

From a friend.

April 12, 1917.

Dear Blind Man:—

Fine for you!

You are, I hope, to be an instrument for the accomplishment of an important and much-needed work in America; namely, the fostering and encouragement of a truly native art. An art which will be at once the result of a highly vitalized age, of a restless artistic spirit, and of a sudden realization,—on the part of our artists—of America's high destiny in the future of the world. Such an art must very closely embody the spirit of our time, however morbid, however hurried, however disorganized, however nerve-racking that time may be.

A bas,—you should say—with any and every school of art that represents another day, another spirit, another time. No art can live that is not an integral part of its time. Put Botticelli in a studio on Fifth Avenue; put Corot in a garret in Washington Square; put Fragonard in a barn in Harlem, and their work would be worthless, sterile, of no lasting purpose, or power

of evocation; because it would fail absolutely to symbolize and synthesize the spirit of our age. Their work would merely be something promoted, not by our life, not by the vitalized forces of our time, but something promoted only by the flat, dead and profitless spirit of a bygone time.

So, if you can help to stimulate and develop an American art which shall truly represent our age, even if the age is one of telephones, submarines, aeroplanes, cabarets, cocktails, taxicabs, divorce courts, wars, tangos, dollar signs; or one of desperate strivings after new sensations and experiences, you will have done well. The future dwellers upon earth will then be able to look back to our day, and, with truth and conviction say: "Yes, they had an art, back in New York, in the days following the Great War, an art that was a vitalized part of their life; that mirrored accurately their time, with all of its complexities, graces, horrors, pleasures, agonies, uncertainties and blessings."

Admiringly yours,

FRANK CROWNINSHIELD.

MEDUSA

Sinister right—dexter left—superior hypocrisy
 Spirits without light and Don Quixotes
 Arts starboard, red and green port
 without vessel.
 Why change men into animal foeti.
 My tongue becomes a road of snow
 Circles are formed around me
 In bath robe
 Exterior events
 Napoleon
 Modern ideas
 Profound artists reunited in canon
 who deceive
 Artists of speech
 Who have only one hole for mouth and anus
 I am the lover of the world
 The lover of unknown persons
 I am looking for a Sun.

F. PICABIA.
 April, 1917.