

ADVENTURES IN THE ARTS

art by people who were supposed to know about it, merely to see how much this type of critical study could satisfy the really artistic mind somewhat conversant with true relations, and I have found these lectures of but the slightest value, *resumés* compounded of wearisome and inappropriate detail. There is always an extreme lack of true definition, of true information, there is always too much of the amateur spirit passing for popular knowledge among these individuals who might otherwise do so much to form public taste and appreciation. Thus we find that even the chatty Meier-Graefe stops without going any further than Cézanne. It is possible that after writing two very heavy volumes upon the development of modern art, he has to remain silent on modern art itself, that he really feels he is not qualified to speak upon Cézanne and his successors; or does he assume possibly that there is nothing this side of Cézanne? How many writer people are there who really do understand what has taken place since then?

I have heard these characteristic remarks among the so-called art writers who write the regular notices for the daily journals—"You see I really don't know anything about the subject, but I have to write!" or—"I don't know anything about art, but I am reading up on it as much as possible so that I won't appear too stupid; for they send me out and I have to write something." Their attitude is the same as if their subject were a fire or a murder: but