P·B·T
THE BLIND MAN
33 WEST 67th STREET, NEW YORK

BROYEUSE DE CHOCOLAT
Marcel Duchamp

MAY, 1917
No. 2
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The Blind Man’s Ball

EVERY reader of this magazine is invited to the BLIND MAN’S BALL, a new-fashioned hop, skip, and jump, to be held on

Friday, May 25th

at Prehistoric, ultra-Bohemian Webster Hall. The Ball is given for THE BLIND MAN, a magazine of Vers Art.

Axioms du Bal

The dance will not end till the dawn. The Blind Man must see the sun.

Romantic rags are requested. There is a difference between a tuxedo and a Turk and guests not in costume must sit in bought-and-paid-for boxes.

Continuous Syncopations

Tickets, in advance, are $1.50 each; boxes, not including admission, $10, and may be obtained ONLY from

THE BLIND MAN’S BALL

61 Washington Square

Telephone, Spring 5827

All tickets at the door, $2

PUBLISHED BY BEATRICE WOOD
My God! What eyes

Eyes on the Half Shell

I'm going to get a great big feather-bed of a pelican and keep him in the house to catch the flies, mosquitoes and mice, lay eggs for me to make omelettes of, and be my downy couch at night.

A RESOLUTION MADE AT BRONX PARK

Robert Carlton Brown

TALE BY ERIK SATIE

I had once a marble staircase which was so beautiful, so beautiful, that I had it stuffed and used only my window for getting in and out.

Elle avait des yeux sans tain
Et pour que ca n'se voie pas
Elle avait mis par-dessus
Des lunettes a verres d'écaillée.

S. T., E. K.
Fountain by R. Mutt

Photograph by Alfred Stieglitz

THE EXHIBIT REFUSED BY THE INDEPENDENTS
THE BLIND MAN

The Richard Mutt Case

They say any artist paying six dollars may exhibit.

Mr. Richard Mutt sent in a fountain. Without discussion this article disappeared and never was exhibited.

What were the grounds for refusing Mr. Mutt's fountain?

1. Some contended it was immoral, vulgar.
2. Others, it was plagiarism, a plain piece of plumbing.

Now Mr. Mutt's fountain is not immoral, that is absurd, no more than a bath tub is immoral. It is a fixture that you see every day in plumbers' show windows.

Whether Mr. Mutt with his own hands made the fountain or not has no importance. He CHOSE it. He took an ordinary article of life, placed it so that its useful significance disappeared under the new title and point of view—created a new thought for that object.

As for plumbing, that is absurd.
The only works of art America has given are her plumbing and her bridges.

“Buddha of the Bathroom”

I suppose monkeys hated to lose their tail. Necessary, useful and an ornament, monkey imagination could not stretch to a tailless existence (and frankly, do you see the biological beauty of our loss of them?), yet now that we are used to it, we get on pretty well without them. But evolution is not pleasing to the monkey race; “there is a death in every change” and we monkeys do not love death as we should. We are like those philosophers whom Dante placed in his Inferno with their heads set the wrong way on their shoulders. We walk forward looking backward, each with more of his predecessors' personality than his own. Our eyes are not ours.

The ideas that our ancestors have joined together let no man put asunder! In La Dissociation des Idees, Remy de Gourmont, quietly analytic, shows how sacred is the marriage of ideas. At least one charming thing about our human institution is that although a man marry he can never be only a husband. Besides being a money-making device and the one man that one woman can sleep with in legal purity without sin he may even be as well some other woman's very personification of her abstract idea. Sin, while to his employees he is nothing but their 'Boss,' to his children only their 'Father,' and to himself certainly something more complex.

But with objects and ideas it is different. Recently we have had a chance to observe their meticulous monogamy.

When the jurors of The Society of Independent Artists fairly rushed to remove the bit of sculpture called the Fountain sent in by Richard Mutt, because the object was irrevocably associated in their atavistic minds with a certain natural function of a secretive sort. Yet to any "innocent" eye
how pleasant is its chaste simplicity of line and color! Someone said, “Like a lovely Buddha”; someone said, “Like the legs of the ladies by Cezanne”; but have they not, those ladies, in their long, round nudity always recalled to your mind the calm curves of decadent plumbers’ porcelains?

At least as a touchstone of Art how valuable it might have been! If it be true, as Gertrude Stein says, that pictures that are right stay right, consider, please, on one side of a work of art with excellent references from the Past, the Fountain, and on the other almost anyone of the majority of pictures now blushing along the miles of wall in the Grand Central Palace of ART. Do you see what I mean?

Like Mr. Mutt, many of us had quite an exhorbitant notion of the independence of the Independents. It was a sad surprise to learn of a Board of Censors sitting upon the ambiguous question, What is ART?

To those who say that Mr. Mutt’s exhibit may be Art, but is it the art of Mr. Mutt since a plumber made it? I reply simply that the Fountain was not made by a plumber but by the force of an imagination; and of imagination it has been said, “All men are shocked by it and some overthrown by it.” There are those of my intimate acquaintance who pretending to admit the imaginative vigor of Mr. Mutt and his porcelain, slyly quoted to me a story told by Montaigne in his Force of the Imagination of a man, whose Latin name I can by no means remember, who so studied the very “essence and motion of folly” as to unsettle his initial judgment forevermore; so that through overmuch wisdom he became a fool. It is a pretty story, but in defense of Mr. Mutt I must in justice point out that our merry Montaigne is a garrulous and gullible old man, neither safe nor scientific, who on the same subject seriously cites by way of illustration, how by the strength simply of her imagination, a white woman gave birth to a “black-a-moor”! So you see how he is good for nothing but quotation, M. Montaigne.

Then again, there are those who anxiously ask, “Is he serious or is he joking?” Perhaps he is both! Is it not possible? In this connection I think it would be well to remember that the sense of the ridiculous as well as “the sense of the tragic increases and declines with sensuousness.” It puts it rather up to you. And there is among us to-day a spirit of “blague” arising out of the artist’s bitter vision of an over-institutionalized world of stagnant statistics and antique axioms. With a frank creed of im-mutability the Chinese worshipped their ancestors and dignity took the place of understanding; but we who worship Progress, Speed and Efficiency are like a little dog chasing after his own wagging tail that has dazzled him. Our ancestor-worship is without grace and it is because of our conceited hypocracy that our artists are sometimes sad, and if there is a shade of bitter mockery in some of them it is only there because they know that the joyful spirit of their work is to this age a hidden treasure.

But pardon my praise for, sayeth Nietzsche, “In praise there is more obtrusiveness than in blame”; and so as not to seem officiously sincere or subtly serious, I shall write in above, with a perverse pen, a neutral title that will please none; and as did Remy de Gourmont, that gentle cynic and monkey without a tail, I, too, conclude with the most profound word in language and one which cannot be argued—a pacific Perhaps!

LOUISE NORTON.

FOR RICHARD MUTT

One must say every thing,—
then no one will know.
To know nothing is to say
a great deal.
So many say that they say
nothing,—but these never really send.
For some there is no stopping.
Most stop or get a style.

When they stop they make
a convention.
That is their end.
For the going every thing
has an idea.
The going run right along.
The going just keep going.

C. DEMUTH.
Recharge, please, recharge
avec la chimie de ta salive
l'accumulateur de mon coeur

S. T. E. K.
Axiom

From a determinable horizon
absent
spectacularly from a midnight
which has yet to make public
a midnight
in the first place incompatibly copied

the other
in observance of the necessary end
guarantees

the simultaneous insularity
of a structure
self-contained

a little longer
than the general direction
of goods opposed
tangentially.

WALTER CONRAD ARENSBERG.

Letter from a Mother

I have never been in Europe. I was born in Minneapolis and I am the mother of three children, all gifted, two exhibiting in this exhibition.

I have always felt nervous about artists, but in my modest way I am a believer in democracy.

Therefore as a woman who has done her duty towards the race and experienced life, I make the plea to all other mothers and women of constructive comprehension, that we keep this exhibition sane and beautiful.

It is only by elevating the soul and keeping the eyes of our young ones filled with lovely images that we can expect good results from the generation that will follow.

People without refinement, cubists, futurists, are not artists. For Art is noble. And they are distorted.

Independence is needed, but a line must be drawn somewhere.

In sincere faith I hope for your success.

Sincerely,

A MOTHER.
Theorem.

For purposes of illusion
the actual ascent of two waves
is timed
at the angle of incidence
to the swing of a suspended
from which the waves wash
transparent to a basis
to the protective coloration.
which has a disappearance of its own
Through the resultant exposure
to a temporal process
an emotion
ideally distant
assumes on the uneven surface
descending
as the identity to be demonstrated
the three dimensions
with which it is incommensurate.

WALTER CONRAD ARENSBERG.
From a friend.

April 12, 1917.

Dear Blind Man:—

Fine for you!

You are, I hope, to be an instrument for the accomplishment of an important and much-needed work in America; namely, the fostering and encouragement of a truly native art. An art which will be at once the result of a highly vitalized age, of a restless artistic spirit, and of a sudden realization,—on the part of our artists,—of America's high destiny in the future of the world. Such an art must very closely embody the spirit of our time, however morbid, however hurried, however disorganized, however nerve-racking that time may be.

A bas,—you should say— with any and every school of art that represents another day, another spirit, another time. No art can live that is not an integral part of its time. Put Botticelli in a studio on Fifth Avenue; put Corot in a garret in Washington Square; put Fragonard in a barn in Harlem, and their work would be worthless, sterile, of no lasting purpose, or power of evocation; because it would fail absolutely to symbolize and synthesize the spirit of our age. Their work would merely be something promoted, not by our life, not by the vitalized forces of our time, but something promoted only by the flat, dead and profitless spirit of a bygone time.

So, if you can help to stimulate and develop an American art which shall truly represent our age, even if the age is one of telephones, submarines, aeroplanes, cabarets, cocktails, taxicabs, divorce courts, wars, tangos, dollar signs; or one of desperate strivings after new sensations and experiences, you will have done well. The future dwellers upon earth will then be able to look back to our day, and, with truth and conviction say: “Yes, they had an art, back in New York, in the days following the Great War, an art that was a vitalized part of their life; that mirrored accurately their time, with all of its complexities, graces, horrors, pleasures, agonies, uncertainties and blessings.”

Admiringly yours,

FRANK CROWNINSHIELD.
Pas De Commentaires!
Louis M. Eilshemius.

"Soul...Soul! Your artists haven't got it; for them things are just chair, or table, or stables. Was it Aristotle who said, 'A picture is a silent poem'?"

"But you are not seeing my pictures now... What is a minute, an hour? Ruskin, (have you ever heard of Ruskin?) found it necessary to look at a picture for a steady week.

"I have two thousand pictures—how long do you suppose it would take an ordinary artist to paint this one?" asked Louis Eilshemius pointing to 'Maidenhood Confronted By Death'. This is the first time she has seen death; observe the effect—Horror! that's quite new—the stormy sky enforces the idea; see how it bursts—death, that's it, a burst!" We computed that it would take perhaps three weeks to paint such a picture—. "Well it takes me just two hours! I always paint on cardboard, that's new! You can't get such quality on canvas." Wandering round the bountifully endowed studio we found such variety of subject and treatment, as to give us some idea of the scope of this artist's mind. As Rousseau of the French spirit painted in France, does Eilshemius of the American spirit paint in America, with the childlike self-faith of a Blake.

His conceptions are traditional of the simple soul unharnpered by a traditional mode of representation. Eilshemius paints women dancing, moonlight and the devil, and it is significant after looking him straight in his unspoiled eye, that his princes of darkness are repeatedly the best tempered, most unsophisticated young devils imaginable, and that his nearest approach to evil is in the symbol of the horn. Eilshemius has not evolved, he has just grown to scatter seeds hap-hazard but at will to blossom in the amazing variations of his pictures, which, outside every academic or unacademic school, untouched by theory or "ism," survive as the unique art form that has never been exploited by a dealer, never been in fashion!

His is so virginally the way a picture must be painted by one unswilled by any preconception of how pictures are painted, so direct a presentation of his cerebral vision, that between his idea and the setting forth of his idea, the question of method never intrudes.

The complicated mechanism that obtains in other artists a prolonged psychological engineering of a work of art, is waived; his pictures, if one may say so, are instantaneous photographs of his mind at any given moment of inspiration.

"I am very broad-minded," said Eilshemius, "I like everything that is nice, everything," smiling benigmly, "that is nice you understand. I can paint anything, anywhere, beautiful pictures on your hat or your dress, if you like! — And I only use five colours, any particular five colours? Certainly not. I'm not one of your hocus-pocus painters who have to have certain colours, certain palettes, certain — —. I paint with my imagination, look at this! Victis—you know what victory is? Pressing the other fellow down!"

Three fine nudes in an evening sky, each with a different coloured ribbon; the one on top, is the one on top! "See that one there on the right he's dying; you notice that on his face." Hopefully inspired by the granite simplicity of the painter's speech I asked him if he ever wrote—"Don't you know who I am—" he gasped?

"Louis M. Eilshemius, M. A. Supreme Protean Marvel of the Ages. The Peer of all who create Painting, Literature and Music."

As I am used to do in reading I found by intuition the finest passages while skimming the volumes handed to me:

"How most are sore misled by pope and priest To think that God hath arms and feet and eyes—"

"And my weird soul hath felt The whiffs that waved from forth my heart."
IN LIGHTED SLEEPNESS.
BLIND
WAKING WAKING
DISTANT CENTER CENTER
UP
SLOW TAKING ISLAND-OCEAN SLOW
WATER YESTER CONTACT'S SEAS SHIFTING
TRIANGLE JOYS POINS
INCISOR VISTA YELLOW
FOUNTAIN
WIDE IN ALL
FORTH OVER BACK UPSURGING FACTS HEAVY LIGHTNESS BACK OVER
INSURGING RHYTHM SHOUT EARTH SHOUT ALIVES
ALL HIGH LAY LIE RELAY IN
EVEN OPEN PENE SEPARATE REMARK ENLEVEL LEVEL ALWAYS
TON SILENT TONS OVER DOUBLE TONNAGE DOUBLE THRU THRU TON AND TON
AND TON SHIFT
ALL ALL IN IN THIS BODY BALANCE AND RESURGE
LEVEL LEVEL COOL BIG SAD:.....IN RUST GOLD DARK DUST HAIR:
DISTANCE
SPREAD NOW NOW, NEW FOREST FRAGRANT FOREST HAIR RESURGING REFORTH
PENET UP
FAR, THRU EYES, AREA
FLOW WATER FEEL DEEP DEEP......IN IN FAR FAR FARTHEST
MOUNTAIN MOUNT KATAHDYN FLUX KATAHDYN MOUNTAIN FLUX....FLOWER
IN IN, THRU EYES, SLEEP SLUMBER HEAVE

Third Dimension;
Portrait Sketch
Charles Duncan

"Free Verse, why I wrote free verse twenty years ago"—?
Yet while Eilshemius exonerates himself from ever having studied the works of any period whatsoever, there is a something Elizabethian about him.

I will end this rummage of a gold-mine with Eilshemius when he is most himself—in the the poems "A Country Child" and "Maggie the Geyser Guide."

"It dwelled, where I would not to live;
In a hut, with cracks and holes.
But there it played with wicker and mud;
And it tried to lift long poles."
"Have you no fear of all those boiling waters?"
"Nay, I was 'hatched' right on this steaming earth.
The other place cannot be worse!" she ventured, And in our eyes a twinkle suddenly had birth. Thus questioning, she grew more sweet to me, for in her voice Lay mellow dreaminess, that made my heart rejoice.

Anyhow, Duchamp meditating the levelling of all values, witnesses the elimination of Sophistication. MINA LOY.
MARIE LAURENCIN

She is shortsighted—nevertheless, no detail of life escapes her.
She is sentimental—yet, she has a very acute sense of irony and of the ridiculous.
She is bourgeoise and respects social conventions but recognizes no other law than her fantasy.
She seems frail and defenseless, but her egotism, unceasingly active, makes her unattackable.
She has remained a playful and dangerous child even if her vision is clear and wise.
She gives herself, reveals herself, opens her life like a book but remains impregnable.
She has been little influenced. Perhaps some English painters, whose aristocracy she loves, have left some traces in her work.—She does not recognize esthetic conventions.—She recreates the world to her image. She does not know but herself, does not represent but herself, and even when she copies she does not express but her own imagination.
In her work, she only loves the accomplished effort, being contemptuous of its artistic value. Though she does not attempt to go beyond the conventionalism of representation, her spirit shows all the comprehension of modern art. She invents according to her fantasy and makes her selections according to her profound instinct for harmony and rhythm. To her gift of painting she adds her literary gift which is always felt in her work.—A drawing of hers, scarcely sketched often tells a long story.
She loves her femininity which she exalts and cultivates, finding in it her best sources for her inventive-ness.
The seventeen drawings and watercolors exhibited at the Modern Gallery have the charm and subtlety which she always imparts to her work, but to me, three of those drawings especially reveal her personality: "The Little Mule" is an astonishing expression of her literary imagination and of her sense of protection.—The animal has a human expression, the troubled expression of her own eyes—the delicacy of its lines, the elegance of its details, preciously reproduced, evoke the mystical personage of a prince encased in the body of a beast. "The Lady of the Palms" is an old fashion plate, its complicated architecture charmed her. Her fantasy, her sense of form and harmony transported the old fashion plate into a landscape of palms. "The two Dancers," by the accuracy and sobriety of its traits, by its ensemble and proportions, give the sensation of a moving rhythm. It would be odd to see Marie Laurencin in America. GABRIELLE BUFFET.

The Supreme intense gluttony
To Cut my throat.
The utter lust to let
Red Blood roll down
The expectant upturned breasts
Or what better than
The smooth security of
Tightening rope
When mass obeying gravity
Forfeits Life?
Perhaps my head upon the sill
A window
Coming swiftly down
Would link my consciousness
With Queens.
Again a

In the grasp of that impenetrable
blank wall
I Falling
Might lend at last a line
To pure Monotony.
Have I courage to keep on
Beating out my Brains
When Regret should have entered
The First Fist?
To die with flowers? Too soft—
To burn in perfumed oil?
Too slow—
All forces that are not Mine—
I will, I will Hold my Breath—

And Fell asleep
And Dreamed I drowned.
FRANCES SIMPSON STEVENS.

Let us droop our heads over each other like lilies
And our bodies remain long.

ALLEN NORTON
O Marcel - - - otherwise
I Also Have Been to Louise's

I don't like a lady in evening dress, salting. From here she has black eye's, no mouth, some - - - -.
Will you bring a perfection, well bring a bottle - - - Two perfections WELL I want to SEE it - - - he will know it afterwards - - will you bring the bottle. Really, have I? - - . Which way? Oh did I? WHEN?
Too much? You are abusing myself. No, you would not -- . Did you ask Demuth about it?
Anything you like, would I? Ough Naow? of course not? Yes I do. I used to kill myself with the syphon - - - . You don't remember that ball. Well don't do that because I am perfectly sober now - - - - that's the kid he looks like - - . It will probably cost me very much I have not got money. Did I say I wanted the bottle all right - SEE it! Excuse me, explain it. You don't need any.
I will give you some paper Mina and keep silent to give you a rest. Oh! I will give you some paper all the same. Very much. He said to me, we will toss whether you resign or I resign -- - a very old French story about 'the English man must shoot first.' She has a pencil in her hair - very impressionistic. You know you should have some salt on your hair it's so nice - because?
Nothing - its music. Ah this is, this is, this is, is IT.

Do not worry about such things as lighting a match. I give you my key Clara - HEY - have some yellow paper. If carried away If Clara ever returns it.

Well, you did about a week, after. Here's the salting lady - I will show her to you - salting lady. She passed. Do not speak any more -- you have to squeeze it, maid of the -- - . I used to go every day -- waitress. I feel ashamed in front of this girl - she looks at me from far its wonderful - its wo- onderFUL; Yes, have a drink lady, teaspoon by teaspoon. No please take this - Do I eat? You know why I have one - I do - I do have it - I want some tongue I will give you some - but don't do too much what? Suck it. Well I don't know how I will get up early to-morrow I have a lesson at two - no not with the "bellemere" You don't know what a wonderful sensation it is - - - - I have some preference for some company where is our waiter - where is he it sounds it doesn't he?

Mina are you short-hand?, I never knew it. I want tongue sandwich, anyway it keeps me awake. You know, she comes riding school fifty sixth street you know she comes. Lunch 12 o'clock. Well you know it was. How do you light a cigar-
ette - how do you light a match
Did you, well it is not danger-
ous at all - Did you got it?
Are you an American representa-
tive - I am sorry. You are
Pennsylvania I am Boston. Do
you want some cigarettes - - Did
you put the pronunciation.
Waiter! tongue sandwiches. Do
you want hot milk. Two perfec-
tions she doesn't want anything
- you got it? She can't write
it down anyway - through the
flag oh some cigarettes - waiter
I want some cigarettes for Mina
- this is a wonderful tune Ti
lilis li laera Mina I give you
two dollars, it means to me two
dollars - Ti li li laera -- it
is twice I need to shave now.
Demuth you must be careful of
your key she keeps it about a
week every key she gets she
keeps. You speak like Carlo,
well when he wants to imitate
well have a drink! You know
those two girls are crazy about
that man, they mustn't, you must
get him out. I will have a
tongue sandwich - you must suck
it - - - Censorship! Don't let
your flag get wet - - is that
Billy Sunday. One should have
had an additional star Billy
Sunday - There's always a sky
in heaven! - - that is too
low. My ancestor is tall
people. Don't write, he is going
to leave you for a minute.
Sandwiches - Oh I forgot to
telephone - what shall I say.
Ti li li laera - she said - all
right!

Compiled by Mina Loy

291 Fifth Ave., New York
April 13, 1917.

My dear Blind Man:

You invite comment, suggestions. As I un-
derstand the Independent Society its chief func-
tion is the desire to smash antiquated academic
ideas. This first exhibition is a concrete move
in that direction. Wouldn't it be advisable next
year during the exhibition, to withhold the names
of the makers of all work shown. The names,
if on the canvases, or on the pieces of sculpture,
etc., exhibited could be readily hidden. The
catalogue should contain, in place of the names
of artists, simply numbers, with titles if desired.
On the last day of the Exhibition the names of
the exhibitors could be made public. That is each
number would be publicly identified. A list of
the identified numbers could also be sent to the
purchasers of catalogues. To no one, outside of
the committee itself, should any names be di-
vulged during the exhibition. Not even to those
wishing to purchase. In thus freeing the exhibi-
tion of the traditions and superstitions of names
the Society would not be playing into the hands
of dealers and critics, nor even into the hands of
the artists themselves. For the latter are influ-
enced by names quite as much as are public and
critics, not to speak of the dealers who are only
interested in names. Thus each bit of work would
stand on its own merits. As a reality. The pub-
lic would be purchasing its own reality and not
a commercialized and inflated name. Thus the
Society would be dealing a blow to the academy
of commercializing names. The public might
gradually see for itself.

Furthermore I would suggest that in next
year's catalogue addresses of dealers should be
confined to the advertising pages. The Indepen-
dent Exhibition should be run for one thing
only: The independence of the work itself. The
Society has made a definite move in the right
direction, so why not follow it up with still more
definiteness.

NO JURY—NO PRIZES—NO COMMERCIAL
TRICKS.

Alfred Stieglitz.
Perhaps—

The Blind Man may become a monthly—perhaps a quarterly—perhaps a yearly—

All depending on contributions, literary and financial.

Brave people who like to run risks may send to The Blind Man five dollars as subscription and encouragement.

33 WEST 67TH STREET

Paintings by American Artists of Today:

BURLIN
DEMUTH
DICKINSON
FISK
GLACKENS
HALFERT
HARTLEY
KENT
KUEHNE
LAWSON
LEVER
MAGER
MANIGAULT

MARIN
McFEE
MILLER
MYERS
NORDFELDT
PRENDERGAST
MANRAY
SCHUMACHER
WALKOWITZ
WORTMAN
M. ZORACH
W. ZORACH

The Daniel Gallery
2 West 47th St., New York

Bourgeois Galleries
668 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

Old and Modern Paintings

Modern Gallery
500 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

DAUMIER
CEZANNE
LAUTREC
VAN GOGH
PICASSO
BRANCUSI
PICABIA
DERAIN
MARIE LAURENCIN
MANOLO
BURTY
VLAMINCK
RIVERA
BRAQUE

Mexican Pre-Conquest Art
African Negro Sculpture