

CAMERA WORK

A PHOTOGRAPHIC QUARTERLY
• EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY •
ALFRED STIEGLITZ NEW YORK

NUMBER XXX
MDCCCXC

CAMERA WORK:

An illustrated quarterly magazine devoted to Photography and to the activities of the Photo-Seession. Published and edited by Alfred Stieglitz. Associate Editors: Joseph T. Keiley, Dallett Fuguet, John Francis Strauss, J. B. Kerfoot. Subscription price Six Dollars and Fifty Cents (this includes fee for registering and special packing) per year; foreign postage, Fifty Cents extra. All subscriptions begin with current number. Back numbers sold only at single-copy price and upward. Price for single copy of this number at present, Four Dollars. The right to increase the price of subscription without notice is reserved. All copies are mailed at the risk of the subscriber; positively no duplicates. The management binds itself to no stated size or fixed number of illustrations, though subscribers may feel assured of receiving the full equivalent of their subscription. Address all communications and remittances to Alfred Stieglitz, 1111 Madison Avenue, New York, U. S. A. The photogravures in this number by F. Bruckmann A. G., Munich, Germany. Arranged and printed at the printinghouse of Rogers & Company, New York. Entered as second-class matter December 23, 1902, at the post-office at New York, N. Y., under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879. This issue, No. 30, is dated April, 1910.



PLATES

FRANK EUGENE

- I. Adam and Eve.
- II. Princess Rupprecht and Her Children.
- III. Rebecca.
- IV. Master Frank Jefferson.
- V. Sir Henry Irving.
- VI. Mosaic.

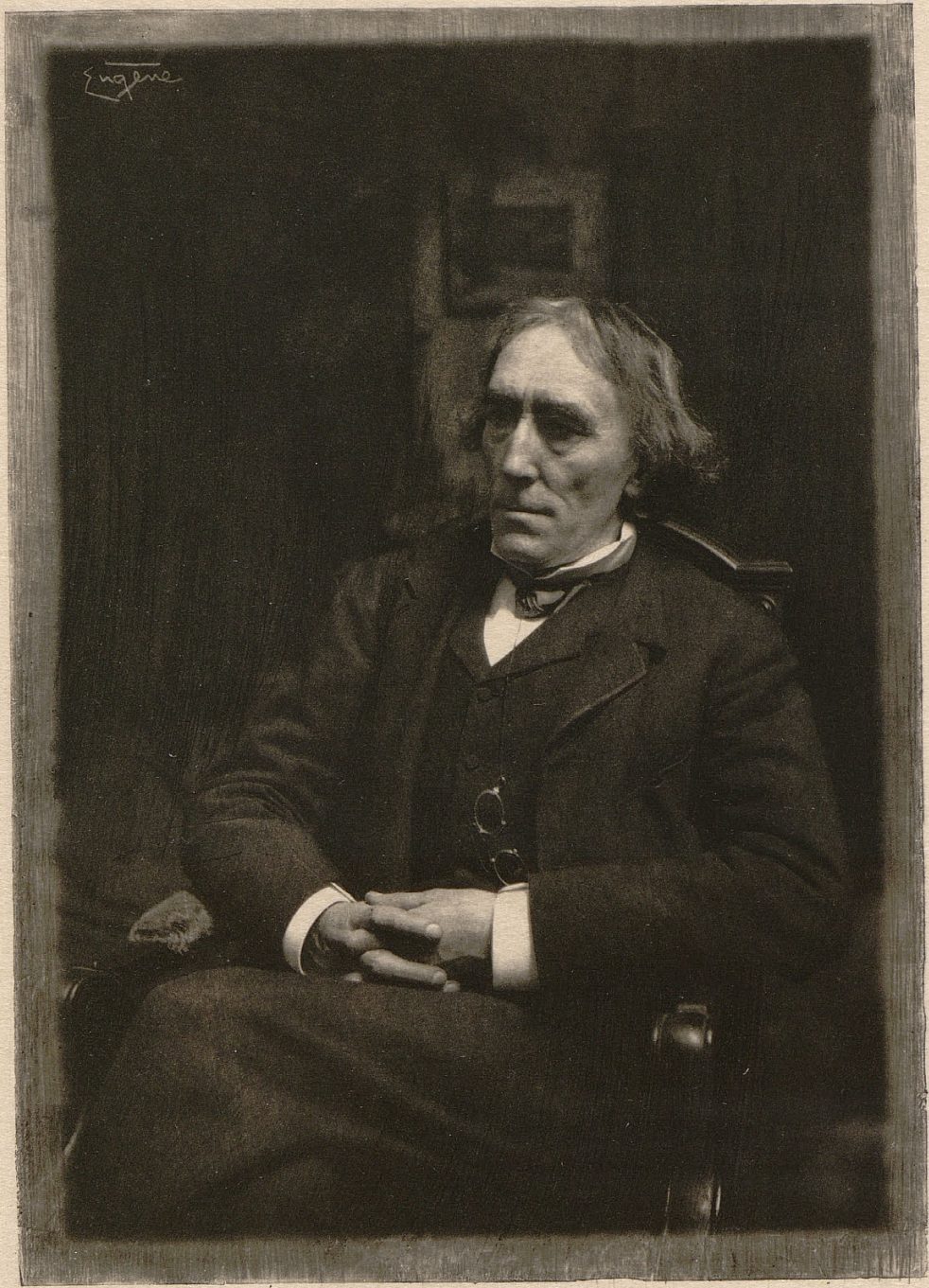




Eugene









SOME REFLECTIONS OF THE FUNCTIONS AND LIMITATIONS OF ART CRITICISM—ESPECIALLY IN RELATION TO MODERN ART

THE subject of Art, we all feel, is one of the most difficult to handle. In art, even more than in matters of religion or politics, tastes and opinions vary so insubstantially as to leave them forever apparently without prospect of settlement. That, indeed, may be of the life-blood of its existence; but it also accounts perhaps for that curious first anomaly which we find in respect of the general attitude towards art, namely: of a large department of human interest and activity which, while it is one of the least understood (and often one of the best abused), is nevertheless one of the most generously tolerated. In art, we are told (and this is true of a great number of artists themselves) there can be no exegesis; we may like or dislike, praise or blame, but we cannot explain. And there the matter is supposed to end.

That art, however, can have any really vital and direct application to the age in which we live is a notion which, naturally enough, rarely enters the popular mind at all, except it be in a popular sense. But can it be said that even our more trained and cultured critics are free from this blame?—in whom, so often, the wiser they grow, the more Hamlet-like does their attitude towards art become; either in finding the present times most woefully out of joint, or else past times most dismally and tardily great. While the masses are confessedly interested but ignorant, such men on the contrary are but too often uninterested or simply biassed. It is as if the weight of their learning had tethered their judgment, and their much study had brought them, in place of joy, a weariness of the flesh, whereby the unrest that is in their own souls is too often the prism through which they view the quaint and original productions of those who are alive and working around them. Of this kind of criticism there seems to be no end, and we may say of it that it is to be found in the high, rather than in the proud places of the earth, and is the fruit of knowledge rather than of understanding, of culture rather than of genuine sentiment, and belongs to the fashion rather than to the inalienable democracy of true art. It will be only necessary to give one instance to understand the whole order to which this class of misacceptation and misbelief belongs. One of the most authoritative critics in Great Britain recently remarked that “Art in our time seems *by contrast* like an iridescent oil spread about on the muddy surface of our civilization; it and life don’t mix.” That, then, is the whole viewpoint in a nutshell, and constitutes what I would name the second anomaly in respect of the general attitude towards art, namely: that tolerance, even while it exists (and often even amounts to a kind of dull enthusiasm) is mainly extended to what is beautiful in ancient art, and seldom to what is beautiful or strange in contemporary art.

A third and last anomaly is the almost universal habit of withholding from the artist (or indeed from the creator and innovator in almost any genre) the right to as nearly personal a point of view in his work as his critics reserve for themselves in theirs. These three are the prime embarrass-

ments which, if they could, would forever inhibit the living artist from accomplishing his own destiny or the progress and destiny of his art. For that art does carry forward the banner in a vital issue with the decaying or stagnating forces of its time must be reckoned as one of the only causes that could entitle it to our respect.

In a book entitled "What is Art?", Count Leo Tolstoi, among others, once entered the lists with a sweeping condemnation of almost all that had risen to a place of first distinction in the ranks of literature, music, or painting since a certain period situated in the beginning of the last century. The criterion which Tolstoi sets up for adjudging works of art is that only that is good and worthy to be considered great in art which excites the interest and the approval of the masses; with which dictum in a broad and synthetic sense there can be no cause for complaint. But to proceed to argue from that, as he does, that the interest and approval of the masses should therefore be immediate and *en masse* is to pass from the language of philosophy to that of a kind of knight-errantry or Don Quixotism of humanitarian belief and benevolence. That in the main, however, his first premise may be true without his second can scarcely be questioned.

If a savage from some unsophisticated quarter of the globe were called upon to decide between the merits of various works of art that were presented to his judgment, his selection, it seems fair to assume, together with his reasons for making it (if he could assign any) would differ materially from the ordinarily accepted ones. Or if some more or less uncultivated person from our own midst were asked to perform the same function with regard to the same objects, then we should already expect different results for reasons which we could already begin to anticipate or explain. So that, if by a repetition of this process we were to take the measure of the opinion of different people throughout every grade and type of human society, we should probably arrive in the end at the most perfect heterogeneity of choice; but with a far more simple and definite arrangement of ideas on the whole subject than any which a more complex definition of art than the one which Tolstoi has selected could offer. What we should find indeed would be the unimpeachableness of his first premise, that only that was good or was considered good in art which *each one liked*; only a more profound way of saying, 'what everyone liked'; whilst to carry the inquiry a stage farther would be to render it absurd, if by a process of selection and analysis known only to ourselves we were to *substitute*, as he has done, any other dogma in the second order of ideas which was already contradicted by the first. The flaw in the Tolstoian art-syllogism is of the commonest and most misleading type. And leads us indirectly to the verification of the fundamental lie, lying at the basis of almost all commonly accepted art criticism; namely, the inability to distinguish between the fact that while *we are all of us judges of art*, only a few of us can be or are artists. Or, in other words, that only art can explain art, as only diamond can cut diamond; and that art criticism to be effective, to be any other than a dull echo and feeble reiteration of that which we already know, or at the best can better study for ourselves and become acquainted with *at first hand* in the

works themselves of great artists, must evolve a new art form, or symbol, for its expression. In short, when we come to think of criticism as the paradigm and *primum mobile* of all the arts we shall better understand why so many fail in that which it can only be given to the greatest artists of all to practice and to understand.

Thus far, however, the argument has confined itself to the consideration of those fallacies which are commonly contained in the practice and conduct of art criticism. A *rationale* of the functions and limitations of art criticism would have to take note also of the functions and limitations of art itself. Art itself is of the type of an arch-paradox; it is always contradicting itself. It is the whole armory of dogmatism and of persuasion and speaks, of course, always in the language of exaggeration. Its humility is no less astounding than its egoism; its breath and amplitude are no more significant than its sheer intensity.

A recent biologist, one whose aim was to show that there was what he named "a need or Drang for life" in the universe; or in other words, that the desire for life was the end of all things, happily stumbled on this noble induction: "Life, not Beauty, is the mark of Art; but beauty is the signal that the mark has been hit." It seems doubtful if the meaning of that can ever be bettered. It is true in an analytical sense that a centre of gravity, or centripetal force, round which art forms are first produced and are then forever afterwards enjoyed or dishonored, is the innate feeling in every human individual (and perhaps in every atom of organic, as well as of inorganic life) for personal affinity; for attraction and repulsion, selection and rejection. Also we have seen that, short of an ideal (and that is as it seems an impossible) republic of human opinion, a final standard of art can never be set up. Yet it is true that among the ancient Greeks such an ideal was aimed at, and it may even be true that among ourselves such a goal is tacitly agreed upon. What that is becomes the business of esthetic criticism to discover.

Paul Verlaine once fashioned what would seem to be a very commonplace remark when he said or wrote: "L'art, mes amis, c'est d' être absolument soi-même." The phrase has all the charm of ambiguity and of explaining nothing—for what "soi-même" is, what Paul Verlaine himself may be, is one thing to me, quite another to Tolstoi assuredly, and as many different things again no doubt as the different people who think about him or about themselves. But whether his definition be true or not may depend on the view which we take of art and of the artist in relation to society.

If we think of society as of an organization for "the greatest good of the greatest number," then the claims of the individual within that sphere assuredly cannot be considered as unlimited. Yet the sphere of art is, on the contrary, so unlimited as to embrace in one shape or another men of every creed, of every quality, training, disposition and even race. The beginnings of art, indeed, go deeper than, and perhaps alone constitute, the earliest records of human society. Of art in its inception and its growth we may say even more truly than the historian Freeman said of the structure of human society as a whole, that there is no part of it, howsoever ancient, "that was not

eloquent of commonwealths in foreign lands then undiscovered." The principle which underlies art is the same today as it was yesterday, or as it will be forever. Its source is in a sense of individual eclecticism reaching out through the whole body of correlatedly human, or universal, desire. Assuredly, then, the artist in the highest and strictest sense of the term can have no business, no immediate business at all events, with society, or with the offices and affairs of an organization supposedly intended for the great (or little) good of a great or little number. The artist's concern must be primarily with himself, not in the artifices of man, but innocency of Nature. In short, as Mathew Arnold said of the functions of poetry in particular, so we may say of the artist in general that his business is "the criticism of life," and therein exactly lies the supreme differentiation between society and the artist, that whereas society is engaged in the interpretation of things in relationship to itself and that is in the relation of parts to a whole (or at the best a diverse, temporary and mock whole), the artist on the contrary is only concerned with their resolution in terms of himself, that is, in the relationship of their apparent identity or interchangeability. Now if we believe in the latter as the symbol of a more enduring type, then we may have to adopt as an imperative maxim, that the business of the artist and its value for us lies rather in its differentiation from, than in its conformity to, past or existing models or modes of society.

And hence the application of the argument to the functions and limitations of art or of art criticism. If art has a supremely vital, even though a commonly unrecognized, relation to the thought of the age in which it lives; we may have to add thereto, that its value as an interpretative gage lies rather in its differing from, than adherence to, past or existing modes of thought. For if the last were not true then it would be difficult to account for that gross stamp of originality and independence with which great men have always sealed their work, and the widening of our sympathies which has been its direct result; or if the first were not so, then the chronology of art, like the chronological facts of history itself, could have no meaning and no interest for us. Yet we know that that is not so either: that the monuments of ancient Greece and Rome, or the wall-paintings of old Assyria, or the churches and palaces of a later age with their interior decoration; all these and their like are as authentic documents in the survival of remembrance, as the testamentary records themselves of the peoples and races to which they belonged. And still it may very well be that what we have come to regard as commonplace, or at the best as merely decorative in the large procession of time, may have had an interest as intense and vital in the order and contingency of things to which they first belonged as events the most ephemeral or the most perdurable which attract our attention today or at any passing hour. And thus, if we are so minded, we at last probe into that profound relationship which exists between what has been named the Time-Spirit in art (or its workaday, stained and mutable costume) and its fast anchorage in the immixity and sempiternity of things.

The artist, then, in the high meaning and example of the term, is no mere child loosed at large in a garden stocked with all playful colors, but rather

one whose hand has become dyed with the colors that his mind worked in. And it will be safe to assume that if his inspiration be not drawn from the common earth on which he lives and find not a logicity in the sun or in the stars that lend him their light, his work will be unearthly and so unreal, or unaspiring and so unideal. That we may not hope to find such qualities in all who call themselves artists is obvious; while it is at least equally obvious that not all who set themselves up to be the critics of art will be ready in those virtues which they are so fain to deny to others.

WM. D. MACCOLL.

THE FIGHT FOR RECOGNITION

IT was in the early sixties that Edouard Manet sent to the Paris Salon his famous "Breakfast on the Grass," painted before he was thirty, depicting nudes among clothed figures, a favorite theme with the Old Masters. It was rejected with a howl of moral derision. Several years before the jury had refused his "Fifer" on the ground of technical brutality. His paintings had the same effect on the critics as a red flag has on a bull. He was roared at as though he were a horned beast of the Apocalypse. It had become fashionable to gibe and sneer at Manet. Everything was good for an attack on him, everything was a pretext.

He shrugged his shoulders and tossed the gauntlet to his critics. He hurled immortal blasphemies at academic authority; and brandished his brush in the face of official painters many of whom should have been pastry cooks and laundry men. He attacked everything that represented routine. He fought the petty and pallid taste in art, the artificial admiration of the connoisseur. He knew he had something original to say and fought to say it. He felt himself as a reformer and was proud of his innovations. He talked himself hoarse in the evening among his friends in the obscure Cafe Berguois defending his theories. He told the same story to his intimate friends Whistler, Legros and Fantin-Latour who came to see him at his studio in the rue Guyot. He devoted as much time to repudiate prejudice as to painting.

Every incident he utilized to gather strength and power. His friends of the press, among them Baudelaire, Gautier, Zola and Mallarmé, made the most of it. They dragged the impressionist canvases out of obscurity. The public laughed, and hailed these efforts with mockery and hisses. He was generous enough to take upon himself all the reproaches and bursts of anger levelled not only against his work but theirs. For he fought alone.

Monet, Renoir, Degas, Sisley, Pissaro, Jongkind, Besnard had no fighting blood in them. They were resigned to their unpopularity. They despised glory. Indifferent to the public, they went their colorful way. They faced ignorance and hostility with serene impassibility, disdainfully wrapped their cloaks about them and returned to their easels and their dreams.

Manet enjoyed rowing against the stream. He never tired of assuming a fighting attitude. Like some hildago, he tried to sword-prick his opponents

out of his path. Insults served him as coronations. To many he seemed monstrous and gross. He was in reality accomplished and audacious. He was of a robust and lusty nature, astoundingly frank and sincere, and above all a natural man who could *paint*, paint better than Courbet, better than the majority of his contemporaries, with the exception of three or four who were perhaps his equal. Genius is generally aware of its strength. Manet at any rate was. If he had remained silent he might have been forgotten; the success of the whole school of impressionists would have been retarded for a score of years; the mob would have swept over them, pushed them to the wall, and trampled them in the gravel.

For years his life was a turmoil. One year they admitted his canvases under loud protests, another year they flatly refused them. To throw stones at him was law among men of wit who had no genius. They scorned and ridiculed his "Christ." His "Olympia" never would have been bought except by subscription. His "Nana" was rejected. The exhibition of his "Execution of Emperor Maximilian" was prohibited by the government. The "Garden" and "Bon Bock," masterpieces that created a *furor* among painters, were disposed of as "coarse images." So 1875 was a repetition of 1869.

Manet did not mind opposition, he simply continued. He thirsted for the expression of life and performed the hard labor of the grand and beautiful, eating his bread dry, smiling at want, rather than to make the slightest concession to popularity. His ambition was to mature, to develop a style of his own. He painted like an Old Master when he was thirty. He rediscovered the magnificent technique, the direct virile paint of Goya, Hals, Velasquez, in twenty years of incessant study and application, and the next thirteen years he struggled to gain absolute artistic independence, to become thoroughly modern in subject and treatment and to conquer light. Thirty-three years, to his very death in 1883, he strove for nothing but to perfect his mode of utterance. There is something glorious and infinitely noble in fighting like that—to die, so to speak, in uniform, fully armed, on the battlefield.

What a great flamboyant energy there was in this man! He was one of the "hard riders of the winged steeds overleaping all boundaries, having their own goal;" one of the eternal fighting men who let their blood riot and their passions blaze unchecked, who keep up resistance, who never bow or cringe to any accepted authority, who at the age of fifty have the same spirit of revolt, the same fire and enthusiasm as in their youthful dreams.

And now, Manet is enthroned in classic glory. How absurd, and inconsistent! The comedy played through the centuries, which has for its hero the man of ideas, seems to repeat itself again and again. Twice or thrice in his career he received the praises of his contemporaries, splendid public recognitions; fame came only after death. It has ever been thus. The men who slaughter other human beings, wholesale, in order to suppress another portion of humanity, with a pretense of liberating them from despotism, are honored with triumphal arches, dinners, parades and diamond badges—perhaps rightly, I surely have nothing against it, but why is a man who fights for an ideal of

humanity, no matter whether a poet, reformer, philosopher or artist, always hooted by the crowd, and pelted with mud, even by his friends!

It can not be otherwise. What can we expect of a public that admires Vibert and is ashamed of hanging a nude. The public has no time to reflect. It is only concerned with the effect. Its esthetic appreciation lives on memories or reminiscences. It admires only what it has seen before. It is always opposed to real originality. The road of novel ideas is too rough for them. They prefer to leap through the paper loops of the modish art dealer and critic. Discrimination is not granted to the Philistines. Paint, like verse and music, is something which the technically ignorant can not understand. Technically they know art as little as the artists know stocks and wireless telegraphy. At the best they want forgetfulness from the banality of life. Few dare to feel for themselves—all that the laymen require is their enjoyment of art. They do not dare to go into the large open places of life, shaken by the winds of space. They envy the artists because they possess powers and liberties that they do not possess. They will always filch the destiny and thoughts of great men.

This may be perhaps the reason why so many men of genius, at all times, were considered madmen by their contemporaries. The true contemporaries of such men are not those among whom they live, but the few elect of all ages. The world which they comprehend with their abnormal faculties is not the world in which they really live, theirs has entirely different proportions and limitations.

ON THE POSSIBILITY OF NEW LAWS OF COMPOSITION

THE wealth of reproductive processes has enlarged our visual appreciation of form and general aspect of things to a marvelous degree.

Photography, no doubt, has furnished the strongest impetus. It is the most rapid interpreter known to pictorial expression, and has given the person of undeveloped mind, of little skill and few ideas, an opportunity to become a picture maker. The results of photography permeate all intellectual phases of our life. Through the illustrations of newspapers, books, magazines, business circulars, advertisements, objects that previous to Daguerre's invention were not represented pictorially have become common property.

Former ages offered no opportunities to the common people to acquire this facility of discerning accurate representations of life on a flat surface in black and white. The draftsmen and stone cutters of primitive times, realizing that their delineation was a simple form of picture writing, had no thought of any more forceful delineation than that which sufficed people to clearly understand the meaning of figures and symbols. They had no conception of what modern artists call effect, the pictorial study of appearances, which even the most ordinary newspaper illustration can claim. On one hand we see figures in pure accurate outlines, facts of easily legible forms; on the other hand

delineations in the round, with the application of life and shade, perspective, environment, which demand a more delicate knowledge of appearances.

Photographic illustration has become a new kind of writing, and it would be strange if this evolution in our sight perception had not been accompanied by some changes in composition. Composition, tersely expressed, is the complete unity of parts. If we wish to emphasize any one part of the representation it cannot be done without subordinating the other elements. Only in this way will we succeed in concentrating the attention upon the principal figure without any embarrassment to the rest. The more pronounced our intention is, in conveying a certain idea, the more careful must we be in balancing the other parts. This general principle will be true for all time. The symmetrical art of the Occident based on geometrical forms, and the unsymmetrical arrangement of Oriental art based on rhythm, are guided by the same idea.

A new spirit of composition, however, may arise in periods of increased esthetic activity. The relation between artists and the world at large is reciprocal. New laws cannot be elaborated by the mere will of a single individual. The composition of the Old Masters, used for centuries, has passed through its first decadence and by constant application has degraded into conventionalism. It grew more and more stereotyped, until Impressionist composition—which explores obscure corners of modern life, which delights in strangeness of observation and novel view points (strongly influenced by Japanese art and snapshot photography)—gave it a new stimulant. In photography, pictorial expression has become infinitely vast and varied, popular, vulgar, common and yet unforeseen, it is crowded with lawlessness, imperfection and failure, but at the same time offers a singular richness in startling individual observation and sentiments of many kinds. In ordinary record-photography the difficulty of summarizing expression confronts us. The painter composes by an effort of imagination. The photographer interprets by spontaneity of judgment. He practices *composition by the eye*. And this very lack of facility of changing and augmenting the original composition drives the photographer into experiments.

Referring to the average kind of photographic delineation we perceive how composition may exist without certain elements which are usually associated with it. A haphazard snapshot at a stretch of woodland, without any attention to harmony, can only accidentally result in a good composition. The main thoroughfare of a large city at night, near the amusement center, with its bewildering illumination of electrical signs, must produce something to which the accepted laws of composition can be applied only with difficulty. Scenes of traffic, or crowds in a street, in a public building, or on the seashore, dock and canal, bridge and tunnel, steam engine and trolley, will throw up new problems. At present the amateur has reached merely the primitive stage. The most ignorant person will attempt a view or a portrait group out-of-doors. Even children will strive for accidental results. The amateur has not yet acquired calligraphic expression. Like the sign painter who takes care to see that his lettering is sufficiently plain to be understood at one glance, the amateur only cares to make statements of fact. As we examine amateur photographs

as they are sent in to the editorial offices of photographic magazines, we now and then will experience a novel impression. We do not remember of ever having seen it done just that way, and yet the objects are well represented and the general effect is a pleasing one. I have seen trees taken in moonlight that were absolutely without composition and yet not entirely devoid of some crude kind of pictorialism. It was produced by the light effect. Such a picture cannot be simply put aside by the remark that we hear so frequently "That is a bad composition." It may be poor art but it is physically interesting.

Climatic and sociological conditions and the normal appreciation of the appearances of contemporary life, will lead the camera workers unconsciously to the most advantageous and characteristic way of seeing things. The innovations which will become traditional will be transmitted again and again, until some pictorialist will become the means of imposing the authority of the most practical manner upon his successors. In this way all night photographers, good or bad, will help to discover and invent a scheme or method that will be suitable for the subject and consequently become universally applicable. And so it will be with every branch of pictorialism, may it be in the domain of foreground study, of moonlight photography, of animal or flower delineation, of portraiture, figure arrangement or the nude.

The most important factors in these discoveries will be those qualities that are most characteristic of photography as a medium of expression. The facility of producing detail and the differentiation of textures, the depth and solid appearance of dark planes, the ease with which forms can be lost in shadows, the production of lines solely by tonal gradations and the beautiful suggestion of shimmering light, all these qualities must be accepted as the fundamental elements of any new development. Photographic representation, no doubt, will become addicted more and more to space composition, to the balancing of different tonal planes and the reciprocal relation of spaces. This may be an advantage from the point of physical optics. Beauty is chiefly concerned with the muscular sweep of the eye in cognizing adjacent points. It is generally conceded that the impression is more gratifying if these points are limited to a few. Every spot requires a readjustment of the visual organs, as we can only observe a very small space at a time. Too many spots, as may occur in modern compositions, no doubt will prove wearisome and fatiguing, but if the spotting is skillfully handled, it after all will represent the fundamental principle of esthetic perception, and the sense of sight will adjust itself gradually to the necessity of rapid changes.

Also the relationship of lines, so confused and intricate in scenes like a railroad station or a machine shop, factory, derrick or skeleton structure of a building, will need special consideration. The variety and the irregularity of such lines, in which the straight and angular line will predominate, may be compared to the unresolved discords, unrelated harmonies, little wriggling runs and all the external characteristics of the modern French composers. Debussy mastered these apparently incongruous elements sufficiently well to construct novel combinations of sound that, after all, are pleasing to the ear.

If new laws are really to be discovered, an acquaintance with the various

styles is prejudicial rather than advantageous, since the necessary impartiality of ideas is almost impossible, inasmuch as the influence of study and the knowledge of pre-existent methods must inevitably, although perhaps undesignedly, influence new creations and ideas. All natural objects have some sort of *purpose*. And the photographer should strive primarily for the expression of the *purpose*. Each object (like the free verse of Whitman) should make its own composition. Its forms and structure, lines and planes should determine its position in the particular space allotted to the picture. More than ever must the artist be gifted with a happy appreciation of beautiful proportions, which often are sufficient to bestow a noble expression on a pictorial representation.

Much will depend on the amateur who by sheer necessity will work unconsciously in the right direction. His knowledge will increase and his ambitions soar higher. And as he grows in esthetic perception it will react upon the artist and urge him to attain a new and more varied, subtle and modern (though not necessarily more perfect) state of development.

S. H.

THE AWAKENING

The man held talk with death; with burning eyes
He pierced the veil of life; then did he cry:
"Complacent rabble, now at last I know!
Ye want no signs of new-tide verities;
But flatteries, for workers of shallow thought;
And for such facile doers of daily nothings,
Again the furbishing of trite ideals!"—
Then they who stood around said, "How he raves!"—
And so he died.

DALLETT FUGUET.

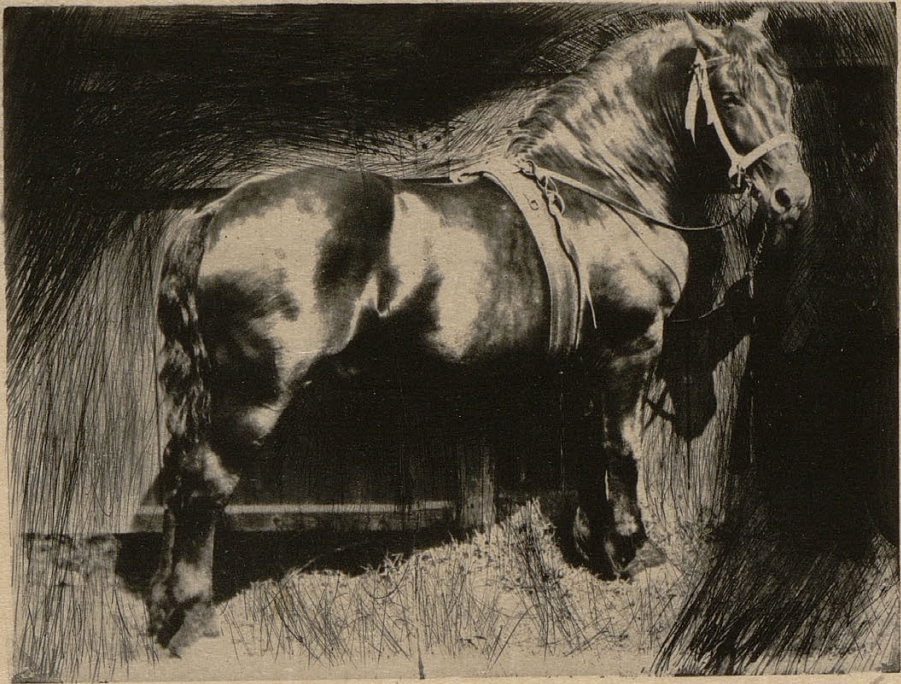
PLATES

FRANK EUGENE

VII. Man In Armor.

VIII. Horse.





THE ART OF EDUARD J. STEICHEN

A CERTAIN exclusiveness and a preference for work of particular choiceness have always characterised the exhibitions at the Montross Galleries. To its list of artists has recently been added Eduard Steichen, of whose work an exhibition has just been held. It was the concluding feature of the Gallery's existence at the old address and a prelude to the widened scope which its present larger galleries will involve.

Steichen on this occasion was represented both by photographs and oil-paintings. The simultaneous showing of the two mediums, I understand, was at Mr. Montross's own request. It proves not only that gentleman's discriminating taste for what is fine, but also the sureness of his perception in recognizing how completely the two mediums have been united in Steichen's advance. Those of us who can remember the first appearance of his print, "The Pool," made over twelve years ago, before he had come in contact with art and artists, know that it was a work of remarkable distinction and beauty, and can look back to it as the acorn out of which all his subsequent growth has naturally proceeded. For it represented an original and very personal vision of nature; at once large and embracing, yet very sensitive in its feeling both for the sentiment of the scene and for the method of its expression. The sense of tonality and appreciation of values would have been remarkable, had the print been the product of a man who was in the way of hearing these qualities discussed and of seeing them exemplified. But Steichen's only mentor had been the reproductions and the text in *CAMERA NOTES*; valuable as far as they went, yet limited in scope and suggestion. The sense, in fact, and the appreciation were innate in the young man himself. He was original from the start.

Moreover in the character of its expression that early print struck the key to which all Steichen's succeeding development has been tuned. It involved, as I have said, a personal vision and a feeling for ensemble and for effects of massing spontaneously arranged, but a feeling also for abstraction of expression. It was the work of a man with whom ideas already counted; who discovered in his subject an idea and strove for its expression; who looked into a fact for the soul of the fact, and, consciously or unconsciously, invested the perceptions of the concrete with the conceptions of the abstract.

I am often twitted with dwelling upon the psychological side of an artist's work to some neglect of the technique of his painting. Possibly I do; because in the final analysis it is the quality of the artist's mind and the bias of his purpose that not only inform and shape his technique but determine the value of its expression. Cleverness and skill are admirable. A bookkeeper may be a master in the manipulation of figures, yet he misses the genius of a financier; and the adroit technician may be a good painter, yet from mental deficiency lack the higher quality of an artist. You may fit a fountain with excellent plumbing, but its spray of water can only approximate to, never rise above, the height of its source. It is the same with a man, even if he be a painter. It is the quality of the inspiration and the volume of the momentum that count; and accordingly I am apt to dwell upon these requisites of an artist's equipment.

After Steichen had learned to mingle the study of painting with the practice of the camera, his most notable essays in the former medium were "nocturnes." It was in the sequence of his development that they should be. In the first place, the tonality of a nocturne is the nearest thing that painting presents to the tonality of a photograph, at least in technical principles. Then Whistler, whose influence few if any moderns have escaped—for I do not consider your academic painter a modern—affected this young man profoundly. He found in the great artist not only technical example but a kinship of spirit. Steichen himself is somewhat arrogantly intolerant of the commonplace; rapturously devout toward that which is choicely beautiful; but, first and foremost, he was keenly sensitive to the master's abstraction of spirit, to his preference for the expression of the idea. So Steichen sought it where for a while, in the seventies, Whistler sought it, and where we ordinary folk who are not painters seek for it, especially when we are young, namely, in the twilight and the night. It is in the penumbra, between the clear visibility of things and their total extinction in darkness, when the concreteness of appearances becomes merged in half-realized, half-baffled vision, that spirit seems to disengage itself from matter and to envelope it with a mystery of soul-suggestion.

Accordingly in the two exhibitions of Steichen's work, held at an interval of two years in Mr. Eugene Glaenzer's Gallery, it was the nocturnes that attracted most interest. There were a few sunlit scenes, but they had neither been so fully comprehended nor so well rendered. Again, in the latest exhibition there were still some nocturnes, which were preferred by many people who have got the nocturnal habit and are disinclined to change. But the pictures in this genre were in the minority and did not represent the chief interest to those who are watching Steichen's growth. Evidence of the latter they found in his subjects of radiant or softened sunlight. These represented a distinct step in advance, because they showed the attack upon a problem at once more difficult and more vital. Psychologically speaking, it is to express the spirituality of things plainly seen; to extract from the concrete appearances of daylight their abstract expression. Technically, it is to escape from the arbitrary restrictions of tonality and to harmonize the conflicts of local color, seen in the glow of natural light.

These two elements of the problem represent an advance beyond the nocturnes even of Whistler and constitute The New Thought in painting. The difference may to some extent be illustrated by a comparison of the soul-dramas of Ibsen and Maeterlinck, respectively. The latter in "Monna Vanna" projects the conflict against the vague romance of the past and, still more characteristically in "Pelleas and Melisande" sets his men and women in a spiritual penumbra, wherein they move uncertainly as in a soul-picture. Ibsen, on the contrary, deals with everyday people of his own time, viewed in the clear light of daily experience. There is no evasion of the concrete and material, no seeking refuge in the penumbra or explicit investing of the facts with a spiritual overlay. He does not project the soul-meaning of his play on to the characters like a spot-light, but makes the characters irradiate from within themselves their own light of spiritual suggestion. With him the abstract is implicit in

the concrete. This is the vastly bigger thing, this coming out into the daylight and discovering the spirit which hitherto had lurked only in the half lights and shadows of the penumbra of the soul. And this is the problem, not yet solved, of The New Thought in painting.

It is a further step in simplification both as to form and color; an effort, on the one hand, to depend less than ever upon representation of form, and, on the other, to restore to pictorial art the purity of local colors. The artist must use form; he needs it as the substructure of his composition. But he would divest it, as far as possible, of personal and local concrete significance and use it primarily as a support for the abstract expression which has become the chief motive of his art. On the other hand, in his use of color, he avoids the transposition of nature's hues into an arbitrary scheme of tonality and readjusts his attitude toward light. He would no longer be a "luminist," bent on trying to represent light and for that purpose decolorizing the local hues. It is the hues themselves that he prizes, and therefore he makes light no longer his motive but the means to an end. It is not light itself but color, receiving its full expression from the action of light, that he would interpret. In this the modern artist is proving himself a follower of Paul Cézanne.

Steichen is, I believe, the first American painter who, comprehending the example of Cézanne, has been able to fit it to his own personality, in such a way that the latter has been not only preserved but strengthened. The reason is that the example fits his own temperament and reached him when he was ripe for it and therefore could most profit by it. He has had nothing to unlearn. Moreover, his own instinct had been leading him forward in preparation for this later influence. To quote only one instance, his gum-print of Rodin beside the Victor Hugo and *Le Penseur*, made long before he had ever heard of Cézanne, is constructively Cézannesque, and within the limits of black and white corresponds to the motive of Steichen's later landscapes. The only essential difference is in color. Cézanne's example, fortified by his own experiments with the Lumiere color-plates, has been like a sanction to Steichen that he would be justified in indulging his temperamental need of color, the only medium for the full expression of a nature so ardent as his.

Already, therefore, in these later landscapes, the inspiration for which he has gathered in the hill-village of Voulangis, his summer home some twenty miles east of Paris, he shows himself no less reverent toward beauty than in his nocturnes; no less impressed with the idea and eager to express it, reckoning the concrete but as a symbol of expression. Meanwhile it is no longer in the glimmer of the penumbra only that he is searching for the spirit that informs nature. He stands no longer continually at the edge of the lake, peering across its dim water, up at the mountain that looms removed from human foot-steps in the solitude of the unknown. He has emerged into the daylight and takes his position upon a hill, looking down upon a valley close beneath and across at other hills that slope back in close companionship. The scene is familiar, a bit of the everyday life of a French hill-village. I myself recognize it; can identify the road that I have traversed, the stream along which I have wandered, the woods, the village on the neighboring hill-top. It is all real enough to

establish without hesitation its concrete significance. Yet that is not the quality of which I am conscious. It is not the facts but the spirit of nature that I find interpreted in these landscapes. They are heightened visions of the scene; heightened first of all by elimination of the assertions of fact, secondly by enforcing the assertion of color. And everything is attuned to that higher conception of painting which will eventually leave to photography the recording of factual phenomena, and reserve for itself the most complete interpretation, in a word, the most abstract expression possible.

Meanwhile, I do not say that every one of Steichen's latest pictures achieves what he is trying for in all, or that in any he has reached the full expression of what he feels. So far, these daylight pictures do not attain to the quality of expression that is appreciable in his nocturnes. A few days ago a friend remarked to me that it is only in early morning pictures and nocturnes one should expect to find the spiritual suggestion of nature adequately realized. Such is the force of habit. For my own part I reject it. I am willing, however, to admit that hitherto painting has not succeeded in interpreting under the clear light of day the same degree of spirituality which reveals itself in the penumbra. But, if the spirituality exists at all, and for our purpose it does exist if we will it shall, it must be present everywhere at all times. Therefore it is only a question of time, when the man who feels that it so exists will find the way to express it fully. I know no artist more likely to be the interpreter than Édouard J. Steichen.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

For the sake of record we reprint some of the criticisms that appeared in the press on the Steichen exhibition:

Mr. Mather in the "Evening Post":

"About four years ago Édouard J. Steichen, who already enjoyed fame as a 'secessionist' photographer, surprised the town by a little show of paintings. The 'Evening Post' then had the pleasure of pointing out the freshness of this work, its confident mastery of the *pointilliste* formulas, and its picturesqueness of arrangement. Whoever goes to the Montross galleries expecting a repetition of the old sensations will be disappointed. Mr. Steichen has renounced broken color and impaste in favor of smooth surfaces. The effects now depend upon the modulation of large masses of local or decorative color and the general balance of such masses. Our artist is going over, for the moment, at least, to the side of Whistler, Henri Rivière, or to eschew disadvantageous comparisons, the *Dabo frères*.

"Before interrogating too narrowly the art of these pictures, certain obvious technical merits should be acknowledged. Mr. Steichen knows how to make a sky sing by simple modulation of the tone, without having resource to snappy handling of the brush. The pellucid depth of the blue, the poise of hanging clouds—all these celestial features are caught directly without troubling the surfaces. This knack, rather common among the tempera painters of the early Renaissance, is rare enough to-day. Similarly, the broad necessary masses of green or russet that mean grass or Autumn oaks are spread frankly and give no sense either of thinness or of garishness. The decorative effect of each of these thirty-one canvases is deftly calculated. In fact, it is this air of an old hand, in a painter still almost in his artistic nonage, that both piques one's curiosity and arouses misgivings as to the future. Is it possible that experience can add anything to what already looks so complete?

"In this art there is absolutely no fumbling and apparently no dealing with nature for her

own sake. The sane copyism of the beginner is conspicuously absent. The decorative form and color have imposed themselves forthwith upon the thing seen.

"Mark these pale yellow poplars, in Autumnal harmony, which spring geyser-like from a shadow-shot greensward, before a band of russet oaks, while a deeply blue sky bends overhead. We are in the realm of pure fantasy. A Monticelli has been reincarnated somewhere near Giverney to refresh us.

"In general the scale of these designs is very big—again an unusual quality. Whether it be the stems of poplars rising against the moonlight, the stretch of a pale green valley, a swelling cloud drifting down towards us over calm water—all these motives are rendered in a sense of size and importance. With color, Mr. Steichen plays his own decorative game, but he is soberly true to the spaciousness of the scenery of French river valleys. It is perhaps a crabbed and injurious doubt that asks whether this precocious composure is good for Mr. Steichen, when we unquestionably should be grateful for work so vivacious and accomplished. One awaits with mixed feelings the emergence of his third manner. He is the valedictory exhibitor in these galleries, where individualism has ever been at home. After the 29th Mr. Montross will move to No. 550 Fifth avenue, between Forty-fifth and Forty-sixth streets.

"In the room beside the paintings about thirty of Mr. Steichen's photographs are shown. He has always preferred to take his two arts with equal seriousness, but the fact that most of the photographic prints are familiar suggests that painting is winning him away. One could hardly regret such a defection. His photographs are most skilfully contrived, but they share the quality of the new camera work of looking better than they really are, with the defect of never again looking quite as good as they did on first acquaintance."

Mr. Harrington in the "New York Herald":

"Nature, with the assistance of Mr. Eduard J. Steichen, an American artist, makes a creditable showing in the Montross gallery. It is hard to tell where she begins and the imagination of Mr. Steichen starts, yet the result is a series of interesting canvases in which what is true and what could not be are often strangely blended.

"Secession and convention go hand in hand in this exhibition. The influences of Matisse and rebels of his clan who flourish about the environs of Paris and painter sense for the things that are combined in most of the thirty-one canvases which Mr. Steichen has brought from his studio in France. The show is for the delectation of those who are ultra aesthetic and those who would like to be and also for those who really like pictures.

"The group which is more or less of a transcript of the scenery of the Valley of the Morin, has a definite appeal to those who are frankly interested in beauty for its own sake. Mr. Steichen has caught the sunlight and imprisoned it in pigment in 'The Summer Morning,' and again where he depicts the same vale under the glow of Autumn. Here he has been carried away with the poetry of what is really before him. His nocturne of the city of Paris is mystic and unreal, the expression of inner emotion rather than that which appeals to the outer senses. Yet it will impress any one who looks at it long enough to feel its spell.

"'Across the Great Divide,' which is a memory of the Rockies, is overpowering in its depth of color and in the grandeur of the great masses of blue reared as a challenge to all the ages.

"It contrasts strangely with the 'Spring Sunlight,' where a child is wandering beneath the sun-flecked branches of a grove in the late afternoon. One must see such pictures as those which Mr. Steichen presents with the painter's own eyes, and therefore it is entirely within the bounds of verity to believe that on the day he saw 'Apple Bloom' Mr. Steichen not only beheld the twigs blossoming so cheerfully, but also saw that the trunk of the honest tree itself was of exactly the same shade of pink as the blooming branches.

"Photographs of the variety Photo-Secession may also be seen here, including some fine likenesses of the President, of Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan and Mr. George Bernard Shaw. Mr. Steichen took them. Nature helped."

Arthur Hoeber in the "Globe":

"Eduard J. Steichen offers the results of the last three years' painting in France, where he has made a serious study of new movements in art, and where he has limned faithfully the world

out-of-doors, although he has taken good care to avoid the usual, the commonplace and the obvious. It is a nature he has caught in curious moods under strange combinations of color or form, mainly under evening effects of rare subtlety and poetry, and, it must be confessed, the note is new, harmonious for the most part and genuinely artistic. One was sure at the beginning, however, that Mr. Steichen would not be content to follow along familiar lines, since from the first he has been interestingly original, novel—we might say poetically—socialistic! Obviously he has caught some of the spirit of the secessionistic group of Europeans, snatching now a bit of atmospheric treatment, here annexing the secret of brilliant light, and so flooding his themes, and generally he has been wise enough to accept the virtues and reject the faults of the daring experimenters who have been the downfall of so many of their followers. Mr. Steichen has preserved his balance through it all and has come out of some rather questionable society—artistically speaking, of course—unscathed.

“It is where he has tagged on in a mild way this new influence to his old manner that he is most successful, as for example, in his ‘Nocturne at Chateau du Doux,’ an exquisite rendering of delicate birches coming up vague against a late afternoon moonlit sky. There is a stream and back is blue distance, all charmingly indicated, in the suggestion rather than in the concrete, with a happy result. And there are some five or six glimpses of the valley of the Morin under differing effects of the night and the morning, with skies of tender cloud forms and delicate color, genuinely poetic renderings of beautiful phases of the time of the day. A large canvas at one end of the room, ‘Across the Great Divide,’ is a dramatic composition full of intensity, of a large feeling of space and distance, as well as of the conformation of the country, and it is very fine in its color arrangement, yet without perhaps the vibratory qualities the later work possesses. It has interested this artist to find in large stretches of French landscape, with many fields squared off with mathematical precision, with trees and streams, themes for compositions, seeing them all under entertaining effects of light and shade, enveloped in the strong golden light of the late afternoon, again under the dramatic contrasts of approaching storm, but always holding the interest of the spectator.

“Attention is particularly called to an unusual achievement of Mr. Steichen in his study of ‘Red Poppies,’ for a more brilliant result with pigment on canvas we have yet to see. It fairly radiates light and glows in its luminosity. In another room are some photographs. It will be recalled that Mr. Steichen occupies a unique place as an amateur photographer, a curious term, by the way, for the class of ‘amateurs’ to which Mr. Steichen belongs really means the highest grade of photographic professional. Here, then, are some wonderful portraits of the painters, Watts and Lenbach; the sculptor, Rodin; the writers, George Bernard Shaw and Anatole France; the musician, Richard Strauss; President Taft and his predecessor, Mr. Roosevelt; J. Pierpont Morgan; the painter himself with his wife; and Eleanore Duse, not to mention several views of Rodin’s famous statue of Balzac. In this direction Mr. Steichen has said the last word, and there remains only to chronicle the fact that the prints fortunately are here. It is, in short, one of the distinctly artistic displays of the season, and on no account should it be missed.”

J. Edgar Chamberlain in the “Evening Mail”:

“Eduard J. Steichen is another artist who is an impressionist in the broad, original sense of the word, and not a mere follower of a school of art which paints in a certain way and is named ‘impressionist’ for want of a better word. The exhibition of Mr. Steichen’s paintings and photographs at Montross’s gallery this week and next brings together the work of a man whose methods are greatly interesting the artistic world.

“Mr. Steichen is a colorist with an extremely subtle sense of harmonies and of the intenser and more mystical aspects of nature. He paints strange nocturnal combinations of clouds, moon and sky, with terrestrial objects seeming to mount into the heavens by vague juxtaposition. He does not emphasize or depend upon line for his effects; in fact, he rather ignores line, and expresses himself in masses and rich color suffusions. His sense of color is certainly most keen, and he produces delightful effects.

“The large picture of the Rocky mountains in Colorado, called ‘Across the Crest of the Great Divide,’ might be called, with entire propriety, ‘God’s Rest.’ It suggests to the mind the creative intelligence brooding over the mountains after it had finished them. Deep and mysterious blues, illimitable distances, far dim clouds on the horizon, dark clouds above, billowing successions of ranges—all these and other elements make the picture one of great nobility and beauty.

"Mr. Steichen likes to paint the phenomenon which the Indians call the 'walking rain'—moving clouds dropping showers. 'The Curtain of Rain' is such a phenomenon, in a shadowy, mysterious landscape. In 'The Rising Moon—Valley of the Morin,' he gives us the most subtle interpretation of the evening sky seen through a row of ghostly trees. Every one of his pictures is susceptible of exhaustive description, but after all the best part of them is that which cannot be described—the tender and delightful color.

"In another room is a collection of Mr. Steichen's remarkable photographs, which include three of the studies of the Rodin Balzac. His portrait studies are probably unapproachable; those of J. Pierpont Morgan, ex-President Roosevelt and Bernard Shaw are particularly successful."

Royal Cortissoz in the "New York Tribune":

"Another painter to whom similar counsel might be offered is Mr. Eduard J. Steichen, who has an exhibition of his paintings and photographs at the Montross Gallery. The note struck here is again altogether esoteric, and, by the same token, disappointing. It has been said of those modern manipulators of the camera who reverently approach photography as 'an art' that they do with the camera what the painter does with the brush. With all respect for the sincerity of Mr. Steichen's purpose in the handling of color we are, nevertheless, constrained to remark that he does with the brush precisely what he does with the camera—save that he does not do it quite so well. Granting the hypothesis on which he builds his photographs, the latter are undeniably effective. Witness the three plates he has made of Rodin's 'Balzac,' reproducing the famous statue in the open air, under melodramatic conditions of light. The fantasticality of the piece is superbly emphasized. It may be noted in passing that these photographs expose with innocent malice the very quality which led to the rejection of the statue by the men of letters who sought a monument for the great writer. Balzac had his histrionic side, but thus portrayed he would never have recognized himself. But the key to his genius was none of Mr. Steichen's affair. All he had to do was to raise Rodin's amazing figure to the n th power, and this he has unmistakably done. In the circumstances he deserves only praise. To paint pictures from the same point of view, however, is another thing. Mr. Steichen arranges his landscapes with something of the deft artfulness that he shows in his photographs. The composition in a picture like his 'Nocturne at Chateau du Doux' suggests a clever stage setting, and in this the work mentioned is typical. Everywhere the painter wakes the same theatrical memories. Some of his carefully balanced harmonies raise a surmise that he has sat at the feet of Whistler, and occasionally he gives us a hint of the decorative ingenuity of Japan. Not once does he give us the savor of the soil, the sense of wood and field interpreted with loving simplicity. His work, like Mr. Needham's, though immensely clever, seems done wholly from the outside."

James Huneker in the "New York Sun":

"Eduard J. Steichen, better known as photographer than as painter, thanks to his admirable manipulation of the camera, is showing thirty paintings at the Montross Galleries, 372 Fifth avenue. There are also some of his celebrated photographs, the J. Pierpont Morgan, Bernard Shaw, Eleonora Duse, Richard Strauss and Rodin's 'Balzac,' which may be called without fear of contradiction 'interpretations.' The Strauss simulacrum suggests the uncanny feeling that lurks at the bottom of his poison green music. It must have been modelled after Franz Stuck's 'Luzifer'; the eyes have the same malignant glare. But these heads are not new and the oils are. Mr. Steichen has been much of late in France. Poetic of temperament, a man who senses the mystery of twilight and the possessor of a tender, subtle brush, his pictures are at their best transcripts of moods, moods of mystic rapture in the presence of a moonlit garden or aroused by the sweep of the Garden of the Gods. His former spotty 'dotty' mannerisms have vanished; he paints in thin, clear strokes, and with dexterity. The view in Rodin's garden is for any one who has visited Meudon an enchanting evocation. We once crossed the garden in the dusk and battled with our fears because of the stone creatures that through some spell seemingly came to life after the sun had sunk. The various colored reports which Mr. Steichen presents of his sojourn in the valley of the Morin indicate his advance in his art since his last exhibition here a year ago. Too ethereal, too impalpable as are most of these imaginings in paint—there is not much range in the choice of theme and treatment—you feel, nevertheless, that there are potentialities as yet only hinted at in the art of Steichen. He

always sees an arabesque in nature. His vision is eminently decorative. He has gone to the Japanese for his motives, though we recall that Jonas Lie showed us the value of sprays and leaves in space not so long ago. This exhibition is the last to be held in the old Montross Galleries, a place where history has been made in American art. The curtain will rise on the new Montross pictorial theatre early in February at 550 Fifth avenue, between Forty-fifth and Forty-sixth streets. The initial performance will be, need we add, of rare artistic interest."

Elizabeth Luther Cary in the "New York Times":

"The Montross Galleries are this week filled with pictures painted by Eduard J. Steichen, whose work is better known in Paris than here, and who is there recognized as a disciple of Matisse, although he does not himself admit his discipleship to Matisse or any one else.

"His work is highly individual and he indulges freely in color of a sumptuous and barbaric quality, the kind that one gets at its best in stained glass with the color pouring through it rather than on it.

"Several of his subjects are garden scenes, in which he makes sunlight blaze quite splendidly, and his Autumnal glimpses of the Valley of the Morin are equally successful in rendering the beauty of tender atmosphere. What one misses in his work is the sense of form that penetrates the most mysterious veils of color in the work of the great masters."

EXHIBITION OF WATER-COLORS, PASTELS AND ETCHINGS BY JOHN MARIN

THERE is an air at once of something extraordinarily gay and sober in the atmosphere of the exhibitions which we are growing used to expect at the "Little Galleries" of the Photo-Secession of New York. By a singular contradiction (for everything that we find there is of the newest and most original type) the impression that we receive on entering is rather of having stepped *out* of some new world—that new world which is ever about us, of raw or of but half-formed materials in the making—into some antique one, some ancient playground of bygone, half-forgotten memories. Works of art, paintings, drawings, photographs, strange to our sight, meet us and half startle, yet do not affright us. It is as if the friend whom we had gone forth to greet had surprised us at some beforehand corner by the way. Yet all this is less than half the truth, for it is but the image of a parable. The real truth is that the Photo-Secession Galleries are an imaginatively ideal link between the present and the past. Throbbing, pulsing with life, the life and artistic achievement of to-day, it is nevertheless a life that connects itself immutably with the past, because its roots, as has been said of all religions, are so "deep in the earth of man's nature." The sunshine that dwells here is of an ever new-old world, undimmed by the "pink-rose and drab" of a sickly or sentimental existence, and rises and falls in spots of the purest gayety or sadness; and the music that we hear is of that old symbolic type, that erstwhile accompanied the gathering of harvests, or the dance of maidens under the shade, or even the ritual of death.

That exhibition from which this piece of writing borrows its title is apt illustration of my meaning. John Marin is a remarkably distinguished follower in that long line of distinguished British water-color painters. It is a commonplace of knowledge that the art of water-color painting or drawing is the peculiar heritage of British genius. With its primary beginnings in the work of some early Dutch masters, or in those old arts of miniature painting and M.S. illumination, it was the special glory of British painters, without extraneous aid from their Continental brethren, to originate, practice and discover some of the unrivalled beauties of expression that are to be found within this apparently simple medium. Girtin, Turner, Constable are names to conjure with to-day in the enchanted fairyland of water-color drawing, at the very moment of its emergence even from those simple uses in plain architectural and topographical illustration; nor can we say, or need we feel, after examining Mr. Marin's work, that that old glory has yet altogether passed away from the British race,—if Mr. Marin, as an American, will allow us to include him in so generous a category.

It was highly natural in an art so apparently simple as this of water-color that the decay in taste and execution should have set in when it did. We have the common instance of the child into whose hands a box of water-colors (seldom of "oils," be it noted) is placed as a ready instrument to keep it from crying, or of the grocer's boy, it may be, who blithely asks Mr. So-and-so, the "artist,"

if he will "paint" the picture that he has saved from the wreck of a weekly illustrated journal,—no less than the manifold uses to which color tinting has been put in the service of modern mechanical processes of color reproduction. But we have only to consult, what we are seldom able to do, the best examples in this highly refined art to understand how utterly they are removed alike in design and execution from the worse than wantonly ineffective and insipid efforts of its unnumbered practitioners. In America the art has scarcely emerged from its infantile stage—of gross output and little genuine or serious effectiveness. In England, in the hands of a small number of really distinguished artists it has been, and is being, rapidly saved from the utter forlornness into which it had fallen. On the European continent, where it is not so much either practiced or mispracticed, and especially in France, its reputation is safe in the hands of a few men of genius who in this, as in other branches of art to-day, have given to it a new and vital meaning of expression beyond the common run of stagnant effort.

The singular charm and notable characteristic of Mr. Marin's work,—and it is one which belongs to-day rather to the French than to the strictly British school (if we exclude the three most brilliant modern British exponents—I mean Melville, Brabazon and Whistler, all three now deceased)—is his ability to conceive and to carry out his scheme in terms from first to last of pure color—what is sometimes called "impressionistic" painting. But if we examine this so-called "impressionistic" method in relation to water-color drawing we shall find, I believe, what we might not have expected, an even more intimate and logical relation to past models in this branch of art than is directly discernible in the art of oil-painting. Putting aside for a moment the work of such singular men of genius as Turner and Constable, who in this as in all else that they touched used their art solely as a vehicle of expression for their own imaginative fancies,—Constable, we instinctively feel, was more at ease even in his water-color sketches and studies than elsewhere in attaining to that desired condition of "forgetting that he had ever seen a picture,"—in the works that still remain to us from other hands, a lovely heritage of water-color drawing, we find, even within the extraordinarily wide boundaries of expression that water-color drawing had found for itself, the same principles holding good throughout. The special poetical possibilities that lay within the compass of this medium, arising primarily out of the luminousness and transparency of its color, that received such a tremendous impetus from the fiery visions of Turner's fancy, still depended as ever for their effect upon what might be termed the architectonics of a scene, what was in the beginning the mere substance of light and shade, the mere "drawing" balanced by those thin stains or washes of monochrome (as in the tinted figure sketches of Rembrandt or of Rodin), and only afterwards and by degrees of local *patches* of color. And, inevitably, as the joy and delight in color and in an exalted color-sense arose like a luminous phantom out of the dark night of plain chiaroscuro, the need for an elaborate structural drawing gave way as the mists at dawn and it was found that the world could be as steadfastly built up out of the miraculous image of a spectrum. That is what we find, I think, in the transition from those great

men of the middle period, such as De Wint, Cotman, Cox, towards the most brilliant among the moderns, and it is among these that we must class John Marin, his technique and his temperament. While in England there is still a tendency (in the nature of a refined reaction) to give the more accentuated drawing in a water-color its right play, in the other men I have mentioned drawing is interpreted in terms of color, and in the hands of such modern French artists as Signac and Matisse glows and glows again as a mosaic of the purest pattern. In either case these are the earlier and the later heights which separate that dark gulf of awful and hopeless banality in which are sunk the whole of those salmagundi potpourri of water-color drawing, painting or hotch-potch, in which a texture that imitates "oils" or an interest that rivals reality is more thought of than the simple delight of discovering by pencil and brush the structural beauties of nature in the massing and modelling of light and aerial and colored perspectives.

Mr. Marin is a poet and a visionary of the first order, a dreaming and enchanted (sometimes a well-nigh intoxicated) lover of life, but—and therein lies the secret of his special skill—with his hand ever firmly set upon the throb and pulse of that which delights him: the warp and woof of color and the dots and passages of motion in the rapturous lyric of all things under the sun. It is a world of color that he sees, and often his colors speak to us through the voice of a mist, blowing themselves into the air to acknowledge themselves. In some of his studies it is as if he felt there to be only two elements in the universe: sun and water, which, acting and reacting upon one another, drew out of the earth all its forces and material objects, only to shed them upon us again in lustres of returning light. Veil beyond veil, and mist beyond iridescent mist, rise these tearful images, transfiguring all things within their reach, till heaven and earth, the sky, hills, lakes, the contours of all nature, seem compounded into one measureless and exhaustless film. This is indeed to me such "a stuff as dreams are made of"—the dreams of a wakeful and watchful spirit; for never does he lose himself in shapes of mystic incoherency. His exquisite eye is the nervous web on which all this weft of imageries is thrown. There is the beauty of a great and enchanting mystery in almost all his work; but always we feel the guidance of a bold and happy spirit leading us through the maze of all this illimitable dreaming. It is because his "manner" is so simple.

It were easy to tell, even if we did not recognize, the landscape in which the most of his scenes are laid. It has been well said of the French landscape that "mere topography, the simple material, counts for so little, and all being so pure, untouched and tranquil in itself, mere light and shade have such easy work in modulating it to one dominant tone." For Mr. Marin is not always figuring things to us even in the most luminous of mists. The great variety of his interests is one of the astonishing properties of his powers. Sometimes it is the clear, beaten air after rain that attracts him, and he has stopped—all day it may be—on the hither side of some little valley, or on some sunny orchard slope, we may imagine, to watch and note how the light of clouds plays above and about some mountain village, with its shadowed ramparts, dreaming "under skies of dream."

I have said that he was a visionary with his hand upon the pulse of light. He does not paint you a picture as a print or a colored photograph would paint it for you, but he extracts those essential qualities in it which belong to it in the sensations, and placing them together with unerring skill (as words are placed together unchangeably in a lyric), the structure of his scene grows naturally out of his hand. Yet, sometimes, I imagine, he feels that his subject is too big. He does not then profess to compass all the moods of nature, nor, like Joshua, nor like the second, or the third, or the fifth-rate artist, bid the sun stand still in the heavens, that he may copy down with patient skill and minute exactitude day after day each feather and bloom upon the face of nature. Rather, his colors, like brilliant words, jolt and are shut sharp. It is as if we heard the hissing of his quickly indrawn breath, the sharp setting of his teeth, and then, perchance, the tremulous quaver of a tear—as in those old German *Minnelied*, or in the sonnets of Shakespeare, where passion, having risen to its full throb can go no farther, and breaks into a smile or sigh, a ripple of suppressed emotion, a rhymed couplet, *Obei!* and *Tandaradei!* Perhaps it was this aspect of his painting which suggested to someone—a “painter” himself, I believe—to call it “childish.” Well, it may be, I cannot say; it is too difficult and unprofitable for me to judge of the natural years in which wisdom may occur or still remain absent. But at least it is sure that, when in this mood, perhaps, Mr. Marin finishes up a picture with half a dozen grave splashes of blue in the midst of otherwise colorless dank clouds, it is not done for nothing; it does not spoil the picture—it serves to balance it in the right place, and so helps to *express the mood of all the rest*. “L’art, mes amis, c’est d’être absolument soi-même,”—which only means that you must first *have* something to say, and thereafter know *how* to say it.

Mr. Marin suggests one other artistic relationship. It is with one of the greatest and the most fascinating of the lesser genius of the nineteenth century. I mean Jongkind. In the goodly company of such men it would be easy to predict for him, a young man, what I am sure would not interest him: a distinguished career, or what must interest us, perpetual fellowship with the most distinguished of his craft. To create lovely things one must see lovely things, hope lovely things, and desire lovely things, and that is what John Marin, in his intense and simple fashion, is greatly doing.

WM. D. MACCOLL.

For the sake of record we reprint some of the criticisms that appeared in the daily press upon this exhibition:

B. P. Stephenson in the “Evening Post”:

“John Marin is exhibiting some forty water-colors, a few pastels and etchings, at the Photo-Secession Galleries, No. 291 Fifth avenue. We have seen strange things in these galleries—the least strange are Mr. Marin’s works, although we acknowledge there are many subjects the artist imagines and we cannot comprehend. Still, when we came out of the galleries the other day we felt a good deal like Balam, the prophet—not that we had been sent there to curse, nor that we came

out blessing; the ass incident we omit; but we had learned something of the futility of Biblical cursing. Now, to begin with, the men who gather together in these galleries, and the men whose works are exhibited on its walls, do believe in themselves—and that is an important item—but they do not believe that they have reached—some of them do not believe they ever will reach—the point for which they are striving. They are all at sea, and they acknowledge it, each man on a different tack trying to reach a point whose whereabouts and whose direction he does not even know. And each man appears to believe that every other man is on the wrong tack. There can be no commercialism in such galleries. A Photo-Secession mouse would not have a much better fate than one in a church. Alfred Stieglitz, we know, pays for the galleries out of the hope of leading us to what he believes to be the art of the future, but he acknowledges he does not know where that art will reach.

“We are in somewhat of the same condition as they were in the early days of the Renaissance, he will tell you, seeking for the unknown. I don't know when it will be reached, but I do see that these men are alive and vital, and my object is to show to Americans who have not the opportunity of going abroad, what vitality in art exists there.’ But to go back to Marin's pictures. There are some of his paintings, which, as you enter the gallery, strike you as living; for instance, the ‘Movement,’ ‘Pont de l'Alma.’ But do those deep blue spots on the clouds help the ‘Movement?’ ‘No; but I had to put them there,’ says the artist; ‘they were not there, but to express my feeling they had to be there.’ Mr. Marin again expresses his feelings, or, rather, attempts to, in a village that has been almost drowned into yellows and blues by a downpour of rain. It was rather disconcerting, at the commencement of your education, to hear a woman who knew all about art, announce that Mr. Marin had ‘succeeded in getting that proportion of color after which the Orientals seek.’ And that she felt when she looked at the picture that she was about to tread on an Eastern carpet, while he was telling you that he had failed in his object, that what he wanted to translate was the brightness of the colors on the houses after the rainstorm and the still threatening aspect of the clouds. We do not pretend to have yet understood Mr. Marin's work; we can see beauty in Notre Dame,’ but anybody could make that dear old lady beautiful; in the ‘Three Towers of Rouen,’ in the ‘Pierrefonds,’ in a delightful pastel of St. Mark of Venice, but we cannot discover the truth of the ‘Suspended Sun.’ The fact of the matter seems to be that those men, and they appear to be modest about it, have not yet learned to tell what they feel. If they really have anything great to tell, they may be hampered by persons who are flattering them with the tale that they have already told all that is, and even the most modest yield to flattery, especially men. The writer, once an unbeliever, does hope to live to see something come out of this vital movement. At the same time he trusts that some of the men in this disorganized crowd will not carry their ideas to such an extravagant extent that they will drive out the doubting souls.”

Elizabeth Luther Cary in the “New York Times”:

“At the Photo-Secession Galleries are some water-colors, pastels and etchings by Marin, many of them exquisite in color, but too much influenced by the theories of Matisse to please a public or critics not yet advanced to that stage of ‘up-to-dateness.’ Marin's delicate sense of form keeps him from throwing his composition to the four winds of heaven, and his no less delicate sense of color inspires him to charming harmonies which, however, are no more charming than those which he produced when he valued more highly than now the gentle art of representation.

“In one of his Venetian pastels he seems to us to have achieved a conspicuous success, and we ascribe it to the underlying tone of the brown paper holding together the scattered notes of color as white paper never does. It is not impossible to use white as what might be called a binding tone for a variety of colors, but it is so difficult that a wise painter commonly saves himself that trouble and secures a no less delightful result.

“It is not, however, to be denied that the purity of these fluid greens and blues and the brilliancy of these patches of cold white occasionally, if not always, combine in a decorative effect of great loveliness. If we were content to have our pictures made of abstract shapes of color as our Eastern carpets are made we should be very well satisfied indeed to have in a faintly tinted room some of these fresh, sweet harmonies. One or two of them look as though they had been stained with the very dyes of the Spring grass and the rain-washed heavens. The painter's instinct for recognizing the possibilities of structure by color alone is extraordinary, and we find his color more

and more refreshing and more truly stimulating than the hot harmonies of Matisse. Although he usually is accepted in this country at least as a follower of Matisse, Mr. Marin derives more logically from Cézanne. Mr. Marin gives us atmosphere, and in doing so takes his picture out of the purely decorative class. If he would combine color with his etched line, thus sparing us the effort of doing our part in fulfilling his barely indicated impression of a given scene, we should probably be able to praise him without stint. It is barely possible that he is seeking for something more difficult to win than our passing praise.

"The etchings are crisp in line and full of character, the 'Nôtre Dame vue du Quai Celestin' having in particular that movement and sparkle which seems the very life of an etching. The next exhibition at these galleries will show us Matisse himself."

Israel L. White in the "Newark Evening News":

"At the Little Gallery of the Photo-Secession, John Marin is showing more of his water-colors. A year ago a few of them were exhibited at the same time that Alfred Maurer showed the outward and visible signs of his conversion to pure color and daring uses of it. Since, we have waited for more—of Marin.

"We have sympathy with those who are responsible for the landscape exhibition at the National Arts Club. To arrange a large collection of pictures of diverse character is never easy. The task is made harder when the collection includes daring canvases, startling innovations upon the established order of things. Whatever merit there is in the strange work of Maurer, Steichen and Prendergast is hid when a few of each one's paintings are hung together. It advertises their peculiarity and furnishes a temptation to laugh rather than an inspiration to inquire with open minds what these men are trying to do.

"Marin's water-colors are not in any way commonplace, nor are they so radical that they can be called 'freakish' by the most unsympathetic audience. We wrote last year that we had not seen their superiors and the present larger exhibition only confirms this opinion. In the intervening months few days have passed in which we have not seen many pictures; few weeks in which we have not seen something different. We have noted the dearth of true water-colors and heard confessions from men who use oils with distinction that they cannot use the other medium. Respect for water-colors must grow in such an environment.

"It is by his handling of white—white paper, of course—that Marin first attracts attention. The paper is not obtrusive; that would be a defect. Mention is made of it simply by way of information. And then it is by the brilliance and harmony of color. But color alone never made a picture.

"The art of effective writing,' said James Russell Lowell, 'is to know how much to leave in the inkpot.' So, painting. Marin is a primitive for simplicity, for leaving out everything that can be left out. But, with all his simplicity, he accomplishes substantial results. Witness his picture of the bridge over the Seine. Notice how solid it is; how defiant of the floods. Such facts are not always recorded in painting and especially by the water-color painters. Yet these are the essential facts and their narration proves the artistic caliber of the painter.

"How true it is that the first requisite is the ability to see the important things and to see them in pictures. It is easily said but seldom accomplished. Whistler had the artistic eye and Abbot Thayer and all the others who have the real gift.

"Art is so frequently misunderstood; not painting only, but all art. Fictitious charms are palmed off as the real thing. Mock heroics and weak sentiment—the gingerbread of ornate decoration—are offered in place of more real and enduring elements of beauty. It is a pretty tune, an effective elaboration of detail, a story that touches the heart, that takes the place of fine musical phrasing, of simple lines in satisfying architectural proportion, of true characterization in fiction. The superficial usurps the place of the elements.

"Need we defend the eternal truth that art in all things depends upon an imagination that can see the whole picture and balance it? It seems as if a child could paint one of Marin's pictures—if he could see it. The curved line of a bridge, a few dabs of color to represent the people walking on it, a mass of color beneath to represent the shadow under it, a strip of green water to hold it up and make it substantial. That is all; but how much it is when it is put together!

"These pictures have been adroitly hung. Some of them must be admired at once; others are more subtle. They would be passed by unless they were placed side by side so that the eye wanders

naturally from the obviously beautiful to the one beside it. Mr. Stieglitz is very foxy. He knows how to show pictures.

"'Moving Spots' is a clever bit of painting. Strong dabs of color in the clouds, accentuated patches of sky, have no apparent reason for being there. Eliminate them and the picture is commonplace; with them, the clouds move. Is it a trick? All painting is artificial. To obtain the illusion is the artist's job. Does he accomplish it? Then he succeeds. Better an illogical dab of ultramarine and scudding clouds that scud than illogical dabs and clouds that hang like lead and refuse to budge.

"We confess that we cannot follow Marin in all his uses of color. We have not lived with his pictures long enough. He has new combinations. We have heard new phrases in music and literature, to which we had to become accustomed. At the moment we doubt that we ever will enjoy some of them and it will occasion great surprise if we ever see in them the great beauty that belongs to his simpler, well-seen pictures in which he has used white with such rare artistic sense. It is an exhibition that should not be passed by; by far the best of the season in this gallery."

J. Edgar Chamberlain in the "Evening Mail":

"John Marin is one of the young American-Parisians who, like Joan of Arc, have heard voices telling them to crusade against the powers that prevail in the world. He makes remarkable water-colors and pastels, full of joyousness of color, and reveals much skill in drawing. But many of them are incomprehensible to ordinary people.

"And yet Mr. Marin's water-colors and pastels exhibited this week and next at the Photo-Secession are by no means all incomprehensible. His 'Pierrefonds Castle,' and several drawings of a great bridge on the Seine are quite easy to understand, and are excellent and solid in drawing. Many of his drawings are nothing more than swirls of color; but the color is delightful in its quality, and often wonderfully true to those fleeting and ineffable sky tints which are the despair of painters.

"The interpretation of these intense moods of nature is a legitimate ambition for any artist, and Mr. Marin is to be felicitated on the zeal with which he adheres to his ideal.

"He shows also remarkable etchings, freely and broadly executed."

Mr. Harrington in the "New York Herald":

"Mr. John Marin, of Paris and New York, at the Photo-Secession, has asked the public to help him understand what he thinks he is trying to do. He does not seem to know the exact trend of his endeavors in the water-colors, pastels and etchings which he has assembled. From the neutral grayish yellow walls of the gallery, strange, wild things in lavender, blues and yellows and greens seem to leap out and seize the visitor. Mr. Alfred Stieglitz, who may be there to explain Mr. Marin, says the exhibition is great. The exhibition, outlandish as it seems, gives the idea that the artist is conscientiously trying to get somewhere, either going or coming. There are forty-three water-colors, twenty pastels and some ten etchings in the display."

THE LOVERS OF ORELAY

A Ballade to George Moore

He met me on Fifth Avenue—
I'd known the fellow long ago—
His face was round, his eye was blue,
His garb precise, his speech was slow;
He said "You've travelled to and fro,
Been much in foreign parts they say;
You've read George Moore; you ought to know,
Is there a town called Orelay?"

"Dear God!" I cried, "As if I knew!"
And then "Thank God we've met, for lo
I'll make a ballade out of you"
At which the red blood mounted slow
And he turned touchily, as though
He thought me rude, and went his way.
He's asking yet, as like as no,
"*Is there a town called Orelay?*"

Ah, plodding souls, who still pursue
The pot of gold beneath the bow!
For whom alone those truths are true
That you can touch to prove them so!
Who fill the lamp, but miss the glow;
Whose beauty's feet are feet of clay;
Who ask (we *knew* you'd want to know)
"*Is there a town called Orelay?*"

And if there were? In Xanadu,
Near Alph the sacred river's flow,
Would you go feed on honey-dew
If one should tell you how to go?
Peace, little souls! What price H-O?
And Borden's Milk? Leave Yea and Nay,
Nor ask your hearts (that do not know)
"*Is there a town called Orelay?*"

L'ENVOI.

Geographers, all hail to you
Whose tinted maps so neatly show
The latitude of Timbuctoo,
The lanes wheredown the Trade Winds blow,
The metes and bounds of Mexico!
All hail, and yet forgive us, pray,
Who do not come to you to know
"*Is there a town called Orelay?*"

J. B. KERFOOT

PHOTO-SECESSION NOTES

THE Photo-Secession is continuing its demonstrations this season with a series of exhibitions which have attracted unusual interest. Not only the number, but the quality of the visitors has been gratifying. Painters, art critics, directors of museums, in this country and abroad, art students, collectors, as well as laymen have followed the exhibitions most faithfully, and have been warm in their praise of the work done by the Photo-Secession because of the opportunity it has given the public to study the best manifestations of the newer artistic tendencies. In considering the exhibitions it should be remembered that the Little Gallery is nothing more than a laboratory, an experimental station, and must not be looked upon as an Art Gallery in the ordinary sense of that term.

STEICHEN COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS

Simultaneously with Steichen's exhibition of paintings at the Montross Gallery, examples of his recent color transparencies were being shown at the Photo-Secession Galleries. The daring of some of his color combinations can only be excused by the success with which he solved the problems he had set for himself. He seems to have achieved the maximum of brilliancy and luminosity obtainable from the process. Interesting experiments in artificial light effects show the range of conditions under which the process can be successfully used by capable hands.

MARIN'S WATER-COLORS

John Marin's water-colors which decorated the walls of the Little Galleries from February seventh to the twenty-fifth show a decided advance of this talented young man along the lines exemplified at the exhibition of his work given last season. He is less conscious of his technique. His treatment of color is broader and the result more convincing. One feels that he knows what he is about and that he succeeds in expressing himself. This exhibition is more fully dealt with on another page of this number of *CAMERA WORK*.

MATISSE DRAWINGS

Coming at a time when the name, Matisse, is being used indiscriminately to explain the influence to which any painter at present may have succumbed whose work is unacademic, the exhibition of Matisse drawings, and photographs of his drawings, held from February twenty-seventh to March twentieth was most opportune. The readers of *CAMERA WORK* will remember that two years ago the Photo-Secession originally introduced Matisse to the American public. That exhibition included drawings, etchings, water-colors, lithographs, and one painting. The recent exhibition exemplified positively the power and sanity of the man, his scientific and almost mathematical attitude toward form, his almost Oriental sense of decorative spotting, so irreconcilably opposed to some of the more emotional tendencies for which critics have tried to make him responsible. "Influenced by Matisse" has become the

common explanation of anything that seems queer, any departure from the old standards of artistic representation. The New York public was given a good chance for comparison and study in the exhibition which followed of the work of some of his supposed American disciples.

For the sake of record, we herewith reprint some of the criticisms which appeared on this exhibition in the New York Press.

James Huneker in the "New York Sun":

"Henri Matisse drawings are on view at the gallery of the Photo-Secession, 291 Fifth avenue (between Thirtieth and Thirty-first streets. Take the elevator if you do not weigh over 90 pounds); and if you go there between 12 and 1 o'clock, midday, you may miss the grand panjandrum of the gallery, Alfred Stieglitz. This warning is not meant to depreciate that ingenious gentleman, rather it is as a safeguard against the seductiveness of his golden voice. Once open the porches of your ears to his tones and ere long you will begin to believe that photography it was that originated impressionism; that camera and Monet rhyme; that the smeary compound of mush and mezzotint which they have christened the New Photography is one of the fine arts. There's no resisting Stieglitz. He believes what he preaches, a rare virtue nowadays; and he has done so much to open the eyes of the philistines with his little exhibitions that he ought to go into the Hall of Fame. The John Marin show last week was interesting and the first Matisse exhibition; above all, the Toulouse-Lautrec drawings. This second batch of Matisse is fascinating; where his followers plod panting miles behind, he leaps the stiffest barriers by reason of his sheer virtuosity. His real friends (not the sort that moan in ecstasy over his new monkeyshines) and critics have noted, not without regret, that the Master (he has attained the dignity of capitalization) is given to the bootless task of shocking the bourgeois. Poor old bourgeois; how they have been shocked from the "Ernani" days of Théophile Gautier to the macabre merrymaking of Huysmans and the *fumisterie* of Paul Gauguin! And the young fellows are still at it. Who hasn't contributed his share, if his boyhood were worthy the name? The small boy snowballing the fat teacher is as much a symbol of the revolt of youth against sleek authority as is an Emma Goldman lecture on Ibsen for the instruction of our police. But why Matisse? Here is a chap whose talent is distinguished. He can make his pencil or brush sing at the bidding of his brain; better still, that brain is fed by eyes which refuse to see humanity or landscape in the conventional terms of the school. He wishes not only to astonish worthy folk but also to charm their check books. Paris is always a prey of the *dernier cri*, and Matisse, unless he has been ousted during the last month, is not only the latest cry but, we hope, the ultimate scream. At his worst he shocks; at his best his art is as attractive as an art can be that reveals while it dazzles, makes captive when it consoles.

"The two dozen and more sketches on the walls of Mr. Stieglitz's gallery are of a range and intensity that must set tingling the pulse of any honest craftsman. It is not alone the elliptical route pursued by Matisse in his desire to escape the obvious and suppress the inutile, but the creative force of his sinuous emotional line. It is a richly fed line bounding, but not wiry, as is Blatte's. Its power of evoking tactile sensations is as vigorous, rhythmic and subtle as the orchestration of Richard Strauss. Little wonder collectors in Paris are buying Matisse just because of his emotional suggestiveness. There is a sketch in the middle of the east wall before which William Blake would have paused and wondered. It is worthy of Blake, or it might have been signed, despite its casual air, by one of the early Italian masters. Orphic or Bacchic, we can't say which, these tiny figures hold their own in a composition simple to bareness, each endowed with an ecstatic individual life. In the right foreground, as seen by the spectator, a woman lies on the ground, a man sits hunched up near by. The pair, without the remotest hint of the conventional erotic, tell more in a few lines than could a volume. Only Rodin has compassed such, though his is the stenographic method of the sculptor, not of the painter, especially of a painter whose color is so bewilderingly opulent as that of Matisse. We can recall the names of but two living painters whose drawings possess the vital line of the Frenchman; they are Augustus John, in whose veins flows fiery Welsh blood, and Arthur B. Davies, American by birth, by descent Welsh. Those who have not studied the drawings of Davies don't know the real Davies.

"After all nature is a dictionary; the artist goes to her for words, not to copy; he must phrase in his own personal way if he expects to achieve originality. With the exceptions of Whistler and Cézanne no one has studied the patterns of the East as Matisse. He always sees the decoration and makes you see it, unless you are blinded by the memory of some other man's line. There is no monopoly in the conventional, and because thousands of painters have envisaged the nude in a certain—and usually the same—monotonous fashion that should not attenuate our agreement with the vision of Matisse. His knowledge is great, his simplicity greater. Such problems as are set forth and mastered in that woman—we only see her back—who has thrown herself forward in sheer weariness must extort a tribute of admiration from any fair-minded lover of art. Another woman places one arm over the other close at the wrists. A series of delicate muscular acts are involved. Immobility is the result, but even when the body is at rest the muscles are never quite still. The rich interplay of flexor and extensor in the muscles of the Matisse models delights and appalls. Who has ever dared before to push so far, dared to annex territory that is supposed to belong to the anatomist proper? Yet no suspicion of the anatomy lesson is conveyed in these singularly alive nudes. Matisse is dominated by an idea, but it is not a didactic idea. His color sense is profound. Fancy black and white still life that brings to you the jewelled sensation of fruit and flowers! Patterns, whether Persian or Japanese, are to be detected in his landscape bits and still life. And what mastery in spacings! Far back his art is rooted in Manet and Cézanne; the abridgments of the one and the sense of structural depth and weight of the other, with much of his harmonic sense, are suggested in both the portraits and the flower pieces; yet you feel the subtle pull of the East throughout all. Some of his creatures are not presentable in academic studies but you forget their pose and pessimism and the hollow pits that serve for their ferocious eyes in the truth and magic of their contours. One woman with balloon hips is almost a caricature until you discover the repetitions of curves in sky, bodily structure and earth. In a word, an amazing artist, original in observation and a scorner of the facile line, the line called graceful, sweet, genteel; worse yet, moral. Men like Matisse and Richard Strauss do good in stirring the stale swamp of respectability, notwithstanding the violence of their methods. Otherwise art would become, does become, a frozen symbol. These barbarous natures bring with them fresh rhythms—and then they, too, succumb to the love of the sensational; they, too, more's the pity, cultivate their hysteria, following the evil advice of Charles Baudelaire, and finally become locked in the relentless grip of their own limitations. All things pass and perish and in a dozen years children may be taken to special matinées of "Elektra," there to be amused, as they are amused to-day, by the antics of the animals and monsters in Wagner's "Ring," and the Matisse drawings may be used for the instruction of maidenly beginners. Who knows! This exhibition is more instructive and moving than a century of academy shows.

"If you can't swallow Matisse go to the Fine Arts Building on West Fifty-seventh street and look at Kenyon Cox's mural decoration for the public library of Winona, Minn. Or there is Whistler's "Fur Jacket," at Macbeth's, 450 Fifth avenue. Heaven knows it is soothing as well as subtle!"

B. P. Stephenson in the N. Y. "Evening Post":

"Studies in the nude by Henri Matisse are being shown at the Photo-Secession Galleries, No. 291 Fifth avenue. The exhibition is one of the series we have already spoken of, which Alfred Stieglitz is presenting to the American public—not with any hope of gain, for it is absolutely impossible to pay the expenses of the galleries out of them, since the sales can be but few and far between, but simply to show that a new movement is taking place in art. That it is great art he does not pretend to say; that it will last or what its effect on art will be he does not pretend to know; but he does insist that at the present moment it is a vital movement and should be recognized as such. The sincerity of the man is so strong that he almost convinces one that he is right, that what appear as extravagant contortions in Matisse's figures are but caricatures—that is, character emphasized, without which there can be no great art.

"There is a photograph of the painting of a woman, so contorted in form that even Stieglitz does not pretend to comprehend it, but that Matisse's coloring may explain it is quite possible. How strongly Stieglitz believes in the new movement is shown by his offer to an Academician to give one wall in the Photo-Secession Gallery to be hung with the best drawings that the Academy can produce, while he will hang on an opposite wall a selection of his own. He will then leave it to a

jury, composed wholly of Academicians, to decide which wall exhibits the greatest vitality. We hold no brief for this new movement; we doubt whether we shall ever be convinced by it, but we cannot help seeing there is vitality in it, and we advise any one who is interested in what is going on among the men who are trying to get rid of what they consider deadwood in art to visit the galleries and get Alfred Stieglitz's views. He is about the only one of the Photo-Secession band who seems to be able to explain what the men are trying to do."

Mr. Mather in the "Evening Post":

"The little collection of drawings by Henri Matisse, at the Photo-Secession, No. 291 Fifth avenue, has already been briefly described. A second visit suggests certain critical afterthoughts. It would be well if the visitor could forget that Matisse is the object of a cult, the reputed possessor of strange secrets and philosophies, the regenerator of the torpid art of the age. It would be well to ignore all this and suppose that these are anonymous sketches which the post has brought to Mr. Stieglitz, and which have so warmed his heart that he has asked his friends in to see them. Looked at in this way, the dread Matisses would lose all their portentousness. We should see merely a handful of peculiarly serious and drastic studies from the nude model. They are no more odd than working drawings usually are. Matisse's concern is in the tension, weight, and equipoise of the figure as a whole. He merely spots in the features, as negligible quantities, though now and then a skeletonized face has extraordinary character. If he had merely omitted the features, as draftsmen of the figure often do, seven-eighths of the repellent oddity of this work would disappear. As it is, the visitor must not bother about the faces, but keep his eye on the whole design until its energy and rhythm strike home.

"Matisse conceives the body as a powerful machine working within certain limits of balance. The minute form of the tackles and levers does not signify for him, what counts is the energy expended and the eloquent pauses which reveal the throb of the mechanism. The important thing is that muscles should draw over the bone pulleys, that the thrust of a foreshortened limb should be keenly felt, that all the gestures should fuse in a dynamic pattern. So much for the vision. It differs in no essential respect from that of great draughtsmen of all ages. A Matisse drawing, looked at without prejudice, is no more bizarre than a study of action by Hokusai or Michelangelo. It belongs in the great tradition of all art that has envisaged the human form in terms of energy and counterpoise. Look at any of these drawings, the walking woman so sensitively balanced, the crouching woman, she who averts some attack, she who stands firmly with her leg doubled back sharply on a chair. In the last drawing note how the bulk, and retreat, of an almost invisible calf of the foreshortened leg is indicated by a single powerful stroke that tells of the tension athwart the knee. Such drawing is odd only because it is so fine that much of it there cannot be. The nearest analogies to these sketches are those remarkable *tempera* studies by Tintoretto which have recently been discovered and published in part in the *Burlington Magazine*. In fact, Matisse is akin to all the artists who approach the figure with what Vasari calls *furia*. The Frenchman is a kind of modern Pollaiuolo.

"His originality lies less in vision than in a strenuous economy of workmanship. He will have the fewest contours and the most expressive, will not shirk any syncopation or exaggeration where he seeks an effect. That his method is really more concise than that of Michelangelo may be doubted. Hokusai's is certainly more direct and simple and equally potent. A calculated roughness which occasionally disguises itself as the queer linear slackness with which Rodin has familiarized us, brings Matisse's manner very close to that of the aboriginal designers who scratched animal forms on bones in times pre-historic, or only yesterday adorned with admirable animal paintings the caves of the South African veldt. These savage masterpieces show the same keen sense for balance and significant action. Matisse is reputed to have individual and novel theories about counterpoise, correlation of gesture, etc. It may be so, but these drawings merely suggest a fresh attitude toward the model, and a desire for unhackneyed poses. That some doctrine may be involved is suggested in those caricatures in which he bloats and distorts the figure, evolving a grotesquely expressive pattern out of a pose that already grazes the impossible. The ingenuity of such studies will escape any but a trained eye. Perhaps he is experimenting to ascertain the bounds of the physically possible and pictorially credible. It would be like the eminently intelligent and experimental nature of the man to do so.

"These studies are of a sort that is not usually shown to the public. They represent what most artists regard not as results, but as processes. Some hazard always attends the exhibition of such flotsam of the workshop. Still, when an artist is safely dead, we do not hesitate to show his working sketches. The red chalk fragments of Andrea del Sarto are among our most precious relics. So when work is of the quality of Matisse's we think it is right to let the public be tested by it. They may, probably will, not like it. If so, the loss is theirs.

"Yet, there is one question which a plain man might very properly ask, namely: 'Is this all there is of it, or is it a preparation for something else?' To us, these drawings have a painful, we trust a misleading, air of finality. The few compositions represented in chalks or photography are merely extensions of the single figure or quite commonplace caligraphies. It is possible that Matisse will always be making these magnificent studies. The present exhibition gives small hint of constructive imagination. If so, he will merely take his place with other geniuses who have sacrificed themselves in the passionate invention of processes. Pollaiola and Hokusai, to a considerable extent, represent this inability to organize a complicated whole. Meanwhile one is grateful for so much. It is no small gift to have one's vision toned up to this strenuously controlled enthusiasm for the human mechanism. The effect of this work upon modern art can only be beneficial. Matisse as painter is almost unknown to the present writer, who suspects that there individual and arbitrary caprice may be masking as genial invention. As for these drawings, there is no manner of doubt. They are in the high tradition of fine draftsmanship of the figure. If, on sufficient acquaintance, they still seem merely eccentric to any one, let him rest assured that the lack of centrality is not with them, but with himself."

J. Edgar Chamberlain in the "New York Mail":

"Drawings and photographs of Matisse, the master and prophet of the Wild Men, are on exhibition at the Photo-Secession. Matisse is a great man. It seems to be supposed that there is no judicial, middle course to be adopted, or to be thought of, in connection with him. You must either worship Matisse, or hate and despise him.

"But why? It does not seem to be quite impossible to regard him philosophically. He is simply a strong man and a gifted artist who has been inspired to seize upon and hold great handfuls of the essential and foundation facts of the things he looks at. If he draws a human figure, you perceive at once that he has given you not only the bones that are in this figure, and the muscles and flesh that are over the bones, and the gleaming skin that covers the flesh, but the most characteristic and idiosyncratic thing about the person who possesses that flesh and those bones. It is a kind of artistic wizardry; he seems to look through surfaces to interiors, and somehow he convinces you that he has put the interior on the outside.

"He is not after beauty, but sometimes gets it in a large and startling measure because he gets truth, and truth is frequently—not always—beauty.

"These Matisse drawings are in any case amazing instances of rapid, clear-seeing, revealing draughtsmanship, and are richly worth seeing. And it is not really necessary that one should hate Matisse because one loves somebody else. He is a man to study."

Mr. Harrington in the "New York Herald":

"Galleries filled with paintings and crowded by interested observers attest that the art season is at its zenith. There are excellently displayed exhibitions of individual artists; the annual show in oils of the Salmagundi Club is open in the little house in West Twelfth street; the jury of the National Academy of Design was busy yesterday rejecting pictures, and Mons. Henri Matisse is again here in spirit.

"Mons. Matisse's spirit has come in a collection of his drawings and photographs of his paintings aligned in the Little Gallery of the Photo-Secession at No. 291 Fifth avenue. So many persons have visited this interesting agglomeration that Mr. Alfred Stieglitz, the head spirit of the gallery, fears the work of Mons. Matisse will become a fad in this city.

"Those who are interested in the new movement in art which is commonly ascribed to the influence of the French artist will find much that is vital and convincing in the present exhibition, although there are examples which seem to have been devised solely for the sake of shocking the conventions. For example, there is a woman with twisted arms and legs who looks like the victim

of a sawmill melodrama in which the hero had forgotten to throw off the power. How admirably Mons. Matisse can draw, however, is demonstrated by a score or more figures in which he has given not only the idea of the form but also of the substantial flesh and bone of the subject.

"As it was the fashion several years ago to call almost everything which was different from the academic "impressionistic," so now the tendency is to apply the name Matisse to anything which is not understood. That the interesting French artist is, after all, the product of evolution is shown in a convincing manner by a series of photographs of paintings by predecessors of the present leader of the movement beginning with Cézanne."

Arthur Hoeber in the "Globe":

"If one be in search of the latest fad in an art way, the Galleries of the Photo-Secession, 291 Fifth avenue, are recommended. Drawings by the Frenchman, Matisse, are now shown there along with some photographs after his paintings. That they are unusual may not for an instant be denied. Just what the man is after, even his most devoted admirers find it difficult to explain. To the general public the work will prove an enigma. Whatever the man has secured is, without reference to the human form, to proportion, to sanity, to taste, to any essentials of beauty, as mankind in general sees it. The women are deformed and wear their features in any curious manner in which Matisse's brush happens to diverge. Whereas most painters insist on a foolish similarity as to size of eyes, this entertaining Gaul makes a departure and sets a fashion of his own, though it cannot be admitted that he has improved on the original design of the Creator. It is likely men will still prefer their womenkind built along more conventional lines of beauty than are those of Matisse. We are informed by Mr. Stieglitz, however, and his enthusiastic band that there is a mysterious something Matisse was after which is not immediately apparent to the observer and that time will open our eyes. Such things have happened before, it is true, and they may happen again, but at the present moment of writing these photographs of paintings seem to be as insolent as they are foolish, as graceless as they are unbeautiful, with which we leave them as worth little of our serious consideration."

Mr. Townsend in the "American Art News":

"The season of March hares and Henri Matisse has arrived and in the gallery of the Photo-Secession, No. 291 Fifth avenue, whose High Priest—and an interesting and persuasive High Priest—is Mr. Alfred Stieglitz, there are now shown a number of crayon drawings, for the most part nude studies, together with some photographs by the Frenchman whom most abuse and some adore.

"It is heresy, from accepted art standards, to admire or even see anything but fantastic and often vulgar vagaries in the so-called art of Matisse, and equally heresy, from the viewpoint of his band of followers, to decry him and his works. Around Matisse now wages the war of the suffragists and anti-suffragists—the vivisectionists and anti-vivisectionists of the art world—and he calmly pursues his path, and is getting an enormous amount of advertising out of it all. He has seduced Alfred Maurer among American painters, and James Huneker among American art writers, and who knows what is to come? Hoeber may rave and Huneker protest, but Stieglitz smiles and Matisse meanders over paper and canvas with lines that war against all precedence and beauty, and colors never seen on sea or land.

"The present writer is frankly at sea. Last year and at the Paris Autumn Salon of 1908 his very soul was sickened by the performances of Matisse and his followers, but since then he views them even with complacency, and begins to note in them something of worth. Perhaps he may remain another year to pray, for he has faith in Stieglitz and Huneker, if not yet in Matisse.

"The drawings now shown certainly evince profound study and knowledge of anatomy, and some are really convincing. Others show the human form, and especially the female form divine, in such distorted shapes, as to seem almost caricatures. But while Matisse conceals nothing, palliates nothing, and presents the "naked truth," he does so with a force and intelligence that make his work worth seeing. It is especially commended to the students of the life classes in the art schools but not to 'virginibus puerisque.'"

Elizabeth Luther Cary in the "New York Times":

"At the Photo-Secession Galleries are the drawings by Matisse and the photographs of his paintings which are intended to lead the public gradually toward appreciation and comprehension of his theories of color, which are his only original contribution to modern art, and, for that matter, no more strictly original than Velasquez's system of grays and blacks or Monet's system of broken tones, which were only the fulfilment of theories long before tentatively put into practice. There is a good deal of nonsense spoken about the difficulty of getting at the inner meaning of these innovators. Their inner meaning is usually no more than the effort to get life into old forms of expression. In the matter of drawing it is hardly too much to say that this is always the case—in the matter of color there is more fresh news coming from the impact of art and science.

"The Matisse drawings that are on exhibition are out of place in a public gallery. They are studio affairs, and every pupil of the Art Students' League or graduate of Julian's would see in a moment that they indicate an immense knowledge of the human figure and a powerful draftsmanship. We happened the other day upon a little figure drawing by Gleyre, Whistler's early master, and knocked about nowadays by 'modern' critics for being academic. It looked very much like a number of these 'academics' drawn by the great Matisse. There is this difference. Matisse enjoys, as Degas did, facing the most difficult problem possible. For this reason he poses his figures in all sorts of tortured positions, to interrogate the pull on the muscles, the folds of the flesh, the geometry of the planes, etc. We assume this to be his reason for choosing many of his poses; at all events, this is what he gets out of it.

"Some of the drawings are more than studies. There is a woman leaning forward, resting her weight on her arms, that is Egyptian in the expression of bulk and coherence. In this figure with its rich, palpitating line, its structural forms hewn out of bold masses of light and shadow, its big, vulgar, imposing realism, we have a clumsy but masterly creation. Then there is another figure drawing, this time a draped figure of a peasant girl in a picturesque peasant costume, that throws a strong light on what Matisse and others of his class (he has a class) have accomplished with their persistent and furious investigation of the contours of flesh and the anatomy of muscle and framework. Here we have a subject that every one has used, the kind of thing that was chosen not so many years ago for a parlor decoration, painted on a tambourine, the kind of thing water-colorists brought back with them in myriad examples from Italy in their sketch boxes. As a subject nothing could be more invested with banal associations. What does Matisse make of it? A live creature, with a face that might have absorbed the hardness of some rock-set mountain village, a figure heavy with much eating, massive and muscular with much exercise, a narrow brow, a big waist—watching her you see her amble with the dignity of some tame beast of the pastures across the bit of paper on which he has placed her. That, of course, is what draftsmanship of the searching sort does. It takes any subject and makes it the artist's own, the arch-type from which all interpretations of it seem a weakened version. And this is the sort of thing that we may invite the public to behold—this, and the forcible self-portrait, the two versions of a dinner table, the sparkling bouquet of flowers, the gaunt feminine head with its planes carved out beneath the veil of skin, and apparently no intervening tissue. We do not ourselves believe in taking the public into the workroom where they criticise without knowledge, condemn without reason, and are honestly at sea.

"Matisse is heralded here by a certain group of devotees as the master of a school whose influence shall spread. It may be so, but we doubt it. To us he seems to be the final word of that gorgeous hymn to abstract color raised by Cézanne, or possibly by some less famous predecessor. If there is anything to be done with the theory beyond his expression of it we cannot forecast it. We seem to see, instead, a crowd of feebler minds turning it into a more or less incoherent babbling and finally permitting it to die out altogether. It remains to be proved, however, and in the meantime he is one of the masters of form, and in his least experimental essays a lover of that geometry on which classic art is founded."

PAINTINGS BY YOUNG AMERICANS

The examples of the work of G. Putnam Brinley, Arthur Beecher Carles, Arthur Dove, Laurence Fellows, Marsden Hartley, John Marin, Alfred Maurer, Eduard J. Steichen and Max Weber, which hung simultaneously on the walls of the Little Gallery from March twenty-first to April fifteenth, were the best possible answer to those who classed these young pioneers as common disciples of Matisse. Each one of them is working along individual lines toward the realization of a new artistic ideal, the only points they have in common being a departure from realistic representation, the aim toward color composition, the vitality of their work, and the cheerful key in which their canvases are painted. The first impression as one entered the room was one of light and exuberant life.

The criticisms of the New York Press on this exhibition will be reprinted in the next number of CAMERA WORK.

The exhibitions which have been held during the past two years and those which are announced for the season of 1910-1911 show the logical evolution of the work of the Association. Its name, while still explanatory of its purpose, has taken a somewhat different meaning. The Photo-Secession stood first for a secession from the then accepted standards of photography and started out to prove that photography was entitled to an equal footing among the arts with the productions of painters whose attitude was photographic. Having proved conclusively that along certain lines, pre-eminently in portraiture, the camera had the advantage over the best trained eye and hand, the logical deduction was that the other arts could only prove themselves superior to photography by making their aim dependent on other qualities than accurate reproduction. The works shown at the Little Galleries in painting, drawing and other graphic arts have all been non-photographic in their attitude, and the Photo-Secession can be said now to stand for those artists who secede from the photographic attitude toward representation of form.

QUALITY IN PRINTS

THE field of recognized media of personal expression in art has been enlarged in recent years with the advent of pictorial photography. As had been the case with etchers, when they had to fight for recognition of their craft among the fine arts, and by the name of painter-etchers had to distinguish themselves from those of their confrères who used the medium simply as a process of reproduction, before they were allowed to exhibit their work side by side with the painters, so did the photographers of the new school have to contend with the prejudice which attached to a tool heretofore imperfectly understood and the possibilities of which had only been dimly apprehended.

But the fight is won and it is not our purpose to discuss the merits of the case. The pictorial possibilities of photography having been recognized, patrons appeared, anxious to secure some of the best examples of the art. Here a new surprise awaited those who examined prints critically before purchasing—the rarity of good prints. Many were the prints which showed artistic feeling and knowledge, where linear composition, grouping, spotting and *chiaroscuro* were faultless, and yet the prints did not fully satisfy. They did not produce the sensuous pleasure due to that subtle and evasive combination of merits named “quality.” Two prints from the same negative may produce an entirely different impression on us. One may please us, the other leave us indifferent, and the only explanation we can give is that one has “quality,” while the other lacks it.

Quality in prints is rare because it is due to two elements, one born of knowledge, the other of chance. No man who does not possess an absolute command over the technique of the process will produce a print capable of giving us the delicate pleasure created by a fine thought perfectly expressed. No man, no matter how great a master of his craft he may be, is ever certain of exactly duplicating a print, no more than Whistler could have printed two pulls from the same plate where minor differences did not exist, and where out of an edition of twenty-five prints, or whatever number the plate would yield, one print could not be pronounced superior to all the others. It is no more true of photographs than it is of etchings that one print is as good as another. You have only to look through the portfolios of any of the leading photographers to become convinced of the fact. You will be surprised to see how wide the differences may be.

The making of the negative is of course the first step, and you must first get in your negative what you want it to yield in your print. But the negative is only a means to an end and, to be frank, the easiest part of the process. Good negatives are abundant, good prints are scarce. The final result is dependent on a multiplicity of factors, such as the texture of the paper, the nature of the coating, its age, the composition and temperature of the developing bath, length of exposure, quality of the printing light, the condition of the atmosphere, local manipulations,—many of these factors being beyond the control of the photographer.

But while some of the elements which make the print a success or a failure escape human control, the majority of the conditions which shape the final results are sufficiently within the photographer's grasp to enable him to attain under favorable circumstances whatever he wishes to express, or at least to approach it without feeling handicapped by his medium any more than a worker in oil or water-color. For every worker must figure with the possibilities of his tools, and it is necessary for him to study the points of superiority and the limitations of his medium.

So much of the result depends on the photographer's control that if he goes back to one of his old negatives after his freshness of vision is gone, or his natural evolution has modified his point of view, he will not be able to duplicate his former work. Choice photographic prints follow the universal law that things of beauty are scarce, for they are rarer in fact than fine etchings or even paintings. Painters have often painted several replicas of their successful canvases. Böcklin has painted seven of "The Isle of Death." Chardin has frequently painted six or seven replicas of the same subject, and there are others amongst the famous painters who did likewise. In etchings the usual "edition" comprises twenty-five to fifty pulls from the same plate. Many photographs, such as Steichen's gum prints of "Lenbach," "Le Penseur," "The Little Round Mirror," "In Memoriam," are unique prints, and this worker has decided not to print more than six prints from any of his negatives. The instances are few where this number has been exceeded by any worker, and they are numerous where no more than two or three prints from a negative are, or ever shall be, in existence. In Eugene's case most of his beautiful Japan paper proofs exist but in one example.

On the day when art lovers and collectors understand that fine photographic prints are as scarce as pulls from Whistler's rarest plates and a source of as keen an artistic enjoyment, a few more collectors will be added to the ranks of those who guard these rare examples jealously. Competition will become keener for the possession of unusual prints as they appear in the market, and the auction rooms shall witness royal battles where the best prints of some of the foremost pictorialists shall be disputed with as much fire as the choicest Meryons, Whistlers or Seymour Hadens.

PAUL B. HAVILAND.

PLATES

FRANK EUGENE

IX. Minuet.

X. Brigitta.





OUR ILLUSTRATIONS

OUR illustrations include ten examples of prints by Frank Eugene, of New York and Munich, which will be supplemented in the next issue by about fourteen others. Taken together, they will present a very fair resumé of the photographic work of this artist whose career involves some particulars of exceptional interest. For, while Eugene is one of the pioneers of pictorial photography, having been working in the medium for some twenty-five years, he has kept aloof from the personalities and politics in which most other photographers have at one time or another found themselves entangled. Except for occasional visits to America, he has for many years resided in Munich. In that chief center of German art he studied and won recognition as a painter, meanwhile turning to photography as a recreation. Although fascinated by its possibilities, he did not at first practise it with a view to developing its technical resources, but rather in a spirit of independent experiment. Thus, at first, he attained elimination of detail by the arbitrary short-cut of etching the negative. Meanwhile, he was the first to use platinumized Japanese tissue for printing, and some of his prints in this genre are among the most beautiful that have been produced in photography. Then came an occasion which changed the course of his artistic career. He was invited by some of the artists of Munich to give an exhibition of his photographs in the Künstler-Verein. The impression which it created was so favorable that the Bavarian State Institution of Photography and the Reproductive Processes established a Chair of Pictorial Photography and prevailed upon Eugene to occupy it. From that time onward painting has become his secondary interest. Munich, while still regarding him as one of her artists, now recognizes him as professionally a photographer. A few of his prints have appeared from time to time in *CAMERA WORK*; but an extended survey has been impossible hitherto, through Eugene's unwillingness to take the risk of sending his negatives to America. Last summer, however, the editor being in Munich, he was able to overcome the objection, through the co-operation of his old friend, Mr. Goetz. This gentleman, an American, one of the originators of the three-color process in this country, is now at the head of the famous house of F. Bruckmann Verlag, of Munich, which, in addition to its comprehensive half-tone and color works, has an extensive photogravure plant. Mr. Goetz arranged to reproduce Eugene's prints under the latter's own supervision. The results are forthcoming in the present number, to be succeeded, as we have said, by fourteen more in the following issue. Thus, for the first time, the photographic work of this American artist can be adequately studied in reproduction. The Eugene pictures and the quality of the Bruckmann gravures speak for themselves.

AN IMPORTANT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF PHOTOGRAPHS

IN the month of November the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy (Albright Art Gallery) will hold an important international exhibition of photographs.

The announcement for the same comes to hand as we go to press. It is with special satisfaction that we reprint it, for it is an unequivocal and public recognition of the work done by the Photo-Secession in the interest of photography. The announcement reads as follows:

THE BUFFALO FINE ARTS ACADEMY
(ALBRIGHT ART GALLERY)

April 15, 1910.

Recognizing Photography as one of the mediums of expression in art THE BUFFALO FINE ARTS ACADEMY will hold an Exhibition of Photography in the ALBRIGHT ART GALLERY in November, 1910.

To ensure the best possible representation, the arrangements have been placed in the hands of that organization which has done the most to promote this particular branch of art—THE PHOTO-SECESSION.

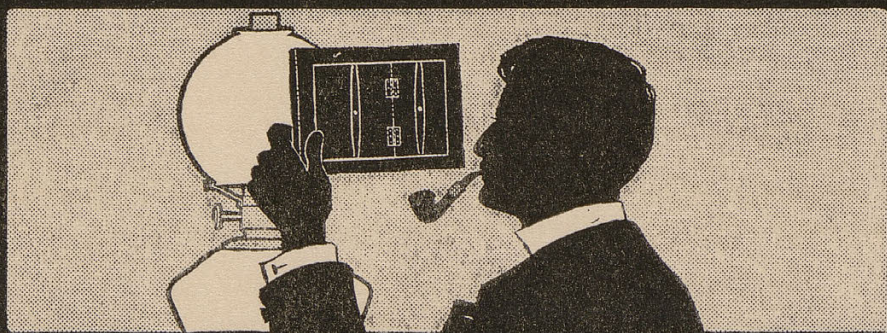
The exhibition will be of an international character, comprising, in addition to the work of America, some of the best prints that have been made in England, Austria, Germany and France. It will be a retrospective, but also representative of the latest work.

Its distinguishing characteristic will be the GROUP SYSTEM. Thus, in the first place, it will include the representation of a number of Individual Exhibitors selected by the Photo-Secession, the work of each being shown in separate groups by means of the "alcove method" of hanging. Secondly, the aggregate of the prints from each of the foreign countries will be similarly displayed in separate groups. Thirdly, there will be a group-exhibit of the work of Americans who hitherto have not had the opportunity of being adequately represented in an important exhibition.

Those desirous of exhibiting in the last-named Open Section are requested to send their prints, unframed, express prepaid, to 291 Fifth Avenue, New York City, where they will be judged by THE PHOTO-SECESSION. All prints for this class must be delivered to the above address before September 10th. The selection will be governed by the principle of Independent Vision and Quality of Rendering. To eliminate accidental successes, each exhibitor in this section must be represented by at least three examples. In the case of selected prints the express charges will be refunded by the ALBRIGHT ART GALLERY, which also will defray the expense of returning them to their respective owners.

Any further information that is desired may be obtained by addressing THE PHOTO-SECESSION.

THE BUFFALO FINE ARTS ACADEMY,
(Signed) CORNELIA B. SAGE, Acting Director.



ROYAL VELOX

A delicately tinted cream paper---especially beautiful when prints are re-developed Sepia.

NEPERA DIVISION,
EASTMAN KODAK CO.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

GOERZ is synonymous with Quality

Quality above all is sought for by readers of "Camera Work"
Lens Quality—above all—photographers will find in every
lens bearing the name:

GOERZ

The *Dagor* is the best all-around lens in the market: speed sufficient for most work; wonderful covering power; perfect definition; back combination may be used as a long-focus lens.

The *Celor* is especially adapted for high-speed work. The *par excellence* lens for *color* work.

GOERZ lenses can be fitted to any and all makes of cameras: Ansco, Century, Graflex, any Kodak, Premo, Poco, Reflex, or Seneca. Have your dealer order one for you for a *ten days free trial*.

C. P. Goerz American Optical Co.

Office and Factory: 79 East 130th St., New York
Dealers' Distributing Agencies: For Middle West, Burke &
James, Chicago; Pacific Coast, Hirsch & Kaiser, San Francisco;
Canada, R. F. Smith, Montreal.

Send 6 cents for new Catalogue, or get one free at your dealers.

GOERZ is synonymous with Quality

SCHERING

ESTABLISHED THE HIGHEST STANDARD FOR PYRO

SCHERING

MAINTAINS THE SAME HIGH STANDARD IN THEIR OTHER DEVELOPERS

Satrapol

Glycin

Duratol

Hydroquinone

Citol

VARITONE TABLETS

A simple method for re-developing, without any disagreeable odor, gas light and bromide papers, and lantern slides

FROM BLACK AND WHITE TO GREEN, BLUE; BROWN TO BRICK RED

SCHERING & GLATZ

NEW YORK, N. Y.

CLARENCE H. WHITE

Three years lecturer on Art in Photography at Teachers' College, Columbia University; and at the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, will conduct classes in photography at Seguinland, Maine, (Post Office, Five Islands, Me.) from July 5th to 26th, 1910. □ □

This place offers abundance of interesting material for camera workers. Individual instruction will be given in the use of the camera, developing, printing, etc. Tuition for three weeks, \$40.00; per week, \$15.00. The Seguinland Hotel will give a special rate of \$12.00 per week. Dark room facilities will be provided by the hotel management. □ □ □ □ □

F. HOLLAND DAY, of Boston, will coöperate in the criticism of the students' work. □ □ □

THE PHOTOCHROME
ENGRAVING COMPANY

Half-tones & Color-Plates



162-166 LEONARD
ST., NEW YORK

ROGERS & COMPANY

Printers of Camera Work

*Also of High-class Catalogs,
Announcements, Etcetera*

9 MURRAY STREET

NEW YORK



TELEPHONE 6640 BARCLAY

THE MANHATTAN
PHOTOGRAVURE CO.

Art Reproductions, Catalogs

142 WEST 27TH STREET

NEW YORK

TELEPHONE 2193 MADISON SQUARE



HORSES

IN FULL motion, with sleek, black coats that absorb light are not too much of a "stunt" for the man with the TESSAR. ¶The TESSAR has the light-gathering power, the speed to produce a negative of such a picture with perfect detail and full and brilliant color. ¶The

Bausch & Lomb-Zeiss Tessar Lens

is without doubt the best all-around lens on the market to-day—its work proves it. ¶Our NEW COMPOUND SHUTTER matches in its superior qualities the TESSAR LENS—the best of them all. ¶Set of sample prints, showing scope of the TESSAR LENS, on receipt of ten cents. Descriptive literature at photo dealers or direct from us.



Our Name on a Photographic Lens, Microscope, Field Glass, Laboratory Apparatus, Engineering or any other Scientific Instrument is our Guarantee.

Bausch & Lomb Optical Co.

NEW YORK WASHINGTON CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO
LONDON ROCHESTER, N.Y. FRANKFORT

Obrig Camera Company

DEALERS IN HIGH-GRADE PHOTOGRAPHIC SUPPLIES
OF ALL KINDS

W. C., Angelo and American Platinum Papers.
Velox papers in all grades. Royal Bromide
Paper. Full lines of all sizes of Kodak films,
Kodaks, Centurys, Premos, Graflex and View
Cameras, with or without special lenses. Films
specially packed for transatlantic voyages and for
use in the tropics.

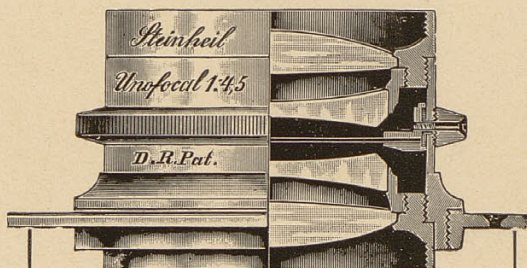
**Developing, Printing, Enlarging, Lantern
Slides, Prints and Slides Colored**

NOTE.—A postal request will bring you
a sample copy of PHOTOGRAPHIC TOPICS,
a monthly journal devoted exclusively to
photography.

147 FULTON STREET, NEW YORK

C. A. STEINHEIL SOEHNE

Optical and Astronomical Works
Established 1855
MUNICH



SERIES I UNOFOCAL F. 4.5

AMOST rapid anastigmat, special-
ly designed for use where short
exposures are required. It con-
sists of four single lenses which are
not cemented and are arranged sym-
metrically. It is the *only* F.4.5 double
anastigmat on the market. *These* de-
sirable objectives are now supplied by

HERBERT & HUESGEN

Sole United States Agents
311 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Write for further information

BINDINGS FOR CAMERA WORK

AS DESIGNED BY
MESSRS. ALFRED STIEGLITZ
AND EDUARD J. STEICHEN

High-class Binding of all descrip-
tions. Photographs Mounted and
Bound in Album Form, etc., etc.

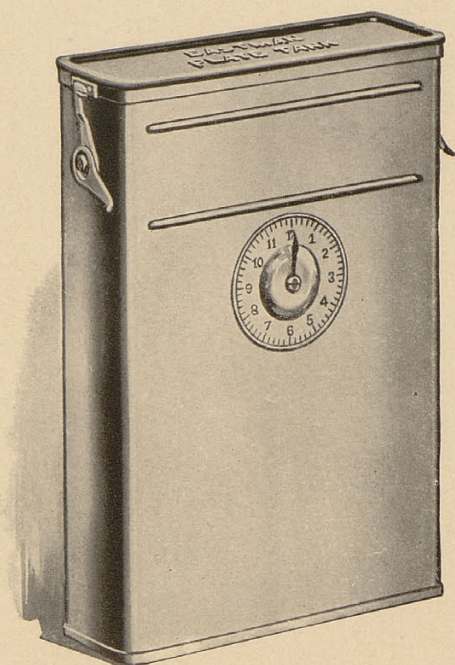
OTTO KNOLL

743 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW
YORK, N. Y. Telephone 1810 Plaza

*Neutral Art Papers
and Boards for Photo-
Mounts*

The Seymour Company

76 Duane Street, New York



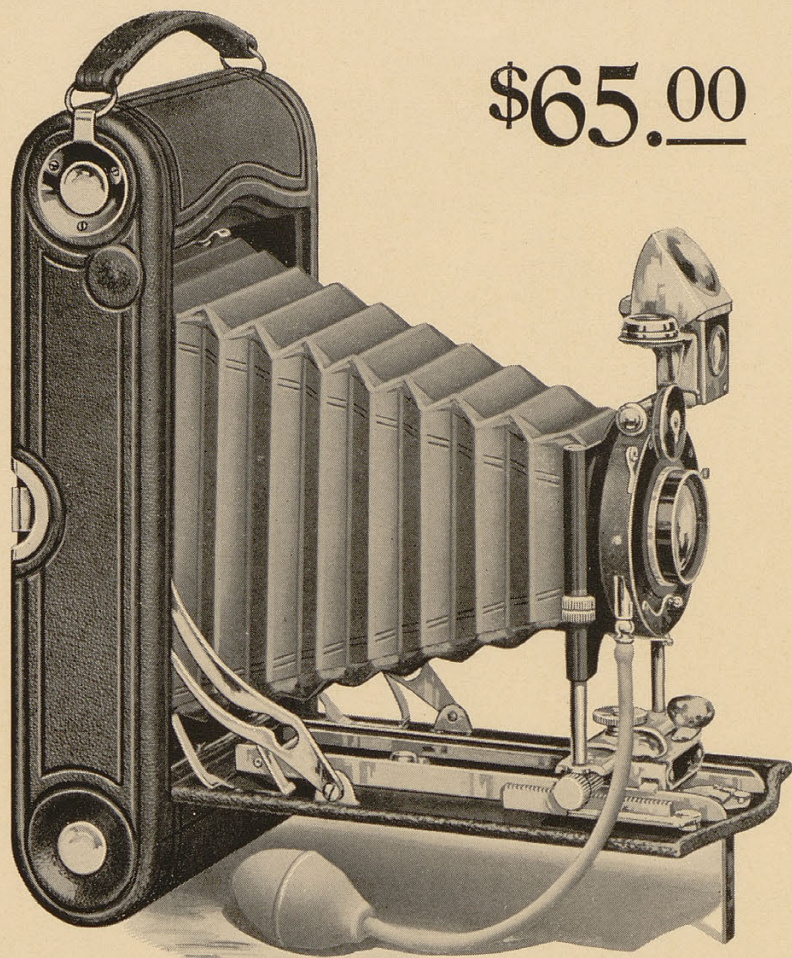
For convenience and better
negatives use the

Eastman Plate Tank

No tiresome dark-room work.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

All dealers.



3^A Special KODAK

A new camera having every refinement that can be put into a pocket instrument, but *no complications*.

The 3A Special makes pictures $3\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ inches, using Kodak Film Cartridges. The optical equipment consists of the famous Zeiss-Kodak Anastigmat Lens (speed *f.* 6.3) and the Compound Shutter, which has an extreme speed of $\frac{1}{200}$ of a second, working accurately on the instantaneous action from that speed down to one second, and giving also "time" exposures. With this equipment, speed pictures far beyond the ordinary range and snap shots on moderately cloudy days are readily made.

And the camera itself is fully in keeping with its superb optical equipment. It has a rack and pinion for focusing, rising and sliding front, brilliant reversible finder, spirit level, two tripod sockets and focusing scale. The bellows is of soft black leather, and the camera is covered with the finest Persian Morocco. A simple, serviceable instrument, built with the accuracy of a watch and tested with painstaking care. A high-priced camera—but worth the price.

Kodak Catalogue free at the dealers or by mail.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

**Pictures
Mounted
With**

**HIGGINS'
PHOTO
MOUNTER**



Have an excellence peculiarly their own. The best results are only produced by the best methods and means—the best results in Photograph, Poster, and other mounting can only be attained by using the best mounting paste—
HIGGINS' PHOTO MOUNTER
 (Excellent novel brush with each jar.)

**At Dealers in Photo Supplies,
Artists' Materials and Stationery.**

A 3-oz. jar prepaid by mail for thirty cts.
or circulars free from

CHAS. M. HIGGINS & CO., Mrs.
 NEW YORK—CHICAGO—LONDON
 Main Office, 271 Ninth St. } Brooklyn,
 Factory, 240-244 Eighth St. } N. Y., U.S.A.

Established
1873

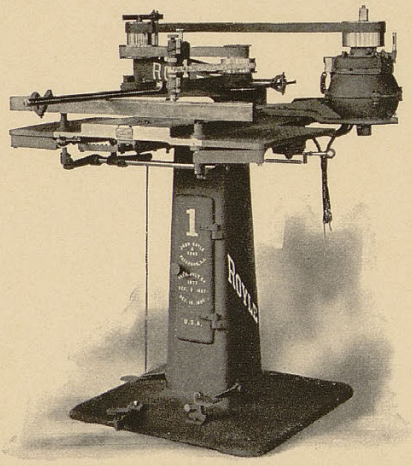
GEO. F. OF

MAKER OF FINE FRAMES

Telephone
2533 Madison Square

Original Works of Art and Reproductions Framed with Artistic Judgment.

3 East Twenty-eighth Street, New York



Plates for Publication

are finished by many firms with the Royle Photo-Engravers' Machinery. And we are frequently told by users they will have none other. This is your assurance.

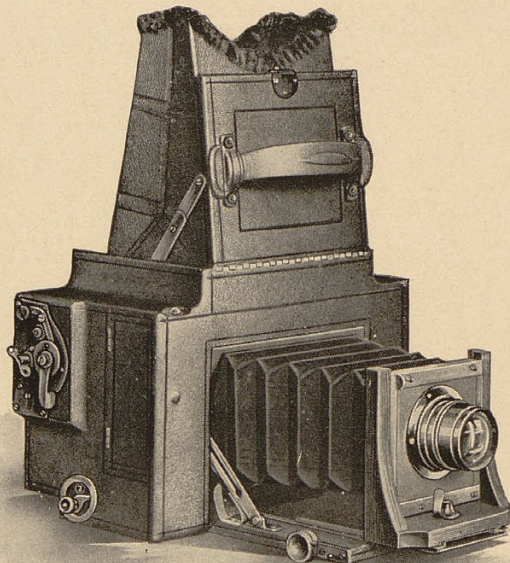
Write for Catalogue

John Royle & Sons

Paterson, N.J., U.S.A.

Royle Cutters Cut

3A GRAFLEX



A new camera, built on the Graflex principle, which takes regular 3A Kodak film.

The 3A Graflex is equipped with the Graflex Focal Plane Shutter working at any speed from time to 1/1000 of a second.

The image can be seen on the ground glass right side up, full size of negative up to the instant of exposure.

Film closets at each end of the camera will hold four rolls of film.

3A Graflex with B. & L. Zeiss Tessar Lens \$124.00

Catalog at your dealers, or

FOLMER & SCHWING DIVISION

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY

ROCHESTER

NEW YORK

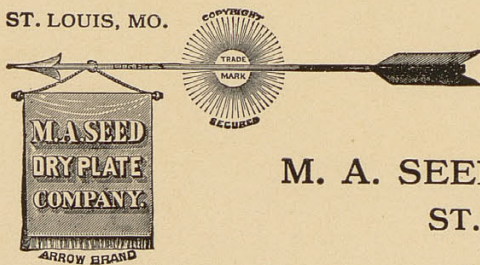
Active chemicals
tested by experts
bear this mark :



SEED

holds the record for
uniform excellence.

ST. LOUIS, MO.



M. A. SEED DRY PLATE CO.
ST. LOUIS, MO.

Camera Work

THE MAGAZINE WITH-
OUT AN "IF"—FEARLESS—
INDEPENDENT—WITH-
OUT FAVOR □ □ □



BY MARIUS DE ZAYAS

F. BRUCKMANN, A-G., MUNICH

THE F. BRUCKMANN, A-G., MUNICH, GERMANY, IS ONE OF THE LARGEST, AS WELL AS OLDEST ESTABLISHMENTS OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD. ITS PLANT IS READY TO FILL ORDERS IN ANY OF THE PROCESSES KNOWN IN THE TECHNICS OF PHOTOGRAPHIC REPRODUCTION. FOR QUALITY IN ALL OF THEM SECOND TO NONE ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

COLLOTYPE, ■ ■ ■ IN COLOR AND MONOCHROME

HALF-TONE, ■ ■ ■ ALL ITS VARIATIONS IN COLOR AND MONOCHROME

PHOTOGRAVURE, IN COLOR AND MONOCHROME

MEZZOTINTO-GRAVURE, ■ ■ (STEAM-PRESS)

AUTOTYPE, CARBON, ALBUMEN, &c., &c.

THE FIRM NOT ONLY MAKES THE PLATES, BUT HAS A COMPLETE PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT FOR ALL ITS PROCESSES, UP-TO-DATE IN EVERY PARTICULAR

THE PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT OF BRUCKMANN ISSUES A MOST COMPREHENSIVE COLLECTION OF REPRODUCTIONS IN COLOR AND MONOCHROME, HALF-TONE, COLLOTYPE AND PHOTOGRAVURE, OF THE PAINTINGS IN ALL THE FAMOUS EUROPEAN ART GALLERIES. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

THE GRAVURES IN THIS NUMBER OF *CAMERA WORK* WERE ALL MADE BY F. BRUCKMANN, A-G., LOTHSTRASSE 1, ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ MUNICH, GERMANY

Records show an absolute success for

ANGELO SEPIA PLATINUM

A success never equalled—a growing success well merited by beauty of tone and exquisite printing quality.

JOS. DI NUNZIO DIVISION,
Eastman Kodak Co.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.