CAMERA WORK

A PHOTOGRAPHIC QUARTERLY
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ALFRED STIEGLITZ NEW YORK

NUMBER III
MDCCCXCIII
The Photo-Secession.

So many are the enquiries as to the nature and aims of the Photo-Secession and requirements of eligibility to membership therein, that we deem it expedient to give a brief résumé of the character of this body of photographers.

The object of the Photo-Secession is: to advance photography as applied to pictorial expression; to draw together those Americans practicing or otherwise interested in the art, and to hold from time to time, at varying places, exhibitions not necessarily limited to the productions of the Photo-Secession or to American work.

It consists of a Council (all of whom are Fellows); Fellows chosen by the Council for meritorious photographic work or labors in behalf of pictorial photography, and Associates eligible by reason of interest in, and sympathy with, the aims of the Secession.

In order to give Fellowship the value of an honor, the photographic work of a possible candidate must be individual and distinctive, and it goes without saying that the applicant must be in thorough sympathy with our aims and principles.

To Associateship are attached no requirements except sincere sympathy with the aims and motives of the Secession. Yet, it must not be supposed that these qualifications will be assumed as a matter of course, as it has been found necessary to deny the application of many whose lukewarm interest in the cause with which we are so thoroughly identified gave no promise of aiding the Secession. It may be of general interest to know that quite a few, perhaps entitled by their photographic work to Fellowship, have applied in vain. Their rejection being based solely upon their avowed or notoriously active opposition or equally harmful apathy. Many whose sincerity could not be questioned were refused Fellowship because the work submitted was not equal to the required standard. Those desiring further information must address the Director of the Photo-Secession, Mr. Alfred Stieglitz, 1111 Madison Avenue, New York.

List of Members.

Fellows.

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### Associates.

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The above, written by Maurice Maeterlinck for the Steichen Number of Camera Work, unfortunately arrived too late to be incorporated in the body of that book, is therefore printed as a special insert.

Editors.
innombrables. Il deviendra peut-être que ces ennemis innombrables n'étaient que des alliés et des instants mystérieux qui n'avaient pas encore appris à le servir. Il est sur le point de reconnaitre que tout ce qui l'entoure ne demande qu'à lui venir en aide, est prêt à travailler avec lui et pour lui, pourvu qu'il sache le faire comprendre. Cette bonne nouvelle le réjouit chaque jour davantage dans tous les domaines qui définissent l'intelligence humaine de l'homme. Seul l'artiste, jusqu'ici, par une sorte d'orgueil suranné, se refusait à écouter cette voix trop récente. On comparera le comparant à ce malheureux terrier solitaire qu'on trouvait encore dans les campagnes anciennes et qui, accablé de fatigue et de misère, s'obstine à tisser sur un métier antérieur délabré une toile grossière et déchirée, alors qu'à quelques pas de la cabane, le foin des torrents, de la houille
ou du vent, l'offre à faire vingt fois
en une heure la besogne qui lui demanda un long mois d'esclavage, et à la faire mieux.

Voilà huit des années que le soleil
nous avait révélé qu'il pouvait reproduire les traits du être, et des choses beaucoup plus vite et plus exactement que nos crayons ou nos fusains. Mais il paraîtrait n'offrir que pour son propre compte et sa propre satisfaction. L'homme
voulait le bonheur à coutûre et à
finir le travail de la lumière du
personnelle et indifférente. Il ne
qui avait sa encore été exprimé
S'y réfère la pensée de
que, aujourd'hui cette pensée ait
trouve la figuration par laquelle elle
va peindre dans la force ancienne,
ceur, l'amour, l'amour,
et lui faire que de choses que
n'ont pas encore été dites dans le
royaume de la beauté et de la vérité.

M. Walterléine
I believe that here are observable the first steps, still somewhat hesitating but already significant, toward an important evolution. Art has held itself aloof from the great movement, which for half a century has engrossed all forms of human activity in profitably exploiting the natural forces that fill heaven and earth. Instead of calling to his aid the enormous forces ever ready to serve the wants of the world, as an assistance in those mechanical and unnecessarily fatiguing portions of his labor, the artist has remained true to processes which are primitive, traditional, narrow, small, egotistical and over-scrupulous, and thus has lost the better part of his time and energy. These processes date from the days when man believed himself alone in the universe, confronted by innumerable enemies. Little by little he discovers that these innumerable enemies were but allies and mysterious slaves of man which had not been taught to serve him. Man, to-day, is on the point of realizing that everything around him begs to be allowed to come to his assistance and is ever ready to work with him and for him, if he will but make his wishes understood. This glad message is daily spreading more widely through all the domains of human intelligence. The artist alone, moved by a sort of superannuated pride, has refused to listen to the modern voice. He reminds one of one of those unhappy solitary weavers, still to be found in remote parts of the country, who, though weighed down by the misery of poverty and useless fatigue, yet absolutely continues to weave coarse fabric by an antiquated and obsolete method, and this although but a few steps from his cabin are to be found the power of the torrent, of coal and of wind, which offer to do twenty times in one hour the work which costs him a long month of slavery, and to do it better.

It is already many years since the sun revealed to us its power to portray objects and beings more quickly and more accurately than can pencil or crayon. It seemed to work only its own way and at its own pleasure. At first man was restricted to making permanent that which the impersonal and unsympathetic light had registered. He had not yet been permitted to imbue it with thought. But to-day it seems that thought has found a fissure through which to penetrate the mystery of this anonymous force, invade it, subjugate it, animate it, and compel it to say such things as have not yet been said in all the realm of chiaroscuro, of grace, of beauty and of truth.

Mauroe Maeterlinck.
(Translated.)
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CLARENCE H. WHITE

I. Letitia Felix.
II. Telegraph Poles.
III. Illustration to "Eben Holden."
IV. Winter Landscape.
V. Ring Toss.
CLARENCE H. WHITE.

Living in Ohio, and separated from the larger experiences and inspiration of the big centers of civilization; moreover, tied to a business which perforce occupies the lion's share of his attention, Clarence H. White has yet accomplished work which proves him to be foremost among the producers of artistic pictures in photography.

Perhaps the readiest way to gage the excellence of his work is to begin by recognizing its limitations. It is in a way provincial; although, I confess, it is more easy to feel conscious of this than to describe exactly in what it consists. Remember, you may smack your lips with gusto over a certain dish and yet find it impossible to translate its flavor into words. And it is just something akin to flavor that betrays the provincialism in Mr. White's pictures. To my own mind I can explain my meaning through the analogy of Miss Wilkins's New England tales; such a one, for example, as the story of a quilting-party. It is so very local as to be a little tiresome, and yet there is no mistaking the artistry of the story-teller. I know that some of our mentors in literary matters insist that truth to facts and an artistic clothing of the same constitute the art of the novelist. A great deal of vexatious argument may be saved by agreeing with them. We may admit that of such is art, and yet weigh the quality of the art thus presented, and find it some degrees removed from high proof. For, as Mr. John La Farge says in one of his writings, the local quality in art is always its weakest element; whereas, that which attaches to more universal experiences is per contra the quality in art which conduces to its larger significance. After all, this is only another way of saying that as it is the personal equation of the artist which most affects us in a picture, so we are bound to be the more affected according as the mind of the artist reaches beyond the local accidents to matters of wider and more abstract significance.

As I write this I am not forgetful of the place in art which is occupied by the little masters of Holland. Unquestionably local was their choice of subject—for example, the clumsy gamboling of peasants at the inn as in many of Jan Steen's pictures or the routine of simple family life as in those of Pieter de Hooghe. But they selected those subjects, not for their intrinsic value as such, but because they were ready to hand and offered opportunity for the display of the painter's craft; for producing an effective ensemble of color and movement or for working out some abstract scheme of light and shade and of delicate tonality; qualities of universal appeal quite irrespective of the special subject which served merely as a peg on which to hang them. This makes all the difference; and in the admirableness with which the painter-problem is attacked and solved, the subject as such takes less than secondary place.

It is in this way that one should regard Mr. White's pictures. He sets himself certain artistic problems and uses for the purpose the local material at hand. But it is not through the latter that the result should be judged, but through the degree in which the larger purpose has been achieved.
And the reference to the Dutchmen is apt because they were masters of the *genre* picture, and it is in this category that Mr. White's prints are particularly notable; for he of all American photographers has attained to the happiest results in what may be styled domestic *genre*.

This is especially the class of picture which those painter-critics who rejoice, or, to be more charitable, feel it to be their heaven-directed duty to belittle the claim of the photographer to be capable of artistic rendering, cite as terrible examples. They allude with pious horror to this kind of manufactured picture; and, really, one's own experience runs out to meet their criticism half way. Photography, indeed, must stand convicted of a multitude of so-called pictures, concocted in this vein, which are an abomination to all straight thinkers. It would seem, in fact, that these domestic subjects, which of all others might be expected to offer fruitful suggestion for the camera are full of difficulties. And such is evidently the case. To make a nice selection of environment and to place in it a figure, which shall seem to belong naturally thereto, and at the same time to express some sentiment, is by reason, perhaps, of its apparently obvious simplicity, a most exacting task; for the photographer, after all his judicious devising, is dependent upon the spontaneousness of his model. And he does not often devise judiciously.

Generally he seems to introduce his properties either because of their intrinsic handsomeness or because he thinks that they will contribute to the subject-matter of his picture; whereas it is for the composition of his picture that Mr. White in the first place selects them. Moreover, he has thoroughly mastered the principles of composition. In this respect there is nothing haphazard in his work; everything is calculated with a choice precision, with a refinement that eschews elaboration and secures from one or two objects a patterning of full and empty spaces which is characterized by gracious dignity. For the control which he exercises over the composition is not merely the result of carefully studied principles, but is a formal expression of his own attitude of mind. The arrangement in his pictures is an extraordinarily personal one, and in its graciousness and dignity reflects always the sentiment of his subject. Sentiment and composition, indeed, in his case are mutually explanatory and reinforcing. So he seems to be concerned less about making pictures than in expressing some idea through pictorial means, which is, of course, the proper process of the artist.

While, therefore, the young student of photography may well learn from Mr. White the necessity of technical knowledge in the selection and placing of the objects in a composition; and, given this knowledge, the absence of any need of elaborate properties, perhaps, indeed, the actual virtue of simplicity, he will miss the greater lesson if he does not realize that all this will be the better for being the expression of some depth and sincerity of idea in the operator's mind, which he is seeking earnestly to express. For ultimately, I imagine, the test of a good picture is the quality of mind which it embodies.

And in Mr. White's case this quality is discovered to be very serene.
and tender; choicely reserved, naively plaintive in its appeal. It leads him to exquisite effects of lighting; sometimes broad and frank in contrasts, more often sensitively subtle in delicate discriminations of tonality. I doubt, indeed, if there is any photographer in this country who excels him in the matter of tone. Not once or twice, but in a hundred prints you will find exemplified his skill in and feeling for the rendering of light. More than any one I know does he succeed in making his prints most beautiful studies of the variety and expressional value of luminosity.

Accordingly, one loses consciousness of the local, or call it, if you will, the provincial, touch in his work and realizes only the sweet austereness of the sentiment and the fine technical qualities of expression. In both these directions his prints are singularly fascinating.

Charles H. Caffin.

THE VALUE OF THE APPARENTLY MEANINGLESS AND INACCURATE.

Accuracy is the bane of art. There is no despotism so ghastly, so disastrous in its results. Slavery of observation and a too close discrimination of the actualities of life have foisted upon us a David and a Cornelius, the Düsseldorf and the Hudson River Schools, expressions of art which, according to the present codes of esthetics, are the very lowest imaginable. Modern Art has nothing to do with plumb-lines and mechanical props. It has taught every artist to delight in the report of his own eyes and to set it forth with all the eloquence he is capable of. His individual eloquence is generally more important to him than exact likenesses of form and color, and he would rather fail in conformity to truth than in eloquence. He recognizes that he can only master the general aspect of Truth, and that to copy nature slavishly is but to invite failure and to join hands with vulgarity.

Modern art, in its best examples, is the very antithesis of accuracy. Look at a Sargent or Boldini. What an apparent waste of accidental lights, passing shimmers, speckles, flashes, and other local impossibilities appear in all their pictures! And yet each of these embellishing touches lends its value to the variety and comprehensiveness of the total effect. As unimportant as these technical details may seem at the first glance, they are really the leading characteristics of modern art, for they lend virility to lines and masses. With their help the immobile becomes animated, the silent begins to speak, and the dull turns colorful.

The art-connoisseur of to-day wants to see subjects bathed in light and air, and wants an actual atmosphere to be interposed between his eyes and the representation of figures, flowers, fields, trees, etc. No matter if the arms and legs of a figure are rightly measured and located, if they only look like arms and legs he is satisfied.

Alma Tadema and Bouguereau have fallen in esthetic appreciation. Naturalness of effect in their pictures is invariably sacrificed to pedantic knowledge of form and line, and their groups of figures look cold, hard, and
overstudied, like separate objects pitched together. Seen in fragments, each of their figures would affect one pleasantly, owing to their fine draughtsmanship; but when put together, one resents in them a too close discrimination of unessential facts and local tints.

Modern art has discarded the classic purity of the Greek line and substituted the rugged, picturesque line of the Japanese, which vibrates with the nervous touch of the artist’s hand. A perfectly straight or clear line seems to us almost as offensive as the introduction of geometrical figures. We do not want the representation of facts, but of appearances, or merely the blurred suggestion of appearances and the swift reflections and subtle quivering of light do not permit any exact copyism. The natural result is a broader treatment, and as it is impossible to handle large masses successfully without breaking them up, the artist—each after his own fashion—has to find some technical device to lead him in the direction he desires.

Experiments will teach him to regard the eccentricities of brush-work, the apparently meaningless and inaccurate, as one of his safest helpmates. He may introduce, like Cecilia Beaux, red and blue color-daubs in the shadows, which are apparently meaningless, as they do not exist in reality, but which relieve the monotony of the actual local tints. Or, like Winslow Homer, he may accentuate his shadows in the foreground and render them inaccurate by painting them black, in order to give his objects more solidity and to heighten the impression of sunlight.

Peculiarities of style like these may easily deteriorate into trickery and mannerisms, but even then they are to be preferred to pure mimicry and imitation.

The love for exactitude is the lowest form of pictorial gratification—felt by the child, the savage, and the Philistine—it merely apprehends the likeness between the representation and the object represented. The unforeseen and unexpected effects are those which make the deepest impressions. Of course, the artist can not entirely rely on accidents—although accidental flourishes are apt to produce artistic and even remarkable effects at times—he must understand the underlying structures and keep enough force in reserve for the handling of the essential masses.

Take, for instance, Mary Cassatt, by no means a great artist, but on almost every one of her canvases, roughly, sometimes brutally composed, drawn, and painted, there is that touch, which by imparting to form and color some particular quality of effect, impossible to analyze, endows all her figures with the energy of life. How does she accomplish it?

Her style of painting consists primarily of a mosaic of irregular colored shapes. At close scrutiny we complain about bad drawing, willful accentuation of detail (in particular in the boundary lines of shapes) and the unchromatic vehemence of her coloring. There are any amount of tiny, crisp, and angular lines and chaotic color-patches which apparently have nothing to say, and yet at a distance pull altogether and give a significance. A hand, represented by a few fragmentary scratches and scrawls of the brush and a juxtaposition of color, after all gives a more life-like impression than
Illustrations to "The Value of the Apparently Meaningless and Inaccurate."
one which is faultlessly drawn and colored with all due observations of
precise and pedantic realities.

What does it matter if the rigging in Boudin’s picture is nautically
incorrect, if he gives his masts one yard too many or too little, as long as he
suggests the peculiar charm and restlessness of seafaring vessels. He
probably knows every stay and spar, but he feels that the eye of the
spectator would be more satisfied with a few vital dashes than an accurate
illustration. Also in the sky-line we notice many strokes and patches
which do not resemble facts in accordance with the laws of perspective and
the conventionalities of domestic architecture, but do they not as a whole
give the impression of a little French harbor town, with its faint suggestion
of the heavy ocean, of home-coming vessels and mutinous skies?

Pictures like these the gum-workers should study in order to learn to
eliminate facts and at the same time to subordinate the daubs and dashes
which accomplish it, to the greater elements of composition, of proportion,
and of dark and light. It would surely do no harm to cultivate that
extraordinary acuteness of vision, which enables Monet and Whistler (the
one in the prismatic colors of the rainbow and the other in grays and
browns) to distinguish in one note of color twenty oppositions or more,
each influencing the other by their tonal juxtaposition, like so many notes
of music.

But may not too many inaccuracies be added at the expense of the
general truth? Undoubtedly, nothing is more frequent with unskilful
artists than to lose the swing of a line by separately accentuating particular
indentations, or the character of a mass by over-modeling subordinate
saliences. Any distraction of attention from the essential elements of a
picture is apt to destroy the dignity and breadth of its view.

One must be a past-master of structural form before one can subor-
dinate the means employed for an artistic attainment to the attainment itself.
A technique affecting haphazard effects, misrepresenting natural vision and
often merely clothing bad construction and other technical shortcomings, is
affectation and foppery. Expression can not exist without character as its
stamina, and character and stamina can be only given by those who feel them.

There is no set and definite mode of acquiring such faculties. It must
be intuition, and as in the case of the artist’s own affections, inspirations,
and ideals, the result and the expression of his own spontaneous spirit and
individuality. Thus, alone, it will have flavor, freshness, and suggestion.

Sidney Allan.
A SERMON.

You will find my text in the thirty-second chapter of Deuteronomy, in the fifteenth verse: "But Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked." But Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked.

I propose, brethren, to divide my discourse into four sections: Who was Jeshurun? How did he wax fat? Why did he kick? And what have we to do with the matter?

Jeshurun, then, was a pet name for the chosen people. Just as your father doubtless called you "James Augustus," instead of "Jimmie," upon occasion, so, by the voice of his prophets the Lord, upon occasion, called his people "Jeshurun." And when the twelve tribes heard themselves thus addressed they were apt to drop golden calves and incidentals and hearken unto the voice of the Lord.

Secondly, brethren, how did he wax fat? You will remember that Jeshurun had not always been even presentably plump. For many years, in the absence of straw, he had been sedulously employed in spoiling good bricks when he longed to be spoiling the Egyptians. But this was before Moses started the first Secession movement. Then, indeed, Jeshurun became a prototype of Sunny Jim. Quail and manna and other goodies from the heavenly larder rained upon him. And he waxed fat!

And, thirdly, why did he kick? Ah, dearly beloved, that you should miss so simple a deduction in elementary psychology! He kicked because he got the big head!

And, finally, what have we to do with the matter? Surely, nothing but this: that we are become like unto Jeshurun. We, too, were lean and poorly favored. We, too, were making strawless bricks and spoiling nothing but our own handiwork. For us, too, has risen a Moses; the Red Sea of precedent has been rolled back and we have entered the wilderness, seeking the promised land. Gold medals, grand prizes and honorable mentions have rained from heaven and we have waxed fat. But, brethren, we are not out of the wilderness. Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked. Let us not follow his example.

J. B. Kerfoot.

Let scholars class their artists as they please; Let critics weigh and play to unmake and make. Such academic subtleties can hinder No soul who wills it not, but spurns that dust Of schools and libraries which chokes and blinds And shrivels souls content to dwell therein.

[From A New-world Song.] Dallett Fuguet.
Strange, how at times during a conversation a casual remark, to which no importance is attached at the moment, can grow in one’s mind, many days or weeks’ later, to such an importance that one’s train of thought is lead into an entirely new field of investigation.

On a November morning in 1894 I paid a visit to George Inness, the landscape-painter, at his Montclair home. We had spent at least two hours in a lively chat, largely on matters relating to art, when I thought it at last time for me to go. My host accompanied me to the door-steps. I do not remember the actual scenery which greeted my eyes, but I have a reminiscence of a vast tract of open land, of long strips of dark-brown earth spotted with snow, and a gray sky full of moving clouds, through which the sun was shining. It was a most beautiful sight, a veritable “Inness” of his later years.

The painter, bareheaded, his coat flapping in the cold November wind against his haggard form, pointed at the landscape with a sweeping gesture and exclaimed: “I wish I could have seen this in my youth as I do now!” recalling, I suppose, the labor of years it had cost him to advance his art from the pedantic, detail-loving style of the Hudson River School to the mature, constructive beauty of his masterpieces, when he saw everything in masses. “You probably were not short-sighted at that time,” I remarked half aloud, more to myself than to him. Still absorbed in the contemplation of nature, he did not answer, and I departed a few minutes later.

The visit, although memorable to me as being the only one I paid to George Inness, left as it is so often the case but few reminiscences; my casual remark, however, obstinately reappeared, and I gradually began to realize that there exists some relationship between the visual perception of the artists and the style of the work they are producing.

Of course, deficient eyesight can in most cases easily be corrected by wearing glasses; but artists are generally more careless with their physical condition than other human beings, and even should they wear glasses, they would still, like the rest of humanity, be unconsciously influenced by their visual disturbances. And that any disorder of the eye will modify in one way or another the conception one derives from the outside world, nobody will deny.

In the seventies Inness’s eyesight, which had been normal, began to fail, and at the same time he adopted a new method of expression. His execution became broad, free, and liquid. This was surely not a mere coincidence. True enough, art had changed — the Barbizon school had done its work. Inness was excited and influenced by its illustrious example, and most likely would have changed his style, independent of the condition of his eyesight. But would the change have come as easily to him if he had not grown hypermetropic, a physiological condition after the age of fifty-five of previously normal eyes, owing to a diminution of the refractive power of the lens? In his youth he saw everything “hard,” in sharp
outlines and in detail; now, with his hypermetropic eyes which are deficient
in short as well as distant vision, and capable of clear vision only where the
entrant rays are focused in the retina, he saw everything indistinct, oscillant,
in masses without clear outlines, just as he wished to paint it. Also, George
Fuller, who saw everything as in a mist, suffered of hypermetropia, and I
read in a French scientific journal that Carrière, Gustave Moreau, and Israels
all "were handicapped (?) by lack of clear vision."

Following this line of investigation one may easily arrive at some
conclusions. It would be interesting to investigate whether the majority of
the painters of the Hudson River School were not either emmetropic (i.e.,
in the possession of normal eyesight) or presbyopic (far-sighted). Their
photographic accuracy in distances points to presbyopia. I found that quite
a number of the old Academicians had no difficulty in seeing distant objects,
but in reading had to hold books or newspapers inconveniently far away.

A far-sighted person has less talent for painting, as we understand the
term to-day, than others. It is difficult for him to see distant objects
pictorially and in harmony, while foreground-work does not lend itself so
readily to broad treatment. Vollon is one of the exceptions. D. W. Tryon,
who is slightly presbyopic, is another. He has the habit of depicting his
distances more distinctly than his foregrounds, which he constructs en masse.

And there is no doubt in my mind (of course, all these observations are
meant more as suggestions for further investigation than as indisputable
facts) that the younger painters, who broaden details and see life with a
superb breadth, are nearly all short-sighted (myopic). Since the introduction
of compulsory school attendance, almost fifty per cent. of all art-students are
short-sighted. This may explain much of the difference between the old
and new school of painting.

Short-sightedness (i.e., an eye in which the focal point of parallel rays
entering the eye lies before the retina) has one decided disadvantage for the
professional painter. He will never perfectly master the constructive
elements of form, as he sees distant objects all his life in a more pictorial,
harmonious way than others, for short-sightedness generally begins in
childhood, and rarely, unless aggravated, advances after twenty-five. This
lack of form knowledge could easily be rectified, but the way in which nature
composes itself for the young art-student is too entrancing a way to be
seriously opposed. He tries at once to paint like a master. But this does
not necessarily exclude understanding of line and perception. Short-sighted-
ness is of all visual perception really the most favorable to the artist. The
short-sighted artist does not only see objects well at short distances, but by
half-closing the eyelids—an unconscious habit with many short-sighted
people—can obtain a more distinct vision of distant objects, and unless his
is a case of extreme myopia, he really sees his surroundings as artists with
normal eye-sight would like to see them, somewhat blurred, and yet
distinct. If, on the other hand, a short-sighted artist is devoted to fore-
ground studies and still-life, he has all chances to rival the little Dutch
Masters in accuracy of detail, for the myopic eye sees objects within the
“far point, and up to the near point” more clearly than the normal eye. The normal eye, in order to see objects at, say twelve inches clearly, has to put its muscles of accommodation into play, while the myopic eye, to realize a vision of the same strength, can remain absolutely passive.

Our wood-engravers are nearly all highly myopic, and they continually aggravate that short-sightedness by using their eyes on fine work in a stooping position. But it heightens their perception of the purity of line-work to a rare degree. I believe that masterpieces of wood-engraving like Yuengling’s “Moonlight Marine,” after Quartley, and Kingsley’s “Spring,” after Tryon, could never have been produced by normal eyes.

Also, the peculiar coloring of modern painters, like the impressionists, tachists, mosaicists, the gray-in-gray and violet-in-violet colorists, the archaists, vibrists, and color-orgiasts can be traced to visional disturbances. The painters who affirm that they paint nature as they see it, tell the truth; but they suffer from ophthalmic derangements. Those who are affected with trembling of the eye-apples (nystagmus) see everything trembling, restless, and in vague outlines. Nearly all hysterical people are affected with insensitivity in one or the other part of the retina. As a rule, the insensitive places are connected and situated on the exterior half of it. In these cases the full vision is more or less limited, and appears to them not as a circle but as a wilful fragment bound by a luminous, zigzag line. Sometimes the insensitive spots are not connected, but scattered all over the retina. In this case they experience voids in their field of vision, and will be inclined to combine larger and small sections which do not belong to each other. This insensitivity does not necessarily render a person blind to all colors, but only to one or a few.

If the color-sensation is entirely lacking (achromatopsy) he sees everything in a uniform gray, but is conscious of the different degrees of light. This does much to explain the monotonous coloring of Puvis de Chavannes, Bastien Lepage, Liebermann, and Uhde. They may be partly achromatopic. As for the color-orgiast, Besnard, his love for loud yellows, blues, and reds is explained by Dr. Gilles de le Tourette, who informs us that red and blue are peripheral colors (i.e., they are seen first by the most exterior parts of the retina) and can still be perceived when the sensibility for other colors has been weakened. With some dull-sighted persons (amblyopsy) the perception of red is the last to disappear; with others, blue. Red has another peculiarity, which explains the fondness some painters have for it—Rochegrosse, for instance. Binet has proven that some colors, in particular red, have a stimulating influence on the active nerves, while others, purple, for instance, have a depressing influence. Thus, the purple shadows of the impressionists, and the general purple keynote of modern pictures (which does not exist for the normal eye) have probably originated in the melancholia of modern painters. Very peculiar, also, seemed to me the fact that quite a number of our American artists, and invariably such who have become known for qualities which demand the keenest visual perception, are only in the possession of one eye. I easily could name a dozen.
The man with two eyes, of course, has a more extended range of vision. He sees of his surroundings about one-quarter more than the one-eyed person; he can cover at a glance a sector of 120 to 140 degrees, while the other can see only a fragment of 90 to 100 degrees. But the man with one eye sees everything more concentrated, in more distinct outlines. Also the perspective image he perceives is an entirely different one. He sees everything "fixed," as it were, from one side, and only needs to copy what he sees, while the artist with normal eyesight has to find his perspective lines, and in the very act employs expedients like the closing of one eye. A normal pair of eyes sees of a cube, for instance, both sides, while the left eye sees only one, the right side, and vice versa. Artists deprived of one eye for this reason have less difficulty to become good draughtsmen, and it is possible that sculptor Barnard's subtle perception of outline is largely due to the fact that the vision of one of his eyes is impaired.

The best proof for this argument is Homer Martin's case. While I was working at my "History of American Art," Mrs. Martin wrote to me as follows:

"Do you know, by the way, that all the pictures I have named above (his 'Sand Dunes,' 'Harp of the Winds,' and 'A Bluff on the Mississippi')—in fact, all that date later than 1892, were painted after the optic nerve of his only perfect eye was stone dead? The other was always defective, so much so that in 1861 he was rejected as a volunteer for the Civil War on that account. After '92 the creative genius in him, like love in the sonnet, 'looked not with the eye, but with the mind.'"

All who are familiar with Homer Martin's work know that he developed into a really great landscape-painter only after '92. He suddenly became a master of draughtsmanship, in which he had been deficient before, and a colorist of astonishing richness and subtlety.

It seems that the more obstacles are put in the path of an artist the more ardent he becomes to overcome them; this leads to increased study, critical analysis, and concentration, which in turn results in a more perfect mastery of his medium of expression. Although I firmly believe in Whitman's verdict, that a truly great artist should also be a model of perfect health, I fully realize at the same time how few of us modern artists would come up to that ideal. We should perhaps be grateful that we are strong enough to overcome the symptoms of physical degeneracy, as it can not be denied that certain physical disturbances, in particular visual disturbances, not only make the artist more powerful than he would be if simply normally developed, but also lend, at least for modern nerves, a very desirable vivacity to his art.

Sidney Allan.
LESSONS FROM THE OLD MASTERS.—II.

Americans, at this stage of their development in matters pertaining to art, are appreciative of that which is descriptive of form, and are capable of grasping effects rendered in black and white. As a people they have not yet been prepared by education or mental qualification for the subtler expressions found in color.

The photograph for these reasons is within the comprehension of the masses, while the easel-picture and the mural painting are quite removed.

Yet when the photographer’s desire for some knowledge of the principles of art reaches the point at which he begins to cast about him for a school in which to pursue his study, he is at once confronted by the fact that no art-school directors have regarded photography seriously enough to adapt their art-courses to the needs of the worker with the camera. Neither National nor State Photographers’ Associations have taken official measures to build up for their large membership a system for the study of the principles of composition, upon which art-photography must chiefly depend for a healthy start and subsequent growth; nor have camera clubs throughout America done aught to establish such a school.

That art is structureless seems the convenient belief; so soothing is it to regard one’s neighbor’s work as no better, or even less good, than one’s own; so easy is it to evoke pleasing comment upon photo-prints that render commonplace scenes in the old conventional photographic way. Yet there is in man a thirst for the pictorial expression of thought that the mere technical photograph can not quench, and it is belief in the power of photography to record the worker even better than the scene that induces this longing for art-study on the part of many in the profession. And it is well to entertain such belief; for the photographer’s methods are far more pliable than is generally conceded and once given methods capable of being bent to the thought of the worker, we have at hand the possibility of art; its realization being dependent only upon individual will and ability.

That photography can be an art is no longer questioned, but in order to achieve it we must strive to encourage the forces, everywhere visible, that make for good, to give direction to our endeavors and to unite them in a unifying art impulse making for art-structure and art-principles.

Photographers may assume that the validity of the truth, revealed by ages of art-study—that composition is the very foundation of picture-making is applicable to them, too, and that there is no escape from a study of it if it is their desire to raise their work to the level of art. It may be that gifted men, surrounded by works of art from which they unconsciously draw conclusions, formulate for themselves ideas that enable them to put together the essentials of a picture without being conscious of following any prescribed system of procedure, but it is also true that those with but little talent and few opportunities to see masterpieces will learn to think only after a system has been given them. Without exception the masses of children that attend our public schools are working at a study of art under
a system. Their teachers, too, are similarly taught. Indeed, it is aston­ishing to see how young people, fresh from college, with a scientific education and displaying upon their entry to the art-school no special talent for art­work, will learn when subjected to a carefully planned course in composition, to do those things which art-students in painting- and drawing-schools do not accomplish.

Beauty and logic—the elements that underlie composition—can be so fully analyzed and made so readily comprehensible that the serious student gradually acquires the power to do good work and to read pictures. All photographers should undergo this training in order to learn how to read pictures as readily as they read type and to produce work that possesses meaning and beauty. Though the public at large in its ignorance of art may be easily misled as to the nature of art, the photographer untrained in art will find that he can not reach the hearts of the cultivated and that their attitude toward his work will remain unresponsive, so long as his productions display ignorance of the underlying principles of art. Why then not break through the barrier of the disparagement of art-knowledge, meet the question fairly, overcome the fault and prejudice, and give art-study in photography a permanent place in the profession?

Jones together with Rembrandt are viewing a new portrait in the latter’s studio. The eye of the master drinks in the whole creation—the face, the juicy color, the play of light and dark, the lines—every inch of the picture-field being alike beautiful and essential to him. Friend Jones sees only the head; for him the background has no necessary relation to the rest of the picture. The face and possibly the hands alone occupy his thoughts. He has little feeling, little intensity in his observation, but seeing something new in the “lighting” of the head he hurries home to imitate it. The trouble is he never reaches home fast enough to carry out his intentions. Probably, however, a deeper reason for his failure lies in that he has observed the face exclusively, the background and frame having made no impression upon him. He knows not how to think in terms of art; he can not read a picture. He is not a creator; he can but try to imitate and beyond this he seldom strives to go.

Take Rembrandt’s “Admiral’s Wife” which is reproduced in this number:* even among the work of artists of the highest rank it is rare, indeed, to find an example in which there is such masterly placing of a single light in the scheme of darks, such rhythmic accompaniment of the figure’s lines with those of the frame, such exquisite adjustment of lines of arm and shoulder to the main lines of the more strongly defined forms. How wonderfully does the upbuilding of the parts consummate that expres­sion in the face of vigor, of personality! To give the art-reasons for this pictorial triumph would necessitate dissection of the parts into their pictorial elements, an analysis too lengthy to be entered into here. The study of art gives training and strength to the perceptions, hence art-knowledge is a gradual growth. Before a full grasp of this picture is attainable an analysis

* See opposite page.
"THE ADMIRAL'S WIFE"

Illustration to "Lessons from the Old Masters. — II."
of it should be preceded by exercises in space divisions, practice in the placing of lights and darks and in the interlacing of motive-lines with frame-lines. No single picture can be at once explained to him who is not thus prepared. To the trained student of art analysis means understanding, and supplies him with that substantial equipment necessary to solve similar problems with fair promise of success. Whatever the result thus arrived at, it would prove interesting because based upon and deduced by rational method.

Although it is impossible here to explain the structure of the accompanying portrait by Rembrandt, we may yet learn some things by distorting it. For instance, let us imagine the dark and flat rendering of the dress replaced by the detail-giving treatment of the average photograph and at once we find the vigor departing from the whole picture. The gown would assume undue prominence; the face would change in expression from self-obliviousness to self-consciousness. Or, were we to change the shape of the frame from an oval to an oblong-rectangle, at once the lines of the shoulder would assume an importance out of all true relation to the other parts; the circular lines of the face, ruff, and cap would grow cruelly sharp and despotic, thus effecting a complete distortion of the face. Even so slight a thing as the shadow thrown by the face upon the ruff, if altered in its contour or enfeebled by graying its color, would unbalance the darks in the face, cause the features to protrude and the ruff to become a source of irritation. Imagine a Gainsborough background behind that head or the folds of some drapery or a light tone to relieve the shoulders more, and with each new attempt at improvement or change would be created a lack of balance and a change of expression in the face.

Few photographers seem to understand that the unsatisfactory expression of the faces in their portraits are usually caused by lack of balance in the several parts of the picture. Facial expression, as well as picture-expression suffers from this fault. Treatment alone could suffice to make and control these factors in portraits of the past and treatment alone can achieve the same results to-day.

Otto Walter Beck.
ON SILHOUETTES.

The possibilities of photography in absolute black and white are, I believe, very great. Little that is really striking has been done so far, however. The prints which were sent in recently for a "silhouette" competition in a contemporary were mostly very disappointing from an artistic point of view, though excellent technically. Few of the competitors rose above portrait-studies of heads, or pretty little girls sitting on stools eating porridge. This sort of thing is not all that can be produced in silhouettes. The idea need not be confined to portraits and figures. In my opinion, there is much to be done in the way of impressionistic, rather poster-like, silhouette landscapes.

The truth-to-nature people will be up in arms against this, no doubt. But their prejudices are too inconsistent to concern us here. I know several keen truth-to-nature faddists, for instance, who are quite capable of admiring the weirdest of poster designs, book-covers, initial-letter designs, and so on, yet come down like a ton of bricks on a photograph if it shows any sign of leaving the beaten track of \( f/64 \), so-called accuracy. Such folk are incorrigible. One of them, to whom I showed a rather sketchy gum-print, objected to it because there was so much white paper about it, and said (good old theory!) that no absolute blanks existed in nature. Then I gave him a Phil May drawing whose background consisted of a tiny patch of cross-hatching—and very little, even, of that. He didn't mind the Phil May drawing—oh, no! It was a drawing, and my poor thing was a photograph. The pen-and-ink man might omit as much as he liked, but the unhappy photographer must let every atom of detail stay in on pain of earning his acquaintances' eternal scorn.

Well, this truth-to-nature bugbear, though very much alive in the Man in the Street's world, is quite dead, thank goodness, as far as that of art is concerned. Even the Man in the Street would probably give up the creed if he only took the trouble to think about it. With the picture-galleries of our modern hoardings before his eyes, I can't see how he could help himself doing so.

However, even the truth-to-nature maniacs do not, as I have hinted, apply their foot-rules to designy work. And why they should forbid camera-workers—merely because they are camera-workers and not pen-men or brush-men, or repousse copper-men, or gesso-men, or clay-men—to go in for designy efforts, I do not know. Anyway, we're going to do it, whether they give us their kind permission or not.

All this (I really ought to explain) is à propos of silhouette landscape photography. I believe there is a comparatively new field here for the experimenter with ideas, plus a sound knowledge of composition. My own attempts, I feel, are so far disappointing. But at any rate they may serve to give a hint of the lines along which I am working. Doubtless many readers will think out far better notions for themselves. If the editor can find space to reproduce one or two prints, then all the better; no harm will be done.
But please understand I don’t hold them up as models to follow: merely as samples of the plan’s latent possibilities.

And when I speak of silhouette landscapes, I do not necessarily mean absolute blacks and absolute whites. Intermediate grays, and even detail of sorts, may occasionally be used with effect. To tell the truth, I find these intermediate grays uncommonly hard to get rid of. But unquestionably they ought to be suppressed as far as possible. The really strong design-silhouette would contain only black and white—no grays at all—of that I am convinced.

“What would be the use of such a picture?” I think I hear some practical person asking.

What is the use of any picture, after all? Why, merely to be beautiful, and therefore to give pleasure to those who love beauty. As a matter of fact, though, these silhouettes which I suggest might be of far more practical value than any sort of photograph (except, of course, a scientific one, or a book or artistic illustration). They would make initial-letter designs, chapter-headings and -endings, titles, book-covers, book-plates, magazine-covers, catalogue-covers, panels, dados, and a host of other things, not excluding posters themselves.

A silhouette photograph does not necessarily represent a night-scene—it is scarcely necessary to say that. Generally, it represents a sort of no-time design, neither of light nor darkness. But it may also be distinctively day or distinctively night. Truth to tell, one gets one’s best ideas for silhouettes at night. A walk on a moonlight or bright starlight night shows tree and branch traceries, the outlines of buildings, and so on, that the eye would fail to observe during the daytime. Often I have noticed some lovely bush at night and been disappointed when I saw it fully lighted in the morning. But if on your night-stroll you detect an outline form of any kind which you think would make a picture, then there is no reason why you shouldn’t get it with your camera next day; for though to the eye it has lost its detailless blackness which last night was so attractive, this may be regained on the plate by extreme under-exposure and in-front-of-the-lens illumination.

I have none of the old-fashioned photographic prejudice against “moonlight scenes” taken in sunlight. The question which I ask myself is this: What did the artist wish to represent? not, What was in front of his camera when he took the view? The test of a picture consists in its appearance when finished rather than in the mode of its production. Which, after all, is indirectly bringing us back to the truth-to-nature quarrel.

Moonlight, I fancy, will turn out to be one of the photographic designer’s biggest fields. There is something about moonlight which never fails to touch a sympathetic chord in every mind, however blasé. Moonlight in a wood, with solemn tree-trunks fretted against the ghostly light, moonlight on a river, or behind church-spires, or on the Alps—these are a few pictures which will at once rise to the mind.

Needless to say, all these could be suggested with the aid of sunlight and careful under-exposure. Until Dr. Grün perfects his wonderful liquid lens, we shall be unable actually to make negatives of our moonlight
designs at night. I don’t see that we need hurry to want to do anything of
the kind.

Judicious under-exposure and the addition of plenty of bromide to the
developer are, of course, the greatest secrets of successful silhouette photog­
raphy; but the selection of a printing-paper runs them close. With gum
one can wash away all but the absolutely necessary blacks. Grays can be
made to vanish at a stroke of the brush, and irritating white spots in the
middle of a would-be absolute-black patch may be painted in with pigment
without showing a mark. The same applies to “Mezzograph” paper,
which I have used a good deal for silhouette-making. The film of pigment
on mezzograph will stand rougher handling than gum, by the way, which
gives it a decided advantage.

Better even than moonlight for silhouette-hunting, is a snowy day with
no sunshine. By half shutting one’s eyes, every object appears cut out black
against the white carpet all around. On just such a day I was roaming once
near Thusis, a village of eastern Switzerland, when I came on a piece of road
with a forest on the hill-side above it, whose simplicity I felt sure would
make a picture if some object could be introduced at one special point. A
little distance away I noticed a few light wood sleighs being loaded with logs
to be taken from the forest to the village. The sleighs I knew would have
to pass down the road, so I set up my camera, focused, marked the precise
spot where the sleigh should be when I pressed the shutter-bulb, and then
simply waited till it came. Although the exposure was one-hundredth
of a second, the negative is not an absolute silhouette, but I made it so by
printing on mezzograph, and altered it in some trifling details.

For silhouette-work backed plates should be used. If you prefer cut
films, then don’t hesitate to back them also. They need it very nearly as
much as plates. The difference between an unbacked and a backed film is
sometimes quite extraordinary.

This brings me to my last point, which is that, in my opinion, a
silhouette design ought almost always to be sharply focused. Fuzzy edges
are not wanted, when the whole strength of your design depends on those
edges. If gray half-tones are introduced, fuzziness may be admissible, but
not otherwise. The silhouette ought to be clear-cut. So, curiously enough,
the last word in these jottings is a sort of sop thrown to the truth-to-nature
individuals. But I fear they will be too ill-mannered to accept it.

Ward Muir.
Illustrations to "Silhouettes" by the Author
ESTHETIC ACTIVITY IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

In view of the demonstrated scope of the camera as an aid to expression, it is marvelous that the esthetic activity of photographers is so limited. In passing upon photography's claims to be classed with the arts, it is unfair to set its artistic successes against those of other media in order to call attention to the limited extent of the former. The multitude, as a result of the preliminary obstacles overcome by the lens, pursues photography with a vacancy of purpose that precludes any view of it other than that held in childhood of the decalcomania—a means of transferring mechanical impressions to something else. Yet these, often reach a stage, of more or less presentable results, while in other media it is only the student of rare attainments who masters the principles thereof and reaches the point of securing public attention. Hence, as the result of the undue prominence thus given other media for purposes of comparison, injustice is invariably done photography. In view of the extreme rarity of estheticism, it is unreasonable to expect the acceptance of the precepts of art by photographers as a whole, or even by a majority of them, or to look for more than an occasional embracing of the opportunities offered. The necessities of artistic expression demand the concordant habitation of estheticism, an inclination to delve into the possibilities of the camera as a means of expression and the opportunity to gratify the demands of both. The esthete is born. The instincts may be latent and, in most media, require much cultivation to develop; but given a camera, the instincts will arouse themselves and grow strong with much exercise, even though unconsciously. It is in the soul that art lies dormant, and, when the incense of esthetic impressions is wafted softly to it, art awakens and creeps forth to seek the runways of its fellows. The paths down which its ancestral kinsmen went hand in hand with the masters unfold their radiant vistas, and the soul is led joyously along the journeys of esthetic comprehension and interpretation. The true soul wends along the road valiantly, nor stops, nor falters at obstacles. Each succeeding experience but adds to the science of interpretation, until efforts are crowned with that success which satisfies not this seeker but rather spurs him to other and loftier purposes.

But, mark you, art sometimes finds itself housed in a soul that is controlled by a narrow mind—a stunted vision! Then the broad pathways of art are passed by for the narrow ones of self-interest. It is many such unfortunately domiciled souls that chance upon the camera as the interpreter of their esthetic intentions. The search for means of interpreting exalting inspirations becomes a search for notoriety. Art's messages miscarry and the subtle meanings dwarfed by the narrow mind become coarse vacancies. Motive and feeling become but a fanfare of uniform detail. The subtleties of tone become either raw and ragged contrasts without meaning, or seek imagined eccentricity in muddy and ineffective obscurity. Soon, then, the soul is hushed in discouragement and the narrow mind flounders along under the impetus of its own querulous doubtings of true interpretations.
The stunted vision has driven out the dweller in the soul, and when the mistress comes, seeking her offspring, she sees written in the false messages of the narrow mind: "Seek elsewhere, madame; there was no room here for me."

When you consider, then, that the coincidence of all these necessities is all too rare, and that in the few instances many are thus diverted, is there any real cause for marveling at the lack of esthetic activity among photographers?

Harry C. Rubincam.

The announcement of the sudden and awful death of J. Wells Champney on May first, awakened in the breast of stranger as well as friend a shock of sickening horror. To his friends—and he was of that gentle, lovable dispositions that made it impossible for the world to hold for him any other classes among men than friends and strangers, for to know him was to be his friend—the dread announcement, that came with the shock of a thunderclap from a clear sky, marshaled up with a flash all their past memories of the man—creating in their hearts a great void of deep personal regret at his loss, and an overwhelming sense of sympathy for his bereaved family.

J. Wells Champney was among the first of the American painters to take seriously the original pictorial possibilities of photography, and was among the pioneers of the pictorial movement in America. By his interest in the movement, his belief in its possibilities, and his kindly and intelligent criticism of the efforts of many of his associates who had not had the advantage of an art-training, he not only encouraged the more serious of those earlier workers of whom he was one of the foremost, but helped very materially to strengthen and forward the cause itself.

By his death the pictorial movement has lost a staunch supporter and all who know him a good friend; and, if a man's kindly acts and generous deeds and words can bear him companionship beyond those boundaries past which the living may not go, J. Wells Champney is not lacking numerous and admirable company.
PLATES.

I. The Bridge.
   By John Francis Strauss.

II. The Last Hour.
   By Joseph T. Keiley.

III. The Street—Design for a Poster.
     By Alfred Stieglitz.

IV. Winter Shadows.
    By Alvin Langdon Coburn.
EXHIBITIONS.

PHOTO-SECESSION NOTES.

The Photo-Secession collections which have been sent to the exhibitions, as enumerated in Camera Work No. 2, have not been without beneficial results in behalf of what we stand for in photography, as attested by the numerous appreciative letters received from such widely separated parts of the world as Denver and St. Petersburg. It must not be supposed that silence about the activities of the Photo-Secession betokens slumber, but rather that we feel that the general public is not interested in the details of our successes. Nevertheless, the Secession is quietly doing good work, is making converts, and now counts among its adherents many who formerly went to scoff and now remain to pray.

In response to the invitation of the Photo-Club de Paris and L'Effort of Brussels, a Photo-Secession collection has been contributed to these exhibitions. The collection sent to these places was of more than average merit. It seems not generally understood that the Photo-Secession accepts only such invitations as leaves it a free hand in the selection of its exhibit, and that it insists that its collection be hung together as an entirety, so that the public may not only judge the individual Secessionist but also the Secessionists as a group.

In response to an invitation from Toronto (Canada), a Loan collection of the Secessionists was sent to the exhibition held there in April, and latest reports inform us that it was its great feature.

THE HAMBURG JUBILEE EXHIBITION.

The Hamburg Society for the Advancement of Photography, of which Mr. Ernst Juhl is president, is preparing for an International Jubilee Exhibition to be opened in September. As it is intended to make this exhibition one of exceptional merit, the admission is by invitation only. Mr. Juhl has commissioned the following Advisory Committee: Alfred Stieglitz, for America; J. Craig Annan, A. Horsley Hinton and John C. Warburg, for Great Britain; Robert Demachy and Maurice Bucquet, for France.

The American pictures must be in the hands of the American Commissioner on or before August first.

THE LONDON SALON.

Let this paragraph serve as a reminder that the eleventh annual London Salon opens as usually in the third week of September, at the Dudley Galleries. American exhibits ought to leave the United States by express no later than August fifth, as they go before the Jury early in September.
In making our selection from the work of Mr. Clarence H. White, we were governed largely by a desire to choose such examples as would convey some idea of the range and scope of this photographer, whose work has in the past been best appreciated by the cultured. Letitia Felix and Telegraph Poles are photogravures made from the original, unmanipulated negatives. Winter Landscape, is a half-tone reproduced from platinum print, while Ring Toss, also a half-tone, is from a gum print. The photogravure, an illustration to "Eben Holden," is reproduced directly from a straight negative. This picture, one of a series of twelve or more by Clarence H. White, was made in fulfilment of a commission placed with him by the publishers of that novel. So successfully did Mr. White apply his talent as a pictorial photographer to the task of illustrating this book, that a publisher as practical as S. S. McClure, who until now was satisfied with nothing less than the work of the most talented artists in black and white, promptly realized that photography had achieved success in the field of illustration, and forthwith placed with Mr. White a commission to illustrate a book about to be published by him. The difficulties of properly and artistically illustrating fiction by means of photography are enormous, and publishers realize that the artist in this medium must be paid quite as liberally as those who work with pen or brush.

The Bridge, by John Francis Strauss, is a photogravure made from the unmanipulated and unfaked negative.

The Last Hour, by Joseph T. Keiley, is a half-tone reproduction in two printings made from the platinum original, a straight, unmanipulated print.

The Street—Design for a Poster, by Alfred Stieglitz, is a photogravure made directly from the original negative.

Winter Shadows, by Alvin Langdon Coburn, is a photogravure produced from an enlarged negative. It had been our intention to bring out other examples of the work of this young Boston photographer, but circumstances have compelled us to defer this intention.

The other reproductions in this number are half-tones illustrating the text to which they allude.
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