291 throws back its forelock.
The best one can say of American art criticism is that its CLEVERNESS OFTEN CONCEALS ITS LACK OF PERSUASION. But no doubt a large part of the public would rather have it. Mr. Huneker is not only than not have him at all. The amusing has some justification, if only to meet the needs of that baneful American influence the tired business man.

Often—much more often alas—art criticism as it is published in our journals is nothing but the most unintelligible twaddle. Unfortunately it is not as harmless as it is silly for the written word subtly influences the way, especially if it is printed in a publication of standing and most people are perfectly willing to think about art in the terms of their favorite newspaper.

Is it clever or be it silly, one thing can be said of all our art criticism to-day: IT IS ORPHO. It measures a new product with old standards and is therefore insidiously perilous for it clouds the issues and often before the moment is ripe. Mr. Ruskin, the critic, has been able to make its own appeal. When it is too frank to use its antiquated wisdom, it substitutes a jest.

The natural pace-keeping with the tremendous development of thought. But American criticism has again demonstrated that our best brains are devoted to production and not to pure thought for criticism in its methods has lagged behind the field it presumes to estimate. The scientific influence has at last invaded the field of art but its critic still wander blissfully in the land of romance.

I must explain what I mean by the SCIENTIFIC INFLUENCE IN ART for I know that the critics when you speak the most, such as Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Berenson, do not believe in an evolution in art. Mr. Ruskin says quite definitely: "At art must remain what it was two thousand years ago in the age of Praxiteles."

"But he like in the very next paragraph: "For a long time the function of art was a religious one. That function has now passed away and none has taken its place. The Christian man can say 'I am an artist on the earth, chasing the shadow of his own fancies.'" And in an effort to give this useless person some reason d'ire Ruskin thinks he ought to devote himself to "recording objects of his own heart and beauty existing in his period." But we all know that since Ruskin's day the photographer has learned to fulfill this mission much better than any painter could. Consequently Mr. Ruskin says that art is always the same, that it has already undergone several changes, and the slight function which he still attributes to his contemporaries in art has already been taken away from ours. According to the theories of our greatest critic art should have been dead long ago.

But Art Is Not Dead! It has not only outlived Mr. Ruskin but will continue to prophesy its end by defining its limitations. Having gone through the religious, and what might, broadly speaking, be termed the photographic era, it began to feel the influence of the reasoning and scientific era. The natural result was a constantly increasing emphasis of the new element until we get in Cézanne, Maxime, Picasso a PERIOD OF APPLIED TO PERU PAINTING. However, this does not by any means signify that the emotional side of art is eliminated.

On the contrary, just as no scientific discovery was ever made without an emotional departure, so no rational art work has ever been made, no matter how thoroughly it may be, can come into existence without some emotional element. We have then, I think, a CLEAR DEVELOPMENT OF THE AESTHETIC EMOTION over which reason has assumed so increasing a domination that many of its latest products are in the highest degree scientific in origin, thus reflecting faithfully man's progress in mental development.

What is more logical than to demand that SCIENCE IN CRITICISM MUST BE CONSISTENT IN ART? The critics reply naturally would be: "What do you mean by scientific criticism?" I can give the clearest answer to this question by turning to pure science for an illustration. When a scientist asserts that H2O—water, he means that a certain quantity of hydrogen and a certain quantity of oxygen united. He knows HOW water can be obtained, he does not know WHY. He knows everything as to how to make water, but he does not know WHY, that all the "WHY'S" of life belong to another realm than his, namely, that of philosophy..."

In other words HOW a thing came into existence is usually analyzable, WHY it came into existence is invariably a mystery. The WHY of art is its emotional, the HOW its reasoned element. Through all the ages art criticism has quite naturally occupied itself in the HOW of art, with its emotional side, this until now having been in its infancy. Mr. Ruskin was one of the few who realized that the element of reason was assuming an important, if not more important a role than the emotional element, has resolutely devoted its energy to explaining the "HOW" of art, content to let the romantists continue their vague struggle as long as the battle with windmills and the interpretations, mathematical and four-dimensional somersaults may be infinitely more valuable than a CLEAR DISSECTION OF AN ARTISTIC MENTALITY and a weighing of its relative worth in the onward march of human development, but the latter method has the advantage of sticking to the business hand, of accomplishing a well defined task, of understanding and frankly admitting its limitations, thereby rendering the double service of helping where help can be given and then pointing out the regions where all who enter must win his own salvation.

With so impersonal and reasoned a basis for his criticisms the modern critic has every right to assume a constructive attitude towards art and frankly admitting its limitations, thereby rendering the double service of helping where help can be given and then pointing out the regions where all who enter must win his own salvation.

Recognizing that absolute knowledge is possible in no field of human endeavor and that reason in serving as a corrective to the emotions by no means a way of the world, we have deemed it of infinitely greater value to STRIVE FOR THE KNOWABLE than to join the ranks of those who continue to seek the unknowable. In other words we maintain that nothing is as sure a test of a man as his ability to explain the feeling of the knowable and we insist that this is just as possible in art as in any other field of phenomena. Our first attempt may be just as crude as all first attempts along scientific lines, but we are convinced that the direction being right and in accord with modern needs, our method of judging the results of any value. At the same time we do not presume to establish scientific dogmas for criticism in its methods has lagged behind the field it presumes to estimate. The scientific influence has at last invaded the field of art but its critic still wander blissfully in the land of romance.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A SCIENTIFIC CRITICISM? In what manner can the "HOW" and the "WHY" of art, the knowable and the unknowable elements be distinguished? Once it is granted that there is such a thing as an evolution in art, our first point of view of the producer, and secondly from the point of view of the evolutionary development. Under the first aspect we must determine what the artist wishes to express and how adequately he succeeds in the expression; under the second aspect we must decide upon the value of that expression as an addition to what has already been said. Criticism of modern art must analyze the thought of the artist, the way in which he translates his thoughts into the symbols of his trade and what his relationship is to his fellow artists. IT MUST DETERMINE THE VALUE OF THE ARTIST'S CONCEPTION PER SE AND ALSO ITS VALUE IN THE EVOLUTIONARY CHAIN.

Such a point of view inevitably does away with the old emotional attitude of "I like it and why do you not like it?" Likes and dislikes are only swept aside by the scientific critic not as unimportant but because he will not permit the intrusion of mere personal bias in view of the fact that modern psychology has made it impossible for him to believe in objective beauty in art. Since it is extremely unlikely that any two persons get the same impression of the same painting, the scientific critic asks himself: "What is the reaction of the artist to his own work?" And he hopes to translate the beauty of painting into the totally unrelated beauty of words? The most that the emotional school of critics has ever accomplished, even in its very distinctiveness, is the revelation of a great and sensitive personality or the creation of literature sometimes of pure literature, sometimes of deep moral and philosophic import. This may be infinitely more valuable than a CLEAR DISSECTION OF AN ARTISTIC MENTALITY and a weighing of its relative worth in the onward march of human development, but the latter method has the advantage of sticking to the business hand, of accomplishing a well defined task, of understanding and frankly admitting its limitations, thereby rendering the double service of helping where help can be given and then pointing out the regions where all who enter must win his own salvation.

AGNES ERNST MEYER
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. No a word was uttered. 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
When I arrived at 291 the Spirit of 291 was manifesting itself at its best; 291 himself was at the height of an animated discussion with the Professor.

291 is a trinity; a place, a person and a symbol, so be not surprised if I refer without transition to its separate entities.

**Professor** What I wonder at, is why you did not tell the world what 291 is.

**291** I wanted the other people to tell me.

**Prof.** Have they done so?

**291** Each one of the sixty odd contributors has said what 291 was to him; the sum total of what it is to each individual makes up the spirit of 291.

**Prof.** Very well, they have given you the spirit of 291 but they have not told you what definite thing 291 represents.

**291** It represents nothing definite; it is ever growing, constantly changing and developing.

**Prof.** And how is it going to develop?

**291** That, I do not know; nobody knows.

**Prof.** But somebody should know; somebody should at least know what it should accomplish. If 291 is nothing definite but only a spirit, how can it do its work? We know now, what the spirit of 291 is, as nearly as a spirit can be known. What we should know for the future is 291 the machine which will provide the channels through which this wonderful spirit can accomplish useful work.

**291** That will come of itself, in the course of events.

**Prof.** Precisely; but there is a logical sequence in the course of events. The past history of 291 shows it. . . You started with a fight for photography; you wanted your problem answered: “What is photography?”; you got the photographers together, you held exhibitions, you published reproductions of meritorious work; writers came who wrote about photography and out of all these efforts came an answer. We all know now what photography is, what it can accomplish; we have standards by which we can judge new work. What was 291 while all this was going on?

**291** Nothing but a laboratory, a place for experiments.

**Prof.** And is it not still a laboratory, only with new problems to solve?

**291** That is what it is.

**Prof.** And what is the object of a laboratory?

**291** To experiment.

**Prof.** And what do experiments lead to?

**291** To finding out.

**Prof.** Now, at last, we have a definition of what 291 is; a laboratory where experiments are conducted in order to find out something. Now, the inevitable sequence which man follows in experimental science is:

1st. To establish facts or phenomena by observation and experiment.
2d. To arrive through induction from these facts or phenomena to their general relationship or laws.
3d. To start from these laws to arrive by logical deductive reasoning to the discovery of other facts which may in turn be included in the general law.

Now, I have noticed of late that you, 291, have been, so to speak, marking time. You are waiting for the “WHAT NEXT?” For me, who have been watching you closely for many years the “WHAT NEXT?” is clear. You are at the end of your first period; you have gathered your data, you have made your observations. You are about to enter your second period in which you will arrive at the laws which govern the phenomena you have observed. This may be a long period, for new data will constantly be coming up which may cause you to modify or abandon the theories you will evolve before you strike the answer that will satisfy you. That must be your next step if all your experimenting is not to remain sterile, and when that is done, then we will talk about the last period.

But laws are the very things I have been fighting against all my life.

**Prof.** Let us not quarrel about words. You have been fighting against FIXED laws which impede progress and development. The laws I mean are but our conception of the relationship of phenomena which we use as guides in making new discoveries. That, I believe is what you have always sought to discover. If 291 sees clearly the path which is traced for it, great things may be expected from it for its preliminary work has been well done.

Paul B. Haviland
SIMULTANISM:
The idea of Simultanism is expressed in painting by the simultaneous representation of the different spaces of a form seen from different points of view, as Picasso and Braque did some time ago; or by the simultaneous representation of the figure of several forms as the futurists are doing.

In literature the idea is expressed by the polyphony of simultaneous voices which say different things. Of course, printing is not adequate for this medium as we have seen from different points of view, as Picasso and Braque did some time ago; or by the simultaneous representation of the figure of several forms as the futurists are doing.

N. B. The object of the Arden Gallery, opened recently by Mr. Stieglitz, is to encourage the Arts and Crafts in New York. Paintings, sculptures, furniture, tapestries and textiles from the seventh to the seventeenth century are on exhibition.

SINCERISM:
Just before the war a new tendency in art was initiated in Paris by the Italian musician Albert Savoino. He called it “Sincerism.” Most of the music of Savoino is based essentially on music, his source of inspiration in music, music that has been written, and music that he hears. Instead of trying to translate life into music, he translates music into music. The sincerism consists in frankly acknowledging the musical motifs which served as points of departure of his own compositions.

Nothing more natural for an artist than to have for his objectivity the art that he practices. Mr. Max Weber finds himself in this position.

No painter in America, that I know of, has a deeper knowledge of technique and greater skill in the medium than Mr. Max Weber. Possessing this is the reason why he has made painting his objectivity. The exhibition of his pictures in the Print Gallery showed how remarkable Mr. Weber can develop and carry to a greater degree both of intention and technique the paintings of many of the modern masters.

For the superficial critic this attitude is a crime. For any one who knows the mechanism of art, what Mr. Weber has accomplished is of great merit.

I sincerely believe that Mr. Weber is the man to found the school of “Sincerism” in New York.

UNILATERALS:
The unilateralists in art matters were very much perplexed to see that in the Galleries of “291” there were on exhibition paintings of a naturalistic character following the exhibitions of negro savage art, of the paintings by Picasso and Braque and of Picabia. They thought that the sanctity of the mystery of abstract art was profanated by the work of Miss Beckett and Miss Rhodes which certainly has no mystery, and they saw no problem where there really is a great one: the development of the individual by the action of his work on the public.

The public of “291” has been accustomed to receive and never before has been asked to give. It has taken for granted that we owed all our efforts to Present to New York the principal tenets of modern art for its own amusement, merely as a form of social function.

No, the efforts of “291” in placing its public in contact with the principal achievements of modern art has not had as its objective to amuse, but to further the progress of both the artist and the community through a commerce of ideas. When “291” thought that its public had been introduced to the most important productions of modern art, it put the public on exhibition. And the contribution of the public consisted of making Miss Beckett and Miss Rhodes realize the communal value of their work.

SATIRISM AND SATYRISM:
It is to be lamented that the editors of the satirical papers of New York did not yet for their publications the drawings of Picasso exhibited at the Berlin Photographic Galleries. Perhaps by giving them a wide publicity other artists might have followed in their footsteps and a true record of New York life would have been started.

MATISSE AND NEW YORK:
Montross sold almost all his MATISSEs but he says the masses only laughed at them.

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