Camera Work, 1906

AN ANNOUNCEMENT

Camera WORK has been before the public for three years, twelve numbers having been issued, and during that period its position as the leading exponent of modern pictorial photography throughout the world has been established beyond dispute.

The principles originally enunciated have been adhered to. We have presented to the public the very best in photography, European as well as American, in a manner which has never before been attempted by any art-journal. When we say we have presented the very best we mean that our choice in illustrations has been guided solely by considerations of art, and the critical world has endorsed our efforts.

Undoubtedly the chief features of Camera Work have been the manner of presentation of the pictures and the quality of the reproductions. In many instances these "reproductions" can in reality be considered original prints, having been made directly from the original negatives and printed in the spirit of the original picture and retaining all its quality.

That the photogravures published in Camera Work are unusual in this respect is proven by the fact that in the 1904 exhibition of the Société L'Effort, Brussels, one of the leading art
societies of that very live art-center, the Exhibition Committee, in lieu of the Photo-Secession exhibit, which had gone astray, took about thirty of the gravures which had been published in Camera Work, mounted and framed them, and hung them as representing America in their exhibition of that year. According to the criticisms published this little American section proved the success of the exhibition. It was not until after its close that it became generally known that the American Section had consisted entirely of Camera Work photogravures.

This speaks eloquently for the value of the individual Camera Work gravures for mounting and framing.

As in the past, our efforts have been directed toward the advancement of pictorial photography regardless of school or country, so in the future will our magazine live up to its established prestige.

**Prospectus for 1906**

Number XIII will be devoted to the work of the founders of the Viennese School—Messrs. Kühn, Henneberg, and Watzek—and will contain 12 gravure proofs on Japan tissue, the plates of which were made in Europe under the personal supervision of Mr. Heinrich Kühn and printed in New York under our own eyes. In addition to the gravures a number of half-tone illustrations will be included.

Number XIV will be devoted to the recent work of Mr. Eduard J. Steichen. About twelve plates, including several examples
of his interesting color-printing and color-photography, are to appear in it. The pictures will embrace some of Mr. Steichen's series of distinguished men and women, as also Nudes, Landscapes, etc., etc.

Numbers XV and XVI will contain pictures by Joseph T. Keiley, George H. Seeley, Alvin Langdon Coburn, Frank Eugene, Sarah C. Sears, William B. Dyer, and a number of others.

Regular Subscription Price

The subscription price of the regular issue of Camera Work is six dollars a year for America and six dollars and fifty cents for all foreign countries. Subscriptions at that price begin with current numbers.

Single copies will cost three dollars upward, and all back numbers are at a premium.

We earnestly advise that subscribers remit an extra fifty cents with the price of their subscriptions to pay for extra packing and registering, as we assume no responsibility after the magazine has left our hands. Registering and packing ensures safe delivery.

Sample copies $3.00 each.

Back numbers are scarce. Prices quoted at request.
Supplement to Number XV

Camera Work Supplement

Supplementary to the regular edition of Number XV we have in preparation a series of additional plates, the work of Mr. Steichen, not heretofore published, which we shall issue simultaneously with that number.

This supplement will contain about twelve to fifteen of these additional plates. Most of the photogravures are made from glass positives specially prepared for this edition by Mr. Steichen himself.

The year's subscription for Numbers XIII, XIV, XV, and XVI, and the Supplement, together with the registering and packing of all the issues, will be ten dollars.

To non-subscribers, and for extra copies of the Supplement, the price will be five dollars up to the date of publication. Thereafter the price will be raised considerably.

Notes

We reserve the right to make such changes as may be found necessary in the above series, but we guarantee that all subscribers will receive a full equivalent for their money.

Kindly remember that subscriptions to Camera Work are a handsome and appreciated gift. Even those not interested in photography per se enjoy beautiful pictures and beautiful book-making.

We should be glad if you would show your copies of Camera Work to your friends.
Pictorial Synopsis of Numbers Already Issued

Contains six Japan-tissue photogravure proofs of Mrs. Gertrude Kasebier’s work; the original photogravure pulls of “The Hand of Man,” by Alfred Stieglitz; and a Japan-tissue proof of “Birds,” by Radclyffe Dugmore, etc., etc.

Contains eleven of Mr. Eduard J. Steichen’s pictures, six of which are photogravures pulled on Japan tissue, one on plate-paper, and four special-process plates printed on woodcut-paper.

Contains five of Mr. Clarence H. White’s pictures, three of which are Japan-tissue photogravures, and two half-tones. Beside these the number contains Japan-tissue gravures of a Coburn and of a Stieglitz, “The Brooklyn Bridge—Night,” by John Francis Strauss, and a duplex print of a Joseph T. Keiley, etc., etc.

Contains six architectural pictures by Frederick H. Evans, of London, four of which are photogravures, and two half-tones. The issue also contains the “Flat-iron,” by Alfred Stieglitz.

Includes six pictures by Robert Demachy, of France—three reproduced in photogravure and pulled on Japan tissue, and three in special half-tone. Besides these are included Japan-tissue proofs of Frank Eugene’s “La Cigale” and Prescott Adamson’s “Midst Steam and Smoke.”

Contains the work of Alvin Langdon Coburn, five of which are reproduced in photogravure and one in half-tone in two printings. W. B. Post’s “Winter” in photogravure is also published in this issue.

Contains six pictures by Theodore and Oscar Hofmeister, of Hamburg; three Japan-tissue proof gravures and three half-tone plates. Besides these there are full-page plates by Mary Devens, Eduard J. Steichen; and two by Robert Demachy.

Contains six original Japan-tissue gravures of Mr. J. Craig Annan’s (Scotland) pictures reproduced and printed in Scotland in his own establishment. A gravure of a portrait study by Alvin Langdon Coburn and a photogravure of one of Mr. Evans’ (London) architectural subjects.

Contains four pictures by Eva Watson-Schütze, three in gravure and one in half-tone; and also five pictures by Clarence H. White—all photogravure proofs pulled on Japan tissue.
Contains another series of six Kasebier's; all Japan-tissue proof gravures. Also two full plate pictures by C. Tarnall Abbott.

Contains six pictures by D. O. Hill (Scotland), who is the real father of modern photography, although the originals of these prints were made sixty years ago. Three of the plates are Japan-tissue proof gravures made by Mr. J. Craig Annan directly from the original negatives of Hill, so that this edition may be considered unusually valuable. The other three are half-tone reproductions. Two Japan-tissue proofs of Mr. A. Horsley Hinton's (London) landscapes, as well as half-tone plates of Steichen's "Rodin—Le Penseur," and Demachy's "L'Effort."

Contains eight Japan-tissue proofs in photogravure of Mr. Stieglitz's work as well as two plates done in half-tone. Also three Japan-tissue proofs in gravure of the work of F. Benedict Herzog, etc., etc.

**Literary Features**

The literary part of the above numbers is quite as important as the pictorial and contains a series of articles especially written for Camera Work by the following writers:


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PLATES

ALFRED STIEGLITZ.

I. Horses (1904).
II. Winter—Fifth Avenue (1892).
III. Going to the Start (1904).
IV. Spring (1901).
V. Nearing Land (1904).
VI. Katherine (1905).
VII. Miss S. R. (1904).
VIII. Ploughing (1904).
IX. Gossip—Katwyk (1894).
X. September (1899).
OF VERITIES AND ILLUSIONS.

THERE IS a Buddhist text: "He alone is wise, who can see things without their individuality." Japanese art and life, at least until lately, have been based on it. We, however, of the Western world live by a different rule; individuality is the keynote of our civilization; the pushing of it to furthest possible extreme the measure of personal success, and success, appraised at a money valuation, almost our sole criterion of worthiness.

An echo of the Buddhist text appears in Winckelmann's dictum: "The highest beauty is that which is proper neither to this nor to that person." He derived it from a study of the sculptures of Pheidias and his immediate followers, whose impersonal types of human form represented a supreme union of physical perfection and mental elevation—the harmonious balance of matter and spirit. A little later the balance was disturbed. Praxiteles and Scopas began to glorify physical perfection at the expense of mental grandeur, and the further trend of Greek art was toward the loss of the spiritual in the material. And all the subsequent story of Western art may be summarized, so far as its motives are concerned, as a perpetual readjustment of the claims of the material and the spiritual; as most often an acquiescence in the superiority of the material, at intervals a restoration of the spiritual to a share in the artist's ideal. Its conspicuous feature has been a reliance upon form, the actual visible appearance of it, such as will scarcely be found in Japanese art. It is with us an inheritance from the great Greek days, a survival, as it were, of the letter of the law of beauty, even while its spirit has been obscured. To Western artists form has presented itself as a reality; those exclusively interested in its appearances we call "realists"; Courbet, who dubbed himself a realist, proclaimed that the appearance of form was la vérité vraie.

To the Japanese, however, by reason of Buddhist teaching, the reality is Spirit or Soul; matter an illusion; form, not of itself to be admired, not to be studied for its own sake, but only as the temporary embodiment or habitation of some portion of the universal Spirit, yet necessarily to be studied by artists, indeed not able to be escaped by them, since through form primarily must they make appeal to the imagination. It is in the attitude toward form that the Western and the Oriental artists rudimentally differ. Before considering the Oriental habit of mind, so alien to our own, in order to bridge over, as it were, the great gap between, let us recall the attempt of Whistler to get away from the obsession of form.

Moved by the example of the Japanese, which fitted in with his own rarely sensitive feeling for beauty, he tried for a time to eliminate form from his pictures, and to depend as nearly as possible only upon color. He realized that form, the concrete thing, expressible in words and suggesting them, draws off the mind of the spectator from the more abstract qualities of beauty; moreover, that music, because of its appeal being uninterrupted by the concrete, is capable of deeper and farther reaching expression than painting, and that the nearest analogy to the harmony of sound within the scope
of the painter, is the harmony of color. So, for a time, he experimented
with Symphonies, Nocturnes, Harmonies. But it was only an experiment,
and by the nature of the case incapable of more than temporary and partial
success. For this effort to escape from form was like that of the anchorite
to escape from the wickedness of the world. That it may not be a trammel
to his spirit, he buries himself in a cave, communing with himself of spiritual
matters; as if the world did not exist both outside and inside himself. The
Japanese artist, on the contrary, admits the necessity of form, but strives to
subdue its materialism to an expression of the Spirit.

This conflict of tendency — the Western preoccupation with what is
conceived to be the realities of form and the Oriental subordination of form
to spiritual expression — is a phase of the wider difference of motives which
separates the West and East. A very illuminating statement concerning
this difference occurs in Mr. Okakura’s “Ideals of the East.” He has been
saying that the Himalayas divide only to accentuate two mighty civilizations —
the Indian and the Chinese. “But, not even the snowy barriers,” he con­
tinues, “can interrupt for a moment that broad expanse of love for the
Ultimate and the Universal, which is the common thought-inheritance of
every Asiatic race, enabling them to produce all the great religions of the
world, and distinguishing them from those maritime people of the Medi­
ter­ranean and the Baltic, who love to dwell on the Particular, and to search out
the Means, not the End, of life.” And nowhere better than in Japan can the
Oriental ideal be studied, since the successive thought-waves of Asia — Confucianism, Taoism, Buddhism — have washed up on her shores, until she has
become “the real repository of the truest Asiatic thought and culture, and
the history of her art has been the history of Asiatic ideals.”

To repeat the antithesis — theirs the love of the Universal and the
Ultimate; ours the love of the Particular and the Means. Postponing for
a moment the consideration of the Oriental, can we have any doubt as to
the substantial truth of this estimate of our own ideals?

Our love of the Particular: Did not the abstract perfection of the art
of Pheidias become speedily supplanted by the perfection of particular
types? Have not all the developing influences of our civilization — Italian
Renaissance, Revival of Learning, Reformation, English Civil War, and
Revolutions, American and French, trended toward the assertion of that
form of the Particular — the Individual? And what is realism, as it has
fastened itself down upon literature and painting, but the minute and detailed
study of the Individual, the Particular; not mankind’s relation to the Universe,
but a man’s adaptability to his own little backyard.

And our love of the Means: The art for art’s sake theory of practice
may have dissolved in dry rot, but the dust of it still lies over our art. Only
a few days ago, a pupil of Mr. Chase, a very promising one I had thought
him until he opened up to me his own emptiness, asserted with every appear­
ance of sincerity and conviction that the sole thing necessary for a painter
was to be able to paint. And really, if one searches the annual exhibitions
with their array of more or less skilfully handled canvases, barren all but

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completely of any idea to stir a thrill, much less to lift a man above the level of his ordinary thoughts, one is compelled to the conclusion that a large number of painters remain satisfied to be mere brush-practitioners, to whom the Means are the sole End.

Nor can this be a matter of surprise, since the chief aim of school and college is to make education a means to an end; and to the smallest of ends—the fitting of the Individual to assert himself; not to discover his relation to the Universe, or to the human brotherhood, but how by superior cunning and endurance he may thrust his brother from his place. The idea of Soul and Spirit is banished from our schools and colleges; confused in our pulpits with ethical and economic considerations; in the world of society and business swallowed up in the madness to succeed. For spiritual ideals we have substituted the ideal of success; for the Golden Rule the consecration of Self to itself; until the brutal lust of Individualism has become so rampant, so defiant of religion, ethics, and law that we are in danger of being devoured by the Minotaur we have bred and petted.

In such an atmosphere, how should works of art attain to higher imagination? Our painting is, with slight exception, and that mostly of style, not of feeling, bourgeois. A large share of artistic effort is consumed in portraiture; the same directed chiefly to the representation of mere external appearances, especially of those of clothes and finery; another large share in illustration, about equally divided between clever characterization, shallowness, and vulgarity. Only in landscape are there evidences of the quiet detachment and communion with things larger and better than oneself, out of which good art may grow. But even the landscape-painters, since our habit of minds is not toward the Universal, but toward the Particular in relation to ourselves, seldom rise above the expression of a gracious sentiment. It is only when one, like Winslow Homer, cuts himself off from the mad whirl of materialism and communes with the vast life of the Universal and the Impersonal, as typified in the ocean, that a picture is made which stirs one's soul.

On the other hand it is the habit of seeing all things impersonally in relation to the Universal, the result of Taoist and Buddhist influences, which has kept the art of Japan from becoming bourgeois, even in the branch that corresponds to ours of illustration—the paintings, drawings, and prints of the Ukiyoye, or Passing Show. Taoism, that spiritual product of the valleys of the Southern River, the Yang-tse-Kiang or Blue River, early sublimated the practical system of ethics and economics, based on communism of land and labor, which Confucius founded in the valleys of the Yellow River, the Hoang-Ho. Laotse, the great rival of the northern sage, wrote of the worthiness of retiring into oneself and of freeing Ego from the trammels of convention. Moreover, in the book of Soshi, one of his followers, is this: “The Wind, Nature's flute, sweeping across trees and waters, sings many melodies. Even so, the Tao, the Great Mood, expresses Itself through different minds and ages, and yet remains ever Itself.” Fruit of this teaching, Shakaku in the fifth century, A. D., lays down six canons of pictorial art. The first of these is “The Life-Movement of the Spirit through the
Rhythm of Things.” “For,” says Mr. Okakura, “art was to him the great Mood of the Universe, moving hither and thither amidst those harmonic laws of matter which are Rhythm.” The second of these canons is called “The Law of Bones and Brush-work;” the creative spirit descending into pictorial composition must take upon itself organic structure. Line thus became the foundation of Chinese and Japanese art. Line, as the basis of composition and of expression, was “a sacred thing; each stroke of the brush contained in itself the principle of life and death; outlines and contours, simply as lines, possessed an abstract beauty of their own.” The third of these canons was the depicting of Nature, in the spirit of the first and through the methods of the second.

This Taoism, with its conception of a Universal Mood and its assertion of a spiritual Ego grafted upon the communism of Confucius and his consecration of Man to Man, prepared the way for Buddhism. Now again appeared, but in tenser form, the passion of pity for humanity; in larger form the idea of Universal Spirit, temporarily manifested in matter; the spiritual Ego perfecting itself through successive stages, not as an individual, personal Ego, but as an infinitesimal portion of the Infinite Oneness. It adds to pictorial art the beauty of chiaroscuro, not, however, scientifically, as a means of increasing the likeness of form to life, but artistically, as a source of expressional beauty; and, further, it adds the subtlety and increased expressiveness of color. But through these developments of thought, affecting the life of the people and finding highest expression in their art, it is Spirit that is real, universal, eternal; Form is but its temporary manifestation; Matter is an illusion, impermanent.

This idea of the impermanence of Matter would present no difficulty to the Japanese, because their country, under constant action of seismic forces, is continually undergoing changes of topography. “The land itself,” writes Lafcadio Hearn, “is a land of impermanence. Rivers shift their courses, coasts their outlines, plains their level; volcanic peaks heighten or crumble; valleys are blocked by lava-floods or landslides; lakes appear and disappear. Even the matchless shape of Fuji, that snowy miracle which has been the inspiration of artists for centuries, is said to have been slightly changed since my advent to the country (about ten years before), and not a few other mountains have in the same short time taken totally new forms.”

So, to the Japanese artist, habituated to the idea of the impermanence of Matter, conceiving of it only as a temporary, local manifestation of the Universal, our idea of realism is philosophically false, from an artistic viewpoint intolerably vulgar. This artistic aspect of the matter I may perhaps be allowed to touch on in another number of Camera Work; the philosophic view-point and the practical results which flow therefrom, if it be sound, may be considered now.

“While you knew of us,” said the Japanese ambassador to London, “as a people who had produced some fascinating kinds of art, unapproachable
by Western artists, you regarded us only as an interesting anomaly; now that we have succeeded in butchering many thousands of Russians we seem to you quite civilized." This recent war has almost cloyed our appetite for surprises. Of course, the Japanese have learned of the West its most modern methods; but is that the whole story? It is not alone the value of the methods, but also a superior kind of capacity for receiving them. This the Japanese have exhibited only in directions for which their previous experiences had already prepared them; in such, for example, as war, hygiene, surgery. On the other hand, an acquaintance with Western literature, music, and painting has so far produced among them no development of importance. In these subjects their point of view is so different from ours as to deprive our practices of any value of suggestion. We must conclude, then, that the ability in certain directions to adopt our methods, and in many respects to better them, is not the result of virtue in the methods, but of some capacity previously existing in the brain of the race. Now, the latter has been shaped and nourished for centuries on Idealism, so we are confronted with a proposition that to our educators must seem paradoxical: namely, that Idealism is a soil which may produce the finest growth of practicalness; that out of the habitual belief in the supremacy of Spirit may be derived a most efficient mastery of the material; out of the idea of an impersonal Ego an extraordinarily noble type of Individualism.

The success of the Japanese has already suggested a readjustment of the balance of power in politics; it will, unless we are obtuse, suggest to us also a readjustment of the balance of power within ourselves. Too long has the Intellectual, in our system of education and economics, like the Russians, "been putting up a bluff," and not all in the direction of sweet reasonableness, but of brag and bluster and grab; the Spiritual in us, which for a time, like the Japanese, has "lain low," will "call it," and the bluff will be revealed for what it is. Then, again, we may recover the old consciousness of our race, that Soul as well as Intelligence abides in each one of us; we may readjust in our ideals and in practice the rival claims of the Spiritual and the Material. We may even advance the former to its proper consideration of superiority, if only in desperation over the plight to which our inordinate materialism has brought us.

For we used to live up to our oft-repeated shibboleth: "Honesty is the best policy." Incidentally it shall be observed that the idea of honesty or honorable conduct being desirable because it is the "best policy"—that is to say, because it will pay—is a very materialistic ideal, but still it has some workable relation to the rights of others and to the old-time general convenience of the Golden Rule. Now, however, in private and public affairs it has become discredited; individual greed has proved itself stronger than the interests even of the community; the situation has become desperate. Materialism, rabid, rampant, and insatiable, has about run its course, reached its own reductio ad absurdum. Possibly the remedy may lie in the return to a fuller recognition of the Spiritual.

Charles H. Caffin.
THE EVOLUTION OF ART FROM WRITING TO PHOTOGRAPHY.

WHEN MAN first came on earth we know not; and whether he was the offspring of the monkey, or the monkey of him, we are equally ignorant — even that he didn't originate in the Garden of Eden, we are unable to say — but in one thing all accounts agree, and that is that he had a pretty hard time of it in those early days. Keeping himself and his family alive, and warding off the attacks of wild animals and human enemies, were about as much as he could attend to; so when ethnologists tell us that the first drawing and painting our prehistoric ancestors indulged in was not for decorative purposes, not to amuse themselves and each other, but always with a utilitarian object in view, we can not be surprised. Ethnologists further inform us that these utilitarian objects were manifold: that certain colors had certain significances, and painting the body was (in the earlier stages of savage life) with the idea of propitiating the gods, or to induce magical results, and so forth. But the most important use painting and drawing were put to was picture-writing: it was through the means of drawings and pictures that messages were transmitted to a distance, and also that events and laws were recorded.

Extensive scientific research shows that making pictures has been the writing and literature of savages in all times, and is still so of existing savages — unless indeed they have been taught otherwise. The instinct to draw seems ever to have existed, the earliest of all known human inhabitants on the globe, the cave-dwellers, drew; there are found to-day in their caves fragments of sketches carved into the ivory of the mammoth. Figure I is such a sketch, and through all the wear of ages the outlines of the hairy mammoth are still to be distinguished — or are there not two, one behind the other? Figure II is another fragment on which can be clearly seen the heads of two horses, the nude figure of a man carrying something on a stick over his shoulder, an eel or snake, and some systematic markings of some kind. This latter drawing appears to me to be part of an account of some event. Now these two pictures or narratives were made during the period of the flood (there really appears to have been a flood, or rather a series), and when we consider that they are the work of savages we can not but admire the free and virile use of the line. Of a much later date is Figure III, and more puerile in its execution, but a good example of North American Indian picture-writing. It is the record of how a chief (man on horseback with magical drumstick) led an expedition of fifty-one men in five canoes across Lake Superior. The first canoe was commanded by his ally, Kish-kemunazee, Kingfisher in English (drawing of that bird), and the whole party reached land (the land-tortoise) after three days (three suns under the sky).

For how long our ancestors (European and Asiatic) practiced picture-writing it is impossible to say, but countless ages must have passed before they arrived at the transition period that we find in the Egyptian hieroglyphics of about 3,000 B.C. This transition was from picture-writing to
phonetic-writing, symbols, etc. In phonetic-writing (sound-writing) a picture stands for the sound of the spoken word, as the picture of the bird in Figure III is meant to represent not a kingfisher, but a chief of that name. On the face of it picture-writing was cumbersome and slow, so naturally in time symbols began to be substituted for pictures of actual things, as well as for sound-pictures; and in this transition period referred to, we find records written in a mixture of hieroglyphics (which were already themselves to a certain extent symbolistic) and hieratic. But my object is not to show how the writing of to-day evolved from the writing of our savage forefathers (which matter may easily be studied in works on the evolution of language), but how the art of to-day evolved from picture-writing. An example, suggestive of how the hieroglyphic changed into modern writing is given in Figure IV.

As I have already said, these early Egyptian inscriptions, although in cases appearing to us possibly to have been executed with a decorative idea, were in reality done in a purely literary spirit, that is, with the intention of conveying to the spectator literary, historic and didactic truths, rather than pictorial truths. And the same was the object of the Babylonian, Assyrian, Persian and other allied inscriptions. But there came a time when the decorative sense started to develop; possibly not in its purest form, and maybe under the pressure of kings and rich persons, who, being prompted by vanity and desiring to have such records as concerned themselves executed in a more pretentious manner, had the hieroglyphics elaborately drawn, and also colored—just as in later days Gothic initials were colored. So to-day we find certain Egyptian walls and surfaces covered with what to the layman may appear a mixture of pictures and writing, but which in truth is pure writing. In this way and in this spirit was executed the first likeness of man and of woman. It is, however, most important in studying Egyptian picture-writing ever to bear in mind that it was produced by the priests, scribes, authors and literary men, and that their object was to appeal to the mind through identically the same channels and brain-reactions as do the writers of to-day; and that the artist proper, he who plays on the human consciousness through line and masses of color, he whose thoughts are peculiar to and only expressible in pigment, was as yet unborn, or say rather, untaught and silent. But in the course of natural evolution, when the literary men had begun to simplify their picture-symbols, when there was more wealth and consequent love of luxury, there began to exist a demand for the artist, for him who could embellish surfaces, for him who could tell those truths that the literary man could not. But, and here is the most interesting and crucial point in the whole evolution of art, this artist proper worked in exactly the same way that the literary man wrote, he worked as did the scribes and priests: he drew as he did not see nature, he drew as his cave-dwelling ancestors had done. His masses of color were flat, they came to sharp edges, heavily outlined; he saw no shadows and seemed to feel only the thing itself and not the appearance it had: he was totally oblivious to the appearance of the retinal image in his eye.
At first sight this seems most natural, as all the examples of literary art that surrounded him were of this nature; but is it most natural that a child of to-day, surrounded as it is by modern pictures and photographs, should, the moment a pencil is put into its hands, begin to draw like the savage, and to so notable a degree that older and perfected draftsmen can only with difficulty—and not always successfully—imitate that peculiar childish touch? Is it most natural that invariably the first struggle the art-student has in the art-school is to rid himself of his "pre-Raphaelite" (picture-writing) conception of nature; and that sometimes he should fail to do so, even after a lifelong effort? Is it natural, that, as Hamerton has remarked, the first etchings an artist executes should be, as far as the expressive use of the line is concerned, almost as good as his last; that an artist should not improve in his etching as he does in his painting? And why is it that many children, apparently very gifted in the use of the expressive (organic) line, and thus encouraged by what they consider a natural talent for art, should so singularly fail when they attempt seriously to pursue the study of art? And lastly, why is the talent of caricature almost invariably accompanied by some literary talent, even if no more marked than by the ability to tell a story well; and why, in these cases, does this talent for caricature never develop into true pictorial talent? I am not referring merely to such noted examples as Thackeray and Victor Hugo, but to those that all of us are familiar with amongst our acquaintances. The answer to these questions appears to me to be simple: the prehistoric, picture-writing, early archaic drawing and painting talent and ability, was not, and is not at all a painter-talent, it ever was and remains a form of literary expression. Using outlines of forms was the mode through which all men who had literary ability gave their thoughts to the world. For so many successive generations was this method used that it became a second nature, and is to-day occasionally the inherited accompaniment of the author's talent. It was the means through which our ancestors (of whatever people we may be) wrote and read; it is to-day a natural mode of seeing and expressing for all of us, even the most uneducated. Show a man or woman of the lower ranks a master-painting, true in tone and values, alongside some puerile amateur's work—providing only that the amateur's work retains picture-writing characteristics—and instantly will this uneducated person decide the masterpiece to be the less true. And yet art-critics tell us that the line, being an "abstraction," requires a special education to understand!

So when we come to think, we must admit, that, although the first Egyptian artist proper may have been influenced by his environment, yet he could not really have done otherwise, his inherited predisposition to the literary form of expression was altogether too strong. Figure V is an example of the art I am referring to, semi-literary, semi-pictorial; and the mosaic, Figure VI, produced many centuries later, shows the art of Egypt after having passed through the hands of the Greeks into those of the Italians. How much of it is pictorial, and how much literary? Where does the one begin and the other end?
Now the literary and illustrative must not for a moment be confused, for by the literary I mean that peculiar non-material, non-plastic, non-atmospheric, non-illumined way of portraying things just so as to be able to give their literary relations to other things, and not at all because they have any beauty in themselves. By literary drawing I mean that graphic method of vividly suggesting the thought of the thing without bringing to mind its sensuous, poetical, realistic, mystic (painter-like) qualities — in other words, suggesting the thing in the same laconic, symbolic way as did the savages. Of course, a picture executed in this literary, picture-writing way may be illustrative (story-telling) or not, just as the case happens: in the Italian art it usually was, and the accompanying reproduction of the mosaic tells the story of how Saint Miniato offered his crown of martyrdom to Jesus; but our interest in it is in the peculiar picture-writing — savage, literary, child-like way the separate figures, objects and parts have been portrayed. Examine it very closely to see; copy parts to understand.

Of a character more highly developed (away from picture-writing) is Figure VII, by Giotto (illustrative of a holy person feeding birds), and it is one of the most charming bits of tastefully combined picture-writing and painting in all art. Look at the hill, and the symbol for a tree sticking on top of its left-hand upper corner; then look at a child’s drawing, and then at the literature of the savages; and finally, if you happen not to be a draftsman, but only if you are not, try to draw a tree yourself. But some of the foliage of the near tree and the figures are suggestive of painting, and those of the birds that are not obliterated seem natural. The beautiful, soft sky, though, is not Giotto’s; it is the result of the wear of time, and translation into black and white, and is unatmospheric in the original. Giotto, however, was a man of such force of intelligence that he emancipated his art more from picture-writing, and traveled further on the road toward modern painting than had all of his predecessors combined for a thousand years, and this he did without any examples to help him, for the good examples of Greek art were not rediscovered till after his day. Figure VIII, representing the death of Saint Francis, is one of his latest and greatest works, and none of its merits are due to accident. Observe the chiaroscuro, the light on Saint Francis, and that wonderful shadow, almost photographic in its truth, that envelopes the lower part of the gowns of the kneeling figures; and the figures, their action and character, how dramatic, and still so lifelike! Yet, through all this is curiously interwined the picture-writing, the coming to sharp edges of the masses, the outlines, and much more that is too subtle to define. It may, however, be interesting to note that in Giotto’s own day no one was conscious of this disparity between his paintings and nature; critics spoke of them as being so lifelike that people coming upon them unawares thought they were actually parts of nature, and this amusingly is the criticism we to-day sometimes make of contemporaneous work — we to-day feel certain, just as did Giotto, that we have completely eliminated the picture-writing attitude toward nature from our art: three or four centuries from now, what will they say?
Botticelli probably also thought that his drawing and modeling were true to nature, and being a friend of Leonardo, who invented the camera obscura, very likely played with that instrument, and even believed his work to be almost photographic, and in some ways it is. There are things about his head of Spring, Figure IX, which are very photographic, but there are also things which the camera could not do if it would, and others again it would not do if it could. Parts of the leaves in the background and around the girl's neck are much as the camera tells us nature is, but on the other hand the light flowers in the hair, the hair itself and the jaw-line and the eyes are written.

It was at this period of the world's history, during the life of da Vinci and Botticelli, that our inherited savage pictorial sense was most subdued, for it was during the period of the Renaissance that the Greek ideals (sculpturesque) were assimilated by the painters. The desire to introduce the perfection of these marbles into their pictures forced them in large part to drop their expressive, but unclassical outlines; the ambition to model like the Greeks made them more closely study values and imitate them in their paintings, with again a loss of picture-writing feeling. It was during the Renaissance that the artist began to turn from himself to nature, that he began to see and feel its beauties, comprehend its large relations, and to understand what we to-day call "envelopment" and "tone." It was in this fifteenth century that there was sown the first germ of the photographic attitude toward nature: it was then that nature began to be seen with naked eyes and not through inherited feelings and traditions. Of course, I mean first seen pictorially, for long before the Greeks had seen correctly in a plastic way. But this overthrowal of the past, the past within themselves as well as without, this struggle against the savage, was only partly complete; even the Venetians, who pushed the fight far beyond the Florentines, seem to us to-day to be unatmospheric, academic, segmental and picture-writing-like as compared with Velasquez. Velasquez, the result of the Spanish version of the Renaissance, a century later than the Venetians, carried the Venetian art a step further from the prehistoric and a step nearer that of the camera. In his paintings (last period) we find the most civilized expression of figure-painting and drawing that has yet been put on canvas. I say the most civilized, for it can not possibly be denied by any one who has studied the evolution of the art of any country, that this evolution unfolds itself in but one manner: from literature (picture-writing) at the one end, to full tonality (photography) at the modern (more civilized) end. Nor do I feel that I am rash in placing photography at the modern end of the series, for by photography in its fullest sense I understand light-painting; by photography I understand the drawing of an image of nature through the means of light without the intervention of the personal mannerisms, tricks and distortions of the artist (many of which are inherited, as we have seen); in other words, the reproduction on canvas or paper of such an image of nature as might fall on the retina of the eye. I presume that it is hardly necessary to explain that the translation of color into black and white is in no wise destructive to the conception of painting, for it is quite conceivable to imagine
a human being in whom the color-sense is undeveloped, who can see only black and white. In Velasquez this evolution (picture-writing to photography) culminates, nor is it possible to accept any of the modern painters as having of their own intelligence gone one step further, for although there may be occasional paintings by Whistler or Monet which are still more photographic, yet, unfortunately for our argument, both Whistler and Monet had access to the results of photography, and it is quite impossible to determine how much they may have been under its influence, and even unconsciously copied it. In Velasquez, then, we find the painter who in his practice first foreshadowed photography, and his portrait of Don Philip, Figure X, looks almost as if it were the work of the camera. The head and background are very camera-like, but on the hands, dress, dog and accessories are endless little touches, little scraps of explanatory writing, little remnants of a past form of expression.

However, neither the Italians nor Velasquez seem fully to have realized that their landscapes were in a much lower state of evolution than their figures, and it was left to the moderns to rid the landscape art of its picture-writing qualities— it was the efforts of Constable and Turner, of Corot and Monet that carried it to its present state.

The art of landscape-painting may or may not have reached its ultimate development in the direction of light-painting; but that Velasquez touched the high-water mark in figure-work and portraiture (photographically) seems to be indicated by the fact that during the last two centuries, try as the painters would, even with the aid of photographs, they have but rarely been able to equal him. In fact, figure-painting seems to have arrived at such photographic perfection that instead of its making any advance, there have been no end of retrograde movements, most notable among them being those of Burne-Jones, Rossetti and Puvis de Chavannes—the last-named retrograding as far as Giotto. Now, the art of these three painters, and that of many others of a similar character, is continually held up by certain art-critics as proof that, for a long period, art—evolving, as it has, photographically—has been developing in an evil direction; and that these modern “pre-Raphaelite” painters stand as a vehement protest against this modern degradation. Significantly enough, art-critics of this class always stumble over Velasquez, Moroni, etc., and try to get by their photographic work by advancing the not very scientific argument: “Oh, well! now really, you know, you are not going to speak of Velasquez and photography in the same breath, are you? Velasquez and Moroni stand alone, by themselves, you know,” and so on. My answer is that Burne-Jones, Rossetti and Chavannes are cases of atavism; and that the large majority of art-critics, being literary men and having inherited a literary rather than pictorial attitude toward nature and art, have also to an extent inherited the savage picture-writing conceptions, and are in consequence incapable of judging that art from which the picture-writing element has been eliminated. This particular construction of the brain of the average art-critic, by the way, also accounts for his incapability of seeing art in photographs.
But to come back to our evolution series:—in the present epoch there appears to be a confusion of art-movements. If we turn to France, we find the most extraordinary agglomeration of thought. Bastien-Lepage, whose influence is still greatly felt, strode toward photography: both his results and the methods of producing them prove that he clearly recognized the direction nature intended art should take. Chavannes ran toward the savage as fast as possible; and Raffaelli and Jongkind are to-day doing the same thing. Claude Monet in one canvas is ultra-photographic; in the next is dominated by his prehistoric ancestors. The Decadents seem mad, but are really only lost souls who know not whether they are living to-day, a thousand years ago, or in some coming century.

The English, of course, stand by themselves and are consistent—in adhering to the past; we all know that they are literary, as a people, and their mental make-up and attitude toward art seem to be much the same as that of the average art-critic already referred to. The lifelong fight Whistler carried on in London was not merely waged against the English illustrative tendencies, but also against the literary painting. England, too, is the home proper of the Buckeye (a slang American term, I believe), which is psychologically the most interesting of all forms of painting—it is that kind which the lightning artist in the vaudeville paints in such a marvelously short time, and which sells in shops for a price smaller than its frame. We hold it in contempt, but in truth there are very few who are capable of executing a true Buckeye, which consists of a clever combination of the cave-dwellers' art with impressionism; it is the savage attitude toward nature masquerading in clothes of the latest fashion, and it is the incongruity of the combination, which we instinctively feel, that appeals to our sense of the ridiculous. The Buckeye is the clown in art.

But to leave England for a moment, let us try to find where art is marching onward. Italy and Spain seem to be creating little; Holland and Belgium are mostly under French influence; Germany, Austria and Russia are feeling the French wave of impressionism, but are at the same time producing much original art—art however, but slightly further evolved than that of the Venetians. So we have nothing left except America. Now America, I admit, may not be doing any more—or may even be doing less, if you choose— than some of the other countries I have slurred over, but there is one thing about American art that has never been dwelt upon sufficiently by critics. The usual complaint of critics is that we have no national art, that our productions are not distinctly American, that Whistler, Sargent, Harrison, etc., as they live in Europe, have ceased to express the American temperament, and so on. But I claim that not merely do we have a national art—even if limited in quantity—but that our art shows most marked race-characteristics, more so than that of any other people; that there is one distinct note running through all good American work, and that is its non-literary, non-savage, photographic quality. And consistently, American photography has more of the photographic quality than the European; it produces its effect without the use of the personal touch, it appeals to the
mind through suggestive, ever-fluctuating, infinitely gradated, transparent, vapory tones.

Yes, it is American photography that is progressing in the direction consistent with the natural unfolding and progress of art. The English camera-worker is very skilful in local manipulation of all kinds and succeeds beautifully in introducing the literary feeling; and the Viennese has ingeniously made the camera move its results in a minus direction several hundred years—and I admit that these results are marvelous, but they are retrograde, and not forward. Therefore I feel that the frontier photographic work is to-day being done in America, and that this advance movement of art on the part of the Americans is the natural outcome of their temperament, as a little analysis will show. We Americans are, as a people, the best newspaper readers in the world, but it takes little acquaintance with Europeans to realize that our upper classes are, from the European stand, illiterate. We are intellectually lazy; we hate to think; we dislike reading anything that it requires deep thought to follow; we prefer a receipt to a philosophy, and action to speculation; we cultivate our subconscious brain-centers so that they may in a lightning fashion do our thinking for us without our being bored by watching or feeling the operation; we love sensations if we can enjoy them without intellectual effort;—and in the same way art gratifies us. In the face of all this, could our art be otherwise than non-literary (photographic), both painting and photography?

Now, in following this evolution of art from writing to photography, has it not struck you that what I have endeavored to show to be a literary element is the same which many photographers refer to as the personal touch? That the whole question of “local manipulation,” “straight” and “crooked” photography is merely one of the literary element? It appears so to me. There are, as we know, two distinct ways of manipulating a negative or print: the first being to alter the drawing, values, etc., in such a manner as to preserve all the light-drawn qualities, namely the photographic; the second, to introduce the “human element.” The first way is unquestionably photography, but the second is very doubtful, for this “human, personal element” is more than apt to be the literary element, and when so its presence is of necessity unphotographic and retrograde. It goes without saying that etching in photography is savage in the extreme; it is the Buckeye of photography.

In conclusion it may not be amiss to point out that the reason of the general non-appreciation of pictorial photography is not what in any sense ought to be termed ignorance; as we have seen, it is not natural for us human beings to look upon nature as she is; on the contrary, it is natural to look upon nature as she distinctly is not. It is, however, gross ignorance for us to fail to understand a Rembrandt, a Botticelli, a Giotto, or Egyptian art, for if our brain is rightly constructed and has retained the lesson each age has impressed upon it, then will the chain of appreciation to the remotest past be complete; then will we be able to feel all that has been felt from the dawn of reason up to the present moment—but not necessarily a step beyond
—and pure photography and the photographic attitude are, I claim, just a step beyond the present. As things are, however, the average man’s brain has not progressed so far as he fondly imagines, and as a rule is neither astute enough to see into the future, nor large enough to retain all the stored knowledge of the past—and in consequence neither Giotto nor photography are understood, but the “Buckeye” is, as that has from the very nature of its construction a little of everything in it. Therefore it will be many days yet before the “art-public” will grasp the meaning of photography.

Roland Rood.

CLOSE TO NATURE.

“Presumptuous nature! do not rate
Unduly high thy humble lot,
Nor vainly strive to emulate
The fame of Stephenson and Watt.
The beauties which thy lavish pride
Has scattered through the smiling land
Are little worth till sanctified
By man’s completing hand.”

Thus wrote J. K. Stephen, of Cambridge University, in gentle burlesque of nature’s greatest poet; and it seems to me to express very well the attitude of good American photographers, who endeavor to add some civilizing touches to the old mother’s toilet, when they condescend to approach her with artistic intentions—lest otherwise she should not prove acceptable in sophisticated society. And are they not right for practical purposes? Close to nature is just now a popular phrase—in the city; but it is best not to get too close!

The art of photography as pursued in America so breathlessly, seems from its noted examples to be mainly an urban preoccupation; a thing of portraits and poses, of interiors, of streets and of ordered parks. This is natural: it is so much easier to make such subjects pose and compose, and to accede gracefully to the instrument’s limitations and the worker’s intentions. Truly-rural nature is left mainly to those who are not very intent or wise in the development of themselves pictorially; those who are too content to take their country-scenes in an impersonal, superficial, record-breaking way. Our so-called nature-lovers are, indeed, nearly all mere urban seekers after peaceful intervals of cooling, salady summer greenness, wherein nature, unhumanized and untemperamentalized, reigns regardless of the rules of landscape-gardening. Or at most these nature-lovers are suburbanites who wander out from their grass plats during sane intervals, between the maddening whirls of diurnal commutation. But though more observing than Englishmen, most of whom seem to know only that a tree is a tree, they are not familiar enough with the subtler phenomena of their Earth-mother to enter intimately into her life-moods and mysteries; nor are they able to apply the interpretative magic of good
artistic taste — or else they are too tired to follow the strenuous injunctions of J. K. S., who further sings:

"Man! nature must be sought and found
In lonely pools, on verdant banks;
Go, fight her on her chosen ground".

Few of us can — or care to — live real close to Mother Nature for long, with the deprivation of all those modern conveniences that are still so rarely to be found in a simple country existence. Neither art nor bohemianism necessarily arise from a bath-tub — but on the other hand, while high living generally educes drearily plain thinking, most plain living also seems to be a failure, so far as the production of high thinking goes. The real return to nature can not as yet be successfully made in an automobile:

"Speed, and the lap
Of the Land that you know
For the first time (it seems),
As you push through the maze
Of her beauties and privacies,
Terrors, astonishments:"

No, not thus can we return with Henley; we must adventure in a shabby surrey or some similar “stage” — that is likely to prove a “star route” only for Uncle Sam’s mails — and the enthralment is apt to wane with the increasing struggle for reasonably decent subsistence and means of cleanliness for self and for one’s negatives. Perhaps this is why the American pictorial photographer prefers to live close to human nature in the cities — with a plentiful supply of hot as well as cold water generally on tap.

It was a true countrywoman who said that any plumbing in a house must necessarily be dangerous; and long have I pondered the words of another, who had successfully existed without this unwholesome adjunct of civilization: “You, who are here only part of the time, can not get out of the country what we do who live here always.” What did they get that I did not, except boiled dinners, to break the narrow monotony of a life infinitely more humdrum than that of the early commuter? Surely I knew their town as well as they did, except under some changes of winter — just as there are many of us, adherents of New York, who know that city better than its few native-born citizens do. For years I had kept journals of this country-town’s flora and fauna; I had tramped hills and dales and had plotted neglected roads and lumbering paths not down on any maps. I knew their two centuries of history; where the first houses had stood; the town names, including those now known only in the old “Burying-ground” — it is true I had not learned absolutely all that was said about everybody, for I had not sat regularly on the store-bench with the male gossips, waiting for the mail to come in. But what could these tillers of the soil and frugal villagers living on next to nothing a year, get from the beautiful nature around them, that I could not? I appealed to the fortunate possessor of a new stationary bath-tub, that could be used by carrying water up-stairs to it;
and the dear old lady said that the view from it across the hills was extraordinarily beautiful and that I had better try a bath and see. In winter she sat on the edge, to put her stockings on slowly, while she admired the sweep of white across the valley.

I know that in the bleak grandeur of winter the hills speak more plainly and movingly. And for a small village on a ridge in a valley surrounded by hills, I felt that winter must mean a drawing closer together of human ties, in contrast with the white expanse that rose in billows to the blue infinity about them. But if I were to judge of its influence by their words and works—what? Arrant snap-shotters they would have liked to be; slushy novel-readers they were, and conventional, when church-goers, as any flat-dwellers—if flat-dwellers go to church! Still I was not sure that the countrywoman was not partly right, and that they did get much more from nature than could I or my kind. As a test, I thought of my attempts with a camera and of the work of others, better, yet pleasing mainly as suggestive pictorial memoranda, getting more hieroglyphic the bigger (in quality) that they were, with the simplicity necessary in graphic art ever the difficult, almost unattainable end. And, of course, the bigger they were, the less interesting to the country-folk, who grade, then, with the ordinary Anglo-Saxon philistine, on whom interpretative attempts are almost entirely lost.

Moreover, viewing the country-folk from another point, objectively, they seem rarely to blend with their natural surroundings; they do pose, but do not compose. Only the oldest, case-hardened inhabitants, such as very old farmers who still work teams of oxen, and the newly settled Italians—the still undemoralized products of a more artistic environment—seem to fall unassertively into place. Perhaps this is because of error in urban esthetic conceptions, which may be much too sophisticated and conventionalized in their notions of rural beauty. Personally, I know that the only milkmaid I ever found effective was a college-bred city-girl; and as I had already married her and there was not a single cow in the composition, she had no call to be self-conscious; but an American milkmaid is a city convention anyway, and one might as well write an artificial rhapsody of the sky-lark, or pose naked urchins for classic scenes. So I noted that it was safest rarely to attempt that supreme touch, the introduction of the human, especially into landscape of the truly-rural sorts—and more especially to avoid the introduction of the truly-rural human. It was, of course, a gum-chewing youth from outlying urban districts, and not a true country-bumpkin, who pertly demanded, “Say, mister, please make a scenery of me?” He may have been right as to his esthetic possibilities, in other hands. But it was a sweltering day, and I knew I had been wasting plates again, so that I had half a mind to oblige by spreading him over the landscape. It would have been nature, if not art.

Dallett Fuguet.
OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

IN THIS number of Camera Work we present some of the older and some of the more recent work of Mr. Alfred Stieglitz. Opposite the titles of each of the pictures will be found the year in which it was made, thus affording an opportunity for analytic comparison. All the photogravures were made from the original negatives, while the two half-tone reproductions are from a carbon and a gum print respectively.

In the work of Mr. F. Benedict Herzog we introduce to our readers an old photographer new to the pictorial world. Mr. Herzog has made a specialty of studies of “feminine beauty, linear composition, and the handling of draperies.” The two single-head pictures, “Marcella” and “Angela,” were made from the original four by five negatives, while “The Tale of Isolde,” Mr. Herzog’s very latest effort, is from a negative which was made from a solio print upon which the artist put considerable brush-work. We present it chiefly as an exceptionally ambitious and effective effort of circular composition.

SEBASTIAN MELMOTH.—EXTRACTS.

ART FINDS her own perfection within, and not outside of, herself. She is not to be judged by any external standard of resemblance. She is a veil rather than a mirror. She has flowers that no forests know of, birds that no woodland possesses. She makes and unmakes worlds, and can draw the moon from heaven with a scarlet thread. Hers are the “forms more real than living man,” and hers the great archetypes, of which things that have existence are but unfinished copies. Nature has, in her eyes, no laws, no uniformity. She can work miracles at her will, and when she calls monsters from the deep they come. She can bid the almond-tree blossom in winter and send the snow upon the ripe cornfield. At her word the frost lays its silver finger on the burning mouth of June, and the winged lions creep out from the hollows of the Lydian hills. The dryads peer from the thicket as she passes by, and the brown fauns smile strangely at her when she comes near them. She has hawk-faced gods that worship her, and the centaurs gallop at her side.

An artist should create beautiful things but should put nothing of his own life into them. We live in an age when men treat art as if it were meant to be a form of autobiography. We have lost the abstract sense of beauty.
PLATES

F. BENEDICT HERZOG.

I. Marcella.
II. Angela.
III. The Tale of Isolde.
EXHIBITION NOTES.

THE PHOTO-SECESSION.

IT HAD been planned by the Photo-Secession to hold in New York, early next spring, an exhibition, consisting of the very best that has been accomplished in pictorial photography, from the time of Hill up to date, in the various countries. Many of the prints have been selected for the purpose, but, owing to the impossibility of securing at any price adequate gallery accommodations during the desirable New York season, the exhibition is held in abeyance.

The Photo-Secession, for the present thus unable to hold the proposed big exhibition, has determined to present in detail some of the work which had already been selected and which would have been embraced therein, and for that purpose has leased rooms at 291 Fifth Avenue, New York City, where will be shown continuous fortnightly exhibitions of from thirty to forty prints each. These small but very select shows will consist not only of American pictures never before publicly shown in any city in this country, but also of Austrian, German, British, and French photographs, as well as such other art-productions, other than photographic, as the Council of the Photo-Secession will from time to time secure.

These rooms will be opened to the public generally without charge, and the exhibitions will commence about November first.

Fuller announcements will be made later. It is planned to make these rooms headquarters for all Secessionists.

THE LONDON SALON AND THE UNITED STATES.

On July 28, the American Links gathered at the Secession headquarters to pass upon the pictures submitted by the American workers for the London Salon. Notwithstanding the very late notice sent out by the Linked Ring, approximately four hundred frames were submitted to the American Jury, and the requisite seventy-five—the limit imposed by the Linked Ring upon the American Section—were duly selected. In our opinion the average of merit of the accepted pictures was exceedingly high, and we feel convinced that no better American collection has ever been shown in London.


THE EXHIBITION OF L’EFFORT, BRUSSELS.

As a matter of record it may interest our readers to know that at the Annual Exhibition held in Brussels, under auspices of that very live and artistic body, “Société L’Effort,” the Photo-Secession was represented by thirty-three pictures. This collection represented America.
“PAPA,” SAID my small boy the other evening, “what is a Philis­tine?” Now, I am free to own that that was something of a poser.

“Why, my son?” I temporized.

“Because,” said he, “I heard a long-haired man in the car to-day say——”

“Oh,” I interrupted, “a long-haired man! You mustn’t listen to ex parte testimony, Jimmie.”

“What’s that?” said Jimmie.

“That,” I said, “is the basis of Art.”

“But, Papa,” said Jimmie, “the long-haired man said——”

“He was biased,” I interrupted.

“What’s that?” said Jimmie.

“My son,” I replied, “nearly three thousand years ago a long-haired man did the Philistines and there has been bad blood between the tribes ever since.”

“How did he do ’em?” said young America.

“Well, my boy,” I replied, “he had a pull with the building depart­ment.”

“Gee!” said Jimmie. “Was he Tammany?”

“You’re a fine politician!” I replied. “Didn’t I tell you that he was a long-haired man?”

“Ah, what’cher givin’ me?” said Jimmie. “Where did he get his pull?”

“That,” said I, inadvertently freshening the trail, “is what puzzled the Philistines.”

“Say,” said Jimmie, “what is a Philistine, anyway? I don’t believe you know.”

Now that, of course, was a conclusion that could not be tolerated for a moment.

“Speaking broadly,” I said, “a Philistine is a man who does not tumble to things until something drops on him.”

“Ah, g’wan!” said Jimmie. “Quit your kiddin’.”

“Jimmie,” I said, driven to carrying the war into Africa, “what was that your mother was telling me about you and young Sniggins at school yesterday?”

“Oh—nuthin’,” said Jimmie.

I appeared unconvinced.

“Well,” said Jimmie, rather shamefacedly, “I wrote a pome for Saidie Snowden——”

“Yes?” I prompted.

“And Sniggins sneaked up and read it over her shoulder,” said Jimmie.

“He did, eh?” said I. “And what did he think of it?”

“He said it was flapdoodle,” said Jimmie indignantly, “but you bet I flapdoodled him after——”
“Ah!” said I, “Now we are beginning to get at it. Let me see that poem, Jimmie.”

Jimmie made good reluctantly.

“Did you write this yourself?” I asked a moment later.

“Sure,” said Jimmie.

“Jimmie,” said I solemnly, “Jack Sniggins is a Philistine.”

“Huh!” said Jimmie. “Jack Sniggins is a durned fool.”

“Yes,” I said, “yes, he is.”

“But I say, Pop,” said Jimmie, “that is exactly what the long-haired man in the car said about——”

“James,” I said, “it is half an hour after your bed-time.”

J. B. Kerfoot.

NEW THINGS WORTH LOOKING INTO.

THAT YOUR prints for this competition in which two thousand dollars cash are to be distributed, ought to be about ready to forward to Rochester. Particulars to be had from all dealers.

That an opportunity is hereby offered to show your artistic skill in using the camera for designing purposes. M. Mucha, the celebrated painter and decorative poster designer, together with Messrs. Alfred Stieglitz and Joseph T. Kelley, have been appointed to constitute the jury. Remember, there are eight prizes, the first being one hundred and fifty dollars cash.

That Kodak, as ever, stands for progress and that the new Kodak Tank Developer makes the daylight developing of cartridge-films still simpler than it has been!

That there must be valid reasons why the experts stick to this plate, notwithstanding the flattering inducements held out to them by makers of other brands. It is but natural, under such conditions, that the demand for the Non-Halation Ortho is on the constant increase.

That this chemical for photo purposes has come to stay. As yet its invaluable properties have not been thoroughly understood by the multitude. No photographer can afford to have his dark-room without it.

That the specific value of the Adon and Dallmeyer-Bergheim can not be exaggerated. The American agency is now in the hands of Mr. F. G. Burgess, New York City.

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**ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY.**

Just as we go to press, and too late for an adequate review, comes to us the Special Summer Number of The Studio, 1905, which is devoted to "Art in Photography with Selected Examples of European and American Workers."

The work is gotten out in a simple and neat manner, fully up the standard set by The Studio in all its special numbers appearing periodically from time to time, and devoted to some special branch or phase of art. This number contains 112 pages of illustrations, of which thirty-four are by thirty British; sixteen, by ten French; seventeen, by fifteen Germans; nine, by five Italians; ten, by eight Belgians; and twenty-four, by eleven Americans. The Americans represented are: A. L. Coburn, W. B. Dyer, Gertrude Käsebier, Joseph T. Kelley, Eva Watson-Schütze, W. B. Post, Eduard J. Steichen, John Francis Strauss, Alfred Stieglitz, S. L. Willard, Clarence H. White.

The text consists of a sixteen-page essay on "Artistic Photography in Great Britain" by Clive Holland; one of seven pages by Charles H. Caffin, entitled "The Development of Photography in the United States"; "Some Notes upon the Pictorial School and its Leaders in France" by Clive Holland, covering eight pages.

Horsley Hinton writes on "Pictorial Photography in Austria and Germany"—this section, unfortunately, is pictorially unrepresentative and the weakest part of the book; "Artistic Photography in Italy" by Dr. Enrico Thovez, eight pages; and a four-page essay on "Pictorial Photography in Belgium," by Clive Holland, form the final essays of the book.

Taken as a whole, the reproductions have been made with an understanding and feeling quite unusual outside of Camera Work and a few of the special books published by Knapp, Germany.

When it is considered that until very recently such representative art-publications as The Studio refused to consider seriously the claims and pretensions of pictorial photography, the bringing out of a work of this character by The Studio, unquestionably the leading art-magazine published in Great Britain, is the strongest possible evidence of the change of attitude of the broadest judges toward photography as an expression of art.

This book should be in the possession of every serious student of the pictorial photographic movement as well as every one essaying to do pictorial work in photography. For so large and pretentious a work, the cost is very low and within the reach of all, the price of the book being two dollars, postage and registering about fifty cents extra.

Orders will be filled by addressing Camera Work, by applying to Brentano's, or writing directly to the publishers of The Studio. J. T. K.
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The inducement of three hundred dollars in Cash Prizes ought to secure the participation of good workers in this competition, while the smaller prizes may prove attractive to those that have some difficulty as to their ability to compete for the First Prize. There is money in it for many, and some glory for all.

We trust that this announcement will meet with a cordial response from many quarters, and wish good luck to all those who will endeavor to win the prize and contribute to make this competition a creditable success to themselves and to the cause of artistic photography.

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Conditions

1. This Competition is open to all.
2. All pictures sent in for competition must be from negatives made with a Goerz lens. State number and series of same.
3. Prints only are to be sent in—not negatives.
4. Prints must be mounted.
5. Every print should be marked on the back with the "nom de plume" or pseudonym of the author. A sealed envelope containing this pseudonym as well as name and address is to accompany each shipment.
6. All competing prints are to become the property of the C. P. Goerz Optical Works.
7. The negatives from which the prize-winning prints are made to become the property of the C. P. Goerz Optical Works.
8. No employees of the C. P. Goerz Optical Works will be allowed to compete.
9. In sending the pictures, mark the package visibly "Goerz Catalogue Competition."
10. The awards made by the jury are final.
11. The pictures sent in will be judged exclusively for their artistic and decorative effect and for their appropriateness as a cover-design.
12. This Competition will close the 30th of September at midnight. All prints sent after that date will be excluded from the Competition.
13. The following list of Cash Prizes will be awarded by the jury:

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<td>8th Prize</td>
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A special honorary mention will be awarded with the $10.00 and $5.00 prizes.
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