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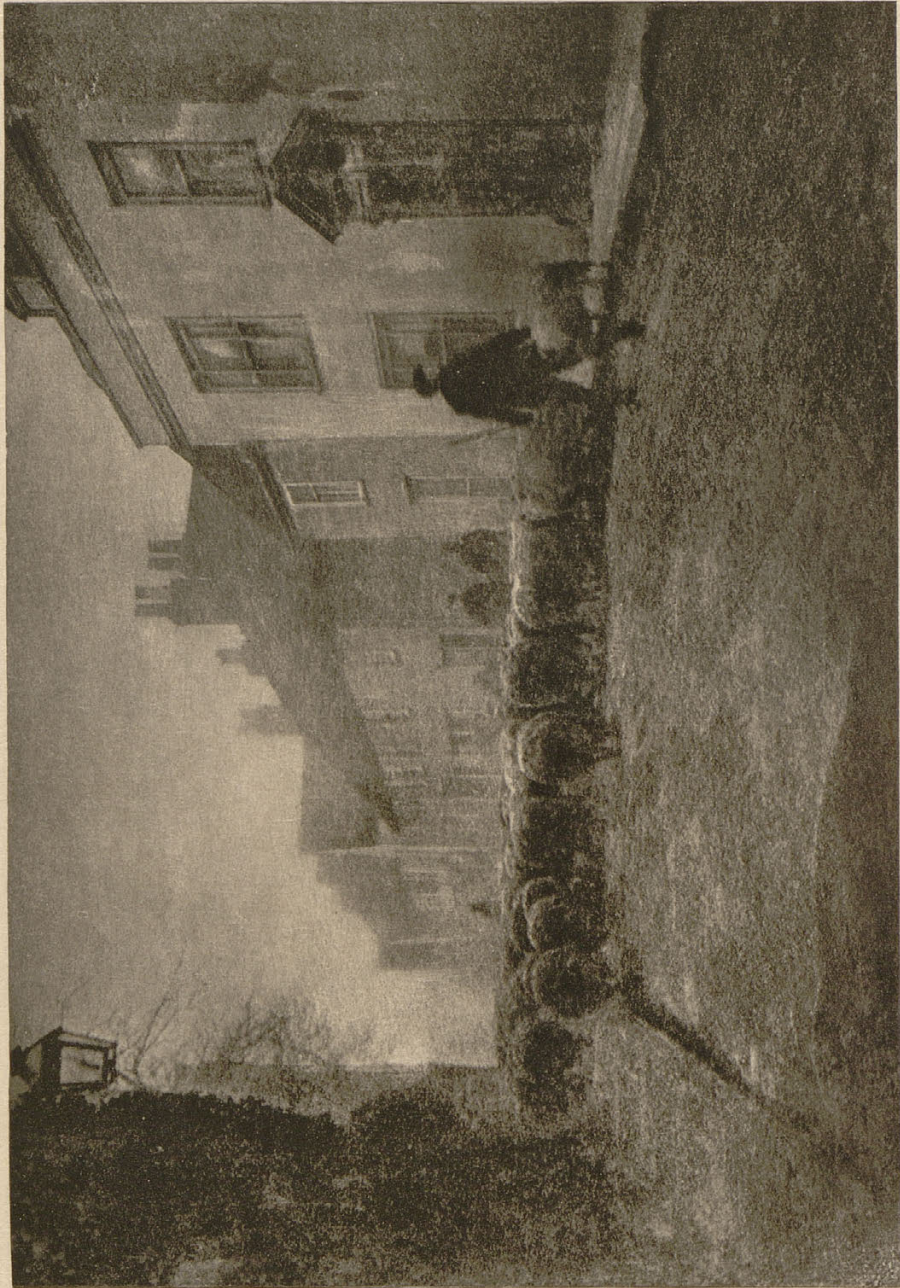


PLATES

GEORGE DAVISON.

- I. The Onion Field—1890.
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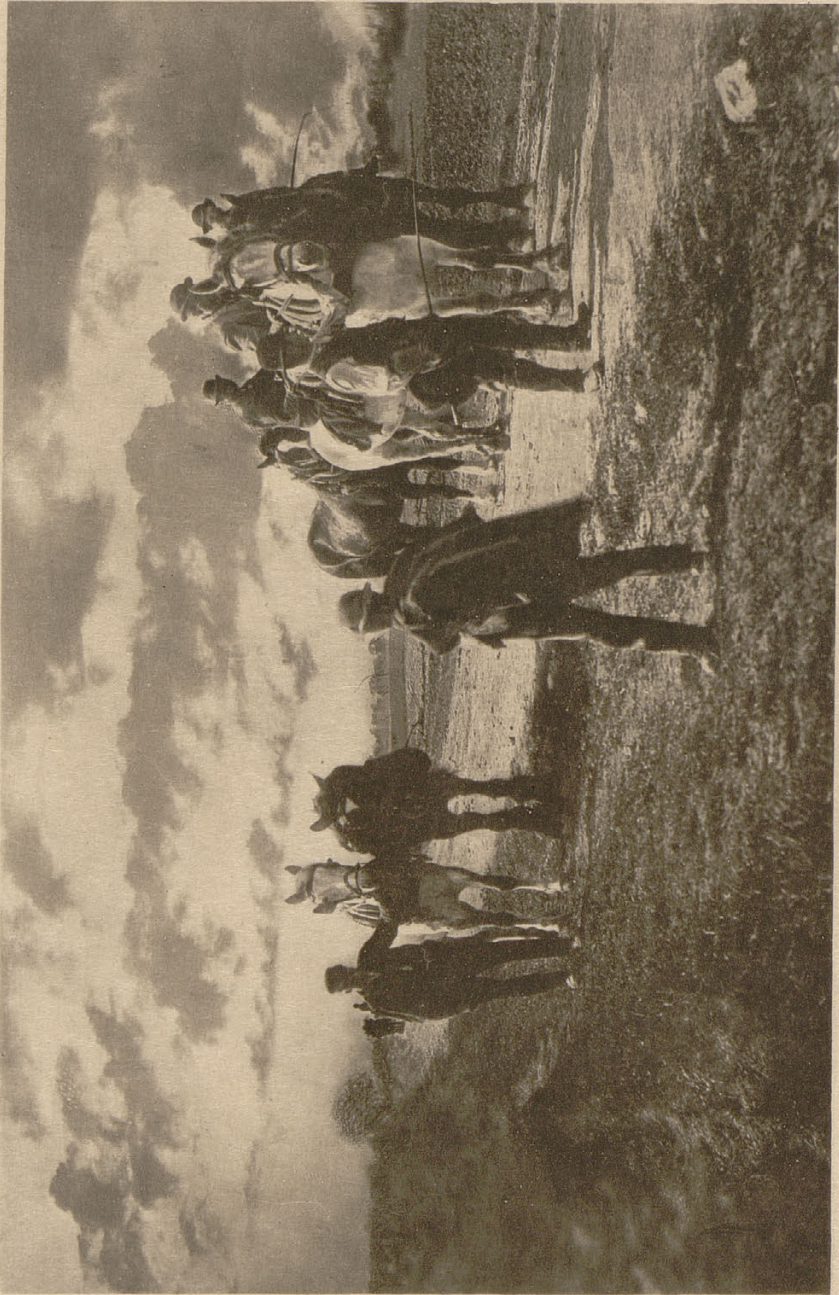












SYMBOLISM AND ALLEGORY.



CONFUSION of usage treats these words as practically synonymous. We speak, for example, of an allegorical representation of Truth, or of a figure symbolizing Truth; of its holding a snake or a mirror, the symbols or allegorical emblems of truth. It is a confusion of diction that results in a confusion of thinking; for, indeed, the ideas involved are very different.

Both words have travelled a long way from their original meaning in the Greek, yet without losing their rudimentary distinction. An allegory was an "otherwise-form-of-speech"; the re-statement of something in another form of words—a kind of metaphor. A symbol, however, was a sign or mark by which something was inferred: a token or tally, as the two parts of a coin, broken by contracting parties, and retained by them, respectively, as a record of the transaction. If we jump the gap of time, we find both words to-day exalted into the service of the ideal, engaged in interpreting under concrete forms an abstract idea. But, admirably suggestive fact—while allegory, at root a term of rhetoric, is still of limited and formal meaning, symbolism, which had its origin in the market-place, has become evolved into the region of the spiritual, and is concerned with the expression of what in the main is inexpressible.

Yet, if there were nothing but this clear distinction between the ideas conveyed by these words, there would not be the confusion in their usage. As a matter of fact they overlap; allegory using symbolism, and the latter often basing itself on the mind's natural tendency toward allegorical representation. For the anthropomorphic instinct has been universal; everywhere and always, even to our own day, man has habitually represented things under his own figure. To sun, moon, and stars, to the forces of nature, to the religious aspirations of his soul, as well as to the convictions of his moral nature, man has given human shape or, by analogy, the shapes of animals. It represents the primitive and continuing instinct of the child-man to picture everything in terms of himself; whereas, when the man's mind develops, it begins to distinguish between objects and ideas, and to conceive of the latter as separate and self-existing. Then it is that symbolism supersedes allegory, or becomes to it an illuminating addition. Accordingly, for our present purpose of briefly considering the influence of symbolism and allegory on pictorial art, I would suggest that allegory is the expression of the child-mind, and symbolism of the maturer man-mind.

And this is not to assert that the latter is of necessity superior to the child-mind. The decision must depend upon what particular standard of comparison we adopt. If our standard be the conception which in our purest moments we realize of beauty, as being, shall I call it, the rhythmic music of the universe, or as Shakaku, the Japanese, said "the Life-

movement of the Spirit breathing through the rhythm of Things," then we shall often be surprised at the superior beauty of the child-mind. Our little children, now and again, in the expression of a thought, as artless as the movement of their limbs, start our wonder, so simply and so surely does it strike the note in key with what we conceive of the universal harmony. The spirit in them, as yet unshadowed by pain and distrust, unscorched by the heat of passion, or distorted by the encumbrances of knowledge, seems to flash forth a tiny reflection of the universal spirit, as a dewdrop gives back the glory of the sun.

In art, this harmony is represented by the sculpture of Pheidias, when the mind of a man, responding like a child's to the influences both of matter and spirit, contrived to body forth their union in forms, harmonious and rhythmic. Compared with these, the creations of Michelangelo are confused and stuttering; painful strivings after the unattainable; the product of a mind not in accord with, but in revolt against, the conditions of life; expressing the discord, not the harmony, of the universe. Even the sovereign wisdom of his *Moses* is oppressed with the ponderousness of knowledge; his *Bound Captive*, of the Louvre, lyric as it is, and exquisitely lovely, is bodily and mentally in pain of conflict. It is the expression of the man-mind, not the child's.

And these two statues—is it symbolism or allegory that they represent? Emblematic accessories are introduced in each; the tables of the Law and horns in Moses, a bandage across the breast of the captive. Some people, who have formulated their theory of symbolism by the rigid exclusion of every added suggestion, would say that the presence of these emblems reduces both works to allegory. Others, not excluding emblems as such, distinguish between their uses; as we may do here. The tables of the Law may be set down as purely allegorical, a local allusion in the first place to Moses writing the Law, and secondly, by association, an obvious way of explaining that the figure, bearing this emblem, is a lawgiver. Equally obvious is the device of the bandage around the body of the captive. It is a notification to all and sundry that the figure is bound; an appeal to the experience of knowledge, and not to the abstract feeling of the imagination. But the effect of the horns is different. The very diversity of opinions as to their meaning proves that they are not obvious explanations. Their suggestion, indeed, is of the very nature of symbolism, in that it gives partial expression to what in its essence is indefinable; you can not corral their significance within the enclosure of a statement; they are merely the point at which the angle of infinity reaches our retina.

The tablets may be overlooked, as perhaps a concession to popular notions; not so the horns. They cease to be an accessory; rooted in the head, they seem to be an outcropping of the force that heaves within the mighty bulk of the figure. And that force surges also to the surface in waves of muscle, in fissures of drapery, channeled as by lava streams, in the animal abundance of the beard as in the brow, embossed with thought, overhanging the distance-piercing eyes of one who has looked on God. The

horns, like all the other details, are but accents of expression in the comminglement of energy and composure that the whole embodies. For the whole conception of the figure, rousing the imagination to an inexpressible degree of consciousness, is symbolism in a colossal form.

And the Sleeper in bandage, or bondage, twice bound, in thralldom and sleep—the sleep of bondage and the bondage of sleep—surely this is a conception too penetrating and subtle for mere allegory. Notwithstanding the obvious allusion of the emblematic accessory, it is symbolism. Or, rather, perhaps, the bandage is not an accessory, but the concrete starting-point of the conception, a germ of allegory that has expanded into symbolism.

One may detect a similar growth from the one to the other in Botticelli's *Birth of Venus*. Like the so-called *Allegory of Spring*, its kinship with that favorite form of entertainment, the dramatic allegory, is too marked to be overlooked. It might have been inspired by, or designed for, a masque, suggested by one of those arguments upon love, Platonic and otherwise, that occupied the courtiers in Lorenzo's palace on the slopes of Fiesole. It has the earmarks of such scenic representations—the basin of water, frequently introduced upon the stage; the jutting promontories, hard in outline, and having a plastic rather than a pictorial appearance; the large shell, very strikingly a stage property; the zephyrs suspended, a favorite device, and all the figures arranged as in a tableau. So far it is pure allegory, imagined and represented after the manner of the allegories of the stage; but the independent genius of Botticelli is discovered in the conception of the Venus. Her young loveliness reveals itself in lines exquisitely sensitive, a mingling of queenly self-possession and of maidenly timidity. Her very nudity is pathetic; it seems almost to shrink from the zephyrs' breath; one trembles to think of the contact of such frail tenderness with the rude reality of the world. For she is not only Love, tremulous with scarcely guessed desire, floating freshly into the maiden soul of youth and maiden; but the harbinger of later passions that inflame and perchance shrivel up the soul in arid heat. Therefore upon her countenance is a prescient sadness; through all her body a shrinking from, while yet an acquiescence in, a destiny inescapable. But more than this, to Botticelli, her creator, she was the flame of Hellas, that had touched the lips of poets and philosophers, and the hands of sculptors and painters in the days of Greek supremacy, reappearing once more in Italy, especially in Florence of his day. As yet it was but the dawn; and Botticelli watched the new light creep up above the horizon, in that stillness and suspense of feeling which prelude the full flood of daylight.

What we may guess of the significance of the surprise of Greek thought to the awakened intelligence of the Renaissance, what we may know in our experience of that love-aroused tingling of a new consciousness in mind and body, are represented in this figure. Out of allegory, bald and obvious, has emerged a flame of symbolism, pure in essence, subtly pervading the imagination, so that while it consumes it re-creates. Possibly, the last characteristic may be a good test of the difference between symbolism and allegory.

I anticipate your objection—why this hair-splitting? Is it not a sacrifice of ideas to terminology; the reduction of what is fluent and evasive to a dry-as-dust classification? Easily, I admit, it might be; but I have been thinking of the distinction, not as it was in the earlier world, but as it has come to be to-day. Symbolism in art has grown to be once more a vital quality, whereas the modern residuum of allegory is that vacuous kind of art misnamed “ideal.”

For, in order to be, what in modern studio jargon is called a “painter of the ideal,” or (Heaven help us!) an “ideal painter,” a man need have no imagination. Given a model, possibly well-shaped—but this is not indispensable, for he can “make her over” in the drawing—some drapery, not much of it, and a few old stage “props”: a globe, a stuffed snake, a cornucopia, a lyre, and such like, he will turn you out “ideal figures,” as long as you are willing to pay for them. It is, you see, “dead easy.” He poses the model, preferably in an attitude that she would not naturally assume—places the globe in her hand, and lo! she is Ourania; add a pair of compasses in the other hand, and she becomes “Geography.” He makes a pass, substitutes for these emblems a stuffed snake, and presto! she is Truth or Wisdom. Should there seem to be any doubt as to which, it can be settled by painting in the name. Such is the formula by which the average “painter of the ideal,” after consulting a classical dictionary, evolves his mural masterpieces.

It has a cherished pedigree all the way through to Raphael, whose *Jurisprudence*, in the Vatican, is the most creditable example of such kind of painting. For Raphael was at least a great master of space composition; and, considered purely as decoration, this lunette is beautiful. But it is merely pleasurable, making no appeal to the higher emotions, neither prompted by nor capable of stirring the imagination. What had been to Botticelli the mystery of Hellenic revelation was to Raphael staled by familiarity, a mere resource of elegant inventions. The allegory form, which to the older man had still a meaningfulness, so that its very naïveté had a fresh ring of truth, was become with Raphael emasculated to a mere convention. While Botticelli lifted allegory into the region of symbolism, Raphael reduced his to a pretty formalism.

His modern imitators, tame munchers of predigested food, having neither his skill of composition nor facility of decorative invention, have still further reduced the substance to a shadow. And with none of Raphael's excuse; since he, at least, worked for patrons to whom the classics were once more a living language; whereas to the people of our day classical allusion is either unintelligible or intolerably trifling. Nevertheless, for a hundred years past, these imitators with coldly calculating, laborious perseverance have persisted in representing nature as it is not, for the benefit of a world that was daily becoming more engrossed in realism, that is to say, in the study and representation of nature as it is. And perpetually they have upheld the doctrine that the perfecting of form is the “ideal,” so that this word has taken on a new meaning. In its original sense it meant, as it

still does when applied to poetry, pertaining to ideas ; having to do with mental or spiritual conceptions, instead of with the physical, concrete apprehension of things. It is concerned with spirit. But in its later meaning, limited to perfection of form, it is understood as "exceeding ordinary reality"; "freed from commonplace or grossness." Hence, by an easy process of reasoning, since the academic painters are the only ones who paint these affectations of perfection, they are the "ideal painters."

It was the intolerance and poverty of this creed that called forth Courbet's retort—"It is only through negation of the ideal that one can arrive at an emancipation of the individual." Yet that even in his mind, it was only the ridiculous pretension of the Academy in distorting the use of ideal to its own exclusive service, which was insufferable, may be gathered from another of his sayings. "My object," he declared, "was to have the power of expressing the ideas, the manners, and the aspect of our epoch." Arch-realist though he professed himself, it would seem he was not opposed to the expression of ideas.

But if one studies this squabble of the realists and pseudo-idealists candidly, the pretensions of both are found to be a product of the prevailing tendency of the age—materialism. The realist simply reflected in literature and painting the scientific genius of the time, its preoccupation with the exact study of natural phenomena, and both in books and pictures was concerned with the literal interpretation of external life. But the pseudo-idealist was, as he still is, no less preoccupied with matter. External form was and remains the alpha and omega of his study; only he says in effect, "Let us pretend it is more beautiful than it is." Both were and continue to be materialists, one, however, facing the issue frankly like a man, the other like children, playing at make-believe. It is because neither takes any account of spirit in relation to matter, ignoring the union of the two in life, that the deeper consciousness of the nineteenth century, extending to our own, has tired of both. It has experienced the need in art of a realism more comprehensively real, of an idealism more truly ideal; of something that will make appeal to imagination and soul, interpreting spirit through matter, illuminating matter with spirit. Hence the growth of a new idealism.

It has appeared under various aspects. From the Barbizon painters, notably Corot, through Cazin, and innumerable others, it has developed a school of landscape, the vital principle of which is the recognition of soul in nature. Whether the individual artist recognizes the union of the two as self-existent, or as a reflection of his own dual consciousness, hardly affects the question; the result in each case being a picture which makes us conscious of spirit informing matter. So true is this, that, if we understand religion, in its broad sense, not as a bundle of dogmas, but as man's habitual way of considering his relation to the universe, we may feel that the sincerest form of religious art in these days is that of landscape. For it is frankly of the present; whereas a good deal of that kind of idealism, vaguely distinguished as symbolism, looks back to the past. As the Academic and Romantic painters alike, though for different reasons, rejected the call of the

present, so many of the symbolists hark back to the voice of ancient myth and legend. Rossetti finds his inspiration in Dante; Burne-Jones and William Morris in classic, gothic, and Provençal sources; a group of Irish authors in the Celtic past. Some, too, have revealed that old instinct of humanity, to invest certain natural or invented forms with an association of spiritual significance. The rose, poppy, dagger, eagle, dove, and the swastika, are but a few of the numerous symbols that have been rehabilitated. Other symbolists, however, reject all such, as artificial aids to suggestion verging on the allegorical. But with all, as with the idealists in landscape, a new motive is at work. It is to address themselves, not to that faculty in man of getting to the bottom of things, but to his consciousness of the mystery all about him—the indefinable, impenetrable, limitlessness of spirit. Hence the distinctive characteristic of modern painting is subtlety of expression.

It has its counterpart in the other arts. A Rodin, for example, exhibits it in sculpture; a Wagner, Tschaikowski, or a Strauss in music, while modern literature is informed with it. Indeed, language itself has become impregnated with a new symbolism. Words ever have been but symbols: names for things or imperfect pictures of ideas. But, instead of an effort at concise and definite diction, to call a spade a spade, we now essay to shade our thoughts off into veiled suggestiveness. The barriers are down, that once separated the various groups of terminology. The terms of music are borrowed by the pictorial and plastic arts, and *vice versa*; while the growth of science has added new words or invested old words with new meaning. Thus to the writer, as well as to the reader, a word is no longer a plane mirror but a diamond of innumerable facets; speech, no longer merely obvious, but infinitely suggestive. Thought, in its turn, is shaping itself to a new realization of the spiritual.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY.*



THOSE who think that pictorial photography is a product of the last quarter of a century would do well to study the work of David Octavius Hill,† a Scottish painter, who turned to photography in 1842, originally to help him in his painting. He soon became fascinated with his new method. Some of his portraits are not surpassed by anything that has been done since, although Hill had no other process than calotype at his command. A volume of his work is in the possession of the Royal Photographic Society, and his negatives are still in existence, so that it is possible that one day they may be published. After Hill, the history of pictorial photography in England shows a long gap. The wet collodion process was being perfected, and the extraordinary detail and delicacy of the pictures obtained with it, took photographers away on a totally different track. Mid-Victorian tendencies were shown as strongly in photography as anywhere, and able workers lost themselves in morasses of false sentiment, and swamps of elaborate theatrical unrealities. Rejlander, a Swede, who came to England after an adventurous career on the Continent, studied as a sculptor and painter, but, turning photographer, endeavored to get a living by professional work, and at the same time to practise photography as an art. Rejlander and, later, H. P. Robinson carried combination printing as far as it was possible to do, one of the former's most notable pictures having more than twenty figures, separately arranged and photographed. It is easy to sneer at such things now—we have traveled far since “the Railway Station” and “the Derby Day”—but in their time, and amongst their generation, these men did much to keep up the recognition of photography as an art, whatever may now be thought of the lines on which they worked.

Contemporaneously with them lived a lady, Mrs. Julia Margaret Cameron, who exercised a considerable influence upon those who came within her circle, and was fortunate enough to include in this category many of the well-known men of the time—amongst others, Herschel and Tennyson. Mrs. Cameron realized what few could then appreciate, the difficulty of dealing with the critically sharp definition of the portrait lens, and it was to meet her requirements that instruments were made with an adjustment by which the required degree of spherical aberration could be introduced at will. Her portrait work is characterized by a breadth and force seen in that of no one else since the time of Hill, and it is only by one or two modern workers, of whom Steichen may be noted in particular, that the succession is maintained.

Mrs. Cameron died in 1879, just as the dry plate was being perfected, and during the next few years there is little to note in pictorial photography, except that the modern amateur movement was gradually gathering force. By 1885 it was in full swing; photography had once more become a craze,

*Reprinted with the author's special permission from R. Child Bayley's "The Complete Photographer."

† See CAMERA WORK No. XI.—EDITOR.

and interest was manifested in it by thousands. The Camera Club was founded, and in its early days was a social center for pictorial workers, although these were only a small minority of its members.

Photography was now to feel the effects of the sweeping change in art which characterized the last quarter of the nineteenth century. In 1888, Dr. P. H. Emerson published "Naturalistic Photography," a work which has been compared to a bombshell dropped into the midst of a tea-party. Manifestations of the change, as far as pictures were concerned, were shown at the exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society in 1890. Davison's "Onion Field" took the photographic world by storm. Photography had taken little count of the trend of art, and when Emerson and Davison drew attention to it with a jerk, old-fashioned toilers at composite photography found the ground moving from under their feet, and their palace of art, a respectable stucco-fronted mansion, collapsing over their heads. The earthquake passed away, but its effects remain to this day. Impressionism was to have its place in photography as in the other graphic arts; and the conventionalities and unreality of thirty years were left behind in three. "Naturalism" was the text preached from by Davison, Emerson, and others, and their influence was immediately seen in exhibitions, both in subject and in treatment. Davison had gone to the Essex marshes for some of his best-known pictures, and a weekly exodus toward Canvey Island and the Blackwater followed, which must have had its effect upon the dividends of the Great Eastern Railway. It followed that going down into Essex, photographers must need discover Constable's country, and the discovery was not without its result on English photographic landscape. The "Mud Flat School," as it was termed, broadened in its views until its name ceased to be appropriate.

The characteristic of present-day photographic work in this country is its atmosphere, its appreciation of the beauty of cloud-form, and the reliance often placed upon the sky to provide the real subject of the picture. These, of course, have always been essential features of British landscape art, and in this photography is at one with painting. But mediocrity seems to be the note to-day, and the center of interest, as far as pictorial photography is concerned, has shifted across the Atlantic. No one seeing our exhibitions year by year can fail to observe that, while the number of workers of some note has increased, there has been no increase in the interest of the pictures shown.

Some have explained it as a leveling up, others call it stagnation. Certain it is that the leaders of ten or fifteen years ago have been caught up by those who followed them; but it is not so easy to determine whether this is due to the progress of the one or the lack of movement of the other. The great increase in numbers has been brought about by the extraordinary simplicity and ease of modern methods, which have attracted thousands to photography who would never have thought of it otherwise. Here and there amongst the number have been some who realized that the amusement of an idle hour might be made much more, and that in the camera they might have a means of expression, which lack of inclination or lack of training had prevented them from finding in the pencil.

The "Linked Ring"—an association of pictorial photographers, mostly British—although taking its origin in a personal squabble in the Royal Photographic Society, was inevitable in some form or another; and, in spite of well-meant, but not far-seeing, efforts to combine the Society and the Ring, will no doubt continue to have a separate existence. The outward manifestation of the Linked Ring is its annual exhibition—"The Photographic Salon"—held for many years in the Dudley Gallery, Piccadilly, but latterly transferred to the Water-color Society's Gallery in Pall Mall East. The Royal Photographic Society's Exhibition is held in the New Gallery, Regent Street. The two shows are to a certain extent rivals, and are open simultaneously. The older body, however, has to cater for more than pictorial photographers only, and its pictorial section is only a section, though the most important one, of the entire exhibition. Signs are not wanting that the Linked Ring in its present form has outlived its utility, but that there is a field for such a body, if it choose to occupy it, no one can doubt. There is much to be done both in Britain and on the Continent to secure the inclusion of pictorial photography in the category of art; and in this, as might have been expected, the New World has taken the lead.

In the United States the last few years have witnessed a considerable change in the attitude of the art world generally, but of the painter more especially, toward photography. Much of this has been due to the publication there, by Mr. Stieglitz, of a series of quarterly volumes, besides which nothing else can be placed. First as *Camera Notes*, the official organ of the New York Camera Club, and then as *CAMERA WORK*, an independent publication altogether, this series, by familiarizing the art world with the work of photographers, by means of the most careful facsimiles in photogravure, and by its persistent teaching, has had its effect. The loosely formed union of photographers calling itself the "Photo-Secession," as indicating its independence and general attitude, controlled and directed by the same individual, has tended to the same end. Apart altogether from the particular pictorial work which the members of the "Photo-Secession," have achieved, we must put the fact that it has come to be regarded by the Painters' Societies and by other bodies of artists as one of themselves; the Secessionists have had art galleries placed at their disposal in different cities, and have obtained a recognition for their art, which it has certainly not received elsewhere. To no one man can this be exclusively attributed, but the lion's share of the labor has undoubtedly fallen on Alfred Stieglitz, as organizer, editor, and author, and it is to him that we turn to know how such a result has been achieved. He has been good enough to send us a note, which he entitles, "Some of the Reasons." It is perhaps best printed here exactly as he sends it.

"SOME OF THE REASONS.

"All movements that have exercised any influence on the moral and artistic advancement of mankind have been actuated by abiding faith and hope in the hearts of the leaders. The mass is always quick to enthusiasm,

but, like the Banderlog, just as quick to lose faith and to worship strange gods. Each revolution of thought has been founded by the fanatic, bigoted, and single-minded belief in its principles, which through thick and thin held sway in the minds of the very few.

“This principle has held true in the revolution which has convulsed the American photographic world for the past years. And to-day, when the photographic world has acknowledged, and the art world is in the act of acknowledging, the achievements of American photography, it is interesting to analyze the causes which have led up to these results. In photography, as in every other department of human endeavor, individual ambitions are the prime causes which lead to sporadically-successful exploits; but it requires something more than isolated achievements to accomplish the aims of a radical movement. In their clear insight and recognition of this principle lay the power of the leaders of American photography. While ready to acknowledge the successes of the individual, they nevertheless insisted upon a certain subordination of the claims and ambitions of the one, in the interests of the cause which they believed in, fearing lest such limited and circumscribed views of the functions of photography, as would necessarily be held by the isolated worker, would result in making photography narrow and provincial—stifling the universal spirit which is essential to the life of every art. It was because of their adherence to this rule of partial suppression of the individual that the leaders were subjected to the reproach and misunderstanding of those who would serve only their personal ambitions, and of those who failed to understand, because they lacked the knowledge, or were constitutionally disabled from appreciating, the motives of these leaders.

“It may be that the world’s approval of the bull-dog tenacity of those who do not know when they are beaten was an element in the beginning of the success which followed the strict adherence to their rule. A certain respect was ultimately gained among those who began to feel that there must be some kernel of truth in a faith for which men were willing to sacrifice so much, and a reaction from the blind rage of the mob began to set in. Undazzled by growing successes, the American pictorialists, as a body—of course, there were always some stragglers—continued to tread the steep and narrow path which led toward the heights of their ideals, and to-day, while they have reached above the clouds, they distinctly realize that the pinnacle is still far above them.

“Of course, we in America fully acknowledge that in other countries there are enthusiastic workers who have done very much toward enhancing the dignity of pictorial photography, and even bodies of workers who have striven toward a goal; but it is borne in upon us that their spirit of loyalty and enthusiasm has been directed toward organizations, rather than toward broad and universal ideals. True to the American spirit, of which it has been said that even its transcendentalism and Puritanism have been tempered by practical considerations, there has been an incidental material side to all this, which the American worker fully realizes. Though the individual

American photographer was subordinated to the success of the cause, yet, in its success, the individual was enabled to achieve, and did achieve, a far greater distinction than could ever have been his portion if he had been compelled to rely upon his unaided effort; and thus, while individual effort, ability, and talent have made possible the results of the American School, yet the recognition which is being accorded to photography, as a new and additional means of art expression, could not have been accomplished by the work of any one, no matter how inspired. As an example of this, there can be cited the accomplishments of one American, a painter-photographer, whose work has succeeded in clinching the conviction, photographic and pictorial, that the claims of photography were entitled to serious consideration. Yet had the movement not prepared the way for an appreciation and active encouragement of his talents, they would have excited but sporadic and passing interest as the clever manifestations of a painter.

“The ultimate results no wise man will attempt to prophesy, but the future can in a measure be anticipated by an analysis of the present and the past; and, taking the accomplishments of the past few years into consideration, it would be folly to limit the possibilities. But even if its future strides be not as great as those just taken, yet there is already apparent in America one result which is fraught with great promise. Through the medium of carefully-selected and restricted exhibitions there is being placed before such members of the younger generation, as are endowed with artistic feelings and desires, the ripest past and present achievements of photography, and the art student of to-day, who will be the painter of to-morrow, is learning, before prejudices and cant have narrowed his artistic soul, that photography not only may be, but actually is, one medium of individual expression.

ALFRED STIEGLITZ.”

Turning from the United States to the Continent, we find the condition of things resembling more that which prevails in Britain. Denmark, Belgium, Holland, Germany, and Austria have their workers, but each labors in his own way, and beyond the ordinary clubs and societies, there is no distinctive organization of pictorial photographers. The Camera Club of Vienna has produced two or three of the front rank, but they have not sufficient followers to be regarded as a school, although the work of Henneberg and the Hofmeisters is perhaps more distinctive and characteristic than that of any other.* In France, MM. Demachy and Puyo are leaders who have a following, though not a large one.

M. Demachy himself, writing to us recently, said that he did not believe that the state of pictorial photography in France was different enough from what it is in England to allow of any striking comparison between the two countries. The only difference was in numbers, the proportion of really talented photographers being about the same on both sides of the Channel.

*The Austrian photographers, Watzek, Kühn and Henneberg were the founders of the German-Austrian school of pictorial photographers, and their work has had a far-reaching influence throughout the two empires. The two Hofmeisters were the pioneers in Germany, although followers of the Viennese. See CAMERA WORK No. XIII. Compared to the extent of the American school the German-Austrian is insignificant, yet the foremost work of both countries may be considered artistically on a par.—EDITOR.

"There exists," says M. Demachy, "a much thicker layer in England than in France between the quite upper strata and the lowest. It seems to me that amongst French pictorialists those who have failed to attract the enthusiastic attention they expected at the National or foreign salons have dropped photography altogether; it has been a case of everything or nothing for them. This would explain the absence in our country of the good and honest work—not very original, perhaps, because it is founded on correct composition more than on personal interpretation—that comes after the work of the English leaders, and fills up in your exhibitions the gap that we notice in ours. This peculiar state of affairs is more than elsewhere felt in the arduous recruiting of illustrations for first-class photographic magazines. These are extremely rare in France; I may even say that, outside of a portfolio publication or two, there is only one good illustrated periodical of the sort in the whole country."

British landscape work comes in for praise at the hands of M. Demachy, who points out that, after the best workers have been put on one side, there still remain many landscapes which show undeniable qualities of composition, and, in their authors, positive appreciation of Nature and its different moods. "But I must say," he goes on to observe, "that, in that class of work, the level of the studies or pictures dealing with figures is very much lower than in landscape—as bad as with French workers of the same order. For it is evident that amongst photographers there are many who are capable of recognizing and making use of good composition—ready-made—in Nature, and yet who can not mold stuffs, folds, and human limbs into a correspondingly harmonious *ensemble*."

"Now, I do not exactly know what is the degree of temperature of the English pictorialist's enthusiasm in his own work and process. I think it must be higher than Frenchmen's, if I take into account the superior amount of work brought out in England, and the greater number of able workers. Here we do not 'take ourselves seriously,' and are heavily handicapped by this fact alone. Look at the beautiful enthusiasm of American workers—violently attacked by half the photographic community, and raised to the skies by the other half—that is quite invigorating! Here we politely compliment our leaders once a year on their interesting work, in just about the same tone as we would take to thank them for the delightful evening we have passed in their company, and we say the same thing, or nearly so, to the man whose work we do not like in the least—because we feel that, after all, there is no use in getting ourselves excited—*à quoi bon?* This is certainly not productive of emulation. Then there is the influence of artistic Paris—the constant comparison between our small work and the work in the numberless private and public exhibitions in oils, pastels, water-color and what not—by first-rate artists, whose names will perhaps never be known out of their own set. There is the *camaraderie* with the leaders of both the Salons de Peinture, their frank avowal of discontent at their own superb work, and of their inefficient striving after other and more complete expression. All this may turn a self-proud photographer into a more

modest man, and it does, generally; it will also make him more careful in his productions and more severe for his faults, but it will not make him work furiously with the idea of glory ahead. Now, I really believe, if the active body of the Secessionists was brought forcibly to Paris and left there for a year, that after six months they wouldn't 'do a thing.' And it would be a pity, for I admire their work immensely, and I was the first one over here to fight for their cause.

"Yet pictorial photography is not at its last gasp. It is quite alive, and we are trying to keep it so. MM. de Pulligny and Puyo are working at pictorial lenses, Puyo and I at a book on pictorial processes, Fresson has been perfecting a pictorial printing-paper, and a number of men are working over photographs in the hope that they will turn out pictorial too. In truth, we have been getting some very promising work from the provinces lately, from Brittany especially, and the prospect is not of an alarming character.

"But there is no getting out of it, pictorial photographers are, and always will be, called photographers, and the name covers such an amount of anti-artistic iniquity that it will be hard, in France, at least, to get rid of the associations that cling to that name, and suggest eternally young ladies with beautiful smooth faces and clean-cut eyes, smiling at you from the polished surface of a beveled-edged portrait carte.

"You will probably find a certain lack of optimism in my private views on pictorial photography in France. Well, it would have been easy enough to stir up a frothy mixture of jingoism and gum, and serve it hot; but you know that we Frenchmen have a knack of painting ourselves blacker than we are, for fear of subsequent detection, perhaps, or with the hope that we will be judged more leniently when the time comes.

R. DEMACHY."

THE A B C OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

U means Universal, just the lens, sir, for you :
A long-focus wide-angle that works at f. 2.
The papers—you take them?—
Say that all makers make them,
A fact that's immensely important if true.

V stands for Values, a term which we use
In comparing pictorial shadows and shoes.
In Philistia's tents
It means dollars and cents,
But with us it means any old thing that we choose.

W'S for Whistler, the same
From whom all the foolishness came,
Though I'm bound to believe
That he'd laugh in his sleeve
At the things that are done in his name.

X is the old algebraic "John Doe" —
The sign of the factor that none of us know.
Which is why, when we state
The speed of a plate,
We shrug and say: "X 27 or so."

Y are the Yellow Streaks often observed
In Velox and Bromides. 'Tis also averred,
As a fact beyond doubt,
That they sometimes crop out
In the artists themselves, though of course that's absurd.

Z is for Zest, which, unless you obtain,
You snapshot, develop, and gum-print in vain.
If there's some to be had
In these rhymes, I am glad ;
But if not, pray forgive me—'twon't happen again.

J. B. KERFOOT.

PLATES

SARAH C. SEARS.

- I. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.
- II. Mary.





THE EDITORS' PAGE.



THE exhibition of drawings in black and color by Miss Pamela Colman Smith, held at the Little Galleries of the Photo-Secession in January, marked, not a departure from the intentions of the Photo-Secession, but a welcome opportunity of their manifesting. The Secession Idea is neither the servant nor the product of a medium. It is a spirit. Let us say it is the Spirit of the Lamp; the old and discolored, the too frequently despised, the too often discarded lamp of honesty; honesty of aim, honesty of self-expression, honesty of revolt against the autocracy of convention. The Photo-Secession is not the keeper of this Lamp, but lights it when it may; and when these pictures of Miss Smith's, conceived in this spirit and no other, came to us, although they came unheralded and unexpectant, we but tended the Lamp in tendering them hospitality. The following estimate of these, written by Mr. James Huneker, appeared in the *New York Sun* of January fifteenth:

"Pamela Colman Smith is a young woman with that quality rare in either sex—imagination. She is exhibiting at the galleries of the Photo-Secession, 291 Fifth Avenue, a collection of seventy-two drawings, colored and black and white. There is a Shakespeare series, and illustrations to Schumann's 'Carnival.' You read the titles and dream of Blake, of Fantin-Latour, of the Japanese, of De Groux, of James Ensor, of Beardsley, of Eduard Munch, of Maeterlinck, and of Chopin. But your eyes tell you that Miss Smith is in every design, many of them mere memoranda of a spiritual exaltation, of the soul under the influence of music, or haunted by some sinister imagining. 'Death in the House' is absolutely nerve-shuddering. Yet it is not concerned with the familiar symbols of the grewsome. There is little statement, much suggestion. Munch, himself a master magician of the terrible, could not have succeeded better in arousing a profound disquiet, that is at once the play of the nerves and the inner images of our common destiny. Morbid? Yes, perhaps; but so is Chopin, so is Schumann morbid. The Schumann set is very effective. To the lover of this exotic *cabier* of pianoforte music, miniature poems all, Miss Smith's interpretation of 'Sphinxes' will be startling.

"There is in Paris an artist known to the *raffinistes*, praised by Huysmans, execrated by the critics, laughed at by the public. His name is Odilon Redon. He had a special *salle* at the 1904 Autumn Salon. A lover of the bizarre, the eccentric, the erotic, the Baudelairian, Redon is a strangely powerful designer. His painting is black and acid, though his lithographs are well worth study. Redon could not have transferred from the key of music to the symbols of design this theme as has Miss Smith. Her sphinxes are females with rampant croups, tails ending in flowers. They smile, these mystic beasts, the sardonic smile of them that know the secrets of all things. They are at once repelling and enticing. 'Spirits of Pain,' 'The Corse,' 'The Castle of Pain,' 'The Reeds,' reveal the workings

of a strangely-organized imagination. Poetic in the accepted sense it is, and something more, something more unearthly. But, with her peculiarly plastic mental apparatus and still more peculiar and fluid method of drawing and composition—for the greater part autodidactic and arbitrary—it was to be expected that this young artist could adequately translate Maeterlinck. 'Seven Princesses,' from a scene in that exquisite and musical play (or threnody of death), would alone indicate the singular endowment of Miss Smith. There is no particular reason why, with her intense appreciation of the poetic and musical sides of art, she should turn to more realistic study. Her mastery of her material leaves much to be desired. She is naively crude; she often stumbles; she is too hallucinatory; yet she has fantasy, and fantasy covers a wilderness of technical shortcomings. Possibly this is a phase through which she is passing; if it so be it is a delightful and stimulating one. There is too little poetry in art nowadays, and William Blake and his choir of mystics may yet come into their own. Miss Smith surely belongs to this favored choir."

The literary matter in this number of *CAMERA WORK* consists chiefly of reprints. As we consider the articles timely and of importance, and we know that of our readers but a small percentage see any other publication devoted to pictorial photography except *CAMERA WORK*, we offer no apologies for having used the scissors so freely. The articles are published with special permission, advance proofs having been sent to us for our purpose.

The articles explain themselves and comment from us, at the present, is unnecessary.

THE STRAIGHT AND THE MODIFIED PRINT.*



HERE is still a misunderstanding on the subject of the straight print, as opposed to the modified print. Some champions of pure photography, as it is called, will even deny that a modified print is a photograph at all. For my part, I believe that if the X deposit forming an image is built up by the action of light, under the shadow of another image, transparent, and also due to light action, the result must be a photograph, whatever modifications the photographer has thought proper to introduce amongst the relative proportions of the deposit.

What we call in French "l'intervention" consists in purposely adding to or subtracting from certain parts of the photographic deposit. In the case of addition, the extra thickness will be identical in substance to the primitive deposit (glycerine-developed platinotype and Rawlins' process). This practice of intervention, forbidden by pure photographers when applied to the positive print, is recommended by the same school when applied to the negative, and is then called intensification or reduction, general or local. Its final effect is similar to that of the positive intervention, viz., modification in the general or local thickness of the positive deposit. The whole question lies in this diminutive nutshell.

Straight result or modified result—one has to choose. It stands to reason that a genuine straight photograph must owe every subsequent transformation to the first action of light on the film of the negative. This negative must neither be intensified nor reduced—no paint must be dabbed on to its back—no pencil-strokes on its face, no shading to part of its surface during exposure must be allowed. The same strict rules will be applied to the development, if any, of the positive print. For if we admit that the faking that photographers have indulged in for the last fifty years is legitimate, but that similar faking, under other names and by more effective methods, is not, we are acting like overgrown children.

I maintain that if I have the right, as a photographer, to lower the density of part of my negative with Farmer's reducer, I have the equal right not to use the reducer, and to darken the corresponding part of my positive print by piling on pigment with the Rawlins stenciling-brush; that if I have the right, as a photographer, to dab color on a definite portion of my negative, in order to add to its density, and thus create a white spot on my positive print, I have an equal right to leave my negative alone, and to wipe off the colored gum deposit on my print on the corresponding spot, and for the same purpose. Words will not stand against facts, and these facts, I believe, are in logical sequence.

The limit? Well, there is no limit except extreme black on one side and extreme white on the other. For nobody, except a few professional photographers, and those of no very high order, has ever attempted to paint

* Reprinted from the *Amateur Photographer*, London.

in a dark portion of his print, or to add Chinese white to his high lights — the result is too obvious and too ugly. When we read of a print “entirely due to hand-work,” we simply do not believe that a jury of sane men would admit an oil or water-color painting amongst photographs (for that is what the expression means), and we pass on.

You will say that the practice of intervention is dangerous? Not more so than the use of straight photography for pictorial aims. This may sound paradoxical; but I believe it is just as useless for a man to attempt art through purely mechanical means as it would be foolish for an astronomer to choose gum-bichromate for printing the chart of the Milky Way.

Do not say that Nature being beautiful, and photography being able to reproduce its beauty, therefore photography is Art. This is unsound. Nature is often beautiful, of course, but never *artistic* “per se,” for there can be no art without the intervention of the artist in the *making* of the picture. Nature is but a theme for the artist to play upon. Straight photography registers the theme, that is all — and, between ourselves, it registers it indifferently.

ROBERT DEMACHY.

MONSIEUR DEMACHY AND ENGLISH PHOTOGRAPHIC ART.*



It is always interesting to see ourselves as others see us, especially when the observer is of another country and with the reputation of M. Demachy. He is not only a Frenchman of the French, but he has also an intimate acquaintance with our country, our art, our language, and our national character. Little apology is needed for the translation of such an incisive and suggestive article, the latest of many which he has contributed to the excellent monthly periodical, the *Revue de Photographie*, published by the Photo Club of Paris. There has been hardly a number of the *Revue* without an illuminating article from his pen. When, therefore, he contributes a paper on English art in photography, it touches us very nearly indeed—touches us on the raw almost. Besides, we may look upon it as a challenge and a profession of faith. If we, on this side of the water, are of a different faith, so much the better, or so much the worse for us. Sarcastic, sometimes almost bitter in expression, it conveys a word of warning which, coming from such an observer, can not have been written without provocation. As he puts it, the *bacillus* of disease is there, the temperaments of certain workers are favorable to its reception and cultivation. One thing is certain: if it be allowed to grow, the result will be a line of demarcation in pictorial photography between this country and France which will tend, in the eyes of the foreigner, to lower the standard which England raised fifteen years ago. It is certain also that America, Germany, and Austria will be on the French side of the frontier. Let us be honest. If photography is a mechanical pursuit, its limits can be clearly defined; but if it has ambitions also in the direction of art, it can not be run on lines which are fixed within such limits. Artists have never admitted its pretensions to the higher qualities while it suggests or implies only a mechanical operation, and they never will. After all, however, M. Demachy should not take too seriously the vaporings of certain critics. He is well read in our photographic literature—better read than I, for I can not put my finger on the passages he cites. He should remember, too, that it is sometimes necessary to write down to your public. A humiliating necessity, but modern journalism is not a philanthropic institution. Very telling indeed and bravely said, perhaps for the first time, is the concluding paragraph but one of this article: “The photographic character”—that is, a photograph which is nothing more than a photograph—“is, and has always been, an *anti-artistic* character.” It is more than anti-artistic, on account of its pretentiousness, and unless we eliminate it we can never hope to approach true art nearer than the pianola approaches in music the soul of the musician and the touch of the human finger. *Qua* art, a pure photograph is but pianola art, at the best. So it is that I confess I should like to see an exhibition or salon where nothing should be admitted that has

* Reprinted from the *Amateur Photographer*, with special permission of Mr. A. Horsley Hinton, its editor.

a "photographic character" only. Let pure photography go to the annual exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society. That society is in duty bound to support and to foster the "qualities of the medium." A. M.*

In spite of the shock it may give to our national pride, we are bound to admit that England was the first to free pictorial photography from the bonds of deep-rooted and long-continued convention. And now, to-day, it is from indications of a new profession of faith gathered from English photographic journals that we foresee the imminent danger of a backward tendency in the very country which first started the movement in advance.

The first manifestations of this retrograde tendency seemed to assert themselves last year; they are this year accentuated in a sufficiently acute manner to interest our French readers, for if the development of the malady pursues its normal course it would seem that pictorial photography on the other side of the channel is within measurable distance of a return to the practice and heresies of the days of albumenized paper. The bacilli which are the cause of the threatened disease are represented by the terms "photographic character" and "qualities of the medium." These are not new microbes, but dormant germs awakened by criticism which find in certain lower organisms a favorable soil for their cultivation. In two words—a consensus of feeling which appears to be becoming universal amongst people who write tends to confine us henceforth within what they call, without further explanation—and Heaven knows we should be grateful for one—the Limits of Photography; so that a print purely artistic in its nature can not be admirable unless it distinctly offers us the photographic character and the qualities of the medium carried to their highest degree of perfection. More than this, all the efforts of the photographer are to be directed to the perfecting of these special photographic qualities; that is to say, rapidity in seizing and registering the subject, range and delicacy of half-tones (drawing doesn't count), and the most careful avoidance of any approach in resemblance to a work of art in another system of monochrome, such as etching, dry-point, wash drawing, or lithography. "Photographic character" and "qualities of the medium" become the battle-cry, the "St. George for Merry England" of the artist in photography.

This is the sort of thing repeated in pompous tones and in almost identical terms by different critics who seem to be writing to order. No doubt such sentiments will be readily adopted by those photographers who have not the capacity of emulating Steichen in his strong effects, Puyo in his colored gums, or Frank Eugene in his clever use of the etching needle. It

[* On receiving the translation of M. Demachy's article from our esteemed contributor who modestly hides himself under the very thin veil of disguise "A. M.," we communicated with the brilliant French amateur, and being quite in sympathy with the views he then expressed with reference to the undesirability of a prolonged discussion, we wish it understood that having been fortunate enough to secure the views of Messrs. Shaw, Evans, and Sutcliffe, we do not propose to carry the controversy further. We were glad last week to be able to publish a preliminary article from the pen of M. Demachy, as to a great extent it prepared the ground for this week's interesting batch of contributions. It is such articles as these, that ever and again the *Amateur Photographer* has had the privilege of publishing, which we think justify our reminding our more advanced readers that whilst appealing to our more elementary readers we are never consistently unmindful of those who have long since passed their novitiate—one may have to play to the gallery all night in order to get in one or two bons-mots for the stalls.—ED. A. P.]

is so much simpler for them to buy a Thornton-Pickard shutter and a packet of orthochromatic plates. Well, we lovers of gum and of oil-printing have received our warning, and had better look out!

It may be as well—in order that I should not be accused of exaggeration—that I should make some citations. I will take as an example the following, written *à propos* of a portrait by Mr. Hollyer*: “A work of great strength, with a depth of color which may be compared with that of a painting in oils. But it is hard to see what credit can be given to photography by a work of this kind. A painter in monochrome in oils would not give us anything different. There is no merit in proving that photography can do as well as is done by other processes; on the contrary, progress consists in showing the power of photography in directions which no other medium can reach.”

These directions, which may be reached by photography, do not seem to me very clear; all the same, it would appear from the expression used and the context that the photographer ought to produce something much finer than the painter, the draughtsman, or the etcher. That is a pretty hard task to impose on us—all of a sudden—without any warning. And then again, farther on we learn that Mr. Craig Annan, the acknowledged leader of the English school, has not succeeded in his fine landscape, “Hampton Court,” in “availing himself of all the qualities of his medium, and in making the best use of the ‘*potentiality*’ of his tools.”

Mr. Cadby gets differently treated. He is told that his “snow sketch” might have been done just as well in dry point. “It is not fair to photography to make it produce something which might just as well have been effected by another method.” The critic, in this case, finds fault neither on account of false values, of incorrect drawing, of an unpleasing rendering, nor of defective composition, but solely for having done something very well which somebody else might have done as well—though we have no proof of this—by employing another medium! Therefore, if no such thing as dry point existed, Mr. Cadby would have been the father of a little masterpiece. M. Helleu and dry point exist, so Mr. Cadby’s effort is valueless. What, indeed, has become of the former principles of the Linked Ring: “The result is everything; the way in which it is obtained matters nothing?” Do not, then, these literary people of the English school, understand that graphic art is one altogether of feeling, and must be judged *with the eyes*? What the English critic gives us is dry reasoning only; his own observation is satisfied, and his brain, full of subtleties, will not permit him to be so. Does he require evidence of the origin of a production in black and white before he can decide whether it complies with the conditions of a work of art?

Elsewhere we have this appreciation of a landscape by M. Puyo: “The evidences of brush-work visible on the proof are to be regretted, inasmuch as they would lead us to imagine that the artist’s medium is incapable, without assistance, of giving the effect in question.” Really, one

* The translator is not responsible for the accuracy of the citations throughout the article, being unaware whence they are taken. They are freely rendered from the French.

is tempted to answer in unparliamentary language, "Right you are!" Is our critic, then, ignorant of the tendencies and efforts of poor "pictorial photographers" [*sic*] during more than eleven years? There is not one of them but has sadly convinced himself of the insufficiency of his precious medium. The gum-bichromate, the Rawlins process, and others owe their great success precisely to the assistance which they allow us to give to this insufficiency. Yet in this year of our Lord 1906 M. Puyo is blamed for discrediting the photographic medium by allowing us to suspect that it might be—so far as the mechanism of the art is concerned—below the ultima ratio of perfection.

Let us say a word or two, then, in our turn about these wonderful qualities of the medium that are so much dinned into our ears. Whence come they? They are not in the negative, the qualities of which are unique and easy to establish, but which neither the critics nor their public have opportunities of examining. Are they to be found in the print? In that case they must be manifold and indefinable except by means of a long and learned classification, for they vary with every description of printing process. The medium—if we must use the term—of the albumenist is miles away from that of the gummist, for both their materials and their methods of working are different. For all that, each of these mediums is a photographic one. That of Mr. Cadby, who they tell us works in dry point by means of a salt of platinum, has not and ought not to have similar qualities to the medium of Mr. Hollyer, who does oil paintings with I know not what.

When, then, the critics—our neighbors—accuse M. Puyo of betraying the qualities of his medium because he has left on his print traces of the instrument necessary to develop it, they deceive themselves and lead their readers astray. A print developed with a brush which resembles a print developed with a brush betrays nothing at all; it is consistent with itself. It would be another thing if one of M. Puyo's gums affected the distinctive qualities of the bromide medium. But this is precisely what the English critic of to-day would like, if I am to credit the numerous rumors which have reached me.

Let us entertain no illusions with regard to the movement now being organized in England. It is bringing us straight back to the mechanical system against which we have so persistently fought. The photographic character is, and has always been, an anti-artistic character, and the mechanically-produced print from an untouched negative will always have in the eyes of a true artist faults in values and absence of accents against which the special qualities so loudly proclaimed will not count for much.

We must beware of the praises so suddenly lavished by these writers on photography pure and simple. They have not been given without there being something also in the background. For we find that they are angry at the growing resemblances to methods of art which are still incontestably superior to photography both in system and in the effects produced; they forbid us to take them as models; they exhaust themselves, in fine, in ingenious arguments tending to strengthen the barriers which we have been engaged in shaking down. We know not whether our friends across the

channel will allow themselves to be influenced, but we are ready to wager that the French school of pictorial photography will remain what it has been since its *debut*: independent and daring, severe as to results, indifferent as to the way in which they may have been obtained. ROBERT DEMACHY.

MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW ON THE FOREGOING ARTICLE.

This outburst of our friend Demachy is pure *lese*-photography. What is all this about "the photographic character being an anti-artistic character?" About "methods of art which are incontestably superior to photography?" Name those methods. What are they? I deny their existence. I affirm the enormous superiority of photography to every other known method of graphic art that aims at depicting the aspects and moods of nature in monochrome. I say that a photographer imitating the work of a draughtsman is like a man imitating the noises of a barnyard; he may do it very cleverly, but it is an unpardonable condescension all the same. Also, he is substituting an easy, limited, and exhausted process for a difficult one which has never yet been pushed to the limit of its possibilities. He fails in respect for his art. He is a traitor in the photographic camp. If he really prefers the old methods, let him practice them in the old way, and leave the genuine old-fashioned mark of the human finger and thumb on his copies of nature; for the camera will never catch the true flavor of that quaint bungling; and even if it could, humanity would rightly refuse to concede to it that allowance which we make so willingly for the infirmity of the painter's hand, and the clumsiness of his medium. We can stand things from Corot that we would not stand for a moment from Demachy.

The old photography was never half so mechanical as the best painting necessarily is. What Demachy really means is that it was — as it still is — largely practiced as a commercial process by men who were not artists. Also that a certain set of them admired one another, exhibited one another's pictures, awarded one another medals, and sometimes wore velveteen jackets, and stopped getting their hair cut. They did not know that Ruskin and Rossetti were keenly interested in photography, and practiced it. They probably never heard of Ruskin and Rossetti. They provoked a reaction in which, as usual, the baby was emptied out with the bath, and the qualities of silver prints and the merit of clean workmanship were called inartistic because the school with which they were associated was inartistic. There are still people who think that platinotype is artistic, and albumenized paper inartistic; that under-exposed metol-developed plates are artistic, and "plucky" negatives inartistic; worst of all that a print which shows that the photographer is a connoisseur of the Barbizon school is artistic, and a print which might have been made by a man who never saw a picture in his life, inartistic. The counter-reaction is just as foolish; and Demachy is right to warn us against the danger of a brainless inversion of these propositions. But such oscillations are inevitable. Demachy's own work, showing as it did the enormous value to a photographer of a complete and sensitive connoisseurship in modern art, led several French and American photographers

to make their photographs almost as bad in some respects as weak drawings or charcoal sketches. Demachy himself did not make this mistake: his taste was too severe, and his common sense too strong. And Puyo is clearly one of the old Robinsonian school: he would have got medals twenty-five years ago. But as to——

I regret that an urgent appointment at the Court Theater compels me to break off at this thrilling point.

FREDERICK H. EVANS' VIEWS.

While I think that friend Demachy is giving far too much importance to the journalistic criticism he attacks, and almost wholly though I agree with what he critically says, still there are two points I would venture to challenge, as dealt with too sweepingly and unsparingly.

He says, for instance, "Let us say a word or two, then, in our turn about these wonderful qualities of the medium that are so dinned into our ears. Whence come they? They are not in the negative, the qualities of which are unique and easy to establish, but which neither the critics nor their public have opportunities of examining." I am certain that, for one, M. Demachy must produce perfect negatives; that is, negatives taken when the subject was in ideal lighting, fully exposed for tone values, and properly developed for perfect printing qualities. The whole basis of pure, straight photography lies in this initial step; but of how many "gummists" can it be said that their negative was evidently perfectly produced, and that the "gum" has only given it the ideal rendering? How many of them would be willing to allow a straight platinum print to be hung side by side with their "gum," that the latter's virtues may shine the stronger? And why should perfect photography, as a Demachy gum, for instance, is, not be regarded as necessarily perfect in every stage, from exposure, through development, to the printing and working up? The "qualities of the medium," if we must use these phrases, are quite as much in negative making as in printing.

Again, M. Demachy says, "The mechanically-produced print, from an untouched negative, will always have, in the eyes of a true artist, faults in values and absence of accents, etc., etc." This is a hard saying, and who shall hear it? For why should "straight" photography be *only* the "mechanically-produced" print? Straight platinum printing may be as delicately true a process as any hand-work, calling, as it does, for the exact degree of printing, the best temperature and composition of the developing bath, etc.

Of course it is largely, painfully indeed, the exception to find a subject that is so properly composed, so even and true in tone qualities, so perfect in lighting, as to yield a negative perfect enough to give a print from it in unfaked condition that shall be artistically satisfying. But I am sure that it can and does happen; though that does not say therefore that all negatives should be printed from untouched, or be destroyed. No, let the eyes judge, as M. Demachy insists. If the result is wrong, the process is wrong. If brush marks are so partial and so insistent as to obviously distract one's attention, they are wrong. If the brush marks are so wholesale as to make

it patent that it is nothing else than a brush print, let its art qualities give it applause or condemnation—but even then, one often murmurs to oneself, “Why call it a photograph, why not invent a new name?” Everything photographic has been wiped off it; why call it a photograph? With any other name ’twould smell as sweet! Of course, I here refer to the type of work that betrays or conveys no hint of a camera origin. If the desire of that “artist” is to so remove all trace of the camera’s aid, that it is impossible for any one to tell by what method the “picture” has been made—a thing scarcely possible in any other art method—why should he want to be included in a photographic exhibition?

I own two of M. Demachy’s choicest examples. I know both are due in their finest values to hand control, but this is not apparent, or distractingly evident; their every inch tells me they are photographic; does that give me any shame concerning them? Rather does it add to their triumph in my eyes. M. Demachy has said, “Straight photography registers the theme, that is all.” I suppose he would allow this to include a portrait, a genre piece, still-life, or an interior, and would not arbitrarily limit it to landscape! But surely the “art” comes in solely as to *how* it is registered; otherwise, whenever a photograph is modified in any way it becomes at once “artistic,” because the hand of man has thereby “intervened”; *pace* the quality of the result, or the effect, say, on one ignorant of what a camera might be, and who looked at the “picture” purely *as* a picture!

Personally, I vote for any sort of intervention, or modification, provided its means are not obviously visible, or tend to destroy the photographic paternity of the print. Good wine needs no bush; good photography needs no apology, or explaining away of the camera as its origin.

I can not resist a fling at the concluding sentence in A. M.’s introduction to Demachy’s article, for it contains as false an analogy as any indulged in by the photographic critics; he says, “It is more than anti-artistic, on account of its pretentiousness, and unless we eliminate it, we can never hope to approach true art nearer than the pianola approaches in music the soul, the musician, and the touch of the human finger. *Qua* art, a pure photograph is but a pianola art at the best.” Now, here again, why not apply Demachy’s dictum, “Results are everything; let the ears (*in this case*) judge; it is not the means, but the end?” Why should A. M. seek to emulate the critics who insist on the “limits of photography,” and so put a bar to its freedom and progress?

When A. M. sees a dirty, bad-colored, smudgy gum, he does not straightway inveigh against that process, but against the man who uses—or misuses—it; let him be logical and apply the same principle of criticism to pianola-playing.

I recently heard Busoni play the Appassionata sonata, but it was an uninspired, unsympathetic rendering, devoid of all true passion, and barren of everything like beauty of tone. I have often heard a pianola rendering that would put it to shame for emotional stress, abandonment of passion, and beauty of piano tone. But against that I also would put as the ideal the renderings my memories give me of those heard from Rubinstein and D’Albert; between them and the pianola there is indeed “a great gulf fixed,”

but that is pitting it against the supremest art the musical world has known, and would be as unfair as comparing a Steichen portrait with a Van Dyck or a Velasquez, a Demachy landscape with a Corot, or a Demachy ballet-girl with a Degas, all unreasonable, as the elements are too unequal.

MR. F. M. SUTCLIFFE'S VIEWS.

It is impossible to get away from the thought that the danger which M. Demachy speaks of is a real one. We see evidences of a national failing in other things besides photography. The silent revolution going on in these islands can not fail to affect all arts, especially the fine ones. France got over its revolution a century ago, and the arts have had time to recover. We are not so fortunate here. Our masses are only beginning to feel the influence of beauty. Is it surprising, then, that we are not ready for anything of an advanced kind?

Then there is always something to be said on both sides of every question. If M. Demachy were the editor of a photographic paper, and had to look at the thousands of photographs sent to him for criticism, he would, doubtless, wish that people would learn to walk before they tried to run. He would soon be sick of the sight of the childish attempts at picture-making, and the fearful results of using such a process as gum, or even touching up on the back of the negative. He would say, "Give me pure photography rather than these daubs." A correctly exposed and developed photograph of a beautiful subject, printed tastefully, without any manipulation, may be a mechanical thing to the end of its days, but it does not offend the critical eye as an attempt at improving the photograph by one ignorant of drawing and with no regard for truth.

I do not know whether there is another photographer in France who has such perfect command over the gum process as M. Demachy. Here in Britain we have no one who seems to be able to work it in a like manner. If we had, instead of there being a solitary gummist here and there, we should have thousands, for I am sure that there are a great many photographers at present who can not express themselves as they would wish to. They get their *impressions* right enough, but for want of skill, or for want of a process with which they are in sympathy, they put up with pure photography, much to their sorrow. It may be that none have time to give to any work requiring great skill, and have to leave much of their printing to their wives, their cousins, or their aunts.

Another reason why "Pure photography" may be the cry is because of the optician. He doubtless asks in an injured tone of voice when he sees a gum print, "Where do *I* come in?" After he has been at such pains to enable us to get such marvelous definition it seems rather too bad to throw his kindness in his face.

After all, what can M. Demachy expect from photographers in Britain? Has he seen the new cover of "——," a photographic magazine published in London? This is very much worse than the purest photograph ever made. If he has not seen it, I hope he will not try to do so.

PHOTO-SECESSION NOTES.



THE Pamela Colman Smith exhibition of drawings referred to elsewhere was originally announced to run ten days. The exceptional interest it aroused, together with the urgent requests coming from all sides for an extension of time, eventually resulted in the exhibition's being prolonged eight days. In spite of the twenty days of continuous bad weather, over 2,200 people visited the galleries; these included art critics, art dealers, teachers at the art institutes, art pupils, painters, sculptors, connoisseurs, and enthusiasts generally, while photographers were but sparsely represented. Thirty-three of the drawings found their way into some of the best collections in New York.

Following the above exhibition the Little Galleries were occupied by the work of Baron A. de Meyer, of London, and of George H. Seeley, Stockbridge, Mass., Fellow of the Photo-Secession. Each photographer was represented by twenty-three prints. Although it was a severe test for these pictures to be hung after the exceptionally imaginative work of Miss Smith, they well sustained the prestige of the galleries. The exhibition is still open as we go to press.

The following exhibitions at the Photo-Secession Galleries are announced: February eighteenth to March sixth, Miss Alice Boughton, Mr. William B. Dyer, and Mr. C. Yarnall Abbott. March eighth to March twenty-sixth, Mr. Alvin Langdon Coburn, who will have returned from London before that date. There are also planned exhibitions of the newer work of Mr. F. Holland Day; a collection of new French work; an exhibition of the work of Mr. Frederick W. Pratt, and of that of Mr. Joseph T. Keiley. The season will close with the end of April.

From many parts of the world the Photo-Secession has received invitations to contribute collections to the various exhibitions. In fact, since May, 1906, no fewer than 197 such requests have been received by the Director—from Vienna, Berlin, Paris, London, Dublin, St. Louis, etc., etc. For many years the Photo-Secession has been a faithful contributor to virtually every important foreign exhibition, and expects, in the near future, to become so again. But as it is concentrating its energies on a series of home exhibits in the Little Galleries, and as it is impossible to favor the few without slighting the many, it has been deemed wisest not to accept any invitation for the time being.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.



THE photogravures representing Mr. George Davison's work were made by T. & R. Annan & Sons, of Glasgow, Scotland, in which firm Mr. J. Craig Annan is the leading spirit. They were reproduced from Mr. Davison's original prints. Mr. Davison was one of the early champions in England of pictorial photography. His active work in the field of camera picture-making, together with his forceful and lucid editorials in the photographic weekly, *Photography*, and his efforts in the capacity of secretary of the London Camera Club when that club was in its heyday, have left their impress upon the history of the art. When the Kodak Company was incorporated in Great Britain, he was made its active head. Since then, although he is still one of the British mainstays of the Linked Ring—of which body he was one of the original members—his connection with pictorial photography has necessarily been rather indirect than direct.

The two pictures by Mrs. Sarah C. Sears, of Boston, are photogravures made directly from her original negatives. Neither the negatives nor photogravures have been manipulated in any way.

The pictures by Mr. William B. Dyer, of Chicago, are reproduced in photogravure from his original gum prints, in which printing method Mr. Dyer has evolved his own technique. In a future number of *CAMERA WORK* we expect to present to our readers a more comprehensive representation of this Western secessionist's work.

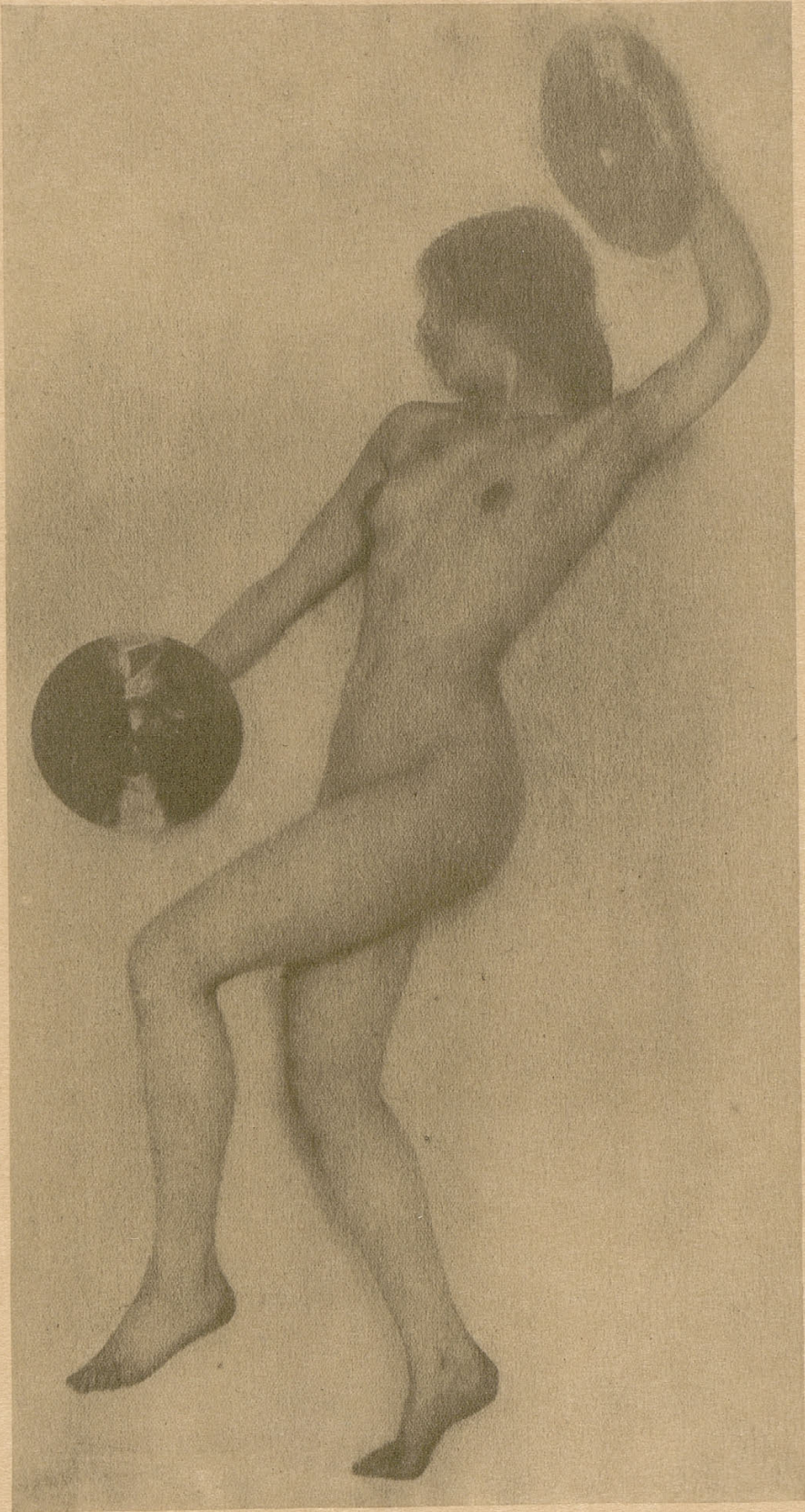
PLATES

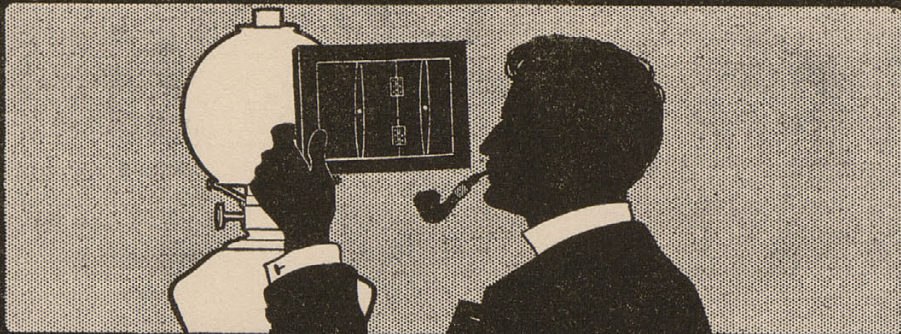
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2 1/2 x 4 1/4	2dz. 45	5 1/2 x 7 3/4		65
3 1/2 x 3 1/2	2dz. 45	6 x 8		75
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3 1/2 x 4	2dz. 45	7 x 9		90
4 x 4	1dz. 30	7 1/2 x 9 1/2		1 00
3 1/4 x 4 1/4	2dz. 45	8 x 10		1 15
4 1/4 x 4 1/4	1dz. 30	10 x 12		1 65
3 3/8 x 5 1/2 Cab	30	11 x 14	1 15	2 20
3 3/8 x 5 5/8	45	12 x 15	1 35	2 50
4 x 5	30	14 x 17	1 75	3 30
4 1/4 x 5 1/2	45	16 x 20	2 25	4 85
4 x 6	45	17 x 20	2 50	4 80
4 1/4 x 6 1/2	45	18 x 22	2 85	5 40
4 1/4 x 6 1/2	45	20 x 24	3 30	6 30

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DIRECTIONS

PRINT until the highlights are well tinted.

WASH through six changes of water about 70 degrees temperature, separating the prints thoroughly in each water.

FIX twenty minutes, or until the shadows are well cleared up, in hypo bath 30 grains hydrometer test, or 4 ozs. hypo crystals to 32 ozs. of water. Handle the prints over in this bath and keep them well separated.

Take the prints from the hypo bath into a salt bath of 4 ozs. of common salt to a gallon of water. Keep the prints well separated in this bath for ten minutes. Then wash one hour in running water, or sixteen changes by hand, separating the prints thoroughly in each water. Dry between clean photographic blotters.

ANOTHER FORMULA For Purple Tones

After printing, place prints one at a time, face down, into a tray containing 16 ozs. of water, to which has been added one-quarter oz. of common salt. When prints are all in, turn over the entire batch bringing the first prints in, to the top. In this solution the prints should be kept in motion and thoroughly separated. Allow them to remain in this solution until they turn to a purple tint, when the desired tone is reached transfer to a tray of clear water where they are left until the entire batch is toned, then transfer to another tray of clear water containing just enough sal-soda to make it feel smooth to the touch. Handle the prints over in this water for five minutes. Then remove them to hypo bath, and fix and finally wash according to the directions given above.

TO FLATTEN PRINTS

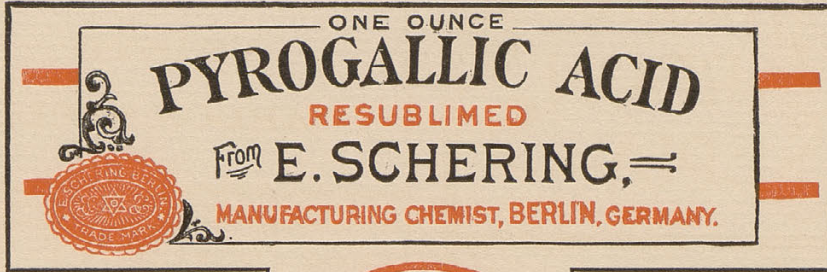
Proceed as follows: Take a piece of two or three inch gas pipe or a paste-board mailing tube two feet long and cover it with clean paper, pasting the paper to the tube. Cut a strip of heavy strong paper several yards long and two feet wide, roll same around tube, after a couple of turns roll the prints in face down between paper and tube—continue to roll until all prints are in and let them stand for an hour. Should prints curl too much reverse and put in roll for five or ten minutes.

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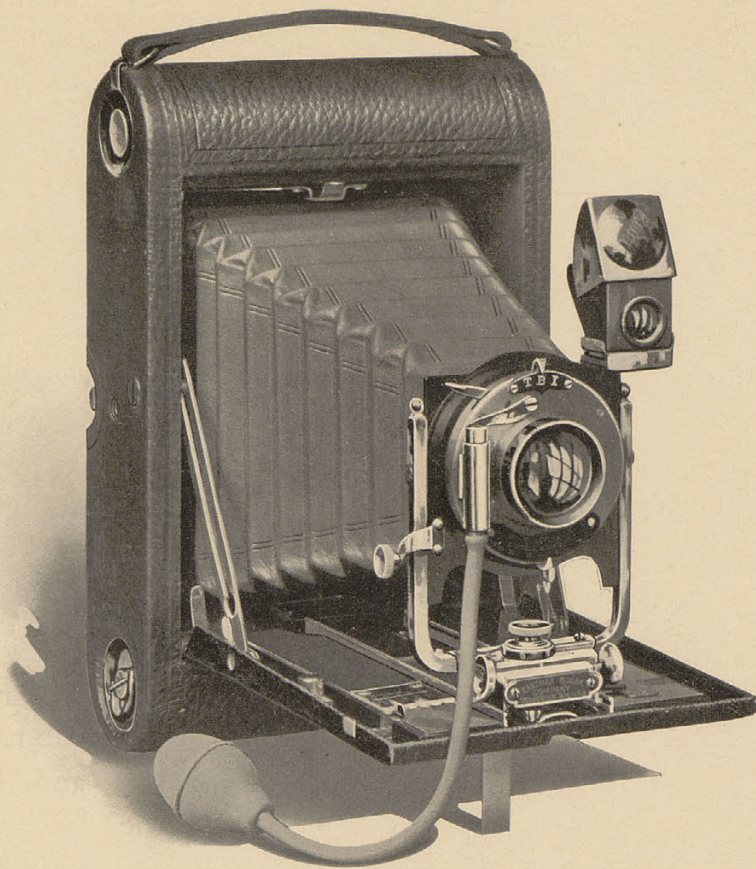
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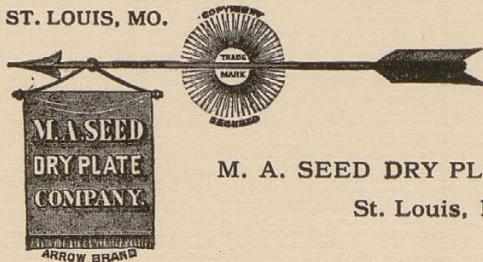
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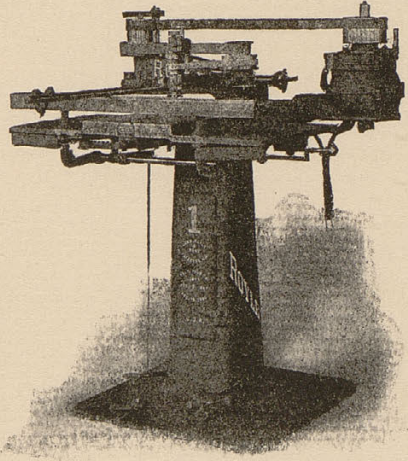
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