

THE SPECIAL NUMBER OF CAMERA WORK DEVOTED TO
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PAUL B. HAVILAND

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THE SUN HAS SET

ART is dead.

Its present movements are not at all indications of vitality; they are not even the convulsions of agony prior to death; they are the mechanical reflex action of a corpse subjected to a galvanic force.

Yes, Art is dead. It died when the atmosphere which was necessary for its life became rarefied and exhausted. It died when pure faith died; when the passive fear of the unknown disappeared; when religious hope was dissipated. It died when the positivistic spirit proclaimed that Art was no longer necessary to humanity; when it convinced humanity that Science and not Art was the solver of the great riddles of the Sphinx. Pagan Art died when the gods died, and when God was suppressed, Christian Art died.

In the sociological movement of modern times, the principle of authority was substituted for that of individualism. Now individualism is being replaced by the principle of fraternity.

What relation can exist between these principles of sociologic science, and pure Art? Everything in the universe is linked, and Art is but one of the manifestations of the thought of an epoch, one of its facets. If it be true to say that every people gets the government that it deserves, then it is also true to say that every epoch develops its own particular Art.

The principle of authority founded the life of Nations on the rock of faith. In Religion, this faith showed itself as content to accept without questioning its dogmas. In Politics, it took the form of a superstitious respect for tradition. And in both Religion and Politics it was a subjection to force as a system.

That is why, during the long period of the Middle Ages, physical force took refuge in the Castle, and moral force or civilization found its home in the Monastery.

There, within the narrow limits of the Monastery, all intellectual and manual activities, the soul and the body of Art, found themselves. Paganism being dead, the new religion took upon itself the charge of maintaining and giving new vigor to the plastic arts.

Latin architecture was succeeded by Roman architecture, and this was followed by the Gothic. Raoul Glaber, a famous Benedictine from Bourgoigne, explains how the architectural transformations permitted by the churches were not imposed by a material necessity, but were the outcome of the new idea that had appeared, compared with which the old seemed to be out of date.

This principle of authority prevailed in all its power until the appearance of Luther, who, unconsciously, sowed the seed of individualism.

It would seem that the principle of individualism ought to have killed inspiration, since it tends to eliminate the conception of the ideal. But this did not take place because the elimination did not occur. The Reformation was neither Atheist nor Rationalist. Luther, Calvin and Zwingli, appear to be as fanatic as the Pontiffs, Bishops and inquisitors of Catholicism. It was

an epoch of great armed struggles, and of tremendous moral and intellectual conflicts. These offered a wide scope for artistic inspiration.

Why is it that in that epoch of tremendous political and religious upheavals, in which everything was revolutionized, Art, instead of revolutionizing, evolutionized? In my opinion, it was because of individualism. The Artist, independent of the Monk, took refuge within himself.

Individualism considers man by himself and not as a member of society. It makes him the only judge of everything that surrounds him, giving him an exaggerated opinion of his rights, without pointing out to him his duties, and abandons him to his own resources. Something of the same result is due to Art so far as the personality of the artist is concerned; but it is quite different in regard to the idea. In order to find out the highest reach of the idea of man, we have to look for it beyond his individuality, and the totality of expressions of the ideas of an individual is but the synthesis of the collective idea. These collective ideas, condensed and synthesized by the individual genius, are precisely those which are expressed in the masterpieces of Art.

Undeniably, no man can live outside of humanity, for no matter how great his power of abstraction or how complete his isolation, the idea he conceives is inalienably related to the race, the time and the place.

While humanity eagerly devoted herself to the conquest of absolute truth, and the solution of the problem of Divinity, Art was an auxiliary, for it contributed to the same end through the sentiment of the superhuman. But as soon as humanity abandoned the study of the abstract for that of the concrete, when she abandoned the search of the absolute, to consecrate herself to the relative, Art lost its preëminence, and was reduced to a diversion for idle intellectual people.

The principle of fraternity came to be accepted. It was faintly murmured by Rousseau and later openly enunciated by the French Revolution. Always denied by some, and defended by others in arresting controversies, it gave rise to the formation of Altruistic, Socialistic, Communistic and Anarchistic sects. As if to counterbalance those forces, Capitalism and Industrialism have been born as emanations of positivism. Man wants, first of all, to enforce the right to his immediate life on this planet, seeking the largest measure of welfare with the least amount of labor. Philosophy has been drowned in the sea of political economy. Art, which is a striving towards the Ideal, has succumbed to Industry, which is a striving for the Real.

But great ideas are like gigantic trees. At their death they leave their massive trunk standing for many years, often for centuries, and their immense roots still take nourishment from the deep soil. Sometimes, from these roots sprouts forth shoots, of a very ephemeral life, and these give the illusion that the tree is still alive.

And this must explain how it is that in our own day a group of men are desirous to keep alive the spirit of Art, of the Great Art, of the Only One. They aim, however, to produce an effect without a generating cause.

They find no fountain of inspiration because present conditions offer them none. For this reason they go to past epochs for their inspiration.

In the artistic movement of this historical moment, we see the so-called "Too-advanced-for-their-epoch" geniuses rummaging about in ancient cemeteries, looking for the artistic truth, and when one of them thinks he has found it, he does not reproduce it, but alters it to the point of exaggeration and ridicule. The expressions of the artistic truth being conventionalism, the artists, inspired by faith, deformed the anatomy of the human body and all forms in nature to suit the arbitrary and incomprehensible whims of symbolism. They study the art of an ethnic group or of a historical epoch, and they try to convert it into the genuine and exclusive expression of the Art of all times. They search for new ideas in the repertoire of the old, or they cast the new ideas into the old moulds.

In the conversation of Rodin with Paul Gsell, published under the title of "L'Art," the latter says:—"The gesture of *Saint John the Baptist* hides like the one of *L'Age d'Airain* a spiritual significance. The prophet, moves forward with a solemnity almost automatic. One would expect to hear his footsteps reecho like those of the statue of the *Commander*. One feels that a mysterious and formidable power lifts and pushes him onward. And so, the act of walking, that motion ordinarily so banal, becomes here glorious, because it is the accomplishment of a divine mission. '—Have you ever attentively examined men walking in photographic snapshots?' asked Rodin suddenly.

"And upon my answering in the affirmative, he said:—'Well, what have you noticed?'

—"That they have not the air of advancing. As a rule, they seem to remain motionless upon one foot or to be jumping with both feet together.'

—"Exactly! While my *Saint John* is represented with both feet upon the ground, it is probable that a photographic snapshot, made of a model executing the same movement, will show the hind foot already raised and going towards the other. Or, on the contrary, the forward foot will not yet be on the ground if the hind leg occupies the same position in the photograph as in my statue.

"Now, it is just for this reason that this photographed model will present the queer aspect of a man suddenly struck with paralysis and petrified in his pose, as happens to the servants in the pretty tale of Perault, "*La Belle au Bois Dormant*," who suddenly became motionless in the attitudes of their actions. And this confirms what I have just demonstrated to you on the movement in Art. If, in fact, as shown in snapshots, the personages, though taken in ordinary action, seem suddenly transfixed in the air, it is because all parts of their body being reproduced in exactly the same twentieth or fortieth of a second, there is not present, like in art, a progressive development of gesture."

We find the same pose of *Saint John*, the same spiritual significance, the same mysterious and formidable power that lifts and pushes, the same accomplishment of a divine mission, the same two feet on the ground, and the same progressive development of the gesture in the Egyptian statue of *Horfuabra*, Co-Regent of *Amenemhats III* (1849-1801 B.C.) in the museum at Cairo.

Is not Matisse's work the anthology of the authors of Greek vases, of the

Hindu and Cambodian idols, and of the religious paintings of the earliest Catholics? Picasso and his followers, the Cubists, do they not endeavor to be the spiritual and morphological reincarnations of the savages of Africa?

Each one of these pretended discoverers of artistic truth, moved by egotism, imposes himself upon us as an apostle of a new art, so new that they claim to be of the future. They gather pupils among the not inconsiderable human group, which in all epochs, has its nervous system affected, predisposed to all fanaticism, easily infected by anything, provided it is extravagant. Those were the people who, in the Middle Ages, produced and spread the intellectual epidemics known by the names of "Theomania," "Demonopathia," and "Demonolatry," etc., and who, in modern art, produce and propagate the epidemics, no less pernicious, of "Naïve-Mania," "Primitivolatry," and "Savageopathy."

And these latter-day possessed ones, in their psychic dislocation, present to us Mother Eve, with the proportions and under the aspect of a Congolian fetish symbolism of the horrible, created to frighten and banish the powers of Evil; or of a reclining Venus, with the anatomy of the Mayan Chacmol.

Those who suffer from Naïve-Mania, or from Primitivology, boast of taking in art the same attitude as does the child. I believed it to be so until I had the opportunity of seeing the recent Exhibition of Children's Work in the Galleries of the Photo-Secession. The study of these works convinced me how unjustified are these pretensions.

Modern psychology admits the principle that the less filled the brains are with knowledge, the more deeply the impression it receives penetrates. That is why the impressions received in childhood are the deepest, and last the longest. That is also why the work of children is always impressive.

Form, in the abstract, has for the child, and the savage, a psychical significance which disappears with familiarity with things.

The child in producing his works, or in reproducing his sensations, does not use his reflective faculties. It works in an unconscious way, hence its extraordinary spontaneity. It keeps the remembrance of the emotion it feels, but it does not study the manner in which to express it. It is satisfied to express it and does not aspire to do more. Children's spontaneity compels them to express only that which has impressed them most in the form, and that is what appears in their works in the first place, and, indeed, that only is what appears.

Can we consider the works produced by children as works of art? If we demand that a work of art contain the element of imagination and the result of the operation of the reflective faculties, then the work of children is not a work of art. The direct rendering of an impression without giving it a mental significance, cannot, in my opinion, constitute a genuine work of art. The work of children is the product of only one of the principal elements of art—intense perception. This intensity of perception blinds them to the element of beauty, a sentiment generated by education. Form always suffers deformation in their brains. Children's works always carry in them the spirit of ugliness.

When the child begins to observe, and uses his reflective faculties, the intensity of his perception diminishes. Education finally destroys it and instills the spirit of imitation.

What compels the child to reproduce his impressions in plastic form is an innate necessity to use that medium of expression. This we see in the children of every country, especially among primitive peoples. The impression caused by form, the conception of it, its interpretation, obeys in every race an inevitable law. Its progressive evolution marks the anthropological estate of the races, the representation of form being more intense the more inferior the race is; for it is a principle recognized by psychology that the psychic intensity of the work is in inverse ratio to the state of civilization of the individual who produces it, while the intensity of artistic comprehension of an individual is in direct ratio to his degree of civilization.

From this, we conclude that those who consciously imitate the work of children, produce childish work, but not the work of children. This confirms, too, the principle that "unconsciousness is the sign of creation, while consciousness at best that of manufacture." The modern artist is the prototype of consciousness. He works premeditatedly, he dislocates, disharmonizes, exaggerates premeditatedly. He is an eclectic in spirit and an iconoclast in action.

Are these men an anachronism? Are they a logical absurdity? By no means. They express the character of their time; they are the fatal consequence of a false syllogism; they are the product of modern conditions.

Our epoch is chaotic, neurotic, inconsequent, and out of equilibrium.

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.

M. DE ZAYAS.

ONCE MORE MATISSE

(WRITTEN AFTER HAVING SEEN THE LAST EXHIBITION OF WORKS BY MATISSE IN THE PHOTO-SECESSION GALLERY)

WHAT will Matisse mean to the coming generation? Rather a strange question to ask when an artist is still exposed to the critical analysis and jeering doubt of his own generation. Yet in this instance it is tangible. Esthetically, stripped as it were of all notes of novelty, momentary influences and contentions, the essence of his work—not unlike his “Serf”—stands forth, stridulously and strenuously, as an embodiment of Strength. This is the one impression left on the mind. It is the intrinsic note that supersedes the fascination of all his other manifold gifts. This influence will remain.

As an innovator of form he is apt to be of less importance. Whenever a method of treatment becomes familiar, and easy to ply even by a beginner, the time of a new birth of imagination is inevitable. The result is a reaction. The art of our days is as vacillating in its aim and effect as the annual spring sales of millinery. There is no steadiness and solidity in the present trend of art thought. One ideal follows closely upon another. There are a dozen schools running parallel as in a race of thoroughbreds. Besides there are other men engaged in the very same problems. Every artist with original aspirations has forerunners, disciples and soulless imitators. Matisse has actual competitors. He may be made the patriarch of the movement; or this doubtful distinction will be eventually thrust upon somebody else. The centrifugal force of this movement is still elusive and shifting. The process of corrosion to which all intellectual products are subject has not yet set in.

Cézanne, Matisse, Picasso endeavor to give a new understructure to color. Their contribution to color is progressive, evolutionary. It is an expansion of impressionism. Their revolt against academic form and surface records (no matter whether of the classic or realistic school, it is idealization anyhow) is bolder, more far reaching, but it would take an augural mind indeed to prognosticate whether they have found the point of Archimedes in this respect or not. It is very much like discovering the North pole. One has to believe in hearsay.

Form and color are the only means to suggest or reproduce an illusion of the rotundity of objects in space. Form is either an elaboration or simplification of line and plane facts. With Matisse, despite all exaggeration and inconsistency, satire, anatomical and geometrical emphasis, it is simplification. But it is not a new form factor. It is rather a spiral return from a more scientific age to the primitive conceptions of an antique world, where instinct reigned supreme. The childlike attitude is impossible to the eclectic mind. Little round men, who brag incessantly about their discoveries, can not in the appearance of things feel the same innocent delight as a child in the prettiness of a world of new toys.

Matisse is at present the recipient of most rigorous denunciation. Art journalism apparently has concentrated its magnifying glass upon his technical eccentricities, and the public is at loss as to an accurate estimate of the painter's

PLATES

JOHN MARIN

- I. In the Tirol—No. 13
- II. In the Tirol—No. 23





ability. All this is meaningless to the individual appreciator. It is, alas, not only Matisse they do not understand. Nearly all pioneers of eminence share that fate. Nor is there any harm in opposition. A blank smooth surface can have no blemishes; any corrugation and discoloration can lend it a character of its own.

Matisse is the logical sequence of art events. Modern art is tame and frangible. It rarely vibrates with personal magnetism, solely with color. Painters are too busy with the conquest of technique. A *paysage intime*, or ladies sitting on a piazza represent the pinnacles of visual expoliation. If it attempts more, it generally becomes grossly illustrative. It is all grace of movement, charm of fancy, felicity of expression, the ideals of the *bourgeoisie*. Glance for a moment at the Old Masters, at a Tintoretto, Ribera, Rubens, Goya, just to mention a few. What a contrast! One can persuade oneself that some of their paintings were painted by them with fleeting eyes and foaming mouths. They show the flotsam of the soul; mental upheavals—the miry understrata of the soul.

It is not so much the expression of human passion as the product of passion itself. Matisse comes from the same lineage. Tainted as his art is with affectation, it has all been lived through, and deeply felt. He is a man who has knowledge and who expounds it with a tremendous force. His work glows as if fresh from the crucible. What you or I, or the public thinks of it, what does that matter? Art justifies its own ends. It is of no importance whatsoever whether you or I understand this whim of transforming the face and bust of a plain looking girl into a caricature, and thence into a skeletonized enigma of their most characteristic structural traits. That the public has a right to demand certain things from an artist, as lucidity, ethical dignity, for instance, is a most foolish and sorrowful contention. The artist is his own master. The public patronizes not out of any love for art (with the exception of exceptional connoisseurs perhaps) but merely because it is fond of luxuries, pastime and sport. What right then has it to dictate? All it has a right to expect is that the artist is a producer who possesses the inborn or acquired gift to express a vision of beauty to others. Art is the outcome of a mood of inspiration. Inspiration is sustained by strength. Creation demands vigor and endurance, reliance upon one's own resources and impregnability against interference from outside. The artist who is so valiantly equipped takes no heed of the public, nor even of his fellow artists. He smashes and kicks in the doors of tradition. He exerts the *Faustrecht* of superior mentality. His conviction will neither break nor yield. He looms in rugged outlines and gorgeous color by the sheer magnificence of his self-assurance. Buoyed up by the conviction that he lives to accomplish a great task he works—happy mortal!—because he likes the work. He sets himself a problem and tries to solve it for himself. He struggles and experiments—not necessarily to improve his art—but to develop it, to make it more and more, no matter how tentative and confused it may look to the beholder, the expression of his visual appreciation of beauty, from the angle of which he regards the manifestations of life, the one thing which is of value to him and possibly may be to others. It is what he feels and must say, and what he manages to say. And that is all that an artist can do.

SADAKICHI HARTMANN.

EXTRACTS FROM "THE SPIRITUAL IN ART"

* * * * *

These are the seekers of the inner spirit in outer things.

After a different fashion, and more nearly related to the purer methods of painting, did Cézanne, the seeker for new laws of form, take on like tasks. Cézanne knew how to put a soul into a tea-cup, or, to speak more correctly, he treated the cup as if it were a living thing. He raised "nature morte" (still-life) to that height where the outer dead things become essentially living. He treated things as he treated human beings, because he was gifted with the power of seeing the inner life of everything. He realizes them as color expressions, picturing them with the painter's inner note and compelling them to shapes which, radiating an abstract ringing harmony, are often drawn up in mathematical forms. What he places before us is not a human being, not an apple, not a tree, but all these things Cézanne requires for the purpose of creating an inner melodious painting, which is called the picture. That, also, is how one of the latest of modern Frenchmen, Henri Matisse, understands his own work. Matisse paints "pictures," and in these he seeks to reproduce the "divine" that is in things. To attain this end he requires no other means than the object (be it a man or anything else) for his starting point, and the painter's peculiar means—Color and Form.

Led by the purely personal quality of the Frenchman, specially and excellently gifted as a colorist, Matisse lays the greatest stress and weight on color. Like Debussy, he is not always able to free himself from conventional ideas of beauty—Impressionism runs in his blood. That is why we find in Matisse's work which is the expression of the larger, inward, living fact and which has been called forth as the necessary product of his point of view, other paintings which are chiefly the product of outward influences, outward stimuli (how often one thinks of Manet in this connection!), and chiefly or finally expressions of the outer world. Here is to be seen how the specially French conception of beauty in art, with its refined, epicurean and pure ringing melodious quality, is carried over clouds to cool and abiding heights.

That other great Parisian, the Spaniard, Pablo Picasso, never served this Beauty. Always moved, and always tempestuously torn by a compulsion for self-expression, Picasso throws himself from one extreme of means to another. If there is a chasm between the methods, Picasso takes a mad leap, and there he is on the other side to the astonishment of the enormous mass of followers. Just when these think they have reached him, the wearying descent and ascent must begin again for them. That is how the latest French movement of Cubists arose. Picasso strives to achieve construction by numerical proportion. In his last work (1911) he arrives by a logical road to an annihilation of the material, not by analysis, but by a kind of taking to pieces of each single part and a constructive laying out of them as a picture. At the same time his work shows in a remarkable way his desire to retain the appearance of the material things. Picasso is afraid of no means. If he disturbed by color in a problem of pure line form he throws color overboard and paints a picture in brown and white. And these problems are the high water mark of his art. Matisse—Color. Picasso—Form. Two great highways to one great goal.

KANDINSKY.

(Translated from the German.)

THE MOCKER

AS immortal as error, fairer than vice—being herself the first vice, the omnipresent decoy—squats that painted Jezebel,—the Ideal,—at the crossroads of thought, of instinct, of action. She has trafficked with our blood and brain and soul—is the misshapen spirit of time and space itself, and she has lured us time out of memory to her painted paradises, her pasteboard Utopias, her mirages set in bubbles. Tantalus walks in our streets and rubs our elbows, on the faces of men are the chagrin of a million ancient deceptions, the grief and tease of things lost out of hand. But the newer generations pour out from the ever-fruitful wombs and are swift upon the scents of life before the elder dupes have died. And the ancient blower of bubbles has her smile again, for she knows that the newer generations are the dead generations come again.

A history of the evolution of the Ideal would be the history of the evolution of Illusion, a fable of a continuously evoked Image and a chronicle of a persistently recurring disaster. Every action presupposes an ideal of action; each thought is only a tentacle feeling blindly for another thought which shall be its own perfection. So all action and all thought in this passionate quest are hurried into their own tombs, perpetually erasing themselves—one may say telescoping one another. Once the attainable becomes the attained, purpose steps into its winding-sheet—only, in perfect amaze, to resurrect as another purpose. And it is so the circular days of Brahma are spun, and it is thus we mortals play upon the shining films.

If it be defeat that constitutes the tragedy of individual lives, it is the endless deception practised upon us that gives the tragedy meaning. The chagrin of defeat is not so poignant as the mockery of success. Ah! the mockery of success—that is the sting of victory: the suddenly perceived incongruity—a gap sinister—between the thing I willed and the thing that has come to pass. Can that be it I labored to produce—labored in that sweaty divine purpose—that poor thing standing just there in front of me, nude, accomplished, out of hand, the gray light of reality pouring upon it—standing there so piteously before me with that question in its eye: “Where are my purple robes?” Out! I know thee not!

There are as many ills as there are souls; each has its special disease, unique, incommunicable; a special characterization, one may say, of the universal malady: progressive disillusion. We have all nibbled at some rare bait only to feel the carefully concealed hook enter the raw flesh. We wear about us the beautiful rags of our grief as best we may, some dragging in the mire, others flaunted in a kind of defiance to the stars.

Into our hands, in our heyday, we took so confidently, so buoyantly,—and with what an acceleration of the blood!—this heathenish, elfish matter, thinking to mould it to some likeness of the mind’s native dream; to stamp upon it, as we thought, as one stamps upon a disc of gold, some everlasting memento of ourselves, some souvenir of our too transitory presence here upon the earth. But youth knows nothing of that eternal flux which makes of all

things its own paradox, of that endless flowing-away and simultaneous re-appearance of all visible things. His too, too substantial universe does verily thaw and resolve itself into a shadowy monster before his suddenly awakened perceptions, and, agape, he finds himself a hungry speck of dust in that great gale of matter which blows steadily through the world of time. How rotten now the underpinnings of his House of Life! How abysmal that fundament of void over which he so lately frolicked!

The myriad trivial disappointments of the year-round are the little nails that cleave the temples of Expectation. In Disappointment the will of man stands face to face with his mocker, with the sneering, prankish god that has in secret fabricated the arrows of intent and so blunted their heads that they will stick nowhere. This god of merry devilttries peeps at us in that hour of baffled purpose and asks with a kind of counterfeit grimness: "How now, Earth-whiffet! where is thy whim?" Was he not the soul of that laugh of Mephisto—the chuckle of insight, of prevision—hidden in the scented garden when Faust and Marguerite decreed in joy their own everlasting pain?

All the ills of mankind can be traced to the idealizing instinct, to that ineradicable romanticism that crowns the ass and calls it "My lord," that calls a plain latrine a marvellous palace, sees in sewage-vents something of "divine purpose," that labels beautiful those cosmic processes that are in reality the most obvious in their malignity—flower-covered traps that, with exquisite irony, swallow up finally all the petty princelings of Kingdom Come, the idealists themselves. They are the sickly victims of a psychic glamour, a thaumaturgic light streaming out of endless pasts, the dupes of that endless becoming that bears on its crest the mystic ironic phosphors.

BENJAMIN DE CASSERES.

THE WATER-COLORS OF JOHN MARIN

TODAY, where every third artist one meets professes to be the chosen savior of art it is gratifying to find a man who permits his work alone to speak for him. So unusual is this reticence in these days of loudly and oft reiterated theories and little achievement that its possessor is very apt to be overlooked and passed by in the din and turmoil of self-advertising that each day proclaims a new Messiah. And so accustomed have we become to the ranting rhetoric of these self-crucified martyrs to the cause of the Inflated Ego, that we pay little or no heed to any man who does not exhibit, together with his "art," the gaping wounds and the crown of thorns, once the authentic certificates of the man of genius, now usurped together with the mantles of the prophets of old by every fledgling of art.

For it cannot be denied that the men who make what today is known as modern art are no less busy imposing themselves on the world as the great Rejected Ones, crucified on the cross of poverty and neglect, than they are in producing imperishable masterpieces cast in the ancient moulds of those pre-artistic days when art was the synthesized expression of a nation's spiritual status. The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness is now heard on every

street corner at the noon hour when the audience is the largest, and "*Ich und Cézanne*" is the text of the new gospel. And it has become almost axiomatic that wherever the voice is loudest in acclaiming the New there the obligation to the Old is heaviest, and that he who is full of theories is seldom full of anything else.

The complete absence of all such extraneous bids for notoriety is the distinguishing mark of John Marin and therefore it should surprise no one to find that his art is the expression of a very personal point of view. It harks back neither to Egyptian nor Coptic, to Japanese or Fijian, nor is it the distorted reflection of diligent researches in the hieratic art of a dim past. Radical, in that it is intensely individual, his art propounds no revolutionary message. Its only excuse for being is the eternal one of the artist's joy in his work, inspired by the world about him. This he shares as much with the first man whose soul was thrilled by the spectacle of the dawn as with him who first made manifest in terms of art something of the poetry and majesty of night.

Man's first inarticulate cry of ecstasy was the birth of poetry, and in the admiring eye of the primitive lay latent the soul of the artist. This is the link that binds the past to the present and every man who has accomplished anything in the arts finds herein his true relationship. Marin is no exception to this rule, and for that very reason his work appears more truly modern than all the products of the anxious seekers after originality who have forever cut themselves off from the living by burrowing in the dust bins of the dead.

Practicing an art as ancient as the pyramids, whose mortuary chambers were embellished with mural decorations executed in water-color, John Marin has carried the use of this medium a little farther than any practitioner of aquarelle that I know of. I say this with a full knowledge of the work of Ruskin, Turner, Zorn, Sargent, Winslow Homer, and Whistler, to mention only the most brilliant exponents of water-color painting in modern times. Of all these Whistler alone is at all comparable to Marin at his best. In certain of his water-colors, such as the "Chelsea Shops," "Nocturne—Amsterdam in Snow" and notably the interior of "Moreby Hall," Whistler's method is much the same as that employed today by Marin, only Marin has carried it to a point where few will dare to follow. Like Whistler, Marin's water-colors are synthetic, suggestive and stimulating to a degree seldom met with in any other man. They repel or attract according to the imaginative power of the spectator. The literal minded find nothing but absurdity in them, as though the flights of a man's soul may not be as reasonable as that of an aeroplane.

These water-colors of Marin's are eloquent with the ardour of an intense admiration of the universe. They are the ample, overflowing enthusiasms of his soul expressed in large, simple gestures that indicate the broad expanses of green fields, of rolling hills and flower-strewn meadows as bits of gleaming beauty instead of as botanical or topographical charts, and his mountains have such bigness and grandeur as are but rarely met with away from their awe-impelling presence. In these highly synthesized impressions of nature form has been most knowingly summarized, producing the effect rather than the appearance of reality. In several instances, such as the "Mountains and Clouds in Tyrol,"

this elimination of the obvious has resulted in what appears to be nothing more than incomprehensible daubs and blots of color to the literal minded who have very definite ideas as to how mountains ought to look. But only those who have never felt the strange immensity of mountains and sea can tell how they really ought to look, and for them the reports of the geological survey must transcend the most deeply felt impressions of men like Marin who are not concerned with noting divergencies of structure. Nor is this to be construed as a defense of slipshod, meaningless work; there is all the difference in the world between the suggestive shorthand of a master and the inept scrawls of the incompetent masquerader.

Marin is never seduced into the easy path to success which attends all those who beguile themselves and a willing public into the belief that they are producing art when they are merely making bad copies of actuality with all the reality that lends force and interest to the original scene omitted. His "Fifth Avenue,—New York," for example, would hardly serve as a guide for the stranger within the gates. This blur of beautiful color that gradually resolves itself into the semblance of a street with buildings, when viewed at the proper distance, would never vie in architectural accuracy with the souvenirs of New York made by the globe-trotting snapshot-artists who aim to please and hit the bulls-eye of popular approval almost at every shot.

But however amorphous and fantastic Marin may appear to the casual observer there is clearly discernible a method in his apparent madness which takes more account of the essential truths of nature than one would at first suppose possible in such seemingly haphazard splashes of color. The seated figure of a "Girl Sewing" out-of-doors has substance as well as charm of light and color; and his landscapes are adequately characterized without being localized; the rolling land of the Delaware River country has the soft modulations of rolling country, while his mountains have a granite starkness of outline sharply traced against the blue sky. The bigness and spaciousness of the universe is in most of Marin's work, and however conscious may be the pictorial intent he never gives one the feeling of the picture maker laboriously evolving surprises with which to arrest the casual eye of the world.

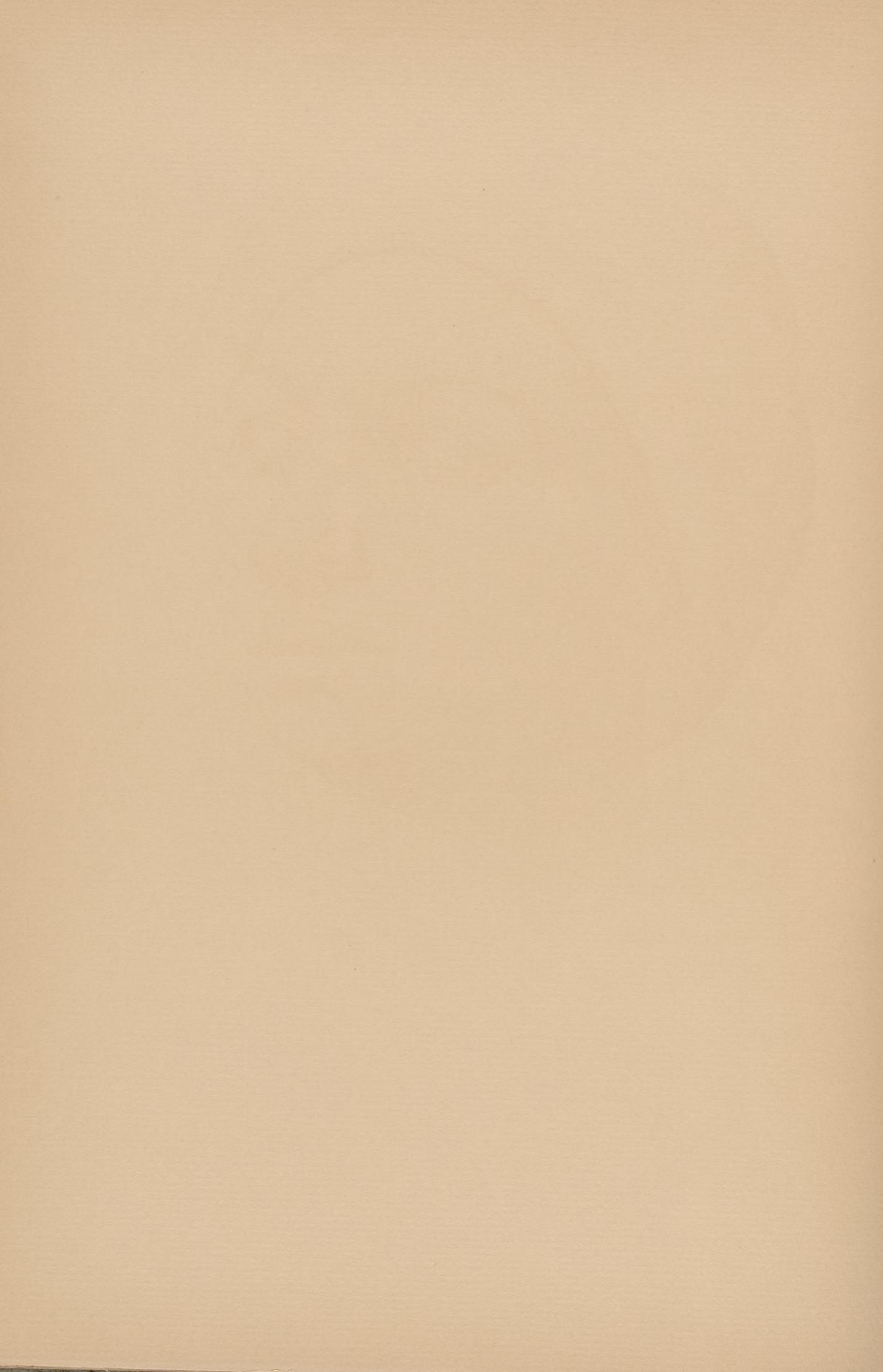
His best work is characterized by a playful spontaneity that has something of the infectious charm of the natural, unconscious movements of children whose naive simplicity it approaches more nearly than any work being produced today deserving to be called adult art. And when the crying and the tumult cease, that now rages in the world of art, it will be found I am sure that the unpretentious John Marin was one of the few authentic personalities of an age whose chief figures are distinguished by their bold assumption of unearned authority.

J. NILSEN LAURVIK.

PLATES

MANOLO

- I. Totote
- II. Reproduction of a Drawing





Manolo



THE EXHIBITION OF CHILDREN'S DRAWINGS

WHAT is the purpose of exhibiting drawings by children, many loyal frequenters of the Little Galleries may have asked themselves. Is there really any deeper meaning attached to them and do they bear any relation to the works of art that have during the last few years been shown in the gray little chamber at Fifth Avenue?

Most visitors had to admit that these infantile excursions into the realm of form and color were of peculiar interest. The selection was carefully made from a raft of material; but it was not this discrimination which made the exhibition worthy of special consideration. Children's drawings, even the crudest, generally contain some note of interest. The exhibition at this particular place and time was like a commentary on modern art ideas, it recalled some elemental qualities that art has lost and which might do much, if attainable at all, to imbue it with a fresh and exquisite virility. How does a child manage in a few lines, rapidly and easily scrawled down, to represent a man on horseback or indicate a landscape! They may be caricatures, travesties, ludicrous nonsense, if you like, but they are neither shallow nor insincere. And despite being contortions and misstatements of facts they contain any amount of allusions, happy touches, notes of keen and sympathetic observation which even prodigious memory and vast learning could not render more satisfactorily.

With the majority of grown up folks the pursuit of art is an engrossing occupation. It leaves but few opportunities for real pleasure. Children draw without a special purpose. There is no responsibility prompting the performance, and no concession to make. It is purely an amusement, the pleasure of a moment. They reveal themselves without hesitancy. They do not attempt to flatter or idealize. Fond of startling contrast and glaring colors they see things vividly and express them strongly, genuinely, without subterfuge. And the honest humble toil of these little draughtsmen to put the plainness of appearances into calligraphic epigrams is due to the purity and alertness of their vision. Every new object they encounter, every incident of life they witness is an event full of curiosity and wonder. Every new record on their retina amounts to a conquest. Wherever they look, life is a book of revelations, and their faces turn with unwonted expression and eager expectancy. They are romanticists by force of this fervency to receive impressions; adventures in reach of some golden fleece, even if it is only a stick of candy, the thin sheet poster of the coming circus, or an apple purloined from a neighbor's yard.

Not that they are absolutely free. Routine and conventions are also darkening child life, and honesty of selection in regard to their pictorial efforts is not possible even at this early stage. Parental influence, pedantic advice of the drawing teacher, or reminiscences and reflections from illustrations seen in picture books and magazine creep unconsciously into their compositions. Nor are their efforts devoid of the influences of tradition. They represent art in an embryonic state; a Japanese child draws entirely different than an

American one. But they can claim honesty of execution. Children draw when they feel the impulse. The idea is vague as mist on a light summer morning. The motif develops while the children are at work. The directness of the performance triumphs over all technical obstructions. As it does not strive for a certain regulated perfection of representation—the bane of the accomplished technician,—it eliminates detail, and although crowded with contradictions, it comes down to fundamentals. The little craftsmen stop as soon as they feel bored, but while they work they do so with wonderful earnestness and enthusiasm. And after that performance is done and shown to the person nearest in reach, the piece of paper is carelessly tossed aside. It has become valueless in their eyes; it is forgotten like the incidents of a nursery game. It is treasured only by sober “Olympians” who take a pride in the cleverness of their offspring.

Quite a lesson in the conduct of life as might be applied to the artist! Alas, to combine strength and beauty with maturity of expression, we must sacrifice naturalness—at least the finest part of it. Education towards perfection throttles straightforwardness. The red Indian squaw ornamented her baskets and blankets in that childlike fashion. All primitive embellishments of utilitarian articles were made that way, but that naïvete of performance was lost when art became a profession and a money-making device. It has become an ideal that only a few solitary workers cherish and strive to maintain. It is possible only to true greatness of soul. The human mind wavers between two abysses. On one side lies the gulf of unconsciousness from which all life springs and in which all lower manifestations of nature subsist. On the other side heaves the sea of insanity, the extreme of the fullest appreciation of existence, where man loses his identity to interpret another personality. The child thrives in the realm of unconsciousness; the great artist, like the madman who believes himself to be a king or Jesus Christ, becomes one with the work he creates. Shakespeare was Hamlet while he wrote it. Whistler embodied night when he painted his nocturnes. Wagner became elemental when he engaged in sound the rushing musical waters of the Rhine. The child rises slowly from the state of unconsciousness, that resembles the soul state of the idiot whose mind dissolves in the all, to higher stages of development where it can comprehend and interpret individual manifestations of life. Will destroys unconsciousness. Artists depending on strength alone steadily approach the state of utmost dramatic intensity. Few cover the whole range of human thought. Those are the greatest. They remain simple as children but unconsciously in their art become identical with the object of their creation.

This is what the exhibition of children’s drawings suggested to me. No doubt, they conveyed other thoughts and sentiments to other minds. And that is the aesthetic value of these abstract pictorial visions.

SADAKICHI HARTMANN.

PHOTO-SECESSION NOTES

THE season of 1912 at "291" closed with an exhibition of drawings and water-colors and clay-modeling by children between two and a half and twelve years of age. The object of the exhibition was to gather examples of graphic art produced at an age when education has not yet interfered with naïve and natural expression. Some of the drawings of these gifted youngsters reveal a remarkable ability, at as tender an age as two and a half years, to seize upon individual characteristics and emphasize them so as to convey unmistakably the child's impression of his subject. Some of the young artists manifest in their color work a deliberate choice of harmonious coloring which cannot be attributed to chance, while a delightful imagination and a live sense of movement is evident in some of the more elaborate compositions.

The sense of pleasure given us by these impulsive expressions of children's observation or imagination is certainly far greater than any pleasure we have ever derived from the best class-room drawings from the model which have ever come under our notice. This exhibition leads to many thoughts as to the value of art education as practiced today which cannot well be included in notes of this character, but which are nevertheless of vital importance if we want to see our children develop into artists and not into artisans.

PAUL B. HAVILAND.

As is our custom, we reprint for the sake of record some of the newspaper notices which appeared on the above exhibition:

J. Edgar Chamberlin in the *Evening Mail*:

At the Photo-Secession gallery, Mr. Stieglitz has one of the most interesting shows of the season. It is a collection of pictures made by children from three to eleven years of age. These children are not prodigies. It is not at all the point with Mr. Stieglitz to show anything wonderful. He has a theory—and is not the theory about right?—that education is usually a stupefying thing, and that the process of standardizing in the schools is usually the destruction of genius.

We have all been impressed, probably, with the same thing. Why is it that children of seven or eight years are almost always keenly intelligent, while grown-ups are as invariably stupid? It must be the result of education. That is at least a logical conclusion. Mr. Stieglitz is sure of it; and so he takes a lot of pictures—rude, natural, childish things, made by youngsters all the way up from babyhood to the time in which education has begun to get its baneful hold upon them—and hangs the pictures up on his walls to illustrate his ideas.

The result is certainly interesting. These children, of course, employ the whole world to express their souls. Here is one who has the sun, moon and stars all shining in the sky at once. Vast distances are suggested simply and successfully by the drawing of one or two lines. Here is a wonderful, an incredible, canoe, with juvenile Indians in it, which is as decorative in line and color as anything by Puvis de Chauvannes. A young portraitist of five or six years has strong points of graphic sympathy with the cubistes. Another is classic (unconsciously) to the backbone. Why not? These youngsters are not in the "schools." They do not know anything about the systems of painting and drawing. And they just express the bright intelligence that is in them, and draw what they see with their body's and their mind's eye.

It was an excellent idea to give the child artists a show. The exhibition will continue for a month.

D. Lloyd in the *Evening Post*:

Mr. Stieglitz has arranged an exhibition of children's work in the galleries of the Photo-Secession, No. 291 Fifth Avenue. Drawings, water colors, and pastels by little masters aged two to eleven have been selected with an eye for variety of style and habits of expression. Mr. Stieglitz was impressed with the dictum of some of the radical painters who have formerly graced his walls that the artist should look out upon his world with the eyes of a child. Obviously impossible, said the pragmatical Mr. Stieglitz, unless you are a child. This was so true that it seemed worth testing. Now nobody is sure whether Mr. Stieglitz is making game of the radicals or not, and even he may not be quite certain about it. Altogether a terrible state of affairs! Meanwhile, the childish drawings make an extraordinarily delightful show. If any one ever before had the thought of grouping the work of several children side by side and noting the individuality betrayed therein, we have failed to hear of it. The idea would be a fruitful theme for sermonizing; but a visit to the exhibition has somewhat the effect that the visits of Christmas, past, present, and to come, had upon Scrooge.

Mr. Harrington in the *N. Y. Herald*:

Every goose was a swan when we were young, but what is the object which Alice Campbell drew in the pride of her two years and six months' apprenticeship to life. Her drawing is on the line at the exhibition of the drawings and paintings of children of from two to eleven years of age which is being held in that nursery of genius, the rooms of the Photo-Secession, No. 291 Fifth Avenue.

Mr. Alfred Stieglitz, who is the foster parent of artistic possibilities in this country, had longed to know if the post-impressionists, the followers of Matisse and such, really were child-like in their attitude toward picture making.

Miss Alice Campbell, only two and a half years old, drew a curly looking thing which seemed to have an eye. It is designated as a swan going over the waves. It might be one of any number of things, but this is the official verdict. Alice in this painter land grew further away from the aboriginal idea as she grew older, and when she was eight she had lost much of the freshness of her style. Now, at the age of eleven, she paints just like an academician. So does the baleful influence of the old fashioned art blight and destroy.

There is a realistic representation of a pushcart in charge of a swarthy son of Hellas, and strange to relate, the infantile mind has featured most the signs denoting the number of cents required to buy apples and oranges.

One of the young artists saw a painting by Mr. Max Weber and made one just like it—only better. Others got glimpses of deep orange ships floating on seas of indigo blue.

Mr. Stieglitz has room for only a few of the work, and already he has stacks of infantile art, some of it made with match sticks or crayon on wrapping paper. Fond parents are still bringing in sheaves of the achievements of their prodigies. The exhibition is of interest as showing how children untrammelled by tradition would really paint and draw.

In the *N. Y. Sun*:

Alfred Stieglitz has carried out his idea of an exhibition of drawings by children, and these drawings are now shown at the Photo-Secession Galleries. They are the work of children who have had no instruction whatever. The age of the eldest child represented is eleven years and that of the youngest is three years. Such an exhibition is of peculiar interest just now, when apropos of the post-impressionist movement, one hears so much of the naive and childlike attitude in art, and the necessity of freeing art from sophistication and dogma. Remarkably decorative are some of these attempts, and from the naive freshness and beauty of these drawings one may draw many a text, both artistic and psychologic.

Elizabeth Luther Carey in *N. Y. Times*:

At the galleries of the Photo-Secession we have come down to the real thing at last. Drawings by children ranging from two years old to eleven are hung on the walls, and we are invited to note the decorative tendency of the young idea and the significant simplicity of the essential line of a swan with water rippling about. That, at least, is our reading of the rapid hieroglyph. Others have seen in it the essential line of a nose with a beard rippling below it, but we cling to

our own interpretation. Another drawing wears an aspect similar to that of a certain London 'bus driver famed in exhibition circles. Another shows ornamental foliage dripping darkly across a well-spaced composition with a clear light sky.

We feel slight temptation to maudle over the young genius displayed, but unquestionably there are striking evidences of clear-headed analysis and efficient syntheses. Perhaps it is the quality of youth to drive straight at the main problem and miss everything else in this direct pursuit. It is most refreshing to cut across the landscape thus speedily, but there is joy also in the loitering of middle age. Mr. Stieglitz is very kind to us, providing these frequent fillips to our interest. There is no one else in New York who strikes quite the same note; it sounds to us shrill and piercing above the heavy rhythms of the avenue.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS

The illustrations in this number of *CAMERA WORK* are devoted to the work of Mr. Paul B. Haviland; Mr. John Marin; Senor Manolo; Mr. H. Mortimer Lamb; and Mr. Marius De Zayas.

In the six photogravures representing the work of Mr. Paul B. Haviland, an ardent and devoted member of the Photo-Secession, we present to the readers of *CAMERA WORK* one of the younger photographers whose work deserves attention. Mr. Haviland began working in photography many years ago, when he was scarcely more than a boy; but it is only in recent years that he has devoted himself more seriously to his art. He first attracted public attention—like Mr. Struss whose work we reproduced in the last number of *CAMERA WORK*—in the Open Section of the Albright Gallery Exhibition at Buffalo in November, 1910. The gravures have been made directly from the original negatives (8 x 10 and 4 x 5).

The "Portrait Group," by Mr. H. Mortimer Lamb, of Toronto, was made directly from Mr. Lamb's original (11 x 14) negative. Mr. Lamb, is an engineer and photographer. He, like Mr. Haviland, is an enthusiast in all matters pertaining to art.

In the color reproductions of two of Mr. Marin's water-colors an attempt is made to give those readers of *CAMERA WORK*, who have not had the privilege, of seeing that artist's original paintings, an opportunity to form some idea of Marin's most characteristic work. Although the reproductions made by F. Bruckmann Verlag, of Munich, under Direktor Goetz's personal supervision, are quite remarkable as interpretations, still, they, at best, give but a suggestion of the originals.

The two Manolo drawings also reproduced by Bruckmann are representative work of a most talented young Spanish sculptor now living in Paris. An exhibition of his bronzes and drawings has been planned for the Photo-Secession Gallery.

"L'Accoucheur d'Idées," the last Plate in this book, is a photogravure reproduction of Mr. De Zayas' caricature of a leading member of the Photo-Secession. The original drawing is in charcoal and is 22 x 28 inches. The gravure, as well as the others in this issue, has been executed by the Manhattan Photogravure Company. The Company has done its work well.

PLATES

H. MORTIMER LAMB

I. Portrait Group

M. DE ZAYAS

II. L'Accoucheur d'Idées





In Memoriam

LIFE AND DEATH: LITTLE VIRGINIA MYERS, SIX-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. JEROME MYERS, HAS STIRRED IN ME AGAIN THAT DISTURBING SENSE OF BEAUTY WHICH IS THE ESSENCE OF LIFE. □

□ SHE IS AN EXQUISITE DANCER, UNTAUGHT AND CONSCIOUSLY ARTISTIC. SHE DANCES SPONTANEOUSLY TO CLASSICAL MUSIC, OR TO ANY IDEA, HOWEVER EXPRESSED, WHICH SUGGESTS RHYTHM TO HER IMAGINATION. HER DANCES ARE HER OWN, THE EXPRESSION OF HER OWN NATURE, WHICH IS BOTH THAT OF A CHILD AND THAT OF AN ADULT. WHEN I SAW HER DANCE THE OTHER DAY, IN HER FATHER'S STUDIO, I HAD THE FEELING THAT SHE HAD NO AGE OR SEX, BUT A SINGULARLY MATURE ARTISTIC SENSE, ONE THAT HAD FORMED ITSELF FREELY BUT PERFECTLY, RECOGNIZED ITS OWN JOY AND ITS OWN LAW.

□ AND I THOUGHT OF AN ARTICLE I WROTE LAST WEEK CALLED "THE DANCE," IN WHICH I SUGGESTED HOW THE SPONTANEOUS INSTINCT IN CHILDREN FOR DRAWING AND FOR DANCING IS OFTEN CRUSHED OUT BY CONVENTIONAL AND MECHANICAL INSTRUCTION. SO I WAS DELIGHTED WHEN I FOUND THAT THIS CHARMING LITTLE ARTIST IS NOT BEING TAUGHT AT ALL. □

□ HER FATHER, WHO IS AN ARTIST HIMSELF, AND HER MOTHER TREAT LITTLE VIRGINIA WITH WISE RESPECT AND A KIND OF TOUCHING HUMILITY. ALL THEY TRY TO DO IS TO ENCOURAGE THE LITTLE GIRL TO BE HER OWN LOVELY SELF; TO PUT HER IN THE RIGHT ENVIRONMENT FOR HER NATURE TO FLOWER. THEY ARE SEDULOUSLY AVOIDING ANY ATTEMPT TO HAVE HER FOLLOW THEIR IDEAS OR THOSE OF ANYBODY ELSE. IN A SENSE, THEIR ATTITUDE TOWARD HER IS RELIGIOUS. THEY REGARD HER AS TOO DIVINE A THING FOR THEM TO TRIFLE WITH EVEN IN THAT SERIOUS SPIRIT WHICH MOST PARENTS CALL "DUTY." □

□ WHEN I SAW VIRGINIA DANCE, THE SPIRAL OF LIFE AGAIN ASCENDED RAPIDLY FOR ME AND I FELT THAT EXHILARATING BUT AT THE SAME TIME SAD ENHANCEMENT WHICH IS THE ESSENCE OF LIFE AND THEREFORE OF ART. THE SADNESS AS WELL AS THE BEAUTY IS THAT OF LIFE INTENSELY REALIZED. □

□ SHORTLY AFTER I SAW THE LITTLE GIRL DANCE I READ AN INTERVIEW WITH KENYON COX IN THE TIMES ON THE RECENT MUCH-TALKED-OF ART EXHIBITION AT THE ARMORY. THIS ARTICLE GAVE ME THAT COLD COMPRESSION, THAT DEPLETION OF LIFE, WHICH IS THE ESSENCE OF DEATH. AND I THOUGHT OF HIS SPIRIT AND THAT OF LITTLE VIRGINIA AS DIRECT OPPOSITES—DEATH AND LIFE. □

□ COX REPRESENTS UNINSPIRED AUTHORITY, TECHNICAL BUT NOT IMAGINATIVE LAW, AND A BRAIN UNILLUMINED BY THE INSTINCT FOR BEAUTY. ARTISTS RECOGNIZE THAT COX'S PAINTINGS ARE FAITHFUL AND INTELLIGENT REPLICAS OF INSTITUTIONAL RULES AND REGULATIONS. BUT THEY ARE SINGULARLY LACKING IN BEAUTY. HE IS FOND OF PAINTING THE NUDE, BUT ON HIS CANVASES THE NUDE IS SIMPLY

THE NUDE. HE DOES NOT SPIRITUALIZE THE NUDE BY GIVING AN EMOTIONAL OR IMAGINATIVE ATTITUDE TOWARD IT. IN LIFE THE NUDE IS BEAUTIFUL TO THE EYE OF THE POET OR THE ARTIST BECAUSE OF THE INTERPRETATION GIVEN IT BY THE POET OR THE ARTIST—BECAUSE OF THE MEANING GIVEN IT. BUT COX TAKES ALL BEAUTY FROM THE NUDE OF LIFE. HE KILLS THE NUDE. IT IS THE DEATH OF THE NUDE. □

□ IN HIS ARTICLE HE CRITICIZES MATISSE—SAYS THAT SOME OF HIS WORK IS LIKE THE DRAWINGS “OF A NASTY BOY.” □

□ TO ME SUCH A CRITICISM IS INCOMPREHENSIBLE—OR WORSE. MATISSE GETS HIS EFFECT, HIS “ENHANCEMENT,” THROUGH HIS LINE, WHICH IS SINGULARLY ALIVE. NOW, THERE ARE SOME PERSONS WHO THINK THERE IS ONLY ONE SOURCE OF EMOTION—CRUDE SEX. IT IS MY GUESS THAT MR. COX, FEELING EMOTION FROM MATISSE’S LINE, ATTRIBUTES SEX AS THE CAUSE, AS HE IS PERHAPS NOT SENSITIVE TO THE EXCITEMENT OF ABSTRACT OR PURE SPIRITUALITY. □

□ THERE IS MUCH LEGITIMATE DOUBT OF MATISSE, BUT CRITICISM OF HIM ON THE GROUND OF “NASTINESS” IS UNSPEAKABLY DISTRESSING. □

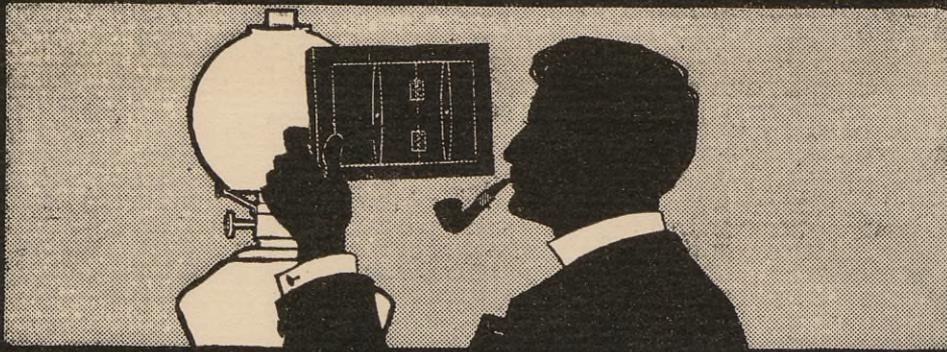
□ BUT THE MOST DEATH-DEALING PART OF MR. COX’S REMARKS IS WHAT HE SAYS ABOUT RODIN’S LATER DRAWINGS. HE CALLS THE RODIN DRAWINGS IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART “A CALAMITY. THEY HAVE MADE PEOPLE TRY TO SEE WHAT DOES NOT EXIST.” □

□ IF SHAKESPEARE HAD NOT BEEN ACCEPTED AS A GREAT POET, MR. COX WOULD NOT HAVE SEEN THE BEAUTY OF ONE OF SHAKESPEARE’S LAST AND MOST BEAUTIFUL PLAYS—“THE TEMPEST.” THAT SO-CALLED PLAY IS AN EXHALATION, A BREATH OF PURE BEAUTY, DONE BY A MASTER WHO DID NOT NEED TO OBTRUDE THIS TECHNIQUE, NOR EMPHASIZE THE RULES OF THE DRAMA, NOR GIVE “BONE,” NOR GIVE “REALITY.” HE GAVE US WHAT “DOES NOT EXIST.” HE MADE US SEE THE BEAUTY OF WHAT MR. COX WOULD CALL THE NON-EXISTENT.

□ RODIN’S RECENT DRAWINGS ARE PURE BEAUTY. THEY ARE THE BREATH, THE EXHALATION, THE SPIRITUAL EXHALATION OF AN OLD MASTER WHO IS SET FREE FROM STRUCTURE IN THE OBVIOUS SENSE, WHO IS SO MUCH THE MASTER OF HIS TECHNIQUE THAT HE IGNORES ALL OF IT EXCEPT THAT WHICH IS ESSENTIAL TO EXPRESS HIS PURE LYRICISM. □

□ COX’S FAILURE TO FEEL THE BEAUTY OF THE RODIN DRAWINGS PROVES TO ME THAT THE HIGHEST PART OF HIM IS DEAD. HE HAS A GOOD CRITICAL TRAINING AND HAS WHAT IS CALLED LOGIC BY THOSE WHO LACK UNDERSTANDING. THIS IS THE WORST FORM OF DEATH, BECAUSE IT HAS AUTHORITY TO PUT ITS COLD, FORBIDDING FINGER ON THE INSTINCT FOR BEAUTY AND FOR THE HIGHER LIFE.

HUTCHINS HAPGOOD.



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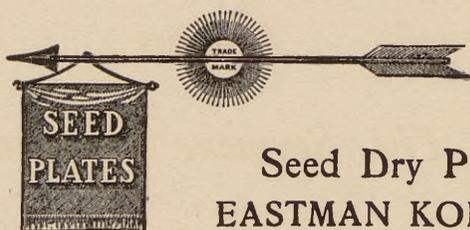
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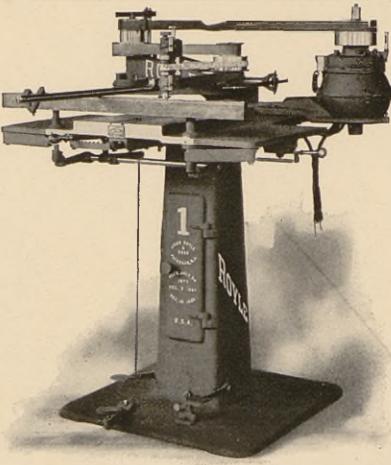
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