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PLATES

GERTRUDE KÄSEBIER.

- I. Portrait—Miss Minnie Ashley.
- II. The Picture-book.
- III. Portrait—Mrs. Philip Lydig.
- IV. Happy Days.
- V. My Neighbors.
- VI. Pastoral.













ON PLAGIARISM.

The Dictionary informs us that to plagiarize is, "in literary or artistic work, to appropriate from another and give out as one's own."

The definition is clear and seems easily comprehensible; there should be no room for discussion; what is mine is mine, and what is yours is yours; and if I take yours and say that it is mine I am a thief, or, in polite language, a plagiarist; and that settles the question. But in spite of the logical sequence of the definition, it drops to pieces the moment we analyze it. To begin with, what does "appropriate" mean? To take for one's own use, does it not? But take what? Presumably, anything at all; the definition allows no leeway; nothing which belongs to another have we a right to take. Then, when Shakespeare appropriated plots in part or in whole from the Decameron of Boccaccio, he was a plagiarist, was he not? When Homer gathered together the myths of the people and retold them in a better style, he was plagiarizing, was he not? And Wagner, whose literary accompaniments to his music are but the legends of the Rhine rewritten to suit himself; and Hans Andersen, whose Fairy Tales are those of his land; and Grimm, and Boccaccio himself; they must all have been plagiarists? Or, is it allowable to take the *plot* from another author and give it out as one's own? Is it there that our definition is wrong?

I think there must be a flaw in the generally accepted idea of what constitutes plagiarism; and possibly, if we will seek light from the past ages to learn what their attitude toward literary and artistic thefts was, we may discover this flaw. Let us, for this purpose, study the history of Italian painting, from the day of Giotto to the period of the Renaissance, and let us note how and from whom the artists obtained their motifs and methods of execution.

Now, Giotto, the father of European painting, in his early youth was a shepherd, and used to amuse himself by scratching outline-drawings of the sheep into the rocks or soil of the fields, just exactly as a thousand other little boys had done before him, just as the cave-dwellers used to carve the outlines of men and beasts into the ivory of the mastodon; and probably Giotto executed his drawings no better than did the primitive man; but there was one thing about them which it would have been impossible for him to say of any work he did in later years, namely, they were entirely original work, and no part of the thought or execution had been "plagiarized" from any one else. His original period did not last long; somebody "discovered" him, and he was apprenticed to Cimabue to learn the profession of painting — trade, they called it in those days. For about twenty years, along with a number of others, he studied under Cimabue; his labors, apart from learning the manufacture and grinding of pigments, consisting for a long period in copying his master's paintings; and when he could copy them well, he helped make them, painting such parts as he had learned to do. Finally, having absorbed all the knowledge he could, he started out for himself and made pictures so exactly like those of his master that it was almost impossible to

tell them apart; and to this day there are certain frescoes and panels which are attributed by some critics to him, and by others to Cimabue. Was this plagiarism on the part of Giotto? As time went on he improved and made many most remarkable scientific discoveries; among them, that a figure or object placed in a strong light casts a shadow on the ground on which it is placed—before his time it was only known that a figure in strong light must have a shaded side. He also observed that brilliant and pure colors were more fascinating to look upon than the dull ones he had been taught to use; and that an eye in profile did not look the same as it did in full view; and these discoveries, and many others of a similar nature, added to a continually growing sense of the graceful, began to give his pictures a character quite distinct from those he had been inspired by in his student days, so that his later work is easily distinguished from that of Cimabue, but, strangely, is sometimes confused with the earlier work of *his* pupils, whom he taught in the same manner in which he himself had been instructed; they in their turn copying and “plagiarizing” from him, and adding just a little original thought to what he had given them. And so it went on for centuries, each succeeding generation anxiously taking all they could get from the last, faithfully adhering to and preserving even the most trifling truth, and *sometimes* adding a little more. Were these men plagiarists, particularly those who added nothing? Remember, it was not only the technique and execution that was copied, but the motif as well, and not merely the motif, but each individual idiosyncrasy of the motif.

Little by little the art grew; gradually it became less wooden and more plastic; slowly atmosphere and naturalism took the place of immobility and convention, each new generation of painters always continuing the thoughts of the last just as if they were but its prolonged life; so, when the art arrived at the day of the Renaissance (the period of the discovery of the lost Greek art), we are not at all surprised to learn that the artists adhered to their characteristic habit of imitation, and swallowed and assimilated the Greek art, and added it to what they already had. It is this continuance of the thoughts of one age through successive others that makes us feel that Michael Angelo is merely Giotto of a supernaturally old mature age, and in Raphael, in whom, according to some critics, all Italian art culminated, we find a painter who had inherited most of the virtues and all of the vices of this stupendous system of evolution, a man who never gave birth to an original idea, whose sole talent lay in the wholesale plundering of the thoughts and methods of others, not merely of his teachers—for he had several—and of those who had preceded him, but also of his contemporaries, and this plunder and spoil he combined according to the academic rules of composition of the day, the only difference being that he generally exaggerated the conceptions of those he stole from. Yet, when Raphael was in his zenith, Michael Angelo had to be content with a second place in the judgment of the connoisseurs of the day.

To go back to Giotto. If we grant, just for a moment, that he did not plagiarize from Cimabue, that his work was all original, then what about those

paintings by Cimabue, of which Giotto painted a large part? Were they Cimabue's work, or in part Giotto's? To whom should be accredited those pictures by Giotto in which the underpaintings were laid in by his pupils, but which were finished by himself? When Raphael made designs in black and white and gave them into the hands of others to be enlarged and colored, who executed the work? Raphael said he did, but what he literally did do was to appropriate the technique of others and give it out as his own. When Titian in his old age received a commission and, perhaps feeling a little tired, ordered pupils, whom he had for years carefully trained, to paint the whole, and when the patrons who had ordered the picture refused to pay for it on the ground that it was not the work of Titian, and when Titian in indignation painted in bold letters on the canvas "Titian made this," do we side with Titian or the patrons? Or, to suddenly transplant ourselves to another land of art, namely, Holland, I will ask you if Rembrandt is the true author of many of his etchings, or not? For it was his habit to place in the hands of pupils some of his original sketches and designs, and from these they made etchings, and whenever one of those etchings happened to turn out particularly well, Rembrandt would affix his own signature to the plate (sometimes even to plates the students had made from their own designs) and sell the prints as original Rembrandts. Who plagiarized in this case?

Whatever our answer to these questions may be, we can not but feel that we are dealing with an age and a mode of thought totally different from ours, and the marvelous results this manner of thought and work produced must convince us that they saw reasons and were in the possession of a philosophy which is now lost to us. A partial explanation of their ethics appears to me to lie in the fact that from the very beginnings of their art they recognized that it was an absolute impossibility for one man, no matter how talented, to create more than a very little, even in a long life; but at the same time with that intuition so characteristic to the southern races, they saw the colossal possibilities that might result from a communism in art-thought, and it is this communism in art that more than anything else places the old masters and ourselves on an entirely different footing. I, however, do not go so far as to say that there was any deliberate attempt on the part of the Italians to be communistic, for this communism in thought was merely the unconscious, even if logical, sequence of the ethical attitude of the day; and what materially assisted this coöperation was that the painters looked upon their profession as a trade, and practiced it as such, their stock in trade being beauty, which commodity they turned out to order. And as "society" and the art-patrons (the Church, in the earlier days) classed them with the apothecaries, goldsmiths, etc., who held about the same social position as the lithographers do to-day, it never occurred to them to assume the initiative; they never attempted to lead the thought as did the writers. They remained content in plying their vocation of painting the Madonna and the Child, the Saints, and Heaven and Hell, according to the rules laid down; and as there was a demand for these goods, and, consequently, competition, each artist did the very best he could, and made such additions and variations and

embellishments as he deemed would better the goods; but always carefully following and never forgetting any of those rules, the practice of which had been accepted as being productive of beauty. So intense were these craftsmen that many of the results of even the earliest period are to-day ranked as works of art on a par with the paintings of Rembrandt and Velasquez.

When we think of the history of old art we pause and wonder when and why the change in attitude of the public and artists toward originality took place; and we can not but deplore this change, for in the present state the demand upon an artist to be original is losing the world much of the beauty-product. Titian could never have executed three thousand canvases if he had had to do all the work; there would, if the present ethical conditions had existed in the past, have been left us far fewer canvases by the old *masters*. In their place would have been a quantity of mediocre work from the hands of pupils who, through lack of sufficient talent, remained pupils and assistants to the end of their days, but who, in a state of modern ethical conditions, would have been forced to attempt to do work of their own, and would naturally have produced indifferent results when separated from the inspiring influence of the master. I think that the change of attitude is due in part to the fact that the species "genius" has made his appearance on earth—there were no "geniuses" in those days; the artists, looking upon themselves as craftsmen, did not feel the necessity of being original. Not until the day of Raphael did any painter take it upon himself to assume "inspiration." But Raphael seems to have suffered considerably from a "swelled head"; he paraded the streets of Florence with a retinue of admirers, and came to the conclusion that indeed he was not a craftsman, but a gentleman, and that his work was all his own, whereas, in truth, he discovered less than any of the other great Italians. The conception of genius, however, matured in England, and I feel sorry to say that that most intelligent painter, Sir Joshua Reynolds, "blew no end of hot air about it." Reynolds's mistake, and that of other English thinkers, arose largely from the fact that they were not familiar with the evolution of Italian art, and naturally could not but marvel at the final results which they concluded could only have been made by "genius."

A history of the evolution of the art-product of a modern man of talent may not be amiss here, and will help to show how fallacious is the belief that at least we in modern times do sometimes spontaneously originate. It is the work of Claude Monet I am referring to, and it is he who, possibly more than any other painter of to-day, enjoys the reputation of being original. Never but in our age could such a fallacy have been promulgated. The method of breaking color was not merely used by Sisley, who painted before Monet, but *some* of Monet's work is easily confused with Sisley's, so alike are they; also Turner, and others now long forgotten, employed the "vibratory" principle of coloring; and strange is the fact that some of the backgrounds of the frescoes and panels of Sodoma—he painted in Sienna in the period of the Renaissance—are so suggestive of Monet that we almost refuse to accept the work as that of an old master. But, most startling of

all, there exists in the Louvre a drawing by Raphael on which is written in Raphael's handwriting a note to Durer, to whom he propounds the question, if brilliant results might not be obtained by laying colors in stripes instead of flat tones, etc.! Now, I do not for an instant believe that Raphael ever had brains enough to conceive the principle he elucidated to Durer, but, probably seeing the results Sodoma obtained, he realized his opportunity and decided if possible to appropriate the conception and take the credit to himself. Be this as it may, the principles of breaking color were known hundreds of years ago, only to-day Monet's additions and improvements in the procedure have given him all the credit, just as to-morrow, should some one do it a little better, he would be called the "genius."

"But, if Claude Monet's work is only the result of gradual evolution and plagiarism, what then constitutes the difference between our and former ages?" you may ask. The difference lies in this: That *we* are neither honest with ourselves nor with others, while the old masters were both. The old masters worked and thought and copied outright; we talk, and are "inspired," and copy underhandedly; in the olden times artists were quite sane and saw clearly; to-day, "genius," or what comes very close to it, namely, "remarkable talent," stalks the streets unfettered; we suffer from a confused idea that, although we can not make progress in art unless we study the compositions and methods of others, yet it is dangerous to do so, as "the influence might show."

There is, however, scientific and unscientific plagiarism; that existing at the present day being mostly of the latter kind. The Italians recognized, as we have seen, that it was a mathematical impossibility for one mind to create more than a very little, just as Homer and Shakespeare and Wagner realized it would be quite impossible to invent such plots and themes as they desired for their purposes, themes and stories which it had taken the accumulated art of many generations of repeating and adding to and subtracting from to produce. So they frankly and honestly accepted all that the past offered them, copied it *en bloc*, and built up upon it; and if we come back to our original definition we will see that this is not plagiarism; for to plagiarize, as we understand it, is "to appropriate from another and give out as one's own"; but on the face of it, if the part of a picture appropriated is well known to be the creation of others, then there can be no possibility of "giving it out as one's own," for nobody will believe us; and to the old masters it never occurred that any one would regard their work as "original." But, when the "genius" came on earth, he had of necessity, owing to his "supernatural" make-up, to refrain from copying others, and had to confine himself to original work; and these "geniuses" spread their cult so wide over the earth that to-day, when a painter or photographer does the only natural and intelligent thing to do, namely, copy, he must, forsooth, copy in such a way that it shall not be recognized, he must become a hypocrite and hide his act; but unfortunately for the moral side of it, the better he hides, the more of a plagiarist he is, for just so much the more does he succeed in giving out as his own that which is not. This hypocrisy does more to damage progress than

we imagine. When a young artist, in his enthusiasm for some particular master, begins to imitate him, and in so doing to understand him; and when in time the critic sees the work, and instead of criticizing it for what it is intrinsically worth, tells the artist that he is a plagiarist, the artist, being made to feel that he has been guilty of a moral and intellectual weakness, "alters his style," or, in a vain effort to appear original, does something "effective," and the result is that much valuable time is lost.

In thus advocating plagiarism I do not wish to be understood—and I am now coming to the crucial point to which all I have said has been but a preface—to endorse copying of anybody and everybody's thoughts and methods; on the contrary, the limits to which we may go and to which the old masters did go, are clearly defined by their practice as well as a socio-psychological law, and this law says that general types of truth and beauty are the common property of all, but a specialized type belongs solely to the artist who specialized it. That this dictum of license and limitation has always been in the minds of great writers and painters when they borrowed becomes very apparent the instant we analyze the nature of their borrowing. Take, for example, the work of those poets whose subject-matter was the legends and myths of their own or other lands, as some of the plays of Shakespeare, or the Iliad, or the writings of Wagner; we will invariably find that the original source of their inspiration was a tale or tradition of some kind that had been in the land for ages, and was so often repeated from father to son that whatever it may have been like in the beginning, when it reached the poet who took it for his own, it had become shorn of all local color; it presented itself merely as an expression of thought typifying a certain class of idea. That this must be the inevitable result or end of all stories or truths which are frequently told from mouth to mouth can easily be understood when we remember that in any continual repetition through a long chain of minds only those facts which are easily comprehensible and whose beauty is appreciated by each and every member in the chain will be preserved; and further, that not only will the beauty and all that is of *general interest* be kept, but occasionally will there be added a new touch of beauty, which, if understandable to all successive links in the chain, will be passed on, the result being that in the end there is presented to us a highly evolved concentration of thought, each flavor of which, as well as the whole combination, is palatable to all minds, and which therefore contains within itself nothing that can only be felt and appreciated by a special group. Now, such a myth or tale I call a general type of truth and beauty, and it is something which no one human mind could ever construct; but is the result of the united efforts of countless brains laboring for ages, their heirloom to us, and the common property of all. So, when Shakespeare is said to have taken plots from Boccaccio, it merely means that Shakespeare sheared Boccaccio's tales of what was special to Boccaccio, and that in taking what remained—namely, the plot—he merely helped himself from the same natural source that Boccaccio had, the source to which all of us have an equal right. But if to-day some one were to borrow one of Shakespeare's plays and use it without

shearing it of that which is peculiar to Shakespeare, then would he be a plagiarist, for Shakespeare, having added his personality to a general type, *specialized* that general type and made something of his own.

In the department of painting the analysis is equally simple. Cimabue and all the painters of his day had received from the Byzantine artists *only* general types, for the very evident reason that for centuries preceding art had been practically dead, and what artists there were painted nothing but the Madonna and the Child, Heaven and Hell, etc., to the order of the Church, and to satisfy many different kinds of minds; and thus the Madonna and the Child had through the eliminating process of frequent repetition lost all that was special, and become a type. So Giotto was not a plagiarist, nor were his pupils, nor theirs; the advance that these medieval artists made was but slightly in the direction of specialization; they for a long period worked in such communistic thought that it was the general type they evolved and improved, and therefore, copy each other as they might, they could not be plagiarists. Not until much later did the artists specialize, although even then few of them stole that which other artists had made peculiarly their own; only Raphael of the "swelled head" did, and he "did it thoroughly." There is one excuse to be made for Raphael: that is that he probably did not understand what constituted the difference between specialization and generalization, and thought that in copying he was only doing what his predecessors had done. But in the present age, when these principles should be understood, or at least felt; when we see paintings in which specialized truths have been copied, as, for example, certain of the ultra-modern German genre school who indulge in extensive appropriations from Millet, it is quite impossible to find any excuse. However, though it was Millet who discovered a new general type of material, namely, the French peasant, yet all of us have a right to this material, that is, to the general types of truth and beauty presented by the French peasant, or any other peasant. We can, without plagiarism, paint their toil and sorrow and joy; but when it comes to copying one of Millet's specialized versions, we call it rank plagiarism. If some artist should discover that there existed a tribe of American Indians whose personality and life presented general types of artistic interest, although the credit of the discovery would always be his, yet all of us would have an equal right to that general type, and the only danger in painting or photographing it would be the unconscious imitation of the specializations of the discoverer. The streets of New York possibly present general types of beauty as yet unexploited, but whoever may be the discoverer, and whatever credit may accrue to him, the truths will always remain the property of all.

To sum up in a few words the conclusions that we have come to: In painting or photographing we have a right to appropriate and give out as our own all general types of truth and beauty. These types are of two orders: The first order consists of those types which have been evolved by painters, as those of the Byzantine school; or some of the modern conceptions about peasants; or certain classes of general compositions like those of Corot—

which he himself, by the way, appropriated in part from Claude Lorraine. The second order of general types of beauty are nature herself, either some type of man or of landscape, as those landscapes which owe their interesting character to the work that man has done on them for centuries and which after endless changes have at last settled into a general type expressive of all they have at different times been, and of those moods all men have in common.

In addition to motifs, all forms of technique, no matter by whom discovered or first practiced, are ours; so are also all applications of the natural sciences—as of chemistry, physics, and mechanics—for if we could not adopt the technique and mechanics of an art we would have to cease practicing it altogether, for they are of as slow evolution as the themes themselves.

I also claim that when we are in the student stage we should be allowed to copy specialized types for the purpose of study—we do it anyway without knowing it—for otherwise our progress will be slow. If only some form of quotation-marks could be invented, then the student could put them on the margin of his pictures to indicate that, although he had appropriated from another, he was not attempting to give it out as his own.

Plagiarism in music rests on the same laws and conditions as in painting; the undisputed right and even necessity to adopt and build up upon any primitive music of the land is acknowledged by all musical critics, an amusing illustration being recently afforded by a well-known European expressing his conviction that America would never produce a great school of music until the songs of the negro were taken as a basis!

Architecture furnishes the interesting anomaly of being unplagiarizable—that is, at least, to any great extent. Rarely do we hear of an architect having plagiarized, not even when he has transplanted portions of the Acropolis to Chicago, the reason being simply that architecture is in a more primitive state than many of the other arts, dealing only in general types; and, probably owing to the exigencies of its existence, will always remain in this lower state of evolution.

A discussion on what constitutes plagiarism is bound to raise its corollary: “What constitutes originality?” Unfortunately, an answer to what is and what is not plagiarism does not tell us what originality is, and as any scientific diagnosis would take too long to enter upon here, I will only make the general statement, and this in answer to the numerous questions I have myself asked regarding the true authorship of such paintings as are in part or wholly executed by the pupils of a master, that they are the work of the master in direct proportion to their power of inducing in us the belief that they are.

ROLAND ROOD.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

The following contribution toward an appraisal of the artistic temperament was made by one of the speakers at the recent Centennial Anniversary Dinner of the Pennsylvania Academy. He had made the acquaintance of two brothers, Syrians, one of whom was an itinerant musician, while the other, who was the elder, gathered in the nickels. To some remark concerning the disparity of their occupations, the latter replied, *sotto voce*: "Antoné, my broerther, he haf not moch onderstandin'; Antoné, he . . . plays . . . the pipe." It is to the credit of the audience, since it was composed chiefly of artists, that the applause was hearty and prolonged.

In the mellowness which ensues upon a good dinner, liberally enjoyed, it is easy to laugh, even at that which involves a bitterness upon reflection, for the artistic temperament has been at the mercy of the children of this world since the days of the Renaissance, probably since those of Pheidias. Indeed, the earliest scratcher upon horn or stone, in all reasonable likelihood, was considered by his brethren to be "a wee bit daftie," and in a flesh-hunting age, flesh being the prime desideratum, no doubt he was; just as in a dollar-hunting age, dollars being the proper basis of appraisal, no doubt he *is*. By their wad ye shall know them; and, contrariwise, no wad, no recognition.

There is only one sadder thing than the world's indifference toward the artist, and that is the artist's indifference toward the world. If he be unsuccessful, he rails at it; if successful, he despises it. But neither contempt nor abuse contributes to good-fellowship.

This is where the artist makes such a mistake. He will not, like other men, recognize the saving grace of unrighteousness, and make friends of the mammon thereof. And, if an artist does descend into the fat-lands and returns after a while sleek and swollen with contentment, but minus his brush, which the other foxes have agreed is the ideal thing, straightway they denounce him and say he is no artist.

No doubt he isn't; and probably never was and never would be under any condition. For what is an artist? Observe, I ask the question and thereby get the drop on you; not being myself ready with an answer. Only I know that he isn't what he is usually considered to be. There are painters and sculptors, photographers and illustrators, art-craftsmen and architects (though the last are not infrequently but builders in flower-embroidered waist-coats)—a host of fancy workers in and out of literature, some few of whom may be artists. But that we should consider all to be, heaven forbid! And I only used the word artist at the start because it is by common and erroneous usage so conveniently inclusive.

The trouble with most of these artists is that they have "too much ego in their cosmos." While the majority of men are content to subordinate their ego to the aggregate cosmos, and those whose ego is of superior usefulness or superior audacity reap a material benefit, the artist is not measuring his ego with the world, but hugging it to himself. It is so dear to him

that he cherishes it in seclusion, and gives out little scraps of it in charity to the world. This he calls expressing himself; and when the world, full of large preoccupation and in no need of charity, overlooks his scraps, he gives it bad names. Really, considering how busy the world is and how brimful it is of varied interest, it may seem astonishing that it gives so much attention as it does to a great deal of what passes by the name of art. That it gives its attention to the wrong thing in art is the opinion of every artist who does not find a market for his wares. That is natural. When he does, the public taste is improving.

But this inordinate egoism, this infatuation of the artist to express himself, leads to strange results, of which disordered hair, curious, unaccustomed clothes, and a general appearance of having been sleeping in tree-tops are but external symptoms. Even more uncanny are the mental symptoms; the arrogant pretensions on the one hand and the fatal self-dissatisfaction on the other; I know no graver example of this than the one presented by photography.

Here was an honorable and, except for the condition to which it is apt to reduce the finger-nails, as clean a profession as you could desire. Fortune, in the guise of science, had been more than commonly propitious. Discoveries and inventions—for details I refer you to the advertisements in this magazine—had so eliminated all need of labor and knowledge that every man, woman, and child, by simply pushing a button or squeezing a rubber ball could become his or her own “pictorialist.” Where shall you find another profession so smoothed of obstacles, so inviting to the meanest capacity? As a consequence the land was filled with satisfied “pictorialists” making countless pictures of each other and this sunny world.

So it was and might have continued to be. But into this smiling paradise stalked the shadow of too much ego. It appeared sporadically in several parts of the country, accumulatively in New York. Men, and women too, arose and said it is beneath our notice to pictorialize what any one may see. So they produced effects which nobody had ever seen or ever expected to behold. The world wondered and asked why should such things be? “We are expressing ourselves,” they said. Then they borrowed heathen gibberish from the painters and murmured of tones and values, sentiment, and so forth. And as the bewilderment of the honest folk in the profession grew, they took a fiendish delight in adding to their mystification. They reveled in curious subjects, and the most ordinary subjects treated curiously; one real artist seven times made faces at his camera and entitled the residuum the “Seven Last Words.” But that was in Boston.

The major part of the mischief centered in and adjacent to Fifth Avenue, New York. Here was a club established for the furtherance of mediocrity; for the giving of the glad hand to everybody whom everybody could reasonably consider their inferiors. Nothing need have marred the equable futility of this institution, but for its harboring a preposterous specimen of the *too much ego*. He was of the fighting variety, who delighted to stir up trouble, and then jump in where the blows were thickest; a practical politician

and a visionary; a slick American, trained in the sophistries of a German university, and with all a German's tiresome habit of being right on matters of fact. The convulsions which the giant Enceladus occasioned in the bowels of Etna were nothing to the disturbances aroused in the mediocre club by the self-expressions of this arch too much egoist. He became a rallying center for all the arrogance, intolerance, the ambition, and despair of all the other exhibitors of too much egoism. Oh, but the ructions in that smiling paradise of photography! Men and women in all directions eat of the tree of knowledge, of good and evil, and knew that they were—in fact, become self-conscious. This, and the self-satisfaction that it involved, became so prevalent that the egoism was no longer conspicuously too much. Some system of election out of the elect must be contrived. It was here that the genius of the arch too much egoist was displayed. In a moment of supreme inspiration he evolved the idea of a SECESSION. From what, was immaterial; it would develop later; meanwhile to secede, to get away, a few of them by themselves, up and away beyond the other fellows, was the main point.

The movement was entirely successful. The *molto moltissimo* of too much egoism for the present holds the fort. The mediocre and the possessors of a little less than too much egoism are flat on the level ground or scrambling fruitlessly up the glacia. Yet the holders of the fort are not satisfied. Possibilities of realizing the egoism photographically, they say, exist beyond all hitherto attained realization.

All of which goes to prove that this is a mysterious and strangely vexatious world.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

ON THE ELONGATION OF FORM.

In recent years artistic anthropometry has achieved hardly anything more interesting and important than the two composite figures modeled by the Boston sculptor, H. H. Kitson, after the measurements of Professor D. Sargent of the Harvard College Gymnasium. As an instructor of athletics the latter has had every opportunity to become familiar with the proportions of the body of the contemporary American. For years he has recorded the exact anthropometrical measurements of every male and female student that entered the school. As the majority of students were American born, these two statues in a way represent the ideal type and proportions of the young American man and woman—and an interesting lesson they tell.

Professor Sargent's composite female figure is tall and slender, her build is firm and round, mature around the hips, with undeveloped bust, natural waist, and an increased length (the twenty-two inches that Beardsley considered essential for the beauty of the upper leg) from hip to knee as striking peculiarity. Her hands and feet are rather large (unlike the Russian woman, whose hands and feet seem exceedingly small in comparison to her head);

otherwise her proportions are symmetrical and harmonious, only in the profile of her body one would like to see more of Hogarth's line of beauty. Her neck is long, and her oval face can boast of a prominent, well-shaped nose and clearly outlined lips.

Many of these characteristics remind the artist voluntarily of the languid damozels of the pre-Raphaelites, of the "stag-like" Dianas of the Fontainebleau school and, above all, of the graceful visions of female beauty as depicted by the early Florentines. These resemblances are not a mere coincidence. All anthropometrical researches from Polycletus to our time show that there exists really only one type of ideal beauty for women. We can trace it in the fragments of Leonardo de Vinci's anthropometrical system, the "Simmetria de' corpi Umani," in Raphael, in the "Goldene Schnitt" of Dürer, an elaborate work in four volumes, in the various studies of Cousin, Mengs, Lebrun, Poussin, Horace Vernet, Flaxman, our American Rimmer, and modern scientific researches, like those of Quetelet and Bergmühl.

If works of art could be measured like human beings, a Bertillon might prove by facts — what the eye has told the art-student long ago — that the dimensions of ancient Hebes and Rossetti's Anglo-Italian types, "around whose sultry lips the breath of sin is blown," of a lithe Diana by Skopas or a Botticelli angel festooned with flowers, a St. Gaudens caryatid or a Dewing woman in modern décolleté have a striking similarity of form, and that they could be identified as belonging to one sisterhood. They have neither the arms of the Venus of Knidos, the shoulders of Raphael's Galatea, nor the muscular development of Michael Angelo's "Night." The beauty is more primitive, like that of a young girl before having reached maturity. The muscles are lean and the lines of the body run in long, sweeping curves. The expression of the hands and feet have not yet reached the elegance that we admire in other more robust periods of art, when the spirituality of a drooping hand has to counterbalance the sensuous charms of the fully developed body. The lower extremities are elongated to excess, and the weight of the body seems to rest upon the bend of the knee, whenever the will, holding the figure erect like a stem, relaxes. It is one of the leading characteristics, and if the majority of women were really built that way they would flatly contradict certain "short-legged" sayings of a Frankfort philosopher. But Schopenhauer's statement is only too true; the lower part of a woman's body (as proven by the anthropometrical studies of Rudolf von Larisch) is invariably too short for the upper one, they should be equal in length, but, as it is, the lower part is one-fourth to one-half length of a head too short. This is a defect of nature, and in this respect the beauty of man is superior to that of woman, as can be plainly seen in the Adam and Eve by Hans Memling. In his naïve realism he copied the human figure just as he saw it, and as both figures are drawn equal in height, the short-leggedness in the female figure is very startling. Women have always tried to overcome this shortcoming by accentuating the waist-line, of placing it higher than it is in reality (as in the Empire costume) by wearing high-heeled shoes, and by losing all preciseness of form in wearing stiff skirts or flowing



艶中八仙
西王母

扇屋内
浅川

可磨筆

BY OUTAMARO

Illustration to "On the Elongation of Form."



“IN THE GARDEN”

REPRODUCED WITH THE KIND PERMISSION OF JOHN GELLATLY, ESQ.

BY THOMAS W. DEWING



“SPRING”

BY BOTTICELLI

drapery. Some ethnologists even assert that not woman's modesty, but her knowledge of this inferiority has caused her to veil the lower part of her body. The artists who have striven for the purest expression of beauty have tried their utmost to cover this defect, and the safest remedy proved elongation. It is a psychological peculiarity of all cultured beings that they find more esthetic gratification in long and thin objects (as long-stalked flowers, tapering glasses, etc.) than in short and heavy ones. All forms have a geometrical basis, and the parallelogram is more graceful than the square, the isosceles more than the ordinary triangle.

Through elongation the intricacies of the human form become simpler, less plastic, more vague and subtle and more outlined in color. It apparently puts aside the earthly and sensual, to live solely in the rhythms of beauty. Yet by losing her roundness of form the woman becomes androgynous, half-boy, half-girl, as in Da Vinci, and in the pictures of modern painters like Khnopff, Toorop, Burne Jones, etc. And thus, although chastened in the directness of its physical expression, the body becomes a vague embodiment of immorality which betrays itself even in the completely dressed body through dress and drapery. Beardsley, perhaps the most perfect master of that synthetical lineal art which is produced by geometrical calculation, was well aware of this.

This peculiarity of taste is not restricted to the Aryan race. We also find it in the Japanese. Their painters continually changed their style in the depiction of the female figure. One school was for shortness, another for tallness, a third again, for shortness, and so on, but the foremost depictees of the Japanese women like Haronobu Kiyonaga and Outomara, and the painters who have the character *Yei* in their name like *Yeichi*, *Yeiri*, *Yeizan*, had a passion for tallness. Their women all show a beauty of line such as can only be achieved by long, sweeping curves, and it is impossible to make any striking display of these if the lower extremities are shorter than the upper part of the body. The women of Haronobu, ethnologically correct as their plumpness is, are deprived of the rhythmical and lineal ornamentation of the other masters. The Japanese women themselves, by nature rather dwarfed in size, seem to agree with their portrayals, as they use with preference vertical lines and designs in their robes and try to gain in height by wearing the high *Ashida* (similar to the stilt-shoe worn in Europe in the sixteenth century).

At certain periods of history, when a community is steadily growing in prosperity and power as Athens before the reign of Pericles and the dukedoms of Northern Italy in the fourteenth century, the average of women is by nature taller than at others. We in America have arrived at such a period. The ideal type of the American woman belongs to one of the most perfect expressions of beautiful womanhood. And it is not merely a cold beauty of form that the American woman excels—she also possesses Lord Bacon's highest beauty, the beauty of decent and gracious motion. "Some of our country-girls have the same majestic walk as the women of Saracinesco, Anticolo, Cerverra in the Apennines, who, as Paul Heyse tells us, 'walk like

ancient queens.'” Already the American-born children of emigrants of the very lowest class show certain traits of refinement that one would seek in vain in their parents. It is our severe, disagreeable, ever-changing climate which seems to call forth the elongation of limbs and gradually remodels the buxom German maid of one generation into a tall, slender, American girl of the next.

The beauty of our American women has not been worshipped half enough by our artists. They think only of clever brush-work, and would laugh at making such anthropometrical studies as Giotto, Ghiberti, Ghirlandajo, and Pietro della Francesca made in their time.

The southern and western women, the heroines of Bret Harte and Cable, have not yet made their debuts in our art-exhibits, much less the Mona Lisas of Murray Hill or the Back Bay. Thomas Dewing is the only American painter who has succeeded—Whistler, Sargent, Alexander have done it accidentally at times—in giving us pictures of women that might stand for the ideal American type. With him elongation of form becomes enervation, almost attenuation of form. He understands the Hellenic spirit and Florentine temper in finishing human figures, but it is too much infused with the melancholia of modern times to depict them in clear outlines with marble-like profiles and bronze-like limbs. Their attitudes are simplicity itself, but offer that “succession of mute cadences” in which abides the secret of supreme art. It seems that his emblematical figures of womanhood are both present and yet far away. He does not give us merely the physical charms of these languid descendants of the Puritans, but succeeds in making them express psychological suggestions of their inner life, a vague estheticism with a vague mixture of the Parisian demi-monde, an element that, strange to say, can often be found in the remotest New England villages. Their faces are exquisite in the reverie, the dreamy delicacy they express, they are veritable Decamerons of twentieth-century love, and perhaps too much so.

Dewing’s women all seem to live in a pre-Raphaelite atmosphere, in mysterious gardens on wide lonesome lawns, or in spacious empty interiors with something old Italian about them. And there they sit and stand, and dream or play the lute, sometimes two together, sometimes three, but mostly alone, and they look as if they were as far removed from our world as was Boccaccio’s party from the pestilence. And the average public, no doubt, wonder why he presents women in this peculiar fashion, doing nothing but assuming picturesque attitudes in the rosy dawn or when the mists of evening rise upon some desolate lawn.

He has merely solved once more the problem of beauty, which is, at all times, approximately the same, and for which there exists — at least for the depiction of women — only one supreme standard. We may prefer at times the gladiator-like proportions of the Milesian Venus, the robust beauties of Rubens and the stately dames of a Titian or Tintoretto, but the more we come to understand what form really is — that it is not merely for the senses, but that it may become expressive to the spirit — the better we will like this peculiar elongation of form. We will find that the peevish-looking angels

of Botticelli, the decorative, doll-like creatures of the Japanese with all their lineal charms, and the languid demi-virgins of Dewing are a more direct inlet into the realm of beauty than most other, perhaps more healthy and normal, depictions of womanhood.

THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

Spring has come. Two robins have been reported near Philadelphia, the note of the bluebird is heard in the land, and pneumonia is in full bloom.

We must not, however, lose sight of the fact that there are two kinds of Spring, subjective and objective, the kind described in the advertisements and the variety actually furnished by the procession of the equinoxes. Objectively, Spring is the time of year when Nature stretches herself, turns over in bed and mumbles drowsily, "Call me again in three weeks." Subjectively, Spring is one of the hallucinations of the artistic temperament.

The artist may be either a poet, or a painter, or a photographer. It makes no difference (even a photographer, you know, may have a temperament), and each in his own way has helped to spread the pleasant superstition.

Your poet always was an uncertain creature. When he sings most feelingly of feasts you may be sure that he has dined on beer and a rye sandwich; and as for that lovely lyric on the joys of curds and a cottage, the inspiration for *it* lay for ten years in bottle in the cellars of Rheims. Poets, indeed, like dreams, go by contraries, so that you may put it down that the Ode to Spring was inspired by a particularly odious day in late January and that April found the author sneezing in damp boots and a raincoat and dreaming of the balminess of June. If for many years, while men still read poetry, it was the popular notion that the seasons had changed or that the particular climate under which it was one's misfortune to have been born differed, vernaly, from that of the Lake Country, we can easily place the blame and, since the Return to Nature, we know better.

Even Thomson, the poetic authority on seasons in general, had his moments of disillusionment. When he cried impatiently, "Come, Gentle Spring! Ethereal Mildness! come." it must have been getting on toward the end of April.

"In the Spring," says the poet, "the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." You might know a poet said that. To begin with, with apartments at three thousand a year and the Beef Trust eking out a miserable two per cent. on porterhouse steaks, a young man, unless he is artistic and unpractical, does not at any season turn his thoughts lightly to love. It is too expensive. And then, in Spring, your well-balanced young man has other fish to fry. He is busy rubbering for his goloshes and wondering whether or not to wear his winter-overcoat when he leaves home mornings, and his thoughts are turned to the uses of sarsaparilla and the latest discoveries in cold cures.

And your painter is no less imaginative. Like the poet he is an impressionist—that is to say, he shows us the world not as it is but as he feels that the good God might have made it had he been educated in Paris. And to give him credit, he sometimes so persuades himself by his own preaching that, going out absent-mindedly to paint Spring pictures in March, he dies of a chill and thereby vastly enhances the value of his past output. And even the photographer (who, as we have seen, may also have a temperament) is sometimes known to print his bleak fall landscapes through the glass and to dream dreams.

Since then it appears that either Art is a Spring madness or that Spring is an Art madness, and since as wise men it behooves us to look facts in the face while as artists we must preserve our ideals, let us agree to worship Spring nine months in the year and the other three we can pass in what forgetfulness we may, taking stock, practicing philosophy and, withal, keeping our feet dry and our souls from mildew.

J. B. KERFOOT.

GLASS VERSUS PAPER.

This title has not been chosen with a view to suggesting that there is necessarily any rivalry between these two methods of exhibiting the positive photographic image, or that either is so much better than the other as to take final precedence, but to show, if possible, that the one, glass, is really more akin to the lens origin of our image, and to draw attention to the fact that both methods are equally important and valuable, and that therefore the all but entirely neglected glass transparency is worthy of the best attention our pictorialists can give it. My own feeling as to any supremacy is shown in my giving glass the position of attack in my title, more especially as I intend this article for a glorification of the lantern-slide.

Photography is essentially a means of the perfect rendering of half-tones, of detail, of gradation. It is not, as in etching, a means of saying things by line, or by suggesting things by spaces; it is not, as in engraving, a means of showing things by a multiplicity of lines, or of fine hatching, or dots, etc.; it is not, as in wash-drawing, a means of giving bold or tender masses, nor is it akin to pencil-drawing, or pen-and-ink work, or to lithography.

All these have their own definite methods and messages in art, and though photography can cleverly enough simulate many of their effects, her legitimate path is the dealing with abundant detail plus a wealth of, indeed an entire dependence on, gradation, on half-tone, as it is called, in which the detail is more or less importantly given.

Now, given paper as the base of a picture, it is easy to see that in all methods *but* photography, it is essentially the best one, as the image given is to be chiefly a greater or lesser number of lines, in greater or lesser approximation. There is nothing between those lines, or behind those masses, as it were; they are of surface effect only, and their whole value is in the suggestion they afford, and not so much in the direct fact they convey.

Photography, on the other hand, is never a thing of lines pure and simple, or masses pure and simple. Somehow or other, whenever we get a mass of shadow in our photograph without any sense of detail therein, it does not affect us as a similar mass of shadow in a drawing by hand; it seems to lack something, and *that* is the detail which the rest of the picture has, detail which affects us quite differently from a similar use of detail in a drawing by hand. Our shadow is meaningless if it is a blank mass only; it must convey a sense, a feeling, of the possession of detail. A mass of shadow in a pen-, or pencil-, or wash-drawing may be entirely devoid of detail, and yet perfectly convey all that it is meant to convey; it will perfectly harmonize with the structure and character of the lines that make up the detail of the rest of the drawing, whereas the same mass in a photograph, unrelieved by detail, will not harmonize with the full detail forming the major part of the image—the picture; it remains unrelated, out of harmony and character, and conveys a sense of visual and mental dissatisfaction, of unrest and disturbance.

Paper, therefore, from its necessarily opaque nature, is not the ideal medium for exhibiting the characteristic values of the photographic image. The masses always have a more or less sunken or absorbed appearance; and if that is overcome by a glazing of their surfaces, it is seen to be merely an attempt to get over an insoluble difficulty; the mass of shadow can not be accepted merely as a mass, it relies as much on its conveying a feeling of detail in it, and that detail is always more or less lost in the absorbent nature of the paper, and is unsatisfactory. Glass, on the other hand, offers no such restrictions; its transparency suggests the natural depth of the photographic image, which is never a surface image, as in a drawing.

Photography is a means of rendering nature's atmosphere and detail, not by means of suggestion by closer or wider lines, or by delicately or strongly graded washes, or other conventions, but by a "recalling" of the thing itself. The depth of the natural image, its relying on the presence of innumerable planes for the full conveying of the picture-message, is fully given only in the glass version of it. However beautifully a paper print may be made, it still and always hints at an arbitrary stoppage by the paper itself. One relies so contentedly on, one so accepts as sufficient, the lines and washes in an etching, or pen-, or pencil-, or other drawing, that the paper is as contentedly accepted as the necessary base, the means alone possible for their full exhibition. But these drawings are felt to be but suggestions (and this "but" is not used in any derogatory sense); they are man's art and making; his version of facts for making us realize his appreciation of them.

A photograph does not work in this way, but has to rely on a faithful "recalling" of the conditions in which the observation was made; it is dependent entirely for its success in either art suggestion or truth to atmosphere, on its truth in planes, not in a surface suggestion of lines or washes, but a suggestion of depth, in innumerable planes, and all so infinitely related as to be inseparable; their melting into one another is the act and condition of the atmosphere in which alone they cohere, which alone relates and binds them.

If we enlarge a pen- or pencil-drawing, the larger we make it the more we widen out the lines composing it, and there is never anything revealed between or behind them; their value in suggestion is solely in the surface-character given them by the hand that created them. A drawing will often gain by being reduced in size in reproduction, but rarely or never in enlarging—that is, if the drawing is of any considerable size to begin with.

But if we enlarge a photograph, however large we may make it, we always have the feeling that we see something more in it; there is never any empty space revealed (except in a blank sky, of course, but that is simply absence of image, and we are dealing here with presence of image); it is the infinite omnipresence of Nature we are dealing with, and "Nature abhors a vacuum."

All this relates for the greater part to landscape; in dealing with other subjects, with stone surfaces, as an example, the actual surface may be so artfully given as to make the paper seem almost the actual thing itself; but even here the reality is heightened by showing the same image on a glass transparency. Paper, with its lack of depth, its abrupt stoppage of image at the surface, will not fully or adequately exhibit the entire value and charm of these infinitely related planes, but glass can and does when properly handled.

Here we have an apparent paradox; for when one says "glass will," it is, of course, with a lantern-slide in one's mind; but a lantern-slide's objective is its optical projection, and that is, of course, on to a paper or other opaque surface; what, then, becomes of its vaunted transparence? Strange as it may seem, this does not disappear; the sense of actuality is not diminished, let alone destroyed; for it must be remembered that the screen, opaque though it is, merely acts as a something to arrest the aerial image and make it visible to us. One is never conscious of the opaque paper screen, only of the image it arrests for us. The image does not become a part of the paper by being chemically impressed into it; on the screen, therefore, there is no question of its being sunken or absorbed, for it does not enter the paper interstices, but merely rests on its surface, and that temporarily, not fixedly. As another proof of my argument I may contend that no enlargement, however perfectly made, will look as well, as convincing, as the same picture projected to an even larger size by a perfect lantern-slide in a perfect lantern; the total effect of the two sorts of enlargement is absolutely different. Instead of a paper sheet a ground-glass lantern-screen may be used, the audience being behind it, and the illusion of actuality is merely the greater; but this has the drawback in that only those standing directly in the path of the rays projected from the lantern will see the image perfectly and unobstructedly; any one looking at the screen from either side will merely see more or less of the image of the cone of light from the lantern, and scarcely any picture-image. A better way than that, though again only possible for a very small audience, is to direct the image from the lantern into a looking-glass at a convenient distance and of a proper size. This repeats the image in a diminished form, but in a perfectly transparent and aerial one of a very magical sort; the

illusion of actuality is quite remarkable, but after all it has not the dignity or convenience of the dead-white opaque paper screen which all can see in both perfection and comfort.

Of course all this theorizing implies the primary fact of an ideal use of the photographic media; an ideal choice of subject; an ideal exposure and development in both negative and positive. Glass can be even worse than paper in bad hands; the worst print on paper can not equal in badness the worst slide. The method is so perfect at its best that its misuse is attended with a like perfection in baseness. The opacity in shadows and hardness in high lights that glass is capable of is only another proof of its excellence when these are rightly translated and dealt with.

A perfect transparency—when that can be arrived at—is by far the most beautiful of all processes, the most complete in conveying a sense of legitimate success in the photograph, in compelling an instinctive acceptance of it, and this, after all, is the supreme, the surest test of any method, of any art-message however spelled. Glass conveys with perfect truth that sense of depth, of aerial image, of innumerable planes inseparably connected, which is the inborn right, the natural character and privilege of the lens-given image.

It is by reason of the extreme difficulty of getting a perfect transparency, that is for optical projection and visual enjoyment (for the perfect transparency as a means of rereproducing is quite another matter), that so little has been done with it as a means of exhibiting our best pictorial work. And yet, so arduous is the task, exacting as it does the most critical of testing, so high must the standard be by which it is judged that one sighs that so few take up the work; for, if they did, they would find it one of the best aids toward the perfecting of their photographic work. One can, without fear of detection, fudge and fake with hand-work on a paper print to an extent that is really astonishing, but any such work on a glass positive is all but impossible. Only the truest and purest photographic means ensures success here. Painting on the transparent image means the employment of a different color, of a different opacity or sort of transparency in the pigment employed, and that becomes a painful contradiction to the general tone of the rest of the slide. The most minute of errors or defects in the slide becomes a glaring crime in the enlarged vision on the screen. Defects in the negative that were quite easily and undiscoverably remedied in the paper print become insoluble problems, conditions impossible of correction in the glass print, the lantern-slide. Therefore is it that we are compelled first to look to the character and quality of our original negative, as we can no longer trust to make the wrong right, or as nearly right as will pass muster, by clever hand-work in the later stages.

Thus it is that we get to learn what a photograph may and ought to be—fully exposed in every part, soft, with an entire absence of opacity and a full presence of perfect gradation everywhere.

These qualities will always allow of any amount of detail being present; detail, the inalienable privilege, the natural right, the crowning glory of the photographic image; because if these other qualities of perfect gradation,

etc., are present, detail falls into its right and subordinate place, and is only a matter of realization when sought for. Detail, when softly lit and allied to perfect gradation, is not the despicable thing our convention-rid artists mostly give it out to be, but coupled with the perfect rendering of tone-values, of atmosphere, of gradation, it is the fundamental characteristic of our art-method.

It should be our chief aim to get detail and then use it rightly, so rightly, indeed, that the other art-methods would the more quickly see that in that direction they are powerless of rivalry; that with us it has as fine a power of impression, and is as nearly valuable an art-means as their more potent, more magic power of suggestion. It is the hard, unrelated detail, shouting with vulgar over-emphasis, that is our undoing; and to realize it in its enormity, suffer it in a lantern-slide, and one shudders at the very name of lens and camera.

The power of suggestion by the lines or washes of a hand-drawing will always have the greater value and importance, because it deals directly with man's spirit, compels him to share the process of making; he then sees with the mind's eye as much as with the physical eye. But the perfect photograph, perfectly given in its most perfect medium, comes so near to those ideal conditions as to be only less worthy and enduring.

Photography, however, only recalls; it does not create. It can give us again the shimmering sun-haze; the tender evening mist; the never-ending depth of cloud-form and detail and mystery; it can isolate and preserve effects in nature, and in atmospheric conditions of interiors, that would, I think, be impossible to any other art-method for equal perfection of recall; and therefore it must rank increasingly high in the graphic arts. A good proof of its sometime value and importance over any other art-method is in a lantern-slide of a sunset or other evening sky; this depends altogether for beauty and meaning in the presence of soft details in an infinity of planes, depth beyond depth; the absence of color being scarcely any deterrent to a full realization of its beauty and meaning. No lines or washes, nor any print on paper, can ever approach this for perfection of reproduction; but, of course, it has to be done perfectly, with a proper regard to the color-translation into monochrome, by a right plate and screen and exposure.

And the work pays, exacting though it be. For how few of us can ever hope to create in art; to imagine new things; to give the world something it has not had before! *That* calls for the rare conjunction of the seeing eye, the soaring spirit, and the trained fingers of the genius, and how often do these occur amongst men!

But how large a portion of the intensest life of all of us is just to recall! But, alas, how feeble is memory, how halting, how soon eclipsed! And therefore how enormous a boon is this photography to us of the crowd who can never hope to do better than partly or fully "recall"! The majority of the attempts by pen or pencil, by water-color or oil, etc., etc., can also but faintly recall; not all who draw are necessarily creators; and herein is our crowd quite the equal of their crowd. And when we are careful enough,

informed enough, plastic enough in our desires, and open-eyed enough in our visions, we can beat them easily in many fields in the perfection of recall; though we are completely outrivalled when it is a question of the subtle and direct appeal of fine line, or a grand use of masses; the rare understanding and realization of nature's moods, or of a fine figure, impossible to any lens or plate ever made, or to be made.

And, apart from the camera, what power of expression of our art-instincts and desires would be open to most of us? And to the most successful of us, including those of us who contentedly assume the title of "pictorialists," I would address this plea: do not be satisfied with the paper print, to whatever degree of perfection you may have brought it in the expression of your particular message. Recognize that photography is an art-method that relies on a presentment of the image given in planes, enveloped in atmosphere, real, and not suggested or simulated by lines or washes; and that fully to exploit these, the final base of the image should be as nearly transparent as the original vehicle, air replaced by glass, so that when one sees the final shaping of our picture, it shall be as nearly free and intangible as any recalling of the original can hope or expect to get.

Glass, not paper, I submit, gives the perfect expression of the perfect photograph.

FREDERICK H. EVANS.

EXTRACTS.—SEBASTIAN MELMOTH.

Beauty is a form of genius—is higher, indeed, than genius, as it needs no explanation. It is one of the great facts of the world, like sunlight, or springtime, or the reflection in the dark water of that silver shell we call the moon. It can not be questioned, it has its divine right of sovereignty.

The value of an idea has nothing whatever to do with the sincerity of the man who expresses it.

To know the vintage and quality of wine one need not drink the whole cask.

The ugly and the stupid have the best of it in this world. They can sit at their ease and gape at the play. If they know nothing of victory they are at least spared the knowledge of defeat.

Every great man nowadays has his disciples, and it is invariably Judas who writes the biography.

Music creates for one a past of which one has been ignorant and fills one with a sense of sorrows that have been hidden from one's tears.

Everybody who is incapable of learning has taken to teaching—that is really what our enthusiasm for education has come to.

Nowadays people know the price of everything and the value of nothing.

Those who find beautiful meanings in beautiful things are the cultivated. For these there is hope.

EDUARD STEICHEN: PAINTER AND PHOTOGRAPHER.

Mr. Charles FitzGerald, the art-critic of the Evening Sun, New York, has in the past strenuously denied the claims of photography as a possible medium of art-expression in the same spirit as has moved him to deny the existence of art in the productions of many modern painting exhibitions in New York. A recent one-man show of Mr. Steichen's paintings at Glaenzer's seemed to us a fitting opportunity to request Mr. FitzGerald to write for Camera Work, and thus to present to our readers the estimate of one not previously connected with photography. In view of Mr. Steichen's position in photography, it seemed proper to us that this exhibition of paintings should be noticed in these pages, and it is interesting to read Mr. FitzGerald's estimate of this young painter-photographer's artistic perceptions. That Mr. FitzGerald's point of view was uninfluenced by any considerations other than his honest judgment is evident from the text. The future alone can determine the validity of the judgment thus rendered.—EDITORS.

Finding myself at times on the brink of argument with some earnest votary of the photographic art, I have hitherto invariably been saved at the critical moment by a friendly warning, a polite reminder of the perils incident to a plunge into depths as yet unsounded by explorers whose lives have been given to their task with a singleness of purpose to which I would by no means pretend. And, although at such moments I have secretly resented this treatment, thinking the photographers too fastidious in their bearing towards the rest of the world (as if the mysteries of their calling were far above the understanding of the vulgar); yet, upon mature consideration it seemed not incredible to me that perfect comprehension of the art they profess might involve the acceptance of a new and strange set of symbols distinct from the common heritage of the black-and-white tradition, and not instantly apparent to the uninitiated. For the rest I must in candor add that this concession was speculative rather than actual, seeing the photographers themselves had given me no reason to suppose that the postulates of their convention differed in essence from those generally accepted in drawing and painting; but, on the contrary, had insisted at all times that in practice they stood upon the same foot with other designers, the only distinction lying in the variety of media employed. Quite recently a singular opportunity has arisen to test the matter in doubt, and to take the measure of photographic mastery without encroachment in the occult domain so jealously guarded by the profession.

I am ignorant whether Mr. Eduard Steichen is more painter or photographer; but, on the evidence of his peers, I judge that his standing among the masters of the camera is undisputed. In the criticism of painting, the term "master" is employed more sparingly, and comments on his recent exhibition at Mr. Glaenzer's showed a general disposition to treat him rather as a newcomer, as a young man "feeling his way." I know that in the critics' cant every painter is young till he has won a prize at the Academy or Society, and I am the more perplexed to decide what allowances are required on the score of youth in this instance by finding Mr. Steichen spoken of in Camera Work as an "old leader" in photography. If, however, we are to concede any, it can not surely be in consideration of technical deficiency. I suspect that the critics have been deceived, imagining that he

took to painting after having exhausted the resources of the camera; but be that as it may, I was unable to discover convincing evidence of such a process in his work, and have no hesitation in saying that his accomplishment is fully commensurate with his purpose. Satisfied in this particular, I sought in his paintings some confirmation of the great things I had heard, when in the presence of his photographs I stood dumb and listened to the eulogies of the expert.

The cleverness of the work was abundantly apparent, nor had I any trouble in recognizing a complete equivalent for the quality of taste shown in his photographs. Moreover, I perceived a nice ingenuity in the use of color, a definite sense of harmony, though employed generally without reference to the perceptive faculties and making for a sensuous effect habitually premeditated, and adapted, as it were, in each case to the subject in hand. But, of the deep feeling attributed to him by his colleagues I could find no trace in his pictures, nor any sign whatever of a mystic apprehension of nature; in my mind's eye the painter was revealed as a bravely equipped and self-possessed gallant, ready on all occasions to make himself at home, and resolved to achieve a conquest at every encounter. It is true that a mysterious significance is hinted at in many of his inventions, from the turgid, mock-profound "Beethoven" to the "Nocturne of the Black Women," with its symbolistic dressing and portentous air of tragedy. But this meant nothing to me more than a deliberate sentimental assumption: the mystery appeared to come from without, not from within; it implied no strange truth lying beneath the superficies of things, but rather suggested a wrapper for trite facts, the seeming strangeness being part of a very artificial picture-scheme. Throughout the exhibition, embracing work of considerable variety, both in subject and style, this spirit of artifice was predominant. The general atmosphere was oppressive and stuffy as that of a hot-house, and I came away with the impression not of one struggling to express ideas associated with a rare and true vision, but of an accomplished and ingenious painter, approaching nature invariably with a preconceived determination to see a picture.

My space will not allow me to consider the exhibition more at large, but in conclusion I would like to add a few words in a general way. Here is a "master of photography" with the painter's means of expression all at his command. Supposing him to possess the rare qualities with which he is credited by his fellows, there is, I maintain, no technical cause or just impediment why they should not be declared in his paintings. The result of the practical test is discouraging, and considering this as an indirect demonstration of the qualities and conditions that make for mastery with the camera, I, for one, can see no reason for revising my previous estimate of the limitations of photography.

CHARLES FITZGERALD.

C. YARNALL ABBOTT

- I. A Coryphée.
- II. Illustration for "Madame Butterfly."
(Courtesy of The Century Company.)





EXHIBITION NOTES—THE PHOTO-SECESSION.

VIENNA ÉLITE EXHIBITION.

We had hoped to have published in this number a review of the above exhibition by a prominent Viennese art-critic, but the expected manuscript has not yet materialized. Nevertheless, congratulatory letters have reached us in which the artistic success of the exhibition has been announced and the Photo-Secession collection highly lauded. Our informants write that the fifty-one Secession prints as a unit dominated the exhibition and met with such appreciation that at the opening night six of them—the work of Messrs. White, Coburn, and Steichen—were purchased for a total of two hundred and seventy dollars, which in Austrian currency equals 1350 crowns—unheard-of prices in Europe for prints of such small size. The highest price (eighty dollars) was paid by Baron Alfred von Liebig for Steichen's "Rodin—Le Penseur." It is a pity that this particular print should be lost to America, for it was beyond dispute the most wonderfully beautiful of any from this now famous negative. We expect to revert to this exceptional exhibition in our next number, by which time fuller advices will have reached us.

VIENNA PHOTO-KLUB EXHIBITION

Not satisfied with one exhibition, Vienna will hold another important one as soon as the Élite has closed its doors. As the choicest Secession work had been sent to the Élite, the Secession Council would have much preferred to have abstained from contributing to the Photo-Klub Exhibition. It is always hazardous to one's reputation to allow comparison to be drawn between the very choicest and even the choice, but the high character of the Photo-Klub shows and the appreciation of Secession work that its authorities have shown in the past entitled them to our aid. A collection of some seventy frames by twenty-eight Secessionists was duly forwarded and will be before the Viennese public by the time this reaches our readers. This collection was fully up to Secession standards, but in no way comparable to the picked prints sent to Dresden and the Élite.

BERLIN.

The drain on the pictorial resources of the Photo-Secession is exhausting, and the European exhibition authorities seem to think that there is no end to the photographs which we are supposed to have up our sleeves. There seems to be an impression abroad that the Secession can furnish collections worthy of its prestige and name at a moment's notice and to any desired extent. The Council had barely shipped the second Vienna collection when Berlin cabled a request for an exhibit to be hung at its "International" in the Royal Art Galleries. The Secession is accused of being a fomenter of strife, and, lest international jealousies be thus aroused, it was decided to let Berlin have an adequate representation of Secession work. This exhibition opens simultaneously with the Photo-Klub show in Vienna.

BUFFALO CAMERA CLUB.

The Buffalo Camera Club has made an ambitious attempt to arouse public interest in the pictorial side of photography, led on by the contagious enthusiasm of Mr. Spencer Kellogg, Jr. The Secessionists contributed some thirty frames. A noteworthy feature of the exhibition was the refined and graceful catalogue, so unlike the usual run of this sort of thing.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

As Mrs. Gertrude Käsebier is one of our most prolific photographers as well as one of the foremost pictorialists, it needs no apology from us to present our readers with a new series of her work. The photogravures were all made directly from the original, unretouched negatives, and represent absolutely straight photography, thus proving once more that individuality, strength, and feeling are possible without the slightest manipulation other than lens, lighting, developing, and printing.

Mr. C. Yarnall Abbott, President of the Photographic Society of Philadelphia, has long been a laborer in the vineyard of pictorial photography, and as an exhibitor is known throughout the world. This number contains two examples of his work—one reproduced from a gum-print and the other from a glycerine platinotype. Like Clarence H. White, Mr. Abbott has turned his efforts toward illustration, and the plate "Madame Butterfly," which is herein reproduced through the courtesy of the *Century Company*, is one of a series of illustrations made by Mr. Abbott for that pathetic story of the same name.

In our bow to the public, almost three years ago, we declared that our pages would be open to matter of a scientific kind, so long as it represented originality and exceptional merit. Mr. Norman W. Carkhuff, of the U. S. Geological Survey, has assured us of the scientific worth and interest of the fossil photographs herein reproduced. The reproductions have been passed upon and approved by the "Survey," which is sufficient guarantee that they are of value to the scientist, and Mr. Carkhuff in his article explains the difficulties overcome in achieving this result.

NEW THINGS WORTH LOOKING INTO.

The cash prizes offered by the ever wide-awake Kodak-builders in their new competition. A new feature will be the "Novice" Classes, "open only to amateurs who have never won a prize in a photographic contest." The entries close on November first, and the judges announced are Messrs. Radclyffe Dugmore, Henry Troth, and Charles I. Berg. We advise our readers to look into this competition, a circular of the conditions being procurable from any dealer. Some photographers who have achieved fame are graduates from similar competitions, and the average of merit in the Open Class has been in the past so high that it ought to attract the most ambitious, while the "Novice" Class offers encouragement to the less skilled and even to the merest tyro.

Kodak, \$2,000
Competition

The development of color-photography by means of three-color exposures, as exemplified in the new Prof. Dr. Miethe three-color camera, built by W. Bempohl in Berlin. This camera is compact, beautifully finished, and thoroughly practical. The one we have recently tested has given results that warrant us in recommending it to all those desirous of producing color-work. This camera is portable, simple, and adapted to the uses of the amateur. Any one desirous of further information can address Editor of Camera Work.

Three-color
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Papers

The aims, objects and achievements of the Photo-Secession.

?

The photographic publications of Wilhelm Knapp, Halle, Germany, which cover the whole range of scientific and artistic photographic achievements from earliest times to most recent date. It is a pity that the English-speaking countries have nothing comparable to these standard publications. This is no doubt due to a lack of demand, as we lack the patient, scientific thoroughness which distinguishes the Teuton.

Books on
Photography

The Booklet, "Hints on the Lining Beveler," issued by John Royle & Sons, Paterson, of special interest to all photo-engravers.

Royle Lining
Beveler.

THE PHOTOGRAPHING OF FOSSILS.

The accompanying plate illustrates one branch of photography constantly employed in the photographic laboratory of the United States Geological Survey.

The study of fossils, or paleontology, forms an essential part of the survey work and the most important conclusions are drawn from a comparison of these seemingly unimportant and imperfect fossil-shells. The same species of animals and plants have lived in the past at the same time and under similar conditions. Hence, when the fossil-remains of the same species are found in the rocks at widely separated localities, it is concluded that the formations in which they occur belong to the same geological period. For purposes of comparison, the geologist is often dependent on illustrations, and perfect figures of the type-specimens are therefore absolutely necessary, since no verbal description can be sufficiently graphic for satisfactory identification.

In 1896 the writer was associated with Prof. Henry S. Williams, then of Yale University, in an attempt to photograph fossil-shells, something that had not been successfully accomplished.

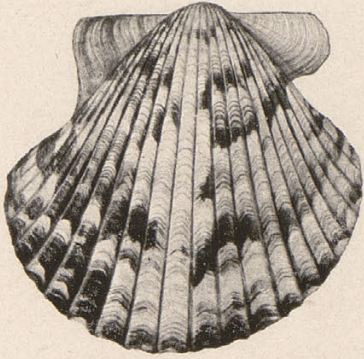
It was Professor Williams's idea that if the color and stains upon the fossil could be eliminated a photograph could be made of its topography. This idea proved correct, and after constantly experimenting for almost two years, we succeeded in demonstrating that photographic figures could be made for use of the paleontologist.

In 1900 the Geological Survey began using the method we had been experimenting with, and has been using it ever since. In addition to effecting a considerable saving in the cost of production over hand-drawings, the personality of the draughtsman is eliminated.

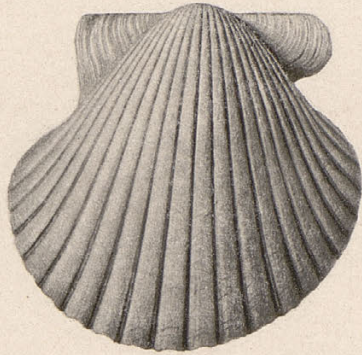
In the plate A B C are straight photographs of the specimens, and required thirty minutes' exposure. A' B' C' are from the same specimens with the color eliminated, and required thirty seconds' exposure. The important feature is the shape of the specimen, not the color.

The negatives were made by Mr. E. M. Bane.

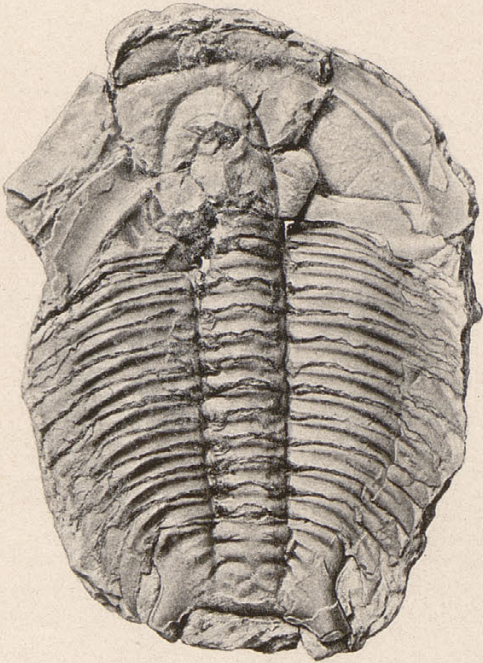
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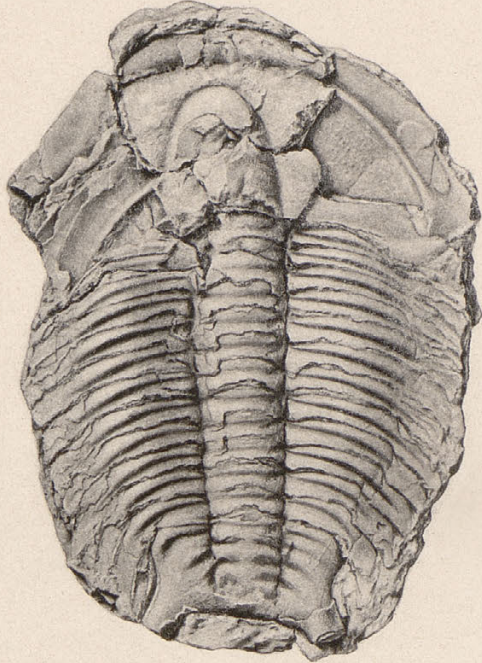
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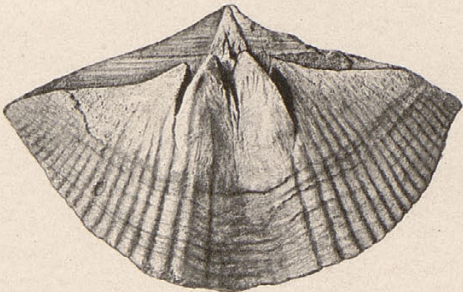
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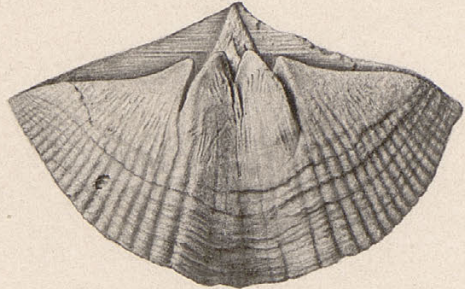
B



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C



C-1

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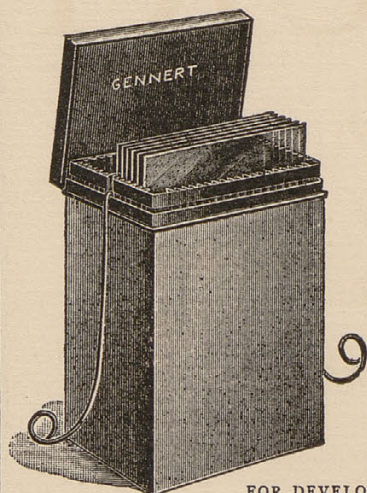
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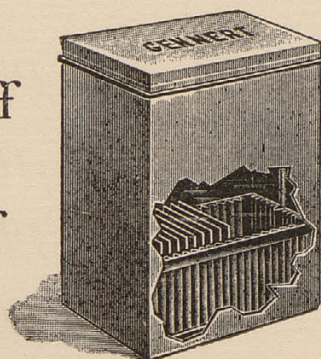
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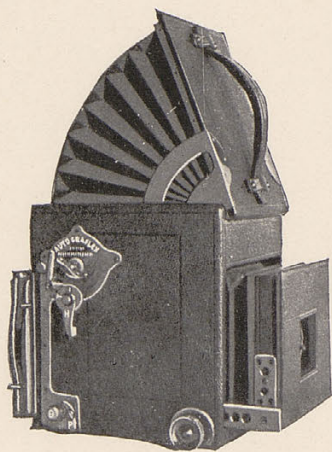
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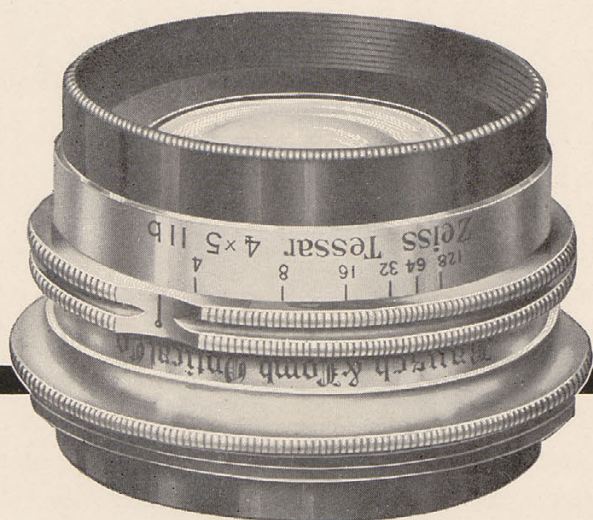
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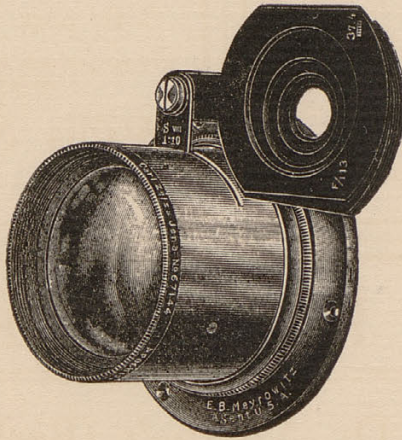
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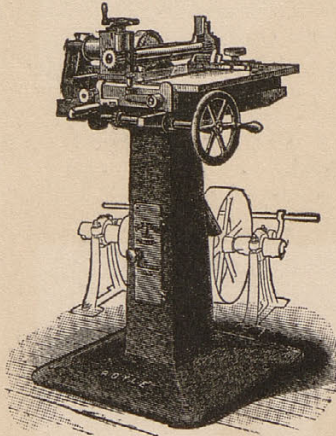
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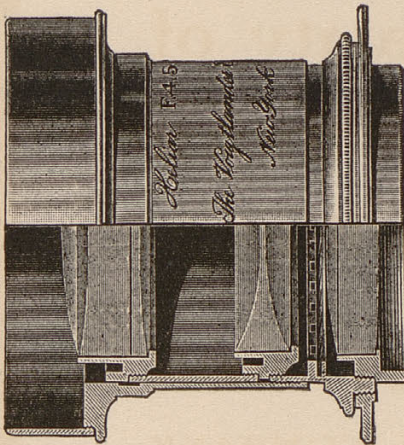
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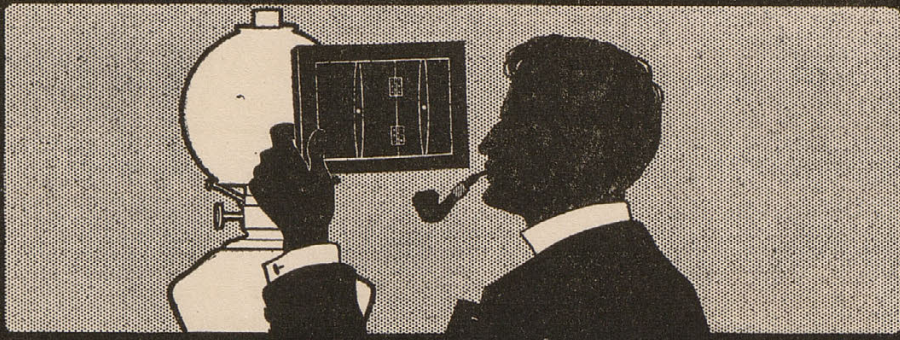
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