CATALOGUE

1. Lilac, Carnation, Tulip .......................... 1938
2. Bleeding Heart, I .................................. 1938
3. Bleeding Heart, II ................................. 1938
4. Geranium Leaves in Pink Dish .................. 1938
5. Katchina ........................................... 1938
6. From Ghost Ranch ................................ 1938
7. Purple Red Hill and Small Cloud ............... 1938
9. Red and Orange Hills ............................. 1938
10. The Cliff Chimneys ............................... 1938
11. Part of the Cliffs ................................ 1938
12. Purple Hills ....................................... 1938
13. Ram's Head, Blue Morning Glory .............. 1938
14. Dead Cedar Stump ............................... 1938
15. Red and Pink Rocks .............................. 1938
16. Red and Pink Rocks and Teeth .................. 1938
17. Dark Rocks ........................................ 1838
18. Deer Horns ....................................... 1938
19. A White Camelia .................................. 1938
20. A Pink Camelia .................................... 1938
21. Red Hill and White Shell ....................... 1938
22. Taos Pueblo ....................................... 1929 — 1934

GEORGIA O'KEEFFE

EXHIBITION OF OILS AND PASTELS
JANUARY 22 — MARCH 17, 1939.

AN AMERICAN PLACE
509 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Weekdays: 10 a.m. — 6 p.m., Sundays: 3 — 6 p.m.

GEORGIA O'KEEFFE

In 1916 Romain Rolland, the great French author of Jean-Christophe, wrote from warring Europe congratulating the founders of the Seven Arts, mouthpiece at that time for the group including such names as Van Wyck Brooks, Floyd Dell, Randolph Bourne, James Oppenheim, Amy Lowell, Waldo Frank and other leftists and liberals.

His article entitled “America and the Arts” translated by Waldo Frank expressed the following hopes: “My faith is great in the high destinies of America” — and went on to say — “In art also you are more fortunate than we. How much greater is your opportunity! You have been born of a soil that is neither encumbered nor shut in by past spiritual eclipses. Profit by this. Be free! Do not become slaves to foreign models. Your true model is within yourselves. Your approach to it must be the understanding of yourselves.

Above all dare to see yourselves; to penetrate within yourselves — and to your very depths. Dare to see true. And then whatever you find, dare to speak it out as you have found it. They — the people whose indifference to art oppresses you, are the Dumb. And since they cannot express themselves, they cannot know themselves. You must be their voice.”

Whether or not these fine hopes are being fulfilled in all of the arts in painting at least Georgia O'Keeffe has dared to see herself and herself in relation to America. And in so doing she has become a voice for the people.
That she is such a voice is proven by the huge following she has, a following that asserts itself spontaneously. Alfred Stieglitz who has sponsored her work for 22 years in the various galleries, "291," Intimate Gallery and at present "An American Place," has fought for recognition of O'Keeffe as he has for John Marin, Arthur G. Dove and others. But his fight in O'Keeffe's case has had mainly to do with official recognition. Public recognition was forthcoming immediately for O'Keeffe from the opening day of her first show in 1916. The "people" of Romain Rolland found in her work a mirror of their feelings and aspirations. For she makes no attempt to illustrate American events and scenes but rather sets down her own feelings as they are mirrored through simple objects, flowers, skulls, stones, feathers, barns and sometimes abstractions — anything that calls forth in her a feeling of "elevation" for want of a better word to describe a purely visual phenomenon. She knows that what she feels and expresses is close to many people and she speaks for these people with a confidence that by being simply herself she will satisfy them.

Written in 1938 — Not for publication.

WILLIAM EINSTEIN

ABOUT MYSELF

A flower is relatively small. Everyone has many associations with a flower—the idea of flowers. You put out your hand to touch the flower — lean forward to smell it — maybe touch it with your lips almost without thinking — or give it to someone to please them. Still — in a way — nobody sees a flower — really — it is so small — we haven't time — and to see takes time like to have a friend takes time. If I could paint the flower exactly as I see it no one would see what I see because I would paint it small like the flower is small.

So I said to myself — I'll paint what I see — what the flower is to me but I'll paint it big and they will be surprised into taking time to look at it — I will make even busy New Yorkers take time to see what I see of flowers.

Well — I made you take time to look at what I saw and when you took time to really notice my flower you hung all your own associations with flowers on my flower and you write about my flower as if I think and see what you think and see of the flower — and I don't.

Then when I paint a red hill, because a red hill has no particular association for you like the flower has, you say it is too bad that I don't always paint flowers. A flower touches almost everyone's heart. A red hill doesn't touch everyone's heart as it touches mine and I suppose there is no reason why it should. The red hill is a piece of the *bad lands where even the grass is gone. Bad lands roll away outside my door — hill after hill — red hills of apparently the same sort of earth that you mix with oil to make paint. All the earth colors of the painter's palette are out there in the many miles of bad lands. The light naples yellow through the ochres — orange and red and purple earth — even the soft earth greens. You have no associations with those hills — our waste land — I think our most beautiful country — You may not have seen it, so you want me always to paint flowers.

I fancy this all hasn't much to do with painting.

I have wanted to paint the desert and I haven't known how. I always think that I can not stay with it long enough. So I brought home the bleached bones as my symbols of the desert. To me they are as beautiful as anything I know. To me they are strangely more living than the animals walking around — hair, eyes and all with their tails switching. The bones seem to cut sharply to the center of something that is keenly alive on the desert even tho' it is vast and empty and untouchable — and knows no kindness with all its beauty.

January, 1939

GEORGIA O'KEEFFE

*Bad Lands refer to Ghost Ranch Country Near Abiquiu, New Mexico.