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EDUARD J. STEICHEN

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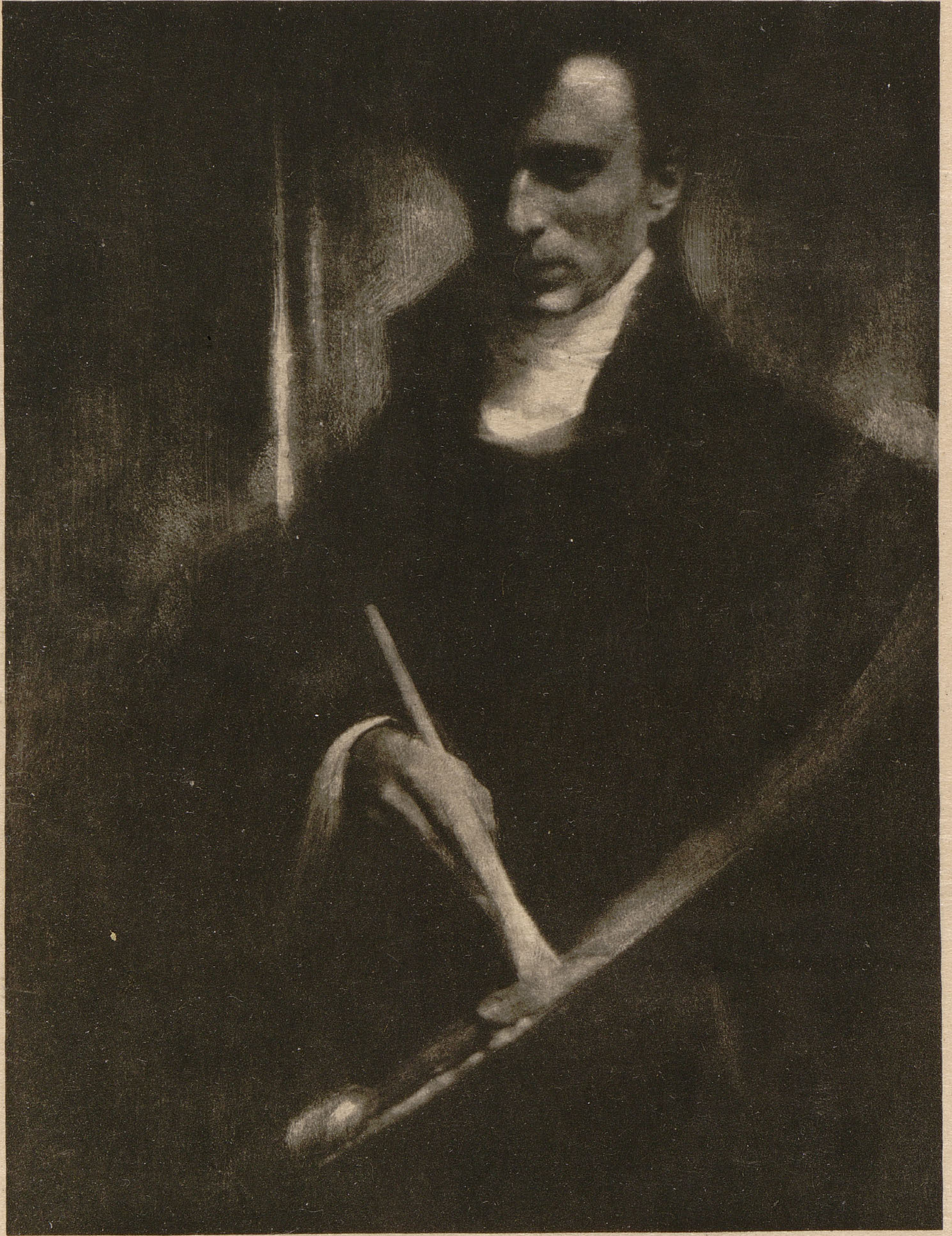
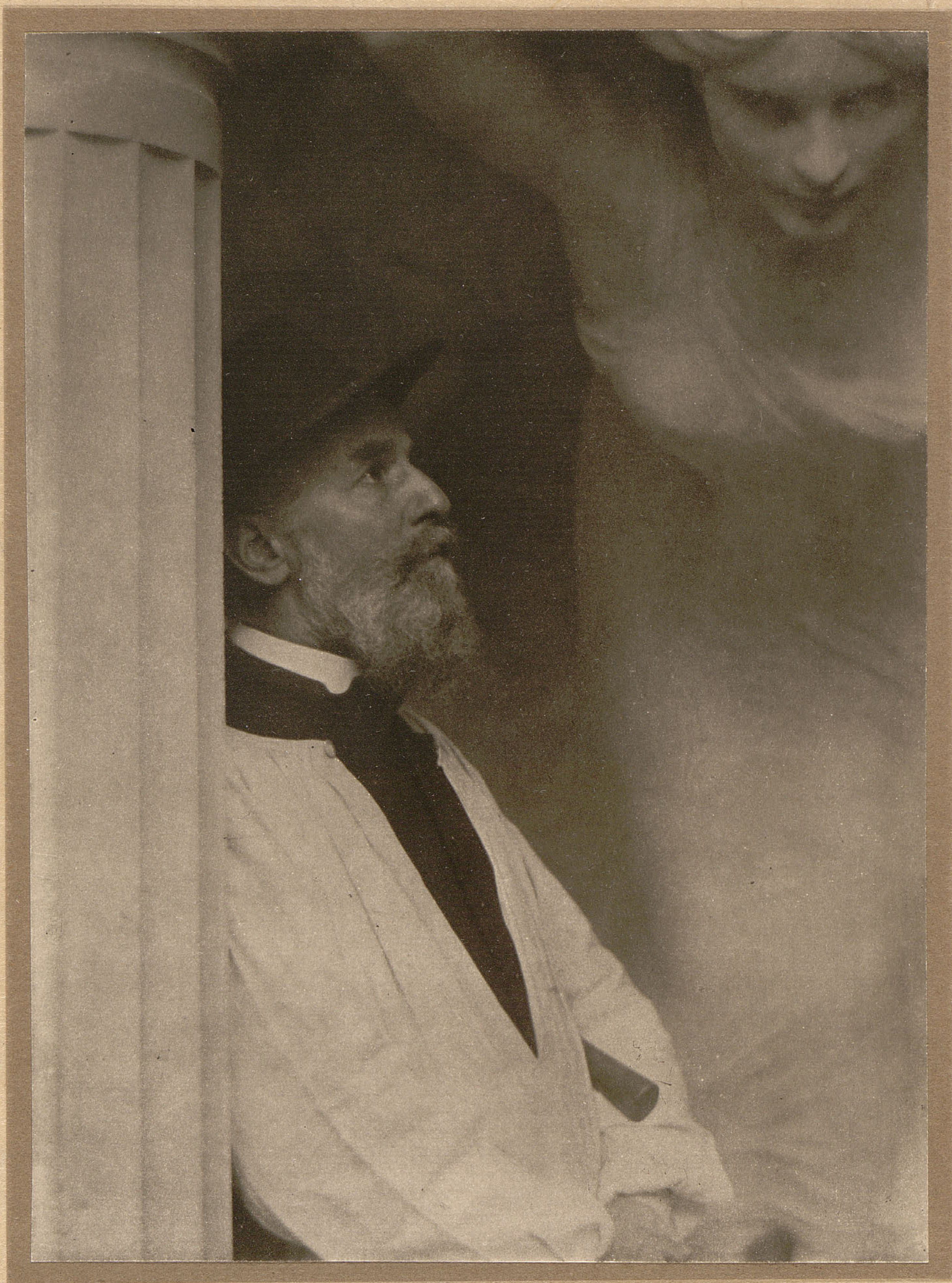




EDUARD J. STEICHEN'S WORK.—AN APPRECIATION.

PAINTER AS well as photographer, and, what is more, an artist, Eduard J. Steichen, young as he is, has influenced pictorial photography extraordinarily. He has enlarged its horizon for photographers, compelled attention from the painters, amazed and delighted connoisseurs.

THE painters recognize in his prints the motive, feeling, and something of the methods of the painter, which accounts for their approval. They include a great deal more; but, for the present, let us consider this aspect.

APPRENTICED early to a firm of commercial lithographers, he gained a facility in draughtsmanship and escaped the deterioration to which many an ardent young fellow is reduced by that business. On the contrary, it stirred in him a spirit of revolt, so that his nature rebounded to a passionate love for the very opposites of that which his daily toil demanded. From niggardliness of detail his ideal swung to breadth, from gaudy colors to delicate tonalities, and from the commonplace of uniform and unsuggestive lighting to the subtleties of chiaroscuro.

NOW, these are all distinctly painter-like qualities, and probably the reason that they appear so conspicuously in his photographic work is because he is at the same time applying them to his work in oil. The simultaneous practice in the two mediums has broadened the scope of his experience and established his experiments on a surer basis; so that while one may detect the experimental feeling in much of his work, it is without the faltering and inconclusiveness which distinguish the efforts of so many photographers. This again is a feature of Mr. Steichen's work which appeals to the painters, who recognize in it the results of a training in art such as they themselves have received; whereas many photographers merely know the jargon of the studio and have not undergone its discipline. His experience in oil-painting, moreover, has thrown a very valuable sidelight upon his photographic work.

I MEAN in the way of motive and in the realization of a possibility distinctively inherent in photography. The artist is confronted with the necessity of simplifying his subject; of selecting some facts as essential and rejecting others as likely, if introduced, to confuse the main issue. If he is working in water-colors or oils the simplification is rendered more difficult by the variety of hues, as well as by the discriminations of tone in those hues. But this difficulty can be eliminated in photography, which translates the confusion of color into the relative simplicity of graduated blacks and whites—or shall we call it darks and lights? For colors in nature are but the differences of reflected light, and the shadows only the diminishing, in a greater or less degree, of luminosity.

SO, if we look at photography from this point of view, we come upon a surprise. Whereas, the charge against the camera has been that it sees too indiscriminately and in detail, it would appear that it is capable of reaching a certain simplification more readily than the painter can. This is really a

very interesting discovery, for which I can take no credit, since it was Mr. Steichen's prints, especially his portraits, that declared it. But I wonder how many photographers realize this, and yet I feel sure it has been recognized by such an artist as Rodin, who has been enthusiastic over Mr. Steichen's work with the camera. To myself, I must admit that it opens up a whole range of possibilities for photography; or rather, I should say, it points a clear, straight road along which photography can travel with a sure confidence that it has the right of way.

NOR do I overlook the fact that photographers for a long time have taken shelter in muzziness, in flatness of tone, and in a general obliteration of the facts, until it seemed as if many pictorial photographs were naught but a vague negation of the claims made by the manufacturers of the camera, that it will secure a sharply decisive record. The vast majority of such prints effect one only with a mild sense of satisfaction, that revolts at length into a rebellion against their prevailing bloodlessness. But, in his portraits especially, Mr. Steichen has shown how the simplification, which involves strong contrasts as well as subtle ones, may conduce to a most vivid and stirring impression.

THERE is his portrait of Rodin, for example; the form darkly silhouetted against the half-tones of the plaster cast of the Hugo statue. The head itself is treated to little modeling, being almost flat in tone, at least in the print which I have seen; the only line in the composition being the outline of the head and bust, strong and energetic. The picture, in fact, is a contrast of masses and of tones; not at all the sort of one to satisfy the person who requires detail in face and costume. It offers, indeed, at first sight a suggestion of the broadest and most peremptory kind of generalization; with a contrast of color unquestionably impressive; but, as a portrait, appearing possibly to some observers too brusque in treatment. Yet if we divest our minds of prepossessions and study the conception as it is presented, we shall realize, I think, in the dark mass of the figure a very remarkable interpretation of force and introspective depth; and, on the other hand, in the delicate half-tone modeling of the statue, which forms the background of the head, an equally remarkable suggestion of subtlety. Force, then, introspective depth and subtlety of imagination are the qualities united in this print, and, surely, they sum up with tolerable succinctness the genius of Rodin. The picture, therefore, awakens an extraordinarily vivid and satisfying impression of the great sculptor's artistic personality, while that of the man is rendered with scarcely less completeness. You feel the shortness and stockiness of the figure, the notable developments of the head, mingling sensuousness with intellectuality. There is no extenuation, as in some portraits, of the occipital fulness, which is a conspicuous characteristic of this head; it is reproduced with unmistakable clearness. Accordingly the portrait is an absolute record of the main facts of Rodin's exterior, with the clue that they give to the understanding of his amazingly composite character; and, in addition to this, I repeat, his artistic personality has been suggested with an insight and sympathy that amount to interpretation.

IT is no wonder that Rodin himself, after submitting to his young friend's dictation for a few minutes, was amazed at the results, and insisted that this portrait and some others should be submitted to the jury of the Champs de Mars. It is an old story that they were entered as drawings, so as to get them past the Cerberus at the door, but presented as photographs to the jury; that they were accepted by the latter, but by the Hanging Committee refused a place on the walls. As far as I can see, the committee could not have done otherwise. These portraits would have been out of place among the oil-paintings, and were debarred from the black-and-white rooms, because they had not come before the jury of that division. Further, the hanging of them would have been of doubtful benefit even to pictorial photography, since it would have resulted in the subsequent salons being besieged with a flood of prints, the rejection of which would have caused friction, while their acceptance might have misrepresented photography. As it is, nobody's feelings have been hurt, no embarrassing precedent has been established, and a certain official recognition has been made by painters, of the independent, pictorial possibilities of the photograph. Surely, this is a good deal for Mr. Steichen to have accomplished, and, as I understand it, he feels no chagrin.

PROBABLY this portrait of Rodin represents up to the present Mr. Steichen's most important work in photography. He enjoyed the privilege of frequent and intimate relations with the great artist, and came under the inspiration of his grand and independent mentality and of his extraordinarily subtle perception of beauty. These influences lit upon a young nature that has within it the capacity for corresponding qualities. For I recognize in Mr. Steichen a spirit that will boldly and independently think out its conclusions and adhere to them, unless some reasonableness of logic should lead him to modify them; a stiffness of the backbone, in fact, that does not interfere with the supple movement of his neck. He is too sensitive and alert to be stubborn; too keenly alive to impressions; he will accept them all for analysis, and in the final analysis depend upon himself. His spirit, moreover, has been deepened by experiences, and yet he has the alacrity and cheerfulness of the child, a precious, perhaps the most abidingly precious, quality in an artist. For the point I am making toward is, that he is by instinct an artist. He has the creative quality that can conceive and communicate beauty, and an impelling force of character and mind. His portraits are works of imagination in the sense that he has imagined very unusual effects and imagined also the means of compassing them. They have, indeed, that characteristic essentially artistic—they are original.

SCARCELY less remarkable than the Rodin is the portrait of Lenbach. It has the union of tenderness and stout decision that appears in the German artist's portrait of himself; the one I mean in which the man's strong, earnest head is represented alongside the delicate, wistful face of his little daughter, and his great fist is closed over her tiny hand. Few modern portraits have affected me so poignantly as this one of Lenbach by himself, and the reason lies in the commingling of strength and tenderness. It is an irresistible combination in a picture, and it is because Mr. Steichen's creative

imagination unites these two qualities, that I bespeak for him a remarkable future. He reveals them again in his portrait of Frederick Watts, great painter and still greater artist. With what reverence and sympathy the younger artist has approached the veteran of eighty-four years! How he has appreciated the nobility of the time-worn head, the nervous muscularity of the strong hands, and in the disposition and quality of the shadows secured a profundity of emotional suggestion! The portrait is indescribably grand and affecting.

SIMILARLY reverential must have been his attitude toward nature when he photographed the forest-pool, which is reproduced here. The picture involves more than dignity of composition and sensitive apprehension of the subtle differences of tone. It seems to be the expression of grave, large, tender imagination; and, while I can recall no photographic landscape more sweetly impressive, it fascinates me most because I feel that it puts me in touch with a creative spirit, fresh, enchanting and invigorating.

HAVE you ever happened upon a spring in your summerings among the mountains? High up in the rarified air, clear, limpid, pure; bubbling, dancing in the sunlight, refreshment to the sense. We come again upon its stream, lower down the mountain-side; its water gathering volume from the obstructions that it encounters, whirling round the opposing stones, and, further on, around the opposition of bigger rocks, with ever-increasing character of force and form; seeking, it is true, a lower level as it hurries toward the abodes of man, but steadily adapting itself to the new conditions until it reaches the spreading flood of the deep river, which bears upon its surface the necessary commodities of life, carrying them onward to the mighty ocean, the constantly inconstant, rebelliously facile medium of human intercourse.

WHEN I happen upon a young artist, such as is the subject of this appreciation, I learn anew the lesson of the spring. The artist's problem is to get down to the necessities of our common life without losing the purity and freshness of his early purpose; to bring the alacrity and incentive of the elevated air to the cloggier atmosphere of the plain; to expect obstacles and trials, but to see to it that they conduce to greater volume of purpose and stouter force of character; to recognize that he cannot abide in isolation upon the heights, but must descend and mingle with his fellow-man and be a medium of human intercourse; yet to make sure that, while he broadens out with some necessary loss of early freshness, he grows in depth and in impelling force. This is the problem confronting Mr. Steichen.

IT is a difficult one in our present American civilization which makes haste to pollute the stream and to foul its banks with the reek of commercialism, and exacts from the artist conformity to its own standards or threatens him with severe neglect. America declares itself the greatest nation on earth, and yet, in matters artistic, I wonder sometimes if it be not the greatest grinder-down of the individual to mediocrity.

IN Mr. Steichen there is the capacity for something very flattering to American pride, if only American shrewdness will recognize his worth. I, for one, shall watch his future with deep interest and sympathy.

Charles H. Caffin.

A VISIT TO STEICHEN'S STUDIO.

A DARK, CHILLY December afternoon. The rain falls in thin, straight lines on the streets of New York, and the lighted shop-windows are reflected, like some blurred and golden dream, on the slushy pavement.

YOU mount the slippery iron stairs of a humble and reticent office-building on Fifth Avenue. To the negro, who comes to your ring, you say: "Mr. Steichen." He takes you up to the top floor, and carelessly, indifferently, as one points to a door, he points to the right. "Right in there, sir," he says.

YOU knock at the door. It is Mr. Steichen who admits you. It is a plain little room, without skylight, but with an artistic atmosphere of its own. The first impression is one of cool grays and pale terra-cotta, a studio void of furniture, but full of artistic accessories — a vagrom place, where a sort of orderly disorder, a sort of gipsy fashion prevails. The light of the waning day seems to rest in the center of the walls, while the corners are filled with twilight shadows, whose monotony is only here and there relieved by the color-notes of a Japanese lantern, a large brass vessel, or some other quaint accessory. A little plaster fragment of one of Rodin's statues hangs in proud isolation over the mantelpiece.

MR. Steichen looms tall among his canvases, his arms crossed. With his square shoulders, his pallid, angular face, his dark, disheveled hair, his steady eyes, he reminds one of some old statue carved of wood, a quaint personality which has at times the air of some classical visionary, "a modern citizen of Calais," and at other times the deportment of some gallant figure of Sir Reynolds's time.

HE showed me his paintings, sketches, and photographs in rapid succession, which is one of those ordeals the art critic has to go through if he wants to become acquainted with a new man. I have probably passed through this severe experience oftener than any other man. I remember of having visited at least four hundred and fifty American studios for a similar purpose—as I have convinced myself that it is the only way to get at a man's individuality. And art criticism is to me nothing but a peculiar mania for searching in every expression of art, and life as well, for its most individual, perhaps innermost, essence.

BIOGRAPHICAL data do not interest me. What is the difference where a man is born, how old he is, where he studied, and where he was medaled? His art must speak—that is all I care for.

THE first picture that attracted my attention in Steichen's studio was his Beethoven. It is all black and gray, huge and grim (though no canvas of colossal size) almost Doric in its severity. Everything is sacrificed to the idea, a study in the somber supremacy of genius and the martyrdom of the artist. It is the Beethoven of the Fifth, not of the Ninth, Symphony. It contains more strength and power than beauty. The simplicity of its composition is remarkable. The dark pyramidal shape of a seated figure,

harsh and angular as if cast in iron, crowned by a pale, apocalyptic face, is seen against a slab of grayish stone, whose monotony is scarcely broken by a vista of dark, twisted tree-trunks in the upper corners. The face, haggard as a ghost of Dante's Inferno, makes one think of stormy tortuous nights, of sinister shadows trailing obstinately along the ground. It is a picture barbaric as the clangor of iron chains against each other, the only attempt of the young painter in the epic field. It presents Steichen at the height of his ambition; but being a solitary effort, it is difficult to judge the artist's individuality solely from this exalted point of view. One can not fully grasp his intentions, and it is very likely that he is not conscious of them himself.

IN his landscapes he reveals himself much more clearly. He has created a world of his own, but one based on actual things, translated into dreams.

THE rain still falls in thin, straight lines upon the blurred symphony of black and gold that glistens and glimmers on the wet pavements of Fifth Avenue, and there seems to be something analogous in the vertical lines of Steichen's landscapes and the gray lines of the rain outside. Nobody has carried the composition of lines further than Mr. Steichen. All his pictures are composed in vertical, diagonal, and outer-twisting line-work, but the lines are not as distinct and scientific as in Chavannes' or Tryon's pictures. They are not outlines, they only serve as accentuation. He endows each line with a mystic quality, and they run like some strange rune through his tonal composition. French critics have compared his pictures with musical compositions, but I beg to differ. To me all his tree-trunks, whether ethereally thin, repeating their wavering lines in some moon-hazed water, or crudely massive, towering into some dismal twilight atmosphere, are purely decorative. In order to be musical, the line-composition has to serve as outlines for the color-patches which should in turn repeat or accentuate the motive of the spacing. In Steichen's pictures color is always subordinate to one tonal value, and the dominating idea is rather the expression of a single sentiment than the varying subtleties of a musical theme. To me Steichen is a poet of rare depth and significance, who expresses his dreams, as does Maeterlinck, by surface decoration, and with the simplest of images—for instance, a vague vista of some nocturnal landscape seen through various clusters of branches, or a group of beech- and birch-trees, whose bark forms a quaint mosaic of horizontal color suggestions—can add something to our consciousness of life. His lines, blurred and indistinct as they generally are, are surprisingly eloquent and rhythmical. They become with him as suggestive as the dividing-line of some sad woman's lips, as fragile as some tremulous flower-branch writing strange hieroglyphics on the pale-blue sky, or as mystic as the visionary forms which rise in our mind's eye, as we peer through the prison-bars of modern life into some nocturnal landscape or twilight atmosphere. The only fault that I find with his landscapes, as with the majority of his pictures, is that they are not finished pictures. They are sketches. A mere suggestion suffices him. It is left to the imagination of the spectator to carry them out to their full mental realization.

THERE are many other pictures of interest, mixtures of fantasy and reality clearly characteristic of the gifts and methods of Steichen. I mention some at random. A violent color-study of a sailor, reclining, with a red bowl in his hand; the heads of four Parisian types; an old man, an artist with his model supposed to be crossing one of the Seine bridges, with the silhouette of another bridge, and a vague suggestion of the Louvre in the background; the sphynx-like profile of some phantom woman; portraits of F. H. Day and Mrs. Käsebier, and color-schemes of various types of womanhood, one of a young girl and another of a woman of the world. The manner in which he used flowers to tell the characters of his sitters (in the two latter portraits) show how deeply he can read in the human soul. The young girl folds her hands listlessly around a large, round flower with a straight stem, the other flowers resting in a long and narrow vase; while the woman of fashion throws a weary glance at the few pink blossoms which loom from some large, round vase and which repeat the color-note of her face.

TO look immediately at monotypes after you have looked at a lot of paintings would prove in most cases very disastrous to the former. But, strange to say, Steichen's photographs hold their own. It proved to me once more that in art the method of expression matters naught; that every effort, no matter in what medium, may become a work of art provided it manifests with utmost sincerity and intensity the emotions of a man face to face with nature and life.

THE "artistic photograph" answers better than any other graphic art to the special necessities of a democratic and leveling age like ours. I believe this, besides some technical charms like the solidity of dark tones and the facility with which forms can be lost in shadows, is the principal reason why Steichen has chosen it as one of his mediums of expression.

HE never relies upon accidents; he employs in his photographic portraits the same creative faculty which he employs in his paintings. That is the secret of his success. Look at his portraits of Lenbach, Stuck, Watts, Maeterlinck, Besnard, Bartholomé, and Rodin. In each, with the exception of Maeterlinck—and Maeterlinck's face seems to be one of those which do not lend themselves to pictorial representation, being too subtle, perhaps—he has fully grasped the sitter's personality. Lenbach he has treated like a "Lenbach," with the light-effects of an old master and with copious detail bristling with intellectuality, such as the Munich master is apt to use in all his important portraits. The Stuck portrait is full of a riotous technique, with a *bravado* touch in the white glare in the corner of the eyes. This is a man often vulgar and crude, but with healthy blood in his veins—an artist personifying the *storm and stress* element in genre art. How calm and dignified in comparison is Steichen's handling of Watts! And then, again, his Besnard, direct and realistic, and yet unforeseen in its effect. The treatment of the big fur mantle, with which the bulky form of the painter is clad, is symbolical of his tumultuous technique, and the burst of light behind the curtains suggestive of Besnard color-orgies in violent yellows,

blues, and reds. The Bartholomé is deficient in composition, the Greek column against which the sculptor is leaning and the huge caryatid, which he is contemplating and which fills the rest of the picture, are too obstrusive, and yet they intimate the dreams of this poet of form, with their mixed savor of the modern and archaic.

BUT the masterpiece of this collection is the Rodin. It can not be improved upon. It is a portrait of Rodin, of the man as well as his art, and to me by far more satisfactory than Alexander's portrait of the French sculptor, excellent as it is. It is a whole man's life condensed into a simple silhouette, but a silhouette of somber splendor, powerful and personal, against a vast background, where black and white seem to struggle for supremacy. This print should, once for all, end all dispute whether artistic photography is a process indicative of decadence, an impression under which so many people and most artists still seem to labor. A medium, so rich and so complete, one in which such a masterpiece can be achieved, the world can no longer ignore. The battle is won!

BUT it is getting late. Only a few more words, about Mr. Steichen's nudes.

"THESE nudes nobody seems to understand," Mr. Steichen remarks. "Do they mean anything to you?" It has grown dark and the rain is still tapping, curiously and faintly, at the window-panes.

MY answer is a smile. He does not know that my whole life has been a fight for the nude, for liberty of thought in literature and art, and how I silently rejoice when I meet a man with convictions similar to mine.

STEICHEN'S photographic nudes are not as perfect as the majority of his portraits, but they contain perhaps the best and noblest aspirations of his artistic nature. They are absolutely incomprehensible to the crowd.

TO him the naked body, as to any true lover of the nude, contains the ideals, both of mysticism and beauty. Their bodies are no pæans of the flesh nor do they proclaim absolutely the purity of nudity. Steichen's nudes are a strange procession of female forms, naïve, non-moral, almost sexless, with shy, furtive movements, groping with their arms mysteriously into the air or assuming attitudes commonplace enough, but imbued with some mystic meaning, with the light concentrated upon their thighs, their arms, or the back, while the rest of the body is drowned in darkness.

WHAT does all this mean? Futile question. Can you explain the melancholy beauty of the falling rain, or tell why the slushy pavements, reflecting the glaring lights of Fifth Avenue stores, remind us of the golden dreams the poets dream?

I SEIZE my umbrella and say "Good night" indifferently, as I might say it to any stranger, and he answers absent-mindedly "Come again!" He is thinking of his soul, and I am thinking of mine. What a foolish occupation is this busy, practical world of ours!

SIDNEY ALLAN.

DAWN-FLOWERS.[1]

(TO MAURICE MAETERLINCK.)

WEIRD PHANTOMS rise in the dawn-wind's blow,
In the land of shadows the dawn-flowers grow;
The night-worn moon yields her weary glow
To the morn-rays that over the dream-waste flow.

OH, to know what the dawn-wind murmurs
 In chapel of pines to the ashen moons;
What the forest-well whispers to dale and dell
 With her singular, reticent runes!
To know the plaint of each falling leaf
 As it whirls across the autumnal plain;
To know the dreams of the desolate shore
 As sails, like ghosts, pass o'er the dawn-lit main!
  To know, oh, to know
 Why all life's strains have the same refrain
  As of rain
 Beating sadly against the window-pane!

WE do not know and we can not know,
And all that is left for us here below
(Since "songs and singers are out of date"
And the muses have met with a similar fate)
Is to flee to the land of shadows and dreams,
  Where the dawn-flowers grow
  In the dawn-wind's blow,
As morn-rays over life's dream-waste flow
To drown the moon in their ambient glow.

ENVOY.

OH, gray dawn-poet of Flanders,
 Though in this life we ne'er may meet,
I'll linger where thy muse meanders
 To strew these dawn-flowers at her feet.

S. H.

[1] Lines suggested by Mr. Steichen's print "Dawn-flowers."

OF ART IN RELATION TO LIFE.

ART MAY, perhaps, be explained as the self-realization of personalities whose experiences are of such surpassing nature that they can not be expressed adequately by the ordinary ways of social intercourse and utilitarian production. A subtler medium is required to transmit the thoughts and feelings of the artist-soul in their intense individuality, and with exactly that poise between definiteness and vagueness in which they were conceived. Has the painter felt the dim, soft benison of hope—it stands confessed in the "Hope" of a Watts. Did Shelley experience an agony of yearning for an elusive vision of ideal perfection—in "Alastor," in "Epipsychidion" he has expressed it.

THIS satisfaction of the soul's need of self-realization—the most fundamental want of all—while being thus the rationale of creative art, is also its intrinsic justification. Further—but this is a merely extrinsic and accidental result (important to us, however, if not to the artist)—the personality of the poet, painter, sculptor, musician is immortalized in his work, so that he becomes an influence, often a friend and master, to those kindred spirits of removed localities and times who can understand sympathetically his self-revealing art. Thus life becomes richer and fuller. It is something to feel that Millet and Browning, before us, perceived divinity in the unlikeliest human creatures. It is something to know how, long ago, Shelley's "Cor Cordium" throbbed with a passion of love and a rapture of hope for human kind. Companioned by such heroic souls, can we find life a barren, loveless solitude?

AND since we have emerged from the state of self-sufficient savagery and have become highly evolved social beings, this widening of our horizon of love is by no means an insignificant augmentation of the joy of living. The personality of the artist is, however, more than an object of love and reverence; it is moonlight for us on lone, darkening twilight ways. "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." And the "word" of art is Life: Life that is neither dust nor death—but love and beauty, struggle and peace, moral truth and esthetic truth. The artist's whole being has quivered response to the mad beauty of the world—aye, of the world in a single glistening dew-drop! Moreover, he has loved and suffered and striven; and his awakened sense of the good has perceived live germs of moral perfection, where to the dull susceptibilities of others there appeared only darkness and sin. This, then, is the burden of art: "Lo—the Beautiful and the Good!"

IF our ears are attuned to the rhythm of this undersong of all works of art, it will be well for us. For we will know the underlying meaning of life—the burden that accompanied the song of the morning stars of old, and that still accompanies the song, the tears, the work, the love of man always and everywhere. Still the undersong of life (like that of art) murmurs: "Lo—the Beautiful and the Good!"

(MISS) LILIAN STEICHEN.

THE INFLUENCE OF ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHY ON INTERIOR DECORATION.

THE ELABORATE way in which the artistic photographers mount and frame their prints has attracted attention everywhere and called forth critical comment, favorable as well as the reverse, from various quarters.

NOBODY can deny that they go about it in a conscientious, almost scientific manner, and that they usually display a good deal of taste; but the general opinion seems to be that they attach too much importance to a detail which, although capable of enhancing a picture to a remarkable degree, can do but little toward improving its quality. The artistic photographers differ on this point. They argue that a picture is only finished when it is properly trimmed, mounted, and framed, and that the whole effect of print, mounts, or mat, signature, and frame, should be an artistic one, and the picture be judged accordingly.

THIS is a decided innovation. In painting, frames only serve as "boundary lines" for a pictorial representation, similar to those to which we are subjected in looking at a fragment of life out of an ordinary window.

THE frame clearly defines the painter's pictorial vision, and concentrates the interest upon his canvas, even to such an extent that all other environments are forgotten. At least, such was the original idea. But it seems that we have grown oversensitive in this respect; we would also like to see the frame harmonize with the tonal values of the picture it encloses.

BUT up to date very little has been done in this direction. The official exhibitions still insist on the usual monotony of gold frames, and the painters seem to have neither any particular inclination nor the opportunity to create frames of lovely forms and well-balanced repeating patterns of their own. The frame-makers and art-dealers are masters of the situation, and their interests are strictly commercial ones. "Attractive enough at first sight; hopelessly inartistic on further inspection," is the verdict which one has to give of the average frame of to-day. Tryon, Dewing, and Horatio Walker are the only painters I know, who seriously oppose the mechanically manufactured picture-frames. They have their frames specially designed for each picture—Stanford White being the designer of quite a number of them. Their frames are wide and flat without corners and centerpieces; the repeating pattern is generally a simple, classic ornament, with a tendency toward vertical lines. The coloring is gold, but tinted and glazed by the painter himself until it corresponds with the color keynote of the special picture the frame was designed for. This method will undoubtedly find favor with many of the younger men, but a radical change can not take place until the despotic "framing" rules of exhibitions have been abolished.

THE artistic photographers, on the other hand, had no rules to adhere to. All they wanted were artistic accessories for their prints. They could allow their imagination full sway. They obeyed every impulse and whim, and

indulged in any scheme as long as it was practical and specially adapted to the print for which it was planned. Every frame was made to order; they ransacked the frame-maker's workshops for new ideas and revolutionized the whole trade. The result was much that was bizarre and overfastidious (some photographers apparently mistook their packing paper mounts for sample-books of paper warehouses), but also a fair average of sterling quality was produced. The mounting and framing of the leading artistic photographers of America are simple, tasteful, and to the point; they go far ahead in this respect of all other black-and-white artists, and can proudly claim that they are the best mounters and frame-makers of the world.

THEIR style is largely built up on Japanese principles. The Japanese never use solid elevated "boundary lines" to isolate their pictures, but on the contrary try to make the picture merely a note of superior interest in perfect harmony with the rest of the *kake monos*, which again is in perfect harmony with the wall on which it is placed. The Japanese artist simply uses strips of beautifully patterned cloth to set off the picture, and endeavors to accentuate its lines and color-notes by the mounting and the momentary environments, which is easy enough, as the mounting is generally so artistically done that it fits in anywhere. (I refer, of course, only to Japanese homes.) Pictures in Japan are merely regarded as bits of interior decoration. The Japanese art-patron does not understand our way of hanging pictures in inadequate surroundings; he does not disregard the technical merits of a picture (which is to us always the most important point); on the contrary, he is very sensitive to them; but he always subordinates them to his inherent ideas of harmony. He would never hang a picture if it did not harmonize with the color of his screens, the form of his lacquer cabinets, etc.

THE artistic photographers try to be like the Japanese in this respect. They endeavor to make their prints bits of interior decoration. A Käsebier print, a dark silhouette on green wall-paper in a greenish frame, or a Steichen print mounted in cool browns and grays, can not be hung on any ordinary wall. They are too individual; the rest of the average room would jar with their subtle color-notes. They need special wall-paper and special furniture to reveal their true significance.

THAT is where the esthetic value of the photographic print comes in. It will exercise a most palpable influence on the interior decoration of the future. People will learn to see that a room need not be overcrowded like a museum in order to make an artistic impression, that the true elegance lies in simplicity, and that a wall fitted out in green and gray burlap, with a few etchings or photographs, after Botticelli or other old masters, in dark frames is as beautiful and more dignified than yards of imitation gobelins or repoussé leather tapestry hung from ceiling to floor with paintings in heavy golden frames.

WE have outgrown the bourgeois beauty of Rogers statuettes, and are tired of seeing Romney backgrounds in our portraits and photographs.

THE elaborate patterns of Morris have given way to wall-paper of one uniform color, and modern furniture is slowly freeing itself from the influence of former historic periods and trying to construct a style of its own, based on lines which nature dictates. Whistler and Alexander have preached the very same lesson in the backgrounds of their portraits. Everywhere in their pictures we encounter the thin black line of the oblong frame which plays such an important part in the interior decoration of to-day, and which invariably conveys a delightful division of space.

THE artistic photographer has elaborated on the black frame and white mat. He has created in his frame innumerous harmonies of color, form, and material, and if there shall ever be a demand for them, and if they shall ever serve as suggestions for interior decoration, we shall surely be able to steer clear of monotony; for I must confess that if the majority of rooms were furnished in the Whistler fashion (as suggested in "His Mother" and "Carlyle"), it would be as unbearable as the present museum style.

ALSO, the advanced professional photographers, slowly falling in with the steps of the artistic photographers, help the cause. The former way of mounting photographs on stiff board, which could only be put in albums or bric-à-brac frames on mantelpieces, etc., had no artistic pretence about it whatever. Their present way, mounting the print on large gray sheets of paper with rough edges and overlapping covers is really nothing but an invitation to buy a frame for the print and hang it on the wall. The professional print has acquired a pictorial significance.

BUT it is, after all, an open question whether these efforts will be crowned with success. We are too much interested in the utilitarian equipments of our homes, ever to give, as the Japanese do, first consideration to harmony. And harmony, perfect harmony, is necessary to adapt their style of interior decoration successfully, the elaborate details of which in turn are lost in the background, which is impossible with our present system of house-building. As long as door-jambs and window-sills and mantelpieces are manufactured wholesale, and as long as our rooms are infested with stereotype chandeliers, registers, etc., a burlap-wall, with a few "Secession" prints will not save us. And to go to the extreme, as some esthetes are apt to do—and they have to go to extremes from our view-point—will always be regarded as an eccentric, visionary accomplishment. I personally have never been sensitive to my surroundings; I like a general harmony of effect, but would tire of any room that carried out a distinct line- or color-scheme, and I would find it rather ridiculous to build a special sanctuary for a Whistler etching, a Dewing silver print, or a Steichen print. In Japan furniture is scant, and the interiors of the houses generally kept in a neutral tint, to which the details lend the color-notes. If our interiors were as simple and artistic as the Japanese ones, we should have a good basis to work on.

AS it is, the photographic prints are finger-posts in the right direction. Whether we can pursue the indicated path to the very end, is a question which the future has to decide.

Sidney Allan.

PHOTOGRAPHIC FABLES.

THE FLAMINGO AND THE CROWS.

THERE WAS once a Company of Crows who Greatly Admired the Beautiful Plumage of a Flaming Flamingo of their Acquaintance. They therefore said to one another, "Let us discover the Nature of his Food that we, also, may become Glorious." Now having Ascertained that Green Frogs, Black Tadpoles, and an occasional Gold Fish constituted their friend's Menu, they provided themselves with a like Fare at Considerable Trouble, but with Unsatisfactory Results. At last they consulted a Venerable Owl who dwelt in the Neighborhood. "You are but Fool Crows," said the Owl, "for though you should eat nothing but Cochineal Insects you would still be Black, but the Flamingo, while he might die eating Carrion, would yet die Crimson."

DO not Flatter Yourselves that if you knew the Emulsion on your Neighbor's Paper you could achieve his Results.

THE AMBITIOUS COCKATOO.

THERE once lived a Green Cockatoo whose Primitive Emotions were quite Adequately Expressed by the medium of his Native Language, which consisted of a series of Raucous Screeches. Being, however, an Ambitious Bird, and being much impressed by the Vocabulary of his two-legged but Unfeathered Neighbors, he proceeded to make Selections at Random. By these tactics and by an Unfailing Assiduity he occasionally fooled some Thoughtless Person and was thereby much Elated. But he continued to be spoken of by Unbiased Observers as "that Damned Parrot."

DO not think that copying the Idiosyncracies of your Betters will enable you to Pass for a Genius.

J. B. Kerfoot.

THE GLIMPSE.

I turned, and where the dark pines separate
To give one glimpse of eastern forest hills,
They opened like portals to another world.
The sunset glow still warmed the western sky,
Its hush was over the sated earth; but here
A gray-green vista of the woods afar
Was light against the pines; the evening sky
Was steely blue; and there, one instant, see!
The fiery moon leaned on the sharp-edged hill.

Dallett Fuguet.

DOLOR.[1]

I HAD A deep-red sorrow
  That stained my face with tears;
There loomed no bright to-morrow
  Through all the serried years.
What most I loved had vanished
  And love itself seemed slain;
The wine of life was banished
  For the bitter lees of pain.
I thought this was the sorrow,
  As deep as man may know,
For which there is no morrow
  When life regains its glow;
That time could not dismember
  Grim visions of regret,
That love would still remember,
  That love could not forget.

AND now I brood in silence,
  My eyes are drained of tears;
My dreams, like futile islands,
  Drift on a sea of fears.
Were ashes by some dismal hand
  Whirled o'er memory's plain,
And sorrow tossed to the silent land
  Which knows not love nor pain!
This is the deepest sorrow
  That man may ever know:
There is a bright to-morrow
  For every human woe;
That time can well dismember
  All visions of regret,
That love can not remember,
  That love will soon forget.

S. H.

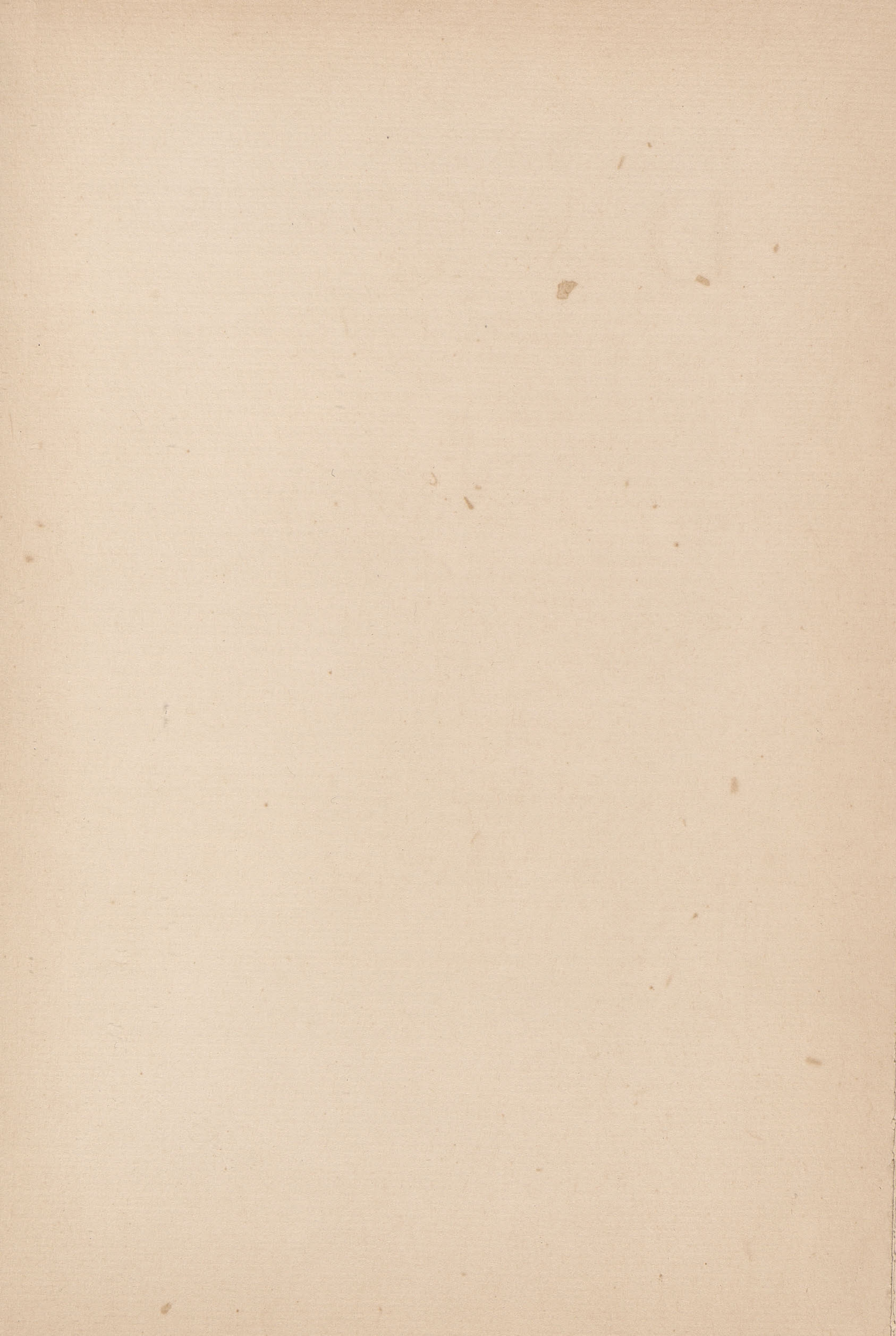
[1] Lines suggested by Mr. Steichen's print "Dolor."

EDUARD J. STEICHEN

IX. Portrait.

X. Nude with Cat.

XI. Judgment of Paris—A Landscape Arrangement.



THE PICTORIAL ASPECT OF PHOTOGRAPHY IN COLORS.

DURING THE last few years there have been one or two occasions on which photographs in colors have found their way into exhibitions which were avowedly limited to what are called works of pictorial interest only. To some people this fact is a portent, foretelling what we have to expect in the near future when the walls will be covered with "photographs in natural colors," as the public call them, to the partial or complete exclusion of the old monochrome pictures. "Never prophesy unless you know" is a good old rule; but it is quite possible that before very long we may see this development flourishing and ordinary black-and-white work in neglect. Still, while recognizing the possibility of such a result, it is as well to keep a clear idea of the distance we have still to travel before that end is attained.

ARE we any nearer to the solution of the problem of color-photography to-day than we were ten years ago? When we survey what has been done during that period, one is compelled to answer, No! More than that, we are no nearer than we were fifty years ago—in fact, as far as can be seen, no step toward color-photography has ever been made, except, perhaps, photography itself. "As far as can be seen," let us say; because, for all we know, the carbon process, wet collodion, blue-printing, platinotype, or any other photographic method whatsoever may prove ultimately to be the bridge by which that goal is reached.

HOW it will be reached we can not tell. There is no indication in any of the processes themselves. There is no method by which one single color can be photographed with as great a certainty of truthful reproduction, say, as any method will give in the mere matter of outline. Still less can we reproduce two or more. "Photography in Natural Colors," using the words with no forced meaning, but simply in the sense in which they are understanded of the people, is simply impossible in the present state of our knowledge.

SOME such preface as that which I have written above is essential if misunderstanding is to be prevented. Photographers are continually asked if it is "true that color-photography has been discovered," and are often assured that it has been and thought lightly of perhaps because they admit they do not practice it. Saying so much, then, to prevent the casual reader from being misled by supposing a problem to be solved while its very threshold has not been passed, we may consider for a little while the actual condition of the methods by which the difficulties that lie in the way of its solution have been, if not surmounted, dodged.

LITTLE reference need be made to the Lippmann process. Beautiful as it is as an elaborate and illuminative physical experiment, as a serious solution of the question it can hardly be put forward. As is well known, in this process the plate is exposed through the glass and the film is backed up with mercury. The reflection of the light-waves upon themselves gives

rise within the thickness of the film to maxima and minima of light-action, which upon development form an image in the film of a stratified character. Viewed under favorable conditions, the Lippmann photograph presents iridescent colors which in the case of a spectrum photograph may be said to be accurate, and in the case of photographs of natural objects are sometimes approximately correct. The mere fact that these can only be seen in certain limited positions, and the consequent intrusion of the process upon any one looking at the results, puts the Lippmann method quite out of court under present circumstances.

IF I might be allowed to digress a moment, it would be to mention a photomicrographic feat of no small magnitude, which has been carried out by Mr. Edgar Senior, of London, with the assistance of two of his students. The thin film of a Lippmann photograph has been buried in paraffin and cut into vertical sections, so as to show the actual layers or strata of deposit in an unmistakable manner. The process is one of great difficulty and delicacy, but has been carried out with so much success that not only is actual visible proof of the existence of the laminae given, but light is thrown on other physical problems, which lie altogether outside the scope of the present article.

SO much for the Lippmann process which, scientifically one of the most interesting of physical experiments, pictorially can never be of practical utility.

WHEN we come to consider the three-color processes, or rather process, for variations are only in matters of detail, we find ourselves before a method which can give results of great fidelity and brilliancy. Some of these have already found their way into photographic exhibitions limited to pictorial work, but their admission, nevertheless, it will be admitted by those who have seen them, must have been due to the desire to encourage a promising process rather than for their pictorial qualities. The fact is that all three-color work to be successful must deal with those brilliantly colored objects which are the exception rather than the rule in nature, and are rarely resorted to as subjects for the artist.

NO one has given more attention to this side of photography of late years than Mr. E. Sanger Shepherd, of London, who has worked out a complete three-color system by which the best results so far exhibited have been produced. The principles of color-vision upon which it is based have been set forth in print so often that there is no need to recur to them here; and we will rest content with a description of the method that he adopts.

ANY one who desires to try the process with as small an outlay as possible can do so by employing an ordinary camera and dark-slides, using the three light-filters in a cap or holder which fits on the front of the lens. A better plan, and one which is sure to be adopted by those who intend to take up the matter seriously and continuously, is to obtain one of the special repeating-backs. This holds a frame containing the three light-filters—blue, green, and red—and close behind these fits a photo-holder which holds two plates, each 8 x 3⅓ inches, a size that can be obtained specially

cut (Cadett Spectrum Plates) for the purpose, or can easily be made, if this plan is preferred, by cutting up a 10 x 8 plate into three. If this is to be done, a cutting-gage should be made by which the plate can be cut dead true in perfect darkness, an operation which is quite simple when a carefully constructed gage is employed.

WITH this back, as can be seen from our description, the plate is just behind the color-screens at the time of exposure, or to use the expression commonly employed when speaking of shutters, the color-screens are in the "focal plane." The dark-slide engaging with the repeating back, the shutter is drawn and the three exposures are made in quick succession with little chance of moving the camera. The back is moved on step by step after each exposure, so as to bring the next portion of the plate and a fresh light-filter into position behind the lens. The three exposures are thus made upon one plate, which may be developed without being cut up.

NOW in this, as indeed in all photography where the worker is really making a serious attempt at success, he must banish once for all the idea that he can modify the result by modifications in development, at any rate to advantage. He *can* modify his results, it is true, but only to their detriment, and in a blind and uncontrollable manner. In ordinary photography this does not so much matter, as a partial success is often more than the photographer expected, and enough to satisfy superficial critics. But an error that can be overlooked in such a case would mean absolute and hopeless failure in three-color work. It need not be supposed from this that the process is harder, but merely that it is important not to play with it, but to carry out each step rigidly.

THESE steps in the production of the negative are twofold—correct exposure and correct development. The correct exposure under ordinary circumstances is found in a very simple manner by means of a Watkins or Wynne sensitometer. The result so obtained is multiplied for each color-screen by the factor given with it by the maker, no more and no less. The correct exposure is given and development becomes a mechanical operation. A developer of known strength and at a certain temperature is poured over the plate and the dish is rocked for a fixed time. At its expiry, the plate is taken out, rinsed and immersed in an ordinary hypo bath until it is fixed, when it is washed and dried.

EACH photographer has his favorite developer, of course, and it does not matter in the least which of the many agents is selected. Mr. Sanger Shepherd himself cautions us against the use of hydroquinone, but says that any other non-staining developer may be employed. In my own practice I use Rodinal, without any addition whatever except water, using one part of Rodinal to sixty of water and developing at 70° Fahr. for sixteen minutes. This is for a Cadett Spectrum Plate.

THE character of the resulting negative should be that which yields the best bromide enlargement but is too soft to give a good platinum or even P. O. P. print. It is a great mistake to overdevelop the negative.

THE next stage is to make from the negative three transparencies which

when superposed shall give the colored result for which we have been working. The blue transparency in this process takes the form of an ordinary "black-tone lantern-slide" toned to a greenish-blue color with iron. The other two negatives are printed upon celluloid coated with a silver emulsion in gelatine, which have been treated with bichromate before use. The silver salt gives a visible image and prevents the spreading of the light-action. The bichromated gelatine is what is really used and the "carbon print" is developed in warm water in the usual way. The only variation is in the exposure. The celluloid being very thin, exposure is made through it so that development can be carried on without transfer. The "carbon prints" so obtained are placed in hypo to extract the silver salt no longer wanted, washed and stained in solutions which are prepared for the purpose by Mr. Sanger Shepherd, the constitution of which has not been published. Of superposition little need be said, except that it is not difficult and that the films may or may not be cemented together by means of balsam at the taste and fancy of the photographer. This in outline is the Sanger Shepherd process.

MESSRS. A. & L. Lumière, of Lyons, have also worked out a process of three-color photography of a closely similar character. The main point of difference between it and the foregoing is to be found in the fact that Lumière plates instead of Cadett are recommended and the exact composition of the dye-baths and light-filters is published. The prints are made upon specially prepared bichromated gelatine on a paper support and are transferred before development. A modification of this is known as the L. N. A. process, the initials standing for the Lumière North American Co., Ltd. The principal difference lies in the substitution of thin mica for the celluloid or paper as the support of the bichromated tissue, which is of considerable advantage when the lantern-slide is made, as it is less likely to be affected by the heat of the lantern than any other vehicle.

NOTHING has been said hitherto about the variations of the three-color process as applied to what is known as "half-tone" work. On this subject there is little to be said from the standpoint of the ordinary photographer, since the operations lie altogether outside the possibilities of his work. The process is the most hopeful of any as far as prints on paper are concerned, yet it must be admitted that at present it leaves very much to be desired, suffering from the defects of all three-color work.

WHAT are those defects? we hear some one ask. Exactly where they lie is difficult to determine, yet their effect is easily seen. It is doubtless due to some shortcoming of the method that we never see delicate, "impure" colors successfully reproduced, at any rate by themselves. It seems that there must be some strong, garish tint in the picture to which the photographer can work and by which he can guide himself, or rather the process, and stain or wash out or otherwise modify the pigmenting until the result seems reasonably correct.

ENTHUSIASTIC three-color workers will protest, no doubt, that this is not so; but the facts must be left to speak for themselves. The colors or

tints which appeal most to the cultivated eye are just those which no three-color process has yet reproduced, at any rate for public exhibition. They may have been made, but their makers conceal them, and the only shown specimens were either of brilliant tints approximately correctly rendered or of the more delicate shades hopelessly mistranslated. If three-color work can accomplish these, it would be a great thing, although not obviously a step toward true color-photography. If it can not, then pictorially it is of no avail and its results are out of place in exhibitions of pictorial photographs.

I HAVE not referred to two-color gum and similar work, because such can never be really true to nature except in copying specially prepared paintings limited to two colors and their derivatives, and because all color-work not reasonably true and convincing is artistically offensive and immeasurably inferior to a correct monochrome rendering, which in the present state of our knowledge is not difficult of accomplishment. R. CHILD BAYLEY.

SALON JURIES.

AT THE present day there is no subject of more concern to photographers than the constitution of salon juries. Notable differences of opinion exist upon this question. M. Demachy, the noted leader of French photographic picture-makers, has recently expressed himself in "Photograms of 1902," in favor of painters upon photographic juries. To those who appreciate the substantial value of his work, M. Demachy's ideas on photographic matters are of more than common interest; yet not only is his view not shared by most of the recognized American photographers, some of whom have gone on record in favor of juries composed entirely of such photographers as have proved by their work their qualification for deciding the artistic requirements of a picture, but so far have these carried their opposition that they have failed to support exhibitions held under the auspices of those who regard such juries as incapable of exercising artistic judgment.

THERE has been little said in defence of our position, and it might not be amiss to note a few of the considerations which have influenced our actions. One can scarcely take seriously such an argument as M. Demachy advances as a representative defence of our attitude — that photographers might just as well judge paintings. The absurdity of a reversed proposition does not weaken the force of an original statement. But, other things being equal, to realize the ideal of a salon it is essential that all work should be judged only by such as are capable of recognizing and appreciating those qualities which are inherent in each medium of expression. Unquestionably many of the things the camera can do are simply astonishing to a painter who has constantly before him sights and visions which he would be glad to express in his own language—if "Art were not so long"—while here is a little machine that can draw the face or the scene in an instant. This same painter will discover remarkable "painter-like" qualities in a gum-print which a gum-printer knows is a stupid, unskilled piece of work whose artistic

value would not have suffered by its having been intelligently manipulated. Were an etching to look like a painting, of what avail would be the choice of the medium? In all of Rembrandt's work there are common characteristics which distinguish his work from that of any other master, but his etchings have certain qualities peculiar to the medium and not to be found in his painting. Doubtless an etcher is the best judge of those qualities which give character and value to an etching.

IF photography deserves recognition it is not because it resembles some other medium of art, but because it has character and quality of its own, without which it would be no more than a cheap imposition. These qualities can be discovered only by the photographers who are *artists*, or by "artists" who are photographers, and on this ground is based our plea for photographer-jurors who have proven themselves thus qualified, of whom, unfortunately, there are too few.

IN a recent exhibition in one of our large cities the jury was composed of five "artists," men of skill in their own fields, and of varied artistic culture. They were generous enough to treat the matter seriously, and to give their time to the careful examination of some fourteen hundred prints, from which they finally selected one hundred and ninety. The exhibition was interesting and refined, and contained much promising material, as well as a number of pictures of distinct photographic value. But in what position did the jury find itself? Admitting that they were ignorant of photographic methods and technique, how should they know whether the prints were "legitimate" or "faked," or even whether the camera had been employed in producing a result so different from all the accepted ideas of photography? Some standard was necessary on which to act, and the jury felt compelled to decide how far it was legitimate to manipulate in photography! The print which brought about this crisis was a "gum," for possession of which a photographer had previously made an offer, yet the jury rejected it on the grounds that it was not a photograph. Here was no question of artistic feeling—that might have been open to differences of opinion, as it is not often that any picture meets with unanimous appreciation—but one solely of the characteristics of the medium employed, a subject which photographers alone would be prepared to debate.

THE emancipation of pictorial photography in the past, and its hope in the future, lie directly in the freedom to manipulate, within photographic bounds, a print or negative. It is not clearly established whether any means is not legitimate which does not go so far as to dispense entirely with the camera in the first instance or to introduce foreign material, such as paint or pencil, to assist in giving character or completeness to the print. When the happy time arrives that more "artists" include photography among their various means of interpretation, and "photographers" broaden their vision by using other mediums of artistic expression as well as photography, this little matter, which is so important now, will be buried along with those other discussions which seem so idle when their day is past.

EVA WATSON-SCHÜTZE.

JURIES AND JUDGES.

WHEN IN the past our voice has been heard in advocacy of photographers as judges and of juries composed of such, we supposed that no one would interpret this literally. Yet such has been the case, and we have recently found ourselves accused of having made the absurd assertion that from all those practicing pictorial photography could be drawn jurors more competent to judge than any painters. Such folly was far from our thoughts; but we did and still do believe that such pictorial photographers as have demonstrated by their works to the satisfaction alike of artists, art-critics, photographers and the general public, at home and abroad, that the knowledge, taste and feeling of the *artist* are theirs, are certainly more competent to judge the merits of a photographic print than would the average jury of painters and sculptors ignorant of photographic technique. Given a jury of painters, etc., familiar with the processes, scope and limitations of photography and themselves imbued with the full spirit of art, untrammeled by convention or prejudice, we stand ready to hail them as *the ideal jury*.

UNTIL the day comes when the services of such a jury can be procured, we stand firmly on the ground that photographers like Steichen, Eugene, White, Käsebier, Henneberg, Kühn, Watzek, Craig Annan and others, are immeasurably better judges of pictorial photography than the average run of painters and sculptors, whose sense of humor often keeps them from taking their own art seriously; and unfortunately of such some recent juries have been. Thus we have on the one hand, those serious photographic workers having faith in their medium of art, equipped with artistic perception and training, and on the other, men who view *their* art mainly as a medium of pecuniary profit. Such, alas, has been our experience, for those artists whose judgment would command the highest respect, have rarely shown more interest in the subject than to allow their names to be conjured with on the list of jurors, when in reality they have taken no active part in arriving at the verdict. Not only do photographers fool themselves and the general public by invoking the aid of such as these, but they are aiding, perhaps unintentionally, in making the claims of pictorial photography ridiculous in the eyes of the very men who lend the prestige of their names to a cause, in which, as yet, they do not believe.

EDITORS.

EXHIBITION NOTES.

THE THIRD SALON IN CHICAGO

THE THIRD Chicago Salon was held at the Art Institute from December 16, 1902, to January 4, 1903, under the joint auspices of the Institute management and the Chicago Society of Amateur Photographers.

ONE hundred and ninety prints were hung out of fourteen hundred submitted. The jury was composed wholly of painters. Two had done photographic work, but they were chosen because they were painters, and not because they were photographers. The prints which they accepted were therefore presumed to reflect the painters' conception of what makes a pictorial photograph. The result may have been quite as satisfactory as it would have been had the jury consisted wholly, or in part, of photographers; but the limitations and the possibilities of the pictorial photograph can be fully understood only by the experienced worker in that medium. It is significant that the development of pictorial photography in recent years has made the photographer a peculiarly competent critic of his own medium and work—as well as not infrequently of some other mediums in which he does not work. The observation may be ventured that a competent jury of selection, coöperating with a discriminating jury on hanging, both composed of photographers—or of painters and photographers—of taste and discernment, would have combined a peculiar skill in judging with a happy arrangement of prints. What the judgment of such a jury would have been upon the merits of the prints submitted may not be discussed; but an observing comparison between the exhibit of the Chicago Arts and Crafts Society, held in the adjoining rooms, and the photographic exhibit suggested the conclusion that the hanging committee got through with as little ceremony as possible—and a good many nice frames were sadly defaced by having the large catalogue numbers pasted upon them, instead of upon the walls.

REMARKS on juries and on hanging may seem less pertinent than a criticism of the prints; but a poor setting will mar a good play; cheap typography and binding a good book; inexperienced performers an artistic musical composition. Pictorial photography may well claim a place among fine arts; but dignity and sanity are needed in its every relation if it is to attract the approval and recognition of people of taste and cultivation.

THE Third Salon contained some very good work. Many of the prints, particularly in the portrait class—which had the largest representation—were well conceived and handled. The aim of most of the contributors, however, was evidently to reach safe results along well-beaten paths. The inventiveness and originality of conception that mark progress in any line of endeavor was only now and then to be observed. There were, indeed, few striking examples of that distinctive workmanship and skill to which the most serious and advanced workers have attained during the past three or four years. In this respect the exhibit may be said to have been somewhat analogous to the usual annual exhibitions of paintings, in which the painters have for the most part done over again, with variations, what had been done many times before.

Allowance must of course be made for the quickening of our critical attitude: for higher ideals and loftier motives are being sought, and the growing discernment of the worker implies an expectation of correspondingly big and subtle work.

THE aim of the pictorial worker should be directed toward cultivating the imagination and the faculty of independent expression. In photography, as in other spheres of thought and action, the thing most needed is not so much exactness of technique—for that is an academic acquirement, readily learned by studious application—as the search for the idea and the cultivation of the individuality. Beauty of line and of color, and harmony of values, are desirable, and a thing often done before, but now well done, and with new grace and inspiration, commands our interest; but the worker who plans a new interpretation, who reveals a new mystery, does more than that: he commands our admiration.

S. L. WILLARD.

PHOTO-SECESSION NOTES.

IN response to urgent invitations from the managements of the Minneapolis Salon, Denver Salon, Cleveland Camera Club Salon, Rochester Camera Club Exhibition, Toronto Camera Club Salon (in America), and the important International Exhibition of Pictorial Portrait Photographs at the Art Galleries of Wiesbaden (in Europe), that the Photo-Secession should support them by an exhibit of the work of its members, the Council, having first satisfied itself of the earnestness of purpose of these bodies and their willingness to accept the terms upon which the Photo-Secession feels it necessary to insist, prepared loan collections of Photo-Secession work to be sent to these places. It is the policy of the Photo-Secession to exhibit only upon invitation, and this necessarily implies that its exhibit must be hung as a unit and its entirety, without submission to any jury. In following out this plan it has been the aim of the Council to prepare collections most suitable for the locality in which they are to be shown, varying greatly in size, but the best of their kind procurable at the time from the work of its members. Nor has it been the policy of the Photo-Secession to support only exhibitions of prime importance, but rather to encourage the smaller organizations that have evinced an intention to take photography in all seriousness. As a body the Photo-Secession believes in extending aid and encouragement to all those having the welfare of the cause at heart. That the organizations to whose exhibitions the Photo-Secession has contributed have seriously desired and appreciated its aid is shown by the fact that the place of honor has been accorded to these loan collections; which, together with the appreciative press notices, further emphasize the intrinsic merit of the collections that were sent, as well as the thought bestowed upon their selection by the Council. The more important reviews of such exhibitions will from time to time be reprinted in these pages.

MARY M. DEVENS, Alvin Langdon Coburn, both of Boston; Wm. B. Post, of Fryeburg, Me., and W. L. Willard, of Chicago, have recently been elected Fellows of the Photo-Secession.

MR. Alvin Langdon Coburn, Fellow of the Photo-Secession, exhibited a collection of some sixty prints in New York during the month of January. The collection was of special interest to the student of pictorial photography, comprising as it did much that was original and unconventional.

RE ST. LOUIS

OUR editorial in the preceding number introducing Mr. Caffin's International Studio articles upon Pictorial Photography at the St. Louis Exposition, seems seriously to have hurt the feelings of Mr. J. C. Strauss of St. Louis in that we questioned the right of this gentleman "to act as spokesman for the photographic *pictorialists*." This much is evident from the tenor of an eight-page typewritten letter addressed to the editor by Mr. Strauss, in which he marshals extracts from communications from various photographic organizations, domestic and foreign, addressed to himself endorsing his attitude *in re* St. Louis, and offering their coöperation in the steps already taken by him. He further calls attention to the fact that all action taken by him was in the capacity of chairman of the committee appointed by the National Convention of the P. A. of A. in 1901.

IN so far as our editorial has given the impression that the gentleman has acted upon his own initiative, we desire to make clear that such was not our thought, as we were at all times in possession of all the particulars; but we wish again to reiterate that Mr. Strauss did not represent the spirit or ideas of those "photographic *pictorialists*" who have gained the recognition of modern photography in the field of art. The distinction between such and photographers generally was clearly in our minds, as an intelligent reading of the original editorial will show, care having been taken to speak only in behalf of the "photographic *pictorialists*."

WE do not feel that we have done Mr. Strauss any injustice, and therefore do not see any necessity to print in full his lengthy communication, which, however, we shall be glad to show to any one desiring to see it.

EDITORS.

THAT which separates a great artist from the public is the circumstance that he is serious and the public is not.

AN artist is always convinced of the ignorance of his critic—unless he is praised.

IN art there can be but progress and retrogression, as to stand-still is but a form of the latter.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

THE MAN BEHIND THE CAMERA.

IN OUR preceding number there was a capital article on "Repetition With Slight Variation," which tells how this characteristic of Japanese art lately has been applied in many forms of occidental art.

A SOMEWHAT similar idea of repetition with slight variation is also one of the beauties of old work of the arts and crafts. Some of this variation may have been unintentional, but medieval work abounds in beautiful examples of purposeful and loving variations, mainly of details. This is one reason why antique work is so much more pleasing to an artistic mind than the deadly regularity, as well as bad taste, developed in the century just completed. With the perfecting of the scroll-saw, the turning-lathe, and such kinds of clever machinery, came an orgy of Philistinism, when nearly every one and everything was degraded to ideals of machine standards, just as photography was kept in the highways of the commonplace, because it also was a new invention that enabled the Philistine to produce in commercial quantities.

A MACHINE can not make purposeful variations; that can be done only by a rational being whose heart is in his work to ensure its greater beauty and perfection. Recognition of this fact spreads slowly, but it is spreading, and more and more widely the workman in the future will be exalted above all machines. If it were not for this growing opposition of art to the merely mechanical, we might despair lest we turn into a machine-run race, not only politically, but in all ways—"ready-made" from our shoes to our ideas. But as we learn more and more, we grow to like, we aim to do, consciously, what our forefathers did with little thought—almost instinctively, we might say. And in the end, our conscious way will prove the better and more permanent.

PHOTOGRAPHY, or rather, some photographers, have broken away from mechanical ideals to follow the lead and laws of art. The modern high-power, quick-firing gun is a most wonderful machine; but it is already a truism throughout our country that it is the man behind the gun that counts. When like recognition is fully accorded to the man behind the camera, perhaps he may dare to hope for sympathetic comprehension if he attempt repetition with slight variation, even in composition, as well as practice it, as he now does in minor details.

DALLET FUGUET.

SOME THINGS WORTH LOOKING INTO.

THAT *Steichen* should have won the highest honors—two hundred dollars—in the recent Eastman Kodak competition with pictures made on Velox paper from film negatives taken with a kodak. Has the world gone topsy-turvy? And there were other competitors—18,000 of them!

The dark horse

THE new Sepia Platinum Paper, made by Dr. Jacoby, in Berlin, for which W. Heuermann is agent in New York. This is a cold development-paper without any addition of mercury to the developer, and yields rich sepia prints.

Sepia platinum paper

THE new Cooke Portrait Lens, working at F 4.5, an A-1 instrument.

A new Lens

THE Ansco Cartridge Film, for use in all cameras, manufactured by the Anthony & Scovill Company.

A new Film

THE new Uranium Intensifier (Beyer), which is splendidly adaptable to local intensification.

Intensifier

THAT it is not generally known that the Actien-Gesellschaft für Anilin-Fabrikation produces an Agfa reducer as well as an intensifier of that name. Both are invaluable to the photographer.

Reducer

THAT there will shortly appear a new cartridge daylight, as well as a new cut film, from the factories of the Kodak people. These are to be orthochromatic—it is claimed for them that they will lie absolutely flat—a boon to the photographer.

It will not fall flat

IT will be worth while to make special efforts for the coming Bausch & Lomb Optical Company competition.

Get busy

THAT the most satisfactory American plate thus far produced is the Seed Non-Halation Orthochromatic. Strange to say, it is really non-halation and orthochromatic, two qualities which, once appreciated, cease to be luxuries and become necessities. Why allow yourself to be duped by plates which possess these qualities only in print?

Straight goods

THE new quarters of the Folmer & Schwing Manufacturing Company. It is indeed a treat to be shown the many new ideas embodied in the special photographic apparatus which they are making for scientific experts in various branches. You will be welcomed.

A real treat

THAT the old stand-bys pyro and metol are not, by any means, to be relegated to the category of back-numbers.

Ye Old-times

THAT Tennant & Ward are still in the market for good photographic literary matter, and are willing to pay a good price for it.

Brains

OUR PICTURES.

THE portraits of Rodin, Lenbach, and the Self-portrait in this number have been reproduced in photogravure from negatives made by Mr. Chester Abbott Lawrence from Eduard J. Steichen's original gum-prints, the first two of which are from the private collection of Mr. Alfred Stieglitz. Carefully as these reproductions have been made, they can give but little conception of the exquisite quality, subtlety, and charm which is peculiar to all Mr. Steichen's work in this medium. Aside from the art displayed in these masterpieces of portraiture, they possess added value by reason of the uncommon personalities which they portray. We can add nothing further in explanation.

BARTHOLOMÉ, The Pool, Dawn-flowers, and Dolor are photogravures made directly from the original unmanipulated and untouched negatives. The remainder of our illustrations are half-tone reproductions from the original prints—Besnard; Portrait; Nude with Cat, in gum; Judgment of Paris in straight platinum. These details are given because it must be a matter of interest to our readers to know that much of Mr. Steichen's work is the straightest kind of straight photography, but applied with a liberal admixture of brain, feeling and a wonderful mastery of technique. Nothing further can be said in explanation of these pictures, as each will, no doubt, impress the individual temperament of the beholder variously. Mr. Steichen's art speaks most eloquently in its own behalf, and thereby in behalf of the cause of pictorial photography.

JUSTICE demands a word ot recognition to the Photochrome Engraving Company for the beautiful reproductions of these subjects so difficult to render adequately.

EDITORS.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

GREAT AS was the labor of bringing forth the initial number of Camera Work, the fact that very many of the leading workers from all parts of the world so fully appreciated our endeavors as to address to us enthusiastic letters of congratulation and encouragement, as well as the numerous exceptionally appreciative press notices which Camera Work evoked, have more than repaid the editors for their efforts. Such hearty and spontaneous responses have fully justified our faith in the general desire for a magazine of the character that we have produced, and we offer our heart-felt thanks for the moral and material support accorded to us.

CIRCUMSTANCES have compelled us to omit from this number the second of Mr. Otto W. Beck's series of articles on Lessons from the Old Masters. It will appear in the next number.

EDITORS.

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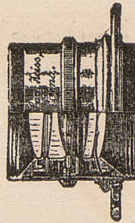

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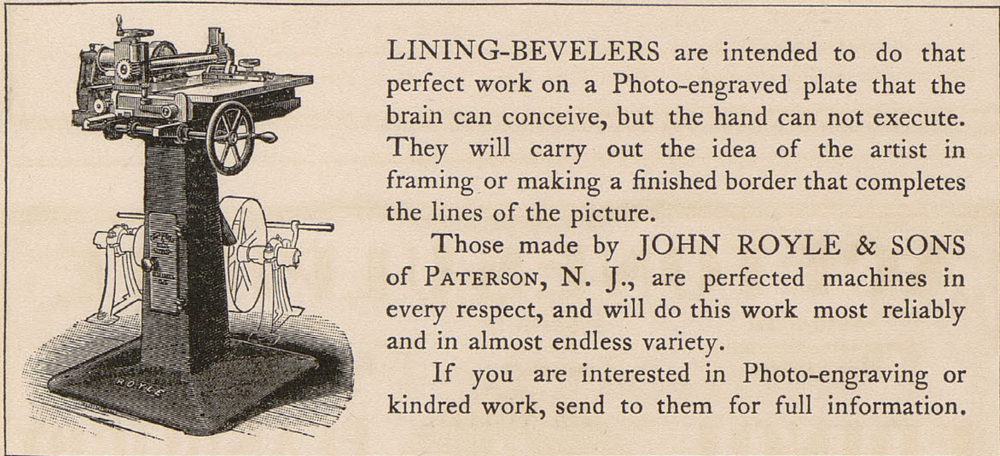

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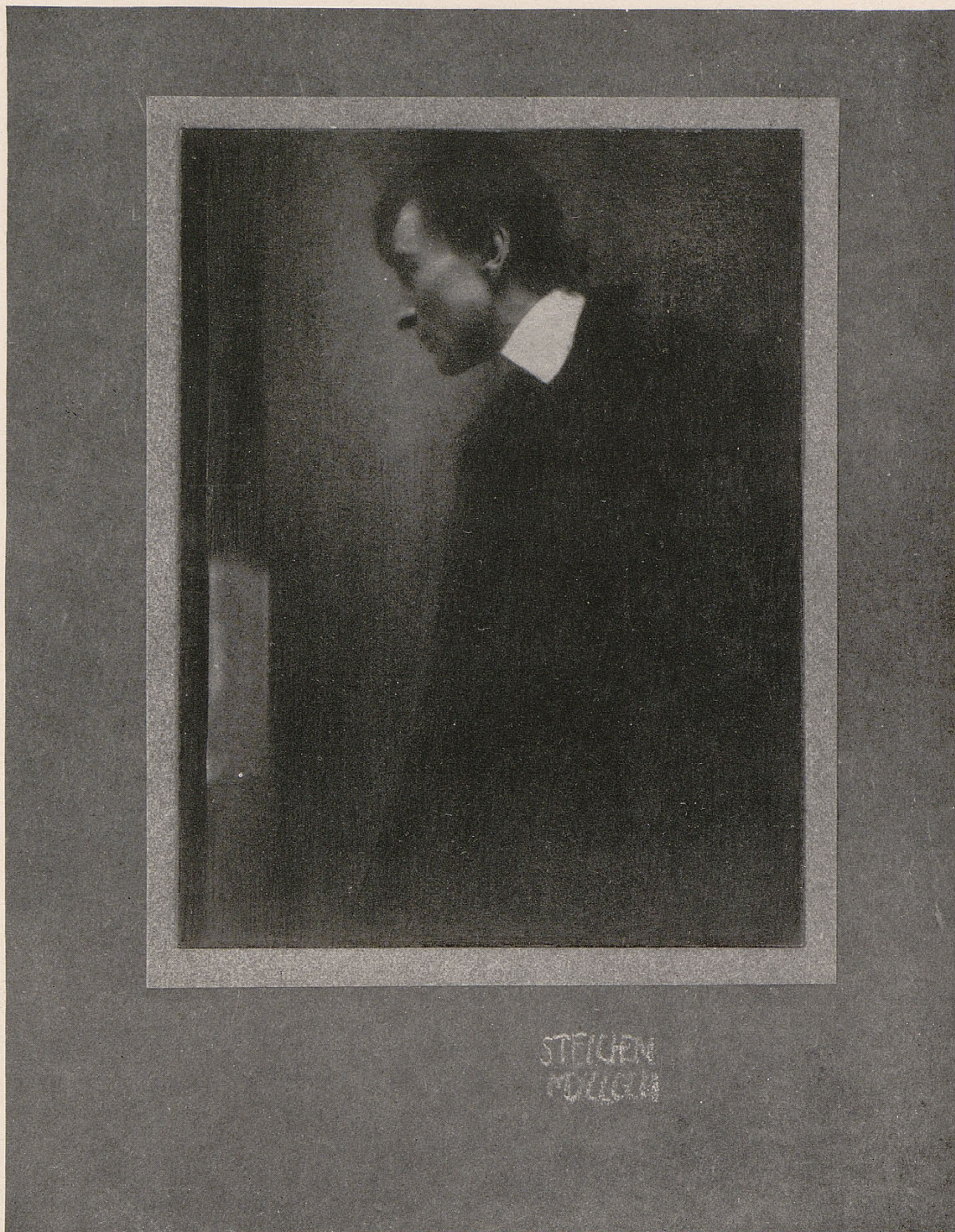

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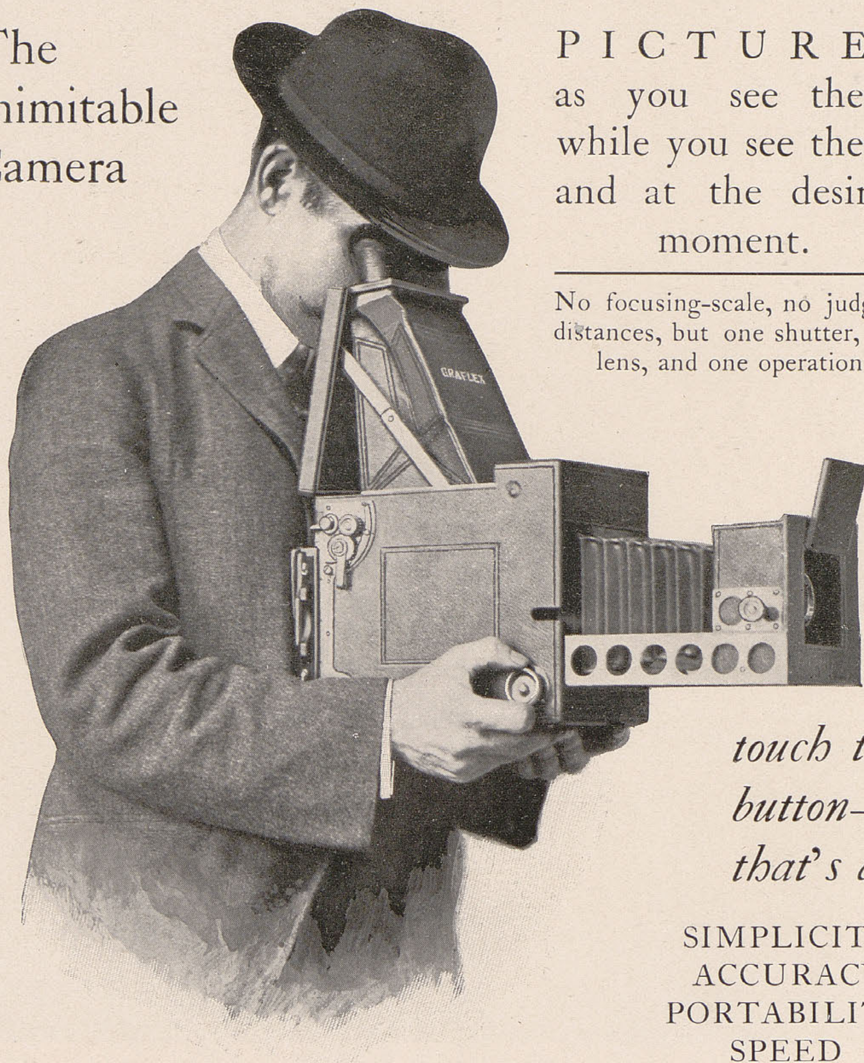

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E'EN tho' air-castles are unreal we are apt to stumble in their ruins.

REMARKABLE, indeed, that some artists will always plant on other's ground, rather than reap on their own.

NOT only do drops of sweat, but tears of pain, glisten on the laurel-wreath.

THE more sublime the mood of nature the more simple and reserved must be the art that is to interpret it.

HE that would live in peace and at ease must not speak all he knows nor judge all he sees.—*Benjamin Franklin.*

THERE'S small revenge in words, but words may be greatly revenged.

HERE comes the critic with his flood of words and his drop of reason.

THE Sun never repents of the good he does, nor does he even demand a recompense.

PHOTOGRAPHING merely to photograph is like talking merely to talk.—After *Goethe.*

THE laurel is a bitter leaf to him that seeks and to him that possesses it.—*Emanuel Geibel.*

ASK everything of Genius — but consequence.

ART is the up-building of the soul against death.—*W. v. Selvez.*

ART gives youth to the aged and age to the youth.

ART can only embellish and permeate life when life does embellish and permeate art.

THERE are some people who dislike caricatures — and yet these same will be photographed.

WHEN one has created something beautiful it is but natural that one should love and value it. Why can one not wish for this love and valuation in others — Is this vanity ?

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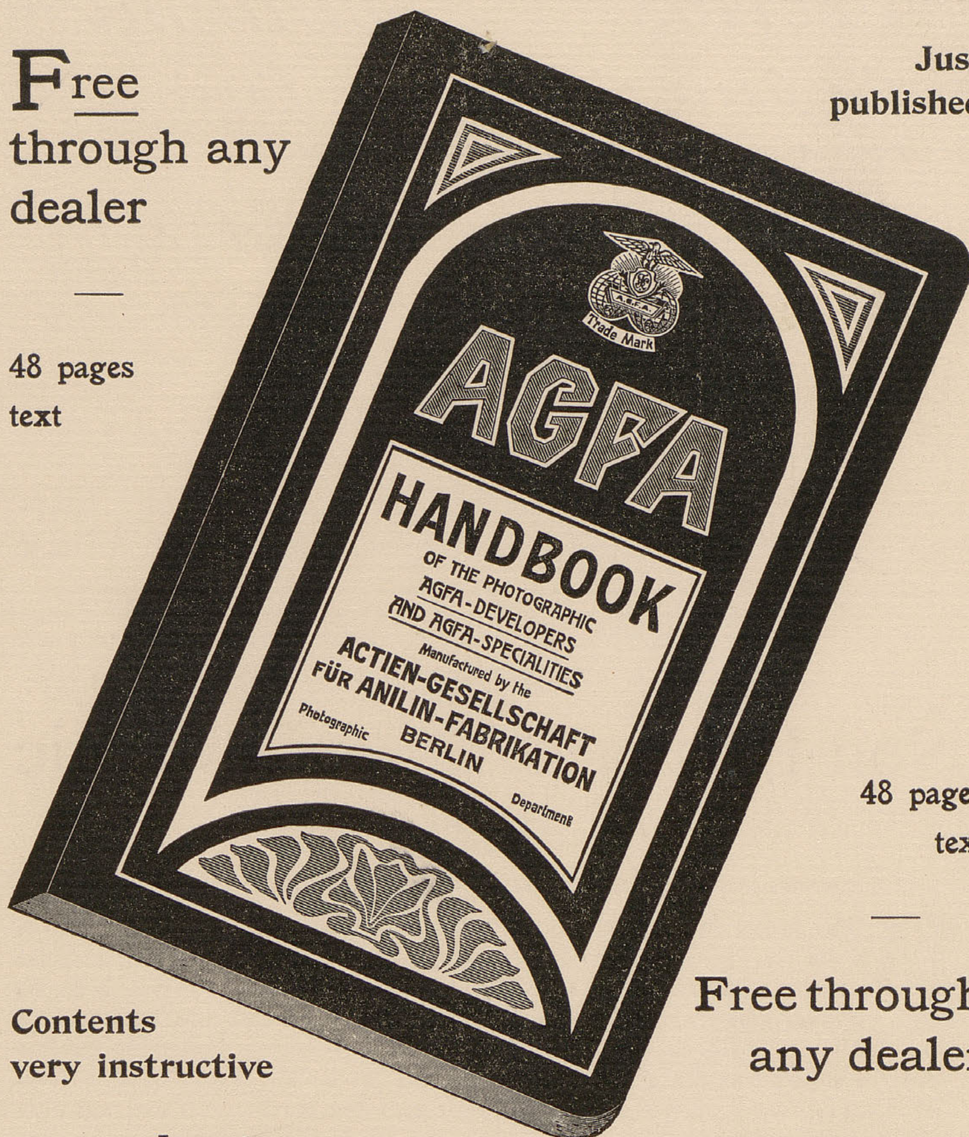

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