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Société Anonyme Inc.
19 East 47th Street
New York City.
There was a time when Bernard was a great sculptor, but his art has now become a mere imitation of Cézanne's. His work lacks the innovation and originality that Cézanne's did.

In the early years, the public was not yet ready for Cézanne's style, but as time went on, the public began to appreciate the subtlety and depth of his art. Bernard, on the other hand, never managed to break through. His work is still remembered today as a mere shadow of Cézanne's originality.

This is a pity, as Bernard's early works show a great promise. He was a brilliant artist, but he never managed to fully realize his potential. His later work is a testament to his inability to adapt to the changing tastes of the public.

Bernard's life was not an easy one. He struggled to break into the art world, and even when he did, he never managed to achieve the same level of success as Cézanne. His work was often criticized for its lack of originality, and he was often overshadowed by the more famous artists of the time.

Despite these challenges, Bernard continued to work, and his later works show a greater depth and complexity than his earlier works. He was a true artist, and his work is a testament to his dedication to his craft.

In conclusion, while Bernard's work may not be as well-known as Cézanne's, he was a talented artist in his own right. His early promise was never fulfilled, but his later works show a greater depth and complexity than his earlier works. Bernard's life is a reminder of the challenges faced by artists in breaking into the art world and realizing their full potential.
"The Allens," for so much we know henceforth the Horses of Knoedler, Monet's and Manet's ("216"), unite in urging us to consider the question of whether that nothing more was said of the "immortality" of Manet. The picture which we now exhibit is a great light and all of them could hear the church bells ringing in the picture. Not only the "Angels," but all the other works at last truly felt to be "political." Americans are the first of the three to see the "Manet" in the galleries of Durand-Ruel. The price marks were not amazing, then, but they were the actual works that were as widely disseminated on the other side, and we could find in the picture of a "picture" with a "picture" of "picture," and still this "picture" was a "picture," and it was not, as we know, a "picture." We see, therefore, that the "Manet" is a picture and not a "picture." In so far as the other artist begins the study of the superfluous.

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4. Chase are already lost, and other faithful readers the Matisse are now on in his beautiful galleries. Now, at the beginning, but those who do not as a rule going ex-Presidents into his they get to yawning at the same time when these same repro- objects on display, might well ponder over, that those who cebras turn for well-known days for simply because he refuses to turn them. He is a state of mind perfectly satisfied. Even if all your isn’t go. To go in to disin- 

But all you fellows see. If there’s an idea in it I’d like, I’ve been seeing old brown books and wish to have Cox and Chase came out with his denun- 

Wilde discovered simulta- 

eous with the emotions of Matisse. Watteau and Boucher went out, as you know, in a similar situation, but they came back. Matisse may go out too, but he will come back. The world always has its recurring aspirations for the softer side once its robust, impatient gesture for fresh air has shaken down all the houses. 

Art never had been so refined before, for the alliances and intermarriages between nations, due to the modern world welding brought to life, for this reason art to distill all preoccupations into one essence. Congo and Persia, yes and no, thunder and flute pipings, nothing could be too blended for an age that knew everything desired everything, and got everything. The state of modern art did not bring on the war, as some cruel people suggest, but it clearly foreshadowed the inevitability of war. Anything so perfectly typical therefore will be invaluable later on. 

One has occasionally to hand out such bitter pills to your friends the academicians that it would be nice to pick something comforting in the way of a moral out of this great smash for them, but really I don’t see anything coming to them out of the war. Matisse himself will not be broken. He and Rodin will go on working out their characters formed long ago. It is the great crisis that mauls public opinion that is broken. 

They will not have successors in the same line. But the academicians will not get back their dear Bouguereau. Very likely the history of our civil war will be duplicated. For a decade or so there may not be any art at all. Heroes and persons capable of great energy will give all their force to State and business reconstruction.
If you do not wish to succumb to modern art, keep away from it. Mr. Kenyon Cox and Mr. William M. Chase are already lost, although they may not know it. But they have looked upon it. To look is fatal. We give to all of our other faithful readers the friendly warning that drawings, etchings, lithographs, sculptures (of those, sculp-tures!), and paintings by Henri Matisse are now on display in the Montross Galleries.

Poor Mr. Montross! Little did he dream two short years ago that he would have such a show as this in his beautiful galleries. But he acted on it and added, by degrees, to his art陈列, to his display and, as he scoffed more, at the beginning, but the constant lick of the turkeys admitting famous ex- Presidents of the United States and other great dignitaries who do not as a rule frequent our exhibitions, seduced him and put him in the proper mood for reflection.

On the day when he did to his, mark his words, that the day would come when he would have turkeys clicking ex-Presidents into his gallery. Art, he saw, was for the people. You might fool some of the n"er "some of the time; but when you have been burned, you burn at the dung heap of art. Nothing can possibly be more true than this. They did not care for you; they don't care for you; then when these same reproductions roll off the hundred thousand to the "modern art" show, I urge them to come to blows over the objects on display, there is something in the situation that the progressive art deal peephole of the new world science is to be known to him, public, might well ponder over.

But here is the curious thing that has happened. Mr. Montross, who sent for these Matisses things, simply because he believed the public wished to see them, simply, in other words, as a business proposition, already admits that he likes them. He goes so far as to say the paintings are beautiful!

There is no occasion to enlarge upon this phenomenon. You, dear reader, are likely to fall into the same state of mind if you go to see the pictures. If all that you know about modern art is what Mr. Cox told you, and you are perfectly satisfied, then it will be much wiser for you not to go to the Montross Galleries. Much wiser. Even if your young friends go and talk by the hour for and against the great or infamous Henri Matisse, be damned. Don't go. To go is always to be better than to do. M. Cox and the late Mr. Baker Col. Matisse.

Just there we felt a tug at our sleeve. We are writing this in a French cafe. We do not as a rule write criticisms in cafes, but there is times when even a little bit of atmosphere counts. This is one of those times.

The tug came from a friend, an academician.

"Say, tell us: What's he driving at, that fellow Matisse?"

"Most powerful powers! Have you never seen his works?"

"Sure; but the more I see of them the more my head spins. I thought at first they were simply fakes; but all you fellows seem to like them. Is it possible that maybe you're crazy, or perhaps it's not?"—Anglais tel sebotere!—"That's the idea in it I'd like to know what it is.""

"The idea? My poor academic friend, that's what you'll never get from me. Did you ever hear a Cook's guide explaining the Parthenon to a Indians of Nebraska schoolma'am? Did you ever read Ruskin's art made easy for dull intellects? Explanations that do not explain! When a picture can be explained it's already en route for the garret."

"Well, what pleasure do you get from him, then?"

"Part of the pleasure is in seeing you ruffled, my friend."

"Nice character you give yourself. Easily entertained, you are."

"Yes, if you want to know I'd tell you something. I don't know any more about Matisse than you do. It's just by accident I happened to be in the fashion by liking him. If I were out of fashion I shouldn't worry in the least. I don't believe in fussing about him. I take no interest in Matisse and dislike others, just as I respect their art. I favor and discard others. You wouldn't argue yourself into liking an artist, would you? What is it to you if you don't like Matisse?"

"I don't like to feel I'm missing something."

"In the contrary, you're acquiring an opinion. Always feel like congratulating a fellow who distinctly doesn't like a public favorite. My own pet vanity is a loathing for Rubens. I should have liked Rubens. I think that Thackeray disliked him first. Cox and Chase were the first to call you, I know, in the hearty wholesome way they detest Matisse. All the 'modern' love to have Cox and Chase detecting Matisse. Some of the younger fellows weren't—ever sure that Matisse amounted to anything until Cox came out with his denunciations. Great sport, isn't it?"

"Tell me one thing. Is he honest?"

"Who, Cox?"

"No, Matisse."

"How on earth should I know? Honesty isn't an essential to good art, as Jimmy Whistler and Oscar Wilde discovered simultaneously. It was Whistler who found out that the best picture of their wife was a black and white gingery jar that was thrown against the moral character of the Canton opium enter who had painted it! All that I can say about Matisse is that he is now rich enough to be honest if he wishes. He can certainly afford it. I really think, and this is the only critical opinion you shall get from me, that the work Matisse has done since he became rich is remarkably true to the ideals he promulgated when poor."

I regret to say that at this point my academic friend lost his temper. He was leaving anyhow, and in fact was getting into his great coat with the assistance of Dubois the waiter, when he began to shout incoherently at me. I thought at first it was my innocent reference to the Matisse riches, for nothing irritates an academic so much as the idea that idiots actually buy these things, but my poor friend thumped the table with his fist so heavily that a coffee glass jumped into the air to fall in fragments upon the mosaic floor. I knew it all along. I don't give that for an art that's founded on dishonesty, souring the table again so that two liqueur glasses joined the coffee glass, and then sitting upon the room, leaving me to purify the emotional Dubois.

The discussion had, in fact, the usual Matisse ending. Why even old friends cannot talk Matisse talk without squabbling is one of the rules of the modern movement, and, shall we say? one of the blessings of the modern movement.

Business men and people in general take a more rational view about my academic friend. My friend wishes to know how Matisse violates the principles of Leonardo da Vinci in the medium of art. The business man merely desires to know if the public is interested. The principle involved in art dealings is the same whether one disposes of picture, cards, or gossamer—once meets the demand.

The public, the dear public, knowing almost nothing of Leonardo and caring less, simply sees in these strange new paintings something that corresponds to some of their own experiences. They jump at them, as children do for new toys. It's an extravagant age. They're extravagant pictures that are accepted by the people any one may see who goes to the show.

The spectators glue their eyes to the weird colors and shapes, they linger long. The attention given is the sort that would have fluttered Leonardo himself in his day. They were accepted by the people some time ago. They have now been accepted by the dealers. But it will be years before our public museums accept them.

"Yes," said one of the rival picture dealers, "Brother Montross has stolen a march on us. Undoubtedly he will be able to do good business with things about show. Men's story how I allowed him to get away from me. Of course I've been selling old brown Dutch pictures for years and my eyes are unaccustomed to such straight, frank methods of painting. Still, now that I have opened my eyes I can see the facts."

"Matisse is the greatest name in art to-day. There is no one in France who is talked about with the same earnestness, no one who arouses deep interest but him. Vuillard, Bonnard and Roussel are immensely clever Frenchmen who will be admired in America some day for their 'chic' just as they are appreciated for that quality now in France, but they owe too much to Matisse not to acknowledge him themselves as their master. There is nobody in England much in the public eye, and since Davies became accepted by fashion in America, there has been no subject for debate."

"Now here is the little point that strikes a business man. The detractors say art modern is dead—that the great war has killed modern art. They forget that Matisse was the great name current upon people's lips at the critical period before the outbreak; a period, you may be sure, that was analyzed by future historians from every point of view. To have been the conspicuous painter of such a day bespeaks future attention for him."

"I don't think so great a cataclysm will change the atmosphere. It always does. It is difficult to see how people for years to come in Europe will 're for the refinements of Matisse. Watteau and Boucher went out, as you know, in a similar situation, but they came back. Matisse may go out too, but he will come back. The world always has its recurring aspirations for the softer side once its robust, impressive gesture has flown, and air has shaken down all the houses."

"Art never had been so refined before, for the alliances and intermarriages between nations, due to the modern world welding brought about, have made art to distill all perfumes into one. Congo and Peru, yon, and the thunder and flute piping in the world could not be too blended for an age that knew everything, desired everything, and got everything. The state of modern art did not bring on the war, as some cruel people suggest, but it clearly foreshadowed the inevitability of war. Anything so perfectly typical therefore will be inevitable later on."

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"They will never have successors in the same line. But the academicians will not get back their dear Bouguereau. Very likely the history of our civil war will be duplicated. For a decade or so there may not be any art at all. Heroes and persons capable of great energy will give all their force to State and business reconstruction."
For instance, absolute condemnation of any one kind of art does harm, for there is no bad kind of art.—Edwin H. Blissfield in the Century.

Do not be deceived. This is not vital art. It is decadent and corrupt.—Kenyon Cox in Scribner's.

Instead of devoting pages and pages, as it should, to a timely discussion of the great event of our art year, the annual exhibition of the Academy, the April number of the Century devotes itself to what it calls "Modern Art" and has a symposium upon that subject, with contributions from John W. Alexander, Edwin H. Blissfield, E. L. Blumenschein, W. Pach, J. Stella and J. and G. Hambridge. Scribner's Magazine for April has less of it, but what it has is pithier than the entire Century aggregation's utterances rolled into one, coming, as it does, straight from the outraged soul of Kenyon Cox. Our esteemed contemporary Pack with fine courage and the keenest sort of business intelligence goes both of these magazine one better, buys the "modern art" and prints it carefully and tenderly as frontispieces. Is not all this wonderful?

The avant-garde, the rebels, the cubists, or whatever you choose to call them, are delightful. They know perfectly well, the reproaches, that the dear public won't understand a word of all this stuff that is written about modern art, but knowing that where there is so much smoke there must be some combustion will seek out the Pictures and study them for themselves. When they do that a large portion of them will become converted.

The public for "modern art" grows every day. Even Mr. Kenyon Cox believes it to be the work of "in the main, honest if unbalanced and ill regulated minds." Something in the very name "modern art" seems to attract people. Besides, all over the world, a pathetic craze for honesty has broken out. Honesty has become such a rare and high priced jewel that people are arriving at the point where they prefer the honesty of crazy loons to the tiresome fibs of the "sensible." "Honesty, at any rate," they cry. A certain portion of the public can be fooled all of the time, as one of the most honest of men discovered. These will be fooled by the modern art just as they are fooled by everything else that comes along.

Another portion, the guiding portion, of the community recognizes sincerity or honesty in any form, in any language, in any sort of expression. These will decide upon the "real things" in the sweeping art movement of the day, which is important if for no other reason because it is the movement of the day. The wise ones are busily scanning the output and making their purchases with the identical acumen that the Havemeyers displayed years ago in purchasing their Manets, or Mr. Canfield used in his Whistler adventure.

In the meantime the talk talk. It doesn't matter much who is right and who is wrong in the talk. In the end, as we said before, the pictures will do the real talking. Palpable hits will be given and taken on both sides. In the fray of battle no matter how much truth you may have with you your armor shifts occasionally and vulnerable spots are exposed to the enemy.

Mr. Cox shouldn't have said all that about Rodin. Fully half the readers of Scribner's are devoted to Rodin and always have been.

If they get the idea that Rodin is at the head of the cubistic school they will consider it must be right and go over en bloc to cubism. Even Mr. Blissfield doesn't agree with Mr. Cox. Mr. Blissfield says: "In the long succession the chain is unbroken from the careless careless to Phidias, from Phidias to Rodin." Mr. Cox says Rodin in his old age has "produced marvels of mushiness and incoherence hitherto undreamed of" and Mr. Cox will not allow himself to say in public what the faces in the Rodin drawings at the Metropolitan Museum really look like to him.

The "marvels" of modern advertisement that Mr. Cox so deplores in another portion of his thesis are such that instantly all of Mr. Cox's readers who have not seen the Museum's Rodin collection will journey up there straightway and those of them who have given the same amount of time to the study of nature that he has to drawing will be apt to accuse him of having achieved a hasty remark.

As literature we like Mr. Cox's essay very much. Decidedly he knows how to write. Set back the clock for him sixty years and nobody in America can touch him. When he gets anywhere near the firing line, however, a panic overtakes him and confusion is his. Killing, what he says about the Academy! Nobody over here has been quite so blunt before. "The salon picture, a thing created for no man's pleasure." "As exhibitions become larger and larger and the competition engendered by them grew fiercer it became increasingly difficult to attract attention by mere academic merit." In the midst of all this uproar the voice of Mr. Alexander can be heard gently defining the Academy and claiming that the reactions of the rebels are very much to the Academy's interest. Mr. Cox paints a relentless and cruel picture of our time. Practically he throws up his hands and declares that everything academic has gone to the demonization bowows, everything, that is, except mural decoration, at which occupation three or four of us are still able to earn an honest living doing things for Minneapolis, Council Bluffs and other places in the Far West.

Without any doubt Mr. Cox's article is the finest thing in the way of propagandism for "modern art" that has yet appeared. He blames it all upon the public. The times are out of joint. The public will not look at the old fashioned picture. The public has become separated from the artist, who is regarded for the most part as a sort of freak. All this is traceable to the French Revolution since there have been no masters.

In other words, Mr. Cox denies democracy, liberty and the whole of modern life. He admits that the entire classic fabric has been worn to shreds, but he foams at the mouth when he sees the new art garments that the world is arranging itself in. There of course he is weak. The French Revolution may have put a period to one form of art, but it did not put a period to life itself. Life goes on, and every phase of life demands expression. A historian is demanded for every epoch and sometimes arrives. A hundred years from now the student of this particular age will be immensely interested in the struggles after abstract art in the midst of so material a time. A few of us are immensely interested in it now.

To be frighted because certain wild boys talk of casting the old masters overboard is nonsense. That will not happen soon. We may like Walt Whitman, but it does not follow that we throw out Shakespeare out of the window instantly. We do put aside a little of Shakespeare every day, however. Shakescure himself, could he walk again upon the earth, would rub his eyes at his own performances; so greatly have we changed the readings. The time will come inexorably when Shakescure will be as remote from the living forces as are the Greek and Chinese poets now. The law of life is that all things pass, ultimately. The healthy and the young are undisturbed by this law. The old cannot arrest it. Not even Mr. Cox could reestablish Marie Antoinette upon a respectable throne. Think what modern journalism would do to her!
Who shall say that the return of cubism is bad for business? Ask in Delmonico's. They know! There has developed a distinct reciprocity between Delmonico's and the Carroll Galleries. I have seen nice white-whiskered old gentlemen and lovely ladies in Persian costumes descend the Delmonico steps after luncheon with every intention of strolling westward and up the avenue, but some invisible force pulls them three doors east and into the Carroll Galleries before they are aware. Isn't that strange?

They stay all afternoon. There is something about modern art that makes the eyes of "lovely woman" shine. She takes to it naturally. Then, too, it is all so wonderful and so—so inexpressible. Thereupon the ladies gesture. The white whiskered old gentlemen are enraptured, with the gesture, and with cubistic art. It is curious how "modern art" excites gesture. That was already noticeable in the great armory show. Now that Persian costumes are universal it is more noticeable still in the Carroll Galleries. In the best Persian costumes motion is absolutely necessary. Repose isn't the thing at all. And gesture above everything else is what we Americans need to acquire.

These reprieved, ascetic, unemotional faces that we all wear have been a frightful detriment to our artists and the gentleman who keeps both of his hands in his pockets the while he describes to you the sad fate of his sister's cook, who perished in the latest awful railway accident, should be abolished in the name of art. He never will be missed. How can our artists get a gesture into paint if they have never seen one in all their lives? Miss Bryant should provide a little row of inconspicuous chairs—the kind they supply by the dozen for funerals will do—to be placed along the wall of the rear gallery so that our artists may comfortably study the gestures of the lovely Persian ladies explaining modern art to the nice white-whiskered gentlemen.

But of course all this motion, both physical and mental, is exhausting. That's where the reciprocity with Delmonico's comes in. You see, modern art makes one think. The wicked Alfred Stieglitz was laughing the other day at the latest Boston Symphony audience, which at one point in the Sibelius symphony suddenly began to fan its heads with its hands and was noticed by every one present rushed out to the nearest Jardin de Tango to get something to eat.

This history repeats itself at the Carroll Galleries. Very few people would ordinarily tea where they have hurts, but under the circumstances, and the sense of gomness after two hours of modern art being so complete, there is no alternative. Delmonico's is indeed fortunately placed.

But to get down to tasks. You have probably seen the cubistic water colors and drawings in the Carroll Galleries yourself and you merely wish to know whether I liked them as well as you did yourself. I did. Possibly more so.

I thought the rooms looked very pretty and the spots of color upon the silvered walls had that indefinable air of being smart and important and the real thing, even before the spots were examined in detail. When examined in detail you saw that they are even more the real thing than you had supposed.

Duffy's things, for instance, just opposite the door as you enter. Aren't they charming? And do you know why? I don't. That is, I know why, but I'm not going to tell. I wish the Metropolitan Museum would buy all of Duffy's. Those cows in No. 29! What liquid and yet what precise color. That's just like "modern art," to be two opposite things at the same time.

In the museum be collection of musical instruments could be shifted around once more and the Duffy things could be installed instead. It would have the advantage of being near the subterranean Italian lunch room. Perhaps the restaurant concession could be induced to chip in a little if the museum feels the stress of these hard times.

The two Dys I like best are just opposite the door. One of them might be a balcony if you liked. The tile passage is most musical. The balcony was very tiled. It is early in the day for a serenade, yet you hear it. In those Latin countries they don't care when they serenade. Why should we wait until the price mounts up to thousands and thousands of dollars? One should buy new. Gertrude did. See how she prospered.

Signac's water colors arrive most opportunely. All the water colors arrive opportunely, just as I was sighing for some proper examples to hold up to the Water Color Society. His "Venice" is a lovely flutter of gondolans on agitated yellow green waves that should always mean Venice to everybody. The "Embarcation from Valpara" and "The Surfing Sea" of the dead Englishman, Cross, are built upon unsubmerged and heavy lead lines, an expedient that produces as curious effects as the piano does when emerging from the orchestral setting to a bad modern concerto, but in these two instances triumphant as is the piano in the rare good concerto.

Let us tour the rooms and I'll tell you what I like. To tell the truth, I like almost all of them. They've been marvelously well selected. How do you like the Isadora Duncan drawings by de Segonzac? Lots of "go" to them, eh? That's the essential characteristic of Isadora. The knees! No other lady in all the world has knees like Isadora. That is, it would be wrong for them to have them. It would be plagiarism. Poor Paul Poirat, who has such an unforded in from curb to curb, during the awful floods last summer, making lots of trouble, just in front of Poirat's establishment, and before that was patched up the great war came upon us.

The "Man on a Balcony," by Gleizes, looks like Jo Davidson. There will be those who will be fond of it for that. Gleize's "City," "Port," "Football" and "Houses" are matted; interlaced with such energy that they will not always stay as they are. The Villon etchings are not so matted and will not stay as they are. . . . What is the title of that one? It is No. 44 in the catalogue, let's see, it's "La Vierge," by Duchamp.

"What nonsense, what—"

Hush, my friend. Les dames persanes peuvent vous entendre. Et ce monsieur avec la barbe blanche nous écoute! C'est difficile d'être précis sur ces sujets-là en Anglais, n'est-ce pas? Surtout par ce qu'il y a deux points de vue, le point de vue physique et le point de vue moral. J'espère bien que ce monsieur Duchamp est assez religieux mais on n'est jamais Billastor? Been admiring your gown for ten minutes. Never dreamed it was you. Liking 'em?

"No. Only. I adore 'em. Come along, will you? We're going. The dear baron suddenly feels faint. Most extraordinary, isn't it? It's only 4 o'clock, but we all feel faint. Those Dufy are sweet, are they not, although I loathe the cows. They are too fat for their legs, just like horrid real cows. Come along and tea with us. Au revoir, Miss Bryant, au voire!"
The letters of Paul Gauguin to Georges Daniel de Monfriard have been translated by Ruth Pielkovo and published by Dodd, Mead & Co., the foreword being by Frederick O'Brien. These letters almost cried aloud for translation, for in them the much maligned, much misunderstood genius draws his own full length portrait.

Gauguin was, it is true, a rough customer, but heretofore enemies and misguided friends have emphasized his roughnesses to such a degree that he seemed no longer human. In the letters his robust humanity comes out so forcefully that his “roughness” becomes a triumphant frankness that accuses smug and complacent city dwellers of hypocrisy. There is much of the frank, full outcry that Gauguin makes to his friend that is not in strict conformity with the teachings of American books of etiquette, but since the “Confessions” of Rousseau and the novels of Balzac are now considered part of the education of the well informed, it is impossible to think that any but the fussies will be shocked. And the fussies do not count.

On the other hand, there is a constant stream of cheery art talk that will prove immensely stimulating to our artists. It is like being admitted to the inner circle of the Café Guerbois and hearing the inside secrets of the events that were afterward to become famous. Gauguin was a true child of Henri Murger, and his ennui were incessant, but now that his life is finished and his place secure, his ennui seem amusing rather than not. His frantic exclamations to Monfriard as to the best ways to sell have considerable wisdom in them that present young geniuses in difficulties will ponder over with respect. His talk about methods and the conditions necessary for production will hold their attention. It is possible to differ with Gauguin about certain tricks of the profession, and it is also possible to feel that many of the agencies he went through followed inevitably and legitimately upon his rashness of conduct, but it is impossible to close the book without an overwhelming admiration for the greatness of his spirit. One may laugh at him and weep with him, but to criticize him as a human being would be petty.

Mr. O'Brien says in his foreword, “he is one of the most heartening men I know of. As a painter he was absolutely necessary to his age, which was fast hardening into a wretched scientific precision and which had abandoned simplicity and breadth. As a human being he evinced an incredible aversion to the machine efficiency that he thought was destroying the race, and he fought this threat of annihilation—as he believed—with a tenacity and an unselfishness that must light a flame in the hearts of all thinkers, though it killed Gauguin in middle age. Unable to adjust himself to anything about him, either in Europe or in the South Seas, he yielded only to death, and that stole upon him as he was smiling at his own plight.”

A quotation or two from the letters will give artists an idea of what to expect from them. Speaking of the “D'où venons? que sommes-nous? ou allons nous?” his masterpiece, he writes: “The more I look at it the more I realize its enormous mathematical faults, but I would not retouch it for anything. It must remain as it is—only a sketch if you like. Yet this question comes up and perplexes me: Where does the execution of a painting commence and where does it end? At that moment, when the most intense emotions are in fusion in the depths of one's being, when they burst forth and when thought comes up like lava from a volcano, is there not then something of an explosion? The work is created suddenly, brutally, and is not its appearance great, almost superhuman? Sometimes I hear people say that arm is too long! Yes and no. No, principally, provided as you elongate, you discard varisimilitude to reach out for mystery. But of course all the work must reflect the same style, the same will. If Bougereau made an arm too long, ah yes! What would be left of him? For his vision, his artistic will only consists in that stupid precision which claims us to material reality.”

In another place he says: “So the climate of Algiers is not marvelous? It's freezing here, too, now. I'm just back from a six-day trip to Belgium. It was fine. I saw some Memlings at Bruges—what marvels; my dear fellow, and afterward on seeing Rubens (entering upon naturalism), it's a come-down.”

In 1893 he writes: “But anyway I have seen Durand-Ruel, who received me very kindly and who is again dealing with the impressionists; for a while he was not selling their work. It seems that Pissarro and Guillaumet are selling well. He has promised to come and see my things when they are ready and to exhibit them. So I shall hold to all this, and as it is not possible to do anything without a suitable studio, I have made a sacrifice and have rented 8 Rue de la Grande Chaumière (I even paid the rent in advance with money borrowed from the woman who runs the milk shop across).”

And again: “During the short period when I corrected work at the Montparnasse Studio I said to the students: 'Do not expect me to correct you directly, even if the arm be a little too long or too short—and who knows about that anyway—I shall correct only inartistic faults. You can be precise if you care about it; with practice the craft will come almost of itself, in spite of you, and all the more easily if you think of something besides technique.'”

The original French of the letters has a certain downright, breakneck quality that cannot be entirely reproduced in English, but the translation upon the whole is most faithful.
Miss Stein said it would not have mattered in the least. No one in all the quarter was ever on time for anything. The only person she knew who was prompt was Picasso. He was never late, that is he was never late but once, and that wasn’t his fault.

The Picassos were coming to the Steins’ for luncheon, and the united households were then going to the vernissage of the Salon d’Automne. Mme. Picasso was to bloom in a new gown. But the dressmaker held off until the last moment. The Picassos were half an hour late for luncheon. Pablo was in a dreadful state. “Record of a lifetime smashed,” added Miss Stein. “We led an awful life for three or four days because of it, and of course the vernissage was quite ruined for us.”
While there may be no historic disputes over cubism in the Carroll Galleries during the present exhibition, the elect at least may have what young Mr. Demuth calls "moments." Mr. Demuth has a "moment" whenever he looks at a Picasso. There are, in fact, seven Picassos in the show.

Considering the gravity of the public exhibition of seven Picassos in New York, it is a matter of deep personal regret that I am unable to contribute any first-hand facts in regard to the master in honor of the event. It is true I had the pleasure of meeting him and madame one evening last summer at Miss Stein's, but because of my sins I was not permitted to see his studio nor his latest work.

He was leaving Paris the following Wednesday. Could I come to see him Monday morning at 11 o'clock? I said I could, and after wasting some minutes upon a taxi that didn't appear I set out in the Metro, foreseeing that I should be one-quarter of an hour late. But the Metro is of no assistance when one searches for a new address in Paris. Neither are the gendarmes. They are not to be blamed. No intellect, not Goethe's nor Voltaire's, could master those little streets and impasses.

The gendarme on the Boulevard Raspail, somewhere near where I knew Picasso must live, blithely sent me on a mile out of the way. Eventually I retrace my steps and reach the atelier building precisely one hour later than the time appointed. I ring and there is no response. I hear a wild, melancholy cat yowl. There is no doubt it is the proper place. That is the famous cat about which we talked all that evening at Miss Stein's. Finally the loud thumps of the concierge upon the door bring a maid, and finally pretty Mme. Picasso.

The lean yellow and black spotted tiger cat stretches herself menacingly, feverishly along the floor. A wolflike dog behaves himself with difficulty in a corner of the room. But Picasso himself had gone out.

He had been positively obliged to keep an appointment at 12 and had just gone out. The cat yowled so loudly we could scarcely hear ourselves. The wolflike dog was invited to assist the cat to depart. The acceptance of the invitation and exit of both animals were instantaneous. The cat's name was Zoise, madame informed me. She always called all her cats that. It was a good cat name, she considered. Down the passage way from a back room the animal noises were still arriving, though muffled.

I agreed to come again Tuesday morning, if possible at 10 o'clock; it would be better at 10, madame thought. But this time I was not serious in making the engagement, for experience had taught me that I was never fortunate in early morning adventures. Picasso would be désolé at not seeing me, madame said.

The next day prevented even an attempt to gain the studio, and the day after that Picasso and Mme. Picasso left for the south of France. I believe they took Zoise with them.

Shortly after their departure, I was twelve minutes late for a dinner at Miss Stein's. This was a triumph. In the late afternoon it had seemed written that I was to be an hour or even two hours late for this festivity, and there were questions of telegrams, petits-bleus and agonies. But miraculously I arrived but twelve minutes late.

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On the avenue yesterday I fell in with a young man, an assistant in the gallery of one of the dealers, who told me that a cousin of his was holding an exhibition in one of the rival establishments and that he was on his way to see it. His cousin, he said, had passed a number of years in Paris, and the family had been immensely relieved and pleased upon his return to find that the young painter had been absolutely uncontaminated by “modern art” and painted nice pictures that anybody would like.

“It’s terrible the sort of thing some of those fellows are putting over on the public,” he added. “Have you seen the Picabia Exhibition in the Modern Gallery?”

“Yes. What do you think of them?”

“I think,” and an expression of deep loathing passed over his young face, “I think they are insincere. Don’t you agree with me?”

“Hardly. On the contrary, I think Picabia is oversincere, if there be such a thing as oversincerity. Look about you. * * *”

We were trying to cross the roadway and the block of motors extending from the Forty-second street crossing prevented us. Immediately confronting us were the rubber tires of countless automobiles, and the pistons and valves were shining brightly. Above against the sky could be seen the rectilinear lines of the steel beams of new office buildings, varied by the zigzags of the derricks and softened here and there by an occasional rope and pulley.

“This is what you see every day. This is what countless thousands of New Yorkers see every day of their lives. These buzzsaws, steel hammers, hard mechanical forms are recorded on your brain. Whether you know it or not they are there. It is impossible not to live incessantly in the midst of such things without being influenced by them.

“If you were to talk honestly from your own experiences you would talk buzzaw talk, for that is all you’ve heard. Instead you repeat like a mechanical doll or parrot formulas of beauty left over to you by ancestors who lived in the wilds of nature. If you really believed or understood what you say you would live yourself outdoors with nature.

“Picabia, on the other hand, actually dares to use the shapes of discs and piston rods to express his emotions. It is amazing that you picture dealers won’t look at them simply and unconcernedly, as a child or an engineer might, to see what you get from them. Why, that arrangement of four black discs with the connecting rods, in gold and red, has something of the simplicity and force of early Japanese art. I should hardly call it insincere.”

“Now that you explain it to me,” the young man said, and there was a note of fear in his voice, “I see it differently. Here we are at my cousin’s show. Won’t you come in? It’s awfully nice work, I assure you. You won’t! Well, I’ll see you again soon. Good-by.”

He saw it differently! I wondered if he really did. It struck me that the conversion was altogether too quick. He had yielded to my opinion precisely as he had previously yielded to the arguments of his unprogressive family. It really is one of the most difficult things in the world to induce people to think for themselves on subjects of art.
...the enemy. It must be mentioned in this connection, however, that the very Americans who cry loudest against Van Gogh adore Blakelock. They also adore Greco. They probably would adore Blake if they knew him. Unfortunately one hears very little of Blake in these parlous times. I know at least one enthusiast for modern art who shortles every time one of our museums buys a Greco.
The Van Gogh exhibition in the Modern Gallery that is being directed by M. de Zayas at the corner of Fifth avenue and Forty-second street brings back again the heartburning questions this difficult Dutchman propounded to the world, and which many Americans have refused even to consider. Van Gogh always has been a stumbling block, even to those who in the snobbish wish to be up to date swallow any strange dish that is set before them. There is something about Van Gogh, however, that is so monstrous that not even snobs may swallow him whole. This something is, I suspect, his sincerity.

Sincerity in any walk of the modern world is apt to get one into trouble. Emerson knew a man who under a certain religious frenzy cast off the drapery with which we cloak our thoughts and, omitting all compliment and commonplace, spoke to the conscience of every person he encountered, and that “with great insight and beauty.” Emerson adds, “at first he was resisted, and all men agreed he was mad.”

To complicate the matter in Van Gogh’s case there were actual mental aberrations toward the end of his life, and death came to him in one of his fits of madness. For many people this fact has been held as sufficient to justify a complete rejection of this painter. They have not understood him. Worse, they have been horrified and revolted by him. They leap with satisfaction upon the painful history of Van Gogh, now, alas, sufficiently written down, and declare his art to be diseased because his body was. And all the time what really has been tormenting these lovers of art by rule has simply been the unfortunate artist’s sincerity. Of the “great insight and beauty” of much of Vincent van Gogh’s work they have been absolutely unaware.

In art, of course, consistency is not the jewel that it is supposed to be, and it is too much to ask it even of our friend the enemy. It must be mentioned in this connection, however, that the very Americans who cry loudest against Van Gogh adore Blake and Blake. They also adore Greco. They probably would adore Blake if they knew him. Unfortunately one hears very little of Blake in these parlous times. I know at least one enthusiast for modern art who shortles every time one of our museums buys a Greco.
are like the dazzling chromatics of Liszt, in which modern interpreters are always herding new thematic ideas. The "Chariot of Apollo" is studied here for its own ends. They are, as the saying goes, "a lesson in the art of living."
The second exhibition of the work of contemporary French artists in the Carroll Galleries is a sort of “hommage” to Odilon Redon. The sixteen splendid examples by him “sing” even above all the other musical bits of color in the room. I regret having to use such an adjective, for some of our readers in the remote West, who know modern art only by photographs, think it an affectation, instead of the effort at precision that it is. One may object with all one’s power to the fraternizing of the terms of the various arts, but one may not stem the tide of the actual democratic facts. About the time that actors developed “whiteness” in their voices and sopranos acquired upper tones of pure “emerald” the harmonies in paint began to sing. It is not my fault that Odilon Redon’s color sings (this is in answer to an inquiring correspondent from Chicago), but I confess it is my pleasure.

His colors appear to be assembled as by enchantment, they are so unexpected, so unearthly and so true. One begins by taking these pieces as “absolute” color, but the longer they are studied the more one reads into them. They are like the dazzling chromatics of Liszt, in which modern interpreters are always heralding new thematic ideas. The “Chariot of Apollo” upon acquaintance grows into one of the finest hymns to morning in paint.
Oh, how the wives of the New Hope Group of Artists would disapprove of the work of Marie Laurencin that is now to be seen in the Modern Gallery, just around the corner from the Arlington Gallery, and dangerously near. Marie would never do at all in New Hope. Fancy her attending the weekly meetings of the “Lapsed and Lost Society!” It wouldn’t do. She’d be too disturbing. She knows too much. It’s not good form in New Hope—what a delicious name for the place that is—for a lady to know too much.

It’s a knowing age, though, and that cannot be denied. People these days seem to know everything, especially in Paris. Marie comes from Paris. See that portrait, isn’t it awful, but interesting? That’s the great danger in Paris, things seem to fascinate one that one wouldn’t look at in New Hope. A hat perched on the back of that woman’s head like that is immoral. The hair de-
scends about the pallid face in thin driblets as though the creature had been standing out on the corner in the rain all night.

It reminds one of the spiteful things George Moore said about Madge Kendall’s performance of Juliet. He said she didn’t know what love was. He said no woman knew what love was who had not waited about for hours in the rain for a lover who didn’t come. But this woman knows what love is. At least she has waited about in the rain. But Marie is an artist. Like Jules Pascin, she has the secret of the line that is vibrant with meaning. No wooden touches in her pictures. How fine
those cats are, stealthily creeping through the soft fern! Perhaps they are Paris cats. But they have the same air of mystery and antique savagery that Henry Thoreau remarked in the city cats that drifted into Walden Wood. How knowing even those Picabia children are in their portraits!
Benjamin was completely forlorn. Because for the quality’s entire person, through pure innocence, is liable to get into astounding situations and is certain to be misjudged by the world, whereas an ever so
It was Sir Benjamin Backbite, was it not, who recommended a little vice to Lady Teazle for mere practicality’s sake? The entirely innocent person, through pure innocence, is liable to get into astounding situations and is certain to be misjudged by the world, whereas an ever so
slight acquaintance with sin seems to teach us at once what attitudes we may safely adopt for the public.

Looking at the affair from the worldly viewpoint of
Sir Benjamin, one must acquit Paul Poiret of any deliberate intention to acquire oceans of free advertisement from the ef-
feel the strangeness of his ideas made upon the interviewers. At the same time his defence is difficult, for the question reeks a divorce between art and business, which is always hard for English-speaking races to understand, and also M. Poiret is really too innocent, with the innocence of an artist, the worst kind.

He is a very great artist, working in costumes. To hold the costume in place and to give it motion (and fully half the charm is in that motion) an extremely rich line is necessary. It happens that more rich ladies spend a portion of the winter with their husbands in New York than in any other end of the world, and so a set of certain clothes made of M. Poiret’s costumes are set in motion in the region immediately nearest Central Park, north and east.

It is impossible for the nation artist who has “fixed” a portion of himself into his work to resist always the desire, which must be strong in proportion to his seriousness, to see his creation against its ultimate background. “I came to America for a vacation, not to be shown off in anybody’s shop window,” he added. “I wanted to see for myself whether American women understood my style and how they wear them.” Nothing could be more reasonable. It is so automatically true and understandable that comment would have been unnecessary had not our interviewers (the best in the world) been so much moved by the simplicity of it.

M. Poiret knows that the one great danger to the artist is overproduction. Beautiful modern examples have not been lacking. Everybody in Germany wears whatever Karl Lagerfeld’s name is mentioned, and there has been more than one effort to impress him through his friends that he should take a complete rest for five years, before attempting anything fresh. And there’s Inès’s wardrobe, who goes in her lace from here to there. Probably M. Poiret himself was among those who were immediately moved by “La Platière” last spring and said Morrison upon it with the sort of his class.

There has been, however, a great deal of space accorded to M. Poiret in the daily press. It constitutes, willily willly, advertisement. Advertisement, they say, means increase of business. Increase of business is what M. Poiret must not accept. He has no intention at present of accepting it. But, ostensibly he says, means increase of business. Increase of business is what M. Poiret must not accept. He has no intention at present of accepting it. Poiret continues to assert that Mrs. Pat Campbell has never been quite the same since her little American excursion. Paris will be healess until she gets her M. Poiret back again and assures herself that he be safe and sound and uncommercialized.
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