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GEORGE H. SEELEY

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THE TERRIBLE TRUTHFULNESS OF MR. SHAW

"Many people were under the impression (quite a mistaken one) that photography could not improve on nature. A photographer could really do much more in that way than an artist could by the ordinary drawing process. There were certain departments of art that remained outside the scope of the photographer at present. For instance, if you wanted to make a moral picture, or a didactic picture, it was necessary to invent the whole thing yourself, as Raphael did in his cartoons. The process of photography is out of place there. Somehow or other photography is very stern. There is a terrible truthfulness about photography that sometimes makes a thing ridiculous. Take the case of the ordinary Academician. He gets hold of a pretty model, he puts a dress on her, and he paints her as well as he can, and calls her 'Juliet,' and puts a nice verse from Shakespeare underneath, and puts the picture in the Gallery. It is admired beyond measure. The photographer finds the same pretty girl; he dresses her up and photographs her, and calls her 'Juliet' but somehow it is no good—it is still Miss Wilkins, the model. It is too true to be Juliet. There is a whole quantity of truth about it. The painter leaves out almost the whole of the essentially truthful part of the thing. He looks at the girl, but does not see much of her; he paints the Julietty part of her. But the camera sees everything in the most provoking way, and although the photographer may begin to blot out whatever is not Juliet, he may fake his plate, but when he has gone through all that it is still not Juliet. It is one thing not to see the truth, and not to know that you are leaving it out; it is another thing altogether to go and deliberately falsify what you have."

THIS interesting and remarkable analysis of the artist's method and of his relation to truth is taken from a report of a lecture delivered by Mr. Bernard Shaw, on the sixteenth of October last, at the London Photographic Salon. The passage is interesting because it quite adequately expresses the attitude of the average man towards truth and art (with or without their capital initials); it is remarkable and, in a sense, cheering, because it amounts to a confession of Mr. Shaw's faith, a confession by which he bravely and debonairly writes himself down as of the commonalty.

Mr. Shaw has always struck a contemporary by his fine air of the aristocrat. It is, therefore, more than cheering, it is even uplifting and heartening, to find him marching in the procession with the rest bearing aloft the old "Hocus-Pocus" Standard of Truth. In quoting the passage, however, I am not concerned about Mr. Shaw's attitude; his assumptions have changed so frequently with the changing years, that being still a young man, there is hope for him. But I am concerned about what he says, because what he says is eagerly accepted by many who have come to believe in Mr. Shaw's genius, but who have not either his supreme mental powers or his careless and happy disposition. These take seriously even the privileged pleasantries of the jesting critic—a hazardous thing to do at any time by anybody, for one never knows when the jester may not turn round and deny the gentle impu-

tation. It is especially dangerous if the privileged critic descends from his Hill of Disport and, with a quick assumption of the Apostolic attitude, mixes with his "brethren" as one of them; for this may be but a piece of clever oratorical "business" to cinch an argument with fine condescension.

When Mr. Shaw tells us that there is a terrible truthfulness about photography; when he speaks of a painter "inventing" his pictures, and of a photographer as "deliberately falsifying" in "faking" his plate, I take the liberty to assume an attitude opposed to Mr. Bernard Shaw. I am so directly opposed that, finding myself unable to understand what Mr. Shaw means, I am compelled to ask him questions. His words seem to me to possess no contents—they appear as symbols of speech emptied of their meaning by colloquial habit.

I ask, then, wherein lies this terrible truthfulness in photography? Is it in the lens? If it is, then the lens must be in living relation with the object. But, surely, the lens is not living. And if it is not living it cannot possess or know either truth or its opposite. Is it in the sensitized plate? But the plate is like the lens, neither truthful nor lying. If, then, this terrible truthfulness in photography be neither in the lens nor in the plate, where is it? Perhaps Mr. Shaw meant to say the truth of the object was in the object? How does he know it? Did the object privately whisper it to Mr. Shaw when he directed his camera at it so that the truth should appear on the plate? Perhaps that accounts for its terribleness?

When Mr. Shaw saw himself in the looking-glass, as he tells us in this lecture he once did see himself, and saw a disagreeable looking man, did the looking-glass tell him the truth, or was it Mr. Shaw who was telling himself the truth? I am prone to think the looking-glass was indifferent. What does a looking-glass know of agreeable or disagreeable? Or, for the matter of that, what does it know of Mr. Shaw? What does a camera know of beauty or ugliness? Or, in any sense of knowing, what does a camera know of anything at all? And if there be no knowledge, how can there be truth?

As I ask myself these questions I begin to get a faint idea of what Mr. Shaw meant to say but didn't say. Yet, though I would not be so presumptuous as to find the right words for his meaning, I will endeavor to answer his meaning, leaving the implication to justify my intuitive reading of Mr. Shaw's mind. Does a gun know the target? Is it not the man behind the gun who does the knowing—who is in living relation with the target—who is in any possible sense in possession of the truth? If it is the man behind the gun who is in living relation with the target, has he not the right, nay, is it not his duty, so to direct the gun that the bullet shall hit the target? If it is the man behind the camera who is in living relation with the object, has he not the right, nay, is it not his duty, so to deal with the plate that it shall express that living relation?

But Mr. Shaw calls this "faking" and "deliberately falsifying." Falsifying what? Surely not what the lens focussed on the plate; since what the lens focussed the photographer's retina did not and could not see. What the photographer did see he tries, by "faking," if you like to call it so, to produce

on the plate. That is to say, he tries to tell the truth. The camera, at best, is but a rough means to an end; and the end is the expression of the artist himself, the reproduction of the object in such wise that his vision of truth shall be realized as a permanent possibility for experience, for other personal seers; for Mr. Shaw even to know and to enjoy; for Mr. Shaw even to condemn. For when Mr. Shaw is condemning a work of art, he is seeing his own visions; he is knowing his own truth. And to him who is seeing visions there will of a surety come the grace of salvation. For the seer is meek, and lowly of heart, and a child of joy. He shall inherit the earth, all its beauty as well as all its truth.

Mr. Shaw speaks of the artist inventing his pictures as if the artist were thereby painting something that did not exist. The artist can no more paint what does not exist than a photographer can reproduce what is not objective to his camera. What the artist paints or what the photographer reproduces may not exist for Mr. Shaw, but that is not the fault of either the artist or the photographer. It *may* exist for Mr. Shaw, and he may be grateful that the artist helped him to realize it. The model may be only poor Miss Wilkins; but if the painter or the photographer be an artist, Miss Wilkins may surprise even Mr. Shaw with the joy-giving glory of Juliet. Because Mr. Shaw sees no Juliet in Miss Wilkins, it doesn't at all follow that there is no Juliet in Miss Wilkins. That he does not see any Juliet in Miss Wilkins is clear when he talks of the "Julietty" part of her! Yet I am ready to believe that were Miss Wilkins happily envired, she might make no poor attempt at rivalling her splendid sister. And it is the artist who will help her, and help us also, by the re-creating power of his imagination. It is because it is re-creating that it gives joy. The truth of Juliet, of course, is not in Miss Wilkins as it is not in Mr. Shaw; and if Mr. Shaw cannot see Juliet in Miss Wilkins, but can see only the "Julietty" part of her, let him rather blame his ancestors than either the artist or the photographer. The truth of Juliet is in every soul that can keep itself poised while intoxicated with the joy of her realization.

When Mr. Shaw tries to realize his own truth he does not employ models; he uses words and actors and actresses, and scenery. Being eager for the truth he even fakes them in order to make the realization more vivid and true. This "faking" and "falsifying" so-called, of the photographer, is on exactly the same plane with the artist's efforts. So far from falsifying, the photographer is actually trying to express what for him did really exist, and what will exist for others if he succeeds in reproducing what he saw. He is trying to be truthful.

Certainly, there is an object there about which to tell the truth; but it is when he leaves himself out of the relation with that object that the artist will not tell the truth. He will be lying when he tears asunder the living bond between the *think* within from the *thing* without. But if he is an artist he cannot so divorce himself from the not-himself. What is any object in and for itself? So considered, it is meaningless, dead. It has meaning and life only *for* some other object—for a mind, for a soul, for a heart, if you like. Then, indeed, is the whole universe of things beautiful; because then the whole

universe of things is alive. But Mr. Shaw would have us bow down before an unrelated, isolated, frozen brazen image of a god which does not even possess feet of clay. Before such a "Hocus-Pocus" the eye is sightless and the mind blank. This worship of Fact is but another of the many stupid forms of the old enslaving and enchaining materialism, which never bred an artist because it never flowered an ideal.

In this same lecture Mr. Shaw spoke of the nineteenth century as "the most disgusting century of all." I do not like the use of the word disgusting in so serious and solemn a connection. I would rather say it was the most materialistic and mean what Mr. Shaw says. The nineteenth century was the most materialistic century, not for the reason that Mr. Shaw calls it disgusting, but because, like Mr. Shaw, it de-spiritualized the world of things; because it imposed a belief which denied to all things their living values; because it jeered and sneered at the visions of the creative imagination. The consequence of this de-spiritualization is a despair born of arrogance—an arrogance that is the outcome of making the possession of dead things the measure of life. People who despair see no visions; they who see no visions cannot look forward and dare not take heart. They have lost faith and in losing faith have lost hope, and with this loss of hope they have lost the power to create new ideals out of the wreck of their experience. With Mr. Shaw they see no Juliet in Miss Wilkins and, as a result, they no longer see the fairies playing under the greenwood tree. The primrose in the crannied wall is but a primrose to them, with a botanical name added to show their materialistic piety and orthodoxy. Finding no abiding joy in life they turn to the angelic hosts of the materialistic heaven to help them—to Scientism, Spiritualism, Eddyism, Socialism, Slumism, Suffragetism and any other form of fetichism that waves the old "Hocus-Pocus" Standard of Truth. "Hoc est Corpus," cries Mr. Shaw, pointing to the model and the object there in the distance, and the welkin rings again with the clamorous shouts from the thousands about him, drowning the still, small voice of the soul within them. Some day, perhaps, a child will look at them, as once a child did look, and whisper: "Hic est Spiritus." Then, it may be, they will once again become soldiers of the Lord singing psalms of joy as they fight to bring about their own salvation. Then, it may be, they will have found the truth that shall make them free, for in finding this truth they will have found themselves, and in finding themselves they will have saved their souls, delivered from the enslaving bondage of Mr. Shaw's terrible truthfulness of the dead object without.

It may seem a far cry from Mr. Shaw's lecture on photography to this business of saving souls; but Mr. Shaw is a good Salvationist, and he will agree with me that a photographer even like a philosopher has a soul to be saved.

TEMPLE SCOTT.

A BRANCH OF CHERRY BLOSSOMS

THE angular end of a wild cherry branch, running diagonally across the picture, with white flowers scattered loosely over its twigs, silhouetted against the sky and the pale disc of a vernal moon. Such is the design which recurs again and again in the art of Old Japan.

A few vigorous strokes, dabs and washes to convey the structure of the bough and the markings of the bark, a few flourishes with the point of the brush to cover the twigs with long-stemmed flowers, a sweep of pale turquoise to suggest the lunar circle—and the task is accomplished. An arrangement in two colors in such perfect relationship with the tint of the silken canvas that the pale straw-colored background suggests space and atmosphere without having been touched.

Nothing simpler could be imagined, yet it conveys the spirit of spring far better than elaborate landscapes of entire orchards and rows of budding trees. A mere silhouette and yet suggestive of all that is beautiful in spring. It recalls the loveliness of those islands of the East, when their cherry groves are clouded in one great filmy mist of petals, behind which the temples disappear from sight, and only their blue roofs loom like some strange ocean craft above the snow-white billows, while pilgrims with large round basket hats crowd the mountain-roads, and wend their way through realms of mist and legend to the summits of Fuji.

It must take tender, intimate appreciation of small things to convey so much by such frugal means. In that way a symbolist may paint the poetry of a garden bench, the melody of a deserted mill, or the dreamy character of an old colonial door. To find the rhyme to the humble elements of life demands a big heart and a pure and sturdy belief, a generous nature to which nothing appears insignificant, a receptive mind that worships in all forms the same inherent force and ultimate wisdom.

Such must have been the artists of Old Japan. They did not strive to please or astonish. They felt intuitively what is beautiful and true, and they possessed the rare power to convey this beauty and truth to others. And thus the simple branch of cherry blossoms was handed from artist to artist through the centuries. It has been painted on silk and engraved in cherry wood, it has been embroidered on kimonos and garments, it has been fashioned in cloisonné, lacquer and hammered bronze. It has invoked artificers without rest to scatter its beauty like the snow of white petals on the paths of spring.

And *we*, who live amidst the rusty noise of commerce, clamor for originality, for an incessant change of subjects. Discouraged and bewildered our artists evoke images of former times they no longer understand, and struggle for the expression of novel and violent experiences. Filled with passionate perplexity the mind never relaxes its tension, and overlooks the sentiment of continual transformation in things that are near to all of us. What a delusion, as if the secret of supreme art abided only in quaint inventions that bear the stigma of the day.

What has been beautiful is beautiful for all time. We may no longer paint Madonnas, because the devotional fervor has glided from our souls, but the pure sweet spirit of motherhood has remained, and we have replaced the old religious art by less pretentious and more realistic mother and child delineations for the walls of our homes. We may no longer, like the Greek, construct types of beauty out of the human form, but we are still inspired by its line and color and search for some ideal medium of expression in which all human beauty is engendered.

Because one painter painted a subject why should that prevent another from treating it again! Can the diversity of any subject be entirely exhausted by one mind? Has not each Japanese artist discovered a new mystery in the waves and fir-clad mountains, the hazes of spring and the autumn moon, the smoke which rises from Mount Fuji and the opening of the cherry blossoms—so bewilderingly beautiful that, as Lafcadio Hearne has written, the spectacle strikes dumb even the crudest mind.

The fever and haste of the modern artist to do something original, how futile it all seems. The simple tunes always touch the people's hearts most keenly, and in this one instance the public is right in its demands. The old accepted ideas drive deeper into the soul. Their attraction is profound. Despite their age they possess an ineffable freshness which will lend a sudden unlooked-for poetry to art if it is not yet hardened into artificiality. And should it be your good fortune to approach with an irresistible impulse, you will possess the magic wand to enter the treasure houses of art, and new stars will bud forth in the sky. Why can not the beauty of an object suddenly come to you, so intensely and ardently that you become impassioned with its native strength, and all the world is spread before you in new shadows and new lights.

Strange startling visions may grow in some austere and solitary minds, kindled with the spark of enthusiasm that is destined to create once in a generation new forms and laws of beauty, but even these prophets and reformers are wrapt in gloom and doubt whether they are the only ones who had those dreams. I pen these humble lines in the vague belief that their essence has never been expressed before. And yet there may be sitting in some café on the Paris Boulevards a young Belgian poet, or in a Tokyo teahouse some Japanese literatus of the modern school who has exactly the same idea. They may never darken paper with their thoughts. That is the only difference. One man realizes his dream while others forget. And does it really matter whether it is you or I, who has caught the elusive melody, as long as it haunts our esthetic perception with new thrills of pleasure.

Come, let us wake at dawn, walk forth into the spring and return with our arms laden with cherry blossoms. Do you care in which grove they have grown, or which tree has offered you a part of its perennial grace! They are beautiful. That is sufficient. They will embellish our home, our life for one short day, and breathe out for us a great sweetness and silent joy. What else is art!

PLATES

GEORGE H. SEELEY

VII. White Trees.

VIII. Spring.





THE SPHINX*

Behold

Where, moored to solitude, immobile, prone
Before One clothed in change whose name is Time,
Like the vast sleep of mighty motion, lies
That postured form of awful vigilance
And dumb and solemn sibyl of the sands,
Mother of mystery, the fabled Sphinx,
Facing the Infinite with listening eyes.
Who, cold and virginal, aloof from life,
Impassive, reticent, with cryptic brow
And mien inscrutable, forever seems
To personate the ruined face of Death.

For she is hoar with ancientness and saw
The coming up and going down of gods,
The wax of empires and their cloudy wane
And all the proud ephemera of earth
Melt with their swarming progenies to air.
Battles she saw, and banners in the sun
Joyfully gleaming; saw insurgent hordes
And terrible invasions, from whose van
The orient profile of a conqueror
Blazed like the dawn of glory, and behind,
The passing of dispurpled dynasties
Into the dark, where they forgot their names.

With presence stern and promontory gaze,
Staring across the ages, stilled with awe,
As from a hill she overlooks the world,
The silent terminal of murmuring time!
And there beholds how Egypt to her doom
Fares down the midnight, how the centuries
Glimmer behind, as after some swift barque
The sea bares all her whiteness to the keel.

And many pass before her as she broods,
Many that came with music and that go
Shrouded with sighs. Now in a trembling hush
The inhumations of a hundred kings

*An orchestral Rhapsody from Overgod, a symphonic drama of evolution by
Leonard van Noppen.

Pass by with joyless pageantry, and pale
Into oblivion; now with blotted wills
Pass whispers that were emperors, and now
The silence of Osiris like a wind.

Religion with her legendary brood,
Myth with her family of fables, these
And swift mutations, all the moods of change,
Seasons of shining, moments of eclipse,
The orisons and vespers of the race
And all the panoramas of the past
Rush by her like a roar of memories.

Again she sees world after singing world,
Jubilant eras, blithe millenniums,
Pushing like barges from the shores of night
Into unshadowed morning, sees afar
The genesis of nations, sees the red
Ruins of victory in ashes fall
And rosy resurrections in the east.

Again she sees, where all is desolate,
The temple-teeming valley of the Nile
Wake into shining worship, sees amid
The matin hymns of chanting votaries
The low earth-beating brows devotional,
Prostrate on heights of prayer; and sees again,
As in a race, like some rash charioteer,
Belated Isis urge her milky steeds,
And when she darkles through the gates of hell
Sees monstrous idols mournful in the moon.

Again she sees, as in a glimmering mist,
While shepherding her flock of pyramids,
Imaginations pawing down the dark,
Maned with a wild magnificence; and sees
Over the embers of the yellow sun
The reddening memory of Rameses
Blush from oblivion—an orb of blood,
That dies in cloud pursued by armed souls!
And sees again, where all is emptiness,
The bristling citadels and towered walls
Of ancient capitals; sees on his car

Some peerless Pharaoh of red renown,
Returned from foray, musical with spoils,
Towing in triumph to his whispered throne
Nations of captives, manacled with chains:
Swart aborigines ferocious, all
The ebon broods of burning Africa
And bronze barbarians from the Asian wild.
Even this she sees, and when that vision fades
In windowed corridors sees after war
Glorious feastings in the glare of gold
And dancings after harvest in the dusk.

Once more she hears, where only silence reigns,
Cymbals of conquest, bugles of advance
And the tramp of marching armies, hears afar
Startled rebellions rabbling down the steeps
And moaning myriads hurrying to the grave.

Once more she hears, as of a waking sea,
Echoes of eld upsurging, hears the past
Break like a wave of voices and the plains
Thunder into the pyramids, and faint,
Amid the lull of Apollonian lyres,
The laughter of the last Olympians,
Pealing a paean for the death of Troy.

Her day is darkness, and all human doom
Is hers, all desolation, as she lies,
A stark gigantic Silence, by some god
Hewn from the hush of death! And with herself
She keeps unsullied faith, and looks to men
A sleeping Nemesis that overlooms
A sullen realm, horizonless and drear.
And never may she waken, dead she lies,
Only her mystery lives on, and seems
The naked Past incarnate, seems to some,
Awed by her face impassive, calm with age,
Infinite patience pedestalled on pain;
But seems to such as sorrow in the sun
Midnight enthroned upon the peak of noon,
The apotheosis of all despair,
A bodied cry in a necropolis,
Remembering what judgment waits the world.

Warder of restless mysteries, she holds
Her dateless wisdom and her secret well,
And in her sleep preserves a sleepless heart.
And for no mortal now and for no god
Will she, repenting her eternal peace,
Revoke her taciturn austerity,
And will not boast of grandeur overgone
And will not grieve. Deep in the past she lies,
The anchor of the Ages, that no more
May wander from their moorings with the moon.
And where she looms the long and level shadows
Lengthen to death's unlighted loneliness,
And where she looks with desolating eyes
The dream-brows rise of rainbows nevermore.

So cherishing her holy maidenhood,
Immaculate, adorned with danger, robed
With ruin, hushed before what mystery,
Dreaming of music, that chaste vestal keeps
Inviolate her white and virgin vow.
Yet in her heart one unsundered flame
Burns pale and delicate, a deathless lamp,
Holding long vigil for the Unknown Love.
For she had seen the shining of his face,
The vision seen, and felt the rapture, when,
Closing her eyes, a cloud crept on the world.

But nevermore may she Osiris see,
Nor veiled Isis, goddess of desire,
But in their throneless palaces beholds
The apparitions of the Pharaohs
Stalk through the darkness, sees amid the murk
The casual gleam of meteoric names,
A masquerade of unfulfilling morrows
And the pale light of melancholy moons.

And staring down the desert she beholds,
Dying into the distance like a dirge,
Visible voices of a muted choir,
With solemn pomp pontifical, the pale
Recession of the peaked pyramids,
That sad, unlustered, long, funereal line,
August, impressive, proud, impeccable,

Prophets of doom, colossal oracles,
Hoary apostles, emperors of age,
Monarchs of elemental silence; who,
Imperious, incorruptible, austere,
Quarried from awe, foundationed on the dawn,
Keeping unwronged their wise and ancient youth,
With a serene, superb indifference
And such disdain as would beseem a god,
Perpetuate impermanence, and cast,
Most pitiless, their pointed shadows deep,
Like mystic spears, into the heart of time.
And now they loom like arsenals, and now
Like giant mutes that guard a secret tomb;
And surely seem, surrounded by the sands,
Untroubled by the transitory moon,
Epochs personified, substantial ghosts,
Embodied memories of empire, or
Grey hierarchies of ruin, as they move
In solitary grandeur, dominant,
Over those crumbling ages of renown,
With dim paludament or pallid stole
Into the morning; each like some huge mist,
That, mounting, stood, chilled to eternal stone;
Each verily as if some waking world,
Primeval, arrogant, portentous, vast,
Stepped out of chaos, girded against change.
And all, apparelled in perpetual awe,
With lifted brows of high solemnity
Pass, one by one, in lonely stateliness,
Bearing the bier, the melancholy bier,
Of Egypt slowly to the lands of sleep.
Thus evermore those lords of solitude,
Like mournful celebrants, commemorate,
With tragic mien and mortuary tread
And quiet gloom of soundless obsequies,
The triumph of that king of conquerors,
Eternal Death! and look to mortal men
The ostentatious pageant of the Past,
Or monumental moments, ponderous,
That, militant, unmarred, immutable,
Marching in massive immortality
With granite footstep trample down the years.

So, patiently, above the dying earth,
That unforgetting watcher by the ways
Listens and lives, the timeless queen of time!—
Become that goal of shadows where the years
Falter like breathless runners and fall dead.
And though besieged by ages, though assailed
By storms of stars and battles of the sun,
She will no whisper give, nor any sigh,
But holds in stone her music and remains
Forever cold and unresponsive, with
Unsmiling lips and calm unweeping eyes;
Her backward, wide, unseeing, solemn stare
Wedded to dissolution, at her feet
Atoms of ages, dead eternities:
Fragments of immortality, that live
Embalmed in the white beauty of their death.
For ruin is her glory, and amid
That blackest midnight, passioning with stars,
Wrapt with the whisper of a mystery,
Walks down the wind, divined by her alone,
The unapparent presence of the dead.
And cold, cold, cold the future is, and cold
The murdered past; and brooding over all
Sad days and drear, and solitude and sorrow
Silence and doom and darkness and despair.

LEONARD VAN NOPPEN.

THE PHYSIOGNOMY OF THE NEW YORKER

THE New York face! There is no face like it in the world. It is a mixture of Frenzy and Barter, Power and Servility. It is at once a threat and a promise. In a word, a composite creation, embodying the spirit of the Great Republic.

If poetry is the expression of the hunger for Elsewhere, the New York face is the epiphany of the eternal Here and Now, believed in and conquered, a Here and Now worth so much cash-down on the counter, a Here and Now that is to be haggled for and swapped.

It is a concrete face, a face that believes in "doing things," a face that never procrastinates except on a "sure tip," a face without irony, a face without tears, a face that has just enough imagination to wreck a railroad or outgeneral a political adversary on the Field of the Cloth of Yellow.

It has something of the sublime in it—this New Face in the world. There is something inexorable in the way the New Yorker walks, the way he talks, the way he looks at a real estate possibility out in boggy Queens. His walk has been called a swagger in the American provinces, but the swagger is the swagger of Juggernaut, not the swagger of the professional "bluffer."

I would call the New Yorker sublime because he never counts his losses—or other people's. He is an unconscious fatalist. And this fatalism always carries in it the germ of the sublime, and it has passed into the face and manner of its beneficiary—or victim. Points of view differ.

The typical New Yorker is as unscrupulous as a plumber. This trait, Philistia to the contrary notwithstanding, adds to the dignity of his countenance. "Get the goods, but don't be caught with them on you" is his text. It is in his face. It is not a smug, hypocritical face, but one that looks up at you boldly and pronounces those immortal words of Richard Croker—or were they Tweed's words—"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

Brazenness is in itself not to be condemned. In New York it is a necessary ingredient of success. You see it in the face of the Tammany politician, the Wall-street broker, the hotel manager, the subway director. Brazenness has been evolved in the struggle for existence in this chaos called Manhattan and it sits there in our faces by divine right. It is an asset. It will cow the world in time.

Ah! This is all a terrific indictment of our public men, or, rather of our public Face, the public may say. Not at all. It is a description of what the eye sees. It is a notorious face—this New York face—but it is a great face, for in it there are the traits that mould great empires and found oversea commercial and political kingdoms. Such empires and kingdoms are never fashioned by the soft hand or the weakly honest face.

The New York face! By its very brutality shall it conquer, its moral defects shall contribute its aureole.

It is a rough-cast of America-that-shall-be.

BENJAMIN DE CASSERES.

THAT TOULOUSE-LAUTREC PRINT!

IT does not really matter to which print I refer—it happens to be that of a young courtesan, snugly tucked away in bed, and with the bulky form of an older female, some monstrous representative of the “oldest profession in the world,” standing before her in an admonishing attitude,—but I do not mean to talk about Toulouse-Lautrec, his art, or the first exhibition of a few examples of his work at the Little Gallery of the Photo-Secession.

In presence of such a collection I am apt to fall into a state of melancholy depression. Realizing the life of such an artist, his bitter struggle, his solitary position in the material world, the lack of encouragement and the scarcity of genuine appreciation, even when fame has knocked at his studio door, I wonder at the futility of it all. And when I hear altruists in murky eloquence speak of an art for the masses, common to the whole people, an idea which grows more and more rampant with the steady advance of socialistic politics, I feel as if I should burst out into laughter, hoarse and sardonic as that which echoes through the art of Toulouse-Lautrec.

How should an art as virile and fascinating, individually local and bitter as that of this Montmartre bohemian, be appreciated by the many! What fatuous, quixotic optimism is necessary to give credence to such a fallacious doctrine. A lamp, an umbrella stand, a salt cellar, a Morris chair, may enjoy the distinction of popular respect. They may grant pleasurable excitement to the majority, but art is not a furniture store nor an exhibition hall of industrial crafts. There is just as much difference between a Morris chair and a Toulouse-Lautrec print, as between a Toulouse-Lautrec print and a Botticelli.

No, this talk about universal art worship is contrary to all rules of sound reasoning. Democracy in art is the most illogical formula of reformatory ideals. Whitman realized this to his great astonishment when he was “in the sands of seventy.” It is naught but the belief of good-natured, harmless, sermonizing little souls, foolish enough to think that they can remodel the world. If we could know what people think (or more frequently do not think) while they look at a picture, if we could put on record their fleeting emotions and fragmentary thoughts before a work of art, we would be able to deduct therefrom complete confessions of their state of culture. To take their esthetic temperature, I fear, would prove a most ghastly experience.

As Whistler has so truly said, there never was an art-loving nation. There never can be one. Every art expression—music, painting, drawing, dancing, poetry—has its peculiar technique, and without a certain knowledge of the technique appreciation is difficult, instinctive or accidental. The vast majority have no time to train their eyes to the vivacious and colorful, and to analyze why one object appeals more to the sense of beauty than another. Art can be taught only technically. Froebel was on the right track when he gave to children’s play an inventive tendency. It is of no avail, however, as the methods become mechanical and imitative as soon as the child leaves the kindergarten. The present system of teaching drawing is one by rule and rote. Even Chase, Henri and Hawthorne, our foremost teachers of painting, are not exempt from

this criticism. Of course all true painters love things for themselves; and it is doubtful whether a painter could perfectly paint a brass or pewter vessel, if he did not love its surface for itself. But it is a dangerous method, nevertheless; an exclusive study of the resistance an object offers to light, determining thereby its color and variation of values, is apt to make *still-life* painters of the students. They see all things as objects, as surface beauty, without any virile or spiritual interest.

But the trouble lies not merely in lack of technical education. There are many who, although continually associated with art, as some of our critics, lack all the finer sensibilities of appreciation. And, for narrow-mindedness those scores of petty, academic, pompous little men who aimlessly but persistently cover yards of canvas, have no equal. Art appreciation cannot be taught. It may be fostered, gradually developed in some naturally responsive and neglected individual, but even then it will lack freedom and spontaneity. Appreciation is an individual growth, like art itself, and it necessitates inborn talent from the start.

For that reason art is by the few and for the few. The more individual a work of art is, the more precious and free it is apt to be; and at the same time, as a natural consequence, the more difficult to understand. To hang a Botticelli reproduction on the wall does not imply true comprehension. Those people who, like trained dogs, first shrink back in ignorance at some new phase of art, and then at the command of fashion leap through the paper loops of approval, degrade art to a sport.

How rarely is the complexity of any human being understood. This evades analysis even by continual and most intimate associates. A work of art is equally inaccessible. The true artist possesses first of all the rare faculty of disengaging the poetical significance from the commonplace act and fact. It denotes an escape from the strict, hard, vulgar and commonplace in which most people are satisfied to exist. How then can the multitude, slaves of dark prejudices, admire his proud disdain of the humdrum artificialities of life, his frenetic protest against existing civilization. The artist works, travails and suffers that a few may enjoy the result. It is his extreme generosity and his extreme selfishness.

Daily existence parodies art. Art does not come and sit down at your table to share a prosaic meal with you whenever you feel bored with the banalities of life. Enjoyment of art demands superior sensibilities; it is pleasure, joy, an ideal, a vision, that stays with you, that enriches your life. It is for those who have the love for beauty and revolt. Oscar Wilde, himself, the apostle of a socialistic art ideal, says, "to live is the rarest thing in the world. Most people exist—that is all." Why, then, should they suddenly awake from their habitual drowsiness? Toulouse-Lautrec popular! What a horrid thought! His grim craftsmanship admired by a brave, industrious, docile humanity! It will never happen. The range of estheticism may be approached from many sides. The summits are reached but by the staunchest of hearts. Only one man climbed Mt. McKinley, and even his veracity is doubted. And if suddenly the unforeseen should occur, and the majority should actually have

climbed to a higher level of culture than heretofore, the art of the day would already have soared far beyond their horizon. Genius walks with seven league boots. Its plumed hat waves and beckons in the wind. Its broad cloak balloons as its gaunt figure stalks away from the multitude and is lost in solitary distances. Only a few can keep in seeing distance. The others straggle far behind.

And well that it is so. For appreciation is dearly gained by fanatic devotion and constant self sacrifice. That Toulouse-Lautrec print!—I have roughed life sufficiently to feel some sympathy with the ways of “vulgar endearment,” of gilded lust and infamous barter, particularly if recorded with such beautiful irony and subtle skill. Should a pale seamstress or a fattened tradesman feel the same joy in contemplating it? Preposterous! No, it is one of my conquests. It would lose its subtlest, most intimate charm, if it were shared by the diffident crowd. This implies no contempt for the proletarian. To the masses belong millionaires as well as laborers, washerwomen as well as slim aristocratic girls. Nor does art wear the mask of apathy. Art may be wooed by everybody, but successfully only by those who court her exclusively.

S. H.

PLATES

MARIUS DE ZAYAS

- I. BENJAMIN DE CASSERES.
- II. MADAME HANAKO.
- III. RUTH ST. DENIS.
- IV. MRS. BROWN POTTER.



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THE PHENIX IN THE EMBERS

ONCE owned one of the small Japanese carvings called *Netsukes* in the making of which some humble eighteenth century artist of old Nippon had spent his loving labor and in the rude beauty of which he had bodied forth the vision of his soul's desire and the imagined beatitude of its attainment. It was a small figure whose height may have been two inches. Its anatomy was more symbolic than exact. Its workmanship was of an inspired crudeness. It had, let us say, been carved from a stray bit of ebony by an untutored genius with a knife and fork. A dwarfish and uncouth gnome held clasped to his black breast a branchlet of blood-red coral; and in the absorption of his pose, in the strained strength of his bulbous arms and in the rapture of his uplifted and oblivious gaze one glimpsed the ultimate joy of undreamed-of dreams come true.

Metaphorically speaking, and with such abatement of the spontaneous elation of discovery as custom demands of the sober critic, it is in some such mental attitude that I appear before the readers of *CAMERA WORK*; holding in my arms a new-found volume by an unknown writer.

And it is not without reason that I appear, thus laden, before this company.

CAMERA WORK is the mouthpiece of a movement which, inaugurated for a specific purpose and long known by a specific if somewhat cryptic name, has come by a process of growth and elision to be known as The Secession. This movement was inaugurated with the sole aim of vindicating the claims of photography to citizenship in the republic of art. It has long since made good this endeavor. And it is not without significance that it now finds itself, among other activities, maintaining an island of refuge for art amid the traffic of an essentially photographic philistinism. It started as a forlorn hope. It finds itself one division of a desperate, but not a despicable, army. For The Secession, although independent in its inception and individual in its development, although locally isolated and at odds with its immediate environment, neither stands alone today nor is out of touch with its times. There are other secessions. And there are hosts of secessionists, some of them all but unconscious of their enlistment. Pictorial art is but one of the least of their fields of battle. On the heights of religion, on the uplands of science, on the slopes of literature, on the level arable plains of life their fluttering standard has been, or is being, raised. They speak in diverse tongues. They wear unlike insignia. They follow unrelated leaders or fight leaderless. But they are unwittingly enrolled under one banner.

To whom then, if not to the readers of *CAMERA WORK*, should one first announce the appearance of an evangelist of Secession, or offer the first book of its gospel?

The name of the evangelist is Allen Upward. The superscription of the gospel is The New Word. And the word from the interpretation of which the gospel has grown is IDEALIST.

The history of the book is a curious one. It was first published some time since in a cheaply printed and anonymous edition in Geneva. It was

then brought to the notice of the English world of thought and of letters by the writings of Mr. William Archer and of Mr. G. R. S. Mead, to whom these worlds owe a considerable debt of gratitude for the service. It was then issued in a new and signed edition by the London firm of A. C. Fifield and it is soon to be reprinted in America by the house of Mitchell Kennerley.

In form it is an open letter to the Swedish Academy at Stockholm. In effect it is a new dialectic.

Its determining inspiration and professed object is the definition of the word "idealist" as used by Alfred Nobel in the fourth clause of the residuary bequest of his famous will, which reads:—"One share to the person who shall have produced in the field of Literature the most distinguished work of an idealist tendency." Its ultimate endeavor and, in a sense, its achieved result is to have "forged upon the anvil of sense a definition of hope that will ring true in the ear of the Materialist as well as of the Idealist."

Its author is a master of style, but never the slave of it: a verbal swordsman of exquisite skill, but without vanity. He is a wit, but never coins a witticism. He is a philologist to whom words are living cells, not the fossil remains of dead organisms. He is a philosopher, but does not aspire to solve the riddle of creation or to codify the conscience of the Creator. He is an interpreter of dreams, but not a dreamer. He is a lover of his kind, but a student of them. He is a scientist, but also a poet.

But he is more than this, for this is but a summary of his equipment,—and there remains his performance. But how, when the most succinctly pregnant writer of the age expands a single word into a book, shall one sum up his book in a word? Let us content ourselves with saying that "The New Word," while it contains the latest, the most penetrating and the most intelligible epitome of the destructive criticism of the nineteenth century, also offers us the first dynamic formulation of the constructive criticism of the twentieth. Once more the Phenix is born among the embers.

J. B. KERFOOT.

AHECALL*

" . . . Though the soul is the still water in which each of us may dimly discern this 'sea-change'; Art, which is the symbolic language of the soul, is alone, now, the common mirror into which all may look. And Art, we must remember, is the continual recovery of a bewildered tradition, the tradition of Beauty and of Joy and of Youth, that, like the Aztec word *abecall*—which signifies the wind and the breath and the soul—are but the three mortal names of one immortal word."

FIONA MACLEOD.

*From the hitherto unpublished MSS. of Wm. Sharp contributed by Mrs. Sharp.

PHOTO-SECESSION EXHIBITIONS

MONOTYPES BY EUGENE HIGGINS

ON November twenty-fourth the fifth season of the Photo-Secession Gallery was opened with an exhibition of drawings and monotypes by an American artist, Eugene Higgins. Mr. Higgins, during the years spent in Paris, has assimilated a great deal of the European point of view and appears to see with much the same eye as Daumier or Millet. His interest lies mostly in the silhouettes of figures moving or resting in dim lighted streets or interiors, his composition being one of spotting, of the play of dark and light masses, and some of his monotypes have all the rich quality of a good platinum print.

It is to be regretted that this powerful talent should usually dwell on subjects of far-away lands instead of oftener reflecting some of the aspects of the life of New York in the midst of which he is living.

LITHOGRAPHS BY TOULOUSE-LAUTREC

Nothing could be more different from the Higgins monotypes than the lithographs of Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec which succeeded the former exhibition. Most of his subjects belong unmistakably to the lower Parisian social order. Yet they are pictured so sympathetically as to be in no way offensive. His sketches show all the elements of intelligent selection of line, generalizing each individual with remarkably few touches of pencil into a type of its class. His line, however, has more than this stenographic rendering of character which we would find in the big caricaturists. It is a vibrant line more nervously alive if possible than Whistler's, and each sketch is admirable, besides its merits as a character study, by its sensitive arrangement of lines and the perfect balance of the spotting. The catalogue of this exhibition is herewith reprinted :

"Only one artist capable of grasping all that Degas possessed remained in the vicinity of the great prototype. This was Lautrec, a painter who, under more favorable conditions and with a longer term of life, might have greatly surpassed his exemplar. . . . But women interested him more than all the rest. He made them into poetry when he was not using them for fresco-drama. Daumier scarcely observed woman at all, or treated her with scant courtesy. In Lautrec's lithographs she becomes the Don Quixote of a fantastic epic, in which the very subordinate male part is occasionally played by Sancho Pansa. Sometimes he draws her slim and slender, a ghostly lathlike figure. Yvette, Lender and Jeanne Avril were his born types; He sketched the hallucination of the consumptive demirep, which take life and substance from exhaustion; he sought the grotesque in all the ironies of cosmopolis, the mixture of the petty and gigantic peculiar to Paris, the colossal absurdity of a remnant of the ancient form of culture in the midst of a new world sharply opposed to it, the folly of a traditional gesture to express the unutterable wants of the day. . . . Lautrec dared to do what Degas scorned, . . . He belonged to a new

generation, and perfect as his drawing was—certainly the most brilliant basis of his development—his special importance lies in his mastery of large surfaces. . . .”—MEIER-GRAEFE.

Very great things were expected from him when he died at the early age of thirty-seven. His lithographs are unique—brilliant to the last degree. Lautrec was a very prolific worker. His important lithographs number about one hundred and fifty. The small collection of about thirty picked proofs (including the series of “Elles”; “Woman with Dog at Café”; “Truffier in Les Femmes Savantes”;) shown in this exhibition—which by the way is the first Lautrec exhibition held in the United States—can give but an inadequate notion of the essential importance of the man. In the quality of some of his lithographs he ranks with Whistler.”

For the sake of record we herewith reprint some of the criticisms which appeared in the New York daily press upon the Toulouse-Lautrec exhibition.

James Huneker in the *N. Y. Sun*, January 2, 1910:

A human ass—and his tribe does not decrease—once made the profound remark that he never read Dickens because so many common people circulated through the pages of his novels. We call this remark profound, for it illustrates in the clearest manner what has been named “the heresy of the subject.” The majority of persons do not go to the theatre for the sheer joy of the acting, do not read books because they are well written, or look at pictures because they are painted artistically. The subject, the story, the anecdote, the “human interest,” “little touches,” all the various traps that snare the attention from poor or mediocre workmanship—the traps of sentimentalism, of false feeling, of cheap pathos and of the cheap moral, these the greater public willingly embraces and hates to be reminded of its lack of taste, of its ignorance. The man who first said “give the people what they want” was probably born close to the tertiary epoch, though his fossil remains as yet undug; but we are assured that he was a mighty chief in his tribe. So are his successors, who have cluttered the marketplaces with their booths, mischievous half art and tubs of tripe and soft soap. Therefore we select for his courage the snobbish chap who found Dickens ordinary; to him Millet would have been absolutely vulgar.

The cult of the subject is warmly worshipped in America and England. It nearly ruined English painting half a century ago, and even today you must go to the Glasgow or the Dublin galleries to see contemporaneous art naked and unashamed. In New York we are more lucky, though here the public, always prudish, prefers the sleek soapy surfaces of Cabanel’s “Venus” or the oily skin of Henner to the forthright beauty and truth of Manet’s “Olympia”—now known as “Notre Dame de Louvre.” If Dickens had made his “low” characters after the style of Italian opera peasants; if Manet had prettified his nudes, censors would have called them blest. We have selected these names at random; Dickens is the idol of the middle class (the phrase is not of our making), while Manet fought for recognition in a Paris not too easily startled. In reality he was a puritan in comparison with his predecessors and successors, not to mention such contemporaries as Gérôme, Boulanger, Cabanel and Lefebvre, men who painted nudes their life long. But they knew how to mix saccharine on their palettes; Manet did not.

But what would our friend the snob say if he went to Mr. Stieglitz’s Little Gallery of the Photo-Secession, 291 Fifth avenue, and saw the original lithographs of the ill fated Count Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec! Either faint or fight; no middle course in the presence of these rapid snapshots from life by a master of line. The subjects would be revolting to our possible case, and no doubt they will prove revolting to most people who mix up art with their personal preferences for the stale, the sweet, the musk moral. Lautrec’s favorite browsing ground was Montmartre, the Montmartre of twenty years ago, not the machine-made tourists’ fake of today. You will get a prose parallel in the early stories of Huysman’s in “Les Sœurs Vatard,” though not in the tinselled

glory of Charpentier's "Louise." Lautrec, born in an old family, was literally slain by his desire for artistic perfection. Montmartre slew him. But he mastered the secrets of its dance halls, its purlieus, its cocottes, its bullies and habitués before he died. In Meiergraeffe's little book on the impressionists Lautrec gets a place of honor, the critic asserting that he "dared to do what Degas scorned." This is a mystification. Degas has done what he cared and has done it in an almost perfect fashion. A pupil and follower of Ingres, he paved the way for Lautrec, who went further afield in his themes and simplifications. If Degas broke the classic line of Ingres, Lautrec has torn to shreds the linear patterns of Degas. Obsessed as we are in America by the horrors of magazine illustrations, by the procrustean conventions of our draughtsmen, by cowboys of wood, metallic horses, melodramatic landscape, it will be long before we can sympathize with the supple, versatile, bold drawing of Lautrec, who gives movement, character, vitality in a curve.

It is not only that he portrays his women of the streets without false sentiment (profoundly immoral, always, in its results), but he actually shows a solicitude for them. He is not the entomologist with the pinned bug, as is often Degas, as was often Flaubert, but a sympathetic interpreter. He doesn't make vice interesting, he makes it hideous. His series "Elles" is worth a volume of moralizing commentary. And there is a certain horse of his—it's as good as a real horse. His lithographic method is personal and effective. We advise all students of art who are studying how not to draw by the aid of the antique to see Toulouse-Lautrec's work. He is not so swift, so stenographic in his notation as Henri Matisse, but he is the bigger fellow all the same. He is one of art's martyrs, and for that reason has always been discredited by those who conceive art to be a sort of church for morals and the sweet retreat of the perfectly respectable professor.

Joseph Edgar Chamberlain in the *Mail*, December 30, 1909:

Among the great French draughtsmen who have wrought most cleverly along the line between the grotesque and the pathetic, Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec ranked very high. He depicted, very emphatically, the seamy side of life. He delighted to draw the worn and saddened women of pleasure; and while he shrank from no trait of ugliness, his marvelous skill, veracity and insight led him to the revelation of much of that sort of subtle beauty that trembles, intense, beneath the surface of ugly things. He was altogether a decadent, and exemplified in his art the complex sensitiveness of a highly advanced urban civilization.

There has never before this week, I believe, been an exhibition of the works of Lautrec in this city, and as usual, it is the Photo-Secession which enables Manhattan to get its first glimpse of them. The collection which Mr. Stieglitz shows at his little gallery at 291 Fifth avenue consists entirely of lithographs by Lautrec. It includes the series called "Elles," the "Woman with Dog at Cafe," the "Truffier in Les Femmes Savantes," and other characteristic things. Most of them are indescribable; and a description would not be edifying if it were possible. It is enough to say that the lithographs are full of weird power; that there is scarcely one of them which does not contain something which may instruct any artist, and that those who are capable of looking, as the man who made them certainly did, beneath the surface of things, will find strange and touching beauty in more than one of them.

They are well worth a visit—but not to those who are looking for pretty things.

B. P. Stephenson in the *Post*, December 24, 1909:

Were it not for the exhibitions at the little galleries of the Photo-Secession, at No. 291 Fifth avenue, the New York public that does not get an opportunity of going abroad would miss a great deal of what the more advanced men are doing or have done recently in art on the continent of Europe. True, some of the exhibitions have been of a startling nature, but revolutionary movements have to be startling to be effective, and it is only by these apparently startling shocks that art is got out of those commercial grooves into which it drifts every now and then. The latest collection that Alfred Stieglitz has gathered into the galleries is of some thirty lithographs by Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec, a Frenchman of whom great things were expected when he died, in 1902, at the age of thirty-five. It is the first exhibition of his work that has been held in this country.

The lithographs are not for sale. They were collected with much difficulty in Germany, where Lautrec's vogue is great, and Mr. Stieglitz exhibits them more as a protest than anything else, against that commercialism which has led so many of our men to waste their undoubted

talents on "Gibson girls," etc. Meier-Graefe wrote of Lautrec: "Only one artist capable of grasping all that Degas possessed remained in the vicinity of the great prototype. This was Lautrec, a painter who, under more favorable conditions, and with a longer term of life, might have greatly surpassed his exemplar." Women interested Lautrec more than anything else; man is only admitted into his drawings to play a secondary part. In the series of "Elles" we have woman in many forms, the most beautiful being of a girl lying across her bed, the drawing of which is exquisite, while the proof is the very perfection of the lithographer's art. The exhibition is one that will interest all artists, and those who would see the art of this country dragged out of lethargy into something vital, so that men who really possess talent would be allowed to draw what they see and not what the Philistine thinks they ought to see. The exhibition will last until January 14.

Arthur Hoeber in the *Globe*, December 29, 1909:

Lautrec the painter we do not know. With Lautrec the lithographer we make acquaintance for the first time now, in an exhibition held at the Photo-Secession Gallery, 291 Fifth avenue, where perhaps a score of his work is shown. Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec, to give him his full name, is a Frenchman who died in 1902 at the age of thirty-seven. As artistic as he was wilful, as unconventional as he was daring, he was of that group of revolutionaries who have made men talk in the past decade, who have turned the head of many a student, and who have, in the last analysis, had perhaps an influence by no means for the best. A decadent, he rejoiced in portraying the sordid, the joyless, the abnormal. It was his mission to depict not alone the unusual but to invest all he did with a cunning caricature of humanity, a fiendish, cold, analytical causticness, where he brought out the worst of his men and women with a deliberate maliciousness as cruel as unnecessary. All this, too, is accentuated by his cleverness, by his facile touch, and his keen insight. If the mission of art be to look for humanity's weakness, for its more ignoble side, then Lautrec has succeeded admirably. He flays his human being unmercifully, and apparently takes a fiendish joy in the process.

We believe, however, the call of the arts to be something more than this, something higher and nobler. It is the old tale of the person who was sent out to gather weeds, and thus engaged, found no flowers, whereas another who was sent to gather flowers, returned with the report that he saw no weeds. One can find, as a rule, that for which he searches and to start out with the preconception that all humanity is degraded, sordid, ignoble, is to deliberately ignore the presence of other and better qualities. The consumptive woman of the pavement is scarcely fit theme for the brush of the painter, the pencil of the lithographer. Granted she is part of the problems of life, it serves little of the purpose of art to perpetuate her in serious drawing. The degraded female of the bagnio, no matter how realistically presented, is only abhorrent, and the vulgarity of the semi-nude bourgeoisie is never subject for aesthetic eyes, for the more true the presentation, the more objectionable the fact. One leaves this room with a bad taste in the mouth; it is depressing to study these types; the visitor feels apologetic for his race, or would, but that on second consideration he realizes the world contains after all much of beauty, of promise, of hope; that there are reasons for optimism; that there is a spiritual side worth cultivating. That Lautrec manipulated his stone so admirably, knew so well the possibilities of lithography and gave out such brilliant prints, only serves to make the regret more poignant that he did not use his talents to better ends.

ART WISDOM:

Overheard at the Metropolitan Museum of Art:—

"See! A cow isn't supposed to have any expression. But in this wonderful picture a cow has!"

PLATES

GEORGE H. SEELEY

IX. No. 347.

X. No. 356.





SOUL DREAMS

AND then I looked backwards to what had been Life, to where I had lived and loved and found, in some measure, peace; backwards upon what was now nothing but a recession of resolving sun-dust. And therein I discerned diminishing dim shades aglow as with the after-light of a vanished sun. And a voice seemed to ask: "Wouldst return again to those who in Life you held so dear?"

And with a great heart-throb I reach forth my arms towards the fast retreating shades. But a voice from within me, unfamiliar, and yet verily the voice of my soul's self till now prisoned and stifled, questioning said: "Knowest not that those dear to thee among the Living are but dreams and were not and never were?" And behold as I looked I knew that those far luminosities were indeed but melting sun-mists.

JOSEPH T. KEILEY.

OUR PLATES

WE are presenting in this number of CAMERA WORK ten examples of George H. Seeley's work, eight of which represent his development during the past three years, while the last two belong to the last few months. The gravures were made directly from the original negatives; the most part without any guide prints. Therefore, as in similar previous cases, we warn our readers that they should be regarded as interpretations rather than reproductions. They were made by the Manhattan Photogravure Company, who have also reproduced the De Zayas caricatures.

Marius de Zayas is not unknown to readers of CAMERA WORK, though few of them have had the opportunity of seeing the exhibition of his drawings shown in the Photo-Secession Galleries last January. The originals are 22 x 28 inches, executed in black French chalk; so subtle in their color-value as to defy reproduction by the ordinary methods. This is therefore the first occasion on which an adequate representation of their original humor and technical charm has been attempted. We feel sure that our readers will detect in these few examples the very unusual quality of mind and craftsmanship possessed by De Zayas. The series of these portrait caricatures also includes leaders of fashion in New York and members of the Photo-Secession. But since the American public is still a little sensitive to caricature and we wish to avoid any suggestions of undue personality, we have selected on this occasion examples only of admittedly professional public characters.

EXHIBITION CALENDAR FOR THE PHOTO-SECESSION GALLERY. [] []

*COLOR-PHOTOGRAPHS:

EDUARD J. STEICHEN. NEW YORK & PARIS

WATER-COLORS, PASTELS, ETCHINGS:

JOHN MARIN. NEW YORK & PARIS

DRAWINGS & ETCHINGS:

GORDON CRAIG. LONDON

DRAWINGS:

AUGUSTE RODIN. PARIS

DRAWINGS:

HENRI MATISSE. PARIS

PAINTINGS:

ALFRED MAURER. NEW YORK & PARIS

PAINTINGS:

LAURENCE FELLOWS. NEW YORK & PARIS

PAINTINGS:

ARTHUR CARLES. PHILADELPHIA & PARIS

DRAWINGS:

ELIE NADELMANN. POLAND

PHOTOGRAPHS:

ANNIE W. BRIGMAN. SAN FRANCISCO

PHOTOGRAPHS:

FRANK EUGENE. MUNICH & NEW YORK

ETCHINGS:

ELEN THESLUPP. FINLAND

PAINTINGS:

MAX WEBER NEW YORK & PARIS

PAINTINGS:

PATRICK BRUCE. VIRGINIA & PARIS

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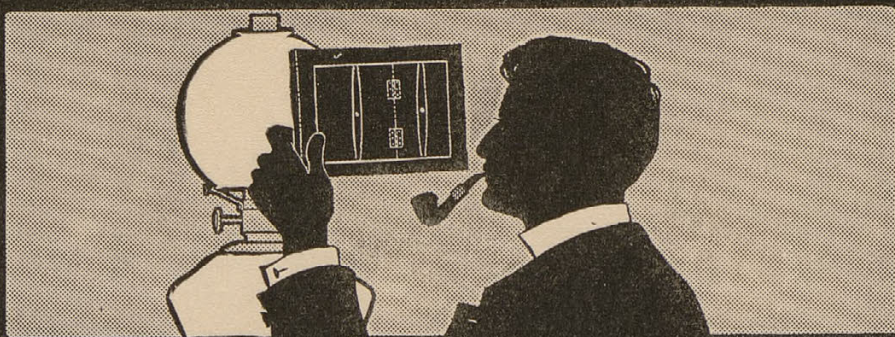
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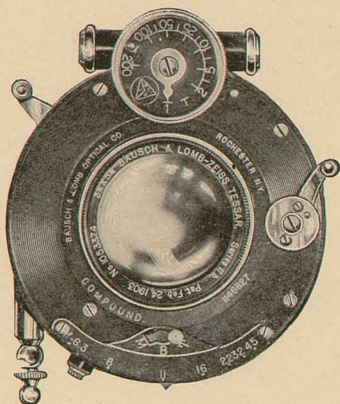
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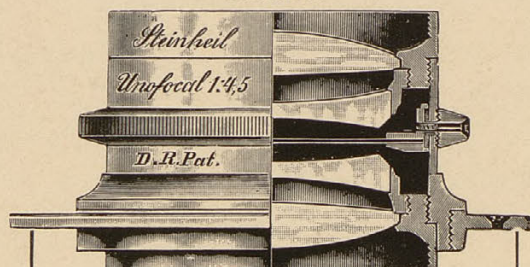
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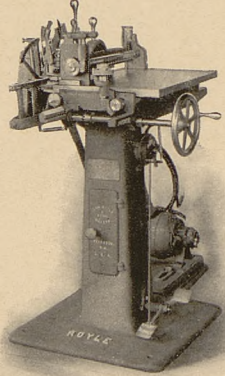
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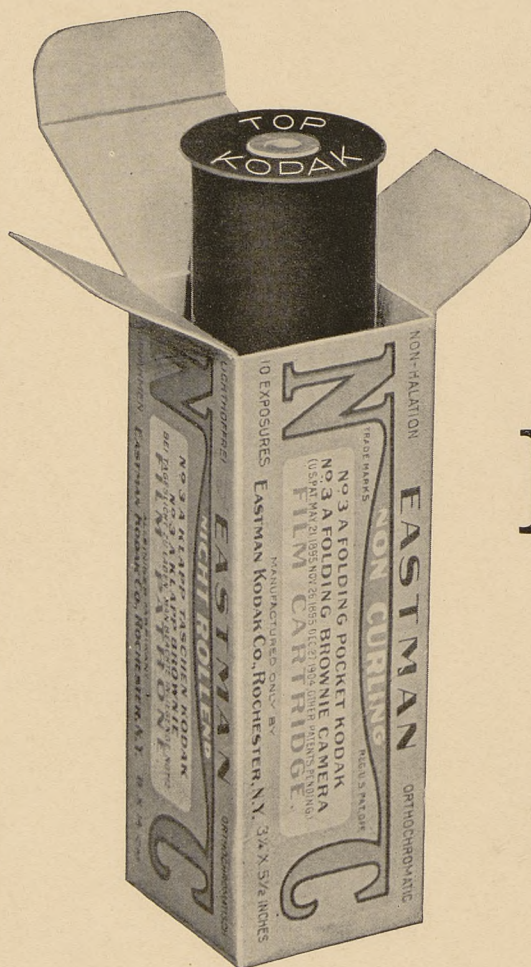
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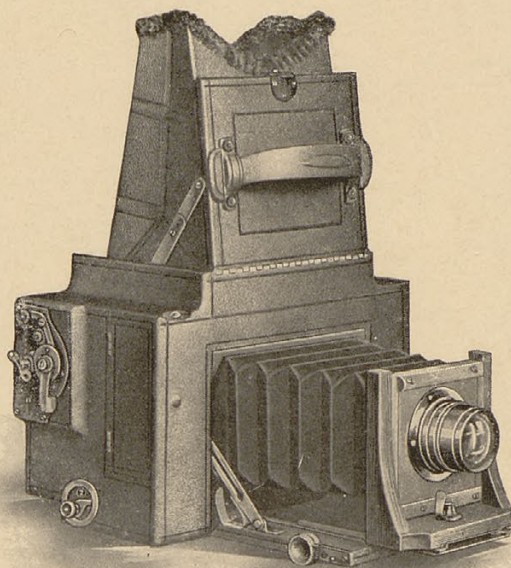
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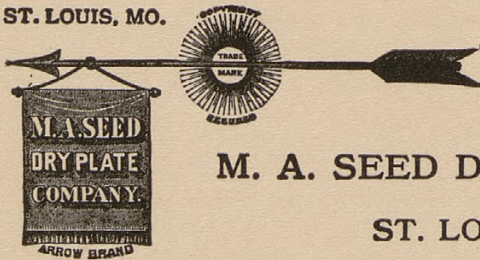
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