

CAMERA  
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NUMBER IV  
MDCCCCIII







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# Camera Work

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FREDERICK H. EVANS

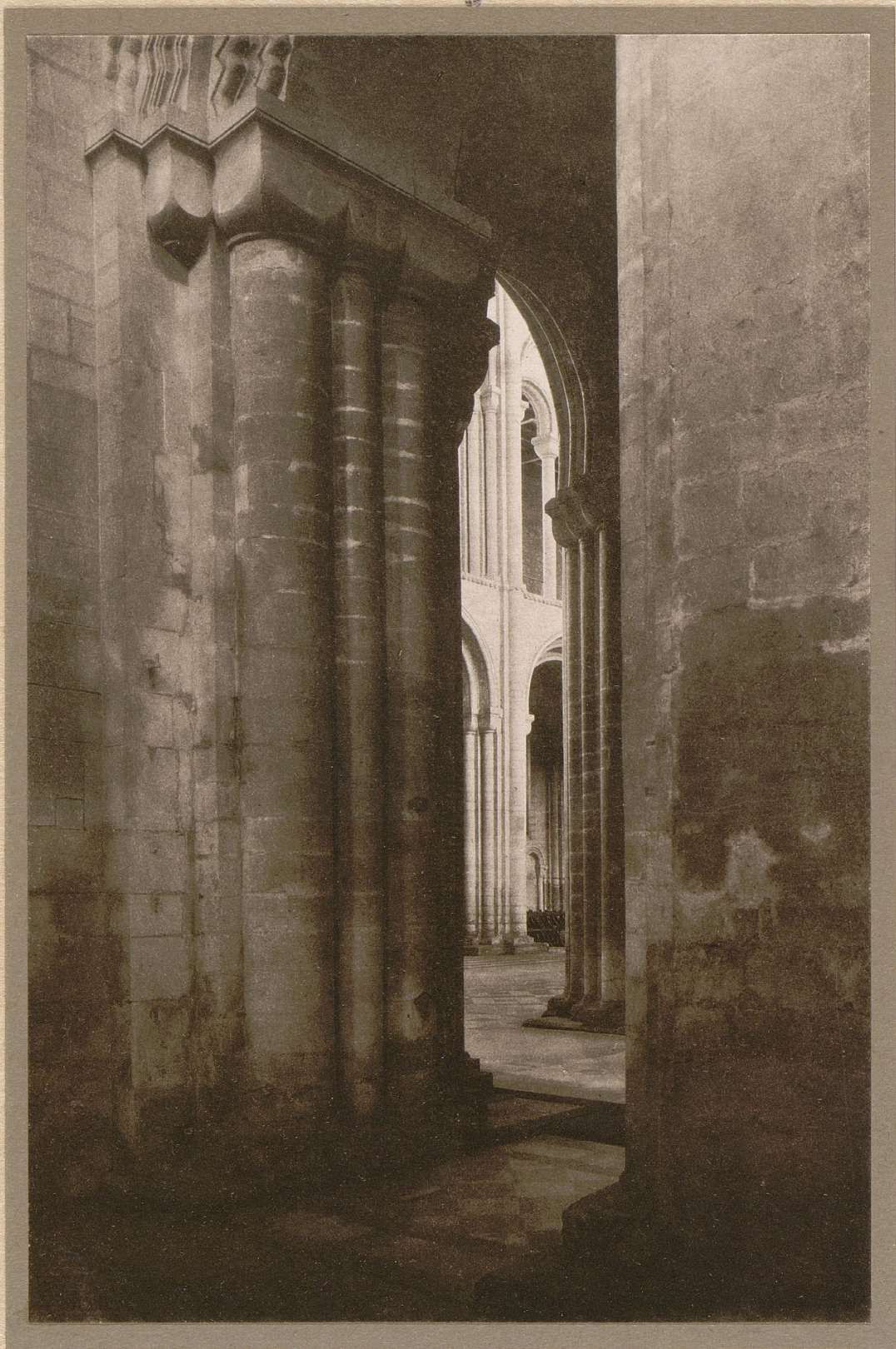
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- I. Ely Cathedral: A Memory of the Normans.
- II. Ely Cathedral: Across Nave and Octagon.
- III. Height and Light in Bourges Cathedral.
- IV. York Minster: "In Sure and Certain Hope."









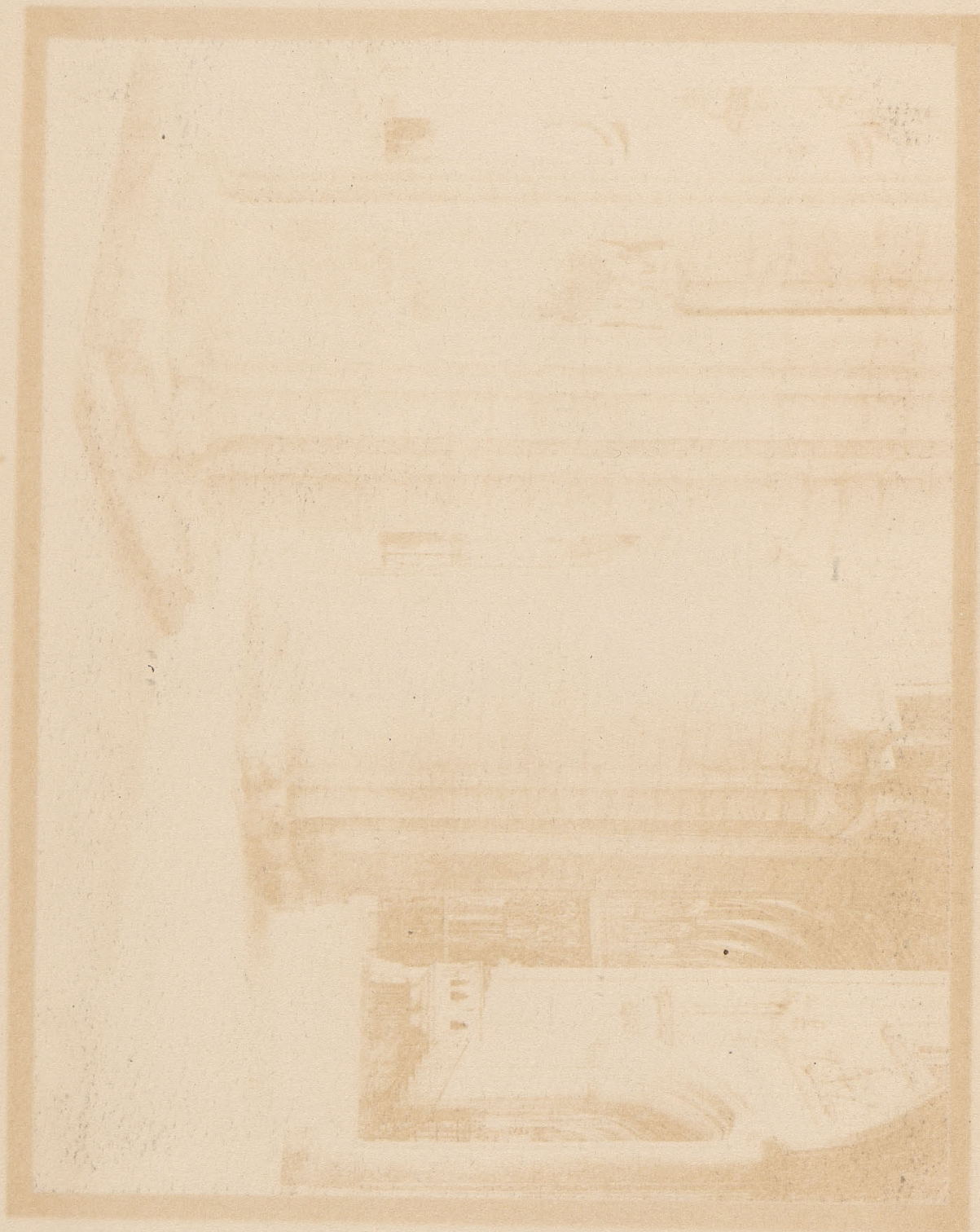




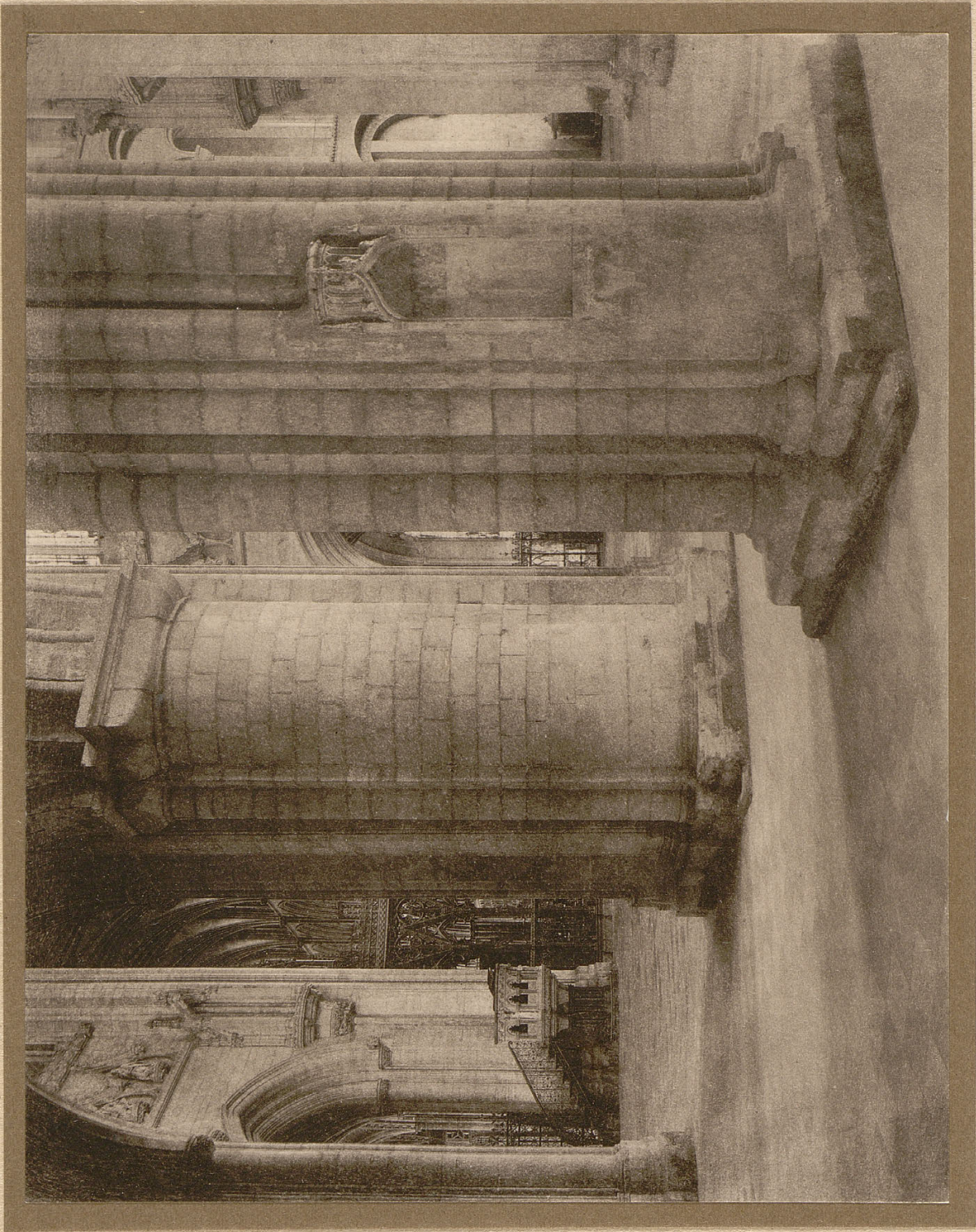


























## EVANS—AN APPRECIATION.

**Y**ES: NO doubt Evans is a photographer. But then Evans is such a lot of things that it seems invidious to dwell on this particular facet of him. When a man has keen artistic susceptibility, exceptional manipulative dexterity, and plenty of prosaic business capacity, the world offers him a wide range of activities; and Evans, who is thus triply gifted and has a consuming supply of nervous energy to boot, has exploited the range very variously.

I can not say exactly where I first met Evans. He broke in upon me from several directions simultaneously; and some time passed before I coördinated all the avatars into one and the same man. He was in many respects an oddity. He imposed on me as a man of fragile health, to whom an exciting performance of a Beethoven Symphony was as disastrous as a railway collision to an ordinary Philistine, until I discovered that his condition never prevented him from doing anything he really wanted to do, and that the things he wanted to do and did would have worn out a navy in three weeks. Again, he imposed on me as a poor man, struggling in a modest lodging to make a scanty income in a brutal commercial civilization for which his organization was far too delicate. But a personal examination of the modest lodging revealed the fact that this Franciscan devotee of poverty never seemed to deny himself anything he really cared for. It is true that he had neither a yacht, nor a couple of Panhard cars, nor a liveried domestic staff, nor even, as far as I could ascertain, a Sunday hat. But you could spend a couple of hours easily in the modest lodging looking at treasures, and then stop only from exhaustion.

Among the books were Kelmscott Press books and some of them presentation copies from their maker; and everything else was on the same plane. Not that there was anything of the museum about the place. He did not collect anything except, as one guessed, current coin of the realm to buy what he liked with. Being, as aforesaid, a highly susceptible person artistically, he liked nothing but works of art: besides, he accreted lots of those unpurchasable little things which artists give to sympathetic people who appreciate them. After all, in the republic of art, the best way to pick up pearls is not to be a pig.

But where did the anchorite's money come from? Well, the fact is, Evans, like Richardson, kept a shop; and the shop kept him. It was a book-shop. Not a place where you could buy slate-pencils, and reporter's note-books, and string and sealing-wax and paper-knives, with a garnish of ready-reckoners, prayer-books, birthday Shakespeare, and sixpenny editions of the Waverley novels; but a genuine book-shop and nothing else, in the heart of the ancient city of London, half-way between the Mansion House and St. Paul's. It was jam full of books. The window was completely blocked up with them, so that the interior was dark; you could see nothing for the first second or so after you went in, though you could feel the stands of books you were tumbling over. Evans, lurking in the darkest



corner at the back, acquired the habits and aspect of an aziola; the enlargement of his eyes is clearly visible in Mrs. Käsebier's fine portrait of him. Everybody who knows Evans sees in those eyes the outward and visible sign of his restless imagination, and says "You have that in the portraits of William Blake, too"; but I am convinced that he got them by watching for his prey in the darkness of that busy shop.

The shop was an important factor in Evans's artistic career; and I believe it was the artist's instinct of self-preservation that made him keep it. The fact that he gave it up as soon as it had made him independent of it shows that he did not like business for its own sake. But to live by business was only irksome, whilst to live by art would have been to him simply self-murder. The shop was the rampart behind which the artist could do what he liked, and the man (who is as proud as Lucifer) maintain his independence. This must have been what nerved him to succeed in business, just as it has nerved him to do more amazing things still. He has been known to go up to the Dean of an English Cathedral—a dignitary compared to whom the President of the United States is the merest worm, and who is not approached by ordinary men save in their Sunday-clothes—Evans, I say, in an outlandish silk collar, blue tie, and crushed soft hat, with a tripod under his arm, has accosted a Dean in his own cathedral and said, pointing to the multitude of chairs that hid the venerable flagged floor of the fane, "I should like all those cleared away." And the Dean has had it done, only to be told then that he must have a certain door kept open during a two hours' exposure for the sake of completing his scale of light.

I took a great interest in the shop, because there was a book of mine which apparently no Englishman wanted, or could ever possibly come to want without being hypnotized; and yet it used to keep selling in an unaccountable manner. The explanation was that Evans liked it. And he stood no nonsense from his customers. He sold them what was good for them, not what they asked for. You would see something in the window that tempted you; and you would go in to buy it, and stand blinking and peering about until you found a shop-assistant. "I want," you would perhaps say, "the Manners and Tone of Good Society, by a member of the Aristocracy." Suddenly the aziola would pounce, and the shop-assistant vanish. "Ibsen, sir?" Evans would say. "Certainly; here are Ibsen's works, and, by the way, have you read that amazingly clever and thought-making work by Bernard Shaw, *The Quintessence of Ibsenism?*" and before you are aware of it you had bought it and were proceeding out of the shop reading a specially remarkable passage pointed out by this ideal bookseller. But observe, if after a keen observation of you in a short preliminary talk he found you were the wrong sort of man, and asked for the Quintessence of Ibsenism without being up to the Shawian level, he would tell you that the title of the book had been changed, and that it was now called "For Love and My Lady," by Guy de Marmion. In which form you would like it so much that you would come back to Evans and buy all the rest of de Marmion's works.



This method of shopkeeping was so successful that Evans retired from business some years ago in the prime of his vigor; and the sale of the Quintessence of Ibsenism instantly stopped forever. It is now out of print. Evans said, as usual, that he had given up the struggle; that his health was ruined and his resources exhausted. He then got married; took a small country cottage on the borders of Epping Forest, and is now doing just what he likes on a larger scale than ever. Altogether an amazing chap, is Evans! Who am I that I should "appreciate" him?

I first found out about his photography in one of the modest lodgings of the pre-Epping days (he was always changing them because of the coarse design of the fireplace, or some other crumple in the rose leaf). He had a heap of very interesting drawings, especially by Beardsley, whom he had discovered long before the rest of the world did; and when I went to look at them I was struck by the beauty of several photographic portraits he had. I asked who did them; and he said he did them himself—another facet suddenly turned on me. At that time the impression produced was much greater than it could be at present; for the question whether photography was a fine art had then hardly been seriously posed; and when Evans suddenly settled it at one blow for me by simply handing me one of his prints in platinotype, he achieved a *coup de théâtre* which would be impossible now that the position of the artist-photographer has been conquered by the victorious rush of the last few years. But nothing that has been done since has put his work in the least out of countenance. In studying it from reproductions a very large allowance must be made for even the very best photogravures. Compared to the originals they are harsh and dry: the tone he produces on rough platinotype paper by skilful printing and carefully aged mercury baths and by delicately chosen mounts, can not be reproduced by any mechanical process. You occasionally hear people say of him that he is "simply" an extraordinarily skilful printer in platinotype. This, considering that printing is the most difficult process in photography, is a high compliment; but the implication that he excels in printing only will not hold water for a moment. He can not get good prints from bad negatives, nor good negatives from ill-judged exposures, and he does not try to. His decisive gift is, of course, the gift of seeing: his picture-making is done on the screen; and if the negative does not reproduce that picture, it is a failure, because the delicacies he delights in can not be faked: he relies on pure photography, not as a doctrinaire, but as an artist working on that extreme margin of photographic subtlety at which attempts to doctor the negative are worse than useless. He does not reduce, and only occasionally and slightly intensifies; and platinotype leaves him but little of his "control" which enables the gummist so often to make a virtue of a blemish and a merit of a failure. If the negative does not give him what he saw when he set up his camera, he smashes it. Indeed, a moment's examination of the way his finest portraits are modeled by light alone and not by such contour markings or impressionist touches as a retoucher can imitate, or of his cathedral interiors, in which



the obscurest detail in the corners seems as delicately penciled by the darkness as the flood of sunshine through window or open door is penciled by the light, without a trace of halation or over-exposure, will convince any expert that he is consummate at all points, as artist and negative-maker no less than as printer. And he has the "luck" which attends the born photographer. He is also an enthusiastic user of the Dallmeyer-Bergheim lens; but you have only to turn over a few of the portraits he has taken with a landscape-lens to see that if he were limited to an eighteenpenny spectacle-glass and a camera improvised from a soap-box, he would get better results than less apt photographers could achieve with a whole optical laboratory at their disposal.

Evans is, or pretends to be, utterly ignorant of architecture, of optics, of chemistry, of everything except the right thing to photograph and the right moment at which to photograph it. These professions are probably more for edification than for information; but they are excellent doctrine. His latest feat concerns another facet of him: the musical one. He used to play the piano with his fingers. Then came the photographic boom. The English critics, scandalized by the pretensions of the American photographers, and terrified by their performances, began to expatiate on the mechanicalness of camera-work, etc. Even the ablest of the English critics, Mr. D. S. McCall, driven into a corner as much by his own superiority to the follies of his colleagues as by the onslaught of the champions of photography, desperately declared that all artistic drawing was symbolic, a proposition which either exalts the prison tailor who daubs a broad arrow on a convict's jacket above Rembrandt and Velasquez, or else, if steered clear of that crudity, will be found to include ninety-nine-hundredths of the painting and sculpture of all the ages in the clean sweep it makes of photography. Evans abstained from controversy, but promptly gave up using his fingers on the piano and bought a Pianola, with which he presently acquired an extraordinary virtuosity in playing Bach and Beethoven, to the confusion of those who had transferred to that device all the arguments they had hurled in vain at the camera. And that was Evans all over. Heaven knows what he will take to next!

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.



## CAMERA-WORK IN CATHEDRAL ARCHITECTURE.

**M**ANY YEARS ago, when visiting the Winter Exhibition of Old Masters at the Royal Academy, I saw for the first time some of Turner's early architectural water-color drawings. What impressed me most was the superb sense of height, bigness, light, atmosphere, grandeur that this incomparable artist had managed to suggest within the few inches that comprise these small pictures. How hopeless for anything but the brush of so great an artist to accomplish so much in so little! And especially how hopeless for anything in the way of camera-work to compete with them in any sense! When, some time afterward, I began working at photography and found myself drawn to cathedral studies, I recalled these little masterpieces and wondered afresh if anything photography might ever do could merit a tithe of the praise so justly lavished on the incomparable Turner.

After awhile I took heart a little, for, seeing that my subjects did not call for color in their rendering; that the chief things needed were extreme care and taste in composition (in the placing of the camera for point of view); faultless drawing (in the sense of correct choice of lens, height, etc., of it and camera); adequate treatment of the fine detail such subjects abound in; and an exhaustive study of the conditions, making for the best effects of light and shade and atmosphere; it seemed to me that cathedral-pictures were well within the camera's special field of work when properly directed, and that with much judgment and more patience photography might some day achieve something that should be at least on the same road as these tiny masterpieces of Turner. It must be remembered that this was the early Turner, and topographical accuracy in this work was as evident as the utmost beauty of artistic presentment. True, Turner seemed to have got so far on as to have reached the end of the road, and my photography might never get more than a start, let alone getting a good way along it; but to be securely on the right road is of itself a distinction to be well satisfied with.

All this is doubtless a sufficiently bold and conceited assurance; and yet I will be bolder still and think that some of the prints in this issue of Camera Work, as well as many by other workers, are quite as valuable as any other art-version of the same subjects could be. If success be to convey to another the vital aspect and feeling of the original subject, so to translate one's own enjoyment of a scene into a visible record as to affect the critic with the very quality of one's own original emotion, then surely it matters not in what form or method of art it be achieved, it will be as vitally valuable; and if it be possible by way of the contemned "box with a glass in it," so much the more credit to the worker who uses that despised tool to so good an end.

Something of this may excuse my satisfaction when I made the print I have ventured to call *Height and Light in Bourges Cathedral*. I was perforce limited on that hurried holiday to a tiny hand-camera for plates of three and a quarter inches square; but while lamenting that fact I felt a trifle consoled in the thought that it might possibly help to prove that mere acreage has



nothing to do with art, and that, remembering Turner's little drawings and their wonderful accomplishment in the conveying of awe, mystery, atmosphere, space, etc., I might be tempted by the Fates with an opportunity of showing that even so small a camera could, if its user *saw* the right thing and knew it to be in the right condition, accomplish something sufficiently far along Turner's road to merit some share of the sort of applause meted out to his drawings.

Architectural paintings, or drawings, when made professedly as pictures and not merely as students' drawings, mere elevations, etc., are, unless by the most accomplished of artists, nearly always misleading—at least they are so to me; they are rarely sufficiently convincing; they smack too much of scene-painting; they err either by inclusion of color where color is not called for and where it only confuses the issues and distracts the attention from the real, the essential beauties and meanings of the scene, or they sin in overdoing the picturesque. Just as an inferior actor in playing Shakespeare is not content with letting his words speak for themselves, but must force the point, must rub it in, till by excess of endeavor he fails of any real or vital conviction. Again, detail is either too prominent or too much sacrificed; proportions are also unduly magnified; elements that do not happen to excite the draughtsman's fancy are too freely suppressed or minimized; often, too, to make a more effective (?) rendering, more than one point of view is worked from, to one's complete bewilderment when one visits the place in question. The real solemnities of the place, sufficiently impressive and obvious in themselves if adequately recorded, are set aside in favor of pretentious semblances that never fully convince even when the original is not known to one, and still less after one has made an acquaintance with the subject.

Of course, photography sins far worse than all this in the commercial and the untrained amateur aspects of this work; the things one sees offered in the very cathedral towns themselves make one almost vow never to use a camera again, so absolutely devoid are they of every trace of artistic feeling. My laudation of photography in this work must, to travelers who have suffered from these shop-window things, seem the most biased and misleading of utterances. But those who have noted the advances photography has made in architectural work during the last ten years, as evidenced by our best exhibition-walls, will, I think, agree with me that some of the most encouraging progress in an art sense that the camera-man has made has been in this direction. Trained taste in choice of subject; working knowledge of the limitations in the use of lenses; sensitive feeling in light and shadow; delicate sense of atmosphere; enjoyment of the grandeur of masses; all these conditions have been, I will not say completely mastered, but they have been well studied and exhibited.

One charm and advantage that a really artistic photograph of a cathedral interior has over a drawing or painting is that it is so evidently true to the original subject; one does not instinctively feel inclined to ask, how much of this effect is due to the particular vision or translation of the



painter? Or how far is it not only a picture but also a true picture of a great building, built by greater artists than we, and whose elements we lesser men have no right to tamper with or rearrange or maltreat to make what we may think to be a finer effect? There is an instant conviction about an artistic photograph of a cathedral interior; it appeals with an air of necessary truth to fact; and the equally important air of necessary truth to art should and may be equally in evidence.

It is for this reason, perhaps, that to some minds, more bent on purely creative efforts in landscape, genre, or figure-work, this field has no attractions; we are here necessarily compelled to be rigidly true to facts; there is not the latitude of composition that permits the taking a subject as a text to work up a picture from; we are limited to treating what is before us in as true a manner as possible; the art side only exists in the treatment, the selection of light conditions, etc. But it is for this very reason that I think architectural work has one of the highest claims on us photographers, considering the small amount of latitude, and the inelastic conditions of our medium in comparison with other graphic methods.

But to show, if I may be so egotistic, that there is a large degree of latitude for the expression of one's artistic personality, I would venture to refer to the print *In Sure and Certain Hope* in this issue. This subject fascinated but troubled me. I at once saw the making of a picture in it; the great somber door that might open and lead—anywhere; the fortunately placed recumbent figure with the pathos of uplifted folded hands; the lofty window above; all these were fine and right; but to make the whole cohere, speak, escaped me. But one day I saw what it must mean—to me at least. As I was studying it the sun burst across it, flooding it with radiance. There is my picture, thought I; "Hope" awaiting, an expectancy with a certitude of answer; and the title seemed defensible, if a little ambitious.

The technical difficulties of photographic art are many, and especially in directions that offer none, unfortunately, to the painter or draughtsman. So many subjects have to be given up from mere local hindrances; obstacles in the field of view that are impossible of removal to the camera-man can, of course, be simply disregarded by the draughtsman. Particularly is this the case when one is fain to depict the grandeur of a large composition. To do this without distortion, magnification of near portions, means using long-focus lenses; this in turn means getting a good way back from one's subject, and this in its turn is impossible, as the walls of the building put a severe and rapid limit to desires of this kind.

But, on the other hand, there are effects of light and shade and atmosphere that are simply elusive to any but the most sensitive and accomplished of artists, and even then call for so rare a skill in putting down as to make the achievement all but nonexistent. These effects are often, however, to the sufficiently sensitive and skilful camera-man, almost easy of rendering, and with a fidelity that is certainly not surpassable in any other art method or work. Indeed, one only finds out after years of work in the wrong way and at the wrong things what extraordinary effects are possible to the camera in this field.



And it is here that I chiefly enjoy the assertion of my pet heresy, the dependence, all but wholly, on pure photography. So fine are the subtleties of gradation in light and shade in a cathedral study, so unimprovable are the relations of tone and mass, that any attempt to improve on them by alterations of density in various portions of the negative during development (when no possible knowledge can be had of the effect it will have on the positive), only leads to failure, real failure, though to too many it may seem an apparent success.

In this work (as indeed in all other camera exposures) a sufficiently exposed negative is the second and absolute essential; the first is extreme care, knowledge, and skill in the choice of lighting, of the hour and conditions in which the exposure should be made. When to expose and when not to expose are perhaps the most difficult conditions to determine; and the disregard of them or the neglect of proper study of them leads to trying the impossible task of improving a bad negative into a good one. And it is photography, of course, that gets blamed for this ignorance of the worker. As I have said elsewhere, these attempts at local control in and during development lead to all manner of false tone-values; and certainly one never gets or can get by this means a really true rendering of the exquisite values of nature's gradations, which it is photography's special and proud mission so adequately to record.

Nowadays, with our modern lenses and their enormous value in this class of work of giving equal illumination over the whole plate, even when the lens is much raised; together with the color-corrected films that give due rendering to all the varying shades of age and weathering in old cathedral-stones; and with the (to me invaluable) invention of the double film, which now makes easy the rendering of subjects of contrasting lights and shadows, giving a real sense of soft detail in the shadows while preserving all the proper contours and values of the lights, such as no single film, on whatever kind of support (glass least of all), can hope to rival; with these instruments of precision at our command, it is surely our own fault if we can not bring our artistic knowledge and skill to the same level of accomplishment.

Unfortunately, photography will do so much so cheaply—so easily, that is—that a real study of its full possibilities is but rarely given it by the so-called (but untrained) artistic worker. He gets things he likes, and stops there, instead of asking how much better they could have been had he known the full capabilities of his tools or his subject. And how few are trained artists enough to be trusted to be content with just what they happen to like! Can we always account for the faith that is in us?

These attempts of mine to render with some poetic justice the solemn beauties of our cathedrals will, I hope, tend to one small result, to tempt toward a more leisurely visiting of these unique buildings. During my stays in a cathedral town I have but rarely seen the same faces among the visitors on two consecutive days. And if there is one thing certain, it is that a visit of merely a day to one of these noble edifices is all but useless; it is only after repeated visits, in quiet leisure, that the place reveals itself in



full beauty. The things one sees and realizes during many lingering walks that were impossible of assimilation on a first or single visit is always a great revelation to me.

And there are no more abiding memories of peace, deep joy, and satisfaction, of a calm realization of an order of beauty that is so new to us as to be a real revelation, than those given by a prolonged stay in a cathedral vicinity. The sense of withdrawal, an apartness from the rush of life surging up to the very doors of the wonderful building, is so refreshing and recreating to the spirit as surely to be worth any effort in attaining. When one comes to be past the fatigues of traveling, and has to rely on old memories, these old visits to glorious cathedral-piles will be found, I think, to be among the richest remembrances one has stored up.

FREDERICK H. EVANS.

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## ROAMING IN THOUGHT.

(AFTER READING MAETERLINCK'S LETTER.)

THE LETTER from Maeterlinck, published in the last issue of *Camera Work*, may have appeared insignificant or even superficial to many readers. At the first perusal, I also thought that almost anybody could have written it. But after careful study I realized that really no one but Maeterlinck could have written it.

It is vague, obscure in places, but full of hidden meanings, written in exquisite French, in the true Maeterlinckean style. It contains in a few hundred words sufficient material for a long essay, for it touches upon the old question whether artistic photography is an art or not. Maeterlinck's answer is a little bit elusive; it is not a decided yes, but that is his way of saying things, and as there is no doubt that his sympathy is entirely with the artistic photographer, we should be satisfied. Coming from a man who is modern to his finger-tips, from a poet, whose aims of injecting new life into our dramatic art are strictly reformatory, even the little he has to say is valuable. It is an expression of the tendency of our time.

To me the letter is particularly gratifying, as I have had from the very start only one opinion on the subject. A few days ago, I ran across my first article on artistic photography, written in '95 I believe, a criticism of a photographic exhibition that was held at the rooms of the Society of American Artists. It was the first exhibition of this kind I had ever seen, and a fairly representative one for those days. In the criticism I find the following paragraph: "The painters will have to be on their guard. I fear that photography will seriously rival a number of the expressions of art, illustration being exposed to the most immediate danger. Artists are apt to argue that photographs are lifeless and can never express sentiment. I beg to differ. It depends entirely on whether the photographer is poetically endowed or not. "I even believe that a picture like Millet's 'Angelus' could be done by photographic processes by training models, carefully selecting the appropriate scenery and patiently photographing again and again until one has



attained a perfect result. Only the color would be lacking. That is the only drawback. And should color-photography ever be rendered successful only dream-pictures and color-orgies will hold their place in painting. Ryders can not be photographed, but Dewings and Tryons might possibly. And therefore I would advise artists to become photographers—they are able to select the most pictorial bits of nature, and by becoming technical experts in the manifold processes of photography, they could give to the work something like individuality of brushwork—then to limit each successful picture to one print and sell it at democratic prices. They would be more popular and do just as much for art. At least that is my opinion.” At that time I knew very little about artistic photography, I had merely noted down my first impression, but even to-day, after six years of constant study—for writing about a subject is, after all, nothing but self-education—I find nothing of importance to add. I would word it, perhaps, a little bit differently, that is all.

Maeterlinck has really said nothing new—already Delacroix made a similar statement when he saw the first Daguerreotypes—only the way in which he says it is novel and fascinating.

The artists were not slow in recognizing what valuable assistance they could derive from the “indifferent and impersonal” work of the sun. It has revolutionized our entire pictorial art. Photography was as important a factor in the evolution of the modern artist as the influence of Japanese art. The photographs of galloping horses by Anschütz and Muybridge revealed to us a wealth of movements that hitherto had entirely escaped the eye, and I wonder if Raffaelli and other street-painters would have ever succeeded in “fixing” the furtive movements of pedestrians and city crowds without the help of the camera. Raffaelli relies entirely upon snap-shots for the pictorial facts of his pictures. Shinn is in this respect a phenomenon, as he depends solely upon his memory. His eyes are like a photographic apparatus, to which his mind furnishes a sensitive non-halation plate. The peculiar attitudes of Degas’s ballet-girls are also of photographic origin. The illustrators nearly all work from photographs. If they had to study every subject they treat in the old-fashioned manner of making sketches they would suddenly see their income curtailed by more than half. Also the poster-painters, trying to see things flat, have profited by the monotonous tones of the photographic print. One can notice it in Steichen’s paintings. They are really nothing—if such a paradoxical term is permissible—but faintly tinted monochromes. Even the portrait-painters, from Lenbach to Encke, who has painted the most satisfactory portrait of our President (*i. e.*, the most satisfactory one to Mr. Roosevelt himself) find photography indispensable. The public has obtained through photography a better idea of likeness than it had ever before, and the portrait-painter finds it impossible to compete with this almost intuitive knowledge.

This will suffice to show that the artist does not exactly regard the camera and the sun as belonging to his innumerable enemies. As long as they facilitate his work, he is very prone to regard photography as a valuable



handmaiden. It becomes an enemy only as soon as it asserts itself independently. This is a rather ungrateful attitude, but a quite natural one. The artist can not comprehend that a "mysterious slave" can suddenly become a master. He only sees the "anonymous force."

I have heard painters say over and over again, while looking at some photographic journals, "if I took up photography, I would do just as good work as these men." How foolish to talk in that fashion! They can be assured that unless a man really likes the process he uses and heartily enjoys the work while he is performing it, there is not the faintest chance, whatever his knowledge and ability as an artist may be, that he will produce a good print, or anything resembling a good print. Photography does not seem to agree with the taste and temper of the average artist. They consider it too mechanical—and, true enough, the process is a very mechanical one and the type of men represented by the artistic photographers quite different to that of our painters. This is easy enough to explain as men with an artistic temperament are still very scarce in photography, and that men artistically endowed hesitate to explore this field is largely due to their complete ignorance of photographic processes. Prejudices are always caused by ignorance. They do not object to etching. And yet etching is as elaborate a process as photography, as the conscientious etcher is also obliged to prepare his own plate and baths and supervise the printing. But the etcher, they argue, draws with his own hand; he does not let the sun and chemicals draw for him.

Well argued; but as the sun and chemicals do their work tolerably well and in some particulars even very well, why should the artist not take advantage of them? If photography can help a Lenbach to produce a masterpiece, why should not the medium itself, if the artist would condescend to endow it with his personality as he does his painting, become a work of art? Here Maeterlinck's argument comes in. Why be narrow-minded and disregard the natural forces which all other professions utilize to their utmost capacity? Everybody knows how difficult it is to draw a nude. The camera does it in a few moments. And to render it artistic, as for instance Steichen does, only the same faculties which the painter employs in painting his painting have to be put into action. The conception, the pose, the study of light and shade, the arrangement of the accessories are, after all, the essentials, in comparison to which the actual drawing is also only a mechanical process.

That a photographic print can be a work of art has been proven in rare instances, at least to my satisfaction. If a picture affects me with a special and unique impression of pleasure, I care little whether it is a chromo-lithograph or a painting, a photographic print or an etching. What is this Craig Annan or Demachy print to *me*? What effect does it really produce on me? Does it give me an esthetic pleasure? And if so, what sort or degree of pleasure? Does it satisfy me as much as a Meryon etching or a Shannon lithograph? The answers to these questions are the aim of all true criticism; to know one's own impression as it really is, to



discriminate it, and to realize it distinctly. It is at such moments absolutely futile to trouble oneself with the abstract question whether a photographic print can be a work of art, or what the exact relation of photography is to other art-expressions.

If artists could only be persuaded to take up photography. Imagine what a Whistler might have done with the camera! Whistler photograph? How absurd! the artists would say. I am not so sure about that. It is mainly the mediocre artists who object to photography. A man of brains like Whistler can see the good in everything and, according to Mr. Day, was in favor of the movement. But the artists are incorrigible. Their ignorance, as to what photography is, furnishes a barrier that they will never clear. My hope rests with the young people desirous of entering some artistic profession. Some of these will undoubtedly become enthusiastic adherents of the camera, and they will never regret it, as few branches of artistic endeavor have such a bright future before them—and this can be said without assuming the hieratic attitude of a prophet—as photography.

But the artists do not need to be frightened about its progress. It will never seriously interfere with pictorial art, at least not before color-photography in one plate has been invented and kinoscope-photography perfected. It may eliminate some of its qualities, but these qualities necessarily can not be essential ones, as only weak and superficial things allow themselves to be eliminated. It may eventually do away with much bad illustration and painting, but we surely can only be thankful for that.

SIDNEY ALLAN.

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## UNCLE JOSH ON THE SHOW

**R**REAL? AIN'T they real, by a realist?  
The bump on the log just can't be missed.  
A healthy man could chop the trees  
To cord-wood. By gum, 'tain't gum done these!  
Here's none of your "caveyar," no stale fish,  
But corn-beef and cabbage in the dish  
For the average visitor with a whiff  
To size up and feel at home, not stiff  
As if he was at a spoiled-art show—  
For these air real photygraphs, you know!  
Now, that un you'd put on the parlor-table  
Or hang up over the mantelpiece  
In a red plush frame, and we'd be able  
To know 'twas just a picture of geese  
If our eyes was waterin' with smoke,  
And we was eighty, with our spec's broke.

DALLETT FUGUET.



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

**T**HE SUCCESS of American photography having been achieved mainly through portraiture and figure-work, the earlier numbers of *Camera Work* have been devoted chiefly to these; we therefore present in this number the work of Mr. Frederick H. Evans, of England, noted as the greatest exponent of architectural photography, as a contrast to our previous numbers and in order to show the possibilities of pictorial treatment in this realm of the inanimate.

It has often been charged that devotion to the pictorial in photography carried with it an utter disregard of photographic technique, but the fact that Mr. Evans is a firm believer in and practitioner of the purest forms of photography disproves this assertion. He stands alone in architectural photography, and that he is able to instil into pictures of this kind so much feeling, beauty, and poetry entitles him to be ranked with the leading pictorial photographers of the world. His work once more exemplifies the necessity of individuality and soul in the worker, for of the thousands who have photographed cathedrals, none has imbued his pictures with such poetic qualities coupled with such masterful treatment. We regret that our purse is not long enough to place before our readers a more complete set of examples of the work of this photographer who has produced hundreds of cathedral pictures, each more charming than the other.

The gravure and half-tone plates were made and the edition therefrom printed in England under the personal supervision of Mr. Evans, who evidently preferred this to entrusting his valuable negatives to the risks of crossing the Atlantic. Much against our inclinations we acceded to his wishes after having seen a sample-proof of gravure-work done to his satisfaction, which met with our entire approval. Feeling that Mr. Evans would be quite as particular in his supervision as we would be, we permitted him to go ahead upon these lines. In due course proofs were submitted which delighted us. Imagine our consternation upon the arrival of the edition to find that the work was uneven, not up to proof, and in most cases far below that standard which we had every reason to expect. It was then too late to do aught than make the best of a bad job, feeling that we have only ourselves to blame for having broken our rule. It is with deep regret that we publish the edition, which, undoubtedly, in part is open to the criticism of Mr. Shaw that the reproductions do not do justice to the originals of Mr. Evans.

For our own sakes, who have striven to make the illustrations of *Camera Work* as perfect as possible, having spared no expense or pains, we feel disappointed that this number should leave our hands and we not satisfied with it. It shall never happen again.

In contrast to the antiquity of the architectural subjects of Mr. Evans, we reproduce the extreme of architectural modernity in "The Flat-iron," by Alfred Stieglitz. If such a subject were treated with any regard to detail it would be pictorially meaningless, but treated as a mass in relation to its



surroundings it presents an endless number of pictorial possibilities. The gravure was made by The Photochrome Engraving Company from the original unmanipulated negative.

“Moonlight,” by Arthur E. Becher, the young painter and illustrator, of Milwaukee, is a half-tone reproduction from the original gum print.

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### UNCLE 'RASTUS ON THE SITUATION.

**L**AWD BLESS yo' soul, honey! All dis talk I heah do suttinly remin' me ob de story my ole mammy use ter tell me 'bout Mr. Noah. Mr. Noah cum home one day, an' ses he to his fam'ly an' one or two ob his mos' ticklar fren's, ses he: “It look mighty like we gwine get a powahful spell ob rain,” ses he. “Shaw, now!” ses one o' hes fren's. “Gwan!” ses he. “Yo' always talkin' like yo' intimate fren' ob Godamighty,” ses he. Mr. Noah he doan say nuthin'—he busy sharp'nin' hes axe. “Wha' yo' doin'?” ses hes fren'. “I gwine build a ark,” says Mr. Noah. “A ark?” ses hes fren'. “Gawd bless yo', chile, yo' can' float no arks roun' heah,” ses he. Mr. Noah he doan say nuthin'—he busy filin' hes saw. So hes fren' he go long home an' he stop at de sto' an' tell de boys 'bout Mr. Noah an' hes ark.

Nex' day de boys cum down to Mr. Noah's place an', sho' 'nough, dere was ole man Noah an' hes boys layin' down de ark. An de boys dey sot down on de fence an' begun joshin' de ole man. But Mr. Noah he busy sawing' gofah-wood an' he doan say nuthin'. Well, suh, ebry day dose folks cum roun' an' purten' dey was habin' de time ob deir lives. “Good mawnin', Mr. Noah,” dey ses, “hab yo' heard from yo' fren' Gawd dis mawnin'?” dey ses. An' “Queer kin' ob crew yo' got,” dey ses. “How cum yo' son Ham to be so dark-complected?” dey ses. But Mr. Noah he doan say nuthin'—he busy riggin' de steerin' fixin's ob de ark.

Well, honey, just about when dey was puttin' on de las' licks, sho' 'nough, it begin to rain. An' it suttinly did rain onusually bad dat summah. An' dose folks what was feelin' so funny early in de spring begun to hedge a bit. “Good mawnin', Mr. Noah,” dey ses; “dat's a nice ark yo' got,” dey ses. But Mr. Noah he powahful busy sproddin' pitch on de ark an' he doan say nuthin'. An' it rain an' rain, an' de watah riz an' riz, an' pretty soon de ark was floatin' an' a tuggin' at de ropes ob de ankah an' dose folks was all standin' on a little piece ob high groun' an' shoutin' “Hey, Mr. Noah! Wha' you chawge fo' yo' 'commodations?” dey ses. But Mr. Noah he doan say nuthin'—he busy lookin' up Arirat on de map.

Now, maybe yo' think dat dey was all no-count folks what was left out ob de ark. No suh ree! Some ob 'em was jus' niggahs, an' some ob 'em was po' white trash, an' some ob 'em was quality. But dere was nary one ob 'em had de sense to see dat it war gwine to rain.

J. B. KERFOOT.



FREDERICK H. EVANS

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V. York Minster: Into the North Transept.

VI. Ely Cathedral: A Grotesque.

They opened their mouths against  
me as a ravening and warring lion.

*Psalm 22.*























## NOTES FROM NOWHERE.

**N**OWHERE, OF course, in a comparative sense. Neither atlas, guide-book, nor railroad time-table betrays its whereabouts. It is a hog's back between bay and basin, bristling along its spine with hardwood, its flanks shaggy with spruce and fir, that scatter into alders as the sides swell gently down to the strip of fatter land which fringes its northern and southern shores. But, again, it is only in a comparative sense that the land is fatter. In times remote the mountain must have shaken off the looser portions of its rocks and tumbled them down the slopes, and then spent the following centuries in sweating off its surplus of decayed vegetation, until the boulders and stones were filled in and smoothed over with soil and an appearance of fatness was created for the subsequent deception of the too credulous colonists.

Perhaps it was because there was something of Scotch in these hardy pioneers, that when they drew the plowshare and it turned up stones as freely as soil and was jerked to a standstill frequently by a deep-rooted boulder, they still stuck persistently to the arduous job; and to this day their descendants are farming under similar provocations to despair with a complete equanimity. A happy race, to whom long sharing of toil with the patient, powerful ox has taught its stout philosophy.

And happy also along more cheerful lines. They are neither rich nor poor, but have a sufficiency of the necessities of life, while its simpler luxuries are well within their reach. When you have a cow and a hog, which, respectively, ruminates and roots for your benefit, fowls that fill in with eggs the intervals of producing broilers; when you have been bred to fishing as well as to farming and the sea comes nearly to the door-step, and the lobster-trap is moored a few fathoms off; when two weeks' labor will make your garden yield enough vegetables for the year, and the fruits look after themselves and the roadside and foot-hills are profuse with berries; when in addition an income of one hundred dollars per annum will enable you to look the world square in the face, why should you not be serene and happy? Why not grow to green and lusty old age as these people do? Past the limit of three-score and ten they are still blithe and busy, doing a day's labor with more steadiness if with less vim than the younger men. Such a one has just left us, hale to within the last week of his eighty-second year. They tell me "he ate too heartily of boiled pork and cabbage and his heart and kidneys began to swell up until they touched one another and he died." Such a complication may be unknown to doctors, but then the doctors had been unknown to him throughout his life, so why should he defer to their diagnosis in the matter of leaving it?

A similar disregard of precedent was exhibited by a neighbor of his, a sprightly widow of seventy-six summers, who wearying of a single life married some seven years ago a fisher-youth of nineteen. Her contentment is only exceeded by his. "There's no foolery in my old woman like there is in the young ones," is his justification; and when they tire a little bit of



each other he goes off for a month's fishing, to return with a fresh zest to his old wife. I must confess that the arrangement does not appeal to me, but then there was no thought of pleasing me when they were married, and, after all, I am regarding the matter as a mere man. Could I aspire to the condition of a philosopher I might note the brightness of the old lady's eye, the apple-like ruddiness of her cheeks and the air of cheery satisfaction which envelopes her whole bearing, and conclude that if she has not renewed her youth she at least has staved off the *ennui* of age. As to the young husband—well, he is a slow, vegetable-minded fellow, who has been saved much troublesome detail.

Blessed state of vegetable-mindedness! It was Stevenson, I think, who said that the crowning excellence of a vacation was obtained if you let your thinking apparatus reach the condition of a cabbage; unconsciously absorbing the nourishment of air and sunshine. It is a pretty hard matter for us city-accustomed folk to realize such true vacation—emptiness, in a word, of active endeavor. We carry with us our tiresome little disease of mental occupation. True, we can escape the ridiculous drug-habit of the daily paper, and may not be so confirmed in impotence as my friend who preferred Atlantic City to the Adirondacks, because there was more in the former to occupy his mind. Yet, even so, we may be far from grace; the grace of doing nothing spontaneously and thoroughly.

In fact, one of these summerings in the country will readily bring to the surface what you have of mental and moral sanity and poise. And it is precisely because there is so little sanity and poise in the modern character that the most of us do but repeat in the country the fussiness of the city. For half of our busy-brainedness deserves no worthier title; without it, we should accomplish at least as much and very likely of a better quality. Then, exhausted by the waste of energy, we seek the country for a rest, quite forgetting that the country will yield to us only as much as we have the capacity to receive. Unless we feel in ourselves the dignity and need of an occasional quiet spirit, the calm of the country and its placid routine will soon be boredom. If our only idea of life is the continual rubbing of shoulders and of wits with our fellow-creatures, how can we find companionship in the empty solitariness of nature?

I think one can detect such want of affinity with nature in many landscape-paintings, otherwise well done. They give us a view of the countryside or of the seashore, but limit our imagination to the actual scene, carrying no suggestion of its being part of the great scheme of nature. But a picture of Troyon's may carry our eye no further than the end of a meadow, and yet it will be treated with such breadth and overhung with a sky so buoyant and ranging that our imagination feels the patch of pasture as a bit of nature's spaciousness and fecundity. A similar distinction holds in the case of photographic landscapes. I can recall the print of a forest-pool at twilight, in which one's vision is contracted by the trees, and yet there is a feeling of the vast silence of nature brooding over this little spot. Some prints, on the other hand, will show a far perspective of landscape, but



without any sense of vastness. Our eye travels to the end and stops. The imagination has not been touched. Neither the camera nor the human eye is primarily connected with the imagination. It registers an objective impression and the owner must do the rest. He will do it just so far as he has the capacity to lose his little self in the largeness of nature.

Nature, indeed, was operating largely on June fourth, for we experienced the same "Yellow Day" that the belated newspapers report to have occurred in New York six hundred miles away as the crow flies. At three o'clock our canary disposed himself to roost and I had to light my lamp, which by comparison with the murky glow outside gleamed cold and steely, like a small arc-light. The leaves and blossom of the apple-trees in the garden were virulently green and white—arsenic and sulphate of zinc—malignant. Distance was shut out and the near view of shore and foliage scumbled over like a Düsseldorf or National Academy landscape of, say, twenty-five years ago, in order not to be too immediately personal. It was yellow sauce instead of white sauce, as opposed to the delicate tonality of actually realized values; an object lesson such as those propounded to me in my youth, "What is wrong in the following sentence?"

One particular spit of woodland, a very familiar object on the shore, was recognizable, but in an unfamiliar way. It was not placed properly in the landscape. One could not tell whether it was near to or far from the eye; its forms and colors were confused and stood out harshly against the sky, untempered by atmosphere, all its animation clogged with the glaze of yellow sauce. You could not mistake the scene and yet it looked entirely unnatural; like a poor painting or photographic print. It was a capital example of the insufficiency of mere blurring, so favorite a device of the average photographer, to produce an illusion of atmospheric reality.

Not that the reality of atmosphere is without its illusions. When the ocean mists roll into our basin through the narrow gorge of its entrance, and fold themselves layer over layer upon the hills, or creep across the water swelling into volumes or scattering into wisps, we have a phantasmagoric display, in which one view dissolves into another and distance alternately approaches and recedes. A strange phenomenon is when the mist blots out everything except the immediate surroundings of our house. The barn stands back upon a rising slope of pasture, and as the mist closes round and shuts out all view of the mountain at the back, the barren-looking building seems to stand upon the very edge of the world. Our little patch is an island in a vast ocean of impenetrable sky. In mountain-climbing one is frequently isolated in this way; but here we are shut in with what is for the time being our home, with our interests and belongings and our own family-selves; an atom of comfortable compactness and certainty in a world of vague imaginings.

The mists drift slowly off in the track of the wind, the world reasserts its facts around us; but the family, if it knows its true bestness, will still remain a little island of domestic illusions.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.



## THE "FLAT-IRON" BUILDING.— AN ESTHETICAL DISSERTATION.

**E**STHETICISM AND the "Flat-iron." Isn't that a paradox at the very start?

"Surely, you do not mean to tell us that the eyesore at Twenty-third Street and Broadway has anything to do with art?" some of my readers will incredulously ask. Why not? At all events, it is a building—although belonging to no style to be found in handbooks or histories of architecture—which, by its peculiar shape and towering height, attracts the attention of every passerby. True enough, there are sky-scrapers which are still higher, and can boast of five or six tiers more, but never in the history of mankind has a little triangular piece of real estate been utilized in such a *raffiné* manner as in this instance. It is typically American in conception as well as execution. It is a curiosity of modern architecture, solely built for utilitarian purposes, and at the same time a masterpiece of iron-construction. It is a building without a main façade, resembling more than anything else the prow of a giant man-of-war. And we would not be astonished in the least, if the whole triangular block would suddenly begin to move northward through the crowd of pedestrians and traffic of our two leading thoroughfares, which would break like the waves of the ocean on the huge prow-like angle.

A curious creation, no doubt, but can it be called beautiful? That depends largely on what is understood by beautiful. Beauty is a very abstract idea. The painters of the Middle Ages represented the human body in an angular, ascetic way, emaciated and long-drawn; in the Renaissance the human form rounded perceptibly, and in the Rococo it had gained in width what it had formerly possessed in length. All these three styles have been called beautiful, and had their advocates and opponents. The runs of a quartet by Guido de Arezzo strike despair on modern ears, and a Wagner opera would probably have brought despair to the ear of Guido de Arezzo. We laugh at Allston's pictures which pleased our grandfathers, and our grandfathers call us crazy for admiring Monet. The most respectable young lady in the time of Louis XV went more décolleté than would any lady without principles and prejudice to-day. The most frivolous girl of the Rococo period would have repudiated even the suspicion of dancing a galop. The Germans ascribe all the changes of taste to the *Zeitgeist*, *i. e.*, spirit of the time, and history tells us that it has always been so.

Every person has his own views of good and bad, on morality, beauty, etc.

And the totality of these views, as represented by a community in a certain period of time, dictates the laws in all matters pertaining to life as well as to art. There are, of course, different tendencies bitterly fighting with each other for supremacy. The artists work out their ideals, the critics argue *pro* and *con*, and the public debates and tries to settle matters to its own satisfaction. Suddenly a change in the prevailing taste becomes palpable, rather timidly at first, but steadily growing in strength, and finally old convictions and theories give up the fight and give way to the



new ones. Why should not, in the course of events, the time arrive when the majority without hesitation will pronounce the "Flat-iron" a thing of beauty? I know I will not make many friends with these lines to-day. It is only a small circle which will acknowledge that my claims are justified. But twenty years hence they won't believe me, when I shall tell them that they would not believe me twenty years ago, for it will have become so matter of fact.

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The professional duties of the architects have of late become very prosaic and unpretentious, one might say they had acquired a philanthropical tendency. Modern, every-day demands necessitate, first of all, consideration for utility, comfort, and sanitation, and after paying due respect to heating, lighting, drainage, ventilation, fire-proof construction, etc., there remains but little for the show of artistic quality, which amounts on the average to little more than the gathering of fragments of various styles out of excellent handbooks. The problems of popular architecture are mechanical, and the spirit in which they are built economical. This peculiar neglect of beauty in the exterior of our buildings, however, is not killing art, as some wise Philistines remark. On the contrary, it calls forth numerous untried faculties and new combinations, which in turn will help to produce new phases of art.

It has often been queried if there is never to be a new style of architecture, and if the art of building is never to free itself from more or less appropriate revivals. At the first glance, it almost seems, as if all possible curves and lines had been exhausted, and as if there was but little chance for a new, original style with such vastly different structures like the temple at Karnak, the Parthenon, the St. Sophia at Constantinople, the cathedral of Cologne, the pagoda of Nikko, an Italian Renaissance palace, and a Rococo *Chateau* or *Hof*. Yet we should not forget, that life has never undergone such a radical change as during the last hundred years. The change has been from top to bottom, in all our ways of expression; not one stone of the old structure has been left upon the other. The whole last century has been one uninterrupted revolution—restless, pitiless, shameless, gnawing into the very intestines of civilized humanity. Nothing has resisted its devouring influence, nothing, absolutely nothing has remained of the good old times; they have vanished with their customs and manners, their passions, tastes, and aspirations; even love has changed; all, everything is new. Were the most learned art commissioners to stand on their heads they could not deny or alter the fact. And as life has become totally different, and *art*, the reflection of life, is following her example, should architecture, the most reliable account the history of mankind has ever found, only make an exception?

I, for my part, do not only believe in the possibility of architectural originality, but am convinced that it will first reveal itself prominently in America. There is something strictly original about our huge palatial hotels, our colossal storage-houses looking at night like medieval castles, the



barrack-like appearance of long rows of houses made after one pattern, our towering office-buildings with narrow frontage, and certain business structures made largely of glass and iron. And amidst all these peculiarities of form a new style is quietly but persistently developing. Thousands work unconsciously toward its perfection, and some day when it has freed itself from a certain heaviness and evolved into a splendid grace it will give as true an expression of our modern civilization as do the temples and statuary of Greece. I mean the iron-construction which, as if guided by a magic hand, weaves its network over rivers and straight into the air with scientific precision, developing by its very absence of everything unnecessary new laws of beauty which have not yet been explored, which are perhaps not even conscious to their originators.

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Alas, the beauty of this new style is hidden in the majority of cases and only reveals itself in viaducts, exposition-halls, and railway-stations.

If the architects could only be persuaded to abolish all pseudo-ornamentation.

Byzantine arches and Renaissance pillars have nothing in common with our age. In the same way as the equipment of the interior is subordinated to modern conveniences, the exterior decoration should be guided by the laws of common sense. Iron, steel, and aluminum structures demand other embellishments than the conventional friezes, capitols, and arches of stone and timber architecture. One can readily understand that innovations in ornamentation are hardly possible before the new style itself has reached maturity. But nothing is gained by slavish copyism. It only distorts the truths unconsciously arrived at by scientific calculations. Our polyglot style is largely due to the lack of original ornament. Who is going to invent it? The column entwined by the Acanthus, the basis of much that is beautiful in Greek ornament, can not be so easily replaced. And yet it seems strange, that we should have never been able to evolve a single strictly American pattern out of the manifold products of our country, or its historical associations. The tomahawk or the Indian corn would surely lend itself to a decorative treatment. It is barely possible, however, that the new structural tendency will call forth an entirely novel style of decoration, much more bulky than hitherto, with a neglect of detail, as it is seen only from distances, and impressive rather in its effects of masses than those of form. Perhaps the use of color will prove a new and immediate stimulant to exterior architecture. The absence of chiaroscuro effects peculiar to these buildings points in that direction.

Mr. Charles Barnard, author of the "County Fair," a civil engineer by profession, remarked to me one day: "There is really no ornamentation necessary at all, but the people won't stand it; they think a building would tumble down, if the lower stories were not executed in pseudo-arches and imitations of massive stone embankments." This is the gist of the whole problem. The architects do not yet dare to obey the laws of common sense, and to employ only such decorations which serve some practical purpose, or which really enhance the building, having a *raison d'être* for their existence,



and not merely being fastened to the walls as it is now invariably the case. A building without any exterior decoration may look prosaic and monotonous to us, and yet I must confess that the rear view of sky-scrapers has always appealed to me more than the façade, whose ornamentation, particularly of the upper tiers, produces only a general effect. In the rear view the laws of proportion, the comparative relations of large flat surfaces, broken by rows of windows, create the esthetical impression.

"The simpler, the better" has always been the motto of art. The Doric style is grander than the ornate Corinthian. Why should not a simple truss, as used in the construction of bridges and roofs, be considered as beautiful as Hogarth's "curve of beauty"? Surely the boundary lines of girders, the trestlework of viaducts, and all the skeleton constructions with their manifold but invariably scientific methods of connections (in simple buildings like the tower on lower Broadway, the Western Union Building, the Navarro Flats, etc.) contain a variety of geometrical forms similar to those which have created the arches and vaultings of the pointed style. And why can not the Eiffel Tower and the Brooklyn Bridge be compared to the architectural masterpieces of any age or clime? They show a beauty of lines and curves, simple as in the pyramids, bold as in the cathedral spires of flamboyant churches, and—far-sweeping, as if to embrace the entire universe, a quality which no other style has ever approached.

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Have you ever sailed up New York Harbor early in the morning? As your steamer creeps along the shore, and you first see the city tower through the mist, is it not as if you had come at last to the castles in the air you built and lost so many years ago? Do you not imagine you already see the hanging-gardens, the fountains, the men and women with strange garments and strange eyes? But, after all, it is not the materialization of a dream, but the idealization of a fact that you find.

Beauty in America is no longer an instinct, but a realization mirrored in the entire country. And it is from the bridge, that hammock swung between the pillars of life, that New York seems to become intimate to you. The bridge gives back the thrill and swing to thought and step that nature gives in youth. Who can delineate in words the monstrous cobweb of wire, that clings to the turrets, rose-colored in the setting sun, or the steel lines linking the shores, that hover like the wings of a dragon-fly above the stream? The huge office-buildings of lower New York make one think of the vision of some modern Cathay caught up in the air, or become in one's imagination the strongholds of strange genii whose fevered breath pants out in gusts of steam. And as the night descends, catching a last glimpse of the bridge glinting like a fairy tiara above the waters of the East River, you feel that the City of the Sea has put on her diamonds—and then you notice the words "Uneda Cracker."

As yet everything is saturated with the pernicious habit of industry, yelling and writhing before the juggernaut-car of commerce. In France things are shod with velvet, but on Broadway they are not. It would make a



quaint hell for some musicians who delight in much brass and tympani. How it stings one—the exuberant, violent strength of the place, sentient with the almost forceful vitality of youth, adolescent in its tentative desire for beauty, it makes one's blood answer at once its imperious demand for enthusiasm. It will not always be thus. We, also, will lose our primitive strength; but until that time when men will “dream in crystal caves and fashion strange secrets that murmur the music of all living things,” there is an infinitude of art and beauty in all this mad, useless materiality which, if artists, blinded by achievement of former ages can not see it, will at least give rise to a new style of architecture, rising boldly and nonchalantly from the ruins of the past.

SIDNEY ALLAN.

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### TO THE “FLAT-IRON.”

ON ROOF and street, on park and pier  
The spring-tide sun shines soft and white,  
Where the “Flat-iron,” gaunt, austere,  
Lifts its huge tiers in limpid light.

From the city's stir and madd'ning roar  
Your monstrous shape soars in massive flight;  
And 'mid the breezes the ocean bore  
Your windows flare in the sunset light.

Lonely and lithe, o'er the nocturnal  
City's flickering flame, you proudly tower,  
Like some ancient giant monolith,  
Girt with the stars and mists that lour.

All else we see fade fast and disappear—  
Only your prow-like form looms gaunt, austere,  
As in a sea of fog, now veiled, now clear.

Iron structure of the time,  
Rich, in showing no pretence,  
Fair, in frugalness sublime,  
Emblem staunch of common sense,  
Well may you smile over Gotham's vast domain  
As dawn greets your pillars with roseate flame,  
For future ages will proclaim  
Your beauty  
Boldly, without shame.

S. H.



## IS IT WELL?

IT HAS been said by one of America's greatest writers that "The artist must employ the symbols in use in his day and nation to convey his enlarged sense to his fellow-men; thus the new in art is always formed out of the old." If this be true, how stands photography by the same measure? Whilst the jibes and ridicule of the unappreciative majority matter not, yet no good purpose is served by wantonly provoking them, and I wonder sometimes if the modern advanced pictorial photographer is not somewhat to be blamed for as much intolerance on the one hand as is shown on the other hand by those whom he stigmatizes as Philistine. Granted that his work appeals to his fellows and his sympathizers, what can it possibly mean to the majority? I have, of course, in mind that description of photography to the advancement of which *Camera Work* is largely devoted. The last number of *Camera Work* is open before me; its predecessor is at my elbow; I linger over the beautiful productions of Steichen's wonderful work, but I ask myself if the whole movement is not a little selfish. I am thinking of the last London Salon, when the so-called American School was so finely represented, and I am already looking forward to the next Salon and hope that again American work will be strongly in evidence. For fear of misinterpretation, I want at the outset to make it very clear that personally the newer flights of American and French photography are full of meaning and very refreshing; but then I ask myself if one's condition should be such as to need such refreshment and so without the slightest desire that any worker "should play to the gallery," and without thought of obstructing honest endeavor to escape from conventionality, I can not but feel a little sympathy for the average visitor to the Picture Gallery, and for the ordinary but cultured man to whom such work conveys no message, and concerning which he asks, "What does it mean?" This may savor of heresy, and seem out of place in these pages, but I hope that during the past dozen years or so I have borne a sufficient part in the struggle for the advancement of pictorial photography to be safe from any suspicion of now turning my hand against it. I would merely seek, with all diffidence, to utter a word of caution, and plead for a little real socialism on the part of our artistic autocrats, lest modern photography pass from the list of the humanities, and be marred by a spirit of intolerant esotericism.

I am not, of course, upholding the vulgar print which appeals to an ignorant and brutish multitude, but it is surely worth considering what that difference of appeal is, which is made by the works of past great painters and the productions of those of the very modern school. I know that the latter please me most with their piquancy, but the great pictures which go chiefly to furnish our National Galleries are better to live with and will the more readily teach those who affect no special connoisseurship in art, the knowledge and appreciation of higher things. It is all very well to lay the flattering unction to our souls that art is not for the multitude, for yet the great art of the past is, to a great extent at least, a source of enjoyment



to most reasonably civilized people. There is certainly no slavish imitation of nature in a landscape by, say, Corot, and yet it needs no literary interpretation and requires no high degree of culture to recognize the trees and landscape features, and in imagination to hear the rustling of the breeze, and feel the air and sunlight. Perhaps the love of the country, and the simpler tastes which it inculcates, is more inherent to the race here than in America. We are not naturally, or at least for the most part are not willingly, dwellers in cities, and we constantly seek to escape from our civilization. I think perhaps we are more genuinely happy, and Omar and Maeterlinck are but a fashionable cult with the very few. There is a great deal of difference between the merely "pretty" picture and the representation of a landscape which recalls the joyousness and simpler pleasures of sweet-smelling meadows and rustling leaves. Gloom, and the mystery in deep shadows, may give opportunity for the exercise of the imagination, provided the creatures of our imagination are of the humor that would dwell in dark places. Most of us want to be happy, and, taken in the best sense, what higher aspiration need we have? He who is wearied of the pleasures which life can afford is sadly ailing, and is surely misusing his art in expressing his gloom to others. It is no excuse that the public is not sufficiently cultivated to appreciate his higher artistic flights. Is it desirable that the public ever should be? This same public is composed of a great number of clever, sensible, and useful people that we could not possibly do without, and we should not admire some of them any the more were they to affect approval of the art for which they have no real appreciation. Escape from the cities, from the morbid influences of overwrought civilization, and we shall find that there is a great deal more sunshine in the world than we suspected. Our vitiated tastes need not become grosser nor less sensitive to delicate subtleties, if fresh air, rather than intellectual caviar, be the appetizer. I know not if it be true, but I have read that the simple landscape scenes which have been so strong a feature in English fine art have no counterpart in the great American Continent. If it be so, it would account for much, and it may be that it is to the wet, reflecting pavements of Fifth Avenue that the artist must look for his effects for want of the gleam in sparkling brook and glancing lights in flowers and trees of an English landscape. Yet it can hardly be that nature has reserved the youngest of the continents solely for hyper-enterprising commercialism and granted it no redeeming feature of natural beauty.

Perhaps, it may be urged, the advanced photographer thus proves himself the artist he aspires to be thought by revealing how he is influenced by his surroundings, in which case were it not better to seek more unsophisticated ones, and get back to the simplicities which so many of us are in danger of forgetting altogether?

Truth to nature is an expression which has been so much misunderstood among photographers, some of whom have taken it as meaning a mere copy, a transcript, that one hesitates to use it without explanation. The truth to be striven for is the truthfulness of impression, freshness of



inspiration, only obtainable by personal contact, or rather direct personal observation, unbiased by traditional ideas. I am not of course forgetting that here nature must not be supposed to consist only of life out of doors; one must remember that the human figure and features whensoever encountered, and all other material things which may serve as vehicles of expression, have their place. Now, in nature the ideal has no place or part; the ideal is what the human imagination makes of the realities in nature, and one must forever return to the source, so that the beginnings of each new effort to express an idea may be right and pure. Sounds and scents dwell longer and more untainted in the mind than does the sight of things, and hence our vision needs more frequent checking and regulating. May I, with all proper diffidence, suggest that some of our photographers, though I admire their cleverness, and honor them for their daring, are too apt to forget the necessity for simple, humble, and constant communication with nature? A little imagination may create out of facts a wondrous and beautiful thing, but imaginings upon imaginings must gradually lead to the inexplicable.

Forever yearning for something new, there are some who have come to think that the hall-mark of art is inseparable from the weird and bizarre, forgetful of the fact that there may be more real originality in the simplest interpretation of nature, even though the picture seem too quiet and innocent to be the tabernacle of a beautiful sentiment. There is perhaps no better proof that the artist is sick, and needs perhaps the healing which nature can give, than when his mental images are such that it is necessary to somewhat distort common language to give them a name. What, pray, is a "night-worn moon"? It is the same orb of sweetly mysterious light that blended its beams with the roseate hues of dawn this morning, and will be as unweakened and as fresh to-night, and for ages yet to come.

I am not indifferent to the more pensive and reflective mood which nature often impels. Far from it. I once nearly knocked a man down for describing a beautiful, still, moonlight night as "ripping"; but if nature makes me feel very low, and twilight or moonlight, or the mountain solitude raise weird phantoms, and fill one's mind with deep regrets, unquenchable disconsolate yearnings, then I know it is I that am wrong, and thirty miles in the saddle, or a ten-mile walk by the sea, or, if I may be forgiven sordid details, a pinch or two of carbonate of soda, serve to open the casement and draw up the blinds of the chamber where one's brain transacts its business, and let in the sunshine and the fresh air.

So the bard writes:

"To know, oh to know  
Why all life's strains have the same refrain  
As of rain  
Beating sadly against the window-pane!"

All life's strains are not sad, figuratively the rainfall may be a trifle in excess one month, but later on a season of gladness and sunshine will make up the average. This morbidness is apt to color our work too somberly, and



we need a tonic. Let us dream less of our "souls" and give a little free rein to proper animal instincts; the man who is frankly and healthily animal is such a noble development, there is so much real beauty in the robustness and vitality which shun the dark and dwell in light and make for themselves a companion of the love which is kind. But stay, perhaps I presume. Will my friends forgive me and take this as the well-meant suggestion, the sort of interchange of ideas which may pass between fellow-workers? And nearly all readers of *Camera Work* are such.

All this may sound very brutal, but it is true. The artist is apt to claim a little too much privilege and exemption from the rules and conditions which control his fellow-citizens. The great artists, who made the art which has outlived nations, were for the most part good, useful men, who put on no airs, but displayed wisdom and fine judgment in spite of artistic temperament. Give us more joy, more kindness, and do not sour the milk of human kindness with the rennet of a neurotic aestheticism. I well know the inconsequent critic of recent years, who has grumbled at the somber low-toned effects often affected by modern photography, and has clamored for sunshine. The sunshine with him means mere gaudiness and the glittering of shiny gelatine. I am, of course, not pleading with him; mine is merely a suggestion whether we are not gradually neglecting those qualities in photography which make it very precious as a means of expressing our imaginative impressions of nature, the justification of which is that they should *look* natural. The test of such truly imaginative work is "that it looks as if it had been gathered straight from nature," whereas the unimaginative shows its joints and knots, and is visibly composition. There is a certain fidelity to nature which is quite distinct from the prosiness of a transcription. We grow restive of that which we deem to be conventionality, and take delight in being original, yet the sum total of all that has gone before is worth consideration, and it is doubtful if we shall ever much improve upon a great deal of it.

"What a foolish occupation is this busy, practical world of ours!" exclaims a writer in last *Camera Work*. It is nothing of the sort. It may be easy enough to act foolishly in it, but on the whole it is a very wonderfully sensible world, and there is an amazing amount of good in it, and to be good in oneself, and in the existing order of things around, is to be happy, and to contribute happiness to others, and our pictures may be one medium among others of doing so.

A. HORSLEY HINTON.



## LANDSCAPE—A REVERIE.

TO THE nature-lover, prisoned within the labyrinthine cañons of a great city with its endless ranges of lofty buildings that shut out all horizon and show of the broad, beautiful universe, only the long, narrow streaks of sky immediately above its streets, what longings, what memories brings the mention or sight of the mere word *landscape*! And the longings, memories, ideas thus awakened of green fields; of open country; of broad stretches of sky; of some river-drifting dream; of some idyllic woodland-wandering; of some sudden realization of the serene sublimity of the limitless star-studded country night—how vastly different from the one dominating idea, ever present, overwhelming, of struggle, of contention, of immense *power*, irresistible, crushing, awful—embodied in the sleepless energy and massive towering structures of a mighty metropolis. They represent stupendous energy, these structures of stone and iron that shut us in, vast force, never-ceasing toil. They are the mighty monsters of material progress through whose ramifying veins of wire animating electric fluid ever pulses and throbs; through whose arterial corridors, daily, plethoric flow of composite human life and brain-force ever courses and circulates. Always they are building higher, relentlessly crowding the freedom of the sky further away, shutting us in more and more. Upon the inner walls of the more pretentious will be found record of the conflict between the spirit that has called them into existence and man's love for the open country, the freedom of nature—in frescoes, paintings, and prints, breaking the monotony of the dreary wall-space with snatches of landscape; while few even of the most insignificant are without the garnishment of some little, inexpensive picture of open field and sweeping horizon. Such is almost the only horizon that many city-dwellers know, for the city horizon-line is made up of entrances and windows and street-gaps, and its vistas of trolley-tracks disappearing in the distance between rows of lofty buildings that seem to close in upon each other as they recede, as if jealous of and determined altogether to blot out the attenuated strips of unbuilt land still left for streets. Of the great world without the city's bounds, with its noble landscapes and varied scenery, there is small time to concern oneself, no matter how much the desire, much less to journey out and see. Indeed, it is more than probable that the great majority of real cityites, such as were born and have continued to dwell in cities, regard the rest of the universe in a vague sort of way, as something more substantial than a dream, but yet as an unsubstantial, possible reality known only through pictures, books, magazines, associated-press notes, extravagant red-captioned newspaper articles and omniscient editorials, lined in poor type and malodorous printing-ink. Even these imperfect glimpses of that bigger, outer world, so vague and insignificant, are obtained in moments snatched hastily from the onward rush too soon to be almost completely forgotten in the fierce, endless striving of the surging on-pushing crowd. Vastly mixed and ever hurrying is that crowd. Morning and evening



ferry-boat, street-car, elevated train are packed to suffocation with a swaying, struggling mass of refined and vulgar, the cleanly and the unwashed, all wildly hastening, seemingly, in the same direction. In the street, at places of amusement, in temples of worship, it is ever the same; always the crowd, nervous, jostling, ever in a hurry. It is striving and straining and rush, whether it be man or beast, ambulance or hearse. Time for reflection there is none—it is always hurry, hurry, hurry, unrest, unrest, unrest. We hear but the roar and rattle of the city whose din is never still. We breathe air heavy with overuse, surcharged with noxious gases from sewers, eating-houses, from factories, alive with deadly germs from secret disease and veiled decay. It is not hard to imagine how great at times is the desire to get away from all this into the pure-aired open country. And when that is impossible, fancy what a boon is the feelingly executed little landscape to those cooped up in the stuffy confines of the grimy city in office, shops, factory, or counting-house. Landscape! How the word and its associations take one out of oneself into a delicious world of sylvan dreams of trees, of trickling, gurgling streams, of odorous flowers of many forms and wondrous colors, of sunlit lawns and leaf-shaded bowers, of distant hills, of purple-hued mountains against sunset skies, of night creeping down beautiful, silent valleys flooded with moon-silvered mist. Even tired nature revives under the spell of a mere dream of landscape, imagination awakens, satyrs and elfin peoples and the wood-gods of old come forth from hiding and disport themselves, playing upon their pipes, singing mystic rural songs. The symbolism of all these old-time myths and their deeper meaning is made clear to us through our imprisonment and takes on a new and more human significance. Birds warble, bright-colored insects dart about flashing the sunlight from their sparkling iridescent wings, cattle drowse in the shade, and all the world seems young and fresh with the odors of flowers, of sweet grass, of new-mown hay. Life seems again worth living.

Already the cobwebs are brushed aside from the brain that has been warped and distorted through lack of proper horizon, through having to come into daily contact with extreme conditions till they seem the rule rather than the exception, through having to view things in such close proximity as to get an altogether exaggerated idea of their relative proportions, the perspective of life begins to adjust itself to what is broad and healthful and true. And we long with a vast longing to get out into the *open* to feast our eyes and our souls upon the meadows or the forests, the rolling prairies or the wooded mountains. If the mere thought of all this can so work upon the fancy, how much more must the properly pictured landscape excite? What a rich field for the happy philanthropist who by aid of his pictorial magic can, with a harmonious disposition of lights and shades, bring before the eyes and soul of the poor galley-slave of modern life such pure joy and envied hope! How few, how very few understand! Think, realize what vast possibilities be within reach! Dream a bit, if you possess the gift of dreaming, and go and try and interpret nature pictorially, in a way that will make others less fortunate feel the thrill of some beautiful nature-dream.

JOSEPH T. KEILEY.



## PLATES

I. The "Flat-iron."

By Alfred Stieglitz

II. Moonlight.

By Arthur E. Becher





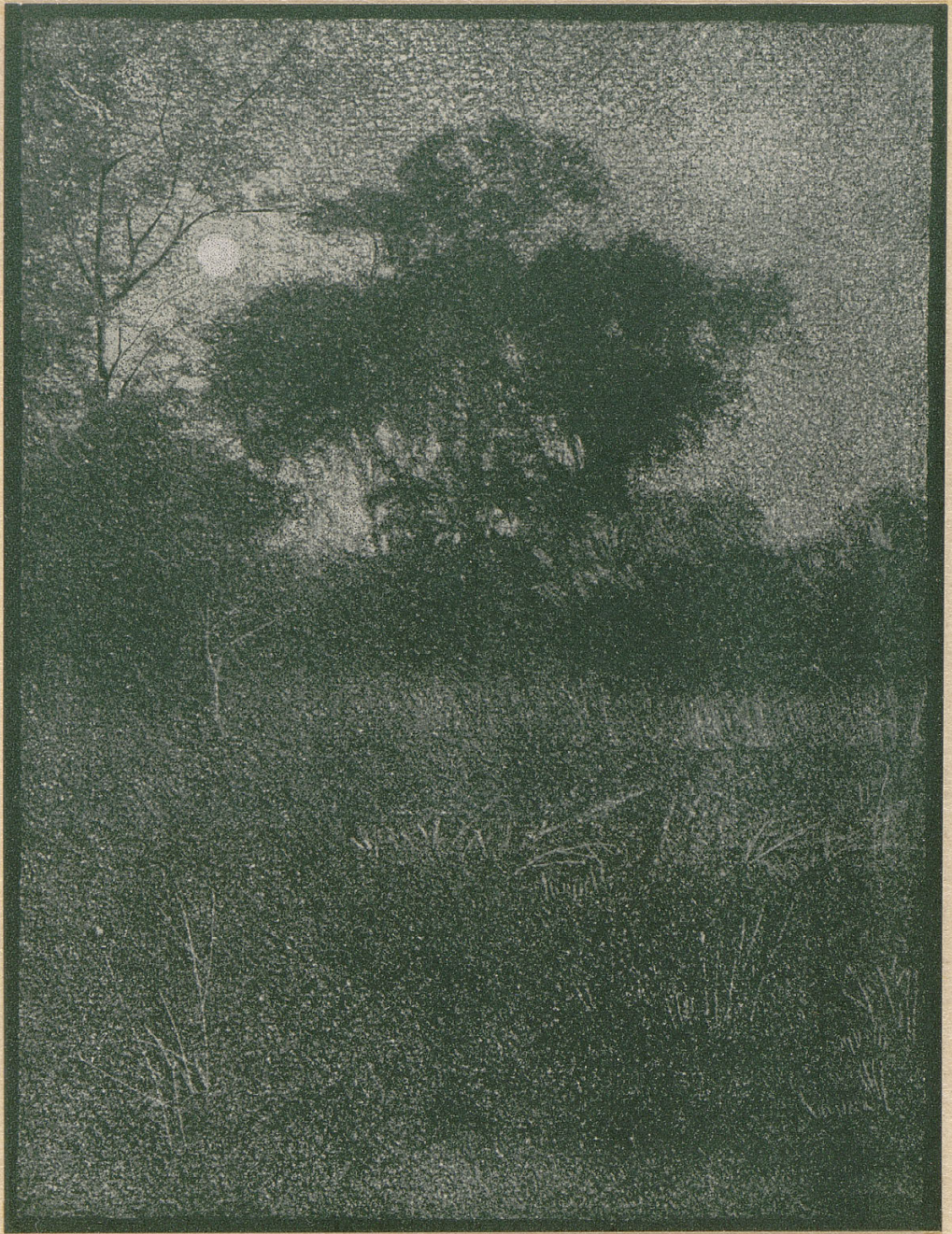


















HANS WATZEK

DIED MAY TWELFTH  
M D C C C C I I I



## HANS WATZEK.

"Those to whom art is only a trade have never known the great thoughts of the real artist face to face with nature."—*Alex. Tavernier.*

**K**ÜHN, HENNEBERG, and Watzek, the Viennese "Kleeblatt," are names comparatively unknown to American photographers, and their work is known only through the oft-times unsatisfactory medium of magazine reproductions. They have formed part of one of the most thoroughly individual and intellectually artistic movements of modern times. An art atmosphere, social, musical, literary, and artistic, which gives us men like Klinger, Hoffman, Strauss, Klimt, and others, has given us likewise Kühn, Henneberg, and Watzek. And it is not remarkable that a movement so intense and enthusiastic, so profoundly serious, so essentially modern, should have produced among its artists some that became photographers. Nor is it more or less remarkable that this group of sculptors, painters, and architects were sufficiently great in their artistic interest to recognize and receive these photographers and their craft.

Although Watzek's prints lack something of the noblesse of conception and eloquence that we find in Kühn, and more especially in Henneberg, they have other sterling qualities to compensate. There is a crisp freshness and vigor in everything Watzek has done, a spontaneity and whole-heartedness we admire, and certainly a virtuosity, the brilliance of which compels us to stand by and applaud. There is no one to my knowledge working with the camera who is so thoroughly an impressionist, using the term in its true sense, as Watzek. He concerned himself with great and difficult problems, both technical and artistic, and went at the solving of them with a remarkable confidence. He thoroughly analyzed his medium, accepted no prescribed limitations, and, what is more, prescribed none himself.

There is reason in everything he did, a scientific basis and analysis such as in painting we credit to Monet.

He discovered an individual technique and expressed therewith his thorough artistry. His manner of breaking up large surfaces gave vitality to his values and great luminosity and atmosphere to the ensemble. He was a pioneer in photography, but above all, an artist.

At a time when photography is but commencing to develop seriously, his death becomes keenly felt. He was one of the few that exalted photography's ideals by the dignity of his labors. EDUARD J. STEICHEN.



## PHOTO-SECESSION NOTES.

### TURIN AWARDS.

**T**HE KING'S prize and the certificates of award of the International Exposition of Modern Decorative Art at Turin, which was held last summer and autumn, have arrived and are now in the hands of the prize-winners. In addition each exhibitor has received a commemorative plaque, designed in such exceptional taste that even those opposed to the general idea of medal-giving will take pleasure in possessing this souvenir of Turin.

### THE AMERICAN COLLECTION FOR HAMBURG.

At the Jubilee Exhibition of the Hamburg Society, America will be strongly represented, both in numbers and quality. The invitations—this being solely an invitation exhibit—issued by the American Commissioner Mr. Alfred Stieglitz, were accepted by almost all who were addressed. Realizing that there were photographers of high standing outside of the Photo-Secession, the commissioner deemed it in the interests of American photography to invite such to contribute work to be included in the collection arranged by the Photo-Secession. The exhibit is a particularly strong one, consisting of the work of Abbott, Brigman, Bullock, Coburn, Dyer, Eickemeyer, Eugene, Hess, Käsebier, Keiley, Potts, Post, Redfield, Sears, Schütze, Stanbery, Steichen, Stieglitz, Stirling, J. F. Strauss, Weil, White, Willard, Wilde, Wiggins—a total of about one hundred and fifty frames.

### THE WIESBADEN AWARDS.

The Wiesbaden prize-winners have been announced and, judging by the catalogue, this portrait exhibition must have been one of high merit. Among the silver-medal winners are found the names of Gertrude Käsebier, Frank Eugene, and Mathilde Weil; Ema Spencer receiving a bronze medal. The Hofmeisters, of Hamburg, and Dr. Spitzer, of Vienna, were the recipients of gold medals (the highest honors), but the judges' official report shows that they had arrived at a very astounding conclusion. Special commendation, but no award, was meted out to Eduard J. Steichen, whose exhibit the learned judges considered *hors concours* on the ground that it was the work rather of an artist than of a photographer. A strange reason for excluding from the competition Steichen's straight platinum prints and straight gum prints—as were most of his pictures in this show—when the Hofmeisters' and Spitzer's manipulated gums were considered sufficiently photographic. Indeed, we must consider that not only Steichen, but photography as well, has achieved a great triumph by such artful concealment of the means, that a jury of the Wiesbaden caliber should be so led astray. Wiesbaden's was an exhibition devoted to art-photography (Kunstphotographie), why, then, was the absurd distinction between photographer, painter (Maler), and the art-painter (Kunstmaler) insisted upon in the catalogue?



#### THE PARIS SALON AND "L'EFFORT," OF BRUSSELS.

In the criticisms of these exhibitions, the Photo-Secession Loan Collection there hung received an unusual amount of attention, and while all the Secession work did not appeal to all the critics, yet, taken as a whole, it was the feature of these exhibitions. In the official organ of the Photo-Club de Paris, "La Revue de Photographie," there appeared a conscientious review of the Salon by the pen of Robert Demachy, whose verdict must always receive most respectful attention as that of a sincere worker.

#### THE "ROYAL" JUBILEE EXHIBITION.

In celebration of its Fiftieth Jubilee, the Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain has sufficiently departed from its conservatism to devote a section of its annual exhibition to invitation exhibits intended to show the history and progress of pictorial photography. The Photo-Secession was invited to exhibit as a body, besides which its more prominent members were individually invited each to exhibit two pictures in this special section. For a number of years past the attitude of the Royal has been such as to convince most of the more prominent pictorialists that the organization, instead of advancing the cause, has acted rather as a drag upon its progress. Notwithstanding this feeling, pictorial photographers would undoubtedly have supported the Royal were it not that it has chosen a time of year for its Jubilee Exhibition coincident with the London Salon, with whose exhibition it is thus directly thrown into competition. Under such circumstances the Linked Ring must be first considered, simply because it has done and is doing more for the interests of pictorial photography than the venerable and conservative Royal. For these reasons the Photo-Secession and its members individually deem it inexpedient to accept the invitation.

#### THE ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR AND THE PHOTO-SECESSION.

The Photo-Secession received from J. A. Ockerson, Chief of the Liberal Arts, St. Louis World's Fair, an invitation to aid in securing an exhibit of pictorial photographs to be hung at the exhibition. The conditions of the invitation are, from the standpoint of the Photo-Secession, of such a nature that to accept would mean to cast aside all the principles for which we have struggled so long. The question of expense alone would be sufficient to deter from participating, as, under the conditions named, everything but the wall-space would have to be paid for, including the expenses of a trip to St. Louis by the delegate to the "Committee of Review and Selection" whom we might send. In fact, the whole theory of selection and management meets with disapproval and we can not see our way clear in making sacrifice of principles without any prospect of accomplishing any advance for photography.

We would, indeed, be surprised if the other organizations which have been similarly invited were to accept the terms offered.



Those interested may learn further details by personal application to the Director of the Photo-Secession.

#### THE CHICAGO AND SAN FRANCISCO SALONS.

Application has been made by the Chicago and the San Francisco Salons for representation by the Photo-Secession as a body. The invitation for San Francisco was received in time to chronicle its acceptance. The Chicago invitation has been but unofficially received and hence no action has as yet been taken.

#### THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF PHOTOGRAPHERS.

At the Indianapolis Convention of this body, the Photo-Secession was represented by a small but choice Loan Collection, sent at the personal request of the President, Mr. Nussbaumer.

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### SOME THINGS WORTH LOOKING INTO.

That not all photographic supply houses deem it a kindness to allow you to do business with them. Reliability and courtesy are such rare qualities that it might repay you to drop into the shop of the Oberg Camera Company and be waited on by one of the Wilmerdings. Don't fail to ask for "Down-Town Topics," a really clean and wholesome stock-house leaflet.

Courtesy and the  
Wilmerdings

That it is far more important to have your print stuck to its support than that you should be stuck on the print. You will not be stuck, though the print will stick, if you use Higgins's Photo-paste as a mountant.

Don't be stuck on  
yourself

The increasing use of Rodinal for developing. So great has grown the demand among the progressive workers, scientific and pictorial, for this one-solution concentrated developer that the Berlin Aniline Works, New York, which have recently taken over the sole American agency of the photographic products of the Actien-Gesellschaft für Anilin-Fabrikation, are finding it advisable to call the popular attention to its exceptional qualities. Their booklet on developers is worth studying.

American agents

That the newly introduced Matt Albumen Paper, imported from Germany by W. Heuermann, New York, has been extensively recommended abroad by many well-known photographers. Its merits will bear close scrutiny.

A new paper

That it is wise to remember that Camera Work is valuable and therefore worth protecting with good bindings. Otto Knoll handles and binds understandingly and with the touch of the bibliophile.

Good bindings

The office of Taylor, Taylor & Hobson in New York where besides the Cooke lens can be found a special testing-camera in which you are at liberty to test any of your lenses.

A testing-camera



An important step  
toward the foreign salon

That you can not get your picture hung in foreign salons without first getting it across the water, and that the Foreign Department of the United States Express Company will attend to this important step toward securing foreign recognition.

Up-to-date

The new catalogue of Goerz, in which can be found in addition to their old standbys newer models conforming to various requirements of speed and other special qualities. You will always be welcome at their headquarters, and all information will be given cheerfully.

The kindergarten of  
lens-optics

“What Taylor has taught me,” a pamphlet issued by the Collinear people, in which the simple facts of photographic optics are stated so plainly that a child might understand. Send for it. It costs nothing.

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That G. Gennert reports that the Hauff family are all doing well. No race-suicide here. Metol has not outlived its usefulness.

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That Schering's Pyrogalllic Acid is as strong as ever, despite the numerous new challengers for supremacy. Well developed.

Success

That there must be some good reason why Bausch & Lomb should have been able to celebrate their fiftieth anniversary of partnership in such flourishing condition.

A bull market

That the bears have not been able to check the bull market on Kodoids.

Pages following

That the pages following this one are full of meat, well worth looking into most carefully.

AnSCO

That there should be a decided increased demand for AnSCO daylight films needs no explanation.



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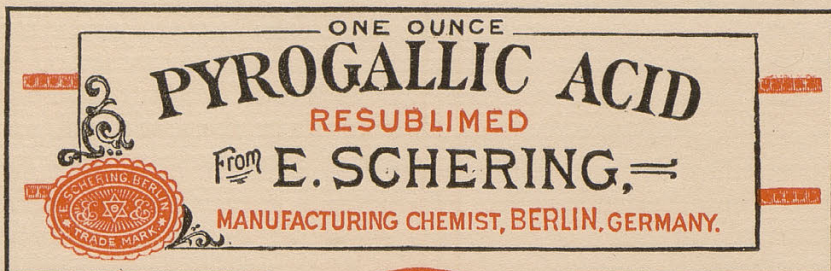


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## TO CAMERA-WORKERS.

**H**AVING FREQUENTLY been asked by camera-workers to indicate to them the current photographic literature, in English, which might prove of value to them in their picture-making, and which will keep them in touch with the reliable photographic news of the day, we think it timely to publish the advice we have so frequently given orally or by letter. While there is often much of the "yellow" to be found in many photographic magazines, edited and owned by individuals to whom the profit is all, accuracy of statement and the cause of photography of picayune importance, we feel that we can recommend with safety the following journals to our readers:

**T**he Amateur Photographer, London, edited by A. Horsley Hinton, an illustrated weekly, advanced yet popular, up-to-date, and progressive;

**P**hotography, London, edited by R. Child Bayley, an illustrated weekly, thoroughly alive, and together with the above making a complete chronicle of British photography and photography generally;

**P**hotographic Art Journal, London, edited by Harry Quilter, an illustrated monthly. Devoted mainly to pictorial photography;

**P**hoto-Miniature, New York, edited by John A. Tennant, a monthly monograph upon the technique of photography, popular, direct, and instructive;

**C**amera Craft, San Francisco, edited by Carl E. Ackermann, an illustrated monthly, clean, fair-minded, sane, and modern;

**A**merican Amateur Photographer, New York, edited by Dr. John Nicol, conservative and sincere, but intended mainly for the less advanced. The editor's articles are all worth reading. This was the first American photographic magazine addressing itself to the amateur;

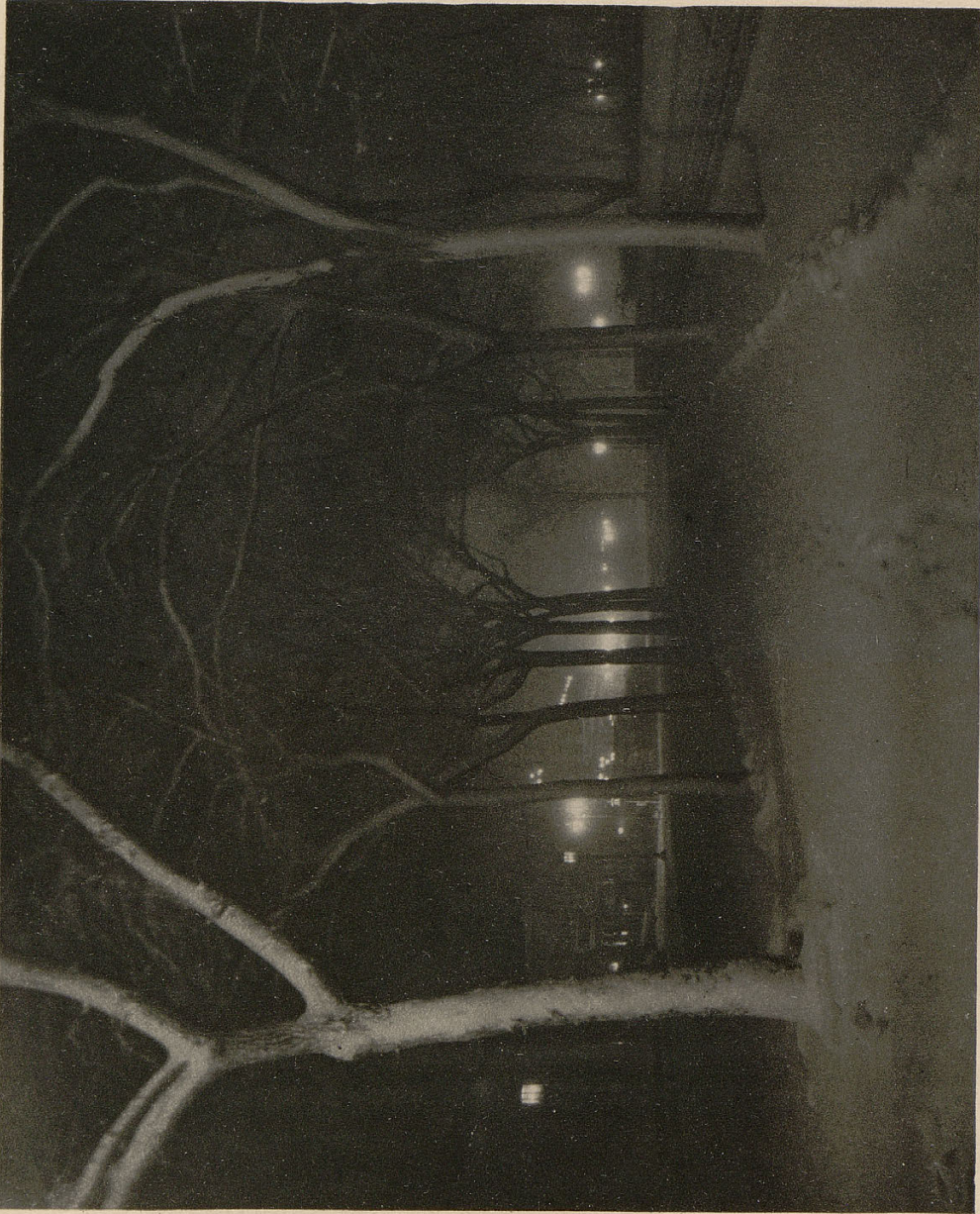
**T**he Photographic Times-Bulletin, New York, an illustrated monthly, edited by Spencer B. Hord, being the merger of Anthony's Bulletin and the Photographic Times. Not extreme, intended for amateur and professional;

**O**utdoor Life, Denver, the photographic columns edited by Harry C. Rubincam. To those interested in the pictorial situation, very worth while following—clever, to the point, terse.

**A** judicious selection from the above list will enable those interested to keep fully abreast of photography in general. Besides these magazines there are many published in German and French, which are valuable for their illustrations, and above all for their exhaustive treatises on scientific photographic questions. To be recommended are: *La Revue de Photographie*, Paris, the official organ of the Photo-Club; *Photographische Rundschau*, Germany; and *Photographische Mittheilungen*, Germany.—EDITORS.



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*New York World, June 23, 1903*

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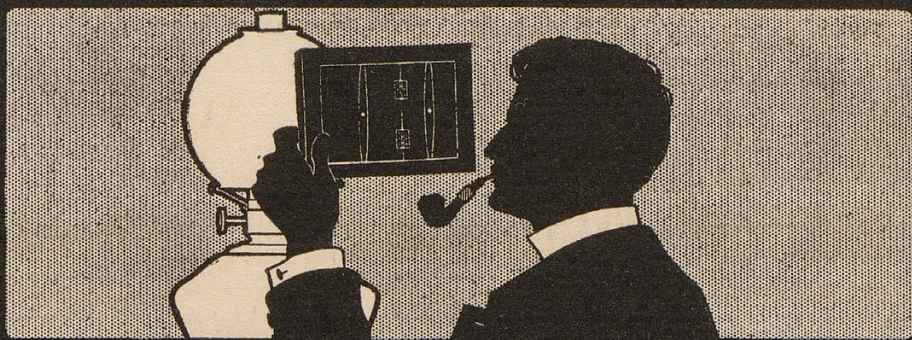
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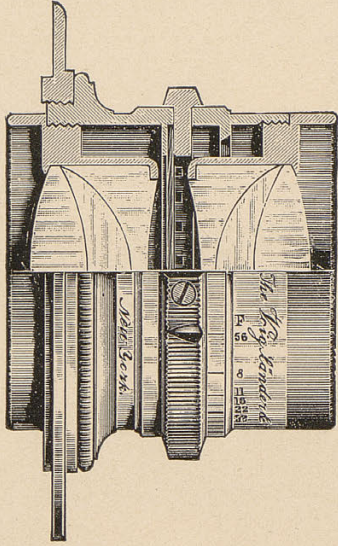
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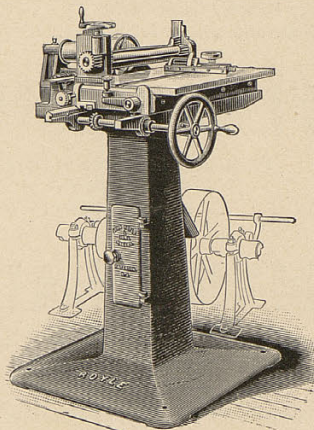
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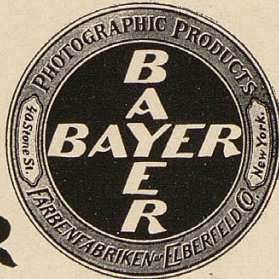
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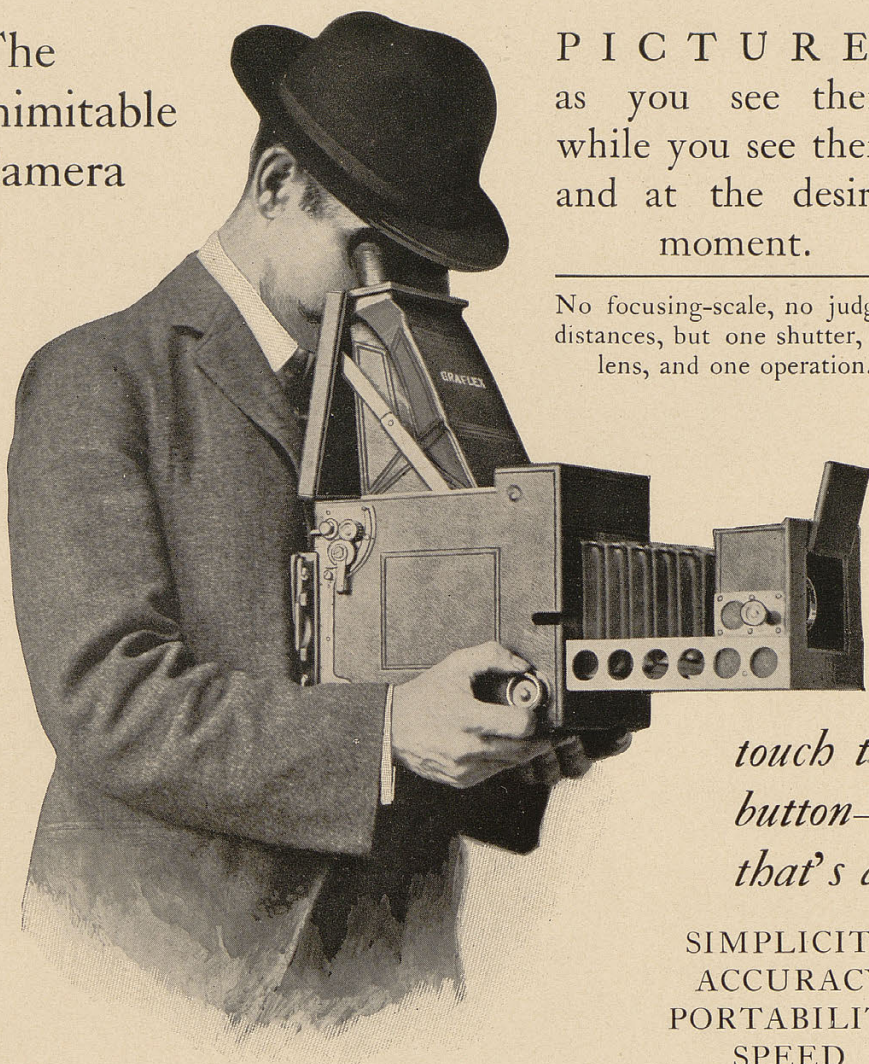
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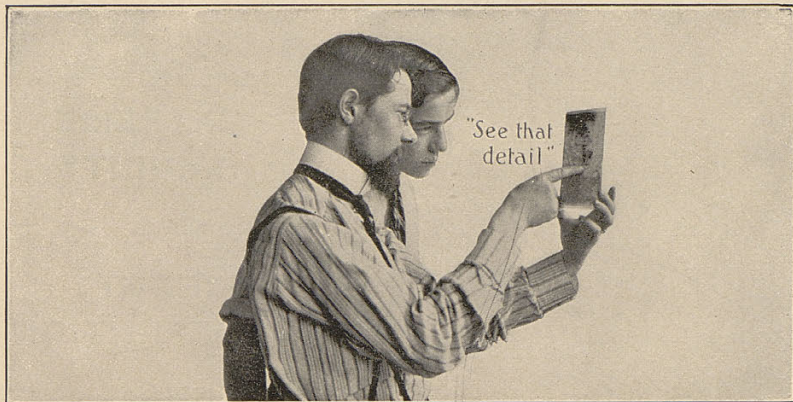
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