

MOTHERHOOD A CRIME:

In the New York Sun of March 4th the following notice appeared concerning a sensational murder in New Haven:

Five Hours, March 4.—The motive that drove Lillian May Cook to and 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 country's conscience be shocked by the tragedy of a girl's life rendered more than passing atrocious? We go to see *Blonde's* Maternity at the theatre. We applaud and adjourn to a 3rd dinner. When it comes to the next what do we DO?

DO NOT DO UNTO OTHERS:

The United States are very indignant at the restrictions placed upon their own commerce by the Japanese at War.

Do they realize how their nation feel about the restrictions imposed upon foreign importations by *TIME OF PEACE* by the many objectionable features of the administrative part of their tariff laws?

THE ACADEMY:

John W. Alexander states as his reason for resigning the presidency of the *Art 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 must much by leaving more corners of the standard of these shows.

We might surely the success of the Academy to those who wondered at the small size of the place he had built for himself. "We are in the present SMALL quarters of the Academy (Art.)" (large rooms) were filled with works of Art.

Must we have quantity instead of quality? Must we really need more art and less paint.

VALUES IN ART:

There was a great turmoil and indignation when the art collectors learned that a dealer had included a number of pieces from his own stock in the *Artur J. B. 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 vase when it is discovered that it was formerly owned by Mr. R. instead of Mr. H.

NEW MUSIC:

The musical composition written by Albert Simeon, published in this number of 241, should be called *New Music* rather than *Modern Music*. Simeon has devoted himself to finding the basis 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. Its musical drawings are, most of them, very rapid and DANCING, 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 language.

"*Le Fantôme des Ruelles*" is No. 12 in a series of "Chansons Étranges" which has for its title "BELLEVOUE FANTASIES."

"LES SOIRÉES DE PARIS."

We forget to state that the "*Idéogramme*" by Guillaume Apollinaire, published in the first number of "241," 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 top-maker. He has preserved from his career as a child, wonder, the child element. His musical compositions are top imitations. Although they are intricate in their structure, the spirit has the character of a child imitating what strikes his attention. Nevertheless he has brought up a branch of the literature of modern 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 Symphony Orchestra at Carnegie Hall on March 20th. The experiment as it was performed was absolutely unsuccessful. The idea that two sensations of each 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 continuation of the two, still remains a theory. What has been demonstrated up to the present, is that of two simultaneous sensations one almost preliminary to the attainment of the other.

Probably, with the appropriate apparatus, and with a sufficient brain education the problem can be solved. The *POESIS* is not denied even by theologists. 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 far away behind Europe from the horticultural standpoint and from the other standpoint. This is what a mess!

Why? We have imported excellent craftsmen, gardeners, and the show was one of magnificent specimens of grower's skill. Would you expect a master-florist to be very strong on a Little Quince Island? That good gardeners of years in 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. With their windows: Crocker and Brice-Paris . . . the latest—Hag!

AN OPPORTUNITY MISSED:

The Currier 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 figure.

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.

It is impossible for the Museum to obtain advice from men with the eye and understanding that discerns artistic merit as distinct from monetary value!

PUBLIC SPIRIT:

The daily papers have had much to say about George Gray Barnard's disinterested action in offering to replace at his own expense the two groups "Jazz" and "Bliss" in front of the New York Public Library.

He pays the cost of from \$15,000 to \$20,000. Incidentally he is bringing out against the firm who created his work for \$10,000.

"I am bringing this out 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, Beatty fell to death with his scapulae in San Francisco Bay while accomplishing a spectacular feat for the entertainment of thousands of spectators.

On March 17th, Frank Siles fell 110 feet to his death while performing a feat in his scapulae for a film company.

The American public is very indignant at the loss of innocent lives on the battlefields of Europe.

But fights are prohibited on U. S. territory. Our land hears rebel at the idea of cruelty to animals.

But the public must be amused.

ECONOMIC LAWS AND ART:

There are many things in the *Modern Show of American Modernism* which tempt the critic to lay about him and slay unmercifully, but as we will 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 solely but widespread. In short, it is safe to announce that cubism or futurism, or whatever else there may 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 of the greatly concerned of the public to its serious consideration was inevitable, or did the public interest, aroused by 291 and the big Armory Exhibition of French Moderns, create a demand which our men are trying consciously or unconsciously to supply? Judging from reality in the *Moderns* exhibition, both kinds of influence are present, thus leaving to the buying public an interesting opportunity of furthering modern thought by voting out the few from the lot, 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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Silence.

Twilight.

He is alone.

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

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

He is telling me this — laughing down —
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 NIVE

Red
dots
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 PERSEVÉRANT

Crème S
Shouldn't it be a circumflex?

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

Parfumerie-de-Nive.
N-i-e-e.
Scentline.
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 more softened.
Lights appearing.
She died young? What matter! All of life had been hers.

Clown

Dancing bottoms.

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

Old. 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
—something to pity
—something to envy?

FLIRT
Not our gayer passions pathetic as that struggling city tree—
evenment 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

Sacrifice! Coward, cheat.

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

MYSELF

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 Ernest Meyer

