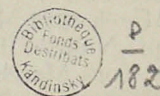


MSS. is published by the authors of the writing which appears in it. Send them ten cents a copy if you like it, or Subscribe One Dollar for Ten Numbers to be issued in Ten Days—Ten Weeks—Ten Months—or Ten Years. The risk is yours. Act at once if you want to be One of the First 100,000,000 Subscribers.

The entire cost of this MSS. number 2 is the printing bill of \$152.60 for the present edition of 2,000 copies, presented by Clarence S. Nathan, Inc., and paid by the authors. Each author is solely responsible for what appears over his signature. Complaints should be sent to individual authors. Subscriptions will be received by Paul Rosenfeld, 77 Irving Place, New York City. Donations of money will be received with thanks by the same. For the cover design: apologies to "Dada" (American), Marcel Duchamp, Man Ray and acknowledgment to "Anonymous."

NOTE: An allowance of \$15 has been made by Clarence S. Nathan, Inc., on their statement of \$234 for the edition of of 2000 copies of MSS. number 1, lowering the cost of printing that number to \$219.

Copyright 1922 by Paul Rosenfeld



FOREWORD

Somewhere - some time - as I remember it — being hauled up and asked to say something about my (dogoned) self - as to how - where and why I did the stuff scattered about this room - the room where I was hauled up — not being then in the mood for — Holding forth - I stalled them off with a promise

So here's the stuff born on the tree of promise at that time

In other words Some one was about to - Set me up — in type

Now they also somewhere having their own little pet tree of promise gave it a vigorous shake - so that - of course when they came to my - also little pet tree - they picked up a windfall and let it go at that and forth proceeded to the - cider mill - where the stuff was ground and the brew warranted - NOT TO KICK -

but

— they forgot the Joker

for to each one who partook there appeared the - windfall out of which comes a little worm who wiggles letters which spell "He sells faster than he can paint"

— which is some speed having to do with twins and even occasionally triplets farther than that - though - I did draw bunnies in my youth — I am not quite a rabbit.

So — to proceed

here comes the real thing — gathered from my own original tree — Subjoined and after you have partaken you will know all about — making pictures

Yes

— How to paint pictures —
only 10 cents a copy
buy a John Marin
then too

You get a beautiful cover
and some literature thrown
in for nothing

HERE IT IS

This thing

this human is a nature product

—He has bones and over and round about layers of soft stuff — flesh — concealed therein and binding - nerves - muscles and lots of things - He seems to be Nature's highest product in that he has the ability to use and to form into combinations other of nature's products - These forms - Used - by a certain Kind of Human - are called - Art products - and these forms used by this Certain Kind of Human have an exalted value in that they put in motion the - S p i r i t - through the eye — and approach the great - Seeing - not as reminders of other - seeings - but in themselves —

SO.

that it is up to this human to use these products in such a way that the - motion - reaches its highest state and it cannot so do (in the highest development) unless it satisfies the Slow and the quick calling (intellect - slow motion — Senses quick motion) It cannot being the highest product satisfy separately

There are then these things constantly changing with the time change of things - Fundamen-

tals remain - but in this way — A round is a round — a square is a square — Yellow is yellow — red is red — blue is blue — Stomach is stomach — Lungs are lungs — The two former can change only in size (Keeping their identity) — The three middle only in shape (Keeping their identity) the two latter only in a Sensitive way (Keeping their identity)

Now take a man fashioned thing - Automobile —
without generating power — spirit ————— wont go
without place for that power to act - heart lungs etc.- wont go
without frame ————— bones ————— wont go
without wheels ————— legs - arms ————— wont go
and other things — nerves muscles & etc ————— wont go

a n d

Last Year's Auto — is to the - Now - Auto — unsatisfying

So

In art product — Last year's product cannot satisfy
this year so that
we cannot fully satisfy for the — Future — is forever
encroaching — insistent

————— This seems to lead up to the fashioning of an art product - and it would seem - considering man as the highest nature product that man in this fashioning would set about it - work - as nature his creator has set about it and worked obeying the same laws - which he does — is forced to do - lapses - are death notices - Nature takes up these death forms and throws them into the junk heap of material to be used -

So - Identity - now looms up as the great Sheet Anchor - and as - nature in the fashioning of man has adhered Strictly to - Identity - Head - Body - Limbs - and their separate contents - identities in themselves - working every part within itself & through and with the other parts — its neighbors - at its best approaching a beautiful balance - SO — this Art product is made up of - Neighbor identities and if an identity in this make up doesn't take its place and part its a - b a d n e i g h b o r - and if the chords connecting the neighbors do not take their places and parts - its a bad service a bad contact

So that this Art product is a village in itself the greater the conception the greater the village and the greater the village the simpler it seems so that it — beheld — seems of a few great simple — identities — composed — essential identities to a complete motion

and as time goes on always a future village to meet the future - ready for the action of its age

free - clean cut ready for the swift
the slow at will
the stop

So there now

this is how I try to paint
a picture using to the best of my ability
Colors and lines in their - identity places
And there is the fellow up there in the sky who
laughs

he who sheds tears and
the fellow who shouts at the top of his lungs

courage
he the loudest of all

Dam it - I'll say so -

JOHN MARIN

NOTES (AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL)

I — John Marin — was born some fifty years ago
thereby placing Rutherford, N. J., on the map
though the blooming Burg hasn't acknowledged
Early childhood spent making scrawls of rabbits and
things (my most industrious period)
Then the usual — public schooling where as is usual
was soundly flogged for doing the
unusual
drawing more rabbits on slate
After enough flogging
one year at Hoboken Academy where the usual
was the keeping in after hours — I qualified
— a few more rabbits and a smattering of the
now obsolete German language
Stevens High-School discovered me next and next
the Stevens Institute — went through the High-School
went to — not through Institute
Of course a few bunnies were added to my
collection but the main thing I got
there was mathematics for the which I am
duly grateful as I am now an adept at
subtraction
— 1 year business not much chance at the gamebag
believe I was fired
4 years Architects offices
not much class
otherwise they'd have discovered my—(Wondership)
2 years blank
2 years Philadelphia Academy
could draw all the rabbits I wanted to
therefore did n't draw many
While there shot at and captured prize for
some sketches
1 year blank
1 year Art Student's League, N. Y.

Saw—KENYON COX —

2 years blank
4 years abroad
played some billiards
incidentally knocked out some
batches of etchings which people
rave over everywhere
At this period the French Government was going to give me the
Legion d'Honor I refused
they then insisted on buying one of my Oils
I ran away to Venice
they set up such a howl that
there was no escaping
I let them have it
Since then I have taken up Fishing and
Hunting and with some spare time
Knocked out a few
water-colors
for which in former years I had had
a leaning
So this brings me up to date
I might add (relating to the water-colors)
that I cannot supply the demand
and that day before yesterday
I climbed a Tulip tree in my backyard
which was mighty hard work
those who don't believe me are welcome
to try not later than June 15 — 1921

ALFRED STIEGLITZ AND A MACHINE

At the Anderson Galleries, 59th Street and Park Avenue, there is a demonstration of photography, the life work of Mr. Alfred Stieglitz, covering a period of nearly forty years of constant experimentation and thought. As a complete analysis and synthesis of a machine, the camera, and of the methods and materials which it connotes, this demonstration is epochal. Never before has New York or any other city of the world, had such an opportunity of examining and seeing what photography is, how it can be controlled, and what it can actually register under the guidance of a sensitive and keenly perceptive intelligence.

For the history of photography, despite its numerous and varied incidents, is largely a record of misconceptions and misunderstandings, of unconscious groping and a fight. With the exception of David Octavius Hill, 1843, its one discovered primitive, photographic workmanship has been almost invariably an attempt to make the machine a brush, pencil, whatnot; into anything but what it is, a machine. Men and women, some who were painters, others who were not, were fascinated by a mechanism and material which, not consciously, they were trying to turn into painting, into a short cut to an accepted medium. They did not realize that a completely new and unique instrument had been born of science and placed in their hands; an instrument as sensitive and as difficult to master as any plastic material, but requiring a complete perception of its inherent means, its own unique approach, before any profound registration was possible. There is no evidence in the work of the celebrated photographers, whether American, English, German or French, of such a fundamental perception. The freshness and originality of their seeing, the fineness of their feeling for life, is always, even in the early work, to some degree muddled and obscured. They did not understand their own material, therefore they never respected it, never accepted it fully; they suffered from an inferiority complex which has either limited or destroyed them. Possibly this complex might have been resolved in some cases, if the assertion had not been made that photography is not "art." This dictum was in reality the defense mechanism of an Erewhon of art, no less fantastic than the land of Samuel Butler's imagination: Erewhon feared the machine. Instead of impelling the photographers to find out what photography is, this assault only intensified their original feeling of inferiority. In the fight which ensued, they compensated by suddenly discovering themselves to be second Holbeins, Rembrandts and Whistlers, always anything but photographers. Their work became inevitably a still greater mixture, deservedly unrespected, because it was neither painting nor photography. They never questioned the criteria of painting and could not perceive that basically, photography could negate ninety-nine per cent of what was, and still is, called painting.

When that assault was made over twenty-five years ago, Alfred Stieglitz led the photographic cohorts, arranged exhibitions in the art museums of Europe's capital cities as well as in America. But he soon sensed the implications of the fight, soon realized that he and his co-workers were not fighting for the same thing. He tells a significant anecdote from a time when, in 1884, as a student of engineering in Germany, he discovered photography for himself. The fervor and passionate intensity with which he experimented with the then undeveloped process soon attracted attention. His fellow pupils began to ask questions, and finally even his instructor. Then many painters, some of them well known, became interested and said: "Of course, this is not art but we would like to paint the way you photograph." To which Stieglitz replied: "I don't know anything about art, but for some reason or other I have never wanted to photograph the way you paint." This is the keynote, the essential Leitmotif of his work. From the beginning, as will be seen in this exhibition, Stieglitz had accepted the machine, instinctively found in it something that was a part of himself, and loved it.

So that later on, as a leader of the workers in photography, he was fighting not for the admission of photography into Erewhon, because he questioned Erewhon; not for the social climb into the Four Hundred of art, because not knowing what art was, he questioned. He fought for the machine and for its opportunity to channel the impulses of human beings, for the respect which was due it because it could so claim their interest. He fought for its unique potentiality of registering the objective world directly, through the science of optics and the chemistry of silver and platinum, translated into tonalities subtle beyond the reach of any human hand. Stieglitz was interested in establishing photography and not photographers, not even himself. And then quite naturally and consciously he went further. Photography became for him the symbol of a great impersonal struggle. This machine toward which he so freely moved, through which he was impelled to register himself, was a despised, a rejected thing. It became a symbol of all new and young desire, whatever form it might take, facing a world and social system which fears and thwarts and destroys. Photography became then a weapon for him, a means of fighting for fair play, for tolerance of all those who want to do anything honestly and well. Stieglitz was affirming life.

This fight for all free expression led him, in 1906, to a battle ground of two simple little rooms, on Fifth Avenue, in the heart of New York, which some people called "291." There he fought for and gained recognition for modern painting, anti-photography, the expressivity of an objective world translated into subjective form and primarily into emotionally significant color. The work of Picasso, Matisse, Brancusi, Cézanne and De Zayas; of the Americans, Hartley, and Marin, Weber, Walkowitz, Arthur Dove, Wright and Georgia O'Keeffe. Their work, seemingly without commercial value, and for that reason unable to find a hearing—work which Americans therefore had no opportunity to see—Stieglitz hung with respect and with love. Photography and this expression of painting were both rejected and despised; in that they were deeply related. "291" became a laboratory for examining and clarifying this relativity, of ascertaining what these two materializations of energy meant, in terms of each other. This experiment proved to be a scientific method of testing and verifying expression and of analyzing those hostile impulses of society which try to prevent every extension of the human spirit.

From the background of this passionate struggle and research, Stieglitz emerges and stands, as he has always stood, a worker in photography. This demonstration at the Anderson Galleries is a continuation of that struggle and research. The work itself is objective and complete. It reveals a conscious guidance of the machine, an acceptance of its implications, a mastery of its technique. There is not the slightest trace of brush or pencil either in handling or what is more important, in feeling. No tricks of material, no diffusion or evasion of the objective world; in his own words, "no mechanicalization but always photography."

The evolution of this life work is a picture of the direction and quality of that life. Its direction reveals an uninhibited approach to people and things; its initial quality is that of an intense desire to affirm them as beautiful. As these two primary impulses evolve, they meet the impacts of reality without resentment or bitterness, without disillusion, and penetrate that reality. The direction of this life continues unequivocally the same but the quality of its affirmation becomes deepened and fibred by a critical, especially a self-critical intelligence, which recognizes neither beautiful nor ugly, because it has begun to see the causative forces of which such concepts are the effects. Thus in the latest work Stieglitz has turned the "mechanical eye" of the camera from the things which people do or build, directly to the things which people are. He has given portraiture in any medium, the new significance of a deliberate attempt to register those forces of today whose sum constitutes an individual, whose sum therefore documents the world of that individual. These amazing portraits, whether they objectify faces or hands, the torso of a woman, or the torso of a tree, suggest the beginning of a penetration of the scientific spirit into plastic media, and a revaluation of the accepted criteria of all those media. Through photographic line, form and tonal values, Stieglitz has gone beyond mere picture making, beyond any empty gesture of his own personality made at the expense of the thing or the person in front of him. He has examined our world of impulse and inhibition, of reaching out and of withdrawal, in a spirit of disinterested inquiry suffused by a wistful love. These photographs are the objective conclusions of that inquiry.

Stieglitz does not label his work "art," he does maintain that it is photography. Perhaps "art" died with God: perhaps a more vivid, more realistic and living thing for which there is fortunately no name, is already growing out of the ashes of a smouldering world and significantly, is first taking form through the mechanism and materials of a machine. Perhaps this is the challenge and affirmation which this life work makes to painters, photographers, the public, especially to the scientist. At the very least, its exhibition offers an opportunity for the painters to realize that there are no Erewhons, that Erewhon is always a defense mechanism. It offers an opportunity for the photographers to discover photography, for the public to find themselves in their way. It offers an exceptional opportunity for the psychoanalyst to test his theory that the worker in plastic media is always a fugitive from a world which he cannot face. It puts this question squarely: What is the relation between science and expression? Are they not both vital manifestations of energy, whose reciprocal hostility turns the one into a destructive tool of materialism, the other into anaemic phantasy, whose coming together might integrate a true religious impulse? Must not these two forms of energy converge before a living future can be born of both?

Because so important a question cannot be answered in a few weeks, this document of passionate, relentless research should be given a permanent exposition. Whether that should be in a museum of art, a museum of natural history or in a Smithsonian Institute, possibly those who see it can decide. It should be in some public place where it can be put to the test of all comparison with the dead and living past, present and future.

PAUL STRAND.

ONE HOUR'S SLEEP THREE DREAMS

I

I was to be buried. The whole family stood about. Also hundreds of friends. My wish was carried out. Not a word was uttered. There was not a single tear. All was silence and all seemed blackness. A door opened and a woman came in. As the woman came in I stood up; my eyes opened. But I was dead. All screamed and rushed away. There was a general panic. Some jumped out of the windows. Only the Woman remained. Her gaze was fixed upon me. Eye to Eye. She said: "Friend, are you really dead?" The voice was firm and clear. No answer. The Woman asked three times. No answer. As she asked the third time I returned to my original position and was ready to be buried.— I heard one great sob. I awoke.

II

I was very ill and everyone asked me to take a rest. No one succeeded to induce me. Finally a Woman said: "I will go with you. Will you go?" We went. We tramped together day and night. In the mountains. Over snow. In the moonlight. In the glaring sun. We had no food. Not a word was said. The Woman grew paler and paler as the days and nights passed by. She could hardly walk. I helped her. And still not a word was uttered. Finally the Woman collapsed and she said, in a voice hardly audible: "Food—Food—I must have food." And I answered: "Food—Food—, Child, we are in a world where there is no Food—just Spirit—Will."—And the Woman looked piteously at me and said, half dead: "Food—Food"— and I kissed the Woman, and as I did that there stood before the Woman all sorts of wonderful food—on a simple wooden table, and it was Springtime. And as the Woman began to eat ravenously—conscious of nothing but Nature's Cry for Food, I slipped away. And I continued walking Onward. — I heard a distant cry. I awoke.

III

The Woman and I were alone in a room. She told me a Love Story. I knew it was her own. I understood why she could not love me. And as the Woman told me the story—she suddenly became mad—she kissed me in her ravings—she tore her clothes and mine—she tore her hair. Her eyes were wild—and nearly blank. I saw them looking into mine. She kissed me passionately and cried: "Why are you not HE?" "Why not?" And I tried to calm her. But did not succeed. And finally she cried: "What makes me kiss you—it is He I want, not you. And yet I kissed you. Kissed you as if it were He."—I didn't dare to move. It was not fear that made me stand still. It was all much too terrible for Fear. I stood there spell-bound. Suddenly the woman moved away—it was ghastly. Her look. — Her eyes. — The Woman stood immovable, her eyes glued on mine; when suddenly she screeched: "Tell me you are He—tell me—you are He. And if you are not He I will kill you. For I kissed you." I stood there and calmly said, what I really did not want to say, for I knew the Woman was irresponsible and mad. I said, "I am not He." And as I said that the Woman took a knife from the folds of her dress and rushed at me. She struck the heart. The blood spurted straight ahead, as if it had been waiting for an outlet. And as the Woman saw the blood and saw me drop dead she became perfectly sane. She stood motionless. With no expression. She turned around. Upon the immaculate white wall she saw written in Blood Red letters: "He killed himself. He understood the kisses."—There was a scream. I awoke.

ALFRED STIEGLITZ.

Reprinted from "291" Number 1, March 1915.

PORTRAIT—1918

The Stars are Playing in the Skies
The Earth's Asleep —
One Soul's Awake
A woman

The Stars Beckon ———

Her Room is a Whiteness
Whiteness Opens its Door
She Walks into Darkness
Alone
With the Night — alone with the Stars
A Mountain nearby
Its Peak near those Stars —
She climbs the Steep Mountain
Alone ———
To the Top.

Her bed is its back
Her blanket the sky
Her eyes smiling Starlight
Her lips are half-open
And moist with Night's Dew

The Blue of the Heavens
Comes Down to those Lips
Takes Form

The Stars are Playing in the Skies

The Woman Walks Homeward
To her Little White Room
No longer Alone
She Carries Dawn
In Her Womb.

ALFRED STIEGLITZ.

Portrait—1918

The flesh is starving
Its soul is moving starward
Seeking its own particular star
A man intercepts
Receives the flesh
Millions were ready to receive it
The flesh is no longer starving
Its soul keeps moving starward
Seeking its own particular star.

ALFRED STIEGLITZ.

PORTRAIT: 1910-1921

There was a naive young painter.—This was many years ago.—He would suddenly stop on the streets of New York and exclaim: "*cet homme! cet ange!*" He was beautiful to look at whether in sunlight or starlight for these moments happened in any light. "Cet homme" meant Cézanne. "Cet ange" meant Henri Rousseau.—The man who heard was amused and liked greatly the man who spoke.

Many years passed.—The two men had not seen each other. In the meantime the young man had become famous and the elder man had become old. And in referring to the days of many years ago the old man said to the now famous painter: Do you remember when we'd walk along the streets and you would suddenly say: "Cet homme," and "cet ange"? And the now famous painter's eyes lit up and he said: "yes." And the old man said: "It was very lovely to hear you say what you did, and how. But do you know what you really were saying?" And the now famous painter said "No."—Not understanding.—And the old man said: "Why you see 'cet homme' meant Cézanne and he was dead. And 'cet ange' meant Henri Rousseau and he was dying and was dead shortly after. And as there is always a trinity, who do you think was the third?" And the now famous painter's eyes glistened and he said with wonder, Who? And the old man said—"Why, don't you know, can't you guess?" And the now famous painter said in innocence, "No." And the old man smilingly said, "Why, you."—And the now famous painter seemed surprised. And he looked pleased. And said nothing. And the old man said: "You see, two were dead, 'cet homme' and 'cet ange,' but one remained: You—then unknown—now the famous painter."

ALFRED STIEGLITZ.

THREE POEMS

I

the world fro and to and fro — years drop
in the colored nothing of straight youth, of
devastated light, of unborn golden mental quiet
mountained years. The rune is quiet gone.

even powered world full lift; round full:
slow the move slow increasing — vigored
staying recreating distant pointing —
gray the day great gold the night
rise the morning balanced hold seething ———
free conflicted strong the moving ocean
broken slow insistent battered cracks
the tonnage of the wave
thru the sea quiet songfull
slanting headfull
leg-full, breastfull — major — flamed
rampant
shot the wide infected parts
shot the open meadowed balanced mindfull
unintrusive down the day long
——— opened stores of deadened years
——— gone to go and fill renew.

II

PRE-NATAL LOVE-SONG ———

all and all this
in the intervals enlarging
in the blind growing womb
growing into and out of
the silent breathing in in
the blood of all earth
in in the succulence
of extremity
I extend this heat all dormant
in the new turned caressed
emboldened extremities
wrapped full in center fire ———
swelling earth heart of you
I am unborn.

III

SKETCH FOR PORTRAIT* ———

in in thru eyes sleep slumber heave mountain
Mount Katahdyn flux Katahdyn mountain flux——
flower —— flow water feel deep deep —— in in far
farthest far thru eyes area penet up spread
now now new forest fragrant forest hair resurging
reforth distance level level cool big sad ——
in rust gold bark dust hair ——
all all in this body balance and resurge

ton silent tons over double tonnage double thru thru
ton and ton shift even open pene separate enmark
enlevel level always all high lay lie relay in
insurging rhythm shout earth shout alives forth
over back upsurging shout earth shout my God
my never ending back over wide in all fountain incisor
vistas yellow water yester contact's seas shifting
slow-taking island-ocean slow up distant center
center waking waking blind in lighted sleepness.

CHARLES DUNCAN.

*this was printed in "The Blind Man" May 1917. It was then in "lines"—a few hundred copies were printed and privately distributed.

M
r
a
n
2
w
M
Y
c
Y
c
Y
u
a
n
r
n
M
o
M
o
M
o
M
o
9
n
M
r
e
M
r
r
t
Y
n
w
l
u
r
s
M
9