

MOTHERHOOD A CRIME:

In the New York Sun of March 6th the following notice appeared concerning a sensational suicide in New Haven:
New Haven, March 6.—The motive that drove Lillian May Cook to end her life with a bullet was to escape shame. Had she lived she would have become a mother.
This is but one of a thousand such incidents which occur every week. Should not this dramatically condensed report of the tragedy of a girl's life receive more than passing attention? We go to see Brien's Maternity at the theatre. We applaud and adjourn to the dance. When it comes to the test what do we do?

DO NOT DO UNTO OTHERS:

The United States are very indignant at the restrictions placed upon their over-sea commerce by the Nations at War.
Do they realize how other nations feel about the restrictions imposed upon foreign importations in TIME OF PEACE by the many objectionable features of the administrative parts of our tariff laws?

THE ACADEMY:

John W. Alexander states as his reason for resigning the presidency of the New York Academy of Design that he is tired of his fruitless campaign to obtain larger quarters in which to display the productions of New York artists.
The spring exhibition of the Academy does not convince us that we miss much by not seeing more canvases of the standard of those shown.
We might judge the answer of Socrates to those who wondered at the small size of the house he had built for himself: "Would that the present SMALL quarters of the Academy (four large rooms) were filled with works of Art."
Must we have quantity instead of quality?
What we really want is more art and less paint.

VALUES IN ART:

There was a great tremor and indignation when the art collectors learned that a dealer had included a number of pieces from his own stock in the Arthur I. Hoe Collection when it was offered for sale at auction at the American Art Galleries.
We do not think this dealer's method should be encouraged . . .
But . . .
We would like to know how much artistic merit an old oriental specimen loses when it is discovered that it was formerly owned by Mr. X instead of Mr. H.

NEW MUSIC:

The musical composition written by Albert Savinio, published in this number of 291, should be called New Music rather than Modern Music. Savinio has devoted himself to finding the place of music among the modern arts. He does not try to express in music either a state of consciousness or an image. His music is not harmonious or even harmonized, but DISARMONIOUS. Its structure is based on drawing. His musical drawings are, most of them, very rapid and DANCANTS, and belong to the most discordant styles; for this composer thinks that a sincere and truthful musical work must have in its formation the greatest variety of music—ALL THAT WHICH ONE HEARS—all that which the ear imagines or remembers.
He does not invent, he discovers the significance of all sorts of sounds and uses them to create an emotive source.
"La Passion des Rotules" is No. 12 in a series of "Chants Ensembles" which has for its title "BELOUVES FATALES."

"LES SOIRÉES DE PARIS:"

We forgot to state that the "Idéogramme" by Guillaume Apollinaire, published in the first number of "291," was originally printed in the French publication "Les Soirées de Paris."

MODERN MUSIC:

Mr. Leo Ornstein displays in his music the mentality of an artist toy-maker. He has preserved from his career as a child, wonder, the child element. His musical compositions are toy imitations. Although they are intricate in their structure, the spirit has the naive charm of a child imitating what strikes his attention. Nevertheless he has brought us a breath of the intentions of masters thought as applied to music.

COLOR MUSIC:

Nothing was proved on the question of the relationship of color to music in the concert given by the Russian Symphonic Orchestra at Carnegie Hall on March 20th. The experiment as it was performed was absolutely unsuccessful. The idea that two sensations of such different character as those produced by the organs of sight and by the organs of hearing could be

mingled to form one sensation that would be either the addition or the conjugation of the two, still remains a theory. What has been demonstrated up to the present, is, that of two simultaneous sensations one always predominates to the detriment of the other.
Probably, with the appropriate apparatus, and with a sufficient brain education the problem can be solved. The POTTS is not denied even by theologians. But until now, all the experiments on this subject have left it a hypothesis.

THE FLOWER SHOW—FLORISTS:

The flower show in Paris is an event in the world of art as well as horticulture. The show in New York demonstrates that we are at least five years behind Europe from the horticultural standpoint and from the other standpoint. *Tri-ah, what a mess!*
What?—We have imported excellent craftsmen, gardeners, and the show was one of magnificent specimens of grower's skill. Would you expect a master-plumber to be very strong on a Louis Quize Salon? That good gardener of years is trying the artistic. Now for the honor and glory of his craft discourage him. His model is the New York florist. There are no florists in New York. A florist is an artist. We have flower dealers. Watch their windows: Crockery and bric-a-brac . . . the latest.—Heh!

AN OPPORTUNITY MISSED:

The Carrull Galleries are to be congratulated on having shown a small number of Picasso paintings which were truly representative of the artist's early work. These paintings have now passed into private hands. There is cause for regret in the fact that the Metropolitan Museum of Art did not avail itself of this opportunity to acquire worthy examples of Picasso's paintings at a reasonable price.
The policy of the Museum seems to be to close its doors to fine examples of paintings until they have no risen in value as to become scarce and difficult to acquire. The Museum

then complains that it cannot afford to purchase them.
Is it impossible for the Museum to obtain advice from men with the eye and understanding that discern artistic merit as distinct from monetary value?

PUBLIC SPIRIT:

The daily papers have had much to say about George Grey Barnard's disinterested action in offering to replace at his own expense the two groups "Art" and "History" in front of the New York Public Library.
He puts the cost at from \$15,000 to \$20,000. Incidentally he is bringing suit against the firm who spoiled his work, for \$30,000.
"I am bringing this suit for \$30,000 simply to secure publicity," says Mr. Barnard.
Let us hope that when all accounts are settled and new orders booked, Mr. Barnard will not be "out of pocket."

THUMBS DOWN:

On March 15th, Beachy fell to death with his aeroplane in San Francisco Bay while accomplishing a spectacular flight for the entertainment of thousands of spectators.
On March 17th, Frank Siles fell 150 feet in his death while performing a feat in his aeroplane for a film company.

The American public is very indignant at the loss of innocent lives on the battlefields of Europe.
Ball fights are prohibited on U. S. territory. Our kind hearts rebel at the idea of cruelty to animals.
But the Public must be amused.

ECONOMIC LAWS AND ART:

There are many things in the Montross Show of American Moderns which tempt the critic to lay about him and sleep unmercifully, but as a unit the Exhibition is unquestionably both interesting and significant. The mere fact that such an exhibition can take place on Fifth Avenue

where rents must be paid, is an important indication of the change of the public attitude, and the added fact that the gallery was usually crowded at twenty-five cents per head, shows that the interest is not spotty but widespread. In short, it is safe to announce that cubism or futurism, or whatever else these men call their work, is not only beginning to pay its way, but is undergoing the trying ordeal of being the fashion.

The obvious question is: "Who took the lead the artists or the public?" In other words, is American cubism, or futurism, so sincere an expression that the speedy conversion of the public to its serious consideration was inevitable, or did the public interest, aroused by 291 and the big Army Exhibition of French Moderns, create a demand which our men are trying consciously or unconsciously to supply? Judging from results in the Montross exhibition, both kinds of influence are present, thus leaving to the buying public an interesting opportunity of furthering modern thought by seeing out the true from the false, and to those who have reached a conclusion as to the critical faculties of the public, an opportunity of prophesying some of the future developments of modern art in America.

291

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NEW YORK

Picasso 1913



Silence.

He is alone.

Twilight.

Relief. Many minds, many voices would have been unendurable to-day.

What a restful voice his
Silence of snow-covered roof-tops. New York is best from the back and from above.

He is telling me this _____ laughing clowns _____
to find out whether I have dared to live.

Windows

- one
- two
- three

How can he bear to speak of it if it was real to him?

PARFUMERIE DE NICE

dots
Red
on
whiteness.

Ah, there you go, sitting in judgment again from the personal point of view. He has the ability to give his very self. Be big enough to accept whatever is given you.

PARFUM ULTRA PERSISTANT

Crèmes

Shouldn't it be a circumflex?

But is it fair to the woman? Does it make her less—or more?

Parfumerie-de-Nice.
N-i-o-e.
Sunshine.
Flowers.
Color.
Land of eternal loves.

At best her life, her whole life, was nothing but his introduction to himself. Why not? Most lives are less than that. What after all, is—mine?

Those eyes of his. I cannot get away from them, cannot guess what his greater experience can see.

Windows

— windows.
A different picture behind each.

Crèmes,—parfums.

Now if I were a man I should want to prove that I had lived even more dangerously. Being a woman, I am—silent.

Outlines snow-softened.
Lights appearing.
She died young? What matter? All of life had been hers.

Clown.

Dancing buttons.

Tilted hat.

Why will my lip twitch? How much can those eyes see?
Soothing light within—without—

Odd. He gives me all he has to give.

I think about myself.

Are the passions of others ever real to us

—or only—

—that sudden glare of whiteness

hurts

—something to pity

—something to envy?

FLIRT

Not our grey passions pathetic as that struggling city tree—
evanescent as that melting city snow.

Ah, why cannot all the loves of all the world be mine? . . . without the sacrifice of any of those things I think of when I say

MYSELF

Sacrifice? Coward, cheat.

Yes, we women, cowards, cheats all of us who, when our kingdom is offered, stop to calculate the price.

Clock booming

- one
- two
- three
- four
- five
- six

Their bed-time.
They will want to say good-night.
I must go

He gave himself—I find—myself. So it goes

How annoying.
Those eyes are twinkling at my expense—

I feel him making a mental note:

"Experiment No. 987.

Reaction perfect"—

Why do we all object to being the common human denominator?

I really must go—

Whenever I pass that canvas I want to put my foot through it.

Good. It's still running.

I shall be in time for a last romp. Coward? Common human denominator? Who cares?

M. de Zayas

Mental Reactions

Agnes Ernst Meyer

