

available enough in Paris, but quality seemed more or less variable, while automobiles among the artists and established castles in the air were much in evidence.

Rudolph Levy has then, it seems to me, come to real light out of the period in which he was created. Meanwhile, du Dome is in reality no more. Merely the ghost remains. There are Levy, Fiori, Pascin, Purrmann, Moll, Wätjen, Alfred Maurer the American who was then the most conspicuous recruit from realistic Whistlerianism to the Matisse influence. There was also Patrick Bruce who went over from the Matisse side to the Delaunay idea of Orphisme, but neither of these men have been much heard of since the war. In and out of this Cafe du Dome, there have passed many other visions, perhaps the chief among them being Wilhelm Uhde who has done much toward introducing the French spirit into German cultivation. There was likewise Guillaume Appollinaire who has again created history in very conspicuous ways.

And up and down the boulevards both ways numberless stout ones strengthening the pavements themselves with their ideas and ambitions, such as Helena Bosnanska, Bourdelle, Brancusi, Picasso, and the hosts of others who I think never entered the cafes but formed a part of the great spectacle in front of them.

The Dome is dead, and with it André the waiter and friend of many famous people, has also passed leaving the memory of a gentle, kind, and certainly from the artist's point of view, a noble nature.

The Rotonde flourishes across the way with all its tourist pomp and theatrical grandeur. It has become what the Dome once was, and what every other cafe probably is, the refuge of many a lost wanderer in the region of dreams. Doubtless in the years to come it will have made its history, just as the little cafe next door has made itself famous with its exhibitions in protest against the recent turn the Salon des Independents has taken. History makes itself despite the will of the performers.

The age has meanwhile grown chic and smart, and thanks to the gentlemen cubists and the Beau Brummel prizefighters, cafes will take on a new shape, and a new phase of existence. When champions of the world take to monacles, and clover-leaf patterns in their lingerie, what may we expect of the newer cafe which entertains them, and when women take wearing to watches at the back of their necks at Lonchamps, who is to tell what new and fascinating form art may take?

So long as Dadaism is perfectly understood we need never long for novelty, for it is the one principle in art experience which makes room for the expansion of sensation, in spite even, of the dadaistes themselves.

In the meanwhile it is refreshing to see tradition take so good a turn as in the recent exhibition of Rudolph Levy.

Nevertheless, Cocteau has a bar, Cendrars has a cinema, and all one can say is, isn't the world amusing, or, in more or less recent American slang, "ain't we got fun". It is reasonable to expect life from art, when artists go in for life as they do these modern days.

But all I have wished to say is no more or less than to quote one, that one isolated ultra modern who has sat and stood and walked through this whole period, who has probably helped as much as anyone in the construction of it, and who has seen the rise and fall of every major and minor constellation in the great dark expansion of modern art, Gertrude Stein namely, as agreeable and true a statement as need be made about anything "the days are long, and the nights are long, and life is pleasant".

Marsden Hartley