Paul Cezanne and the Cult for His Paintings

Works by Him in Two Exhibitions at Present in New York, and a Book About Him by a Fervent Supporter.

By ROYAL CORTISSOZ.

A portrait by Cézanne was once shown to Whistler. Said he: "If a child of ten were to draw like that upon his slate, his mother, if she were a good mother, would spank him for it." But M. Ambroise Vollard, the Parisian dealer who tells us the anecdote, is of quite another mind, and he, in similar circumstances, would probably frame the slate. He knew the painter well, bought as many of his works as he could get hold of, and made them the leading attraction of his gallery in the Rue Laffitte. Now, as a testimony to the faith that is in him and as a monument to his friend, he publishes himself "Paul Cezanne," a truly sumptuous folio, written with affectionate care and illustrated with the richest possible array of paintings and drawings, many of the former reproduced in photogravures or in color plates. Nor is M. Vollard by any means alone in his appreciation of this artist. Theodore Duret, who in his book on "Manet and the Impressionists" wrote the first full biographical sketch of Cézanne, upon which Vollard and all other commentators have since freely drawn, speaks of "the distinctive and isolated nature of his art," and credits him with at least one peculiarity "of a very high order of merit." Where, precisely, does the truth reside?

Inquiry on this subject is especially provoked at the present moment. At the Montross gallery there is an exhibition devoted entirely to Cezanne. It contains a group of seven oil paintings, illustrating the artist's dealings with portraiture, landscape and still life, and offers a much larger number of his water colors, casual studies from nature out of doors. At the Knoedler gallery, in a miscellaneous show of modern French pictures, there is a characteristic landscape by Cézanne and a figure subject more representative of him than anything of the sort in the rival collection. With these documents immediately at hand, we may appropriately sum up our impressions of a type whose productions have been made the object of a curiously factitious cult.

Independence Versus Discipline.

For a hero worshipper, M. Vollard is delightfully discreet. His idolatry appears between the lines rather than in the actual text of his narrative. The latter makes, indeed, a really charming introduction to the life of Cézanne, more particularly in its earlier stages. From M. Duret's book we have long known how fortunate were the circumstances of the artist, how the rich banker at Aix, who was his father, first frowned upon his ambitions, but soon encouraged them, sending him to Paris on an allowance, and how all his life Cézanne was in a position to please himself. But M. Vollard tells us more and incidentally paints a pretty picture [illegible] Cézanne getting his first lessons in drawing from an old Spanish monk, flinging himself with ardor upon classical studies at the Lycée, and, above all, giving himself up to the romantic dreams of youth.

Zola was his comrade in those golden days. Another was one Baptistin Baille, who appears to have been of a [illegible] turn of mind. He looked [illegible] profundities while the future author of "Nana" declaimed the poems of Musset, Hugo and Lamartine, and [illegible] advanced tremendous theories of art based on the masterpieces of Veronese, Rubens and Rembrandt. The young Cézanne's father, much bewildered and a little scandalized by all this, was hardly reconciled to it when the boy brought home a prize for drawing from the local Academy. "Enfant, enfant," he would go on murmuring, "[illegible] a l'avenir! On meurt avec du génie, et l'on mange avec de l'argent." [illegible] he relented after a despairing effort to force the lad into [illegible], and by the time he was twenty-two Cézanne's wish was realized. He joined Zola in Paris, entered himself as a student at the Académie Suisse in the Quai des Orfèvres in 1861 and thenceforth to the day of his death he was the happy painter, practising his profession with but trifling opposition of a parental nature.

He was of bourgeois origin and retained a bourgeois temperament. His strong likes and dislikes were generally expressed with a decisively Bohemian accent. An old painter, recalling him in his young manhood, describes him as wearing a red waistcoat à la Gautier—and always putting his hand in his pocket to pay for a friend's dinner. He was kindly, and, of course, a little coarse, a point to be inferred, by the way, as well from certain of his works as from his quoted speech. Rejecting the discipline of the schools in favor of his own hypothesis of the art of painting, he nevertheless frequented the Louvre and sat with a kind of haughty reverence at the feet of the old masters. Rubens is echoed, faintly, in his earlier works. In the course of his formative years he fell in with Courbet and emulated him. As the Impressionists came into view he attached himself to the group at the Café Guerbois and afterward at the Nouvelle Athènes, but seems to have rebelled against the dominating influence of Manet. We may note in passing his observation of Forain, "who knew even then how to indicate the fold in a garment," and whom he once discovered in the Louvre copying Chardin, a fragment of biography precious to the connoisseur of the great French draughtsman. Delacroix also touched his sympathies and encouraged in him, momentarily, a romantic impulse. He had all the time some of the traits of the average artist. He would have exhibited at the Salon if he could have obtained admission, but had to wait many a long year before he was let in. On the other hand, he was faithful to his inner convictions. He went on painting in his own way so long as he remained in Paris and was only confirmed in it when finally he withdrew to his native town and settled down as more or less of a recluse.

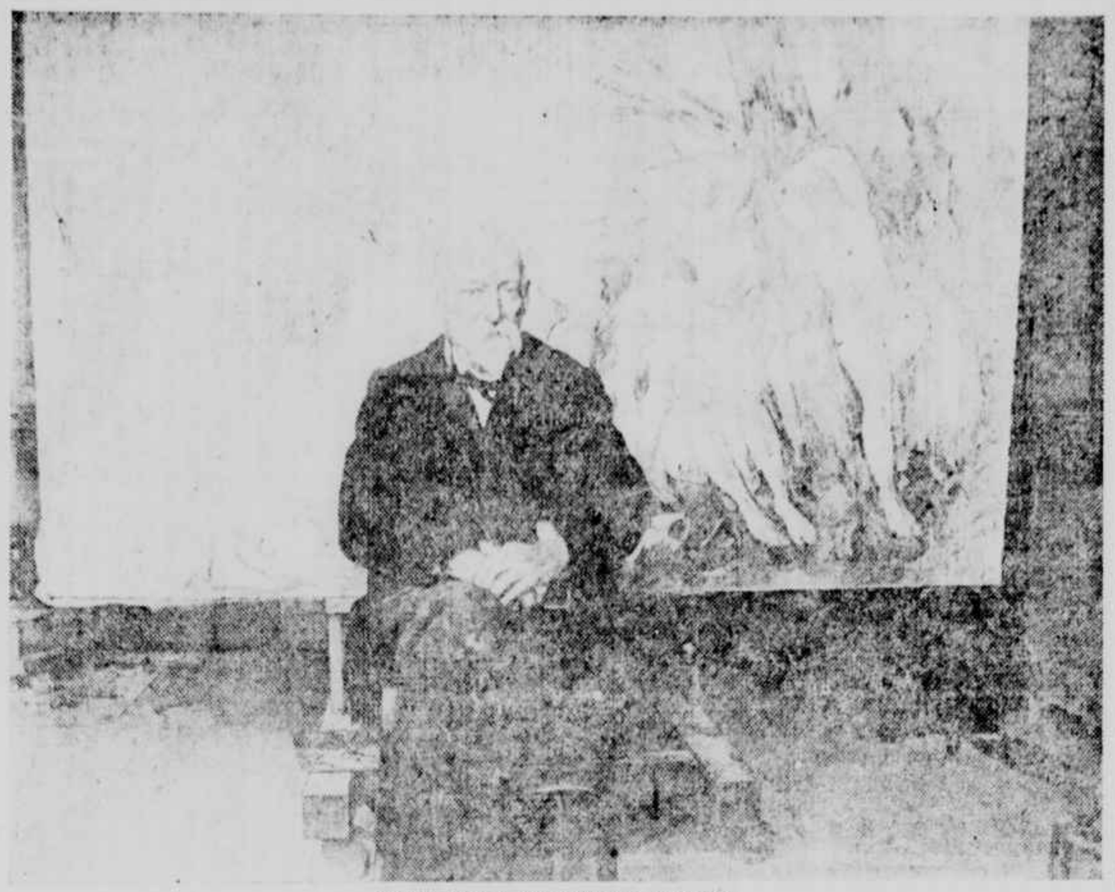
The career described by M. Vollard is honorable and not without a certain touching dignity. But that it should appear touching is an indication of the element of weakness even then threatening the ultimate fame of Cézanne. When on his arrival in Paris he unsuccessfully sought admission to the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, one of the examiners explained his failure by saying that he had the temperament of a colorist, but painted "with excess." He always painted with excess. M. Vollard cites the current opinion of the sixties on Cézanne's method. It was that he tackled a piece of white canvas with a pistol charged to the muzzle with all sorts of colors. Later he simplified his chromatic scheme. It is the claim of his partisans that he triumphs by virtue of his color. They say he is a master of values; that with a few tones of green, gray and red he achieves immortal things. But those things, we fear, lie altogether in the eye of the fond beholder. That individuality of which Cézanne thought so much possibly struggled along some definitely thought out lines toward the expression of a high ideal. Unfortunately the last successful phase of the struggle did not come off. Cézanne stayed what he was at the beginning, a painter wandering about in worlds unrealized, too imperfectly equipped to say what he had to say, if, indeed, that was worth saying.

There is a point bearing upon this question of intrinsic values which we must discuss briefly before turning from M. Vollard's book to the exhibitions mentioned above. The veteran John Sartain aptly remarked in a note to "The Times" the other day that the status of a work of art is determined by the choice spirits of the world, not by the Philistines. It is an unanswerable saying. No doubt it savors of a pharisaical superiority to those who stand by the good old democratic axiom that one man's opinion is as good as another's—but it happens to be true. Also, it is a truth equally applicable amongst artists themselves. They produce great art exactly in proportion to their inborn alliance with the choice spirits of the world. Was Cézanne thus allied to them? Neither M. Vollard nor Cézanne in his works can so persuade us for the fraction of a second. He was sincere, yes, and we know with what gusto that trait is elevated into an artistic virtue by the backers of a type like Cézanne. It may be, indeed, a virtue, but not in the sense that it is also an asset, a quality automatically productive of beauty. It is compatible, of course, with the production of stupid ugliness. If sincerity by itself were to make a work of art, then it would enable some inventor of perpetual motion to pull through. It is important, therefore, to recognize the fact that Cézanne's sincerity is beside the point. It does not keep him from being commonplace, mediocre, a third rate painter. If the reader finds these terms harsh, let him examine closely into the works by Cézanne accessible here at this time, let him look at them with an open mind and see what they have to offer to the eye and the imagination.

The best of them offer, to begin with, a fair enough approximation to the forms of things seen. The "Portrait of a Man" at the Montross gallery is an acceptable bit of ordinary realism. So is the landscape called "L'Estaque," in which the huddle of red roofs seen between trees against the gray background provided by the sea is handled with a mildly engaging sympathy. But what nonsense to pretend to discover in this picture the distinction, the beauty, which alone lift a piece of painting out of the ruck! And this is what we have to reckon, in the mass of Cézanne's work, as really nothing more than a deviation into something like success. As a rule he flounders. Far more characteristic is a picture like "The Francois Zola Dam," which we reproduce. Obsessed by some vague theory of no earthly interest to the spectator until it is justified by results he gropes among his ground forms and strives painfully to bring them into some sort of pictorial unity. The effort fails. The canvas is crude, unlovely. It is the same with the sketchy water colors. The hints at form which they contain have no artistic charm. They are but the shreds and patches of an uncertain purpose. In these fumblings of his around the secrets of nature Cezanne may have had glimpses which did make him less forlorn, but he transmits to us nothing of the joy he may have derived from them. Partly this is due to his limitations as a workman, to the harsh, uninspired technique which excludes all hope of style, of linear felicity. But even more it is due to the humdrum nature of his vision. From the Knoedler show we reproduce his picture of "The Two Sisters." That absolutely representative example follows in design the routine of the Salon. The leaden folds in the dress of the foremost figure (why didn't he take a leaf from Forain's book!) seem calculated to get the utmost possible dulness out of a banal motive. The drawing is as heavy handed in detail as it is in the larger contours of the scheme. In the color, where Cezanne is supposed to be "magisterial," this painting is ineffably dreary, ineffably lacking in quality. It is, in short, a dolorous performance. Which brings us to the Cult.

Celebrities like Cezanne are the products of mistaken enthusiasm. Their vogue in Paris is explicable on the ground of an amiable weakness. Art is the completely absorbing interest of thousands there, and participation in an historic moment, nay, even a casual relation to the affairs of some memorable period, will secure for quite unimportant individuals a certain niche. Then the literary man is always grateful for a topic. In London and in New York a Cézanne is a doubly welcome theme. He is new and strange. There are romantic implications in his annals. He was one of the generation that knew Manet, and so on and so on. His whole atmosphere is favorable to the envelopment of his art in an esoteric mystery. Born, reared and long neglected in, say, Philadelphia, there would be no special excitement about discovering him. But if you can call a man "the great Aixois," you've got something to go on with. So we have dithyrambs on Cézanne by rhetoricians who know that he is wonderful and feel that he is sublime, and even so clairvoyant a critic as Mr. Huneker will sententiously remark: "Think of Bouguereau and you have his antithesis in Cézanne." Why drag in Bouguereau? To suggest that, in the antithesis, there is something to be put to Cézanne's credit? Why not Claude, or Corot, or Degas, or Ingres, or any master, comparison with whom exposes the inferiority of Cézanne without uncovering any nakedness of his own? Well, Mr. Huneker, who has written shrewdly if not altogether convincingly on Cezanne, must have his witty gayeties. But there is really more occasion for sorrow than for mirth in the facility with which these specious reputations are drummed up in modern art. The mission of the painter is to create beautiful pictures. It is a function which Cézanne pathetically missed.

In the course of the foregoing remarks we have suggested that the reader look at his works with an open mind. We hesitate about making the further suggestion that it will be a good test of his ability to distinguish between what is great art and what is not. That, we fear, would be a little like the forthright Whistler, in the anecdote we quoted at the outset. But on the whole we will let the suggestion stand.



CEZANNE IN HIS STUDIO IN 1902.

(From a photograph in Ambroise Vollard's "Paul Cezanne.")

BRITTANY MAN.

(From the Painting by Dagnan-Bouveret at the Knoedler Gallery.)

THE TWO SISTERS.

(From the painting by Cezanne at the Knoedler Gallery.)

Random Impressions of Art in Current Exhibitions

Some Modern Types of Foreign Origin—Manet and Another—Figure Pieces by Frieseke and Landscapes by Carlson—Besnard's "La Paix."

The winter Academy enters to-day upon its last week. It closes next Sunday. Then the Architectural League will take possession of the galleries at the Fine Arts Building, making preparations for the opening of its annual show on February 6. The American Water Color Society will come again before the public at the same time. It will exhibit at the National Arts Club this year, opening on February 3. The chief of the sales impending is that of the Reisinger collection, which will be placed on view at the American Art Galleries next Thursday. The first of the three sessions of the sale in the grand ballroom at the Plaza is set for the evening on January 18. The minor exhibition, as appears below, is to be seen on every hand.

The Braun Gallery is hung with pictures by Mr. A. G. Warshawsky, who has been working in Paris and Brittany. Paintings by Mr. Mortimer Block are at the Folsom Gallery. The Kraushaar Gallery announces an exhibition of pictures by Mr. George Luks, to open on January 17. M. Picabia, at the Modern Gallery, presents some further examples of his august inspiration, drawings, this time, which suggest plans for plumbing or steam pumps or something of the sort. Such interest as they possess attaches to the titles, "Horrible Sorrow," "This Machine Laughingly Castigates Manners" and "This Thing Is Made to Perpetuate My Memory." They point, obviously, to high intellectual and artistic effort.

Some Pleasant Groups of Pictures.

The most inviting of the exhibitions this week are one or two which make no pretence save to entertain, with not an "ism" in them to bore the guileless visitor. Not in a long time have we had so agreeable a half hour in a local gallery as in Mrs. Whitney's studio, at 8 West Eighth Street. Out of the blue this little collection of pictures falls, a handful of modern things, American, French, Italian, Spanish. Private collectors have lent them, simply to give pleasure. We note first the two least conspicuous paintings on the walls, studies of Venice, by a Venetian, Gennaro Favai. He knows the genius of the place and expresses it in terms of unusually interesting color, the more interesting because it is so well restrained. Another welcome Italian is Ettore Tito, painter of "The Train." His grays are good, and, as always, he conveys an inspiriting impression through his fluent brush work, his general air of artistic vitality. Boldini completes the Italian group, but in his most Parisianized vein. His full length "Portrait of Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr.," is a glittering, amazing bit of sleight of hand. As a portrait it is merely clever. As an exercise in technique it is masterly.

Zuloaga, in "The Gypsy," shows his wonted stern power, and, by the way, quite crumples up the two exhibits of his countryman, Sorolla. Besnard's "Morning," a big decorative composition, is brimming over with the joy of life, a brilliant, soul-satisfying example of virtuosity reinforced by sentiment, and there is a good companion for the picture in Lucien Simon's "The Park," a garden scene with romantic figures. One of our own artists, Frederic C. Frieseke, is represented by a design in a similarly debonair key, but the American works are mostly of a brisker, more realistic cast, portraits and other things by Sargent, Cecilia Beaux, Robert Henri, George Luks and George Bellows. Mr. Davies, disappointing in a specimen of his later "theoretical" manner, is delightful in one of his poetic souvenirs of No Man's Land. A few of La Farge's water colors and some drawings round out the show. It is amusing and restful.

We may say as much for the exhibition of modern French pictures at the Knoedler gallery, an eclectic affair, embracing an "important" example of Cezanne to which more detailed reference is made in another column and types as strongly contrasted as Dagnan and Besnard. The latter provokes some rather odd reflections. He could not be dull if he tried, and the two or three notes of his journeyings in India have some interest. But not half as much as one would expect. Besnard in the East! The mere words raise fervid expectations. But almost any accomplished craftsman might have produced these ordinary episodes of travel. Turn now to the Besnard of accustomed paths, the Besnard who painted the head and shoulders of a woman, a picture here dated Rome, 1914. All the old authority is there, all the grasp upon form, the force, the style. There are some charming pieces by Carrière. Salon types like Cottet, Simon and La Touche are well represented, and there is a judicious sprinkling of Impressionist paintings.

Looming above the entire assemblage is the famous Manet, "La Leçon de Musique," once a "revolutionary" document, now looking very like an old master. It is to be enjoyed for its beautiful transparent blacks, for its superbly direct handling, but we would especially suggest comparison between it and "The Two Sisers," by Cézanne. Both men attempted to break new ground. The one who succeeded did so because he knew how to paint. There is a lesson here for the silly people who think that merely to be in opposition is to be right. In a neighboring room at Knoedler's there is a good collection of eighteenth century British mezzotints, important plates in fine impressions.

The Daniel gallery shows eighteen or twenty paintings by various American artists, the younger and more adventurous spirits of the day predominating. These latter do very well on occasion. "The Downs," a landscape, beautiful in color, by Mr. Denys Wortman, has a quality which makes it good to hear that he is presently to have an exhibition of his own in the same place. In general the rather frantic experimentalists leave us cold. It is more edifying to turn to the mystical "Unicorns" of Mr. A. B. Davies, or to the lovely "Girl with Peacock Feather" by Mr. J. Alden Weir. There is a touch of humor in the policy which includes paintings like these. They throw a pitiless light on the amateurishness of most of the surrounding pictures.

Fifteen new pictures by Mr. F. C. Frieseke may be seen at the Macbeth gallery. They are new in that they have just come from his brush, but otherwise they but repeat what we have seen before. This artist exercises his undeniable talents within a decidedly circumscribed area. He dwells at Giverney, where he is evidently possessed of a pretty house and garden. In all his pictures a likewise very pretty model strays in and out amongst the flowers, in a world where it is always sunny, always blithe. Her pose is changed for a new canvas. She wears a different necklace. But it is the same story that is told. Mr. Frieseke tells it very well. He uses bright colors and uses them with good taste. He draws and paints skilfully enough. As for his stereotyped motive—did not Monet paint the same haystack, the same cathedral, the same bridge, an indefinite number of times? Mr. Frieseke has his warrant, if he needs one. But even while we make him a present of it we must confess that his pretty picture, clever as it is, has lost its charm. Though he paints so well he is hardly dowered with what one recognizes as a style. In the absence of that we are thrown back upon light surface traits, admirabl so far as they go, but making an essentially ephemeral appeal. It is time for Mr. Frieseke to broaden his scope to add some ideas to his resources.

Downstairs at the Macbeth gallery there are some excellent landscapes by John F. Carlson. He is very accurate, very efficient, conveying at once an impression of his having observed the American scene with the right sensitiveness. These pictures are indubitably portraits. If they disclose no great originality of design they are at all events put together in a workmanlike manner. There is a constructive quality about Mr. Carlson's work which gives it weight, seriousness. In the treatment of light he achieves beauty. The clear, cold light of a winter's day, the subdued tones of the forest studied on a late, snowy afternoon, he interprets with exceptional adroitness and with feeling into the bargain. His winter scenes hold the very silence of the woods. Perhaps it is as well that he does not essay any great flights in the matter of composition, but builds his pictures up with a certain everyday conscientiousness and then wreaks himself on landscape sentiment. His delicate truth is by itself a boon. This is an exhibition worth seeing.

Pictures of the Arctic, Antarctic and Terra del Fuego by Mr. F. W. Stokes are at the Arlington gallery. They are uniform in size, a fact emphasizing the idea of some mysterious opal, turned about and about in the hand and yielding always some new and more alluring nuance of color. The chances for diversity in composition in this field are of course limited. All that an artist can do is to study his icebergs from a new angle, to lessen or increase the distance to the horizon. And then he will come back to nothing more nor less than the blaze—or the shadow—of color. The present writer can make no pretence of checking the truthfulness of these iridescent harmonies, yet he has memories of sunsets some three hundred miles south of Cape Horn, which encourage him to attempt something of the sort—and to assert that Mr. Stokes has in no wise exaggerated the scale of sky-color in those regions, in the depth of winter. It is a wellnigh unbelievable scale, embracing more fantastic things than one ever sees in Venice or the Alps. Mr. Stokes has captured a good deal of their sensuous beauty; he hardly suggests their terror. There is something incongruously suave about his impressions, as though they had been gathered in the friendliest of worlds. This does not prevent their remaining, when all is said, lovely as Mr. Coleman's "Songs of Vesuvius" are lovely, exquisite variations on a prismatic theme.

The Association of Women Painters and Sculptors did a very promising thing when it instituted a competition for post card designs. We need artistic ideas in this field. The photographic "view" is often interesting and sometimes beautiful. In Europe, where architectural and kindred material is so rich, it has been exploited so well that one hardly thinks of asking the makers of post cards to engage in novel experiments. Here the situation is different and the time is ripe for something new. The competition aforesaid, the results of which are on exhibition at the Municipal Art Gallery, has produced it. In place of the camera we have the brush, and behind it the artist seeing New York in his own way. Impressions of the city were designated as essential in the programme and this voluminous collection of sketches makes a kind of urban kaleidoscope. It contains a remarkable amount of truthful and clever work. The water front has yielded any number of pleasing studies. Three of the four prizes awarded go to subjects drawn from this aspect of the city spectacle. One thing we miss, the instinct for decorative design which would perfectly adjust the pictorial motive to the peculiar little space involved. Neither do any of the competitors show the faculty for lettering which might profitably be employed, in the circumstances. But a good beginning is made on this occasion. A movement is thus inaugurated which in the course of time may easily develop a fine type of post card.

The difference between Besnard doing what he was born to do and Besnard straying into an alien sphere has been touched upon in our comments on the exhibition at the Knoedler gallery. The point recurs at the Ritz-Carlton, where his mural decoration, "La Paix," is shown along with the paintings and drawings by French artists traversed in The Tribune last Sunday. This gigantic panel for the Peace Palace at The Hague is completely expressive of the artist's genius, which is that of a creative romanticist doubled with the academician. Possessing genius, Besnard gives the academic tradition its best justification, using it in his own way, as a means to an end. The spirit which we were discussing a week ago as so marvellously exemplified in Gerome's old fashioned but still great picture of "Son Eminence Grise" is preserved in "La Paix." It is the spirit of balance, of order, of monumental composition. Besnard adheres to the pyramidal conception which has served the purposes of uncounted masters. But his structural scheme is veiled, so to say, as is always the case in a fine painting, by the traits of original personality. Within his deliberately fixed diagram, if we may so describe it, he is nevertheless free. Balance is there, but with nothing mechanical about it. The three grave figures in the upper part of the design find their place as in a work of architecture, yet they carry themselves with the artlessness of a strictly realistic group. So it is with the massy rock on which they stand, and with the genius of peace below, and with the attendant horsemen, the painter portrays each detail with an easy breadth and at the same time makes it contribute to the harmony of the whole. Over it all he throws the glamour of magnificent color. It is a noble achievement, in the grand style. The unfinished ceiling for the French Embassy at Vienna is an exhilarating illustration of his playful bravura and amusing, therefore, to see. But it seems trivial beside "La Paix."

MATERNITY.

(From the painting by Carriere at the Knoedler Gallery.)

THE FRANCOIS ZOLA DAM.

(From the painting by Cezanne at the Montross Gallery.)

LA LECON DE MUSIQUE.

(From the painting by Manet at the Knoedler Gallery.)

A MINOR POET SINGS HIS LAY.

As it came to us. Without comment. Judge for yourself:

"Dear Mr. Austin: As Tommy, who is one of Mr. Burnside's assistants, saw the 'ambitions of chorus girls' in The Tribune, he brought in the inclosed. I submit it just as it arrived, and it is not the effort or inspiration of a press agent. Sincerely,

"MARK."

"Now, for 1916 my ambitions are leaning toward poetry. I always heard it said that all new born poets should select a subject unlike anything ever written before, so I selected Anna May Roberts as my first subject, feeling sure that no poet ever had any such subject to write upon. I first hit upon the idea of just adding t-i-o-n to her name, but that would give the word 'an (i) ma (tion)', and animation and Anna May are total strangers. Anna May and Mandalay sounded well together—thus the effort.

"TOMMY DOWD,

"Assistant Stage Manager, the Hippodrome."

TO ANNA MAY.

By the old "L" road on Sixth Avenue
There's a girl from Tennessee,
In her dressing room a-sittin',
And I know she thinks of me
When the overture's a-playin',
"Come she [illegible] to hear me say,
Come you downstairs, I implore you!
Come you downstairs, Anna May,
At the Hip with two a day.
With the old Hip-Hip-Hooray
I can hear them fiddlers playing
That Tom Cat Cabaret.
At the Hip with two a day,
Where [illegible] Elephants play,
And their [illegible] sounds like thunder
As they climb the old runway."

Her jacket it was checkered
And her skirt was piped with green,
But her air of calm indifference
Would break up any scene.
I learned this first one evening
When the band had ceased to play.

And the skipper started screaming
"Tommy! Hurry! Anna May."
My heart beat with a thud,
And let me tell you, Bud,
Plucky little time I wasted
In getting where she stood,
At the Hip with two a day.

When the "dims" shine on the roof [illegible]
And the curtain's [illegible] slow,
She'd stand upon the [illegible]
And [illegible]
I've watched her from the runway,
[illegible] Anna May petite,
And I noticed that one evening
[illegible] upon her feet
[illegible] anything but neat,
And [illegible] angry
I was half afraid to speak,
At the Hip with two a day.

Now, when the season's over,
In some distant future day,
And there ain't no show a-runnin'
[illegible] Hip Hip-Hooray,
I suppose I'll still be thinking
Of what the stage director tells:
"If you've heard [illegible] startin',
Don't heed nothin' else."
No, you can't heed nothin' else,
But Anna Marie's [illegible] spells;
One never knows when to expect them,
[illegible] Anna May—she never tells,
At the Hip with two-a-day.

I'm sick of [illegible] leather
On these stairs at every turn;
I could run from noon till midnight
Until my feet would burn,
Or [illegible] with fifty pleadings
And beg with heart and hand;
Then they'll tell me "[illegible] her hurry."
[illegible] they understand.
When she smiles she has me helpless;
[illegible] understand?
She [illegible] "Let them worry"
And laughs to beat the band
At the Hip with two a day.

Oh, place me somewhere on B'way,
With a melodrama show,
Where there aren't no two a day,
With fourteen scenes to go,
But the time clock [illegible]
And in my sleep I'd say
"[illegible] downstairs, I implore you;
[illegible] downstairs, Anna May,"
At the Hip with two-a-day,
Where [illegible] the play,
Where folks gather from all over
To see Hip Hip Hooray;
At the Hip with two-a-day
I simply can't go [illegible]
For there's where my heart is,
And then there's Anna May.

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