

ON EXHIBITION FROM MONDAY, MARCH NINTH  
TO SATURDAY, MARCH TWENTY-EIGHTH, 1925  
[OPEN WEEK-DAYS 9-6, SUNDAYS 2-5 P. M.]

# ALFRED STIEGLITZ

PRESENTS

## SEVEN AMERICANS

159 PAINTINGS PHOTOGRAPHS & THINGS  
RECENT & NEVER BEFORE PUBLICLY SHOWN

BY

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THE ANDERSON GALLERIES

[MITCHELL KENNERLEY, PRESIDENT]

489 PARK AVENUE AT FIFTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK

## A WAY TO LOOK AT THINGS

We have not yet made shoes that fit like sand  
Nor clothes that fit like water  
Nor thoughts that fit like air.  
There is much to be done—  
Works of nature are abstract.  
They do not lean on other things for meanings.  
The sea-gull is not like the sea  
Nor the sun like the moon.  
The sun draws water from the sea.  
The clouds are not like either one—  
They do not keep one form forever.  
That the mountainside looks like a face is accidental.

ARTHUR G. DOVE

## THROUGH THE EYES OF A EUROPEAN SCULPTOR

Do these American artists ask too much of the public?

I was still feeling this question when I left Room 303, where I had just been confronted with these pictures for the first time. They must bewilder, I felt, even one whom the galleries of Europe and the intimate contact with the battle of the arts had ceased to startle. Was the Old World no longer the center?

Absorbed in these reflections I had made the mechanical movements which accompany one to a seat in the subway.

Suddenly I noticed a Chinaman sitting opposite myself, serene and solemn, deeply meditating, like a personification of Buddha himself.

Far East! Sublime spirituality!

But—his jade-like hands were holding the Wall Street Journal, and he chewed gum . . .

Was this "Americanization"? Was it true that every nationality, every profession in this country yields to the money-making business spirit with the hope for quick "prosperity"?

It seemed to me that I had just discovered the contrary—at least in the work of a few artists. Most of the pictures in Room 303 are—to me—*essentially American* in more than the geographical sense.

But what *is* essentially American?

The skyscrapers, Jack Dempsey, the Five-and-Ten-Cent Stores, Buffalo Bill, baseball, Henry Ford, and perhaps even Wall Street? These form the European conception: symbols of ingenuity, action, business, adventure, exploiting discovery.

I see these Seven Americans using many of these and other symbols to build universal reality out of the "reality" which my Subway-Buddha had so intensely acquired. In this work nothing has been "American-

ized". Everything *is* American, even where subtle susceptibility to the finest achievements of Europe may be felt. They belong to the New World, to the world of to-day. They belong to no "School". They fit no "ism". Their daring self-consciousness forms their harmony.

European artists in their attempt to create an art of to-day meet the obstacle of cultural traditions of centuries in their blood. Visible traces of Julius Cæsar's campaigns stand in the middle of Paris, at the Rhine, and even in England. No escape for the European from the ruins of History!

Must not *America*, the country without Roman ruins, the country of keenest progress in mechanical technic and invention, the continent where the spirits of all peoples meet freely, offer just the atmosphere essential for the creation of *an art of to-day*?

Is America's to-day not already to-morrow? Aren't the evening papers out at 10 o'clock in the morning, and the next day's morning papers out the night before? Where on earth is there a second city like New York, offering to the artist's sensibility every vibration of his period?

Here in "Americanized" New York is the rhythm of to-day, mirrored in jazz. Machinery has changed our life in a way which is more than merely practical or economic.

Leonardo and Phidias and Richard Wagner are still "modern", that is, universal, and therefore they will be understood as long as humanity lives. They gave full expression to the spirit of *their period* and lived in a profoundly human contact with the "topics of the day".

The same tremendous responsibility of facing the significant problems of *his period* confronts the artist of to-day. And if he is able to express his reactions in universal language—

*Then his "Broadway at Night" will be just as eternal as the frieze of the Parthenon.*

But that demands self-denial, loneliness, risking his existence. That is why there are so few explorers.

There are pictures in this exhibition which, in spite of their being "contemporary", could have been made 2,000 years ago or 5,000 years from to-day—because they are animated and dictated by the ever flowing sources of life itself.

These Seven Americans are explorers. They leave the traditional ruins to the archæologist.

I believe their creative self-discovery means nothing less than the discovery of America's independent rôle in the History of Art.

ARNOLD RÖNNEBECK