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ALVIN LANGDON COBURN

I. Gables.
II. A Portrait Study.
III. The Dragon.
IV. Mother and Child—A Study.
V. The Bridge—Ipswich.
VI. House on the Hill.
SOME PRINTS BY ALVIN LANGDON COBURN.

Fortunate in the artistic opportunities he has experienced, Alvin Langdon Coburn is fortunate also in having some true stuff of the artist in himself. It is his further good fortune to be still a young man.

Being a cousin of F. Holland Day, he became also his pupil, working with him both in Boston and in Paris. In the latter city he enjoyed the friendship of Demachy and the chance of familiarizing himself with that distinguished photographer's methods, at the same time coming under the influence of Steichen. Returning to this country he had the further privilege of studying for some months with Mrs. Käsebier and of spending a summer with the landscape-painter, Arthur W. Dow, at the latter's studio in the country.

In each case he found himself in contact with an artist of originality, from whom he could get inspiration as well as experience in methods; while the number of the influences he has experienced and his own originality have saved him from the temptation to imitate consciously. So, the dozen prints which hang before me as I write, while they exhibit various artistic motives, which may be traced home to one or other of the artists enumerated, have yet a fair amount of personal distinction. The young artist has been influenced by others in what to look for, but has contrived to see the subject with his own eyes. Moreover, he has pursued for himself some original experiments in the technical manipulation of his prints.

They are directed to a combination of the advantages of the platinotype and gum-bichromate processes, so as to profit by the stability and solidity of the effects in the one case, and by the liberty of action and the increased richness of the dark tones allowed by the other. Thus, the results shown in many of these pictures have been obtained by double printing—by first establishing the strong foundation of the platinotype impression and then by printing over it with gum. The advantage of this method would seem to declare itself in the firm constructional quality which is still preserved in most of the compositions, notwithstanding the freedom and looseness of effect subsequently attained. For it is often too evident in a gum print that the manipulator, in losing touch with the facts of the negative, has lost his own foothold and has floundered further and further from the substance of reality into a very bog of blackness. And I believe that the more one studies pictures in these days when the temperamental quality is exalted so far above knowledge—as if the passion for making shoes were more desirable in a man than the knowing how to cut and shape and fit them—the more one comes to see how mere temperament, unenforced by knowledge, is fruitless. The poetic feeling must overlay a sound fabric of construction or the whole scheme of the picture, though at a first glance pleasant, will begin, as you study it further, to totter and flop to pieces.

Now the structural quality in these prints of Coburn's is partly due to the use of the platinotype; to the pledge which the operator thereby
imposes on himself of adhering to the facts; but that he should have thought of using the process with this intention indicates in himself a feeling for the significance of form and structure. It is the prevalence of this feeling throughout all these prints which gives them primarily a claim to very serious consideration; for it represents a firm foundation of artistic perception, on which the accessory motives of lighting, tone, and texture, and so on, may be surely developed.

An admirable example of what I am striving to express is the print of "The Dragon," a view from Mr. Dow's studio, with a curious effect of serpentine lines of water winding through the flat-lands. In the fascination of the patterning of the composition it would have been easy to lose sight of the substantial realities of the ground plan. But in this case they are naturally, though unobtrusively, enforced; with the result, I think, that the bizarrie of the lines receives increased interest. The effect has been produced by two printings, a trifle of green pigment having been mixed with the gum and dragged sparingly over, so as to excite a suggestion of green, which is far more agreeable and actually suggestive than would have been a grosser use of color. I doubt, however, if the treatment of the band of foliage across the foreground is satisfactory. It appears rather formless, leaving one uncertain as to whether it is a hedge or the tops of trees growing lower down the bank; a necessary point to be cleared up, since, if the latter is intended, it would indicate a deeper fall in the ground than is now evident. The ambiguity is further increased by the choice of tone in the foliage. It is too dark for tree-tops, too light for a hedge; and, as it now appears, is not in true relational value to the other tones of the picture.

It is in the regulation of the values that these prints occasionally falter, as in "Little Venice," where the reflection of the white houses on the water is too low in tone; and one effect of this is that the reflections do not keep the water up to a level. It drops down, hanging, in fact, like a blurred curtain, for in the confusion of values the form itself of the water has been lost.

The most attractive of these pictures is "The Bridge, Ipswich," strikingly handsome in composition, with a drowsy richness in the blacks and much tenderness in the scale of lights. Yet, as frequently in gum prints, I miss the charm of unexpectedness in the lighting. Surely some quiver of light would interrupt the blackness of the shadow on the water, some hint that the arch was not the entrance to a dungeon, but was open on the other side. As it is, the mass of deep shadow grows to seem a little inert; the nuances of nature have been sacrificed to force a robust and striking pictorial arrangement; and the latter in its turn suffers by some lack of animation.

I suppose this remains one of the chief difficulties in the gum-bichromate process. Even if the operator have a thorough knowledge of forms and a just feeling for values, the fact that his mind is occupied with some large and general effect may easily, in the necessary rapidity of the process,
shut from his observation those delicate surprises of effect which in nature, whether animate or inanimate, are so full of beauty. Indeed, it is in them that the very spirit of the subject is often expressed. The negative records these and a good deal else beside that is unessential, and in the endeavor to obliterate the latter, the worker in the gum will often generalize with too little discrimination—in a word, too brutally.

In these prints of Coburn’s there is delicacy of expression as well as robustness, yet some of them betray either a lack of observation or imperfect skill in rendering what has been observed—defects which time and study will remove. For the vision of an artist and more than usual command of craftsmanship are apparent in all of them, and underlying these qualities an evident reverence for beauty.

Charles H. Caffin.

ON THE LACK OF CULTURE.

WHEN I first came to Boston, in the vain and vagrom days of my youth, about seventeen years ago, I was very much interested in Ibsen, even to the extent of being actually engaged in the preparations for the performance of several of his plays. The performances never took place, as nobody seemed to feel the moral impetus to subscribe to them. The author of “Nora” and “The Pillars of Society,” although discussed at the time all over Europe, was still an unknown entity to the literary circles of the Hub.

One day, during a conversation with a gentleman who had the reputation of being a literary authority, I expressed the opinion that I considered the Scandinavian dramatist, Henrik Ibsen, the greatest dramatist of modern times. He replied, “You mean Bjørnson?” “No,” I said; “I mean Ibsen.” He did not know him; he had never heard of him. I was simply dumbfounded at such ignorance. Surely, it could be expected that a man of literary taste, writing, as he was, on literary topics for one of the leading Boston papers, would have at least a superficial knowledge of contemporary literature. If he had pleaded ignorance on the new literary movement in Japan, or on Turkish or Hungarian belles-lettres, it would have been pardonable, but to ignore entirely the existence of such a personality as Ibsen— incredible! I was young and inexperienced at the time. I have learnt since then that this lack of culture, this indifference to contemporary achievements is with us a natural condition; that we are always twenty years behind the rest of the world in all artistic and literary matters. Böcklin and Segantini, for instance, were absolutely unknown to us during their lifetime. And who in the profession knows to-day of Max Klinger, the great German etcher; of the Belgian painter, Fernand Khnopff, who tries to solve the problem of the unconscious in line and color; of Repin, the Zola of Russian painting; or Antokolsky, the sculptor of “Spinoza” and “Peter the Great”? Each of these men is indisputably a powerful artistic personality; they all had,
years ago, already made their mark, and yet hardly anybody in this country is acquainted with their names. No wonder; the painters of New York do not even know their confrères in Boston and Philadelphia. The ignorance of our artists on these lines is simply abnormal.

For their excuse it may be said that the conditions to acquire such knowledge are exceedingly unfavorable. There is an utter lack of opportunities for the interchange of ideas. We have no salons, no art-centers of any pretension, and no corps d’esprit among the artists themselves. Everybody goes his own way, intellectually isolated, and depending largely on the observations of his student years, which, at the best, consisted but of approximate and generally discordant generalizations. To these shortcomings our stagnation of ideas is largely due. Of course, it may be argued that a truly great mind may be rich enough to draw continually on itself. I doubt it; because we develop only by forgetting ourselves, by giving ourselves up to something not ourselves; but even if it were possible, it has one decided disadvantage in painting. Isolation invariably brings with it a deficiency in technique. None of our great hermit-painters, like Abbott Thayer, Ryder, Winslow Homer, Dewing can claim to be master-technicians.

The poet and the artist get their material out of two worlds—the outer and inner. More important than the outer world is to them the inner, which includes their individualities, the whole life of their souls; but they have to forage in both and combine their treasures, or they will never be able to create those beautiful forms that blend nature and soul in a perfect and exquisite fashion. All personal progress requires concentration on subjects outside oneself and one's sphere, the quest for knowledge in the realms of music, literature, philosophy, and science and intellectual pleasure and amusement.

The average artist takes his task too easily. He relies too much on his natural gifts and temperament. The easy access to galleries and the broadcast distribution of reproductions have spoilt him. He is satisfied with utilizing the laws and methods laid down by others, instead of studying the principles of construction himself. He has no use for technical exercises, as practiced by the old masters who worked at their studies as patiently as if they were meant to be masterpieces in themselves. He does not realize that one must practice complexity, before that master's touch is reached that can include in a phrase or a line the subtle and carefully balanced harmony of a thousand more or less conflicting parts. Nor does he apprehend that such training and disciplining is the safest form of self-development, a refining process of the moral and intellectual nature of men. He is interested only in surface qualities. All the artists who recently have sounded in their work the note of the Far East prove this assertion to be true. And how could anything of lasting value be derived from an occasional contemplation of Japanese art? Whistler succeeded simply because he carried the research of expression in that direction farther than any other artist. No, sins of omission are worse than those of commission. No landscape-painter, for instance, would be handicapped by a study of the ten different cloud-formations
as known to every meteorologist. Nor would a knowledge of the evolution of landscape-painting, from its dawn in the backgrounds of the *primitifs* to the days of the Renaissance when it emancipated itself from the domination of history and legend, prove harmful to him. The material for self-education is infinite, and nobody but the artist is to blame if he insists on maintaining himself on his own center of thought.

The young painters, however, put in a defence. They invariably quote Monet, his disdain for tradition and irreverence for conventions. They echo his argument that “every one should do his own work, express his own feeling and ideas, and not recommence and reproduce those of others.” But they forget the premises. How did Monet arrive at the marvelous simplicity and frankness of his methods? Surely by nothing less than his ardent and patient quest after truth. His whole life was an uninterrupted study of the highest and most perfect forms of art. If there was ever a man sensible to the charms of a Giotto, a Holbein, a Velasquez, a Delacroix, an Ingres, a Daumier, or a Hokusai, it was Monet; but he realized that their way was not his, and consequently advanced toward new researches and new conquests. Every stroke, every sweep of his brush was the result of thought, of comparison, of analysis, and of a determination to discover what could be actually accomplished by paint. The greater a work of art is the more mathematical calculation is underlying it. And Monet, no doubt, would be the first to say to his imitators: Go and study the accumulations and accreted experience of others, and gratefully use and acknowledge the worth of the investigations of other master-minds. If they do not teach you anything, very well; become a lawyer’s clerk and a copyist of documents. There is nothing dishonorable about such work, and it amounts to more than the mere copying of another man’s method.

To borrow from the phraseology of science, art is not an affair of spontaneous generation. The artist is, as all of us, a creature of evolution. That “something outside himself which makes for” beauty—which we are wont to call inspiration—is not of itself a sufficient equipment. Inspiration, invention, creative power—name it what you will—without knowledge is nothing worth. The methods of art are synthetical, not empirical; it is itself in a great measure acquired, and not wholly intuitive. And this synthesis of knowledge means, and can only mean, the studying of life, of art, and the experiences of others. Persons, whose lines of thought run mainly in the same groove and whose opinions have become as truly fixed habits as anything which they are accustomed to do with their hands, or people whose minds drift hither and thither with every passing wind of circumstance, can not produce anything original. We have to earn the right to call an idea truly our own by hard mental labor and investigation.

No creative mind has ever come into the world without finding a chaos, either within or without or beyond him which he has to fill with order and life. And it can not be accomplished without character-training and emotional culture, without high brain activity and copiousness of thought. No artist ever knows enough on any subject. His experience is never rich
enough. Every event will say something to him, and the greatest truths often flash from apparently trifling incidents. The whole process of creative activity, from the first outflashing of the motive to the finished expression, is determined by imagination, emotion, and memory. And the latter is nothing but culture, knowledge, and accumulated experience.

SADAKICHI HARTMANN.

PHOTOGRAPHY AND NATURAL SELECTION.

THE DOCTRINE of evolution, held by some thinkers even before the time of Charles Darwin, was by him given a status which it did not till then possess. By discovering two of the processes by which new forms are evolved, namely by variation and by natural or artificial selection, he gave a logical explanation of what before was merely speculation.

At the present day, whether they be prepared to admit their descent from a common stock with the ape or not, few thinking persons will be found to deny that evolution is at work in many fields other than the domain of natural history.

It will be my endeavor in this article to trace its action, and the actions of variation and of selection in photography.

In using the word evolution in this connection, it must be remembered that, though analogous to its meaning in natural history, it is not synonymous with it. In nature a new species is derived, on the Darwinian theory, by lineal descent from preceding species—that is to say, all existing beings are the progeny of some of those that existed before them. To say that the dry plate is the progeny of the wet plate would be far-fetched; but it is its successor and became so through being a variation of the photographic plate, which, in the struggle for existence, beat its rival and predecessor.

In the beginning, photography was claimed by art, chemistry, and optics; though doubtless to chemistry and manipulative skill fell the major portion of the credit. The object of everybody was to record. That many pictures, and good pictures, were produced by those possessing artistic faculties was necessarily the case. The work of Hill in 1843–1845, for instance, is of high artistic value.

There was, in those days, one species of photograph with a number of slight varieties, in the same way that in the prime of Greece, painting and sculpture were but varieties of one art, differing in their materials (as daguerreotype and calotype did from one another), but essentially one art in so far as ideals and objects were concerned. Sculpture and painting are nowadays widely differing arts, not different varieties, not different species, but different orders of art. Painting itself is split up into many genera—oil- and water-color, not to speak of pastel or tempera, while whole families of kindred arts have arisen and worked themselves into the position of separate arts with separate aims and methods; I speak of pencil-drawing and crayon; etching, mezzotint, and engraving; wood cut; lithography, etc., etc.
In the same way photography, from being a single art-science, has ramified into a growth of many kindred branches. Already the aims and methods of "process" on the one hand and direct methods on the other are entirely different. "Process" itself is subdivided into intaglio, typographic, and collographic methods; each, however, as a rule, with the same mental* objective in view, namely, the production of a more or less exact facsimile, though by different mechanical methods. Leaving out of our purview color-photography, which is still in a rather primitive state (though also a well-marked species), we come to photography proper. Here we have a large number of different processes (mechanical methods) used for many different (mental) purposes.

Whereas in the "process" group the mechanical methods are the chief difference, in the other group the mental differences are perhaps the more important.

These differences of object (which I have called mental differences) class themselves naturally into two groups with a third intermediate between them: I. Educational and scientific; such as astronomical, archeological, and natural-history photographs. II. Personal and topographical; a subgroup, in which we may include all that photography primitively meant—that is, the recording of a portrait or place which is of personal interest, for the purpose of possessing a memento or likeness when the original is not before us. III. Pictorial or artistic; in which the object is to obtain a result of intrinsic beauty without reference to its scientific value or to our knowing or not knowing the place or person represented.

These three groups (and especially the first and third), as a whole, are very distinct in their aims and objects, though many photographs will partake of the nature of more than one group. Roughly speaking, the objects of photography of the first group are the highest attainable accuracy and truth to fact; in many cases the minutest details, whether seen by the eye in the original subject or not, are invaluable, and the influence of the personal equation on the result must be reduced to a minimum.

In the third group the ideal is totally different, if not contrary, to that of the first. Here we wish to stimulate the esthetic sensations of the beholder. Truth to fact is not wanted, though to a certain extent truth to appearance is.† The influence of the personal equation is given as full play as possible.

The second group lies midway between the other two; generally partaking of the nature of a record, with the first group, and of something pleasing to the eye with the third.

It is in photographs of the third group that readers of Camera Work are chiefly interested, and in such of the second as overlap the third. I

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*I wish to differentiate here the mental objective—i.e., the purpose of the author, from the mechanical method employed in carrying it out.

†For an example I may suggest a photograph of a ship for educational purposes, in which it is important that the lighting and technical treatment shall show, to the greatest extent, the details of hull and rigging; and a similar photograph, taken for artistic purposes, in which a broad mass of shade and a technical treatment merging details into one another may best subserve the artistic requirements.
will, therefore, dismiss the first group briefly by saying that in general its objects and methods are dictated pretty rigidly by the particular science which calls photography to its aid, and that the more the operations approximate those of a machine the better, as a rule: e.g., star-mapping, sunshine-recording, spectrography, etc.

With the third group the contrary is the case; although, because of the common genesis of all the groups, this fact is hardly realized, with the result that artistic photography is sometimes criticized because it does not fulfil the conditions of scientific photography. It need not and should not be. The latter appeals to the intellect, the former to the imagination; the latter asks for exact facts, the former for pleasing suggestions.

What I particularly wish to point out in this article is that these differences between the various "species" of photography will tend in the natural course of evolution to become ever more marked, and that a photograph which attempts to combine at the same time the scientific accuracy of group I with the esthetic beauty of group III will lead— as in nature—to a sterile hybrid partaking of some of the qualities of both. For instance, in treating a natural-history subject, although we may (and should) make it as pleasing to the eye as possible, we must not thereby sacrifice any of the educational value; to do so would be to produce neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring.

The same line of reasoning will show that, in the natural course of events, each variety of method will work itself out separately, and that the technique and the effects aimed at and produced will vary with the genius of the methods. This separation of ideals and treatment is seen clearly in, say, etching and engraving or wood cut. In photography we have come to the parting lines, but we are only at the initial stage. Already the effects sought after in bromide, platinum, and gum-bichromate are different, and with the specialization of each medium they will become more so.

In a bromide (as at present worked) a brush-mark would look out of place; in a gum, brush-marks are quite allowable. In the former they are an alien element, in the latter they are part of the process. As photography expands these differences will become more and more marked, and both mental ideal and mechanical methods more and more differentiated, for that is the universal law of evolution as we see it all around us. That some of the branches will lead nowhere—that is, will not survive the struggle for life—is also a foregone conclusion; but as long as photography does not limit itself to one line of progress, this will not affect its advance, for the fittest will survive. It is for this reason that it seems unwise to lay down canons as to the lines on which photography ought to advance. We are in the early days of photographic art-evolution as yet, and though artificial selection may be useful, its use depends entirely on the wisdom of those who select, and they can not, in the nature of things, see very far into the future. It is safer to let natural selection do its work, perhaps a little more slowly but more

*As an instance of such injurious, but luckily unsuccessful, interference, I would recall the attempt to ridicule the gum-bichromate process out of existence some years ago.
surely in the end, than to meddle in problems whose ultimate outcome we can not grasp; in seeking to root out the bad, we stunt and destroy what might, if left alone, be the beginning of a useful and valuable departure.

J. C. Warburg.

A MONOLOGUE.

Scene: Fifth Avenue, between Thirtieth and Thirty-first Streets.
Enter Hamlet-Steichen, wearing a Japanese obi as a necktie.

TO PAINT or photograph—that is the question:
Whether 'tis more to my advantage to color
Photographic accidents and call them paintings,
Or squeeze the bulb against a sea of critics
And by exposure kill them? To paint—to “snap”:—
No more; and, by a snap, to say we end
The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
That art is heir to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To paint—to snap;
Perchance to tell the truth:—aye! there's the rub.
How may a fact be lost in fuzziness
When we have cast aside the painter's brush
Must give us pause: There's the respect
That makes picture-painting of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The dealer's wrong, the patron's proud contumely,
The pangs of despised art, the cash's delay,
The “nerve” of the profession, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might triumph over all
With a base camera? Who would brushes clean?
To grunt and sweat in schools or studios,
But that photographes were not dependent
On some manual fake: Photography turned painting;
Paintographs or photopaints; a sad plight,
Which makes me rather bear (at times) the painter's ills
Than turn entirely secessionist.
Thus prudence makes chameleons of us all;
And thus my native store of "faky" talents
Is sicklied o'er with scarcity of tricks;
And enterprises of great moment to A. S.,
With this regard, their currents turn awry
And lose the name: artistic. Soft you now!
The Käsebier, austere, comes down the street. Nymph of Newport,
In thy brownish tints be all my sins remembered!

Sadakichi Hartmann.
SOME THOUGHTS ON A WOOD.

"One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral, evil, and of good,
Than all the sages can."

THE BEAUTIFUL reproduction of Alvin Coburn's "Winter Shadows" in the third number of Camera Work started me thinking how very few photographers go to the woods for their inspirations. Sky, sea, mountain, and plain have all been pressed into the service over and over again. Of course, incidentally trees play a more or less important part in all these compositions. But they play the part of trees only, trees that help to make the landscape-picture, and we are all conscious of the heavy debt we owe them in this direction. How useful they are as masses of shadow, and what decorative lines and graceful forms they often make; and, indeed, in many other ways greatly help us to suggest a feeling or a sentiment in a landscape that would otherwise have been difficult or perhaps impossible to express by photography!

But in a wood, where there is "a brotherhood of venerable trees," they take on themselves quite a different character, and seem in their collective state to produce an atmosphere that one is conscious of in no other surroundings, except, perhaps, in some great church. Indeed, the strong affinity of the sensations experienced by many in a wood and in the empty nave of a cathedral has often been noticed, and there is very much more than a chance likeness in these feelings. A pleasurable solemnity (if I may use such a term) is common to both, and "the peace, deep joy, and satisfaction, the sense of withdrawal, apartness from the rush of life," that Mr. Frederick Evans describes as the results of repeated visits to a cathedral, are also experienced by the devotee of the woods.

The varying effects of forests on different temperaments are very marked. Personally, I have known individuals who will quickly become depressed by a short walk in a noiseless wood; and others on whom these surroundings seem to act as balm; and again others who have "a kinship with the trees" which to them impart inspiration, developing all their latent sentiment. To the last named, it often seems as if "Dim voices whisper half-remembered things,
And know a world of mystery is near."

It is at least remarkable that more individuals with this temperament have not devoted their abilities to giving us photographically their own interpretation of the spirit of the woods.

Of course we all know how unpaintable a wood is, generally speaking; and can it be that camera-men have taken the hint from their brothers of the brush in studiously avoiding the subject? But it seems as if the objections that pertain to painting do not apply to photography, for, colors that might not be satisfactory on a canvas are by the camera reduced to so many gradations of tone; consequently, what might be crude if suggested
in color becomes perfectly delightful when rendered in black and white. But there are wood subjects (mostly amongst the pines) in which nature, with the aid of certain lightings, paints her pictures almost in one color, and it is these studies in grays and browns that have such a special charm.

Effects in woods vary so much, not only at different times of the day and year, but according to the state of the atmosphere. I have seen the tones in a pine wood entirely changed by a gentle rain, when the dark trunks of the trees have become absolutely light, with almost an iridescent glow. Mist in a wood gives all the charm of fairyland, and is one of the conditions under which, to my own thinking, it is most bewitching, for much then is left to the imagination. This is the time when nature lends the impressionist photographer a hand. He “shall draw the thing as he sees it,” with the great decorative forms of the trees looming out suggestively; or it may be that the mist will isolate and accentuate a delicate but tortuous stem of the undergrowth, whose topmost branch has succeeded in reaching the daylight among the big trees that surround it. Or a shaft of sunshine may dance through the haze and branches, when the effect becomes more difficult and yet more bewitching than ever. Under these circumstances, means toward simplification and diffusion need not trouble the worker, for the kindly fog will eliminate much that might not with a more accurate and clearer light be in accord with the aims of the impressionist.

But one of the most bewitching aspects of the wood, although perhaps not the most photographable, is to be seen when the year is young. “On a moody April day, when spring’s blue eyes, though they smile on the earth with a promise of summer, yet brim over suddenly,” and the glittering light traceries of the birch, that “most beautiful of forest trees, the lady of the woods,” sparkle out beneath the solemn-hued pines. Then, indeed, is a wood lighted up with fairy-lamps of dazzling green, that will strain to the utmost the camera-man’s powers of interpretation.

As the seasons change, so does the wood. He who is not attracted by its spring fashions will surely find inspiration in the richness of its autumn setting or in the black-and-white solemnity of its winter garb. At all these times it has an individual charm and beauty (to be seen and felt in no other surroundings) that have not so far, I believe, been adequately expressed by photography.

Stillness is essential to the spirit of a wood. Incidentally, it is also essential to the satisfactory working of a camera therein, as, generally speaking, long exposures must be the order of the day. A gale blowing through a cathedral seems hardly more misplaced than a hurricane in a wood; it carries away with it all the poetry and sentiment that go to make the illusive charm of the place. No longer does it seem the fitting stage for dryad or pixy, who must inevitably disappear, shocked at the once stately trees that have so entirely forgotten themselves in their wild, indecorous gambol with the elements.

“Dream on, O wood; O wind, stay in thy nest, Nor wake the shadowy spirit of the fern, Asleep along the fallen pine-tree’s breast.”

Will. A. Cadby.
ILLUSTRATIONS

By Will A. Cadby

I. Under the Pines.
II. Storm Light.
THE RUBAIYAT OF KODAK McFILM.

1

WAKE! for the heav'ly Anastigmat quite
Has doffed the velvet Lens-cap of the Night
And floods the world, like some exposed Plate,
With shafts of glorious, fast, actinic Light.

2

Come, fill your Holders, there's but little day;
Night Scenes are Myths, turn not your hopes that way;
Time makes but short Exposures, and Time's hand
Is on Life's Bulb—make pictures while you may.

3

Whether at Naishápúr or Washington,
Whether your Lens is lagging Beck or liquid Grun,
The Prints of Life keep fading shade by shade,
The Plates of Life keep fogging one by one,

4

Each year a thousand Salons brings, you say;
Yes, but where hang the Prints of Yesterday?
And this same Year that brings St. Louis' Show
May take Steichen and Kasebier away.

5

Well, let it take them! What have we to do
With Steichen, called the Great, and all his crew?
Let Day and Coburn focus as they will,
Or White do Mona Lisas—heed not you.

6

With me along the Street with push-carts strown
That just divides the Ghetto from the Town,
Where name of Art and Stieglitz is forgot—
And snap the Rabbi in his flowing gown!

7

A Box of Chocolates underneath the Bough,
A Film, a Panoramkodak—and Thou
Beside me, posing in the wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

8

Some for the Detail of this World, and some
Sigh for the Breadth of undefined Gum;
Ah, squeeze the Bulb and let the Focus go,
Nor heed the rubric of Art's rule of thumb!
For those who, plodding, copied Nature's Face,
And those who struggled for Eclectic Grace,
Alike made no such pictures as, once turned
Toward the Wall, men willingly replace.

Think, in this greater Exhibition Hall
Where we are viewed and judged, one and all,
How artist after artist in his pride
Has hung his little Show upon the Wall.

The Negatives men set their hearts upon
Prove Fizzles—or Successes; and anon
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face,
A little Hypo settles and—they're gone.

They say Museums, only, deign to take
The great Daguerre's attempts on copper plate,
And Eastmanites in kilts can do the things
Which Wet-plate Masters strove in vain to make.

Ah, my belovéd, snap the Scene that gives
To-day's stern Critic pleasure while he lives;
To-morrow!— Why, To-morrow we may be
With Yesterday's seven thousand Negatives.

Ah, make the most of Prints we yet may frame,
Before our Treasures too are food for Flame;
Dust to the Dustman, hors-concours to lie
Sans Mount, sans Glass, sans Number and—sans Name.

Myself, when young, did eagerly frequent
The expert Demonstrator's Argument
And got much free advice; but evermore
Came out by the same Door where in I went.

With them much Root of Evil did I sow,
But with mine own hand ne'er could make it go;
And this was all the Wisdom that I got—
"You measure them like this, and mix them so."
Into this mixture then (and why not knowing)
You put your plate and start it to-and-froing;
And out of it again, when it is cooked
(Not knowing whether), start the thing hypoing.

Waste not your Plates, nor in the vain pursuit
Of Tone and Quality and Light dispute;
Better be happy at ten cents a Roll
Than sadden after very Sour Fruit.

The moving Shutter clicks, and all is done;
Nor can your Pyro, Metol, or Quinone
Avail to change the Focus half a turn,
Nor your Retouching alter half a tone.

Perplext no more by Salon nor by Show,
Artistic Tangles to the Critics throw.
Snap! For you know not what you want, nor why;
Snap! For you know not what you’ll get, nor how.

J. B. Kerfoot.

THE BROKEN PLATES.

THERE WAS a time when also I hoped to become one of the leading
artistic photographers. But the quest for fame or recognition of any
sort is futile. Its realization depends on so many minor circumstances
utterly beyond human control. At least it has been so with me.

My father was a painter of some reputation; from him I have inherited
my artistic instincts, a keen sense of appreciation. But being by nature a
dreamer—the foretaste of the future always robs the dish before me of its
savour—I had neither the patience nor the perseverance to undergo a severe
training of hand and eye. I drifted into photography largely in the hope
that its mechanism might supply what I had failed to acquire. I soon learnt
that I was seriously mistaken; the action of mechanism and accident which
plays such a capricious part in photography had, however, a strange fascination
for me. The contention of the artist that nothing artistic could be produced
by the camera filled me with indignation, and I courageously set to work.
Years of voluntary toil followed; I was determined to conquer. Yet the
world, which looked so beautiful in my waking dreams, seemed dull and cold
on paper. The spontaneity of my pictorial vision was invariably lost in the
translation. Only once I came very near to my ideal. But the failure, due
to an ungovernable accident, shattered all my hopes of ever realizing it.
The story I have to tell is without plot and exciting incidents; as simple as the most common every-day occurrence of which men hardly take any notice. And yet to me it seems more important than any story ever written.

It was somewhere on the coast of Maine. The name of the place is as of little consequence as the name of my heroine. We had summered in the same hotel, at the outskirts of some quaint old fishing village. The other guests—a rather dull, puritanical set, who had no idea how life should be enjoyed—had but little in common with our inclinations; we gladly dispensed with their company and tried to enjoy each other’s. Our favorite excursion was, of course, to the dunes. We both felt the same desire to wander off; to venture out in the heat of the sun; to scour the beach and surrounding country. We passed our time in discussing art and literature and the morals of modern society. She continually poked fun at my ambition of becoming an “artistic” photographer. I was used to that, and did not mind her. I knew that my chance would come some day, and I was determined that my fair moqueuse should be instrumental in my final success.

We had grown quite fond of each other. I was enamored with her passionate frankness and keen intelligence. Even the notes of discord in our characters—like all young people who walk the path of love, we quarreled and excited each other unnecessarily at the slightest occasion—made her only the more precious to me. She pleased me in her rebellion when she held her ground against me.

On that day, when my simple story was enacted, she wore a white serge coat and skirt, with a biscuit-colored shirt-waist, and a ribbon of the same shade around her sailor-hat. She sat watching me, busy with my stupid old machine, the endearing term which she was pleased to bestow upon my camera, her feet drawn up and her hands clasped below her knees. It was a beautiful October afternoon. The sun had warmed the old rocks, and the wide horizon stretched out under a dazzling sky. The sedges were swaying their slim, green bodies with the melody and the wind, and the ocean rippled and whispered to the pebbles on the shore. Conversation had been at a standstill. Presently I began:

“This day seems to me like a realization of my dream. I, after all, did well to stay true to it. It has blossomed through the years into a plant of wondrous growth, filling all my life with fragrance. And now the hour has come when the harvest can be gleaned.”

“You are incorrigible. You possess the fatal quality of seeing objects in a halo of entrancement to a remarkable degree.”

“But don’t you see how perfect the conditions are for producing a masterpiece such as has never been made before? Look how clear and still the water lies against the shore; only by the brighter tint of the covered pebbles can the margin of the sea be told. It is like a land of legend, and you are like the fairy-queen which animates the scene.”

“Are you quite mad to-day?” she asked, gazing at the topaz hills beyond the bay. The stain of duller red upon her cheek should have betrayed to me some quickening of her thoughts, but I was so engrossed in the lines
and values of the scene that I merely saw her as a passing shimmer, a flash of whiteness in my composition.

"Oh, I am merely intoxicated with the beauty of this day," I replied, making a sweeping gesture with my arm. "Life has at last brought me what I thought. I am, after all, no knight of the futile quest, as you have called me. This time I'll grip the dream before it flies away."

"Well, let us see if your dream will come true," and she rose, with a weary smile on her lips, and looked toward the sea.

"Remain in that position!" I enthusiastically cried. I saw her at that moment as if a curtain had been suddenly torn aside which had hidden her beauty. With her long, tapering limbs, her strong, slender body clearly outlined against the sky, her skirts fluttering in the wind, she seemed to me like an embodiment of youth and buoyant life.

That was the dream which I had guarded in the sanctuary of my heart. All my life I had hungered for such a vision of fresh, blooming, fragrant youth. And the calm October day, the translucent sky, and the deep blue sea formed a harmonious background to her beauty. I worked with feverish haste. I do not know if merely for minutes or for hours. I had lost the sense of time. I changed my position at every moment to scan some new pictorial wonder. And, although she was the center of all my enthusiasm, I seemed to have forgotten her actual presence. She appeared to me like the cloud-maiden of some fairy-tale, gliding before the wind in gowns of snowy whiteness, with tags of golden sunlight. And yet I had noticed at intervals that she was watching me with an interest that gradually became annoyed.

"There, it is done!" I cried. "I have accomplished it."

"You act as if you had never taken any pictures before."

"I haven't either—not like these," I cried. "They will be astonished. They don't think me capable of it. But it is done." And I wanted to catch her in my arms and press a kiss of gratitude on her lips; but she evaded my grasp.

"Are you not glad that I succeeded?"

"Yes, of course; but I am no judge of such matters." Her words had a peculiar, grievous sound, but I was still too happy to catch its full significance.

"Oh, you are!" I exclaimed. "But is it not wonderful that there is a whole world around us to look at for years and years? And yet we are never aware of it, we never see it till some happy moment suddenly reveals it to us. And I owe it all to you!"

"By ignoring me," she said, reproachfully.

I acted as if I had not heard her words. It was merely one of her moods. She would get over it. I packed my things and we started home-ward. A chill wind blew across the dunes. The sun was rapidly sinking into the darkened sea. The whole scene, so joyous a moment before, seemed discolored and hopelessly monotonous. The magic had passed. Would she come to my help, I wondered, with a laugh or light word, or would
disenchantment set in and furnish the aftermath for my triumphant hour? She remained silent and her glance looked away past me across the bay. Traveling becomes difficult when every step onward is a slip down hill. We picked our way carelessly and silently side by side to the beach. On an intervening ledge her balance wavered, and I stretched forth both my arms to support her. In doing so the case with the plates, which I had carelessly slung over my shoulder, slipped and fell and struck the ground with a dull thud. I stood aghast. They had struck a rock. I jumped down. No lover of jewels, in fear of robbers, has ever opened his caskets with more feverish haste than I my case, filled with the treasured plates. They were all broken, smashed to fragments. My dream was over. I could have sat down at the very spot, buried my face in my hands and wept. I looked at her. There was a strange glimmer in her eyes; it passed away as quickly as it came, but it seemed to me as if it had been the vague expression of malicious joy over the accident.

"Oh, I am so sorry!" her lips murmured.

"Are you, really?" I asked scornfully. "You have no idea what this loss means to me. You do not understand."

I looked inquiringly at her darkened features. A word with some touch of tenderness might at last have saved our love from the wreckage of my art. But she chose not to say it. Perhaps it was her diffidence which decided, perhaps her pride. She merely answered, "I dare say." Then, drawing herself together, she added in a hard voice, "Will you escort me, or have I to go home alone?"

What more is there to tell? Her indifference at that disastrous moment had deeply offended me and gradually killed all my affection for her. Also her feelings toward me had changed. The art, in which I was destined never to accomplish anything of lasting value had formed an insurmountable barrier between us.

I still belong to the little class of faithful workers, and occasionally turn out a clever bit. I still live in the kingdom of dreams, but am convinced more than ever that nothing will bring them to fulfilment. You may ask why I lack the courage to try again. Oh, I have tried again, but it is all in vain. The conditions will never be as perfect again as on that day. True, I may find another woman who will seem to me as beautiful as she did in that hour, and, if I am patient enough, also another October day may assist me with all its radiant, Indian summer charms, but can I conjure up the same emotions that inspired me? You may argue that I am too exacting, that the harmony of that scene was half imaginary, a vision softened by the ecstasies of love. I doubt it. I believe that in that hour the corresponding notes of our two natures were sounded to their very depth, and struck a full harmonious accord, and that her beauty was as much influenced by my presence as my inspiration was by her. But even if your argument were true, I could not rouse sufficient courage to live life over again. And that is final for me.

My fame was buried with the broken plates. And if you would realize,
as I have done, how many vague hopes are shattered by just such uncon­
trollable accidents and influences, how many demonstrations of genius are
buried before they have seen the light of day, you would agree with me
that the quest for fame is the most futile of all futile quests.

Sadakichi Hartmann.

PHOTO-SECESSION NOTES.

The two most important exhibitions of pictorial photographs held
in recent years in this country were held at the Corcoran Art Galleries
in Washington in January and at the Carnegie Art Galleries in Pittsburg
in February. The make-up and the details of these collections were under
the direction and according to the standards of the Photo-Secession. These
exhibitions were the outcome of the activity of Mr. Norman W. Carkhuff, an
Associate of the Secession, who acted in behalf of the Capital Camera Club
of Washington and of Mr. Lewis F. Stephany, also an Associate and Director
of the Camera Club of Pittsburgh. At Washington one hundred and fifty-nine
pictures were shown, which completely filled the Hemicycle; while at Pittsburg,
with its large exhibition-halls, the same in which the celebrated annual
International Exhibition of paintings is held, about three hundred pictures
were hung, the latter including all those shown at Washington. The Corcoran
exhibit was a success from every point of view, the Washingtonians displaying
an appreciative and intelligent interest, and during the twelve days that the
hall was open to the public over four thousand visitors studied the pictures.
On the first Sunday, between the hours of eleven and four, nine hundred
and ninety-seven visitors were admitted.

At Pittsburgh the interest is equally great, the exhibition being still open
at this writing. In order to insure the complete carrying out of our ideas,
the Director of the Photo-Secession, accompanied by Messrs. Steichen, Kelley,
and Coburn, traveled both to Washington and Pittsburgh to superintend the
hanging of the prints, a matter of great importance which is generally under­
estimated, as well as formally to open the halls to the public. The local
press showed much interest, devoting a large amount of space with the usual
inadequate newspaper illustrations to the Secession and all its works.

The catalogue of Washington included the work of the following: C.
Yarnall Abbott, Prescott Adamson, Arthur E. Becher, Jeanne E. Bennett,
Annie W. Brigman, John G. Bullock, Rose Clark, Alvin Langdon Coburn,
Mary Devens, William B. Dyer, Rud. Eickemeyer, Jr., Frank Eugene,
Tom Harris (deceased), Herbert Arthur Hess, S. Stockton Hornor, Gertrude
Käschier, Joseph T. Kelley, Mary Keipp, William J. Mullins, William B.
Post, R. S. Redfield, W. W. Renwick, Harry C. Rubincam, Margaret M.
Russell, Eva Watson-Schütze, Sarah C. Sears, Katharine S. Stanbery, Mrs.
George A. Stanbery, Eduard J. Steichen, Alfred Stieglitz, Edmund Stirling,
John Francis Strauss, Myra A. Wiggins, S. L. Willard, Clarence H. White,
Mathilde Weil, and Arthur W. Wilde. At Pittsburgh, all the above were
included, supplemented by F. T. Aschman, Sidney R. Carter, Fannie E.

The catalogues were arranged and printed entirely under the direction of the Photo-Secession. A limited edition of three hundred and fifty of the Pittsburg catalogue was issued in a de luxe form, illustrated with seven gravures printed upon Japan tissue from plates loaned by Camera Work. The design for the cover by Eduard J. Steichen has been adopted as the official sign of the Secession. A few of the edition de luxe are still to be had at the original price, two dollars each, by applying to the Director of the Photo-Secession.

Elsewhere in our pages will be found reviews of these shows from the pens of James Henry Moser, the Washington water-colorist and professor of painting at the School of the Corcoran Art Galleries, and of the art critic, Sadakichi Hartmann.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITIONS.

Invitations have been received for Photo-Secession collections from Haarlem, Holland; Paris, France; and Bradford, England; the last named being for the opening of the newly built Art Galleries, which are to be opened with an International Art Exhibition, in which photography will be properly recognized. Good care will be taken to uphold the traditions of the Secession at these places.

FELLOWS AND LINKS.

Mrs. Sarah C. Sears, of Boston, and Mr. William F. James, of Chicago, were elected Fellows of the Photo-Secession at a recent meeting of the Council; while the Linked Ring has elected three American photographers to their ranks: Mrs. Margaret M. Russell and Mrs. Sarah C. Sears, both of Boston, and Mr. Alvin Langdon Coburn, of New York.

PHOTO-SECESSION DINNERS.

The New York members of the Secession, at the instance of one of the Associates, Mr. A. K. Boursault, have initiated a series of Monthly Dinners to which all Secessionists and their friends are invited. Informality and good fellowship are the keynotes of these occasions. At the two dinners thus far held, there were present: W. P. Agnew, Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Boursault, Alice M. Boughton, Alvin Langdon Coburn, Fannie E. Coburn, Norman W. Carkhuff, J. Mitchell Elliot, Dallett Fuguet, J. B. Kerfoot, Mr. Hunter, Miss Hibbard, Gertrude Kasebier, Joseph T. Keiley, Marshall R. Kernochan, Sadakichi Hartmann, Chester Abbott Lawrence, L. M. McCormick, William J. Mullins, Mrs. Paddock, Harry B. Reid, Mr. and Mrs. Eduard J. Steichen, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Stieglitz, Mrs. Sarah C. Sears, Mr. Greifenhagen, John Francis Strauss, T. O’Conor Sloane, S. S. Webber.

At the February Dinner, Mr. Hartmann gave an amusing account of the Pilgrimage to the Secession Shrine at Pittsburg, which was received with such laughter and appreciation that we have printed it in this number. It may be found in full in another part of this book.
PLATE

Wintry Weather.
By W. B. Post.
UNTIL VERY recently the painter’s attitude toward photography has been that of good-natured tolerance. A few discerning and far-sighted men, like the lamented Champney, saw the unbounded possibilities of the camera in those early days when mechanical and chemical dexterity were its accepted limitations. The full measure of honor due the up-to-date pictorial photographer as an artist here in America has not yet been fully accorded him, but that well-earned recognition is none the less certain and near at hand.

The exhibition, recently held by the Photo-Secession in the Hemicyle of the Corcoran Gallery of Art in Washington, seemed to me at first a revelation; however, a more intimate acquaintance with that memorable display convinced me that it was rather a confirmation of the deep-seated conviction, secretly cherished since observing the photographs shown at Chicago in ’93, that the line between painting and photography would soon prove only a question of color, and remain such through unnumbered future generations, if not always. Color is an element so subtle, and, in the higher sense, only elusively present in nature. It is also well to bear in mind that, delicate, pliable, and fairly exact as paint is, it is still but a clumsy means of expressing one’s finer sensations in regard to color.

Thus it is that color suggested, as it often is in a truly successful print, is more exact and satisfactory than a seemingly truthful and more complete rendering of the same subject in paint.

The truth of this position was made very clear to me in the presence of some of the prints exhibited at the Hemicyle. Furthermore, such prints are to be preferred to imperfect color, for while hinting at color and tone in an inexpressibly fascinating way, they do not have that actual polychromatic character which too frequently diverts one’s attention from the fine rendering of form, line, gradation, and quality. This singleness of impression possible to the print is not sufficiently esteemed by the Camerist, as I have chosen to designate the pictorial photographer, the man whose studies, aims, and hopes be “art for its own sake” in that limitless sense, where all mediums unite—where laws about it cease, and the most perfect work yet produced in any medium is only comparatively so. The unit which the print without color makes is part of its strength. It is this quality often that is the chief charm of a great etching, a charm which is denied all but very exceptional paintings.

My earlier visits to the exhibition were not critical. I simply reveled in a delightful new development of a familiar medium, going from picture to picture with much pleasure, for none were without some appealing qualities of one kind or another. It is well to remember here that “not the absence of faults but the presence of qualities” marks the true work of art. My later visits were more critical, and I found much in the display that would not be acceptable to a jury of painters. The limitations of the camera and the tyranny of the model were very apparent in some compositions.
which one could readily see were, notwithstanding their defects, the work of highly intelligent and artistically sensitive minds. These were like some charming and very artistic paintings which one leaves with the deep regret that a sound academic training was absent in artists otherwise, and in higher things, so very individual and skilful.

There was prominently shown a snow-picture of extraordinary pre-Raphaelite technique, and well nigh faultless in composition. This is a good starting-point. It is the holding of the mirror up to nature in most impersonal fashion; but one is never satisfied with an art so complete. There is no atmosphere in such a point of view for the fairies Corot saw in the landscape. Microscopes are useful and valuable, but they have no place in a poet’s outfit, and the artist, either camerist or painter, who is not a poet, should procure “a show-case for the foot of the stairway.” He should get into business where he belongs, and he need not feel lonesome, either, for he will find there many congenial painters to keep him company—clever, companionable people they are, too—sometimes poets are not.

It was good to learn that many pictures of this collection had passed so triumphantly from art-center to art-center in the old world, winning praise and honors from famous painters and the most exacting critics alike, for, while a conscientious artist will stand by his convictions as to the status of an art, he finds such confirmation of his own estimate something more than agreeable.

Now that this important exhibition in America of the work of the Photo-Secession has passed into history, there lingers in the mind an impression rather of the camera’s splendid possibilities, limitless as painting itself, than of its great accomplishment, remarkable as that undoubtedly is. Personal differences, unhappily, often mar the rugged way of art-workers, but it is the truth that every man who penetrates a note farther into the realm of beauty will find all of his fellows receiving that achievement with sincere applause. The world may be slow to acknowledge that achievement, but it must, and eventually will. When it does, that is fame! One smiles—fame is not to be thought of; it is the incomparable joy of the doing that makes art forever worth while.

James Henry Moser.
THE PHOTO-SECESSION EXHIBITION AT THE
CARNEGIE ART GALLERIES, PITTSBURG, PA.

WHEN TWO years ago—it is hard to believe that it is only two
years—a few artistic photographers founded the Secession, the
outsiders, largely the profession, a few artists and that small part of
the public interested in photographic matters, smiled rather incredulously at
the attempt and wisely shook their heads and offered all sorts of cheap
advice. Love's labor lost, they thought: that might do for painters, etchers,
wood-engravers, but for photographers—ridiculous!

But the Secessionists were not to be discouraged; they listened to no
advice; they had convictions and persevered. Then came their first
exhibition at the National Arts Club, at New York, which taught such a
practical lesson to many a publisher, painter, and art-student. "It has met
with success simply because of its novelty," the wiseacres remarked; "but
wait awhile! It is just like a new play; everybody wants to see it merely
to talk about it; then the interest will cease."

What have all these now to say after the triumph of the Secession ideas
at the Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington and at the Carnegie Art Galleries
in Pittsburg? Will they still be able to find excuses, or will they suddenly,
as is usually the case in such matters, come over to the enemy's camp,
proudly asseverating that they have fully believed, from the very start, in
the principles of this movement.

Fortunately the Secessionists care little for popular approval, insisting
upon works, not faith, and believing that their share having been done in
producing the work, the public must now do the rest. A few friends, and
these of understanding mind, a few true appreciators, this is all they expect
and all they desire.

The Photo-Secession Exhibition at Pittsburg is indisputably the most
important and complete pictorial photographic exhibition ever held in this
country. I must confess to no special fondness for the ordinary run of
photographic exhibitions, but the Pittsburg show is so far superior to
anything of its kind I have ever seen before, that I consider it a privilege to
have viewed it and to have found real pleasure in my task of studying it.
With exception of the background, which was red in color and dilapi-
dated in appearance—a state of affairs over which the Secession had,
unfortunately, no control—the arrangement, the lighting of the galleries,
which concentrated the light upon the pictures and left all else in semi-
darkness, was particularly effective and seemed incapable of improvement.
The hanging, at best a thankless task, was done with untiring energy and
exquisite taste by Mr. Joseph T. Keiley. The exhibit is exceedingly well
grouped; the framing of the pictures up to the usual high standard; and
the catalogues arranged by Stieglitz himself, especially the illustrated edition
de luxe with cover-design by Steichen, which contained seven gravures,
may all be regarded as models of good taste.

Thanks to those who selected the collection fully two-thirds of the
exhibit of three hundred frames is of a superior kind, masterpieces, of course, being as scarce here as everywhere.

Nearly all of the pictures contained some artistic note that lifted them above the commonplace. The exhibition was national in its character, fifty-four photographers being represented. Only Day, Lee, Maurer, and Genthe, for some reason or another, could or would not participate. The large bulk of the exhibit was by the members of the Secession.

Photo-Secess! The outsider is generally startled at the name; he does not know the exact meaning of the word nor in what way it is applied to this class of energetic and enthusiastic workers. People wonder what the Secessionists really want, and yet their aim is such a simple one. They want to be artistic, that is all. They want to see their work classed as an art; but this is only a secondary consideration, as recognition can not be forced; it must come by itself. Their first and last aim is to do artistic work.

Why, then, all this mockery, noise, and opposition? Because it is a fight, after all. It is a fight of modern ideas against tradition, or, more modestly expressed, a fight for a new technique. I am convinced that the better class of photographers also want to be artistic, not quite as much as the Secessionists, but to their best understanding. The whole trouble is that the two parties can’t agree on the mediums of expression. It is a fight about conception, theory, and temperament. And the Secessionists, even if they accomplish nothing but the improvement of the average standard of photographic work, will remain victors, because they are more sincere and are willing to sacrifice everything to reach their end.

It sometimes seems to me as if this fight were not at all about esthetics, as the Secessionists seem willing to accept almost anything, so long as it contains a spark of artistic merit. They object only to such commercial work as is produced for no other purpose than to suit a sitter or a publisher. They wish to be independent artists and not time-pleasing speculators. That was really the cause of their revolt. And the Secession was created for no other purpose than to foster and cultivate this genuine art feeling, which must be found at the root of every work of art.

The best which the exhibition had to offer, and so far as my personal feelings are concerned the best which the Secession has produced, are the prints of Steichen. None can deny his power. He stands in a class by himself. That which he shows us is not always photography, but it invariably belongs to the domain of art. He sacrifices everything to painter-like qualities and conception as well as treatment, and with astonishing precision he realizes the ideas which he wishes to convey. Like a highwayman he lies in wait for beauty, seizes her and drags her away as she passes. He steps straight into her path and, like an Espada whose reputation would be lost had he to make a second thrust, he settles the whole question with one clever stroke. To him life is a sojourn in darkness, illuminated by innumerable streaks of lightning. These he tries to grasp. Every object he endeavors to imbue with beauty, and even the simplest, a vessel or a branch of flowers, sets him to dreaming about some big artistic
problem, and he at once makes the effort to transform it into a pictorial revelation.

Just his very opposite is Joseph T. Keiley. He, too, sees the beauty of detail, but finds it so beautiful in itself that he forgets all artistic possibilities. He lingers over details so long and lovingly and discovers such a wealth of beauty in them that he grows confused. When he photographs a beautiful woman, he hesitates to show her in the full bloom of her youth, but tries to subdue her charms. And as beauty must be wooed in a more ardent fashion, she often evades so cold a lover; but when he succeeds in holding her she reveals herself in one of the most tender of moods. His work conveys an effect like the ringing of an old church-bell. A deep, mysterious sound in the bass and above it a very light ethereal one, so fugitive that it seems to vanish at every moment. His "Spring," Corot-like and evanescent like spring itself, plainly sounds these two notes and is one of the gems of the exhibition.

Stieglitz, as usual, holds his own. His older work seems just as strong and interesting as it did years ago, and nearly every picture he adds comes near to being a masterpiece. In his "Hand of Man" he shows that he is still the same accomplished artist as in "The Net-mender," "Watching for the Return," and "Winter on Fifth Avenue." In it he betrays a decided step in advance, as he has undertaken to imbue it with a feeling of mystery which his earlier pictures have lacked. We all know how indefatigably he has worked for the Secession, and I know no better word of praise than to apply to him what I have said about St. Gaudens and American sculpture: "It owes the best, if not everything, to him; without him American artistic photography would be a myth."

A very welcome newcomer is Alvin Langdon Coburn. During the last two years he has made wonderful strides. The first exhibition of his pictures that I ever saw rather bored me, though his personality interested me, reminding me of the French symbolist poet Émanuel Signoret (whom he strongly resembles in appearance), who said of himself at the age of twenty: "I am young; I am a poet, for youth is poetry." But now matters have changed. He is on the way toward becoming a full-fledged personality. He has begun to see objects, insignificant in themselves, in a big way. His "Ipswich Bridge" is one of the strongest pictures in the exhibition. He displays a decided feeling for the decorative arrangement of masses, and his composition, strongly influenced by the Japanese, via Dow, is at times exceedingly clever, as shown in "The Dragon."

Clarence H. White, a sincere, straightforward talent of rare refinement and never-tiring student in quest of beauty, has convinced me more than ever that his is a rather limited field, but that he stands absolutely unique as a photographic illustrator. His illustrations for "Eben Holden" and "Beneath the Wrinkle" will not be easily surpassed, the only man at times approaching him, in the power of characterization being Edmund Stirling.

A note, not exactly new, but nevertheless praiseworthy was struck by W. F. James. He is the pictorial reporter par excellence. He displays a
fine conception of atmosphere and of moving crowds, and his “Christmas Shopping” appeals to me even more than Stieglitz’s well-known “Wet Day on the Boulevard.”

A very satisfactory group of pictures is furnished by J. G. Bullock, W. B. Post, whose winter landscapes are perhaps a little too white and barren, and Rose Clark, whose portraits, though not great, possess a refinement and vague pictorial old-masterlike charm that is exquisite.

Eugene has nothing new to show. Strange that a man with so much talent, with such an overabundance of talent—in his application of painterlike qualities he is second only to Steichen—should at times do such slovenly work. And yet one is forced to admire him, and his “Adam and Eve,” in spite of its shortcomings, is one of the few great pictures artistic photography has produced. His art is like a flower which, though its leaves are withered and crumpled, still retains its perfume.

Mary Devens, judged by her pictures in this exhibition, impresses me as being the strongest woman photographer we have just at present. Gertrude Käsebier’s newer work does not appeal to me in the same way as her older, lacking in spontaneity and virility. Pictures like “The Manger” and “Blessed Art Thou Among Women” hold their own as of old in the best of company. Yarnall Abbott and Rudolf Eickemeyer are rather inadequately represented. By having failed to show their most representative work they have missed a rare opportunity—or is it possible that the very high standard of this exhibition has made their work look less important?

But it is not my intention to criticize all the exhibits in detail—though I should still like to mention Dyer’s “Nude” and “Dinah Morris,” Willard’s “Oenone” and “The Veil,” and Herbert G. French who, all by himself, holds up the banner of artistic photography in the large city of Cincinnati—I merely wish to prove that there are quite a number of photographic workers who have succeeded in making camera-work “a distinctive medium of individual expression.” The best proof of this assertion is in that nearly all the prominent Secessionists have imitators galore. There were decided indications of this in the exhibition. There are two ways of looking at it. One might say, here we have the proof that true reformatory work is never in vain, that genuine invention always produces an effect. But do these imitators really follow in the footsteps of their masters? Do they not merely strive for the form and not for the idea as revealed in Secessionist work? Do they not merely imitate certain lines and certain peculiar effects because others have applied and successfully applied them? And therein lies, to my way of thinking, the great danger of the Photo-Secession movement. Mannerism means the decline of all art. To substitute one mannerism for another surely is not their aim. As soon as beauty is imitated or produced at second hand it ceases to be beautiful, and is at best but pretty, clever, or effective. There is no sincerity in it. It has deteriorated into mere play. It produces its effect not by its own merit but by reminiscences. To copy Hollinger or Histed can surely not lead to the beautiful, no more than you can achieve beauty though you imitate...
Steichen, Eugene, or White. In its future exhibitions, the Photo-Secessio
must guard against routine, imitation, and mannerism. Is this a complaint
or a piece of advice? Neither. Complaint were unjust, and advice is not
needed. The older Secessionists have long ago realized what I have just
said. They can not hinder the influence of their individuality, though at
the same time they know that the real fight has only just begun—a fight in
their own ranks between the true and the false Secession.

With every human being a new world is born which did not exist
before he saw it, which will never exist again when death closes his eyes.
To represent the world, which is nothing but life as seen by the individual,
is the aim of the artist. They are the story-tellers of some foreign land
which they alone have seen and which they alone can depict for the benefit
of others. To listen to the inner voice, to be true to themselves, to obey
nobody, that is their law; and only those who in this fashion work out
their own individuality, their own innermost convictions which they share
with no one else; those who work it out in a convincing manner, without
looking out to please or to succeed; they alone are true Secessionists. And
if they produce others of the same caliber, pitilessly ignoring and casting
aside all who adhere to time-serving aims, then the Photo-Secessio will be
the beginning of a great movement that will have a permanent value in the
annals of American Art.

Sadakichi Hartmann.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

In presenting in this number the work of Mr. Alvin Langdon
Coburn, formerly of Boston but now of New York, we are introducing
to our readers an interesting figure in American photographic life.
Possibly the youngest star in the firmament, he is, nevertheless, no novice, as
his work has attracted attention for the past four or five years, during which
time there has been noticeable a decided growth in both his conception and
execution. An indefatigable, enthusiastic worker and student, he has taken
full advantage of the opportunities afforded him to develop his talents. The
reproductions will give the reader a very fair idea of the scope and character­
istics of Coburn’s latest work. Already a Fellow of the Photo-Secessio, he
was recently elected also to the Linked Ring.

“Wintry Weather,” by William B. Post, of Fryeburg, Me., is a capital
example of the snow-pictures, through which Mr. Post has made himself
famous in photography.

The two wood interiors, illustrating the article by Mr. Will A. Cadby,
of London, are the work of the author. The original prints are of much
larger size than our reproductions and are more effective, as in the reduction
a certain charm of the original seems to have disappeared. Despite this they
convey the feeling of the woods.
NEW ART MAXIMS.

THINGS ARE apt to be not so artistic as one thinks.

We must not take things too seriously; we rarely realize how funny we are when we are serious. After all, it is a wise dispensation of Providence that even the learned do not really know themselves, else we might all die of laughter—or from a mortification beyond surgical aid.

New life should be inspired, guided, by the past. Do not let old traditions and conventions paralyze you—rather paralyze them.

The world is not so gray and bald as some would lead us to suppose, for it compounds the old productions and uses them as a restorer.

Despite what the poet has sung, the world is not so very much with many of us till after we have made a strike.

The artist must teach art. What state of artlessness will the world come to unless the young idea is taught to draw more than balance-sheets and inferences?

Yes! we need artists with messages; but nowadays we want those messages prepaid.

Keep your nerve. Everything worth while has not already been said and done; and we are not dead yet.

DALLET FUGUET.

IN THE STREET.

I WATCHED the gold cloud overhead
Burn down to dull red fire;
The sky's free sweep, as the crowned day sped,
Was my supreme desire.

An urchin scanned the roofs, surprise
Was on his sharp face carved—
Who never had beauty light his eyes
Knows not when he is starved.

DALLET FUGUET.
The Photo-Secession
(Founded February 17, 1902)

The aim of the Photo-Secession is loosely to hold together those Americans devoted to pictorial photography in their endeavor to compel its recognition, not as a handmaiden of art, but as a distinctive medium of individual expression.

List of Members
Founders, Fellows of the Council

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<tr>
<th>Name</th>
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<tr>
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<td>Eva Watson-Schütze</td>
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<td>W. M. B. Dyer</td>
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Elected Fellows

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<td>Alvin Langdon Coburn</td>
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<td>W. F. James</td>
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<td>Dr. Milton Franklin</td>
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<td>Dr. Herbert G. French</td>
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Associates

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<td>M. W. Carlin</td>
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<td>Mrs. Fannie E. Coburn</td>
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<td>Dr. William Gustav Eckstein</td>
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Alfred Stieglitz, Director, 1111 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.
A PILGRIMAGE TO THE SECESSION SHRINE AT PITTSBURG

(Read at the February Dinner of the Photo-Secession held at Mouquin’s, in New York)

I had seen them depart on their great mission, those valiant knights of Daguerre, 'Amfortas-Stieglitz, suffering from acute pictorialitis; Gurnemanz-Keiley, his faithful friend and adviser; Titurel-Steichen, whose pictures were not quite immaculate enough to prove him the best photographer in the world; and young Parsifal-Coburn, who but recently started from Ipswich in quest of the Grail—I had seen them depart, fully armed with kodaks and cameras, on their perilous journey over the Alleghany Mountains to open the Secession Shrine at Pittsburg, leaving me behind with deep yearnings in my heart. Imagine my ecstatic joy when I received a telegram which read as follows: “The Shrine will be opened to-morrow. Take the next train and join us. Money enclosed. We can not do without you. We need somebody to write us up.” So I sharpened my pencil, took my dress-suit out of pawn, packed both into my suit-case, which had led a dreamlike existence in the garret, as my traveling of late consisted largely of “L” trips in the rush-hours, seized it with a grim grip, bade farewell to wife and offspring, and set forth on my nocturnal pilgrimage.

Ah, things are not all they are cracked up to be! The Pullman Palace-car was not palace-like at all, and it took me a long time to set my lankey legs aright with the dimensions of the berth. Yet finally I succeeded in propping my weary head against the pillows, pulled up the blind, and looked out into the night. Ah, the deceitfulness of this world! I beheld so many Post and Eickemeyer winter scenes that, shivering, I fell asleep. They were published in book-form; no wonder they could be met with all over in Pennsylvania! In the morning I hardly trusted my eyes when I beheld one “Hand of Man” after the other coming toward me down the track. The audacity of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company to plagiarize this idea! High time it is that Camera Work be copyrighted. It is not wise nor business-like to have one's ideas gambol about in the dawn.

Often have I asked myself why Pittsburg should harbor the Secession Shrine. I now realized why shrewd Amfortas had selected it. Is not its atmosphere symbolic of the chivalrous deeds of Titurel and Gurnemanz? Pittsburg, rich in washed-out effects! Pittsburg, the fussiest, wuzziest city in the world! All its sights seemed to have been treated with glycerine or dolloped with gum. Its population, too, seemed to be very appreciative. Everywhere women were washing windows and applying the hose to sidewalk and wall in order to lend the City of Smoke a festive appearance.

“Where could I find the Secession Shrine?” impatiently I asked the first passer-by. He answered, “I am a Pittsburger, but there you’ve got me; that’s one on me.” And over a dozen times I applied in vain. Of course, these were only ordinary citizens whom I asked, not pictorial photographers. They knew not the joys of lying for days on the Katwyk Dunes or of standing for hours in pouring rain to make an exposure. But at last a motor-man took pity upon me, picked me up and deposited me safely opposite the Art Galleries of the Steel Trust. As I approached them I had the esthetic gratification of seeing Titurel-Steichen flitting

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about with disheveled mane, brush in hand, painting the word Secession in every available space not taken up by Heinze’s "57 Varieties."

Thereupon I plunged into the mystery. Oh, to be allowed to enter upon the sacred spot! A chaos of hardware, picture-wire, bundles of Secession folklore and pictorial visions greeted my eye. Amfortas looked worried. Something must have been rankling in his wound. Gurnemanz was busy dusting the Shrine. Knight White of Ohio and Lanecelot French, on prancing steeds, arrived just then to lend helping hands. Parsifal-Coburn was monologizing with his musical voice, which never sounds sweeter than when it is sending sweet nothings across the wire to some maiden of the telephone. It was a great day of fasting and preparation.

The solemn hour approached. There was not a photographic heart in the whole wide land which did not click with deep emotion; far off in distant New York the Kasebier, late of Newport, prayed for the success of the Secession; in the little village of Yonkers, Eickemeyer paced nervously up and down his ranch-room wondering whether he had achieved the Quest. In the meanwhile, all Pittsburg thronged the Shrine, yet so spacious were the halls that at no time did they look crowded.

And the Shrine—what a marvel of beauty! The famous altar-piece at Ghent, painted by the two Dutchmen Van Eyck, has only twenty panels. The Secession Shrine embraces no less than three hundred, fashioned by fifty-four individual workers, and among them at least a dozen Dutchmen. The main Shrine was painted by Titurel-Steichen. Ah, that one can be so great! To make nature his hand-maiden and to create at will moons and moonlight that never yet were on land or sea! And withal to remain so simple and naive. A child could understand his photopaints and paintographs. Even that great art connoisseur of Pittsburg, Heinze, the pickle-man, found not the slightest difficulty; tapping Titurel on the shoulder, he remarked: "Ah, I see! You make your things look antique; you are an impressionist."

The right and left wings of the Shrine were the excellent workmanship of Gertrude Kasebier and of White of Ohio. Ah, to devote one’s entire life to the task of finding the miraculous cure to heal Amfortas’ self-inflicted wound! And then the work of all the other knights! To dwell upon all the beauties of the Shrine would fill several years of Camera Notes of able editing.

And how was this miracle accomplished? Ah, you would not ask, knew you Amfortas as I know him! To the Photochrome he went and set up this epistle: "Steichenites, Kelleyites, Kasebierians, and Whiteites! You Eugene, you Coburn, you Strauss, you Stirling, and you Dyer—you Camera Workers of Philadelphia, you Pictorialists of Chicago, you Lady Photogramists of Boston, you solitary workers of Cincinnati and Baltimore, you of Wisconsin, Ohio, and Yonkers—all you throughout the country, washed by the Atlantic and Pacific, and you who dwell in the wastes of Canada—you shall follow and obey me! I am your King! The Monarchy of Pictorial Photography is mine!" And they did follow and obey him.

Great were the festivities that followed the opening of the Shrine. King Amfortas and the Knights of the Table Round were feasted by the Photographic Temperance Club of Pittsburg; the fatted calf was killed, but no wine flowed. As
midnight approached and all hopes of providing against one of Pennsylvania’s dry
Sundays vanished, the Knights looked sadder and more bored. But, behold!
Knight White of Ohio produced from his knapsack one little flask which saved
the day. The rest of the sojourn was largely devoted to gourmandizing. It was
permitted me to sit with them at the Round Table and to gather many interesting
facts of the ins and outs of pictorial photography. I learned that King Amfortas
subsists almost entirely upon mutton-chops and English breakfast tea; that Titurel-
Steichen had really missed his vocation, as he could indubitably have become the
Champion Ice-cream Eater of America if he would train for it.

Later on, foot-races were arranged before the Shrine in which Knight White
beat Parsifal-Coburn by a nose and I had the pleasure of defeating Titurel-Steichen
by half the length of the Shrine. In the meantime, King Amfortas had purchased a
wagon-load of papers, and for hours the Knights bravely fought their way through
an avalanche of news to discover if public opinion had bestowed upon them the
high esteem in which they held themselves. As could have been expected, they
were not quite satisfied with the chronicles, but who could foresee that the Baltimore
fire and the Russo-Japanese war would occur at the same time?

Thereupon the Knights set out upon a trip of exploration to discover the
beauties of Pittsburg. Parsifal-Coburn disappeared into the back-yard to snap at
some old door-way, or was it a Pittsburg flower-maiden? Amfortas, whose wound
did not seem to cause him any inconvenience for the time being, climbed up the
trestle-work of a bridge to photograph some highly interesting smoke in the valley
below, which, however, did not seem a tangible enough excuse to the policeman who
saw him do it, and, traveling incognito, as he was, he would have been arrested as
an anarchist if the faithful Gurnemanz had not been there to initiate the blue-coat
into mysteries beyond his beat.

Then night came. Pittsburg wrapped itself in a denser cloud than ever. And
the Knights departed. On the train I had once more the opportunity to see what
wonderful artists they really are. For hours they peered into the darkness where
nothing whatever could be seen, exclaiming over and over again: “Look over there!
Isn’t it wonderful? A genuine Secessionist composition, good enough to be put into
the Shrine!” Then I made my way to my berth through the long, narrow aisles,
wondering whether some Secessionist pictures, some “Dawn-flowers,” might not be
hidden behind the curtains that enshrouded everything in ominous silence. After
having seen the Shrine, nothing can amaze me. And, wondering, I fell into a deep
Secession sleep. My pilgrimage had come to an end.

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<td>Chemical That can be used in every photographic manipulation — developing, fixing, intensifying, reducing, toning, and printing, that's</td>
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<td>Intensifier, reducer, and toner that works in one solution, keeps indefinitely, can be used repeatedly, that's</td>
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<td>Flashlight Powder that gives the maximum light with the minimum smoke and noise, can not be exploded accidentally, gives a soft, penetrating light, requires no extra paraphernalia, and is quick and sure, that's</td>
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<td><strong>Flashlight-Bayer</strong></td>
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<td>Fixing-Salt that is twice as quick as hypo, does not tan the gelatine, is easily washed out, remains clear until exhausted, that's</td>
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Alfred Stieglitz,"

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