

which superposes a symbolic beauty on the realities of line, form and color, will yield alone the highest beauty possible to the nude of today, as it offers a continual motive for emotions and dreams. A fugitive gesture of suppressed energy, a moment of muscular lassitude, a physical memory, an indefinable twist or shift of limb or torso, suggestive of some frail desire, thrill of abandon or forgetfulness—expressed in some calm attitude emphasizing the most perfect part of the model's body—will be sufficient for the human form to offer all its beauty. The play of light on a spinal column, or some shapely flank which seems to throb, may make us forget in its mute eloquence even the poesy and memories of the past.

Our salvation lies in the quest of those fragments of the ideal human type that nature scatters here and there among the multitude of mediocre and defective forms by which the race perpetuates itself. To assail the enigma of the human body and to discover all the uncreated movements that are hidden in its shrine—that is the goal that looms afar in the fantasies of the modern artist's soul.

S. H.

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#### DE ZAYAS

A STRANGE little play entitled "Up and Down Fifth Avenue" has been enacted in the Little Galleries during the vernal season. It was a drama of New York life which strictly adhered to the conventions of time and place, as it had only one solitary scene and all of its immense cast of two hundred and fifty characters was continually on the stage.

It was the second time that the muse of Montmartre made her bow before a New York audience. The first occasion was that memorable night when Yvette Guilbert, long before she deteriorated into an ordinary music hall singer, introduced to us the gestures and the song of songs of vice, and the code of the Paris slums. After that a long silence ensued;—a sad reflection on our strenuous materialism, which forces our mind to subsist on provincial isolation. And now De Zayas!—with his cutting annotations on society and its more or less notorious representatives. In the harmless form of a puppet show, he unrolls a whole epopee, every page a human life told in a swift and summary way, a protest against the smug and equalitarian organization of life, against the monstrous stupidity of conventions, parades and badges, and the hypocrisy of morals—a wonderful synthesis of the grandeur and shame of the large city.

"What an amusing show! Exceedingly clever. But what does it all mean?" This was the general consensus of opinion of the people who filed in and out of the room. It is the critical and sceptical attitude—the only one!—that the average art lover assumes, to hide his lack of discrimination.

The ordinary caricature never reaches beyond clumsy auscultation and ordinary records of distortion. No wonder the public was irritated at the artist's irony, his fancy for bitter mystification, his savage style at once correct and individual, and his rather impudent, reckless and at times brutally inconsiderate attitude. The De Zayas method goes to the root of the matter. It recaptured for the caricaturist the royal right, that also he may create.

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