

was, the more critical they were of the slippery inlaid floors and the arrangement of the richly decorated rooms. They never knew whether they had deceived the janitor or not; as they came in a coupé, they hoped they had.

They drove accidentally through one street that seemed gayer in the perspective than an L road. The fire escapes, with their light iron balconies and ladders of iron, decorated the lofty house fronts; the roadway and sidewalks and doorsteps swarmed with children; women's heads seemed to show at every window. In the basements, over which flights of high stone steps led to the tenements, were greengrocers' shops abounding in cabbages, and provision stores running chiefly to bacon and sausages, and cobblers' and tanners' shops, and the like, in proportion to the small needs of a poor neighborhood. Ash barrels lined the sidewalks and garbage heaps filled the gutters; teams of all trades stood idly about; a peddler of cheap fruit urged his cart through the street and mixed his cry with the joyous screams and shouts of the children and the scolding and gossiping voices of the women; the burly blue bulk of a policeman defined itself at the corner; a drunkard zigzagged down the sidewalk toward him. It was not the abode of the extremest poverty, but of a poverty as hopeless as any in the world, transmitting itself from generation to generation and establishing conditions of permanency to which human life adjusts itself as it does to those of some incurable disease, like leprosy.

The time had been when the Marches would have taken a purely aesthetic view of the facts as they glimpsed them in this street of tenement houses, when they would have contented themselves with saying that it was as picturesque as a street in Naples or Florence and with wondering why nobody came to paint it; they would have thought they were sufficiently serious about it in blaming the artists for their failure to appreciate it, and going abroad for the picturesque when they had it here under their noses. It was to the nose that the street made one of its strongest appeals, and Mrs. March pulled up her window of the coupé. "Why does he take us through such a disgusting street?" she demanded, with an exasperation of which her husband divined the origin.

"This driver may be a philanthropist in disguise," he

answered, with dreamy irony, "and may want us to think about the people who are not merely carried through this street in a coupé, but have to spend their whole lives in it, winter and summer, with no hopes of driving out of it, except in a hearse. I must say they don't seem to mind it. I haven't seen a jollier crowd anywhere in New York. They seem to have forgotten death a little more completely than any of their fellow citizens, Isabel. And I wonder what they think of us, making this gorgeous progress through their midst? I suppose they think we're rich, and hate us—if they hate rich people; they don't look as if they hated anybody. Should we be as patient as they are with their discomfort? I don't believe there's steam heat or an elevator in the whole block. Seven rooms and a bath would be more than the largest and genteelest family would know what to do with. They wouldn't know what to do with the bath anyway."

His monologue seemed to interest his wife apart from the satirical point it had for themselves. "You ought to get Mr. Fulkerson to let you work some of these New York sights up for *Every Other Week*, Basil; you could do them very nicely."

"Yes; I've thought of that. But don't let's leave the personal ground. Doesn't it make you feel rather small and otherwise unworthy when you see the kind of street these fellow beings of yours live in, and then think how particular you are about locality and the number of bell-pulls? I don't see even ratchets and speaking tubes at these doors." He craned his neck out of the window for a better look, and the children of discomfort cheered him, out of sheer good feeling and high spirits. "I didn't know I was so popular. Perhaps it's a recognition of my humane sentiments."

"Oh, it's very easy to have humane sentiments and to satirize ourselves for wanting eight rooms and a bath in a good neighborhood when we see how these wretched creatures live," said his wife. "But if we shared all we have with them and then settled down among them, what good would it do?"

"Not the least in the world. It might help us for the moment, but it wouldn't keep the wolf from their doors for a week; and then they would go on just as before, only

efficiency movement and corporate reforms moved ahead. Most European artists returned to their homelands, and many American artists went abroad in search of more sophisticated art and a more liberal political climate.

Early Twentieth-Century Realists

In the early years of the twentieth century a group of artists gravitated to the personality and dynamic teaching of artist Robert Henri. He taught at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, then moved to New York in 1900 and taught at the New York School of Art from 1902 to 1908, and at his own school as well. Henri rejected the genteel styles of impressionism and academic painting and insisted on a realism that represented the “spirit” of the people and the new age of urbanization. His friends and students—all Philadelphia newspaper illustrators—George B. Luks, William J. Glackens, John Sloan, and Everett Shinn also moved to New York, and they too found inspiration in the poetry of Walt Whitman, the novels of the American realists, and the European tradition of graphic realism.

Sloan and Henri organized an exhibition at the Macbeth Gallery in 1908 with a view to countering the conservative taste of establishment artists of the National Academy of Design. The show, called “The Eight,” included paintings by Sloan, Henri, Luks, Glackens, and Shinn, as well as the pictures of independent artists Arthur B. Davies, Ernest Lawson, and Maurice Prendergast. Two years later they and others organized a larger exhibition, the 1910 Independents Show. Dubbed the “black revolutionary” gang by the press, these artists willingly identified with the aims of the humanitarian progressive reformers.

Sloan went on to join the Socialist Party and became the unpaid art director, from 1912 to about 1916, of *The Masses*, the socialist publication reorganized in December 1912 and edited thereafter by Max Eastman. A number of artists contributed to that lively radical and bohemian journal of opinion, including Sloan [see Fig. 1-1], George Bellows, Art Young, and Stuart Davis. The masthead on the inside cover of each issue carried a manifesto, allegedly drafted by John Reed, that expresses the general political philosophy of the New York realists:

A FREE MAGAZINE. This Magazine is Owned and Published Co-operatively by Its Editors. It has no Dividends to Pay, and We are not trying to make Money out of it. A Revolutionary and not a Reform Magazine; a Magazine with a Sense of Humor and no Respect for the Respectable; Frank; Arrogant; Impertinent; searching for the True Causes; a Magazine directed against Rigidity and Dogma wherever it is found; Printing what is too Naked or True for a Money-making Press; a Magazine whose final Policy is to do as it Pleases and Conciliate Nobody, not even its Readers—There Is a Field for this Publication in America. Help us to find it.

During World War I the magazine took an antiwar stance, was accused of sedition, and folded as a result of government censorship.

In sculpture, New York realism was represented by Mahonri Young, Saul Baizerman, and Abastenia St. Leger Eberle, who turned from large monumental public sculpture to genre scenes of everyday life, and who, like the painters, sought to capture the vital life of the working classes.

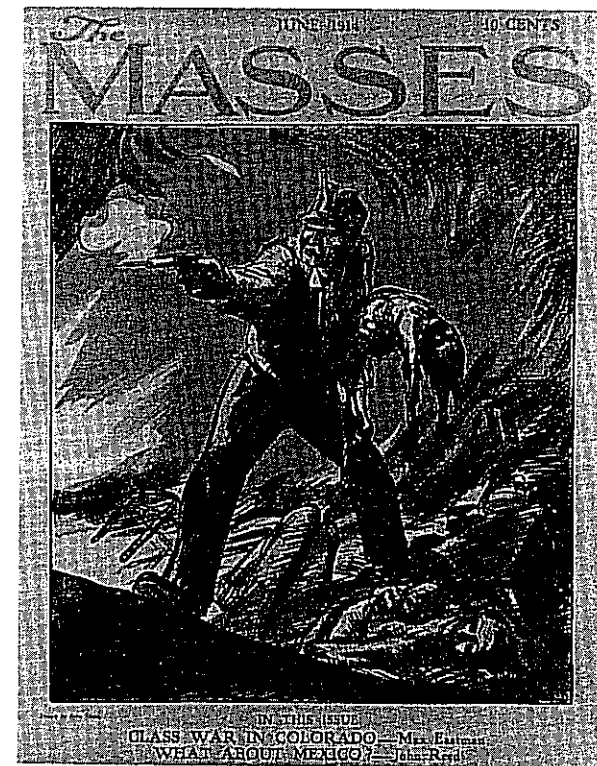


Figure 1-1. John Sloan, “Ludlow Massacre,” cover design for *The Masses*, June 1914. Delaware Art Museum, John Sloan Archives. In September 1913 miners went on strike against the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, 40 percent of which was owned by John D. Rockefeller. Evicted from company housing, the miners set up a tent colony. On April 20, 1914, a gun battle was waged between the miners and state militiamen, who torched the tents. Known in labor history as the “Ludlow Massacre,” 24 men, women, and children were either shot or died in the conflagration. Sloan drew the miner, not as a victim, but as a fighter for his rights—an uncommon image in art history.

↓ 1 ♦ Giles Edgerton [Mary Fanton Roberts], “The Younger American Painters: Are They Creating a National Art?” *The Craftsman* 13, no. 5 (February 1908): 512–532.

Mary Fanton Roberts typified Progressive Era writers in that she believed art had a social and democratic purpose. She used the pen name Giles Edgerton when she wrote for *The Craftsman*, the progressive journal of the arts and crafts edited by Gustav Stickley from 1901 to 1916. In her long essay excerpted here, she praises the Eight for representing the uniqueness of everyday life in America without being nationalistic.

In America we have already produced our own type of men inevitable from a civilization crude, brilliant, selfish, kind, self-conscious, amiable, born out of physical conditions of a country of boundless wealth and boundless space, without traditions. Having evolved a type to suit the land, we have set ourselves to the development of a machinery requisite to meet an electric state of change in products and methods of production; we have created departures in agricultural enterprise; we have been fearless in revolutionizing educational processes; we have commenced to tell the truth in our architecture, to build shops and houses suited to our climate, our business and our home ideals; we have evolved a type of beauty that is born out of our own blue skies and mountain tops and wild winds; we have recreated athletics for our boys and girls, and the prize cups of many nations are in our club houses; Paris may no longer set our fashions; we think for ourselves along all these lines of national development.

But when it comes to the question of art, only the exceptional man or woman among us thinks at all. This is true even among our artists. In painting, sculpture and music the blight of imitation is still upon us. We are afraid, most of us, to think the truth or recognize the truth. [. . .]

But fortunately for the future of art conditions in this country, there has grown up among us a few artists who value the conviction that America has the same art prerogative as all other lands, primitive or civilized; namely that her art should be her own, achieved through the fulness or the meagerness of her own progress or failure, as inevitably related to her own conditions as an individual perfume is to its flower. [. . .] A man *must* paint best what he feels and knows and understands best. [. . .] No country can afford an expression in art, however clever or brilliant, that is purely artificial, superficial, unemotional, pedantic. [. . .]

Here in America such art [worth recognizing] must present from time to time a hillside green in misty spring; a lumberman working in russet woods; a farmhouse mossy, empty and still, with a fading garden; a roadway leading to a mysterious hilltop; men at work in the mines, reckless and frightened; ragged children romping on city squares, tawdry women singing to leering men in East Side cafés; city streets in snow and sleet at night; saturnine lines of cars rushing through dusk and shadow overhead; a cheerful apple woman in ragged clothes; a beggar pleading for alms, with one hand open to receive and the other clenched to strike; pretty women in Easter flower markets; men standing hopeless and sinister in the bread line on a rainy midnight; girls with haughty eyes and fluttering laces, motoring away to music and dances;—beauty very proud and very unheeding and sometimes cruel, if the artist sees it so; but still more often the humble folk and the vulgar folk, all finding their rightful place on the canvas that is to stand as a permanent expression of how the life of this period seemed to men of imagination and interesting individuality. Whatever sings among us or struggles or laughs or fights, whatever strikes a note of ecstasy or sinks back into bleak backgrounds, whatever shows joy and beauty or shuddering depths of pain or ignominy, all the warp and the woof of present-day human existence, these are the subjects and inspirations for the men who contend that while no true art can be historical, all great art must be history.

By these men, tradition and influence are relegated to their proper sphere, as important phases of culture, but never allowed to parade as an understudy to inspiration.

But in so representing the need of an art for ourselves, there is perhaps danger of a slight misunderstanding; for instance, that we are suggesting that American art should be patriotic (!), limited to American subjects only, our artists forbidden to acquire knowledge in Paris or Munich, to paint a pretty Dutch girl, or sketch the Bay of Naples in twilight. And yet, according to Mr. Henri (one of the eight exhibitors), "although our artists must be individual, they must also be students, men who think a great deal about life, who read, study, men of the widest possible attainment, and who are constantly engaged in finding the special means of expression best suited to the thing they have to say." [. . .]

The exhibition of the American artists, whose work is illustrated in this magazine, seems to us to have acquired this very quality which Mr. Henri considers essential. The men themselves boast no special creed for their work, they are not a school. As one of them said, they "just paint the way they see things every day." [. . .] They are not consciously trying to create a new art for a country that needs one; yet they are every one of them (and quite a number of others besides) doing the kind of work that is essentially creative and absolutely typical of our own racial characteristics, our social conditions and our widely diversified country.

2 ♦ Robert Henri, "Progress in Our National Art Must Spring from the Development of Individuality of Ideas and Freedom of Expression: A Suggestion for a New Art School," *The Craftsman* 15, no. 4 (January 1909): 387-401.

Born in Cincinnati, Robert Henri studied at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts from 1886 to 1888. He traveled to Paris and attended the Académie Julian and the École des Beaux Arts until 1891. Influential as a teacher in both Philadelphia and New York, his remarks on art and teaching were collected in Robert Henri, *The Art Spirit*, compiled by Margery Ryerson (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company, 1930).

Responding to Robert's discussion about nationality (see Reading 1), Henri clarified his thoughts regarding the role of nationality in American art and advocated the notion of freedom of expression. Henri recommended a heroic individualism for artists, much like that espoused by the novelist Jack London.

There has been much discussion within the last year on the question of a national art in America. We have grown to handle the subject lightly, as though it were a negotiable quantity, something to be noted in the daily record of marketable

goods. And the more serious have talked much about “subject” and “technique,” as though if these were acquired, this desired thing, a national art, would flourish quickly and beautifully; whereas, as a matter of fact, a national art is not limited to a question of subject or of technique, but is a real understanding of the fundamental conditions personal to a country, and then the relation of the individual to these conditions.

And so what is necessary for art in America, as in any land, is first an appreciation of the great ideas native to the country and then the achievement of a masterly freedom in expressing them. Take any American and develop his mind and soul and heart to the fullest by the right work and the right study, and then let him find through this training the utmost freedom of expression, a fluid technique which will respond to every inspiration and enthusiasm which thrills him, and without question his art will be characteristically American, whatever the subject. For through his own temperament, coupled with the right power of utterance, he will, all unconsciously, express his own attitude toward life in whatsoever he creates, and his picture or statue or sonnet will testify to his nationality. For a man ceases to imitate when he has achieved the power to fully and freely express his own ideas; and every man with imagination who has given the best of himself to work, who has learned to think honestly and see clearly, can no more escape the possession of ideas than of ideals, and so the American painter, with brain and brush liberated by the greatest possible self-development, is just as certain to express the quality of his country as he is in himself to present an American type or speak the language of his native land.

Thus it is not possible to create an American art from the outside in. Art does not respond to the whim of the millionaire who would create art galleries as he does libraries. It is quite impossible to start out with a self-conscious purpose of springing a ready-made national art on the public simply because we are grown up enough to realize the value of such an expression. Art is too emotional to respond to coercion or discipline; and it cannot successfully become a whim of the rich, even in America. For successful flowering it demands deep roots, stretching far down into the soil of the nation, gathering sustenance from the conditions in the soil of the nation, and in its growth showing, with whatever variation, inevitably the result of these conditions. And the most showy artificial achievement, the most elaborate imitation of art grown in France or Germany, are valueless to a nation compared with this product that starts in the soil and blooms over it. But before art is possible to a land, the men who become the artists must feel within themselves the need of expressing the virile ideas of their country; they must demand of themselves the most perfect means of so doing, and then, what they paint or compose or write will belong to their own land. First of all they must possess that patriotism of soul which causes the real genius to lay down his life, if necessary, to vindicate the beauty of his own environment. And thus art will grow as individual men develop and become great as our own men learn to think fearlessly, express powerfully and put into their work all the strength of body and soul.



Figure 1-2. John Sloan, *The Picnic Grounds*, 1906–7. Oil on canvas, 24 × 36 in. The Whitney Museum of American Art.

3 ♦ John Sloan, *John Sloan's New York Scene: From the Diaries, Notes and Correspondence 1906–1913*, ed. Bruce St. John with an introduction by Helen Farr Sloan (New York: Harper & Row, 1965).

Born in Lock Haven, Pennsylvania, John Sloan left school at an early age to support his family with his illustrating skills. He found work as an artist-reporter on Philadelphia newspapers, the *Inquirer* and then the *Press*. When he moved to New York in 1904, he worked as a free-lance illustrator for fiction published in New York magazines.

Sloan kept a diary from January 1906 through June 1912 and sporadically in the early months of 1913. The entries chronicle his friendships, art projects (paintings as well as commissioned illustrations for magazines), reading habits, occasional teaching, private thoughts, and his growing engagement with radical politics—an interest shared with his wife Dolly. Both joined the Socialist Party of Eugene Victor Debs in 1909; Sloan made drawings and cartoons for the socialist newspaper *The Call* and at least one poster for the Industrial Workers of the World (I.W.W., the “Wobblies”), and Dolly served on numerous committees as an activist and suffragist. As evident from the February 10, 1912, entry, both supported the famous strike of textile workers in Lawrence, Massachusetts. Sloan did posters, and Dolly volunteered to arrange housing for the strikers’ children sent to New York to be cared for during the duration of the strike. On March 30, Dolly escorted 200 of the strikers’ children back to Lawrence.

When *The Masses* magazine was reorganized in December 1912 under the editorship of Max Eastman, Sloan served as the unpaid art editor. But, however committed Sloan was to socialist causes, he refused to insert a political message into his etchings and paintings.

The following excerpts exemplify what he considered important to write down. When painting his pictures of everyday life, Sloan relied on his memory of scenes experienced rather than studio models, and he experimented with making photographs. Moreover, there seems to be a constant stream of visitors—artists, critics, intellectuals, socialists—in and out of the Sloans' apartment in Manhattan.



[February 13, 1906] . . . Walked through the interesting streets on the East Side. Saw a boy spit on a passing hearse, a shabby old hearse. Doorways of tenement houses, grimy and greasy door frames looking as though huge hogs covered with filth had worn the paint away and replaced it with matted dirt in going in and out. Healthy faced children, solid-legged, rich full color to their hair. Happiness rather than misery in the whole life. Fifth Avenue faces are unhappy in comparison.

[May 30, 1906] "Decoration Day." We were invited to spend the afternoon at [Frank] Crane's in Bayonne. A walk to the shore with its yachts and boats launched now. Then we went to the Newark bay side and watched picnic grounds, dancing pavilion, young girls of the healthy lusty type with white caps jauntily perched on their heads. . . . [See Fig. 1–2]

[June 2, 1906] Started painting a memory of the little Picnic Grounds at Bayonne and think I have a good "go" at it. [. . .]

[January 11, 1908] Such a day—I went to [George] Luks' this morning . . . my purpose being to photograph a painting of his for the Herald and Press to use in notices of our show. [. . .] The whole of the afternoon was most interesting. He showed me his *Wrestlers*, a magnificent picture—one of the finest paintings I've ever seen—great. But he won't send it to our show at Macbeth's. He says, "I'll keep it till I'm invited to send to some big exhibition. Then this will show K. Cox, W. H. Low and the other pink and white idiots, that we know what anatomy is. I painted it to vindicate Henri in his fight for my work on the National Academy juries." I argued with him that he could never convince these people, they don't know great work when it is contemporary product. They bow, of course, when the celebrated work of the old masters is before them, but that's merely educated into them—they don't really see it. [. . .]

[January 16, 1908] Another attempt at photographing. . . . I've been thinking the last two days of Joseph Andrews by Fielding—having begun and half finished reading it again. Thinking how necessary it is for an artist of any creative sort to go among common people—not waste his time among his fellows, for it must be from the other class—not creators, nor Bohemians nor dilettantes that he will get his knowledge of life. I should like to know two or three plain homes—well. My own home was plain enough—and I have that subconsciously within me. [. . .]

[May 29, 1909] [. . .] Potts dropped in and . . . he and I argued on the Social problems of the day! He seems to think what's the use of trying to do anything to better the workers—they are not worth it. The rich have the money because they have the brains to get it—the others haven't the brains so they must pay the penalty. I feel that

if 5,000 people in this city are wealthy and content and two million are unhappy, something is wrong. [. . .]

[June 9, 1909] [. . .] Will the great mass of the workers, when they find the power of the united vote, stand for differences in the rewards between their ordinary labor and mental labor? Of course all will have every necessary to existence, and comfort—but should not the higher faculties have some higher reward? Or is this feeling in me, only a surviving view of the present upper class feeling?

[June 12, 1909] [. . .] The Evening Sun prints Edward Everett Hale's . . . "Man without a country." I am too old or too much convinced of the Socialist anti-military principle for this highly impossible tale to move me to a love of the plutocracy's government. Why should the workers fight each other in order to preserve or expand or destroy the trade relations in which they have no real interest? Suppose we agree to call this country a province of England or France or Germany? Does it make any difference to me? or to any laboring man?

[February 15, 1911] [. . .] Dolly and I went to see Isadora Duncan. It's hard to set down how much I enjoyed this performance. Isadora as she appears on that big simple stage seems like *all* womanhood—she looms big as the mother of the race. A heavy solid figure, large columnar legs, a solid high belly, breasts not too full and her head seems to be no more important than it should to give the body the chief place. In one of the dances she was absolutely nude save for a thin gauze drapery hanging from the shoulders. [. . .]

[February 10, 1912] Dolly out early to help with the little strikers children from Lawrence, Mass. Woolen Mills where 22,000 are out. The Fathers and Mothers speak sixteen languages! The strike is now in charge of Bill Haywood and the Industrial Workers of the World. Mrs. Malkiel and Dolly are on a committee of Socialist Party who have been asked to help with the children. [. . .] Train came, mob wild with excitement. [. . .] Children were fed and then distributed to persons who had volunteered to house them till after the strike is over (all had been investigated). The wild Italian element in the crowd made things exciting. Anarchists were there in force sneering at Socialists—they would have been in a fine fix without the Socialist women as it was fearful—children crying, crowd struggling to get in the rooms—photographers with flashlights glaring and banging—little tots and big, oldest about fourteen years.

The Critical Issues: Modernism and American Consciousness

Artists and writers grappled with the idea of Americanism at the beginning of the new century. Some wanted to invent new definitions for an art that was antitraditional, anti-academic, experimental, and seemingly less grounded in narrative. Others focused on thinking through the issue of "Americanism"—a term that would fascinate Europeans as well as Americans. And yet others united the terms—modernism and Americanism.

up and on, not stopping with the crowd. It costs to do this. If you succeed somewhat you may have to pay for it as well as enjoy it all your life.

Cherish your own emotions and never undervalue them.

We are not here to do what has already been done.

I have little interest in teaching you what I know. I wish to stimulate you to tell me what *you* know. In my office toward you I am simply trying to improve my own environment.

Know what the old masters did. Know how they composed their pictures, but do not fall into the conventions they established. These conventions were right for them, and they are wonderful. They made their language. You make yours. They can help you. All the past can help you.

↓
 ¶AN ART student must be a master from the beginning; that is, he must be master of such as he has. By being now master of such as he has there is promise that he will be master in the future.

A work of art which inspires us comes from no quibbling or uncertain man. It is the manifest of a very positive nature in great enjoyment, and at the very moment the work was done.

It is not enough to have thought great things *before* doing the work. The brush stroke at the moment of contact carries inevitably the exact state of being of the artist at that exact moment into the work, and there it is, to be seen and read by those

who can read such signs, and to be read later by the artist himself, with perhaps some surprise, as a revelation of himself.

For an artist to be interesting to us he must have been interesting to himself. He must have been capable of intense feeling, and capable of profound contemplation.

He who has contemplated has met with himself, is in a state to see into the realities beyond the surfaces of his subject. Nature reveals to him, and, seeing and feeling intensely, he paints, and whether he wills it or not each brush stroke is an exact record of such as he was at the exact moment the stroke was made.

¶THE sketch hunter has delightful days of drifting about among people, in and out of the city, going anywhere, everywhere, stopping as long as he likes—no need to reach any point, moving in any direction following the call of interests. He moves through life as he finds it, not passing negligently the things he loves, but stopping to know them, and to note them down in the shorthand of his sketch-book, a box of oils with a few small panels, the fit of his pocket, or on his drawing pad. Like any hunter he hits or misses. He is looking for what he loves, he tries to capture it. It's found anywhere, everywhere. Those who are not hunters do not see these things. The hunter is learning to see and to understand—to enjoy.

There are memories of days of this sort, of wonderful driftings in and out of the crowd, of seeing and thinking. Where are the sketches that were made? Some of them are in dusty piles, some turned out to be so good they got frames, some

became motives for big pictures, which were either better or worse than the sketches, but they, or rather the states of being and understandings we had at the time of doing them all, are sifting through and leaving their impress on our whole work and life.

¶DON'T worry about the rejections. Everybody that's good has gone through it. Don't let it matter if your works are not "accepted" at once. The better or more personal you are the less likely they are of acceptance. Just remember that the object of painting pictures is not simply to get them in exhibitions. It is all very fine to have your pictures hung, but you are painting for yourself, not for the jury. I had many years of rejections.

Do some great work, Son! Don't try to paint *good landscapes*. Try to paint canvases that will show how interesting landscape looks to you—your pleasure in the thing. Wit.

There are lots of people who can make sweet colors, nice tones, nice shapes of landscape, all done in nice broad and intelligent-looking brushwork.

Courbet showed in every work what a man he was, what a head and heart he had.

Every *student* should put down in some form or other his findings. All any man can hope to do is to add his fragment to the whole. No man can be final, but he can record his progress, and whatever he records is so much done in the thrashing out of the whole thing. What he leaves is so much for others to use as stones to step on or stones to avoid.

The *student* is not an isolated force. He belongs to a great brotherhood, bears great kinship to his

kind. He takes and he gives. He benefits by taking and he benefits by giving.

¶THROUGH art mysterious bonds of understanding and of knowledge are established among men. They are the bonds of a great Brotherhood. Those who are of the Brotherhood know each other, and time and space cannot separate them.

The Brotherhood is powerful. It has many members. They are of all places and of all times. The members do not die. One is member to the degree that he can be member, no more, no less. And that part of him that is of the Brotherhood does not die.

The work of the Brotherhood does not deal with surface events. Institutions on the world surface can rise and become powerful and they can destroy each other. Statesmen can put patch upon patch to make things continue to stand still. No matter what may happen on the surface the Brotherhood goes steadily on. It is the evolution of man. Let the surface destroy itself, the Brotherhood will start it again. For in all cases, no matter how strong the surface institutions become, no matter what laws may be laid down, what patches may be made, all change that is real is due to the Brotherhood.

¶IF THE artist is alive in you, you may meet Greco nearer than many people, also Plato, Shakespeare, the Greeks.

In certain books—some way in the first few paragraphs you know that you have met a brother.

You pass people on the street, some are for you, some are not.

The background of our beautiful girl is a continuation of her. If her beauty is one of great dignity the forms of our background will be in harmony with or will be gracious complements to this dignity seen in her face.

If she is merely *chic*, we will find in the background the echoes and the complements of *chic*.

This will happen even though the material background is precisely the same in each case.

↓ All things change according to the state we are in. Nothing is fixed. I lived once in the top of a house, in a little room, in Paris. I was a student. My place was a romance. It was a mansard room and it had a small square window that looked out over housetops, pink chimney pots. I could see l'Institut, the Pantheon and the Tour Saint Jacques. The tiles of the floor were red and some of them were broken and got out of place. There was a little stove, a wash basin, a pitcher, piles of my studies. Some hung on the wall, others accumulated dust on their backs. My bed was a cot. It was a wonderful place. I cooked two meals and ate dinner outside. I used to keep the camembert out of the window on the mansard roof between meals, and I made fine coffee, and made much of eggs and macaroni. I studied and thought, made compositions, wrote letters home full of hope of some day being an artist.

It was wonderful. But days came when hopes looked black and my art student's paradise was turned into a dirty little room with broken tiles, ashes fell from the stove, it was all hopelessly poor, I was tired of camembert and eggs and macaroni, and there wasn't a shade of significance in those delicate little chimney pots, or the Pantheon, the Institut, or even the Tour Saint Jacques.

The material thing is the least part of a background or an environment. And it should be noted, too, that a background is also an environment, for when you paint a background you are painting all that volume of space which is the setting of your subject. And this fact should never be lost sight of. ↑

The background is more air than it is anything else. It is the place in which the model moves. It is the air he breathes.

The dimensions of a background are of very great importance. The spaces on either side of the head and above the head can do so many things good and bad to the head and the figure that it is remarkable how little attention is generally paid to them. A figure can be dwarfed by its placement, and if there is no sense of distance back of it and on this side of it it will most surely be flattened.

From my point of view the simpler a background is the better the figure in front of it will be, and also I will add, the better the figure is the less the observer will need entertainment in the background.

I am quite sure many a gold chair has been hauled in because the artist has failed to get distinction and richness in the mien of the sitter, and he counts on the chair to supply the deficiency. But a cocked hat won't make a general.

There are backgrounds so well made that you have no consciousness of them.

open and free. His aim should be to search deeply and work hard and let the outcome be what it may.

The best art the world has ever had is but the impress left by men who have thought less of making great art than of living full and completely with all their faculties in the enjoyment of full play. From these the result is inevitable.

¶THE technique of a little individuality will be a little technique, however scrupulously elaborated it may be. However long studied it still will be a little technique; the measure of the man. The greatness of art depends absolutely on the greatness of the artist's individuality and on the same source depends the power to acquire a technique sufficient for expression.

The man who is forever acquiring technique with the idea that sometime he may have something to express, will never have the technique of the thing he wishes to express.

Intellect should be used as a tool.

The technique learned without a purpose is a formula which when used, knocks the life out of any ideas to which it is applied.

¶THE great artist has cast a glow of romance over the café and Bohemia. It is not that he has spent much time there. He was always too busy with his work for that. It is because when he did go for relaxation he put his wit, his humor, his vitality and all himself into it. He made things hum, turned the sordid into romance, then dis-

appeared back to his work leaving a memory in Bohemia.

¶AGE need not destroy beauty. There are people who grow more beautiful as they grow older. If age means to them an expansion and development of character this new mental and spiritual state will have its effect on the physical. A face which in the early days was only pretty or even dull, will be transformed. The eyes will attain mysterious depths, there will be a gesture in the whole face of greater sensibility and all will appear coordinate.

About the portrait Whistler painted of his mother I have always had a great feeling of beauty. She is old. But there is something in her face and gesture that tells of the integrity of her life. There is nothing wabby about her face as there is in the faces of those whose integrity has been uncertain. A wonderful record of woman's beauty would have been lost to the world if her son had seen fit to look for any other beauty than that which was present. There she sits, and in her poise one reads the history of a splendid personality. She is at once so gentle, so experienced, and so womanly strong.

She may have had other beauty in her youth, but it could not have surpassed this, which charms and fills us with reverence.

It is more the gesture of a feature than the feature itself which interests and pleases us.

The feature is the outside, its gesture manifests the inner life.

Beauty is an intangible thing; can not be fixed on the surface, and the wear and tear of old age on the body cannot defeat it.

out what is really important to you. Then sing your song. You will have something to sing about and your whole heart will be in the singing.

When a man is full up with what he is talking about he handles such language as he has with a mastery unusual to him, and it is at such times that he learns language.

¶DON'T follow the critics too much. Art appreciation, like love, cannot be done by proxy: It is a very personal affair and is necessary to each individual.

↓ A Sketch:

¶IT IS only some people sitting down out-of-doors. There is the sensation of comfort under the trees, the baby carriage, the bloom of flowers, the women's clothes, green trees. The man has disposed his legs along the line of greatest comfort. He won't keep them long that way but just for the moment he has the expansion of a dog in the sunlight. It is all a matter of the *sense* of these things and it is very beautiful. It is not the kind of art that is painful either in its conception or its doing. It seems to have been born of wit, and good-humored love of people and things—seems to have come forth spontaneously—a love song. It seems so easy and it seems so glad to exist.

Beside it, the bitter duty thing, made of painful hard labor, of grinding and irritating patience; the thing great only because of the agony it took in its

making, the dully labored, witless thing, the thing without love, the thing made not for itself but to win a prize, hangs ill at ease.

¶I DO not want to see how skillful you are—I am not interested in your skill. What do you get out of nature? Why do you paint this subject? What is life to you? What reasons and what principles have you found? What are your deductions? What projections have you made? What excitement, what pleasure do you get out of it? Your skill is the thing of least interest to me.

Don't be a high-key or a low-key artist. Both keys belong to you. Use the key that fits.

Form enveloping form. The over-modeling.

I can feel the sogginess of that man's footsteps as he comes along. He seems to be the spirit of dreary rain.

A sketch that is the life of the city and river.

So you are after the Japanese? Well, don't be so superficial about it. Get the principle of it, but not the mannerism.

¶NO ONE should be asked to write on any artist or art movement unless he likes the work of the artist or the effects of the movement very much, and has in his liking none of that propagandist spirit which boosts to the skies his idol and lays everything else in the dust. We have had much of this