply into the history of art it is only too apparent that the methods that the artist has employed in the past to express himself have never been of more than secondary importance. The symbol or the representation of a subject has never been the main reason why the work of art was a living expressive thing. They may have been the psychological reason but not the aesthetic one. They were the point of contact between the materialization of the desire of the artist and the comprehension of the public. It is this materialization that transforms itself in the passing of time.
and which has been successively, according to the development and the new needs of each epoch, the symbolism of Gothic art, the cleverness and the individualism of the Renaissance, the realism of the Impressionists, and which is the Intellectualism and the spirit of analysis of our time. But in spite of all its different forms of materialization the real “raison d’être artistique” remains the same, as mysterious and incapable of analysis in the art of antiquity as it is in the art of today. In the presence of a work of art of any time we can only define and analyze its mode of materializing; but what it is that makes it “beautiful” (to use a very indefinite word, but the only one which is given us by our vocabulary) will always escape all analysis; and we can only rest content to feel the special pleasure that we do, in the artist’s expression, without seeking to or knowing how to explain it.

It does seem evident that instead of belittling itself in suppressing all mechanical reproduction modern painting has enlarged and added to its resources. It has freed from all shackles the imagination of the artist and has found the formula for expressing itself that is the most adequate for the development towards the abstract which is the tendency of our modern thought.

Gabriele Buffet,

THE LATEST EVOLUTION IN ART AND PICABIA

The majority, the great majority of the lovers of art, are puzzled before the last work of Picabia. Their first impression is one of amusement, but, by the awakening of the “Consciousness” of their own artistic “cliché” of what art means to them through the accumulated impressions of the past, there arises in them a sense of intense revolt. This revolt is due to the fact that they are now being robbed of that art which gave them merely pleasure. This great majority of art lovers does not possess the faculty of having mental struggles with other of their spiritual interests. Their emotions are unrelated to each other, unilateral and local. Suppose, for example, in one part of the nature of a man lies his capacity for artistic emotion. In another part, the accumulation of his conceptions of truth. Still another part represents his moral or ethical character which has developed by his experience, etc. Now, when the average man is confronted with a work of art, instead of its reacting upon all these together which would focus in a unified and complex emotion drawn from all sides of his nature, his habit is usually to bring merely his aesthetic judgment to bear upon it. Lacking support of his other functions, this artistic emotion is a temporary stimulant only. It lives for a moment and dies again in the next moment for want of the other life-giving elements, which all together constitute the cosmic or universal intelligence in man.

A small minority of people of course do experience this wholeness of judgment and they also feel usually a revolt at the struggle that takes place
within them; at the deep dissension and discord between these various approaches, and at the clash that occurs between their crystallized conception of art and the new conception that is feeling its way to the light. At this spiritual disturbance a feeling of intense sorrow and regret arises. All their being is moved.

The unrest which is in a latent stage with this minority is precipitated by these paintings and grows into a conviction before their indisputable evidence that existing facts do not fit any longer into their original conceptions. The old moulds are too small for the new interpretations and, because in all evolution nothing is static and all things evolve out of themselves, the man of today realizes finally that something is forcing him to grow more inwardly from something inevitable and irrevocable.

A conception in embryo has never been understood and accepted completely at the outset except by the creator himself, who struggles, not always successfully, to convey it as completely and clearly as possible.

This may be due to lack of emotional intensity on his part, or it may be due to some conventional lack in the spectator, as well as in the artist, of the means of communicating it to others.

The new conception must project itself into a plastic form which is the natural medium of communication with others who are desiring to have their own emotions interpreted to them by the expression of the artist. But as the conception of the artist is in embryo, its plastic expression is doubtless diffused. Consequently, he who has a clear and healthy brain and is interested in accepting only plain facts, doubts this confused expression which fails to convince him because it does not seem completely logical in form. He does not doubt the idea of the conception for he shares that with the artist; but he does doubt the medium, which does not convince him that it is expressing his conception.

The same thing has happened in previous epochs. The need for re-adaptation has gone on, and will go on as long as there is growth in consciousness. The majority are at first always in sincere revolt, while a few are inclined to philosophize about the new appearance, though still clinging to the old which they have understood emotionally and which has given them pleasure.

The dominant note of the present epoch is revolutionary, not only in the plastic arts and in music, but in everything that exists. It is in ethics, in politics, in the community and in the individual. Life itself today is in revolution. It is perhaps the first time in history that all functions of intelligent life have reflected one another, each interpreting the others simultaneously. The wise student of today must be a specialist in universality.

I believe that, for some time past, as new forms of consciousness have been increasing all about us, we have had to evolve a new process for the understanding of them. This need has created function, and the highly developed individual today has acquired a new sense purely psychical, not related to matter but to spirit.
This psychical sense has belonged in the past to the few—to the great philosophers and artists, the clairvoyants of their time. But it is characteristic of the Twentieth Century that the many are developing it. It is with this psychical sense that we may be able to explain to ourselves the art of Picabia, and by it his work will no longer present a question for us, but a palpable answer.

I have said that out of our increasing need for this psychical sense we have acquired it, but in reality we have evolved it out of its latent germ, in perfecting all our other senses and spiritualizing their records upon our brain. In perfecting and developing the five senses we have succeeded in making them interchangeable. Are we not able to visualize the construction of music as we hear it, and cannot we almost hear certain colors? Odors too seem to take form sometimes. This projection of one sense into the others has become quite a natural thing for many people. May not the projection of all the senses into one result in the production of another—a sixth sense—which henceforward exists by itself, as unrelated in its own individuality to the material upon which the other five operate as the result of a chemical combination is unrelated to the constituent elements. To take an illustration in chemistry:

Ordinary salt (NaCl) is composed of two elements; (Na)Sodium and Chlorine (Cl), each of which separately possesses two distinct faculties. Sodium, a solid matter, in contact with water or moist air, burns and is a terrific poison. The skin will be destroyed in contact with it. Chlorine, a yellow green gas, bleaches almost all colors and fibres and is also a strong poison. In contact with each other they produce common salt without which life cannot be conceived, and which is soluble in water, does not bleach and does not destroy the skin. In fact, all the properties of the combination are diametrically the opposite of the constituent elements.

To take another example: Did not the ape evolve from one distinct form of animal to the ape, and then to the highest type in nature—the man? These two beings are as distinct and separate from each other as sodium and chlorine from ordinary salt, and as the psychical sense from any one of the five senses. Because we have been able to taste or to hear, we have learned to know. Out of matter and senses we have evolved spirit. Whereas the other five senses have concerned themselves with matter, the sixth sense can concern itself with spirit.

It is the awakening sixth sense that produces the revolution in us before the art of men like Picabia, the psychic sense that is aroused and stimulated to action, while the brain, accustomed to translating for us only the impressions of the other five senses, is unable as yet to receive the new message and interpret it for us in familiar terms.

If our inference is true, what will result from the relation between the psychical sense and the new art of today, still so little known to us, but which is forcing itself with certainty into its own crystallization?
What is art? To define art it ultimately would be like trying to define life or time or space—all of these mean different things to different people. There is no absolute definition of any one of them. Each one of them is felt and defined differently through the color of each personality and each definition is true in a relative sense. To me art is the eternal moment, the self-forgetfulness of a human being before something apart from and outside of himself—the becoming impersonal through the infinite attraction of all the rest, by which means an artist becomes one with the infinite. These depersonalized emotions, imposing their beauty, seek crystallization. The artist, moved by these emotions which seek realization, needs almost ideal faith and strength. At all times artists have been actuated similarly; from the primitive to Cézanne. In proportion to their perception and the attraction which they experienced within them toward the infinite, combined with their faith and strength, has been the measure of their aesthetic expression. From Cézanne to Picabia, who is one of the forerunners of the artists, who are expressing the emotion of a “pensée pure,” it is the same.

Picabia is striving to express his emotions. Picasso, Duchamp and Arthur Dove are also trying to express their emotions, and there is a strong affinity between these men and the character of the emotion which moves them. They all seem to be attracted to the same infinity. Because their emotions are strong and sincere they have to seek an outlet and, if these emotions are of a new origin, they necessitate a new form. The old form is sacred still for the old conception, but it would not be sacred or sincere or adequate for the new. The higher perceptions of things at all times have been unable to express themselves with the already existing vocabulary and they have always, according to their needs, created a new vocabulary—a new nomenclature. The same for art as for philosophy, science, etc.

Picabia has left the plane of the five senses in art which he calls “matière pensée.” He concerns himself solely with the psychic perception, or as he names it, “pensée pure.” To throw oneself into his point of view let us imagine the evolution that arises from “matière pensée.”

The “matière pensée,” being the medium and cause of production of representative painting, we must find its equivalent projected on the canvas, and explain this with the following illustration. The painting of a portrait will represent exactly the juxtaposition of the “matière pensée,” as following: The more or less reproduction of the individual, true to his form of matter, and in it the interpretation of the man’s intelligence or psychology through the artist’s conception of it. These are inseparable in the portrait, as in the “matière pensée” which is its origin. The more the artist interprets the psychology of his model, the less the model will be true to photographic nature.

The same will happen in the case of a landscape, interpreted through the emotional concept of the artist.

In Picabia’s painting, “La Procession de Seville,” had he painted through
the "matière pensée," he would have produced more or less a photographic interpretation of it as in the case of the ones illustrated above. But the material religious procession did not interest Picabia, simply because he has evolved to the interpretation of the idea, religious procession, or concept. Even this mental objectivity he does not represent as a pure harmony by itself, but as the concept of a religious procession and of other emotions, derived out of it from his aesthetic nature. Accordingly he materializes in a harmony, which he produces through arrangement of color and form, different from anything before and consequently through a new language—the language which the evolutive art itself imposes on itself.

A man generally defines a thing through his own evolution. It may be that tomorrow Picabia will define more concretely the Picabia of yesterday.

The painting of today is but just born; but we are already conscious that it is the emotion of the réalité of conception that the new movement tries to produce and not the réalité of vision, the painting of yesterday. Picabia said to me once: "Look at a canvas 'd'origine matière pensée' and you have a 'fixité,' so there is limitation. Look at one of mine. Naturally you could not find any 'fixité,' because it is infinite, just as my emotions are. It expresses a 'pensée pure,' which evidently blends with the infinite."

Here we are before a new art-conception of today, sprung out of yesterday, and this painting of the "pensée pure," is seeking its own plastic language, which will be new to us. And this new language is not the product of a group of men—it is the invention of many groups—in different countries without any contact among themselves.

In every variety of this language there are personal characteristics, but all present a general resemblance. I have heard from painters, who still are orthodox and probably will remain so for some time, that sometimes they feel a painting could be bigger if there was no representation, because color and form by themselves have greater possibilities of abstract suggestion. They have made several sketches I have seen, but those people only feel—do not understand—and that's why their evolution stops. One of the influences which check their evolution is the argument of the static critic of art—the more liberal of all the critics—who says that these paintings are no longer pictures but mathematics or pure geometry in color.

If we project ourselves with what we know through our evolutive instinct, which is the basis of our intelligence, passing through all its forms of human mind until the present, we soon find out that every evolution of instinct has created a material epoch or a crystallization—and every part of this crystallization was a distinct individuality and materialized a language for intercommunication. We see that all those "distinct individualities" have destroyed themselves through themselves, not because of untruth. They were true to their epoch but had to seek larger moulds for their larger conception of truth.

The present belongs to the past, the future belongs to the present, and
the big man who understands realizes that all the phases are one, but filtered through time to their quintessence.

Projecting ourselves with the past and present into the near future—a function of the modern mentality—every thinking man will realize more or less what the future is bringing us, and which thing will stay. We can see already the inevitability of the new art in painting—we can conceive it surrounded with more “art” or beauty, more complete, as we can see the psychical sense developing in humanity, that sense which has produced this art. We can see them walk alongside to their definite materialization. I repeat again that this sense will create the new art of tomorrow, whether Picabia or others have already made great contributions to it or not. There is one thing sure, they have been deeply disturbed by the imperativeness of it, and if they have not done more than break the road that Cézanne indicated, they have greatly enlightened the continuation of it. All painters in the category of Picabia—and they are yet young—are going on, evoluting intelligently, logically, and winning a greater comprehension from those people who understand the idea of it. In some of Picabia’s studies for his future paintings, made here in New York, which have been exhibited at “291,” especially the ones that express the emotions he received from the songs of colored people,—he has communicated his sensations to many people, who had little or no emotional comprehension of his paintings exhibited at The International Exhibit held at the Armory.

Why must spirit be always related direct to and with matter to awake in us the corresponding emotion? Has not our means of communication changed so often through history? And still we do understand each other more than ever—taking the complexity into consideration. Our words communicate at first through the atmosphere and in personal contact. When we first talked, we communicated through the air, later through signs, still later through writing, afterwards through telegraph, telephone, till today through wireless telegraphy and telephone.

All these acted as mediums for our understanding, which shows only a marked degree of evolutive intelligence, without any alterations—the medium of the evolutive intelligent artist in his necessity for bigger expression.

The “psychic sense”—the sense of pure thought, has existed already in some degree among the greatest men of the world. It materialized in them; and the materialization of a grandiose concept of pure abstraction, reflected upon the intelligence of man, increases extraordinarily the perception and interchange of the five senses, a process which in consequence has stimulated the psychic sense.

Anyone who can produce a complete harmony out of all his intelligent functions and feel it, has already the germ of his psychic sense to some extent developed. This is simple to demonstrate; just as simple as seeing with one’s eyes, hearing with the ears, or conceiving of universality—with what? With intelligence? We call it intelligence, but intelligence is not sufficiently definite,
because it varies from instinct through many phases of evolution, and is not specifically crystallized as a universal concept. Yet it certainly must be the outgrowth of a crystallized form of the evolutive instinct—crystallized no doubt in a specific thing—the specific, psychic or sixth sense. Newton could not have been disturbed and discovered the law of universal attraction, had he not been forced by desire and curiosity of a universal concept. Out of what and through what did he manifest this desire or curiosity?

No doubt through something. Nothing comes out of nothing, and something comes out of something. What is that something? Vision? No, we can see but a few miles. Hearing, neither—we hear only from short distances. Still less the other senses, whose functions can project but a very little distance compared to vision and hearing.

There must be something else, there must be something which senses into the infinite, greatly aided by intelligence—a product of projection into one of all senses, to produce one sense.

Newton discovered the universal attraction through the psychical sense. There can be no doubt but that his concept of it and the emotions aroused by it were of pure abstract origin, related to the infinite.

To materialize such a concept in form of scientific truth he used mathematics, and demonstrated it through mathematics, creating with the aid of mathematics the language necessary for communication. His art was mathematics; his plasticity he brought out of mathematics. The truth of his conception overbalanced the emotion. With an artist the emotion of truth overbalances the truth alone and it addresses itself to the true comprehension of others through the channel of emotion.

To create a plasticity for truth, with new means for understanding it, is very logical. So, too, is it logical for these artists to create a new plasticity since they wish to convey to us a new concept and make us understand it emotionally.

No man on earth, presented with the law of universal attraction, will understand anything of it unless he is educated through all phases, capable of making him understand it. If he does not understand, he cannot reject, except by committing a stupid act. No man who has not passed through every evolution of art in painting more or less, will understand it thoroughly even tomorrow. He may accept it, but to understand today he must have understood yesterday.

During the periods when “vision” overwhelmed the “psychic sense,” the consequence was shape, specific shape; and the specific shape corresponded with the character of the matter. Today the “psychic sense” is coming to the front. This is intellectual vision; not optical vision; therefore concept of form and form alone, concept of color through itself, not related to a dress or a reflection in water—the concept of optical vision. The new school of painting “de l’émotion de la pensée pure” which derives from Cézanne finds its pioneer in Picasso. He has understood the truth of the idea.
more than he felt it emotionally; and, although an exceedingly great artist
as a painter in his early works, in his later works “de l’émotion de la pensée
pure” he has been swept away by geometrics. This is why most of his later
works reflect scientific studies in painting and, consequently, do not belong
to painting.

Picabia is getting toward the real painting of the “pensée pure,” and
there is no doubt that we can expect very much in the near future from him
as he proceeds along the real road of this new painting.

Arthur Dove here in America, and Marcel Duchamp in Paris are follow­
ing intelligently, each his own way, not very far apart, and are doing a like
work. There are many others whom probably I don’t know, proceeding
along this line. I feel that out of this movement, because of the truth that all
workers of today reflect the community of tomorrow, as painting grows in
this direction, so will grow our morals, our understanding. Life will become
more beautiful than it is today; will bring among us bigger ideals of life, pure
ideals, deprived of materiality, making better the people; the people creating
new ethics of life, a larger life, where material needs for all will be a question
of *sine qua non*, a humanity without criminality and prostitution, a humanity
that philosophers and dreamers dreamt of—the real Anarchy, needed and
foreseen.

Picabia is a young man, thirty-four years of age. He is a man with in­
tense feeling, intense intelligence, very logical, inclined to research, and a
tremendous intellectual fighter for his idea. Will he fight it out; will he
produce what his personality promises? I am inclined to think so. The fight
came to a finish between representation and abstraction. Cézanne crystal­
lized in a masterly fashion the painting of representation. The painting of
tomorrow, in its possibilities of beauty, will have naturally a larger beauty—
the beauty of the abstract.

So art is not dead. Even De Zayas in his pessimistic article, “The Sun
Has Set,” in *Camera Work*, while singing its “De Profundis” admits it, for he
says: “Art is dead. I made this statement at the beginning of this article
and I repeat it now. But we know that death is not absolute but relative,
and that every end is but the beginning of a new and a fresh manifestation.”

*Maurice Aisen.*
THE RENAISSANCE OF THE IRRATIONAL

FIVE hundred years before Christ there lived a man in Ephesus by name Heraclitus. He was a philosopher more modern than Bergson. His doctrine was the Eternal Becoming. All things are in a perpetual state of flux. Nothing exists; things only seem. The Absolute is change. Fugacity is the Law. All is vibration, mobility. Mont Blanc is a Niagara of atoms and force. Its unchangeability is an illusion. Our bodies, our minds, our houses, our wills are traveling at an inconceivable rate of speed nowhither, everywhither. Some things do not travel as fast in this great cosmic simoon as other things; hence the illusion of rest, stability.

Heraclitus was the first great Western Irrationalist, the first great Intuitionist, the first philosophic Anarch, the first Romantic. He was the father of Hegel. Today the world is going back to Heraclitus of Ephesus. What is the soul of the movement which may be summed up in the names of Jules de Gaultier, Picasso, Remy de Gourmont, Anatole France, Claude Debussy, Gustave Le Bon, Eduard Von Hartmann, Nietzsche, Stirner, Maurice Barrès, William James, Picabia? It is the sense of the Irrational as principle of existence. It is the divination of Chance. It is the apotheosis of the Intuitive.

From the lofty promontories of the abstract intelligence the artistic and philosophic world hurls itself into the trumpeting, foaming sea of the Elemental. The Intellect is bankrupt. It is only a park pond. The Mississippi and the Amazon flow through the heart. All ends are myths. Life itself explains life. Chance, danger and the irrational constitute the new Trinity. Dionysus dances in menadic frenzy on the skulls of Darwin, Spencer, Taine, Buckle and Haeckel. Keep away from shore, for there the fisherfolk called logicians have sunk their nets. Stick to the open where the waves run high and where you are tossed toward lying bewitching horizons. The rational, the sure-and-fast is a cock-and-a-bull story.

And the giant figure of Heraclitus rises out of the East. "They have come home to me again," he says. But the Heraclitean danse macabre—for Heraclitus was a philosopher of sorrows, the Schopenhauer of his time—has become the Zarathustrian dervish whirl. The eternal snow-storm of atoms flying in spiral billions from inconceivable zeniths to hypothetical nadirs is now a storm of throbbing red corpuscles—the heart of the world is warm. The individual is in the solar stream of a perpetually creative tendency.

Paradox of paradoxes! The new atheism is optimistic! Chance is a beneficent god! The Irrational has become a faith! There is no "far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves," but—better yet!—each moment is a near-at-hand divine event in which the whole creation is incarnated.

Again the paradox. Out of the heart of the most practical people in the world—the Americans—have come the three supreme Irrationalists of the
age—Emerson, Thoreau and Whitman. No matter what they prated about "law," they were intuitionalists, miracle-seekers, chevaliers of the Divine Moment. They were the fathers of the cubists and futurists, for they reported what they felt, not what they saw. They let themselves go. They risked the open sea at each moment. "Thy will be done" they uttered—to the great god Chance. They boasted that no ill could befall them, for they were both Rhine-deep and Valhalla threshold-star. From them come the "esthetic lookers-on," the mystical pragmatists, the illusionists, the irrationalists. All Orientals, whether they know it or not. From Emerson to Picasso the march has been Asia-ward. We are carrying our candles to the buddhas.

The irrational is the groundwork of all existence. Life is itself an error—and here we come to the psychological meaning of the myth of the Fall of Man—because it is divided against itself. So long as there is subject and object—or a brain AND a world, a perceiver AND a thing perceived—there will be antagonism. A universe divided against itself may stand forever, but it will never arrive at a common "truth," for there is no common ground on which object and subject can meet except the Absolute, which abolishes the seeker and the thing sought. The irrational, the antagonistic, error, the ironical, the paradoxical will reign on the Olympus of metaphysics while the universe is what it is.

The "law of causation" is a myth, as David Hume long ago pointed out. But it is a necessary myth, a working lie, a beneficent illusion—like free-will, heaven and hell, providence and the other creations of Maya, the eternal hopesmith. It is the Irrationalists who are ever widening the breach in the "law of causation." The dikes of "law" are crumbling and the waters of Chance are flowing in from the open. As no two bodies ever touch, so no one thing can be said to directly precede another thing in the order of time. "Cause and effect" is merely a working hypothesis. Between a cause and an effect there is an unknown land, a "space," an intercalated something where the contingent, the unforeseen, the fortuitous lurk. Here in this no-world's-land Chance is king. The irony of history, the irony of the life of each individual is nothing but the perpetual incursion of this unknown quantity, the unforeseen, into the world of plan and purpose. All economical, political and religious programmes fail because of the belief in a rational, ordered future. The future is not like a military road, but is like a pattern in a carpet woven by Puck and Mephistopheles.

The brain is rational, but the brain is the antithesis of Life. Thought is mathematical, organized, but Life is unmathematical, unorganized. Two and two make four in the world of logic; but two and two do not make four in the subconscious or in the superconscious. Certainty is the supreme error of consciousness. The subconscious, the irrational, mocks and grins at the sorties of the Brain into the Infinite. All the brains in the world amalgamated would not produce sufficient phosphorus to light up a square inch in
the Cimmeria of the unknowable. The quantity and quality of intelligence on this planet is unchangeable, while the unconscious is perpetually adding to its domain—just as the dead of the earth outnumber the living a billion to one and the ratio widens with the minutes. Only a few ever reclaim an inch of earth from the eternal swirl. They are men of transcendent wills and their triumphs are only momentary.

The illusion of an “Immanent Reason” is one of the oldest of metaphysical illusions—and one of the most necessary. “All things exist for a purpose.” God is the first utilitarian, the first pragmatist. There is a “far-off divine event toward which the whole creation moves.” Rationality, a Supreme Logic, is predicated everywhere except in Buddhism, which teaches the irrationality of existence. The spirit of the West is dynamic. Whatever moves moves toward a point, whatever moves has a reason for moving; all things move toward a Point; hence all things have a Reason for moving. Therefore a Supreme Brain. The syllogism mounts here into the infinite. A finite, utilitarian process emanating from a finite, ephemeral organ—the brain of man—is used to solve the meaning of an infinite, irrational unknowable! The New Jerusalem and the Mansion in the Skies are proved by an ironclad logic; but so is the existence of Mahomet’s celestial brothels. And why not? The Immanent Reason is temperamental, and Logic may enter any paradise.

To the pyre with Euclid, Jevons, Newton and the rest of the pontiffs of Abracadabra! Bog-light, be thou my pole star! Impulse, be thou my compass! Hoist sail for the Land of Prester John, where all things are unreal, topsy-turvy, irrational, indefinite, unreasonable, unstable. I will what I will. Seize the emotion of the minute and loot it with lips, heart and brain. Squeeze the color out of it; suck the thought out of it; strike on it like a keyboard (the fugues of the seconds!)

There is no unity but the unity of each sensation, of each emotion. What has intelligence done for the race but broken spontaneity on the wheel of logic? Every thought is the requiem for a dead emotion. We are bathtub Neptunes and vaudeville Jupiters, the arteries of the irrational will of man have been slashed by the knives of reason and the red blood is soaking into the moving sands of time.

Cut down the sacred Bo-tree of science with its mock orange and stuffed nightingales! Those winged cows of culture that we have mistaken for Pegasus—hurl them from the Temple!

The blazing constellations in the zodics of the irrational are calling us, and up the sun-shaft of the ages we go dancing the lascivious dance of the atoms; we go like gods sweating stars, chanting a Te Deum—to Chance.

Benjamin De Casseres.
AUDIATOR ET ALTERA PARS: SOME PLAIN SENSE ON THE MODERN ART MOVEMENT

THE International Exhibition of Modern Art has become a fact in the life of the United States. That life has already spontaneously developed a germ of art. That germ could not but be fertilized by the progressive spirit of European culture, a culture in which the United States is fully a generation behind. What influence is this exhibition going to have on the development of this germ?

The Exhibition has been foreshadowed, for some years past, by various small shows of French and native artists, at 291 Fifth Avenue, and by the increasing attention of the artists, the press, and the public centering around them. The idea of the show now remains with us. It is a triple one; derived, first from the Show itself; secondly, from Picabia's "Studies of New York" exhibited at "291"; and thirdly from the attitude of the public. For the visitors were equally on view; their attitude is under observation; their sympathies are being influenced. This is important in itself.

Of the two component parts of the American public that have seen and judged, namely the critics or general writers and the laymen, so called, the latter have proven, on the whole, to be the more intelligent observers and contributors to the total opinion. This is the most curious and the most hopeful sign of art in America. The critics were outspoken, either for or against, according to their respective positions: i.e., whether they acted as impartial interpreters between the artists and the spectators, or whether they spoke as agents of certain selfish and narrow interests. For we are a very conservative people in spiritual matters.

The habits of yesterday, the interests of commerce, the vanities of "who is who" are sacred institutions with us. In these respects our free democracy is far more self-satisfied and unprogressive than tradition-hampered Europe. Art with us is still a luxury, instead of a necessity of cultured life. It is not yet the pulse-beat of a people having the money and ambition to express itself and its aspirations, in a language of its own. Instead, art is here, on the whole, a commodity for the vanities and speculations of the rich. For there is art that lives, and art that has lived. The mummies of the latter serve in museums for instruction, and in ambitious mansions as the flunkies of mere wealth. Dealers of art, so-called critics, patronizing social leaders and regular auctions, foster and prolong a sham idea of art. Most other people feel art is something curious and inconvenient. Into this general boarding-house atmosphere the exhibition of the new art from Europe dropped like a bomb. Before the people could gain their breath, some prune-fattened authorities of the old régime at once hurled the pits and stones of their wrath and contempt against the cubists. Not arguments—for intelligence always foregathers at the side of progress.
And it is again a significant and hopeful matter of fact, that such interpretation and estimate of the essential qualities of the new art, as were offered to a well-minded but bewildered public, came from that class of writers, who like Mr. Hutchins Hapgood, Mr. Chamberlin, Mr. Charles H. Caffin, Dr. Crane, are critics as well as spokesmen for the American life. We are a generation behind Europe in the arts (in our stupid furniture, in our stagnant decoration, in most of our other crafts, and especially our conscious but imbecile efforts in architecture which, aside from the number of stories or cost of granite, are utterly unoriginal and hopelessly checked in progress by an academical clique of Frenchifying canons which dominate all the energies involved). We may be ahead along the general lines of life, social, economic and political. In the latter respect the American people exert their best energies and manifest that same kind of unrest and strife which, once in Florence, worked towards progress, the freeing of humanity and—of art. As it was then Humanism versus Scholasticism, so it is now Idealism versus Materialism. Thus considered, the triple exhibition, far from being one of the temporary sensations in a dull routine, is a logical event, a necessary and momentous result. This is further evidenced by the wide variety of writers pressed into service or volunteering their opinions.

In addition to the professionals, all kinds of readers—editors, politicians and merchants of prominence—have bombarded the columns of newspapers with unusual viewpoints. New York tested the new art as to its commercial honesty. “Likely fakers,” says an ex-president. Chicago demanded proof that it was not immoral; Boston may investigate its constitutionality. But, where is the record of a precise and complete acknowledgment of the new idea, set down in the terms of art, not of life, as Mr. Hapgood has it perfectly; nor of the art-literate? From the latter point of view a few periodicals have failed; while the newspapers cannot afford to cut down sport-columns in the interest of a detailed survey of art works. The painter Picabia’s interview was more sensational than instructive. Yet his studies at 291 Fifth Avenue were in some ways, the very abstract and quintessence of what was new in the bigger show. Yet the new did not fail to be recognized, felt, discussed and, as a lesson and stimulation, appropriated, by a surprisingly large part of the public.

The reason for the lack of an outspoken and fixed statement of the meaning and evidence of the new in modern art is, that such record must needs come from the artists themselves. The catalogues of similar exhibitions at Cologne and Amsterdam, last year, contained introductions by artists. A further reason is that in America we are guided too much by “authority.” In matters of living art, authority, academics, the interests of commercialism, are all useless and often pernicious. The attitude of all those whose ease of mind is disturbed by the prospect of a possible loss of dollars or prestige through anything new is arrogant and insincere. There is also a little fear of the new art on the part of the picture dealers, who so assiduously
foster the superficial but remunerative cleverness and routine of home talent. There is, too, a good deal of self-doubt, as well as apprehension of the future, on the part of the anaemic and conceited academic painters. And there is, lastly, the unreasoning Pharisaism of high-priest-critics. Each of these types, *nolens volens*, defends the old against the new; and with so big a noise that the public takes the sound for soundness and thus the real issue becomes misunderstood. Accordingly, as was almost to be foreseen, a lack of fairness and of understanding are the principal causes of the unfavorable or aggressively hostile reception of the imported new art by our "authorities." This would not matter, if the larger part of our public were not wont to abide abjectly by the pronouncements of those whom it has good naturedly set up as its guides.

Art in America is still largely misunderstood. Its purpose is not to amuse or instruct, as people think. Nor is its aim the imitation of life or nature. Neither is it meant to immortalize names with the halo of N. A., nor to make the dukes of Europe feel at home in the mansions of the dollar, nor to serve the latter in any way, not even to raise the wages of dressmakers. All "art" of this sort is sham, devoid of truth, or relation to ourselves. Art—pure art—elevates and liberates, because it makes articulate the life of its own time. So it must be today. The proper functioning of art, however, depends on the spectator's mind. Which is where America's false notions still handicap Americans.

We, the public, do not know how to approach, how to look at a work of art. Therefore the real significance and value of an Exhibition is lost upon the majority of the visitors, misdirected, instead of guided, from the beginning by the "authorities." The layman takes art to be photography, so to speak, in one material or another; he attaches to this sort of photography his sentiments or practical purposes. His first question before a painting is, "Of what is it a picture?" Next, "How accurate is it?" Then, "By what phenomena of reality, reproduced as naturally as possible, does it tickle his favorite taste, knowledge or sentiments?" Accordingly he judges. Similarly the academical high-priest enquires: "In what respects does a painting or statue agree with his dogmas and conventionalities?" The artist himself is never attempted to be understood or asked to explain.

To fully understand, appreciate and enjoy a work of art requires gift and co-operation on the part of the beholder. Furthermore his perceptive faculties and sensibilities need training. Without self-education one cannot gain the pleasures of art. For these reasons all art is lost to the multitude, including the majority of the so-called educated. For our modes of education confer no advantage upon the pupils in the way of understanding art. The schools teach us to be literary. The Greeks knew better; while the peoples of the Orient have developed art instincts superior to those of Western nations. In Europe, at least, closer contact on all sides with art, centuries of habit
and critical literature, as well as the feuilletons of the daily press keep the public fairly abreast of progress in art. In America actualities of this kind are confined to the few largest Eastern cities and are quite limited or sporadic. No wonder that our art is so extremely unoriginal. It is unrepresentative of our own life and our demand for it is very small in comparison with the large market for Europe’s dead art. Meanwhile the attention is expended on superficial skill, and thoughtless imitation of senile French standards. Of these lifeless kinds of past and present art, the collectors, donators, auctioneers, dealers, and such critics as can be pressed into their several services through the newspapers, act as undertakers and embalmers. Thus no public is more handicapped than the American in keeping intelligent pace with the progress of art.

It is more to the intellect than to the taste that the idea of the International Exhibition addressed itself. New things seldom appear in a perfect state. They are generally experimental at first, and their virtues are either somewhat hidden or too glaringly obvious. This, however, need not preclude the enjoyment of them. Do we not prefer our own lives, conditions and hopes to those of the past, although this age of progress is not a happy, golden one? The simple relevant question, therefore, in view of the new art shown, is: Wherein is it new and why? It was up to the critics to seize upon it and prepare the public for it. Instead, some of the most known and conspicuous ones completely failed as interpreters and, for whatever reasons of ignorance or bias, put sand in the eyes of the public. They seem not only blind to the new, but they rail against it like unreasoning men, calling the artists hard names in place of offering any sound arguments. Yet, the critic, even more than the layman, is supposed to approach a work of art, a new movement, with open mind and a keen eye, in a sort of self-effacement. Beauty does not exist outside the human brain. It is a conception of our mind, according to the fundamental qualities of which the beautiful in the arts of all races and all times conforms to certain fixed principles. But, in so far as there have been, are and will be variations, changes, and progress in the activities of the human mind, the specific ideas of beauty and therefore the corresponding manifestations of art do not remain constant.

What do those critics see in the new art? In a negative sense, none of them sees the point; neither Mr. Cox, nor Mr. Cortissoz, nor Mr. Borglum, nor Mr. Roosevelt, our ex-president—whom we include here, since he acted as spokesman for the public. That is to say, in other words, none was able to so divest himself of his Old Adam, that he might discern the new spirit in the display, or at least in some part of it. None got at the specific point of view. For the only scale or criterion by which a picture or statue is to be judged is its expression of its idea.

All of them agreed that something new is there, and that this is on the whole bad, because—it is new.

Mr. Cox’s views and judgment here, as elsewhere, are those of orthodoxy
incarnate; and it is well known that, when the spirit of stagnancy is opposed to the principles of progress, all fair argument is in vain, however necessary. Mr. Hapgood has set Mr. Cox’s tomb-stone, in these respects, and no further inscription need be added here. Mr. Borglum is by some credited with a progressive vision. Yet he poses as a peculiar seer, when he prophesies a future to art in America and when, startled by seeing “all people rush to the cubists,” he does not combat them with arguments, but arrogates to himself the role of a medical authority over those whom he has apparently never met nor been called upon to diagnose. He calls them “paranoiacs”, evading thereby an honest effort at criticism. The only real contribution that in a faint way he makes, as a public educator, is to call Phidias, Michael Angelo and Rodin “insurgents,” in the sense of vituperation. For, their genius, to a Mr. Borglum, dared to break with the authoritative and accepted norms. A similar thing now happening once more will Mr. Borglum prove to be a saviour? And if, of what? Evidently, according to himself, of the old régime; of a corpse instead of life. Having so soundly slashed the intruders, with hard names in place of logic, Mr. Borglum becomes magnanimous and extends the hand of contemptuous pity to them. “Everyone is entitled to a show once”—never again! And the public, finding no critical information here, is sent on from Pontius to Pilatus.

Mr. Cortissoz continues on like lines of mingling orthodoxy with pathology and the unpolite end of the vocabulary, but in a far more furious and revengeful mood. Evidently these Cubists and Futurists fell like live flies into his soup. Better spill it all and kill them, as it were! To him Van Gogh was an unbalanced mind, who went crazy, and consequently his art cannot be new. Is it not new, Mr. Cortissoz, because Van Gogh’s fate is an old weakness of human life? Is it not good, Mr. Cortissoz, because Van Gogh shared the fate of a Makart, Troyon, Tasso, Donizetti, Lenau, Nietzsche, and many others, who enriched the world by the fruits of their genius? Such is Cortissoz’s reasoning, and yet he claims he read the letters on art by Van Gogh. No man who perceived in them the intensity of Van Gogh’s soul, the clearness of his thinking, the scope and profundity of his searching into art and its progress, has learned more than what is the real fact,—except to Mr. Cortissoz —namely, that Van Gogh, after seven years of the hardest, constant work, day and night, finally succumbed to exhaustion of his nervous system. He literally had worked himself to death. Meanwhile it is on his work, and Cézanne’s, that, if art has any new life and future in store, all its present progress, at least, is based. Does Mr. Cortissoz attempt, in any way to enlighten the public in the art of Van Gogh, which for twenty years has been the common possession of Europe, while his canvases sold at enormous prices and his masterpieces are not to be had at any price?

And what has he to say of Cézanne? That “his style was rough, brutal; of often unlovely pigment, and unsound technique.” This is true only of some of his early work, before he found his marvelous vision and theory,
which he embodied during several decades, in paintings of the most subtle and tender brush stroke; the most delicate surface of pigment; applied with deliberation and economy. His coloring, too, is so rich, so harmonious and so expressive, in a racial, individual and realistic sense all at the same time, that nothing like it has ever been achieved, either before or after Cézanne, whether one considers his landscapes, his portraits, or his still-lifes. Technically, Van Gogh’s work is simplicity and scientific perfection itself; so sound that none of his pictures in question shows so far the slightest defects or deterioration. So much for Mr. Cortissoz’s knowledge and observation.

Again, as to Cézanne; as to the real and fundamental achievements of Cézanne’s genius in painting, that lies beneath those mere surface matters, Cortissoz has not a word. He overlooks the fact that Cézanne conceived a new philosophy of painting, by which it attains new harmonies and more manifold expression than it had before; that his work has had a rapid and universal influence to this day, all over Europe, with those painters who are not slaves to the mechanical perpetuation of dead rule, but who feel the pulse of our time and dip their brushes in modern thought and not in the ink of academic superstition. No wonder Mr. Cortissoz condemns the entire movement of the new art, of which Cézanne and Van Gogh are the initiators. He accuses all Post-Impressionists of “not thinking straight” and of “pure cheek.” “Where reason is lacking, mere words step in,” says a poet-critic. Meanwhile the great volume of literature in Europe about the new art, the ever-increasing number of its apostles in all branches, the variety of individual expression, and the rapidly spreading enthusiasm throughout Europe that echoes toward this new art from a progressive and sympathetic public—these facts alone would suffice to make it probable, if not certain, that the new art is a link in the chain of logical evolution; that, what Cortissoz styles “not thinking straight” is feeling instinctively after the true relation of art to modern life; that “pure cheek” is but the courage to be free in thought and expression. “Nothing typifies more accurately and lamentably the backward and stagnant general condition of art in America, as compared with that in Europe, than that sort of criticism, so called, which is dished up for the delectation of a gullible public. Hence it is no wonder that it confuses the people even more than does the surprise created by the artists.

But, after all, the people become skeptical of mere abuse by the “Authorities.” And so it is, that Mr. Roosevelt, whose article about the show is interesting and important in so far as he gives “a layman’s view” and is typical, as he is the most conspicuous, layman in this great republic, may well be taken as summing up the opinions of the general public in regard to the new art. He confesses that he does not understand the Cubists, therefore he repudiates the “European Extremists.” Indeed, he only too well represents the layman, when he looks for the “what” instead of the “how” in a picture, especially in the new art; and when he tries in vain, to discover the merely incidental—as “The Nude Going Downstairs”—or when he fails to look
for the correspondence of the artist's means to his idea, as in Lehmbrock's statue. Always concerned only with the superficial imitation of nature, he testifies to the mistaken attitude of the general public before art. Judging an artist to be mainly an imitator of reality, he calls all those who appear to him to fall short of perfect imitation "fakers." Or rather "likely" fakers. For Mr. Roosevelt is not quite sure; his mind, like the public mind in general, is not so fully biased as that of the critic "authorities"; he acknowledges the pleasing absence, all over the exhibition, of "self-satisfied conventionality." Because he amuses himself with the task of inventing other names for "Cubists," vacillates in his judgment and condemns most of the new as it comes from Europe, nobody need seek a quarrel with our former president. He did not like his task evidently; for he constantly veils his statements in terms of uncertainty; "likely," "probably," "seems"; while we all know, that where Mr. Roosevelt believes he knows his subject, be it man or beast, his language is drastic and certain. After all, however, the "layman's view" takes us to the art works—and to the new in them,—while the orthodox would have the people flee it as the devil.

In order to understand the new trend of art it is well first to size up this Exhibition in proportion to the whole state of the new art in Europe, of which it is only an example, and in so doing to leave aside all set prejudices, arising out of one-sided education, personal sentiments and preferences, the illusions of tradition as to what is beautiful, misconception of the purpose of art, conceit of personal success, money-interests, and the like. For to all of these reasons the opposition may be easily traced. We must allow for the imperfection of the Exhibition as such, as well as for deficiencies in the works of the artists, that naturally stand in the way of a ready understanding and appreciation, although such matters have little or nothing to do with the real issue.

To begin with, the display was not a clear-cut selection from the new movements. In a historical sense, it stretched over so long a period, that much which was new at one time is considered old today and appears not at all as a part of what the new, today, stands for. Similarly, a great deal of the contemporaneous art shown, especially from America, is virtually foreign to the new intents and modes. Furthermore, the mêlée of antagonistic examples was mostly arranged in a manner that could only add to the confusion of the public, making it physically difficult to separate and to coordinate, and thus to concentrate the attention on one aspect of the new at a time.

In these matters the work undertaken by the originators of the show failed through their ambition. Moreover, the two important masters and fathers of the art-revolution, Cézanne and Van Gogh, were quite inadequately represented by the number as well as by the quality of their pictures. Neither was the European section, generally, a complete survey of the variety
of modes of expression that make up the new movement. Another considera-
tion, already alluded to, is important. Nature bestows her gifts very unevenly
upon the individual workers in art as well as in any other field. The artistic
talent is not always allied to intellectual superiority. Again, the followers
of the genius who opens new vistas and roads are mostly recruited from the
ranks of young men, with whom naturally the ripening of personality is
accompanied by the errors or exaggerations to which youth is subject. We
have, furthermore, the individual points of view and means of expression, of
such radical thinkers as Rodin, Kandinsky, Matisse, and Picasso, who have the
strength of mind which is able to repudiate tradition and give us the benefits
of their analysis in a radical form. The resulting dissimilarities of effort seem
incompatible one with another or with a common idea of the new movement;
while, again, the whole of the latter is in absolute contrast to the traditions
and conventions with which the public is familiar.

Nor is it depreciation of the merit and importance of the new movement
in art to discern and admit certain shortcomings in the experiments of artists,
to which they are as inherently prone as any other promoters or inventors;
to find errors of calculation, that is to say, in experiments undertaken in order
to extend the possibilities of art and square it up with the scope of modern
thought. Since there is no life without constant change and no progress
without constant experiment, there can be perfection only for the mind that,
instead of grasping the vital spirit of changing conditions which art must
follow, looks back upon that which is finished, which has reached the end of
its life. For this reason art academies are impossible without professing
conservatism to the point of stagnation. All “Authority” sanctioned to
prescribe for and tutor the artist is, after all, unconstitutional; and any critic
who fails to act as interpreter between artist and public and who does not
assist evolution but defends the usurped privileges of academicism, is a leech
on the growth of art. Considering all that, the exhibition is of importance
not in what subjects the artists seem to hold up to or hide from the curiosity
of the visitors, nor in what idle comparisons and exclamations of temper the
public is excited to by the experimental character of much of the work; but
in the degrees and modes of expression by which the new art movement sep-
arates and distinguishes itself from the past and the traditional. This once
understood, the visitor may take sides on his own responsibility.

When considered in the light of evolution, of modern life, of science, and
of the arts in general, the new movement appears not at all revolutionary
or arbitrary. On the contrary, it is a natural result like all changes in art
at any period have been the logical forms into which the spirit of a time
moulded itself. The objective contents within the pictorial form, or what is
called the subjects, are more or less inconsequential; partly because art is
by its nature more dependent upon reality than music, although art is not
inseparable from reality; partly, because those contents correspond to those
material interests which are not changing. In short, it is the vision of things
and of their relation to one another and that of ourselves to them, in which modern life and art differs from the past. Hence it is that the new art involves all the subject-branches of painting alike: portrait, landscape, still-life (which appears in a new significance), genre (which manifests a strong tendency towards idealism), interiors, the human figure, animals, and pure imagination. On the other hand, and this is of the greatest importance, pure and abstract painting, for the first time, seeks a place besides those various subject-divisions. Picabia's works, especially those at his separate show at "291," are the most conspicuous in this class.

The new vision involves a readjustment of our eyes, in the pictorial sense, in which Europe must be followed by America, as a natural course, and against which the resistance of inert traditionalism and the public indifference are in vain.

Art is a form corresponding to an idea. The correspondence is the life of art. But academies continue merely a form after its idea has become extinct, while the layman by reason of a one-sided literary education and dormant perceptive faculties for art, always concerns himself more or less exclusively with the subject in a picture or statue.

The artistic form is a composite of units or of technical elements, which is of necessity simpler than and dissimilar to the very complex forms and qualities of reality. Art selects from life or nature and transforms the visible manifestations into corresponding effects—equivalents—such as the materials of art make possible. Further, art composes or rearranges, since it imitates for the purpose of expression. The perfect correspondence between the idea and the form in an art work, is harmony. The harmony is impossible without unity in variety of the elements which the artist organizes into a new image—not a substitute for a real object, but a new subjective reality of beauty and expression. That is all there is to Art and the basis upon which all critical interpretation and the enjoyment of Art rests. Of course there has always been, and always will be the craft of imitating for the sake of copying. Prehistoric writing, for example, consisted of simple drawings or symbols in imitation of objects. But art, which at first resembled this, was never anything but feeling expressed. These different truths most people habitually confound.

Yet we, of today, ought to have use for the true services of the artist, since photography makes the painter superfluous as a copyist; indeed, the competition of the camera has forced the artist to realize that his instrument is his imagination. But these very principles of art became more and more ignored during the last three centuries, since a materialistic spirit required expression through a naturalistic art. From its beginning, art has allied itself with man's conception of an attitude toward that which lies beyond the tangible or visible and above utility. The artist has shaped the idols of cannibals, the images of religions, the ideals of Greek culture, the aspirations of Humanism, the emotions of Individualism. Art ascended to the height of beauty
and expression in the age of Titian, Cranach and El Greco. Since then and up to this day, music developed and perfected a superior power to interpret the subtlest feelings of man, as his soul, freed from the suppressing ballast of ages, has yearned for the most direct and responsive instrument of utterance. In the meantime since art continued to serve the more material instincts of individualism, it aimed more and more toward fidelity to life and nature.

Ingres, Manet and Monet, Delacroix to some extent, and consciously even Cézanne, sought nothing more than to increase the artist’s powers to make a painting the perfect illusion and almost reproduction of reality. Of course, we must not forget that they and the French impressionists possessed the true pictorial instinct, whereas their principles have caused painting and sculpture elsewhere—abroad and here in America—to grow naturalistic to the point of losing all art value.

From this lowest ebb the new movement will rescue art; it will restore to painting true pictorial principles, and set it on the road to attain an even wider sphere of individual expression and a greater height of beauty than art ever had before. The young artists, with their fervid impetus, are impatient of awaiting orders from a public that itself needs to be directed. Hence, today it is not the newness of subject, but the novelty of vision that inspires the progressive artist. He is even more at war with the public, generally, than Manet or the Impressionists ever were. For the ignorance and indifference of the people toward art nowadays are on a level with art’s general low ebb, and with the mental state of those who prefer conventional art. Hence it is that some original artist-thinkers, like Cézanne, Van Gogh, Degas, and others, turned away from the public altogether and attempted no fruitless battle at all with the salons, dealers, and reporters.

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It was science that, during the period of increasing materialism, led painting downward; and it is science, now, that assists it upward. From Da Vinci, who, as an inventor and investigator in art, increased the artist’s power of imitating nature, it led on to Monet, who converted the light-theory of Newton and the color-experiments of Rood and Chevreul into methods of bottling up nature alive, so to speak, within the four stretchers of a canvas. All this time music was soaring skywards and revealing heavenly perspectives of beauty and emotional expression. The musician robbed the painter of his sleep. “Why cannot art be free from mercenary imitation and selfish authority, more individual and ideal?” some painters and sculptors began to ask themselves some ten years ago. The only way out for the painter was to follow the progress of things all around, instead of treading the academic mills. Thus, in this age of science it meant to think, to analyze, to experiment by synthesis, to go back to the elementary in painting, to see and to feel the world, as science reveals it today.

In this way originates the new vision of external objects and of imagina-
tion. There is a necessary analogy between the impressions of the artist and the scientific and philosophical evolution going on. Modern science teaches us to know things by their elements and effects by their causes. Upsetting old beliefs and superstitions to a revolutionary degree, it destroys or improves past systems by which man used to regulate the life of himself and of society in order to be at peace with nature. It dethrones painting and sculpture from the altar of the church, from the pedestal of the golden calf, and sets before our mind the innumerable elements of nature and life in a bewilderingly new complexity. Then, philosophy endeavors to reassemble, reconstruct them into a new, grander and sounder order, for the ultimate benefit of mankind. Poets foresee and try to express it: Nietzsche, Haeckel, Ibsen, and a hundred others. It is as if a new sun by its powerful energies had dried up and burned to ashes all that had lost its life and at the same time were forcing into life a new culture.

Like the scientist the painter learns to dissect, analyze and revalue, in a pictorial sense, all that is visible in nature, such as light, color, form; and, like the poet, he tries to assemble anew the elements of artistic expression, as line, tone, mass, pigment, by new contrasts, scale and arrangement. In fact, he takes apart the entire artificial fabric of traditional art; weeds out whatever is pictorially unessential, and then reconstructs the elementary effects of which the materials and technical processes of art are capable, and which are limited in number and are constant. Unlimited and ever variable are the new combinations and harmonies made possible through them. And here it is that the frequent comparison of painting to music holds true. Music recognizes quality, tone, intensity, etc. in sound, and rhythm in its time-combinations.

How does the artist construct new harmonies? Here is the whole issue. The issue leads straight to the principal difference between a new faith and the old creed in art; to whatever there is of new and better in the works of the young generation. In one word, it is Idealism: namely, to realize a new idea, to give expression in new forms of beauty to the impression derived from modern scientific and philosophic vision.

The musical composer may find inspiration in life or nature, but his art puts no fetters whatever upon his energies save those inherent in voice or instrument. Similarly painting and sculpture are now attempting to free themselves more and more from the irrelevant, unpictorial actualities of the subject, that is, from the mere imitation of the latter. Indeed,—and this has been tacitly felt by every artist since art began, and is the intrinsic beauty of all masterpieces throughout the history of painting—there is in all of them the pure pictorial beauty overlying the material subject represented. But the one may be separated from the other. Pure pictorial beauty may exist alone as pure abstract painting; or, on the other hand, it may be united in a new union of the material subject and pure pictorial values, in which the proportion of one to the other is most variable. In the
former category are Picabia’s studies; in the latter the Cubists and Futurists.

The genius of Cézanne brought about the new vision of nature and with it new possibilities of expression. He conceived the subject of a picture solely as a totality of form made up of formal units. To him, for example, a landscape did not consist of so many objects with their parts or features separate one from another and of different meaning, sizes, colors—in short, such as they are and are ordinarily seen. But to him each and all became elements of an *experience*, felt as one single, entire and complex form, through which space itself is made visible as composed of light-tones, and color-hues, etc., caused by the qualities of surface and direction of planes, each two neighboring effects or surfaces distinguishing themselves, one from the other, by contrast. Thus, there is an endless variety of effects all through the field encompassed by the eye; and at the same time a unity in the relations of every visible element to all others. Accordingly he transferred his impressions in the most direct way to the canvas as gradations of color, in hue and tone. Thereby Cézanne substituted for the hitherto imitative effects abstract pictorial elements and ordinances of them, similar to the poet’s measured words or to the musician’s rhythmic sounds. Signac’s theory and his and Cros’s practice are related to this procedure, and are more radical in the way of color, though not in form. But Cézanne clearly pronounced the principle, a means of realizing more intensely the complexity and harmony of nature. He reduced form to simple geometrical variations, color to contrasts of hues, light to gradations of tone. His pictures excite in the spectator an indescribable pleasure and intense sensations that may be compared to the effects of symphonic music.

Van Gogh, on the other hand, analyzed emotional impression and the possibilities of its pictorial equivalents: of color used pure and individually, and of line used similarly (brush-stroke). With these elements he composed a pictorial organism, which for its unity has the totality of plane—flatness (Japanese art)—instead of that of form—depth of space (Cézanne).

Matisse still further reduces Van Gogh’s mode of vision and expression to an absolute simplicity of line and color. Picasso proceeds on Cézanne’s theory and simplifies form in geometrical projection and by rhythms of mere tone—hence “Cubists.” Picasso, Matisse, and their followers go another step further toward abstract expression, in so far as they simplify the still natural complexity of Cézanne’s and Van Gogh’s impressions by enlarging the units of line, color and tone. This implies simpler composition and larger harmonies.

Those processes are new only in so far as their scientific and pictorial view-points are new, while they constitute a large part of the art of the Prim­itives. For art was purer and truer in the time of Giotto, Mantegna, the early Germans and Flemish, and generally when imagination was freer and the skill or the means to imitate nature were less.
Pliny deplored the decadence of painting at his time and ascribed it to similar causes. We find that Matisse and many others, as Zac, Sousa Cardozo, Henri Rousseau, Toorop, revert also to the ornamental of symbolic expression of things, by which means also the Primitives, likewise the Persians, Egyptians, and archaic peoples attained beauty. Experimenters of this kind are mis-named "Mystics," "Symbolists," for want of comprehending the artist's simple business of creating beauty and expressing himself, and not of manufacturing brainlessly illusions of the actual. Cézanne in his pastoral motives combines the human figures and landscape into a oneness of form and line. In this method of composition he followed El Greco and thereby takes up once more the true way of art, that of rearranging the component parts of nature as pictorial units according to the idea of a picture which in itself is a new reality and not an imitation. Thus the thread runs straight back through the periods of classical painting of the sixteenth, fifteenth, and fourteenth centuries; and Giotto and Fiesole are on a straight line that leads back to Persia, India, and China. They clearly appear connected; they are possibly so in a historical way.

The trend of all this is to free and widen the power of art by abstracting—more or less, as the artist chooses—pure artistic expression from concrete imitation. The world is tired of seeing nothing but imitation of reality. Painters rush from the Poles to the Equator, from Polynesia to Siberia, to compete with the photographers and the illustrated weeklies. They satisfy, at best, the empty curiosities of a philistine public that has no use for or appreciation of real art. Nor ever will have so long as it forgets that beauty commences in the simple technical performances—as in ornament, for example, and decoration—and that the higher emotional pleasures of beauty,—harmony between expression and idea—cannot be experienced without a certain effort and collaboration with the artist on the part of the spectator. When the public will take that attitude toward art and its new movements, it will appreciate the many new and varied harmonies the International Exhibition showed and that future ones will show. It will learn that the new vision of nature and the new synthesis of the pictorial elements are not a capricious, but a conscious movement for perfect freedom of artistic individuality and for expression of modern culture.

The possibility of abstract painting is recognized by critics and painters who think, but do not belong to the new movement. For instance, Birge Harrison wrote that future painting may discard all realistic symbols (imitation) for pure color-harmony. Great colorists, however, like great composers, are very rare. Artists are, so far, more concerned in realizing a new pictorial precision of form (Cubists) or a new arrangement of the imitative elements (Futurists). In this, however crude or strange their work may appear at first sight, they exert imagination and move forward within the lines of pure art, as opposed to its merchantable adulteration by sleek and dexterous technicians who pamper a vain and sentimental bourgeoisie with superficial conven-
tionalities. Theirs, at best, is dead art; and our art-authorities and dealers stick to it like the butcher to his trade in dead meat. Dead art, like dead meat, may be valued and continue as a necessary commodity.

But art is not dead. Art is. It is, because as an idea it is inherent in the human mind. The new art movement of Europe has once more established the standard of true art. It is up to the American also to give his art the form of the living day.

Oscar Bluemner.
PLATES

I. CÉZANNE: Portrait
II. CÉZANNE: Nudes
III. CÉZANNE: Still-Life
IV. VAN GOGH: Landscape
V. PICASSO: Portrait—Gertrude Stein
VI. PICASSO: Woman with Mandolin
VII. PICASSO: Drawing
VIII. PICABIA: Star-Dancer on Board a Transatlantic Steamer
VERS L’AMORPHISME

L’HEURE est grave, très grave. Nous sommes à un tournant de l’histoire de l’Art. Les recherches patientes, les tentatives passionnées, les essais audacieux de novateurs hardis sur lesquels une verve aussi fééreuse que stupidement facile s’est trop longtemps exercée, vont enfin aboutir à la formule tant convoitée; la formule une et multiple qui renfermera en elle tout l’univers visible et sentimental; la formule libre et tyrannique qui s’imposera aux esprits.

La lumière nous suffit. La lumière absorbe les objets. Les objets ne valent que par la lumière où ils baignent. La matière n’est qu’un reflet et un aspect de l’énergie universelle. Des rapports de ce reflet à sa cause, qui est l’énergie lumineuse, naissent ce qu’on appelle improprement les objets, et s’établit ce non-sens: la forme. C’est à nous d’indiquer ces rapports. C’est à l’observateur, au regardeur, de reconstruire la forme, à la fois, absente et nécessairement vivante.

Exemple: Prenez l’œuvre géniale de Popaul Picador:

Femme au bain:

Cherchez la femme, dira-t-on. Quelle erreur! Par l’opposition des teintes et la diffusion de la lumière, la femme n’est-elle pas visible à l’œil nu, et sans rapport aucun avec les marchands de tableaux, pour défendre l’Art nouveau, l’Art de demain, l’Art de toujours. Pour aujourd’hui, contentons-nous de publier ici le manifeste, trop court, mais combien suggestif, de l’école amorphiste. Les esprits non prévenus et les véritables intelligences jugeront.

MANIFESTE DE L’ECOLE AMORPHISTE

Guerre à la Forme!
La Forme, voilà l’ennemi!
Tel est notre programme.

C’est de Picasso qu’on a dit qu’il créait un objet comme un chirurgien disque un cadavre.

De ces cadavres génants que sont les objets, nous ne voulons plus.

La lumière nous suffit. La lumière absorbe les objets. Les objets ne valent que par la lumière où ils baignent. La matière n’est qu’un reflet et un aspect de l’énergie universelle. Des rapports de ce reflet à sa cause, qui est l’énergie lumineuse, naissent ce qu’on appelle improprement les objets, et s’établit ce non-sens: la forme.

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Exemple: Prenez l’œuvre géniale de Popaul Picador:

Femme au bain:

Vous ne voyez rien au premier regard. Insistez.


Popaul Picador.

Vous ne voyez rien au premier regard. Insistez.

Avec l’habitude, vous verrez que l’eau vous viendra à la bouche.

Tel est l’amorphisme.

Nous nous dressons contre la Forme, la Forme dont on nous a rebattu les yeux et les oreilles, la Forme devant laquelle s’agenouillent les Brideois de la peinture.

From “Les Hommes du Jour”
ECCE HOMO

In the din of wars, in the clash of wills, in the worker’s hopes and in the poet’s dreams numberless lights have appeared. To man’s hungry vision they looked like destiny’s features, revealed for his eternal guidance. Which one of these has withstood the tide of being? Have not they all fled like dream-spectres before the waking-hour, or dissolved like night’s images in the morning’s first rays? Only our questions abide.

Was Prometheus’ fire heaven-born, in truth?
The million eyes, shining on heaven’s dark expanse, blindingly deepen the profound endlessness beyond them. So does life’s flickering insight hide the eternal purpose of man’s deed and will. Only the lure of inquiry, like a Sisyphus task imposed upon being, shows its futile light on our horizon. This frozen Sun—some call it Civilization.

Civilization—is it enigma’s echo? Whither calls its sound?
Who were the pyramid-builders? The slaving hands or the master minds? What was their aim? A greater burden for the earth’s crust or an eminence nearer to heaven? Was the Sphinx their last Thought, their final Doubt?

Civilization—?
Did Gautama follow its voice when enticed away from throne and wife and child, in the gray hour before sunrise? Or was it the day-dreaming Yogi who had listened to its whisper in a life-long lifelessness of contemplation? Or did Jehovah’s stern law proclaim its message,—to the head and not the heart,—with rainbow covenant against non-sanguine flood?

And who kindled Herostrates’ fire-brand and whetted Alexander’s sword?
Were they Civilization’s tools—Pericles’ hosts of slaves? Were not Praxiteles’ gods rock-hewn, like the profuse mortgage-posts on Arcadia’s fields?

When unto Caesar what is Caesar’s was given, had Civilization to others decreed blood-stained bread and tear-soaked play?

Is a hemlock cup forever for a Socrates ordained?

And by whose fatal verdict did Plato’s word cleave man’s own world in twain,—not even Calvary could mend the break—leaving naught but sin on our earth? Upon such earth the reasoner shuns the sun, to seek truth with a lantern, with scholastic flame flashing blindingly into human eyes. Upon such earth the man of faith seeks refuge in an anchorite’s cell, and the man of deed in the clouded heavens of mysticism, even to this day of revolution. Upon such earth ideal flees from man’s home, to dwell beyond life’s reach.

To the land of “Tomorrow”—that sterile harlot gloating over “Today’s” prostrate form.

And are they of Civilization’s kin who have set themselves up on imagination’s cloistered heights, within intellectual ramparts, on eminences steep and hard, whence only dregs profusely run down—their abundance deemed greatness—into the valley’s broad lands, thence to rise in deadly mists into a steeple-bell-swelled atmosphere?
With curse-laden hope, to rise to man's Babel-heights, that have missed their heavenly aim. To those pinnacles where human souls were scorched, so that now in dissolution they glow—a ghastly leading light—after God's sun has set, beyond man's heights and towers, that are worshiped as the sun's keepers, by those of the valley. By those of the simple heart, whose heaven seeking eyes were intercepted and dazzled by yonder man-made eminence.

Those vain heights' mystic effulgence, to them of pure fancy, appeared like the hallelujah and glory of paradisal existence, while, in truth, they saw but the glare of a Sardanapalian feast, whereat the son of man, having with religious fervor his own entrails devoured, was now making a repast of his very brain; so that even his animal hunger became spiced with delirious mentality while in his holy of holies there was burning on one funeral pyre all mundane joy.

Saturnalia Civilisationis! Jehovah lulled with the epitaph of a categorical imperative, written on evolution's flying sands. The crucifix in the medicine chest, a specific for simplicity and senility. Ideal, like a charmer's wand, benumbing brawn and brain. The Olympians frozen in their marbles. Their Pantheon—a harem of muses. At the throne—doubt and despair, with philosophic laurel-wreaths on their feverish brows, their tottering burden leaning on anaemic Science.

Ecce Homo!

There he stands in his super-manhood, his breath and hopes congealed by the hideous grin of his own gods. A mad panic has seized him and will not be drowned in a St. Vitus dance of vehement greed, ravenous ambition, voracious desire and sanguine passion. His reality crumbles into primeval dust. Through its chaos his heart-beats ring like Judas-silverlings and his soul's voice is as the Last Judgment's call, piercing all being with a glancing Cain-blow, like a shriek of all final agony.

Midas! Midas! Midas! . . . . comes to the world-despairing ears, like a death knell of all existence.

And still those in the valley do not hear. They are still waiting for the watchword, with fatal faith and eyes strained upward—to man's futile height's-up; and away from their own soil, whereon their bodies stand.

And over yonder, where man labored longest, stands the mighty Sphinx, in the shadow of the Great Pyramid. His eye sweeps over man's world and an eternal question lies congealed in the tantalizing blankness of his eyes. . . . Civilization——?

John Weichsel.
ANNOUNCEMENT

THE next issue of Camera Work will be a Double Number. It will be devoted to the work of Eduard J. Steichen. It will contain seventeen Plates; consisting of ten photogravure proofs on Japan tissue made directly from Steichen’s original negatives; four duo-gravure reproductions made from “gum prints” by Steichen; and three reproductions in color from Steichen’s oil paintings.

The subjects will include portraits of Yvette Guilbert; Mrs. Lydig; Isadora Duncan; Anatole France; Henri Matisse; Bernard Shaw; Gordon Craig; Ex-President Taft; Steeplechase Day, Paris; After the Races, Paris; Versailles, Moonlight; Venice, etc., etc.

The Number will also contain an important article on “Pictorial Photography,” by Marius De Zayas; as well as the second instalment of his “Evolution of Form”.

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