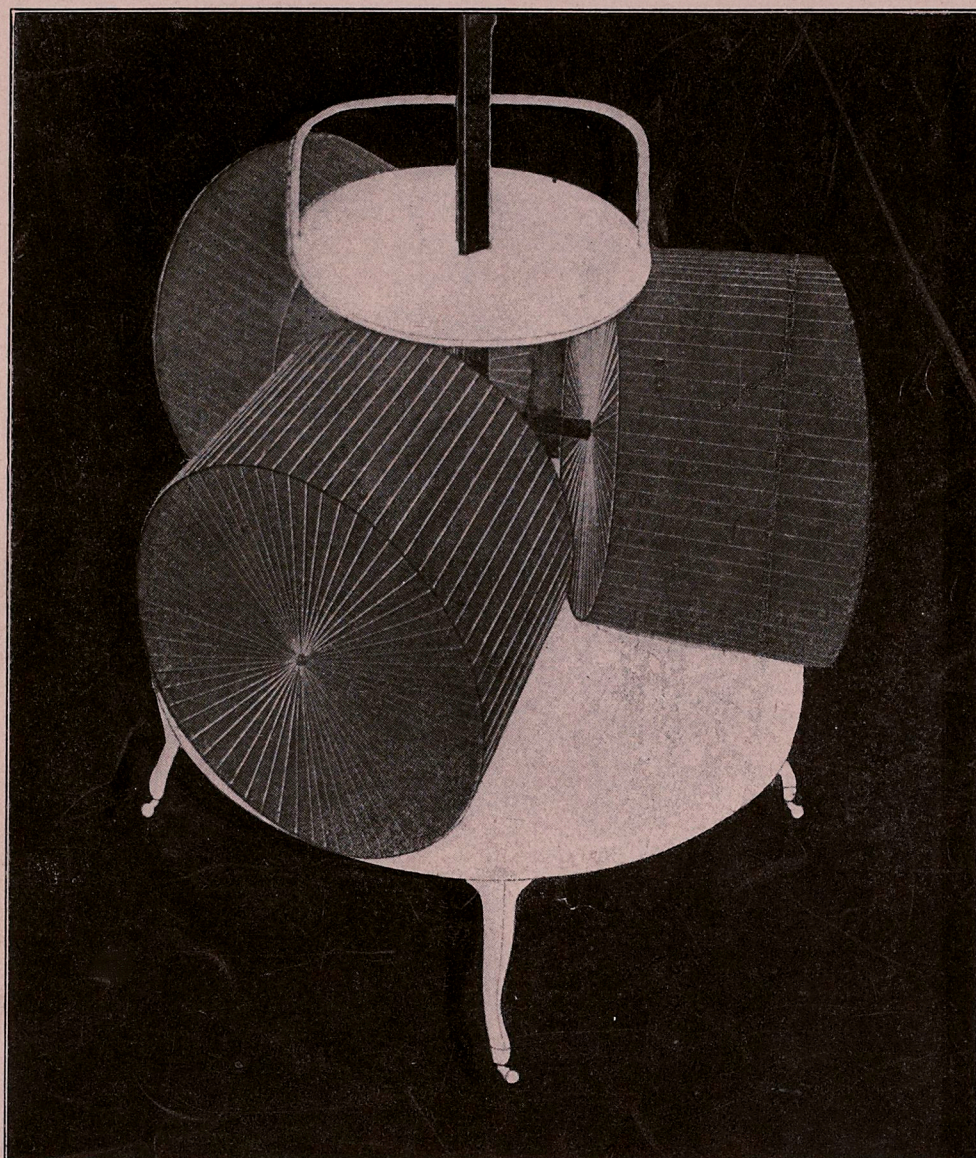


P · B · T
THE BLIND MAN

33 WEST 67th STREET, NEW YORK

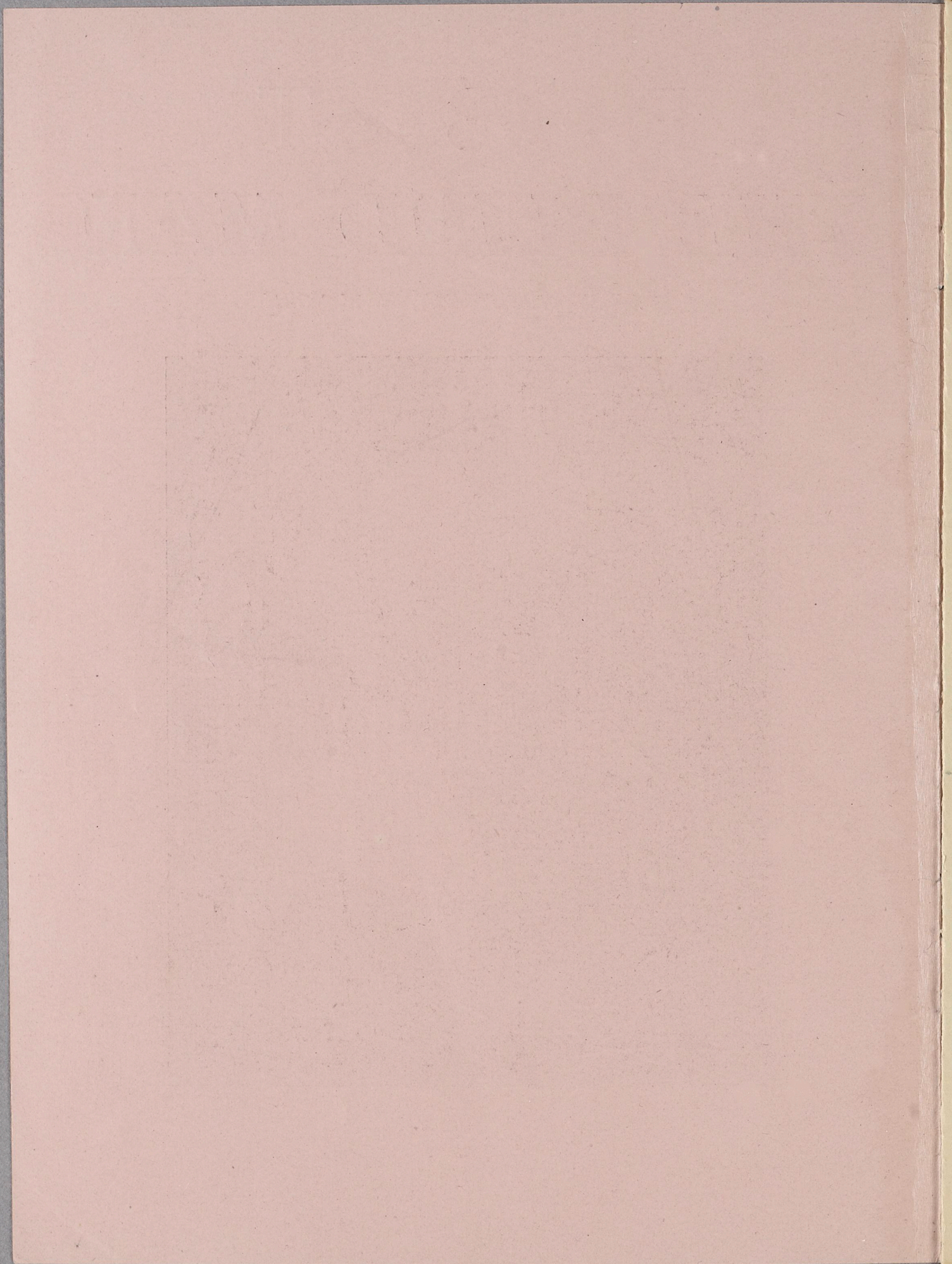


BROYEUSE DE CHOCOLAT

Marcel Duchamp

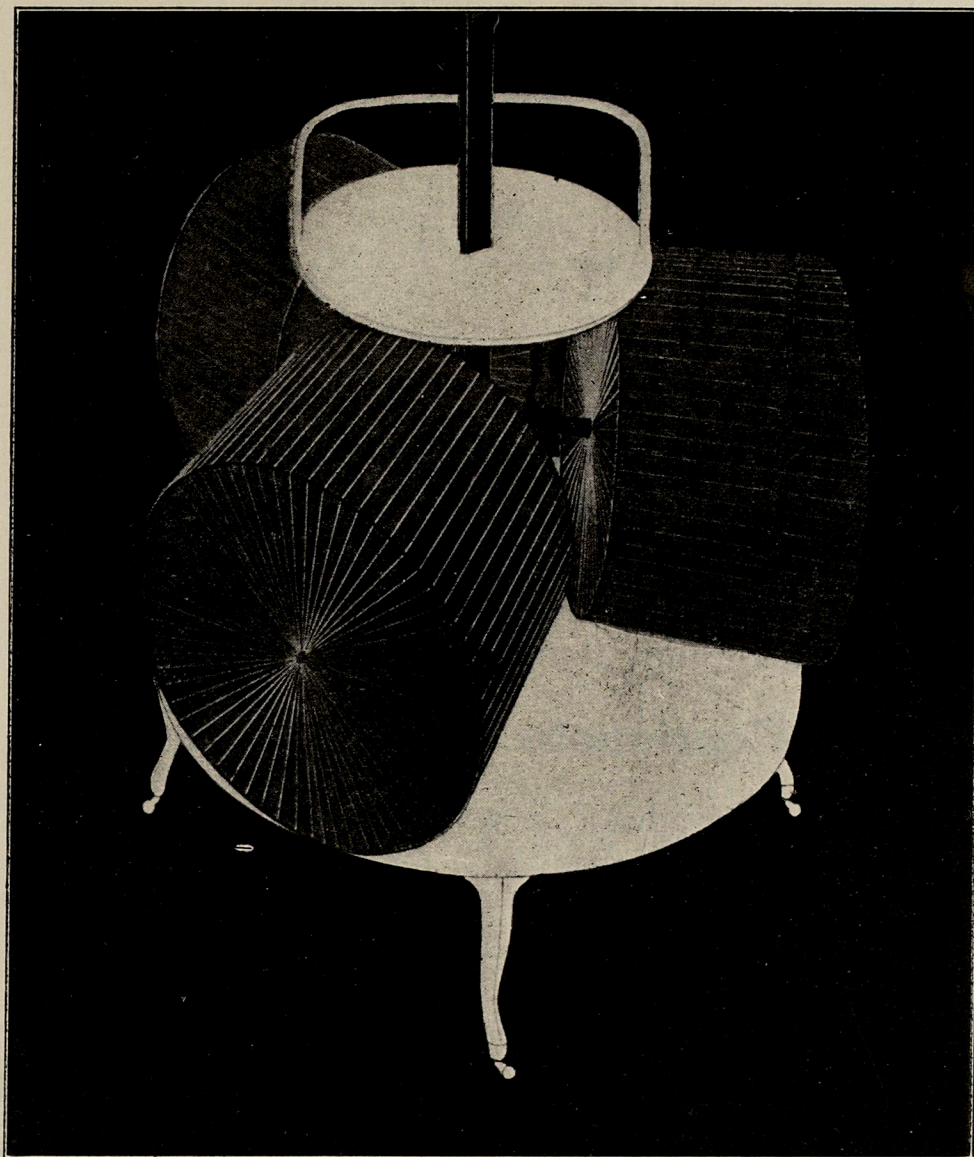
MAY, 1917

No. 2



P · B · T
THE BLIND MAN

33 WEST 67th STREET, NEW YORK



BROYEUSE DE CHOCOLAT

Marcel Duchamp

MAY, 1917

No. 2

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

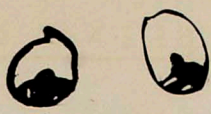
61 Washington Square

Telephone, Spring 5827

All tickets at the door, \$2

PUBLISHED BY BEATRICE WOOD

*A Mansion - Madame Stange
No 7
50
Beatrice Wood*



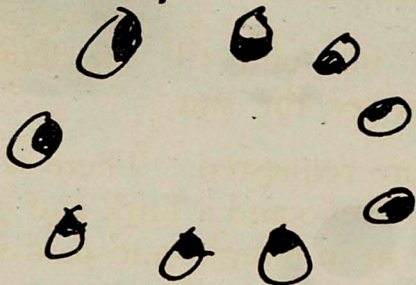
Eyes

My God †

What eyes



Eyes on The
Half shell



Robert Carlton Brown.

A RESOLUTION MADE AT BRONX
PARK

Robert Carlton Brown

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.

TALE BY ERIK SATIE

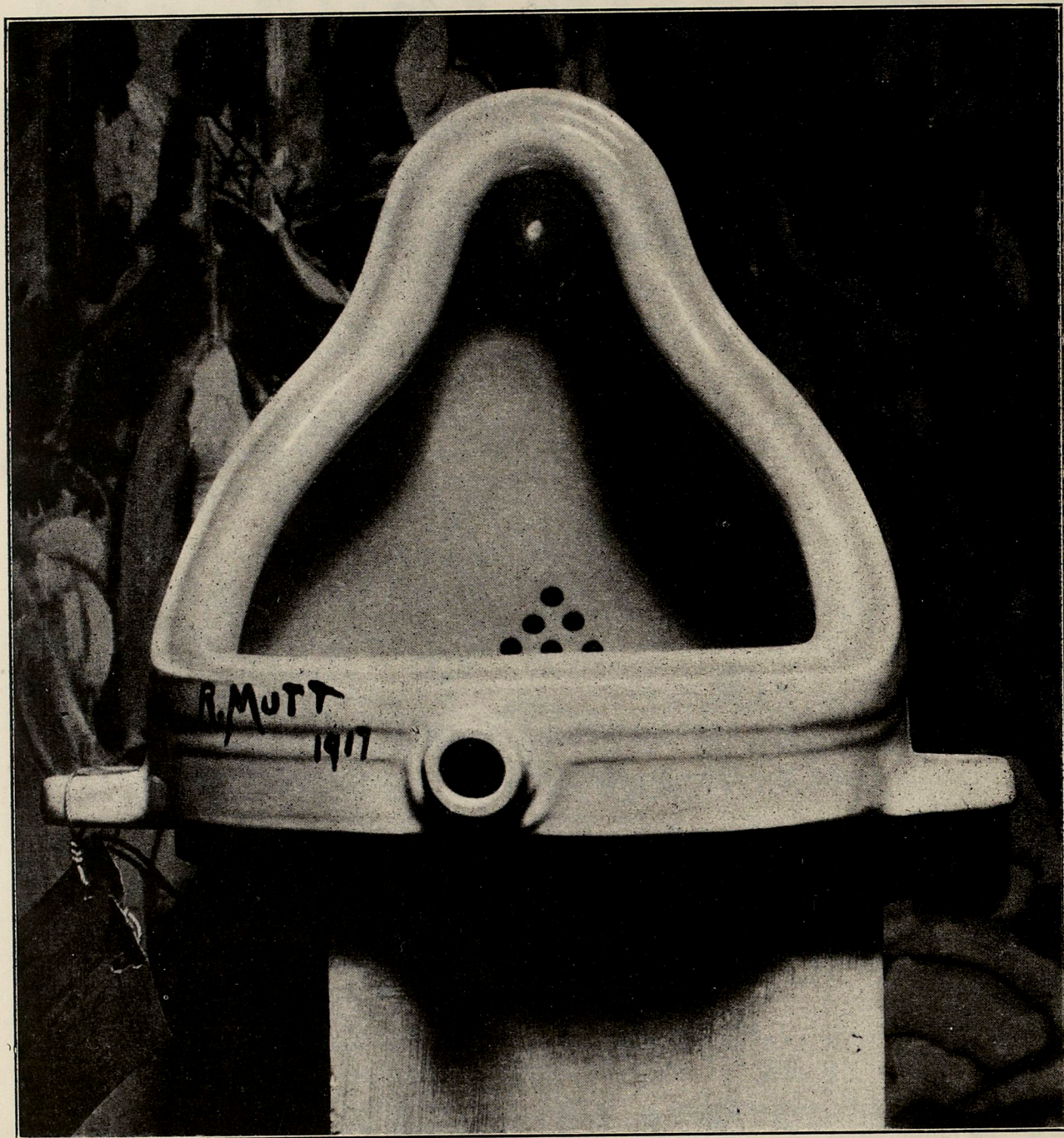
I had once a marble staircase which was
so beautiful, so beautiful, that I had it
stuffed and used only my window for get-
ting in and out.

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

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 charm-

ing 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 monogomy.

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 exorbitant 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-amoor"! 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 immutability 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 hypocrisy 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

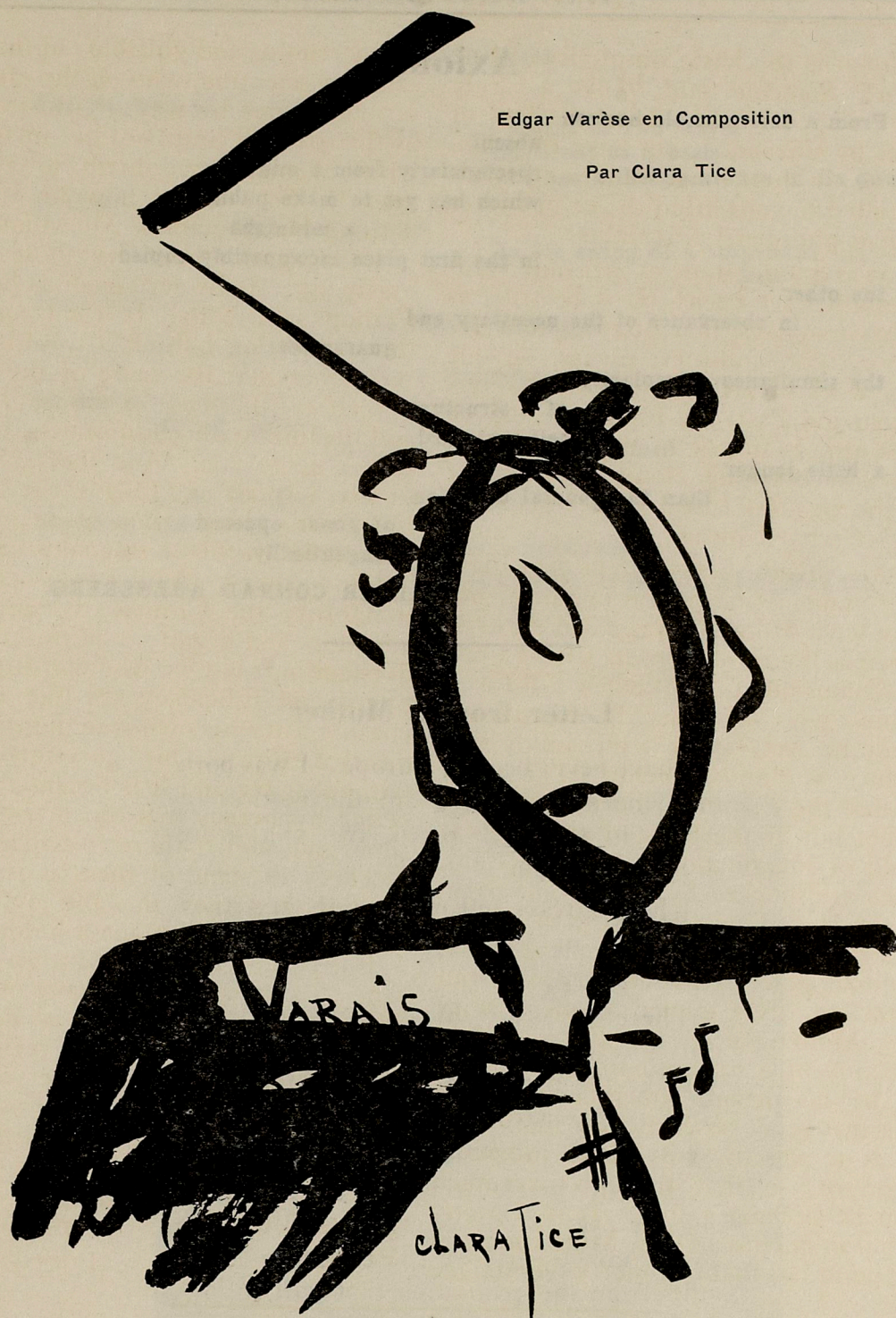
One must say every thing,—
then no one will know.
To know nothing is to say
a great deal.
So many say that they say
nothing,—but these never really send.
For some there is no stopping.
Most stop or get a style.

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.

Edgar Varèse en Composition

Par Clara Tice



*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

transparent to a basis

which has a disappearance of its own

is timed

at the angle of incidence

to the swing of a suspended
lens

from which the waves wash

the protective coloration.

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.



CONEY ISLAND

Joseph Stella

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.

MEDUSA

Sinister right—dexter left—superior hypocrisy

Spirits without light and Don Quixotes

Arts starboard, red and green port
without vessel.

Why change men into animal foeti.

My tongue becomes a road of snow

Circles are formed around me

In bath robe

Exterior events

Napoleon

Modern ideas

Profound artists reunited in canon

who deceive

Artists of speech

Who have only one hole for mouth and anus

I am the lover of the world

The lover of unknown persons

I am looking for a Sun.

F. PICABIA.

April, 1917.

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 unhampered 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 unsullied 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 benignly, "that is **nice** you understand. I can paint anything, anywhere, beautiful pic-



"SUPPLICATION"

tures 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

*To be read beginning with
 lowest line. Top line last.*

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 bourgeoisie 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 loves riches, elegance and luxury and is fond of the realities of order and economy.

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 conventionalist 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 inventiveness.

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 knife

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 eyes,
no mouth, some - - -
Will you bring a perfection,
well bring a bottle - - - Two
perfections WELL I want to SEE
it - - - he will know it after-
wards - - - 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 per-
fectly 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 sen-
sation it is - - - - I have
some preference for some com-
pany 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 rid-
ing 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 dangerous at all - Did you got it?
 Are you an American representative - 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 perfect-
 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 li 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 laere - 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 understand the Independent Society its chief function 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 divulged during the exhibition. Not even to those wishing to purchase. In thus freeing the exhibition 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 influenced 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 public 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 Independent 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

Bourgeois Galleries

668 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK



Old and Modern Paintings

Paintings by American Artists of Today:

BURLIN	MARIN
DEMUTH	McFEE
DICKINSON	MILLER
FISK	MYERS
GLACKENS	NORDFELDT
HALPERT	PRENDERGAST
HARTLEY	MANRAY
KENT	SCHUMACHER
KUEHNE	WALKOWITZ
LAWSON	WORTMAN
LEVER	M. ZORACH
MAGER	and
MANIGAULT	W. ZORACH

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

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



172

