

A stylized illustration on the left side of the cover. It features a woman's face in profile, with her eye looking towards the right. The face is rendered in a light orange color against a dark blue background. Below the eye, the top of the Chrysler Building is visible, also in a light orange color. The building's spire and Art Deco architectural details are clearly depicted.

BOHEMIANS

BOOTLEGGERS

FLAPPERS

& SWELLS

THE BEST OF EARLY

VANITY FAIR

“Mr. Carter . . . introduces readers to his predecessor . . . and the incredible cast of writers he assembled.”

—*The New York Times*

EDITED BY

GRAYDON CARTER

WITH DAVID FRIEND

Praise for *Bohemians, Bootleggers, Flappers & Swells*

“The pieces here reflect the upheaval of the Jazz Age, but also show a canny skepticism about whether modern life was truly unprecedented. . . . The best pieces—Dorothy Parker on the men she didn’t marry, Ford Madox Ford on expat artists in Paris—are at once of their moment and timeless.”

—*The New York Times*

“*In Bohemians, Bootleggers, Flappers & Swells: The Best of Early Vanity Fair*, Mr. Carter, the magazine’s current editor, introduces readers to his predecessor Frank Crowninshield, and the incredible cast of writers he assembled. . . . Enduring essays.”

—*The New York Times*

“*Bohemians* collects some of the more interesting and unusual pieces from *Vanity Fair*’s dawn through 1936. . . . The fun comes from the variety. . . . Some of the pieces are impressively prescient.”

—*Associated Press*

“What more confidently gracious or more authoritative a tribute could there be than such a celebration and invitation to explore what is in these pages? There is so much to savor.”

—*The Washington Times*

“As these few sips of *Bohemians, Bootleggers, Flappers & Swells*—an ‘inebriating swig from that great cocktail shaker of the Roaring Twenties, the Jazz Age, and the age of Gatsby’—suggest, the book makes for an excellent nightcap.”

—*Minneapolis Star Tribune*

“You’ll find some of the best poetry and prose of *Vanity Fair*’s first incarnation in this wildly stellar anthology of essays, interviews, poems, journalism and whatnot (lots of whatnot) from the ‘Bible of the Smart Set’ 1913–1936.”

—*Buffalo News*

“So much fun.”

—*Brian Lehrer, WNYC Radio*

“A remarkable range to the pieces . . . Whether read from cover to cover or dipped into occasionally, this collection serves as a fine primer to one magazine’s contribution to a golden age of American magazine writing.”

—*Kirkus Reviews*

“Reading this compilation of writings published in *Vanity Fair* from the 1910s, 1920s, and 1930s is like sampling a box of chocolates on Valentine’s Day: a delicious confection of satire, poetry, biographical sketches, humorous pieces, and thought-provoking commentary.”

—*Library Journal*

“These delightful period pieces reflecting the social mores of their time hold up in their innovation, style, and concern about modern life nearly a century later.”

—*Bookli*

PENGUIN BOOKS

BOHEMIANS, BOOTLEGGERS, FLAPPERS & SWELLS

Graydon Carter is the editor of *Vanity Fair*. The American edition of *Vanity Fair* was launched by the publisher Condé Nast in 1913. Under the stewardship of editor Frank Crowninshield, who assigned most of the pieces in this volume, the magazine was a literary and visual treasure of the Jazz Age and featured an incomparable slate of writers through 1936, when it was folded into *Vogue* as a casualty of the Great Depression. *Vanity Fair* was revived in 1983. Carter has been its editor since 1992.

David Friend, a writer, editor, producer, curator, and formerly *Life* magazine's director of photography, is *Vanity Fair*'s editor of creative development.

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**BOHEMIANS,
BOOTLEGGERS,
FLAPPERS,
AND SWELLS**

THE BEST OF EARLY *VANITY FAIR*

INTRODUCTION BY **GRAYDON CARTER**

EDITED BY
GRAYDON CARTER
WITH **DAVID FRIEND**

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VANITY FAIR



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1927
★

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To the reader: For historical accuracy, these articles, stories, and poems retain the spellings and punctuation that appeared at the time of their initial publication in *Vanity Fair*.

VANITY FAIR AND THE BIRTH OF THE NEW

GRAYDON CARTER

When the dreariness, the madness, and, oh, the sheer tackiness of modern life get to you, isn't it tempting to imagine a different life in a different place and period? The places and periods I go to in my mind—and I have no rational explanation for this—are invariably set in big cities in the last century: San Francisco in the sixties, Paris in the fifties, London between the wars, Los Angeles in the thirties. And for the purposes of this introduction: the New York of the twenties. New York back those days was the fizzy incubator of the Jazz Age and the Roaring Twenties. It was the big room: Jimmy Walker was mayor; Wall Street and bootlegging were booming; jazz, modern art, and talkies were the rage; everyone—from statesmen to sandhogs—was trying to get their head around the latest theories of Freud and Einstein; and the bible for the smart set was *Vanity Fair*.

It was *the* modern magazine during that early incarnation, from 1913 to 1936. And everybody, but everybody, wrote for it, including, in no particular order, P. G. Wodehouse, Alexander Woollcott, F. Scott Fitzgerald, T. S. Eliot, e. e. cummings, Noël Coward, Gertrude Stein, A. A. Milne, Stephen Leacock, Thomas Mann, Djuna Barnes, Bertrand Russell, Aldous Huxley, Langston Hughes, Sherwood Anderson, Walter Lippmann, Carl Sandburg, Theodore Dreiser, Colette, John Maynard Keynes, Ford Madox Ford, Clarence Darrow, Janet Flanner, Paul Gallico, Dalton Trumbo, William Saroyan, Thomas Wolfe, Walter Winchell, and Douglas Fairbanks (both Sr. and Jr.).

They were drawn to *Vanity Fair* by a decent word rate and by the magazine's editor, Frank Crowninshield. He was known as Crownie to his intimates, who recognized him for his skills as a cultural clairvoyant and a taste maker. He helped launch the seminal Armory Show in 1913, which introduced avant-garde painting to America, and was a founding trustee of the Museum of Modern Art. He would also play a significant role in the birth of what came to be known as café society, cohosting small get-togethers with Condé Nast, the publisher of *Vanity Fair* and *Vogue*. Their parties brought together the era's brightest minds, talents, and wits, and were staged at the thirty-room penthouse apartment at 1040 Park Avenue that Crowninshield and Nast shared. (Same-sex domesticity was not uncommon back then.)

...

For twenty-two roller-coaster years, Crowninshield reveled in his singular cultural perch atop the masthead of what became the quintessential Jazz Age magazine. His *Vanity Fair* brimmed with groundbreaking photography and bold illustration and design. But just as important—in ample evidence here—were its sparkling essays, commentary, profiles, poetry, and fiction from many of the most forward-thinking writers of the day. Some contributors were public intellectuals (Huxley, Russell, H. L. Mencken). Others were experts in what was then experimental art and music (Clive Bell, Roger Fry, Gertrude Stein, George Jean Nathan, Virgil Thompson, Tristan Tzara, Carl Van Vechten, Erik Satie, and Jean Cocteau). Still others, such as Fitzgerald, Anita Loos, John Emerson,

and Donald Ogden Stewart, would go west to seek their fortune in the movie trade.

The offices of the magazine in those days—first on fabled West Forty-fourth Street and later in the new Graybar Building, adjacent to Grand Central Terminal—reflected its editor’s eclectic tastes. Crowninshield, who had a soft spot for sleight of hand, kept a deck of cards ready for the amusement of staffers or for guests who would often pop in—Harry Houdini, say, or Charlie Chaplin. Editorial lunches with his three rising staff members, Dorothy Parker, Robert Benchley, and Robert Sherwood, consisted of eggs Benedict, kippered herring, chocolate éclairs, and *café spécial*.

According to Condé Nast’s biographer Caroline Seebohm, Crownie would run the office “with the greatest informality. Actresses, models, photographers, and writers were always milling about in the reception room, under the impression that he had invited them to a personal interview. (He often had.)” On many Saturday nights, Crowninshield could be found gambling in the basement of a brownstone on East Thirty-seventh Street, where friends like Woollcott would place wagers on tiny mechanical horses that would zip around a tabletop racetrack, the random victor determined by what they called a “chance machine.”

• • •

Crowninshield both sought and attracted excellence. The senior editors who would pass through *Vanity Fair*’s doors were a storied lot: not only Parker, Benchley, and Sherwood, but also Edmund Wilson, Edna St. Vincent Millay, and Clare Boothe Brokaw, a brash, young dynamo who would eventually sleep her way through much of the masthead. (She also wrote the play *The Women*, married Henry Luce, and became a congresswoman and a U.S. ambassador to Italy.)

The magazine regularly predicted which cultural forces would leave a lasting mark. (To that end, recommend the stories in this volume on Picasso, Chaplin, James Joyce, W. Somerset Maugham, Joan Crawford, Cole Porter, and Babe Ruth.) They took the pulse of the period—in real time—with an unrivaled sense of taste. The writing in *Vanity Fair* pushed boundaries with its muscular and often experimental prose. In examining the daunting shape of things to come, the magazine’s writers wrote about men’s rites and women’s rights, the intrusive media and exclusive bastions of the well-to-do. They questioned our destructive fascination with the entertainment industry and our addiction to organized sports. They used satire to criticize ostentation, Prohibition, marital duplicity, and the grinding new “publicity machine.” Social historian Cleveland Amory would later observe that the magazine was “as accurate a social barometer of its time as exists.” The finest pieces in the Jazz Age *Vanity Fair*, seventy-two of which are collected here, focus more often than not on how Americans, especially New Yorkers, in confronting the Machine Age, radical art, urbanization, Communism, Fascism, globalization (epitomized by a World War), and the battle of the sexes, were coping with the growing pains of a new phenomenon: *modern* life.

1910s

THE PHYSICAL CULTURE PERIL

P. G. WODEHOUSE

FROM MAY 1914

Physical culture is in the air just now. Where, a few years ago, the average man sprang from bed to bath and from bath to breakfast-table, he now postpones his onslaught on the boiled egg for a matter of fifteen minutes. These fifteen minutes he devotes to a series of bendings and stretchings which in the course of time are guaranteed to turn him into a demi-god. The advertisement pages of the magazines are congested with portraits of stern-looking, semi-nude individuals with bulging muscles and fifty-inch chests, who urge the reader to write to them for an illustrated booklet. Weedy persons, hitherto in the Chippendale class, are developing all sort of unsuspected thews, and the moderately muscular citizen (provided he has written for and obtained the small illustrated booklet) begins to have grave doubts as to whether he will be able, if he goes on at this rate, to get the sleeves of his overcoat over his biceps.

To the superficial thinker this is all very splendid. The vapid and irreflective observer looks with approval on the growing band of village blacksmiths in our midst. But you and I, reader, shake our heads. We are uneasy. We go deeper into the matter, and we are not happy in our minds. We realize that all this physical improvement must have its effect on the soul.

• • •

A man who does anything regularly is practically certain to become a bore. Man is by nature so irregular that, if he takes a cold bath every day or keeps a diary every day or does physical exercises every day, he is sure to be too proud of himself to keep quiet about it. He cannot help gloating over the weaker vessels who turn on the hot tap, forget to enter anything after January the fifth, and shirk the matutinal development of their sinews. He will drag the subject into any conversation in which he happens to be engaged. And especially is this so as regards physical culture.

The monotony of doing these exercises every morning is so appalling that it is practically an impossibility not to boast of having gone through with them. Many a man who has been completely reticent on the topic of his business successes and his social achievements has become a mere babble after completing a month of physical culture without missing a day. It is the same spirit which led Vikings in the old days to burst into song when they had succeeded in cleaving some tough foeman to the chine.

• • •

Again, it is alleged by scientists that it is impossible for the physical culturist to keep himself from becoming hearty, especially at breakfast, in other words a pest. Take my own case. Once upon a time I was the most delightful person you ever met. I would totter in to breakfast of a morning with dull eyes, and sink wearily into a chair. There I would remain, silent and consequently inoffensive, the model breakfaster. No lively conversation from me. No quips. No cranks. No speeches beginning "I see by the paper that . . ." Nothing but silence, a soggy, soothing silence. If I wanted anything, I pointed. If spoken to, I grunted. You had to look at me to be sure that I was there. Those were the days when my nickname in the home was Little Sunshine.

Then one day some officious friend, who would not leave well alone, suggested that I should start those exercises which you see advertised everywhere. I weakly consented. I wrote for the small illustrated booklet. And now I am a different man. Little by little I have become just like that offensive young man you see in the advertisements of the give-you-new-life kind of medicines—the young man who stands by the bedside of his sleepy friend, and says, "What! Still in bed, old man! Why, I have been out with the hounds a good two hours. Nothing tires me since I tried Peabody and Finklestein's Liquid Radium." At breakfast I am hearty and talkative. Throughout the day I breeze about with my chest expanded, a nuisance to all whom I encounter. I slap backs. My handshake is like the bite of a horse.

• • •

Naturally, this has lost me a great many friends. But far worse has been the effect on my moral fiber. Before, I was modest. Now, I despise practically everybody except professional pugilists. I meet some great philosopher, and, instead of looking with reverence at his nobby forehead, I merely feel that, if he tried to touch his toes thirty times without bending his knees, he would be in the hospital for a week. An eminent divine is to me simply a man who would have a pretty thin time if he tried to lie on his back and wave his legs fifteen times in the air without stopping. . . .

There is another danger. I heard, or read, somewhere of a mild and inoffensive man to whom Nature, in her blind way, had given a wonderful right-hand punch. Whenever he got into an argument he could not help feeling that there the punch was and it would be a pity to waste it. The knowledge that he possessed that superb hay-maker was a perpetual menace to him. He went through life a haunted man. Am I to become like him? Already, after doing these exercises for a few weeks, I have a waist-line of the consistency of fairly stale bread. In time it must infallibly become like iron. There is a rudimentary muscle growing behind my right shoulder-blade. It looks like an orange and is getting larger every day. About this time next year, I shall be a sort of human bomb. I will do my very best to control myself, but suppose a momentary irritation gets the better of me and I let myself go! It does not bear thinking of.

• • •

Brooding tensely over this state of things, I have, I think, hit on a remedy. What is required is a system of spiritual exercises which shall methodically develop the soul so that it keeps pace with the muscles and the self-esteem.

Let us say that you open with that exercise where you put your feet under the chest of drawers and sit up suddenly. Well, under my new system, instead of thinking of the effect of this maneuver on the

abdominal muscles, you concentrate your mind on some such formula as, "I must remember that I have not yet subscribed to the model farm for tuberculous cows."

Having completed this exercise, you stand erect and swing the arms from left to right and from right to left without moving the lower half of the body. As you do this, say to yourself, "This, I know is where I get the steel-and-indiarubber results on my deltoids, but I must not forget that there are hundreds of men whose confining work in the sweat shops has entirely deprived them of opportunities to contract eugenic marriages."

This treatment, you will find, induces a humble frame of mind admirably calculated to counterbalance the sinful pride engendered by your physical exercises.

Space forbids a complete list of these spiritual culture exercises, but I am now preparing a small illustrated booklet, particulars of which will be found in the advertising pages. An accompanying portrait shows me standing with my hands behind my head and with large, vulgar muscles standing out all over me. But there is a vast difference, which you will discover when you look at my face. I am not wearing the offensively preoccupied expression of most physical-culture advertisements. You will notice a rapt, seraphic expression in the eyes and a soft and spiritual suggestion of humility about the mouth.

AUGUST STRINDBERG

GEORG BRANDES

FROM OCTOBER 1914

Strindberg was the most brilliant author of modern Sweden, and one of the most gifted I have ever known. Ibsen, in speaking of him, once said: "Here is a greater man than I."

But Strindberg was a wholly abnormal type, mentally. A man so eccentric that, except for his masterly writings, I should have called him insane.

But let me begin by saying a word as to his physical appearance! His strongly modeled forehead clashed strangely with the vulgarity of his lower features. The forehead reminded one of Jupiter's; the mouth and chin of a Stockholm street urchin. He looked as though he sprang from irreconcilable races. The upper part of his face was that of the mental aristocrat,—the lower belonged to "the servant girl's son," as he called himself in his autobiography.

During a long acquaintance with him I was fortunate in being able to agree with him on fundamental principles and to find that minor differences of opinion never irritated him against me, nor caused the slightest break between us.

It was my fate to be present at many crucial moments in Strindberg's mental life. More than once I have seen him on the turn-rail, as it were, which changed the entire direction of his spiritual and mental locomotive. And each time I have been able to remark how deep and sincere were his changes, even if they contained a trace of the theatrical in their outward expressions.

• • •

I saw Strindberg for the first time during a short stay which he made in Denmark. I remember his first visit to me very clearly, because he made several rather odd remarks to me. After the usual greetings had been exchanged I asked him if he had any friends or relatives in the little town of Roskilde, for I had seen by the papers that he had spent a good deal of time there.

"Indeed not," he replied. "I visited Roskilde on account of the Bistrup Insane Asylum, which, as you know, is located there. I wanted the director to give me a certificate as to my sanity. I have an idea my relatives are plotting to trap me."

"And what did the doctor say?" I asked.

"He said he could not give me a certificate off hand, but that he undoubtedly could do so if I would remain there under observation for a few weeks."

I then realized that I was dealing with an original temperament. Strindberg continued:

"I suppose you know that my tragic and ridiculous marriage has been broken off?"

"I did not even know you were married," I replied. "I am thoroughly familiar with your books, but

I know nothing whatever of your private life.”

Let me explain that Strindberg's hatred of women amounted almost to a monomania. Many critics have attributed his violent antipathy to them—an obsession which colored all of his work—to his first marriage, which, as is well known, was most unhappy. But, like many women haters—Schopenhauer merely to quote an example—Strindberg was always under some strong feminine influence.

At about this time he asked me to direct the rehearsals of his play “*The Father*” at the Casino Theatre in Copenhagen. A few days later, as I was trying to explain the play to the actors, who were used to plays dealing with more frivolous subjects, Strindberg tapped me on the shoulder and said:

“Listen! Is 1500 kr. too much to pay here for an apartment of six rooms and a kitchen?”

“But why in the world do you want six rooms, you, a single man!”

“I am not single! I have a wife and three children with me.”

“You must excuse me, but did you not say the other day that your marriage had been broken off?”

“In a measure, yes! I sent Madame Strindberg away as my wife, but I have retained her as my mistress.”

“Excuse me, but such a thing is impossible. By all the laws of this country under such circumstances, she immediately becomes your wife again. You may safely embark on such a venture with any other woman in the world but not with your wife.”

• • •

One November night in the year 1896, I witnessed a crisis in Strindberg's life. I had been out, and found his card on my desk as I returned. He was passing through Copenhagen, he had written, and did not wish to leave the city without seeing me. And he asked me to meet him in some quiet place, as he had brought no good clothes with him.

From this note I gathered that he must have grown more peculiar than ever. When I reached his hotel I learned that he had already gone to bed.

“He sent for me himself,” I said.

The door of his room was open. He was in bed, fast asleep. As I touched him on the shoulder he awoke and said:

“I took a sleeping powder. I felt sure you wouldn't come.”

But he got up and dressed himself quickly, and it turned out that he was much better dressed than I. While dressing, he said:

“Did you know that my existence was predicted, long ago, by Balzac?”

“Where?”

“In ‘*Seraphitus-Seraphita*.’” He searched for the book in his valise, opened it and pointed to the words: ‘Once again the light shall come the North.’ “There! you see, Balzac refers to me.”

I said, to tease him a little: “How do you know Balzac didn't allude to Ibsen?”

“Oh, no, he meant *me*, there isn't a doubt about it.”

Balzac's book had made a strong impression on him on account of its touches of Swedenborgianism.

We went to a restaurant and ordered some wine. Strindberg grew excited as he talked.

“You're out of touch with the reigning intellectual movements,” he said. “We're living in an age of occultism. Occultists rule the life and literature of our day. Everything else is out of date.”

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He spoke with much admiration of the newer occultists and with real reverence of Joseph Pellada who, at the time, still called himself Sar and Mage. He also spoke of the Marquis of Guita, about whom his friend Maurice Barres had written a book. I told him that I had been following with interest the discussion between Huysmans and Guita. Huysmans—then living in Lyons—accused Guita—residing in Paris—of having willed him acute pains in the chest by means of black magic. Guita retorted that he dealt with white magic only, not black, and described his proceedings. To this Huysmans replied that he had seen the ingredients of black magic in a closet in Guita's home.

This remark excited Strindberg violently. "Is it possible," he asked, "that Huysmans had the same experience as I? I've been suffering, too, from a pain in the chest which a man in Stockholm caused me during my stay in Paris."

"Who was he?"

"My one time benefactor, who tried to punish me for my recent ingratitude."

Then, without transition: "You have an enemy. A newspaper enemy. I want to do something for you. Let me kill your enemy."

"You're very kind. But I should prefer not."

"But no one would know about it."

"So all criminals think. Besides, don't you feel it would be rather unjust to kill a man on account of an unkind newspaper article?"

"Well, let's not kill him. We'll simply blind him."

"I still have my doubts. However, how would you go about it?"

"If you will give me the man's photograph, I will, with my magic, blind him by driving a needle through his eyes."

"In that case, you could easily deprive me of my eyesight, too, if you wished?"

"Hardly. It must be done with hatred."

"Granted, but if a man who hates me tears my picture into pieces, will I fall to the ground in bleeding bits?"

This remark seemed to put him out, and he did not answer me.

He continued, however, to explain in detail the intricacies of magic—black and white—and he dwelt particularly on the evils of black magic when exercised by criminal hands.

The restaurant closed, and we began to walk up and down along the water-front.

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At one time Strindberg was greatly interested in alchemy. He even claimed to have obtained gold in small quantities.

He once gave me a copy of his book, "Inferno." All through it there runs the mortal fear of persecution. The book shows that he felt that a special interest attached to his every movement, and that supernatural powers were forever busied with him, now warning him, now punishing him, now guiding him and never allowing him to get out of their reach. In Paris, for instance, he felt this distinctly. Strindberg lived in constant fear of being murdered by a Polish writer for having loved the latter's wife before she met her husband. A Norwegian artist—a friend of the Pole—met Strindberg, and, probably in order to play a joke on him, told him that the dreaded man was expected in Paris.

"Is he coming to kill me?" asked Strindberg.

"Of course. Be on your guard."

Strindberg wished, however, more details, and decided to look the artist up, but he dared not approach the house. ~~A few days later he screwed up his courage and went to call on him. At the door he saw a little girl on the doorstep. In her hand she held a playing card. It was the ten of spades.~~

“The ten of spades,” he shouted. “There is foul play in this house,” he muttered, and hastily left the place.

In “Inferno” Strindberg thought that he had finally found the explanation of many of the mysteries of Swedenborg’s spirit world. The book closes with Strindberg’s longing to seek solace in the Catholic Church. Swedenborg had prejudiced him against Protestantism, explaining that it was treason against the Mother Church. The growth of the Catholic Church in America, England and Scandinavia seemed to him to prove the decisive triumph of Catholicism over Protestantism and the Greek Church. And he concludes the book by confessing that he has sought to be admitted to a Belgian monastery.

Later on, however, Strindberg publicly declared that he never wished to seek consolation in the Catholic Church.

THE WORLD'S NEW ART CENTRE

FREDERICK JAMES GREGG

FROM JANUARY 1915

New York is now, for the time being at least—the art capital of the world, that is to say, the commercial art centre, where paintings and sculptures are viewed, discussed and purchased and exchanged.

Many predictions had been made, from time to time, as to when this state of affairs would come about. For years the drift of “old masters” has been Westward. Dr. Bode of Berlin, and other experts, had talked about the danger represented by the American buyer as competitor, in the open market, with the public galleries of Europe, limited as the latter were by slender resources and the niggardliness of parliaments. The London National Gallery and the Louvre have envied and feared the mighty resources of our Metropolitan Museum, which enabled it, at any moment, to pounce on whatever might emerge from private ownership—whether it was a newly discovered Rembrandt or a hitherto unsuspected collection of Chinese porcelains. So, while England, or France, was appealing to the patriotic to subscribe in order that some treasure might be kept from making the Atlantic voyage, word would come suddenly that the worst had happened, and that the dreadful Americans had scored again, thanks to the Rogers bequest or the alertness of some private benefactor.

The Great War—which has affected everything and everybody—hastened what prophets regarded as inevitable. Paris, London, Berlin and Petrograd, having the grim necessity of national self-preservation to attend to, simply went out of business as far as “art” was concerned.

The young painters and sculptors, like the young men in the picture-shops, are with the Colors. The exhibitions are all off. Hundreds of studios are locked up, and the cafés where the quarrelsome geniuses took their meals, and their ease, are but sad and quiet resorts of the casual and careless sightseer.

...

This is where technically neutral New York arose to her opportunity. For a while everything was up in the air, like Wall Street. But through patience and perseverance the tangle was straightened out. So the six weeks' Matisse exhibition, planned to take place in the Montross Galleries in January, has become an assured fixture, and the set of exhibitions of the men of the younger French school at the Carroll Galleries will occur in the winter months just as if Europe, instead of being convulsed from one end to the other, were wrapped in profound peace. It is to be hoped that not many of the paintings will have to be hung with the customary purple.

New York will see, at the Matisse show, what the most discussed of all the Moderns regards as his

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