

MARIE LAURENCIN

She is shortsighted—nevertheless, no detail of life escapes her.

She is sentimental—yet, she has a very acute sense of irony and of the ridiculous.

She is bourgeoisie and respects social conventions but recognizes no other law than her fantasy.

She seems frail and defenseless, but her egotism, unceasingly active, makes her unattackable.

She has remained a playful and dangerous child even if her vision is clear and wise.

She gives herself, reveals herself, opens her life like a book but remains impregnable.

She loves richesse, elegance and luxury and is fond of the realities of order and economy.

She has been little influenced. Perhaps some English painters, whose aristocracy she loves, have left some traces in her work.—She does not recognize esthetic conventions.—She recreates the world to her image. She does not know but herself, does not represent but herself, and even when she copies she does not express but her own imagination.

In her work, she only loves the accomplished effort, being contemptuous of its artistic value. Though she does not attempt to go beyond the conventionalist of representation, her spirit shows all the comprehension of modern art. She invents according to her fantasy and makes her selections according to her profound

instinct for harmony and rhythm. To her gift of painting she adds her literary gift which is always felt in her work.—A drawing of hers, scarcely sketched often tells a long story.

She loves her femininity which she exalts and cultivates, finding in it her best sources for her inventiveness.

The seventeen drawings and watercolors exhibited at the Modern Gallery have the charm and subtlety which she always imparts to her work, but to me, three of those drawings especially reveal her personality: "The Little Mule" is an astonishing expression of her literary imagination and of her sense of protection.—The animal has a human expression, the troubled expression of her own eyes—the delicacy of its lines, the elegance of its details, preciously reproduced, evoke the mystical personage of a prince encased in the body of a beast.

"The Lady of the Palms" is an old fashion plate, its complicated architecture charmed her. Her fantasy, her sense of form and harmony transported the old fashion plate into a landscape of palms.

"The two Dancers," by the accuracy and sobriety of its traits, by its ensemble and proportions, give the sensation of a moving rhythm.

It would be odd to see Marie Laurencin in America.
GABRIELLE BUFFET.

The Supreme intense gluttony
To Cut my throat.
The utter lust to let
Red Blood roll down
The expectant upturned breasts
Or what better than
The smooth security of
Tightening rope
When mass obeying gravity
Forfeits Life?
Perhaps my head upon the sill
A window
Coming swiftly down
Would link my consciousness
With Queens.
Again a knife

In the grasp of that impenetrable
blank wall
I Falling
Might lend at last a line
To pure Monotony.
Have I courage to keep on
Beating out my Brains
When Regret should have entered
The First Fist?
To die with flowers? Too soft—
To burn in perfumed oil?
Too slow—
All forces that are not Mine—
I will, I will Hold my Breath—
.....
And Fell asleep
And Dreamed I drowned.

FRANCES SIMPSON STEVENS.

Let us droop our heads over each other like lilies
And our bodies remain long.

ALLEN NORTON