Seven Arts, August 1917

ics cannot face its second year with that same wise avoidance of professional criticism. Perhaps it is humanly impossible for the Provincetown Players to preserve within themselves the same real indifference to outside criticism with whch they came into New York last year. By just so much as they value it, however, and are influenced consciously or unconsciously by it, they depart from the basic ideal on which the Wharf Theater at Provincetown was founded—a theater for playwrights, artists, and actors, avowedly experimental, inviting an audience interested in experiments rather than results, holding themselves serenely apart from the current cant of comment which blames or praises, too interested in the play for the play's sake to be self-conscious or afraid.

But, not inviting publicity, they have achieved it, and in their prospectus have accepted it. Their ideals may be rooted deep enough to survive the crucial test of this second and crucial year. If they do move through their second season here without swerving from their ideal policy to consider plays first, the audience last, and critics not at all, they will have wrought out of themselves one of the few miracles of dramatic history in America.

Z.

Photography

Photography, which is the first and only important contribution, thus far, of science to the arts, finds its *raison d'etre,* like all media, in a complete uniqueness of means. This is an absolute unqualified objectivity. Unlike the other arts which are really anti-photographic, this objectivity is of the very essence of photography, its contribution and at the same time its limitation. And just as the majority of workers in other media have completely misunderstood the inherent qualities of their respective means, so photographers, with the possible exception of two or three, have had no conception of the photographic means. The full potential power of every medium is dependent upon the purity of its use, and all attempts at mixture end in such dead things as the color etching, the photographic painting and, in photography, the gum print, oil print, etc., in which the introduction of hand work and manipulation is merely the expression of an impotent desire to paint. It is this very lack of understanding and respect for their material, on the part of the photographers themselves, which directly accounts for the consequent lack of respect on the part of the intelligent public and the notion that photography is but a poor excuse for an inability to do anything else.

The photographer's problem, therefore, is to see clearly the limitations and at the same time the potential qualities of his medium, for it is precisely here that honesty no less than intensity of vision is the prerequisite of a living expression. This means a real respect for the thing in front of him, expressed in terms of chiaroscuro (color and photography having nothing in common) through a range of almost infinite tonal values which lie beyond the skill of the human hand. The fullest realization of this is accomplished without tricks of process or manipulation, through the use of straight photographic methods. It is in the organization of this objectivity that the photographer's point of view

Seven Arts, August 1917

towards Life enters in, and where a formal conception born of the emotions, the intellect, or of both, is as inevitably necessary for him, before an exposure is made, as for the painter, before he puts brush to canvas. The objects may be organized to express the causes of which they are the effects, or they may be used as abstract forms, to create an emotion unrelated to the objectivity as such. This organization is evolved either by movement of the camera in relation to the objects themselves or through their actual arrangement, but here, as in everything, the expression is simply the measure of a vision, shallow or profound, as the case may be. Photography is only a new road from a different direction, but moving toward the common goal, which is Life.

Notwithstanding the fact that the whole development of photography has been given to the world through "Camera Work" in a form uniquely beautiful as well as perfect in conception and presentation, there is no real consciousness, even among photographers, of what has actually happened: namely, that America has really been expressed in terms of America without the outside influence of Paris art-schools or their dilute offspring here. This development extends over the comparatively short period of sixty years, and there was no real movement until the years between 1895 and 1910, at which time an intense rebirth of enthusiasm and energy manifested itself all over the world. Moreover, this renaissance found its highest æsthetic achievement in America, where a small group of men and women worked with honest and sincere purpose, some instinctively and few consciously, but without any background of photographic or graphic formulæ, much less any cut and dried ideas of what is Art and what isn't; this innocence was their real strength. Everything they wanted to say had to be worked out by their own experiments; it was born of actual living. In the same way the creators of our skyscrapers had to face the similar circumstance of no precedent, and it was through that very necessity of evolving a new form, both in architecture and photography that the resulting expression was vitalized. Where in any medium has the tremendous energy and potential power of New York been more fully realized than in the purely direct photographs of Stieglitz? Where a more subtle feeling which is the reverse of all this, the quiet simplicity of life in the American small town, so sensitively suggested in the early work of Clarence White? Where in painting, more originality and penetration of vision than in the portraits of Steichen, Kasebier and Frank Eugene? Others, too, have given beauty to the world, but these workers, together with the great Scotchman, David Octavius Hill, whose portraits made in 1860 have never been surpassed, are the important factors of a living photographic tradition. They will be the masters no less for Europe than for America because by an intense interest in the life of which they were really a part, they reached through a national, to a universal expression. In spite of indifference, contempt and the assurance of little or no remuneration they went on, as others will do, even though their work seems doomed to a temporary obscurity. The thing they do remains the same; it is a witness to the motive force that drives.

The existence of a medium, after all, is its absolute justification, if as so many seem to think, it needs one, and all comparison of potentialities is useless and irrelevant. Whether a watercolor is inferior to an oil, or whether

Seven Arts, August 1917

a drawing, an etching, or a photograph is not as important as either, is inconsequent. To have to despise something else is a sign of impotence. Let us rather accept joyously and with gratitude everything through which the spirit of man seeks to obtain ever fuller and more intense self-realization.

PAUL STRAND.

Music and Recruiting

It was at the concert of June 20th, the first of those planned for this season by the Civic Orchestral Society, that Mr. Otto H. Kahn addressed the audience.

The concert, as well as the entire series, had been advertised as "Patriotic." The adjective has of late lost something of its edge, its precision of meaning, and most of the people who attended the first concert doubtless speculated on the element that would distinguish this concert from others. To some, the word no doubt suggested that St. Nicholas Rink, where the concerts take place this year, would be festooned with the banners of the United States, of Britain and of France. To some, it foreshadowed the inclusion of certain patriotic airs in the exercises. To others, the word presented itself as the advertisement of the fact that the society had obtained the services of a Parisian conductor eager to include a good deal of French music on his programmes. To few, however, did it intimate the performance that was to take place.

The guesses were accurate to a certain extent. The rink was draped with the banners of the United States, of Britain and of France. M. Pierre Monteaux did conduct an overture of Lalo, the symphonic fragment from Franck's "Redemption," and the air from "Louise", conducted them incisively as he conducted the Third Leonore Overture badly. Two verses of the "Star-Spangled Banner" were sung by Miss Anna Case, becomingly draped in the folds of the American flag. It was only when, at the close of the intermission, there appeared in the conductor's stand not M. Monteaux, but Mr. Otto H. Kahn, that the audience realized with a shock that there were intentions in the word "patriotism" which it had not as yet encountered.

Mr. Otto H. Kahn made a speech. It was not a short speech. But it can be summed up in a few sentences.

Mr. Otto H. Kahn congratulated the audience on the fact that art was still neutral, and expressed his delight that the conductor of the concerts of the Civic Orchestral Society was a "son of France." He expressed also his delight that the realm of music had not as yet been contaminated by the war, and announced that it was the intention of the Society (of which he is Treasurer) to demonstrate the connection between music and patriotism by introducing speeches on Patriotism and Art and other allied subjects into the course of each concert. He concluded by presenting to the audience Colonel Chadwick, U. S. A., the first speaker.

Mr. Otto H. Kahn then descended from the stand, and Colonel Chadwick, U. S. A., neatly clad in khaki, ascended it, and made his speech on Art and Patriotism and other allied subjects. He reminded the audience that volunteering in New York City was lagging, that only a fraction of the quota had offered itself for

Seven Arts, August 1917

service. He was positive that everyone in the audience who was not himself fit for service knew some young man who was, and could bring pressure to bear on him. He could not recommend sufficiently the benefits of joining the army. It made, he said, all the good in you "come out." Because of the wages paid the soldiers the army today compared favorably with all other professions. In fact, simply because of the education and the training and the advantages it offered you, no other institution could rival it. And, best of all, those who joined the army Made the World Safe for Democracy, and enabled their Country to have at its disposal, after the war was over, a large body of trained men.

Thereupon Colonel Chadwick, U. S. A., stepped down, and M. Monteaux resumed his place.

The audience that heard those speeches was not Bought with German Gold. It was not even an assemblage of "slackers, traitors, and pacifists." It was quite a normal and representative gathering, as far as one could make out. Many of those who composed it, one can be sure, were convinced of the righteousness of this war, the justice of the draft, were ready to give their all to the prosecution of the business, no matter how terrible it seemed to them. And yet, there was little applause. There was applause neither for the speech of Otto H. Kahn, nor for Colonel Chadwick's little contribution to Art and Patriotism and other Allied subjects. American audiences do not hiss. One has often cause to regret that they do not. And yet, they have their own fashion of signifying disapproval. They remain silent, be it from dislike of publicity, be it from timidity. So it was that night at St. Nicholas Rink. But one had only to observe the manner in which the auditors listened to the speeches, with heads bent over their laps, with eyes fixed on the floor, one had only to observe the disdainful smiles on the faces of those who watched the speakers, to listen to the remarks whispered all about one, to know what they felt. For what they knew and what they felt, what they would have said if they had spoken, were the words with which the mother, in the story that we all know, scolds her disobedient little son: "What you did isn't bad, Willie. It's worse than bad. It's vulgar!"

And they were right. The act of introducing recruiting speeches into the programme of a symphony concert is a contemptibly vulgar one. It is contemptibly vulgar from all points of view, from the point of view of those who favor this war as well as from the point of view of those who oppose it. It would have been quite as vulgar if the "lecture" had been the most brilliant of orations, and not the stupidest of recruiting speeches. It would have been vulgar even if there had not been statutory a law conscribing ten millions of men for military service. For it was without any doubt an action motivated by, and indirectly revealing, a brutal ignorance of values, or a brutal disregard for them. It was an action that could be perpetrated only by persons devoid of reverence both for the marvelous human beings who gave themselves in music, and for such of their own fellows who come in need to those great souls. Certainly, only one who lacked all grasp of the actual content of music would dare thrust himself upon the art, would dare to seek to force it to carry his will rather than that of the men who created it. Only such a one would even dream of daring to use

Seven Arts, August 1917

it for ends other than its own, and press recruits by playing Bach and César Franck. And only one who was quite ignorant of the impulse that takes people to music would consider standing between them and their refreshment. And yet that is what Mr. Kahn and those associated with him are quite prepared to do. They are willing to permit Bach and Beethoven and Franck and the rest to speak, so long as their speaking abets recruiting, so long as their speaking furnishes an excuse for drumming recruits. They are willing to permit their fellows, at least those who are able to afford their dollar or half-dollar or quarter-dollar, to obtain their consolation and nourishment, on condition that they submit themselves for twenty minutes during each concert to those thoughts that have made them most needful of the ministration of music. Much irreverence for human monuments and human rights has been displayed during the course of this war. Much of it has been barbarously cruel. But one doubts whether irreverence, whether ignorance of values and disregard of them have, during the entire course of the war, assumed a form quite as contemptible as the one they are assuming at the concerts of the Civic Orchestral Society. For the sake of those who still attach some glamor to it, Mr. Kahn and his associates ought to remove the word "Patriotic" from the advertisements of their concerts.

PAUL ROSENFELD.

Conspirators

"Woe unto them that stand in our way in this hour of high resolutions!" I have been attending the trial of three of those who tried to stand in our way. The Government could scarcely have had victims more unfortunate for its own purposes in its desire to root out disloyalty. My three students were arrested as symbols of a vast conspiracy which was to involve the seditious teachings of professors in a great University and to trail back to German moneybags. At the end of the trial, the prosecutor, unable to discover professors or pro-Germans, was reduced, "as a Columbia graduate," to thanking God that his University was not responsible for such doctrines as these. In the haste to uncover a conspiracy, the Government agents had not waited for the students to commit a pragmatic crime. The manifesto urging people not to register had been seized in the printing shop. So the charge was the metaphysical one of "conspiracy." To "conspire" you do not have to carry out your wicked purpose. You merely have to agree together to do something unlawful, and then have one of you make some gesture towards carrying it out. It is very subtle. Your wickedness seems to consist not so much in injuring the Government or causing anybody to disobey a law, but rather in obscurely hurting the feelings of Government by concertedly starting some such disobedient enterprise. The students actually never got their document into the hands of a single person who might be urged to violate the law. But the New York newspapers, the day after the seizure, printed the document, either in whole on in part, thus putting its seditious eloquence into the hands of thousands of young men of conscript age a week before registration day. In this gratuitous distribution, however, the newspapers were quite innocent of crime, for they were performing the

Seven Arts, August 1917

legal act of reporting a judicial proceeding. Pragmatically, they did the very crime—and with far more comprehensiveness and dispatch than the "conspirators" ever hoped for—which the latter faced two years in prison for merely hoping to do. Presumably, any one of the "conspirators" could have bought two thousand copies of the *New York Herald,* which printed the document in full,—could have cut out the manifesto and mailed it to two thousand men of registration age. He would then, with perfect legality, be personally accomplishing the very end which he was indicted for trying unsuccessfully to do.

Such law and such grotesqueries belong to the stage of "Alice in Wonderland" rather than a modern American civilization. Yet a well-bred and democratic Government was found seriously pressing this metaphysical charge of "conspiracy," and a patriotic jury was found solemnly convicting the two youths, Phillips and Cattell,—Eleanor Parker having been acquitted at the direction of the judge. No conceivable human purpose was served, except that the Government whose feelings had been covertly insulted, and an archaic principle of English law which had been outraged, might receive appeasement, and that the functionaries whose business it is to furnish that appeasement might earn the reward of good and faithful servants. I think that people indicted for mystical crimes like this are entitled to be freed if they are techically innocent of the mystical crime. And since one cannot conspire alone, the intention of either one of the defendants to bring the seditious document within the law made them both technically innocent of conspiracy. All this the judge emphasized, stressing the need of acquittal if the testimony of Cattell's parents and friends was to be believed. But the jury was of plain blunt men, brushing through the technicalities of the law, and deeming it no time, when we are all working to make the world safe for democracy, to countenance any such opinions or desires as these students held.

It is unfair to the students to say that the defence tried to take advantage of technicalities. There is nothing cowardly in trying to avoid a perfectly real pragmatic punishment of a prison sentence for a merely metaphysical crime which a Government is trying to fasten on you, "as a warning to others." Phillips was brave enough in refusing personally to register, and thus making himself inevitably subject to the punishment his document urged others to risk. There is no need of making heroes out of Phillips, Cattell and Eleanor Parker. They are winning and rather clear-eyed people. They were idealistic and ingenuous to a fault. They must have been surprised at their capture by the Government as dangerous conspirators. But strenuous objections should be made to their punishment on the charge made. It was a most unpleasant experience to sit in the courtroom and hear the young prosecutor ridiculing their opinions and trying to stigmatize them as cravens and cowards. The newspapers docilely backed him up with their usual unfairness towards all who do not bow before the war-spirit.

As this verdict stands, I think there is a stain on a Government which, in a reputedly democratic war, is willing to use legal mysticisms to punish idealistic young students who oppose its militaristic technique. Although the sentence was a minimum sentence, concession having been made to the upper-class status of the defendants, Government prosecutors and grand juries should not be encouraged to use the metaphysics of the law against

Seven Arts, August 1917

pacifists who cannot be charged with actual pragmatic crime. Juries should not be encouraged to convict on the basis of patriotic feelings when evidence beyond all reasonable doubt is absent. All these archaic concepts of political conspiracy and sedition that cluster around the idea of "lese-majeste" a democratic government can afford, even in war-time, to allow to become corroded through neglect. They do not in any way protect the safety of the people, and they become, in war-time, the easiest instruments of oppression and spite.

R. B.

Communication

In the June "Seven Arts Chronicle," Mr. Paul Rosenfeld wrote of the recent performances in New York of Liszt's "Eine Faust Sinfonie" and Berlioz's "Requiem." The performances in question were Dr. Muck's conducting of the former at a Boston Symphony concert and Edgar Varèse's of the latter.

Mr. Rosenfeld's critical writing is generally worthy; it has sanity and is unquestionably sincere. Occasionally we find him basing final judgments on insufficient acquaintance with works of art. And, in a sense, his remarks on these works of Liszt and Berlioz —which he feels were "recreated" by Dr. Muck and Mr. Varèse—smack of something of this kind. I am prompted to set these words down for but two reasons: first, to inform those who do not know them of the facts; second, because I am rendered "exceeding comfortless" by a critic of discrimination standing in awe before the Berlioz "Requiem."

Mr. Rosenfeld, in speaking of the Liszt "Faust," says: "We, who had heard the 'Faust' Symphony only under Stransky." That sentence, with its undeniable sneer, should have been contributed to the Daniel Gregory Mason-Arthur Whiting Anti-Philharmonic drive in the New York Sunday *Times* last winter. That is where it belonged. Mr. Stransky's reading of the "Faust" Symphony—I have heard him do it three times—is unforgettable. In my opinion, and I am not alone, it quite surpasses Dr. Muck's, the latter's lacking in passion, in emotional fullness. Especially the "Gretchen" movement was devoid of a plastic freedom as Dr. Muck did it and its changing moods not smoothly shifted. As for the revised score which the Boston conductor found at "Wahnfried," the cuts are not significant and the transference of some bassoon recitatives was effected by Mr. Stransky long ago, though he never saw Liszt's revised score. Realizing that Liszt thought of these passages in a tone-color foreign to the bassoon, though he set them down for it, Mr. Stransky gave them to the bass-clarinet. That is precisely what Liszt did when, years after he finished the symphony, he made a revision of the partitur!

"Perhaps as the most classic artist who ever composed music"—Mr. Rosenfeld believes that of Berlioz; I shudder! Berlioz the verbose,—the bombastic, corruscatingly brilliant Berlioz, poverty-stricken in ideas—the most classic! No one denies that Berlioz wrote well and sonorously, but with power? No! In conversation one evening this winter, M. Ernest Bloch expressed the regret that Berlioz had been a musician. What a

Seven Arts, August 1917

splendid mathematician, philosopher, or essayist he would have made! But a musician, from an inspirational standpoint—M. Bloch agreed with me that Berlioz had failed.

Invention — thematic material — ideas—call it what you will! He was barren—and nothing is more barren than the "Requiem." Be not deceived by its "furious clangor of trumpets," its big brassy climaxes—they are not vital, they are theatric. If you grant their authenticity, you must do the same for the hopelessly banal finale of Abbé Liszt's "Préludes." Liszt's music, even in this commonplace instance, is a good tune. And we have all our life been searching for a really good tune in Berlioz.

We did not hear the Varèse-Scranton Choral Society performance of the "Requiem"; we make it our business to be among those not present when this tiresome music is dragged out once a decade. But we know this music very well and it pains us to have Mr. Rosenfeld attempt to tell us—unquestionably in all sincerity—that the line of Berlioz's music can be compared only "with the lines of Egyptian sculpture." It makes us fear that one of these days he will write an essay on the delicate line of the 5/4 movement of Tschaikowsky's "Pathètique!" At that, Tschaikowsky had more to say—though we personally are not especially keen to listen to it—than did Hector Berlioz!

A. Walter Kramer.

Author's Note.—It is regrettable, of course, that Berlioz must do without the regard of Messrs. Kramer and Bloch. But for those who hold him in esteem, it will be some consolation to remember that he counts among his fervent admirers a critic like Romain Rolland and a composer like Richard Strauss.

Seven Arts, August 1917

"The Masses" and American Rights

THE latest incident in a series of bureaucratic infringements on the liberty of the press in the United States, is the suppression of the August *Masses* and the threatened indictment of its editors. This last number of the magazine, which contains criticisms of the war policy of the Administration, was denied the use of the mails by the Solicitor of the Post Office, on the ground that it violates "in spirit" the recently passed Espionage Act.

The terms of the Espionage Act are sufficiently vague, affording an opportunity for illiberal bureaucratic construction under which any paper which ventures to oppose the war can be suppressed. But the practical difficulties of liberal journalism are made almost insuperable by the refusal of the Solicitor to specify the passages which are alleged to violate the law. The actions of the postal authorities are, by custom, not subject to review in any court of law; and it is thus possible for any periodical to be temporarily suppressed without legal determination of the facts of the case, and without the possibility of appeal in time to save the issue.

The Post Office censorship thus established definitely refuses to pass in advance upon the contents of periodicals; it denies to such issues as it chooses the use of the mails; and for having attempted to mail such periodicals, the editors are put in jeopardy of a fine of not more than $5,000 or imprisonment for not more than five years, or both!

It remains to be seen if public opinion—and Congress—will tolerate this bureaucratic attempt to abrogate the right, constitutionally guaranteed to the American people, of a free press.

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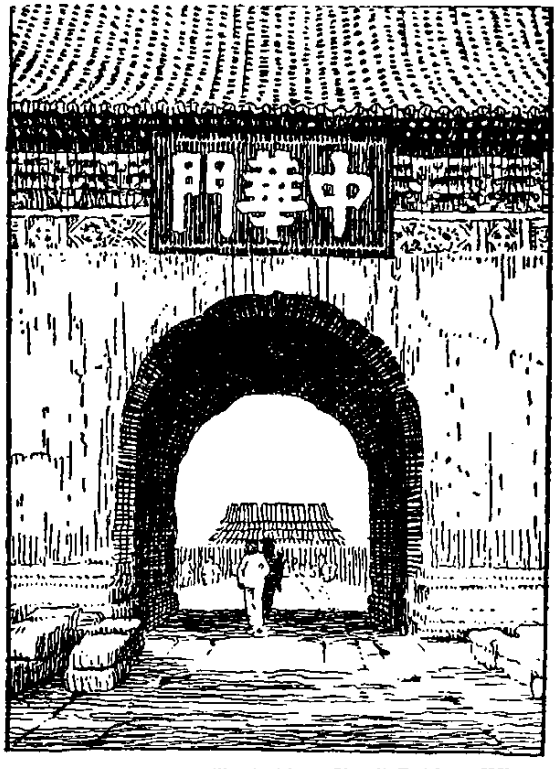

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INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

	Page
ART GALLERIES	
Frederick Keppel & Co	i
BOOK-SELLERS	
Brentanos	i
INTERIOR DECORATORS	
Emily Rockwood	vii
Flambeau Weavers	v
COSTUMES	
Bertha Holley	ii
LITERARY AGENCIES	
Mary Asquith	v
William N. Labberton	v
PERIODICALS	
The Writer's Bulletin	vii
The New Republic	vi
American Asiatic Association	iv
PUBLISHERS	
Henry Holt & Co	iii
Horace Holley	i
Alfred A. Knopf	iv
Liberty Publishing Assoc	i
Polish Book Importing Co	Cover
Porter E. Sargent	vii
TEA ROOMS	
Samovar Tea Room	vii
SCHOOLS	
American Schools' Association	ii
The Children's School	v
TUTORS	
Tutor, Care The Seven Arts	vii

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The Philip Goodman Company, Publishers of "Bottoms Up," by George Jean Nathan, inserted a quarter-page advertisement in the June issue of The Seven Arts. "Bottoms Up" was the Goodman Company's first book; both it and the company itself were practically unknown to either the trade or to the book-buying public.

Yet The Seven Arts brought these results.

June 21, 1917
New York City.

The Seven Arts Publishing Co.,
132 Madison Ave.,
New York City.

Gentlemen:—

I am sure you will be interested to know that our advertisement in The Seven Arts has brought us the most gratifying results. It just so happened that your publication carrying the ad in question appeared before any other publication, and with electric effect we heard from book stores all over the country.

Whether or not this was the result of a consumer demand we cannot say, but nevertheless The Seven Arts' dollars-and-cents value was made clear by the fact that those very inquiries came in before any other publication carried the advertisement.

Sincerely,
The Philip Goodman Co.
(Signed) Howard Deiz

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